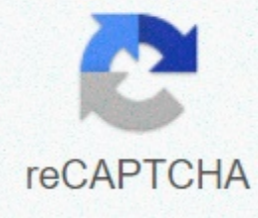




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Cathedral city high school football

Being a parent is to be hacked you pledge allegiance to justice for all, swearing that special attachments can rhyme with the common good, but when the choice comes down to your child or abstraction - even the well-being of the children you don't know - your principles will betray to the vicious injustice of love. Then take life revenge for the vanity that your child's fate lies in your hands at all. Adult-regulated diseases, including yours -- sometimes known as politics -- find a way to infect the world of children. Only they can save themselves to hear more special stories, check out our full list or get the Audm iPhone app. Our son underwent his first school interview shortly after the age of two. I've been using the words for almost a year as a private school admissions officer with brand new, beautiful and sustainably constructed art and dance studios that gave him a piece of paper and crayons. While questioning my wife and I about our work, our son drew a yellow circle over a green zigzag. Coldly, the admissions officer asked him what it was. Moon, he said. He had chosen this moment to present his first acting drawing, and our hopes rose. But her jaw was locked in an icy and unscathed smile later, in an open house crowded for prospective families, a hedge fund manager from a former Soviet republic told me about a good public school in the area that accepted a high percentage of children with disabilities. As an insurance against private schools, he planned to grab a place in this public school by playing with a special needs system -- which wasn't difficult to do, he added. Wanting to stay away from this scheme, I waved my hand in a room full of desperate parents to cough up \$30,000 for preschool, and said, It's all a scam. I meant the whole job of building acceptance on interviews with 2 years of age. The hedge fund manager indicated that if my words were reported to the admissions officer, he would have one less competitor to worry about. When the rejection letter arrived, it took a hard time commenting on our son, until my wife told me that the woman who was smiling with a frosty smile was already interviewing us. We were the ones who were rejected and we consoled ourselves that the school was not suitable for our family, or for us. It was a school for people with unethical finance. In a second private school, my wife watched intently with other parents behind a one-way mirror and our son engaged in group play with other young children, their lives secured or destroyed by every share or batch. I have been put on the waiting list and have been granted pre-school places based on who comes first to serve first. At the front of the line, the parents were lying in sleeping bags. They have spent the night abroad the system that dominates our waking hours, orders our unthinkable devotion, and pushes us, like orthodox followers of faith, to the extraordinary exploits, even the absurd of the effort is not democratic, which often seems distant and fragile. It's merit -- a system that claims to reward talent and effort with first-class education, a well-paid profession, a strict code of practice and generous blessings passed down from generation to generation. The pressure of merit made us apply to private schools when our son was 2 - not because we wanted him to attend a private preschool, but because, in New York City, where we live, getting it in a good public kindergarten later would be more difficult, and if we fail, by that point most private school slots will be filled. As we warned friends who had started months ago, we were already behind the curve by the time he painted his picture of the moon. We were glorifying options -- hedging, like a finance man, like many of the families we knew -- already following the long line that would lead to the horizon of our son's future. The mood of merit is anxiety - low-grade panic when a few minutes late appears and all seats are taken. New York City, with its dense population, a class social ladder, and public traffic, holds a fun home mirror up to merit. Only New York will force me to wake up early on a Saturday morning in February, put on my barca and wool hat, walking half a mile in the pre-dawn darkness to register our son, then only 17 months, to the nursery school. I arrived to find myself, at best, the 30th person in a line led from the locked front door of the school to the sidewalk. Registration is still two hours lower, and places will be given priority. At the front of the line, the parents were lying in sleeping bags. They spent the night outside and stood waiting in the cold with a strange mixture of feelings. I hated over-competing parents who made everyone's lives more stressful. I feared that I would cheat our son from the slot by not rising until the selfish hour of 5:30. I was concerned that we were all engaged in a crazy heroic project from which we could not escape or understand, driven by the highest dedication to the future of our child. Each nursery school called Huggs.New York deformations lets you see the works of merit in vivid extremism. But the system itself -- organized on the basis of the belief that individual achievement, unlike the society it brings together, should be the basis for rewards, and that these rewards, unlike in the inherited aristocracy, must be gained again by every new generation -- is entirely American. The real merit was the closest to achieving the rise of standardized tests in the 1950s, the civil rights movement, and the opening of Ivy League universities to the best and the brightest, including women and minorities. This was followed by a significant expansion of opportunities. But in recent decades, the system has hardened to a new The structure in which professionals transfer their money, contacts, ambitions and work ethic to their children, while less educated families lag more behind, with little chance of seeing their children move. From June 2018: The 9.9 percent is the new American aristocracy when parents are on the lucky edge of this bottom-looking chasm, the vertigo amazes them. Far less they see a dim world of processed food, obesity, divorce, addiction, online education tricks, stagnant wages, outsourcing, high morbidity rates, and they pledge to do everything they can to keep their children from falling. They will stay married, cook organic family meals, read aloud at bedtime every night, take an overwhelming mortgage on a home in a highly rated school district, pay music teachers and prep teachers to test, and repeatedly donate excessive alumni money. The battle to get their children a place near the front of the line begins before pregnancy and continues well into the lives of their adult children. At the root of all this is inequality - and inequality produces a host of obsessive symptoms, including a frantic scramble for a place among the most valuable acquisition professional class members not Mercedes plug-in hybrid SUV or family safari to Masai Mara but a letter of acceptance from a university with the top 10 US News & Global Report ranking. In his new book, Trap Meritocracy, Yale Law Professor Daniel Markovits says that this system turns elite families into businesses, children into stressful machines of success, while producing an economy that favors super-educated and smudges the prospects of the middle class, which sinks toward the poor poor poor poor. Markowitz describes the huge investments in money and time that adequate couples make in their children. By kindergarten, elite children of professionals are two years ahead of middle-class children, and the achievement gap cannot be almost filled. On that frozen pavement, I felt a shiver of disgust at the perversions of merit. And yet there I was, cursed for being 30th in line.2.not long after drawing a moon image, our son was interviewed at another private school, one of the most coveted in New York. It was the end of 2009, early in President Barack Obama's first term, and teachers wore brightly colored necklaces of hope formulated with preschool. She suppressed the rejection of the party offer (what if the face hanging from the teachers' neck from Sarah Palin's neck?) and reassured that the school had progressive artistic values. It has recruited children of writers and other creators. Our son's group game surveillance was a success. Two teachers in each class of 15 children; Or playwrights, not just investment bankers; Once in, unless a child was seriously messed up, he faced a slim chance ever of having to leave, even, after 15 years, the school matching its graduates with higher universities where it had close ties with admissions offices. Students will not have to endure the repeated trauma of enrolling in new York's middle and high schools for public school children. Our son had a place near the front of the line, protected from merit in the harshest. There was only one contest, and he had already triumphed, in the observer group play. Two years later, we transferred him to a public kindergarten. My wife and I are the product of public schools. No matter how much suffering they inflicted on our younger selves, we believed in them. We just had our second child, a girl. The private school was about to start raising its fees sharply each year indefinitely. As tuition fees passed \$50,000, the creators dwindled and gave way to the Financial. I thought pre-education for our children would cost more than \$1.5 million after taxes. This was the practical reason for leaving. But there was something else -- another claim to us. The current term for her is social justice. I prefer to use the word democracy, because it conveys the idea of equality and the need for a common life among citizens. No institution has greater power to shape human beings according to this idea than the public school. This was the original purpose of the common schools established by Horace Mann in the mid-19th century: to instill the knowledge and morals necessary for the success of the Republican government while embracing children of all religious, social and ethnic backgrounds. The claim of democracy does not deny merit, but they are in a state of tension. One appreciates equality and openness, and the other denies security. Neither can answer every need. To overlook either of them makes life poorer and the fundamental task is to bring merit and democracy into a relationship in which they can coexist and even prosper. My wife and I are the product of public schools. No matter how much suffering they inflicted on our younger selves, we believed in them. We wanted our children to learn in classrooms that look like the city we live in. We didn't want them to grow up entirely within our bubble -- mostly white, highly educated and expensive -- where 4-year-olds who hear 21,000 words a day gain unearned trust from the island advantage and feel, even unconsciously, better than other people's children. Public schools are a public good. our city among the most racially and economically in America the efficiency gaps that separate white and Asian from black and Students in mathematics and English are formidable and growing. Some advocates argue that the creation of more integrated schools would reduce those gaps. Whether the data proves it conclusively or not, being half-conscious in America means knowing that concentrated poverty schools are likely to eliminate the children they attend. It is this knowledge that has made our decision political and risky. October 2017: Americans abandon public schools. This is the fault of our dedicated primary school, two blocks from our house, which was forever improving on a terrible reputation, but not fast enough. Friends had withdrawn their children after the second or third grade, so when we took the tour we insisted, against the wishes of the school guide, to go upstairs and see the upper classes as well. The

students were walking around the rooms without concentration, the air was heavy with no sins, and there seemed to be little learning. Each year the school became a few percentage points poorer and less black as the neighborhood was improved, but most white children attended a gifted and gifted school within the school, where more was expected and given more. The air was integrated and separated at the same time. One day I was at a local playground with our son when I had a conversation with an old black woman who lived in the neighborhood for a long time and understood everything about our school dilemma, which became the only topic that cared about me. I made fun of our custom school – it was so poorly run for so long that it would take years to become a tampon. I mentioned a second school, half a dozen blocks away, which might have been available if we applied. Her expression turned into an alarm. Don't send him there, she said. This is a failed school. This school will always be a failed school. It was as if an eternal curse had been placed on it, beyond anyone's agency or cure. The school was mostly poor and black. We assumed that it would fail our children, because we knew that they were failing other children. That year, when my son was 5 years old, attending day tours and open houses at night became a second job. We applied to eight or nine public schools. We applied to remote schools that we heard took a small number of children from outside the area, only to find that there was a surge in the number of children and seats already claimed by the specific families. In one new school that had a promising reputation, talk of guidance was clotted with the language of education and toilets in the boys' bathroom with, but we would have taken a slot if one had been offered. Of the schools where we went begging, one was two miles from our house, which introduced children from several areas. This school was economically and racially mixed by design, with the demographics that came close to matching the city 38 percent of whites, 29 percent black, 24 percent Latino, 7 percent Asian. This fact alone has made school rare in New York. Two-thirds of students performed at or above grade level in standardized tests, making the school one of the highest in the city (although we later learned that there were significant gaps, up to 50 percent, between outcomes for wealthier students, whites, poorer students, Latinos and blacks). The school seemed to be a happy place. Its educational model was progressive - child-centred - based on learning through experience. The classroom sat loose, but the real work was going on. The corridors were covered with well-written compositions. Part of the stadium has been dedicated to a vegetable garden. This combination of diversity, achievement and well-being was not heard in New York public schools. This school squares the hardest circle it's been the dream of a liberal white family and the admission rate was less than 10 percent. We have a waiting list. The summer that our son had already been to kindergarten, an official who had written a letter making the case that our family and school had a perfect match called the news that our son had gotten in from the queue. You gave me five minutes to get an answer that I didn't need four and a half of them. I can now see that the strain of selfishness and vanity in me contaminates the decision. I have lived in New York from successful professionals. I had no real connection — not at work, in friendships, between neighbors — in the common world of the very different city groups that our son was about to enter. I was ready to present him as an envoy to this world, a token of my general spirit. The same narcissistic pride that a parent takes in an excellent child report card, I now felt sent on a yellow school bus to an institution whose name began with P.S.A. a few parents interacted in a private school as if we had given us a winning lottery ticket, or even hurt our son - that was the fragile nature of merit. To be honest, in the years to come, when we heard that sixth graders at private school were writing papers about the Odyssey, or when we saw our son and his friends sweating through competitive admission to public middle schools, we wondered if we had committed an unforgivable sin and got back to all our reasons for changing schools until we felt better. Long before we took our son saying: I am a person in public school. When I once asked him what that meant, he said, That means I'm not arrogant. Never looked back Paul Spella3.The public school he lived on the lower floors of an old brick building, five floors high and a long block, next to the highway. A middle and high school occupied the upper floors. The building had the usual gloomy features of any public institution in York— Steel mesh on the lower windows, a police officer at the check-in desk, scratched yellow walls, fluorescent lights with toxic PCBs, stairs in a cage, old boilers and no air conditioners – as if to ease the expectations of anyone who turned to the government for basic service. Bamboo flooring and state-of-the-art science labs from private pipping schools to the desire for a private refuge from the city. Our son's new school felt completely porous I've barely faced an American public school since I left high school. It was in the late 1970s, in the Gulf region, the same year that the tax revolution began its long-term takeover of California's excellent education system. At that time, parents were only asked to pay their taxes and send their children to school, and everyone I knew went to local public schools. Now local public schools - at least one of our sons was about to attend - could n't work without parents. Donations at our school paid the salaries of a science teacher, a Spanish teacher, and alternative teachers. They even paid for the furniture. Because many families were poor, the PTA had difficulty achieving its annual fundraising target of \$100,000, and the director had to send a message warning parents that science or art was about to be cut. Primary schools for wealthy neighborhoods routinely did not raise \$1 million, as they were called public private schools. Schools in the slums struggled to bring in \$30,000. This huge gap was just one way of pursuing inequality in the public school system. We threw ourselves into a new school adventure. We were sent in snack class when we had a week, I accompanied a field trip to study the bathroom in a local garden, and my wife cooked chili for autumn fundraisers. The school's sense of mission extended to a much larger community, so there was a call for money when a fire took a family out of a different school from her home, a food campaign after Hurricane Sandy swept through the New York area, and a shoe campaign for Syrian refugees in Jordan. We were willing to do almost anything to get involved when my wife came one day to help in class, she was recruited as a holiday screen and asked to change the underwear of a boy she didn't know from another class who polluted himself. (Volunteering had a limit, that's all.) The private school we left behind made parents know they weren't needed, except for the immersive audiences at the shows. But our kindergarten teacher – an eccentric man near retirement age, who had a braiding outfit (he was white), apron leather, pants, and sandals with socks – sent frequent SOS emails and frankly needy. When his class of 28 students was studying New York Beach, he recruited me to help build a replica of A cargo ship like one docked off Lower Manhattan - can you pick up a sheet of plywood, four in eight in five/8 of an inch, cut in half, along with four appropriate hinges and 24 plumbing pieces, if not too expensive? He was going to make up for it that first winter, and the city's school bus drivers called for a strike that lasted several weeks. I took turns with some other parents who move a group of children to and from school. Everyone who needs a ride will meet at the bus station at 7:30 every morning and we knew which parent could drive that day. The strike required a flexible timetable and a car, putting enormous pressure on the families. A girl in our son's class who lived in a housing project about a mile from school suddenly stopped attending. Administrators seem to be devoting a lot of effort to mobilizing families behind the bus drivers' union to make sure every child has access to school. It was an early sign of what would come later, of all that would alienate me eventually, and I might be annoyed by it if I hadn't taken it with my new role as a public school father as a team with other parents to get us through crisis.4.Parents have one layer of very little skin. They've lost skin that can relieve bruises and dull panic. In a divided city, in a class society, that lost skin – the severity of every anxiety and a small breakthrough – is shorter and perhaps the only way to intimacy between people who would otherwise not cross paths. Children become a great level. Parents share one theme that does not cease to be absorbed. In kindergarten, our son became friends with a boy in class who would call Marcus, who had mirthy eyes, a faint smile, an atmosphere of calm that could not be flopped - he was comfortable with everyone, and he was never agitated or visibly angry. His parents were working-class immigrants from the Caribbean. His father drove a sewage truck, and his mother was a nanny whose boss was one that suggested Marcus enter the school lottery - parents with contacts and resources know about the school, while those who don't have rarely do. Marcus' mother was a quietly demanding advocate for her son, and Marcus was exactly the kind of kid who could mean a good elementary school opportunity of a lifetime. His family and families were separated by race, class, and 12 city neighborhoods that make the difference between a neighborhood with tree-lined streets, regular garbage collection, high-end cupcake shops, a neighborhood with power lines above the ground and occasional shootings. If it wasn't for school, we wouldn't have known Marcus' family and the boys' friendship would have lasted throughout elementary school and beyond. Once, when they were still in kindergarten, my wife was walking with them in a neighborhood of houses near the school, and Marcus suddenly yelled, You imagined having a backyard? Our backyard kept our son quiet, be it embarrassment or early intuition that human contacts required some omission. Marcus' father had dropped him off at our house at the weekend, often with a gift of an excellent bottle of rum from his island - or I would pick up Marcus in their apartment building and drive the boys to a battering cage or Bronx park. They were almost always playing in our house, rarely in Marcus, which was much smaller. This arrangement was established from the outset and has never been discussed. If someone had mentioned it, we would have had to face the blatant inequality in children's lives. She felt that friendship flourished in a kind of benign avoidance of this crucial truth. At school our son fell with a group of boys who had no interest in joining lunchtime football games. Their free-wheeling playground insults often led to well-sensed insults, wrestling matches, anger, occasional punch, and then reconciliation, until the next day. The image of diversity was. Over the years, in addition to our son and Marcus, there was another black boy, another white boy, a Latino boy, a mixed-race boy, a boy whose Latin mother was a school assistant teacher, and an African boy with white lesbian parents. A private school teacher once called our son anti-authoritarian, and that was true: he was chasing moderate rebel friends, agitating teachers and lunch screens that they didn't like, and avoiding children whose hands always showed clear signs of parental ambition. The restless merit in me didn't quite fade away, and I once tried to get our son to befriend a 9-year-old boy who was reading animal farm, but he ignored me. He would have done this in his own way and school education had emphasized learning through work. The reading of education did not begin until the end of the first grade, but did not start reading until the end of the first grade. In mathematics, children were taught different strategies for multiplication and division, but the times tables were their parents' problem. Instead of worksheets and tests, there were field trips to the beach and the Noguchi Sculpture Museum. Project-based learning our son was working for weeks on the clay model of the tomb tower of a Chinese nobleman during a unit on ancient China. Even as we continued to volunteer, my wife and I never stopped wondering if we had deceived our son of a better education. We got antsy with endless craft projects, and absolute indifference to satire. But our son only learned well when he was a subject he cared about and said to the first-grade teacher: I want to learn the facts, not the skills. The school approach - a year-long second-grade unit on geology and bridges in New York - caught his imagination, while the combination of races and classes gave him something more valuable: Believing that no one was better than anyone else, that everyone was equal and everyone was his. In this way, the school succeeded in achieving its higher goal. Then things started to change.5.Around 2014, a new mood that grows in America – initially in a few places, among limited numbers of people, but growing rapidly and with amazing power, as new things tend to do today. This rose at the end of the Obama years, in part because of disappointment with the early promise of his presidency -- because of the raised expectations and frustration, especially among people under the age of 30, as most revolutionary surges began. This new mood was progressive but not optimistic. After a few years of pre-school private teachers having developed Obama necklaces with their 4-year-old children, hope went. At the heart of the new progressive was indignation, and at times anger, about the continuing injustice against groups of Americans who were always descending to the brink of power and dignity. An incident – the police shooting of an unarmed black man; news reports of predatory sexual behavior by a Hollywood tycoon; a pro quarterback who was taken kneeling during the national anthem – would ignite a fire that would spread overnight and keep burning because it was fueled by anger in deeper and older grievances than the inflamed incident. Over time the new mood has taken on the essence and rigid edges of the ideology of radicalequality. At points where ideology touched politics, she called for, in some cases, important reforms: body cameras on police officers, reduced prison sentences for nonviolent offenders, and changes in the workplace. But its greatest influence came in worlds more dissociated from politics: the private spaces in which we think, imagine, talk and write, and public spaces where institutions are the hallmarks of our culture and guard its surroundings. Who was leading the new progressive? Young people, social media influencers, cultural organization leaders, artists, journalists, educators, and more and more elected Democrats. You could almost believe they talked about the majority, but you would be wrong. An extensive survey of U.S. political opinion published last year by a non-profit organization called More Common found that the vast majority of every group, including black Americans, believes that political correctness is a problem. The only exception was a group defined as progressive activists -- only 8 per cent of the population, most likely white, well educated, and wealthy. Other surveys found that white progressives were more willing to embrace diversity and immigration, blaming racism on the problems of minority groups, than black Americans. The new progressiveism was a limited phenomenon, especially the elite. Politics became more not in the media but in your nervous system, where everything matters more and it's hard to suppress your real because of guilt or social pressure. As a father, in our son's school, I first understood the meaning of new progressiveism, and what I hated about it. Each spring, starting in the third grade, New York State public school students conduct two standardized tests directed at the national common curriculum -- one in mathematics, and the other in English. In the winter of 2015-16, the third year of our son's class, we began to receive a barrage of emails and leaflets from the school about the upcoming tests. They all carried the message that tests were not mandatory. Inform yourself! Urge an email to us. Whether or not your child will take tests is your decision. During the George W. Bush and Obama presidencies, statewide tests were used to improve low-performing schools by measuring student capacity, with rewards (race to top) and penalties (accountability) accordingly. These standardized tests can determine the fate of teachers and schools. Some schools have begun to devote months of schooltime to preparing students for tests. High-risk test overruns have inevitably resulted in a violent reaction. In 2013, four families in our school, with the support of the administration, prevented their children from taking the tests. These parents had decided that the tests were too cumbersome for students and teachers alike, consumed much of the school year with mindless preparation, and were so irrelevant to the purpose of education that they were actually harmful. But even as the city softened the consequences of the tests, the withdrawal movement grew astronomically. In the spring of 2014, 250 children were prevented from taking tests. Criticism has also widened: educators have argued that the tests were structurally biased and even racist, because non-white students achieved the lowest scores. A black parent at our school, who graduated from a prestigious public high school in New York, told me, I believe in evaluation -- I've done tests my whole life and used evaluations as a teacher. But now I see everything differently. Standardized tests are gatekeepers to keep people away, and I know exactly who is at the bottom. It is tortured by black, Latino and low-income children, because they will never be caught up, because of institutional racism. Our school has become the city leader of the new movement. The director was interviewed by the media in New York and withdrawal became a form of civil disobedience against a key instrument of merit. This began as a spontaneous protest against the grassroots against an incorrect situation. Then, at a dizzying speed, it moved beyond the world of politics and became a form of moral tyranny, with little tolerance for dissent. We took the school at face value when he said that this decision is for us to make. My wife attended a meeting of parents, which she described as an educational session. But I asked a question that showed that we didn't decide on the tests, and another parent quickly tried to set them right. The question was out of the question – no one should want her child to take tests. The purpose of the meeting was not to provide impartial information. The choice of non-acceptance required action – parents had to sign and return a letter – and the administration needed to educate new parents about the party line using other parents who had already accepted it, because school staff were forbidden to advertise. We weren't sure what to do instead of giving grades, the teachers at our school wrote long and detailed reports, often deeply familiar with each student. But we wanted to know how our son learns against an external standard. If he has conducted the tests, he will miss school for two days, but he will also learn to perform a basic task that will be part of his education for years to come. One day I asked a parent if her son would be tested. You shut me up - it was nothing to discuss at school. Something else about the withdrawal movement bothered me. Her defenders claimed that the tests punished poor children and minorities. I began to think that the real punishment might come from not taking it. Withdrawal has become so widespread in our school that the Ministry of Education no longer has sufficient data to disseminate the kind of information that potential applicants once used to evaluate the school. In the student achievement category the department now gave our school no rating. No outside person can judge the extent to which the school teaches children, including poor, black and Latino children. The school's approach left gaps in areas such as schedules, long division, grammar and spelling. Families with the means filled these gaps, as did some families whose means were limited -- Marcus' parents took him to math classes after school. But when a girl fell into our bus station because she had not attended school for weeks after the death of her grandmother, who was the heart of the family, there was no objective procedure to act as a flashing red light. In the name of equality, disadvantaged children were likely to stumble and hide behind a fog of solidarity and self-deception. The exile tests seemed like a way to leave everyone out of the hook and that was the price of refusing merit. I took the voice of the parents at our bus stop. Only a few were open to tests, and they didn't say that out loud. One parent was trying to find a way to get her daughter to take the tests out of school. Everyone felt that non-withdrawal would not be popular with the principal, staff and parental leaders - the power structure of the school. A delicate silence fell on the whole subject. One day, while volunteering in our son's classroom, I asked a parent whether her son would take Tests. I smiled nervously and kept me quiet – it was nothing to discuss at school. One of the teachers refused the test so intensely that when my wife and I asked what our son would miss during the test days, she answered indignantly, the curriculum! Students whose parents refused to withdraw will not get any preparation at all. I was struck that this would punish the children who were supposed to be protected by the movement. If Orthodox has reduced dissidents to whispers - if the weight of public opinion in the whole school is against tests - then I think our son should take them. In the week of the tests, an administrator approached me in the school hallway. Have you decided? I told her that our son would be tested as the person I wrote a letter about the perfect match between our values and the values of the school, a message that might have helped get our son off the waiting list. At the time I had not heard about the withdrawal movement - it did not exist. Less than four years later, this was the only truth. I was wondering if I felt I had betrayed her later that afternoon and spent an hour on the phone. She described all the damage that could be done to our son if he performed the tests - massive stress, and the prospect of demoralization. I answered with our reason to move forward - we wanted him to learn this necessary skill. The conversation didn't feel entirely true on both sides: she also wanted to confirm the school's position at the forefront of the withdrawal movement by reaching 100 per cent compliance, and I wanted to refuse to move forward. The tests have become secondary. This was a political argument. Our son was among 15 or so students who tested. The withdrawal rate of 95 per cent was a resounding success. The results of the elections in Turkmenistan competed. As for our son, he finished the tests and did not feel victorious or defeated. It seems that the case that upset adults in his life had no effect on him at all. He returned to class and continued to work on his report on the mountain gorilla in Central Africa. Paul Spella6.The battlefield of the new progressive is identity. This is the historical source of exclusion and injustice that requires equity. In the past five years, identity has triggered a wave of exploration, recriminations and creation in every field, from television to cooking. Identity is the subject of our music conversations, new York Times magazine announced in 2017, in the introduction to a special issue of 25 articles on popular songs. For better or worse, everything is identity now. Progressive education at school has fostered a wonderful sense of intimacy for every child as a complex individual. But progressive politics meant thinking about groups. When our son was in the third or fourth grade, the students began to form groups that met to Issues based on identity - race, gender, disability. I understood the solidarity that could come from these meetings, but I am also concerned that they may entrench the differences that the school has done, by its very nature, much to reduce it. Other, less diverse schools in New York, including elite private schools, are dividing their students by race into groups of convergence that raise awareness. I knew many mixed-race families who moved their children from one such school because they were postponed because of the relentless focus on race. Our son and his friends, whose studies in the classroom sat in slavery and civil rights, never discussed race with each other. The school has already lived what I've learned. The bathroom crisis hit our school in the same year that our son did standardized tests and a second-grade girl turned to male pronouns, adopted the first grade as a first name, and started to wear boys' clothes. X was also used as a boys' bath, resulting in problems with other boys. Keo's mother spoke to the manager, who discussed with her staff an answer. They could have met the real needs of students like Q by creating one bathroom - one in the second floor clinic would have served the purpose. Instead, the school decided to get rid of the boys' and girls' bathrooms altogether. If schools, as the city's Education Department now orders, should allow students to use their self-designated sex bath, getting rid of the labels will erase all confusion about the bathroom question. A practical problem was solved according to a new idea of identity. Within two years, almost every bathroom in school, from kindergarten to fifth grade, became gender neutral. Where the banners once said boys and girls, they now told the students. Children will be conditioned on the new rule at an early age so that they become the first regiment in history that has nothing to do with sex whether they sit or stand to urinate. All this biology entailed — curiosity, fear, shame, aggression, publicity, the thing between the legs — was erased or his desire to get away. The school didn't reach parents with such a sudden end to old habits, as if there was nothing to discuss. Parents only heard about it when the children began to arrive at the house desperate to get to the bathroom after carrying it every day. The girls told their parents humiliating stories of a boy kicking at the door of their booth and describing the boys as afraid of using urinals. Our son reported that his colleagues, without any collective decision, simply returned to the old system, regardless of the new signs: boys used the rooms of former boys, girls in the former girls' rooms. This return to the norm was what politicians call the logical solution. It was also somewhat heart-breaking. When I was a kid, I didn't think about challenging the new adult rules, the new adult ideas for justice. Instead, they found a way to get around the difficulty that adults have introduced into their lives. It was a quiet call to be left alone when parents found out about the elimination of boys and girls' bathrooms, appearing en masse at the PTA meeting. Parents in one of the camps announced that the school had betrayed their trust, and a woman threatened to withdraw her daughter from school. Parents in the other camp argued that gender labels — not just bathroom doors — led to bullying and that the real problem was patriarchy. One called for the eradication of the urinals. It was a minor drama of major cultural upheaval. The Director, who seemed to be more interested in the movement of choosing not to take the test than with the issue of the bathroom, explained the financial constraints she faced and urged the formation of a committee for parents and teachers to resolve the issue. After six months of stalemate, the Ministry of Education intervened: one bathroom would be gender neutral. In politics, identity is a call for authority - the moral authority of the oppressed: I am who I am, which explains my point of view and makes it the truth. Identity politics begins with the universal principles of equality, dignity and freedom, but in practice it becomes an end in itself — often a dead end, a trap from which there is no easy escape and perhaps no desire to escape. Instead of equality, it sets out a new hierarchy that reflects the new moral class system that classifies people as the oppression of their collective identity. It makes race, a questionable and evil social construct, a core that defines individuals regardless of agency or circumstances — as when Representative Ayana Presley said: We don't need more brown faces that don't want to be a brown voice. We don't need black faces that don't want to be a black voice. Sometimes the new progressive, all up to the precision, carries the whiff of the 17th century, with a chase of heresy and condemnation of sin and displays of self-insult. The atmosphere of mental constriction in the progressive milieu, self-censorship, fear of public shame, intolerance of the opposition - these are qualities of unilateral politics. I asked if I was turning to the wrong side of a big moral issue because his accent was too high, because it shook loosely what I didn't want to give up. It took me a long time to see that the new progressive did not just carry my own policy beyond what I loved. It was actually hostile to principles without which I do not believe that democracy can survive. Liberals are always slow to realize that there can be friendly, idealistic people who have little benefit to liberalism values.7.IN 2016 two obsessions claimed by our family - Hamilton and the presidential campaign. We listened. He sang along to Hamilton's soundtrack every time we got in the car, so the kids had saved her most brilliant, crowded, irresistible libretto. Our son mastered the highest-speed rap in Lafayette, and in our living room he and his sister emerged from the climactic duel between Hamilton and Burr. The musical did not only teach them this last version of the revolution and the early republic. Their world was filled with imagined past, and as music played, history became more realistic than the present. Our daughter, who was about to start kindergarten at our son's school, which was fully identified with Hamilton's character - fought his battles, made his arguments, and denounced his enemies. Every time Matt cried read: How Lin-Manuel Miranda 'Hamilton' forms historyHamilton and the campaign had a strange relationship in our lives. I act as a disinfectant for the second, clearing its most damaging effects, and malice its ominous forboding. Donald Trump can ridicule mexicans and rail against Muslims and kick the dirt on everything decent and good, but the American promise still breathes whenever Puerto Rican Hamilton and Black Jefferson get into a rap battle over the National Bank. When our daughter saw pictures of the actual founding fathers, she was a little shocked and disappointed that she was white. The only president our children knew was black, and their experience gave them no context for the fierce brand of Identity Politics that Trump had, which was fueling other genres. We wanted them to believe that America is better than Trump, and Hamilton kept that faith in the air despite the accumulation of serious facts. Our son, who started fourth grade that fall, had dark obsessions about the election, but when the Access Hollywood video appeared in October, Jefferson sang his snitch about Hamilton's sex scandal: he'll never be president now!The morning after the election, the children cried. They cried for people close to us, Muslims and immigrants who might be in danger, and maybe also because of the lost illusion that their parents could do things right. Our son lay on the couch and cried so lachly that we made him go to the bus stop. The next time we were in the car, we put (Hamilton) automatically. When dear Theodosia, Burr and Hamilton sang for their newborn children, if we lay a strong enough foundation, we will pass it on to you, we will give you the world, and you will blow us all up, that was too much for me and my wife. It's been a long time before we listened to Hamilton again a few weeks after the election, and I asked our daughter if Trump could break our family. She must have gotten the idea of hearing a conversation about threats to illegal immigrants. We told her that They were lucky – we had rights as citizens that he couldn't take away. I decided to sit down with the children and read the Bill of Rights together. It didn't all make sense, but they got the basic idea -- the president wasn't King George III, the constitution was stronger than Trump, and some principles weren't repealed -- and they seemed reassured. Since then, it has become difficult to maintain confidence in these facts. Our daughter said she hated being a child, because she felt unable to do anything. The day after the inauguration, my wife took her to the Women's March in midtown Manhattan. She made a sign that we also have strength, and in the march she sang the song of protest that I knew, we will overcome it. For days afterwards she walked around the house chanting: Show me what democracy looks like! Our son was less than given to join the cause and shook his fist. Being older, he also understood the difficulty of issues better, and they depressed him, because he knew that children really could do very little. He was painfully familiar with climate change throughout primary school - the first grade was devoted to recycling and sustainability, and in the third grade, during a unit on Africa, he learned that every wild land he loved was facing extinction. What is the good of human beings besides the destruction of the planet? Our daughter was not immune from the heavy mood, she returned home from school one day and expressed her desire not to be white so as not to have bondage on her conscience. It didn't seem like a moral victory for our children to grow up hating their sex and themselves. We decided to reduce the political conversation around them. It wasn't that we wanted to hide the truth or give false comfort, they wouldn't let us even if we tried. We just wanted them to grow up without taking on the full weight of the world, including the new president who allowed us to take office. We owe our children a thousand apologies that the future seemed terrible, and somehow we expected them to fix it. Did they really have to face this while they were still in elementary school? I can imagine the pick-up to everything you wrote here: your privilege has spared you. There is no answer to this — and that is why it is a powerful weapon — except to say that identity alone should not support or invalidate an idea, or that we have lost enlightenment to pure tribalism. Adults who recruit young children in their case may think they can and shape them into virtuous people (a friend calls Instagram photos of parents who post their awake children selflessly). In fact adults make themselves feel more righteous, indulging another form of narcissistic pride, explaining their guilt, and turning the load of their own anxious battles on children who cannot bear the burden, because Lacking intellectual power and political power. Our goal should not be to tell children what they think. The point is to teach them how to think so they can grow up to find their own answers. I wished our son's school of civics would teach him at the age of 10 and had studied the ancient civilizations of China, Africa and the Early Dutch in New Amsterdam and Mayan. He learned about the Genocide of Native Americans and slavery. But he never learned about the founding of the Republic, he did not learn that conflicting values and practical compromises were the lifeblood of self-government. No context has been given to the meaning of freedom of expression, no knowledge of the democratic ideas that Trump was destroying, or the tools in which citizens can hold accountable those in power. Our son knew about the worst betrayals of democracy, including those that plagued his childhood, but he did not know the principles that had been betrayed. He got his civic education from Hamilton.Read: Civic education helps create young voters and activists and civic education teaching has dwindled since the 1960s - a victim of political polarization, as both the left and the other right are accused of using the subject to indoctrination - and with it the basic public knowledge about the American government. In the past few years, civic education has been returning to some states. As our fifth-grade son entered the first year of trump's presidency, no subject could have been more truly empowering. If you fail in seventh grade you fail in middle school, if you fail in middle school you fail in high school, if you fail in high school you fail in college, if you fail in college life fail. Every year, instead of taking tests, students at the school present a museum of their subject, a combination of writing and handcrafts on a particular topic. Parents came in, wandered into the classroom, read, admired, and asked questions from students, who stood by their projects. These days, called arrows, my best experiences were in school. Some of the work was amazingly good, and showed all that thought and effort, and the meeting of parents and children felt like achieving everything the school aspired to have. The fifth grade class, our last son, was different. The curricula that year included the Holocaust, reconstruction and Jim Crow. The focus was on the uplifters -- individuals who refused to be spectators of evil and raised their voices. It was an activity education, and with no basis in civic education, the activity was just to speak out. In the year-end class, fifth-graders introduced diorama on all the difficult issues at the moment -- sexual harassment, LGBT rights, and gun violence. Our son made a plastic bag factory whose chimney tossed endangered animals. Compared to previous years, the writing was scanty and students, when questioned, had little to say. They are not encouraged to research their subjects, intellectual discoveries, and answer potential counter-responses. The diorama consisted of cardboard, clay and logos. Paul Spella8.Students in New York City public schools must apply to middle school. They classify schools in their districts, six, eight or ten of them, by preference, and middle schools classify students on the basis of academic work and behaviour. Then the Nobel Prize-winning algorithm matches every student with a school, and this is almost always where the student must go. Middle schools in the city are weak. In our region, only three had a reputation for being good. An education expert near us has made a decent living by offering counselling sessions to bereaved families. The whole process seemed designed to raise the anxiety of 10-year-olds to breaking point. If you fail the math test you fail seventh grade, our daughter said one night at dinner and looking forward to the years to come. If you fail seventh grade you fail in middle school, if you fail in middle school you fail in high school, if you fail in high school you fail in college, if you fail in college you fail in life. We have returned to merit idyl aberrations. But the country's politics have changed dramatically during our son's six years of primary school. Instead of hopeful pendants around the teachers' necks, in one of the middle school hallways a picture of a card was posted saying: Oh! Your privilege shows you have received this card because your privilege only allowed you to make a comment that others cannot approve or contact. Check out your privilege. The card has boxes to be marked, such as a scorecard, next to white, Christian, opposite sex, physically capable, citizen. (Our son hit the school off his list.) This language is now not uncommon in the world of education. A teacher in Saratoga Springs, New York, found a model for thinking about online privileges with a detailed method of registration, and managed it for high school students, unaware that the worksheet was created by a right-wing online dwarf - Jews were awarded 25 points of excellence and 50.The middle school stampede aged 10 and 11 is subject to the dictates of merit and democracy at the same time as a highly competitive and ideological contest. The two systems do not coexist as much as they simultaneously push children towards the opposite, worlds that are equally inhospitable to the sensitive and complex being of the child's mind. If there's a connection between the systems, I've come to think, it's this: woke up pretties race success, making racers feel better about the heartless world that they're paying their kids. constantly checking your privilege is one way of not having to It's-- it's -- On the day that the acceptance letters arrived at our school, some students cried. One of them was Marcus, who had matched with a middle school that he did not want to attend. His mother went to talk to an official about the appeal. The principal asked her why Marcus didn't go instead to a middle school that shared a building with our school, which took the same progressive approach as ours, and that was one of the worst classes in the state. Marcus' mother left in anger and despair, didn't want to go to middle school upstairs. Last September, he came home from the first day of school and told us something was wrong. His classmates were not like children in his elementary school. We found a circular scheme that broke his new school by race, leaving him stunned. Two-thirds of the students were white or Asian; barely a quarter were black or Latino. Competitive admissions have established a separate school. It's going to be another row like that. Two years ago, Mayor Bill de Blasio announced a new initiative to integrate New York City schools. Our province, where there are enough white families to integrate meaningfully, has been chosen as a test case. Last year, a committee of teachers, parents and activists in the region announced a proposal: to remove the wall obstacle that stands in the way of equality. This proposal would eliminate the competitive acceptance of middle schools - classes, tests, attendance, behaviour - which largely represented the racial composition of our son's new school. In the new system, students will continue to categorize their choices, but the algorithm will be modified to produce middle schools that reflect our district's demographics, giving disadvantaged students priority for 52 percent of seats. In this way, middle schools in the region will be integrated ethnically and economically. The de Blasio initiative has given the slogan of fairness and excellence to all. It tried to satisfy democracy and merit in one phrase. I went back and forth and again finally decided to support the new plan. My opinion was unjustified, because the change came a year after it was too late to influence our son. I would have been very tested if I had put him by chance in the first grade and under the new system, a girl at the former bus station was matched with her 12th choice, and her parents decided to send her to a rented school. There is no doubt that many other families will leave the public school system. But I saw our son thrive by going to a city-like elementary school. You have also seen merit separating and frustrating children based on their work in the fourth grade. If you fail in middle school, our daughter said, you fail life. It was too early to decide the fate of the children by an institution that was To serve the common good. Read: Poor children who believe in wall suffering I wanted the plan to work, but I had serious doubts. It came Support with all the authoritarian excesses of the new progressive. He called for the creation of a new diversity bureaucracy, and the relentless terminology crushed my hope that authors would know how to achieve an excellent education for all. Instead of teaching civic education that faced the complex realities of American democracy, the curriculum will highlight the enormous historical contributions of non-white groups and seek to dispel many non-truths/lies related to American and global history. Excellence was hardly an afterthought in the plan. Of the 64 items of work, only one mentioned what is likely to be the most difficult problem: support for teachers (in the regions) in adopting best practices for academically, racially, socially and socially mixed classrooms. How do we make sure that children with largely different abilities succeed in schools that have been tracked academically for a long time? How do we do it without giving up the strictness altogether - without losing the fastest learners? We encountered this problem with our daughter, who was reading well before her kindergarten class and begged her teacher to solve math problems. When the school refused to accommodate it, and our applications to other public schools didn't work, we moved it to a new private school focused on science, technology, engineering and mathematics instead of risking years of boredom. We regretted leaving the public school system, and we were still wary of competitive excesses of merit, but we were not prepared to abandon them altogether. The Ministry of Education doesn't seem to think about merit at all. Its focus was entirely on achieving diversity and on eradicating the racism that stands in the way of it. In late summer 2018, a public meeting was called in our province to discuss the integration plan. It was the height of the holiday season, but several hundred parents, including me, appeared. Many had just heard about the new plan, which buried the results of an internal poll that showed that the majority of parents wanted to keep the old system. A slideshow that included a picture of snarling white adults in black schoolchildren in the South in the 1960s was presented - as if only evil racism could motivate parents to oppose the elimination of the admissions system that met superior work with a more challenging situation. Even if this situation is the result of a great historical injustice, parents are at risk; a policy that asks them to put aside the needs of their children so that this injustice is addressed is the demand for failure. Just in case the impact of racism is not enough to intimidate dissidents, when the show ended, and dozens of hands shot, one speaker, a progressive member of the city council, declared that Don't take any questions, and waved off the uproar that followed. It was just like the withdrawal of my wife's education session had attended: the deal had been done. There was only one fact that de Blasio's school counselor, Richard Carranza, answered critics of the Diversity Initiative by calling for racism and refusing to allow them to silence him. As part of this initiative, Carranza was tasked with training every school system employee to combat prejudice, at a cost of \$23 million. One of the workshops was entitled Culture of White Supremacy. Perfectionism, individualism, objectivity, and the cult of the written word included among the values of white supremacy that need to be disrupted. In the name of exposing racial bias, training created its own kind. The legacy of racism, coupled with the false merit in America today that keeps children trapped where they are, is the root cause of inequalities in the city's schools. But calling for racism and eliminating objective criteria will not create real equality or close the achievement gap, and may have a detrimental effect on making it worse by expelling families of all races who adhere to the idea of education on the basis of true merit. If integration is a necessary condition for equality, that is not enough. Equality is so important that it cannot be left to an ideology that rejects values.9.In global middle school, our son immediately made friends with the same kind of children who were friends in elementary school – strangers – including Latin boys from the poorest neighborhood in the region. One day he told us about the passages of the N-word that were exchanged between other boys he knew – a system in which a black child, bartering some items, allowed a white child to use the word. We didn't believe that such a thing existed, but he did. When one white boy continued to use his pass all day, our son grabbed the fake piece of paper and tore it to pieces. He and his friends heard the official language of moral education so often that it became a source of ridicule and teasing: dude, you really need to check your privilege. When his teacher

hired students to write about how they felt about who they were, which made the class know that whiteness was a source of guilt for her. our son told her that he could not do it. The task was very personal, and did not leave him enough space to describe everything that made him who he was. Isn't school to learn math, science and reading, as we were once asked, not for teachers to tell us what we think about in society? He responds like children do when adults keep telling them what they think. He had what my wife described as a non-politicized sympathy watching your kids grow up gives you a stunningly vivid picture of the world you're going to leave them. I can't say I'm optimistic some days. The picture fills me with dread. That pragmatic genius that Americans were known and admired for, which included a knack for teaching our young people - how did you leave us? Now we are floundering in anxiety and anger, feverish with bad thoughts, also absorbed into our own failure to spare our children. But one day the fever will collapse, and by that time it will grow, and they will have to discover for themselves how to live together in a country that gives every child an equal opportunity. Opportunity.

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