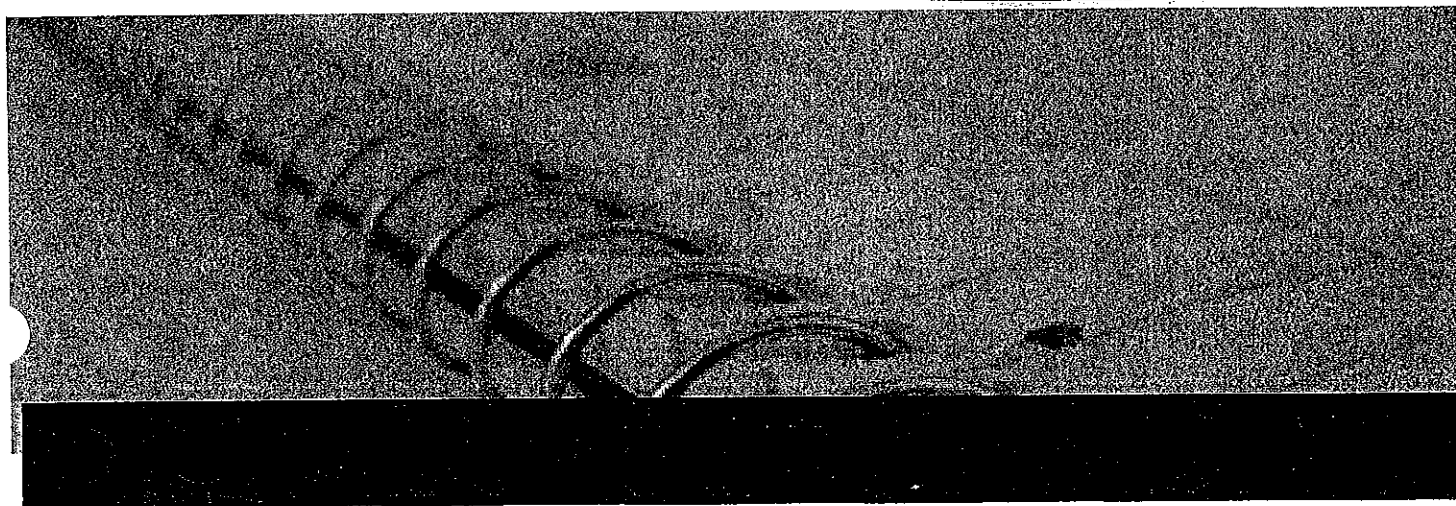
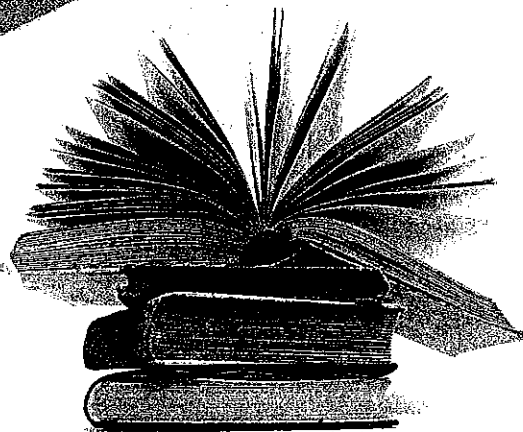


English II

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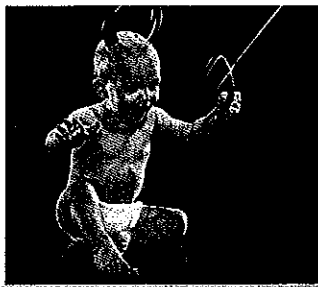
Honors English II

Student Workbook



English II / Honors English II
Student Workbook
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Because they have barely been exposed to the world, children are some of psychology's most powerful muses. (Jill Greenberg)

Are Babies Born Good?

New research offers surprising answers to the age-old question of where morality comes from

By Abigail Tucker

Smithsonian magazine, January 2013

Arber Tasimi is a 23-year-old researcher at Yale University's Infant Cognition Center, where he studies the moral inclinations of babies—how the littlest children understand right and wrong, before language and culture exert their deep influence. “What are we at our core, before anything, before everything?” he asks. His experiments draw on the work of Jean Piaget, Noam Chomsky, his own undergraduate thesis at the University of Pennsylvania and what happened to him in New Haven, Connecticut, one Friday night last February.

It was about 9:45 p.m., and Tasimi and a friend were strolling home from dinner at Buffalo Wild Wings. Just a few hundred feet from his apartment building, he passed a group of young men in jeans and hoodies. Tasimi barely noticed them, until one landed a punch to the back of his head.

There was no time to run. The teenagers, ignoring his friend, wordlessly surrounded Tasimi, who had crumpled to the brick sidewalk. “It was seven guys versus one aspiring PhD,” he remembers. “I started counting punches, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Somewhere along the way, a knife came out.” The blade slashed through his winter coat, just missing his skin.

At last the attackers ran, leaving Tasimi prone and weeping on the sidewalk, his left arm broken. Police later said he was likely the random victim of a gang initiation.

After surgeons inserted a metal rod in his arm, Tasimi moved back home with his parents in Waterbury, Connecticut, about 35 minutes from New Haven, and became a creature much like the babies whose social lives he studies. He couldn't shower on his own. His mom washed him and tied his shoes. His sister cut his meat.

Spring came. One beautiful afternoon, the temperature soared into the 70s and Tasimi, whose purple and yellow bruises were still healing, worked up the courage to stroll outside by himself for the first time. He went for a walk on a nearby jogging trail. He tried not to notice the two teenagers who seemed to be following him. “Stop catastrophizing,”

he told himself again and again, up until the moment the boys demanded his headphones.

The mugging wasn't violent but it broke his spirit. Now the whole world seemed menacing. When he at last resumed his morality studies at the Infant Cognition Center, he parked his car on the street, feeding the meter every few hours rather than risking a shadowy parking garage.

"I've never been this low in life," he told me when we first met at the baby lab a few weeks after the second crime.

"You can't help wonder: Are we a failed species?"

At times, he said, "only my research gives me hope."

The study of babies and young toddlers is a perplexing business. Even the most perceptive observers can be tempted to see what isn't there. "When our infant was only four months old I thought that he tried to imitate sounds; but I may have deceived myself," Charles Darwin wrote in "A Biographical Sketch of an Infant," his classic study of his own son. Babies don't reliably control their bodies or communicate well, if at all, so their opinions can't be solicited through ordinary means. Instead, researchers outfit them with miniature wire skullcaps to monitor their brain waves, scrutinize them like shoplifters through video cameras and two-way mirrors, and conduct exceedingly clever and tightly controlled experiments, which a good portion of their subjects will refuse to sit through anyway. Even well-behaved babies are notoriously tough to read: Their most meditative expressions are often the sign of an impending bowel movement.

But tiny children are also some of psychology's most powerful muses. Because they have barely been exposed to the world, with its convoluted cultures and social norms, they represent the raw materials of humanity: who we are when we're born, rather than who we become. Benjamin Spock's famous book, *Dr. Spock's Baby and Child Care*, "starts out with the sentence 'You know more than you think you do,'" says Melvin Konner, an Emory University anthropologist and physician and the author of *The Evolution of Childhood*. "There's another point that needs to be made to parents: Your baby knows more than you think she knows. That's what's coming out of this kind of research."

The 1980s and '90s brought a series of revelations about very young babies' sophisticated perceptions of the physical world, suggesting that we come to life equipped with quite an extensive tool kit. (Can 5-month-olds count? Absolutely. Do they understand simple physics? Yes.) Recently, some labs have turned to studying infants' inborn social skills, and how babies perceive and assess other people's goals and intentions. Scrutinizing these functions, scientists hope, will reveal some innate features of our minds—"the nutshell of our nature," says Karen Wynn, director of the Yale lab.

"People who've spent their whole careers studying perception are now turning toward social life, because that's where the bio-behavioral rubber meets the evolutionary road," Konner says. "Natural selection has operated as much or more on social behavior as on more basic things like perception. In our evolution, survival and reproduction

depended more and more on social competence as you went from basic mammals to primates to human ancestors to humans.”

The Yale Infant Cognition Center is particularly interested in one of the most exalted social functions: ethical judgments, and whether babies are hard-wired to make them. The lab’s initial study along these lines, published in 2007 in the journal *Nature*, startled the scientific world by showing that in a series of simple morality plays, 6- and 10-month-olds overwhelmingly preferred “good guys” to “bad guys.” “This capacity may serve as the foundation for moral thought and action,” the authors wrote. It “may form an essential basis for...more abstract concepts of right and wrong.”

The last few years produced a spate of related studies hinting that, far from being born a “perfect idiot,” as Jean-Jacques Rousseau argued, or a selfish brute, as Thomas Hobbes feared, a child arrives in the world provisioned with rich, broadly pro-social tendencies and seems predisposed to care about other people. Children can tell, to an extent, what is good and bad, and often act in an altruistic fashion. “Giving Leads to Happiness in Young Children,” a study of under-2-year-olds concluded. “Babies Know What’s Fair” was the upshot of another study, of 19- and 21-month-olds. Toddlers, the new literature suggests, are particularly equitable. They are natural helpers, aiding distressed others at a cost to themselves, growing concerned if someone shreds another person’s artwork and divvying up earnings after a shared task, whether the spoils take the form of detested rye bread or precious Gummy Bears.

This all sounds like cheering news for humanity, especially parents who nervously chant “share, share, share” as their children navigate the communal toy box. Indeed, some of these studies suggest that children’s positive social inclinations are so deeply ingrained that it doesn’t matter what parents say or do: A Harvard experiment, nicknamed “The Big Mother Study” (as in Big Mother Is Watching You), showed that small children helped others whether or not a parent commanded them to help or was even present.

These findings may seem counterintuitive to anyone who has seen toddlers pull hair in a playground tunnel or pistol-whip one another with a plastic triceratops. Day to day, babies can seem unfeeling and primitive, or at the very least unfathomably bizarre, afraid of donkeys one minute and the moon the next, their prismatic minds beaming nonsense and non sequiturs instead of the secrets of our higher nature. No seasoned parent can believe that nurture doesn’t make a difference, or that nature trumps all. The question is where the balance lies.

“Where morality comes from is a really hard problem,” says Alison Gopnik, a developmental psychologist at the University of California at Berkeley. “There isn’t a moral module that is there innately. But the elements that underpin morality—altruism, sympathy for others, the understanding of other people’s goals—are in place much earlier than we thought, and clearly in place before children turn 2.”

Though housed in a stern stone edifice on the Yale campus, the baby cognition lab is a happy nest of an office with a

comfy couch, meant to be torn apart by one toddler after another, and huge, sunlight-streaming windows, through which researchers spy on approaching strollers. Ranging in age from 3 months to 2 years, the visiting infants are elaborately received by staff members who crawl around on the floor with them while parents sign consent forms. (A little-known expense of this line of research is the cost of new pants: The knees wear out fast.) In the back room, the atmosphere is less cozy. There's lots of weird stuff lying around: plastic molds of Cheerios, houseplants that have been spray-painted silver.

Infant morality studies are so new that the field's grand dame is 29-year-old J. Kiley Hamlin, who was a graduate student at the Yale lab in the mid-2000s. She was spinning her wheels for a thesis project when she stumbled on animated presentations that one of her predecessors had made, in which a "climber" (say, a red circle with goggle eyes) attempted to mount a hill, and a "helper" (a triangle in some trials) assisted him, or a "hinderer" (a square) knocked him down. Previous infant research had focused on other aspects of the interaction, but Hamlin wondered if a baby observing the climber's plight would prefer one interfering character over another.

"As adults, we like the helper and don't like the hinderer," says Hamlin, now an assistant professor at the University of British Columbia. "We didn't think babies would do that too. It was just like, 'Let's give it a try because Kiley's a first-year graduate student and she doesn't know what she's doing.'"

Wynn and her husband, the psychologist Paul Bloom, collaborated on much of Hamlin's research, and Wynn remembers being a bit more optimistic: "Do babies have attitudes, render judgments? I just found that to be a very intuitively gripping question," she says. "If we tend to think of babies being born and developing attitudes in the world as a result of their own experiences, then babies shouldn't be responding [to the scenarios]. But maybe we are built to identify in the world that some things are good and some things are not, and some helpful and positive social interaction is to be approved of and admired."

In fact, 6- and 10-month-old babies did seem to have strong natural opinions about the climbing scenarios: They passionately preferred the helper to the hinderer, as assessed by the amount of time they spent looking at the characters. This result "was totally surreal," Hamlin says—so revolutionary that the researchers themselves didn't quite trust it. They designed additional experiments with plush animal puppets helping and hindering each other; at the end babies got the chance to reach for the puppet of their choice. "Basically every single baby chose the nice puppet," Hamlin remembers.

Then they tested 3-month-old infants. The researchers couldn't ask the infants to reach for the puppets, because 3-month-olds can't reliably reach, so they tracked the subjects' eye movements instead. These infants, too, showed an aversion to the hinderer.

When I visited, Tasimi was recreating versions of Hamlin's puppet shows as background work for a new project.

The son of Albanian restaurateurs, Tasimi likes to say that his parents would “prefer that I merely produce babies, instead of study them.” Friends joke that he attends Yale to be a puppeteer. Though it’s decidedly unfashionable in the developmental field to admit that one enjoys the company of babies, Tasimi clearly does. He’d only been back at work for a few days, and he often looked agonized when we walked outside, but in the lab he grinned broadly. When one of his subjects blew a blizzard of raspberries, he whispered: “The best/worst thing about this job is you want to laugh, but you can’t.”

He needed 16 compliant 12- or 13-month-olds to complete a preliminary study, and I happened to have one handy, so I brought her along.

The experiment was called “Crackerz.” My OshKosh-clad daughter sat on her dad’s lap; his eyes were closed, so he wouldn’t influence her decisions. I was watching behind the scenes alongside three other adults: one who worked the puppet show curtain and squeaked a rubber toy to get the baby’s attention, one who tracked the baby’s focus so a bell sounded when it drifted, and Tasimi, the puppeteer, who managed to make the plush characters dance around winsomely despite the metal rod in his ulna. The whole production had the avant-garde feel of black-box theater: intentionally primitive, yet hyperprofessional.

First, two identical stuffed bunnies, one in a green shirt and the other in orange, appeared on stage with plates of graham crackers. “Mmmm, yum!” they said. The curtain fell. This was the equivalent of the opening sonnet in a Shakespeare play, a sort of framing device for what followed.

The curtain rose again. A lamb puppet appeared onstage, struggling to open a plastic box with a toy inside. The orange bunny flounced over and slammed the lid shut. My child flinched at this, though it was hard to say if it was the sound of the slamming or the rabbit’s nastiness that spooked her. Her brow furrowed. Then she got bored. A bell dinged after she looked away from the scene for two seconds, and the curtain fell.

It soon rose again: Cue the green bunny. Instead of foiling the lamb’s plans, he helped lift the lid of the toy box. The baby stared, drummed plump fingers on the table for a moment, then looked away. The curtain fell.

This scenario was repeated six times, so the baby would grasp what she was seeing, but the green bunny was always nice and the orange bunny was always mean. At the curtain call, the lab manager emerged with the two puppets. Each offered the baby a graham cracker. I was about to tell the experimenters that my daughter had never even seen a graham cracker and was an extremely picky eater when she grabbed the treat from the nice bunny, as most of the previous babies had done. I felt an unwarranted surge of parental pride. I was not alone in my delight.

“She chose the good guy!” Tasimi said. “After all that, she chose the good guy.”

When babies at the Yale lab turn 2, their parents are tactfully invited to return to the university after the child's third birthday. Researchers tend to avoid that event horizon of toddlerhood, the terrible twos. Renowned for their tantrums, 2-year-olds are tough to test. They speak, but not well, and while active they're not particularly coordinated.

But not all researchers shun 2-year-olds. The next lab I visited was at Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and it has made this age group something of a specialty, through work on toddler altruism (a phrase that, admittedly, rings rather hollow in parental ears).

One advantage of testing slightly older babies and children is that they are able to perform relatively complicated tasks. In the Laboratory for Developmental Studies, the toddlers don't watch puppets help: They themselves are asked to help.

The chief scientist is Felix Warneken, another young researcher, though not one whose appearance initially telegraphs *baby scientist*. He stands 6-foot-6. He usually greets children from the floor, playing with them before standing up at the last possible moment. "Only then do they realize they've been dealing with a giant," Warneken says. He usually wore the same red sweater in all his experiments, because he thinks kids like it. In addition to designing groundbreaking studies, he has also dreamed up several toys to reward or distract subjects, including an ingenious device he calls a jingle box: An angled xylophone concealed in a cardboard container, it makes a thrilling sound when wooden blocks are dropped inside.

Warneken was initially interested in how little children read the intentions of others, and the question of whether toddlers would assist others in reaching their goals. He wanted to sound out these behaviors in novel helping experiments—"accidentally" dropping a hat, for instance, and seeing if the kids would return it.

But while this was an interesting idea in principle, his advisers at the Max Planck Institute for Evolutionary Anthropology in Germany said it was quite impossible in practice. Once toddlers got their hot little hands on a desirable object, Warneken was told, "they'll just hold onto it, and there's no way they'll give it back." Besides, prominent psychologists had previously argued that children are selfish until they are socialized; they acquire altruistic behaviors only as childhood progresses and they are rewarded for following civilization's rules, or punished for breaking them.

Warneken put the notion on hold while he studied other aspects of toddler cooperation. One day he and a toddler were bouncing a ball together. Truly by accident, the ball rolled away—"the moment of serendipity," as Warneken now calls it. His first impulse was to retrieve the toy and carry on, but he stopped himself. Instead, he stayed where he was, pretending to strain for the ball, though he was barely extending his incredibly long arms. The little boy watched him struggle, then after a moment heaved himself up, waddled over to the toy and—defying the scientific community's

uncharitable expectations—stretched out his own chubby little arm to hand the ball to his gigantic playmate.

In the following months, Warneken designed experiments for 18-month-olds, in which a hapless adult (often played by him) attempted to perform a variety of tasks, to no avail, as the toddlers looked on. The toddlers gallantly rescued Warneken's dropped teaspoons and clothespins, stacked his books and pried open stubborn cabinet doors so he could reach inside.

"Eighteen-month-old children would help across these different situations, and do it very spontaneously," he says. "They are clever helpers. It is not something that's been trained, and they readily come to help without prompting or without being rewarded."

The children even help when it's a personal burden. Warneken showed me a videotaped experiment of a toddler wallowing in a wading pool full of plastic balls. It was clear that he was having the time of his life. Then a klutzy experimenter seated at a nearby desk dropped her pen on the floor. She seemed to have great trouble recovering it and made unhappy sounds. The child shot her a woebegone look before dutifully hauling himself out of the ball pit, picking up the pen and returning it to the researcher. At last he felt free to belly flop into the ball pit once more, unaware that, by helping another at a cost to himself, he had met the formal definition of altruism.

Because they were manifested in 18-month-olds, Warneken believed that the helping behaviors might be innate, not taught or imitated. To test his assumption, he turned to one of our two nearest primate relatives, the chimpanzee. Intellectually, an adult chimp and a 2-year-old are evenly matched: They have roughly equivalent tool-using skills and memories and perform the same in causal learning tests.

The first chimps Warneken studied, nursery-raised in a German zoo, were comfortable with select people. He replaced objects alien to chimps (such as pens) with familiar materials like the sponges that caretakers use to clean the facilities. Warneken waited in the hallway, watching through a camera, as the caretaker dropped the first object: As if on cue, the chimp bounded over and breezily handed it back. "I was freaking out!" Warneken remembers. "I couldn't believe my eyes, that they would do that. I was going crazy!"

Once the euphoria faded, Warneken wondered if perhaps human-reared chimps had been conditioned to be helpful to their food providers. So he arranged for others to conduct a version of the test at the Ngamba Island Chimpanzee Sanctuary in Uganda, where semi-wild chimps live. In the experiment, two researchers appeared to argue fiercely over a stick: The winner of the fight puts the stick out of the loser's reach, and he pines for it as a chimp watches. The chimp has to decide whether to hand the prized possession through the bars of the cage to the vanquished party. Many did.

"The expectation was that initially the chimps might help, but when they don't receive a reward the helping should drop off over time," Warneken says. "But there was no such pattern. They would consistently help when the person

was reaching for the object,” even in the absence of any payoff.

Maybe the animals would aid people under any circumstances, assuming a reward would come their way down the line. The final step was to see if chimps would assist each other. So Warneken rigged apparatuses where one caged chimp could help a neighbor reach an inaccessible banana or piece of watermelon. There was no hope of getting a bite for themselves, yet the empowered chimps fed their fellow apes regardless.

Warneken’s chimp work makes the case that human altruism is a trait that evolution has apparently endowed us with at birth. But under what circumstances are toddlers altruistic? Some recent chimp studies suggest that chimps won’t help others unless they witness the dismay of the creature in need. Are human children likewise “reactive” helpers, or can they come to another’s assistance without social cues? Warneken created a scenario in which a clueless experimenter fools around with a bunch of milk cans at a table as a 2-year-old looks on. Unbeknown to the adult, some cans start to roll off the edge.

The experimenter doesn’t ask the toddler for help: She doesn’t even realize that a problem exists. Yet many of the children tested read the situation correctly and rushed to her aid, often yelling “Your can fell!” with great alacrity before handing it back. “You can see the birth of this proactive helping behavior from around 1.5 to 2.5 years of age,” Warneken explains. “The children don’t need solicitation for helping. They do it voluntarily.” Proactive helping may be a uniquely human skill.

Criticisms of the “nice baby” research are varied, and the work with the youngest kids is perhaps the most controversial. Over the summer, a group of New Zealand scientists challenged Kiley Hamlin’s watershed “helper/hinderer” study, making international headlines of their own.

They charged that Hamlin and her co-workers had misidentified the key stimuli: Rather than making nuanced moral judgments about kindly triangles and antisocial squares (or vice versa, since the researchers had also switched the roles assigned to each shape), Hamlin’s subjects were merely reacting to simple physical events in the experimental setup. The babies liked the bouncing motion of the triumphant circle at the top of the hill after the triangle helped it reach the summit, and they didn’t like the way the circle occasionally collided with the other shapes.

Hamlin and her colleagues responded that the New Zealanders’ re-creation of their experiment was flawed (for one thing, they let the circle’s goggle eyes look down instead of pointing at the summit, confusing the babies’ sense of the goal). Plus, the Yale team had replicated its results through the puppet shows, evidence that the critics didn’t address.

Though Hamlin persuasively dismissed their objections, such methodological worries are never far from baby researchers’ minds. For instance, Tasimi had a sneaking suspicion that in some versions of his puppet shows, the

babies were choosing orange puppets over green ones not because they had sided with good over evil but simply because they liked the color orange. (Still, the babies' preference for helpful bunnies persisted even when the researchers switched the shirt colors.)

Other critics, meanwhile, fault the developmental philosophy behind the experiments. Babies may look like they're endowed with robust social skills, these researchers argue, but actually they start from scratch with only senses and reflexes, and, largely through interaction with their mothers, learn about the social world in an astonishingly short period of time. "I don't think they are born with knowledge," says Jeremy Carpendale, a psychologist at Simon Fraser University. A toddler's moral perspective, he says, is not a given.

And still other scientists think the baby studies underestimate the power of regional culture. Joe Henrich, a University of British Columbia psychologist, says qualities like altruism and moral logic cannot be exclusively genetic, as evinced by the wide variety of helping behaviors in hunter-gatherer and small-scale horticulturist groups across the world, especially compared with Western norms. Ideas of the public good and appropriate punishment, for instance, are not fixed across societies: Among the Matsigenka people of the Peruvian Amazon, where Henrich works, helping rarely occurs outside of the immediate household, if only because members of the tribe tend to live with relatives.

"There are biological effects that people think are genetic, but culture affects them," he says, adding: "Culture changes your brain." He points to variations in fMRI brain scans of people from diverse backgrounds.

Baby researchers themselves have produced interesting critiques of their work. In 2009, Warneken wrote that "children start out as rather indiscriminate altruists who become more selective as they grow older." Today, however, he feels that the picture is more complicated, with broadly pro-social impulses competing with, rather than developmentally predating, selfish ones.

Plenty of bleak observations complicate the discovery of children's nobler impulses. Kids are intensely tribal: 3-month-olds like people of their own race more than others, experiments have shown, and 1-year-olds prefer native speakers to those of another tongue. Yes, a baby prefers the good guy—unless the bad one, like the baby, eats graham crackers. If the good guy is a green-bean eater, forget it. Babies, in addition, are big fans of punishment. Hamlin likes to show a video of a young vigilante who doesn't just choose between the good and bad puppets; he whacks the bad guy over the head. In the spontaneous responses of the newest humans, "We're seeing the underbelly of judgments we make as adults but try not to," she says.

Wynn, the Yale scientist, has also questioned the deepest motives of Warneken's tiny altruists, noting that seemingly selfless actions may actually be adaptive. As any parent of an 18-month-old knows, babies' helping isn't all that, well, helpful. Try as they might, they can't really stir the cupcake mix or pack the suitcase when asked to do so (and parents, to be fair to the tots, don't expect them to succeed but, rather, to occupy themselves). Perhaps babies are not really trying to help in a particular moment, per se, as much as they are expressing their obliging nature to the

UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS

Adopted by UN General Assembly Resolution 217A (III) of 10 December 1948

WHEREAS recognition of the inherent dignity and of the equal and inalienable rights of all members of the human family is the foundation of freedom, justice and peace in the world,

WHEREAS disregard and contempt for human rights have resulted in barbarous acts which have outraged the conscience of mankind, and the advent of a world in which human beings shall enjoy freedom of speech and belief and freedom from fear and want has been proclaimed as the highest aspiration of the common people,

WHEREAS it is essential, if man is not to be compelled to have recourse, as a last resort, to rebellion against tyranny and oppression, that human rights should be protected by the rule of law,

WHEREAS it is essential to promote the development of friendly relations between nations,

WHEREAS the peoples of the United Nations have in the Charter reaffirmed their faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person and in the equal rights of men and women and have determined to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom,

WHEREAS Member States have pledged themselves to achieve, in cooperation with the United Nations, the promotion of universal respect for and observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms,

WHEREAS a common understanding of these rights and freedoms is of the greatest importance for the full realization of this pledge,

The General Assembly

Now, therefore, Proclaims

THIS UNIVERSAL DECLARATION OF HUMAN RIGHTS as a common standard of achievement for all peoples and all nations, to the end that every individual and every organ of society, keeping this Declaration constantly in mind, shall strive by teaching and education to promote respect for these rights and freedoms and by progressive measures, national and international, to secure their universal and effective recognition and observance, both among the peoples of Member States themselves and among the peoples of territories under their jurisdiction.

- 1 All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood.
- 2 Furthermore, no distinction shall be made on the basis of the political, jurisdictional or international status of the country or territory to which a person belongs, whether it be independent, trust, non-self-governing or under any other limitation of sovereignty.
- 3 Everyone has the right to life, liberty and security of person.
- 4 No one shall be held in slavery or servitude; slavery and the slave trade shall be prohibited in all their forms.
- 5 No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment.

6 Everyone has the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law.

7 All are equal before the law and are entitled without any discrimination to equal protection of the law. All are entitled to equal protection against any discrimination in violation of the Declaration and against any incitement to such discrimination.

8 Everyone has the right to an effective remedy by the competent national tribunals for acts violating the fundamental rights granted him by the constitution or by law.

9 No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention or exile.

10 Everyone is entitled in full equality to a fair and public hearing by an independent and impartial tribunal, in the determination of his rights and obligations and of any criminal charge against him.

11

1 Everyone charged with a penal offense has the right to be presumed innocent until proved guilty according to law in a public trial at which he has had all the guarantees necessary for his defense.

2 No one shall be held guilty of any penal offense on account of any act or omission which did not constitute a penal offense, under national or international law, at the time it was committed. Nor shall a heavier penalty be imposed than the one that was applicable at the time the penal offense was committed.

12 No one shall be subjected to arbitrary interference with his privacy, family, home or correspondence, nor to attacks upon his honor and reputation. Everyone has the right to the protection of the law against such interference or attacks.

13

1 Everyone has the right to freedom of movement and residence within the borders of each state.

2 Everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and to return to his country.

14

1 Everyone has the right to seek and to enjoy in other countries asylum from persecution.

2 This right may not be invoked in the case of prosecutions genuinely arising from non-political crimes or from acts contrary to the purposes and principles of the United Nations.

15

1 Everyone has the right to a nationality.

2 No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his nationality nor denied the right to change his nationality.

16

1 Men and women of full age, without any limitation due to race, nationality or religion, have the right to marry and to found a family. They are entitled to equal rights as to marriage, during marriage and at its dissolution.

2 Marriage shall be entered into only with the free and full consent of the intending spouses.

3 The family is the natural and fundamental group unit of society and is entitled to protection by society and the State.

17

1 Everyone has the right to own property alone as well as in association with others.

2 No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his property.

18 Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion; this right includes freedom to change his religion or belief, and freedom, either alone or in community with others and in public or private, to manifest his religion or belief in teaching, practice, worship and observance.

19 Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression: this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.

20

1 Everyone has the right to freedom of peaceful assembly and association.

2 No one may be compelled to belong to an association.

21

1 Everyone has the right to take part in the government of his country, directly or through freely chosen representatives.

2 Everyone has the right of equal access to public service in his country.

3 The will of the people shall be the basis of the authority of government; this will shall be expressed in periodic and genuine elections which shall be by universal and equal suffrage and shall be held by secret vote or by equivalent free voting procedures.

22 Everyone, as a member of society, has the right to social security and is entitled to realization, through national effort and international co-operation and in accordance with the organization and resources of each State, of the economic, social and cultural rights indispensable for his dignity and the free development of his personality.

23

- 1 Everyone has the right to work, to free choice of employment, to just and favorable conditions of work and to protection against unemployment.
- 2 Everyone, without any discrimination, has the right to equal pay for equal work.
- 3 Everyone who works has the right to just and favorable remuneration ensuring for himself and his family an existence worthy of human dignity, and supplemented, if necessary, by other means of social protection.
- 4 Everyone has the right to form and to join trade unions for the protection of his interests.

24 Everyone has the right to rest and leisure, including reasonable limitation of working hours and periodic holidays with pay.

25

- 1 Everyone has the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of himself and of his family, including food, clothing, housing and medical care and necessary social services, and the right to security in the event of unemployment, sickness, disability, widowhood, old age or other lack of livelihood in circumstances beyond his control.
- 2 Motherhood and childhood are entitled to special care and assistance. All children, whether born in or out of wedlock, shall enjoy the same social protection.

26

- 1 Everyone has the right to education. Education shall be free, at least in the elementary and fundamental stages. Elementary education shall be compulsory. Technical and professional education shall be made generally available and higher education shall be equally accessible to all on the basis of merit.
- 2 Education shall be directed to the full development of the human personality and to the strengthening of respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms. It shall promote understanding, tolerance and friendship among all nations, racial or religious groups, and shall further the activities of the United Nations for the maintenance of peace.
- 3 Parents have a prior right to choose the kind of education that shall be given to their children.

27

- 1 Everyone has the right freely to participate in the cultural life of the community, to enjoy the arts and to share in scientific advancement and its benefits.
- 2 Everyone has the right to the protection of the moral and material interests resulting from any scientific, literary or artistic production of which he is the author.

28 Everyone is entitled to a social and international order in which the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration can be fully realized.

1 Everyone has duties to the community in which alone the free and full development of his personality is possible.

2 In the exercise of his rights and freedoms, everyone shall be subject only to such limitations as are determined by law solely for the purpose of securing due recognition and respect for the rights and freedoms of others and of meeting the just requirements of morality, public order and the general welfare in a democratic society.

3 These rights and freedoms may in no case be exercised contrary to the purposes and principles of the United Nations.

30 Nothing in this Declaration may be interpreted as implying for any State, group or person any right to engage in any activity or to perform any act aimed at the destruction of any of the rights and freedoms set forth herein.

<http://www.un.org/en/documents/udhr/>

Excerpts of a foreword in some editions of *Hiroshima*...

On Monday, August 6, 1945, a new era in human history opened. After years of intensive research and experiment, conducted in their later stages mainly in America, by scientists of many nationalities, Japanese among them, the forces which hold together the constituent particles of the atom had at last been harnessed to man's use: and on that day man used them. By a decision of the American military authorities, made, it is said, in defiance of the pre-tests of many of the scientists who had worked on the project, an atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. As a direct result, some 60,000 Japanese men, women, and children were killed, and 100,000 injured; and almost the whole of a great seaport, a city of 250,000 people, was destroyed by blast or by fire. As an indirect result, a few days later, Japan acknowledged defeat, and the Second World War came to an end.

For many months, little exact and reliable news about the details of the destruction wrought by the first atomic bomb reached Western readers. Millions of words were written, in Europe and America, explaining the marvelous new powers that science had placed in men's hands; describing the researches and experiments that had led up to this greatest of all disclosures of Nature's secrets: discussing the problems for man's future which the new weapon raised. Argument-waxed furious as to the ethics of the bomb: should the Japanese have received advance warning of America's intention to use it? Should a demonstration bomb have been exploded in the presence of enemy observers in some remote spot where it would do a minimum of damage, a warning to the Japanese people, before its first serious use? But of the feelings and reactions of the people of Hiroshima to the bomb, nothing, or at least nothing that was not pure imagination, could be written; for nothing was known.

In May 1946, the New Yorker sent John Hersey, journalist and author of *A Bell for Adano*, to the Far East to find out what really happened at Hiroshima: to interview survivors of the catastrophe, to endeavor to describe what they had seen and felt and thought, what the destruction of their city, their lives and homes and hopes and friends, had meant to them—in short, the cost of the bomb in terms of human suffering and reaction to suffering. He stayed in Japan for a month, gathering his own material with little, if any, help from the occupying authorities; he obtained the stories from actual witnesses. The characters in his account are living individuals, not composite types. The story is their own story, told as far as possible in their own words. On August 31, 1946, Hersey's story was made public. For the first time in the New Yorker's career an issue appeared which, within the familiar covers, bearing - for such covers are prepared long in advance - a picnic scene, carried no satire, no cartoons, no fiction, no verse or smart quips or shopping notes: nothing but its advertisement matter and Hersey's 30,000-word story.

That story is built round the experiences of six people who were in Hiroshima when the bomb dropped, each of whom, by some strange chance, escaped, not unscathed, but at least with life. One, a Roman Catholic missionary priest, was a German; the other five were Japanese: a Red Cross hospital doctor, another doctor with a private practice, an office girl, a Protestant clergyman, and a tailor's widow. For some time after the bomb had fallen, none of them knew exactly what had happened: they hardly realized that their old familiar life had ended, that they had been chosen by chance, or destiny, or - as two of them at any rate would have put it - by God, to be helpless small-part actors in an unparalleled tragedy. Bit by bit came the awakening to the magnitude of the calamity that had removed, in a flash, nearly all their accustomed world.

Hersey's vivid yet matter-of-fact story tells what the bomb did to each of these six people, through the hours and the days that followed its impact on their lives. It is written soberly, with no attempt whatever to 'pile on the agony' - the presentation at times is almost cold in its economy of words. To six ordinary men and women, at the time and afterwards, it seemed - like this.

The New Yorker's original intention was to make the story a serial. But in an inspired moment the paper's editors saw that it must be published as a single whole and decided to devote a whole issue to Hersey's master-piece of reconstruction. For ten days Hersey feverishly rewrote and polished his story, handing it out by installments to the printers, and no hint of what was in the air escaped from the New Yorker office. On August 31, in the paper's usual format, the historic issue appeared. It created a first-order sensation in American journalistic history: a few hours after publication the issue was sold out. Applications poured in for permission to serialize the story in other American journals... Some fifty newspapers in the US, eventually obtained permission to use the story in serial form, the copyright fees, after tax deduction, at Hersey's direction going to the American Red Cross. Albert Einstein ordered a thousand copies of the New Yorker containing the story... Penguin Books, feeling that Hersey's story should receive the widest possible circulation in Great Britain... [were given] permission to issue it complete in book form. It appeared in November 1946 - save for following English spelling conventions - in an edition of 250,000 copies, exactly as it appeared in the pages of the New Yorker.

Many accounts have been published telling - so far as Security considerations allow - how the atom bomb works. But here, for the first time, is not a description of scientific triumphs, of intricate machines, new elements, and mathematical formulas but an account of what the bomb does - seen through the eyes of some of those to whom it did it: of those who endured one of the world's most catastrophic experiences, and lived.

Atomic Bomb-Truman Press Release-August 6, 1945



Introduction

In the early morning hours of July 16, 1945, great anticipation and fear ran rampant at White Sands Missile Range near Alamogordo, New Mexico. Robert Oppenheimer, director of the Manhattan Project, could hardly breathe. Years of secrecy, research, and tests were riding on this moment. "For the last few seconds, he stared directly ahead and when the announcer shouted Now!" and there came this tremendous burst of light followed abruptly there after by the deep growling of the explosion, his face relaxed into an expression of tremendous relief," recalled General L. R. Groves of

Oppenheimer, in a memorandum for Secretary of War George Marshall. The explosion carrying more power than 20,000 tons of TNT and visible for more than 200 miles succeeded. The world's first atomic bomb had been detonated.

With the advent of the nuclear age, new dilemmas in the art of warfare arose. The war in Europe had concluded in May. The Pacific war would receive full attention from the United States War Department. As late as May 1945, the U.S. was engaged in heavy fighting with the Japanese at Iwo Jima and Okinawa. In these most bloody conflicts, the United States had sustained more than 75,000 casualties. These victories insured the United States was within air striking distance of the Japanese mainland. The bombing of Pearl Harbor by the Japanese to initiate United States entrance into the war, just four years before, was still fresh on the minds of many Americans. A feeling of vindication and a desire to end the war strengthened the resolve of the United States to quickly and decisively conclude it. President Harry Truman had many alternatives at his disposal for ending the war: invade the Japanese mainland, hold a demonstration of the destructive power of the atomic bomb for Japanese dignitaries, drop an atomic bomb on selected industrial Japanese cities, bomb and blockade the islands, wait for Soviet entry into the war on August 15, or mediate a compromised peace. Operation Olympia, a full scale landing of United States armed forces, was already planned for Kyushu on November 1, 1945 and a bomb and blockade plan had already been instituted over the Japanese mainland for several months.

The Japanese resolve to fight had been seriously hampered in the preceding months. Their losses at Iwo Jima and Okinawa had been staggering. Their navy had ceased to exist as an effective fighting force and the air corps had been decimated. American B-29's made bombing runs over military targets on the Japanese mainland an integral part of their air campaign. Japan's lack of air power hindered their ability to fight. The imprecision of bombing and the use of devastating city bombing in Europe eventually swayed United States Pacific theater military leaders to authorize bombing of Japanese mainland cities. Tokyo, Nagoya, Osaka, and Kobe all were decimated by incendiary and other bombs. In all, hundreds of



thousands of civilians were killed in these air strikes meant to deter the resolve of the Japanese people. Yet, Japanese resolve stayed strong and the idea of a bloody "house to house" invasion of the Japanese mainland would produce thousands more American and Allied casualties. The Allies in late July 1945 declared at Potsdam that the Japanese must unconditionally surrender.

After Japanese leaders flatly rejected the Potsdam Declaration, President Truman authorized use of the atomic bomb anytime after August 3, 1945. On the clear morning of August 6, the first atomic bomb, nicknamed Little Boy, was dropped on the city of Hiroshima. Leveling over 60 percent of the city, 70,000

residents died instantaneously in a searing flash of heat. Three days later, on August 9, a second bomb, Fat Man, was dropped on Nagasaki. Over 20,000 people died instantly. In the successive weeks, thousands more Japanese died from the after effects of the radiation exposure of the blast.

<http://www.trumanlibrary.org/teacher/abomb.htm>

Statement by the President, August 6, 1945

THE WHITE HOUSE
Washington, D.C.

IMMEDIATE RELEASE -- August 6, 1945

STATEMENT BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Sixteen hours ago an American airplane dropped one bomb on Hiroshima, an important Japanese Army base. That bomb had more power than 20,000 tons of T.N.T. It had more than two thousand times the blast power of the British "Grand Slam" which is the largest bomb ever yet used in the history of warfare.

The Japanese began the war from the air at Pearl Harbor. They have been repaid many fold. And the end is not yet. With this bomb we have now added a new and revolutionary increase in destruction to supplement the growing power of our armed forces. In their present form these bombs are now in production and even more powerful forms are in development.

It is an atomic bomb. It is a harnessing of the basic power of the universe. The force from which the sun draws its power has been loosed against those who brought war to the Far East.

Before 1939, it was the accepted belief of scientists that it was theoretically possible to release atomic energy. But no one knew any practical method of doing it. By 1942, however, we knew that the Germans were working feverishly to find a way to add atomic energy to the other engines of war with which they hoped to enslave the world. But they failed. We may be grateful to Providence that the Germans got the V-1's and the V-2's late and in limited quantities and even more grateful that they did not get the atomic bomb at all.

The battle of the laboratories held fateful risks for us as well as the battles of the air, land, and sea, and we have now won the battle of the laboratories as we have won the other battles.

Beginning in 1940, before Pearl Harbor, scientific knowledge useful in war was pooled between the United States and Great Britain, and many priceless helps to our victories have come from that arrangement. Under that general policy the research on the atomic bomb was begun. With American and British scientists working together we entered the race of discovery against the Germans.

The United States had available the large number of scientists of distinction in the many needed areas of knowledge. It had the tremendous industrial and financial resources necessary for the project and they could be devoted to it without undue impairment of other vital war work. In the United States the laboratory work and the production plants, on which a substantial start had already been made, would be out of reach of enemy bombing, while at that time Britain was exposed to constant air attack and was still threatened with the possibility of invasion. For these reasons Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt agreed that it was wise to carry on the project here. We now have two great plants and many lesser works devoted to the production of atomic power. Employment during peak construction numbered 125,000 and over 65,000 individuals are even now engaged in operating the plants. Many have worked there for two and a half years. Few know what they have been producing. They see great quantities of material going in and they see nothing coming out of those plants, for the physical size of the explosive charge is exceedingly small. We have spent two billion dollars on the greatest scientific gamble in history - and won.

But the greatest marvel is not the size of the enterprise, its secrecy, nor its cost, but the achievement of scientific brains in putting together infinitely complex pieces of knowledge held by many men in different fields of science into a workable plan. And hardly less marvelous has been the capacity of industry to

design, and of labor to operate, the machines and methods to do things never done before so that the brain child of many minds came forth in physical shape and performed as it was supposed to do. Both science and industry worked under the direction of the United States Army, which achieved a unique success in managing so diverse a problem in the advancement of knowledge in an amazingly short time. It is doubtful if such another combination could be got together in the world. What has been done is the greatest achievement of organized science in history. It was done under high pressure and without failure.

We are now prepared to obliterate more rapidly and completely every productive enterprise the Japanese have above ground in any city. We shall destroy their docks, their factories, and their communications. Let there be no mistake; we shall completely destroy Japan's power to make war.

It was to spare the Japanese people from utter destruction that the ultimatum of July 26 was issued at Potsdam. Their leaders promptly rejected that ultimatum. If they do not now accept our terms they may expect a rain of ruin from the air, the like of which has never been seen on this earth. Behind this air attack will follow sea and land forces in such numbers and power as they have not yet seen and with the fighting skill of which they are already well aware.

The Secretary of War, who has kept in personal touch with all phases of the project, will immediately make public a statement giving further details.

His statement will give facts concerning the sites at Oak Ridge near Knoxville, Tennessee, and at Richland near Pasco, Washington, and an installation near Santa Fe, New Mexico. Although the workers at the sites have been making materials to be used in producing the greatest destructive force in history they have not themselves been in danger beyond that of many other occupations, for the utmost care has been taken of their safety.

The fact that we can release atomic energy ushers in a new era in man's understanding of nature's forces. Atomic energy may in the future supplement the power that now comes from coal, oil, and falling water, but at present it cannot be produced on a basis to compete with them commercially. Before that comes there must be a long period of intensive research.

It has never been the habit of the scientists of this country or the policy of this Government to withhold from the world scientific knowledge. Normally, therefore, everything about the work with atomic energy would be made public.

But under present circumstances it is not intended to divulge the technical processes of production or all the military applications, pending further examination of possible methods of protecting us and the rest of the world from the danger of sudden destruction.

I shall recommend that the Congress of the United States consider promptly the establishment of an appropriate commission to control the production and use of atomic power within the United States. I shall give further consideration and make further recommendations to the Congress as to how atomic power can become a powerful and forceful influence towards the maintenance of world peace.

By Any Other Name

Santha Rama Rau

Rau, Santha Rama
(1923-)

Rau was born in Madras, India. Rau spent a childhood enriched by cultural diversity.

Her family was obliged to accompany her father on the frequent travels dictated by his job as a high-ranking civil servant in India's British colonial administration. She attended Wellesley College in the United States, and graduated with honors in 1944.

She became an instructor at Sarah Lawrence College and a free-lance writer.

She has written many travel books. Her abiding theme of the interaction of people from widely differing cultures has been well served by autobiography. The upcoming selection is drawn from a collection of autobiographical sketches entitled *Gifts of Passage*.

She lives in New York, New York.

India's British Colonial Legacy

India is located in South Asia and is the second most populous country in the world, with more than one-sixth of the globe's total population.

India is a subcontinent, separated from the rest of Asia to the north by the Himalayan mountain range. During its history, India endured partial "conquests" by Arab, Turkish, and Persian invaders. But when the British navy achieved supremacy during the nineteenth century, India fell completely to the British.

By 1858 the British ruled the country, with Queen Victoria also proclaimed Empress of India. British culture was entirely different from that of India. But India was a rich center of trade, and that mattered most to the British. The British made contributions to Indian society, but they transformed the Indian economy and Indian industry to suit the needs of the British Empire, using the wealth of India to benefit England. Even upper-class, wealthy Indians were treated as second-class citizens in their own country.

Eventually Indian political movements gave way to more active struggles, with no success and little change.

Then, Mohandas Gandhi led a national non-violent protest movement during the 1920's and 30's. Various boycotts began. Indians were to give up British titles or honors. They were to stop wearing British clothes. They were to stop paying taxes. During these years thousands of Indians were imprisoned. Although many Indians served with the Allies during World War II, India, as a country, refused to join the war effort. They did not want to be associated with the British. It took until 1947 for India to finally achieve independence.

"The Guitar" by Federico García Lorca

translated by Cola Franzen

The weeping of the guitar
begins.

The goblets of dawn
are smashed.

The weeping of the guitar
begins.

Useless
to silence it.

Impossible
to silence it.

It weeps monotonously
as water weeps
as the wind weeps
over snowfields.

Impossible
to silence it.

It weeps for distant
things.

Hot southern sands
yearning for white camellias.

Weeps arrow without target
evening without morning
and the first dead bird
on the branch.

Oh, guitar!

Heart mortally wounded
by five swords.

<http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/16742>

By Any Other Name

Santha Rama Rau

At the Anglo-Indian day school in Zorinabad to which my sister and I were sent when she was eight and I was five and a half, they changed our names. On the first day of school, a hot, windless morning of a north Indian September, we stood in the headmistress's study and she said, "Now you're the *new* girls. What are your names?"

My sister answered for us. "I am Premila, and she"—nodding in my direction—"is Santha."

The headmistress had been in India, I suppose, fifteen years or so, but she still smiled her helpless inability to cope with Indian names. Her rimless half-glasses glittered, and the precarious bun on the top of her head trembled as she shook her head. "Oh, my dears, those are much too hard for me. Suppose we give you pretty English names. Wouldn't that be more jolly? Let's see, now—Pamela for you, I think." She shrugged in a baffled way at my sister. "That's as close as I can get. And for *you*," she said to me, "how about Cynthia? Isn't that nice?"

My sister was always less easily intimidated than I was, and while she kept a stubborn silence, I said, "Thank you," in a very tiny voice.

We had been sent to that school because my father, among his responsibilities as an officer of the civil service, had a tour of duty to perform in the villages around that steamy little provincial town, where he had his headquarters at that time. He used to make his shorter inspection tours on horseback, and a week before, in the stale heat of a typically postmonsoon day, we had waved good-bye to him and a little procession—an assistant, a secretary, two bearers, and the man to look after the bedding rolls and luggage. They rode away through our large garden, still bright green from the rains, and we turned back into the twilight of the house and the sound of fans whispering in every room.

Up to then, my mother had refused to send Premila to school in the British-run establishments of that time, because, she used to say, "you can bury a dog's tail for seven years and it still comes out curly, and you can take a Britisher away from his home for a lifetime and he still remains insular." The examinations and degrees from entirely Indian schools were not, in those days, considered valid. In my case, the question had never come up, and probably never would have come up if Mother's extraordinary good health had not broken down. For the first time in my life, she was not able to continue the lessons she had been giving us every morning. So our Hindi books were put away, the stories of the Lord Krishna as a little boy were left in mid-air, and we were sent to the Anglo-Indian school.

That first day at school is still, when I think of it, a remarkable one. At that age, if one's name is changed, one develops a curious form of dual personality. I remember having a

certain detached and disbelieving concern in the actions of "Cynthia," but certainly no responsibility. Accordingly, I followed the thin, erect back of the headmistress down the veranda to my classroom feeling, at most, a passing interest in what was going to happen to me in this strange, new atmosphere of School.

The building was Indian in design, with wide verandas opening onto a central courtyard, but Indian verandas are usually whitewashed, with stone floors. These, in the tradition of British schools, were painted dark brown and had matting on the floors. It gave a feeling of extra intensity to the heat.

I suppose there were about a dozen Indian children in the school—which contained perhaps forty children in all—and four of them were in my class. They were all sitting at the back of the room, and I went to join them. I sat next to a small, solemn girl who didn't smile at me. She had long, glossy black braids and wore a cotton dress, but she still kept on her Indian jewelry—a gold chain around her neck, thin gold bracelets, and tiny ruby studs in her ears. Like most Indian children, she had a rim of black kohl around her eyes. The cotton dress should have looked strange, but all I could think of was that I should ask my mother if I couldn't wear a dress to school, too, instead of my Indian clothes.

I can't remember too much about the proceedings in class that day, except for the beginning. The teacher pointed to me and asked me to stand up. "Now, dear, tell the class your name."

I said nothing.

"Come along," she said, frowning slightly. "What's your name, dear?"

"I don't know," I said, finally.

The English children in the front of the class—there were about eight or ten of them—giggled and twisted around in their chairs to look at me. I sat down quickly and opened my eyes very wide, hoping in that way to dry them off. The little girl with the braids put out her hand and very lightly touched my arm. She still didn't smile.

Most of that morning I was rather bored. I looked briefly at the children's drawings pinned to the wall, and then concentrated on a lizard clinging to the ledge of the high, barred window behind the teacher's head. Occasionally it would shoot out its long yellow tongue for a fly, and then it would rest, with its eyes closed and its belly palpitating as though it were swallowing several times quickly. The lessons were mostly concerned with reading and writing and simple numbers—things that my mother had already taught me—and I paid very little attention. The teacher wrote on the easel blackboard words like "bat" and "cat," which seemed babyish to me; only "apple" was new and incomprehensible.

When it was time for the lunch recess, I followed the girl with braids out onto the veranda. There the children from the other classes were assembled. I saw Premila at once and ran over to her, as she had charge of our lunchbox. The children were all opening packages and sitting down to eat sandwiches. Premila and I were the only ones who had Indian food—thin wheat chapatties, some vegetable curry, and a bottle of buttermilk. Premila thrust half of it into my hand and whispered fiercely that I should go and sit with my class, because that was what the others seemed to be doing.

The enormous black eyes of the little Indian girl from my class looked at my food longingly, so I offered her some. But she only shook her head and plowed her way solemnly through her sandwiches.

I was very sleepy after lunch, because at home we always took a siesta. It was usually a pleasant time of day, with the bedroom darkened against the harsh afternoon sun, the drifting off into sleep with the sound of Mother's voice reading a story in one's mind, and, finally, the shrill, fussy voice of the ayah waking one for tea.

At school, we rested for a short time on low, folding cots on the veranda, and then we were expected to play games. During the hot part of the afternoon we played indoors, and after the shadows had begun to lengthen and the slight breeze of the evening had come up we moved outside to the wide courtyard.

I had never really grasped the system of competitive games. At home, whenever we played tag or guessing games, I was always allowed to "win"—"because," Mother used to tell Premila, "she is the youngest, and we have to allow for that." I had often heard her say it, and it seemed quite reasonable to me, but the result was that I had no clear idea of what "winning" meant.

When we played twos-and-threes that afternoon at school, in accordance with my training, I let one of the small English boys catch me, but was naturally rather puzzled when the other children did not return the courtesy. I ran about for what seemed like hours without ever catching anyone, until it was time for school to close. Much later I learned that my attitude was called "not being a good sport," and I stopped allowing myself to be caught, but it was not for years that I really learned the spirit of the thing.

When I saw our car come up to the school gate, I broke away from my classmates and rushed toward it yelling, "Ayah! Ayah!" It seemed like an eternity since I had seen her that morning—a wizened, affectionate figure in her white cotton sari, giving me dozens of urgent and useless instructions on how to be a good girl at school. Premila followed more sedately, and she told me on the way home never to do that again in front of the other children.

When we got home we went straight to Mother's high, white room to have tea with her, and I immediately climbed onto the bed and bounced gently up and down on the springs. Mother asked how we had liked our first day in school. I was so pleased to be

home and to have left that peculiar Cynthia behind that I had nothing whatever to say about school, except to ask what "apple" meant. But Premila told Mother about the classes, and added that in her class they had weekly tests to see if they had learned their lessons well.

I asked, "What's a test?"

Premila said, "You're too small to have them. You won't have them in your class for donkey's years." She had learned the expression that day and was using it for the first time. We all laughed enormously at her wit. She also told Mother, in an aside, that we should take sandwiches to school the next day. Not, she said, that *she* minded. But they would be simpler for me to handle.

That whole lovely evening I didn't think about school at all. I sprinted barefoot across the lawns with my favorite playmate, the cook's son, to the stream at the end of the garden. We quarreled in our usual way, waded in the tepid water under the lime trees, and waited for the night to bring out the smell of the jasmine. I listened with fascination to his stories of ghosts and demons, until I was too frightened to cross the garden alone in the semidarkness. The ayah found me, shouted at the cook's son, scolded me, hurried me in to supper—it was an entirely usual, wonderful evening.

It was a week later, the day of Premila's first test, that our lives changed rather abruptly. I was sitting at the back of my class, in my usual inattentive way, only half listening to the teacher. I had started a rather guarded friendship with the girl with the braids, whose name turned out to be Nalini (Nancy, in school). The three other Indian children were already fast friends. Even at that age it was apparent to all of us that friendship with the English or Anglo-Indian children was out of the question. Occasionally, during the class, my new friend and I would draw pictures and show them to each other secretly.

The door opened sharply and Premila marched in. At first, the teacher smiled at her in a kindly and encouraging way and said, "Now, you're little Cynthia's sister?"

Premila didn't even look at her. She stood with her feet planted firmly apart and her shoulders rigid, and addressed herself directly to me. "Get up," she said. "We're going home."

I didn't know what had happened, but I was aware that it was a crisis of some sort. I rose obediently and started to walk toward my sister.

"Bring your pencils and your notebook," she said.

I went back for them, and together we left the room. The teacher started to say something just as Premila closed the door, but we didn't wait to hear what it was.

In complete silence we left the school grounds and started to walk home. Then I asked Premila what the matter was. All she would say was "We're going home for good."

It was a very tiring walk for a child of five and a half, and I dragged along behind Premila with my pencils growing sticky in my hand. I can still remember looking at the dusty hedges, and the tangles of thorns in the ditches by the side of the road, smelling the faint fragrance from the eucalyptus trees and wondering whether we would ever reach home. Occasionally a horse-drawn tonga passed us, and the women, in their pink or green silks, stared at Premila and me trudging along on the side of the road. A few coolies and a line of women carrying baskets of vegetables on their heads smiled at us. But it was nearing the hottest time of day, and the road was almost deserted. I walked more and more slowly, and shouted to Premila, from time to time, "Wait for me!" with increasing peevishness. She spoke to me only once, and that was to tell me to carry my notebook on my head, because of the sun.

When we got to our house the ayah was just taking a tray of lunch into Mother's room. She immediately started a long, worried questioning about what are you children doing back here at this hour of the day.

Mother looked very startled and very concerned, and asked Premila what had happened.

Premila said, "We had our test today, and She made me and the other Indians sit at the back of the room, with a desk between each one."

Mother said, "Why was that, darling?"

"She said it was because Indians cheat," Premila added. "So I don't think we should go back to that school."

Mother looked very distant, and was silent a long time. At last she said, "Of course not, darling." She sounded displeased.

We all shared the curry she was having for lunch, and afterward I was sent off to the beautifully familiar bedroom for my siesta. I could hear Mother and Premila talking through the open door.

Mother said, "Do you suppose she understood all that?"

Premila said, "I shouldn't think so. She's a baby."

Mother said, "Well, I hope it won't bother her."

Of course, they were both wrong. I understood it perfectly, and I remember it all very clearly. But I put it happily away, because it had all happened to a girl called Cynthia, and I never was really particularly interested in her.

STUDY QUESTIONS

Recalling

1. What happens to the narrator and her sister on the first day of school? What effect does this change have on the narrator?
2. What differences does Santha note between herself and the other Indian children at the school?
3. What does Santha do at the end of the school day? What does she do in the evening?
4. What reason does Premila give for leaving the school and not returning?

Interpreting

5. What does this change demonstrate about relations between the British in India and the Indians?
6. How does Santha feel about the differences between herself and the other Indian children?
7. How does Santha feel about school? Why does she feel this way?
8. Is Santha bothered by this incident? How do you know?

Extending

9. What does this essay reveal about the relationship between British culture and Indian culture during Rama Rau's childhood?
10. How does our culture, (language, religion, traditions), help define our personal identity?

JULIE OTSUKA

Biography

Julie Otsuka was born in Palo Alto, California and studied art at Yale University. After pursuing a career as a painter, she turned to fiction at age 30. One of her short stories was included in Scribner's **Best of the Fiction Workshops 1998**, edited by Carol Shields. **When the Emperor Was Divine** is her first novel.

Author Q&A

Q: What was your inspiration for setting the novel, *When the Emperor Was Divine*, in the Japanese internment camps in the U.S. during World War II?

A: Quite truthfully, I never set out to write a novel about the internment camps. I started out writing—or trying to write—comedy, in fact, and never thought of myself as a “serious” writer. But images of the war kept surfacing in my work, so for reasons I didn’t quite understand, the war was something I needed to write about.

The obvious inspiration for the novel is my own family’s history. My grandfather was arrested by the FBI the day after Pearl Harbor and incarcerated in various camps administered by the Department of Justice for “dangerous enemy aliens.” My mother, my uncle and my grandmother were interned for three and a half years in Topaz, Utah.

My grandfather died when I was quite young, so I don’t remember much about him, but one day, several years ago, we found a box in my grandmother’s house. Inside the box were letters and postcards my grandfather had written to his wife and children during the war. My mother read them first and I remember her telling me afterwards, “It’s like reading a story,” and it was, but a rather one-sided story (I don’t know what happened to my grandmother’s side of the correspondence), a story with many gaps and holes. Also, the letters were censored, so I knew that there was a lot that wasn’t being said.

What happened to my mother and her family during the war was not something we talked about much at home while I was growing up. I think that, for many Japanese of my mother’s generation, the war is just an episode they’d rather forget, because of the shame, the stigma they felt at being labeled “disloyal.” Although in our home, I must say, the war years weren’t completely swept under the rug; either. From time to time, I remember, my mother would mention this or that person whom she knew from “camp.” But “camp” just seemed like a totally normal point of reference to me. It was just another word—like “apple” or “chair.” I thought everyone knew about it. Also, the one story I recall my mother telling me, as a child, about camp—the story about the boy who fell through the roof of the bath house while trying to spy on the ladies below—was a funny one. It just never sounded that bad. Camp. And in the big and terrible scheme of things, it wasn’t. It certainly does not compare to what happened to the Jews in Europe during the Holocaust. That’s another reason, I think, that many Japanese-Americans have been reluctant to come forward with their story. Why draw attention to yourself when there are so many people who have suffered fates far worse than your own?

Still, I think that the story of what happened to the Japanese-Americans during WWII is an important one, a story that needs to be told, especially since it took place right here, in America, during a time when we were supposedly fighting for democracy and freedom overseas.

Q: In addition to drawing on the lives of your mother and grandparents, did you do archival research or conduct interviews about this period in U.S. history?

A: I spent months and months reading oral history collections, secondary source books about the internment, and old newspapers from the 1940s. I had to know how things happened, and when, and how things looked, and what kind of plants grew where, and what the dimensions of the barracks were, and what a dust storm felt like—all these things I had to know more for myself really, than for the book, so that I felt I could tell the story confidently. But I didn't want to weigh down the novel with historical details. It was always the characters that interested me most, as well as the landscape, and the psychology of the situation. Lives interrupted by war, populations sent into exile, these are timeless and universal themes.

I sprinkled a few carefully chosen details through the novel to set the scene. The backdrop—the awfulness of the war, of the internment—speaks for itself, I think. There's no need to accentuate it. If anything, I wanted to tone it down. I think that keeping the terror in the background actually makes it more vivid, somehow.

Q: One recurring question in your novel is: what does it mean to be "loyal" or "disloyal"? How can we tell? We seem to be living in a time of anxiety about what it means to be an American. For instance, our government has been shaping policies on immigration and military tribunals in ways that raise questions about who is entitled to which liberties. Is there any component in these current debates that you find especially troubling or revealing, given your knowledge of the internment camps?

A: That there is even a debate at all is, I think, a good sign. And that President Bush has spoken out in the wake of the Sept. 11 attacks urging tolerance towards Arabs and Muslims is also a good sign. In February of 1942, there were very few who protested or even questioned the president's order to intern over 120,000 Japanese in this country. (Many people, in fact, actually seemed relieved to see the Japanese go.) That said, I am still surprised that there has not been more of an outcry against the Bush administration's recent assault on civil liberties: the secret arrests and indefinite detention of more than 1,200 Middle Eastern men, the suspension of habeas corpus and of the right to trial by jury, the electronic monitoring of lawyer-client conversations, the use of military tribunals. It is actually possible, today, for a long-term U.S. resident suspected of terrorist activity to be arrested and sentenced to death in a secret military trial based on hearsay evidence.

One does have to wonder: is this America? Well, yes, it is an America not so unlike the America in which my grandfather was arrested on December 8, 1941. In the 24 hours following the bombing of Pearl Harbor, over 1,200 Japanese nationals suspected of being a threat to the nation's security were arrested by the FBI in a series of raids that took place up and down the west coast. All of the men arrested had been under surveillance by the FBI for at least a year prior to December 7th. They were each given a hearing before the "Alien Enemy Control Unit" to determine whether they should be released, paroled or interned. The defendants were not allowed to have a lawyer, or to object to the government's evidence against them. They were not allowed a trial by jury. Those who were ordered interned were sent to remote Department of Justice camps for the duration of the war. The arrests of these men continued over the next several months and culminated, in the spring and summer of 1942, with the mass incarceration of the rest of the entire West Coast Japanese population.

Given what I know about the Japanese-Americans and WWII, it makes me nervous when Attorney General John Ashcroft starts rounding up hundreds of noncitizen suspects for questioning. Because this is how it all started in December of 1941. What will happen next, I wonder? And how bad will things get?

As for who is entitled to which liberties, I think it is important that all noncitizen immigrants in this country receive the same constitutional protections as citizens, especially since, during times of war, noncitizens from enemy nations are a highly vulnerable population. In 1941, Japanese immigrants were forbidden by law from even becoming American citizens, even though many of them had lived in this country for more than 20 years and had no intention of ever going back to Japan. Even if they had wanted to become U.S. citizens (and many of them did), the Japanese in this country were prevented from doing so, and so they had no choice but to remain citizens of the "enemy nation"—further proof, to many, of their traitorous allegiance to the Emperor.

I recently read my grandfather's FBI files—they do not contain any evidence that he ever committed a subversive act, or conspired to assist the Japanese government in any way. In fact, not a single Japanese or

Japanese-American in this country was ever found guilty of committing an act of sabotage or espionage. In hindsight, it seems clear that what happened to the Japanese here during WWII was wrong, a travesty of justice. Innocent people—over two-thirds of them U.S. citizens—were rounded up and incarcerated without due process for a crime, that of disloyalty, which they did not commit. The government formally apologized in 1988 and reparations have been paid to the surviving internees. Still, it is unacceptable to me that a government could so easily deprive a people of their civil rights in the name of national security and then later say sorry, sorry, we were wrong, it was all a big mistake. It happened once but it should not happen again.

As a writer and as a Japanese-American, I feel a responsibility, especially now, to remind people of what happened to the Japanese in this country during WWII, because the effects of wartime discrimination can last a lifetime. All these years after the war, my mother still signs off every telephone conversation with, “The FBI will check up on you again soon!”

Q: The novel shifts in perspective, with each character’s point of view prevailing in one section. Did you start writing the book with this structure in mind, or did it evolve as you wrote?

A: I had no structure or plan in mind for the book when I began it. The novel crept up on me—image by image, really—and at a certain point I realized I had a book on my hands. That is fortunate, because if I had sat down one day and consciously tried to write a novel about the camps, I wouldn’t have made it past the first line. The subject matter is too daunting. When you’re writing about something like the uprooting and incarceration of an entire generation of people—your people—well, that can feel like a tremendous and terrible responsibility. Am I the right person to be telling this story? Am I even entitled to tell this story? Am I getting the story right? Am I doing these people justice? You can’t help but wonder these things. But then again, as a writer, it’s your job not to wonder about these things and just get on with the telling of the story.

I had never written a novel before, so I really had no idea what I was doing. An image would come to me—a sign on a telephone pole, say, or a train with blacked-out windows winding its way through the landscape, or a boy in a mess hall mistaking every man with black hair for his father—and I would follow it and see where it went. Or else I’d hear a character’s voice, or a line, and that line would become the first line of a chapter, and I’d go from there.

Shifting the points of view kept the material fresh for me. Going into the head of a new character is like meeting a person for the first time—at a party, say, or on a blind date, or at the deli. That unknown person can be mysterious, thrilling. Hmmm, I think, who is this?

Q: Did you find yourself identifying with one particular character?

A: I think I identified intensely with each character as I was writing his or her chapter. As a writer, I inhabit my characters, I move right into their brains. The emotions my characters feel, I feel. The character I find most admirable is the mother—she’s so tough and self-assured, yet vulnerable, and with a sense of humor. She really holds that family together. Sadly, I don’t think I much resemble her. I’d like to, but I’ve never been put to the test in quite the way she has.

The character I felt the most love for was the boy. I didn’t become him, exactly, but I was aware of feeling intense love for him while I was writing his chapter, the long middle chapter that is set in the camp. Probably because he was the one who seemed to need love the most. The other characters seemed able to take care of themselves. But the boy, who was eight years old in the middle chapter, was filled with such longing.

The last chapter, which is told in the father’s voice, came to me very quickly, in one of those rare bursts. As soon as I began writing it, I knew it would be the ending of the book. What surprised me was that the father’s anger was so easily accessible to me. I think that in my next book, a story about a mother and daughter after the war, that anger will be the point of departure.

Prayer To the Masks by Leopold Sedhar Senghor

Masks! Oh Masks!

Black mask, red mask, you black and white masks,
Rectangular masks through whom the spirit breathes,
I greet you in silence!

And you too, my panterheaded ancestor.

You guard this place, that is closed to any feminine laughter, to any mortal smile.

You purify the air of eternity, here where I breathe the air of my fathers.

Masks of maskless faces, free from dimples and wrinkles.

You have composed this image, this my face that bends over the altar of white paper.

In the name of your image, listen to me!

Now while the Africa of despotism is dying – it is the agony of a pitiable princess,

Just like Europe to whom she is connected through the naval.

Now turn your immobile eyes towards your children who have been called

And who sacrifice their lives like the poor man his last garment

So that hereafter we may cry 'here' at the rebirth of the world being the leaven that the white flour
needs.

For who else would teach rhythm to the world that has died of machines and cannons?

For who else should ejaculate the cry of joy, that arouses the dead and the wise in a new dawn?

Say, who else could return the memory of life to men with a torn hope?

They call us cotton heads, and coffee men, and oily men.

They call us men of death.

But we are the men of the dance whose feet only gain power when they beat the hard soil.

[http://allpoetry.com/poem/8594635-Prayer To Masks-by-Leopold Sedhar Senghor](http://allpoetry.com/poem/8594635-Prayer-To-Masks-by-Leopold-Sedhar-Senghor)

TIME

Sunday, Nov. 06, 2005

Ambition: Why Some People Are Most Likely to Succeed

By Jeffrey Kluger

You don't get as successful as Gregg and Drew Shipp by accident. Shake hands with the 36-year-old fraternal twins who co-own the sprawling Hi Fi Personal Fitness club in Chicago, and it's clear you're in the presence of people who thrive on their drive. But that wasn't always the case. The twins' father founded the Jovan perfume company, a glamorous business that spun off the kinds of glamorous profits that made it possible for the Shippes to amble through high school, coast into college and never much worry about getting the rent paid or keeping the fridge filled. But before they graduated, their sense of drift began to trouble them. At about the same time, their father sold off the company, and with it went the cozy billets in adult life that had always served as an emotional backstop for the boys.

That did it. By the time they got out of school, both Shippes had entirely transformed themselves, changing from boys who might have grown up to live off the family's wealth to men consumed with going out and creating their own. "At this point," says Gregg, "I consider myself to be almost maniacally ambitious."

It shows. In 1998 the brothers went into the gym trade. They spotted a modest health club doing a modest business, bought out the owner and transformed the place into a luxury facility where private trainers could reserve space for top-dollar clients. In the years since, the company has outgrown one building, then another, and the brothers are about to move a third time. Gregg, a communications major at college, manages the club's clients, while Drew, a business major, oversees the more hardheaded chore of finance and expansion. "We're not sitting still," Drew says. "Even now that we're doing twice the business we did at our old place, there's a thirst that needs to be quenched."

Why is that? Why are some people born with a fire in the belly, while others — like the Shippes — need something to get their pilot light lit? And why do others never get the flame of ambition going? Is there a family anywhere that doesn't have its overachievers and underachievers — its Jimmy Carters and Billy Carters, its Jeb Bushes and Neil Bushes — and find itself wondering how they all could have come splashing out of exactly the same gene pool?

Of all the impulses in humanity's behavioral portfolio, ambition — that need to grab an ever bigger piece of the resource pie before someone else gets it — ought to be one of the most democratically distributed. Nature is a zero-sum game, after all. Every buffalo you kill for your family is one less for somebody else's; every acre of land you occupy elbows out somebody else. Given that, the need to get ahead ought to be hard-wired into all of us equally.

And yet it's not. For every person consumed with the need to achieve, there's someone content to accept whatever life brings. For everyone who chooses the 80-hour workweek, there's someone punching out at 5. Men and women — so it's said — express ambition differently; so do Americans and Europeans, baby boomers and Gen Xers, the middle class and the well-to-do. Even among the manifestly motivated, there are degrees of ambition. Steve Wozniak co-founded Apple Computer and then left the company in 1985

as a 34-year-old multimillionaire. His partner, Steve Jobs, is still innovating at Apple and moonlighting at his second blockbuster company, Pixar Animation Studios.

Not only do we struggle to understand why some people seem to have more ambition than others, but we can't even agree on just what ambition is. "Ambition is an evolutionary product," says anthropologist Edward Lowe at Soka University of America, in Aliso Viejo, Calif. "No matter how social status is defined, there are certain people in every community who aggressively pursue it and others who aren't so aggressive."

Dean Simonton, a psychologist at the University of California, Davis, who studies genius, creativity and eccentricity, believes it's more complicated than that. "Ambition is energy and determination," he says. "But it calls for goals too. People with goals but no energy are the ones who wind up sitting on the couch saying 'One day I'm going to build a better mousetrap.' People with energy but no clear goals just dissipate themselves in one desultory project after the next."

Assuming you've got drive, dreams and skill, is all ambition equal? Is the overworked lawyer on the partner track any more ambitious than the overworked parent on the mommy track? Is the successful musician to whom melody comes naturally more driven than the unsuccessful one who sweats out every note? We may listen to Mozart, but should we applaud Salieri?

Most troubling of all, what about when enough ambition becomes way too much? Grand dreams unmoored from morals are the stuff of tyrants — or at least of Enron. The 16-hour workday filled with high stress and at-the-desk meals is the stuff of burnout and heart attacks. Even among kids, too much ambition quickly starts to do real harm. In a just completed study, anthropologist Peter Demerath of Ohio State University surveyed 600 students at a high-achieving high school where most of the kids are triple-booked with advanced-placement courses, sports and after-school jobs. About 70% of them reported that they were starting to feel stress some or all of the time. "I asked one boy how his parents react to his workload, and he answered, 'I don't really get home that often,'" says Demerath. "Then he handed me his business card from the video store where he works."

Anthropologists, psychologists and others have begun looking more closely at these issues, seeking the roots of ambition in family, culture, gender, genes and more. They have by no means thrown the curtain all the way back, but they have begun to part it. "It's fundamentally human to be prestige conscious," says Soka's Lowe. "It's not enough just to be fed and housed. People want more."

If humans are an ambitious species, it's clear we're not the only one. Many animals are known to signal their ambitious tendencies almost from birth. Even before wolf pups are weaned, they begin sorting themselves out into alphas and all the others. The alphas are quicker, more curious, greedier for space, milk, Mom — and they stay that way for life. Alpha wolves wander widely, breed annually and may live to a geriatric 10 or 11 years old. Lower-ranking wolves enjoy none of these benefits — staying close to home, breeding rarely and usually dying before they're 4.

Humans often report the same kind of temperamental determinism. Families are full of stories of the inexhaustible infant who grew up to be an entrepreneur, the phlegmatic child who never really showed much go. But if it's genes that run the show, what accounts for the Shippes, who didn't bestir themselves until the cusp of adulthood? And what, more tellingly, explains identical twins — precise genetic templates of each other who ought to be temperamentally identical but often exhibit profound differences in the octane of their ambition?

Ongoing studies of identical twins have measured achievement motivation — lab language for ambition — in identical siblings separated at birth, and found that each twin's profile overlaps 30% to 50% of the other's. In genetic terms, that's an awful lot — "a benchmark for heritability," says geneticist Dean Hamer of the National Cancer Institute. But that still leaves a great deal that can be determined by experiences in infancy, subsequent upbringing and countless other imponderables.

Some of those variables may be found by studying the function of the brain. At Washington University, researchers have been conducting brain imaging to investigate a trait they call persistence — the ability to stay focused on a task until it's completed just so — which they consider one of the critical engines driving ambition.

The researchers recruited a sample group of students and gave each a questionnaire designed to measure persistence level. Then they presented the students with a task — identifying sets of pictures as either pleasant or unpleasant and taken either indoors or outdoors — while conducting magnetic resonance imaging of their brains. The nature of the task was unimportant, but how strongly the subjects felt about performing it well — and where in the brain that feeling was processed — could say a lot. In general, the researchers found that students who scored highest in persistence had the greatest activity in the limbic region, the area of the brain related to emotions and habits. "The correlation was .8 [or 80%]," says professor of psychiatry Robert Cloninger, one of the investigators. "That's as good as you can get."

It's impossible to say whether innate differences in the brain were driving the ambitious behavior or whether learned behavior was causing the limbic to light up. But a number of researchers believe it's possible for the nonambitious to jump-start their drive, provided the right jolt comes along. "Energy level may be genetic," says psychologist Simonton, "but a lot of times it's just finding the right thing to be ambitious about." Simonton and others often cite the case of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who might not have been the same President he became — or even become President at all — had his disabling polio not taught him valuable lessons about patience and tenacity.

Is such an epiphany possible for all of us, or are some people immune to this kind of lightning? Are there individuals or whole groups for whom the amplitude of ambition is simply lower than it is for others? It's a question — sometimes a charge — that hangs at the edges of all discussions about gender and work, about whether women really have the meat-eating temperament to survive in the professional world. Both research findings and everyday experience suggest that women's ambitions express themselves differently from men's. The meaning of that difference is the hinge on which the arguments turn.

Economists Lise Vesterlund of the University of Pittsburgh and Muriel Niederle of Stanford University conducted a study in which they assembled 40 men and 40 women, gave them five minutes to add up as many two-digit numbers as they could, and paid them 50¢ for each correct answer. The subjects were not competing against one another but simply playing against the house. Later, the game was changed to a tournament in which the subjects were divided into teams of two men or two women each. Winning teams got \$2 per computation; losers got nothing. Men and women performed equally in both tests, but on the third round, when asked to choose which of the two ways they wanted to play, only 35% of the women opted for the tournament format; 75% of the men did.

"Men and women just differ in their appetite for competition," says Vesterlund. "There seems to be a dislike for it among women and a preference among men."

To old-line employers of the old-boy school, this sounds like just one more reason to keep the glass ceiling polished. But other behavioral experts think Vesterlund's conclusions go too far. They say it's not that women aren't ambitious enough to compete for what they want; it's that they're more selective about when they engage in competition; they're willing to get ahead at high cost but not at any cost. "Primate-wide, males are more directly competitive than females, and that makes sense," says Sarah Blaffer Hrdy, emeritus professor of anthropology at the University of California, Davis. "But that's not the same as saying women aren't innately competitive too."

As with so much viewed through the lens of anthropology, the roots of these differences lie in animal and human mating strategies. Males are built to go for quick, competitive reproductive hits and move on. Women are built for the it-takes-a-village life, in which they provide long-term care to a very few young and must sail them safely into an often hostile world. Among some of our evolutionary kin — baboons, macaques and other old-world monkeys — this can be especially tricky since young females inherit their mother's social rank. The mothers must thus operate the levers of society deftly so as to raise both their

own position and, eventually, their daughters'. If you think that kind of ambition-by-proxy doesn't translate to humans, Hrdy argues, think again. "Just read an Edith Wharton novel about women in old New York competing for marriage potential for their daughters," she says.

Import such tendencies into the 21st century workplace, and you get women who are plenty able to compete ferociously but are inclined to do it in teams and to split the difference if they don't get everything they want. And mothers who appear to be unwilling to strive and quit the workplace altogether to go raise their kids? Hrdy believes they're competing for the most enduring stakes of all, putting aside their near-term goals to ensure the long-term success of their line. Robin Parker, 46, a campaign organizer who in 1980 was already on the presidential stump with Senator Edward Kennedy, was precisely the kind of lifetime pol who one day finds herself in the West Wing. But in 1992, at the very moment a President of her party was returning to the White House and she might have snagged a plum Washington job, she decamped from the capital, moved to Boston with her family and became a full-time mom to her two sons.

"Being out in the world became a lot less important to me," she says. "I used to worry about getting Presidents elected, and I'm still an incredibly ambitious person. But what I want to succeed at now is managing my family, raising my boys, helping my husband and the community. In 10 years, when the boys are launched, who knows what I'll be doing? But for now, I have my world."

But even if something as primal as the reproductive impulse wires you one way, it's possible for other things to rewire you completely. Two of the biggest influences on your level of ambition are the family that produced you and the culture that produced your family.

There are no hard rules for the kinds of families that turn out the highest achievers. Most psychologists agree that parents who set tough but realistic challenges, applaud successes and go easy on failures produce kids with the greatest self-confidence.

What's harder for parents to control but has perhaps as great an effect is the level of privilege into which their kids are born. Just how wealth or poverty influences drive is difficult to predict. Grow up in a rich family, and you can inherit either the tools to achieve (think both Presidents Bush) or the indolence of the aristocrat. Grow up poor, and you can come away with either the motivation to strive (think Bill Clinton) or the inertia of the hopeless. On the whole, studies suggest it's the upper middle class that produces the greatest proportion of ambitious people — mostly because it also produces the greatest proportion of anxious people.

When measuring ambition, anthropologists divide families into four categories: poor, struggling but getting by, upper middle class, and rich. For members of the first two groups, who are fighting just to keep the electricity on and the phone bill paid, ambition is often a luxury. For the rich, it's often unnecessary. It's members of the upper middle class, reasonably safe economically but not so safe that a bad break couldn't spell catastrophe, who are most driven to improve their lot. "It's called status anxiety," says anthropologist Lowe, "and whether you're born to be concerned about it or not, you do develop it."

But some societies make you more anxious than others. The U.S. has always been a me-first culture, as befits a nation that grew from a scattering of people on a fat saddle of continent where land was often given away. That have-it-all ethos persists today, even though the resource freebies are long since gone. Other countries — where the acreage is smaller and the pickings are slimmer — came of age differently, with the need to cooperate getting etched into the cultural DNA. The American model has produced wealth, but it has come at a price — with ambition sometimes turning back on the ambitious and consuming them whole.

The study of high-achieving high school students conducted by Ohio State's Demerath was noteworthy for more than the stress he found the students were suffering. It also revealed the lengths to which the kids and their parents were willing to go to gain an advantage over other suffering students. Cheating was common, and most students shrugged it off as only a minor problem. A number of parents — some of

whose children carried a 4.0 average — sought to have their kids classified as special-education students, which would entitle them to extra time on standardized tests. "Kids develop their own moral code," says Demerath. "They have a keen sense of competing with others and are developing identities geared to that."

Demerath got very different results when he conducted research in a very different place — Papua, New Guinea. In the mid-1990s, he spent a year in a small village there, observing how the children learned. Usually, he found, they saw school as a noncompetitive place where it was important to succeed collectively and then move on. Succeeding at the expense of others was seen as a form of vanity that the New Guineans call "acting extra." Says Demerath: "This is an odd thing for them."

That makes tactical sense. In a country based on farming and fishing, you need to know that if you get sick and can't work your field or cast your net, someone else will do it for you. Putting on airs in the classroom is not the way to ensure that will happen.

Of course, once a collectivist not always a collectivist. Marcelo Suárez-Orozco, a professor of globalization and education at New York University, has been following 400 families that immigrated to the U.S. from Asia, Latin America and the Caribbean. Many hailed from villages where the American culture of competition is alien, but once they got here, they changed fast.

As a group, the immigrant children in his study are outperforming their U.S.-born peers. What's more, the adults are dramatically outperforming the immigrant families that came before them. "One hundred years ago, it took people two to three generations to achieve a middle-class standard of living," says Suárez-Orozco. "Today they're getting there within a generation."

So this is a good thing, right? Striving people come here to succeed — and do. While there are plenty of benefits that undeniably come with learning the ways of ambition, there are plenty of perils too — many a lot uglier than high school students cheating on the trig final.

Human history has always been writ in the blood of broken alliances, palace purges and strong people or nations beating up on weak ones — all in the service of someone's hunger for power or resources. "There's a point at which you find an interesting kind of nerve circuitry between optimism and hubris," says Warren Bennis, a professor of business administration at the University of Southern California and the author of three books on leadership. "It becomes an arrogance or conceit, an inability to live without power."

While most ambitious people keep their secret Caesar tucked safely away, it can emerge surprisingly, even suddenly. Says Frans de Waal, a primatologist at the Yerkes Primate Center in Atlanta and the author of a new book, *Our Inner Ape*: "You can have a male chimp that is the most laid-back character, but one day he sees the chance to overthrow the leader and becomes a totally different male. I would say 90% of people would behave this way too. On an island with three people, they might become a little dictator."

But a yearning for supremacy can create its own set of problems. Heart attacks, ulcers and other stress-related ills are more common among high achievers — and that includes nonhuman achievers. The blood of alpha wolves routinely shows elevated levels of cortisol, the same stress hormone that is found in anxious humans. Alpha chimps even suffer ulcers and occasional heart attacks.

For these reasons, people and animals who have an appetite for becoming an alpha often settle contentedly into life as a beta. "The desire to be in a high position is universal," says de Waal. "But that trait has co-evolved with another skill — the skill to make the best of lower positions."

Humans not only make peace with their beta roles but they also make money from them. Among corporations, an increasingly well-rewarded portion of the workforce is made up of B players, managers

and professionals somewhere below the top tier. They don't do the power lunching and ribbon cutting but instead perform the highly skilled, everyday work of making the company run. As skeptical shareholders look ever more askance at overpaid corporate A-listers, the B players are becoming more highly valued. It's an adaptation that serves the needs of both the corporation and the culture around it. "Everyone has ambition," says Lowe. "Societies have to provide alternative ways for people to achieve."

Ultimately, it's that very flexibility — that multiplicity of possible rewards — that makes dreaming big dreams and pursuing big goals worth all the bother. Ambition is an expensive impulse, one that requires an enormous investment of emotional capital. Like any investment, it can pay off in countless different kinds of coin. The trick, as any good speculator will tell you, is recognizing the riches when they come your way.

— *With reporting by Dan Cray / Los Angeles and Eric Ferkenhoff, Noah Isackson and Leslie Whitaker / Chicago*

<http://www.time.com/time/magazine/article/0,9171,1126746,00.html>

John Esposito

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Why don't women have more rights in Muslim countries?

No one should be complacent about the condition of women in many Muslim (or many Western) societies. Americans certainly are not. When asked the open-ended question "What do you admire least about the Muslim or Islamic world?" among the top responses is "gender inequality," associated with veiling, female segregation, illiteracy, and powerlessness. Patriarchy and its legacy, legitimated in the name of religion, remains alive in various Muslim countries although it is also being progressively challenged on many levels.

The realities of women in the Arab and Muslim worlds present a complex picture of individuals in different situations and varied social contexts. Many are unfairly subject to powerful forces of patriarchy and religion, but significant numbers of other women are far more empowered and respected in their own cultures than blanket stereotypes might lead us to believe. The status and roles of women in the Muslim world vary considerably, influenced as much by literacy, education, and economic development as by religion. Men and women in Muslim societies grapple with many gender issues, ranging from the extent of women's education and employment to women's role in the family or to the nature of their religious leadership and authority in Islam.

Today, Muslim women and Islamic scholars and activists, representing many ideological orientations, are increasingly speaking out. They are empowering themselves not just as defenders of women's rights but also as interpreters of the Islamic tradition. Many argue that patriarchy as much as religion, indeed patriarchy linked to religion, accounts for customs that became long-standing traditions affecting gender relations and women's status in society.

When it comes to popular Muslim attitudes about women's rights, the facts aren't always what one might expect. As the 2007 Gallup World Poll reveals, majorities of Muslims, some in the most conservative Muslim societies, support women's equal rights. Majorities in virtually every country surveyed say women should have the same legal rights as men to serve in the highest levels of government. In addition, majorities of both men and women in dozens of Muslim countries around the world: for example, 61% of Saudis, 85% of Iranians and 90% range in Indonesia, Turkey, Bangladesh and Lebanon say that men and women should have the same legal rights. Majorities also support a woman's right to work outside the home in any job for which a woman qualifies (90% in Malaysia, 86% in Turkey, 85% in Egypt and 69% in Saudi Arabia) and a woman's right to vote without interference from family members (80% in Indonesia, 89% in Iran, 67% in Pakistan, 90% in Bangladesh, 76% in Jordan, 93% in Turkey and 56% in Saudi Arabia).

At the same time, the complexities surrounding women's status are illustrated by country-specific contradictions:

Women in Egypt today have access to the best education and hold responsible professional positions in virtually every sector. Yet, like women in most Muslim societies, until recently they needed a male family member's permission to travel.

While women cannot vote in Saudi Arabia, in almost every other Muslim country, women do vote. They also run for political office and serve in many parliaments. A woman has been a head of state or vice president in Iran, Pakistan, Turkey, Indonesia and Bangladesh.

Saudi women own 70% of the savings in Saudi banks and own 61% of private firms in the Kingdom; they own much of the real estate in Riyadh and Jeddah, and can own and manage their own businesses, but they are sexually segregated, restricted to "appropriate" professions and cannot drive a car.

In nearby Kuwait, women freely function in society and hold responsible positions in many areas, but until only a few years ago they could not vote.

In Afghanistan and in some areas of Pakistan, the Taliban in the name of Islam, has forced professional women to give up their jobs and prohibited girls from attending school.

In Iran, where women must cover their hair and wear long-sleeved, ankle-length outfits in public, they constitute the majority of university students, hold many professional positions, and serve in parliament. A woman is Vice President in this Islamic Republic.

In modern-day Egypt women could not until recently serve as judges, but in Morocco more than 20% of judges are women.

Both the causes of women's lack of empowerment and inequality and the winds of change can be seen in women's basic literacy and education. In Yemen women's literacy is only 28% vs. 70% for men; in Pakistan, it is 28% vs. 53% for men. Percentages of women pursuing post-secondary educations dip as low as 8% and 13% in Morocco and Pakistan respectively (comparable to 3.7% in Brazil, or 11% in the Czech Republic).

In sharp contrast, women's literacy rates in Iran and Saudi Arabia are 70% and as high as 85% in Jordan and Malaysia. In education, significant percentages of women in Iran (52%), Egypt (34%), Saudi Arabia (32%), and Lebanon (37%) have post-secondary educations. In the UAE, as in Iran, the majority of university students are women.

The status and roles of women in society today vary considerably across the Muslim world. The growing empowerment of women is reflected in increased educational and professional opportunities (physicians, journalists, lawyers, engineers, social workers, university professors, and entrepreneurs), legal reforms and voting rights. In many Muslim countries and communities, women lead and participate in Quran study groups, run mosque-based educational and social services, and are religious scholars and even muftis.

By John Esposito | August 27, 2010; 8:50 AM ET

http://onfaith.washingtonpost.com/onfaith/panelists/john_esposito/2010/08/why_dont_women_have_more_rights_in_muslim_countries.html

“The Second Coming”
by William Butler Yeats

TURNING and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

AN AFRICANvoice

Chinua Achebe, the author of one of the enduring works of modern African literature, sees postcolonial cultures taking shape story by story

August 2, 2000

Chinua Achebe's emergence as "the founding father of African literature ... in the English language," in the words of the Harvard University philosopher K. Anthony Appiah, could very well be traced to his encounter in the early fifties with Joyce Cary's novel *Mister Johnson*, set in Achebe's native Nigeria. Achebe read it while studying at the University College in Idaban during the last years of British colonial rule, and in a curriculum full of Shakespeare, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, *Mister Johnson* stood out as one of the few books about Africa. *Time* magazine had recently declared *Mister Johnson* the "best book ever written about Africa," but Achebe and his classmates had quite a different reaction. The students saw the Nigerian hero as an "embarrassing nitwit," as Achebe writes in his new book, *Home and Exile*, and detected in the Irish author's descriptions of Nigerians "an undertow of uncharitableness ... a contagion of distaste, hatred, and mockery." *Mister Johnson*, Achebe writes, "open[ed] my eyes to the fact that my home was under attack and that my home was not merely a house or a town but, more importantly, an awakening story."

ACHEBE

In 1958, Achebe responded with his own novel about Nigeria, *Things Fall Apart*, which was one of the first books to tell the story of European colonization from an African perspective. (It has since become a classic, published in fifty languages around the world.) *Things Fall Apart* marked a turning point for African authors, who in the fifties and sixties began to take back the narrative of the so-called "dark continent."

Home and Exile, which grew out of three lectures Achebe gave at Harvard in 1998, describes this transition to a new era in literature. The book is both a kind of autobiography and a rumination on the power stories have to create a sense of dispossession or to confer strength, depending on who is wielding the pen. Achebe depicts his gradual realization that *Mister Johnson* was just one in a long line of books written by Westerners that presented Africans to the world in a way that Africans didn't agree with or recognize, and he examines the "process of 're-storying' peoples who had been knocked silent by all kinds of dispossession." He ends with a hope for the twenty-first century -- that this "re-storying" will continue and will eventually result in a "balance of stories among the world's peoples."

Achebe encourages writers from the Third World to stay where they are and write about their own countries, as a way to help achieve this balance. Yet he himself has lived in the United States for the past ten years -- a reluctant exile. In 1990, Achebe was in a car accident in Nigeria, and was paralyzed from the waist down. While recuperating in a London hospital, he received a call from Leon Botstein, the president of Bard College, offering him a teaching job and a house built for his needs. Achebe thought he would be at Bard, a small school in a quiet corner of the Hudson River Valley, for only a year or two, but the political situation in Nigeria kept worsening. During the military dictatorship of General Sani Abacha, who ruled from 1993 to 1998, much of Nigeria's wealth -- the country has extensive oil fields -- went into the pocket of its leader, and public infrastructure that had been quite good, like hospitals and roads, withered. In 1999, Olusegun Obasanjo became Nigeria's first democratically elected President since 1983, and the situation in Nigeria is improving, albeit slowly and shakily. Achebe is watching from afar,

waiting for his country to rebuild itself enough for him to return.

Achebe, who is sixty-nine, has written five novels, including *Arrow of God* (1964) and *Anthills of the Savannah* (1987), five books of nonfiction, and several collections of short stories and poems. Achebe spoke recently with *Atlantic Unbound*'s Katie Bacon at his home in Annandale-on-Hudson, in New York.



Chinua Achebe

You have been called the progenitor of the modern African novel, and *Things Fall Apart* has maintained its resonance in the decades since it was written. Have you been surprised by the effect the book has had?

Was I surprised? Yes, at the beginning. There was no African literature as we know it today. And so I had no idea when I was writing *Things Fall Apart* whether it would even be accepted or published. All of this was new -- there was nothing by which I could gauge how it was going to be received.

But, of course, something doesn't continue to surprise you every day. After a while I began to understand why the book had resonance. I began to understand my history even better. It wasn't as if when I wrote it I was an expert in the history of the world. I was a very young man. I knew I had a story, but how it fit into the story of the world -- I really had no sense of that. Its meaning for my Igbo people was clear to me, but I didn't know how other people elsewhere would respond to it. Did it have any meaning or resonance for them? I realized that it did when, to give you just one

example, the whole class of a girls' college in South Korea wrote to me, and each one expressed an opinion about the book. And then I learned something, which was that they had a history that was similar to the story of *Things Fall Apart* -- the history of colonization. This I didn't know before. Their colonizer was Japan. So these people across the waters were able to relate to the story of dispossession in Africa. People from different parts of the world can respond to the same story, if it says something to them about their own history and their own experience.

It seems that people from places that haven't experienced colonization in the same way have also responded to the story.

There are different forms of dispossession, many, many ways in which people are deprived or subjected to all kinds of victimization -- it doesn't have to be colonization. Once you allow yourself to identify with the people in a story, then you might begin to see yourself in that story even if on the surface it's far removed from your situation. This is what I try to tell my students: this is one great thing that literature can do -- it can make us identify with situations and people far away. If it does that, it's a miracle. I tell my students, it's not difficult to identify with somebody like yourself, somebody next door who looks like you. What's more difficult is to identify with someone you don't see, who's very far away, who's a different color, who eats a different kind of food. When you begin to do that then literature is really performing its wonders.

A character in *Things Fall Apart* remarks that the white man "has put a knife on the things that held us together, and we have fallen apart." Are those things still severed, or have the wounds begun to heal?

What I was referring to there, or what the speaker in the novel was thinking about, was the upsetting of a society, the disturbing of a social order. The society of Umuofia, the village in *Things Fall Apart*, was totally disrupted by the coming of the European government, missionary Christianity, and so on. That was not a temporary disturbance; it was a once and for all alteration of their society. To give you the example of Nigeria, where the novel is set, the Igbo people had organized themselves in small units, in small towns and villages, each self-governed. With the coming of the British, Igbo land as a whole was incorporated into a totally different polity, to be called Nigeria, with a whole lot of other people with whom the Igbo people had not had direct contact before. The result of that was not something from which you could recover, really. You had to learn a totally new reality, and accommodate yourself to the demands of this new reality, which is the state called Nigeria. Various nationalities, each of which had its own independent life, were forced by the British to live with people of different customs and habits and

priorities and religions. And then at independence, fifty years later, they were suddenly on their own again. They began all over again to learn the rules of independence. The problems that Nigeria is having today could be seen as resulting from this effort that was initiated by colonial rule to create a new nation. There's nothing to indicate whether it will fail or succeed. It all depends.

One might hear someone say, How long will it take these people to get their act together? It's going to take a very, very long time, because it's really been a whole series of interruptions and disturbances, one step forward and two or three back. It has not been easy. One always wishes it had been easier. We've compounded things by our own mistakes, but it doesn't really help to pretend that we've had an easy task.

In *Home and Exile*, you talk about the negative ways in which British authors such as Joseph Conrad and Joyce Cary portrayed Africans over the centuries. What purpose did that portrayal serve?

It was really a straightforward case of setting us up, as it were. The last four or five hundred years of European contact with Africa produced a body of literature that presented Africa in a very bad light and Africans in very lurid terms. The reason for this had to do with the need to justify the slave trade and slavery. The cruelties of this trade gradually began to trouble many people in Europe. Some people began to question it. But it was a profitable business, and so those who were engaged in it began to defend it -- a lobby of people supporting it, justifying it, and excusing it. It was difficult to excuse and justify, and so the steps that were taken to justify it were rather extreme. You had people saying, for instance, that these people weren't really human, they're not like us. Or, that the slave trade was in fact a good thing for them, because the alternative to it was more brutal by far.

And therefore, describing this fate that the Africans would have had back home became the motive for the literature that was created about Africa. Even after the slave trade was abolished, in the nineteenth century, something like this literature continued, to serve the new imperialistic needs of Europe in relation to Africa. This continued until the Africans themselves, in the middle of the twentieth century, took into their own hands the telling of their story.

You write in *Home and Exile*, "After a short period of dormancy and a little self-doubt about its erstwhile imperial mission, the West may be ready to resume its old domineering monologue in the world." Are some Western writers backpedaling and trying to tell their own version of African stories again?

This tradition that I'm talking about has been in force for hundreds of years, and many generations have been brought up on it. What was preached in the churches by the missionaries and their agents at home all supported a certain view of Africa. When a tradition gathers enough strength to go on for centuries, you don't just turn it off one day. When the African response began, I think there was an immediate pause on the European side, as if they were saying, Okay, we'll stop telling this story, because we see there's another story. But after a while there's a certain beginning again, not quite a return but something like a reaction to the African story that cannot, of course, ever go as far as the original tradition that the Africans are responding to. There's a reaction to a reaction, and there will be a further reaction to that. And I think that's the way it will go, until what I call a balance of stories is secured. And this is really what I personally wish this century to see -- a balance of stories where every people will be able to contribute to a definition of themselves, where we are not victims of other people's accounts. This is not to say that nobody should write about anybody else -- I think they should, but those that have been written about should also participate in the making of these stories.

And that's what started with *Things Fall Apart* and other books written by Africans around the 1950s.

Yes, that's what it turned out to be. It was not actually clear to us at the time what we were doing. We were simply writing our story. But the bigger story of how these various accounts tie in, one with the other, is only now becoming clear. We realize and recognize that it's not just colonized people whose stories have been suppressed, but a whole range of people across the globe who have not spoken. It's not because they don't have something to say, it simply has to do with the division of power, because storytelling has to do with power. Those who win tell the story; those who are defeated are not heard. But that has to change. It's in the interest of everybody, including the winners, to know that there's another story. If you only hear one side of the story, you have no understanding at all.

You're talking about a shift in power, so there would be more of a balance of power between cultures than there is now?

Well, not a shift in the *structure* of power. I'm not thinking simply of political power. The shift in power will create stories, but also stories will create a shift in power. So one feeds the other. And the world will be a richer place for that.

Do you see this balance of stories as likely to emerge in this era of globalization and the exporting of American culture?

That's a real problem. The mindless absorption of American ideas, culture, and behavior around the world is not going to help this balance of stories, and it's not going to help the world, either. People are limiting themselves to one view of the world that comes from somewhere else. That's something that we have to battle with as we go along, both as writers and as citizens, because it's not just in the literary or artistic arena that this is going to show itself. I think one can say this limiting isn't going to be very healthy for the societies that abandon themselves.

In *Anthills of the Savannah* the poet Ikem says, "The prime failure of our government is the ... failure of our rulers to reestablish vital inner links with the poor and dispossessed of this country, with the bruised heart that throbs painfully at the core of the nation's being." Does this hold true for Nigeria today?

Yes, this is very much the Nigerian situation. The British handed over the reins of government to a small group of educated people who then became the new rulers. What Ikem is talking about is the distance between this new class of rulers and the other Nigerian people. What needs to be done is to link the two together again, so that those who control power will see the direct relationship to the people in whose name this power is wielded. This connection does not happen automatically, and has not happened in many instances. In the case of Nigeria, the government of the military dictator General Abacha is a good example. The story coming out of his rule is of an enormous transfer of the country's wealth into private bank accounts, a wholesale theft of the national resources needed for all kinds of things -- for health, for education, for roads. That's not the action of someone who sees himself as the servant of the Nigerian people. The nation's infrastructure was left to disintegrate, because of one man's selfish need to have billions. Or take what is happening today, now that we have gotten rid of this military dictator and are beginning to practice again the system of democratic rule. You have leaders who see nothing wrong in inciting religious conflict between Christians and Muslims. It's all simply to retain power. So you find now a different kind of alienation. The leadership does not really care for the welfare of the country and its people.

What's your opinion about the new President, Olusegun Obasanjo? Are you less optimistic about him now than you were when he was elected, in May of 1999?

When I talk about those who incite religious conflict, I'm not talking about him, though there are things maybe you could leave at his door. But I think he has a very difficult job to do. What has happened to the country in the past twenty years or so is really grave, and I'm reluctant to pass judgment on a leader only one year after he's assumed this almost impossible task. So the jury is still out, as far as I'm concerned. I think some of the steps he's taken are good; there are some steps he still needs to take, perhaps with greater speed, but then it's easier to say this from a distance than when you're actually doing it. Leading a very dynamic country like Nigeria, which has a hundred million people, is not a picnic.

In an *Atlantic Unbound* interview this past winter Nadine Gordimer said, "English is used by my fellow writers, blacks, who have been the most extreme victims of colonialism. They use it even though they have African languages to choose from. I think that once you've mastered a language it's your own. It can be used against you, but you can free yourself and use it as black writers do -- you can claim it and use it." Do you agree with her?

Yes, I definitely do. English is something you spend your lifetime acquiring, so it would be foolish not to use it. Also, in the logic of colonization and decolonization it is actually a very powerful weapon in the fight to regain what was yours. English was the language of colonization itself. It is not simply something you use because you have it anyway; it is something which you can actively claim to use as an effective weapon, as a counterargument to colonization.

You write that the Ghanaian author Ama Ata Aidoo is on the "right side, on behalf of the poor and afflicted, the kind of 'nothing people' V. S. Naipaul would love to hammer into the ground with his well-crafted mallet of deadly prose." Do you think a writer from a country like Nigeria has a moral obligation to write about his homeland in a certain way?

No, there's no moral obligation to write in any particular way. But there is a moral obligation, I think, not to ally yourself with power against the powerless. I think an artist, in my definition of that word, would not be someone who takes sides with the emperor against his powerless subjects. That's different from prescribing a way in which a writer should write. But I do think decency and civilization would insist that you take sides with the powerless.

There are those who say that media coverage of Africa is one-sided -- that it focuses on the famines, social unrest, and political violence, and leaves out coverage of the organizations and countries that are working. Do you agree? If so, what effect does this skewed coverage have? Is it a continuation of the anti-Africa British literature you talk about in *Home and Exile*?

Yes, I do agree. I think the result has been to create a fatigue, whether it's charity fatigue or fatigue toward being good to people who are less fortunate. I think that's a pity. The reason for this concentration on the failings of Africans is the same as what we've been talking about -- this tradition of bad news, or portraying Africa as a place that is different from the rest of the world, a place where humanity is really not recognizable. When people hear the word Africa, they have come to expect certain images to follow. If you see a good house in Lagos, Nigeria, it doesn't quite fit the picture you have in your head, because you are looking for the slum -- that is what the world expects journalists covering a city in Africa to come back with.

Now, if you are covering America, you are not focusing on slums every day of your life. You see a slum once in a while, maybe you talk about it, but the rest of the time you are talking about other things. It is that ability to see the complexity of a place that the world doesn't seem to be able to take to Africa, because of this baggage of centuries of reporting about Africa. The result is the world doesn't really know Africa. If you are an African or you live in Africa, this stands out very clearly to you, you are constantly being bombarded with bad news, and you know that there is good news in many places. This doesn't mean that the bad news doesn't exist, that's not what I'm saying. But it exists alongside other things. Africa is not simple -- people want to simplify it. Africa is very complex. Very bad things go on -- they should be covered -- but there are also some good things.

This is something that comes with this imbalance of power that we've been talking about. The people who consume the news that comes back from the rest of the world are probably not really interested in hearing about something that is working. Those who have the ability to send crews out to bring back the news are in a position to determine what the image of the various places should be, because they have the resources to do it. Now, an African country doesn't have a television crew coming to America, for instance, and picking up the disastrous news. So America sends out wonderful images of its success, power, energy, and politics, and the world is bombarded in a very partial way by good news about the powerful and bad news about the less powerful.

You mentioned that literature was used to justify slavery and imperialism. What is this negative coverage of Africa being used to justify now?

It's going to be used to justify inaction, which is what this fatigue is all about. Why bother about Africa? Nothing works there, or nothing ever will work. There is a small minority of people who think that way, and they may be pushing this attitude. But even if nobody was pushing it, it would simply happen by itself. This is a case of sheer inertia, something that has been happening for a long time just goes on happening, unless something stops it. It becomes a habit of mind.

You said in a *New York Times* interview in 1988, "I would be very, very sad to have to live in Europe or America. The relationship between me and the society I write about is so close and so necessary." What was it like for you to write this book outside of your own country?

Maybe I make it sound as if it's impossible for me to write outside of Nigeria. That's really not true. I think what I mean is that it is nourishing for me to be working from Nigeria, there's a kind of nourishment you get there that you cannot get elsewhere. But it doesn't mean you cannot work. You can work, you can always use what's available to you, whether it's memory, hearsay, news items, or imagination. I intend to write a novel in America. When I have done it, perhaps we can discuss the effect of writing a novel from abroad. It's not impossible.

Now a related question, which is not exactly the one you've asked, is, Why don't you write a novel about America? The reason for that is not simply that I don't want to sing the Lord's song in a foreign land, it's just the practical issue of this balance we've been talking about. There's no lack of writers writing novels in America, about America. Therefore, it seems to me it would be wasteful for me to add to that huge number of people writing here when

there are so few people writing about somewhere else. So that's really my reason, it's nothing mystical. I have no intention of trying to write about America because it would be using up rare energy that should be used to produce something that has no chance of being produced otherwise.

Has living here changed the way you think about Nigeria?

It must have, but this is not something you can weigh and measure. I've been struck, for instance, by the impressive way that political transition is managed in America. Nobody living here can miss that if you come from a place like Nigeria which is unable so far to manage political transitions in peace. I wish Nigeria would learn to do this. There are other things, of course, where you wish Americans would learn from Nigerians: the value of people as people, the almost complete absence of race as a factor in thought, in government. That's something that I really wish for America, because no day passes here without some racial factor coming up somewhere, which is a major burden on this country.

Could you talk about your visit to Nigeria this past summer? What was it like for you to go back there?

It was a very powerful and emotional experience. Emotional mostly because I had not been there in many years, but the circumstances of my leaving Nigeria were very sad, and many people who were responding to my return had that in their mind, and so it was more than simply someone who had not been home in quite a few years. And then you add to that all the travails that Nigeria had gone through in the rule of General Abacha, the severe hardship and punishment that the country had suffered in those years. And the new experiment in democratic rule was also just a few months old when I went home, so it was a very powerful experience.

Do you hope to be able to go back there to live at some point?

Yes, I do indeed. Things would have to be better than they are now for me to be able to do that. Things like hospitals that used to be quite good before have been devastated. The roads you have to take to get to a hospital if the need arises, not to talk about the security of life -- both of those would have to improve. But we are constantly watching the situation. It's not just me, but my family. My wife and children -- many of them would be happier functioning at home, because you tend to have your work cut out for you at home. Here there are so many things to do, but they are not necessarily the things you'd rather be doing. Whereas at home it's different -- it's clear what needs to be done, what's calling for your special skills or special attachment.

What hopes do you have for Nigeria's future?

I keep hoping, and that hope really is simply a sense of what Nigeria could be or could do, given the immense resources it has -- natural resources, but even more so human resources. There's a great diversity of vibrant peoples who are not always on the best of terms, but when they are, they can really make things happen. And one hopes that we will someday be able to realize that potential.

Could you talk about your dream, expressed in *Home and Exile*, of a "universal civilization" -- a civilization that some believe we've achieved and others think we haven't?

What the universal civilization I dream about would be, I really don't know, but I know what it is not. It is not what is being presented today, which is clearly just European and American. A universal civilization is something that we will create. If we accept the thesis that it is desirable to do, then we will go and work on it and talk about it. We have not really talked about it. All those who are saying it's there are really suggesting that it's there by default -- they are saying to us, let's stop at this point and call what we have a universal civilization. I don't think we want to swindle ourselves in that way; I think if we want a universal civilization, we should work to bring it about. And when it appears, I think we will know, because it will be different from anything we have now.

There may be cultures that may sadly have to go, because no one is rooting for them, but we should make the effort to prevent this. We have to hold this conversation, which is a conversation of stories, a conversation of languages, and see what happens.

<http://www.theatlantic.com/past/docs/unbound/interviews/ba2000-08-02.htm>

And of Clay Are We Created

Isabel Allende

They discovered the girl's head protruding from the mud pit, eyes wide open, calling soundlessly. She had a First Communion name, Azucena. Lily. In that vast cemetery where the odor of death was already attracting vultures from far away, and where the weeping of orphans and wails of the injured filled the air, the little girl obstinately clinging to life became the symbol of the tragedy. The television cameras transmitted so often the unbearable image of the head budding like a black squash from the clay that there was no one who did not recognize her and know her name. And every time we saw her on the screen right behind her was Rolf Carlé, who had gone there on assignment, never suspecting that he would find a fragment of his past, lost thirty years before.

First a subterranean sob rocked the cotton fields, curling them like waves of foam. Geologists had set up their seismographs weeks before and knew that the mountain had awakened again. For some time they had predicted that the heat of the eruption could detach the eternal ice from the slopes of the volcano, but no one heeded their warnings; they sounded like the tales of frightened old women. The towns in the valley went about their daily life, deaf to the moaning of the earth, until that fateful Wednesday night in November when a prolonged roar announced the end of the world, and walls of snow broke loose, rolling in an avalanche of clay, stones, and water that descended on the villages and buried them beneath unfathomable meters of telluric vomit. As soon as the survivors emerged from the paralysis of that first awful terror, they could see that houses, plazas, churches, white cotton plantations, dark coffee forests, cattle pastures—all had disappeared. Much later, after soldiers and volunteers had arrived to rescue the living and try to assess the magnitude of the cataclysm, it was calculated that beneath the mud lay more than twenty thousand human beings and an indefinite number of animals putrefying in a viscous soup. Forests and rivers had also been swept away, and there was nothing to be seen but an immense desert of mire.

When the station called before dawn, Rolf Carlé and I were together. I crawled out of bed, dazed with sleep, and went to prepare coffee while he hurriedly dressed. He stuffed his gear in the green canvas backpack he always carried, and we said goodbye, as we had so many times before. I had no presentiments. I sat in the kitchen, sipping my coffee and planning the long hours without him, sure that he would be back the next day.

He was one of the first to reach the scene because while other reporters were fighting their way to the edges of that morass in jeeps bicycles, or on foot, each getting there however he could, Rolf Carlé had the advantage of the television helicopter, which flew him over the avalanche. We watched on our screens the footage captured by his assistant's camera, in which he was up to his knees in muck, a microphone in his hand, in the midst of a bedlam of lost children, wounded survivors, corpses, and devastation. The story came to us in his calm voice. For years he had been a familiar figure in newscasts, reporting live at the scene of battles and catastrophes with awesome tenacity. Nothing could stop him, and I was always amazed at his equanimity in the face of danger and suffering; it seemed as if nothing could shake his fortitude or deter his

curiosity. Fear seemed never to touch him, although he had confessed to me that he was not a courageous man, far from it. I believe that the lens of a camera had a strange effect on him; it was as if it transported him to a different time from which he could watch events without actually participating in them. When I knew him better, I came to realize that this fictive distance seemed to protect him from his own emotions.

Rolf Carlé was in on the story of Azucena from the beginning. He filmed the volunteers who discovered her, and the first persons who tried to reach her; his camera zoomed in on the girl, her dark face, her large desolate eyes, the plastered down tangle of her hair. The mud was like quicksand around her, and anyone attempting to reach her was in danger of sinking. They threw a rope to her that she made no effort to grasp until they shouted to her to catch it; then she pulled a hand from the mire and tried to move but immediately sank a little deeper. Rolf threw down his knapsack and the rest of his equipment and waded into the quagmire, commenting for his assistant's microphone that it was cold and that one could begin to smell the stench of corpses.

"What's your name?" he asked the girl, and she told him her flower name. "Don't move, Azucena," Rolf Carlé directed, and kept talking to her, without a thought for what he was saying, just to distract her, while slowly he worked his way forward in mud up to his waist. The air around him seemed as murky as the mud.

It was impossible to reach her from the approach he was attempting, so he retreated and circled around where there seemed to be firmer footing. When finally he was close enough, he took the rope and tied it beneath her arms, so they could pull her out. He smiled at her with that smile that crinkles his eyes and makes him look like a little boy; he told her that everything was fine, that he was here with her now, that soon they would have her out. He signaled the others to pull, but as soon as the cord tensed, the girl screamed. They tried again, and her shoulders and farther; she was trapped. Someone suggested that her legs might be caught in the collapsed walls of her house, but she said it was not just rubble, that she was also held by the bodies of her brothers and sisters clinging to her legs.

"Don't worry, we'll get you out of here," Rolf promised. Despite the quality of the transmission, I could hear his voice break, and I loved him more than ever. Azucena looked at him but said nothing.

During those first hours Rolf Carlé exhausted all the resources of his ingenuity to rescue her. He struggled with poles and ropes, but every tug was an intolerable torture for the imprisoned girl. It occurred to him to use one of the poles as a lever but he got no result and had to abandon the idea. He talked a couple of soldiers into working with him for a while, but they had to leave because so many other victims were calling for help. The girl could not move, she barely could breathe, but she did not seem desperate, as if an ancestral resignation allowed her to accept her fate. The reporter, on the other hand, was determined to snatch her from death. Someone brought him a tire, which he placed beneath her arms like a life buoy, and then laid a plank near the hole to hold his weight and allow him to stay closer to her. As it was impossible to remove the rubble blindly, he tried once or twice to dive toward her feet but emerged frustrated, covered with mud, and spitting gravel. He concluded that he would have to have a pump to drain the water, and

radioed a request for one but received in return a message that there was no available transport and it could not be sent until the next morning.

"We can't wait that long!" Rolf Carlé shouted, but in the pandemonium no one stopped to commiserate. Many more hours would go by before he accepted that time had stagnated and reality had been irreparably distorted.

A military doctor came to examine the girl and observed that her heart was functioning well and that if she did not get too cold she could survive the night.

"Hang on, Azucena, we'll have the pump tomorrow," Rolf Carlé tried to console her.

"Don't leave me alone," she begged. "No, of course I won't leave you." Someone brought him coffee, and he helped the girl drink it, sip by sip. The warm liquid revived her, and she began telling him about her small life, about her family and her school, about how things were in that little bit of world before the volcano erupted. She was thirteen, and she had never been outside her village. Rolf Carlé, buoyed by a premature optimism, was convinced that everything would end well: the pump would arrive, they would drain the water, move the rubble, and Azucena would be transported by helicopter to a hospital where she would recover rapidly and where he could visit her and bring her gifts. He thought, she's already too old for dolls, and I don't know what would please her; maybe a dress. I don't know much about women, he concluded, amused, reflecting that although he had known many women in his lifetime, none had taught him these details. To pass the hours he began to tell Azucena about his travels and adventures as a news hound, and when he exhausted his memory, he called upon imagination, inventing things he thought might entertain her. From time to time she dozed, but he kept talking in the darkness, to assure her that he was still there and to overcome the menace of uncertainty.

That was a long night.

Many miles away, I watched Rolf Carlé and the girl on a television screen. I could not bear the wait at home, so I went to National Television, where I often spent entire nights with Rolf editing programs. There, I was near his world, and I could at least get a feeling of what he lived through during those three decisive days. I called all the important people in the city, senators, commanders of the armed forces, the North American ambassador, and the president of National Petroleum, begging them for a pump to remove the silt, but obtained only vague promises. I began to ask for urgent help on radio and television, to see if there wasn't someone who could help us. Between calls I would run to the newsroom to monitor the satellite transmissions that periodically brought new details of the catastrophe. While reporters selected scenes with most impact for the news report, I searched for footage that featured Azucena's mud pit. The screen reduced the disaster to a single plane and accentuated the tremendous distance that separated me from Rolf Carlé; nonetheless, I was there with him. The child's every suffering hurt me as it did him; I felt his frustration, his impotence. Faced with the impossibility of communicating with him, the fantastic idea came to me that if I tried, I could reach him by force of mind and in that way give him encouragement. I concentrated until I was dizzy—a frenzied and futile activity. At times I would be overcome with compassion and burst out crying; at other times, I was so drained I felt as if I were staring through a telescope at the light of a star dead for a million years.

I watched that hell on the first morning broadcast, cadavers of people and animals awash in the current of new rivers formed overnight from the melted snow. Above the mud rose the tops of trees and the bell towers of a church where several people had taken refuge and were patiently awaiting rescue teams. Hundreds of soldiers and volunteers from the civil defense were clawing through rubble searching for survivors, while long rows of ragged specters awaited their turn for a cup of hot broth. Radio networks announced that their phones were jammed with calls from families offering shelter to orphaned children. Drinking water was in scarce supply, along with gasoline and food. Doctors, resigned to amputating arms and legs without anesthesia, pled that at least they be sent serum and painkillers and antibiotics; most of the roads, however, were impassable, and worse were the bureaucratic obstacles that stood in the way. To top it all, the clay contaminated by decomposing bodies threatened the living with an outbreak of epidemics.

Azucena was shivering inside the tire that held her above the surface. Immobility and tension had greatly weakened her, but she was conscious and could still be heard when a microphone was held out to her. Her tone was humble, as if apologizing for all the fuss. Rolf Carlé had a growth of beard, and dark circles beneath his eyes; he looked near exhaustion. Even from that enormous distance I could sense the quality of his weariness, so different from the fatigue of other adventures. He had completely forgotten the camera; he could not look at the girl through a lens any longer. The pictures we were receiving were not his assistant's but those of other reporters who had appropriated Azucena, bestowing on her the pathetic responsibility of embodying the horror of what had happened in that place. With the first light Rolf tried again to dislodge the obstacles that held the girl in her tomb, but he had only his hands to work with; he did not dare use a tool for fear of injuring her. He fed Azucena a cup of the cornmeal mush and bananas the army was distributing, but she immediately vomited it up. A doctor stated that she had a fever but added that there was little he could do: antibiotics were being reserved for cases of gangrene. A priest also passed by and blessed a hanging a medal of the Virgin around her neck. By evening a gentle, persistent drizzle began to fall.

"The sky is weeping," Azucena murmured, and she, too, began to cry.

"Don't be afraid," Rolf begged. "You have to keep your strength up and be calm. Everything will be fine. I'm with you, and I'll get you out somehow."

Reporters returned to photograph Azucena and ask her the same questions, which she no longer tried to answer. In the meanwhile, more television and movie teams arrived with spools of cable, tapes, film, videos, precision lenses, recorders, and consoles, lights, reflecting screens, auxiliary motors, cartons of supplies, electricians, sound technicians, and cameramen: Azucena's face was beamed to millions of screens around the world. And all the while Rolf Carlé kept pleading for a pump. The improved technical facilities bore results, and National Television began receiving sharper pictures and clearer sound, the distance seemed suddenly compressed, and I had the horrible sensation that Azucena and Rolf were by my side, separated from me by impenetrable glass. I was able to follow events hour by hour; I knew everything my love did to wrest the girl from her prison and help her endure her suffering; I overheard fragments of what they said to another and could guess the rest; I was present when she taught Rolf to pray and when distracted her with the stories I had told him in a thousand and one nights beneath the white mosquito netting of our bed.

When darkness came on the second day, Rolf tried to sing Azucena to sleep with old Austrian folk songs he had learned from his mother, but she was far beyond sleep. They spent most of the night talking, each in a stupor of exhaustion and hunger and shaking with cold. That night, imperceptibly, the unyielding floodgates that had contained Rolf Carlé's past for so many years began to open, and the torrent of all that had lain hidden in the deepest and most secret layers of memory poured out, leveling before it the obstacles that had blocked his consciousness for so long. He could not tell it all to Azucena; she perhaps did not know there was a world beyond the sea or time previous to her own; she was not capable of imagining Europe in the years of the war. So he could not tell her of defeat, nor of the afternoon the Russians had led them to the concentration camp to bury prisoners dead from starvation. Why should he describe to her how the naked bodies piled like a mountain of firewood resembled fragile china? How could he tell this dying child about ovens and gallows? Nor did he mention the night that he had seen his mother naked, shod in stiletto-heeled red boots, sobbing with humiliation. There was much he did not tell, but in those hours he relived for the first time all the things his mind had tried to erase. Azucena had surrendered her fear to him and so, without wishing it, had obliged Rolf to confront his own. There, beside that hellhole of mud, it was impossible for Rolf to flee from himself any longer, and the visceral terror he had lived as a boy suddenly invaded him. He reverted to the years when he was the age of Azucena and younger, and, like her, found himself trapped in a pit without escape, buried in life, his head barely above ground; he saw before his eyes the boots and legs of his father, who had removed his belt and was whipping it in the air with the never forgotten hiss of a viper coiled to strike. Sorrow flooded through him, intact and precise, as if it had lain always in his mind, waiting. He was once again in the armoire where his father locked him to punish him for imagined misbehavior, there where for eternal hours he had crouched with his eyes closed, not to see the darkness, with his hands over his ears to shut out the beating of his heart, trembling, huddled like a cornered animal. Wandering in the mist of his memories he found his sister, Katharina, a sweet, retarded child who spent her life hiding, with the hope that her father would forget the disgrace of her having been born. With Katharina, Rolf crawled beneath the dining room table, and with her hid there under the long white tablecloth, two children forever embraced, alert to footsteps and voices. Katharina's scent melded with his own sweat, with aromas of cooking, garlic, soup freshly baked bread, and the unexpected odor of putrescent clay. His sister's hand in his, her frightened breathing, her silk hair against his cheek, the candid gaze of her eyes. Katharina...Katharina materialized before him, floating on the air like a flag, clothed in the white tablecloth now a winding sheet, and at last he could weep for her death and for the guilt of having abandoned her. He understood then that all his exploits as a reporter, the feats that had won him such recognition and fame, were merely an attempt to keep his most ancient fears at bay, a stratagem for taking refuge behind a lens to test whether reality was more tolerable from that perspective. He took excessive risks as an exercise of courage, training by day to conquer the monsters that tormented him by night. But he had to come face to face with the moment of truth; he could not continue to escape his past. He was Azucena; he was buried in the clayey mud; his terror was not the distant emotion of an almost forgotten childhood, it was a claw sunk in his throat. In the flush of his tears he saw his mother, dressed in black and clutching her imitation-crocodile pocketbook to her bosom just as he had last seen her on the dock when she had come to put him on the boat to South America. She had not come to dry his tears, but to tell him to pick up a shovel: the war was over and now they must bury the dead.

"Don't cry. I don't hurt anymore. I'm fine," Azucena said when dawn came.

"I'm not crying for you," Rolf Carlé smiled. "I'm crying for myself. I hurt all over."

The third day in the valley of the cataclysm began with a pale light filtering through storm clouds. The president of the republic visited the area in his tailored safari jacket to confirm that this was the worst catastrophe of the century: the country was in mourning; sister nations had offered aid; he had ordered a state of siege; the armed forces would be merciless; anyone caught stealing or committing other offenses would be shot on sight. He added that it was impossible to remove all the corpses or count the thousands which had disappeared; the entire valley would be declared holy ground, and bishops would continue to celebrate a solemn mass for the souls of the victims. He went to the army field tents to offer relief in the form of vague promises to crowds of the rescued, then to the improvised hospital to offer a word of encouragement to doctors and nurses worn down from so many hours of tribulations. Then he asked to be taken to see Azucena, the little girl the whole world had seen. He waved to her with a limp statesman's hand, and microphones recorded his emotional voice and paternal tone as he told her that her courage had served as an example to the nation. Rolf Carlé interrupted to ask for a pump, and the president assured him that he personally would attend to the matter. I caught a glimpse of Rolf for a few seconds kneeling beside the mud pit. On the evening news broadcast, he was still in the same position; and I, glued to the screen like a fortuneteller to her crystal ball, could tell that something fundamental had changed in him. I knew somehow that during the night his defenses had crumbled and he had given in to grief; finally he was vulnerable. The girl had touched a part of him that he himself had no access to, a part he had never shared with me. Rolf had wanted to console her, but it was Azucena who had given him consolation.

I recognized the precise moment at which Rolf gave up the fight and surrendered to the torture of watching the girl die. I was with them, three days and two nights, spying on them from the other side of life. I was there when she told him that in all her thirteen years no boy had ever loved her and that it was a pity to leave this world without knowing love. Rolf assured her that he loved her more than he could ever love anyone, more than he loved his mother, more than his sister, more than all the women who had slept in his arms, more than he loved me, his life companion, who would have given anything to be trapped in that well in her place, who would have exchanged her life for Azucena's, and I watched as he leaned down to kiss her poor forehead, consumed by a sweet, sad emotion he could not name. I felt how in that instant both were saved from despair, how they were freed from the clay, how they rose above the vultures and helicopters, how together they flew above the vast swamp of corruption and laments. How, finally, they were able to accept death. Rolf Carlé prayed in silence that she would die quickly, because such pain cannot be borne.

By then I had obtained a pump and was in touch with a general who had agreed to ship it the next morning on a military cargo plane. But on the night of that third day, beneath the unblinking focus of quartz lamps and the lens of a hundred cameras, Azucena gave up, her eyes locked with those of the friend who had sustained her to the end. Rolf Carlé removed the life buoy, closed her eyelids, held her to his chest for a few moments, and then let her go. She sank slowly, a flower in the mud.

You are back with me, but you are not the same man. I often accompany you to the station, and we watch the videos of Azucena again; you study them intently, looking for something you could have done to save her, something you did not think of in time. Or maybe you study them to see yourself as if in a mirror, naked. Your cameras lie forgotten in a closet; you do not write or sing; you sit long hours before the window, staring at the mountains. Beside you, I wait for you to complete the voyage into yourself, for the old wounds to heal. I know that when you return from your nightmares, we shall again walk hand in hand, as befo

"The Lottery" (1948)

by Shirley Jackson

The morning of June 27th was clear and sunny, with the fresh warmth of a full-summer day; the flowers were blossoming profusely and the grass was richly green. The people of the village began to gather in the square, between the post office and the bank, around ten o'clock; in some towns there were so many people that the lottery took two days and had to be started on June 2th. but in this village, where there were only about three hundred people, the whole lottery took less than two hours, so it could begin at ten o'clock in the morning and still be through in time to allow the villagers to get home for noon dinner.

The children assembled first, of course. School was recently over for the summer, and the feeling of liberty sat uneasily on most of them; they tended to gather together quietly for a while before they broke into boisterous play. and their talk was still of the classroom and the teacher, of books and reprimands. Bobby Martin had already stuffed his pockets full of stones, and the other boys soon followed his example, selecting the smoothest and roundest stones; Bobby and Harry Jones and Dickie Delacroix-- the villagers pronounced this name "Dellacroy"--eventually made a great pile of stones in one corner of the square and guarded it against the raids of the other boys. The girls stood aside, talking among themselves, looking over their shoulders at rolled in the dust or clung to the hands of their older brothers or sisters.

Soon the men began to gather. surveying their own children, speaking of planting and rain, tractors and taxes. They stood together, away from the pile of stones in the corner, and their jokes were quiet and they smiled rather than laughed. The women, wearing faded house dresses and sweaters, came shortly after their menfolk. They greeted one another and exchanged bits of gossip as they went to join their husbands. Soon the women, standing by their husbands, began to call to their children, and the children came reluctantly, having to be called four or five times. Bobby Martin ducked under his mother's grasping hand and ran, laughing, back to the pile of stones. His father spoke up sharply, and Bobby came quickly and took his place between his father and his oldest brother.

The lottery was conducted--as were the square dances, the teen club, the Halloween program--by Mr. Summers. who had time and energy to devote to civic activities. He was a round-faced, jovial man and he ran the coal business, and people were sorry for him. because he had no children and his wife was a scold. When he arrived in the square, carrying the black wooden box, there was a murmur of conversation among the villagers, and he waved and called. "Little late today, folks." The postmaster, Mr. Graves, followed him, carrying a three- legged stool, and the stool was put in the center of the square and Mr. Summers set the black box down on it. The villagers kept their distance, leaving a space between themselves and the stool. and when Mr. Summers said, "Some of you fellows want to give me a hand?" there was a hesitation before two men. Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter. came forward to hold the box steady on the stool while Mr. Summers stirred up the papers inside it.

The original paraphernalia for the lottery had been lost long ago, and the black box now resting on the stool had been put into use even before Old Man Warner, the oldest man in town, was born. Mr. Summers spoke frequently to the villagers about making a new box, but no one liked to upset even as much tradition as was represented by the black box. There was a story that the present box had been made with some pieces of the box that had preceded it, the one that had been constructed when the first people settled down to make a village here. Every year, after the

lottery, Mr. Summers began talking again about a new box, but every year the subject was allowed to fade off without anything's being done. The black box grew shabbier each year: by now it was no longer completely black but splintered badly along one side to show the original wood color, and in some places faded or stained.

Mr. Martin and his oldest son, Baxter, held the black box securely on the stool until Mr. Summers had stirred the papers thoroughly with his hand. Because so much of the ritual had been forgotten or discarded, Mr. Summers had been successful in having slips of paper substituted for the chips of wood that had been used for generations. Chips of wood, Mr. Summers had argued, had been all very well when the village was tiny, but now that the population was more than three hundred and likely to keep on growing, it was necessary to use something that would fit more easily into the black box. The night before the lottery, Mr. Summers and Mr. Graves made up the slips of paper and put them in the box, and it was then taken to the safe of Mr. Summers' coal company and locked up until Mr. Summers was ready to take it to the square next morning. The rest of the year, the box was put away, sometimes one place, sometimes another; it had spent one year in Mr. Graves's barn and another year underfoot in the post office, and sometimes it was set on a shelf in the Martin grocery and left there.

There was a great deal of fussing to be done before Mr. Summers declared the lottery open. There were the lists to make up--of heads of families, heads of households in each family, members of each household in each family. There was the proper swearing-in of Mr. Summers by the postmaster, as the official of the lottery; at one time, some people remembered, there had been a recital of some sort, performed by the official of the lottery, a perfunctory, tuneless chant that had been rattled off duly each year; some people believed that the official of the lottery used to stand just so when he said or sang it, others believed that he was supposed to walk among the people, but years and years ago this part of the ritual had been allowed to lapse. There had been, also, a ritual salute, which the official of the lottery had had to use in addressing each person who came up to draw from the box, but this also had changed with time, until now it was felt necessary only for the official to speak to each person approaching. Mr. Summers was very good at all this; in his clean white shirt and blue jeans, with one hand resting carelessly on the black box, he seemed very proper and important as he talked interminably to Mr. Graves and the Martins.

Just as Mr. Summers finally left off talking and turned to the assembled villagers, Mrs. Hutchinson came hurriedly along the path to the square, her sweater thrown over her shoulders, and slid into place in the back of the crowd. "Clean forgot what day it was," she said to Mrs. Delacroix, who stood next to her, and they both laughed softly. "Thought my old man was out back stacking wood," Mrs. Hutchinson went on. "and then I looked out the window and the kids was gone, and then I remembered it was the twentyseventh and came a-running." She dried her hands on her apron, and Mrs. Delacroix said, "You're in time, though. They're still talking away up there."

Mrs. Hutchinson craned her neck to see through the crowd and found her husband and children standing near the front. She tapped Mrs. Delacroix on the arm as a farewell and began to make her way through the crowd. The people separated good-humoredly to let her through: two or three people said, in voices just loud enough to be heard across the crowd, "Here comes your, Missus, Hutchinson," and "Bill, she made it after all." Mrs. Hutchinson reached her husband, and Mr. Summers, who had been waiting, said cheerfully. "Thought we were going to have to get on without you, Tessie." Mrs. Hutchinson said, grinning, "Wouldn't have me leave m'dishes in the sink, now, would you. Joe?" and soft laughter ran through the crowd as the people stirred back into position after Mrs. Hutchinson's arrival.

"Well, now." Mr. Summers said soberly, "guess we better get started, get this over with, so's we can go back to work. Anybody ain't here?"

"Dunbar." several people said. "Dunbar. Dunbar."

Mr. Summers consulted his list. "Clyde Dunbar." he said. "That's right. He's broke his leg, hasn't he? Who's drawing for him?"

"Me. I guess," a woman said. and Mr. Summers turned to look at her. "Wife draws for her husband." Mr. Summers said. "Don't you have a grown boy to do it for you, Janey?" Although Mr. Summers and everyone else in the village knew the answer perfectly well, it was the business of the official of the lottery to ask such questions formally. Mr. Summers waited with an expression of polite interest while Mrs. Dunbar answered.

"Horace's not but sixteen vet." Mrs. Dunbar said regretfully. "Guess I gotta fill in for the old man this year."

"Right." Sr. Summers said. He made a note on the list he was holding. Then he asked, "Watson boy drawing this year?"

A tall boy in the crowd raised his hand. "Here," he said. "I'm drawing for my mother and me." He blinked his eyes nervously and ducked his head as several voices in the crowd said thin#s like "Good fellow, lack." and "Glad to see your mother's got a man to do it."

"Well," Mr. Summers said, "guess that's everyone. Old Man Warner make it?"

"Here," a voice said. and Mr. Summers nodded.

A sudden hush fell on the crowd as Mr. Summers cleared his throat and looked at the list. "All ready?" he called. "Now, I'll read the names--heads of families first--and the men come up and take a paper out of the box. Keep the paper folded in your hand without looking at it until everyone has had a turn. Everything clear?"

The people had done it so many times that they only half listened to the directions; most of them were quiet, wetting their lips, not looking around. Then Mr. Summers raised one hand high and said, "Adams." A man disengaged himself from the crowd and came forward. "Hi. Steve." Mr. Summers said. and Mr. Adams said. "Hi. Joe." They grinned at one another humorlessly and nervously. Then Mr. Adams reached into the black box and took out a folded paper. He held it firmly by one corner as he turned and went hastily back to his place in the crowd, where he stood a little apart from his family, not looking down at his hand.

"Allen." Mr. Summers said. "Anderson.... Bentham."

"Seems like there's no time at all between lotteries any more." Mrs. Delacroix said to Mrs. Graves in the back row.

"Seems like we got through with the last one only last week."

"Time sure goes fast.-- Mrs. Graves said.

"Clark.... Delacroix"

"There goes my old man." Mrs. Delacroix said. She held her breath while her husband went forward.

"Dunbar," Mr. Summers said, and Mrs. Dunbar went steadily to the box while one of the women said. "Go on. Janey," and another said, "There she goes."

"We're next." Mrs. Graves said. She watched while Mr. Graves came around from the side of the box, greeted Mr. Summers gravely and selected a slip of paper from the box. By now, all through the crowd there were men holding the small folded papers in their large hand, turning them over and over nervously Mrs. Dunbar and her two sons stood together, Mrs. Dunbar holding the slip of paper.

"Harburt.... Hutchinson."

"Get up there, Bill," Mrs. Hutchinson said. and the people near her laughed.

"Jones."

"They do say," Mr. Adams said to Old Man Warner, who stood next to him, "that over in the north village they're talking of giving up the lottery."

Old Man Warner snorted. "Pack of crazy fools," he said. "Listening to the young folks, nothing's good enough for them. Next thing you know, they'll be wanting to go back to living in caves, nobody work any more, live that way for a while. Used to be a saying about 'Lottery in June, corn be heavy soon.' First thing you know, we'd all be eating stewed chickweed and acorns. There's always been a lottery," he added petulantly. "Bad enough to see young Joe Summers up there joking with everybody."

"Some places have already quit lotteries." Mrs. Adams said.

"Nothing but trouble in that," Old Man Warner said stoutly. "Pack of young fools."

"Martin." And Bobby Martin watched his father go forward. "Overdyke.... Percy."

"I wish they'd hurry," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son. "I wish they'd hurry."

"They're almost through," her son said.

"You get ready to run tell Dad," Mrs. Dunbar said.

Mr. Summers called his own name and then stepped forward precisely and selected a slip from the box. Then he called, "Warner."

"Seventy-seventh year I been in the lottery," Old Man Warner said as he went through the crowd. "Seventy-seventh time."

"Watson" The tall boy came awkwardly through the crowd. Someone said, "Don't be nervous, Jack," and Mr. Summers said, "Take your time, son."

"Zanini."

After that, there was a long pause, a breathless pause, until Mr. Summers, holding his slip of paper in the air, said, "All right, fellows." For a minute, no one moved, and then all the slips of paper were opened. Suddenly, all the women began to speak at once, saying, "Who is it?", "Who's got it?", "Is it the Dunbars?", "Is it the Watsons?" Then the voices began to say, "It's Hutchinson. It's Bill," "Bill Hutchinson's got it."

"Go tell your father," Mrs. Dunbar said to her older son.

People began to look around to see the Hutchinsons. Bill Hutchinson was standing quiet, staring down at the paper in his hand. Suddenly, Tessie Hutchinson shouted to Mr. Summers, "You didn't give him time enough to take any paper he wanted. I saw you. It wasn't fair!"

"Be a good sport, Tessie," Mrs. Delacroix called, and Mrs. Graves said, "All of us took the same chance."

"Shut up, Tessie," Bill Hutchinson said.

"Well, everyone," Mr. Summers said, "that was done pretty fast, and now we've got to be hurrying a little more to get done in time." He consulted his next list. "Bill," he said, "you draw for the Hutchinson family. You got any other households in the Hutchinsons?"

"There's Don and Eva," Mrs. Hutchinson yelled. "Make them take their chance!"

"Daughters draw with their husbands' families, Tessie," Mr. Summers said gently. "You know that as well as anyone else."

"It wasn't fair," Tessie said.

"I guess not, Joe," Bill Hutchinson said regretfully. "My daughter draws with her husband's family; that's only fair. And I've got no other family except the kids."

"Then, as far as drawing for families is concerned, it's you," Mr. Summers said in explanation, "and as far as drawing for households is concerned, that's you, too. Right?"

"Right," Bill Hutchinson said.

"How many kids, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked formally.

"Three," Bill Hutchinson said.

"There's Bill, Jr., and Nancy, and little Dave. And Tessie and me."

"All right, then," Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you got their tickets back?"

Mr. Graves nodded and held up the slips of paper. "Put them in the box, then," Mr. Summers directed. "Take Bill's and put it in."

"I think we ought to start over," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as quietly as she could. "I tell you it wasn't fair. You didn't give him time enough to choose. Everybody saw that."

Mr. Graves had selected the five slips and put them in the box. and he dropped all the papers but those onto the ground. where the breeze caught them and lifted them off.

"Listen, everybody," Mrs. Hutchinson was saying to the people around her.

"Ready, Bill?" Mr. Summers asked. and Bill Hutchinson, with one quick glance around at his wife and children. nodded.

"Remember," Mr. Summers said. "take the slips and keep them folded until each person has taken one. Harry, you help little Dave." Mr. Graves took the hand of the little boy, who came willingly with him up to the box. "Take a paper out of the box, Davy." Mr. Summers said. Davy put his hand into the box and laughed. "Take just one paper." Mr. Summers said. "Harry, you hold it for him." Mr. Graves took the child's hand and removed the folded paper from the tight fist and held it while little Dave stood next to him and looked up at him wonderingly.

"Nancy next," Mr. Summers said. Nancy was twelve, and her school friends breathed heavily as she went forward switching her skirt, and took a slip daintily from the box "Bill, Jr.," Mr. Summers said, and Billy, his face red and his feet overlarge, near knocked the box over as he got a paper out. "Tessie," Mr. Summers said. She hesitated for a minute, looking around defiantly. and then set her lips and went up to the box. She snatched a paper out and held it behind her.

"Bill," Mr. Summers said, and Bill Hutchinson reached into the box and felt around, bringing his hand out at last with the slip of paper in it. The crowd was quiet. A girl whispered, "I hope it's not Nancy," and the sound of the whisper reached the edges of the crowd.

"It's not the way it used to be." Old Man Warner said clearly. "People ain't the way they used to be."

"All right," Mr. Summers said. "Open the papers. Harry, you open little Dave's."

Mr. Graves opened the slip of paper and there was a general sigh through the crowd as he held it up and everyone could see that it was blank. Nancy and Bill. Jr.. opened theirs at the same time. and both beamed and laughed. turning around to the crowd and holding their slips of paper above their heads.

"Tessie," Mr. Summers said. There was a pause, and then Mr. Summers looked at Bill Hutchinson, and Bill unfolded his paper and showed it. It was blank.

"It's Tessie," Mr. Summers said, and his voice was hushed. "Show us her paper. Bill."

Bill Hutchinson went over to his wife and forced the slip of paper out of her hand. It had a black spot on it, the black spot Mr. Summers had made the night before with the heavy pencil in the coal company office. Bill Hutchinson held it up, and there was a stir in the crowd.

"All right, folks." Mr. Summers said. "Let's finish quickly."

Although the villagers had forgotten the ritual and lost the original black box, they still remembered to use stones. The pile of stones the boys had made earlier was ready; there were stones on the ground with the blowing scraps of paper that had come out of the box Delacroix selected a stone so large she had to pick it up with both hands and turned to Mrs. Dunbar. "Come on," she said. "Hurry up."

Mr. Dunbar had small stones in both hands, and she said, gasping for breath. "I can't run at all. You'll have to go ahead and I'll catch up with you."

The children had stones already. And someone gave little Davy Hutchinson few pebbles.

Tessie Hutchinson was in the center of a cleared space by now, and she held her hands out desperately as the villagers moved in on her. "It isn't fair," she said. A stone hit her on the side of the head. Old Man Warner was saying, "Come on, come on, everyone." Steve Adams was in the front of the crowd of villagers, with Mrs. Graves beside him.

"It isn't fair, it isn't right," Mrs. Hutchinson screamed, and then they were upon her.

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http://sites.middlebury.edu/individualandthesociety/files/2010/09/jackson_lottery.pdf

"The Veldt" (1950)

published originally as "The World the Children Made"

Ray Bradbury

"George, I wish you'd look at the nursery."

"What's wrong with it?"

"I don't know."

"Well, then."

"I just want you to look at it, is all, or call a psychologist in to look at it."

"What would a psychologist want with a nursery?"

"You know very well what he'd want." His wife paused in the middle of the kitchen and watched the stove busy humming to itself, making supper for four.

"It's just that the nursery is different now than it was."

"All right, let's have a look."

They walked down the hall of their soundproofed HappyLife Home, which had cost them thirty thousand dollars installed, this house which clothed and fed and rocked them to sleep and played and sang and was good to them. Their approach sensitized a switch somewhere and the nursery light flicked on when they came within ten feet of it. Similarly, behind them, in the halls, lights went on and off as they left them behind, with a soft automaticity.

"Well," said George Hadley.

They stood on the thatched floor of the nursery. It was forty feet across by forty feet long and thirty feet high; it had cost half again as much as the rest of the house. "But nothing's too good for our children," George had said.

The nursery was silent. It was empty as a jungle glade at hot high noon. The walls were blank and two dimensional. Now, as George and Lydia Hadley stood in the center of the room, the walls began to purr and recede into crystalline distance, it seemed, and presently an African veldt appeared, in three dimensions, on all sides, in color reproduced to the final pebble and bit of straw. The ceiling above them became a deep sky with a hot yellow sun.

George Hadley felt the perspiration start on his brow.

"Let's get out of this sun," he said. "This is a little too real. But I don't see anything wrong."

"Wait a moment, you'll see," said his wife.

Now the hidden odorophonics were beginning to blow a wind of odor at the two people in the middle of the baked veldtland. The hot straw smell of lion grass, the cool green smell of the

hidden water hole, the great rusty smell of animals, the smell of dust like a red paprika in the hot air. And now the sounds: the thump of distant antelope feet on grassy sod, the papery rustling of vultures. A shadow passed through the sky. The shadow flickered on George Hadley's upturned, sweating face.

"Filthy creatures," he heard his wife say.

"The vultures."

"You see, there are the lions, far over, that way. Now they're on their way to the water hole. They've just been eating," said Lydia. "I don't know what."

"Some animal." George Hadley put his hand up to shield off the burning light from his squinted eyes. "A zebra or a baby giraffe, maybe."

"Are you sure?" His wife sounded peculiarly tense.

"No, it's a little late to be sure," he said, amused. "Nothing over there I can see but cleaned bone, and the vultures dropping for what's left."

"Did you hear that scream?" she asked.

"No."

"About a minute ago?"

"Sorry, no."

The lions were coming. And again George Hadley was filled with admiration for the mechanical genius who had conceived this room. A miracle of efficiency selling for an absurdly low price. Every home should have one. Oh, occasionally they frightened you with their clinical accuracy, they startled you, gave you a twinge, but most of the time what fun for everyone, not only your own son and daughter, but for yourself when you felt like a quick jaunt to a foreign land, a quick change of scenery. Well, here it was!

And here were the lions now, fifteen feet away, so real, so feverishly and startlingly real that you could feel the prickling fur on your hand, and your mouth was stuffed with the dusty upholstery smell of their heated pelts, and the yellow of them was in your eyes like the yellow of an exquisite French tapestry, the yellows of lions and summer grass, and the sound of the matted lion lungs exhaling on the silent noontide, and the smell of meat from the panting, dripping mouths.

The lions stood looking at George and Lydia Hadley with terrible green-yellow eyes.

"Watch out!" screamed Lydia.

The lions came running at them.

Lydia bolted and ran. Instinctively, George sprang after her. Outside, in the hall, with the door slammed he was laughing and she was crying, and they both stood appalled at the other's reaction.

"George!"

"Lydia! Oh, my dear poor sweet Lydia!"

"They almost got us!"

"Walls, Lydia, remember; crystal walls, that's all they are. Oh, they look real, I must admit - Africa in your parlor - but it's all dimensional, superreactionary, supersensitive color film and mental tape film behind glass screens. It's all odorophonics and sonics, Lydia. Here's my handkerchief."

"I'm afraid." She came to him and put her body against him and cried steadily. "Did you see? Did you feel? It's too real."

"Now, Lydia..."

"You've got to tell Wendy and Peter not to read any more on Africa."

"Of course - of course." He patted her.

"Promise?"

"Sure."

"And lock the nursery for a few days until I get my nerves settled."

"You know how difficult Peter is about that. When I punished him a month ago by locking the nursery for even a few hours - the tantrum he threw! And Wendy too. They live for the nursery."

"It's got to be locked, that's all there is to it."

"All right." Reluctantly he locked the huge door. "You've been working too hard. You need a rest."

"I don't know - I don't know," she said, blowing her nose, sitting down in a chair that immediately began to rock and comfort her. "Maybe I don't have enough to do. Maybe I have time to think too much. Why don't we shut the whole house off for a few days and take a vacation?"

"You mean you want to fry my eggs for me?"

"Yes." She nodded.

"And dam my socks?"

"Yes." A frantic, watery-eyed nodding.

"And sweep the house?"

"Yes, yes - oh, yes!"

"But I thought that's why we bought this house, so we wouldn't have to do anything?"

"That's just it. I feel like I don't belong here. The house is wife and mother now, and nursemaid. Can I compete with an African veldt? Can I give a bath and scrub the children as efficiently or quickly as the automatic scrub bath can? I cannot. And it isn't just me. It's you. You've been awfully nervous lately."

"I suppose I have been smoking too much."

"You look as if you didn't know what to do with yourself in this house, either. You smoke a little more every morning and drink a little more every afternoon and need a little more sedative every night. You're beginning to feel unnecessary too."

"Am I?" He paused and tried to feel into himself to see what was really there.

"Oh, George!" She looked beyond him, at the nursery door. "Those lions can't get out of there, can they?"

He looked at the door and saw it tremble as if something had jumped against it from the other side.

"Of course not," he said.

At dinner they ate alone, for Wendy and Peter were at a special plastic carnival across town and had televised home to say they'd be late, to go ahead eating. So George Hadley, bemused, sat watching the dining-room table produce warm dishes of food from its mechanical interior.

"We forgot the ketchup," he said.

"Sorry," said a small voice within the table, and ketchup appeared.

As for the nursery, thought George Hadley, it won't hurt for the children to be locked out of it awhile. Too much of anything isn't good for anyone. And it was clearly indicated that the children had been spending a little too much time on Africa. That sun. He could feel it on his neck, still, like a hot paw. And the lions. And the smell of blood. Remarkable how the nursery caught the telepathic emanations of the children's minds and created life to fill their every desire. The children thought lions, and there were lions. The children thought zebras, and there were zebras. Sun—sun. Giraffes—giraffes. Death and death.

That last. He chewed tastelessly on the meat that the table had cut for him. Death thoughts. They were awfully young, Wendy and Peter, for death thoughts. Or, no, you were never too young, really. Long before you knew what death was you were wishing it on someone else. When you were two years old you were shooting people with cap pistols.

But this - the long, hot African veldt-the awful death in the jaws of a lion. And repeated again and again.

"Where are you going?"

He didn't answer Lydia. Preoccupied, he let the lights glow softly on ahead of him, extinguish behind him as he padded to the nursery door. He listened against it. Far away, a lion roared.

He unlocked the door and opened it. Just before he stepped inside, he heard a faraway scream. And then another roar from the lions, which subsided quickly.

He stepped into Africa. How many times in the last year had he opened this door and found Wonderland, Alice, the Mock Turtle, or Aladdin and his Magical Lamp, or Jack Pumpkinhead of Oz, or Dr. Doolittle, or the cow jumping over a very real-appearing moon-all the delightful contraptions of a make-believe world. How often had he seen Pegasus flying in the sky ceiling, or seen fountains of red fireworks, or heard angel voices singing. But now, is yellow hot Africa, this bake oven with murder in the heat. Perhaps Lydia was right. Perhaps they needed a little vacation from the fantasy which was growing a bit too real for ten-year-old children. It was all right to exercise one's mind with gymnastic fantasies, but when the lively child mind settled on one pattern... ? It seemed that, at a distance, for the past month, he had heard lions roaring, and smelled their strong odor seeping as far away as his study door. But, being busy, he had paid it no attention.

George Hadley stood on the African grassland alone. The lions looked up from their feeding, watching him. The only flaw to the illusion was the open door through which he could see his wife, far down the dark hall, like a framed picture, eating her dinner abstractedly.

"Go away," he said to the lions.

They did not go.

He knew the principle of the room exactly. You sent out your thoughts.

Whatever you thought would appear. "Let's have Aladdin and his lamp," he snapped. The veldtland remained; the lions remained.

"Come on, room! I demand Aladdin!" he said.

Nothing happened. The lions mumbled in their baked pelts.

"Aladdin!"

He went back to dinner. "The fool room's out of order," he said. "It won't respond."

"Or--"

"Or what?"

"Or it can't respond," said Lydia, "because the children have thought about Africa and lions and killing so many days that the room's in a rut."

"Could be."

"Or Peter's set it to remain that way."

"Set it?"

"He may have got into the machinery and fixed something."

"Peter doesn't know machinery."

"He's a wise one for ten. That I.Q. of his -"

"Nevertheless -"

"Hello, Mom. Hello, Dad."

The Hadleys turned. Wendy and Peter were coming in the front door, cheeks like peppermint candy, eyes like bright blue agate marbles, a smell of ozone on their jumpers from their trip in the helicopter.

"You're just in time for supper," said both parents.

"We're full of strawberry ice cream and hot dogs," said the children, holding hands. "But we'll sit and watch."

"Yes, come tell us about the nursery," said George Hadley.

The brother and sister blinked at him and then at each other.

"Nursery?"

"All about Africa and everything," said the father with false joviality.

"I don't understand," said Peter.

"Your mother and I were just traveling through Africa with rod and reel; Tom Swift and his Electric Lion," said George Hadley.

"There's no Africa in the nursery," said Peter simply.

"Oh, come now, Peter. We know better."

"I don't remember any Africa," said Peter to Wendy. "Do you?"

"No."

"Run see and come tell."

She obeyed

"Wendy, come back here!" said George Hadley, but she was gone. The house lights followed her like a flock of fireflies. Too late, he realized he had forgotten to lock the nursery door after his last inspection.

"Wendy'll look and come tell us," said Peter.

"She doesn't have to tell me. I've seen it."

"I'm sure you're mistaken, Father."

"I'm not, Peter. Come along now." But Wendy was back. "It's not Africa," she said breathlessly.

"We'll see about this," said George Hadley, and they all walked down the hall together and opened the nursery door.

There was a green, lovely forest, a lovely river, a purple mountain, high voices singing, and Rima, lovely and mysterious, lurking in the trees with colorful flights of butterflies, like animated bouquets, lingering in her long hair. The African veldtland was gone. The lions were gone. Only Rima was here now, singing a song so beautiful that it brought tears to your eyes.

George Hadley looked in at the changed scene. "Go to bed," he said to the children.

They opened their mouths.

"You heard me," he said.

They went off to the air closet, where a wind sucked them like brown leaves up the flue to their slumber rooms.

George Hadley walked through the singing glade and picked up something that lay in the corner near where the lions had been. He walked slowly back to his wife.

"What is that?" she asked.

"An old wallet of mine," he said.

He showed it to her. The smell of hot grass was on it and the smell of a lion. There were drops of saliva on it, it had been chewed, and there were blood smears on both sides.

He closed the nursery door and locked it, tight.

In the middle of the night he was still awake and he knew his wife was awake. "Do you think Wendy changed it?" she said at last, in the dark room.

"Of course."

"Made it from a veldt into a forest and put Rima there instead of lions?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I don't know. But it's staying locked until I find out."

"How did your wallet get there?"

"I don't know anything," he said, "except that I'm beginning to be sorry we bought that room for the children. If children are neurotic at all, a room like that -"

"It's supposed to help them work off their neuroses in a healthful way."

"I'm starting to wonder." He stared at the ceiling.

"We've given the children everything they ever wanted. Is this our reward—secrecy, disobedience?"

"Who was it said, 'Children are carpets, they should be stepped on occasionally'? We've never lifted a hand. They're insufferable—let's admit it. They come and go when they like; they treat us as if we were offspring.

They're spoiled and we're spoiled."

"They've been acting funny ever since you forbade them to take the rocket to New York a few months ago."

"They're not old enough to do that alone, I explained."

"Nevertheless, I've noticed they've been decidedly cool toward us since."

"I think I'll have David McClean come tomorrow morning to have a look at Africa."

"But it's not Africa now, it's Green Mansions country and Rima."

"I have a feeling it'll be Africa again before then."

A moment later they heard the screams.

Two screams. Two people screaming from downstairs. And then a roar of lions.

"Wendy and Peter aren't in their rooms," said his wife.

He lay in his bed with his beating heart. "No," he said. "They've broken into the nursery."

"Those screams—they sound familiar."

"Do they?"

"Yes, awfully."

And although their beds tried very hard, the two adults couldn't be rocked to sleep for another hour. A smell of cats was in the night air.

"Father?" said Peter.

"Yes."

Peter looked at his shoes. He never looked at his father any more, nor at his mother. "You aren't going to lock up the nursery for good, are you?"

"That all depends."

"On what?" snapped Peter.

"On you and your sister. If you intersperse this Africa with a little variety—oh, Sweden perhaps, or Denmark or China -"

"I thought we were free to play as we wished."

"You are, within reasonable bounds."

"What's wrong with Africa, Father?"

"Oh, so now you admit you have been conjuring up Africa, do you?"

"I wouldn't want the nursery locked up," said Peter coldly. "Ever."

"Matter of fact, we're thinking of turning the whole house off for about a month. Live sort of a carefree one-for-all existence."

"That sounds dreadful! Would I have to tie my own shoes instead of letting the shoe tier do it? And brush my own teeth and comb my hair and give myself a bath?"

"It would be fun for a change, don't you think?"

"No, it would be horrid. I didn't like it when you took out the picture painter last month."

"That's because I wanted you to learn to paint all by yourself, son."

"I don't want to do anything but look and listen and smell; what else is there to do?"

"All right, go play in Africa."

"Will you shut off the house sometime soon?"

"We're considering it."

"I don't think you'd better consider it any more, Father."

"I won't have any threats from my son!"

"Very well." And Peter strolled off to the nursery.

"Am I on time?" said David McClean.

"Breakfast?" asked George Hadley.

"Thanks, had some. What's the trouble?"

"David, you're a psychologist."

"I should hope so."

"Well, then, have a look at our nursery. You saw it a year ago when you dropped by; did you notice anything peculiar about it then?"

"Can't say I did; the usual violences, a tendency toward a slight paranoia here or there, usual in children because they feel persecuted by parents constantly, but, oh, really nothing."

They walked down the hall. "I locked the nursery up," explained the father, "and the children broke back into it during the night. I let them stay so they could form the patterns for you to see."

There was a terrible screaming from the nursery.

"There it is," said George Hadley. "See what you make of it."

They walked in on the children without rapping.

The screams had faded. The lions were feeding.

"Run outside a moment, children," said George Hadley. "No, don't change the mental combination. Leave the walls as they are. Get!"

With the children gone, the two men stood studying the lions clustered at a distance, eating with great relish whatever it was they had caught.

"I wish I knew what it was," said George Hadley. "Sometimes I can almost see. Do you think if I brought high-powered binoculars here and -"

David McClean laughed dryly. "Hardly." He turned to study all four walls. "How long has this been going on?"

"A little over a month."

"It certainly doesn't feel good."

"I want facts, not feelings."

"My dear George, a psychologist never saw a fact in his life. He only hears about feelings; vague things. This doesn't feel good, I tell you.

Trust my hunches and my instincts. I have a nose for something bad. This is very bad. My advice to you is to have the whole damn room torn down and your children brought to me every day during the next year for treatment."

"Is it that bad?"

"I'm afraid so. One of the original uses of these nurseries was so that we could study the patterns left on the walls by the child's mind, study at our leisure, and help the child. In this case, however, the room has become a channel toward-destructive thoughts, instead of a release away from them."

"Didn't you sense this before?"

"I sensed only that you had spoiled your children more than most. And now you're letting them down in some way. What way?"

"I wouldn't let them go to New York."

"What else?"

"I've taken a few machines from the house and threatened them, a month ago, with closing up the nursery unless they did their homework. I did close it for a few days to show I meant business."

"Ah, ha!"

"Does that mean anything?"

"Everything. Where before they had a Santa Claus now they have a Scrooge. Children prefer Santas. You've let this room and this house replace you and your wife in your children's affections. This room is their mother and father, far more important in their lives than their real parents. And now you come along and want to shut it off. No wonder there's hatred here. You can feel it coming out of the sky. Feel that sun. George, you'll have to change your life. Like too many others, you've built it around creature comforts. Why, you'd starve tomorrow if something went wrong in your kitchen. You wouldn't know how to tap an egg. Nevertheless, turn everything off. Start new. It'll take time. But we'll make good children out of bad in a year, wait and see."

"But won't the shock be too much for the children, shutting the room up abruptly, for good?"

"I don't want them going any deeper into this, that's all."

The lions were finished with their red feast.

The lions were standing on the edge of the clearing watching the two men.

"Now I'm feeling persecuted," said McClean. "Let's get out of here. I never have cared for these damned rooms. Make me nervous."

"The lions look real, don't they?" said George Hadley. I don't suppose there's any way—"

"What?"

"—that they could become real?"

"Not that I know."

"Some flaw in the machinery, a tampering or something?"

"No."

They went to the door.

"I don't imagine the room will like being turned off," said the father.

"Nothing ever likes to die - even a room."

"I wonder if it hates me for wanting to switch it off?"

"Paranoia is thick around here today," said David McClean. "You can follow it like a spoor. Hello." He bent and picked up a bloody scarf. "This yours?"

"No." George Hadley's face was rigid. "It belongs to Lydia."

They went to the fuse box together and threw the switch that killed the nursery.

The two children were in hysterics. They screamed and pranced and threw things. They yelled and sobbed and swore and jumped at the furniture.

"You can't do that to the nursery, you can't!"

"Now, children."

The children flung themselves onto a couch, weeping.

"George," said Lydia Hadley, "turn on the nursery, just for a few moments. You can't be so abrupt."

"No."

"You can't be so cruel..."

"Lydia, it's off, and it stays off. And the whole damn house dies as of here and now. The more I see of the mess we've put ourselves in, the more it sickens me. We've been contemplating our mechanical, electronic navels for too long. My God, how we need a breath of honest air!"

And he marched about the house turning off the voice clocks, the stoves, the heaters, the shoe shiners, the shoe lacers, the body scrubbers and swabbers and massagers, and every other machine he could put his hand to.

The house was full of dead bodies, it seemed. It felt like a mechanical cemetery. So silent. None of the humming hidden energy of machines waiting to function at the tap of a button.

"Don't let them do it!" wailed Peter at the ceiling, as if he was talking to the house, the nursery. "Don't let Father kill everything." He turned to his father. "Oh, I hate you!"

"Insults won't get you anywhere."

"I wish you were dead!"

"We were, for a long while. Now we're going to really start living. Instead of being handled and massaged, we're going to live."

Wendy was still crying and Peter joined her again. "Just a moment, just one moment, just another moment of nursery," they wailed.

"Oh, George," said the wife, "it can't hurt."

"All right—all right, if they'll just shut up. One minute, mind you, and then off forever."

"Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!" sang the children, smiling with wet faces.

"And then we're going on a vacation. David McClean is coming back in half an hour to help us move out and get to the airport. I'm going to dress. You turn the nursery on for a minute, Lydia, just a minute, mind you."

And the three of them went babbling off while he let himself be vacuumed upstairs through the air flue and set about dressing himself. A minute later Lydia appeared.

"I'll be glad when we get away," she sighed.

"Did you leave them in the nursery?"

"I wanted to dress too. Oh, that horrid Africa. What can they see in it?"

"Well, in five minutes we'll be on our way to Iowa. Lord, how did we ever get in this house? What prompted us to buy a nightmare?"

"Pride, money, foolishness."

"I think we'd better get downstairs before those kids get engrossed with those damned beasts again."

Just then they heard the children calling, "Daddy, Mommy, come quick - quick!"

They went downstairs in the air flue and ran down the hall. The children were nowhere in sight. "Wendy? Peter!"

They ran into the nursery. The veldtland was empty save for the lions waiting, looking at them. "Peter, Wendy?"

The door slammed.

"Wendy, Peter!"

George Hadley and his wife whirled and ran back to the door.

"Open the door!" cried George Hadley, trying the knob. "Why, they've locked it from the outside! Peter!" He beat at the door. "Open up!"

He heard Peter's voice outside, against the door.

"Don't let them switch off the nursery and the house," he was saying.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hadley beat at the door. "Now, don't be ridiculous, children. It's time to go. Mr. McClean'll be here in a minute and..."

And then they heard the sounds.

The lions on three sides of them, in the yellow veldt grass, padding through the dry straw, rumbling and roaring in their throats.

The lions.

Mr. Hadley looked at his wife and they turned and looked back at the beasts edging slowly forward crouching, tails stiff.

Mr. and Mrs. Hadley screamed.

And suddenly they realized why those other screams had sounded familiar.

"Well, here I am," said David McClean in the nursery doorway, "Oh, hello." He stared at the two children seated in the center of the open glade eating a little picnic lunch. Beyond them was the water hole and the yellow veldtland; above was the hot sun. He began to perspire. "Where are your father and mother?"

The children looked up and smiled. "Oh, they'll be here directly."

"Good, we must get going." At a distance Mr. McClean saw the lions fighting and clawing and then quieting down to feed in silence under the shady trees.

He squinted at the lions with his hand tip to his eyes.

Now the lions were done feeding. They moved to the water hole to drink.

A shadow flickered over Mr. McClean's hot face. Many shadows flickered.

The vultures were dropping down the blazing sky.

"A cup of tea?" asked Wendy in the silence.

http://www.d.umn.edu/~csigler/PDF%20files/bradbury_veldt.pdf

Us and Them

From *Dress Your Family in Corduroy and Denim* by David Sedaris

WHEN MY FAMILY FIRST MOVED to North Carolina, we lived in a rented house three blocks from the school where I would begin the third grade. My mother made friends with one of the neighbors, but one seemed enough for her. Within a year we would move again and, as she explained, there wasn't much point in getting too close to people we would have to say good-bye to. Our next house was less than a mile away, and the short journey would hardly merit tears or even good-byes, for that matter. It was more of a "see you later" situation, but still I adopted my mother's attitude, as it allowed me to pretend that not making friends was a conscious choice. I could if I wanted to. It just wasn't the right time.

Back in New York State, we had lived in the country, with no sidewalks or streetlights; you could leave the house and still be alone. But here, when you looked out the window, you saw other houses, and people inside those houses. I hoped that in walking around after dark I might witness a murder, but for the most part our neighbors just sat in their living rooms, watching TV. The only place that seemed truly different was owned by a man named Mr. Tomkey, who did not believe in television. This was told to us by our mother's friend, who dropped by one afternoon with a basketful of okra. The woman did not editorialize—rather, she just presented her information, leaving her listener to make of it what she might. Had my mother said, "That's the craziest thing I've ever heard in my life," I assume that the friend would have agreed, and had she said, "Three cheers for Mr. Tomkey," the friend likely would have agreed as well. It was a kind of test, as was the okra.

To say that you did not believe in television was different from saying that you did not care for it. Belief implied that television had a master plan and that you were against it. It also suggested that you thought too much. When my mother reported that Mr. Tomkey did not believe in television, my father said, "Well, good for him. I don't know that I believe in it, either."

"That's exactly how I feel," my mother said, and then my parents watched the news, and whatever came on after the news.

Word spread that Mr. Tomkey did not own a television, and you began hearing that while this was all very well and good, it was unfair of him to inflict his beliefs upon others, specifically his innocent wife and children. It was speculated that just as the blind man develops a keener sense of hearing, the family must somehow compensate for their loss. "Maybe they read," my mother's friend said. "Maybe they listen to the radio, but you can bet your boots they're doing something."

I wanted to know what this something was, and so I began peering through the Tomkeys' windows. During the day I'd stand across the street from their house, acting as though I were waiting for someone, and at night, when the view was better and I had less chance of being discovered, I would creep into their yard and hide in the bushes beside their fence.

Because they had no TV, the Tomkeys were forced to talk during dinner. They had no idea how puny their lives were, and so they were not ashamed that a camera would have found them uninteresting. They did not know what attractive was or what dinner was supposed to look like or even what time people were supposed to

eat. Sometimes they wouldn't sit down until eight o'clock, long after everyone else had finished doing the dishes. During the meal, Mr. Tomkey would occasionally pound the table and point at his children with a fork, but the moment he finished, everyone would start laughing. I got the idea that he was imitating someone else, and wondered if he spied on us while we were eating.

When fall arrived and school began, I saw the Tomkey children marching up the hill with paper sacks in their hands. The son was one grade lower than me, and the daughter was one grade higher. We never spoke, but I'd pass them in the halls from time to time and attempt to view the world through their eyes. What must it be like to be so ignorant and alone? Could a normal person even imagine it? Staring at an Elmer Fudd lunch box, I tried to divorce myself from everything I already knew: Elmer's inability to pronounce the letter r, his constant pursuit of an intelligent and considerably more famous rabbit. I tried to think of him as just a drawing, but it was impossible to separate him from his celebrity.

One day in class a boy named William began to write the wrong answer on the blackboard, and our teacher flailed her arms, saying, "Warning, Will. Danger, danger." Her voice was synthetic and void of emotion, and we laughed, knowing that she was imitating the robot in a weekly show about a family who lived in outer space. The Tomkeys, though, would have thought she was having a heart attack. It occurred to me that they needed a guide, someone who could accompany them through the course of an average day and point out all the things they were unable to understand. I could have done it on weekends, but friendship would have taken away their mystery and interfered with the good feeling I got from pitying them. So I kept my distance.

In early October the Tomkeys bought a boat, and everyone seemed greatly relieved, especially my mother's friend, who noted that the motor was definitely secondhand. It was reported that Mr. Tomkey's father-in-law owned a house on the lake and had invited the family to use it whenever they liked. This explained why they were gone all weekend, but it did not make their absences any easier to bear. I felt as if my favorite show had been canceled.

Halloween fell on a Saturday that year, and by the time my mother took us to the store, all the good costumes were gone. My sisters dressed as witches and I went as a hobo. I'd looked forward to going in disguise to the Tomkeys' door, but they were off at the lake, and their house was dark. Before leaving, they had left a coffee can full of gumdrops on the front porch, alongside a sign reading DON'T BE GREEDY. In terms of Halloween candy, individual gumdrops were just about as low as you could get. This was evidenced by the large number of them floating in an adjacent dog bowl. It was disgusting to think that this was what a gumdrop might look like in your stomach, and it was insulting to be told not to take too much of something you didn't really want in the first place. "Who do these Tomkeys think they are?" my sister Lisa said.

The night after Halloween, we were sitting around watching TV when the doorbell rang. Visitors were infrequent at our house, so while my father stayed behind, my mother, sisters, and I ran downstairs in a group, opening the door to discover the entire Tomkey family on our front stoop. The parents looked as they always had, but the son and daughter were dressed in costumes—she as a ballerina and he as some kind of a rodent with terry-cloth ears and a tail made from what looked to be

an extension cord. It seemed they had spent the previous evening isolated at the lake and had missed the opportunity to observe Halloween. "So, well, I guess we're trick-or-treating now, if that's okay," Mr. Tomkey said.

I attributed their behavior to the fact that they didn't have a TV, but television didn't teach you everything. Asking for candy on Halloween was called trick-or-treating, but asking for candy on November first was called begging, and it made people uncomfortable. This was one of the things you were supposed to learn simply by being alive, and it angered me that the Tomkeys did not understand it.

"Why of course it's not too late," my mother said. "Kids, why don't you . . . run and get . . . the candy."

"But the candy is gone," my sister Gretchen said. "You gave it away last night."

"Not that candy," my mother said. "The other candy. Why don't you run and go get it?"

"You mean our candy?" Lisa said. "The candy that we earned?"

This was exactly what our mother was talking about, but she didn't want to say this in front of the Tomkeys. In order to spare their feelings, she wanted them to believe that we always kept a bucket of candy lying around the house, just waiting for someone to knock on the door and ask for it. "Go on, now," she said. "Hurry up."

My room was situated right off the foyer, and if the Tomkeys had looked in that direction, they could have seen my bed and the brown paper bag marked MY CANDY. KEEP OUT. I didn't want them to know how much I had, and so I went into my room and shut the door behind me. Then I closed the curtains and emptied my bag onto the bed, searching for whatever was the crummiest. All my life chocolate has made me ill. I don't know if I'm allergic or what, but even the smallest amount leaves me with a blinding headache. Eventually, I learned to stay away from it, but as a child I refused to be left out. The brownies were eaten, and when the pounding began I would blame the grape juice or my mother's cigarette smoke or the tightness of my glasses—anything but the chocolate. My candy bars were poison but they were brand-name, and so I put them in pile no. 1, which definitely would not go to the Tomkeys.

Out in the hallway I could hear my mother straining for something to talk about. "A boat!" she said. "That sounds marvelous. Can you just drive it right into the water?"

"Actually, we have a trailer," Mr. Tomkey said. "So what we do is back it into the lake."

"Oh, a trailer. What kind is it?"

"Well, it's a boat trailer," Mr. Tomkey said.

"Right, but is it wooden or, you know . . . I guess what I'm asking is what style trailer do you have?"

Behind my mother's words were two messages. The first and most obvious was "Yes, I am talking about boat trailers, but also I am dying." The second, meant only for my sisters and me, was "If you do not immediately step forward with that candy, you will never again experience freedom, happiness, or the possibility of my warm embrace."

I knew that it was just a matter of time before she came into my room and started collecting the candy herself, grabbing indiscriminately, with no regard to my rating system. Had I been thinking straight, I would have hidden the most valuable items in my dresser drawer, but instead, panicked by the thought of her hand on my doorknob, I tore off the wrappers and began cramming the candy bars into my mouth, desperately, like someone in a contest. Most were miniature, which made them easier to accommodate, but still there was only so much room, and it was hard to chew and fit more in at the same time. The headache began immediately, and I chalked it up to tension.

My mother told the Tomkeys she needed to check on something, and then she opened the door and stuck her head inside my room. "What the hell are you doing?" she whispered, but my mouth was too full to answer. "I'll just be a moment," she called, and as she closed the door behind her and moved toward my bed, I began breaking the wax lips and candy necklaces pulled from pile no. 2. These were the second-best things I had received, and while it hurt to destroy them, it would have hurt even more to give them away. I had just started to mutilate a miniature box of Red Hots when my mother pried them from my hands, accidentally finishing the job for me. BB-size pellets clattered onto the floor, and as I followed them with my eyes, she snatched up a roll of Necco wafers.

"Not those," I pleaded, but rather than words, my mouth expelled chocolate, chewed chocolate, which fell onto the sleeve of her sweater. "Not those. Not those."

She shook her arm, and the mound of chocolate dropped like a horrible turd upon my bedspread. "You should look at yourself," she said. "I mean, really look at yourself."

Along with the Necco wafers she took several Tootsie Pops and half a dozen caramels wrapped in cellophane. I heard her apologize to the Tomkeys for her absence, and then I heard my candy hitting the bottom of their bags.

"What do you say?" Mrs. Tomkey asked.

And the children answered, "Thank you."

While I was in trouble for not bringing my candy sooner, my sisters were in more trouble for not bringing theirs at all. We spent the early part of the evening in our rooms, then one by one we eased our way back upstairs, and joined our parents in front of the TV. I was the last to arrive, and took a seat on the floor beside the sofa. The show was a Western, and even if my head had not been throbbing, I doubt I would have had the wherewithal to follow it. A posse of outlaws crested a rocky hilltop, squinting at a flurry of dust advancing from the horizon, and I thought again of the Tomkeys and of how alone and out of place they had looked in their dopey costumes. "What was up with that kid's tail?" I asked.

"Shhhh," my family said.

For months I had protected and watched over these people, but now, with one stupid act, they had turned my pity into something hard and ugly. The shift wasn't gradual, but immediate, and it provoked an uncomfortable feeling of loss. We hadn't been friends, the Tomkeys and I, but still I had given them the gift of my curiosity. Wondering about the Tomkey family had made me feel generous, but now I would have to shift gears and find pleasure in hating them. The only alternative was to do as my mother had instructed and take a good look at myself. This was an old trick, designed to turn one's hatred inward, and while I was determined not to fall for it, it was hard to shake the mental picture snapped by her suggestion: here is a boy sitting on a bed, his mouth smeared with chocolate. He's a human being, but also he's a pig, surrounded by trash and gorging himself so that others may be denied. Were this the only image in the world, you'd be forced to give it your full attention, but fortunately there were others. This stagecoach, for instance, coming round the bend with a cargo of gold. This shiny new Mustang convertible. This teenage girl, her hair a beautiful mane, sipping Pepsi through a straw, one picture after another, on and on until the news, and whatever came on after the news.

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<http://www.npr.org/programs/morning/features/2004/jun/sedaris/usandthem.html>

The Name

Aharon Megged

Aharon Megged was born in Poland in 1920. His family emigrated to Palestine in 1926. Upon graduating from high school he became one of the founding members of S'dot Yam, a fishing kibbutz on the Mediterranean. Later he worked at a series of odd jobs -- quarrying, fishing, farm labor -- up and down the country. Shortly after World War II Megged spent two years in the United States as a cultural representative on behalf of the Jewish Agency for Palestine. Megged has distinguished himself both as a short story writer and a playwright. Most characteristically a satirist, his humor is gentle, rarely bitter. The Name tends more to pathos than to humor, but its central theme - the conflict and lack of understanding between generations - conveys much of Megged's ruefully ironic viewpoint.

Grandfather Zisskind lived in a little house in a southern suburb of the town. About once a month, on a Saturday afternoon, his granddaughter Raya and her young husband Yehuda would go and pay him a visit.

Raya would give three cautious knocks on the door (an agreed signal between herself and her grandfather ever since her childhood, when he had lived in their house together with the whole family) and they would wait for the door to be opened. "Now he's getting up," Raya would whisper to Yehuda, her face glowing, when the sound of her grandfather's slippers was heard from within, shuffling across the room. Another moment, and the key would be turned and the door opened.

"Come in," he would say somewhat absently, still buttoning up his trousers, with the rheum of sleep in his eyes. Although it was very hot he wore a yellow winter vest with long sleeves, from which his wrists stuck out -- white, thin, delicate as a girl's, as was his bare neck with its taut skin.

After Raya and Yehuda had sat down at the table, which was covered with a white cloth showing signs of the meal he had eaten alone -- crumbs from the Sabbath loaf, a plate with meat leavings, a glass containing some grape pips, a number of jars and so on -- he would smooth the crumpled pillows, spread a cover over the narrow bed and tidy up. It was a small room, and its obvious disorder aroused pity for the old man's helplessness in running his home. In the corner was a shelf with two sooty kerosene burners, a kettle and two or three saucepans, and next to it a basin containing plates, knives and forks. In another corner was a stand holding books with thick leather bindings, leaning and lying on each other. Some of his clothes hung over the backs of the chairs. An ancient walnut cupboard with an empty buffet stood exactly opposite the door. On the wall hung a clock which had long since stopped.

"We ought to make Grandfather a present of a clock," Raya would say to Yehuda as she surveyed the room and her glance lighted on the clock; but every time the matter slipped her memory. She loved her grandfather, with his pointed white silky beard, his tranquil face from which a kind of holy radiance emanated, his quiet, soft voice which seemed to have been made only for uttering words of sublime wisdom. She also respected him for his pride, which had led him to move out of her mother's house and live by himself, accepting the hardship and trouble and the affliction of loneliness in his old age. There had been a bitter quarrel between him and his daughter. After Raya's father had died, the house had lost its grandeur and shed the trappings of wealth. Some of the antique furniture which they had retained -- along with some crystal ware and jewels, the dim lustre of memories from the days of plenty in their native city -- had been sold, and Rachel, Raya's mother, had been compelled to support the home by working as a dentist's nurse. Grandfather Zisskind, who had been supported by the family ever since he came to the country, wished to hand over to his daughter his small, capital, which was deposited in a bank. She was not willing to accept it. She was stubborn and proud like him. Then, after a prolonged quarrel and several weeks of not speaking to each other, he took some of the things in his room and the broken clock and went to live alone. That had been about four years ago. Now Rachel would come to him once or twice a week, bringing with her a bag full of provisions, to clean the room and cook some meals for him. He was no longer interested in expenses and did not even ask about them, as though they were of no more concern to him.

"And now . . . what can I offer you?" Grandfather Zisskind would ask when he considered the room ready to receive guests. "There's no need to offer us anything, Grandfather; we didn't come for that," Raya would answer crossly.

But protests were on no avail. Her grandfather would take out a jar of fermenting preserves and put it on the table, then grapes and plums, biscuits and two glasses of strong tea, forcing them to eat.

Raya would taste a little of this and that just to please the old man, while Yehuda, for whom all these visits were unavoidable torment, the very sight of the dishes arousing his disgust, would secretly indicate to her by pulling a sour face that he just couldn't touch the preserves. She would smile at him placatingly, stroking his knee. But Grandfather insisted, so he would have to taste at least a teaspoonful of the sweet and nauseating stuff.

Afterwards Grandfather would ask about all kinds of things. Raya did her best to make the conversation pleasant, in order to relieve Yehuda's boredom. Finally would come what Yehuda dreaded most of all and on account of which he had resolved more than once to refrain from these visits. Grandfather Zisskind would rise, take his chair and place it next to the wall, get up on it carefully, holding on to the back so as not to fall, open the clock and take out a cloth bag with a black cord tied round it. Then he would shut the clock, get off the chair, put it back in its place, sit down on it, undo the cord, take out of the cloth wrapping a bundle of sheets of paper, lay them in front of Yehuda and say:

"I would like you to read this."

"Grandfather," Raya would rush to Yehuda's rescue, "but he's already read it at least ten times . . ."

But Grandfather Zisskind would pretend not hear and would not reply, so Yehuda was compelled each time to read there and then that same essay, spread over eight, long sheets in a large, somewhat shaky handwriting, which he almost knew by heart. It was a lament for Grandfather's native town in the Ukraine which had been destroyed by the Germans, and all its Jews slaughtered. When he had finished, Grandfather would take the sheets out of his hand, fold them, sigh and say:

"And nothing of all this is left. Dust and ashes. Not even a tombstone to bear witness. Imagine, of a community of twenty thousand Jews not even one survived to tell how it happened . . . Not a trace."

Then out of the same cloth bag, which contained various letters and envelopes, he would draw a photograph of his grandson Mendele, who had been twelve years old when he was killed; the only son of his son Ossip, chief engineer in a large chemical factory. He would show it to Yehuda and say:

"He was a genius. Just imagine, when he was only eleven he had already finished his studies at the Conservatory, won a scholarship from the Government and was considered an outstanding violinist. A genius! Look at that forehead . . ." And after he had put the photograph back he would sigh and repeat "Not a trace."

A strained silence of commiseration would descend on Raya and Yehuda, who had already heard these same things many times over and no longer felt anything when they were repeated. And as he wound the cord round the bag the old man would muse: "And Ossip was also a prodigy. As a boy he knew Hebrew well, and could recite Bialik's poems by heart. He studied by himself. He read endlessly, Gnessin, Frug, Bershadsky . . . You didn't know Bershadsky; he was a good writer . . . He had a warm heart, Ossip had. He didn't mix in politics, he wasn't even a Zionist, but even when they promoted him there he didn't forget that he was a Jew . . . He called his son Mendele, of all names, after his dead brother, even though it was surely not easy to have a name like that among the Russians . . . Yes, he had a warm Jewish heart . . ."

He would turn to Yehuda as he spoke, since in Raya he always saw the child who used to sit on his knee listening to his stories, and for him she had never grown up, while he regarded Yehuda as an educated man who could understand someone else, especially inasmuch as Yehuda held a government job.

Raya remembered how the change had come about in her grandfather. When the war was over he was still sustained by uncertainty and hoped for some news of his son, for it was known that very many had succeeded in escaping eastwards. Wearily he would visit all those who had once lived in his town, but none of them had received any sign of life from relatives. Nevertheless he continued to hope, for Ossip's important position might have helped to save him. Then Raya came home one evening and saw him sitting on the floor with a rent in his jacket. In the house they spoke in whispers, and her mother's eyes were red with weeping. She, too, had wept at Grandfather's sorrow, at the sight of his stricken face, at the oppressive quiet in the rooms. For many weeks afterwards it was as if he had imposed silence on himself. He would sit at his table from morning to night, reading and re-reading old letters, studying family photographs by the hour as he brought them close to his shortsighted eyes, or leaning backwards on his chair, motionless, his hand touching the edge of the table and his eyes staring through the window in front of him, into the distance, as if he had turned to stone. He was no longer the same talkative, wise and humorous grandfather who interested himself in the house, asked what his granddaughter was doing, instructed her, tested her knowledge, proving boastfully like a child that he knew more than her teachers. Now he seemed to cut himself off from the

world and entrench himself in his thoughts and his memories, which none of the household could penetrate. Later, a strange perversity had taken hold of him which it was hard to tolerate. He would insist that his meals be served at his table, apart, that no one should enter his room without knocking at the door, or close the shutters of his window against the sun. When any one disobeyed these prohibitions he would flare up and quarrel violently with his daughter. At times it seemed that he hated her.

When Raya's father died, Grandfather Zisskind did not show any signs of grief, and did not even console his daughter. But when the days of mourning were past it was as if he had been restored to new life, and he emerged from his silence. Yet he did not speak of his son-in-law, nor of his son Ossip, but only of his grandson Mendele. Often during the day he would mention the boy by name as if he were alive, and speak of him familiarly, although he had seen him only on photographs -- as though deliberating aloud and turning the matter over, he would talk of how Mendele ought to be brought up. It was hardest of all when he started criticizing his son and his son's wife for not having foreseen the impending disaster, for not having rushed the boy away to a safe place, not having hidden him with non-Jews, not having tried to get him to the Land of Israel in good time. There was no logic in what he said; this would so infuriate Rachel that she would burst out with "Oh, do stop! Stop it! I'll go out of my mind with your foolish nonsense!" She would rise from her seat in anger, withdraw to her room, and afterwards, when she had calmed down, would say to Raya, "Sclerosis, apparently. Loss of memory. He no longer knows what he's talking about."

One day -- Raya would never forget this -- she and her mother saw that Grandfather was wearing his best suit, the black one, and under it a gleaming white shirt; his shoes were polished, and he had a hat on. He had not worn these clothes for many months, and the family was dismayed to see him. They thought that he had lost his mind. "What holiday is it today?" her mother asked. "Really, don't you know?" asked her grandfather. "Today is Mendele's birthday!" Her mother burst out crying. She too began to cry and ran out of the house.

After that, Grandfather Zisskind went to live alone. His mind, apparently, had become settled, except that he would frequently forget things which had occurred a day or two before, though he clearly remembered, down to the smallest detail, things which had happened in his town and to his family more than thirty years ago. Raya would go and visit him, at first with her mother and, after her marriage, with Yehuda. What bothered them was that they were compelled to listen to his talk about Mendele his grandson, and to read that same lament for his native town which had been destroyed.

Whenever Rachel happened to come there during their visit, she would scold Grandfather rudely. "Stop bothering them with your masterpiece," she would say, and herself remove the papers from the table and put them back in their bag. "If you want them to keep on visiting you, don't talk to them about the dead. Talk about the living. They're young people and they have no mind for such things." And as they left his room together she would say, turning to Yehuda in order to placate him, "Don't be surprised at him, Grandfather's already old. Over seventy. Loss of memory."

When Raya was seven months pregnant, Grandfather Zisskind had in his absent-mindedness not yet noticed it. But Rachel could no longer refrain from letting him share her joy and hope, and told him that a great-grandchild would soon be born to him. One evening the door of Raya and Yehuda's flat opened, and Grandfather himself stood on the threshold in his holiday clothes, just as on the day of Mendele's birthday. This was the first time he had visited them at home, and Raya was so surprised that she hugged and kissed him as she had not done since she was a child. His face shone, his eyes sparkled with the same intelligent and mischievous light they had in those far-off days before the calamity. When he entered he walked briskly through the rooms, giving his opinion on the furniture and its arrangement, and joking about everything around him. He was so pleasant that Raya and Yehuda could not stop laughing all the time he was speaking. He gave no indication that he knew what was about to take place, and for the first time in many months he did not mention Mendele.

"Ah, you naughty children," he said, "is this how you treat Grandfather? Why didn't you tell me you had such a nice place?"

"How many times have I invited you here, Grandfather?" asked Raya.

"Invited me? You ought to have brought me here, dragged me by force!"

"I wanted to do that too, but you refused."

"Well, I thought that you lived in some dark den, and I have a den of my own. Never mind, I forgive you."

And when he took leave of them he said:

"Don't bother to come to me. Now that I know where you're to be found and what a palace you have, I'll come to you . . . if you don't throw me out, that is."

Some days later, when Rachel came to their home and they told her about Grandfather's amazing visit, she was not surprised:

"Ah, you don't know what he's been contemplating during all these days, ever since I told him that you're about to have a child . . . He has one wish -- that if it's a son, it should be named . . . after his grandson."

"Mendele? exclaimed Raya, and involuntarily burst into laughter. Yehuda smiled as one smiles at the fond fancies of the old."

"Of course, I told him to put that out of his head," said Rachel, "but you know how obstinate he is. It's some obsession and he won't think of giving it up. Not only that, but he's sure that you'll willingly agree to it, and especially you, Yehuda."

Yehuda shrugged his shoulders. "Crazy. The child would be unhappy all his life."

"But he's not capable of understanding that," said Rachel, and a note of apprehension crept into her voice.

Raya's face grew solemn. "We have already decided on the name," she said. "If it's a girl she'll be called Osnath, and if it's a boy -- Ehud."

Rachel did not like either.

The matter of the name became almost the sole topic of conversation between Rachel and the young couple when she visited them, and infused gloom into the air of expectancy which filled the house.

Rachel, midway between the generations, was of two minds about the matter. When she spoke to her father she would scold and contradict him, flinging at him all the arguments she had heard from Raya and Yehuda as though they were her own, but when she spoke to the children she sought to induce them to meet his wishes, and would bring down their anger on herself. As time went on, the question of a name, to which in the beginning she had attached little importance, became a kind of mystery, concealing something pre-ordained, fearful, and pregnant with life and death. The fate of the child itself seemed in doubt. In her innermost heart she prayed that Raya would give birth to a daughter.

"Actually, what's so bad about the name Mendele?" she asked her daughter. "It's a Jewish name like any other."

"What are you talking about, Mother" -- Raya rebelled against the thought -- "a Ghetto name, ugly, horrible! I wouldn't even be capable of letting it cross my lips. Do you want me to hate my child?"

"Oh, you won't hate your child. At any rate, not because of the name . . ."

"I should hate him. It's as if you'd told me that my child would be born with a hump! And anyway -- why should I? What for?"

"You have to do it for Grandfather's sake," Rachel said quietly, although she knew that she was not speaking the whole truth.

"You know, Mother, that I am ready to do anything for Grandfather," said Raya. "I love him, but I am not ready to sacrifice my child's happiness on account of some superstition of his. What sense is there in it?"

Rachel could not explain the "sense in it" rationally, but in her heart she rebelled against her daughter's logic which had always been hers too and now seemed very superficial, a symptom of the frivolity afflicting the younger generation. Her old father now appeared to her like an ancient tree whose deep roots suck up the mysterious essence of existence, of which neither her daughter nor she herself knew anything. Had it not been for this argument about the name, she would certainly never have got to meditating on the transmigration of souls and the eternity of life. At night she would wake up covered in cold sweat. Hazily, she recalled frightful scenes of bodies of naked children, beaten and trampled under the jackboots of soldiers, and an awful sense of guilt oppressed her spirit.

Then Rachel came with a proposal for a compromise: that the child should be named Menachem. A Hebrew name, she said; an Israeli one, by all standards. Many children bore it, and it occurred to nobody to make fun of them. Even Grandfather had agreed to it after much urging.

Raya refused to listed.

"We have chosen a name, Mother," she said, "which we both like, and we won't change it for another. Menachem is a name which reeks of old age, a name which for me is connected with sad memories and people I don't like. Menachem you could call only a boy who is short, weak and not good-looking. Let's not talk about it any more, Mother."

Rachel was silent. She almost despaired of convincing them. At last she said:

"And are you ready to take the responsibility of going against Grandfather's wishes?"

Raya's eyes opened wide, and fear was reflected in them:

"Why do you make such a fateful thing of it? You frighten me!" she said, and burst into tears. She began to fear for her offspring as one fears the evil eye.

"And perhaps there is something fateful in it . . ." whispered Rachel without raising her eyes. She flinched at her own words.

"What is it?" insisted Raya, with a frightened look at her mother.

"I don't know . . ." she said. "Perhaps all the same we are bound to retain the names of the dead . . . in order to leave a remembrance of them . . ." She was not sure herself whether there was any truth in what she said or whether it was merely a stupid belief, but her father's faith was before her, stronger than her own doubts and her daughter's simple and understandable opposition.

"But I don't always want to remember all those dreadful things, Mother. It's impossible that this memory should always hang about this house and that the poor child should bear it!"

Rachel understood. She, too, heard such a cry within her as she listened to her father talking, sunk in memories of the past. As if to herself, she said in a whisper:

"I don't know . . . at times it seems to me that it's not Grandfather who's suffering from loss of memory, but ourselves. All of us."

About two weeks before the birth was due, Grandfather Zisskind appeared in Raya and Yehuda's home for the second time. His face was yellow, angry, and the light had faded from his eyes. He greeted them, but did not favor Raya with so much as a glance, as if he had pronounced a ban upon the sinner. Turning to Yehuda he said, "I wish to speak to you."

They went into the inner room. Grandfather sat down on the chair and placed the palm of his hand on the edge of the table, as was his wont, and Yehuda sat, lower than he, on the bed.

"Rachel has told me that you don't want to call the child by my grandchild's name," he said.

"Yes . . ." said Yehuda diffidently.

"Perhaps you'll explain to me why?" he asked.

"We . . ." stammered Yehuda, who found it difficult to face the piercing gaze of the old man. "The name simply doesn't appeal to us."

Grandfather was silent. Then he said, "I understand that Mendele doesn't appeal to you. Not a Hebrew name. Granted! But Menachem -- what's wrong with Menachem?" It was obvious that he was controlling his feelings with difficulty.

"It's not . . ." Yehuda knew that there was no use explaining; they were two generations apart in their ideas. "It's not an Israeli name . . . it's from the Golah"

"Golah," repeated Grandfather. He shook with rage, but somehow he maintained his self-control. Quietly he added, "We all come from the Golah. I, and Raya's father and mother. Your father and mother. All of us."

"Yes . . ." said Yehuda. He resented the fact that he was being dragged into an argument which was distasteful to him, particularly with this old man whose mind was already not quite clear. Only out of respect did he restrain himself from shouting: That's that, and it's done with! . . . "Yes, but we were born in this country," he said aloud; "that's different."

Grandfather Zisskind looked at him contemptuously. Before him he saw a wretched boor, and empty vessel.

"You, that is to say, think that there's something new here," he said, "that everything that was there is past and gone. Dead, without sequel. That you are starting everything anew."

"I didn't say that. I only said that we were born in this country . . ."

"You were born here. Very nice . . ." said Grandfather Zisskind with rising emotion. "So what of it? What's so remarkable about that? In what way are you superior to those who were born there? Are you cleverer than they? More cultured? Are you greater than they in Torah or good deeds? Is your blood redder than theirs?" Grandfather Zisskind looked as if he could wring Yehuda's neck.

"I didn't say that either. I said that here it's different . . ."

Grandfather Zisskind's patience with idle words was exhausted.

"You good-for-nothing!" he burst out in his rage. "What do you know about what was there? What do you know of the people that were there? The communities? The cities? What do you know of the life they had there?"

"Yes," said Yehuda, his spirit crushed, "but we no longer have any ties with it."

"Your have no ties with it?" Grandfather Zisskind bent towards him. His lips quivered in fury. "With what . . . with what do you have ties?"

"We have . . . with this country," said Yehuda and gave an involuntary smile.

"Fool!" Grandfather Zisskind shot at him. "Do you think that people come to a desert and make themselves a nation, eh? That you are the first of some new race? That you're not the son of your

father? Not the grandson of your grandfather? Do you want to forget them? Are you ashamed of them for having had a hundred times more culture and education than you have? Why . . . why, everything here" -- he included everything around him in the sweep of his arm -- "is no more than a puddle of tapwater against the big sea that was there! What have you here? A mixed multitude! Seventy languages! Seventy distinct groups! Customs? A way of life? Why, every home here is a nation in itself, with its own customs and its own names! And with this you have ties, you say . . ."

Yehuda lowered his eyes and was silent.

"I'll tell you what ties are," said Grandfather Zisskind calmly. "Ties are remembrance! Do you understand? The Russian is linked to his people because he remembers his ancestors. He is called Ivan, his father was called Ivan and his grandfather was called Ivan, back to the first generation. And no Russian has said: From today onwards I shall not be called Ivan because my fathers and my fathers' fathers were called that; I am the first of a new Russian nation which has nothing at all to do with the Ivans. Do you understand?"

"But what has that to do with it?" Yehuda protested impatiently. Grandfather Zisskind shook his head at him.

"And you -- you're ashamed to give your son the name Mendele lest it remind you that there were Jews who were called by that name. You believe that his name should be wiped off the face of the earth. That not a trace of it should remain . . ."

He paused, heaved a deep sigh and said:

"O children, children, you don't know what you're doing . . . You're finishing off the work which the enemies of Israel began. They took the bodies away from the world, and you -- the name and the memory . . . No continuation, no evidence, no memorial and no name. Not a trace . . ."

And with that he rose, took his stick and with long strides went towards the door and left.

The new-born child was a boy and he was named Ehud, and when he was about a month old, Raya and Yehuda took him in the carriage to Grandfather's house.

Raya gave three cautious knocks on the door, and when she heard a rustle inside she could also here the beating of her anxious heart. Since the birth of the child Grandfather had not visited them even once. "I'm terribly excited," she whispered to Yehuda with tears in her eyes. Yehuda rocked the carriage and did not reply. He was now indifferent to what the old man might say or do.

The door opened, and on the threshold stood Grandfather Zisskind, his face weary and wrinkled. He seemed to have aged. His eyes were sticky with sleep, and for a moment it seemed as if he did not see the callers.

"Good Sabbath, Grandfather," said Raya with great feeling. It seemed to her now that she loved him more than ever.

Grandfather looked at them as if surprised, and then said absently, "Come in, come in."

"We've brought the baby with us!" said Raya, her face shining, and her glance traveled from Grandfather to the infant sleeping in the carriage.

"Come in, come in," repeated Grandfather Zisskind in a tired voice. "Sit down," he said as he removed his clothes from the chairs and turned to tidy the disordered bedclothes.

Yehuda stood the carriage by the wall and whispered to Raya, "It's stifling for him here." Raya opened the window wide.

"You haven't seen our baby yet, Grandfather!" she said with a sad smile.

"Sit down, sit down," said Grandfather, shuffling over to the shelf, from which he took the jar of preserves and the biscuit tin, putting them on the table.

"There's no need, Grandfather, really there's no need for it. We didn't come for that, said Raya.

"Only a little something. I have nothing to offer you today . . ." said Grandfather in a dull, broken voice. He took the kettle off the kerosene burner and poured out two classes of tea which he placed before them. Then he too sat down, said "Drink, Drink," and softly tapped his fingers on the table.

"I haven't seen Mother for several days now," he said at last.

"She's busy . . ." said Raya in a low voice, without raising her eyes to him. "She helps me a lot with the baby . . ."

Grandfather Zisskind looked at his pale, knotted and veined hands lying helplessly on the table; then he stretched out one of them and said to Raya, "Why don't you drink? The tea will get cold."

Raya drew up to the table and sipped the tea.

"And you -- what are you doing now?" he asked Yehuda.

"Working as usual," said Yehuda, and added with a laugh, "I play with the baby when there's time."

Grandfather again looked down at his hands, the long thin fingers of which shook with the palsy of old age.

"Take some of the preserves," he said to Yehuda, indicating the jar with a shaking finger. "It's very good." Yehuda dipped the spoon in the jar and put it to his mouth.

There was a deep silence. It seemed to last a very long time. Grandfather Zisskind's fingers gave little quivers on the white tablecloth. It was hot in the room, and the buzzing of a fly could be heard.

Suddenly the baby burst out crying, and Raya started from her seat and hastened to quiet him. She rocked the carriage and crooned, "Quiet, child, quiet, quiet . . ." Even after he had quieted down she went on rocking the carriage back and forth.

Grandfather Zisskind raised his head and said to Yehuda in a whisper:

"You think it was impossible to save him . . . it was possible. They had many friends. Ossip himself wrote to me about it. The manager of the factory had a high opinion of him. The whole town knew them and loved them . . . How is it they didn't think of it . . .?" he said, touching his forehead with the palm of his hand. "After all, they knew that the Germans were approaching . . . It was still possible to do something . . ." He stopped a moment and then added, "Imagine that a boy of eleven had already finished his studies at the Conservatory -- wild beasts!" He suddenly opened eyes filled with terror. "Wild beasts! To take little children and them into wagons and deport them . . ."

When Raya returned and sat down at the table, he stopped and became silent, and only a heavy sigh escaped from deep within him.

Again there was a prolonged silence, and as it grew heavier Raya felt the oppressive weight on her bosom increasing till it could no longer be contained. Grandfather sat at the table tapping his thin fingers, and alongside the wall the infant lay in his carriage; it was as if a chasm gaped between a world which was passing and a world that was born. It was no longer a single line to the fourth generation. The aged father did not recognize the great-grandchild whose life would be no memorial.

Grandfather Zisskind got up, took his chair and pulled it up to the clock. He climbed on to it to take out his documents.

Raya could no longer stand the oppressive atmosphere.

"Let's go," she said to Yehuda in a choked voice.

"Yes, we must go," said Yehuda, and rose from his seat. "We have to go," he said loudly as he turned to the old man.

Grandfather Zisskind held the key of the clock for a moment more, then he let his hand fall, grasped the back of the chair and got down.

"You have to go . . ." he said with a tortured grimace. He spread his arms out helplessly and accompanied them to the doorway.

When the door had closed behind them the tears flowed from Raya's eyes. She bent over the carriage and pressed her lips to the baby's chest. At that moment it seemed to her that he was in need of pity and of great love, as though he were alone, an orphan in the world.

"The Story of an Hour" is a short story by Kate Chopin. The work is one of her most famous short works, partly because of its surprise ending. Here, Chopin explores some of the themes for which she has become so famous. Here's the complete text of "The Story of an Hour."

"The Story of an Hour"

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death. It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that

bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg, open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Some one was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease--of joy that kills.

Regret
by Kate Chopin
(1851-1904)

MAMZELLE Aurélie possessed a good strong figure, ruddy cheeks, hair that was changing from brown to gray, and a determined eye. She wore a man's hat about the farm, and an old blue army overcoat when it was cold, and sometimes topboots.

Mamzelle Aurélie had never thought of marrying. She had never been in love. At the age of twenty she had received a proposal, which she had promptly declined, and at the age of fifty she had not yet lived to regret it.

So she was quite alone in the world, except for her dog Ponto, and the negroes who lived in her cabins and worked her crops, and the fowls, a few cows, a couple of mules, her gun (with which she shot chicken-hawks), and her religion.

One morning Mamzelle Aurélie stood upon her gallery, contemplating, with arms akimbo, a small band of very small children who, to all intents and purposes, might have fallen from the clouds, so unexpected and bewildering was their coming, and so unwelcome. They were the children of her nearest neighbor, Odile, who was not such a near neighbor, after all.

The young woman had appeared but five minutes before, accompanied by these four children. In her arms she carried little Elodie; she dragged Ti Nomme by an unwilling hand; while Marcéline and Marcélette followed with irresolute steps.

Her face was red and disfigured from tears and excitement. She had been summoned to a neighboring parish by the dangerous illness of her mother; her husband was away in Texas-it seemed to her a million miles away; and Valsin was waiting with the mule-cart to drive her to the station.

"It's no question, Mamzelle Aurélie; you jus' got to keep those youngsters fo' me tell I come back. Dieu sait, I would n' botha you with 'em if it was any otha way to do! Make 'em mine you, Mamzelle Aurélie; don' spare 'em. Me, there, I'm half crazy between the chil'ren, an' Leon not home, an' maybe not even to fine po' maman alive encore!"-a harrowing possibility which drove Odile to take a final hasty and convulsive leave of her disconsolate family.

She left them crowded into the narrow strip of shade on the porch of the long, low house; the white sunlight was beating in on the white old boards; some chickens were scratching in the grass at the foot of the steps, and one had boldly mounted, and was stepping heavily, solemnly, and aimlessly across the gallery. There was a pleasant odor of pinks in the air, and the sound of negroes' laughter was coming across the flowering cotton-field.

Mamzelle Aurélie stood contemplating the children. She looked with a critical eye upon Marcéline, who had been left staggering beneath the weight of the chubby Elodie. She surveyed with the same calculating air Marcélette mingling her silent tears with the audible grief and rebellion of Ti Nomme. During those few contemplative moments she was collecting herself, determining upon a line of action which should be identical with a line of duty. She began by feeding them.

If Mamzelle Aurélie's responsibilities might have begun and ended there, they could easily have been dismissed; for her larder was amply provided against an emergency of this nature. But little children are not little pigs; they require and demand attentions which were wholly unexpected by Mamzelle Aurélie, and which she was ill prepared to give.

She was, indeed, very inapt in her management of Odile's children during the first few days. How could she know that Marcélette always wept when spoken to in a loud and commanding tone of voice? It was a peculiarity of Marcélette's. She became acquainted with Ti Nomme's passion for flowers only when he had plucked all the choicest gardenias and pinks for the apparent purpose of critically studying their botanical construction.

"Tain't enough to tell 'im, Mamzelle Aurélie," Marcéline instructed her; "you got to tie 'im in a chair. It's w'at maman all time do w'en he's bad: she tie 'im in a chair." The chair in which Mamzelle Aurélie tied Ti Nomme was roomy and comfortable, and he seized the opportunity to take a nap in it, the afternoon being warm.

At night, when she ordered them one and all to bed as she would have shooed the chickens into the hen-house, they stayed uncomprehending before her. What about the little white nightgowns that had to be taken from the pillow-slip in which they were brought over, and shaken by some strong hand till they snapped like ox-whips? What about the tub of water which had to be brought and set in the middle of the floor, in which the little tired, dusty, sunbrowned feet had every one to be washed sweet and clean? And it made Marcéline and Marcélette laugh merrily - the idea that Mamzelle Aurélie should for a moment have believed that Ti Nomme could fall asleep without being told the story of Croque-mitaine or Loup-garou, or both; or that Elodie could fall asleep at all without being rocked and sung to.

"I tell you, Aunt Ruby," Mamzelle Aurélie informed her cook in confidence; "me, I'd rather manage a dozen plantation' than fo' chil'ren. It's terrassent! Bonté! Don't talk to me about chil'ren!"

"Tain' ispected sich as you would know airy thing 'bout 'em, Mamzelle Aurélie. I see dat plainly yistiddy w'en I spy dat li'le chile playin' wid yo' baskit o' keys. You don' know dat makes chillun grow up hard-headed, to play wid keys? Des like it make 'em teeth hard to look in a lookin'-glass. Them's the things you got to know in the raisin' an' manigement o' chillun."

Mamzelle Aurélie certainly did not pretend or aspire to such subtle and far-reaching knowledge on the subject as Aunt Ruby possessed, who had "raised five an' bared (buried) six" in her day. She was glad enough to learn a few little mother-tricks to serve the moment's need.

Ti Nomme's sticky fingers compelled her to unearth white aprons that she had not worn for years, and she had to accustom herself to his moist kisses-the expressions of an affectionate and exuberant nature. She got down her sewing-basket, which she seldom used, from the top shelf of the armoire, and placed it within the ready and easy reach which torn slips and buttonless waists demanded. It took her some days to become accustomed to the laughing, the crying, the chattering that echoed through the house and around it all day long. And it was not the first or the second night that she could sleep comfortably with little Elodie's hot, plump body pressed close against her, and the little one's warm breath beating her cheek like the fanning of a bird's wing.

But at the end of two weeks Mamzelle Aurélie had grown quite used to these things, and she no longer complained.

It was also at the end of two weeks that Mamzelle Aurélie, one evening, looking away toward the crib where the cattle were being fed, saw Valsin's blue cart turning the bend of the road. Odile sat beside the mulatto, upright and alert. As they drew near, the young woman's beaming face indicated that her homecoming was a happy one.

But this coming, unannounced and unexpected, threw Mamzelle Aurélie into a flutter that was almost agitation. The children had to be gathered. Where was Ti Nomme? Yonder in the shed, putting an edge on his knife at the grindstone. And Marcéline and Marcélette? Cutting and fashioning doll-rags in the corner of the gallery. As for Elodie, she was safe enough in Mamzelle Aurélie's arms; and she had screamed with delight at sight of the familiar blue cart which was bringing her mother back to her.

The excitement was all over, and they were gone. How still it was when they were gone! Mamzelle Aurélie stood upon the gallery, looking and listening. She could no longer see the cart; the red sunset and the blue-gray twilight had together flung a purple mist across the fields and road that hid it from her view. She could no longer hear the wheezing and creaking of its wheels. But she could still faintly hear the shrill, glad voices of the children.

She turned into the house. There was much work awaiting her, for the children had left a sad disorder behind them; but she did not at once set about the task of righting it. Mamzelle Aurélie seated herself beside the table. She gave one slow glance through the room, into which the evening shadows were creeping and deepening around her solitary figure. She let her head fall down upon her bended arm, and began to cry. Oh, but she cried! Not softly, as women often do. She cried like a man, with sobs that seemed to tear her very soul. She did not notice Ponto licking her hand.

Rudyard Kipling, The White Man's Burden, 1899

This famous poem, written by Britain's imperial poet, was a response to the American take over of the Phillipines after the Spanish-American War.

Take up the White Man's burden--
Send forth the best ye breed--
Go bind your sons to exile
To serve your captives' need;
To wait in heavy harness,
On fluttered folk and wild--
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
Half-devil and half-child.

Take up the White Man's burden--
In patience to abide,
To veil the threat of terror
And check the show of pride;
By open speech and simple,
An hundred times made plain
To seek another's profit,
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden--
The savage wars of peace--
Fill full the mouth of Famine
And bid the sickness cease;
And when your goal is nearest
The end for others sought,
Watch sloth and heathen Folly
Bring all your hopes to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden--
No tawdry rule of kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper--
The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
The roads ye shall not tread,
Go mark them with your living,
And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden--
And reap his old reward:
The blame of those ye better,
The hate of those ye guard--
The cry of hosts ye humour
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:--
"Why brought he us from bondage,
Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden--
Ye dare not stoop to less--
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloke your weariness;
By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your gods and you.

Take up the White Man's burden--
Have done with childish days--
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise.
Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years
Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peer

Comedy and gender: The Taming of the Shrew

If there is a play from this period that seems unequivocally misogynistic (expressing a dislike of women) it is surely *The Taming of the Shrew*. Katherina is a young woman who always speaks her mind and is not afraid to be rude and aggressive when she needs to be. She wants a husband – but not the one approved of by her father. She is courted against her will by Petruchio, who openly admits that he has come to Padua in search of a wife with a rich dowry, no matter what she is like (I 25–76). Katherina's father is very happy to get her off his hands, even though she positively refuses the match. In this comedy, the desire of a woman to reject all suitors who are not to her liking is the female need which is to be brought under male control. It is done in the most domineering way possible, short of actual violence. That act of control might be seen either as exposing the injustice of male definitions of what a woman should be or as simply reinforcing those definitions. That seems to be the matter at stake for critical study of the play.

Petruchio's courtship and marriage seem designed to humiliate Katherina and break her spirit. His behaviour is calculated to embarrass and degrade her as much as possible. After the wedding he takes her off to his house where he refuses to let her eat or sleep, pretending that he is doing it for her own good (IV 1 197–211). Eventually she seems to accept that his authority over her is complete, even to the point where she will agree that the sun is the moon if he says it is (IV 5 18–22), or that an old man is a young woman (IV 5 37–41). In the final scene Katherina wins for her husband a dinner-party wager according to which she is the most obedient of those wives present, as she stoops in a gesture of submission to place her hand beneath Petruchio's foot. In the longest speech of the play she offers the other wives a series of well-worn traditionalist reasons why man should have authority over woman:

Katherina:

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, in day the cold, 150
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves* no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience -
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,* 155
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish,* sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord? 160
I am ashamed that women are so simple*

To offer war when they should kneel for peace,

Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,*

When they are bound to serve, love and obey. (V 2 146–64)

* [152] craves asks for [155] prince monarch [157] froward, peevish pushy, obstinate [161] simple foolish [163] sway power

This speech is so unambiguous a statement of women's subservience that feminist critics who wish to argue that the play is no simple story of just male triumph over a foolishly rebellious woman have much work to do. The Guardian's theatre critic, Michael Billington, famously asked 'whether there is any reason to revive a play which seems totally offensive to our age and society' (6 May 1978) – and looking at the way the play ends his question seems a perfectly reasonable one.

Many critics and directors have sought to interpret the play as ironic, making its suggested deeper meaning (implicit rejection of the way Katherina is treated) much more significant than its surface meaning (women must learn to obey men no matter what). This may stem from a refusal to admit that Shakespeare could write a play as sexist as this appears to be. After all, other outspoken female characters are treated with far more sympathy: Emilia in *Othello* (see pp. 209f.) and Paulina in *The Winter's Tale* (see pp. 248f.), not to mention Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

At the same time, however, if the portrayal of Katherina seems so 'out of character', it should be remembered that, as one of his earlier plays (1593–94?), the lack of sophistication in this regard is perhaps explicable in terms of Shakespeare's immaturity?

Some of the arguments which have been advanced in order to reinstate this text emphasise the play's subtlety. What is unusual about *The Taming of the Shrew* is the framing – or, actually, half-framing – of the action by the Christopher Sly plot. The play begins with an 'Induction', in which a drunken tinker, Christopher Sly, is thrown out of a pub and falls asleep outside. Found by a lord who is out hunting, Sly is taken back to the lord's house and as a practical joke treated as if he were its owner. His 'previous life', he is told, was just a dream. The household members even provide him with a 'wife', who is actually a page dressed as a woman (Induction I 1 105–35). The play *The Taming of the Shrew* is staged by a group of players for the entertainment of Sly, the lord and his household. It is a play within a play, and so is not presented to its audience as a 'reality' in which they are to believe. It is not just self-confessedly fictional, but actually presented as part of a conscious deceit. (In fact, the other side of the frame is missing: the Folio text forgets about Sly and the lord, and the play ends without their reappearance. Modern directors often add on the conclusion of the Sly framing-plot from a play called *A Shrew*, a Quarto text which seems to be an earlier version, of some sort, of Shakespeare's play. For an explanation of 'Folio' and 'Quarto' see Box 2, p. 25.)

The point is that the play itself does not invite us to take seriously Petruchio's actions and Kate's submission: the play becomes a kind of fantasy of male wish-fulfilment, while consciously admitting that this view of the male–female relationship exists only in fiction. We are, then, free to see it as a demonstration that the gender roles played by men and women in society are in fact 'constructed' (see pp. 205f.) and do not form part of their essential natures. The comic swapping of identities among the other characters also underlines the idea that all of what we observe on stage is only role-play. None of those we see has any 'fixed' nature: Tranio pretends to be Lucentio; the pedant pretends to be Vincentio; and Lucentio is in disguise as Cambio. What we are seeing in this part of the plot is not real, even within the context of the fiction in which it is set. That so many of the characters seem drawn from the stock types of the Italian *commedia dell'arte* (Davies 1995: 50) also undermines any confidence the audience might have that they are supposed to regard these characters as a representation of the world as it is. Consequently Katherina's submission is very much an imaginary resolution of the conflict with her husband. Her

final speech holds up the conventional reasons for male supremacy, as advanced by Renaissance writers, as fictions that are no more to be believed than the reality of Tranio or Lucentio's characterisation, whether as themselves or as someone else. The speech's doctrines are so at odds with the experienced needs of men and women, then and now, that it is only in a make-believe world that they could bring domestic harmony. The ending, argues Juliet Dusinberre (1996a: 108), is, to say the least, ambiguous and equivocal. The clinching last line of the play expresses the incredulity of the other characters that Katherina really has been 'tamed' at all (V 2 189).

In what may be a clue to how the play was understood at the time, Dusinberre (ibid.: 105–6) points out that in John Fletcher's sequel, *The Woman's Prize, Or The Tamer Tam'd* (probably written between 1604 and 1617) – about Petruchio's second wife – Katherina, now dead, is reported to have remained resistant to taming until the end of her life.

The American feminist critic Karen Newman (1986: 46) has argued that to show gender relations on stage as 'natural' in a fantasy play such as this (especially in a theatre where boys play women) is to reveal the artificiality of those relations by exposing their contradictions. She sees Katherina's behaviour, right up to the end of the play, as a refusal to be categorised and controlled by the power structures by which men subordinate women. She refuses either to be silent or to submit herself as a passive public object for the male gaze. In this period obedient women were praised for their appearance. Disobedient women, especially those who 'talked too much', were publicly shamed by being ducked in rivers or ponds. In some cases a vicious metal gag, called 'the branks', was clamped around the mouth. Katherina, according to Newman, refuses to be seen and not heard. She takes on the male language and undermines it in two ways.

The first is her riddling wordplay with Petruchio, through which she refuses to accept that he has a right to decide on the meaning of his own words. In fact, her puns expose marriage as an (unequal) sexual exchange in which women are exploited to produce offspring for men with no benefits (such as respect or affection) for themselves. Her wordplay emphasises the transparency of Petruchio's interest in her as a mother to his children, irrespective of whether she wants him or not. Her language emphasises his unworthiness to be her partner:

Petruchio: Myself am moved* to woo thee for my wife.

Katherina: Moved! In good time!* Let him that moved

you hither 195

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first

You were a moveable.*

Petruchio: Why, what's a moveable?

Katherina: A joined stool.*

Petruchio: Thou has hit it; come sit on me.*

Katherina: Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Petruchio: Women are made to bear,* and so are you. 200

Katherina: No such jade* as you, if me you mean.

Petruchio: Alas, good Kate, I will not burden* thee,

For knowing* thee to be but young and light.*

Katherina: Too light* for such a swain* as you to catch,

And yet as heavy* as my weight should be. 205 (II 1 194–205)

* [194] Am moved desire [195] In good time! Indeed! [197] a moveable a piece of furniture – she means a dumb object, but also a mere household item (which he would make her) – also means fickle, unreliable emotionally [198] A joined stool a low stool that was proverbially easy to overlook. Petruchio's inferiority to her as a potential partner is the focus of her punning in what follows [198] sit on me a crudely sexual proposition [200] bear i.e. 'have me on top of you', but also 'bear my children' [201] jade a horse that soon tires – Petruchio wouldn't be able to satisfy her in bed, perhaps [202] burden 'bother', but also 'accompany' (in a song), and a reference back to 'bear' [203] For knowing 'Because I know you are'; light 'delicate', but also in the sense of 'promiscuous' [204] light quick, elusive; swain country bumpkin [205] heavy serious, worthy of respect; there is also the sense that she is true coinage, not a coin that has been clipped or is counterfeit: she means what she says!

She may be the object of his sexual innuendo, but she retains her dignity and has the last word about what the language of the exchange actually means.

Throughout the trials of her wedding day and night, Katherina insists on her right to have her voice heard (III 2 207–21; IV 3 73–80). Petruchio deliberately mishears her, distorting what she says to suit his meaning. Female speech in the play is associated with female independence; it is not to be listened to.

Newman (1986) reads Katherina's apparent capitulation in the final scene as too knowing and blatant to be accepted at face value. After all, the only language available for a public statement like her final speech is male language; the only rhetoric she is allowed to deploy is male rhetoric. As a woman capable of 'miming' the male role to such effect, she exposes its contradiction. She has not in the end been silenced. The comedy genre's resolution requires a 'happy' union. This is the speech to which the plot has been leading; it is the only way in which the comedy can end. But it is not Petruchio who speaks it. If she is tamed, how is it she holds the stage at the end, unsilenced? Newman says that the effect is to put the speech 'in italics' (Newman 1986: 51). Katherina is quoting someone else in order to bring to attention that person's mistake. Newman sums up the argument like this:

Kate's having the last word contradicts the very sentiments she speaks; rather than resolve the play's action, her monologue displays the fundamental contradiction presented by a female protagonist, between women as sexually desirable, silent objects and women of words, women with power over language who disrupt, or at least italicize, women's place and part in culture. (ibid.: 51)

Petruchio's actions produce not a mute beauty, the object of his taming, but a female version of himself.

For some feminist critics, this is all too much – 'manifest evasion', Stevie Davies (1995: 62) calls it. The play is a blatant and offensive metaphor for man as the tamer of an unruly horse or a wayward hawk. Men are masters and women are their animals to be tamed. If at the end two shrews (Bianca and the Widow) remain, that just shows how never-ending the task is.

When Petruchio describes his wife as 'My household stuff, my field, my barn, / My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything' (III 2 231–2), it is not intended to shock; it is a simple statement of the legal realities of marriage (see pp. 129f.). Katherina's language doesn't quite escape Petruchio's control through its wit and wordplay. Instead he often makes it appear as if she is only repeating what he wants her to say (see, for example, the exchange with the tailor in IV 3 103–5). It's not that he wilfully mishears her throughout the play, either. If she won't be silent and speak only at his bidding, then her language is not worth listening to. He knows what she really means, even if she is saying the opposite (see, for example, the scenes at his house in IV 1 and IV 3). She must learn this. When Katherina at his bidding calls the sun the moon (IV 5 2–22), it is not exposing the absurdity of Petruchio's demand for total domination. Rather it shows her realisation that nature itself is turned upside down if she insists on turning the equally natural social order of male supremacy upside down (Davies 1995: 11).

At the end Katherina is allowed the play's longest speech, even though a woman, because it is her husband speaking through her at last. Her voice, too, is now fully his – and there is no irony intended. No other evidence within the play suggests that the speech is not sincerely meant. Indeed, the idea that Katherina will have some sort of power by publicly going along with Petruchio's wishes while getting her own way at home is, as Davies argues, 'demeaning to both parties' (ibid.: 55). Students sometimes suggest that once she realises her love for him she discovers that social expectations don't actually matter: they are silly conventions to be played out in public, but which are absurd from the perspective of their life together as lovers. The final speech is a knowing pretence at conformity, to be delivered with a wink. Their lives as lovers have nothing to do with such social conventions. Such an interpretation has indeed been attempted in production. The problem is that there is not a single line in the text to support such a reading.

The play can also be seen, then, to be a plain statement of the right of men to control and dominate their wives. It can be argued, moreover, that the play itself has actually operated over the years to reinforce that domination, no matter what Shakespeare may or may not have said in other plays.

Graphic Novel/Comics Terms and Concepts

Layout

Panel: A distinct segment of the comic, containing a combination of image and text in endless variety. Panels offer a different experience than simply reading text:

- The spatial arrangement allows an immediate juxtaposition of the present and the past.
- Unlike other visual media, transitions are instantaneous and direct but the exact timing of the reader's experience is determined by focus and reading speed.

Frame: The lines and borders that contain the panels.

Gutter: The space between framed panels.

Bleed: An image that extends to and/or beyond the edge of the page.

Foreground: The panel closest to the viewer.

Midground: Allows centering of image by using natural resting place for vision. The artist deliberately decides to place the image where a viewer would be most likely to look first. Placing an image off-center or near the top or bottom can be used to create visual tension but using the midground permits the artist to create a more readily accepted image.

Background: Provides additional, subtextual information for the reader.

Graphic weight: A term that describes the way some images draw the eye more than others, creating a definite focus using color and shading in various ways including:

- The use of light and dark shades; dark-toned images or high-contrast images draw the eye more than light or low-contrast images do
- A pattern or repeated series of marks
- Colors that are more brilliant or deeper than others on the page

Figures

Faces: Faces can be portrayed in different ways. Some depict an actual person, like a portrait; others are iconic, which means they are representative of an idea or a group of people. Other points to observe about faces include:

- They can be dramatic when placed against a detailed backdrop; a bright white face stands out
- They can be drawn without much expression or detail; this is called an “open blank” and it invites the audience to imagine what the character is feeling without telling them.

Hands/Feet: The positioning of hands and feet can be used to express what is happening in the story. For example, hands that are raised with palms out suggest surprise. The wringing of hands suggests obsequiousness or discomfort. Hands over the mouth depict fear, shame, or shyness. Turned in feet may denote embarrassment, while feet with motion strokes can create the sense of panic, urgency, or speed.

Text

Captions: These are boxes containing a variety of text elements, including scene-setting, description, etc.

Speech balloons: These enclose dialogue and come from a specific speaker’s mouth; they vary in size, shape, and layout and can alternate to depict a conversation. Types of speech balloons include those holding:

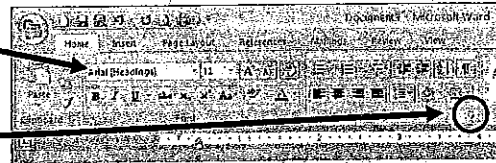
- External dialogue, which is speech between characters
- Internal dialogue, which is a thought enclosed by a balloon that has a series of dots or bubbles going up to it

Special-effects lettering: This is a method of drawing attention to text; it often highlights onomatopoeia and reinforces the impact of words such as *bang* or *wow*.

MLA Formatting Guide

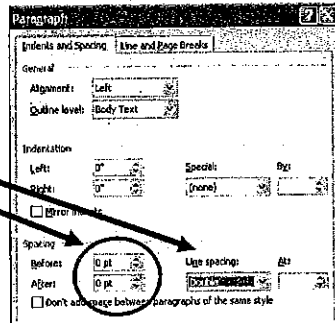
FONT

1. Set Font to **Times New Roman** and Font Size to **12**.



PARAGRAPH SPACING

2. Click the small arrow at the bottom right corner of the **Paragraph** box.

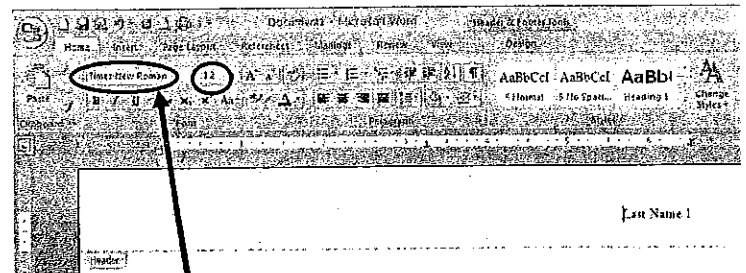
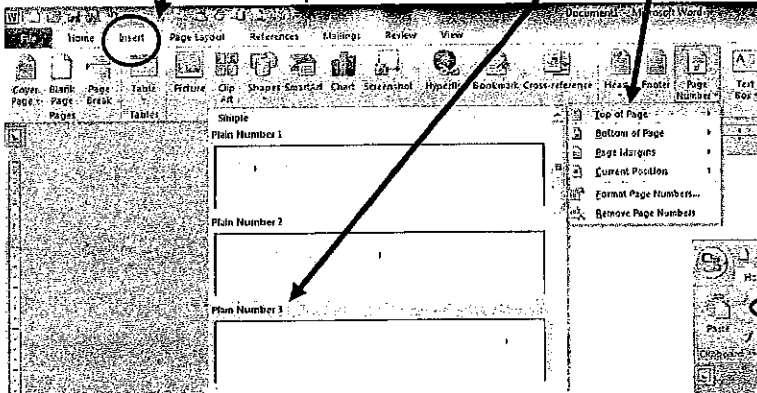


- a. Under **Line Spacing**, select **Double**.

- b. Change both **Before** and **After** spacing to **0 pt**.

RIGHT HAND HEADER

3. From the **Insert** tab, select **Page Number** and **Top of Page**.
 - a. Choose the third option: **Plain Number 3**.



- b. Type your last name to the left of the page number and do not forget the space between.
- c. Make sure both the header and page number are in **Times New Roman** and **12**.
- d. Double click outside of the header box to return to the document.

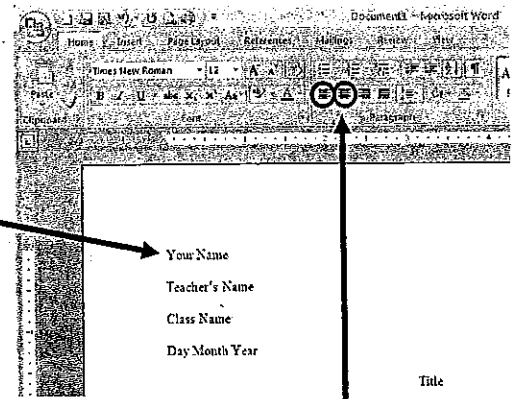
LEFT HAND HEADER

4. Type your name and press Enter.

- a. Type your teacher's name and press Enter.

- b. Type your class's name and press Enter.

- c. Type the date in Day, Month, Year format (ex: 4 July 1776) and press Enter.



- d. Click the **Align Center** button and type the title of your paper without italics, underlining, etc. Don't waste time thinking of a clever name for your paper; just type "Title" for now.
- e. Click the **Align Left** button once you have pressed Enter after your title.
- f. Press the Tab key to indent the first line of every paragraph, including your first.

WORKS CITED PAGE

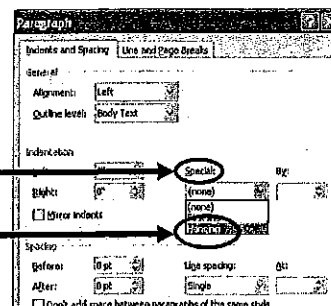
5. If your paper requires a Works Cited page, go to your last line of text and press the **CTRL** key and the **ENTER** key at the same time.

a. This will take you to a new page where your header should already appear.

b. Click the **Align Center** button.

c. Type "Works Cited" without italics, underlining, etc.
Press Enter and click **Align Left**.

d. Click the small arrow at the bottom left corner of the **Paragraph** box.



e. Under **Special**, select **Hanging** and click **OK**. Begin typing your entries in alphabetical order.

Basic MLA Cheat Sheet

NOTES: URL is not necessary. If there is no author, leave it blank. For the rest, use the following abbreviations if not found: **n.p.** ("no publisher" or "no place"), **n.d.** ("no date"), **n. pag.** ("no page").

1. **BOOK:** Author Last Name, First Name. *Title*. City: Publishing Company, Copyright Date. Medium.

Example: Abernathy, Charles F. *Civil Rights: Cases and Materials*. St. Paul: West Publishing Co., 1980. Print.

2. **GENERAL WEBSITE:** Author Last Name, First Name. "Title." *Name of Site*. Name of publishing company for site. Date Last Updated. Web. Date Found.

Example: DiStefano, Vince. "Guidelines for Better Sleep." *Mayo Clinic*. n.d. Web. 16 Jan. 2013.

3. **DATABASE ARTICLE:** Author Last Name, First Name. "Title of Article." *Title of Original Source*. Date of Original Printing: Page #s. *Name of Database*. Web. Date Found in Database.

Example: Mann, Ronald J. and Seth R. Belzley. "The Religious Implications of Bullfighting in Hemingway's Work." *The Hemingway Review*. Detroit: Gale, 2007. *Student Resources in Context*. Web. 7 Jan. 2013.

NOTE: Most database citations are on the bottom of the article: just copy, paste, and check for accuracy!

Your list should be in alphabetical order and look like the following when completed:

"Italy." *The World Factbook*. Central Intelligence Agency. 22 Jan. 2009. Web. 5 Feb. 2013.

Tyrrell, Joie. "From Textbooks to Texting." *Newsday*. 17 Oct. 2011: A.4. *SIRS Issues Researcher*. Web. 1 Mar. 2013.

Willett, Edward. *J.R.R. Tolkien: Master of Imaginary Worlds*. Berkeley Heights, NJ: Enslow Publishers, Inc., 2004. Print.

NOUN: Names a person, place thing, or idea.

- Abstract: *Beauty* is in the eye of the beholder. (Beauty is abstract because it is an idea or emotion)
- Concrete: The *boy* drove his *car* to deliver the *pizza*. (These three nouns are tangible things.)
- Common: The *teacher* left the *book* on her *desk*. (These nouns are general naming words.)
- Proper: *Ann* moved from *California* to *Normal*. (These nouns are specific naming words.)

PRONOUN: Replaces a noun without specifying a name. Pronouns usually have an antecedent, which is the word to which the pronoun refers.

- Indefinite: *someone, everybody, few, both, most, many*
 - *Both* of my sweaters need washing.
- Personal: *me, you, I, she, he, her, him, we, they, mine*
 - *I* told *her* to make the bed herself.
- Relative: *that, which, who(m), whose, who(m)ever*
 - *I* told her *that* I was leaving.

VERB: Shows action or links the subject to the predicate.

- Helping Verbs: Used with the main verb to indicate tense.

Helping Verbs

am, is, are, was, were, be, being, been, have, had, has, do, did, does, may, might, must, could, would, should, can, will, shall

- Action Verbs: Show physical or mental action.
 - Examples: *sit, stand, run, sleep, eat, read, love, think, worry*
- Linking Verbs: Link the subject of the sentence to the information about the subject in the predicate.
 - Examples: *am, is, are, was, were, be, being, been, seem*
- The following may function as either action or linking: *smell, taste, feel, appear, remain, stay, grow, become, look, or sound*.

ADJECTIVE: Describes (modifies) a noun or a pronoun. An adjective tells the following: **which one** (*that* book, *which* car, *his* homework); **what kind** (*galloping* horse, *yellow* shirt, The restaurant was *expensive*); **how many/how much** (*both* sweaters, *two* books, *some* money). The articles *a, an, and the* are also adjectives.

ADVERB: Describes (modifies) a verb, adjective, or another adverb. An adverb tells the following: **how** (quietly, fast, well), **when** (yesterday, soon, later), **where** (here, there, forward), **how often** (frequently, sometimes), **to what extent** (very, too, extremely), **under what conditions** (normally).

- Adverbs frequently end in -ly.

PREPOSITION: Introduces a prepositional phrase that adds details about another work in the sentence. The **Prepositional Phrase** begins with the preposition, ends with a noun or pronoun, and includes the modifying words in between. Prepositional phrases indicate location, position, or relationship.

- Some people run *from* snakes.
- Children climb *on top of* the rock.

Commonly Used Prepositions

about, above, across, after, against, around, at, before, behind, below, beneath, beside, between, beyond, by, down, during, except, from, in, inside, into, like, near, of, off, on, out, outside, over, since, through, throughout, to, toward, under, until, up, upon, with, without, instead of, in spite of, according to, in addition to, in front of, in place of, on account of

CONJUNCTION: Joins together words, phrases, or clauses.

- Coordinating Conjunctions: These join words, phrases, or clauses of equal importance.
 - *but, or, yet, for, and, nor, so*
 - Physics *and* calculus are difficult subjects.
 - I will see him later, *but* I will not see her.
- Correlative Conjunctions: These are used in pairs:
 - *Both . . . and, not only . . . but also, whether . . . or, either . . . or, neither . . . nor*
 - *Not only* am I going to Florida for Spring Break, *but* I am *also* going to The Wizarding World of Harry Potter.

INTERJECTION: Shows strong emotion or surprise and has no grammatical function. Punctuation (often a comma or exclamation point) is used to set off an interjection from the rest of the sentence.

- *Oh no!* The TV broke. *Quick!* Get a new one.
- *Yes,* I would love to join you for lunch.

Correction Symbols

sp error in spelling

c combine sentences

wc word choice

awk awkward passage

¶ new paragraph

ren renetitious (reneating information unnecessarily)

ww wrong word

^ insert

Level 1—Freshman

The numbers on your essays indicate grammar errors. Find the corresponding number on the following two pages to determine the type of error and how to correct it.

1. TITLES

Italics/Underlining

Use italics or underlining for titles of books, plays, periodicals, films, television series, works of art, long musical works, epic poems, words used as words, and names of ships, planes, and trains.

- William Shakespeare wrote the famous tragedy *Romeo and Juliet*.

Quotation Marks

Use quotation marks to enclose the titles of short works such as short stories, poems, newspaper or magazine articles, songs, episodes of television series, and chapters and other parts of books. Punctuation should go inside the quotation marks.

- Edgar Allan Poe wrote the short story "The Cask of Amontillado."

2. CAPITALIZATION

Capitalize all proper nouns and proper adjectives derived from proper nouns.

- Hi, Uncle John.
- We visited an Australian zoo.

3. NUMBERS

Spell out numbers that can be expressed in one or two words or that begin a sentence. Note: Measurements, scores, dates, addresses, times (unless using o'clock), and identification numbers are in *numerical form*.

- Kevin ate *twenty-two* hot dogs in the eating contest.
- Kay bought *1,539* ducks with *two thousand* dollars.

4. APOSTROPHES

To form the possessive case of a singular or a plural noun not ending in *s*, add an apostrophe and an *s*.

- Student's notebook
- Children's books

To form the possessive case of a plural noun ending in *s*, add only the apostrophe.

- Princesses' gowns
- Boxes' lids

To show joint ownership, make the final noun possessive.

To show individual ownership, make each noun possessive.

- Sarah and Bob's books (they share the same books)
- Sarah's and Bob's books (each person has different books)

Use an apostrophe to show where letters, numerals, or words have been left out in a contraction.

- I am / I'm
- 2013 / '13

5. COMMA WITH A COMPOUND SENTENCE

A compound sentence consists of two or more complete thoughts (independent clauses) joined by a coordinating conjunction (*and*, *but*, *nor*, *for*, *or*, *so*, *yet*) with a comma in front of the conjunction.

- Compound: Brad likes sweets, *yet* he seldom eats them.
- Not compound: Brad likes sweets *yet* seldom eats them.

6. FRAGMENTS

A sentence fragment is a group of words that is punctuated as if it were a complete sentence but does not express a complete thought.

- Incorrect: Because she is a great teacher.
- Correct: Because she is a great teacher, the class baked her brownies.

7. RUN-ONS

A run-on sentence is two or more sentences that run together with no appropriate punctuation between them or with only a comma between them (comma splice).

- Incorrect: Garrett loves English literature, he plans to be a teacher someday.
- Correct: Garrett loves English literature. He plans to be a teacher someday.
- Correct: Garrett loves English literature; consequently, he plans to be a teacher someday.

8. CONSISTENT VERB TENSE

Do not change from one tense to another if the time frame for each action is the same.

- Inconsistent: The cat *jumped* onto the counter and *steals* the sandwich. (past tense—*jumped*, present tense—*steals*)
- Consistent: The cat *jumped* onto the counter and *stole* the sandwich. (past tense—*jumped*, *stole*)

9. SUBJECT/VERB AGREEMENT

Singular:

- My grandfather *trains* seals. (action)
- The senator *is* in favor of the bill. (linking)

Plural:

- My grandparents *train* seals. (action)
- Many senators *are* in favor of the bill. (linking)

Special Problems

Nonessential phrases and clauses should be set off by commas and therefore do not affect agreement.

- The Great Barrier Reef, which supports many marine animals, *lies* in Northeastern Australia.

Collective nouns name a group and can be either singular or plural.

Singular:

- A gaggle of geese *is* flying over.

Plural:

- A gaggle of geese *are* [joining together] in a v-shaped formation.

10. PARALLEL STRUCTURE

When you join several equal or related ideas in a sentence, it's important that you express these ideas in a similar way by balancing the structure of your sentence parts.

- Incorrect: A successful student is hardworking, reflective, and *shows determination*.
- Correct: A successful student is hardworking, reflective, and *determined*.

Level 2—Sophomore (also responsible for level 1)

11. USE OF COLONS

Colons should be used to introduce lists or ideas that can stand alone (including quotes that are complete sentences).

- Teachers appreciate students who do the following: always complete their homework, consistently participate in class, and regularly bring them cookies.
- In *Romeo and Juliet*, Friar Lawrence often give the young lovers good advice: “These violent delights have violent ends / And in their triumph die, like fire and powder, / Which as they kiss consume” (2.6.7-11).

12. PRONOUN/ANTECEDENT AGREEMENT

A pronoun should agree in number and gender with its antecedent (the word to which the pronoun refers).

- Students* annoy *their* math teachers by not *their* boxing answers.

NOTE: These indefinite pronouns are always **singular**—*anybody, anyone, anything, each, either, everybody, everyone, neither, nobody, no one, nothing, one, somebody, someone, or something*.

- Someone* left *his* or *her* textbook in the IMC.

The indefinite pronouns *some, any, all, most, more, and none* can be singular or plural, depending on the meaning in the sentence.

- Some* of the grammar terms are difficult to understand, but the teacher can clarify *their* meanings.
- Some* of the grammar terminology is difficult to understand, but the teacher can clarify *its* meaning.

PRONOUN REFERENCE

A pronoun should have a clear antecedent. Be especially careful with *they, this, that, it, and you*.

- Elizabeth texted Callie while *she* was in class. (Is Elizabeth or Callie in class?)
 - While Elizabeth was in class, *she* texted Callie.
- At Kingsley *they* have signs in the hall that tell students to walk on the right. (Who is they?)
 - At Kingsley the *administrators* have placed signs in the hall telling students to walk on the right.

14. PRONOUN CASE

Use nominative (or subjective) case pronouns (such as *I, he, she, they, who*) when you need a word to function as a subject. Use objective case pronouns (such as *me, him, her, them, whom*) when you need a word to function as the object of an action verb or the object of a preposition.

- My five-year-old brother likes to kick *me*.
- The person to *whom* the letter is addressed no longer lives here.
- Teachers *who* give their students doughnuts first hour are very popular.

15. ACTIVE/PASSIVE VOICE

Active: The subject performs the action.

- Jordan adopted two puppies.

Passive: The subject of the verb receives the action.

- Two puppies were adopted by Jordan.

INTRODUCTORY PHRASES

Introductory phrases should be followed by a comma.

- Transitions: *On the other hand*, some people actually like studying grammar.
- Prepositional phrases—if they are long (four or more words) or if two or more are strung together: *In the first lunch line of the cafeteria*, the lunch ladies were serving curly fries.
- Participial phrases: *Following the elaborate directions*, I nervously began the volatile chemistry experiment.

16. 17. PUNCTUATING ADVERB CLAUSES

Adverb clauses start with subordinating conjunctions (such as *before, after, while, since, until, because, although, even though, if, when, whereas, so that, provided that*) and are part of complex sentences—sentences with more than one clause. If the adverb clause is at the beginning of the sentence, it will be followed by a comma. If the adverb clause starts in the middle of the sentence, no comma is needed.

- Because Chris started a food fight*, the assistant principal suspended her for ten days.
- The assistant principal suspended Chris for ten days *because she started a food fight*.

18. CONJUNCTIVE ADVERBS

Conjunctive adverbs (such as *therefore, instead, meanwhile, also, nevertheless, however, consequently, similarly, furthermore*) start independent clauses. Be careful not to create run-ons when using conjunctive adverbs. Also, they should always be followed by a comma.

- Evans is a new building; *therefore*, everything is still clean and shiny.
- Evans is a new building. *Therefore*, everything is still clean and shiny.

Level 3—Junior (also responsible for levels 2 & 3)

19. INTERRUPTERS AND COMMAS

Sentence interrupters should be set off by commas. Dashes also can be used to create more emphasis. Interrupters add unnecessary information or side comments.

- John Steinbeck, the author of several short stories, also wrote *Of Mice and Men*.
- Students must, in fact, pass four years of English to graduate.
- The last film in the series—and the best one by far—is *Harry Potter and the Death Hallows Part 2*.

20. ESSENTIAL AND NONESSENTIAL MODIFIERS

Phrases and clauses that add nonessential information (which is not necessary in order to understand who/what is being modified) will be set off by commas. In general, the relative pronoun *which* is used for nonessential information while the relative pronoun *that* is used for essential information.

- The junior course *that* is the most interesting is English III.
- English III, *which* students take as juniors, is a very interesting course.

20. 21. MISPLACED/DANGLING MODIFIERS

Modifiers should go directly before or after the words (nouns/pronouns) they modify.

- Misplaced: Driving down the road, *a squirrel* darted in front of my car.
- Correct: Driving down the road, *I* swerved when a squirrel darted in front of my car.

The Researched Paper

Documentation and Plagiarism

Academic Honesty

Any plagiarism, intentional or not, casts doubt on the writer's honesty. You are guilty of plagiarism if you do the following:

1. You fail to cite a source accurately when you use direct quotations.
2. You do not completely reword and/or change the sentence style when you paraphrase.
3. You use someone else's ideas or information or words without acknowledging that source at all.

English Department Academic Honesty Policy

The following is the English Department policy regarding researched papers:

1. Any instance of plagiarism or cheating will be treated as a serious offense and will be severely punished based on individual teacher discretion. Each teacher's policy is clearly outlined on his/her course syllabus.
2. In most courses, the significant number of points assigned for a researched paper means the failure to complete a paper will negatively impact the course grade and jeopardize receiving course credit.

Documentation

Use specific, concrete evidence from sources to support your own general ideas. Cite these sources with care, letting the reader know whether the material presented is fact or opinion. Select details carefully in order to draw your own conclusions. Documented material can take the form of a summary, paraphrase, or direct quotation. The following excerpt will be used to illustrate the guidelines for summarizing, paraphrasing, and directly quoting.

Material Requiring Documentation

Guidelines for Cited Material:

- Original words and ideas that have been summarized
- Unique word or term, as well as an interesting phrase
- Ideas that have been paraphrased
- Ideas from video, film, or television program
- Artistic works (painting, sculpture, photograph, or musical composition)
- Maps, charts, graphs, or cartoons

If you are inaccurate or careless in handling summaries, paraphrases, and quotations, you destroy the value of the entire researched project. You must get support from experts and acknowledge that support. Overall, accuracy and attention to detail are essential.

Common Knowledge

Document all information unless it is **common knowledge**.

Common knowledge

- The early bird gets the worm.—*a well-known proverb or saying*
- Most teenagers depend on their cell phones for communication.—*well-known to the general audience*
- Barack Obama is the first African-American president.—*easily verifiable historical fact*
- The earth revolves around the sun in 365 day revolutions.—*well-known scientific fact*
- Plato was one of the great ancient Greek thinkers/philosophers.—*well known to an educated audience*
- Martin Luther King Jr. was one of the most influential civil rights leaders ever.—*well known American history*

Needing documentation

- The Chinese fishing industry produces almost 1 million pounds of fish a year.
- Michelangelo took almost 2 years to paint the fresco “The Creation of Adam” on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.
- The teen pregnancy rate declined by two percent between 2008 and 2009.

Other Examples of Common Knowledge Material:

Material is considered plagiarized if it is from a source, is not common knowledge, and is not documented. Even common knowledge must be documented if it uses the original wording of the source or if the original organization of ideas is used. If you are not sure whether your information is knowledge held in common or knowledge learned from research, consult your teacher.

Types of Documented Material

Summary

A **summary** condenses an idea contained in a source.

Guidelines for Summarizing:

1. Restates in significantly fewer words the ideas of a longer work
2. Restates the ideas in your own words and sentence style
3. Avoids including all of the details in the original passage
4. Does not use quotation marks around summarized material
5. Documents the material using parenthetical documentation

An Example of an Acceptable Summary

Original (from p. 1 of the article "College Students Short on Empathy" by Alice Park, posted on *Time Magazine Online* on May 28, 2010):

The more that students are tied to one another electronically, and informed of every move their friends make, the more likely they are to treat interactions with others as noise, and tune some of it out. Such habitual dismissal over time can lead to caring less for what a person has to say or how he feels.

Acceptable summary:

Students are beginning to ignore more of the increased electronic interactions with friends, leading to a lack of caring and empathy amongst peers.

Paraphrase

A **paraphrase** is the restatement of another source's ideas using your own words. Plagiarism results from following too closely the words of another writer.

Guidelines for Paraphrasing:

1. Rephrases ideas from shorter passages
2. Does not necessarily shorten the original passage
3. Completely rewrites ideas using your own wording and sentence structure
4. Rephrases complex material into easy to understand sentences
5. Typically rearranges the order of the material in the original
6. Often retains unusual terminology from the original enclosed in quotation marks
7. Does not use quotation marks around the paraphrased material
8. Documents paraphrased material that is not *common knowledge* (see page 9) using parenthetical documentation

An Example of an Acceptable Paraphrase

Bad paraphrasing:

The more that students are connected to one another by electronic means, and know of everything their friends do, the more likely they are to view such exchanges as noise and to not pay attention to it. Such constant ignoring over time can result in less concern for what others say or feel.

Notice the problems in this failed attempt to paraphrase the original source:

1. Uses exact order of details
2. Uses similar phrasing
3. Copies word for word large chunks of material
4. Fails to separately document a direct quotation

Good paraphrasing:

The constant exposure to peers' feelings through social media such as Facebook and Twitter can result in young people viewing each other's expressions of emotion as insignificant, and over time they may lose their concern for others' thoughts and feelings.

Direct Quotations

A **direct quotation** uses the original wording of the source. Use direct quotations sparingly and spaced throughout your paper. According to Sadlier-Oxford's *Writing a Research Paper*, no more than one-fifth of your paper should be direct quotations (48).

Guidelines for Using a Direct Quotation

Use direct quotations in the following situations:

1. To emphasize well-phrased, vivid, or dramatic material
2. To highlight important information
3. To preserve the wording of someone who is an authority

Rules for Direct Quotations

Observe these rules when quoting directly from another source:

1. Use a lead-in or tag at the beginning, middle, or end of the direct quotation.
2. Follow a direct quotation with a sentence or two to explain the significance of or to make a connection for the audience.
3. If the direct quotation is four lines or less in length, write it into the context of the researched paper and use quotation marks. Be sure to document at the end of each quotation. Put the source citation immediately **before** the final period.
4. If the direct quotation is more than four typed lines long, use CTRL+Tab to create a hanging indentation from the left margin and double space the passage. Continue hanging indentation on the left side for the full length of the direct quotation. Use no quotation marks with the indented quotation unless the quotation marks appear in the original passage.
 - a. If the **first line** of an indented direct quotation begins a paragraph in the original source cited, double indent the first line and indent all the following lines.
 - b. Be sure to document immediately at the end of each **long** quotation. Put the source citation immediately **after** the final period of any long direct quotation.
5. The amount of information in the parenthetical documentation will depend on the information given in the lead-in or tag.
6. Use a bracket to insert information needed for clarification into a direct quotation.

Example of using brackets to make the meaning clear:

U.S. Senator William Fulbright told the Senate, "We are handicapped by [foreign] policies based on old myths rather than current realities" (12).

7. Use an ellipsis to show the omission of material from a direct quotation. However, single words or short phrases pulled from a passage do not need ellipsis points.

Example of using ellipsis to show omission from a direct quotation:

The following is an original excerpt from a speech by Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce tribe to his people after he surrendered to General Nelson A. Miles, October 5, 1877:

"Hear me, my chiefs. I am tired. My heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."

Student's Quoted Passage with Omission

"Hear me, my chiefs. . . . My heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."

Methods of Integrating Direct Quotations

1. No lead-in or tag is necessary when directly quoting a word or short phrase that is integrated into your own sentence. Put the parenthetical documentation immediately **before** the final period of the sentence.

Example:

In many folk songs of Norway, the people sing of their “fond devotion” for the land that “looms storm-scarred o’er the ocean” (Bjorn 31).

2. A lead-in or tag is separated from the direct quotation with comma(s). The lead-in or tag may be placed in the beginning, middle, or end of the quotation.

Examples:

In a letter to her mother about *A Raisin in the Sun*, playwright Lorraine Hansberry wrote, “Mama, it is a play that tells the truth about people, Negroes, and life and I think it will help a lot of people to understand how we are just as complicated as they are—just as mixed up—but above all, that we have among our miserable and downtrodden ranks people who are the very essence of human dignity” (866).

“There is a widespread belief among the American public,” notes university professor Isador Gorn, “that one can acquire an education, like a suntan, by mere exposure” (43). His views are shared by many people who think that too much responsibility is placed on the teacher’s performance rather than the student’s.

3. Use a full sentence lead-in whenever appropriate before researched information and follow this lead-in with a colon.

Note: Long quotations almost always require a full sentence lead-in.

Example of a direct quotation that uses a full sentence lead-in:

Charles Dickens begins *A Tale of Two Cities* with a description of the year 1775: “It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, . . . ” (3).

Example of a long direct quotation that needs a full sentence lead-in and indentation:

In *Life on Earth* David Attenborough describes the three-toed sloth this way:

The three-toed sloth spends eighteen out of twenty-four hours soundly asleep. It pays such little attention to its personal hygiene that green algae grows on its coarse hair and communities of a parasitic moth live in the depths of its coat producing caterpillars which graze on its moldy hair. (248)

Note: Avoid overuse of lengthy quotations.

Internal Parenthetical Documentation

Basic Guidelines:

Your obligation is to provide a source and a page number in the parenthetical documentation. This can be accomplished in a variety of ways.

Book with a single author or editor:

If you have **not** mentioned the author's name in the lead-in or tag, include the last name and the page number in the parentheses.

Example:

One of the great all-time best sellers, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* sold over 300,000 copies in America and more than two million copies world-wide (Wilson 3).

Example:

Both England and France suffered through the Hundred Years' War as the conflict decimated the countries' finances (Hay 222).

- There is no punctuation between the author's or editor's name and the page number.
- If no page number is given, just use the the first item in the Works Cited entry for that source (Wilson).
- Your readers can identify this source by consulting your Works Cited list at the end of your paper.
- The Works Cited entry for the first example above would appear like this:

Wilson, Edmund. *Patriotic Gore: Studies in the Literature of the American Civil War*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1966.

Notice that the parenthetical internal documentation must begin with the first item in the Works Cited entry for that source.

Book with two or three authors/editors:

If you use a source written or edited by two or three people, use the last names of all the authors or the editors.

Example: (Barnard and McCormick 110).

Example: (Gies and Gies 39).

Example: (Barnard, McCormick, and Kirk 217).

Book with more than three authors/editors:

If you use a source written or edited by more than three people, use only the last name of the first person listed, followed by "and others."

Example: (Blair et al. 21).

Multiple books by the same author:

If you use more than one work by the same author/editor, also include the first key word of the title in the parentheses, using a comma to separate the author's last name from the book title.

Example: (Armstrong, *Race* 8).

Books by authors or editors with the same last name:

When your list contains works by authors/editors with the same last name, avoid confusion by adding the initial of the author's or editor's first name in the parentheses.

Example:

Historians have indicated that the large number of deaths caused by The Black Plague contributed to a negative shift in the people's relationship with the Roman Catholic Church (T. Daley 76).

Example:

The structure of the feudal pyramid saw significant change as the economic status of the serf class improved, helping to create a new middle class in the society (B. Daley 89).

Multiple sources within the parenthetical documentation:

If you need to include two or more works in a single parenthetical reference, document each reference according to the accepted format, but separate each citation with a semicolon.

Example: (Spears 23; Cyrus 79).

Source information in a tag or lead-in:

If you quote directly or if you want to stress the authority of the source you are paraphrasing, you may mention the name of the source in your lead-in or tag. Then include just the page number (or numbers) at the end of the quotation or paraphrase in parentheses.

Example: In *Patriotic Gore*, Edmund Wilson states that Mrs. Stowe felt "the book had been written by God" (5).

Source with no author/editor given:

If the author's or editor's name is not given, then in the parenthetical documentation use the first item of the Works Cited entry in the parentheses.

If the first item is a title, use a shortened version of the title. Be sure your shortened version includes at least the first key word of the Works Cited entry to send the reader to the proper alphabetized entry on your Works Cited page.

If the first item is in quotation marks on the Works Cited page, use quotation marks in the internal documentation. If the first item is italicized, use italics in the internal documentation.

The example below is a reference to a newspaper article entitled "The Ramifications of Baboon Use Expected to Become an Issue."

Example: The doctor observed that some people objected to the transplant on grounds that were emotional rather than rational ("Ramifications" A23).

The example below is a reference to an Internet article entitled "The Great Fire of London, 1666."

Example: The absence of rain left everything in flammable conditions. Less than three inches of rain fell between July and October ("Great Fire").

The example given below is a reference to an anonymous pamphlet entitled *How to Help a Friend with a Drinking Problem*.

Example: Most local communities offer a variety of services for those seeking help with a drinking problem (*How to Help* 2).

Government, Corporate, or Foundation Source:

Include the name of the corporation, government agency, or foundation in the parentheses, in addition to the page number, if given. If the author's name is a long one, shortened terms may be used.

Example:

(United Nations 53).

(Gates Foundation 62).

The example below is from an Internet site that includes historical documents. The source is indicated in the lead-in, so no parentheses are needed at the end since this Internet site did not include page numbers.

Example: According to the Internet site "Charters of Freedom," the First Amendment of the Constitution of the United States states, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

Note: In MLA style, do not italicize or enclose in quotation marks the titles of laws, acts, and similar documents in either the text or on the Works Cited page (Declaration of Independence, Constitution of the United States, Taft-Hartley Act).

Play or Poetry:

Plays and poems are typically cited by division and line numbers, not with page numbers. However, if the source does not include line numbers, page numbers should be used instead. Use Arabic numerals separated by periods. Do not use the abbreviations I. or II. with the line numbers because they could be confused with numerals.

Play Examples:

The three witches chant, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair,/Hover through the fog and filthy air" (*Macbeth* 1.1.12-13). *This identifies that the lines cited are in Act I, Scene 1, lines 12-13.*

OR

In Act I, Scene 1 of *Macbeth*, the three witches chant, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair,/Hover through the fog and filthy air" (12-13).

OR

Walter Younger tells his wife Ruth, "We one group of men tied to a race of women with small minds" (*Raisin* 818).

This identifies that the line comes from the play A Raisin in the Sun, but since the text does not include line numbers, the page number in the text is used. The title of the play is commonly abbreviated by using a key word or phrase.

Poem Examples:

The influence of the bird motif is evident when Keats says, "Singest of summer in full-throated ease" ("Nightingale" 10).

The parenthetical documentation uses a shortened version of the poem's title ("Ode to a Nightingale") and the line number found in the text.

OR

In "Ode to a Nightingale" Keats' line, "Singest of summer in full-throated ease" (line 10), shows the use of the bird motif.

The parenthetical documentation uses only the line number because the poem's title is included in the sentence.

According to the *MLA Handbook*, the end of a sentence is the preferred placement for the parenthetical documentation. However, since a parenthetical citation should always come near the quotation or paraphrase it documents, it may fall in the middle of a sentence, as seen in the preceding example.

Bible:

If you cite the Bible, cite full book name and then chapter and verse. You can use an abbreviated or full book name. The chapter and verse line numbers are separated by a period

Example: The Lord said to Abram, "And I will make you a great nation, and I will bless you, and make your name great, so that you will be a blessing" (*New Jerusalem Bible*, Genesis 12.2).

New Jerusalem Bible is the title of the source and should be included the first time you reference this source; the source title is not used on subsequent citations. Genesis is the name of the book. In the Works Cited list, the entire Bible version is listed as the source.

Sample Bible Works Cited Entry:

The New Jerusalem Bible. Henry Wansbrough, gen. ed. New York: Doubleday, 1985.
Print.

Broadcasts or Films:

If you are citing a television program, recording, movie, podcast, Youtube, or radio broadcast, place the title of the work in parentheses if it is not mentioned in the text.

Example: In the *Sixty Minutes* segment "Epilepsy: A Fight for the Cure," Presidential Advisor David Axelrod discussed the devastating effects epilepsy has had on his daughter.

The program, Sixty Minutes, is clearly identified in the text, as well as the specific segment.

OR

Example: Presidential Advisor David Axelrod discussed the devastating effects epilepsy has had on his daughter ("Epilepsy").

The segment is identified in the parentheses with a shortened title enclosed in quotation marks.

Personal Interview or Classroom Lecture:

If you are citing a personal interview or a classroom lecture, you must include the source's name within the text, identifying or giving the credentials of the source as appropriate. There is no parenthetical documentation.

Example: According to *Inkspot* Adviser Susan Harrington, when it comes to typography, Journalism/Newspaper students should avoid the fonts named after cities, which are referred to in the industry as "bastard" fonts, for "their origins are unknown."

The source, Susan Harrington, is clearly identified in the text, and her credentials are given: she is the *Inkspot* adviser.

Citing Indirect Sources:

If your source quotes or paraphrases from another source not available to you, then use the following examples:

Works Cited Entry:

Latham, Albert. *The Life and Times of Famous People in American Culture*. New York: Scribner, 1992.

Example of a Direct Quote Taken From a Secondary Source:

George Cukor once told Scott Fitzgerald, "I've only known two people who eat faster than you and I, and they are both dead now" (qtd. in Latham 39).

The example comes from a book whose author is Albert Latham. Latham was directly quoting a remark made by George Cukor and the writer was quoting Latham. The Works Cited page entry will be for Latham, not Cukor.

Works Cited Entry:

Knapp, Mark and Gerald Miller, eds. *Handbook of Interpersonal Communication*. New York: Sage Publications, 1994.

Example of a Paraphrase Taken From Preceding Source:

Edward Hall indicates there are four proxemic zones in personal space (in Knapp and Miller 21).

The example comes from a book whose editors are Mark Knapp and Gerald Miller. Knapp and Miller are paraphrasing research results from Edward Hall. The Works Cited page entry will be for Knapp and Miller, not Hall.

Guideline for Continuing Source (with no intervening source):

If within the same paragraph you continue to cite from the same source with no intervening sources, you may give only the new page number(s) in the parentheses.

Example:

If the weather was bad, then the hurling machines could not be used (LePage 131). If the defender did not surrender at that time, then an assault had to be made. This could happen by either assaulting the top of the castle wall or making a breach (135).

Works Cited Entry:

LePage, Jean-Dennis. *Medieval Armies and Weapons in Western Europe*. Jefferson, NC: McFarland and Company, Inc., 2005.

Preparation of Works Cited Page

1. Include a separate page listing the Works Cited, capitalizing and centering both words at the top with a one-inch top margin. The page should be numbered in the upper right-hand corner as the last page in your document.
2. Your readers can identify the sources you have used by consulting the Works Cited page at the end of your paper. **ONLY SOURCES CITED IN PARENTHETICAL DOCUMENTATION IN YOUR PAPER MAY APPEAR ON THIS LIST.**
3. Alphabetize your list by the first word of the Works Cited entry, ignoring the words "A," "An," and "The," which are never used in alphabetizing. The first word will typically be the author/editor's last name or the first word in the title if there is no author or editor given.
4. Capitalize the first word and all major words in all titles, even if the original source does not do so.
5. Any source information that was underlined on preliminary work such as source cards should now be italicized.
6. Use double-spacing throughout the page. In Microsoft Word, the command *Control + 2* will automatically format in double spacing.
7. Use hanging indentation. Hanging indentation means every line other than the first line of each entry is indented five spaces from the left margin. In Microsoft Word, the command *Control + T* will automatically format the hanging indentation.

Preparation of Works Cited Entries

1. In general, when using a book, look for the following information on the title page and then follow the sample entries for correct order and punctuation:
 - author's name.
 - "title of the chapter or essay cited."
 - *title of book.*
 - editor's or translator's name.
 - edition used, if other than the first.
 - volume number used, if one of two or more, in Arabic numerals.
 - city of publication:
 - (Include the state or country if the city is not well-known. Use standard two-letter abbreviations for states. If multiple cities are listed, choose the closest one.)*
 - name of publisher,*
 - most recent copyright date. (not printing date)*

****If this piece of information is not available, you must use the appropriate abbreviation.***

2. In general, when using the print version of magazines, journals, or newspapers, look for the following information and then follow the sample entries for correct order and punctuation:
 - author's name.
 - "title of the article."
 - *name of the magazine, journal, or newspaper* (The 7th edition of the *MLA Handbook* eliminates the period after the periodical title. Space once and continue to the next piece of information.)(For a local newspaper, give the city and state in brackets after the title if the city name is not given in the title of the newspaper.)

Example: *The Pantagraph* [Bloomington, IL]

- the complete date, written in international date format * (Do not abbreviate May, June, and July.)

Example: 25 March 2008 OR 10 Feb. 2010

- for magazines the date is immediately followed by a colon:
 - for newspapers the format varies

The section and the page number(s) of the paper determine the format.

Newspapers generally use one of two systems for numbering sections and pages. For example, "sec. 3:1" would be used in an entry where the section designation is not part of the actual page number. In contrast, "A3" would be used in an entry where the section and page number appear together on each page of the newspaper.

Example: 25 March 2008, sec. 3:1. OR 25 March 2008: A3.

- inclusive page numbers of the article.* (Follow this with indication of source type—Print.)

****If this piece of information is not available, you must use the appropriate abbreviation.***

3. In general, when using an article or book from a database or the web, look for the following information and then follow the sample entries for correct order and punctuation:

Order of information: Article

- Author, if given.
- "Title of article."
- *Original source* (This could be a magazine or newspaper)
- Date of original source:
- Page numbers or n. pag.
- *Name of database.*
- Indication of source type—Web.
- Date you accessed this information.
- <Web address>. (if required by teacher)

Sample entry for an article from a journal or a magazine found on a database:

Voltz, Edward J. "You Can't Play That: Title IX and Women's Athletics." *Sports*

Illustrated 16 July 2006: 16-18. *SIRS Researcher*. Web. 13 Jan. 2007.

<<http://sks.sirs.com>>.

Order of information: Book

- Author, if given.
- "Title of article."
- *Original source.* (book title)
- Editor(s), if given.
- City of publication: publisher, copyright date.
- *Name of database.*
- Indication of source type—Web.
- Date you accessed this information.
- <Web address>. (if required by teacher)

Sample entry for a chapter of a book found on a database:

Murray, Joseph. "Animal Experimentation Benefits AIDS Research." *At Issue: Animal Experimentation*. Ed. David M. Haugen. San Diego: Greenhaven Press, 2000. *Opposing Viewpoints Research Center*. Gale. Web. 18 Nov. 2008. <<http://find.galegroup.com>>.

4. In general, when using an Internet source, look for the following information and then follow the sample entry for correct order and punctuation:

- Author, if given.
- "Title of article."
- Name of Internet site.
- Date of Internet site or newest copyright year.

To find date of website, copy and paste the following script in the address bar and press *Enter*.
Javascript:alert (document.lastModified)]

Note: The abbreviation for no date is N.d. *The initial letter of the abbreviation for no date will be capitalized if it follows a period or lowercase if it follows a comma.*

- Indication of source type—Web.
- Date you accessed this information.
- <Web address>. (if required by teacher)

Sample entry for an Internet source:

Walters, Edward. "Shakespeare's Life and Times." *Mr. William Shakespeare on the Internet*. 9 Oct. 2007. Web. 27 Oct. 2008. <<http://shakespeare.palomar.edu/life.htm>>.

Sample entry for an Internet source with no author:

"Martin Luther King - Biography." *Nobelprize.org*. The Nobel Foundation 1964, 2013. Web. 13 May 2013.
<http://www.nobelprize.org/nobel_prizes/peace/laureates/1964/king.html>.

Abbreviations

The following abbreviations should be used when appropriate:

- | | |
|--|---------------------|
| • ed.—edition, editor | • def.—definition |
| • eds.—editors | • n.d.—no date |
| • trans.—translator | • sec.—section |
| • dir.—directed by, director | • n.sec.—no section |
| • l.—line or ll.—lines | • qtd.—quoted |
| • n. pag.—no page(s) given | • rev.—review of |
| • n.p.—no place of publication or no publisher | • rpt.—reprint |

(Reminder: The initial letter of the abbreviation will be capitalized if following a period or lowercase if following a comma.)

Sample Entries for Works Cited

Books

The following models will help you write Works Cited entries for most but not all of the sources you will use. If you use a type of source not treated in these samples, consult your teacher. *Remember, you must alphabetize your list and use hanging indentation.*

Book by one author:

Abernathy, Charles F. *Civil Rights and Constitutional Litigation: Cases and Materials*.
St. Paul: West Publishing Co., 2006.

Two or more books by the same author:

Gould, Stephen Jay. *The Mismeasure of Man*. New York: Norton, 1996.
Gould, Stephen Jay. *The Panda's Thumb: More Reflections in Natural History*. New
York: Norton, 1992.

Book with two or three authors: (Notice that only the first author's name is in inverted order.)

Cook, Mark and Robert McHenry. *Sexual Attraction*. New York: Pergamon, 1978.
Brusaw, Charles, Gerald J. Alfred and Walter E. Oliu. *The Business Writer's
Handbook*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1976.

When two or three authors are given, these must be cited in the order that they appear on the book itself, not necessarily alphabetically.

Book by more than three authors:

Sheridan, Marion C., et al. *The Motion Picture and the Teaching of English*. New York:
Appleton, 1965.

When more than three authors are given, use the name of the first author who appears on the book itself and et al. ("and others").

Book by an anonymous author:

Beowulf: A New Verse Translation. Trans. Seamus Heaney. New York: Farrar, Straus,
and Giroux, 2000.

Book with only an editor:

Zaranka, William, ed. *The Brand-X Anthology of Poetry*. Cambridge, MA: Apple-
Wood, 1981.

Book with two or more editors:

Johnson, Beulah and Homer Simpson, eds. *Cartoons in American History*. Boston: Pullor Press, 2003.

Doright, Dudley, et al., eds. *The Canadian Mounties: A Visual History*. Toronto: Viking Press, 1996.

When two editors are given, these must be cited in the order that they appear on the book itself, not necessarily alphabetically. When more than three editors are given, use the name of the first editor who appears on the book itself and et al. ("and others").

Book with an editor/translator and an author:

Shakespeare, William. *Shakespeare: Major Plays and the Sonnets*. Ed. G. B. Harrison. New York: Harcourt, 1948.

Hugo, Victor. *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Trans. Lowell Bair. New York: Bantam Books, 1984.

Work in a collection or anthology, a chapter from a book, or specialized encyclopedia:

Hansberry, Lorraine. "Primary Source: A Letter from the Playwright." *Elements of Literature: Literature of the United States*. Fifth Course. Chicago: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 1993.

Devine, Elizabeth and Nancy L. Braganti. "Jordan." *The Travelers' Guide to Middle Eastern and North African Customs and Manners*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1991.

Work in a collection or anthology, a chapter from a book, or specialized encyclopedia, continued:

Cantor, Norman F., ed. "Food and Drink." *The Encyclopedia of the Middle Ages*. New York: Viking, 1989.

Collins, Louis Mooney and Frank V. Castronova, eds. "Phil Jackson." *Newsmakers: The People Behind Today's Headlines*. Issue 3. Detroit: Gale, 1996.

Work reprinted in a collection or anthology:

Williams, Tennessee. *The Glass Menagerie*. Rpt. in *Elements of Literature: Literature of the United States*. Fifth Course. Chicago: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 1993.

Sage, George H. "Sport in American Society: Its Pervasiveness and Its Study." *Sport and American Society*. 1980. Rpt. in *Physical Activity and the Social Sciences*. Ed. W. Neil Widmeyer. 5th ed. Ithaca, NY: Movement, 1983.

In the first example above, notice that the original source is *The Glass Menagerie* by Tennessee Williams, and the play has been reprinted in *Elements of Literature*.

In the second example, the original source is entitled "Sport in American Society: Its Pervasiveness and Its Study," written by George H. Sage, in the book *Sports and American Society*. The essay has been reprinted by Editor W. Neil Widmeyer in the book *Physical Activity and the Social Sciences*.

Article in Opposing Viewpoints, Current Controversies, Taking Sides, Pro/Con, At Issue, Ideas in Conflict and other similar collections:

Endres, Michael. "The Death Penalty is Immoral." *The Morality of Capital Punishment*.
8 Feb. 1995. Rpt. in *Opposing Viewpoints: The Death Penalty*. Eds. David
Bender and Bruno Leone. San Diego: Greenhaven Press, Inc., 1996.

Multivolume work:

Asimov, Isaac. *The Intelligent Man's Guide to Science*. Vol. 2. New York: Basic, 1960.

Edition other than the first:

MLA Handbook for Writers of Research Papers. 7th ed. New York: The Modern
Language Association of America, 2009.

Book with a title within its title:

Basinger, Jeanine. *The A Farewell to Arms Book of Natural Criticism*. New York:
Alfred Knopf, 1991.

Notice that when a source needs to appear in italics but it is already within an italicized title, common practice removes the italics from the internal title.

Sample Entries for Works Cited

Literary Criticism Special Citations

For *Novels for Students*, *World Literature Criticism*, *Drama Criticism*, *Short Story Criticism*, *Contemporary Literary Criticism*, and *Twentieth Century Literary Criticism*:

These sources will be cited in three different ways:

1. If you cite material from **the general section** (material before criticism section), you will use the form for a multi-volume work. In some works, articles are arranged by book title while in others by author name.

Galens, David, ed. "*Shoeless Joe*." *Novels for Students*. Vol. 15. Detroit: The Gale Group, 2002.

Simons, Steve, ed. "Aldous Huxley." *Contemporary Literary Criticism*. Vol. 18. Detroit: Gale Research Inc., 2001.

2. If you cite material from **the criticism section** of the volume, cite this material as an article reprinted in a book of collected essays. First, list the required information on the article typically found at the end of the article itself and then cite the criticism book in which the information was reprinted.

Randall, Neil. "*Shoeless Joe*: Fantasy and the Humor of Fellow-Feeling." *Modern Fiction Studies Special Issue: Modern Sports Fiction* Spring 1987. Rpt. in *Novels for Students*. Vol. 15. Ed. David Galens. Detroit: The Gale Group, 2002.

Jaquines, Peter. "Symbolism in *Brave New World*." *English Quarterly* 6 March 2003. Rpt. in *Contemporary Literary Criticism*. Vol. 18. Ed. Steve Simons. Detroit: Gale Research Inc., 2001.

3. If you cite material from **the criticism section** of a volume that is **not a reprint** from an earlier work (no full citation given for the article), cite this material as a book with an author and an editor with a chapter title. For the title of the article, use the chapter label "Criticism" followed by the novel title in italics.

Markley, Arnold. "Criticism: *A Farewell to Arms*." *Novels for Students*. Vol. 1. Ed. Diane Telgen. Detroit: Gale Research, Inc., 1997.

For *Beacham's Encyclopedia of Popular Fiction* – Multi-volume work with editors and signed articles:

Schafer, Elizabeth. "*Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*." *Beacham's Encyclopedia of Popular Fiction*. Vol. 13. Eds. Katy Balcer and others. Osprey, FL: Beacham Publishing Co., 2001.

Sample Entries for Works Cited

Other Print Sources

An Introduction, a Preface, a Foreword, or an Afterword:

Bruccoli, Matthew J. Preface. *The Great Gatsby*. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Scribner, 1992.

Substitute the word "Introduction," "Foreword," "Afterword" as appropriate. If the section has its own title, place that title in quotation marks before the name of the part.

Newspaper article with author given:

Garvey, Georgia. "Students Paid Witnesses, Filing Says: Professor Denies 2 Men Received Money in Effort to Prove Conviction Was Unjust." *Chicago Tribune* 11 Nov. 2009, sec. 1: 9+. Print.

The first word and all major words in a newspaper article title must be capitalized.

The plus sign is used to indicate the article starts on page 9 and then skips pages as it continues.

Fritze, John. "Candidates Pour More of Own Cash into Contests: Competitive Races Help Raise Self-funding 28%." *USA Today* 10 Nov. 2009: 1A. Print.

Erickson, Kurt. "Cash Woes Hurt State: Fines, Interest May Cost \$60M." *The Pantagraph* [Bloomington-Normal, IL] 12 Nov. 2009: A1. Print.

If the city of publication is not given in the name of a local newspaper, give the city and state in brackets after the newspaper's name.

There is a difference between sec. 1: 9+ in the Garvey example and 1A in the Fritze example. Both refer to section and page, but in the Garvey example, the section designation is not part of the actual page number, whereas in the Fritze example, the page appears as 1A in the newspaper itself.

Newspaper article no author given:

"Minister Found Guilty of Soliciting Murder." *New York Times* 2 Aug. 1994: A12. Print.

Letter to the editor:

Kessler, Ralph. Letter. *New York Times* 15 Dec. 1995: 26. Print.

Editorial:

"From Good News to Bad." Editorial. *Washington Post* 16 July 1984: 10. Print.

Article from a monthly magazine:

Thompkins, Toby. "The Obama Effect: Ghana Reacts to the President's First Visit." *Ebony* Oct. 2009: 76+. Print.

Article from a weekly magazine:

Quindlen, Anna. "Hope Springs Eternal: Assessing a Young Presidency." *Newsweek*
2 Nov. 2009: 32-35. Print.

Article from a magazine with no author given:

"Pet Day Care Centers." *Cat Fancy* 13 March 1996: 156-60. Print.

(Reminder: The 7th edition of the MLA Handbook eliminates the period after magazine, journal and newspaper titles. This formatting will also be used for these titles when they are published in an electronic source.)

Sample Entries for Works Cited

Electronic Sources

*URL requirement is based on teacher discretion

Database article:

Voltz, Edward J. "You Can't Play That: Title IX and Women's Athletics." *Sports Illustrated* 16 July 2006: 16-18. *SIRS Researcher*. Web. 13 Jan. 2007.
<<http://sks.sirs.com>>.

Database book:

Murray, Joseph. "Animal Experimentation Benefits AIDS Research." *At Issue: Animal Experimentation*. Ed. David M. Haugen. San Diego: Greenhaven Press, 2000. *Opposing Viewpoints Research Center*. Web. 18 Nov. 2008.
<<http://find.galegroup.com>>.

Facts On File:

"Update: U.S.-U.N. Relations." *Issues and Controversies*. 12 Dec. 2003: n. pag. *Facts On File*. Web. 9 Jan. 2006. <<http://www.2facts.com>>.
"China: Teacher Sentenced for School Quake Photos." *Facts On File: World News Digest*. 7 Aug. 2008: n.pag. *Facts On File*. Web. 19 Nov. 2009.
<www.2facts.com>.

EBSCOhost—NoveList & Literary Reference Center:

Rosenbaum, Emily. "Book Discussion Guide." *The Great Gatsby*. May 2002: n. pag. *NoveList Plus*. Web. 19 Nov. 2009. <<http://web.ebscohost.com>>.
McLane, Maureen. "This Ecstatic Nation: Learning from Emily Dickinson after 9/11." *Boston Review*. 2008: 45-46. *Literary Reference Center*. Web. 7 Apr. 2010.
<<http://web.ebscohost.com>>.

Gale Databases:

Murray, Joseph. "Animal Experimentation Benefits AIDS Research." *At Issue: Animal Experimentation*. Ed. David M. Haugen. San Diego: Greenhaven Press, 2000. *Opposing Viewpoints Research Center*. Web. 18 Nov. 2008.
<<http://find.galegroup.com>>.
Hoskings, Sally G. "Lessons in Life." *Newsweek* 16 June 2008: 16. *Opposing Viewpoints Resource Center*. Web. 18 Nov. 2008. <<http://find.galegroup.com>>.

"Themes and Construction: *Of Mice and Men*." *Exploring Novels*. Detroit: Gale, 2003.

Student Resource Center - Gold. Web. 19 Nov. 2009.

<<http://find.galegroup.com>>.

Vanderwerken, David L. "Pilgrim's Dilemma: *Slaughterhouse-Five*." *Research Studies*

Sept. 1974: 147-52. *Literature Resource Center*. Web. 5 Oct 2005.

<<http://go.galegroup.com>>.

Literary analysis essay originally published in a book, reprinted in a Literary Criticism, and then made available online by Gale Virtual Reference Library.

Swardson, H.R. "Herrick and the Ceremony of Mirth." *Poetry and the Fountain of Light: Observations on the Conflict between Christian and Classical Traditions*

In Seventeenth-Century Poetry. 1962. Rpt. in *Poetry Criticism*. Vol. 9. Ed.

Drew Kalasky. Detroit: Gale, 1994. *Gale Virtual Reference Library*. Web.

18 February 2012.

Online encyclopedia:

Garrow, David J. "King, Martin Luther, Jr." *World Book Student*. World Book, 2009.

Web. 19 Nov. 2009. <<http://www.worldbookonline.com/student>>.

Internet source with an author:

Walters, Edward. "Shakespeare's Life and Times." *Mr. William Shakespeare on the*

Internet. n.p. 9 Oct. 2007. Web. 27 Oct. 2008.

<<http://shakespeare.palomar.edu/life.htm>>.

Internet source with no author:

"Italy." CultureGrams World Edition 2010. n.p. Web. 19 Nov. 2009.

<<http://online.culturegrams.com>>.

Online news sources:

"Climate Change Threatens Life in Shishmaref, Alaska." *CNN.com*. Cable News

Network, 3 Dec. 2009. Web. 4 Jan. 2010. <<http://cnn.com>>.

"The Job Summit." Editorial. *NewYorkTimes.com*. New York Times, 2 Dec. 2009. Web.

10 Feb. 2010. <<http://nytimes.com>>.

(Reminder: The web address for the online source has been included in the Works Cited entry to clearly indicate the location of the source. Your teacher will tell you if he/she does not need this information.)

Sample Entries for Works Cited

Nonprint Sources

Personal or telephone interview:

Deau, Jeanne. Personal interview. 12 March 2007.

Vidal, Gore. Telephone interview. 2 June 2010.

Lecture:

Albee, Edward. "A Dream or a Nightmare?" Illinois State University, Normal, IL. 18 March 2009. Fine Arts Lecture.

Parker, N. Kay. "The Romantic Poets." Normal Community West High School, Normal, IL. 8 Feb. 2009. Class Notes.

Film:

Wuthering Heights. Dir. William Wyler. Perf. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 1939. Film.

Radio and television program:

The Little Sister with Tracy Pollan and John Savage. American Playhouse. PBS. WGBH, Boston. 7 April 1996. Television.

For a series, also supply the title of the specific episode or segment (in quotation marks) before the title of the program and the title of the series.

"Race Relations in Matteson, Illinois" with Stone Phillips. *Dateline*. NBC. 27 June 1997. Television.

Illustrated Material (maps, charts, graphs, photographs):

When using a map, chart, graph, photograph, or other illustrated material, the identification of the source of the illustrated material is given directly below the illustration in a caption. This source information generally follows the format that corresponds to the source in which the illustrated material was found. For example, if the illustration appears in a book, the citation under the material would follow the Works Cited format for a book. The only addition to this entry would be an indication of the illustration's format, like *map*, *chart*, *comic strip*, which is placed immediately after the title of the illustration.

Examples:



“Great Britain.” Map. *Google Maps*. Google, 30 October 2009. Web.



“God and Football: NFL Chaplains Offer Spiritual Advice.” Photograph. Micah Kelber. “Did God Cause That Fumble? The NFL’s Spiritual Advisers.” *Time* 17 July 2008. Web. 30 Oct. 2009.

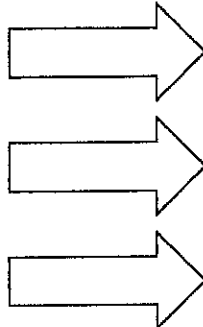
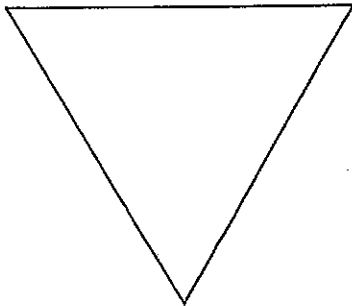
Basic Essay Structure The Magic Number!!!

Clear writing is a result of clear thinking, and that is why everyone needs to master essay structure. Everyone needs to write for real people in real situations, and thus we are all constantly judged by our writing. Writing changes to fit the writer's purpose and the audience, so a large part of the writer's job is to analyze these two elements. However, regardless of the purpose or the audience, all writing must follow a clear and logical structure.

All writing naturally follows three significant stages: **PREWRITING, WRITING, AND REVISING**. All writers constantly shift back and forth among these three stages, and they do not have to follow this sequence at all times. Writing is not a linear process.

Remember also that a properly structured essay must contain **THREE SECTIONS: the Introduction, the Body, and the Conclusion**, but these sections will vary in length. Regardless of the length, the purpose, or the audience, each section must accomplish **THREE** distinct goals.

Introduction

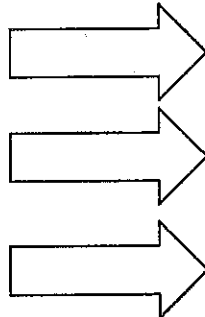
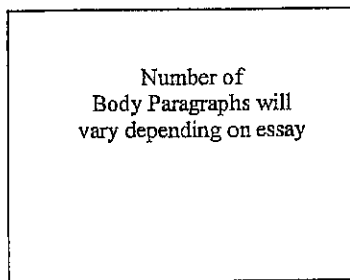


Attract the reader's attention with a strong **OPENING GENERALIZATION**

Provide any necessary background to **narrow clearly into a thesis**

End with a clear **THESIS STATEMENT** that expresses an idea that takes a stand

Body

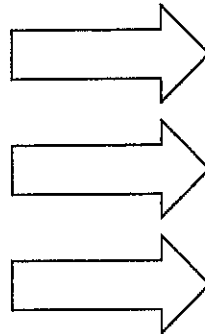
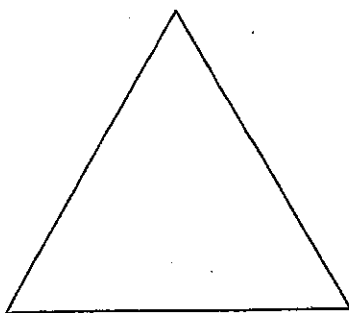


A clear **TOPIC SENTENCE** directly related to the thesis statement

Strong, specific **SUPPORTING DETAILS** in the form of facts, reasons, incidents, examples, or sensory details

A **CLOSING SENTENCE** to wrap up the paragraph

Conclusion



Open with a **RESTATED THESIS**

Broaden main points

End with a **CLOSING GENERALIZATION** to bring the essay to an impressive conclusion

Essay Checklist

Standard: ELA, grades 9-12: The student demonstrates competence in a variety of genres.

Performance Indicators

Not Yet-0

Yes-1

Introduction

Does my writing **Engage the Reader**?

1. Is my **Purpose** in writing clear?

2. Do I use one of the following strategies to **Develop Reader Interest**? (Check the strategy used and *write your example in this box.*)

- Startling fact
- Scenario
- Dazzling description
- Anecdote
- Quote

Do I provide the reader with **Sufficient Context**?

Does my introduction establish a **Clear Focus**?

--Have I clearly developed my **Thesis Statement**?

Write it:

Body Paragraph 1

Does my paragraph begin with a **Transitional Word, Phrase, or Sentence**?

Write it:

Does my **Topic Sentence** **Support the Focus/Link to the Thesis Statement**, and serve as the **Main Idea** of this body paragraph?

Do I provide **Sufficient Support**?

1. Do I use **Well-Articulated Evidence**? (Check the strategy you used, and *write your example in this box.*)

- Logical Arguments
- Fact
- Statistics
- Quotation
- Expert Opinions
- Personal Observations
- Striking images
- Extended Definitions

2. Are all of my supporting details **Relevant** to my argument?

--Do I exclude irrelevant facts, statistics, and arguments?

Do I anticipate **Readers' Concerns, Values, and possible Biases** and/or **Counterarguments**?

How?

Does my paragraph end with a **Clincher Sentence** that supports the body paragraph?

Body Paragraph 2

Does my paragraph begin with a **Transitional Word, Phrase, or Sentence**?

Write it:

Does my **Topic Sentence** **Support the Focus/Link to the Thesis Statement** and **Previous Body Paragraph** and serve as the **Main Idea** of this body paragraph?

Do I provide **Sufficient Support**?

1. Do I use **Well-Articulated Evidence**? (Check the strategy used and *write your example in the box.*)

- Logical Arguments
- Fact
- Statistics
- Quotation
- Expert Opinions
- Personal Observations
- Striking images
- Extended Definitions

2. Are all of my supporting details **Relevant** to my argument?

--Do I exclude irrelevant facts, statistics, and arguments?

Do I anticipate **Readers' Concerns, Values, and possible Biases** and/or **Counterarguments**?

How?

Does my paragraph end with a **Clincher Sentence** that supports the body paragraph?

Body Paragraph 3		
Does my paragraph begin with a Transitional Word, Phrase, or Sentence ? <i>Write it:</i>		
Does my Topic Sentence Support the Focus/Link to the Thesis Statement and Previous Body Paragraph(s) and serve as the Main Idea of this body paragraph?		
Do I provide Sufficient Support ?		
1. Do I use Well-Articulated Evidence ? (Check the strategy used and <i>write your example in the box.</i>) --Logical Arguments --Fact --Statistics --Quotation --Expert Opinions --Personal Observations --Striking images --Extended Definitions		
2. Are all of my supporting details Relevant to my argument? --Do I exclude irrelevant facts, statistics, and arguments?		
Do I anticipate Readers' Concerns, Values, and possible Biases and/or Counterarguments ? <i>How?</i>		
Does my paragraph end with a Clincher Sentence that supports the body paragraph?		
Conclusion		
Does my paragraph begin with a Transitional Word, Phrase, or Sentence ? <i>Write it:</i>		
Does my writing provide a Sense of Closure ?		
1. Do I Summarize my Arguments ?		
2. Do I Maintain my Focus ?		
3. Do I Refer to my Thesis ?		
4. Do I Close with one of the following? (Check the strategy used and <i>write your example in this box.</i>) --Call to action/recommendation --Memorable image --Brief story --Question --Prediction --Phrase/quote		
Miscellaneous		
Have I incorporated Direct Quotations ?		
1. Have I Integrated (lead-in and lead-out/follow-up) Quotations ?		
2. Have a correctly Punctuated the quotations? (quotation marks, commas, end marks)		
3. Have I Cited the quotations correctly?		
Have I created an effective/logical Organizational Pattern ?		
Is my Vocabulary clear and appropriate?		
Do I vary my Sentence Structures ?		
--Simple, Compound, Complex, Compound-Complex, Phrases and Clauses		
Do I follow the Grade-Level Grammar Rules found in my workbook?		
		Total Points
Signature of Writer:		
Signature of Conference Partner:		