READING 5

INSTRUCTOR:
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Contents of This course

Coursebook – Northstar 5 Reading and Writing

Extra Reading

Reference books

Tests

Pre-course test

Link

https://forms.gle/bA3JFfVavw1eHUWe7

Time allotted

30 minutes

Requirements

Read the texts carefully
Do not use the dictionary or ask anyone else to help you

01

LESSON 1

UNIT 1

NEUROSCIENCE AND EMPATHY

Keep your responses in mind as you read "Do Motor Neurons Give Us Empathy?"—an interview with a neuroscientist from the University of California.

DO MIRROR NEURONS GIVE US EMPATHY?

(*Greater Good Magazine*, Berkeley; March 29, 2012)

By Jason Marsh

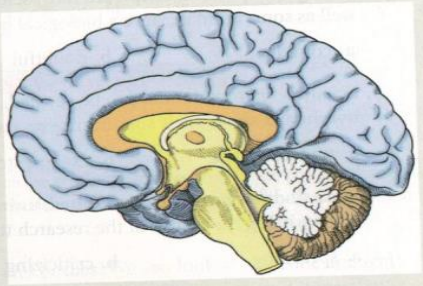
1 Did you ever have that sensation where you're watching someone do something—serve a tennis ball, say, or get pricked by a needle—and you can just feel exactly what they must be feeling, as if you were in their shoes? Scientists have long wondered why we get that feeling, and more than two decades ago, a team of Italian researchers thought they stumbled on an answer. While observing monkeys' brains, they noticed that certain cells activated both when a monkey performed an action and when that monkey watched another monkey perform the same action. "Mirror neurons" were discovered.

2 Since that time, mirror neurons have been **hailed** as a key to human **empathy**, language, and other vital processes. But there has also been something of a mirror neuron backlash,[1] with some scientists suggesting that the importance of mirror neurons has been exaggerated.

[1] **backlash:** a reaction against recent events or trends

(continued on next page)

3 V.S. Ramachandran has been one of mirror neurons' most ardent scientific champions. Ramachandran (known as "Rama" to friends and colleagues), a distinguished professor of neuroscience at the University of California, San Diego, **conducted** early research on mirror neurons; he has since called them "the basis of civilization" in a TED[2] talk and defended their significance in his recent book *The Tell-Tale Brain*. "I don't think they're being exaggerated," he said a few days ago. "I think they're being played down, actually."



4 **Jason Marsh:** First, could you explain a little bit about what mirror neurons are and how they were discovered?

5 **V.S. Ramachandran:** Well, basically Giacomo Rizzolatti and Vittorio Gallese and some of their colleagues in Italy discovered mirror neurons. They found these neurons in the frontal lobes of the brain—the pre-frontal areas of the brain—among what were originally found as motor command neurons. These neurons fire when I reach out and grab a peanut; there is another set of neurons which fire when I reach out and pull a lever, and other neurons when I'm pushing something, or hitting something. These are regular motor command neurons, **orchestrating** a sequence of muscle twitches that allow me to reach out and grab something or do some other action. A subset[3] of these neurons also fires when I simply watch another person—watch you reach out and do exactly the same action. So, these neurons are performing a virtual reality **simulation** of your mind, your brain. Therefore, they're constructing a theory of your mind—of your intention—which is important for all kinds of social interaction.

6 **JM:** So you've talked about the role of mirror neurons in motor skills. I wonder if you could elaborate on the role of mirror neurons in **affective** experiences, in emotional experiences.

7 **VR:** All I know is they are involved in empathy for, say, touch or a gentle caress or pain. For example, pretend somebody pokes my left thumb with a needle. We know that the insular cortex fires cells, and we experience a painful sensation. The agony of pain is probably experienced in a region called the anterior cingulate, where there are cells that respond to pain. The next stage in pain processing, we experience the agony, the painfulness, the affective quality of pain.

8 It turns out these anterior cingulate neurons that respond to my thumb being poked will also fire when I watch you being poked—but only a subset of them. So, these mirror neurons are probably involved in empathy for pain. If I really and truly empathize with your pain, I need to experience it myself. That's what the mirror neurons are doing, allowing me to empathize with your pain—saying, in effect, that person is experiencing the same agony and excruciating pain as you would if somebody were to poke you with a needle directly. That's the basis of all empathy.

9 **JM:** From your perspective, what do you think are some of the biggest misconceptions around mirror neurons—speculations that have yet to actually be **validated** by science?

10 **VR:** Well, I think as with any new scientific discovery, initially people are very **skeptical.** When people discovered that these neurons do exist, and that they exist in humans, then people **went overboard** and said they do everything.

11 One of the things I argue, and others have argued, is that mirror neurons are important in **transmitting** skills from generation to generation. I need to put myself in your shoes to observe what you're doing and to imitate it accurately. Mirror neurons are important in that.

12 **JM:** Right, and that's what culture's about—the transmission of those learned skills.

13 **VR:** Exactly. That's one of the proposals I made. But if that were true, if they were responsible for all that transmission of skills and culture, monkeys should be very good at those things because they have mirror neurons. So, clearly mirror neurons provide the substrate[4] for those skills, and maybe there are more sophisticated mirror neurons in humans than in monkeys, but they're not responsible by themselves. Those kinds of errors are quite common, but that's okay.

14 **JM:** Why do you say it's okay?

15 **VR:** It's how science progresses. People make overstatements and then correct them.

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[2] **TED (TED.com):** a website run by a non-profit organization offering free viewing of talks on "ideas worth spreading" by well-known innovative thinkers

[3] **subset:** a set that is part of a larger set

[4] **substrate:** a layer under another layer

MAIN IDEAS

Work with a partner. Read all the statements and circle the three that represent the main ideas of Reading One. Discuss the reasons for your choices.

1. Mirror neurons are a biological basis for empathy.
2. Some scientists feel that the role of mirror neurons has been exaggerated.
3. Mirror neurons are responsible for the transmission of culture.
4. Mirror neurons help us transmit motor skills by imitation.
5. It is inevitable that when a new discovery is made scientists can underestimate or overestimate its significance.

DETAILS

Complete the sentences by matching the information in the given columns.

a.	1. Motor neurons fire when you perform an action yourself, some neurons (called “mirror” neurons) fire when…	a. You have affective experiences
b.	2. They are called mirror neurons because…	b. Researchers make errors and correct them
c.	3. Scientists first discovered mirror neurons when…	c. They were working with monkeys in Italy
d.	4. Mirror neurons have a role when you observe motor skills and…	d. The brain seems to reflect the movement or feeling it sees
e.	5. When most people see someone experience pain, their mirror neurons fire and…	e. Monkeys also have mirror neurons but do not transmit culture
f.	6. Mirror neurons do not tell the whole story of cultural transmission across generations because…	f. You see someone else do the same thing
g.	7. Science make progress as…	g. They can ”feel” the other person’s pain

Extra Reading

Here is the link to your extra reading:
https://forms.gle/5T5qhU24mq7QaTNH6

02

LESSON 2

UNIT 2

LIES AND TRUTH

LOOKING FOR THE LIE

(New York Times Magazine)

By Robin Marantz Henig

1 When people hear that I'm writing an article about deception, they're quick to tell me how to catch a liar. Liars always look to the left, several friends say; liars always cover their mouths, says a man sitting next to me on a plane. Beliefs about lying are plentiful and often contradictory: depending on whom you choose to believe, liars can be detected because they fidget a lot, hold very still, cross their legs, cross their arms, look up, look down, make eye contact, or fail to make eye contact. Freud thought anyone could **spot deception** by paying close enough attention, since the liar, he wrote, "chatters with his fingertips; **betrayal** oozes out of him at every pore." Nietzsche wrote that "the mouth may lie, but the face it makes nonetheless tells the truth."

2 The idea that liars are easy to spot is still with us. Just last month, Charles Bond, a psychologist at Texas Christian University, reported that among 2,520 adults surveyed in 63 countries, more than 70 percent believe that liars avert their gazes.[1] The majority believe that liars squirm, stutter, touch or scratch themselves or tell longer stories than usual. The liar stereotype exists in just about every culture, Bond wrote, and its persistence "would be less puzzling if we had more reason

[1] **avert their gazes:** look away

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to imagine that it was true." What is true, instead, is that there are as many ways to lie as there are liars; there's no such thing as a dead giveaway.[2]

3 Most people think they're good at spotting liars, but studies show otherwise. A very small minority of people, probably fewer than 5 percent, seem to have some innate ability to sniff out deception with accuracy. But, in general, even professional lie-catchers, like judges and customs officials, perform, when tested, at a level not much better than chance. In other words, even the experts would have been right almost as often if they had just flipped a coin. Most of the mechanical devices now available, like the polygraph, detect not the lie but anxiety about the lie. The polygraph measures physiological responses to stress, like increases in blood pressure, respiration rate and electrodermal skin response. So it can miss the most dangerous liars: the ones who don't care that they're lying or have been trained to lie. It can also miss liars with nothing to lose if they're detected, the true believers willing to die for the cause.

4 Serious lies can have a range of motives and implications. They can be **malicious**, like lying about a rival's behavior in order to get him fired, or merely strategic, like not telling your wife about your mistress. Not every one of them is a lie that needs to be uncovered. "We humans are active, creative mammals who can represent what exists as if it did not and what doesn't exist as if it did," wrote David Nyberg, a visiting scholar at Bowdoin College, in *The Varnished Truth*. "Concealment, obliqueness, silence, **outright** lying—all help to keep Nemesis at bay[3]; all help us abide too-large helpings of reality." Learning to lie is an important part of maturation. What makes a child able to tell lies, usually at about age 3 or 4, is that he has begun developing a theory of mind, the idea that what goes on in his head is different from what goes on in other people's heads.

5 Deception is, after all, one trait associated with the evolution of higher intelligence. According to the Machiavellian[4] Intelligence Hypothesis, developed by Richard Byrne and Andrew Whiten, two Scottish primatologists at the University of St. Andrews in Fife, the more social a species, the more intelligent it is. This hypothesis holds that as social interactions became more and more complex, our primate ancestors evolved so they could engage in the trickery, manipulation, skullduggery,[5] and sleight of hand[6] needed to live in larger social groups, which helped them to avoid predators and survive.

6 "All of a sudden, the idea that intelligence began in social manipulation, deceit, and **cunning** cooperation seems to explain everything we had always puzzled about," Byrne and Whiten wrote. In 2004, Byrne and another colleague, Nadia Corp, looked at the brains and behavior of 18 primate species and found **empirical** support for the hypothesis: the bigger the neocortex, the more deceptive the behavior.

7 "Lying is just so ordinary, so much a part of our everyday lives and everyday conversations, that we hardly notice it," said Bella DePaulo, a psychologist at the University of California, Santa Barbara. "And in many cases it would be more difficult, challenging and stressful for people to tell the truth than to lie."

8 DePaulo said that her research led her to believe that not all lying is bad, that it often serves a perfectly respectable purpose; in fact, it is sometimes a nobler, or at least kinder, option than telling the truth. "I call them kindhearted lies, the lies you tell to protect someone else's life or feelings," DePaulo said. A kindhearted lie is when a genetic counselor says nothing when she happens to find out, during a straightforward test for birth defects, that a man could not have possibly fathered his wife's new baby. It's when a neighbor lies about hiding a Jewish family in Nazi-occupied Poland. It's when a doctor tells a terminally ill patient that the new chemotherapy might work. And it's when a mother tells her daughter that nothing bad will ever happen to her.

9 The Federal government has been supporting research recently to look for machines that detect the brain tracings of deception. But the **quest** might be doomed to failure, since it might turn out to be all but impossible to tell which tracings are signatures of truly dangerous lies, and which are the images of lies that are harmless and kindhearted, or self-serving without being dangerous. Alternatively, the quest could turn out to be more successful than we really want, generating instruments that can detect deception not only as an antiterrorism device but also in situations that have little to do with national security: job interviews, tax audits, classrooms, boardrooms, bedrooms.

10 But it would be destabilizing indeed to be stripped of the half-truths and **delusions** on which social life depends. As the great physician-essayist Lewis Thomas once wrote, a **foolproof** lie-detection device would turn our quotidian lives upside down: "Before long, we would stop speaking to each other, television would be abolished as a habitual felon, politicians would be confined by house arrest and civilization would come to a standstill." It would be a mistake to bring such a device too rapidly to market, before considering what might happen not only if it didn't work—which is the kind of risk we are accustomed to thinking about—but also what might happen if it did. Worse than living in a world **plagued by** uncertainty, in which we can never know for sure who is lying to whom, might be to live in a world plagued by its opposite: certainty about where the lies are, thus forcing us to tell one another nothing but the truth.

DETAILS

DETAILS

Read each statement. Decide if it is **T** (true) or **F** (false) according to the reading. If it is false, change it to make it true. Discuss your answers with a partner.

_____ **1.** Most people believe that liars avert their glances.

_____ **2.** About 20% of people have a natural ability to detect liars.

_____ **3.** Psychologists are better than ordinary people at detecting liars.

_____ **4.** Polygraphs can detect lies.

_____ **5.** Some experts like David Nyberg and Bella DePaulo think that lying is a necessary way for us to cope with reality.

_____ **6.** According to the Machiavellian Intelligence Hypothesis, intelligence evolved in order to increase the ability to deceive.

_____ **7.** Learning to lie is a sign that something has gone wrong in a child's development.

_____ **8.** Many experts believe that people would feel more secure if everyday lies were uncovered.

_____ **9.** According to the article, doctors shouldn't lie to their patients and parents should never lie to their children.

_____ **10.** An antiterrorism device could also detect lies told at work, school, and home.

_____ **11.** Lewis Thomas was an advocate for a foolproof lie-detection device.

Extra Reading

Here is the link to your extra reading:
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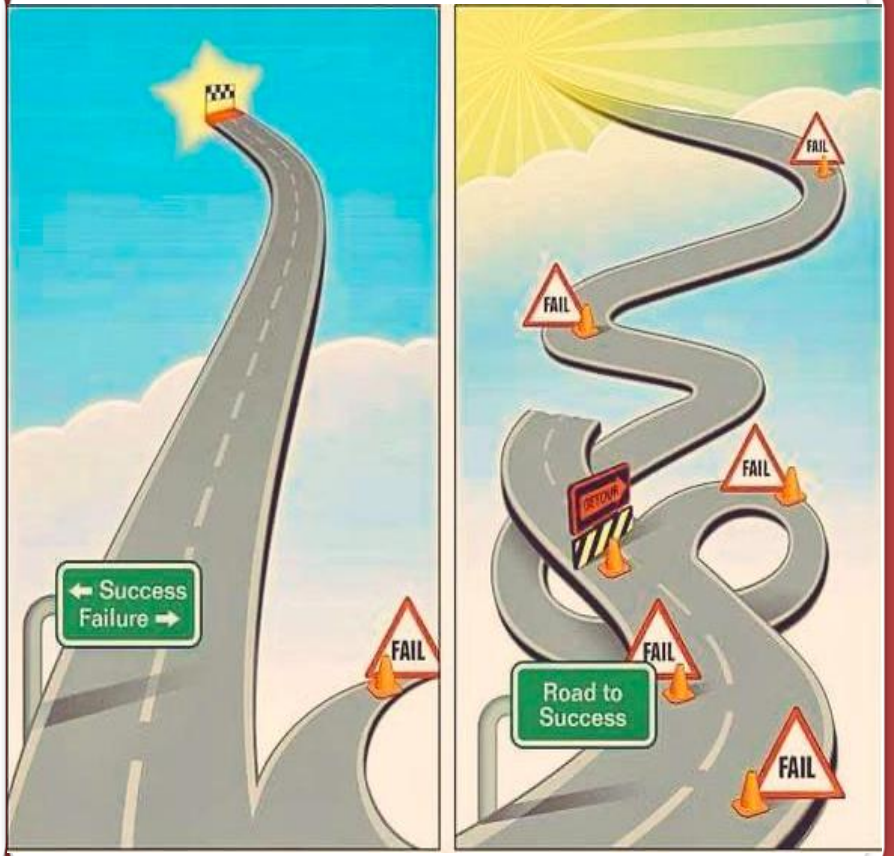
UNIT 3

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS



GOTTA DANCE[1]

BY JACKSON JODIE DAVISS

1 Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned it to anyone. Before I knew it, it was all through the family, and they'd all made it their business to challenge me. I wouldn't tell them my plan, other than to say I was leaving, but that was enough to set them off. Uncle Mike called from Oregon to say, "Katie, don't do it," and I wouldn't have hung up on him except that he added, "Haven't you caused enough disappointment?" That did it. Nine people had already told me no, and Uncle Mike lit the fire under me[2] when he made it ten. Nine-eight-seven-six-five-four-three-two-one. Kaboom.

2 On my way to the bus station, I stopped by the old house. I still had my key, and I knew no one was home. After ducking my head into each room, including my old one, just to be sure I was alone, I went into my brother's room and set my duffel bag and myself on his bed.

3 The blinds were shut so the room was **dim**, but I looked around at all the things I knew by heart and welcomed the softening effect of the low light. I sat there a very long time in the silence until I began to think I might never rise from that bed or come out of that gray light, so I pushed myself to my feet. I eased off my sneakers and pushed the rug aside so I could have some polished floor, then I pulled the door shut.

4 Anyone passing in the hall outside might've heard a soft sound, a gentle sweeping sound, maybe a creak of the floor, but not much more as I danced a very soft shoe[3] in my stocking feet. Arms outstretched but loose and swaying, head laid back and to one side, like falling asleep, eyes very nearly closed in that room like twilight, I danced to the beat of my heart.

5 After a while, I straightened the rug, opened the blinds to the bright day, and walked out of what was now just another room without him in it. He was the only one I said good-bye to, and the only one I asked to come with me, if he could.

6 At the bus station, I asked the guy for a ticket to the nearest city of some size. Most of them are far apart in the Midwest, and I liked the idea of those long rides with time to think. I like buses—the long-haul kind, anyway—because they're so public that they're private. I also like the **pace**, easing you out of one place before easing you into[4] the next, no big jolts to your system.[5]

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7 My bus had very few people in it and the long ride was uneventful, except when the little boy threw his hat out the window. The mother got upset, but the kid was happy. He clearly hated that hat; I'd seen him come close to launching it twice before he finally let fly. The thing sailed in a beautiful arc, then settled on a fence post, a ringer, just the way you never can do it when you try. The woman asked the driver if he'd mind going back for the hat. He said he'd mind. So the woman stayed upset and the kid stayed happy. I liked her well enough, but the boy was maybe the most annoying kid I've come across, so I didn't offer him the money to buy a hat he and his mother could agree on. Money would have been no problem. Money has never been my problem.

8 There are some who say money is precisely my problem, in that I give it so little thought. I don't own much. I lose things all the time. I'm told I dress lousy. I'm told, too, that I have no appreciation of money because I've never had to do without it. That may be true. But even if it is, it's not all there is to say about a person.

9 There is one thing I do well, and money didn't buy it, couldn't have bought it for me. I am one fine dancer. I can dance like nobody you've ever seen. Heck, I can dance like everybody you've ever seen. I didn't take lessons, not the usual kind, because I'm a natural, but I've worn out a few sets of tapes and a VCR. I'd watch Gene Kelly and practice until I had his steps. Watch Fred Astaire, practice, get his steps. I practice all the time. Bill Robinson. Eleanor Powell. Donald O'Connor. Ginger Rogers. You know, movie dancers. I'm a movie dancer. I don't dance in the movies though. Never have. Who does, anymore? I dance where and when I can.

10 My many and vocal relatives don't think much, have never thought much, of my dancing—largely, I believe, because they are not dancers themselves. To be honest, they don't think much of anything I do, not since I left the path they'd set for me, and that's been most of my 23 years. These people, critical of achievement they don't understand, without praise for talents and dreams or the elegant risk, are terrified of being left behind but haven't the grace to come along in spirit.

11 Mutts and I talked a lot about that. He was a family exception, as I am, and he thought whatever I did was more than fine. He was my brother, and I **backed** everything he did, too. He played blues harmonica. He told bad jokes. We did have plans. His name was Ronald, but everyone's called him Mutts since he was a baby. No one remembers why. He never got his chance to fly, and I figure if I don't do this now, I maybe never will. I need to do it for both of us.

12 The bus depot was crowded and crummy, like most city depots seem to be. I stored my bag in a locker, bought a paper, and headed for where the bright lights would be. I carried my tap shoes and tape player.

13 When I reached the area I wanted, it was still early, so I looked for a place to wait. I

found a clean diner, with a big front window, where I could read the paper and watch for the lines to form. I told the waitress I wanted a large cup of coffee before ordering. After half an hour or so, she brought another refill and asked if I was ready. She was kind and patient, and I wondered what she was doing in the job. It seems like nothing **takes it out of you** like waitress work. She was young; maybe that was it. I asked her what was good, and she recommended the baked chicken special and said it was what she had on her break. That's what I had, and she was right, but I only picked at[6] it. I wanted something for energy, but I didn't want to court a side-ache, so the only thing I really ate was the salad. She brought an extra dinner roll and stayed as pleasant the whole time I was there, which was the better part of two hours, so I put down a good tip when I left.

14 While I was in the diner, a truly gaunt[7] young man came in. He ordered only soup, but he ate it like he'd been hungry a long time. He asked politely for extra crackers, and the waitress gave them to him. When he left, he was full of baked chicken special with an extra dinner roll. He wouldn't take a loan. Pride, maybe, or maybe he didn't believe I could **spare** it, and I didn't want to be sitting in a public place pushing the idea that I had plenty of money. Maybe I don't know the value of money, but I do know what **discretion** is worth. The guy was **reluctant** even to take the chicken dinner, but I convinced him that if he didn't eat it, nobody would. He reminded me of Mutts, except that Mutts had never been hungry like that.

15 When the lines were forming, I started on over. While I waited, I watched the people. There were some kids on the street, dressed a lot like me in my worn jeans, faded turtleneck, and jersey warm-up jacket. They were working the crowd like their hopes amounted to spare change.[8] The theater patrons waiting in line were dressed to the nines,[9] as they say. There is something that makes the well-dressed not look at the shabby. Maybe it's guilt. Maybe it's embarrassment because, relatively, they're overdressed. I don't know. I do know it makes it easy to study them in detail. Probably makes them easy marks[10] for pickpockets, too. The smell of them was rich: warm wool, sweet spice and alcohol, peppermint and shoe polish. I thought I saw Mutts at the other edge of the crowd, just for a moment, but I remembered he couldn't be.

16 I was wearing my sneakers, carrying my taps. They're slickery[11] black shoes that answer me back. They're among the few things I've bought for myself, and I keep them shiny. I sat on the curb and changed my shoes. I tied the sneakers together and draped them over my shoulder.

17 I turned on my tape player, and the first of my favorite show tunes began as I got to my feet. I waited a few beats, but no one paid attention until I started to dance. My first taps rang off the concrete clear and clean, measured, a telegraphed message: Takkatakka-takka-tak! Takka-takka-takka-tak! Takkatakka-takka-tak-tak-tak! I paused; everyone turned.

18 I tapped an oh-so-easy, wait-a-minute time-step while I lifted the sneakers from around

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my neck. I gripped the laces in my right hand and gave the shoes a couple of overhead, bola-style swings, tossing them to land beside the tape player, neat as you please. I didn't **miss a beat.** The audience liked it. I knew they would. Then I let the rhythm take me, and I started to fly. Everything **came together.** I had no weight, no worries, just the sweet, solid beat. Feets, do your stuff.[12]

19 Didn't I dance. And wasn't I smooth. Quick taps and slow-rolling, jazz it, swing it, on the beat, off the beat, out of one tune right into the next and the next, and I never took one break. It was a chill of a night, but didn't I sweat, didn't that jacket just have to come off. Didn't I feel the solid jar to the backbone from the heavy heel steps, and the pump of my heart on the beat on the beat.

20 Time passed. I danced. A sandy-haired man came out of the theater. He looked confused. He said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, curtain in five minutes." I'm sure that's what he said. Didn't I dance and didn't they all stay. The sandy-haired man, he was tall and slim and he looked like a dancer. Didn't he stay, too.

21 Every move I knew, I made, every step I learned, I took, until the tape had run out, until they set my rhythm with the clap of their hands, until the sweet sound of the overture drifted out, until I knew for certain they had held the curtain for want of an audience. Then I did my knock-down, drag-out, could-you-just-die, great big Broadway-baby finish.

22 Didn't they applaud, oh honey, didn't they yell, and didn't they throw money. I dug coins from my own pockets and dropped them, too, leaving it all for the street kids. Wasn't the slender man with the sandy hair saying, "See me after the show"? I'm almost sure that's what he said as I gripped my tape recorder, grabbed my sneakers, my jacket, and ran away, ran with a plan and a purpose, farther with each step from my beginnings and into the world, truly heading home.

23 The blood that drummed in my ears set the rhythm as I ran, ran easy, taps ringing off the pavement, on the beat, on the beat, on the beat. Everything was pounding, but I had to make the next bus, that I knew, catch that bus and get on to the next town, and the next, and the next, and the next. Funeral tomorrow, but Mutts will not be there, no, and neither will I. I'm on tour.

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[2] **Feets, do your stuff:** Feet, start dancing.

DETAILS

Circle the correct answer to each question. Then compare your answers with a partner's.

1. How would you describe the attitude of the majority of Katie's family?
   a. They were critical of Katie's desire to be a dancer.
   b. They encouraged her risk-taking.
   c. They were very supportive of all her plans.

2. Which statement is not true of Mutts's life and death?
   a. He loved playing the blues.
   b. He died before he could realize his dream.
   c. His sister was very upset at his funeral.

3. Which of the following did Katie do before setting out for the bus depot?
   a. She went straight to her brother's room after entering her old house.
   b. She danced a soft shoe in her brother's room to the beat of a jazz album.
   c. She danced with a lot of emotion in her brother's room knowing full well that no one else was in the house.

4. Which one of Katie's ideas must she re-evaluate as a result of her experiences?
   a. The pace of a long bus trip allows her time for reflection.
   b. Waiters and waitresses are generally impatient and unkind.
   c. Bus depots are usually dirty and packed with a lot of people.

5. What did Katie observe when she was in the bus?
   a. On his third attempt, the boy succeeded in throwing his hat out the window.
   b. The boy showed his perfect aim when his hat landed on a fence post.
   c. The bus driver responded to the mother with a great deal of compassion.

6. Why did Katie go to the diner?
   a. She needed to be in a quiet place to think more about her brother and what his life meant to her.
   b. She needed to wait for her audience to arrive and to mentally and physically prepare for her performance.
   c. She needed to sit down for a while to take care of a pain in her side that she got from dancing.

7. What thoughts did Katie have when she was watching the lines form in front of the theater?
   a. She considered how differences in dress can cause people to be uncomfortable with each other.
   b. She realized that one should dress up when going to the theater to show respect to the entertainers.
   c. She thought the street kids would be chased away by the police because they would be begging.

8. Which of the following is true about Katie's performance?
   a. The theatergoers liked it so much that they missed the first five minutes of the show they had been waiting in line to see.
   b. Katie was offered a job after she performed her dance so well in the street in front of the theater.
   c. Katie was satisfied with her performance.

Extra Reading

Here is the link to your extra reading:
https://forms.gle/wDWQsU9W4XGogMqP7

03

LESSON 3

UNIT 4

WHAT IS LOST IN TRANSLATION?

LOST IN TRANSLATION

By Eva Hoffman

1 "In Poland, I would have known how to bring you up, I would have known what to do," my mother says wistfully,[1] but here, she has lost her sureness, her **authority**. She doesn't know how hard to **scold** Alinka when she comes home at late hours; she can only worry over her daughter's vague evening activities. She has always been gentle with us, and she doesn't want, doesn't know how, to **tighten the reins**. But familial bonds seem so dangerously loose here!

2 Truth to tell, I don't want the **fabric** of loyalty and affection, and even obligation, to unravel either. I don't want my parents to lose us, I don't want to betray our common life. I want to defend our dignity because it is so fragile, so **beleaguered**. There is only the tiny cluster, the four of us, to know, to preserve whatever fund of human experience we may represent. And so I feel a kind of ferociousness about protecting it. I don't want us to turn into perpetually cheerful suburbanites, with hygienic[2] smiles and equally hygienic feelings. I want to keep even our sadness, the great sadness from which our parents have come.

3 I abjure my sister[3] to treat my parents well; I don't want her to **challenge** our mother's authority, because it is so easily challenged. It is they who seem more defenseless to me than Alinka, and I want her to protect them. Alinka fights me like a forest animal in danger of being trapped; she too wants to roam throughout the thickets and meadows. She too wants to be free.

My mother says I'm becoming "English." This hurts me, because I know she means I'm becoming cold. I'm no colder than I've ever been, but I'm learning to be less **demonstrative**. I learn this from a teacher who, after contemplating the gesticulations[4] with which I help myself describe the digestive system of a frog, tells me to "sit on my hands and then try talking." I learn my new reserve from people who take a step back when we talk, because I am standing too close, crowding them. Cultural distances are different, I later learn in a sociology class, but I know it already. I learn **restraint** from Penny, who looks offended when I shake her by the arm in excitement, as if my gesture had been one of aggression instead of friendliness. I learn it from a girl who pulls away when I hook my arm through hers as we walk down the street—this movement of friendly intimacy is an embarrassment to her.

5 I learn also that certain kinds of truth are impolite. One shouldn't criticize the person one is with, at least not directly. You shouldn't say, "You are wrong about that"—although you may say, "On the other hand, there is that to consider." You shouldn't say, "This doesn't look good on you"—though you may say, "I like you better in that other outfit." I learn to tone down my sharpness, to do a more careful conversational minuet.[5]

6 Perhaps my mother is right after all; perhaps I'm becoming colder. After a while, emotion follows action, response grows warmer or cooler according to gesture. I'm more careful about what I say, how loud I laugh, whether I **give vent to grief**. The storminess of emotion prevailing in our family is in excess of the normal here, and the unwritten rules for the normal have their osmotic effect.[6]

THE STRUGGLE TO BE AN *All-American Girl*

by Elizabeth Wong

1 It's still there, the Chinese school on Yale Street where my brother and I used to go. Despite the new coat of paint and the high wire fence, the school I knew ten years ago remains remarkably, **stoically**, the same.

2 Every day at 5 P.M., instead of playing with our fourth- and fifth-grade friends or sneaking out to the empty lot to hunt ghosts and animal bones, my brother and I had to go to Chinese school. No amount of kicking, screaming, or pleading could **dissuade** my mother, who was solidly determined to have us learn the language of our heritage. Forcibly, she walked us the seven long, hilly blocks from our home to school, depositing our defiant tearful faces before the stern principal. My only memory of him is that he swayed on his heels like a palm tree and he always clasped his impatient, twitching hands behind his back. I recognized him as a repressed maniacal[1] child killer, and that if we ever saw his hands, we'd be in big trouble.

3 We all sat in little chairs in an empty auditorium. The room smelled like Chinese medicine, an imported faraway mustiness,[2] like ancient mothballs[3] or dirty closets. I hated that smell. I favored crisp new scents like the soft French perfume that my American teacher wore in public school. There was a stage far to the right, flanked by an American flag and the flag of the Nationalist Republic of China, which was also red, white, and blue but not as pretty.

4 Although the emphasis at school was mainly language—speaking, reading, and writing—the lessons always began with exercises in politeness. With the entrance of the teacher, the best student would tap a bell and everyone would get up, kowtow,[4] and chant "Sing san ho," the phonetic for "How are you, teacher?"

5 Being ten years old, I had better things to learn than ideographs[5] copied painstakingly in lines that ran right to left from the tip of a *moc but*, a real ink pen that had to be held in an awkward way if blotches were to be avoided. After all, I could do the multiplication tables, name the satellites of Mars, and write reports on *Little Women and Black Beauty*. Nancy Drew, my favorite heroine, never spoke Chinese.

6 The language was a source of embarrassment. More times than not, I had tried to dissociate myself from the nagging loud voice that followed me wherever I wandered in the nearby American supermarket outside Chinatown. The voice belonged to my grandmother, a fragile woman in her seventies who could outshout the best of the street vendors. Her humor was raunchy,[6] her Chinese rhythmless, patternless. It was quick, it was loud, it was unbeautiful. It was not like the quiet, lilting romance of French or the gentle refinement of the American South. Chinese sounded pedestrian. Public.

7 In Chinatown, the comings and goings of hundreds of Chinese on their daily tasks sounded **chaotic** and frenzied. I did not want to be thought of as mad, as talking gibberish. When I spoke English, people nodded at me, smiled sweetly, said encouraging words. Even the people in my culture would cluck[7] and say that I would do well in life. "My, doesn't she move her lips fast," they would say, meaning that I'd be able to keep up with the world outside Chinatown.

8 My brother was even more fanatical than I about speaking English. He was especially hard on my mother, criticizing her, often cruelly, for her pidgin speech[8]—smatterings of Chinese scattered like chop suey in her conversation. "It's not 'What it is,' Mom," he'd say in exasperation. "It's 'What is it, what is it, what is it.'" Sometimes Mom might leave out an occasional "the" or "a," or perhaps a verb of being. He would stop her in mid-sentence: "Say it again, Mom. Say it right." When he tripped over his own tongue, he'd blame it on her: "See, Mom, it's all your fault. You set a bad example."

9 What infuriated my mother most was when my brother cornered her on her consonants, especially "r." My father had played a cruel joke on Mom by assigning her an American name that her tongue wouldn't allow her to say. No matter how hard she tried, "Ruth" always ended up "Luth" or "Roof."

10 After two years of writing with a *moc but* and reciting words with multiples of meanings, I was finally **granted** a cultural divorce. I was permitted to stop Chinese school.

11 I thought of myself as multicultural. I preferred tacos to egg rolls; I enjoyed Cinco de Mayo more than Chinese New Year.

12 At last, I was one of you; I wasn't one of them.

13 Sadly, I still am.

MAIN IDEAS

Complete the table on page 96 of your coursebook.

DETAILS

1 Compare and contrast the cultural customs of Poland and Canada as Eva describes them in *Lost in Translation*. Try to find at least five examples.

POLISH WAYS	CANADIAN WAYS
1. In Poland, Eva was comfortable showing her feelings openly.	1. Eva feels Canadians are more reserved about their feelings.
2.	2.
3.	3.
4.	4.
5.	5.

DETAILS

2 Compare and contrast Elizabeth's attitude toward Chinese things and her attitude toward American things when she was young, as told in "The Struggle to Be an All-American Girl." Try to find at least five examples.

ELIZABETH'S ATTITUDE TOWARD CHINESE THINGS	ELIZABETH'S ATTITUDE TOWARD AMERICAN THINGS
1. *Chinese smells are musty, like old mothballs or dirty closets.*	1. *American smells seem new and crisp, like her teacher's perfume.*
2.	2.
3.	3.
4.	4.
5.	5.

EXTRA READING

Here is the link to your extra reading:
https://forms.gle/F99CwfNBE9R2T8QC9

UNIT 5

Size matters in Business

HOWARD SCHULTZ'S FORMULA FOR STARBUCKS®

The Economist

1 **STARBUCKS®** knows it cannot ignore its critics. Anti-globalization protesters have occasionally trashed[1] its coffee shops. Posh[2] neighborhoods in San Francisco and London have resisted the opening of new branches, and the company is a favorite target of Internet critics. Mr. Schultz is watchful, but relaxed: "We have to be extremely mindful of the public's view of things. . . . Thus far, we've done a pretty good job."

2 The reason, argues Mr. Schultz, is that the company has **retained** a "passion" for coffee and a "sense of humanity." Starbucks® buys expensive beans and pays the owners—whether they are in Guatemala or Ethiopia—an average of 23% above the market price. A similar **benevolence** applies to company employees. Where other corporations try to eliminate the burden of employee benefits, Starbucks® gives all employees working at least 20 hours a week a package that includes stock options ("Bean Stock") and comprehensive health insurance. For Mr. Schultz, raised in a Brooklyn housing project,[3] this health insurance—which now costs the company more than coffee—is a moral obligation. At the age of seven, he came home to find his father, a truck driver, in a plaster cast, having slipped and broken an ankle. No insurance, no **compensation**, and then no job.

3 Hence, what amounts to a personal crusade. Most of America's corporate chiefs steer clear of the sensitive topic of health care reform. Not Mr. Schultz. He makes speeches, **lobbies** politicians, and has even hosted a commercial-free hour of television,

arguing for the reform of a system that he thinks is both socially unjust and a burden on corporate America. Meanwhile, the company pays its workers' premiums,[4] even as each year they rise by double-digit percentages. The goal has always been "to build the sort of company that my father was never able to work for." By this he means a company that "remains small even as it gets big," treating its workers as individuals. Starbucks® is not alone in its **emphasis** on "social responsibility," but the other firms Mr. Schultz **cites** off the top of his head—Timberland, Patagonia, Whole Foods—are much smaller than Starbucks®, which has 100,000 employees and 35 million customers.

Why Size Matters

4 Indeed, size has been an **issue** from the beginning. Starbucks®, named after the first mate in Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*,[5] was created in 1971 in Seattle's Pike Place market by three hippyish[6] coffee enthusiasts. Mr. Schultz, whose first "decent cup of coffee" was in 1979, joined the company in 1982 and then left it in 1985 after the founding trio, preferring to stay small, took fright at his vision of the future. Inspired by a visit to Milan in 1983, he had **envisaged** a chain of coffee bars where customers would chat over their espressos and capuccinos. Mr. Schultz set up a company he called "Il Giornale," which grew to a modest three coffee bars. Somehow scraping together $3.8 million dollars, he bought Starbucks® from its founders in 1987.

5 Reality long ago **surpassed** the dream. Since Starbucks® went public in 1992, its stock has soared by some 6,400%. The company is now in 37 different countries. China, which has over 200 stores, will be the biggest market after America, and Russia, Brazil, and India are all in line to be colonized over the next three years. The long-term goal is to double the number of American outlets to 15,000—not least by opening coffee shops along highways—and to have an equal number abroad.

6 No doubt the coffee snobs will blanch at[7] the prospect. Yet they miss three points. The first is that, thanks to Starbucks®, today's Americans are no longer condemned to drink the **insipid**, over-percolated brew that their parents endured. The second, less recognized, is that because Starbucks® has created a mass taste for good coffee, small, family-owned coffee houses have also **prospered**.

7 The most important point, however, is that Mr. Schultz's Starbucks® cultivates a relationship with its customers. Its stores sell carefully selected (no hiphop, but plenty of world music and jazz) CD-compilations. Later this year, the store will **promote** a new film and take a share of the profits. There are plans to promote books. Customers can even pay with their Starbucks® "Duetto" Visa card.

8 Apart from some health scare that would bracket coffee with nicotine, there is no obvious reason why Starbucks® should fail, however ambitious its plans and however misconceived the occasional project (a magazine called "Joe" flopped after three issues, and the Mazagran soft drink, developed with Pepsi, was also a failure). Mr. Schultz says, "I think we have the **license** from our customers to do more." The key is that each Starbucks® coffee house should remain "a third place," between home and work, fulfilling the same role as those Italian coffee houses that so inspired him 23 years ago.

MAIN IDEAS

Answer each of the questions in one or two sentences. Share your answers with a partner.

1. How did the family background and experiences of CEO Howard Schultz influence his company's policies?

2. What are two ways that Howard Schultz puts "social responsibility" into practice?

MAIN IDEAS

3. How does size influence Starbucks® success?

4. What is the "coffee culture" of Starbucks®?

DETAILS

All the statements below are false. Correct them in the space provided. Then compare your answers with a partner's.

1. Howard Schultz was the founder of Starbucks®.

   Howard Schultz joined the company in 1982, 11 years after it was founded.

2. Since he joined the company, Schultz has been its unquestioned leader.

3. Most corporate leaders speak out on the topic of health care reform.

4. All workers in Starbucks® stores get health insurance from the company.

5. Giving employees health benefits does not cost Schultz very much.

DETAILS

6. Starbucks® pays $23 more than the market price for coffee beans.

_____

7. The biggest market for Starbucks® is China.

_____

8. There are now 15,000 Starbucks® outlets in the United States.

_____

9. The name Starbucks® comes from the name of one of the founders of the company.

_____

10. Starbucks® is the only U.S. corporation that emphasizes social responsibility.

_____

EXTRA READING

Here is the link to your extra reading:
https://forms.gle/pvZnBUbUGd4UhgTLA

UNIT 6

STAYING CONNECTED

Privacy Invasion and Social Media

HOME

CONTACT

ABOUT US

(Network World Blog, 03/17/12)

By Ms. Smith

(1) Much like a thinly veiled threat, some employers and colleges may suggest you "friend" them on social media—or worse, they may insist on knowing your password to Twitter, to Facebook, Google +, and other social media sites so they can see what you post, your photos, what you say in IMs, and what you chat about.

(2) Sometimes social networking comes back to **haunt** you with privacy invasion such as when attorneys **snoop** on social networks to **vet** jurors, or potential employers **pry** into social media before hiring employees. Sometimes it might be drunken posts or photos that make the difference.

(3) According to a Microsoft **survey** about the negative effects of unwise social media posts, 14% of people surveyed lost out on the college they wanted, 16% lost out on getting a job, and 21% were fired from a job.

(4) Maryland ACLU[1] legislative director Melissa Coretz Goemann stated, "This is an invasion of privacy. People have so much personal information on their pages now. A person can treat it almost like a diary. And (interviewers and schools) are also invading other people's privacy. They get **access** to that individual's posts and all their friends. There is a lot of private information there."

(5) Is it required? Not exactly . . . but in this rough economy people are afraid not to **comply**, afraid they will be denied employment. Whether it is employers or colleges, this type of social media **monitoring** is clearly a **violation** of the First Amendment. "I can't believe some people think it's OK to do this," Bradley Shear, a Washington D.C. lawyer, told MSNBC's Red Tape. "It's not a far leap from reading people's Facebook posts to reading their email. . . . As a society, where are we going to **draw the line**?" Excellent question.

(6) While some employers may use social media monitoring tools like Trackur or SocialIntel, colleges are getting into the act too and demanding "full access" according to Red Tape. Some colleges may use third-party companies like Varsity Monitor and UDiligence to monitor students' social media accounts on the school's behalf. The software offers "a 'reputation scoreboard' to coaches" and sends "'threat level' warnings about individual athletes to the administration."

(7) Student athletes in colleges around the country also are finding they can no longer maintain privacy in Facebook communications because schools are requiring them to "friend" a coach or administrator, giving that person access to their "friends-only" posts.

(8) Of the social media monitoring scholarship providers who answered a recent survey, nearly one-fourth vet students' social networks by searching on "sites such as Google, Facebook, LinkedIn, YouTube and Twitter to check out applicants, primarily just finalists." Of those who do snoop on social media, about 75% "are looking for behavior that could reflect badly on the scholarship provider, such as underage drinking, provocative pictures, illegal drug use, or racial slurs,"[2] reported the *San Francisco Chronicle*. More than 50% want "to know the applicant better or were looking for positive **traits** such as creativity or good communication skills." About 25% want "to **verify** information on the application." And "about one-third have denied an applicant a scholarship, and a quarter have granted an applicant a scholarship because of something they found online."

(9) The ACLU is supporting Maryland bills to protect civil liberties by restricting "university administrations from checking students' private communications." According to Southern Maryland News, Senator Ronald Young said, "This practice is stepping on constitutional rights. They don't have the right to come into your house and listen to your telephone calls or read your mail. . . . It amounts to a subtle threat." Delegate Shawn Tarrant[3] added, "Students should be able to attend college with a reasonable sense of privacy."

(10) Shear said, "A good analogy for this, in the offline world: Would it be acceptable for schools to require athletes to bug[4] their off-campus apartments? Does a school have a right to know who all your friends are?" Whether it involves employers or universities, this trend to spy via social media is troubling.

[4] He ia a delegate to the Maryland House of Delegates.

[3] **bug:** place a concealed microphone (in a room, telephone) to record someone's conversations

MAIN IDEAS

Check off the main ideas. Share your answers with a partner.

_____ **1.** Lack of privacy on social media can be harmful.

_____ **2.** Colleges are trying to see if students are involved in illegal activities.

_____ **3.** Freedom of speech is being violated.

_____ **4.** Students are being pressured into providing private information.

_____ **5.** Employers can't hire unless they have access to a prospective employee's Facebook page.

DETAILS

For each question there are two correct answers. Cross out the incorrect answer.

1. Why is there a lot of private information on social media?
   a. people post their photos
   b. people chat about their activities
   c. social media sites spy on users
2. Why is social media snooping considered an invasion of privacy?
   a. people are entitled to freedom of speech
   b. a whole network of friends is exposed
   c. people are forced to join social media
3. Who spies on social media?
   a. employers
   b. the government
   c. universities

DETAILS

4. Why do they spy?
   a. to find out about potential jurors
   b. to find out about illegal activities
   c. to find out about political activity

5. How do they do it?
   a. by using companies to spy on Internet activity
   b. by paying people to gain access to their accounts
   c. by intimidating people into giving their passwords

6. According to surveys about colleges and jobs, what are the results of spying?
   a. 25% of people weren't accepted to colleges
   b. 37% of people either lost jobs or weren't hired
   c. more people lost scholarships than gained them

Assignment

Here is the link to your Extra reading:
https://forms.gle/7T942nS7wqNenh2DA

04

LESSON 4

UNIT 7

THE CELLIST OF SARAJEVO

Yo-Yo Ma

The Cellist of Sarajevo

by Paul Sullivan (from *Reader's Digest*)

1 As a pianist, I was invited to perform with cellist Eugene Friesen at the International Cello Festival in Manchester, England. Every two years, a group of the world's greatest cellists and others devoted to that **unassuming** instrument— bow makers,[1] collectors, historians—gather for a week of workshops, master classes,[2] seminars, recitals, and parties. Each evening, the 600 or so participants assemble for a concert.

2 The opening-night performance at the Royal Northern College of Music consisted of works for unaccompanied cello. There, on the stage, in the magnificent concert hall was a **solitary** chair. No piano, no music stand, no conductor's podium.[3] This was to be music in its purest, most intense form. The atmosphere was supercharged with **anticipation** and concentration. The world famous cellist Yo-Yo Ma was one of the performers that April night in 1994, and there was a moving story behind the musical composition he would play.

3 On May 27, 1992, in Sarajevo, one of the few bakeries that still had a supply of flour was making and distributing bread to the starving, war-shattered people. At 4 P.M. a long line stretched into the street. Suddenly, a mortar shell fell directly into the middle of the line, killing 22 people and splattering flesh, blood, bone, and rubble.

4 Not far away lived a 35-year-old musician named Vedran Smailovic. Before the war, he had been a cellist with the Sarajevo Opera, a distinguished career to which he patiently longed to return. But when he saw the **carnage** from the massacre outside his window, he was pushed past his capacity to absorb and endure any more. Anguished, he resolved to do the thing he did best: make music. Public music, daring music, music on a battlefield.

5 For each of the next 22 days, at 4 P.M., Smailovic put on his full, formal concert attire,[4] took up his cello, and walked out of his apartment into the midst of the battle raging around him. Placing a plastic chair beside the crater that the shell had made, he played in memory of the dead Albinoni's *Adagio in G minor*, one of the most mournful and **haunting** pieces in the classical **repertoire**. He played to the abandoned streets, smashed trucks, and burning buildings, and to the terrified people who hid in the cellars while the bombs dropped and bullets flew. With masonry exploding around him, he made his unimaginably courageous stand for human dignity, for those lost to war, for civilization, for compassion, and for peace. Though the shellings went on, he was never hurt.

6 After newspapers picked up the story of this extraordinary man, an English composer, David Wilde, was so moved that he, too, decided to make music. He wrote a composition for unaccompanied cello, "The Cellist of Sarajevo," into which he poured his feelings of outrage, love, and brotherhood with Vedran Smailovic. It was "The Cellist of Sarajevo" that Yo-Yo Ma was to play that evening.

7 Ma came out on stage, bowed to the audience, and sat down quietly on the chair. The music began, stealing out into the hushed hall and creating a shadowy, empty universe, ominous and haunting. Slowly it grew into an agonized, screaming, slashing **furor**, gripping us all before subsiding at last into a hollow death rattle and, finally, back to silence.

8 When he had finished, Ma remained bent over his cello, his bow resting on the strings. No one in the hall moved or made a sound for a long time. It was as though we had just witnessed that horrifying massacre ourselves. Finally, Ma looked out across the audience and stretched out his hand, beckoning someone to come to the stage. An indescribable electric shock swept over us as we realized who it was: Vedran Smailovic, the cellist of Sarajevo!

9 Smailovic rose from his seat and walked down the aisle as Ma left the stage to meet him. They flung their arms around each other in an **exuberant** embrace. Everyone in the hall erupted in a chaotic, emotional frenzy—clapping, shouting, and cheering. And in the center of it all stood these two men, hugging and crying unashamedly: Yo-Yo Ma, a suave, elegant prince of classical music, flawless in appearance and performance; and Vedran Smailovic, dressed in a stained and tattered leather motorcycle suit. His wild, long hair and huge mustache framed a face that looked old beyond his years, soaked with tears and creased with pain. We were all stripped down to our starkest, deepest humanity at encountering this man who shook his cello in the face of bombs, death, and ruin, **defying** them all. It was the sword of Joan of Arc—the mightiest weapon of all.

10 Back in Maine a week later, I sat one evening playing the piano for the residents of a local nursing home. I couldn't help contrasting this concert with the splendors I had witnessed at the festival. Then I was struck by the profound similarities. With his music, the cellist of Sarajevo had defied death and despair and celebrated love and life. And here we were, a chorus of croaking voices accompanied by a shopworn[5] piano, doing the same thing. There were no bombs and bullets, but there was real pain—dimming sight, crushing loneliness, all the scars we accumulate in our lives—and only **cherished** memories for comfort. Yet still we sang and clapped.

11 It was then I realized that music is a gift we all share equally. Whether we create it or simply listen, it's a gift that can **soothe**, inspire, and unite us, often when we need it most—and expect it least.

MAIN IDEAS

Work with a partner. Read all the statements and circle the three that represent the main ideas of Reading One. Discuss the reasons for your choices.

1. Involving yourself in what you do best will always help you to emerge victorious from the most difficult situations.
2. Music can help solve political problems.
3. Music can give people the strength they need to soothe both physical and emotional pain.
4. Music can make people sympathize with the suffering of others.
5. Destroying things is not the only way to win a war.
6. Art creates a community of people.

DETAILS

Work with a partner. Number the eight episodes in "The Cellist of Sarajevo" in the order in which they take place.

____ Yo-Yo Ma plays a cello concert of David Wilde's work at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester, England.

1 Vedran Smailovic plays the cello with the Sarajevo Opera in the 1980s.

____ The author plays the piano in a nursing home.

DETAILS

____ David Wilde reads an article about Smailovic playing the cello in the midst of bombs; Wilde writes a cello composition in Smailovic's honor.

____ Smailovic plays the cello in the streets of Sarajevo.

____ The author is invited to perform at the International Cello Festival in Manchester, England.

____ On May 27, 1992, a breadline in Sarajevo is shelled.

____ Smailovic embraces Yo-Yo Ma in the concert hall.

Assignment

Here is the link to you Extra reading:
https://forms.gle/kgy83aVznrQJ2boz9

UNIT 8

THE END OF POVERTY

Can Extreme Poverty Be Eliminated?

By Jeffrey Sachs (from *Scientific American*)

1 For the first time in history, global economic prosperity has placed the world within reach of eliminating extreme poverty altogether. This **prospect** will seem **fanciful** to some, but the **dramatic** economic progress made by China, India, and other low-income parts of Asia over the past 25 years demonstrates that it is realistic. Although economic growth has shown a remarkable capacity to lift vast numbers of people out of extreme poverty, progress is neither automatic nor **inevitable**. Market forces and free trade are not enough. Many of the poorest regions are caught in a poverty trap; they lack the financial means to make the necessary investments in infrastructure,[1] education, health care systems, and other vital needs. Yet the end of such poverty is **feasible** if a **concerted** global effort is **undertaken**, as the nations of the world promised when they attended the United Nations Millennium summit. The Millennium Project published a plan to halve the rate of extreme poverty by 2015 (compared to 1990). A large-scale public investment effort could, in fact, eliminate this problem by 2025. This hypothesis is controversial, and I am pleased to have the opportunity to respond to various criticisms that have been raised about it.

2 Public opinion in affluent countries often blames extreme poverty on faults within the poor themselves—or at least with their governments. Culture was once thought to be the deciding factor: religious divisions and taboos, caste[2] systems, a lack of entrepreneurship, gender inequalities. Such theories have **waned** as societies of an ever-widening range of religions and cultures have achieved relative prosperity. Moreover, certain supposedly unchangeable aspects of culture (such as fertility choices and gender and caste roles) do, in fact, change, often dramatically, as societies become urban and develop economically.

3 Most recently, commentators have **zeroed in on** "poor governance," or corruption. They argue that extreme poverty persists because governments fail to open up their markets, provide public services, and eliminate bribe taking. Developmental assistance efforts have become largely a series of good governance lectures. It is no good lecturing the dying that they should have done better with their lot in life. Although the debate continues, the weight of the evidence indicates that governance makes a difference, but it is not the sole determinant of economic growth. According to surveys conducted by Transparency International, business leaders actually perceive some fast-growing countries to be more corrupt than some slow-moving African ones.

4 A second common misunderstanding concerns the extent to which corruption is likely to eat up the donated money. Some foreign aid in the past has indeed ended up this way. That happened when the funds were provided for political reasons during the Cold War. When assistance has been targeted at development rather than political goals, the outcomes have been favorable, ranging from the Green Revolution[3] to the **eradication** of smallpox and the recent near-eradication of polio. Aid packages would be directed towards those countries with a reasonable degree of good governance. The money would not be merely thrown at them. It would be provided according to a detailed and monitored plan, and new rounds of financing would be delivered only as the work actually got done. Much of the funds would be given directly to villages and towns to minimize the chances of their getting diverted by central governments.

5 Geography—including natural resources, climate, topography, and proximity to trade routes and major markets—is at least as important as good governance. As early as 1776, Adam Smith argued that high transportation costs **inhibited** development in the inland areas of Africa and Asia. Other geographic features, such as the heavy disease burden of the tropics, also interfere. Tropical countries saddled with[4] malaria have experienced slower growth than those free of the disease. The good news is that technology can offset[5] these factors: drought can be fought with irrigation systems, isolation with roads and mobile telephones, malaria with bed nets and insecticide, and other diseases with prevention and therapy.

6 Another major insight is that although the most powerful mechanism for reducing extreme poverty is to encourage overall economic growth, a rising tide does not necessarily lift all boats. Average income can rise, but if the income is distributed unevenly, the poor may benefit little, and pockets of extreme poverty may persist. Moreover, growth is not simply a free-market phenomenon. It requires basic government services: infrastructure, health, education, and scientific and technological innovation. Government spending, directed at investment in critical areas, is itself a vital **spur** to growth, especially if its effects are to reach the poorest of the poor.

7 Adding it up, the total requirement would be 0.7 percent of the combined gross national product (GNP) of the **affluent** donor nations, which is what all donor nations have long promised but few have given. If rich nations fail to make these investments, they will face famine, epidemics, regional conflicts, and the spread of terrorist havens. They will condemn not only the **impoverished** countries but themselves as well to chronic political instability, humanitarian emergencies, and security risks. As the UN Secretary-General wrote: "There will be no development without security, and no security without development."

DETAILS

Circle the best answer to complete each statement.

1. For impoverished countries, free trade _____.
   a. is not an important factor
   b. will bring prosperity for all
   c. is only part of the solution

2. People's cultural practices _____.
   a. never change because people respect their traditions
   b. may change with economic progress
   c. are not important for economic growth

3. Corruption is _____ a factor in economic decline.
   a. always
   b. sometimes
   c. never

4. _____ is NOT an example of targeted aid as Jeffrey Sachs proposes.
   a. The eradication of smallpox
   b. Giving political support
   c. Bringing better seeds, fertilizer, and irrigation to Asia

5. Aid will be given to countries _____.
   a. that can show they need it
   b. that have reasonably good government
   c. that are entirely free of corruption

6. _____ is a consequence of geography that CANNOT be helped by technology.
   a. The high cost of transportation
   b. Climate
   c. The lack of natural resources

7. Government spending _____.
   a. is necessary for investment in the infrastructure
   b. is not a good idea because it interferes with free trade
   c. should be avoided because of corruption

8. A good deal of the funds of the Millennium Project will be given _____.
   a. to governments
   b. to villages
   c. to aid agencies

Assignment

Here is the link to your Extra reading:
https://forms.gle/5Vhu2mGf4wRwhyEC6

Progress test

Here is the link to your test:
https://forms.gle/xLAv1Niz1uua4EP6A

Thanks!

Do you have any questions?
Email:
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