

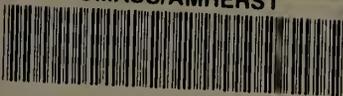


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LIFE EXPERIENCE ACCREDITATION:
A Case Study and A Process for the Ex Post Facto
Examination and Accreditation of Non-Academic
Learning Experience

A Dissertation Presented

By

ELIZABETH GOODELL RUSSELL

Submitted to the Graduate School of the
University of Massachusetts in partial
fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

DOCTOR OF EDUCATION

November 1973

Major Subject: Education

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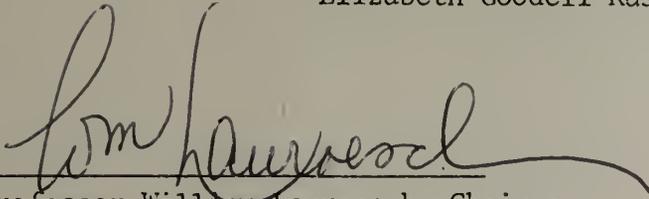
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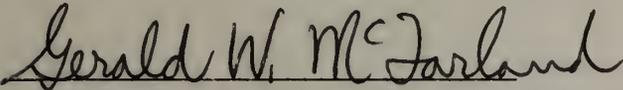
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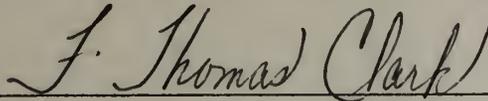
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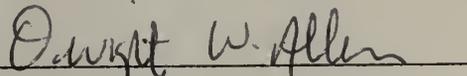
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Dwight W. Allen, Dean
School of Education

November, 1973

To all those I love,
for their contribution to my growth as
an educator and as a human being

Life Experience Accreditation:
A Case Study and A Process for the Ex Post Facto
Examination and Accreditation of Non-Academic
Learning Experience

(November 1973)

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ABSTRACT

Institutions of education have not kept pace with the need and demand for change. One such need in higher education is for a diversity of learning forms, to meet the needs of an increasingly diverse student population; another is for a broadening of the definition of creditable learning to include learning that takes place outside the academic environment.

This project offers a case study of, and a process for, one alternative that speaks to these needs. The project also addresses itself to some of the basic philosophical problems of conventional education: its fragmentation, its other-directedness, and its failure to adequately prepare students for lifelong learning.

The case study is based on two periods of residence in a Middle Eastern culture. It employs four elements in translating the experience into academic credit: documentation, analysis, evaluation, and accreditation. The documentation offered is a condensed and edited collection of letters and journal entries. Analysis involves

making the connections that define the experience as a learning experience. The two elements of documentation and analysis form the base for a process of lifelong learning; the elements of evaluation and accreditation are necessary when such learning is offered for academic credit.

The project employs the four-step process in the case study, subjects the process itself to analysis, and, finally, suggests to higher education some modifications that would be required to accommodate such a learning form.

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CHAPTER I
NEED FOR ALTERNATE FORMS
IN HIGHER EDUCATION

American education, at all levels, is in trouble. Most educators will agree that this is true even if they cannot agree as to why. One problem in higher education is the need for alternate learning forms and for modification of the system to accommodate those alternatives.

Institutions change slowly and changes in the structure of higher education have not kept pace with the need and demand for change. The conventional structure defines both form and content of what is acceptable as creditable learning, and assumes that one learning form is suitable for all students in a group. It fragments knowledge and tends to regard those fragments as sacrosanct; it is primarily other-directed, neglecting both the experience and the needs of the individual student; it inadequately prepares students for lifelong learning --the learning that is involved in problem solving in the context of personal experience.

It is unreasonable to assume that one learning form is suitable for all, yet that assumption is basic to public education and, while it appears as an egalitarian doctrine, it is actually discriminatory against those at either end of the ability scale. Some educators are addressing themselves to this discrimination by introducing

programs for diagnosing individual student needs and individualizing instruction to meet those needs.

This project addresses itself to that discrimination by offering an example of, and a process for, the ex post facto examination and accreditation of life experience. In doing so it offers a learning form which speaks to the restoration of wholeness to the educational process, to the restoration of the student to a central position in that process, and to the preparation of the student for lifelong learning. In offering a process for the accreditation of that experience, the study acknowledges the present accrediting function of higher education--acknowledges the system as it is, and will be, until such time as higher education is rid of the function of credentialing.

Background of the Need

The need for alternate learning forms is due in part to factors of change in the mid-20th century but the fragmentation of knowledge, the other-directedness of formal education, and the failure to prepare students for lifelong learning, are all problems rooted in history.

Mid-20th century factors

(1) The extreme heterogeneity of today's university population requires diverse learning forms. The student entering an institution of higher education may be a war veteran, someone changing careers in mid-life, a woman returning to school after a period of childbearing; the student may be both educationally and economically

disadvantaged. All of these are persons who would have been denied access three decades ago; all bring with them experiences through which they have lived. Even the young student today is likely to have had greater exposure to the world than his counterpart of fifty years ago if only because of television.

(2) The increasing mobility of today's society tends to break family and community ties and to throw young people on their own resources, sometimes before they have learned how to use those resources in the assumption of responsibility for themselves.

(3) The questioning and changing of values in our society has affected living patterns in higher-education communities, has challenged the fundamental institutions of our society, and has created the "generation gap"--more accurately described as an attitude, or values, gap. This gap is often evident in the difference between student and faculty ideas of what will best serve the student's interest.

(4) The large, impersonal university provides little opportunity for dialogue between students and teachers and thus increasingly fails to provide that transitional environment which the young student needs in moving from home to the outside world.

(5) The vastness and complexity of knowledge today makes its transmission as a whole impossible, and the concentration on unrelated segments, dangerous. Emphasis on knowledge of, and from, Western civilization has rendered American education narrowly provincial. Since it is no longer possible to transmit this vast body of knowledge, conventional higher education has assumed responsibility

for deciding what shall be transmitted; its criteria are more often related to Western tradition than to the whole tradition of man, more often related to the experience and values of those making the decisions than to the experience and needs of the students. Today's student needs to develop the openness that will make him receptive to people and ideas from other cultures; he needs to develop skills that will enable him, a) to refine his questions, sift and evaluate the answers provided by history (in its broadest sense), b) produce his own tentative answers, c) analyze his own experience, and d) become aware of himself and the extent to which the forces that have shaped him alter the way he interprets that experience.

(6) The impotence many young Americans feel in relation to the power structure¹ produces a withdrawal from society of those resources most likely to bring about constructive change. This impotence is not only in relation to the structures of government but also to those of education, and is producing, in education, the same kind of withdrawal from the system.

This list of factors is meant only to be indicative, not exhaustive; the question of what factors point to the need for change is

¹In a society nominally governed "by the people", the people (or their representatives) should be at the top of the power structure. Something seems to have gone awry, however, and the power that should be in the hands of the people seems instead to be in the hands of an amorphous aggregate of businessmen, industrialists, militarists, and politicians. With this situation the channels, through which individual concerns flow, are clogged and there is no access to those "in charge"--it is even difficult to identify them. This lack of access, lack of influence, produces the impotence to which I have referred.

not a simple one and should not be given a simple answer. We must, however, ask the question and speculate about the answers.

In considering the need for change, we are also considering the problems that make that need evident, and some of these problems are rooted in the history of Western civilization.

Fragmentation

The problem of fragmentation grew out of the need to classify, as man's knowledge of the world increased. This classification was, and is, a legitimate process as long as it is regarded as a tool for the organization of knowledge; the error lies in assuming that experience itself is so organized.

Experience presents itself as a whole. It embodies the potential for division but is relational and continuous--not atomically divided--and it yields such division only as we abstract from it. One person may be caught up in the beauty of watching the sun set and surrender to the immediacy of the experience. Another may respond to the same experience by thinking about the scientific explanation of it; when he does so he moves from immediacy to abstraction. Immediacy belongs to the affective domain; abstraction to the cognitive.

Abstracting is essential if we are to interpret, relate, and communicate our experience, if we are to organize and classify. The problem arises when we see the abstractions as more real than that which they are employed to describe,² and when we try to coerce all

²Without the abstractions we would not be able to work with the raw data of experience but Western thought has regarded these abstractions as the underlying reality in a world of appearance--they

experience into classifications that we have abstracted from past experience. When this happens in education we have what Abner Peddiwell referred to as the "Saber-Tooth Curriculum".³

The separation of the cognitive and affective domains was initiated by Plato when he endowed ideas with greater reality than

are considered by many to be more real than the experiences from which they are drawn. Chinese thinkers acknowledged the usefulness of the abstractions but warned against mistaking them for the real:

"Take a stick a foot long. Halve it. Tomorrow halve that half, and so on day after day. Ten thousand generations hence there will still, theoretically speaking, be something left to halve. But in reality we are obliged to stop short much sooner than this, even though we may suppose that with better eyes and a sharper knife we could still go on. In the same way it can be shown that any sentence containing the word 'infinite' belongs to the world of language, not to that of facts." (From Chuang Tzu, XXXIII, translated by Arthur Waley, The Way and Its Power /New York: Grove Press, 1958/, pp. 59-60.

In Chinese language the most basic unit is the pictograph or ideograph, representing a concrete datum or whole idea, and these can be variously assembled to produce more complex symbols for more complex ideas but they cannot be further reduced; this linguistic characteristic reflects the East Asian conviction that the immediately apprehended is the real. In Western languages, the basic unit is the letter--a symbol devoid of independent meaning--which can be associated with other letters to make words which, in turn, can be reduced to nonsense symbols. The influence of our language on the way we interpret experience has been to lead us to believe that experience can similarly be taken apart.

The most influential Western thinkers have either embraced the Platonic doctrine of the Idea as basic reality or the Humian doctrine of the reality of bare perceptual data. Either way we are left without a bridge to the concrete world; either way the wholeness of experience is destroyed.

³Abner Peddiwell, The Saber-Tooth Curriculum (New York: McGraw Hill, 1939). This satirical commentary on modern educational curriculum likens it to a late-Paleolithic dedication to a curriculum designed to meet early Paleolithic needs. Subjects such as "fish-grabbing-with-bare-hands", "woolly-horse-clubbing", and "saber-tooth-tiger-scaring-with-fire" continued to form the basic curriculum long after the woolly horses had moved on, the saber-tooth tigers had died off, and the waters of the creek had become too muddied to permit fish-grabbing-with-bare-hands.

experience; it was encouraged by Christianity's identification of God and the Word; it was given philosophical respectability by Des Cartes with his "Cogito, ergo sum." If we cling to this peculiarly Western notion, then the restoration of wholeness is impossible. But if we can recognize, with Dewey, Whitehead, and generations of Asian thinkers, that all such terms as cognitive, affective, mind, body, are arbitrary names extracted from, and used to explain, experience which itself exhibits no such division, then we can move toward the restoration of wholeness through the curricular integration of the cognitive and the affective.

Our entire educational structure reflects this division of experience. We have Physical Education as a separate area, with the designation of everything else in the curriculum as Mental Education being implicit. Within the realm of Mental Education we have the separate disciplines. The education process is one of taking bits and pieces from the separate disciplines and putting them together. The assumption seems to be that if a student has enough pieces he will be able to put them together to form a meaningful whole. For some students this is possible, but for others it is not.

The result of teaching small parts of a large number of subjects is the passive reception of disconnected ideas, not illumined with any spark of vitality. . . . The solution which I am urging, is to eradicate the fatal disconnection of subjects which kills the vitality of our modern curriculum. There is only one subject-matter for education and that is Life in all its manifestations.⁴

⁴Alfred North Whitehead, in F. S. C. Northrop and Mason Gross (eds.), Alfred North Whitehead, An Anthology (New York: Macmillan, 1961), pp. 88, 92.

Other-directedness

Western philosophy was born of intellectual curiosity about the world "out there" and has since been characterized by a relatively impersonal quest for truth.⁵ As knowledge of the world grew and men developed categories for the organization of that knowledge, those categories began to reflect the other-directedness of man's interest. Increasingly man tried to screen out subjectivity; objectivity became the holy word of scientific investigation.

Formal courses in the academic disciplines tend to separate the objective world from the subjective enquirer and make the student's relation to that world one of observing, reading about, talking about, rather than identifying with.⁶ Educators are increasingly aware that this characteristic of education neglects the student's own experience or at best relegates it to secondary importance. The student reads and studies others, and even the choice of which others

⁵This distinguishes Western philosophy from Eastern, which appears to have been born of the need to understand man's pain and suffering and has been characterized by an emphasis on the transformation of man through greater understanding of himself and his world. This basic difference has also influenced the way in which we have sought to promote change. In the West we have expected better institutions to make better men while in the East it has been expected that better men would make better institutions.

⁶This need not be the case. My introductory botany course was one of observing, reading about, and talking about, until the day that I made a microscopic comparison of a piece of my own skin and a piece of a leaf and saw the cells in both. I had a sudden sense of my own identification with all of nature and from that point on, the course took on new meaning. (This point is beautifully illustrated in the recent movie, "The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds".)

to study may be made by another--the teacher. The student may come to feel that everything worth knowing is outside himself, all that is worth knowing either has happened in the past or will happen in the future, and his own life and experience are irrelevant.

Humanistic education has found that students take a new interest in education when the content of that education is the study of themselves. This educational offspring of humanistic psychology has focussed on learning in the affective domain because of the long neglect of the affective in favor of the cognitive, but the present need in education is the integration of the affective and the cognitive to help the student understand that he knows the world through himself and that understanding of self will lead to greater understanding of the world.⁷

The restoration of the student to a central position in his own education does not mean elimination of the academic disciplines. It does mean integration of the student's own experience with the content of those disciplines; it does mean legitimizing the study of self and personal experience and making the resources of higher education available to that study.

⁷Consider the surgeon, who uses his hands as instruments and over the years develops an understanding of what he can and cannot do with them. This knowledge can lead to a realistic appraisal of his limitations. Further he may develop an understanding of the effect, on his operating performance, of his moods and emotions. He may even come to recognize the extent to which his decisions, with regard to the care of his patients, are influenced by his background and tradition. As his understanding of himself increases, so will his understanding of his relationship to other people and to his world.

Children are generally curious about themselves and their world but we have regarded them as "things to be worked over in some fashion to bring them into alignment with a prior notion of what they should be"⁸ and have destroyed much of that curiosity. Not all young people who reach college still have enough curiosity to ask questions about themselves and their world--many of them have already been given the answers by parents, school, and church, and have accepted this predetermined notion of "what they should be" and use the college experience to move in that direction. But, for those whose curiosity about themselves has not been destroyed, college may prove yet another disappointment if their own experience is made to seem valueless at a time when it is of central importance to them.

American higher education has failed to recognize explicitly that cognitive development which is not integrated into the quest for identity and intimacy deals only with a fraction of the human personality and that this fraction is necessarily of secondary importance to the young person arriving at chronological adulthood.⁹

Conventional education tends to regard this integration either as nonessential or as something the student must do for himself. It is not recognized as essential to the process of self actualizing--a process which may be the best hope for the realization of the collective human potential.

⁸Van Cleve Morris, Existentialism in Education (New York: Harper and Row, 1966), p. 108.

⁹The Student in Higher Education, Report of the Committee on the Student in Higher Education (New Haven: Hazen Foundation, 1968), p. 44.

Lifelong learning

Ideally, formal education points beyond itself; we speak of "commencement" at the conclusion of the undergraduate period. Ideally, it prepares students to continue learning throughout their lives, but in some cases it may actually inhibit that process. This may be so because it does not give adequate consideration to the total context in which the student learns and in which he must function in lifelong learning, because it does not give the student the skills needed for analysis of his own experience, and because it does not lead the student to the assumption of responsibility for his own education.

The skills of analyzing, problem-solving, and decision-making, need to be developed in the context of the student's own experience because that will be the locus of future use of those skills. Conventional education has attempted to develop those skills through the use of curricula and materials which are often without relevance for the student. Only recently have we acknowledged that materials appropriate for teaching middle-class, white, suburban-dwelling children may not be appropriate for poor, black, city dwellers or for poor, rurally-isolated children of any color.

Ashton-Warner and Bettelheim found that children who were unable to read had no difficulty learning words which had value for them in expressing their feelings, and naming things which were important to them.¹⁰ Paulo Freire, working with Brazilian peasants,

¹⁰Sylvia Ashton-Warner, Teacher (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1963).

found "they immediately learned to read those words which helped them to discover their true life situation".¹¹ The student in higher education may also be better able to develop skills if he can see their relevance to his life and interests.

Dewey recognized that a student willingly invests effort in a project that interests him, and this union of interest and effort supplies the motivation to stay with a task and thus provides continuity in the learning process. When effort is demanded on behalf of a task in which the student has little or no interest, there is a separation of student and task which the student senses and against which he rebels.¹²

The process of learning throughout life is closely related to the degree to which the student assumes responsibility for learning while in school or college. Granted there are students who do not want (or are unable) to assume such responsibility, I believe there are many who, from early childhood, have been discouraged from taking responsibility by a form of teacher (or parent) concern that takes over for them and actually inhibits the development of

¹¹Everett Reimer writing about Paulo Freire's experience, in An Essay on Alternatives in Education (Cuernavaca, Mexico: Center for Intercultural Documentation, 1970).

¹²John Dewey, Interest and Effort in Education (Boston: Houghton-Mifflin, 1913). In conventional education, at this point, negative reinforcement sets in with its threats of poor grades, loss of credit, loss of privilege, parental involvement, and the more serious consequence of psychological damage to self esteem.

independence.¹³ Teaching may have been so strongly directive that without the teacher to direct, organize, and sustain effort, the learning process may atrophy.

An uninhibited child follows wherever curiosity leads, and he learns through the connections made from his own experience. If, however, his attempts to follow the lead of curiosity are consistently curtailed, he may give up responsibility for his own learning.

There are several assumptions on which this theory of life-long learning is founded: that we can learn from both history and experience, and this is desirable; that we are capable of making connections between past, present, and future; that we are capable of understanding the relationship of one event to another; and that many experiences from which we can learn take place outside the academic environment.

Collective history is a record of events and interpretations of those events--a distillation done by generations of men abstracting, interpreting, and passing on what seemed to them to be the truth. Although we think of history as objective, it is constantly revised as our world view changes. Each written account of history testifies to a particular world view; each bears the mark of subjective interpretation.

Personal history is a distillation done by one person abstracting, interpreting, and recording what seems to be of value in one life.

¹³For a discussion of this point, see Martin Heidegger, Being and Time, tr. John Macquarrie and Edward Robinson (New York: Harper and Row, 1962), pp. 158-159 (H. 122).

The criteria for selecting events and interpretations for inclusion in a personal history are both subjective and objective--the experiences and interpretations are those of one person but one person who has been shaped by history, and the influence of countless other men will be reflected in the way that person interprets and in the methods he uses.

Through involvement with the analysis of personal experience, the student becomes aware of personal history and may reach out to make the connections that link him to the history of mankind. If and when he does this, he will have the key to lifelong learning and will understand the meaning of education.

Proposal of an Alternate Form

Ex post facto examination of life experience is one alternative which would broaden the definition of creditable learning. It would allow the student to use his own life as content in the educational process and would allow him to use his own particular talents and abilities in determining the form used to give evidence of learning. In assuming responsibility for the analysis of his own experience and in developing the skills needed for that analysis, the student would be preparing himself for lifelong learning.

This project uses a case study in ex post facto examination and accreditation of life experience as an illustration of a process and as a focus for the consideration of the possibilities and problems in the use of such a process.

In conventional higher education the learning experience is usually preceded by a teacher assignment or a negotiated contract. Planning precedes learning; the experience is planned as an educational experience in the future, and may even have specific objectives as the goal of learning. In ex post facto examination of life experience the urge to interpret, analyze, and communicate has been generated by the experience itself; learning flows from the experience in the process of making the connections with previous experience and with other learning. Figure 1 is a diagrammatic representation of these process differences, and Figure 2 is an expanded representation of the process of translating life experience into academic credit.

The term "learning experience" is used extensively in this work and although the experience in the case study was extended, i. e., one of considerable duration, I agree with Dewey that "any experience, however trivial in its first appearance, is capable of assuming an infinite richness of significance by extending its range of perceived connections".¹⁴ Dewey uses the example of a child poking a finger into a flame. The incident itself is not a learning experience but becomes one when the child makes the association between putting his finger in the flame and feeling pain. Were he a college student he might extend the range of perceived connections by asking, "Why do I believe that I feel pain when I put my finger in the flame? What is pain? What is fire? What actually happens to my finger?" and pursue

¹⁴John Dewey, Democracy and Education (New York: The Free Press, 1966), p. 217. See Appendix A for an example of analysis of a trivial experience.

Figure 1. --Process differences in the accreditation of assigned or negotiated-contract learning experiences as compared with ex post facto accreditation of life experience.

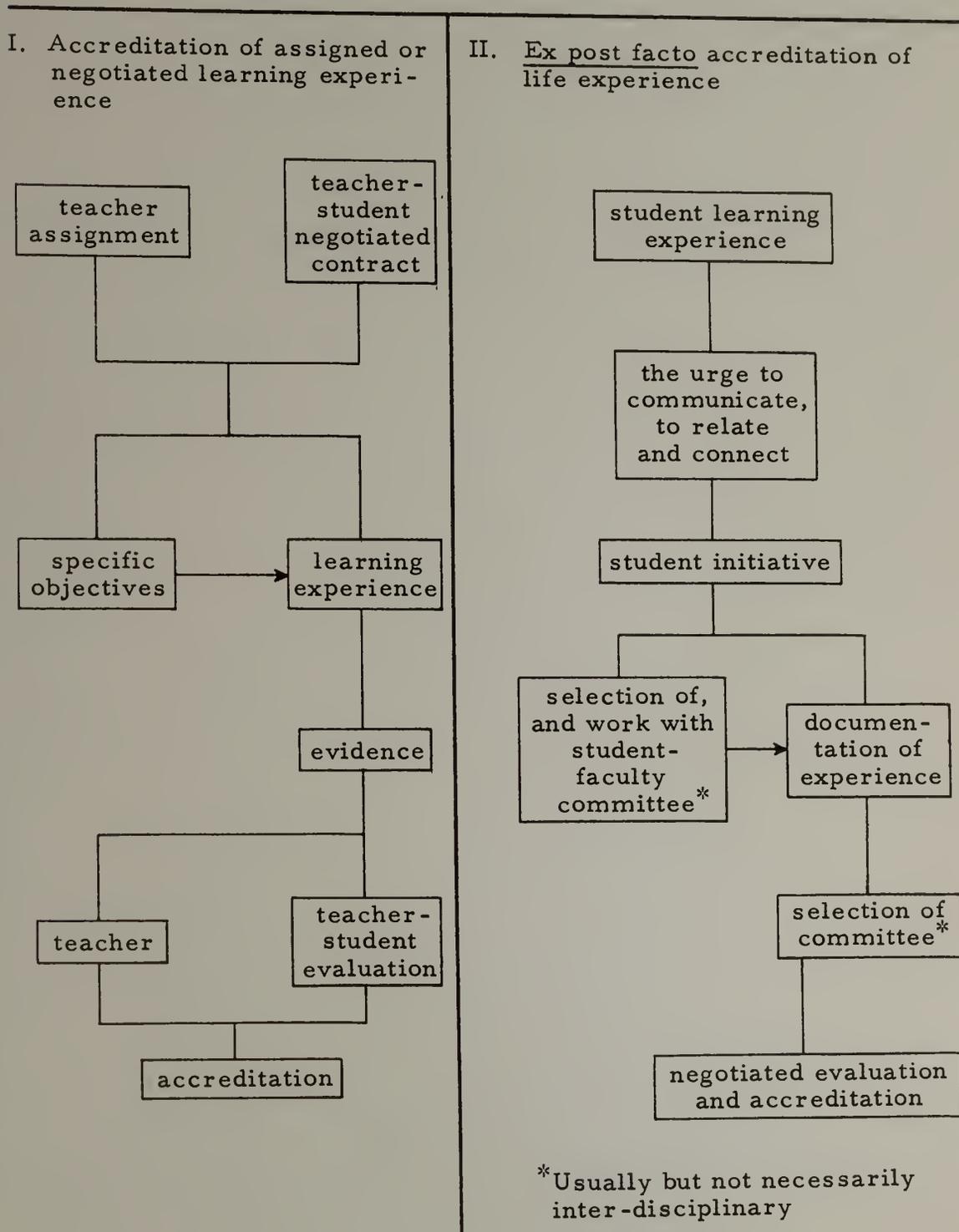
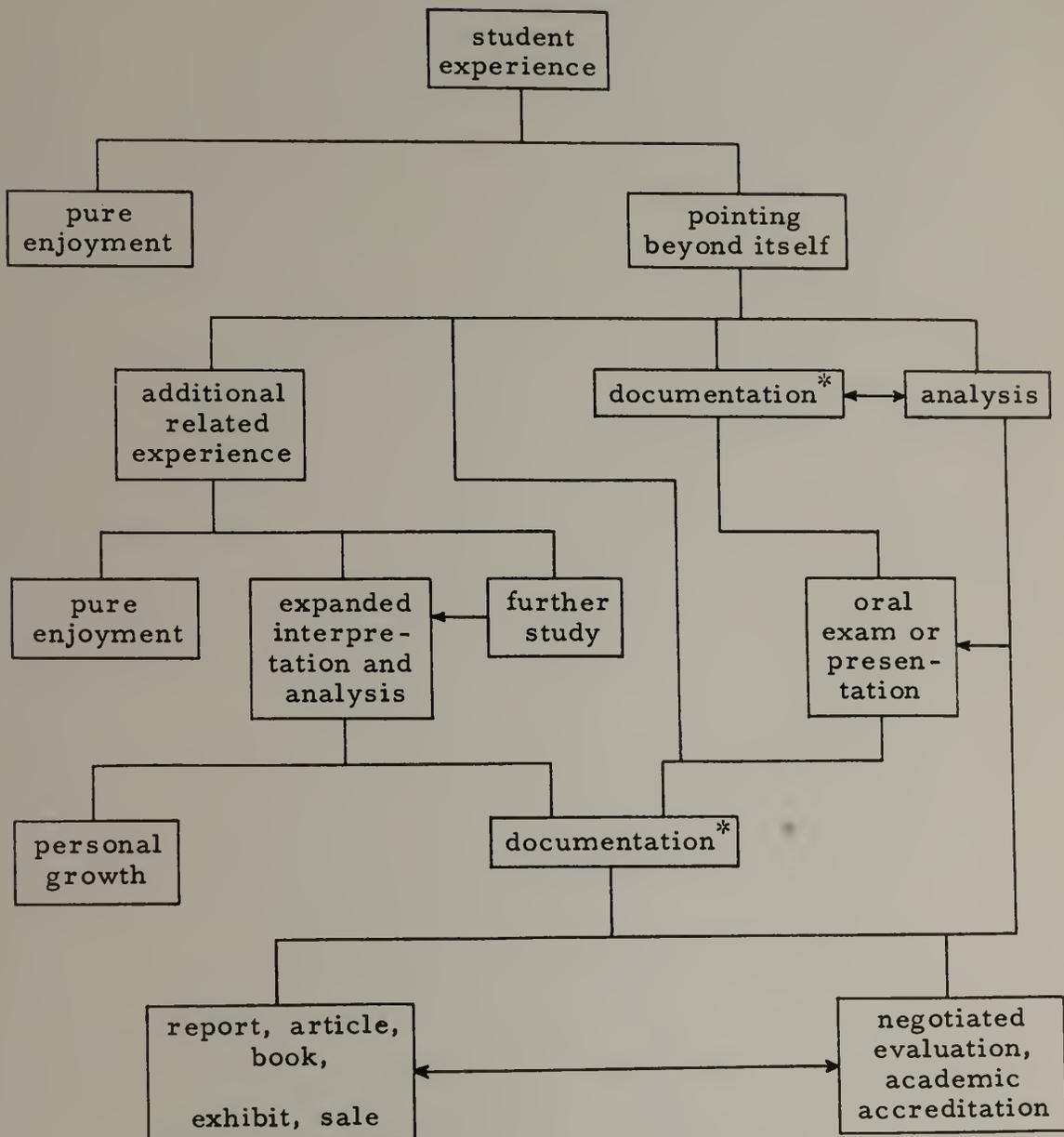


Figure 2. --Process flow in the translation of life experience into academic credit.



*Documentation may take many forms, e. g.: simple description, interpretive reporting; musical composition; dramatic production; art or photographic exhibit (see Appendix B); culinary creation or demonstration; poetry, novel, or short story; landscape or architectural design; taped monologue or dialogue.

the matter into the areas of psychology, anatomy, physiology, physics, chemistry, and even philosophy. If he were to generalize from the experience he might go on to say, "Anybody who puts a finger in a flame will feel pain." From this generalization he might be able to spare a younger brother, or fellow student, the pain of the initial experience, although the younger brother or the student would remember the lesson longer if it were learned directly rather than indirectly through the words of our college student.

Obviously it is impossible for a student to experience all that his teachers have collectively experienced, and there is value in compressing knowledge and experience for communication to others. But it is important to recognize that there is always a loss in content as the student is further from the experience itself--the experience of burning one's own finger is a much more vivid experience than hearing about someone else burning a finger.

I have used this definition of Dewey's to point to the fact that all experience is relational, hence there are no areas of experience that we should arbitrarily exclude from consideration. Having said this, I would add that there is a kind of experience for which most of us would not seek academic credit, either because we would not want to subject it to analysis or because we recognize the difficulty in doing so. I refer to this as the "being experience". Asian thinkers call it ineffable because it eludes description; poetry is often the recognition that while "being" may be present in language, it is never adequately represented by language.

The distinguishing characteristic of extended experience is duration. It is the experience of a student who has served in the Peace Corps or the military, of one who has fought his way through a drug crisis or a period of involuntary confinement, of one who has worked in the community; it is the varied experience in the background of people returning to school in middle life.¹⁵

What considerations dictated the choice of experience and the form used in presenting this example? The primary consideration was the impact of the Turkish experience on my life; the form was dictated by my need--at the time--to record my impressions and reactions.

The form I have used should not be taken as prescriptive. Quite the contrary. I believe the form to be an integral part of the experience, and it would be as unfair to ask a musician to document his experience in words as to ask me to communicate mine in music. The experience itself and the person involved will determine the form used to communicate it to others.¹⁶

¹⁵These descriptions, which are meant to be indicative rather than exclusive, were drawn from the background of students in an introductory philosophy class I taught in 1969 and from my own experience of beginning undergraduate work at the age of thirty-four. One young woman in the class had just emerged from a convent to which she had been sent after bearing a child at the age of thirteen; one man had been in a Marine Corps prison until he was discharged as psychologically unfit; one student was battling with drug addiction. Each such experience has a vast range of connections which, once perceived, can be of invaluable service in the education of the student.

¹⁶For an example of non-verbal documentation, see Appendix B.

Methodology

This project uses a case study with four components: documentation, analysis, evaluation, and accreditation. These four components are seen as basic to the process.¹⁷ The method used in setting the case study in the dissertation is to present the documentation of experience, give examples of analysis of experience, present the procedures for evaluation and accreditation and, finally, analyze the process itself.

The documentation of experience takes the form of a narrative drawn from journal entries and letters written during two periods of residence in Turkey. It is essentially a case study in human growth, a record of an experience defined as a learning experience by evidence of attitude change, of idea and behavior modification. The narrative should be read as a literary form--an account of one human being's responses to a new set of cultural circumstances.

Analysis of the experience in this case study makes use of three alternatives to the conventional disciplinary breakdown of experience. These alternatives are: 1) longitudinal analysis, 2) in-depth analysis of attitude change and behavior modification, and 3) open-ended speculation.

Longitudinal analysis asks: What relevant learning preceded the experience? What was the nature of the experience and what was

¹⁷The first two components are the core of a process for life-long learning. The last two are required if student experience-centered learning is to be used for academic credit.

the impact on it of previous learning? What questions were raised, what study or experiences suggested, by this interaction of past and present? In-depth analysis asks: What factors were responsible for the formation of attitudes brought to the experience? What impact did the whole experience have on attitudes toward self and world? Open-ended speculation asks: What importance do certain factors have in shaping cultural differences? How do these differences create problems in inter-cultural communication?

For purposes of evaluation and accreditation within the framework of the case study, the narrative will be considered as if it were an undergraduate offering. This means that it must be considered both with and without the section on analysis because such written analysis would be optional with the student.

Analysis of the process itself will deal with the particular problems encountered in analyzing the experience in the case study and with the general problems of documentation, analysis, evaluation, and accreditation as they might be encountered in the ex post facto examination of any life experience.

CHAPTER II

THE CASE STUDY, PART 1: DOCUMENTATION An Account of Two Years of Residence in a Middle Eastern Culture

In the summer of 1964 my husband and I left the United States to spend an academic year in Ankara, Turkey, where my husband was to be a Fulbright lecturer in Ankara University's College of Agriculture. We were middle-aged New Englanders. My husband, Sargent, was an agricultural economist and I was a student of philosophy working toward an advanced degree and preparing to teach. We were accompanied by two of our children--Betsy, sixteen, and Martha, seven.

We returned to New England in June of 1965 with another child and a determination to return to Turkey when and if the opportunity presented itself. That opportunity came in 1967 when Sargent was invited to lecture and do research (again under Fulbright auspices) at Ege University in Izmir. This time we were accompanied by Martha, now ten, Rebecca who had been born in Turkey, and two of my husband's sons by a former marriage--Jonathan, fifteen, and Timothy, ten.

The story that follows is the story as it was written, in letters and journal entries, in Ankara, Istanbul, and Izmir.

Ankara, Turkey--1964-1965

September 21

Why are Americans so damned sanitation conscious? Every time I have to use public facilities, I shudder--initially at the facilities but then at my own inflexibility.

I was annoyed in Italy when I paid a quarter to enter a public urinal which I then couldn't use because I had never learned to urinate standing up. But on the Ankara train from Istanbul I discovered something still more primitive--two properly located foot treads and a hole in the floor! There was no paper--only a small, dripping faucet suggesting an alternative.

Now, in Ankara, the apartments we've seen don't meet even minimal standards of cleanliness and convenience. In two days of looking, I haven't seen one I would live in. By noon today I was ready to take the first plane home, but then we had lunch, in a basement restaurant across from the hotel--a superb lamb stew and two of the biggest peaches I have ever seen and certainly the best I have ever eaten. For three of us, lunch cost less than two dollars, even though served with courtesy, clean linen, and music. My courage has been renewed and I'll try again tomorrow.

September 30

It has taken ten days but we finally have a house. Now I'm wondering if the wrought-iron grillwork, the winding stairs, and the marble terrazo floors can compensate for the lack of heat, hot water,

and other conveniences I have come to take for granted. In the week since we moved in, the electricity has been off twice, for about two hours each time, and the water once, for half a day. And that is just the water for washing. The water for drinking is delivered in two-gallon bottles which are emptied into our ten-gallon earthenware jug in the corner of the kitchen. I wonder if I will ever get used to dipping into a jug for a drink of water.

The house was painted for us when we moved in. Workmen came in with spray equipment and applied whitewash to the walls and woodwork and accidentally to the wrought-iron grillwork, windows, and terrazo floors. When the painters finished a room, two women followed them with wire brushes and rags and scoured whitewash off the grillwork, windows, and floors. They all sang and laughed while they worked and it was like a Laurel and Hardy movie. After two or three days we stopped coughing up whitewash.

The frustrations are unbelievable. Take the oil stove, for example. The smokestack is wrong and all the heat goes up the chimney, the stove leaks oil on the floor and the plumber (they call him usta) has been here several times, to no avail. After we had the drums filled, we discovered that one of them had a residue of tar that contaminated the oil so we had to throw out both oil and drum. In buying drums, we had gone to considerable trouble to have right-angle pipes put on them so the delivery man would be able to pour into them more easily. On the first delivery I heard a great clanking and went out back to see the delivery man banging the right-angle pipe

to get it off. Why? Because they all have right-angle funnels, of course! But no one had told us.

Then there is the toilet, which the plumber has been equally unsuccessful in repairing. It flushes not only when you pull the chain but every now and then on its own initiative. During the day one doesn't notice but it certainly is a startler in the middle of the night. If you lean on the bathtub while getting in or out, it will tip over and when you empty it you must line up the hole in the tub with the drain in the floor or there will be bathwater all over the house.

On the positive side there is shopping, which I'm enjoying for the first time in my life. Narrow, winding, cobblestone streets are lined with carts and canopies and donkeys and merchandise on display. We pick out a chair here, a mattress there, a quilt at yet another shop. They are all collected for us and delivered in a cart painted with flowers and pulled by a donkey with bells around his neck and wearing a striped hat with holes for his ears.

Martha and Betsy are both enrolled in Turkish schools-- Martha in Ayşe Abla İlkokul and Betsy in Ankara Koleji. Martha is making a remarkable adjustment to Turkey and to school. She has made friends and seems happy in school even though her teacher speaks no English. Perhaps if I were seven it would be easier for me. Betsy is having a difficult time. In Amherst High School she was active in extra-curricular affairs and was busy. Here there are no extra-curricular activities and the freedom of girls is much restricted. They are discouraged from being on the streets after

dark except with their parents, and without television, radio, or telephone, the evenings are long for a teen-age girl. We played cards until we couldn't bear the sight of them but since giving them up, Betsy has experienced almost intolerable boredom.

At times it is uproariously funny, at times quite satisfying; at other times it is grim. I vacillate between wanting to go home and berating myself for my inflexibility, but I'm encouraged by the fact that occasionally we can laugh at ourselves.

October 13

I have been in a state of culture shock for two weeks. Suddenly it is all too much--too dry, too dirty, too difficult. I can't see beyond the struggle with inadequate facilities and my intestinal response to strange food and water. I want to go home! I really do not appreciate the value of this kind of exchange. I have always been an advocate of pluralism rather than universalism and now I understand why: a world community of distinct and individual cultures, yes, a mongrelization of cultures, no; a world political community that will prevent us from destroying ourselves, fine, but a world bedroom and kitchen, no.

Drinking water stagnating in a pottery jug, vegetables that are days old before being cooked, bread that is not wrapped but handled in the market like brooms or pans, laundry washed in a bathtub half full of brown, scummy water--these are the things I live with and that blind me to the positive aspects of the country and people whose guests we are. There are sections of Ankara that transport one back

through thousands of years of history. I want to see it, remember it, get it on film, but I don't want to live with it.

October 17

Ankara awakens at seven o'clock--all at once. Almost simultaneously a mourning dove calls, a donkey brays, the sheep out back "baa" and the first Ankaran on the streets calls out, "Eskiji" (old clothes man), as he begins his trek through the city. Taxis move through the streets, acknowledging intersections only by a slightly greater pressure on the horn.

There are all sorts of irregular sounds but it is the constant ones that tear at my nerves. On a construction site nearby there is a machine that goes "clang clankity clang clang" all day. It is joined by one of the few dogs around who, frustrated by all the cats, barks constantly in a monotone, and by a neighbor's radio playing minor-key Turkish music. It would be easy to surrender my sanity if I had to stay home all day.

October 22

This morning Sultan's ten-year-old daughter came to the house to get her mother (our maid) and now I know why I never see little girls on the streets of Ankara; they are all at home taking care of their mothers' babies. We have seen little boys running errands for storekeepers and delivering packages, little boys working on busses and share-taxis, little boys walking the streets with huge trays

of pretzel-like things on their heads but we have seen few little girls other than the fortunate ones who go to school.

Sultan's child has a fragile beauty that is not concealed by the dirt. I nearly wept when I saw her. She, like all Turkish children, has exquisite manners; she bowed low, took my hand, kissed it, and put it to her forehead in the Turkish gesture of respect. She has great black eyes in deep sockets and a face that could be twenty or eighty but should not be ten. My heart aches for all the world's children who must struggle so early and yet I wonder if our own loved and protected ones are as well equipped to face life as it is.

October 30

October 29th is Turkey's Republic Day and we were guests of the government at Ankara's celebration. Our seats in the stadium were under the balcony reserved for government officials; we could look up and see white-haired Prime Minister İnönü standing, smiling, waving his hat.

The parade was two and a half hours long and impressive. There were Turks dressed in flowing gowns and brandishing swords marching behind mechanized army and cavalry divisions; there was minor-key Turkish music and Western marching bands; there were airplanes dropping parachutists like confetti out of the sky and jet planes flying in formation at incredible speeds and frighteningly low altitudes. It is the first time in many years that I have been excited by a parade but the Turks exhibit great national pride and the spirit of the day was contagious.

November 20

Life in Sunderland, Massachusetts, certainly did not prepare me for Ankara society. Last night we went to a party, given by an FAO (United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization) marketing man--a Dane who has spent five years in Greece, three in Cairo and is now completing his second year in Ankara. Whatever his qualifications as a marketing expert, he is a splendid host! We were catered to by a Turkish man-servant and entertained with good food and drink, excellent conversation, beautiful women, good music, and dancing. (The beautiful women were not entertainers but guests who were multilingual and graciously at home in the party environment.)

Sarge and I were the only Americans and the man-servant was the only Turk. The others were assorted West Europeans. There were members of FAO, AID and Food for Peace (a U.N. agency distributing donated food here in partial payment for services rendered on such important national projects as roads and dams). There was an attaché to the Swedish Embassy, a Swiss businessman, and the Danish Vice Consul. At the beginning of the evening (before I was aware of the stature of the guests) I committed a faux pas, forgiven because of my obvious provincialism. I had been introduced to a fifty-ish woman but caught only part of her name and even less of her title. I did catch the words "Danish Embassy". To make conversation, I asked what she did at the Embassy, as one might address such a question to a typist or a file clerk. With an amused smile, she answered, "That is a difficult question to answer. The Vice Consul

here serves as cultural relations officer, chief administrator, and in various other capacities." I have never felt more like a New England hick. But liquor has a marvelously levelling effect and by ten o'clock we were all just people in Turkey, here for many of the same reasons and interested in many of the same problems.

I'm only beginning to realize the enormity of these problems. I shudder at the conditions I can observe and at reports to which I have ready access, but last night I learned that the observables are the smallest part of what there is to make one shudder.

Sarge was discussing his milk-marketing study with a Swiss businessman who has already done some research for a Swiss company interested in producing baby food here--a baby food compounded primarily of milk and cereal. Commenting on the difficulties they face, he said that the bacteria count in milk is around five million per c. c. Sarge paled. In the States, panic sets in if the bacteria count approaches five hundred thousand. The Swiss went on to say that homogenization is done at such high speeds that it not only breaks down and disseminates the butterfat but also breaks down (thus doubling and trebling) the cholera and tuberculosis bacilli, and pasteurization methods employed either destroy most of the amino acids in the milk or fail to destroy the bacilli.

About half of Turkey's children between birth and age four are undernourished and few Turkish children have milk after they are weaned. Sarge asked about the possibility of importing dried-milk powder but was told that the Turkish government has imposed

an import duty to protect its own milk industry. Powdered milk in the States costs between 16 and 20 cents a pound; the same milk imported into Turkey would cost just under two dollars a pound because of the duty.

If one likes to feel needed, this is the place to be. Our host said he left Denmark ten years ago to serve a year in Greece but at the end of the year the Greeks said, "There is yet so much to do, could you not stay another year?" He stayed five. Much research at home is a further refinement of something already done but research here is so basic that anyone with knowledge can't help but feel needed. Sarge's attitude is that people must learn to do things for themselves and, although I agree, I can also see how difficult it is if they don't even know where to begin.

I believe I am beginning to adjust because I am now at least as concerned with Turkey's problems as I am with my own intestines. I have to get drunk occasionally to regain a perspective but if I live through this year I will be a better person for it.

November 25

It has been interesting being abroad during an American presidential election. As soon as our absentee ballots came, we went to the Embassy and completed them. We followed the campaign through the International Herald Tribune and listened to the returns on an old radio tuned in to Voice of America. Between the jamming of VOA and the static we had a hard time but somehow it was important to be involved.

We were elated at the results of the election although our elation had more to do with Goldwater's defeat than with Johnson's election. I see America in a different light this year; I want her to be better than she is and I want all of us Americans to be better than we are. I want all of us to be worthy of the feeling the Turks still express for John Kennedy.

While we are more appreciative than ever before of the progress the United States has made, we also see with painful clarity those traits which make Americans unpopular wherever they go. NATO people and the military in general live in a style quite beyond that of most Turks. They drive the only private cars (with the exception of a few wealthy Turks and Embassy officials), shop exclusively at the PX, entertain each other and make little attempt to get to know the Turks or their language. They exhibit attitudes of superiority and disdain when they do interact. There are times when I feel that the very presence of these people is an insult to the Turks; I'm certain it is an embarrassment to those of us charged with building better relations between peoples.

November 27

Yesterday I experimented with producing a New England Thanksgiving dinner in Ankara, Turkey, and the results were surprisingly good. A large squash called bal kabak was used for pumpkin pie and also sliced up to double for candied yams--candied with a grape-sugar syrup called pekmez. I boiled and buttered tırp--a mild, white radish the size of an apple--and called it turnip for the occasion.

Dressing was flavored with chopped turkey livers, ground onions, boiled pine nuts, and currants. We had ice cream on our pie and a bottle of white wine. Three Turkish friends joined us to sample American food; they were polite but obviously unimpressed.

When I was buying the tırp for dinner, another American woman at the market asked me how to use it. I told her it was a versatile vegetable which could be grated in salads, used in soups, or boiled and served as a substitute for turnip. She bought some and when she left the market, the green-grocer whispered in my ear, "Türkçe, tırp, İngilizce, turnip." He grinned and I knew that from that day on, every American who asked for turnip would get tırp.

December 7

Strange that so much can change in a few weeks; today I can wonder at my initial reaction to Turkey because I feel at home and am enjoying myself. Sarge and I are both taking language lessons at the American Foreign Service Language Institute and are using our Turkish for getting around, for shopping, and for talking with Sultan who speaks no English at all. The other day I was preparing a lesson and, wanting to check my conjugation, turned to Sultan and asked, "Bugün yabancıyorum, dün yabancıdım, değilmi?" (Today I am a foreigner, yesterday I was a foreigner, right?) Sultan replied, "Dün yabancısın, bugün yabancı değilsin--bugün Türksün." (Yesterday you were a foreigner, today you are not a foreigner, you are a Turk.) People laugh good-naturedly at our Turkish but seem to appreciate our attempts to use it. We may be deluding ourselves but

I believe it makes a difference. At times I feel humbled by the warmth and cordiality of the Turks but much of the time I feel a great impatience.

Saturday, for the first time, we visited Yenişehir Pazar. It is a huge place, like a circus ground, where farmers come into the city and set up their wagons and offer their produce for sale. Bargaining is the rule and you do your own grading--by looking, feeling, and smelling. Our first impulse, on entering the market, was to flee. These were not the middle-class Turks with whom we associated daily; these were the poor Turks--the workers and the hangers-on of society. I felt conspicuous and out of place but not fearful. It wasn't long before we were discovered by the porters (hamals) and farmers and everybody was trying either to sell us his merchandise or carry it for us. It was incredible! Muddy, dirty, crowded, but more fun than I've had since we've been here.

Sarge carried a string bag, which we filled with oranges, lemons, tangerines, apples, potatoes, onions, and cabbages; all the while he muttered, "Hayır, teşekkür ederim" (No, thank you) to the innumerable porters trying to relieve him of his bundle, for a price. Martha found the wagons on which the farmers were displaying the handmade doilies and laces of their women, and I wasn't sure we'd ever get home. When a man offered me a bunch of parsley, I was able to tell him, in Turkish, that we grew parsley in our own garden. Americans here aren't expected to speak Turkish and when they do the atmosphere changes perceptibly.

Sunday we went for tea at the home of Turan Güneş (Sarge's colleague at Ankara University). We rode for three-quarters of an hour in a dolmuş (share taxi) and then walked a quarter of a mile over a muddy road to the house. We were greeted at the door with, "Hoş geldiniz", the Turkish equivalent of "Welcome", and given slippers to replace our muddy shoes. We were shown into a small, formal room with a magnificent rug on the floor, a small prayer rug on the wall, and several couches (which serve as beds at night). There were elaborately embroidered pillows and complicated bits of tatting and crocheting everywhere. We were served home-made cherry liqueur and a jellied fruit called Turkish Delight. Then came chocolate candies and coffee--strong, hot, and thick. At about five-thirty, just as we were thinking it must be time to leave, tea was announced and we were led to the dining room.

The table was covered with an assortment of food sufficient for two good meals for a family. There seemed to be no order in eating; I watched our host sampling chocolate cake, salami, and a black olive almost at the same time. There were sausages, cheeses, breads of all kinds, cake, cookies, olives, börek (thin pastry in which meat or cheese is rolled), fresh comb honey, apricot preserves, and tea.

During the meal there was conversation and lots of laughter. Turan and his wife laughed at our Turkish, they laughed at Sarge, the father of eight, talking population control, they laughed at the behavior of the children, making only mild, occasional attempts to

keep it under control. The children were loved, fondled, and fed, but seldom reprimanded or restricted. The afternoon was delightfully relaxed--the first such social encounter we've had.

December 12

Martha's growth and development this year are startling. Perhaps it is living in the city, perhaps it is living in another culture, perhaps it is having so much freedom to learn. Whatever it is, she is remarkably independent for her seven years. She goes to the store alone and handles Turkish currency with no difficulty. She reads--at night in bed, in the morning before the rest of us are awake, during the day at school--at the rate of 50 or 60 pages a day. Because her teacher speaks no English, Martha is allowed to read English books in school while her classmates do other things. By simple exposure she is learning Turkish language and phonetic spelling. (She has shortened her own name to Marta because there is no "th" in Turkish and Martha was too difficult for her friends to pronounce.) She is the most fortunate of all of us in her adjustment to Turkey. The other day she came bursting in from school with, "Momma, do you know what those American kids from the Dependents' School did? They threw stones at the kids at our school!" Talk about acculturation!

January 15, 1965

Christmas, the day everyone dreaded because of distance from home, turned out to be a day of unusual closeness. Because it was

Friday and Sarge had to work, we rose early, exchanged simple gifts, and had a festive breakfast. The girls did not go to school and we had a quiet, pleasant day together. We were joined for dinner in the evening by four students from Middle East Technical University, and had an evening of good conversation.

The Sunday after Christmas we left for Adana, on the southern coast, where Sarge was to take his students on a tour of a rich agricultural area.

The first half of the bus trip took us over the barren, brown, flat Anatolian Plain, but at noon we approached the Toros Mountains. The mountains form an east-west chain along the southern coast of Turkey and at this time of year are capped with snow. The highest peak, Mt. Hassan, was hidden by clouds but its stature was evident by the breadth of the visible base below the clouds.

We lunched at the top of the pass and then prayed all the way down. Busses and trucks passed on roads barely wide enough for two passenger cars and on curves with no visibility and no guard rails. Turkish drivers toot their horns continuously and our bus driver was no exception--he took his hand off the horn only to change records on the record player that blared minor-key music all day long. Sarge and I were the only ones concerned with the peril of the situation--we were the only ones who felt it was not all in the hands of Allah.

The spectacle of southern Turkey unfolding was almost too much for a single day when one added to it the noise and jovial

confusion of the bus, the continual eating, and the public toilets with the demands they make on me. (Public urinals in the countryside are even worse than in the city. If you don't wear boots you can't get near them; unless you are accomplished in the art of masculine urinating you can't perform; and if you are the least bit fastidious you will probably vomit instead.)

Sarge went off with his students the next day and Betsy, Marta and I visited the nearby seaport of Mersin. We took a dolmuş. (The literal translation of this word is stuffed and now I know why it is used to describe the share-taxi.) There were twelve of us and the driver in a minibus intended for nine. On this trip the driver used the horn to clear the road of children, donkeys, sheep, goats, camels, bullocks, and women with loads of fruit on their heads. Alongside the road were orange trees, palm trees, cotton fields, and men sitting in tea houses. I have never seen a place where lushness and beauty were so indiscriminately mingled with poverty and filth.

Leaving the bus in Mersin we became the immediate objects of attention. In Turkey's cities Americans form a sizeable minority, but that is not the case in the countryside. On the streets of Mersin we were acutely aware of being foreigners, and women. (In rural Turkey women do not travel the streets alone.) We wandered along, bought some tangerines from a street vendor, gave money to a beggar, and finally found our way, across a field of dried mud, to the sea. We walked out onto a small breakwater and sat down near an old Turk with a small boy and a white-aproned

bakkal (grocer) apparently spending his mid-day rest time there. (Everything in Turkey closes down for two hours in the middle of the day.) Beyond the great new pier and the jetties and the freighters was the Mediterranean. We dangled our feet in the water, talked with the Turks, took their pictures and shared with them our tangerines and our enjoyment of the sea. It is at once strange and yet not strange that I felt so comfortable, so unafraid, with them.

We spent the next day, with Sarge and his students, visiting large agricultural operations--one a privately owned citrus-fruit plantation and another a government-controlled cotton plantation and gin, with machinery made in Dallas, Texas.

The students behaved like children on a Sunday-school picnic. They chatted and laughed and sang but there was almost no discussion and few questions asked about what we were seeing. I was disturbed by their lack of seriousness and also by their attitude toward farm managers and others whom we met. The university student enjoys considerable prestige in Turkey and exhibits an air of superiority toward anyone, however capable, who works with his hands. It was so unlike the attitude of the Turks toward us that I was upset but, pondering it, realized that it was merely a reflection of the highly stratified society that is Turkey. The most disturbing implication was that these students, with their disdain for manual labor and laborers, would become Turkey's agricultural leaders. They would probably teach, serve in Government posts, act as advisers, without ever having actually worked in agriculture.

This is the sort of gap the Chinese closed by putting the intellectuals out to work week-ends on agricultural communes, and that the Indonesians attempted to close by sending intellectuals into villages to do research. In Turkey, however, there is still a wide gap between the scholar and worker.

My reaction this day was as negative as my reaction the previous day was positive. I may be unfair to the students but, although many of them sincerely believe they are preparing to serve the people, in this context "the people" is an abstraction unrelated to particular individuals. "The people" is that impersonal mass about which one may safely talk, but individual people, particularly needy ones, are not important. It is an ironic paradox. Yesterday, talking to a friend in Ankara, I mentioned a recent construction accident in which five men were killed because of poor scaffolding. I was concerned because I heard there was to be no investigation. My friend was almost cruelly casual, "If five men are killed, there are five more to replace them." Obviously this attitude is incompatible with our ideas about the value of the individual and the qualitative differences between people, but it is an attitude that must be understood if Westerners are to understand the rest of the world.

On the fourth day we left Adana, the only foreigners on a bus loaded with Turks, oranges, lemons, baggage, furniture, chickens, and a live lamb. From Adana we went through Tarsus, to Mersin, and then cut north to the mountains. Passing through the busy little market town of Tarsus, I found myself thinking of its Biblical days.

The trip back through the mountains was even more beautiful than the trip down, marred only by the evidence we saw of accidents. Shortly after lunch we saw a bus on its side, off the road. On investigation we learned that the bus driver had swerved to avoid hitting a donkey driver and, at the time we arrived, was administering Turkish justice. It is swift and simple--he poked the donkey driver in the nose, hard! There was a rapid and harsh exchange of words after which the donkey driver turned and left. The girls were upset but we explained that this kind of justice may be more fair than the kind of prolonged litigation often involved in accident cases at home.

Before reaching Ankara we saw evidence of two more accidents. Roads are narrow, there are the ever-present pedestrians--both animal and human--and there is little judgment used in driving. There seems to be no awareness that the blind curve ahead may hide an on-coming vehicle. Only because there are so few cars is travel possible at all.

We arrived back in Ankara feeling we had lived a year in the last four days. "Home" in Ankara looked wonderful. We used a sitting-down toilet, ate food from the kitchen we knew, and drank water from our own dependable jug. It has taken us almost a week to recover from the four-day assault on our intestines, but the trip was worth it.

January 20

The trip to Adana was followed by two holiday parties, each different, each uniquely Turkish. One was the 170th annual gathering

of Turkey's agricultural engineers. There were folk dancers with knives and swords, belly dancers, and musicians with instruments ranging from a set of wooden spoonlike paddles to an electric cello. One of the belly dancers was so provocative that half the men in the room tore off coats and ties and joined her on the dance floor. It was refreshing to see professional men so relaxed. I simply can't imagine it happening at home except with the aid of great quantities of alcohol, which was not the case here because the party was during Ramazan, a fasting period.

The other party was the New Year's Eve celebration at the University, for administrators, faculty, and students. It was much like a faculty party at the University of Massachusetts except for the presence of students and the interaction between students, faculty, and administrators. At one point while people were standing around the dance floor waiting for music, a young female student darted across the floor, snatched a paper hat from the head of the University president and darted away. He turned, ran to catch her, then gave her a resounding slap on her buttocks as he retrieved his hat. They both laughed and he returned to his group. At the University of Massachusetts students are not even invited to faculty parties. Because all situations in Turkey are carefully defined, young people know what they can do, and when. In the classroom situation there is a considerable distance between student and teacher but in a social situation that distance disappears. Students here seem so much more relaxed and secure than at home; perhaps it is because they don't have to cope with the "burden of freedom".

February 10

Sarge and I are far more concerned with U. S. foreign policy now than we were at home. Our government is here pursuing the same questionable course it has pursued in many other countries-- that of supporting a governing elite that is unresponsive to the needs of the people.

Americans take public education for granted but less than half of Turkey's 40,000 villages have a school, and of those that do the vast majority have only a primary school (Grades 1-4). The United States takes doctors and medicine for granted but the Turkish village mother whose baby is ill does not have public health services or clinics. Often all she can do is hold and caress her baby to make its dying easier.

Last night we met an American doctor who has been working on a disease resulting from eating soil. This is just one manifestation of the many dietary deficiencies that exist.

There is little political sophistication in the Turkish countryside--there are thousands of villages with little or no outside contact, and the people of these villages have never heard the words "communism" or "capitalism". They know only that there are a few friendly Russians who come to talk to them and promise to help them solve their problems. They are willing to take help from whatever source it comes.

Food is the bargaining agent in Asia, not guns. Starvation, or at least malnutrition, is the threat, not loss of political freedom.

You can't instill fear of an ideology or of loss of political freedom in a people who know nothing about politics. The only freedom these people seek is freedom from hunger and disease.

At the movies last night we met some Peace Corps people who made me ashamed of my complaining. They have been working in a village in eastern Turkey, two hours walking distance from the nearest village and road. In spite of the hardships they seem to be enjoying themselves and I confess that their enthusiasm should make them productive. But it is so little and there are so few of them. Perhaps, if there were thousands?

Last week there was another anti-American demonstration, this time because of suspicion that the United States was involved in unseating the İnönü regime. The old prime minister (İnönü is 81) is much loved but it is widely believed that the United States disliked his friendliness toward Russia. He resigned after failing to get a vote of confidence and a more pro-Western group took over.

There is a new pasteurizing and bottling plant in Ankara (paid for by UNESCO). Sarge has spent two weeks visiting the villages that supply this plant. He has seen cows with hoof-and-mouth disease, cows so undernourished they can barely stand, cows kept knee-deep in water and filth, cows with all sorts of minor diseases and infections. He has seen milk sitting out in the open, covered with flies, milk collected in filthy containers, milk boiled before being sent to market. And yet we have encouraged the Turks in believing that the way to increase production of milk is to build stainless steel processing plants.

Do I sound negative? I am. The paradox is that although we don't feel like Americans as we watch other Americans here, neither do we identify with the Turks. We are irritated with Turkish lethargy but even more irritated with American bungling and thoughtlessness.

March 12

I continue to be amazed by Marta's learning experience. Last week I finished Hermon Wouk's City Boy but couldn't return it to the library until she too had finished it. The other night Sarge bought a copy of Mehmed, My Hawk, a grim novel of contemporary Turkey by Yashar Kemal, one of the country's radical young writers; Marta has read that. Last week she read more than eleven hundred pages! She claims not to have learned any Turkish but she and Betsy are the ones who interpret when Sarge and I don't understand. The exciting thing to me is that her education is almost completely independent of school. She sits in school with her classmates but reads books of her own choosing. She does no math in school but is comfortable in the Turkish marketplace with its different currency and language.

Betsy's initial boredom was conquered when she began painting. She has done some interesting things with water colors. She has made friends at school and has a special friend, Yavus, who will graduate this year and go on to become a doctor. Through him and with him Betsy is becoming a woman. She glows, loves everyone, and can't bear to contemplate leaving Turkey. If she were two or three years older we would seriously consider her request to stay but both Sarge and I feel that sixteen is too young for such a decision.

At Ankara Koleji, where Betsy is a junior, science and mathematics are taught in English, history and literature in Turkish. The science and math teachers come from Europe or America, under contract, and most exhibit outright contempt for all but a few of the Turkish students. The insult "eşek" (donkey) is hurled at slow students, and there is a general downgrading of Turkey as a nation.

Betsy herself had to deal with feelings of this sort. She is a bright girl and all of her previous school life had been in homogeneous learning groups and with highly competitive classmates. Here, in a heterogeneous situation, she was initially disdainful of the slow students and angry with the quick ones who seemed so willing to do whatever was necessary to help the slow ones. In the course of the year she has come to appreciate the sense of community that exists among students here and has even discovered that there are many appealing personal qualities other than intellect.

Yesterday Betsy went with her science class to the Ankara Cancer Hospital for a movie and lecture on the effects of smoking. She said the lecture was dull and the movie old, but afterward the students were invited to watch a cancer operation. They were admitted to the operating room in groups of four at a time, given uniforms and face masks.

In the operating room they stood on chairs close to the operating table, where a throat cancer operation was in progress. At one point during surgery Betsy's friend, Mehmet, was asked to pull his chair back to avoid bumping the doctors. They stayed for ten minutes

and then left as another group entered and this continued until all forty students had been given a chance to watch. Operating is on a continuous basis and the students were told that they could come in any time. Betsy now plans to spend her free periods at the hospital.

Our initial shock gave way to laughter, but such incidents help us understand the despair of Americans working in Turkey.

April 4

I have just begun to realize how much I am going to miss Sultan when we leave. I shall miss her help, of course, but more important, I shall miss her person. She has become a member of the family and it will seem wrong to leave her behind.

When we first met, I wasn't sure I could tolerate her and certainly didn't want her too close, with her layers of dirty clothes and matted, uncombed hair. Today the hair and clothes are the same but I no longer see them--I see a gentle, tender woman of great compassion and unbelievable thoughtfulness. We have grown very close.

It is a strange time for me. The pain of preparing to leave is mixed with the joy of preparing to give birth to Sarge's child.

May 16

Having a baby in a Turkish hospital is another of those experiences which point up cultural differences and make us aware of the things we take for granted at home. Here, the institution provides neither food nor night nursing; the families of patients are expected to provide these services.

Rebecca was born at four in the morning and by nine o'clock I began to wonder if I were going to get any breakfast. When I asked and learned that I wouldn't, I asked to see my doctor. He came in, asked me if I wanted to go home, detached the plasma tube from my arm and told me I could get up and dressed. A few minutes later a nurse arrived with the baby and I walked with them out to the doctor's car. He drove me home, told me to come see him in six weeks, and left. I walked up the front steps and rang the doorbell. Sarge went white when he saw me standing there with the baby.

It was all more amusing than upsetting to me because I knew I had a very competent Turkish obstetrician and the reason he didn't make a fuss was that there was no need. Martha had been born at home and I had been up showering less than five hours after her birth so I didn't expect or need pampering.

All other things aside, we now have a beautiful, healthy girl child (3200 grams at birth) called Rebecca by us and called an Ankaralı by our friends who claim her as a Turk. (Actually, we understand, she will have a choice of citizenship when she is twenty-one.)

As I write, Rebecca sleeps in her beşek which I move with my knee. The Turkish beşek is a bassinet hung from an A-frame and it is in movement most of the time. It is the best baby bed I've ever used, for the motion is a perpetual pacifier. At night I tie one end of a string to the beşek and pin the other to my mattress. When the baby cries I tug gently on the string until she goes back to sleep.

I have had some trouble with Sultan who wants to wrap the baby in swaddling as is the custom here. The Turks believe that the legs will be crooked if allowed to be free, so babies are tightly bound in cloth for the first few weeks of their lives. Because of this practice, infant clothing is quite different from anything I have used before and I have had to adapt--sometimes myself and sometimes the clothing. I have made diapers and receiving blankets for Rebecca and nursing bras for myself. If I leave Rebecca with Sultan for a few hours I can expect to come back and find the baby wrapped up tightly in one of the new receiving blankets but she seems not to mind and Sultan is as tender and concerned as if the child were her own.

We are involved in getting birth and vaccination certificates so that we can bring her home. She'll have one birth certificate from the Turkish government and one from the U. S. Embassy. The vaccination certificate will attest to the humanitarian flexibility of the Turkish doctor but not to smallpox immunity; he gave us the certificate without the vaccination because, as he put it, "She is too young and pure to be injected with disease!"

May 21

Ankara is as green in May as it is grey in September. Days are hot and dry, nights are cool. (Ankara's altitude is 2,910 ft.) Spring and the rainy season are just behind us and the flowers are bigger and more profuse than anything I've ever seen. There are tulips the size of teacups; the scent of lilacs is everywhere. It is hard to believe that it is the same city we met last September.

Life will be full for the next few weeks and the closer we come to leaving, the more difficult it is. I want the best of both cultures and am torn between wanting to go home and hating to leave. I have an idea we'll come back to Turkey some day. Many of the things that have made the year meaningful are things we can't take home and won't find there. The important exception to this is what has happened to us as individuals. All of us have changed and I am deeply grateful for the demands that the experience has made on me. I've discovered in myself a flexibility and openness that I never suspected were there.

Istanbul and Izmir, Turkey--1967-1968

August 20

I thought culture shock was a one-time phenomenon but I was wrong. We travelled from Naples to Istanbul in tourist class on the Turkish ship, Karadeniz, and the first night was pure, unadulterated hell, with temperatures that made us perspire although lying perfectly still, the smell of urine assaulting us from washrooms and corridors, dirt everywhere and, of course, diarrhea.

Groping for a way of understanding myself and this situation I remember Martin Heidegger (in Being and Time) writing about the wish-world men create for themselves and in which they are often content to dwell. I suspect there are times when dwelling in the wish-world is the only way of enduring the present. The three days on the Karadeniz were laced with bright spots but for the most part it was an experience one could only wish to be beyond.

August 24

The first two days in Istanbul I spent in bed, alternately wishing that we were settled in Izmir and that we were on our way back to America. But then my digestive tract began to stabilize and I felt good enough to join Sarge and the children on a trip to Kilyos Beach on the Black Sea. The beach and water were splendid, the views of the Bosphorus and the Black Sea magnificent, and I found myself once again caught up in that wonderful contradiction that is Turkey. Even as I did, however, I was aware of the ease with which I had slipped into a life-denying mood. If choice of mood is our only real freedom (as I sometimes believe) and I have as little conscious choice of mood as I seem to have, then my freedom is limited indeed.

August 27

For three and a half days we have been at the American College for Girls in Istanbul, participating in the Fulbright orientation program. We have had three days crowded with language lessons, lectures, meals, and activities designed to acquaint us with Turkey and with each other. Why have we come to Turkey, all of us? What do we have in common that brings us together as Fulbrighters?

The M's -- extroverts with three children. He a teacher of journalism -- tanned skin, crew cut, lean but from dissipation rather than from rigorous living; great sport, crude humor, shorts. She smoking, coughing, laughing and drinking her way through the day. "We have a ranch house with three baths, two dogs, two cars, and a swimming pool."

Miss R. --lumpy little spinster searching for a reason for being. Underneath the garish red coif a mind that works--at mathematics, at comparing and relating civilizations. None of the rewards of marriage but none of the handicaps--freedom to work, freedom to explore Africa, Israel, everywhere, seeing, seeking but never finding.

Mr. MacN. --father with three small children. Short stature, grey hair, black snappy eyes; lively mind, infinite patience and a great unspoken burden. Invalid wife at home.

The D's--transplanted from farm to Brooklyn to Istanbul; still on the farm. Mrs. B. obese, possessed by self-hatred vented on her children, complaining, scowling. Pathetic but not pitiful. She hated Brooklyn, will hate Turkey.

The H's--he suave, educated, polished, handsome, polite. Clean shirt, clean socks, new shoes, pressed pants. She tiny, nervous, neat, fighting to learn a little Turkish, afraid of losing her husband. No children.

Andy D. --fugitive from Oklahoma, running from bill collectors. Wife still in Oklahoma. Naive, afraid, but I don't wonder. Speaks Turkish with a southern accent, lives life with a black skin. Are the Turks as generous and unprejudiced as they would have us believe? He has a vision, however, and may make it.

George R. --Americanized Yugoslav refugee. Too many clothes, too much fine liquor. What freedom did he preserve by fleeing--the freedom to have much, much more than his fellow man?

We Russells--remembering, comparing, and wondering if the next homecoming will be the last. Perhaps meaning eludes those who pursue it--perhaps we can only be open to receive it. Meanwhile we judge ourselves and others.

The common denominator? Perhaps it is the common denominator of all people everywhere--that lifelong search for something we'll probably never find but must believe we will to be able to go on.

September 11

Friday evening we heard David Owen, an archeologist, who took us back some twelve thousand years. The culture of Turkey is an overlay on so many previous cultures that it is hard to grasp even though here to be seen. It is like standing at the beginning of time.

Saturday night we went to a Turkish nightclub where the mistress of ceremonies made announcements in four languages. The food and entertainment had the same cosmopolitan flavor and the patrons were Asians, Arabs, Europeans, Americans, and an indeterminate group of mysterious, murky individuals whom we felt sure must have been representatives of some vast international crime syndicate.

These three weeks in Istanbul will stay with me in memory for a long time--the magnificence of the Blue Mosque and Topkapı Palace with what must be the most valuable and impressive collection of jewels and porcelain in the world, the beaches on the Black Sea and the Marmara, the Golden Horn at sunset and, most memorable

of all, that sense of being present in the meeting place of East and West, of yesterday and today.

September 19

Our first week in Izmir we shared a four-room apartment with another Fulbright family while hunting for a home. We were fourteen at table most evenings, with dinner prepared on a two-burner hotplate. The heat was oppressive and the mosquitos unbearable. We sprayed heavily with bug rebellant and then were violently ill.

Yesterday we took a ferry across Izmir Bay to a section of Izmir called Karşıyaka. We signed a lease for the first vacant apartment we saw. It occupies the sixth floor of a new building on the waterfront boulevard, has a view of the bay and the city to the east and a view of the mountains to the west. Banana palms and conifers line the boulevard in front of the apartment and the ferry pier for downtown Izmir is two blocks away.

The apartment is bare, but there is sunlight, a breeze from the bay, and a promise of good days to come.

September 23

I went to my first symphony concert when I was ten. I was fascinated by the way the music seemed to build, with one instrument adding its voice to the others until the simple melody grew into a complex and overpowering force. In a strange, distorted way the same thing happens here.

At five o'clock in the morning, the muezzin (a Moslem crier) calls the faithful to prayer. The call is heard from every minaret in the city. Before the call is over, the cocks of the city have begun to crow. Then the first donkey of the morning adds a staccato note with his light clop, clop clapping over the cobblestones. People stir, dogs bark, and somewhere a child cries. Soon, one hears all the sounds of a Turkish city day: "Eskiji-i-i", the rag man calls out; "Yumurta, yumurta", from the egg man; "Konak, Konak, Konak" (the marketplace) from the dolmuş starter on the boulevard; and the ever-present automobile horn--the Turkish substitute for traffic lights, hand signals, and brakes.

By eight o'clock this evening the sounds had reached such a crescendo that I escaped to the bathtub and lay with my ears under water for the respite it offered. I realize that noise is not unique to Turkish cities and that my problem is in having lived most of my life in the country, but knowing this is of little help.

The day in Izmir begins and ends as did my symphony concert, with the important difference that one set of sounds puts me at peace with myself and my world whereas the other makes me want to scream.

September 25

Life might be easier if I weren't so reflective--it is at once my greatest treasure and my greatest burden. The bonds of tradition are weakened by reflection but so is the security of belonging. Freedom and solitude belong together and are one. Tonight I am alone. Between myself and the noise of the city there is a belt of quiet--the

apartment. It surrounds and protects the aloneness in which I am myself, in which I am free.

So much time is spent in conversations that skim meaninglessly over the surface of empty relationships; so little time in any real harmony of communication. Yet we constantly strive to relate and to communicate. Can words ever bridge our separateness? We destroy the bridges faster than we can build them. All we have are precious and fleeting moments of closeness in an eternity of estrangement.

In the quiet I frequently rail at being a woman. Most of the time I revel in it but there are days when the character of a woman's role stands out in such unfair relief against that of her male counterpart that I feel lost. To be reflective is bad enough, but to be a reflective woman is a curse indeed.

October 2

The initial shock is wearing off. It was more severe this time but shorter. My Turkish, limited as it is, enables me to get around more easily. One of the problems this time is that added to the America-to-Turkey adjustment, there is the Ankara-to-Izmir adjustment--cultural differences within a culture. Ankara has theaters, museums, libraries and, because it is the capital of Turkey, a cosmopolitan population. It is also dry and grey--a city on which all life and activity initially seem to have been imposed. Izmir, on the edge of the Aegean Sea, might have sprung to bursting life from the soil. It is also a market town--a beautiful, languid

market town--appealing to the sensual in us but less so to the intellectual.

This morning I took an at arabası (horse carriage) from the Efes Hotel to the pier at Konak and gave the driver three lira (30¢) as I always do for that distance. But he wasn't satisfied. "Hanım!" I heard, "Beş lira istiyorum!" He wanted five lira. I know that even three is good for the trip and is paid only by Americans, but because I was in a hurry, I offered him another half lira to avoid argument. He was adamant, "Beş!" A crowd gathered and I began to get angry. I said, "Üç buçuk veya hiç bir şey!" (Three and a half or nothing) and started to walk away. He continued to make a fuss. All I had in change was a handful of tiny five-kuruş pieces (worth about one half cent each). A student in the crowd whispered to me to give him the change and leave, saying he would count it out, slowly, for the driver while I left to catch the ferry. I did as I was told. When I got home and told Zehra (the maid) what had happened, she said I should have taken off my shoe and threatened the driver with it, but somehow that's not my style.

October 23

Last week there was an anti-American demonstration in which dynamite was thrown into the Commissary and hundreds of Turkish students clashed with American students from the Dependents' High School. The Turkish group was led by students from Ege University and, because of his affiliation with Ege, Sarge was asked by U. S. Air Force Security to "talk to those young Turks and set them

straight". The next day he lunched with the leaders of the protesting students and came home convinced that they were justified in demonstrating.

One of the students has a degree in law and is studying agriculture, hoping to work for land reform, badly needed because presently large land holders pay no taxes. Another of the students is working on improving food production. All are serious and sincere.

Discussing U.S. involvement in Turkey, they said that at the time of the U-2 incident, Russia held Turkey responsible for the actions of the American military stationed in Turkey, so the young Turks were most reluctant to have American planes taking off from Turkish soil. They don't like the Sixth Fleet coming into port, discharging sailors to rampage all over Izmir, insulting women and storekeepers, getting drunk, and generally making a nuisance of themselves. They don't like Americans living in their midst enjoying special privileges and special immunities. Aside from the more obvious manifestations of a military presence, there are things such as the Officers' Club in downtown Izmir, where some Americans spend more money in an evening than many Turks earn in a year (the annual per capita income is about \$200). I'm afraid the arguments for maintaining the American standard of living abroad make the same impression on me as they do on the Turkish students.

This demonstration was touched off by the hurling of insults at Turkish high-school students by American high-school students. Attitudes at the Dependents' School are almost uniformly negative toward

Turkey. Air Force orientation does a beautiful job of lousing up what otherwise might be a great experience for military families and creates an attitude of cultural superiority that insults the host country. The other day I met a young Air Force wife who had been in Turkey two and a half years and couldn't speak a word of Turkish. She was in a shop in Karşıyaka, speaking a sort of pidgin English, very slowly (as if this would make it understandable to the Turkish clerk). I translated for her but left feeling sad that she had been deprived of the opportunity to know the country in which she had been living for over two years.

November 5

It's all over --the griping, moaning, and general morbidity of the first phase--and it ended as abruptly as it did three years ago. Friday we drove to Ankara to a reception given by the American Ambassador and I recovered that sense of what it is that made me love Turkey and the Turks.

The Ambassador's reception was the usual thing--lots of fancy clothes, fancy food, and meaningless conversation. The good things happened elsewhere in Ankara.

At the Fulbright Commission office, where we went to see the Director, we were met at the door by the odacı (the closest translation is office servant, but the term seems inappropriate for a man of Husein's age and dignity). He opened the door, then stood quietly for a minute before saying, "Hoş geldiniz" (Welcome). Husein had helped us all during our stay in Ankara, and his wife gave birth to

twins at about the same time Rebecca was born. I wanted to hug him and weep but all I could do was reply, "Hoş bulduk" (We are glad to be here) and let my eyes bear the real message.

We had a visit to the Hittite Museum, made more than a visit to a museum by David Owen who guided us through the history of Anatolia. We had passed Sardis on the way from Izmir to Ankara, had seen an extinct volcano, caves used by Christian monks, and some fascinating rock formations. We had picked up a few interesting rocks, one of which was hard, creamy-white, fine-grained and felt much like talc. At the Museum I saw the same kind of rock chipped into stone implements and exhibited in a case with Paleolithic tools and weapons. The thrill of this recognition is the same I feel each time I see a Roman road, bridge or aqueduct or pass a site like Sardis where history is being unearthed and where there are stone pillars that have witnessed such history as we can only contemplate. Life here is a constant reminder of the past on which the present is built.

To live in Turkey is to know a people with a rare warmth. One day recently we went out into the countryside for a picnic and while we were settled on the grassy slope of a hill, a goatherd came by with his flock. We exchanged smiled greetings and the goatherd continued on to the top of the hill. In a while he began to play his flute. We were enchanted; his playing was at once an extension of himself, a celebration of life, and a gift to us. Three weeks ago I would gladly have given up and gone home. Today I know the year will be too short.

November 7

I have been exploring Konak, the covered market area where you must allow enough time to get lost but where you can find almost anything if you are willing to look.

Today I came to buy dried fruits and nuts, and fish fresh from the Aegean. I've had my watch repaired (for two and a half lira, or twenty-five cents), and had our copper pans re-lined with tin. Before we leave Turkey I'll come here to buy old copper, a suede coat, and some Turkish village hand craft.

This is a country of contrasts and nowhere are they more evident than in the covered market areas. A European sports car toots to pass a wagon, or a donkey with baskets slung over its back, or even a camel. A mini-skirted female crosses the cobblestone road and brushes against a woman in an ankle-length black coat with a scarf veiling her face. One five-year-old wears shorts, a white shirt, a tie and V-neck sweater while another wears pantaloons, a dress, and a kerchief on his head.

Konak is also the place of the gypsies--some deliberately maimed in infancy to prepare them for begging, some darting in and out of the crowd picking pockets and snatching purses, and some entertaining with a trained bear or musical instrument.

November 10

I'm teaching English! I was called on the 8th, asked if I would be interested, and told to report on the 10th to Ege University's Yabancı Diller Okulu (Foreign Language School). Reporting to the

teachers' room an hour before class, I got tea, questions about my family, introductions to the other teachers in the school and, finally, a class list. That was all! I asked about procedures and learned that I would have four groups of students, each group at a different level of English comprehension, and that I would meet each group once a week for two hours. I was free to do as I wished in the classroom. In a philosophy class in the United States I would have appreciated that freedom, but in an environment where English is a foreign language?!

By the time I entered the classroom at four o'clock, I was paralyzed with fear. My first real class and I had no idea what to expect or do beyond reading the class list and taking attendance.

But that was all I needed. My pronunciation of the Turkish names was so bad that students began tittering and soon the whole process dissolved in laughter. I began to relax and the students took the initiative. They corrected my pronunciation as I read a name and I repeated that name until my pronunciation was satisfactory to them. By the time the class list was read, we had established a process for the day.

I stepped down from the dais and began to walk around the room, touching objects and asking for the Turkish name. I repeated the Turkish name until my pronunciation satisfied the students, then gave the English name which they repeated. Soon they were identifying objects by their Turkish names and waiting for the English. It became a game with a pattern everyone understood, and classtime was over before any of us realized it.

A cluster of students walked with me back to the teachers' room and said goodnight. I almost exploded with excitement. I had not only made it through the two-hour class but it had been a success. Two hours before I had been tempted to turn and run. At six o'clock I was looking forward to meeting the next group.

November 13

Today I met my second class, a group of second-year students at the University, and am as discouraged as I was elated on Friday. I have often wondered what I would do in the face of a disciplinary problem and I found out. I buckled. The students seemed intent upon testing me, finding my limits. I got the interest of one or two but the rest acted as though class had never begun. It was hard to believe they were nineteen and twenty years old.

I tried to ignore the noise and confusion and go on, but ignoring it only encouraged them, and the volume of noise increased until I gave up and stopped. Two students came to my desk, apologizing for the rest, and to them I said, "I'm sorry, but I simply don't know how to cope with this, I'm going to leave. You may read, study, talk, or do as you wish except that you may not leave the room until the end of the class period." Enough students heard me so that there was a great "Ssh-ing" and a sudden quiet. They looked as perplexed as I felt. I walked out of the door and back to the teachers' room trying to decide whether to admit failure or wait and try again next week.

November 14

I met my third class with considerable apprehension. Monday's experience was so shattering that if it had been my first day there wouldn't have been a second. This is a group of older and more serious students, most of them in their last year at the University and most going on to graduate study. They have a better command of English than any of the others but I also sense a skepticism toward their new American teacher. They are too courteous to act as did Monday's class but neither did they give me the open-hearted welcome of the first group. I have respect for these capable young men (there is only one female) and will have to use a very different approach.

We introduced ourselves to each other and I asked if they had any questions. Turks ask very personal questions but I had committed myself and answered with as much honesty as I could. There were questions about my age, personal history, marriage, and family. There were the inevitable questions about U.S. foreign policy. The atmosphere in the room changed perceptibly when I agreed that U.S. policy in Southeast Asia was wrong. They asked me about Robert Kennedy (the Kennedy brothers are regarded with near adoration by young Turks) and what I thought of Lyndon Johnson.

As class ended, there still seemed to be unanswered questions so I suggested that for our next meeting they write any other questions they might have and use them for discussion.

I wonder how much I can accomplish with four different groups, each with forty students. What chance do I have of getting to know them? I won't even be able to remember that many names!

November 16

My impression of this country as a country of contrasts will probably be one of my most lasting because it is continually reinforced. I met my fourth English-language class today. The other three are at the University where the students are almost all young men with city backgrounds. There are a few girls, and one or two young men who made it from the village, but they are the exceptions. Today's class was at Yüksek Öğretmen Okulu--a government school for training teachers for village schools. All the students are from the village and what a different lot they are! The chance to get an education is still a miracle to most of them. They are eager, spontaneous and, even on this first day, there was little holding back or shyness. There is also little English--this is the first year for most of them--but I'm not worried about that. The relationship we established in the first ten minutes will carry us through, one way or another. Instead of tittering at my Turkish, these youngsters laughed boisterously and slapped their thighs.

As I read the class list, I noticed from the responses that the students were seated alphabetically. I offered them the option of changing seats and they seemed delighted. I'll have to find some other way of remembering names.

Once again we played the name game and when I had difficulty with a Turkish word, someone would go to the blackboard, write it out for me and, with the pointer, show me the phonetic breakdown as it was pronounced. I may be teacher to these students but learning is certainly going to be a two-way process.

When I got back to the University I learned that I will not be teaching the second-year students with whom I had the initial difficulty. The chief administrator of the school heard of the incident, considered it an insult to me, chastised the students and assigned me to another class. I'm disappointed that we'll not have a chance to discuss what happened and work it out, but it is my own fault.

November 22

I'm going to have to prepare some materials. The only thing the school has is a book designed to teach English to Spanish-speaking elementary children in New York City. It is hardly appropriate. In the absence of materials and a precedent, I am depending on intuition and conversation. In two of the classes, conversation has centered on the personal questions students have wanted to ask me, questions about the children at home--how old they are, what they are doing, what they think about sex and dating. When they heard that Betsy once had a romance in Ankara there were new questions. In the upper-division class the questions were more complex and fell roughly into these categories (as defined by the students):

The American military in Izmir
The PX and the local American water supply
Hippie culture and the generation gap

The dating and courting pattern in the United States
 Sexual freedom in America--myth or fact?
 Reasons for America's support of Greece in Cyprus
 Differences between Christianity and Islam
 Question of atheism and whether or not teacher is an atheist

Most of the students in this group are seniors going on to medical school. They are intelligent, literate young people. I've not felt the immediate emotional response to them that I felt to the younger ones, but they present me with a different challenge. They don't accept me in the open, unquestioning manner of the Yüksek students but they are willing to let me prove myself. The difference may be related to the difference in political awareness and sophistication. These are the student rebels who demonstrate against the American military presence in Turkey. Most of the young village students couldn't care less about politics--they are wholly involved in getting an education.

November 30

I am writing tonight with a strange feeling. We had our Thanksgiving dinner today with Turkish guests in our home but tonight we are acutely aware of being in another man's country on the verge of war.

Sarge has finished pinning up blankets to cover the windows, in observance of blackout instructions, and I have just re-read to the family the evacuation instructions delivered to us yesterday by a man from the Consulate. At five o'clock this afternoon time ran out for Greece's response to Turkey's ultimatum. We have not heard if there was a response but a blackout was ordered for tonight.

The ferry moves back and forth like an uneasy shadow on the water and cars give the streets a burlesque appearance with headlights and tail-lights painted blue.

It isn't like being involved in a Vietnamese war somewhere on the other side of the world--this is a disagreement with a next-door neighbor, and a disagreement of long standing.

In 1964 Turkey was ready to go to Cyprus and protect the Turkish minority there but the United States intervened and said, "Wait, we'll find some other way to see that Turks are protected." Turkey listened and withdrew but since then has been waiting for the United States or the United Nations to find that other way. Recently thirty-one Turkish Cypriots were killed in what Greece has referred to as a "police action".

When Cyprus was set up as an independent state, in 1960, it was agreed that the Turkish Cypriots could maintain an army of 650 men and the Greek Cypriots 950, but since that time the government of Greece has continued to send troops into Cyprus until presently there are between ten and twenty thousand. The Turks are now demanding withdrawal of those troops.

The feeling is that if President Johnson had taken a stand in 1964 there wouldn't be trouble now, so Americans are almost as unpopular as Greeks at the moment. An American official flying into Ankara was mobbed by students and not allowed to leave the plane; the U.S. Information Service headquarters in Ankara was stoned and its windows smashed. We have been told to stay off the streets unless

it is absolutely necessary to go out. Turkey's planes have been flying over Cyprus nightly and troops are massed on the border of Greece.

It is difficult not knowing what is really happening. We don't read Turkish well enough to get much from the newspapers, and the U.S. Air Force radio station maintains a news blackout and gives news of Vietnam, Israel, Washington and New York but nothing about Turkey, Greece, or Cyprus.

I'm uneasy and I'm annoyed. The Turks can ill afford to exhaust their resources in war. There is so much that money can do to meet the needs of the people that it seems a shame to spend any of it on a war that can only take more lives. My annoyance is personal as well; I don't want to be evacuated. I'm enjoying myself and I'm even beginning to feel useful.

December 14

The last weeks have been chaotic. We haven't known whether we were going to stay or be evacuated. The threat of war has abated but the anti-American feeling hasn't. Once again the United States has sent an envoy (Cyrus Vance) to Ankara and he is saying, "Wait, we'll find some other way." The Turks don't believe him and are angry.

Greece has been having internal trouble and the newspapers today say that King Constantine has fled to Rome after an abortive attempt to overthrow the military junta. Perhaps their internal problems will provide the time necessary for things to settle down and the war fervor here to cool.

December 16

The weather is still like early September. From our balcony we can look down on bananas, roses, orchids, and palm trees. Everything is a vibrant green and on most days there are just enough clouds to make interesting patterns on the water of the bay. I feel very lucky to be here, but I am very much aware of being half a world away from New England.

This afternoon Marta and I went over to the city shopping and rode the ferry both ways. It was mild enough to enjoy being on deck for the whole trip. In Konak, we walked along the waterfront. Turkey is exporting tons of dried fruits and nuts, and to pick them up ships from all over the world come to Izmir. Today we saw the Kara Maru, a Japanese freighter, tied up and loading alongside a bright red Turkish vessel looking like a pirate ship out of a story book.

While at the market, the kasap (butcher) persuaded me to try a Turkish delicacy called Koç Yumurtası Tavası and sold me the meat for preparing it. When we got home I followed his cooking instructions and served the meal to the family. It was delicious. But when I told the children that Koç Yumurtası Tavası meant Fried Ram's Testes, Marta squealed with horror, the boys paled, and they all swore they'd never eat them again. It is a shame; it was truly a gourmet meal.

The Turks are in a period of fasting called Ramazan. They go without eating from sunrise to sunset every day for a month, but rise very early to eat and then return to bed. So now there is a man who precedes the muezzin -- a man who goes through the streets beating a

drum to warn people that it is time to rise and eat. Now I waken to the drums, and get back to sleep just in time to be wakened by the muezzin calling from the minaret. Again I doze off only to be thoroughly awakened by the roosters in the backyard! It would be irritating if it weren't so funny.

December 17

Marta, Jon, and Tim are in the American Dependents' School in Izmir. We were disappointed in not being able to enroll them in Turkish schools as we had the girls in Ankara. Now, after three months of school, we wish we had tried harder. Their school experience suffers acutely in comparison with Betsy's and Marta's experience in Ankara. There is no instruction in the Turkish language so American children learn none of the language of the host country and are unable to communicate with Turkish children their own age. Instead of being comfortable with Turkish children in our neighborhood, Jon and Tim associate only with other American children, most of whom do not like Turkey. The boys are unhappy, seem unable to adjust, and will probably return to Amherst within a week or two.

Marta and Rebecca are enjoying themselves. Marta has the advantage of having been here before and having acquired some Turkish so that she gets around with little difficulty and makes friends easily. Rebecca has the advantage of an unbiased outlook--one place is as good as another as long as all the right people are in it.

December 27

I never would have expected to enjoy teaching English as a second language but I do, perhaps because my English classes are also philosophy classes. In the most advanced class, the current topic of discussion is, "Does religion serve as a unifying force in the world, or as a divisive force?" To open the discussion each student submitted a brief written opinion (anonymously). One opinion was, "Religion is divisive. Because religions are different, they cause arguments between people. The best unifying force in the world is sex."

I'm even enjoying the preparation, which is a monumental job. Because I had no textbooks or other source materials to use, I began looking through the Turkish-American Association Library for things I might adapt. Two of the classes needed work in phonics, so I have developed and mimeographed a series of lessons dealing with specific problem areas of the language.

Turkish language puts a vowel between every two consonants so there are no consonant clusters and Turkish speakers have real difficulty pronouncing these in English. There are problems with the alphabet. Some letters look the same in both alphabets but are pronounced differently, such as the letter c which, in Turkish, says je (or che, if written ç) but not se; the letter g which is either hard or silent but is never pronounced je as it is in English; the letter j which in Turkish is pronounced as it is in French but which in English sounds like the Turkish c. The Turkish alphabet has no q, the final r in Turkish whistles but in English must not, the letters y and w are

represented by one sound in Turkish--an aspirated combination of ve and we.

I spend an average of three or four hours in preparation for each hour in class but enjoy the preparation almost as much as the classes.

January 10, 1968

The rainy season in Izmir is a series of wild and wonderful spectacles much like the wild September storms I knew as a child growing up on the Connecticut shore. The wind and rain consort to produce scenes of magnificence on the bay. The sky at one moment is a formidable black, at the next a protesting, innocent blue. The water of the bay is here a dark blue-grey and there a beautiful green, and everywhere topped with splashes of white. Gulls glide and swoop past our windows and it is as if all nature were putting on a show for our benefit as we sit in the living room.

On the streets, however, it is quite otherwise. Last Sunday (market day in Turkey) was one of the wildest days yet. Sarge and I hesitated about going out because although the day opened with a grey neutrality, we suspected it was just a ruse to get people out on the streets. We were right, but the discovery came too late. We had fallen prey to the ruse, along with half the other residents of Izmir and were caught in a downpour at the entrance to the marketplace.

Sarge and I left the girls in a shop doorway and went on to the market where farmers and merchants were desperately trying to cover delicate produce and damageable merchandise. Buyers ran

from cart to cart and there was mass confusion. When we returned to the girls, our string bags filled, we found them hidden behind a vendor with a set of scales and three other Turks who had also taken refuge in the doorway.

I never go to market without reflecting on the life around us. There is so much I would like to have in pictures but will not photograph because the carrying of a camera would set me apart from those with whom I want to share the sense of community. The best I can do is put some of it in words.

The first picture I would take would be of a donkey laden with milk cans. The donkey is so much a part of life here that even we take him for granted, but whenever I encounter one at close range I am attracted by the soft grey fur, the mild eyes, the small frame under the massive load, and the almost sweet expression. Sunday there was a particularly small and very patient donkey standing in front of a house where his owner was delivering milk. He watched the pedestrian traffic with a quizzical expression and as I thought about him I wondered if he were thinking about me.

On the corner diagonally opposite the donkey sat a beggar, the first of the many we pass between the apartment and the market. When we first came to Turkey I was appalled by the number of beggars on the street and was conscience-stricken at the number we simply passed by. Today I pay them little more attention than I do the donkeys, except to notice and catalog their differences. The first beggar we met Sunday morning had no legs and sat on the corner

with one hand outstretched. Farther down the street stood the blind man who is always there but whose unusual height and dignified bearing set him apart from the others. At the gate to the pazar there were two more legless beggars, one in a vehicle resembling a baby carriage, the other on a flat cart, the wheels of which he turned by pushing the ground with an implement held in his hands. All of them mumble supplications and, I am told, hurl curses at those who pass by unheeding. There is one man to whom I give regularly and, with that gift, make my symbolic gift to all. He sits on a corner between our apartment and the center of Karsiyaka--a man of perhaps eighty years, nearly blind, but with that dignity that characterizes the old men of Turkey who, even in blindness and aged dependence, exhibit a nobility which seems to belong more to history than to the modern world.

There is yet another kind of Turk I want to remember. He works, yet his work condemns the society which condones its persistence. He is the hamal--the man who works as beast of burden along with donkey and camel, who walks the streets bent over like his anthropoid forebears, a huge basket of produce or a large piece of furniture tied to his back. We pass him on the streets, take his presence for granted, but do not call on him for service when it is possible to avoid doing so.

I have come to love the Turks but loving them is the result of getting to know them and of letting them know me. At first I didn't love them--I didn't even like them. I saw them from a different

cultural viewpoint and judged them accordingly. My reactions were frequently insulting because they were paternalistic and condescending--I saw the Turks as unreflective innocents. I suspect I'm much like Americans everywhere in the world. We are an impatient people and it takes time and effort to appreciate people different from ourselves. With time and effort, however, one begins to appreciate the comment of S. Radhakrishnan that "the varied cultures are but dialects of a single speech of the soul--differences being due to accents, historical circumstances and stages of development".

Now I love the maid, the dolmuş driver, the students, the kapacı, everybody!

Zehra sings while she works and turns much of her work into play. One day she had hung the clothes on the balcony to dry when it began to shower. She ran out, pulled the clothes in and no sooner had finished than the sun came out again. Once again she hung them out. When the second shower came, she pulled the clothes in again and then laughingly collapsed on the couch with the clothes in her lap and said, "Ah, Madam, güneş oynuyor!" (the sun is playing).

Rebecca frequently tugs at Zehra's dress when she is washing floors or windows and pleads, "Zehra, gel?" Zehra will leave whatever she's doing and respond to the child's request. They dance and sing together and sometimes just sit together on the balcony watching the activity in the streets below. Nothing seems more important to her than the full enjoyment of the moment. How I envy her!

When I began working at the University I had difficulty commuting because of the change at Cinarlı. At that intersection there was always a crowd of people and little space available in the passing vehicles. One day as I left the apartment to go to work I noticed the dolmuş starter across the street looking at his watch. I spoke to him and learned that he was trying to judge my time of departure and return, so I told him. That night on the way home, I arrived at Cinarlı and joined the crowd waiting for a dolmuş. The first Karşıyaka-bound vehicle that came by was full but the driver stopped anyway, asked his passengers to push over and then signalled me to get in. The next night it happened again. It was a week before I realized that they were taking care of me--seeing to it that I got out to the University and back with the least possible inconvenience.

The special consideration we are shown is due largely to our being teachers. One day a policeman stopped the dolmuş which had illegally stopped to pick me up. (I had been waiting at a point between stops without realizing it.) The driver apologized but explained that he had stopped to pick up a foreign teacher. Immediately the other passengers in the car began chastising the policeman, calling out, "Yabancı misafir" (foreign guest) and "Öğretmen" (teacher). These two titles work magic. The policeman bowed and retreated.

Our growing knowledge of Turkish makes modest conversation possible with drivers and passengers and only modest conversation is necessary because so much is a sensed communication rather than an intellectual one. We have developed real affection and respect for

these people on whom we are so dependent--the earnest, struggling dolmuş drivers.

My love for the students is only partly due to the ego boost I get from their response to me. There is also the spontaneity, the ready laughter, the obvious caring for one another that characterizes their relationships.

As impatient as I sometimes get with the kapaci and his delays and excuses, I also recognize a feeling of tenderness when he stands at the apartment door, after handing me a bundle from the store, touches a pencil to his lips and makes an earnest effort to add up the three items on the list before turning to me with a smile half confession and half bravado and saying, "Siz yapıyorsunuz, Madam." (You do it, Madam.)

Zeynep, our neighbor, is the young wife of a successful Turkish businessman and we became friends early in the year. The Turks are as forthright about some things as they are evasive about others and on my first visit to her home Zeynep told me about her marriage and showed me her photograph album.

Zeynep comes from a wealthy and educated (on the male side) family but had been taken out of high school after two years, from which time on she studied embroidery, knitting, crocheting, tatting, while her father made it known that he was receptive to overtures from families of eligible males.

Mehmet (who became her husband) had seen her on the street one day, made judicious inquiries about her character and her family

and then asked his father to make the necessary arrangements.

Mehmet's father spoke to Zeynep's father and the arrangements were made, conditional upon their acceptance by Zeynep.

Zeynep told her father she would not marry a man she had never seen. Mehmet agreed to give her one week to make up her mind and during that week visited her frequently, accompanied always by his mother or sister. During these visits he told her of his expectations: she would be his wife, bear his children, and grace his home; she would not work, except at fine sewing for her home and family, for there would be a woman to do the housework, cooking, and care for the children. Zeynep told him she would welcome guests and be willing to visit his parents and hers but hoped that he would not ask her to go out in the evening.

At the end of the week Zeynep signified her willingness and the agreement was sealed by Mehmet's father proferring, and Zeynep's father accepting, a silver tray bearing gifts of finery and jewels, including a diamond ring to be given Zeynep on the wedding day. In the three months that followed there was much entertaining of the betrothed couple but at no time during that period were they alone together.

In Turkey there are two ceremonies for those who want a religious wedding. Because of Atatürk's separation of church and state, the religious ceremony has no legal status and must be preceded or followed by a civil service. During the signing of papers in the civil service it is the custom for one partner to place a foot

on that of the other to signify line of authority in the family. If the man puts his foot on the woman's, it means he has assumed the dominant role and she must obey him; if the woman gets her foot on top first, it is supposed to mean that the man will be a kulubuk (the Turks translate this as "hen-pecked" husband). Zeynep said that in discussing arrangements, Mehmet had told her he did not believe in the custom and she was, therefore, quite unprepared when, during the signing of the papers, she felt the gentle but firm pressure of his foot on hers. There was no expression on his face to betray him but the gesture spoke for itself.

I have visited with Zeynep often. During the confinement of her pregnancy (and here there are months of confinement) she has been lonely and bored because there is so little for her to do. She does not enjoy reading nor is she encouraged to read. One does not see a book or magazine in the apartment. Her husband, fifteen years older than she, had a college education (part of it in America) but she has been carefully insulated against any influence which might be disturbing to her in the role she is expected to assume in life. Although she displays keen intelligence, she will have little opportunity to use it. She is like a delicious confection Mehmet has brought home to enjoy.

In contemplating Zeynep's life I have mixed feelings. I weep for the lost innocence of those of us who strive to know ourselves and to live fully, yet I would not have it otherwise for myself nor wish it otherwise for those I love. Gibran wrote, in the Prophet, that our

pain "is the breaking of the shell that encloses our understanding . . . and should not seem less wondrous than our joy". I would feel cheated indeed were I not attuned to such voices speaking to me out of the past. I would not preserve innocence at the expense of awareness but I wish I could more often suspend reflection long enough to know peace.

February 3

Lately I have been wondering about my claim to being an Existentialist because the view of life in much of what I read is too dark, too negative to be mine. I have my negative moments, my times of depression, but more of my days are filled with joy at being alive than are deadened by my moods of despair. I am making a conscious effort to write tonight because so often my reflections are recorded during the down periods that my writing is unfaithful to my life. Perhaps it is because I write out of need and when life is good there is no need.

Even now as I write, Rebecca is exploring my left hand--tiny fingers probing where curiosity directs. Every child approaches life with curiosity and wonder and as each new child comes along making discoveries that have been made by countless thousands before her, I share some of the wonder of learning.

I have been reading Camus, Suyin, Malamud, and Yevtushenko. In Bernard Malamud's "Suppose a Wedding" (in his collection, Idiots First) a husband and wife lacerate each other in unrelieved vulgarity, even the brief respite that results from the emotional catharsis is colored with defensiveness and small barbs. But where is that lift

to the spirit that comes on a beautiful morning, dispelling for a moment all the bleakness, dreariness, meaningless monotony of such drab lives? Where is that appreciation of a first blade of grass forcing its way up alongside the concrete pavement, of the first real spring day and its invitation to relax? These things belong to the most dismal lives and without them, the portraits of despair are unreal.

Perhaps this is why I find Yevtushenko so appealing. This young Russian who has grown up in suffering and struggle, and even in the kind of discouragement that weaker souls blame for the death of the spirit, has found joy and hope to sustain him. He writes of the nobility of the ordinary human being and finds it more important than the sordid garments with which we sometimes dress our lives.

I must thank Turkey and her people for helping me appreciate Yevtushenko, for the mass of Turkish people live in poverty yet are not degraded by it. They wear their mended jackets like robes of purple, they carry themselves proudly, they bestow dignity on the most menial tasks.

One of the most familiar sights in Karşıyaka is that of a team of fishermen pulling on a rope attached to a net fifty or a hundred feet out into Izmir Bay. The net pulls in slowly, and the men sway in rhythm as they lean against the rope, muscular bare feet braced on the beach. As the last man on the rope nears the road, he opens the clamp that binds his shoulder harness to the rope, walks to the water's edge and fastens on again. There is no interruption in the rhythm and the whole performance seems more like a dance than a tedious job, the performers more like dancers than fishermen.

I agree with the Existentialists that we must not expect anything "other"--that this life is all--and that life is what we make it, but I feel that this is cause not for despair but rather for rejoicing because it gives us to ourselves. A long time ago I discovered that I had to lose the security of belonging in order to find the freedom to search, and had to give up God in order to find myself.

February 10

It is interesting to see the United States as others see it. The International Herald Tribune, published in Paris, prints European reactions to U.S. policy and in the eyes of many Europeans the United States is the greatest threat to world peace today and is doubly faulted for masquerading as the guardian of peace. As one commentator wrote this week, it is certainly contradictory to speak of saving a country while you are in the process of destroying it. In our zeal to protect others against communism we fail to respect the right of self determination. For many countries, democracy is too slow. Seriously underdeveloped nations may need a period of centralized control during which the first big steps can be taken without all the political problems posed by democracy. Turkey is a good example.

Atatürk was a dictator and in fifteen years set Turkey firmly on the road to modernization. In the forty years since he came to power, it has developed a new language, has switched from a totally agrarian economy to a mixed economy, has developed a program of public education, has switched over to the metric system, has accomplished the separation of church and state, and has switched

successfully from a monarchical form of government to a republican form. This could never have been accomplished in so short a time without very strong central control. Atatürk loved Turkey and he was ruthless with those who stood in the way of its progress.

Sometimes we Americans forget that each situation is different and calls for different treatment. What may be good politically in an affluent, highly developed, technological society may be entirely inappropriate in a struggling, underdeveloped, agrarian society.

Yesterday a cruise ship came into Izmir (they come in every two weeks) and again I was amazed to see American youngsters debarking, in sneakers, blue jeans, and carrying knapsacks. I've always thought of Mediterranean cruises as trips that old people take when they are wealthy and retired, but times have changed because every cruise ship coming in from Istanbul has a cargo of American young people. I had heard of guitar-playing pan handlers in Istanbul who were embarrassing the American Consulate there but I can't imagine them being successful enough to embark on a cruise. Never having pan-handled, I suppose I'm in no position to judge.

Strange, perhaps, but those kids looked good to me. Turkish students have too recently emerged from genuine poverty to care about playing make-believe, so they are almost always dressed up-- white shirt, tie, jacket, neat hair, and shined shoes. Barefoot, bewiskered, grubby Americans look so strange on the streets of Izmir that people turn and stare quite openly, but I confess to feeling an emotional tug because, grubby or not, they are from home and

as much as I love Turkey I know I am an American. My impatience with American foreign policy is the impatience of one who wants America to be a truly great country. My love of such young people is tied up with my hope that they may avoid being seduced by the system and help America realize that greatness.

February 12

Spring has come to Izmir! Winter began the first of January and ended the first of February. In the narrow street in back of the apartment boys roll metal hoops on the pavement and girls play leap-frog and hopscotch; across the boulevard in front of the apartment, tea sellers are setting out the tables and chairs that have been stored for a month.

Yesterday, riding in a dolmuş, there was a little girl carrying a twig of almond blossoms--fragrant, delicate, pink. Rebecca moved closer to her and the little girl held out the blossom, offering to share its scent. Rebecca sniffed and spoke, "Merhaba" (Hello).

We are raising a little Turk. Her speech is a mixture of Turkish and English. Yesterday when Sarge passed a dish to her at the table, she thanked him with "Çok merci"--a combination of Turkish and French that is used for "Thank you very much." When she wants to know what something is, she asks, "Bu ne?" instead of "What's this?" When she wants one of us to watch her perform, she says, "Gel! Bak!" (Come! Look!) She uses hayır and evet instead of no and yes and uses çabuk freely to make people hurry.

It is fascinating to watch her language development because she is learning English and Turkish simultaneously. She and Marta play with two Turkish girls next door and there is no English spoken between them. Another year here and she would be comfortably bilingual.

February 18

A day to remember--a sightseeing trip with our butcher, one of those who serves Americans and can afford to drive a car. We drove first to the very top of Izmir, to Kadife Kale (the Velvet Castle), known in ancient times as Mt. Pegas. We stood looking at Izmir and the bay from an old military fortress that commands a camera-defying view of the whole Izmir area. In spite of rain, it was an awesome sight.

From Kadife Kale, we drove out along the shore past Inciraltı, toward Çeşme, on the peninsula that borders Izmir Bay on the south. Teams of fishermen in yellow oilskin coats pulled in nets alongside boats that waited on the sand. On the other side of the road, almond and plum trees were in bloom, tomatoes, peppers and cucumbers grew in starter frames.

Farther on, the waters of the bay grew greener and cleaner and we drove off the road to a small beach restaurant. There, over charcoal, a man and woman cooked some just-caught sardalye (sardines), which we ate with green salad, large white beans in olive oil, bread, and rakı. We watched birds dipping into the sea for their fish, as we talked of Turkey and America, of life and love and children

and wives and husbands--our conversation growing more free with every sip of rakı. The girls nibbled a little fish and ran out to play on the sand.

On the way home we stopped to look at the contents of a fishing net that had just been hauled up on the beach. One large jelly fish and a kilo or two of sardalye were the total yield of half a day's labor. But with a stoicism born of many such days, the men cleaned and folded the nets and put them in the boats for another day.

February 26

We are just a week away from the earthquake--my first. It centered in the northern Aegean Sea, killing 19 people, injuring more than 40, and leaving 700 homeless on the Greek islands of Evstratios and Lesbos (the home islands of Aristotle and Epicurus).

It began on Monday night with Sarge asking why I was shaking his bed. When we were fully awake, we both realized that it was not only the beds that were shaking. The doors of the room and the ceiling light were swinging back and forth and we could hear the sloshing of the water in the toilet tank. As we looked out the windows to the mountains, we realized that the whole apartment building was swaying. It was strange because my initial perceptual response was that the mountains were moving back and forth; I had to take the step from perception to reason to understand what I saw.

Sarge and I clung to each other--terrified yet having no idea what to do, whether to try to get down to the street, stay where we were, stand up or lie down. We both knew what to do in hurricanes

but earthquakes are not part of the New England scene and we were totally ignorant. Even common sense didn't suggest anything.

I don't know how long the swaying lasted. I would have said a half hour but Sarge says it was probably closer to ten minutes. When it was over we went to bed and clung to each other, waiting and wondering if it would happen again. At one in the morning there was another tremor that shook the beds but we paid it little attention--we were exhausted. According to news reports, the tremors continued throughout the night.

In the morning it seemed unreal but there were the cracks in walls and ceilings and there were our neighbors and friends talking about it. The common reaction of Americans was helplessness. None of us knew what to do. In school the next day the children were told that apartment dwellers should sit astride a doorway because the frame of a building may withstand the shock and that is the only hope there is.

In all other forms of natural disaster, the earth is there, solid, dependable, perhaps the only really dependable element. In an earthquake even the dependable is no longer dependable. It was a terrifying experience while it lasted and will be a psychologically disturbing remembrance for some time to come.

March 3

I thought I had learned to expect the unexpected in Turkey but it never ceases to surprise me. Wednesday night I was waiting at Cınarlı for a dolmuş, on the way home from work. There was a

crowd, perhaps 20 or 30 people, and every dolmuş coming by was full. Suddenly a large inter-city bus stopped and the biletçi (ticket taker) called out, "Karşiyaka". Unbelieving, I followed the crowd and climbed aboard. The bus driver was delaying departure for Istanbul in order to deliver a cargo of tired commuters to the suburbs. For 50 kuruş (5¢) I rode home in the comfort of a reclining seat and was let out in front of our apartment. Waiting at Cınarlı I had felt an edge of annoyance but by the time I got home, annoyance had been replaced by amusement and tenderness toward a people who are so spontaneously generous and who treat the rules with such indifference.

Thursday night we dined at the Turkish Military Officers' Club as guests of my teaching colleagues in the Foreign Language School. We had canapes and wine, entree and rakı, börek and rakı, and, finally, a fresh-fruit bowl topped with whipped cream. Feeling as if I would never need to eat again, I relaxed and listened to stories and watched guests in varying stages of deterioration from the rakı. Then a waiter placed a bowl of soup in front of me. I wondered if we were starting all over again. Following the lead of my Turkish friends, I took a mouthful and then wondered what to do with it. I swallowed, tried to conceal my shock, and then asked what kind of soup it was. "Iskembe" (tripe) was the answer. I learned later that tripe soup is served regularly, after an evening of drinking, to offset the effects of the liquor and make it possible for people to get home safely, but whatever the purpose, its effect on a beautiful evening was aesthetically disastrous.

March 8

Sarge and I celebrated the anniversary of our meeting by going to dinner in downtown Izmir. We ate at the Aptullah Restoran where we had cold artichoke salad, beans with yogurt, sea bass with mushrooms, and exquisite white wine. For three hours we languished in a euphoric state, watching ships moving in and out of the harbor and people walking along Atatürk Bulvarı. By the time we had finished the bottle of wine we had solved all of the world's problems.

Sarge would have the United States lift its tariff on figs because it seems contradictory to hand out money in aid to a country and then impose a prohibitive tariff on the goods they try to sell us. It would do more for the self respect of the people if we let them compete with California growers. Turkey produces the best figs in the world and has many potential buyers in the United States but the tariff is so high that a fig exporter can make only one kuruş (one-tenth of a cent) per kilo on figs sold in the United States.

We discussed the Turks and their warmth, and decided that Americans are afraid to be nice. One day last week I had trouble getting to work, arrived three minutes before classtime and dropped, puffing, into a chair in the teachers' room. The odacı brought me a glass of tea, and after a few sips I began to relax and smiled at him in gratitude. As I did, one of the teachers said, "That is why we love you. There is always a sparkle." I can't imagine anyone at the University of Massachusetts saying that and there would be fewer occasions for them to do so because at home I'm not nearly so relaxed and I don't sparkle very brightly.

Life in Turkey is much slower and easier and has about it a quality of caring generally lacking at home except in close relationships. The American people seem to have forgotten how to love. We know how to hate, how to be suspicious, how to make money, how to make war, but we don't seem to know how to love.

March 10

Today is Kurban Bayram--the Turkish sacrifice holiday. I remember that in Ankara Betsy and Marta watched with grim fascination the slaughter of lambs by our neighbors. Then, I saw only the blood that remained to stain the ground but today I too watched the slaughter--drawn to it with a kind of horrible unbelief.

In our apartment there are six branches of a Turkish extended family and so there were six sheep killed, skinned, and butchered in the back yard this morning. The eldest member of the family slit each animal's throat in perpetuation of the ancient ritual and then a professional slaughterer took over.

It has been a day for reflection. For a week there have been sheep in every backyard, sheep tied to telephone poles, sheep being driven to town from all the neighboring communities. Today the backyards of Izmir are red and the odor of death hangs in the air. At first I felt carried back to an era in a barbaric past, but then realized that I could not so easily escape the implications for all of us today. Nor do I seem able to escape the depression that has enveloped me since the slaughter began.

March 22

It is going to be difficult to leave my students and I can't help wondering if teaching at home will be different. One difference between these young people and those I know well at home is in the amount and depth of introspection in which they indulge. There is relatively little introspection here. It may be due to parental nurturing, which goes on longer (in the upper-class families from which most of my students come) than it does in the United States, but I suspect that it is also due to the religious fatalism that permeates Turkish society.

In one of my classes there are two young people in love with each other but trapped in Turkish tradition. Murat is tall, slender, sensitive, with a wonderful smile and a good mind. Nadide is a quick, restless, searching girl who wants her independence. The most they can do together is cut classes in the afternoon and go to the movies. The very fact that they have chosen each other militates against acceptance of the relationship by their parents. Had Murat's family taken the initiative in selecting Nadide as a daughter-in-law (assuming that she is socially eligible) it would be all right, but having met accidentally makes it quite impossible. I talked with Nadide one afternoon and she exhibits a tragic acceptance of the situation. She knows that her relationship with Murat will end when college is over and she will marry someone chosen by her parents.

The situation is changing slowly in places like Ankara where the atmosphere is more cosmopolitan but there are few signs of change in Izmir.

As the end of our year approaches, I find myself reflecting frequently on what changes it has wrought in me. I am more alive this year than I have been in a long time; I'm finally willing to concede that I need people; I'm more aware of the callousness I sometimes exhibit. I am sensitive to the ritual slaughter of lambs but less sensitive to the things I say that may hurt other people. My tongue seems to be in the service of my mind rather than my heart.

Recently I made a terrible error, quite unconsciously. I was trying to be funny and make a joke (which is dangerous in another language and culture). Students in law school, medical school and other prestigious places of learning sometimes refer to an eager, hard-working student as an inek (cow). One day in class I used this word to refer to Ramazan, a hard-working young man in my class at Yüksek. What I didn't know at the time was that the joke is not appropriate for a student from a village background and so my joke inflicted pain on one of whom I am very fond.

The one hopeful sign is that I am finally becoming aware of the things I say that may hurt. Now I must work on being aware before I speak instead of afterward.

Yesterday Bülent (one of the students) asked me what would happen to President Johnson after the election. I didn't understand his question so he became more specific: would Johnson be tried as a war criminal or simple executed without a trial. It is at such times that I realize what differences there are between us. These students believe that Johnson has been condemned by the world and should be shot. Their argument is that if we have, anywhere in our

country, a legalized death sentence under which men are condemned to die for crimes of violence, Lyndon Johnson should not go free.

Arnold Toynbee has been writing in the International Herald Tribune, reflecting on his visit to the United States. He said that in most countries of the world young people are clamoring for things they've never had, but in America young people have too many things. He concluded, "These are youngsters who have so much cake they are sick of it." I wonder if those who are sick of it are perhaps so because it has been substituted for more important things. They may be sick of the means that have produced it all, sick of the callous indifference to the economic inequities of our society, the driving ambition that has been so destructive of human relationships, and the sublimation of aesthetic and erotic beauty to the drive for power and money. Toynbee seems to think these young people are going to be responsible for a value upheaval that may save America. I hope he's right.

April 30

This week I am giving examinations at the University. Next week there will be picnics and parties and by the 15th of May the school year will be officially closed. My experience with the students this year has been good but with the administration less so. (Perhaps the rigidity of administrators irritates teachers everywhere.)

My primary complaint is that the students are not treated with the respect due them. There are unexamined assumptions of immaturity and untrustworthiness. Atatürk once said that the future

of Turkey is in the hands of its youth; the older generation (and perhaps this is not unique to Turkey) would add, ". . . when we have trained them to be like us," but the young people say, "No, he meant that we should be responsible now, while we are young."

When the exam was over in my first class, the students began to sing folk songs and then asked me to sing an American folk song. I was embarrassed by my own reluctance but when, just before we left, I summoned enough courage to sing, I found that I was at ease and more comfortable singing than I had been in a long time. The students smiled and swayed as I sang and I felt wholly uninhibited. How I wish I could bring home the person I am in Turkey.

May 5

This is the season of the sünnet parades. Every weekend we see two or three and it is quite a spectacle. The word sünnet means circumcision and the parade is part of the ritual celebration of the young male's coming into adulthood. For days the boy (11 or 12) is honored and prepared for the circumcision ritual. Vast quantities of food are prepared, he is taken to the bath for a thorough cleansing and is outfitted with a suit of elaborately embroidered white satin.

On the day of the ritual, the boy is dressed in his new white clothes and a flat, circular, blue hat is put on his head. There is a feast at noon, sometimes with music and dancing. In the middle of the afternoon, the boy's father puts him on a horse decorated with colorful bits of cloth and wearing a new saddle. The boy then leads a parade of relatives and friends through the streets. Afterward he

is taken to a room in his home, put on the bed, and subjected to circumcision by the sünetçi--a man trained to perform this ritual act. The boy demonstrates his manhood by holding back any outcries or tears. He is then congratulated and praised for his bravery and manliness.

When I first saw a sünet parade and learned of the ritual, I was as horrified as I had been at the sacrificial slaughter of lambs, but I wonder if the ritual may not be grounded in psychological wisdom. Young people (with the exception of those from upper-class Westernized families) take on adult responsibility at an early age. The sünet ritual is a rite of passage and the young man involved is fully aware of the transition it marks. He does not hover for years in that uncertain, ill-defined period between childhood and adulthood we call adolescence.

May 9

Yesterday while I was waiting for a dolmuş at Cınarlı an inter-city bus slowed down and stopped in front of me. Remembering the evening when the Istanbul bus had stopped, I was delighted. The driver called out, "Nereye gidiyorsunuz?" (Where are you going?) I replied, "Bornovaya" (to Bornova). He motioned for me to get in. I got in. Only then did I realize that there was no one else on the bus and that I had made a mistake.

The driver wanted to take the bus off onto a side road; he didn't want to take me to the University. As I tried to dissuade him from his purpose I found that my Turkish vocabulary was larger than I had known. I told him I was sorry to have misled him, that I was a

foreigner and not familiar with Turkish customs but realized I must have given him the wrong impression by getting on the bus. I told him I was a teacher and that there were students waiting for me at the University. I apologized and called on his sense of honor. He yielded and drove me to the University.

I was not terribly frightened at the time because he was not a frightening person. He was anxious but not insistent, trying his best to persuade me but not ugly about my refusal. I was dressed somewhat provocatively for Turkey and I boarded the bus of my own volition, so I had no one to blame but myself. Today I have returned to wearing a suit even though it is now hotter than Amherst in August. And I shall stick to the regularly scheduled modes of transportation.

May 17

Yesterday I said goodbye to my class at Yüksek. Parting from them was painful. Ramazan stood at the back of the farewell group looking as though he felt like crying but knew he must not; Hamiyet stood near the front, saying, "Teacher, we forget you not, "; Halis shouted from the crowd, "Socialism or capitalism--which, Teacher?" Earlier in the week there was a picnic with another class, at the University's peacock farm. Bülent carried Rebecca around on his shoulders and Sarge discussed politics with Murat. We ate and drank and sang. I wanted to prolong the picnic because I knew it was the last time I would see these young people.

I have so much emotion invested in each group of students that the end of the year has been a time of sadness for me. I wonder if

it is always so. If so, teaching promises to be as painful as it is rewarding.

May 22

Tonight the bay is particularly beautiful, the balcony doors are open to the sounds of the city, and I am feeling nostalgic. I am remembering other nights--at Aptullah's with Sarge and with the Birnikis, at the Basen with the Fulbright Commission, quiet nights on the balcony when I surrendered all my conflict to the splendor of the bay.

I am remembering days at Teos, Efes, and Pamukkale, days of wandering through history, speculating on the people and events that once made the ancient ruins live. Greek and Roman history could fascinate the most reluctant student if it could be studied in the setting in which it was made.

Sarge and I first visited Efes (Ephesus) early on a Sunday morning, before the tourists. We walked down the Marble Way in a kind of paralysis of the senses. The quiet was broken only by the soft voice of the breeze and the occasional calling of a bird, yet I almost expected to see a child running over the marble pavement, a senator leaning against a column, or a lady of easy virtue idling in the doorway of the brothel. The life that made the city live was no longer there but it had eternally recorded its presence.

From the top of the amphitheater at Pamukkale, we looked out across expanses of white limestone to fields, villages, and roads and across the valley to other hills. As I felt the magnificence of the place flow into me I knew that it must have influenced the course of

events in the ancient city. Bathing in the hot springs pool I speculated about the effect of this sensuous experience on the lives of the city's inhabitants.

The days at Teos were days of pure physical exaltation. Glorious water, virgin beach, benevolent sun combined to make us forget everything but the pure joy of being healthy, sensual, and alive.

One week from tomorrow we will leave our apartment and begin the journey back to America. I would have said "the journey home" but it is no longer that simple--Turkey is also my home. One cannot live and work and love in a country for two years without yielding a part of oneself. I shall never again be wholly American but I will be more of a person in America because of Turkey.

CHAPTER III

THE CASE STUDY, PART 2: ANALYSIS, EVALUATION AND ACCREDITATION

Analysis

The academic disciplines, with their special vocabularies, have been developed by colleges and universities to treat the ever-expanding volume of knowledge and to deal with the concomitant increase in specialization. While they meet these needs, they fail to meet the need for a broad, general understanding of the inter-relatedness of experience and knowledge and their special vocabularies make higher education increasingly exclusive. This specialization reaches its most exclusive point at the doctoral level, thereby making it possible for our most highly educated to be also our most narrowly educated.¹⁸

The most impressive fact of an experience such as the Turkish experience is its holistic character. I had no acute awareness of what I brought to the experience yet my experience of Turkey was unique in that it was shaped by those factors. Beyond my shaping of the experience was the fact that Turkey itself is a blend of old and new, of East and West. A stone tablet in Ephesus bears Roman letters, half of which have been worn away to expose Greek letters

¹⁸Consider the distinguished professor who is a recognized authority on liverworts but is abysmally ignorant in the areas of human affairs.

underneath. To experience Turkey is to be aware of the co-presence of centuries of history. I knew that I could abstract from the experience in a useful way but I also knew that such abstractions as I made (no matter how many) could never approximate the experience of living in Turkey and could never really communicate that experience to anyone else.

After trying, unsuccessfully, to use the categories of the academic disciplines for purposes of analyzing the experience,¹⁹ I sought forms of organization more appropriate to the character of the experience. The examples of analysis which follow employ those alternatives. The examples are skeletal for reasons to be discussed in the chapter on analysis of the process. I have expanded some of them for the sake of illustration but, ideally, all of this part of the work would be oral.

Longitudinal analysis

This form of analysis acknowledges the union of experience and scholarship. Formal education made its contribution to the Turkish experience; that experience, in turn, gave new dimensions to the learning and offered new areas of inquiry which have led, and will continue to lead, to further study. Table I illustrates this inter-relatedness.

¹⁹Appendix C shows the initial breakdown made in the effort to do disciplinary analysis.

Table 1. -- Longitudinal analysis of Turkish experience, illustrating union of scholarship and experience.

Relevant Learning Preceding the Experience	Nature of Present Experience and Impact on It of Previous Learning	Questions/Study/Experience Suggested by Interaction of Past Learning and Present Experience
<p>#1 -- Study of Indonesian attempts, under Sukarno, to involve young intellectuals in village research to try and bridge the gap between scholar and peasant; study of Mao's closing of the gap in China by putting the intellectuals out to work week-ends and summers on agricultural communes.²⁰</p>	<p>Experience of Turkish student attitude of superiority and recognition that the gap between scholar and peasant is yet to be closed in Turkey.</p>	<p>What factors make the Turkish situation like that of Indonesia and China? What make it different? What are differences in impact of Western culture? Is each society selective of what it takes from other cultures? What are the criteria of selection? Suggested study of the problem in other developing nations; reflection on social stratification and worker-intellectual relationship in the United States.</p>
<p>#2 -- Study of Zen and my intellectual acknowledgement of the importance of the present.</p>	<p>Experience of Turkish living of the present; development of my own ability to relax and enjoy the moment, as alternative to frustration in a society so oriented.</p>	<p>Why is pace of life so fast in America? How is that pace related to our technological progress? How does it affect us as individuals? What is the relationship between the pace of life and mental health?</p>

²⁰See expanded discussion in text following Table 1.

Table 1. (Continued)

<p>#3--Study of adolescent psychology and practical experience of raising three children through adolescence. 20</p>	<p>Witnessing adulthood rites, becoming acquainted with young Turks in the classroom and socially, beginning to question the way in which our society treats the transition from childhood to adulthood.</p>	<p>What do psychologists say about growth and development in societies with such rituals? What of the impact of Western society on this custom? What impact does the early assumption of adult responsibility have on the economy of a country such as Turkey? Suggested study of primitive cultures with adulthood rituals and of handling of the transition in other industrialized societies.</p>
<p>#4--Study of communism in China; study of Indian politics in transition; study of American political systems; observation of American system at work.</p>	<p>Recognition of the differing political needs of a highly developed technological society and those of an under-developed basically agrarian society.</p>	<p>Desire to visit China and see communism at work; recognition of need for study of the sources of power and ways of educating the American electorate.</p>
<p>#5--Readings in pre-Socratic Greek philosophy and Middle Eastern history.</p>	<p>Visits to Ephesus, to other historic buried cities, and to the Hittite Museum in Ankara; heightened awareness of the presence of the past.</p>	<p>Suggested experience of a summer at an archeological dig, to pursue belief that Western history would take on new meaning if studied as part of archeological process.</p>

Table 1. (Continued)

<p>#6--Study of philosophy of religion; comparative study of Judaism and Christianity, of the Judeo-Christian tradition and the religious traditions of Asia and the Middle East.</p>	<p>Exposure to Turkish religious practices; recognition that in the immediacy and integrity of its relationship to Allah, this Islamic culture is closer to Judaism than is Christianity.</p>	<p>Study of the impact of particular religions on the attitudes, values, and practices of the people who embrace them; comparison of psychological consequences of suppression and repression as means of control.</p>
<p>#7--Study of Asian philosophy and of Hindi and Indonesian languages.</p>	<p>Introduction to Turkish and recognition of relationship between Asian languages; comparisons of concepts in Turkish and Hindi (with common roots in Arabic); comparisons of concepts in wider context, e. g., the Turkish word <i>yol</i> is closer in meaning to the Chinese <i>tao</i> than to the English road by which it is usually translated.</p>	<p>Examination of the relationships between language groups; speculation on and investigation of the influence of the Arabic language on the development of Turkish culture.</p>
<p>#8--Educational experiences of my children and myself; preparation for teaching philosophy.</p>	<p>Rebecca's bi-lingual development; Martha's experience in assuming responsibility for her own learning; my recognition of being-in-a-situation as essential factor in curriculum development; my recognition of value of student input.</p>	<p>Study of philosophy of education; study of curriculum development and innovation; further experience of functioning as co-learner. Investigation of implications of Rebecca's language development for the teaching of languages in general.</p>

Example #1. --In reflecting on the attitude of the Turkish intellectual toward the worker I was calling the past into the service of the present--making connections between my study of contemporary Asian history and my observations in Turkey. These connections have both the time element of then and now and the spatial element of there and here.

Further I was relating these countries through an element of common experience--their exposure and response to Western society. This exposure, in all cases, has had a profound (and often disturbing) effect on the pace of life, on family patterns, on the nature of the economy (which, in response to this exposure, generally changes from a primarily agrarian economy to a mixed industrial-agrarian one). The effect on the social structure is the breakdown of rigid caste or class lines and the movement into a more egalitarian structure. While I had read about and understood these changes that had occurred in Asia, they became more real to me when I witnessed them taking place in Turkey.

In thinking about the impact of Western society on developing nations I realized that the impact is tempered by the character of the country and people being exposed. Thus whereas China, with its pragmatic character, was influenced by the philosophy and person of John Dewey (as well as by Marx) Turkey with its religious fatalism would not be similarly influenced. But what factors would be most influential? What would be the eventual outcome of Turkey's exposure to the West?

Dwelling on these questions I found myself involved in the philosophical question of human equality. Increasingly I regard words such as "all men are created equal" as beautiful but dishonest rhetoric. Men are not created, nor are they equal. Each human being is the unique product of the meeting of a particular sperm with an egg. The success of that particular sperm is perhaps the most vivid illustration we have of the survival of the fit--a doctrine wholly incompatible with the notion of innate equality.

Equal opportunity for all men should be the goal toward which we work but the assumption that all men are born equally capable of benefitting from a theoretic education, with common content and form, actually militates against equal opportunity for the fulfillment of individuality and uniqueness.

The experience I most want, as a result of this interaction between previous learning and the Turkish experience, is that of an extended visit to China. I want to see what impact the political and economic restructuring of that country has had on the spirit of its people.

Example #3. --Prior to the Turkish experience, I had studied child and adolescent psychology and I had raised, through adolescence, three of my children. The sünnet ritual, with all of its implications, provided a focus for my interest in the growth and development of young people. I had an opportunity, through my classroom association with 140 young Turks, to develop that interest and to make cross-cultural comparisons.

In making those comparisons I recognized that I had taken the notion of adolescence for granted; I had, without questioning, accepted the inevitability of a prolonged period of confusion for both the young person and the parents. I was aware of a need for a shift in responsibility but was also aware that few American parents seemed to know how to accomplish that shift without great trauma.

The sünnet ritual was a point of demarcation--a point at which parents and society formally acknowledged the growth of the boy into manhood. The fact that that growth was not complete seemed unimportant; the important fact was the recognition of role change, the attendant change in expectations of the parents, and acceptance of responsibility by the young man.

As impressed as I was with what seemed to me the psychological soundness of this practice, I gradually came to realize that there was no similar recognition for girls. It appeared that girls were never acknowledged as adults but were simply passed from the home of parents to the home of husband. This pattern is changing in Turkey, as it is in many other developing nations, and the change seems to be taking place without the agony characteristic of the struggle in Western societies. It is interesting to speculate on the possible influence of Asian acceptance of the union of opposites on Asian attitudes toward women today and to contrast that with the effect of the traditional Western rejection of such union.

My exposure to Turkey's practice of recognizing adulthood led me to seek out Margaret Mead and to acquaint myself with other

societies that had adulthood rituals. The synthesis of my own early study and experience, the Turkish experience, and the supplementary reading have led to a radical alteration in my treatment of our still adolescent children and to an attempt, through the educative process, to become a change agent in society.

In-depth analysis of attitude change and behavior modification

The questions asked by in-depth analysis are: What factors were responsible for the formation of those attitudes I brought to the experience? What impact did particular experiences have on particular attitudes? What impact did the whole experience have on attitudes toward self and world?

My earliest attitudes were formed during my childhood in a Protestant Christian middle class home in a suburb of Bridgeport, Connecticut. My family's roots were deep in the soil of New England and in the tradition of its Puritan founders.

Those attitudes were first challenged by friends I made in a socially heterogeneous secondary school and then by a summer in Nazi Germany and a year in college in a racially segregated North Carolina city. The modification that resulted from these experiences alienated me from my family and made me feel an outsider in my immediate home community.

Further modification of attitudes resulted from the struggle and eventual failure of a marriage, from the bearing and nurturing of children, from the return to college and the study of my own tradition and those of Asian societies.

While some of my attitudes had become more cosmopolitan, others had remained parochial--some never having been exposed to examination or challenge. One of these was my attitude toward sanitation. A fairly high level of sanitation was taken for granted as almost the sine qua non of civilized existence and was synonymous with my own society's definition of it. The greatest threat to the success of my stay in Turkey was this rigidity.

The beginning of my relaxation is evident in the comparison of two passages in the narrative: On October 13th I referred to "drinking water stagnating in a pottery jug"; on January 15th I wrote that on returning home from the Adana trip we "drank water from our own dependable jug". I had recognized relative standards of sanitation at this point although the explication of that recognition didn't come until much later. The relaxation is not complete (nor do I believe it should be) but there is a recognition that such standards are relative and that practices are not inferior simply because they are different.

Turkey's sacrifice holiday, Kurban Bayram, and my revulsion to it forced me to recognize the hypocrisy of eating meat while feeling moral indignation at the act of slaughtering animals. It further pressed me to consider how much easier it was to accept the killing of human beings in a war in Vietnam than the killing of sheep in the backyard.

My enjoyment and appreciation of classical symphonic music was a product of my own discovery of it at the age of ten. That

interest led me to the study of the piano. In times of emotional turmoil, music was my salvation--I was able to surrender all of my pain for as long as I remained involved with either playing or listening to music.

The initial exposure to Turkish minor-key music and unfamiliar instruments evoked curiosity but a few weeks of being surrounded by it (and one is literally surrounded by it in a Turkish city) produced the feeling of having been aesthetically assaulted.

As I gradually developed the ability to relax and enjoy the present, my musical rigidity also relaxed. I began to hear the music of Turkey as a unique expression of the character of the country and its people. Today I experience pleasant nostalgia whenever I play the Turkish records we brought back with us.

My attitude toward art was formed in a home where art was something to be exhibited on the wall or on a shelf. It was never touched and was usually out of reach of children. My attitude was one of disinterested observer.

Though this attitude was modified in early adulthood, it was not radically changed until the experience, in Turkey, of art integrated with function. Art was woven in rugs, hammered into copper and brass, carved into meerschaum, embroidered on dresses. I never tired of browsing through the covered market areas with their incredible displays of beauty. There was less art as pure expression but art was as pervasive a presence in the Turkish environment as was music.

The impact of the total experience on my attitudes toward self and world was profound. I discovered that I had the flexibility to make the adjustments demanded of me and not only to adapt but to benefit from that adaptation. I had taken with me my insecurity as a person, my sometimes-rebellion at being a woman in a man's world, and my awareness that I was too often the victim of mood.

I had come to believe that choice of mood might be my only real freedom and the consequence of such a belief was the recognition that as long as I allowed myself to be victimized I had very little freedom. I have long known that there may be extra-psychological factors (such as body chemistry and atmospheric conditions) that influence mood and impinge on freedom but I was like the man who didn't see the need to fix the roof when the sun was shining and couldn't fix it when it was raining. In Turkey the need to deal with my moods became so acute that I began the investigation of these other factors. The Turkish experience had an important impact on what continues to be a serious effort to understand and control my moods and thus free myself to act.

Political attitudes are formed in part by our background and tradition and in part by the challenges to that background and tradition offered by particular situations and the integration of our responses to those situations. My political attitudes were initially those of my conservative Republican home and community but by the time of our first visit to Turkey they were radically different.

The experience in Turkey brought another modification and produced something of a synthesis. While I became even more critical of my country's shortsightedness in international relations, I also became more aware of its progress in meeting basic human needs. Where I had been critical of its shortcomings, I became appreciative of its accomplishments. It seemed remarkable that a political system as loose as democracy had been able to function as well as it had.²¹

My attitudes about the brotherhood of man had developed in reaction to the exclusiveness of my childhood environment and in response to my experiences in a heterogeneous secondary school, in the Germany of 1938, and in North Carolina in 1939. They were not really tested until the experience in Turkey when I found myself immersed in a totally alien culture. My reaction was one of gross intolerance.²²

During the two periods of residence that intolerance was gradually replaced by an appreciation of those things which Turkey had given me. The appreciation was accompanied by changes in attitude²³ that affected all facets of my life and by a modification of

²¹At the time of writing this, I am wondering whether or not it can survive the assaults made on it by our present administration, but time must be the judge of that.

²²In the entry dated October 13, 1964, I wrote that I wanted no part in a "mongrelization of cultures".

²³Shortly after returning home I was discussing the problems of world community and suddenly realized that, in the course of conversation, I had spoken of the process of cultural integration as lending hybrid vigor to the human species.

behavior that enabled me to treat individual Turks as human beings of value in and for themselves without reference to any culturally external criteria of value.

While I constantly made cultural comparisons, the conviction grew that, even as Radhakrishnan had said,²⁴ the cultural factors which separate us are less important than the human factors which bind us together. This felt recognition of the inter-relatedness of culturally different segments of human society was certainly one of the elements that defined the experience as a learning experience for me. Although I had intellectually embraced the concept of world brotherhood much earlier, it was not integrated into the total expression I call self until the Turkish experience.

Open-ended speculation

The questions I have asked in open-ended speculation are: What importance do certain factors have in shaping cultural differences? How do these differences create problems in inter-cultural understanding and communication? I have chosen to look at the interpretation of signs, and at the question of determinism, to get to the problem of cross-cultural understanding.

Interpretation of signs. -- There are road signs in Amherst, Massachusetts that bear the symbols $\begin{matrix} \text{PED} \\ \text{X} \\ \text{ING} \end{matrix}$. To a native-language-speaking resident of Massachusetts this means "pedestrian crossing" but to a visitor from another country (even an English-speaking

²⁴His words are quoted in the entry dated January 10, 1968.

visitor) the sign would be meaningless. Signs assume a common cultural knowledge.

In Turkey the sudden upward movement of the head says, "No" to the observer; the subtly raised eyebrow says the same thing more gently; a click of the tongue against the roof of the mouth says it less politely; and the use of all three together is emphatic and rude. To the American visitor in Turkey these symbols are confusing. My first few attempts to hail a taxi were failures because I used that lift of the head which in America had signified that I wanted a cab. Language lessons were complicated by the instructor's use of the slightly raised eyebrow to indicate an error in translation or pronunciation.

In Turkey, crossing the legs in such a way as to expose the sole of the shoe is an affront to the person sitting opposite. The unaware American whose habit it is to sit in such a fashion may unwittingly hurt feelings, though it is unlikely that he would ever know it because of the generosity of Turkish hospitality.

Turkish courtesy demands three refusals before the acceptance of an offering of food. Courtesy in our home meant not pressing people to eat if they once refused. We must have appeared very poor hosts for the first few months of our initial visit.

The language of Turkey reflects the stratification of Turkish society. The use of the words hanım and bey after the given name is a sign of respect between people of comparable social status; the use of the suffix ciğim with a given name is a sign of affection used primarily with children and within families; Hanımeffendi and Beyeffendi

are terms of respect used by servants or workers addressing their employers or others of higher social status while Efendi is used after the name of an older manservant for whom one wishes to show respect. Atatürk tried to democratize society by prohibiting the use of some of these terms of address but he was trying to combat years of tradition and his efforts were only limitedly successful.

The signs of a culture, including language, are taken for granted by members of that culture. We may not become explicitly aware of them until they fail. Such was the case in Ankara when my repeated attempts to hail a taxi met with failure. Such was the case of the Air Force wife patiently speaking pidgin English as if she couldn't believe that the storekeeper wouldn't understand. Language is a visible sign of which people become readily aware but the signs that will continue to be a problem for inter-cultural communication are the subtle, the invisible, signs growing out of little-understood traditions.

Question of determinism. --The deterministic belief in the absolute power of Allah pervades Turkish society and manifests itself in practices frustrating to an American.

My first experience of this was in Ankara a few weeks after our arrival. Sultan, our maid, had come to work but was obviously sad. I asked her why and she said that her baby was dying at home. I asked why she had come to work, why she hadn't taken the baby to a hospital. Her response to all of my questions was that there was nothing she could do--it was all in the hands of Allah.

On the trip to Adana we felt ourselves to be the unwilling victims of our driver's belief in this power. He seemed unaware that a car might be approaching as he passed other cars on curves and hills; he seemed unaware of the danger of taking his eyes off the road and his hand off the steering wheel to change a record on the turntable under the dashboard. When our panic became evident, Sarge's colleague tried to reassure us by saying that nothing would happen unless it was meant to, because we were in Allah's hands. To the Turks this meant freedom from worry but for us it was no reassurance at all.

Just before we left Ankara, we heard the story of a woman giving birth to twins but having milk enough for only one child. The stronger of the two suckled well and got the nourishment he needed but the other perished. I was horrified but realized that I was witnessing the survival of the fit in a society that made no provisions for weakness. Survival was in the hands of Allah.

It was evident to me that the will of Allah was often invoked to excuse neglect, poor judgment, and lack of initiative, even as in America the concept of individual freedom has been invoked to excuse exploitation of human beings and rape of the environment.

Asian societies developed attitudes that made it possible for them to live with those things they believed they could not change; American society has developed the belief that there are no things we cannot change. The latter view displays as much arrogance as the former does despair. Each tradition has something to offer the other and the survival of the human race may depend on finding the

way to modify and synthesize these seemingly incompatible beliefs, but at this point in time they remain a serious obstacle to intercultural understanding and communication.

Evaluation and Accreditation

There are several levels of evaluation suggested by the narrative in this case study. The student might petition for such credit as he could get without offering further evidence of learning, or he might indicate a willingness to give further evidence, proposing the format for presenting such evidence and making application for supplementary credit.

Were I an undergraduate seeking minimal credit for the Turkish experience report, I would submit the narrative to a committee drawn from the English Department and the Middle East Area Studies Department. I would petition for credit in English composition and in Area Studies.

If, however, I wanted to use this experience and the learning involved as a significant portion of my undergraduate degree work, I would expect to stand for oral examination by an inter-disciplinary committee in order to demonstrate my ability to analyze the experience and make those connections which defined it as a learning experience.²⁵ On completion of the examination, credit of the

²⁵I do not feel that an undergraduate seeking credit should be required to do the kind of written analysis I have illustrated. Analysis is a legitimate part of the oral examination, in which the asking of questions may lead a student to exhibit an understanding of his experience that may not be apparent in the documentation.

appropriate kind and amount would be negotiated. In this case I would apply for specific credit in English and Area Studies and for additional general credit under some accrediting designation such as Social Science or Life Experience Learning.

The inter-disciplinary committee might be composed of members of the departments of English, Turkish language, Middle East Area Studies, Anthropology, Philosophy, Education, and Social Science. These committee members would be expected to discuss the experience with me and ask questions which would lead me to demonstrate my understanding of the experience in terms of the inter-relatedness of the disciplines involved.

A transcript recording such credit might bear the explanation that an interdisciplinary committee (whose members' signatures and department affiliations would be included) had examined the student and was satisfied with the evidence given of broad, general learning in an experience outside of the academic environment--learning that touched on all of the disciplines indicated. Figure 3 is an example of such a transcript entry.

Figure 3. --Example of a transcript entry registering the accreditation of life experience learning.

Life Experience Credit 30

A description and analysis of two academic years of residence in a Middle Eastern culture, one year of which involved the teaching of English as a second language.

The documentation (in this case a written narrative) and supplementary oral discussion gave evidence of a broad, general learning experience touching on all of the disciplines represented below:

_____ Area Studies
(Signature)

_____ English

_____ Education

_____ Turkish

_____ Anthropology

_____ Philosophy

CHAPTER IV

ANALYSIS OF THE PROCESS

The step from documentation of experience to development of a process presents problems; the resolution of those problems is seen as a validation of the process. In working through my own experience to the development of the process, the most serious problems were encountered in the area of analysis but other types of experience would present other problems.

Documentation

Documentation may take many forms. The same Turkish experience might have been documented on film with accompanying oral interpretation; it might have resulted in a magazine article on one facet of the experience treated in greater depth; it might have resulted in a book introducing the children of America to the children of Turkey; it might have resulted in a series of culinary demonstrations and lectures on Turkish food.

In using the journal entries and letters as the basis for a narrative, the bulk of the work involved selecting and condensing items for inclusion, and editing the compiled selection. Other than the problem of making the selection representative of the experience, no difficulties with documentation were encountered.

Analysis

Analysis of the experience, in this case, involved looking at the experience as my committee members might, asking myself questions they might ask in determining whether or not I could relate and connect the experience with other learning in such a way as to define it as a learning experience.

It was with this kind of analysis that I encountered the greatest difficulty. I could formulate questions and answer them in a way that revealed the connections, but I could not organize the questions under disciplinary headings without destroying some of those connections.²⁶ I was trying to use the disciplinary categories because of their importance in the present accrediting scheme of most institutions of higher education. The connections I was making in the process of analysis were the longitudinal connections between prior learning, the Turkish experience, and projected impact, and the lateral connections between one aspect and another of the Turkish experience itself. These were the connections that testified to the holistic nature of the experience and to the learning involved yet they were the connections that were destroyed by disciplinary analysis.

Time and again, as I attempted to abstract, I encountered the problem. In trying, for example, to analyze the phenomenon known as "culture shock" I realized that there was not only my psychological response to a new set of cultural conditions (a response influenced by

²⁶See Appendix C.

personal history, habits, and values) but also my intestinal reaction to unfamiliar foods, my intellectual frustration at being unable to communicate, and the realities of Turkish life which could not be separated from the totality of my response to them. To understand culture shock I had to look to psychology and philosophy as well as to sociology.

Another example of the difficulty was the attempt to accommodate, in a disciplinary category, the personal struggle I had undergone, while in Turkey, to understand my attitudes and my reactions to the new situation. There seemed no appropriate category into which to place that struggle, and to take it out of the setting in which it was being waged would be to rob it of much that made it understandable.

After several false starts I asked for a meeting with the members of my committee and in that meeting discovered that I could make clear, orally, in response to questions, things I had been unable to get on paper. The most significant factor in the whole process of sorting out evidence and analyzing the experience was this dialogue in which my committee members acted as resources for me, critically examining and responding to ideas as I offered them, raising questions that helped me see new dimensions of learning in the experience.

The resolution of these problems in the committee conference setting added to my conviction that no undergraduate should be required to do written analysis of his experience unless he chose to do so, or unless analysis of experience were the form of documentation.

Evaluation should be based on the documentation and on the oral discussion of that documentation. Where the form of documentation is an art form or some other non-verbal form, the student might reasonably be expected to discuss the process.²⁷

Because I was also trying to develop a process which might be useful to others, however, I needed to illustrate the kind of analysis that had taken place (and might be expected) in an oral examination with an evaluating committee.

The forms of analysis which I finally chose, as a result of the discussions, were better suited than were the forms of the academic disciplines but whatever form is used for the analysis of experience there will be problems, because such problems are inherent in the analytic process itself. There is the loss of vitality in the steps from experience to analysis; there is the problem that while analysis reveals some connections, it conceals others--the form of organization simply dictating what will be revealed and what concealed; there is the problem that analysis is essentially a dissection and, as such, does violence to the integrity of experience.

The compensation for these problems is that analysis can help us to an understanding of our experience and can help us apply the

²⁷Appendix B offers an example of non-verbal documentation of a learning experience and suggests some areas of inquiry that might be appropriate for purposes of evaluation.

learning of one situation to another. It is a useful tool as long as we regard it as such; to do otherwise is to borrow trouble.²⁸

Evaluation

The problems encountered in evaluation of this project grew out of its dual nature--at once trying to be both an example of an undergraduate process and a doctoral dissertation establishing the need for alternate learning forms and examining the problems and possibilities of such a process.

At the doctoral level the development of the process has to be considered in the evaluation as well as the documentation and analysis of experience. The project as a whole is an illustration of the process at work.

At the undergraduate level the process is not complicated by this added dimension and the most difficult problems might be expected in the division of responsibility and in the forms of documentation.

The responsibility of the student in this process includes:

1) initiating the process; 2) selecting the committee; 3) preparing and presenting the documentation of experience; 4) arranging for examination or other method of evaluating both the documentation and the corroborative evidence; and 5) negotiating credit.

²⁸There is a bit of Zen wisdom quoted by Suzuki, "To point at the moon a finger is needed, but woe to those who take the finger for the moon." D. T. Suzuki, Zen Buddhism, William Barrett (ed.), (New York: Doubleday, 1956), p. 8.

The responsibility of committee members would depend on whether they functioned as resources in the learning process or simply as evaluators for purposes of accreditation.²⁹ Because I see this process as valuable in developing skills for life-long learning, I would press for the committee's involvement as learning resource but, at the present time and for purposes of evaluation, the committee's primary responsibility would be assessing learning on the basis of evidence offered. The following questions might be appropriate:

What learning did the student bring to the experience and how did that learning inform the experience?

Does the experience point beyond itself? Does it suggest areas of supplementary experience or further study?

Can the student generalize from the experience?
Can he see the wider significance of his experience?

Is the student able to critically evaluate the experience?

Is the student able to communicate his understanding of the experience in a coherent manner?

Does the form of documentation contribute to the understanding, by others, of the experience?

Is there evidence that the experience will inform usefully on future experience of the student?

These questions are primarily evaluative but if the committee functioned in an advisory capacity its members would help the student make connections between his present and past experience, and

²⁹See Figure 1, II, above.

help him see the directions in which his experience might point. This would include introducing the student to reading and other academic activities that would expand the experiential learning.

Even in the present context of a primarily evaluative function, it is hoped that committee members would be willing to do this, possibly in the course of the discussion or examination. The emphasis on the expansion of learning should characterize the oral examination, and the examination would seriously inhibit the whole process if committee members felt it their responsibility to try and "trip" the student or expose his weaknesses rather than help him reveal his strengths.

The process of evaluating a life experience report should be a cooperative effort involving both student and committee, with negotiations influenced by the student's decision as to the format for documentation and, where appropriate, for the presentation of corroborative evidence of learning.

The most serious problems of evaluation might be expected with non-verbal forms of reporting. Higher education is conventionally more verbal than education at any other level and it moves away from that verbal orientation with greater reluctance than does education at any other level. Evidence of learning is viewed with suspicion unless it is couched in the language of words yet, as Hölderlin said, "language is the most dangerous of possessions"³⁰

³⁰Friedrich Hölderlin, quoted by Martin Heidegger in "Hölderlin and the Essence of Poetry", tr. Douglas Scott, Werner Brock (ed.), Existence and Being (Chicago: Henry Regnery, 1949), p. 270.

because it can either reveal or conceal, and that which is essential in communication may be, and often is, concealed by words.

Despite these anticipated problems, all students should have the option of non-verbal documentation and oral presentation of corroborative evidence of learning. In some cases non-verbal documentation will be presented because the experience and the form cannot, without damage to both, be separated.³¹ In such cases, the student may be willing to supplement documentation with a written or oral commentary in response to questions such as those suggested above. In other cases non-verbal documentation may be offered because of inadequately-developed writing skills. Although the institution of higher education needs to make a determined effort to help with the development of those skills, it should not penalize students for being unable to present evidence of prior learning in written form,³² for their inability to write may well be the result of society's neglect.

Accreditation

The problem of accreditation is primarily mechanical--how to give credit for learning that does not come under one of the formal

³¹Words could not adequately take the place of the actual wood sculptures shown in Appendix B.

³²I have long been concerned about our identification of education with literacy (the ability to read and write). When we speak of the illiteracy of a country such as India we imply vast ignorance when in reality there is widespread oral transmission of knowledge and culture.

categories of the academic disciplines. Some of the attempts to deal with the problem show the tenacity with which we cling to these categories.

High school equivalency examinations ask, "Has this student learned the basic elements of algebra, biology, American history, etc. through some means other than regular high school attendance?" rather than, "Has this student developed the skills necessary for going on with higher education?" The College Level Examination Program does not ask of the returning para-medic, "What did you learn from your experience and how can you use that learning to further your education?" Instead, it asks, "How closely did the microbiology you used in the service approximate the microbiology you would have learned in a course at the university?" The experience of the student who left high school to work may have equipped him to do college-level work without giving him the specifics of algebra, biology, or American history. The experience of the para-medic may have given him broad, general experience in the care of patients and in the problems of medicine without giving him the specifics of a course in microbiology; he may not have committed to memory as much detail as the college student in microbiology but he is likely to have had far more practical experience in situational problem solving.

Although I have dealt primarily with the broad, general life experience, of which this case study is an example, there are life experiences of a narrower, more intensive character which might

qualify for upper-level course credit in a specific discipline, where the requirements are for greater depth and specificity.³³

One obstacle to the accreditation of broad, general experience is the lack of a broad, general accrediting designation. More interdisciplinary work is being introduced into higher education, as is greater opportunity for independent study, and these also may require broader accrediting designations.³⁴

Basic to the discussion of accreditation is the question raised by educators--why would a student want credit for life experience? Currently, institutions of higher education dispense rewards in the form of degrees--degrees which are negotiable in the economic market place. Many students returning to school after a period of work in the community, the military, or the home, recognize that they have knowledge and skills which should equip them to move more rapidly through the accrediting institution than would otherwise be the case. Sometimes this may mean exempting certain required courses; other times it may mean demonstrating the ability to use certain skills that are supposed to be developed in the process of higher education--skills such as those of research, analysis, problem-solving. Sometimes it may mean simply documenting experience

³³The experience attested to by the work in Appendix B might satisfy such requirements.

³⁴At the Master's level I did an East-West Comparative Philosophy study on an independent basis; that work is recorded on my transcript as "Hist.--Problems . . . 3, and Phil.--Problems . . . 6." These designations reveal nothing of the character of the work done.

which is the obvious equivalent of a particular college program in the field of the student's interest.³⁵

At any time in the process of evaluation and accreditation, the student should have the option of negotiating with the members of his committee and, if those negotiations break down, the option of replacing--without prejudice to his case--one or all of the committee members. This provision is not intended to lower standards but to protect the student from unfair or biased treatment.³⁶

It is nonsense to speak of academic credit for experience per se; all of life is experience and much of it may be learning experience. To make that experience available to others (for evaluation and accreditation) requires stepping outside of the experience, looking at it, putting it in a form that will make it understandable to others.

The examination of life experience is a valuable tool for life-long learning. Communication is a way out of our separateness and the greater the development of the skill of communication, the greater is the chance for that kind of dialogue that leads to the resolution of

³⁵Such as the experience of the teacher aide with ten years of classroom experience and an extensive bibliography of reading in educational theory.

³⁶In 1969 a young woman was denied a doctorate by her committee at a reputable New England university. She took her dissertation to another institution of higher education (where she had been invited to do post-doctoral research). That institution recognized the quality of her work and interceded on her behalf. I believe that in any case where a student is denied credit for work he considers to be a satisfactory fulfillment of requirements, he should have the option of presenting that work to another person with comparable qualifications or to another institution of comparable stature.

personal and social problems. If the analysis of life experience can lead to the understanding of the connections that define it as learning, and to the communication of that understanding, it should be compatible with the processes of higher education and worth academic credit.

CHAPTER V

NEED FOR MODIFICATION OF THE SYSTEM

The two principles of continuity and interaction are not separate from each other. They intercept and unite. They are, so to speak, the longitudinal and lateral aspects of experience. Different situations succeed one another. But because of the principle of continuity something is carried over from the earlier to the later ones. As an individual passes from one situation to another, his world, his environment, expands or contracts. He does not find himself living in another world but in a different part or aspect of one and the same world. What he has learned in the way of knowledge and skill in one situation becomes an instrument of understanding and dealing effectively with the situations which follow. The process goes on as long as life and learning continue.³⁷

This is the continuing reconstruction of experience which Dewey saw as both the process and goal of education. It involves a continuous effort to elicit learning from experience--effort which is not imposed but is generated by the process and by the recognition of the organic connection between education and personal experience.

If the institutions of higher education are to meet the needs of their students, they must be willing to acknowledge this connection and make the changes necessary to accommodate the kind of learning which draws on prior experience.

There is presently a polarity of viewpoints between those educators who see the university as an intellectual enterprise and those who favor moving it toward a life-experience orientation.

³⁷John Dewey, Experience and Education (New York: Macmillan, 1963), p. 44.

I here stress that it need not be an either-or situation, that the intellectual enterprise makes its contribution to the understanding and analysis of life experience and, conversely, that the student's own experience brings life and relevance to the intellectual enterprise. Both elements are necessary if we are to achieve the integration of the affective and cognitive elements of learning and restore wholeness to education.

Higher-education institutions today are serving atypical students--students in programs such as University-Without-Walls, Continuing Education, Campus-Free-College. Many of these students have been working in the outside world; they come to the institution with the desire to develop certain skills and to acquire knowledge which will further them in the work they are doing or help them move in new directions. They look for relevance. It is not enough simply to guide them into course enrollment--we need to offer them real alternatives.

There is no subject that is in and of itself or without regard to the stage of growth attained by the learner, such that inherent educational value can be attributed to it. Failure to take into account adaptation to the needs and capacities of individuals was the source of the idea that certain subjects and certain methods are intrinsically cultural or intrinsically good for mental discipline. There is no such thing as educational value in the abstract.³⁸

Those who seek programs which will allow them to use their own experience as the focus of their education have already rejected the notion of "educational value in the abstract"--they know that if

³⁸Ibid., p. 46

their educational experience is to be meaningful it must be integrated with their life experience.

Modifications I see as necessary to the accommodation of learning based on life experience fall into three groups--those affecting the nature and role of faculty, those affecting the categories of knowledge, and those affecting methods and designations of accreditation.

The adoption of a program of life-experience examination and accreditation would require faculty members sufficiently versatile to help the student use his own experience as the focus for learning about himself and his world. As Dewey suggests:

/This teacher/ must be aware of the potentialities for leading students into new fields which belong to experience already had, and must use this knowledge as his criterion for selection and arrangement of the conditions that influence their present experience.³⁹

This modification would mean greater emphasis on having generalists on the faculty, particularly to work with, and be easily accessible to, those students who wanted greater responsibility for their own education. While there is undeniable value in the research and lecture functions of our faculty specialists, it cannot be assumed that their specialized knowledge, however distinguished, equips them to work successfully with all students.

The teacher role, in working with students who are using life experience as a focus for learning, would change from dispenser of knowledge to facilitator of learning, or adviser. In most instances

³⁹Ibid., p. 76.

advising would be on a one-to-one basis but the total number of student contact hours per faculty member need be no more than in the conventional structure because major responsibility for learning would have shifted to the student.

Conventional higher education does not offer an environment in which personal experience is examined nor does it offer categories suited to the examination of that experience. The institution may help a student develop skills for analyzing and criticizing a piece of literature; it may help him develop skills for analyzing a soil sample or a throat culture or the motives of Napoleon, but it is less likely to help him develop the skills for analyzing his own experience. If it is to adapt to this function, it must be ready to relax its disciplinary rigidity and seek more inclusive categories for the organization and accreditation of learning.

The accrediting function of higher education is sometimes in conflict with the educative function and may even define that function. If the B. A. degree is seen as certifying that a student is well rounded in the Humanities, then there are specific courses considered essential to that certification, specific courses that are considered to have "educational value in the abstract".

If, however, we can view the accrediting function as one of testifying to learning, then modifications in the structure of the accrediting system should not be difficult to make. They would

involve sharing of responsibility for accreditation both with the student and with those who might be submitting corroborative evidence.⁴⁰

At present, a student transcript tells little of the work actually done. A designation such as "Life Experience Credit" might be adopted and, in its expanded form, offer more information than do present designations such as, "Hist. 101", or "Eng. 131". The transcript might carry a brief description of the experience, the supplementary work done, and a statement by an interdisciplinary committee.⁴¹ It may be heresy to suggest that the student assume some responsibility for the preparation of his own transcript, but such a transcript might be a better reflection of the work done than are the abbreviated, computer-prepared transcripts with which most of us are familiar.

The willingness to make any of these modifications, of course, depends on the extent to which educators can acknowledge the relationship between education and personal experience and can view the student as capable of assuming responsibility for himself.

⁴⁰In the case of the teacher aide returning to school after ten years in the classroom, such corroborative evidence might be in the form of letters from teachers and school administrators with whom she had worked.

⁴¹See Figure 3.

CHAPTER VI

IMPLICATIONS

The specifics of this study are related to a particular learning form--that of the ex post facto examination of life experience--a learning form which requires some modifications of the existing higher-education structure. Both the alternate learning form and the modifications, however, have broad implications for higher education and for education in general.

One implication is that the adoption of such changes might lead to the breakdown of the curricular rigidity that has fragmented education. Another is that it might lead to healing the schism between the affective and the cognitive domains and restore wholeness to education. A third is that it might reduce the exclusiveness of the university and extend the use of its resources, for lifelong learning, to the wider community.

Beyond these is the implication which the changes have for the whole structure of education--the implication of the need for a shift from the conventional vertical structure to a horizontal structure embodying the idea of a community of learners. Mead has said that the vertical transmission of knowledge is possible only in a stable, slowly changing society and that our time calls for a "sharing of knowledge by the informed with the uninformed, whatever their ages".⁴²

⁴²Margaret Mead, "Why is Education Obsolescent?", Harvard Business Review (November-December, 1958).

The changes that point to the need for such a shift are: 1) the change in the role of teacher to that of facilitator and co-learner, and 2) the change in the degree of responsibility which the student assumes for his own education.

There are still educators who view students as "things to be worked over in some fashion to bring them into alignment with a prior notion of what they should be"⁴³--a view which rests on the assumption that the educators are qualified to determine what students should be and that they know how to bring them into alignment with that notion--but there are increasing numbers of other educators who see their role as that of helping the students themselves make this determination in terms of unique capacities and needs.

The change in the degree of responsibility which a student assumes for his own education will be directly related to the ability of the student to assume such responsibility. It cannot be thrust upon him after years of directed learning but must be nurtured from early childhood. This means that the structure of education needs radical change from the pre-primary level upward, for only in the best of the innovative programs are young children encouraged to take responsibility for their own learning.

It is not only the vertical transmission of knowledge that is being challenged by students in higher education today but also the vertical structure of higher-education governance. Students seek not only a greater share of responsibility for their own learning but more

⁴³Van Cleve Morris, loc. cit.

opportunity to participate in the decision-making processes of the institution. One component of the shift from a vertical to a horizontal structure would seem to be a change in higher-education governance to some form more broadly based than is the present hierarchical form.

Although our tradition and philosophy stress the importance of the individual, we have developed institutions destructive of that individuality in its more profound sense. Each person is not only one person quantitatively, he is one person different from all others--with different capacities, different needs, different experiences. Education should help the individual develop his own capacities, assess his own needs, and learn from his own experiences. Institutions of education can do this only if they are willing to subject their forms to critical examination to judge whether or not those forms are adequate to the task and, where the forms are found wanting, to make the necessary changes.

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APPENDIX A
ANALYSIS OF A TRIVIAL EXPERIENCE*

What does it mean to say, "I have a headache."? At the time of speaking, I am reporting on a past experience--making a memory statement about the immediate past. It might be more accurate to say: "I have been having a headache."

Both of these statements, however, take the step from description of experience to interpretation.** Restricting myself to description I might say: "I have been experiencing a sensation that I have learned to identify as pain, and I have been experiencing this sensation in a region I have learned to call my head."

There is still a problem. I am referring this remembered past experience of pain to an entity called a "head" which is somehow related to an observing and persisting entity called "I". This entity "I", in turn, is capable of identifying the experienced sensation as pain and, further, is capable of determining and reporting the particular location of the sensation. Am I justified in making

*Taken from an unpublished philosophy paper by Elizabeth Russell, University of Massachusetts, 1968.

**We assume many common human experiences, but we know that men variously interpret those experiences: the Christian mystic interprets as union with God that which the LSD user interprets as expanded consciousness. A third person might see these as compatible interpretations but the mystic and the drug user would be unlikely to do so.

this referral? Is it an entity with a continuing existence that is sensing pain or is it the constantly repeating occasions of pain (as well as of other sensations) that lead to a belief in an enduring entity? If the latter is true, then the "I", instead of being the name of an entity, is merely a formal indicator pointing to an organizing principle. Perhaps I should say, "The repeated experience of pain (and of other sensations) leads me to believe in an entity with a continuing existence, an entity that can identify pain and report, 'I have a headache.'"

APPENDIX B

STATEMENT IN WOOD--AN EXAMPLE OF NON-VERBAL DOCUMENTATION

The photographs on the following pages represent a statement about man--a statement made in wood by a young American on his return from a tour of military duty in Vietnam.

The conscious awareness of making such a statement developed in the process of working, and although a committee might want to pursue the philosophical and psychological implications of such a statement, the learning for which credit is being sought in this example is the learning involved in the use of tools and wood to make the statement.

This young man first experimented with wood carving by using a pocket knife to carve pine knots. As his interest grew, he experimented with more sophisticated tools and larger pieces of different kinds of wood. At first he carved directly in the wood; then he began to make balsa models before beginning final work; now he models in clay while familiarizing himself with the piece of wood he will use.

The wood chosen for the work illustrated had particular meaning as part of an old family house. Before starting to work on the wood, the young man lived with it--handling it and studying the grain and other characteristics. After designing the heads in clay, he modified those designs to accommodate the character and

eccentricities of the particular piece of wood chosen. That character and those eccentricities became an integral part of the design of each head, making their own contribution to the final statement.

For academic credit, this young man might reasonably be expected to: 1) display the heads to his committee, 2) answer the committee's questions about techniques developed and learning involved, and 3) initiate negotiations for academic credit under some such interdisciplinary designation as "Sculpture in Wood". No writing should be required for basic credit in Art or Woodworking.



Figure 4. -- "Jester", by Edward Hall Russell, 1970



Figure 5. -- "Hollow Man", by Edward Hall Russell, 1970



Figure 6. -- "Oedipus", by Edward Hall Russell, 1971

APPENDIX C

DISCIPLINARY ANALYSIS OF TURKISH EXPERIENCE

If an institution had no broad accrediting designation for life experience reporting, this work might be classified and analyzed under disciplinary headings in the following manner:

Cultural Anthropology and Sociology

Turkish cultural patterns

Adulthood ritual
Definitions of rules for social situations
Restriction of freedom of women
Use of left hand for washing and consequent use
of right hand for eating and wearing of
wedding ring
Practice of removing shoes on entering a house
Mid-day siesta and timing of meals to include tea
at five o'clock
Hospital routine, health care, role of doctor
Marriage customs, heterosexual relationships,
homosexual relationships
Childhood assumption of responsibility

Cross-cultural comparisons

Differences in meaning of justice
Differences in flexibility of interpretation of laws
and regulations
Differences in child care, use of swaddling, hanging
bed, wet nurse
Differences in housing and attitudes toward electricity,
heating, plumbing
Differences in transportation: use of busses and share
taxis for public transportation; use of horse, camel,
donkey, and hamal as carriers

Government or Political Science

United States in perspective
 Anti-Americanism
 Problems of developing countries
 U. S. economic policy abroad
 Turkish nationalism
 Greek-Turkish relations
 Relationship between nature of economy and form
 of government

Education

Rebecca's language development in a bilingual
 environment
 Martha's and Betsy's experiences in Turkish
 schools in Ankara
 American Dependents' school
 Teaching experience in Izmir

History

Hittite and Byzantine cultures
 Ephesus and other buried cities, the layering
 of civilizations
 Anatolia's place in history of Western civilization
 Greek-Turkish struggle
 Contemporary Turkish history and Kemal Atatürk

Language

Acquaintance with the Altaic family of languages
 and some of the similarities therein
 Elementary spoken Turkish

Philosophy

Religious fatalism
 Personal freedom
 Human interdependence and world community
 Impact of religion on culture
 Comparative religion, comparative ethics

Area Studies

Geography, history, government, religion, economy,
customs, and language of Turkey

English

Narrative as exercise in English composition



