

## A Dewey School Episode

**Thomas James**

SOMEWHERE IN his writings, Philip W. Jackson walks into a classroom and looks at the children around him. He realizes that the adults are up here and the kids down there, in separate worlds. So he gets down on his haunches, eye to eye with them. From there, he proceeds into the deliberations of his essay.

I never cease to be fascinated by this image. One of the nation's most distinguished scholars in the field of education, author of *Life in Classrooms* (1968) and other seminal works, bends down to join the circle of children. I am inspired by the image because it demonstrates his playful, humane approach to the study of education. I am also drawn to the image, indeed drawn into it, because I was one of those children looking back at him. I was a kid in the elementary school class when Phil Jackson came to the University of Chicago in the 1950s and launched his research into classroom life. I write now in hopes that the excavations of an imperfect memory might add something of more than passing interest to his Festschrift.

My family migrated from Wisconsin to Chicago in the early 1950s when my father entered the doctoral program in the Department of Education, where Professor Jackson held his first academic appointment. Starting his life on the farm where our family homesteaded in the 1850s, my dad had been the first of our family ever to go to college. He met my mother at the University of Wisconsin, and they both became teachers. They lived in a succession

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of towns—Westby, Barron, Augusta, Whitewater—as my dad went from teacher to principal, interrupted by his call to duty as a ship’s captain during World War II, then to local superintendent of schools, and then associate state superintendent of schools in Madison. With all these experiences behind him, he sold his house in Madison, moved to Chicago with his wife and six children, and commenced the lowly existence of a graduate student pursuing a doctorate in educational administration. Asked once, with all those children, if he was Catholic, he responded with the sardonic wit characteristic of a Wisconsin farmer, “No, ignorant Protestant.”

We were an outsized crew for our Hyde Park apartment. Small at the front, it was long and narrow, railroad-style. I imagine that our downstairs neighbors tired quickly of so many feet, balls, and toys racing back and forth in the long hallway that extended through the entire apartment. I can still remember walking to school with my father. He was tall and determined, leaning forward as he walked, always ahead of us. We were in awe of him, the four of us who were his school-aged children at the time, following the great administrator-chieftain as we threaded through the streets of Hyde Park, his little covey of kids on the way to the local elementary school, and then in our last 2 years to the school in Judd Hall on campus. In those latter years, which I remember best, he would go in one entrance to the Department of Education, and we would enter next door to the university’s Laboratory School.

In our family it was called the Dewey School. I have often heard this usage over the years among my colleagues in the field of education. Before I had set foot in the school but had heard my parents talking after dinner about our going there, I thought we would find a meadow with dew on it. In my mind, it was going to be green and full of flowers, sparkling with dewdrops, like a place I remembered next to the creek on our family farm in Wisconsin. The university’s gray Gothic buildings quickly dashed my expectations.

If I am to come anywhere near locating one of those children who might have been looking back at Phil Jackson as he entered the classroom, I will have to acknowledge the many confusions, especially the strange feelings about words, that crisscrossed my own childhood experience. Many years later, I understood why we called it the Dewey School, and I gained a better perspective on why my father went to the University of Chicago for a doctorate. Founded at the turn of the 20th century, the school was one of the most famous experiments in teaching and learning that had ever taken place in modern history. The faculty in the Department of Education, even decades after Dewey had left for Columbia, were influential in generating ideas about teaching and learning. They were also widely respected for developing methods of inquiry needed to refine and sustain those ideas. As a child, I had no way of grasping such adult preoccupations, but my own history as a learner was shaped by them in ways I am still trying to understand.

My excavation of childhood memory hits a rich sediment in the year 1957, when I was 9 years old. It was a year of great importance in my life. I knew for sure I was going to be a baseball star someday. I bought the *Yearbook* for 1957, a publication that came out every year with pictures of major events in the world. It was the only year I acquired that book in my entire childhood. I cannot say for sure, but I believe I asked my mother to buy it because the Russians had launched Sputnik, and that changed everything. You could send things into the sky and keep them there. During air raid drills at school, we were instructed to crouch under our desks. From there, I recall peering up at the little lines and pinpoints of light on the tattered shades our teacher pulled down to make darkness.

That year was one of tremendous human migration, adding to a succession of such years since the end of World War II. The effects were visible in our neighborhood and among my own friends, as African Americans had arrived in large numbers from the South to industrial cities in the North. Since our own move from Madison, my child's-eye view had taken in only scattered glimpses of the wider human change. I had seen a White man belt-whip a Black man surrounded by Whites in a vacant lot near 48th and Dorchester. When we first came to Chicago, one of my friends had been a Black kid just up from Alabama. I had gone to Kenny's apartment two or three times for a pancake breakfast on Saturday morning with his family, which was even bigger than ours. Kenny and I had fought together side by side for our baseball mitts when challenged by other kids, both Black and White, on the dusty lots where we played.

One day coming home, I took a wrong turn and got lost in the late afternoon. I walked for a long time, deep into a Black neighborhood. Finally, seeing that it was getting dark, I had the sense to approach a store. The owner, an old Black man, was out front preparing to close up for the night; he immediately guessed my situation and called my parents. He took me inside, kept the store open, and told me funny stories until my father arrived at dusk. Another day, perhaps a year earlier, I had been chased by half a dozen Black kids, who piled up against the door of our apartment building when I slipped in. I will never forget the ferocious calm with which my mother stepped out and told them to go home, which they did. I came to understand that my parents had moved us from Kenwood Elementary School to the Lab School on campus because the glut of new arrivals to the public school had stopped all forward progress in the curriculum. The most immediate effect from my vantage point was that I lost my Black friends.

Leaving behind the chaos of Kenwood Elementary School, I entered the more peaceful and progressive world of the Dewey School. Yet memory tells me it was not so. On the first day I arrived, I had to fight the class bully. He

was bigger than I, but I held him off, even pushed him down hard to the ground—or perhaps not, if I refashioned the incident in memory for later comfort. I suppose the place was like any other school more than it was Dewey's school—and it had not been that in decades. School was an aggressive place, roiling with internal conflicts and fight-or-flight decisions.

To make things worse, I was from Wisconsin, a Milwaukee Braves fan stranded in Cubs and White Sox territory. I played Little League baseball that year. I remember walking tall in my pin-striped uniform on the sidewalk from our apartment to Stag Field. I would never have believed that the field was better known for housing the Manhattan Project in World War II than for the athletic prowess that I and my classmates brought to the plate. I was the A-bomb, we all had plenty of aggression to serve up, and it was a big problem that I worshiped Eddie Matthews, Hank Aaron, and Warren Spahn as the Braves advanced to the World Series. It was not okay that the baseball cards I collected were different from those of my teammates and adversaries. The fight with the bully on my first day had stemmed from immediately perceived differences in baseball interests. Other less dramatic altercations were to follow. But I was able to hold my ground and join the class without giving up my loyalties.

It is a testament to the genius of Phil Jackson that the child's world of fear and hope can be found in his works. The school as a cauldron of raw power and furtive self-recognition was something I richly understood in my own experience and later appreciated when I encountered this scholar's work. The games we played took place in a world delineated by streets and hallways, sometimes on well-worn grass, usually without trees. Our favorite inside game, dodgeball, started with the whole class on one side of the gym, except for one person who stood behind the line on the other side. That one person started with a ball in hand and threw it at the class. When he hit someone, that person joined him and took another ball to throw at the others. The game continued as more people were hit and joined the side with the red rubber balls. Eventually, only one person was left standing on the side where the whole class had been, and everyone was throwing balls at him. I had very quick reactions as a child and often ended up being the last one behind the white line against the wall, dodging all the balls thrown by the rest of the class. It should come as no surprise that a pessimistic attitude toward collective action crept into my thinking over the years.

Although the Dewey School exhibited some of the coarser elements one might find in a conventional school in Chicago or other places, it also had powerful features of the kind celebrated in books on progressive education. I remember these features well. We had a garden nearby on campus. I carried my hoe and worked the soil with my classmates. We cooked and sawed,

painted and braided, worked in small groups as well as one on one with our teacher and other adults, then circled all together for recitation. With the help of our German teacher—it seemed hilarious to us that Herr Heine had no hair—we composed letters describing our activities to invisible pals across the ocean. We took field trips to the lumberyard and the Museum of Science and Industry. We congregated on the squared stone blocks along Lake Michigan's shore to ask a fisherman how to catch smelt.

These experiences, I realized much later, had their origin in John Dewey's 1895 essay outlining a plan for a laboratory school at the university. Along with its general argument connecting real-life experiences and genuine bonds of productive community life with the growth of children, that essay included pages listing specific activities, one of which was to boil rice. That a philosopher of Dewey's caliber would include such a concrete suggestion in one of his essays is a sign of how deeply he valued the pedagogy of experience. To a teacher with a knack for creating expeditions, boiling rice takes in everything from world history to the agricultural industry, from basic science to culinary arts, from home economics to the challenges of group decision making. We did not boil rice in my class, at least as far as I can remember, but we did prepare food. I pestered my parents with questions about where the ingredients came from, where the leftovers went when we threw them away, and so forth. The point of the Laboratory School was to engage children in the most productive forms of learning that educators could design and then study the processes of teaching and learning, along with the organization of the school itself, so that new and even better forms of learning could be discovered.

I do have some recollection of observers in our classroom studying us. Not of Phil Jackson specifically, who must have been about 30 years old at the time, but of adults besides our teachers who would talk to us occasionally in small groups or individually. They were busy, serious, frizzy-haired types who would arrive unexpectedly and take notes. I was not yet what university communities affectionately call a faculty brat, since my father was still a graduate student, but I would soon become just that when he went to his first academic job after receiving the doctorate. One of the endearing attributes of faculty brats is their penchant for trying to jimmy the data of researchers conducting experiments on them by giving sly answers. I was not capable of such subterfuge at the time, but it is interesting to think about the presence of Phil Jackson in comparison with that of other researchers. Exquisitely trained in the methods of quantitative social science, he would have escaped any such naughtiness by his subjects under study because he turned toward humanistic and open-ended forms of inquiry that allowed him to join the fun. Anyone's equal in the realm of disciplined inquiry, he grasped the point of W. H. Auden's (1975) lines poking fun at academic seriousness:

Thou shalt not sit  
With statisticians nor commit  
A social science. (p. 225)

Just so, I hold the image of Phil Jackson in my mind, walking into the schoolyard with a ball in his hand, as he characterized himself recently when reminiscing with a group of educational researchers about those critical moments during his many years of fieldwork when children would turn their attention to him with interest instead of caution.

Many other memories of my Lab School years return to mind. Most are as inconsequential as sour milk along the baseboard under the coat pegs. Others, like the movie we saw at the Quadrangle Club about the boy with green hair, remain indelible while the rest fades. When the boy in the movie washed his hair with something wrong and it turned green, the other kids harassed him. The adults shaved his head to solve the problem, and this made the situation even more embarrassing. Our object lesson was that it is wrong to bully other people. But for me, a confusion about words again entered the picture, no doubt the unavoidable side effect of living in a university community where people routinely deployed multisyllabic Latinate terminology in conversation. After talking with the teacher and then with my parents about the movie, I had some problems with *penalize* and *ostracize*, two words I had heard but could not read. On reflection, it seemed to me that both resulted from doing something bad. The difference was that boys are penalized and girls are ostracized. Along with a short-lived paranoia about shampoo, a certain squeamishness about these two words formed part of my interior life for several years.

The most consequential memory from my years at the Lab School is the episode for which this essay is named. In all truth, I find it difficult to tell the story because the act of recollection must reach into one of the darkest periods of my life. I press on because I know that the light brought to my situation by the school, particularly by the philosophy of education that gave rise to its methods, makes it well worth the struggle to excavate yet further. I am guided by lines in that same 1895 essay by Dewey. He declared that the school as an institution “must have a *community* of spirit and end realized through *diversity* of powers and acts. Only in this way can it get an organic character, involving reciprocal interdependence” (EW.5.225). I learned firsthand the ways in which a school can become a community that deeply leverages the experiences of childhood for the sake of future growth and happiness.

In the winter of this particular year that I have been calling back from memory, I was invited to go skiing by a friend whose family had a vacation house in Michigan. On my first run down the hill, having never been on skis before, I took a terrible fall. Another person behind me also lost control, and

his skis smashed full force into my exposed ankle. Ferried down the slope on a sled litter, I heard someone say that I had broken my leg. Most of the details of what followed are lost to me now, but I recall that the doctors were worried that the break might have been in the place where my bone needed to grow, and it was possible that I would have legs of different lengths. Much more immediately worrisome in the days and weeks that followed was the burden of getting around on crutches with a full leg cast and sore armpits.

Going up and down stairs in the school building was impossible now. Suddenly, I was distant from my classroom and classmates, inhabiting another world known only to the disabled. In more ways than I can possibly describe, things changed in my outlook on life. Darkness in the light shaft behind my bedroom window, pale shadows extending across the streets in those short days, the half-light of corridors inside the university's gray stone buildings—these images remain with me years later, punctuated by bright spots of human affection such as the trip to Marshall Fields with my mother to buy an album for my stamp collection. My grandmother came to visit from Viroqua, outlined my hand in pencil on a piece of paper, and knit me some new mittens. My father let me sit at his rolltop desk, where he studied at the front of the apartment, even if I mixed up his piles of German vocabulary cards. At school, though, the teachers seemed distant and indistinct, the daily schedule all jumbled, friends strangely absent.

There was an old man who worked in the ball room at the Lab School. His place was the best place there was, the logistics center of the school. Chucky Ford was the ball man, and he carried the keys to every room. We called him Chucky, but we knew he was important. He had balls and bats, jump ropes and chalk, all the equipment of recess. He had tools and supplies, the paraphernalia of a progressive school in action. In many ways, he was the glue of the community. Most of the teachers talked with him every day. He was in and out of classrooms, on the playing field, in the gym. He knew every kid in the school. When he found me one morning as I came into the building on my crutches, he asked me to be his assistant in the ball room.

I had my cast on for more than 3 months. For much of that time, I was assigned to Chucky's room. Teachers came and went to bring me things, and I could do my schoolwork there. When I became slightly more mobile, I made some of the rounds with Chucky. Looking back at those months nearly 50 years later, I realize that my experience in the ball room formed a big part of my childhood. Being with Chucky Ford, having the teachers come there, talking about things going on in class and also about things not at all connected with the curriculum, and seeing how the whole school worked from the inside became an incomparable expedition for me.

Something of the community spirit mentioned in the quote from Dewey became apparent to me in learning how Chucky participated in organizing

the activities of the school. We talked all the time, and he brought me in as his partner by making it clear to me that he needed my help. We had to get materials out to the playground and into classrooms, and we designed schedules and systems for doing that. Chucky enlisted me in monitoring how things were used and making notes for future occasions, and we would talk about what happened and how the games changed, noting whether there was a need for less rope, more balls, or other equipment.

He knew how to add delight to these tasks. I remember that he would sometimes alter the order of things unpredictably, see what happened with the games kids played, and then discuss it with me. For example, instead of giving the smaller balls to kindergartners, we gave them the biggest ones possible and watched how they used them. More and more, as I learned how the ball room was organized, Chucky asked me to help plan for activities in which the students were engaged. I took some pleasure in this power because whatever the teachers might think, we controlled the equipment. He was funny and cantankerous, faux difficult in the ways that old men can be when they are instinctively kind at the core, a quality also attributed to Phil Jackson by his students.

Organizational acumen learned in the ball room cropped up again in my life when, as a teenager, I planned camping trips in the Sierras after we moved to California. I became logistics-minded as a result of my lucky apprenticeship to the ball man. I learned to plan an extended series of activities, always trying to find the natural order of the expedition, the child's logic of the game, which was the craft wisdom that Chucky carried. I never learned the craft to my full satisfaction, but my experiences gave me a sense of what it meant, as Dewey put it in *Experience and Education* (LW.13), to select experiences that will live fruitfully in future experience.

Many of the topics we discussed in the ball room were drawn from my own life, whether past, present, or future. Chucky discovered in our conversations that both my parents smoked. I cannot recall whether I had formed any judgment of the habit, but I was certainly aware of it in all aspects of my life. Chucky formulated the following problem for me, which I worked hard to solve. If I were to smoke for the rest of my life from age 9 forward, and if I lived to an average age for human beings—a figure he told me I could discover by looking in an almanac—how many cigarettes would I smoke and how much would it cost me over my lifetime? Taking on the problem without complications such as price increases and taxes, I figured it out. At my young age, the number was stupifyingly large. When we looked at it together and checked the math, it was more money than I could imagine ever possessing.

That exercise factored into my own life, I suppose, when I managed never to become a smoker. I was grateful years later when my parents gave up the habit. From a wider perspective, I learned that there is an economy to the

things we do—how much we eat, what we decide to spend our money on, the patterns of use for automobiles and all things necessary and unnecessary, even the quality of information we introduce into our lives day by day. Everything carried into our experience forms a lived economy that helps to organize the experiences we are going to have, and the result is our experiential continuum, as Dewey posited the learning process. Chucky Ford taught me that we can illuminate our own experiential continuum through the kind of experiment I conducted with the cost of smoking. We are capable of figuring out how something we do takes shape in our lives. Extrapolating from that lesson in my own life, I came to believe that to the extent we can understand our lives through experience and reflection, we have the power to create worthy experiences, indeed a worthy society if we work together toward that end, and this is education.

I will draw only one more example from my time as apprentice to the ball man. It has to do with the chagrin of being injured as I was. Besides not being able to play baseball in the spring, since my ankle would be too weak even when the cast was removed, a more immediate exile was my inability to participate in snow fights. This was a monumentally serious problem in my midwestern childhood. It was even more serious when one took into account the layout of Hyde Park. Along the southern side of the university, across from our school, lay the midway designed by Frederick Law Olmstead. The midway consisted of entire city blocks left open in grass, including sunken areas flooded in winter for skating. Big snows, frequent in Chicago, meant big snow fights. Teachers would turn their students out for recess, and the fun would begin. Extra minutes, even an hour, might be added after the battle commenced. Teachers joined in, and we had epic snow battles between the grades.

I was in the ball room on a couple of these occasions during that year. When this happened, I felt a sadness more profound than any I had known before. The only respite was conversation. One of the things that Chucky and I often talked about was war. I was keenly interested in the topic, especially my father's war memories from the 1940s and what I had heard about the recently fought Korean War. Chucky and I discussed war strategy, and he mentioned other wars in history. I believe he must have planted the suggestion in my mind that there could be some strategy, even though I was not able to move around much with my cast, by which I could be useful in a snow fight.

Thinking of later developments in my life, I know that this was the first opportunity I had to discover the truth of Kurt Hahn's observation that a disability can become an opportunity (James, 1990). The founder of Outward Bound and other educational organizations meant by this that your limitations can serve as the basis for growth, for going much further than you ever thought

you could go as a human being, and the first challenge is to expand your sense of what is possible. Recognizing my immobility, I emerged from my conversations with Chucky Ford with an idea, a strategy. I could become the back of the phalanx, the artillery man in the snow fight. I could be the one who was forming and stacking the snowballs, getting them ready. I would have people working around me in an organized manner, packing and throwing. Following that strategy, the fourth grade could whip the fifth grade.

Out on the midway, I stood at the rear of the column, along with three or four other snowball makers. My cast was flung out to the side as I leaned down, scooped up snow, and formed the balls as fast as I could. Since I couldn't move much, I devoted myself to making as many of them as humanly possible. With efficient reloading from the back and coordinated throwing at the front, we beat the fifth grade that day. In the chaos of battle and the exhilaration of all that released energy in late winter, it is possible that both grades left the field with the impression that they had won, but this was of no consequence. When I arrived home that evening, my cast had gotten so wet that it collapsed as I sat down. I had to go to the hospital to have it replaced. Even that crisis took away none of the taste of victory.

As an educator looking back on my own education, I see that the school was working in subtle ways to live up to Dewey's hope that it embody the spirit of community. If I could go back and investigate the school from an adult perspective, perhaps I might think otherwise. I might come to the conclusion that a progressive school of any authentic kind no longer existed at the Lab School. My own experience, though, especially my conversations with Chucky Ford, demonstrated that it is possible to teach a mode of reflection about the nature of social activity. Ordinary human beings—like an old guy in the ball room—can help adults and children discover how experience can be organized in an enlightened manner as part of schooling.

This one man, taking initiative on my behalf, much as my parents would have wished any school to do, helped me to place myself within that process of experience and reflection in creative ways. But I know his act was not merely individual altruism. It was part of an ethic of caring in the life of the school. That ethic, I am sure, drew others into roles of support when my own needs became apparent. Nor was this caring in an exclusively emotional sense. The invention of a setting tailored to my learning needs represented a whole institution organized to act on behalf of learners with different needs—in my case, an individual who had become disabled, who was cut off from the curriculum, immobilized in a way that kept me out of places where the formal learning was taking place in the school. A convergence of many adults—not just Chucky himself, I suspect—figured out how to form a plan of education around the need my unfortunate situation presented. They gave me opportunities as a learner in a most unexpected way, allowing me to continue my

education in the school whose stairs had become impassable to me. Even more than that, I was able to learn in new ways that I had never experienced before, thus reinforcing the excitement of learning itself.

At least in my own personal history, here was a school that discovered the interests of the child, as Dewey had envisioned, and was able to reach those interests through unconventional means if necessary. Phil Jackson came into this world as an observer when he began crouching down and trying to understand these kids and their teachers, both in the Lab School and in other more conventional schools. In the next stage of his career after his research for *Life in Classrooms*, Jackson became principal of the Lab School while also serving as professor and continuing his scholarship and teaching in the Department of Education. I don't know exactly how he conducted his research in schools, but I have read most of his books over the years as my adult life impelled me into the study of education. It was not until his retirement and a conference in his honor that the episode with Chucky Ford fully resurfaced in my mind. I know intuitively that such a history would have been fully recognizable in the young scholar's eyes if at some point I were indeed standing there before him, a child's eyes looking back.

I have used *Life in Classrooms* with my students in more than one university where I have worked as a professor of education over the past two decades. It has always been interesting to watch the reactions. My students, some of whom have gone on to become educational scholars and leaders in their own right, generally could not contain their perplexity on first encounter. They were often taken aback by the book as they saw the unfettered cross-currents of human nature that the study reveals as it explores classroom life. Yet they were also drawn to some kind of faith it offers about the possibilities for teaching and learning in formal settings we call schools.

To invoke a faith in education does not make it any easier to understand the lifelong work of this scholar. I sometimes would assign my students one of Flannery O'Connor's stories alongside Phil Jackson's writings. For me, the parallels are benighted human experience and a yearning for what should be there. In O'Connor's work the difficulty comes with the gaping absence of any sign of divine grace while knowing that its presence is everywhere and inextinguishable. The world is portrayed as disastrously lacking it, but the stories impel the reader into confronting that presence in its immensity as a response to the illusions and imperfections making up human lives.

It seems to me that Phil Jackson's sense of duty as a scholar is all bound up in struggling against the obstacles blocking the potential for teaching and learning. He knows that learning and human development are precisely what human beings are best designed to accomplish. Yet the world of education he observes is characterized by a woeful lack of clarity and light. He rails against that absence in school and society. Within the academy, he struggles

against the methods and disciplinary boundaries that prevent him from formulating the problem in creative ways. Irrepressibly humane, he dares to make his own method, bending social science back toward philosophy, whence it came.

As an educator, Phil Jackson is like Flannery O'Connor in the sense that he is a person with a strong faith in education living in a world with still today so little light to shed on what it means to teach and to learn. I tell my students that *Life in Classrooms* is a classic in the literature on education and that we return to it because the difficulty of understanding schooling processes is where we must begin. Phil Jackson taught us that the desire to illuminate what we do not understand must be stronger than the latest adult logic for explaining away what remains beyond our understanding. This stance pays off handsomely for lifelong students of education, and is the true basis for educational research, when we realize that what we are looking at in schools, classrooms, and children is truly infinite and that no one experiences that infinitude more acutely than the developing child.

When I try to understand my experiences in the ball room in light of my appreciation for what Phil Jackson has contributed to the study of education, another connection comes to mind besides the stories of Flannery O'Connor. This reference, too, is worlds away from the classrooms where the scholar and I might have encountered one another half a century ago. At the end of my college years, I read Igor Stravinsky's (1942/1970) *Poetics of Music in the Form of Six Lessons*. Several parts of that book came to be ever-present in my thinking as I puzzled over the meaning of my own education. Stravinsky talks about a kind of appetite he developed as a composer, an appetite for creation brought on by the foretaste of discovery. Once composers acquire that appetite through creative work, once they learn in their own lives how to seek that foretaste of discovery, then, as Stravinsky suggests, the experience causes them to bring order at the highest level to their efforts. So powerful is the effect of this experience on composers—and, I would argue, on teachers and learners in Phil Jackson's world—that it impels them into continually seeking more discovery and invention throughout their lives.

What Phil Jackson has done for educational research is to initiate a poetics of teaching. His work imparts the foretaste of discovery and leaves that sensation active in the lives of those touched by it. Pleasurable though it may be, no one can rest easily with such an achievement. The appetite for creation is much greater than any knowledge we presently have, or will have. If that appetite is ever lost to certainty, if we conclude that we know what works, the research enterprise will be dead, classrooms deadly, and children even more fugitive than they are now.