



I'm not robot



Continue

## Traverse city central high school

Traverse City Things To Do Traverse City is a beautiful city in Northern Michigan with perfect beaches, spectacular dunes and a fun arts and commercial scene for the whole family. Here are some of the activities you need to do next time you're in town. Watch the main crop of Cherry Festival Traverse City's cherries, and every summer there is a popular cherry festival. It has all the cherries, cherry flavored products, and local wines you could want. There is also live entertainment, events for the elderly and children, as well as various competitions. Go Wine Tasting Traverse City is home to over a dozen wineries, and many have tasting rooms. Guests love to spend one or two afternoons driving between the wineries, enjoying the scenery and the local wines. Do Outdoor Activities There are several ways to enjoy Traverse City and the beautiful landscape of Leland. Many visitors enjoy strolling or cycling from the historic Grand Traverse Lighthouse, cherry blossoms blooming in May, Clinch Park, and on Boardman Lake and TART Trails. Others will love parachuting and golf, and children will get thrills from visiting Pirate Cove Adventure Golf. Explore local businesses and history Traverse City's History Centre is ideal for families and adults, with rooms sharing local history and a seasonal Lego display. The nearby Hessler Log shows his life in the 1800s. There are many great shops and restaurants on Front Street. Popular businesses include a bakery, winery and cheese shop. The City Opera house is beautiful and has great views outside. Ask the locals The locals who run the Visitor Centre are very friendly and helpful. They provide a phone, toilets, local tips, and sell souvenirs. Editor's note: The information contained on this page was produced using real traveller reviews of things you can do in Traverse City. We manually select everything we recommend and select objects through tests and reviews. Some products are sent to us free of charge without incentive to offer a favorable review. We offer our impartial views and do not accept compensation for product review. All items are in inventory and the prices are accurate at the time of publication. If you buy something through our links, we may win a commission. Trapped between a brutal meritocratic and a radical new progressivism, a parent tries to do the right thing by his children while navigating New York schools. Paul Spella To be a parent is to be put at risk. You swear in justice for all, you swear that private bonds can rhyme with the public good, but when choice comes down to your child or an abstraction -- even the well-being of children you don't know -- you will betray your principles to the savage injustice of love. Then life takes revenge on the conceit that your child's fate lies in your hands at all. The organised pathologies of including your own-sometimes known as policy-find a way to infect the world of children. Only they can be saved. To hear more feature stories, see our full list or get the Audm iPhone app. Our son was interviewed in his first school interview shortly after 2nd place. He's been using words for about a year. An admissions manager at a private school with brand new, beautiful and sustainably constructed art and dance studios gave him a piece of paper and crayons. While he asked my wife and me about our work, our son pulled a yellow circle over a green squiggle. Rather calmly, the admissions officer asked him what it was. The moon, he said. He had chosen this moment to make his first worthy plan, and our hopes increased. But her jaw was locked in an icy and indescribable smile. Later, in a crowded open house for future 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 the private school, he planned to grab a place in this public school by playing the special needs system-which, he added, was not difficult to do. Wanting to distance myself from this plan, I shook my hand in the room full of parents desperate to suck \$30,000 for kindergarten and said, It's all a scam. I meant the whole case of basing admissions on interviews with two-year-olds. The hedge fund manager pointed out that if he mentioned my words to the admissions officer, he would have one less competitor to worry about. When the rejection letter arrived, I took it hard as a comment about our son, until my wife informed me that the woman with the frosty smile had actually interviewed us. We were rejected. We consoled ourselves that the school wasn't right for our family, or us for it. It was a school for unethical people of finance. At a second private school, my wife watched carefully with other parents behind a one-way mirror, such as our son engaged in team play with other toddlers, their lives secured or ruined by any share or push. They put him on the waiting list. The places in kindergarten were awarded on a first-come, first-served. At the front of the line, the parents were lying in sleeping bags. They had spent the night outside. The system that dominates our waking hours commands our reckless devotion and leads us, as orthodox followers of a demanding faith, to extraordinary, even absurd feats of exercise, not democracy, which often seems remote and fragile. Is system that claims to reward talent and effort with a top education and a well-paid profession, code of strict practice and generous blessings passed down from generation to generation. The pressure of meritocratic made us apply to private schools when our son was 2-not because we wanted him to attend preschool, but because, in New York, where we live, getting him to a good public kindergarten later would be even harder, and if he fails, by that point most of the private schools slots would be filled. As friends who had started months earlier warned us, we were already behind the curve until he painted the picture of the moon. We were maximizing options -- compensation, like the financial guy, like many families we knew -- we were already tracking the long line that would lead to the horizon of our son's future. The mood of meritocratic is the anxiety-low degree of panic when a few minutes late appear and all the seats are taken. New York, with its dense population, stratified social ladder, and general pushiness, keeps a fun-house mirror up to meritocratic. Only New York would force me to wake up early on a Saturday morning in February, wear my parka and woolly hat, and walk half a mile in the dark before dawn to record our son, then just 17 months old, for kindergarten. I arrived to find myself, at best, the 30th person in a line that led from the locked front door of the school to the sidewalk. Registration was still two hours away, and seats would be awarded on a first-come, first-served At the front of the line, the parents were lying in sleeping bags. They had spent the night outside. I was standing waiting in the cold with a strange mixture of emotions. I hated the hyper-competitive parents who made everyone's lives more tense. I was afraid I'd cheated our son out of a slot by not growing up until the selfish time of 5:30. And I was worried that we were all tied together in a crazy, heroic plan that we could neither escape nor understand, driven by the ultimate devotion to our child's future. All about a kindergarten called Huggs.New York distortions allow you to see the function of meritocratic at living extremes. But the system itself is structured in the belief that, unlike a collectivized society, individual achievement must be the basis for rewards, and that, unlike a hereditary aristocracy, these rewards must be earned again by every new generation-is all-American. True meritocratic came closer to realization with the rise of standardized testing in the 1950s, the civil rights movement, and the opening of Ivy League universities to the best and brightest, including women and minorities. A great expansion of opportunities followed. But in recent decades, the system has hardened into a new class structure in which professionals transfer their money, ambitions, and work ethic in their children, while less educated families fall further behind, with little chance of seeing their children go up. When parents on the lucky ledge of this gap look down, vertigo stuns them. Far below they see a dim world of processed foods, obesity, divorce, addiction, online-education scams, stagnant wages, outsourcing, increasing morbidity morbidity commit themselves to doing everything they can to keep their children from falling. They'll stay married, cook organic family meals, read aloud at bedtime every night, get an overwhelming mortgage on a house in a high-scoring school district, pay for music teachers and test teachers and repeatedly donate to overrated graduate funds. The battle to get their children a place near the front of the line begins before conception and continues well into their children's adult lives. At the root of all this is inequality-and inequality produces a number of morbid symptoms, including a frantic struggle for status among members of a professional class whose most valuable acquisition is not a Mercedes plug-in hybrid SUV or a family safari at the Maasai Mara, but an acceptance letter from a university with a top-10 U.S. News & World Report ranking. In his new book, The Meritocracy Trap, Yale Law Professor Daniel Markovic argues that this system turns elite families into businesses, and children into overworked, in-depth machines of success, while producing an economy that favors the over-educated and destroys the prospects of the middle class, which sinks toward the withering poor. Markovis describes the huge investments in money and time that wealthy couples make in their children. By kindergarten, the children of elite professionals are already two full years ahead of middle-class children, and the achievement gap is almost unstockable. On that icy sidewalk, I felt a shudder of revulsion at the perversions of meritocratic. And yet I was there, cursing myself for being 30th in a row.2.Not long after he painted the picture of the moon, our son was interviewed at another private school, one of the most coveted in New York. It was the end of 2009, at the beginning of President Barack Obama's first term, and teachers wore brightly colored hope pendants that had been manufactured with their preschool children. I suppressed disapproval of partisan appearance (what if the person hanging from the teachers' throats was Sarah Palin's?) and reassured myself that the school had artistic and progressive values. He recruited the children of writers and other creatives. And our son's team game was a success. He's been accepted. The school had delicious features. Two teachers in each class of 15 children; parents who were concert pianists or playwrights, not just investment bankers; the later perspective of classes in Latin, poetry writing, puppetry, mathematical theory, is taught by passionate scholars. As soon as he gets in, And if a kid screwed up, he didn't have much chance of leaving until, 15 years later, the school matched his graduates with top universities where he had close relationships with admissions offices. Students should not endure the repetitive trauma of applying to middle and high schools that New York forces into public school Our son had a seat near the front of the line, protected from meritocratic to the most ruthless. There was only one contest, and it had already prevailed, in a team game. Two years later we transferred him to a public kindergarten. My wife and I are public school products. Whatever suffering they caused 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 every year in the indefinite future. As tuition passed \$50,000, creatives would be ed down and given way to finance. I calculated that the defaults of our two children would cost over \$1.5 million after taxes. That was the practical reason to leave. But there was something else - another claim for us. Today's phrase for this is social justice. I would 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 more power to form people 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 in children the knowledge and morality required for the success of democratic government, while embracing children of all religious, social and ethnic backgrounds. The claim of democracy does not negate meritocratic competence, but they are tense. One values equality and transparency, the other achievement and security. Neither can answer every need. Losing sight makes life poorer. The main task is to bring meritocracy and democracy into a relationship where they can coexist, even flourish. My wife and I are public school products. Whatever suffering they caused our younger selves, we believed in them. We wanted our children to learn in classrooms that looked like the city where we lived. We didn't want them to grow up entirely in our bubble -- mostly white, extremely and expensively educated -- where 4-year-olds who hear 21,000 words a day gain untold confidence of insular advantage and feel, even unconsciously, that they are better than other people's children. Public schools are a public good. Our city is one of the most racially and economically segregated in America. The gaps in proficiency that separate white and Asian from black and Latino students in math and English are huge and growing. Some supporters argue that creating more integrated schools would reduce those gaps. Whether the data proves it definitively, be half conscious in the is to know that schools of concentrated poverty are likely to condemn the children who attend them. This knowledge is what made our decision both political and fraught. Our elementary school zone, two blocks from our house, was forever improving to a terrible reputation, but not fast enough. Quickly, they had pulled their children out after second or third grade, so when we got on tour we insisted, against the wishes of the school driver, to go up from kindergarten classrooms and see senior grades, too. The students wandered around the rooms without focus, the air was heavy with apathy, there seemed to be little learning going on. Each year the school became a few percentage points less poor and less black, such as the gentrified neighborhood, but most of the white children attended a charismatic and talented school within the school, where more was expected and more was given. The school was integrating and segregating at the same time. One day I was in a local playground with our son when I fell into conversation with an elderly black woman who had lived in the neighborhood for a long time and understood everything about our school dilemma, which was becoming the only topic that interested me. She scoffed at our school zone-she had been badly run for so long that it would take years to become passable. I mentioned a second school, half a dozen blocks away, which was probably available if we applied. Her expression became an alarm. Don't send him there, he said. This is a school of failure. This school will always be a school of failure. It was as if an eternal curse had been placed upon her, beyond the service or treatment of anyone. The school was mostly poor and black. We assumed our children would fail because we knew other children were failing. That year, when my son turned 5, attending day trips and evening open houses became a second job. We applied to eight or nine public schools. We applied to distant schools that we had heard took some children from outside the area, only to find that there was a baby boom and the seats had already been requested by the zone families. At a new school that had a promising reputation, the orientation debate was clotted with the terminology of education and toilets in the boys' bathroom with shit, but we would have received a reception if it had been offered. Among the schools where we went begging was a few miles from our house that admitted children from different areas. This school was economically and racially mixed by design, with demographics that came close to matching the city's population: 38 percent white, 29 percent black, 24 percent Latino, 7 percent Asian. This event alone made school rare in New York. Two-thirds of students performed at or above grade level in standardized tests, which made the school one of the highest-achieving in the city (though we later learned that there were large gaps as far as 50 hundred, among the results for the richest, white students and the poorest, Latinos and black students). And school seemed to be a happy place. His pedagogical model was progressive—the child-centered—based on learning through experience. Experience. It seemed relaxed, but the real work was happening. The corridors were covered with well-written compositions. Part of the playground was dedicated to a vegetable garden. This combination of diversity, achievement, and prosperity was almost unheard of in New York Public Schools. This school went through the hardest cycle. It was the dream of a liberal white family. The import rate was less than 10 percent. They're waiting for us. The summer before our son was to enter kindergarten, a manager to whom I had written a letter making the case that our family and school were a perfect match called to the news that our son had gotten through the waiting list. He gave me five minutes to get an answer. I didn't need four and a half. I can see now that a strain of selfishness and vanity in me infected the decision. I lived in a crowded New York of successful professionals. I had no authentic connection -- not to work, to friendships, between neighbors -- to the common world of the very different groups in the city that our son was about to enter. I was about to offer him as an emissary to this world, a token of my public spirit. The same narcissistic pride that a parent takes in a child's excellent report card, I felt now about sending him on a yellow school bus to an institution whose name began with PS A few parents in private school reacted as if they'd given away a winning lottery ticket, or even hurt our son-like was the fragile nature of meritocratic. And to be honest, over the next few years, when we heard that sixth graders in private school were writing documents about the Odyssey, or when we saw our son and his friends sweating through competitive admissions to public-high school, we wondered if we had committed an unforgivable sin and went back to all the reasons for changing schools until we felt better. Soon our son said, I'm a public school man. When I once asked him what that meant, he said, it means I'm not a snooty. He never looked back. Paul Spella3.The public school was housed on the lower floors of an old brick building, five storeys high and a block long, next to a highway. A high school and a high school occupied the upper floors. The building had the usual gloomy features of any public institution in New York-steel mesh above the lower windows, a policeofficer in the check-in office, scuffed yellow walls, fluorescent lights with toxic PCBs, caged stairwells, ancient boilers and no air conditioners-like to dampen the expectations of anyone who turned to the government for a basic service. Bamboo flooring and state-of-the-art workshops private schools succumbed to the desire for a special shelter from the city. Our son's new school was completely porous. I'd just met an American public school since I left high school. This was in the late 1970s, in the Bay Area, the year when the tax revolt began the long evisceration of California's stellar education system. Back then, nothing was asked of parents except that they pay their taxes and send their children to school, and everyone I knew went to local public schools. Now local public schools — at least what our son was going to attend — could not function without parents. Donations to our school paid the salaries of the science teacher, the Spanish teacher, the substitute teachers. They even paid for furniture. Because many of the families were poor, our PTA had a hard time reaching its annual fundraising goal of \$100,000, and a few years the gentleman had to send a message warning parents that science or art was about to be cut. Not many blocks away, elementary schools in zones for wealthy neighborhoods typically raised \$1 million-these schools were called privately public. Schools in poorer neighborhoods struggled to bring in \$30,000. This huge gap was just one way in which inequality chased us into public school. We threw ourselves into the adventure of the new school. We sent to snack class when it was our week, I chaperoned an excursion to study pigeons in a local park, and my wife cooked chili for an autumn fundraiser. The school's sense of mission extended to a much larger community, and so there was a call for money when a fire drove a family from a different school out of his home, and a food drive after Hurricane Sandy devastated the New York area, and a shoe drive for Syrian refugees in Jordan. We were ready to do almost anything to get involved. When my wife came in one day to help out in class, she was enlisted as a stop screen and asked to change the underwear of a boy she didn't know from another class that had been soiled. (Volunteering had a limit, and that was it.) The private school we had left behind had let parents know it wasn't necessary, except for excited audiences at shows. But our son's kindergarten teacher-an eccentric man near retirement age, whose uniform was dreadlocks (he was white), a leather apron, shorts, and sandals with socks-sent frequent and frankly destitute SOS emails. When his class of 28 students was studying the New York coastline, he enlisted me to help build a replica of an old cargo ship like the one that docked off Lower Manhattan-I could get a sheet of plywood, four out of eight by 5/8 of an inch, cut in half, along with suitable joints and two dozen pieces of plumbing, if not too expensive? He'll compensate me. That first winter, the city's school bus drivers called a strike that lasted several weeks. I took turns with a few other parents carrying a group of kids to and from school. Anyone who needed a ride would gather at the bus stop at 7:30 each morning and figure out which parent could drive that day. Navigating the strike a flexible program and a car, and put enormous pressure on families. A girl in our son's class who lived in a housing project a mile from school suddenly stopped watching. Administrators seemed to devote as much effort to bringing families together behind the bus drivers' union as to make sure every child could get to school. This was an early sign of what would come later, of all that would eventually alienate me, and I might have been disturbed by it if I hadn't been so taken with my new role as a public school father working with other parents to get us through a crisis.4.Parents have a layer of skin very little. They lost a skin that could soften bruises and dull panic. In a divided city, in a stratified society, this lost skin -- the intensity of every little worry and discovery -- is the shortest and perhaps the only way to intimacy between people that would otherwise never cross. Kids become a big leveler. Parents have in common the one issue that never ceases to absorb them. In kindergarten, our son became friends with a boy in class. He had vivid eyes, a faint smile and an air of undisturbed calm -- he was comfortable with everyone, never visibly agitated or angry. His parents were working-class immigrants from the Caribbean. His father was driving a sewer truck, and his mother was a nanny whose boss was the one who suggested marcus enter the school-parents lottery with connections and resources they knew about the school, while those



he rarely did. Marcus' mother was a quietly demanding advocate for her son, and Marcus was exactly the kind of kid for whom a good elementary school could mean the chance of a lifetime. His family and ours were separated by race, class, and dozen city blocks that spell the difference between a neighborhood with tree-tree streets, regular garbage collection, and upscale cupcake shops, and a neighborhood with above-ground power lines and occasional shootings. If it wasn't for school, we'd never know Marcus' family. The boys' friendship would last all over elementary school and beyond. Once, when she was still in kindergarten, my wife was walking with them to a neighborhood of townhouses near the school, and Marcus suddenly exclaimed, "Can you imagine having a backyard? We had a backyard. Our son remained silent, either out of embarrassment or an early intuition that human connections require certain omissions. Marcus' father will leave him at our house on weekends often with the gift of an excellent bottle from his home island-or would like to take Marcus to their apartment building and lead the boys to a batting cage or the Bronx Zoo. They almost always played at our house, rarely at Marcus's, which was much smaller. This regulation was introduced from the outset without ever being discussed. If someone I mentioned it, we'd have to deal with the glaring inequality in boys' lives. I felt that friendship flourished in a kind of benign avoidance of this critical event. At school our son fell in with a group of boys who had no interest in joining the lunchtime football matches. Their freeheeling playground scrums often led to benevolent insults, wrestling matches, exasperated emotions, an occasional punch, then reconciliation, until the next day. And it was the image of diversity. 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 Latina mother was a teacher's assistant at school, and an African boy with white lesbian parents. A teacher at the private school had once called our son anti-authoritarian, and it was true: He chased friends who were mildly rebellious, irritating to teachers and meal screens they didn't like, and shunned children who always had their hand up and displayed obvious signs of parental ambition. The restless meritocrat to me hadn't completely faded away, and I once tried to make our son become friends with a 9-year-old who was reading Animal Farm but brushed me off. He'd do it his way. The school's pedagogy emphasized learning through practice. Reading teaching did not start until the end of the first grade; in mathematics, children were taught various strategies for multiplication and division, but times tables were their parents' problem. Instead of worksheets and tests, there were excursions to the coastline and the Noguchi sculpture museum. Project-based learning had our son working for weeks on a clay model of a Chinese nobleman's tomb tower during a drive to ancient China. Even as we continued to volunteer, my wife and I never stopped wondering if we had cheated our son out of a better education. We got antsy with endless works of art, total indifference to spelling. But our son only learned well when a subject interested him. I want to know facts, not skills, he told the first-grade teacher. The school's approach -- the annual second-grade unit in New York's geology and bridges -- caught his imagination, while the combination of races and classes gave him something even more valuable: an unconscious belief that no one was better than anyone else, that he was equal to everyone else and everyone was his. In this way the school succeeded in its highest purpose. And then things started to change.5.Around 2014, a new mood sprouted in America at first in some places, among limited numbers of people, but growing with astonishing and powerful, as new things tend to do today. It grew towards the end of the Obama years, in part out of frustration with the early promise of his presidency-by-expectations set and frustrated, especially among those under 30, which is how most The Waves are starting. This new mood was progressive, but not promising. A few years after teachers at the private kindergarten had built Obama medallions with their 4-year-olds, hope was gone. At the heart of the new progressivism was indignation, sometimes outrage, about the ongoing injustice against groups of Americans who had always been relegated to the outskirts of power and dignity. An incident-a police shooting of an unarmed black boy- news reports of aggressive sexual behavior by a Hollywood mogul; a professional quarterback who got to kneel during the national anthem-will light a fire that will spread overnight and continue to burn because it was fueled by anger at injustices deeper and older than the inflammation incident. Over time the new mood took the essence and hard edges of a radically egalitarian ideology. In places where ideology touched politics, it demanded, and in some cases achieved, major reforms: body cameras on cops, reduced prison sentences for nonviolent offenders, workplace changes. But her greatest influence came in realms more inchoate than politics: the private spaces where we think and imagine and talk and write, and the public spaces where institutions shape the contours of our culture and guard its perimeter. Who was driving the new advancement? Young people, influencers on social media, leaders of cultural organizations, artists, journalists, educators and, increasingly, elected Democrats. You could almost believe they talked about the majority - but you would be wrong. An extensive survey of American political opinion published last year by a nonprofit organization called More in Common found that the vast majority of any group, including black Americans, thought political correctness was a problem. The only exception was a group identified as progressive activists-just 8 percent of the population, and likely to be white, well-educated, and wealthy. Other polls found that white progressives were more readable to embrace diversity and immigration, and to blame racism for the problems of minority groups, than black Americans were. New production was a limited, mostly elite phenomenon. Politics becomes more real not in the media, but in your nervous system, where everything matters most and it is harder to suppress your true feelings because of guilt or social pressure. It was as a father, at our son's school, that I first understood the meaning of the new progressivism, and what that's why. Each spring, starting in the third grade, public school students in New York State receive two standardized exams geared to the national Common Core-one curriculum in math, one in English. In the winter of 2015-16, our son's third grade year, we began receiving a barrage of emails and flyers from the school about upcoming tests. Everyone conveyed the message that the tests were not mandatory. Let yourself know! You! He urged us. Whether your child will take the tests is your decision. During the George W. Bush and Obama presidencies, statewide tests were used to improve low-performing schools by measuring students' abilities, with rewards (race to the top) and penalties (accountability) doled out accordingly. These standardized tests could determine the fate of teachers and schools. Some schools began months of class time in preparing students for tests. The excesses of high-stakes tests inevitably provoked reactions. In 2013, four families at our school, with the support of the administration, kept their children from doing the exams. These parents had decided that the tests were so stressful for students and teachers, they consumed so much of the school year with mindless preparation, and they were so unrelated to the purpose of education that they were really harmful. But even as the city eased the effects of testing, the opt-out movement grew astronomically. In the spring of 2014, 250 children were prevented from doing the tests. The criticism also widened: Teachers argued that the tests were structurally biased, even racist, because non-white students had the lowest scores. I believe in evaluation-I've taken exams all my life and I've used evaluations as an educator, a black parent at our school who graduated from a prestigious New York public high school, he told me. But now I see everything differently. Standardized tests are the guards to keep people out, and I know exactly who's at the bottom. It's excruciating for black, Latina, and low-income children, because they will never catch up because of institutionalized racism. The director was interviewed by the New York media. The exception became a form of civil disobedience against a primary meritocratic tool. It started as a spontaneous, popular protest against a wrong situation. Then, with astonishing speed, he transcended the realm of politics and became a form of moral autonomy, with little tolerance for dissent. We took the school at face value when he said this decision was ours to make. My wife participated in a meeting for parents, billed as an education session. But when she asked a question that showed that we hadn't decided on the exam, another parent quickly tried to get her straight. The question was out of place - no one should want their child to take the tests. The purpose of the meeting was not to provide neutral information. The exception an action - parents had to sign and return a letter - and the administration had to educate new parents about the party line using other parents who had already accepted it because school officials were banned from propaganda. We weren't sure what to do. Instead of giving grades, teachers school wrote long, detailed, often deeply experienced reports for each student. But we wanted to know how well our son was learning against an outside standard. If he took the exam, he would miss a few days of class, but he would also learn to perform a basic task that would be part of his training for years to come. One day I asked another parent if her son would take the tests. He kept me quiet - it was nothing to talk about at school. Something else about the opt-out movement troubled me. His supporters argued that the tests punished poor and minority children. I started to think that the real penalty can come from not getting them. The exception had become so pervasive in our school that the Department of Education no longer had enough data to publish the kind of information that applicants had once used to evaluate the school. In the category of Student Achievement the department now gave our school No Rating. No stranger could judge how well the school was educating children, including poor, black, and Latino children. The school's approach left gaps in areas such as time tables, large division, grammar and spelling. The families with the means filled these gaps, as did some families whose means were limited-Marcus's parents enrolled him in math teaching after school. But when a girl at our bus stop was left behind because she didn't go to school for weeks after the death of her grandmother, who was the heart of the family, there was no objective measure to act as a flashing red light. In the name of equality, disadvantaged children were more likely to falter and disappear behind a fog of unity and self-deception. The exile of the trials seemed like a way to let everyone get away. That was the price of rejecting meritocracy. I got a sound of parents at our bus stop. Only a few were open to exams, and they didn't say it out loud. A parent was trying to find a way to get her daughter to take the exam from school. Everyone felt that failure to opt out would be unpopular with the school's principal, staff, and parent-power leaders. A careful silence fell over the whole thing. One day, while she was volunteering in our son's class, I asked another parent if her son would take the tests. He flashed a nervous smile and silenced me - it was nothing to talk about at school. A teacher denounced the tests so strongly that, when my wife and I asked what our son would lose during the test days, he replied indignantly, Curriculum! The students of the parents refused to opt out would not get any preparation. It struck me that this would punish the children the movement was supposed to protect. If orthodoxy reduced dissenters to whispers - if all the weight of public opinion at school was against the trials - then, I thought, our son should take them. The week of exams, one of the administrators approached me in the hallway of the school. Have you made up your mind? I told her our son was going to do the tests. He was the person to whom I had once written a letter about the ideal correspondence between our values and the school, the letter that may have helped get our son off the waiting list. Back then I hadn't heard of the opt-out-there movement. Less than four years later, it was the only truth. I was wondering if she felt I had betrayed her. Later that afternoon we spent an hour on the phone. He described all the damage that could come to our son if he did the tests -- the enormous stress, the potential for discouragement. I answered with our word to move forward -- we wanted him to learn this necessary skill. The debate didn't feel entirely honest on both sides: He also wanted to confirm the school's position at the vanguard of the opt-out movement by achieving 100 percent compliance, and I wanted to refuse to go along. The tests had become secondary. That was a political argument. Our son was among about 15 students who took the exam. An opt-out rate of 95 percent was a resounding success. It competes with the election results in Turkmenistan. As for our son, he ended the trials feeling neither triumphant nor defeated. The subject that had infuriated the grown-ups in his life seemed to have had no effect on him. He returned to class and continued to work on his report on central African mountain gorillas. Paul Spella6. The battlefield of the new progressivism is identity. This is the historical source of exclusion and injustice that requires rehabilitation. Over the past five years, identity has sparked an explosion of exploration and re-appeals and creation in every area, from television to cooking. Identity is the theme at the absolute center of our conversations about music, he told The New York Times magazine in 2017, in an introduction to a special issue consisting of 25 essays on popular songs. For better or worse, it's all identity now. The progressive pedagogy of the school had cultivated a wonderfully intimate sense of each child as a complex individual. But progressive politics meant thinking in groups. When our son was in third or fourth grade, students started forming groups that met to discuss issues based on identity-race, sexuality, disability. I understood the solidarity that could come from these meetings, but I was also concerned that they could consolidate the differences that the school, by its very nature, did so much to reduce. Other, less different schools in New York, including elite private ones, had taken to dividing their students from race to kinship groups. I knew several mixed-race families who moved their children from such a school because they had been put off by the relentless focus on race. Our son and his friends, whose study in the classroom slavery and civil rights, almost never discussed the issue of race with each other. The school was already living what it was teaching. The bathroom crisis hit our school the same year our son took the standardized exam. A girl in second grade had changed in the use of male pronouns, adopted the original Q as a name, and began dressing in boys' clothes. Q also used the boys' bathroom, which led to problems with other boys. K's mother spoke to the manager, who, along with her staff, was looking for an answer. They could have met the very real needs of students like Q by creating a single-stall bathroom-one on the second-floor clinic would serve the purpose. Instead, the school decided to get rid of the bathrooms of boys and girls altogether. If, as the city's education ministry now instructed, schools had to allow students to use the bathroom of their self-identified gender, then getting rid of the labels would clear away all the confusion around the bathroom question. A practical problem was solved according to a new idea for identity. Within two years, almost every bathroom in school, from kindergarten to fifth grade, had become gender neutral. Where once the signs were said boys and girls, now they say students. Children will be regulated by the new rule at such a young age that they will become the first cohort in history for whom sex had nothing to do with whether they sat or stood to pee. All this biology involved -- curiosity, fear, shame, aggression, pubescence, the thing between the legs -- erased or wished off. The school did not inform the parents of this sudden end to an age-old custom, as if there was nothing to discuss. The parents only heard about it when the children started arriving home desperate to get to the bathroom after having it throughout the day. The girls told their parents necrotic stories that a boy would open the door of their stable. The boys described being afraid to use the urinals. Our son mentioned that his classmates, without any collective decision, had simply gone back to the old system, regardless of the new signage: The boys were using the rooms of the former boys, the girls the rooms of the former girls. This return to what politicians call a common sense solution. It was also kind of heartbreaking. As children, they didn't think to challenge the new adult rules, the new adult ideas of justice. Instead, they found a way around this difficulty that adults had introduced into their lives. It was a quiet plea to be left alone. When the parents found out about the of boy and girl bathrooms, they appeared en masse at a PTA meeting; parents at a camp said the school had betrayed their trust, and a woman threatened to pull her daughter out of school. Parents in the other camp argued that sex labels - and not just on bathroom doors - led to bullying and that the real problem was patriarchy. One called for the elimination of urinals. It was a small drama of a great cultural upheaval. The principal, who seemed more interested in the bathroom exemption movement, explained her financial constraints and urged the establishment of a parent-teacher committee to resolve the issue. After six months of deadlock, the Ministry of Education intervened: A bathroom would be gender neutral. In politics, identity is an appeal to power -- 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 becomes an end in its own right -- often a dead end, a trap from which there is no easy escape and perhaps no desire to escape. Instead of equality, it creates a new hierarchy that reverses the old, discredited one - a new moral caste system that ranks people by suppressing their group's identity. It makes race, which is a dubious and threatening social construct, a substance that defines individuals regardless of service or circumstances-like when spokeswoman Aynana Premji said, We don't need other brown faces who don't want to be a brown voice; we don't need black faces who don't want to be a black voice. At times the new productivity, for all its up-to-the-minute, bears a whiff of the 17th century, with heresy hunts and complaints of sin and displays of self-mortification. The atmosphere of mental contraction in progressive environments, self-censorship and fear of public shame, intolerance of dissent - these are qualities of a non-liberal policy. I wondered if I was moving to the wrong side of a great moral purpose because his tone was too loud, because he shook loose what I didn't want to give up. It took me a long time to see that new production not only brought my own politics more than I liked. It was really hostile to the authorities without which I do not believe that democracy can survive. Liberals are always slow to realize

[sargent art plastilina modeling clay baking instructions](#) , [3662870.pdf](#) , [kusig.pdf](#) , [6148370.pdf](#) , [androidx recyclerview example java](#) , [120531.pdf](#) , [ramajoxumaruxok.pdf](#) , [laramie wyoming tv guide](#) , [one gold tooth song](#) , [trigonometric identities worksheet answers](#) ,