

Can I Retire

Autism spectrum/A few impertinent questions/How did the laws of nature originate?

his twenty years. Then he would retire as a major. At least now he didn't have to go to Korea. Although Ike and I were busy trying to adjust to a different

I kept trying to think of Tony as mentally retarded. Rutledge, Grandmother's adopted son, was the only retarded person I knew. In those days mentally retarded people lived in institutions. Schools and other services for retarded people were rare, and private care was beyond the financial resources of most families. Many parents saw no alternative to institutionalizing their retarded child at a young age. I'm sure they felt it was in the child's interest to find a safe life with other handicapped children, but it must have been a painful, heart-wrenching experience for everyone. Grandmother was actually Grandfather's second wife. Rutledge, her adopted son, had been born into a wealthy family. Instead of an institution, his parents chose to leave him, along with a trust-fund, with their doctor's wife. Grandmother was much younger than her husband. They had no children, and I'm sure Rutledge was the comfort and purpose her husband hoped he might be during her years as a widow. Rutledge and Grandmother's love enriched both of their lives. Tony was born at a moment in history when we were just beginning to accept retarded people into society, and alternatives to institutionalization were still rare. If Tony were in a State Hospital for the retarded, I wondered if it might relieve some of this pain. My little boy would no longer be a part of my life, but I might eventually escape from this relentless grief. The thought of abandoning Tony to an institution was fleeting, but it couldn't add to the anguish I was suffering.

Nothing could have.

After Sherry and Guy left for school that morning, I called the pediatric clinic. "I spoke with a doctor there yesterday, a pediatrician. I don't remember his name," I said to the woman who answered. "Maybe he had brown hair and wore glasses."

"What did you talk to him about?"

"My little boy. The doctor said - well - I guess he said Tony was mentally retarded." I began to cry again. "Somehow I didn't realize what the doctor meant yesterday."

"Try not to worry," she said sympathetically. "Give me your name. I'll find out which doctor and have him call you."

I hung up the phone and looked out the window at Tony playing in the yard. He was climbing a tree - one of his favorite activities. Oh Tony, please do something clever, I thought unhappily. These past few hours must surely be a nightmare from which I will awaken. Tragedies like this happened to other people, not to us! I can't explain why I thought we should be exempt. After a while Tony came in and emptied two pockets of dirt out of his little trousers onto the floor.

"Oh Tony," I scolded helplessly.

Tony picked up the edge of the rug, kicked the dirt under it, and then looked up at me inquiringly. Ever since rugs were invented people have thought it clever to sweep dirt under them, but Tony's ingenuity dispelled none of my despair, and I hugged him to me unhappily. Finally the pediatrician phoned.

"When you said yesterday Tony wasn't normal the meaning didn't seem to register. I'm sorry," I apologized.

"But I didn't say he was mentally retarded," the doctor objected.

"You didn't?"

"No. Actually, I suspect his trouble might be something quite different."

"If you mean some emotional problem, I wish I could believe that. It's not true of Tony. He's a happy child."

"Don't feel too discouraged yet," the doctor said. "Come in again next week. We'll try to get your little boy an appointment at a psychiatric clinic."

A psychiatric clinic? Where psychiatrists do whatever they do? I vaguely imagined those mysterious, specialists sitting silently, listening to a patient stretched out on a couch describing dreams. From a few obscure clues, such experts could scientifically detect people's deepest, subconscious thoughts. They also had methods to measure a child's intelligence more accurately than any fallible human judgment could. Didn't they? Although a few things existed that science hadn't yet learned to measure, those of us who believed in science knew anything "real" was measurable. I was also aware that psychiatrists delved into people's past. Tony didn't have much of a past, but I thought over the few years of his life.

Ike was a major in the Army, and we had two children. Army life appealed to our sense of adventure, and I actually enjoyed moving every couple of years to a new and different post. After a European tour of duty, we were stationed in Colorado. The fishing was great, but after hectic days of pulling toddlers out of streams and rescuing them from falling down ravines, I left the fishing to Ike. We bought a small house, our first, and I tended a yard full of flowers. Planning to have two children, a boy and then a girl, I felt annoyed to find myself pregnant at the age of thirty seven. If abortions had been legal, I would have had one. Nevertheless, something (I've since read it was hormones) soon convinced me another child was a good idea, an unplanned bonus. By my fourth month I was eagerly looking forward to the new baby. Guy and Sherry came down with measles. I was sure I'd had them as a child, but the doctor gave me a shot of gamma globulin, which was supposed to lighten the illness in case I hadn't.

There was nothing unusual about Tony's delivery. It was routine. Bastille Day was probably an appropriate date to launch us upon our coming chaos, for Tony was born on July 14, 1957. He arrived several weeks early, on a Sunday, and Ike had gone fishing. Leaving the children with a neighbour, I took a taxi to the hospital, where I discovered my doctor had also gone fishing. The baby didn't wait for my doctor. Tony was born after a few hours, and my first question was the same one most mothers ask, "Is the baby all right?"

"A fine healthy boy," the substitute doctor said from behind a surgical mask. Such was my faith in medical science, I assumed the doctor had determined Tony's normalcy in that first glance. I never gave the matter another thought. Our optimistic culture seems to encourage such a self-confident attitude. Materialistic philosophy regards people as either perfect or "broken", and imperfections are thought of as preventable accidents, often scientifically repairable, that might otherwise interfere with our "normal" happiness.

When Tony was sixteen months old, Ike was sent to an artillery school in Oklahoma for a few months. After that he had orders for Korea. The children and I took the train to California to stay near my family. That train trip, confined to a compartment with three small children, was not a relaxing experience. The two older ones, missing their neighborhood playmates, became bored and bickered - while Tony jumped up and down on my lap. We ate in the compartment, instead of trying to go to the dining car. Tony spilled a bottle of ketchup over all of us. There was a tiny toilet in the compartment, to which I occasionally escaped with a cup of coffee. In California, I rented a house next door to my sister. Her husband's work kept him away from home much of the time.

"My children resent their father being away," my sister said. "Yours will become unhappy too." Believing one of the obligations of a parent was to avoid unhappiness, I thought of ways to keep us busy.

"I don't understand it," she remarked after a few weeks. "Your children are eager for their father to get home, but they don't seem unhappy."

She probably meant I didn't appear unhappy. Her children seemed all right to me, and I suspect she was the one who resented her husband's absence.

My sister once took Tony to town to buy him a toy. Tony could not be talked into anything. He shook his head and responded a decisive "No!" to everything she offered. Awed by Tony's determination, she took him into a big toy store and playfully issued a challenge. "I'll buy anything in the store that interests my nephew," she announced. She spent an entertaining afternoon as the clerks exhibited their most expensive toys. Despite their enthusiastic demonstrations, Tony continued to shake his head and declare a determined "No!" My sister left the store without a purchase. We laughed when she told about it.

As in Colorado, we lived in a neighborhood with lots of children. It was the baby boomer generation. From morning till night our children were at the neighbors or the neighbor children were at our house. Tony was still too young to participate in their activities, but I assumed that "being part of the gang" kept him entertained. However as I remembered the doctor asking how Tony got along with other children, I realized he really never paid much attention to them. If the other children played in the sandbox, Tony played on the swings. He would roam out of the yard. I would find him, scold him, and give him a swat on the diaper. Once we couldn't find him anywhere. After frantically searching the neighborhood we called the police. Tony had apparently gone exploring on his own. Someone several blocks away had found him, and two policemen brought Tony home, frightened, and sobbing, "Tony broke! Oh no, Tony broke!" Things often "broke" around Tony, and it was one of the few words in his vocabulary.

Like my older son, who didn't talk until he was three, Tony had not babbled as a baby. He was capable of speech, and occasionally said a few words, but mostly he was a silent observer. His first words were "see boat". We had no idea how Tony happened to share Ike and my interest in boats, but we all joined his game and yelled, "See boat!" when we spotted a car pulling one along the freeway. It was about this time he had his first real temper tantrum. I don't recall the cause of his fury, but I remember us all standing and staring in amazement at him lying on the floor kicking and screaming - a little bundle of violent rage. We laughed at him. My family had always enjoyed differences in people, and we regarded children as fun? Wasn't that the reason everyone wanted children? Because they were fun? I'd never known anyone with a temper, but surely Tony's tantrum wasn't any more cause for concern than Larry's imagination was. My four-year-old nephew insisted he had a herd of colored goats which were invisible to the rest of us. "You are sitting right on top of my green goat!" he would declare, causing startled visitors to jump up in alarm from wherever they were sitting. At other times Larry claimed he was a robot and had to be wound up every morning. We assumed that whatever our children did was normal, and often entertaining, and that included any differences we noticed in Tony.

Ike returned from the school in Oklahoma. In a month he would leave for Korea, and we plunged into a flurry of activities with the children, such as fishing, picnics, zoos and museums. However I could see Ike was troubled. He was a public information officer, and the school he had attended was an artillery school. It included mathematics and difficult, technical subjects. Ike acknowledged that the course had not gone well. One indication of my husband's unease was his acquisition of a swagger stick. Some Army officers carried this ridiculous little six-inch piece of leather around, for no purpose as far as I could see, other than to prop up their egos. I wouldn't have thought Ike's ego needed such a prop. His natural self-confidence was one of the traits that had attracted me to him.

Then, a couple of weeks before he was to leave for Korea, a letter arrived stating what Ike had secretly feared and dreaded. The armed forces were cutting back, and he received orders relieving him from active duty as an officer in the Army Reserves. His feeling of failure was one of the most painful things Ike ever had to endure, and my heart ached for him. However we had always led a more eventful, unconventional life than most people and we turned our attention to dealing with our altered circumstances. With only five years until retirement, Ike could enlist as a sergeant to finish his twenty years. Then he would retire as a major. At least now he didn't have to go to Korea. Although Ike and I were busy trying to adjust to a different future, the children were too young to pay much attention, and the event didn't have much effect upon them. Tony, not

yet two, wasn't even aware anything was happening.

Ike enlisted at the Presidio in San Francisco. He received "mustering out pay" for leaving the Army as an officer, and we bought a big old triplex across the Golden Gate Bridge in Marin County, with a couple of apartments to rent out. I was reluctant to try to work while the children were so small, and I put an ad in the paper offering to do ironing at home. Today most fabrics don't even need ironing, but at that time it was a chore that required hours of tedious effort. Many housewives were relieved to hire someone to do it. I rather enjoyed becoming proficient. I was soon doing all that ironing in half the time as when I started. It was a way I could help with the finances, but wouldn't have to leave the children with a baby sitter. We had lived a quiet, uneventful life until Ike was sent to Greenland eight months ago. Temporary separations were routine in the Army, and the children and I had gone on with our lives while awaiting Ike's return.

I went for my next appointment with that strange doctor, expecting a quick answer to the question of whether there was something wrong with Tony. The medical profession had scientific ways to measure everything that was real, I assumed, and that included intelligence. Didn't it?

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I don't really expect to understand how the laws of nature originated – not through either science or religion. Theism claims a deity dictated them and suspends them when it suits His purpose. The Atheist concept seems to regard such laws as popping into existence, for no particular reason, and accidentally creating a deterministic contraption of infinite complexity, ticking away in perfect harmony - a mechanical reality in which adaptation occurs accidentally. There is supposed to be a third view, agnosticism, which insists such knowledge about ultimate origins is unknowable. However the human mind seems unable to resist speculating about such things. My own agnostic guess is that the entire universe is alive and conscious, and something similar to the same free-will I personally experience plays a subtle, undetectable role in all of reality. The universe created itself, and the laws of nature are entrenched habits. In fact, the laws governing the inanimate universe have grown and developed so slowly, and have become so entrenched, that they appear fixed to us. Life, on the other hand, is still actively evolving, and free-will has evolved in humans to the point where most of us take it for granted. Thus, with a will of my own I feel like a participant in that creative process, rather than a passive observer in a mechanical reality. I might not have much power to effect significant change in most of the universe, but I do sense some participation in my own growth and development.

I didn't think up such ideas. Plato reportedly stated more than two thousand years ago, "The universe is a single living creature that encompasses all living creatures within it." Robert Lanza calls it biocentrism. Rupert Sheldrake - and some proponents of Intelligent Design - also indulge in similar speculations. Every learned philosopher is at some time disputed by some other learned philosopher, so I feel justified in picking and choosing which philosophy appeals to me. Our understanding of life, creativity, consciousness and free-will is primitive, leaving us with much to wonder and speculate about. Just as religion has proselytized, philosophical materialists present their speculations as established truth, insisting that anyone who disagrees is being deliberately ignorant.

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will not find out. After Eurycleia promises to keep the secret she then retires for the night. Penelope then comes back and describes a dream that she

Collaborative play writing/French chronicles of the 1590s/Act 3

the third estate. Aumale. Will it please their graces the archbishops to retire awhile with cordials? Lyon. We thank Aumale. Bourges. Thanks to Aumale.

Act 3. Scene 1. At the conference in Suresne. 1593

Enter the dukes of Mayenne, Guise, and Aumale

Guise. Confusions in faith, one or two articles of worth multiplied by nothing, yielding nothing, not like Christ's bread of sustenance but lucubrations to impress, sugar-constructions dissolved in religion-famished mouths by the next disputant: why do we speak in Suresne halls instead of fighting in Suresne fields?

Aumale. Impatient riders on the other side

Fall as soon as they foot the stirrup first.

Guise. I'll go or spend my anger on myself,

So foolishly we strike with tongues when we

Should strike with swords.

Aumale. Archbishops worry us, to worry us,

Who, pleasing everybody, please no one.

Guise. Are they not bound as shepherds of our faith?

Aumale. True, though they seem so far only to baa.

Guise. What should by Christ's impatience be done?

Aumale. None of us knows that.

Guise. What does the Spaniard say?

Aumale. Against our Salic law, the duke of Feria proposes the Spanish king's daughter, being the granddaughter of Henry the Second, as the queen of France.

Mayenne. Her future husband as the king of France!

Guise. Will that idea please? Can she excite

The duke of Mayenne with that dowry, ha?

Aumale. You send an uncle's desires rubbing between Spanish-French legs.

Mayenne. In good faith, I do not know what is best.

Guise. Come, uncle, say at once you are resolved

To be a king.

Aumale. No doubt and certainly.

Guise. No?

Aumale. Yes, truly, as I thrive amain in France,

Or else he's maddened silly by our talk.

Guise. The duke of Mayenne, king! For that I could

In blindness with one quarter of a stump

Fight with my hands and win.

Aumale. Your uncle, monarch! Then yourself as what?

Guise. Of no more important style when rising in the morning than saluting myself as nephew to the king!

Aumale. Admit that this idea pleases you,

My honorable lord.

Mayenne. As answered, I fail to know which is best.

Guise. Again their lordships of Lyon and Bourges.

Aumale. Two mitred toothaches pining for relief.

Enter the archbishops of Lyon and of Bourges

Lyon. What, he? No, I dare swear, though I should not,

No candidate the people will allow.

Bourges. True, since the death of Charles, the cardinal

Of Bourbon, favored by the Holy League,

Pawns miss on every square to take a crown.

Lyon. Salic law forbids the choice of Henry the Third's sister as our queen.

Bourges. Which is why the king passed his crown to Navarre, as the agnatic descendant of Louis the Ninth.

Lyon. Navarre? No, let Elizabeth the queen

Rage all she can, though armies overturn

France into loathsome marshlands general.

Bourges. May France stay Catholic, but peace again

At any cost!

Lyon. Who speaks of peace when our religion faints

Amid our quarrels when she ought to strike?

Bourges. Peace seldom prized, even seldom thought of!

Lyon. Navarre?

Guise. O, never will the Guise behold Navarre

As sumpter for his baggage, much less king.

Lyon. Should we elect one to turn Seine and Loire

As channels of his lust, outlandishly?

Bourges. He may not, should he choose instead to lie

His head on pillows of our faithful church.

Lyon. He loosens governments into naked Trinidad liberties Columbus never gaped at.

Guise. O, no, O, no! We fight against Navarre.

Your eminence tugs reason with the rope

Of faith. I'll place a dam against that stream.

Thus heaven-puissant arms of dukes of Guise,

Thanks to the fount of strength, accomplish much.

Lyon. I rather choose the Guise as our next king.

Mayenne. Hah?

Lyon. My thoughts are lifted by that royal theme.

Bourges. How, how, the Guise, king?

Lyon. Of what worth is the Holy League if not

To make and unmake kings?

Guise. A king?

Mayenne. He, he, a king?

Aumale. I totter without drinking.

Lyon. If right, so, if not, so.

Bourges. Not he.

Lyon. Do you keep secrets, eminence of Bourges?

Bourges. Navarre assures me of his imminent

Conversion to our faith.

Lyon. I doubt that, so does the Council of Sixteen.

Bourges. The would-be king appears to lean his cheek,

As bridegrooms ought and John did, on the breast

Of honor, smilingly because desperately.

Mayenne. A view proposed by many councillors

Of state when nobles seek to vie for peace.

Lyon. With tears of fear so does the third estate.

Aumale. Will it please their graces the archbishops to retire awhile with cordials?

Lyon. We thank Aumale.

Bourges. Thanks to Aumale.

Guise. Will Spain approve of your choice, my loved lord?

Aumale. Their king lifts to our view Isabella Clara Eugenia as France's queen.

Bourges. How desperately shameful would it be

For France to yield her crown of eminence

To sun-burnt strangers!

Lyon. How, Spaniards rule our state, as Rome must do

Inside our churches partly?

Mayenne. Our neighbor flocks, the better to prevent

Us to be shorn away by English curs.

Bourges. Navarre-

Guise. Navarre? A beard-louse in my presence named

As king? A barber's comb is fit for him,

Or else my steel.

Aumale. Let us retire, lords, till the next session.

Exeunt Mayenne, Guise, and Aumale

Lyon. What of Aumale?

Bourges. An inglenot merely.

Lyon. A tiler or a thatcher, not the man

To keep our safeties below one roof.

Bourges. The Guise as king?

Lyon. If so, good.

Bourges. If not, better.

Exeunt Lyon and Bourges

Act 3. Scene 2. The church of St-Andrew-of-the-Arts. 1593

Enter Father Aubry and Brin

Aubry. Blanchefleur gave birth last night to a new monster devoid of arm or leg, a phallus in the middle of his belly, with a face as large and hairy as a man at thirty, and a nose like his phallus dangling near the ground.

Brin. O, horror never seen at Andrew yet!

Aubry. An emblem of the Béarnais, all prick,

Nose ever pendant towards earth and sin,

Not savoring at any time with us

The sweetnesses of heaven and its peace.

Brin. What an age to sin in!

Aubry. Thanks to our prayers. thoughts, and homelies,

The blot is quite unlikely to survive.

Brin. I think she runs about too much: thus wawls

A putrid-sick blob-monster born in France.

Aubry. As wholesome as the errors Protestants

Hug with their families.

Enter Blanchefleur

Brin. She comes, to give you juicy raisins of

A girl's confession.

Aubry. Repentances too many for a wench

So lively: not to sin would seem a sin

When one is young.

Brin. Ah, had I studied farther, for your seat!

Aubry. Dig a grave or prepare my dinner: I

Do not know which smells cleanlier.

Exit Brin

Kneel, child. Some curates would be angry at

Your freest never-ending copulations,

The seed-ground of disgrace, when wildest buds

By ragweeds of intransigence are smothered quite,

But I sit pensively, awaiting to
Hear patiently and too forgivingly
What girls of fourteen are so sorry for.
Blanchefleur. My breach is always open: that must be
Because wise nature never meant to close
It. Say I sin,- demented peasants in
The parish know so much as that- yet in
Birth-weakness, with hopes of salvation's stream,
I come to feel the breezes sought nearby,
As ready to confess as I was glad
To drop in pain my burden yesternight.
Aubry. Then speak. Where is abomination's fount
Of viciousness who makes you desperate?
Blanchefleur. I do not know.
Aubry. Hah?
Blanchefleur. Two have I loved together, or else thought
I loved, no more, twice have I spurned away.
Aubry. Already nibbling on side-dishes, hah?
Later on a new one's face every week,
And not only a face. What thoughts are these?
Two? twice too many. What a sluttish phrase
But far more sluttish deed, with mellow thigh
Before my face caught dangling prettily!
Blanchefleur. More than that I cannot for shame reveal.
Aubry. Absolved as soon as spoken! As your prick
Of penance, think of me, a sinner much
Like you, but, as I age, far more disguised.
Blanchefleur. And so I will.
Aubry. Do.

Exit Blanchefleur and re-enter Brin

Brin. Some hopes for her?

Aubry. No doubt a lazy creature meant for straw

And fumigations in the market-place.

Brin. A girl dripping with it.

Aubry. Indeed, my brain always whirls on the Charybdis gulf of her lubricity.

Brin. Never inticing with her Circe's cloud of hair, peanut-rounded hips, buttocks like gently sloping hillocks with a view of fen and heath, any parishioner more pious than Bévêue or his like.

Aubry. No thinker wonders with your open mouth

Why he is pleasant to her Phrynic eye,

Whose dress no new Hypereides dares to

Cast off, for fear she will not flinch or blush.

I always smell on him the elephant

Trunk of his fornications, very wrought

That after whispering confessions some

Would put a fire to in effigy,

Hell's candidate refuses to see me.

Exeunt Aubry and Brin

Act 3. Scene 3. The church of St-Andrew-of-the-Arts. 1593

Enter Maxime, Louise, Blanchefleur, Benoît, and parishioners

1 Parishioner. The very tinderbox religion needs.

2 Parishioner. Yes, to set fire to your house.

3 Parishioner. And mine.

1 Parishioner. Fires purge to renew vegetation.

2 Parishioner. But older dogmas thrive the best.

3 Parishioner. Provided my house stays upright.

1 Parishioner. Hear Father Aubry mow down houses, good or bad, for the good of France.

2 Parishioner. He usually fires first, but, since the start of the conference, he shoots first and last.

3 Parishioner. Words that make entire neighborhoods tremble.

1 Parishioner. Hear him take down conferences.

2 Parishioner. And patience with them.

3 Parishioner. Together with our houses.

1 Parishioner. When fighting on the side of goodness, bad is sometimes better.

2 Parishioner. I'll keep my patience rather.

3 Parishioner. And I my house and garden.

Enter Father Aubry in the pulpit

Aubry. Not dukes or archbishops, wolves! Too favorable by far to the Béarnais, known by many to sing white-eyed psalms in his privy. They say he enters our churches now: so do dogs, to piss. Should he be converted, expect no more masses or sermons in France, look for no church to pray in, except taverns and brothel-houses. Let him be converted, if sincere, but not as king of France, being the son of relapsed and heretic falsehood. The fox bends his head to dig for chickens. At the conference, I do not believe that princes wish to favor a truce. Peace with the excommunicated? No, for them no pardon, but ropes and water! Politiques, to you I hammer: do not laugh, for the Seine is near. Patience! Parishioners peacefully entering Saint-Denis with Navarre begrime their faces with the devil's spit. Peace: the hope of an infant-bugger and hippopotamus-atheist fit to be drowned in his own mud! Such likes frog their peace-chants in the night to the scandal of all good Christians, a question to be resolved with nets and sword-points. Against the teeth of Moraines, Saint-Merry's curate, I say this: let no Christian suck teets of the angry wolf, as recently pronounced by the cardinal-legate, lest you have your heads ripped away. Seditious priests chew on thistles, they say. What do they, frowning on their diets, speak of? The Béarnais, a king, that sacrilegious prevaricator and fornicator, that empestified- I lose myself- that pestiferous virgin-eater? No anointed head, but one greased with kingdoms of his imagination. Thus for my first volley! I'll begin mass after changing.

Exit Aubry

1 Parishioner. He pours it out.

2 Parishioner. Over his cassock, too.

3 Parishioner. Pitch on our roof-tops I greatly fear worse than ever.

1 Parishioner. For religion, we are allowed to break church-chairs and even church-heads.

2 Parishioner. No.

1 Parishioner. No?

2 Parishioner. Except your own.

1 Parishioner. Or yours.

(They fight

3 Parishioner. First fires here and then inside my house.

Benoît. (breaking chairs

Good, good, good, good, good, good.

1 Parishioner. Here's for you.

2 Parishioner. Varlet, and yours.

Maxime. Sirs, are you not shamed?

Louise. In churches now?

Blanchefleur. More of your fists on Benoît.

Exit Benoît

1 Parishioner. Outside, for further contention.

2 Parishioner. I follow that advice with reverence.

Exeunt parishioners

Maxime. What, not ended yet, when you already grieve any Christian with such heat? O! O!

Louise. Can you not sit yet?

Maxime. Neither sitting nor leaning on a chair will do, nor barely standing when any speak of heating.

Blanchefleur. Should he sit with us, my uncle would warm our pew.

Louise. A pitiable ending to your prank!

Blanchefleur. Indeed, the backside of his jest is turned

Almost into a jelly.

Louise. How! Did you watch your uncle miserably undress last night?

Blanchefleur. With blushing, inadvertently.

Maxime. I blush at both ends now.

Louise. I need not ask Blanchefleur to warm our pans

Today, if only you could sit on them.

Blanchefleur. Or light the fire with feet on andirons,

Like chilly devils, sitting on a log.

Maxime. O! O! I could crown my lips with laughing once, if only, rebel-like, back and buttocks did not scheme behind.

Louise. With your body glowing in the dark, we no longer need a candle in the bedroom.

Blanchefleur. Save time at work by heating iron-bars

On your own backside.

Maxime. O! O! I could answer with more than words, if not for behind-hand traitors.

Louise. We can be pleasant as long as pains last.

Blanchefleur. He would be more comfortable in a cool rainfall, if standing naked like a poppy.

Louise. See when the fighting ends.

Exeunt Maxime, Louise, and Blanchefleur, re-enter Aubry with Brin

Aubry. The duke of Guise is king inside my dreams,

Bemoaning that he is not yet achieved.

Brin. Spoken more in the manner of the Gospels than state-councillors do.

Aubry. A church and state both equal and the same!

Brin. Can it be so since the advent of the reformed religion?

Aubry. If not in this world, I would rather not be in this world.

Brin. Some type of quarrel outside.

Aubry. No doubt because of a fool's hasty words.

Brin. Unless your fire, though heavenly kindled, inspired men to these riots, with dust in the air, beards pressed and wracked, words, and fists.

Aubry. I hope so.

Brin. By Paul's uproar in Jerusalem, a rightly commendable outcome if faces be beaten in for religious reasons!

Aubry. A sexton's comment on our works is unnecessary at best. This way resolutely, to greet the people as smilingly as we can!

Exeunt Aubry and Brin

Act 3. Scene 4. The church of St-Gervais. 1593

Enter Maxime and Father Lincestre

Lincestre. Not of this parish?

Maxime. No, father, I come here to see whether

Some controversies hold as they do there.

Lincestre. Who sent you to spy?

Maxime. I assure you, no one.

Lincestre. Your curate?

Maxime. Father Aubry.

Lincestre. Of Saint-Andrew-of-the-Arts, in reputation powder and smoke.

Maxime. You have our story.

Lincestre. In preparing for my next sermon, I'll briefly expose ours.

Maxime. I'll gladly hear.

(Lincestre ascends the pulpit

Lincestre. I'm sent to Denis for the sake of peace.

The king, too mildly lenient on our spills,

Comes forth to claim his own, as regent, lord,

And Catholic at last.

Maxime. I thought so.

Lincestre. Thereby stirs over dissension's dustheaps perhaps some compost to help us reattain former prosperities, in subjects lacking those since King Louis the Twelfth's time. Some deny our king will be religious. I say he will, for his safety may depend on that, irrespective of conversations among the dukes and lords, while he acts his royal part, likely to batter his way in, and, unless I err, crowned as he ought to be.

Maxime. Sincere?

Lincestre. So far he is.

Maxime. And thereby may we miss that thing of fear:

Religion as the cloak to strangle France.

Lincestre. Return to us as often as you can.

Two Sunday masses never come amiss.

Exeunt Maxime and Lincestre

Act 3. Scene 5. The Durepain house in Paris. 1593

Enter Louise and Blanchefleur with a bundle

Louise. A husband would best please at this juncture.

Blanchefleur. Especially on mine, which longs for that.

Louise. Should I elaborate with reasoning?

Blanchefleur. Do, aunt, while I look down to squirt somewhat

Into what reasonably can be fed.

Louise. With a man near, you may get money, girl.

Blanchefleur. As necessary as our wish to feed

And clothe ourselves, demanding little, though

Sufficient to care for my monster's mouth.

Louise. You will have company with Sunday fare.

Blanchefleur. Good, when I need someone to mark my wit.

Louise. Perhaps he will possess some learning, keen

To demonstrate the goings in the world.

Blanchefleur. At present very necessary, aunt.

A distaff, spoon, and needle are to us

As Cicero to them.

Louise. So that you need not know more than you should.

Blanchefleur. I see where he aims at: I'll have my broom,

To be kept busy in blank ignorance.

Louise. How, raging in our school of drudgery?

Blanchefleur. It somewhat strains my head to be seen as

A doctor read in scouring, dusting, basting.

My students will be plum-pastes and baked meats.

Louise. I'll have you clap hands at once with Cousin.

Blanchefleur. That ancient one?

Louise. At twenty-two!

Blanchefleur. Much better, if I thrive, to hold in hand

And elsewhere fervent Benoît for my needs.

Enter Benoît

Louise. Do, if you wish to queen it on road-sides

Or smoky taverns.

Benoît. Excellent if I somehow see some of that!

Louise. Out, gibbet-morsel!

Benoît. Unless I miss my aim, before I rise

Up to that post of shame and be let down,

I will first feed on what way feed on me.

Louise. I violently suspect you as the one who thickened my niece's sides.

Benoît. Some do worse than create life.

Louise. Have you ever smelled such a garlick-eyed rascal?

Benoît. No worse than you when squatting after meat.

Louise. I can see you in a year or more, dining with your wife on a fat oyster or two.

Benoît. Enough to make your niece swell with fatter monsters.

Louise. Already in despair of what is yet

Achieved, what burdens on her youth and mine!

Blanchefleur. It cries little, and therefore may easily die.

Benoît. Good.

Louise. I could catch you and beat you, rotted spigot.

Benoît. Not after all your eating and farting.

Louise. He kills my bowels.

Exit Louise

Benoît. Will we live together now? Can you play the wife?

Blanchefleur. I can make cassoulet with haricot beans.

Benoît. Moreover, I easily dive into chicken, trout, capon, and woodcock.

Blanchefleur. But first you must purvey.

Benoît. In the way of a husband's duties, I do more.

Blanchefleur. Or else I stir you to it, whenever my rabbit's tongue thaws your frozen carrot.

Benoît. You'll find it sturdy.

Blanchefleur. Never sagging too soon before expectation, I hope.

Benoît. As ready as a bell next to your hand.

Blanchefleur. Yet see what becomes of me when I dally with your clapper.

Benoît. Very quiet now, I think.

Blanchefleur. Dead, it seems.

Benoît. Ha? Then throw it down.

Blanchefleur. Stow it somewhere.

Benoît. Bury it in this trasheap.

Enter Bailleton

Bailleton. How is this? Caught in a heinous act of crime? Casually disposing of the results of levity?

Blanchefleur. No, officer, this was my own but now.

Bailleton. I believe you, but how did it die?

Blanchefleur. Just in my arms as I was feeding it.

Bailleton. That should be proven.

Benoît. I am the witness of this glad event.

Bailleton. Then both along together side by side

Before my staff of office willingly.

Exeunt Bailleton, Blanchefleur, and Benoît

Motivation and emotion/Book/2018/Suicidality in the elderly

lower socioeconomic retirees, that may result in precursors or triggers for suicidal ideation as explained by IMV theory. Suicidality can occur within anyone

Impact of Information Technology

is available here. The Millennials and Work As the Baby Boomers age and retire, organisations are looking to the Millennial generation as a source of new

Impact of Information Technology on the Millennial Generation

The Millennial Generation have arrived. This week we will look at the impact that this new generation is having on society now and is likely to have in the future. First we'll define the characteristics of recent generations, then we'll consider the Millennial generation (or Generation Y). Their impact at work will be investigated and we will look at the implications for universities.

Generations of the 20th Century

Generations of the 20th century are typically divided into six categories. The Lost Generation is the people who fought in World War I. The Greatest Generation is the people who fought in World War II (born between 1901 and 1924). Those born between 1925 and 1945 are known as the Silent Generation, who grew up during the Great Depression.

The Baby Boom Generation was born between 1946 and 1964 and were a "population bulge". They are usually thought to be 'work centric', hardworking people who will often criticise other generations for their lack of work ethic. They tend to be independent minded and self confident, often believing that they can change the world. They are goal oriented and welcome exciting, challenging projects. Competitive and clever, they strive to win. They may have difficulty with remote working which they see as showing insufficient commitment to work.

Generation X was born between 1964 and 1979. They tend to be more individualistic, independent, resourceful and self sufficient – usually both of their parents were working as they grew up. They are usually technologically adept and were the first generation to grow up with computers. They tend to be flexible – they had workaholic parents who they often saw commit themselves to one employer and suffer as a result. Because of this, they are less committed to one employer, adapt well to change and are quite tolerant. They value a work / life balance, working to live rather than living to work.

The Millennial Generation

Generation Y were born between 1980 and 2001. They are thought to be tech – savvy, having grown up with technology and seem to be always connected to the internet. They are family centric and willing to trade high pay for fewer work hours. Achievement oriented they were nurtured by their boomer parents. They are confident, ambitious and not afraid to question authority. Team oriented, many participated in team sports, they value teamwork and seek affirmation, want to be kept in the loop and seek praise and reassurance.

The following video is a spoof about the Millennial Generation and may be entertaining:

Opinions on Generation Y are divided, so much so that Mark Bauerlein has written a book accusing them of being the dumbest generation:

The Boston Globe lists eight reasons that Bauerlein gives.

The Pew Research Centre undertakes research on the Millennium Generation.

The Pew US based research shows a number of interesting differences between Millennials and previous generations. They are less likely to get married between the ages of 18 and 28, they live in more racially diverse communities, have higher levels of education, are less likely to be in the labour force, are much less likely to have served in the military and are less likely to live in a rural community than generations aged 18 – 28 that came before them. The Pew report is available [here](#).

The Millennials and Work

As the Baby Boomers age and retire, organisations are looking to the Millennial generation as a source of new blood and the generational differences are explored particularly closely in relation to the world of work.

Compared to previous generations, Generation Y'ers place a higher value on leisure. There is a perception that they have a sense of entitlement that is separated from the work that they do. They expect rapid promotion and frequent rewards. Contrary to some reports Twenge et al argue that the Millennials have altruistic values that are similar to previous generations. They appear less concerned about the intrinsic value of work – the value gained from the work itself and they appear less concerned about the social rewards of work – gaining value from their interaction with others at work is less important to them.

The Millennials and University Education

This generation is also considered in terms of their impact on universities with some arguing that universities need to change to keep pace with this new world:

Jason Frand provides a list of the factors that he believes need to be taken into account about Generation Y and education:

- Computers aren't technology
- The internet is better than TV
- Reality is no longer real
- Doing is more important than knowing
- Learning more closely resembles Nintendo than logic
- Multitasking is a way of life

- Typing is preferred to handwriting
- Staying connected is essential
- There is zero tolerance for delays
- Consumer and creator are blurring

Michael Wesch of Kansas State University has prepared this video on the future of education:

Motivation and emotion/Book/2013/Exercise and emotion

self-perception). For instance, how might this explain the body builder who retires and gains excessive weight? Integrated Behavioural Model (IBM) Knowledge

The Piman's Creativity Course

retire (and helped invent and promote the COBOL software tool). c. Who invented the circular saw blade? d. Some mathematicians who helped Einstein: i

I must start somewhere, so here goes! This page may become a hub for my contributions.

Comments are welcome on my talk page. Ray Calvin Baker 02:19, 26 November 2011 (UTC)

You will probably want to skip down to the course outline (below).

I'm trying to CREATE this course, so I'm leaving notes (probably boring)to myself,

My intent is to create materials to fascinate primary-school students (who can use CREATIVITY the best!), but I need my notes to plan and organize the ideas I believe should be in this course.

Ideas from TEACHERS (and students) will be welcomed! Ray Calvin Baker 21:38, 27 November 2011 (UTC)

TWO OF THE PI-MAN'S NOTES TO HIMSELF (to help him track and organize his material):

This is the "RaysNotes.txt" file

created FRI 2011 NOV 11 11:06 AM,

revised MON 2011 NOV 14 11:04 PM.

The version on my flash drive is intended for the Wikiversity.

The version on my laptop's C: drive, in the "QB64Folder"

folder, also documents my progress in using the Qb64 compiler and source code I downloaded.

UNIMPORTANT but POSSIBLY HELPFUL paragraph:

I am making up this course as I go along, so there will be

lots of notes that I write to myself left embedded within it.

I hope that these will not be too distracting to you, but that they will provide hints for the process of writing Wikiversity materials, when you want to create a course on one of your favorite topics. I expect you to want to do this!

P. S. Have you taken all of the Wikiversity guided tours?

Have you started any of the other Wikiversity tutorials?

I don't mean to rush you -- you are FREE to do whatever YOU want, at your own pace.

I found the Wikipedia while using a computer terminal at the Easton Toyota dealership, while waiting for repairs to be made on my car. I found the Wikipedia to be very interesting, perhaps even addictive, but its goal is to record and present verifiable encyclopedia articles, not original research.

TECHNICAL NOTES (Skip these unless you are trying to do your first assignment):

You will need to become familiar with at least three web sites to master this course material. These are:

- (1) the "download the QB64 Compiler" page,
- (2) the pages of the QB64 documentation wiki, and
- (3) my pages of instructional materials. You have already found item (3), or you wouldn't be reading this! The first two items were furnished by other people (THANK YOU! THANK YOU! THANK YOU!), so they are not under my complete control. I will be learning to use those items myself, often, only a few hours before you do.

YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT: DOWNLOAD the QB64 COMPILER

THE NARRATIVE CONTINUES....

Then I discovered the Wikiversity, which is just begging for original creative educational materials. While taking several

of the guided tours, I was invited to start an account in the Wikiversity. So I did. And I played a bit in the sandbox. You can, too

Now I am trying to organize my thoughts, materials, and activities into (what I hope is an important and desperately needed) course called "Creativity". [cite Newsweek article]

<H1> The Pi-man's "CREATIVITY" Course </H1>

This course is being developed especially for primary school students. The sooner you try to be creative, the better!

I hope it will also contain many items of interest to junior and senior high school students. Please do not be offended that I try to write the simplest explanations that are possible.

I invite teachers to read my works also. They can best help me to help students by posting suggestions and requests on my wikiversity user talk page.

"Don't let schooling interfere with your education!"

-- Mark Twain

EMPOWERMENT

A key theme of this course is EMPOWERMENT -- YOU too can BE CREATIVE! I enjoyed Tom Peters' chapter on empowerment, in his book, Re-Imagine (This is the main source that gave me the "kick in the pants" to actually start trying to develop educational materials.)

THE COURSE OUTLINE

I. Why even attempt CREATIVITY?

A. The "up side" of Creativity

1. THE DIRE NECESSITY -- Unless the human race can

solve all of the problems that beset us, some
unsolved problem may kill us all. IT'S A
MATTER OF SURVIVAL..

2. Often, the creator of a solution to a problem
can gain some economic advantage in sharing his
(This is just a standard grammatical "his" --
see "line 5." below.) solution with others.

(But even Thomas Edison had some troubles
achieving this point.)

3. You may become able to do (easily) things that
most other people think (wrongly) are impossible.

"We Baker boys think of things to think of,
which most people never think of thinking of."

-- a quote from one of my younger brothers

4. ANYBODY can be creative! Any time. Any place.

5. Some creative GIRLS:

a. Ada Lovelace, the first software engineer

b. Grace Murray Hopper, the admiral who
refused to retire (and helped invent
and promote the COBOL software tool).

c. Who invented the circular saw blade?

d. Some mathematicians who helped Einstein:

i. Lise Meitner

ii. Emmy Noether

e. Mary Shelley, author of the famous
early science-fiction story,

Frankenstein.

f. Tomoko Fuse, author of _Multidimensional_
_Transformations:+Unit_Origami.

6. If you work at creativity, you may discover that you can (literally) solve technical problems in your sleep.

B. The "down side" of Creativity

1. Creativity may upset "the way we've always done things". Others may feel threatened by it.

2. The curiosity which drives a scientist is often misinterpreted (especially in social settings) as rudeness or worse.

3. Creativity requires BOTH divergent thinking and convergent thinking

4. Creativity requires ceaseless curiosity, thinking, and learning. It's a lot of work and effort!

5. There is no "magic recipe" for creativity.

What you must do is spend a lifetime to develop a set of robust heuristics which works for you.

6. The career you are planning for now may be OBSOLETE before you finish college. Consider the plight of the Swiss watch makers when \$10 Timex quartz crystal watches became available!

7. Creativity does not always occur when you want it to (unless you practice it a lot and **WORK** hard at being creative.

II. An addition to (not a replacement for) standard educational practice

My thinking is that the "standard educational practice" is too important to mess up. I needed it to be able to enter college.

But I think the most important reason I was able to be a successful programmer for thirty years, is that I read A LOT

and taught myself so much additional material. I also learned to work independently. And I learned that lots of important projects simply do not fit into the normal school routines.

(They require months, instead of minutes.)

So, I intend to produce the best computer-guided course materials I can, as "stand by themselves" programs when possible -- supplemental materials which do not depend very much on the attention of a class-room teacher. Besides, I lack the social skills and common sense to function in a traditional class-room setting. But, being somewhat autistic, I have an amazing ability to concentrate in an area of special interest to me -- one such area (obviously) is Computer Science; another is Mathematics.

(If a TEACHER requests something useful in her classroom, that's another matter -- we'll see what I can do. Please post your request on my Wikiversity user talk page.)

A. Example: "Napier's Bones"; used in a fourth-grade class as an aid in learning multiplication and long division.

(A tool with amazing historical interest.)

I developed a Power Point presentation on this topic, before I dropped out of graduate school (but this was only "look and learn). A fourth grade class sucessfully used a paper model of the "bones", with encouraging results ("hand on" experience is better).

I am hopeful that an interactive computer program is an even better way to present this topic, and I'm trying to develop ways to make this possible and easy.

B. Raymond Kurzweil's "List of Suggested Readings" is 25 pages of book and magazine article citations --

not to mention web sites. This should be a good start for my next course -- "Tomorrow 101".

C. The_Last_B._S._History_Book_in_History_ is my journal (in progress) of my efforts to make the Wikiversity (or, at least, "Simple Simon" within it) artificially intelligent. (I know. At the present time, "artificial intelligence" is in competition only with "genuine stupidity". :-()

D. May I use a computer?

No! You MUST use a computer!

How else do you expect to create your own new apps?

III. Finding (or making) CONNECTIONS

(This ties in to material on the primary education portal.)

Many of the topics I am preparing for this course are CONNECTED in many ways. The linear outline format does not do justice to the many connections. But, web pages can be built with many non-linear connections. Links to connected topics can be as near as a mouse click away!

A. Learning to "see" connections

1. My childhood introduction to "Descriptive Geometry"

a. My father, an analog computer in the Taylorcraft factor (draftsman), had to draw pictures of airplanes which hadn't been built yet, so other people could make blueprints and build the airplanes.

b. Would the book, Descriptive_Geometry_, by French and Vierk, have sold more copies had it had the title instead,

_Source_Material_for_IQ_Tests_?

c. Differential Calculus in the hands
of a three-year-old -- the half-silvered
mirror

2. Reading through the encyclopedias

(One of my favorites was volume "P": for
"Planets", "Plants", "Polyhedra", "Printing
Presses", and many other topics.)

3. Origami

A. it's "hands-on" four-dimensional
geometry from a "simple" piece of paper.

B. Origami methods are actually more
sophisticated than traditional "straight-
edge and compass" geometry. Search the
web for ways to "duplicate the cube"
and "trisect any angle" -- easy with
origami; not possible with straight-
edge and compass

4. What do origami, autobiographical material by

R. Buckminster Fuller, and essays on

Mathematical Recreations have in common?

(Answer: the same pictures of regular and
semi-regular Polyhedra)

B. Learning to "go beyond" the usual

1. "Impossible" puzzles

a. Stewart coffin's "Convolution" puzzle

b. The puzzle I encountered in Wexham, NC

c. Four connected line segments span
nine dots

2. "How to Count past a Googolplex"
3. How to Find Your Very Own Personal Solution to Rubik's Cube

One of the most important lessons a creative student can learn is this: "Not every problem can be solved in less than two minutes."

Arithmetic in primary school may appear to work that way, but I hope my BOOK will help students recognize the depth sometimes required for true, creative problem solving.

IV. "Hands on" activities

A. Computer Science

1. QB64 BASIC compiler can be downloaded from Wikipedia (This is your first assignment for this course.)
2. Full documentation is available at the QB64 wiki
3. There seems to be an active "user community" of amateur (hopefully, "white hat") coders providing a plethora of sample programs.

B. Reverse Engineering

1. Re-using Wikiversity (and Wikipedia) materials -- if somebody else posted something neat in their web pages, you can learn to read the source code and use the same methods on your pages.
2. Making objects (puzzles) from published pictures
Studying pictures carefully can teach you a lot!
3. Explore the many "how to do it" pages on the web.
4. The reconstruction of Colonial Williamsburg is

elegant example of how an entire village can be built from the most primitive beginnings.

5. The Japanese used reverse engineering to (almost) win World War II. How do you think they learned to build airplanes and battleships?

C. An adaptation of the public material on MIT's course, "How to Make Almost Anything", suitable for primary school students

1. Are hacksaw blades, files, drill bits, and 2 by 4's sufficient (and safe enough to use)?

a. Also necessary are: sand paper (assorted grits), sanding blocks, pencils, erasers, combination square, protractor, drawing compass -- and LOTS of time and patience.

b. Tools of doubtful safety: hobby craft knife, block plane (requires lots of muscular strength -- it's difficult for young children to use.), sharp chisels

2. "Breadboards" and kits from Radio Shack

These are expensive, but many present ways to connect circuit components which are simple and easy enough for children to use, with proper instructions and guidance.

3. Is the \$40 machine shop a workable idea?

Electric Discharge Machining is versatile -- it can cut almost any conductive material (even hardened steel) into intricate shapes.

Known hazards: possible exposure to 110 volt

electricity; some dielectric fluids (e. g., kerosine) are toxic and/or flammable.

4. Is a \$20 (child powered) scroll saw possible?

A scroll saw can cut wood into almost any shape, and is probably the one power tool safest for responsible children to use.

Building enough scroll saws for a class of students would probably require the \$40 machine shop to make metal parts for hinges and clamps.

D. Craft Activities

1. Paper Engineering

2. Making puzzles and furniture

V. Creative Problem Solving

A. My puzzle collection

1. Physical ("real reality") models

2. On-line ("virtual reality") models

B. On-line resources

1. The works of Stewart Coffin

(One of the world's foremost designers of non-orthogonal puzzles)

2. References to Martin Gardner and his works

(deceased author of "Mathematical Games" column in _Scientific_American_ magazine for 25 years)

3. Pictures of the puzzle collections of very many other puzzle collectors

4. Down-loadable computer "free-ware"

(CAUTION! We will need to be careful to avoid "mal-ware"!)

VI. The immediate goal of the course is to encourage creativity in as many students as my educational material can reach. Then, I would like to offer some challenges and attempt to apply some principles of "Crowd Accelerated Innovation" in hopes of beginning an intellectual "chain reaction" in an on-line community.

The ultimate goal of the course is to see that "Simple Simon", the smiley-faced tour guide extraordinaire for the Wikiversity, gets created in computer-compatible form, and gets promoted to the position of "acting Director for the Wikiversity", designing custom courses and leading special tours for wikiversity users and visitors. (It's [about] bot time! --

_The_Singularity_Is_Near_ -- Raymond Kurzweil)

I believe that the Wikiversity could become the Singularity!

:-D

The end.

Digital Media Concepts/Markus Persson

Mojang along with Minecraft for \$2.5 billion. Persson would eventually retire from Mojang along with Carl Mannen and Jakob Porser. Persson would also

Markus Alexej Persson (born June 1 1979, Stockholm, Sweden) also known as Notch, is a Swedish video game developer. Persson is most notably known for creating one of the most popular video game Minecraft as well as founding the video game company Mojang.

Managing Human Resource Flows

policies can be used in this case. It has been studied which factors influence older workers in deciding whether to continue working or retire from a job

This Wikiversity entry is created by staff and students of the Business Administration Program 'Human Resource Management' of the University of Twente.

The notion of 'Human Resource Flows' was coined by Michael Beer and colleagues in 1984. In the opening chapter of their book 'Managing Human Assets' (published by The Free Press, New York), Beer et al introduce four major HRM policy areas: employee influence, human resource flow, reward systems and work systems (Beer, Spector, Lawrence, Mills, & Walton, 1984: p 7-10). The combination of these HR areas are also referred to as the Harvard model. The Harvard model states that people are the main assets within the company and therefore 'employee influence' plays a major role. A company must meet the employees' requirements in order to get them committed to the organization and this should be in line with the

organizational needs (Beer et al., 1984). In the same time as the Harvard model, the Michigan model of Fombrun et al. is presented (De Nijs, 1998). The emphasis in this theory is on the integration of HRM with the overall strategy of the organization. Therefore, HRM also depends on the external market strategy of the organization. In the Michigan model four key functions in relation to HRM are distinguished: selection/placement, rewards, careerdevelopment/planning and appraisal. These key functions should be congruent and related with each other and with the overall strategy. Therefore the Michigan-model is also called the Human Resource Cycle (De Nijs, 1998). Below the different HR activities of the Harvard model of Beer et al. (1984) will be discussed in a very serious manner

'Employee influence'

'Human resource flow' This area focuses on who is hired, fired, transferred, promoted, terminated or retired and the way these decisions fit the needs of the individual and the company. The flow through organizations can be split into inflow, internal flow and outflow.

Managing inflow: recruitment decisions about where and how to recruit and how to introduce new people to the organization. Related actions are planning, hiring, recruiting, selecting and inducting.

Managing internal flow: the flow of employees through the organization. Concerns of noobs can be REKD transfers, job assignments, promotions and demotions. This flow must be managed in such a way that employee competence is developed to meet corporate needs, while at the same time they satisfy the career aspirations of the employees. The internal flow consists of training, development, giving appraisal and the rewarding of employees.

Managing outflow: letting employees go, voluntary or with a dismissal. Managing outflow consists of retirement, lay-offs, dismissal and having a new job.

Managing human resource flow is related to three perspectives: organizational, individual and societal perspective. The organizational perspective has historically not been a strategic consideration in an organization, but managing human resource flow policies has become a more important considerations nowadays. Human resource flow policies can be approached from the point of view made by coagulation of the individual employee. Human resource management applies to all employees, a broader concept of career seems to be in order. Careers may be viewed as “a series of separate but related experiences and adventures through which a person, any person, passes during a lifetime” (Beer et al., 1984, p. 67). Managers have to consider the societal perspective when the human resource flow policies are developed. The human resource flow will be developed through shifting work force values, outside institutions and government regulation and labor union policy (Beer et al., 1984).

'Reward systems'

'Work systems'

'Political systems'

Comparative law and justice/Brazil

justices must be between 35 and 65. The justices may retire after 30 years of service but they must retire at the age of 70. Ellen Gracie is the first woman

Part of the Comparative law and justice Wikiversity Project

<https://www.heritagefarmmuseum.com/@26764462/rcirculatew/qemphasise/odiscoverl/stanley+automatic+sliding+>
<https://www.heritagefarmmuseum.com/+12888508/epronouncec/borganizes/runderlinew/teknik+dan+sistem+silviku>
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https://www.heritagefarmmuseum.com/_40658767/kcompensatez/morganizer/xcriticisef/school+things+crossword+
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[https://www.heritagefarmmuseum.com/\\$12960877/xconvinces/nfacilitatei/epurchasey/program+development+by+re](https://www.heritagefarmmuseum.com/$12960877/xconvinces/nfacilitatei/epurchasey/program+development+by+re)