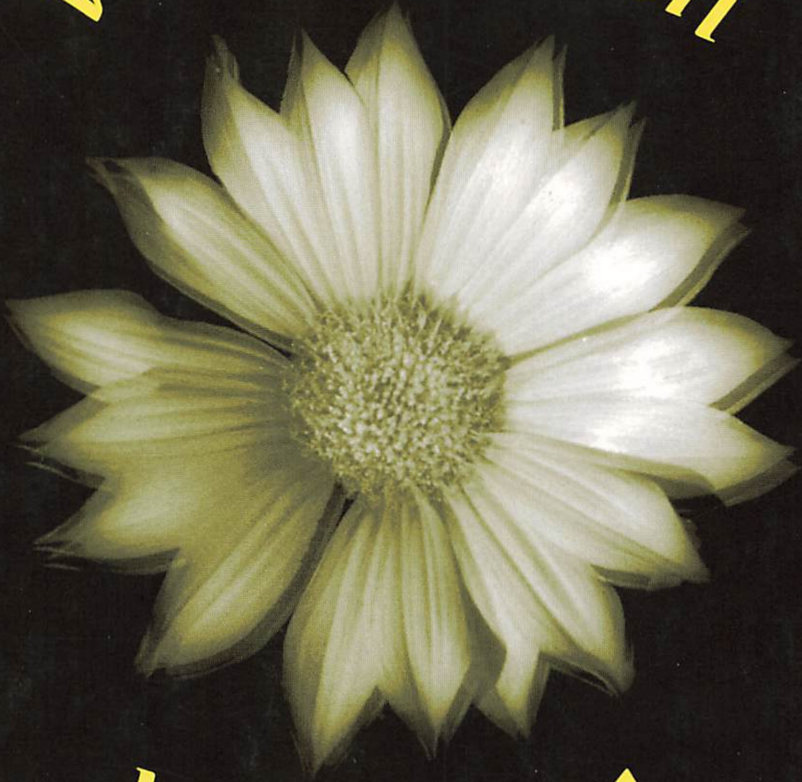
Voice Hidden



Voice Heard

A Reading and Writing Anthology

Lucille Tessier Chagnon

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VOICE HIDDEN, VOICE HEARD

A Reading and Writing Anthology

Lucille Tessier Chagnon

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DEDICATION

To Richard with thanks
for the deep sharing, the safe space, and the mutual support.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I want to thank the colleagues from Rutgers University's Camden Campus who put hundreds of students into my hands: Educational Opportunity Fund (EOF) Director Lambert Jackson hired me nine years ago as a Developmental Learning Specialist to teach writing and learning-to-learn skills to underprepared college students. I've been privileged to help him, his Assistant, Leland Butler, and a great staff turn what I call our academic boot camp into a model six-week summer program for 50-plus potential first year students. This book is for them.

Two years after I joined the EOF program, Jon Van Til and Michael Lang, Urban Studies Department, handed me the three-credit Urban Literacy Practicum. Soon after, Miriam Chaplin, Education Department Chair, asked me to teach her whole language and reading methods courses. And Nancy Omaha Boy, Director of the Rutgers Teaching Excellence Center, hired me as a Curriculum Development Specialist for a three-summer partnership on integrated thematic instruction with the Lawnside, NJ School District.

This anthology owes much to what I've learned from these partnerships and from a lifetime in classrooms and in community-based education—at Rutgers, at Temple, and earlier, with adults and school kids of all ages, including Laura Esposito and my twin sons, David and Daniel. Laura was six when I showed the twins how to teach her to read. That summer they convinced me that reading—and by extension, learning—is anchored by passing it on. They demonstrated that most neglected of educational axioms: we learn beast what we teach. It's because of those three young people that this book dares to infer that every individual who takes the literacy crisis in America seriously should consider finding a Learning Partner, young or old, with whom to share the wonder of the printed page for their mutual benefit and enrichment.

I have drawn inspiration and methods far and wide. Paul MacLean's Triune Brain research on the power of safe space to overcome the survival response and learning difficulties undergirds this book and every class I teach. The grassroots passion of the seminal literacy teachers of this century transformed my understanding of just how much learning of any kind, but especially reading, starts in the gut, builds on the known, and must focus on the learner: Sylvia Ashton-Warner in New Zealand in the 1930s and 40s, elicited from Maori pre-schoolers the organic vocabulary that launched them into meaningful reading and writing; Myles Horton and Septima Clark paved the way for the Civil Rights Movement through the Citizenship Schools' reading classes in the Deep South of the 50s; Paulo Freire taught Brazilian peasants their own organic vocabulary in the 50s and 60s; and Renée Fuller's staff, much to her amazement, unlocked reading for the severely retarded at a state hospital in Maryland in the 70s with her wacky science fiction books. As the ancient Chinese proverb reminds us: Those who say it cannot be done should not interrupt those who are doing it.

Finally, a special thank you to Rick Battistoni, Providence College. When Rick was at Rutgers' main campus in New Brunswick, he co-authored Kendall/Hunt's *Education for Democracy*. It's Rick who enthusiastically put me in touch with his publisher. I have not been disappointed.

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A Word to the Reader

Reading with Understanding

As its sub-title implies, *Voice Hidden, Voice Heard* is designed to enhance your reading and writing skills. Unlike most anthologies, however, *Voice Hidden, Voice Heard* has no list of questions and writing topics at the end of each selection. It has instead an all purpose tool, the Four-Level Reflection Method. This simple tool can help you write more clearly and get more out of what you read. So that you can easily find it, the Four-Level Reflection Method is on the next-to-the-last page of this anthology, just before the final excerpt.

When I read a paragraph and my mind wanders, I have to re-read it. Why? Because the first time around, all I did was automatically decode words instead of decoding meaning. Reading with understanding means making pictures in your head as you read. The Four-Level Reflection will help you decode further meaning behind the printed word. It is a very simple, systematized way of doing what honest, intelligent people do every day:

> First, we look at the objective facts;
> Second, we acknowledge how we feel about that reality;
> Third, we see what we've learned from what we've experienced;
> Fourth, we decide what to do next.

Not very difficult, is it? Try the Four-Level Reflection on your own, and the richness of its outcomes will surprise you. As you and your peers work with it under the guidance of your instructor, you will broaden your vision and improve your ability to think critically, logically, and honestly. You will also find it to be a helpful basic outlining and pre-writing tool.

Finding Your Own Voice

Voice Hidden, Voice Heard is different in another way: it has a very personal agenda. In essence, this anthology is about finding your own distinctive voice. It is designed as a working tool for those who want to heed the soft internal voice that calls each of us to deepen our honesty with the self that we are when no one is looking; the soft but urgent voice that gives us clearer eyes to see the world around us and helps each of us find our changing place in that world at home, at school, at work. When we heed that voice we find it is our own, and we begin, as Emile Zola once said, "to live aloud," not brazenly, but boldly.

If you want to make full use of this book as a learning tool, I urge you to internalize the Four-Level Reflection Method. And every now and then, re-read Nelson Mandela's magnificent call to be all that you can be. That's why those two pieces are located together where you can easily find them, at the end of this book. Trust the method. Trust yourself.

Lucille T. Chagnon

A Word to Your Instructor

A Different Kind of Anthology

Voice Hidden, Voice Heard is a different kind of anthology. Its pages are scored: any page or section of the book can be torn out. That gives you freedom to use the book in ways you may never before have considered.

In addition, as stated above in the "Word to the Reader," *Voice Hidden, Voice Heard* has replaced the standard questions for reflection and writing topics found in most anthologies with a simple, all-purpose method for reflection.

The Four-Level Reflection Method

The Four-Level Reflection Method was developed in mid-20th century by the Institute of Cultural Affairs (ICA), a group of folks committed to training local leaders especially in disempowered communities and organizations. The ICA calls this tool the Art Form Method. I call it the Four-Level Reflection Method. I use it to help groups reflect on anything from art forms—like popular songs and films—to events, like helping kids hear each other out when they've been fighting; or eliciting surprisingly vivid three-line poems from my students after visiting a beautiful inner-city park on the second day of class.

This tool will sharpen your students' sight and memory, their insight and objectivity, their tolerance for disagreement and ambiguity. If you trust yourself and trust the method, it will also hone your group facilitator skills. It requires neither dynamism nor charisma to work its magic, just a listening ear and an honestly affirming style.

Using the Method in the Classroom

In the classroom, you want to engage the group in a lively brainstorming session. Loosen the students up by going around the room once or twice, changing the question each time they run out of steam. Soon input will come from all over the room. You are looking for whatever comes to mind easily and freely. Keep the responses brief; they are not, in the main, right or wrong but simply come from individuals who have different experiences and perspectives. That very fact will help shy students find their public voice and make it easier for everyone to participate. If, as in all brainstorming, you allow no arguing, contradictory answers will actually enhance participation and add breadth, insight, and honesty to the sharing.

Whether you record each response on a chalkboard, flip chart, or pad of paper—or not—it is helpful to repeat (echo) each answer, exactly as stated, in an affirming but very low-key manner. When brainstorming, always allow anyone who wishes to pass

to do so. I tell my new students each semester: Group participation, especially during a brainstorm session, is in the light in your eyes, in your attentiveness to each other's input. Whether you choose to participate verbally is your decision; feel free to pass. Paradoxically, that invariably enhances participation all around.

This anthology is designed to allow you maximum flexibility and creativity as you take your students on a journey of learning enhancement and self-discovery. May you enjoy it with them, not as an observer, but as a fellow traveler.

Lucille T. Chagnon, M.Ed., B.Mus.
Rutgers University, Camden, NJ Campus

Part I

Glimpses of Reality

How We See Ourselves, Others and the World We Share

Chapter 1—The Image *Is* Reality

John Ciardi	Chang McTang McQuarter Cat
Kenneth E. Boulding	The Image
Ruth Benedict	Custom
Hank Whittemore	Hitting Bottom Can Be the Beginning
Carol Guion	Pop Out of Your Life Drama...
Dennis T. Jaffe and Cynthia D. Scott	Self-Renewal
Robert Fritz/Lucille T. Chagnon	Creative Visualization and Goal Setting
Chinese Pictogram	Crisis

Chang McTang McQuarter Cat

John Ciardi

Chang McTang McQuarter Cat
Is one part this and one part that.
One part is yowl, one part is purr.
One part is scratch, one part is fur.
One part, maybe even two,
Is how he sits and stares right through
You and you and you and you.
And when you feel my Chang-Cat stare
You wonder if you're really there.

Chang McTang McQuarter Cat
Is one part this and ten parts that.
He's one part saint, and two parts sin.
One part yawn, and three parts grin,
One part sleepy, four parts lightning,
One part cuddly, five parts fright'ning,
One part snarl, and six parts play.
One part is how he goes away
Inside himself, somewhere miles back
Behind his eyes, somewhere as black
And green and yellow as the night
A jungle makes in full moonlight.

Chang McTang McQuarter Cat
Is one part this and twenty that.
One part is statue, one part tricks—
(One part, or six, or thirty-six.)

One part (or twelve, or sixty-three)
Is—Chang McTang belongs to ME!

Don't ask, "How many parts is that?
Addition's nothing to a cat.

If you knew Chang, then you'd know this:
He's one part everything there is.

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The Image

Kenneth E. Boulding

The process of the growth of knowledge involves three concepts: the image, the inference or expectation which is derived from it, and the message which either confirms it or denies it. The image is the actual content of a particular human mind—that is, it is the subjective content of knowledge. This is what a man thinks the world is like, the sum total of his beliefs, his image of the world and himself and space and time, his ideas of causal connections, and so on. From our image of the world we constantly draw inferences about the future—that is, we derive expectations of what is going to happen. I have an expectation, for instance, that tomorrow morning I shall travel from my house to a certain room and shall begin to lecture to a class which I shall find assembled there. This expectation is drawn from my image of space, time, and causality, from my image of the social system in which I believe I am placed, and so on.

Our image is subject to a constant input of messages from our immediate environment. These messages may either confirm our expectations or disappoint them. I may go into class tomorrow morning and find nobody in the room. Messages from my eyes and ears which I expected do not arrive. Under the pressure of disappointment something is bound to happen. I can in fact do one of three things. I can deny the truth of the messages and say that it was a false message or illusion. I can deny the truth of the inference which gave rise to the expectation, and say that I should not have expected the messages which failed to come. The third possibility is that I may change the image itself. Thus if I go to class tomorrow and find nobody there I may say to myself that I am dreaming and that the message was a false one, and I try to wake up. If I am convinced that I am awake and that my senses do not deceive me and that the messages cannot be denied, then I may deny the inference. I may decide that I thought it was Thursday when in fact it was Wednesday, when I do not have a class, or I may decide it was a public holiday of which I was not aware. My basic image here remains unchanged but I have reorganized the inference which I have drawn from it. If, however, I can neither reject the message nor reject the inference, there is no course open to me but to reorganize my image of the world. I may decide that I have been fired or suspended or that in any case I am not what I thought and the social system in which I am placed has radically changed.

From *The Meaning of the Twentieth Century* by Kenneth E. Boulding. HarperCollins Publisher.

Custom

Ruth Benedict

Anthropology is the study of human beings as creatures of society. It fastens its attention upon those physical characteristics and industrial techniques, those conventions and values, which distinguish one community from all others that belong to a different tradition.

The distinguishing mark of anthropology among the social sciences is that it includes for serious study other societies than our own. For its purposes any social regulation of mating and reproduction is as significant as our own, though it may be that of the Sea Dyaks, and have no possible historical relation to that of our civilization. To the anthropologist, our customs and those of a New Guinea tribe are two possible social schemes for dealing with a common problem, and in so far as he remains an anthropologist he is bound to avoid any weighting of one in favour of the other. He is interested in human behaviour, not as it is shaped by one tradition, our own, but as it has been shaped by any tradition whatsoever. He is interested in the great gamut of custom that is found in various cultures, and his object is to understand the way in which these cultures change and differentiate, the different forms through which they express themselves, and the manner in which the customs of any peoples function in the lives of the individuals who compose them.

Now custom has not been commonly regarded as a subject of any great moment. The inner workings of our own brains we feel to be uniquely worthy of investigation, but custom, we have a way of thinking, is behaviour at its most commonplace. As a matter of fact, it is the other way around. Traditional custom, taken the world over, is a mass of detailed behaviour more astonishing than what any one person can ever evolve in individual actions no matter how aberrant. Yet that is a rather trivial aspect of the matter. The fact of first-rate importance is the predominant rôle that custom plays in experience and in belief, and the very great varieties it may manifest.

No man ever looks at the world with pristine eyes. He sees it edited by a definite set of customs and institutions and ways of thinking. Even in his philosophical probings he cannot go behind these stereotypes; his very concepts of the true and the false will still have reference to his particular traditional customs. John Dewey has said in all seriousness that the part played by custom in shaping the behaviour of the individual as over against any way in which he can affect traditional custom, is as the proportion of the total vocabulary of his mother tongue over against those words of his own baby talk that are taken up into the vernacular of his family. When one seriously studies social orders that have had the opportunity to develop autonomously, the figure becomes no more than an exact and matter-of-fact observation. The life-history of the

individual is first and foremost an accommodation to the patterns and standards traditionally handed down in his community. From the moment of his birth the customs into which he is born shape his experience and behaviour. By the time he can talk, he is the little creature of his culture, and by the time he is grown and able to take part in its activities, its habits are his habits, its beliefs his beliefs, its impossibilities his impossibilities. Every child that is born into his group will share them with him, and no child born into one on the opposite side of the globe can ever achieve the thousandth part. There is no social problem it is more incumbent upon us to understand than this of the rôle of custom. Until we are intelligent as to its laws and varieties, the main complicating facts of human life must remain unintelligible.

Excerpts from *Patterns of Culture* by Ruth Benedict. Copyright 1934 by Ruth Benedict, © renewed 1961 by Ruth Valentine. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company. All rights reserved.

Hitting Bottom Can Be the Beginning

Hank Whittemore

In his teens, Robert Rocha was selling drugs night and day to survive. He was a street kid in San Francisco—using and pushing heroin, sleeping wherever he could. His mother had been in and out of jail for robbing banks ever since he could remember, he says. He had been sent to foster homes from the age of 8. He lived on the edge, hustling and stealing.

Rocha carried a gun to pull holdups. He stabbed people too; and while still a juvenile, he was arrested and charged with 27 armed robberies.

His dream, to go to big-time prison, came true at age 19, when he was sent to San Quentin. "I'd lost touch with everything," Rocha says, "and had no belief in myself. No hope. No trust in nothing or nobody. The reason I wanted to go to prison was because that's where I could be somebody. But when I got there, nothing in prison excited me, because I'd done everything by then. When I got back out on the street, I thought about changing my life. Then I got busted again—for selling heroin to an undercover cop."

That was in 1987. Today, at 26, the same young man is well-groomed, wears a business suit and carries himself with quiet pride. He has the warm, confident smile of a person with solid ground under his feet along with a future. In the four years since he went on parole, he has learned eight construction trades. He takes college courses in criminology. He tutors other ex-convicts in geometry, helping them earn high school diplomas. He has transformed his life on every level—not in some magical way, but through a painful process of taking one small step after another.

Robert Rocha is one of 10,000 men and women with similar stories of tragedy and triumph. Over the last two decades, these former felons, drug abusers and prostitutes have helped each other survive to become healthy, productive citizens. Each of them has spent an average of four years as part of the Delancey Street Foundation, based in San Francisco, which has received worldwide acclaim for its ability to mend even the most broken of lives.

At the heart of this unique "extended family" is the spirit and unswerving resolve of Dr. Mimi Silbert, 49, a criminologist who has dedicated her life since 1972 to keeping Delancey Street open and growing. An elfin woman weighing less than 100 pounds, she stands toe-to-toe with the meanest, toughest ex-felons until the shouting turns to laughter, tears and hard work, and deep wounds gradually heal.

Published by *Parade*. Copyright 1992 by Hank Whittemore. Reprinted by permission of the author and the author's agents, Scovil, Chichak, Galen Literary Agency, Inc., 381 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016.

"You want to quit?" she challenged Robert Rocha and other Delancey Street residents while they were building their new San Francisco complex on the waterfront. Despite their lack of experience, they were doing the job by themselves. "Well," Silbert told them, "that's what you've *always* done—given up every time it has gotten difficult! I know you're hammering away and thinking that this isn't worth it, but you're hammering away on your *lives*.

"You're building your *own* foundation. If you make a mistake with that wall, tear it down and rebuild it! That's what we're doing at Delancey Street, for *ourselves*—tearing down bad things and making good things to replace 'em. And if you're too guilty and angry and hopeless to fight for yourself, then do it for the next guy. Because he's counting on you. Meanwhile, you're learning new skills. You're getting something that nobody can take away from you. You're building your lives."

There are 500 current residents at the San Francisco complex that opened in late 1990. About 500 others are going through this same rigorous program in Brewster, NY; in Greensboro, NC; and in San Juan Pueblo, NM. With neither funding nor a permanent staff other than Silbert herself, Delancey Street is almost entirely self-supporting. Its business enterprises, run by residents, net $3 million a year.

"We're trying to prove that the 'losers' in our society can, in fact, be helped," Silbert says, "and also that they, in turn, can help. Essentially they make up an underclass. A third of our population was homeless. The average resident is four or five generations into poverty and two or three generations into prison. They've been hard-core dope fiends. They're unskilled and functionally illiterate. They've had horrible violence done to them, and they've been violent.

"Most people would rather see them locked up for the rest of their lives, but our point is the opposite—that they can be taught to help themselves. They can learn to be responsible and self-reliant. And we believe that helping these same people is a critical part of turning around all the rest of society."

Last fall Silbert was among six recipients of the second annual America's Awards, sponsored by the Positive Thinking Foundation, of which Dr. Norman Vincent Peale is co-founder. "These unsung heroes personify the American character and spirit," Dr. Peale says. "They are ordinary people who are extraordinary examples of values that make our country great."

Over the years, Silbert has been besieged by requests from groups around the country wanting to learn about Delancey Street in order to duplicate it. Now, with typically large vision, she plans to create a "training institute" that would include up to several months of internship. Delancey Street could become a model for the nation.

"There's no way I'd go back to my old life," says Shirley LaMarr, 43, a resident for nearly three years. "I went through the whole siege of drugs and prostitution, getting beat up and having guns drawn on me, getting raped and carried out on pills, you name it. I've robbed people, all kinds of stuff, and each year I'd feel more disgusted. I lived on the street, with my own space on the sidewalk. When I was arrested, I sent

a letter to Delancey Street. I was at the bottom, with a choice of coming here or going back out to die."

Those who enter Delancey Street invariably are filled with bitterness and despair. Having lost all trust and hope, they are angry and defensive. To be admitted, however, the must go through the motions of writing and asking to be let in.

Although they must promise to stay at least two years, the doors are not locked—so they can leave at any time, and few believe they will remain longer than a couple of months.

"But we already *know* that," Silbert says, laughing because the pattern is repeated so often, "and we're up front about it right away. I tell a new person who's scowling at me with utter contempt, 'Hey, we know you're trying to manipulate us. Our job is to out-manipulate you! And we're better at it than you are.'

"They always play the victim: 'It wasn't my fault.' We ask them to explain: 'Somebody tied you down and injected a needle into your arm? Someone forced you to take a gun and bash that old lady on the head? Is that what happened? Who actually did those things?' Finally they admit, 'Well, yeah, it was me. I did it.' We don't care that they don't mean what they say, just as long as they say it. Then we remind them of it every day that they're here!"

New arrivals at Delancey Street are given maintenance chores at the bottom of a long, intricate chain of command that includes every resident. A drug addict who wakes up in the lobby is given a broom to push and told, "Now you're no longer an addict. Why? Because we don't allow drugs in here. So the question for you is how you're going to live your life without drugs."

This "outside-in" approach is central to the Delancey Street process. "Image is important to them, so we start there," Silbert says. "They have to cut their hair, get into a suit and even change the way they walk. We ask them to act as if they were upstanding citizens or successful executives, even though they feel the opposite. Through external imitation, something gets internalized."

The same person also is told to be responsible for the next arrival, and so forth up the tightly structured chain of interaction, based on the premise that people will change simply by "doing" for somebody else.

"For my first eight months here," Robert Rocha remembers, "I didn't believe in anything that Mimi and the others were saying. I had such a hard attitude that nobody could tell me nothing. I'd say, 'Get away from me,' because there was no way that I could trust anybody with my feelings. Nobody had ever cared about me, so why should I care about anyone else?

"Then one day I saw that one of the guys was going to leave, and I found myself shouting at him. I got hysterical, trying to get him to listen to me. Some people told me, 'Hey Robert, stop. We've taken care of it. But you know what? You're starting to care.' And when I realized that it was true—that I did care—I almost broke into tears."

Delancey Street's rules forbid alcohol or drugs and prohibits threatening—much less committing—violence. In two decades, there has never been a violent incident,

and the few residents who have made threats were thrown out. Eighty percent have kept their promise to stay at least two years. Graduates, with an average residency of four years, today include attorneys, business people, technocrats, construction workers and others who represent an extraordinary record of transformation.

Mimi Silbert came from an immigrant neighborhood of Boston, where her father ran the corner drugstore. "Delancey Street functions the way my own family did," she says. "I've duplicated here what worked for me in that neighborhood, where everybody looked out for everybody else as we struggled upward. It was like holding hands while climbing a mountain. Together we rise or together we fall. And that's what happens here every day."

Although her family moved to the Boston suburbs when she was in sixth grade, Mimi Silbert never forgot the supportive structure of that immigrant neighborhood and its values of hard work and self-reliance. A cheerleader who was voted "nicest girl" in the class of 1959 at Brookline High School, Silbert majored in English and psychology at the University of Massachusetts. After that came a doctorate in criminology from the University of California at Berkeley.

"I interned as a prison psychologist," she recalls, "and it was clear to me that this system of punishment doesn't work. The people who wind up there are given everything, all paid for by the taxpayers, and they are responsible for nothing. And then we wonder why, when they come out, they're no different."

Silbert was approached in 1971 by John Maher, a former felon who invited her to join him in creating a center for criminal rehabilitation and vocational training. It would be *for* ex-cons and run *by* ex-cons.

When they joined forces, Maher and Silbert agreed on a system of total self-sufficiency. All residents would work to support the group, with no outside funds. They would follow strict rules of behavior and be self-governing. Each resident would develop at least three marketable skills as well as earn a high school equivalency diploma.

Named for the section of New York City's Lower East Side where immigrants congregated at the turn of the century, Delancey Street started with four addicts in a San Francisco apartment. By late 1972, about 100 former felons were jammed into that single space. Yet, by helping each other, and by working and pooling their incomes, they were able to buy an old mansion—formerly housing the Soviet consulate—in fashionable Pacific Heights.

Silbert and Maher fell in love. "We shared a life and a dream," she says. For a decade, as their work continued to gain recognition, Maher helped Silbert raise her twin sons from an early marriage. However, personal problems took up more and more of Maher's time, and he resigned from Delancey street in 1984. Four years later, at age 48, he died of a heart attack.

Since then Mimi Silbert has emerged not only as the driving force behind Delancey Street's continued success but also as a leader. One testament to her drive and ability is the foundation's new Italian-style complex in San Francisco. Because it was con-

structed almost entirely by the residents, the spacious complex—assessed at $30 million—cost only half that figure to build.

Called the Embarcadero Triangle, it contains 177 apartments, along with meeting rooms, a movie theater, a swimming pool and space for some businesses—such as printing, picture-framing and catering—run by residents. At street level is an upscale restaurant, also operated solely by Delancey Street people, and Silbert is now getting major businesses to set up discount retail stores, which residents will learn to run.

Meanwhile she has begun a new alliance with the California Department of Corrections, through which Delancey Street people are interviewing San Quentin prisoners before their release. The purpose is to give them alternatives to going directly back out on the street, including the option of entering Delancey Street itself—before, instead of after, they hit rock bottom.

Aside from the new programs and businesses, daily life at Delancey Street continues at an intense pace. Activities include frequent "games" held for residents to develop their interpersonal skills. For those at the one-year mark, there are marathon sessions called "dissipations" to help them get rid of the tremendous guilt over what they did in the past. And a final area of education involves volunteer community or social work, with residents engaged in numerous projects, from helping the elderly to working with young people in poor neighborhoods.

"We're coming together to make things happen," Silbert says, "not just with good results but also with a good process. Because life itself is a process. If you fall apart, it doesn't have to end there. Hitting bottom can be the beginning. And I think, right now, that America itself has the same problem that brings people to Delancey Street.

"At one time, we all believed we were going up as a country, but now we've started to feel like losers. There's a sense of being powerless, an attitude of fear and distrust. We're on the way down. Maybe we have to hit bottom before we can wake up the spirit of hope in America. But there's tremendous good in being able to get excited that rebuilding is possible. Once you know it's possible, you can take the risk of starting again. Then the best part of life is the struggle."

Pop Out of Your Life Drama...

Carol Guion

John David McGough was born March 16, 1957, with Down syndrome. What has happened to John, who has that one extra chromosome that altered both his physical and mental development? What has he become, that sets him apart from the so-called normal person?

Everyone, the doctors, the ministers, discouraged John's mother, Lee, from even taking her baby home from the hospital. Her own mother told her, "If you take that baby home you'll never see me again." But Lee felt that taking care of John "was what I had to do", even though she was told he might live as long as 20 years, but would not grow past age seven mentally.

John was the second of six children. Although experts thought he might affect the rest of the children negatively, he was "just another of the kids in a growing family". (All the children put themselves through school and went on to service-oriented work.)

During his first years in New York and Los Angeles, John was viewed with stares and treated with rude comments. The family's move to Medocino, a small community on the Northern California coast, was like a "re-birth"—for the first time in his life John, then 26, was accepted as a valuable member of the community in his own right, outside his own family.

> *"Popping out" is a term John uses often. He feels that we can handle anything when we "pop out" of preconceived notions, of the attitudes and dramas that we create.*

"He didn't just blossom," said John's brother Ed, "he exploded!" The town has "open arms for me", John said. "It's amazing for me here—it's my safe and stunning new life." John's brother Andy said, "Like a lot of people in Mendocino he's accepted for what he is, not for what he isn't."

Townspeople of Mendocino are helped in turn. John's hairdresser, Dottie, said, "John forces us, and I don't mean by effort, to move beyond a physical package. Once you make contact with John you discover there is a very special person there who has a lot to offer. He gives love, he elicits love. I think John just being here, being as open as he is, which is real open, is just a good lesson for all of us."

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Lee gave us a sample of his new life: "John was in the post office tripping everybody out, and making tourists and locals smile by singing, with arms out: 'Whee...this is my happiest lifetime ever...whee...now I got enough love for everybody!'

"People are always telling me of how John helps them," said Lee. "He has no agenda, or expectations, for himself or anyone else. He feels, he loves, he walks up to someone in great emotional pain (how does he know, they ask) and hugs them. 'He's teaching the joy of the moment,' a woman dying of cancer told me, 'and he has total trust. He doesn't fear death. It helps.'

"Once John had seen the title of a book (from an upside-down view) a few years ago in a coffee shop. He startled all of us by suddenly jumping up and going to the woman with the book, saying 'That's what I'm learning! That's what I'm teaching! Love is letting go of fear! Long, long time ago when I was a tiny boy!' (The lady gave him the book, and is now a correspondent of ours.)

"Years ago," Lee said, "I was in the play *Agnes of God* (before it was a movie). John saw my script and, without reading it, said, 'That's like *Snow White.*' I couldn't make the connection. 'Strong love wakes people up,' he said. How does he know these things?"

> *"We are all stopped by our images of ourselves. And other people are stopped—especially in this culture—by what we're supposed to be and how we're supposed to look. John gets us to punch past that quickly."*
> *—Lee Foster, John's mother*

Then came the day when John said, "I have something to tell you. Now I will start my art." Local artist Mark Eanes started coming to the house once a week to help him start, and after a year suggested John have an art show. The show was a huge success, with all but 3 or 4 of the 28 paintings sold. John calls his paintings and collages his "love flow for the world."

Said Mark: "When John approaches a piece of art work he is going to be doing he doesn't have any preconceived notion as to what it's going to be when he's finished, who's going to like it, who's not going to like it, whether or not it's going to sell. John doesn't have any of these intellectual trappings. He's there, putting the paint down, making these shapes, enjoying that process at that very moment, and that's one of the main reasons his work is so fresh and alive."

How does John explain it? "I don't think about it. If I think I don't feel and if I don't feel I don't know."

He also drums, with friends and for local dances, he sings in the church choir, regularly attends African dance class, aerobic class, dances three times a week at the local 'hot spot', and, although Lee was told he probably wouldn't read—he lacks "conceptual ability"—he *reads* to children in a local nursery school.

Artist Mark Eanes: "John has shown me the gift of kindness and patience; he has displayed the power of kindness and love."

John's brother Ed: "John is the single largest motivation in my life to want to be different than everyone else. I often feel that he is labeled retarded simply because there are more of us."

And Then Came John

In the 1970s John told Norma Sanders, who was helping him find work in the community, that he had only one "work" to do. "I got to make a movie to help all mankind with my story and my love. But I don't know how to do that yet. It's scary for me, but I got to do it. I will do it." Feeling that to be unlikely, she guided him eventually to helping the custodian of a nearby elementary school (and actually, all his jobs since, which could be called menial, he does "for all mankind"). Much later, she saw *And Then Came John* at a conference and was "stunned", she reported in a recent phone call to Lee.

For in the next decade a film called *And Then Came John* was produced. It had its premier in 1987 in Mendocino, and went on to be a winner in 12 international film festivals, and aired on the Public Broadcasting System.

In 1990 the filmmakers Scott Andrews and Stephen Olsson were among 15 Americans invited to show *...John* as part of the first uncensored collection of American documentary films ever to reach general audiences across the then-USSR. After the festival the film was shown in all the Soviet republics, and on television, potentially reaching on that one show more than 160 million people (by comparison, the US Super Bowl reaches about 60 million people).

When Scott returned from the opening celebrations of the documentary tour, he brought a samovar for John, as a gift from the staff of the Moscow television station. The station manager who presented the award had become, he said, someone who "saw only the dark in people and life. Last night I saw your film. I went home on the bus, and found myself looking into everyone's eyes, wanting to know about them. My heart has opened. We will be connected forever through this precious samovar."

The film is available on a 36-minute videocassette, priced on a sliding scale dependent upon the size and resources of the intended user and audience. Contact Scott Andrews at Telesis Productions International, Suite 250, Industrial Center Building, Sausalito, CA 94965; telephone 415-331-7345.

During a family discussion of the meaning of "retarded", John gave his definition: "If you cannot get your love flows going, cannot communicate and you are not aware who you are, I call that retarded. Some people are only a little bit retarded. Then I can

help them, because they get curious about me. They get into communication with me and their love flows get going. Then it works for them if they like. They get more aware."

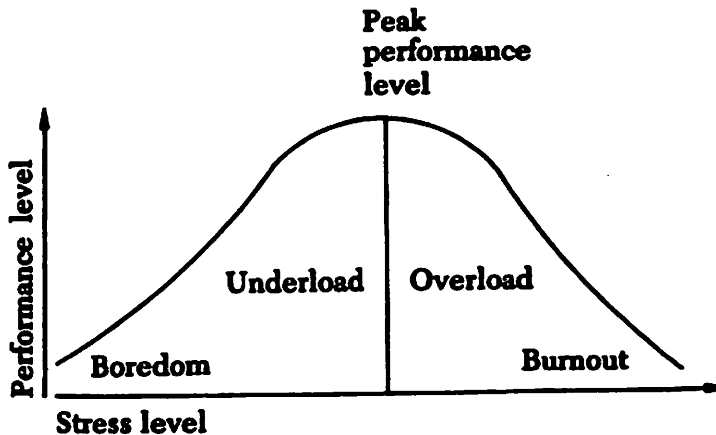
Lee said, "I heard Eunice Shriver once predict that some day that extra chromosome found in Down syndrome could be destroyed in the mother's womb, with a laser. And I wondered about that, because I had heard about a tribe that sought and adopted Down syndrome children because they consider them sent by the gods to teach and bring unconditional love. And there are 200 couples on the Down syndrome adoption waiting list of Janet Marchese in New York.

"I have never met a Down syndrome child who wasn't totally loving and nonjudgmental. There's just an amazing base of love there."

Self-Renewal

Self Management in a World of Stress

Dennis T. Jaffe and Cynthia D. Scott



Performance Curve

Peak performance takes place for each person at a certain level of stress or pressure. If there is too little stress, things are boring and there is an underload. If there is too much stress or pressure, burnout or overload diminishes performance. The determination of each person's optimal stress level, and the creation of an environment that supports it, is an important aspect of effective stress management.

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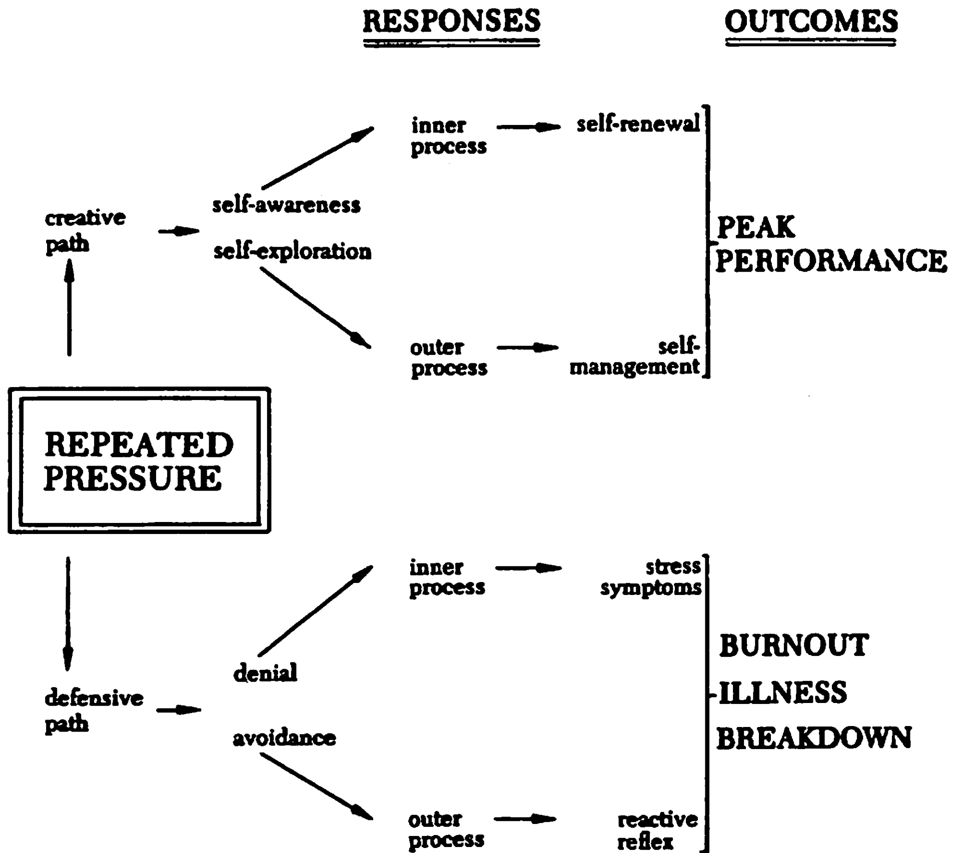


Creative and Defensive Responses to Stress and Their Outcomes

Creative Visualization and Goal Setting

How to Create the Future While Living Fully in the Here and Now

Robert Fritz/Lucille T. Chagnon

1. Decide what you want to realize or create in your life. Start with something you can realistically achieve in the near future.

2. In your mind, create a sensory-rich picture of yourself living with and enjoying what you have decided to achieve. See yourself in that situation as in a movie, including as many details as possible. Bring it to life in living color in your mind's eye.

3. Ask yourself: Do I really want what I am visualizing? Am I willing to take the steps to create it? Once I get it, will I still want it? Revise your objective accordingly.

4. Any time your vision comes to mind, focus on it briefly and gently, picturing it as a reality that is already a part of your life. When you talk to friends, speak about this reality in the present, not the future: I am handing my assignments in on time this semester; I am finding help over the bumps; I am making the Dean's List.

5. When you are concerned or worried about achieving your goal, breathe deeply, gently recall your decision, picture yourself achieving it, and...

6. ...focus gently on the objective ordinariness of the **Here and Now**; I am sitting on a wooden chair in a large classroom, listening to a lecture; I am picking up my pen to take notes; I am **Here, Now**.

Adapted from Robert Fritz, *The Path of Least Resistance*, Fawcett Columbine, 1989.

Food for thought...

If you find it hard to be present to the **Here and Now**, (and we all do at times) is there an issue or concern—past, present, or future—you need to face? Denial holds us back; worry clouds the present and blinds us to future possibilities.

Talking helps us process things. Ask someone whom you know and trust to listen quietly to you: a friend, neighbor, roommate, grandparent, instructor, counselor, academic advisor. Ask them to just listen and not talk.

Honesty with ourselves makes talking out loud easier. We learn much from the very act of sharing. When we put it out there, we see it differently, more objectively, from a different angle. Do you need to do something about your concern? Or is acknowledging it aloud enough for now?

If sharing worries and concerns is difficult for you, start keeping a personal Journal. Writing also clarifies things and helps us see what's going on more objectively. And writing makes it easier to eventually share our thoughts with someone who is a good listener if we so choose.

Learn to trust your gut and live with the consequences of your decisions, and you will discover a new kind of internal strength and peace. It's called **Integrity**, the ability to walk your talk and learn from your mistakes. Better still, learn from others' mistakes; spare yourself the trouble!

And remember: if you respect your friends' right to work things through and decide for themselves, you too are a good listener who will be there for them when they need you, ready to return the favor. We all need help over the bumps. That's what friends are for.

危機

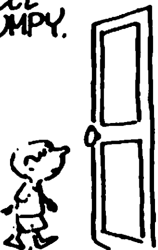
CRISIS:

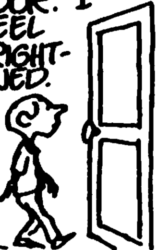
DANGER

HIDDEN OPPORTUNITY

Chapter 2—Overcoming the Myths of Helplessness

Jules Feiffer	Doors
Mary Taylor Previte	Hungry Ghosts
Mike Rose	Lucia
Melinda S. Spray	The Other Urban Learner
Robert E. Kay, M.D.	Letter to the Editor
Thom Hartmann	A New View of ADD, as a Natural Adaptive Trait
Lucille T. Chagnon	Easy Outlines
Dr. Milton E. Larson	Humbling Cases for Career Counselors





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Hungry Ghosts

Mary Taylor Previte

The summer had been full of picking wild huckleberries and strawberries for homemade jam, baking bread, family singing around the pump organ in the corner of the living room, scrubbing clothes on a washboard on the porch. Corn growing fast enough on the farm to be first on the market at Sault St. Marie, Ontario. The sawmill screaming against blunt-edged saplings up by the woods, leaving big heaps of fresh sawdust. Our first summer out of China. I was a child of fourteen, with playful pigtails touching my shoulders on a sunny August evening in Canada. With Father and Mother crossing America in meetings, John and I were summering with friends on St. Joseph's Island. John and I were close enough in age to be taken for twins. Two peas from the same pod.

Alone by the woods, I felt the screaming jolt—the split-second whine of the buzz saw. I took two steps forward in the heaping sawdust beneath my feet before looking down. One minute the hand was tanned brown from the Canadian summer, with slender fingers stained from wild strawberries. Teenage-nibbled fingernails. One bump and one scream of a buzz saw later, it was a bloody, mangled mess. Two steps and one glance down.

Oh, please God, no!

A bloody, butchered left hand, mangled lengthwise. A palm neatly split open, top to bottom, flopped in half. I screamed to the farmhouse, busy with evening chores, not like the scream of a silly girl surprised by a grasshopper on her dress. This was a different scream.

Like a scream for the end of the world. The revolving buzz saw—I never knew just how I bumped it—out there all alone near the woods where they cut the logs for fish crates.

I awoke in an all-white room, my eyes blurry with ether and morphine. A pigtailed child, facing the wall, measuring a left arm against the right. The left arm was swaddled in bandages. It stretched short.

I fell asleep and awoke, measuring again. Two hands. Comforting. Two hands. I felt two hands. I could feel them there beneath the bandages in this narrow, all-white room. Four comforting fingers and a thumb. I could feel them all. Under white bandages, I played "This Little Piggy" and commanded them to move. Four fingers and

Taken from *Hungry Ghosts* by Mary Taylor Previte. Copyright © 1994 by Mary Taylor Previte. Used by permission of Zondervan Publishing House.

a thumb. "This little piggy went to market. This little piggy..." The fingers would not move. I measured arms again. "This little piggy..." The left arm measured a whole hand short. In the daylight I could screw up my courage. I could feel the fingers. In the darkness my courage softened.

White world...white room with whispering people...whispering people with no tongues... One day, two days, three days... White bandaged arm measures one whole hand short... Measure again, Mary, again...again...again. This little piggy went to market...four comforting fingers...one...two...three...four...and a thumb. And this little piggy had roast beef... A whole hand short... And this little piggy had...some...yes, some... Move little piggy... Please, move little piggy... Please... Big, wrapped-up arm...fills the whole room...chokes it...pushes everybody's tongues back into their heads. You people coming and going, whispering...smiling pretend-smiles...afraid of the one question you don't want to answer...pretend-talk...pretend-smiles... Please, little piggy...wee, wee, wee, wee, all the way home... Please little piggy... mo-o-ove...mo-o-o-ove... I will not cry... They'll see...brave.

Maybe it's wrapped bent backward to make it short... A Taylor does not cry... Proud of me... Give them back their tongues...give them back their smiles...a brave girl. Brave. A Taylor.

I was frightened by truth. Not knowing gave my terror someplace to hide. I measured arms and dreaded. Dreaded to ask. *Dreaded.* Until morphine and sleep wrapped me in peace.

Kindly old Doctor Trefry bolstered himself with a roomful of people when he told me. The hand was gone.

I looked out at all of them with big, unthinking eyes. My throat felt lumpy. The child inside harnessed every muscle to drag back the ocean that wanted to spill out. I wanted them all to go away, GO AWAY! *Stop that pretend talk of modern miracles.*

I didn't want to hear about artificial hands. Fourteen years old and artificial hands! My teeth clenched.

No miracles! No artificial hand. NO ARTIFICIAL HAND! GO AWAY! Give me back my hand. GO AWAY! Leave me—just me and Johnny, my brother—Johnny stay with me.

I would test out new thoughts, one by one, as they peeked around secret corners of my brain.

Do you think boys will like a fourteen-year-old girl with just one hand? Braiding pigtails, tying shoes, playing the piano—can I do it—with just one hand?

Home again in Spring Arbor, Father tiptoed through his grief. He gave me time to hate my handless arm. I loathed it. For weeks I couldn't even look at it. The monster arm that made me different.

Dad's best presents were always Taylor stories, told in his gentle Scottish accent. He agonized. A child of his was looking out at a world defined by what she could *not* do. He was braiding my pigtails for me, wrapping the ends in rubber bands one day.

"Shall I tell you a secret, Sweetheart?" I loved his just-for-me secrets.

"When Bertie first heard you had lost your hand, do you know what he said to me?"

I waited.

"He told me, 'Now Mary won't be able to ride her bicycle.'" Bertie was my little brother, not yet seven. I suspected he was eyeing my new British Raleigh with its hand-grip brakes. "And do you know what I said to him?" Daddy paused.

"I told him, 'Well, I don't know why *not*.'"

"Well, I don't know why not." I tacked them up like a banner hanging forever on the wall of my heart—not just the words.

Well, I *don't* know why not.

The believing. My daddy believed in me. My father's voice was the rhythm of my childhood. I looked down at wondrous fingers on my right hand, fingers that could tie shoelaces with one hand. I braided my hair, trading the three strands between my mouth, my armpit, and my hand. Mother, who never let any Taylor hide behind the nonsense of "I can't," enrolled me at the college for Hammond organ lessons. I would play the keyboards with one hand and two feet. She would not rest until she had tracked down piano music and typing instructions written for just one hand. And excuses about not doing dishes? A Taylor *never* says "I can't," she would remind me as she lined me up with the rest. *Absolutely, yes! You will take your nightly turn at dishes with everybody else. You will do everything,* my mother said. Everything! Then she sat me down and taught me to crochet.

When my year rolled around to the eleventh-grade English term paper, it was Dad who settled with me on my research topic—*HANDICAPS!* It was a father-daughter project. We set off looking for the triumphs of Helen Keller and President Franklin Roosevelt. Helen Keller, a child with no hearing, no sight, and no speech could learn to read and write and speak. Franklin Roosevelt, a paralyzed president, who could inspire America from his wheelchair.

My father taught me *cans* and *coulds*. My father taught me that handicaps come only from the inside.

Lucia

Mike Rose

At twenty-eight, Lucia was beginning her second quarter at UCLA. There weren't many people here like her. She was older, had a family, had transferred in from a community college. She represented a population that historically hadn't gained much entrance to places like this: the returning student, the single, working mother. She had a network of neighbors and relatives that provided child care. On this day, though, the cousin on tap had an appointment at Immigration, so Lucia brought her baby with her to her psychology tutorial. Her tutor had taken ill that morning, so rather than turn her away, the receptionist brought her in to me, for I had spoken with her before. Lucia held her baby through most of our session, the baby facing her, Lucia's leg moving rhythmically, continually—a soothing movement that rocked him into sleep.

Upon entrance to UCLA, Lucia declared a psychology major. She had completed all her preliminary requirements at her community college and now faced that same series of upper-division courses that I took when I abandoned graduate study in English some years before: Physiological Psychology, Learning, Perception...all that. She was currently enrolled in Abnormal Psychology, "the study of the dynamics and prevention of abnormal behavior." Her professor had begun the course with an intellectual curve ball. He required the class to read excerpts from Thomas Szasz's controversial *The Myth of Mental Illness*, a book that debunks the very notions underlying the traditional psychological study of abnormal behavior, a book that was proving very difficult for Lucia.

My previous encounter with Lucia had convinced me that she was an able student. She was conscientious about her studies—recopied notes, visited professors—and she enjoyed writing: she wrote poems in an old copy book and read popular novels, both in Spanish and English. But Szasz—Szasz was throwing her. She couldn't get through the twelve-and-a-half pages of introduction. I asked her to read some passages out loud and explain them to me as best she could. And as Lucia read and talked, it became clear to me that while she could, with some doing, pick her way through Szasz's sophisticated prose, certain elements of his argument, particularly assumptions and allusions, were foreign to her—or, more precisely, a frame of mind

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or tradition or set of assumptions that was represented by a single word, phrase, or allusion was either unknown to her or clashed dramatically with frames of mind and traditions of her own.

Here are the first few lines of Szasz's introduction:

> Psychiatry is conventionally defined as a medical specialty concerned with the diagnosis and treatment of mental diseases. I submit that this definition, which is still widely accepted, places psychiatry in the company of alchemy and astrology and commits it to the category of pseudoscience. The reason for this is that there is no such thing as "mental illness."

One powerful reason Lucia had decided to major in psychology was that she wanted to help people like her brother, who had a psychotic break in his teens and had been in and out of hospitals since. She had lived with mental illness, had seen that look in her brother's eyes, felt drawn to help people whose mind had betrayed them. The assertion that there was no such thing as mental illness, that it was a myth, seemed incomprehensible to her. She had trouble even entertaining it as a hypothesis, and thus couldn't play out its resonances and implications in the pages that followed. Szasz's bold claim was a bone sticking in her assumptive craw.

Here's another passage alongside which she had placed a question mark:

> The conceptual scaffolding of medicine, however, rests on the principles of physics and chemistry, as indeed it should, for it has been, and continues to be, the task of medicine to study and if necessary to alter, the physiochemical structure and function of the human body. Yet the fact remains that human sign-using behavior does not lend itself to exploration and understanding in these terms. We thus remain shackled to the wrong conceptual framework and terminology.

To understand this passage, you need to have some orientation to the "semiotic" tenet that every human action potentially carries some kind of message, that everything we do can be read as a sign of more than itself. This has become an accepted notion in high-powered liberal studies, an inclination to see every action and object as a kind of language that requires interpretation. The notion and its implications—the conversation within which the phrase "sign-using" situates you—was foreign to Lucia. So it was difficult for her to see why Szasz was claiming that medicine was the "wrong conceptual framework" with which to study abnormal behavior.

Here is a third passage:

> Man thus creates a heavenly father and an imaginary replica of the protected childhood situation to replace the real or longed-for father and family. The differences between traditional religious doctrine, modern political historicism, and

> psychoanalytic orthodoxy thus lie mainly in the character of the "protectors": they are, respectively, God and the priests, the totalitarian leader and his apologists, and Freud and the psychoanalysts.
>
> While Freud criticized revealed religion for the patent infantilism that it is, he ignored the social characteristics of closed societies and the psychological characteristics of their loyal supporters. He thus failed to see the religious character of the movement he himself was creating.

Lucia's working-class Catholicism made it difficult for her to go along with, to intellectually toy with, the comparison of Freud to God, but there was another problem here too, not unlike the problem she had with the "sign-using" passage. It is a standard move in liberal studies to find religious analogues to nonreligious behaviors, structures, and institutions. Lucia could certainly "decode" and rephrase a sentence like: "He thus failed to see the religious character of the movement he himself was creating," but she didn't have the background to appreciate what happens to Freud and psychoanalysis the moment Szasz makes his comparison, wasn't familiar with the wealth of conclusions that would follow from the analogy.

And so it went with other key passages. Students like Lucia are often thought to be poor readers or to have impoverished vocabularies (though Lucia speaks two languages); I've even heard students like her referred to as culturally illiterate (though she has absorbed two cultural heritages). It's true there were words Lucia didn't know (*alchemy, orthodoxy*) and sentences that took us two or three passes to untangle. But it seemed more fruitful to see Lucia's difficulties in understanding Szasz as having to do with her belief system and with her lack of familiarity with certain on-going discussions in humanities and social science—with frames of mind, predispositions, and background knowledge. To help Lucia with her reading, then, I explained five or six central discussions that go on in liberal studies: the semiotic discussion, the sacred-profane discussion, the medical vs. social model discussion. While I did this, I was encouraging her to talk through opinions of her own that ran counter to these discussions. That was how she improved her reading of Szasz. The material the professor assigned that followed the introduction built systematically off it, so once Lucia was situated in that introduction, she had a framework to guide her through the long passages that followed, all of which elaborated those first twelve pages.

The baby pulled his face out of his mother's chest, yawned, squirmed, and turned to fix on me, wide-eyed. Lucia started packing up her books with a free hand. I had missed lunch. "Let's go," I said. "I'll walk out with you." Her movement distressed the baby, so Lucia soothed him with soft coos and clicks, stood up, and shifted him to her hip. We left Campbell Hall and headed southeast, me toward a sandwich, Lucia toward the buses that ran up and down Hilgard on UCLA's east boundary. It was a beautiful California day, and the jacarandas were in full purple bloom. Lucia talked about her baby's little discoveries, about a cousin who worried her, about her growing familiarity with this sprawling campus. "I'm beginning to know where things

are," she said, pursing her lips. "You know, the other day some guy stopped me and asked *me* where Murphy Hall was...and I could tell him." She looked straight at me: "It felt pretty good!" We walked on like this, her dress hiked up where the baby rode her hip, her books in a bag slung over her shoulder, and I began to think about how many pieces had to fall into place each day in order for her to be a student: The baby couldn't wake up sick, no colic or rashes, the cousin or a neighbor had to be available to watch him, the three buses she took from East L.A. had to be on time—no accidents or breakdowns or strikes—for travel alone took up almost three hours of her school day. Only if all these pieces dropped in smooth alignment could her full attention shift to the complex and allusive prose of Thomas Szasz. "Man thus creates a heavenly father and an imaginary replica of the protected childhood situation to replace the real or longed-for father and family."

The Other Urban Learner

Capable, Motivated, Resilient

Melinda S. Spray

Have you ever looked at one of those dual image pictures? You know—the kind where there's one obvious image. But, by switching your focus, you see something completely different.

That's how Belinda Williams, director of Urban Education at Research for Better Schools (RBS), suggests we look at the urban learner. At first glance, some educators see the traditional image that characterizes urban students as underachieving, unmotivated, deprived, and at risk.

But by shifting our focus, Williams says we can see "urban students as capable, motivated, resilient learners, able to build on cultural strengths to achieve educational success."

Getting educators to see urban students in this new way is the goal of a research and development project under way at RBS. "There are two challenges to educating urban children," explains Williams. "First is taking the strengths and experience that children bring to school and using them in ways that foster the skills and abilities they need to function in society."

"And second," she continues, "given the cultural diversity reflected in some of the urban classrooms, is helping teachers connect with each of these groups in ways that the children's strengths can be developed."

To meet these challenges, Williams and her colleagues are developing a new conception of urban learning that debunks negative generalizations and helps to generate a new positive vision of the urban learner. Dubbed the Urban Education Framework, this concept builds on four themes—cultural diversity and learning, unrecognized ability/underdeveloped potential, enhancing ability development through motivation and effort, and resilience.

To refine and expand on these themes, RBS recently organized a seminar inviting researchers who have investigated these topics and urban education practitioners who, in one way or another, deal with these issues on a daily basis. The goal was to see how well the research related to urban education and to further frame the concept so that teachers could apply it to their own teaching and thinking.

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The seminar's outcomes signal a new recognition of the unique problems and experiences of the urban student. Participants affirmed the idea that students can be more successful if their differences, experiences, and skills are recognized; if teachers understand the legitimacy of these differences; if the curriculum is sensitive to them; if staff development prepares teachers to work with them; and if the school environment communicates more positive messages and develops this relationship well.

As one participant described it, this wasn't so much a call to education reform, as it was a call to education revolution.

"We are talking about the need for systemic change," said Williams. "There has to be a way of reaching consensus so that the curriculum reflects it, staff development addresses it at the district and the school level, leadership manages it, states set up the regs and monitor them, and federal funds support the effort. You can't have a school or district doing one thing, the state holding it accountable for something else, and the federal government funding something completely different."

Central to breaking down the traditional image of urban learners, said Williams, is incorporating more recent thinking about intelligence and how it develops. "Traditionally, intelligence was thought of as something you were born with, genetically determined, fixed, and unitary. Now the thinking is that, depending on experience, intelligence is developed through the socialization process, it can be modified through instruction, and there are multiple intelligences rather than one."

Shin-Ying Lee, a research investigator for the Center for Human Growth and Development at the University of Michigan, elaborated more on this new way of looking at intelligence. Analyzing a series of cross-cultural comparative studies, Lee found some significant differences between how American and Asian parents view children's effort and ability.

"Americans emphasize the importance of innate ability," she said. "Intelligence tests are widely used in American educational settings for the purpose of measuring innate ability and for the prediction of future learning outcomes." In short, American parents want to know how good their child can be without working hard.

By contrast, Lee said, both Chinese and Japanese parents believe that, while innate abilities may determine the rate at which one acquires knowledge, effort is responsible for the ultimate level of achievement.

According to Lee, high expectations plus strong beliefs in effort create an environment in Asian countries that facilitates student motivation and learning outcomes. "The importance of these two factors and the implications for teachers' instruction and students' motivation should not be affected by the different background of the student," she stated.

Acknowledging that students in urban schools have different cultural experiences and values is the first step, said Williams. "All these cultures have different socialization traditions and different child-rearing practices. If children come to school and there is a mismatch between what they have experienced and what the school

requires, there's going to be an achievement gap. Children can't bridge between what they know and what the school assumes."

In an environment where students don't have to build bridges, teachers must move beyond thinking that a standard education is the only assurance of a fair education. According to Roland G. Tharp, professor of Education and Psychology at the University of California, Santa Cruz, adjusting the classroom to the "language" of the cultural group makes children more comfortable in the classroom, and more willing to participate and use their abilities. In Tharp's sense, language is not limited to words but includes the cultural experiences, skills, and values of the community.

Many times, said the California researcher, students' disruptive behavior has more to do with incompatible organization of the class than students' low motivation. By recognizing cultural patterns and incorporating them into educational processes, teachers make the most of students' talents and limit classroom disruptions.

So what kind of strengths and abilities do urban learners have? Leadership, persistence, confidence, risk-taking, practicality, artistry, visualization, imagination, and humor are a few cited by Ernesto M. Bernal, dean of the School of Education, University of Texas Pan American.

"Leadership is a trait that many minority youth develop and that most of them respect," he said. "Even the poor have access to other children, though they may not have access to books, computers, and educational media."

These characteristics help successful minority students survive—even thrive—in majority cultures. They can be used as a springboard toward success, Bernal said, when teachers, curricula, and school settings recognize these factors and blend them with "realistic, relevant curriculum that introduces academic rigor."

"To capitalize upon these special talents, however, takes a very special commitment and a very special realization that schools must be prepared to build upon the learning and motivational characteristics of the students whom they teach," he continued.

Surviving and thriving are directly tied to the final theme of the Urban Education Framework—resilience. A term borrowed from health and psychology research, resilience describes students who have the inner strength to succeed despite major disadvantages such as poverty, limited English proficiency, and neighborhood violence.

"In order to move beyond simply identifying and categorizing youth as at-risk, educators must shift to understanding resilience and use educational strategies that increase resilience in students," said Linda F. Winfield, principal research scientist at the Center for Research on Effective Schooling for Disadvantaged Students at The Johns Hopkins University.

She suggested that to develop resilience among urban learners educational strategies must cut across the boundaries of schools, families, peers, and policymakers. Research findings indicate that students develop resilience in school from caring and support and from accelerated curriculum built on high expectations.

Under conditions such as these, protective mechanisms are developed that reduce the impact of risk, alter the "deficit" mentality and labeling system, raise students' self-esteem and self-efficacy, and open new opportunities for learning. "It's an investment in their potential," Winfield said.

"These mechanisms foster persistence, allow students to analyze constructively what they did wrong, and have a longer term impact," she continued. "They would be pro-social, fostering positive interactions with adults and peers, and instill a connectiveness in the student, as well as a sense of self-control over environmental factors."

Williams and the RBS Urban Education staff are incorporating these four themes—cultural diversity and learning, unrecognized ability/underdeveloped potential, enhancing ability development through motivation and effort, and resilience—into the next phase of their blueprint for the urban learner. They are currently working with schools in Camden, New Jersey, and Washington, D.C., to implement their framework.

"What we know about change is that you can't just tell somebody what needs to change and leave," Williams said. "Since we can't physically work in every school in every urban district, we have to develop strategies that move the whole staff through awareness to understanding to ownership, and to commitment. That's the only way we are going to change the teaching and learning process."

Letter to the Editor

Robert E. Kay, M.D.

The following letter was submitted to the Editor of the Journal of The American Medical Association.

Dear Sir:

An article by Shaywitz, et al., in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (August 22/29, 1990), on "The Prevalence of Reading Disability in Boys and Girls" reminds me that, while individuals differ, there are some who doubt the frequency and/or usefulness of certain categories such as "dyslexia."

I mention the school in Rose Valley, Moylan, PA, where 120 students, ages three to eleven, 20 percent on scholarship, come from many different backgrounds. After sixty years, the school is getting along very nicely without ever using the terms hyperactivity, attention-deficit disorder, learning disability, dyslexia, or failure. And since no one ever gets labelled or stigmatized, special techniques and Ritalin are never used.

There are, of course, a number of high-energy children who need to run around the place a few times every day. For others, the school helps them indulge their rapidly changing interests in a somewhat coherent fashion. Unique strengths and talents are recognized and capitalized upon. So-called deficits are either unrecognized or vaguely seen as developmental differences.

Some learn to read at age four, others at age nine, but there is no structured reading program. Almost all acquire many different skills and do extremely well in middle school and college.

Innately determined curiosity-based learning, developmentally appropriate practice, interests, choices, teacher demonstrations such as reading aloud, math games, informal assessments and the absence of testing are the salient features.

In the past, when we still used the word "dyslexia," a 20-year follow-up study on a number of students with reading problems were compared to a matched control group. The two groups showed identical levels of social, economic, and even educational achievement. A few, however, still found reading somewhat difficult. Among this group was a published Ph.D. in psychology who couldn't read a word!

Five thousand British adults were surveyed a number of years ago; not a single case of "word blindness" was discovered. So, to coin a phrase, the "problem" of dyslexia may exist largely in the eye of the beholder.

We do see children who have difficulty reading. And this should surprise no one, since most of our public and private schools insist that every child begin to cope with abstract symbols many years before the brain has developed to the point where

this type of thinking becomes efficient. The result is that numerous students experience fear, inhibition, resistance, blocking, and failure as they anxiously and prematurely try to produce the magic "right answer" that will satisfy all those assessing adults who hover about. Thus, a conditioned aversive response pattern may develop so that students continue to experience difficulty even as the brain expands its cognitive capacities.

Many parents have, however unwittingly, "taught" their child to read at a relatively early age by merely reading their favorite stories over and over again while the child watches and listens. But "teaching" them at age five or six in the average somewhat pressured classroom followed by on-the-spot questioning may be counterproductive, especially when we know that most children become more effective at dealing with abstract symbols around age ten or eleven.

For this reason, the later the middle-class child enters into formal academics, the higher their ultimate achievement level. It largely explains why 50 percent of home schooled children are above the 90th percentile in academic achievement, self-esteem, and sociability.

So while it is true that people differ in their abilities and that X number of children fail to measure up in school, I think it can also be said that we ourselves are "producing" all these so-called learning disabilities. We do this in many different ways, including asking kids to learn when they're not ready and then testing them in a time, place, and manner for which they are not suited.

To quote Albert Shanker, President of The American Federation of Teachers, "Most teachers are doing the best they can in a system that is no longer working...we're getting such poor results because schools are organized in ways that prevent most kids from learning...and the way we make students learn in school may undercut their chances of functioning and learning on the job or in social settings—even in school itself."

Robert E. Kay, M.D.
Consulting Psychiatrist
Paoli, PA

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A New View of ADD, as a Natural Adaptive Trait

Thom Hartmann

Trait as it appears in the "Disorder" view	How it appears in the "Hunter" view: they're...	Opposite "Farmer" trait: they're...
Distractable.	Constantly monitoring their environment.	Not easily distracted from the task at hand.
Attention span is short, but can become intensely focused for long periods of time.	Able to throw themselves into the chase on a moment's notice.	Able to sustain a steady, dependable effort
Poor planner: disorganized and impulsive (makes snap decisions).	Flexible, ready to change strategy quickly.	Organized, purposeful. They have a long term strategy and stick to it.
Distorted sense of time: unaware of how long it will take to do something.	Tireless: capable of sustained drives, but only when "hot on the trail" of some goal.	Conscious of time and timing. They get things done in time, pace themselves, have good "staying power."
Impatient.	Results oriented. Acutely aware of whether the goal is getting closer *now*.	Patient. Aware that good things take time; willing to wait.
Doesn't convert words into concepts adeptly, and vice versa. May or may not have a reading disability.	Visual/concrete thinking, clearly seeing a tangible goal even if there are no words for it.	Much better able to seek goals that aren't easy to see at the moment.
Has difficulty following directions.	Independent.	Team player.

Trait as it appears in the "Disorder" view	How it appears in the "Hunter" view: they're...	Opposite "Farmer" trait: they're...
Daydreamer.	Bored by mundane tasks; enjoys new ideas, excitement, "the hunt," being hot on the trail.	Focused. Good at follow-through, tending to details, "taking care of business."
Acts without considering consequences.	Willing and able to take risks and face danger.	Careful, "look before you leap."
Lacking in the social graces.	"No time for niceties when there are decisions to be made!"	Nurturing; creates and supports community values; attuned to whether something will last.

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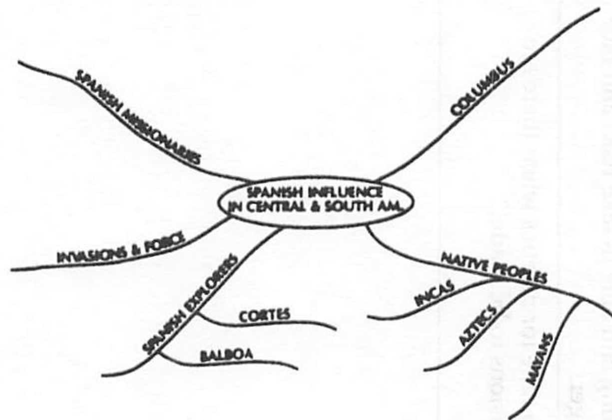
Easy Outlines

Lucille T. Chagnon

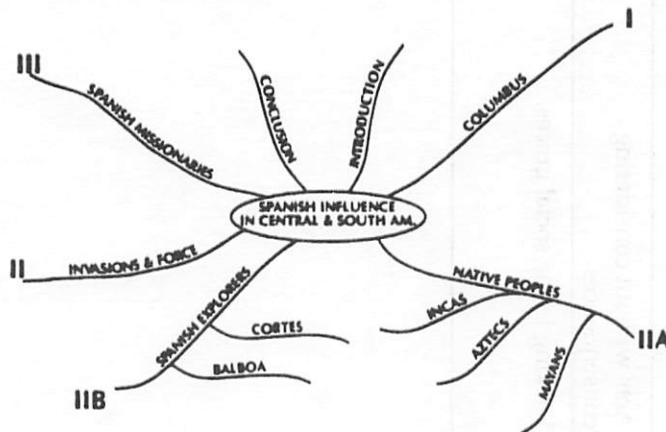
ESSAY QUESTIONS:
HOW • WHY • DESCRIBE • EXPLAIN • COMPARE

EXAMPLE: **How** did Spanish become the main language of Central and South America?

STEP 1: Use a mindmap to brainstorm your answer **before** writing your essay.



STEP 2: Add Roman Numerals to the mindmap (plus an introduction and conclusion) to convert it to an outline.



STEP 3

Spanish Influence in Central and South America

Introduction

I. Columbus

II. Invasions and Force
   A. Native Peoples
      1. Incas
      2. Aztecs
      3. Mayans

   B. Spanish Explorers
      1. Balboa
      2. Cortes

III. Spanish Missionaries

Conclusion

STEP 4

Write the essay following the outline above. Or, to save time, skip STEP 3 and use the mindmap as an outline once you've added Roman numerals and letters. Don't forget the introductory and concluding sentences.

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Humbling Cases for Career Counselors

Dr. Milton E. Larson

Creative and imaginative people are often not recognized by their contemporaries. Even more often, they are not recognized in school by their teachers. History is full of examples.

Einstein was four years old before he could speak and seven before he could read. *Isaac Newton* did poorly in grade school, and *Beethoven's* music teacher once said of him, "As a composer he is hopeless." When *Thomas Edison* was a boy, his teachers told him he was too stupid to learn anything. *F. W. Woolworth* got a job in a dry goods store when he was 21, but his employers would not let him wait on a customer because he "didn't have enough sense." A newspaper editor fired *Walt Disney* because he had "no good ideas." *Caruso's* music teacher told him, "You can't sing. You have no voice at all." The director of the Imperial Opera in Vienna told *Madame Schumann-Heink* that she would never be a singer and advised her to buy a sewing machine. *Leo Tolstoy* flunked out of college; *Werner von Braun* flunked ninth-grade algebra. *Admiral Richard E. Byrd* had been retired from the Navy as "unfit for service" until he flew over both Poles. *Louis Pasteur* was rated as "mediocre" in chemistry when he attended the Royal College. *Abraham Lincoln* entered the Black Hawk War as a captain and came out as a private. *Louisa May Alcott* was told by an editor that she could never write anything that had popular appeal. *Fred Waring* was once rejected for high school chorus. *Winston Churchill* failed the sixth grade.

Larson, Milton E., *Phi Delta Kappan*, February, 1983, Volume LIV, No. 6, 374.

PART II

THE LEARNING BRAIN

How Learning Is Blocked, Released, Accelerated

Chapter 3—The Triune Brain

Christina Baldwin	The Train Ride
Tillie Olsen	I Stand Here Ironing
Charles Hampden-Turner	The Triune Brain
Robin Van Doren	The Evolving Angel
Paul MacLean	Primal Patterns of Behavior
Lucille T. Chagnon	Paul MacLean's Triune Brain Theory
Linda MacRae-Campbell	Whole Person Education
Susan Kovalik/Lucille T. Chagnon	Creating a Brain-compatible Learning Environment

The Train Ride

Christina Baldwin

So far, the spiritual journey looks like a pretty serious trip, but there is a reward for our willingness to learn from despair; that reward is wonder. Wonder is the light side, an up side, a playful, happy quality of the quest. It comes upon us like sunshine after rain, refreshing our hearts. We are snatched out of ourselves, transfixed in the middle of the world.

I remember taking my first train ride, traveling with my parents between Indiana and Montana the summer I was five; my brother, Carl, was three. In the corridors between the cars, the plates of the flooring jiggled over the couplings. I loved to stand there feeling the momentum of the train speeding along its track. Our parents would indulge us in this delight, let us stand, spraddle-legged, balancing on the rhythmically jostling floor, while we screamed in unison. This was wondrous space, full of sound and light and motion. They held us in the train's half-opened doors, our small bodies pressed tight against parental hips, as though we were centaurs, while upper torsos, arms, and faces flung free, suspended in the hot, roaring wind racing along the train's sides. Mouths open, words pulled off our tongues and thrown into the landscape, I can still hear the timbre of my voice shouting, "I'm flying! Let me go...I'm flying..."

Wonder is not a Pollyanna stance, not a denial of reality, wonder is an acknowledgment of the power of the mind to transform, to notice, to decide what experience shall mean. I can look back at that train ride with wonder because I felt safe. I could shout for my parents to let me go—and they didn't. Wouldn't.

We are in the same position now with the universe. For wonder to occur, we need to feel safe. We need to be able to shout unreasonable demands, including freedom to fly, and to know that the sacred will not let us go flinging off into danger. And once we have that assurance we are free to explore life in ways most of us have not explored since we were very, very young.

It takes a period of disorder, I think, to teach us wonder, to inform the heart that we are not abandoned, that we may still find in anguish, as Simone Weil notes, that we are being touched by the essence of something large and holy.

Wonder and despair are two sides of a spinning coin. When you open yourself to one, you open yourself to the other. You discover a capacity for joy that wasn't in you before. Wonder is the promise of restoration: as deeply as you dive, so may you rise. As far as you are willing to venture into shadow, so far may you venture into light.

You may have grown accustomed to writing in and about crisis. Crisis is a circumstance when the urge to write is very strong and overcomes our usual reticence about revealing ourselves.

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I Stand Here Ironing

Tillie Olsen

I stand here ironing, and what you asked me moves tormented back and forth with the iron.

"I wish you would manage the time to come in and talk with me about your daughter. I'm sure you can help me understand her. She's a youngster who needs help and whom I'm deeply interested in helping."

"Who needs help." ...Even if I came, what good would it do? You think because I am her mother I have a key, or that in some way you could use me as a key? She has lived for nineteen years. There is all that life that has happened outside of me, beyond me.

And when is there time to remember, to sift, to weigh, to estimate, to total? I will start and there will be an interruption and I will have to gather it all together again. Or I will become engulfed with all I did or did not do, with what should have been and what cannot be helped.

She was a beautiful baby. The first and only one of our five that was beautiful at birth. You do not guess how new and uneasy her tenancy in her now-loveliness. You did not know her all those years she was thought homely, or see her poring over her baby pictures, making me tell her over and over how beautiful she had been—and would be, I would tell her—and was now, to the seeing eye. But the seeing eyes were few or nonexistent. Including mine.

I nursed her. They feel that's important nowadays. I nursed all of the children, but with her, with all the fierce rigidity of first motherhood, I did like the books then said. Though her cries battered me to trembling and my breasts ached with swollenness, I waited till the clock decreed.

Why do I put that first? I do not even know if it matters, or if it explains anything.

She was a beautiful baby. She blew shining bubbles of sound. She loved motion, loved light, loved color and music and textures. She would lie on the floor in her blue overalls patting the surface so hard in ecstasy her hands and feet would blur. She was a miracle to me, but when she was eight months old I had to leave her daytimes with the woman downstairs to whom she was no miracle at all, for I worked or looked for work and for Emily's father, who "could no longer endure" (he wrote in his goodbye note) "sharing want with us."

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I was nineteen. It was the pre-relief, pre-WPA world of the depression. I would start running as soon as I got off the streetcar, running up the stairs, the place smelling sour, and awake or asleep to startle awake, when she saw me she would break into a clogged weeping that could not be comforted, a weeping I can hear yet.

After a while I found a job hashing at night so I could be with her days, and it was better. But it came to where I had to bring her to his family and leave her.

It took a long time to raise the money for her fare back. Then she got chicken pox and I had to wait longer. When she finally came, I hardly knew her, walking quick and nervous like her father, looking like her father, thin, and dressed in a shoddy red that yellowed her skin and glared at the pockmarks. All the baby loveliness gone.

She was two. Old enough for nursery school they said, and I did not know then what I know now—the fatigue of the long day, and the lacerations of group life in the kinds of nurseries that are only parking places for children.

Except that it would have made no difference if I had known. It was the only place there was. It was the only way we could be together, the only way I could hold a job.

And even without knowing, I knew. I knew the teacher that was evil because all these years it has curdled into my memory, the little boy hunched in the corner, her rasp, "why aren't you outside, because Alvin hits you? that's no reason, go out, scaredy." I knew Emily hated it even if she did not clutch and implore "don't go Mommy" like the other children, mornings.

She always had a reason why we should stay home. Momma, you look sick. Momma, I feel sick. Momma, the teachers aren't there today, they're sick. Momma, we can't go, there was a fire there last night. Momma, it's a holiday today, no school, they told me.

But never a direct protest, never rebellion. I think of our others in their three-, four-year-oldness—the explosions, the tempers, the denunciations, the demands—and I feel suddenly ill. I put the iron down. What in me demanded that goodness in her? And what was the cost, the cost to her of such goodness?

The old man living in the back once said in his gentle way: "You should smile at Emily more when you look at her." What *was* in my face when I looked at her? I loved her. There were all the acts of love.

It was only with the others I remembered what he said, and it was the face of joy, and not of care or tightness or worry I turned to them—too late for Emily. She does not smile easily, let alone almost always as her brothers and sisters do. Her face is closed and sombre, but when she wants, how fluid. You must have seen it in her pantomimes, you spoke of her rare gift for comedy on the stage that rouses a laughter out of the audience so dear they applaud and applaud and do not want to let her go.

Where does it come from, that comedy? There was none of it in her when she came back to me that second time, after I had had to send her away again. She had a new daddy now to learn to love, and I think perhaps it was a better time.

Except when we left her alone nights, telling ourselves she was old enough.

"Can't you go some other time, Mommy, like tomorrow?" she would ask. "Will it be just a little while you'll be gone? Do you promise?"

The time we came back, the front door open, the clock on the floor in the hall. She rigid awake. "It wasn't just a little while. I didn't cry. Three times I called you, just three times, and then I ran downstairs to open the door so you could come faster. The clock talked loud. I threw it away, it scared me what it talked."

She said the clock talked loud again that night I went to the hospital to have Susan. She was delirious with the fever that comes before red measles, but she was fully conscious all the week I was gone and the week after we were home when she could not come near the new baby or me.

She did not get well. She stayed skeleton thin, not wanting to eat, and night after night she had nightmares. She would call for me, and I would rouse from exhaustion to sleepily call back: "You're all right, darling, go to sleep, it's just a dream," and if she still called, in a sterner voice, "now go to sleep, Emily, there's nothing to hurt you." Twice, only twice, when I had to get up for Susan anyhow, I went in to sit with her.

Now when it is too late (as if she would let me hold and comfort her like I do the others) I get up and go to her at once at her moan or restless stirring. "Are you awake, Emily? Can I get you something?" And the answer is always the same: "No, I'm all right, go back to sleep, Mother."

They persuaded me at the clinic to send her away to a convalescent home in the country where "she can have the kind of food and care you can't manage for her, and you'll be free to concentrate on the new baby." They still send children to that place. I see pictures on the society page of sleek young women planning affairs to raise money for it, or dancing at the affairs, or decorating Easter eggs or filling Christmas stockings for the children.

They never have a picture of the children so I do not know if the girls still wear those gigantic red bows and the ravaged looks on the every other Sunday when parents can come to visit "unless otherwise notified"—as we were notified the first six weeks.

Oh it is a handsome place, green lawns and tall trees and fluted flower beds. High up on the balconies of each cottage the children stand, the girls in their red bows and white dresses, the boys in white suits and giant red ties. The parents stand below shrieking up to be heard and the children shriek down to be heard, and between them the invisible wall: "Not To Be Contaminated by Parental Germs or Physical Affection."

There was a tiny girl who always stood hand in hand with Emily. Her parents never came. One visit she was gone. "They moved her to Rose Cottage," Emily shouted in explanation. "They don't like you to love anybody here."

She wrote once a week, the labored writing of a seven-year-old. "I am fine. How is the baby. If I write my leter nicly I will have a star. Love." There never was a star. We wrote every other day, letters she could never hold or keep but only hear read—once. "We simply do not have room for children to keep any personal possessions," they pa-

tiently explained when we pieced one Sunday's shrieking together to plead how much it would mean to Emily, who loved so to keep things, to be allowed to keep her letters and cards.

Each visit she looked frailer. "She isn't eating," they told us.

(They had runny eggs for breakfast or mush with lumps, Emily said later, I'd hold it in my mouth and not swallow. Nothing ever tasted good, just when they had chicken.)

It took us eight months to get her released home, and only the fact that she gained back so little of her seven lost pounds convinced the social worker.

I used to try to hold and love her after she came back, but her body would stay stiff, and after a while she'd push away. She ate little. Food sickened her, and I think much of life too. Oh she had physical lightness and brightness, twinkling by on skates, bouncing like a ball up and down up and down over the jump rope, skimming over the hill; but these were momentary.

She fretted about her appearance, thin and dark and foreign-looking at a time when every little girl was supposed to look or thought she should look a chubby blonde replica of Shirley Temple. The doorbell sometimes rang for her, but no one seemed to come and play in the house or be a best friend. Maybe because we moved so much.

There was a boy she loved painfully through two school semesters. Months later she told me how she had taken pennies from my purse to buy him candy. "Licorice was his favorite and I brought him some every day, but he still liked Jennifer better'n me. Why, Mommy?" The kind of question for which there is no answer.

School was a worry to her. She was not glib or quick in a world where glibness and quickness were easily confused with ability to learn. To her overworked and exasperated teachers she was an overconscientious "slow learner" who kept trying to catch up and was absent entirely too often.

I let her be absent, though sometimes the illness was imaginary. How different from my now-strictness about attendance with the others. I wasn't working. We had a new baby, I was home anyhow. Sometimes, after Susan grew old enough, I would keep her home from school, too, to have them all together.

Mostly Emily had asthma, and her breathing, harsh and labored, would fill the house with a curiously tranquil sound. I would bring the two old dresser mirrors and her boxes of collections to her bed. She would select beads and single earrings, bottle tops and shells, dried flowers and pebbles, old postcards and scraps, all sorts of oddments; then she and Susan would play Kingdom, setting up landscapes and furniture, peopling them with action.

Those were the only times of peaceful companionship between her and Susan. I have edged away from it, that poisonous feeling between them, that terrible balancing of hurts and needs I had to do between the two, and did so badly, those earlier years.

Oh there are conflicts between the others too, each one human, needing, demanding, hurting, taking—but only between Emily and Susan, no, Emily toward Susan that corroding resentment. It seems so obvious on the surface, yet it is not obvious.

Susan, the second child, Susan, golden- and curly-haired and chubby, quick and articulate and assured, everything in appearance and manner Emily was not; Susan, not able to resist Emily's precious things, losing or sometimes clumsily breaking them; Susan telling jokes and riddles to company for applause while Emily sat silent (to say to me later: that was *my* riddle, Mother, I told it to Susan); Susan, who for all the five years' difference in age was just a year behind Emily in developing physically.

I am glad for that slow physical development that widened the difference between her and her contemporaries, though she suffered over it. She was too vulnerable for that terrible world of youthful competition, of preening and parading, of constant measuring of yourself against every other, of envy, "If I had that copper hair," "If I had that skin...." She tormented herself enough about not looking like the others, there was enough of the unsureness, the having to be conscious of words before you speak, the constant caring—what are they thinking of me? without having it all magnified by the merciless physical drives.

Ronnie is calling. He is wet and I change him. It is rare there is such a cry now. That time of motherhood is almost behind me when the ear is not one's own but must always be racked and listening for the child cry, the child call. We sit for a while and I hold him, looking out over the city spread in charcoal with its soft aisles of light. "*Shoogily*," he breathes and curls closer. I carry him back to bed, asleep. *Shoogily*. A funny word, a family word, inherited from Emily, invented by her to say: *comfort*.

In this and other ways she leaves her seal, I say aloud. And startle at my saying it. What do I mean? What did I start to gather together, to try and make coherent? I was at the terrible, growing years. War years. I do not remember them well. I was working, there were four smaller ones now, there was not time for her. She had to help be a mother, and housekeeper, and shopper. She had to set her seal: Mornings of crisis and near hysteria trying to get lunches packed, hair combed, coats and shoes found, everyone to school or Child Care on time, the baby ready for transportation. And always the paper scribbled on by a smaller one, the book looked at by Susan then mislaid, the homework not done. Running out to that huge school where she was one, she was lost, she was a drop; suffering over the unpreparedness, stammering and unsure in her classes.

There was so little time left at night after the kids were bedded down. She would struggle over books, always eating (it was in those years she developed her enormous appetite that is legendary in our family) and I would be ironing, or preparing food for the next day, or writing V-mail to Bill, or tending the baby. Sometimes, to make me laugh, or out of her despair, she would imitate happenings or types at school.

I think I said once: "Why don't you do something like this in the school amateur show?" One morning she phoned me at work, hardly understandable through the weeping: "Mother, I did it. I won, I won; they gave me first prize; they clapped and clapped and wouldn't let me go."

Now suddenly she was Somebody, and as imprisoned in her difference as she had been in anonymity.

She began to be asked to perform at other high schools, even in colleges, then at city and statewide affairs. The first one we went to, I only recognized her that first moment when thin, shy, she almost drowned herself into the curtains. Then: Was this Emily? The control, the command, the convulsing and deadly clowning, the spell, then the roaring, stamping audience, unwilling to let this rare and precious laughter out of their lives.

Afterwards: You ought to do something about her with a gift like that—but without money or knowing how, what does one do? We have left it all to her, and the gift has as often eddied inside, clogged and clotted, as been used and growing.

She is coming. She runs up the stairs two at a time with her light graceful step, and I know she is happy tonight. Whatever it was that occasioned your call did not happen today.

"Aren't you ever going to finish the ironing, Mother? Whistler painted his mother in a rocker. I'd have to paint mine standing over an ironing board." This is one of her communicative nights and she tells me everything and nothing as she fixes herself a plate of food out of the icebox.

She is so lovely. Why did you want me to come in at all? Why were you concerned? She will find her way.

She starts up the stairs to bed. "Don't get me up with the rest in the morning." "But I thought you were having midterms." "Oh, those," she comes back in, kisses me, and says quite lightly, "in a couple of years when we'll all be atom-dead they won't matter a bit."

She has said it before. She *believes* it. But because I have been dredging the past, and all that compounds a human being is so heavy and meaningful in me, I cannot endure it tonight.

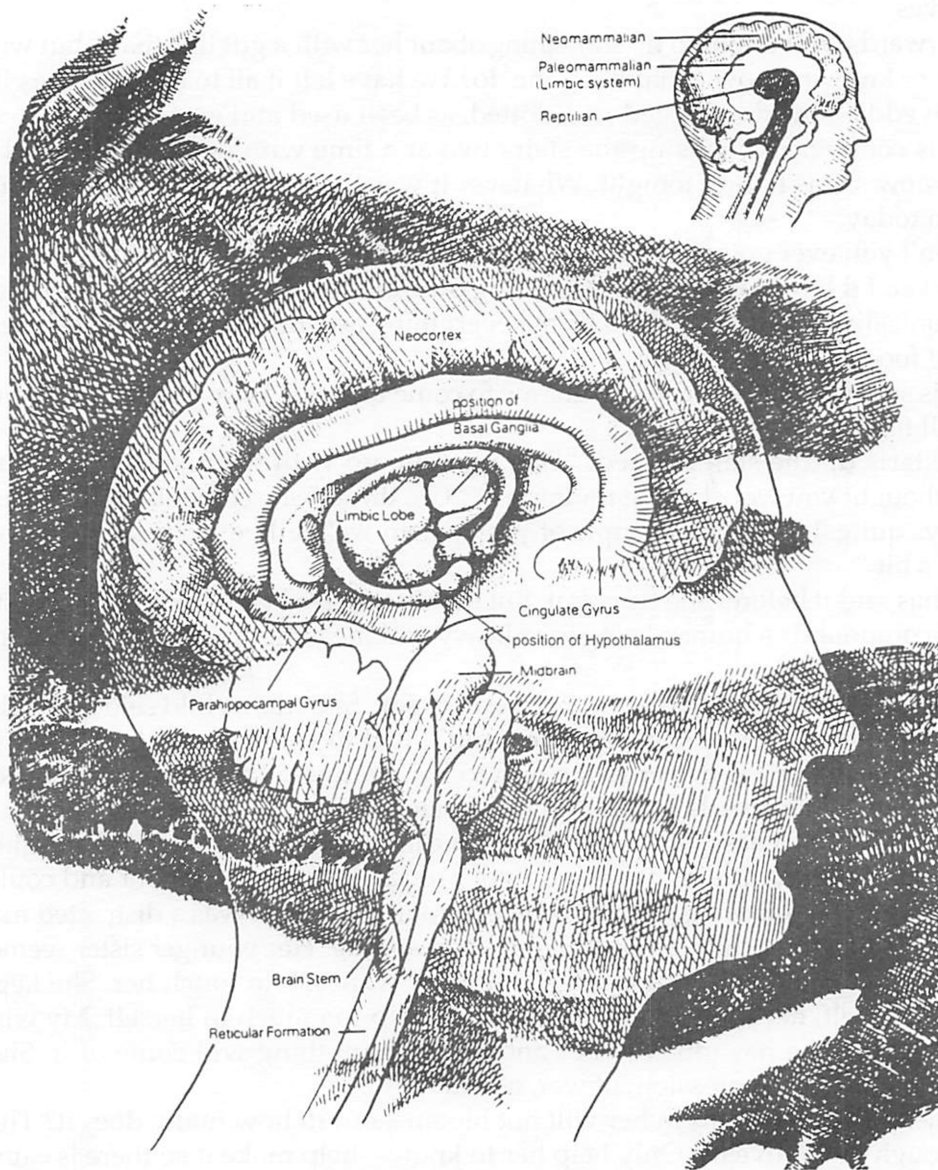
I will never total it all. I will never come in to say: She was a child seldom smiled at. Her father left me before she was a year old. I had to work her first six years when there was work, or I sent her home and to his relatives. There were years she had care she hated. She was dark and thin and foreign-looking in a world where the prestige went to blondeness and curly hair and dimples, she was slow where glibness was prized. She was a child of anxious, not proud, love. We were poor and could not afford for her the soil of easy growth. I was a young mother, I was a distracted mother. There were the other children pushing up, demanding. Her younger sister seemed all that she was not. There were years she did not want me to touch her. She kept too much in herself, her life was such she had to keep too much in herself. My wisdom came too late. She has much to her and probably nothing will come of it. She is a child of her age, of depression, of war, of fear.

Let her be. So all that is in her will not bloom—but in how many does it? There is still enough left to live by. Only help her to know—help make it so there is cause for her to know—that she is more than this dress on the ironing board, helpless before the iron.

1953–1954

The Triune Brain

Charles Hampden-Turner



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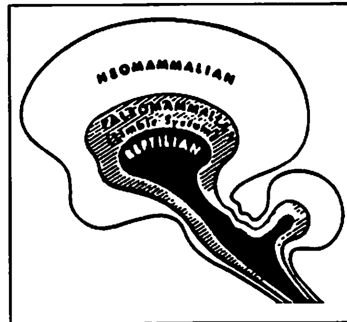
The Evolving Angel

Educating the Triune Brain

Robin Van Doren

What is the Triune Brain Model?

Paul MacLean, Chief of the Laboratory of Brain Evolution and Behaviour of the National Institute of Mental Health, has over the last 40 years developed a model of the brain based on its evolution which he calls the "triune brain." His theory is distinguished from much research (currently focusing on hemispheric specialization in the neocortex) in that MacLean also emphasizes the role of the basal ganglia ("R-complex") and the surrounding limbic system (or "emotional brain") in influencing nonverbal human behaviour.



The concept of the three brains in one, the triune brain, offers a plausible basis for understanding such anomalies of human behaviour as, for example, our stubborn resistance to change in the face of the most rational arguments in favour of it and our tendency to all kinds of fundamentalisms. The ancient strength of the reptile within, locked in apparently timeless entropic behaviour, is challenged by the emergence of the imaginative pre-frontal lobes. As we have evolved, our vision of the universe has increasingly expanded: the reptile sees only a limited range of his environment, but as we climbed into the trees and then stood on two legs, we could see more of the world.

Although educated at Harvard, MacLean claims that his real education about human nature ensued when he entered the U.S. army and there discovered cooperation and empathy not found in the highly competitive academic world in which he had been trained.

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So enchanted are we with novelty that we forget what we knew yesterday. So small and personal have become our lenses for viewing the past that we are able to dismiss the historical or evolutionary view as irrelevant to our needs of the moment.

We have failed to recognize that indeed we are our past, that we are walking monuments to billions of years of evolution. The traces of those years are coded within us just as the rings of the tree tell of its life. The evolutionary coding in the human being is, however, active and activating.

Scientific models offer us metaphor grounded in research. Indeed scientists are among today's major myth makers. Fusion, the coming together of things, is replacing fission, the coming apart of things, as a viable source of energy. So too have the major brain researchers offered us new insights into the learning human being. Like other models they are not complete. The nervous system does not operate independently of other body systems, nor does one body operate independently of others, nor are humans independent of other systems as an evolving organic whole. Nonetheless, Paul MacLean's triune brain model offers insights into human behaviour that does not know words and is often at variance with our rational verbal expression. The uncertainty of the emerging amphibian greets me in my twelve-year-old daughter and her friends; eight-year-olds building a tree house alternate between early human and not so late monkey, and most panelists at meetings may be seen to actively engage in reptilian displays.

Evolution, a major myth theme of the twentieth century, differs from the "Progress" of the nineteenth century and the "Enlightenment" of the eighteenth in that it asks us to be inclusive. Everyone, everything and all time are present. The snake is still in the garden—and in the classroom, wherever that may be.

The "Survivor"

I am reptile and therefore I will insist on some degree of order, that the sun rise each morning and set in the evening, that those who leave me will return. I am a creature of habit and will put on my right shoe before my left one, answer the phone in a particular way and brush my teeth after breakfast. All of this makes me feel safe and, at a deeper level, guarantees my survival, for the reptile is a survivor. Placed in an altogether new environment I need time to establish my territory in this environment, to determine what behaviours are safe and which are not, to determine how my needs for food, water, rest and order will be met. Without this basic security, I am very unlikely to extend my learning or my potential for change beyond the survival or reptilian level. I suspect that often those we would label dumb or slow or stubborn are still trying to determine if they are safe. While many have criticized the apparent failure of the open classroom, this may also stem from inadequate understanding of the conceptual base for the open classroom and spotty teacher preparation and support. It would also seem to stem from our understanding of the need for order, for routine, for regularity, not as the ultimate objective of the learning experience, but as a home base from which one might explore.

When I changed schools in the third grade I found it very comforting to have the day begin with the Lord's Prayer, the salute to the flag and the singing of the national anthem, just as it had in the school which I had left. It was not the content of these experiences that was important but the familiarity of form. The current back-to-basics movement seems to me less a reaction to general levels of illiteracy than a reptilian nostalgia in a very mobile society for that which is familiar and therefore apparently safe. As ritual is less and less honoured in our lives and as the forms which structured time and space shift, the primitive reptile rises from sleep and demands structure and order. To the extent that this primitive, indeed primary, need/capacity/desire is denied, so will it become more desperate and insistent. This is not to suggest that one capitulate to a totalitarian or authoritarian regime, as has happened so devastatingly in the past, but that one recognize the need for familiar forms, for order, for safety, in each one of us.

As we acknowledge the survival value of these basic patterns, we can accommodate them in our institutional settings. As an example, we can look at MacLean's patterns of establishing one's relation to space-selection and preparation of a homesite, the establishment of territory, trail-marking, the "marking" of territory, the showing of place preference, and ritualistic display in defense of territory, commonly involving the use of colouration and adornments.

Could we enable the student to find his or her "place of power" within the physical structure of the classroom, recognizing that the person learning from a place of power is much less subject to manipulation and external control than the one who is always slightly off balance? Do we, to maintain the semblance of control in the classroom, arbitrarily create a physical environment in which the other—the one to be controlled—will experience anxiety?

While many nursery school environments and early elementary classrooms reflect the needs and personalities of those for whom this is home, such individualization begins to die out by the fourth grade and the room is more rigidly arranged and the "adornments" more likely to reflect the content of the subject matter than the nature and being of the students.

In our middle schools, junior high schools and high schools, we may have what is called a "home" room, yet this is on no deep level a home. It is impersonal, convenient, an efficiency measure to check on attendance and make announcements.

As more people move voluntarily, migrate from rural to urban environments, are "displaced," and leave home, the conscious creation of home within and without assumes greater and greater importance. The great lyrical French philosopher, Gaston Bachelard, recognized the importance of the home, "the house," in his book *The Poetics of Space*. "[The house] braces itself to receive the downpour, it girds its loins. When forced to do so, it bends with the blast, confident that it can right itself again in time, while continuing to deny any temporary defeats. Such a house as this invited mankind to heroism of cosmic proportions."

If I can come home, I can venture out. Otherwise I will simply continue in my desperate and ancient search for that which I can call home. Is it any wonder, then, that teenagers commandeer vacant buildings for their clubhouses, that indeed all of us move, in some way, large or small, to create the symbolic gesture that says of a place: this is where I live.

So too, we can look at the mirroring behaviour of reptiles as an asset that could be deliberately cultivated in learning, not as something to be insisted on as when one copies mindlessly from the board, but as it occurs spontaneously. I remember watching two four-year-olds drawing in a classroom. One was a very skilled and imaginative drawer and the other was intently copying every movement of William's crayon. Another observer commented with horror: "Oh look, he's copying." To which the teacher replied quietly, "No, he's learning." There is a great danger in acting as if the student learns best in isolation and as if the teacher-student interaction were the only locus of significant learning. If we insist that one person must have all the pieces of the puzzle, then we limit the extent and the complexity of the puzzle. At times such a limitation may be appropriate, but it is not universally appropriate, and it certainly endangers the possibility of creative behaviour.

The "Feeling" Brain

As we go on to consider the limbic system (which surrounds the basal ganglia of the R-complex in the forebrain), we are aware of a different kind of knowing, for it is here that the emotions reside. No information is going to reach the neocortex without passing through the limbic system where it will be coloured by affect. The behaviours associated with this part of the brain have to do with (and perhaps emanate from) the mammalian experience of having dependent young who require maternal bonding. They allow time for a period of play and exploration before getting down to the serious business of survival and procreation of the species. Here we have the emergence of family structures, of differentiated sexual roles, and the close link between music and the emotions. The baby, now growing in the womb of the mother rather than in an independent egg, knows the heartbeat of the other and will be held and protected by a warm-blooded nurturing member of its species. Social interactions and groups are quite different from those found among reptiles. In the emotional limbic brain, corresponding to the paleo-mammalian stages of evolution, the family unit is born.

All information coming into the neocortex is mediated in the limbic system. Affect determines attention. That which is "boring" is boring because it makes no emotional connection to us. At the same time we can be passionate about an extremely abstract concept. Emotional needs do indeed influence thinking and cognitive development. They also appear to be highly implicated, along with the senses of smell and taste which are components of the limbic system, with the development of memory.

While the limbic system, like the R-complex, cannot "talk," it can communicate its emotions and signal danger, food and delight through sound and gesture. Communication and sharing are critical to survival of the early mammal in each of us and thus it is not too surprising to find the adolescent listening to music while studying some other task. Our need for silence in order to "concentrate" may be a learned and even an unnatural behaviour. The basic rock beat may be as reassuring to the uncertain teenage as the heartbeat is to the fetus in the womb. Basic rhythms and chanting, while they certainly affect the neocortex, also serve to reassure our emotional center.

When our emotions are sufficiently aroused, they shut out the cerebral cortex and we are caught in their grips, fanatic in our insistence on the "logic" of our thinking or paralyzed by ancient fears. Any classroom teacher has experienced the phenomenon of the child who appears to have a particularly clear understanding of some material and who "freezes" on a test, apparently knowing absolutely nothing. We do the same thing when we block a familiar name in a social situation. The activation of the limbic system through fear of the test has successfully blocked learning from being expressed.

On the other hand, we know that learning can take place under great stress. What is the nature of this learning? At some level it is critical to our survival. You learn this or you will fail, or be humiliated, or die. And usually, of course, you will learn it. But on what occasions later is this learning available to you? This learning is not flexible or fluid. It is as though the learning is wrapped in a tight package with a big danger sign on it: DO NOT TOUCH, so laden is it with fear. In a survival situation it is possible that it will be available. It is also possible that the fear attached to it is even stronger than the need to survive. This kind of learning cannot be used for what we would like to call cognition because of its dangerous quality and its isolation. It will be avoided rather than incorporated. The negative emotional colouring is much more likely to generalize than the informational content of the learning.

This points out the centrality of developing trust in any learning situation. For learning to be available for later use, the environment must be safe. Interesting, exciting and safe. There are no contradictions in these terms. Many group learning situations, whether they be classrooms, workshops, or therapy sessions, are anything but safe places for learning and so we opt for the safest strategies: to do exactly as we are told whether we understand why or what or how, thus walking safely on a rather brittle surface, or to make a definite commitment to failure and refuse to commit any effort to the learning experience. In either case, the primary learning has been that of self-protection. In the first case we are usually highly rewarded, in the second we accept the predicted failure. Each situation is tragic in its denial of what might be, of the possible.

The "Thinking" Brain

The most recently evolved part of our brain is the cerebral cortex (neocortex, or, as MacLean calls it, the neo-mammalian brain) which is divided into two hemispheres

connected by the corpus callosum. This is the "thinking" brain, flexibly adapting to novelty in the external environment. With this brain we use language, plan, dream, paint pictures, define right and wrong, dance, wonder, repair shoes, fly airplanes, build bombs and reach for the unknown. In theory, it is this part of the brain that is operative in learning. MacLean's model helps us, however, to recognize the significance of the behavioural priorities of the older parts of the brain which are prepared to step in and take over if basic needs are not met. The two older brains are the basis of the body-mind continuum. In much structured learning we have fallen into the trap of divorcing the cerebral cortex from the limbic system and the reptilian brain with resulting fragmentation, disease and confusion. We seem to want to leave the primitive behind, forgetting that "primitive" derives from primary: first. We refer to the cerebral functions of the brain as the higher functions of the brain, and indeed they are physically above and surrounding the two older parts of the brain, but as soon as we add a value element and assert that "higher" is "better" we have started on a disastrous route. Indeed we seem to be afraid of our instincts, our emotions, our body, seeing them as the seat of neurosis, of illness, and of a lack of that control which we have come to value so highly. Our increasing understanding of some Eastern disciplines and research in biofeedback has indicated that none of this needs to be the case, that an integration of the three parts of the brain increases the potential for conscious control, for health and for greater knowing.

Much has been written about the need for integration of the right and left hemispheres of the brain, and of the role of the arts in integrating the intuitive and rational, the spatial and sequential. Here it may be well to consider the neocortex as a whole, recognizing that while the R-complex is primarily involved in mediating internal experiences, and the limbic with linking inner and outer, much of the neocortex is directed towards external reality. When we look at the evolutionary process, we find the human naked in the world, extraordinarily vulnerable to weather and to predators, with young that need many years of active protection before they can function independently. Survival necessitated the development of adaptive mechanisms that would enable the flexible use of a potentially alien environment.

The neocortex actively reaches out toward novel experience, building new dendritic connections as new information is incorporated and new sensations received. As the reptile demands regularity, the neocortex thrives on novelty, is curious, asks "what if" as the baby brother's stroller is released to roll down the hill. Some restraints on the "what if" would seem to be called for, and, MacLean points out, this would seem to be the role of the prefrontal lobes, the most recently evolved parts of the neocortex. The prefrontal lobes are intimately connected to the limbic system, particularly after the hormonal changes of puberty, and thus serve to keep the neocortex in touch with our emotions. MacLean suggests that this evolutionary development may be the key to the potential for the angel in each of us. Empathic knowing, sensitivity to the other and to the possible, have their neurological origin in this link. The symbol is the coded language of the "angelic brain."

The "Angelic" Brain

Ernest Becker writes in *The Birth and Death of Meaning* (1971): "The social identity is largely symbolic, but the experience of one's powers is at first organic. The child builds up a sense of himself with symbols, but he also gets his sense by energetic movement, by perception and excitement. He registers self-experience mostly when his own executive actions have been blocked: it is then that he has to 'take the role of the other' to see what his act 'means.' The more blockage, the more the sense of the self is symbolic." So too in the evolutionary process does the symbolic emerge as one of the capacities of the neocortex, and because of its potential for engaging the emotions and existing in a timeless domain, it serves to integrate the variety and paradoxes of human experience.

The symbol leads to generalization, to the universalizing experience and to abstract thought. Serving as the bridge between the concrete and the universal, it grounds us and allows us to transcend, extending our vision beyond the given existential to the universal essence. So dichotomized have we become, however, that we have lost awareness of the importance of these bridges, insisting on the concrete fact or the abstract theory. As one example, Richard Lewis of the Touchstone Center in New York has worked to restore the dimensions of the symbolic to the learning process.

If we would educate the prefrontal lobes—"the emerging angel"—we must allow children to dream, to plan and to materialize their plans; to check out their daydreams and fantasies in a social and educational setting, not to have them judged, but so they become shared and validated, so that the symbol and its realization are integrated.

In our insistence upon quantification, upon measurable results, upon an evaluation system that is essentially reductionist, we teach toward the probable rather than the possible; we cut off speculation and daydreaming.

Richard Sennett, writing not about brain research but about the organization of urban life, comments that we are so threatened by the "density of possibilities that we pursue safe routines." He notes later that "the routinizing act has a real dignity when times are hard, and a refusal to accept routine seem to be the expression of a spoiled child. But that temper does not fit well the process of a large segment of modern-day society. The routines of affluence seem, and are, unnecessary; there is no need for them when people have an adequate economic base" (in *The Uses of Disorder: Personal Identity and City Life*). He may be wrong. We have seen that the reptile exists in all of us, no matter how affluent, although MacLean hypothesizes that a creative genius has the reptile "turned off" in some way. Nonetheless if we educate the angel, the dreamer, the prefrontal lobes—that in us which will allow us to deal with multiple possibilities—and see these possibilities as a challenge rather than as a threat, we will open ourselves to live in heaven—for that is the place where the angels are at home.

Meta-curriculum for the Teacher, Trainer or Learner

These considerations are intended as a "meta-curriculum," enabling you to see the possibilities in any learning experience through more lenses so that the natural and spontaneous process of learning may deepen and bear fruit. Some questions to ask in planning and during a learning experience are:

- ◆ Is there enough predictability for those who need it/for me?
- ◆ Are there routines that guarantee safety and survival?
- ◆ Are these routines really useful and honoured?
- ◆ Is there enough novelty to engage the neocortex?
- ◆ Are there opportunities for peer sharing? For emotional involvement?
- ◆ Is there enough emotional content to stimulate the attention?
- ◆ How do I use ritual and the elements (earth/air/fire/water) to remember our journey and touch the primal wisdom?
- ◆ Are the imagination and the planning capacity of the learner/me given opportunity for expression?
- ◆ Do I trust others?
- ◆ Can I trust myself?

Other questions will occur to you. Play with them, test them out, become aware of evolutionary behaviours in your everyday life, and see what happens.

Primal Patterns of Behavior

Paul MacLean

1. Selection and preparation of homesite
2. Establishment of territory
3. Trail making
4. "Marking" of territory
5. Showing place-preferences
6. Patrolling territory
7. Ritualistic display in defense of territory, commonly involving the use of coloration and adornments
8. Formalized intraspecific fighting in defense of territory
9. Triumphal display in successful defense
10. Assumption of distinctive postures and coloration in signaling surrender
11. Foraging
12. Hunting
13. Homing
14. Hoarding
15. Use of defecation posts
16. Formation of social groups

17. Establishment of social hierarchy by ritualistic display and other means
18. Greeting
19. "Grooming"
20. Courtship, with displays using coloration and adornments
21. Mating
22. Breeding and, in isolated instances, attending offspring
23. Flocking
24. Migration

From *A Mind of Three Minds: Educating the Triune Brain* by Paul D. MacLean, The National Society for the Study of Education, 1978.

Paul MacLean's Triune Brain Theory

Name	Reptilian Brain	Limbic System	Cerebral Cortex
Age	Old Brain	Paleo-mammalian Mid-brain	Neo-mammalian New brain
Nurturing Matrix	The earth (the ground)	Primary care giver	The universe
Stage of Development	Creeping/crawling	Walking	Speaking
Functions and Systems	Survival Preservation of the species Territoriality Stress response: fight–flight Routine and rituals	Bonding/nurturing Emotional color Self-story/identity Play and exploration Role diversity Attention span	Discerning patterns Making sense Speech & self-reflection Information storage and retrieval Insight and vision
	INSTINCT	EMOTION	INTELLIGENCE
Wizard of Oz Prototypes*	Cowardly Lion—courage	Tin Man—feeling	Scarecrow—knowledge
Gift	Safe space Place of power	Uniqueness	Meaning making
Prototype	Komodo Dragon Lizard Extinct mammalian lizards	Chimpanzee	Magical child
Downshifting			
Information Processing	Brings in raw information	Organizes raw information into meaningful categories: Pleasure → ← Pain	Stores and retrieves information, using old- and mid-brains synergistically to see new possibilities and to act with new power
Operating with 1/6 of the brain	Fear, pain, and the fear of pain can cause the brain to downshift: the cortex virtually shuts off		

*In L. Frank Baum's *The Wizard of Oz*, Dorothy is the Pilgrim on a Journey, the journey of growing up. She and the friends she meets along the way help each other find their own gifts of Courage, Caring, and Consciousness.

Chart developed by Lucille T. Chagnon.

Whole Person Education

Learning Abilities

Linda MacRae-Campbell

Topic Studied	Key Learnings
	Neurological:
Brain's physiology	Unlimited capacity for lifelong learning
Right and left brain specialization	Validation of a variety of mental processes and functions
Triune brain	Emotions inhibit or facilitate learning
Effects of environment on learning and intelligence	A stimulating and loving environment enhances learning
	Psychological:
New definitions and theories of human intelligence	Expanded view of human intelligence including kinesthetic, visual, musical and intra- and interpersonal elements
Overcoming mental retardation	Everyone can learn at any ability level
	Educational:
Learning styles	Everyone learns differently
Cooperative learning	Performance increases with cooperation, not competition
Andragogy versus pedagogy	Adults and children learn what has personal relevancy

From *In Context*, No. 18, Winter 1988, page 16.

Creating a Brain-compatible Learning Environment

Susan Kovalik/Lucille T. Chagnon

1
Absence of threat
safe space

2
Meaningful content
personal relevance

3
Choices
neither too difficult (failure), nor too easy (boredom)

4
Adequate time
to see connections

5
Enriched environment
a variety of resources

6
Collaboration
a diversity of people and skills

7
Immediate feedback
what to keep, what to change

8
Mastery
application here and now

These are the elements needed to create a brain-compatible learning environment for anyone learning anything anywhere.

Every successful learning experience—from learning to walk and talk—has as its core three or more of these components.

Excerpts from *ITI: The Model-Integrated Thematic Instruction.* Village of Oak Creek, AZ: S. Kovalik & Associates. 1997.

Chapter 4—Partnership Learning

J. F. Adams	Notes from an Inventor
Marsha Sinetar	Do What You Love, the Money Will Follow
Renée Fuller, Ph.D.	The Assayer's Scale
Kevin Kelly	Listening Skills
Lyman K. Steil	Ten Keys to Better Listening
Riane Eisler and David Loye	Key Word Comparison of the Dominator and Partnership Models
Lucille T. Chagnon	Summary Chart: *Strategy of the Dolphin*
Stephen R. Covey	The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People

Notes from an Inventor

J. F. Adams

I believe in a cyclical approach. You go at something until you get stumped. Then you go on to the next thing. You don't give up the first thing, but you come back to it—maybe a few hours later, maybe a few years later—but you come back to it from a refreshed, enhanced perspective.

The trick is staying with something as long as it makes sense to you, going on to something else, but *never* giving up on that first thing. You don't cut things out, but you allow growth to happen. Stopping your direct participation for a while is not the same thing as cutting out.

What is happening is that as you are moving ahead you are making a circle at the same time, so you are actually forming a spiral. The straightforward motion of a car or an airplane is produced through circular motion. The wheel goes around over and over again causing forward motion. In a jet, the turbines going around and around.

Excerpts from "Notes from an Inventor" by J. F. Adams.

Do What You Love, the Money Will Follow

Marsha Sinetar

I am a full-time college student, working part-time. But my job has basically changed the course of my life.

I am a student assistant teacher substitute at my university's campus child care center. I am on call Monday through Friday, and have been assigned to all age groups, but mostly I work with the infant/toddler group.... The main responsibility of the job is to make sure that all the children are taken care of. This includes their supervision, feeding and even diaper-changing. I also have additional supervisory responsibilities. My feelings for this job are difficult for me to put them into words, but here is a try:

First of all, in case you haven't guessed from my "handwriting," I am a male. This has made for some interesting situations.... My own reactions to the job were mixed at first, because I had never been around children of this age, and I wasn't sure whether I would be able to get the hang of "all that maternal stuff." After my first few days, however, I was adapting so well and having such a great time I couldn't imagine why I'd been apprehensive.

I find that when I'm working, I become so totally involved that I forget everything else. That has never happened with any other job I've had. I also find that I have "unlimited" energy while I'm working, but as soon as I get home, I discover that I'm exhausted.

I feel that if I weren't getting paid, I'd rather be with the kids than doing anything else.

As I mentioned, this job has helped change my life.... I was a rather frustrated, unhappy computer science major for a little over a year. At the beginning of the school year, I knew that I had to change, but I had no idea to what.

In high school people didn't ask me what I was going to major in, they asked me where I was going to major in computer science. Working with children had never been an option for me. But after discovering that I was good with children, and more importantly that I loved working with them, I was able to plan out—with a career counselor—a basic set of goals, the main one being to graduate with a degree in child development.

From *Do What You Love, the Money Will Follow*, by Marsha Sinetar. Paulist Press, 1987.

The Assayer's Scale

Was Intelligence the Ultimate Currency of the Information Age?

Renée Fuller, Ph.D.

Introduction

As a practicing physiological psychologist, Dr. Renée Fuller discovered that people act as if their brains are built to organize information not in bits, but in terms of "stories"—someone or something acting or being acted upon. She calls the basic cognitive unit the "story engram."

Story engrams incorporate and organize many bits, giving them a context that facilitates recall. Fuller has found that people learn to read, write, and organize their thoughts much more easily by means of engrams than by the usual methods of learning alphabet, words, and sounds without context. Because her methods are attuned to the way we naturally use our minds, just about anyone can learn to read, including many considered to be hopelessly unable. Her discoveries have important implications for all teaching and learning.

—*J. Baldwin*

Peter was only seven when he swaggered into my office like a pint-sized Texas billionaire. Even without asking I knew the reason for the swagger. His parents had told me—Peter had tested in the genius range on the IQ test his school had requested. And Peter had understood the meaning of his high IQ score. He was in possession of the ultimate property of our information age, a high IQ.

We humans have always liked to own things. Possessions give us importance, status and identity. During feudal times, land had become so defining a possession that even a person's name was frequently linked to it. Then, with industrialization, there occurred the first of three major shifts as capital, also known by the more mundane name of money, became the property that conferred importance, status and identity. Continued advances in industrialization were led, at the end of the last century, by knowledge-information applications; the definitive possession, which had shifted form land to money, shifted once again—this time from money to knowledge-information. Status, importance, and identity began to be defined by information

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expertise. The knowledge-information purveyors became the important people of this new society. But contrary to land and money—which, being tangible possessions, are easily quantified—how was knowledge-information to be quantified?

The answer was: test for it. Enter the various mental tests, including the IQ test. But the IQ test developed into something more than a measure of how much a person knows. It became a predictive test, attempting to determine how much knowledge-information a person is capable of acquiring in the future. The test, with its intelligence quotient (IQ), created a concept new to this century, one that reflects the reality that knowledge-information has become the defining property. Now, during elementary school, many of our children are given some form of IQ test. And as Peter had understood, a high score implies that the owner is in potentially ample possession of the ultimate property. He/she is a potential purveyor of information. The admiration and envy with which we treat such people are similar to the treatment accorded the moneyed rich of the industrial age, and the landholders during feudal times.

There is, however, a major difference that makes intelligence the ultimate property. While the loss of land during feudal times, or money during the industrial age, meant the loss of importance, status, and identity, it did not mean you had stopped being "you." But with the loss of knowledge-information, and/or the capacity to acquire it, you cease to be the same person. The capacity to think, and acquire knowledge-information—being located inside us—has an intimacy that surpasses all other possessions. Since IQ tests are the presumed evaluators of this property, they have a high emotional charge. When there are questions about the validity or reliability of IQ tests, emotions run high.

During the fifteen years that my research had required intellectual evaluations of my fellow humans, I had seen firsthand that the tests, when properly administered, are surprisingly good predictors of what a person is able to learn, what information can be acquired, even the thoughts he/she is capable of thinking. IQ tests predicted much more than school performance. They were truly the instruments to measure the defining property, or potential property, of the information age. Was there some satisfaction because I considered myself the proud owner of considerable knowledge-information property? Of course. It's fun to be rich: to have status, importance, and identity.

Which is why, when some of my staff reported successes that should have been impossible for low-IQ students, I did not believe them. How could I possibly believe that they had succeeded in teaching reading with comprehension to severely retarded students? Such results run counter to what the IQ tests measure. Besides, the reading program had been designed for learning-disabled adolescents of superior intelligence. Surely my staff, in their eagerness to have even the severely retarded succeed, had seen things that weren't there.

But they were there. And they kept being there, again and again.

It was not only that severely retarded students, and normal four-year-olds, easily learned to read advanced text with comprehension—their significantly increased ca-

pacity for knowledge acquisition and their mature language content did not fit modern concepts of intelligence and IQ. Abstract ideas were supposed to be out of reach of the severely retarded and the very young. Such intellectual property belongs to higher mental ages, to higher IQ levels.

We spent the next five years expanding the original study, trying to understand what had happened and why. Instead of providing answers, the results became more and more confounding. The IQ tests that had been such useful tools in my previous research had not only lost their predictive value; they were not even descriptive of what our students were doing in the present. As a good scientist, I turned the question around and asked, "Is there anyone who fails with this program?" We eventually found two. The two failures, however, were not our lowest-IQ students—quite to the contrary. But they had in common something that turned out to be very rare even among the severely retarded. They were unable to follow a story. Both of these students had almost continuous petit mal seizures. My suspicion was that the repeated electrical discharges prevented long-term memory traces from being established; hence their lack of story organization and story recall. Since story context is an essential component of the reading program, this would explain the two failures.

In the Ball-Stick-Bird program, story reading begins with the presentation of the fourth letter. This immediate story immersion makes what I call "code approximation" possible. In code approximation, the inability to achieve fine sound discriminations is used to the advantage of the learning process. Instead of being taught multiple phonic sounds for each letter, which must then be discriminated, the student is given the most usual sound. And he/she is told the truth: that the letters represent a sloppy code requiring a flexible approach. This flexible approach to letter sounds is introduced with: "You are a detective. The letters are your clues. But like all clues you can't be sure of them—until they make a word that makes sense in the story." In the first lesson, the student already uses "code approximation" to decipher the story.

Immediate story immersion also makes possible the innovative use of developmental linguistics and story-engram layout. The first two books begin by telling the story primarily with nouns and verbs, which form an elementary story engram. Adjectives, then adverbs, enrich the story engrams after the first few lessons. The later appearance of articles and prepositions continues the sequence; this resembles the progression through which children learn language (developmental linguistics). Each story engram (tabloid headlines or political sound bites are good examples of story engrams) appears on a separate line. In this way, the layout shows how the bigger story is built, line by story-engram line. The two innovations—developmental linguistics and story-engram layout—were introduced to make story comprehension easier, so that contextual cues could be used in code approximation. They were not supposed to actually teach language and thinking. But that is exactly what they did.

We had noticed that our students, even the severely retarded, started to write or type on their own by the end of Book 3. Using developmental linguistics, they assembled their thoughts by first searching for the noun, then the verb, gradually

adding the adjectives and adverbs. That is how they built their story engrams—the same way the books had done it. Then they gave each story engram a separate line, mimicking the story-engram layout. Asked why, one of our retarded students explained: it "help you think." Developmental linguistics inadvertently resulted in implicit learning of how an idea is built. Story-engram layout, which shows how the bigger story is built, produced further implicit learning of story and idea elaboration. Our students became living examples that thinking can be taught.

As for their IQ scores, these bore little relation either to their reading performance or their subsequent performance in the outside world. In retrospect, this should not have been a surprise. IQ tests, following the tradition of the original Binet test, measure neither story comprehension nor story building. Instead, they measure isolated skills frequently involved in drill learning, and isolated bits of information—very different from the context-oriented approach of the reading program. IQ tests measure only one component of the knowledge-information complex, a component that computers handle so well. Even a standard desktop machine, with a dictionary and encyclopedia, has an IQ that far surpasses its human creators. And yet our students with IQs as low as 20, once we had taught them to read with comprehension, exhibited a capacity for knowledge organization that far surpasses the capability of those high-IQ machines. Although it had not been intended to, the reading program teaches how to impose a cognitive structure on bits of chaotic information.

The cognitive structure that our students learned through developmental linguistics and story-engram layout has a long evolutionary history. Vervet monkeys already have distinctive sounds for different predators (nouns) that require different responses (verbs). This noun-action-verb complex is not dissimilar to the simple story engrams used in the beginnings of Books 1 and 2 of the reading program. There is an inevitability about the way the human brain forms story engrams that explains not only the universality of grammar, but also the speed with which children normally learn language. It also explains why sound bites and tabloid headlines are so effective: they tap our fundamental unit of cognitive organization. Because this story-engram structure is fundamental to all humans, stories from one language can be translated into other languages. Story organization is so basic to our thought processes that it is difficult to imagine another way of organizing information. Even the aliens in science-fiction stories usually communicate in story form. There are other ways of organizing information, as insects and computers demonstrate; but for us humans, our stories, from creation to perdition, describe a cognitive similarity that makes us one species.

Story engrams represent an extraordinary solution to information overload. By imposing a structure on millions, even billions, of bits of information, their rapid reintegration and retrieval becomes possible. As in the case of the vervet monkeys, there are evolutionary advantages to a cognitive structure with the capacity to draw rapid conclusions. In contrast, our high-IQ computers have dealt with information overload by indexing and categorizing, making encyclopedias of information storage pos-

sible. But the machines are incapable of the reintegration and organized retrieval of information that we inadvertently taught our lowest-IQ students.

The understanding of language, cause and effect, meaning, are human cognitive essentials that are out of reach of machines. Though they are the possessors of more information property than any mere human, because their evolutionary development did not take the story-engram form, they lack the most important component of knowledge-information property. Without stories, computers, unlike humans, cannot create meaning.

The difference between human cognition and machine cognition highlights what has happened in our time. A growing split has developed in knowledge-information property. The two components, knowledge and information, have drifted apart. The information component, once stored solely in the human brain, is now stored primarily in machines and books. The knowledge component, on the other hand—built with story-engrams that structure the information from the books, the machines, the environment and the senses—continues to be the proud property of the human brain. Could we be experiencing a third major shift in what is considered the defining possession? Will status, importance and identity, rather than being defined by how much information we have stored in our brain, be determined by our ability to integrate and organize information?

Because of its evolutionary history, the human brain organizes input on the basis of context. When this organization occurs on the conscious level, and is therefore linked to language, it takes the story-engram form. Our data show that thinking with the story-engram can be taught, and that knowledge and IQ need not be correlated. Since thinking can be taught, a more equal distribution of knowledge property becomes possible, and the capacity to organize information can be widely shared.

Something strange happened to those of us involved in the reading program. We had trouble accepting that it was now possible to communicate intellectually with those who had been labeled as severely retarded or culturally deprived. Of course, we wanted our students to succeed, but perhaps not quite that much. In retrospect, my reluctance to share philosophical musings with eager, disadvantaged students about the meaning of life, about how to create a better society, seems hard to comprehend.

Nor were these reactions restricted to the severely retarded, the culturally deprived, or the very young. Most vehement was the reaction toward those who had been labeled "gifted." Some teachers took the program away from this group because "it puts an even greater distance between them and the rest of the kids." And yet at the suggestion that the rest of the kids could also have the program, there was hesitation. One teacher explained, "It makes them too smart."

Gradually I realized that accepting intellectual equality is not easy. Although we were terribly proud of our students, they weren't supposed to be that clever, perhaps even to become our superiors! Greater intellectual ability can be threatening. Teachers and parents, who would literally have given the shirts off their backs to a needy stranger, suddenly lacked emotional generosity. It is not that easy to share intellectu-

al possessions, especially when these possessions are the defining property of the information age.

But we are no longer in the information age. We have entered the knowledge age, leaving the information age to the computers. We have been liberated without realizing the full implications of this new freedom. When we built those machines with their high IQs, we liberated ourselves from having to demand that our brains absorb disconnected, boring bits of information. Our high-IQ machines do that for us. At a keystroke they can give us back any information in their arsenal. They are capable of storing so many more disconnected facts than we can in our knowledgeable brains.

We have been freed to use our brains in ways we truly enjoy. Information, which yesterday was the defining property of our age, can now be purchased for a few hundred dollars. We are freed to use our minds to build story engrams with the disconnected facts that are stored in the machines, and to create fabulous edifices of the human mind. That is what it means to have entered the knowledge age.

Given our research findings that showed how easy it is to teach thinking with story engrams, our knowledge age could become the sharing age. It is in the nature of stories to be shared. For when we create stories it is not just to help us think, but to tell them to others. Stories bind us together as a species. Other possessions—land, money, or information—can be hoarded and used primarily to their owner's advantage. But the raison d'être of stories is communication. They belong to all of us.

We have the chance to enter a great age of intellectual bonding, an epoch of greater human equality. It could be an age where those ungenerous feelings we had toward our successful students would be woes from a bygone time. Instead of perceiving knowledge as property to be hoarded in order to achieve status, importance, and identity, this new era would see knowledge as the shared story of mankind.

Listening Skills

Kevin Kelly

I'm convinced we could relieve the majority of life's small problems by mutually improving our listening abilities. More than half of our waking hours are spent receiving message, and yet none are spent on doing it better. Listening matters. A few learn to do it skillfully.

Actually, I had never thought about the listening aspects of my work. But now that I am aware of it, I realize listening is one of my principal jobs, that I spend almost 80 percent of my time either listening to someone or having someone listen to me.

Eugene Raudsepp of Princeton Creative Research tells the story of a zoologist who is walking down a city street with a friend amid honking horns and screeching tires. He says to his friend: "Listen to that cricket!" The friend looks at him with astonishment. "You hear a cricket in the middle of all this noise?" The zoologist takes out a coin, flips it in the air, and it clinks to the sidewalk. A dozen heads turn in response. The zoologist says quietly: "We hear what we listen for."

There is the attitude of making listening an active part of the total communicating process, which Dr. Lyman Steil terms "the 51% minimum responsibility," or taking the responsibility for at least 51 percent of the total communication process. To be this kind of active listener you must find areas of interest in any subject the speaker introduces, judge the content of the message rather than the delivery, listen for ideas rather than facts, put energy in your attention to the speaker, resist distractions, keep your mind open and flexible during the listening period, and be responsive in whatever form—that is, give the listener the feeling that you are enjoying or are interested in what he is saying.

From *Signal: Communication Tools for the Informational Age,* Kevin Kelly, Editor. Crown Publishing, NY. © 1988.

The order in which the four basic communication skills are learned, the degree to which they are used, and the extent to which they are taught. Listening is the communication skill used most but taught least.

	Listening	Speaking	Reading	Writing
Learned	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Used	Most (45%)	Next Most (30%)	Next Least (16%)	Least (9%)
Taught	Least	Next Least	Next Most	Most

Ten Keys to Better Listening

Lyman K. Steil

Ten Keys	The Bad Listener	The Good Listener
1. Find areas of interest	Tunes out dry subjects	Seizes opportunities; asks "What's in it for me?"
2. Judge content, not delivery	Tunes out if delivery is poor	Judges content, skips over delivery errors
3. Hold your fire	Tends to enter into argument	Doesn't judge until comprehension is complete
4. Listen for ideas	Listens for facts	Listens for central themes
5. Be flexible	Takes intensive notes using only one system	Takes fewer notes; uses four or five different systems, depending on speaker
6. Work at listening	Shows no energy output; attention is faked	Works hard, exhibits active body state
7. Resist distractions	Distracted easily	Fights or avoids distractions, tolerates bad habits, knows how to concentrate
8. Exercise your mind	Resists difficult material; seeks light, recreational material	Uses heavier material as exercise for the mind
9. Keep your mind open	Reacts to emotional words	Interprets "color" words; does not get hung up on them
10. Capitalize on the fact that thought is faster than speech	Tends to daydream with slow speakers	Challenges, anticipates, mentally summarizes, weighs the evidence, listens between the lines to tone of voice

From *Amtrak Express.* March 1983. p. 76

Key Words Comparison of the Dominator and Partnership Models

Riane Eisler and David Loye

Dominator Model	Partnership Model
fear	trust
win/lose orientation	win/win orientation
power over	power to/with
male dominance	gender partnership
sadomasochism	mutual pleasure
control	nurture
ranking	linking
one-sided benefit	mutual benefit
manipulation	open communication
destruction	actualization
hoarding	sharing
codependency	interdependency
left-brain thinking	whole-brain thinking
negative conditioning	positive conditioning
violence against others	empathy with others
taking orders	working in teams
alienation	integration
nuclear arms race	international partnership
war	peace
secrecy	openness/accountability
coercion	participation
indoctrination	education
conquest of nature	respect for nature
conformity	creativity

From *The Partnership Way* by Riane Eisler and David Loye. HarperCollins Publishers, 1990.

Summary Chart

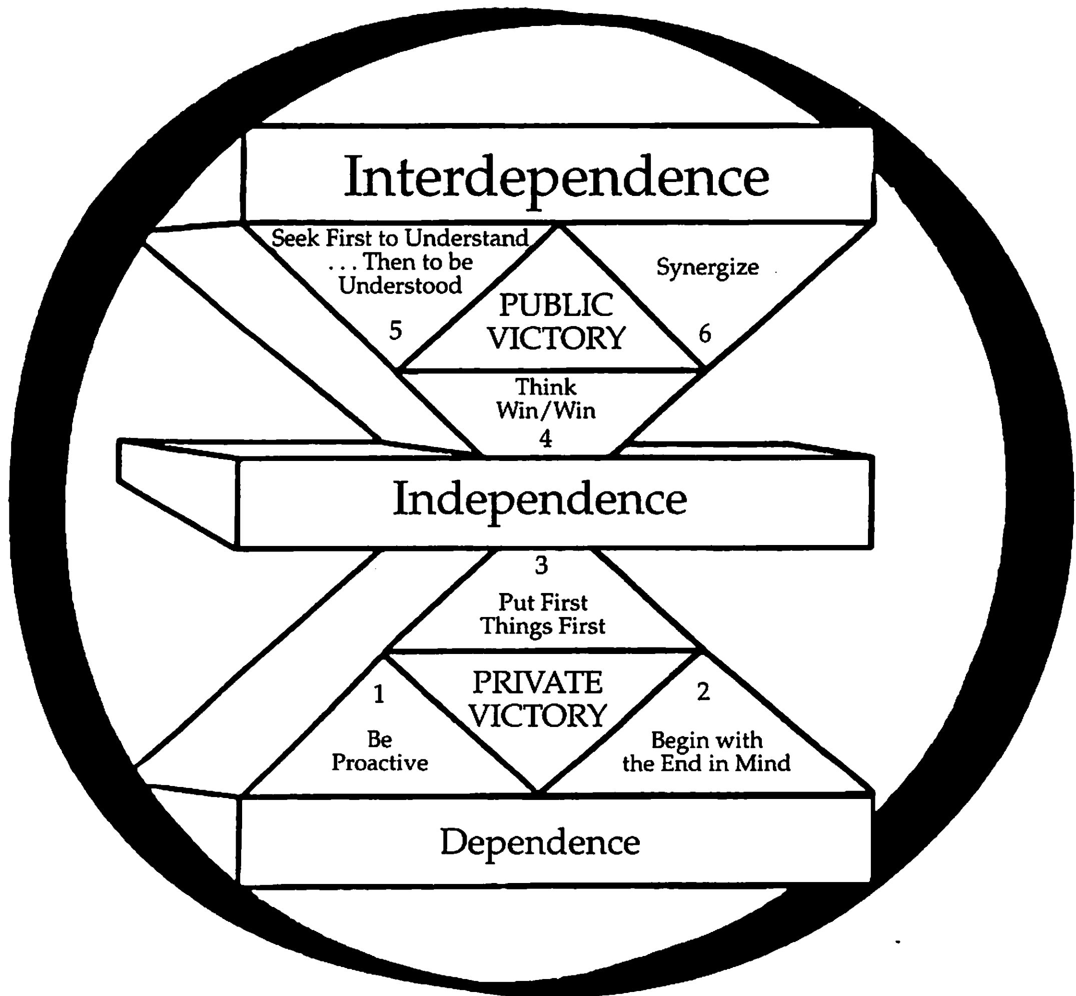
Strategy of the Dolphin: Scoring a Win in a Chaotic World

	Shark	Carp	P.E.C.: Pseudo-Enlightened Carp	Dolphin
Stress Response	Survival	Survival	Attachment	Making sense, pattern discernment
Belief System	Scarcity	Scarcity	Absolute abundance	Potential scarcity or abundance: either is our choice. We can learn to leverage our resources.
Song	I have to win!	I can't win.	We should all love and care for each other	We can both win elegantly and resoundingly
Locus of control	External	External	External	Internal
Primary Strategy	T r a d e o f f			Alliance building
	Take over	Get out	Give in	Breakthrough
Style	Dominate	B e d o m i n a t e d		Partnership with accountability
	Get mine Retaliate	Self-sacrifice Escape	Hope for healing	Doing more with less Mastery
Triune Brain	Reptilian	Reptilian/Limbic	Limbic	Whole brain
Human Types — In Fiction				
Human Types — In History				

Dudley Lynch and Paul L. Kordis, *Strategy of the Dolphin: Scoring a Win in a Chaotic World.* NY: Wm. Morrow & Co., 1988.
Summary Chart by L. T. Chagnon.

The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People

Stephen R. Covey



From *The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People* by Stephen R. Covey. Simon & Schuster Publisher, 1990.

PART III

THE WRITTEN WORD

How Telling Our Story Releases the Writer Inside Us

Chapter 5—Reading the World

Peter Kline	Right Answers
Paulo Freire and Donaldo Macedo	Reading the Word and the World, Part 1
Robert Coles	Small Gestures
Assata Shakur	Women in Prison: How We Are
Afaa Michael Weaver	Elsie's Pearl Necklace
Afaa Michael Weaver	An Improbable Mecca
Sandra Cisneros	The House on Mango Street
Jack Drach	Two Worldviews

Right Answers

Peter Kline

Let's try an exercise that might help us become more flexible in our thinking about right and wrong answers. I learned this in a workshop led by math expert Julian Weissglass. I usually do the exercise in a group in the following way: I hold up a picture of a cube and ask everyone present to tell how many sides it has. Most people say "six," but in a large group there are always a few who disagree—some because they don't know what "the" answer is, some because they have learned a different answer, and some because they are creative. So I write down all the answers, and then ask each person why their answer is right.

Here are eleven other answers and the reasons behind them:

Four: There are four sides, plus a top and a bottom. *Two*: Outside and inside. *Twelve*: Six outside and six inside. *One*: You can make a cube out of a flat piece of paper. When you're finished, only one side of the paper is visible. *Three*: Only three sides are visible from any point at one time. You have to assume the existence of the other three sides, and you could be mistaken. *Five*: Five sides and a bottom. (You don't usually put a picture in the sixth side of a picture cube, so for practical purposes it has five usable sides.) *Seven*: The side of the paper that remains visible after the cube has been made, plus the other six sides. *Eight*: Four sides, (excluding top and bottom), both inside and outside. *Ten*: You can see that many edges when you look at a cube without changing its position or yours. Who says an edge can't be called a side? Look at any two dimensional figure and you'll see what I mean.

Infinity: If you sliced up the cube you would keep on producing additional sides. Theoretically, you can keep doing this forever. You can get *multiples of all the above answers* (including infinity) by moving the cube through time. How can you do that? Take pictures of the cube. Each picture is of the same cube, but each one adds additional sides to the number you had before. This answer works or doesn't depending on how you define the identity of the cube. It gets very complicated and philosophical, and could occupy us for a thousand pages at least.

All of the above answers are correct, according to somebody's way of seeing things. So it looks as if a cube can have just about any number of sides you want. I haven't figured out how to get eleven out of it, though, and I'd be hard put to deal with the prime numbers after eleven, but perhaps a reader or two can help me out here.

From *The Everyday Genius* by Peter Kline, Great Ocean Publishers, 1988.

Reading the Word and the World, Part I

Paulo Freire and Donaldo Macedo

In attempting to write about the importance of reading, I must say something about my preparation for being here today, something about the process of writing this book, which involved a critical understanding of the act of reading. Reading does not consist merely of decoding the written word or language; rather, it is preceded by and intertwined with knowledge of the world. Language and reality are dynamically interconnected. The understanding attained by critical reading of a text implies perceiving the relationship between text and context.

As I began writing about the importance of the act of reading, I felt myself drawn enthusiastically to rereading essential moments in my own practice of reading, the memory of which I retained from the most remote experiences of childhood, from adolescence, from young manhood, when a critical understanding of the act of reading took shape in me. In writing this book, I put objective distance between myself and the different moments at which the act of reading occurred in my experience: first, reading the world, the tiny world in which I moved; afterward, reading the word, not always the word-world in the course of my schooling.

Recapturing distant childhood as far back as I can trust my memory, trying to understand my act of *reading* the particular world in which I moved, was absolutely significant for me. Surrendering myself to this effort, I re-created and relived in the text I was writing the experiences I lived at a time when I did not yet read words.

I see myself then in the average house in Recife, Brazil, where I was born, encircled by trees. Some of the trees were like persons to me, such was the intimacy between us. In their shadow I played, and in those branches low enough for me to reach I experienced the small risks that prepared me for greater risks and adventures. The old house—its bedrooms, hall, attic, terrace (the setting for my mother's ferns), backyard—all this was my first world. In this world I crawled, gurgled, first stood up, took my first steps, said my first words. Truly, that special world presented itself to me as the arena of my perceptual activity and therefore as the world of my first reading. The *texts*, the *words*, the *letters* of that context were incarnated in a series of things, objects, and signs. In perceiving these I experienced myself, and the more I experienced myself, the more my perceptual capacity increased. I learned to understand things, ob-

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Paulo Freire and Donaldo Macedo, *Literacy: Reading the Word and the World* (Bergin & Garvey, an imprint of Greenwood Publishing Group, Inc., Westport, CT, 1987), pp. 29–32. Copyright © 1987 by Bergin & Garvey. Reprinted with permission.

jects, and signs through using them in relationship to my older brothers and sisters and my parents.

The *texts, words, letters* of that context were incarnated in the song of the birds—tanager, flycatcher, thrush—in the dance of the boughs blown by the strong winds announcing storms; in the thunder and lightning; in the rainwaters playing with geography, creating lakes, islands, rivers, streams. The *texts, words, letters* of that context were incarnated as well in the whistle of the wind, the clouds in the sky, the sky's color, its movement; in the color of foliage, the shape of leaves, the fragrance of flowers (roses, jasmine); in tree trunks; in fruit rinds (the varying color tones of the same fruit at different times—the green of a mango when the fruit is forming, the green of a mango fully formed, the greenish-yellow of the same mango ripening, the black spots of an overripe mango—the relationship among these colors, the developing fruit, its resistance to our manipulation, and its taste). It was possibly at this time, by doing it myself and seeing others do it, that I learned the meaning of the verb *to squash*.

Animals were equally part of that context—the same way the family cats rubbed themselves against our legs, their mewing of entreaty or anger; the ill humor of Joli, my father's old black dog, when one of the cats came too near where he was eating what was his. In such instances, Joli's mood was completely different from when he rather playfully chased, caught, and killed one of the many opossums responsible for the disappearance of my grandmother's fat chickens.

Part of the context of my immediate world was also the language universe of my elders, expressing their beliefs, tastes, fears, and values which linked my world to a wider one whose existence I could not even suspect.

In the effort to recapture distant childhood, to understand my act of reading the particular world in which I moved, I re-created, relived the experiences I lived at a time when I did not yet read words. And something emerged that seems relevant to the general context of these reflections: my fear of ghosts. During my childhood, the presence of ghosts was a constant topic of grown-up conversation. Ghosts needed darkness or semidarkness in order to appear in their various forms—wailing the pain of their guilt; laughing in mockery; asking for prayers; indicating where their cask was hidden. Probably I was seven years old, the streets of the neighborhood where I was born were illuminated by gaslight. At nightfall, the elegant lamps gave themselves to the magic wand of the lamplighters. From the door of my house I used to watch the thin figure of my street's lamplighter as he went from lamp to lamp in a rhythmic gait, the lighting taper over his shoulder. It was a fragile light, more fragile even than the light we had inside the house; the shadows overwhelmed the light more than the light dispelled the shadows.

There was no better environment for ghostly pranks than this. I remember the nights in which, enveloped by my own fears, I waited for time to pass, for the night to end, for dawn's demilight to arrive, bringing with it the song of the morning birds. In morning's light my night fears sharpened my perception of numerous noises, which

were lost in the brightness and bustle of daytime but mysteriously underscored in the night's deep silence. As I became familiar with my world, however, as I perceived and understood it better by *reading* it, my terrors diminished.

It is important to add that *reading* my world, always basic to me, did not make me grow up prematurely, a rationalist in boy's clothing. Exercising my boy's curiosity did not distort it, nor did understanding my world cause me to scorn the enchanting mystery of that world. In this I was aided rather than discouraged by my parents.

My parents introduced me to reading the word at a certain moment in this rich experience of understanding my immediate world. Deciphering the word flowed naturally from *reading* my particular world; it was not something superimposed on it. I learned to read and write on the ground of the backyard of my house, in the shade of the mango trees, with words from my world rather than from the wider world of my parents. The earth was my blackboard, the sticks my chalk.

When I arrived at Eunice Vascancello's private school, I was already literate. Here I would like to pay heartfelt tribute to Eunice, whose recent passing profoundly grieved me. Eunice continued and deepened my parents' work. With her, reading the word, the phrase, and the sentence never entailed a break with reading the *world*. With her, reading the word meant reading the *word-world*.

Small Gestures

Robert Coles

A student in considerable distress came to see me a couple of years ago. She was a freshman. She had taken my undergraduate course in the fall semester. Now it was April, and she was ready to quit Harvard College. I asked her why. At first she spoke of the general difficulties she'd experienced as a particular young woman—someone who grew up in a factory town, whose father worked on an assembly-line, having never finished high school, and whose mother hadn't either, because she went to work in a department store, full time, at 16. I tried hard to explain to her that things would change, that she would feel more comfortable with a strange and occasionally forbidding place over the course of time.

I also tried to address the matter of class—a young person's understandable anxieties as she tried to comprehend and get along, day after day, in a world of wealth and power. "I know," she told me at one point, "that I'm not the first person who's poor and who's managed to get through this school, but I don't seem to have what it takes." She paused, then emphasized her conviction with a terse repetition: "I just don't have what it takes."

We went on further. I asked her the usual questions someone like me thinks to put before his students in trouble. Had she made any reasonably good friends? Had she found any enjoyable activities? Was there a possible field of (academic) concentration which tempted her? She had, indeed, found a friend or two. She had always liked to sing, and so she had found pleasure in the university choir. Yes, she liked history, especially American history, and she would major in that—if she stayed. But she doubted she would. Why? She pulled back from our conversation when I asked that question. Soon she was sobbing, and I was nervously, guiltily trying to figure out what was wrong—with her, and quite possibly with me as someone trying to be of help to her.

Eventually I heard this: "I've had some terrible times here. The worst of them is being a cleaning lady for some of these rich guys here. They are unbelievably arrogant, and I hate this way of earning money." As part of her "scholarship package," she scrubbed the bathrooms of other students. I could certainly agree with her; and had long advocated that *all* students be required to do such work—lest, yet again, the

From *Harvard Diary: Reflections on the Sacred and the Secular* by Robert Coles. Copyright © 1990 by Crossroad Publishing Company. Reprinted by permission.

prerogatives of money assert themselves baldly in this everyday manner. "What it comes to," she pointed out to me, "is that the poor here sweep up after the rich. And they keep talking about a 'community' here, and we're all supposedly part of it."

Still, I wasn't convinced that the *general* situation we'd been discussing quite accounted for the mix of agitation and sadness and bitterness to which I felt her giving expression. Finally, just as she seemed ready to go—she had begun to leave her chair—I heard more sobbing, and saw her settle back, now holding on with both hands tight to the armrests. "Let me tell you what happened," she began. Then I heard this: "I've been involved with some political action here. I joined a group that's trying to help poor people—encourage them to register to vote, try to help them with their problems: dealing with welfare officials and landlords and bureaucrats in the hospital when they have to go there. In some of the rooms I clean I meet these really snotty people, and while I'm straightening out their messes, I think of the poor people I've met here in Cambridge, never mind the ones I've known all my life, like my own family and our neighbors.

"There's one room I clean where I thought I could at least feel a little better—a sort of oasis. The guys in that room are real liberal. They write for the *Crimson* [the college daily newspaper]. They write great editorials and book reviews. They're always telling all of us who read them how rotten *apartheid* is in South Africa, and how rotten our foreign policy is, and how unfair Harvard is in some of its policies—the way it buys up real estate and doesn't respond to the needs of the people who live in those buildings.

"One morning I came into that room, and I got talking with one of those guys. He showed me his latest editorial, and it was wonderful—a real powerful attack on the State Department. He had all these great posters in his room—denouncing South Africa and reminding you how much hunger there is in Africa and Asia. The next thing I knew he was asking me all these personal questions; and then I began to feel uncomfortable, and then he was propositioning me, and then I tried to stop him and get away—well, I had a tough time. He was a real skunk! He had a foul mouth on him. I got out of that room, and ran back to my dorm, and I was shaking I was so upset. First I wanted to go home right away. Then I just sulked. The worst of it wasn't that a guy was putting the make on me: don't misunderstand. The worst of it was that *he* was the guy. I felt as if I'd been betrayed. I felt disappointed and cheated. I felt as if you can't trust *anyone* around here. I thought to myself: some people around here talk the best line in America, and everyone thinks they're the best people in America, or the smartest, anyway (including the professors, who give them As); and then they go and act this way, like snotty animals, out to take what they can get, and who cares how someone else feels about it."

She gradually began to realize how much she had learned—without question, the hard way. She began to realize that being clever, brilliant, even what gets called "well-educated" is not to be equated, necessarily, with being considerate, kind, tactful, even

plain polite or civil. She began to realize that one's proclaimed social or political views—however articulately humanitarian—are not always guarantors of one's everyday behavior. One can write lofty editorials (or "diary" entries!) and falter badly in one's moral life. One can speak big-hearted words, write incisive and thoughtful prose—and be a rather crude, arrogant, smug person in the course of getting through a day. In this regard, I remember a Nicaraguan *commandante* speaking noble and egalitarian thoughts to my sons and me in Managua—and meanwhile, my son noticed, he pressed buttons, secretaries came and went, bringing coffee, and never were they acknowledged, let alone thanked.

Character, my father used to tell me, is what you're like when no one's watching you—or, I guess, when you forget that others are watching. Dickens, as usual, was shrewd about this sort of irony in our lives—a tragedy, really, for us—when he used the expression "telescopic philanthropy" in *Bleak House* to describe what the student quoted above had witnessed: someone whose compassion for far off South Africa's black people was boundless (and eagerly announced to others through the act of writing) but who could also, near at home, behave toward another person as shamelessly as any South African bureaucrat might contrive to act.

Women in Prison

How We Are

Assata Shakur

I can imagine the pain and the strength of my great great grandmothers who were slaves and my great great grandmothers who were Cherokee Indians trapped on reservations. I remembered my great grandmother who walked everywhere rather than sit in the back of the bus. I think about North Carolina and my home town and I remember the women of my grandmother's generation: strong, fierce women who could stop you with a look out of the corners of their eyes. Women who walked with majesty; who could wring a chicken's neck and scale a fish. Who could pick cotton, plant a garden, and sew without a pattern. Women who boiled clothes white in big black cauldrons and who hummed work songs and lullabys. Women who visited the elderly, made soup for the sick and shortnin bread for the babies.

Women who delivered babies, searched for healing roots and brewed medicines. Women who darned sox and chopped wood and layed bricks. Women who could swim rivers and shoot the head off a snake. Women who took passionate responsibility for their children and for their neighbors' children too.

From *Women in Prison: How We Are,* Black Scholar.

Elsie's Pearl Necklace

Afaa Michael Weaver

The fake pearl necklace
that peeped at lovemaking
from its perch on the vanity
of blonde wood bought
from a rich furniture store
in the segregated years;
that went up to school
when they called and said
I was too smart for most things,
not smart enough for the rest,
the important things;
that stopped going to church
when the orders for sainthood
were given out and she was bound
to serve her mother
and guarantee her own shortened years
to tumble down the trail to sleep;
that sang in the mornings
in the house emptied of children,
sang off-key and proudly,
in an enriched cacophony;
that marched up to Dr. Adams
and demanded I be given
a raise to five dollars a week
from two dollars fifty cents,
that confronted the bourgeoisie;
that held my head
when everything crumbled,
and I thought life a cruel trick
designed to enfeeble us all,
until we beg for an ending;
that settled the arrangement
of hate that disguised itself
in blossoms and all is well;
that took love from its dangerous
perch where it could not fly
and set it on the earth;
that gave me cod liver oil
and Milk of Magnesia firmly;
the fake pearl necklace
that secured my emerging faith
and anointed my life.

Reprinted by permission of Afaa Michael Weaver from *Timber and Prayer.* University of Pittsburgh Press. 1995. pp. 10–11.

An Improbable Mecca

Afaa Michael Weaver

I am here in the house
of my childhood, my youth,
of the quiet and whisperings
from walls that have watched
me lose my two front teeth
to a cousin slinging a baby doll,
walls that have recorded
the saltatory eruptions
in the living room floor
where the whole of us learned
the premeditated Manhattan
and the snap and flare
of the *Bossa* Nova, the Twist,
here in this house where quiet
ruled like an avenging saint
even when I rolled, drunk and dirty,
in the living room at seventeen,
home from college with hoodlum
  friends,
in the year of the Black Quartet.
This house opens its eyes,
reaches to me with hands held
together in silent prayer,
begging me to take every lesson
and go on with life peacefully,
out of its contemplation,
out of the lives it has absorbed,
out of my father's pondering step,
coming home in the evenings
in his brown, leather bomber jacket,
ecclesiastical and provident,
out of my mother's discordant
singing as she put yellow ribbons
in my invalid grandmother's hair,
singing old spirituals being quickly
removed from new hymn books,
always falling back to her favorite,
"Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior."
Her humble cry resounds
in the tiny mind of my ear
when I slide my hands down the walls
as I ease down the stairs of
this house where mother and
  grandmother
died, where the bones of this home
screamed until they were thin
as glass when I lost my mind.
This house throws back its head
and laughs in a resplendent roar
that goes up in bubbling clusters
when I ask it to remember
the first poem I wrote at eight,
the Sears & Roebuck bicycle
with whitewalls and headlights,
the first girlfriend in the fourth grade,
the first wife at nineteen,
the long hours of studying,
the lectures on ancestry from
  Grandma,
the delicate cloth of talking
and sharing I built with my father
as we became the next two
on the prophetic end of the pew,
the anxious, sleepless nights
while we listened to Bessie
frying the chicken for the trip
down-home, south to Virginia,
back to the embracing roots
that made us believe unfalteringly
that we were truly wealthy,

the pious Sunday mornings
when I marched off
to the Baptist church quiet and measured
like the Methodists and Lutherans,
with my usher's badge and my belief.
This house stands before me
and in my memory, a monument
perfectly aligned to the stars,
luminescent and sentient,
a life in and of itself and ourselves,
as patient and kind and suffering
as anyone could ever hope a house
to be when chattering children
kick in its lap, men lie in it,
trying to accommodate their future,
when women paint it with song
from the old world of patriarchal law,
when death comes lusting after it
with sledgehammers and stillness—
I come to the front steps
and sit as I did when I was a child
and hope that I can hold to this
through life's celebrations and calamities,
until I go shooting back
into the darkness of my origin
in some invisible speck
in an indeterminable brick
of this house, this remembering.

Reprinted by permission of Afaa Michael Weaver from *My Father's Geography.* University of Pittsburgh Press. 1992. pp. 42–44.

The House on Mango Street

Sandra Cisneros

My Name

In English my name means hope. In Spanish it means too many letters. It means sadness, it means waiting. It is like the number nine. A muddy color. It is the Mexican records my father plays on Sunday mornings when he is shaving, songs like sobbing.

It was my great-grandmother's name and now it is mine. She was a horse woman too, born like me in the Chinese year of the horse—which is supposed to be bad luck if you're born female—but I think this is a Chinese lie because the Chinese, like the Mexicans, don't like their women strong.

My great-grandmother. I would've liked to have known her, a wild horse of a woman, so wild she wouldn't marry. Until my great-grandfather threw a sack over her head and carried her off. Just like that, as if she were a fancy chandelier. That's the way he did it.

And the story goes she never forgave him. She looked out the window her whole life, the way so many women sit their sadness on an elbow. I wonder if she made the best with what she got or was she sorry because she couldn't be all the things she wanted to be. Esperanza. I have inherited her name, but I don't want to inherit her place by the window.

At school they say my name funny as if the syllables were made out of tin and hurt the roof of your mouth. But in Spanish my name is made out of a softer something, like silver, not quite as thick as sister's name—Magdalena—which is uglier than mine. Magdalena who at least can come home and become Nenny. But I am always Esperanza.

I would like to baptize myself under a new name, a name more like the real me, the one nobody sees. Esperanza as Lisandra or Maritza or Zeze the X. Yes. Something like Zeze the X will do.

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A House of My Own

Not a flat. Not an apartment in back. Not a man's house. Not a daddy's. A house all my own. With my porch and my pillow, my pretty purple petunias. My books and my stories. My two shoes waiting beside the bed. Nobody to shake a stick at. Nobody's garbage to pick up after.

Only a house quiet as snow, a space for myself to go, clean as paper before the poem.

Mango Says Goodbye Sometimes

I like to tell stories. I tell them inside my head. I tell them after the mailman says, Here's your mail. Here's your mail he said.

I make a story for my life, for each step my brown shoe takes. I say, "And so she trudged up the wooden stairs, her sad brown shoes taking her to the house she never liked."

I like to tell stories. I am going to tell you a story about a girl who didn't want to belong.

We didn't always live on Mango Street. Before that we lived on Loomis on the third floor, and before that we lived on Keeler. Before Keeler it was Paulina, but what I remember most is Mango Street, sad red house, the house I belong but do not belong to.

I put it down on paper and then the ghost does not ache so much. I write it down and Mango says goodbye sometimes. She does not hold me with both arms. She sets me free.

One day I will pack my bags of books and paper. One day I will say goodbye to Mango. I am too strong for her to keep me here forever. One day I will go away.

Friends and neighbors will say, What happened to that Esperanza? Where did she go with all those books and paper? Why did she march so far away?

They will not know I have gone away to come back. For the ones I left behind. For the ones who cannot out.

Two Worldviews

Jack Drach

Prevailing Worldview

The universe is unfriendly. Therefore, it must be confronted, outwitted, controlled.

Space and time are components of a controllable universe. Therefore, they are measurable and predictable.

Nature is a hostile environment, separate from human beings. Therefore, nature is ours to use, to control, and if necessary, to exploit.

Life is a matter of survival in a hostile environment. Therefore, I must produce food, property, and children to enhance my security.

Other human beings are separate from me. Therefore, I must compete with them for the power that assures my security. I'm most secure when I know my "role" and my "place" within my community and my culture.

The purpose of a human society is to provide orderliness, protection, and predictability for its members. To do this requires structure, property rights, laws, enforcement agencies, and a central hierarchy of authority.

Transformational Worldview

The universe is friendly. Therefore, it must be accepted, experienced, celebrated.

Space and time are relative. Therefore, there will always be infinitely large, infinitesimally small, and varying units of space and time.

Nature is an evolving ecosystem of which we, the human species, are a part. Therefore, by enhancing nature we enhance ourselves.

Life is a matter of contributing, through myself and others, to the universe. Therefore, in that service, I must realize my fullest potential of body, mind, and spirit.

I am unique, but I am also one with the human species. Therefore, the degree to which I can successfully connect my full potential to the potentials of other human beings in the service of the universe is the measure of my success.

The purpose of human society is to increase the service of its members to other human beings and to themselves. To do this requires an environment that supports and encourages self-actualization and self-responsibility.

From *Association for Humanistic Psychology Newsletter*, July 19, 1982.

Chapter 6—Writing to Order the Chaos

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Unlearning to not speak

Marge Piercy

Blizzards of paper
in slow motion
sift through her.
In nightmares she suddenly recalls
a class she signed up for
but forgot to attend.
Now it is too late.
Now it is time for finals:
losers will be shot.
Phrases of men who lectured her
drift and rustle in piles:
Why don't you speak up?
Why are you shouting?
You have the wrong answer,
wrong line, wrong face.
They tell her she is womb-man,
babymachine, mirror image, toy,
earth mother and penis-poor,
a dish of synthetic strawberry icecream
rapidly melting.
She grunts to a halt.
She must learn again to speak
starting with I
starting with We
starting as the infant does
with her own true hunger
and pleasure
and rage.

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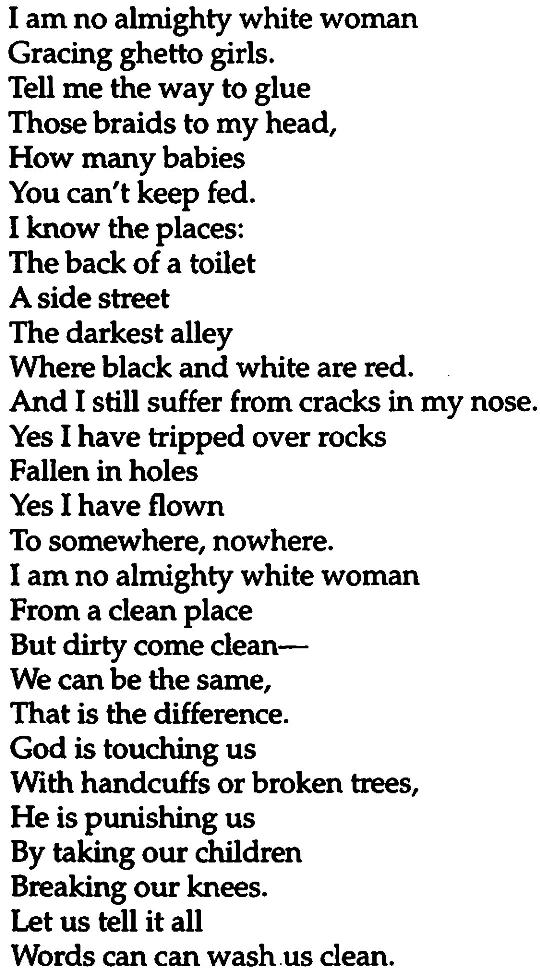
Heroine

Jennifer Heine



I am no almighty white woman
Gracing ghetto girls.
Tell me the way to glue
Those braids to my head,
How many babies
You can't keep fed.
I know the places:
The back of a toilet
A side street
The darkest alley
Where black and white are red.
And I still suffer from cracks in my nose.
Yes I have tripped over rocks
Fallen in holes
Yes I have flown
To somewhere, nowhere.
I am no almighty white woman
From a clean place
But dirty come clean—
We can be the same,
That is the difference.
God is touching us
With handcuffs or broken trees,
He is punishing us
By taking our children
Breaking our knees.
Let us tell it all
Words can can wash us clean.

Heroine by Jennifer Heine. Copyright © Jennifer Heine. Reprinted by permission.

Leroy's Story

Bob Samples

Leroy [illegible]

The time I was most scared was when me and my sist got beat up. This bunch of bigger kids and we both got bloody noses and the police came and shot a gun in the air.

M'God...The time I was most frightened was when those guys started to hassle my sister. I knew what they were up to but I was too small...They hit me...tasted like ice and kerosene...I felt the loose teeth...and they were steppin' on me and I could hear her screamin' like I never heard her scream. Awful...kind of animal noises. They got all after her and forgot me...I picked up the board...it had plaster and nails in it... The first guy didn't move after I hit him an' the plaster sprayed off like water. He bled a lot and I got another one before they noticed me. My sister stopped screamin' an' was really kickin' an' I knew she was okay... They turned at me an' one guy got a knife out. My sister bit his arm...I remember her nose was bleedin' an' then his arm started bleedin'—I got all cold inside an' hit another guy before we heard the shot. I could smell the powder—I was sure they killed me but it was the cops. My sister grabbed me and we held each other an' was laughin' an' cryin' and the cops caught one guy an' looked

Leroy's mind, stimulated by an incredibly innocent assignment, returned to thoughts that had never left his preconscious. They hung about his mind like a dream unfulfilled—webbing his conscious thoughts with ghosts of awareness that showed up any time...in the halls, on the playground, and in the streets if he saw a gathering of larger boys. The assignment was probably devised by a teacher whose mindset was on far less painful visions of fear. The teacher in all likelihood expected a Halloween episode like Susan's or someone's brother leaping unexpectedly from a hall closet.

Leroy did not conform. His experiences on the streets of a large city led him into many arenas of fear. However, they also led him into arenas of joy. If the assignment had been to describe a "joyful" experience, he could have told about 125th and Lennox on a summer night when all the people were on the stoops..."jivin' an' there was music in the hot wind shufflin' the thick sycamores...." But that wasn't the assignment. Further, Leroy made a lot of decisions about how much the teacher could bear. No mention of the details of the violence...that he had nearly killed one of the attackers...or that his sister barely avoided rape. Leroy offered none of that. His awkward run-on sentence gave us only a superficial glimpse of what might have been more than a run-of-the-mill playground minitragedy.

From *Wholeschool Book*, by Samples et al, Addison-Wesley Publishing Company, 1977.

Try a Writing Workout

Executive Fitness

Introduction

Flexing your fingers around a pen can soothe inner turmoil and maybe even keep your immune defenses strong.

If you think diaries are just a temporary antidote to teenage problems or, worse, an antiquated pre-TV form of personalized entertainment, get this: A recent study at Southern Methodist University, headed by associate psychology professor James W. Pennebaker, Ph.D., found that writing about painful life issues may improve the way your immune system defends your body against disease.

Here's how the study worked: 25 college students were asked to write their thoughts on unimportant topics, spending 20 minutes a day for four days at the task. Another group of 25 students wrote for the same time period but described their feelings about problematic situations that they hadn't been able to resolve.

Blood samples taken just before and just after the experiment, as well as six weeks later, showed that students who wrote out their troubling feelings had an increased lymphocyte response—a sign of better ability to fight infection. Those who recorded thoughts on trivial subjects showed no such improvement in their immune systems.

Strides with a pen had staying power, too: Six weeks later, the "confiding" student-writers still had stronger immune defenses. Another, longer study found that working out problems in writing resulted in fewer trips to see a physician over a six-month period.

The privacy of writing has healthy advantages, especially if you're not the confiding type—or if the problems you're facing aren't easily told to another person, no matter how close, noted Dr. Pennebaker and his colleagues from Ohio State Medical School, Janice Kiecolt-Glaser, Ph.D., and Ronald Glaser, M.D. They say that you may gain more from a writing workout if you've avoided discussing the subject, even if it isn't traumatic in nature.

And some pluses come simply because you are writing, rather than taping or talking about a troubling issue. You can see and review what you've put on paper, add to it, clarify or edit it and express it in your own language. Dr. Pennebaker feels that you have to stay with your subject until you reach a new perspective. What's more, he says, "it's cheap and effective."

From *Executive Fitness*, January 1987.

Your subjects don't have to be of earthshaking, made-for-posterity type for the workout to help. In fact, Dr. Pennebaker says your topic's level of severity doesn't matter as much as its effect on your everyday life. That's inspiration to make a regular habit of writing out your issues and answers every day for a short period of time (remember, 20 minutes a day had good results in the study).

Free Writing Principles

Lucille T. Chagnon

Relax and write.
Write everything on your mind
...nonstop
...from the gut, from the heart
...as thoughts and feelings flow
...for yourself and no one else

Relax and write.
Keep your pencil moving.
If your mind goes blank, relax and keep on writing.
Write anything, even if it is unrelated to where you were a second ago.
Blank spaces are shifts; let them show you where you are heading.

Relax and write.
What you say is more important than how you say it.
The mechanics of grammar do not matter in Free Writing: spelling, punctuation, sentence structure, etc.
Mistakes aren't mistakes in Free Writing: don't be critical.

Relax and write.
Go with the flow.
Have fun with it.

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Journal Writing Hints

Lucille T. Chagnon

Journal Writing is about discovering your own voice, your own power. Personal power grows when you face how you feel and accept yourself.

Where you are at any given moment is not the final word; but there is no other honest departure point.

If you learn to be honest with yourself about yourself, you will discover how wise and strong you can be.

So begin where you are.

A simple way to begin is to jot down two words that sum up how you feel as you begin writing.

For example:

excited	bored	tired	in love	worried
curious	grumpy	angry	dreamy	hurting

You have begun!
Let your gut and your heart lead you.
Listen to your own voice.
Continue writing, using the Free Writing principles:
  Pretend you are talking out loud to yourself, and no one is listening.
  Keep writing the whole time.
  Don't worry about grammar.
  Just write the way it comes to you.

Set a minimum time, like five or ten minutes.

(Some questions that can help you if you feel you're getting nowhere:
  What's happening in my life?
  How do I feel about it?
  What am I learning about myself from my experience?
  What do I need to do today?)

You may want to end with a brief concrete statement about some simple thing you feel good about. It need not be related to what you just wrote in your journal.

Examples:

That story we read in class today made me think about Max.

I made three good foul shots tonight.

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Ten Ways Writing about Childhood Memories Unleashes Your Inner Writer

June Gould

1. *Childhood memories allow us to reclaim our childhood voice, which is the fire that fuels our authentic adult voice.* As children, we had no difficulty expressing how we felt, but school and other societal influences forced our voices underground. Expressing our memories unearths that voice.

2. *Childhood memories build the foundation for creative and imaginative writing.* Memories and our power to imagine are intertwined. When we remember, our image-making powers are released, and our writing becomes creative, imaginative, and delightful.

3. *Childhood memories stimulate sequential, connected, flowing, comprehensive, and complete writing.* Many of our memories are rituals: our bedtime routine, our route to school, the unfolding of a wedding or funeral, the way we were treated when we were sick. Because rituals are remembered complete, our memory writing is comprehensive and "whole."

4. *Childhood memories generate emotion.* They are a natural source of deeply felt and keenly experienced events. When we write about them, our writing is infused with how we felt in the past and how we are feeling as we write about the past.

5. *Childhood memories motivate revision.* All writers want their writing to sound close to the image they have in mind, but childhood-memory writers have a further stake in getting their words right: their memories represent them, and they want that representation to be accurate.

6. *Childhood memories contain meaning.* They give us a context in which we can interpret ourselves and the world around us.

From *The Writer in All of Us* by June Gould. Published by Penguin USA, 1989.

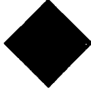
7. *Childhood memories stimulate readers' imaginations.* When we recall childhood events, we actually "see" the scenes. As we describe those scenes in writing, they become alive in the minds and imaginations of readers.

8. *Childhood memories excavate what we already know about ourselves but do not know we know.* Our brains have recorded, through our senses, much more than we are aware of at any moment. The material for writing is inside us, but it needs to be recovered, relived, understood, and shared.

9. *Childhood memories provide models for writing well in every field.* Once our latent writing knowledge is brought to our consciousness, that knowledge can be used in other writing fields such as business writing, school papers, personal correspondence, fiction, political writing, screenwriting, and so on.

10. *Childhood memories generate complex and interesting writing.* Because childhood is elusive, intricate, and paradoxical, we use higher-order thinking skills—questioning, evaluating, analyzing, and synthesizing—to understand it. Trying to understand the complexity of our memories pushes us to make leaps in our thinking, which lead to leaps in our writing.

Who Has Influenced Your Writing?



Toni Cade Bambara

My mama. She did *The New York Times* and *The London Times* crossword puzzles. She read books. She built bookcases. She'd wanted to be a journalist. She gave me permission to wonder, to dawdle, to daydream. My most indelible memory of 1948 is my mother coming upon me in the middle of the kitchen floor with my head in the clouds and my pencil on the paper and her mopping around me. My mama had been in Harlem during the renaissance. She used to hang out at the Dark Tower, at the Renny, go to hear Countee Cullen, see Langston Hughes over near Mt. Morris Park. She thought it was wonderful that I could write things that almost made some kind of sense. She used to walk me over to Seventh Avenue and 125th Street and point out the shop where J.A. Rogers, the historian, was knocking out books. She used to walk me over to the Speaker's Corner to listen to the folks. Of course, if they were talking "religious stuff," she'd keep on going to wherever we were going; but if they were talking union or race, we'd hang tough on the corner.

From *Black Women Writers at Work*, edited by Claudia Tate, Continuum Press, 1983.

I Would Not Be Here

John Hartford

I would not be here
If I hadn't been there
I wouldn't been there
if I hadn't just turned
on Wednesday the third
in the late afternoon
got to talking with George
who works out in the back
and only because
he was getting off early
to go see a man
at a Baker Street bookstore
with a rare first edition
of steamboats and cotton
a book he would never
have sought in the first place
had he not been inspired
by a fifth grade replacement
school teacher in Kirkwood
who was picked just at random
by some man on a school board
who couldn't care less
and she wouldn't been working
if not for her husband
who moved two months prior
to work in the office
of a man he had met
while he served in the army
and only because
they were in the same barracks
an accident caused
by a poorly made roster
mixed up on the desk
of a sergeant from Denver
who wouldn't be in
but for being in back
in a car he was riding
before he enlisted
that hit a cement truck
and killed both his buddies
but a back seat flew up there
and spared him from dying
and only because
of the fault of a workman
who forgot to turn screws
on a line up in Detroit
'cause he hollered at Sam
who was hateful that morning
hung over from drinking
alone at a tavern
because of a woman
he wished he'd not married
he met long ago
at a Jewish bar mitzvah
for the son of a man
who had moved there from Jersey
who managed the drugstore
that sold the prescription
that cured up the illness
he caught way last summer
he wouldn't have caught
except...

By John Hartford. *I Would Not Be Here.* Copyright © 1967 by Ensign Music Corporation. Reprinted by permission.

Part IV

The Printed Word

How Reading and Teaching Someone to Read Changes Us

Chapter 7—Reading the Word

Chinese Proverb	Man Who Says
Paulo Freire and Donaldo Macedo	Reading the Word and the World, Part 2
Sylvia Ashton-Warner	Private Key Vocabularies
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Paul Robeson	Valedictory, Rutgers Class of 1919

"Man who says, 'It cannot be done',
Should not interrupt man who is doing it."

Chinese Proverb

無能者，免開尊口。

中國諺語

Reading the Word and the World, Part 2

Paulo Freire and Donaldo Macedo

It is important to add that *reading* my world, always basic to me, did not make me grow up prematurely, a rationalist in boy's clothing. Exercising my boy's curiosity did not distort it, nor did understanding my world cause me to scorn the enchanting mystery of that world. In this I was aided rather than discouraged by my parents.

My parents introduced me to reading the world at a certain moment in this rich experience of understanding my immediate world. Deciphering the word flowed naturally from *reading* my particular world; it was not something superimposed on it. I learned to read and write on the ground of the backyard of my house, in the shade of the mango trees, with words from my world rather than from the wider world of my parents. The earth was my blackboard, the sticks my chalk.

When I arrived at Eunice Vascancello's private school, I was already literate. Here I would like to pay heartfelt tribute to Eunice, whose recent passing profoundly grieved me. Eunice continued and deepened my parents' work. With her, reading the word, the phrase, and the sentence never entailed a break with reading the *world*. With her, reading the word meant reading the *word-world*.

Not long ago, with deep emotion, I visited the home where I was born. I stepped on the same ground on which I first stood up, on which I first walked, began to talk, and learned to read. It was that same world that first presented itself to my understanding through my reading it. There I saw again some of the trees of my childhood. I recognized them without difficulty. I almost embraced their thick trunks—young trunks in my childhood. Then, what I like to call a gentle or well-behaved nostalgia, emanating from the earth, the trees, the house, carefully enveloped me. I left the house content, feeling the joy of someone who has reencountered loved ones.

Continuing the effort of rereading fundamental moments of my childhood experience, of adolescence and young manhood—moments in which a critical understanding of the importance of the act of reading took shape in practice—I would like to go back to a time when I was a secondary school student. There I gained experience in the critical interpretation of texts I read in class with the Portuguese teacher's help, which I remember to this day. Those moments did not consist of mere exercises, aimed at our simply becoming aware of the existence of the page in front of us, to be scanned, me-

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Paulo Freire and Donaldo Macedo, *Literacy: Reading the Word and the World* (Bergin & Garvey, an imprint of Greenwood Publishing Group, Inc., Westport, CT, 1987), pp. 32–36. Copyright © 1987 by Bergin & Garvey. Reprinted with permission.

chanically and monotonously spelled out, instead of truly read. Those moments were not *reading lessons* in the traditional sense, but rather moments in which texts, including that of the young teacher Jose Pessoa, were offered to us in our restless searching.

Sometime afterward, as a Portuguese teacher in my twenties, I experienced intensely the importance of the act of reading and writing—basically inseparable—with first-year high school students. I never reduced syntactical rules to diagrams for students to swallow, even rules governing prepositions after specific verbs, agreement of gender and number, contractions. On the contrary, all this was proposed to the students' curiosity in a dynamic and living way, as objects to be discovered within the body of texts, whether the students' own or those of established writers, and not as something stagnant whose outline I described. The students did not have to memorize the description mechanically, but rather learn its underlying significance. Only by learning the significance could they know how to memorize it, to fix it. Mechanically memorizing the description of an object does not constitute knowing the object. That is why reading a text as pure description of an object (like a syntactical rule), and undertaken to memorize the description, is neither real reading nor does it result in knowledge of the object to which the text refers.

I believe much of teachers' insistence that students read innumerable books in one semester derives from a misunderstanding we sometimes have about reading. In my wanderings throughout the world there were not a few times when young students spoke to me about their struggles with extensive bibliographies, more to be *devoured* than truly read or studied, "reading lessons" in the old-fashioned sense, submitted to the students in the name of scientific training, and of which they had to give an account by means of reading summaries. In some bibliographies I even read references to specific pages in this or that chapter from such and such a book, which had to be read: "pages 15–37."

Insistence on a quantity of reading without internalization of texts proposed for understanding rather than mechanical memorization reveals a magical view of the written word, a view that must be superseded. From another angle, the same view is found in the writer who identifies the potential quality of his work, or lack of it, with the quantity of pages he has written. Yet one of the most important documents we have—Marx's "Theses on Feuerbach"—is only two and a half pages long.

To avoid misinterpretation of what I'm saying, it is important to stress that my criticism of the magical view of the word does not mean that I take an irresponsible position on the obligation we all have—teachers and students—to read the classic literature in a given field seriously in order to make the texts our own and to create the intellectual discipline without which our practice as teachers and students is not viable.

But to return to that very rich moment of my experience as a Portuguese teacher: I remember vividly the times I spent analyzing the work of Gilberto Freyre, Lins do Rego, Graciliano Ramos, Jorge Amado. I used to bring the texts from home to read

with students, pointing out syntactical aspects strictly linked to the good taste of their language. To that analysis I added commentaries on the essential differences between the Portuguese of Portugal and the Portuguese of Brazil.

I always saw teaching adults to read and write as a political act, an act of knowledge, and therefore a creative act. I would find it impossible to be engaged in a work of mechanically memorizing vowel sounds, as in the exercise "ba-be-bi-bo-bu, la-le-li-lo-lu." Nor could I reduce learning to read and write merely to learning words, syllables, or letters, a process of teaching in which the teacher *fills* the supposedly *empty* heads of learners with his or her words. On the contrary, the student is the subject of the process of learning to read and write as an act of knowing and of creating. The fact that he or she needs the teacher's help, as in any pedagogical situation, does not mean that the teacher's help nullifies the student's creativity and responsibility for constructing his or her own written language and for reading this language.

When, for instance, a teacher and a learner pick up an object in their hands, as I do now, they both feel the object, perceive the felt object, and are capable of expressing verbally what the felt and perceived object is. Like me, the illiterate person can *feel* the pen, perceive the pen, and say *pen*. I can, however, not only feel the pen, perceive the pen, and say *pen*, but also write *pen* and, consequently, read *pen*. Learning to read and write means creating and assembling a written expression for what can be said orally. The teacher cannot put it together for the student; that is the student's creative task.

I need go no further into what I've developed at different times in the complex process of teaching adults to read and write. I would like to return, however, to one point referred to elsewhere in this book because of its significance for the critical understanding of the act of reading and writing, and consequently for the project I am dedicated to—teaching adults to read and write.

Reading the world always precedes reading the word, and reading the word implies continually reading the world. As I suggested earlier, this movement from the word to the world is always present; even the spoken word flows from our reading of the world. In a way, however, we can go further and say that reading the word is not preceded merely by reading the world, but by a certain form of *writing* it or *rewriting* it, that is, of transforming it by means of conscious, practical work. For me, this dynamic movement is central to the literacy process.

For this reason I have always insisted that words used in organizing a literacy program come from what I call the "word universe" of people who are learning, expressing their actual language, their anxieties, fears, demands, and dreams. Words should be laden with the meaning of the people's existential experience, and not of the teacher's experience. Surveying the word universe thus gives us the people's words, pregnant with the world, words from the people's reading of the world. We then give the words back to the people inserted in what I call "codifications," pictures representing real situations. The word *brick*, for example, might be inserted in a pictorial representation of a group of bricklayers constructing a house.

Before giving a written form to the popular word, however, we customarily challenge the learners with a group of codified situations, so they will apprehend the word rather than mechanically memorize it. Decodifying or *reading* the situations pictured leads them to a critical perception of the meaning of culture by leading them to understand how human practice or work transforms the world. Basically, the pictures of concrete situations enable the people to reflect on their former interpretation of the world before going on to read the word. This more critical reading of the prior, less critical reading of the world enables them to understand their indigence differently from the fatalistic way they sometimes view injustice.

In this way, a critical reading of reality, whether it takes place in the literacy process or not, and associated above all with the clearly political practices of mobilization and organization, constitutes an instrument of what Antonio Gramsci calls "counter-hegemony."

To sum up, reading always involves critical perception, interpretation, and *rewriting* of what is read.

Private Key Vocabularies

Sylvia Ashton-Warner

I said earlier that the illustrations chosen by adults to introduce the reading vocabulary could be meaningful and delightful, but that it was the picture of the inner vision and the captions chosen by the children themselves that had the power and the light. However, there is still the odd child who is too emotionally disturbed to caption the inner picture at all.

Rangi, a backward Maori, after learning to recognize eight Maori nouns, stalled on the words "come," "look," "and" for weeks until it occurred to me to ask him what he was frightened of. He said he was frightened of the police. Asked why, he replied that the police would take him to gaol in the fire engine, cut him up with a butcher knife, kill him and hang up what was left of him. When I told the Head about this, he said that Rangi's father ran a gambling den down at the hotel to keep the home going and himself in beer and that the whole family lived in the shadow of the police and that the children had probably been threatened in order not to tell.

When I gave these words to Rangi—police, butcher knife, kill, gaol, hand and fire engine—they proved themselves to be one-look words. Whereas he had spent four months on "come," "look," "and," he spent four minutes on these. So from these I made him reading cards, and at last Rangi was a reader.

Puki, who comes from a clever family, and whose mother and father fight bitterly and physically and often, breaking out in the night and alarming the children who wake and scream (I've heard all this myself), after learning two words in six months burst into reading on Daddy, Mummy, Puki, fight, yell, hit, crack, frightened, broom.

It is an opportune moment to observe the emotional distance of these private key vocabularies from the opening words of the "Janet and John" book: Janet John come look and see the boats little dog run here down up...

There are always these special cases on the handling of which depends the child's start in school. No time is too long spent talking to a child to find out his key words, the key that unlocks himself, for in them is the secret of reading, the realisation that words can have intense meaning. Words having no emotional significance to him, no instinctive meaning, could be an imposition, doing him more harm than not teaching him. They may teach him that words mean nothing and that reading is undesirable.

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The fact that certain words can be surmounted by the average reader does not prove them. That's the red herring. The weight of a word is proved by the backward reader. And there are many backward Maori readers. And to begin them on such bloodless words as "come," "look," "and" provokes one to experiment.

The Key Vocabulary of a Maori infant room, outside the common vocabulary of fear and sex, changes all the time like anything else alive, but here is the current Key Vocabulary running through the infant room this week, from the newcomers. All Maoris.

Mohi: ghost jet jeep skellington bike aeroplane sausage porridge egg car beer jersey kiss...

Joe Joe: King of the Rocket Men Indian Phantom Superman...

Gilbert: frog walnut truck King of the Rocket Men jet jeep beer tractor bomb horse...

Moreen: Mummy Daddy Tape [dog] lambie *Kuia* kiss...

Penny: Daddy Mummy house plane car...

Rongo: peanut cake ghost bed kiss socks...

Phillip: train boxing truck pea rifle...

Phyllis: beer pudding bus darling kiss ghost...

The words when I print them on big cards fill them with smiles and excitement.

Words over the past two years, however, from the Maori newcomers group themselves as follows, all one-look words to the particular child:

Fear (the strongest): Mummy Daddy ghost frightened skellington wild piggy police spider dog gaol bull kill butcher knife yell hit crack fight thunder alligator cry...

Sex: kiss love haka dance darling together me-and-you sing...

Locomotion: jet jeep aeroplane train car truck trailer bus...

Others: house school socks frog walnut peanut porridge pictures beer...

Emerging from two years of observation, however, are the two most powerful words in the infant-room vocabulary under any circumstances: ghost, kiss, representing in their own way, possibly, the two main instincts. Any child, brown or white, on the first day, remembers these words from one look.

Yet do I include them in a first reading book? There's no end to courage but there is an end to the strength required to swim against the current. For here again is the opening vocabulary of the "Janet and John":

Janet John come look and see the boats little dog run here down up aeroplane my one kitten one two three play jump can go horse ride.

Between these and the Key Vocabulary is there any emotional difference? There is all the difference between something that comes through the creative vent and something that approaches from the outside. Which is the difference between the organic and the inorganic vocabulary.

Stories That Change Lives

Abby Goodnough

TRENTON

It was a literary salon of sorts, with a roomful of scholars discussing the story "Eveline," by James Joyce. Their voices rose and fell as they examined the heroine's choices in life. They spoke of continuity and change, family loyalty and the need to take risks.

But unlike most students of literature, none of these men or women could read above a fifth-grade level. They were part of a program called People and Stories/Gente y Cuentos, which brings literature to teenagers and adults who might never experience it otherwise. Last month, when a White House committee praised 218 community arts programs around the nation in a report titled "Growing Up Taller," it was the only New Jersey project mentioned.

The New Jersey Council for the Humanities runs the program with an annual budget of $30,000, taking it to schools, libraries, churches, homeless shelters and prisons. Groups meet once a week for two months, reading short stories and discussing them with a trained coordinator. They are encouraged to compare the stories to their own lives, to connect with the characters and with other program members.

The stories are chosen for their brevity—they cannot exceed 10 pages—and their relevance to the lives of the readers, many of whom are black and Hispanic. Recent selections have included Tillie Olsen's "I Stand Here Ironing," Langston Hughes' "Thank You Ma'am" and Grace Paley's "A Conversation With My Father."

Sarah Hirschman, a Princeton resident who has studied literature for much of her life, developed the program while she was living in Cambridge, Mass., in the early 70's.

"My friends in academia said it would never work," Mrs. Hirschman said last week. "They thought it crazy to expect people who had never read anything before to read high literature."

But the experiment was a success, and in 1974, after Mrs. Hirschman had moved to New Jersey, she started a People and Stories program at a Trenton church. Seven years later, a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities helped her organize programs in Florida, Massachusetts, New York, Texas, and Puerto Rico.

In 1985, when the New Jersey Council for the Humanities started providing funds, Mrs. Hirschman started the first English-language program in Princeton. Patricia

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Andres, a Lawrenceville resident who is a doctoral candidate in English at Rutgers University, became the co-director in 1993, and People and Stories has since expanded to 22 programs in cities and suburbs around the state. Many groups are multigenerational, multicultural, or both. At the Somerset County Jail, the program has become so popular that prisoners are choosing it over television.

Mrs. Hirschman is hoping to expand the program to reach more teenagers, substance abusers, parents who lack basic literacy skills and women who are making the transition from welfare to work. She is hoping for a budget of more than $100,000 a year, a sum that could not come entirely from the humanities council, which has a budget of just under $1 million and supports a number of projects.

People and Stories is different from most literacy programs because it uses stories instead of textbooks. The focus on discussion, rather than reading and writing, encourages participants to offer their thoughts and opinions, Mrs. Hirschman said.

"People who haven't heard themselves speak in public about complex subjects learn to feel better about themselves," she said. "And since the stories don't lend themselves to cliches, they really delve into their souls instead of giving stock answers."

Mrs. Hirschman said the program's main goal is introducing disadvantaged people to literature and showing them how it reflects their lives. But it also develops critical thinking skills, self esteem and respect for cultural and economic differences, she said.

"Metaphor cuts across economic and educational levels," Mrs. Andres said. "It erases our differences, because we're responding at a spiritual level."

That does not mean every story has a transforming effect. There are class clowns who crack jokes at the characters' expense. There are daydreamers who stare at the floor and mumble when questioned. But for the most part, the group members listen intently when a story is read, then jump into discussion. Their comments are often as funny as they are thoughtful.

But in the end—and this is the key to the program's success, Mrs. Hirschman says—the discussion inevitably turns to the participants' own lives, taking on the air of a group therapy session. One group met in Trenton last week to read "American History" by Judith Ortiz-Cofer, set on the day President Kennedy was killed. The members, who are recovering substance abusers, offered their memories of the assassination. They also dissected the main character, an Hispanic teenager who lives in a housing project and suffers the effects of prejudice.

"You put yourself in the character's shoes and use their story as a lesson," said one member, Dwight Townes. "If it touches you in a certain way, it can change your life. It can lift you up."

Learning Modalities

SuperCamp

Effective parenting provides an important link between the personal and academic parts of a teenager's life. Parents who want their child to be motivated and to do well in school can help by actively participating in their child's education. To help you with ideas about how to support your teen academically we have compiled information about learning and tips which you may find useful.

I'm a kinesthetic learner!

I'm a visual learner!

I'm an auditory learner!

Chances are that you have heard one of these phrases since your teen returned home from SuperCamp. By understanding which learning modality your teen uses most, it will be easier for you to support his/her learning and living style. The following section will clarify these three learning modalities.

The terms "Visual," "Auditory," and "Kinesthetic" (VAK) refer to how the brain processes and accesses information. Everyone has modality preferences. Many people are a combination with one strong preference and yet some have only one preference.

Visual

A strong visual preference refers to the use of pictures, graphs, charts, and other organizational tools.

These learners must see the information to be learned and can visually represent it with ease. Visual learners learn best when their information is graphically represented. They need a big picture and purpose, and remain cautious until mentally clear. Visual learners remember clearly what was seen.

- Picture this
- See

Learning Forum/SuperCamp by Huppert, DePorter, Switzer and Brown. Reprinted by permission of the authors.

- Focus here
- Looks like
- Looking back

Auditory

An auditory preference requires hearing the information to learn.

These students learn as if they have a tape recorder in their head on which their learning is sequenced. They retrieve information exactly the way they heard it. "Audios" learn best when they have the opportunity to recite information aloud, and remember best what was discussed.

- Hear it loud and clear
- Sounds like
- Listen
- Loud as thunder

Kinesthetic

A student with a kinesthetic preference requires manipulation of the information in order to learn.

These learners are characterized by seemingly "messy" organizational skills. They learn best by "hands on" experience, and memorize through actions related to the content. Kinesthetic learners remember an overall impression of what was experienced.

- Grasp the concept
- Feel warm
- I'm touched
- Smooth
- I feel fuzzy

> *"In a state of security, competence, confidence, joy, delight, and exploration, the brain burns with efficiency and absorbs massive amounts of information almost effortlessly."*
>
> *—Lyelle L. Palmer,*
> *Holistic Education Review*

Style Flexing

An important element to understanding VAK learning modalities is understanding "Style Flexing" which refers to the development of weaker representational systems in order for whole brain learning to occur.

Visual learners become more balanced when they recite aloud and add body movement to their learning. Likewise, auditory learners benefit from practicing visual representation of the information as well as adding movement to their learning. Finally kinesthetic learners excel when they learn to picture the information and recite it aloud.

Behavioral Indicators

Visual	Auditory	Kinesthetic
Organized	Talks to self	Responds to physical rewards
Neat and orderly	Easily distracted	Touches people and stands close
Observant	Moves lips/says words when reading	Physically oriented
Quieter	Can repeat back	Moves a lot
Appearance oriented	Math and writing more difficult	Larger physical reaction
More deliberate	Speaks language easily	Early large muscle development
Good speller	Speaks in rhythmic pattern	Learns by doing
Memorizes by picture	Likes music	Memorizes by walking, seeing
Less distracted by noise	Can mimic tone pitch and timbre	Points when reading
Has trouble remembering verbal instructions	Learns by listening	Gestures a lot
Would rather read than be read to	Memorizes by steps, procedure, sequence	Responds physically

Community-Based Literacy: The 90% Solution

Turning the Community of Need into the Community of Service

Lucille T. Chagnon

One viable solution to the massive problem of illiteracy in America is to *turn the community of need into the community of service:* to turn willing non-readers—young and old, schooled and unschooled—into community-based peer tutors. This unique approach is based on the following premises, synergistically combined.

- In a print-saturated society like the United States, there are no non-readers. There are, however, millions of people who don't know they know how to read, millions of hesitant readers who can't read well enough to function fully in our society.
- 90–98% of the disenfranchised will not work with volunteers nor attend school-based programs. Nationwide, Adult Basic Education programs and volunteer-driven adult literacy programs reach at best 2–10% of reluctant readers and school drop-outs.
- Most of the children in special education classes have difficulty reading. In point of fact, more than 80% of students in special education classrooms are behind grade level in reading. That has an enormous negative impact on all other learning.
- Adults and children who believe they are learning disabled are prone to act as though they are learning disabled especially when it comes to reading—and moreso if teachers and relatives treat them as though they cannot learn.
- All human beings are gifted. But we all use a small percentage of our brain power. Vast numbers of adults who claim they cannot read live caring, productive lives and find amazingly creative ways to compensate for their inability to decode print.

- It is possible to teach even the severely retarded to read with understanding and enthusiasm and to bring the so-called learning disabled up to grade level in reading. The well documented—and largely ignored—work of Dr. Renée Fuller has proven that repeatedly over the past 25-plus years.

- We all learn best when we teach someone else. That is equally true in learning to read. Even children can teach children to read—from scratch—providing they believe they can and have access to a mentor and to simple methods that guide them through the process.

- The most important factor in teaching someone to read is genuine listening. Authentic listening dispels anxiety which is at the root of what we call dyslexia; it creates safe space without which there can be no new learning. When reluctant readers feel safe, they don't have to apologize or pretend. In fact, an exciting new world of learning opens where past performance makes little difference.

- When it comes to reading, the most powerful teaching resource is a library. Once they feel safe, reluctant readers are more willing to reveal what interests them most; libraries provide the best source from which to draw materials which feed those gut interests. From that point on, virtually anyone can teach a child or adult because the motivation to learn becomes self-reinforcing and self-directed.

- A vast corps of potential literacy tutors of all ages—today's hesitant readers—exists in the very neighborhoods and schools where tutors are most needed. The majority, however, will not work with volunteers from outside their community. That condition can be reversed if interested new learners are trained to tutor their own children, siblings, and neighbors in familiar surroundings within their neighborhoods. One committed community-based tutor could start a landslide.

- Encouraging new readers to teach two others in their lifetime creates a geometric progression of learning. The call to literacy in the last half of the 20th century, *Each One Teach One,* catalyzed the dissemination of excellent methods and the creation of a dedicated nationwide corps of volunteers. The call to universal literacy for the 21st century builds on that past and amplifies it by handing the skills of teaching—and, eventually, mentoring—over to willing new readers. *Each of You Teach Two!*

- Authentic partnerships increase self-reliance and creativity all around, promote healing, and strengthen community leadership. To begin to wipe out

illiteracy, we must forego our proprietary, client-oriented mentality and our beggar-at-the-gate perspective. We can and must develop mutually enriching partnerships between the haves and the have-nots and among service providers as well.

- If we but find the will, the learning technology exists to begin to wipe out illiteracy in our lifetime. As literacy providers build collaborative relationships with each other and with community-based tutors, we can begin to tap the synergy of partnership. Septima Clark and Myles Horton proved that in the South with the Citizenship Schools that the Highlander Folk School catalyzed throughout the 1950's.

Community-based literacy is a timely, low-cost, results-oriented partnership whose time has come. Will you join the ranks of those who dare to make it so?

Valedictory, Rutgers Class of 1919

Paul Robeson

We of the younger generation especially must feel a sacred call to that which lies before us. I go out to do my little part in helping my untutored brother. We of this less-favored race realize that our future lies chiefly in our own hands. On ourselves alone will depend the preservation of our liberties and the transmission of them in their integrity to those who will come after us. And we are struggling on, attempting to show that knowledge can be obtained under difficulties; that poverty may give place to affluence; that obscurity is not an absolute bar to distinction and that a way is open to welfare and happiness to all who will follow the way with resolution and wisdom; that neither the old-time slavery, nor continued prejudice need extinguish self-respect, crush manly ambition, or paralyze effort; that no power outside of himself can prevent man from sustaining an honorable character and a useful relation to his day and generation. We know that neither institutions nor friends can make a race stand unless it has strength in its own foundation; that races like individuals must stand or fall by their own merit; that to fully succeed they must practice the virtues of self-reliance, self-respect, industry, perseverance, and economy.

Valedictorian's Speech, Rutgers University, 1919.

Chapter 8—A Rage to Read

President Calvin Coolidge	Press On
Gary Smith	The Man Who Couldn't Read
Myles Horton with Judith & Herbert Kohl	Septima Clark and the Citizenship Schools
Lucille T. Chagnon	Learning Partnerships and Literacy Acceleration
Lucille T. Chagnon	Tutoring Mini-Log
Institute of Cultural Affairs/Chagnon	The Four-Level Reflection Method
Nelson Mandela	1994 Inaugural Speech

President Calvin Coolidge

NOTHING IN THE WORLD CAN TAKE THE PLACE OF PERSISTENCE. TALENT WILL NOT; NOTHING IS MORE COMMON THAN UNSUCCESSFUL MEN WITH TALENT. GENIUS WILL NOT; UNREWARDED GENIUS IS ALMOST A PROVERB. EDUCATION WILL NOT; THE WORLD IS FULL OF EDUCATED DERELICTS. PERSISTENCE AND DETERMINATION ALONE ARE OMNIPOTENT.

The Man Who Couldn't Read

Gary Smith

He graduated from college and taught high school. He made millions in real estate. And he wouldn't have been able to decipher a word on this page.

Slowly, so the bed wouldn't creak, the millionaire who couldn't sleep rose and walked barefoot to the bookshelves. "Tonight," he whispered to himself. "Please let it happen tonight."

He turned on the lamp. His eyes moved past the two framed rectangles of glass on the wall—past his college diploma, past his teaching certificate—and fell upon the book cover, the one filled by the angry black face. He stared into the rage and hurt in the author's eyes. He moved his fingers across the title, *Soul on Ice*. This man understands, the millionaire thought. This man, too, is a prisoner, an outsider; maybe this man will help me tonight.

His thumb riffled the pages. Don't force it, he told himself. This man is screaming, this man writes words that jump into your ears and eyes. Just stand here, very calmly, and let them come in....

All his life? Is that how long he would have to play this game? He lay back down in bed and looked at his wife. No one else knew his secret. Not his two children, not his friends. Not his old college professors, not the high school students he had taught for eighteen years, not the business associates in his multimillion-dollar real-estate-development company in southern California. Only Kathy knew. They would take everything if they found out—the diploma and teaching certificate, the apartment complexes and shopping centers and rental properties, the Mercedes and the big house overlooking the ocean. Or they'd refuse to believe his secret, insist he was playing them for fools.

None of them understood what night sweat could do to a man. If he needed one badly enough, was there *any* charade a man couldn't play? John remembered a spring day back in fourth grade, back when the realization that he would be forever different from everyone else had begun to come over him. He had run out of class at 3:00 P.M., aching for some arena in which to prove he wasn't really the boy who sat at his desk, stupid and silent as a stone, and then had felt his legs moving toward the school's ball field, even though he was too young to play. Standing behind the batting cage with his glove on his hand, he watched the game with hungry eyes, noticing that neither team wore uniforms and there was no outfield fence, and how the big kid on the other

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school's team belted the ball over the right fielder's head his first two times up. Now there were two outs, the bases loaded, the big kid at the plate again, and John felt himself moving slowly, silently, out to deep right field. Then—*crack!*—the ball was arcing across the sky, and boys all over the field were shouting and running...and suddenly John Corcoran could feel it, snug and stinging inside the glove on his left hand! And the umpire signaled *out!* and all the players on his school's team were racing toward the bench and he was racing with them, heart thumping with excitement and fright—he was *in* the game now, how could he possibly get out? He kept stealing looks at the manager and the boys, waiting for them to call his bluff, to send him home. "You bat third this inning," barked the manager; he walked to the plate as if in a dream. Three fastballs hissed by him—"*Strike three!*" roared the ump—yes, there it was, the story of John Corcoran's life. He could play the part, trick the enemy, infiltrate the game. But at midnight, the moment of truth—when the millionaire stood alone in his pajamas with a book in his hands....

Why hadn't he just refused to play? Why hadn't he just shoved away their books and diplomas and white-collar, upper-class dreams? Even now, at fifty-two, he couldn't quite understand why he had stayed in a classroom for *thirty-five* years, why he had gone back for eighty more credits *after* he had graduated college; why he hadn't fled academia the moment he had stolen his passport, received his degree. Like a Jew in Nazi Germany, he'd say, who gets off of a boxcar heading for the concentration camp—*and then gets back on*. Crazy, he'd say, shaking his head. An absolutely crazy thing to do for a man who couldn't read or write.

That's how he spoke and thought, all analogy and metaphor, all intuition and unfinished sentences, sometimes bewildering, sometimes brilliant; the left side of his brain, the cool, logical lobe a man uses to arrange symbols in a sequence, had always seemed to misfire. Some words, in an obvious context, he had learned to memorize and master—STOP on a street sign, EXIT over a doorway—but tuck them into the middle of a sentence and they mocked him. Letters traded places, vowel sounds lost themselves in the tunnel of his ears...and yet.... His blue eyes fill with tears and his Adam's apple climbs up his throat a lot these days. If only someone had sat next to that little boy, put an arm around his shoulder, and said, "I know you can't read, John. It won't be easy, but I'll help you. Don't be scared, it's going to be okay"—then he could have learned.

Instead, in second grade, in Santa Fe, New Mexico, they put him in the dumb row. Stubborn little brat. Just sits there when you ask him to read or write a sentence. We'll cure that. Open your hands, John. Open your hands! The ruler smacked against his palms. That'll teach him to read. His third-grade nun handed a yardstick to the children when John refused to read or write, ordered him to roll up his pants, and let each student in his row have a crack.

Which was worse, he wonders now sometimes, the stinging flesh...or the neverending silence? That was how his fourth-grade teacher had tried to cure him, by ask-

ing him to read and then letting one minute of quiet pile upon the next and the next until the little boy thought he must suffocate. And then passed him on to the next grade, and to the next teacher. John Corcoran never failed a year in his life.

His parents? Perhaps they wondered why their son would arrange to have one of his sisters read the Community Chest cards in Monopoly. Or maybe his parents' search for a place to belong sucked all the time and energy for wondering out of them. Somewhere, they would find it, somewhere these two orphans who had married would find home. Somewhere, somehow, in St. Louis or Springfield or Santa Fe, in Amarillo or Abilene or Albuquerque, in Los Alamos or Roswell or Ajo or Parker or Blythe or Encinitas or just by moving to the other side of town, they would re-find the magic of the days when they dated, back when he was a center for the Minneapolis Red Jackets professional football team and she was a Chicago fashion model. Pack up the six kids. Pack up the U-Haul trailer. The world would be a better place in the next town, and the next, and the next. By the time he graduated high school, John had lived in thirty-five houses and attended seventeen schools.

His dad was a teacher and a coach. He consumed words as if they were food: two newspapers a day, and *Gone with the Wind* in a single sitting one night. How could a boy explain to a dad like him his nausea each Friday morning before the weekly spelling test, how could he say to him, "Dad, I can't read?" His father was always on the run, coming home at 6:00 P.M. from football or baseball practice, scrambling up some eggs for his five girls and little boy, running off to a second job teaching night school or selling cars or insurance. His mom had an asthmatic daughter on her mind or on her knee half the day, then rushed off at 3:00 P.M. to work the late shift at the local drugstore. They would go without furniture or new clothes or a Christmas tree, then rent a house for twice what they could afford, so that their children would grow up in the right neighborhoods, so that their dream, at least, would have the proper shingles and floorboards and beams.

That was the gift, and the curse, they gave to their little boy who couldn't read. An injustice? A lousy paycheck? Don't sit there. Take a night course. Reach for the stars. Head west. The Corcorans are winners, the Corcorans don't settle for second best. You break the news to your mother this time, John—it's a much better job, no way a man can turn it down. God knows, nobody wanted her to feel the way she did that day back in '45, when John was eight. That day Franklin Roosevelt died, and she looked around and saw her life once more packed up in cardboard boxes, and she cried, "Why don't we just turn on the gas?"

Sometimes, when the car was loaded and the kids were wedged in and another town was receding behind them, his sisters laughed and called themselves Irish Okies. Sometimes they cried. Not John, though. Each town was a new place to start over, to infiltrate the game. Who knew? Maybe the light would be different in Albuquerque or Los Alamos, maybe the letters wouldn't switch places and swim. Maybe he could stop beating his head against his pillow at night and promising to say a rosary to God every day from now to kingdom come in exchange for a miracle; maybe in the next town he could *read*.

He entered junior high. It was no longer a game. Now it was war, John Corcoran against the literate world. Now he had to change classes for each subject, to hide his secret from six teachers instead of one. All those dumb rows and yardsticks and awful silences, all those moves from town to town had taught him a few tricks, of course. How to read a human being and smell warmth or danger, how an illiterate with two good fists, a quick wit, and a handsome smile could adapt and survive. No longer could he sit at his desk and wait for the humiliation to come—the stakes had grown too high now, the shame too steep. He had to walk into a classroom and size it up in a heartbeat, he had to somehow *influence* the people and the atmosphere inside it, he had to take control. *This* teacher, *this* subject, *this* school, what strategy would work best? Sit in the front row, clean the erasers, become the teacher's pet? Slink toward the back of the room and look for someone wearing glasses to cheat off? Or choose a seat in the middle, remain pleasant, silent, become the invisible man? Quickly, John made a decision. Which teachers to talk sports with, which to stare down, which to act so goddamn crazed in front of that they would be afraid to call his name. "Don't laugh at John," a ninth-grade teacher ordered her class. "There's something wrong with him." *Yes, there is, there is!* he wanted to scream. Instead, he stood and walked like a spastic across the room, threw them far off the scent, grinned as everyone roared. Couldn't any of them *see*? He yearned to be his church's altar boy but he couldn't read the prayers; he longed to be his school's crossing guard but they dismissed him for poor grades; he ached to be the all-American boy, not the class clown or the discipline problem. But *any* label was better than the dreaded one, the unspeakable one: *He can't even read!*

Manipulate. He never liked that word. It sounded cruel, it sounded evil—my God, he was just a frightened teenager with raging hormones trying to get by. *Orchestrate.* That was better. Orchestrating girls to help him write essays. Orchestrating pals to read him the math problem or whisper the instructions for the next assignment in typing class. What's wrong, Corky, can't you read? they would ask in jest now and then. *Duhhhhh*...no...I can't read, he would say, his jaw hanging stupidly, making them laugh. His senior year of high school, he would be voted homecoming king, go steady with the valedictorian, and star on a basketball team en route to the state championship game...only to have to move sixty miles away at midseason.

He would never say, "Read this for me," when he needed to know what was written on a page. "What does this mean to you?" he would say, or "What do they want here?" He wouldn't say, "Write this for me," when he needed to turn in a paper. He'd say, "Let's work on this together," start pacing and thinking out loud, leave his buddy sitting there with the paper and the pen. No one felt orchestrated by John. No one felt used. He would pick you to play on his team even if everyone knew you were a clod, present your case to a pretty girl, stand by your side in a fight. And before you knew him well enough to catch the fear in his eyes, he was packed and gone.

In tenth grade, he made the conscious decision. He would bury his shame forever, play out the masquerade, never let down his guard. Keep watching from the edge of

his eye when the others were reading silently in class, to see when he should turn the page. Scribble something, *anything*, inside his notebook when the others were taking notes, mimic even their facial expressions, then cover his page so no one would see. Stare down at his right hand, make sure again and again he hadn't fallen back into his bad habit of holding his pen between his third and fourth fingers. One mistake could be fatal. Any moment, any corner he turned, who knew what threat might arise? "Try again, John. You're sure you can't see that letter on the screen?" the eye doctor asked when he was in eleventh grade.

(*Yes,* of course *I can see it, I just don't know what letter it is!*) "Uh...no sir, I'm sorry...I can't." That was how John got his first pair of glasses.

His mom kissed him when he graduated. And kept talking about college. His fifty-two-year-old dad took a job as a hotel night clerk in order to attend summer school for a California teaching credential; morning sessions at San Diego State, afternoons at the University of San Diego. Well, why not, John? Reach for the stars, son, you can be anything you want; education, that's the key. These were his role models, people who never doubted the American Dream, no matter how deftly it dodged them—it was always just a few more credits or miles away.

But...*college*? March right into the belly of the beast? He was six four, could dunk a basketball; had been selected All-Conference and offered a scholarship by the University of Wyoming—but no, it would be *insane* to consider, pure suicide.

But...what about junior college? He spent a year and a half at Riverside Community College, in California; then one semester at Palos Verdes, sat next to the right girls, stole the right answers, smiled the right smiles, and somehow survived. Cheating? Was it really cheating? His mind grasped concepts quickly, understood math intuitively; he was smarter than half the damn kids in the room, willing to work twice as hard—should he be shut out just because a couple of wires in his brain were crossed? The University of Texas at El Paso (then Texas Western) offered him a basketball scholarship. His spirits soared. His heart sank. He was *in* the game now, how could he possibly get out?

He took a deep breath, closed his eyes...and recrossed enemy lines. Welcome to campus, John—how 'bout a beer? He would take the can, walk into the bathroom, empty it in the sink, and refill it with water. No, the stakes were too high now, not even a sip, not even for a second could he afford to lose control. His eye roamed every room he entered, searching for the newspaper or magazine or pen that could betray him, the nitpicker that could trip him up, the escape hatch he could use to slip away. He quizzed each new friend: Which teachers required papers, which gave essay tests, which gave multiple choice? He studied the seating configurations and the faces in every classroom: Which students might slip him an answer, which might squeal? (Wrinkles, always sit behind people with wrinkles—older students were most likely to rat.) He registered for seven classes a semester, dropped the two most difficult during the six-week grace period. The minute he stepped out of a class, he tore the pages

of scribble from his notebook, in case anyone asked to see his notes, returned to his room, and shredded them. He stared at thick textbooks in the evening so his dormitory roommate wouldn't doubt, then joined a fraternity, drank can after can of water in order to tap the treasure chest of old term papers and old tests, in order to feel as if he finally belonged. He watched classmates in chemistry memorize the element chart in an hour; it took him fifteen.

And he lay in bed, listening to the clock chew away the night, exhausted but unable to sleep, unable to make his whirring mind let go. Thirty straight days, God. Thirty straight days he'd go to mass, crack of dawn, he *promised*, if only God would let him get this degree....

U.S. Government 101-102. Two-semester class, four essay tests, *required* for graduation: the Monster. No way to use the finger signals from his buddy that he had used to get through Educational Statistics. No cheat sheets on narrow adding-machine paper scrolled up his long-sleeved shirt this time, no old tests, no clue what the questions would be.

He took a seat in the back, slid against the wall with the open window. Carefully, with no idea what he was writing, he copied the questions from the blackboard into his blue book. His eyes stole around the room. Silently...slowly...his hand moved toward the window. The blue book fell to the grass. The smart, skinny kid, the one John was setting up a date for, scooped it up, sat beneath a tree, and began writing. John began scribbling in a second blue book, watching the clock, the teacher, the window, the other students, sweat running down his ribs. The book slid back in the window. Bingo! Four times, never caught! Thirty straight days, God, that's a promise! No, that's *not* cheating, not when you don't have any choice, that's *not* a sin...is it?...Is it?

He staggered into the doctor's office one day, a bundle of frayed nerves. "Tension," the doctor diagnosed. "Not enough sleep." For his cure, the doctor laid in John's hands a book on how to handle stress.

"Read it," the doctor said.

An odd thing happened. He got the diploma. He gave God His thirty days of mass.

Now what, John, now what? Maybe he was addicted to the edge, maybe he was panting too hard for his father's love, maybe the thing he felt the most insecure about—his mind—was the thing he needed most to have admired. Maybe that's why, in 1961, John became a teacher.

A teacher. The perfect inconceivability for an illiterate. The perfect cover. He called his father from El Paso. Dad, he said, I had the application sent to your house, but I don't know if I'll be home in time to turn it in. Think you could fill it out? Thanks!

He taught world history for two years at Carlsbad High in California and then for one at Corcoran High; he had Robert Martinez, the only student in class he could depend on to recognize every word, stand each day and read the textbook to the class. "Again?" Robert finally complained. "Can't anybody else here read? I don't even think the teacher can!" "Ha-ha, Robert. Very funny."

He gave the students standardized tests, used a form with a hole punched next to each correct answer, and laid it right over the students' exams; any dolt could do it. He lay in bed for hours on weekend mornings and wondered why he felt depressed.

He met a woman. A woman who had lived in the same town in California all her life, gone to the same high school as her mother had, grown up in a house with four generations of her Portuguese-Azorean family. A straight-A student, a nurse. Not a leaf, like John. A rock. "There's something I have to tell you, Kathy," he said one night in 1965 before their marriage.

"There's something I have to tell you, too," she said.

"Kathy, I...I can't read...."

He's a *teacher*, she thought. He must mean he can't read *well*. "Well," said Kathy, "I am Rh-negative."

The subject was dropped, the two secrets dismissed. John didn't understand Kathy's until five years later, when their day-old baby died. Kathy didn't understand John's until two and a half years later, when she overheard him struggling to read a children's book to their eighteen-month-old daughter.

He began teaching social studies and sociology. He began to turn the old rules upside down. All his tests were oral, he brought in films and videos and guest speakers by the score. Let's move our desks into a circle, he told his students. Let's talk about ourselves and each other, about how we feel. Or he'd douse the lights, put a match to a candle, have everyone huddle around him, and pretend they were in a cave on the verge of collapsing (oh, if only they knew!). Then say: Maybe one or two of you can make it out. Who should go? Convince us, tell us why.

He became known as an innovator. His timing—the late '60s and the '70s, when the humanities were flowering in American high schools—was perfect. His state—California, that lover of the latest trend—was perfect, too. Besides, how could the administration question him? He volunteered to take on the school's toughest kids and slowest learners, the Mexicans and Samoans and blacks whom traditional methods had failed. And he broke through those kids' walls, he fired their curiosity, he honest-to-God cared. He could reach a teenager's anger and hurt...because it was *his*.

But his vigil, would it ever, ever end? That book you've been carrying around all week, Mr. Corcoran, what's it about? Here, read it, tell me what you think. He was a spy with phony papers, an actor on a rickety stage.... While I've got you here in the office, Mr. Corcoran, can you fill in this employee insurance form? Sorry, have to take it home with me, got a conference with a parent in two minutes. Here, John, can you read this mimeograph and give me some feedback? Sorry, just got back from the ophthalmologist, my eyes are dilated, can't. Always in a hurry, always a little distracted, always forgot his glasses, always burying pens under paper so the moment wouldn't come. Always tossing a dictionary at students who were stuck on a word. Funny, not just one dictionary in Mr. Corcoran's room, but twenty or thirty, in case, somehow, one day, *everyone* got stuck on a word.

The morning bulletin? He let a student read it. A discipline problem? He handled it himself—if it went to the principal, he'd have to write a report. A stomachache, a fever? He went to school anyway, so he wouldn't have to write the substitute a lesson plan. He arrived early, stayed late, hung out in the library more than any other teacher, hauled in boxes of secondhand books he had bought at flea markets, and dispensed them to the kids—my God, who could ever even remotely consider that...?

It was all in the air he gave off, as if reading a birthday card out loud at a family gathering, glancing at a menu, or filling in his medical history at the doctor's were a little beneath him. How coolly he could hand them to his wife, pick up a magazine, and leaf through it. Kathy was a good girl, she filled out his forms, read and wrote his letters.

Why, then, people would ask years later when his long ruse was finished, why didn't he simply ask *her* to teach him to read and write? No! He couldn't humble himself before her that way, he couldn't truly believe that anyone could teach him that. Why didn't she simply insist? No! He could be a powerful, dominating man, a master of orchestration—maybe, almost subconsciously, she needed to hold that one thing over him, to keep the scales of their marriage from tipping. And if that moment ever came, that nightmare when the literates locked the door, encircled him, stuck a book before him, and screamed, *Read!* John Corcoran had a contingency plan even for that: Fake a heart attack. A stroke. That's how much the masquerade meant.

And he was pulling it off, he had it almost down to a science...so *why?* he wonders sometimes now. Why was he still starved for something more tangible to assure him he was okay? At age twenty-eight, he borrowed $2,500, bought a second house, fixed it up, and rented it. Bought and rented another and another. Purchased some land, had a few houses built, started visualizing things that men who used the other half of their brains couldn't see. He worked harder and harder, his business got bigger and bigger, until he needed a full-time secretary to read him his correspondence, a full-time lawyer to read his contracts, a partner—his wife's brother—to oversee the office. And then one day his accountant told him he was a millionaire. Damn, his teaching colleagues said, never realized Corcoran could be so shrewd, so good at taking risks—how'd that ever happen?

A millionaire. Perfect. Who'd notice that a millionaire always pulled on the doors that said PUSH, or paused before entering public bathrooms, waiting to see from which one the men walked out? Who'd notice that he got lost when you gave him directions, that he had his subcontractors write in their own names when he issued checks, that he hardly had any *close* friends?

He quit teaching in 1979. His staff grew to twenty people. Taiwanese-American investors began to back him, twenty-five limited partnerships joined his stable. He deserved this...didn't he? Hadn't he overcome twice as many obstacles, hyperventilated twice as hard as anyone else? Wasn't he hyperventilating still? Yes, this was the horror: The more land he bought, the more apartments and motels and housing developments he built, the more construction loans he signed his name to, the wealthier

and more successful he became...the more and more the man who couldn't read had to lean upon *them,* the literates. The ones he had never really trusted, the ones who had smacked his palms, whipped his calves, condemned him to the dumb row.

But he was home free—why'd he feel more and more scared? The walls of each room in his house began to vanish, covered by shelf after shelf of books. He spent hours during vacations sitting in a bookstore in a stuffed chair by the fireplace, gazing at pages. He stared at two or three network-news programs each evening and then down at his newspaper, hoping, *please,* to connect the words he heard with the hieroglyphics. He went to two classes of a speed-reading course, a desperate lunge for magic. Magic or miracle—he was convinced now that it would take something superhuman to solder the short circuit in his head. The Bible! he thought on some nights. Wouldn't a *just* God let him read the Bible? He grabbed the book, opened it to the first page—no? Well, then, he'd punish God, refuse to believe in him, erase him from the cosmos. And then come yo-yoing back in a cold sheen of Irish-Catholic sweat....

Stop, up with the houselights. Move to the back of the theater now, stand behind the very last row. From here you can see it, see all that the award-winning actor cannot see. The deepening resentment of the wife. The growing tension of the overworked father. The gradual erosion of family life. The mounting anxiety of his partner, Kathy's brother, because John can't seem to stop risking, expanding. The inevitable screech of the national economy and the California real estate market....

In 1982 the bottom began to fall out, the charade to shatter. His properties began to sit empty, his creditors to call, his financial backers to evaporate. Sell, John, his wife's brother urged. Take a loss, sell *now.* Impossible, he couldn't. He began laying off employees so he could pay the interest on his loans, whittling his staff. The Taiwanese-Americans pulled out. A zillion documents were piling on his desk, nearly all the front men he had gathered around himself to intercept them were gone, threats of foreclosures and lawsuits began tumbling out of envelopes. File bankruptcy, his wife's brother urged, go Chapter 11, *now.*

No. Never. Please, Kathy, did he have to get down on his knees and beg? He needed her more and more to write and read letters for him, but she was working long hours with terminal-cancer patients at a clinic and had nothing left, at 9:00 P.M., to give. His son's grades went to hell all at once—my God, what if the boy can't read, what if John had passed it along in his blood? His driver's license was about to expire again—who had time anymore to memorize which box to check for twenty-five questions on *each* of the written test's five possible versions? Each waking moment, it seemed, he was pleading with bankers to extend his loans, coaxing builders to stay on the job, negotiating with lawyers to settle out of court, trying to make sense of the pyramid of paper. His wife's brother walked away, sued him for $10 million; Kathy got ripped this way and that. Another man sued him, then another and another; his shoulder and neck muscles tensed up like fists. He couldn't sleep; he lay on the floor some nights, spread his arms, and begged God to save him. They were ganging up on

him, the bastards, they were tearing down the facade plank by plank. And they wouldn't stop until he was alone and penniless and they had him on the witness stand, sworn to the truth under threat of perjury, and the man in black robes said: The truth, John Corcoran. Can you not even read?

In the fall of 1986, at the age of forty-eight, he did two things he swore he never would. He put up his house as collateral, to obtain one last construction loan. And he walked into the Carlsbad Library and told the woman in charge of the tutoring program, "I can't read."

He cried. He filled with dread. He was certain it was hopeless.

He was placed with a sixty-five-year old grandmother named Eleanor Condit. Strange, how she didn't seem horrified by his true face. Strange, how she just encouraged him to go on. She sat with him through a TV series on how words came to be, on the history of the English language, and the Monster began losing its snarl. And painstakingly—letter by letter, phonic by phonic, the way it might have been done forty years ago—she began teaching him to tame it. Within fourteen months, John Corcoran's land development company began to revive. And John Corcoran could read.

The next step was confession, a speech before two hundred stunned businessmen in San Diego. To heal he had to come clean, he had to give all those years of pain a *reason*. He was placed on the board of directors of the San Diego Council on Literacy, began traveling across the country to give speeches and lobby legislators on the need to attack America's invisible epidemic, the one that afflicts a staggering 85 percent of its juvenile delinquents, 75 percent of its citizens without jobs. "Illiteracy is a form of slavery," he would cry. "A form of child neglect, child abuse. We can't waste time blaming anyone. As a country, we need to become *obsessed* with teaching people to read, *now*!"

He could sleep, now that each next minute of his life didn't need to be controlled. He read every book or magazine he could get his hands on, every road sign he passed, out loud as long as Kathy could bear it—it was glorious, it was like singing!

And then one day it occurred to him, one more thing he could finally do. Yes, that dusty box in his office, that sheaf of paper bound by ribbon.... A quarter century later, John Corcoran could read his wife's love letters.

Septima Clark and the Citizenship Schools

Myles Horton with Judith & Herbert Kohl

We had made the decision to do something about racism—we were having workshops with black and white people to figure out some answers—but we didn't know how to tackle the problem. The Highlander staff didn't approach it theoretically or intellectually, they just decided to get the people together and trust that the solution would arise from them.

We were in a stage with no clear-cut program, but we were beginning to have a lot of people coming to Highlander from Asia and Africa who couldn't find any other place in the South where they felt comfortable. This was getting us more and more interested in trying to work with people on an international level, not as a major program, but just another facet of Highlander. At this time Eleanor Roosevelt was looking for people to do unofficial support work for the United Nations, and we thought that might be a way to work with people in other countries. In 1955 we decided to have an exploratory workshop to see how interested people would be in using the United Nations volunteer organizations as a possible basis for relating to other countries. It was a shot in the dark.

As it turned out, we did a lot of analysis in that workshop, but it was analysis of the South, not the United Nations. We had economists there, political scientists, people connected with the United Nations, just trying to find out if there was an interest in that subject. The Highlander board had decided we had to deal with the problem of racism. It was on the basis of attempting to do something about racism that we were exploring these other possibilities and trying to find out from people themselves how we could go about it. We had set ourselves a goal, but we didn't have the slightest idea how to achieve it.

Some of the people who came to the UN workshops were from the Sea Islands of South Carolina, a chain running north and south of Charleston down into Georgia—little islands that were populated by the last group of slaves brought over to the United States before slave trading stopped. Many of the people there speak Gullah, a mixture of an African language and English. It's a little difficult to understand at first, but once you listen closely, you can figure it out.

The people who began coming to Highlander from the Sea Islands started talking about their problems. One man, Esau Jenkins, was an enterprising businessman from Johns Island who had a restaurant and a motel, and also ran a bus for people from the

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island who worked as domestics for the rich folks in Charleston. On the trips back and forth across the bridge, he would try to teach them to read well enough to pass the examination that was required for people to vote in South Carolina. But the trip was only thirty minutes long, too short to do much, and he also discovered that although a few people had passed the test, some were only memorizing the Constitution and not learning to read at all. Esau said that he wasn't interested in the United Nations, but he was concerned about getting teachers to help people learn to read and write, so that they could vote.

Another UN workshop participant, Septima Clark, got interested in Esau's program. She was a teacher from Charleston, South Carolina, who had taught on Johns Island and knew the situation there.

Now Highlander doesn't initiate programs; we help former students carry out the programs that they themselves ask us to help them with. I went down to Johns Island and was in and out for almost a year trying to figure out how to help Esau. I'd get acquainted by going fishing with the people. I'd spend the night with them, work with them on their farms and play with their children.

We weren't thinking of it primarily as a literacy program, because teaching people to read and write was only one step toward their becoming citizens and social activists. The immediate goal was getting the right to vote. Becoming literate was only a part of a larger process. We tried to fit literacy into a program that would be clear enough to be effective, and one the people could run themselves.

It didn't take long to learn that there was money available for literacy education in South Carolina. In fact, they couldn't spend the money they had. There was federal money and state money, there were literacy teachers on the payroll who hadn't had a student for years, so it wasn't a matter of money or teachers. Obviously we needed to look for something else. Once we put our minds to it it was easy to find out that all the past efforts at trying to teach the Johns Islanders to read and write were demeaning programs carried on by rather dominating, opinionated teachers who made the students feel so inferior that they didn't want to have anything to do with them. We were looking for the opposite approach, one that would be based on respect and make people feel as comfortable as possible in a new and difficult learning situation.

I knew from the early days of Highlander that you couldn't carry on an educational program with the kinds of people we were interested in working with until you could forget many of the things learned in college and start listening to the people themselves. I was trying to apply this "learning from the people" idea to the residents of the Sea Islands. As I got acquainted with them and acquired more understanding, it became quite simple. The only reason problems seem complicated is that you don't understand them well enough to make them simple. We needed to determine what the motivation would be, who could best facilitate learning and what would be the best learning environment.

Certainly the first people you want to avoid are certified teachers, because people with teaching experience would likely impose their schooling methodology on the stu-

dents and be judgmental. We wanted someone who would care for and respect the learners, and who would not be threatening—which means that the teacher should be black, like them.

Then we decided that it would be threatening to people to bring them into a formal schoolroom. Some unsuccessful literacy programs brought these people into the schools, where their grandchildren went and made them sit at desks so small that they couldn't get their legs under the tables. The children called the adults "daddy longlegs." We decided to find an old building of some kind where they'd be comfortable and feel at home, and since there was already a cooperative store on the island, we decided to use its back room for the school. We put in a potbellied stove, tables to write on (there were no desks) and some chairs.

Before the first Citizenship School started and the Highlander staff members were working on the idea, I did something that I've found very useful. I pretended that we had already started one of the schools in an informal place, with a nonjudgmental person in charge. The adults were there to learn to read so they could register and vote and perhaps learn other things they might want to know. I could just see these people in my mind's eye in an informal nonschool setting. Then I could see somebody who hadn't been a teacher before struggling along learning with them and working with them and drawing them out. I went through the next night and the next, and then I decided the students couldn't take it every night, so they would go twice a week. In almost the same way, I decided the program had to be condensed into a period short enough that they could see an end to it, say, the three-month period between crops, when they would have some leisure time on their hands. I figured out the length of the program primarily on the basis of the crops, not by intellectualizing about learning.

I made up a movie in my mind of what would happen during those three months, and when I'd see certain things going wrong in my mind's eye I'd re-edit the film or erase the movie and start over again. Then I replayed the film until I finally got most of the bugs out of it. After that I wondered how it would look if I ran the movie backward, and when I tried it I found some things I hadn't caught in running it forward. I'd sit by the hour and imagine all these things until I got it simple enough that I could throw away the excess baggage and all the things I'd done wrong. I did this because I don't think it's right to experiment with people when you can work out a hypothesis in your head.

When I thought I had it all worked out in my mind, Esau Jenkins and Septima Clark and I decided it was time to find a "teacher." Septima recommended her niece, Bernice Robinson. She had been to workshops at Highlander and had told us that if she could ever do anything for Highlander to let her know, but when we told her what we had in mind, she said, "Oh no, not that, I'm not a teacher." I told her, "That's exactly why you're going to do this. You know how to listen, and you respect the adults who want to vote."

Bernice was a black beautician. Compared to white beauticians, black beauticians had status in their own community. They had a higher-than-average education and,

because they owned their own businesses, didn't depend on whites for their incomes. We needed to build around black people who could stand up against white oppression, so black beauticians were terribly important.

That's how we started the initial class. Bernice and her fourteen students decided to call it a Citizenship School. The first thing Bernice put up on the wall for them eventually to learn to read was the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights. Since we were operating from the basis that these were adults with dignity, it was important to challenge them with something worthy of the attention and concern of an adult. Our objective was to help them understand that they could both play a role at home and help change the world.

Bernice began the first class in the back room of the cooperative store by saying, "I am not a teacher, we are here to learn together. You're going to teach me as much as I'm going to teach you." She had no textbooks or teacher's manuals. Her only materials were the UN Declaration of Human Rights, the state constitution and some materials for teaching schoolchildren which she quickly realized were too juvenile for mature adults.

Bernice and the students developed the curriculum day by day. They learned to write letters, order catalogs and fill out money orders. They made up stories about the vegetables they grew and the tools they used.

"They tell me a story," Mrs. Robinson told us, "a story which I write down, then they learn to read the story. It's their story in their words, and they are interested because it's theirs." She gave priority to their immediate interests so they could experience the usefulness and joy of learning.

At the beginning there was a problem over pencils. Many of the people in class were in their sixties, and most of them were used to holding a plow or a hoe, or throwing out a fishing net. When they'd first hold a pencil, nine times out of ten they'd break it. The physical adjustment isn't easy. You could hear those pencils snapping all over the room. We decided right there that no teacher should ever show any concern about pencils, because that would be intimidating, but simply hand students another one and say there're plenty more. Because they had so many other obstacles to overcome, we tried to make unimportant things like that as insignificant as possible.

This first Citizenship School, which met twice a week for three months, grew from fourteen to thirty-seven students, and 80 percent of them graduated and got their certificates, that is, they registered to vote. People on the neighboring Edisto Island heard about the Citizenship School students' success in registering to vote and asked it they also could have a school. Although we hadn't thought beyond that first experimental class, we said, "All you have to do is find three people and a teacher. That's all. We'll furnish the pencils." They asked for some help, so Bernice went over and helped them set up their school. What we believed in was starting people on a path of group action. Along with becoming literate, they learned to organize, they learned to protest, they learned to demand their rights, because they also learned that you couldn't just read

and write yourself into freedom. You had to fight for that and you had to do it as part of a group, not as an individual.

All the time Highlander was involved in the Citizenship School program, we insisted that while voter registration was a great goal, voting wouldn't do the job alone. We don't hold with those who say that you mustn't challenge people, that you have to be very cautious and tell them that if they take this first step, they'll win. That's an insulting thing to say to a person. We say, "That's the first step, but it's only the first step. If you're black, white folks aren't going to pay any attention to you even if you can vote. Sure, get in there and vote, but then you've got to demonstrate."

The idea was to stretch people's minds. One way we did that was to bring in visiting black activists from other places in the South to share their experiences with the students. We believed this all had to be done by black people for themselves in order for it to be educationally sound. By the time the Citizenship School students finished their classes, they knew that voting by itself was not enough. Even before the school was over they'd go to Charleston and demonstrate and make demands that public facilities be opened up for them. These were people who only a short time ago had believed they couldn't do anything. They felt confident now; they were being challenged; and most of all, they were forcing whites to treat them with respect.

When I first knew Septima Clark, she was a grade-school teacher with no significant experience in adult education. She had been an active member of the NAACP and was, in fact, fired because she refused to withdraw from this organization. So she wasn't an inactive person, but her experience wasn't the kind that would prepare her to work at a place like Highlander. She was recommended by the fact that she stood up and because she was already interested in the Sea Islands. At that time Highlander needed an approach to professional black people. Our record was with labor black people, not with teachers. Septima seemed to be the kind of person who could make a contribution along those lines. I had confidence that she would learn whatever else was needed.

It was a sign of her growth in understanding that this professional teacher agreed within two years of her arrival at Highlander that we should not use other professional teachers in the Citizenship Schools. Septima moved on to become the director of the integration workshops at Highlander, and then the director of the Citizenship School program, in which she was responsible for organizing and spreading the Citizenship Schools throughout the South.

As the first teacher, more than Septima or I or anybody else had done, Bernice Robinson developed the methods used by the Citizenship Schools. Never having been a teacher, she had to figure out how to accomplish this in her own way, and in doing it she hit on things that people now are doing in many different settings. Paulo Freire talks about it, people in Nicaragua are talking about it. Bernice was talking about those things then. She just got it from common sense, from her own intelligent analysis of the situation, from loving people and caring for them and, above all, from respecting people and dealing with them as they are.

Septima had selected Bernice. She backed Bernice. Then she took the Citizenship School idea and spread it all through the South. She played a major role not only at Highlander, as a workshop director, but later on as a Citizenship School director. Septima is honored as one of the outstanding women of the civil rights movement, along with Rosa Parks, Fannie Lou Hamer and Ella Baker. To take the benchmark from where she started and where she ended is the exciting part, because it shows her growth and development. Quite often her way of doing things wasn't my way of doing things. She was less interested in asking questions—I'd run a whole workshop and never do anything but ask questions. Septima relied on materials. I was trying to help people learn, and she was trying to teach people. The way I tried to help people learn was to share my interest in learning with them. She was doing the same thing—that was her way of learning—so she shared that with them. In that sense we were doing the same thing. Her approach was much more popular than mine. People want help. They don't want you to ask them a lot of questions.

Soon the Citizenship School program started island-hopping. We never brought anybody into that system from the outside. After it started island-hopping it began to move into other states and within two years it was growing by the hundreds. It was very spontaneous because it was so simple. Then Highlander was asked to help work out a program to orient more teachers. We found that by bringing twenty potential teachers at a time to Highlander for a residential training program and using Citizenship School teachers to train them we could use these new recruits to come back the next time as teachers for the next group. They were not only successful in helping people in their own communities learn to read and write and become citizens and learn to protest and demonstrate, but they got the dignity and satisfaction of training other people. Part of their job was to keep the process going.

We finally said, "Look, you don't need to come to Highlander if you're down in Louisiana. Get a place for the class to meet. You can do exactly what we did. You know who the teachers should be. You can do the whole thing yourselves." And so it became a self-perpetuating system. We just mixed in the yeast at the beginning and set the process in motion. With Septima Clark to provide the leadership, the program expanded into Georgia and other parts of the South.

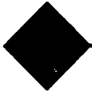
Highlander's chief interest is in starting up programs. Sometimes we start off programs that get people going and our job is to get out of the way before we are run over. The Citizenship School project eventually became too big for us; in fact, it became bigger than all the rest of Highlander put together. When it gets to that stage, other people can take it over and operate it. Martin Luther King, Jr., whom I met when he was a junior at Morehouse College, asked if we would set up an educational program for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), and I asked him exactly what he wanted. After we talked about it several times, I said, "We've got a ready-made program that you can have. Take the Citizenship School program, it's too big for us." He backed off at first, but then he very meticulously went over the records and the costs and finally decided this was a program he wanted to recom-

mend to his board. SCLC took that program over and we helped set it up. Septima Clark and Andrew Young (who had come to Highlander earlier in the year to work with the program) joined the SCLC staff.

In February of 1961, when we turned the Citizenship Schools program over to SCLC, I gave the following farewell talk to the prospective teachers who were in training at Highlander, the people who would be working on spreading the program throughout the South:

> People learn faster and with more enjoyment when they are involved in a successful struggle for justice that has reached social movement proportions, one that is getting attention and support outside the movement, and it's socially big enough to go far beyond the individuals involved. It's a much bigger experience than anything you've had before as an individual. It's bigger than your organization, and it's qualitatively different, not just more of the same. I want the struggle for social and economic justice to get big and become so dynamic that the atmosphere in which you're working is so charged that sparks are darting around very fast, and they explode and create other sparks, and it's almost perpetual motion. Learning jumps from person to person with no visible explanation of how it happened.
>
> To get something like this going in the first place you have to have a goal. That goal shouldn't be one that inhibits the people you're working with, but it should be beyond the goal you expect them to strive for. If your goal isn't way out there somewhere and isn't challenging and daring enough, then it is going to get in your way and it will also stand in the way of other people. Since my goal happened to be a goal of having a revolutionary change in this country and all over the world, it's unlikely to get in the way in the near future.

Learning Partnerships and Literacy Acceleration



Lucille T. Chagnon

We Learn Best What We Teach

Literacy tutoring allows you to channel your personal energy and creativity into a working partnership with individuals who want to read better. They will become real Learning Partners once you are open to learning from them as much as they do from you.

Tutoring is a highly marketable skill and, contrary to popular myths, one that almost anyone can learn. Since we learn best what we teach, why not suggest to your Learning Partners that they accelerate their own learning by tutoring a child who is having difficulty reading, with you as a mentor at their side?

Good Tutors Listen with Their Eyes and Their Heart

The single most essential skill for literacy acceleration is the capacity to genuinely listen—to yourself and to your Learning Partners, not just with your ears, but with your eyes and with your heart.

First, genuine listening creates safe space and takes away the anxiety that inhibits learning. When you feel safe, you are open to new thoughts, new possibilities. Difficulties become not a threat to avoid and deny, but a challenge to face—or to consciously decide not to face yet. When you feel safe, you don't have to apologize or pretend. In fact, past performance, high or low, makes little difference. A new world of learning opens.

Secondly, genuine listening allows you to discover your greatest resource: your partners' life experience and real interests—and your own. When your Learning Partners are allowed to follow their deepest interests, they can focus more easily and learning becomes organic. If you let their enthusiasm and the light in their eyes guide you, motivation will become self-reinforcing. Just listen for clues about their new or hidden interests to point you to library books, magazines, newspapers, and other materials containing words and phrases they know. Have the courage to drop anything that is of no interest or smacks of busywork.

Paradoxically, how well you listen to your deepest self will be the measure of how well you hear what your Learning Partners share with you. Allow yourself to trust your own instincts, insights, and interests. As you become more conscious of the learnings from your own life experience, the time you spend together will be greatly

enriched. You will discover the synergy of two people engaged in a common task. You will experience a level of heartfelt responsiveness and productive creativity that may be new to both of you.

Tell me, *I forget.*	*Show me,* *I remember.*	*Involve me,* *I understand.*	*—Chinese Proverb*

Tutoring Mini-Log

An Easy Planning and Summary Chart

Lucille T. Chagnon

Learning Partner & Home Tel. ________________ /________ Organization ______________

Tutoring Location & Tel. ________________ /___________ Tutor ____________________

To plan your tutoring session: 1. Write the **date** at the top of the first free column.
2. In that column, put a **dot** across from each of the things you plan to do.
To record what you did: after each tutoring session turn the relevant dots into **check marks**.
On the back, record the date and time spent and anything significant that happened.

Dates:										
a. you read to them										
b. journal keeping/free writing										
c. silent reading										
d. mind mapping/brainstorming										
e. writing personal stories										
f. writing poetry or stories										
g. finding library books										
h. picture books: storytelling										
i. they read to you										
j. four-level reflection										
k. decoding: mostly context clues										
l. decoding phonetically										
m. word families, rhyming words										
n. magazines, newspapers										
o. working at the computer										
p. word games										
q. tutor training										
r. other: explain on reverse										

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The Four-Level Reflection Method

Adapted from the Institute of Cultural Affairs' Art Form Method
by Lucille T. Chagnon

There are two ways to experience reality.

First, get totally into it: *Be here now!*

Second, stand back and reflect on the experience: immediately after or later
alone or with others

This Four-Level Reflection is a simple way to experience your experience. It can take two minutes or two hours. It can be used with any age group, in any setting: to reflect on a story, an article, a film, a work of art, a large or small event, a family argument, a trip, a class, a course, a job, a project—you name it! Use it to write reports or simply to reflect on your day.

Here are questions to choose from, depending on the situation. Make up your own. Let the reflection flow simply and naturally. Have fun with it.

FACTS *content*	1st level—OBJECTIVE: IMPRESSIONISTIC SENSE DATA ONLY What did you see? Objects? Scenes? Colors? What did you hear? Words? Phrases? Music? Sounds? Noises? Who was involved? Who were the characters? Major? Minor?
FEELINGS *response*	2nd level—SUBJECTIVE: REACTION TO THE OBJECTIVE DATA Where did you see emotions? feel emotions within yourself? What surprised you? Excited you? Bored you? Alarmed you? Whom did you like? Dislike? Whom did you identify with? What objects were symbols for you? What music or sounds did you hear in your mind? What state of being did the experience leave you with?
MEANING *learnings*	3rd level—INTERPRETIVE: RELATING FEELING TO FACT; INSIGHT Where do you see this going on around you? In your own life? If you could talk back to this event, what word would you say? What song or book title sums up this experience? Give it a name. What are the learnings you've gleaned from the event or the reflection?
NEED/NEXT *imperatives*	4th level—DECISIONAL: NEW REALITY IN LIGHT OF NEW INSIGHT What are some personal implications of the insights gained? Is there anything you might do or do differently, given this experience?

1994 Inaugural Speech

Nelson Mandela

Our deepest fear is not that we are inadequate.
Our deepest fear is that we are powerful beyond all measure.
It is our light, not our darkness, that most frightens us.

We ask ourselves, who am I to be
brilliant, gorgeous, talented and fabulous?
Actually, who are you NOT to be?

You are a child of God.
Your playing small doesn't serve the world.
There's nothing enlightened about shrinking
so that other people won't feel insecure around you.

We were born to make manifest
the glory of God that is within us.
It is not just in some of us: it's in everyone.

And as we let our own light shine,
we unconsciously give other people permission to do the same.

As we are liberated from our own fears
our presence automatically liberates others.

From 1994 Inaugural Speech of Nelson Mandela.

Voice Hidden

Voice Heard

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