

PART 2
HOW BRUCE LEE ALMOST MET CHOU EN-LAI: ANOTHER VIEW — FROM A PEACE CORPS VOLUNTEER IN ERITREA

Cynthia Tse Kimberlin*

Abstract

Part 2 is an account of the author's two-year tenure as a US Peace Corps Volunteer and subsequent visits to Ethiopia as a US election observer, Fulbright lecturer/researcher, and conferee. The content focuses on circumstances in which the author found herself and how she dealt with them as an outsider and as an American of Chinese descent living and working in Africa. She also alludes to aspects of her Peace Corps experience in Part 1 as they pertain to issues not clarified in Part 2. And occasionally she makes references about events occurring on dates not indicated within the specified timeframe for they were relevant to the discussion at hand.

Topics include: Foreigner in America, why the author joined the US Peace Corps, Walkout in Virginia, Peace Corps Service, Pebbles and Stones, Almost Meeting Premier Chou En-lai, Separate but not equal, Brown like us, Chuck Norris and Bruce Lee in Ethiopia, and general observations of her Peace Corps years.

INTRODUCTION

The US Peace Corps allowed me to live outside the USA, be independent, make my own decisions, and learn to communicate with people from a different culture I had never met and for which I had no previous knowledge. To help me acclimatize to living and teaching in Ethiopia, I underwent two months training at Georgetown University in the USA and an additional two weeks training at the Haile Selassie University 'Arat Kilo' campus in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia.²²

* American ethnomusicologist, California, U.S.A.

My remarks²³ will not be about valor or accomplishing amazing feats. In fact, as a Peace Corps volunteer, I did not do anything extraordinary. But, I was one of many who served in Africa who wanted to learn about a continent where I had never been. The politics and the tenor of that era sometimes collided, obligating me to confront issues that still resonate today. My presentation will not only focus on the Peace Corps in general, but will also speak to concerns relevant to Asian Americans and others in the Asian Diaspora.

On October 1, 1960 John F. Kennedy, on the campaign train in Michigan, proposed the idea first suggested by his brother-in-law Sargent Shriver, of a corps of Americans who would volunteer to serve their country through work in developing countries. This idea became a reality after President Kennedy signed an Executive Order 10924²⁴ on March 1, 1961 officially establishing the Peace Corps.²⁵ Shriver was appointed the first Director and the inaugural group of Volunteers left for Ghana later that year. Since then for more than four decades, over 163,000 volunteers have served as America's grassroots development agents in Africa, the Middle East, Southeast Asia, Latin America, and more recently in Eastern Europe and Central Asia. Locally, they promote education, health, agriculture, environmental protection and small business. (They live and work in environments similar to that of their host country's counterparts.)

Although the work of the Peace Corps is well known in over 134 countries where volunteers have served, its impact in the United States is not. Did you know that at home, some volunteers who served became members of the National Peace Corps Association? They mount programs such as global education, service, and peace building. They communicate with members of Congress and policy-makers through the Peace Corps advocacy program (health and education in developing countries). Also, they serve through the Emergency Response Network, a comprehensive list of Returned Volunteers available for short-term service overseas. e.g. to Angola for refugee relief, to Bosnia to monitor elections, or for domestic relief efforts in the aftermath of the September 11th event in 2001.

It is against this background I believe another aspect of the Peace Corps discourse ought to be heard and occurred to me while recalling the following incident:

FOREIGNER IN AMERICA (1962)

My Peace Corps Training took place during July and August of 1962 at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. I left for training from the San Francisco Airport and had to change planes in Dallas. While waiting for my connecting flight, a tall Texan man came up to me and asked if I was okay and if I needed directions anywhere. After landing at the DC Airport, I took a taxi to Georgetown University. The taxi driver welcomed me to DC and said that there are many people like me where I was going. When I finally arrived and registered, I went to the dining hall and saw, for the first time, many of the people with whom I would be training. Well, I didn't see anyone who looked like me at all during my entire training period. Sometime later at Georgetown I met the tall Texan again and we both had a laugh as he thought I was a foreign student coming to America for the first time to study.

Although this incident did not mean anything to me at the time, still it made me wonder if volunteers like myself, of Asian descent, and for other individuals who were not white shared similar experiences, or were these experiences typical for all volunteers, regardless of ethnicity? I believe it is important to address this and other such incidents if we are to have a full accounting of the Peace Corps experience. Collectively, reports by individual volunteers may reveal insights that have yet to be addressed. This is one such account.

Background

When I first thought about joining the Peace Corps, I never thought being an American of Chinese descent would matter at all. It may have, but not always in ways I would have imagined. Up until then I had never traveled outside the United States, rarely outside California. I spent my formative years growing up in San Francisco with my parents and older sister and younger brother. Although my mother graduated from Northwestern University as a dual English and philosophy major and worked in a Chinese souvenir shop in Chicago's Chinatown, my father did not allow her to work for monetary compensation after they married. Like many women of her generation born in China, she was not given the opportunity to be on her own from the time she was born to the time she married. My father came to the United States as a teenager from a village near Canton along the Pearl River Delta in Guangdong Province in southern China. He did not know English but eventually learned and became a physician

in Chicago. He then served for nine years on the Navaho Indian Reservation at Ganado, Arizona. Afterwards, he joined the US Army as a medical field physician, was eventually promoted to Lieutenant Colonel while in the Reserves, and later worked for the Veterans' Administration in San Francisco. He offered me this sage advice while I was a college undergraduate: "No matter what you become or how smart or well educated you are, people will look at your face and still think of you first as a Chinese".

My desire to see a world that I had yet to experience was answered when a friend threw down the gauntlet with a simple but direct challenge: Since I was interested in seeing the world, would I have the nerve to do something like join the Peace Corps. I met his challenge by applying at the end of my junior year. The following year, as I was about to graduate, I received a telegram stating I had been accepted into the Peace Corps training program and that I would be a teacher and a member of the first group going to Ethiopia. I was thrilled but at the same time quickly consulted a map as to where Ethiopia was.

¹After I returned to the USA and enrolled as graduate student at the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) I formally enrolled in an Amharic course.

²I would like to thank the Library of Congress Asian American Association for making my presentation possible. In particular, I would like to thank Vice President Ms. Shanta Marty and Ms. Jasmine Khan for coordinating this event. Also, I wish to thank my colleague Dr. Nora Yeh who first suggested my reminiscences about the Peace Corps might form the basis for an informative talk.

³1-101. The Peace Corps, which was established as an agency in the Department of State pursuant to Executive Order No. 10924 of March 1, 1961 (26 FR 1789), which was continued in existence in that Department under the Peace Corps Act (the "Act") pursuant to Section 102 of Executive Order No. 11041 of August 6, 1962 (27 FR 7859), and which was transferred to and continued as a component of ACTION by Executive Order No. 11603 of June 30, 1971 (36 FR 12675), shall be an agency within ACTION pursuant to the provisions of this Order. (National Archives and Records Administration Federal Register)

⁴The US Peace Corps traces its roots and mission to 1960, when then Senator John F. Kennedy challenged students at the University of Michigan to serve their country in the cause of peace by living and working in developing countries. This agency of the federal government grew to over 195,000 Peace Corps Volunteers serving in 139 host countries and currently works on issues focusing on AIDS education, information technology, and environmental preservation.

Somehow, I had been raised to believe that I was not a real American. It wasn't anything anyone said in particular but it was made clear by the attitudes of others around me. I remember junior high school civics' class during a lesson about citizenship. The teacher assigned each student to a category and without asking me, assigned me to the "Chinese", not the "American" category. It was not until 1962 when I looked at my first passport that stated in print on an official document that I was an American with all the privileges of citizenship. That was a revelation because people have referred to me as "that Chinese girl".

I shall relate to you incidents I encountered as a Volunteer and later in my professional career. As a first generation American, my reminiscences will evoke what it was like to heed the late President John F. Kennedy's call, to my knowledge, as the first American female of Chinese ancestry to serve in the United States Peace Corps. I was privileged to see and hear Kennedy speak to us on that windy afternoon on the White House lawn before leaving for my two-year tour of duty.

Eye- e-e-e-e²⁶ don't go! (1962)

Except for my paternal uncle, my entire family was aghast and horrified at what I was planning to undertake and they opposed this endeavor from the start. When I announced I was conditionally accepted into the Peace Corps and was going to train at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., their response was: dead silence. After my parents let this information sink in, they said, "think of this trip to Georgetown as a nice free vacation". After training, I returned home and told them I was leaving for Africa in a few weeks. Again, my family tried to dissuade me from going. My father even called my uncle at three in the morning pleading with him to talk to me saying "you are the only one she will listen to". The stereotypes from well meaning family members and friends came tumbling out—"you'll never get married", my mother wept. Another said, "There are jungles and animals out there" and a myriad of other remarks I would like to forget. But my uncle said to me, "If I were younger, your age, I would go with you." And so I went. Suffice it to say, one year later after my family and relatives watched me on television in a documentary, they revised their opinions about

¹A Chinese idiom in the form of an exclamation indicating surprise or disbelief about a statement or action

Ethiopia and about my decision to join the Peace Corps.

Walkout in Virginia (1962)

During Peace Corps training at Georgetown University, an episode took place concerning a colleague of mine; an African American Peace Corps volunteer who was a trainee like me. I remember it so well because he said, up until then he claimed he had never really experienced such overt prejudice until this incident. In a restaurant in neighboring Virginia, large groups of Peace Corps trainees were seated at tables and at the bar. A waiter told the American Peace Corps trainee he would not be served. Startled by this remark, he stood up and placed his hand on the side of his face, still standing there as if in a freeze frame mode and then a minute later, walked out. Taking a cue from him, all of us got up *en masse* and left the restaurant after him in almost total silence. This was a group of about 150 people. The incident even made the local news.

Peace Corps Service

My service commenced in 1962 as a member of the first group to Ethiopia. Some 320 of us were trained primarily for teaching assignments. I served in that capacity in Hamisien and Seraye regions, both located in what became part of Eritrea in 1993.

After arriving in the capital city of Addis Ababa, we were invited to meet Emperor Haile Selassie at the palace. Shortly after, I commenced my two-year tenure as a teacher of science and history at St. George Middle School in Mendefera (population 11, 500 in 1962, 17,000 in 2001) 30 miles south of Asmara (listed on maps as Adi Ugri). After school I taught music as it was my academic major in college. In addition, I also taught English to working adults.

Pebbles and Stones (1963)

After teaching in Mendefera for a year, I was transferred to a town called Decamere (population 3000 in 1963), located southwest of Mendefera. I was to spend my second year with another volunteer teaching English at the local high school. Before school commenced, I realized I needed to purchase household items. On market day where sellers and buyers came from all over the region, I decided to buy some kitchenware. After purchasing a few items and walking about, I began to be pelted with pebbles and stones. In startled confusion I soon

realized I was being stoned. When my colleague heard about this incident, she became more alarmed than I, and immediately reported it to the Peace Corps Director. Since the Peace Corps did not want this episode to escalate into an international incident, I was transferred out of the area two days later to the more cosmopolitan city of Asmara (pop 100,000 in 1963; 864,000 in 2001). Apparently, the local people of Decamere had never seen an Asian woman before going around telling folks she was an American teacher to boot. I was informed many years later that people said my features, especially my eyes, looked strange and therefore I must be some kind of a witch. At the time, I felt sorry for the people and community who did this to me and that they did it out of ignorance about foreigners and their customs. They did it due to their lack of knowledge about the diversity of people living in America.

Since then, I have recommended that the American Embassy and expatriate community make greater efforts to educate people of other countries about the people in the United States. But ignorance still persists. In 1977, I was one of three American scholars invited to join the new Music Department faculty at a university in West Africa. While the Music Department Chairman was out of town, the English Department hosted a dinner for the new American professors. For some reason I was not invited. Later it was learned the hosts did not realize that I was an American too. And as recently as 1996, a young Chinese American Fulbright scholar who lived in a town south of Addis, told me she felt “harassed every minute of every day” she was there because she looked different from other Americans. Unfortunately, Africans still tend to perceive Americans through the narrow lens of a black-white dichotomy.

During our two-month vacation in the summer of 1963, I spent the first month working at a Leprosarium constructing a school building outside Dessie in Wallo province, Ethiopia. When school started again, I taught high school English at Haile Selassie High School in Asmara using the simplified English version of numerous *Reader's Digest* books borrowed from the US Informational Agency and instigated a high school choral group. Unfortunately, during the Clinton era the USIA was removed from Ethiopia and the Voice of America operations were heavily reduced. In contrast, other countries especially France, Germany, Italy, and Britain for decades have had agencies in Ethiopia promoting cultural activities in a big way. Dane Smith, President of the National Peace Corps Association states the “Bush administration came into office with relatively weak interest in

relationships with developing countries... [But] September 11th [2001] shifted his focus overnight... In its wake... during his State of the Union message, came Bush's... proposal to double the number of Peace Corps volunteers over five years. The most recent development is a March 14 proposal by Bush to increase economic aid [for international programs] by \$5 billion over the 2004-06 period... [but] falls short of bringing funding... from one to two percent of the federal budget. That will continue to be the goal of the Coalition for American Leadership Abroad and the National Peace Corps Association."

SOME OF MY EXPERIENCES AND THE CHOICES I MADE DURING MY TENURE IN ASMARA INCLUDED:

Almost Meeting Premier Chou En-lai (1964)

In February of 1964 when Premier Chou En-lai from the People's Republic of China visited Ethiopia, Emperor Haile Selassie promised to establish regular diplomatic relations with Beijing. But he failed to keep his promise and so China spent the next few years training guerrillas who were fighting to free Eritrea from Haile Selassie's Rule. It was around this time that Chou En-lai came to Asmara. One day, he was walking almost alone down the street. I happened to be walking my bicycle across that street and spotted him near the intersection where three streets converged. An American official nearby promptly told me not to wave, greet him, or acknowledge him in any way. I surmised this was because of our American policy towards China and our anti communist stance. The situation was heightened even more because I was a Chinese American and foreign journalists and other observers including those from the Soviet Union would have a field day taking photos and explaining US-China relations if I actually did shake hands with the Premier. In retrospect, I should have met him.

Separate but not equal (1963)

At the time, I was not aware of South African apartheid and its devastating effect on an entire country. But it was about to affect me profoundly. A number of Peace Corps volunteers were planning to go to South Africa during their two-month leave. I naively assumed I would join these friends for this trip. The fact that I planned to join them put them in a quandary so the group assigned a good friend of mine the onerous task of informing me I could not join them because of South Africa's apartheid policy. If I had gone, I would have been segregated

from my colleagues practically the entire trip. Of all the incidences, this was the hardest to bear as it illustrated for me the most blatant form of racism. At first I simply could not believe this policy actually existed as it seemed so ridiculous but later I began to better understand the historical basis for the politics of that era and the struggle for the maintenance of power. But I could not understand why some of my Peace Corps colleagues still would actually want to visit South Africa when they knew other Americans could not. Instead I went to Egypt.

Brown like us! (1963)

After returning to Asmara from spending a month in Egypt where the sun shines all day, I didn't realize my skin color changed from light yellow to a dark copper tone brown until I returned to the classroom. And when I did, my students beamed with amazement with the statement that even startled me: "You're brown like us!"

After completing my service, I was given a choice of a plane ticket home or its equivalent in cash. I opted for the latter and traveled for seven months throughout Europe with no specific itinerary in mind.

Chuck Norris and Bruce Lee in Ethiopia (1992)

Later, as an ethnomusicologist specializing in the music of Africa, in particular Ethiopia and Eritrea, I returned to Ethiopia a number of times. Foreign films exported to Ethiopia continue to reinforce racial stereotypes. In 1992 almost thirty years later, I was invited to be a member of the official USA Election Observer team where I was assigned to evaluate election procedures in 17 towns in Tigre, Ethiopia. A member of the Dutch observer team from Holland accompanied me. The following incident is excerpted from an article I wrote and published in 1999 titled "Army Tanks for War into Church Bells for Peace". In it I described how the people in the region perceived us:

Due to the long imposed travel restrictions (1974-May 1991) Ethiopians have come to regard anyone from outside their own region as a foreigner. In the small towns of Region One where most Ethiopians only saw individuals from other countries via the media, their perception of outsiders was shaped by movies, videos, and posters, as well as by hearsay. As an Asian American traveling with a Dutch male colleague, I was therefore to experience some unusual reactions. We were thought to be at various times English, Italian, German, Russian,

Japanese, and Chinese. We were even given the names of popular stars of martial arts films. [This film genre was popular because dialogue was secondary to the action and not as critical to understanding the story line. In addition, since these films were often an individual's only exposure to Asians in films, Ethiopians tended to associate Asians with the martial arts.] My colleague was referred to as "Chuck Norris," and I was addressed as "Bruce Lee"... Because I am female, Bruce Lee (pronounced "Bru-sah Lee" by Ethiopians) was sometimes altered to Rosa Lee (pronounced "Ro-sah Lee")...²⁷

According to writer Philip Snow, author of *The Star Raft: China's Encounter with Africa* (1988) by the early 1980s the best-known Chinese in Africa in popular culture was not Mao Tse-Tung but Bruce Lee.

Observations of my Peace Corps Years

I have attributed the following five observations in some measure to my early Peace Corps experience.

- (1) There is a stereotype of Asians, in particular Chinese Americans, that we all want to be doctors, scientists, and engineers and with few exceptions, we are not particularly concerned about public service. This notion continues to be perpetuated because, in part, we have not been as diligent as we could, documenting in a comprehensive manner Asian American history. Unfortunately, the Peace Corps maintained no statistical records of Asian Americans and dates of service until 1989, twenty-eight years after the Peace Corps program commenced. Since then over 1200 Asian Americans have served. In contrast, the situation is different with African Americans, who, through their own initiative, sought to compile statistics about their history including information about volunteers who served since 1961.

Thus, it is imperative to make sure the history of Asian Americans be told and made known, not only in the United States, but throughout the world. Their individual and collective contributions in all fields of endeavor should be recognized and maintained on data base systems, in various print formats including updating and making more comprehensive the biographies based on the 6-volume 1995 *Asian American Encyclopedia* edited by Franklin Ng and John Wilson. No matter how many times I've returned to Ethiopia, many Ethiopians still do not believe I am an American because what they see and hear in the media primarily

relates to the black-white dichotomy. When I meet foreign visitors who visit the Bay Area²⁸, I always ask them what they find most interesting about San Francisco. They inevitably say there are “so many Asians” and are surprised they comprise over one-third of the city’s population.

- (2) The fact that we as volunteers chose to leave the familiar and material comforts of America to live and work in an entirely new environment forever changed us. It gave us a broader frame of reference and made us realize a completely different way of seeing the same thing. In our work—whether by geography, culture and language—all these separations between “us” and “the other” are inevitably forgotten for the time being. That something—once was so strange and new—is now so familiar that it is no longer separate but became a part of me.

Some experiences forced us to make independent decisions; to take a stand against injustices wherever and whenever they occur; to be not bitter about how you are treated because of ignorance and misconceptions; realize that how Americans conduct themselves abroad, could have serious and unintended consequences; that policies of other countries advocating superiority of one group over another should cause us to take stock of America’s own civil rights history; the specter of prejudice can rear its ugly head at any time and anywhere and it may not appear evident to others; and that the media is a powerful tool in exporting American culture influencing how others view us.

- (3) If you try to measure the success of the Peace Corps in economic terms, you will miss the point. Or if you measure it in terms of dollars spent, you might consider that by the time you have read this essay, the Pentagon will have already spent the equivalent of the annual budget for the Peace Corps (264 million dollars in 2001).

¹*Both actors were born in the United States although it is often assumed that Lee was born in Hong Kong (actually born in Oakland, California) because he lived there for a time. They gained their reputations first as martial arts experts and later as actors in action films. Although media censorship during the Mengistu regime was extensive, action films like those made by Lee and Norris were acceptable because the dialogue was secondary to action, and translation into the various Ethiopian languages was therefore not essential to a basic understanding of the plot.*

²*It refers to a metropolitan region that surrounds the San Francisco and San Pablo Bays located in Northern California.*

I was able to observe the consequences of United States involvement in foreign affairs even down to watching out of the corner of my eye the stereotypical Soviet looking spies sitting in the local café bar we habituated—trench coats, sun glasses and all—listening to our conversations which must of driven them crazy; I learned much about the United States from an outsider perspective; I learned to reevaluate my own notions about African history, politics, religion, and the various art forms; I learned that successful students do not need all the physical trappings of education but only excellent teachers who can speak about the topic at hand with passion and their ability to improvise and teach without books, blackboards, desks and chairs; that students who want to learn will learn even if they have to study under the street lights in the evening; today some of these former students are leaders in their own country and abroad.

- (4) Being passionate about what we did and compassionate toward the people with whom we worked were two factors that enabled us to continue our work. It was under these circumstances that I began my lifelong interest in African music and which prompted me to become an ethnomusicologist. Although music was not an official assignment, on my own initiative, I learned their songs and dances and we reciprocated by performing music we knew including folksongs and square dances. Although I have since studied other musics, none has had greater impact than that first experience of hearing Ethiopian and Eritrean music in Africa.
- (5) One of the most common questions that I am asked is what did you do and how did it help them. Most people who go into the Peace Corps go with the belief that they are going to give, but in reality, almost all of us end up receiving. What one gives and receives may not be known even to the Volunteer and its impact may not be realized for a long time as exemplified by the following two examples.

Gordon Radley, former President of Lucas Film, served as a volunteer in Malawi joining after university undergraduate study. Up until that period, his life was all about achievement; you do well, you get an A, you don't do well, you don't get an A. You're constantly judging the effectiveness of what you do and it wasn't what he did that his experience was all about. This fact was brought home to Radley during a farewell party before he left the country. Community members all stood up and gave speeches. The oldest guy in the village was the last one

and said; “I thought for a long time, ‘Why are you here?’ Before you came, the children would have run from a white person. Now when you come, they run up to you, and you have taught our children not to fear the other” That had nothing to do with any of his programs but at a basic level, that was the greatest impact he had on them.

The second example has to do with Tygrinya songs I recorded in 1962-63. I transcribed twenty-three of them in written notation so I could study them. Then I essentially put them away for thirty-seven years. But during that time, I returned to Ethiopia in 1972 to conduct a yearlong study. Using over 96 reels of 7- and 5-inch tapes, I recorded music of the Amhara, Oromo, Tigre, and Tygrinya as well as other musics and genres including Adari music from Harrar, the capital of the Sunni Moslems and Somali music from Jigjiga. Two years later in 1974, Emperor Haile Selassie was overthrown by a military coup that marked the beginning of a 17-year Revolution lasting until 1991. During that period, love songs, songs of a religious nature, and indigenous musical instruments associated with religion were banned in public and in the media, including many songs I recorded—giving priority to songs of propaganda containing the virtues of the Mengistu regime.

A friend of mine who played the b@g@na wrote in a letter to me lamenting the fact no one heard his music any longer as he was forbidden to teach it at the music school and it could not be heard in the public domain. His comment coupled with the ban on music compelled me to publish a selection of my 1972 field recordings, which resulted in the UNESCO LP, disc *Ethiopia III: Three Chordophone Traditions*, published in Germany in 1986 by Musicaphon. If people in Ethiopia could not hear this music, then I wanted the rest of the world to be aware of it. After 1991, the ban on music was lifted. This recording was reissued in France as a CD in 1996 by Auvidis. Since 1992, Alemu Aga has returned to performing in his own country again. He has also performed in France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, and England.

The impact of the Revolution, technological advances, and the influx of foreign music agents representing multi-national corporations looking for new musical talent in which to invest, changed the face and nature of music in Ethiopia. These ramifications made me think about those twenty-three Tygrinya songs again, reminding me how great the chasm had become between the music I witnessed

decades earlier and much of the music I hear now. On a visit to Ethiopia in November 2000, I took a tape of these Tygrinya songs to Addis Ababa and played them to some young people I met and discovered they did not know anything about these songs but some of their parents and grand parents did. A major reason the songs were not familiar was due, in part, to political conflicts and war.

It was then that I decided to make these Tygrinya songs accessible through a work I'm preparing titled "No One Dared": Twenty-Three Tygrinya Songs from Mendefera, Eritrea and Beyond." Along with commentary and analysis, these songs will serve as an historical document of an oral tradition of a certain place and time. One could say I am returning these songs to the people who first gave them to me in hopes that the next generation will learn and enjoy them, and pass them on. Tygrinya songs of that era appear to share characteristics similar to songs found in the East, thus opening up new avenues of inquiry about possible links between the music and the arts of Asia and the Horn of Africa.

I've often asked myself, when did I really begin to travel? When I was growing up in San Francisco, my parents allowed my older sister and I to explore the City on Saturdays. At that time parents did not seem as concerned about matters of safety and security and besides, public transportation was cheap. The City was my world and I was free to travel without a passport—to other neighborhoods, each as interesting and invigorating to me as the last. These explorations in the world of my childhood transformed into the world at large where I continue to explore, not only in the physical sense, but also in the regions of my mind. Part 3 that follows summarizes my experiences encapsulated with a set of observations that may prove useful in management situations.