Carol Gilligan: I'm Carol Gilligan. I'm a psychologist. You talk about psychology, that's the logic of the psyche. That's our inner world. So it's our sense of our self and also how we think about how we move in the world. I was doing a study of women who were pregnant and thinking about where they're going to have the baby. It was right after the US Supreme Court decision in Roe v. Wade that said a woman had a right to make a decision, and a woman has moral agency, she can make this decision. I remember sitting I was home that year with my children. I would read through these interviews. What struck me was women's using the word selfish to describe whatever she wanted to do, whereas the ideal was do what other people wanted her to do or thought she should do. How does a woman bring in her own voice without feeling that she's being selfish and a bad woman? Morality came in that way. Women started to question whether to be selfless. Selflessness was an abdication of voice. It was acting as if I have no voice and an evasion of responsibility and relationship. It was being absent rather than present. I realized that I had had a problem with the way in which psychology was talking about identity and morality, but I'd never said anything about that. It was more about relationships and connection and how your actions would affect other people than about abstract principles of right and justice. That's what led me to write about a different voice and how, in a sense, women hadn't been or people who spoke that voice because it wasn't just women were not heard and were not understood, and that wasn't valued. This really what I came to call an ethic of care, and that's when I tell the story about my friend Dora Julian comes over and I say to her, Dora, I think I understand why these people Freud and Ericson and Coleberg and Piaget have so much trouble understanding women because I think women are starting from a different premise of relationship rather than separateness. She says to me, That's really interesting. Why don't you write about it? I thought, You think that's interesting. It was the first time I wrote for no reason. It wasn't for anything. And then there's a really good story because I write this paper and I call it in a different voice, women's conceptions of self and morality. It starts to circulate among the graduate students, like Semis Dot, like an underground thing. I wrote that paper for myself to try to make sense. Finally, I thought, I can make sense of something I have experienced of being in the midst of a conversation which seemed to me somewhat missing something that I knew about. My husband is my best person to read my writing to my poor husband. It's like, Can I read you this again, you know, for the fifth time? My husband, [LAUGHTER] You've got the work that you're doing now? My grandson, Noah, he reads my writing, and he edits.

Noah: You did years ago. I'm not sure if that has changed.

Carol Gilligan: One of the things that Noah said was that he thought that at the time when I wrote, the gender issues were simpler than they have become right now. I wrote in a human voice because it suddenly became clear to me I can say it's like three things that the different voice that initially was heard as a feminine voice. I could hear it as feminine, 'cause it was about emotion and relationship is, in fact, a human voice. The second thing is the voice it differs from is not a man's voice. It's a patriarchal voice. Listen for the gender binary. Reason is masculine, emotion is feminine, and the gender hierarchy privileging reason over emotion. And third, when patriarchy is inforce or enforced, the human voice is a voice of resistance, which I think is incredibly hopeful because, of course, it's a voice in all of us. Care ethics is an ethics of liberation. It's an ethic that guides us in freeing democracy from patriarchy. I say to my students, Notice what happens when you replace judgment with curiosity. Instead of judging, you become curious, I mean, and to listen for within each of us for the human voice. I think this work, which is based on research, years now, and years of one study leading to another study, is very hopeful. That's my message. Thank you. Well, thank you so much for being here. My talk is called The Audacity of Listening. Last June, when I was still absorbing the news that my work had been chosen for the Kyoto prize, I received an email from the Japanese translators of my 2023 book in a Human Voice. It was my use of the English word audacity that prompted them to write. They wanted to know had they understood me correctly? Previously, audacity had been translated as the Japanese words for boldness and daring. But I had written about the audacity of love and of caring, and as the translator said, it was "a kind of boldness that may appear arrogant to social norms because it challenges patriarchy, hierarchy, and injustices that are otherwise ignored or

overlooked." It was a sort of daring, they said, that risks norms and the current state of relationships for the sake of renewed norms and transformed relationships. I had devoted the final chapter of my book to the work of three filmmakers, three men, artists, all of them, artists working in the mainstream, who in their films had shown a stunningly audacious act, a boldness that flew in the face of hierarchy and that transformed relationships. Paul Schrader, one of the filmmakers, said this was the film that he had always wanted to make. Paul Thomas Anderson used the word audacious to underscore the daring of the act that was needed to break through an armored self. In effect, Spike Lee echoed his sentiment. I saw this as Act 2 of the drama that had been set in motion in a different voice. The different voice I had identified as an ethic of care, although initially heard as a "feminine voice, " had come into the mainstream as an audacious act of love. Now for you. Some months after, you just saw a little of it in that first film with the orchestra playing that extraordinary, exquisite ceremony in Kyoto in November. Being here with you in San Diego, still overwhelmed by the recognition of this extraordinary prize and daunted by the responsibility to keep alive the hope for humanity that the Kyoto prize sustains. What strikes me is that my work began twice, so to speak, with what I saw at the time as a simple act. I listened. First to women and then to girls. Both times, and especially with the girls, I discovered the audacity of listening because in both instances, by listening, I disrupted a story and broke a silence. I was writing about an ethic of care and then about a healthy resistance to losses that compromise our humanity and especially with the girls, because girls are everywhere, and the work had received a lot of attention. I often felt as if I had put my finger in an electric socket. Which led me then to ask, what is the investment in not talking about care and the realities of responsibility and relationships and interdependence. And what is at stake in the silencing of girls? I had started out listening to women who were deciding whether to continue or to end a pregnancy, and I found myself writing about the tensions between democracy and patriarchy and about the audacity, the boldness of love and of caring in the face of pressures to silence the self. I found myself engaged in a drama about voice and silence. Would you like to know what I think, or would you like to know what I really think? A woman had asked me one day, early on in my research. I had asked her to respond to a moral dilemma, one of the problems psychologists use to assess a person's stage of moral development. What she was telling me was that she had learned to think about morality in a way that differed from how she really thought. I learned to listen not only for what was said, but for a voice that goes undercover. I was astonished to discover that people will often signal the shift from saying what they think to saying what they really think or how they actually feel or what they would say if they were to say, if they were to be quite honest. I learned to listen for the words really and actually and for the phrase, to be honest. I found myself asking, does a human voice go undercover? The voice that says what I really think and feel, what I know firsthand on the basis of my experience, the voice that says what I would say if I were to be honest. I learned that if I wanted to hear what had become an undervoice, I had to recognize and then to question the cover voice. Is that true? Do you really believe that? Do you really feel that way? I found myself asking early on in the studies with girls, and then I would hear the word actually. This is how I actually feel. This is what I really think. This is what I know, which brings me back to the audacity of listening. Listening not only to what is said, but also to what is not said, the conversation under the conversation. Listening in a way that holds the potential for transformation. I love the line in Spike Lee's film, where the main character, a Black man, the Black Klansman, says to the white Jewish cop who becomes his cover, what makes you think you don't have skin? What makes you think that you don't have skin in the game, brother, which is to say we are all in this together. I will tell you something about myself. I will tell you some of what I have come to know about listening and how to listen if you want to hear a voice that has receded into silence. And having just won the prize in Arts and Philosophy, I feel compelled to make a confession. Although my degree is in psychology, and my research has been in psychology, I do, in fact, have 1 foot in the arts and one in philosophy. I have just completed a novel called solstice that will be published next summer, this coming summer. The story, which is about a marriage and a family, spans three generations and takes place on three continents. Eve is a dancer and a choreographer gave her husband was a child on the Kinder transport. That is, the trains that

took children to safety on the eve of World War II. He is now a journalist covering the Middle East. The questions raised by their children, how do you know what is true? How do you know what you can trust are philosophical questions. Questions about knowing. They take us back to the Garden of Eden story and forward to the opening night. Have a controversial ballet. It was Chekhov. The great Russian writer who said that the role of the artist is to ask questions, not to provide answers. Within a human voice, I did provide answers to questions that had been dogging me for years. The different voice is, in fact, a human voice. The voice it differs from is a patriarchal voice. Listen for the gender binaries and hierarchies, because in contrast to democracy, patriarchy is an order of living based upon gender. Perhaps most poignant, given this present moment of backlash and reversal, where patriarchy is forced or enforced, the human voice is a voice of resistance, and care ethics is an ethics of liberation. It is a guide to it is the guide to preventing moral injury and to freeing democracy from patriarchy. I had reached the end of the road that began within a different voice, and I find myself now in an unfamiliar place. It was striking to me that in their second email sent at the end of last summer, my translators wrote that, after much discussion, they had concluded that what was needed was a new word. I got to put on my glasses. There was no Japanese equivalent for my use of the English word audacity. None that conveys the nuance and the complex implications of daring to risk relationships for the sake of transforming relationships. The solution they came to was to combine two existing Japanese words, the word futai, which means insubordinate, and the word fusen, which means unhumbled and then to add the word for boldness, thus creating a word that means insubordinate and unhumbled boldness. A word that conveys the audacity, the boldness of releasing care ethics from subordination, that is from being considered "feminine", or in Kantian terms, a supererogatory duty, meaning not obligatory or essential, and also from a humility that had stood in the way of saying what needed to be said. One of the first things that caught my ear in listening to women was hearing a woman use the word selfish for whatever it was she wanted to do. I have to say, I still hear graduate students use the word selfish for what they consider to be their question, the question they want to ask. So one of the first things, and this was in the 1970s when I started the study that involved listening to women. I was hearing a woman use the word selfish for whatever she wanted to do. If she wanted to have the baby, that was selfish. If she wanted to have the abortion, that was selfish. It was her wanting to do it that made it selfish, in contrast to considering it good and responsible to be called selfless. That is to do what others wanted her to do or thought she should do. In the name of morality, women were rendering themselves "selfless", responsive to others, but seemingly without a voice of their own. In the study with pregnant women considering abortion, if the woman wanted to have a baby, as I said, that was selfish if she wanted to have an abortion. That was selfish. But at that time, and I mean, the history of this is really important for understanding my work. It was in 1973 that the Supreme Court in this country, meaning the highest court of the land, in contrast to all the people the traditions and people who encourage women to be selfless, to act as if women had no voice or no legitimate voice or no moral agency, the highest court of the land said to women in this country, you have a decisive voice and you have moral agency. It was at that moment that I heard women question the morality of selflessness, seeing it as morally problematic as an abdication of voice that is acting as if one had no voice, and an evasion of responsibility and relationship. To care, to be responsible, in fact, it's necessary to be present in relationship with oneself and with others, to pay attention, and as one woman said, to be as awake as you can and to know as much as you can about where you are walking. That is, to step in rather than step away. The research with girls exposed to paradoxical choice, a choice between having a voice and having relationships. Paradoxical because without a voice, you're not in relationship. Paradoxical because for the sake of having "relationships", you're giving up on relationship. I heard girls articulate this predicament with surprising clarity. If they said what they were feeling and thinking, no one would want to be with them. As one girl said, "My voice would be too loud." But if they didn't say what they were feeling and thinking, no one would be with them. Either way, they would be all alone, giving up relationship for the sake of having "relationships", it was a sacrifice that marked the initiation of girls into an order of living that depends for its continuation on the silence of women, on the willingness of women to just go along with the way

things are. Just last year, I was interviewing a high school junior, part of a study called Breaking the bargain, meaning the bargain of silence that patriarchy makes with women. She was a student at a top school for girls, and when she said, "I hold myself back for the sake of deeper connections." I said, "Can I ask you the obvious question?" She told me that she was "Okay for the moment," with "letting it fall by the wayside." "It was," she explained, "a battle not worth fighting." But the battle for relationship is a battle worth fighting. It's essential for love and also for democracy. Here is where audacity comes in, and more specifically, the need for an insubordinate and unhumbled boldness. The translators put it this way, "We found it powerful to recognize that audacious love and care are essential to overcoming the relational and social challenges we face. My work has led me to an edge. What I have now are questions. In the spirit of checkoff, perhaps we can only discover the most profound human truths through the arts, because to get out of the binds we are in, to break through dissociation or not knowing, we need to work in an associative mode. Otherwise, and all too easily, we become trapped in outmoded ways of thinking and speaking. What is needed now is a different voice, a new word, an unfamiliar way of speaking. I began with what turned out to be the audacity of listening, and I've come to a place where I think I understand the strength of the investment in women's silence. I said I would tell you something about myself. I was born and raised in New York City, the much wanted and much loved only child of Jewish parents whose parents had immigrated to the United States from Europe, at the end of the 19th century, thus escaping the fate that was to befall the Jews of Europe in the 20th century. To my parents, America was the land of opportunity, and they lived the American dream. My father was born in the backroom of a dairy store, and he went to college on scholarship and became a lawyer. My mother, who was an artist by nature, worked for a literary journal and an interior decorator before going back to college and becoming a nursery school teacher. I grew up with my mother singing to me in French and German, as well as in English. In school, I learned French and Hebrew and then Latin. I played the piano and learned to track the lines of a fugue and to follow the voices in a counterpoint. In high school, I sang in madrigal group and choruses. In college, I studied literature, and it was the time of new criticism when one learned how to analyze a text in its own right and on its own terms to ask how the narrative was structured to pay attention to metaphors and symbols, to notice repeated words and also the silences, to ask about point of view and whether or not the narrator was reliable. I say all this because when I started to do my own research, after I had finished graduate school, after I had my PhD, after I had married and become the mother of three children, after I had registered voters in the civil rights movement and marched to protest the war in Vietnam and worked to stop the atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons, when I was teaching very part-time at Harvard, inspired by the work of Erik Erikson and Lawrence Kleberg, but with no particular aspirations of my own when my husband had finished medical school and thus was coming into a position where he could support our family, all of which is to say, when I had a certain freedom, to do what interested me, and I was curious about how people think about themselves and how morality comes into play. At times in life when you come to a place where the roads diverge and you have to decide which way will I go, questions I was struggling with in my own life. I began interviewing people who were in this situation, who had come to a crossroads in their life. As you know, as it happened, I was interviewing women, and I did what I knew how to do. I listened for different voices, and I listened to people in their own right and on their own terms rather than fitting them in to this or that psychological theory. If you ask me who I am, I would say, I am a woman who listens to this day. Given the choice, I would rather listen than speak. Listening is how I get my bearings, how I find out where I am and what's going on. At a certain point in my education, I discovered that if I listened to what I was taking in about psychology and about morality, it became harder for me to listen to myself and trust my experience. If you ask me who I am, I would say that I am a novelist who wandered into the field of psychology and listened and then at a certain point, wrote about what I heard. I love the empirical foundation of my research. It's grounding in experience. You can hear what I heard, for example, by listening to girls. As I tell my students, the psychological world is open all day, every day. Although you cannot see the psyche, you can hear it. It's a matter of learning how to listen. When you have a psychological question, how to listen for the associative logic

of the psyche, for a both and logic that resists either or categories, and how to listen for the polyphony of voices that speak within and around us and track their interplay or counterpoint. If discovery is your object, how to pay attention, not to what you already know, but to what you don't know, that is to what surprises you. "Everyone here is really nice," Ella says. She's 14, a ninth grader at her new school. She's moved with her family across the country, and starting a new school, she needs to make new friends. She's taking part in our current study with girls, part of the radical listening project. When she says, speaking of her new school and the challenge of making new friends, "Everyone here is really nice." What would you say? Think about it. What would you say? The interviewer, a woman, says, "Everyone?" How do you hear this? What would you have said? In response, Ella says, "Well, actually, that's a lie. I don't know why I said that." Meaning why she said that everyone here is really nice. She knew it wasn't true. What would you say now? The interviewer is curious. "Why do you think you said that?" She asks, and Ella says, "Some people feel more judgmental." In fact, Ella knows why she said what she knew to be a lie. It was because of judgment. She knew that girls are judged on the basis of whether or not they are nice. If the interviewer hadn't said anything, she wouldn't know what Ella knows. I teach a class on listening. I would love to continue. But I want to read you a scene from my novel. It's where the Garden of Eden story comes in with a character named Eve, because in my experience, characters tend to arrive with their names. It was inevitable that at some point I would ask why Eve? At least in the Western tradition, eating the fruit of the tree of knowledge is the original act of insubordinate and unhumbled boldness. The scene is a conversation between two women when they meet they are strangers. Eve, the dancer is spending the year in Amsterdam, doing a residency with a Dutch dance company, and she will choreograph a piece for them. On the day in question, she has ridden her bicycle out into the country. "The willows were yellow with spring." When she comes to a village and sees a small restaurant, she gets off her bike. Reading the word soup on the handwritten menu outside the restaurant, she decides to go in. Sana, a Dutch woman greets her. She and her husband own the restaurant, and the carrot soup made by her husband is their special. She shows Eve to a table by the window. Here's to seen. The fresh ginger cut the sweetness of the carrots, and the warmth of the soup spread through her. She tore a slice of the thickly seeded dark bread and felt her mind settle into the quiet of this village restaurant. Sana turned the sign in the window; Gesloten, the restaurant was closed. The lunch hour was over, and when she brought Eve her coffee, the other diners had left. "Do you have time to sit down?" Eve, asked. Sana glanced toward the kitchen, "I'll get my tea." When she came back, she brought a small piece of cake. "It's my daughter's favorite, the apple cake." She balanced the cake on Eve's saucer. "Do you have children?" I have two sons and then a daughter. She's in Kenya now with a Peace Corps. My daughter is also the adventurous one. She's living in Iceland, training ponies. My husband didn't want her to go. With us, it was the opposite. I was the one who didn't want Sophie to go. I thought she was going because of her boyfriend was going, and I didn't like the boyfriend. I never thought of Sophie as adventurous, but now it turns out I was wrong. Or being in Africa has changed her because now she's broken up with a boyfriend, and it really has become an adventure. She surprised herself by talking so freely to this Vermeer-like Dutch woman with her broad hips and muted clothes. It turned out they both had lost their fathers. Sana said that her father had died that year early in the summer. Eve said her father had died last spring. It was a difficult time. Sana looked down in her eyes overcast with what Eve took to be a tacit acknowledgment of her loss. Eve straightened her back and leaned forward. I mean, she said. It was a difficult time for me to lose my father. He wanted to die, and I felt selfish for wanting him to live, but it was a difficult time in my marriage. Sana gave her that sighing look that married women give when the subject of difficulty in marriage comes up. She glanced at Eve's bare hand. I didn't think you were married. I'm not, she said. I mean, technically, I am, but she wasn't sure how to finish the sentence. I'm here on my own. The afternoon sun angled through the window with its insistent February light. The room felt hot. A faint smell of ginger hung in the air. What was it about marriage that she was reluctant to talk about? For all the closeness that she felt with her mother, she knew surprisingly little about her parents' marriage beyond the surface details. None of the intricacies of two people, their lives meshing and

not, and even more surprising when she thought about it, she never had asked. She wondered about Sana's husband peeling carrots, the inspiration of the ginger. Here, tasted, extending the spoon, Sana saying yes to him, it's just right or maybe. That's not what she said. Then he would feel chastened adding more ginger or whatever it was that she said the soup needed. Later, when people complimented the soup, would he say it was for inspiration? With Gabe, she praised his work unsparingly. It was how she felt about his writing. Whereas he would point to something she had overlooked, something as he put it, she might want to consider. Or he'd say that she assumed people knew what she was saying, when, in fact, they often didn't know or couldn't tell what the dance was about. She said she assumed we all have the same feelings, we all want to be loved, and we're all afraid of death. Her work was about feelings we have in common. She was aware of this difference between them, but she told herself, that's pretty much how things are. Sana was telling her about her father. He was a pastor, and during the war, he had been active in the resistance. It was extremely dangerous, then, for anyone to speak openly and especially for him. He spoke to his congregation through his sermon, through his sermons, choosing passages from the Bible so no one could object. Sana was a teenager then. She remembered one Sunday late in the war. The resistance was active around our town. An RAF pilot, Royal Air Force pilot, had been shot down, and members of the resistance had gotten to him before the Germans did. They brought him to our house to stay while they prepared false papers for him, and my mother was very tense. She told my father he mustn't do anything that could draw attention to himself. The reading at church that Sunday was from Genesis, the story of Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden. Sana English was fluent, close to fluent, but since she pronounced Adam Adam with the accent on the second syllable and called the woman Ava, as though the E's were A's, at first, Eve wasn't sure who she was talking about. But then she spoke about the tree, the tree of knowledge, good and evil. She said, That was the subject of the sermon. Sana picked up her cup as if to take a sip, but then she put the cup down and lowered her voice. I remember the day so clearly. My father began by asking the congregation, why is that tree in the garden? The tree is in the garden in nature, he said, because it is in our nature to know good and evil. He was telling the good Dutch people that the knowledge they needed was within their grasp. They didn't need someone on high to tell them what they should do. By then, the situation here in the Netherlands was desperate and people felt that God had abandoned them. Eve was astonished. She hadn't thought to ask the question. In one sense, it was obvious, yet it came as a shock. Why was that tree in the garden? Because if the knowledge of good and evil is in nature, then we have no need for a good on high to tell us what to do, no good on high, no king of the universe, no Lord of hosts. She envisioned a tower crumbling, a fortress collapsing. In that moment, she glimpsed the form of her peace. The words tumbled out of her mouth. I want to leave my husband. She was stunned that she'd said it, said it to this stranger. When she opened her mouth, she hadn't known what would come out. Could as easily have said that her husband had left her, which literally was true. But listening to Sana, she felt a rush of inspiration impelling her forward, and suddenly she saw where her work could go. Yet to go there, she would need to trust her perceptions and not be distracted by Gabe and his questions. Sana blinked then drew in her breath. The blue of her eyes seemed to have grown more intense. Covered her mouth with her fingers as though to conceal what Eve glimpsed as the start of a smile. Perhaps the impulse to leave her husband was one that she shared. Though Eve would not know this because just then a man's voice called Sana, and Sana got up from her chair. From the kitchen, the sweet acrid smell of onion sauteing. I'm sorry, she said, I must help with the dinner. She squeezed Eve's shoulder. I wish we could talk more. One question, Eve asked, what happened to the airman? Ah, Sana said, and a wistfulness came into her eyes. Light skimmed the surface of the canals. The sun had crossed the equator. Days now stretching, extending, reaching, her mind scrolled back to the sermon, the pastor story about the tree. She raised herself on her bike, her full weight on the pedals, the sun reddening on the horizon, behind half-shut lids against the red of the sunset. She saw her dancer shaping the sequence, the part about the tree, and then just after. Eve in the story, reaching for the fruit, suddenly, she stopped pedaling. The bike faltered. She had to read that Bible story again. There was a King James Bible on the shelf in the flat. She righted the bike and pedaled

fast. Back in her rooms, she found the page. Her eyes raced over the words. Then she went back and read them slowly. "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food and that it was pleasant to the eye and a tree to be desired to make one wise. She took the fruit thereof and did eat and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat." The woman had not been duped by the serpent. Despite all that was said, the story was clear. The woman had looked at the tree and had acted on what she saw. What's more, this she found incredible. When the woman ate the fruit of the tree of knowledge, nothing happened. She doesn't die or move to cover her nakedness. Instead, she gives some to her husband who was with her. She read the story again this time tracking the movement sequence. The woman saw, she took, she did eat. She gave. It's only after Adam has eaten that the shaming and the blaming begin. Only then did the hiding start? Adam blamed the woman and she blamed the serpent, and the two of them covered their nakedness, hiding themselves from God. Her words came back. I want to leave my husband. Tree branches held the light. She would not labor in sorrow or bring forth children in sorrow or bind her desire to her husband's desire or let him rule over her. She would not stay with someone who abandons her, her feet moving as she began to discover how it might go, the steps unfolding in response to what she had now come to see. Suddenly, as if in a vision, she found herself energized by the challenge. She would take it on with the dancers, exploring this perception, her realization of the truth of when the hiding began. I've called the novel solstice. The story starts in 1969 at the height of the anti-war movement, and it follows the changing of the light, moving from the winter solstice, the longest night of the year to the summer solstice, the day with the longest light. In fact, Eve does not leave her husband, but the marriage is transformed. A question, what is the alternative to blame and regret is raised in the context of the marriage, but also by the Garden of Eden story and the conflict in the Middle East? It is, perhaps the question of the hour, at least for those of us in the United States. It is in the changing light and the unexpected disappointments of this time. That the choice of the Inamuri Foundation to award the Kyoto Prize in arts and philosophy to the ethic of care illuminates a contribution made possible by listening to what had not been listened to, at least in this context or taken seriously the voices of women and girls. I'm deeply moved by this recognition by this honor, by this most generous gift. In spirit, I share it with every woman and girl. I still recall the midwinter afternoon. The year was 1975. My three children were at school, my husband was at work. The dog, no doubt, was asleep at my feet. I put a yellow sheet of paper into my typewriter and typed the words in a different voice. It was the first time I wrote that wasn't for school. The first time I wrote just for myself, I was responding to an inner voice that said, if you want to know what I really think to. In my book, In a Human Voice, I tell a story from my first visit to Kyoto. At that time, a graduate student kindly offered to accompany me on the train back to Tokyo so I wouldn't get lost in the Tokyo Railway station. She was asking me about voice, about losing one's voice. When I said, nobody loses their voice, her face brightened. Would I write this in her notebook, she asked, handing me the book? Nobody loses their voice, I repeated, as I inscribed the words on a blank page. People may silence their voice, I said, but it's always for a reason. Yet in the world of today, there are compelling reasons not to silence the voice of care ethics, which brings me back to the new world, because the daily work of caring is still largely done by people typically viewed as subordinate, people who are expected to be humble. A insubordinate and unhumble boldness may be precisely what is needed, precisely what it takes to bring this voice forward. I'm profoundly moved by the choice of the Inamuri Foundation to award the Kyoto prize in arts and philosophy in thought and morality at this moment in history, to work that began with listening to women and to girls, and that was inspired by their voices. The decision is breathtaking in its audacity and its simplicity. In retrospect, I recognize that the audacity of my listening, as the Japanese translators saw, lay in the challenge it posed to establish ways of speaking and perhaps even more to my daring to risk the existing state of relationships for the sake of transforming how human beings live with one another. For this recognition, I thank you with all my heart.

Speaker 1: Thanks, good morning.

Carol Gilligan: Morning.

Speaker 1: I really liked everything you said, really. It brought up something that I personally have experienced. I would like to ask, my name is Hadassa and I come from a Jewish family from Mexico, and personally, I have experienced a certain type of pressure or expectation from my family that has certainly not given me a role or a voice of what I want to do in the future. My question would be, how do you tackle the pressure of a religion or of your environment, so you can gain self autonomy in your future. How do you believe that? How can you tackle the pressure from your family in order to do in a respectful way, but to gain some self-autonomy in what you want to do in the future, not influenced by religion or any other thing? Sorry.

Carol Gilligan: No, you're taking me, thank you for the question. How do you hold onto your own experience? How do you hold onto your own voice? How do you listen to the voice of your own experience? When you're in the midst of a culture that speaks as if your experience isn't real or doesn't count or shouldn't be part of the conversation. I mean, you're right back to the Japanese translators. I mean, because what it calls for is an insubordinate and unhumble boldness. But it also calls for making very, I want to say, wise decisions about when you speak or when you don't speak. Finding ways that you're not alone and finding ways that in the midst of that, you can stay in touch with the voice in youth. Even when you think about as human beings, we're all born with a voice. Even before language, if you spend time around babies, that is the ability to communicate our experience. How do we stay in touch with that voice in the midst of a culture that silences it? Certainly, there are plenty examples in Jewish culture, as you know, but it's not the only culture. That's really basically what I was talking about, of how to listen for that. When listening becomes an audacious act, an act of insubordinate and unhumble boldness. Thank you. [APPLAUSE]

Speaker 2: Do you think through gender, equality exists today?

Carol Gilligan: Do I think that what?

Jonathan Cohen: Gender equality.

Carol Gilligan: That gender inequality exist today? Look around. [LAUGHTER] No, seriously.

Speaker 2: Why did this count?

Carol Gilligan: Then what's the rest of the question?

Jonathan Cohen: [inaudible 00:52:09] Barret.

Carol Gilligan: What are the structural barriers?

Jonathan Cohen: Thanks, [inaudible 00:52:18]

Carol Gilligan: Thank you. [LAUGHTER] I'm doing a study right now. I'm back in schools with girls now, because what was striking to me is there was so much talk recently about girls, and I don't know if it's true in Mexico, but it's certainly true in this country, about the high levels of depression and anxiety among girls. It's been attributed to social media and the effects of social media on girls. Now, come on. You've just heard me talk for an hour. What's going o go through my mind? Where are the girls? I'm hearing all about girls, and mostly from men in positions of authority, speaking about girls. I'm not hearing the girls. I thought, I'm going to go back into schools to listen to girls and I'm interested in the choices that girls are making about speaking and not speaking. First, I have to tell you, someone not me because maybe you're interested in quantitative research with large samples. I find that research very interesting. Somebody did a study of teenage girls in the US. It's called the Girls Index or the girls list. They interviewed 40,000 teenage girls. The question was, do you say what you really feel and think? Do you not say what you really feel and think because you want people to like you? Think about it. What percentage of girls do you think said that? Anyone want to venture? You think 90%.

[LAUGHTER] You're probably right. [LAUGHTER] The finding was 46% of girls said they don't say what they really feel and think because they want people to like them. The second question was, do you not disagree when you disagree because you want people to like you, and 46% of girls said that's what they do. Honestly, people, you probably all study democracy in school. What's happening to democracy if people aren't saying what they really feel and think? They can vote, and it will make no difference. People's experience is not coming into the public, so it's a big deal thing. Here's the trick question. Now let's take the most successful girls, the ones who get straight As in school. What do you think happens to their percentage? [inaudible 00:55:15] You're right. Here's my expert here in the front row. She's right. It goes up, 62%. Don't say what they feel and think because they want people to like. Why do you think? They're the girls with the most to lose. They have the most opportunities. My study is called Breaking the Bargain and my point is, where's the Jewish girl who asked the question, same thing, that there's a bargain that's offered to girls at the time when girls come of age, middle school. We're becoming and entering secondary education. The bargain is, if you don't say what you really feel and think, if you learn to say what people want you to say, how you're supposed to feel how "we" think about morality or about love or about this or that, then you'll get As in school. You'll get into UC San Diego. [LAUGHTER] People will like you and so forth. As a psychologist, somebody invested in democracy, I have to say this is a bad bargain. It is a really bad bargain because silencing the self, there's that first questioner, where did she go? Silencing the self, not saying what I really know to be true from the basis of my experience, is the straight route into depression. Silencing the self leads to depression and silencing the self really, it makes democracy meaningless. If I'm going to vote that has no connection with my experience, I might as well not vote. You can have women vote, and it will make no difference. The bargain is a bad bargain because it leads to depression, with or without social media, and it undermines democracy. Then here's what we heard in our current study with girls. Little girls are very outspoken. If you want to wake up, just hang out around eight-year-olds. They will tell you. They read the relational world like you read the weather. Jessica said, I went over to play with my friend, and she had another friend over, and they weren't playing with me. It was no fun for me just sitting there. Can everybody relate to this? The interviewer says, what did you do? First of all, the idea that she would do something about it. But Jessica says immediately, I went over to my friend and I whispered in her ear, This is no fun for me, just sitting here. If you're not going to play with me, I'm going home. Now, the interviewer says, what happened. We're dealing with eight-year-olds now. She says, my friend said, just go home. She didn't say, no. We want to play with you. They were talking about what was going on. That's what was going on. Another little eight-year-old said, my friend did something I didn't like. What did you do? I didn't go to her birthday party. That was her response. Another one says, In kindergarten, a girl threw sand in my face and acted like she was the owner of everybody. I said, what did you do? I said, just use the power of ignore. These little girls read what's going on in their relational world. They say it. I just had an example of a woman in my class on listening who hadn't remembered that when she was eight years old, her parents, her father was alcoholic and she was sitting in the kitchen one afternoon with her mother. Her little brother was playing with Lego in the other room, and they heard the father who was actively drinking, coming down the stairs, making a disturbance. She turned to her mother and she said, I don't know how you put up with this, says the eight-year-old. The mother said, in that instant, I realized I had to leave my marriage. Meaning that eight-year-old talking about what was going on made it impossible for the mother to continue to live as if she didn't know what was going on. You either have to silence that voice or you have to start to think about talking about what's going on. In middle school, the word drama comes in. Do you know this word? Drama. Girls relationships become drama. We're the first person group, I think. My research team said, drama? What's the play about? [LAUGHTER] Who's the audience for this play? What's being dramatized here? Relationships are filled with drama. People talk behind other people's backs. You can't say this or someone will listen and it'll be all these people, and you'll be alone. All of this. There's a sense of that's when girls stop saying what they really think and feel. What we learned is the phrase, I don't know, came into our research interviews. I was fascinated by that because I thought the word don't had come between

I and know. Because it turned out I don't know, was not an ambition of ignorance. It was a cover for knowledge. I'm going to act as if I don't know what, in fact, I know. I'm going to tell you a part of the story that I think underscores the seriousness of what I'm talking about. In high school, the phrase came in a battle not worth fighting. Girls would say, the battle for relationship is a battle not worth fighting because people aren't going to listen because they aren't going to pay attention. They're not going to take you seriously or this or that. Our project has come to the point of saying the battle for a relationship is a battle worth fighting, and part of educating girls is helping girls to learn how it is possible to stay in touch with yourself and with other people, especially in the face of conflict and disagreement. That speaks to the issue of what's going on in this society today, how difficult it is for people to listen to each other. The part I'm going to tell you is that a journalist who writes for Haaretz, the Israeli newspaper, interviewed the group of spotters. Have you read about the all women unit of the Israeli defense forces that was stationed on the border of Gaza and that in the time leading up to October 7th, 2023, actually observed the preparations for the attacks of October 7th. In fact, went to their military superiors to warn. They, too, use the same language as the school girls. They spoke about the sisterhood among women, and they also spoke about what they call the conflict and chaos that girls create in their relationships with one another. They used the phrase drama for that and then they spoke of a battle not worth fighting. That underscores the cost of not listening to the voices of girls. Had people listened to those voices, huge destruction could have been avoided on October 7th and all the war that followed.

Jonathan Cohen: Should we maybe take another question?

Carol Gilligan: Yeah.

Jonathan Cohen: Go ahead.

Pierce: Hello. Good morning. I'm a senior at Sweetwater High School. My name is Pierce. It's a pleasure to be with you guys here tonight. My question is, what challenges did you face when your ideas were new or different from what existing literature said? How did you find the courage to move forward?

Carol Gilligan: What a nice question. Honestly, I would say what was key for me was my relationship with graduate students of not being alone. Me working because what you perceive, my friend here, Jonathan, studies perception. But when you're told that what you are seeing is not happening, or if you say what you know firsthand, you're told you're crazy or you're making trouble. This is where I began. It's insubordinate, it's unhumbled. You can't be alone. I have to say I'm hugely indebted over the years to my graduate students. Thank you for the question.

Jonathan Cohen: Maybe we have time for one more question from this side.

Emily: Hi. My name is Emily. First of all, thank you very much for your lecture. I learned a lot from you. I wanted to ask, well, I noticed they teach me in history that women often had to prove their value. Wait. I'm sorry. Well, women often have to prove their value, but I think women are already valuable just for being human and having a voice, which is what you were talking about, our own voice. How I can tell the world my value without having to prove myself every time?

Carol Gilligan: Well, good luck. [LAUGHTER] These are great questions. These are terrific questions. I would say in relationship to that person's questions. I was going to say, in your heart of hearts, you know the value of your own experience. We use the phrase in English, what you know in your bones, what you know in your gut, what you know in your heart. You know the value, but you don't want to be alone with that. It seems simple. You need to find real friends.

Jonathan Cohen: Be open. Well, I know everybody's very grateful to Carol for this really fascinating prerogative discussion. I wish we could go on for a little bit longer, but I think we need to close things

out. Please join me in thanking Carol and congratulating her on [inaudible 01:07:23] once again. [APPLAUSE]