

Unit 1

Being Ethnic in the U. S.

CLOSE READING

Pre-reading Questions

1. As far as you know, how important is a person's racial or ethnic heritage in his/her perceived identity in a country like the United States?
2. If you are an "ethnic" person in China, in what ways has your ethnic background affected your life, your interactions with others and your goals and hopes for your future?
3. America has had a long history of struggling to confront and overcome racism or discrimination on the basis of ethnic heritage. Have you heard any stories of this struggle, either cases of success or those of failure?
4. Do you know anything about Affirmative Action in the United States and the related debate?

None of This Is Fair

Richard Rodriguez

My plan to become a professor of English—my ambition during long years in college at Stanford, then in graduate school at Columbia and Berkeley—was complicated by feelings of embarrassment and guilt. So many times I would see other Mexican-Americans and know we were alike only in race. And yet, simply because our race was the same, I was, during the last years of my schooling, the beneficiary of their situation. Affirmative Action programs had made it all possible. The disadvantages of others permitted my promotion; the absence of many Mexican-Americans from academic life allowed my designation as a “minority student.”

For me opportunities had been extravagant. There were fellowships, summer research grants, and teaching assistantships. After only two years in graduate

school, I was offered teaching jobs by several colleges. Invitations to Washington conferences arrived and I had the chance to travel abroad as a “Mexican-American representative.” The benefits were often, however, too gaudy to please. In three
15 published essays, in conversations with teachers, in letters to politicians and at conferences, I worried the issue of Affirmative Action. Often I proposed contradictory opinions, though consistent was the admission that—because of an early, excellent education—I was no longer a principal victim of racism or any other social oppression. I said that but still I continued to indicate on applications for
20 financial aid that I was a Hispanic-American. It didn’t really occur to me to say anything else, or to leave the question unanswered.

Thus I complied with and encouraged the odd bureaucratic logic of Affirmative Action. I let government officials treat the disadvantaged condition of many Mexican-Americans with my advancement. Each fall my presence was noted by
25 Health, Education, and Welfare Department statisticians. As I pursued advanced literary studies and learned the skill of reading Spenser and Wordsworth and Empson, I would hear myself numbered among the culturally disadvantaged. Still, still, silent, I didn’t object.

But the irony cut deep. And guilt would not be evaded by averting my glance
30 when I confronted a face like my own in a crowd. By late 1975, nearing the completion of my graduate studies at Berkeley, I was so wary of the benefits of Affirmative Action that I feared my inevitable success as an applicant for a teaching position. The months of fall—traditionally that time of academic job-searching—passed without my applying to a single school. When one of my professors chanced
35 to learn this in late November, he was astonished, then furious. He yelled at me: Did I think that because I was a minority student jobs would just come looking for me? What was I thinking? Did I realize that he and several other faculty members had already written letters on my behalf? Was I going to start acting like some other minority students he had known? They struggled for success and then, when it was
40 almost within reach, grew strangely afraid and let it pass. Was that it? Was I determined to fail?

I did not respond to his questions. I didn’t want to admit to him, and thus to myself, the reason I delayed.

I merely agreed to write to several schools. (In my letter I wrote: “I cannot
45 claim to represent disadvantaged Mexican-Americans. The very fact that I am in a position to apply for this job should make that clear.”) After two or three days, there were telegrams and phone calls, invitations to interviews, then airplane trips. A blur of faces and the murmur of their soft questions. And, over someone’s shoulder, I came into sight of campus buildings shadowing pictures I had seen years

50 before when I leafed through Ivy League catalogs with great expectations. At the
end of each visit, interviewers would smile and wonder if I had any questions. A
few times I quietly wondered what advantage my race had given me over other
applicants. But that was an impossible question for them to answer without
embarrassing me. Quickly, several persons insisted that my ethnic identity had
55 given me no more than a “foot inside the door;” at most, I had a “slight edge” over
other applicants. “We just looked at your dossier with extra care and we like what
we saw. There was never any question of having to alter our standards. You can be
certain of that.”

In the early part of January, offers arrived on stiffly elegant stationery. Most
60 schools promised terms appropriate for any new assistant professor. A few made
matters worse—and almost more tempting—by offering more: the use of university
housing; an unusually large starting salary; a reduced teaching schedule. As the
stack of letters mounted, my hesitation increased. I started calling department
chairmen to ask for another week, then 10 more days—“more time to reach a
65 decision”—to avoid the decision I would need to make.

At school, meantime, some students hadn’t received a single job offer. One
man, probably the best student in the department, did not even get a request for
his dossier. He and I met outside a classroom one day and he asked about my
opportunities. He seemed happy for me. Faculty members beamed. They said they
70 had expected it. “After all, not many schools are going to pass up getting a
Chicano with a Ph.D. in Renaissance literature,” somebody said laughing. Friends
wanted to know which of the offers I was going to accept. But I couldn’t make up
my mind. February came and I was running out of time and excuses. (One chairman
guessed my delay was a bargaining ploy and increased his offer with each of my
75 calls.) I had to promise a decision by the 10th; the 12th at the very latest.

On the 18th of February, late in the afternoon, I was in the office I shared with
several other teaching assistants. Another graduate student was sitting across the
room at his desk. When I got up to leave, he looked over to say in an uneventful
voice that he had some big news. He had finally decided to accept a position at a
80 faraway university. It was not a job he especially wanted, he admitted. But he had
to take it because there hadn’t been any other offers. He felt trapped, and
depressed, since his job would separate him from his young daughter.

I tried to encourage him by remarking that he was lucky at least to have found a
job. So many others hadn’t been able to get anything. But before I finished speaking
85 I realized that I had said the wrong thing. And I anticipated his next question.

“What are your plans?” he wanted to know. “Is it true you’ve gotten an offer
from Yale?”

I said that it was. “Only, I still haven’t made up my mind.”

90 He stared at me as I put on my jacket. And smiling, then unsmiling, he asked if I knew that he too had written to Yale. In his case, however, no one had bothered to acknowledge his letter with even a postcard. What did I think of that?

He gave me no time to answer.

95 “Damn!” he said sharply and his chair rasped the floor as he pushed himself back. Suddenly, it was to *me* that he was complaining. “It’s just not right, Richard. None of this is fair. You’ve done some good work, but so have I. I’ll bet our records are just about equal. But when we look for jobs this year, it’s a different story. You get all of the breaks.”

100 To evade his criticism, I wanted to side with him. I was about to admit the injustice of Affirmative Action. But he went on, his voice hard with accusation. “It’s all very simple this year. You’re a Chicano. And I am a Jew. That’s the only real difference between us.”

105 His words stung me: There was nothing he was telling me that I didn’t know. I had admitted everything already. But to hear someone else say these things, and in such an accusing tone, was suddenly hard to take. In a deceptively calm voice, I responded that he had simplified the whole issue. The phrases came like bubbles to the tip of my tongue: “new blood;” “the importance of cultural diversity;” “the goal of racial integration.” These were all the arguments I had proposed several years ago—and had long since abandoned. Of course the offers were unjustifiable. I knew that. All I was saying amounted to a frantic self-defense. I tried to find an end to a sentence. My voice faltered to a stop.

115 “Yeah, sure,” he said. “I’ve heard all that before. Nothing you say really changes the fact that Affirmative Action is unfair. You see that, don’t you? There isn’t any way for me to compete with you. Once there were quotas to keep my parents out of certain schools; now there are quotas to get you in and the effect on me is the same as it was for them.”

120 I listened to every word he spoke. But my mind was really on something else. I knew at that moment that I would reject all of the offers. I stood there silently surprised by what an easy conclusion it was. Having prepared for so many years to teach, having trained myself to do nothing else, I had hesitated out of practical fear. But now that it was made, the decision came with relief. I immediately knew I had made the right choice.

125 My colleague continued talking and I realized that he was simply right. Affirmative Action programs *are* unfair to white students. But as I listened to him assert his rights, I thought of the seriously disadvantaged. How different they were from white, middle-class students who come armed with the testimony of their

- grades and aptitude scores and self-confidence to complain about the unequal treatment they now receive. I listen to them. I do not want to be careless about what they say. Their rights are important to protect. But inevitably when I hear them or their lawyers, I think about the most seriously disadvantaged, not simply
- 130 Mexican-Americans, but of all those who do not ever imagine themselves going to college or becoming doctors: white, black, brown. Always poor. Silent. They are not plaintiffs before the court or against the misdirection of Affirmative Action. They lack the confidence (my confidence!) to assume their right to a good education. They lack the confidence and skills a good primary and secondary education
- 135 provides and which are prerequisites for informed public life. They remain silent.

The debate drones on and surrounds them in stillness. They are distant, faraway figures like the boys I have seen peering down from freeway overpasses in some other part of town.

Building Vocabulary

complicate (L. 3)	[ˈkɒmpɪkət]	vt.	to make a problem more difficult 使(某事)复杂化
embarrassment (L. 3)	[ɪmˈbærəsmənt]	n.	the feeling of being ashamed, uncomfortable 窘迫, 尴尬
beneficiary (L. 6)	[ˌbenɪˈfɪʃəri]	n.	someone who gets advantages from an action 受益者
affirmative (L. 6)	[əˈfɜːmətɪv]	adj.	肯定的, 赞成的
designation (L. 8)	[ˌdeɪzɪɡˈneɪʃən]	n.	a name or title 头衔
extravagant (L. 10)	[ɪkˈstrævəɡənt]	adj.	(of behavior) uncontrolled, beyond what is reasonable 奢侈的, 过度的
gaudy (L. 14)	[ˈɡɔːdi]	adj.	too bright and looking cheap 华而不实的; 俗丽的
comply (L. 22)	[kəmˈplaɪ]	vi.	to do what one is asked or expected to do 照做, 遵从
bureaucratic (L. 22)	[ˌbjʊərəˈkrætɪk]	adj.	involving a lot of complicated official rules and processes 繁文缛节的, 官僚主义的
statistician (L. 25)	[ˌstætɪˈstɪʃən]	n.	统计学家
avert (L. 29)	[əˈvɜːt]	vt.	to look away 转移目光
wary (L. 31)	[ˈweəri]	adj.	careful 谨慎的, 小心翼翼的
blur (L. 48)	[blɜː]	n.	an unclear memory of something 模糊的记忆
stiffly (L. 59)	[ˈstɪfli]	adv.	formally, not friendly 生硬地, 拘谨地, 不

stack (L. 63)	[stæk]	<i>n.</i>	友善地 a neat pile 一叠, 一堆
ploy (L. 74)	[plɔɪ]	<i>n.</i>	a clever method of getting an advantage 策略
anticipate (L. 85)	[æn'tɪsɪpeɪt]	<i>vt.</i>	to expect that something will happen and be ready for it 预料
acknowledge (L. 91)	[ək'nɒlɪdʒ]	<i>vt.</i>	to say that the message has been received 告知收到
rasp (L. 93)	[rɑ:sp]	<i>vt.</i>	to make a rough unpleasant sound 发出刺 耳声
accusation (L. 99)	[ækju'zeɪʃən]	<i>n.</i>	a statement saying that someone is guilty of a crime or of doing something wrong 谴责, 控告
simplify (L. 105)	[ˈsɪmplɪfaɪ]	<i>vt.</i>	to make something easier or less complicated 简化
diversity (L. 106)	[daɪ'vɜ:sɪti]	<i>n.</i>	variety 多样性
integration (L. 107)	[ɪntɪ'greɪʃən]	<i>n.</i>	the process of getting people of different races to live and work together instead of separately 种族融合
unjustifiable (L. 108)	[ʌn'dʒʌstɪfaɪəbəl]	<i>adj.</i>	completely wrong and unacceptable 不合 理的; 不能接受的
falter (L. 110)	[ˈfɔ:ltə]	<i>vi.</i>	to become weaker and unable to continue in an effective way 支吾, 颤抖, 结巴
quota (L. 113)	[ˈkwɒtə]	<i>n.</i>	an officially required or specified number (amount) of something 限额
testimony (L. 125)	[ˈtestɪməni]	<i>n.</i>	a fact that shows something very clearly 证据
aptitude (L. 126)	[ˈæptɪtju:d]	<i>n.</i>	natural ability in learning 天资, 能力
plaintiff (L. 132)	[ˈpleɪntɪf]	<i>n.</i>	someone who brings a legal action against someone in a court of law 原告
prerequisite (L. 135)	[pri:'rekwɪzɪt]	<i>n.</i>	something one must have before he can be allowed to do something else 先决条件
drone (L. 136)	[drəʊn]	<i>vi.</i>	to speak in a boring way for a long time 低沉单调地说
Chicano (L. 71)	[tʃɪ'kɑ:nəʊ]	<i>n.</i>	a US citizen who was born in Mexico or whose family came from Mexico 墨西哥裔 美国人
Renaissance (L. 71)	[ri'neɪsəns]	<i>n.</i>	(欧洲 14 至 17 世纪的) 文艺复兴 (时期)

Culturally Speaking

I. What is Affirmative Action?

Affirmative Action refers to policies in the United States that aim at increasing the numbers of people from certain social groups in such areas as employment, education, business, and government. These groups include women and such minorities as African Americans, Asian Americans, Hispanic Americans, American Indians, disabled people, and veterans. Affirmative Action is generally intended to benefit groups that have historically suffered from discrimination and as a result are socially and economically less privileged and politically under-represented.

Different Affirmative Action programs have different features. Some seek only to remove barriers so that all people may compete equally. Others use numerical goals called *quotas* to ensure that women or minorities are included in pre-set proportions. Programs using *quotas* may prefer members of certain groups.

II. Affirmative Action: history and debate

John F. Kennedy was a President who was in favor of correcting certain historical wrongs done to certain groups and he supported the multicultural vision of American culture. Kennedy first used the term “affirmative action” in an order issued in 1961 with regard to Federal contracts. That and other early federal orders required businesses with U.S. government contracts to treat their employees without regard to race, ethnic origin, religion, or gender. Later, the government asked these businesses to consider the race and gender of their employees to ensure that the mix of people on their staffs reflected the mix in the local work force. Also, a fixed share of federal contracts were set aside for businesses owned by women or minorities. Many state and local governments, as well as numerous businesses and schools, created their own Affirmative Action programs. Because of Affirmative Action, students from some minority group increased proportionally in some top-ranking universities. (Asian American students do not generally benefit from such programs because their numbers are proportionally higher.) The general economical inequality in the United States is such that, proportionally, students from some groups (e.g. African Americans) are still conspicuously fewer in such top schools today.

Controversy over Affirmative Action has been heated since the 1970s. People disagree about how to achieve the goal of nondiscrimination. Some claim temporary preferences are necessary to achieve equality. Others believe *quotas* and other Affirmative Action policies unfairly affect the right of individuals to be treated according to their abilities. People also disagree about which groups are entitled to Affirmative Action and for how long.

In 1995, the United States Supreme Court ruled that a federal program requiring

preference based on a person's race is unconstitutional unless the preference is designed to make up for specific instances of past discrimination. This meant that Affirmative Action could no longer be used to counteract racial discrimination by society as a whole, but must be aimed at eliminating specific problems.

In 1996, voters in California approved Proposition 209, which banned the use of racial or gender preferences in public hiring, contracting, and education. Voters in Washington state approved a similar measure, Initiative 200, in 1998. At some universities where Affirmative Action has been abolished, new admissions policies have been established to ensure diversity. Some university systems now use a percentage formula based on high-school class ranking.

In 2003, two white students applying for the Law School at Michigan University were not admitted and they filed a lawsuit against Michigan University. George W. Bush, whose social agenda is generally conservative, supported the lawsuit which was brought to the Supreme Court for debate. A nationwide debate about Affirmative Action started again in the midst of the Anglo-American War with Iraq.

III. Affirmative Action and Richard Rodriguez

It is clear from the above that Affirmative Action is not innocent of those important philosophical and political differences about what American society or culture should be. Generally speaking, those who favor it are often mindful of the history and current conditions of racial and gender inequality. Although some people may have unfairly benefited from Affirmative Action, African Americans and other groups still remain as the under-privileged in American society. For more information in this respect, refer to "2002 Human Rights Records in the United States" issued by China's State Council.

Richard Rodriguez is a controversial writer on the question of Affirmative Action and other questions related to ethnicity in the United States. His argument in the essay is quite convincing primarily because he conveys, so effectively, his sense of guilt. However, one can argue that his sense of guilt is perhaps too personal and thus lacks a sound understanding of the larger picture of racial inequalities in the United States. After all, Hispanic-American students are, proportionally speaking, not adequately represented in the top colleges; many of the Hispanic students have not had the educational benefits at elementary and secondary schools like Rodriguez has and therefore may need the benefits of Affirmative Action. Indeed, it is ironic that his sense of guilt may be used as an argument against people who need Affirmative Action.

For a powerful counter-argument, please read the essay by Reverend Jesse Jackson (a civil rights leader), "Why Blacks Need Affirmative Action," included in Writing Activities for this Unit.

IV. Spenser, Wordsworth, Empson, and so on

It is easy to infer from the essay that Rodriguez got his Ph. D. from University of California at Berkeley and he was trained in the English Department as a specialist in English literature in the Renaissance. The pursuit of a doctoral degree in English is considered a pursuit reserved for the socially privileged (who can afford such an education) and intellectually elite (who are well read and can think metaphysically); such a pursuit thus seems rare among minority students who often do not have the financial and social support needed to go so far.

Like all the doctoral candidates pursuing such a degree, Rodriguez had to read widely, not only in Renaissance but also in many other historical periods and fields. The three names—Spenser, Wordsworth and Empson—are only a hint at the broad range of Rodriguez’s readings at graduate school.

Edmund Spenser (1552?-1599) was a great poet in the English Renaissance. His epic poem, *The Faerie Queene*, is a masterpiece of English literature. William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was a major English Romantic poet. William Empson (1906-1984) was a distinguished English poet and an important modern literary critic. Along with I. A. Richards, one of his teachers at Cambridge University, and several other critics in the mid 1920s, Empson promoted the importance of systematic textual analysis in criticism. His approach influenced the development of a later critical movement in the United States called New Criticism.

Questions for Group Discussion

I. Reading Comprehension

1. How was Richard Rodriguez’s plan to become a professor of English complicated?
2. What kinds of opportunity came his way during his last years of college?
3. Why is it that he realized he was no longer a principal victim of racial oppression?
4. Why did he still indicate in his applications for financial aid that he was Hispanic-American?
5. What was his status when he attended college?
6. Why didn’t he make any effort in hunting for a job in the fall of his last year at Berkeley?
7. What did the professor say when he found out about his inaction?
8. Why didn’t Rodriguez respond to the professor’s questions?
9. What happened after he sent out a few application letters?
10. How did some of the interviewers explain the advantage he had over other applicants?
11. Why did he hesitate when more and more job offers came?
12. What was the gist of his conversation with a Jewish teaching assistant in the office one afternoon? How did that affect his attitude toward Affirmative Action programs?
13. What seemed to have hurt him most during the conversation?
14. What did he decide to do at the end of the conversation?

15. Why was that a huge decision?
16. What seems to worry Rodriguez most with regard to Affirmative Action?

II. Further Discussion

1. In the fourth paragraph, Rodriguez makes reference to the “irony” of the situation. How was it ironic?
2. Why did Rodriguez decide to reject all the job offers?
3. How could Affirmative Action programs reach or change the lives of those who are really seriously disadvantaged? Please read “Culturally Speaking” for an adequate answer to this question.

Exercises

I. Paraphrase the underlined words or expressions in each sentence.

1. So many times I would see other Mexican-Americans and know we were alike only in race.
2. And yet, simply because our race was the same, I was, during the last years of my schooling, the beneficiary of their situation.
3. The disadvantages of others permitted my promotion.
4. The absence of many Mexican-Americans from academic life allowed my designation as a “minority student.”
5. The benefits were often, however, too gaudy to please.
6. Thus I complied with and encouraged the odd bureaucratic logic of Affirmative Action.
7. I let government officials treat the disadvantaged condition of many Mexican-Americans with my advancement.
8. But the irony cut deep.
9. The very fact that I am in a position to apply for this job should make that clear.
10. And, over someone’s shoulder, I came into sight of campus buildings shadowing pictures I had seen years before when I leafed through Ivy League catalogs with great expectations.
11. After all, not many schools are going to pass up getting a Chicano with a Ph. D. in Renaissance literature.
12. You get all of the breaks.
13. The phrases came like bubbles to the tip of my tongue.
14. How different they were from white, middle-class students who come armed with the testimony of their grades and aptitude scores and self-confidence to complain about the unequal treatment they now receive.
15. They lack the confidence and skills a good primary and secondary education provides and which are prerequisites for informed public life.

16. The debate drones on and surrounds them in stillness.

II. Rewrite the following sentences, making use of the words or expressions in parentheses.

1. It so happened that he still remembered his uncle's home phone number when he finally arrived in Shanghai, hungry and penniless. (to chance to do something)
2. She began by addressing both parties at the meeting with a welcoming remark, which suited the occasion, considering that it was the first meeting between these rival companies. (appropriate for)
3. They tried to avoid mentioning her son by constantly directing the conversation to something else. (to evade)
4. He knew that she was speaking ill of him behind his back, but decided to restrain his anger since she was still the boss. (let something pass)
5. His parents were furious with him when he let go of the opportunity of furthering his education abroad. (to pass up)
6. There are so many applicants for the few available positions that the company does not even inform the applicants that their applications have been received. (not to bother)

III. Replace the underlined with synonymous words or expressions. Modify the sentence structure if needed.

1. My plan to become a professor of English was complicated by feelings of embarrassment and guilt.
2. For me opportunities had been extravagant.
3. ... though consistent was the admission that I was no longer a principal victim of racism or any other social oppression.
4. As I pursued advanced literary studies and learned the skill of reading Spenser and Wordsworth and Empson, I would hear myself numbered among the culturally disadvantaged.
5. And guilt would not be evaded by averting my glance when I confronted a face like my own in a crowd.
6. They struggled for success and then, when it was almost within reach, grew strangely afraid and let it pass.
7. Most schools promised terms appropriate for any new assistant professor.
8. As the stack of letters mounted, my hesitation increased.
9. Faculty members beamed.
10. February came and I was running out of time and excuses.
11. One chairman guessed my delay was a bargaining ploy and increased his offer with each of my calls.

12. And I anticipated his next question.
13. In his case, however, no one had bothered to acknowledge his letter with even a postcard.
14. To evade his criticism, I wanted to side with him.
15. In a deceptively calm voice, I responded that he had simplified the whole issue.
16. All I was saying amounted to a frantic self-defense.
17. But my mind was really on something else.
18. But as I listened to him assert his rights, I thought of the seriously disadvantaged.

IV. Choose the best answer (from a, b, c and d) to complete each of the following blanks.

I recently heard a man from West Africa 1 some memories of his childhood. He was 2 Muslim, but when he was a young man, he found himself deeply 3 to Christianity. He struggled against his inner impulse for years, 4 to avoid the church yet feeling pushed to return to it again and again. "I would have done *anything* to avoid the change," he said. At last he became Christian. 5 he was afraid to go home, 6 that he would not be accepted. The fear was groundless, he discovered, when at last he 7 —he had separated himself, but his family and friends (all Muslim) had not 8 themselves from him.

The man, who is now a professor of religion, said that in the Africa he knew as a child and a young man, pluralism was embraced 9 than feared. There was "a kind of tolerance that did not 10 your particularity," he said.

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|------------------|-------------|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. (a) discover | (b) recount | (c) share | (d) tell |
| 2. (a) born | (b) given | (c) named | (d) raised |
| 3. (a) attached | (b) close | (c) connected | (d) drawn |
| 4. (a) attempt | (b) hoping | (c) intend | (d) trying |
| 5. (a) Afterward | (b) So | (c) Now | (d) Thus |
| 6. (a) afraid | (b) fearing | (c) frightening | (d) hoping |
| 7. (a) did | (b) left | (c) returned | (d) went |
| 8. (a) attached | (b) denied | (c) deprived | (d) separated |
| 9. (a) less | (b) more | (c) rather | (d) would |
| 10. (a) accept | (b) admit | (c) deny | (d) refuse |

V. Make a sentence with each of the following expressions.

1. to be wary of
2. on someone's behalf
3. to be in a position to do something
4. to have a slight edge over
5. to amount to
6. to imagine oneself doing something

VI. Put the following into Chinese.

Racial or ethnic heritage is as important to shaping identity as are sex and social class. One's race or ethnicity can also influence quality of life, educational opportunity, and advancement in employment. American society has a long history of struggling to confront and overcome racism and discrimination on the basis of ethnic heritage. Beginning well before the Civil War, American antislavery groups protested the enslavement of African Americans and worked to abolish slavery in all parts of the country. Other groups besides African Americans have experienced harsh treatment and discrimination solely because of their color or ethnic heritage. These groups include Chinese men brought to America to help construct a cross-country railroad in the nineteenth century, European immigrants who came to America in large numbers near the end of the nineteenth century in search of a better life than in their homelands, Japanese men who came in the twentieth century to work as hard labor for money to send home, and Latinos / Latinas and Hispanics migrating north to America. As a result of heightened awareness of the interplay of race, class, and gender, schools at all levels, from elementary through postgraduate, have incorporated materials into courses on race, class, and/or gender or created whole courses devoted to those important components of our individual identities and histories.

VII. Translate the following sentences into English, making use of the suggested expressions.

- 人人都说她真是交了好运,但我敢说如果不是她父母帮忙,她根本不可能得到这份工作。(get break, to bet)
- 大家都奇怪他会被北京外国语大学录取,其实,原因很简单:报考外语的得高分的女生很多,在这方面男生比女生多少有点优势。如果他是女孩子的话,就是另外一回事了。(have a slight edge over, to be a different story)
- 我很感谢你为我说了些好话,我倒不是特别在乎现在的这个位置,但它给了我晋升的机会。(on one's behalf, to get a foot in the door)
- 作为公司的员工你必须遵守公司的各项规定。(comply with)
- 她在这个位置小心谨慎地干了整整四年,唯恐得罪了上司。可是就在马上要晋级的时候,她突然被指控接受贿赂。(be wary of, within reach)
- 十年前当他翻阅世界 500 强企业的介绍资料时,怎么也没有料到自己会在十年后当上通用电气公司的总裁。(leaf through, little does he know)
- 作为亚洲最大的银行的总裁,几年前亚洲金融危机发生时他反而有机会从中受益。(in a position to, to be the beneficiary of)
- 虽然他没有直截了当地说“不”,但人人心里都明白他的回答等于谢绝了公司的邀请。(amount to)

FURTHER READING

I. Growing Up Asian in America

Kesaya E. Noda

Sometimes when I was growing up, my identity seemed to hurtle toward me and paste itself right to my face. I felt that way, encountering the stereotypes of my race perpetuated by non-Japanese people (primarily white) who may or may not have had contact with other Japanese in America. “You don’t like cheese, do you?”

5 someone would ask. “I know your people don’t like cheese, do you?” Sometimes questions came making allusions to history. That was another aspect of the identity. Events that had happened quite apart from the me who stood silent in that moment connected my face with an incomprehensible past. “Your parents were in California? Were they in those camps during the war?”

10 And sometimes there were phrases or nicknames: “Lotus Blossom.” I was sometimes addressed or referred to as racially Japanese, sometimes as Japanese-American, and sometimes as an Asian woman. Confusions and distortions abounded.

How is one to know and define oneself? From the inside—within a context that is self-defined, from a grounding in community and a connection with culture and

15 history that are comfortably accepted? Or from the outside—in terms of message received from the media and people who are often ignorant? Even as an adult I can still see two sides of my face and past. I can see from the inside out, in freedom. And I can see from the outside in, driven by the old voices of childhood and lost in anger and fear.

I Am Racially Japanese

20 I can see myself today as a person historically defined by law and custom as being forever alien. Being neither “free white,” nor “African,” our people in California were deemed “aliens, ineligible for citizenship,” no matter how long they intended to stay here. Aliens ineligible for citizenship were prohibited from owning, buying, or leasing land. They did not and could not belong here. The voice in me

25 remembers that I am always a *Japanese-American* in the eyes of many. A third-generation German-American is an American. A third-generation Japanese-American is a Japanese-American. Being Japanese means being a danger to the country during the war and knowing how to use chopsticks. I wear this history on my face.

I move to the other side. I see a different light and claim a different context. My race is a line that stretches across ocean and time to link me to the shrine where
 30 my grandmother was raised. Two high, white banners lift in the wind at the top of the stone steps leading to the shrine. It is time for the summer festival. Black characters are written against the sky as boldly as the clouds, as lightly as kites, as sharply as the big black crows I used to see above the fields in New Hampshire. At festival time there is liquor and food, ritual, discipline, and abandonment. There
 35 is music and drunkenness and invocation. There is hope. Another season has come. Another season has gone.

I am racially Japanese. I have a certain claim to this crazy place where the prayers intoned by a neighboring Shinto priest (standing in for my grandmother's nephew who is sick) are drowned out by the rehearsals for the pop singing contest
 40 in which most of the villagers will compete later that night. The village elders, the priest, and I stand respectfully upon the immaculate, shining wooden floor of the outer shrine, bowing our heads before the hidden powers. During the patchy intervals when I can hear him, I notice the priest has a stutter. His voice flutters up to my ears only occasionally because two men and a woman are singing gustily into a microphone in the compound, testing the sound system. A prerecorded tape of
 45 guitars, samisens, and drums accompanies them. Rock music and Shinto prayers. That night, to loud applause and cheers, a young man is given the award for the most *netsuretsu*—passionate, burning—rendition of a song. We roar our approval of the reward. Never mind that his voice had wandered and slid, now slightly above, now slightly below the given line of the melody. Netsuretsu. Netsuretsu.

In the morning, my grandmother's sister kneels at the foot of the stone stairs to offer her morning prayers. She is too crippled to climb the stairs, so each morning she kneels here upon the path. She shuts her eyes for a few seconds, her motions as matter of fact as when she washes rice. I linger longer than she does, so
 55 reluctant to leave, savoring the connection I feel with my grandmother in America, the past, and the power that lives and shines in the morning sun.

Our family has served this shrine for generations. The family's need to protect this claim to identity and place outweighs any individual claim to any individual hope. I am Japanese.

I Am a Japanese-American

60 "Weak." I hear the voice from my childhood years. "Passive," I hear. Our parents and grandparents were the ones who were put into those camps. They went without resistance; they offered cooperation as proof of loyalty to America. "Victim," I hear. And, "Silent."

Our parents are painted as hard workers who were socially uncomfortable and

65 had difficulty expressing even the smallest opinion. Clean, quiet, motivated, and determined to match the American way; that is us, and that is the story of our time here.

“Why did you go into those camps?” I raged at my parents, frightened by my own inner silence and timidity. “Why didn’t you do anything to resist? Why didn’t
70 you name it the injustice it was?” Couldn’t our parents even think? Couldn’t they? Why were we so passive?

I shift my vision and my stance. I am in California. My uncle is in the midst of the sweet potato harvest. He is pressed, trying to get the harvesting crews onto the field as quickly as possible, worried about the flow of equipment and people.
75 His big pickup is pulled off to the side, motor running, door ajar. I see two tractors in the yard in front of an old shed; the flatbed harvesting platform on which the workers will stand has already been brought over from the other field. It’s early morning. The workers stand loosely grouped and at ease, but my uncle looks as harried and tense as a police officer trying to unsnarl a New York City traffic jam.
80 Driving toward the shed, I pull my car off the road to make way for an approaching tractor. The front wheels of the car sink luxuriously into the soft, white sand by the roadside and the car slides into a dreamy halt, tail still on the road. I try to move forward. I try to move back. The front bites contentedly into the sand, the back lifts itself at a jaunty angle. My uncle sees me and storms down the road, running. He is
85 shouting before he is even near me.

“What’s the matter with you?” he screams. “What the hell are you doing?” In his frenzy, he grabs his hat off his head and slashes it through the air across his knee. He is beside himself. “Don’t you know how to drive in sand? What’s the matter with you? You’ve blocked the whole roadway. How am I supposed to get my
90 tractors out of here? Can’t you use your head? You’ve cut off the whole roadway, and we’ve got to get out of here.”

I stand on the road before him helplessly thinking, “No, I don’t know how to drive in sand. I’ve never driven in sand.”

“I’m sorry, uncle,” I say, burying a smile beneath a look of sincere apology. I
95 notice my deep amusement and my affection for him with great curiosity. I am usually devastated by anger. Not this time.

During the several years that follow I learn about the people and the place, and much more about what has happened in this California village where my parents grew up. The Issei, our grandparents, made this settlement in the desert. Their
100 first crops were eaten by rabbits and ravaged by insects. The land was so barren that men walking from house to house sometimes got lost. Women came here too. They bore children in 114-degree heat, then carried the babies with them into the fields to nurse when they reached the end of each row of grapes or other truck-farm

crops.

105 I had had no idea what it meant to buy this kind of land and make it grow
green. Or how, when the war came, there was no space at all for the subtlety of
being who we were—Japanese-Americans. Either/or was the way. I hadn't
understood that people were literally afraid for their lives then, that their money had
been frozen in banks; that there was a five-mile travel limit; that when the early
110 evening curfew came and they were inside their houses, some of them watched
helplessly as people they knew went into their barns to steal their belongings. The
police were patrolling the road, interested only in violators of curfew. There was no
help for them in the face of thievery. I had not been able to imagine before what it
must have felt like to be an American—to know absolutely that one is an
115 American—and yet to have almost everyone else deny it. Not only deny it, but
challenge that identity with machine guns and troops of white American soldiers. In
those circumstances it was difficult to say, “I'm a Japanese-American.”
“American” had to do.

But now I can say that. I am a Japanese-American. It means I have a place
120 here in this country, too. I have a place here on the East Coast, where our neighbor
is so much a part of our family that my mother never passes her house at night
without glancing at the lights to see if she is home and safe; where my parents have
hauled hundreds of pounds of rocks from fields and arduously planted Christmas
trees and blueberries, lilacs, asparagus, and crab apples; where my father still
125 dreams of angling a stream to a new bed so that he can dig a pond in the field and
fill it with water and fish. “The neighbors already came for their Christmas tree?” he
asks in December. “Did they like it? Did they like it?”

I have a place on the West Coast where my relatives still farm, where I heard
the stories of feuds and backbiting, and where I saw that people survived and
130 flourished because fundamentally they trusted and relied upon one another. A death
in the family is not just a death in a family; it is a death in the community. I saw
people help each other with money, materials, labor, attention, and time. I saw
men gather once a year, without fail, to clean the grounds of a ninety-year-old
woman who had helped the community before, during, and after the war. I saw her
135 remembering them with birthday cards sent to each of their children.

I come from a people with a long memory and a distinctive grace. We live our
thanks. And we are Americans. Japanese-Americans.

I Am a Japanese-American Woman

Woman. The last piece of my identity. It has been easier by far for me to know
myself in Japan and to see my place in America than it has been to accept my line of
140 connection with my own mother. She was my dark self, a figure in whom I thought I

saw all that I feared most in myself. Growing into womanhood and looking for some model of strength, I turned away from her. Of course, I could not find what I sought. I was looking for a black feminist or a white feminist. My mother is neither white nor black.

145 My mother is a woman who speaks with her life as much as with her tongue. I think of her with her own mother. Grandmother had Parkinson's disease and it had frozen her gait and set her fingers, tongue, and feet jerking and trembling in a terrible dance. My aunts and uncles wanted her to be able to live in her own home. They fed her, bathed her, dressed her, awoke at midnight to take her for one last
150 trip to the bathroom. My aunts (her daughters-in-law) did most of the care, but my mother went from New Hampshire to California each summer to spend a month living with Grandmother, because she wanted to and because she wanted to give my aunts at least a small rest. During those hot summer days, mother lay on the couch watching the television or reading, cooking foods that Grandmother liked, and
155 speaking little. Grandmother thrived under her care.

The time finally came when it was too dangerous for Grandmother to live alone. My relatives kept finding her on the floor beside her bed when they went to wake her in the mornings. My mother flew to California to help clean the house and make arrangements for Grandmother to enter a local nursing home. On her last day at
160 home, while Grandmother was sitting in her big, overstuffed armchair, hair combed and wearing a green summer dress, my mother went to her and knelt at her feet. "Here, Mamma," she said. "I've polished your shoes." She lifted Grandmother's legs and helped her into the shiny black shoes. My Grandmother looked down and smiled slightly. She left her house walking, supported by her children, carrying her
165 pocket book, and wearing her polished black shoes. "Look, Mamma," my mom had said, kneeling. "I've polished your shoes."

Just the other day, my mother came to Boston to visit. She had recently lost a lot of weight and was pleased with her new shape and her feeling of good health. "Look at me, Kes," she exclaimed, turning toward me, front and back, as naked
170 as the day she was born. I saw her small breasts and the wide, brown scar, belly button to public hair, that marked her because my brother and I were both born by caesarean section. Her hips were small. I was not a large baby, but there was so little room for me in her that when she was carrying me she could not even begin to bend over toward the floor. She hated it, she said.

175 "Don't I look good? Don't you think I look good?"

I looked at my mother, smiling and as happy as she, thinking of all the times I have seen her naked. I have seen both my parents naked throughout my life, as they have seen me. From childhood through adulthood we've had our naked moments, sharing baths, idle conversations picked up as we moved between

180 showers and closets, hurried moments at the beginning of days, quiet moments at the end of days.

I am my mother's daughter. And I am myself.

I am a Japanese-American woman.

Questions for Reading Comprehension

1. How did Kesaya Noda feel about her identity when she was growing up?
2. Why did she feel it that way?
3. What does she mean when she says one can define oneself from the inside?
4. What about defining oneself from the outside?
5. Why is it that a third-generation Japanese-American is still a Japanese-American, instead of an American? What is Kesaya Noda really saying?
6. What is her connection with the shrine where her grandmother was raised?
7. What is the story of her parents during the war?
8. What did the encounter with her uncle reveal about being Japanese?
9. In what ways is Noda justified now in claiming that she is a Japanese-American?
10. Why does Noda say that her mother is a woman who speaks with her life as much as with her tongue?
11. What does the closeness between family members tell us about being Japanese?

Questions for Discussion

1. In what ways has the author's ethnic background affected the way she lives, her interactions with others, and her goals and hopes for her future?
2. What stereotypes about the Japanese has the author had to struggle with?
3. What does being a female add to the complexity of her identity?

II. Cultural Baggage

Barbara Ehrenreich

An acquaintance was telling me about the joys of rediscovering her ethnic and religious heritage. "I know exactly what my ancestors were doing 2,000 years ago," she said, eyes gleaming with enthusiasm, "and I can do the same things now." Then she leaned forward and inquired politely, "And what is your ethnic

5 background, if I may ask?”

“None,” I said, that being the first word in line to get out of my mouth. Well, not “none,” I backtracked. Scottish, English, Irish—that was something, I supposed. Too much Irish to qualify as a WASP; too much of the hated English to warrant a “Kiss Me, I’m Irish” button; plus there are a number of dead ends in the
10 family tree due to adoptions, missing records, failing memories and the like. I was blushing by this time. Did “none” mean I was rejecting my heritage out of Anglo-Celtic self-hate? Or was I revealing a hidden ethnic chauvinism in which the ethnic “others?”

Throughout the 1960s and 1970s, I watched one group after another—African-
15 Americans, Latinos, Native Americans—stand up and proudly reclaim their roots while I just sank back ever deeper into my seat. All this excitement over ethnicity stemmed, I uneasily sensed, from a past in which *their* ancestors had been trampled upon by *my* ancestors, or at least by people who looked very much like them. In addition, it had begun to seem almost un-American not to have some sort
20 of hyphen at hand, linking one to more venerable times and locales.

But the truth is, I was raised with none. We’d eaten ethnic foods in my childhood home, but these were all borrowed, like the pasties, or Cornish meat pies, my father had picked up from his fellow miners in Butte, Mont. If my mother had one rule, it was militant ecumenism in all matters of food and experience. “Try
25 new things,” she would say, meaning anything from sweetbreads to clams, with an emphasis on the “new.”

Motherhood put the screws on me, ethnicity wise. I had hoped that by marrying a man of Eastern European-Jewish ancestry I would acquire for my descendants the ethnic genes that my own forebears so sadly lacked. At one point, I even subjected
30 the children to a seder of my own design, including a little talk about the flight from Egypt and its relevance to modern social issues. But the kids insisted on buttering their matzohs and snickering through my talk. “Give me a break, Mom,” the older one said. “You don’t even believe in God.”

The epiphany went on: I recalled that my mother never introduced a procedure
35 for cooking or cleaning by telling me, “Grandma did it this way.” What did Grandma know, living in the days before vacuum cleaners and disposable toilet mops? In my parents’ general view, new things were better than old, and the very fact that some ritual had been performed in the past was a good reason for abandoning it now. Because what was the past, as our forebears knew it? Nothing but poverty,
40 superstition and grief. “Think for yourself,” Dad used to say. “Always ask why.”

In fact, this may have been the ideal cultural heritage for my particular ethnic strain—bounced as it was from the Highlands of Scotland across the sea, out to the

Rockies, down into the mines and finally spewed out into high-tech, suburban America. What better philosophy, for a race of migrants, than “Think for yourself?”

- 45 What better maxim, for a people whose whole world was rudely inverted every 30 years or so, than “Try new things?”

A few weeks ago, I cleared my throat and asked the children, now mostly grown and fearsomely smart, whether they felt any stirrings of ethnic or religious identity, etc., which might have been, ahem, insufficiently nourished at home.

- 50 “None,” they said, adding firmly, “and the world would be a better place if nobody else did, either.” My chest swelled with pride, as would my mother’s to know that the race of “none” marches on.

Multiple Choice Exercises

I. Comprehension

- When asked about her ethnic heritage, the author _____.
 - did not know exactly what to say
 - felt embarrassed because she did not have a ready answer
 - remembered the mingling of several European heritages in her family
 - thought that she was primarily English
- When she became a mother, she _____.
 - found that she had to find an answer to the ethnic issue
 - hoped to have a solution to the problem through her children
 - was delighted that she had solved the problem by marrying an Eastern European man
 - began to imitate her mother, who had been emulating her grandmother
- When she talked to her young children about Jewish flight from Egypt, they _____.
 - were greatly interested in the stories of their ancestors
 - found it ridiculous because she did not even believe in God
 - thought they had finally found the religious heritage of the family
 - naturally related this with modern social issues
- Her parents believed that new things were better than the old because _____.
 - their ancestors had had a better life than they did
 - their ancestors only knew poverty and suffering
 - people had changed greatly
 - younger people would always be attached to new things

II. Structure

- It is necessary for a student of English to keep a dictionary _____ hand.

(a) at	(b) by	(c) in	(d) over
--------	--------	--------	----------

6. This is something I have picked up _____ a professional athlete.
 (a) at (b) by (c) from (d) with
7. The headmaster subjected his pupils _____ a terrible time at school.
 (a) in (b) on (c) to (d) with

III. Vocabulary

8. In the 1960s and 1970s, I witnessed several groups of Americans _____.
 (a) asking for the recognition of their ethnic roots
 (b) fighting for their ethnic and religious roots
 (c) proclaiming proudly their religious heritage
 (d) claiming that they had found their ancestors
9. I believed that this excitement _____ a past event in Southern history.
 (a) came from (b) emerged in (c) was derived from (d) was stirred up by
10. I thought I would be able to _____ ethnic roots for my children through my marriage.
 (a) discover (b) find (c) look for (d) obtain

LISTENING

Pre-listening Questions

- How much do you know about American Indians?
- In what ways are American Indians one of the most seriously disadvantaged racial groups in the United States?

How It Feels to Be Colored Me

Exercises for Listening Comprehension

I. Listen to the taped narrative once. Then choose the best answer (from a, b, c and d) to complete each of the following.

- According to Zora Neale Hurston, she became colored when _____.
 (a) she lived in an exclusively colored town in Florida
 (b) she was born
 (c) she left home for school
 (d) she waved welcome to tourists from her front porch
- When she lived in Florida, she discovered that the white people differed from her in that

- they _____.
- only came for a visit
 - offered her little coins for her singing and dancing
 - lived in a nearby town
 - liked to hear her speak pieces
- When Hurston says, "I am not tragically colored," she means to say that she _____.
 - doesn't want to accept the fact that she is colored
 - refuses to feel sorry for herself just because of her race
 - is happy because she is colored and different from the others
 - intends to search for her own identity
 - Hurston is most conscious of her own color when _____.
 - she stayed at school with white kids
 - she welcomed white tourists in Florida
 - she was among the white people
 - the history of slavery is discussed

II. Now, listen to the narrative one more time and answer the true or false questions. Write a T in front of a statement if it is true according to the recording, and write an F if it is false.

1. The opening line of the narrative is intended to be humorous.
2. The white tourists from the north passed through the town on horsebacks.
3. The white tourists knew that they had to pay to stop Hurston from dancing on and on.
4. Sometimes Hurston does not think that she belongs to any particular race and believes that she is just herself.

III. Fill in the blanks based on what you hear on the tape.

- But the Northerners were _____ again. They were peered at cautiously from _____ by the timid. The more venturesome would come out _____ to watch them go past and got _____ pleasure out of the tourists as the tourists _____ the village.
- But I am not tragically colored. There is _____ dammed up in _____, nor lurking behind my eyes. I do not mind at all. I do not belong to _____ who hold that nature somehow has given them _____ and whose feelings are all _____ it.
- Slavery is the price I paid for _____, and the choice _____. It is a bully adventure and _____ I have paid through _____ for it. No one on earth ever had _____ for glory. The world _____ and nothing _____.
- I have no separate feeling about being _____ and colored. I am merely a _____ of the Great Soul that _____ the boundaries. My country, _____.

A Movie Suggestion

Soul Man (1986)

Genre: comedy

Directed by: Steve Minder

Scripted by: Carol Black

Synopsis

A rich Southern California kid, C. Thomas Howell, has graduated from UCLA and is admitted into the Law School of Harvard. But his millionaire father won't pay for his tuition any more. Howell does not know what to do. Then he finds out about a full scholarship available to a black applicant in the Los Angeles area. Howell fakes information on the application form and wins the scholarship. So he goes to Harvard by getting a curly permanent and by overdosing on suntan tablets. How long can he fool the world and himself?

Questions for Discussion

1. As a "black" man at Harvard, what does Howell encounter when he wants to rent an apartment or when he wants to date the daughter of a white man?
2. How does the black professor treat Howell and why?
3. There is the comic (farcical) scene where Howell has his parents (who do not know he is "black") in the kitchen, a sex-mad white girl in his bedroom and Chong in the living room. How does Howell fool everyone? Is he successful?
4. This comic movie raises questions not only about ethnicity but also about ethics. What are the ethical issues? Does the movie address those issues adequately? Why or why not?

WRITING

Text for Writing Practice

Why Blacks Need Affirmative Action

Jesse Jackson

According to a recent publication of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, at the present rate of “progress” it will take 43 years to end job discrimination—hardly a reasonable timetable.

5 If our goal is educational and economic equity and parity—and it is—then we need Affirmative Action to catch up. We are behind as a result of discrimination and denial of opportunity. There is one white attorney for every 680 whites, but only one black attorney for every 4,000 blacks; one white physician for every 659 whites, but only one black physician for every 5,000 blacks; and one white dentist for every 1,900 whites, but only one black dentist for every 8,400 blacks. Less than one
10 percent of all engineers—or of all practicing chemists—is black. Cruel and uncompassionate injustice created gaps like these. We need creative justice and compassion to help us close them.

15 Actually, in the U.S. context, “reverse discrimination” is illogical and a contradiction in terms. Never in the history of mankind has a majority, with power, engaged in programs and written laws that discriminate against itself. The only thing whites are giving up because of Affirmative Action is unfair advantage—something that was unnecessary in the first place.

20 Blacks are not making progress at the expense of whites, as news accounts make it seem so. There are 49 percent more whites in medical schools today and 64 percent more whites in law schools than there were when Affirmative Action programs began some eight years ago.

25 In a recent column, William Raspberry raised an interesting question. Commenting on the *Bakke* case, he asked, “What if, instead of setting aside 16 of 100 slots, we added 16 slots to the 100?” That, he suggested, would allow blacks to make progress and would not interfere with what whites already have. He then went on to point out that this, in fact, is exactly what has happened in law and medical schools. In 1968, the year before Affirmative Action programs began to get

under way, 9,571 whites and 282 members of minority groups entered US medical schools. In 1976, the figures were 14,213 and 1,400 respectively. Thus, under

30 Affirmative Action, the number of “white places” actually rose by 49 percent: White access to medical training was not diminished, but substantially increased. The trend was even more marked in law schools. In 1969, the first year for which reliable figures are available, 2,933 minority-group members were enrolled; in

35 1976, the number was up to 8,484. But during the same period, law school enrollment for whites rose from 65,453 to 107,064—an increase of 64 percent. In short, it is a myth that blacks are making progress at whites’ expense.

Allan Bakke did not really challenge preferential treatment in general, for he made no challenge to the preferential treatment accorded to the children of the rich, the alumni and the faculty, or to athletes or the very talented—only to minorities.

Guided Writing: Paragraph

Write two short paragraphs with no more than 180 words in each, using the prompts given below.

Paragraph I

1. reported—43 years—job discrimination—unreasonable
2. Affirmative Action—a result of—discrimination—denial—opportunity
3. white attorneys vs. black—white physicians vs. black
4. illogical assumption—“reverse discrimination”—never in history
5. unfair advantage—only thing—the white—give up

Paragraph II

1. news accounts—blacks—progress—expense of whites
2. more whites—medical schools—law schools—1969
3. Raspberry—Bakke case—add 16 slots
4. under Affirmative Action—increase of whites—medical schools
5. trend—law school—white enrollment vs. minority students
6. myth—blacks—progress—at whites’ expense