**A old professor learns new tricks in Cuba** or **What the Cuban people taught me**

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I settled into my seat on a plane bound for Cuba feeling frustrated. When I planned the trip, I had assumed that my Cuban collaborators and I would hit the ground running, heading out into the field straight away to collect water and sediment samples from rivers. That’s how I’d done fieldwork in Namibia, Bolivia, and Greenland. But not in Cuba, I was slowly learning. Five days earlier, a Cuban scientist emailed to inform me that we’d only be meeting to talk about our planned project. Sampling would happen during a later trip, she wrote. That left me feeling impatient and unhappy. Why did I need to get on a plane to have a meeting? But I’m thankful I made the trip because it taught me a key lesson: It was I—not the Cubans—who had a flawed approach to doing science.

When I got to Cuba, one of my collaborators greeted me at the airport with a broad smile. “Welcome to Cuba!” he exclaimed in perfect English, giving me a strong handshake and a hug. The next day, we drove to the research center where he worked. A dozen team members met in a modern, air conditioned conference room, as scorpions scurried across the floor. Each of us gave a presentation about our science and what we hoped to learn from the study of Cuban rivers.

Then, the group toured every lab in the building. I met scientists, technicians, secretaries, students, and the cook. Some spoke English; others communicated to me in Spanish while my collaborator translated. I was impressed that I was introduced to each and every person in their center. The lack of hierarchy—the team atmosphere—was unlike anything I’d experienced before in academia.

The next day we met again to brainstorm. Together, we poured over maps to plan how we were going to collect samples in the field. Had it not been for the Cubans, I would have been unaware that the maps I had were outdated and wrong. They left out reservoirs, which was a problem because had we sampled downstream of those water bodies, our results would have been biased. Local involvement and knowledge was key – making me wonder what I’d missed working without such a team in Africa, South America, and the arctic.

Six months later, I flew back to Cuba and—this time—we headed into the field. I was impressed, yet again, by the lengths to which my Cuban collaborators went to ensure that all team members were treated equally. We drove around Cuba in two bright yellow vans, and we made sure that each van had a mix of Cubans and Americans as well as a mix of seniority levels. In the field, students, faculty, and technicians all sweated together. And on the last night of this trip, we searched for a restaurant that could seat all 14 of us at one table—because that’s what teams do, they sit together. When a restaurant couldn’t accommodate the team without splitting us up, my collaborators insisted that we move on and find a place with a large enough table.

In 26 years as a professor, I’ve always tried my best to treat my students as valued collaborators. I was never a fan of academia’s hierarchy. I want everyone working with me to feel as though they are part of a team. But my Cuban collaborators take teamwork to another level entirely. They make it clear—through actions, both big and small—that all team members are valued; that everyone is equal and that true teamwork makes for better science.

I returned to the United States a changed scientist. Now, I spend more time listening and making sure that everyone’s voice is heard. Four months ago, I took the Cuban approach to heart when I led a workshop to decipher the climate record preserved in sand from beneath the Greenland Ice Sheet. I made sure that every scientist had a voice in the discussions and that all 35 of us ate dinners together. Scientists from 5 countries worked together to analyze a few precious grams of rock. The approach worked. We began as individuals; three days later, we were a team.

My Cuban collaborators taught me that the best teams value every member. When that happens, the team does better work because each person brings different ideas to the conversation. All voices have value, and each and every person is deserving of respect. I know that we Americans have much to learn from our neighbors to the south. I hope this essay inspires others to recognize the power of real teamwork—even during routine moments such as dinner.