THEMATIC READING ANTHOLOGY (ERROR-INCOMPLETE-LUMEN)

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Book: Thematic Reading Anthology (Error-Incomplete-Lumen)

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2.1: About This Course
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The following list shows a summary of the topics covered in this course. To see all of the course pages, visit the Table of Contents.

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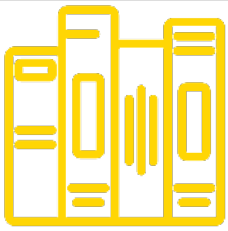
3.1: Faculty Resources Overview



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Free and Open Supplemental Materials

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Project Gutenberg	**"Project Gutenberg** offers over 49,000 free ebooks: choose among free epub books, free kindle books, download them or read them online."	literature	Public Domain
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OpenSource	"The open source way is about applying the principles of open source software development beyond software. Beyond technology. Opensource.com is about sharing how the open source way can change our world in the same way the open source model has changed software."	blogs and personal narratives around the open source software community	CC—various (Primarily CC-BY SA)
National Park Service	"Stories of America's diverse places and people are everywhere. Our stories are found across the landscapes of our nation, in more than 400 national parks, in National Heritage Areas, along historic trails and waterways, and in every neighborhood."	essays and profiles of U.S. people and places	Public Domain
Lit2Go	"Lit2Go is a free online collection of stories and poems in Mp3 (audiobook) format. An abstract, citation, playing time, and word count are given for each of the passages. Many of the passages also have a related reading strategy identified. Each reading passage can also be downloaded as a PDF and printed for use as a read-along or as supplemental reading material for your classroom."	fiction, poetry, & essays	Copyrighted, but permission granted to use up to 25 MP3 and/or text files in a single project. Non-commercial use only.
US Dept. of Health & Human Services	"It is the mission of the U.S. Department of Health & Human Services (HHS) to enhance and protect the health and well-being of all Americans. We fulfill that mission by providing for effective health and human services and	blogs and personal essays related to health	Public Domain (primarily)

	fostering advances in medicine, public health, and social services."		
Centers for Disease Control	"CDC increases the health security of our nation. As the nation's health protection agency, CDC saves lives and protects people from health threats. To accomplish our mission, CDC conducts critical science and provides health information that protects our nation against expensive and dangerous health threats, and responds when these arise."	blogs, technical reports, and personal essays related to health	Public Domain (primarily)
Elsevier Journals	"Elsevier enables subscribers and the general public to have free access to archived material in 98 Elsevier journals."	academic journals, related to math & science	Journals on this list contain at least some CC-BY NC ND articles. Each journal has a separate way of searching through content to determine licensing
Writing Spaces	"Writing Spaces is an open textbook project for college-level writing studies courses. Each volume in the *Writing Spaces: Readings on Writing* series contains peer-reviewed collections of essays about writing—all composed by teachers for students—with each book available for download for free under a Creative Commons license."	long-form essays about academic writing	CC-BY NC SA or CC-BY NC ND. Each essay is separately licensed.
without bulls***	"On my blog and in my upcoming book […] I will analyze why people lie, obfuscate, and ramble on instead of coming to the point. I will show how powerful, bold, direct writing saves us all time and wins every time."	blog entries on current events and writing strategies	CC-BY NC
PLoS	"PLoS is a nonprofit publisher and advocate of Open Access research."	academic research, primarily biology & other natural sciences, including medicine	CC-BY
Awesomeography	"The goal of Awesomeography is to show everyone who is interested a path to doing Awesome things. We imagine people, sitting in their Awesome homes surrounded by Awesome things, thinking, 'I would like to make something Awesome, but I don't know where to start!' Awesomeography shows you where to start, and helps you past those little obstacles that might keep you from moving forward on your path to Awesome."	blog with entries on writing and other assorted ideas	CC-BY
The Conversation	"The Conversation US launched as a pilot project in October 2014. It is an independent source of news and views from the academic and research community, delivered direct to the public."	journalism arranged by topic	varies by page; most CC-BY NC ND
Futurity	"Futurity features the latest discoveries by scientists at top research universities in the US, UK, Canada, Europe, Asia, and Australia. The nonprofit site, which launched in 2009, is supported solely by its university partners…in an	short-form academic articles and online journalism	varies by page; most CC-BY

	effort to share research news directly with the public."		
Mind Hacks	"Neuroscience and psychology news and views."	blog entries	CC-BY NC SA
Paralegal Alliance	"We are professionals supporting the advancement of the paralegal profession. We focus on tools and resources to help paralegals learn, advance, and win. Are you considering the paralegal profession? Have you been a paralegal for your entire career and considering a change? Perhaps you are thinking about starting your own freelance business? We can meet you at any stage in your progression."	articles related to the paralegal profession	CC-BY ND
Queen City Writers	A Journal of Undergraduate Writing and Composition, "*QCW* is a refereed journal that publishes essays and multimedia work by undergraduate students affiliated with any post-secondary institution. We also publish reviews, snapshots of writers, and comments"	student academic writing related to composition and rhetoric	CC-BY NC
The Southwest Respiratory and Critical Care Chronicles	"This Journal will publish editorials, original articles, review articles, case reports, and images related to respiratory and critical care medicine. The Journal will also publish articles about public policy and medicine."	academic journal related to public health	CC-BY
Literacy and Numeracy Studies	"an international refereed journal which promotes research, scholarship and critical analysis of policy and practice concerning the many and complex ways that adult literacy and numeracy are implicated in the lives of young people and adults. Adult literacy and numeracy practices are locally situated, influenced by the cultures and contexts of use. This journal not only explores the multiple understandings of adult literacy and numeracy in policy and practice but also what people do with their skills, and how they use them with different texts and modalities and in differing contexts."	academic journal related to literacy and numeracy	CC-BY
Cultural Studies Review	"a peer-reviewed journal devoted to the publication and circulation of quality thinking in cultural studies—in particular work that draws out new kinds of politics, as they emerge in diverse sites. We are interested in writing that shapes new relationships between social groups, cultural practices and forms of knowledge and which provides some account of the questions motivating its production. We welcome work from any discipline that meets these aims. Aware that new thinking in cultural studies may produce a new poetics we have a dedicated new writing section to encourage the publication of works of critical innovation, political intervention and creative textuality."	academic journal related to cultural studies	CC-BY
Assorted Journals	This collection of Open Access Journals offers an	academic journals	CC-BY

from UTS Press (University of Technology Sidney)	international perspective and critical lens into a variety of subject areas. Includes *Literacy and Numeracy Studies* and *Cultural Review Studies*, above.		
Pan Am Post	"News and analysis in the Americas"	news & analysis related to North & South America. Includes English- and Spanish-language content.	CC-BY ND
Green Tea and Velociraptors	"Green Tea and Velociraptors has absolutely nothing to do with it's name. Written by Jon, posts usually involve the discussion of the latest stuff that is awesome in Palaeontology, and not just about new dinosaurs. Broader issues such as science communication and open access are also discussed in this forum, and rampant commenting is strongly encouraged."	Blog posts written in an entertaining, engaging style about scientific topics	CC-BY

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TextBOX	"an anthology of exemplary fiction, essays and poetry published in The Missouri Review since 1978." Includes writing prompts, discussion questions, author interviews, and critical introductions to each piece.	Fiction, Essay, & Poetry	Copyrighted–link to content
Narrative	"A 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization founded in 2003, *Narrative* is dedicated to advancing literary arts in the digital age by supporting the finest writing talent and encouraging readership across generations, in schools, and around the globe. Our online library of new literature by celebrated authors and by the best new and emerging writers is available for free." **Requires users to create a free account** to access material.	Fiction, Poetry, Essay, & Visual Arts	Copyrighted–link to content
The New Yorker	"*The New Yorker* is a weekly magazine offering a signature mix of reporting and commentary on politics, international affairs, popular culture and the arts, science and technology, and business, along with fiction, poetry, humor, and cartoons."	Nonfiction, Fiction, & Visual Arts	Copyrighted–link to content

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3.4: I Need Help

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We're here to help! Take advantage of the following Lumen customer-support resources:

- Check out one of Lumen's Faculty User Guides here.
- Submit a support ticket here and tell us what you need.
- Talk and screen-share with a live human during Lumen's OER office hours. See available times here.

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CHAPTER OVERVIEW

4: Food

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4.1: Video: Why Not Eat Insects?

Marcel Dicke: “Why Not Eat Insects?”

Marcel Dicke makes an appetizing case for adding insects to everyone’s diet. His message to squeamish chefs and foodies: delicacies like locusts and caterpillars compete with meat in flavor, nutrition and eco-friendliness.

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4.2: Video: The Global Food Waste Scandal

Tristam Stuart: “The Global Food Waste Scandal”

Western countries throw out nearly half of their food, not because it’s inedible — but because it doesn’t look appealing. Tristram Stuart delves into the shocking data of wasted food, calling for a more responsible use of global resources.

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4.3: Audio: “Genetically-engineered yeast is the future of flavor” by Gastropod

Why does grape candy taste so fake? What on earth is blue raspberry, anyway? And what is the difference between natural and artificial, at least when it comes to flavor?

Throughout human history, if you wanted to make a dish taste like strawberry, you had no choice but to add a strawberry. But in the 19th century, scientists began to understand how to synthesize flavor chemicals, whether from plants or from byproducts of coal processing, to evoke familiar flavors. While the technology to evaluate the flavor molecules of a particular food have become increasingly sophisticated in the past century, the basic concept of synthetic flavor has remained unchanged. Until now. In this episode of Gastropod, molecular biologists explain how they’re designing yeasts to ferment the tastes of the future.

Natural vs. Artificial

Let’s start with a graham cracker. Just like Sylvester Graham back in 1829, if you’re baking at home, you’d probably use coarse-ground whole-wheat flour, wheat bran, and wheat germ. These, along with some honey for sweetness, would give your graham crackers their distinctive toasty, malty, and slightly nutty flavor. If you’re making them by the billion, however, at a Nabisco or Keebler factory, the ingredients list looks a little different. That extra wheat germ and bran contain natural oils with a tendency to go rancid—but, when you cut them out to gain shelf-life, you lose the flavor.

Fortunately, there’s an easy solution: you can add all that flavor back with just a touch of a light yellow, crystalline powder called 2-acetylpyrazine. This is an aromatic, carbon-based chemical, known by flavorists as the “graham-cracker” flavor. It occurs naturally in nuts and toasted grains; as the vital ingredient giving factory-made graham crackers their signature flavor, it can either be extracted from a plant or synthesized using petrochemical derivatives.

The major difference is that 2-acetylpyrazine produced by performing chemical reactions on plant matter costs about $25 per lb—compared to the $5 or $6 per lb it costs to produce the kind whose raw ingredients come in a drum.

However, using the cheap version comes with another, increasingly significant cost: it means you have to include the words “artificial flavor” on your graham cracker ingredients list. Under FDA rules, if the raw material to make your flavor chemical comes from a plant, animal, or edible yeast, it’s “natural,” for the purposes of labeling. If it comes from anything else, it’s artificial. And consumers increasingly don’t want to buy things that are “artificial.” In fact, Michelle Hagen, a senior flavorist at Givaudan, the world’s largest fragrance and flavor company, told Gastropod that, despite the cost savings, she hasn’t used a single artificial chemical in her flavorings for the past four years—because the soda companies she mostly works with know that customers are turned off when they see that word on a label.

Enter the (Genetically Engineered) Yeast

Until recently, the natural flavors that Hagen uses would, for the most part, have been extracted from a plant; a handful of rarer ingredients, more often used in perfumery, would have come from animal sources. Today, advances in genetic engineering, combined with the growing consumer demand for natural flavors, are creating an intriguing new option for the world’s flavorists. In the past, the mention of “edible yeast” in the FDA definition of natural flavors typically referred to savory yeast extracts; now, designer yeasts are beginning to pump out vanilla, saffron, and even grapefruit flavors.

For this episode, Gastropod visited Ginkgo BioWorks, one of a new wave of companies redesigning yeasts to produce fragrance and flavor chemicals. As Christina Agapakis, a scientist, writer, and artist who recently joined Ginkgo’s staff, explained, the biology behind genetically modifying microbes to produce other, useful chemicals is not new. More than three decades ago, in 1978, biotech companies successfully inserted genes into bacteria to produce human insulin, meaning that diabetics need no longer depend on a close-enough version extracted from pig pancreases. In 1990, the FDA approved rennet made by inserting cow genes into E. coli bacteria; today, more than 90 percent of all cheese in the U.S. and U.K. is made using this bio-engineered product, rather than natural rennet found in the stomach linings of calves.

What is new, Agapakis told Gastropod, is “the ability to create flavors.” Rather than inserting the single gene that codes for the insulin protein, she explained, “to make a flavor, you might need five or ten different enzymes that are creating a whole pathway and are really shifting the metabolism of the yeast.” Fitting all those genes together so that what works in a plant to produce flavor also works in a yeast cell is challenging. Ginkgo has been developing its first yeast-fermented ingredient—a rose oil for the fragrance industry—for a couple of years now.

In fact, as organism designer Patrick Boyle explained, the main reason that the Ginkgo "foundry" is filled with liquid-handling robots and high-tech machines is to help him and his colleagues rapidly run through all the tweaked yeasts that don't work. "Failure is usually not very dramatic," he told Gastropod. "It's just that we end up with a yeast that looks a lot like the yeast we started with."

Still, a Swiss company called Evolva has recently brought the first of these "cultured flavors" to market: vanillin, the main ingredient in the world's most popular flavor. Ginkgo's rose oil smells pretty sweet, and the Boston-based company has half a dozen more flavor ingredients in the pipeline. And scientists in Austria just announced that they have successfully tweaked yeast to produce the key flavor chemical in grapefruit.

The Future of Flavor

Redesigning yeast to create flavor molecules offers some potential benefits. For starters, fermentation requires none of the harsh chemicals that are often used to extract essential oils from plants or react with petrochemical precursors. Engineered yeast also offers the possibility of democratizing rare, expensive flavors, like saffron, and, Patrick Boyle points out, it can "relieve some of the supply issues that come from using really rare plants."

But the main attraction of this new technology for food companies is that the resulting flavors can legally be labelled as "natural"—they are produced by a yeast, after all. What's more, because there is no yeast left in the final product, cultured flavors actually don't contain genetically modified organisms.

Still, companies are nervous—Michelle Hagen at Givaudan told Gastropod that she hadn't worked with any of these cultured flavors yet, and both Nestlé and General Mills responded to pressure from Friends of the Earth by pledging not to use cultured vanillin. In a press release, Friends of the Earth argued that using yeast to produce vanillin would threaten the livelihood of vanilla bean farmers in Madagascar, as well as the continued existence of the rainforest in which the vanilla orchid grows. But, as Patrick Boyle pointed out, the world demand for vanillin far outstrips the quantity of vanilla beans grown each year, and the synthetic and real vanilla industries have already managed to co-exist for more than a century.

Debates over natural vs. artificial aside, perhaps the most interesting aspect of these designer yeasts is the potential they offer for creating entirely new flavor experiences. For Christina Agapakis, the opportunity to learn more about the genes and pathways that plants use to express flavor will, she hopes, lead to productive collaborations with fruit and vegetable breeders—and increased deliciousness in the field as well as in the lab.

Listen to this episode to understand how the flavor industry got started and how designer yeasts could one day allow us to get closer to the taste of extinct, long-forgotten species—or even a Paleo flavor palette of pre-domestication plants and animals.

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4.4: “Vermont’s Farm to Ballet Project Shines the Spotlight on Conservation” by Amy Overstreet

Ballerina Megan Stearns dances the lead role of the farmer in Vermont’s Farm to Ballet project.

Vermont’s agricultural history will soon be enriched as a new *Farm to Ballet* project aims to celebrate the state’s farming culture and expose a new audience to the beauty of classical ballet. The endeavor is the brainchild of former professional dancer and Vermont native Chatch Pregger. His farm-based ballet tells the story of a Vermont farming operation from spring to fall.

The fertile soils of Vermont’s pastoral farmland will provide the ‘stage’ for the dancers. “Now that I’ve seen the dancers, in a farm environment, I realize this is how I’ve always wanted to see ballet–in this setting. In its grittiness, its reality–on nature’s perfect stage,” he explained. Farm to Ballet will be presented seven times throughout August at a variety of farming operations. The performances are not financially supported by USDA, so the Farm to Ballet project initiated a fund raising campaign to cover the cost of costumes, props and sets, and many of the shows serve as fundraisers to support and honor the work of Vermont’s farmers and the local food movement.

Sam Dixon is the dairy farm manager at Shelburne Farms and oversees the farm’s grass-based dairy and pasture-raised livestock.

One of the venues is Shelburne Farms. The USDA-Natural Resources Conservation Service in Vermont has worked closely with the operation to protect and improve natural resources through participation in numerous Farm Bill programs, including the Environmental Quality Incentives Program and the Conservation Stewardship Program. The educational nonprofit is set on a 1,400-acre working farm and campus that hosts over 150,000 visitors a year onsite. Originally created in 1886 as a model agricultural estate, today Shelburne Farms is dedicated to education for sustainability programs for educators and young people.

The farm was recently awarded a $100,000 grant from *USDA’s Farm to School* program to support *Vermont Feed*, a project of Shelburne Farms in partnership with NOFA-VT, which provides farm-to-school training and professional development services to schools and farmers across the Northeast.

Sam Dixon has served as the dairy farm manager at Shelburne Farms since 1996. He manages the farm’s grass-based dairy and pasture-raised livestock. “NRCS has been a great partner and resource for us,” he said. Because of the farm’s location along the shores of Lake Champlain, the farm’s commitment to conservation is a critical step to protecting water quality. “We are very conscious of what we do on the land and how our actions impact water quality in the lake,” says Dixon.

Shelburne Farms’ conservation plan includes a rotational grazing system, riparian buffers, fencing, cover crops on vegetable gardens, wildlife habitat improvement, nutrient management planning, and more.

Dixon says he thinks the ballet will help the public see farming in a new light. **“**It’s not going to recruit farmers to be ballet dancers,” he chuckles, “but I do think getting people out to a farm will help make that connection between the food they eat and

where it comes from."

Josh Carter is the market garden manager at Shelburne Farms and worked with the local NRCS office to install a high tunnel that he says increases the value and quality of the crops.

At the market garden at Shelburne Farms, Josh Carter manages three acres of certified organic mixed vegetables and a small fruit orchard. He emphasized that the goal is crop diversity. "We grow over 50 types of crops and 150 varieties." Utilizing EQIP assistance, he worked with NRCS to install a high tunnel which the farm uses to produce peppers, tomatoes, and eggplant, late into the fall. "The high tunnel increases the value of the crops and the quality," he explained.

He also said the structure helps protect the crops and reduces or eliminates disease issues by reducing moisture. Carter is excited that the *Farm to Ballet* project will reach a new audience and help them see the farm as an integral part of the local community.

"When folks come here to see the ballet, the lens is the performance, and they will understand that just like the arts, farming is also part of our community."

The ballet follows a farmer through the stages of planting, irrigating, tending and then harvesting the farm's produce and concludes with a celebratory farm share pick-up scene just before the geese fly south for the winter.

Pregger says his interest in local food production is what motivated him to take on this project. "I am a ballet dancer –not a farmer– but I think healthy food production is crucial to a healthy society," he explained. And, he has lots of ideas for the future, and is not finished with his plan to help strengthen Vermont's local food scene. He's even brainstorming ways to bring the show to food deserts, where local foods aren't as accessible or plentiful.

"My hope is that this effort will spotlight Vermont as a place where agriculture, arts and community come together." The *Farm to Ballet* project promises to be a feast for all and will help educate the public about the importance of conservation and sustainable agriculture.

– See more at: http://blogs.usda.gov/2015/08/10/vermonts-farm-to-ballet-project-shines-the-spotlight-on-conservation/#sthash.ZEavxFdk.dpuf

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CHAPTER OVERVIEW

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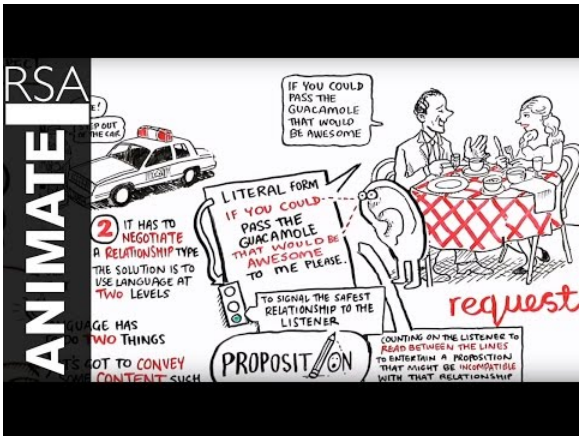
5.1: Video: Language as a Window to Human Nature

RSA Animate: “Language as a Window into Human Nature”

In this new RSA Animate, renowned experimental psychologist Steven Pinker shows us how the mind turns the finite building blocks of language into infinite meanings. Taken from the RSA’s free public events programme www.thersa.org/events.



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5.2: Video: The Danger of a Single Story

Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, “The Danger of a Single Story”

Our lives, our cultures, are composed of many overlapping stories. Novelist Chimamanda Adichie tells the story of how she found her authentic cultural voice — and warns that if we hear only a single story about another person or country, we risk a critical misunderstanding.

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5.3: Video: John Green on Paper Towns and Why Learning is Awesome

"Some of us learn best in the classroom, and some of us … well, we don't. But we still love to learn, to find out new things about the world and challenge our minds. We just need to find the right place to do it, and the right community to learn with. In this charming talk, author John Green shares the world of learning he found in online video."

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5.4: “The Inspired Writer vs. the Real Writer” by Sarah Allen

Several years ago, in a first year writing course, a student nervously approached me after class, asking if we could talk about her latest draft of a formal paper. She was worried about the content of the draft, about the fact that in writing about her writing process (the assignment for the paper), she found her tone to be at best frustrated, at worst grumbling and whiney. “I don’t really like writing. Is that okay?” she asked.

This is the first time that I remember a student confessing aloud (to me) that she did not like writing, and I remember struggling for an appropriate response—not because I couldn’t fathom how she had the gall to admit this to me, a writing teacher, but because I couldn’t understand why admitting to not liking writing worried her. In the next class, I asked my students if they liked writing. I heard a mixed response. I asked them if they assumed that someone like me, a writing teacher/scholar, always liked writing. The answer was a resounding “yes.” I rephrased, “So you believe that every day I skip gleefully to my computer?” Again, though giggling a bit, my students answered “yes.” And, at last, one student piped up to say, “Well, you’re good at it, right? I mean, that’s what makes you good at it.”

My student, quoted above, seems to suggest that I am good at writing because I like doing it. But I’d have to disagree on at least two points: First, I wouldn’t describe my feelings toward writing as being a “like” kind of thing. It’s more of an agonistic kind of thing. Second, I am not “good” at writing, if being good at it means that the words, the paragraphs, the pages come easily.

On the contrary, I believe that I write because I am driven to do so—driven by a will to write. By “will,” I mean a kind of purposefulness, propensity, diligence, and determination (which, I should mention, does not lead to perfection or ease . . . unfortunately). But, I should qualify this: the will to write is not innate for me, nor is it always readily available. In fact, the common assumption that a will to write must be both innate and stem from an ever-replenishing source never ceases to surprise (and annoy) me. I’ve worked with a lot of enviably brilliant and wonderful writers—teachers, students, scholars, and freelancers. I’ve yet to meet one who believes that she/he is innately and/or always a brilliant writer, nor have I met one who says she/he always wants to write.

And yet, I confess that I find myself to be genuinely surprised when some well-respected scholar in my field admits to struggling with his writing. For example, David Bartholomae (a very successful scholar in the field of Rhetoric and Composition) confesses that he didn’t learn to write until after he completed his undergraduate studies, and that he learned it through what must have been at least one particularly traumatic experience: his dissertation was rejected for being “poorly written” (22–23).

If at first glance the rejection of a dissertation means little to you, let me explain: imagine spending years (literally, years) on a piece of writing (a very long piece of writing), for which you’ve sacrificed more than you ever thought you’d sacrifice for anything (your time, your freedom, sleep, relationships, and even, at times, your sanity), only to have it rejected. And worse, it’s rejected for being “poorly written,” which is like being booted off of a pro-league baseball team for not being able to tie your shoes properly. We’re talking basics here, or so we (writers) like to think. And yet, if writing were nothing more than “practicing the basics,” why’s it so hard—hard even for one of the best of the best in my field?

It’s alarming how many great scholars have admitted to struggling with writing. Bartholomae is not the only one. In a rather famous admission, one of the “fathers” of the field of Rhetoric and Composition, Peter Elbow—the guy who put freewriting on the map, wrote one of the first book-length studies of the writing process, and has been the virtual MLK, Jr. for voice-in-writing (yeah, that guy)—dropped out of graduate school because he suffered so badly from writer’s block.[1]

My own story of my frustrated struggle with writing is not nearly so heroic as Elbow’s or Bartholomae’s. I did not fight the dragon beasts of poor writing skills or writer’s block, return to the (writing) field as the victorious knight, and then settle in for a long, successful reign as one of the rulers of the land of Rhetoric and Composition. Rather, mine was (and, sometimes, still is) more Hamlet-like, more like a battle with a ghost—the ghost being the “Inspired Writer.”

The Inspired Writer, as I understand her/him, is a figure for whom writing comes easily—the sort of Romantic hero who writes purely out of an awe-full state, generating perfect prose without the frustrated process of revision (or failure). This Inspired Writer is everywhere, in all the great stories of great writers who were so full of “writerliness” that they were tormented by their need to write; they were relentlessly pursued by their muses . . . as was evidenced by their inked hands, tangled hair, ringed eyes, and profoundly watchful stares. They did not have to go crawling about in the muck of what-everybody’s-already-written, across the desert of what-could-I-possibly-say, and over the mountain of an-audience-who-probably-knows-a-lot-more-than-I-do.

Of course, the great irony of this figure's story is that the Inspired Writer is really the transcendent distortion of real-life writers. It's much more likely that most of those great, real-life writers got their inked hands from gripping too hard their quills or pens in frustration, as they hovered over pages with more slashes, margin-notes, and edits than clean, untouched sentences set in perfect lines. They probably got their tangled hair from wrenching it; their ringed eyes from spending too many hours staring at black squiggles over white pages; and their profoundly watchful stares from their consequent, bad eyesight.

The fact is that they, too, had to answer to the great works that had been written before them; they, too, had to struggle with their own fears about sounding stupid; and they, too, had to answer to an often discerning and demanding audience. Yet, despite reality, the awesome figure of the Inspired Writer still holds sway, hovering over us like bad lighting, blinding us to our own work.

The pervasiveness of this myth of the Inspired Writer and the continued celebration of her/him works against us, as writers, for we often assume that if writing does not come easily, then our writing is not good—and in turn, that we cannot be good writers. Consequently, we believe that the writing that comes easily is the only good writing, so we will turn in papers that have been drafted quickly and without revision, hoping for the best (grade).

Now, in the days when I was clawing my way through classes as an English major, literature teachers didn't spend much time on revision. I don't ever remember being told anything about strategies for revision. I remember doing peer reviews, where we read each other's drafts and marked punctuation problems, having no idea how to examine—much less comment on—structure and analysis. Other than the five-paragraph formula I'd learned in high school, I had no idea what a paper should or could look like. In other words, when I was learning to write college papers some fifteen years ago, I was totally on my own. The most useful strategy in my bag of tricks? Trial and error. And believe me, good grades or no, having had the opportunity recently (thanks to my mother moving and insisting, "take your STUFF!") to look at the papers I wrote back then, I see an awful lot of the latter.

You see, the awful, honest truth is that I'm no rabbit, no natural digger, no lover of thick, tangled messes, and I had no idea how to find my way through the knotted ideas at work in any first drafts, much less how to dig my way into more root (e.g. to go further with my claims, to push the analysis, to discover the "so what" of my work). I didn't find this place (the page) to be a comfy, hide-out-worthy home. In fact, I confess that I still don't. I have always loved to read, but writing has been much more work than I ever anticipated. And even after so many years of graduate school, and even more years of teaching writing and of writing scholarship, when one might think I should have fully embraced and embodied the status of "veteran" digger, I still, very often feel like I'm trudging through some thick of hard branches and harder roots to find my way down a page.

After years of reflecting on this trudging and of talking with students about how they, too, often feel as though they are trudging down a page—through ideas, among the cacophony of words (our own and others')—I've come to this (admittedly, unimpressive) realization: this is, for many of us, an alien discourse. I'm not like my two closest friends from graduate school, whose parents were academics. We didn't talk at breakfast about "the problematic representations of race in the media." Instead, my father told racist jokes that my sisters and I didn't recognize—until later—were racist. We didn't talk at dinner about "the mass oppression of 'other(ed)' cultures by corporate/ national tyrants." My sisters and I talked about how the cheerleaders were way cooler than we were because they had better clothes, cars, hair, bodies, and boyfriends, and that we would, consequently, be losers for the rest of our lives.

Again, this is an alien discourse, even now. Well, not this. This is more like a personal essay, but the papers I was supposed to write for my literature classes, those were strange. I didn't normally think in the order that a paper would suggest—first broadly, then moving to specifics, which are treated as isolated entities, brought together in transitions and at the end of the paper. I didn't understand, much less use, words like "Marxism," "feminism," or even "close reading." I didn't know that Shakespeare may not have been Shakespeare. I didn't know that Hemingway was a drunk. I didn't know that really smart people spent their entire careers duking it out about who Shakespeare really was and whether Hemingway's alcoholism influenced his work.

I didn't know the vocabulary; I didn't know the issues; I didn't think in the right order; I didn't quote properly; and I was far too interested in the sinking, spinning feeling that writing—and reading— sometimes gave me, instead of being interested in the rigorousness of scholarly work, in modeling that work, and in becoming a member of this strange discourse community. Consequently, when a teacher finally sat me down to explain that this was, in fact, a community—one that occurred on pages, at conferences, in coffee shops, and over list-servs—and that if I wanted to stay on the court, I'd have to learn the rules of the game, I was both intrigued and terrified. And no surprise, writing then became not just a way to induce the sinking, spinning thing of which

I spoke earlier, but a way to think, a way to act—e.g. a way to figure out little things, like who "Mr. W.H." is in Shakespeare's dedication to his Sonnets, as well as big things, like how we can better fight the "isms" of this world.

No doubt, the sinking, spinning feeling that I experience when I write or read comes and goes now, but it always did. I feel it alternately, as it shares time with the "trudging" feeling I described earlier. But, please don't think that this trudging comes from having to learn and practice the writing conventions of an alien community. Rather, the feeling of "trudging" is a consequence, again, of that haunting specter, the Inspired Writer. The feeling comes from the expectation that writing should come from "the gods" or natural talent, and it is a consequence, too, of the expectation that this inspiration or talent should be always available to us—always there, though sometimes hidden, in some reservoir of our beings.

Thus, even now, when I hit a blank spot and the sentence stumbles off into white space, I feel . . . inadequate . . . or worse, like a fraud, like I'm playing a game that I've got no business playing. The reader is gonna red-card me. And what makes it worse: I have to write. Writing teacher and scholar or not, I have to write memos and emails and resumes and reports and thank you notes and on and on.

But the upshot of all of this is that you'd be amazed what talking about this frustration (and all of the attendant fears) will do for a writer, once she/he opens up and shares this frustration with other writers, other students, teachers . . . with anyone who has to write. For example, once my students see that everyone sitting in this classroom has a gnawing fear about their work failing, about how they don't have "it," about how they don't feel justified calling themselves "writers," because most of them are "regular folks" required to take a writing class, well . . . then we can have ourselves a getting-down-to-it, honest and productive writing classroom. Then, we can talk about writer's block—what it is, what causes it, and what overcomes it. We can talk about how to develop "thick skins"—about how to listen to readers' commentaries and critiques without simultaneously wanting to rip our writings into tiny pieces, stomp them into a trashcan, and then set fire to them. And most importantly, then, we can talk about writing as a practice, not a reflection of some innate quality of the writer.

My work, for example, is more a reflection of the scholarship I spend the most time with than it is a reflection of me, per se. One strategy I learned in graduate school (and I swear, I picked it up by watching my first year composition students) is to imitate other, successful pieces of writing. By "imitate," of course I don't mean plagiarize. I mean that I imitate the form of those texts, e.g. the organization, and the ways that they engage with, explore, and extend ideas.

For example, a Rhetoric and Composition scholar named Patricia Bizzell has written scholarship that I use a lot in my own work. In fact, even when I don't use her work directly, I can see her influence on my thinking. A couple of years ago, after reading one of her books for about the hundredth time (seriously), I noticed that her articles and chapters are organized in predictable kinds of ways (not predictable as in boring, but predictable as in she's-a-pro). She seems to have a formula down, and it works. Her work is consistently solid—i.e. con vincing, important—and using that formula, she's able to tackle really dense material and make it accessible to readers.

To be more specific, she tends to start with an introduction that demonstrates, right away, why the coming work is so important. For example, in "Foundationalism and Anti-Foundationalism in Composition Studies," she starts off the article by reminding us, basically (I'm paraphrasing here), that everybody's down with "the social," that we are all invested in examining how language—and writing—occurs in a context and how that context dictates meaning. So, for example, the word "we" in the previous sentence is a reference to Rhetoric and Composition teachers and scholars; however, in this sentence, it's not a reference to a group of people, but to the word "we," as it occurs in the previous sentence. See? Meaning changes according to context.

So, Bizzell starts with this premise: that everybody's down with the social, that we're invested in examining contexts, that we know that meaning happens in those contexts. Then, she introduces the problem: that we still want something pre-contextual (e.g. I know what "we" means because I can step outside of any contexts—including this one—and examine it objectively). Then, she gives two in-depth examples of where she sees the problem at work in the field. She then examines how we've tried to address that problem, then how we've failed at addressing it, and then she poses another/new perspective on the problem and, consequently, another/new way of addressing it.

This is her formula, and I imitate it, frequently, in my own work. It's rigorous, thorough, and like I said earlier, accessible. It works. But, sometimes I'm working on something totally different, something new (to me), and that formula starts to box me in too much; the formula becomes a tomb instead of a foundation. That's when I turn to outside readers.

Now, this one, actually, is a tougher strategy to use . . . because it requires that you share a piece of work that looks like a train wreck to you with another human being—ideally, another smart, patient, open-minded human being. I have four people I send my work out to consistently. One is my boss; one my mentor; one a (very successful) peer; and the other, a senior colleague I come dangerously close to worshipping. In other words, I don't send my stuff to my mom. I don't give it to my best friend, my boyfriend, my dance teacher, or my sisters. I only send my stuff to people who seem to be a lot better at writing scholarship than I feel like I am.

Again, it's hard to do, but I can't tell you how many students I'll see in my office over the course of a semester who will say, "But my mom read my paper, and she says it looks great"—while gripping a paper marked with a D or F. Mom may have been the final authority when you were negotiating curfews and driving and dating, but unless Mom's a (college-level) writing teacher, she'll be no more of an expert in college-level writing than your dentist will. Send it to her if you want an outside reader, but don't expect her final word to be similar to your teacher's final word. And while I'm on my soapbox . . . don't let anyone edit your papers . . . including your mom. It's called "collusion"—a kind of plagiarism—and it's really easy to spot, especially if you were the Comma Splice King in the first paper and use commas flawlessly in the second.

More importantly, keep in mind that if you only use your mom, or your coach, or some other person who's not in the same class, then you may be making the revision process (and the reading for that person) more difficult than necessary, since that reader will have no idea what you've read in class, what you've talked about in class, or what the assignment guidelines and grading criteria are. Writing occurs—and is assessed—in a context, remember?

The best strategy for finding and using readers is to start with the teacher (no, it's not cheating). Ask him/her to read a draft before you submit the final. Then, share the paper with a classmate, as well as someone who's not in the class. That way, you'll get an "insider's" perspective as well as an "outsider's."[2] I've heard students say that using anyone but the teacher for feedback seems to be a waste of time. However, I find that when a student brings me a draft, I (and most writing professors) read it in terms of how it should be revised, not how I'd grade it. So, after you revise based on the teacher's feedback, get other readers to take a look, again, at the newly revised version and have them read it as a finished product. This will help you get a better sense of how it's working as a text that will be graded.

The best piece of advice I can give you, though, is to tell the Inspired Writer to shut up and let you write. If you have to, find out about a few of your favorite writers. I guarantee that they struggle, too. If not them, try talking to your classmates and/or your teacher. Again, if they have written anything in their lives worth writing, then it took some effort to do so. And, once the insecurities are out there, so to speak, and not trapped in Pandora's little box to drive us mad with their "what if" whispers, you may discover that there's more to the writing process than just getting lost in branches and stumbling over roots.

There's nothing quite like finding that the black squiggles you typed onto that white page actually invoke a feeling in or change the mind of your reader(s). Of course, too, there's the emotion, revelation, clench of teeth, slackening of shoulders, or any other response, that a text elicits from even its own writer. The latter is, for my part, the biggest reason why I write—even now, and even and especially as I write scholarship. For me, the text is like a fire in the room. And I am often awed by the way it moves, sleeps, devours, and sustains, while I am simultaneously trying to master it (knowing full well that if I let it go, it will run riot, but knowing, too, that I can't push too hard or it will disappear altogether).

For what I've found in my own relationship to writing, and in talking to my students about theirs, is that it's about the connection, really—even if the connection is an antagonistic one. We like to think that thinking isn't for nothing; that communicating with another (even and especially with ourselves) is never entirely in vain; that what we have to say is perhaps/probably not brilliant but is, still, worth the attempt of saying, of writing, and of considering/being considered. No doubt, a whole lot of practice can give us the means to write in such a way that not only we, the writers, but others will want to listen, will want to read. And in that listening-talking, reading-writing relation, a collision, the inevitable momentary connection, happens.

Maybe we smack the dirt and roots; maybe we smack white space. Maybe a reader's jaw drops at the "gets it" insight of some obscure line in your paper that you don't even remember writing because you spent forty-five minutes working on the line right after it. Maybe you make someone stop and think for just a moment about something they've never considered before. Maybe you make friends with a bunch of classmates because of that story you wrote about the roadtrip you took last summer to a music festival. Maybe you inspired a heated class debate because of that paper you wrote about your personal project for saving the world.

But for all the misunderstandings, all the fears and so-called failings that happen among writer and paper and reader, there's always another white page, and there's always more to say. This is why we must write, why we must continue to practice: to keep talking, keep

thinking, keep revising. Nobody's ever got the final word, not even on the page. We've all got the will to write: it's called "communication." Maybe you do so in music or in paint or in graphics or, even, in gossip. But here, in these black squiggles on this white page, you've listened to something I've had to say. Maybe you've not listened closely; maybe you're yawning or rolling your eyes. But if this is a decent piece of writing, you're giving some response right now—a smile? An exasperated sigh? A tensed shoulder? A clenched fist? Whatever the case, here, response is happening. And that's at least a (good) start.

Di scussion

1. What are you most anxious about, when writing? For example, do you worry most about grammar and mechanics? About organization? About the deadline? About page length? Why?
2. No doubt most students are at least peripherally, if not entirely, concerned with what grade they get on a paper. Given that pressure and/or in addition to that pressure, what are you most anxious about, when sharing your writing with others—e.g. classmates and/or the teacher? For example, do you worry most about your audience thinking your ideas are stupid? About readers misunderstanding your argument? About your peers/ teacher judging you according to how well you write?
3. How are your answers to numbers 1 and 2 related? For example, does your anxiety about the deadline have anything to do with your anxiety about readers misunderstanding your argument? If so, how and/or why?
4. What, if any, strategies do you use to address these anxieties? Do they work?

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1. See his "Autobiographical Digression" in the second chapter of *Writing without Teachers*. ↵
2. Most universities have a Writing Center, too, and that can be a valuable resource, since the staff are trained to read papers and often allot as much as an hour to focus on your draft. ↵

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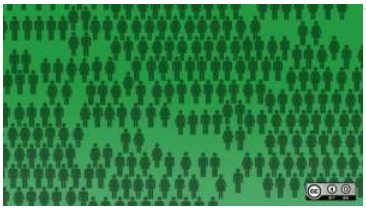
5.5: “Be an Inspiration, Not an Impostor” by Ben Cotton



Major Hayden is a man of considerable skill. In addition to his job at Rackspace, he spends time developing open source projects, maintaining packages for Fedora, and making sure icanhazip.com is up and running. He has a stack of certifications and has even gone so far as presenting his resume as a man page. Yet for all his undeniable credentials, he sometimes struggles with a feeling of *I don’t belong here.*

It’s a feeling that’s far too common in open source projects. Yet, given enough eyeballs, maybe all impostor syndromes are shallow. Major Hayden will be presenting his talk at Texas Linux Fest this week: *Be an inspiration, not an impostor*.

Q&A

How did Impostor Syndrome become an important topic for you?

I’ve always struggled with it since I entered the realm of IT. I graduated from college with a degree in biology and a drawer full of over 70 rejection letters from medical schools. Some medical schools didn’t even bother to send a response. I was crushed.

Tinkering with Linux systems was a hobby of mine, and I decided to transform that hobby into a career. However, I found myself surrounded by talented people at a small startup, and later at Rackspace, who had backgrounds in computer science, information systems, and management. Even though I kept up with most technical discussions, I felt out of place. In other words, I was quite competent at the time but I couldn’t acknowledge it.

As I’ve gained more experience and expertise, I’ve seen many other people struggle with impostor syndrome and they aren’t able to recognize their own competence and unique skills. It manifests itself in different ways, but it’s usually worst during “in person” situations like meetings, conferences, and speaking opportunities. People suffering from the syndrome often keep their opinions and experiences to themselves even though the other people in the room greatly value their insight and yearn for them to share it.

Open source communities are all about sharing. When the sharing slows, the open source community struggles. The same thing happens in the workplace. Companies struggle to come up with new products or improve existing ones when multiple viewpoints are not brought to the table.

Many of us who suffer from Impostor Syndrome are worried about going too far with fighting it and ending up in Dunning-Kruger territory. How can you strike a balance?

Although some IT professionals actually start on the opposite end of the spectrum where they overestimate their competence, it is certainly possible for someone suffering from impostor syndrome to end up here. Either way, it’s critical for everyone to have a support structure made up of people who understand their hardships.

I’ve always leaned on my leadership and coworkers to give me solid feedback on my performance. My strategy involves proposing something new, backing it up with facts and references, and then providing that argument with an avenue for feedback. That open door for feedback is usually a phrase like “Am I on the right track?” or “Does this make sense?” at the end of an email or a meeting.

This open door for feedback has two benefits. First, if there are errors or bias in my proposal, it shows that I’m interested in the feedback and that I’ll take negative feedback without getting defensive. Second, it serves as a nudge for my coworkers that might be unsure if they should provide feedback because they’re unsure if they have the right expertise to reply. That is my way of improving my own capabilities while encouraging others to be confident with theirs.

What can open source projects do generally to minimize the impact of Impostor Syndrome?

The key is to ensure everyone's voice is heard. However, everyone feels comfortable sharing their opinions in different ways. Some people excel at sharing their ideas in every medium: conference calls, mailing lists, IRC, and in person. Others prefer more to avoid discussions in person and would rather have time to formulate their ideas in an email.

The successful open source communities handle discussions and critical decisions carefully. For example, many meetings I've been involved with in IRC or via telephone will end with meeting minutes being shared via a mailing list and a request for more comments there. This gives an opportunity for those who didn't speak up during the live meeting to put their ideas into an email with facts to back up those ideas.

By far, the most effective method to get everyone involved is mentoring. I had originally wanted to join a Linux community and begin packaging some software, but I found the process to be extremely difficult and it seemed like everyone who was already in the group was part of a club. In contrast, when I joined the Fedora Project to do some packaging and testing, I had access to a mentor who helped me around plenty of the rough edges. He also introduced me to other people, pushed me to do more, and urged me to call out quality issues when I saw them.

You've spent a lot of volunteer hours not only contributing to open source, but leading (for example, serving on the Fedora board). What have you most enjoyed about leadership roles?

Working on the Fedora board was a great opportunity. It was a little tough to join in the discussions because many of the people on the board worked for Red Hat. They had a history together and there were internal or hallway discussions that I missed. Once I realized they were welcome to new ideas, I felt much more comfortable pushing for changes.

It's key to remember that behind every open source software project is people. If the people creating it and using it feel like they have a calling, the project will thrive. I enjoy taking part in the evangelism of a project and the problems it strives to solve. The best leaders are the ones who throw themselves out in front when things are not going well and avoid taking the credit when times are good.

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5.6: “Multiple Intelligences” by Fred Mednick

Overview

Is intelligence innate? Genetic? Fixed?

Generally, this is how intelligence has been viewed – as a quantity. Recently, new views have emerged with enormous implications for education. This new perspective asserts that intelligence can be measured in different ways, that it grows, and it is more quality than quantity. It used to be that the question was asked: “Is s/he smart?” New questions now ask: ” **How** is s/he smart?” The emphasis is on the various ways in which we demonstrate multiple intelligences, rather than a single intelligence. The readings and assignments that follow discuss multiple intelligences, provide an opportunity for you to apply them, and a way of determining how to assess students.

Howard Gardner created a list of seven intelligences. The first two are ones that have been typically valued in schools; the next three are usually associated with the arts; and the final two are what Howard Gardner called “personal intelligences.”

Linguistic intelligence involves sensitivity to spoken and written language, the ability to learn languages, and the capacity to use language to accomplish certain goals. This intelligence includes the ability to effectively use language to express oneself rhetorically or poetically, and language as a means to remembering information. Writers, poets, lawyers, and speakers are among those that Howard Gardner sees as having high linguistic intelligence.

Logical-mathematical intelligence consists of the capacity to analyze problems logically, carry out mathematical operations, and investigate issues scientifically. In Howard Gardner’s words, it entails the ability to detect patterns, reason deductively, and think logically. This intelligence is most often associated with scientific and mathematical thinking.

Musical intelligence involves skill in the performance, composition, and appreciation of musical patterns. It encompasses the capacity to recognize and compose musical pitches, tones, and rhythms. According to Howard Gardner musical intelligence runs in an almost structural parallel to linguistic intelligence.

Bodily-kinesthetic intelligence entails the potential of using one’s whole body or parts of the body to solve problems. It is the ability to use mental abilities to coordinate bodily movements. Howard Gardner sees mental and physical activity as related.

Spatial intelligence involves the potential to recognize and use the patterns of wide space and more confined areas.

Interpersonal intelligence is concerned with the capacity to understand the intentions, motivations, and desires of other people. It allows people to work effectively with others. Educators, salespeople, religious and political leaders and counselors all need a well-developed interpersonal intelligence.

Intrapersonal intelligence entails the capacity to understand oneself, to appreciate one’s feelings, fears and motivations. In Howard Gardner’s view it involves having an effective working model of ourselves, and to be able to use such information to regulate our lives.

In *Frames of Mind* Howard Gardner treated the personal intelligences “as a piece.” Because of their close association in most cultures, they are often linked together. However, he still argues that it makes sense to think of two forms of personal intelligence. Gardner claimed that the seven intelligences rarely operate independently. They are used at the same time and tend to complement each other as people develop skills or solve problems.

In essence, Howard Gardner argues that he was making two essential claims about multiple intelligences:

1. The theory is an account of human cognition in its fullness. The intelligences provided “a new definition of human nature, cognitively speaking” (Gardner 1999: 44). Human beings are organisms who possess a basic set of intelligences.
2. People have a unique blend of intelligences. Gardner argues that the big challenge facing the deployment of human resources “is how to best take advantage of the uniqueness conferred on us as a species exhibiting several intelligences.”

Also, these intelligences, according to Howard Gardner, are amoral – they can be put to constructive or destructive use.

The Appeal of Multiple Intelligences

Howard Gardner's theory of multiple intelligences has not been readily accepted within academic psychology. However, it has met with a strong positive response from many educators. It has been embraced by a range of educational theorists, and, significantly, applied by teachers and policymakers to the challenges of schooling. A number of schools have looked to structure curricula according to the intelligences, and to design classrooms and even whole schools to reflect the understandings that Howard Gardner develops. The theory can also be found in use within pre-school, higher, vocational, and adult-education initiatives.

This appeal was not, at first, obvious.

At first, this diagnosis would appear to sound a "death knell" for formal education. It is hard to teach one intelligence; what if there are seven? It is hard to enough to teach even when anything can be taught; what to do if there are distinct limits and strong constraints on human cognition and learning?

Howard Gardner responds to these questions by first making the point that psychology does not directly dictate education, "It merely helps one to understand the conditions within which education takes place." Even more: Seven kinds of intelligence would allow seven ways to teach, rather than one. In addition, paradoxically, constraints can be suggestive and ultimately freeing.

Mindy L. Kornhaber, a researcher at Harvard University, has identified a number of reasons why teachers and policymakers have responded positively to Howard Gardner's presentation of multiple intelligences. Among these are the fact that the theory validates educators' everyday experience: students think and learn in many different ways. It also provides educators with a conceptual framework for organizing and reflecting on curriculum assessment and pedagogical practices. In turn, this reflection has led many educators to develop new approaches that might better meet the needs of the range of learners in their classrooms.

Some issues and problems

As with all theories in education, multiple intelligences theory has its critics. Some maintain that longitudinal studies still bear out the power of genetics and intelligence as a fixed quantity. They argue that this theory apologizes for lack of intellectual achievement. Others argue that the ability to measure or test for such intelligences undermines its core assertions. In short, such critics claim: "If you can't test it, it's not valid."

Dr. Gardner contests such claims of validity by arguing for a different view of standardized testing that is not biased in favor of only one kind of intelligence at the expense of others. He also notes the achievements of students in non-academic settings and the tragedy of exclusion that results when whole segments of the population are not served because their intelligences do not have the opportunity for expression.

Implications of Multiple Intelligences for Schools

In terms of Culture it means support for diverse learners and hard work; acting on a value system that maintains that diverse students can learn and succeed; that learning is exciting; and that hard work by teachers is necessary.

In terms of Readiness it means awareness-building for implementing multiple intelligences. Building staff awareness of multiple intelligences and of the different ways that students learn.

Rather than using the theory as an end in and of itself, multiple intelligences can be used as a Tool to promote high-quality student work

It can foster Collaboration – informal and formal exchanges – sharing ideas and constructive suggestions by the staff.

It allows for Choice – meaningful curriculum and assessment options; embedding curriculum and assessment in activities that are valued both by students and the wider culture.

It employs the Arts to develop children's skills and understanding within and across disciplines.

Inventory of Your Intelligences

HOW TO GET TO THE ONLINE INVENTORY:

To explore your intelligences, visit "Lessons for Hope." Read the screen that comes up, especially the directions under the title "Explore Your Intelligences" and click on the button at the bottom of that screen that says "Continue."

In this interactive activity, you will see that each person has all of the intelligences in varying degrees. This is intended to be a fun exercise – answer the questions to the best of your ability. At the end of the activity, a unique "Multiple Intelligences Self-Profile" will be generated. The results are not absolute indicators of intelligence – they are simply meant to give you the opportunity to learn more about your unique combination of intelligences.

Multiple Intelligences	Overview
Verbal-Linguistic – The capacity to learn through words and grammatical logic	Learns from the spoken and written word, in many forms; reads, comprehends, and summarizes effectively
Logical-Mathematical – The capacity for inductive and deductive thinking and reasoning, as well as the use of numbers and the recognition of abstract patterns	Learns through using objects and moving them about, quantity, time, cause and effect; solves problems logically; understands patterns and relationships and makes educated guesses; can handle diverse skills such as advanced math, and represent them in graphic form; works with models; gathers evidence; builds strong arguments.
Visual-Spatial – The ability to visualize objects and spatial dimensions, and create internal images and pictures	Learns by seeing and observing – shapes, faces, colors; uses detail in visual images; learns through visual media; enjoys doodling, drawing; makes three-dimensional objects and moves them around; sees forms where others do not; enjoys abstractions and subtle patterns.
Body-Kinesthetic – The wisdom of the body and the ability to control physical motion	Learns through touching and moving; developed coordination and timing; participation and involvement; role plays. Engages in games, assembles objects; acts. Sensitive to physical environment; dexterity and balance; creates new forms that move.
Musical-Rhythmic – The ability to recognize tonal patterns and sounds, as well as a sensitivity to rhythms and beats	Learns through sound; eager to discuss music and its meaning; sings and plays an instrument; improvises and interprets
Interpersonal – The capacity for person-to-person communications and relationships	Learns through interactions, social relationships; perceives feelings, thoughts, motivations of others; collaborates; influences opinions; understands in verbal and non-verbal ways; takes in diverse points of view; mediates, organizes, develops new social processes and methods.
Intrapersonal – The spiritual, inner states of being, self-reflection, and awareness	Learns through range of personal emotions; finds outlets for feelings; identifies and pursues personal goals; curious about big questions; manages to learn through on-going attempts at gathering in ideas; insightful; empowers others.

Additional Intelligences

Since Howard Gardner's original listing of the intelligences in **Frames of Mind** (1983) there has been a great deal of discussion as to other possible candidates for inclusion – **naturalistic intelligence** (the ability of people to draw upon the resources and features of the environment to solve problems); **spiritual intelligence** (the ability of people to both access and use, practically, the resources available in somewhat less tangible, but nonetheless powerful lessons of the spirit); **moral intelligence** (the ability to access and use certain truths).

Emotional Intelligence

In a 1994 report on the current state of emotional literacy in the U.S., author Daniel Goleman stated:

"…in navigating our lives, it is our fears and envies, our rages and depressions, our worries and anxieties that steer us day to day. Even the most academically brilliant among us are vulnerable to being undone by unruly emotions. The price we pay for emotional literacy is in failed marriages and troubled families, in stunted social and work lives, in deteriorating physical health and mental anguish and, as a society, in tragedies such as killings…"

Goleman attests that the best remedy for battling our emotional shortcomings is preventive medicine. In other words, we need to place as much importance on teaching our children the essential skills of Emotional Intelligence as we do on more traditional measures like IQ and GPA (Grade Point Avergaes).

Exactly what is Emotional Intelligence? The term encompasses the following 5 five characteristics and abilities:

1. Self-awareness – knowing your emotions, recognizing feelings as they occur, and discriminating between them.
2. Mood management – handling feelings so they're relevant to the current situation and you react appropriately.
3. Self-motivation – "gathering up" your feelings and directing yourself towards a goal, despite self-doubt, inertia, and impulsiveness.
4. Empathy – recognizing feelings in others and tuning into their verbal and nonverbal cues.
5. Managing relationships – handling interpersonal interaction, conflict resolution, and negotiations.

Why We Need Emotional Intelligence

Research in brain-based learning suggests that emotional health is fundamental to effective learning. According to a report from the National Center for Clinical Infant Programs, the most critical element for a student's success in school is an understanding of how to learn. (*Emotional Intelligence*, p. 193.) The key ingredients for this understanding are:

- Confidence
- Curiosity
- Intentionality
- Self-control
- Relatedness
- Capacity to communicate
- Ability to cooperate

These traits are all aspects of Emotional Intelligence. Basically, a student who learns to learn is much more apt to succeed. Emotional Intelligence has proven a better predictor of future success than traditional methods like the GPA, IQ, and standardized test scores.

Hence, the great interest in Emotional Intelligence on the part of corporations, universities, and schools nationwide. The idea of Emotional Intelligence has inspired research and curriculum development. Researchers have concluded that people who manage their own feelings well and deal effectively with others are more likely to live content lives. Plus, happy people are more apt to retain information and do so more effectively than dissatisfied people.

Building one's Emotional Intelligence has a lifelong impact. Many parents and educators, alarmed by increasing levels of conflict in young schoolchildren – from low self-esteem to early drug and alcohol use to depression – are rushing to teach students the skills necessary for Emotional Intelligence. Also, in corporations, the inclusion of Emotional Intelligence in training programs has helped employees cooperate better and be more motivated, thereby increasing productivity and profits.

"Emotional Intelligence is a master aptitude, a capacity that profoundly affects all other abilities, either facilitating or interfering with them." (Daniel Goleman, *Emotional Intelligence*, p. 80.)
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CHAPTER OVERVIEW

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6.1: “A South African Storm” by Allison Howard

As you read, look for the following:

- What “points for comparison” does the author use?
- How does the author go beyond the obvious similarities and differences to surface interesting ideas and insights?

By Allison Howard – Peace Corps Volunteer: South Africa (2003-2005)

It’s a Saturday afternoon in January in South Africa. When I begin the 45–minute walk to the shops for groceries, I can hear thunder cracking in the distance up the mountain in Mageobaskloof. But at 4 p.m. the sky is still light and bright and I am sure—famous last words—I will be fine without an umbrella.

Stanford Lake, Magoebaskloof, South Africa

Just the basics: eggs, bread, Diet Coke in a bag slung into the crook of my elbow. Halfway from town, two black South African women—domestic workers in the homes of white Afrikaner families—stop me with wide smiles. They know me; I’m the only white person in town who walks everywhere, as they do. They chatter quickly in northern Sotho: “Missus, you must go fast. *Pula e tla na!* The rain, it comes!” They like me, and it feels very important to me that they do.*“Yebo, yebo, mma,”* I say—Yes, it’s true—and I hurry along in flip-flops, quickening my pace, feeling good about our brief but neighborly conversation. These are Venda women.

My black South African friends tell me it’s easy to tell a Venda from a Shangaan from a Xhosa from a Pedi. “These ones from Venda , they have wide across the nose and high in the cheekbones,” they say. But I don’t see it; I’m years away from being able to distinguish the nuances of ethnicity. Today, I know these women are Vendas simply because of their clothing: bright stripes of green and yellow and black fabric tied at one shoulder and hanging quite like a sack around their bodies. They’ve already extended a kindness to me by speaking in northern Sotho. It’s not their language but they know I don’t speak a word of Afrikaans (though they don’t understand why; Afrikaans is the language of white people). They know I struggle with Sotho and they’re trying to help me learn. So they speak Sotho to me and they’re delighted and amused by my fumbling responses. And I am, quite simply, delighted by their delight.

The Venda ladies are right: the rain, it comes. Lightly at first, and by habit I begin trotting to hurry my way home. Just a little rain at first and there are plenty of us out in it. I can see others up ahead on the street and others still just leaving the shops to get back before the real rain begins.

The people who are walking along this swath of tar road are black. Black people don’t live in this neighborhood—or in my town at all, for the most part. They work and board here as domestic workers, nannies, gardeners. Their families live in black townships and rural villages—some just outside of my town; others far away, in places like Venda.

Today, we’re walking together in the rain, and I’m quickening my pace because—after all , *it’s raining* . That’s what you do in the rain. And even though it’s coming down noticeably harder, it’s 80 degrees and I’m not cold, I’m just wet. My hair is stuck to my forehead and my T-shirt is soaked … and I’m the only one running for cover. And I think: So what? It’s just water and in the middle of the January summer, it’s warm, refreshing water. Why run? Why do we run from the rain?

In my life back in the United States, I might run because I was carrying a leather handbag, or because I wore an outfit that shouldn’t get wet. I would run because rain dishevels and messes things up. Mostly though, we run because we just do; it’s a habit.

I've done it a hundred times: running to my car or the subway station with a newspaper sheltering my head. I have never not quickened my pace in the rain until today.

It took all of my 27 years and a move to Africa, where I don't have a leather handbag to shelter or a pretty outfit to protect. I'm wearing an old cotton skirt and a T-shirt, and I'm drenched, and I love it. I learn things here in the most ordinary circumstances. And I feel like a smarter, better woman today because I got groceries in the rain.

But on the long walk home, positively soaked and smiling like a fool, I notice a car pulling over and a man yelling in Afrikaans to get in, get in. I look in the direction I've come from and several meters behind me is a woman with a baby tied to her back and an elderly man carrying bags, leading a young boy by the hand. On the road ahead, a woman about my age carries a parcel wrapped in plastic, balanced precariously on her head. There are maybe 20 people walking with me in my reverie of rain and they are black. And the man in the car is white and he's gesturing frantically for me to get in. Why me? Why not the others? Because I'm white and it's about race. Everything is about race here.

This man in the car is trying to do something kind and neighborly. He wants to help me and his gesture is right, but his instincts are so wrong. How do you resent someone who is, for no benefit of his own, trying to help? But I do. I resent him and I resent the world he lives in that taught him such selective kindness. This whole event unravels in a few seconds' time. He's leaned over and opened the car door, urging me in … and I get in. And we speed past my fellow walkers and he drops me at my doorstep before I have time to think of anything besides giving him directions.

It feels like a mistake because I'm ashamed to think what the Venda women would have felt if he'd ignored them and they had watched me climb into that car. In some ways, the whole episode seems absurd. I'm not going to atone for 400 years of South African history by walking with black people in the rain. If I'd refused his ride, he wouldn't have thought anything besides the fact that I was certifiably crazy. That's the thing about being here: I'm not going to *change*anything. But I believe it matters in some infinitesimal way that people like the Venda women, and the dozens of people who may walk alongside me on any given day, know that I'm there. In black South African culture it is polite to greet every person you pass. That's what they do, so I do it, too. On the occasional morning, someone might greet me as *"sesi,"* sister. I have to believe that matters; I know it matters to me.

I was disappointed in myself for getting into the car because I acted according to the same habit that makes us think rain an inconvenience. Just as we run from the rain, I hopped into that car because I'm *supposed* to. Conventionally, it makes sense. But convention compels us to do so many things that don't make any sense at all. Convention *misinforms* our instincts. And in a larger sense, it is convention that propels Afrikaner culture anachronistically into the future. Ten years after the supposed end of apartheid, I'm living in a world of institutionalized racism. Convention becomes institution—and it's oppressive and it's unjust. I know that if I'm going to make it here for two more years, I need to walk in the rain. It's a small, wasted gesture, but it's an uncorrupted instinct that makes me feel human.

So much about living here feels like that fraction of a second when the Afrikaner man was appealing to my conventional sensibilities and the people on the street were appealing to my human instincts. It may feel unnatural to reject those sensibilities just as, at first, it feels unnatural to walk in the rain. But if I lose a hold on my instincts here, I'll fail myself and I'll fail to achieve those tiny things that matter so much. It's simple and it's small; and it's everything. Gandhi said, "Be the change you wish to see in the world." Indeed. Let it rain.

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6.2: “Body Ritual among the Nacirema” by Horace Miner

Most cultures exhibit a particular configuration or style. A single value or pattern of perceiving the world often leaves its stamp on several institutions in the society. Examples are “machismo” in Spanish-influenced cultures, “face” in Japanese culture, and “pollution by females” in some highland New Guinea cultures. Here Horace Miner demonstrates that “attitudes about the body” have a pervasive influence on many institutions in Nacirema society.

The anthropologist has become so familiar with the diversity of ways in which different people behave in similar situations that he is not apt to be surprised by even the most exotic customs. In fact, if all of the logically possible combinations of behavior have not been found somewhere in the world, he is apt to suspect that they must be present in some yet undescribed tribe. The point has, in fact, been expressed with respect to clan organization by Murdock[1]. In this light, the magical beliefs and practices of the Nacirema present such unusual aspects that it seems desirable to describe them as an example of the extremes to which human behavior can go.

Professor Linton[2] first brought the ritual of the Nacirema to the attention of anthropologists twenty years ago, but the culture of this people is still very poorly understood. They are a North American group living in the territory between the Canadian Cree, the Yaqui and Tarahumare of Mexico, and the Carib and Arawak of the Antilles. Little is known of their origin, although tradition states that they came from the east. According to Nacirema mythology, their nation was originated by a culture hero, Notgnihsaw, who is otherwise known for two great feats of strength—the throwing of a piece of wampum across the river Pa-To-Mac and the chopping down of a cherry tree in which the Spirit of Truth resided.

Nacirema culture is characterized by a highly developed market economy which has evolved in a rich natural habitat. While much of the people’s time is devoted to economic pursuits, a large part of the fruits of these labors and a considerable portion of the day are spent in ritual activity. The focus of this activity is the human body, the appearance and health of which loom as a dominant concern in the ethos of the people. While such a concern is certainly not unusual, its ceremonial aspects and associated philosophy are unique.

The fundamental belief underlying the whole system appears to be that the human body is ugly and that its natural tendency is to debility and disease. Incarcerated in such a body, man’s only hope is to avert these characteristics through the use of ritual and ceremony. Every household has one or more shrines devoted to this purpose. The more powerful individuals in the society have several shrines in their houses and, in fact, the opulence of a house is often referred to in terms of the number of such ritual centers it possesses. Most houses are of wattle and daub construction, but the shrine rooms of the more wealthy are walled with stone. Poorer families imitate the rich by applying pottery plaques to their shrine walls.

While each family has at least one such shrine, the rituals associated with it are not family ceremonies but are private and secret. The rites are normally only discussed with children, and then only during the period when they are being initiated into these mysteries. I was able, however, to establish sufficient rapport with the natives to examine these shrines and to have the rituals described to me.

The focal point of the shrine is a box or chest which is built into the wall. In this chest are kept the many charms and magical potions without which no native believes he could live. These preparations are secured from a variety of specialized practitioners. The most powerful of these are the medicine men, whose assistance must be rewarded with substantial gifts. However, the medicine men do not provide the curative potions for their clients, but decide what the ingredients should be and then write them down in an ancient and secret language. This writing is understood only by the medicine men and by the herbalists who, for another gift, provide the required charm.

The charm is not disposed of after it has served its purpose, but is placed in the charmbox of the household shrine. As these magical materials are specific for certain ills, and the real or imagined maladies of the people are many, the charm-box is usually full to overflowing. The magical packets are so numerous that people forget what their purposes were and fear to use them again. While the natives are very vague on this point, we can only assume that the idea in retaining all the old magical materials is that their presence in the charm-box, before which the body rituals are conducted, will in some way protect the worshiper.

Beneath the charm-box is a small font. Each day every member of the family, in succession, enters the shrine room, bows his head before the charm-box, mingles different sorts of holy water in the font, and proceeds with a brief rite of ablution[3]. The holy waters

are secured from the Water Temple of the community, where the priests conduct elaborate ceremonies to make the liquid ritually pure.

In the hierarchy of magical practitioners, and below the medicine men in prestige, are specialists whose designation is best translated as “holy-mouth-men.” The Nacirema have an almost pathological horror of and fascination with the mouth, the condition of which is believed to have a supernatural influence on all social relationships. Were it not for the rituals of the mouth, they believe that their teeth would fall out, their gums bleed, their jaws shrink, their friends desert them, and their lovers reject them. They also believe that a strong relationship exists between oral and moral characteristics. For example, there is a ritual ablution of the mouth for children which is supposed to improve their moral fiber.

The daily body ritual performed by everyone includes a mouth-rite. Despite the fact that these people are so punctilious[4] about care of the mouth, this rite involves a practice which strikes the uninitiated stranger as revolting. It was reported to me that the ritual consists of inserting a small bundle of hog hairs into the mouth, along with certain magical powders, and then moving the bundle in a highly formalized series of gestures.[5]

In addition to the private mouth-rite, the people seek out a holy-mouth-man once or twice a year. These practitioners have an impressive set of paraphernalia, consisting of a variety of augers, awls, probes, and prods. The use of these items in the exorcism of the evils of the mouth involves almost unbelievable ritual torture of the client. The holy-mouth-man opens the client’s mouth and, using the above mentioned tools, enlarges any holes which decay may have created in the teeth. Magical materials are put into these holes. If there are no naturally occurring holes in the teeth, large sections of one or more teeth are gouged out so that the supernatural substance can be applied. In the client’s view, the purpose of these ministrations[6] is to arrest decay and to draw friends. The extremely sacred and traditional character of the rite is evident in the fact that the natives return to the holy-mouth-men year after year, despite the fact that their teeth continue to decay.

It is to be hoped that, when a thorough study of the Nacirema is made, there will be careful inquiry into the personality structure of these people. One has but to watch the gleam in the eye of a holy-mouth-man, as he jabs an awl into an exposed nerve, to suspect that a certain amount of sadism is involved. If this can be established, a very interesting pattern emerges, for most of the population shows definite masochistic tendencies. It was to these that Professor Linton referred in discussing a distinctive part of the daily body ritual which is performed only by men. This part of the rite includes scraping and lacerating the surface of the face with a sharp instrument. Special women’s rites are performed only four times during each lunar month, but what they lack in frequency is made up in barbarity. As part of this ceremony, women bake their heads in small ovens for about an hour. The theoretically interesting point is that what seems to be a preponderantly masochistic people have developed sadistic specialists.

The medicine men have an imposing temple, or *latipso*, in every community of any size. The more elaborate ceremonies required to treat very sick patients can only be performed at this temple. These ceremonies involve not only the thaumaturge[7] but a permanent group of vestal maidens who move sedately about the temple chambers in distinctive costume and headdress.

The *latipso* ceremonies are so harsh that it is phenomenal that a fair proportion of the really sick natives who enter the temple ever recover. Small children whose indoctrination is still incomplete have been known to resist attempts to take them to the temple because “that is where you go to die.” Despite this fact, sick adults are not only willing but eager to undergo the protracted ritual purification, if they can afford to do so. No matter how ill the supplicant or how grave the emergency, the guardians of many temples will not admit a client if he cannot give a rich gift to the custodian. Even after one has gained and survived the ceremonies, the guardians will not permit the neophyte to leave until he makes still another gift.

The supplicant entering the temple is first stripped of all his or her clothes. In everyday life the Nacirema avoids exposure of his body and its natural functions. Bathing and excretory acts are performed only in the secrecy of the household shrine, where they are ritualized as part of the body-rites. Psychological shock results from the fact that body secrecy is suddenly lost upon entry into the *latipso*. A man, whose own wife has never seen him in an excretory act, suddenly finds himself naked and assisted by a vestal maiden while he performs his natural functions into a sacred vessel. This sort of ceremonial treatment is necessitated by the fact that the excreta are used by a diviner to ascertain the course and nature of the client’s sickness. Female clients, on the other hand, find their naked bodies are subjected to the scrutiny, manipulation and prodding of the medicine men.

Few supplicants in the temple are well enough to do anything but lie on their hard beds. The daily ceremonies, like the rites of the holy-mouth-men, involve discomfort and torture. With ritual precision, the vestals awaken their miserable charges each dawn and roll them about on their beds of pain while performing ablutions, in the formal movements of which the maidens are highly trained.

At other times they insert magic wands in the supplicant's mouth or force him to eat substances which are supposed to be healing. From time to time the medicine men come to their clients and jab magically treated needles into their flesh. The fact that these temple ceremonies may not cure, and may even kill the neophyte, in no way decreases the people's faith in the medicine men.

There remains one other kind of practitioner, known as a "listener." This witchdoctor has the power to exorcise the devils that lodge in the heads of people who have been bewitched. The Nacirema believe that parents bewitch their own children. Mothers are particularly suspected of putting a curse on children while teaching them the secret body rituals. The counter-magic of the witchdoctor is unusual in its lack of ritual. The patient simply tells the "listener" all his troubles and fears, beginning with the earliest difficulties he can remember. The memory displayed by the Nacirema in these exorcism sessions is truly remarkable. It is not uncommon for the patient to bemoan the rejection he felt upon being weaned as a babe, and a few individuals even see their troubles going back to the traumatic effects of their own birth.

In conclusion, mention must be made of certain practices which have their base in native esthetics but which depend upon the pervasive aversion to the natural body and its functions. There are ritual fasts to make fat people thin and ceremonial feasts to make thin people fat. Still other rites are used to make women's breasts larger if they are small, and smaller if they are large. General dissatisfaction with breast shape is symbolized in the fact that the ideal form is virtually outside the range of human variation. A few women afflicted with almost inhuman hyper-mammary development are so idolized that they make a handsome living by simply going from village to village and permitting the natives to stare at them for a fee.

Reference has already been made to the fact that excretory functions are ritualized, routinized, and relegated to secrecy. Natural reproductive functions are similarly distorted. Intercourse is taboo as a topic and scheduled as an act. Efforts are made to avoid pregnancy by the use of magical materials or by limiting intercourse to certain phases of the moon. Conception is actually very infrequent. When pregnant, women dress so as to hide their condition. Parturition takes place in secret, without friends or relatives to assist, and the majority of women do not nurse their infants.

Our review of the ritual life of the Nacirema has certainly shown them to be a magic-ridden people. It is hard to understand how they have managed to exist so long under the burdens which they have imposed upon themselves. But even such exotic customs as these take on real meaning when they are viewed with the insight provided by Malinowski[8] when he wrote:

Looking from far and above, from our high places of safety in the developed civilization, it is easy to see all the crudity and irrelevance of magic. But without its power and guidance early man could not have mastered his practical difficulties as he has done, nor could man have advanced to the higher stages of civilization.

Footnotes are added by Dowell as modified by Chase

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1. Murdock, George P. 1949. *Social Structure*. NY: The Macmillan Co., page 71. George Peter Murdock (1897-1996 [?]) is a famous ethnographer. ↵
2. Linton, Ralph. 1936. *The Study of Man*. NY: D. Appleton-Century Co. page 326. Ralph Linton (1893-1953) is best known for studies of enculturation (maintaining that all culture is learned rather than inherited; the process by which a society's culture is transmitted from one generation to the next), claiming culture is humanity's "social heredity." ↵
3. A washing or cleansing of the body or a part of the body. From the Latin abluere, to wash away ↵
4. Marked by precise observance of the finer points of etiquette and formal conduct. ↵
5. It is worthy of note that since Prof. Miner's original research was conducted, the Nacirema have almost universally abandoned the natural bristles of their private mouth-rite in favor of oil-based polymerized synthetics. Additionally, the powders associated with this ritual have generally been semi-liquefied. Other updates to the Nacirema culture shall be eschewed in this document for the sake of parsimony. ↵
6. Tending to religious or other important functions ↵
7. A miracle-worker. ↵
8. Malinowski, Bronislaw. *Magic, Science, and Religion*. Glencoe: The Free Press, page 70. Bronislaw Malinowski (1884-1942) is a famous cultural anthropologist best known for his argument that people everywhere share common biological and

psychological needs and that the function of all cultural institutions is to fulfill such needs; the nature of the institution is determined by its function. ↵

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6.3: “Demanding Equal Political Voice…And Accepting Nothing Less: The Quest for Latino Political Inclusion” by Louis DeSipio

This essay focuses on formal and informal efforts by various American Latino groups in the 19th and 20th centuries for full political and civic inclusion as citizens of the United States, including the development of Latino political activist groups, the struggle for civil rights, and the fight for full electoral rights for all citizens.

Over the past century and a half, diverse Latino communities have mobilized to demand civic and political inclusion, a process that has also facilitated the formation of a pan-ethnic political identity. Although there have been continuous gains, the quest for full and equal inclusion remains. The fact that the Latino population continues to grow in numbers and needs, and that this growth is often seen as a challenge to the majority population, ensures that Latinos will remain politically engaged in the pursuit of a full political voice in the upcoming decades.

Contemporary Latino politics is founded on generations of prior struggles for inclusion. These struggles have been organized around a consistent set of demands – ones that make the ongoing Latino struggle for civic and political inclusion a very American one – for equal protection of the law and the ability to participate equally in American society regardless of race or ethnicity. At the same time, like other racial/ethnic communities who are largely built on immigration, Latinos, particularly Latino immigrants, have sought to maintain transnational ties to their communities and countries of origin. This ongoing transnationalism among some immigrants has not diminished Latino efforts for inclusion in United States politics. Rather, transnational engagement often provides skills and networks that add to the resources for demanding inclusion in the U.S.

In the current essay, I will mostly focus on Mexican Americans and Mexican American organizations, particularly in the discussion of the historical roots of Latino struggles for inclusion. Mexican Americans were present in both larger numbers and higher concentrations than other Latino communities earlier in U.S. history. The pool of issues set by these early Mexican American organizations served, in part, as the foundation for pan-ethnic Latino organizing in the 1960s and beyond.

I will also focus primarily on collective efforts for inclusion; it is this collective demand and voice *as Latinos* that defines the Latino politics discussed in this essay. Prior to the contemporary era, collective efforts primarily took the form of community-based, civic, and trade union organizing. In the current era (the period after the civil rights revolution of the 1960s), electoral politics and voting added to the palette of collective political activities. This focus on collective activities is not to minimize the role of key individuals. Instead, it emerges from the recognition that the story of Latino political inclusion stems from diverse efforts across the country and across Latino national origin groups to build a collective and inclusive political voice that could be sustained (and expanded) over time.

Colonial and Immigrant Roots of Latino Demands for Political Inclusion

Latino collective organizing to achieve a civic and political voice is a largely 20th and 21st-century phenomenon. While the Latino presence in the U.S. pre-dates these 20th-century accomplishments, prior to the current era, Latino communities lacked the group resources, leadership, and organizations to demand equal rights in U.S. society. Consequently, demands were primarily individual rather than collective. Why was this the case? The story varies somewhat by region, but the primary answer is found in the form of colonial incorporation of early U.S. Latino populations.[1] In the Southwest, for instance, the former Mexican subjects who became U.S. citizens at the end of the U.S.-Mexican War had few resources that could be used for political organization.[2] Population concentration was low and most of the residents of the Southwest lived in a state of agricultural peonage. In the years just after the end of the U.S.-Mexican War, the former Mexican elite of landholders and civil servants could have served as an ethnic leadership. To some extent, this now Mexican American elite did share in the political leadership of the new states and territories of the U.S. Southwest, but their numbers were small. In addition, conflict quickly emerged throughout the Southwest between the former Mexican subjects and Anglo populations, many of whom were new migrants after the end of the war and who viewed the Mexican American population as racially subordinate.[3]

Consequently, in the years that followed the end of the U.S.-Mexican War, the economic and social status of much of these pre-conquest elite severely declined. Many lost their lands; others intermarried with Anglo migrants leading to the loss of ethnic identity within a generation or two. By 1900, there were few Mexican American leaders outside of the territory of New Mexico and

the Mexican American community was almost entirely made up of agricultural workers and urban laborers. Neither had the resources to organize collectively nor to make more than sporadic political demands.[4]

New Mexico proves an exception to this pattern of declining political influence of pre-war elites and their children. European-descended whites did not migrate to the territory of New Mexico in the same numbers they did to other parts of the Southwest. As a result, the Hispano population of the territory continued to dominate state politics into the 20th century. The presence of the Hispano state leaders and their insistence on maintaining New Mexico's bilingualism, however, slowed the admission of New Mexico (and Arizona) as states.

The addition of Puerto Rico to the U.S. in 1898 did not lead to a beheading of the pre-existing elite comparable to the Mexican American experience in the Southwest.[5] Upon the U.S. invasion of the island, Puerto Ricans lobbied for a wide range of political demands, including U.S. citizenship, admission to the union, self-government, and to a lesser extent, independence. The Jones Act of 1917, which granted a limited form of U.S. citizenship to residents of Puerto Rico, and Public Law 600, which led to limited self-government in 1952, met some of these demands. These struggles, however, did not result in the full incorporation of Puerto Ricans into the U.S. They were largely fought from Puerto Rico during this period and involved few Latinos in the U.S.

Despite the fact that there was little *collective* action to demand civic inclusion in Mexican American and Puerto Rican communities in the late 19th century, there were efforts by individuals to highlight inequalities and obstacles. Mexican Americans in the Southwest, for instance, used the federal and state courts to assert their citizenship rights. Issues before the courts included the right of Mexican immigrants to naturalize (*In re Ricardo Rodríguez* [1897]), to hold public office (*People v. de la Guerra* [1870]), and to serve on juries or to be tried by juries that included Mexican Americans (*George Carter v. Territory of New Mexico* [1859]). The courts were also the locus of Mexican American demands for the enforcement of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo's protections of the property rights of Mexican Americans who had owned land in the Southwest before the U.S.-Mexican War.

During this period, local political machines also courted Latino voters. This form of organization existed in New Mexico and South Texas; the New York Democratic machine intermittently sought the votes of Puerto Ricans in some elections and excluded them in others as late as the 1950s. For the most part, however, these machines engaged Latino communities to serve the ends of the political parties and Latinos had little influence on the people their votes elected. In the early period of Mexican American presence in the Southwest, some unions organized Latino workers, particularly the mining unions and the anarchists. This union outreach was the exception rather than the rule, however, and did not add to the community's public leadership. Because of their concentration and the relatively lower share of whites, Mexican Americans in New Mexico (*Hispanos*) had more collective voice in this period than did Mexican Americans in other states. Several of the territorial governors were Hispano as were many members of New Mexico's 1910 Constitutional Convention (which preceded New Mexico's 1912 statehood).

Organized Latino Voices for Civic Inclusion in the Early 20th Century: Initial Steps

At the turn of the 20th century, Latinos started to organize more broadly to meet their collective needs, including the creation of insurance pools to meet end-of-life financial needs, but these efforts were largely apolitical. Early Latino civic organizing took on a more explicitly political dimension in the late 1920s and 1930s. This era saw the formation of the first regional Mexican American civic organizations as well as labor organizing that included the first "national" Latino political movement. It was these efforts that laid the foundation for post-World War II civic and political gains. The two organizations that formed in this era, the League of United Latin American Citizens (LULAC) and *El Congreso de Pueblos que Hablan Espãnol* The Congress of Spanish-Speaking Peoples also refered to as El Congresso, represented different segments of the Latino community, but they shared a vision for a nation in which Latino voices were not muted by discrimination and exclusion.

LULAC was established in 1929.[6] Its founders included the small Mexican American middle class – largely small business owners – that had emerged over the previous 20 years in small towns in Texas. The goals of the organization were both revolutionary and assimilationist. Their leadership sought to challenge and reverse the discrimination that had characterized the treatment of Mexican Americans in the Southwest since 1848. They used the tools available to them as U.S. citizens, particularly the courts, to challenge the largely unquestioned position of whites and the long-dominant policy of anti-Mexican discrimination. Their core claim was equal protection as U.S. citizens under the law.

LULAC members did distinguish themselves, however, from recent immigrants of Mexican ancestry by limiting membership to U.S. citizens and conducting meetings in English. The organization offered assistance to Mexican immigrants seeking to naturalize,

but did not believe there was a political or civic equality between non-naturalized immigrants and U.S. citizens. In the 1930s, LULAC conducted voter registration drives, encouraged members to support candidates who spoke to Mexican American concerns, organized to end the poll tax, and used the courts to challenge discrimination, particularly educational discrimination. Soon after its formation, LULAC sought to organize Mexican American women. In the early 1930s, several chapters formed Ladies' Auxiliaries. In 1938, the LULAC President established the position of National Organizer for Women, which was later changed to the National Vice President of the organization.

Despite their somewhat narrow focus and the middle-class status of the early members, LULAC chapters quickly emerged throughout the Southwest making it the first regional Latino organization. Moreover, LULAC's leaders developed a political alliance with Lyndon Johnson who was beginning his national rise in this period.[7] This alliance represented the first steps in building a Latino voice in national politics.

A decade after the formation of LULAC, Southern California union activists Luisa Moreno, Josefina Fierro de Bright, and Eduardo Quevedo established El Congreso.[8] It too represented a necessary step in the Latino demand for civic and political inclusion. Its membership was more urban, more working-class, and arguably more Latino in that it included more non-Mexicans than LULAC. It also offered a new model for Latinos of tactical alliances with other excluded groups in U.S. society. El Congreso also recognized women as organizers and leaders in a more central way than LULAC.[9] In addition, El Congreso was more short-lived. Yet, its membership and the issues that it articulated were closer to the majority of Latinos in the 1940s and beyond. Its rhetoric was more activist than that of LULAC, in large part based on its roots in the labor movement and labor's internationalism and ties to labor movements abroad in this era. The issues that it focused on – particularly the equal treatment of immigrants and citizens before the law – were ones that would have long-term resonance for Latino activism and that anticipated long-term changes in non-Latino attitudes in the post-war period.

At its core, however, El Congreso shared LULAC's demand for the end to anti-Latino discrimination and the elimination of barriers that denied Latinos an equal voice in U.S. society. El Congreso's vision extended to the elimination of barriers that limited civic, political, and economic opportunities for non-U.S. citizens. In addition, neither LULAC nor El Congreso was a mass organization. For most Latinos in the pre-civil rights era, the barriers that had long characterized the opportunities for Latino civic and political voice remained. Yet both organizations laid the foundation for the flowering of Latino demand making that would follow. They demonstrated that despite generations of discrimination, Latinos not only wanted a political voice, but also had the resources within the community to translate these demands into successful organization.

Latino Civic and Political Organizing in the Civil Rights Era

The 1950s, 1960s, and early 1970s saw a rapid expansion in Latino demand making and the formation of diverse paths to political organizing. It also saw the foundation of Latino electoral influence. As was the case in the African American community and its civil rights movement in part of this period, leadership emerged from new segments of the population, including returning World War II and Korean War veterans and college educated young adults.[10] Contesting social inequality and continuing the fight against discrimination became central to the nascent Latino political identity of this era. Many of the organizations that formed in this period adopted a more confrontational rhetoric than had LULAC or El Congreso. These movements were not just united by their styles. Each was motivated by a rejection of unequal treatment based on race/ethnicity. In each case, anger over state-sanctioned discrimination and denial of rights was at the core of their mobilization efforts. As will be evident, these movements appeared in all parts of the country with concentrated Latino populations. Although they did not form a national Latino movement as we understand it today, their recognition of the shared experiences of Latinos nationwide laid the foundation for the pan-ethnic Latino politics that emerged in the post-civil rights era.

Early post-World War II activism transitioned Latino politics from civic organizing to electoral mobilization. Anger over the failure of Latino candidates to be elected to local offices in California and Texas led to the formation of community organizations focused on candidate recruitment, voter registration, and voter mo-bilization.[11] The result was a series of electoral "firsts" in which Latinos were elected to a specific office for the first time.

Latino youth, primarily U.S.-born young people, were among the most active. Their activism reflected Latino-specific concerns over discrimination and disparate outcomes, but also the anger of young adults in general in this era over the war in Vietnam.[12] Resentment over discriminatory public education spurred a series of walkouts (blowouts in the rhetoric of the era) in Los Angeles high schools. These spontaneous movements coalesced in organizing to reform the delivery of education and in anti-war

mobilization under the auspices of the Mexican American Youth Organization (MAYO).[13] Similar efforts appeared in other areas of Latino concentration in the Southwest. The Crusade for Justice, formed in Denver, focused its energies on youth more broadly including young adults in schools and in (and out of) the workplace.[14] At its 1969 conference, the *Plan Espiritual de Aztlán* was presented publicly for the first time. The Plan is the founding document of the*Movimiento Estudiantil Chicanos de Aztlán* (MEChA) and called for Chicano self-determination and ethnic pride. MEChA is the only national Latino student organization on college and university campuses during this period still active today.

Young adults also led new movements to challenge white-dominated political institutions. They sought election to local offices in rural Texas, demonstrated that Mexican Americans could be mobilized, and use their numbers to challenge electoral discrimination.[15] These local efforts in the 1960s (and the national attention they drew) led to the formation of a regional Mexican American political party – *La Raza Unida* – that convened a national convention in 1972 and ran candidates for local and state offices throughout the Southwest.[16] Arguably, the presence of a Raza Unida candidate on the ballot reduced the Democratic vote sufficiently to elect the first Republican governor of Texas since the Civil War. Raza Unida candidates won local and a few state offices in this period.

Young Latino adults also mobilized in Puerto Rican communities, which had grown dramatically after World War II.[17] Because of the Jones Act, which provided U.S. citizenship to Puerto Ricans, and the increased demand of cheap labor after the war, hundreds of thousands of Puerto Ricans made their way to New York, New Jersey, Philadelphia, and Chicago, and other cities. Puerto Rican migrants who seized this opportunity tended to be unskilled laborers and, later, rural migrants pushed off the land as Puerto Rican agriculture industrialized. Like the Mexican residents of the Southwest in the years after the U.S.-Mexican War, early 20th-century Puerto Rican migrants had few economic resources and were the targets of racial and ethnic discrimination.

Perhaps the most prominent of Puerto Rican youth groups of this era was the New York-based Young Lords, which had a different emphasis than the social movement organizations in the Southwest. Puerto Rico's colonial status ensured stronger ties to the homeland than existed among most Mexican Americans in this era. As a result, The Young Lords organized around a two-prong strategy. In New York and Chicago, they challenged discriminatory practices that denied Puerto Ricans the protections of their U.S. citizenship focusing on education, public health, public safety, and representation. They also sought, ultimately less successfully, to build a new independence movement on the island and build bridges between Puerto Ricans on the Island and the mainland.[18]

Civil rights era activism did not just appear among young adult Latinos. In New Mexico, the *Alianza de Pueblos y Pobladores* (The Alliance of Towns and Settlers) confronted federal and state authorities to enforce land claims by the descendants of Mexican residents of the state that had been largely neglected for the century since the ratification of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.[19] Activists seized the ethos of the era to reinvigorate these claims using new and much more confrontational strategies, including the occupation of a federal courthouse. The United Farmworkers made the cause of California's primarily Latino agricultural labor force into a national issue and introduced non-Latinos in many parts of the country to the second-class status routinely experienced by many Latinos.[20] Combating high dropout rates in Puerto Rican communities was the focus of ASPIRA, formed by Antonia Pantoja and a group of Puerto Rican educators in 1961.[21] ASPIRA leaders recognized that the only way for Puerto Ricans (and, later, all Latinos) to achieve their leadership potential was to ensure educational opportunities.

The frequently confrontational style of these newly emerging organizations in this era – and their new generation of leaders – should not obscure the core of their demands. They sought full inclusion in U.S. society as guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution and saw, as the primary strategy to achieve that goal, the opportunity to elect the candidate of their choice to office. Although their rhetoric sometimes focused on the distinct experiences of Latinos and separateness, their demands and goals focused on the equal ability to compete in the civic and political world. In this, their pluralist demands were similar to those of other excluded groups in U.S. society seeking an equal voice.

The new opportunities for Latino civic organizing in the civil rights era were also not limited to challenging existing political structures from the outside. This era also saw the foundation of Latino voices within the major political parties and social institutions as well as the formation of Latino-led institutions to research, document, and articulate the Latino condition.

It was in this era that the "Latino vote" entered the rhetoric of the national parties and some elected leaders (it would be the 1980s before discussion of it became more common). John F. Kennedy relied on Mexican American votes in Texas to win the presidency in 1960; he earned these votes and probably increased the size of the Mexican American vote by running a well-financed campaign targeting Mexican Americans.[22] Richard Nixon made the first Republican claims on Latino votes nationally. He made some half-

hearted efforts to reach out to Mexican Americans while his re-election campaign secretly funded La Raza Unida in an effort to reduce the Democratic vote. The Nixon campaign, and Republicans in general, were much more successful at winning support from Cuban Americans based in part on their strong opposition to Fidel Castro's regime in Cuba.[23]. Each of the parties and many state parties established Latino outreach offices in this era.

Building on the organizational efforts of community-based voter mobilization efforts, Latinos began to elect co-ethnics to office, including national offices, in this period. Members of Congress elected in this era – Henry B. Gonzalez (TX), Edward Roybal (CA), Kika de la Garza (TX), Herman Badillo (NY), Manuel Lujan (NM), and Baltasar Corrada del Río (Resident Commissioner of Puerto Rico) – ensured a Latino presence in Washington and in national policy making that didn't exist before. These Latino Representatives institutionalized their presence with the formation of the Congressional Hispanic Caucus in 1976.

Latinos also built their first national advocacy institutions in the civil rights era. Most prominent among these was the National Council of La Raza (NCLR) (formed as the Southwest Conference of La Raza). This alliance of Latino community-based organizations nationally had a twin mission. First, it provided capacity building to ensure that local Latino organizations could grow and expand service provision at the local level. Second, it sought to amalgamate the needs and issues identified by these member organizations into a regional and, ultimately, national Latino agenda that would serve as the foundation for Latino advocacy at the state and national levels. This organizational Latino voice provided an external resource for Latinos and non-Latino officeholders seeking to serve Latino needs. NCLR's advocacy targeted the legislatures and executive branch agencies.[24].

The Mexican American Legal Defense and Education Fund (MALDEF) formed in this same period and with some of the same philanthropic supporters as NCLR targeted its energies on the courts. MALDEF and the Puerto Rican Legal Defense Fund (PRLDEF), founded four years later, ensured Latino communities would have the institutional talent to challenge discriminatory laws and practices. MALDEF's scope was broad, but it focused much of its energy on discrimination in schools, in public and private employment, in contracting, in the delivery of government services, in housing, and in employment as well as in voting rights and districting.[25] MALDEF's litigation on voting rights and districting ensured that Latinos could exercise their right to vote and that their votes would routinely have the opportunity to elect the candidate who received the most Latino votes. Over time, MALDEF has increasingly litigated on the rights of immigrants (a theme I return to later). ASPIRA also litigated a series of cases to ensure Puerto Rican and Latino educational access.

NCLR was by no means the only national Latino civil rights organization that formed in this era, although it probably had the broadest scope. The growing pool of Latino officeholders established the National Association of Latino Elected and Appointed Officials (NALEO). Activists in Texas who had become dissatisfied with some of the rhetoric of Raza Unida formed the Southwest Voter Registration and Education Project to challenge barriers to Latino registration and voting and to register Latinos to vote, initially with a focus on urban areas where the largest concentrations of Latinos resided.[26] Latino business owners created the National Hispanic Chamber of Commerce. Although it often took more conservative positions on economic issues than other Latino civil rights organizations, it too challenged discrimination and barriers to the equal participation of Latinos in U.S. society. MANA, a National Latina Organization to empower Latinas through leadership development and advocacy was formed in 1974.[27] LULAC and the G.I. Forum, which formed after World War II to fight discrimination experienced by returning Mexican American troops, continued to serve as voices for Latinos in this era and became more national in scope. They focused their resources on battling educational discrimination and litigated a number of important court cases.[28]

The national civil rights organizations that were founded in this period were not exclusively pan-Latino. Some organizations, formed initially to serve Mexican American communities such as NCLR or MALDEF, quickly expanded their focus to civil rights of all Latinos. Local organizations were more likely to focus primarily on the policy concerns of specific national origin groups. In the case of Puerto Rican and Cuban American communities, these community-level concerns included homeland issues as well, such as the status of Puerto Rico for Puerto Ricans or the vicissitudes of U.S.-Cuban relations for Cuban Americans.

The national Latino civil rights organizations that formed in this period reflected a new position of Latinos in U.S. society that would not have been possible had the more activist organizations not challenged local and state power structures that had denied Latinos equal protection of the laws. The national organizations were more explicitly pluralist in their rhetoric and operations, but they and the more activist organizations shared a vision of Latino empowerment by challenging barriers and expanding the Latino electoral and economic voice. Occasional activist rhetoric aside, the demands of the civil rights era focused on ensuring that the language of the 14th and 15th Amendments to the U.S. Constitution became the practice as well as the law of the land. The new

national organizations ensured a new and permanent institutional resource to articulate the demand for Latino civic and political inclusion.

The Continuing Struggle for Latino Civic Inclusion in the Contemporary United States

Despite the breakthroughs of the civil rights period, struggles for Latino inclusion continued in the post-civil rights era. These contemporary efforts are, in some significant ways, different from those that preceded the 1960s. The major legislative legacies of the civil rights era were federal commitments to enforce the 14th and 15th Amendments to the U.S. Constitution guaranteeing equal protection of the laws and equal access to the ballot box. Civil rights and voting rights legislation created a new playing field for Latino demands for civic inclusion; the advocacy organizations that were established in the civil rights era and the steadily growing number of Latino elected and appointed officeholders ensured that Latino voices would be heard on issues of importance to the community.

The demography of the community also changed. Changes to national immigration law as well as higher than average birth rates ensured that the Latino population grew more rapidly than other groups. By 2012, Latinos numbered more than 50 million and made up more than 16 percent of the national population (compared to approximately 6 million in 1960 who made up over just 3 percent of the U.S. population). The composition of the Latino community also diversified. Dominican populations migrated in large numbers to New York and the Northeast. Salvadoran and Guatemalan migrants moved in large numbers to Southern California and Texas. Florida saw large migrations from throughout the Americas; New York became home to many Columbian, Peruvian, and Mexican migrants as well as smaller populations of migrants from throughout the Americas. The geography of Latino migration also changed with large numbers of Latinos migrating to the South and rural parts of the Midwest where Latinos had not resided in large numbers. This changing Latino demography created the potential for greater divisions in the Latino political agenda. Potential cleavages include nativity and immigrant generation, national origin, region of residence, income, and education. It also put Latino communities into contact and potential conflict with non-Hispanic white populations who had not previously encountered many Latinos in their daily lives.

The Latino fight for civic inclusion thus continues. The contemporary barriers merge long-standing discriminations with newly emerging obstacles. Most important among these is the high share of non-U.S. citizens in the Latino population. Certainly, immigrants have always been more common in Latino than in white or black populations and non-naturalized immigrants have often faced exclusion from some forms of civic and political participation. What are new, however, are the high share of non-naturalized immigrants in the Latino (and Asian American) population and the growing share of immigrants made up of unauthorized immigrants who do not have a path to naturalization. It is, of course, difficult to present precise estimates of the unauthorized immigrant population. Yet, the best estimates suggest that of the approximately 11.5 million unauthorized immigrants resident in the U.S. in 2011, 8.9 million were Latino.[29] Whereas in the past, unauthorized migrants have been able to regularize their status over time, partisan polarization in Congress has prevented a compromise that would allow for a widespread legalization. This policy intransigence has spurred a new form of Latino civic activism among young adult undocumented migrants who migrated with their parents as young children. They have banded together as “Dreamers” tapping the nomenclature of the DREAM Act, which would offer a path to legal status to young adult unauthorized migrants who attended college or joined the U.S. military.

The future of Latino civic inclusion is not, however, just a story of ensuring that long-term unauthorized migrants are able to regularize their status (and eventually naturalize). Many long-term legal immigrants eligible for naturalization and interested in becoming U.S. citizens have not naturalized.[30] Again, there are no exact numbers, but the best estimates suggest that as many as five million Latino immigrants are eligible for naturalization, but have not naturalized. An additional 1.4 million will attain naturalization eligibility over the next five years (a population that will be continually replenished through new immigrants to permanent residence).[31]

The growth of both the legal permanent resident and unauthorized immigrant populations over the past 40 years has ensured that the share of the Latino population made up of non-naturalized immigrants grew as the number of immigrants increased in the 1970s and 1980s and will remain high for the foreseeable future. In 2008, for example, 37 percent of Latino adults were not U.S. citizens – and not eligible to vote – compared to 2 percent of non-Hispanic Whites and 6 percent of non-Hispanic blacks. In the era before high Latino migration, the immigration- and citizenship-related barriers to immigrant political voice were less absolute. Half the states allowed non-citizens to vote. The status of “unauthorized immigrant” didn’t exist until the early 20th century, when Congress began to define categories of potential immigrants who were ineligible to enter the U.S.[32] Increasingly, the fight for Latino civic

inclusion unites immigrant and U.S. citizen Latinos in a shared agenda that seeks to protect the rights and opportunities of immigrants, regardless of status, while providing encouragement for naturalization-eligible immigrants to naturalize and vote.[33]

The rapid growth in Latino migration in the contemporary era has created a new venue for political voice and activism. Immigrants have long sought the opportunity remain engaged in the civic life of their communities and countries of origin. Examples of these transnational connections can be found throughout the Latino experience in the U.S. (as well as those of other émigré populations). The long-standing immigrant desire to be involved in both the U.S. and the country of origin, however, is much easier to implement in the current era. Telecommunications and air travel are much cheaper than they have been in the past. The internet reduces communication costs further. Approximately 30 percent of Latino immigrants have engaged in the civic and political worlds of their communities and countries of origin, whether through membership in transnational organizations in the U.S. or through direct participation in the civic or political worlds of the country of origin. A higher share follow the politics of the country of origin.[34] These transnational connections diminish considerably in the second and later generations. Despite political transnationalism's roots in the long-standing immigrant desires to maintain a foot in the country of origin and the U.S., transnationalism as a mass phenomenon is relatively new. Countries of origin are seeking to promote long-term relationships with their émigrés.[35] To the extent that these efforts are successful, immigrant and perhaps second-generation transnational engagement will likely be a growing phenomenon in the future.

At the same time, the contemporary struggle for Latino civic and political inclusion is not simply a battle for immigrant rights.[36] U.S. citizen Latinos continue to face barriers to participation, some of which pre-date civil rights era reforms. Voter registration requirements, for example, were originally implemented to dampen the political power of turn-of-the-twentieth-century European immigrants.[37] They were effective then and continue to have a disproportionate and negative impact on young, poor, and less educated adults in U.S. society. Latinos are more likely to have high shares of the population in each of these categories. The colonial legacy of Puerto Rico denies the vote to the nearly four million residents of the Island. Constitutional design features also limit Latino influence. Both the U.S. Senate and the Electoral College weight the political influence of small states over large states; Latinos are more likely to live in the large states. The legacy of past discrimination remains in legislative district designs, at-large election systems, weekday elections, and in individual biases among non-Latino voters against Latino candidates. Few Latinos are elected from non-Latino majority or plurality districts while many Latino plurality/majority districts elect non-Latino candidates.

New and arguably more subtle forms of discrimination have emerged in the post-civil rights era. At present, the most insidious of these is voter identification requirements that many states are imposing. Latinos otherwise eligible to vote are less likely to have the required forms of identification and, consequently, will be less likely to vote. Requirements such as these that require implementation in multiple sites also raise the specter of unequal application of the law, which will further dampen Latino voting.

The organizational infrastructure that emerged in the post-civil rights era continues to advocate, litigate, and organize to address these issues and to expand the Latino political voice. Latino representation at all levels of elective office has increased steadily over the past 30 years. It has also become more diverse.[38] Latinas make up a higher share of Latino officeholders than do white women of white officeholders. Latino officeholders increasingly also include Latinos who trace their ancestry to the countries of Latin America that began to send large numbers of migrants to the U.S. after 1960. Two Latinos serve in the U.S. Senate and twenty-four serve as voting members in the U.S. House of Representatives. Of the House members, seven are Latinas, which represents a higher share of women than for Congress as a whole. The "Latino vote" is now routinely sought in national and many state-level races. A new generation of Latino campaign professionals has emerged to ensure that any candidate who wants to seek Latino votes can reach Latino voters. The national Latino organizations have banded together since 1988 under the rubric of the National Hispanic Leadership Agenda to articulate an agenda of the issues that unite Latino communities. Latino organizations also more continually offer support for Latinos seeking to naturalize. Voter registration efforts routinely expand prior to national elections. A particular target of these efforts is young adult Latinos. Voto Latino has been particularly effective at reaching young adults through popular culture. Latino community organizations and social service organizations have also expanded considerably in the post-civil rights era. Increasingly, Latino organizations and leaders are also able to use coalitional politics to achieve collective goals. These coalitions often include non-Latinos and non-Latino organizations around areas of common concern, such as immigrant rights with Asian American and Jewish organizations, civil rights and affirmative action with African American organizations, and pocketbook issues such as access to health care with unions and progressive Democrats. The size and growing political savvy of Latino

communities ensures that these coalitions can be both effective at securing policy outcomes that benefit Latinos and providing the foundation for Latinos to develop leadership skills and seek elective office.

Conclusions

Despite changes in the structure of U.S. politics and the opportunities for Latino civic and political voice in the post-civil rights era, it is important to observe what has remained the same. The philosophy motivating mainstream Latino demands continues to be one of equal access to political rights and responsibilities. Latinos continue to need to challenge barriers to make their demands on political institutions. In 2006, in response to legislation passed in the U.S. House of Representatives making unauthorized immigrant status a crime, as many as five million people, most of whom were Latino, peacefully protested nationwide. The marchers included immigrant and native Latinos. The legacy of these marches included policy outcomes – criminalization was rejected by the Senate – and political gains. The rate of growth of the Latino electorate increased in 2008, at least in part in response to post-march drives to translate protest into votes. The Latino community was able to respond so quickly and, arguably, so effectively because institutions and organizations existed to channel anger and frustration into collective political voice. With growing numbers and increasingly sophisticated organization, Latinos continue to engage with old and new challenges, and in the process contribute to the renewing of democracy in the U.S.

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6.4: Audio: “Psychology’s unhealthy obsession with the WEIRDest people in the world” by David McRaney

Psychology studies are almost always about WEIRD people: Western, Educated, Industrial, Rich, and Democratic – the kind of people who make up less than 15 percent of the world’s population.

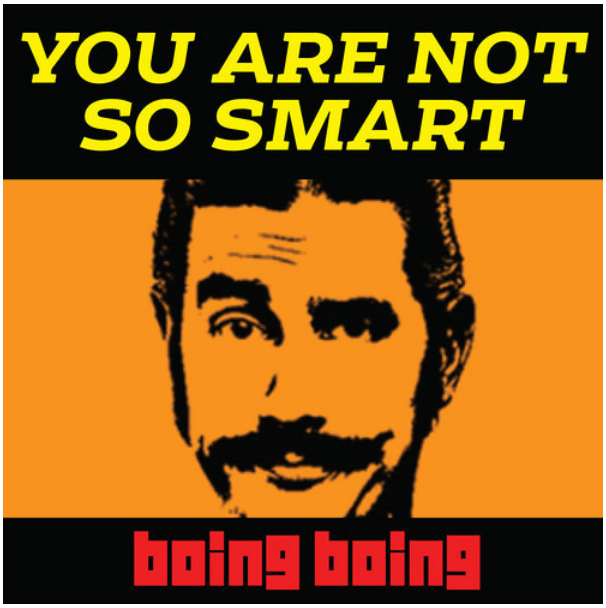
Is psychology too WEIRD?

That’s what this episode’s guest, psychologist Steven J. Heine, suggested when he and his colleagues published a paper revealing that psychology wasn’t the study of the human mind, but the study of one kind of human mind, the sort of mind generated by the kinds of brains that happen to be conveniently located near the places where research is usually conducted.

When you hear about “subjects” in a psychology paper, those subjects are almost always North American college undergraduates or students from Australia or the UK, members of a cohort many scientists now label as the WEIRDest people in the world, short for Western, Education, Industrial, Rich, and Democratic – the kind of people who make up less than 15 percent of the world’s population.

Our guest, Steven J. Heine, was one of the authors of a paper that lead to psychology’s greatest epiphany in decades, many (if not all) of the human universals discovered in all of field’s most famous experiments are actually universals among only one demographic, not the entire human species. It was kind of like biologists suddenly learning they had based their entire science just on the animals living in a single cave in Montana.

In this episode, you’ll learn why it took so long to figure out it was studying outliers, and what it means for the future of psychology, neuroscience, and many other fields attempting that study human beings as a whole.



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CHAPTER OVERVIEW

7: Zombies

7.1: “The Zombie as Barometer of Capitalist Anxiety” by D.T. Robb
7.2: “Zombies vs. animals? The living dead wouldn’t stand a chance” by David Mizejewski

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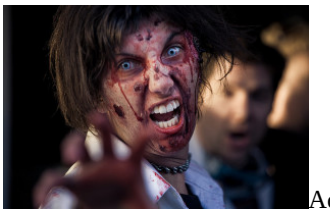
7.1: “The Zombie as Barometer of Capitalist Anxiety” by D.T. Robb

The modern incarnation of the zombie, as seen strewn across pop culture horror novels and films in ever-increasing numbers, is easily recognized and radically different from its historical roots; any member of our modern Western culture can spot the gray, often rotting flesh, the black eyes, the dishevelled appearance, the shuffling gait, the wretched moaning, and, of course, the bloody mouths flecked with fresh flesh and detritus. However, the zombie goes beyond cheap thrills; zombies, as well as other variations of horror monsters, represent a fear that pervades society as a whole, a collective nervousness of destruction at the hands of a seemingly invulnerable foe.

 According to Peter Dendle, in his essay, “The Zombie as Barometer of Cultural Anxiety,” the zombie has “…tapped into a deep-seated anxiety about society, government, individual protection, and our increasing disconnectedness from subsistence skills.”1 Dendle states that the prevalence of the zombie in pop culture correlates to society’s fear that any sudden jolt of the status quo, undead or otherwise, would result in mass chaos, that people would be unable to protect themselves or to survive on their own.

Yet one may take the thought of this collective anxiety a step further to discern one of the underlying causes and major contributions to the general nervousness of the public and the widespread appearances of zombies in films and literature: capitalism.

Past to Present

According to Dendle, “the zombie, a soul-less hulk mindlessly working at the bidding of another, thus records a residual communal memory of slavery: of living a life without dignity or meaning, of going through the motions.”1 Here we see the zombie’s origins, as corpses reanimated by bourgeois landowners or factory foremen through some rites of magick for the sake of performing menial labour without demanding fair wages, hours, and treatment, never tiring or making mistakes.

This is one of the earliest iterations of the zombie, and the origin of the capitalist metaphor. The proto-capitalist economy of nineteenth century America was dependent on slave labour, and pro-slavery politicians of the time argued that the economy of the South would have collapsed entirely should slavery be outlawed. Here it is evident how a fear and disdain of capitalism would have been imprinted on the minds of the enslaved Africans and Haitians, from whose culture the zombie originated. They were slaves because slavery was profitable, vital to economy and thus not morally bankrupt to the slave owners, and an implicit resistance to this system would have been planted.

From here the zombie transformed from a worker drone to a bloodthirsty monster, personality vanished, flesh rotting off of bone, an insatiable hunger for long pig, and most importantly a horde—one capable of the annihilation of human society. Zombies went from a cheap work force to a full-blown apocalypse, and they had never been more popular as capitalism conquered the world.

The capitalist metaphor came to a head with George Romero’s 1978 film Dawn of the Dead, in which the main characters attempt to escape the zombie apocalypse by finding sanctuary in a shopping mall. When the survivors find temporary safety, they return to their consumer roots and ransack the mall for products, and, after observing his comrades and the encroaching zombies, one character remarks, “They’re us.”2

Later, much more subtle hints at the metaphor of consumer capitalism occur in the Resident Evil cycle and many other films and books, where the zombie outbreak is, directly or otherwise, the result of illicit business practices of faceless corporations. This possibly stems from a mistrust of large conglomerates whose GDPs began to exceed entire nations’; Wal-Mart currently has more purchasing power than Saudi Arabia does.

In Max Brooks’ World War Z, a critique of capitalism is offered in the form of Phalanx, a vaccine manufactured to prevent “rabies” and sold as a solution to the developing zombie crisis; Phalanx was pushed through the FDA by the government (and the corporations that control it) despite a lack of testing and evidence regarding the zombie virus, for the sake of keeping the populace calm while earning unprecedented profits at the expense of the victimized masses. According to Breckenridge Scott, the character

responsible for Phalanx:

"It protected them from their fears. That's all I was selling. Hell, because of Phalanx, the biomed sector started to recover, which, in turn, jump-started the stock market, which then gave the impression of a recovery, which then restored consumer confidence to stimulate an actual recovery!"3

This passage shows how the bourgeois businessman Scott justified selling his snake oil to the masses, in that the mass production of Phalanx and its widespread sales led to an economic recovery, and the reader is presented with the conflicting viewpoints between economic recovery and the deaths of millions of misled humans. The reader is presented with the question of whether the economy should take precedent over the well-being of the people, and while the choice is obvious, it shows the reader that corporations will sacrifice lives for their bottom lines.

And so, as zombies enter the world of prime-time television dramas, so too does our anxiety grow.

Anxiety Disorder

The zombie as we know it today, by its very nature, is a mindless creature which was once a human being, a sentient individual with a name and free will, but has been warped to become a ravenous consumer without thought or emotion. It meanders through city streets, around small towns, and along highways with no thought or desire but to consume anything and everything it can—namely, human flesh.

If one listens to the cries of anti-capitalist dissenters, an eerie similarity between zombies and members of capitalist economies appears, at least in terms of behavior; the masses go out from their homes and flock to shopping centers and department stores, willingly giving away the fruits of their labour in exchange for luxury items, and often really don't know why.

A defining feature of the zombie is the loss of the individual's sentience once transformed into the undead, just as a loss of sentience occurs in the individual within a consumer capitalist culture, at the hands of mass marketing and advertising. On the subject of the loss of free will, author Chuck Palahniuk wittily writes:

"Experts in ancient Greek culture say that people back then didn't see their thoughts as belonging to them. When ancient Greeks had a thought, it occurred to them as a god or goddess giving an order… Now people hear a commercial for sour cream potato chips and rush out to buy, but now they call this free will. At least the ancient Greeks were being honest."4

Here Palahniuk's anti-capitalist sentiments can be translated to the parallel between zombies and consumers, as both experiences a loss of sentience, and of the individual. The zombie is a monster of majority, unlike its vampiric and lupine counterparts, as those in our society who are given to the consumer instinct are a majority and the few individuals who criticize capitalism from within it are persecuted and defamed in the way that zombies will swarm and attack an uninfected human. In addition, the zombie is a mechanism of annihilation; while vampires are a small minority living in the underground of a human world, feeding to survive, the zombie horde exists only for the purpose of consuming or converting all humans until the species is extinct and the paradigm shifts to a world inhabited only by zombies.

This is similar to the cries of the left wing, who accuse the right—the upholders of laissez-faire capitalism and unwavering nationalism—of demanding conformity of all to their belief systems and ways of living (if you don't like America, well you can just get out).

However, Dendle postulates that while zombie apocalypse films and novels capitalize on the anxiety of the masses, the underlying purpose of zombie culture is not to display the end of the world but to illustrate how the world may be profoundly changed for the better by means of the old world's destruction. Dendle states: "Post-apocalyptic zombie worlds are fantasies of liberation: the intrepid pioneers of a new world trek through the shattered remnants of the old, trudging through the shells of buildings and the husks of people."1

In World War Z, the sundering of the zeitgeist in the United States shatters the pre-existing capitalistic and highly individualized philosophy of the masses and opens up the populace, through their vulnerability, to survival only through communal life and cooperation. However, even Brooks' profound statements regarding cooperation are contradicted within his novel, in the example of socialist Cuba becoming a booming post-war capitalist force. One can infer from the critiques of both capitalism and communism that Brooks supports neither in his writing, adding another layer to the zombie-capitalist.

I believe that the impact of Brooks' novel regarding our economic anxiety can be summarized by this statement of a Japanese character late in the novel: "His generation wanted to rule the world, and mine was content to let the world, and by the world I mean [the United States], rule us. There has to be a better way, a middle path where we take responsibility…"2 This is a powerful line, as it transforms the novel from a simple metaphor for capitalism to a statement that the world must take a path between capitalism and communism in order to survive and prosper, and that this path is now available as the world has an opportunity to rebuild. This is the ultimate function of the zombie, beyond cheap thrills of a horror film and beyond a criticism of the right-wing and consumer capitalism; the zombie functions to clean the slate and enable the world to rebuild anew.

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7.2: “Zombies vs. animals? The living dead wouldn’t stand a chance” by David Mizejewski

National Wildlife Federation naturalist David Mizejewski explains how nature would deal with a zombie outbreak: brutally, and without quarter.

With *The Walking Dead’s* fourth season premiere and Halloween upon us, the living dead are back in full-force.

Zombies are scary. We humans are evolutionarily pre-programmed to abhor the dead bodies of our own species. It’s a natural reaction, helping healthy individuals avoid fatal pathogens.

The thought of being eaten alive is a natural fear, and when it’s your own species doing the eating, it’s even more terrifying.

Relax. Next time you’re lying in bed, unable to fall asleep thanks to the vague anxiety of half-rotten corpses munching on you in the dark, remember this: if there was ever a zombie uprising, wildlife would kick its ass.

To enjoy zombie horror, you suspend disbelief and put aside some of science’s rules. That said, if we assume zombies can’t spread whatever is causing them to reanimate to other species, and that they are relatively slow moving—both true (*so far! — Ed.*) of Walking Dead zombies—there are more than enough wild animals out there to dispatch the undead.

That’s because zombies are essentially walking carrion, and Mother Nature doesn’t let *anything* go to waste.

Carrion is on the menu for a vast number of species, from tiny micro-organisms to the largest carnivores.

Here’s just some of the North American wildlife that would make short work of a zombie horde.

Photo: USFWS Pacific Southwest Region (cc)

BIRDS: WINGED ZOMBIE ANNIHILATORS

Many birds feed themselves by scavenging on dead things. The two vulture species native to North America, the turkey vulture and the black vulture, flock up to make short work of any corpses they find. Both vulture species are dwarfed by the massive California condor, whose wingspan can reach 10 feet and which relish carrion. A sluggish zombie wouldn’t stand a change against one of these giants or a flock of vultures. California condors are endangered, so a zombie apocalypse could really give a boost to their population by providing them with an abundance of food.

This video shows a juvenile California condor ripping the heart out of a dead carcass, surrounding by ravens picking up scraps. Ravens are not small birds—just look at the size of this baby condor in comparison.

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Ravens, crows, and magpies are expert scavengers as well, in addition to being bold and extremely intelligent. Many species of gulls, known for their brash behavior when it comes to scoring a meal, would also gladly feed off slow-moving zombies in coastal areas. These birds usually require other animals to break through or break down the tough skin and hide of their carrion meals. So they'd have to wait until the zombies decomposed a bit, or were dismembered by others animals, before they tucked in. But once started, nothing would stop them from devouring the undead with gusto.

Raven Symmetry by ingridtaylar

Despite being expert hunters, eagles are not above scavenging. Bald eagles make carrion a regular part of their diet, and with their huge talons, they're not afraid to dispatch animals that are near-death—or undead. The slightly larger golden eagle is no stranger to scavenging, either, and has also been documented attacking and killing animals as large as deer. A torpid zombie wouldn't pose much of a challenge.

Watch these bald eagles and crows strip a deer carcass down to nothing in 48 hours.

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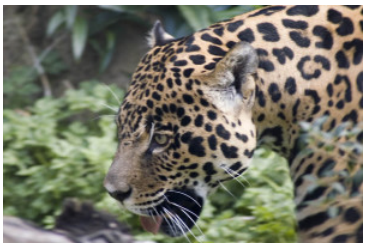
MAMMALS: ZOMBIE DISMEMBERMENT CREW

North America's large mammal predators would be more than a match for zombies. We have two bear species, brown (or grizzly) and black bears. Male brown bears can weigh in at 1,000 pounds. They are not afraid of humans. They can deliver a bite of 1200 pounds per square inch and have long, sharp claws designed to rip open logs and flip boulders in search of insects and other small critters to eat. They would easily tear apart rotting zombie flesh. Black bears are much smaller and typically run from humans, but even a black bear, when approached or cornered, would make short work of a zombie. Both bear species have an incredible sense of smell and both love to eat carrion, so even if zombies didn't approach them, the bears eventually would learn that these walking bags of flesh make good eating.

Grizzly Bear by Scott_Calleja

Like black bears, gray wolves are very shy of humans and typically run away at the first sight of us. Nor are they strangers to scavenging. They'd soon take advantage of the easy pickings presented by lumbering zombies. Coyotes are far less shy than wolves and can happily live alongside humans, including in the heart of our cities. These intelligent canids would quickly learn that they could take down zombies one by one, especially the eastern populations of coyote, which are larger and bolder due to past interbreeding with wolves and domestic dogs.

Unlike bears, wolves and coyotes, mountain lions prefer fresh meat and don't typically feed on carrion, other than what they kill themselves. Like all cats, they hunt by stealth and are irresistibly attracted to signs of weakness in potential prey. Unlike most other North American predators, mountain lions can put humans on the menu. Any zombie shuffling through mountain lion territory (which can be surprisingly close to our cities) would trigger those feline predatory instincts, and would likely end up with one of these big cats sneak-attacking from behind and delivering a spine severing bite to the back of the neck.



Jaguar Woodland Park Zoo by symonty

Even bigger and more powerful than mountain lions are jaguars, which range through Mexico and are still sometimes found in the desert southwest of the United States. Jaguars also hunt by stealth, and have a special technique to quickly dispatch their prey: a skull crushing bite to the head, delivered with their huge canine teeth. A jaguar bite delivers 2,000 pounds of pressure per inch, the most powerful mammalian bite on the continent. That, combined with a killing technique perfect for dispatching zombies, makes the jaguar its natural predator.

Watch this video of a jaguar making short work of a caiman. A zombie wouldn't stand a chance against these big cats.

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It's not just mammalian carnivores that would take apart zombies. On *The Walking Dead*, Rick's horse fell victim to a horde of zombies in season one, but I can only chalk that up to the fact that it was a domestic beast that didn't view humans (even undead

ones) as a threat. Wild hoofed mammals would not be so passive as to let zombies to get close enough to swarm and overwhelm them.

In fact, hoofed mammals are more dangerous to humans than carnivores. Moose attack and kill more people than bears do every year. They consider humans a threat, but as the largest living deer species, they are not afraid of human-sized creatures. If a zombie got too close, a moose would stomp it into an immobile pile of gore without a second's hesitation.

This video shows moose fighting technique, which involves delivering powerful blows with their sharp hooves.

https://youtu.be/gu_zMTQkM1s

And moose are nothing compared to bison. Bison are a ton of muscle, horn, and hide. They do not tolerate being approached, and would effortlessly gore and trample as many zombies as dared approached them. Watch this video of what a bison can do to a car with a flick of its head, and think about what a zombified human body would look like on the receiving end of its wrath.

https://youtu.be/ULBuLedK2Nw

Speaking of hoofed mammals ramming cars, this video of bull elk will give you some perspective on the size of this large deer species and their aggression during the breeding season. Bull elk are armed with giant antlers with spear-like tips—perfect to impale and dismember a pack of zombies.

https://youtu.be/tEv-hwjhEiE

Mountain goats would probably not encounter too many zombies, simply due to the inaccessibility of the steep mountain slopes they call home. Every so often, however, they do head down to more manageable terrain. Even though they are not large, they can be fierce and are armed with dagger-like horns, just as this unfortunate hiker learned.

mountain_goat_myatt by Oregon Department of Fish & Wildlife

REPTILES: SCALY ZOMBIE CLEAN-UP COMMITTEE

Most North American reptiles—small lizards, turtles and snakes—wouldn't pose much threat to zombies. Ironically, it would probably be venomous rattlesnakes that would be at most risk from zombie attack. When camouflage fails them, their survival tactic is to draw attention to themselves with a loud rattle, and then hold their ground, striking out at anything that approaches them. With no circulatory system or living tissue, snake venom wouldn't have any effect on zombies, and they'd easily be able to pick up the snake and eat it.

Western Diamondback Rattlesnake (Crotalus atrox) by rarvesen, on Flickr

That said, we do have a few reptiles particularly suited for zombie clean-up. Two crocodilian species call North America home: the American alligator and the American crocodile. American crocodiles are extremely endangered and found only in limited areas of Florida, but like California condors, they could benefit from an influx of slow-moving, half-rotten, staggering prey to their wetland habitat.

Alligators are far more numerous and are found throughout Florida, west to Texas, and along the coastal plain wetlands as far north as the Carolinas. Once almost totally wiped out, alligators are now numerous due to protections under the Endangered Species Act, and they sometimes even show up in people's backyards. 'Gators can grow to be 13 feet long and deliver an extremely powerful bite, with over 2,000 pounds of pressure per inch.

Both species are stealth hunters, and can burst from the water at surprising speeds to pluck large prey from the shoreline. They are quite capable of tearing a human-sized meal into bite sized chunks of meat with their toothy, vice-like mouths. Soft zombie flesh would melt in their mouths like butter.

Alligator 1, by Bogeskov

Any zombie that lumbered into fresh water ponds, lakes streams or swamps would likely fall prey to aquatic turtles too, who, with their beak-like jaws, would feast on zombie flesh. Painted turtles, river cooters and sliders of all sorts make carrion a part of their normal diet. To the undead, it would be a second "death by a thousand bites." The ubiquitous common snapping turtle specializes in carrion-eating. As the name suggests, it can tear off substantial chunks and swallow them whole. Snapping turtles are even used by police to find corpses underwater due to their relish for dead flesh.

Common snapping turtles are dwarfed by the alligator snapping turtle, which is the world's largest freshwater turtle. They can weigh in at more than 200 pounds. Disguised to look like rotten leaves, resting in the murky depths which they live, they are the perfect foil for any zombie that ends up in the water. Check out the massive head on this one.

alligator snapping turtle by me and the sysop

DECOMPOSERS: MASTERS OF THE ZOMBIE BUFFET

Ultimately, it's not the North America's mega-fauna that pose the most threat to zombies. In nature, there are a whole host of tiny creatures whose main purpose is to feed upon and break down the flesh of the dead: the decomposers. Zombies, with their rotting flesh, are obviously not immune to these decomposers (what do you think causes the rotting effect?), many of which are too small to see with the bare eye. Bacteria, fungi, molds, insects such as fly maggots or flesh-eating beetles, and other invertebrates, all make up nature's diminutive clean-up crew. And it can obliterate a dead body in surprisingly little time. The clumsy undead wouldn't have the dexterity to pick off these decomposers, even if they could see or feel them. It would just be a matter of time. Stripped off all soft tissue, including brains, the zombies would be reduced to hollowed-out skeletons.

Not convinced? Check out this video of a rabbit being consumed down to the bone, by wildlife decomposers, in just a week.

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Here is a time-lapse video showing Dermestid flesh-eating beetles consuming the flesh off a series of birds for the Natural History Museum of London. These beetle are easy to raise in captivity and only feed on (un)dead flesh, so they pose no harm to the living. Survivors of a zombie apocalypse could raise these beetles by the millions, and drop them onto zombies to do their work. It might take a few weeks per zombie, but they'd get the job done.

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Here are some maggots going to town on a carcass. Flies produce millions of grotesque larvae in no time at all. There would be no way for zombies to escape these flying insects—or avoid being engulfed utterly by writhing, insatiable maggots.

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ZOMBIES NO MATCH FOR WILDLIFE, WILDLIFE NO MATCH FOR HUMANS

There you have it. Even if zombies managed to feed on smaller, slow-moving animals, or mob and overtake a few individuals of the larger species, it's pretty clear that they're no match for much of North America's wildlife…at least not on a one-on-one basis. In reality, however, the battle between wildlife and *living* humans is not going so well for the wildlife.

Sadly, much of our continent's wildlife has disappeared, and many species continue to decline. Habitat loss, invasive species and climate change are just some of the human-induced challenges our wildlife are facing. You can get involved protecting wildlife with the National Wildlife Federation and help make sure that we have a future filled with these amazing species.

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CHAPTER OVERVIEW

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8.1: “Sustaining Our Commonwealth of Nature and Knowledge” by Herman Daly

Let’s start with this phrase: “sustaining our commonwealth.” By sustaining, I don’t mean preserving inviolate; I mean using, without using up. Using with maintenance and replenishment is an important idea in economics. It’s the very basis of the concept of income, because income is the maximum that you can consume today and still be able to produce and consume the same amount tomorrow – that is, maximum consumption without depleting capital in the broad sense of future productive capacity. By commonwealth, I mean the wealth that no one has made, or the wealth that practically everyone has made. So it’s either nature – nobody made it, we all inherited it – or knowledge – everybody contributed to making it, but everyone’s contribution is small in relation to the total and depends on the contributions of others. In managing the commonwealth of nature, our big problem is that we tend to treat the truly scarce as if it were non-scarce. The opposite problem arises with the commonwealth of knowledge, in which we tend to treat what is truly not scarce as if it were.

Clarifying Scarcity

There are two sets of important distinctions about goods, and they make four cross-classifications (see figure below). Goods can be either rival or non-rival, and they can be either excludable or non-excludable. My shirt, for example, is a rival good because if I’m wearing it, you can’t wear it at the same time. The warmth of the sun is non-rival because I can enjoy the warmth of the sun, and everyone else can enjoy it at the same time. Rivalness is a physical property that precludes the simultaneous use of goods by more than one person. Goods are also excludable or non-excludable. That’s not a physical concept, that’s a legal concept, a question of property. For example, you could wear my shirt tomorrow if I let you, but that’s up to me because it’s my property. My shirt is both rival and excludable, and that’s the case with most market goods. Meanwhile, the warmth of the sun is both non-rival and also non-excludable. We cannot buy and sell solar warmth; we cannot bottle it and charge for it. Goods that are rival and excludable are market goods. Goods that are non-rival and non-excludable are public goods. That leaves two other categories. Fish in the ocean are an example of goods that are rival and non-excludable. They are rival, because if I catch the fish, you can’t catch it. But they are also non-excludable, because I can’t stop you from fishing in the open seas. The management of goods that are rival and non-excludable gives rise to the famous tragedy of the commons – or the tragedy of open-access resources, as it’s more accurately called. Now, the other problematic category consists of goods that are non-rival and excludable. If I use the Pythagorean Theorem, I don’t prevent you from using it at the same time. Knowledge is non-rival, but it often is made excludable through intellectual property and patent rights. So those are two difficult categories that create problems. One is the tragedy of the commons, and the other we could call the tragedy of artificial scarcity.

The Commonwealth of Nature

Fish in the ocean are an example of the commonwealth of nature. I’ll ague that natural goods and services that are rival and have so far remained non-excludable should be enclosed in the market in order to avoid unsustainable use. Excludability can take the form of individual property rights or social property rights – what needs to be avoided is open access. For dealing with the broad class of rival but, up to now, non-excludable goods, the so-called cap-auction-trade system is a market-based institution that merits consideration.

In addition to its practical value, the cap-auction-trade system also sheds light on a fundamental issue of economic theory: the logically separate issues of scale, distribution, and allocation. Neoclassical economics deals mainly with the question of allocation. Allocation is the apportionment of resources among competing uses: how many resources go to produce beans, how many to cars, how many to haircuts. Properly functioning markets allocate resources efficiently, more or less. Yet the concept of efficient allocation presupposes a given distribution. Distribution is the apportionment of goods and resources among different people: how many resources go to you, how many to somebody else. A good distribution is one that is fair or just – not efficient, but fair. The third issue is scale: the physical size of the economy relative to the ecosystem that sustains it. How many of us are there and how large are the associated matter-energy flows from producing all our stuff, relative to natural cycles and the maintenance of the biosphere. In neoclassical economics, the issue of scale is completely off the radar screen.

The cap-auction-trade system works like this. Some environmental assets, say fishing rights or the rights to emit sulfur dioxide, have been treated as non-excludable free goods. As economic growth increases the scale of the economy relative to that of the biosphere, it becomes recognized that these goods are in fact physically rival. The first step is to put a cap – a maximum – on the scale of use of that resource, at a level which is deemed to be environmentally sustainable. Setting that cap – deciding what it should be – is not a market decision, but a social and ecological decision. Then, the right to extract that resource or emit that waste, up to the cap, becomes a scarce asset. It was a free good. Now it has a price. We've created a new valuable asset, so the question is: Who owns it? This also has to be decided politically, outside the market. Ownership of this new asset should be auctioned to the highest bidder, with the proceeds entering the public treasury. Sometimes rights are simply given to the historical private users – a bad idea, I think, but frequently done under the misleading label of "grandfathering." The cap-auction-trade system is not, as often called, "free-market environmentalism." It is really socially constrained, market environmentalism. Someone must own the assets before they can be traded in the market, and that is an issue of distribution. Only after the scale question is answered, and then the distribution question, can we have market exchange to answer the question of allocation.

Another good policy for managing the commonwealth of nature is ecological tax reform. This means shifting the tax base away from income earned by labor and capital and onto the resource flow from nature. Taxing what we want less of, depletion and pollution, seems to be a better idea than taxing what we want more of, namely income. Unlike the cap-auction-trade system, ecological tax reform would exert only a very indirect and uncertain limit on the scale of the economy relative to the biosphere. Yet, it would go a long way toward improving allocation and distribution.

The Commonwealth of Knowledge

If you stand in front of the McKeldin Library at the University of Maryland, you'll see a quotation from Thomas Jefferson carved on one of the stones: "Knowledge is the common property of mankind." Well, I think Mr. Jefferson was right. Once knowledge exists, it is non-rival, which means it has a zero opportunity cost. As we know from studying price theory, price is supposed to measure opportunity cost, and if opportunity cost is zero, then price should be zero. Certainly, new knowledge, even though it should be allocated freely, does have a cost of production. Sometimes that cost of production is substantial, as with the space program's discovery that there's no life on Mars. On the other hand, a new insight could occur to you while you're lying in bed staring at the ceiling and cost absolutely nothing, as was the case with Renee Descartes' invention of analytic geometry. Many new discoveries are accidental. Others are motivated by the joy and excitement of research, independent of any material motivation. Yet the dominant view is that unless knowledge is kept scarce enough to have a significant price, nobody in the market will have an incentive to produce it. Patent monopolies and intellectual property rights are urged as the way to provide an extrinsic reward for knowledge production. Even within that restricted vision, keeping knowledge scarce still makes very little sense, because the main input to the production of new knowledge is existing knowledge. If you keep existing knowledge expensive, that's surely going to slow down the production of new knowledge.

In Summary

Managing the commonwealth of nature and knowledge presents us two rather opposite problems and solutions. I've argued that the commonwealth of nature should be enclosed as property, as much as possible as public property, and administered so as to capture scarcity rents for public revenue. Examples of natural commons include: mining, logging, grazing rights, the electromagnetic spectrum, the absorptive capacity of the atmosphere, and the orbital locations of satellites. The commonwealth of knowledge, on the other hand, should be freed from enclosure as property and treated as the non-rival good that it is. Abolishing all intellectual property rights tomorrow is draconian, but I do think we could grant patent monopolies for fewer "inventions" and for shorter time periods.

Do laws prohibit access to these goods?	Does use by one person physically preclude use by others? Yes Rival	No Non-rival
Yes Excludable	**Market Goods** (e.g., automobiles and fishing reels) *Let the market allocate these goods.*	**Tragedy of Artificial Scarcity** (e.g., patented meds and knowledge in heads) *Reduce patent monopolies and intellectual property rights – share these goods.*
No Non-excludable	**Tragedy of the Commons** (e.g., old growth trees and fish in the seas) *Designate property rights and use cap-auction-trade to allocate these goods.*	**Public Goods** (e.g., national security and roads that are free) *Collect depletion and pollution taxes so that government can provide these goods.*

Different types of goods and policies to achieve a sustainable, fair, and efficient economy.

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8.2: “Plain Geology” by George Otis Smith

The scientific community must be effective in communicating the results of its work to the public in a way that can be understood and used. The need for this is acute, for the complexity and difficulty of environmental and resource problems require full use of all the knowledge scientists can muster. The wisdom of the actions of both the government and private sectors depends in large part on their understanding of resource characteristics.

The U.S. Geological Survey is uniquely qualified to provide much of the required knowledge about natural resources through its many reports and maps and can be proud of the products of its work. Too often, however, reports are couched in words and phrases that are understandable only to other scientists, engineers, or technicians. But, who, really, are the ones to whom the Survey wishes to convey its findings? Other scientists and engineers, yes. But beyond them, by far a larger audience: teachers, students, businessmen, planners, and Federal, State, county, and municipal officials–in short, the public.

More than 50 years ago former Director George Otis Smith recognized the same problem. His plea for “Plain Geology” was a classic, just as applicable now as it was in 1921. It is herewith reprinted to make it generally available.

Some years ago I spoke to an audience of mining men on the subject of plain writing. My talk was an appeal for the simple and direct statement of scientific thought in popular language; but that appeal was addressed to consumers of geological literature, and I shou Id probably do better to make a similar appeal to some of the producers of geological literature.

Geology has of late been presented to the public in so many new aspects–commercial, military, political, and even legal–that he would be bold who would add to its modern varieties; therefore I ask here onIy a return to a primitive type, and my topic is “Plain Geology.”

I am convinced that, at its best, science is simple–that the simplest arrangement of facts that sets forth the truth best deserves the term scientific. So the geology I plead for is that which states facts in plain words–in language understood by the many rather than only by the few. Plain geology needs little defining, and I may state my case best by trying to set forth the reasons why we have strayed so far away from the simple type.

First of all, I suppose we may as welI admit a certain liking for the sound of words, and the longer the word the more sound it has. Especially enjoyable is this mild form of hypnotism if both ideas and words are such as to make us feel that we are moving in the highest circles. At the meeting of the British Association this year one physicist frankly explained that the idea of relativity is popular because to most people it is “pleasantly incomprehensible.” It was a hardened reader of manuscripts who confessed that he liked to hear a psychologist talk. “Of course, I understand not a word he saying, but it is a noble and inspiring spectacle to see a mere human being crack a whip over an entire vocabulary and see the words jump up on their little red chairs like so many trained seals.” But, as I wish to suggest, doing tricks with words may be more entertaining than really useful.

Again, I fear lest in our writing we lose sight of our audience, if, indeed, some of us ever see at all the audience to whom we address our written reports. The chief purpose of words is to convey thoughts, and unless the wavelengths of the words are right the receiving apparatus will utterly fail to pick up the thoughts. How easiIy we can underestimate the difference in vocabulary between our audience and ourselves was brought to my notice recently when I heard a brother geologist speak at a dinner to a large group of oil operators, highly intelligent but not broadly educated men, to most of whom the oil business was simply a profitside line. I thought the talk unusually free from the technical terms so commonly used in the inner circle of our fraternity, and was therefore surprised when a table companion remarked that this talk didn’t get across because it included many words not understood by the majority of those who heard it. I asked for particulars, and he at once specified *periphery,* a word the speaker had repeatedly used in describing where to test out this or that oil pool. “Half of those people don’t know what *periphery* means,” said this gentleman, who knew the audience better than I did, and I saw that he was right; and then I realized how much better that common everyday word edge would have served–so many things have edges and to so few do we need to attribute peripheries! And when we come to think of it, we realize that edge is a sufficiently exact term to apply to an oil pool, the position, shape, and extent of which we know only in very general terms.

This brings me to a third reason for our use of highly technical language; we too often try to overdress our thoughts. Just as there is a somewhat prevalent notion that clothes make the man, so we subconsciously believe that words make the idea. We follow the

precept, “To be scientific, use scientific terms,” and in so doing we deceive ourselves. I do not wish to be unduly autobiographic in this analysis, but to show my true sympathy for those whose practices I denounce, I confess that I,too, have had the unhappy experience of stripping the technical words from what looked like a good-sized geological deduction onIy to find that the naked idea was rather smalI and not my own. It is also a common experience to make the sad discovery that a piece of involved and obscure writing is simply the product of roundabout reasoning or twisted thinking. Our own words fool us, and unconsciously we cover up with long words or tangled rhetoric our lack of plain thinking.

In picking my samples of the wordy sins of scientists, I naturalIy turn to the writings of my associates on the United States Geological Survey, not because they are the worst offenders but because they are sinners with whom I am best acquainted. Some of these writers, after setting down a technical phrase, realize the need of reaching their readers with words more easily understood and so translate their own scientific terminology on the spot; for example, one good geologist refers to “disseminated grains scattered through the rock,” and another addresses the two parts of his audience with this sentence, “Disintegration is slow in these rocks, and they do not break up rapidly.” *Disseminated* and *disintegration* are words that please every ear, trained or untrained, while the garden variety of mind is helped along by the plain words scattered and break up.

It seems that in our hunt for general principles we feel the need of tagging each observed fact with some word that may connect it with the language in which the great fundamental laws of the universe are proclaimed at the seats of learning. For this reason–I prefer to suggest no other–a Survey author refers to cracks and crevices in rocks as spaces of discontinuity. I remember a long sentence in the manuscript of a report on a western coal field in which the fairly common fact that shale is softer than sandstone was stated with full acknowledgments to differential erosion and due respect for the physiographic cycle, terms very comforting to the graduate student at our greater universities, but not at all useful to the practical man trying to open up a coal mine in Montana.

It takes years for some geologists to break the fetters of this scholastic habit of using big words for small ideas. Probably every one of us has been guilty of sentences like the following, which appeared in a Survey manuscript. “The argillaceous character of the formation is very prominent in some localities, although it is usually subsidiary to the arenaceous phase.” On being translated this means: At some places the formation includes considerable clay, but generally it is made up chiefly of sand.

In our writing I believe, however, we are tending to write more plainly–to say sand instead *of arenaceous deposit*, clay instead of*argillaceous stratum*, close folding instead of *intense plication*, river banks instead of *riparian borders*, mouth instead of *debouchure*,shore instead of *littoral margin*, and the overlying bed is limestone instead of *the superincumbent material consists of a stratum of calcareous composition.*

I even hope the day may come when more of us will say beds instead of *strata*, for the context usually shows that we are talking about rocks, not about furniture. I, too, love the sound of *strata*, but all the pleasure I get from it is wholIy lost when those who strive to copy our learning speak of *stratas*. As a measure of our progress, I may quote from a Survey author of an earlier day, who referred to “autogenous hydrography on a vertically heterogeneous terrane”–truly a nut of a thought, which I’ll not try to crack, lest I find it all shell. It was a Survey graduate, I believe, who defined *form value* as “an intangible quality expressing the broad applicability of the energy form in contrast to its theoretical thermal value as commonly expressed in B. T. U.” Words faiI me, either to translate that definition or to describe it, though I may apply to such language a few words used in another connection by a Survey writer: “This holds the promise of large potential possibilities.”

But I do not wish to claim for the Federal Survey any monopoly in learned writing. It was one outside of our fold who urged me to use plain language at a meeting where we were both on the program. I tried to follow his excellent advice, but in his own address before a mixed audience listened with rapt attention to sentences like this: “So now every legitimate evidence of fact and deduction points to the origin of microbic unicellular life in the moist, subaerated soil away from the direct sun; and the soils of today are alive–a mighty host–with such microbic creations existing under paranerobic conditions.” Before such words I realized that I, too, was a layman, for what I heard was, in the words of the speaker, “difficultly intelligible,” if, indeed, I might not appropriately adapt to my use other sounding words in the same address and frankly confess that such language “outstripped the early promise of my cephalic ganglia and left me hopelessly decephalized.”

Technical terms have their places, and I am on record as admitting that exact scientific statement needs special terms, words that best keep their razor edge when used onIy for hairsplitting distinctions. This limited use of a highly specialized terminology is wholly defensible, for it would be folly to throw away tools so well-fitted for special purposes, just as it is unwise to put them to everyday uses with everyday people. Transubstantiation, transpiration, and transgression are technical words that are useful enough

to the professional theologian, biologist, and geologist, but they are code words that must be decoded before others can understand them. We know that a telegraphic code saves words for those who use it, but it also most effectively conceals information from the uninitiated.

I have a very definite purpose in this appeal for plain geology that a larger part of our people can understand. Today our science has more contacts with life than ever before: industry has taken geology into partnership, and engineers and capitalists and statesmen all look to geologists for advice. This greater demand has called to the ranks many with varying degrees of professional incompetence, a polite phrase by which I mean in plain English that some who calI themselves geologists are knaves, others are fools, and yet others are hybrids. Now, the universal camouflage of the fake geologist–whether of the untaught or uncaught variety–is his protective coloring of technical words. To his clients or his dupes who are weak in geological knowledge these long and unusual words are impressive and serve his purpose, but to those who have had the advantage of special training and experience his use of geologic terms at once exposes his true character. Indeed, this is the basis of the practical test that some of us apply to the report in an oil prospectus if, as so commonly happens, we have never heard of the so-called "well-known authority on the geology of the greatest oil fields of the world." Such an expert uses all the latest terms, but he mixes their meanings, his report is senseless, and we know him to be a faker. But I have yet to note the fake geologist imitating plain statements of geologic facts–that kind of masterpiece he doesn't attempt to copy. So I suggest this method of protecting our useful science from successful imitation; the economic geologist should tell his story in plain English, then because of the transparency of this statement his clients or the public can see things as they are and will learn to refuse the highly colored substitute offered by his quack imitators.

There is really somewhat of an obligation upon us, both as scientists and as partners in the world's business, to show the world that geology is not mystery or magic, but only common sense. I have told practical men of business that they should give little credence to the geologist who cannot telI his story in common language. The world has a right to discount our usefulness and even to distrust our honesty if we persist in concealing our thoughts, or lack of thoughts, behind a mask of professional jargon. The lawyers and the physicians whom I trust most can and do explain their technicalities to me in words that I can understand. Isn't plain geology the safest and most useful kind?

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8.3: “Which water technology will save California from its long, dry death?” By Kiki Sanford

The western United States exists in a state of willful ignorance about water. Waking up won’t be easy, and it will be expensive.

Water is complicated—especially in the West.

For years, willful ignorance has prevailed. Infrastructure projects allowed water to flow in places it would not otherwise be found. Seemingly plentiful supplies allowed agriculture to flourish. California raced to become a top producer of fruits, vegetables, nuts, and wine. Water gushed from the taps, kept cheap by the sheer political willpower invested in sustaining a blissful mirage of water abundance.

Sure, we’ve experienced water hardship in the past. A 1976-77 drought in California popularized a proverb that gets stuck on repeat in my head, like an annoying earworm: “If it’s yellow, let it mellow; if it’s brown, flush it down.”

A drought in the late 1980’s solidified water conservation habits for many in the state.

Over time, though, we forgot these difficulties, because it’s easier to exist in the belief that our water will always be there when we need it. So when history repeated itself, the California of 2014 was surprised to find serious water problem on its hands.

Suddenly, it was gone. Wells went dry. People began stealing water. Extreme drought conditions, dwindling water reserves, and shrinking aquifers all influenced the decision from California’s Governor Brown to further limit water use by everyone.

The mandate requires Californians to reduce water use by 20%. Additionally, cities may now fine water-wasters, and some locales are promoting the implementation of drought-tolerant yards. Will this effort solve our water shortage woes?

The short answer is *no*. Here are numbers to help you understand why:

California manages about 40 million acre feet (13 trillion gallons) of freshwater a year, with urban use contributing to only around one-fifth of the total (about 9.1 million acre feet per year). A 20% reduction in urban yearly use will affect the total by about 1.8 million acre feet across the state. The Pacific Institute estimates that residential urban use could actually be made more efficient by a whopping 40-60%, and urban business and industries could improve by 30-60%. Still, if we were to enable a 60% reduction, it would only help by freeing up 5.5 million acre feet of the grand total.

According to NASA, though, the state has a shortfall of almost 34 million acre feet of water.

How—after we finish our praying and dancing for rain—can we possibly come up with the difference? We will have to produce it ourselves.

I don’t mean that we are going to have to produce water *de novo*, like magic. This is all about the proper applications of science, through engineering, to convert unusable water into a fresh supply.

There are two major areas of technology currently in development and begging for attention from innovators: desalination and water reclamation. Both involve the separation of freshwater from the things that make it unsuitable for human uses, such as salts, pollutants and human waste.

Desalination is typically thought of as the refinement of saltwater by plants built in coastal areas, whereas reclamation deals with purifying water that was fouled by human or industrial use. The two main issues affecting their use and implementation are cost and environmental concerns.

When it comes to desalination, those plants that are in existence use a well-established, yet fairly old process, called reverse osmosis, which forces water across a permeable filtration membrane. The lion’s share of the cost lies in the energy, usually supplied in the form of expensive electricity from the power grid, required to move the water across that membrane. Additionally, membranes get dirty, require cleaning with chemicals, and need replacing on a regular basis, which adds substantially to the cost of running the plants.

Then there is the salty, chemical-filled brine after-product of desalination to consider. Where does it go? Often it is pumped right back into the coastal ecosystem—where it can increase local salt concentrations far beyond the normal range—but there are other

brine disposal options available that depend on specifics of a plant's location. Regulations are also in place to ascertain that any proposed desalination plant properly assesses effects on marine life and the environment.

In California's more recent history, investment in desalination plants has faced an uphill battle resulting from generally low water costs compared to the cost of water provided by such a facility, periodic booms in water supply, and legitimate concerns over environmental impacts.

Now that water costs are now skyrocketing in many parts of the state, and scientists are predicting a mega-drought that could last 50 years or more, improved desalination technology is once again a hot topic.

All of these factors could influence politicians and investors to favor desalination in the short-term.

According to Kristina Donnelly, a research associate with the Berkeley, CA-based Pacific Institute Water Program, desalination is only economically viable during times of extreme scarcity. Desalination is not used primarily for agriculture, which uses the bulk of California's water. She said, "Some small facilities are processing groundwater for agriculture, but the large plants are too expensive."

Donnelly went on to explain that farmers pay $100-200 per acre foot whereas urban areas are charged upwards of $1000-2000 for the same amount of water. She emphasized that residential districts sometimes act out of a sense of fear and urgency during droughts when they would benefit more from focusing on conservation and metering. They sign long-term contracts with desalination providers that lock them into paying for the capital costs of water that they no longer need when it starts raining again. There are examples of desalination plants being built during droughts only to be shuttered a few years later.

The cost of desalination is currently around $2000 per acre foot, which is at the extreme high end of what people pay right now, but not completely unreasonable as water becomes more and more limited. Advancing technologies could lead to more efficient and affordable desalination processes, but at this point none are marketable or commercial. According to Ms. Donnelly, "Reverse osmosis is the industry standard, and best option." Until technologies advance beyond the demonstration stage, they are as good as snake oil.

One company, WaterFX, aims to provide commercial scale desalination of agricultural wastewater, and relies on something other than reverse osmosis. Their solar thermal distillation technology is a new twist on an old technique that elegantly brings desalination and water reclamation together. Using the heat from the sun, WaterFX has been able to increase the efficiency of what is essentially a concentrated solar still by implementing multiple-effect distillation, or MED.

In MED, there are multiple stages, each called an "effect", in which water passing through is boiled. The trick, with what WaterFX calls their Aqua4 technology ,is that they use light from the sun to drive the distillation:

"The system is a concentrated solar still that uses large solar arrays to capture solar thermal energy from the sun. The sun heats mineral oil that then flows to the Multi-effect Distillation system (MED) that evaporates freshwater from the source water."

Dr. Matthew Stuber, co-founder and director of process systems engineering for WaterFX, told me that irrigation in areas with poor soil drainage leads to the accumulation of salts in the soil—potentially bad for crop yields. The solution, for many farmers, is to install drainage pipes underground that divert the water into evaporation ponds. It works to keep the soils productive, but requires large areas of land to go fallow. These ponds are actually a big problem for farmers and water management departments because of the concentrated salt build-up that can occur.

Based on results from their demonstration plant, Dr. Stuber says that they are able to isolate the salts through the distillation process into a concentrated form that can leave the environment, and be dealt with in other ways, including making gypsum. The process is able to reclaim 93% of the drainage water that enters the system as freshwater, while simultaneously producing the brine "co-product".

WaterFX just announced that it will be expanding its pilot demonstration plant near Firebaugh, CA in the Panoche Water District into a 35 acre installation with the potential to grow to 70 acres. They say that this HydroRevolution plant will "ultimately be able to generate up to 5,000 acre-feet of water per year, enough water for 10,000 homes or 2,000 acres of cropland."

The company chairman, Aaron Mandell, estimates that with expected advances in their technology over the next five years, a two-square mile area of land will be sufficient to provide 100 million gallons of water a day at a price of just $450 per acre foot. That's

one-quarter of the price of standard desalination.

And, this is just the beginning for HydroRevolution. It's estimated that there is nearly one million acre feet of drainage water in California's Central Valley. And, according to Dr. Stuber, WaterFX is looking at other locations for implementation. He described the challenges that island states in places like the Caribbean face with drought, rising seas, and diminishing fresh groundwater. As the stores are reduced, saltwater encroaches, resulting in more brackish drinking water. Another potential customer: data centers, which require large amounts of clean water in order to cool processors, and would benefit from efficient recycling.

Says Stuber, "It's all a new design problem… Because our energy source is dependent on the local climate, each location gets a different design and a slightly different solution. And, that's something that we excel at is giving optimal solutions for the location, for the kind of water, and making sure that our emphasis is always on that renewable component. And, that the activities that we are doing are not contributing to the environmental problem that we are facing."

WaterFX also claims to support an open-source philosophy. They are actively looking for people to contribute to the research in this area, to iterate upon it, and to push development for higher efficiency systems forward even faster. It's a business model that might be hugely successful when viewed through the lens of our environment.

In the United States, a concerted effort is mounting to push innovation in all areas of water technology. Two organizations, the Water Environment Federation (WEF) and the Water Environment Research Foundation (WERF) have created a program called LIFT, the Leaders Innovation Forum for Technology, which works to get water tech ideas from conception to commercialization.

Along those lines, California created its Innovation Hub (iHub) initiative to get more technology to market across the state. Additionally, a challenge was initiated by the Alliance for Coastal Technologies and a coalition of 10 government agencies, non-profits, and universities to develop a low-cost, accurate, and easy-to-use water nutrient sensor: nitrate and phosphate pollution are a $2 Billion problem for freshwater management.

The business environment seems ripe for new ideas to increase efficiency and reduce water-related costs.

Even if amazing technologies are developed, though, getting them adopted by water agencies is another problem entirely.

According to a fascinating document published by the Partnership on Technology Innovation and the Environment, "There is a shortage of skilled employees in the wastewater sector and this is worsening as the current generation of utility experts retires. Most universities training wastewater facility managers are not teaching with systems thinking, and small- and medium-sized municipalities lack the resources to hire professionals with the expertise to look beyond the day-to-day repairs to strategic upgrades and how to finance them."

I'd love to say that there's going to be a technological silver bullet for water. But water is complicated. WaterFX and other developing technologies for sensors, forward osmosis and nanotube membranes could be an integral part of a much bigger water strategy, but none show a clear path out of the dry woods.

It's going to take a lot of money. It's going to take cooperation on a scale the west has never seen.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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CHAPTER OVERVIEW

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9.1: “That time the Internet sent a SWAT team to my mom’s house” by Caroline Sinders

When I set out to research the out-of-control harassment problem in gamer culture, I never dreamed my mother would be caught up in the middle of it all.

I opened my inbox and saw an email from a reporter for a New Orleans newspaper. *“I came across your name today while researching an article,”* he wrote. I assumed he was writing an article about online harassment and had reached out to me because I was a budding researcher in the field and a New Orleans native. I was excited that a local newspaper was interested in the topic, and flattered that the reporter had reached out to me. Then I kept reading:

“….about a fairly unusual incident on [my mother’s street] this weekend. A hoax call about a threat at a home there prompted a large police response,” I recognized this immediately as the harassment tactic known as ‘swatting,’ born out of the online gaming community.

I felt my face go very, very flush, and I felt my chest get very, very tight; everything seemed to get very, very heavy.

“After searching public records,” the email continued, *“I discovered that the home targeted appears to be registered in your mother’s name, and from there I found your websites — which overlap in interests with some of the other female designers who have been targeted in swatting incidents in the recent past.”*

I stopped reading after that.

My mom had been swatted and it was my fault.

Swatting is a “prank” in which a person places a call to the victim’s local police department, saying a violent crime has occurred, often involving hostages, so the SWAT team will show up and bust down their door. It’s happened to a few female game developers, and a games store in New Jersey during an event.

I called my mom right away, still staring at the email. She was so excited that I had called. She had so much news; my cousin had gotten a new job, and my sister had started dating someone new. But she didn’t mention the swatting. I cut her off five minutes into our conversation. “Mom,” I asked, “did the SWAT team come to your house?” She laughed and said it was a harmless prank by some hooligan. She told me a bunch of very attractive young men in gear came to her house to look around. She probably offered them wine, because that’s the kind of hospitable Southern mother I have.

“Mom,” I started again, “Have you heard of Gamergate?” She stopped laughing.

She got deadly silent when I told her what swatting was, and about the online harassment campaigns against feminists on Twitter perpetrated by a group called Gamergate. She asked what we could do in terms of legal action, and I told her probably nothing. Local police stations don’t track incoming calls and that’s where the SWAT team had been notified. Even if the number had been tracked, it was probably from an iPad (a regular swatting tactic) or a dummy number.

My mom asked what I had said to make people so angry, and what I had done to upset strangers so badly.

I’ve never felt worse about myself.

Ihad spent the past six months researching online harassment and how it works, but that hadn’t answered any questions of how to stop it while maintaining an active online presence, and without making your accounts private. As of now, the only real way to avoid being contacted by strangers (which opens the door to harassment) is to make your account private, but there should be a

middle ground. The idea that to be safe from online harassment a person has to make their account private is akin to the idea that to be safe from rape a woman should not walk home alone at night. The problem is security in the system, not vulnerability in the user, so I'd been researching ways to safely (and publicly) interact online.

When I realized that there are very few systems in place for protecting people from online harassment, and the systems that do exist (like Block Together, which allows users to share block lists, or robust privacy settings that a user has to manually and painstakingly seek out on Facebook) are just scratching the surface, I decided to come up with a solution myself. I tried to come up with more advanced filter settings than "public" or "private" for Twitter and other social media sites, to protect users while allowing them to stay visible.

Apparently someone hadn't liked my work. Every tweet I'd ever written about online harassment flashed through my mind as I tried to figure out what in particular I had said to piss someone off enough that they'd target my mother, and who it could have been.

It's very hard to determine who's harassing you online, unless the harassment comes from a single user and happens consistently, but that's not usually how it works online. More often, online harassment is perpetrated by a mob. Brianna Wu, head of development at games studio Giant SpaceKat, has been harassed and threatened with rape and murder on Twitter, but not much has been done because the harassment is coming from a large number of users, who are difficult to track and stop. Online harassment techniques are incredibly different from offline harassment, and law enforcement is not yet used to dealing with it. Legally, it's hard to prove the actionable threats of someone saying to another person "I'm going to kill you" online. It's hard to get court-ordered documents to track people down for harassing online, and laws vary from state to state, so it's necessary to know where the threat originated to know how to proceed.

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I called the reporter who had originally informed me about the "prank" against my mother and asked him to give me all of the details he could.

The call came in to my mother's local precinct, not 911. This is the norm for swatting calls — most local precincts don't record calls, so there is no way to trace the "prank." The caller, a male, said he had shot his girlfriend, barricaded himself in the house, was heavily armed, and his girlfriend's daughter was in house with him, currently alive. He was planning to shoot any police who approached the house.

He gave my mother's address, and he hung up.

The local precinct thought this was highly unusual — there had never been a domestic abuse call from that address before. They wondered whether it was a real call or a prank. But given the intensely violent nature of the call, and the potential hostage situation, the SWAT team was deployed.

Their armored vehicle arrived on my mother's street at around ten at night and the SWAT team deployed, surrounding her house. My mother's neighbors came out, some were confronted, and told to put their hands up in the air.

Still unsure if the call had been real or fake, the police called my mother's house phone. My mother didn't answer.

They decided to call one more time.

This time she answered. They asked if she was okay; she was.

If she hadn't answered, they would have broken down the door, thrown my mother to the ground and violently searched the house.

But she answered her phone. And instead, she opened her door, and the SWAT team calmly searched her house, found nothing, and left.

It was a prank, they decided.

As the reporter recounted all of this to me, I was living my research in real time. I was well-versed in the mechanics of a prank like this, but that didn't abate the anxiety attacks I was having.

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I‘m a user-experience designer and design researcher for a very large technology company. That means I interview people about specific problems with certain tech products they use, and then I design solutions. But my fascination with the way people interact with technology and with each other doesn’t end when I leave work. I spend a lot of my free time observing user trends online, and I write down my observations. This leads me to notice digital patterns, such as hashtags that will be trending when they haven’t yet, and interaction patterns like how people create cliques online in spaces that don’t support that kind of socializing, like Twitter.

This is how I first noticed Gamergate in August of 2014.

There had been a trend growing for a while, especially in the indie games scene, but spilling over into mainstream games and games journalism. The idea of the young, white, male “gamer” was dead; everyone plays games now. If your mom plays candy crush and solitaire, she’s a gamer. If you’re a fan of Kim Kardashian Hollywood, you’re a gamer. And women now outpace men in playing and consuming games.

This shift in gamer demographics didn’t sit well with some people. There was still this idea that games were and should be a specific thing, talked about in a specific way, reviewed in a specific fashion and played by specific people. Tensions were already high with this territorial sentiment popping up all over the Internet, and then game developer and designer Zoe Quinn’s ex posted a scathing, harassing rant online in which he made false allegations about her sex life, her game development, and their relationship. He painted her as a conniving, cheating girlfriend, and credited her supposed affair with a games journalist as the reason for the success of her game, Depression Quest. With this act of online harassment and the anti-woman conspiracy theory it contained, Gamergate was born.

The group of people involved with Gamergate think of themselves as activists, saving video games from feminists out to push a “feminist agenda,” also known as wanting more female characters that are clothed and have developed plot lines. They congregate online, mainly on social media board-based sites where users post to start conversations and debate, like Reddit and its less-famous and more-explicit cousins, 4chan and 8chan. They interact with each other and others on Twitter and Facebook using the hashtag #gamergate.

What started as a group of die-hard gamers commiserating about the changing landscape of their subculture turned into a band of trolls roving the Internet using harassment tactics such as Swatting (sending the SWAT team to someone’s home, like they did to my mom), doxxing (the release of someone’s private/personal documents such as a social security number, phone number or address), dog piling (people sending a lot of tweets to one singular person to overwhelm that person, often the tweets are of harassing nature, and sea lioning (someone asking another person over and over again for proof), mainly against women, people of color, and trans people who made games or spoke up about feminism or the gender problems in mainstream games.

Since most of my friends, real-life and online, are affiliated with the indie game scene in one way or another, I watched Gamergate unfold in real time.

Using the hashtag in a tweet became akin to saying “Bloody Mary” three times in a mirror, except Bloody Mary actually showed up and she brought a bunch of friends. People, particularly women in games, couldn’t talk about Gamergate publicly without getting harassed, so they just stopped talking about it on Twitter. Even tweeting about #feminism or #letwomenspeak brought about large bouts of Twitter harassment.

I, having not yet been directly attacked, decided to fly a little close to the sun. I retweeted anti-Gamergate tweets that featured the Gamergate hashtag, began watching and documenting nearly daily what Gamergate was up to.

Then some of my friends started to get harassed, not on the level of fleeing their homes like the game developers Zoe Quinn and Brianna Wu or the games critic Anita Sarkeesian, but enough to go private on Twitter, and to become silent in general, especially

on the topic of Gamergate. It was enough for people to contemplate leaving the industry, and a few women did.

I started tweeting using the hashtag #g00bergate instead of #gamergate — this way I could still voice my opinion, but my tweets wouldn't be searchable through the Gamergate hashtag, and so I would be much less likely to be found and targeted. It worked. My tweets on the subject, such as "writing about g00bergate as a twitter UX design flaw," received a few likes from my followers but no outside interaction from gamer gaters. I felt safe enough.

Despite my fundamental disagreements with Gamergate, I found them fascinating, particularly the way they communicate. They engage with strangers in a very specific way that's different from the average social-media user; they treat Twitter as if it were a board-based platform like Reddit, 4chan or 8chan. In a board-based community, a user creates a board about a given topic. When you create that board, you're the moderator. Reddit has specific rules (including new anti-harassment rules), but the moderator, for the most part, is in charge. This communication style differs from Twitter, because if a person posts on the board they expect a response, it's an ongoing conversation. Twitter, on the other hand, is like sending text messages out into the ether and hoping someone sees it. Communication threads don't last long, they disappear or get shortened, so unless someone really searches, it's hard to see and contextualize a communication thread. And people tend to interact only with their friends and followers (except in the case of celebrity, where a higher percentage of interactions are with strangers). Gamergaters, however, use Twitter as if it was a board-based community, searching out tweets related to topics they care about and launching a thirty-person debate, which can look a lot more like an attack.

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As I watched Gamergate gather more mass and momentum, I questioned not why it was happening, but how. As a user-experience designer, I was interested in how the system design of Twitter allowed for this. I wondered if there were ways to protect users while preserving the integrity of the conversation style Twitter had designed, or, if it was possibly to have both safety and a feeling of openness.

Twitter didn't offer a way to stymy interaction with users other than to go private, it was either all interaction or none. They did allow users with public accounts to manually block individual, harassing users, but trolls easily got around this by creating new accounts. Their security was clearly insufficient.

Twitter recently enacted an algorithm for verified users to automatically weed out potentially harassing accounts, changed their platform rules to more harshly punish harassers, and allowed for shared block lists. This is all major progress, but the fight for safe, shared online space is far from over.

I decided to approach the problem as if Twitter had hired me as a user experience designer to fix its harassment problem, and see what I could come up with.

I looked at text-messaging, blocking people via email, spam filters for email, I played around with Periscope, Google+, Instagram, Kinja commenting system for Gawker Media, Metafilter, Reddit, 4chan, and 8chan to see how privacy settings and filtering played out on each of these platforms. I listened to moderated discussions and read scholarly papers about online harassment, online harassment law, the history of trolls, Anonymous, political uses of social media, and took notes on what I was seeing in my own social media spheres. I read about Twitter's algorithms, and I even met with someone from Twitter to hear how they view their security.

I interviewed five journalists and media theorists. I asked three developers how they would affect change in Twitter and what steps they would take. I interviewed fifteen people who had been affected by Gamergate, large-scale harassment like doxxing, sustained digital stalking, daily rape and death threats and swatting attempts, to smaller blips like a handful of death and rape threats or regular harassing tweets along the lines of "go fuck yourself, you're dumb."

And I dug into other online harassment campaigns and I saw they were using the same tactics as Gamergate. This is where my research took a huge turn. These online harassment techniques had been around for a while, and had been used in these earlier hate campaigns—Gamergate wasn't the first, they were just the biggest.

Operation Lollipop, for example, was a 4chan-initiated hate campaign started in 2013 that was designed to cause dissent in feminist circles, particularly between white feminists and feminists of color. The harassers created dummy accounts to impersonate women of color on Twitter and interact with activists and feminists. The real women caught up and started a campaign using the hashtag #yourslipisshowing to weed out these dummy accounts. Many received death threats, for trying to call out the trolling.

#Freebleeding, another organized hate campaign designed to cause dissent and disrupt feminist activism, also came around at this time. Dummy accounts were created to use the recent #Transracial hashtag to argue with journalists. Essentially, if there is a way to troll and disrupt, especially during times of heated emotional discussion, then there will be trolling and targets.

In the spring of this year, my research was getting to a point where I needed to start designing. I came up with a few user-interface design interventions, just in time to put them to the test when I started being harassed myself.

In February, the public Twitter account of game critic and Gamergate-target Anita Sarkeesian retweeted me and I had to block over sixty accounts because of harassing tweets, people telling me to never procreate so I could keep my "stupidity" contained, calling me a dumb feminist bitch, and a handful of strangers just wanting to engage in a debate. It was overwhelming to have all of those interactions at once, from the innocuous "hi I just want to chat about X" to the "you're a dumb bitch" over and over again. Erring on the side of caution, I blocked every account that was a stranger—if we didn't have a friend in common, and I thought a tweet to me was antagonistic, I would immediately block.

I checked to see how many accounts would have made it through if I had been able to quickly enact the filtering system I'd created—none of them would have. If my system was in use on Twitter, I would have been sheltered from the harassing comments without having to block each account manually, or going private. My filtering systems would allow the user to seem public, but be able to select a variety of filters to be harder to reach. Right now my system is just an idea, but I'm in the process of developing a series of Google Chrome extensions that will make it available to Twitter users.

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There are a lot of digital "truths" that have been instilled in our society about accessibility and findability, meaning we were taught, as users, that we needed to be trackable, we needed a visible footprint to exist in society, such as credit, a listed address, etc. Being trackable, and being "seen" meant safety. But online harassment has proven otherwise.

Unfortunately, when my research started to piss people off, this meant that my mother was also easy to find. The answer is not to stay quiet, go private, or hide online, or get offline because harassment, like bullying, will still occur. Being hidden may have the aura of safety but it does not solve the problem. The answer is to create policy, better filtering systems that users can choose to enact, and community guidelines to stymy harassment. The answer is to better inform police forces that swatting is a trend in pranks.

I generally tweet fairly innocuous things, like "I'm eating goldfish in bed BC it's nearly the weekend and I give zero fucks." I Instagram, I have a Facebook. These are normal things to have in our digital society, and the answer to my safety is to not give them up. I want to have the ability to be funny and serious, but most of all, to be myself online. I should not have to give that up just to be safe. The solution is for social media sites and the police to take threats or jokes about swatting, doxxing, and organized crime seriously. Tweeting about buying a gun and shooting up a school would be taken seriously, and so should the threat of raping, doxxing, swatting or killing someone.

Privacy issues and online harassment are directly linked, and online harassment isn't going anywhere. My fear is that, in reaction to online harassment, laws will be passed that will break down our civil freedoms and rights online, and that more surveillance will be sold to users under the guise of safety. More surveillance, however, would not have helped me or my mother. A platform that takes harassment and threats seriously instead of treating them like jokes would have.

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About the Illustrator: Natalie Kassirer is a relatively young life-form and artist currently located in New York City. In her art, she is interested in exploring pop culture, human interaction, and nature's relationship to humanity. She enjoys walking in the woods, loitering in coffee shops, cute robots, and good music. @NatalieKassirer

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9.2: “The Relationship Between Cell Phone Use and Academic Performance in a Sample of U.S. College Students” by Andrew Lepp, Jacob E. Barkley, and Aryn C. Karpinski

Abstract

The cell phone is ever-present on college campuses and is frequently used in settings where learning occurs. This study assessed the relationship between cell phone use and actual college grade point average (GPA) after controlling for known predictors. As such, 536 undergraduate students from 82 self-reported majors at a large, public university were sampled. A hierarchical regression (R^2 = .449) demonstrated that cell phone use was significantly (p < .001) and negatively (β = −.164) related to actual college GPA after controlling for demographic variables, self-efficacy for self-regulated learning, self-efficacy for academic achievement, and actual high school GPA, which were all significant predictors (p < .05). Thus, after controlling for other established predictors, increased cell phone use was associated with decreased academic performance. Although more research is needed to identify the underlying mechanisms, findings suggest a need to sensitize students and educators about the potential academic risks associated with high-frequency cell phone use.

Introduction

Cell phones are an integral part of college life and culture. Even a casual observation of today’s college students will reveal cell phones being used, both overtly and covertly, in every possible campus setting, including the classroom. Research suggests that college students frequently use the cell phone during class time despite rules against doing so (Tindell & Bohlander, 2012). As cell phone technology continues its rapid development, the device appears capable of contributing to student learning and improved academic performance. For example, modern “smartphones” provide students with immediate, portable access to many of the same education-enhancing capabilities as an Internet-connected computer, such as online information retrieval, file sharing, and interacting with professors and fellow students (Bull & McCormick, 2012; Tao & Yeh, 2013). Conversely, recent research suggests that many college students perceive the cell phone primarily as a leisure device, and most commonly use cell phones for social networking, surfing the Internet, watching videos, and playing games (Lepp, Li, & Barkley, 2015; Lepp, Barkley, Sanders, Rebold, & Gates, 2013). If typically utilized for leisure rather than education, then cell phones may disrupt learning within academic settings (Levine, Waite, & Bowman, 2007). Thus, the potential relationship between cell phone use and academic performance is not clear.

In support of the “cell phone as disrupter” hypothesis, a recent study by our group (Lepp et al., 2013) found that cell phone use was negatively associated with an objective measure of cardiorespiratory fitness in a sample of typical U.S. college students. Interview data collected for the study explained the negative relationship by suggesting that cell phone use disrupts physical activity and encourages sedentary behavior. Unpublished interview data collected as part of the same study suggest that cell phone use may also disrupt behaviors conducive to academic success. For example, when asked to describe cell phone use habits, one participant stated, “I usually go on my phone if I’m bored sitting there in class. Or during homework I’ll take little Twitter breaks.” Another student said, “If I’m in class and I’m bored then I’ll use my phone to look on Facebook. I think it’s just kind of a habit now that I have, which probably isn’t a good one. But, it’s just that I always have it [the phone] on me.”

Across the interviews, such statements were more common among high-frequency cell phone users than among low-frequency users. These statements suggest that some students, particularly high-frequency users, may have difficulty regulating their cell phone use during academic endeavors such as class participation, homework, and studying. Thus, the purpose of the present study was to investigate the relationship between cell phone use and academic performance in a large sample of U.S. college students.

Literature Review

Although the cell phone is likely to be on hand while college students are in class and studying, research investigating its relationship to academic performance is limited. In an early study of the phenomenon, Sánchez-Martínez and Otero (2009) used a combination of self-reported monthly cell phone expenses and frequency of use data to identify intensive cell phone users in a large

sample of Spanish high school students. In the study, intensive cell phone use was related to school failure as well as other negative behaviors such as smoking and excessive alcohol use. More recent studies operationalize cell phone use as calling and texting while utilizing a variety of measures for academic performance. For example, Jacobsen and Forste (2011) identified a negative relationship between calling, texting, and self-reported grade point average (GPA) among university students in the United States. Similarly, Hong, Chiu, and Hong (2012) found that calling and texting were positively correlated with a self-reported measure of academic difficulty among a sample of female, Taiwanese university students. While these studies provide a starting point for understanding the relationship between cell phone use and academic performance, they neither use objective measures of academic performance nor do they take into account the cell phone's expanding capabilities beyond calling and texting.

Modern cell phones enable users to access a variety of electronic media at almost any time and any place. Popular activities such as playing video games, surfing the Internet, and monitoring social media sites are now all easily accomplished with most cell phones. Researchers have linked each of these activities, independent of cell phone use, to academic performance. For example, heavy video game playing has been associated with lower GPAs (Jackson, von Eye, Fitzgerald, Witt, & Zhao, 2011; Jackson, von Eye, Witt, Zhao, & Fitzgerald, 2011). Also, low levels of Internet use have been associated with improved academic performance (Chen & Peng, 2008).Chen and Tzeng (2010) found that among heavy Internet users information seeking was associated with better academic performance, while video game playing was associated with lower levels of academic performance. Several recent studies have identified a negative relationship between social-networking site use (e.g., Facebook, MySpace, Twitter) and academic performance (e.g., Rosen, Carrier, & Cheever, 2013; Stollak, Vandenberg, Burklund, & Weiss, 2011). In particular, Kirschner and Karpinski (2010)demonstrated that Facebook users have a lower self-reported GPA and spend fewer hours per week studying than nonusers. Likewise, Junco (2012a, 2012b) found a strong, negative relationship between time spent on Facebook and actual cumulative GPA. These negative relationships have been found in populations across the world, including North America, Europe, and Asia (e.g., Chen & Tzeng, 2010; Karpinski, Kirschner, Ozer, Mellott, & Ochwo, 2013).

Recently, multitasking has emerged as a possible explanation for the negative relationship between electronic media use (including cell phone use) and academic performance (Jacobsen & Forste, 2011; Junco & Cotton, 2011;2012; Karpinski et al., 2013; Kirschner & Karpinski, 2010; Rosen et al.,2013; Wood et al., 2012). Indeed, several studies reveal that students frequently report using a variety of electronic media including cell phones while in class, studying, and doing homework (Jacobsen & Forste, 2011;Junco & Cotton, 2012; Sánchez-Martínez & Otero, 2009; Tindell & Bohlander, 2012). Several recent studies, using a variety of methods, identify a negative relationship between multitasking and academic performance. First, Wood et al. (2012) measured the influence of multitasking with an array of electronic media on students' ability to learn from typical, university classroom lectures. Emailing, MSN messaging, and Facebook use via computer were all investigated as was cell phone texting. Results showed that multitasking with any of the technologies was associated with lower scores on follow-up tests compared with students who did not multitask. Second, Junco and Cotton (2012) used a hierarchical regression to determine the power of multitasking to predict actual cumulative college GPA. Results showed that Facebook-multitasking and texting-multitasking were significantly and negatively related to college GPA after controlling for sex, actual high school GPA, time preparing for class, and a student's Internet skills. Finally, Rosen et al. (2013) observed the study behaviors as well as study settings of a sample of middle school, high school, and university students. Participants were observed for 15 min with on-task and off-task behavior recorded every minute. Results showed that participants typically became distracted by media such as Facebook and texting after less than 6 min of studying. Furthermore, measurements of daily Facebook use and daily texting behavior predicted off-task behavior during study periods as well as self-reported GPA.

In review, emerging research suggests that texting, Internet use, email, and social-networking sites such as Facebook can potentially increase multitasking and task-switching during academic activities and decrease academic performance. Notably, all of these previously investigated activities can now be accomplished with a single, Internet-connected cell phone. Therefore, measurements of cell phone use should not be limited to only texting and calling but should take this wide array of activities into account. Furthermore, and in consideration of the ubiquity of the cell phone, the relationship between this expanded definition of cell phone use and academic performance warrants investigation.

Self-Efficacy Beliefs and Academic Performance

In addition to improving the way cell phone use is measured, a better understanding of the relationship between cell phone use and academic performance requires incorporating additional, well-established predictors into any statistical models designed to assess this relationship. An abundance of research suggests that self-efficacy beliefs are among the strongest predictors of academic

performance (for a comprehensive review, seePajares, 1996). Generally speaking, self-efficacy describes an individual's belief in his or her capabilities to organize and execute the behaviors necessary for success; as such, self-efficacy beliefs are a key mechanism in human agency (Bandura, 1982). Self-efficacy beliefs are domain specific; thus, research has identified self-efficacy beliefs pertinent to academic performance (Pajares, 1996). The strength of academic self-efficacy constructs is their influence over behavior. Students who report high academic self-efficacy apply greater effort to academic pursuits, are more persistent in the face of obstacles, and exhibit a greater interest in learning (Schunk, 1984, 1989). In addition, research illustrates that academic self-efficacy can mediate the effects of academic ability (Pajares, 1996). As a result, academic self-efficacy is positively correlated with virtually all measures of academic performance, including semester grades, cumulative GPA, homework, test scores, and writing assignments (Multon, Brown, & Lent, 1991; Pajares, 1996).

Research has demonstrated that efficacy beliefs are often better predictors of academic performance than other commonly used social-psychological variables (e.g., Klomegah, 2007; Paulsen & Gentry, 1995; Pintrich & Schunk, 2002). For example, self-efficacy proved to be the strongest predictor of college student's academic performance in a model including task value, goal orientations, metacognitive self-regulation, self-regulation, and learning strategies (Al-Harthy & Was, 2010). Two self-efficacy constructs in particular have received much attention for their ability to predict academic performance (Pajares, 1996). These are self-efficacy for self-regulated learning (SE:SRL) and self-efficacy for academic achievement (SE:AA;Zimmerman, Bandura, & Martinez-Pons, 1992). SE:SRL concerns an individual's belief in his or her capabilities to proactively regulate his or her learning on the path to academic achievement. This includes belief in one's ability to resist distractions while learning and to create study environments conducive to learning. As such, it is an important variable to consider when exploring the relationship between potential distractors such as cell phones or other new media and academic performance (LaRose & Eastin, 2004;LaRose, Lin, & Eastin, 2003; LaRose, Mastro, & Eastin, 2001; Odaci, 2011). A related construct is SE:AA, which describes an individual's belief in his or her capabilities to learn material from specific content areas such as math, science, and history. As originally conceived and validated byZimmerman et al. (1992), SE:SRL influences SE:AA, which in turn influences final academic achievement. As predicted by the original model and subsequently verified, previous academic performance can influence both SE:SRL and SE:AA (Caprara, Vecchione, Alessandri, Gerbino, & Barbaranelli, 2011).

Research Question

Considering the existing research, as well as the unpublished interview data presented in the introduction of this article, it is hypothesized that cell phone use and academic performance are related. However, in assessing this relationship, there is a need to consider important statistical controls such as SE:SRL, SE:AA, and previous academic performance (i.e., high school GPA). Similarly, research suggests that choice in academic major, as well as demographic and behavioral factors, may also be predictive of academic performance and should, therefore, be considered. This study considered four such factors: sex, cigarette smoking, class standing, and undergraduate major. Indeed, there are well-established sex-related differences in college students' academic performance (Peter & Horn, 2005). Likewise, cigarette smoking has been associated with problematic cell phone use and poor academic performance (DeBerard, Spielmans, & Julka, 2004; Sánchez-Martínez & Otero, 2009). Class standing and undergraduate major may also be potential predictors (Kirschner & Karpinski, 2010; Sulaiman & Mohezar, 2006). In addition, there is a need to operationalize cell phone use more broadly (i.e., assess total cell phone use) in consideration of the device's increased functionality. Finally, there is a need to use objective measures of academic performance such as students' official cumulative GPA. This study fulfills these many needs by answering the following question: What is the relationship between total cell phone use (i.e., calling, texting, video games, social networking, surfing the Internet, software-based applications, etc.) and academic performance (i.e., actual college GPA) after controlling for previously identified predictors of academic performance (i.e., actual high school GPA, SE:SRL, SE:AA, sex, cigarette use, class standing, and academic major)?

Method

The dependent variable for this study, academic performance, was objectively assessed using participants' actual cumulative college GPA. In addition, actual high school GPA was used as a statistical control. Because these are sensitive data, and collecting them involves accessing participants' official academic records, participants were assured that data collection, storage, and reporting would guarantee confidentiality and anonymity. Participants were recruited during class time from courses that typically attract students from a diversity of undergraduate majors. Representative courses include introduction to sociology, general biology, American politics, human nutrition, and world history. During class time, the principal investigators explained the methods to all

students present, answered questions, addressed concerns, and ensured that the informed consent document was read, understood, and signed. After this, a survey was distributed and completed during class by all students who consented to participate in the study. On the survey, students provided their university email address, which was later used to access their academic records. If students did not consent to have their GPA retrieved, they did not participate in the study. This method produced an initial sample size of 536 undergraduate students from 82 self-reported majors.

Measures

The survey took approximately 10 min to complete. Students first provided basic demographic and lifestyle information. Students completed the validated SE:SRL (Zimmerman et al., 1992) and SE:AA scales (Zimmerman et al., 1992). Participants also provided information regarding their cell phone use as operationalized by Lepp et al. (2013) and, finally, their email addresses. Email addresses were used to access each student's official academic records from which college and high school GPAs were collected.

SE:SRL is an 11-item scale that measures how well students believe that they can use a variety of self-regulated learning strategies such as finish homework assignments by deadlines, study when there are other interesting things to do, concentrate on school subjects, and arrange a place to study without distractions (Zimmerman et al., 1992, p. 668). SE:AA is a nine-item scale that measures how well students believe that they can achieve success in important academic domains such as reading, writing, English grammar, mathematics, science, social studies, and computer use. For the items in both self-efficacy measures, students used a seven-point Likert-type scale to rate their perceived capability to do well (i.e., 1 = *not too well* to 7 = *very well*). Responses for the items in each scale were summed, thereby producing a total score. Higher scores indicate greater self-efficacy. Both scales have been previously validated and found to have strong internal consistency (coefficient $\alpha = .87$ and .70, respectively; Zimmerman et al., 1992). Since their development, both have been consistently shown to be reliable predictors of academic performance in variety settings (Pajares, 1996). Likewise, the SE:SRL and SE:AA scales demonstrated strong internal consistency with this study's sample of undergraduate students (coefficient $\alpha = .84$ and .73, respectively; $N = 536$).

Total daily cell phone use was measured using the following item: "As accurately as possible, please estimate the total amount of time you spend using your mobile phone each day. Please consider all uses except listening to music. For example: consider calling, texting, sending photos, gaming, surfing the Internet, watching videos, Facebook, email, and all other uses driven by "apps" and software."

Participants provided best estimates for hours of cell phone use per day and minutes per day. Total use in minutes was calculated for each participant as hours × 60 + minutes. In developing this measure of total cell phone use, two focus groups of undergraduate students reviewed the question for content validity criteria, including (a) clarity in wording, (b) relevance of the items, (c) use of standard English, (d) absence of biased words and phrases, (e) formatting of items, and (f) clarity of the instructions (Fowler, 2002). Most students provided feedback from the criteria categories of (a), (b), (c), and (f). Appropriate alterations were made to the survey based upon the responses and suggestions. In consideration of this measure's construct validity, participants' daily text messaging and daily calling were assessed as this is how cell phone use has been operationalized in previous research (e.g.,Jacobsen & Forste, 2011). Total daily cell phone use (calling, texting plus all other uses such as Internet browsing and games) was positively correlated with daily texting ($r = .430$, $p < .001$) and daily calling ($r = .210$, $p < .001$), suggesting that the measures are related but not identical. In addition, we assessed construct validity in a small group ($N = 21$) of undergraduate college students at the same university from which the present sample was culled. Self-reported total cell phone use (minutes) as assessed by this measure had a large, significant correlation ($r = .510$, $p = .018$) to objectively measured cell phone use (minutes) obtained by accessing students' actual cell phone records (unpublished data). Thus, this self-report measure was carefully developed to assure content validity, while subsequent testing provided evidence of construct and criterion validity.

Data Analysis

All analyses were performed using SPSS for Windows (Version 18.0, SPSS Inc, Evenston, Illinois). First, independent samples *t* tests were used to examine differences in GPA between males and females and smokers and nonsmokers. Likewise, ANOVA was used to examine differences in GPA between class (i.e., freshman, sophomore, junior, senior) and a categorization of students based on the college that houses their major (i.e., education, health, and human services; arts and sciences; business and communications). Second, Pearson's correlations were performed to examine the relationships between the following variables: college GPA, SE:SRL, SE:AA, high school GPA, and total cell phone use. Third, hierarchical regression was used to answer this study's central research question:

- **Research Question 1:** What is the relationship between total cell phone use and academic performance after controlling for known predictors? Toward this end, the following model was initially proposed:

College GPA = sex, smoker, class standing, college major (block 1) + SE:AA (Block 2) + SE:SRL (Block 3) + high school GPA (Block 4) + total daily cell phone use (Block 5).

The categorical variables of interest were assessed in the first block of this model: sex, cigarette smoking, class, and college. Blocks 2 to 4 in this model are identical to the model developed by Zimmerman et al. (1992) and supported by others (e.g., Caprara et al., 2011) to predict academic performance. Block 5 added cell phone use to the model and thereby tested whether or not daily cell phone use uniquely predicted college academic performance (GPA) after controlling for these other, previously established variables.

Finally, to further illustrate the relationship between cell phone use and GPA, a tertile split for cell phone use was performed. Students in this final sample (N = 518) were divided into the following groups: low cell phone use group (M= 94.6 min per day, SD = 41.0, n = 180), moderate use group (M = 235.1 min per day, SD = 45.2, n = 173), and high use group (M = 601.3 min per day, SD= 226.8, n = 164). An ANOVA was then utilized to compare mean GPA across the three cell phone use groups (high, moderate, low). Post hoc t tests were performed for any significant main effect.

Results

Assumption Checking, Descriptive Statistics, and Preliminary Analyses

Before conducting any descriptive or inferential statistics, an examination of outliers (i.e., cell phone use, GPA, age, SE:SRL, SE:AA) was conducted. Following the method of Rosen et al. (2013), total cell phone use values that were more than 3 standard deviations from the mean were truncated to exactly 3 standard deviations from the mean. This procedure was applied to measures of total cell phone use for seven participants. Outliers on any of the remaining variables were removed from the study. This procedure resulted in 18 cases being removed and yielded a final analysis sample of 518 students. The age range of the data set was 18 to 28, with a mean of 20.28 (SD = 1.78). The data set was evenly distributed by class (freshmen = 132, sophomores = 139, juniors = 134, and seniors = 113). Females comprised 69% of the data set (n = 360), which is greater than the percentage of females (59%) in the overall undergraduate student body of the University.

From this data set, the assumptions of regression were examined, and a preliminary analysis was performed to assess the linearity of the relationship between the study's independent continuous variables (SE:SRL, SE:AA, high school GPA, total cell phone use) and college GPA. Using a Lack of Fit Test, the assumption of linearity was upheld (p = .906). The assumptions of normality and homoskedasticity were also met using residual scatterplots.

On average, students reported spending 300 min per day using their cell phones (SD = 243). The sample's mean GPA was 3.03 (SD = 0.60). Independent sample t tests demonstrated significant differences between males and females (p < .001) and smokers and nonsmokers (p < .001). Females' GPA (M = 3.09, SD = 0.63) was significantly higher than males' (M= 2.88, SD = 0.62), and nonsmokers' GPA (M = 3.07, SD = 0.64, n = 432) was significantly higher than smokers' (M = 2.80, SD = 0.58, n = 85). An ANOVA demonstrated significant differences in mean GPA between the four classes (p < .001). Freshmen had a mean GPA of 3.21 (SD = 0.67), sophomores had a mean GPA of 2.93 (SD = 0.64), juniors had a mean GPA of 3.02 (SD = 0.55), and seniors had a mean GPA of 2.94 (SD = 0.48). Finally, the 82 self-reported majors were categorized into three groups based on the college housing the major (education, health, and human services; arts and sciences; business and communications). An ANOVA found no significant difference in mean GPA between these three groups (p = .081). Thus, this variable was not included in further analysis.

Table 1 provides descriptive statistics for the continuous variables used in this model. Table 2 illustrates the results of Pearson's correlations. There are several significant correlations worth noting. There was a significant, negative correlation between cell phone use and college GPA (p < .001). There was a significant, positive correlation between both measures of self-efficacy (SE:SRL, SE:AA) and college GPA (p < .001). There was a significant, negative correlation between both measures of self-efficacy (SE:SRL, SE:AA) and cell phone use (p ≤ .041). Finally, high school GPA was significantly and positively correlated with college GPA (p < .001).

Table 1. Descriptive Statistics.			
	N	*M*	*SD*
College GPA	518	3.03	0.601
High School GPA	483	3.22	0.473
SE:SRL	518	56.42	8.96
SE:AA	518	44.44	7.07
Cell phone use	518	300.55	243.52

Note. GPA = grade point average; SE:SRL = self-efficacy for self-regulated learning; SE:AA = self-efficacy for academic achievement.

Table 2. Pearson Correlation Coefficients (r).				
	College GPA	*High School GPA*	*SE:SRL*	*SE:AA*
High School GPA	.611***			
SE:SRL	.341***	.242***		
SE:AA	.200***	.275***	.456***	
Cell phone use	-.234***	-.168***	-.90*	-.239***

Note. GPA = grade point average; SE:SRL = self-efficacy for self-regulated learning; SE:AA = self-efficacy for academic achievement.
*$p < .05$. ***$p < .001$.

Hierarchical Regression

As described above, the preliminary analysis supported testing the following hierarchical regression model:

College GPA = sex, smoker, class standing (Block 1) + SE:AA (Block 2) + SE:SRL (Block 3) + high school GPA (Block 4) + total daily cell phone use (Block 5).

Table 3 provides the model summary results for the hierarchical regression predicting college GPA with total cell phone use as the final block in the model. Each block significantly added to the prediction of the criterion variable. In Block 1, females had a significantly greater GPA than males ($\beta = .120$, $p = .007$), nonsmokers had a significantly higher GPA than nonsmokers ($\beta = .155$, $p = .001$), and class standing proved significant as well ($\beta = -.111$, $p = .013$). In Block 2, there was a significant, positive relationship between college GPA and SE:AA ($\beta = .210$, $p < .001$). In Block 3, there was a significant, positive relationship between college GPA and SE:SRL ($\beta = .289$, $p < .001$). In Block 4, there was a significant, positive relationship between college GPA and high school GPA ($\beta = .553$, $p < .001$). Finally, there was a significant, negative relationship between total daily cell phone use and college GPA ($\beta = -.164$, $p < .001$). This total model explained 44.9% of the variance in college GPA ($R^2 = .449$).

Table 3. Hierarchical Regression Predicting College GPA: Model Summary.					
	Sex/class/smoke Block 1	*SE:AA* Block 2	*SE:SRL* Block 3	*HS GPA* Block 4	*CP use* Block 5
R^2	.058	.101	.165	.425	.449
ΔR^2	.058	.043	.064	.259	.024
ΔF	9.755	22.922	36.580	213.86	20.454
ρ	.000	.000	.000	.000	.000

Note. GPA = grade point average; SE:SRL = self-efficacy for self-regulated learning; SE:AA = self-efficacy for academic achievement; HS = high school; CP = cell phone.

Finally, the ANOVA comparing GPA across the three cell phone use groups (low, moderate, high) revealed a significant main effect (F = 11.70, df = 2, p < .001). Specifically, the high cell phone use group had a GPA (M = 2.84, SD = 0.61) that was significantly lower (p < .001) than both the moderate use group (M = 3.06, SD = .61) and the low use group (M = 3.15, SD = 0.45). There was not a statistically significant difference between the low use and moderate use groups (p = .175).

Discussion

This study was exploratory in nature. Therefore, the findings are best understood as initial steps into a new line of inquiry. The study's aim was to assess the relationship between cell phone use and academic performance after controlling for known predictors of academic performance. A hierarchical regression was used for this purpose allowing for the development of a model which used sex, cigarette smoking behavior, class standing, SE:AA, SE:SRL, and high school GPA to predict college GPA. Each of these variables were significant predictors of college GPA. Females, as has been the recent trend, had higher GPAs than males (Peter & Horn, 2005). Smokers, as suggested in previous research, had lower GPAs than nonsmokers (DeBerard et al., 2004; Sánchez-Martínez & Otero, 2009). Class was a significant predictor as well, with freshmen and juniors doing slightly better academically than sophomores and seniors in this sample. As expected, SE:SRL, SE:AA, and high school GPA were all positively associated with GPA (Zimmerman et al., 1992). Finally, total cell phone use (min/day) was added to the end of this regression model. After controlling for the previously established predictors of academic performance, total cell phone use was found to be a significant negative predictor of GPA. These results suggest that given two college students from the same university with the same class standing, same sex, same smoking habits, same belief in their ability to self-regulate their learning and do well academically, and same high school GPA—the student who uses the cell phone more on a daily basis is likely to have a lower GPA than the student who uses the cell phone less.

Previous research suggests that college students' cell phone use may be a distraction in academic settings (Levine et al., 2007). Two previous studies using large random samples of college students found that 89% (N = 302) and 83% (N = 251) of the students surveyed perceived the cell phone primarily as a leisure device rather than as an educational tool (Barkley & Lepp, 2013; Lepp et al., 2013). Because the cell phone is ever-present and commonly used for leisure, it is likely that it occasionally distracts from learning in class, in the library, in the dormitories, and in any other setting utilized by students for academic purposes. In addition, there is a growing amount of research that suggests electronic media in any form encourages multitasking (Jacobsen & Forste, 2011; Junco & Cotton, 2011, 2012;Karpinski et al., 2013; Kirschner & Karpinski, 2010; Wood et al., 2012) and task-switching (Rosen et al., 2013), both of which are negatively related to academic performance.

Considering these explanations, it is likely that the modern cell phone creates a temptation to surf the Internet, check social media (e.g., Facebook), play video games, contact friends, explore new applications, or engage with any number of cell-phone-based leisure activities, which some students fail to resist when they should otherwise be focused on academics. As such, the negative

relationship between cell phone use and academic performance identified here could be attributed to students' decreased attention while studying or a diminished amount of time dedicated to uninterrupted studying. Indeed, a similar argument has been proffered to explain the negative relationship between general social-networking site use or Facebook use and academic performance (Karpinski et al., 2013; Kirschner & Karpinski, 2010). Future research should examine the many potential underlying reasons for the negative relationship identified here, including time spent studying and multitasking. Of course, this line of research has demonstrated only relationships and not causality. Thus, there is a need to explore these relationships over time and with experimental designs.

There is also a need to better understand how specific cell phone uses are related to academic performance. While this study found that cell phone use as a whole was negatively associated with academic performance, the relationship may vary with particular uses. In other words, contrary to the findings presented here, there may be specific uses that are positively related to academic performance. For example, Norris (1996) found that while TV watching as a whole was negatively associated with political participation, watching TV news and public affairs programming was positively associated with political participation. Likewise, Chen and Tzeng (2010) found that using the Internet for information seeking was associated with better academic performance, while using the Internet for video game playing was associated with lower levels of academic performance. Finally, Junco (2012a) found that the total amount of time college students spend on Facebook, as well as the total number of times students check Facebook, were negatively associated with campus engagement. However, some Facebook activities such as creating events and RSVPing for events were positively associated with campus engagement. Thus, assessing cell phone use as a whole is likely to provide only a partial understanding of an undoubtedly complex relationship. Additional research assessing time devoted to specific cell phone uses such as gaming, social networking, information search, and the use of educational software (apps) is needed.

While these findings build upon and extend previous research in this area, there are limitations. First, cell phone use was self-reported. Although the self-report measure used in this study was carefully developed to assure content validity and a subsequent test provided evidence of criterion validity, research by Boase and Ling (2013) illustrates that continuous, open-ended self-report cell phone measures are at risk of over reporting use. In lieu of objective data, future studies may seek to further validate this measure. Furthermore, future studies should assess the time devoted to common specific uses such as social networking, gaming, and information search, in addition to measuring overall use as was done here. Second, the sample consisted of undergraduate college students from a single, large, public university in the Midwestern United States. Although the behavioral norms governing cell phone use appear to be consistent among today's college students (Anderson & Rainie, 2011; Tindell & Bohlander, 2012), attempts to generalize these results to other populations should be made with caution. Therefore, future research should include college students from different types of universities and from different geographic regions. In addition, high school and junior high school students should be studied as recent research suggests that the relationships identified here may be evident in younger students as well (Rosen et al., 2013).

Conclusion

This research utilized a more holistic measure of cell phone use than previous studies. The measure accounts for the cell phone's expanded capabilities in the realm of social networking, gaming, and Internet use. After controlling for SE:SRL, SE:AA, and other important predictors such as actual high school GPA, this measure of cell phone use was a significant and negative predictor of college students' academic performance, objectively measured as cumulative GPA. Presently, cell phone use is a dominant and defining characteristic of this generation of college students and often occurs during class time, while completing homework, and while studying (Smith, Raine, & Zickuhr, 2011; Tindell & Bohlander, 2012). Therefore, more research is needed to better understand the mechanisms underlying this relationship. Even so, educators and administrators in higher education may wish to carefully consider policies regarding cell phone use in the classroom, laboratories, and other settings where learning occurs. Undoubtedly, the capability of the cell phone to entertain, connect, and inform will continue its rapid development. As such, cell phones and related devices will only increase in popularity and use. Therefore, there is a need to better understand how this technology can be harnessed to make a genuine contribution to student learning. We may discover conditions where learning is enhanced by having the cell phone on; likewise, we may discover conditions where learning is enhanced by having it off.

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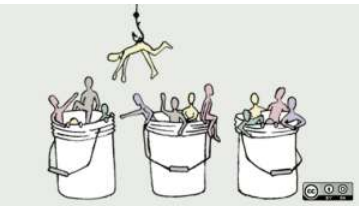
9.3: “Call to All Open Source Communities: Emphasize Inclusion” by Meg Ford



As a woman in open source, I have found that the values of community, open development, and flat organizational structure appeal equally to both men and women. The ability of local organizers to freely define what type of culture they are building allows them to adapt in order to appeal to the surrounding culture, while striving to improve access.

The gender balance in the field of design is the opposite of the FOSS community, because the majority of visual artists are female. In art, gender is discussed openly as an aspect of the theory used to explain visual communication. For example, part of the typical peer-review process is critique, the goal of which is to contextualize visual communication by discussing the culture, gender, identity, economics, and psychological factors which influenced the artwork, so the artist can understand how they personally fit into the community in which they practice. I began as an outsider to both technology and the FOSS community, so it was both interesting and frustrating to realize that much of the communication and organization of FOSS communities was framed without acknowledgement to the diversity of communication styles and the backgrounds of potential community members.

In 2011, I was accepted to the OPW to work on high contrast icon themes for the GNOME desktop. This started my deep dive into the fascinating world of Linux. Having access to an open code base, sharing my work in the open, and receiving constant feedback from the community was overwhelming at first. The learning curve was steep, but the excitement I felt about having access to open knowledge, the support of a community dedicated to sharing knowledge freely, and to pushing the boundaries of what we did kept me coming back for more even on the most frustrating days.

My OPW internship brought me into the FOSS community. It also taught me to talk freely about my experiences as a woman in the computer science field, and sometimes that means knocking on the same doors over and over until you are let in. Sometimes it means acknowledging that communication styles needs to shift in order to *emphasize inclusion*. Other times it means speaking up about what your community values and how to allocate resources to benefit all participants equally. OPW was the first door to open for me, and my involvement showed me that persistence, hard work, and enthusiasm can bring success no matter who you are or where you start from.

As time went on I became involved in coding for GNOME. In 2012, I started to contribute to GNOME’s Documents application, which was the first application to be developed in the new GNOME 3 style. Because the style is still in its early stages, the themes and widgets are being prototyped in the applications before they are integrated into GTK+ (the widget library) and the standard desktop themes. Last summer I wrote my own GNOME application: a sound recorder for the desktop. I started by planning my code to fulfill the requirements of a series of mockups by a community member. I went on to code the application as a Google Summer of Code (GSoC) project.

During the initial development phase I worked with Reda Lazri (the original designer), Sebastian Dröge (a GStreamer core maintainer who mentored me), Hylke Bons, and Garrett LeSage (both of whom are community members and design for GNOME). GSoC allowed me to immerse myself in GNOME’s developer community and learn about the code base from core contributors.

When a fellow GNOME contributor, Jim Campbell, suggested that we start a group to focus on GNOME and GNU/Linux, I saw it as a way to give back to my community and work to increase diversity. The FOSS community in Chicago is small, and for the first year I was the only woman who attended our events. From the beginning we emphasized that our group was open to anyone who was interested in participating by adopting a code of conduct. As time went on our community began to grow and started to be more representative of the larger community here in the city. Engaging women has happened slowly but without any special intervention on our part.

We invite members to bring their projects to hackfests and share their knowledge by giving talks. People have come to work on GTK+ bindings for the Go programming language, documentation for Gedit, the fundraising campaign for MediaGoblin, and the website for the Open Science Framework, among other things. Talks have ranged from a recent SaltStack tutorial, which our

members participated in using their own four-server demo environments running on server space donated by Rackspace—to talks on Wayland, Emacs, and personal data security. All of the projects and presentations center around the use of open source technologies. Our role as organizers is to encourage participation and free exchange of ideas and resources among participants.

Being a woman in computer science is both an exciting and challenging experience. To me it means being exposed to emerging technologies, solving new and difficult problems, and working to promote Free and Open Source Software (FOSS) in my local community.

I think that outreach can be successfully addressed using the same template as other questions in open source: by recognizing diversity as a key element of success, by facilitating transparency and equal access to knowledge, and by letting the community organize itself around a shared vision. Having women who are visibly engaged in and promoting involvement in the community seems to be one way to send a clear message that women can participate and succeed in FOSS.

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9.4: “Piracy Gave Me A Future” by Daniel Starkey

Poverty traps its victims in intellectual dead zones. I don’t pirate games anymore, but when I needed it, it gave me access to the literature and artistic inspiration of my generation.

As a kid, I stole from everyone.

An unattended purse in a restaurant? Easy $5. Pokémon cards at Target? Pocketed. I even marked my best friends, waking up early on days I’d sleep over to rifle through their house to see what I could nab.

“I need this,” I’d tell myself.

For a time, that thin justification worked. My family didn’t have any money, and when the Pokémon craze hit, I wanted in. Everyone else had massive collections, but all I had was a single starter deck I’d coaxed my babysitter into buying me (it was the one with Ninetails). Ashamed to pull out my paltry collection in front of the other kids, jealousy fueled me.

After each snag, I’d put on airs and feign ignorance long enough for suspicion to drop. I was, after all, just a kid. Few suspected how much I’d taken. Eventually, I stopped stealing, at least in such direct, aggressive ways. I didn’t outgrow that class consciousness, though. I knew when others had something I didn’t, and I was still jealous.

It was more than just jealousy, of course. Being poor and acutely aware of that fact as a child is a strange experience. You know enough to understand that there’s injustice, but you don’t yet know why or how it happened. Much less what you can do about it. I had a hard time understanding that it wasn’t my fault, and to a large degree not my mom’s either. Instead, it left me feeling less valuable than my other classmates. Their access to art, books, movies and games that I couldn’t afford left me feeling alone and confused: Was I somehow less deserving? So I exercised the one bit of agency I had in my life. I stole.

Things started to change for me in middle school. I was accepted into a charter school, founded with the purpose of lifting kids up out of poverty with education. We were required to learn Latin and wear school uniforms, but most of us were still from the inner city. Classmates often came from broken homes, and many, like me, didn’t know their fathers. I felt comfortable, oddly secure for the first time in my life.

That year was also the same that my mom got her first computer. On the few occasions she’d give up control of the PC, I’d scour the internet looking new things to learn. I had an insatiable appetite for ideas, though I’d spent most of my life with limited ways to feed it. Even before I started stealing Pokémon cards, I would often just sit down and read encyclopedias when I got the chance. I was desperate, starved for knowledge and culture.

The Internet said I didn’t have to be hungry; it was a tool that opened up the world. I didn’t need money to read books through Project Gutenberg, or search the web for answers to questions I’d always been afraid to ask. And, I soon discovered, I didn’t necessarily need money to play computer games either, so long as I was willing to pirate them.

In a way, downloading games didn’t feel that different from searching the web for information. The internet held out the promise of free and equal access to information, and piracy seemed like a natural extension of my quest for knowledge. I wanted to experience art and culture that spoke to me just as much as I wanted answers to my questions. And suddenly I could have them all: I was a nameless, faceless entity, free of the chains of my economic class. Piracy was freeing.

A couple years later, my mom had an accident and ended up taking more than a year off from work. Money got tighter than ever, and there was no way she could afford to replace her computer as it aged into obsolescence. Soon it was too out of date to play

newer games, and I felt alone again, unable to participate in the culture building and growing around me. I wasn't yet old enough to hold a job myself, and when I asked my mom for an allowance, she responded with a somber look that said, "With what money?" It wasn't that she didn't want to give me more—every parent does—she simply couldn't. So I went back to stealing.

Before too long I had $300 as well as a spare monitor and case, enough to build a basic system. My first pirated PC game was *Deus Ex*. I'd heard about it a few times, and it sounded interesting. "A game about politics," was how a friend pitched it to me, though it's also been described as a "cyberpunk-themed action role-playing video game." Within a few hours I had it running on my cobbled together PC, and it was a revelation.

Deus Ex was the first game I'd seen that listed its primary influences, which included philosophers like Hobbes, Voltaire, Locke. They were wealthy men, to be sure, but learning about their work set me on the path to learning about sociology, about history, about how much all media is one long chain of slightly modified ideas, with each new link adding a new twist or perspective. The game's themes also spoke to some of the most personal concerns of my life, including economic class, injustice, about the disempowered fighting against a wealthy ruling class.

It was also a game where actions had serious consequences, and taking the quick, easy path could cause enormous harm to innocent bystanders. It was a message I took to heart. Playing through *Deus Ex* helped me realize that there are always consequences you can't quite see, and that my thefts over the years had surely left a wake of victims who had suffered—particularly the ones where I had taken physical goods and money. If they worked for minimum wage, even my quick, pilfered fiver could have been an hour or more of their life.

But what I learned from the game also helped solidify my belief that online piracy, at least in the context of my own circumstances, was still justified. Yes, downloading an illicit digital work can cause a sort of a harm to the creators or corporations that aren't receiving revenue, particularly independent developers, but when I weighed it against the desperation of my poverty and the worthlessness it made me internalize, there was no comparison.

Even in independent games, piracy isn't always as cut and dry as it seems. While it can have big impacts on some games, other small developers have discovered counterintuitive benefits to piracy, embraced it, or at least become more empathetic to it.

Some, perhaps most, people in industrialized countries have the luxury of seeking out media they care about and stories that speak to them, and they can afford to support that work with their money. But for others like me, it can feel like a seemingly insurmountable struggle. To live even in relative poverty deprives of you new ideas; it deprives you of the tools and education you need to escape. In the most severe cases, it locks you out of society—out of voting, out of socializing, and out of connecting with others.

Poverty is often cyclical because it traps its victims in intellectual dead zones. We know that without stimulation and without challenge, the mind, like the belly, starves.

I don't pirate games anymore, and I don't support pirating games if you can afford to buy them. But when I needed it, piracy gave me hope. When I considered dropping out of high school, giving up on my future, and damning myself to repeat the cycle of poverty, I was able to look back on the sea of literature and countless games I'd downloaded for answers and inspiration. They not only helped me realize that I wasn't as alone as I thought, but allowed me to develop the fluency necessary to start making informed, critical works of my own.

I wasn't just taking the easy way out by pirating, because the way I had to travel wasn't easy any way you look at it. I was trying to equalize a playing field that I knew was stacked against me. Piracy helped do that, by giving me access to art and books and games that allowed me to better myself, and inspired me to become who I am today.

Piracy gave me a future.

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CHAPTER OVERVIEW

10: Consumer Debt

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10.1: “The 182 Percent Loan: How Installment Lenders Put Borrowers in a World of Hurt” by Paul Kiel and Krista Kjellman Schmidt

by Paul Kiel ProPublica, May 13, 2013, 9 a.m.by Paul Kiel and Krista Kjellman Schmidt, ProPublica, May 13

This story was co-produced with Marketplace. Listen to their coverage.

One day late last year, Katrina Sutton stood at a gas pump outside Atlanta and swiped her debit card. Insufficient funds. But that couldn’t be. She’d been careful to wait until her $270 paycheck from Walmart had hit her account. The money wasn’t there? It was all she had. And without gas, she couldn’t get to work.

She tried not to panic, but after she called her card company, she couldn’t help it. Her funds had been frozen, she was told, by World Finance.

Sutton lives in Georgia, a state that has banned payday loans. But World Finance, a billion-dollar company, peddles installment loans, a product that often drives borrowers into a similar quagmire of debt.

World is one of America’s largest providers of installment loans, an industry that thrives in at least 19 states, mostly in the South and Midwest; claims more than 10 million customers; and has survived recent efforts by lawmakers to curtail lending that carries exorbitant interest rates and fees. Installment lenders were not included in a 2006 federal law that banned selling some classes of loans with an annual percentage rate above 36 percent to service members 2014 so the companies often set up shop near the gates of military bases, offering loans with annual rates that can soar into the triple digits.

Installment loans have been around for decades. While payday loans are usually due in a matter of weeks, installment loans get paid back in installments over time 2014 a few months to a few years. Both types of loans are marketed to the same low-income consumers, and both can trap borrowers in a cycle of recurring, expensive loans.

Installment loans can be deceptively expensive. World and its competitors push customers to renew their loans over and over again, transforming what the industry touts as a safe, responsible way to pay down debt into a kind of credit card with sky-high annual rates, sometimes more than 200 percent.

And when state laws force the companies to charge lower rates, they often sell borrowers unnecessary insurance products that rarely provide any benefit to the consumer but can effectively double the loan’s annual percentage rate. Former World employees say they were instructed not to tell customers the insurance is voluntary.

When borrowers fall behind on payments, calls to the customer’s home and workplace, as well as to friends and relatives, are routine. Next come home visits. And as Sutton and many others have discovered, World’s threats to sue its customers are often real.

The Consumer Financial Protection Bureau, the new federal agency charged with overseeing consumer-finance products and services, has the power to sue nonbank lenders for violating federal laws. It could also make larger installment lenders subject to regular examinations, but it hasn’t yet done so. Installment companies have supported Republican efforts to weaken the agency, echoing concerns raised by the lending industry as a whole.

The CFPB declined to comment on any potential rule-making or enforcement action.

Despite a customer base that might best be described as sub-subprime, World comfortably survived the financial crisis. Its stock, which trades on the Nasdaq under the company’s corporate name, World Acceptance Corp., has nearly tripled in price in the last three years. The company services more than 800,000 customers at upward of 1,000 offices in 13 states. It also extends into Mexico, where it has about 120,000 customers.

In a written response to questions for this story, World argued that the company provides a valuable service for customers who might not otherwise qualify for credit. The loans are carefully underwritten to be affordable for borrowers, the company said, and since the loans involve set monthly payments, they come with a “built-in financial discipline.”

The company denied that it deceives customers, saying that it trains its employees to tell borrowers that insurance products are voluntary and that it also informs customers of this in writing. It said it contacts delinquent borrowers at their workplace only after it has failed to reach them at their homes and that it resorts to lawsuits to recoup delinquent payments in accordance with state laws.

“World values its customers,” the company wrote, “and its customers demonstrate by their repeat business that they value the service and products that World offers.”

The installment industry promotes its products as a consumer-friendly alternative to payday loans. Installment loans are “the safest form of consumer credit out there,” said Bill Himpler, the executive vice president of the American Financial Services Association, of which World and other major installment lenders are members.

About 5 percent of World’s customers, approximately 40,000, are service members or their families, the company said. According to the Defense Department, active-duty military personnel and their dependents comprise about 1 percent of the U.S. population.

The Starter Loan

Back in August 2009, Sutton’s 1997 Crown Victoria needed fixing, and she was “between paychecks,” as she put it. Some months, more than half of her paycheck went to student-loan bills stemming from her pursuit of an associate degree at the University of Phoenix. Living with her mother and grandparents saved on rent, but her part-time job as a Walmart cashier didn’t provide much leeway. She was short that month and needed her car to get to work.

She said she happened to pass by a World Finance storefront in a strip mall in McDonough, Ga. A neon sign advertised “LOANS,” and mirrored windows assured privacy. She went inside.

A credit check showed “my FICO score was 500-something,” Sutton remembered, putting her creditworthiness in the bottom 25 percent of borrowers. “But they didn’t have no problem giving me the loan.”

She walked out with a check for $207. To pay it back, she agreed to make seven monthly payments of $50 for a total of $350. The loan papers said the annual percentage rate, which includes interest as well as fees, was 90 percent.

Sutton had received what World employees call a “starter loan.” That’s something Paige Buys learned after she was hired to work at a World Finance branch in Chandler, Okla., at the age of 18. At that point, she only had a dim notion of what World did.

At 19, she was named branch manager (the youngest in company history, she remembered being told), and by then she had learned a lot. And the more she understood, the more conflicted she felt.

“I hated the business,” she said. “I hated what we were doing to people. But I couldn’t just quit.”

The storefront, which lies on the town’s main artery, Route 66, is very much like the one where Sutton got her loan. Behind darkened windows sit a couple of desks and a fake tree. The walls are nearly bare. Typical of World storefronts, it resembles an accountant’s office more than a payday loan store.

Buys said any prospective borrower was virtually guaranteed to qualify for a loan of at least $200. Low credit scores are common, she and other former employees said, but World teaches its employees to home in on something else: whether at least some small portion of the borrower’s monthly income isn’t already being consumed by other debts. If, after accounting for bills and some nominal living expenses, a customer still has money left over, World will take them on.

In its written response, World said the purpose of its underwriting procedures was to ensure that the borrower has enough income to make the required payments.

With few exceptions, World requires its customers to pledge personal possessions as collateral that the company can seize if they don’t pay. The riskier the client, the more items they were required to list, former employees say.

Sutton offered two of her family’s televisions, a DVD player, a PlayStation and a computer. Together, they amounted to $1,600 in value, according to her contract. In addition, World listed her car.

There are limits to what World and other lenders can ask borrowers to pledge. Rules issued in 1984 by the Federal Trade Commission put “household goods” such as appliances, furniture and clothing off limits 2014 no borrower can be asked to literally offer the shirt off his back. One television and one radio are also protected, among other items. But the rules are so old, they make no mention of computers.

Video game systems, jewelry, chainsaws, firearms 2014 these are among the items listed on World’s standard collateral form. The contracts warn in several places that World has the right to seize the possessions if the borrower defaults.

“They started threatening me,” a World customer from Brunswick, Ga., said. “If I didn’t make two payments, they would back a truck up and take my furniture, my lawn mower.” (In fact, furniture is among the items protected under the FTC rule.) The woman, who asked to remain anonymous because she feared the company’s employees, was most upset by the prospect of the company taking her piano. She filed for bankruptcy protection last year.

In fact, former World employees said, it was exceedingly rare for the company to actually repossess personal items.

“Then you’ve got a broken-down Xbox, and what are you going to do with it?” asked Kristin, who worked in a World branch in Texas in 2012 and, from fear of retaliation, asked that her last name not be used.

World supervisors “would tell us, ‘You know, we are never going to repossess this stuff’ 2014 unless it was a car,” Buys said.

World acknowledged in its response that such repossessions are rare, but it said the collateral played a valuable role in motivating borrowers. “World believes that an important element of consumer protection is for a borrower to have an investment in the success of the transaction,” the company wrote. When “borrowers have little or no investment in the success of the credit transaction they frequently find it easier to abandon the transaction than to fulfill their commitments.”

‘Real Gibberish’

Sutton’s loan contract said her annual percentage rate, or APR, was 90 percent. It wasn’t. Her effective rate was more than double that: 182 percent.

World can legally understate the true cost of credit because of loopholes in federal law that allow lenders to package nearly useless insurance products with their loans and omit their cost when calculating the annual rate.

As part of her loan, Sutton purchased credit life insurance, credit disability insurance, automobile insurance and non-recording insurance. She, like other borrowers ProPublica interviewed, cannot tell you what any of them are for: “They talk so fast when you get that loan. They go right through it, real gibberish.”

The insurance products protect World, not the borrower. If Sutton were to have died, become disabled, or totaled her car, the insurer would have owed World the unpaid portion of her loan. Together, the premiums for her $200 loan total $76, more than the loan’s other finance charges.

The insurance products provide a way for World to get around the rate caps in some states and effectively to charge higher rates. Sutton’s stated annual percentage rate of 90 percent, for example, is close to the maximum that can legally be charged in Georgia.

ProPublica examined more than 100 of the company’s loans in 10 states, all made within the last several years. A clear pattern developed: In states that allowed high rates, World simply charged high interest and other finance fees but did not bother to include insurance products. For a small loan like Sutton’s, for example, World has charged a 204 percent annual rate in Missouri and 140 percent in Alabama, states that allow such high levels.

In states with more stringent caps, World slapped on the insurance products. The stated annual rate was lower, but when the insurance premiums were accounted for, the loans were often even more expensive than those in the high-rate states.

“Every new person who came in, we always hit and maximized with the insurance,” said Matthew Thacker, who worked as an assistant manager at a World branch in Tifton, Ga., from 2006 to 2007. “That was money that went back to the company.”

World profits from the insurance in two ways: It receives a commission from the insurer, and, since the premium is typically financed as part of the loan, World charges interest on it.

“The consumer is screwed six ways to Sunday,” said Birny Birnbaum, the executive director of the nonprofit Center for Economic Justice and a former associate commissioner at the Texas Department of Insurance.

Industry data reveal just how profitable this part of World’s business is. World offers the products of an insurer called Life of the South, a subsidiary of the publicly traded Fortegra Financial Corp. In Georgia in 2011, the insurer received $26 million in premiums for the sort of auto insurance Sutton purchased as part of her loan. Eighteen million dollars, or 69 percent, of that sum went right back to lenders like World. In all, remarkably little money went to pay actual insurance claims: about 5 percent.

The data, provided to ProPublica by the National Association of Insurance Commissioners, paint a similar picture when it comes to Life of the South’s other products. The company’s credit accident and health policies racked up $20 million in premiums in Georgia

in 2011. While 56 percent went back to lenders, only 14 percent went to claims. The pattern holds in other states where World offers the products.

Fortegra declined to comment.

Gretchen Simmons, who managed a World branch in Pine Mountain, Ga., praised the company for offering customers loans they might not have been able to get elsewhere. She said she liked selling accidental death and disability insurance with loans, because many of her clients were laborers who were “more prone to getting their finger chopped off.”

According to several contracts reviewed by ProPublica, losing one finger isn’t enough to make a claim. If the borrower loses a hand, the policy pays a lump sum (for instance, $5,000). But, according to the policy, “loss of a hand means loss from one hand of four entire fingers.”

Simmons took out a loan for herself from a World competitor 2014 and made sure to decline the insurance. Why? “Because I knew that that premium of a hundred and blah blah blah dollars that they’re charging me for it can go right into my pocket if I just deny it.”

In its written response, World alleged that Simmons had been fired from the company because of “dishonesty and alleged misappropriation of funds,” but it refused to provide further details. Simmons, who worked for World from 2005 to 2008, denied that she left the company on bad terms.

Federal rules prohibit the financing of credit insurance premiums as part of a mortgage but allow it for installment and other loans. Installment lenders can also legally exclude the premiums when calculating the loan’s annual percentage rate, as long as the borrower can select the insurer or the insurance products are voluntary 2014 loopholes in the Truth in Lending Act, the federal law that regulates how consumer-finance products are marketed.

World’s contracts make all legally necessary disclosures. For example, while some insurance products are voluntary, World requires other types of insurance to obtain a loan. For mandatory insurance, Sutton’s contract states that the borrower “may choose the person or company through which insurance is to be obtained.” She, like most customers, wouldn’t know where to begin to do that, even if it were possible.

“Nobody is going to sell you insurance that protects your loan, other than the lender,” said Birnbaum. “You can’t go down the street to your State Farm agent and get credit insurance.”

When insurance products are optional 2014 meaning the borrower can deny coverage but still get the loan 2014 borrowers must sign a form saying they understand that. “We were told not to point that out,” said Thacker, the former Tifton, Ga., assistant manager.

World, in its response to ProPublica, declined to offer any statistics on what percentage of its loans carry the insurance products, but it said employees are trained to inform borrowers that they are voluntary. As for why the company offers the insurance products in some states and not in others, World said it depends on state law and if “it makes business sense to do so.”

Buys, the former Chandler, Okla., branch manager, said she found the inclusion of the insurance products particularly deceitful. In Oklahoma, World can charge high interest rates and fees on loans under $1,000 or so, so it typically doesn’t include insurance on those loans. But it often adds the products to larger loans, which has the effect of jacking up the annual rate.

“You were supposed to tell the customer you could not do the loan without them purchasing all of the insurance products, and you never said ‘purchase,’ ” Buys recalled. “You said they are ‘included with the loan’ and focused on how wonderful they are.”

It was not long into her tenure that Buys said she began to question whether the products were really required. She asked a family friend who was an attorney if the law required it, she recalled, and he told her it didn’t.

World trained its employees to think of themselves as a “financial adviser” to their clients, Buys said. She decided to take that literally.

When a customer took out a new loan, “I started telling them, ‘Hey, you can have this insurance you’re never going to use, or you can have the money to spend,’” she recalled. Occasionally, a customer would ask to have the disability insurance included, so she left it in. But mostly, people preferred to take the money.

One day, she remembered, she was sitting across from a couple who had come into the office to renew their loan. They were discussing how to cover the costs of a funeral, and Chandler being a small town, she knew it was their son's. On her screen were the various insurance charges from the original loan. The screen "was blinking like I could edit it," she recalled.

At that moment, she realized that she could advise customers renewing their loans that they could drop the insurance from their previous loans. If they did so, they'd receive several hundred dollars more. The couple excitedly agreed, she recalled, and other customers also thought it was good advice and dropped the products.

Buys' regional supervisor threatened to discipline her, Buys said. But it was hard to punish her for advising customers that the products were voluntary when they were. "All they could do was give me the stink eye," Buys said.

But World soon made it harder to remove the insurance premiums, Buys said. She couldn't remove them herself but instead had to submit a form, along with a letter from the customer, to World's central office. That office, she said, sometimes required borrowers to purchase the insurance in order to get the loans.

World, in its response to ProPublica's questions, said Buys' assertions about how it handled insurance were "false," but it declined to provide further details.

Eventually, Buys said, her relationship with management deteriorated to the point that she felt she had no choice but to quit. By the time she left in 2011, she had worked at World for three years.

World, in the answers provided to ProPublica, said that when Buys quit, she was "subject to being terminated for cause including dishonesty and alleged misappropriation of funds." The company declined to provide any details about the allegations, but after Buys quit, World filed suit in county court, accusing her of stealing money from the company. Buys retained an attorney and responded, maintaining her innocence and demanding proof of any theft. World withdrew the suit.

'It's All About Keeping Them'

Sutton's original loan contract required her to make seven payments of $50, at which point her loan would have been fully paid off.

But if World can persuade a customer to renew early in the loan's lifespan, the company reaps the lion's share of the loan's charges while keeping the borrower on the hook for most of what they owed to begin with. This is what makes renewing loans so profitable for World and other installment lenders.

"That was the goal, every single time they had money available, to get them to renew, because as soon as they do, you've got another month where they're just paying interest," says Kristin, the former World employee from Texas.

Sure enough, less than four months after taking out the initial loan, Sutton agreed to renew.

In a basic renewal (the company calls it either a "new loan" or a "refinance"), the borrower agrees to start the loan all over again. For Sutton, that meant another seven months of $50 payments. In exchange, the borrower receives a payout. The amount is based on how much the borrower's payments to date have reduced the loan's principal.

For Sutton, that didn't amount to much. She appears to have made three payments on her loan, totaling $150. (The company's accounting is opaque, and Sutton does not have a record of her payments.) But when she renewed the loan, she received only $44.

Most of Sutton's payments had gone to cover interest, insurance premiums and other fees, not toward the principal. And when she renewed her loan a second time, it was no different.

The effect is similar to how a mortgage amortizes: The portion of each payment that goes toward interest is at its highest the first month and decreases with each payment. As the principal is reduced, less interest is owed each month. By the end of the loan, the payments go almost entirely toward paying down the principal.

World regularly sends out mailers, and its employees make frequent phone calls, all to make sure borrowers know they have funds available. Every time a borrower makes a payment, according to the company, that customer "receives a receipt reflecting, among other information, the remaining balance on the borrower's loan and, where applicable, the current new credit available for that borrower." And when a borrower visits a branch to make a payment, former employees say, employees are required to make the pitch in person.

“You have to say, ‘Let me see what I can do to get you money today,'” Buys recalled. If the borrower had money available on the account, it had to be offered, she and other former employees said.

The typical pitch went like this, Kristin said: “‘Oh, by the way, you’ve got $100 available, would you like to take that now or do you want to wait till next month?'”

Customers would ask, “‘Well, what does this mean?'” Buys said. “And you say, ‘Oh, you’re just starting your loan over, you know, your payments will be the same.'”

The company often encourages customers to renew the loans by saying it will help them repair their credit scores, former employees said, since World reports to the three leading credit bureaus. Successively renewing loans also makes customers eligible for larger loans from World itself. After renewing her loan twice, for instance, Sutton received an extra $40.

“We were taught to make [customers] think it was beneficial to them,” Buys said.

“Retail (i.e., consumer) lending is not significantly unlike other retail operations and, like those other forms of retail, World does market its services,” the company wrote in its response to questions.

About three-quarters of the company’s loans are renewals, according to World’s public filings. Customers often renew their loans after only two payments, according to former employees.

The company declined to say how many of its renewals occur after two payments or how many times the average borrower renews a loan. Renewals are only granted to borrowers who can be expected to repay the new loan, it said.

Lawsuits against other major installment lenders suggest these practices are common in the industry. A 2010 lawsuit in Texas claimed that Security Finance, a lender with about 900 locations in the United States, induced a borrower to renew her loan 16 times over a three-year period. The suit was settled. In 2004, an Oklahoma jury awarded a mentally disabled Security Finance borrower $1.8 million; he had renewed two loans a total of 37 times. After the company successfully appealed the amount of damages, the case was settled. Security Finance declined to respond to questions about the suits.

Another 2010 suit against Sun Loan, a lender with more than 270 office locations, claims the company convinced a husband and wife to renew their loans more than two dozen times each over a five-year period. Cary Barton, an attorney representing the company in the suit, said renewals occur at the customer’s request, often because he or she doesn’t have enough money to make the monthly payment on the previous loan.

The predominance of renewals means that for many of World’s customers, the annual percentage rates on the loan contracts don’t remotely capture the real costs. If a borrower takes out a 12-month loan for $700 at an 89 percent annual rate, for example, but repeatedly renews the loan after four payments of $90, he would receive a payout of $155 with each renewal. In effect, he is borrowing $155 over and over again. And for each of those loans, the effective annual rate isn’t 89 percent. It’s 537 percent.

World called this calculation “completely erroneous,” largely because it fails to account for the money the customer received from the original transaction. World’s calculation of the annual percentage rate if a borrower followed this pattern of renewals for three years: about 110 percent.

A Decade of Debt

In every World office, employees say, there were loan files that had grown inches thick after dozens of renewals.

At not just one but two World branches, Emma Johnson of Kennesaw, Ga., was that customer. Her case demonstrates how immensely profitable borrowers like her are for the company 2014 and how the renewal strategy can transform long-term, lower-rate loans into short-term loans with the triple-digit annual rates of World’s payday competitors.

Since being laid off from her janitorial job in 2004, Johnson, 71, has lived primarily on Social Security. Last year, that amounted to $1,139 in income per month, plus a housing voucher and food stamps.

Johnson could not remember when she first obtained a loan from World. Nor could she remember why she needed either of the loans. She can tell you, however, the names of the branch managers (Charles, Brittany, Robin) who’ve come and gone over the years, her loans still on the books.

Johnson took out her first loan from World in 1993, the company said. Since that time, she has taken out 48 loans, counting both new loans and refinancings, from one branch. In 2001, she took out a loan from the second branch and began a similar string of renewals.

When Johnson finally declared bankruptcy early this year, her two outstanding loans had face values of $3,510 and $2,970. She had renewed each loan at least 20 times, according to her credit reports. Over the last 10 years, she had made at least $21,000 in payments toward those two loans, and likely several thousand dollars more, according to a ProPublica analysis based on her credit reports and loan documents.

Although the stated length of each loan was about two years, Johnson would renew each loan, on average, about every five months. The reasons varied, she said. “Sometimes stuff would just pop out of the blue,” she said. This or that needed a repair, one of her children would need money.

Sometimes, it was just too enticing to get that extra few hundred dollars, she acknowledged. “In a sense, I think I was addicted.”

It typically took only a few minutes to renew the loan, she said. The contract contained pages of disclosures and fine print, and the World employee would flip through, telling her to sign here, here and here, she recalled.

Her loan contracts from recent years show that the payouts were small, often around $200. That wasn’t much more than the $115 to $135 Johnson was paying each month on each loan. The contracts had stated APRs ranging from about 23 percent to 46 percent.

But in reality, because Johnson’s payments were largely going to interest and other fees, she was taking out small loans with annual rates typically in the triple digits, ranging to more than 800 percent. World also disputed this calculation.

As she continued to pay, World would sometimes increase her balance, providing her a larger payout, but her monthly payment grew as well. It got harder and harder to make it from one Social Security check to the next. In 2010, she took out another loan, this one from an auto-title lender unconnected to World.

Eventually, she gave up on juggling the three loans. By the end of each month, she was out of money. If she had to decide between basic necessities like gas and food and paying the loans, the choice, she finally realized, was easy.

‘Chasing’ Customers

At World, a normal month begins with about 30 percent of customers late on their payments, former employees recalled. Some customers were habitually late because they relied on Social Security or pension checks that came later in the month. They might get hit with a late fee of $10 to $20, but they were otherwise reliable. Others required active attention.

Phone calls are the first resort, and they begin immediately 2014 sometimes even before the payment is due for customers who were frequently delinquent. When repeated calls to the home or cell phone, often several times a day, don’t produce a payment, World’s employees start calling the borrower at work. Next come calls to friends and family, or whomever the borrower put down as the seven “references” required as part of the loan application.

“We called the references on a daily basis to the point where they got sick of us,” said Simmons, who managed the Pine Mountain, Ga., store.

If the phone calls don’t work, the next step is to visit the customer at home: “chasing,” in the company lingo. “If somebody hung up on us, we would go chase their house,” said Kristin from Texas.

The experience can be intimidating for customers, especially when coupled with threats to seize their possessions, but the former employees said they dreaded it, too. “That was the scariest part,” recalled Thacker, a former Marine, who as part of his job at World often found himself driving, in the evening, deep into the Georgia countryside to knock on a borrower’s door. He was threatened a number of times, he said, once with a baseball bat.

Visits to the borrower’s workplace are also common. The visits and calls at work often continue even after borrowers ask the company to stop, according to complaints from World customers to the Federal Trade Commission. Some borrowers complained the company’s harassment risked getting them fired.

ProPublica obtained the FTC complaints for World and several other installment loan companies through a Freedom of Information Act request. They show consistent tactics across the industry: the repeated phone calls, the personal visits.

After she stopped paying, Johnson remembered, World employees called her two to three times a day. One employee threatened to "get some stuff at your house," she said, but she wasn't cowed. "I said, 'You guys can get this stuff if you want it.'" In addition, a World employee knocked on her door at least three times, she said.

The goal of the calls and visits, former employees said, is only partly to prod the customer to make a payment. Frequently, it's also to persuade them to renew the loan.

"That's [World's] favorite phrase: 'Pay and renew, pay and renew, pay and renew,'" Simmons said. "It was drilled into us."

It's a tempting offer: Instead of just scrambling for the money to make that month's payment, the borrower gets some money back. And the renewal pushes the loan's next due date 30 days into the future, buying time.

But the payouts for these renewals are often small, sometimes minuscule. In two of the contracts ProPublica examined, the customer agreed to start the loan all over again in exchange for no money at all. At other times, payouts were as low as $1, even when, as in one instance, the new loan's balance was more than $3,000.

Garnishing Wages

For Sutton, making her monthly payments was always a struggle. She remembered that when she called World to let them know she was going to be late with a payment, they insisted that she come in and renew the loan instead.

As a result, seven months after getting the original $207 loan from World, Sutton wasn't making her final payment. Instead, she was renewing the loan for the second time. Altogether, she had borrowed $336, made $300 in payments, and now owed another $390. She was going backward.

Not long after that second renewal, Sutton said, Walmart reduced her hours, and there simply wasn't enough money to go around. "I called them at the time to say I didn't have money to pay them," she said. World told her she had to pay.

The phone calls and home visits followed. A World employee visited the Walmart store where she worked three times, she recalled.

World didn't dispute that its employees came to Sutton's workplace, but it said that attempts to contact "any borrower at her place of employment would occur only after attempts to contact the borrower at her residence had failed."

In Georgia, World had another path to force Sutton to pay: suing her.

World files thousands of such suits each year in Georgia and other states, according to a review of court filings, but the company declined to provide precise figures.

Because Sutton had a job, she was a prime target for a suit. Social Security income is off limits, but with a court judgment, a creditor can garnish up to 25 percent of a debtor's wages in Georgia.

"When we got to sue somebody, [World] saw that as the jackpot," Buys said. In her Oklahoma store, collecting the junk people had pledged as collateral was considered useless. Garnishment was a more reliable way for the company to get its money, and any legal fees were the borrower's problem.

World said 11 of the states where it operates permit lenders to "garnish customers' wages for repayment of loans, but the Company does not otherwise generally resort to litigation for collection purposes, and rarely attempts to foreclose on collateral."

The sheriff served Sutton with a summons at Walmart, in front of her co-workers. Sutton responded with a written note to the court, saying she would pay but could only afford $20 per month. A court date was set, and when she appeared, she was greeted by the branch manager who had given her the original loan. The manager demanded Sutton pay $25 every two weeks. She agreed.

For five months, Sutton kept up the payments. Then, because of taxes she had failed to pay years earlier, she said, the IRS seized a portion of her paycheck. Again, she stopped paying World. In response, the company filed to garnish her wages, but World received nothing: Sutton was earning too little for the company to legally get a slice of her pay. After two months, World took another step.

Sutton's wages are paid via a "payroll card," a kind of debit card provided by Walmart. World filed to seize from Sutton's card the $450 it claimed she owed. By that point, she'd made more than $600 in payments to the company.

The immediate result of the action was to freeze Sutton's account, her only source of income. She couldn't gas up her car. As a result, she couldn't drive to work.

Sutton said she called a number for World's corporate office in a panic. "I said, 'You're gonna leave me with no money to live on?'" The World employee said the company had had no choice because Sutton didn't hold up her end of their agreement, Sutton recalled, and then the employee made an offer: If Sutton's available wages in her account hadn't covered her total debt to World after 30 days, the company would unfreeze her account and allow her to start a new payment plan.

Desperate, she gave up trying to deal with the company on her own and went to Georgia Legal Services Program, a nonprofit that represents low-income clients across the state.

"Her case is terribly egregious," said Michael Tafelski, a lawyer with GLSP who specializes in collections cases and represented Sutton. World had overstated the amount Sutton legally owed, he said, and circumvented laws limiting the amount of funds creditors can seize. In effect, the company was garnishing 100 percent of her wages. It's "unlike anything I have ever seen," Tafelski said, "and I have seen a lot of shady collectors."

After Tafelski threatened to sue World, the company beat a quick retreat. It dismissed all open cases against Sutton and declared her obligation satisfied.

In its response to ProPublica, World claimed that Tafelski had bullied the billion-dollar company: "Mr. Tafelski used abusive out of court threats to accomplish an end he knew he could not obtain through legal process."

"It's common practice among lawyers to contact the opposing party to attempt to resolve problems quickly, without filing a lawsuit, especially in emergency cases like this one," Tafelski said.

As for Sutton, she had missed several days of work, but her account was unfrozen, and she was done with World Finance forever.

"If I'd known then what I know now," she said, "I'd never have fooled with them."

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10.2: “On Victory Drive, Soldiers Defeated by Debt” by Paul Kiel and Mitchell Hartman

On Victory Drive, Soldiers Defeated by Debt

by Paul Kiel, ProPublica, and Mitchell Hartman, Marketplace, May 15, 2013, 5:50 a.m.by Paul Kiel and Krista Kjellman Schmidt, ProPublica, May 15

This story was co-produced with Marketplace. Listen to their coverage.

Seven years after Congress banned payday-loan companies from charging exorbitant interest rates to service members, many of the nation’s military bases are surrounded by storefront lenders who charge high annual percentage rates, sometimes exceeding 400 percent.

The Military Lending Act sought to protect service members and their families from predatory loans. But in practice, the law has defined the types of covered loans so narrowly that it’s been all too easy for lenders to circumvent it.

“We have to revisit this,” said Sen. Dick Durbin, D-Ill., who chairs the defense appropriations subcommittee and is the Senate’s second-ranking Democrat. “If we’re serious about protecting military families from exploitation, this law has to be a lot tighter.”

Members of the military can lose their security clearances for falling into debt. As a result, experts say, service members often avoid taking financial problems to their superior officers and instead resort to high-cost loans they don’t fully understand.

The Department of Defense, which defines which loans the Military Lending Act covers, has begun a process to review the law, said Marcus Beauregard, chief of the Pentagon’s state liaison office.

The act mainly targets two products: payday loans, usually two-week loans with annual percentage rates often above 400 percent, and auto-title loans, typically one-month loans with rates above 100 percent and secured by the borrower’s vehicle. The law caps all covered loans at a 36 percent annual rate.

That limit “did do a great deal of good on the products that it covered,” Holly Petraeus, the Consumer Financial Protection Bureau’s head of service member affairs, said in an interview. “But there are a lot of products that it doesn’t cover.”

Representatives from payday and other high-cost lenders said they follow the law. Some defended the proliferation of new products as helpful to consumers.

A 400 Percent Loan

In June 2011, when Levon Tyler, a 37-year-old staff sergeant in the Marines, walked into Smart Choice Title Loans in Columbia, S.C., it was the first time he’d ever gone to such a place, he said. But his bills were mounting. He needed cash right away.

Smart Choice agreed to lend him $1,600. In return, Tyler handed over the title to his 1998 Ford SUV and a copy of his keys. Tyler recalled the saleswoman telling him he’d probably be able to pay off the loan in a year. He said he did not scrutinize the contract he signed that day.

If he had, Tyler would have seen that in exchange for that $1,600, he’d agreed to pay a total of $17,228 over two and a half years. The loan’s annual percentage rate, which includes interest and fees, was 400 percent.

Tyler said he provided his military ID when he got the loan. But even with an annual rate as high as a typical payday loan, the Military Lending Act didn’t apply. The law limits the interest rate of title loans 2014 but only those that have a term of six months or less.

In South Carolina, almost no loans fit that definition, said Sue Berkowitz, director of the nonprofit South Carolina Appleseed Legal Justice Center. The reason? Ten years ago, the state legislature passed consumer protections for short-term auto-title loans. In response, lenders simply lengthened the duration of their loans.

Today, plenty of payday and auto-title lenders cluster near Fort Jackson, an army base in Columbia, legally peddling high-cost loans to the more than 36,000 soldiers who receive basic training there each year.

Tyler's loan showcases other examples of lenders' ingenuity. Attached to his contract was an addendum that offered a "Summer Fun Program Payoff." While the loan's official term was 32 months, putting it outside both South Carolina's regulations and the Military Lending Act, the "Summer Fun" option allowed Tyler to pay off the loan in a single month. If he did so, he'd pay an annual rate of 110 percent, the addendum said.

Michael Agostinelli, the chief executive of Smart Choice's parent company, American Life Enterprises, told ProPublica he wants his customers to pay off their loans early. "They're meant to be short-term loans," he said. He also said that customers who pay on time get "a big discount." In Tyler's case, he would have paid an annual rate of 192 percent if he had made all his payments on time.

But Tyler fell behind after only a couple of payments. Less than five months after he took out the loan, a repo company came in the middle of the night to take his car. Three weeks later, it was sold at auction.

"This was something new, and I will never do it again," Tyler said. "I don't care what type of spot I get in."

American Life Enterprises companies operate nine title-lending branches in Nevada and South Carolina. Agostinelli said loans to members of the military are rare for his companies but that service members might go to a title lender for the same reason anybody else does: They need money immediately and discreetly.

Loans similar to the one Tyler took out are broadly and legally available from stores and over the Internet. QC Holdings, Advance America, Cash America and Ace Cash Express 2014 all among the country's largest payday lenders 2014 offer loans that fall outside the definitions of the Military Lending Act, which defined a payday loan as lasting three months or less.

The annual rates can be sky high, such as those offered by Ace Cash Express in Texas, where a five-month loan for $400 comes with an annual rate of 585 percent, according to the company's website.

Ace Cash is among a number of payday lenders just outside the gates of Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, and it has four stores within three miles of Fort Hood in Texas.

A 2012 report on the Military Lending Act by the Consumer Federation of America found there had been no drop in the number of payday lenders around Fort Hood since the 2006 law went into effect.

Amy Cantu of the Community Financial Services Association of America, which represents the payday industry, said payday lenders are careful to screen out service members for their short-term products. But she acknowledged that payday companies may provide soldiers and their families with other types of loans. "We welcome more products in the market," she said of the trend of payday lenders increasingly offering longer-term loans. "Options are good for consumers."

Earned a Purple Heart, Lost a Car

Some lenders apparently haven't bothered to change their loan products in response to the law.

A 2011 federal class-action suit filed in Georgia's Middle District alleges that one of the largest auto-title lenders in the country, Community Loans of America, has been flouting the law. The suit names among its plaintiffs three soldiers who took out what appeared to be classic title loans. All agreed to pay an annual rate of around 150 percent for a 30-day loan. All had trouble repaying, according to the suit. One, an Army staff sergeant and Purple Heart recipient, lost his car. The other two managed to pay interest but almost none of the principal on their loans for several months.

The company was fully aware that its customers were soldiers, because they presented their military identifications, said Roy Barnes, a former governor of Georgia who is representing the plaintiffs.

Community Loans, which boasts more than 900 locations nationwide, argued in court that the transactions were not covered by the Military Lending Act because they weren't loans but sales. Here's how Community Loans said the transaction worked: The soldiers sold their vehicles to the company while retaining the option to buy back the cars 2014 for a higher price. In early 2012, the judge rejected that argument. The case is ongoing.

Community Loans, which did not respond to numerous calls and emails, has been making loans to service members through businesses with various names.

Leading up to the gates of Fort Benning in Columbus, Ga., Victory Drive is crowded with lenders. Among them is Georgia Auto Pawn, a Community Loans of America storefront where one of the plaintiffs in the class action, an Army master sergeant, took out

his loan.

Just another half-mile down the road is a lender advertising “Signature Loans for the Military.” The lender goes by the name of Title Credit Finance, but the parent company is Community Finance and Loans, which shares the same corporate address as Community Loans of America.

A billboard for Title Credit Finance promises to rescue borrowers: Showing a picture of a hamster on a wheel, it says, “Avoid the title pawn treadmill,” referring to customers who get caught paying only interest month after month.

Title Credit Finance offers installment loans, a product which, as the company advertises, does seem to provide “CASH NOW The Smart Way” 2014 at least when compared to a title loan. Interest rates tend to be lower 2014 though still typically well above 36 percent. And instead of simply paying interest month upon month, the borrower pays down the loan’s principal over time.

But the product comes with traps of its own. Installment lenders often load the loans with insurance products that can double the cost, and the companies thrive by persuading borrowers to use the product like a credit card. Customers can refinance the loan after only a few payments and borrow a little more. But those extra dollars typically come at a far higher cost than the annual rate listed on the contract.

At TitleMax, a title-lender with more than 700 stores in 12 states, soldiers who inquire about a title loan are directed to InstaLoan, TitleMax’s sister company, which provides installment loans, said Suzanne Donovan of the nonprofit Step Up Savannah. A $2,475 installment loan made to a soldier at Fort Stewart near Savannah, Ga., in 2011 and reviewed by ProPublica, for example, carried a 43 percent annual rate over 14 months 2014 but that rate effectively soared to 80 percent when the insurance products were included. To get the loan, the soldier surrendered the title to his car. TMX Finance, the parent company of both TitleMax and InstaLoan, did not respond to multiple calls and emails seeking comment.

Another lender on Victory Drive is the publicly traded World Finance, one of the country’s largest installment lenders, with a market capitalization of about $1 billion and more than 1,000 stores around the country. World was the subject of an investigation by ProPublica and Marketplace earlier this week. Of World’s loans, about 5 percent, approximately 40,000 loans, are made to service members or their families, according to the company. Active-duty military personnel and their dependents comprise less than 1 percent of the U.S. population, according to the Defense Department.

Bill Himpler, the executive vice president of the American Financial Services Association, which represents installment lenders, said the industry’s products had been rightfully excluded from the Military Lending Act. The Pentagon had done a good job preserving soldiers’ access to affordable credit, he said, and only “tweaking the regulations here or there to tighten them up” was necessary.

The Commander and the Collectors

It’s not known how many service members have high-priced loans. The Pentagon says it intends to conduct a survey on the matter soon and issue a report by the end of the year.

But some commanders, such as Capt. Brandon Archuleta, say that dealing with soldiers’ financial problems is simply part of being an officer. Archuleta, who has commanded soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan, recalled fielding numerous calls from lenders trying to track down soldiers who were delinquent on debts.

“In the last 12 years we’ve seen military officers as war fighters, we’ve seen them as diplomats, we’ve seen them as scholars,” Archuleta said. “But what we don’t see is the officer as social worker, financial adviser and personal caregiver.”

While some soldiers seek help from their superior officers, many don’t. That’s because debt troubles can result in soldiers losing their security clearance.

“Instead of trying to negotiate this with their command structure, the service member will typically end up refinancing,” said Michael Hayden, director of government relations for the Military Officers Association of America and a retired Air Force colonel. “It’ll typically start out with some type of small crisis. And then the real crisis is just how you get that loan paid off.”

Soldiers who hide their debt often forego the military’s special aid options. Army Emergency Relief and the Navy-Marine Corps Relief Society offer zero-interest loans. But in seeking that help, a soldier risks alerting the commanding officer to his or her troubles, particularly if the sum needed is a large one.

Russell Putnam, a legal-assistance attorney at Fort Stewart, says he often finds himself making a simple argument to soldiers: “A zero percent loan sure as heck beats a 36 percent plus or a 25 percent plus loan.”

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10.3: “The Payday Playbook: How High Cost Lenders Fight to Stay Legal” by Paul Kiel

The Payday Playbook: How High Cost Lenders Fight to Stay Legal

by Paul Kiel ProPublica, Aug. 2, 2013, 9 a.m.

A version of this story was co-published with the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

As the Rev. Susan McCann stood outside a public library in Springfield, Mo., last year, she did her best to persuade passers-by to sign an initiative to ban high-cost payday loans. But it was difficult to keep her composure, she remembers. A man was shouting in her face.

He and several others had been paid to try to prevent people from signing. “Every time I tried to speak to somebody,” she recalls, “they would scream, ‘Liar! Liar! Liar! Don’t listen to her!’”

Such confrontations, repeated across the state, exposed something that rarely comes into view so vividly: the high-cost lending industry’s ferocious effort to stay legal and stay in business.

Outrage over payday loans, which trap millions of Americans in debt and are the best-known type of high-cost loans, has led to dozens of state laws aimed at stamping out abuses. But the industry has proved extremely resilient. In at least 39 states, lenders offering payday or other loans still charge annual rates of 100 percent or more. Sometimes, rates exceed 1,000 percent.

Last year, activists in Missouri launched a ballot initiative to cap the rate for loans at 36 percent. The story of the ensuing fight illuminates the industry’s tactics, which included lobbying state legislators and contributing lavishly to their campaigns; a vigorous and, opponents charge, underhanded campaign to derail the ballot initiative; and a sophisticated and well-funded outreach effort designed to convince African-Americans to support high-cost lending.

Industry representatives say they are compelled to oppose initiatives like the one in Missouri. Such efforts, they say, would deny consumers what may be their best or even only option for a loan.

Quick Cash and Kwik Kash

Missouri is fertile soil for high-cost lenders. Together, payday, installment and auto-title lenders have more than 1,400 locations in the state — about one store for every 4,100 Missourians. The average two-week payday loan, which is secured by the borrower’s next paycheck, carries an annual percentage rate of 455 percent in Missouri. That’s more than 100 percentage points higher than the national average, according to a recent survey by the Consumer Financial Protection Bureau. The annual percentage rate, or APR, accounts for both interest and fees.

Fee Charged: $15

Loan Period: 14 days

Loan Has Been Renewed: 2 times

To renew a loan, borrowers pay only the fees due, not any principal.

The average APR is 23.64 percent on credit cards for consumers with bad credit.

Note: The annual percentage rate accounts for both interest and fees. Sources: Consumer Financial Protection Bureau, Missouri State Department of Finance, CreditCards.com. Graphic by Sisi Wei.

The issue caught the attention of Democrat Mary Still, who won a seat in the state House of Representatives in 2008 and immediately sponsored a bill to limit high-cost loans. She had reason for optimism: The new governor, Jay Nixon, a Democrat, supported reform.

The problem was the legislature. During the 2010 election cycle alone, payday lenders contributed $371,000 to lawmakers and political committees, according to a report by the nonpartisan and nonprofit Public Campaign, which focuses on campaign reform. The lenders hired high-profile lobbyists, and Still became accustomed to their visits. But they hardly needed to worry about the

House Financial Institutions Committee, through which a reform bill would need to pass. One of the lawmakers leading the committee, Don Wells, owned a payday loan store, Kwik Kash. He could not be reached for comment.

Eventually, after two years of frustration, Still and others were ready to try another route. “Absolutely, it was going to have to take a vote of the people,” she said. “The legislature had been bought and paid for.”

A coalition of faith groups, community organizations and labor unions decided to put forward the ballot initiative to cap rates at 36 percent. The main hurdle was collecting the required total of a little more than 95,000 signatures. If the initiative’s supporters could do that, they felt confident the lending initiative would pass.

But even before the signature drive began, the lending industry girded for battle.

In the summer of 2011, a new organization, Missourians for Equal Credit Opportunity (MECO), appeared. Although it was devoted to defeating the payday measure, the group kept its backers secret. The sole donor was another organization, Missourians for Responsible Government, headed by a conservative consultant, Patrick Tuohey. Because Missourians for Responsible Government is organized under the 501(c)(4) section of the tax code, it does not have to report its donors. Tuohey did not respond to requests for comment.

Still, there are strong clues about the source of the $2.8 million Missourians for Responsible Government delivered to MECO over the course of the battle.

Payday lender QC Holdings declared in a 2012 filing that it had spent “substantial amounts” to defeat the Missouri initiative. QC, which mostly does business as Quik Cash (not to be confused with Kwik Kash), has 101 outlets in Missouri. In 2012, one-third of the company’s profits came from the state, twice as much as from California, its second-most profitable state. If the initiative got to voters, the company was afraid of the outcome: “ballot initiatives are more susceptible to emotion” than lawmakers’ deliberations, it said in an annual filing. And if the initiative passed, it would be catastrophic, likely forcing the company to default on its loans and halt dividend payments on its common stock, the company declared.

In late 2012, QC and other major payday lenders, including Cash America and Check into Cash, contributed $88,000 to a group called Freedom PAC. MECO and Freedom PAC shared the same treasurer and received funds from the same 501(c)(4). Freedom PAC spent $79,000 on ads against Still in her 2012 losing bid for a state senate seat, state records show.

MECO’s first major step was to back three lawsuits against the ballot initiative. If any one of the suits were successful, the initiative would be kept off the ballot regardless of how many citizens had signed petitions in support.

Threatening letters and decoy initiatives

Meanwhile, supporters of the ballot initiative focused on amassing volunteers to gather signatures. The push started with umbrella organizations such as Metropolitan Congregations United of St. Louis, which ultimately drafted more than 50 congregations to the effort, said the Rev. David Gerth, the group’s executive director. In the Kansas City area, more than 80 churches and organizations joined up, according to the local nonprofit Communities Creating Opportunity.

Predominantly African-American congregations in Kansas City and St. Louis made up a major part of the coalition, but the issue crossed racial lines and extended into suburbs and small towns. Within one mile of Grace Episcopal Church in Liberty, a mostly white suburb of Kansas City, there are eight high-cost lenders. “We think it’s a significant problem and that it was important for people of faith to respond to this issue,” said McCann, who leads the church.

Volunteers collected signatures at Catholic fish fries during Lent and a community-wide Holy Week celebration. They went door to door and stood on street corners.

In early January 2012, a number of clergy opened their mail to find a “Legal Notice” from a Texas law firm and sent on MECO’s behalf. “It has come to our attention that you, your church, or members of your church may be gathering signatures or otherwise promising to take directions from the proponents’ political operatives, who tell churchgoers that their political plan is a ‘Covenant for Faith and Families,'” said the letter.

“**Please be advised that strict statutes carrying criminal penalties apply to the collection of signatures for an initiative petition**,” it said in bold type. Another sentence warned that churches could lose their tax-exempt status by venturing into politics. The letter concluded by saying MECO would be watching for violations and would “promptly report” any.

Soon after the Rev. Wallace Hartsfield of Metropolitan Missionary Baptist Church in Kansas City received the letter, a lawyer called. Had he received the letter? Hartsfield remembers being asked. He responded, “If you feel like we’re doing something illegal, you need to try to sue, all right?” he recalls. Ultimately, no suits or other actions appear to have been filed against any faith groups involved in the initiative fight.

MECO did not respond to requests for comment. The law firm behind the letter, Anthony & Middlebrook of Grapevine, Texas, referred comment to the lawyer who had handled the matter, who has left the firm. He did not respond to requests for comment.

Payday lenders and their allies took other steps as well. A Republican lobbyist submitted what appears to have been a decoy initiative to the Missouri Secretary of State that, to the casual reader, closely resembled the original measure to cap loans at 36 percent. It proposed to cap loans at 14 percent, but stated that the limit would be void if the borrower signed a contract to pay a higher rate — in other words, it wouldn’t change anything. A second initiative submitted by the same lobbyist, Jewell Patek, would have made any measure to cap loan interest rates unlawful. Patek declined to comment.

MECO spent at least $800,000 pushing the rival initiatives with its own crew of signature gatherers, according to the group’s state filings. It was an effective tactic, said Gerth, of the St. Louis congregations group. People became confused about which was the “real” petition or assumed they had signed the 36 percent cap petition when they had not, he and others who worked on the effort said.

MECO’s efforts sowed confusion in other ways. In April 2012, a local court sided with MECO in one of its lawsuits against the initiative, throwing the ballot proposition into serious jeopardy for several months until the state Supreme Court overturned the lower court’s ruling. During those months, according to video shot by the rate cap’s supporters, MECO’s employees out on the streets warned voters who were considering signing the petition that it had been deemed “illegal.”

MECO also took to the airways. “Here they come again,” intones the narrator during a television ad that ran in Springfield, “Washington, DC special interests invading our neighborhoods.” Dark figures in suits and sunglasses can be seen descending from a plane. “An army of outsiders approaching us at our stores and in our streets,” says the voice. “But together we can stop them: If someone asks you to sign a voter petition, just decline to sign.”

Although the ad discloses that it was paid for by MECO, it does not mention payday lending or capping interest rates.

Installment lenders join the fray

Installment lenders launched a separate group, Stand Up Missouri, to fight the rate-cap initiative — and to differentiate themselves from payday lenders.

As the group’s website put it, “special interest groups masquerading as grass-roots, faith-based alliances” were not only targeting payday loans but also “safe” forms of credit such as installment loans. “Stand Up Missouri does not represent payday lending or payday interests,” the group said in its press releases.

Unlike payday loans, which are typically due in full after two weeks, installment loans are paid down over time. And while many payday lenders also offer such loans, they usually charge higher annual rates (from about 300 to 800 percent). The highest annual rate charged by World Finance, among the largest installment lenders in the country and the biggest backer of Stand Up Missouri, is 204 percent, according to its last annual filing.

Still, like payday lenders, installment lenders such as World profit by keeping borrowers in a cycle of debt. Installment and payday lenders are also similar in the customers they target. In neighboring Illinois, 56 percent of payday borrowers and 72 percent of installment loan borrowers in 2012 had incomes of $30,000 or less, according to state data.

World was the subject of an investigation by ProPublica and Marketplace in May. The company has 76 locations in Missouri: Of all high-cost lenders, only payday lenders QC and Advance America have more locations in the state.

Stand Up Missouri raised $443,000 from installment lenders and associated businesses to oppose the rate-cap ballot initiative, according to state filings.

To broadcast their message in Missouri, the installment lenders arranged a letter-writing campaign to local newspapers, placed ads, distributed video testimonials by satisfied customers, and held a rally at the capitol. Like MECO, Stand Up Missouri also filed suit with their own team of lawyers to block the initiative.

Tom Hudgins, the chairman of Stand Up Missouri as well as the president and chief operating officer of installment lender Western Shamrock, declined to be interviewed but responded to questions with an emailed statement. Stand Up Missouri acknowledges that "some financial sectors" may require reform, he wrote, but the initiative backers didn't want to work with lenders.

"Due to their intense lack of interest in cooperatively developing market-based reforms, we have and will continue to meet with Missourians in all corners of the state to discuss the financial market and opportunities to reform the same."

"Put a good face on this"

In February 2012, the Rev. Starsky Wilson of St. Louis sat down at a table in the Four Seasons Hotel. The floor-to-ceiling windows reveal vistas of the city's famous arch and skyline. Lined up in front of him were two lobbyists and Hudgins, he remembers.

The lenders had targeted a community that was both important to their profits and crucial to the petition drive: African-Americans. Wilson, like the majority of his flock, is black.

So were the two lobbyists. Kelvin Simmons had just a few weeks before been in charge of the state budget and was a veteran of Missouri politics. His new employer was the international law firm Dentons, then called SNR Denton, and he was representing his first client, Stand Up Missouri.

Next to Simmons was Rodney Boyd, for the past decade the chief lobbyist for the city of St. Louis. He, too, worked for SNR Denton.

The lobbyists and Hudgins urged Wilson to rethink his commitment to the rate-cap ballot initiative.

Wilson was not swayed, but he was only one target among many. At the Four Seasons, Wilson says, he bumped into two other leaders of community organizations who had been summoned to hear Stand Up Missouri's message. He said he also knew of more than a dozen African-American clergy who met with the lobbyists. Their message, that installment loans were a vital credit resource for middle-class African-Americans, was persuasive for some. As a result, Wilson found himself mounting a counter-lobbying effort. A spokesperson for Simmons and Boyd's firm declined to comment.

In Kansas City, Rev. Hartsfield also received an invitation from the lobbyists — but that was not the only case, as Hartsfield puts it, of an African-American being "sent into the community to try to put a good face on this."

Willie Green spent eight seasons as a wide receiver in the NFL and won two Super Bowls with the Denver Broncos. After he retired in 1999, he opened several payday loan stores of his own and went on to hold a series of positions serving as a spokesman for payday lending, especially to minority communities.

While African-Americans comprise 13 percent of the U.S. population, they account for 23 percent of payday loan borrowers, according to a Pew Charitable Trusts survey. Green was "Senior Advisor of Minority Affairs" for the Community Financial Services Association, the payday lenders' national trade group, then director of "community outreach" for Advance America, one of the largest payday lenders. Finally, in 2012, he opened his own consultancy, The Partnership Alliance Co., which, according to his LinkedIn profile, focused on "community relations." Over the past decade, he has popped up during legislative fights all over the country — North Carolina; Georgia; Washington, D.C.; Arkansas; Colorado.

It is unclear who hired Green in 2012 — he declined to comment, and MECO did not report paying him or his company. But to Hartsfield, it was clear he was there to advocate on behalf of payday lending.

Green once penned an open letter to the Georgia's legislative black caucus arguing that government regulation on payday loans was unneeded and paternalistic: Opponents of payday lending "believe that people unlike them are just po' chillin' who must be parented by those who know better than they do what's in their best interest," he wrote, according to the Chattanooga Times Free Press.

During their private meeting, Hartsfield said, Green made a similar argument but also discussed church issues unrelated to the ballot initiative. The payday lending industry might be able to help with those, Hartsfield recalled Green saying. The message the minister received from the offer, he said, was "we'll help you with this over there if you stop this over here."

Green referred all questions to his new employer, the installment lender World Finance. In a statement, World did not address specific questions but said the company was "pleased to have Mr. Green as a member of its team to enhance World's outreach to

the communities that it serves and to provide him the opportunity to continue his many years of being personally involved in and giving back to those communities."

Hartsfield did not take Green up on his offer, but the former athlete has served as a gateway to the industry's generosity before. In 2009 in Colorado, where payday loan reform was a hot topic (a bill ultimately passed in 2010), Green presented the Urban League of Metro Denver with a $10,000 check on behalf of Advance America. Landri Taylor, president and chief executive of the organization, recalled that Green had approached him with the offer and that he was glad for the support. He also said that lending was not a core issue for his organization and that, even if it were, the contribution couldn't have bought its allegiance.

In Georgia in 2007, Green, then a registered lobbyist, gave a state lawmaker $80,000 a few weeks before the legislature voted on a bill to legalize payday lending. The lawmaker, who subsequently pleaded guilty to unrelated federal charges of money laundering, was one of 11 Democrats to vote for the bill.

After the Atlanta Journal-Constitution broke news of the transfer, Green produced documents showing that it had been a loan for a real estate investment: The lawmaker had promised to repay the loan plus $40,000, but had never done so, Green said. The state ethics commission subsequently found Green had broken no state laws, because lobbyists are allowed to engage in private business transactions with lawmakers.

The case of the missing petitions

By the spring of 2012, supporters of the initiative were in high gear. Volunteers, together with some paid employees, were collecting hundreds of signatures each day. They were increasingly confident they would hit their mark.

In some areas, such as Springfield, the work resembled hand-to-hand combat. Through intermediaries, such as ProActive Signature Solutions, the initiative's opponents hired people to oppose it.

"It was a well-funded effort," said Oscar Houser of ProActive. He declined to say which company had retained ProActive. However, only MECO reported spending funds on what it said were signature gatherers. Those employees, according to Houser, eventually focused solely on trying to prevent people from signing the initiative.

Marla Marantz, a Springfield resident and retired schoolteacher, was hired to gather signatures for the 36 percent cap initiative. Just about every day, she could expect to be joined by at least one, and often several, of ProActive's employees, she says. Wherever she went — the public library, the DMV — they would soon follow. It was a tactic both she and her adversaries (with whom she became very familiar, if not friendly) called "blocking."

"What we're doing is preventing them from being able to get signatures," one ProActive employee says on a video shot by a Missouri State University journalism student. Asked to describe how "blocking" works, the employee says, "Usually, we get a larger group than they have. We pretty much use the power of numbers." In the video, as Marantz stands outside a public building, she is surrounded by three ProActive employees.

ProActive's employees did not identify themselves to voters as affiliated with payday lending, Marantz says. They sometimes wore T-shirts reading "Volunteer Petition Official" or held signs urging citizens to "Stand up for Equal Opportunity."

Marantz shared various photos and videos of her experiences. In one video, a library employee tells a group of ProActive employees they will be asked to leave if they continue to make patrons uncomfortable. At other times, Marantz says, exasperated public employees or the police simply asked anyone collecting signatures to leave the area.

McCann also gathered signatures for the initiative and experienced "blocking." "I had on my clerical collar, and they seemed to address a lot of their vitriol at me," she remembers.

In May 2012, Missourians for Responsible Lending, the organization formed by supporters of the initiative, filed suit in county court in Springfield, alleging that MECO, through ProActive, was illegally harassing and assaulting its signature gatherers. The suit included sworn declarations by Marantz and three others who had said they had endured similar treatment. It called for a temporary restraining order that would keep MECO's employees at least 15 feet away.

MECO, via its lawyers, fired back. The suit was an unconstitutional attempt by supporters of the initiative to silence their political opponents based on alleged "sporadic petty offenses," MECO argued. Even if the initiative's detractors "engaged in profanity-laced insults all of the time," they said, such behavior would still be protected by the First Amendment.

Houser called the suit “frivolous” and said he was happy to let MECO’s lawyers handle it. The suit stalled.

“Blocking” wasn’t the only problem initiative supporters encountered. Matthew Patterson ran a nonprofit, ProVote, that coordinated signature gathering in the Springfield area. On the night of April 25, 2012, Patterson put a box of petitions in his car. Then, realizing he had forgotten his phone in his office, he locked his car and went back inside.

When he returned, his passenger side window was broken and the box of petitions was gone, according to Patterson and the police report he filed. The box had contained about 5,000 voter signatures, about half of which were for the 36 percent cap initiative, Patterson said.

No arrest was ever made. Volunteers from Kansas City and St. Louis converged on the area to recoup the lost signatures. The final deadline to submit signatures to the secretary of state’s office was less than two weeks away.

23,000 over, 270 under

In August, the Missouri Secretary of State announced that supporters of the initiative had submitted more than 118,000 valid signatures, about 23,000 more than needed.

But the state’s rules required that they collect signatures from at least 5 percent of voters in six of the state’s nine congressional districts. They had met that threshold in five districts — but in the First District, which includes North St. Louis, they were 270 signatures short.

A week later, initiative supporters filed a challenge in court, arguing that local election authorities had improperly disqualified far more than 270 signatures. MECO and Stand Up Missouri joined the fray, arguing not only that signatures had been properly excluded, but also that far more should have been tossed out.

Eventually, with only a couple of weeks before the deadline to finalize the November ballot, backers of the initiative decided they could not match the lenders’ ability to check thousands of signatures. They withdrew their challenge.

“It was so frustrating, disappointing,” McCann said. “People had spent hours and hours and hours on this initiative.”

Looking to 2014

The initiative’s supporters now have their eye on 2014, and they have made the necessary preparation by filing the same petition again with the secretary of state.

The industry has also made preparations. MECO has reported adding $331,000 to its war chest since December. Stand Up Missouri has raised another $151,000.

Last May, Jewell Patek, the same Republican lobbyist who filed the industry’s initiatives in 2011, filed a new petition. It caps annual rates at 400 percent.

The installment lenders have continued their effort to woo African-Americans. In December, Stand Up Missouri was a sponsor of a Christmas celebration for Baptist ministers in St. Louis, and in June, it paid for a $20,000 sponsorship of the National Baptist Convention, hosted this year in St. Louis. It’s retained the same high-powered African-American lobbyists and added one more: Cheryl Dozier, a lobbyist who serves as executive director of the Missouri Legislative Black Caucus. Lastly, Willie Green, according to initiative supporters who have spoken with the ministers, has made overtures to African-American clergy on behalf of World Finance.

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10.4: “Whack-a-Mole: How Payday Lenders Bounce Back When States Crack Down” by Paul Kiel

Whack-a-Mole: How Payday Lenders Bounce Back When States Crack Down

by Paul Kiel ProPublica, Aug. 6, 2013, 9 a.m.

A version of this story was co-published with the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

In 2008, payday lenders suffered a major defeat when the Ohio legislature banned high-cost loans. That same year, they lost again when they dumped more than $20 million into an effort to roll back the law: The public voted against it by nearly two-to-one.

But five years later, hundreds of payday loan stores still operate in Ohio, charging annual rates that can approach 700 percent.

It’s just one example of the industry’s resilience. In state after state where lenders have confronted unwanted regulation, they have found ways to continue to deliver high-cost loans.

Sometimes, as in Ohio, lenders have exploited loopholes in the law. But more often, they have reacted to laws targeted at one type of high-cost loan by churning out other products that feature triple-digit annual rates.

To be sure, there are states that have successfully banned high-cost lenders. Today Arkansas is an island, surrounded by six other states where ads scream “Cash!” and high-cost lenders dot the strip malls. Arkansas’ constitution caps non-bank rates at 17 percent.

But even there, the industry managed to operate for nearly a decade until the state Supreme Court finally declared those loans usurious in 2008.

The state-by-state skirmishes are crucial, because high-cost lenders operate primarily under state law. On the federal level, the recently formed Consumer Financial Protection Bureau can address “unfair, deceptive or abusive practices,” said a spokeswoman. But the agency is prohibited from capping interest rates.

In Ohio, the lenders continue to offer payday loans via loopholes in laws written to regulate far different companies 2014 mortgage lenders and credit repair organizations. The latter peddle their services to people struggling with debt, but they can charge unrestricted fees for helping consumers obtain new loans into which borrowers can consolidate their debt.

Today, Ohio lenders often charge even higher annual rates (for example, nearly 700 percent for a two-week loan) than they did before the reforms, according to a report by the nonprofit Policy Matters Ohio. In addition, other breeds of high-cost lending, such as auto-title loans, have recently moved into the state for the first time.

Earlier this year, the Ohio Supreme Court agreed to hear a case challenging the use of the mortgage law by a payday lender named Cashland. But even if the court rules the tactic illegal, the companies might simply find a new loophole. In its recent annual report, Cash America, the parent company of Cashland, addressed the consequences of losing the case: “if the Company is unable to continue making short-term loans under this law, it will have to alter its short-term loan product in Ohio.”

Amy Cantu, a spokeswoman for the Community Financial Services Association, the trade group representing the major payday lenders, said members are “regulated and licensed in every state where they conduct business and have worked with state regulators for more than two decades.”

“Second generation” products

When unrestrained by regulation, the typical two-week payday loan can be immensely profitable for lenders. The key to that profitability is for borrowers to take out loans over and over. When the CFPB studied a sample of payday loans earlier this year, it found that three-quarters of loan fees came from borrowers who had more than 10 payday loans in a 12-month period.

But because that type of loan has come under intense scrutiny, many lenders have developed what payday lender EZCorp chief executive Paul Rothamel calls “second generation” products. In early 2011, the traditional two-week payday loan accounted for about 90 percent of the company’s loan balance, he said in a recent call with analysts. By 2013, it had dropped below 50 percent. Eventually, he said, it would likely drop to 25 percent.

But like payday loans, which have annual rates typically ranging from 300 to 700 percent, the new products come at an extremely high cost. Cash America, for example, offers a “line of credit” in at least four states that works like a credit card 2014 but with a

299 percent annual percentage rate. A number of payday lenders have embraced auto-title loans, which are secured by the borrower's car and typically carry annual rates around 300 percent.

The most popular alternative to payday loans, however, are "longer term, but still very high-cost, installment loans," said Tom Feltner, director of financial services at the Consumer Federation of America.

Last year, Delaware passed a major payday lending reform bill. For consumer advocates, it was the culmination of over a decade of effort and a badly needed measure to protect vulnerable borrowers. The bill limited the number of payday loans borrowers can take out each year to five.

"It was probably the best we could get here," said Rashmi Rangan, executive director of the nonprofit Delaware Community Reinvestment Action Council.

But Cash America declared in its annual statement this year that the bill "only affects the Company's short-term loan product in Delaware (and does not affect its installment loan product in that state)." The company currently offers a seven-month installment loan there at an annual rate of 398 percent.

Lenders can adapt their products with surprising alacrity. In Texas, where regulation is lax, lenders make more than eight times as many payday loans as installment loans, according to the most recent state data. Contrast that with Illinois, where the legislature passed a bill in 2005 that imposed a number of restraints on payday loans. By 2012, triple-digit-rate installment loans in the state outnumbered payday loans almost three to one.

In New Mexico, a 2007 law triggered the same rapid shift. QC Holdings' payday loan stores dot that state, but just a year after the law, the president of the company told analysts that installment loans had "taken the place of payday loans" in that state.

New Mexico's attorney general cracked down, filing suits against two lenders, charging in court documents that their long-term products were "unconscionable." One loan from Cash Loans Now in early 2008 carried an annual percentage rate of 1,147 percent; after borrowing $50, the customer owed nearly $600 in total payments to be paid over the course of a year. FastBucks charged a 650 percent annual rate over two years for a $500 loan.

The products reflect a basic fact: Many low-income borrowers are desperate enough to accept any terms. In a recent Pew Charitable Trusts survey, 37 percent of payday loan borrowers responded that they'd pay any price for a loan.

The loans were unconscionable for a reason beyond the extremely high rates, the suits alleged. Employees did everything they could to keep borrowers on the hook. As one FastBucks employee testified, "We just basically don't let anybody pay off."

"Inherent in the model is repeated lending to folks who do not have the financial means to repay the loan," said Karen Meyers, director of the New Mexico attorney general's consumer protection division. "Borrowers often end up paying off one loan by taking out another loan. The goal is keeping people in debt indefinitely."

In bothcases, the judges agreed that the lenders had illegally preyed on unsophisticated borrowers. Cash Loans Now's parent company has appealed the decision. FastBucks filed for bankruptcy protection after the judge ruled that it owed restitution to its customers for illegally circumventing the state's payday loan law. The attorney general's office estimates that the company owes over $20 million. Both companies declined to comment.

Despite the attorney general's victories, similar types of loans are still widely available in New Mexico. The Cash Store, which has over 280 locations in seven states, offers an installment loan there with annual rates ranging from 520 percent to 780 percent. A 2012 QC loan in New Mexico reviewed by ProPublica carried a 425 percent annual rate.

"Playing Cat and Mouse"

When states 2014 such as Washington, New York and New Hampshire 2014 have laws prohibiting high-cost installment loans, the industry has tried to change them.

A bill introduced in Washington's state senate early this year proposed allowing "small consumer installment loans" that could carry an annual rate of more than 200 percent. Though touted as a lower-cost alternative to payday loans, the bill's primary backer was Moneytree, a Seattle-based payday lender. The bill passed the state senate, but stalled in the house.

In New Hampshire, which banned high-cost payday loans in 2008, the governor vetoed a bill last year that would have allowed installment loans with annual rates above 400 percent. But that wasn't the only bill that high-cost lenders had pushed: One to allow

auto-title loans, also vetoed by the governor, passed with a supermajority in the legislature. As a result, in 2012, New Hampshire joined states like Georgia and Arizona that have banned triple-digit-rate payday loans but allow similarly structured triple-digit-rate auto-title loans.

Texas has a law strictly limiting payday loans. But since it limits lenders to a fraction of what they prefer to charge, for more than a decade they have ignored it. To shirk the law, first they partnered with banks, since banks, which are regulated by the federal government, can legally offer loans exceeding state interest caps. But when federal regulators cracked down on the practice in 2005, the lenders had to find a new loophole.

Just as in Ohio, Texas lenders started defining themselves as credit repair organizations, which, under Texas law, can charge steep fees. Texas now has nearly 3,500 of such businesses, almost all of which are, effectively, high-cost lenders. And the industry has successfully fought off all efforts to cap their rates.

Seeing the lenders' statehouse clout, a number of cities, including Dallas, San Antonio and Austin, have passed local ordinances that aim to break the cycle of payday debt by limiting the number of times a borrower can take out a loan. Speaking to analysts early this year, EZCorp'sRothamel said the ordinances had cut his company's profit in Austin and Dallas by 90 percent.

But the company had a three-pronged counterattack plan, he said. The company had tweaked the product it offered in its brick-and-mortar outlets, and it had also begun to aggressively market online loans to customers in those cities. And the industry was pushing a statewide law to pre-empt the local rules, he said, so payday companies could stop "playing cat and mouse with the cities."

Jerry Allen, the Dallas councilman who sponsored the city's payday lending ordinance in 2011, said he wasn't surprised by the industry's response. "I'm just a lil' ol' local guy in Dallas, Texas," he said. "I can only punch them the way I can punch them."

But Allen, a political independent, said he hoped to persuade still more cities to join the effort. Eventually, he hopes the cities will force the state legislature's hand, but he expects a fight: "Texas is a prime state for these folks. It's a battleground. There's a lot of money on the table."

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10.5: “How One State Succeeded in Restricting Payday Loans” by Paul Kiel

How One State Succeeded in Restricting Payday Loans

by Paul Kiel ProPublica, Aug. 6, 2013, 9 a.m.

A version of this story was co-published with the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

In 2009, consumer advocates in Washington State decided to try a new approach to regulating payday loans. Like reformers in other states, they’d tried to get the legislature to ban high-cost loans outright 2014 but had hit a brick wall. So, instead, they managed to get a law passed that limited borrowers to no more than eight payday loans in one year.

Lenders would still be free to charge annual rates well into the triple digits, but the law would eliminate what critics say is the worst aspect of payday loans: borrowers caught in a cycle of debt by taking out loans over and over.

At least in Washington, most payday loan borrowers didn’t take out eight loans in a year. Data from 2009, the last year before the reform bill went into effect, shows how many people in 2009 took out one to four loans, five to eight loans, and so on. Two-thirds of these borrowers took out eight or fewer loans in 2009.

But the people who take out only a few payday loans do not drive industry profits. That becomes clear when, instead of looking at the number of people, one looks at the number of loans. Then the trend flips: About two-thirds of loans went to borrowers who took out nine or more loans in 2009.

In other words, one-third of payday loan borrowers accounted for two-thirds of payday loans made in Washington State in 2009.

The Consumer Financial Protection Bureau found a similar imbalance when it studied a national sample of payday loans earlier this year: Lenders reaped three-quarters of their loan fees from borrowers who had more than 10 payday loans in a 12-month period.

As expected, Washington’s reform has not affected most borrowers. According to the 2011 report from state regulators, only about 24 percent of borrowers had taken out the maximum eight loans over a 12-month period.

But the total number of payday loans has plummeted. In 2009, Washington borrowers took out more than 3.2 million payday loans. In 2011, the last year for which data is available, the number had plunged to 856,000.

During the same time, the number of payday loan stores in the state dropped by 42 percent.

The law “worked way better than we expected,” said Marcy Bowers, director of the nonprofit Statewide Poverty Action Network.

Meanwhile, the industry, which opposed the 2009 law, has recently pushed legislation to allow high-cost installment loans in the state. As we report, that’s a typical response by the industry to unwanted legislation.

Washington’s law has proven a model for other states. Delaware passed a law in 2012 that limited payday loans to five in a 12-month period. Earlier this year, consumer advocates pushed a similar law in California, but it stalled.

Asked for comment about Washington’s law, Amy Cantu, a spokeswoman for the Community Financial Services Association, the payday lenders’ trade group, said lenders work closely with state regulators and cited the group’s best practices, which include offering customers a payment plan when they want more time to repay a loan.

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10.6: “To Dodge Law, High-Cost Lender Offers Cash for Free” by Paul Kiel

To Dodge Law, High-Cost Lender Offers Cash for Free

by Paul Kiel ProPublica, Sep. 3, 2013, 2:09 p.m.

Alarmed by the explosion of high-cost lending in the state, cities across Texas have passed ordinances to prevent the cycle of debt that short-term, high-cost loans can create.

But some big lenders are finding clever ways around the laws 2013 like giving away cash for free.

TitleMax promises to “make getting cash easy!” To get a loan, borrowers with “good credit, bad credit, or no credit” need only turn over the title to their car.

In Dallas, San Antonio, and Austin 2013 which have all passed lending laws 2013 those loans have come with zero percent interest.

What’s the catch? After 30 days, the loan is due in full. If the borrower cannot pay 2013TitleMax’s average loan is for $1,300 2013 the borrower is sent to another TitleMax location outside of the city, where he or she can receive a new, unrestricted loan. That loan, states a contract given to one borrower, could have an annual rate as high as 310 percent.

Of course, the borrower would be free to renew the loan at that location 2013 over and over again.

“It’s a bait and switch,” said Ann Baddour of the non-profit Texas Appleseed. “The practice may not be illegal, but it’s definitely unethical and unconscionable.”

TitleMax declined to comment. Like other high-cost lenders, the company touts its products as an option for borrowers who might not qualify for other sources of credit.

An auto-title loan is similar to its better known cousin, the payday loan 2013 but larger and with more at stake. Typically, the borrower hands over title to her car and agrees to pay off the loan after one month. If she can’t do that, she can pay only the interest due and roll over the principal to the next month.

As with payday loans, the cycle can repeat itself over and over. A study by the Consumer Federation of America and Center for Responsible Lending found that the average borrower renews a loan eight times. A borrower who defaults risks having her car seized. (Disclosure: The Center and ProPublica both get significant funding from The Sandler Foundation.)

In six TitleMax contracts from Texas reviewed by ProPublica, the company actually charged an annual rate ranging from 145 to 182 percent.

TitleMax’s ploy is the latest example of high-cost lenders’ ingenuity when confronted by unwanted laws. In Texas, at least eight towns and cities have passed lending ordinances in the past two years.Together, the new laws cover over four million Texans.

The ordinances come at a time of explosive growth for TitleMax’s parent company, TMX Finance, one of the largest title lenders in the country. The company has more than 1,200 stores across 14 states and will soon move into its 15th.

In its home state of Georgia, TMX boasts more than 300 locations 2013 more branches than any bank. (Wells Fargo and SunTrust come closest with around 280 branches statewide each.). The company has doubled in size since 2008 and says it plans to keep up the same rate of growth.

TMX’s growth is especially evident in Texas, where it has opened more than 150 stores in the past two years. It continues to operate in cities that have passed ordinances. Under the names of TitleMax and TitleBucks, for instance, TMX operates a total of more than 80 stores in Dallas, Austin, and San Antonio.

Last December, Texas’s regulator for payday and auto-title lenders announced 2013 without naming TitleMax 2013 that it was “concerned” about the practice of offering a zero percent loan to customers in those cities. The offer might prove too tempting to someone who might otherwise never take out an auto-title loan, said the regulator in a bulletin to lenders: “This business model could also be perceived as a deceptive practice because it appears calculated to bring the consumer into the store with the promise of one product, but later effectively requires the consumer to go to another location to purchase another product.”

In a statement to ProPublica, Dana Edgerton, spokeswoman for the Office of Consumer Credit Commissioner, said that the agency was not aware of any other lenders besides TitleMax offering a zero percent loan.

Despite their concerns, state regulators do not have authority to enforce the city's ordinances, Edgerton said. It can only warn lenders of potential consequences 2013 a warning TMX has not heeded.

The city of Denton's lending ordinance, which passed in March, prohibits payday and auto-title lenders from renewing borrowers' loans more than three times. "That was the biggest thing, just having some kind of end point," said Kayce Strader of the non-profit Serve Denton and a volunteer for the local alliance Denton for Fair Lending..

As soon as Denton's law went into effect, according to a class action lawsuit filed in June in state court, TitleMax notified its current customers there would be a change. They would no longer be able to renew their loan in Denton. Instead, customers had a choice: They could pay off the loan in full or accept a zero percent loan. That loan, in turn, would not be renewable at the Denton location. But, the notice says, "We want you to know that we will work with you during this transition period."

Where to go, then? TitleMax also has a location 15 miles down the highway in Flower Mound, Texas, the notice says. "[You] may want to consider doing business" there, and once you've switched, "you can continue transacting at that location," it says.

According to the suit, the named plaintiffs all got caught renewing TitleMax loans over and over. One allegedly renewed her loan 23 times, paid at least $10,800 in fees, and after all that still owed $3,961. Another, the suit says, renewed her loan twelve times. By switching such customers to a location outside Denton, TitleMax would have been able to continue renewing the loans without restriction.

The suit charges TitleMax duped customers into thinking they were paying down their balance when they were in reality just paying the same fees again and again. TitleMax denies the allegations and is contesting the suit. The company's attorney declined comment.

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10.7: “When Lenders Sue, Quick Cash Can Turn Into a Lifetime of Debt” by Paul Kiel

When Lenders Sue, Quick Cash Can Turn Into a Lifetime of Debt

by Paul Kiel ProPublica, Dec. 13, 2013, 11:46 a.m.

A version of this story will be published in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch on Sunday.

Five years ago, Naya Burks of St. Louis borrowed $1,000 from AmeriCash Loans. The money came at a steep price: She had to pay back $1,737 over six months.

“I really needed the cash, and that was the only thing that I could think of doing at the time,” she said. The decision has hung over her life ever since.

A single mother who works unpredictable hours at a chiropractor’s office, she made payments for a couple of months, then she defaulted.

So AmeriCash sued her, a step that high-cost lenders 2013 makers of payday, auto-title and installment loans 2013 take against their customers tens of thousands of times each year. In just Missouri and Oklahoma, which have court databases that allow statewide searches, such lenders file more than 29,000 suits annually, according to a ProPublica analysis.

ProPublica’s examination shows that the court system is often tipped in lenders’ favor, making lawsuits profitable for them while often dramatically increasing the cost of loans for borrowers.

High-cost loans already come with annual interest rates ranging from about 30 percent to 400 percent or more. In some states, if a suit results in a judgment 2013 the typical outcome 2013 the debt can then continue to accrue at a high interest rate. In Missouri, there are no limits on such rates.

Many states also allow lenders to charge borrowers for the cost of suing them, adding legal fees on top of the principal and interest they owe. One major lender routinely charges legal fees equal to one-third of the debt, even though it uses an in-house lawyer and such cases usually consist of filing routine paperwork. Borrowers, meanwhile, are rarely represented by an attorney.

After a judgment, lenders can garnish borrowers’ wages or bank accounts in most states. Only four states prohibit wage garnishment for most debts, according to the National Consumer Law Center; in 20, lenders can seize up to one-quarter of borrowers’ paychecks. Since the average borrower who takes out a high-cost loan is already stretched to the limit, with annual income typically below $30,000, losing such a large portion of their pay “starts the whole downward spiral,” said Laura Frossard of Legal Aid Services of Oklahoma.

The peril is not just financial. In Missouri and other states, debtors who don’t appear in court also risk arrest.

As ProPublica has previously reported, the growth of high-cost lending has sparked battles across the country. In response to efforts to limit interest rates or otherwise prevent a cycle of debt, lenders have fought back with campaigns of their own and by transforming their products.

Lenders argue their high rates are necessary if they are to be profitable and that the demand for their products is proof they provide a valuable service. When they file suit against their customers, they do so only as a last resort and always in compliance with state law, lenders contacted for this article said.

After AmeriCash sued Burks in September 2008, she found her debt had grown to more than $4,000. She agreed to pay it back, bit by bit. If she didn’t, AmeriCash won the right to seize a portion of her pay.

Ultimately, AmeriCash took more than $5,300 from Burks’ paychecks. Typically $25 per week, the payments made it harder to cover basic living expenses, Burks said. “Add it up: As a single parent, that takes away a lot.”

But those years of payments brought Burks no closer to resolving her debt. Missouri law allowed it to continue growing at the original interest rate of 240 percent 2013 a tide that overwhelmed her small payments. So even as she paid, she plunged deeper and deeper into debt.

By this year, that $1,000 loan Burks took out in 2008 had grown to a $40,000 debt, almost all of which was interest. After ProPublica submitted questions to AmeriCash about Burks’ case, however, the company quietly and without explanation filed a

court declaration that Burks had completely repaid her debt.

Had it not done so, Burks would have faced a stark choice: declare bankruptcy or make payments for the rest of her life.

A Judge's Dismay

Appointed to Missouri's associate circuit court in St. Louis last year by Gov. Jay Nixon, Judge Christopher McGraugh came to the bench with 25 years' experience as an attorney in civil and criminal law. But, he said, "I was shocked" at the world of debt collection.

As in Burks' case, high-cost lenders in Missouri routinely ask courts to hand down judgments that allow loans to continue growing at the original interest rate. Initially, he refused, McGraugh said, because he feared that would doom debtors to years, if not a lifetime, of debt.

"It's really an indentured servitude," he said. "I just don't see how these people can get out from underneath [these debts]."

But he got an earful from the creditors' attorneys, he said, who argued that Missouri law was clear: The lender has an unambiguous right to obtain a post-judgment interest rate equal to that in the original contract. McGraugh studied the law and agreed: His hands were tied.

Now, in situations where he sees a debt continuing to build despite years of payments by the debtor, the best he can do is urge the creditor to work with the debtor. "It's extremely frustrating," he said.

Since the beginning of 2009, high-cost lenders have filed more than 47,000 suits in Missouri, according to a ProPublica analysis of state court records. In 2012, the suits amounted to 7 percent of all collections suits in the state. Missouri law allows lenders to charge unlimited interest rates, both when originating loans and after winning judgments.

Borrowers such as Burks often do not know how much they have paid on their debt or how much they owe. When creditors seek to garnish wages, the court orders are sent to debtors' employers, which are responsible for deducting the required amount, but not to the debtors themselves.

AmeriCash, for instance, was not required to send Burks any sort of statement after the garnishment began. She learned from a reporter how much she had paid 2013 and how much she still owed.

After AmeriCash's deduction and another garnishment related to a student loan, Burks said she took home around $460 each week from her job.

No court oversees the interest that creditors such as AmeriCash charge on post-judgment debts. For instance, the judgment that Burks and an attorney for AmeriCash signed says that her debt will accrue at 9 percent interest annually. Instead, AmeriCash appears to have applied her contractual rate of 240 percent a year.

That seems unjustified, McGraugh said. "I would believe you're bound by the agreement you made in court."

In the past five years, AmeriCash has filed more than 500 suits in Missouri. The suits often result in cases like Burks', with exploding debts. One borrower took out a $400 loan in late 2005 and by 2012 had paid $3,573 2013 but that didn't stop the interest due on the loan from ballooning to more than $16,000. (As in Burks' case, AmeriCash relieved that debtor of his obligation after ProPublica submitted a list of questions to the company.)

AmeriCash, a private company based in a Chicago suburb, has five stores in Missouri, as well as 60 more across four other states. The company did not respond to repeated phone calls and emails about its practices. The firm's attorney, Wally Pankowski of the Evans & Dixon law firm, declined to comment.

Cases in which lawsuits led to exploding debts abound in Missouri, and ProPublica found examples involving several different lenders.

Erica Hollins of St. Louis took out a $100 loan from Loan Express just before Christmas 2006. She soon fell behind on the payments, but instead of suing immediately, the company waited, the debt growing at 200 percent interest all the while. When the company sued two and a half years later, it received a judgment to collect on $913, including interest.

For years, the company garnished Hollins' paychecks from her job at a nursing home. When, after a total of nearly $3,600 in payments, Hollins still had not cleared her debt, she called Loan Express' attorney, she said. As in Burks' case, the lender was

represented by Pankowski. “I asked him would I ever be done paying for this?” she recalled. “And he said, 2018Maybe, maybe not.’ ” (Pankowski declined to comment on the case.)

Hollins sought legal help. Now she’s filed suit against the company, alleging it intentionally delayed suing so that her debt would multiply. The suit is ongoing.

Todd Stimson, who owns Loan Express, as well as three other stores in Illinois, said his company waited to sue Hollins because he believed her wages were already being garnished by another creditor. He also said his company gave her ample opportunity to avoid a suit in the first place but that Hollins didn’t pay. Companies like his have to sue in such situations, he said. Otherwise, “word gets out in the neighborhood, 2018Oh, you won’t get sued anyway, just don’t pay them.’”

As for Hollins paying back more than 35 times what she borrowed, Stimson said his company might have stopped the garnishment if Hollins had asked, although he added that “legally, I don’t have to.”

Not all lenders pursue as much as they are legally entitled to. Some lenders charge triple-digit rates in their contracts, but they lower the rate after receiving a judgment.

Speedy Cash, for instance, has filed at least 9,382 lawsuits in Missouri over the past five years, more than any other high-cost lender, according to ProPublica’s analysis. It has six stores in the state, in addition to making loans online.

Speedy Cash’s loans can be very expensive. A 2011 contract for a $400 loan, for instance, shows a 389 percent annual interest rate and total payments of $2,320 over a year and a half.

Case Files: Missouri

Missouri allows high-cost lenders who win judgments against delinquent borrowers to charge unlimited interest rates on the debts, inflating the amount owed. Here are three examples:

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11.1: "'Death Is Part of the Job' in Long-Term Care Homes" by Jill Marcella and Mary Lou Kelley

Supporting Direct Care Staff With Their Grief and Bereavement

Abstract

For long-term care (LTC) home staff who work directly with residents, death, dying, and grief are day-to-day experiences in their working life. However, staff are often overlooked for grief and bereavement support. This exploratory research used a qualitative approach to understand LTC staff's grief and bereavement experience and to identify the perceived support needs of nurses and personal support workers who work in two faith-based non-profit care homes in Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada. Findings indicated that participants' experiences are complex, shaped by the emotional impact of each loss, the cumulative burden of ongoing grief, an organizational culture in LTC where death is hidden, and the lack of organizational attention to staffs' support and education needs. Eight recommendations were developed from the findings. It is hoped that this research will assist in the development of organizational policy and procedures, addressing the health and well-being of direct care workers in LTC homes.

Introduction

For registered nurses (RNs) and personal support workers (PSWs; also known as health care aides or nursing assistants) who work directly with residents in long-term care (LTC) homes, death, dying, and grief are usual experiences in their day-to-day working life (Anderson & Gaugler, 2007;Wowchuck, McClement & Bond 2007). LTC homes increasingly provide end-of-life care, with approximately 20% of residents in Canada dying each year (Canadian Institute for Health Information, 2012; Statistics Canada, 2011; Travis et al., 2002). Similar trends exist in England, United States, and Australia (Froggatt et al., 2013; Parker, 2013).

It is estimated that by 2020, this number will reach up to 39% in Canada (Fisher, Ross, & MacLean, 2000). Thus, it should be anticipated that staff working in LTC settings will increasingly care for dying residents on a daily basis. However, these staff who provide direct care and assistance to residents and their families are often overlooked when it comes to recognizing their own grief and bereavement experiences. At the health system level, LTC homes have only recently been recognized as a major location of death, and therefore an important setting for providing palliative and end-of-life care (Hirdes, Mitchell, Maxwell, & White, 2011).

Palliative/end-of-life care literature identifies that specialized training, skills, and education requirements are needed for the delivery of palliative care (Froggatt, 2001; Hall, Kolliakou, Petkova, Froggatt, & Higginson, 2011;Kagan & Stricker, 2010; Sanders & Swails, 2009; Stolley, 2010). Support for grief, loss, and bereavement is acknowledged to be an important component of holistic palliative care as per Canadian Hospice Palliative Care Association's (2013) Model of Care. Research in specialized palliative care and hospice programs is abundant and clearly demonstrates the need for and benefit of addressing staff's emotional needs to improve the quality of care and staff retention (Vachon, 1995). What is not well understood are the emotional experiences of direct care workers working in LTC homes, especially how the organization can better support staff in managing their experience of grief and loss when a resident dies (Anderson, 2008;Anderson & Ewen, 2011; Rickerson et al., 2005). The presented research begins to address this gap in knowledge.

Background

This study was conducted as a sub-study within a 5-year project *Improving Quality of Life for People Dying in Long-Term Care Homes* (2009-2014), conducted by 27 researchers and 38 community organizational partners, collectively known as the Quality Palliative Care in Long-Term Care Alliance (QPC-LTC Alliance). The overarching research was a participatory action research project that used a comparative case study design, with four LTC homes located in Ontario, Canada, as study sites (Kelley & McKee, 2013). The overall goal was to improve the quality of life for people who are dying in LTC homes through the development of palliative care programs, using a process of community capacity development (Brazil, Kaasalainen, McAiney, Brink, & Kelley, 2012; Kaasalainen, Brazil, & Kelley, 2012; Ramsbottom & Kelley, 2014; Wickson-Griffiths et al., 2014; see www.palliativealliance.cafor further information).

Results of the organizational assessments, conducted in 2009 in the four LTC home study sites, indicated that direct care workers develop close relationships with residents and experience a tremendous sense of loss and grief when these residents die. However, there is minimal recognition and formal organizational response to support staff's feelings of grief and loss. Based on these assessment results, the research team decided to conduct a more focused and in-depth sub-study to better understand the inevitable grief and loss experience of direct care workers in a LTC home, including their perception of how the organization can support them with these losses. Recommendations emerged from these perceptions.

Organizational Context of LTC

Historically, LTC homes in Ontario have operated on a medical model of care, with an emphasis on managing chronic conditions (Brazil, McAiney, Caron-O'Brien, & Kelley, 2004). LTC has now become an extension of chronic and complex continuing care where residents are frailer, have a number of life-limiting illnesses, and choose to remain in LTC at the end of life (Brazil, Krueger, Bedard, & Kelley, 2006; Wijk & Grimby, 2008). The average age of an Ontario LTC resident on admission is 83, with 85% of residents classified as requiring high levels of care, meaning they need constant supervision and assistance in performing one or more activities of daily living (Sharkey, 2008).

Eighty to ninety percent of direct care in LTC homes is provided by unregistered PSWs (Berta, Laporte, Zarnett, Valdmanis, & Anderson, 2006; Riggs, & Rantz 2001). These workers are responsible for multiple tasks, such as assisting in bathing, eating, and dressing; reporting changes in physical symptoms; and caring for the psychosocial needs of the resident (Anderson & Gaugler, 2007). Their workload is heavy, the resident-to-care worker ratio is high, and there is a great attention focused on the completion of care tasks (Anderson, 2008; Sharkey, 2008). In addition, LTC homes are being required to take on a prominent role in end-of-life care (McClement, Wowchuk, & Klassen, 2009) and thus are assuming many hospice-like functions. These conditions are the context in which LTC staff currently work.

It is within this environment that the grief, loss, and bereavement experience of LTC staff is both framed and managed. Presently in Ontario, there are no policies or established practices that require LTC homes to address grief and bereavement support for their staff. The *Long-Term Care Homes Act*, developed by the Ontario Ministry of Health and Long-Term Care (2007), establishes the need for policy to support all formalized programs, but the actual framework and content of a formalized palliative care program including the psychosocial and training needs of caregivers has not been defined. Therefore, developing and implementing the palliative care program is left up to each home, and as a result, the LTC homes demonstrate inconsistent approaches (Brazil et al., 2004).

The LTC setting provides little formal support for staff in managing their grief and loss when a resident dies. Some homes may have formal memorial services for deceased residents that can promote healthy grieving; however, staff are rarely provided with space, time, and professional assistance to attend these memorials. Likewise, staff does not systematically receive training on grief and bereavement, despite the regular occurrence of death (Anderson, 2008; Anderson & Gaugler, 2007; Burack & Chichin, 2001). As more residents live and die in LTC homes, it is important for staff to have access to support that enhances their ability to continue providing compassionate and quality care (Rickerson et al., 2005).

Finally, there are pressing organizational reasons to support staff grief and bereavement. Acknowledging grief reactions and examining staff's experience with death and grief are known to be crucial for providing compassionate care as the person's grieving history provides the foundation upon which one builds skills for helping others with their losses (Churchill, 1999). However, a lack of organizational focus on staff well-being and the lack of support from management can lead front line workers to experience complex grief reactions (Anderson & Ewen, 2011). Other research suggests problematic outcomes where health care providers who deal with death in an ineffective manner run the risk of not properly caring for their clients (Brunelli, 2005;Durall, 2011).

High rates of turnover among nursing home staff are well documented, especially among PSWs (Riggs & Rantz, 2001). Rosen, Stiehl, Mittal, and Leanna (2011) studied factors associated with nursing assistants in nursing homes leaving their job and identified low job satisfaction and emotional well-being as the most prevalent reasons. Staff turnover, in turn, negatively affects the nursing homes ability to provide high-quality care. Recruitment and orientation of new staff is time-consuming for managers and costly to the organization. In the palliative care field, lack of support for staff grief and bereavement has been shown to contribute to compassion fatigue, burnout, and poor retention (Showalter, 2010; Slatten, Carson, & Carson, 2011;Vachon, 1995). One strategy

to improve staff satisfaction and potentially improve staff retention in LTC homes is to provide a more supportive workplace that includes effective organizational strategies to help staff manage their grief and loss.

Direct Care Workers' Relationship With LTC Residents and the Impact of Their Grief

The relationships that are formed between LTC staff and residents are significant. Direct care workers perform duties that have a high level of social and physical contact with residents; subsequently, the relationships they form with residents are deeper than those formed by other health care professionals (Anderson & Gaugler, 2007; Black & Rubinstein, 2005). The close bonds that are formed allow direct care workers to learn about the life experiences of the resident, gauge residents' emotional responses, and detect early changes in their physical condition. This information is critical in providing holistic care for residents and their family (McClement et al., 2009).

Given the level of care provided and the relationships that develop between residents, their families, and direct care workers, it may not be surprising that staff often view these relationships with residents as familial. A metaphor of "family like" or that residents are "extended family" has often been used by staff (Black & Rubinstein, 2005; Moss, Moss, Rubinstein, & Black, 2003;Rickerson et al., 2005; Sims Gould et al., 2010). When residents are considered like family, the emotional attachment may provide staff with a feeling of being appreciated and cared for by the residents (Burack & Chichin, 2001), and for many residents, these formal caregivers become surrogate families (Rickerson et al., 2005).

Research has identified that the closer the staff–resident relationship, the more intense the grief experience (Anderson & Gaugler, 2007; Durall, 2011). Individuals who deal with death as part of their work, such as in LTC, need to find a way to make sense of death and dying. There is also evidence in the literature that how staff manage their strong grief reactions has an impact on resident care. Moss et al. (2003) state that emphasizing self-control over the expression of feelings can result in staff detaching from residents, especially when there is an expectation for staff to emotionally distance themselves to carry out their work duties efficiently. Van-Hein Wallace (2009) states that nurses may hesitate asking for emotional support for fear of being considered unprofessional or unable to work in a highly emotional workplace. This perceived expectation of emotional distance reinforces an organizational culture of denial and silence around death and dying in LTC homes.

Given the lack of support, time, training, and opportunity to manage grief in the workplace, it may not be surprising that direct care workers believe that they are expected to just "deal with it" when it comes to managing grief (Brunelli, 2005; Burack & Chichin, 2001). This belief may lead care staff to maintain a culture where death of a resident is structured to have a minimum impact on the work at hand (Moss et al., 2003). Literature shows that LTC workers do not feel supported in sharing their grief at work due to the lack of time and heavy workload, and thus they bring their grief home (Kaasalainen, Brazil, Ploeg, & Martin, 2007).

To maintain their overall well-being, staff need to work through the grieving process to arrive at a healthy resolution with the client's death (Brunelli, 2005). Anderson, Ewen, and Miles (2010) found that health care aides who perceived their feelings of loss were validated experienced greater growth from the loss. LTC organizations may therefore want to consider the impact that unresolved grief can have on their employees, and recognize the benefit of providing grief and loss support to their staff. In examining how grief can be managed, Durall (2011) suggests the "the culture of silence" that surrounds the grief and loss needs to be broken. Creating a work environment where staff are able to express their grief, work within a supportive clinical team, and create a meaningful context in which to place death are all identified ways in managing grief (Burack & Chichin, 2001; Durall, 2011).

In summary, the LTC environment provides the context in which the grief and loss of staff are experienced and need to be managed. As more residents remain in LTC during the end of life, the direct care staff face the challenge of coping with these deaths. The relationships that are formed between staff and residents are close bonds, and thus the loss and bereavement needs recognition and support. Close emotional relationships form the foundation of compassionate, well-informed quality care, specifically the kind of care that is necessary in providing good palliative care. Therefore, it is important for LTC homes to provide grief and bereavement support for their staff, and ensure that staff's health and well-being are considered equally as important as the care of the older adults for whom the LTC environment is designed. Supporting staffs' grief may also contribute to improving retention of staff by enhancing their feelings of satisfaction and emotional well-being.

Method

The overall purpose of this study in LTC homes was to understand direct care workers' experiences of grief and loss related to the death of residents, their support needs, and their perception of the role the organization should play in supporting staff with these losses. The following research question was used to guide the study:

- **Research Question:** What supports do LTC staff want and need in the workplace to help them manage their grief and loss when residents die, and how are these best offered?

This research addresses an identified gap in the literature as previous research has not concentrated on the impact of grief on direct care workers in LTC settings. These findings can provide the organization valuable directions to create strategies and policies to promote workplace wellness, which include supporting staff grief. The outcomes of this research have been incorporated into the QPC-LTC Alliance's framework and toolkit that are available to guide developing palliative care in LTC homes (seewww.palliativealliance.ca).

This exploratory research used a qualitative approach to understand the experiences and perspectives of nurses and PSWs who work in two faith-based non-profit care homes in Thunder Bay, Ontario. The first home, built in 1979, provides specialized nursing care to 110 residents, and it offers a palliative care room for residents' and families' privacy. The second home opened in 2004 and accommodates 96 residents. A unique feature of this home is in its construction and design, providing each room with a view of an outdoor space.

Ethics approval was obtained from Lakehead University and St. Joseph's Care Group.

Participants

A purposive sampling technique was used to recruit nine staff members who represented all three categories of LTC direct care workers: RNs, registered practical nurses (RPNs), and PSWs. Participants were recruited by two PSWs who worked in the study site homes, each working in one of the LTC homes. They selected and invited staff who they perceived to be knowledgeable informants for the study purpose to participate in the research. These two PSWs were well respected and well known by all of the LTC staff. Nine participants volunteered for the study who had extensive experience caring for dying residents and spent the majority of their working time providing direct care to residents.

Participants included one RN, one RPN, and seven PSWs. All participants were female, ages ranging from 20 to 54, and all with more than 3 years of experience working in LTC. The majority of the LTC staff in the study sites were female, and no males volunteered for the study. However, the absence of male staff in the sample was a limitation of the study.

Data Collection

Individual semi-structured interviews were used to collect data. All interviewers were trained graduate students in the Master of Social Work(MSW) program at Lakehead University, Thunder Bay, with each student conducting one interview, using an interview guide. The location of the interview was selected by the participant, and the interviews lasted from 30 min to 1 hr. The meetings all occurred in locations that allowed confidential conversation, such as at the workplace in a meeting room, in the public library meeting room, or in the participant's or interviewer's private home. Interviews were conducted in a conversational style. Open-ended questions guided the interview yet allowed flexibility to adapt to the narratives emerging and areas of interest raised by the participants.

The interviews began by asking the participants to generally describe the extent to which grief is an issue for staff working directly with residents. Participants were then asked how the death of a resident affects them emotionally. The interviewer explored more specific interpersonal factors such as the coping strategies used by each participant and how the workplace environment supports them through the grieving process. Participants were also asked to comment on how the workplace can better assist and improve support services.

Data Analysis

The interviews were audio taped and transcribed verbatim by the research assistants (RAs). All transcripts were then made available to all RAs to review. A three-level process of analytic induction (Huberman & Miles, 1994) was used to reduce the data into four overarching categories that together portrayed a complex picture of the staff's experience and support needs related to

grief, loss, and bereavement. To ensure rigor, a process of peer review occurred among eight researchers at each level of analysis. Consensus was reached on the evolving analysis.

RAs initially independently coded the transcripts manually to identify all participants' ideas. Sitting as a group with the senior researcher, the ideas were systematically compared and discussed, and the themes were agreed upon. Discussion continued at four weekly 3-hr meetings until agreement was reached that the analysis fully and accurately represented the participants' narratives.

During the analysis meetings, initial ideas were grouped into 38 (Level 1) themes according to their common features and meanings. These themes were then grouped into 12 (Level 2) explanatory themes and finally into four overarching (Level 3) categories. The categories were created inductively to explain the Level 2 themes and informed by the purpose of the research. At each level of coding, the emerging themes and categories were displayed on the wall using concept maps. These concept maps are included in the description of the findings.

Results

The grief and bereavement experience and support needs of LTC direct care workers can be understood through four overarching categories: (a) organizational context influences staff's experience of grief and loss, (b) the burden of grief, (c) the emotional impact of grief, and (d) grief support needs of direct care staff. Each category has a number of themes and sub-themes that are supported by direct quotes from participants that are taken from the data.

Organizational Context Influences Staffs' Experience of Grief and Loss

The organizational context is the first overarching theme that emerged from the data in understanding the grief process of direct care workers. The participants spoke about the work environment and how this environment affects their grief experience. Several themes were identified: death is hidden, there is no training to prepare staff for loss, death is part of the job, and there is a silent culture that exists around dying. A thematic diagram, depicting the category, theme, and sub-themes, is included in Figure 1.

Figure 1. Organizational context of LTC influences grief and loss for direct care staff.
Note. LTC = long-term care. EOL = end-of-life.

Death is hidden within the LTC culture

The organization attempts to create a home-like setting for residents, and death is not explicitly incorporated into the culture. The participants identified the theme that *death is hidden* from the residents and from direct care staff, including those not providing direct care such as dietary staff. Staff elaborated that there is *little communication about death* although there are informal and unofficial pathways of communication within the homes. Staff may learn of a resident's death informally through coworkers or outside community sources. The responsibility to obtain information rests with the staff member as illustrated in the following quote: "I was off for three days and I walked off the elevator and never noticed that her name was on the board, but she'd passed . . . and in the middle of report I was . . . "you know this bed's empty" . . . it's like hold it, what happened here? (PSW)"

The participants indicated that explicit *language around death* does not exist. When staff refer to death, the terms *letting go* and *passing* are used in place of dying or died. This idea is indicative of the lack of comfort within the organization to explicitly name the events that are taking place when it comes to the dying process. Participants often stated, "So when she left, like when she

passed away . . . ” or “If I am having trouble with somebody just passing . . . .” These statements all make reference to death, without actually using the word.

Participants identified that *no formal notification to residents and support staff*about a resident’s death exists in the home. Residents will ask staff about other residents who have died; however, this information is not provided due to the misperception of many staff that confirming that a resident has died is a breach of confidentiality. There is no immediate formal service or ceremony within the homes that would inform residents of a death, although there are memorial services held twice a year. Death is also hidden from other support staff such as dietary or housekeeping as there is no formal process of notification in place. The following quotes provide evidence of how death is hidden: “When they die, their tag from outside their room goes on the “in memoriam” board. So that’s how they officially know that the person is dead . . . that’s it, they don’t have a little announcement or a moment at breakfast . . . . (RPN)”“You know it really affects them [residents]. Like you can have four people at a table every day for dinner, breakfast, lunch, and then that person’s not there . . . so all of a sudden there’s a new face at the table. (PSW)”

No training to prepare staff for loss

Participants identified that there is no training to prepare staff for loss of a resident, nor is there any information given with regard to available supports and resources when experiencing grief. They stated that during the orientation process *there is no discussion around the prevalence of death.*The purpose of orientation was to prepare staff for their role within the organization and to give them an opportunity to ask questions. However, the focus of management in training initiatives centers on direct care practice, and not on grief and loss. The lack of discussion identifying the prevalence of death does not give staff a chance to inquire about death or provide staff an opportunity to ask about the resources available to them. The following gives evidence: “There’s nothing that I’m aware of that’s in place . . . it is bad because I think even with orientation as a new employee you should be told what you can do, and there’s nothing that I’m aware of that’s even in place. (RPN)”

Participants stated that they *learn how to manage grief “on the job,”* primarily by observing others and monitoring reactions from them. In particular, when new staff are trying to integrate into the existing culture, they learn from more experienced workers. The informal relationships among staff, in trying to help one another cope with the demands of the workplace, are integral to the culture in LTC. There are no written procedures to cope with grief; rather, it is the relationships developed among staff that guide others through the process. This idea was spoken of several times: “. . . there’s a lot of knowledge, like even approaching family and dealing with families and as new people come into the home . . . they get watched lots by the older staff . . . that’s how I learn too . . . my older staff and how they deal with people . . . . (PSW)”“Our senior staff . . . they’ve been around a long time . . . they’re the ones that are teaching us how to deal with everything. (PSW)”

Participants indicated that *communication with residents and their families is difficult;* however, it is an important part of their role, and these skills require education. They are frequently asked questions about death and dying by family and residents. Participants stated that they are often uncomfortable and feel unprepared to respond to difficult questions. Staff were aware of bereavement pamphlets for family but identified that sending family off to talk to someone else felt impersonal.

Death is part of the job

Participants have an implicit understanding that managing residents’ death is part of what they do. This understanding does not come from open discussion or instruction; it comes from the experience of working in an environment where death is a common occurrence. Participants identified that there is an*established hierarchy* of emotional engagement between staff and the residents, depending on their professional role. This hierarchy begins with the PSWs at the bottom, and works up through the RPNs to the RNs, and then to managers. The participants’ perception is that the emotional burden of grief decreases the higher the staff member is on the professional hierarchy. Evidence of this perception is demonstrated with the following quotes: “. . . there’s support . . . not from the managers so much . . . I don’t think that it’s intentional . . . they have their own things that they worry about . . . I think because they don’t have as much interaction with the clients as we do . . . that’s not one of their priorities. (PSW)”“. . . we’ve always approached each other, “how are you doing?” or “are you doing ok?” . . . I’ve never seen an RPN, RN, or management come up to a worker and say “are you ok?” and “are you going to be attending the funeral?” . . . I have never seen anything like that. (PSW)”

There are many expectations placed on staff to provide emotional and informational support to the resident, as well as their family. However,*resources do not match role expectations.* Participants identified that there is nothing in their training to prepare them for the supportive role, and the resources available within the home such as pamphlets and guidelines do not support the staff with this

expectation. Furthermore, the lack of time, the demand to complete tasks, and the lack of emotional support offer little comfort to staff with their own grief experience. This idea is illustrated with the following quote:

So it's always the staff, the staff helping the staff which isn't bad, but if you don't have the training you know how do you help someone through that [grief] (RPN).

Participants indicated that they have close relationships with residents and their families, and they are accustomed to seeing families regularly. However, once a resident dies and the room is cleared of the body and possessions, this relationship with the family abruptly ends. Participants identified an emotional loss of both resident and family; there is no opportunity to express their grief over the loss of these relationships, just expectation to carry on with the job. These multiple losses result in an *emotional burden for the care providers.* The following quotes demonstrate staffs' multiple losses and the emotional burden: "They're all very important to me . . . I've pronounced many, I've seen a lot in my life . . . we've just lost six in the last few months . . . it was pretty hard, we hadn't grieved yet . . . I lost track now. (RN)""Because what happens is they become our family, like you get close, you see them every day and all of a sudden it just stops. (RPN)"

Silent culture exists around dying

PSWs identified that there are many unwritten rules and implicit expectations around the delivery of care that guide practice and help staff in coping with the demands of work. This silent culture assists them to meet the expectations placed on them by management. There is an understanding among staff that death is part of the nursing culture. The significance of this understanding emerges as staff strongly believe that during the dying process the residents are not to be left alone in their rooms. There should always be someone present, especially if there is no family around. *Staff hold one another accountable* to provide comfort to the dying client. The following quotes support this idea: "We are here for a reason and the reason is for the end of life. (PSW)""She died [with no family], she was a ward of the state and she was by herself, and that's what killed us the most . . . these people that have no family, they need someone to represent them. And she died alone, but she was in her home, right? (PSW)""Staff develop close relationships with residents and subsequently do not like to see residents suffer in any way. When death is imminent, staff view it as a welcome end to the pain and suffering that the resident may be experiencing. At the same time, however, there is a sad emotional reaction to the loss of the relationship. In welcoming an end to the pain and suffering, staff acknowledged that giving the resident permission to let go is a form of support for the resident and a form of closure for the staff. They view *death of a resident as meaningful and sad.* A participant shared her experience, stating:""I hate the part of watching them suffer. So once they go, you know it's kind of a relief to some extent . . . I would never want somebody to stay alive and in pain. (PSW)"

The Burden of Grief

Grief is undeniably present in the LTC homes. It is also inevitable that staff develop relationships with residents as they are providing not only physical care but also a continued presence in a resident's everyday life. Each staff member's experience of grief is individualistic, with a complex set of personal and organizational circumstances affecting the grief burden. Two themes are identified: no relief from grief and loss, and staff's coping strategies to manage grief. A thematic diagram depicting the burden of grief is included in Figure 2.

Figure 2. The burden of grief for direct care staff working in LTC.
Note. LTC = long-term care.

No relief from grief and loss

The grief and loss are part of the nature of work that is done in LTC home, and the direct care workers learn to manage emotional detachment from residents after their death. There is no control over death, and staff learn individually to cope with the loss of residents. Participants explained that grief is a continual emotion that is *embedded in the nature of the work* that is done. Although death is part of the LTC environment, they expressed difficulty with experiencing death on a regular basis. Evidence supporting this notion is given with the following quote: “They’re [deaths] all hard to deal with . . . even though you do a lot of it, you still have a hard time . . . doesn’t matter how many you’ve looked after or dealt with. (PSW)”

Participants spoke about *managing emotional attachment and detachment*. They have dual responsibility to effectively attach to residents in an effort to provide what they describe as quality care, while they must be able to detach when the resident dies to carry on with their routines. This idea is described with the following evidence: “I guess we’re just expected to be strong and we just have to . . . accept that it’s gonna happen . . . we’re always getting new people in afterwards right? So we just have to keep going. (RPN)”“Sometimes we have a resident that dies and two days later there’s someone in that bed . . . and you’re learning all about somebody new and you haven’t actually grieved the loss of the last person. (RPN)”“As a result of feeling a*lack of control over death*, staff seek ways to regain control through their work and relationships. They recognize that everything they did for the residents and their families had an impact. Through their proactive and positive actions, staff members are able to recover some of their lost control. The following quote supports this idea: I’m the one who takes control, everybody else gets to cry. I don’t. I cry on my own, but with helping them I’ve helped myself. (RPN)”

Staff use coping strategies to manage grief

Some of the participants reported that they do not feel sufficiently prepared to deal with the grief process in LTC. As a result, participants rely on their own personal coping strategies, which vary from person to person. A number of sub-themes emerged when staff spoke of these strategies.

The importance of *letting go* of the resident is an experience shared by many participants. They clearly expressed the importance of being present at the time of death to offer comfort to the resident and also to give themselves a comfort knowing the resident was not alone. By drawing on personal experience, expressing love for the resident, and mentally preparing themselves for loss, staff members feel that they are better able to cope with the resident’s death, as expressed through the following quotes: “I spend time with them . . . if I want to sit and hold their hand . . . or talk to them . . . just doing care on them. Being there, letting them know that I’m here . . . it all helps. (RPN)”“If you go in knowing you’re there to make them comfortable just until they pass away, then you mentally prepare yourself for it. It’ll still hurt, but you’re mentally knowing that person’s dying. I’m just here to make them comfortable till they’re gone. (RPN)”

Participants noted that *using humor* is often necessary to manage work-related grief. Staff indicated that the work environment would be depressing if they could not find some humor in their work. This idea is supported with the following quotes: “Some of us are very good to each other . . . we are all laughing and goofing the vast majority of the time . . . it could be a really depressing place if you let it be, but I figure . . . I’m going to work for like eight hours a day every day of my life . . . I want to be happy while I’m there. (PSW)”“He hadn’t conversed with anybody or said anything . . . and we thought there’s no way this guy’s going to sing. Oh we started singing “Happy Birthday” and he sang along with us . . . it was hilarious. Oh it was funny . . . humor and bad singing. (PSW)”“Participants indicated the significance of *creating meaning around a resident’s death.* This meaning is constructed by focusing on the value of the lived life of the resident, bringing attention to what the resident brought into the LTC facility, and the contribution the resident made to the lives of staff who cared for him or her. The importance of creating meaning is illustrated below:”“If it’s an 80 or 90 year old and you think about all the things they’ve accomplished in their life, I just find it so much easier to get over it. It doesn’t bother me as much. (RPN)”

Participants pointed out that the *relationships that are formed* in LTC among staff, residents, and family are essential to managing their grief experience. The relationships were often described as being family-like bonds that provide a source of support and aid in staff’s coping with the loss when a resident dies. The idea of forming relationships is evidenced through the following quote: “It’s a family . . . you become part of the family when you work there . . . nobody’s really excluded. (PSW)”

The Emotional Impact of Grief

Participants were able to describe the emotional impact that grief has on them. Two themes emerged from the data: there are no formal organizational processes to handle their grief, and participants' coping strategies to manage the grief. A thematic map, illustrating the emotional impact of grief, is shown in Figure 3.

Figure 3. The emotional impact of grief on direct care staff in LTC. Note. LTC = long-term care.

No formal organizational process to handle grief

Participants clearly indicated that there is no organizational process available to address their grief experience. When a resident dies, there is *no formal opportunity for closure*. The participants are expected to carry on with their tasks, without any formal acknowledgment that the residents' death may have an impact on them. The following quotes illustrate this: "I went home crying [after a resident died]. You know, there was no one to talk to, no one to vent nothing. It was just "oh my gosh, this woman just died today and we didn't say nothing and there was nothing for us." (PSW)""She passed away last week . . . she's got no funeral, no nothing and it's really, really hard. How can we have closure for that lady? It's sad . . . we don't have a funeral for her, we don't have anything in place at work other than us talking about her and talking about the little funny stories. (PSW)"

The meaningful relationships that exist with residents also exist with the resident's family. When residents die, staff members lose not only the resident but also the relationships formed with family members. This *multiple loss experience* was mentioned on several occasion and evidenced by the following quote: "The full time staff that are there 5 days a week . . . really get to know the residents well . . . and the families as well. So when someone passes, it affects them quite a bit. (RPN)"

It was explained that given the relationships formed with residents, it is sometimes *easier to deal with the death of a resident when staff is not working at the time*. Being present at the time of death can be difficult, and reading about it in the paper at a later date is sometimes easier. This was evidenced when a participant stated, "I feel that when you're away from the facility, you don't have that much of an emotional connections with them as when you're right there beside them and you're watching them. (RPN)"

Despite their own emotional struggle over the loss of a resident, participants identified the *importance of offering support to family* who are grieving the loss of their loved one. There is also an awareness the colleagues may be experiencing grief at the same time. Each participant spoke of witnessing other coworkers struggling emotionally following the death of a resident, and this often has the effect of staff pushing aside their own grief to support their fellow coworker. Evidence of this idea is given with the following quotes: "You can see that they're in pain and the suffering from the. . . . partner, you can kind of see it in their eyes . . . so we support her. (RPN)""I graduated two years ago . . . they [school] deal with death and dying . . . the breathing slows down, the organs shut down, they deal with the book, they don't deal with the life. They don't say okay . . . you're going to see families be hysterical . . . you have to let them grieve their way and you have to be there to try and support them if you can. (PSW)"

Coping strategies to manage grief

Participants identified a number of factors that have an influence on how grief is experienced in the LTC setting. This theme has a number of supporting sub-themes that emerged from the ideas in the data.

Participants described that there are *different grief reactions among staff*, and these reactions vary according to their work and personal experience. Self-reflections by staff about the value of their role also appear to play a critical role in how a resident's death is experienced. Some participants self-reflected, stating that their work role of caring for those who are dying helped make the life

of the residents well lived and as comfortable as possible. This view provides comfort to the staff as evidenced through the following quotes:“If I can make a difference, that’s what life’s about. If you make a difference in somebody else’s life, then that is what I’m here for. I’m here for that, for sure. (RPN)”“Being comforting to the other person, that was my strategy, that was my coping strategy, knowing that I could be comforting for somebody else. (PSW)”

However, participants described that the lack of personal experience with death influences how staff would process the event. Many staff beginning employment in LTC have not witnessed a death or experienced a loss through death. The following quote provides evidence to this sub-theme:“Some people don’t know how to grieve. Some people are working in long term care and maybe they haven’t really lost somebody close to them so they really don’t know . . . how to grieve or how their emotions are going. (PSW)”

Participants identified that the *circumstance surrounding the death* of a resident is a significant factor contributing to their grief reaction. If the death was described as a “good death,” where the resident was not alone, pain was managed, and the resident was comfortable, then staff were better able to come to terms with the resident’s death. If the death was described as a “bad death,” whereby the resident appeared to be suffering, pain was not managed, and the resident died alone, then staff experience moral angst associated with that death. Participants were strong in voicing the importance of providing the resident with comfort, support, and presence at the end of life as this influences their perception of the resident’s experience, as well as their own grief experience. The following quotes provide evidence for this sub-theme: “We were all with him, they finally got the daughter on the phone and we were able to put the phone to his ear and that was the last thing he heard was I love you daddy and then he took his last breath. And it was just, we were all there and it was really humble. It was just incredible to be there at that moment. (PSW)”“I felt it was a blessing in a way sometimes it’s a blessing that they do go . . . if they lay there and suffer . . . she was suffering through cancer, the top of her head was cancerous and draining . . . you sometimes think it’s a good thing. (RN)”“Some deaths are not so beautiful. (PSW)”

Participants identified that the issue of grief is deeply influenced by the *nature of the relationship* staff have with each of the residents and their families. They stated that although the care they provide may be uniform from resident to resident, the interpersonal relationships they develop with individuals are unique and variable. It is the differences within these relationships that influence the experience of grief. This is supported with the following quotes:“There are some hard ones. There are some hard deaths . . . not to say you have your favorites, but you do have favorites. So you have people that you really get to love in a way. (PSW)”“The staff are very sensitive to their care because we have had most of the residents that pass away or on their way out, have been with us for many years. Sometimes it’s almost like their part of them, family wise . . . if they see them any which way in distress while at the end of life, they get very upset and they come to us right away. (RN)”

The *support staff offer to one another* appears to be integral to the strength and resiliency displayed among participants in managing their grief experiences. Participants described the importance of camaraderie when death occurs; they turn to one another to find support for their grief. If the support is not there, they take their grief home and seek out support from family and friends.

Grief Support Needs of Direct Care Staff

Participants were asked to suggest how their LTC workplace can better assist and improve grief support. They were very clear in stating that “something” needs to be put in place to support staff with their grief and loss. The 4 themes and 12 sub-themes that emerged from participant data appear to be manageable to implement in an organization and do not appear to require much in added resources or money: education, peer support during grief experience, formal supports, and established protocols after resident’s death. Much of the change relates to creating an organizational culture that acknowledges that LTC is a major site of death and that it has consequences for staff who work there. A thematic map, demonstrating the overarching category, themes, and sub-themes, is found in Figure 4.

Figure 4. Grief support needs of direct care staff in LTC. Note. LTC = long-term care.

Education needs

Participants identified that education is needed to support them not only in the palliative care work done in LTC but also with how to manage their own grief and loss. They acknowledged that new workers are often unprepared for managing the emotional experience of a resident dying. It was indicated that if *grief was talked about openly at orientation*, it would prepare new staff for what to expect and also provide them with information on who to contact if further support is needed.

Participants stated that it would be helpful to have *grief and bereavement information* visibly posted on the floors. The workers are currently unaware of what resources are available for them, and where to refer families for grief and bereavement support. It was suggested that cards or pamphlets posted on bulletin boards would be helpful to those seeking assistance.

Peer support

Participants were very clear that the most beneficial forms of support come from their own peers. Ideally, it should be *peers guiding them through the grief process* as the relationships they have established with their coworkers are comforting. Participants also talked about the importance of mentoring younger staff on what to expect when a resident dies, and how to say goodbye to a resident. The knowledge of experienced staff is a credible source of support and comfort when dealing with the emotional challenges of working in a LTC environment. The following quote illustrates the idea of peers guiding peers: “Having fellow staff members to guide you through something like that, I think that’s probably the best way to go through it. (PSW)”

Participants stated that *talking about the resident after his or her death* is an important way of memorializing that person. Reminiscing about the resident enables staff to come to terms with the loss of the resident. It also brings meaning to the care staff provided as it is important for workers to feel the care given was appreciated and meaningful. The following quote expresses this idea: “Well sometimes at the nurses’ station . . . we will talk about it when it’s in private . . . we’ll talk about the individual and sharing, you know, good things about the person, and people laughing a little bit, and if somebody wants to cry, they can cry. (PSW)”

Formal support for grief and loss

Participants identified several key areas in which the organization can take the lead in supporting staff with their grief and loss. They frequently mentioned the importance of having some form of *staff debriefing* right after or shortly after a resident had died. The description of the preferred debriefing is to be short in length as it was recognized that staff do not have time to leave the floor. It should be peer-led and provide staff a general opportunity to discuss what had happened. The following quotes give evidence for this idea:“Even a monthly meeting or debriefing where we can all go and say what we want to say about the person or . . . somewhere we can go talk about the people that have passed . . . or just acknowledge that they were there, that they are gone and that they meant something to us, so that formally we can all meet and whoever wants to go can go. (PSW)”“A debrief, depending on the circumstance of the death, or the passing of the resident, because some of them are, well some of them are beautiful and some of them are not so beautiful. (PSW)”

Participants identified that there is one *spiritual care advisor* who is shared between the two LTC homes involved in the study, and it would be beneficial for both homes to receive equal time. However, they recognize that this is difficult to accomplish and the demands in both facilities need attention. Ideally, having a social worker on premises to assist with family concerns outside the

scope of health care staff practice would be helpful. The two LTC homes in this study did not have social workers and this was a perceived need by the participants.

Participants stated that they have rarely experienced *management acknowledgment* of the impact that a resident's death has on staff. They find managers generally caring, and they recognize the demands of the management role. However, participants stated that "it would be nice" if a manager would proactively and explicitly acknowledge staffs' feelings after a resident had died and ask whether there is anything that a staff member may need.

Currently, there is an informal process used among staff to communicate when a resident dies. Participants contact one another via cell phone or text to notify one another of a resident's death. This system works well for some staff, but as this is an informal and non-systematic process; some people may be left out of the notification. Participants identified that it is helpful *to be aware of a death*, instead of learning about it on shift report or from the announcement that a new resident has moved into that room. Knowledge of a death helps them emotionally prepare for the loss and avoids unexpectedly receiving the news, as illustrated in the quote below: "If it's report when we walk in and . . . so and so passed away . . . if you're off for a couple of days, you know it's like What? . . . There isn't anything specifically in place for it. (PSW)"

Protocol after resident death

Participants identified a need for acknowledging each resident's death within the home. Specific ideas that would support staff's grief process have emerged from the data. A *memory tree* with residents' names on it and an annual Christmas tree decorated in memory of past residents are suggestions that staff feel would memorialize residents with greater meaning.

Participants noted that the home holds celebration services on an annual basis; however, it was felt that with the large number of residents dying each year, an annual service is not enough. The *celebration services* need to be held sooner in recognition of residents' death. In addition, implementing an *established ritual* immediately after the resident has died would also support staff in their grief process. The following quotes support staffs' desire for a ritual: "I just think it would be nice if there was something that even in your own private time we could even go in there for two minutes and think about that resident that they took care of. You know I think that would be nice. (RPN)""There's got to be something out there and I think just the chance to express yourself . . . what is a funeral, it's somebody talking about this person that they love . . . or respected . . . or was close to and it just gives people a chance to say good-bye. And we don't do that . . . it's a horrible feeling when you don't get that chance to say good-bye. (PSW)"

Participants acknowledged the importance of recognizing the impact a resident's death has on other residents and family members. They indicated that not having time to sit with other residents, or inform them that a death had occurred, is emotionally difficult and "not fair." Participants recognized the need for a protocol to *support residents and family members* when death occurs. The following quotes demonstrate this: "Because you're not going to push off someone who is crying and grieving, and just be like, "no I'm sorry I have to go" . . . they need someone that would listen to their concerns. (RPN)""Once this individual passed, I really expressed my feelings towards the caregiver . . . how much we, how much I enjoyed them, him, the person . . . and if there's anything I can do. (PSW)"

Discussion and Implications

The results of this study demonstrate the complexity of direct care workers' experience with grief and loss in LTC. These staff are faced with the presence of grief on a daily basis, with a number of factors influencing how their grief is managed. Although a limitation to the study was a small number of participants working in two LTC homes, the data are rich, and the findings are supported by other literature. This research expands knowledge on the impact that a death of a resident has on the LTC staff, and identifies clear strategies that can assist in developing organizational policies and practice to support the health and well-being of their staff.

The organizational context of LTC clearly influences the experience of grief and how it is managed. The lack of a formal policy and support strategies can be seen as an implicit policy not to recognize death and its impact on the organization. The silence surrounding the death and dying in LTC and lack of acknowledgment that staff are affected by the loss of residents they care for deny staff the opportunity to process and move through their grief.

The findings of this study are supported by other similar research that validates this work. In Durall's (2011) study, the key variables that affect the grief experience of health care professionals are identified, arguing that the silent culture around death needs to be broken to encourage the healthy expression of grief in the work environment. The study by Burack and Chichin (2001)

explored nursing assistants' feelings, experiences, and needs when providing care for the dying, and found that even though nursing assistants were taught the mechanical components of the job, staff were not informed about the emotional involvement and responses to the dying. The same findings were obtained in the study presented here as participants indicated that they had no training to prepare them for the losses they inevitably encounter. Thus, care workers rely on one another and learn "on the job" when it came to managing their grief and loss. Even without training, participants acknowledged that death is part of the job; they are faced with the emotional burden of multiple losses, of both residents and residents' families with whom they have formed relationships.

Study participants noted that there is a burden with grief, and grief and loss are embedded in the nature of the work done in LTC. They learn how to emotionally detach from residents when a death occurs; however, they must learn to reconnect to new residents being admitted to LTC and remain emotionally attached to other residents they are providing care to. Similar findings have been identified in Burack and Chichin's (2011) research, where nursing assistants expressed difficulty adjusting to the fact that the bed is filled immediately after a resident's death, with no time for staff to mourn, and the difficulty in beginning a new relationship so soon after the loss, knowing that the painful process will be repeated. A finding, not previously identified in the literature but presented here, is the existence of many unwritten and implicit rules that guide staff in the delivery of care for dying residents and their families. For example, participants spoke of a strong belief that residents should not die alone. Thus, in the absence of explicit organizational policy to guide them, staff learn through mentoring, use personal life experience, and experience on the job.

Previous research has recommended innovation in looking at ways to improve palliative care provided by LTC (Brazil et al., 2004). In this study, participants offered not only innovative but also practical strategies on how direct care workers can be better supported. Thus, the findings of this study have implications for the development of policy and procedures in LTC homes. The following recommendations for managers in LTC homes emerged from the study findings:

1. Implement a regular program of palliative care education for staff, including strategies for managing their grief and loss. Education needs to occur at orientation of new staff and routinely for all staff thereafter.
2. Make information visible and accessible to staff for both their own use and to offer as support for bereaved families, for example, pamphlets about grief and where to access counseling resources.
3. Recognize the benefits of informal peer support in LTC and the value of experienced staff mentoring inexperienced staff, especially where staff have no previous experience of death and dying. Acknowledge and value the staff mentors.
4. Encourage staff to reminisce about residents after they have died and let staff know that the end-of-life care they provided to the resident is valued and meaningful.
5. Implement organizational procedures to support staff dealing with grief and loss, for example, holding peer-led post-death debriefings after every death, frequent memorial services, and always acknowledging staff's feelings of loss when a resident dies.
6. Implement effective organizational communication systems to share knowledge of a resident's death in a timely way with all staff. Such methods could include issuing an email to all staff or creating bulletin boards.
7. Implement organizational strategies and rituals to acknowledge all residents who die in the LTC home. Examples include creating a memory tree, having a regular memorial service or ceremony, or conducting a room blessing.
8. Support staff with the time and resources to reach out to residents and staff after the death of a resident to acknowledge their grief and loss. This not only supports others but also promotes a sense of completion for staff, aiding in the resolution of grief.

Many of these strategies are examples of innovation from within the home, requiring little in the way of cost or external resources. Involving direct care staff in the development and implementation of these strategies is an effective way to address their support needs related to grief, loss, and bereavement.

Conclusion

The direct care workers' experience of grief and loss is complex. LTC staff are continually faced with the presence of death, with a number of factors influencing how their experience with grief is managed. Currently, there are no formal organizational processes in place to assist staff with handling their grief; this situation compels them to rely on one another for support. Direct care workers are in the best position to identify the support and resources they need to manage their grief and loss. A formal process for

supporting grief and loss in the work environment is needed as a component of a holistic and inclusive palliative care program in LTC settings. This may also contribute to staff satisfaction and ultimately retention.

It is hoped that this research will assist in the development and implementation of organizational policy and procedures, addressing the health and well-being of direct care workers in LTC homes. As LTC homes increasingly provide palliative care as a core part of their services, death becomes part of the job of direct care workers. Staff need education and support to manage their grief and loss to provide quality palliative care. The culture of LTC must evolve to explicitly acknowledge that resident care is provided until the end of life. Eight strategies were provided to assist in this evolution.

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11.2: “On Vaccination Against Smallpox” by Edward Anthony Jenner

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The deviation of man from the stage in which he was originally placed by nature seems to have proved to him a prolific source of diseases. From the love of splendour, from the indulgences of luxury, and from his fondness for amusement he has familiarised himself with a great number of animals, which may not originally have been intended for his associates.

The wolf, disarmed of ferocity, is now pillowed in the lady’s lap.[1] The cat, the little tiger of our island, whose natural home is the forest, is equally domesticated and caressed. The cow, the hog, the sheep, and the horse, are all, for a variety of purposes, brought under his care and dominion.

There is a disease to which the horse, from his state of domestication, is frequently subject. The farriers have called it the grease. It is an inflammation and swelling in the heel, from which issues matter possessing properties of a very peculiar kind, which seems capable of generating a disease in the human body (after it has undergone the modification which I shall presently speak of), which bears so strong a resemblance to the smallpox that I think it highly probable it may be the source of the disease.

In this dairy country a great number of cows are kept, and the office of milking is performed indiscriminately by men and maid servants. One of the former having been appointed to apply dressings to the heels of a horse affected with the grease, and not paying due attention to cleanliness, incautiously bears his part in milking the cows, with some particles of the infectious matter adhering to his fingers. When this is the case, it commonly happens that a disease is communicated to the cows, and from the cows to the dairymaids, which spreads through the farm until the most of the cattle and domestics feel its unpleasant consequences. This disease has obtained the name of the cow-pox. It appears on the nipples of the cows in the form of irregular pustules. At their first appearance they are commonly of a palish blue, or rather of a colour somewhat approaching to livid, and are surrounded by an erysipelatous inflammation. These pustules, unless a timely remedy be applied, frequently degenerate into phagedenic ulcers, which prove extremely troublesome.[2]. The animals become indisposed, and the secretion of milk is much lessened. Inflamed spots now begin to appear on different parts of the hands of the domestics employed in milking, and sometimes on the wrists, which quickly run on to suppuration, first assuming the appearance of the small vesications produced by a burn. Most commonly they appear about the joints of the fingers and at their extremities; but whatever parts are affected, if the situation will admit, these superficial suppurations put on a circular form, with their edges more elevated than their centre, and of a colour distantly approaching to blue. Absorption takes place, and tumours appear in each axilla. The system becomes affected—the pulse is quickened; and shiverings, succeeded by heat, with general lassitude and pains about the loins and limbs, with vomiting, come on. The head is painful, and the patient is now and then even affected with delirium. These symptoms, varying in their degrees of violence, generally continue from one day to three or four, leaving ulcerated sores about the hands, which, from the sensibility of the parts, are very troublesome, and commonly heal slowly, frequently becoming phagedenic, like those from whence they sprung. The lips, nostrils, eyelids, and other parts of the body are sometimes affected with sores; but these evidently arise from their being heedlessly rubbed or scratched with the patient’s infected fingers. No eruptions on the skin have followed the decline of the feverish symptoms in any instance that has come under my inspection, one only excepted, and in this case a very few appeared on the arms: they were very minute, of a vivid red colour, and soon died away without advancing to maturation; so that I cannot determine whether they had any connection with the preceding symptoms.

Thus the disease makes its progress from the horse[3] to the nipple of the cow, and from the cow to the human subject.

Morbid matter of various kinds, when absorbed into the system, may produce effects in some degree similar; but what renders the cow-pox virus so extremely singular is that the person who has been thus affected is forever after secure from the infection of the smallpox; neither exposure to the variolous effluvia, nor the insertion of the matter into the skin, producing this distemper.

In support of so extraordinary a fact, I shall lay before my reader a great number of instances.[4]

Case I.—Joseph Merret, now an under gardener to the Earl of Berkeley, lived as a servant with a farmer near this place in the year 1770, and occasionally assisted in milking his master’s cows. Several horses belonging to the farm began to have sore heels, which Merret frequently attended. The cows soon became affected with the cow-pox, and soon after several sores appeared on his hands. Swellings and stiffness in each axilla followed, and he was so much indisposed for several days as to be incapable of pursuing his

ordinary employment. Previously to the appearance of the distemper among the cows there was no fresh cow brought into the farm, nor any servant employed who was affected with the cow-pox.

In April, 1795, a general inoculation taking place here, Merret was inoculated with his family; so that a period of twenty-five years had elapsed from his having the cow-pox to this time. However, though the variolous matter was repeatedly inserted into his arm, I found it impracticable to infect him with it; an efflorescence only, taking on an erysipelatous look about the centre, appearing on the skin near the punctured parts. During the whole time that his family had the smallpox, one of whom had it very full, he remained in the house with them, but received no injury from exposure to the contagion.

It is necessary to observe that the utmost care was taken to ascertain, with the most scrupulous precision, that no one whose case is here adduced had gone through the smallpox previous to these attempts to produce that disease.

Had these experiments been conducted in a large city, or in a populous neighbourhood, some doubts might have been entertained; but here, where population is thin, and where such an event as a person's having had the smallpox is always faithfully recorded, as risk of inaccuracy in this particular can arise.

Case II.—Sarah Portlock, of this place, was infected with the cow-pox when a servant at a farmer's in the neighbourhood, twenty-seven years ago.[5].

In the year 1792, conceiving herself, from this circumstance, secure from the infection of the smallpox, she nursed one of her own children who had accidentally caught the disease, but no indisposition ensued. During the time she remained in the infected room, variolous matter was inserted into both her arms, but without any further effect than in the preceding case.

Case III.—John Phillips, a tradesman of this town, had the cow-pox at so early a period as nine years of age. At the age of sixty-two I inoculated him, and was very careful in selecting matter in its most active state. It was taken from the arm of a boy just before the commencement of the eruptive fever, and instantly inserted. It very speedily produced a sting-like feel in the part. An efflorescence appeared, which on the fourth day was rather extensive, and some degree of pain and stiffness were felt about the shoulder; but on the fifth day these symptoms began to disappear, and in a day or two after went entirely off, without producing any effect on the system.

Case IV.—Mary Barge, of Woodford, in this parish, was inoculated with variolous matter in the year 1791. An efflorescence of a palish red colour soon appeared about the parts where the matter was inserted, and spread itself rather extensively, but died away in a few days without producing any variolous symptoms.[6] She has since been repeatedly employed as a nurse to smallpox patients, without experiencing any ill consequences. This woman had the cow-pox when she lived in the service of a farmer in this parish thirty-one years before.

Case V.—Mrs. H——, a respectable gentlewoman of this town, had the cow-pox when very young. She received the infection in rather an uncommon manner: it was given by means of her handling some of the same utensils[7] which were in use among the servants of the family, who had the disease from milking infected cows. Her hands had many of the cow-pox sores upon them, and they were communicated to her nose, which became inflamed and very much swollen. Soon after this event Mrs. H—— was exposed to the contagion of the smallpox, where it was scarcely possible for her to have escaped, had she been susceptible of it, as she regularly attended a relative who had the disease in so violent a degree that it proved fatal to him.

In the year 1778 the smallpox prevailed very much at Berkeley, and Mrs. H——, not feeling perfectly satisfied respecting her safety (no indisposition having followed her exposure to the smallpox), I inoculated her with active variolous matter. The same appearance followed as in the preceding cases—an efflorescence on the arm without any effect on the constitution.

Case VI.—It is a fact so well known among our dairy farmers that those who have had the smallpox either escape the cow-pox or are disposed to have it slightly, that as soon as the complaint shews itself among the cattle, assistants are procured, if possible, who are thus rendered less susceptible of it, otherwise the business of the farm could scarcely go forward.

In the month of May, 1796, the cow-pox broke out at Mr. Baker's, a farmer who lives near this place. The disease was communicated by means of a cow which was purchased in an infected state at a neighbouring fair, and not one of the farmer's cows (consisting of thirty) which were at that time milked escaped the contagion. The family consisted of a man servant, two dairymaids, and a servant boy, who, with the farmer himself, were twice a day employed in milking the cattle. The whole of this family, except Sarah Wynne, one of the dairymaids, had gone through the smallpox. The consequence was that the farmer and the servant boy escaped the infection of the cow-pox entirely, and the servant man and one of the maid servants had each of them nothing more

then a sore on one of their fingers, which produced no disorder in the system. But the other dairymaid, Sarah Wynne, who never had the smallpox, did not escape in so easy a manner. She caught the complaint from the cows, and was affected with the symptoms described on page 154 in so violent a degree that she was confined to her bed, and rendered incapable for several days of pursuing her ordinary vocations in the farm.

March 28, 1797, I inoculated this girl and carefully rubbed the variolous matter into two slight incisions made upon the left arm. A little inflammation appeared in the usual manner around the parts where the matter was inserted, but so early as the fifth day it vanished entirely without producing any effect on the system.

Case VII.—Although the preceding history pretty clearly evinces that the constitution is far less susceptible of the contagion of the cow-pox after it has felt that of the smallpox, and although in general, as I have observed, they who have had the smallpox, and are employed in milking cows which are infected with the cow-pox, either escape the disorder, or have sores on the hands without feeling any general indisposition, yet the animal economy is subject to some variation in this respect, which the following relation will point out:

In the summer of the year 1796 the cow-pox appeared at the farm of Mr. Andrews, a considerable dairy adjoining to the town of Berkeley. It was communicated, as in the preceding instance, by an infected cow purchased at a fair in the neighbourhood. The family consisted of the farmer, his wife, two sons, a man and a maid servant; all of whom, except the farmer (who was fearful of the consequences), bore a part in milking the cows. The whole of them, exclusive of the man servant, had regularly gone through the smallpox; but in this case no one who milked the cows escaped the contagion. All of them had sores upon their hands, and some degree of general indisposition, preceded by pains and tumours in the axillas: but there was no comparison in the severity of the disease as it was felt by the servant man, who had escaped the smallpox, and by those of the family who had not, for, while he was confined to his bed, they were able, without much inconvenience, to follow their ordinary business.

February the 13th, 1797, I availed myself of an opportunity of inoculating William Rodway, the servant man above alluded to. Variolous matter was inserted into both his arms: in the right, by means of superficial incisions, and into the left by slight punctures into the cutis. Both were perceptibly inflamed on the third day. After this the inflammation about the punctures soon died away, but a small appearance of erysipelas was manifest about the edges of the incisions till the eighth day, when a little uneasiness was felt for the space of half an hour in the right axilla. The inflammation then hastily disappeared without producing the most distant mark of affection of the system.

Case VIII.—Elizabeth Wynne, aged fifty-seven, lived as a servant with a neighbouring farmer thirty-eight years ago. She was then a dairymaid, and the cow-pox broke out among the cows. She caught the disease with the rest of the family, but, compared with them, had it in a very slight degree, one very small sore only breaking out on the little finger of her left hand, and scarcely any perceptible indisposition, following it.

As the malady had shewn itself in so slight a manner, and as it had taken place at so distant a period of her life, I was happy with the opportunity of trying the effects of variolous matter upon her constitution, and on the 28th of March, 1797, I inoculated her by making two superficial incisions on the left arm, on which the matter was cautiously rubbed. A little efflorescence soon appeared, and a tingling sensation was felt about the parts where the matter was inserted until the third day, when both began to subside, and so early as the fifth day it was evident that no indisposition would follow.

Case IX.—Although the cow-pox shields the constitution from the smallpox, and the smallpox proves a protection against its own future poison, yet it appears that the human body is again and again susceptible of the infectious matter of the cow-pox, as the following history will demonstrate.

William Smith, of Pyrton in this parish, contracted this disease when he lived with a neighbouring farmer in the year 1780. One of the horses belonging to the farm had sore heels, and it fell to his lot to attend him. By these means the infection was carried to the cows, and from the cows it was communicated to Smith. On one of his hands were several ulcerated sores, and he was affected with such symptoms as have been before described.

In the year 1791 the cow-pox broke out at another farm where he then lived as a servant, and he became affected with it a second time; and in the year 1794 he was so unfortunate as to catch it again. The disease was equally as severe the second and third time as it was on the first.[8]

In the spring of the year 1795 he was twice inoculated, but no affection of the system could be produced from the variolous matter; and he has since associated with those who had the smallpox in its most contagious state without feeling any effect from it.

Case X.—Simon Nichols lived as a servant with Mr. Bromedge, a gentleman who resides on his own farm in this parish, in the year 1782. He was employed in applying dressings to the sore heels of one of his master's horses, and at the same time assisted in milking the cows. The cows became affected in consequence, but the disease did not shew itself on their nipples till several weeks after he had begun to dress the horse. He quitted Mr. Bromedge's service, and went to another farm without any sores upon him; but here his hands soon began to be affected in the common way, and he was much indisposed with the usual symptoms. Concealing the nature of the malady from Mr. Cole, his new master, and being there also employed in milking, the cowpox was communicated to the cows.

Some years afterward Nichols was employed in a farm where the smallpox broke out, when I inoculated him with several other patients, with whom he continued during the whole time of their confinement. His arm inflamed, but neither the inflammation nor his associating with the inoculated family produced the least effect upon his constitution.

Case XI.—William Stinchcomb was a fellow servant with Nichols at Mr. Bromedge's farm at the time the cattle had the cow-pox, and he was, unfortunately, infected by them. His left hand was very severely affected with several corroding ulcers, and a tumour of considerable size appeared in the axilla of that side. His right hand had only one small tumour upon it, and no sore discovered itself in the corresponding axilla.

In the year 1792 Stinchcomb was inoculated with variolous matter, but no consequences ensued beyond a little inflammation in the arm for a few days. A large party were inoculated at the same time, some of whom had the disease in a more violent degree than is commonly seen from inoculation. He purposely associated with them, but could not receive the smallpox.

During the sickening of some of his companions their symptoms so strongly recalled to his mind his own state when sickening with the cow—pox that he very pertinently remarked their striking similarity.

Case XII.—The paupers of the village of Tortworth, in this county, were inoculated by Mr. Henry Jenner, Surgeon, of Berkeley, in the year 1795. Among them, eight patients presented themselves who had at different periods of their lives had the cow-pox. One of them, Hester Walkley, I attended with that disease when she lived in the service of a farmer in the same village in the year 1782; but neither this woman, nor any other of the patients who had gone through the cow-pox, received the variolous infection either from the arm or from mixing in the society of the other patients who were inoculated at the same time. This state of security proved a fortunate circumstance, as many of the poor women were at the same time in a state of pregnancy.

Case XIII.—One instance has occurred to me of the system being affected from the matter issuing from the heels of horses, and of its remaining afterwards unsusceptible of the variolous contagion; another, where the smallpox appeared obscurely; and a third, in which its complete existence was positively ascertained.

First, Thomas Pearce is the son of a smith and farrier near to this place. He never had the cow-pox; but, in consequence of dressing horses with sore heels at his father's, when a lad, he had sores on his fingers which suppurated, and which occasioned a pretty severe indisposition. Six years afterwards I inserted variolous matter into his arm repeatedly, without being able to produce any thing more than slight inflammation, which appeared very soon after the matter was applied, and afterwards I exposed him to the contagion of the smallpox with as little effect.[9]

Case XIV.—Secondly, Mr. James Cole, a farmer in this parish, had a disease from the same source as related in the preceding case, and some years after was inoculated with variolous matter. He had a little pain in the axilla and felt a slight indisposition for three or four hours. A few eruptions shewed themselves on the forehead, but they very soon disappeared without advancing to maturation.

Case XV.—Although in the former instances the system seemed to be secured, or nearly so, from variolous infection, by the absorption of matter from the sores produced by the diseased heels of horses, yet the following case decisively proves that this cannot be entirely relied upon until a disease has been generated by the morbid matter from the horse on the nipple of the cow, and passed through that medium to the human subject.

Mr. Abraham Riddiford, a farmer at Stone in this parish, in consequence of dressing a mare that had sore heels, was affected with very painful sores in both his hands, tumours in each axilla, and severe and general indisposition. A surgeon in the neighbourhood attended him, who knowing the similarity between the appearance of the sores upon his hands and those produced by the cow-pox,

and being acquainted also with the effects of that disease on the human constitution, assured him that he never need to fear the infection of the smallpox; but this assertion proved fallacious, for, on being exposed to the infection upwards of twenty years afterwards, he caught the disease, which took its regular course in a very mild way. There certainly was a difference perceptible, although it is not easy to describe it, in the general appearance of the pustules from that which we commonly see. Other practitioners who visited the patient at my request agreed with me in this point, though there was no room left for suspicion as to the reality of the disease, as I inoculated some of his family from the pustules, who had the smallpox, with its usual appearances, in consequence.

Case XVI.—Sarah Nelmes, a dairymaid at a farmer's near this place, was infected with the cow-pox from her master's cows in May, 1796. She received the infection on a part of her hand which had been previously in a slight degree injured by a scratch from a thorn. A large pustulous sore and the usual symptoms accompanying the disease were produced in consequence. The pustule was so expressive of the true character of the cow-pox, as it commonly appears upon the hand, that I have given a representation of it in the annexed plate. The two small pustules on the wrists arose also from the application of the virus to some minute abrasions of the cuticle, but the livid tint, if they ever had any, was not conspicuous at the time I saw the patient. The pustule on the forefinger shews the disease in an earlier stage. It did not actually appear on the hand of this young woman, but was taken from that of another, and is annexed for the purpose of representing the malady after it has newly appeared.

Case XVII.—The more accurately to observe the progress of the infection I selected a healthy boy, about eight years old, for the purpose of inoculation for the cow-pox. The matter was taken from a sore on the hand of a dairymaid[10], who was infected by her master's cows, and it was inserted, on the 14th of May, 1796, into the arm of the boy by means of two superficial incisions, barely penetrating the cutis, each about half an inch long.

On the seventh day he complained of uneasiness in the axilla, and on the ninth he became a little chilly, lost his appetite, and had a slight headache. During the whole of this day he was perceptibly indisposed, and spent the night with some degree of restlessness, but on the day following he was perfectly well.

The appearance of the incisions in their progress to a state of maturation were much the same as when produced in a similar manner by variolous matter. The only difference which I perceived was in the state of the limpid fluid arising from the action of the virus, which assumed rather a darker hue, and in that of the efflorescence spreading round the incisions, which had more of an erysipelatous look than we commonly perceive when variolous matter has been made use of in the same manner; but the whole died away (leaving on the inoculated parts scabs and subsequent eschars) without giving me or my patient the least trouble.

In order to ascertain whether the boy, after feeling so slight an affection of the system from the cow—pox virus, was secure from the contagion of the smallpox, he was inoculated the 1st of July following with variolous matter, immediately taken from a pustule. Several slight punctures and incisions were made on both his arms, and the matter was carefully inserted, but no disease followed. The same appearances were observable on the arms as we commonly see when a patient has had variolous matter applied, after having either the cow—pox or smallpox. Several months afterwards he was again inoculated with variolous matter, but no sensible effect was produced on the constitution.

Here my researches were interrupted till the spring of the year 1798, when, from the wetness of the early part of the season, many of the farmers' horses in this neighbourhood were affected with sore heels, in consequence of which the cow—pox broke out among several of our dairies, which afforded me an opportunity of making further observations upon this curious disease.

A mare, the property of a person who keeps a dairy in a neighbouring parish, began to have sore heels the latter end of the month of February, 1798, which were occasionally washed by the servant men of the farm, Thomas Virgoe, William Wherret, and William Haynes, who in consequence became affected with sores in their hands, followed by inflamed lymphatic glands in the arms and axillae, shiverings succeeded by heat, lassitude, and general pains in the limbs. A single paroxysm terminated the disease; for within twenty—four hours they were free from general indisposition, nothing remaining but the sores on their hands. Haynes and Virgoe, who had gone through the smallpox from inoculation, described their feelings as very similar to those which affected them on sickening with that malady. Wherret never had had the smallpox. Haynes was daily employed as one of the milkers at the farm, and the disease began to shew itself among the cows about ten days after he first assisted in washing the mare's heels. Their nipples became sore in the usual way, with bluish pustules; but as remedies were early applied, they did not ulcerate to any extent.

Case XVIII.—John Baker, a child of five years old, was inoculated March 16, 1798, with matter taken from a pustule on the hand of Thomas Virgoe, one of the servants who had been infected from the mare's heels. He became ill on the sixth day with symptoms

similar to those excited by cow—pox matter. On the eighth day he was free from indisposition.

There was some variation in the appearance of the pustule on the arm. Although it somewhat resembled a smallpox pustule, yet its similitude was not so conspicuous as when excited by matter from the nipple of the cow, or when the matter has passed from thence through the medium of the human subject.

This experiment was made to ascertain the progress and subsequent effects of the disease when thus propagated. We have seen that the virus from the horge, when it proves infectious to the human subject, is not to be relied upon as rendering the system secure from variolous infection, but that the matter produced by it upon the nipple of the cow is perfectly so. Whether its passing from the horse through the human constitution, as in the present instance, will produce a similar effect, remains to be decided. This would mow have been effected, but the boy was rendered unit for inoculation from having felt the effects of a contagious fever in a workhouse soon after this experiment was made.

Case XIX.—William Summers, a child of five years and a half old, was inoculated the same day with Baker, with matter taken from the nipples of one of the infected cows, at the farm alluded to. He became indisposed on the sixth day, vomited once, and felt the usual slight symptoms till the eighth day, when he appeared perfectly well. The progress of the pustule, formed by the infection of the virus, was similar to that noticed in Case XVII, with this exception, its being free from the livid tint observed in that instance.

Case XX.-From William Summers the disease was transferred to William Pead, a boy of eight years old, who was inoculated March 28th. On the sixth day he complained of pain in the axilla, and on the seventh was affected with the common symptoms of a patient sickening with the smallpox from inoculation, which did not terminate till the third day after the seizure. So perfect was the similarity to the variolous fever that I was induced to examine the skin, conceiving there might have been some eruptions, but none appeared. The efflorescent blush around the part punctured in the boy's arm was so truly characteristic of that which appears on variolous inoculation that I have given a representation of it. The drawing was made when the pustule was beginning to die away and the areola retiring from the centre.

Case XXI.-April 5th: Several children and adults were inoculated from the arm of William Pead. The greater part of them sickened on the sixth day, and were well on the seventh, but in three of the number a secondary indisposition arose in consequence of an extensive erysipelatous inflammation which appeared on the inoculated arms. It seemed to arise from the state of the pustule, which spread out, accompanied with some degree of pain, to about half the diameter of a sixpence. One of these patients was an infant of half a year old. By the application of mercurial ointment to the inflamed parts (a treatment recommended under similar circumstances in the inoculated smallpox) the complaint subsided without giving much trouble.

Hannah Excell, an healthy girl of seven years old, and one of the patients above mentioned, received the infection from the insertion of the virus under the cuticle of the arm in three distinct points. The pustules which arose in consequence so much resembled, on the twelfth day, those appearing from the infection of variolous matter, that an experienced inoculator would scarcely have discovered a shade of difference at that period. Experience now tells me that almost the only variation which follows consists in the pustulous fluids remaining limpid nearly to the time of its total disappearance; and not, as in the direct smallpox, becoming purulent.

Case XXII.—From the arm of this girl matter was taken and inserted April 12th into the arms of John Macklove, one year and a half old, Robert F. Jenner, eleven months old, Mary Pead, five years old, and Mary James, six years old.[11]. Among these, Robert F. Jenner did not receive the infection. The arms of the other three inflamed properly and began to affect the system in the usual manner; but being under some apprehensions from the preceding cases that a troublesome erysipelas might arise, I determined on making an experiment with the view of cutting off its source. Accordingly, after the patients had felt an indisposition of about twelve hours, I applied in two of these cases out of the three, on the vesicle formed by the virus, a little mild caustic, composed of equal parts of quick—lime and soap, and suffered it to remain on the part six hours.[12] It seemed to give the children but little uneasiness, and effectually answered my intention in preventing the appearance of erysipelas. Indeed, it seemed to do more, for in half an hour after its application the indisposition of the children ceased. These precautions were perhaps unnecessary, as the arm of the third child, Mary Pead, which was suffered to take its common course, scabbed quickly, without any erysipelas.

Case XXIII.—From this child's arm matter was taken and transferred to that of J. Barge, a boy of seven years old. He sickened on the eighth day, went through the disease with the usual slight symptoms, and without any inflammation on the arm beyond the common efflorescence surrounding the pustule, an appearance so often seen in inoculated smallpox.

After the many fruitless attempts to give the smallpox to those who had had the cow-pox, it did not appear necessary, nor was it convenient to me, to inoculate the whole of those who had been the subjects of these late trials; yet I thought it right to see the effects of variolous matter on some of them, particularly William Summers, the first of these patients who had been infected with matter taken from the cow. He was, therefore, inoculated with variolous matter from a fresh pustule; but, as in the preceding cases, the system did not feel the effects of it in the smallest degree. I had an opportunity also of having this boy and William Pead inoculated by my nephew, Mr. Henry Jenner, whose report to me is as follows: “I have inoculated Pead and Barge, two of the boys whom you lately infected with the cow-pox. On the second day the incisions were inflamed and there was a pale inflammatory stain around them. On the third day these appearances were still increasing and their arms itched considerably. On the fourth day the inflammation was evidently subsiding, and on the sixth day it was scarcely perceptible. No symptom of indisposition followed.

“To convince myself that the variolous matter made use of was in a perfect state I at the same time inoculated a patient with some of it who never had gone through the cow-pox, and it produced the smallpox in the usual regular manner.”

These experiments afforded me much satisfaction; they proved that the matter, in passing from one human subject to another, through five gradations, lost none of its original properties, J. Barge being the fifth who received the infection successively from William Summers, the boy to whom it was communicated from the cow.

I shall now conclude this inquiry with some general observations on the subject, and on some others which are interwoven with it.

Although I presume it may be unnecessary to produce further testimony in support of my assertion “that the cow—pox protects the human constitution from the infection of the smallpox,” yet it affords me considerable satisfaction to say that Lord Somerville, the President of the Board of Agriculture, to whom this paper was shewn by Sir Joseph Banks, has found upon inquiry that the statements were confirmed by the concurring testimony of Mr. Dolland, a surgeon, who resides in a dairy country remote from this, in which these observations were made. With respect to the opinion adduced “that the source of the infection is a peculiar morbid matter arising in the horse,” although I have not been able to prove it from actual experiments conducted immediately under my own eye, yet the evidence I have adduced appears sufficient to establish it.

They who are not in the habit of conducting experiments may not be aware of the coincidence of circumstances necessary for their being managed so as to prove perfectly decisive; nor how often men engaged in professional pursuits are liable to interruptions which disappoint them almost at the instant of their being accomplished: however, I feel no room for hesitation respecting the common origin of the disease, being well convinced that it never appears among the cows (except it can be traced to a cow introduced among the general herd which has been previously infected, or to an infected servant) unless they have been milked by some one who, at the same time, has the care of a horse affected with diseased heels.

The spring of the year 1797, which I intended particularly to have devoted to the completion of this investigation, proved, from its dryness, remarkably adverse to my wishes; for it frequently happens, while the farmers’ horses are exposed to the cold rains which fall at that season, that their heels become diseased, and no cow-pox then appeared in the neighbourhood.

The active quality of the virus from the horses’ heels is greatly increased after it has acted on the nipples of the cow, as it rarely happens that the horse affects his dresser with sores, and as rarely that a milkmaid escapes the infection when she milks infected cows. It is most active at the commencement of the disease, even before it has acquired a pus-like appearance; indeed, I am not confident whether this property in the matter does not entirely cease as soon as it is secreted in the form of pus. I am induced to think it does cease[13], and that it is the thin, darkish-looking fluid only, oozing from the newly-formed cracks in the heels, similar to what sometimes appears from erysipelatous blisters, which gives the disease. Nor am I certain that the nipples of the cows are at all times in a state to receive the infection. The appearance of the disease in the spring and the early part of the summer, when they are disposed to be affected with spontaneous eruptions so much more frequently than at other seasons, induces me to think that the virus from the horse must be received upon them when they are in this state, in order to produce effects: experiments, however, must determine these points. But it is clear that when the cow-pox virus is once generated, that the cows cannot resist the contagion, in whatever state their nipples may chance to be, if they are milked with an infected hand.

Whether the matter, either from the cow or the horse, will affect the sound skin of the human body, I cannot positively determine; probably it will not, unless on those parts where the cuticle is extremely thin, as on the lips, for example. I have known an instance of a poor girl who produced an ulceration on her lip by frequently holding her finger to her mouth to cool the raging of a cow-pox sore by blowing upon it. The hands of the farmers’ servants here, from the nature of their employments, are constantly exposed to

those injuries which occasion abrasions of the cuticle, to punctures from thorns, and such like accidents; so that they are always in a state to feel the consequence of exposure to infectious matter.

It is singular to observe that the cow—pox virus, although it renders the constitution unsusceptible of the variolous, should nevertheless, leave it unchanged with respect to its own action. I have already produced an instance[14] to point out this, and shall now corroborate it with another.

Elizabeth Wynne, who had the cow-pox in the year 1759, was inoculated with variolous matter, without effect, in the year 1797, and again caught the cow-pox in the year 1798. When I saw her, which was on the eighth day after she received the infection, I found her affected with general lassitude, shiverings, alternating with heat, coldness of the extremities, and a quick and irregular pulse. These symptoms were preceded by a pain in the axilla. On her hand was one large pustulous sore, which resembled that delineated in Plate No. I. (Plate appears in original.)

It is curious also to observe that the virus, which with respect to its effects is undetermined and uncertain previously to its passing from the horse through the medium of the cow, should then not only become more active, but should invariably and completely possess those specific properties which induce in the human constitution symptoms similar to those of the variolous fever, and effect in it that peculiar change which for ever renders it unsusceptible of the variolous contagion.

May it not then be reasonably conjectured that the source of the smallpox is morbid matter of a peculiar kind, generated by a disease in the horse, and that accidental circumstances may have again and again arisen, still working new changes upon it until it has acquired the contagious and malignant form under which we now commonly see it making its devastations amongst us? And, from a consideration of the change which the infectious matter undergoes from producing a disease on the cow, may we not conceive that many contagious diseases, now prevalent among us, may owe their present appearance not to a simple, but to a compound, origin? For example, is it difficult to imagine that the measles, the scarlet fever, and the ulcerous sore throat with a spotted skin have all sprung from the same source, assuming some variety in their forms according to the nature of their new combinations? The same question will apply respecting the origin of many other contagious diseases which bear a strong analogy to each other.

There are certainly more forms than one, without considering the common variation between the confluent and distinct, in which the smallpox appears in what is called the natural way. About seven years ago a species of smallpox spread through many of the towns and villages of this part of Gloucestershire: it was of so mild a nature that a fatal instance was scarcely ever Heard of, and consequently so little dreaded by the lower orders of the community that they scrupled not to hold the same intercourse with each other as if no infectious disease had been present among them. I never saw nor heard of an instance of its being confluent. The most accurate manner, perhaps, in which I can convey an idea of it is by saying that had fifty individuals been taken promiscuously and infected by exposure to this contagion, they would have had as mild and light a disease as if they had been inoculated with variolous matter in the usual way. The harmless manner in which it shewed itself could not arise from any peculiarity either in the season or the weather, for I watched its progress upwards of a year without perceiving any variation in its general appearance. I consider it then as a variety of the smallpox.[15].

In some of the preceding cases I have noticed the attention that was paid to the state of the variolous matter previous to the experiment of inserting it into the arms of those who had gone through the cow-pox. This I conceived to be of great importance in conducting these experiments, and, were it always properly attended to by those who inoculate for the smallpox, it might prevent much subsequent mischief and confusion. With the view of enforcing so necessary a precaution I shall take the liberty of digressing so far as to point out some unpleasant facts relative to mismanagement in this particular, which have fallen under my own observation.

A medical gentleman (now no more), who for many years inoculated in this neighbourhood, frequently preserved the variolous matter intended for his use on a piece of lint or cotton, which, in its fluid state, was put into a vial, corked, and conveyed into a warm pocket; a situation certainly favourable for speedily producing putrefaction in it. In this state (not unfrequently after it had been taken several days from the pustules) it was inserted into the arms of his patients, and brought on inflammation of the incised parts, swellings of the axillary glands, fever, and sometimes eruptions. But what was this disease? Certainly not the smallpox; for the matter having from putrefaction lost or suffered a derangement in its specific properties, was no longer capable of producing that malady, those who had been inoculated in this manner being as much subject to the contagion of the smallpox as if they had never been under the influence of this artificial disease; and many, unfortunately, fell victims to it, who thought themselves in

perfect security. The same unfortunate circumstance of giving a disease, supposed to be the smallpox, with inefficacious variolous matter, having occurred under the direction of some other practitioners within my knowledge, and probably from the same incautious method of securing the variolous matter, I avail myself of this opportunity of mentioning what I conceive to be of great importance; and, as a further cautionary hint, I shall again digress so far as to add another observation on the subject of inoculation.

Whether it be yet ascertained by experiment that the quantity of variolous matter inserted into the skin makes any difference with respect to the subsequent mildness or violence of the disease, I know not; but I have the strongest reason for supposing that if either the punctures or incisions be made so deep as to go through it and wound the adipose membrane, that the risk of bringing on a violent disease is greatly increased. I have known an inoculator whose practice was “to cut deep enough (to use his own expression) to see a bit of fat.” and there to lodge the matter. The great number of bad cases, independent of inflammations and abscesses on the arms, and the fatality which attended this practice, was almost inconceivable; and I cannot account for it on any other principle than that of the matter being placed in this situation instead of the skin.

It was the practice of another, whom I well remember, to pinch up a small portion of the skin on the arms of his patients and to pass through it a needle, with a thread attached to it previously dipped in variolous matter. The thread was lodged in the perforated part, and consequently left in contact with the cellular membrane. This practice was attended with the same ill success as the former. Although it is very improbable that any one would now inoculate in this rude way by design, yet these observations may tend to place a double guard over the lancet, when infants, whose skins are comparatively so very thin, fall under the care of the inoculator.

A very respectable friend of mine, Dr. Hardwicke, of Sodbury, in this county, inoculated great numbers of patients previous to the introduction of the more modern method by Sutton, and with such success that a fatal instance occurred as rarely as since that method has been adopted. It was the doctor’s practice to make as slight an incision as possible upon the skin, and there to lodge a thread saturated with the variolous matter. When his patients became indisposed, agreeably to the custom then prevailing, they were directed to go to bed and were kept moderately warm. Is it not probable then that the success of the modern practice may depend more upon the method of invariably depositing the virus in or upon the skin, than on the subsequent treatment of the disease?

I do not mean to insinuate that exposure to cool air, and suffering the patient to drink cold water when hot and thirsty, may not moderate the eruptive symptoms and lessen the number of pustules; yet, to repeat my former observation, I cannot account for the uninterrupted success, or nearly so, of one practitioner, and the wretched state of the patients under the care of another, where, in both instances, the general treatment did not differ essentially, without conceiving it to arise from the different modes of inserting the matter for the purpose of producing the disease. As it is not the identical matter inserted which is absorbed into the constitution, but that which is, by some peculiar process in the animal economy, generated by it, is it not probable that different parts of the human body may prepare or modify the virus differently? Although the skin, for example, adipose membrane, or mucous membranes are all capable of producing the variolous virus by the stimulus given by the particles originally deposited upon them, yet I am induced to conceive that each of these parts is capable of producing some variation in the qualities of the matter previous to its affecting the constitution. What else can constitute the difference between the smallpox when communicated casually or in what has been termed the natural way, or when brought on artificially through the medium of the skin?

After all, are the variolous particles, possessing their true specific and contagious principles, ever taken up and conveyed by the lymphatics unchanged into the blood vessels? I imagine not. Were this the case, should we not find the blood sufficiently loaded with them in some stages of the smallpox to communicate the disease by inserting it under the cuticle, or by spreading it on the surface of an ulcer? Yet experiments have determined the impracticability of its being given in this way; although it has been proved that variolous matter, when much diluted with water and applied to the skin in the usual manner, will produce the disease. But it would be digressing beyond a proper boundary to go minutely into this subject here.

At what period the cow-pox was first noticed here is not upon record. Our oldest farmers were not unacquainted with it in their earliest days, when it appeared among their farms without any deviation from the phaenomena which it now exhibits. Its connection with the smallpox seems to have been unknown to them. Probably the general introduction of inoculation first occasioned the discovery.

Its rise in this country may not have been of very remote date, as the practice of milking cows might formerly have been in the hands of women only; which I believe is the case now in some other dairy countries, and, consequently, that the cows might not in former times have been exposed to the contagious matter brought by the men servants from the heels of horses.[16] Indeed, a

knowledge of the source of the infection is new in the minds of most of the farmers in this neighbourhood, but it has at length produced good consequences; and it seems probable, from the precautions they are now disposed to adopt, that the appearance of the cow-pox here may either be entirely extinguished or become extremely rare.

Should it be asked whether this investigation is a matter of mere curiosity, or whether it tends to any beneficial purpose, I should answer that, notwithstanding the happy effects of inoculation, with all the improvements which the practice has received since its first introduction into this country, it not very unfrequently produces deformity of the skin, and sometimes, under the best management, proves fatal.

These circumstances must naturally create in every instance some degree of painful solicitude for its consequences. But as I have never known fatal effects arise from the cow-pox, even when impressed in the most unfavourable manner, producing extensive inflammations and suppurations on the hands; and as it clearly appears that this disease leaves the constitution in a state of perfect security from the infection of the smallpox, may we not infer that a mode of inoculation may be introduced preferable to that at present adopted, especially among those families which, from previous circumstances, we may judge to be predisposed to have the disease unfavourably? It is an excess in the number of pustules which we chiefly dread in the smallpox; but in the cow-pox no pustules appear, nor does it seem possible for the contagious matter to produce the disease from effluvia, or by any other means than contact, and that probably not simply between the virus and the cuticle; so that a single individual in a family might at any time receive it without the risk of infecting the rest or of spreading a distemper that fills a country with terror.

Several instances have come under my observation which justify the assertion that the disease cannot be propagated by effluvia. The first boy whom I inoculated with the matter of cow-pox slept in a bed, while the experiment was going forward, with two children who never had gone through either that disease or the smallpox, without infecting either of them.

A young woman who had the cow-pox to a great extent, several sores which maturated having appeared on the hands and wrists, slept in the same bed with a fellow-dairymaid who never had been infected with either the cow-pox or the smallpox, but no indisposition followed.

Another instance has occurred of a young woman on whose hands were several large suppurations from the cow-pox, who was at the same time a daily nurse to an infant, but the complaint was not communicated to the child.

In some other points of view the inoculation of this disease appears preferable to the variolous inoculation.

In constitutions predisposed to scrophula, how frequently we see the inoculated smallpox rouse into activity that distressful malady! This circumstance does not seem to depend on the manner in which the distemper has shewn itself, for it has as frequently happened among those who have had it mildly as when it has appeared in the contrary way.

There are many who, from some peculiarity in the habit, resist the common effects of variolous matter inserted into the skin, and who are in consequence haunted through life with the distressing idea of being insecure from subsequent infection. A ready mode of dissipating anxiety originating from such a cause must now appear obvious. And, as we have seen that the constitution may at any time be made to feel the febrile attack of cow-pox, might it not, in many chronic diseases, be introduced into the system, with the probability of affording relief, upon well-known physiological principles?

Although I say the system may at any time be made to feel the febrile attack of cow-pox, yet I have a single instance before me where the virus acted locally only, but it is not in the least probable that the same person would resist the action both of the cow-pox virus and the variolous.

Elizabeth Sarfenet lived as a dairymaid at Newpark farm, in this parish. All the cows and the servants employed in milking had the cow-pox; but this woman, though she had several sores upon her fingers, felt no tumours in the axillae, nor any general indisposition. On being afterwards casually exposed to variolous infection, she had the smallpox in a mild way. Hannah Pick, another of the dairymaids who was a fellow-servant with Elizabeth Sarfenet when the distemper broke out at the farm, was, at the same time, infected; but this young woman had not only sores upon her hands, but felt herself also much indisposed for a day or two. After this, I made several attempts to give her the smallpox by inoculation, but they all proved fruitless. From the former case then we see that the animal economy is subject to the same laws in one disease as the other.

The following case, which has very lately occurred, renders it highly probable that not only the heels of the horse, but other parts of the body of that animal, are capable of generating the virus which produces the cow-pox.

An extensive inflammation of the erysipelatous kind appeared without any apparent cause upon the upper part of the thigh of a sucking colt, the property of Mr. Millet, a farmer at Rockhampton, a village near Berkeley. The inflammation continued several weeks, and at length terminated in the formation of three or four small abscesses. The inflamed parts were fomented, and dressings were applied by some of the same persons who were employed in milking the cows. The number of cows milked was twenty-four, and the whole of them had the cow-pox. The milkers, consisting of the farmer's wife, a man and a maidservant, were infected by the cows. The man-servant had previously gone through the smallpox, and felt but little of the cow-pox. The servant maid had some years before been infected with the cow-pox, and she also felt it now in a slight degree; but the farmer's wife, who never had gone through either of the diseases, felt its effects very severely.

That the disease produced upon the cows by the colt and from thence conveyed to those who milked them was the true and not the spurious cow-pox, there can be scarcely any room for suspicion; yet it would have been more completely satisfactory had the effects of variolous matter been ascertained on the farmer's wife, but there was a peculiarity in her situation which prevented my making the experiment.

Thus far have I proceeded in an inquiry founded, as it must appear, on the basis of experiment; in which, however, conjecture has been occasionally admitted in order to present to persons well situated for such discussions objects for a more minute investigation. In the mean time I shall myself continue to prosecute this inquiry, encouraged by the hope of its becoming essentially beneficial to mankind.

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1. The late Mr. John Hunter proved, by experiments, that the dog is the wolf in a degenerate state. ↵
2. They who attend sick cattle in this country find a speedy remedy for stopping the progress of this complaint in those applications which act chemically upon the morbid matter, such as the solutions of the vitriolum zinci and the vitriolum cupri, etc ↵
3. Jenner's conclusion that "grease" and cow-pox were the same disease has since been proved erroneous; but this error has not invalidated his main conclusion as to the relation of cow-pox and smallpox.—Editor. ↵
4. It is necessary to observe that pustulous sores frequently appear spontaneously on the nipples of cows, and instances have occurred, though very rarely, of the hands of the servants employed in milking being affected with sores in consequence, and even of their feeling an indisposition from absorption. These pustules arc of a much milder nature than those which arise from that contagion which constitutes the true cow-pox. They are always free from the bluish or livid tint so conspicuous in the pustules in that disease. No erysipelas attends them, nor do they shew any phagedenic disposition as in the other case, but quickly terminate in a scab without creating any apparent disorder in the cow. This complaint appears at various seasons of the year, but most commonly in the spring, when the cows are first taken from their winter food and fed with grass. It is very apt to appear also when they are suckling their young. But this disease is not to be considered as similar in any respect to that of which I am treating, as it is incapable of producing any specific effects on the human constitution. However, it is of the greatest consequence to point it out here, lest the want of discrimination should occasion an idea of security from the infection of the smallpox, which might prove delusive. ↵
5. I have purposely selected several cases in which the disease had appeared at a very distant period previous to the experiments made with variolous matter, to shew that the change produced in the constitution is not affected by time ↵
6. It is remarkable that variolous matter, when the system is disposed to reject it, should excite inflammation on the part to which it is applied more speedily than when it produces the smallpox. Indeed, it becomes almost a criterion by which we can determine whether the infection will be received or not. It seems as if a change, which endures through life, had been produced in the action, or disposition to action, in the vessels of the skin; and it is remarkable, too, that whether this change has been effected by the smallpox or the cow-pox that the disposition to sudden cuticular inflammation is the same on the application of variolous matter. ↵
7. When the cow-pox has prevailed in the dairy, it has often been communicated to those who have not milked the cows, by the handle of the milk pail. ↵
8. This is not the case in general—a second attack is commonly very slight, and so, I am informed, it is among the cows. ↵
9. It is a remarkable fact, and well known to many, that we are frequently foiled in our endeavours to communicate the smallpox by inoculation to blacksmiths, who in the country are farriers. They often, as in the above instance, either resist the contagion entirely, or have the disease anomalously. Shall we not be able to account for this on a rational principle? ↵
10. From the sore on the hand of Sarah Nelmes. See the preceding case. ↵

11. Perhaps a few touches with the lapis septicus would have proved equally efficacious ↵
12. What effect would a similar treatment produce in inoculation for the smallpox? ↵
13. It is very easy to procure pus from old sores on the heels of horses. This I have often inserted into scratches made with a lancet, on the sound nipples of cows, and have seen no other effects from it than simple inflamation. ↵
14. See Case IX. ↵
15. My friend, Dr. Hicks, of Bristol, who, during the prevalence of this distemper, was resident at Gloucester, and physician of the hospital there (where it was soon after its first appearance in this country), had opportunities of making numerous observations upon it, which it is his intention to communicate to the public ↵
16. I have been informed from respectable authority that in Ireland, although dairies abound in many parts of the island, the disease is entirely unknown. The reason seems obvious. The business of the dairy is conducted by women only. Were the meanest vassal among the men employed there as a milker at a dairy, he would feel his situation unpleasant beyond all endurance. ↵

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- On Vaccination Against Smallpox. **Authored by**: Edward Anthony Jenner. **Provided by**: Florida Center for Instructional Technology (FCIT) at Univerity of South Florida. **Located at**: http://etc.usf.edu/lit2go/51/on-vaccination-against-smallpox/986/an-inquiry-into-the-causes-and-effects-of-the-variole-vaccine-or-cow-pox-1798/. **Project**: Lit2Go. **License**: *All Rights Reserved*. **License Terms**: A maximum of twenty-five (25) MP3 and/or text files may be used in any non-commercial, educational project (report, presentation, display, website, etc.) without special permission. No commercial use may be made of the text or MP3 files on this site without written permission of FCIT.

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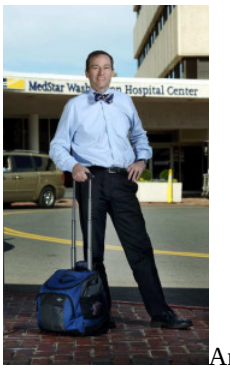
11.3: “Back to the Future: Making House Calls for Better Care, Reduced Costs” by K. Eric De Jonge

In the age of high tech medicine, busy ERs, and long waits for doctor appointments, house calls seemed to have gone the way of *Marcus Welby MD*, the 1970s TV drama. But that’s exactly what our Medical House Call teams do every day—and we’re providing high-quality care for very frail elders at a savings to Medicare.

Working in teams out of MedStar Washington Hospital Center, we provide skilled, coordinated care to frail elders, like 86-year-old Frances Humes who needs intensive monitoring and care but finds it difficult to get to a doctor’s office.

Her daughter, Veronica Butler, said: “She often went to the hospital or ER because it was so difficult to get her to office visits … 9 a.m. appointments required her to start getting ready hours earlier. She would just dread it.”



And like many other family caregivers and patients, Veronica noted “before, I didn’t have a sense of whether there was an emergency or not so I would call 911. Now, they’ll talk me through it. I think she’s healed better because she’s at home.”

With this program, part of the Independence at Home initiative under the Affordable Care Act’s Innovation Center, Veronica’s mother, who suffers from severe rheumatoid arthritis and recurrent pneumonia, can get the attention and high-quality care that she needs in the comfort of her own home rather than in an expensive and uncomfortable hospital setting. And Veronica can reach the team on a 24/7 basis if she has any concerns about her mother’s health.

Our current work with Independence at Home builds on our existing Medical House Call Program. Since it was founded in 1999, we have enrolled more than 3,100 elderly patients and now have 620 active patients. We have two House Call teams that include physicians, nurse practitioners and social workers. We share interdisciplinary home care and business staff.

On a typical day, a physician handles email and calls in the morning and then does house calls for a half-day session. We can arrange home-based blood tests, X-rays, EKG, and ultrasound tests. Our providers can perform minor procedures, adjust medications and prevent medical crises.

Our team makes sure patients have their correct medications and are connected to the community support resources they need. If patients do need ER or hospital care, we directly coordinate and provide that service. Our nurse practitioners perform routine and urgent visits and see patients within two days of any discharge from the hospital.

The teams have mobile, wireless access to the patients’ electronic health records to ensure clinicians can view accurate information. If I am not available when a patient or caregiver calls, they know that the team is well-briefed on their situation. We also offer same-day urgent care during weekday hours.

We share best practices in the Mid-Atlantic Consortium, a regional partnership with house call programs at Virginia Commonwealth University and the University of Pennsylvania.

Our efforts are now showing results: In Year 1 of the Independence at Home demonstration, the consortium met all six quality measures, including reducing 30-day hospital readmissions, admission rates for patients with serious chronic illnesses, and ER visits.

With these results, the Mid-Atlantic consortium reduced per capita Medicare costs by 20 percent and received a shared savings payment of $1.8 million from the Centers for Medicare & Medicaid Services.

The shared savings payment allows us to hire new staff and build new teams to serve more elders. The shared savings supports clinical quality and financial sustainability of home-based primary care. Before the initiative, the house call program operated at an annual loss and needed grants and donations to cover 25 percent of program costs.

Overall, the CMS Independence at Home demonstration nationally saved more than $25 million, an average of $3,070 per participating beneficiary, in the first year.

The most profound impact from the House Call service is a human one. Frail elders receive quality and dignified care in the comfort of their home, and family caregivers get the support they need.

Mrs. Humes' daughter says it best: "My mother has a team that stays focused on her health. It's added such a great quality to her life. She's happy in her home."
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11.4: “A Legacy for Lewis: Improving Patient Safety” by Helen Haskell

They say when you lose a child, your life splits into “before” and “after.”

Before, my 15-year-old son Lewis was an extraordinarily promising boy. He was a brilliant student, a soccer player, an actor, a musician, a natural comedian. And he was healthy. His father and I thought that we were the luckiest parents in the world.But on Nov. 6, 2000, a Monday, the day my world stopped, my life turned into an “after.”

Lewis had gone to the hospital the previous Thursday for elective surgery to correct a chest defect. Over that weekend, he bled to death as various doctors and nurses missed the signs of serious complications and paid little heed to a mother’s warnings that her son was in trouble. He died because of the improper administration and monitoring of a medication.

Lewis’s death was made harder by knowing it could have been prevented. That’s why, since his death, I have been building a legacy for him, founding Mothers Against Medical Error and serving as the president of Consumers Advancing Patient Safety. CAPS is a nonprofit established to connect and empower individuals, families and health care providers who want to prevent harm in health care encounters. As patient safety advocates, we have helped pass laws, formulate policies, and organize patients all over the world.

Mothers Against Medical Error and CAPS both participated in the Partnership for Patients (PfP), a public-private collaborative led by the Centers for Medicare and Medicaid Services, made possible by the Affordable Care Act, to reduce harm in hospitals and increase meaningful patient and family engagement. I have also served as a national adviser for the Agency for Healthcare Research and Quality and I work with the National Quality Forum on quality measures for the Centers for Medicare and Medicaid Services, as well as with a number of other national, state and international organizations.

PfP ended last December, but CMS is launching a second round soon. We are eager to work with PfP 2.0 and are hopeful it will bring further success in reducing hospital-acquired infections and other harms. It is rewarding to see programs like this that improve health care delivery and make American health care safer. That is one of the aspects of the Affordable Care Act that many people may not know about.

There are other ways, too, that we can help families avoid the heartbreak we endured, like making information more accessible to patients and health care providers so they can make more informed decisions. Without accessible, high-quality information, everybody is simply operating in the dark.

I am doing what I can, in Lewis’s name, to make other patients safer. It’s not the legacy his father and I ever imagined for him, but it’s the one we have. Our obligation to Lewis and others like him keeps us focused on meaningful change.

There is neither health nor care unless it places priority on safety, quality, and the wishes of patients and families. The patient voice has been the most underutilized tool in health care.

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11.5: “Living with FASDs: In Taylor’s Own Words” by the Centers for Disease Control

FASDs are completely preventable if a woman does not drink alcohol during pregnancy. Read more about a personal struggle with FASD.

Each year, the ninth day of the ninth month (September 9) marks Fetal Alcohol Spectrum Disorders (FASD) Awareness Day.

FASDs are a group of conditions that can occur in a person whose mother drank alcohol during pregnancy. These effects can include

- Physical problems
- Problems with behavior and learning

Taylor’s Story

Taylor Allen, a 23-year-old young man with an FASD and his parents, Mark and Cathy Allen, were recently honored by the National Organization on Fetal Alcohol Syndrome (NOFAS) for their work with the FASD community in the Washington, DC area.

Taylor enjoys playing baseball in his free time.

Taylor was diagnosed with an FASD in 8th grade. Before he was diagnosed, he struggled and had been misdiagnosed with attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder (ADHD) in first grade. He lied, took things in school that did not belong to him, and recalls being disconnected and very frustrated. In the 8th grade, Taylor took a pocket knife to school and was suspended. Since it was a weapon, he had to go through the First Offender’s Program and seek counseling. The counselor noticed a gap between action, reaction, and consequences, and had Taylor tested. Taylor was finally diagnosed with an FASD.

Mark, Cathy, and Taylor

When Taylor was born, his birth mother had disclosed to the doctor that she was dealing with alcohol dependence and drank alcohol while pregnant with Taylor. This information from Taylor’s parents was helpful to finally diagnose him with an FASD. After Taylor’s diagnosis, the Allen family finally connected with NOFAS and the Kennedy Krieger Institute to get help for Taylor.

Some of the behaviors Taylor has struggled with include difficulty maintaining attention, inability to plan and manage time, poor problem solving skills, inability to learn from consequences, social awkwardness, anxiety, and depression. Cathy Allen, Taylor’s mother, shares that “Taylor has the outward appearance of any other 23-year-old since he is on the high functioning end of the spectrum, so his FASD behaviors are often misunderstood – causing Taylor extreme anxiety and depression.”

After a great deal of struggle and perseverance from Taylor and his family, Taylor earned his associate’s degree in electronics from a trade school. Taylor currently works as a lead custodian at an area airport. He enjoys playing and watching baseball, tinkering with computers, reading, and spending time with his girlfriend of two years. Taylor hopes to further his education and he is working toward living independently.

In His Own Words

"We were like so many other families out there. We were looking for guidance and trying to find counselors, practitioners. Through NOFAS, I was able to have a voice and speak out. By talking with others who are just at the beginning of their FASD journey, we are also healing and helping ourselves – by reminding us that we are not alone.

My mom talks to families that call her all the time. They are just trying to get information, to understand, to have a shoulder to cry on. I hear these conversations. They are so emotional that I walk by and listen in and I can't help but tear up because I was there along with my dad and my mom. And I know how it was like for my mom when she made that call to Kathy [Mitchell, Vice President, NOFAS].

CDC would like to give a special thanks to the Allen family and the National Organization on Fetal Alcohol Syndrome (NOFAS) for sharing this story with us. View more personal stories at NOFAS.

Now, NOFAS has empowered me. Several times a year they give me the podium to speak and tell my story. Getting up in front of a crowd to speak about FASD takes away the control that this disability had over me. I didn't know why I did a lot of things I used to do. But with this, I do know why I am doing it. For the past year, I have been leading a teen group with the help of Kathy [Mitchell, Vice President, NOFAS] and my dad. We mostly talk about what it's like to be us, our day-to-day life, things we run into. We get into how bad it feels to be misunderstood, how we just wish people would understand us. But at the end of the day, no matter how bad, we are all smiles because we've got together and met people just like us.

I want to thank NOFAS for letting us be a small part of everything they do. We are going to keep talking, keep listening, and keep educating until everyone in the world knows that you cannot drink during pregnancy."

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11.6: “Can We Use Social Media to Support Content Validity of Patient-Reported Outcome Instruments in Medical Product Development?” by Margaret Rothman, et al

COMMENTARY

Can We Use Social Media to Support Content Validity of Patient-Reported Outcome Instruments in Medical Product Development?

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Abstract

We report a panel designed to open a dialog between pharmaceutical sponsors, regulatory reviewers, and other stakeholders regarding the use of social media to collect data to support the content validity of patient-reported outcome instruments in the context of medical product labeling. Multiple stakeholder perspectives were brought together to better understand the issues encountered in pursuing social media as a form of data collection to support content validity. Presenters represented a pharmaceutical sponsor of clinical trials, a regulatory reviewer from the Food and Drug Administration, and an online data platform provider. Each presenter shared its perspective on the advantages and disadvantages of using social media to collect this type of information. There was consensus that there is great potential for using social media for this purpose. There remain, however, unanswered questions that need to be addressed such as identifying which type of social media is most appropriate for data collection and ensuring that participants are representative of the target population while maintaining the advantages of anonymity provided by online platforms. The use of social media to collect evidence of content validity holds much promise. Clarification of issues that need to be addressed and accumulation of empirical evidence to address these questions are essential to moving forward.

Keywords

- clinical trials;
- online communities;
- patient-reported outcomes;
- social media

Introduction

Patient-reported outcomes (PROs) are increasingly recognized as important tools in adding value to the drug review and evaluation process [1] because they provide unique perspectives on medical conditions or their therapies that are known only to the patient[2]. “Content validity” describes the extent to which a PRO intended to assess such subjective outcomes actually measures the concept of interest [3] and is an ongoing process that relies on the generation of qualitative and quantitative evidence. Crucially, PRO measures must reflect patient concerns relative to the concept being assessed and, therefore, documentation of content validity relies on patient input from the target population of patients [4]. Qualitative studies are used to generate appropriate items and domains; to ensure the instrument is comprehensive relative to its intended measurement concept, population, and context of use; and to ensure patient understanding of the instrument, that is, instructions, items, and response options through cognitive debriefing [5]. Best practices usually include either individual interviews or focus groups with participants who are experiencing the target condition or have recent experience with it. These traditional methods of collecting qualitative data to support the content validity

of a new or existing PRO instrument, however, are labor intensive, time consuming, and relatively expensive. Although detailed figures are not available for specific parts of the instrument, development estimates from the New England Research Institutes suggest that developing a PRO from beginning to end takes at least 24 months and costs between $1 million and $5 million [6], whereas estimates shared at the 2011 C-Path meeting suggest up to 4 years for development and costs between $725,000 and $2.1 million [7]. Furthermore, there are potential limitations in the diversity of the sample and the amount of data that may be collected to support both comprehensiveness of concepts and understanding of the PRO instrument using these methodologies [5].

Social Media

A new tool that may offer a technological boost to these efforts is “social media,” a group of Internet-based applications (such as Facebook, Twitter, forums, or blogs) that allow the creation and exchange of user-generated content. The Pew Internet & American Life Project noted in 2011 that the Internet has “changed people’s relationships with information” in many areas that affect our lives including health. For example, “online resources, including advice from peers, are a significant source of heath information in the US” [8]. In a large and nationally representative survey of US adults in 2013, Pew found that 26% of the Internet users had read or watched someone else’s experience about health or medical issues in the past year and 16% had tried to find others with the same health concerns, typically through social media [9].

The reach of such online communities is their greatest strength. For example, it is estimated that in 2013 the number of total users for the four largest social media platforms was 1.15 billion for Facebook, 500 million for Twitter, 500 million for Google+, and 238 million for LinkedIn (http://visual.ly/social-media-2013). Given that a proportion of the cost of PRO development lies in contacting and recruiting people with specific medical conditions and gathering data from them, social media presents an intriguing new route to accelerating research.

This new form of technology is relatively untested in terms of the adequacy of the information collected to support current definitions of best practices for data generation and analysis. This is particularly true of research to support content validity for the development of PROs for use in clinical trials to support labeling claims in the United States. To capitalize on the advantages of this new technology, stakeholders need to agree on what is appropriate methodology and focus research on resolving these issues. Currently, there is limited knowledge in the public domain on this topic.

To address this question, the authors organized a panel at a recent ISPOR meeting (2013, New Orleans) to discuss the application of social media for this type of data collection. We identified four stakeholders to share their perspective although there are certainly others who may be able to contribute knowledge, expertise, and experience to understanding the topic. Panelists who contributed to this article included representatives from a pharmaceutical sponsor of clinical trials (M.R. and A.G.), a US regulatory reviewer (E.J.P.), and a provider of a patient-powered research network for data collection through social media (P.W.). Presenters were asked to share their knowledge and experience, particularly with respect to their perception of the advantages and disadvantages of using social media to generate data to support the content validity of PRO measures in the context of drug development (Table 1). The focus of this panel was on concept elicitation.

Table 1.Comparison of traditional methods and potential for social media in PRO development.

	Traditional methods	Social media
Participant identification	Clinicians, hospital referral, advertising	Patient self-identification and membership of online communities
Diagnostic validation	Primarily physician or medical records, sometimes self-reported	Primarily self-reported, sometimes electronic medical records of physician
Data collection setting	Face-to-face individual or group interviews	Asynchronous message boards, instant message chat, video chat
Data collection format	Semi-structured interview, in-person cognitive debriefing	Interactive surveys, questionnaires, rating scales, video cognitive debriefing
Advantages	Criterion standard widely accepted by researchers and regulators as producing high-quality outputs	Rapid, cheap, participatory, large-scale, new methods iterate rapidly. Typed data do not require transcription
Limitations	Time and labor intensive tasks such as transcription and recruitment	New, untested in the regulatory approval process

Benefits of Social Media for PRO Concept Elicitation

All the speakers indicated their belief that there are potential benefits to using social media for collecting concept elicitation data. The potential to access larger numbers of persons in the target population and thus obtain a greater amount of information in a shorter period of time is an advantage over traditional methods. Each social network has its own strengths and weaknesses (which should be tailored to each study); however, it is important to recognize that networks go through life cycles far more rapidly than do traditional social establishments [10]. Although a full review of each network's strengths and limitations was outside the scope of the panel, a recent review by Grajales et al. [11]provides a comprehensive overview of the scientific literature describing research with blogs (e.g., WordPress), microblogs (e.g., Twitter), social networks (e.g., Facebook), professional sites (e.g., LinkedIn), wikis (e.g., Wikipedia), mashups (e.g., HealthMap), collaborative filtering sites (e.g., Reddit), media sharing sites (e.g., YouTube), and multiuser virtual environments (e.g., Second Life).

In a comparison of semi-structured interviews with blogs for purposes of PRO development, Acaster and Wild [12] reported a high degree of convergence about symptoms experienced by women with menopausal hot flashes, with no major discrepancies in themes elicited between the two methods. In a study eliciting concepts among children from ulcerative colitis, Yen et al. [13] used blogs to substantiate concepts identified through traditional interviews and found these data to be supportive. This area is still developing, however, and the most recent ISPOR PRO Good Practices Task Force guidance makes no mention of data gathered online [14]. It is worth acknowledging, however, that different forms of social media might have differing potential to offer useful data. For example, the patient-powered research network PatientsLikeMe was recently described in the "tapestry of big data" as differing from blogs and tweets in that it not only captures structured data including demographic characteristics, medication, and diagnoses but also has aspects of a social network [15].

Although the authors are unaware of examples of the use of social media to develop PRO instruments for regulatory use to support labeling claims, it is often informative to draw from examples of uses of social media in instrument development outside this specific regulatory context. For instance, among the potentially broader online population there may be more participants who would not be responsive to traditional methods such as those who are too frail to travel or are not located within reasonable travel distance of a site. In one example provided to the panel, a long-term patient with amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS) (who was a psychologist in her working life) complained that the ALSFRS-R scale [16] had a floor effect—she had been a "zero" on this scale for many years. Determined not to be measured as a zero when there were many things she could still do, she collaborated with the research team and other patients with an advanced form of ALS to elicit the things that people who were nearly "locked in" to their bodies could still do, using the Internet to survey patients who might be responding using assistive technology such as eyeblink sensors or tiny switches. Within just a few weeks, a survey was fielded to over 300 patients with ALS, including those who had lost

their ability to speak as would be required by traditional research, with subsequent 1-week and 3-month retests providing additional data, and three new PRO items were developed for use in those patients in the most advanced stages of ALS. These ALSFRS-Extension items have subsequently been translated into other languages [17] and are used even by the Department of Veteran's Affairs brain bank [18], demonstrating a path from patient experience to clinical research use in a relatively short space of time. Although this example does not represent a PRO instrument that has undergone US regulatory review, it does represent the relevance and importance of broad patient input and the potential feasibility of very quickly and efficiently assessing the impact of such input on the psychometric properties of the revised instrument. This also demonstrates that the use of "social media" is not merely limited to passive monitoring of otherwise purely social channels such as Facebook or Twitter [19], which users may feel are not appropriate channels for the sharing of medical information [20].

The naturalistic discussions that patients have with one another online in forums have been used to develop PROs in other conditions too, such as multiple sclerosis (MS). The MS Treatment Adherence Questionnaire [21] and the MS Rating Scale have also been translated into other languages, evaluated against clinical measurement in the case of the MS Rating Scale [22], and are being deployed in prospective phase IV studies (e.g., EMD-Serono's "Adherence Trial with MS Lifelines® Services," NCT01905527). As noted in the ALS example, this PRO instrument has not undergone US regulatory scrutiny but does offer a model of some of the advantages that use of social media may bring to PRO instrument development.

More recently, the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation–funded "Open Research Exchange" (ORE) has been piloted to allow researchers from external institutions to develop, iterate upon, and deploy new PRO measures using volunteers from social media to develop and provide rapid feedback on PRO items through five distinct phases: concept elicitation, feedback, test, retest, and follow-up [23]. By selecting participants from among a wider pool, researchers can balance their sample to counteract the biases inherent in an online platform. Because the marginal resources needed to recruit 100 participants are not much higher than those needed to recruit 50 participants, the process can be more efficient than interviewer-led concept elicitation. For example, the development of an Insomnia Impact Questionnaire consisted of a concept elicitation phase with 16,331 words from 75 patients. This was used to develop items for a questionnaire that gathered item-level feedback from 54 selected participants, which yielded qualitative and quantitative data for improvement to the items. The refined questionnaire was then fielded to over 1300 patients for a psychometric test phase to establish scale performance. Each phase (concept elicitation, feedback, and test) took just 7 days. The software and the engaged population ensure that it is also relatively straightforward to automate test-retest at different intervals or the use of different response options with sample sizes adequate for statistical testing. In a second ORE example, the Treatment Burden Questionnaire, originally developed in French, underwent an English language pretest in 200 patients from around the world in less than a month, followed by a 610 patient psychometric test and a 282 patient retest, all in less than 2 months [24]. All PROs developed on the ORE platform will remain free for anybody to use or build upon, using Creative Commons licensing arrangements. It is hoped that this technology can rapidly accelerate and improve upon the range of PROs available [23].

Limitations of Social Media for PRO Concept Elicitation

Several concerns with using social media to collect concept elicitation data were noted by the panel. The primary concern expressed by the panelists related to the uncertainty of the characteristics of the respondent, extending from demographic characteristics to diagnosis. In conducting face-to-face interviews or focus groups, researchers are usually able to seek confirmation of diagnosis via physician verification through a signed waiver from the patient for access to health information, though this has the effect of biasing respondents toward those comfortable with this level of sharing. In contrast, a well-known maxim states that "On the Internet, nobody knows you're a dog" [25]. This situation is changing though as online providers such as MediGuard undergo similar physician verification processes to their offline colleagues [26], or increasingly use electronic medical records to validate that patients are who they say they are [27]. In a concept elicitation study of 50 patients with chronic lymphocytic leukemia, 80% of the patients agreed that researchers could contact their physicians to verify their diagnosis[28]. This approach, however, might have downsides too, in that patients may feel less comfortable participating or sharing their experiences of embarrassing or stigmatized conditions, knowing that their identity will be known and verified.

Next, it was noted that recruiting the right patients is important regardless of the platform. For the development of instruments intended for use in medical product development, the respondents should adequately represent the targeted clinical trial population because content validity is context specific. In uncommon conditions such as organ transplantation, social media can have a wide reach; as many as 1% of all those receiving an organ transplant in 2009 shared their medical data on PatientsLikeMe [29], and Facebook was recently used to identify pediatric transplant patients who had been lost to follow-up by a clinical center [30].

Participants in social media currently tend to be biased, however, toward younger patients, those who are female, or those with higher levels of education relative to clinical populations [1]. With a sufficiently large sample, this issue can be addressed, however, by taking a stratified sampling approach in the recruitment phase.

Another concern related to the definition of social media, in that there are different types of digital media that may be used for collecting qualitative data. For instance, contacting patients who have volunteered to participate in a medical community associated with research (such as Genomera or 23andMe) is different from attempting to recruit people through Facebook who might not be expecting to be targeted on the basis of their profile data or medical charity pages they have "liked." Some forms of social media such as Twitter are inherently limited to brief (140 character) communications, and it is unclear to what extent the abbreviated and asynchronous nature of online communication will hold up to the nuanced probing of a trained qualitative interviewer. Branthwaite and Pattterson[19] suggest that social media fails to capitalize on the distinguishing features of qualitative research: having a conversation (rather than an instantaneous static expression of an individual in a given moment), active listening (rather than a software textbox unable to probe the "space between words"), and an interactive "merging of minds" or "rapport" (rather than an audience of "followers"). Research will be needed to map out the advantages and disadvantages of each type of social media so that they may be more clearly understood moving forward, and if social media is going to have a place in the researchers toolkit, it is possible that these systems will adapt to overcome the limitations identified.

Conclusions

Overall, the panelists indicated that social media holds great potential as a means of recruitment of patients for qualitative research and collecting data to support the content validity of PRO measures used in product labeling as long as best practices are applied. The efforts of professional bodies such as ISPOR to embrace and validate other newer digital techniques such as e-PRO [1] provide reassurance that research required to advance our understanding can be achieved. Specific concerns that need to be addressed include ways to have more confidence in the characteristics of the participant, especially diagnostic criteria, and more research is needed to understand the specific strengths and weaknesses of different forms of social media. It may be the case that a mixture of both face-to-face and online data collection offers advantages over either methodology alone.

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CHAPTER OVERVIEW

12: Politics

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12.3: “Seattle and the Demons of Ambition: Apocalyspo” by Frederick Moody

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12.1: “Millionaire Candidates” by Carl Schurz

MILLIONAIRE CANDIDATES.

CARL SCHURZ ON THE GUBERNATORIAL
CONTEST IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The following letter from the Hon. Carl Schurz has been received by a gentleman in Boston:

> New-York, Oct. 16, 1886.

My Dear Sir: There is one feature of your State campaign which, perhaps, has not received all the attention it demands, and it is just that feature which makes your election one of general interest.

One of the most significant figures in the public life of our day is the millionaire in politics. His appearance is by no means of evil under all circumstances. When men of wealth devote their leisure and opportunities to the study of public questions, endeavor to qualify themselves for the discharge of public trust and then seek official position for the purpose of employing their abilities for the public benefit, they may render very great service and become a blessing to the community. The country has reason to congratulate itself upon the fact that so many young men of means and leisure have of late shown a disposition to give their abilities and time to public matters in the right spirit.

But we find in politics millionaires of another class who are a curse. I mean the rich men who without marked qualifications for important position, and without having earned promotion by useful and distinguished public service, seek high office merely on the strength of their money, either to use its power for their own advantage, or to add the conspicuous honors of high political station to their wealth. The very appearance on the field of politics of millionaires whose money is their only, or at least their principal, title to consideration is an element of corruption, for it means that in some way somebody or something is to be bought. It means the employment of the millionaire’s money to procure his election to the place he covets, either through the direct bribery of individuals, or through the bribery of a political organization with campaign funds. It cannot mean anything else. In either form it is corruption; in the latter form corruption especially insidious and demoralizing because it is usually called by a different name.

The consequences of the invasion of public life by millionaires of this class are already disclosing themselves. One seat after another in the Senate of the United States is falling into their hands. In some cases the purchase is a matter of notoriety. I know of no recent occurrence more alarming than the refusal of the Senate to investigate the charges of corruption made by respectable parties with regard to the election of a millionaire Senator from Ohio. I have read the charges as well as the evidence upon which they are based; also the arguments made in the Senate against investigating them; and I do not hesitate to say that if charges of corruption in Senatorial elections based upon evidence creating so strong a presumption are thrown aside by the Senate as not entitled to an investigation, upon reasoning so flimsy, there will be, as far as the action of the Senate itself is concerned, nothing to prevent every seat in that body from being acquired by some millionaire for himself or his attorney, in the way of downright purchase very thinly disguised. I candidly ask you, can you imagine anything more calculated to undermine the moral standing and authority not only of the Senate, but of the whole Government, aye, the stability of our institutions generally, than the refusal of the highest legislative body in the Republic to investigate strongly supported charges concerning the purchase of seats in it by rich men?

The nomination of men whose only, or whose principal, strength consists in the money they have, to State governorships, which this year, beginning with Maine, has become strikingly frequent, is of the same character. It means corruption in some way. To express it in the mildest language, it means that not uncommon ability, not superior qualifications, not distinguished service on the part of the candidate, but the possession of large funds by him is in some way depended upon as the decisive influence to determine the action of the party and of the voting body. This, too, looks to purchase in some form. Among the millionaires wishing to be governors your Republican candidate, Mr. Ames, is probably the most conspicuous. However estimable a gentleman he may be in his way, his qualifications for the high station he covets are known to be such that the proposition to make him governor of Massachusetts would have been received with derision, were he not a millionaire. His case is therefore in point.

It is high time, it seems to me, that the American people, and especially those who have the peace and good order of society at heart, should give some attention to this matter. We are living in times in which the arraigning of the rich and the poor against one

another is especially mischievous. It ought by all means to be avoided; it ought certainly not to be provoked. There is much alarm at the appearance of anarchism, of revolutionary theories and of all sorts of tendencies subversive of social order. What do you think will be the effect, if you give the poor to understand that the highest political powers, the power to make laws and the power to execute them, are virtually for sale, and that the highest offices are to be no longer for the able and trustworthy and meritorious who deserve them, but for the rich who can pay for them?

Massachusetts has had the reputation of maintaining a rather high standard of ability and character as to her principal public dignitaries. There have been lapses in her record, no doubt, but she has never, so far, succumbed to the prestige and the demoralizing influence of the money bag. It would be a pity, and, under existing circumstances, a disaster peculiarly deplorable, if she should do so now. Our Independent friends may be congratulated upon the unanimity and promptness with which they rallied to prevent such a misfortune. The straightforward and vigorous utterances of Mr. Andrew, the candidate they support, upon the subject of the use of money in elections, are especially gratifying. His success would not only do honor to Massachusetts, but, as an emphatic rebuke to the pretensions of millionairedom in politics, produce a very wholesome effect upon political life through out the country at a time when such an effect is much needed. Sincerely yours,

C. SCHURZ

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12.2: “Why Aren’t Governments as Transparent as They Could Be?” by Ryan Thornburg

In the quarter century since its creation, the Web has been a printing press and broadcast studio for millions of people whose voices would otherwise have been heard by only a few close friends. It opened a whole new world of sharing, and today nearly three-quarters of all Americans say digital technologies have improved their ability to share their ideas and creations with others, according to a 2014 survey by the Pew Research Center.

That means most of us are opening to the public minute details of our lives—where we eat, who we love, and how we spend money—all out in the open for others to see.

All this new sharing has been driven by the open standards of the Web, but also by commercial interests such as Facebook and Google. The data that these new publishing and aggregation platforms collect and organize about their users is their primary tool for driving revenue from advertisers who are eager to get the right messages to the right people at the right times.

In addition to all the public sharing we’re doing, we’re also giving companies data that most of us would probably rather not be public—credit card and Social Security numbers, passwords, driving habits, impolitic emails, and nude photos.

We open our private lives to these companies usually with explicit, though uninformed, consent. A computer science professor at Carnegie Mellon recently reported that it would take the average person about 250 hours to read all the privacy policies of the websites he or she visits in a year. We so badly want those companies to help us make public our ideas and creations that we blindly trust them to keep all that other stuff private.

But that trove of data is a rich target for hackers, spies, and detectives alike. With Apple, Sony, Ebay, Snapchat, Home Depot, Target, and JPMorgan Chase all infiltrated in the last year, is it possible that an American doesn’t do business with a company that’s been hacked? Add in the National Security Agency’s collection of millions of phone records and the interest that law enforcement at all levels has in social media data and you’ve got a recipe for a lot of unintended disclosure of stuff you might want to keep to yourself.

We are living in a time of radical openness—not of our governments, but of ourselves.

As we willingly open more of our lives to the public, government agencies are increasing their surveillance of us and also failing for the most part to take full advantage of digital technologies’ ability to make public life more accessible and our public officials more accountable.

In the wake of last year’s broad debate about police conduct, body cameras are flying off the shelves like iPhones. Iowa is considering legislation that would require all law enforcement officers to wear them, but one version would keep those videos private unless everyone captured by the cameras consented to its release. And in Minnesota, the head of a state police association said that public access to body camera videos “really serves no public purpose.” In other words, police would be able to use the video to defend their actions, but nobody else would be allowed to use the videos to defend theirs.

As our governments’ powers of surveillance and their ability to be transparent are both increasing dramatically, we’re giving them the former without demanding the latter. I can’t think of anything more un-American and infantilizing than this kind of deference to government.

Sadly, it’s not just new technologies that are eroding open government principles. New government laws, policies, and practices at all levels are going into place to further shield the government’s digital records from public scrutiny. In Washington, the state agency that monitors and publishes the campaign finance reports of lobbyists and political candidates is facing budget cuts, even as the rest of the state government spending grows 15% in the governor’s proposed budget. In North Carolina last year, the governor tried to implement a new “special services fee” for records requests that take longer than 30 minutes. At the federal level, an

Associated Press analysis last year showed that the government denied public records requests because of national security concerns a record 8,496 times—up 57 percent from the prior year, even while the number of records requests increased only 8 percent.

Some government agencies see this growing demand for public data as a revenue opportunity. In North Carolina, I filed an amicus brief this year in a state Supreme Court case that I hope will stop the Administrative Office of the Courts from wholesaling its raw feed to data retailers.

Public data is certainly big money for some vendors as well. One company that provides records management systems to law enforcement, Public Engines, enters into contracts in which it attempts to claim proprietary rights to the data. Public Engines has gone so far as to help police deny records requests and sue people who scrape the public data off their sites in order to protect their millions of dollars of investment in the platform. And more than one salesperson for other data vendors has told me of meetings in which government officials have asked how they can use technology to give the illusion of transparency without making the data as useful as possible.

As citizens, it's tough to argue that we're always using open government laws the way they were intended—to hold government accountable. Instead, we often use them to shame or threaten other citizens. The 2014 midterms saw Democrats in North Carolina and Republicans in Alaska and Colorado send mail to potential voters reminding them that public records would let their neighbors and party leaders know whether they showed up to vote. Those shaming tactics change behavior too, according to a field study done by Microsoft Research and a University of Michigan professor.

While it would be hard to argue that the Internet hasn't made governments at all levels more open, they clearly are not as open as they could be, nor are they as transparent as its citizens are. In a democracy, that's an odd paradox.

If radical transparency is good for each of us, why don't we demand it of government?

Plenty of people do, but one of the other paradoxes of open government is that the same platforms that promote our self-disclosure have also siphoned away advertising revenue from newspapers and local television stations that have been over the last century the most powerful and consistent advocates for open government. Journalist numbers are dwindling and their companies' investments inlegal fees that can range from $10,000 to $100,000 to pursue a government agency that shuns transparency.

Citizens can help in this effort by using sites like muckrock.com or open-nc.org to share public data they've requested. Or, maybe the next time you open up your life on social media, you'll use the #opengov or #foia hashtags to share how you help keep the spirit of open government alive as well.

Sunshine Week: Open government is good government, runs from March 15-21, 2015

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12.3: “Seattle and the Demons of Ambition: Apocalyspo” by Frederick Moody

Utterly disbelieving, I made my way through exuberant rioting throngs to the corner of Fourth and Union, near the heart of downtown Seattle.[1] When I turned north there, to go up Union, I came face-to-face mask with a wall of policemen in black riot gear, standing behind huge shields and wielding massive batons, guns and tear-gas launchers. They looked like mannequins in a wall-to-wall Darth Vader display.

In a city where the public face of its police has always been more or less avuncular, this was an amazing shock. Seattle, after all, is the birthplace of the bicycle cop—that singularly benign public servant who tools around the streets in little bicycle shorts, helping the elderly cross streets and occasionally chasing a purse-snatcher down a downtown alley. It took a superhuman leap of imagination to picture the same officers in this futuro-fascist getup.

But as if to hammer home the point that this was real, one of them began broadcasting a loud, barely decipherable warning through his bullhorn: “You have two minutes to disperse…. We will begin firing tear gas in two minutes.…”

Hard as it was to take him seriously, I thought it best to scurry up the hill—and upwind. Friends had been fired upon with rubber bullets earlier that morning, and I had little reason to believe the police were bluffing now.

In the days leading up to the November 1999 World Trade Organization convention, there had been a great deal of debate about the form and scale of the attendant demonstrations. It is safe to say that no one at City Hall or in the media expected anything like this. My daughter Caitlin’s high-school AP Government class had been preparing for weeks for the convention and demonstrations as a kind of live-history-as-it-happens class project, and now I was frantically fighting my way through the riots looking for Caitlin, who had come downtown to walk in an organized parade. On the ferry over to Seattle that morning, she and her classmates had been happily making signs to carry in the orderly march they thought they’d be attending. Now, for all I knew, she had been arrested, injured, or killed.

Note to her teacher: “What the Hell were you thinking?!”

Half a block away, I turned and watched the police lob the promised tear gas canisters into the crowd. The mist scattered and softened the unusually harsh winter light, blurring the shadows around and distinctions between the rioters and the police. Then I watched the horde of demonstrators come running out of the cloud toward me, past me…to regroup with the crowd already occupying the next intersection. Watching the cloud drift past downtown’s splendid new storefronts (practically everything downtown looked new, part of a spectacular, dot-com-boom-delivered revival), seeing in the mist the ghostly silhouettes of protestors and gas-masked police, I thought I was looking at a weird experimental overlay: a 1960s Detroit riot set against a 1990s Seattle background.[2].

It proved impossible to discern any kind of strategic rationale behind the police’s actions. Thoroughly outnumbered—there were 50,000 protestors and only 400 Seattle police officers, with police from the suburbs and the King County Sheriff’s office being rushed in to help—a group of police would seem to decide arbitrarily to form a line in the middle of the melee, beyond which they would not allow protesters to move. The protesters then would fill the intersection directly in front of the police line and begin performing chants, songs, dances, harangues, and other forms of deafening noise that often took on a cadenced, musical coherence. When bodies and cacophony reached a certain critical mass, the police would issue their warning, fire their tear gas, and watch the demonstrators move out of range and regroup. Then the police would start the whole thing over again, one block away.

What had been envisioned as yet another showcase for Seattle as an emerging world-class city had turned into an epic disaster. The WTO convention was all but shut down, and Seattle was being exposed to the world as an overreaching dunce. From Third Avenue to Eighth Avenue, from Stewart Street to Cherry Street—the central square mile or so of downtown Seattle—Apocalypse rocked. The streets were packed with unkempt hordes and windows everywhere were shattered. Virtually every intersection was blocked with a throng of protesters, in the center of which sat, in a circle facing outward, people linked together by foam tubing in which they all had inserted their arms, fixing the ends to their shoulders with duct tape. I would walk up to these groups and note with astonishment how impassioned they were, and how young, and how much fun they were having. It was impossible not to remember being their age, dressed as they were, marching in anti-Vietnam War demonstrations, and impossible not to root for them now.

The closer I moved to the Washington State Convention Center, at the upper end of downtown just as it begins turning up into Capitol Hill, the more crowded the streets became. The Convention Center was the locale for the WTO meetings, and demonstrators were intent on keeping delegates from getting in.[3] The streets there were littered with overturned dumpsters, many of which were aflame, and the storefronts—the newest and glitziest in new, glitzy Seattle—had their glass either shattered or boarded up, and were covered with graffiti in either case. The symbol for Anarchy—an A enclosed in a circle—was painted everywhere. I walked past a looted Starbucks, its windows shattered, the machinery and crockery and display cases on its counters destroyed, and much of the store's merchandise, furniture and equipment tossed out onto the street.

I kept seeing the oddest things in the cloud of chaos. Kids would come running past me with their faces coated in surreal slime—the result of the body's response to tear gas. I saw a helmetless policeman on one corner tenderly washing out the eyes of a protestor while the riots raged around them. He looked like a solicitous dad tending to his fallen son on a crowded playground. I saw Krist Novoselic, the ex-bassist from Nirvana, wading through the melee in gigantic bright yellow boots, aiming his video camera every which way. In the middle of incredible tumult, I saw an orderly line of customers at an outdoor espresso stand. And when I came to the corner of Eighth and Pine, which appeared to be the headquarters of the protest organizers, I stood in the middle of the intersection, surrounded by chanting, singing and dancing demonstrators, and watched protest leaders employing cell phones to direct troops to the doors of a particular downtown hotel where a delegate was attempting to get out of the building. Minutes later, I watched them joyfully receive the report that the delegate had been forced back inside. "We stopped him!" one leader announced to the crowd. "He couldn't get out!"

Downtown Seattle had spent the 1990s undergoing a depressing renaissance. By 1999, it sported arguably the spiffiest, newest, most fashion-forward and prosperous major urban retail core in the country. National chains moved here in droves, the past few years having seen Barney's New York, FAO Schwarz, Banana Republic, Nike, Sega Gameworks, Planet Hollywood, Restoration Hardware, Tiffany's, and other upscale merchants set up shop, muscling out locally owned businesses. The metastatic transformation of downtown was set in motion by the Seattle Silicon Rush, the technological revolution—spawned by Microsoft—that had suddenly enriched and exposed to the world a city and region that until then had been a nearly invisible, economically risible backwater.

Now, the newness and grand scale of these stores, set against the hordes rampaging happily in the streets, added to the apocalyptic eeriness of the scene: This was not some fading old civilization being trashed by rebellious hordes. Instead, it was a nascent empire, waxing rather than waning, stopped suddenly in mid-wax by a furious resistance it hadn't even known existed.

It is impossible to overstate the obliviousness of Seattle in the days leading up to the WTO riots. The worst that city fathers and journalists alike had expected was a large, parade-like series of protests in the streets outside the WTO meeting halls, with the police having to intervene occasionally to keep demonstrators from spilling out over prearranged boundaries. The biggest concern in advance was that of downtown merchants, fearful that traffic and crowd problems would keep Christmas shoppers away on the heaviest shopping days of the year. Seattle Mayor Paul Schell, long derided by citizens for his self-styled "visionary" aspirations for the city, and for what now looked like a decidedly Panglossian optimism, expected the convention to be virtually trouble-free, declaring in advance, "This event is a momentous, exciting affair for Seattle. It speaks to the growing stature of Seattle's place on the world stage, and it shows impressive confidence in our ability to serve as gracious and competent hosts for international dialogues."

Seattle police, trying to be gracious, had worked out a plan in advance with protest organizers that allowed demonstrators to briefly block intersections, then submit to mass arrests. But the event itself proved not only out of the police's control but also out of the organizers', and now the police, clearly panicked, were resorting to tear gas and rubber bullets. It was the essential paradox of the riots: The police's trust and solicitude had led them inexorably to overreaction and violence.

It later would come out that Seattle had resolutely ignored warnings from elsewhere that the city was getting in over its head. More than a month before the conference, Seattle assistant police chief Ed Joiner—who was charged with preparing for the onslaught—e-mailed desperately to Mayor Schell, insisting that the city was underprepared. "I hope that someone is considering what Seattle is going to look like—and what kind of economic damage it will suffer—if this event gets out of hand," he wrote.

No one was, save for the unfortunate Joiner. The convention was widely seen as a chance for Seattle to show the world its laid-back, civil way of settling disputes and debating issues. One of the more comic developments, in retrospect, was the event that led to Joiner's alarmed e-mail: The Seattle City Council had been preparing a resolution welcoming the protestors to Seattle and

inviting them to camp out in city parks. Alarms from the FBI and police agencies from around the world—even from agencies that had dealt with previous WTO riots—were laughed off by condescending Seattle politicians and boosters, who were as convinced that the rest of the world didn't understand enlightened Seattle as the WTO-weary elsewhere were convinced that Seattle had no idea what was headed its way.

I was just as disdainful of the warnings, but for different reasons. Having grown up in the Northwest since the mid-1950s, I had long since grown weary of Seattle's reflexive tendency toward hopeful hype. Everything anyone ever planned for Seattle was trumpeted in advance as The Thing That Would Put Seattle on the Map at Last. I had seen it happen again and again over the years. There was the 1962 Seattle World's Fair and its "transportation of the future," the Monorail. After 37 years, that little mass-transit prototype had grown all of three blocks longer, to .9 miles, and still ran back and forth between only two stops. In 1969, it was the awarding to Seattle of a Major League Baseball franchise, the Seattle Pilots. One year later, they became the Milwaukee Brewers. Then came the Supersonic Transport that Boeing was going to build in the early 1970s; when it failed to get off the ground, Boeing crashed spectacularly, and Seattle went into one of its worst-ever recessions. In 1976, it was the brand-new Kingdome and its coming new tenants, Major League Baseball's Seattle Mariners and the NFL's Seattle Seahawks; then there was the 1979 NBA championship won by the Seattle SuperSonics, the 1984 and 1989 NCAA Final Four men's basketball tournaments, the 1990 Goodwill Games…. The pattern was always the same: Local boosters would proclaim the value of the exposure the Next Big Thing would bring, the Thing would be launched with tremendous fanfare, and few outside the Puget Sound Basin would notice. Why, I reasoned, should the WTO be any different?

This shamefaced Northwest tradition of excitedly spawning duds is almost as old as the mid-19th-century establishment of white civilization here. The first full-blown attempt to turn the Northwest into a Model Civilization for the rest of the world to emulate began in 1885, when Messianic settlers from the east established a series of utopian communities in the Puget Sound basin. For some reason, American communitarians and socialists around the country—including Eugene V. Debs and Emma Goldman—decided that Washington would be the ideal state for socialists to "colonize" by setting up utopian communities that would grow both in number and population to the point where socialist representatives would eventually constitute the majority in the state legislature. The strategy held that the state was unpopulated enough, rich enough in natural resources, and had enough cheap land to allow these communities to get a foothold, sustain themselves, and grow rapidly while generating income from timber harvesting, farming and fishing. Once the state went socialist and showed the rest of the nation how to live the enlightened life, the entire country would follow suit.

These utopias, eight of which rose to prominence from 1885 to 1915, ranged from the purely idealistic to the crackpot mix of idealism and land-rush opportunism. All of them were launched with tremendous fanfare, attracting hopeful romantics from all over the country, and all of them enjoyed relatively short life spans before devolving into real-estate ventures. Among the first to be launched was the Puget Sound Co-operative Colony, founded in 1886 by former acting Seattle City Attorney George Venable Smith and others on the Olympic Peninsula, west of Seattle. "[A]s mankind grows better, juster, kinder and more confiding in each other," the Daily Call, a cause-friendly newspaper of the time, had it, "that [communitarian] idea will spread and grow." Smith's idea was that the Colony would acquire land, develop and populate it, and its citizens would work in exchange for free lodging, meals, education, and other goods and services, with the enterprise harvesting and selling natural resources—particularly timber—to support itself. The reality was that "the innate selfishness of the human race" (in the words of an early Colony skeptic), combined with the quiet horror of getting through eight months of incessant Northwest winter and spring rain without adequate shelter, had these colonies foundering in obscurity almost from the day they were established. It didn't take long for Debs, et al, to start looking elsewhere for solutions.

Seattle Mayor Schell had made a long career out of spinning George Smith-like fantasies as a city bureaucrat in the early 1970s, as a failed candidate for Mayor in 1977, and as a real-estate developer into the 1990s. He had been one of the authors of Seattle 2000, a document written in 1973 that spun a vision of Seattle as an emerging center of culture on a more or less European Renaissance model. He had lobbied hard to bring the 1990 Goodwill Games to Seattle on the theory that once the world saw how enlightened Northwesterners fostered diversity and consensus, the Cold War would end and Seattle-style harmony would spread outwards, forever transforming the planet. He often spoke of forging a kind of regional nation-state, called Cascadia, extending from Vancouver, B.C., to Portland, Oregon, that would be an environmental and cultural Utopia—a place to which the rest of the world would look for leadership in cultivating the good, cultured, ethnically diverse and peaceful life. A self-proclaimed "vision guy," Schell liked nothing better than philosophizing endlessly about "ideas."

So it was a bit of a stunner for the WTO events to unfold on his watch. Schell spent the three-day riot invoking his credentials as a former Vietnam War protester and his utter bewilderment at being mistaken for a member of the Establishment. By nightfall on the first day of the riots he would take a turn for the vengeful, allowing Washington Governor Gary Locke to call in the National Guard, then shutting down downtown and turning loose his reinforced police troops. In their menacing Vader getup, marching in a kind of goose-step chorus line down forcibly vacated downtown streets, beating in unison their plexiglass shields with their nightsticks, the constabulary furnished dramatic evening-televised evidence to the world that Seattle was an out-of-control police state.

It was a weird spectacle reminiscent of the two faces of George Venable Smith. As Seattle City Attorney, Smith had helped plan and lead the Seattle Anti-Chinese Riots in 1886 and had consulted with his fellow civic leaders in nearby Tacoma when that city expelled its Chinese, before heading off to the Olympic Peninsula and his new life as a humankind-loving idealist. A few years later, he came back to the Republican Party, resolutely refusing from then on to acknowledge his radical middle years.

Schell's whiplash act was even more reminiscent of Seattle Mayor George Cotterill, who in 1913 filled downtown with crowd-controlling police and firemen, and suspended liquor sales, public meetings and distribution of the Seattle Times within the Seattle city limits in the wake of a riot in which various anarchists and Wobblies were attacked and beaten by patriotic mobs after a series of IWW rallies. Just as Cotterill was moved from his ardent free-speech position in defense of the IWW and various anarchists to more or less shutting down the city, so now was Schell moved from welcoming activists and anarchists to abruptly driving them and everyone else out of downtown and subjecting anyone caught there after curfew to immediate arrest.

You had to wonder: Did Hell have no fury like a Seattle politician burned? Was there a truncheoneer lurking beneath the surface of every Northwest utopian?

Standing now in the midst of the violence, trying to make a mockery of it, I began to see that my skepticism about the pre-WTO hype—a skepticism widespread among Northwest natives—was a brand of cynicism as old as Seattle itself. It was the mirror-image of Schell's and the rest of the Seattle establishment's fatuous civic pride. Just as there had always been types, like Smith and Schell, who thought the Northwest could lead the rest of the world into an Age of Enlightenment of one kind or another, so have there always been their opposite numbers here, who insist that obscurity and underachievement are the enduring values of the Northwest. Both attitudes struck me in mid-riot as different forms of the classic Middle American "it can't happen here" mentality, opposing versions of provincialism—provincial puffery in the establishment's case, provincial self-loathing in mine.[4]

After the riots, when Seattleites started demanding an accounting from their leaders, we were to learn that Seattle "won" the WTO convention because no one else wanted to host it. The World Trade Organization had taken us in like the rubes we were. So eager were we to legitimize ourselves in the eyes of the world that we never bothered to notice what exactly the WTO was, and how reviled it was around the world. Nor did we notice how desperate the WTO was when it started casting about in the mid-1990s for a place to hold its next conclave. It is one of those rare organizations that draws the ire of everybody from every band on the political spectrum. The right wing sees it as a shadowy, conspiratorial, New World Order kind of invisible government. The left wing sees it as a means for corporations to circumvent national environmental and labor laws, be accountable to no nation's legal authority, and violate every moral dictum held by virtually every liberal activist organization in the world. The WTO had become the biggest lightning rod in history, attracting legions of protestors that effectively crippled whatever city they invaded, and no city anywhere in the world that was at all in touch with reality wanted to host it.

Enter Seattle—a reality-free environment! "We blew this WTO gig," *Seattle P-I* columnist Art Thiel would write a few days after the riots. "Big time. Because our civic ego ran amok."

For now, though, demonstrators were running amok, with increasing energy and glee as the happy hours passed. By evening, the police—and I—would be getting a close look at the innate mischievousness of the human race, as the rioters grew more and more celebratory.[5] Seattle, famed for civility, was collapsing under the force of anarchy and adolescence, and it was going to take an unimaginable level of police violence to drive the invaders out. I spent the day walking through the riots, taking everything in, and surrendering to an excited feeling of kinship with the rioters—a feeling that grew more and more puzzling as the day rioted on.

At some point toward evening, I came full circle and found myself back in front of the looted Starbucks, up the street from Nordstrom, down the street from the newest section of downtown—a section now occupied by Niketown, Planet Hollywood, and other outlets of that ilk. I looked down toward Starbucks and Nordstrom, and was struck by something I hadn't noticed before:

Mixed in with the celebratory glee on the faces of the rioters was real rage—the kind furious children direct at adults, and righteous students at the establishment. How weird, I thought, to see Seattle, of all places, being the target of anti-establishment rioting!

I realized that until that moment, in my mind, Seattle had always been, if not outright anti-establishment, then certainly aslant of the establishment, determined to live outside the American status-seeking norm. Once a hotbed of IWW-led labor-union activism, in 1919 it became the first city in the U.S. to be shut down completely by a general strike. It was the leading city in the state toasted in the mid-1930s by the US Postmaster General as "the soviet of Washington." It had elected, in Schell's predecessor, the nation's first African American mayor to be voted into office by predominantly white voters. Its county executive was African American and its state's governor was Chinese American. It had engendered and nurtured grunge rock, one of the most rebellious, anti-materialistic and anti-upward-mobility rock movements in history. I was standing within a canister's throw of four Northwest companies—Nordstrom, Nike, Starbucks and AT&T Wireless[6].—which all had at one time been brash, romantic startups determined to rebel against the status quo in their businesses and deliver something previously forbidden to the beleaguered and deprived citizen-consumer. Now, all four were reviled as oppressors of customers, competitors, employees, former employees, contracted third-world employees, or all of the above. I remembered then too that Microsoft, Amazon.com and McCaw Cellular (before AT&T bought it and turned it into AT&T Wireless) had once been popular Seattle startups, freedom fighters in the corporate age, wresting power over information and communication from the hands of previously indomitable corporations and putting it in the hands of ordinary citizens. My city had long been virtually synonymous with rebellion. How could such a place have turned into such a willing symbol of repression?

Watching yet another tear-gas fusillade, I fell to wondering what had happened to Seattle and why no one here seemed to have seen how dramatic the change was, or how much different our self-image was from the image outsiders had of us. How had I not noticed, for example, the stories coming out of other cities insisting that Starbucks was a huge, powerful corporation muscling local coffee outlets out of their own downtowns? How had I not noticed that Microsoft Chairman Bill Gates had morphed from the boardroom version of the kids in the streets around me into a latter-day John D. Rockefeller, under antitrust siege from a federal government that enjoyed the support of virtually every computer user in the country? Seattle, long a haven for dropouts and rebels, had turned into a high-tech Rome, begging to be overthrown.

I turned a corner and found myself looking at the grotesque, outsized Banana Republic store. Then I remembered with a pang what it had been only a few years before: The Coliseum Theater—the last of the grand old downtown movie theaters—anchoring what was then a moribund, homey section of downtown Seattle. I was a self-employed typesetter then, working out of my home, devoid along with most of the city of any measurable ambition for myself or for Seattle. And I stood here now amid the rioting, while my mind wandered eagerly back to the day in 1981 when I heard a knock at the door that was about to change my life forever. I realized now that all over Seattle, people were being unwittingly summoned, as I was that day, to the beginning of the bacchanal.

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1. What exactly can be called the "heart" of downtown is left to the reader's imagination. ↵
2. I was watching one of the biggest stories in Seattle history unfold around me, and I couldn't help but note with a certain irony that it was taking place on the day I was walking away from 18 years in journalism for what I thought would be a far more exciting life in the Brave New Economy ↵
3. One frustrated delegate pulled a gun, causing the rioters to scatter almost as fast as if the visitor had whipped out a cigarette in a Seattle restaurant. ↵
4. This is the sort of epiphany authors are expected to deliver as payoff to the reader for having endured the narrative. ↵
5. They also now apparently included my daughter, who, according to a classmate thoughtful enough to call Caitlin's panicking parents, was dancing ecstatically in the streets at the onset of evening—a charge Caitlin strenuously denies, to this day. ↵
6. Which subsequently became Cingular Wireless, then AT&T Mobility ↵

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CHAPTER OVERVIEW

13: Wikipedia

13.1: “What I Learned While Editing Wikipedia” by Noopur Raval
13.2: Video: Jimmy Wales and the Origin of Wikipedia
13.3: “Wikipedia Is Good for You!?” by James Purdy

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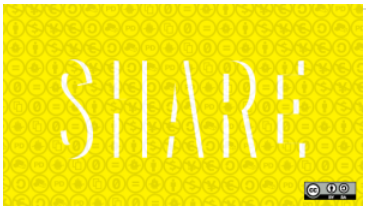
13.1: “What I Learned While Editing Wikipedia” by Noopur Raval



I was introduced to the Wikimedia movement primarily as a communications consultant for Wikimedia Foundation’s first Global South project that began in India in 2011. My work with the Wikimedia Foundation and editing Wikipedia has helped me take a hard look at myself as a woman of colour from India in technology.

After my initial stint with Wikipedia editing, I increasingly realized that the English version of Wikipedia lacked articles on Indian writers, famous personalities, cultural artefacts, and more. The problem is multi-layered and includes poor coverage of everything relating to non-western societies as well as to women within those societies. Once, I created article on Wikipedia about an Indian, female writer named Bama. She is from the lowest caste community called Dalits in India; and while the author is a celebrated writer of stories on the subject of *double oppression* (which is oppession of women by people of higher castes and oppression by men within their own communities), Wikipedia almost naturally had no record of her work. Sadly, within minutes of my creation of her article it was nominated for deletion. I then quickly added more references while simultaneously starting a discussion about why it should not be deleted. At that point, another Indian editor jumped in and helped with the explaination; the next day the deletion tag was removed.

Similarly, many articles on crafts and oral traditions that we tried to create as a part of our GLAM activity at the National Crafts Museum in Delhi underwent gruesome scrutiny because they were clearly not the usual subjects of Wikipedia additions and editing. This abysmal gap motivated me to start editing almost only just to fill these lacunae. Since then, I’ve also created articles on violence against women and female authors from India. My commitment only grown and gained momentum to do what I see as helping Wikipedia fullfill its mission to be “completely open and free.”

The question I ask myself now everyday is whether merely enabling access through infrastructure and providing free platforms like Wikipedia can help us resolve uneven digital geographies created in the process.

As part of the Women in Free Software and Culture in India group, I recently led a hackathon group to edit sexual violence out of Wikipedia. The group is a voluntary organization of women working in free software in India; we have a corresponding mailing list where we share news, have discussions, and organize events. One member of the group is a free software consultant who identifies as transgender. She is trying to educate people about transgender rights, including living and pay conditions, and supports the transgender community by being open about her sexual orientation. About her role and outlook on women in free software: “I have been looking into building ground level feminist perspectives into free and open source software (FOSS) to make the FOSS space more inclusive, expand it and free it from the impositions of the patriarchy. Towards this I have tried to educate quite a few FOSS and other activist groups on aspects of gender inclusiveness, diversity, combating sexism, micro-aggression, and rape culture.”

Through my work with the Wikimedia Foundation, editing Wikipedia, and becoming a part of that *Wiki-verse*—as well as through conversations I’ve had with many women in technology at conferences like AdaCamp—I’ve realized that it’s not only gender but also a configuration of other identities like race, class, and colour that emerge as players in the dynamics of groups working on collaborative projects. For some they are obstacles, for others they are interesting aspects that enrich the process.

I also believe that there is a solid need to re-articulate these differences of gender, colour, discrimination, and most of all, the privileges given to bridge the gender gap. It is obviously not a question of allocating more resources to women but also of striving to create safe-spaces and the necessary support structure that can help women resist personal attacks, hostility, and confrontations without having to appear more masculine or justify their existence in open source and free knowledge communities.

Watch this video of Noopur Raval talking about editing Wikipedia.

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13.2: Video: Jimmy Wales and the Origin of Wikipedia

Jimmy Wales recalls how he assembled “a ragtag band of volunteers,” gave them tools for collaborating and created Wikipedia, the self-organizing, self-correcting, never-finished online encyclopedia.

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13.3: “Wikipedia Is Good for You!?” by James Purdy

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CHAPTER OVERVIEW

14: Literature

14.1: “Eve’s Diary” by Mark Twain
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14.1: “Eve’s Diary” by Mark Twain

Translated from the Original

SATURDAY.–I am almost a whole day old, now. I arrived yesterday. That is as it seems to me. And it must be so, for if there was a day-before-yesterday I was not there when it happened, or I should remember it. It could be, of course, that it did happen, and that I was not noticing. Very well; I will be very watchful now, and if any day-before-yesterdays happen I will make a note of it. It will be best to start right and not let the record get confused, for some instinct tells me that these details are going to be important to the historian some day. For I feel like an experiment, I feel exactly like an experiment; it would be impossible for a person to feel more like an experiment than I do, and so I am coming to feel convinced that that is what I AM–an experiment; just an experiment, and nothing more.

Then if I am an experiment, am I the whole of it? No, I think not; I think the rest of it is part of it. I am the main part of it, but I think the rest of it has its share in the matter. Is my position assured, or do I have to watch it and take care of it? The latter, perhaps. Some instinct tells me that eternal vigilance is the price of supremacy. [That is a good phrase, I think, for one so young.]

Everything looks better today than it did yesterday. In the rush of finishing up yesterday, the mountains were left in a ragged condition, and some of the plains were so cluttered with rubbish and remnants that the aspects were quite distressing. Noble and beautiful works of art should not be subjected to haste; and this majestic new world is indeed a most noble and beautiful work. And certainly marvelously near to being perfect, notwithstanding the shortness of the time. There are too many stars in some places and not enough in others, but that can be remedied presently, no doubt. The moon got loose last night, and slid down and fell out of the scheme –a very great loss; it breaks my heart to think of it. There isn’t another thing among the ornaments and decorations that is comparable to it for beauty and finish. It should have been fastened better. If we can only get it back again– But of course there is no telling where it went to. And besides, whoever gets it will hide it; I know it because I would do it myself. I believe I can be honest in all other matters, but I already begin to realize that the core and center of my nature is love of the beautiful, a passion for the beautiful, and that it would not be safe to trust me with a moon that belonged to another person and that person didn’t know I had it. I could give up a moon that I found in the daytime, because I should be afraid some one was looking; but if I found it in the dark, I am sure I should find some kind of an excuse for not saying anything about it. For I do love moons, they are so pretty and so romantic. I wish we had five or six; I would never go to bed; I should never get tired lying on the moss-bank and looking up at them.

Stars are good, too. I wish I could get some to put in my hair. But I suppose I never can. You would be surprised to find how far off they are, for they do not look it. When they first showed, last night, I tried to knock some down with a pole, but it didn’t reach, which astonished me; then I tried clouds till I was all tired out, but I never got one. It was because I am left-handed and cannot throw good. Even when I aimed at the one I wasn’t after I couldn’t hit the other one, though I did make some close shots, for I saw the black blot of the cloud sail right into the midst of the golden clusters forty or fifty times, just barely missing them, and if I could have held out a little longer maybe I could have got one.

So I cried a little, which was natural, I suppose, for one of my age, and after I was rested I got a basket and started for a place on the extreme rim of the circle, where the stars were close to the ground and I could get them with my hands, which would be better, anyway, because I could gather them tenderly then, and not break them. But it was farther than I thought, and at last I had go give it up; I was so tired I couldn’t drag my feet another step; and besides, they were sore and hurt me very much.

I couldn’t get back home; it was too far and turning cold; but I found some tigers and nestled in among them and was most adorably comfortable, and their breath was sweet and pleasant, because they live on strawberries. I had never seen a tiger before, but I knew them in a minute by the stripes. If I could have one of those skins, it would make a lovely gown.

Today I am getting better ideas about distances. I was so eager to get hold of every pretty thing that I giddily grabbed for it, sometimes when it was too far off, and sometimes when it was but six inches away but seemed a foot–alas, with thorns between! I learned a lesson; also I made an axiom, all out of my own head –my very first one; ***THE SCRATCHED EXPERIMENT SHUNS THE THORN***. I think it is a very good one for one so young.

I followed the other Experiment around, yesterday afternoon, at a distance, to see what it might be for, if I could. But I was not able to make out. I think it is a man. I had never seen a man, but it looked like one, and I feel sure that that is what it is. I realize that I feel more curiosity about it than about any of the other reptiles. If it is a reptile, and I suppose it is; for it has frowzy hair and blue

eyes, and looks like a reptile. It has no hips; it tapers like a carrot; when it stands, it spreads itself apart like a derrick; so I think it is a reptile, though it may be architecture.

I was afraid of it at first, and started to run every time it turned around, for I thought it was going to chase me; but by and by I found it was only trying to get away, so after that I was not timid any more, but tracked it along, several hours, about twenty yards behind, which made it nervous and unhappy. At last it was a good deal worried, and climbed a tree. I waited a good while, then gave it up and went home.

Today the same thing over. I've got it up the tree again.

SUNDAY.–It is up there yet. Resting, apparently. But that is a subterfuge: Sunday isn't the day of rest; Saturday is appointed for that. It looks to me like a creature that is more interested in resting than it anything else. It would tire me to rest so much. It tires me just to sit around and watch the tree. I do wonder what it is for; I never see it do anything.

They returned the moon last night, and I was SO happy! I think it is very honest of them. It slid down and fell off again, but I was not distressed; there is no need to worry when one has that kind of neighbors; they will fetch it back. I wish I could do something to show my appreciation. I would like to send them some stars, for we have more than we can use. I mean I, not we, for I can see that the reptile cares nothing for such things.

It has low tastes, and is not kind. When I went there yesterday evening in the gloaming it had crept down and was trying to catch the little speckled fishes that play in the pool, and I had to clod it to make it go up the tree again and let them alone. I wonder if THAT is what it is for? Hasn't it any heart? Hasn't it any compassion for those little creature? Can it be that it was designed and manufactured for such ungentle work? It has the look of it. One of the clods took it back of the ear, and it used language. It gave me a thrill, for it was the first time I had ever heard speech, except my own. I did not understand the words, but they seemed expressive.

When I found it could talk I felt a new interest in it, for I love to talk; I talk, all day, and in my sleep, too, and I am very interesting, but if I had another to talk to I could be twice as interesting, and would never stop, if desired.

If this reptile is a man, it isn't an IT, is it? That wouldn't be grammatical, would it? I think it would be HE. I think so. In that case one would parse it thus: nominative, HE; dative, HIM; possessive, HIS'N. Well, I will consider it a man and call it he until it turns out to be something else. This will be handier than having so many uncertainties.

NEXT WEEK SUNDAY.–All the week I tagged around after him and tried to get acquainted. I had to do the talking, because he was shy, but I didn't mind it. He seemed pleased to have me around, and I used the sociable "we" a good deal, because it seemed to flatter him to be included.

WEDNESDAY.–We are getting along very well indeed, now, and getting better and better acquainted. He does not try to avoid me any more, which is a good sign, and shows that he likes to have me with him. That pleases me, and I study to be useful to him in every way I can, so as to increase his regard. During the last day or two I have taken all the work of naming things off his hands, and this has been a great relief to him, for he has no gift in that line, and is evidently very grateful. He can't think of a rational name to save him, but I do not let him see that I am aware of his defect. Whenever a new creature comes along I name it before he has time to expose himself by an awkward silence. In this way I have saved him many embarrassments. I have no defect like this. The minute I set eyes on an animal I know what it is. I don't have to reflect a moment; the right name comes out instantly, just as if it were an inspiration, as no doubt it is, for I am sure it wasn't in me half a minute before. I seem to know just by the shape of the creature and the way it acts what animal it is.

When the dodo came along he thought it was a wildcat–I saw it in his eye. But I saved him. And I was careful not to do it in a way that could hurt his pride. I just spoke up in a quite natural way of pleasing surprise, and not as if I was dreaming of conveying information, and said, "Well, I do declare, if there isn't the dodo!" I explained–without seeming to be explaining –how I know it for a dodo, and although I thought maybe he was a little piqued that I knew the creature when he didn't, it was quite evident that he admired me. That was very agreeable, and I thought of it more than once with gratification before I slept. How little a thing can make us happy when we feel that we have earned it!

THURSDAY.–my first sorrow. Yesterday he avoided me and seemed to wish I would not talk to him. I could not believe it, and thought there was some mistake, for I loved to be with him, and loved to hear him talk, and so how could it be that he could feel unkind toward me when I had not done anything? But at last it seemed true, so I went away and sat lonely in the place where I first

saw him the morning that we were made and I did not know what he was and was indifferent about him; but now it was a mournful place, and every little thing spoke of him, and my heart was very sore. I did not know why very clearly, for it was a new feeling; I had not experienced it before, and it was all a mystery, and I could not make it out.

But when night came I could not bear the lonesomeness, and went to the new shelter which he has built, to ask him what I had done that was wrong and how I could mend it and get back his kindness again; but he put me out in the rain, and it was my first sorrow.

SUNDAY.–It is pleasant again, now, and I am happy; but those were heavy days; I do not think of them when I can help it.

I tried to get him some of those apples, but I cannot learn to throw straight. I failed, but I think the good intention pleased him. They are forbidden, and he says I shall come to harm; but so I come to harm through pleasing him, why shall I care for that harm?

MONDAY.–This morning I told him my name, hoping it would interest him. But he did not care for it. It is strange. If he should tell me his name, I would care. I think it would be pleasanter in my ears than any other sound.

He talks very little. Perhaps it is because he is not bright, and is sensitive about it and wishes to conceal it. It is such a pity that he should feel so, for brightness is nothing; it is in the heart that the values lie. I wish I could make him understand that a loving good heart is riches, and riches enough, and that without it intellect is poverty.

Although he talks so little, he has quite a considerable vocabulary. This morning he used a surprisingly good word. He evidently recognized, himself, that it was a good one, for he worked in in twice afterward, casually. It was good casual art, still it showed that he possesses a certain quality of perception. Without a doubt that seed can be made to grow, if cultivated.

Where did he get that word? I do not think I have ever used it.

No, he took no interest in my name. I tried to hide my disappointment, but I suppose I did not succeed. I went away and sat on the moss-bank with my feet in the water. It is where I go when I hunger for companionship, some one to look at, some one to talk to. It is not enough–that lovely white body painted there in the pool –but it is something, and something is better than utter loneliness. It talks when I talk; it is sad when I am sad; it comforts me with its sympathy; it says, “Do not be downhearted, you poor friendless girl; I will be your friend.” It IS a good friend to me, and my only one; it is my sister.

That first time that she forsook me! ah, I shall never forget that –never, never. My heart was lead in my body! I said, “She was all I had, and now she is gone!” In my despair I said, “Break, my heart; I cannot bear my life any more!” and hid my face in my hands, and there was no solace for me. And when I took them away, after a little, there she was again, white and shining and beautiful, and I sprang into her arms!

That was perfect happiness; I had known happiness before, but it was not like this, which was ecstasy. I never doubted her afterward. Sometimes she stayed away–maybe an hour, maybe almost the whole day, but I waited and did not doubt; I said, “She is busy, or she is gone on a journey, but she will come.” And it was so: she always did. At night she would not come if it was dark, for she was a timid little thing; but if there was a moon she would come. I am not afraid of the dark, but she is younger than I am; she was born after I was. Many and many are the visits I have paid her; she is my comfort and my refuge when my life is hard–and it is mainly that.

TUESDAY.–All the morning I was at work improving the estate; and I purposely kept away from him in the hope that he would get lonely and come. But he did not.

At noon I stopped for the day and took my recreation by flitting all about with the bees and the butterflies and reveling in the flowers, those beautiful creatures that catch the smile of God out of the sky and preserve it! I gathered them, and made them into wreaths and garlands and clothed myself in them while I ate my luncheon –apples, of course; then I sat in the shade and wished and waited. But he did not come.

But no matter. Nothing would have come of it, for he does not care for flowers. He called them rubbish, and cannot tell one from another, and thinks it is superior to feel like that. He does not care for me, he does not care for flowers, he does not care for the painted sky at eventide–is there anything he does care for, except building shacks to coop himself up in from the good clean rain, and thumping the melons, and sampling the grapes, and fingering the fruit on the trees, to see how those properties are coming along?

I laid a dry stick on the ground and tried to bore a hole in it with another one, in order to carry out a scheme that I had, and soon I got an awful fright. A thin, transparent bluish film rose out of the hole, and I dropped everything and ran! I thought it was a spirit,

and I WAS so frightened! But I looked back, and it was not coming; so I leaned against a rock and rested and panted, and let my limps go on trembling until they got steady again; then I crept warily back, alert, watching, and ready to fly if there was occasion; and when I was come near, I parted the branches of a rose-bush and peeped through–wishing the man was about, I was looking so cunning and pretty–but the sprite was gone. I went there, and there was a pinch of delicate pink dust in the hole. I put my finger in, to feel it, and said OUCH! and took it out again. It was a cruel pain. I put my finger in my mouth; and by standing first on one foot and then the other, and grunting, I presently eased my misery; then I was full of interest, and began to examine.

I was curious to know what the pink dust was. Suddenly the name of it occurred to me, though I had never heard of it before. It was FIRE! I was as certain of it as a person could be of anything in the world. So without hesitation I named it that–fire.

I had created something that didn't exist before; I had added a new thing to the world's uncountable properties; I realized this, and was proud of my achievement, and was going to run and find him and tell him about it, thinking to raise myself in his esteem –but I reflected, and did not do it. No–he would not care for it. He would ask what it was good for, and what could I answer? for if it was not GOOD for something, but only beautiful, merely beautiful– So I sighed, and did not go. For it wasn't good for anything; it could not build a shack, it could not improve melons, it could not hurry a fruit crop; it was useless, it was a foolishness and a vanity; he would despise it and say cutting words. But to me it was not despicable; I said, "Oh, you fire, I love you, you dainty pink creature, for you are BEAUTIFUL–and that is enough!" and was going to gather it to my breast. But refrained. Then I made another maxim out of my head, though it was so nearly like the first one that I was afraid it was only a plagiarism: ***"THE BURNT EXPERIMENT SHUNS THE FIRE."***

I wrought again; and when I had made a good deal of fire-dust I emptied it into a handful of dry brown grass, intending to carry it home and keep it always and play with it; but the wind struck it and it sprayed up and spat out at me fiercely, and I dropped it and ran. When I looked back the blue spirit was towering up and stretching and rolling away like a cloud, and instantly I thought of the name of it–SMOKE!–though, upon my word, I had never heard of smoke before.

Soon brilliant yellow and red flares shot up through the smoke, and I named them in an instant–FLAMES–and I was right, too, though these were the very first flames that had ever been in the world. They climbed the trees, then flashed splendidly in and out of the vast and increasing volume of tumbling smoke, and I had to clap my hands and laugh and dance in my rapture, it was so new and strange and so wonderful and so beautiful!

He came running, and stopped and gazed, and said not a word for many minutes. Then he asked what it was. Ah, it was too bad that he should ask such a direct question. I had to answer it, of course, and I did. I said it was fire. If it annoyed him that I should know and he must ask; that was not my fault; I had no desire to annoy him. After a pause he asked:

"How did it come?"

Another direct question, and it also had to have a direct answer.

"I made it."

The fire was traveling farther and farther off. He went to the edge of the burned place and stood looking down, and said:

"What are these?"

"Fire-coals."

He picked up one to examine it, but changed his mind and put it down again. Then he went away. NOTHING interests him.

But I was interested. There were ashes, gray and soft and delicate and pretty–I knew what they were at once. And the embers; I knew the embers, too. I found my apples, and raked them out, and was glad; for I am very young and my appetite is active. But I was disappointed; they were all burst open and spoiled. Spoiled apparently; but it was not so; they were better than raw ones. Fire is beautiful; some day it will be useful, I think.

FRIDAY.–I saw him again, for a moment, last Monday at nightfall, but only for a moment. I was hoping he would praise me for trying to improve the estate, for I had meant well and had worked hard. But he was not pleased, and turned away and left me. He was also displeased on another account: I tried once more to persuade him to stop going over the Falls. That was because the fire had revealed to me a new passion–quite new, and distinctly different from love, grief, and those others which I had already discovered–FEAR. And it is horrible!–I wish I had never discovered it; it gives me dark moments, it spoils my happiness, it makes

me shiver and tremble and shudder. But I could not persuade him, for he has not discovered fear yet, and so he could not understand me.

Extract from Adam's Diary

Perhaps I ought to remember that she is very young, a mere girl and make allowances. She is all interest, eagerness, vivacity, the world is to her a charm, a wonder, a mystery, a joy; she can't speak for delight when she finds a new flower, she must pet it and caress it and smell it and talk to it, and pour out endearing names upon it. And she is color-mad: brown rocks, yellow sand, gray moss, green foliage, blue sky; the pearl of the dawn, the purple shadows on the mountains, the golden islands floating in crimson seas at sunset, the pallid moon sailing through the shredded cloud-rack, the star-jewels glittering in the wastes of space–none of them is of any practical value, so far as I can see, but because they have color and majesty, that is enough for her, and she loses her mind over them. If she could quiet down and keep still a couple minutes at a time, it would be a reposeful spectacle. In that case I think I could enjoy looking at her; indeed I am sure I could, for I am coming to realize that she is a quite remarkably comely creature –lithe, slender, trim, rounded, shapely, nimble, graceful; and once when she was standing marble-white and sun-drenched on a boulder, with her young head tilted back and her hand shading her eyes, watching the flight of a bird in the sky, I recognized that she was beautiful.

***MONDAY NOON**.–If there is anything on the planet that she is not interested in it is not in my list. There are animals that I am indifferent to, but it is not so with her. She has no discrimination, she takes to all of them, she thinks they are all treasures, every new one is welcome.*

When the mighty brontosaurus came striding into camp, she regarded it as an acquisition, I considered it a calamity; that is a good sample of the lack of harmony that prevails in our views of things. She wanted to domesticate it, I wanted to make it a present of the homestead and move out. She believed it could be tamed by kind treatment and would be a good pet; I said a pet twenty-one feet high and eighty-four feet long would be no proper thing to have about the place, because, even with the best intentions and without meaning any harm, it could sit down on the house and mash it, for any one could see by the look of its eye that it was absent-minded.

Still, her heart was set upon having that monster, and she couldn't give it up. She thought we could start a dairy with it, and wanted me to help milk it; but I wouldn't; it was too risky. The sex wasn't right, and we hadn't any ladder anyway. Then she wanted to ride it, and look at the scenery. Thirty or forty feet of its tail was lying on the ground, like a fallen tree, and she thought she could climb it, but she was mistaken; when she got to the steep place it was too slick and down she came, and would have hurt herself but for me.

Was she satisfied now? No. Nothing ever satisfies her but demonstration; untested theories are not in her line, and she won't have them. It is the right spirit, I concede it; it attracts me; I feel the influence of it; if I were with her more I think I should take it up myself. Well, she had one theory remaining about this colossus: she thought that if we could tame it and make him friendly we could stand in the river and use him for a bridge. It turned out that he was already plenty tame enough–at least as far as she was concerned –so she tried her theory, but it failed: every time she got him properly placed in the river and went ashore to cross over him, he came out and followed her around like a pet mountain. Like the other animals. They all do that.

FRIDAY.–Tuesday–Wednesday–Thursday–and today: all without seeing him. It is a long time to be alone; still, it is better to be alone than unwelcome.

I HAD to have company–I was made for it, I think–so I made friends with the animals. They are just charming, and they have the kindest disposition and the politest ways; they never look sour, they never let you feel that you are intruding, they smile at you and wag their tail, if they've got one, and they are always ready for a romp or an excursion or anything you want to propose. I think they are perfect gentlemen. All these days we have had such good times, and it hasn't been lonesome for me, ever. Lonesome! No, I should say not. Why, there's always a swarm of them around –sometimes as much as four or five acres–you can't count them; and when you stand on a rock in the midst and look out over the furry expanse it is so mottled and splashed and gay with color and frisking sheen and sun-flash, and so rippled with stripes, that you might think it was a lake, only you know it isn't; and there's storms of sociable birds, and hurricanes of whirring wings; and when the sun strikes all that feathery commotion, you have a blazing up of all the colors you can think of, enough to put your eyes out.

We have made long excursions, and I have seen a great deal of the world; almost all of it, I think; and so I am the first traveler, and the only one. When we are on the march, it is an imposing sight –there's nothing like it anywhere. For comfort I ride a tiger or a leopard, because it is soft and has a round back that fits me, and because they are such pretty animals; but for long distance or for scenery I ride the elephant. He hoists me up with his trunk, but I can get off myself; when we are ready to camp, he sits and I slide down the back way.

The birds and animals are all friendly to each other, and there are no disputes about anything. They all talk, and they all talk to me, but it must be a foreign language, for I cannot make out a word they say; yet they often understand me when I talk back,

particularly the dog and the elephant. It makes me ashamed. It shows that they are brighter than I am, for I want to be the principal Experiment myself–and I intend to be, too.

I have learned a number of things, and am educated, now, but I wasn't at first. I was ignorant at first. At first it used to vex me because, with all my watching, I was never smart enough to be around when the water was running uphill; but now I do not mind it. I have experimented and experimented until now I know it never does run uphill, except in the dark. I know it does in the dark, because the pool never goes dry, which it would, of course, if the water didn't come back in the night. It is best to prove things by actual experiment; then you KNOW; whereas if you depend on guessing and supposing and conjecturing, you never get educated.

Some things you CAN'T find out; but you will never know you can't by guessing and supposing: no, you have to be patient and go on experimenting until you find out that you can't find out. And it is delightful to have it that way, it makes the world so interesting. If there wasn't anything to find out, it would be dull. Even trying to find out and not finding out is just as interesting as trying to find out and finding out, and I don't know but more so. The secret of the water was a treasure until I GOT it; then the excitement all went away, and I recognized a sense of loss.

By experiment I know that wood swims, and dry leaves, and feathers, and plenty of other things; therefore by all that cumulative evidence you know that a rock will swim; but you have to put up with simply knowing it, for there isn't any way to prove it–up to now. But I shall find a way–then THAT excitement will go. Such things make me sad; because by and by when I have found out everything there won't be any more excitements, and I do love excitements so! The other night I couldn't sleep for thinking about it.

At first I couldn't make out what I was made for, but now I think it was to search out the secrets of this wonderful world and be happy and thank the Giver of it all for devising it. I think there are many things to learn yet–I hope so; and by economizing and not hurrying too fast I think they will last weeks and weeks. I hope so. When you cast up a feather it sails away on the air and goes out of sight; then you throw up a clod and it doesn't. It comes down, every time. I have tried it and tried it, and it is always so. I wonder why it is? Of course it DOESN'T come down, but why should it SEEM to? I suppose it is an optical illusion. I mean, one of them is. I don't know which one. It may be the feather, it may be the clod; I can't prove which it is, I can only demonstrate that one or the other is a fake, and let a person take his choice.

By watching, I know that the stars are not going to last. I have seen some of the best ones melt and run down the sky. Since one can melt, they can all melt; since they can all melt, they can all melt the same night. That sorrow will come–I know it. I mean to sit up every night and look at them as long as I can keep awake; and I will impress those sparkling fields on my memory, so that by and by when they are taken away I can by my fancy restore those lovely myriads to the black sky and make them sparkle again, and double them by the blur of my tears.

After the Fall

When I look back, the Garden is a dream to me. It was beautiful, surpassingly beautiful, enchantingly beautiful; and now it is lost, and I shall not see it any more.

The Garden is lost, but I have found HIM, and am content. He loves me as well as he can; I love him with all the strength of my passionate nature, and this, I think, is proper to my youth and sex. If I ask myself why I love him, I find I do not know, and do not really much care to know; so I suppose that this kind of love is not a product of reasoning and statistics, like one's love for other reptiles and animals. I think that this must be so. I love certain birds because of their song; but I do not love Adam on account of his singing–no, it is not that; the more he sings the more I do not get reconciled to it. Yet I ask him to sing, because I wish to learn to like everything he is interested in. I am sure I can learn, because at first I could not stand it, but now I can. It sours the milk, but it doesn't matter; I can get used to that kind of milk.

It is not on account of his brightness that I love him–no, it is not that. He is not to blame for his brightness, such as it is, for he did not make it himself; he is as God make him, and that is sufficient. There was a wise purpose in it, THAT I know. In time it will develop, though I think it will not be sudden; and besides, there is no hurry; he is well enough just as he is.

It is not on account of his gracious and considerate ways and his delicacy that I love him. No, he has lacks in this regard, but he is well enough just so, and is improving.

It is not on account of his industry that I love him–no, it is not that. I think he has it in him, and I do not know why he conceals it from me. It is my only pain. Otherwise he is frank and open with me, now. I am sure he keeps nothing from me but this. It grieves

me that he should have a secret from me, and sometimes it spoils my sleep, thinking of it, but I will put it out of my mind; it shall not trouble my happiness, which is otherwise full to overflowing.

It is not on account of his education that I love him–no, it is not that. He is self-educated, and does really know a multitude of things, but they are not so.

It is not on account of his chivalry that I love him–no, it is not that. He told on me, but I do not blame him; it is a peculiarity of sex, I think, and he did not make his sex. Of course I would not have told on him, I would have perished first; but that is a peculiarity of sex, too, and I do not take credit for it, for I did not make my sex.

Then why is it that I love him? MERELY BECAUSE HE IS MASCULINE, I think.

At bottom he is good, and I love him for that, but I could love him without it. If he should beat me and abuse me, I should go on loving him. I know it. It is a matter of sex, I think.

He is strong and handsome, and I love him for that, and I admire him and am proud of him, but I could love him without those qualities. He he were plain, I should love him; if he were a wreck, I should love him; and I would work for him, and slave over him, and pray for him, and watch by his bedside until I died.

Yes, I think I love him merely because he is MINE and is MASCULINE. There is no other reason, I suppose. And so I think it is as I first said: that this kind of love is not a product of reasonings and statistics. It just COMES–none knows whence–and cannot explain itself. And doesn't need to.

It is what I think. But I am only a girl, the first that has examined this matter, and it may turn out that in my ignorance and inexperience I have not got it right.

Forty Years Later

It is my prayer, it is my longing, that we may pass from this life together–a longing which shall never perish from the earth, but shall have place in the heart of every wife that loves, until the end of time; and it shall be called by my name.

But if one of us must go first, it is my prayer that it shall be I; for he is strong, I am weak, I am not so necessary to him as he is to me–life without him would not be life; now could I endure it? This prayer is also immortal, and will not cease from being offered up while my race continues. I am the first wife; and in the last wife I shall be repeated.

At Eve's Grave

ADAM: Wheresoever she was, THERE was Eden.

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14.2: “The Story of an Hour” by Kate Chopin

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 someone 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 the 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 the 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.

Someone 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 the 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.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease–of the joy that kills.

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14.3: “On the Gull’s Road” by Willa Cather

IT often happens that one or another of my friends stops before a red chalk drawing in my study and asks me where I ever found so lovely a creature. I have never told the story of that picture to any one, and the beautiful woman on the wall, until yesterday, in all these twenty years has spoken to no one but me. Yesterday a young painter, a countryman of mine, came to consult me on a matter of business, and upon seeing my drawing of Alexandra Ebbling, straightway forgot his errand. He examined the date upon the sketch and asked me, very earnestly, if I could tell him whether the lady were still living. When I answered him, he stepped back from the picture and said slowly:

“So long ago? She must have been very young. She was happy?”

“As to that, who can say — about any one of us?” I replied. “Out of all that is supposed to make for happiness, she had very little.”

We returned to the object of his visit, but when he bade me goodbye at the door his troubled gaze again went back to the drawing, and it was only by turning sharply about that he took his eyes away from her.

I went back to my study fire, and as the rain kept away less impetuous visitors, I had a long time in which to think of Mrs. Ebbling. I even got out the little box she gave me, which I had not opened for years, and when Mrs. Hemway brought my tea I had barely time to close the lid and defeat her disapproving gaze.

My young countryman’s perplexity, as he looked at Mrs. Ebbling, had recalled to me the delight and pain she gave me when I was of his years. I sat looking at her face and trying to see it through his eyes — freshly, as I saw it first upon the deck of the Germania, twenty years ago. Was it her loveliness, I often ask myself, or her loneliness, or her simplicity, or was it merely my own youth? Was her mystery only that of the mysterious North out of which she came? I still feel that she was very different from all the beautiful and brilliant women I have known; as the night is different from the day, or as the sea is different from the land. But this is our story, as it comes back to me.

For two years I had been studying Italian and working in the capacity of clerk to the American legation at Rome, and I was going home to secure my first consular appointment. Upon boarding my steamer at Genoa, I saw my luggage into my cabin and then started for a rapid circuit of the deck. Everything promised well. The boat was thinly peopled, even for a July crossing; the decks were roomy; the day was fine; the sea was blue; I was sure of my appointment, and, best of all, I was coming back to Italy. All these things were in my mind when I stopped sharply before a chaise longue placed sidewise near the stern. Its occupant was a woman, apparently ill, who lay with her eyes closed, and in her open arm was a chubby little red-haired girl, asleep. I can still remember that first glance at Mrs. Ebbling, and how I stopped as a wheel does when the band slips. Her splendid, vigorous body lay still and relaxed under the loose folds of her clothing, her white throat and arms and red-gold hair were drenched with sunlight. Such hair as it was: wayward as some kind of gleaming seaweed that curls and undulates with the tide. A moment gave me her face; the high cheek-bones, the thin cheeks, the gentle chin, arching back to a girlish throat, and the singular loveliness of the mouth. Even then it flashed through me that the mouth gave the whole face its peculiar beauty and distinction. It was proud and sad and tender, and strangely calm. The curve of the lips could not have been cut more cleanly with the most delicate instrument, and whatever shade of feeling passed over them seemed to partake of their exquisiteness.

But I am anticipating. While I stood stupidly staring (as if, at twenty-five, I had never before beheld a beautiful woman) the whistles broke into a hoarse scream, and the deck under us began to vibrate. The woman opened her eyes, and the little girl struggled into a sitting position, rolled out of her mother’s arm, and ran to the deck rail. After putting my chair near the stern, I went forward to see the gang-plank up and did not return until we were dragging out to sea at the end of a long tow-line.

The woman in the chaise longue was still alone. She lay there all day, looking at the sea. The little girl, Carin, played noisily about the deck. Occasionally she returned and struggled up into the chair, plunged her head, round and red as a little pumpkin, against her mother’s shoulder in an impetuous embrace, and then struggled down again with a lively flourishing of arms and legs. Her mother took such opportunities to pull up the child’s socks or to smooth the fiery little braids; her beautiful hands, rather large and very white, played about the riotous little girl with a quieting tenderness. Carin chattered away in Italian and kept asking for her father, only to be told that he was busy.

When any of the ship’s officers passed, they stopped for a word with my neighbor, and I heard the first mate address her as Mrs. Ebbling. When they spoke to her, she smiled appreciatively and answered in low, faltering Italian, but I fancied that she was glad

when they passed on and left her to her fixed contemplation of the sea. Her eyes seemed to drink the color of it all day long, and after every interruption they went back to it. There was a kind of pleasure in watching her satisfaction, a kind of excitement in wondering what the water made her remember or forget. She seemed not to wish to talk to any one, but I knew I should like to hear whatever she might be thinking. One could catch some hint of her thoughts, I imagined, from the shadows that came and went across her lips, like the reflection of light clouds. She had a pile of books beside her, but she did not read, and neither could I. I gave up trying at last, and watched the sea, very conscious of her presence, almost of her thoughts. When the sun dropped low and shone in her face, I rose and asked if she would like me to move her chair. She smiled and thanked me, but said the sun was good for her. Her yellow-hazel eyes followed me for a moment and then went back to the sea.

After the first bugle sounded for dinner, a heavy man in uniform came up the deck and stood beside the chaise longue, looking down at its two occupants with a smile of satisfied possession. The breast of his trim coat was hidden by waves of soft blond beard, as long and heavy as a woman's hair, which blew about his face in glittering profusion. He wore a large turquoise ring upon the thick hand that he rubbed good-humoredly over the little girl's head. To her he spoke Italian, but he and his wife conversed in some Scandinavian tongue. He stood stroking his fine beard until the second bugle blew, then bent stiffly from his hips, like a soldier, and patted his wife's hand as it lay on the arm of her chair. He hurried down the deck, taking stock of the passengers as he went, and stopped before a thin girl with frizzed hair and a lace coat, asking her a facetious question in thick English. They began to talk about Chicago and went below. Later I saw him at the head of his table in the dining room, the befrizzed Chicago lady on his left. They must have got a famous start at luncheon, for by the end of the dinner Ebbling was peeling figs for her and presenting them on the end of a fork.

The Doctor confided to me that Ebbling was the chief engineer and the dandy of the boat; but this time he would have to behave himself, for he had brought his sick wife along for the voyage. She had a bad heart valve, he added, and was in a serious way.

After dinner Ebbling disappeared, presumably to his engines, and at ten o'clock, when the stewardess came to put Mrs. Ebbling to bed, I helped her to rise from her chair, and the second mate ran up and supported her down to her cabin. About midnight I found the engineer in the card room, playing with the Doctor, an Italian naval officer, and the commodore of a Long Island yacht club. His face was even pinker than it had been at dinner, and his fine beard was full of smoke. I thought a long while about Ebbling and his wife before I went to sleep.

The next morning we tied up at Naples to take on our cargo, and I went on shore for the day. I did not, however, entirely escape the ubiquitous engineer, whom I saw lunching with the Long Island commodore at a hotel in the Santa Lucia. When I returned to the boat in the early evening, the passengers had gone down to dinner, and I found Mrs. Ebbling quite alone upon the deserted deck. I approached her and asked whether she had had a dull day. She looked up smiling and shook her head, as if her Italian had quite failed her. I saw that she was flushed with excitement, and her yellow eyes were shining like two clear topazes.

"Dull? Oh, no! I love to watch Naples from the sea, in this white heat. She has just lain there on her hillside among the vines and laughed for me all day long. I have been able to pick out many of the places I like best."

I felt that she was really going to talk to me at last. She had turned to me frankly, as to an old acquaintance, and seemed not to be hiding from me anything of what she felt. I sat down in a glow of pleasure and excitement and asked her if she knew Naples well.

"Oh, yes! I lived there for a year after I was first married. My husband has a great many friends in Naples. But he was at sea most of the time, so I went about alone. Nothing helps one to know a city like that. I came first by sea, like this. Directly to Naples from Finmark, and I had never been South before." Mrs. Ebbling stopped and looked over my shoulder. Then, with a quick, eager glance at me, she said abruptly: "It was like a baptism of fire. Nothing has ever been quite the same since. Imagine how this bay looked to a Finmark girl. It seemed like the overture to Italy."

I laughed. "And then one goes up the country — song by song and wine by wine."

Mrs. Ebbling sighed. "Ah, yes. It must be fine to follow it. I have never been away from the seaports myself. We live now in Genoa."

The deck steward brought her tray, and I moved forward a little and stood by the rail. When I looked back, she smiled and nodded to let me know that she was not missing anything. I could feel her intentness as keenly as if she were standing beside me.

The sun had disappeared over the high ridge behind the city, and the stone pines stood black and flat against the fires of the afterglow. The lilac haze that hung over the long, lazy slopes of Vesuvius warmed with golden light, and films of blue vapor began

to float down toward Baiae. The sky, the sea, and the city between them turned a shimmering violet, fading grayer as the lights began to glow like luminous pearls along the water-front, — the necklace of an irreclaimable queen. Behind me I heard a low exclamation; a slight, stifled sound, but it seemed the perfect vocalization of that weariness with which we at last let go of beauty, after we have held it until the senses are darkened. When I turned to her again, she seemed to have fallen asleep.

That night, as we were moving out to sea and the tail lights of Naples were winking across the widening stretch of black water, I helped Mrs. Ebbling to the foot of the stairway. She drew herself up from her chair with effort and leaned on me wearily. I could have carried her all night without fatigue.

“May I come and talk to you to-morrow?” I asked. She did not reply at once. “Like an old friend?” I added. She gave me her languid hand, and her mouth, set with the exertion of walking, softened altogether. “Grazia,” she murmured.

I returned to the deck and joined a group of my countrywomen, who, primed with inexhaustible information, were discussing the baseness of Renaissance art. They were intelligent and alert, and as they leaned forward in their deck chairs under the circle of light, their faces recalled to me Rembrandt’s picture of a clinical lecture. I heard them through, against my will, and then went to the stern to smoke and to see the last of the island lights. The sky had clouded over, and a soft, melancholy wind was rushing over the sea. I could not help thinking how disappointed I would be if rain should keep Mrs. Ebbling in her cabin to-morrow. My mind played constantly with her image. At one moment she was very clear and directly in front of me; the next she was far away. Whatever else I thought about, some part of my consciousness was busy with Mrs. Ebbling; hunting for her, finding her, losing her, then groping again. How was it that I was so conscious of whatever she might be feeling? that when she sat still behind me and watched the evening sky, I had had a sense of speed and change, almost of danger; and when she was tired and sighed, I had wished for night and loneliness.

II

Though when we are young we seldom think much about it, there is now and again a golden day when we feel a sudden, arrogant pride in our youth; in the lightness of our feet and the strength of our arms, in the warm fluid that courses so surely within us; when we are conscious of something powerful and mercurial in our breasts, which comes up wave after wave and leaves us irresponsible and free. All the next morning I felt this flow of life, which continually impelled me toward Mrs. Ebbling. After the merest greeting, however, I kept away. I found it pleasant to thwart myself, to measure myself against a current that was sure to carry me with it in the end. I was content to let her watch the sea — the sea that seemed now to have come into me, warm and soft, still and strong. I played shuffleboard with the Commodore, who was anxious to keep down his figure, and ran about the deck with the stout legs of the little pumpkin-colored Carin about my neck. It was not until the child was having her afternoon nap below that I at last came up and stood beside her mother.

“You are better to-day,” I exclaimed, looking down at her white gown. She colored unreasonably, and I laughed with a familiarity which she must have accepted as the mere foolish noise of happiness, or it would have seemed impertinent.

We talked at first of a hundred trivial things, and we watched the sea. The coast of Sardinia had lain to our port for some hours and would lie there for hours to come, now advancing in rocky promontories, now retreating behind blue bays. It was the naked south coast of the island, and though our course held very near the shore, not a village or habitation was visible; there was not even a goat-herd’s hut hidden away among the low pinkish sand hills. Pinkish sand hills and yellow head-lands; with dull-colored scrubby bushes massed about their bases and following the dried water-courses. A narrow strip of beach glistened like white paint between the purple sea and the umber rocks, and the whole island lay gleaming in the yellow sunshine and translucent air. Not a wave broke on that fringe of white sand, not the shadow of a cloud played across the bare hills. In the air about us, there was no sound but that of a vessel moving rapidly through absolutely still water. She seemed like some great sea-animal, swimming silently, her head well up. The sea before us was so rich and heavy and opaque that it might have been lapis lazuli. It was the blue of legend, simply; the color that satisfies the soul like sleep.

And it was of the sea we talked, for it was the substance of Mrs. Ebbling’s story. She seemed always to have been swept along by ocean streams, warm or cold, and to have hovered about the edge of great waters. She was born and had grown up in a little fishing town on the Arctic ocean. Her father was a doctor, a widower, who lived with his daughter and who divided his time between his books and his fishing rod. Her uncle was skipper on a coasting vessel, and with him she had made many trips along the Norwegian coast. But she was always reading and thinking about the blue seas of the South.

“There was a curious old woman in our village, Dame Ericson, who had been in Italy in her youth. She had gone to Rome to study art, and had copied a great many pictures there. She was well connected, but had little money, and as she grew older and poorer she sold her pictures one by one, until there was scarcely a well-to-do family in our district that did not own one of Dame Ericson’s paintings. But she brought home many other strange things; a little orange-tree which she cherished until the day of her death, and bits of colored marble, and sea shells and pieces of coral, and a thin flask full of water from the Mediterranean. When I was a little girl she used to show me her things and tell me about the South; about the coral fishers, and the pink islands, and the smoking mountains, and the old, underground Naples. I suppose the water in her flask was like any other, but it never seemed so to me. It looked so elastic and alive, that I used to think if one unsealed the bottle something penetrating and fruitful might leap out and work an enchantment over Finmark.”

Lars Ebbling, I learned, was one of her father’s friends. She could remember him from the time when she was a little girl and he a dashing young man who used to come home from the sea and make a stir in the village. After he got his promotion to an Atlantic liner and went South, she did not see him until the summer she was twenty, when he came home to marry her. That was five years ago. The little girl, Carin, was three. From her talk, one might have supposed that Ebbling was proprietor of the Mediterranean and its adjacent lands, and could have kept her away at his pleasure. Her own rights in him she seemed not to consider.

But we wasted very little time on Lars Ebbling. We talked, like two very young persons, of arms and men, of the sea beneath us and the shores it washed. We were carried a little beyond ourselves, for we were in the presence of the things of youth that never change; fleeing past them. To-morrow they would be gone, and no effort of will or memory could bring them back again. All about us was the sea of great adventure, and below us, caught somewhere in its gleaming meshes, were the bones of nations and navies . . . . . nations and navies that gave youth its hope and made life something more than a hunger of the bowels. The unpeopled Sardinian coast unfolded gently before us, like something left over out of a world that was gone; a place that might well have had no later news since the corn ships brought the tidings of Actium.

“I shall never go to Sardinia,” said Mrs. Ebbling. “It could not possibly be as beautiful as this.”

“Neither shall I,” I replied.

As I was going down to dinner that evening, I was stopped by Lars Ebbling, freshly brushed and scented, wearing a white uniform, and polished and glistening as one of his own engines. He smiled at me with his own kind of geniality. “You have been very kind to talk to my wife,” he explained. “It is very bad for her this trip that she speaks no English. I am indebted to you.”

I told him curtly that he was mistaken, but my acrimony made no impression upon his blandness. I felt that I should certainly strike the fellow if he stood there much longer, running his blue ring up and down his beard. I should probably have hated any man who was Mrs. Ebbling’s husband, but Ebbling made me sick.

III

The next day I began my drawing of Mrs. Ebbling. She seemed pleased and a little puzzled when I asked her to sit for me. It occurred to me that she had always been among dull people who took her looks as a matter of course, and that she was not at all sure that she was really beautiful. I can see now her quick, confused look of pleasure. I thought very little about the drawing then, except that the making of it gave me an opportunity to study her face; to look as long as I pleased into her yellow eyes, at the noble lines of her mouth, at her splendid, vigorous hair.

“We have a yellow vine at home,” I told her, “that is very like your hair. It seems to be growing while one looks at it, and it twines and tangles about itself and throws out little tendrils in the wind.”

“Has it any name?”

“We call it love vine.”

How little a thing could disconcert her!

As for me, nothing disconcerted me. I awoke every morning with a sense of speed and joy. At night I loved to hear the swish of the water rushing by. As fast as the pistons could carry us, as fast as the water could bear us, we were going forward to something delightful; to something together. When Mrs. Ebbling told me that she and her husband would be five days in the docks in New York and then return to Genoa, I was not disturbed, for I did not believe her. I came and went, and she sat still all day, watching the

water. I heard an American lady say that she watched it like one who is going to die, but even that did not frighten me: I somehow felt that she had promised me to live.

All those long blue days when I sat beside her talking about Finmark and the sea, she must have known that I loved her. I sat with my hands idle on my knees and let the tide come up in me. It carried me so swiftly that, across the narrow space of deck between us, it must have swayed her, too, a little. I had no wish to disturb or distress her. If a little, a very little of it reached her, I was satisfied. If it drew her softly, but drew her, I wanted no more. Sometimes I could see that even the light pressure of my thoughts made her paler. One still evening, after a long talk, she whispered to me, “You must go and walk now, and — don’t think about me.” She had been held too long and too closely in my thoughts, and she begged me to release her for a little while. I went out into the bow and put her far away, at the sky line, with the faintest star, and thought of her gently across the water. When I went back to her, she was asleep.

But even in those first days I had my hours of misery. Why, for instance, should she have been born in Finmark, and why should Lars Ebbling have been her only door of escape? Why should she be silently taking leave of the world at the age when I was just beginning it, having had nothing, nothing of whatever is worth while?

She never talked about taking leave of things, and yet I sometimes felt that she was counting the sunsets. One yellow afternoon, when we were gliding between the shores of Spain and Africa, she spoke of her illness for the first time. I had got some magnolias at Gibraltar, and she wore a bunch of them in her girdle and the rest lay on her lap. She held the cool leaves against her cheek and fingered the white petals. “I can never,” she remarked, “get enough of the flowers of the South. They make me breathless, just as they did at first. Because of them I should like to live a long while — almost forever.”

I leaned forward and looked at her. “We could live almost forever if we had enough courage. It’s of our lives that we die. If we had the courage to change it all, to run away to some blue coast like that over there, we could live on and on, until we were tired.”

She smiled tolerantly and looked southward through half shut eyes. “I am afraid I should never have courage enough to go behind that mountain, at least. Look at it, it looks as if it hid horrible things.”

A sea mist, blown in from the Atlantic, began to mask the impassive African coast, and above the fog, the grey mountain peak took on the angry red of the sunset. It burned sullen and threatening until the dark land drew the night about her and settled back into the sea. We watched it sink, while under us, slowly but ever increasing, we felt the throb of the Atlantic come and go, the thrill of the vast, untamed waters of that lugubrious and passionate sea. I drew Mrs. Ebbling’s wraps about her and shut the magnolias under her cloak. When I left her, she slipped me one warm, white flower.

IV

From the Straits of Gibraltar we dropped into the abyss, and by morning we were rolling in the trough of a sea that drew us down and held us deep, shaking us gently back and forth until the timbers creaked, and then shooting us out on the crest of a swelling mountain. The water was bright and blue, but so cold that the breath of it penetrated one’s bones, as if the chill of the deep under-fathoms of the sea were being loosed upon us. There were not more than a dozen people upon the deck that morning, and Mrs. Ebbling was sheltered behind the stern, muffled in a sea jacket, with drops of moisture upon her long lashes and on her hair. When a shower of icy spray beat back over the deck rail, she took it gleefully.

“After all,” she insisted, “this is my own kind of water; the kind I was born in. This is first cousin to the Pole waters, and the sea we have left is only a kind of fairy tale. It’s like the burnt out volcanoes; its day is over. This is the real sea now, where the doings of the world go on.”

“It is not our reality, at any rate,” I answered.

“Oh, yes, it is! These are the waters that carry men to their work, and they will carry you to yours.”

I sat down and watched her hair grow more alive and iridescent in the moisture. “You are pleased to take an attitude,” I complained.

“No, I don’t love realities any more than another, but I admit them, all the same.”

“And who are you and I to define the realities?”

“Our minds define them clearly enough, yours and mine, everybody’s. Those are the lines we never cross, though we flee from the equator to the Pole. I have never really got out of Finmark, of course. I shall live and die in a fishing town on the Arctic ocean, and the blue seas and the pink islands are as much a dream as they ever were. All the same, I shall continue to dream them.”

The Gulf Stream gave us warm blue days again, but pale, like sad memories. The water had faded, and the thin, tepid sunshine made something tighten about one’s heart. The stars watched us coldly, and seemed always to be asking me what I was going to do. The advancing line on the chart, which at first had been mere foolishness, began to mean something, and the wind from the west brought disturbing fears and forebodings. I slept lightly, and all day I was restless and uncertain except when I was with Mrs. Ebbling. She quieted me as she did little Carin, and soothed me without saying anything, as she had done that evening at Naples when we watched the sunset. It seemed to me that every day her eyes grew more tender and her lips more calm. A kind of fortitude seemed to be gathering about her mouth, and I dreaded it. Yet when, in an involuntary glance, I put to her the question that tortured me, her eyes always met mine steadily, deep and gentle and full of reassurance. That I had my word at last, happened almost by accident.

On the second night out from shore there was the concert for the Sailors’ Orphanage, and Mrs. Ebbling dressed and went down to dinner for the first time, and sat on her husband’s right. I was not the only one who was glad to see her. Even the women were pleased. She wore a pale green gown, and she came up out of it regally white and gold. I was so proud that I blushed when any one spoke of her. After dinner she was standing by her deck-chair talking to her husband when people began to go below for the concert. She took up a long cloak and attempted to put it on. The wind blew the light thing about, and Ebbling chatted and smiled his public smile while she struggled with it. Suddenly his roving eye caught sight of the Chicago girl, who was having a similar difficulty with her draperies, and he pranced half the length of the deck to assist her. I had been watching from the rail, and when she was left alone I threw my cigar away and wrapped Mrs. Ebbling up roughly.

“Don’t go down,” I begged. “Stay up here. I want to talk to you.”

She hesitated a moment and looked at me thoughtfully. Then, with a sigh, she sat down. Every one hurried down to the saloon, and we were absolutely alone at last, behind the shelter of the stern, with the thick darkness all about us and a warm east wind rushing over the sea. I was too sore and angry to think. I leaned toward her, holding the arm of her chair with both hands, and began anywhere.

“You remember those two blue coasts out of Gibraltar? It shall be either one you choose, if you will come with me. I have not much money, but we shall get on somehow. There has got to be an end of this. We are neither one of us cowards, and this is humiliating, intolerable.”

She sat looking down at her hands, and I pulled her chair impatiently toward me.

“I felt,” she said at last, “that you were going to say something like this. You are sorry for me, and I don’t wish to be pitied. You think Ebbling neglects me, but you are mistaken. He has had his disappointments, too. He wants children and a gay, hospitable house, and he is tied to a sick woman who can not get on with people. He has more to complain of than I have, and yet he bears with me. I am grateful to him, and there is no more to be said.”

“Oh, isn’t there?” I cried, “and I?”

She laid her hand entreatingly upon my arm. “Ah, you! you! Don’t ask me to talk about that. You — ” Her fingers slipped down my coat sleeve to my hand and pressed it. I caught her two hands and held them, telling her I would never let them go.

“And you meant to leave me day after tomorrow, to say goodbye to me as you will to the other people on this boat? You meant to cut me adrift like this, with my heart on fire and all my life unspent in me?”

She sighed despondently. “I am willing to suffer — whatever I must suffer — to have had you,” she answered simply. “I was ill — and so lonely — and it came so quickly and quietly. Ah, don’t begrudge it to me! Do not leave me in bitterness. If I have been wrong, forgive me.” She bowed her head and pressed my fingers entreatingly. A warm tear splashed on my hand. It occurred to me that she bore my anger as she bore little Carin’s importunities, as she bore Ebbling. What a circle of pettiness she had about her! I fell back in my chair and my hands dropped at my side. I felt like a creature with its back broken. I asked her what she wished me to do.

“Don’t ask me,” she whispered. “There is nothing that we can do. I thought you knew that. You forget that — that I am too ill to begin my life over. Even if there were nothing else in the way, that would be enough. And that is what has made it all possible, our loving each other, I mean. If I were well, we couldn’t have had even this much. Don’t reproach me. Hasn’t it been at all pleasant to you to find me waiting for you every morning, to feel me thinking of you when you went to sleep? Every night I have watched the sea for you, as if it were mine and I had made it, and I have listened to the water rushing by you, full of sleep and youth and hope. And everything you had done or said during the day came back to me, and when I went to sleep it was only to feel you more. You see there was never any one else; I have never thought of any one in the dark but you.” She spoke pleadingly, and her voice had sunk so low that I could scarcely hear her.

“And yet you will do nothing,” I groaned. “You will dare nothing. You will give me nothing.”

“Don’t say that. When I leave you day after tomorrow, I shall have given you all my life. I can’t tell you how, but it is true. There is something in each of us that does not belong to the family or to society, not even to ourselves. Sometimes it is given in marriage, and sometimes it is given in love, but oftener it is never given at all. We have nothing to do with giving or withholding it. It is a wild thing that sings in us once and flies away and never comes back, and mine has flown to you. When one loves like that, it is enough, somehow. The other things can go if they must. That is why I can live without you, and die without you.”

I caught her hands and looked into her eyes that shone warm in the darkness. She shivered and whispered in a tone so different from any I ever heard from her before or afterward: “Do you grudge it to me? You are so young and strong, and you have everything before you. I shall have only a little while to want you in — and I could want you forever and not weary.” I kissed her hair, her cheeks, her lips, until her head fell forward on my shoulder and she put my face away with her soft, trembling fingers. She took my hand and held it close to her, in both her own. We sat silent, and the moments came and went, bringing us closer and closer, and the wind and water rushed by us, obliterating our tomorrows and all our yesterdays.

The next day Mrs. Ebbling kept her cabin, and I sat stupidly by her chair until dark, with the rugged little girl to keep me company, and an occasional nod from the engineer.

I saw Mrs. Ebbling again only for a few moments, when we were coming into the New York harbor. She wore a street dress and a hat, and these alone would have made her seem far away from me. She was very pale, and looked down when she spoke to me, as if she had been guilty of a wrong toward me. I have never been able to remember that interview without heartache and shame, but then I was too desperate to care about anything. I stood like a wooden post and let her approach me, let her speak to me, let her leave me. She came up to me as if it were a hard thing to do, and held out a little package, timidly, and her gloved hand shook as if she were afraid of me.

“I want to give you something,” she said. “You will not want it now, so I shall ask you to keep it until you hear from me. You gave me your address a long time ago, when you were making that drawing. Some day I shall write to you and ask you to open this. You must not come to tell me goodbye this morning, but I shall be watching you when you go ashore. Please don’t forget that.”

I took the little box mechanically and thanked her. I think my eyes must have filled, for she uttered an exclamation of pity, touched my sleeve quickly, and left me. It was one of those strange, low, musical exclamations which meant everything and nothing, like the one that had thrilled me that night at Naples, and it was the last sound I ever heard from her lips.

An hour later I went on shore, one of those who crowded over the gang-plank the moment it was lowered. But the next afternoon I wandered back to the docks and went on board the Germania. I asked for the engineer, and he came up in his shirt sleeves from the engine room. He was red and dishevelled, angry and voluble; his bright eye had a hard glint, and I did not once see his masterful smile. When he heard my inquiry he became profane. Mrs. Ebbling had sailed for Bremen on the Hobenstauffen that morning at eleven o’clock. She had decided to return by the northern route and pay a visit to her father in Finmark. She was in no condition to travel alone, he said. He evidently smarted under her extravagance. But who, he asked, with a blow of his fist on the rail, could stand between a woman and her whim? She had always been a wilful girl, and she had a doting father behind her. When she set her head with the wind, there was no holding her; she ought to have married the Arctic Ocean. I think Ebbling was still talking when I walked away.

I spent that winter in New York. My consular appointment hung fire (indeed, I did not pursue it with much enthusiasm), and I had a good many idle hours in which to think of Mrs. Ebbling. She had never mentioned the name of her father’s village, and somehow I could never quite bring myself to go to the docks when Ebbling’s boat was in and ask for news of her. More than once I made up

my mind definitely to go to Finmark and take my chance at finding her; the shipping people would know where Ebbling came from. But I never went. I have often wondered why. When my resolve was made and my courage high, when I could almost feel myself approaching her, suddenly everything crumbled under me, and I fell back as I had done that night when I dropped her hands, after telling her, only a moment before, that I would never let them go.

In the twilight of a wet March day, when the gutters were running black outside and the Square was liquefying under crusts of dirty snow, the housekeeper brought me a damp letter which bore a blurred foreign postmark. It was from Niels Nannestad, who wrote that it was his sad duty to inform me that his daughter, Alexandra Ebbling, had died on the second day of February, in the twenty-sixth year of her age. Complying with her request, he inclosed a letter which she had written some days before her death.

I at last brought myself to break the seal of the second letter. It read thus:

“My Friend: —

You may open now the little package I gave you. May I ask you to keep it? I gave it to you because there is no one else who would care about it in just that way. Ever since I left you I have been thinking what it would be like to live a lifetime caring and being cared for like that. It was not the life I was meant to live, and yet, in a way, I have been living it ever since I first knew you.

“Of course you understand now why I could not go with you. I would have spoiled your life for you. Besides that, I was ill — and I was too proud to give you the shadow of myself. I had much to give you, if you had come earlier. As it was, I was ashamed. Vanity sometimes saves us when nothing else will, and mine saved you. Thank you for everything. I hold this to my heart, where I once held your hand. Alexandra.”

The dusk had thickened into night long before I got up from my chair and took the little box from its place in my desk drawer. I opened it and lifted out a thick coil, cut from where her hair grew thickest and brightest. It was tied firmly at one end, and when it fell over my arm it curled and clung about my sleeve like a living thing set free. How it gleamed, how it still gleams in the firelight! It was warm and softly scented under my lips, and stirred under my breath like seaweed in the tide. This, and a withered magnolia flower, and two pink sea shells; nothing more. And it was all twenty years ago!

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14.4: “The Red Wheelbarrow” by William Carlos Williams

so much depends
upon

a red wheel
barrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens.

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14.5: “The Lockless Door” by Robert Frost

It went many years,
But at last came a knock,
And I thought of the door
With no lock to lock.

I blew out the light,
I tip-toed the floor,
And raised both hands
In prayer to the door.

But the knock came again
My window was wide;
I climbed on the sill
And descended outside.

Back over the sill
I bade a “Come in”
To whoever the knock
At the door may have been.

So at a knock
I emptied my cage
To hide in the world
And alter with age.

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14.6: “The Open Window” by Saki

“My aunt will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel,” said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; “in the meantime you must try and put up with me.”

Framton Nuttel endeavoured to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

“I know how it will be,” his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; “you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice.”

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

“Do you know many of the people round here?” asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

“Hardly a soul,” said Framton. “My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here.”

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

“Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?” pursued the self-possessed young lady.

“Only her name and address,” admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

“Her great tragedy happened just three years ago,” said the child; “that would be since your sister’s time.”

“Her tragedy?” asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

“You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon,” said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

“It is quite warm for the time of the year,” said Framton; “but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?”

“Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day’s shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it.” Here the child’s voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. “Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back some day, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing ‘Bertie, why do you bound?’ as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window—”

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

“I hope Vera has been amusing you?” she said.

“She has been very interesting,” said Framton.

“I hope you don’t mind the open window,” said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; “my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They’ve been out for snipe in the marshes to-day, so they’ll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you men-folk, isn’t it?”

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic; he was

conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

“The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise,” announced Framton, who laboured under the tolerably widespread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one’s ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. “On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement,” he continued.

“No?” said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention—but not to what Framton was saying.

“Here they are at last!” she cried. “Just in time for tea, and don’t they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!”

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window; they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: “I said, Bertie, why do you bound?”

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall-door, the gravel-drive, and the front gate were dimly-noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid an imminent collision.

“Here we are, my dear,” said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window; “fairly muddy, but most of it’s dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?”

“A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel,” said Mrs. Sappleton; “could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of good-bye or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost.”

“I expect it was the spaniel,” said the niece calmly; “he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make anyone lose their nerve.”

Romance at short notice was her speciality.

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14.7: “Two Ways of Seeing A River” by Mark Twain

The face of the water, in time, became a wonderful book—a book that was a dead language to the uneducated passenger, but which told its mind to me without reserve, delivering its most cherished secrets as clearly as if it uttered them with a voice. And it was not a book to be read once and thrown aside, for it had a new story to tell every day. Throughout the long twelve hundred miles there was never a page that was void of interest, never one that you could leave unread without loss, never one that you would want to skip, thinking you could find higher enjoyment in some other thing. There never was so wonderful a book written by man; never one whose interest was so absorbing, so unflagging, so sparkingly renewed with every reperusal. The passenger who could not read it was charmed with a peculiar sort of faint dimple on its surface (on the rare occasions when he did not overlook it altogether); but to the pilot that was an *italicized* passage; indeed, it was more than that, it was a legend of the largest capitals, with a string of shouting exclamation points at the end of it; for it meant that a wreck or a rock was buried there that could tear the life out of the strongest vessel that ever floated. It is the faintest and simplest expression the water ever makes, and the most hideous to a pilot’s eye. In truth, the passenger who could not read this book saw nothing but all manner of pretty pictures in it painted by the sun and shaded by the clouds, whereas to the trained eye these were not pictures at all, but the grimmest and most dead-earnest of reading-matter.

Now when I had mastered the language of this water and had come to know every trifling feature that bordered the great river as familiarly as I knew the letters of the alphabet, I had made a valuable acquisition. But I had lost something, too. I had lost something which could never be restored to me while I lived. All the grace, the beauty, the poetry had gone out of the majestic river! I still keep in mind a certain wonderful sunset which I witnessed when steamboating was new to me. A broad expanse of the river was turned to blood; in the middle distance the red hue brightened into gold, through which a solitary log came floating, black and conspicuous; in one place a long, slanting mark lay sparkling upon the water; in another the surface was broken by boiling, tumbling rings, that were as many-tinted as an opal; where the ruddy flush was faintest, was a smooth spot that was covered with graceful circles and radiating lines, ever so delicately traced; the shore on our left was densely wooded, and the somber shadow that fell from this forest was broken in one place by a long, ruffled trail that shone like silver; and high above the forest wall a clean-stemmed dead tree waved a single leafy bough that glowed like a flame in the unobstructed splendor that was flowing from the sun. There were graceful curves, reflected images, woody heights, soft distances; and over the whole scene, far and near, the dissolving lights drifted steadily, enriching it, every passing moment, with new marvels of coloring.

I stood like one bewitched. I drank it in, in a speechless rapture. The world was new to me, and I had never seen anything like this at home. But as I have said, a day came when I began to cease from noting the glories and the charms which the moon and the sun and the twilight wrought upon the river’s face; another day came when I ceased altogether to note them. Then, if that sunset scene had been repeated, I should have looked upon it without rapture, and should have commented upon it, inwardly, after this fashion: This sun means that we are going to have wind to-morrow; that floating log means that the river is rising, small thanks to it; that slanting mark on the water refers to a bluff reef which is going to kill somebody’s steamboat one of these nights, if it keeps on stretching out like that; those tumbling ‘boils’ show a dissolving bar and a changing channel there; the lines and circles in the slick water over yonder are a warning that that troublesome place is shoaling up dangerously; that silver streak in the shadow of the forest is the ‘break’ from a new snag, and he has located himself in the very best place he could have found to fish for steamboats; that tall dead tree, with a single living branch, is not going to last long, and then how is a body ever going to get through this blind place at night without the friendly old landmark.

No, the romance and the beauty were all gone from the river. All the value any feature of it had for me now was the amount of usefulness it could furnish toward compassing the safe piloting of a steamboat. Since those days, I have pitied doctors from my heart. What does the lovely flush in a beauty’s cheek mean to a doctor but a ‘break’ that ripples above some deadly disease. Are not all her visible charms sown thick with what are to him the signs and symbols of hidden decay? Does he ever see her beauty at all, or doesn’t he simply view her professionally, and comment upon her unwholesome condition all to himself? And doesn’t he sometimes wonder whether he has gained most or lost most by learning his trade?

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14.8: “The School Days of an Indian Girl” by Zitkala-Sa

I. THE LAND OF RED APPLES.

There were eight in our party of bronzed children who were going East with the missionaries. Among us were three young braves, two tall girls, and we three little ones, Judéwin, Thowin, and I.

We had been very impatient to start on our journey to the Red Apple Country, which, we were told, lay a little beyond the great circular horizon of the Western prairie. Under a sky of rosy apples we dreamt of roaming as freely and happily as we had chased the cloud shadows on the Dakota plains. We had anticipated much pleasure from a ride on the iron horse, but the throngs of staring palefaces disturbed and troubled us.

On the train, fair women, with tottering babies on each arm, stopped their haste and scrutinized the children of absent mothers. Large men, with heavy bundles in their hands, halted near by, and riveted their glassy blue eyes upon us.

I sank deep into the corner of my seat, for I resented being watched. Directly in front of me, children who were no larger than I hung themselves upon the backs of their seats, with their bold white faces toward me. Sometimes they took their forefingers out of their mouths and pointed at my moccasined feet. Their mothers, instead of reproving such rude curiosity, looked closely at me, and attracted their children’s further notice to my blanket. This embarrassed me, and kept me constantly on the verge of tears.

I sat perfectly still, with my eyes downcast, daring only now and then to shoot long glances around me. Chancing to turn to the window at my side, I was quite breathless upon seeing one familiar object. It was the telegraph pole which strode by at short paces. Very near my mother’s dwelling, along the edge of a road thickly bordered with wild sunflowers, some poles like these had been planted by white men. Often I had stopped, on my way down the road, to hold my ear against the pole, and, hearing its low moaning, I used to wonder what the paleface had done to hurt it. Now I sat watching for each pole that glided by to be the last one.

In this way I had forgotten my uncomfortable surroundings, when I heard one of my comrades call out my name. I saw the missionary standing very near, tossing candies and gums into our midst. This amused us all, and we tried to see who could catch the most of the sweetmeats.

Though we rode several days inside of the iron horse, I do not recall a single thing about our luncheons.

It was night when we reached the school grounds. The lights from the windows of the large buildings fell upon some of the icicled trees that stood beneath them. We were led toward an open door, where the brightness of the lights within flooded out over the heads of the excited palefaces who blocked our way. My body trembled more from fear than from the snow I trod upon.

Entering the house, I stood close against the wall. The strong glaring light in the large whitewashed room dazzled my eyes. The noisy hurrying of hard shoes upon a bare wooden floor increased the whirring in my ears. My only safety seemed to be in keeping next to the wall. As I was wondering in which direction to escape from all this confusion, two warm hands grasped me firmly, and in the same moment I was tossed high in midair. A rosy-cheeked paleface woman caught me in her arms. I was both frightened and insulted by such trifling. I stared into her eyes, wishing her to let me stand on my own feet, but she jumped me up and down with increasing enthusiasm. My mother had never made a plaything of her wee daughter. Remembering this I began to cry aloud.

They misunderstood the cause of my tears, and placed me at a white table loaded with food. There our party were united again. As I did not hush my crying, one of the older ones whispered to me, “Wait until you are alone in the night.”

It was very little I could swallow besides my sobs, that evening.

“Oh, I want my mother and my brother Dawée! I want to go to my aunt!” I pleaded; but the ears of the palefaces could not hear me.

From the table we were taken along an upward incline of wooden boxes, which I learned afterward to call a stairway. At the top was a quiet hall, dimly lighted. Many narrow beds were in one straight line down the entire length of the wall. In them lay sleeping brown faces, which peeped just out of the coverings. I was tucked into bed with one of the tall girls, because she talked to me in my mother tongue and seemed to soothe me.

I had arrived in the wonderful land of rosy skies, but I was not happy, as I had thought I should be. My long travel and the bewildering sights had exhausted me. I fell asleep, heaving deep, tired sobs. My tears were left to dry themselves in streaks, because neither my aunt nor my mother was near to wipe them away.

II. THE CUTTING OF MY LONG HAIR.

The first day in the land of apples was a bitter-cold one; for the snow still covered the ground, and the trees were bare. A large bell rang for breakfast, its loud metallic voice crashing through the belfry overhead and into our sensitive ears. The annoying clatter of shoes on bare floors gave us no peace. The constant clash of harsh noises, with an undercurrent of many voices murmuring an unknown tongue, made a bedlam within which I was securely tied. And though my spirit tore itself in struggling for its lost freedom, all was useless.

A paleface woman, with white hair, came up after us. We were placed in a line of girls who were marching into the dining room. These were Indian girls, in stiff shoes and closely clinging dresses. The small girls wore sleeved aprons and shingled hair. As I walked noiselessly in my soft moccasins, I felt like sinking to the floor, for my blanket had been stripped from my shoulders. I looked hard at the Indian girls, who seemed not to care that they were even more immodestly dressed than I, in their tightly fitting clothes. While we marched in, the boys entered at an opposite door. I watched for the three young braves who came in our party. I spied them in the rear ranks, looking as uncomfortable as I felt. A small bell was tapped, and each of the pupils drew a chair from under the table. Supposing this act meant they were to be seated, I pulled out mine and at once slipped into it from one side. But when I turned my head, I saw that I was the only one seated, and all the rest at our table remained standing. Just as I began to rise, looking shyly around to see how chairs were to be used, a second bell was sounded. All were seated at last, and I had to crawl back into my chair again. I heard a man's voice at one end of the hall, and I looked around to see him. But all the others hung their heads over their plates. As I glanced at the long chain of tables, I caught the eyes of a paleface woman upon me. Immediately I dropped my eyes, wondering why I was so keenly watched by the strange woman. The man ceased his mutterings, and then a third bell was tapped. Every one picked up his knife and fork and began eating. I began crying instead, for by this time I was afraid to venture anything more.

But this eating by formula was not the hardest trial in that first day. Late in the morning, my friend Judéwin gave me a terrible warning. Judéwin knew a few words of English; and she had overheard the paleface woman talk about cutting our long, heavy hair. Our mothers had taught us that only unskilled warriors who were captured had their hair shingled by the enemy. Among our people, short hair was worn by mourners, and shingled hair by cowards!

We discussed our fate some moments, and when Judéwin said, "We have to submit, because they are strong," I rebelled.

"No, I will not submit! I will struggle first!" I answered.

I watched my chance, and when no one noticed, I disappeared. I crept up the stairs as quietly as I could in my squeaking shoes,—my moccasins had been exchanged for shoes. Along the hall I passed, without knowing whither I was going. Turning aside to an open door, I found a large room with three white beds in it. The windows were covered with dark green curtains, which made the room very dim. Thankful that no one was there, I directed my steps toward the corner farthest from the door. On my hands and knees I crawled under the bed, and cuddled myself in the dark corner.

From my hiding place I peered out, shuddering with fear whenever I heard footsteps near by. Though in the hall loud voices were calling my name, and I knew that even Judéwin was searching for me, I did not open my mouth to answer. Then the steps were quickened and the voices became excited. The sounds came nearer and nearer. Women and girls entered the room. I held my breath and watched them open closet doors and peep behind large trunks. Some one threw up the curtains, and the room was filled with sudden light. What caused them to stoop and look under the bed I do not know. I remember being dragged out, though I resisted by kicking and scratching wildly. In spite of myself, I was carried downstairs and tied fast in a chair.

I cried aloud, shaking my head all the while until I felt the cold blades of the scissors against my neck, and heard them gnaw off one of my thick braids. Then I lost my spirit. Since the day I was taken from my mother I had suffered extreme indignities. People had stared at me. I had been tossed about in the air like a wooden puppet. And now my long hair was shingled like a coward's! In my anguish I moaned for my mother, but no one came to comfort me. Not a soul reasoned quietly with me, as my own mother used to do; for now I was only one of many little animals driven by a herder.

III. THE SNOW EPISODE.

A short time after our arrival we three Dakotas were playing in the snowdrift. We were all still deaf to the English language, excepting Judéwin, who always heard such puzzling things. One morning we learned through her ears that we were forbidden to fall lengthwise in the snow, as we had been doing, to see our own impressions. However, before many hours we had forgotten the

order, and were having great sport in the snow, when a shrill voice called us. Looking up, we saw an imperative hand beckoning us into the house. We shook the snow off ourselves, and started toward the woman as slowly as we dared.

Judéwin said: “Now the paleface is angry with us. She is going to punish us for falling into the snow. If she looks straight into your eyes and talks loudly, you must wait until she stops. Then, after a tiny pause, say, ‘No.’” The rest of the way we practiced upon the little word “no.”

As it happened, Thowin was summoned to judgment first. The door shut behind her with a click.

Judéwin and I stood silently listening at the keyhole. The paleface woman talked in very severe tones. Her words fell from her lips like crackling embers, and her inflection ran up like the small end of a switch. I understood her voice better than the things she was saying. I was certain we had made her very impatient with us. Judéwin heard enough of the words to realize all too late that she had taught us the wrong reply.

“Oh, poor Thowin!” she gasped, as she put both hands over her ears.

Just then I heard Thowin’s tremulous answer, “No.”

With an angry exclamation, the woman gave her a hard spanking. Then she stopped to say something. Judéwin said it was this: “Are you going to obey my word the next time?”

Thowin answered again with the only word at her command, “No.”

This time the woman meant her blows to smart, for the poor frightened girl shrieked at the top of her voice. In the midst of the whipping the blows ceased abruptly, and the woman asked another question: “Are you going to fall in the snow again?”

Thowin gave her bad passwood another trial. We heard her say feebly,
“No! No!”

With this the woman hid away her half-worn slipper, and led the child out, stroking her black shorn head. Perhaps it occurred to her that brute force is not the solution for such a problem. She did nothing to Judéwin nor to me. She only returned to us our unhappy comrade, and left us alone in the room.

During the first two or three seasons misunderstandings as ridiculous as this one of the snow episode frequently took place, bringing unjustifiable frights and punishments into our little lives.

Within a year I was able to express myself somewhat in broken English. As soon as I comprehended a part of what was said and done, a mischievous spirit of revenge possessed me. One day I was called in from my play for some misconduct. I had disregarded a rule which seemed to me very needlessly binding. I was sent into the kitchen to mash the turnips for dinner. It was noon, and steaming dishes were hastily carried into the dining-room. I hated turnips, and their odor which came from the brown jar was offensive to me. With fire in my heart, I took the wooden tool that the paleface woman held out to me. I stood upon a step, and, grasping the handle with both hands, I bent in hot rage over the turnips. I worked my vengeance upon them. All were so busily occupied that no one noticed me. I saw that the turnips were in a pulp, and that further beating could not improve them; but the order was, “Mash these turnips,” and mash them I would! I renewed my energy; and as I sent the masher into the bottom of the jar, I felt a satisfying sensation that the weight of my body had gone into it.

Just here a paleface woman came up to my table. As she looked into the jar, she shoved my hands roughly aside. I stood fearless and angry. She placed her red hands upon the rim of the jar. Then she gave one lift and stride away from the table. But lo! the pulpy contents fell through the crumbled bottom to the floor I She spared me no scolding phrases that I had earned. I did not heed them. I felt triumphant in my revenge, though deep within me I was a wee bit sorry to have broken the jar.

As I sat eating my dinner, and saw that no turnips were served, I whooped in my heart for having once asserted the rebellion within me.

IV. THE DEVIL.

Among the legends the old warriors used to tell me were many stories of evil spirits. But I was taught to fear them no more than those who stalked about in material guise. I never knew there was an insolent chieftain among the bad spirits, who dared to array his forces against the Great Spirit, until I heard this white man’s legend from a paleface woman.

Out of a large book she showed me a picture of the white man's devil. I looked in horror upon the strong claws that grew out of his fur-covered fingers. His feet were like his hands. Trailing at his heels was a scaly tail tipped with a serpent's open jaws. His face was a patchwork: he had bearded cheeks, like some I had seen palefaces wear; his nose was an eagle's bill, and his sharp-pointed ears were pricked up like those of a sly fox. Above them a pair of cow's horns curved upward. I trembled with awe, and my heart throbbed in my throat, as I looked at the king of evil spirits. Then I heard the paleface woman say that this terrible creature roamed loose in the world, and that little girls who disobeyed school regulations were to be tortured by him.

That night I dreamt about this evil divinity. Once again I seemed to be in my mother's cottage. An Indian woman had come to visit my mother. On opposite sides of the kitchen stove, which stood in the center of the small house, my mother and her guest were seated in straight-backed chairs. I played with a train of empty spools hitched together on a string. It was night, and the wick burned feebly. Suddenly I heard some one turn our door-knob from without.

My mother and the woman hushed their talk, and both looked toward the door. It opened gradually. I waited behind the stove. The hinges squeaked as the door was slowly, very slowly pushed inward.

Then in rushed the devil! He was tall! He looked exactly like the picture I had seen of him in the white man's papers. He did not speak to my mother, because he did not know the Indian language, but his glittering yellow eyes were fastened upon me. He took long strides around the stove, passing behind the woman's chair. I threw down my spools, and ran to my mother. He did not fear her, but followed closely after me. Then I ran round and round the stove, crying aloud for help. But my mother and the woman seemed not to know my danger. They sat still, looking quietly upon the devil's chase after me. At last I grew dizzy. My head revolved as on a hidden pivot. My knees became numb, and doubled under my weight like a pair of knife blades without a spring. Beside my mother's chair I fell in a heap. Just as the devil stooped over me with outstretched claws my mother awoke from her quiet indifference, and lifted me on her lap. Whereupon the devil vanished, and I was awake.

On the following morning I took my revenge upon the devil. Stealing into the room where a wall of shelves was filled with books, I drew forth The Stories of the Bible. With a broken slate pencil I carried in my apron pocket, I began by scratching out his wicked eyes. A few moments later, when I was ready to leave the room, there was a ragged hole in the page where the picture of the devil had once been.

V. IRON ROUTINE

A loud-clamoring bell awakened us at half-past six in the cold winter mornings. From happy dreams of Western rolling lands and unlassoed freedom we tumbled out upon chilly bare floors back again into a paleface day. We had short time to jump into our shoes and clothes, and wet our eyes with icy water, before a small hand bell was vigorously rung for roll call.

There were too many drowsy children and too numerous orders for the day to waste a moment in any apology to nature for giving her children such a shock in the early morning. We rushed downstairs, bounding over two high steps at a time, to land in the assembly room.

A paleface woman, with a yellow-covered roll book open on her arm and a gnawed pencil in her hand, appeared at the door. Her small, tired face was coldly lighted with a pair of large gray eyes.

She stood still in a halo of authority, while over the rim of her spectacles her eyes pried nervously about the room. Having glanced at her long list of names and called out the first one, she tossed up her chin and peered through the crystals of her spectacles to make sure of the answer "Here."

Relentlessly her pencil black-marked our daily records if we were not present to respond to our names, and no chum of ours had done it successfully for us. No matter if a dull headache or the painful cough of slow consumption had delayed the absentee, there was only time enough to mark the tardiness. It was next to impossible to leave the iron routine after the civilizing machine had once begun its day's buzzing; and as it was inbred in me to suffer in silence rather than to appeal to the ears of one whose open eyes could not see my pain, I have many times trudged in the day's harness heavy-footed, like a dumb sick brute.

Once I lost a dear classmate. I remember well how she used to mope along at my side, until one morning she could not raise her head from her pillow. At her deathbed I stood weeping, as the paleface woman sat near her moistening the dry lips. Among the folds of the bedclothes I saw the open pages of the white man's Bible. The dying Indian girl talked disconnectedly of Jesus the Christ and the paleface who was cooling her swollen hands and feet.

I grew bitter, and censured the woman for cruel neglect of our physical ills. I despised the pencils that moved automatically, and the one teaspoon which dealt out, from a large bottle, healing to a row of variously ailing Indian children. I blamed the hard-working, well-meaning, ignorant woman who was inculcating in our hearts her superstitious ideas. Though I was sullen in all my little troubles, as soon as I felt better I was ready again to smile upon the cruel woman. Within a week I was again actively testing the chains which tightly bound my individuality like a mummy for burial.

The melancholy of those black days has left so long a shadow that it darkens the path of years that have since gone by. These sad memories rise above those of smoothly grinding school days. Perhaps my Indian nature is the moaning wind which stirs them now for their present record. But, however tempestuous this is within me, it comes out as the low voice of a curiously colored seashell, which is only for those ears that are bent with compassion to hear it.

VI. FOUR STRANGE SUMMERS.

After my first three years of school, I roamed again in the Western country through four strange summers.

During this time I seemed to hang in the heart of chaos, beyond the touch or voice of human aid. My brother, being almost ten years my senior, did not quite understand my feelings. My mother had never gone inside of a schoolhouse, and so she was not capable of comforting her daughter who could read and write. Even nature seemed to have no place for me. I was neither a wee girl nor a tall one; neither a wild Indian nor a tame one. This deplorable situation was the effect of my brief course in the East, and the unsatisfactory “teenth” in a girl’s years.

It was under these trying conditions that, one bright afternoon, as I sat restless and unhappy in my mother’s cabin, I caught the sound of the spirited step of my brother’s pony on the road which passed by our dwelling. Soon I heard the wheels of a light buckboard, and Dawée’s familiar “Ho!” to his pony. He alighted upon the bare ground in front of our house. Tying his pony to one of the projecting corner logs of the low-roofed cottage, he stepped upon the wooden doorstep.

I met him there with a hurried greeting, and, as I passed by, he looked a quiet “What?” into my eyes.

When he began talking with my mother, I slipped the rope from the pony’s bridle. Seizing the reins and bracing my feet against the dashboard, I wheeled around in an instant. The pony was ever ready to try his speed. Looking backward, I saw Dawée waving his hand to me. I turned with the curve in the road and disappeared. I followed the winding road which crawled upward between the bases of little hillocks. Deep water-worn ditches ran parallel on either side. A strong wind blew against my cheeks and fluttered my sleeves. The pony reached the top of the highest hill, and began an even race on the level lands. There was nothing moving within that great circular horizon of the Dakota prairies save the tall grasses, over which the wind blew and rolled off in long, shadowy waves.

Within this vast wigwam of blue and green I rode reckless and insignificant. It satisfied my small consciousness to see the white foam fly from the pony’s mouth.

Suddenly, out of the earth a coyote came forth at a swinging trot that was taking the cunning thief toward the hills and the village beyond. Upon the moment’s impulse, I gave him a long chase and a wholesome fright. As I turned away to go back to the village, the wolf sank down upon his haunches for rest, for it was a hot summer day; and as I drove slowly homeward, I saw his sharp nose still pointed at me, until I vanished below the margin of the hilltops.

In a little while I came in sight of my mother’s house. Dawée stood in the yard, laughing at an old warrior who was pointing his forefinger, and again waving his whole hand, toward the hills. With his blanket drawn over one shoulder, he talked and motioned excitedly. Dawée turned the old man by the shoulder and pointed me out to him.

“Oh, han!” (Oh, yes) the warrior muttered, and went his way. He had climbed the top of his favorite barren hill to survey the surrounding prairies, when he spied my chase after the coyote. His keen eyes recognized the pony and driver. At once uneasy for my safety, he had come running to my mother’s cabin to give her warning. I did not appreciate his kindly interest, for there was an unrest gnawing at my heart.

As soon as he went away, I asked Dawée about something else.

“No, my baby sister, I cannot take you with me to the party tonight,” he replied. Though I was not far from fifteen, and I felt that before long I should enjoy all the privileges of my tall cousin, Dawée persisted in calling me his baby sister.

That moonlight night, I cried in my mother's presence when I heard the jolly young people pass by our cottage. They were no more young braves in blankets and eagle plumes, nor Indian maids with prettily painted cheeks. They had gone three years to school in the East, and had become civilized. The young men wore the white man's coat and trousers, with bright neckties. The girls wore tight muslin dresses, with ribbons at neck and waist. At these gatherings they talked English. I could speak English almost as well as my brother, but I was not properly dressed to be taken along. I had no hat, no ribbons, and no close-fitting gown. Since my return from school I had thrown away my shoes, and wore again the soft moccasins.

While Dawée was busily preparing to go I controlled my tears. But when I heard him bounding away on his pony, I buried my face in my arms and cried hot tears.

My mother was troubled by my unhappiness. Coming to my side, she offered me the only printed matter we had in our home. It was an Indian Bible, given her some years ago by a missionary. She tried to console me. "Here, my child, are the white man's papers. Read a little from them," she said most piously.

I took it from her hand, for her sake; but my enraged spirit felt more like burning the book, which afforded me no help, and was a perfect delusion to my mother. I did not read it, but laid it unopened on the floor, where I sat on my feet. The dim yellow light of the braided muslin burning in a small vessel of oil flickered and sizzled in the awful silent storm which followed my rejection of the Bible.

Now my wrath against the fates consumed my tears before they reached my eyes. I sat stony, with a bowed head. My mother threw a shawl over her head and shoulders, and stepped out into the night.

After an uncertain solitude, I was suddenly aroused by a loud cry piercing the night. It was my mother's voice wailing among the barren hills which held the bones of buried warriors. She called aloud for her brothers' spirits to support her in her helpless misery. My fingers Grey icy cold, as I realized that my unrestrained tears had betrayed my suffering to her, and she was grieving for me.

Before she returned, though I knew she was on her way, for she had ceased her weeping, I extinguished the light, and leaned my head on the window sill.

Many schemes of running away from my surroundings hovered about in my mind. A few more moons of such a turmoil drove me away to the eastern school. I rode on the white man's iron steed, thinking it would bring me back to my mother in a few winters, when I should be grown tall, and there would be congenial friends awaiting me.

VII. INCURRING MY MOTHER'S DISPLEASURE.

In the second journey to the East I had not come without some precautions. I had a secret interview with one of our best medicine men, and when I left his wigwam I carried securely in my sleeve a tiny bunch of magic roots. This possession assured me of friends wherever I should go. So absolutely did I believe in its charms that I wore it through all the school routine for more than a year. Then, before I lost my faith in the dead roots, I lost the little buckskin bag containing all my good luck.

At the close of this second term of three years I was the proud owner of my first diploma. The following autumn I ventured upon a college career against my mother's will.

I had written for her approval, but in her reply I found no encouragement. She called my notice to her neighbors' children, who had completed their education in three years. They had returned to their homes, and were then talking English with the frontier settlers. Her few words hinted that I had better give up my slow attempt to learn the white man's ways, and be content to roam over the prairies and find my living upon wild roots. I silenced her by deliberate disobedience.

Thus, homeless and heavy-hearted, I began anew my life among strangers.

As I hid myself in my little room in the college dormitory, away from the scornful and yet curious eyes of the students, I pined for sympathy. Often I wept in secret, wishing I had gone West, to be nourished by my mother's love, instead of remaining among a cold race whose hearts were frozen hard with prejudice.

During the fall and winter seasons I scarcely had a real friend, though by that time several of my classmates were courteous to me at a safe distance.

My mother had not yet forgiven my rudeness to her, and I had no moment for letter-writing. By daylight and lamplight, I spun with reeds and thistles, until my hands were tired from their weaving, the magic design which promised me the white man's respect.

At length, in the spring term, I entered an oratorical contest among the various classes. As the day of competition approached, it did not seem possible that the event was so near at hand, but it came. In the chapel the classes assembled together, with their invited guests. The high platform was carpeted, and gaily festooned with college colors. A bright white light illumined the room, and outlined clearly the great polished beams that arched the domed ceiling. The assembled crowds filled the air with pulsating murmurs. When the hour for speaking arrived all were hushed. But on the wall the old clock which pointed out the trying moment ticked calmly on.

One after another I saw and heard the orators. Still, I could not realize that they longed for the favorable decision of the judges as much as I did. Each contestant received a loud burst of applause, and some were cheered heartily. Too soon my turn came, and I paused a moment behind the curtains for a deep breath. After my concluding words, I heard the same applause that the others had called out.

Upon my retreating steps, I was astounded to receive from my fellow-students a large bouquet of roses tied with flowing ribbons. With the lovely flowers I fled from the stage. This friendly token was a rebuke to me for the hard feelings I had borne them.

Later, the decision of the judges awarded me the first place. Then there was a mad uproar in the hall, where my classmates sang and shouted my name at the top of their lungs; and the disappointed students howled and brayed in fearfully dissonant tin trumpets. In this excitement, happy students rushed forward to offer their congratulations. And I could not conceal a smile when they wished to escort me in a procession to the students' parlor, where all were going to calm themselves. Thanking them for the kind spirit which prompted them to make such a proposition, I walked alone with the night to my own little room.

A few weeks afterward, I appeared as the college representative in another contest. This time the competition was among orators from different colleges in our State. It was held at the State capital, in one of the largest opera houses.

Here again was a strong prejudice against my people. In the evening, as the great audience filled the house, the student bodies began warring among themselves. Fortunately, I was spared witnessing any of the noisy wrangling before the contest began. The slurs against the Indian that stained the lips of our opponents were already burning like a dry fever within my breast.

But after the orations were delivered a deeper burn awaited me. There, before that vast ocean of eyes, some college rowdies threw out a large white flag, with a drawing of a most forlorn Indian girl on it. Under this they had printed in bold black letters words that ridiculed the college which was represented by a "squaw." Such worse than barbarian rudeness embittered me. While we waited for the verdict of the judges, I gleamed fiercely upon the throngs of palefaces. My teeth were hard set, as I saw the white flag still floating insolently in the air.

Then anxiously we watched the man carry toward the stage the envelope containing the final decision.

There were two prizes given, that night, and one of them was mine!

The evil spirit laughed within me when the white flag dropped out of sight, and the hands which hurled it hung limp in defeat.

Leaving the crowd as quickly as possible, I was soon in my room. The rest of the night I sat in an armchair and gazed into the crackling fire. I laughed no more in triumph when thus alone. The little taste of victory did not satisfy a hunger in my heart. In my mind I saw my mother far away on the Western plains, and she was holding a charge against me.

Contributors and Attributions

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14.9: “The Specialist’s Hat” by Kelly Link

W hen you’re Dead,” Samantha says, “you don’t have to brush your teeth . . .”

“When you’re Dead,” Claire says, “you live in a box, and it’s always dark, but you’re not ever afraid.”

Claire and Samantha are identical twins. Their combined age is twenty years, four months, and six days. Claire is better at being Dead than Samantha.

The babysitter yawns, covering up her mouth with a long white hand. “I said to brush your teeth and that it’s time for bed,” she says. She sits crosslegged on the flowered bedspread between them. She has been teaching them a card game called Pounce, which involves three decks of cards, one for each of them. Samantha’s deck is missing the Jack of Spades and the Two of Hearts, and Claire keeps on cheating. The babysitter wins anyway. There are still flecks of dried shaving cream and toilet paper on her arms. It is hard to tell how old she is—at first they thought she must be a grownup, but now she hardly looks older than they. Samantha has forgotten the babysitter’s name.

Claire’s face is stubborn. “When you’re Dead,” she says, “you stay up all night long.”

“When you’re dead,” the babysitter snaps, “it’s always very cold and damp, and you have to be very, very quiet or else the Specialist will get you.”

“This house is haunted,” Claire says.

“I know it is,” the babysitter says. “I used to live here.”

Something is creeping up the stairs,

Something is standing outside the door,

Something is sobbing, sobbing in the dark;

Something is sighing across the floor.

Claire and Samantha are spending the summer with their father, in the house called Eight Chimneys. Their mother is dead. She has been dead for exactly 282 days.

Their father is writing a history of Eight Chimneys and of the poet Charles Cheatham Rash, who lived here at the turn of the century, and who ran away to sea when he was thirteen, and returned when he was thirty-eight. He married, fathered a child, wrote three volumes of bad, obscure poetry, and an even worse and more obscure novel, *The One Who is Watching Me Through the Window*, before disappearing again in 1907, this time for good. Samantha and Claire’s father says that some of the poetry is actually quite readable and at least the novel isn’t very long.

When Samantha asked him why he was writing about Rash, he replied that no one else had and why didn’t she and Samantha go play outside. When she pointed out that she was Samantha, he just scowled and said how could he be expected to tell them apart when they both wore blue jeans and flannel shirts, and why couldn’t one of them dress all in green and the other in pink?

Claire and Samantha prefer to play inside. Eight Chimneys is as big as a castle, but dustier and darker than Samantha imagines a castle would be. There are more sofas, more china shepherdesses with chipped fingers, fewer suits of armor. No moat.

The house is open to the public, and, during the day, people— families—driving along the Blue Ridge Parkway will stop to tour the grounds and the first story; the third story belongs to Claire and Samantha. Sometimes they play explorers, and sometimes they follow the caretaker as he gives tours to visitors. After a few weeks, they have memorized his lecture, and they mouth it along with him. They help him sell postcards and copies of Rash’s poetry to the tourist families who come into the little gift shop.

When the mothers smile at them and say how sweet they are, they stare back and don’t say anything at all. The dim light in the house makes the mothers look pale and flickery and tired. They leave Eight Chimneys, mothers and families, looking not quite as real as they did before they paid their admissions, and of course Claire and Samantha will never see them again, so maybe they aren’t real. Better to stay inside the house, they want to tell the families, and if you must leave, then go straight to your cars.

The caretaker says the woods aren’t safe.

Their father stays in the library on the second story all morning, typing, and in the afternoon he takes long walks. He takes his pocket recorder along with him and a hip flask of Gentleman Jack, but not Samantha and Claire.

The caretaker of Eight Chimneys is Mr. Coeslak. His left leg is noticeably shorter than his right. He wears one stacked heel. Short black hairs grow out of his ears and his nostrils and there is no hair at all on top of his head, but he's given Samantha and Claire permis- sion to explore the whole of the house. It was Mr. Coeslak who told them that there are copperheads in the woods, and that the house is haunted. He says they are all, ghosts and snakes, a pretty bad tempered lot, and Samantha and Claire should stick to the marked trails, and stay out of the attic.

Mr. Coeslak can tell the twins apart, even if their father can't; Claire's eyes are grey, like a cat's fur, he says, but Samantha's are *gray*, like the ocean when it has been raining.

Samantha and Claire went walking in the woods on the second day that they were at Eight Chimneys. They saw something. Samantha thought it was a woman, but Claire said it was a snake. The staircase that goes up to the attic has been locked. They peeked through the keyhole, but it was too dark to see anything.

> *And so he had a wife, and they say she was real pretty. There was another man who wanted to go with her, and first she wouldn't, because she was afraid of her husband, and then she did. Her husband found out, and they say he killed a snake and got some of this snake's blood and put it in some whiskey and gave it to her. He had learned this from an island man who had been on a ship with him. And in about six months snakes created in her and they got between her meat and the skin. And they say you could just see them running up and down her legs. They say she was just hollow to the top of her body, and it kept on like that till she died. Now my daddy said he saw it.*
>
> —An Oral History of Eight Chimneys

Eight Chimneys is over two hundred years old. It is named for the eight chimneys that are each big enough that Samantha and Claire can both fit in one fireplace. The chimneys are red brick, and on each floor there are eight fireplaces, making a total of twenty-four. Samantha imagines the chimney stacks stretching like stout red tree trunks, all the way up through the slate roof of the house. Beside each fireplace is a heavy black firedog, and a set of wrought iron pokers shaped like snakes. Claire and Samantha pretend to duel with the snake-pokers before the fireplace in their bedroom on the third floor. Wind rises up the back of the chimney. When they stick their faces in, they can feel the air rushing damply upwards, like a river. The flue smells old and sooty and wet, like stones from a river.

Their bedroom was once the nursery. They sleep together in a poster bed which resembles a ship with four masts. It smells of mothballs, and Claire kicks in her sleep. Charles Cheatham Rash slept here when he was a little boy, and also his daughter. She disap- peared when her father did. It might have been gambling debts. They may have moved to New Orleans. She was fourteen years old, Mr. Coeslak said. What was her name, Claire asked. What happened to her mother, Samantha wanted to know. Mr. Coeslak closed his eyes in an almost wink. Mrs. Rash had died the year before her husband and daughter disappeared, he said, of a mysterious wasting disease. He can't remember the name of the poor little girl, he said.

Eight Chimneys has exactly one hundred windows, all still with the original wavery panes of handblown glass. With so many windows, Samantha thinks, Eight Chimneys should always be full of light, but instead the trees press close against the house, so that the rooms on the first and second story—even the third-story rooms—are green and dim, as if Samantha and Claire are living deep under the sea. This is the light that makes the tourists into ghosts. In the morning, and again towards evening, a fog settles in around the house. Sometimes it is grey like Claire's eyes, and sometimes it is gray, like Samantha's eyes.

> *I met a woman in the wood,*
>
> *Her lips were two red snakes.*
>
> *She smiled at me, her eyes were lewd*
>
> *And burning like a fire.*

A few nights ago, the wind was sighing in the nursery chimney. Their father had already tucked them in and turned off the light. Claire dared Samantha to stick her head into the fireplace, in the dark, and so she did. The cold wet air licked at her face and it almost sounded like voices talking low, muttering. She couldn't quite make out what they were saying.

Their father has mostly ignored Claire and Samantha since they arrived at Eight Chimneys. He never mentions their mother. One evening they heard him shouting in the library, and when they came downstairs, there was a large sticky stain on the desk, where a glass of whiskey had been knocked over. It was looking at me, he said, through the window. It had orange eyes.

Samantha and Claire refrained from pointing out that the library is on the second story.

At night, their father's breath has been sweet from drinking, and he is spending more and more time in the woods, and less in the library. At dinner, usually hot dogs and baked beans from a can, which they eat off of paper plates in the first floor dining room, beneath the Austrian chandelier (which has exactly 632 leaded crystals shaped like teardrops) their father recites the poetry of Charles Cheatham Rash, which neither Samantha nor Claire cares for.

He has been reading the ship diaries that Rash kept, and he says that he has discovered proof in them that Rash's most famous poem, "The Specialist's Hat," is not a poem at all, and in any case, Rash didn't write it. It is something that the one of the men on the whaler used to say, to conjure up a whale. Rash simply copied it down and stuck an end on it and said it was his.

The man was from Mulatuppu, which is a place neither Samantha nor Claire has ever heard of. Their father says that the man was supposed to be some sort of magician, but he drowned shortly before Rash came back to Eight Chimneys. Their father says that the other sailors wanted to throw the magician's chest overboard, but Rash persuaded them to let him keep it until he could be put ashore, with the chest, off the coast of North Carolina.

The specialist's hat makes a noise like an agouti;
The specialist's hat makes a noise like a collared peccary;
The specialist's hat makes a noise like a white-lipped peccary;
The specialist's hat makes a noise like a tapir;
The specialist's hat makes a noise like a rabbit;
The specialist's hat makes a noise like a squirrel;
The specialist's hat makes a noise like a curassow;
The specialist's hat moans like a whale in the water;
The specialist's hat moans like the wind in my wife's hair; *The specialist's hat makes a noise like a snake;*

I have hung the hat of the specialist upon my wall.

The reason that Claire and Samantha have a babysitter is that their father met a woman in the woods. He is going to see her tonight, and they are going to have a picnic supper and look at the stars. This is the time of year when the Perseids can be seen, falling across the sky on clear nights. Their father said that he has been walking with the woman every afternoon. She is a distant relation of Rash and besides, he said, he needs a night off and some grownup conversation.

Mr. Coeslak won't stay in the house after dark, but he agreed to find someone to look after Samantha and Claire. Then their father couldn't find Mr. Coeslak, but the babysitter showed up precisely at seven o'clock. The babysitter, whose name neither twin quite caught, wears a blue cotton dress with short floaty sleeves. Both Samantha and Claire think she is pretty in an old-fashioned sort of way.

They were in the library with their father, looking up Mulatuppu in the red leather atlas, when she arrived. She didn't knock on the front door, she simply walked in and then up the stairs, as if she knew where to find them.

Their father kissed them goodbye, a hasty smack, told them to be good and he would take them into town on the weekend to see the Disney film. They went to the window to watch as he walked into the woods. Already it was getting dark and there were fireflies, tiny yellow-hot sparks in the air. When their father had entirely disappeared into the trees, they turned around and stared at the babysitter instead. She raised one eyebrow. "Well," she said. "What sort of games do you like to play?"

Widdershins around the chimneys,
Once, twice, again.
The spokes click like a clock on the bicycle;

They tick down the days of the life of a man.

First they played Go Fish, and then they played Crazy Eights, and then they made the babysitter into a mummy by putting shaving cream from their father's bathroom on her arms and legs, and wrapping her in toilet paper. She is the best babysitter they have ever

had.

At nine-thirty, she tried to put them to bed. Neither Claire nor Samantha wanted to go to bed, so they began to play the Dead game. The Dead game is a let's pretend that they have been playing every day for 274 days now, but never in front of their father or any other adult. When they are Dead, they are allowed to do anything they want to. They can even fly by jumping off the nursery bed, and just waving their arms. Someday this will work, if they practice hard enough.

The Dead game has three rules.

One. Numbers are significant. The twins keep a list of important numbers in a green address book that belonged to their mother. Mr. Coeslak's tour has been a good source of significant amounts and tallies: they are writing a tragical history of numbers.

Two. The twins don't play the Dead game in front of grownups. They have been summing up the babysitter, and have decided that she doesn't count. They tell her the rules.

Three is the best and most important rule. When you are Dead, you don't have to be afraid of anything. Samantha and Claire aren't sure who the Specialist is, but they aren't afraid of him.

To become Dead, they hold their breath while counting to 35, which is as high as their mother got, not counting a few days.

"You never lived here," Claire says. "Mr. Coeslak lives here."

"Not at night," says the babysitter. "This was my bedroom when I was little."

"Really?" Samantha says. Claire says, "Prove it."

The babysitter gives Samantha and Claire a look, as if she is measuring them: how old, how smart, how brave, how tall. Then she nods. The wind is in the flue, and in the dim nursery light they can see the milky strands of fog seeping out of the fireplace. "Go stand in the chimney," she instructs them. "Stick your hand as far up as you can, and there is a little hole on the left side, with a key in it."

Samantha looks at Claire, who says, "Go ahead." Claire is fifteen minutes and some few uncounted seconds older than Samantha, and therefore gets to tell Samantha what to do. Samantha remembers the muttering voices and then reminds herself that she is Dead. She goes over to the fireplace and ducks inside.

When Samantha stands up in the chimney, she can only see the very edge of the room. She can see the fringe of the mothy blue rug, and one bed leg, and beside it, Claire's foot, swinging back and forth like a metronome. Claire's shoelace has come undone and there is a Band-Aid on her ankle. It all looks very pleasant and peaceful from inside the chimney, like a dream, and for a moment she almost wishes she didn't have to be Dead. But it's safer, really.

She sticks her left hand up as far as she can reach, trailing it along the crumbly wall, until she feels an indentation. She thinks about spiders and severed fingers, and rusty razorblades, and then she reaches inside. She keeps her eyes lowered, focused on the corner of the room and Claire's twitchy foot.

Inside the hole, there is a tiny cold key, its teeth facing outward. She pulls it out, and ducks back into the room. "She wasn't lying," she tells Claire.

"Of course I wasn't lying," the babysitter says. "When you're Dead, you're not allowed to tell lies."

"Unless you want to," Claire says.

> *Dreary and dreadful beats the sea at the shore. Ghastly and dripping is the mist at the door.*
> *The clock in the hall is chiming one, two, three, four.*
>
> *The morning comes not, no, never, no more.*

Samantha and Claire have gone to camp for three weeks every summer since they were seven. This year their father didn't ask them if they wanted to go back and, after discussing it, they decided that it was just as well. They didn't want to have to explain to all their friends how they were half-orphans now. They are used to being envied, because they are identical twins. They don't want to be pitiful.

It has not even been a year, but Samantha realizes that she is forgetting what her mother looked like. Not her mother's face so much as the way she smelled, which was something like dry hay and something like Chanel No. 5, and like something else too. She can't

remember whether her mother had gray eyes, like her, or grey eyes, like Claire. She doesn't dream about her mother anymore, but she does dream about Prince Charming, a bay whom she once rode in the horse show at her camp. In the dream, Prince Charming did not smell like a horse at all. He smelled like Chanel No. 5. When she is Dead, she can have all the horses she wants, and they all smell like Chanel No. 5.

"Where does the key go to?" Samantha says.

The babysitter holds out her hand. "To the attic. You don't really need it, but taking the stairs is easier than the chimney. At least the first time."

"Aren't you going to make us go to bed?" Claire says.

The babysitter ignores Claire. "My father used to lock me in the attic when I was little, but I didn't mind. There was a bicycle up there and I used to ride it around and around the chimneys until my mother let me out again. Do you know how to ride a bicycle?"

"Of course," Claire says.

"If you ride fast enough, the Specialist can't catch you."

"What's the Specialist?" Samantha says. Bicycles are okay, but horses can go faster.

"The Specialist wears a hat," says the babysitter. "The hat makes noises."

She doesn't say anything else.

When you're dead, the grass is greener

Over your grave. The wind is keener.

Your eyes sink in, your flesh decays. You

Grow accustomed to slowness; expect delays.

The attic is somehow bigger and lonelier than Samantha and Claire thought it would be. The babysitter's key opens the locked door at the end of the hallway, revealing a narrow set of stairs. She waves them ahead and upwards.

It isn't as dark in the attic as they had imagined. The oaks that block the light and make the first three stories so dim and green and mysterious during the day, don't reach all the way up. Extravagant moonlight, dusty and pale, streams in the angled dormer windows. It lights the length of the attic, which is wide enough to hold a soft- ball game in, and lined with trunks where Samantha imagines people could sit, could be hiding and watching. The ceiling slopes down, impaled upon the eight thickwaisted chimney stacks. The chimneys seem too alive, somehow, to be contained in this empty, neglected place; they thrust almost angrily through the roof and attic floor. In the moonlight they look like they are breathing. "They're so beautiful," she says.

"Which chimney is the nursery chimney?" Claire says.

The babysitter points to the nearest righthand stack. "That one," she says. "It runs up through the ballroom on the first floor, the library, the nursery."

Hanging from a nail on the nursery chimney is a long black object. It looks lumpy and heavy, as if it were full of things. The babysitter takes it down, twirls it on her finger. There are holes in the black thing and it whistles mournfully as she spins it. "The Specialist's hat," she says.

"That doesn't look like a hat," says Claire. "It doesn't look like anything at all." She goes to look through the boxes and trunks that are stacked against the far wall.

"It's a special hat," the babysitter says. "It's not supposed to look like anything. But it can sound like anything you can imagine. My father made it."

"Our father writes books," Samantha says.

"My father did too." The babysitter hangs the hat back on the nail. It curls blackly against the chimney. Samantha stares at it. It nickers at her. "He was a bad poet, but he was worse at magic."

Last summer, Samantha wished more than anything that she could have a horse. She thought she would have given up anything for one—even being a twin was not as good as having a horse. She still doesn't have a horse, but she doesn't have a mother either, and she can't help wondering if it's her fault. The hat nickers again, or maybe it is the wind in the chimney.

"What happened to him?" Claire asks.

"After he made the hat, the Specialist came and took him away. I hid in the nursery chimney while it was looking for him, and it didn't find me."

"Weren't you scared?"

There is a clattering, shivering, clicking noise. Claire has found the babysitter's bike and is dragging it towards them by the handlebars. The babysitter shrugs. "Rule number three," she says.

Claire snatches the hat off the nail. "I'm the Specialist!" she says, putting the hat on her head. It falls over her eyes, the floppy shape- less brim sewn with little asymmetrical buttons that flash and catch at the moonlight like teeth. Samantha looks again and sees that they are teeth. Without counting, she suddenly knows that there are exactly fifty-two teeth on the hat, and that they are the teeth of agoutis, of curassows, of white-lipped peccaries, and of the wife of Charles Cheatham Rash. The chimneys are moaning, and Claire's voice booms hollowly beneath the hat. "Run away, or I'll catch you. I'll eat you!"

Samantha and the babysitter run away, laughing as Claire mounts the rusty, noisy bicycle and pedals madly after them. She rings the bicycle bell as she rides, and the Specialist's hat bobs up and down on her head. It spits like a cat. The bell is shrill and thin, and the bike wails and shrieks. It leans first towards the right and then to the left. Claire's knobby knees stick out on either side like makeshift counterweights.

Claire weaves in and out between the chimneys, chasing Samantha and the babysitter. Samantha is slow, turning to look behind. As Claire approaches, she keeps one hand on the handlebars and stretches the other hand out towards Samantha. Just as she is about to grab Samantha, the babysitter turns back and plucks the hat off Claire's head.

"Shit!" the babysitter says, and drops it. There is a drop of blood forming on the fleshy part of the babysitter's hand, black in the moonlight, where the Specialist's hat has bitten her.

Claire dismounts, giggling. Samantha watches as the Specialist's hat rolls away. It picks up speed, veering across the attic floor, and disappears, thumping down the stairs. "Go get it," Claire says. "You can be the Specialist this time."

"No," the babysitter says, sucking at her palm. "It's time for bed."

When they go down the stairs, there is no sign of the Specialist's hat. They brush their teeth, climb into the ship-bed, and pull the covers up to their necks. The babysitter sits between their feet. "When you're Dead," Samantha says, "do you still get tired and have to go to sleep? Do you have dreams?"

"When you're Dead," the babysitter says, "everything's a lot easier. You don't have to do anything that you don't want to. You don't have to have a name, you don't have to remember. You don't even have to breathe."

She shows them exactly what she means.

When she has time to think about it, (and now she has all the time in the world to think) Samantha realizes with a small pang that she is now stuck indefinitely between ten and eleven years old, stuck with Claire and the babysitter. She considers this. The number 10 is pleasing and round, like a beach ball, but all in all, it hasn't been an easy year. She wonders what 11 would have been like. Sharper, like needles maybe. She has chosen to be Dead, instead. She hopes that she's made the right decision. She wonders if her mother would have decided to be Dead, instead of dead, if she could have.

Last year they were learning fractions in school, when her mother died. Fractions remind Samantha of herds of wild horses, piebalds and pintos and palominos. There are so many of them, and they are, well, fractious and unruly. Just when you think you have one under control, it throws up its head and tosses you off. Claire's favorite number is 4, which she says is a tall, skinny boy. Samantha doesn't care for boys that much. She likes numbers. Take the number 8 for instance, which can be more than one thing at once. Looked at one way, 8 looks like a bent woman with curvy hair. But if you lay it down on its side, it looks like a snake curled with its tail in its mouth. This is sort of like the difference between being Dead, and being dead. Maybe when Samantha is tired of one, she will try the other.

On the lawn, under the oak trees, she hears someone calling her name. Samantha climbs out of bed and goes to the nursery window. She looks out through the wavy glass. It's Mr. Coeslak. "Samantha, Claire!" he calls up to her. "Are you all right? Is your father there?" Samantha can almost see the moonlight shining through him. "They're always locking me in the tool room. Goddamn spooky things," he says. "Are you there, Samantha? Claire? Girls?"

The babysitter comes and stands beside Samantha. The babysitter puts her finger to her lip. Claire's eyes glitter at them from the dark bed. Samantha doesn't say anything, but she waves at Mr. Coeslak. The babysitter waves too. Maybe he can see them waving, because after a little while he stops shouting and goes away. "Be careful," the babysitter says. "*He'll* be coming soon. It will be coming soon."

She takes Samantha's hand, and leads her back to the bed, where Claire is waiting. They sit and wait. Time passes, but they don't get tired, they don't get any older.

> *Who's there?*
>
> *Just air*.

The front door opens on the first floor, and Samantha, Claire, and the babysitter can hear someone creeping, creeping up the stairs. "Be quiet," the babysitter says. "It's the Specialist."

Samantha and Claire are quiet. The nursery is dark and the wind crackles like a fire in the fireplace.

"Claire, Samantha, Samantha, Claire?" The Specialist's voice is blurry and wet. It sounds like their father's voice, but that's because the hat can imitate any noise, any voice. "Are you still awake?"

"Quick," the babysitter says. "It's time to go up to the attic and hide."

Claire and Samantha slip out from under the covers and dress quickly and silently. They follow her. Without speech, without breathing, she pulls them into the safety of the chimney. It is too dark to see, but they understand the babysitter perfectly when she mouths the word, *Up*. She goes first, so they can see where the finger-holds are, the bricks that jut out for their feet. Then Claire. Samantha watches her sister's foot ascend like smoke, the shoelace still untied.

"Claire? Samantha? Goddammit, you're scaring me. Where are you?" The Specialist is standing just outside the half-open door. "Samantha? I think I've been bitten by something. I think I've been bitten by a goddamn snake." Samantha hesitates for only a second. Then she is climbing up, up, up the nursery chimney.

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