

I'm a stranger here myself: the mixed feelings about the usa

[Art & Culture](#)



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The book "I'm a Stranger Here Myself" was written by Bill Bryson and was published in June 28th, 2002. Bill Bryson left his hometown of the United States when he was young, drifted to the British Isles, started to edit books and develop a family, and have much enjoyment and forgot to go back home. After twenty years passed, he moved his family back to the United States, but found that the United States has been very different from the past. Although he is in middle age, his eyes are still as innocent as a child. In his eyes, the homeland of the United States is novel everywhere, and everything is an article. As a result, we can see post offices, hardware stores, motels, drive-in open-air cinemas, license plate slogans, crappy exhibitions on the roadside, dining car shops, special accents and dialects in New England, and super-large indoor shopping malls. I enjoy reading his book and know about some benefits on modern life.

People are already addicted to convenience, so they fall into a vicious circle: the more machines they save on their physical strength, the harder they are; the harder they are, the more they need more machines to save energy. The benefits of replacing labor with machines are very obvious. For enterprises, it is a dream to improve production efficiency and reduce production costs. The application of robots just helps everyone realize this desire.

Once upon a time, when real dining carts were scattered all over the streets, people who like to eat out were scornful of them; now they are lined up to pursue these fake models. If there is anything in the modern life that makes me puzzling, then the impulse to chase after what we can't wait to abandon makes me confused. For example, when I came to America for first time, I

saw some food trucks opening during the midnight and I was surprised by a crowd of people who plan to buy food during midnight.

The rich and varied choices not only cost at least ten minutes for each business, but also strangely dissatisfied customers. The more choices you have, the more people will get; the more people want, the more they want. When you have something, you will feel that you are in a myriad of people. They will have more and more things for everything. In the end, they will often be difficult to fill. We seem to have created a society where people's main leisure activities are to turn around in retail stores, looking for things that have never been seen in texture, shape, and color.

Bill mentions that everyone would rather walk in the mall and not go outdoors, suddenly thinking of the square dance of the Chinese ladies, The recipients can find the recipients by a few words. The US Postal System, which organizes the "Return to Customer Day", can also mistake the emails and checks with good addresses, boasting a drug to save the world's drug advertisements, and the restaurant's dishes. Unsafe injuries, coffee, waiting for the cumbersome seating and boarding, the impermanence of the baseball team, the cumbersome details of life, the laziness of driving a few steps, the drug crimes are harder to understand than violent crimes.

The most impressive details are the Americans who go by car and don't want to walk. Once, the author asked the neighbors to come to the house to eat, and he saw that the neighbor drove to his home. Another woman complained that it was difficult to find a parking space in the gym, and her home only took 6 minutes to walk from the gym. The well-designed pedestrian street

shopping district in the center of a certain town in the United States was forced to change into a road because no one visited it.

All in all, the collection of these 70 wonderful essays covers the mixed feelings of Bill and the United States, and his attempt to re-recognize the 'hysteria' of the United States. Whether it's in the small island, the jungle, or the bustling market, you find unusual things in ordinary scenes and people, something worth writing and recording, and tapping into the jokes, giving birth to a unique look and feel.