Audience Analysis

Following are introductions (and one conclusion) from several magazine articles or advertisements. Please read them carefully, and, based on clues given, decide which magazine they come from. It is more important that you explain your reasons for selecting those particular magazines than that you select the correct ones. What do these articles tell you about their readers? Notice, too, the titles and first sentences of the articles. What do the writers do to engage their readers?

Free Man in Paris

by Alan Richman

Life got good for Daniel Rose about the time his wife ran off with the German, his cook left permanently for London, and he fell through the trapdoor in the middle of his kitchen, damaging his right arm so severely that he could no longer raise it above his shoulder. Couldn’t have worked out better. “You see that much vulnerability, you see a guy flying by the seat of his pants, it wins you over,” says Todd Sills, an American documentary filmmaker who started coming into Rose’s restaurant to help out, primarily by reaching up to take condiments down from the higher shelves.

That’s his explanation, probably as good as any as to why Rose, the 30-year-old American owner, chef, and floor washer of the restaurant Spring, has Paris enthralled. Rose himself has a different explanation. “I hire guys like Todd who can’t cook. It takes Todd six hours to shuck peas.”

Allstate Ad

Why do most 16-year-olds drive like they’re missing a part of their brain?

Because they are.

EVEN BRIGHT, MATURE TEENAGERS SOMETIMES DO THINGS THAT ARE “STUPID.”

But when that happens, it’s not really their fault. It’s because their brain hasn’t finished developing. The underdeveloped area is called the dorsal lateral prefrontal cortex. It plays a critical role in decision making, problem solving and understanding future consequences of today’s actions. Problem is, it won’t be fully mature until they’re into their 20s.

It’s one reason 16-year-old drivers have crash rates three times higher than 17-year-olds and five times higher than 18-year-olds. Car crashes injure about 300,000 teens a year. . . .

Simple Pleasures

by Amy Engeler

An old wire fence was all that stood between us. The pig was on my tail, catching up faster than I’d like to admit, and outweighing me by at least a hundred pounds. I never knew pigs could run or wear a leash like a dog. But in Portugal’s southern Alentejo region, farmland since Roman times, the old ways are still alive. Without a better idea, I stopped and stared at the pig, and it skidded to a stop, disappointed, raising its snout to me. The game was over, and onward I went, until the road ended at a precipice high over the Atlantic. Looking down the coast, I saw cliff after black cliff, sandy beaches tucked between - a giant zigzag out into the land, all within the boundaries of Europe’s longest and newest coastal reserve, Southwest Alentego and Costa Vicentina Natural Park. More than 200,000 acres of private and public lands are under severe building restrictions meant to keep the coastline rustic, wild, and suspended in time.

. . .

My daughter was also up on her board, and the photo I quickly snapped has become her favorite souvenir. The water looks as clear and clean as it did in reality - a brilliant green, with silver streaks of sunlight on the cresting wave. Her stance looks almost professional, like that of a real surfer girl. You see not only Miguel behind her, his hands up in victory, but also a gaily painted fishing boat. Beyond that is the wide ocean, which from this stretch of unmarred and preserved coastline, seemed full of the possibilities it always stood for with the Portuguese.

The Best of Flights, The Worst of Flights

by Daniel Gross

Flying today is a Dickensian affair. Flight diaries read like production notes for “Oliver”: endless lines, screaming children, basic necessities confiscated, uncomfortable physical inspections, cramped conditions and food of dubious quality.

For frequent fliers, it is clearly the worst of times. In the first quarter of 2007, only 71.4 percent of flights arrived on time, and 19,260 passengers were involuntarily bumped - up 13 percent from the year before. In July, 16,988 flights were canceled, up 54 percent from July 2006, according to FlightStats.com.

And yet for airline companies, these are the best of times. The industry was laid low by 9/11 and the 2001 recession, as giants like United, US Airways and Delta filed for Chapter 11. But the airlines’ winter of despair has given way to a spring of hope. . . .

Shut Up About My Truck

by Ace Atkins

Picture this: You’re at a stoplight, feeling smug in your new Prius, when a big Ford F-150 rumbles up. A large, scruffy guy in a baseball hat is behind the wheel, clearly enjoying his gas-guzzling V-8 engine, four-wheel drive, and oversize mud tires. You notice the tag: He’s from Mississippi. Oh, great, you think - a red-stater. The \_\_\_\_ \_\_ \_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ probably never even saw *An Inconvenient Truth* and tunes in to Fox News between reruns of *Walker, Texas Ranger*.

Of course, the guy in the Prius may not be you. But the guy in the F-150 is definitely me - although for the record, I don’t watch Fox and I prefer the dearly departed *Deadwood* to Chuck Norris. And, yes, on this page of this environmentally aware magazine, I’m here to declare that I don’t feel bad about driving my truck. Not a bit. In fact, I love my truck. I love the power of the engine, the durable construction, and the way my1-ELVIS license plate (proudly purchased at Graceland) looks above the front bumper.

But I also care a lot about the health of the planet. So let’s talk about that sneer you’re wearing when you see me on the road. When you do this, I’m reminded of the immortal words of Mississippi native Bo Diddley: “Before you accuse me, take a look at yourself.” Does your life match your ride?

An Unfair Fight

by Rick Reilly

Carlos Barragan and his son Carlos Jr. don’t torture dogs, don’t inject ‘roids and don’t bet on sporting events they ref. They’ve never run from the law or the tax man or a grand jury. What they do run is a little boxing gym for kids in National City, Calif., between the Mexican border and the San Diego barrios. So why is the city trying to shut them down? Luxury condos, that’s why.

The city wants to knock down the Barragans’ Community Youth Athletic Center and four neighboring businesses so a developer can put up 24 stories of condos and stores. Turns out National City gets a load more tax dollars out of building condos than building kids.

Tom Clancy’s EndWar

The year is 2020. International relations are at a crisis point due to dwindling natural resources, the subsequent stock market crashes, and a new arms race between the United States, the newly formed European Federation, and a reenergized Russian bloc. Matters are sure to get worse as the U.S. prepares to launch its new space station, Freedom Star - a military base capable of deploying troops anywhere in the world within 90 minutes. Welcome to Tom Clancy’s latest techno thriller, EndWar.

Whereas the maestro of politically charged military novels has taken a back seat in recent years for the Splinter Cell, Rainbow Six, and Ghost Recon sequels, Tom Clancy is taking a proactive approach with EndWar, consulting with the Ubisoft development team over every major plot point and game play element. Ubisoft hopes the result will be a real-time strategy game that brings the frenzied experience of guiding a massive war effort to consoles in a revolutionary and easy-to-use way.

Clone Home

by Dan Koeppel

Cellphones, microchips, cars - there’s virtually no high-tech Western product that China’s cloners can’t copy. Pretty soon, you might even prefer their work.

The little gadget was bootleg gold, a secret treasure I’d spent months tracking down. The miniOne looked just like Apple’s iPhone, down to the slick no-button interface. But it was more. It ran popular mobile software that the iPhone wouldn’t. It worked with nearly every worldwide cellphone carrier, not just AT&T, and not only in the U.S. It promised to cost half as much as the iPhone and be available to 10 times as many consumers. The miniOne’s first news teases - a forum posting, a few spy shots, a product announcement that vanished after a day - generated a frenzy of interest online. Was it real? When would it go on sale? And most intriguing, could it really be even better than the iPhone?

Downtown Dirt

Hidden in the concrete jungle, tucked into soaring skyscraper canyons, are some surprisingly good trails. As more cities embrace \_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ as part of their recreational plans, new trails are being built within the country’s largest metropolitan areas. For riders who can stomach a little litter, and don’t mind sharing the trails with horses, dogs, and the occasional crack head, urban riding is coming of age. Here are six places that offer killer riding within their city limits.

. . .

New York City. The trails unravel toward the Harlem River, as if trying to escape the park before dusk. The haunches of housing projects loom over the treetops. A few feet of the trail, I make eye contact with a bug-eyed fat man, lighting a glass pipe. When we’re a few paces past him, one of my guides turns to me. “Congratulations. You’ve just met your first Highbridge crack head.”

The Territory Ahead

by James B. Meigs

The first man-made object in orbit didn’t look like much. An aluminum sphere about 2 ft. across, it was filled with pressurized nitrogen and carried two small transmitters that beamed wavering radio signals to the planet below. On day 22, the batteries ran out and the satellite fell silent. A few weeks later, the craft most likely vaporized as it plunged back to Earth.

To Americans at the height of the Cold War, the Soviet Union’s launch of Sputnik 1 on Oct. 4, 1957, came as a shock - and a spur. The competition that would inevitably be known as the space race was on. . . .

For this special issue, . . . (we) commemorate the first 50 years of space flight by looking ahead to the next 50. It will be in these coming decades - within the lifetime of most of us now living - that human beings make the transition from earthbound creatures to a space-faring people.