A Teaching Moment

For me, one of the most important aspects of teaching is creating learning opportunities for students with diverse backgrounds, abilities, and interests. In all of my classes, I design projects that allow students to shine.

Several years ago, my classes were working furiously on their capstone museum exhibit project. They worked in groups that had been together throughout the year and had developed a sense of trust and collaboration. Each group had a particular focus and a piece of the exhibit to complete.

Of course, in all group projects there tend to be students who don’t pull their weight. This particular year I had a student, let’s call him Bill, who really didn’t do his part and made everyone in his group angry. Bill didn’t do well in general and appeared to lack motivation and an interest in learning.

One evening, his group of about five students stood outside the dorm looking at their enormous unpainted canvas. (They had sewn a canvas large enough to cover a 12-foot teepee.) I brought them a small 8.5 × 11 book of Plains Indian designs from which to choose. They thought I was crazy! How in the world were they going to translate something that small onto this huge canvas?

After about 20 minutes of silence—very uncomfortable silence—Bill came up to me and asked to see the pictures. He studied them for a few minutes and then asked me if I had any duct tape. Nodding yes, I headed for the office and got him a large roll.

With the rest of his group looking on with expressions of “now what is he going to do?” Bill proceeded to outline two eagles and chevron decorations around the entire canvas. When he finished, the students saw that painting inside the duct tape would give them an incredibly beautiful canvas for their teepee.

Jaws on the ground, mine included, the students congratulated Bill. The next day, all of the other groups asked Bill to outline the backgrounds for their exhibit pieces. His spatial intelligence was excellent, and he finally contributed something of substance in a way recognizable by everyone. And I was validated for offering the students this kind of experience.
Peter Senge begins his book *The Fifth Discipline: Fieldbook* (1994) by describing a common greeting of the tribes of Northern Natal in South Africa. They greet one another by saying "sawu bona" and "sikhona." The expression *sawu bona* means, literally, "I see you," and the reply *sikhona* means "I am here." This exchange is important because its inherent meaning is clear: your greeting acknowledges my particularity, and my reply confirms the success of your acknowledgment. If one goal of education is to develop self-sufficient, curious human beings, we must teach the value of each individual. Thus, you are about to explore personal narratives (personal stories) as a first step toward participating in building your communities. Because you are a unique individual, your educational process—the road you are making—must validate and reflect what you bring to your academic experience.

Learning has affective and subjective dimensions. Your intellectual development includes both learning to articulate your own point of view and listening to the views of others. In this manner, you become responsible creators of your own knowledge and meaning. After all, not only is education defined by specific measures, such as exams, grades, and statistics, but it is also the process of developing your mind. Because each mind is different, your educational experience needs to recognize your uniqueness and should confirm you in the manner of *sawu bona* and *sikhona*.

Many educators agree that you should acquire a depth and breadth of knowledge, develop the ability to communicate, think critically, be acquainted with important methods of inquiry, secure lasting intellectual and cultural interests, gain self-knowledge, and learn how to make informed judgments. In fact, most educators agree that your undergraduate experience must lead to your becoming a more competent, more complete and concerned human being. In other words, you are to develop the ability to become involved in life on visual, verbal, and auditory levels and you are to gain an understanding of history, science, and the arts, along with an understanding that knowledge is essential for a fulfilling, responsible life. Going to college is supposed to make you an *educated person*.

What is an educated person? Part of the answer to this, surely, is that there is no single answer. On the contrary, the whole notion of *sawu bona/sikhona* suggests that there must be as many answers as there is diversity among us in our natural endowments and worldviews. Later in this First Journey...
Journey, you will read a speech by A. Bartlett Giamatti, who is convinced that you should be learning just for the sake of learning. However, we know that today’s students desperately cling to the hope that a college education will give them a ticket to a better future.

Therefore, if we, as educators, neglect the importance of enabling you to make connections across the curriculum and to your lives, we fail miserably in our mission to educate. Not only have we then ignored your very real need to see your education as a commodity to be traded for a better life, but we have also undermined our own ability to foster the intellectual engagement that is at the foundation of higher learning.

A liberal education need not be useless if we adhere to the notion of sawu bona/sikhona. This First Journey pays attention to your variety of learning styles, values, differing attitudes toward education, various levels of motivation, cultural backgrounds, and skill levels. In each of the four chapters within this journey, you will be asked to bring yourself fully into your academic experience. Only then will you be able to appreciate your role in your own education.
There's something about a nice crunchy pickle, isn't there? I mean the aroma may make some people puke, but for me it's the taste and the juice forcing itself into your mouth like a divine cascade of flavor. As a wise man once said, "It's like a taste explosion in your mouth!"

Well, this article really has nothing to do with pickles, nor does it have anything to do with eating or wise men at all. In fact this article has nothing to do with anything tangible, unless you choose to follow along. Though you don't have to, I would strongly suggest it as you could have quite the nifty little craft project by the end of this piece!

**The Jar**

Time Management theories have come and gone. I've tried many of these and most have failed because of the sheer amount of time I needed to commit to the theory in order to save some time. The return just never seemed to justify the cost, if you know what I mean.

The latest theory of Time Management I heard has actually caused me to stop and think about how I run my entire life. This kind of thing doesn't happen very often, and nor I don't mean thinking, cheeky readers! The theory that was recently taught in a Leadership course I'm enduring is called the Pickle Jar Theory.

**The Theory**

Imagine if you will an, or for those crafty people among you just go get an, empty pickle jar. Big pickle jar, you could fit at least three of the largest pickles you've ever imagined inside of it. For those of you who don't like pickles, I apologize, feel free to substitute the words "pancake jar" for "pickle jar" as needed.

Okay, so you've got yourself a pickle jar. Now, put some large rocks in it. Put in as many as you possibly can. Let me know when it's full. Now, I know you think it's full, but put a couple more in anyway.

Okay, you've got a full pickle jar that you can't fit anything else into, right? Now, put some pebbles in. Put as many as you possibly can. Let me know when it's full. Now, I know you think it's full, but put a couple more in anyway.

Okay, you've got a full pickle jar that you can't fit anything else into, right? Now, put some pebbles in. Put as many as you can possibly fit, and raise your hand and bark like a pig when you feel your jar is full.

Now, take your full jar and take sand and, you guessed it, fill that jar until you can't possibly fit anymore in, and then add some water.

I am sure the significance of this little exercise hasn't escaped any of you. Each of us has many large priorities in our life, represented by the large rocks. We also have things which we enjoy doing, such as the pebbles. We have other things we have to do, like the sand. And finally, we have things that simply clutter up our lives and get in everywhere: water.

How you spend your time is a clear reflection of what you consider important in your life. In fact, how you spend time shows others what you value. Managing time is managing your life. Take the time to make the time.

**TIME MANAGEMENT: THE PICKLE JAR THEORY**

Jeremy Wright
None of these are bad things. After all, we need the gamut of these objects—from large priorities to times of rest—in order to feel truly fulfilled. No Time Management theory should be without balance, and the Pickle Jar Theory is all about balance. You make time for everything, and everything simply fits well where it is supposed to fit.

**Me and My Day**

As an example of my pre-pickle day, my little to-do list looked a lot like this:

- **8:00** check and respond to email
- **8:30** check various community sites and respond where required
- **9:00** ensure all web properties are running properly
- **9:15** set priorities for the day
- **9:30** go for a walk, grab some water
- **10:00** do website maintenance, remove outdated content
- **11:00** draft an article
- **11:30** polish next article to go out
- **12:00** ensure all things web-related are handled, running well and all questions are answered
- **12:30** lunch
- **1:30** do programming on latest large project
- **2:30** write letters to clients to keep them abreast of changes in the last three days to their projects
- **3:30** check with team on progress, deal with issues
- **4:30** etc., etc., etc.

Now, I may have actually accomplished a lot in this type of day; in fact, I typically did. All my websites were running properly, I'd written an article or two, I'd done actual work, I'd built client relationships, I'd ensured my team was working properly, so what could be wrong?

Well, take a look at the first five hours of my day. Between 8am and 1pm, all I manage to actually get done that couldn't fit into other times when my mind tends to wander (and I tend to do these things anyway) was a little bit of article writing.

This part of the day was really a supreme waste of time. I often went to lunch feeling like I was convincing myself that I had been productive. At the end of the day I always believed that a lot got done, but my lunch times always felt slightly depressing.

Beyond that, this schedule did not work if a client walked in and needed an exceptional amount of work done, if a site had crashed overnight, or if I had an email that required more than five minutes of attention. If anything unexpected happened, which we all know should actually be expected, my whole morning and often my entire day fell apart.

**My New, Improved Day**

In these post-pickle days, my schedule looks rather different. I now schedule in times when my rocks should get done and let my other priorities, the unexpected and little things I do all day, like surf the web, fill in the gaps. New schedule:

- **8:00** figure out rocks for the day (literally, this is what it says!) and deal with emergencies
- **8:30** article writing as appropriate
- **10:00** programming
- **13:00** client correspondence

Suddenly I have what feels like a more open day. I have more time for programming, I get things done earlier, I am more relaxed, my schedule is more fluid. It all works incredibly well.

In the post-pickle days I realized that I needed to really figure out what my big rocks
were during the day and not schedule time for anything else in my daily routine. Email is not a rock: I can go a few minutes and, wonder of wonders, even a day or two without touching it.

Email is a lot like the phone in that even though we all have our phones on just in case an important call happens, when we look back on our year it is rare that we can remember more than one or two occasions where we absolutely needed to answer our phone or email at that precise instant.

The Detractors

There are of course those in the audience who will never have practiced Time Management techniques in the past. They feel they are productive enough and get "enough" done. I'm glad, way to go, give yourselves a hand. Now, grab your jar again. Empty it.

Fill your jar with water until it is completely full. Now, try and add some sand. What do you mean it didn't work?

This is the essence of the Pickle (or Pancake) Jar Theory. By first ensuring that your large priorities are tackled, scheduled, and done for the day, you can then let the smaller but less important things in until you have somehow allowed time in your day for everything you needed to do, while still relaxing and having fun.

The Value of Water

I strongly encourage everyone to use at least one Time Management System. It empowers you to actually do instead of scurrying about without any goals in sight. Whether you choose this particular system or not, remember: eat the pickles before you empty the jar, they are so good!


The plague of racism is insidious, entering into our minds as smoothly and quietly and invisibly as floating airborne microbes enter into our bodies to find lifelong purchase in our blood streams.

Here is a dark little tale which exposes the general pain of racism. I wrote ten one-hour television programs called Blacks, Blues, which highlighted Africanisms still current in American life. The work was produced in San Francisco at KQED.

The program "African Art’s Impact in Western Art" was fourth in the series. In it I planned to show the impact African sculpture had on the art of Picasso, Modigliani, Paul Klee, and Rouault. I learned

Global Travel

Wouldn’t Take Nothing for My Journey Now

MAYA ANGELOU

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that a Berkeley collector owned many pieces of East African Makonde sculpture. I contacted the collector, who allowed me to select thirty pieces of art. When they were arranged on lighted plinths, the shadows fell from the sculptures on to the floor, and we photographed them in dramatic sequence. The collector and his wife were so pleased with the outcome that at my farewell dinner they presented me with a piece of sculpture as a memento. They were white, older, amused and amusing. I knew that if I lived in their area, we would become social friends.

I returned to New York, but three years later I moved back to Berkeley to live. I telephoned the collector and informed him of my move. He said, "So glad you called. I read of your return in the newspaper. Of course we must get together." He went on, "You know I am the local president of the National Council of Christian and Jews. But you don't know what I've been doing since we last spoke. I've been in Germany trying to ameliorate the conditions for the American soldiers." His voice was weighted with emotion. He said, "You know, the black soldiers are having a horrific time over there, and our boys are having a hard time, too."

I asked, "What did you say?"

He said, "Well, I'm saying that the black soldiers are having it particularly rough, but our guys are having a bad time, too."

I asked, "Would you repeat that?"

He said, "Well, I'm saying . . . " Then his mind played back his statement, or he reheard the echo of his blunder hanging in the air.

He said, "Oh, my God, I've made such a stupid mistake, and I'm speaking to Maya Angelou." He said, "I'm so embarrassed, I'm going to hang up." I said, "Please don't. Please don't. This incident merely shows how insidious racism is. Please, let's talk about it." I could hear embarrassment in his voice, and hesitations and chagrin. Finally, after about three or four minutes, he managed to hang up. I telephoned him three times, but he never returned my telephone calls.

The incident saddened and burdened me. The man, his family and friends were lessened by not getting to know me and my family and friends. And it also meant that I, my family, and my friends were lessened by not getting to know him. Because we never had a chance to talk to each other and learn from each other, racism had diminished all the lives it had touched.

It is time for the preachers, the rabbis, the priests and pundits, and the professors to believe in the awesome wonder of diversity so that they can teach those who follow them. It is time for parents to teach young people early on that in diversity there is beauty and there is strength. We all should know that diversity makes for a rich tapestry, and we must understand that all the threads of the tapestry are equal in value no matter their color; equal in importance no matter their texture.

Our young must be taught that racial peculiarities do exist, but that beneath the skin, beyond the differing features and into the true heart of being, fundamentally, we are more alike, my friend, than we are unalike.

... Mirror twins are different although their features jibe, and lovers think quite different thoughts while lying side by side.
I have interacted
I have maintained a positive attitude
I have had fun
I have learned
I have contributed
I have helped
I have nourished the minds and bodies of children
I have changed
—First-year student

Have you ever wondered what it really means to say, “When I get out in the real world I will . . .”? Why aren’t your educational experiences considered part of the real world? What makes everyone accept the notion that time in school is somehow separate from what will go on afterward? If we can all agree that the mission of higher education is to foster learning, discovery, discussion, and the creation of knowledge about the world, shouldn’t time spent in college be deemed the “real” world? How else do you bridge the gap between theory and practice?

One way is to participate in service learning, community service that is aligned with your course work. When you are involved in a service learning project, the opportunity to be a creative problem solver, a member of a team, a decision maker, and a part of the community arises. More important, making the connection between class content and the work of your community is a valuable bonus to your learning. Enrich your education.

We love and lose in China, we weep on England’s moors, and laugh and moan in Guinea, and thrive on Spanish shores.

We seek success in Finland, are born and die in Maine. In minor ways we differ, in major we’re the same.

I note the obvious differences between each sort and type, but we are more alike, my friends, than we are unalike.

We are more alike, my friends, than we are unalike.
We are more alike, my friends, than we are unalike.

From WOULDN’T TAKE NOTHING FOR MY JOURNEY NOW by Maya Angelou, copyright ©1993 by Maya Angelou. Used by permission of Random House, Inc.
Being Educated

OBJECTIVES

• to review your own experiences with education
• to become familiar with differing perspectives on education
• to understand the concept of a liberal education

We make the road by walking,
Farther than the eye can see, . . .
I Am What I Am

I am what I am. I am Chinese.
My eyes are slanted. So what? Who cares?
I am what I am. I am German.
I am haole. Yet, my skin is not pale.
I am what I am. I am Filipino.
My brown skin. I am perfectly colored.
My light brown skin matches my light brown eyes.
I am what I am. I am Hawaiian.
Who cares if it is not by blood?
I am Hawaii. I am the Aloha Spirit.
Yes, I am in college.
You can hear the educated English when I speak.
You can also hear my pidgin. I love that language.
From my first day to my last,
I will arrive with a “Howzits Brah!!” and
Leave with one loud and happy, “Kay den kuz!”
I am the country.
I am Ewa Beach, Waipahu, and Pearl City.
I am what I am.
If you don’t like it, then who cares?
I am the metal that was poured from the melting pot.
A Chinese man loved a German woman and
A Filipino man loved a Chinese woman.
Their children brought forth a new American.
They brought forth me.
The local, the American, the Teen-Ager, and
The Future of This World!
I am what I am.
And that is what I am.

—Jared Keoni Chun
“I learn something new every day.” Somebody has probably made this statement to you at least once in your life. You have also probably been asked, “What did you learn today?” You were probably asked this question a lot when you were younger, more than you wanted to be. Sometimes it was used as a test by your parents to see if you paid attention at school. Other times it was meant to start a conversation between you and another adult about your day and the events that comprised it. What’s the deeper reality behind these seemingly casual, unimportant conversation starters?

First, they assume that you can, in fact, learn something, that you are capable of experiencing something new. Second, they imply that learning something becomes a part of you, changes you, adds to who you are, to what you can do, to how you are. Finally, the use of the word “learn” indicates a process in which something you did or that was done to you occurred through a series of events, actions, or activities that you were a part of in some way.

Learning is creating. It is a process whose components are information and connection. Learning occurs when information, or “data,” is connected to who we are or, in other words, to what we already know. The connecting transforms the information into meaning for us, making it useful, important, exciting, or fun. For example, I listen to a new song and I decide that I like that song because it has a great melody.

Go deeper. The actual song that I hear is information. When I decide that I like the melody, I have made a connection to how I feel about music or other songs I already like or to what I think about the performer or type of music. I have made the song a part of what I already know, what I have already experienced or think or have liked before. You can come up with hundreds of examples of this process happening every day, in all kinds of ways with all kinds of things. That’s learning.

Information literacy is about making the process of transforming information into learning more deliberate. It is about being able to recognize information, to find the information you want, and to decide the best information for the learning you want or need to do. Information literacy is about knowing when you need information for the best learning possible and knowing where to find the best sources for that information to ensure quality learning. Is the best source of information a person? Is it a book? A website? A television program? Being information literate is knowing how to decide, where to find, and when to look.

There is no learning without information, and there is no quality learning without a conscious effort to get the most relevant raw material (information) possible. Learning, then, is making connections between your internal understanding of yourself in the world and external factors that can influence that internal world. Information is an external repository of influences. By making this process of connecting the internal to the external deliberate, focused, and efficient, we create our own definition of being a learner and being information literate.
Being Educated

In every outthrust headland, in every curving beach, in every grain of sand there is the story of the earth.
—Rachel Carson

So far you have spent over 12 years in school. You have learned skills—reading, writing, word processing, and kickball—and about maps and literature and how to conjugate a verb. You’ve mixed chemicals, played sports, participated in music and art, learned about Roman history, explored the meaning of poetry, created science fair displays, marched in a band, and found a dress for the homecoming dance. What did this all mean to you?

The first and last reading in this chapter highlight where you might have been in your educational career and where you are supposed to be going. Before you read any of the articles in this chapter, take time to reflect back on your educational experience over the years. Do you remember an essentially “good” educational experience? Were you excited and challenged? Was it a worthwhile adventure? Was it an adventure at all? Are your feelings about education based on a teacher, an event, or an experience? Do you remember “bad” educational experiences in your life? Thinking about what you’ve already experienced will help you navigate the journey of higher education.

“Schooling” is the structure most of you experienced during the last 12 years. The goals of “schooling” are to prepare you for college, for citizenship, for life. John Gatto questions the value of this schooling. You’ll have to decide for yourself what was right and what was wrong. Now that you’ve entered the world of higher education, the goals are even loftier. A liberal education opens your mind to endless possibilities and ideas, all of which lead to lifelong learning and a higher quality of life. A. Bartlett Giamatti thinks that the value in exploring knowledge is in itself enough. Is it?

Finally, the readings in the middle of this chapter illustrate new ways to think about education and how it occurs, and how much control you might have over what happens.
I touch the future. I teach. —CHRISTA MCAULIFFE

John Taylor Gatto received the state teacher of the year award in New York and wrote the following acceptance speech. He taught school for over 30 years and was obviously an excellent teacher. However, you will see from this speech, he has a very cynical attitude toward what happens in school.

Have you been taught confusion? Been ignored? Are you indifferent? Dependent on others for ideas or your self-esteem? Or do you feel empowered to embark on the remainder of your educational journey?

THE SEVEN-LESSON SCHOOLTEACHER

Call me Mr. Gatto, please. Twenty-six years ago, having nothing better to do with myself at the time, I tried my hand at schoolteaching. The license I have certifies that I am an instructor of English language and English literature, but that isn't what I do at all. I don't teach English, I teach school—and I win awards doing it.

Teaching means different things in different places, but seven lessons are universally taught from Harlem to Hollywood Hills. They constitute a national curriculum you pay for in more ways than you can imagine, so you might as well know what it is. You are at liberty, of course, to regard these lessons any way you like, but believe me when I say I intend no irony in this presentation. These are the things I teach, these are the things you pay me to teach. Make of them what you will.

1. Confusion

A lady named Kathy wrote this to me from Dubois, Indiana the other day:

What big ideas are important to little kids? Well, the biggest idea I think they need is that what they are learning isn't idiosyncratic—that there is some system to it all and it's not just raining down on them as they helplessly absorb. That's the task, to understand, to make coherent.

Kathy has it wrong. The first lesson I teach is confusion. Everything I teach is out of context. I teach the un-relating of everything. I teach dis-connections. I teach too much: the orbiting of planets, the law of large numbers, slavery, adjectives, architectural drawing, dance, gymnasium, choral singing, assemblies, surprise guests, fire drills, computer
languages, parents’ nights, staff-development days, pull-out programs, guidance with strangers my students may never see again, standardized tests, age-segregation unlike anything seen in the outside world ... What do any of these things have to do with each other?

Even in the best schools a close examination of curriculum and its sequences turns up a lack of coherence, full of internal contradictions. Fortunately the children have no words to define the panic and anger they feel at constant violations of natural order and sequence fobbed off on them as quality in education. The logic of the school-mind is that it is better to leave school with a tool kit of superficial jargon derived from economics, sociology, natural science, and so on, than with one genuine enthusiasm. But quality in education entails learning about something in depth. Confusion is thrust upon kids by too many strange adults, each working alone with only the thinnest relationship with each other, pretending, for the most part, to an expertise they do not possess.

Meaning, not disconnected facts, is what sane human beings seek, and education is a set of codes for processing raw data into meaning. Behind the patchwork quilt of school sequences and the school obsession with facts and theories, the age-old human search for meaning lies well concealed. This is harder to see in elementary school where the hierarchy of school experience seems to make better sense because the good-natured simple relationship between “let’s do this” and “let’s do that” is just assumed to mean something and the clientele has not yet consciously discerned how little substance is behind the play and pretense.

Think of the great natural sequences—like learning to walk and learning to talk; the progression of light from sunrise to sunset; the ancient procedures of a farmer, a smithy, or a shoemaker; or the preparation of a Thanksgiving feast—all of the parts are in perfect harmony with each other, each action justifies itself and illuminates the past and the future. School sequences aren’t like that, not inside a single class and not among the total menu of daily classes. School sequences are crazy. There is no particular reason for any of them, nothing that bears close scrutiny. Few teachers would dare to teach the tools whereby dogmas of a school or a teacher could be criticized, since everything must be accepted. School subjects are learned, if they can be learned, like children learn the catechism or memorize the Thirty-nine Articles of Anglicanism.

I teach the un-relating of everything, an infinite fragmentation the opposite of cohesion; what I do is more related to television programming than to making a scheme of order. In a world where home is only a ghost, because both parents work, or because of too many moves or too many job changes or too much ambition, or because something else has left everybody too confused to maintain a family relation, I teach you how to accept confusion as your destiny. That’s the first lesson I teach.

2. Class Position

The second lesson I teach is class position. I teach that students must stay in the class where they belong. I don’t know who decides my kids belong there but that’s not my business. The children are numbered so that if any get away they can be returned to the right class. Over the years the variety of ways children are numbered by schools has increased dramatically, until it is hard to see the human beings plainly under the weight of numbers they carry. Numbering children is a big and very profitable undertaking, though what the strategy is designed to accomplish is elusive. I don’t even know why parents would, without a fight, allow it to be done to their kids.
In any case, that’s not my business. My job is to make them like being locked together with children who bear numbers like their own. Or at the least to endure it like good sports. If I do my job well, the kids can’t even imagine themselves somewhere else, because I’ve shown them how to envy and fear the better classes and how to have contempt for the dumb classes. Under this efficient discipline the class mostly polices itself into good marching order. That’s the real lesson of any rigged competition like school. You come to know your place.

In spite of the overall class blueprint, which assumes that ninety-nine percent of the kids are in their class to stay, I nevertheless make a public effort to exhort children to higher levels of test scores, hinting at eventual transfer from the lower class as a reward. If I frequently insinuate the day will come when an employer will hire them on the basis of test scores and grades, even though my own experience is that employers are rightly indifferent to such things. I never lie outright, but I’ve come to see that truth and schoolteaching are, at bottom, incompatible, just as Socrates said thousands of years ago. The lesson of numbered classes is that everyone has a proper place in the pyramid and there is no way out of your class except by number magic. Failing that, you must stay where you are put.

3. Indifference

The third lesson I teach is indifference. I teach children not to care too much about anything, even though they want to make it appear that they do. How I do this is very subtle. I do it by demanding that they become totally involved in my lessons, jumping up and down in their seats with anticipation, competing vigorously with each other for my favor. It’s heartwarming when they do that; it impresses everyone, even me. When I’m at my best I plan lessons very carefully in order to produce this show of enthusiasm. But when the bell rings I insist they drop whatever it is we have been doing and proceed quickly to the next work station. They must turn on and off like a light switch. Nothing important is ever finished in my class nor in any class I know of. Students never have a complete experience except on the installment plan.

Indeed, the lesson of bells is that no work is worth finishing, so why care too deeply about anything? Years of bells will condition all but the strongest to a world that can no longer offer important work to do. Bells are the secret logic of schooltime; their logic is inexorable. Bells destroy the past and future, rendering every interval the same as any other, as the abstraction of a map renders every living mountain and river the same, even though they are not. Bells inoculate each undertaking with indifference.

4. Emotional Dependency

The fourth lesson I teach is emotional dependency. By stars and red checks, smiles and frowns, prizes, honors, and disgraces, I teach kids to surrender their will to the predestinated chain of command. Rights may be granted or withheld by any authority without appeal, because rights do not exist inside a school—not even the right of free speech, as the Supreme Court has ruled—unless school authorities say they do. As a schoolteacher, I intervene in many personal decisions, issuing a pass for those I deem legitimate, or initiating a disciplinary confrontation for behavior that threatens my control. Individuality is constantly trying to assert itself among children and teenagers, so my judgments come thick and fast. Individuality is a contradiction of class theory, a curse to all systems of classification.
Here are some common ways it shows up: children sneak away for a private moment in the toilet on the pretext of moving their bowels, or they steal a private instant in the hallway on the grounds they need water. I know they don’t but I allow them to “deceive” me because this conditions them to depend on my favors. Sometimes free will appears right in front of me in pockets of children angry, depressed, or happy about things outside my ken; rights in such matters cannot be recognized by schoolteachers, only privileges that can be withdrawn, hostages to good behavior.

5. Intellectual Dependency

The fifth lesson I teach is intellectual dependency. Good students wait for a teacher to tell them what to do. It is the most important lesson, that we must wait for other people, better trained than ourselves, to make the meanings of our lives. The expert makes all the important choices; only I, the teacher, can determine what my kids must study, or rather, only the people who pay me can make those decisions, which I then enforce. If I’m told that evolution is a fact instead of a theory, I transmit that as ordered, punishing deviants who resist what I have been told to tell them to think. This power to control what children will think lets me separate successful students from failures very easily.

Successful children do the thinking I assign them with a minimum of resistance and a decent show of enthusiasm. Of the millions of things of value to study, I decide what few we have time for, or actually it is decided by my faceless employers. The choices are theirs, why should I argue? Curiosity has no important place in my work, only conformity.

Bad kids fight this, of course, even though they lack the concepts to know what they are fighting, struggling to make decisions for themselves about what they will learn and when they will learn it. How can we allow that and survive as schoolteachers? Fortunately there are tested procedures to break the will of those who resist; it is more difficult, naturally, if the kids have respectable parents who come to their aid, but that happens less and less in spite of the bad reputation of schools. No middle-class parents I have ever met actually believe that their kid’s school is one of the bad ones. Not one single parent in twenty-six years of teaching. That’s amazing, and probably the best testimony to what happens to families when mother and father have been well-schooled themselves, learning the seven lessons.

Good people wait for an expert to tell them what to do. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that our entire economy depends upon this lesson being learned. Think of what might fall apart if children weren’t trained to be dependent; the social services could hardly survive; they would vanish, I think, into the recent historical limbo out of which they arose. Counselors and therapists would look on in horror as the supply of psychic invalids vanished. Commercial entertainment of all sorts, including television, would wither as people learned again how to make their own fun. Restaurants, the prepared-food industry, and a whole host of other assorted food services would be drastically down-sized if people returned to making their own meals rather than depending on strangers to plant, pick, chop, and cook for them. Much of modern law, medicine, and engineering would go too, the clothing business and schoolteaching as well, unless a guaranteed supply of helpless people continued to pour out of our schools each year.

Don’t be too quick to vote for radical school reform if you want to continue getting a paycheck. We’ve built a way of life that depends on people doing what they are told because they don’t know how to tell themselves what to do. It’s one of the biggest lessons I teach.
6. Provisional Self-Esteem

The sixth lesson I teach is provisional self-esteem. If you've ever tried to wrestle into line kids whose parents have convinced them to believe they'll be loved in spite of anything, you know how impossible it is to make self-confident spirits conform. Our world wouldn't survive a flood of confident people very long, so I teach that a kid's self-respect should depend on expert opinion. My kids are constantly evaluated and judged. A monthly report, impressive in its provision, is sent into a student's home to elicit approval or mark exactly, down to a single percentage point, how dissatisfied with the child a parent should be. The ecology of "good" schooling depends on perpetuating dissatisfaction, just as the commercial economy depends on the same fertilizer. Although some people might be surprised how little time or reflection goes into making up these mathematical records, the cumulative weight of these objective-seeming documents establishes a profile that compels children to arrive at certain decisions about themselves and their futures based on the casual judgment of strangers. Self-evaluation, the staple of every major philosophical system that ever appeared on the planet, is never considered a factor. The lesson of report cards, grades, and tests is that children should not trust themselves or their parents but should instead rely on the evaluation of certified officials. People need to be told what they are worth.

7. One Can't Hide

The seventh lesson I teach is that one can't hide. I teach students they are always watched, that each is under constant surveillance by myself and my colleagues. There are no private spaces for children, there is no private time. Class change lasts exactly three hundred seconds to keep promiscuous fraternization at low levels. Students are encouraged to tattle on each other or even to tattle on their own parents. Of course, I encourage parents to file reports about their own child's waywardness too. A family trained to snitch on itself isn't likely to conceal any dangerous secrets.

I assign a type of extended schooling called "homework," so that the effect of surveillance, if not that surveillance itself, travels into private households, where students might otherwise use free time to learn something unauthorized from a father or mother, by exploration, or by apprenticing to some wise person in the neighborhood. Disloyalty to the idea of schooling is a devil always ready to find work for idle hands.

The meaning of constant surveillance and denial of privacy is that no one can be trusted, that privacy is not legitimate. Surveillance is an ancient imperative, espoused by certain influential thinkers, a central prescription set down in The Republic, in The City of God, in the Institutes of the Christian Religion, in New Atlantis, in Leviathan, and in a host of other places. All these childless men who wrote these books discovered the same thing: children must be closely watched if you want to keep society under tight central control. Children will follow a private drummer if you can't get them into a uniformed marching band.

There is nothing permanent except change. —HERACLITUS

The following article by Laurent Daloz explores and contrasts the lives of two women. They both acquired new knowledge that transformed their lives, broadened their perspectives, and forced them to view their worlds in a new light. Read the article while keeping in mind your own new experience of entering college, the issues raised by Gatto about education and learning, and then think about the role education might have in your life in the years to come.

BEYOND TRIBALISM

Laurent A. Daloz

A central task of human development involves learning how to care for oneself in ways that increasingly incorporate the needs and concerns of others. Elementary school children learn to look after their own needs by anticipating those of their friends; Todd scratches Chris’s back so Chris will scratch his. Later as Todd’s capacity to extend himself matures, he learns how his friend experiences him as well, coming to view himself as part of a group and relying more on his capacity to share than to manipulate. Thus is born the culture of adolescence, a world characterized by conformity to the expectations of others, by membership in the tribe. Many people live out their lives struggling to meet the expectations of their spouses, children, or friends, finding a kind of equilibrium as loyal tribal members. But not all. For some, the world shifts again, and they lose their balance once more. Consider Lale and Susan.

Lale

A woman in her late twenties, Lale is one of a small group of people in the Southern Highlands of New Guinea known as the Kutubu, a name meaning “the people.” As a girl, Lale was closely watched by her family; it would not do to have her taken without bride payment or worse, kidnapped by the enemy. When Lale came of age, she was married to a man in a neighboring village and in time became the mother of three children. Lale’s husband, Beni, spends much of his time with the other men of the tribe hunting in the surrounding jungle or strengthening the village’s defensive perimeter against the omnipresent danger of attack from the enemy in the North. He accepts without question his duty to join with the other men of the tribe hunting in the surrounding jungle or strengthening the village’s defensive perimeter against the omnipresent danger of attack from the enemy in the North. He accepts without question his duty to join with the other men in protection of the tribe’s women and children. For her part, Lale is glad to be protected. She is proud to be a Kutubu and cannot imagine any other...
kind of life. She accepts without question the laws and customs of her tribe, and her highest wish is to be a good wife and mother. It is a good life. To Lale, this is the way it has always been and always should be.

One day, she accompanies her friend to a regional market established by the government to foster trade and communication among the various local tribes. There she discovers women from other tribes. It is a whole new world.

Susan

Susan grew up in a small farming community in the northeastern corner of Vermont. Her parents watched her closely as a child for it would have been deeply humiliating for them had she become pregnant and been forced to marry. They were relieved when she graduated from high school and settled down to marry Armand, a young man from a neighboring village. While she raised their three children, he spent most of his time on the road driving a truck and serving his time as a member of the National Guard. Armand is a staunch patriot and is proud of the American flag on his truck he has named, "Miss Liberty." Susan shares her husband's patriotism and accepts without question his view, and echo of her father's, that America is the greatest country in the world. She is proud to be an American. She cannot understand why some people she sees on TV seem so critical and nods approvingly when her husband snorts, "if they don't like it here, they can move to Russia." This is a good life, and people should be thankful, not critical.

Then one day, going over family finances together, they come to the conclusion that Susan will need to get a job to supplement their income. Armand doesn't like the idea, but it seems they have no choice. Relieved that the children are all at school, Susan begins taking typing classes at the local community college. To meet a degree requirement, she takes a course in the Humanities where she discovers that her teacher, whom she greatly admires, does not share her husband's views. Nor do several of her classmates whom she respects. It is a whole new world.

Sustaining Ignorance

It would be a mistake, of course, to deny the differences between Lale and Susan. They live literally worlds and continents apart, in societies which, in many ways, are dramatically different. Yet the similarities are compelling. Each has encountered a new world which threatens her former balance. Let's look more closely.

Both Lale and Susan consider themselves normal people. They are well cared for, reasonably happy, and, above all, want to keep it that way. Each was carefully nurtured and protected by her family as she moved from childhood into adolescence. The delicate bridge between the first home and the second was crossed without incident, and each woman remains protected; first by her father, then by her husband. Within the circle of his arms she is safe. Their men, moreover, accept those responsibilities as given: to protect and provide for their families. Things as they are are things as they should be.

Each woman is held, as well, by her community. Each has learned right and wrong from her parents and, with little slippage, finds the same rules in her husband's home. Each takes it as her duty to pass on those same values to her children so that they, too, may be held as firmly by their community as she has been. Since they have come to see themselves as surrounded by a dangerous world, the circle
of protection around their villages is doubly important, and each holds with special intensity to the beliefs with which she was reared. And although she may not express those beliefs often, when she does, it is with a sense of the obvious: Isn’t it common sense to believe as we do? Rarely does either woman reflect upon or criticize the given truths of her culture, and she views with suspicion those who do. To be critical, she believes, is, at best, the province of men, and at worst, of traitors.

But there is one problem. Because Lale’s and Susan’s worlds have been born of communal, given traditions rather than constructed from an individual confrontation with doubt and uncertainty, those worlds must rely on insulation from conflicting information if they are to remain stable. To sustain that tidy world of certainties, the tribe must erect a wall between itself and the outside world. Knowledge of other truths—even absurd ones, much less internally valid ones—is profoundly subversive and eats away at the tribe’s security like a cancer. To maintain the stability of the tribe, a certain ignorance must be fostered.

When travelers leave home, they risk discovering a terrible secret: theirs is only one of any number of tribes, each believing its own truth to be paramount. Whether it is Lale going to market or Susan to secretarial school, the result is the same. The walls which both protected and isolated begin to crumble.

### Beyond Tribal Gods

Formal education seeks more than mere indoctrination in the given values of a culture. It seeks to enable students to distance themselves from their upbringing, to see their values in a broader context. For only then can the culture remain alive to the possibility of change and develop the consequent capacity to adapt itself to an environment which is inevitably in flux. When it works, good education enables people to construct a coherent and responsive stance from complex information radiating from a rapidly shifting world. Such people are perhaps not as happy as they once were, but they probably do not view happiness as paramount. They have in some sense left the tribe and may suffer for that. Yet, in time they will make themselves at home in a larger tribe—ultimately, we hope, in a recognition of the intrinsic unity of the entire human family. The journey from one home to the next is seldom an easy one, but there is about it a kind of imperative. For some it seems a matter of life or death.

### The Outward Journey

Throughout human history, maps of such growth have been handed down in the form of journey tales in which the hero leaves home in quest of some great adventure, usually symbolic of higher consciousness. Travelers in such tales invariably cross several thresholds as they move into conventional adult society. This crossing calls us to move from the security of our immediate family into the conventional adult tribe. We all recognize it as a necessary journey from a smaller to a larger home, and we call it growing up. It involves becoming normal and constitutes the chief task of adolescence. In most societies it is accomplished relatively smoothly and marked by such rituals as confirmation, bar mitzvah, and marriage.

A second crossing, departure from the tribe, is considerably less common and more dangerous. In a tribe like Lale’s it is tantamount to death. One simply does not question the rules and remain an acceptable member of the tribe. And until recently, Lale would have had nowhere else to go. Although
Susan's tribe will react with similar disapproval to her rebellion, she can, at least, leave her former psychological home and suffer only a ritual rather than a literal death. With luck, hard work, and good friends, she and Armand will find a way to reconstruct a new home together.

**The Second Crossing**

Beyond this tightly bound world lies a wider world held together not by external bonds but by the conscious choice of its membership. It is a world in which the rules, formerly invisible, are now seen and chosen. Choice and responsibility are central to entrance. But the passage into this world is difficult. It demands that the pilgrim make a conscious decision to leave home, and the password is a question: Why? With the answer to that question, the world becomes visible in a new way.

Out of the gap between old givens and new discoveries, an inner voice is born, resonates with other voices in the market or at school, and grows stronger. Over time, Susan learns that it may be more important to receive a lesson than an answer. She sees with a crisper clarity that authorities do not always agree and begins to take authority into her own heart, to listen with greater respect to the inner voice even though it may contradict that of her culture. As she repeatedly comes up against conflicting information, she grows more adept at making choices. Nourished by the new light cast by her search for a way to make her own meaning, her inner world grows richer; she acknowledges more complex feelings. And as she does this, she grows increasingly able to understand the complexity of others' feelings as well. Her capacity to see through others' eyes expands, and she discovers that she is more than a reflection in her former tribal mirror. Seeing herself as strangers do, she comes to view herself in a fresh way. As she acknowledges new inner voices, she welcomes new members to the tribe. In time, she grows to recognize that even women with whom she has no personal acquaintance might share her own pain. So for the first time, when she hears a friend declare that she has never been discriminated against, she retorts, "Just because you don't feel that way doesn't mean others don't!" Her horizon no longer stops at the edge of the village.

All adventures, especially into new territory, are scary.

—SALLY RIDE

To help you contemplate how changes have affected your lives, you can approach this journal writing assignment three different ways. Please choose one of the following options.

1. Change brings growth and conflict. Using the Venn diagram below, consider that the left-hand circle represents an old viewpoint or tribal view and the right-hand circle represents a new viewpoint or tribal view. The area shared between the two circles represents elements or beliefs common to both viewpoints. Little conflict occurs there. Those areas outside the intersection of the circles represent beliefs or areas where there is a possibility of conflict.

   ![Venn Diagram](image)

   Think about a time when you were going through a change of viewpoints, and describe the situation as it relates to the Venn diagram. Write the commonly shared ideas and the conflicting ideas on your own diagram in your journal. Then write about the growth and conflict you experienced because of changing viewpoints. Be sure to describe the event that precipitated this experience of growth and change.

2. Think of a tribe (such as a team, family, or church group) you have been a part of, and think of a time when you grew, changed, and moved beyond the boundaries of that tribe. What did you gain in the process of finding this new perspective? What did you lose? Ultimately, did you experience the shift as positive or negative? What did you learn as a result of your
decision to allow for change? Would you make the same decision again? Why or why not?

3. Sometimes a person has an opportunity to change, to move beyond their present tribe, and actually chooses not to change. Describe such a time in your own life. What was your reasoning in making the decision not to change? What might you have missed out on by not changing? What (if any) are your regrets about the choice you made? In what ways did you benefit from the decision not to change? Would you make the same decision again? Why or why not?
If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?

—THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

In the following excerpt from Chapter Eleven in The Autobiography of Malcolm X, Malcolm X describes a time he spent in prison and how he took this as an opportunity to finally understand about learning. One might even see his time as a "retreat" of sorts. After all, one definition of "retreat" is to "withdraw from what is difficult, dangerous, or disagreeable." Certainly, time in prison would qualify; yet prison is difficult, dangerous, and disagreeable at best.

After this excerpt, you will find a response written by a first-year student at the University of Hawaii. This student's strong reaction to Malcolm X should prompt you to do some critical thinking of your own.

It was because of my letters that I happened to stumble upon starting to acquire some kind of a homemade education.

I became increasingly frustrated at not being able to express what I wanted to convey in letters that I wrote, especially those to Mr. Elijah Muhammad.* In the street, I had been the most articulate hustler out there—I had commanded attention when I said something. But now, trying to write simple English, I not only wasn't articulate, I wasn't even functional. How would I sound writing in slang, the way I would say it, something such as, "Look, daddy, let me pull your coat about a cat, Elijah Muhammad—"

Many who today hear me somewhere in person, or on television, or those who read something I've said, will think I went to school far beyond the eighth grade. This impression is due entirely to my prison studies.

It had really begun back in the Charlestown Prison, when Bimbi first made me feel envy of his stock of knowledge. Bimbi had always taken charge of any conversations he was in, and I had tried to emulate him. But every book I picked up had few sentences which didn't contain anywhere from one to nearly all of the words that might as well have been in Chinese. When I just skipped those words, of course, I really ended up with little idea of what the book said. So I had come to the Norfolk Prison Colony still going through only bookreading motions. Pretty soon, I would have quit even these motions, unless I had received the motivation that I did.

*Elijah Muhammad was a leader of the Black Muslims' Temple of Islam in the 1940s, 1950s, and 1960s.
I saw that the best thing I could do was get hold of a dictionary—to study, to learn some words. I was lucky enough to reason also that I should try to improve my penmanship. It was sad. I couldn't even write in a straight line. It was both ideas together that moved me to request a dictionary along with some tablets and pencils from the Norfolk Prison Colony school.

I spent two days just riffling uncertainly through the dictionary's pages. I'd never realized so many words existed! I don't know which words I needed to learn. Finally, just to start some kind of action, I began copying. In my slow, painstaking, ragged handwriting, I copied into my tablet everything printed on that first page, down to the punctuation marks.

I believe it took me a day. Then, aloud, I read back, to myself, everything I'd written on the tablet. Over and over, aloud, to myself, I read my own handwriting.

I woke up the next morning, thinking about those words—immensely proud to realize that not only had I written so much at one time, but I'd written words that I never knew were in the world. Moreover, with a little effort, I also could remember what many of these words meant. I reviewed the words whose meanings I didn't remember. Funny thing, from the dictionary first page right now, that "aardvark" springs to my mind. The dictionary had a picture of it, a long-tailed, long-eared, burrowing African mammal, which lives off termites caught by sticking out its tongue as an anteater does for ants.

I was so fascinated that I went on—I copied the dictionary's next page. And the same experience came when I studied that. With every succeeding page, I also learned of people and places and events from history. Actually the dictionary is like a miniature encyclopedia. Finally the dictionary's A section had filled a whole tablet—and I went on into the B's. That was the way I started copying what eventually became the entire dictionary. It went a lot faster after so much practice helped me to pick up handwriting speed. Between what I wrote in my tablet, and writing letters, during the rest of my time in prison I would guess I wrote a million words.

I suppose it was inevitable that as my word-base broadened, I could for the first time pick up a book and read and now begin to understand what the book was saying. Anyone who has read a great deal can imagine the new world that opened. Let me tell you something: from then until I left that prison, in every free moment I had, if I was not reading in the library, I was reading on my bunk. You couldn't have gotten me out of books with a wedge. Between Mr. Muhammad's teachings, my correspondence, my visitors—usually Ella and Reginald—and my reading of books, months passed without my even thinking about being imprisoned. In fact, up to then, I never had been so truly free in my life.

The Norfolk Prison Colony's library was in the school building. A variety of classes was taught there by instructors who came from such places as Harvard and Boston universities. The weekly debates between inmate teams were also held in the school building. You would be astonished to know how worked up convict debaters and audiences would get over subjects like "Should Babies Be Fed Milk?"

Available on the prison library's shelves were books on just about every general subject. Much of the big private collection that Parkhurst had willed to the prison was still in crates and boxes in the back of the library—thousands of old books. Some of them looked ancient: covers faded, old-time parchment-looking binding. Parkhurst, I've mentioned, seemed to have been principally interested in history and religion. He had the money and the special interest to have a lot of books that
you wouldn't have in general circulation. Any college library would have been lucky to get that collection.

As you can imagine, especially in a prison where there was heavy emphasis on rehabilitation, an inmate was smiled upon if he demonstrated an unusually intense interest in books. There was a sizable number of well-read inmates, especially the popular debaters. Some were said by many to be practically walking encyclopedias. They were almost celebrities. No university would ask any student to devour literature as I did when this new world opened to me, of being able to read and understand.

I read more in my room than in the library itself. An inmate who was known to read a lot could check out more than the permitted maximum number of books. I preferred reading in the total isolation of my own room.

When I had progressed to really serious reading, every night at about ten p.m. I would be outraged with the "lights out." It always seemed to catch me right in the middle of something engrossing. Fortunately, right outside my door was a corridor light that cast a glow into my room. The glow was enough to read by, once my eyes adjusted to it. So when "lights out" came, I would sit on the floor where I could continue reading in that glow.

At one-hour intervals the night guards paced past every room. Each time I heard the approaching footsteps, I jumped into bed and feigned sleep. And as soon as the guard passed, I got back out of bed onto the floor area of that light-glow, where I would read for another 58 minutes—until the guard approached again. That went on until three or four every morning. Three or four hours of sleep a night was enough for me. Often in the years in the streets I had slept less than that.

The teachings of Mr. Muhammad stressed how history had been "whitened"—when white men had written history books, the black man simply had been left out. Mr. Muhammad couldn't have said anything that would have struck me much harder. I had never forgotten how when my class, me and all of those whites, had studied seventh-grade United States history back in Mason, the history of the Negro had been covered in one paragraph, and the teacher had gotten a big laugh with his joke, "Negroes' feet are so big that when they walk, they leave a hole in the ground."

This is one reason why Mr. Muhammad's teachings spread so swiftly all over the United States, among all Negroes, whether or not they became followers of Mr. Muhammad. The teachings ring true—to every Negro. You can hardly show me a black adult in America—or a white one, for that matter—who knows from the history books anything like the truth about the black man's role. In my own case, once I heard of the "glorious history of the black man," I took special pains to hunt in the library for books that would inform me on details about black history.

I can remember accurately the very first set of books that really impressed me. I have since bought that set of books and I have it at home for my children to read as they grow up. It's called Wonders of the World. It's full of pictures of archeological finds, statues that depict, usually, non-European people.

I found books like Will Durant's Story of Civilization. I read H. G. Wells' Outline of History. Souls of Black Folk by W.E.B. Du Bois gave me a glimpse into the black people's history before they came to this country. Carter G. Woodson's Negro History opened my eyes about black empires before the black slave was brought to the United States, and the early Negro struggles for freedom.

J. A. Rogers' three volumes of Sex and Race told about race-mixing before Christ's time; about Aesop being a black man who told fables; about Egypt's Pharaohs; about the great Coptic Christian Empires; about
Ethiopia, the earth's oldest continuous black civilization, as China is the oldest continuous civilization.

Mr. Muhammad's teaching about how the white man had been created led me to *Findings in Genetics* by Gregor Mendel.* (The dictionary's G section was where I had learned what "genetics" meant.) I really studied this book by the Austrian monk. Reading it over and over, especially certain sections, helped me to understand that if you started with a black man, a white man could be produced; but starting with a white man, you never could produce a black man—because the white chromosome is recessive. And since no one disputes that there was but one Original Man, the conclusion is clear.

During the last year or so, in the *New York Times*, Arnold Toynbee used the word "bleached" in describing the white man. (His words were: “White [i.e. bleached] human beings of North European origin . . . :) Toynbee also referred to the European geographic area as only a peninsula of Asia. He said there is no such thing as Europe. And if you look at the globe, you will see for yourself that America is only an extension of Asia. (But at the same time Toynbee is among those who have helped to bleach history. He has written that Africa was the only continent that produced no history. He won't write that again. Every day now, the truth is coming to light.)

I never will forget how shocked I was when I began reading about slavery's total horror. It made such an impact upon me that it later became one of my favorite subjects when I became a minister of Mr. Muhammad's. The world's most monstrous crime, the sin and the blood on the white man's hands, are almost impossible to believe. Books like the one by Frederick Olmstead opened my eyes to the horrors suffered when the slave was landed in the United States. The European woman, *Fannie Kimball*, who had married a Southern white slaveowner, described how human beings were degraded. Of course I read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. In fact, I believe that's the only novel I have ever read since I started serious reading.

Parkhurst's collection also contained some bound pamphlets of the Abolitionist Anti-Slavery Society of New England. I read descriptions of atrocities, saw those illustrations of black slave women tied up and flogged with whips; of black mothers watching their babies being dragged off, never to be seen by their mothers again; of dogs after slaves, and of the fugitive slave catchers, evil white men with whips and clubs and chains and guns. I read about the slave preacher Nat Turner, who put the fear of God into the white slavemaster. Nat Turner wasn't going around preaching pie-in-the-sky and "non-violent" freedom for the black man. There in Virginia one night in 1831, Nat and seven other slaves started out at his master's home and through the night they went from one plantation “big house” to the next, killing, until by the next morning 57 white people were dead and Nat had about 70 slaves follow him. White people, terrified for their lives, fled from their homes, locked themselves up in public buildings, hid in the woods, and some even left the state. A small army of soldiers took two months to catch and hang Nat Turner. Somewhere I have read where Nat Turner's example is said to have inspired John Brown to invade Virginia and attack Harper's Ferry nearly thirty years later, with thirteen white men and five Negroes.

I read Herodotus, "the father of History," or, rather, I read about him. And I read the histories of various nations, which opened my eyes

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*Gregor Mendel (1822–1884), Austrian Augustinian monk, father of genetic science.*
gradually, then wider and wider, to how the whole world’s white men had indeed acted like devils, pillaging and raping and bleeding and draining the whole world’s non-white people. I remember, for instance, books such as Will Durant’s *The Story of Oriental Civilization*, and Mahatma Gandhi’s accounts of the struggle to drive the British out of India.

Book after book showed me how the white man had brought upon the world’s black, brown, red, and yellow peoples every variety of the sufferings of exploitation. I saw how since the sixteenth century, the so-called “Christian trader” white man began to ply the seas in his lust for Asian and African empires, and plunder, and power. I read, I saw, how the white man never has gone among the non-white peoples bearing the Cross in the true manner and spirit of Christ’s teachings—meek, humble, and Christlike.

I perceived, as I read, how the collective white man had been actually nothing but a piratical opportunist who used Faustian machinations to make his own Christianity his initial wedge in criminal conquests. First, always “religiously,” he branded “heathen” and “pagan” labels upon ancient non-white cultures and civilizations. The stage thus set, he then turned upon his non-white victims his weapons of war.

I read how, entering India—half a billion deeply religious brown people—the British white man, by 1759, through promises, trickery and manipulations, controlled much of India through Great Britain’s East India Company. The parasitical British administration kept tentacleing out to half of the subcontinent. In 1857, some of the desperate people of India finally mutinied—and, excepting the African slave trade, nowhere has history recorded any more unnecessary bestial and ruthless human carnage than the British suppression of the non-white Indian people.

Over 115 million African blacks—close to the 1930’s population of the United States—were murdered or enslaved during the slave trade. And I read how when the slave market was glutted, the cannibalistic white powers of Europe next carved up, as their colonies, the richest areas of the black continent. And Europe’s chancelleries for the next century played a chess game of naked exploitation and power from Cape Horn to Cairo.

Ten guards and the warden couldn’t have torn me out of those books. Not even Elijah Muhammad could have been more eloquent than those books were in providing indisputable proof that the collective white man had acted like a devil in virtually every contact he had with the world’s collective non-white man. I listen today to the radio, and watch television, and read the headlines about the collective white man’s fear and tension concerning China. When the white man professes ignorance about why the Chinese hate him so, my mind can’t help flashing back to what I read, there in prison, about how the blood forebears of this same white man raped China at a time when China was trusting and helpless. Those original white “Christian traders” sent into China millions of pounds of opium. By 1839, so many of the Chinese were addicts that China’s desperate government destroyed twenty thousand chests of opium. The first Opium War was promptly declared by the white man. Imagine! Declaring war upon someone who objects to being narcotized! The Chinese were severely beaten, with Chinese-invented gunpowder.

The Treaty of Nanking made China pay the British white man for the destroyed opium: forced open China’s major ports to British trade; forced China to abandon Hong Kong; fixed China’s import tariffs so low that cheap British articles soon flooded in, maiming China’s industrial development.

After a second Opium War, the Tientsin Treaties legalized the ravaging opium trade, legalized a British-French-American control of
China's customs. China tried delaying that Treaty's ratification; Peking was looted and burned.

"Kill the foreign white devils!" was the 1901 Chinese war cry in the Boxer Rebellion. Losing again, this time the Chinese were driven from Peking's choicest areas. The vicious, arrogant white man put up the famous signs, "Chinese and dogs not allowed."

Red China after World War II closed its doors to the Western white world. Massive Chinese agricultural, scientific, and industrial efforts are described in a book that Life magazine recently published. Some observers inside Red China have reported that the world never has known such a hate-white campaign as is now going on in this non-white country where, present birthrates continuing, in fifty more years Chinese will be half the earth's population. And it seems that some Chinese chickens will soon come home to roost, with China's recent successful nuclear tests.

Let us face reality. We can see in the United Nations a new world order being shaped, along color lines—an alliance among the non-white nations. America's U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson complained not long ago that in the United Nations "a skin game" was being played. He was right. He was facing reality. A "skin game" is being played. But Ambassador Stevenson sounded like Jesse James accusing the marshal of carrying a gun. Because who in the world's history ever has played a worse "skin game" than the white man?

Mr. Muhammad, to whom I was writing daily, had no idea of what a new world had opened up to me through my efforts to document his teachings in books.

When I discovered philosophy, I tried to touch all the landmarks of philosophical development. Gradually, I read most of the old philosophers, Occidental and Oriental. The Oriental philosophers were the ones I came to prefer; finally, my impression was that most Occidental philosophy had largely been borrowed from the Oriental thinkers. Socrates, for instance, traveled in Egypt. Some sources even say that Socrates was initiated into some of the Egyptian mysteries. Obviously Socrates got some of his wisdom among the East's wise men.

I have often reflected upon the new vistas that reading opened to me. I knew right there in prison that reading had changed forever the course of my life. As I see it today, the ability to read awoke inside me some long dormant craving to be mentally alive. I certainly wasn't seeking any degree, the way a college confers a status symbol upon its students. My homemade education gave me, with every additional book that I read, a little bit more sensitivity to the deafness, dumbness, and blindness that was afflicting the black race in America. Not long ago, an English writer telephoned me from London, asking questions. One was, "What's your alma mater?" I told him, "Books." You will never catch me with a free fifteen minutes in which I'm not studying something I feel might be able to help the black man.

Yesterday I spoke in London, and both ways on the plane across the Atlantic I was studying a document about how the United Nations proposes to insure the human rights of the oppressed minorities of the world. The American black man is the world's most shameful case of minority oppression. What makes the black man think of himself as only an internal United States issue is just a catchphrase, two words, "civil rights." How is the black man going to get "civil rights" before first he wins his human rights? If the American black man will start thinking about his human rights, and then start thinking of himself as part of one of the world's great peoples, he will see he has a case for the United Nations.
I can't think of a better case! Four hundred years of black blood and sweat invested here in America, and the white man still has the black man begging for what every immigrant fresh off the ship can take for granted the minute he walks down the gangplank.

But I'm digressing. I told the Englishman that my alma mater was books, a good library. Every time I catch a plane, I have with me a book that I want to read—and that's a lot of books these days. If I weren't out here every day battling the white man, I could spend the rest of my life reading, just satisfying my curiosity—because you can hardly mention anything I'm not curious about. I don't think anybody ever got more out of going to prison than I did. In fact, prison enabled me to study far more intensively than I would have if my life had gone differently and I had attended some college. I imagine that one of the biggest troubles with colleges is there are too many distractions, too much panty-raiding, fraternities, and boola-boola and all of that. Where else but in a prison could I have attacked my ignorance by being able to study intensely sometimes as much as fifteen hours a day?


**A STUDENT'S RESPONSE TO THE MALCOLM X READING**

"... and then they all lived happily ever after. The End."

—JUSTIN QUEZON

Now wasn't that the most uplifting and righteously nice-nice article by our good friend Malcolm X? Kind of makes you get those little goose bumps all over your skin, now, don't it? Did I not like the Malcolm article? You bet your... .

You see, what gets to me is what Malcolm X forgets to include in his rhetoric, which was, unfortunately, the most important little sneaky bit of all: the reason exactly as to why he had suddenly found himself so gloriously spirited with the breath of education. Instead of breaking new ground on the fun aspects of becoming self-motivated, he instead finds it much more appealing to lead us all onto a different, very disheartening path of modern social thinking: that in fact, the best and most efficient way a young African-American (or, for that matter, an ANY-AMERICAN) teenager can find a meaningful education is, indeed, to simply plop his or her merry self into a dirty, dingy prison cell and find some sort of keen self-discovery there, which isn't quite the advertisement for the "IF YOU WANNA BE COOL, STAY IN SCHOOL" campaign, I can tell you... .

Gee... Now just hold on—let's have a little minute to ourselves, there, self. What say we go and be emphatically hypocritical by backing up a wee bit and thinking exactly about what we've just said.

Well... Okay, alright, now listen. Admittedly, I can say for a fact that I know Malcolm X wasn't really advocating going to prison to become educated; for the most part, that was really all just introductory fluff and a cheapened use of artistic license. For me to have said that Malcolm X wanted blacks to go to jail is pretty preposterous, and frankly, kind of embarrassing... .
However, The fact unfortunately still remains that he sent out to the near-thousands of his amiable, easily influenced followers the wrong and utterly inexcusable message: that a good education can only be achieved through solitude, and that an “organized” system of teaching (like those we sometimes see in many colleges and high schools) is almost entirely detrimental to the personal learning process. What our good Muslim preacher has mistakenly failed to realize is that a constant streak of good reading and the ever-pleasant role of “the Phantom of the Library” doesn’t make you smart or enlighten your mind at all; there are probably many, in fact, who go out of their way to read the world like total freaks and find themselves still muddled by all the knowledge they have worked like sickos to attain. What Malcolm X doesn’t see in his experiences is the fact that it wasn’t any of the knowledge or any of the reading or any of the completely brutal dictionary-copying that brought him to that level of intelligence he found himself in when he wrote his autobiography, although it certainly did help him out at times. Rather, it was his understanding of the world that led to his enlightenment, as well as his motivation to understand exactly what was going on around him that made him such an intelligent human being; it was his newfound mental razor-sharpness and keen intuition that got him all the way to the top of that big “smart-people’s ladder.” What Malcolm X fails to tell his people is that it was this kind of thinking that was the sole reason for his intellect, and that understanding and not knowledge is true intelligence.

... and pretty smart, too.

We don't receive wisdom; we must discover it for ourselves after a journey that no one can take for us or spare us.

—MARCEL PROUST

Look at the following diagram and consider that it illustrates the process that Malcolm X went through during his metamorphosis from illiteracy and ignorance to self-realization and becoming a community leader.
What journey is required to make a change? Draw your own diagram to illustrate a process of change. This diagram can be about someone you know or about yourself. Accompany your diagram with a paragraph explaining the change and how the diagram illustrates your points.

**ACTIVITY**

Liberal Education

All students come to college for reasons of their own. Take a moment to reflect on why you decided to come to college. There are no wrong answers or reasons here. All are valid. Complete the following steps.

1. Gather into groups of three or four students. Very quickly, but with genuine thoughtfulness, make a list of your reasons for getting a college education. Note all reasons given by everyone in the group.

2. As a group, reflect on the following questions and come up with a list of 10 statements that describe the purpose of a college education.
   - What will your college education do for you?
   - Why should you continue to study at the college level?
   - How do you think you will be affected or changed at the end of your college years?
A human being should be able to change a diaper, plan an invasion, butcher a hog, conn a ship, design a building, write a sonnet, balance accounts, build a wall, set a bone, comfort the dying, take orders, give orders, cooperate, act alone, solve equations, analyze a new problem, pitch manure, program a computer, cook a tasty meal, fight efficiently, die gallantly. Specialization is for insects.

—ROBERT HEINLEIN

The following article by A. Bartlett Giamatti, a former president of Yale University as well as a onetime Major League Baseball commissioner, is an address to freshmen as they begin their first year in college. Giamatti suggests that students must alter their attitudes toward studying in order to get the most out of a liberal education. As you read this article, pay particular attention to the ideas he espouses. Think about what he says in relation to the general education you are about to approach. Before you read the Giamatti article, read the Robert Heinlein quote and take a minute to reflect on its meaning.

The summer before college is the time when in a thousand different circumstances mythology dresses up as epistemology. Parents, older siblings and friends, former teachers, coaches, and employers, dimly but vividly remembering how it was, propound with certainty how they know the way it might, or should or could, or will be.

By and large, the versions of your life to come are well meant. All summer long, however, you have simply wanted to get on with it. There, of course, is the rub. Despite all you have heard and read, no one can tell you what it is you are now so desirous of getting on with. Nor can anyone tell you what it, whatever it is, will be like. You wonder, Will everyone else know? Will he or she be more sure, less insecure, less new? Will I ever get to know anyone? Will I be able to do it? Whatever it is.

I will tell you, in a moment, what I think it is. I cannot tell you with certainty what it will be like; no one can. Each of us experiences college differently. I can assure you that soon your normal anxieties will recede and a genuine excitement will begin, a rousing motion of the spirit unlike anything you have
experienced before. And that will mark the beginning of it, the grand adventure that you now undertake, never alone but on your own, the voyage of exploration in freedom that is the development of your own mind. Generations have preceded you in this splendid opening out of the self as you use the mind to explore the mind, and, if the human race is rational, generations will come after you. But each of you will experience your education uniquely—charting and ordering and dwelling in the land of your own intellect and sensibility, discovering powers you had only dreamed of and mysteries you had not imagined and reaches you had not thought that thought could reach. There will be pain and some considerable loneliness at times, and not all the terrain will be green and refreshing. There will be awesome wastes and depths as well as heights. The adventure of discovery is, however, thrilling because you will sharpen and focus your powers of analysis, of creativity, of rationality, of feeling—of thinking with your whole being. If at Yale you can experience the joy that the acquisition and creation of knowledge for its own sake brings, the adventure will last your whole life and you will have discovered the distinction between living as a full human being and merely existing.

If there is a single term to describe the education that can spark a lifelong love of learning, it is the term liberal education. Aliberal education has nothing to do with those political designer labels liberal and conservative that some so lovingly stitch on to every idea they pull off, or put on, the rack. Aliberal education is not one that seeks to implant the precepts of a specific religious or political orthodoxy. Nor is it an education intending to prepare for immediate immersion in a profession. That kind of professional education is pursued at Yale at the graduate level in eleven graduate and professional schools. Such training ought to have in it a liberal temper; that is, technical or professional study ought to be animated by a love of learning, but such training is necessarily and properly pointed to the demands and proficiency requirements of a career or profession. Such is not the tendency of an education, or of the educational process, in Yale College.

In Yale College, education is "liberal" in Cardinal Newman’s sense of the word. As he says, in the fifth discourse of The Idea of the University,

...that alone is liberal knowledge which stands on its own pretensions, which is independent of sequel, expects no complement, refuses to be informed (as it is called) by any end, or absorbed in any art, in order duly to present itself to our contemplation. The most ordinary pursuits have this specific character, if they are self-sufficient and complete; the highest lose it, when they minister to something beyond them.

As Newman emphasizes, a liberal education is not defined by the content or by the subject matter of a course of study. It is a common error, for instance, to equate a liberal education with the so-called liberal arts of studia humanitatis.* To study the liberal arts or the humanities is not necessarily to acquire a liberal education unless one studies these and allied subjects in a spirit that, as Newman has it, seeks no immediate sequel, that is independent of a profession’s advantage. If you pursue the study of anything not for the intrinsic rewards of exercising and developing the power of the mind but because you press toward a professional goal, then you are pursuing not a liberal education but rather something else.

*See "A City of Green Thoughts."
A liberal education is defined by the attitude of the mind toward the knowledge the mind explores and creates. Such education occurs when you pursue knowledge because you are motivated to experience and absorb what comes of thinking—thinking about the traditions of our common human heritage in all its forms, thinking about new patterns or designs in what the world proffers today—whether in philosophic texts or financial markets or chemical combinations—thinking in order to create new knowledge that others will then explore. A liberal education at Yale College embraces physics as well as French, lasers as well as literature, social science, and physical and biological sciences as well as the arts and humanities. A liberal education rests on the supposition that our humanity is enriched by the pursuit of learning for its own sake; it is dedicated to the proposition that growth in thought, and in the power to think, increases the pleasure, breadth, and value of life.

"That is very touching," I will be told, "that is all very well, but how does someone make a living with this joy of learning and pleasure in the pursuit of learning? What is the earthly use of all this kind of education later on, in the practical, real world?" These are not trivial questions, though the presuppositions behind them puzzle me somewhat. I am puzzled, for instance, by the unexamined assumption that the "real world" is always thought to lie outside or beyond the realm of education. I am puzzled by the confident assumption that only in certain parts of daily life do people make "real" decisions and so "real" acts lead to "real" consequences. I am puzzled by those who think that ideas do not have reality or that knowledge is irrelevant to the workings of daily life.

To invert Plato and to believe that ideas are unreal and that their pursuit has no power for practical or useful good is to shrink reality and define ignorance. To speak directly to the questions posed by the skeptic of the idea of a liberal education, I can say only this: ideas and their pursuit define our humanity and make us human. Ideas, embodied in data and values, beliefs, principles, and original insights, must be pursued because they are valuable in themselves and because they are the stuff of life. There is nothing more necessary to the full, free, and decent life of a person or of a people or of the human race than to free the mind by passionately and rationally exercising the mind's power to inquire freely. There can be no more practical education, in my opinion, than one that launches you on the course of fulfilling your human capacities to reason and to imagine freely and that hones your abilities to express the results of your thinking in speech and in writing with logic, clarity, and grace.

While such an education may be deemed impractical by those wedded to the notion that nothing in life is more important than one's career, nevertheless I welcome you to a liberal education's rigorous and demanding pleasures. Fear not, you will not be impeded from making a living because you have learned to think for yourself and because you take pleasure in the operation of the mind and in the pursuit of new ideas. And you will need to make a living. The world will not provide you with sustenance or employment. You will have to work for it. I am instead speaking of another dimension of your lives, the dimension of your spirit that will last longer than a job, that will outlast a profession, that will represent by the end of your time on earth the sum of your human significance. That is the dimension represented by the mind unfettered, "freely ranging onley within the Zodiack of his owne wit," as the old poet said. There is no greater power a human being can develop for the individual's or for the public's good.

And I believe that the good, for individuals and for communities, is the end to which
education must tend. I affirm Newman’s vision that a liberal education is one seeking no sequel or complement. I take him to be writing of the motive or tendency of the mind operating initially within the educational process. But I believe there is also a larger tendency or motive, which is animated by the pursuit of ideas for their own sake. I believe that the pleasure in the pursuit of knowledge joins and is finally at one with our general human desire for a life elevated by dignity, decency, and moral progress. That larger hope does not come later; it exists inextricably intertwined with a liberal education. The joy of intellectual pursuit and the pursuit of the good and decent life are no more separable than on a fair spring day the sweet breeze is separable from the sunlight.

In the common pursuit of ideas for themselves and of the larger or common good, the freedom that the individual mind wishes for itself, it also seeks for others. How could it be otherwise? In the pursuit of knowledge leading to the good, you cannot wish for others less than you wish for yourself. Thus, in the pursuit of freedom, the individual finds it necessary to order or to limit the surge to freedom so that others in the community are not denied the very condition each of us seeks. A liberal education desires to foster a freedom of the mind that will also contribute, in its measure, to the freedom of others.

We learn, therefore, that there is no true freedom without order; we learn that there are limits to our freedom, limits we learn to choose freely in order not to undermine what we seek. After all, if there were, on the one hand, no restraints at all, only anarchy of intellect and chaos of community would result. On the other hand, if all were restraint, and release of inquiry and thought were stifled, only a death of the spirit and a denial of any freedom could result. There must be an interplay of restraint and release, of order and freedom, in our individual lives and in our life together. Without such interplay within each of us, there can be no good life for any of us. If there is no striving for the good life for all of us, however, there cannot be a good life for any one of us. We must learn how freedom depends for its existence upon freely chosen (because rationally understood) forms of order.

At Yale College, you will find both the spur for freedom of inquiry and civility’s curbing rein. One could, I suppose, locate these conditions in the classroom and in the residential colleges; one could posit that in the classroom the release of the mind is encouraged and in the residential colleges the limits to civil behavior are learned. That view is oversimplified, for in both contexts, as well as on playing fields, in community service, in extracurricular activities, in services of worship, in social events, the interplay of freedom and order obtains. In all these contexts, as in each one of us, the surge of freedom and the restraint that compounds freedom’s joy and significance occur all the time.

The ideal of this community is therefore composed of intellectual and ethical portions, the freedom of the mind and the freedom to express the results of the mind’s inquiry disciplined by the imperative to respect the rights and responsibilities of others. It is a community open to new ideas, to disagreement, to debate, to criticism, to the clash of opinions and convictions, to solitary investigation, to originality, but is it not tolerant of, and will not tolerate, the denial of the dignity and freedoms of others. It will not tolerate theft of another’s intellectual product. It will not tolerate denials of another’s freedom of expression. It will not tolerate sexist or racist or other acts or expressions of bigotry based on prejudices about ethnic or religious backgrounds or about personal sexual preference or private philosophic or political beliefs. It will not tolerate these denials, because the freedom we possess
to foster free inquiry and the greater good is too precious. What I have stated are matters of moral conviction. They are also matters of University policy. The policies that reflect those convictions are designed to protect an environment where individual rights are respected because responsibilities are shared. They are designed to create a community where freedom exists because order is sustained by the moral courage to affirm the good by all members of the community.

I have told you what I think it is, the “it” I guessed you might be concerned with upon your arrival. It is a quest to become the best in all that is meant by being human. This quest has been going on in this College for a long time, in the old New England city by the water. In 1701 Yale made a promise to itself and a pact with America, to contribute to the increase of scholarship, service, and spiritual enlightenment. You now assume part of the obligation of that promise. And you will be essential to maintaining the faith of that pact. As you deepen in the commitment to ideals and in the excellence I know you possess, this community will continue to shape itself in intellectual and ethical ways that are faithful to our ancient roots and in ways that are ever new.
A closed mind is like a closed book; just a block of wood.

—CHINESE PROVERB

Heard These Before?

"love of learning"
"developing the power of the mind"
"attitude of the mind toward knowledge"
"humanity is enriched by the pursuit of learning for its own sake"
"growth in thought"
"power to think increases the pleasure, value of life"
"pursuit of new ideas"
"pursuit of ideas for their own sake"
"pursuit of knowledge"
"joy of intellectual pursuit"
"pursuit of a good and decent life"
"pursuit of freedom for self and others"
"liberal education fosters freedom of mind"
"freedom of inquiry"
"pursuit of being the best human you can be"

These are a list of phrases that were part of the freshmen address given by A. Bartlett Giamatti in the previous article and that you probably have heard from parents, teachers, and others. They were used to describe the purpose of a liberal education. What do you think of these ideas and concepts? Do you agree with Giamatti and what he says about the purpose of a liberal education? How do these ideas compare with your own reflection on the purpose of an education at the college level?
Bob Silk  
VICE PRESIDENT, SALES AND MARKETING, FATLINE CORPORATION

Today I drive a $75,000 Porsche 911 sports car, live in a $700,000 house, am a vice president of an Internet startup, and am planning my retirement at age 55. This is a stark contrast to the college student who could barely pay his tuition, had four different majors, and did not have a clue what the future would hold. Now, as I look back over my 23-year career in sales, sales management, business development, and indirect channels, as well as starting a company, I see a few things that I think are part of the recipe for all successful people.

**Finish What You Start**

I probably look at a new resume every day. Although I think that the knowledge learned in a college education could be gathered in other ways, the mere act of completing college says a lot about a potential candidate. College is the first great test in life since it is almost always your choice, and finishing or not is typically not controlled by your parents. Therefore, since I normally have multiple choices for any open position I am hiring, I always go with the person who has shown that he can finish what he starts and has a college degree.

**Be Yourself**

My first job out of college was as a salesperson, a position that I felt was below my stature as a newly mined college graduate. What I learned was that fitting myself into the stereotyped salesperson was a mistake both because it was not satisfying and, more importantly, because it didn't work. The best people in any profession mold the job, if possible, to fit their personality. It took a long time for me to figure this out, but the rewards both personally and financially were well worth the effort.

**Learn How to Communicate**

Whether you are an engineer, artist, or a biologist, your chances of being successful are severely limited if you don’t learn how to express yourself in ways
that people can understand. Although these skills come naturally to some, they can be learned and are critical for career advancement. Take any opportunity to build your listening skills, learn to make good eye contact, and create goals for every encounter with another person.

In summary, cashing in on your education is great if you can keep a few simple ideas in mind. First, consider college your first and probably most important personal test. Commit to crossing the finish line to show yourself and the world that you are a person who can get the job done no matter what obstacles get in your way. Second, don’t think that you have to be a conformist in order to succeed. The best people in any profession mold any job to fit their personality. This allows them to stand out as well as to enjoy what they are doing. Finally, learn the essentials of communication, since they are lessons that are essential to achieving success and moving forward in almost any profession. Although these tools are not traditionally taught in your normal curriculum, go out of your way to gain them. The reward will serve you in all aspects of your life. Good luck.
First Journey

WHO AM I?

CHAPTER 1 • BEING EDUCATED
CHAPTER 2 • LEARNING
CHAPTER 3 • VALUES AND PERSPECTIVES
CHAPTER 4 • TELLING YOUR STORY
For me, one of the most important aspects of teaching is creating learning opportunities for students with diverse backgrounds, abilities, and interests. In all of my classes, I design projects that allow students to shine.

Several years ago, my classes were working furiously on their capstone museum exhibit project. They worked in groups that had been together throughout the year and had developed a sense of trust and collaboration. Each group had a particular focus and a piece of the exhibit to complete.

Of course, in all group projects there tend to be students who don’t pull their weight. This particular year I had a student, let’s call him Bill, who really didn’t do his part and made everyone in his group angry. Bill didn’t do well in general and appeared to lack motivation and an interest in learning.

One evening, his group of about five students stood outside the dorm looking at their enormous unpainted canvas. (They had sewn a canvas large enough to cover a 12-foot teepee.) I brought them a small 8.5 × 11 book of Plains Indian designs from which to choose. They thought I was crazy! How in the world were they going to translate something that small onto this huge canvas?

After about 20 minutes of silence—very uncomfortable silence—Bill came up to me and asked to see the pictures. He studied them for a few minutes and then asked me if I had any duct tape. Nodding yes, I headed for the office and got him a large roll.

With the rest of his group looking on with expressions of “now what is he going to do?” Bill proceeded to outline two eagles and chevron decorations around the entire canvas. When he finished, the students saw that painting inside the duct tape would give them an incredibly beautiful canvas for their teepee.

Jaws on the ground, mine included, the students congratulated Bill. The next day, all of the other groups asked Bill to outline the backgrounds for their exhibit pieces. His spatial intelligence was excellent, and he finally contributed something of substance in a way recognizable by everyone. And I was validated for offering the students this kind of experience.
Peter Senge begins his book *The Fifth Discipline Fieldbook* (1994) by describing a common greeting of the tribes of Northern Natal in South Africa. They greet one another by saying “sawu bona” and “sikhona.” The expression *sawu bona* means, literally, “I see you,” and the reply *sikhona* means “I am here.” This exchange is important because its inherent meaning is clear: your greeting acknowledges my particularity, and my reply confirms the success of your acknowledgment. If one goal of education is to develop self-sufficient, curious human beings, we must teach the value of each individual. Thus, you are about to explore personal narratives (personal stories) as a first step toward participating in building your communities. Because you are a unique individual, your educational process—the road you are making—must validate and reflect what you bring to your academic experience.

Learning has affective and subjective dimensions. Your intellectual development includes both learning to articulate your own point of view and listening to the views of others. In this manner, you become responsible creators of your own knowledge and meaning. After all, not only is education defined by specific measures, such as exams, grades, and statistics, but it is also the process of developing your mind. Because each mind is different, your educational experience needs to recognize your uniqueness and should confirm you in the manner of *sawu bona* and *sikhona*.

Many educators agree that you should acquire a depth and breadth of knowledge, develop the ability to communicate, think critically, be acquainted with important methods of inquiry, secure lasting intellectual and cultural interests, gain self-knowledge, and learn how to make informed judgments. In fact, most educators agree that your undergraduate experience must lead to your becoming a more competent, more complete and concerned human being. In other words, you are to develop the ability to become involved in life on visual, verbal, and auditory levels and you are to gain an understanding of history, science, and the arts, along with an understanding that knowledge is essential for a fulfilling, responsible life. Going to college is supposed to make you an educated person.

What is an educated person? Part of the answer to this, surely, is that there is no single answer. On the contrary, the whole notion of *sawu bona/sikhona* suggests that there must be as many answers as there is diversity among us in our natural endowments and worldviews. Later in this First Journey...
Journey, you will read a speech by A. Bartlett Giamatti, who is convinced that you should be learning just for the sake of learning. However, we know that today’s students desperately cling to the hope that a college education will give them a ticket to a better future.

Therefore, if we, as educators, neglect the importance of enabling you to make connections across the curriculum and to your lives, we fail miserably in our mission to educate. Not only have we then ignored your very real need to see your education as a commodity to be traded for a better life, but we have also undermined our own ability to foster the intellectual engagement that is at the foundation of higher learning.

A liberal education need not be useless if we adhere to the notion of sawu bona/sikhona. This First Journey pays attention to your variety of learning styles, values, differing attitudes toward education, various levels of motivation, cultural backgrounds, and skill levels. In each of the four chapters within this journey, you will be asked to bring yourself fully into your academic experience. Only then will you be able to appreciate your role in your own education.
There's something about a nice crunchy pickle, isn't there? I mean the aroma may make some people puke, but for me it's the taste and the juice forcing itself into your mouth like a divine cascade of flavor. As a wise man once said, "It's like a taste explosion in your mouth!"

Well, this article really has nothing to do with pickles, nor does it have anything to do with eating or wise men at all. In fact this article has nothing to do with anything tangible, unless you choose to follow along. Though you don't have to, I would strongly suggest it as you could have quite the nifty little craft project by the end of this piece!

The Jar

Time Management theories have come and gone. I've tried many of these and most have failed because of the sheer amount of time I needed to commit to the theory in order to save some time. The return just never seemed to justify the cost, if you know what I mean.

The latest theory of Time Management I heard has actually caused me to stop and think about how I run my entire life. This kind of thing doesn't happen very often, and no I don't mean thinking, cheeky readers! The theory that was recently taught in a Leadership course I'm enduring is called the Pickle Jar Theory.

The Theory

Imagine if you will an, or for those crafty people among you just go get an, empty pickle jar. Big pickle jar, you could fit at least three of the largest pickles you've ever imagined inside of it. For those of you who don't like pickles, I apologize, feel free to substitute the words "pancake jar" for "pickle jar" as needed.

Okay, so you've got yourself a pickle jar. Now, put some large rocks in it. Put in as many as you possibly can. Let me know when it's full. Now, I know you think it's full, but put a couple more in anyway.

Okay, you've got a full pickle jar that you can't fit anything else into, right? Now, put some pebbles in. Put as many in as you can possibly fit, and raise your hand and bark like a pig when you feel your jar is full.

Now, take your full jar and take sand, and, you guessed it, fill that jar until you can't possibly fit anymore in, and then add some water.

I am sure the significance of this little exercise hasn't escaped any of you. Each of us has many large priorities in our life, represented by the large rocks. We also have things which we enjoy doing, such as the pebbles. We have other things we have to do, like the sand. And finally, we have things that simply clutter up our lives and get in everywhere: water.

How you spend your time is a clear reflection of what you consider important in your life. In fact, how you spend time shows others what you value. Managing time is managing your life. Take the time to make the time.

TIME MANAGEMENT: THE PICKLE JAR THEORY

Jeremy Wright
None of these are bad things. After all, we need the gamut of these objects—from large priorities to times of rest—in order to feel truly fulfilled. No Time Management theory should be without balance, and the Pickle Jar Theory is all about balance. You make time for everything, and everything simply fits well where it is supposed to fit.

Me and My Day

As an example of my pre-pickle day, my little to-do list looked a lot like this:

- 8:00 check and respond to email
- 8:30 check various community sites and respond where required
- 9:00 ensure all web properties are running properly
- 9:15 set priorities for the day
- 9:30 go for a walk, grab some water
- 10:00 do website maintenance, remove outdated content
- 11:00 draft an article
- 11:30 polish next article to go out
- 12:00 ensure all things web-related are handled, running well and all questions are answered
- 12:30 lunch
- 1:30 do programming on latest large project
- 2:30 write letters to clients to keep them abreast of changes in the last three days to their projects
- 3:30 check with team on progress, deal with issues
- 4:30 . . . etc., etc., etc.

Now, I may have actually accomplished a lot in this type of day; in fact, I typically did. All my websites were running properly, I’d written an article or two, I’d done actual work, I’d built client relationships, I’d ensured my team was working properly, so what could be wrong?

Well, take a look at the first five hours of my day. Between 8am and 1pm, all I manage to actually get done that couldn’t fit into other times when my mind tends to wander (and I tend to do these things anyway) was a little bit of article writing.

This part of the day was really a supreme waste of time. I often went to lunch feeling like I was convincing myself that I had been productive. At the end of the day I always believed that a lot got done, but my lunch times always felt slightly depressing.

Beyond that, this schedule did not work if a client walked in and needed an exceptional amount of work done, if a site had crashed overnight, or if I had an email that required more than five minutes of attention. If anything unexpected happened, which we all know should actually be expected, my whole morning and often my entire day fell apart.

My New, Improved Day

In these post-pickle days, my schedule looks rather different. I now schedule in times when my rocks should get done and let my other priorities, the unexpected and little things I do all day, like surf the web, fill in the gaps. New schedule:

- 8:00 figure out rocks for the day (literally, this is what it says!) and deal with emergencies
- 8:30 article writing as appropriate
- 10:00 programming
- 13:00 client correspondence

Suddenly I have what feels like a more open day. I have more time for programming, I get things done earlier, I am more relaxed, my schedule is more fluid. It all works incredibly well.

In the post-pickle days I realized that I needed to really figure out what my big rocks...
were during the day and not schedule time for anything else in my daily routine. Email is not a rock: I can go a few minutes and, wonder of wonders, even a day or two without touching it.

Email is a lot like the phone in that even though we all have our phones on just in case an important call happens, when we look back on our year it is rare that we can remember more than one or two occasions where we absolutely needed to answer our phone or email at that precise instant.

The Detractors

There are of course those in the audience who will never have practiced Time Management techniques in the past. They feel they are productive enough and get "enough" done. I'm glad, way to go, give yourselves a hand. Now, grab your jar again. Empty it.

Fill your jar with water until it is completely full. Now, try and add some sand. What do you mean it didn't work?

This is the essence of the Pickle (or Pancake) Jar Theory. By first ensuring that your large priorities are tackled, scheduled, and done for the day, you can then let the smaller but less important things in until you have somehow allowed time in your day for everything you needed to do, while still relaxing and having fun.

The Value of Water

I strongly encourage everyone to use at least one Time Management System. It empowers you to actually do instead of scurrying about without any goals in sight. Whether you choose this particular system or not, remember: eat the pickles before you empty the jar, they are so good!

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The plague of racism is insidious, entering into our minds as smoothly and quietly and invisibly as floating airborne microbes enter into our bodies to find lifelong purchase in our blood streams.

Here is a dark little tale which exposes the general pain of racism. I wrote ten one-hour television programs called Blacks, Blues, which highlighted Africanisms still current in American life. The work was produced in San Francisco at KQED.

The program "African Art’s Impact in Western Art" was fourth in the series. In it I planned to show the impact African sculpture had on the art of Picasso, Modigliani, Paul Klee, and Rouault. I learned
that a Berkeley collector owned many pieces of East African Makonde sculpture. I contacted the collector, who allowed me to select thirty pieces of art. When they were arranged on lighted plinths, the shadows fell from the sculptures on to the floor, and we photographed them in dramatic sequence. The collector and his wife were so pleased with the outcome that at my farewell dinner they presented me with a piece of sculpture as a memento. They were white, older, amused and amusing. I knew that if I lived in their area, we would become social friends.

I returned to New York, but three years later I moved back to Berkeley to live. I telephoned the collector and informed him of my move. He said, "So glad you called. I read of your return in the newspaper. Of course we must get together." He went on, "You know I am the local president of the National Council of Christian and Jews. But you don’t know what I’ve been doing since we last spoke. I’ve been in Germany trying to ameliorate the conditions for the American soldiers." His voice was weighted with emotion. He said, "You know, the black soldiers are having a horrific time over there, and our boys are having a hard time, too."

I asked, "What did you say?"
He said, "Well, I’m saying that the black soldiers are having it particularly rough, but our guys are having a bad time, too."
I asked, "Would you repeat that?"
He said, "Well, I’m saying . . . " Then his mind played back his statement, or he reheard the echo of his blunder hanging in the air.
He said, "Oh, my God, I’ve made such a stupid mistake, and I’m speaking to Maya Angelou." He said, "I’m so embarrassed, I’m going to hang up." I said, "Please don’t. Please don’t. This incident merely shows how insidious racism is. Please, let’s talk about it." I could hear embarrassment in his voice, and hesitations and chagrin. Finally, after about three or four minutes, he managed to hang up. I telephoned him three times, but he never returned my telephone calls.

The incident saddened and burdened me. The man, his family and friends were lessened by not getting to know me and my family and friends. And it also meant that I, my family, and my friends were lessened by not getting to know him. Because we never had a chance to talk to each other and learn from each other, racism had diminished all the lives it had touched.

It is time for the preachers, the rabbis, the priests and pundits, and the professors to believe in the awesome wonder of diversity so that they can teach those who follow them. It is time for parents to teach young people early on that in diversity there is beauty and there is strength. We all should know that diversity makes for a rich tapestry, and we must understand that all the threads of the tapestry are equal in value no matter their color; equal in importance no matter their texture.
Our young must be taught that racial peculiarities do exist, but that beneath the skin, beyond the differing features and into the true heart of being, fundamentally, we are more alike, my friend, than we are unalike. . . . Mirror twins are different although their features jibe, and lovers think quite different thoughts while lying side by side.
I have interacted
I have maintained a positive attitude
I have had fun
I have learned
I have contributed
I have helped
I have nourished the minds and bodies of children
I have changed
—First-year student

Have you ever wondered what it really means to say, “When I get out in the real world I will . . .”? Why aren’t your educational experiences considered part of the real world? What makes everyone accept the notion that time in school is somehow separate from what will go on afterward? If we can all agree that the mission of higher education is to foster learning, discovery, discussion, and the creation of knowledge about the world, shouldn’t time spent in college be deemed the “real” world? How else do you bridge the gap between theory and practice?

One way is to participate in service learning, community service that is aligned with your course work. When you are involved in a service learning project, the opportunity to be a creative problem solver, a member of a team, a decision maker, and a part of the community arises. More important, making the connection between class content and the work of your community is a valuable bonus to your learning. Enrich your education.
Being Educated

OBJECTIVES

• to review your own experiences with education
• to become familiar with differing perspectives on education
• to understand the concept of a liberal education

We make the road by walking,
Farther than the eye can see, . . .
I Am What I Am

I am what I am. I am Chinese.
My eyes are slanted. So what? Who cares?
I am what I am. I am German.
I am haole. Yet, my skin is not pale.
I am what I am. I am Filipino.
My brown skin. I am perfectly colored.
My light brown skin matches my light brown eyes.
I am what I am. I am Hawaiian.
Who cares if it is not by blood?
I am Hawaii. I am the Aloha Spirit.
Yes, I am in college.
You can hear the educated English when I speak.
You can also hear my pidgin. I love that language.
From my first day to my last,
I will arrive with a “Howzits Brah!!” and
Leave with one loud and happy, “Kay den kuz!”
I am the country.
I am Ewa Beach, Waipahu, and Pearl City.
I am what I am.
If you don’t like it, then who cares?
I am the metal that was poured from the melting pot.
A Chinese man loved a German woman and
A Filipino man loved a Chinese woman.
Their children brought forth a new American.
They brought forth me.
The local, the American, the Teen-Ager, and
The Future of This World!
I am what I am.
And that is what I am.

—Jared Keoni Chun
“I learn something new every day.” Somebody has probably made this statement to you at least once in your life. You have also probably been asked, “What did you learn today?” You were probably asked this question a lot when you were younger, more than you wanted to be. Sometimes it was used as a test by your parents to see if you paid attention at school. Other times it was meant to start a conversation between you and another adult about your day and the events that comprised it. What’s the deeper reality behind these seemingly casual, unimportant conversation starters?

First, they assume that you can, in fact, learn something, that you are capable of experiencing something new. Second, they imply that learning something becomes a part of you, changes you, adds to who you are, to what you can do, to how you are. Finally, the use of the word “learn” indicates a process in which something you did or that was done to you occurred through a series of events, actions, or activities that you were a part of in some way.

Learning is creating. It is a process whose components are information and connection. Learning occurs when information, or “data,” is connected to who we are or, in other words, to what we already know. The connecting transforms the information into meaning for us, making it useful, important, exciting, or fun. For example, I listen to a new song and I decide that I like that song because it has a great melody.

Go deeper. The actual song that I hear is information. When I decide that I like the melody, I have made a connection to how I feel about music or other songs I already like or to what I think about the performer or type of music. I have made the song a part of what I already know, what I have already experienced or think or have liked before. You can come up with hundreds of examples of this process happening every day, in all kinds of ways with all kinds of things. That’s learning.

Information literacy is about making the process of transforming information into learning more deliberate. It is about being able to recognize information, to find the information you want, and to decide the best information for the learning you want or need to do. Information literacy is about knowing when you need information for the best learning possible and knowing where to find the best sources for that information to ensure quality learning. Is the best source of information a person? Is it a book? A website? A television program? Being information literate is knowing how to decide, where to find, and when to look.

There is no learning without information, and there is no quality learning without a conscious effort to get the most relevant raw material (information) possible. Learning, then, is making connections between your internal understanding of yourself in the world and external factors that can influence that internal world. Information is an external repository of influences. By making this process of connecting the internal to the external deliberate, focused, and efficient, we create our own definition of being a learner and being information literate.
Being Educated

In every outthrust headland, in every curving beach, in every grain of sand there is the story of the earth.

—RACHEL CARSON

So far you have spent over 12 years in school. You have learned skills—reading, writing, word processing, and kickball—and about maps and literature and how to conjugate a verb. You've mixed chemicals, played sports, participated in music and art, learned about Roman history, explored the meaning of poetry, created science fair displays, marched in a band, and found a dress for the homecoming dance. What did this all mean to you?

The first and last reading in this chapter highlight where you might have been in your educational career and where you are supposed to be going. Before you read any of the articles in this chapter, take time to reflect back on your educational experience over the years. Do you remember an essentially "good" educational experience? Were you excited and challenged? Was it a worthwhile adventure? Was it an adventure at all? Are your feelings about education based on a teacher, an event, or an experience? Do you remember "bad" educational experiences in your life? Thinking about what you've already experienced will help you navigate the journey of higher education.

"Schooling" is the structure most of you experienced during the last 12 years. The goals of "schooling" are to prepare you for college, for citizenship, for life. John Gatto questions the value of this schooling. You'll have to decide for yourself what was right and what was wrong. Now that you've entered the world of higher education, the goals are even loftier. A liberal education opens your mind to endless possibilities and ideas, all of which lead to lifelong learning and a higher quality of life. A. Bartlett Giamatti thinks that the value in exploring knowledge is in itself enough. Is it?

Finally, the readings in the middle of this chapter illustrate new ways to think about education and how it occurs, and how much control you might have over what happens.
I touch the future. I teach. —CHRISTA MCAULIFFE

John Taylor Gatto received the state teacher of the year award in New York and wrote the following acceptance speech. He taught school for over 30 years and was obviously an excellent teacher. However, you will see from this speech, he has a very cynical attitude toward what happens in school.

Have you been taught confusion? Been ignored? Are you indifferent? Dependent on others for ideas or your self-esteem? Or do you feel empowered to embark on the remainder of your educational journey?

THE SEVEN-LESSON SCHOOLTEACHER

John Taylor Gatto

1. Confusion

A lady named Kathy wrote this to me from Dubois, Indiana the other day:

What big ideas are important to little kids? Well, the biggest idea I think they need is that what they are learning isn’t idiosyncratic—that there is some system to it all and it’s not just raining down on them as they helplessly absorb. That’s the task, to understand, to make coherent.

Kathy has it wrong. The first lesson I teach is confusion. Everything I teach is out of context. I teach the un-relating of everything. I teach dis-connections. I teach too much: the orbiting of planets, the law of large numbers, slavery, adjectives, architectural drawing, dance, gymnasium, choral singing, assemblies, surprise guests, fire drills, computer
languages, parents' nights, staff-development days, pull-out programs, guidance with strangers my students may never see again, standardized tests, age-segregation unlike anything seen in the outside world... What do any of these things have to do with each other?

Even in the best schools a close examination of curriculum and its sequences turns up a lack of coherence, full of internal contradictions. Fortunately the children have no words to define the panic and anger they feel at constant violations of natural order and sequence fobbed off on them as quality in education. The logic of the school-mind is that it is better to leave school with a tool kit of superficial jargon derived from economics, sociology, natural science, and so on, than with one genuine enthusiasm. But quality in education entails learning about something in depth. Confusion is thrust upon kids by too many strange adults, each working alone with only the thinnest relationship with each other, pretending, for the most part, to an expertise they do not possess.

Meaning, not disconnected facts, is what sane human beings seek, and education is a set of codes for processing raw data into meaning. Behind the patchwork quilt of school sequences and the school obsession with facts and theories, the age-old human search for meaning lies well concealed. This is harder to see in elementary school where the hierarchy of school experience seems to make better sense because the good-natured simple relationship between "let's do this" and "let's do that" is just assumed to mean something and the clientele has not yet consciously discerned how little substance is behind the play and pretense.

Think of the great natural sequences—like learning to walk and learning to talk; the progression of light from sunrise to sunset; the ancient procedures of a farmer, a shoemaker, or a shoemaker; or the preparation of a Thanksgiving feast—all of the parts are in perfect harmony with each other, each action justifies itself and illuminates the past and the future. School sequences aren't like that, not inside a single class and not among the total menu of daily classes. School sequences are crazy. There is no particular reason for any of them, nothing that bears close scrutiny. Few teachers would dare to teach the tools whereby dogmas of a school or a teacher could be criticized, since everything must be accepted. School subjects are learned, if they can be learned, like children learn the catechism or memorize the Thirty-nine Articles of Anglicanism.

I teach the un-relating of everything, an infinite fragmentation the opposite of cohesion; what I do is more related to television programming than to making a scheme of order. In a world where home is only a ghost, because both parents work, or because of too many moves or too many job changes or too much ambition, or because something else has left everybody too confused to maintain a family relation, I teach you how to accept confusion as your destiny. That's the first lesson I teach.

2. Class Position

The second lesson I teach is class position. I teach that students must stay in the class where they belong. I don't know who decides my kids belong there but that's not my business. The children are numbered so that if any get away they can be returned to the right class. Over the years the variety of ways children are numbered by schools has increased dramatically, until it is hard to see the human beings plainly under the weight of numbers they carry. Numbering children is a big and very profitable undertaking, though what the strategy is designed to accomplish is elusive. I don't even know why parents would, without a fight, allow it to be done to their kids.

16 FIRST JOURNEY WHO AM I?
In any case, that’s not my business. My job is to make them like being locked together with children who bear numbers like their own. Or at the least to endure it like good sports. If I do my job well, the kids can’t even imagine themselves somewhere else, because I’ve shown them how to envy and fear the better classes and how to have contempt for the dumb classes. Under this efficient discipline the class mostly polices itself into good marching order. That’s the real lesson of any rigged competition like school. You come to know your place.

In spite of the overall class blueprint, which assumes that ninety-nine percent of the kids are in their class to stay, I nevertheless make a public effort to exhort children to higher levels of test scores, hinting at eventual transfer from the lower class as a reward. I frequently insinuate the day will come when an employer will hire them on the basis of test scores and grades, even though my own experience is that employers are rightly indifferent to such things. I never lie outright, but I’ve come to see that truth and schoolteaching are, at bottom, incompatible, just as Socrates said thousands of years ago. The lesson of numbered classes is that everyone has a proper place in the pyramid and there is no way out of your class except by number magic. Failing that, you must stay where you are put.

3. Indifference

The third lesson I teach is indifference. I teach children not to care too much about anything, even though they want to make it appear that they do. How I do this is very subtle. I do it by demanding that they become totally involved in my lessons, jumping up and down in their seats with anticipation, competing vigorously with each other for my favor. It’s heartwarming when they do that; it impresses everyone, even me. When I’m at my best I plan lessons very carefully in order to produce this show of enthusiasm. But when the bell rings I insist they drop whatever it is we have been doing and proceed quickly to the next work station. They must turn on and off like a light switch. Nothing important is ever finished in my class nor in any class I know of. Students never have a complete experience except on the installment plan.

Indeed, the lesson of bells is that no work is worth finishing, so why care too deeply about anything? Years of bells will condition all but the strongest to a world that can no longer offer important work to do. Bells are the secret logic of schooltime; their logic is inexorable. Bells destroy the past and future, rendering every interval the same as any other, as the abstraction of a map renders every living mountain and river the same, even though they are not. Bells inoculate each undertaking with indifference.

4. Emotional Dependency

The fourth lesson I teach is emotional dependency. By stars and red checks, smiles and frowns, prizes, honors, and disgraces, I teach kids to surrender their will to the predestinated chain of command. Rights may be granted or withheld by any authority without appeal, because rights do not exist inside a school—not even the right of free speech, as the Supreme Court has ruled—unless school authorities say they do. As a schoolteacher, I intervene in many personal decisions, issuing a pass for those I deem legitimate, or initiating a disciplinary confrontation for behavior that threatens my control. Individuality is constantly trying to assert itself among children and teenagers, so my judgments come thick and fast. Individuality is a contradiction of class theory, a curse to all systems of classification.
Here are some common ways it shows up: children sneak away for a private moment in the toilet on the pretext of moving their bowels, or they steal a private instant in the hallway on the grounds they need water. I know they don’t but I allow them to “deceive” me because this conditions them to depend on my favors. Sometimes free will appears right in front of me in pockets of children angry, depressed, or happy about things outside my ken; rights in such matters cannot be recognized by schoolteachers, only privileges that can be withdrawn, hostages to good behavior.

5. Intellectual Dependency

The fifth lesson I teach is intellectual dependency. Good students wait for a teacher to tell them what to do. It is the most important lesson, that we must wait for other people, better trained than ourselves, to make the meanings of our lives. The expert makes all the important choices; only I, the teacher, can determine what my kids must study, or rather, only the people who pay me can make those decisions, which I then enforce. If I’m told that evolution is a fact instead of a theory, I transmit that as ordered, punishing deviants who resist. This power to control what children will think lets me separate successful students from failures very easily.

Successful children do the thinking I assign them with a minimum of resistance and a decent show of enthusiasm. Of the millions of things of value to study, I decide what few we have time for, or actually it is decided by my faceless employers. The choices are theirs, why should I argue? Curiosity has no important place in my work, only conformity.

Bad kids fight this, of course, even though they lack the concepts to know what they are fighting, struggling to make decisions for themselves about what they will learn and when they will learn it. How can we allow that and survive as schoolteachers? Fortunately there are tested procedures to break the will of those who resist; it is more difficult, naturally, if the kids have respectable parents who come to their aid, but that happens less and less in spite of the bad reputation of schools. No middle-class parents I have ever met actually believe that their kid’s school is one of the bad ones. Not one single parent in twenty-six years of teaching. That’s amazing, and probably the best testimony to what happens to families when mother and father have been well-schooled themselves, learning the seven lessons.

Good people wait for an expert to tell them what to do. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that our entire economy depends upon this lesson being learned. Think of what might fall apart if children weren’t trained to be dependent; the social services could hardly survive; they would vanish, I think, into the recent historical limbo out of which they arose. Counselors and therapists would look on in horror as the supply of psychic invalids vanished. Commercial entertainment of all sorts, including television, would wither as people learned again how to make their own fun. Restaurants, the prepared-food industry, and a whole host of other assorted food services would be drastically down-sized if people returned to making their own meals rather than depending on strangers to plant, pick, chop, and cook for them. Much of modern law, medicine, and engineering would go too, the clothing business and schoolteaching as well, unless a guaranteed supply of helpless people continued to pour out of our schools each year.

Don’t be too quick to vote for radical school reform if you want to continue getting a paycheck. We’ve built a way of life that depends on people doing what they are told because they don’t know how to tell themselves what to do. It’s one of the biggest lessons I teach.
6. Provisional Self-Esteem

The sixth lesson I teach is provisional self-esteem. If you’ve ever tried to wrestle into line kids whose parents have convinced them to believe they’ll be loved in spite of anything, you know how impossible it is to make self-confident spirits conform. Our world wouldn’t survive a flood of confident people very long, so I teach that a kid’s self-respect should depend on expert opinion. My kids are constantly evaluated and judged. A monthly report, impressive in its provision, is sent into a student’s home to elicit approval or mark exactly, down to a single percentage point, how dissatisfied with the child a parent should be. The ecology of “good” schooling depends on perpetuating dissatisfaction, just as the commercial economy depends on the same fertilizer. Although some people might be surprised how little time or reflection goes into making up these mathematical records, the cumulative weight of these objective-seeming documents establishes a profile that compels children to arrive at certain decisions about themselves and their futures based on the casual judgment of strangers. Self-evaluation, the staple of every major philosophical system that ever appeared on the planet, is never considered a factor. The lesson of report cards, grades, and tests is that children should not trust themselves or their parents but should instead rely on the evaluation of certified officials. People need to be told what they are worth.

7. One Can’t Hide

The seventh lesson I teach is that one can’t hide. I teach students they are always watched, that each is under constant surveillance by myself and my colleagues. There are no private spaces for children, there is no private time. Class change lasts exactly three hundred seconds to keep promiscuous fraternization at low levels. Students are encouraged to tattle on each other or even to tattle on their own parents. Of course, I encourage parents to file reports about their own child’s waywardness too. A family trained to snitch on itself isn’t likely to conceal any dangerous secrets.

I assign a type of extended schooling called “homework,” so that the effect of surveillance, if not that surveillance itself, travels into private households, where students might otherwise use free time to learn something unauthorized from a father or mother, by exploration, or by apprenticing to some wise person in the neighborhood. Disloyalty to the idea of schooling is a devil always ready to find work for idle hands.

The meaning of constant surveillance and denial of privacy is that no one can be trusted, that privacy is not legitimate. Surveillance is an ancient imperative, espoused by certain influential thinkers, a central prescription set down in *The Republic*, in *The City of God*, in the *Institutes of the Christian Religion*, in *New Atlantis*, in *Leviathan*, and in a host of other places. All these childless men who wrote these books discovered the same thing: children must be closely watched if you want to keep society under tight central control. Children will follow a private drummer if you can’t get them into a uniformed marching band.

There is nothing permanent except change. —HERACLITUS

The following article by Laurent Daloz explores and contrasts the lives of two women. They both acquired new knowledge that transformed their lives, broadened their perspectives, and forced them to view their worlds in a new light. Read the article while keeping in mind your own new experience of entering college, the issues raised by Gatto about education and learning, and then think about the role education might have in your life in the years to come.

BEYOND TRIBALISM

Laurent A. Daloz

A central task of human development involves learning how to care for oneself in ways that increasingly incorporate the needs and concerns of others. Elementary school children learn to look after their own needs by anticipating those of their friends; Todd scratches Chris’s back so Chris will scratch his. Later as Todd’s capacity to extend himself matures, he learns how his friend experiences him as well, coming to view himself as part of a group and relying more on his capacity to share than to manipulate. Thus is born the culture of adolescence, a world characterized by conformity to the expectations of others, by membership in the tribe. Many people live out their lives struggling to meet the expectations of their spouses, children, or friends, finding a kind of equilibrium as loyal tribal members. But not all. For some, the world shifts again, and they lose their balance once more. Consider Lale and Susan.

Lale

A woman in her late twenties, Lale is one of a small group of people in the Southern Highlands of New Guinea known as the Kutubu, a name meaning “the people.” As a girl, Lale was closely watched by her family; it would not do to have her taken without bride payment or worse, kidnapped by the enemy. When Lale came of age, she was married to a man in a neighboring village and in time became the mother of three children. Lale’s husband, Beni, spends much of his time with the other men of the tribe hunting in the surrounding jungle or strengthening the village’s defensive perimeter against the omnipresent danger of attack from the enemy in the North. He accepts without question his duty to join with the other men of the tribe hunting in the surrounding jungle or strengthening the village’s defensive perimeter against the omnipresent danger of attack from the enemy in the North. He accepts without question his duty to join with the other men in protection of the tribe’s women and children. For her part, Lale is glad to be protected. She is proud to be a Kutubu and cannot imagine any other
kind of life. She accepts without question the laws and customs of her tribe, and her highest wish is to be a good wife and mother. It is a good life. To Lale, this is the way it has always been and always should be.

One day, she accompanies her friend to a regional market established by the government to foster trade and communication among the various local tribes. There she discovers women from other tribes. It is a whole new world.

Susan

Susan grew up in a small farming community in the northeastern corner of Vermont. Her parents watched her closely as a child for it would have been deeply humiliating for them had she become pregnant and been forced to marry. They were relieved when she graduated from high school and settled down to marry Armand, a young man from a neighboring village. While she raised their three children, he spent most of his time on the road driving a truck and serving his time as a member of the National Guard. Armand is a staunch patriot and is proud of the American flag on his truck he has named, “Miss Liberty.” Susan shares her husband’s patriotism and accepts without question his view, and echo of her father’s, that America is the greatest country in the world. She is proud to be an American. She cannot understand why some people she sees on TV seem so critical and nods approvingly when her husband snorts, “if they don’t like it here, they can move to Russia.” This is a good life, and people should be thankful, not critical.

Then one day, going over family finances together, they come to the conclusion that Susan will need to get a job to supplement their income. Armand doesn’t like the idea, but it seems they have no choice. Relieved that the children are all at school, Susan begins taking typing classes at the local community college. To meet a degree requirement, she takes a course in the Humanities where she discovers that her teacher, whom she greatly admires, does not share her husband’s views. Nor do several of her classmates whom she respects. It is a whole new world.

Sustaining Ignorance

It would be a mistake, of course, to deny the differences between Lale and Susan. They live literally worlds and continents apart, in societies which, in many ways, are dramatically different. Yet the similarities are compelling. Each has encountered a new world which threatens her former balance. Let’s look more closely.

Both Lale and Susan consider themselves normal people. They are well cared for, reasonably happy, and, above all, want to keep it that way. Each was carefully nurtured and protected by her family as she moved from childhood into adolescence. The delicate bridge between the first home and the second was crossed without incident, and each woman remains protected; first by her father, then by her husband. Within the circle of his arms she is safe. Their men, moreover, accept those responsibilities as given: to protect and provide for their families. Things as they are are things as they should be.

Each woman is held, as well, by her community. Each has learned right and wrong from her parents and, with little slippage, finds the same rules in her husband’s home. Each takes it as her duty to pass on those same values to her children so that they, too, may be held as firmly by their community as she has been. Since they have come to see themselves as surrounded by a dangerous world, the circle
of protection around their villages is doubly important, and each holds with special intensity to the beliefs with which she was reared. And although she may not express those beliefs often, when she does, it is with a sense of the obvious: Isn’t it common sense to believe as we do? Rarely does either woman reflect upon or criticize the given truths of her culture, and she views with suspicion those who do. To be critical, she believes, is, at best, the province of men, and at worst, of traitors.

But there is one problem. Because Lale’s and Susan’s worlds have been born of communal, given traditions rather than constructed from an individual confrontation with doubt and uncertainty, those worlds must rely on insulation from conflicting information if they are to remain stable. To sustain that tidy world of certainties, the tribe must erect a wall between itself and the outside world. Knowledge of other truths—even absurd ones, much less internally valid ones—is profoundly subversive and eats away at the tribe’s security like a cancer. To maintain the stability of the tribe, a certain ignorance must be fostered.

When travelers leave home, they risk discovering a terrible secret: theirs is only one of any number of tribes, each believing its own truth to be paramount. Whether it is Lale going to market or Susan to secretarial school, the result is the same. The walls which both protected and isolated begin to crumble.

Beyond Tribal Gods

Formal education seeks more than mere indoctrination in the given values of a culture. It seeks to enable students to distance themselves from their upbringing, to see their values in a broader context. For only then can the culture remain alive to the possibility of change and develop the consequent capacity to adapt itself to an environment which is inevitably in flux. When it works, good education enables people to construct a coherent and responsive stance from complex information radiating from a rapidly shifting world. Such people are perhaps not as happy as they once were, but they probably do not view happiness as paramount. They have in some sense left the tribe and may suffer for that. Yet, in time they will make themselves at home in a larger tribe—ultimately, we hope, in a recognition of the intrinsic unity of the entire human family. The journey from one home to the next is seldom an easy one, but there is about it a kind of imperative. For some it seems a matter of life or death.

The Outward Journey

Throughout human history, maps of such growth have been handed down in the form of journey tales in which the hero leaves home in quest of some great adventure, usually symbolic of higher consciousness. Travelers in such tales invariably cross several thresholds as they move into conventional adult society. This crossing calls us to move from the security of our immediate family into the conventional adult tribe. We all recognize it as a necessary journey from a smaller to a larger home, and we call it growing up. It involves becoming normal and constitutes the chief task of adolescence. In most societies it is accomplished relatively smoothly and marked by such rituals as confirmation, bar mitzvah, and marriage.

A second crossing, departure from the tribe, is considerably less common and more dangerous. In a tribe like Lale’s it is tantamount to death. One simply does not question the rules and remain an acceptable member of the tribe. And until recently, Lale would have had nowhere else to go. Although
Susan's tribe will react with similar disapproval to her rebellion, she can, at least, leave her former psychological home and suffer only a ritual rather than a literal death. With luck, hard work, and good friends, she and Armand will find a way to reconstruct a new home together.

The Second Crossing

Beyond this tightly bound world lies a wider world held together not by external bonds but by the conscious choice of its membership. It is a world in which the rules, formerly invisible, are now seen and chosen. Choice and responsibility are central to entrance. But the passage into this world is difficult. It demands that the pilgrim make a conscious decision to leave home, and the password is a question: Why? With the answer to that question, the world becomes visible in a new way.

Out of the gap between old givens and new discoveries, an inner voice is born, resonates with other voices in the market or at school, and grows stronger. Over time, Susan learns that it may be more important to receive a lesson than an answer. She sees with a crisper clarity that authorities do not always agree and begins to take authority into her own heart, to listen with greater respect to the inner voice even though it may contradict that of her culture. As she repeatedly comes up against conflicting information, she grows more adept at making choices. Nourished by the new light cast by her search for a way to make her own meaning, her inner world grows richer; she acknowledges more complex feelings. And as she does this, she grows increasingly able to understand the complexity of others' feelings as well. Her capacity to see through others' eyes expands, and she discovers that she is more than a reflection in her former tribal mirror. Seeing herself as strangers do, she comes to view herself in a fresh way. As she acknowledges new inner voices, she welcomes new members to the tribe. In time, she grows to recognize that even women with whom she has no personal acquaintance might share her own pain. So for the first time, when she hears a friend declare that she has never been discriminated against, she retorts, "Just because you don't feel that way doesn't mean others don't!" Her horizon no longer stops at the edge of the village.

To help you contemplate how changes have affected your lives, you can approach this journal writing assignment three different ways. Please choose one of the following options.

1. Change brings growth and conflict. Using the Venn diagram below, consider that the left-hand circle represents an old viewpoint or tribal view and the right-hand circle represents a new viewpoint or tribal view. The area shared between the two circles represents elements or beliefs common to both viewpoints. Little conflict occurs there. Those areas outside the intersection of the circles represent beliefs or areas where there is a possibility of conflict.

   ![Venn Diagram]

   Think about a time when you were going through a change of viewpoints, and describe the situation as it relates to the Venn diagram. Write the commonly shared ideas and the conflicting ideas on your own diagram in your journal. Then write about the growth and conflict you experienced because of changing viewpoints. Be sure to describe the event that precipitated this experience of growth and change.

2. Think of a tribe (such as a team, family, or church group) you have been a part of, and think of a time when you grew, changed, and moved beyond the boundaries of that tribe. What did you gain in the process of finding this new perspective? What did you lose? Ultimately, did you experience the shift as positive or negative? What did you learn as a result of your
decision to allow for change? Would you make the same decision again? Why or why not?

3. Sometimes a person has an opportunity to change, to move beyond their present tribe, and actually chooses not to change. Describe such a time in your own life. What was your reasoning in making the decision not to change? What might you have missed out on by not changing? What (if any) are your regrets about the choice you made? In what ways did you benefit from the decision not to change? Would you make the same decision again? Why or why not?
If a little knowledge is dangerous, where is the man who has so much as to be out of danger?

—THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

In the following excerpt from Chapter Eleven in The Autobiography of Malcolm X, Malcolm X describes a time he spent in prison and how he took this as an opportunity to finally understand about learning. One might even see his time as a "retreat" of sorts. After all, one definition of "retreat" is to "withdraw from what is difficult, dangerous, or disagreeable." Certainly, time in prison would qualify; yet prison is difficult, dangerous, and disagreeable at best.

After this excerpt, you will find a response written by a first-year student at the University of Hawaii. This student’s strong reaction to Malcolm X should prompt you to do some critical thinking of your own.

It was because of my letters that I happened to stumble upon starting to acquire some kind of a homemade education.

I became increasingly frustrated at not being able to express what I wanted to convey in letters that I wrote, especially those to Mr. Elijah Muhammad.* In the street, I had been the most articulate hustler out there—I had commanded attention when I said something. But now, trying to write simple English, I not only wasn't articulate, I wasn't even functional. How would I sound writing in slang, the way I would say it, something such as, "Look, daddy, let me pull your coat about a cat, Elijah Muhammad—"

Many who today hear me somewhere in person, or on television, or those who read something I've said, will think I went to school far beyond the eighth grade. This impression is due entirely to my prison studies.

It had really begun back in the Charlestown Prison, when Bimbi first made me feel envy of his stock of knowledge. Bimbi had always taken charge of any conversations he was in, and I had tried to emulate him. But every book I picked up had few sentences which didn't contain anywhere from one to nearly all of the words that might as well have been in Chinese. When I just skipped those words, of course, I really ended up with little idea of what the book said. So I had come to the Norfolk Prison Colony still going through only bookreading motions. Pretty soon, I would have quit even these motions, unless I had received the motivation that I did.

*Elijah Muhammad was a leader of the Black Muslims' Temple of Islam in the 1940s, 1950s, and 1960s.
I saw that the best thing I could do was get hold of a dictionary—to study, to learn some words. I was lucky enough to reason also that I should try to improve my penmanship. It was sad. I couldn't even write in a straight line. It was both ideas together that moved me to request a dictionary along with some tablets and pencils from the Norfolk Prison Colony school.

I spent two days just riffling uncertainly through the dictionary's pages. I'd never realized so many words existed! I don't know which words I needed to learn. Finally, just to start some kind of action, I began copying.

In my slow, painstaking, ragged handwriting, I copied into my tablet everything printed on that first page, down to the punctuation marks.

I believe it took me a day. Then, aloud, I read back, to myself, everything I'd written on the tablet. Over and over, aloud, to myself, I read my own handwriting.

I woke up the next morning, thinking about those words—immensely proud to realize that not only had I written so much at one time, but I'd written words that I never knew were in the world. Moreover, with a little effort, I also could remember what many of these words meant. I reviewed the words whose meanings I didn't remember. Funny thing, from the dictionary first page right now, that "aardvark" springs to my mind. The dictionary had a picture of it, a long-tailed, long-eared, burrowing African mammal, which lives off termites caught by sticking out its tongue as an anteater does for ants.

I was so fascinated that I went on—I copied the dictionary's next page. And the same experience came when I studied that. With every succeeding page, I also learned of people and places and events from history. Actually the dictionary is like a miniature encyclopedia. Finally the dictionary's A section had filled a whole tablet—and I went on into the B's. That was the way I started copying what eventually became the entire dictionary. It went a lot faster after so much practice helped me to pick up handwriting speed. Between what I wrote in my tablet, and writing letters, during the rest of my time in prison I would guess I wrote a million words.

I suppose it was inevitable that as my word-base broadened, I could for the first time pick up a book and read and now begin to understand what the book was saying. Anyone who has read a great deal can imagine the new world that opened. Let me tell you something: from then until I left that prison, in every free moment I had, if I was not reading in the library, I was reading on my bunk. You couldn't have gotten me out of books with a wedge. Between Mr. Muhammad's teachings, my correspondence, my visitors—usually Ella and Reginald—and my reading of books, months passed without my even thinking about being imprisoned. In fact, up to then, I never had been so truly free in my life.

The Norfolk Prison Colony's library was in the school building. A variety of classes was taught there by instructors who came from such places as Harvard and Boston universities. The weekly debates between inmate teams were also held in the school building. You would be astonished to know how worked up convict debaters and audiences would get over subjects like "Should Babies Be Fed Milk?"

Available on the prison library's shelves were books on just about every general subject. Much of the big private collection that Parkhurst had willed to the prison was still in crates and boxes in the back of the library—thousands of old books. Some of them looked ancient: covers faded, old-time parchment-looking binding. Parkhurst, I've mentioned, seemed to have been principally interested in history and religion. He had the money and the special interest to have a lot of books that
you wouldn’t have in general circulation. Any college library would have been lucky to get that collection.

As you can imagine, especially in a prison where there was heavy emphasis on rehabilitation, an inmate was smiled upon if he demonstrated an unusually intense interest in books. There was a sizable number of well-read inmates, especially the popular debaters. Some were said by many to be practically walking encyclopedias. They were almost celebrities. No university would ask any student to devour literature as I did when this new world opened to me, of being able to read and understand.

I read more in my room than in the library itself. An inmate who was known to read a lot could check out more than the permitted maximum number of books. I preferred reading in the total isolation of my own room.

When I had progressed to really serious reading, every night at about ten P.M. I would be outraged with the "lights out." It always seemed to catch me right in the middle of something engrossing. Fortunately, right outside my door was a corridor light that cast a glow into my room. The glow was enough to read by, once my eyes adjusted to it. So when "lights out" came, I would sit on the floor where I could continue reading in that glow.

At one-hour intervals the night guards paced past every room. Each time I heard the approaching footsteps, I jumped into bed and feigned sleep. And as soon as the guard passed, I got back out of bed onto the floor area of that light-glow, where I would read for another 58 minutes—until the guard approached again. That went on until three or four every morning. Three or four hours of sleep a night was enough for me. Often in the years in the streets I had slept less than that.

The teachings of Mr. Muhammad stressed how history had been "whitened"—when white men had written history books, the black man simply had been left out. Mr. Muhammad couldn’t have said anything that would have struck me much harder. I had never forgotten how when my class, me and all of those whites, had studied seventh-grade United States history back in Mason, the history of the Negro had been covered in one paragraph, and the teacher had gotten a big laugh with his joke, "Negroes’ feet are so big that when they walk, they leave a hole in the ground."

This is one reason why Mr. Muhammad’s teachings spread so swiftly all over the United States, among all Negroes, whether or not they became followers of Mr. Muhammad. The teachings ring true—to every Negro. You can hardly show me a black adult in America—or a white one, for that matter—who knows from the history books anything like the truth about the black man’s role. In my own case, once I heard of the “glorious history of the black man,” I took special pains to hunt in the library for books that would inform me on details about black history.

I can remember accurately the very first set of books that really impressed me. I have since bought that set of books and I have it at home for my children to read as they grow up. It’s called Wonders of the World. It’s full of pictures of archeological finds, statues that depict, usually, non-European people.

I found books like Will Durant’s Story of Civilization. I read H. G. Wells’ Outline of History. Souls of Black Folk by W.E.B. Du Bois gave me a glimpse into the black people’s history before they came to this country. Carter G. Woodson’s Negro History opened my eyes about black empires before the black slave was brought to the United States, and the early Negro struggles for freedom.

J. A. Rogers’ three volumes of Sex and Race told about race-mixing before Christ’s time; about Aesop being a black man who told fables; about Egypt’s Pharaohs; about the great Coptic Christian Empires; about
Ethiopia, the earth's oldest continuous black civilization, as China is the oldest continuous civilization.

Mr. Muhammad's teaching about how the white man had been created led me to *Findings in Genetics* by Gregor Mendel.* (The dictionary's G section was where I had learned what "genetics" meant.) I really studied this book by the Austrian monk. Reading it over and over, especially certain sections, helped me to understand that if you started with a black man, a white man could be produced; but starting with a white man, you never could produce a black man—because the white chromosome is recessive. And since no one disputes that there was but one Original Man, the conclusion is clear.

During the last year or so, in the *New York Times*, Arnold Toynbee used the word "bleached" in describing the white man. (His words were: "White [i.e. bleached] human beings of North European origin . . . .) Toynbee also referred to the European geographic area as only a peninsula of Asia. He said there is no such thing as Europe. And if you look at the globe, you will see for yourself that America is only an extension of Asia. (But at the same time Toynbee is among those who have helped to bleach history. He has written that Africa was the only continent that produced no history. He won't write that again. Every day now, the truth is coming to light.)

I never will forget how shocked I was when I began reading about slavery's total horror. It made such an impact upon me that it later became one of my favorite subjects when I became a minister of Mr. Muhammad's. The world's most monstrous crime, the sin and the blood on the white man's hands, are almost impossible to believe. Books like the one by Frederick Olmstead opened my eyes to the horrors suffered when the slave was landed in the United States. The European woman, *Fannie Kimball*, who had married a Southern white slaveowner, described how human beings were degraded. Of course I read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. In fact, I believe that's the only novel I have ever read since I started serious reading.

Parkhurst's collection also contained some bound pamphlets of the Abolitionist Anti-Slavery Society of New England. I read descriptions of atrocities, saw those illustrations of black slave women tied up and flogged with whips; of black mothers watching their babies being dragged off, never to be seen by their mothers again; of dogs after slaves, and of the fugitive slave catchers, evil white men with whips and clubs and chains and guns. I read about the slave preacher Nat Turner, who put the fear of God into the white slavemaster. Nat Turner wasn't going around preaching pie-in-the-sky and "non-violent" freedom for the black man. There in Virginia one night in 1831, Nat and seven other slaves started out at his master's home and through the night they went from one plantation "big house" to the next, killing, until by the next morning 57 white people were dead and Nat had about 70 slaves follow him. White people, terrified for their lives, fled from their homes, locked themselves up in public buildings, hid in the woods, and some even left the state. A small army of soldiers took two months to catch and hang Nat Turner. Somewhere I have read where Nat Turner's example is said to have inspired John Brown to invade Virginia and attack Harper's Ferry nearly thirty years later, with thirteen white men and five Negroes.

I read Herodotus, "the father of History," or, rather, I read about him. And I read the histories of various nations, which opened my eyes

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*Gregor Mendel (1822–1884), Austrian Augustinian monk, father of genetic science.*
gradually, then wider and wider, to how the whole world’s white men had indeed acted like devils, pillaging and raping and bleeding and draining the whole world’s non-white people. I remember, for instance, books such as Will Durant’s *The Story of Oriental Civilization*, and Mahatma Gandhi’s accounts of the struggle to drive the British out of India.

Book after book showed me how the white man had brought upon the world’s black, brown, red, and yellow peoples every variety of the sufferings of exploitation. I saw how since the sixteenth century, the so-called “Christian trader” white man began to ply the seas in his lust for Asian and African empires, and plunder, and power. I read, I saw, how the white man never has gone among the non-white peoples bearing the Cross in the true manner and spirit of Christ’s teachings—meek, humble, and Christlike.

I perceived, as I read, how the collective white man had been actually nothing but a piratical opportunist who used Faustian machinations to make his own Christianity his initial wedge in criminal conquests. First, always “religiously,” he branded “heathen” and “pagan” labels upon ancient non-white cultures and civilizations. The stage thus set, he then turned upon his non-white victims his weapons of war.

I read how, entering India—half a billion deeply religious brown people—the British white man, by 1759, through promises, trickery and manipulations, controlled much of India through Great Britain’s East India Company. The parasitical British administration kept tentacling out to half of the subcontinent. In 1857, some of the desperate people of India finally mutinied—and, excepting the African slave trade, nowhere has history recorded any more unnecessary bestial and ruthless human carnage than the British suppression of the non-white Indian people.

Over 115 million African blacks—close to the 1930’s population of the United States—were murdered or enslaved during the slave trade. And I read how when the slave market was glutted, the cannibalistic white powers of Europe next carved up, as their colonies, the richest areas of the black continent. And Europe’s chancelleries for the next century played a chess game of naked exploitation and power from Cape Horn to Cairo.

Ten guards and the warden couldn’t have torn me out of those books. Not even Elijah Muhammad could have been more eloquent than those books were in providing indisputable proof that the collective white man had acted like a devil in virtually every contact he had with the world’s collective non-white man. I listen today to the radio, and watch television, and read the headlines about the collective white man’s fear and tension concerning China. When the white man professes ignorance about why the Chinese hate him so, my mind can’t help flashing back to what I read, there in prison, about how the blood forebears of this same white man raped China at a time when China was trusting and helpless. Those original white “Christian traders” sent into China millions of pounds of opium. By 1839, so many of the Chinese were addicts that China’s desperate government destroyed twenty thousand chests of opium. The first Opium War was promptly declared by the white man. Imagine! Declaring war upon someone who objects to being narcotized! The Chinese were severely beaten, with Chinese-invented gunpowder.

The Treaty of Nanking made China pay the British white man for the destroyed opium: forced open China’s major ports to British trade; forced China to abandon Hong Kong; fixed China’s import tariffs so low that cheap British articles soon flooded in, maiming China’s industrial development.

After a second Opium War, the Tientsin Treaties legalized the ravaging opium trade, legalized a British-French-American control of
China's customs. China tried delaying that Treaty's ratification; Peking was looted and burned.

"Kill the foreign white devils!" was the 1901 Chinese war cry in the Boxer Rebellion. Losing again, this time the Chinese were driven from Peking's choicest areas. The vicious, arrogant white man put up the famous signs, "Chinese and dogs not allowed."

Red China after World War II closed its doors to the Western white world. Massive Chinese agricultural, scientific, and industrial efforts are described in a book that Life magazine recently published. Some observers inside Red China have reported that the world never has known such a hate-white campaign as is now going on in this non-white country where, present birthrates continuing, in fifty more years Chinese will be half the earth's population. And it seems that some Chinese chickens will soon come home to roost, with China's recent successful nuclear tests.

Let us face reality. We can see in the United Nations a new world order being shaped, along color lines—an alliance among the non-white nations. America's U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson complained not long ago that in the United Nations "a skin game" was being played. He was right. He was facing reality. A "skin game" is being played. But Ambassador Stevenson sounded like Jesse James accusing the marshal of carrying a gun. Because who in the world's history ever has played a worse "skin game" than the white man?

Mr. Muhammad, to whom I was writing daily, had no idea of what a new world had opened up to me through my efforts to document his teachings in books.

When I discovered philosophy, I tried to touch all the landmarks of philosophical development. Gradually, I read most of the old philosophers, Occidental and Oriental. The Oriental philosophers were the ones I came to prefer; finally, my impression was that most Occidental philosophy had largely been borrowed from the Oriental thinkers. Socrates, for instance, traveled in Egypt. Some sources even say that Socrates was initiated into some of the Egyptian mysteries. Obviously Socrates got some of his wisdom among the East's wise men.

I have often reflected upon the new vistas that reading opened to me. I knew right there in prison that reading had changed forever the course of my life. As I see it today, the ability to read awoke inside me some long dormant craving to be mentally alive. I certainly wasn't seeking any degree, the way a college confers a status symbol upon its students. My homemade education gave me, with every additional book that I read, a little bit more sensitivity to the deafness, dumbness, and blindness that was afflicting the black race in America. Not long ago, an English writer telephoned me from London, asking questions. One was, "What's your alma mater?" I told him, "Books." You will never catch me with a free fifteen minutes in which I'm not studying something I feel might be able to help the black man.

Yesterday I spoke in London, and both ways on the plane across the Atlantic I was studying a document about how the United Nations proposes to insure the human rights of the oppressed minorities of the world. The American black man is the world's most shameful case of minority oppression. What makes the black man think of himself as only an internal United States issue is just a catchphrase, two words, "civil rights." How is the black man going to get "civil rights" before first he wins his human rights? If the American black man will start thinking about his human rights, and then start thinking of himself as part of one of the world's great peoples, he will see he has a case for the United Nations.
I can't think of a better case! Four hundred years of black blood and sweat invested here in America, and the white man still has the black man begging for what every immigrant fresh off the ship can take for granted the minute he walks down the gangplank.

But I'm digressing. I told the Englishman that my alma mater was books, a good library. Every time I catch a plane, I have with me a book that I want to read—and that's a lot of books these days. If I weren't out here every day battling the white man, I could spend the rest of my life reading, just satisfying my curiosity—because you can hardly mention anything I'm not curious about. I don't think anybody ever got more out of going to prison than I did. In fact, prison enabled me to study far more intensively than I would have if my life had gone differently and I had attended some college. I imagine that one of the biggest troubles with colleges is there are too many distractions, too much panty-raiding, fraternities, and boola-boola and all of that. Where else but in a prison could I have attacked my ignorance by being able to study intensely sometimes as much as fifteen hours a day?

—Malcolm X


A STUDENT’S RESPONSE TO THE MALCOLM X READING

"...and then they all lived happily ever after. The End."

—JUSTIN QUEZON

Now wasn't that the most uplifting and righteously nice-nice article by our good friend Malcolm X? Kind of makes you get those little goose bumps all over your skin, now, don't it? Did I not like the Malcolm article? You bet your...

You see, what gets to me is what Malcolm X forgets to include in his rhetoric, which was, unfortunately, the most important little sneaky bit of all: the reason exactly as to why he had suddenly found himself so gloriously spirited with the breath of education. Instead of breaking new ground on the fun aspects of becoming self-motivated, he instead finds it much more appealing to lead us all onto a different, very disheartening path of modern social thinking: that in fact, the best and most efficient way a young African-American (or, for that matter, an ANY-AMERICAN) teenager can find a meaningful education is, indeed, to simply plop his or her merry self into a dirty, dingy prison cell and find some sort of keen self-discovery there, which isn't quite the advertisement for the "IF YOU WANNA BE COOL, STAY IN SCHOOL" campaign, I can tell you.

Gee... Now just hold on—let's have a little minute to ourselves, there, self. What say we go and be emphatically hypocritical by backing up a wee bit and thinking exactly about what we've just said.

Well... Okay, alright, now listen. Admittedly, I can say for a fact that I know Malcolm X wasn't really advocating going to prison to become educated; for the most part, that was really all just introductory fluff and a cheapened use of artistic license. For me to have said that Malcolm X wanted blacks to go to jail is pretty preposterous, and frankly, kind of embarrassing...
However. The fact unfortunately still remains that he sent out to the near-thousands of his amiable, easily influenced followers the wrong and utterly inexcusable message: that a good education can only be achieved through solitude, and that an “organized” system of teaching (like those we sometimes see in many colleges and high schools) is almost entirely detrimental to the personal learning process. What our good Muslim preacher has mistakenly failed to realize is that a constant streak of good reading and the ever-pleasant role of “the Phantom of the Library” doesn’t make you smart or enlighten your mind at all; there are probably many, in fact, who go out of their way to read the world like total freaks and find themselves still muddled by all the knowledge they have worked like sickos to attain. What Malcolm X doesn’t see in his experiences is the fact that it wasn’t any of the knowledge or any of the reading or any of the completely brutal dictionary-copying that brought him to that level of intelligence he found himself in when he wrote his autobiography, although it certainly did help him out at times. Rather, it was his understanding of the world that led to his enlightenment, as well as his motivation to understand exactly what was going on around him that made him such an intelligent human being; it was his newfound mental razor-sharpness and keen intuition that got him all the way to the top of that big “smart-people’s ladder.” What Malcolm X fails to tell his people is that it was this kind of thinking that was the sole reason for his intellect, and that understanding and not knowledge is true intelligence. . . . and pretty smart, too.

We don’t receive wisdom; we must discover it for ourselves after a journey that no one can take for us or spare us.

—MARCEL PROUST

Look at the following diagram and consider that it illustrates the process that Malcolm X went through during his metamorphosis from illiteracy and ignorance to self-realization and becoming a community leader.
What journey is required to make a change? Draw your own diagram to illustrate a process of change. This diagram can be about someone you know or about yourself. Accompany your diagram with a paragraph explaining the change and how the diagram illustrates your points.

**ACTIVITY**

Liberal Education

All students come to college for reasons of their own. Take a moment to reflect on why you decided to come to college. There are no wrong answers or reasons here. All are valid. Complete the following steps.

1. Gather into groups of three or four students. Very quickly, but with genuine thoughtfulness, make a list of your reasons for getting a college education. Note all reasons given by everyone in the group.

2. As a group, reflect on the following questions and come up with a list of 10 statements that describe the purpose of a college education.
   - What will your college education do for you?
   - Why should you continue to study at the college level?
   - How do you think you will be affected or changed at the end of your college years?
A human being should be able to change a diaper, plan an invasion, butcher a hog, conn a ship, design a building, write a sonnet, balance accounts, build a wall, set a bone, comfort the dying, take orders, give orders, cooperate, act alone, solve equations, analyze a new problem, pitch manure, program a computer, cook a tasty meal, fight efficiently, die gallantly. Specialization is for insects.

—ROBERT HEINLEIN

The following article by A. Bartlett Giamatti, a former president of Yale University as well as a onetime Major League Baseball commissioner, is an address to freshmen as they begin their first year in college. Giamatti suggests that students must alter their attitudes toward studying in order to get the most out of a liberal education. As you read this article, pay particular attention to the ideas he espouses. Think about what he says in relation to the general education you are about to approach. Before you read the Giamatti article, read the Robert Heinlein quote and take a minute to reflect on its meaning.

THE EARTHY USE OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION

A. Bartlett Giamatti

The summer before college is the time when in a thousand different circumstances mythology dresses up as epistemology. Parents, older siblings and friends, former teachers, coaches, and employers, dimly but vividly remembering how it was, propound with certainty how they know the way it might, or should or could, or will be.

By and large, the versions of your life to come are well meant. All summer long, however, you have simply wanted to get on with it. There, of course, is the rub. Despite all you have heard and read, no one can tell you what it is you are now so desirous of getting on with. Nor can anyone tell you what it, whatever it is, will be like. You wonder, Will everyone else know? Will he or she be more sure, less insecure, less new? Will I ever get to know anyone? Will I be able to do it? Whatever it is.

I will tell you, in a moment, what I think it is. I cannot tell you with certainty what it will be like; no one can. Each of us experiences college differently. I can assure you that soon your normal anxieties will recede and a genuine excitement will begin, a rousing motion of the spirit unlike anything you have
experienced before. And that will mark the beginning of it, the grand adventure that you now undertake, never alone but on your own, the voyage of exploration in freedom that is the development of your own mind. Generations have preceded you in this splendid opening out of the self as you use the mind to explore the mind, and, if the human race is rational, generations will come after you. But each of you will experience your education uniquely—charting and ordering and dwelling in the land of your own intellect and sensibility, discovering powers you had only dreamed of and mysteries you had not imagined and reaches you had not thought that thought could reach. There will be pain and some considerable loneliness at times, and not all the terrain will be green and refreshing. There will be awesome wastes and depths as well as heights. The adventure of discovery is, however, thrilling because you will sharpen and focus your powers of analysis, of creativity, of rationality, of feeling—of thinking with your whole being. If at Yale you can experience the joy that the acquisition and creation of knowledge for its own sake brings, the adventure will last your whole life and you will have discovered the distinction between living as a full human being and merely existing.

In Yale College, education is "liberal" in Cardinal Newman’s sense of the word. As he says, in the fifth discourse of The Idea of the University,

...that alone is liberal knowledge which stands on its own pretensions, which is independent of sequel, expects no complement, refuses to be informed (as it is called) by any end, or absorbed in any art, in order duly to present itself to our contemplation. The most ordinary pursuits have this specific character, if they are self-sufficient and complete; the highest lose it, when they minister to something beyond them.

As Newman emphasizes, a liberal education is not defined by the content or by the subject matter of a course of study. It is a common error, for instance, to equate a liberal education with the so-called liberal arts of studia humanitatis.* To study the liberal arts or the humanities is not necessarily to acquire a liberal education unless one studies these and allied subjects in a spirit that, as Newman has it, seeks no immediate sequel, that is independent of a profession’s advantage. If you pursue the study of anything not for the intrinsic rewards of exercising and developing the power of the mind but because you press toward a professional goal, then you are pursuing not a liberal education but rather something else.

*See "A City of Green Thoughts."

36    FIRST JOURNEY    WHO AM I?
A liberal education is defined by the attitude of the mind toward the knowledge the mind explores and creates. Such education occurs when you pursue knowledge because you are motivated to experience and absorb what comes of thinking—thinking about the traditions of our common human heritage in all its forms, thinking about new patterns or designs in what the world proffers today—whether in philosophic texts or financial markets or chemical combinations—thinking in order to create new knowledge that others will then explore. A liberal education at Yale College embraces physics as well as French, lasers as well as literature, social science, and physical and biological sciences as well as the arts and humanities. A liberal education rests on the supposition that our humanity is enriched by the pursuit of learning for its own sake; it is dedicated to the proposition that growth in thought, and in the power to think, increases the pleasure, breadth, and value of life.

"That is very touching," I will be told, "that is all very well, but how does someone make a living with this joy of learning and pleasure in the pursuit of learning? What is the earthly use of all this kind of education later on, in the practical, real world?" These are not trivial questions, though the presuppositions behind them puzzle me somewhat. I am puzzled, for instance, by the unexamined assumption that the "real world" is always thought to lie outside or beyond the realm of education. I am puzzled by the confident assumption that only in certain parts of daily life do people make "real" decisions and so "real" acts lead to "real" consequences. I am puzzled by those who think that ideas do not have reality or that knowledge is irrelevant to the workings of daily life.

To invert Plato and to believe that ideas are unreal and that their pursuit has no power for practical or useful good is to shrink reality and define ignorance. To speak directly to the questions posed by the skeptic of the idea of a liberal education, I can say only this: ideas and their pursuit define our humanity and make us human. Ideas, embodied in data and values, beliefs, principles, and original insights, must be pursued because they are valuable in themselves and because they are the stuff of life. There is nothing more necessary to the full, free, and decent life of a person or of a people or of the human race than to free the mind by passionately and rationally exercising the mind's power to inquire freely. There can be no more practical education, in my opinion, than one that launches you on the course of fulfilling your human capacities to reason and to imagine freely and that hones your abilities to express the results of your thinking in speech and in writing with logic, clarity, and grace.

While such an education may be deemed impractical by those wedded to the notion that nothing in life is more important than one's career, nevertheless I welcome you to a liberal education's rigorous and demanding pleasures. Fear not, you will not be impeded from making a living because you have learned to think for yourself and because you take pleasure in the operation of the mind and in the pursuit of new ideas. And you will need to make a living. The world will not provide you with sustenance or employment. You will have to work for it. I am instead speaking of another dimension of your lives, the dimension of your spirit that will last longer than a job, that will outlast a profession, that will represent by the end of your time on earth the sum of your human significance. That is the dimension represented by the mind unfettered, "freely ranging onley within the Zodiack of his owne wit," as the old poet said. There is no greater power a human being can develop for the individual's or for the public's good.

And I believe that the good, for individuals and for communities, is the end to which
education must tend. I affirm Newman’s vision that a liberal education is one seeking no sequel or complement. I take him to be writing of the motive or tendency of the mind operating initially within the educational process. But I believe there is also a larger tendency or motive, which is animated by the pursuit of ideas for their own sake. I believe that the pleasure in the pursuit of knowledge joins and is finally at one with our general human desire for a life elevated by dignity, decency, and moral progress. That larger hope does not come later; it exists inextricably intertwined with a liberal education. The joy of intellectual pursuit and the pursuit of the good and decent life are no more separable than on a fair spring day the sweet breeze is separable from the sunlight.

In the common pursuit of ideas for themselves and of the larger or common good, the freedom that the individual mind wishes for itself, it also seeks for others. How could it be otherwise? In the pursuit of knowledge leading to the good, you cannot wish for others less than you wish for yourself. Thus, in the pursuit of freedom, the individual finds it necessary to order or to limit the surge to freedom so that others in the community are not denied the very condition each of us seeks. A liberal education desires to foster a freedom of the mind that will also contribute, in its measure, to the freedom of others.

We learn, therefore, that there is no true freedom without order; we learn that there are limits to our freedom, limits we learn to choose freely in order not to undermine what we seek. After all, if there were, on the one hand, no restraints at all, only anarchy of intellect and chaos of community would result. On the other hand, if all were restraint, and release of inquiry and thought were stifled, only a death of the spirit and a denial of any freedom could result. There must be an interplay of restraint and release, of order and freedom, in our individual lives and in our life together. Without such interplay within each of us, there can be no good life for any of us. If there is no striving for the good life for all of us, however, there cannot be a good life for any one of us. We must learn how freedom depends for its existence upon freely chosen (because rationally understood) forms of order.

At Yale College, you will find both the spur for freedom of inquiry and civility’s curbing rein. One could, I suppose, locate these conditions in the classroom and in the residential colleges; one could posit that in the classroom the release of the mind is encouraged and in the residential colleges the limits to civil behavior are learned. That view is oversimplified, for in both contexts, as well as on playing fields, in community service, in extracurricular activities, in services of worship, in social events, the interplay of freedom and order obtains. In all these contexts, as in each one of us, the surge of freedom and the restraint that compounds freedom’s joy and significance occur all the time.

The ideal of this community is therefore composed of intellectual and ethical portions, the freedom of the mind and the freedom to express the results of the mind’s inquiry disciplined by the imperative to respect the rights and responsibilities of others. It is a community open to new ideas, to disagreement, to debate, to criticism, to the clash of opinions and convictions, to solitary investigation, to originality, but is it not tolerant of, and will not tolerate, the denial of the dignity and freedoms of others. It will not tolerate theft of another’s intellectual product. It will not tolerate denials of another’s freedom of expression. It will not tolerate sexist or racist or other acts or expressions of bigotry based on prejudices about ethnic or religious backgrounds or about personal sexual preference or private philosophic or political beliefs. It will not tolerate these denials, because the freedom we possess
to foster free inquiry and the greater good is too precious. What I have stated are matters of moral conviction. They are also matters of University policy. The policies that reflect those convictions are designed to protect an environment where individual rights are respected because responsibilities are shared. They are designed to create a community where freedom exists because order is sustained by the moral courage to affirm the good by all members of the community.

I have told you what I think it is, the “it” I guessed you might be concerned with upon your arrival. It is a quest to become the best in all that is meant by being human. This quest has been going on in this College for a long time, in the old New England city by the water. In 1701 Yale made a promise to itself and a pact with America, to contribute to the increase of scholarship, service, and spiritual enlightenment. You now assume part of the obligation of that promise. And you will be essential to maintaining the faith of that pact. As you deepen in the commitment to ideals and in the excellence I know you possess, this community will continue to shape itself in intellectual and ethical ways that are faithful to our ancient roots and in ways that are ever new.

A closed mind is like a closed book; just a block of wood.

—CHINESE PROVERB

Heard These Before?

"love of learning"
"developing the power of the mind"
"attitude of the mind toward knowledge"
"humanity is enriched by the pursuit of learning for its own sake"
"growth in thought"
"power to think increases the pleasure, value of life"
"pursuit of new ideas"
"pursuit of ideas for their own sake"
"pursuit of knowledge"
"joy of intellectual pursuit"
"pursuit of a good and decent life"
"pursuit of freedom for self and others"
"liberal education fosters freedom of mind"
"freedom of inquiry"
"pursuit of being the best human you can be"

These are a list of phrases that were part of the freshmen address given by A. Bartlett Giamatti in the previous article and that you probably have heard from parents, teachers, and others. They were used to describe the purpose of a liberal education. What do you think of these ideas and concepts? Do you agree with Giamatti and what he says about the purpose of a liberal education? How do these ideas compare with your own reflection on the purpose of an education at the college level?
Bob Silk
VICE PRESIDENT, SALES AND MARKETING, FATLINE CORPORATION

Today I drive a $75,000 Porsche 911 sports car, live in a $700,000 house, am a vice president of an Internet startup, and am planning my retirement at age 55. This is a stark contrast to the college student who could barely pay his tuition, had four different majors, and did not have a clue what the future would hold. Now, as I look back over my 23-year career in sales, sales management, business development, and indirect channels, as well as starting a company, I see a few things that I think are part of the recipe for all successful people.

Finish What You Start
I probably look at a new resume every day. Although I think that the knowledge learned in a college education could be gathered in other ways, the mere act of completing college says a lot about a potential candidate. College is the first great test in life since it is almost always your choice, and finishing or not is typically not controlled by your parents. Therefore, since I normally have multiple choices for any open position I am hiring, I always go with the person who has shown that he can finish what he starts and has a college degree.

Be Yourself
My first job out of college was as a salesperson, a position that I felt was below my stature as a newly mined college graduate. What I learned was that fitting myself into the stereotyped salesperson was a mistake both because it was not satisfying and, more importantly, because it didn't work. The best people in any profession mold the job, if possible, to fit their personality. It took a long time for me to figure this out, but the rewards both personally and financially were well worth the effort.

Learn How to Communicate
Whether you are an engineer, artist, or a biologist, your chances of being successful are severely limited if you don’t learn how to express yourself in ways
that people can understand. Although these skills come naturally to some, they can be learned and are critical for career advancement. Take any opportunity to build your listening skills, learn to make good eye contact, and create goals for every encounter with another person.

In summary, cashing in on your education is great if you can keep a few simple ideas in mind. First, consider college your first and probably most important personal test. Commit to crossing the finish line to show yourself and the world that you are a person who can get the job done no matter what obstacles get in your way. Second, don’t think that you have to be a conformist in order to succeed. The best people in any profession mold any job to fit their personality. This allows them to stand out as well as to enjoy what they are doing. Finally, learn the essentials of communication, since they are lessons that are essential to achieving success and moving forward in almost any profession. Although these tools are not traditionally taught in your normal curriculum, go out of your way to gain them. The reward will serve you in all aspects of your life. Good luck.