

Sample 2/4 (Descriptive Essay)

Journey of a Dandelion Seed

On hot summer days, the wind sweeps the hairy seeds off the dandelion plant and carries them away. The sunlight hits the earth, and heat radiates off the ground into the air above. The warm air expands and rises. Ideally, the air is both warm and dry, for it is on dry days that the fine pappus hairs of the dandelion spread out widest, ready to latch on to rising winds.

A few lucky seeds are caught by the thermal updrafts and rise with them. Up high, the wind blows stronger and the little parachutes are carried far. They glide through the air — the pappus hair on top, the heavy fruit at the bottom. The low center of gravity ensures that the glide is steady and that the parachute is well exposed to rising currents.

Some dandelion seeds travel over a kilometer. The other ninety-nine percent land within ten meters of their parent. At an average height of 30 centimeters, the parent plant offers little exposure to the strong wind currents up high. This is why dandelion diaspores — the dispersal units formed by the pappus, stalk and fruit — wait for dry and hot summer days before they fully expose their feathery hairs to the wind.

But steady flight is not always needed. Maple seeds, for example, are too heavy to ride the rising winds. Instead, the winged diaspores have mastered the art of falling. Or rather, the art of spinning. About half a meter into the fall, the wing of the maple diaspore starts to rotate around the heavy fruit. The asymmetric weight distribution keeps the falling seed in constant motion.

The rimmed front edge of the wing is slightly heavier than the rear. It cuts through the air, compressing the air below the wing and stretching the air above. The resulting tilt slows the seed's descent, allowing the wind to affect its trajectory.

The maple seed hits the ground fruit-first. If the angular momentum from the fall isn't strong enough to "plant" the seed, the jutting wing can serve as platform on which a foot, a paw or the weight of snow will push the fruit into the earth.

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雨之聲

The Sound of Rain

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葛睿安

Andreas Greiler Basaldua / 德

我老家的附近有一座火山。無論是冬天還是夏天，每到晚上的時候火山灰就好像一條灰色的毯子一樣遮掩整個城市，遮住每一盞燈火和所有的聲音。因此，來我老家旅遊的遊客鳳毛麟角。每個來自外地的遊客，或者是迷路了，或者只是來做生意。但是也因為火山灰給我們提供了肥沃的土壤的緣故，使每年的農產收穫特別豐富，農工業相當發達。不過，火山灰還是讓所有的市民都覺得沈悶，無法享受生活的美麗。結果，城市的各種事件都是以無趣的生意為主。音樂、藝術等這些商人用不著的事情都不屬於我老家的生活方式。

十四歲的時候，我決定離開老家，呼吸新鮮的空氣，而且追求我的夢想：找出並學會各地的音樂。然後，回家給大家分享世界各地的聲音。

我先到了鄉下的一座農舍。一看到那個農場，我就聽到了一種很高亢的、從來沒聽過的聲音，旋律也相當甜蜜。我進入農舍之後才看到一個吹著笛子的老頭。他的衣服破爛，頭髮花白，但是他的表情卻表現出一種我沒見過的歡悅。

老頭，你怎麼那麼愉快呢？過著那麼起碼的生活卻能那麼幸福，你的秘訣是什麼呢？

他看著我默不作聲，給我一個燦爛而熱情的微笑。一看到他的微笑，我就發現他沒有牙齒，也沒有舌頭，難怪也沒辦法直接回答我的問題。

不過，經過兩年的模仿，兩年的訓練，我終於得到了他的回答。這兩年之內，我不但學會吹笛子，也學會務農。我在各方面模仿了這位老頭的生活，而得到了兩種收穫：到了秋天，我採收了親手種的作物，到了春天，我配合著飛鳥的旋律，吹出悅耳的笛聲。我的笑容跟老頭的一樣燦爛，我的心情一樣快樂。

我離開之前，高齡的老頭把他笛子送給我。儘管我盡力拒絕他的禮物，也無法跟啞巴辯論。

流浪好幾天以後，我到了一個熱鬧的山村。那邊的人正好在過春節。雖然山村到處都相當熱鬧，有件事兒特別引起了我的好奇：一種讓人心跳起來的聲音。那個聲音的來源是在樂團中有一個特別興奮的

鼓手。一看到我的笛子，他就邀請我加入他們的樂團。

四年的時間，我們的樂團在世界各地表演，最遙遠的王國和最樸實的城市都看了我們的表演，聽了我們美妙的演奏。到了第四年的春天，我學好了鼓手的技巧和演員的魅力。一上台的時候，就能引起大家的矚目，一開始打鼓，就讓人愉悅地跳起來。連我的心臟也伴隨了我手所敲擊的明快節奏，而加快速度。

我離開之前，樂團的演員把他們的鼓和一套演員制服送給我。我儘量拒絕他們的禮物，但我一個人的聲音也敵不過全團祝福的聲音。

流浪了好幾個星期以後，我到了一個海邊的城市。逛著逛著，看到海鷗，呼吸到新鮮的空氣。不過，我也看到了好幾個來自各地的商人。好像，雖然海邊的城市跟我的老家完全不同，生意還是無處不在。他們的服裝和行為讓我想念我的老家，提醒我遠行的目的是什麼。

因此，我到了海邊，問了一些商人怎麼回到我的老家，那座位於火山附近的城市。得到的答案是，應該要坐八個星期的船才得到了我老家那座城市的附近，船後天就出發。

我終於回到了老家，一看到我的笛子、演員制服和鼓，朋友和家人都相當好奇，七嘴八舌地問我遇到了什麼事兒。因此，我說當天晚上要表演，給大家分享世界各地的音樂，用五彩繽紛的旋律來彩繪灰色的大街小巷。

不過，到了晚上的時候，一如既往，火山灰籠罩在城市上。快要開始唱歌的時候，我發現城市的空氣並沒有海邊的那麼新鮮，因而每個唱出來的聲音都讓我喉嚨疼痛不堪，最後我連一個聲音都唱不出來。看起來，連我的聲音也無法穿過濃厚的火山灰。

市民都不了解我的苦衷，而開始散開。只有我的母親還是等著，看著我：「兒子，你遠行了那麼久，看了那麼多的地方，聽了各種不同的聲音。請你告訴我，你認為世界上最美妙的聲音是什麼？」

等了好幾個月以後，我還是不能表演，也沒法子回答母親所提出的問題。又過了 好幾年以後火山灰還是污染城市的空氣，傷害我的喉嚨，阻礙我的表演。

不過，天長日久，我發現了怪異的現象。天氣雖然還是灰色的，但是我看到的不是火山灰而是深深的雲層。然後我感覺到到了一滴，從雲層下來的雨點。雨點掉在地上，我聽到了一個幽微的聲音。在地上的雨點越來越多，聲音越來越大，節奏和旋律越來越複雜。

一開始下大雨，我就發現，空氣裡面的火山灰慢慢地跟著雨點落在地上，下雨慢慢地把地上灰色的火山灰洗滌乾淨。大雨吸盡了灰色的火山灰。

過了半天以後，黑雲分散了，出現了明媚的太陽。我透了一口氣而微笑。媽媽來找我，說：「兒子，火山灰都被洗淨了，空氣新鮮，今晚你終於能表演世界上最美麗的聲音給我們聽了！」

我周遊了那麼長時間，看了那麼多，聽了那麼多。但是當天才找到了她問題的答案。我拿著笛子，穿著制服出門。今晚我要給大家分享世界各地的聲音，不過世界上最美麗的聲音，他們都已經聽到了。其實，我認為連我這一輩子，都沒聽過一個比下雨的聲響更美妙的旋律。

OP N ONS

GUEST COLUMNIST KELSANG DOLMA

Sad Yale girl elegy

Nobody makes time for love here. Yale is a “prestigious,” “high-achieving” school — we erect gothic castles as dorms and admit moneyed students under dubious circumstances. Constantly striving to be the next big lawyer, doctor or president, our classmates keep real feelings at arm’s length. Feelings are inconvenient when scheming for a lucrative career during these bright college years.

I grew up in a working-class suburb in the Midwest, so transitioning to Yale was difficult. Until I arrived on the east coast, I didn’t know words like “semantics” and “deontology” existed. I didn’t know how to jockey aggressively in seminars — how do people say so much without saying anything substantive? From the ornate Hogwarts-esque dining halls to the constant liberal hysteria, college was a spectacle to me in every way.

At Yale, love is an abstraction; Yalies thump novels from the Western canon and lament over their loneliness, but rarely put in the effort to sustain something raw and beautiful. Supposedly, the hardest part of Yale is getting in, but I disagree; this school fosters perpetual anxiety. Whether they are working on problem sets, essays, auditions, or interviews, nobody ever seems to be done with work.

Logistically, hookup culture seems to makes sense. We can easily jump back to work after a hasty meetup — making out with some dean’s son can happen more often and readily than you think. They say that if you don’t subscribe to hookup culture, you miss out on the “college experience.” It’s better than loneliness, right?

Friends enter Toads alone and stumble out in pairs; fast intimacy is easy and abundant. Sauntering out of makeout sessions in unkempt dorm rooms, I thought I had mastered this lifestyle. I rationalized away the butterflies that flitted in my stomach.

I had the audacity to fall in love once. It began when we matched on a dating app; I was bored and listening to Frank Ocean, so when Oli asked me out, I shrugged and said why not?

Everything about him was electric. There are more things in heaven and Earth than can be dreamt of in philosophy. He was tall, dark, handsome and his eyes graciously crinkled when he laughed at my absurdist jokes.

Raised thousands of miles apart, we only met because of our beloved school. On our first date, we meandered all around New Haven as we explored each other’s histories. His refreshing sense of humility soothed my insecurities. Oli’s long fingers waved around when he told stories about his father. Those same fingers left me blushing when they caressed my cheeks across the bed.

I jumped at the notifications that secretly buzzed during classes. We eagerly exchanged banter, literature and memes, and I snuck a few sniffs of my sweater when his smell lingered. Propping my chin up with my hands, he confided in me dreams of becoming a lawyer, professor and president. People gushed about the prospect of us becoming a “legacy family.” Yikes — but I didn’t completely hate the idea.

Such a chaotic tenderness. I wish I had the words to articulate how I felt when I was with him because “happy” is a gross understatement; I felt alive. But more than that — something inside me transcended ordinary existence when we were together.

But he fell into the same pattern as every other flighty Yale student. His excuses bubbled up overnight. A huge assignment was due one week. A consulting pow-erpoint needed to be constructed the next. In my mind, he prioritized work over whatever sacred thing we had — or whatever thing I had imagined.

“You — I mean this, is too much for me,” he stammered over the phone, “I think we should stop.”

“Yeah.” I lied. “Good luck with your work.” Ending the call, the room felt unbearably quiet. Was I too much? Maybe I got in the way of his dreams.

I tried to steel myself, but hot tears streamed down my face any-ways. Oh how they burned.

My friends told me I felt empty

because, without the rose-colored glasses, he was not who I had thought he was. Looking back, they were right. Constantly making excuses for Oli, the relationship was unfair for me. Love shouldn’t be this difficult.

Months later, Oli asked to see me. I noticed his hands clenching and unclenching in the dark as he apologized. The slender fingers I once admired now contorted uncomfortably with shame and regret. Burned out, Oli had dropped out of school indefinitely.

He asked me if I had been with anyone else since we were last together, and his shoulders sagged when I said I had. He had been unable to find someone after me.

I had wanted his apology, but it didn’t make me happy.

But I moved on. Time doesn’t stop for anyone you know. The new guys were cheap imitations of Oli, but I developed feelings for a few of them. I’m a hopeless romantic, but my feelings are painfully genuine.

Those flings fell apart when I demanded respect. I refuse to be the “chill girl” — the girl who acquiesces as a means to a mea-gre slice of companionship. Call me old-fashioned, but asking for decency is reasonable. There are dozens of ethics courses here, but Yalies rarely apply their lessons.

MY STORY IS NOT
JUST AN ELEGY.
IT’S ALSO A LOVE
LETTER, AN ODE,
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Inexplicably, my failed romances became part of a formative college experience. Nights spent raging with friends over inadequate text messages devolved into laughter as we scarfed down dry falafel sandwiches. And college is so much more than romance. In my four years, I’ve joined protests, traveled the world, and fallen into many jaunty adventures with friends.

As a plucky, educated woman, I learn more each day of what I want out of my relationships. I, and we all, deserve people who enthusiastically nudge us into better versions of ourselves. I hope to eventually become a lawyer, but I will never settle in my relationships. Maturity sometimes means finding comfort in loneliness too.

My story is not just an elegy. It’s also a love letter, an ode, an angsty battle cry. As I trip over the Cross Campus pavement, I still hold my head high because there is more to life than we can imagine; there is free choice even when all is predestined. I may have already bumped into my future spouse, or maybe they will be introduced at a lame cocktail party. Maybe they will be a law student I bump into at the library, or a colleague, if time tests my patience. Or perhaps they’ll be just another random person on a dating app that I mindlessly match with on a lonely evening in some anonymous city. I know someone is out there for me, and I’m so excited to meet them.

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GUEST COLUMNIST ANDREAS GREILER BASALDUA

Owning our time

I have the best student job on campus. The hours are flexible and the pay is good. I work almost exclusively on week-ends and usually at bars, restaurants and formal receptions. I am a photographer at fraternity for-mals, parties, mixers and other student events.

I usually get ready for work one or two hours in advance. While my classmates finish their Fri-day assignments, or get together for their weekend pregames, I’m in my room, making sure batteries are charged, memory cards are formatted and that the flash will hold out for at least two hours of continuous shooting. As I load my camera bag, I think about the ceiling of the night’s location: Is it bright and smooth or uneven and reflective? The ceiling at 116 Crown makes my nights easy, Barcelona’s not so much.

I discovered the job during my sophomore year. Some group was missing a photographer and I happened to have a decent camera and free time. The pictures weren’t great, but they were good enough, and I soon started to fill in at other events. As I became more comfortable with the job, I started raising my rate, and soon I had made enough to get my own flash and a 50 mm prime lens.

Yale College feels like a small school. I often spot good friends at the events where I work. But usually, our interactions are limited. We exchange pleasant-ries, and then I take the shot and politely ask them to make space for the next group. Occasionally, they chat or ask me to stay for a drink after my shift. But small talk is only so meaningful and my equipment is worth over a year’s worth of wages from shooting; getting tipsy on the job is a luxury I can’t afford.

In the fall of my junior year, I fell sick with mono. My waking hours became devoted to studying and working. The few nights I went out, I entered the club, restaurant or bar with my black backpack and the awareness that I was about to spend another weekend night around friends, but not with them. Leaving my backpack at home was not an

option. I needed the money, and, given my condition, I couldn’t forgo the opportunity of editing on a flexible schedule.

Around the same time, I started working on a project where I used macro photography to study the coloring of particular beetles. My biology professor provided me with lab space and a beetle collection from Yale’s Pea-body Museum of Natural History. This was exactly what I had envisioned Yale to be like. I was able to pair my love for photography with Yale’s resources to explore nature too small to see with the naked eye.

During my first session, I learned the names of the beetles in the collection and how to handle their fragile remains without damaging them. During the second one, I figured out how to set up the flash and the lens so that the beetles were well illuminated and properly magnified. I never made it back for the third session. I still had trouble staying awake, and as school-work picked up, I had to drop all my extracurriculars — all except one. On weekends, I was busy working at events across cam-pus and editing images in the library, instead of working on my own projects.

Yale offers such an incred-ible wealth of opportunities, like that it is impossible to take advantage of them all. The sheer density and diversity of tal-ent and intellectual prowess found on Yale’s central campus is higher than almost anywhere else. Our time here incredibly valuable, because every hour missed is an hour stolen from the four fleeting years we spend here — a period of personal growth, discovery and wonder.

I am extremely grateful to be part of this institution. Yale has given me access to a world I couldn’t have fathomed existed before I stepped onto campus for the first time. Part of Yale’s excel-lence stems from its competitive environment — an environment where star students contend for top grades, scholarships and postgraduate opportunities. In this environment, ten hours of work a week can make a big dif-

ference. Even generous finan-cial aid packages often fall short of creating an even playing field for a considerable proportion of Yale’s student population. And although these shortcomings are dwarfed by the opportunities we are afforded, the difference per-sists. I learned valuable lessons he first few times I shot at parties, but my job — where I often get paid and tipped by my classmates — soon became a reminder of my standing in Yale’s socioeconomic hierarchy.

This week, my parents will visit Yale for the very first time for my graduation. I can’t wait to show them the place I’ve learned to call home over the past five years. We have less than a week together, but I want to show them every-thing; I want them share in the joy and gratitude that I feel for being a member of this incredible institu-tion.

But, everyone’s parents will be coming. And they will want pho-tos. And they will pay — more than during any other week of the year. I’m spending multiple after-noon shooting instead of show-ing my parents my home.

It’s hard for me to put my finger on why exactly this feels wrong. I’ve worked hard over my four years at Yale, as have most of my classmates. And like them, I wish to dedicate this valuable time to my closest friends and family. Yet, even during the one week where I value my time the most, it seems to be less valuable than that of my more affluent peers.

I still stand by the opening sen-tence of this piece: I have the best student job on campus. But even so, it eats away at hours that could have been spent otherwise with family, studying, or participating in groups.

Yale is generous, but there is room for improvement. Lev-eling the playing field would make the institution even bet-ter. To be the best we can be, students should be the owners of our own time.

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GUEST COLUMNIST ASHIA AJANI

There’s something more

Dear Graduate,
It doesn’t feel completely real, does it? After a few short years, we’ll be walking across the stage with our diplo-mas. We’ll pack up our dorms and apartments and say goodbye to the city that’s housed us, fed us and provided us with new ways of envisioning this world. And it’s changed us.

The marvelous thing about beauty is that it can be found everywhere if you keep your eyes open. Unfortunately, the same can be said about pain. I think often about the privilege of bearing witness and who gets to be seen, who gets to be recognized. All the empathy in the world can-not stop a bigot from holding and acting upon hateful thoughts, and yet we try to focus on finding mid-dle ground. Sometimes it’s eas-ier not to engage at all. Stay quiet. Don’t make waves. These conver-sations are uncomfortable. Keep the peace. But peace for whom?

We live in an academic commu-nity that is thoroughly engaged with the creation and analysis of theory. That is one of the things that initially drew me to Yale — here, I was fulfilled intellectu-ally like never before. I learned from scholars about everything from the Anthropocene to criti-cal race theory to musical coun-terpoint. But we don’t deserve to live in this fantastical place. To remain within the pearly gates of the Ivory Tower is irresponsi-ble. Moreover, it is irresponsible to ignore the violence that con-tinues to shape the experiences of students of color on this campus and beyond. Yale does a great job of teaching theory, but our cur-riculum lacks praxis. We learn about historical trauma but refuse to engage in discussions about the trauma that exists adjacent to our homes. We have become compla-cent and numb, believing that our ideology will save us.

We live in terrifying times.

These closed walls want you to shut your eyes to the sorrow that inhabits the grounds right out-side of them. A mosque in this city is set ablaze, a Yale police officer shoots at two unarmed citizens. Even in my city of Den-ver, Colorado, we decriminalize psychedelic mushrooms while simultaneously voting against an initiative that would decriminal-ize homelessness. Georgia voted to criminalize all abortions, set-ting civil rights back decades. The United States government has lost over 1,500 children at bor-der internment camps. We have 12 years to radically change our environmental policy before the effects of climate change become irre-versible. Hate crimes have been at an all-time high since Trump was elected. Outside of America, Cyclone Idai devastated commu-nities in Mozambique, Zimbabwe and Malawi, but received little air-time coverage. The whole world feels under attack.

Too often, I wonder how my community — the marginalized, the artist, the social worker, the immigrant, the teenage mom, the barista, the lover, the peo-ple with disabilities, the teacher, the houseless man singing Ste-vie Wonder all through down-town, the landless laborer — will survive during this era. When I share these fears with my mother, she offers the same pocket of wis-dom: “We survived Reagan, you will survive Trump.”

But what about the people who didn’t survive Reagan? What about the AIDS crisis, the dis-solution of social programs, the false narrative that the wealth of the rich will trickle down? This sickness didn’t start with Trump. It didn’t start with Reagan, and it surely will continue if we turn away from the horrors of this world and prioritize individual success over collective well-be-ing. I think one of the main dif-ferences between the Reagan

and Trump eras is the imminent threat of climate change. As an environmental studies major, I constantly discuss climate change with my peers. During an intense conversation with a dear friend, she wondered out loud, “What will this PhD mean in six or seven years when climate change has become irreversible?” How will we make sense of all of the things that we’ve learned, all the ide-ology we’ve studied, if the earth crumbles into nothingness?

I IMPLORE YOU,
GRADUATE, AS YOU
MOVE ON FROM
THIS PLACE, TO
IDENTIFY WHERE
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COMES FROM.

This world is overwhelming in its sadness. Some of us may go on to hold powerful positions, political, financial, non-profit or otherwise. We are already part of a system of class and knowl-edge reproduction; some of us may become gentrifiers, or we may take the evils of the world and internalize them ourselves. In a few years, will you recognize yourself? I implore you, graduate, as you move on from this place, to identify where your apathy comes from. We may inhabit different worlds, but we all live in the same reality. As much as we try, we cannot deny our radical intercon-nectedness. We need each other, for better or for worse.

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Sample 4/4 (Policy Article)

Let America Lead (Why we need a carbon tax)

The U.S. could lead the world towards a cleaner and more sustainable future. But domestic politics won't allow it. The left keeps pushing for environmental regulation while the right remains wary of policies that threaten to grow government or weaken the U.S.-economy. This political deadlock keeps the country from effectively addressing climate change.

In avoiding the climate discourse, America is not only abdicating a responsibility; it's passing up an opportunity no other nation has. This is because the U.S. – with its high CO₂ emissions rate and strong trading ties to China – is uniquely positioned to lead the world against the climate threat. Whether or not it rises to the challenge might determine its role as the leader of the free world.

Fortunately, conservative politicians are increasingly aware of the need for a climate strategy — partly due to the public's rising awareness of climate change, partly due to fear of losing millennial voters.

Republican leaders led by former Secretaries of State James Baker and George P. Shultz are now proposing the Baker-Shultz Carbon Dividends Plan, a conservative strategy against climate change — one that operates on the principles of free market and limited government. The idea is simple: put a price on carbon and rebate all the revenue to citizens in the form of monthly dividend checks.

Here's how it works.

Whenever fossil fuels enter the market, they are taxed, at, say, \$40/ton CO₂. This way products with a heavy CO₂ footprint become more expensive, sending a clear price signal throughout the economy. All of the tax revenue earned lands in one pool. The money in that pool is then divided into equal portions and returned to the American people in the form of dividend checks, hence the name "carbon dividends".

This means that regardless of personal energy use, you and your neighbor will each get a check of equal amount. The Treasury Department estimates that roughly 70% of Americans will come out as net winners. Yes — they will earn more money through the check in their mailbox than they spend on energy intensive goods. This works because the wealthier 30% tend to pollute more and, therefore, also pay more. Luckily, even large companies such as Exxon and BP are okay with that — for them, a predictable carbon price is preferable to unpredictable regulative policies.

Now, how can the Baker-Shultz-Plan make America the global leader on fighting climate change?

America is responsible for roughly one sixth of the world's greenhouse gas emissions. This also means that America's policies have no effect on the other five sixths. So, even if America were to radically reduce its carbon footprint, other countries would keep emitting enough CO₂ to drive global warming forward. This is why the Baker-Shultz-Plan comes with a border carbon adjustment.

Sound complicated? — No worries, it's not.

U.S. exports to countries without comparable carbon pricing systems will receive rebates for carbon taxes paid in the U.S. This way, American companies can export products at their pre-tax prices and keep their competitive edge in foreign markets. Conversely, imports from countries without comparable carbon pricing will face fees (tariffs) on their carbon content when they enter the U.S.

This way, American exports stay competitive while countries trading with America will be encouraged to introduce their own forms of carbon pricing to avoid paying the tariffs. So, if America were to pass the Baker-Shultz-Plan it could set off a domino effect powerful enough to radically move the world economy away from fossil fuels.

Maybe, we don't need to be that ambitious. Affecting only one trading partner might be enough. As you know, America's main trading partner is none other than China, the world's #1 CO₂ polluter. China and the U.S. together account for roughly 40% of global greenhouse emissions. So, if China were to introduce a carbon price in response to American import tariffs or in an attempt to outcompete America on the environmental front, worldwide CO₂ emissions could easily be reduced by nearly one half. Other countries would soon follow.

This ambitious strategy is backed by many of the world's most renowned economists.

Greg Mankiw, former Chair of Harvard's Economics Department and co-author of the Baker-Shultz-Plan, maintains that “among economists, the issue is largely a no brainer,” and frequently refers to an IGM Forum survey where a panel of 41 prominent economists were asked whether a carbon tax is a less expensive way to reduce carbon-dioxide emissions than a collection of regulative policies. 90% of panelists agreed. Among them was William Nordhaus, winner of this year's Nobel Prize in Economic Sciences. Nordhaus believes that a carbon tax which “rebates the revenues back to consumers [...] is actually the most durable and one that will be most effective.”

Stanford economist Edward Lazear – the only surveyed Economist who disagreed with the statement – observed that “as it stands, we don't have a global body able to enforce environmental standards of this magnitude.” He's not wrong. But if America were to introduce a carbon pricing strategy that gives its trading partners clear incentives to follow suit, it could redefine its leadership role on the global stage, and save the planet in the process.

Whether the Baker-Shultz-Plan succeeds is up to the American people. Will they stand behind a strategy that, for once, puts America first?
