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## Document A

It turns out that my misgivings about Chicago were justified. No sooner do we step down from the train than the genie-soul of Chicago flaps down like a buzzard and perches on my shoulder. During the whole of our brief sojourn I am ridden by it — brief sojourn, I say briefer even than it was planned to be, since it was cut abruptly short by the catastrophe
   
 5 Monday night, the very night of our arrival. All day long before the catastrophe I stand sunk in thought, blinking and bemused on street corners. Kate looks after me. She is strangely at home in the city, wholly impervious to the five million personal rays of Chicagoans and the peculiar smell of existence here, which must be sniffed and gotten hold of before taking a single step away from the station (if only somebody could tell me who built the damn station,
   
 10 the circumstances of the building, details of the wrangling between city officials and the railroad, so that I would not fall victim to it, the station, the very first crack off the bat. Every place of arrival should have a booth set up and manned by an ordinary person whose task is to greet strangers and give them a little trophy of local space time stuff — tell them of his difficulties in high school and put a pinch of oil in their pockets — in order to insure that the stranger shall not become an Anyone). Oh, son of a bitch but I am in a sweat. Kate takes
   
 15 charge with many a cluck and fuss as if she had caught sight in me of a howling void and meant to conceal it from the world. All of a sudden she is a regular city girl not distinguishable from any other little low-browed olive-skinned big-butted Mediterranean such as populates the streets and subways of the North.

20 I am consoled only to see that I was not mistaken: Chicago is just as I remembered it. I was here twenty five years ago. My father brought me and Scott up to see the Century of Progress and once later to the World Series. Not a single thing do I remember from the first trip but this: the sense of the place, the savor of the genie-soul of the place which every place has or else is not a place. I could have been wrong: it could have been nothing of the sort, not
   
 25 the memory of a place but the memory of being a child. But one step out into the brilliant March day and there it is as big as life, the genie-soul of the place which, wherever you go, you must meet and master first thing or be met and mastered. Until now, one genie-soul and only one ever proved too strong for me: San Francisco — up and down the hills I pursued him, missed him and was pursued, by a presence, a powdering of fall gold in the air, a trembling
   
 30 brightness that pierced to the heart, and the sadness of coming at last to the sea, the coming to the end of America. Nobody but a Southerner knows the wrenching rinsing sadness of the cities of the North. Knowing all about genie-souls and living in haunted places like Shiloh and the Wilderness and Vicksburg and Atlanta where the ghosts of heroes walk abroad by day and are more real than people, he knows a ghost when he sees one, and no sooner does he step off

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35 the train in New York or Chicago or San Francisco than he feels the genie-soul perched on his shoulder.

Here is Chicago. Now, exactly as twenty five years ago, the buildings are heavy and squarish and set down far apart and at random like monuments on a great windy plain. And the Lake. The Lake in New Orleans is a backwater glimmering away in a pleasant lowland.  
40 Not here. Here the Lake is the North itself: a perilous place from which the spirit winds come pouring forth all roused up and crying out alarm.

The wind and the space — they are the genie-soul. Son of a bitch, how can I think about variable endowments, feeling the genie-soul of Chicago perched on my shoulder?

But the wind and the space, they are the genie-soul. The wind blows in steady from  
45 the Lake and claims the space for its own, scouring every inch of the pavements and the cold stony fronts of the buildings. It presses down between buildings, shouldering them apart in skyey fields of light and air. The air is windpressed into a lens, magnifying and sharpening and silencing — everything is silenced in the uproar of the wind that comes ransacking down out of the North. This is a city where no one dares dispute the claim of the wind and skyey  
50 space to the out-of-doors. This Midwestern sky is the nakedest loneliest sky in America. To escape it people live inside and underground. One thing I remember: my father took me down to one of these monuments to see the pool where Tarzan-Johnnie Weissmuller used to swim — an echoing underground place where a cold grey light filtered down from a three-story skylight and muscular men wearing metal discs swam and shouted, their voices ringing  
55 against the wet tile walls.

Some years later, after Scott's death, we came my father and I to the Field Museum, a long dismal peristyle dwindling away into the howling distance, and inside stood a tableau of Stone Age Man, father mother and child crouched around an artificial ember in postures of minatory quiet — until, feeling my father's eye on me, I turned and saw what he required of  
60 me—very special father and son that we were that summer, he staking his everything this time on a perfect comradeship— and I, seeing in his eyes the terrible request, requiring from me his very life; I, through a child's cool perversity or some atavistic recoil from an intimacy too intimate, turned him down, turned away, refused him what I knew I could not give him.

Walker Percy, *The Moviegoer*, Vintage International 1960 (1998), pp 201-204.

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## Document B

5 Many a soul has been known to proclaim, usually in great frustration, that cities make them crazy. Most of those folks, of course, don't mean it in a literal sense. They just mean that they find the crowded streets, noise, traffic, congestion, conflict, dirt, and/or general difficulty of maneuvering that comes with most urban environments frustrating, annoying or a hassle.

10 It turns out, however, that there may be something real to that complaint. For some time, researchers have noted a higher rate of what they call non-affective psychosis (psychiatric illnesses such as schizophrenia, which aren't based in a person's emotions, as opposed to illnesses such as depression) among urban populations than in rural groups. But it wasn't clear what particular factors led to that difference, or even whether the difference was really due to the urban environment itself, or reflected individual traits of people who tended to live in cities.

15 But a study published recently by the American Medical Association indicates that certain elements of city living may, indeed, raise a person's risk of developing schizophrenia or other non-affective disorders.

20 The authors of the study conducted a longitudinal survey of every person born in Sweden in 1972 and 1977. They identified which ones lived in or moved to cities during childhood and which ones contracted non-affective psychiatric illnesses as adults—along with a wide variety of other data, from the ethnicity of each individual and the diversity present in their neighborhoods and schools, to any deprivation or challenging economic circumstances they may have experienced growing up.

25 The researchers paid particular attention to childhood environments because schizophrenia, one of the main illnesses they were investigating, tends to emerge in young adulthood. And while it appears that genetics play a strong role in a person's risk for schizophrenia, environmental factors may play a role in whether the disease actually manifests itself.

30 As expected, the people surveyed who lived or had moved to urban environments had a higher rate of schizophrenia and other similar illnesses. But the researchers wanted to know what *part* of urban living seemed to increase that risk. And interestingly enough, the factor that showed the strongest correlation was something the researchers called "social fragmentation."



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35 In very stable, homogenous communities (as is often the case in more rural environments), the social norms and bonds are very consistent and strong. But in urban environments, where there tends to be much more diversity and movement within communities, social ties are often more fragmented. And that fragmentation is felt most among people who move often, or feel like "outsiders" in a particular community.

40 The results showed, for example, that someone moving to a new community could have a higher risk of developing schizophrenia. The risk was also higher if they were a member of a minority group in an otherwise homogenous community. If the community reflected their own ethnic background, so they weren't so much of an outsider, the risk was reduced. Likewise, the risk for a member of a majority group in a homogeneous community went up if the community became diverse enough that their group became the minority, instead. Researchers also noted that these risk factors weren't limited to ethnic or racial characteristics. Any characteristic that made a person "different" from the surrounding group, including economic differences, increased their risk of schizophrenia or other "non-affective" disorders.

45 So what do we make of those results? Dr. Stanley Zammit, who headed the study out of Cardiff University in Great Britain, emphasized that this is only one study and more research is necessary before drawing too many conclusions.

50 But in a way, the results make sense. "Non-affective psychosis" refers to diseases in which a person's sense of reality becomes skewed. So it follows that circumstances or environmental factors that disturb a person's view of reality might leave someone more vulnerable to that kind of disorder. And moving, or anything that fragments our accepted social networks, certainly impacts the stability of what is "real" in our lives.

55 After all, moving isn't called "uprooting" for nothing. All we knew and counted on as "normal" shifts, and we have to learn a new normal. And what that new "normal" is can be harder to discern in a densely populated and diverse community, or one whose norms are different from the ones we knew before.

60 That's not to say we should all stay in unchanging, segregated communities. Change, integration and diversity have many advantages over parochial segregation. They allow groups to bring a greater variety of approaches and viewpoints to any problem. They offer individuals a greater exposure to the rich breadth of cultures and backgrounds that exist in the world. And to the extent that exposure to different communities, cultures and diversity in general lead to first-hand knowledge and individual friendships among people, it can reduce stereotypical views or fears about people who come from different ethnic, religious, racial or cultural backgrounds.

Lane Wallace, "Can Cities Make Us Crazy?" *The Atlantic*, Sept.15, 2010.

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**Document C**



**Edward Hopper, *Early Sunday Morning*, (Seventh Avenue, South Greenwich Village)**

**1930 oil on canvas, 35 3/16 × 60 1/4 in. (89.4 × 153 cm)**

**Whitney Museum.**