



With All Thy Getting

John Willinsky

Wisdom is the principal thing;
therefore get wisdom: and with all
thy getting get understanding.
—Proverbs, iv, 7

This litany of moments represents some part of my getting, in which, like seeing a child figure out how to put a tricky bit of Lego together, it is tempting to imagine that experience's acquired debts might pass as wisdom.



The First Day of School

It is the day after Labor Day in September of 1955 and, having gone out for my first recess, I'm walking out of the woods that lay beyond the school's playground. I run my eyes along the whole width of the one-story yellow-brick elementary school spanning a half-dozen classrooms. I'm five years old, living in a Brantford baby-boom subdivision, a small town an hour west of Toronto. I can vividly recall being struck cold by two things as I stood on the edge of the woods. There is not another child or teacher to be seen anywhere. And I'm not at all sure of the classroom door to which I'm supposed to return.

When the teacher said we could go out and play, I'm sure we walked out the classroom door, slightly in disbelief at our good fortune, to explore the playground. It was our first recess on our first day of kindergarten. I was soon exploring the woods beyond the playground, in the warm September sunshine, drawn by the winding paths through the shadows, leading to remnants of scrap-lumber forts and dug-out foxholes.

I could see that the older kids must have been picking up wood from the new houses being built on the empty lots in the neighborhoods. Although I had no idea how this might possibly fit in with going to this school, I must have been

thoroughly thrilled with the possibilities of building forts and hideaways just beyond the school playground. I would just have to wait to see how it all worked.

And while it's likely that the teacher had said something about a bell calling us in before she let us go, my eyes and mind had already been drawn, I'm certain, to the woods that lay beyond the school door and yard. And now, some indefinite time later, I found myself standing in the shade of the trees, staring at the hauntingly vacant yard and this unfamiliar yellow-brick low-rise of a school.

I remember trying to decide which of the classrooms might have been the one from which I and the other children in my class had left. I recall wondering what I should do and feeling how hard it was to decide. I was having to face that staying in the woods just didn't seem to be an option. I had been excited by the chance to explore it all by myself. I was already looking forward to having the chance to return to the woods. But I could see now that I would have to figure out what to do about school.

What followed that moment didn't stay with me, unlike the recurring dream of first looking out at the empty schoolyard and not knowing why it was empty. I must have taken a few more steps out of the woods before the teacher who had sent me out likely appeared in the doorway of what was my classroom. She must have waved me back in, with a few firm words about recess and the woods. Neither of us would have guessed then, I'm sure, that, as I walked through the door, it would be pretty much school, if often out of step, for me from that day on for close to 70 years. There were a great many other recesses, certainly, and more than a few other moments of dislocation and hesitation, just not a recess without end or boundary in quite that same innocent frame of mind.

Well, once, a decade later in tenth grade, an inspired math teacher Mr. Hoskins dared David Rose and me to build from scratch (and at his expense) a logic-circuit calculator (in base 2). We used my machine-shop class to turn dozens of hand-wound magnets and cut tin-can relay switches that we wired together on sheets of scrap plywood and fired up with a physics-lab adjustable power supply. We spent a year getting that immense, clumsy mechanism to add numbers, up to a whopping total of 255, indicated in base 2 by having eight lights turn on (11111111). Then, standing before the judges of the 1966 Sault Ste. Marie Science Fair, I smelled the varnish melting on the magnets, which then failed to trigger the relays. We could not show them $2 + 2$ ($10 + 10$). It led to a (sympathetic) second place in our category. Our oversized Fair entry amounted to an extended and absorbing recess, a scrappy fort against school drudgery for David and me.

My Grandfather's Basement

I'm standing in front of a table in my grandparents' basement in Toronto's Annex neighborhood. It is the house my father grew up in, and my own first home. I'm staring at a large board hanging above the table. The board is covered in what I soon realize must be a layer of plasticine. The plasticine appears to have been pushed onto the board with fingers and thumb with little regard for its many

colors. I liked playing with plasticine, and was a little surprised by this untold connection, and wondered what he could possibly be doing with all of it.

But then, did my grandfather play? A board covered with plasticine seemed so removed from my grandfather, suggesting we had some secret connection that was otherwise missing from his distance from my life. Born in Omaha in 1885, he was firmly lodged in my mind as sitting at the dining-room table on the first floor of our shared home, in a white shirt and tie, eating and reading a book or the paper during our meals together, while occasionally looking up in bemusement at some comment from one of us around the table. (On the reading, a friend of my father, Mel Katz, later told me that when they were young and Toronto traffic was much less, my grandfather would read while he driving the family car, explaining to Mel at one point, when he nervously asked, that the trick is to hold the book on the steering wheel with your thumbs.)

It was not likely my first time sneaking down to explore the basement, but what sticks in my mind, like plasticine, is the first time the board caught my eye. The table beneath it had stacks of gray metal film canisters. There were scissors, rolls of tape, and short curling strips of film. Two open film reels were typically mounted on a metal frame bolted to the table, with hand cranks for each reel. I'm sure I tried turning the cranks on the film reels at least a little, reinforcing my grandfather teasingly referring to me as the Indian god "Shiva," given my tendency, he said, to act as if I had many arms and hands that had to be kept busy.

My parents, brother, and I lived on the second floor of my grandparents' house, while my aunt and cousins lived on the third floor. I can imagine having taken every opportunity I could, since learning to walk, to go down to the basement. Beyond the abandoned coalbin under the stairs, my grandfather had a room set up for editing the movies that he had been making since the 1930s with his hand-cranked camera on a tripod. He did home movies of family picnics and cottage stays, but he prided himself on the "travelogues." He made films in Rome, Casablanca, Buenos Aires, Mexico City, and a dozen other cities, taking advantage of where he attended medical conferences or studied new surgical procedures—he is credited with introducing spinal anesthesia to Toronto hospitals, also in the 1930s. The animated medical film, "Cystometrography," based on his drawings, was ranked by the Amateur Film Society among the Ten Best Non-Theatrical Films of 1945 as an "amazing recording of bladder pressure."

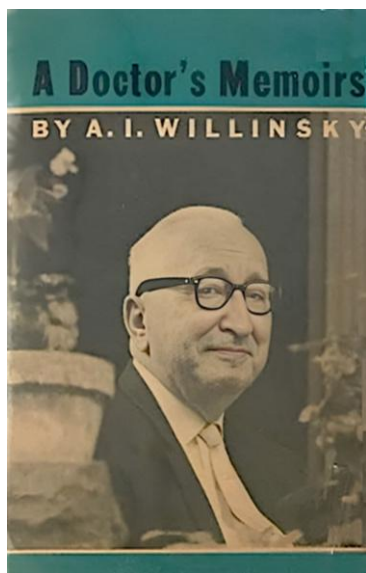
The basement also had a screening room, with a projection booth and a row or two of theater seats set before a large silver screen framed by curtains. It had been installed as a gift by a grateful family whom he had helped much earlier, when they were unable to afford such medical attention. We'd all sit in those seats, patiently viewing the exotic sights, waiting to spot my vivacious, smiling grandmother, cigarette in hand, talking to bazaar vendors, entering churches, and taking the air outside a hotel.

Sometime after moving out of my grandfather's house, I happened to step back into the basement editing room and saw exactly how my grandfather was

using this strange plasticine board to make titles for his films. He had carefully stuck two tidy rows of white, plastic three-dimensional letters into the plasticine. A portable light and a movie camera on a tripod were pointed at the board, from in front of the table, as he shot the titles for the movie he was editing.

My grandfather was not there (I do not recall ever seeing him at work in this room, and I suspect he worked on his films late into the night). I had not really noticed the films having titles and may have seen them before that final film-making step with the plasticine board, as he patiently prepared his travelogues for showing to the community. The 1935 handwritten Minutes Book of the Toronto Jewish Medical Association (which he helped form in 1925) records that “Dr. Willinsky offered to show his travelogue movies of his recent visit to Italy for those attending the dance who do not dance and this was gladly accepted” (Ontario Jewish Archives).

A greater understanding of all that my grandfather put into those films came to me decades later, when I had a chance to read the reflections on his life as a doctor that he published in 1960. Toward the end of the book, he writes of looking back on an “old heartsoreness” he experienced, which is an odd term for a doctor to use. What brought it on, he relayed, was how “a real teaching appointment never came for me, although I used to think I would have loved the opportunity.” In the 1930s, a University of Toronto faculty member had told him point blank that the medical school would not appoint a Jew. He had found other teaching opportunities.



The last words that I heard my grandfather speak were on a tape recording he made of a conversation with his mother about the family’s journey to Toronto, which had begun for her “in Grabova, in Russian Poland” during the 1860s. I was given a copy of the recording not long after his death in 1976, along with a decrepit 1910 edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* that included a paid-in-full receipt, signed by his mother.

By that point, I was teaching elementary school in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, in a classroom with a view of Michigan across the St. Mary’s River. I’d spent a year qualifying as a teacher at North Bay Teachers College in 1971, after dropping out of York University without a degree. My going into teaching may have been inspired by a deceptively engaging lesson on how hydrocarbons burned in vapor form, which I gave to a group of housemates around a kitchen table. I had just read Michael Faraday’s *Chemical History of a Candle* from his Christmas lectures of 1848.

Now, with my grade-six class, in the Sault, I brought in the cassette to give students an example of what it meant to do the sort of “backyard history” we were engaged in doing with their families. My grandfather introduced the conversation

with his mother by saying something to the effect that with this recording, as with much else he had done, he wanted to contribute to what we know of the world. I found that opening gesture a little pompous at first, but then those words—combined with the sudden and discouraging disappearance of that 90-minute hi-fidelity cassette from the classroom—stirred in me a sense that perhaps I should be looking for ways to contribute more as well.

The History of Publishing

I'm in front of a class of grade-five students in the Sault in September of 1983. It's my first time in their school, although it's my ninth-year teaching in the district. I explain that their teacher is away at a special workshop learning some new and exciting things about teaching and that I'll be filling in for the next nine days. I want to start my visit to their class, I tell them, with a story. This is a story that they couldn't possibly have heard before. You see, I would tell one class after another that year, the story I'm going to share was created 4,000 years ago, while the original storyteller, we are pretty sure, did not know how to write. In fact, he was probably blind and spoke a language that no one speaks anymore. I told them that I'd share later how I came to know the story. But for now, I just wanted to check if anyone had heard it before.

The story has this magnificent wooden horse at the center of it, built by a heroic leader named Odysseus along with his men on the beaches outside the walled city of Troy. Odysseus and his men had been unable to break into Troy for a decade, I'd explain, to rescue Helen, who had been kidnapped. After ten years, he had the idea of hiding with some of his men inside a wooden horse, and then (well, you've surely seen the movie, so I need not go on). Even back then, I would barely get any further before a few students would start eagerly nodding when I asked them about having heard it before ('What, you've studied ancient Greek,' I'd ask?). This was my case, I'd explain to the students, for just how powerful storytelling, as a form of "oral publication" could be. It carried Homer's name and his stories across centuries, continents, and languages.

Following their introduction to Homer, the students went on to reciting their poetry in other classrooms, displaying the illuminated manuscripts of their poetry in the library, posting their nineteenth-century broadsides of verse around the school, and finally, moving into their own future, printing out the rhymes they programmed and printed with a dot matrix printer that I brought to the school in the trunk of my car, although the school would have a single new Apple IIe. At each stage, I'd show slides of stunning historical publications, while having them write poetry to publish inspired by the poet Kenneth Koch's marvelous book on having students model great poems, *Rose, Where Did You Get That Red?*

I was back in the schools, having stepped away for two years to obtain a Ph.D. in the Sociology of Education from Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia. I went to Dalhousie to study with Edgar Z. Friedenberg, drawn by nothing more than the sheer grace, wit, and insightfulness of his writing on youth and society. My dissertation was on the politics of "standard English" in a multiracial high

school. Looking back, it could be said to have grown out of, if only indirectly, a comment made to me by the school superintendent Allan Bell. He had pulled me out of the classroom during my first year of teaching to tell me that I needed to recognize that these kids were not being raised as I had been. I clearly understood him to mean that my tendency to respect their educational discontent would result in my termination. I managed to hang on as a teacher, and sought some years later, through the dissertation, to gain a better sense of language's role in Bell's vision.

As I had yet to find an academic position after graduating, I leapt at the chance to teach students across the city what I had concocted as a brief history of publishing. It was a case of wanting to teach what I wanted to learn. And while I proposed grading students to keep them motivated, I was, fortunately, overruled. And the students did not once ask me about marks or grades. We were too busy running a publishing house, pushing out our poetry in historic forms to the school, homes, and families.

By night, I was teaching writing at the local college and gradually switched my academic applications from the sparse field of sociology to the far more plentiful positions in language arts and teacher education. Before the end of that year-long publishing history tour of steel-town schools at the head of Lake Superior, I was appointed to a literacy position at the University of Calgary. What likely made a difference, after two years before the mast, was having a story to tell that began with "the man of twists and turns / driven time and again off course," as the *Odyssey* opens in Robert Fagles' translation.

A Lack of Conviction

Ken Goodman, a lauded and, at times, denounced leader of the whole language movement and professor at the University of Arizona, is standing up at the back of the hotel conference room expressing his deep disappointment at my stance on teaching literacy. It is perhaps 1986 and I've just presented to this assembly of education researchers a case for placing meaning and literature at the center of literacy instruction, while still allowing that students be assessed by the conventional reading tests used in the schools. It seemed a reasonable compromise in seeking some common ground amid the simmering reading wars between those advocating a phonics-first introduction to literacy and those promoting a whole language approach. Professor Goodman was having none of it. How could I possibly hope to "keep language whole and involve children in using it functionally and purposefully to meet their own needs," to quote him after the fact, if we then exposed these children to the state testing apparatus? He sat down in exasperation and without much attempt to lower his voice, as he continued disparaging my position with Yetta Goodman, no less renowned among whole language enthusiasts.

My introduction to whole language was largely based on the work of a fellow teacher, Ruth Fletcher, with whom I taught a few years earlier. With my Ph.D. in hand, I had been assigned to the school district's farthest outlying school (followed the next year by my history of publishing tour). I was struck by how,

each school morning, Ruth walked past the photocopier lineup of teachers to pick up a sheaf of blank paper for her grade-one classroom. The students used the paper to write and illustrate their stories during the time she set aside for literacy, which they assembled into the books they took great delight in sharing with friends and family. It was in documenting her grade-one writer's workshop, as I strengthened my language arts research claims, that I found myself drawn to being a whole language researcher and advocate. I could see that Ruth and her students had a creative approach to literacy, in what could be done with reading and writing, that matched my own sensibility.

I wasn't about to deny the compelling reading research that pointed to the test-score gains achieved with direct phonics instruction. I just thought it important that students also had a chance to experience some part of the great breadth of what else could be done with literacy beyond preparing for tests and work. So, in preparing student teachers to teach English in high school, I introduced them to a version of whole language that mixed literary concerns with pop culture. We explored ways to publish student work, bring feminist literary theory into class, and experiment with music videos as a literary form. Yet in all of this, I was lacking, as Goodman had sensed, his level of conviction. I was pursuing a quality of literary engagement and ambition, in the hope that the students' ability to read and write would improve as a result (with Rob Tierney's "[Acquired Wisdom](#)" filling in the intricacies of the literacy debates during that whole time).

Another part of the uncertainty for me arose out of working in the schools with students and teachers on these new approaches to language and literature during the late 1980s. I could see that any classroom breakthroughs in, say, having students sharing their work within the school proved short-lived and unsustainable outside a special unit. Looking back, we seemed to be running headlong into what Stephen J. Ball makes painfully clear in his [contribution](#) to this series: "The school does what it was created to do: manage the population. It is a modernist machinery of normalisation and exclusion... it cannot be improved or reformed."

Although I did not realize it at the time, in setting aside sociology to recast myself as a teacher educator, I had joined the ranks of the school improvers, engaged in what Professor Ball believes cannot be done, as has been demonstrated time and again. I was, at the same time, running into the limits of my own convictions about schooling as the house of my own learning. But mostly, I was realizing that I lacked a solid and substantial idea about how to improve literacy instruction in the schools.

As a result, I was drawn to studying of what might be framed as educational epiphenomena. I stumbled on the University of Waterloo's digitization of the *Oxford English Dictionary (OED)* in the late 1980s, which enabled me to come out in 1994 with a thorough historical analysis of its editing, as a formative influence on the literacy standards of English as a world language. I was caught off guard by the book's barrage of hostile reviews. I learned a terribly unsettling but necessary lesson on the consequences of careless slips when critiquing others'

beloved objects. The schools were one thing to go after; this dictionary was, for the literati, everything.

Once healed, I then followed Edward Said's captivating application of Foucault, in his study of Orientalism, with my own study of the educational legacy of imperialism to be found in the schools. In the process, I had found it all too easy, and engaging, to trace the continuing presence of that legacy in what we were teaching, whether in science classes that fumbled race, or in geography classes on how to break up the world. In fact, I was led to conclude that students everywhere were essentially and repeatedly learning to divide the world in ways that attested to the remainder of colonialism. What, then, of my own efforts at the university? The pervasiveness of imperialism's educational influence ultimately left me feeling discouraged, in the century's closing years, by the herculean task of critique without end. While others, such as Marie Battiste and Christine Sleeter (as she [illuminates](#) in this series), were to go on constructively decolonizing the curriculum, I could only envision digging through imperialism's persistence. I needed to find a toehold to begin climbing out of this legacy's stable.

The path to the broader practicalities of building something out of others' scrap lumber proved to be the postcolonial metaphor of center and periphery. That is, I was not done with theory. I only wanted for the possibilities of what could be made of it. Underlying these educational efforts to divide the world were geopolitical patterns in which the imperial center "collected" data and artifacts from the exotic periphery, turning what was appropriated into theory and lessons about the world for global distribution. This pattern didn't just continue to play out in the schools, I realized, but was no less endemic to our work as researchers. Anthropology may have been born of this imperial urge, but far more broadly the centers of academic authority—from the ethereal creation of grand theory to the publishing of prestigious journals—continued to reside in the Global North.

A Project for Public Knowledge

My attention is caught by the dust jackets filling the meeting-room bookcases at the MacArthur Foundation on Chicago's South Dearborn Street in 2004. I can see after a few moments that it amounts to a great collection of literary first editions. It seemed out of place in this corporate setting, as if employees might stop by, to steal a few moments and perhaps a cigarette, in the grip of a brilliantly crafted narrative before preparing their next memo. Then it hit me. These books are not about reading. These are the prizes, collected from winners of the MacArthur Genius Awards. The works of Cormac McCarthy, Octavia Butler, Colson Whitehead, William Gaddis, Jay Cantor, and others (as I can now look up) were not there to be read but to signal the remarkably concrete achievements of Foundation giving. What started, for me, as a puzzle quickly turned into another point of recrimination. To be clear, I was not a Genius Awardee. But I was awaiting my turn to present to those assembled why I would not have a trophy of any sort to put on display.

I was visiting the MacArthur Foundation in its storied Marquette Building (from 1895) as the recipient a year earlier of an International Peace and Security

grant. The grant program's results were intended to serve "policymakers and the public [who] need reliable, independent advice from scientists," according to a 2002 statement made by Jonathan F. Fanton, MacArthur Foundation President, "in making choices that will shape relations among nations and enhance the prospects for peace and security." It still seems remarkable to me now that I had imagined that introducing a new online publishing platform for journals on three continents could lead to reliable advice of this nature and no less remarkable that the MacArthur people saw their purposes served by a proposal to meet with journal editors and publishers in India, Latin America, and Southeast Asia.

The publishing platform was Open Journal Systems (OJS). It is open source (free-to-download) software that manages an editorial workflow for journal submissions, through peer review to publication. An undergraduate comp-sci major and I first developed it in 2002 at the University of British Columbia (based on earlier online workflow designs I'd developed to help high-school students manage their schools' tech- support needs). OJS was part of the [Public Knowledge Project](#), started in 1998, with the aim of increasing research's public presence and force in this emerging age of online information.

With the MacArthur Foundation, I had also hoped to address the "center and periphery" colonial legacy, as it applied to research publishing, as a matter of "international peace and security." When it came to reaching out to journal editors in Buenos Aires, Cape Town, Hong Kong, Manila, Nairobi, and Rio de Janeiro, I soon learned that I needed to first make a case for moving print journals online (before we could talk about open access), which evolved into a three-part pitch: (a) *An open source publishing platform, like OJS, was cheaper than free*, given there's no more need for filing cabinets, photocopying, letterhead, and stamps, let alone journal printing and distribution; (b) *OJS is easier to use than sending an email*, using prepared messages with article titles and abstracts, as needed; and (c) *OJS offers journals a greater degree of integrity and rigor*, as it keeps records of every step and exchange.

Everywhere I went, the editors generously agreed to come learn more about this new free platform. One group invited along large classes of undergraduates, for whom I had the pleasure of introducing the very concept of a journal and its role in research. At the University of Santo Tomas in Manila, I did an extra session in exchange for the chance to examine their worm-holed first edition of Copernicus's *De revolutionibus orbium coelestium* (1543), purchased not long after the university's founding in 1611.

A year after I returned from the last leg of this journey, I had to conclude that not one of the great many editors with whom I had met moved their journal online using OJS. This is what I had to explain that afternoon in Chicago. I told those assembled that journals are like large container ships at sea, carrying the hopes and aspirations of both editors and authors. And that one could not underestimate what it takes for such ships, having set their course some time ago, to change their direction at sea, let alone move their precious cargo from the sea to a place in the clouds above. Still, I reassured them, research was moving online, with publishers like Elsevier offering digital access to their entire collection by that point. If the

center still held in this shift, it was only a matter of time before change would come globally, I reassured myself as much as the MacArthur staff. I wasn't sure what would happen next. There was no sign of greater peace or security for the MacArthur to put on display.

One of the Foundation's officers turned to me and, noting my discomfort, I'm sure, said something to the effect that they were fully prepared for the work they sponsor to take years more than expected to reach fruition, adding that like any investment portfolio, the MacArthur relied on being right not always but enough times. It invested in the promise and persistence of the applicant. Clinging to that vote of confidence, I imagine I glanced back at the bookcase, thinking that those books would hardly have been submitted on a fixed timeline (with Cormac McCarthy making his final genius-grant installment at age 89 with a brilliant pair of novels).

Fortunately, in this case, that combination of time, persistence, and sometimes being right, worked. In 2025, roughly two decades after my visit to the Marquette Building in Chicago, the Public Knowledge Project had more than 60,000 active journals using OJS to publish research in 60 languages across 150 countries, amounting to an output of 2.6 million articles annually, virtually all open access. Now, these journals might have found other platforms on which to publish, and we have found 1.4% of the journals appearing on predatory lists (see our response in # 2 below). Yet with the current U.S. administration repeatedly crimping research activities here, this global growth is surely to be welcomed.



During those decades of OJS growth, I moved to Stanford, while Simon Fraser University took on the administration of the Public Knowledge Project. Its software and community-support team, having expanded to forty, was supported by grants, library members, and services. My focus at Stanford shifted increasingly to scholarly communication. I taught in the Science, Technology, and Society program. I got caught up in doing a history of learned books and the origin of intellectual property.

More recently, Juan Pablo Alperin at Simon Fraser University has taken on the leadership of the Public Knowledge Project, while my focus is on what might be regarded as open access' unintended consequences. In these efforts, I am again relying on dogged persistence and time, in the hope that one or more will bear

fruit. To that end, I rarely let an opportunity pass to advance these ventures, as you'll now see.

To show you how doggedness might count as experience's acquired debt in the getting of wisdom, let me conclude by asking you a few questions about your work. My goal is to contribute, or rather, to help you contribute to the circulation of your and others' work, if only over the long term. My assumption is that, in addition to self-promotion, we are here as educators to improve knowledge's public standing.

1. Have you been frustrated by the confusing state and slow progress of open access to research, while being fed up with publishers' excessive Article Processing Charges (APCs) to open your work? Well, why not email your scholarly society and library leadership, asking if they have considered how copyright reform might facilitate universal, no-fee open access. To support their reflections, attach a [one-page guide](#) and an open-access [book](#) on the topic. You could also add that practically every other cultural enterprise—be it music, film, TV, gaming, etc.—has already secured internet-accommodating changes to copyright, so why not research?
2. Are you encountering relevant articles for your research that appear in journals with which you're not familiar, leaving you unsure of whether to cite them?

It may be time to ask your society and library to advocate for journals to employ a verifiable trust marker, such as the [Publication Facts Label](#), that offers greater article-level transparency, which can attest to a journal's adherence to scholarly publishing standards.

3. Does your scholarly society publish with (or are you an editor for) a large commercial publisher that concerns you over its lack of open access, high APCs, or pressure for quantity over quality? If "yes," suggest they consider the [Subscribe to Open](#) model that relies on collective funding, using the example of [Stanford University Press](#), to which several sets of editors and at least one society have recently turned to ensure that editorial autonomy is not subjugated to publisher profitability.

Acquired Wisdom Series

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