**Audience and Introduction Analysis (Fall, 2012)**

Following are introductions from several magazine articles. Please read them carefully, and, based on clues given, decide who the audience is for each magazine. Your points don’t come from choosing the right magazine. That is not important, but your analysis of each introduction is. What are the clues? Pay particular attention to techniques used by each writer to *engage* his or her particular audience. Look carefully at the *titles and first lines*. How are these beginnings designed to attract readers?

**Paris Underneath It All**

Why do French women, as the saying goes, feel so good in their skin?

What is it about French women that makes them so maddening? Not all of them, of course, but the ones—and I’ve known many—who linger in your memory. It’s hard to pin down, but I think it has to be related to their instinctive understanding of the aesthetics of pleasure. (The sad Anglo-Saxon concept of a “guilty pleasure” is incomprehensible to the French mind. If something gives you pleasure—whether it’s a cigarette, an affair, or an extravagant little *quelque chose* from Hermes—how would guilt fit into the equation?) *Faire plaisir*, to give pleasure, whether to oneself or to others, is so deeply embedded in the French cultural DNA and in the idea of *la civilisaton franciasise* that it can’t help but permeate every aspect of their lives. –Gully Wells

And while we’re generalizing about entire nations . . .

**Sending Maybach Back to Where It Came From**

As much as I love German cars, I can’t help thinking that the people who make them are kind of weird sometimes. One needn’t go back as far as the twentieth century—a fine one for Teutonic nuttiness, it must be said—to uncover proof of loose screws in the world’s most screwed down auto-manufacturing land. Even while marching from strength to strength, as they usually seem to be, *unsere deutsche Freunde* rarely fail to be amusing, surprising, disarming, or alarming. From Volkswagen Group chairman Ferdinand Pech and his twelve children by four women and his megalomaniacal world-domination plans; to the high-wire combat over ownership of Porsche and VW; and on to whoever is responsible for the BMW X6, a rare repeat candidate for this column’s Least Favorite Car of the Year honors, one is truly spoiled for choice. But what concerns me today is the news that Daimler plans to shutter its Maybach ultraluxury brand in 2013, just eleven years after it launched.—Jamie Kitman

**The Legacy of Wes Leonard**

After the autopsy, when the doctor found white blossoms of scar tissue on Wes Leonard’s heart, he guessed they had been secretly building there for several months. That would mean Wes’s heart was slowly breaking throughout the Fennville Blackhawks’ 2010-11 regular season, when he led them in scoring and the team won 20 games without a loss. It would mean his heart was already moving toward electrical meltdown in December, when he scored 26 on Decatur with that big left shoulder clearing a path to the hoop. It would mean his heart swelled and weakened all through January (25 against Hopkins, 33 against Martin) even as it pumped enough blood to fill at least 10 swimming pools. This heart pounded two million times in February, probably more, heaving under its own weight, propelling Wes’s 6’2”, 230-pound frame along the glimmering hardwood with such precision and force that finally a kid from Hartford gave up on the rules and tackled him in the lane. By March 3, the night of Wes’s last and most glorious game, his heart weighed 21½ ounces, double the weight of a normal heart, and it gave him all he needed from the opening tip to the final buzzer. Then the wiring failed, the current going as jagged as a thunderbolt, and Wes fell to the floor with his big heart quivering.—Thomas Lake

**New-Found Horizon**

It takes about six-and-a-half shovel loads of Nepalese dirt to fill an empty 110-pound polyester cement bag, and Tenzing Gurung was just a couple of shovel loads away from filling his last bag of the day. This bag would soon join 30 others that had already been stacked in place.

As with any passion, it is the degree of commitment to it that directly impacts the results of one’s labor. In Tenzing’s case, it did not matter that this was the first dirt jump he had ever built. Nor did it matter that the directions he was following came from typing, ‘how to build a dirt jump’ into Google. He put every ounce of effort he had into his creation. . . .

Tenzing is part of a new chapter of mountain biking in Nepal, the landlocked South Asian country that is best known as the gateway to the Himalayas. . . . Tenzing knows what he wants to do—and he has a good idea of what it will take to work toward his goals. In his rapidly growing mountain-bike circle, he is a pioneer.—Janet Reitman

**Embrace Your Inner Sissy**

I’m not a racer. I’ve only ziptied numbers on te front of my bike a handful of times, and those numbers were usually scrawled on a paper plate. But I’ve been racing my bikes since the first day I threw a leg over one and headed into the woods. And chances are, so have you.

I’ve raced the sound oftires behind me and chased fleeting glimpses of riders in front. I’ve entered time trials against darkness, increasingly short lunch hours and man-eating mosquitoes. Pursuin diesel-powered ridding buddies, I’ve gone anaerobic as their wheels slipped out of reach—at which point I’ve been forced into sudden-death eliminations against the bile-laced lunch stalking the back of my throat.

I live for these unspoken race scenes and the way they push me to ride harder than medals and cowbells ever could. But sometimes I get sick of race.

That’s when I grab my singlespeed.—Kristin Butcher

**This Land is Your Land**

Imagine a place where wind carves rock into canyons of light. Imagine a place where time is told in the stratigraphy of stone. Imagine a place where ravens fly through arches of petrified sand, carved by the wind. This is the erosional landscape of the Colorado Plateau, where Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado converge in a region known as the Four Corners, and where the artist’s palette of red rock suggests you’re closer to Mars than to Earth. In the harsh, arid heart of the American Southwest, one drinks deeply from this wellspring of wonder.

The word *occupy* has infiltrated our language from Wall Street to Washington to our own town squares. What occupies me in the red rock canyons of southern Utah is mystery. The only agenda in the broken rubble of a collapsing sandstone wall is change. What do we know in the face of a flash flood except our own will to survive that says, “Get out of the way.”

But the world is telling us that the wild has gotten in the way of development. With the national push for energy independence gaining strength, the wildlands of the American West are feeling the pressure of oil and gas exploration, including drilling, hydraulic fracturing, and the ravages of tar-sand extraction. Add strip-mining for coal to the equation.

This tension is nothing new. The debate over our public lands, particularly America’s red rock wilderness, dates back at least to the New Deal.—Terry Tempest Williams

**Sun Struck**

On Thursday, September 1, 1859, a 33-year-old brewer and amateur astronomer named Richard Carrington climbed the stairs to his private observatory near London, opened the dome slit, and as was his habit on a sunny morning, adjusted his telescope to project an 11-inch image of the sun onto a screen. He was tracing sunspots on a piece of paper when, before his eyes, “two patches of intensely bright and white light” suddenly appeared amid one large sunspot group. At the same time the magnetometer needle dangling from a silk thread at London’s Kew Observatory began dancing wildly. Before dawn the next day enormous auroral displays of red, green, and purple illuminated the skies as far south as Hawaii and Panama. Campers in the Rocky Mountains, mistaking the aurora for sunrise, got up and started cooking breakfast.

The flare Carrington had observed heralded a solar superstorm—an enormous electromagnetic outburst that sent billions of tons of charged particles hurtling toward Earth.—Timothy Ferris

**Rethinking the Thunderous Hordes**

Vast stretches of Central Asia feel eerily uninhabited. Fly at 30,000 feet over the southern part of the former Soviet Union—Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan—and there are long moments when no town or road or field is visible from your window. The landscape of stark desert, trackless steppe, and rugged mountains seems to swallow up anything human. It is little surprise, then, that this region remains largely terra incognita to most archaeologists.

Wandering bands and tribes roamed this immense area for 5,000 years, herding goat, sheep cattle, and horses across immense steppes, through narrow valleys, and over high snowy passes. They left occasional tombs that survived the ages, and on rare occasions settled down and built towns or even cities. But for the most part, these peoples left behind few physical traces of their origins, beliefs, or ways of life. What we know of these nomadic pastoralists comes mainly from their periodic forays into India, the Middle East, and China, where they often wreaked havoc and earned a fearsome reputation as enemies of urban life.—Andrew Lawler

**My Foot-in-Mouth Moment**

Ever say something so ridiculous, you’re still embarrassed by it years later? Me too.

It’s a gorgeous summer day in southern California. I am at a beach barbecue, surrounded by people in skimpy swimsuits. This being Manhattan Beach, we’re not talking *Average Joes* here; these are the most perfect human specimens to have evolved from a Pilates-obsessed monkey. My usual response to finding myself in a place like this would be to want to gouge out my eyes with a spoon and/or cut off my dangly bits with a steak knife. But not today, because today I am CWC: Chubby With Cause. Today I am six months pregnant.

Six months: the sweet spot. Big enough to show, but not so engorged that I feel like a billboard for *Alien 5: This Time It’s Serious*. The second trimester has been kind to me, and I am feeling all of the things the books say I should: feminine, serene, and intuitive, if maybe a little gassy. But most of all, I am in a state of emotional ecstasy.—Johanna Stein

**The Last Secret Land**

Ray Coin talks the way he drives his pickup, straight and steady. He wants his passengers to talk the same way. When one mispronounces the name of the Hopi village we’ve just passed, Oraibi, Ray quickly corrects him. “Not o-rah-bee,” Ray says. “Ar-zha-bee. Zha. Like Zsa Zsa Gabor.”

“Zha,” I say, being the one who mangled the name. I’ve been trying to wrap my tongue around Hopi names, wrap my mind around the Hopi world, for an entire day. I thought I’d finally gotten somewhere. Not yet.

Here’s a theory of travel. The best journeys are the ones in which every moment is so different from your day-to-day life, it’s impossible to worry about the things you worry about at home. And so you simply surrender . . . to the strange, the new, the profound.—Peter Fish