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WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD: A PORTRAIT OF THE LIFE AND WORK OF A HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH TEACHER IN AN URBAN PUBLIC SCHOOL. (VOLUMES I AND II)

The Ohio State University

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by

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All science should be scholarly, but not all scholarship can be rigorously scientific...
The terrae incognitae of the periphery contain fertile ground awaiting cultivation with the tools and in the spirit of the humanities.

—John Kirkland Wright

De lo que llaman los tontos obras de tesis, librenme los dioses de escribirlas. La vida no tiene tesis. Solo...tiene un bullir perpetuo...pbr encima de toda ciencia rebotica o de ultima hora.

—Jacinto Grau

No genuine book has a first page. Like the rustling of a forest, it is begotten God knows where, and it grows and it rolls, arousing the dense wilds of the forest until suddenly, in the very darkest, most stunned and panicked moment, it rolls to its end and begins to speak with all the treetops at once.

—Boris Pasternak
To My Family and Friends
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Every person I have ever encountered has helped me grow into whatever I am today. Each of us affects the other, sometimes in a small way, sometimes in a big way. I take this opportunity to thank a few particular individuals, who, over time, have left their mark:

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• The one true teacher, the good Lord himself, for being there.

I would also like to express my gratitude to those individuals who took the time to read and respond to the portrait. Your responses, presented in Chapter Five, have now become an integral part of the work.
VITA

January 6, 1948...

Born: Framingham, Massachusetts

1970

B.A., Providence College
Providence, Rhode Island

1982

M.A., University of Cincinnati
Cincinnati, Ohio

FIELDS OF STUDY

Major Field: Foreign Language Education

Studies in: Curriculum and Instruction
Teacher Education
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CHAPTER ONE

BACKGROUND

During the late 1960's, and continuing through the 1970's and early 1980's, the assumptions and goals of the mainstream quantitative approach to research on teaching have been increasingly called into question. The thrust of the mainstream approach—its emphasis on investigating only observable behavior, its attempt to separate teaching into discrete elements or variables, its insistence on trying to discover context-free, law-like generalizations—has been challenged. There has been a growing awareness that the complexities inherent in the teaching/learning context are such that the search for relationships of a linear, causal nature may be futile.

Disatisfied with the mainstream approach, some investigators of teaching and learning have ceased to pursue what Sanders (1983) has called "the holy grail of precise and warranted laws of teaching," and have instead begun to pursue alternative forms of inquiry. Two of the most prominent strains of alternative inquiry have been: (1) inquiry based on information-processing psychology and (2) inquiry based on ethnographic principles as applied to
education. Both these modes of inquiry share certain commonalities. First, these two modes do not focus strictly on the observable behavior of teachers and students, but rather attach special importance to the meanings ascribed by teachers and students to the events/contexts of teaching and learning. Secondly, teaching/learning is not viewed discretely, but in holistic fashion, as part of a network of interrelated patterns. Finally, the purposes of these two modes of inquiry is not to seek out context-free laws for the purposes of prediction and control, but rather to obtain valid descriptions of teaching/learning processes as they occur for the purpose of illumination.

The cognitive processing approach to research on teaching/learning has found expression in two general directions: (1) studies of the cognitive processes of teachers as they engage in planning and decision-making and (2) studies of the cognitive processes of students as they engage in learning tasks. A review of the research literature in the particular field of foreign language education reveals that neither of these two general research directions is especially prominent. Ochsner (1981) contends that there has been a single-mindedness in the overall approach to research in foreign language education—that the profession has been locked in to the mainstream positivistic paradigm. A general review of research in the field would tend to support this contention.

The research into cognitive processes that does exist in the
field of foreign language education has focused on student cognitive processing. Long (1981) cites the recent series of diary studies that several researchers have made. In these studies the researchers have participated as active learners in the foreign language classroom, and using introspection and reflection, have focused on themselves and their experiences as the principal object of study. Perhaps the most significant work in the area of cognitive processing has been done by Hosenfeld (1976), (1979), and Cohen and Hosenfeld (1981) who have examined student cognitive processes as students engage in various language learning tasks.

The other general direction of cognitive processing inquiry—the investigation of the thought processes of teachers as they engage in planning and decision-making—has been virtually ignored by researchers in the field of foreign language education. Instead, insofar as teacher planning and decision-making is concerned, in the literature of the field, as in other fields of education, the bulk of what has been written has been from a prescriptive stance. Particularly influential has been the Tyler (1950) model in which planning is viewed as best proceeding through a series of carefully considered stages: selection of objectives for learning, selection of learning experiences designed to meet these objectives, organization of learning experiences so as to optimize learning, and evaluation.
Investigators, in areas other than foreign language education, have examined the thought processes involved in teacher planning and decision-making. These studies have been reviewed by McCutcheon (1980) and Floden (1981). In general, these studies suggest that teacher planning is vastly more complex than the rational model implies, that planning as practiced does not reflect the rational planning model, and yet that teachers do have rational ways of thinking about their work.

THE PROBLEM

Although the existing research is by no means conclusive, it would seem that there is a gap between the linear, logical, rational view of planning/decision-making envisioned by educational theorists and planning/decision-making as they occur in teaching practice. There is a need to supplement the research that has been done with further investigation concerning the nature of planning and the nature of decision-making. There is a need to investigate these processes for purposes of cross-validation across levels of instruction and across subject matter. The need for investigation into teacher planning and decision-making would seem to be particularly acute in the area of foreign language education where descriptive studies of this type are non-existent.

Two of the principal researchers in the cognitive-processing mode of inquiry, Clark and Yinger (1980) underscore the fact that
fine-tuned investigation into the cognitive processes of teachers must be complemented by studies of these processes in realistic and complex school settings. The fact is that the psychological processes of teacher planning and decision-making do not operate in a vacuum. Research conducted strictly within the cognitive processing model is limited. Clark and Yinger suggest that researchers using the cognitive information processing approach to teacher thought processes must attend to the psychological, social, and ecological contexts in which these cognitive processes are embedded. It would appear that, in order to attend properly to these contexts, research conducted in the second general alternative mode of inquiry—the ethnographic mode—would be the most fruitful line of research to undertake at this point. Therefore, this research study has pursued the ethnographic mode of inquiry.

PURPOSE OF THE STUDY

Through the ethnographic mode of inquiry, this study presents a contextual account—a "thick description"—of the psychological, social, and ecological dimensions of the working world of a high school Spanish teacher in an urban public school. It is hoped that this "thick description" (Geertz, 1973) will allow the reader of the account to think, to feel, and to experience vicariously what life is like for the teacher in this particular context.
ASSUMPTIONS

• that teaching occurs within the complex setting of the classroom/school/community, and thus the thoughts and actions of teachers are influenced by social and ecological forces

• that the individual teacher's personal life, past and present, influences her thoughts and actions; that these thoughts and actions are influenced by psychological forces

• that although psychological, social, and ecological forces influence an individual teacher's thoughts and actions, these forces do not totally determine the direction such thoughts and actions may take; an individual teacher, to some degree, shapes the world in which she works, as well as being shaped by that world

• that teachers' actions are reflexive to a significant degree, that their actions are guided by thought and judgment

• that teachers have rational ways of thinking about their work, and that they can verbally articulate these thoughts

• that these ways of teacher thinking, i.e., the meaning teachers ascribe to events and situations within their world, is of utmost investigative import
LIMITATIONS

Pure ethnography, as defined by Hymes (1981), demands that the researcher observe all scenes in which participants take part in order to make sense of a single scene. The researcher, in conducting this case study, made every effort to observe the teacher in the case in a variety of scenes. He observed her within the school setting and outside the school setting. Because of his own schedule and time constraints, however, the researcher could not observe the teacher in all scenes every day of the week.

In this study the researcher focused on an individual teacher in the school setting. He did not give equal attention to other participants in the setting—such as students, other teachers or school administrative personnel. While the researcher did not give other participants equal attention, he did both interview and observe selected participants other than the teacher. The researcher cites Wolcott (1975) to justify his position: "Ethnographers in the schools must limit their expectations; they must recognize that giving adequate attention to one aspect of schooling is an acceptable ethnographic accomplishment (p. 122)."

In her study on teacher planning, McCutcheon (1980) reported that teachers find themselves planning continuously at odd moments during the day—while driving or shopping, for example. The researcher in the current study could not gain access to this
odd-moment, outside-the-school planning. The teacher in the case, because of the press of her work demands, had no time to record such planning. It must be pointed out, however, that the researcher "shadowed" the teacher continually during the study and thus was able to record himself some of this odd-moment planning when such planning was verbalized.

Studies of teacher planning by Yinger (1977) and Joyce (1978) suggest that long-term planning decisions made at the beginning of the school year have a powerful influence on decisions made subsequently throughout the remainder of the school year. The researcher started the current study in the second half of the school year, and, as a result, was not able to investigate directly those early long-term decisions. He did manage to reconstruct, to some degree, some of those early-year decisions through interviewing and through analyzing documents.

Not only did the researcher begin the study in the second half of the school year, he also spent only four months conducting the study. Herein lies a final, more serious limitation of the current study. A truly ethnographic study of even one aspect of schooling requires that extensive time be spent on the school site. Wolcott (1973), cited earlier, spent two years studying the life and work of a high school principal. The researcher believes that, ideally, a case study of an individual teacher should encompass at least an entire school year. The researcher, unfortunately, when he
conducted the current study, was not working under ideal conditions. Unlike Wolcott, who conducted full-time, funded research during his sabbatical leave, the researcher, during the current study, was a graduate student with a part-time job and with limited funds. Because of these constraints, he could only spend four months in the field, but during that time he made every possible effort to conduct a thorough, systematic investigation.

Whether one spends weeks, months, or years in conducting inquiry according to the principles of ethnography, it must be remembered that the contexts under investigation are ever-changing. The accounts presented are, in the words of Lightfoot (1983), "but snapshots of moments in time." Although his own "moment in time" may have been brief, the researcher in the current study hopes that his "snapshot" will be perceived as fully developed.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE STUDY

Because, in the field of foreign language education, there is a dearth of research conducted in the ethnographic mode, this study serves as a small step toward a general consciousness-raising. This study presents a contextual account of some of the many social and ecological forces inherent in a particular foreign language teaching/learning context, and, as such, suggests areas for future research. Sustained inquiry of a similar nature could make a significant contribution to research in the field.
In that the study serves to sensitize others in the field to some of these contextual forces and factors, this study, together with other studies like it, has the potential to encourage individuals throughout the field to engage in meaningful dialogue.

Descriptions of this kind can be both interesting and useful to the classroom practitioner in particular. Each practitioner can digest the account and assess the co-variations with his/her own teaching context. This study, in conjunction with similar studies, could contribute to teacher education within the field. Preservice teachers in foreign languages, after studying accounts such as this account, might be better able to conceptualize the foreign language teaching context in ways that are congruent with the demands of said context. Preservice teachers could learn how a practitioner perceives her work, and thus be more able to deal effectively with the differences between what is practiced on the job and what is taught by educational theorists. Lastly, this study can be of use to educational theorists themselves within the field. The researcher hopes that the study will result in increased awareness of and increased respect for the working life of the practitioner.

While this case study concentrated on the life and work of a foreign language teacher in the schools, during the course of the investigation, the researcher became aware of the many generic features operating in the setting. The researcher believes that the study has much to say to individuals in other fields of education as
well as to people in the helping professions in general. In fact, the study has something to say to every individual who dedicates his/her life to work and who toils in unappreciated obscurity.

DEFINITIONS OF KEY TERMS EMPLOYED IN PREVIOUS STUDIES

Teacher Planning: Any activity of a teacher that is concerned with preparing a framework for guiding future action in respect to the organization of his/her school-related functions (Clark and Yinger, 1980).

Teacher Decision-Making: Any teaching act, either substantive or managerial, that a teacher makes during the course of instruction; such decision-making may involve acts such as anticipating, judging, diagnosing, prescribing, etc. (Shavelson, 1973).

Preactive Teacher Thinking: The type of teacher thinking in regard to the tasks of teaching that occurs when the teacher is not involved in face-to-face interaction with students; preactive teacher thinking is generally of a more deliberate nature than interactive thinking (Jackson, 1966).

Interactive Teacher Thinking: The type of teacher thinking that occurs during the instructional process while the teacher is in face-to-face interaction with the students; interactive teacher thinking is generally of a less deliberative, more intuitive nature (Jackson, 1966).
CHAPTER TWO

INTRODUCTION

In an attempt to make sense out of the various studies conducted in the area of teacher planning and decision-making, this review of the literature pays particular attention to the methodological perspectives employed in the studies cited. The studies reflect various research approaches—inherent similarities/differences in regard to theoretical assumptions, to research questions posed, and to methods of inquiry. The chart on the following page will help sort out the studies in terms of the research approach employed. Each study has been roughly plotted on the grid. In the course of the review, reference is made to two broad dimensions: (1) the degree of imposition of constraints on antecedent variables and (2) the degree of imposition of constraints on possible outputs.

Since the current study is qualitative in nature, referring to these same two dimensions, language more appropriate to the qualitative mode will be used: (1) the degree to which the ecological validity of the classroom context of planning and decision-making is preserved and (2) the degree of open-endedness of inquiry employed.

Broadly conceived, the various studies can be grouped in these four ways:
REPRESENTATION OF THE DOMAIN OF INQUIRY

"IDEAL EXPERIMENT"

degree of imposition of constraints on antecedent variables
(low = attempt to preserve ecological validity)
(1) Survey/questionnaire research in regard to teacher planning and decision-making.

(2) Research based on a decision-making model of teacher planning and decision-making.

(3) Research based on an information-processing model of teacher planning and decision-making.

(4) Ethnographic research into the nature of teacher planning and decision-making.

SURVEY/QUESTIONNAIRE RESEARCH

Research in the area of teacher planning and decision-making is relatively recent. Some of the earliest work was that of conducting survey/questionnaire research. In this approach, generally, literature from the field of curriculum studies in regard to planning was examined—the writings of Tyler, Taba and others. These writings were analyzed to identify the dimensions involved in planning, and the dimensions were then worked into survey and questionnaire formats.

Taylor (1970), over a four year period, studied planning in British schools. He made surveys, analyzed documents, and conducted interviews with 261 teachers of the sixth form in English, Science, and Geography. Taylor found that the majority of the teachers' primary planning considerations were: (1) selection of materials and resources and (2) selection of activities designed to arouse student interest. Taylor reported that the majority of teachers gave little consideration to formal learning objectives.
McClune (1971) used questionnaires, conducted interviews, and examined written plans of 18 elementary teachers in western Pennsylvania and northeastern Ohio. He reported that teachers gave attention to the various planning considerations of the rational planning models found in the literature, but that the priorities and relationships ascribed by teachers to these considerations differed from those of the models. He also found that teacher descriptions of the planning processes differed from the processes as viewed from the educational theorists' perspective.

Merriman (1976) employed a strict questionnaire approach and collected data on lesson planning from 256 elementary school teachers in Oregon. The teachers in the Merriman study clearly indicated that of the various planning considerations, attention to pupil needs was the first priority.

Zahorik (1975) also used a survey approach, but in contrast with earlier studies that used a fixed-response framework, Zahorik simply requested teachers to list in writing the decisions they make prior to teaching in the order they make these decisions. Zahorik tried to get at the mental plans of the teacher as opposed to the formal type of plan that might be turned in to the principal. Data was collected from 194 teachers in urban and suburban schools at all levels and across subject matter specialties.

Zahorik categorized the results according to dimensions of the rational theoretical model to find what planning decisions were
made most frequently. The results showed that in terms of quantity of use, activities are the most cited planning decision, content is the next most important consideration, and objectives are not considered important. Content planning decisions are usually the first planning decision made. Zahorik also found few differences in the pattern of planning across grade levels and across subject matter specialties.

Summary. These early questionnaire and survey studies of teacher planning served to open up the area for further inquiry by calling to attention the apparent discrepancy between planning models found in the writings of educational theorists and planning as actually practiced by classroom teachers.

RESEARCH BASED ON A DECISION-MAKING MODEL

In these studies one sees an attempt to move from the general thrust of the survey approach to a more focused investigation of the dynamics of planning and decision-making as they occur with individual teachers in individual classrooms. The thrust of research in the decision-making mode is that teachers are asked to perform certain planning or teaching tasks in situations defined by the researcher and under standardized conditions.

In an early experimental study, Zahorik (1970) examined the effect of structured planning versus no planning on teacher sensitivity to pupil response. He worked with 12 fourth grade teachers
in four suburban schools. Teachers taught their own classes for a thirty-minute period. Zahorik supplied six teachers with a partial lesson plan on a selected topic. The other six teachers were told of the topic seconds before the lesson was to begin. Zahorik found that teachers who had planned exhibited less sensitivity to pupil response than those who had not planned.

Any conclusions drawn from this study must be extremely tentative. First, the topic was selected by the researcher outside the flow of normal curricular activities, though the teachers with the advanced plan may have tried to work it in. Second, it is rare for a teacher to enter the classroom with no idea of what she is going to teach. This early study displayed minimal respect for the ecological validity of the classroom setting.

The first large-scale study based on the decision-making model was the Stanford study directed by Joyce during the summer of 1974 in which teacher planning and decision-making were investigated in a laboratory setting. Twelve teachers at the junior high level were provided content materials and asked to teach the material to three different eight-student groups on three different days. The students were unknown to the teachers. To gather data on the planning process, each teacher was instructed to think aloud as he/she planned. These thoughts were recorded on audiotape for analysis.

Results as reported by Marx and Peterson (1981) were:

teachers spent most planning time dealing with content of instruction;
instructional strategies were the next consideration; the least amount of planning time was spent on formulating instructional objectives. These results hardly seem surprising in that teachers were provided materials that they had never used before and quite naturally could be expected to give content a high priority. The teachers were also asked to teach students unknown to them; hence, attention to instructional strategies would seem quite logical. Lastly, since content material was provided by the researchers, the teachers may have assumed that formal learning objectives had been taken care of by those who designed the materials.

In the same Stanford study, under the same laboratory conditions, teacher interactive decision-making was investigated as reported in Clark and Peterson (1981). Each lesson was videotaped with teacher decisions analyzed by using a stimulated recall technique. The researchers randomly selected four 2-3 minute segments of videotaped instruction. Each teacher was shown the segments and interviewed as to decisions made.

Results: Teachers tended to follow a programmed lesson plan; teachers rarely considered alternative strategies even when instruction was judged to be going poorly; the primary cue to judge how well the lesson was going was student interaction and involvement. Again, using unfamiliar material, outside of any natural curriculum flow, teaching students unknown to them—it is not surprising that teachers followed programmed lessons. In this lab setting, many
of the cues used by teachers in real settings—past student performance on subject matter or on types of activities, and knowledge of individual student learning styles and response styles—were not available to the teachers. The resulting "programmed" lessons may well have reflected simply a teacher survival mechanism.

Perhaps more important is that the structured approach of the stimulated recall interviews used clearly indicated researcher preconceptions of the decision-making process. Questions asked—were you thinking of alternative strategies at the time, what were you noting about the students, did you have any particular objectives in this segment—all reflect a researcher-imposed framework on the processes under investigation.

As part of the Beginning Teacher Evaluation Study conducted in California in 1975, Morine-Dershimer (1976) investigated the planning and decision-making of 20 second grade and 20 fifth grade teachers. The teachers were visited twice during a three week period and were observed teaching two 20-minute lessons, one lesson in math and one in reading. The teachers did teach their own students, but attempts were made to keep the number of students constant. Teacher-written plans were conducted and analyzed to study teacher planning procedure.

The analysis of the written plans of teachers showed few statements of objectives/goals, of evaluation considerations, of diagnosis of needs, or of the posing of alternative teaching
strategies. Teachers gave most consideration to content and instructional arrangements. While not a laboratory study as such, researcher intervention in the setting was again clear. Although teachers did teach students in the normal environment, teachers were provided with researcher-designed materials that were unfamiliar to them. The resulting focus on content and instructional arrangements seems quite logical.

A more significant concern that emerged from this study was that several of the teachers reported that drawing up elaborate, formal, written lesson plans was not something that they ordinarily did in the course of their work. One might question whether what was reported by the teachers in written form validly reflects the nature of the actual planning processes involved. Teachers may have been concerned with writing plans for the researchers more than anything else. The researchers became aware of the need for further study into the nature of teacher mental planning, a need addressed by Morine-Dershimer in a later study, Morine-Dershimer (1979), and an issue prominent in the design of the Zahorik (1975) study.

In the same BTES study, teacher interactive decision-making was analyzed by using a variation of the stimulated recall technique. The entire 20-minute lesson was videotaped and played back to the teacher. The teacher was instructed to stop the tape at points where he or she was aware of having made a decision. The researchers then used structured interview format to probe into the nature of the decisions made.
Analysis of the stimulated recall protocols revealed that teachers reported making few interactive decisions. At these decision points, rarely were more than two alternatives considered. Of the decisions that were reported, the majority were concerned with the instructional process. Pupil response was cited as the reason for most decisions made.

Summary. As has been said, research within the decision-making model framework was characterized by its controlled nature—engaging teachers in tasks and situations defined by researchers according to researcher preconceptions as to the nature of the planning and decision-making processes. Research focus was on categorizing the kinds of decisions made and counting the frequency of decisions made. Thus, highly structured methods of data gathering were employed. Little consideration was given to the ecological validity of settings.

RESEARCH BASED ON AN INFORMATION-PROCESSING MODEL

Gradually, researchers in the area of teacher planning and decision-making became more aware of the complex nature of these processes and of the need to investigate these processes in more natural settings and the need to use more open-ended modes of inquiry. Instead of attempting to categorize types of decisions made and attempting to count frequency of decisions made, researchers began to ask more descriptive questions such as—what do
teachers think about as they plan? what do teachers think about as they teach? Research centered on investigating teacher information processes during preactive and interactive phases of teaching.

In a study that reflects the transition from the decision-making model with its emphasis on researcher control and intervention in the setting to the information-processing model with its emphasis on natural context and more open-ended inquiry, Mackay and Marland (1978) investigated teacher interactive decision-making during the summer of 1976. They studied six elementary teachers in a Canadian school system. The researchers videotaped two one-hour periods in each teacher's classroom. Again, stimulated recall was used to collect data. The researchers selected 20-30 minute segments. Teachers were briefed before the recall that they were to provide information on: (a) thoughts, feelings, moment-to-moment reaction; (b) conscious choices; (c) reasons for making a choice. Teachers were allowed to stop the tape at their own discretion.

Results reported were: decision-making was not as prevalent as expected; teachers made fewer than 10 decisions per lesson; of the decisions that were reported, teachers were most frequently concerned about tactics, that is, what they had done and what they were going to do. A low percentage of thinking was given to lesson goals or objectives.
In this study one finds the investigation of teacher decision-making moving into a more natural context. Teachers were studied while teaching their own curricula to their own students. In a conscious attempt to allow the teachers, not the researchers, to determine salient points of interest in regard to the nature of thought processes involved, non-directive questioning techniques were employed.

Yet, in this study, according to Mackay and Marland, teachers also reported making few decisions. What is apparent in this study and in those conducted according to the decision-making model is that there exists some confusion as to what constitutes a decision. Decision-making as conceptualized by the researchers occurs when a teacher modifies or abandons the course of instruction while it is under way. This conceptualization, while representative of the rational view of instruction promulgated by educational theorists, may be less representative of what a teacher does during the course of a short 30-minute lesson. Teachers may well make fewer decisions of this higher-order type, but in all likelihood make many more decisions of a lesser nature while teaching. This issue is complex and more will be said about it later in this review.

In the same spirit as the Mackay and Marland study and on a much larger scale, having become aware of the need to study teacher planning and decision-making as is practiced in realistic classroom contexts, several of the researchers who earlier had participated
in the Stanford study and the BTES study joined forces for a third investigation—the South Bay study. As reported in Morine-Dershimer (1979), the South Bay study was conducted over a year's period of time involving ten teachers from grades 1-5 in a single elementary school in California. The study focused on reading instruction. Teachers taught their own students and followed the curricula normally used in instruction. Each teacher was interviewed and observed twelve times at various points in the school year.

Morine-Dershimer had collected and analyzed written plans during the earlier BTES study and had discovered that much of teacher planning is mental or unstated. In this investigation, the South Bay study, she interviewed teachers prior to lessons in an effort to bring out these unstated plans. The interviews were structured and reflected preconceptions as to the nature of the planning process.

The most significant finding in respect to teacher planning was that early-in-the-year, long-term planning decisions, to a significant degree, established parameters for subsequent decisions made throughout the remainder of the school year. These early decisions of the higher-order variety established a general flow of activity; and as the year continued, teachers in their daily lessons made decisions of a lower order in regard to specific activity flow. Joyce (1981), director of the study, speculated that perhaps the influence of these long-term decisions is why investigators of teacher lesson planning have found that teachers plan lessons more
in terms of activities and arrangements rather than using the objectives/activities/evaluation paradigms favored by theorists of instructional design.

McNair and Joyce (1979) investigated teacher interactive decision-making during the South Bay study. The same ten teachers were videotaped at four points during the school year. Stimulated recall was again used: (a) the tape was stopped at random points and the teacher asked what he/she was thinking at that point and (b) teachers were asked to identify points of decision and, when the entire videotape was played back, were probed as to the nature of these decisions.

Findings again revealed that teachers reported making few decisions. A significant finding was that perceived discrepancy between teacher planning as conceived in the preactive phase and resulting classroom reality upon attempting to carry out the plan had an influence on the nature of decisions made. Virtually no decisions were reported when teaching was viewed as proceeding according to established planning routines, or when there was a minor perceived discrepancy between plan and implementation of plan. Only when there was a perceived discrepancy of a major nature were in-flight decisions made, and alternative courses of action considered. On those occasions when there was a perceived discrepancy of an extremely serious nature, the decision made was one of postponement.
Summary. Researchers in the information-processing mode of inquiry became increasingly more attentive to the contextual influences on teacher planning and decision-making. As a result, more open-ended, less structured methods of investigation were employed. These researchers were coming to understand the complex nature of these processes.

One of the central findings in these studies—that teachers continued to report having made few decisions while teaching the lessons observed—were consistent with earlier studies. This lack of apparent rationality intrigued investigators and explanations were sought. As has been said, Joyce (1981) of the South Bay study pointed to the pervasive influence of beginning-of-the-year planning decisions as limiting subsequent day-to-day planning decisions as teachers come to work in a generally established framework as the year progresses. Mackay and Marland (1978) suggested that part of the problem may lie in instrumentation. Mackay and Marland speculated that perhaps fewer decisions and decision components were being reported than actually occurred: "It is also possible that the number of decisions reported in the protocols was depressed by teachers' lack of familiarity with the use of the decision-making metaphor to describe their cognitive behavior during instruction (Mackay and Marland, 1978:12)."

At issue is the thorny question alluded to earlier—just what does constitute a decision? Researchers in the area of interactive
decision-making, had to this point conceived decisions as occurring when a teacher, through conscious weighing of alternatives, decides to modify or abandon the course of instruction. Mackay and Marland suggest that teachers do make continual decisions during instruction, but that these decisions may not be of the higher-order nature as conceived by theorists. Shavelson (1973) and Jarvis (1979) broaden the scope of teacher decisions to include any teaching act: "Any teaching act is the result of a decision, whether conscious or unconscious, that the teacher makes after the complex cognitive processing of information (Shavelson, 1973:149)." Jarvis shares this view, adding that "the difficulty rests in fully verbalizing the factors involved in any particular teaching decision, not in functioning in the classroom in a way consistent with the [decision-making] model (Jarvis, 1979:86)."

So, on one hand, one finds that by adjusting the level and scope of what constitutes a decision, educational theorists are still able to conceptualize teaching as decision-making. It is significant that teachers, on the other hand, do not perceive themselves as making decisions. Part of the problem, to be sure, is that if one broadens the scope of decision-making to include any teaching act, then many of the instant decisions made are made on the intuitive level. The decision-making model still seems to fit. But as in-depth inquiry of an ethnographic nature was later to show, the essential nature of teaching in the schools is not captured
by the model. The constraints placed on teachers—the demands of the workplace and the demands of the classroom environment—are such that teachers may have good reasons for not characterizing their work as decision-making.

**RESEARCH CONDUCTED IN THE ETHNOGRAPHIC MODE**

Ethnographic research into the nature of teacher planning and decision-making was characterized by more open-ended inquiry. Researchers in this mode entered into investigation with fewer preconceptions as to the nature of teacher planning in the preactive phase of teaching and to the nature of teacher decision-making in the interactive phase. This line of inquiry was initiated to supplement studies in the cognitive processing approach, in that it was becoming increasingly apparent that these cognitive processes were embedded in a social/ecological context. Ethnographic researchers attempted to preserve the ecological validity of the settings under study.

Undoubtedly, the most concentrated effort to investigate teacher planning and decision-making took place at The Institute for Research on Teaching at Michigan State. Christopher Clark, one of the principal researchers in the Stanford study, along with Robert Yinger, in collaborative efforts with several colleagues, conducted a series of investigations into teacher planning according to the general principles of ethnography. Among these
studies were Yinger (1977), Clark and Elmore (1978), and Clark and Yinger (1979).

Yinger's doctoral study (1977) was the first in-depth study of the planning process as it occurs over a period of time. Yinger studied the work of a 1st/2nd grade classroom teacher. For twelve weeks (40 full days) he shadowed the teacher and observed and recorded her activities in the preactive and interactive phases of teaching. Yinger employed the multiple methods of participant observation, unstructured interviews, and analysis of relevant documents. To focus on the planning process, he used the think-aloud procedure first used in the Stanford study.

One of Yinger's principal findings was that planning occurs at several hierarchical levels and that broad planning decisions made at the beginning of the school year significantly influence the nature of subsequent planning decisions at the level of day-to-day lesson planning, a finding supported in the South Bay study (Morine-Dershimer 1979) and in that of Clark and Elmore (1979). On the day-to-day level, teachers appear to work within a general framework that emerges in the classroom over the course of the year.

It also appears that many of these long-range planning decisions that have such pervasive influence on subsequent planning are made for classroom teachers and not by classroom teachers. Such factors as administrative control over curricular content and textbook selection are important considerations that establish the
parameters of teacher planning. These findings were borne out in a separate study, sponsored by the Ford Foundation in 1978 as reported in McCutcheon (1980) and Kyle (1980). In this study a team of four researchers, using ethnographic methods, investigated the social/ecological influences on teacher planning. Twelve elementary school teachers in six Virginia schools were studied over a four-month period. The researchers compiled anecdotal records, conducted interviews, examined planbooks, and collected relevant documents such as administrative memos.

The study showed that teachers are indeed subject to many external factors that influence the nature of the planning to a significant degree. McCutcheon (1980) reported that teachers in various school settings—rural, suburban, urban—seemed to do little long-range planning and make few major curriculum decisions. McCutcheon speculated that teachers appeared to do little instructional planning of a content nature since textbooks do this planning for them. Kyle (1980), reporting on the same study, revealed the extent to which tight administrative control over curricula severely limits the range of planning options open to the teacher.

The gist of these findings is such that the decision-making model of teacher planning may be called into question. In the decision-making model, classroom teachers are perceived as independent agents—assessing conditions, weighing alternatives,
and then choosing a course of action. Such a conceptualization of teaching appears to ignore the reality of the school setting in which teacher planning is embedded. Studies such as that of the Ford Foundation suggest that the school may be like a giant machine set in motion in the fall, with major decisions having been made at the start, some by classroom teachers, most by others in the setting. The machine is then left to run its course throughout the rest of the school year and the classroom teacher is carried along with this general flow and must plan within its parameters.

It seems, then, that two of the reasons that teachers do not perceive themselves as decision-makers are (1) the pervasive influence of early planning decisions, many of which are made for teachers and (2) the general constraints of the workplace in which teachers do their planning. Nevertheless, although teachers do work within this general flow or framework, inside the classroom itself, the information-processing demands made on the teacher are complex. And herein lies a third factor—the demands of the classroom environment—that prevents teachers from viewing themselves as decision-makers. A series of naturalistic studies of beginning teachers reported by Doyle (1979) investigated the nature of these classroom demands.

Doyle's research has caused him to question those standard conceptualizations of teaching in which the fundamental task of the
teacher "is to connect alternative courses of action (teaching strategies) with states of nature (student ability or motivation) in order to optimize outcomes (subject matter achievement) (Doyle, 1979:48)." Such a view, according to Doyle, trivializes the problems posed by the environment in which teachers work and presumes, by its focus, that alternative courses of action can be implemented with equivalent ease. Doyle's research suggests that automaticity, rather than decision-making, perhaps best characterizes the nature of the work teachers do.

In his study, Yinger discovered that one of the prime planning considerations was the structuring and implementing of classroom routines. This central place of routines in teaching was supported by Clark and Elmore (1979). Morine-Dershimer in the South Bay study also reported that discrepancies between planned routines and their implementation provided the impetus for the few decisions teachers reported making. The teacher in Yinger's (1977) case study used routines so often "that her planning could be described as decision-making about the selection, organization, and sequencing of routines."

Doyle (1979) speculated that teachers use these highly routinized activities with their highly predictable scripts as a survival mechanism, so necessary in the complex task environment of the classroom. He reasoned that the existence of teacher automaticity in the classroom is understandable in that development of automatic-
city allows the teacher to bypass conscious processing of stimuli in order to conserve the drain on energy needed to cope with the constant information-processing demands of the classroom environment. The teacher is thus freed up to use his/her direct conscious processing toward the monitoring of disruptions, anomalies, and unexpected events. Therefore, it does not appear that is the mere act of planning that predetermines teachers to act in a programmed manner while teaching, as was suggested by earlier studies such as Zahorik (1970), Morine-Dershimer (1976), and Mackay and Marland (1978). Instead, teachers' reluctance to vary from planned routines is an attempt to deal with the heavy information-processing demands of the classroom environment.

Several of the earlier studies, Taylor (1970), Morine-Dershimer (1976), and Mackay and Marland (1978) pointed to the teacher emphasis on student participation and involvement as a prime consideration both in preactive planning and in interactive teaching. Clark and Peterson (1979) reported that the teacher's main cue toward altering or abandoning the course of a lesson was the perceived degree of student involvement. Clark and Peterson found that teachers tended to make high-inference judgments of a global nature regarding the state of student participation. Studies by Doyle (1979) suggested that teachers attend to the quantity of student involvement and not the quality of involvement.

This emphasis on attending to pupil involvement evident in
earlier studies is reported as a major planning consideration in those ethnographic studies characterized by the open-endedness of their inquiry. See Yinger (1977), Clark and Elmore (1979), and Doyle (1979). The survey studies reviewed, as well as the decision-making model studies, employed instrumentation and analysis that conceptualized teacher planning and interaction from an outside researcher point of view. In broad terms, these researchers undertook their investigations with preconceived notions and schemata as to what the nature of planning and interactive teaching would look like, and attempted to see to what degree the schema fit. The framework used was one in which the teacher's task was conceived as attempting to maximize student learning outcomes.

Naturalistic inquirers, in studies undertaken without many of these preconceived notions as to the nature of teacher thought processes, suggest that the prevailing view of the teacher—as choosing alternative strategies based on pupil characteristics to achieve learning outcomes—is not very reflective of the work a teacher actually does. Instead, the basic teacher task may be the planning and implementation of routines designed to secure student involvement in classroom activities. As Doyle puts it, "At a proximal level, then, the teacher's task as defined by situational demands is to gain and maintain cooperation in classroom activities (Doyle 1979:47)."

Research in the area of teacher planning and classroom decision-
making is in its embryonic stage and it would be premature to conclude at this point that this reconceptualization of the teacher's main task is an appropriate framework for viewing teacher planning at all levels and in all contexts. Naturalistic investigations—Yinger (1977), Clark and Elmore (1979), and Doyle (1979), as well as the seminal study by Jackson (1968)—all investigated teachers at the elementary level. It is possible that the need to secure and maintain student involvement at the secondary level, for example, may not be as important a planning consideration for teachers.

Summary. The naturalistic studies reviewed—the most recent research in the area of teacher planning and decision-making—reflect the growing awareness of the complexity of these processes, and attempt to investigate this complexity through indepth study of an ethnographic nature in which the ecological validity of the classroom setting is respected. Open-ended methods of inquiry are used that respect the meaning ascribed to processes and events by participants. Multiple data sources are employed in an effort to obtain valid descriptions of teacher thought processes.

Two of the principal researchers in this area, Clark and Yinger, in a (1980) review of their research, underscore the need for further research in the area of teacher planning and decision-making in the realistic and complex setting of the school. Research is needed that goes beyond the information-processing approach to the
investigation of the psychological, social, and ecological contexts in which teacher planning and decision-making are embedded. The current study was conducted to help meet such a need.
INTRODUCTION

The scientific thinker who pursues his discovery roots about in the object world with his sense organs and their mechanical extensions and connects the results with the help of logical operations... As a hunter stalking deer, his concern is always for a system of phenomena or events which do not directly threaten him personally. They are therefore not of such vital immediate significance to the mind of the explorer or so pregnant with deep emotions as is, for instance, one's own experience of love or death. The origin of the mental uneasiness is a certain unknown existing externally.

The scientific thinker does not abide by the passive condition of the artist who lies in fetters and cries out of his mind's plight.

--Max Rieser

Chapter three of this dissertation represents, in large part, my attempt to express, how, during the course of this study, I moved from the stance of the stalking scientific thinker to the position of fettered artist. Chapter three attempts to express how Chapter four, the portrait, came to be.
BACKGROUND

The researcher began the study as the scientific thinker-hunter. He set out to investigate the psychological, social, and ecological contexts in which the planning and decision-making of foreign language teaching was embedded. He was not venturing totally into terrain unknown. The researcher had planned and taught both Spanish and ESL in various institutional settings. His supervisory experience in education had also brought him into contact with the teaching contexts in various schools.

He had studied, moreover, the investigations other hunters had made in this area of research. He had decided to conduct his study according to the general principles of ethnography. The researcher, as Chapter two of this dissertation outlines, had decided on the ethnographic approach because of its potential fruitfulness. Research into teacher planning and decision-making from a positivistic frame of reference had served mostly to highlight a lack of congruence between researcher assumptions regarding the nature of these processes and contextual reality. The ethnographic approach, in contrast, had assumed a more complex universe and had attempted to understand this universe from the perspective of the participants involved. Ethnography is "a way of systematically learning reality from the point of view of the participant (Sanday in Erickson, 1979:182)." The researcher felt more philosophically comfortable with this mode of investigation.
LIMITING THE SCOPE OF THE STUDY

The researcher had conducted two previous mini-studies in the ethnographic mode and had become aware of just how complex the educational universe of events could be. He had also become aware of the problematic and time-consuming nature of this type of research. Thus, the researcher, as a graduate student, felt the need to limit the scope of his dissertation study. He chose to investigate the planning and decision-making of one particular foreign language teacher in one particular school.

The researcher had read the landmark study of the late sixties (Smith and Geoffrey, 1968) in which Smith, a university professor, had collaborated with Geoffrey, one of his graduate students, to do an in-depth study of the complexities of an elementary classroom in an urban school. The researcher believed that he could conduct a similar study at the high school level with a focus on a foreign language classroom. The researcher further thought that, in contrast to Smith's and Geoffrey's comprehensive treatment, he would limit his own study to the more narrow domain of teacher planning and decision-making.

The researcher asked Pamela Knapp, a public school Spanish teacher, if she would agree to participate in the proposed study. Earlier in his university career, the researcher had served as an instructor in a language teaching methodology course. Pam, in that course, had been his top student. She was intelligent, dedicated, responsible, and articulate. She liked to "talk shop" and she was interested in learning anything
that would make her a better teacher.

The researcher had observed Pam during his course, but had never seen her teach in the public school setting. He did know that she taught Spanish in an urban public school. He thought that by studying Pam's work, he would be studying the work of a teacher who would be at least demographically representative of a large group of foreign language practitioners. Pam was female, an experienced tenured teacher, teaching in a public school, in an urban environment with a full-time teaching load. The researcher thought that his study would be of interest to the widest possible audience of people in the teaching field of foreign languages. Much as Smith had done years earlier with one of his students, the researcher envisioned his doing a similar landmark study in the field of foreign language education.

When Pam agreed to cooperate in the study, the stage was set. The researcher-hunter, having some theoretical and practical knowledge of the terrain, having chosen his approach, and having found someone who was going to allow him to enter the forest, mapped out his line of investigation. He drew up the research questions below. Armed with a proposal that one dissertation committee person had called "the best piece of work I have seen in a while," the researcher began the study. The hunt was on.
ORIGINAL RESEARCH QUESTIONS PRIOR TO ENTERING THE FIELD

A. Teaching Philosophy

1. How does the teacher perceive her role as a high school language teacher?

2. How does she perceive the nature of her subject matter?

3. What does she perceive as the nature of foreign language learning?

4. What assumptions does she make about how students learn?

B. Preactive Teacher Thinking

1. Content
   a. What does her planning look like?
   b. When does she plan?
   c. In what settings does she plan?
   d. How is planned time distributed?

2. Considerations
   a. What does she consider as she plans?
   b. What effect does the text have on her planning?

3. Articulation
   a. Do program goals affect her planning?
   b. Do forms of planning differ according to level of language taught?
   c. Within a given course/class, what factors are considered in sequencing?

4. External Factors
   a. How do the constraints of time affect her planning?
   b. How do the constraints of the workplace affect her planning?
C. Interactive Teaching Thinking

1. What does she think about as she teaches?

2. Does she see herself as making decisions during instruction?

3. If so, what is the nature of these decisions?

The researcher designed his data collection plan on the Yinger (1977) case study of teacher planning. The researcher also hoped to go beyond the Yinger study and, through the use of stimulated recall, investigate teacher decision-making as well as teacher planning. As originally conceived, data collection had a dual focus:

A. Data Collection (focused)

1. Elicitation Tasks
   a. Think aloud planning sessions (daily).
   b. Stimulated recall of a selected classroom lesson (weekly).

B. Data Collection (wide-lens)

1. Participant Observation
   a. Of teacher's activity in the home setting during planning sessions.
   b. Of teacher's activity at school during planning sessions.
   c. Of teacher's activity during her time away from classes.

2. Interviews
a. Semi-structured with the teacher.

b. Informal during daily interaction with the teacher.

c. Semi-structured with other participants in the setting.

3. Documents

a. Planbook, curriculum guidelines, texts, materials, administrative memos, department memos.

4. Transcripts

a. Audiotape recordings of classroom lessons.

THE SUNDAY SESSIONS (February-April)

The researcher met with Pam, the teacher in the study, in early February. When asked by the researcher if she would be willing to participate in the study, Pam replied, "First, I have to see what you are going to lay on me." The researcher assured Pam that he would try to fit his data collection schedule into her working schedule as much as possible, and that participation in the study would require only fifteen minutes of her time during the day and perhaps 2-4 hours of her time during the week. The researcher briefed Pam on the nature of the think-aloud and the stimulated recall elicitation tasks that he proposed to use during the study. Pam agreed to participate. "I'll do it; you might be able to help me become a better teacher."

During the course of two orientation sessions, Pam revealed that she prepared for the school week on Sunday afternoons and she
invited the researcher to come down to her home so he could observe her in action. For the following two months prior to entering the school setting, the researcher went to Pam's home on Sunday afternoons.

The researcher saw the Sunday sessions as an ideal format to gather data before entering the school setting. He was eager to start the study. The researcher was too eager. He committed a fundamental mistake. He forgot that "phenomenological inquiry begins in silence." Anxious to seize the opportunity to collect data through focused observation, he immediately tried to introduce Pam to the think aloud planning procedure. He also made a second mistake, that of trying to further fine-tune his investigation by asking Pam to focus on planning for one level, Spanish I.

Pam does not plan for one level; she plans for all three levels that she teaches—Spanish I, II, III—at the same time. As the weeks passed, while Pam felt comfortable performing the think-aloud tasks themselves, she began to object to the general direction of the investigation. She began referring to the think-aloud sessions as "yours"—"Now that I have done yours, I have to do mine, I need some time for myself."

The researcher realized that he was imposing his own framework on the Sunday sessions; and, over time, instead of using the sessions for fine-tuned investigation through elicitation, he began to use the Sunday sessions for ethnographic interviewing and silent
participant observation. His rapport with Pam improved, and once, when the researcher missed a Sunday session because Pam was out of town, she commented, "I missed you last week, you are getting to be like an old pair of shoes."

Although rapport had been established, paradoxically, in order to maintain this rapport, the researcher decided to discontinue the Sunday sessions after two months. Pam had tolerated the researcher's presence on Sundays for a few weeks, but Sunday afternoons in her den was her private time, and the presence of an outsider intruded on her space. Secondly, the researcher had to consider the feelings of Pam's husband. Her husband was not a teacher, and was not able to talk on any meaningful level with his wife about teaching. The researcher, of course, could talk on such a level, and his presence in the den on Sunday appeared to arouse some feelings of resentment on the part of Pam's husband. And once the researcher entered the school setting in April, for him to have spent six days a week with Pam would have been a mistake for all concerned.

In the forty hours of observation and interviewing conducted during these Sunday sessions, the researcher gathered data relevant to many of his original research questions. However, once the researcher ceased trying to impose his framework on events, he noticed that, during the course of these sessions, not once did Pam herself mention the word "planning" to describe what she was
doing. She, instead, talked of "getting ready," "getting geared up," "getting my stuff together," or "getting done what I am supposed to do." At times, she described the Sunday sessions in her den as simply, "when I am down here." The researcher began to shift the focus of his investigation.

The researcher began to suspect that from his original list of research questions, two questions in particular—(1) how do the constraints of time affect planning? and (2) how do the constraints of the workplace affect planning?—merited increased attention.

The fact that the Sunday sessions were *Sunday only* sessions was significant to the researcher. Pam prepared her lessons for the school week on this one day only; she reported doing minimal preparation during the week itself. Moreover, as far as the weekend was concerned, Pam did not touch the stuff in her briefcase until Sunday—"Friday night, school is just too fresh and Saturday is a waste, cause I just lay around I am so beat." During the interviews conducted by the researcher, in describing her daily and weekly work schedule, Pam had given ample evidence as to why she performed minimal class preparation during the week and as to why she was so beat on the weekends. In fact, both from the content of what Pam had to say and from the manner in which she spoke (a pell-mell rush of words without pause), the researcher concluded that Pam was under severe stress. As he prepared to enter the school setting, the researcher resolved to investigate more fully those forces that contributed to this stress.
ENTERING THE SCHOOL SETTING

This conclusion was startlingly borne out on the first day the researcher entered the school setting. He entered the setting the Monday following the school's Easter vacation. During Easter vacation, Pam and her husband had taken some of the students at the school to Mexico and had gotten back late Sunday night. That Monday morning at the school Frank, Pam's husband, greeted the researcher. "We just came from the emergency room at the hospital—we were there from 1 to 5 in the morning, Pam's heart palpitations simply wouldn't stop." Pam showed up minutes later and said that she was okay. "Don't worry; I brought my alarm—I'll sleep in here during 3rd and 4th period to get my energies back."

The researcher, whose research design had called for him to schedule with Pam interviews, daily think-aloud sessions, and weekly stimulated recall sessions, began to rethink both his proposed line of investigation and his proposed means of data collection. While not discarding his original list of research questions, he decided to concentrate more on investigating the psychological, social and ecological forces that influence planning and less on the nature of planning itself.

After the shock of the first day in the field, the researcher put his formal scheduled sessions with Pam on hold for two weeks. He did not want to add to her stress. Two weeks in the school setting convinced the researcher to discard his plans for focused
data collection through the think-aloud sessions and stimulated recall sessions. (Significantly, only once in nine weeks after a class did Pam volunteer a comment on something that had transpired during a previous class period.) The researcher also discarded plans for formal semi-structured interviews with Pam during the school day. For not only did the researcher make these decisions out of consideration for Pam's health, even had he so desired, he could not have scheduled interview sessions. The researcher discovered that, now that he had entered the school setting, he simply could not spend literally five minutes alone with Pam.

Pam was immersed in the culture of the school. Before school every day she and her husband set up her classroom together. It was a private personal time for them both at the start of the day. Pam spent her conference period and lunch period running errands and visiting with students. When she did leave her room for lunch, she had lunch in the women's lounge to which the researcher obviously was denied access.

After school, during the week Pam had myriads of meetings to attend and tasks to take care of. Two days a week she had classes at the university which meant she had to hustle home right after school to get ready for these evening classes. Although Pam had no scheduled place to go on Friday afternoons, she reserved that time to spend with Frank. On Friday afternoons they straightened up the room together.
Although present in the setting almost every day during the final nine-week term, the researcher spent little time alone with the teacher who was the focus of his study. He tried to touch base in a more personal way with Pam via the telephone. But during the week she was rarely at home until 9 o'clock and she was in bed by nine-thirty. The only way the researcher could spend time alone with Pam was through weekend telephone calls.

A MODIFIED FOCUS OF INVESTIGATION

As the days in the field passed, the need to develop a modified research focus became clear to the researcher. He decided to focus his investigation on the psychological, social, and ecological forces that were influencing Pam's life and work. He drew up a modified set of research questions and attempted to collect data relevant to such questions during the remainder of the study. The umbrella question that guided the study was the following: what is happening in Pam's life and work, and what meaning does she ascribe to these happenings?

A. Principal Areas of Investigation

1. Time
   a. What does Pam do during a school day?
   b. What does she do during a school week?
   c. How does the time of year affect what she does?

2. The School Culture
   a. Personal Relations
(1) What is/are like? What is Pam's relationship with each?

- the principal
- the staff
- the other Spanish teacher
- the secretaries
- the janitors
- the students

b. Place

(1) What is Pam's room like? How does she view her room?

(2) What is the rest of the school work area like? How does Pam view these areas?

3. Responsibilities

a. What meaning does Pam ascribe to her responsibilities in the following areas:

(1) Classroom

- teaching subject matter
- other classroom concerns
- other student concerns

(2) Outside the Classroom

- duty
- homeroom
- clerical tasks
- school meetings

(3) Outside the School

- classes at the university
- city foreign language meetings
- conferences

(4) Personal

- home
- personal relationships
- health
THE MODIFIED DATA COLLECTION STRATEGY

In keeping with the modified focus of investigation, the researcher modified the thrust of his data collection strategy. Rather than try to impose his own framework on events, he decided to observe events as they unfolded. He had previously discarded his planned use of controlled elicitation tasks. He could have forced his investigation by insisting that Pam meet for formal interview sessions. He did not so insist. Instead, he chose to "shadow" Pam as she moved about in her world. As Pam's shadow in both in-school and outside-school settings, the researcher collected data through observation and through informal interview exchange. The researcher collected data through use of the following strategies:

A. Participant Observation

1. Of Pam in the School Setting
   a. Before School
   b. During Class
   c. During Conference/Lunch/Duty
   d. After School

2. Of Other Participants in the School Setting
   a. The Principal
   b. Other Teachers
   c. Secretaries
   d. Janitors
   e. Students

3. Of Pam Interacting with Participants in Other Settings
   a. At City Foreign Language Meetings/Parties
   b. At the State Language Conference
The researcher was present at the high school in question for forty of the forty-five days of the last nine-week term of the school year. For thirty of those forty days, he was at the school from 7:00 to 10:45, or from one-half hour before school through period four. The other ten days, the researcher spent the entire day at the school. The researcher also accompanied Pam to events outside the school setting.
THE END OF THE AUDIT TRAIL

Here the audit trail ends. In the pages that follow, the reader will note a change of language and a change of tone. Perhaps the sensitive reader may already have noticed something amiss with respect to the titles of the various sections in Chapter three of the dissertation's table of contents. The term "audit trail" (Guba, 1981) refers to the qualitative researcher's leaving the reader of a research account a detailed notation of (1) methodological decisions made and (2) inferences made from data gathered. In the pages of the chapter up to this point the researcher tried to leave such a clearly marked trail. His language is neutral, his tone impersonal, his message clear. The pages seem to reflect the ordered state of mind that characterizes the rational thinker.

On one level the researcher-hunter was able to leave a trail indicating his path into the forest of the school setting. Once into this forest, like Dante, the researcher found himself in a dark wood, and after a period of time in this dark wood, one hellish vision became clear—the teacher that I was studying was literally killing herself.

Forced to witness the slow, steady self-destruction of a human being day after day, I lost my ability to think scientifically. Scientific thinking, writes Rieser, "has the sobriety that enables one to search and analyze, to split things and decompose them into homologous elements so that they may serve as concepts of a higher order (1969:40)."
I had hoped to relate this study to earlier studies on teacher planning by analyzing my findings into concepts, concepts that might have led to my building a model of foreign language teacher planning much as Yinger (1977) did in his study of the planning of an elementary school teacher. But, for me, Pam and her planning became more than a case to be analyzed, broken down and reduced to concepts. Van Manen has written, "A return to the lived experience of the pedagogic life world should resist the temptation to conceptualize for fear of alienating itself from the very experience of which it attempts to speak (1982a: 148)." For me, the entry into the life world of the school brought me face to face with myself. And I ceased to be strictly a scientific researcher. I became a human being.

A scientific researcher begins with what Sanders has called a "hitch" or a "glitch"—an element in the world, an X, that is unknown and somehow disturbingly puzzling to the investigator. To reduce this puzzlement, the scientific thinker tries to resolve this hitch, this X, by tracing it back to something that is known. On a conscious level, of course, I could connect themes that were emerging in my study to findings in previous planning studies. Pam planned and taught within a network of contextual restraints (McCutcheon, 1980). School administrative control over curricula did affect her planning (Kyle, 1980). The textbook (Kyle, 1980) did limit Pam's planning options. For Pam, structuring and implementing classroom routines (Yinger, 1977) was a prime planning consideration. She used these routines as a survival
mechanism to deal with the demands of the classroom environment (Doyle, 1979). Within the classroom, gaining and maintaining group cooperation in class activities, not learning, seemed to be Pam's primary concern (Jackson, 1968), (Doyle, 1979).

I could see these parallels on a conscious level, but seeing them, noting them, and eventually reporting them seemed insignificant. The vision of Pam's being on a path to self-destruction overrode the rational. During the course of the Sunday sessions, I had come to care about Pam in a personal way. On my first day in the setting, she arrived at the school direct from the hospital emergency room. In the days that followed, Pam's insomnia, allergies, heartburn, migraines, heart palpitations, and blank-out spells—all symptoms of severe stress—touched me to the core.

And yet, in my role as researcher, all I could do (or chose to do) was sit and watch. I was the hunter, hunting not only in the name of scientific investigation, but also hunting a Ph.D. True, I hoped to make a contribution to the field, but like most graduate students, I wanted the degree. And my study of this woman was going to help me get it. To ease my feelings of guilt, I tried to help Pam in little ways—by being a calming influence, by being supportive, by being there. But I could never get away from that fact that my "being there" also meant that I was not just attending to Pam's needs, but also gathering data to further my own, and, at the same time, adding to her stress. I knew that, in a sense, I was still the hunter,
and that perhaps somewhere along the way, considering the nature of the data I was gathering, Pam herself would be my game.

I quickly established a solid rapport with Pam. I committed some initial blunders during the Sunday sessions, but for the most part, both in her den and at school, Pam had talked and had talked freely. Curiously, as the study progressed, Pam displayed no interest in my observations. She refused to look at my sketch of themes that had emerged from the Sunday sessions, remarking, "I don't want to see them, they would only make me nervous."

I had originally intended to do a semi-collaborative study similar to that of Smith and Geoffrey. The fact that I had determined, without consulting Pam, the proposed area of investigation—teacher planning and decision-making—meant that from the start the study could never have been truly collaborative. I did think that the proposed area was sufficiently broad so as to allow input from Pam to partially determine the course of the study.

Both Pam's work schedule and her fragile state of mind precluded such collaboration. After some time on the site, when I offered to share with her my initial impressions of the school setting, Pam refused to look at them, also. She said, "Look, when this is all over, I mean, I'll wait until the end, until you get it written up. I have all I can handle right now." Then she added,
I wish you hadn't chosen me to do this study; it has played havoc with my mind. The thing is I think you know what I should be doing which I am not—and I am painfully aware of that.

From Pam's perspective, I was (and am) a university person, a researcher-hunter, and she saw herself as potential game. At the initial orientation session, I had brought up the subject of possible political repercussions, and Pam had replied, "That's no biggie. Is that supposed to scare me?" In early May, however, Pam who for weeks had displayed few qualms about the study, seemed to suddenly realize the possibility that the study was a "biggie." For I was not just doing a study, but a study of her life and work. She expressed her fear openly:

I was cognizant of the stuff you were doing and all, but now I am just becoming aware of the political repercussions. I feel like you are slitting my throat and I am slowly bleeding to death. You hold my professional life in your little hands, honey. I will never be able to teach in the professional community again after you're through.

Then, as now, I had no answer for Pam. All I could say was "Trust me." And so far, Pam has.

One might think that the realization of possible repercussions would have permanently damaged the rapport I had built with Pam. Such was not the case. Although for two or three days after she expressed her fears openly, Pam treated me in a cold monosyllabic manner, our rapport was reestablished shortly after.

Pam had to trust me. What could she do? She was caught up in the end-of-the-year currents of school life and university life and had no time to dwell on the future. On a deeper level,
though, I believe that Pam originally agreed to cooperate in the study and had continued to share with me throughout the study because she knew she needed help. And she figured that maybe somehow, some way, what I was doing would help her, if not now, then in the future.

I knew that Pam needed help now, considering her circumstances. But given the school setting, what could I do? Pam was set in her ways. Late in the year, her teaching routines were established. The school machine was in high gear. I had to let Pam carry the load and watch her suffer. I kept telling myself, "what you are doing now will help Pam in the long run." And yet at the same time, I was tormented by the feeling that maybe Pam was right, maybe I was simply slitting her throat, that I was, at bottom, as much of a researcher-hunter as anyone. All of which, to use Pam's phrase, "played havoc with my mind."

As I related earlier, at some point in the study I lost the sobriety that characterizes the scientific thinker. Perhaps it could be said that I had lost some of this sobriety long before I began the study. During my stay at the university, I had become friends with many classroom teachers. As their friend, I had listened to their problems. I knew something of their workload, their stress, their despair.

As I watched Pam struggle and stumble, "bumbling along til the end," as she put it, I was also in almost daily contact with a young first-year teacher whom I had supervised during her student teaching. This dedicated, caring young woman, at the
time, was being chewed up by the public school system during her first year. She was harassed and eventually propositioned by the principal, isolated and ridiculed by senior staff, and finally assaulted by one of her students. I have no doubt that my position as an angry, frustrated onlooker in this second setting influenced my study of Pam.

My personal feelings toward Pam, my feelings toward this young first-year teacher, and my feelings for the other teacher friends of mine—all these feelings had an impact on the study. And my feelings toward myself and what I was doing had an impact as well. On one level I was the researcher hunter, yet on another level I was a deer, much as these teachers were. We were all struggling with forces and factors beyond our control. We all shared a common "deerness" that would later prove to be one of the guiding visions of the study.

Like Pam, I was (and still am) killing myself. During the study itself I was working 18 hours a day—working another job, being present at the school site, typing transcripts late into the night, getting three to four hours sleep week after week, month after month.

What I am trying to convey is that during the time I was in the field I was carrying a psychic burden that found its release in artistic creation. I could not directly act to help Pam, and I was incapable of making a strict scientific analysis of the setting and its participants. Rieser notes the psychic
situation out of which the artistic reaction bursts forth:

when the individual is prevented from responding by means of action to counter his affliction, when the situation is one of psychic helplessness in which the artistic reaction is the appropriate remedial counter measure and the only one available... The individual attempts neither to examine, nor to explain, but to express, because nothing else can relieve his psychic burden (1969:46-47).

At some point, I am not sure exactly when, I passed from scientific thinker to fettered artist, a passage that influenced (1) the forming of and (2) the form of the final account of the study.

For the artist is not a questioner in the same mode as the scientific thinker. He asserts. Like primitive man, he tries to express the nameless with sounds. Unlike the scientific thinker who carefully postulates and tests, the artist affirms. He is akin to "a religious believer struggling to express the form of an intuitive knowing (Rieser, 1969:63)."

Rieser comes closest to capturing in words what transpired during my study. I use the term "what transpired" deliberately, from the Latin, trans—"out", spirare—"to breathe." Involuntarily, the study simply exhaled forth. It seemed to have a life-force of its own. Its final form came to express all that, during the four months of the study and no doubt for some time before, I had held in. The carefully stated modified research questions on page 49 were truthfully composed by my reading the account after I had finished writing it up, by my observing what the final draft encompassed. After having spent 40 to 50 hours
with Pam prior to entering the school site, a few days in the
school revealed to me that no more questions needed to be
asked. I knew. I could answer the umbrella research question—
what is happening in Pam’s life and work, and what meaning does
she ascribe to these happenings? I could answer the question
in part because Pam had already shared so much with me, but also
because I knew what was happening in my own life, as well as in
the lives of my other teacher friends. For the remainder of the
study I gathered evidence to illustrate what I intuitively knew
to be true at some bedrock level, evidence to support my
intuitive vision.

In presenting this evidence in the portrait, furthermore, I
chose to combine events that occurred at different points in
time so as to enable the piece to present its vision more
powerfully. The result? The portrait presented reflects my
passage from scientific thinker to artist.

ARTISTIC MEANING

Science states meanings; art expresses them.
—John Dewey

Langer has written that "the act of conception which sets
the artist's work going...is the envisagement of the commanding
form" whose ultimate shape he cannot imagine fully until he
expresses it (1953:892)." The creative process is largely a
subconscious process, and attempting to put this process into
words may well be a contradiction in absurdam. I shall try to
describe, in some way, how my study took shape, knowing full well that my description will be inadequate.

Somewhere into the study I had the envisagement of what Langer refers to as a commanding form. The account presented in Chapter four was, at some level, being written as I was in the field. MacArthur once said, "war is old men sending young men off to die." The commanding form of my study flowed from a similar notion. I perceived that teaching in Pam's particular school and probably in other schools like it was very much like a war. The classroom, and to some extent, the school itself, is the teacher's battlefield. In war, as the old men send the young off to die, these old men justify their actions through political language, language that as Orwell once noted, "is designed to make lies sound truthful and murder respectable and to give the appearance of solidity to pure wind." The classroom teacher, I perceived, was similarly sent off to fight her battles by similar "old men," in this case, university commentators and school administrators who use a similar political language to create an illusion of respectability. My mission, I felt, was to expose this world of wind and respectability and to portray the reality often masked by the high-sounding, noble rhetoric surrounding teachers, teaching, and schools.

Such was the germinal idea of my study, an idea that seemed to grow and grow. There are those who would respond, "So what?" "What else is new?" Precisely. Calmly stated in relatively discursive language, statements such as those made in the above
paragraph have minimal impact. What I tried to do in the portrait is capture and present the felt reality in the school I studied, to capture and present the rhythms of one teacher's daily existence, to capture and present the sense of time, the sense of place, the tone, the mood. I hoped not to convey "information about," but rather "experience of." I hoped not to tell, but to show. And to convey this "sense of," this "experience of," I felt compelled to use a medium of artistic expression. For only through non-discursive language could I express this felt reality. "Art," Reimer notes, "calls attention to a different dimension of understanding than conventional symbols (1970:61)."

To truly appreciate an artistic creation, it is helpful to keep in mind the distinction between communication and aesthetic creation (Reimer, 1970). An individual who wishes to communicate begins with a message. He encodes that message. If the message is clear and the receiver of the message is able to decode the message, then communication has taken place. The artist does not begin with a message as such. He has no formulated message to encode with a signal. He begins with a germinal idea, often diffuse, that seems to have the power to grow. As the artist attempts to give expression to this germinal idea, he works on his medium, and his medium works on him. Thus the finished work captures insights that he may have brought with him prior to creation as well as insights discovered during the creative process itself.
The import of the finished art work cannot be built up like the meaning of discursive discourse (Langer, 1953). Discursive discourse, the discourse of most scientific investigation and reporting, for example, is "de-sign-ated." This type of discourse is based on a set of fixed signs. Characteristic of such discourse is its literalness, its logic—in which meaning accumulates in evidential fashion. Understanding the meaning of art, however, begins with an intuition of the whole presented feeling. Only contemplation of the piece gradually reveals its import. Artistic meaning, therefore, in contrast to scientific meaning, can only be exhibited. Artistic meaning cannot be demonstrated "to anyone to whom the artistic import is not lucid" (Langer 1953:379).

There are those who may object to the "loading" inherent in non-discursive language. Such "loading" is natural. The felt reality "cannot be described calmly and with clarity because the spirit of the creator is so violently shaken by the subject matter of the description" (Rieser 1969:23). Since my purpose in presenting a portrait was to capture the felt reality of the setting, it is understandable that the language used may be perceived as loaded, especially by those who are accustomed to reading traditional research reports. The discursive language employed in these reports often serves to mask the reality of educational phenomena (Douglas, 1976), (Lightfoot, 1981). Rather than mask reality, I tried to portray it. I wanted to express an alternative view, a view that I believed would more
accurately reflect the insider-participant's experience of the setting.

It is true that in artistic creation something may be lost. The literalness of the description may be reduced. Rieser writes:

Because the wording...is carried along by the stream of emotion,...a description of the world may be intended, but rhythm catches up with the description and transforms it into music (1969:23).

This resulting music, however, may enhance the piece by giving it a power that otherwise it would not possess.

This lack of literalness, this use of non-discursive instead of discursive language, in the professional socialization of educational research is usually seen as a sign of imprecision (Eisner, 1985). Many are those in research circles who would claim that discursive conventional symbols are precise, while expressive non-discursive forms are not. To make such a claim is to ignore the possibility that the discursive and the non-discursive may each be precise within its own realm of experience and imprecise outside its own realm of experience.

Reimer contends:

Expressive forms as compared with conventional symbols, are quite powerless to give precise knowledge about the factual world. Conventional symbols—numbers, tables, graphs, etc.—are quite powerless to give us precise knowledge about human subjective reality as compared with art, which can do so more precisely and with more truth than any other means available to man (1970:61).
A WIDER VIEW OF KNOWLEDGE/TRUTH

In the citation above Reimer makes claims for art that raise some unavoidable epistemological questions. There are those who would reject totally Reimer's claims, counter-claiming that not only is artistic expression imprecise, but that anything that cannot be stated discursively and demonstrated to be true, cannot be known. Demonstration, since the birth of modern science, has been the cornerstone undergirding its pursuit of knowledge. To be considered valid or true, claims to knowledge must be demonstrated. The acceptance of such claims depends on their meeting agreed-upon grounds of verification. The ground for making said claims must be clearly stated. In this view, art—in that its meaning is not stated, and whose meaning cannot be demonstrated, but only exhibited—yields no knowledge.

I reject such a view. I believe that, as humans, we have multiple ways of knowing about our world. I would contend with Reimer that:

all of human experience is permeated with subjective responsiveness, that far from being little 'computers on legs,' humans are creatures whose every act and every thought from birth to death is suffused with feeling...
And much of what we know about our world, we know by feeling about it... (Reimer, 1970:34).

And in this realm of felt subjective reality, the discovery of knowledge may come through art.

This alternative view, as Eisner points out, is contrary to the position taken by most members of the research community. Eisner writes:
the idea that there are multiple ways in which things can be known—and that there are a variety of expressive modalities throughout that which is known may be disclosed—simply has been absent from the educational community (1985:224).

The educational research community socializes its would-be members into believing that the most dependable method to obtain knowledge is through scientific investigation. This socialization process is part of the "hidden curriculum" in university doctoral programs, for example. To have his knowledge of claims accepted by the community, a would-be member or an established member must show that he has followed the proper procedures correctly. He presents evidence for his claims to the community. His claims are accepted through the intersubjective consensus of the community members. Throughout this process, it seems that it is methodological propriety that determines whether a knowledge claims is accepted. Although volumes have been written concerning these epistemological concerns, it seems hard to deny that the research community, at bottom, is a community of believers. And, as Eisner suggests, whenever individuals within this community make claims to know, what they mean is they believe in what they believe and that others share their belief as well (Eisner 1985:240). As Mooney (in Moustakas, 1956:261) once observed:

"Science is grounded in a field of beliefs. It is easy to forget this fact. In our effort to establish findings 'beyond doubt' we are prone to wish we were men 'beyond beliefs,' and, wishing it were so, we are inclined to act as if it were so."
It would seem then that, with the educational research community, the answer to the question, "How do we know?" rests in large part on methodological propriety—"We know because our method tells us so." Phillips contends that such emphasis on method "often stultifies the individual, dampens his strongest passions, ...may block him from confronting experience, and restrict his imagination (1973:156-157)." During the course of my study of Pam, I found myself confronting, and being confronted by, experience. I chose not to restrict my imagination. Had I been able to maintain my role as researcher-hunter, I could have followed the methodological procedures outlined in my proposal. I could then have produced an account in a more strict discursive mode of disclosure, a mode that would have found a more favorable reception within the research community. For the reasons mentioned in the preceding pages of the dissertation, and probably for reasons I could not consciously express, I felt compelled to follow a different path.

Perhaps in so doing, I stand outside a scientific community of believers. Eisner and his disciples at Stanford, however, in recent years have been using an approach similar to the one I used. Eisner calls his work educational criticism. Criticism, as defined by Eisner, is the illumination of qualities so that an appraisal can be made. Educational criticism aims to illuminate qualities of educational phenomena in order to enhance perception of these phenomena. Eisner, in an attempt to give his work some sort of grounding, has put forward the
notion of connosieurship. "To be a connonsieur is to know how to look, to see, and to appreciate (1985:219)." Educational criticism is practiced by those who possess such qualities in respect to the appreciation of educational phenomena.

For educational criticism to be valid, Eisner (1985) suggests that two conditions must be met. First, is there structural corroboration in the finished piece of criticism? Does the piece form a coherent, persuasive whole? Second, does referential adequacy exist? In other words, if a second critic were to critique the same phenomena, would he/she come to disclose many of the same qualities? These two conditions, it would appear, are somewhat nebulous. It would seem that Eisner posited the second condition because obviously a piece may have structural corroboration and yet may be a false presentation of the phenomena in question. And as far as referential adequacy is concerned, a second critic would bring his/her "sedimented life history" to the setting or event and this life history would influence perception of events. In the end, Eisner himself admits, that the only question to ask in terms of the validity of a piece of criticism is, does the work, the finished piece, enhance our perception of the phenomena in question? Acceptance of the claims made in the name of educational criticism also rests upon the intersubjective consensus of the community of believers.

Epistemological concerns can be murky indeed. Perhaps, in the final analysis whether an individual seeks knowledge and
truth through a scientific mode of investigation, either quantitative or qualitative, or whether he seeks knowledge and truth through educational criticism or related artistic expression, what is important is, simply, the integrity of the individual himself. Perhaps, as George Willis (1978) once said, all we can ask of each individual is that his/her observations be keen, that his/her interpretations be insightful, and that his/her judgment be just.

"The truth of history," a former professor of mine once noted "is what great historians say it is." The truth of science, it seems, is what great scientists say it is. The truth of art, similarly, is what great artists say it is. To those who will ask me, "On what basis did you write as you did?", my response is that, ultimately, the finished piece speaks for itself.

Dewey has written:

Indifference to response of the immediate audience is a necessary trait of all artists that have something to say. They are animated by a deep conviction that since they can only say what they have to say, the trouble is not with their work, but with those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not (1934:104).

I am not a great artist. Perhaps the piece that follows in Chapter 4, in that it is not purely an aesthetic creation, is not art at all. That the piece is a hybrid creation, there can be no doubt. I could not be totally indifferent to response of the immediate audience for I wrote the piece as a would-be member of the educational research community. While I felt compelled to present the piece artistically, I also felt
compelled to conform to at least some of the rules of methodological propriety. Thus the piece contains some analysis—insights from educational theory and social science theory—for the purposes of illumination. I am aware that the hybrid nature of the piece gives it inherent weaknesses, as well as strengths. I hope that the piece will be judged on its merits. It seems to me that in the field of foreign language education, in particular, we need to accept work that reflects a broader vision. The research "literature" of the field is, and has always been, predominantly discursive; the research mode, almost single-mindedly quantitative. For a field to grow, it needs a variety of nutrients. Those of us who are interested in creating a vital, growing profession would do well to reflect on these words of Blake:

    May God us keep from single vision and
    Newton's sleep.

In my more optimistic moments, I believe that in parts of the piece, I may have been able to capture poetic truth. What is poetic truth? An artist greater than I must express that:

    For me it is as if the mind is a geographical landscape. The intellect is a little garden and that's where you live, and that is where your house is and that's walled... There you're in total control. You plant the flowers. You choose the flowers you want to grow. You choose the trees. You prune them. You make all the decisions and everything is governed by your will and vision...

Outside that garden is the Wild Country. And there's mist and there's cliffs and there's waterfalls and there's rivers and there's chasms and there's mountains and there's moors and there's deserts, and that Wild Country is your personal experience. You're not in control. What happens to you, happens. You can say, 'I chose to walk along this beautiful
quiet country lane called Marriage where everything is going to be easy for me.’ You can choose the path, but you can’t choose when there is going to be a lightning storm, or when the locusts are going to attack and literally sweep it barren in five minutes as locusts could. You are not in control. That for me is your personal experience of your emotions, of everything that happens to you in your life. The main thing is your will isn’t governing it. Things happen, and you see them and you choose whether to withdraw or advance, but it’s hazardous.

The ultimate territory beyond the Wild Country is the Ocean, and in that Ocean territory what’s true for you is in some form true for every single living thing in the Universe. When you get to the Ocean territory, you’re in touch with what a flower feels; you’re in touch with the evolution of the plant and the person and the planet. I believe that everything that is true in Ocean territory is true at every level.

In the Garden nothing is true; everything is created. In the Wild Country, things are just true in that context. But in Ocean territory things are true at every level, ultimately true (Jeni Couzyn in Skelton, 1975:197).

For me, the connection between these thoughts of Couzyn and my own study is clear. With my intellect I had composed a solid dissertation proposal. I was in control. But once I entered the setting, I quickly found myself in the Wild Country. At some point, through sheer determination of will, I could have walled off my emotions and followed my original line of investigation. I could have retreated from the Wild Country. I did not. For, somehow, for me to have done so would have been to investigate and report the non-real. And if one retreats from the Wild Country, then one will never reach the Ocean territory that lies beyond, the territory where artistic truth may be discovered.
THE VALUE OF ART

In my attempt to express my initial vision, I believe that, in some sense, I did reach the Ocean territory. For my initial germinal idea became transformed as it took shape. The initial idea behind my piece had, at its base, an intuition of teachers as victims, and many of us who work outside the classroom as victimizers. Part of my personal anxiety in regard to the study as a whole lay in my victimizing Pam, the teacher in my study. As I worked out the expression of this original vision, I came to sense that all of us are, in many ways, both victims and victimizers. We are all both hunter and game. We all share a common "deerness." Somehow we are all part of an organic whole that transcends the cumbersome educational machinery we find ourselves working with. The key, somehow, to our personal growth, and to our growth as this organic whole, is to accept our victimness without in turn becoming victimizers. I hope that those who read my piece will come to appreciate this feeling of our shared nature and our shared destiny. For the educational community, at the present time, is hardly a community. It is rife with division.

The above thoughts, when stated, may sound banal, which is why I chose to express them in an artistic form. I trust that my artistic attempt will be valued. As Dewey noted, in the end, works of art are one of the few means humans have to connect "in a world of gulfs and walls that limit community of experience (1934:105)." The power of art to cut through the surface of life and give a sense of life's depths, echoes Reimer,
"makes art man's most effective tool for deepening the insights of people into their shared nature" (1970:51).

The perceiver of a work of art has the possibility of not only sharing the insights of the artist into subjective reality, the perceiver may also explore additional possibilities of feeling opened to him or her by the work's exploratory nature. The perceiver may share the same sense of discovery as the artist. To do so, he must, according to Dewey, recreate or reconstruct his own experience, and such re-creation, paradoxically, involves work. The perceiver who is "too lazy, idle or indurated in convention to perform this work will not see or hear" (Dewey, 1934:54).

At the same time, such reconstruction of experience, while requiring effort, also requires a state of recreation as the term implies. I would encourage the reader in education who wants to truly appreciate my piece to unplug the phone, remove the watch, pocket the calculator, de-access the word processor, move from the desk to the armchair, and sit. For while one of Dewey's concerns was idleness, today in the educational world, everyone is busy. We are all getting on with whatever educational business we have at hand. If the reader will allow himself/herself some "down time" to read the piece, he/she may experience the dual power of art.

First to still the preoccupied mind, to empty it of triviality, to make it receptive and meditative; then to impregnate it...The spiritual force in...art impregnates the silences...enabling (the reader) to imagine, to perceive, and even to become, what he could not of himself become, or perceive, or imagine (Morgan in Langer, 1953:396).
I do hope that my piece has at least some of the spiritual force of which Morgan speaks. I make no claim to have expressed any earth-shattering truths. I do hope I have expressed some small truths. And as Couzyn notes, this is all any artist need do:

He needn't be able to tell them about the Ocean (see page 72). The partial truth, putting people in touch with each other and putting them in touch with their own time— that's important! And that's what poets do, not by telling people, but by singing people, singing so that people can hear (in Skelton, 1975:200).

Chapter four of this dissertation, the piece itself, follows. Part I of the piece sets the stage by introducing the reader to Pam, the important people in her life, and to those spheres in which she moves. Part II focuses on one of those spheres—the high school where she works. Part III provides a more in-depth view of Pam's planning. In Part IV, the piece moves inside the classroom for a view of Pam as she teaches. The piece closes in Part V with a final look at Pam.

As a final note, I would caution once again those readers who would seek in my piece for what is not there. There have been those, who upon reading the piece, have asked, somewhat indignantly, questions such as these—where is the writer coming from? What is the writer trying to say? or What does the piece mean? To these folk I respond, the piece means what it is. Had I wanted to communicate discursively, I would not have chosen an expressive form.
CHAPTER FOUR

THE PORTRAIT

Until when shall the people remain asleep?
 Until when shall they continue to glorify those
 Who attained greatness by moments of advantage?
 Until when shall human beings know the dead
 And forget the living, who spend their lives
 Encircling in misery, and who consume themselves
 Like burning candies to illuminate the way
 For the ignorant and lead them into the path of light?

--Kahlil Gilbran

My task... is, by the power of the written word,
to make you hear, to make you feel, ...to
make you see.

--Joseph Conrad
THE BEGINNING

At the kitchen table, Pam stares vacantly at the empty plates and glasses left over from her Sunday morning pancake breakfast. She snaps to. The weekend over, she gets up, clears the table, and goes to the sink where she carefully rinses everything clean. "Oye", she calls to her husband Frank who is in the shower, "Voy abajo, eh?"

Pamela Knapp, Spanish teacher at Center High School, in Heartland, a large city in the midwest, then heads downstairs to do her planning for the coming week. On the way to the den where she plans, she stops, and banterers with Chugo, one of her two parrots. "Ayy, que bobo, que tontito," shrills Pam, as Chugo drops his morsel of special bird seed. "Bueno, aqui lo tienes". She gently places the parrot's food back in his beak. With a quick whistle to Chugo, Pam turns and enters the den.

In the den itself another parrot, this one stuffed, swings to and fro over the desk area where Pam sets up shop. To the right of the desk—bookshelves lined with texts, readers, reference books, all arranged according to topic and level. Directly in front of the desk, 6 steel-drawer cabinets full of folders containing transparencies, maps, handouts; along the walls more books, row
after row after row of bookshelves leading to a storeroom where realia, magazines, and other goodies are kept. Mounted in the storeroom wall—a large screen color TV and stereo.

Pam snaps on the TV, "I plan with the TV on; when the TV is on, I feel secure." For Pam, preparing her classes for the coming week in the comfort of her den is a leisurely process. Opening her briefcase for the first time all weekend, she comments, "Hell, I'm down here from 1-9 usually. Course I don't go at it full time; I get antsy."

From 1-9 on Sunday afternoons Pam immerses herself in the culture that she tries to present to her students during the week. Artifacts from the Hispanic world adorn the room. Bullhorns curve down at Pam from atop a cabinet; los Reyes Magos reign atop another. A Mexican flag hangs from the ceiling. The visitor la casa de Pam quickly senses that he has entered a special world.

The leisurely nature of planning in the den is such that the presence of a visitor disturbs the process. "You don't see what I really do," Pam complains. "With you here I feel stifled." Like the tigress who makes a den for herself that she protects from all outsiders, so Pam has created her own private retreat. On Sunday afternoons, she returns to her den to lick her wounds from the previous week's battles, and gathers her strength to go out and fight again on Monday morning. And as a tigress relaxes by caressing and caring for her cubs, so Pam relaxes in her den, playing with her
"babies"—her books, records, and cultural treasures.

Pam tries to communicate a sense of this cultural world to her kids at the high school. This Sunday, Pam strides over to her vast Spanish record collection, and announces, "Now, I am going to find a copy of 'Cielito Lindo', one of the kids asked if they could hear it." As she sifts through her records, trying to find 'Cielito Lindo' Pam's eyes glisten. As she pulls out her albums, she cradles them in her lap. Other songs, other times...other memories come to mind. "Julio Iglesias, one of my favorites, we saw him in concert once in Mexico City." She turns down the TV and plays a cut from Julio's 'Yes' album as she searches. Pam may stop and put on another album, or two, or five while she keeps looking. She may simply stretch out on the floor, lay back, and listen. Or she may put the search for 'Cielito Lindo' on hold and go back to her desk to plan something else, leaving Julio playing softly in the background.

This particular afternoon, the presence of the visitor forces Pam to be more task oriented. She finds two albums with 'Cielito Lindo' and puts one on. Ranchero cries. "Uyy Uyy Uyy....y solo yo se...uyy, uyy...que el amor es un bicho!" Pam laughs, "Do I have the right song?" She lets it play for a couple of minutes and takes it off. "Sorry, that had nothing to do with this Cielito Lindo." She tries the second album. "That's it all right, but it's instrumental, I can't use that. Now somewhere here there's a record by
Julio that I'm sure it's on, 'Julio canta a Mexico'. Later on tonight, I'll tape that one." Pam goes over the bookshelves near the desk. "Now for the words. I'll just check my cancionero tomo numero uno." She opens to the front. "Que estupida soy, I forgot the index was in the back...there it is, 'Cielito Lindo' p. 183, all 8 stanzas. Now, Monday I will Xerox the words and work out some activity for the kids." On Monday, Pam also will turn in her lesson plans to the office. All that the vice-principal will see is: Friday—song, 'Cielito Lindo'.

The steps involved in Pam's getting 'Cielito Lindo' together characterize the nature of her planning—purposefulness, yes but at a leisurely pace, with time out to enjoy the side trails that the original search opens up. Another time, Pam goes searching for a gazpacho recipe. "We're doing dialogs, and the dialog mentions gazpacho, so I thought it would be nice if the kids could actually try the stuff, course they won't like it, they never do." Pam consults her shelf of cookbooks. She pulls out one book, sits down, flips through the pages, and finds the recipe. "I don't think Spanish gazpacho and Mexican gazpacho are the same. Let's see." She reaches up and takes another book off the shelf. Then another. And another. Pam winds up on the floor surrounded by cookbooks— "Recipes: the Food of Spain and Portugal," "La Comida Mexicana," "The Wine and Food of Spain," "Mexican Cuisine." She sifts through the gazpacho recipes. "This one is in Spanish, that would be good
for Spanish III, this one is heavy on cucumbers, so I may not use that—well I'll come up with something by tonight."

Again Pam does not put the cookbooks back on the shelf right away. She leafs through the cookbooks, turning the pages slowly. The recipes and pictures of the dishes on those pages stir memories of meals...of friends...of restaurants...of times gone by. Pam lingers over the cookbooks the way los espanoles or los mexicanos linger over la comida en la sobremesa. She savor her memories, there in the comfort of her den, in pleasant reverie.

The downstairs den is Pam's private world. Frank, her husband, may venture down to bring her something to drink, or a sweater if it's chilly, but generally on Sunday afternoons Pam is down in the den by herself. Pam does some work in the upstairs den, a smaller office near the entrance of the house, but "up there I can look out the window and keep track of what's going on in the neighborhood. I don't concentrate too well up there—too many distractions both inside the house and out."

Pam knows the neighborhood well. She has lived in this house all of her life. She lived for a year with her father and mother. "Then they got divorced, grandmaw got custody, and I have been here ever since, except for the time I was in Mexico; that is why I have such an attachment for this place."

At the mention of her grandmother, Pam puts her pen down and begins to talk. Just this winter her grandmother had died. Her
death was expected—she had been an invalid for the last two years
during which time Pam had cared for her.

Pam's grandmother was a big influence on Pam's life:

As a senior in high school, I wanted to be an
oceanographer, but grandmaw, who was my legal
guardian, didn't want me to; I was interested
in the physics of it, the wave action and that
kind of stuff. I was accepted to MIT when I
was 18—Wood's Hole—and also the U. of Miami-
Florida. I was told, even though I was paying
for it with my own money, that I should stay
here in Heartland and go to State to get the
basics behind me. Grandmaw wanted me to be a
pediatrician and my dad wanted me to be a
nurse. I went to State.

A turning point in Pam's life came when she took a trip to
Mexico when she was 18:

I went into anthropology after I had seen the
ruins of Mexico—I was impressed; it was love
at first sight. I had previously been to Europe
and that didn't do much for me. In Mexico, I
became involved with Latin men and that
influenced me; in fact, I had more romance with
Latins than Americans. In Mexico, I met Frank;
he was on the Olympic swim team in those days...
I got my degree from State in anthro in 1973 and
then I went to grad school in Mexico for two
years. There Frank and I got married.

Pam did not finish grad school. In 1975 she and Frank came
back to Heartland to live with grandmaw in the house where Pam grew
up.

There is a line of teachers in Pam's family. Pam's grandmother
was a teacher herself, she taught in a one-room schoolhouse. Pam,
in her school years, however, never gave any thought to becoming a
teacher. "Teaching never entered my mind back then." "Well, I was
a member of Future Teachers in high school, course I was a member of Future Homemakers, too," she laughs. "It's just that all of my friends were in them."

Funny, though, I did some teaching even in high school. My favorite teacher was a geography teacher and she had some real dummies in her classes. I got all A's, I love geography, and so she gave me the dummies and I took them out of class and down to the cafeteria and I taught them things; let me tell you, I am talking dumb...

Spanish? Well, I took Spanish in junior high and high school; I could speak passably, say hi and bye, count, you know, ask, where the bathroom is, but as far as holding a conversation goes, I couldn't.

But when I came back from Mexico, suddenly I thought, why not teach Spanish? I was fluent in the language by then, course living with Frank is a big help. And I just had this burning desire to communicate to others the love I had developed for Mexico and things Mexican. So I went back to State and got certified.

At State in methods and student teaching I blew people away. My supervisor in student teaching left me alone—I saw her three times, but I didn't need that. We were supposed to have meetings every week and I think I went to one of them. I didn't have time...

Student teaching was the best teaching I ever did. You know Edwards at State, well, I was an Edwards clone. I was the first student teacher the cooperating teacher had ever had—I blew her away. She had come from a school other than State. I sat and watched for a week and then jumped right in...

In student teaching, I had the most detailed lesson plans—I could tell you what I was doing every second of the day; I had the neatest visuals. Course that was all I had to do. I had 3 classes
and I helped in a 4th, and I went and did her duty with her, and I was free the rest of the day. I sat and did my plans and I had all this time to think. It was great.

Pam was a sub for two years before she began full-time teaching. "I know what they go through; for 2 years, I was treated as if I had some communicable disease." In the fall of 1980, Pam got a full-time position at Center High.

That first year, I was hell on wheels. I even worked at the hotel that year, 2 nights a week, Friday and Saturday all night, 11-7. I could get all my work done by quarter to three, cause that is when the bar closes and everyone else goes home. I would have all my handouts ready for the entire week, I could use the Xerox machine there; I mean to tell you I had good handouts in those days...

After I got my school stuff done, I would pull my chair around, prop my feet up, and go to sleep, I learned to sleep very light, I would wake up when the doors opened; I carried a gun in my purse, I was ready. I used to work Sunday afternoon then too, 3-11, the only thing was I would get to bed real late, and I would be a little draggy Monday morning.

"These days," Pam says slowly, "I am draggy most of the time, I am in a rut. That first year...everybody said to me, what are you knocking yourself out for? The second year got worse, the third year got worse." Pam pauses. "Last year was the pits and this year...well..."

"Listen!" Pam snaps back to the piles of stuff on her desk. "Now I need some time for myself to get some work done—put that on your tape!" "The fact that I do things and don't sit around
thinking about things, well that helps." Pam picks up her pen.

"I'll see you tomorrow."
Figure 2.
DAILY ROUTINE

Pam stays down in her den until 9:00. Then, upstairs for a quick snack, some time with Frank; and bed. "I'm in bed by 9:30 and asleep, assuming I can get to sleep which has been a problem lately, by 10:00. If I get off schedule, like I stayed up last Sunday till 11:15 to tape the Christopher Columbus special, I feel lousy the next day, just tired as hell."

Pam sets two alarms before turning off the light. "I have nightmares about not getting to school on time, that is why I have two alarms—one is a wind-up in case of power failure. My husband? A bomb could go off and not wake him up." Pam sets the radio alarm for 5:30 and the wind-up for 5:45. I usually wake up anyway, before the alarms; last Thursday and Friday the wind-up got me. I hate the sound." Once, in her five years of teaching, it happened that Pam did not get up till 20 after 6. "I took a quick shower and had to go to school without breakfast—I was a mess that day."

Up at 5:30, Pam showers, dresses, and sits down to enjoy a leisurely breakfast—2 eggs, toast, cafe con leche, and orange juice. Frank is also up and about as he generally drives Pam to school. "He's a big help in the morning, he totes all my crap; at school they call me the bag lady." While Pam eats, Frank loads the van with Pam's cassette player and her huge tote bag full of folders, tapes, papers and books.

Pam and Frank live in Arborville, a suburb southwest of Heartland. The trip to school is a 20 minute drive, so they leave
their house at 6:40 every day to arrive at Center by 7:00. "We don't have to be there until 7:15, but I like to get there early to get things in order." Frank pulls in the parking lot and parks the van near the northside entrance of the school. He then goes upstairs with the stuff to Pam's room, room 321. Pam meanwhile heads to the office to check her mailbox, and chat with the secretaries.

Upstairs, after setting Pam's gear down near her desk, Frank has the job of straightening up the room. He fixes the rows of student desks so they are evenly spaced. "The janitors clean and just leave them every which way," he explains. Frank then checks Pam's plants. Covering the entire wall along the windows are dozens of tropical plants, a dazzling display. Frank waters one or two that need it; from another he pulls off a dead leaf. He shakes his head, "Nothing can survive in this place."

Pam bustles in. She tells Frank the latest school news that she picked up from the secretaries, or from the notices in her box. Laying her mail on her desk, she goes to her locked cabinet and gets out her Glass Plus. She cleans the desks every Monday. Frank moves to the corner of the room and changes the official day/weather chart.

| que dia es hoy? (lunes) | que tiempo hace? (esta nublado). |

Frank heads out. Stopping at the locked cabinet, he gestures. "Look, this is what my bicycle chain is now used for—to lock up her stuff so the kids can't steal it." At the door, Pam, paper
towels under her arm, gives Frank a kiss, and says, "State today". Frank nods and leaves.

Pam gets to work, cleaning the desks. She scrubs furiously, "If I catch who is writing these bamboo signs on my desks, I am going to kill them." "Boy, isn't it nice and quiet here before the hordes come." She checks her watch. "I have 2 minutes before I am supposed to be in the hall to greet them as they come in." She winks. "Actually I enjoy that. Anyway, first period isn't so bad at least. Our school is so screwed up we don't have homeroom till after first period." "Hell," she adds, first period is always my best. The kids are still asleep."

Frank may faithfully change the weather/date chart every morning. But in the course of the school day, neither Pam nor the students pay the chart the slightest bit of attention. Periods and bells, with a rhythm all their own, structure the day for Pam and her students, no matter what the date or the weather. Below, the regular bell schedule for Pam:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Activity</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>7:22 - 7:30</td>
<td>Greet Students</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30 - 8:11</td>
<td>Period 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:15 - 8:30</td>
<td>Homeroom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:34 - 9:15</td>
<td>Period 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:19 - 10:00</td>
<td>Conference</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:04 - 10:45</td>
<td>Lunch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:49 - 11:30</td>
<td>Period 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:34 - 12:15</td>
<td>Period 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:15 - 1:00</td>
<td>Duty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:00 - 1:45</td>
<td>Period 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:45 - 2:30</td>
<td>Period 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:30 - 2:45</td>
<td>After School Responsibilities</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
7:22 Bell.

The sound of feet on stairs. The shrill of voices and laughter. The hordes approach. Pam is still cleaning her desks. A head pops in the door. "Mrs. K., somebody told me we had worksheets." "Where have you been the last 3 days?" she asks. "Around." Pam gets him a worksheet packet. The kid whines, "I don't know if I can do it." "The answers are right on the top of the page; you will do it, or if I know you, you will just copy somebody else's, I'm not stupid you know." The kid leaves. Another kid pops in. "And where were you, Mr. Bone?" "I am having a lot of problems with my teeth." (The kid has several teeth missing.) "Mr. Bone you are just a physical wreck. Bone says, "I won't be in today either, got to have four more teeth pulled. I'll be back tomorrow, it's been a rough few days." Pam nods. "I'll see you when I see you."

7:30 Bell.

Pam puts her Glass Plus on the desk next to her piles of folders. The kids in 1st meanwhile have moseyed in. Pam glances at her copy of her lesson plan, picks up the workbook, and takes a seat on her stool. Period one begins.¹

You were supposed to have done b and c in your workbook. "What?" "b and c?" "Are you sure, Mrs. K.?" b and c, p. 211; now it has been a while since we talked about negatives but this is going to be the last day we will talk about them so... "yeahhhhh" (chorus) "What page?" 211 one how to switch to two and vice versa. "I don't like this stuff." I don't like it either but...we have done 210 in class. "I don't remember." You don't

¹In the transcripts presented, the comments of Pam, the teacher, are not in quotation marks. General student comment is in quotation marks. In some instances of student comment, an individual is identified.
remember doing 210 in class? Well you were absent one day last week I think.

Exercise b and c, let me tell you what to do: b is vocabulary—you have to know that nadie means no one and nada means nothing—things like number 12... "Where are you at?" I am on exercise b; 12 has got to be a give away—either or, which you know is neither nor nini, unfortunately that was the only one that was nini...

Things like number 6, 'that ticket wasn't worth anything;' obviously you are supposed to think that ticket isn't worth nothing so therefore you would have written in nada. "Where?" Number 6...

Exercise c is a little more difficult, but all you have to do is take the no out and put the nada where the no was... "We have to write the whole thing?" Yes mam; otherwise placement won't be right. "We could draw a line." I realize it is senioritus time but...

...I am interested in doing number 15 (prolonged loud yawn from girl in back OOOOOooooooo) (laughter). Boy did she turn red, 15...ninguno de sus hijos duermen/ninguno de sus hijos must be taken as one unit, okay? "Why?" It is a noun with a prepositional phrase, so I put my no here, I write my verb next, I take ninguno de sus hijos and put it at the very end—no duerme ninguno de sus hijos—none of his or her or their children sleep, ok?

Instead of having a test on this, this will be your test; don't neglect to do it; it is open book. "By tomorrow?" Just b and c. (Kids talk among selves.) (Laughter, squeals.) Two girls in the back ask, "Can we go home now?" (It is first period and there are 25 minutes left.)

The bell for period one eventually sounds. The kids do not go home, they file out to report to homeroom. Before all the kids can make it out the door, Jones magically appears. Jones' entrance announces that homeroom in 321 is now in session. Pam, seated
at the desk: "Well, well if it isn't Mr. Jones—it just makes my
day to see your face so early in the morning."

Jones strides to the desk; the top of the suckers
display resembles a dunce cap so he puts it on and
parades around with it on his head for a while.
Behind the desk Pam has two rolls of paper, red and
yellow, which she is going to use for a bulletin
board. Jones grabs the yellow one and uses it
for a horn to greet the rest of the class—tu, tu,
tu—tu, tu! Jones then puts the roll down by his
waist and simulates masturbation; his buddies
all laugh. Pam grabs the roll back and uses it as
a weapon to herd Jones to his seat.

A young black girl comes up with a pass. Pam asks,
what are those scratches on your face? Must have
been some fight. Two or three kids come up for
suckers; Pam: No, all the cherries are in there.
Jones: "That ain't the only place you can find
cherries." Vicki comes by and greets Pam as usual;
today she asks for a pass to go to the restroom.
Pam: When I have to go I go at home. Vicki: "I
left the house at 5:00 this a.m." Pam: Where were
you going at that hour? "I had something to take
care of." Pam gives her a pass, tells her to use
it after Pam takes attendance. Three kids drop notes
on the desk to excuse their absence; two others come
up and ask for passes. Pam: I already gave out the
hall pass; wait until they come back. The kids go
away grumbling.

Pam, to Jones who is singing and hollering: I am
bigger than you all the way around, so sit down.
"All the way around," Jones laughs raucously.
(general hubbub; kids laughing, talking.) Black
girl in the front row asks Pam if she can go out to
take her allergy pills. Pam: You have allergies?
So do I; what do you take? "Ephedrin. Can I go?"
Sure, the water fountain is only down the hall,
isn't it? The girl leaves.

Bom bom bom, Jones is humming a song loudly. Pam,
in a rare moment when no one is at the desk, takes
out the money box for the suckers; she takes
attendance. Joey, well, I haven't seen you for quite
a while, say a month? A kid arrives from the office
looking for kids who cut. Pam: Well, you batted two for two, neither of the kids are here; sorry. On the way out, the kid from the office calls one of the girls near the door ugly. A big black kid thought the other kid was talking to him and heads out the door after him; a hush comes over the class. Pam intervenes and says to the black kid, hey, he wasn't talking to you, he meant her—relax. (The kid sits down.)

bing bang bong
May I have your attention for the morning announcements?
May I have your attention for the morning announcements?

We would like to remind all teachers...
As PA drones, Pam reads the written notice silently. Calhoun, the kid who guards the door, comes to the desk with a pleading look in his eyes; he is carrying a tee shirt and is all dressed up today. "I have to go on the trip to Academy today; let me go to my locker to dump this shirt; I have to be there by nine." Pam: I can't drive you; what are you talking about? "Just let me go to my locker, please." Pam relents and says okay...

At the desk there are three kids, one with another note from home; Pam reads it aloud: "I kept Lorraine home because she was sick." Well, isn't that nice! Another kid is buying a sucker, a third kid is looking for a hall pass; Vicki is back and comes up to buy a sucker.

The PA drones on amid general hubbub...

...a bracelet with a medic alert was found...

...students who are looking for work in the private sector...

...the girls' track team is excused at 1:30 today; the bus will leave...

Jones is making faces at Pam; he and his buddy Johnson are laughing hysterically. Pam: You know I may have to use the insecticide I have for my plants on you. A girl comes up to the desk who has problems with the
attendance office. Pam listens and suggests she stop in the office later in the day...

Shhhhh...Shhhh...Shhhhh

...the student council will have a meeting...

...the special program at the training center will begin...

Shhhhh

Pam looks at the mass of stuff on her desk—she mutters: Wonder what I am going to do next period? I haven't the slightest idea. (She glances at an outline of lesson plan for the week.)

...And one last announcement—during the ninth period we will have our mini tornado drill; we will have our drill during the last ten minutes...Pam gives the speaker a disgusted look. It's supposed to rain cats and dogs all day; having it ninth period means kids will march right out the school doors and head home...

Pam turns and comments, "Hell, this is the best homeroom I've ever had; I used to have some real JD's. Hell, two of the kids I had last year were killed over the summer, one in a fight, the other in a motorcycle accident. These kids are wimps compared to the kids I've had in the past."

Bell.

Pam jumps up and heads for the door, talking as she goes, "According to my school schedule, as soon as one period ends, I am supposed to hightail it to the door, stay at the door, watch the cute little darlings, and greet them as they come in."

And come in they do. At this late date in the school year, Pam has only 151 students:
At the beginning of the year, she had 180 students—some have gotten lost along the way.

Period 2 follows homeroom. Conference and lunch, period 3 and 4, follow period 2. Pam: "Having them back to back helps me get a few things done." Today, lunch for Pam consists of salad, an apple, and milk, all wolfed down in the first 10 minutes of conference.

Pam has Xeroxing to do, so she gathers up her stuff and heads down, locking the door carefully behind her. In the hall by the upstairs lounge, she bumps into George, one of the English teachers. "Got your garden in yet?" Pam asks. "Yeah, spent the last two weekends on it; you?" "I'm trying but it's slow, my ground is so hard I may have to cultivate again. Been trying for 6 years to soften that ground up but... Now, my dad's makes me sick, just soft as sand." "Well, stay at it," George goes in the lounge. Pam does not follow him in. "I don't go in there much," she explains. "When I do, I die; it is the smokers' lounge."

Down at the office, at the copier there is a line. Pam banters with the secretaries and other teachers. "Wipe that frown off your face, Darlene. It can't be that bad," Pam calls to Darlene, the French teacher. "Oh no?" Darlene replies curtly. A secretary cuts in front of Darlene to make a copy. Pam inspects
the copy as it comes out. "You better make another one, that one looks like crap." The secretary does.

This morning the line at the copier is especially long. Pam says to Ted, one of the school counselors, "Take your time, I got all period—really." Ted gives Pam a wry smile. "If you knew all the work I have to do..." Pam: "Tell me about it!" Ted: "...it's just that this time of year, kids are so turned off, everything is multiplied." Pam claps him on the shoulder. "6 weeks left—you'll make it."

Pam does get her copies made, though it did take the whole period. After gathering up her copies, she stops at one of the secretary's desks to call Frank. The call is part of her daily ritual. As Pam talks to Frank in Spanish, a student worker in the office complains, "Oh, I hate it when she talks like that, I don't know what she is saying." Pam hangs up the phone and says, "That's because I don't want you to eavesdrop on my conversations."

"Eavesdrop?" Bea, one of the secretaries, exclaims. "You must be kidding! We don't even try, we don't understand a word!" Pam smiles contentedly. This daily scene gives her a little credibility with the staff and makes her feel special. On the phone itself, there is a taped note with instructions as to how to pronounce Pam's name: Knapp, K = nap. "I had them do that, they could at least get my name right."

On the way out of the office, Pam checks her mailbox again
and finds a note: "There will be a meeting of the social committee—remember that?—after school today—Randi."

"Great," mumbles Pam, "and I have to hightail my fanny over to State tonight too."

Pam turns the corner near the office and heads for Special Services where she will leave off her Xeroxes to be duplicated. On the way she runs into Bill, the chair of the cultural studies unit.

Bill: "We got a meeting tomorrow night, did I get back to you on that?" "No." Bill: "Just a short one, we are going to nominate next year's department chairperson." "Now Bill, we already know who that is going to be don't we?" Bill: "Well, we gotta nominate...just a short one...5 minutes...see you." Bill heads for the office. Pam hollers, "Where's it going to be?" "My room," shouts Bill as he disappears. Pam explains, "We are going to nominate him—a nice guy, does the job; at first he wasn't going to take it again, but he decided he needed the extra money."

Pam arrives at Special Services. "See, I just put Mrs. K. on these and they give it top priority, right guys?" The two girls in the room nod. "Right, Mrs. K." One of them is writing a letter to her boyfriend. Pam slides over and reads over the girl's shoulder. Seeing some pretty strong language there, Pam pretends to be shocked. "Oh, Mrs. K., sorry," the girl apologizes, and she starts to put the letter away. Pam: "Look honey, it's not like I've never heard that before—what bothers me is how you spell
Louie, it shouldn't be ei." "Oh that's just the way I do it, I just make my letters weird." Pam, "Ok, but let me just make one correction." With her red pen, she adds an 'o' to the word "to_." "Now you can tell Louie I did that." "Sure, Mrs. K." Out of earshot down the hall, Pam says, "I buy 'em pop every so often and they work like hell for me. They really do give my stuff top priority."

Pam gets back to her room just before period 5 is about to start. She straightens up her desk, gets the afternoon's handouts and transparencies in order. For Pam, the afternoon begins at 10:45. She has periods 5 and 6, followed by duty 7th, and finishes with periods 8 and 9. Period 5 is another Spanish II class, but unlike period 1, the kids are no longer asleep. It takes Pam ten minutes to get them settled down and in their seats. Once order has been established, the class proceeds much as it did in period 1.

Period 6 follows 5. Period 7, no class. Pam has duty, hall duty. During 7th Pam walks the three floors of the school looking for kids who aren't where they are supposed to be. "I don't necessarily enjoy it, but it sure beats study hall. Plus it is good exercise." As she strides along, Pam appears very much like a foot patrolman on his beat. She explains, "My particular duties are to check the outside doors to make sure nobody is outside when they shouldn't be, check the bathrooms to make sure kids aren't in there that should be in class; in general, to control traffic in the halls."
A kid approaches. "See your hall pass?" Pam holds out her hand. The kid fishes in his shirt pocket, shows the pass and moves on. Down in the first floor girls' room, Pam finds 2 girls. Where you supposed to be this period, ladies?" "We're heading for Mr. Conner's class." "Oh you are, huh? Well, suppose I just help you along; come with me." Pam escorts the girls to Mr. Conner's room.

Pam passes by an empty chair near the stairway. She gestures, "That's where a teacher is always supposed to be on duty, course they never are. Me? Now I am conscientious, I take my job seriously."

Pam turns the corner and sees Darlene, the French teacher. Pam explains, "Darlene doesn't have duty, she's free this period; she carries 7 classes and so they give her a break. They want her to carry 7 next year too." "Don't let them give you the shaft again, Darlene, remember the union will back you," Pam shouts. "I've gotten the shaft since I came here," Darlene moans, and she ducks into the women's lounge.

On the first floor near the office, 6-8 kids are out in the hall. Pam hustles down to check. "Where're you kids supposed to be?" "We're in Office Intensive." The teacher comes around the corner, "They giving you any trouble?" Pam: "No, it's just that I didn't recognize a couple of them."

A brawny kid with blond hair appears from nowhere. It's Biff. "Meet my bodyguard," says Pam, "I feel safer roaming the halls with
him, you wouldn't believe some of the things kids have threatened me with; I have found kids in the halls who don't even go to this school."

Pam spots a kid sticking his head out of shop class. "Larry, that project you made looked pretty good to me," she calls over. "It was nothin'." Pam: "Maybe you can take Spanish next year."

Mr. Dowd, the principal pops out of the office. "No, Larry is not going to be here next year, we got some other plans for him."

Just then a tall black kid turns the corner and saunters toward the office. Pam stops him. "See your pass?" "I got one, but I left it in my locker." Mr. Dowd reprimands the kid. "Where is your pass, now you need a pass to be in the hall." The kid doesn't move. Mr. Judson, the black vice principal in charge of discipline, comes over. "Hey back to class, we don't want traffic in the halls, you know better than that." The kid leaves in the opposite direction.

The group breaks up.

Pam says to Biff, "Mark that down, May __, Mr. Dowd in the halls, first time all year." Two black kids come up the stairs from the lobby. Pam: "Where you guys been?" "We helped Mr. Maxwell carry down some furniture." Pam: "You did, huh?" "Yeah, just now." Mr. Maxwell comes up the stairs himself. "They were helping me outside, no problem." "Just checking," says Pam.

Suddenly a whole flock of kids flood the hallway. Biff moves to stop them. "Relax, Biff," Pam says. "They're going to Lakeland
with the drama teacher." Pam hollers at one of the kids carrying a suitcase. "You staying for 3 weeks, or 2 days? All you need is a change of underwear." "Hey, Mrs. K.," the kid replies, "A man got to look good, I got six changes of clothes." A fellow teacher comes up to Pam and comments, "Taking 28 kids to Lakeland by herself, that drama teacher's got to be crazy." Pam, "I know, I asked her who was going with her, and when she said nobody, I said, good luck to you."

Pam stops two more kids coming up from downstairs. One of them is shirtless. "Got a pass?" "No." "Where you been?" "Down in the weight room." "With Mrs. Rogers." Pam: "How come she let you out 5 minutes early?" "She just did that's all." Pam: "I like your body man, we all do, but you got to put your shirt on." The kid ignores Pam. Mr. Dowd, who had come out to see off the drama group, comes over. "Now put your shirt on." The kid doesn't move. Mr. Judson, antennae tuned, steps out of the office. "Put the shirt on, Reggie; we can't have that, go to class." The kids shuffle away. As he turns the corner, the kid finally puts on his shirt.

Pam turns to Biff, "Time for you to head for class, too. Thanks, see you tomorrow." After Biff leaves, Pam turns to the other teacher, "If they can't get them to do things, how can I?"

The two teachers talk:

Pam: If I were a male teacher, I wouldn't have as many problems, but as it is, when I walk the halls and if I ask a kid for a pass, he says fuck you bitch and walks on by; if I were to touch them, and some of those kids are so big, I never would...
Teacher: '...the kid would go 'touch me and I'll sue—'
Look, all they do is take em down to Mr. Judson,
he takes the 2's in his office and he says,
'cuz, no cuz, we just can't have that, y'nu in
the halls when you are supposed to be in class';
the kids go 'okay, bro, that cool,' and then the
same crap happens tomorrow and the next day and
the next day...

Pam: Well, I write em up anyway, it makes me feel
better. I Just throw the slips away, though;
if I turn em in, what good would it do?

The teachers head back to class themselves. Back at her room,
Pam tries to gear up for periods 7 and 9, the last classes of the
day. While hall duty may have some appeal for Pam, the accumulated
pressures of confrontation wear her down.

I am a different teacher at the end of the day. By
8th and 9th, I am worn out. My Spanish III classes,
I have one before hall duty and one after...the 8th
period gets the shaft—they get a lot more busywork
as I just have nothing left by that time. And as
far as Spanish I goes, I know I am a better teacher
in period 2 than in period 9. Ninth period is
basically a very good class, I have some of my best
Spanish I kids in there; by ninth, though, they are
antsy, they want to get out of there; I have a
headache, and I know it sounds shitty, but I just
don't do as much with them. Hell, if I don't
prepare, and I have 2 or 3 minutes left, the kids
get up and stand by the door ready to go; once it
gets to 2:25, they are done.

If not by 2:25 then by 2:30 the kids are surely done. The kids
bust out, leaving Pam alone in her room. She again began to
straighten her desk. "I can't stand a messy desk." Pam sifts and
sorts, but she cannot spend much time straightening up today.
School may be over for the kids, but Pam still has the Social
Committee—remember that?—meeting to go to. Pam packs up her stuff and heads for Randi's room, locking the door behind her.

Outside Frank is waiting in the van. In the morning he totes the gear up to Pam's room, but in the afternoon he knows better than to go up and help carry the gear down. Pam may have said 2:30 when she kissed him goodby this morning. Experience has taught Frank, however, that, for Pam, school rarely ends at 2:30. Today there is the Social Committee meeting but it could have been something else—staff meetings, department meetings, student senate, play practice, you name it—all usually announced at the last minute. Frank sits in the van, reading a newspaper from Mexico.

Frank is from Mexico City. He got his law degree in Mexico after he married Pam, but since coming back to Heartland in 1975 he has not been able to establish a law practice, and has had trouble finding suitable work. At the moment, he is between jobs. It is painful and frustrating for Frank to observe what his wife goes through day in and day out. Frank hates the school. Outside in the van, he gestures, "Alli esta el manicomio, la casa de los locos."

Frank understands and appreciates the fact that Pam is bringing in the money for now, yet he cannot help but wonder if somehow things might be different. He and Pam took a trip to New York for the Northeast Language Conference a couple of weeks back. Frank liked New York, it reminded him of Mexico City. "Hay ambiente alli," he
explains, "more people, more nightlife, more TV." Earlier this morning, while watering the plants, Frank had gazed wistfully at one of the posters along the wall, a poster of the beach in Acapulco. He had remarked, "You know, down there there are jobs all over for people who can speak English; and the cost of living is so low you can practically live for nothing." "Un dia de estos..." Frank muses. Pam comes out the door and jolts Frank back to reality. Although it is only 3:15, they have to hustle. The Social Committee meeting is over, but Pam's day continues, headache or no headache. Today, she has class at State which means time to hurry home, shower, change, scan the newspaper, try to relax over dinner, and then off to State.

Pam:

Let me tell you, this 7-9 crap at State makes for a long day. I prefer 4-6 or 4-6:30, so I can leave school, go home, change clothes, get up there, and still get back at a decent hour. To top it off, this damn class meets two days a week. Hell, I was thinking of taking two courses at State this quarter—that would have meant I would have been up there one day from 4-9. I didn't; I'll try to take that other course this summer.

Frank looks away. Pam, at the wheel, turns the key, puts the van in gear, and drives away.
State University has played a prominent role in Pam’s life. Pam, obeying the wish of her grandmother, turned down offers from MIT and Miami, enrolled at State, and received her B.A. in anthropology. Upon returning from Mexico, Pam took courses in the education department at State in order to get certified. Since then she has continued to take courses in both education and Spanish. "I could qualify as a specialist in Latin American affairs with all the courses I have taken over in the Spanish department," Pam notes. Currently Pam is trying to get her Master's in Education at State:

I am in the Master's program for two reasons: one is to get more money and the other is to see if I can be a better teacher... I'd like to think of the University as a fount of knowledge and just because I have graduated doesn't mean it should stop. My mind's eye sees the people up there as the people who know what is going on in foreign languages.

Within the foreign language education department, Pam is particularly active. In the past year, for example, in addition to taking regular Master's coursework, she has participated in 3 special projects. She volunteered to serve in a special discipline course, served as a rater of tapes in a dissertation project, and she agreed to cooperate in the current study. For each of these special projects, Pam receives 3 hours credit. Accumulating credit hours appeals to Pam. "The quicker I get the Master's, the sooner I will be able to relax a little."
Such active involvement comes with a price. Each project adds in some way to Pam's already heavy workload and tight work schedule. When approached about the possibility of doing the current study, Pam's first words were—"First, I have to see what you are going to lay on me." Though her mind's eye may see the University and the people up there as founts of wisdom, Pam's heart tells her to be wary.

Prior to Christmas of this year, Pam agreed to serve on a dissertation project as a rater of tapes measuring college students' Spanish proficiency. Repercussions from involvement in this project affected Pam's work at school and at home for a period of several months.

On the surface, rating 200 tapes of 10 minutes duration for 3 hours of credit did not seem like a big deal. But as the study progressed, and the tapes rolled in, Pam found herself sinking:...

...that shit I am doing for Sally is bogging me down; God, sixty million, zillion, tapes! I am listening to every goddam tape for 3 f___ing hours. All that for 3 hours credit: and if the other girl and I are off...Sally did not give us a lot of direction.

From a researcher's point of view, the numbers—200 x 10 minutes = 3 hours credit—seemed reasonable. But listening to the tapes for Pam was an ordeal:

I mean, how many times can you listen to goddam kids telling you where they would like to go on vacation? Hell—I wind up giving them all 3's; I can understand them, though I don't know if a native speaker could. It's just that I deal all day long with kids who butcher the language.
This butchering of her beloved Spanish truly exasperated Pam.

Below, her reacting to a bit of tape:

Tape: Soy interesante en los arboles.
Pam: Did you hear that? My God, soy interesante! You are, huh?

Tape: la agua...
Pam: el agua, pendejo!

Tape: Yunque...Yunque...(hesitates)
Pam: el Yunque, c'mon spit it out!

Tape: Voy al hospital...
Pam: Do you now? Hospital, huh?

As the tapes flooded in, to keep afloat, Pam began listening to them everywhere—while paying bills in her study, while doing dishes in the kitchen, while cleaning her desk in the den. She also took the tapes to school. Headphones on, Pam listened to the tapes before school, during homeroom, and during classes while her students did their worksheets.

Pam picked up the tapes periodically, but they were also delivered to her. Thompson, Sally's adviser, on one occasion, gave a batch of tapes to Alicia, a teacher friend of Pam's, with instructions to pass them on. Networking, often lacking at State, can be mobilized in behalf of a chosen Ph.D. candidate.

The rating was to have ended in February. The last week in April, Pam received this note from Sally:
This is the last batch of tapes. Dr. Mueller has decided to leave town this summer and I must defend the dissertation by June 1. The sooner you can finish the tapes the better. I would appreciate your finishing them by May 1.

Thanks, Sally.

Pam, with 20 tapes left to rate, and little or no free time to do them, took action. After getting the note, she quickly scheduled library sessions for all her classes at Center. "Remember, I've got that damn exam in testing class to study for, too," Pam moaned. As the kids worked in the library on their Mexico projects, Pam, headphones on, listened to the tapes. That day she got three tapes done. She finished the rest by listening to them all weekend and had Frank drop them off at State two days before the deadline.

That same week Pam reported, "I finally found out what Sally's study was about last night as Mueller mentioned it in testing class. Sally is really putting those kids, all 200 of them, through the paces, doing all sorts of tests and stuff."

Pam, a master's candidate in the same program as Sally, and ostensibly a member of the same language teaching profession, finally found out about the study after having worked on it for 4 months. While it is possible that Pam was not to know what she was doing so that she could perform the ratings in an unbiased way, it is clear that Pam played strictly a utilitarian role. Sally, for her part, was under intense pressure. She had to conduct the 200 interviews, analyze the ratings data, write up the study report, and, at the same time, fulfill her responsibilities as a teaching assistant, along with her responsibilities as wife and mother.
These pressures, in all likelihood, simply blinded Sally to the fact that Pam was struggling with pressures of her own. This blindness, while understandable, nevertheless, once again demonstrated a university person's insensitivity to school teacher concerns.

Projects such as Sally's are special projects for Pam. Her main involvement at State consists of taking courses, usually one or two per quarter. In her darker moments, Pam laments, "I know I am a shit teacher; I don't do things the way they are supposed to be done." She turns to the University and its courses for some sort of direction.

One might think that attending classes at State could provide some direction, or at least give Pam the opportunity to recharge by getting together with other professionals in the field. Not only do classes at State not provide direction, instead of serving to recharge, classes in the University setting serve to reinforce Pam's feelings of inadequacy. For Pam, taking classes at State, more than anything else, is a hassle.

Pam's first problem is scheduling—trying to fit the classes at State into her own work schedule at Center. This quarter Pam is taking a testing course in education at State. The class meets two nights a week and severely cuts into Pam's time. She had thought of taking a course in the Spanish Department as well to keep her Spanish up, but that was next to impossible. "Look, the courses
in Latin American history, they only bother to offer those during the day, like M-F at 2 o'clock, now isn't that just great!"

Within the education department at State there is more of an attempt to schedule classes at times when at least teachers will potentially be able to attend. But the fact remains that the University is an institution distinct from the schools and factors affecting course scheduling come from within the University's own infrastructure. And the weekly schedules set up by the University do not acknowledge the working schedule of the public school teacher.

Nor do the vacation schedules of the two institutions correspond. Heartland Public's spring break this year came one week after the University's spring break. Teachers enrolled in classes at State who left the city on vacation missed the first classes of the term. Pam, for her "vacation" took some of her students to Mexico and missed two of the first three classes in testing. Once back from vacation, she was forced to scramble to catch up.

Not only must teachers struggle to integrate classes at State with their work/vacation schedules at school, they must cope with the fear of losing themselves in the bureaucratic maze of university course requirements. Pam expresses her concern:

I hope they don't hang me up on this Ed 925—it is only offered once a year and last year I missed it. I may have to wait a year to take it, even though I will already have enough credits to graduate. It is supposed
to be (she says sarcastically) offered in the summer, but since it looks like Mueller will be out of town, who knows?

Nor is Pam alone in her fears. Karen, a social studies teacher at Center, tells the group in the lounge:

I got to hustle over to State today, got to get there by 3:00, finally got an appointment with my adviser; I have been trying for 2 months to get an appointment—he has been on vacation, at conferences, hey, the man is always out of town. I have 9 hours to go, I just want to get done. I hope he doesn’t hang me up on this course I am supposed to take—the course is not offered in the summer when I can take it; it is offered once a year and things have just worked out so that I haven’t been able to take it...

Hey, I have paid my dues—anybody who has worked in this system for 11 years like I have has had paid his dues, so this guy better not hold me to a frigging technicality.

Pam and Karen may well have paid their dues. But they have paid them in an institution—the school—that has an infrastructure and reward system distinct from those of the University. The courses at State, designed to meet university needs, may or may not coincide with the needs of a public school teacher.

Once a teacher works his/her way through the university’s bureaucratic maze and lands in a desired course that can somehow be crammed into existing work schedules, he/she often encounters another problem—alienation. Susan, the ESL teacher at Center laments,
I am having trouble with my class at State. I am in a class with almost all Ph.D. students and there are only two of us teachers. When the others talk in class, they are so deep, or at least they seem so. I feel so unsure. I hope I last through the next six weeks—with teaching and all it is just about impossible. I can't compete with them...in that class we feel so isolated...

Pam echoes these feelings. "God, we feel so isolated in that testing class—Mueller knows everybody else, especially the Ph.D's; the foreign students have their own little group, whereas we teachers sit there and don't know anybody."

Scheduling courses, meeting requirements, coping with alienation—all of these sap the classroom teacher's enthusiasm, in respect to attending classes at State. And the classes themselves tend to drain teachers of what little enthusiasm they are able to maintain. From Pam's perspective, there is too much political stuff going on—rules and regulations are not kept, class time is not well spent, courses clearly display lack of thought and organization. Pam prides herself in hard work and organization, and she finds the lack of such at the university level difficult to accept. "Especially when all professors and grad students have to do all day is sit on their butt in the library and read."
She adds angrily, "And the least they could do is wash the damn boards. They got boards up there that haven't been washed in months."
Pam has had a few good courses over the years. "Now, Senora Arroyo, she was excellent; a Cuban she taught over on east campus, courses for adults, an excellent, excellent teacher. She won the distinguished tacking award one year." Pam snarls, "And they got rid of her the sons of bitches, she didn't publish, so they say. It was really disappointing—we signed petitions, trying to get them to reverse their decision." She shrugs. "But all for nothing...and so they still have people like Josephs in the Spanish department, unbelievably boring, and he can't even speak the language."

A closer look at the course Pam is taking this spring illustrates the depth of teacher despair and depression. Pam is taking ED 927—Foreign Language Testing G4. Mueller, the class prof in the testing course is a newcomer to State, determined not to suffer the same fate as Senora Arroyo. Nor does Mueller sit on her butt in the library all day. In fact since she arrived at State a year ago, her feet have hardly touched ground. Mueller, Xeroxing madly at the office copier, the beginning of the quarter:

You want to know how it's going? Let's see, between now and June 1, I have to make 9 presentations around the country and ask me how many I've written yet...I'll tell you none...and the first talk I'm going to give is tomorrow morning.

Mueller is making these presentations around the country because she is a young woman with strong career aspirations. She has a seemingly all-consuming drive to establish her reputation.
in the field, a drive that may come from her trying to make it in the predominantly male world of higher education. Whatever the motivation, the fact is that this spring Mueller's workload is extremely heavy.

At State, Mueller is the youngest member of the department. As the youngest member, she has been assigned to work primarily with master's level students. She is the MA advisor with a load of nearly 40 students. She teaches the MA courses, courses that are often relegated to late evening time slots. The MA courses themselves have the highest number of students in them. And what's more within a given master's level course, one may find students of mixed backgrounds and needs. Pam's course in testing this spring is no exception. In the course which meets twice a week from 7-9, there are 38 students—school teachers like herself, international students in ESL, and Ph.D students remedying deficiencies in master's level content. Regarding the presence of such diverse student populations in one course, a departmental spokesperson explained, "A university in this day and age has to make compromises in the name of efficiency, because we are not funded to do all the courses separately."

The result of this particular compromise is that, this spring, Mueller, in addition to her outside schedule of events and her other departmental duties, finds herself tasked with teaching three courses to these mixed student groups. In Foreign Language Testing, the course that Pam is taking, Mueller structures class activities to the small group of Ph.D students. She can relate more easily to this group in that the Ph.D's naturally share more of her interests. In the testing course, for example,
Mueller invited a number of outside speakers in to talk on broad issues in the field. These speakers left Pam cold:

—another guest speaker last night; took the whole period, just like when we had Blum, the guy from Canada, a couple weeks back; this guy was Strang; I think he talked on the professional guidelines; turns out he was Mueller's adviser, she was enraptured by the whole thing; sat there looking pretty and playing with her hair while the guests and grad students monopolized the whole discussion; some woman from State named Blue, a sociolinguist, she was talking up a storm. Strang was Mueller's adviser so she let the thing run way past 9. Hey at 9:15, I finally walked out. All of us teachers were seething—hell, some woman's husband was outside blowing the horn. I don't know how I had the balls, but I walked right by Dr. Edwards.

The above scene is a classic—the university peer group, which is an integral part of the university reward system, on display, a display totally divorced from the world of the teacher. Teachers' rewards, what few there are, are to be found in the classroom.

Classes at Center roll at 7:30, Pam's alarm set for 5:30 a.m.

Below, Pam's reaction to the guest speakers:

Believe me, if I get sufficiently geared up I am going to say something the next class... Every time we have a get-together like this the grad students and guests monopolize things; the grad students try to score points, that's why these things go so long; if they want to ask all those questions fine, they can do it on their own time.

"They can do it on their own time." Unfortunately for Pam and the six other teachers in testing class, the university people were doing it on their own time. Guest speaker time is university
these get-togethers are for members only—members of the university club, or in the case of grad students, those would-be members. Teachers are not part of the club. "And of course," adds Pam, "the whole thing had nothing to do with high school, with nothing that will make me a better teacher, nothing... nothing."

The class prof, Mueller, had arranged the schedule to suit her schedule and the needs of the grad students'. She also felt free to change the schedule at this last minute with little regard for teacher concerns. A teacher who commutes an hour each way to get to testing class:

I don't believe it—it wasn't on the syllabus; we got to have class the 30th and that is the day my kids take their final exams; I am up all night anyway and now I have to come all the way down here for class. The first day of class, when I saw the 30th wasn't on the syllabus, I said thank God for that; and now tonight she announces the change at the last minute; I mean, gimme a break.

Maybe I should skip it and not come down; if I get sufficiently geared up, I will say something; I don't know how I had the balls to walk out—these statements reflect school teachers' ambivalent feelings toward State. Teachers temper their anger, frustration, and resentment. They must carefully cultivate their relationships with university people. For professors at the university have a considerable degree of control over a teacher's career status. Salary levels and tenure prospects within the school system are
based in part on degrees held, plus number of hours toward degrees. Were she to finish her master's work, Pam would receive a considerable salary boost. For now, she and the other teachers swallow their anger, aware of their subordinate position in the power structure.
"Teaching profession", "association of professionals", and "professional unity" are terms tossed about by academicians in university classes, cocktail parties, and trade journals. Perhaps academicians do not intend to include school practitioners when referring to the teaching profession, although generally the tone and context in which the terms are used suggests that teachers are included. At any rate, in the real world, university people and school teachers tend to move in completely different circles.

Nowhere are these two worlds and the division between them more apparent than when the two worlds come together in a third setting—the professional conference. Pam, readying herself for the State Modern Language Teachers' Association Conference in late spring, plans her time carefully. She makes out a battle plan. "I make out this little time schedule, this way I won't have to worry about it; registration is at 8:30 so what I want to do is get up early so I can be down in the hotel coffee shop by 8:00; then I can pop in to the exhibits at exactly 8:30, and beat the the other teachers to the crap."

The morning of the conference finds other teachers with similar plans. By 8:30 a.m. there are dozens of teachers buzzing around the materials exhibits, like bees drawn to honey. The conference exhibitors bring samples for the teachers—textbooks, supplementary materials, and other goodies such as candy and
t-shirts. At the conference this spring, Gessler, a noted distributor of free materials, fails to show, and this fact upsets Pam. "Gessler always has a lot of free stuff for us teachers." "The exhibits just aren't the same without Gessler," moans Pam, as she picks her way through the exhibit area.

In contrast to the teachers, during the course of the two-day session, few university people bother to enter the exhibit area. In fact, few university people bother to come to the conference. This spring from State University, four professors and three grad students show up at the State conference. Of the university people that do come, most congregate in little groups with former graduates of the department who have come to give a presentation. Mueller, who is to present, shows up a half hour before her presentation and leaves shortly after. For the academician, a conference consists chiefly of:

A lot of hellos, how are yous, and what are you working ons, over the drinks, over the meals, between lectures. Let's have a drink, let's have dinner, let's have breakfast together. It's this kind of informal contact, of course, that's the real raison d'etre of a conference, not the papers and lectures which has ostensibly brought the participants together, but which most of them find intolerably tedious (Lodge 1984:234).

The State conference, which generally attracts one or maybe two big names in the field of foreign languages, is simply not worth an academician's time. Rising stars in the field, such as Mueller, therefore only put in a token appearance, and grad students whose
futures lie elsewhere, have no reason to come, for few professional points can be scored at the State conference.

As the university people chat among themselves about jobs and publications, and reminisce about the good old days at State, Pam, along with several other teachers can be found shoulder to shoulder at the Association's bargain book table. Pam's eyes sparkle. "I'm like a kid in a candy store, some of these babies are 25¢!" Armed with what seems like a bottomless canvas bag with ACAPULCO written across it, Pam loads up. Within the hour she carries two loads of books up to her room. These materials and books will find their way to Pam's den, becoming part of her treasure of resources.

In the lobby or in the corridors during a change in sessions, Pam occasionally comes across a university person with whom she has taken courses in years past. The university people walk right by. "They don't speak to me and I don't speak to them. Probably some of them pretend not to recognize me." These former classmates, now university people, belong to their own group. The two groups, university people and teachers, come with their own, talk with their own, eat with their own. When the day's session is over, they leave with their own. In the conference setting, there is little or no informal university/school interaction.

University people and teachers do come together at the more formal setting of the conference luncheon. Pam makes it a point to go. "It helps to score a few points with the people at State,
and who knows I might learn something." This year's conference luncheon has the usual presentations, dedications, and speeches. On the dais, university people for the most part swap old war stories about times past at State before a respectfully chuckling audience. The wit flows so freely at this year's luncheon that the luncheon runs past the 2:00 deadline for the beginning of the afternoon sessions. While Pam made it a point to attend, other teachers did not. Now with the luncheon running over, dozens of teachers gather in the corridors outside the session rooms, waiting for the scheduled speakers who are nowhere to be found. Mostly university people, the speakers are still at the luncheon. Informed that the luncheon was running overtime and that teachers were outside waiting, the head table sends down the word—"let 'em wait."

The teachers wait, albeit complainingly. "I came all the way down from Steeltown today for this?" "They're all at the luncheon." "I would be too, but the thing was 12 bucks a head." In one of the sessions rooms a teacher shows slides of his treasured trip to Morocco to an audience of one.

The luncheon runs on until 3:00, one hour past the deadline.

A couple weeks after the conference, Pam received the Association's account of the proceedings in the Association's newsletter:
It Was a Winner!

If you were at the conference this spring you know what we mean: a sense of purpose, of rejuvenation, of commitment. Not only were the speakers, workshops, and sessions among the best ever, but also the exhibitors seemed not to be able to say enough good things about us—and they keep coming back year after year...

The Association is going to do its part, that's for sure: to the extent that the key to a strong profession is professional unity, then we have the key. Our actions are both concrete and symbolic. In the latter category there is the name change..., it was decided that as of July 1 next year, the Modern Language Teacher Association will become the Foreign Language Association...

The conference, where actions were concrete and symbolic;

below, Pam's version of the conference:

the location was the shits, the pits; I have spent years in the hotel-motel business and I know what I am talking about

the rooms were too small, they packed us in like rats, the temperature control was lousy

the food service was terrible, the hotel was not prepared, they did not have enough people working

they mentioned the free parking after a lot of people had paid for it

obviously, the display area was not big enough—the exhibitors had to set up in the hall; the textbook people wouldn't talk to us, now that they know we've decided to adopt the Holt series; plus Gessler didn't show, which thoroughly pissed off everybody I talked to, plus there were no foreign candy companies there

I heard someone say this was the biggest turnout they ever had; it seems to me they
could have anticipated that from the number of people who had pre-registered and taken that into account when rooms are assigned for sessions...all the sessions were standing room only; they did not have nearly enough handouts, that was upsetting; they should limit the number of people who can get in, or they could offer some sessions twice or tape them or something

the sessions did not start on time, they did not end on time; there were a few good sessions but a lot of sessions were simply repeats of last year in Queen City; hell, usually Alicia and I split up so as not to miss anything; she gets handouts for me and I get them for her; this year we went together, there weren't enough good sessions for us to split up; there just wasn't as much as there usually is...seems like every year there is less and less for us

the luncheon? What can I say? We teachers puked together at that thing

The conference—where professionals in a given field come together. The term "profession", however, does not appear to represent an existing reality—a body of members—but rather, "the term profession is a symbol for a desired conception of one's work, and hence of one's self (Hughes 1958:44)." For the university person in foreign languages, the traveling, the helloing and how-are-youing, the reading of a paper helps convince him/her that he/she really does belong to a profession, though the population of this profession; if it does exist, remains undefined. At this year's conference, the actions "both concrete and symbolic" of the university people left little doubt that they view teachers as subordinates, and not as colleagues.
At a conference the university person can and does further his/her career regardless of his/her field's lack of professional status. The university person cultivates right relationships, and may increase his/her audience of colleagues through presentation and publication. The classroom teacher has no such public. At this year's conference, Pam may share Xeroxes and catch up on the system news, but mostly she gathers material for her "audience", the kids she has to teach every day.

Yet Pam also wants to be seen, or wants to see herself, as a "professional." She never misses the state conference, and attends as many out-of-state conferences as she can. Last summer she even went to the TESOL conference in Mexico City. "I was the only one from State there," she proudly recalls. In her more confident moments, Pam envisions herself giving a session at a future conference. "This year a woman gave an excellent session on teaching geography and Spanish prose, she had a 56 page handout and a game board. Now if I sat down and put together what I have on Hispanic holidays, it would probably be 150 pages."

Recognition for Pam in the professional sphere is a serious matter. While the idea of giving a session may be on the horizon, Pam this year had hoped to participate as a presenter, as the one who introduces the session speaker:

I was pissed, Alicia was a presenter and I wanted to be one also...get my name in lights...what happened was I waited until I found out whether I could get the day off and by that time it was too late.
Before Pam could commit herself to even this limited form of professional participation, she had to be sure she could get the day off. Pam, as a public school teacher, is an employee of the school system, an employee in an organization "where the worker's autonomy is limited, and their position more that of petty bureaucrats than professionals (Simpson & Simpson 1969:231)." And the aims and reward system of the school organization are such that significant professional participation is not only unrecognized, but discouraged. Teachers in the city system are expected to stay home and keep school.

For the spring foreign language conference, each city school allowed one professional leave per department. That is, of the foreign language teachers in a given school, only one of these was given official school sanction to attend the conference. The rest of the teachers, in order to go, were forced to use personal days. Pam explains, "Downtown decided that too many subs one day was bad...one of the teachers I know threw a fit about it, and was able to go to the conference only by agreeing to be an AV helper."

To the extent that the key to a strong profession is professional unity, then we have the key... (the professional association newsletter)

For one teacher in the city, the key was to throw a fit and prostitute herself as an AV helper in order to attend.
Pam never misses a conference. "I go to get stuff, to find out new ideas, to look at books and also just to get away from it all." A hotel room where someone else picks up the towels, restaurants where someone else waits on tables, nightclubs where someone else fixes the drinks—these provide a welcome break. The conference—a nice way to spend a weekend in the spring. Quarter to seven Monday morning, though, finds Pam and Frank, up and out, and heading for Center.

Center High School is part of the Heartland Public School System. The system is the largest in the state and the sixteenth largest city system in the U.S. with over 70,000 students. The system employs 4,000 teachers, 2,500 classified and support staff, and 300 administrators.

Center is one of 15 high schools in the City. With 1,500 students, Center alone employs nearly 100 full and part-time teachers along with the necessary complement of support staff. Upper level administrators at Center include the principal, two assistant principals, and three full-time administrative assistants.

Center, as the name implies, is located in the downtown area of Heartland. Built in the 1920's, Center is set on a side street, one block from Main Street. The school draws its students primarily from the local neighborhood—blue collar, mostly lower-class white. The other neighborhood Center draws from, in the area of the shopping center ½ mile down Main Street, consists mostly of middle
class tract housing. There is a small affluent area of older homes in back of the school, but the families who live there have few school-age children, and those few that do have children tend to send them to private schools. As part of the city-wide bussing program instituted in 1979-80, a percentage of blacks from the city's south side are bussed to Center.

Pam and Frank pull up and park near the north side entrance of the school. It is 7:00. No busses are in sight yet. Along the side streets, kids in one's, two's or groups walk toward the school. A few kids have already arrived—they sit and smoke on the steps of the main entrance. Others huddle over by the church across from the school. The sun is just coming up; birds are chirping.

As he unloads the van with Pam's gear, Frank explains, "One of the reasons I drive her to work is that we don't want to leave the van here, a lot of the teachers' cars have been vandalized. When I'm waiting here in the afternoon I see teachers come out to the parking lot and check the tires, the gas tank; one teacher even opens the hood and checks the motor." Frank goes upstairs with the stuff and Pam heads to the office before going up to her room.

Within minutes outside the school comes alive. Kids come from all directions. Busses pull in, cars drive up. Some park in the lot. Others park along the streets. With the coming of the cars, music—rap...and rock...A black trans-am wheels up, stereo blaring. A blonde gets out, kisses the driver, "2:30 baby."
Pam has joined Frank in the room and is sorting her stuff. Behind her on the board, the message Pam had left before leaving for the conference on Thursday had not gone unnoticed.

**BEHAVE**
"Or I'll get you"
- Ha! (yellow chalk)
- Oh No! (blue chalk)
- So? (blue chalk)

Frank erases the board, shakes his head, "We always come into the room with the fear things are going to be wrecked. We have got a lot of stuff in here and some of it has been stolen; they took the serapes right off the desk." Frank removes a couple of plants from the table and hops up to open the windows. Holding the window up with one hand, and wedging a milk crate under the window with his other hand, he asks, "Now tell me, how do they expect a woman to open these things?" Pam adds, "That's why I have Dan, one of my helpers, come in and lock the windows for me every night. Around here you can't be too careful." Bell. "Here they come". Frank and Pam kiss. He takes off, dodging kids as he goes.

Pam checks the report left by the sub. "Damn! Fifth period acted up again, they'll be fire and brimstone today!" Just then, Temple, a regular before-school visitor, buzzes in. Temple is in 5th period. Pam: "All right, who was it?" "Mrs. K., can I have this here?" Temple picks up the top of the sucker display. "Sure,
sure, if it makes you happy, who was it?" "Huh?" "Says here 5th period would not settle down". "Well, (he puts the display top on his head) Mrs. K., it wasn't me I can tell you that, you know me Mrs. K." "Yeah, I know you, that is the problem." "Thanks for the Devo hat, Mrs. K." "Yeah, sure". Pam resumes sorting.

As Frank gets to the van, a horn blows. A 50ish female rolls down her window and snaps, "Hey, get the hell out of there, that's my space. I got work to do today." "No problem," says Frank, and he backs out.

Around the corner in 2's and 3's, before they have to head in, kids are sucking in those last precious drags. One kid flips his cigarette away, turns, and asks a girl, "Hey, you still smoking weed?" "No, I quit, I haven't smoked in two weeks now." Her girlfriend snorts, "Yeah sure, tell me another, I know you better than that." The kids head in.

Meanwhile up in Room 321, first period is underway. Pam has written on the board:

1. que ano sera en cinco anos?
2. cuantos anos tendras?
3. estas en la escuela o estas trabajando?
4. si estas en la escuela, que estas estudiando?
5. si estas trabajando, que estas haciendo?
6. donde viviras?
7. estas casado en cinco anos?
8. tendras hijos?
Number one says, what year will it be in five years? Okay, what year will it be in five years? number two, how old will you be? How old will you be? Three? Will you be in school or at work? Will you be in school or will you be working; si without an accent means if; if you are in school what will...the end of this one, what will you be studying? Five, if you are working what will you be doing? "How do you answer four if you don't know?" It says if you are in school, that supposes that you are in school; if you are not in school then number five will apply; "so four of five will be blank". Six, where will you live? Seven (silence), will you be married in five years? And eight does not presuppose that you are married; it says will you have children;

I want complete sentences; all your answers will be complete sentences.

Out on Main Street, people wait at the corner bus stop, lunch-box or brown bag in hand. A young kid sweeps the supermarket parking lot. Across the street, a man washes the window of the bar and grill. A block up at the convenience store—ra-ta-ta-tat, ra-ta-ta-tat; 5 or 6 kids have not made it to school. They are playing Space Invaders, their books piled atop Donkey Kong.

...First period over, Pam now at her desk in homeroom, is trying to sell suckers, take attendance, and write excuse slips. As she reads the kids' excuse slips, she corrects them with her red pen. "I have to turn them in to the office, and the grammar gets to me; sometimes I don't have time to correct them, but I do it when I can."

R was supposed to be in court Friday but I couldn't get him there because I have a baby that was born two months premature and he got out of the hospital and I can't take him out yet. I tried to call and let some one know what was going on but I couldn't reach any one
Please excuse Kim from school last Thursday and Friday as her aunt from Dayton came and got her to have her watch her children while her husband was in the hospital.

Nellie stayed home Friday cause we were out of town on the week end and we had to live Friday.

Please excuse John's absence Friday but I kept him home because of a sore throat and cold. If he continues to complain about it you have my permission to send him home. My phone is off but I am home today.

As Pam writes up the excuse slips, the Center High School bulletin peeks out from under her gradebook.

Center High School

Thought for the day—
In prosperity caution; in adversity patience

Teacher's Bulletin

May __, 1981

1. If you wish to volunteer for staff reduction, or if you are retiring, resigning, or requesting a leave of absence for next year, please see Mr. Dowd as soon as possible.

"Mrs. K., all I got is pennies, can I still get a sucker?"

"Sure, honey, what kind do you want?" "Strawberry!" "There are still some left, pick one out!" "Thanks, Mrs. K." Pam looks up to find two girls, obviously sisters, standing by the desk. The smaller girl holds on to big sister's hand. The older of the two is wearing a lot of make-up, the younger is pale. In fact, the
younger girl looks scared to death. Pam: "New, huh? Sisters, right? The only problem is, where am I going to sit you? Stay here." The girls stay. Pam stands up and scans the room, trying to remember who should be in the empty seats. Meanwhile, the card game stops. Jones and his buddies have spotted the new girls. "Hope she don't sit next to me!" "Don't send em down here."

"Hey, smoke weed? Get high? Let's get together, let's party." The girls blink, but stand there bravely. After five minutes of figuring, Pam seats the older girl in the row near the window behind Cox and Jones. They both turn and give her a big smile.

Pam escorts the younger girl to the back row, where she sits, terrified.

Outside—already a balmy 70°, a perfect sunshiny day. Along the sidewalk, a black boy about 5 leads a little white girl of about 2 on a leash that is tied to the boy's wrist. The little girl is barefoot.

The day rolls on. Period 2 now. Before class, Pam at the desk with a girl. Pam: "Hey where were you last week? If you are not here you are supposed to be excused." "I brought my thing" the girl whines. A kid hollers across the room, "Going third?" "Yeah, I'm booking out." "How about the river today?" At the mention of the word river, Pam puts down her pen. The bell rings and Pam takes her seat on the stool. "Speaking of rivers, well I hope you're slicker than the kids who managed to get their pictures taken
Friday, the ones who were supposed to be at the music concert."
"Say what, Mrs. K.?? Pam: "Just great, Saturday A.M. picture right in the Journal—seven students from Center High lounging around by the river during school hours; great, just great."
"Who were they Mrs. K.?? "Mr. Dorsey, Mr. Cameron..." Pam gives the names. She knows every kid in the school. "Course for the life of me I can't understand why they were excused from the rest of the school day when the damn concert ended at 12." "Aww, Mrs. K."
"That's ridiculous if you ask me, course around here nobody asks me anything, now do they." "We love you, Mrs. K., we missed you Friday." "Sure I bet you did." "I'll ask you something, Mrs. K." Pam, suspiciously, "What's that?" "Mrs. K., why don't you wear contacts?" "Thanks, so now you're telling me I'm ugly, and so early in the morning, too." "Aww, Mrs. K."

...period 2 is followed by conference and lunch. After the second period kids leave, Pam, alone at her desk, moans, "I got a shitload of work to do, just look at this desk, will you? You miss one day and all hell breaks loose." The weekend at the conference has thrown Pam all off schedule. She stares at the sea of stuff on her desk, then starts to sift through it. A young black girl wanders in. Pam greets her, "Why Ms. Brown, I saw you this morning."

"Yeah I seen you too was that your husband you were kissing?" I wouldn't be kissing on anybody else honey. "I thought maybe it was your brother." No he is tall dark and handsome and I am short and fat. "He still looks the same as when I was in the ninth grade." He has got a little less hair... "I knew that was him
cause remember he came here in ninth grade. That was years ago. "Uh huh but he still looks the same." Well I will tell him, he will feel good about that.

"You gonna teach Spanish II next year?" No, you got Mrs. Chabot. "Uh uh I ain't taking it." Your name is on the computer list, I saw it. "I still don't want to." It is not a question of what you want—you signed up for it you are locked into it now. "Well she told me I couldn't take the other class I wanted to take so I signed up; I only need one credit maybe two." You going to be able to graduate next year? I hope so honey. "Yeah I could of graduated this year but I needed two classes, English and something else, but I had gym one period and..."

Well just remember what I told you—keep your legs crossed; (the girl writes her name and a little heart on the board).

"Delia doesn't like Miss Streeter you know." I know, she has told me that several times. "Miss Streeter, she be a trip." I be a trip too.

So who takes care of your kids while you are here? "My mother and my brother; at home, if they don't decide to carry em off while they are there."
Carry em off, where do they take em? "Anyplace, rides." How old are they? "One." They are not both one year old. "Yes they are! One goin to be two in June so they are both one." That means one of them is two, so many months more than one. "I still say they are one."

"We took my mother out to eat on Mother's Day." You did? "Not me; my brother did I just went along; we went and picked up my boyfriend." The kids' father or a new boyfriend? "The kids' father." Does he help you with any money? "Yeah." So you are going to get married huh? "He wants to get married I don't; I ain't ready for that." Oh Lucy, I don't know about you. Two kids is enough; get your tubes tied honey.

"And he is a bad baby too. He gets in fights with this other kid all the time." "Slap him on his butt, that's what my mother tells me; don't let him do that; hey I said to the kids' mother hey tell your boy to hit him back they the same age in fact the kid is older
than him." "The little boy is two and a half and he is one..." They'll learn the school of hard knocks. "My kid go uh, uh, duki em just because he kissed the kid's little sister."

Right, so when he grows is he going to be a member of the Dozen Cousins or the Crips. "Oh no neither one." I about freaked when they told me Delia's brother was a Crip. "He's a Crip but he don't mess with them; he is with Delia all the time." Somebody told me they live together. "Not really." I think Delia wanted to get pregnant she doesn't seem too upset about it. Oh no she didn't want anybody to know." Didn't want anybody to know! I mean like how is she going to keep it from showing? I mean she looks like she is ready to drop right now. "No she is going to have the kid in August."

Let's see, August, that means it was at Christmas time.

"I gotta go." "See you Mrs. K." Where you supposed to be this period, girl? "Nowhere." Now if I have to look up your schedule what am I going to find? "I'm supposed to be in study hall but I never go." "Hey, the suckers is they good?" Is they good or are they good? The grape is not bad; they say the orange is pretty good apart from that I don't know. "Which should I get, grape or orange?" I don't know. "I don't know either, Mrs. K; pick one for me." Try the orange. Well, I got to get this stuff copied; c'mon, Lucy, let's get out of here...

...by this time...outside the school has come alive. Kids are back lounging and smoking on the steps, hanging over by the church. Along the sidewalk, a young mother pushes her baby along in a stroller. Three girls walk along with her, passing the time, heading up towards Main Street. Kids in 3's and 4's are all heading up to Main Street. Two girls and a boy walk along behind the others, the kid kicking an empty bottle along in front of him. He stops to light up a cigarette. The girls' cigarettes are already half-smoked; they lit up as soon as they hit the outside.

Two kids and a girl are eating lunch in the front seat of a
pick-up. She finishes her burger and playfully tosses the trash on the hood. The driver laughs, hops out, grabs it off the hood, and throws it through the window at the girl before she can get it rolled up. He opens the door, lunges for her. She screams and scrambles out the other side. The kid slides across the hood, and chases her around the truck. A Mustang blows by and nearly picks the girl off. She laughs. Her boyfriend grabs her, gives her a hug, and a kiss. They get back in the truck and crank up QFM.

Pam, meanwhile, has said goodbye to Lucy, gone to the office, waited in line, and done her Xeroxing. Though it is well into period 4, kids are still in the halls. On her way to Special Services Pam spots a tall black kid at his locker, "Hey Duane, why weren't you in homeroom?" "I was at the attendance office." "The whole period? 15 minutes? Tell me about it," Pam calls over her shoulder as she marches along. She spies a kid heading up the stairs, "Rogers!" The kid turns. "I saw you, you can't cut my class today, you better be there." Turning the corner Pam runs into a black girl. "Tanya, congratulations, I hear you are going to graduate." "Thanks," the girl smiles, "I finally made it, I done better since I was with you in 9th grade, Mrs. K."

Leaving off her Xeroxes at Special Services, today Pam heads for the upstairs lounge to have lunch. "I usually don't eat in there, the smoke just kills me; but some of my friends eat there, so I go in now and then just to socialize." Pam sets her stuff down at
the table nearest the door where four teachers are having lunch. Three of them smoke and eat at the same time. Dolores is talking about her recent divorce settlement. Jennifer and Amanda offer consolation and advice on how to pick up the pieces. Amanda, a first year English teacher, sighs, "How many more days?" George, the veteran, replies, "3 weeks and 4 days."

Jennifer, the special ed teacher, drags deeply on her cigarette. "Man, those kids I have today were something else, the emirs were bouncing off the walls today." Pam shrugs, "Emirs, huh?" "I've heared them called speds before but never emirs." Jennifer says, "They call themselves the L-team, I say okay, cause it makes 'em feel good." Jennifer looks around the lounge. "I don't believe what I am doing, I look at myself and say, Jen, 18 years ago you couldn't wait to get out of this place, and now you find yourself back in." Pam, who has inhaled her milk, salad, and apple excuses herself. "I got a whole shitload of stuff to do."

"Don't we all," mutters George, as he reaches for another cigarette.

At the far table near the ditto machine, an older woman is eating by herself. Near her, a sub sits alone on the sofa reading the paper. He has been in the lounge for two periods now, and no one has acknowledged his existence. Timidly, the sub puts the paper down and points to the woman's large thermos. "Boy, you sure drink a lot of coffee; that caffeine is going to kill you." The woman arches her eyebrow. "That ain't caffeine, honey, that is orange
juice and vodka; I keep it with me all the time. Look, I'm 55, I've had it, I want out next year, and I just don't care any more."
"Oh" says the sub, and hastily picks up the paper.

Across the room two male teachers are talking: "I had some trouble with some kids on duty yesterday, one of them really got in my face." "Were they ones or twos?" "Take a guess." The two teachers get up to go.

Jennifer, standing by the door, is thinking out loud. "I really don't want to call the restaurant to see if they need me to work, but I need the money; the more hours I can work now, the more they will give me in the summer." Amanda checks the clock. "You got three minutes." Jennifer hesitates. "I don't want to." "Go ahead," says George. Jennifer goes to the phone and hangs up. "I should have known; the janitors are on it again."

Outside on the church lawn, shirts off, or open to the navel, 15-20 kids are hanging out; a few desultorily toss a Frisbee back and forth. A couple makes out on the church steps. A black girl pulls up in a gleaming new Firebird. Three guys saunter over to check things out. "Gimme one more night, just one more night..." the voice of Phil Collins fills the Firebird. Over in the parking lot—paaaaarty—larger groups of kids, groups of 8, 10, 15—mostly black, have their boxes cranked to the max.

...Room 321...Fifth period...now in session...Spanish II Fifth. Composition on the Future. The lesson—same as in period one: "and
I want complete sentences, me entienden, complete sentences." Pam goes behind the desk to take attendance. The kids begin to write.

"How do you say I will be 21?" Use the yo form of the verb given there "anos...?" No sweetheart anos is years.

"Don't you change tendra to tendre?" Yeah just like in a normal question you would from esta say estoy; you are just dealing with another verb here; girl "I never really thought about what I want to be" "I don't know what I want to be," second girl; It is not something you can copy off someone exactly...you have no idea what you want to be? Is there anything you would remotely like to be? "How would we put it?" How would you put what? "Number four". You could say I'll be studying but I don't know what;

(A kid comes in late and sits next to Temple; the kid whispers to Temple, "Do we translate?" "No we answer." "That is even worse.") "If we are not going to be in school do you want us to leave it blank?" There will be an answer for either four or five; number three says will you be working or will you be in school; (Pam underlines the verbs in the future).

Mrs. K. "How do you say flying in Spanish. "Volando, v-o-l-a-n-d-o." Okay. Fortunately I hope you are remembering to conjugate the yo; you do have dictionaries so in about two minutes we will be looking at these, right? And be able to write a cohesive paragraph, a composition. "I can't deal with that." Pam: just pretend this is Mrs. Streeter's English class. "I hate her," hollers a girl from the back...

...period 6...outside the music has stopped, all is calm, the street, quiet, deserted—except for one kid sleeping on the church lawn, strategically out of the school's sight. The kid will sleep there through period 6 and through most of period 7. Then he will get up and head in.

As the kid sleeps, Pam, on hall duty now, since it is 7th, is in the principal's office, storming. All is not quiet in the
school. Kids are running all over. Pam is steaming,

I can't handle it. Fifteen kids running through
the halls, running all over hell's creation...
When I ask them for a pass, they laugh at me,
there are so many of them, they call me a bitch
and go right by...

I'm not coming down to the first floor until you
get some other teachers on duty, I can't do it
all myself...

Mr. Dowd accompanies Pam to the door of the office and says
soothingly, "I understand, I'll see what I can do." To the
principal's left, the school bulletin board:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CENTER HIGH SCHOOL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sports Schedule</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May—Varsity BB (Home)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JV BB (Away-Blades)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B Track (Home)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G Track (Away-Tunnington)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May—B. Tennis (Away-Blackstone)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Tennis (Away-Redding)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Softball (Home)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May—B. Track (District-East)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May—Varsity B.B. (Away-West)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Varsity B.B. (Home)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. Track (Home)</td>
</tr>
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Pam, as she takes the stairs sputters, "the problem was the
phys ed kids who were supposed to be outside; the phys ed teacher
was inside with the nurse, now don't ask me what he was doing in
there; he said to me, 'There is somebody outside with the kids.'
And I said, 'like hell, they are all out in the halls.' I told him
I didn't need this shit; course I couldn't say much to Mr. Dowd; him and the phys ed teacher are buddy buddy, him being coach and all." With that, Pam heads back to Room 321 to steady herself for periods 8 and 9.

Down in the upstairs lounge, teachers are talking about Pam's blow up with Mr. Dowd. At Center word travels fast.

George: (shaking his head) Pam'll never learn; I've always said the key is not to do anything; better to let the kids think you're a fool than try to do something and have them know you are.

Helen: Well, we all know who the one teacher they are going to hire next year is going to be, don't we?

George: We really do need another coach; we don't want girl's frog jumping to be neglected now, do we?

Bill, the chair of Pam's department, is off in the corner, talking to the sub who had asked Bill what all the fuss was about.

"Oh it's that one of the Spanish teachers was on hall duty and things got out of hand... At this school you gotta understand—sports come first. The principals and coaches are real tight; achievement... well that is on the bottom of the list as you can tell by what comes over the PA every day. Like this year several of my students entered the City art competition, we were all waiting to see how they would do...they did well, several had their work displayed downtown and one was chosen for the State competition."

"...the thing is we didn't know about it—the notice of the awards lay on the principal's desk for three weeks. Finally one day he got around to it and left me a note in my box: 'Thought you might be interested in this. DD'"... Here, sports is king and academics, well...nice, but..."
"I see," the sub nods. After Bill leaves, he folds the paper
to the sports page.

The next day following her set-to with the principal, Pam,
too, got a note in her box: "I am having some conversation with
the people I could not find yesterday. Sorry you were out there
alone. Thanks, Dowd."

Eighth period, ninth period, 2:30 bell. The kids hustle out,
Pam is alone. "Look, my desk is getting all junky again." She
starts sifting and sorting, eyes on the desk.

You know I hate to make excuses, but the longer
I teach, the lazier I get, well not lazy, cause
I don't think I'm lazy exactly. It's just that I
am looking for the easy way to get through the day
and get through the next day, and I don't know what
is causing it. It is now hitting me what they used
to tell me when I first came—don't knock yourself
out—and that bothers me cause that is not the
type of person I am...I tell you, I don't know if
I have a method...I don't know whether the kids
come out learning anything or not...I don't know
whether I am earning my money...

Pam stops; she is almost in tears, almost, because Pam is not like
that.

Half an hour later, her desk in order at last, Pam packs up
her gear, locks the door, trudges down the stairs, checks her box,
and goes out to meet Frank. She gets in. He puts his El Diario
away. Pam brightens and leans out the window on the driver's
side. "Don't forget, we got the quadrant meeting with Linda Bream
the new supervisor coming up on Wednesday; teachers from 4 or 5
schools are going to be there; don't miss it." She puts the van in
gear and heads home.

Outside the school, there is not a soul to be found. In the distance, the crack of a bat. The weather—balmy, 75°—with bright sunshine.
THE WORKPLACE

The van, a '72 Chevy, has a lot of miles on it. Pam's weekly schedule keeps her constantly on the go, spring and fall, summer and winter. One cold grey Sunday in February, snow flurries whirling outside, Pam, in the den, previewed the coming week.

Well, like Monday night I have to be at school at 5:30 because they are putting on 'Grease' and I opened my big mouth and I have to be the dialog coach; it just starts tomorrow. I don't know how often they are going to meet, so that is going to limit the things that I can do Monday night. I'll be at school until probably 8:00, come home, eat something as far as a snack, and I'm in bed and Tuesday's activities had by gosh better be in order, so that is why I sat down at the end of the week and did some of the stuff already 'cause I knew what was going to happen at the beginning of this week. Tuesday night I have the TESA class, it is at the Hofbrau, from 4-7, we eat supper there and I will come home I will be drained because I have to role play and do all that stuff, so I won't be able to do anything Tuesday night; Wednesday night is my college class; somewhere in there I have to work in doing a project for Mueller up at State plus doing my homework for the TESA thing, plus my regular school work, plus having some recreational time for myself—that usually comes when I go to bed about 9:30, and sit and read a book for about a half an hour to just unwind...

* * * * * * *

Though the grey of February has now changed to the balmy sunshine of May, Pam is still wound up. Her spring schedule is
much like winter. In the winter Pam has class at State one night a week, now in the spring she has class two nights a week. She still must try and work in homework, housework, and school work, all while riding the blurry merry-go-round of school activities—staff meetings, department meetings, social committee meetings, parent conferences, parent's night, PTA night, city foreign language meetings, city inservice sessions, etc.

Grease was presented in March and received rave reviews, but new special assignments come Pam's way in May. In May, Pam, as a foreign language teacher, was asked to moderate a discussion/debate on immigration laws for the Student Senate. Center played host for this Senate session and wanted to put on a good show for other visiting schools. Pam spent the weekend boning up on immigration. "I didn't want to look like a dummy in front of teachers from Allendale and Upper Bloomington."

The day of the Senate, Pam spent the entire day at school from 7-7. By 2:30 the following afternoon, Pam was beat. "Course Allendale and Upper Bloomington weren't impressed anyway. And the fact that I have a giant exam tonight up at State doesn't help matters. Hell, by tonight, I will barely be able to see, let alone think or write." Pam pauses. She looks around at her room—the mountain of Mexico projects (10 pages x 150 kids) piled up along the wall waiting to be corrected, the in-basket overflowing, the desk in chaos. In a rare moment of anger, Pam bursts out, "And
you see how this stuff piles up, put that on your tape! This stuff piles up!" She calms down. "Well, anyway, after this exam tonight, things will be a lot easier; there is stuff that I have to do at home that I have let go, too..."

She picks up a folder. "C'mon, I still haven't done all my Xeroxes for the week yet, let's go." Pam has no time to dwell on what she hasn't done.

Pam prepares her classes and gets her Xeroxes together for the week at home on Sunday mostly because of the time constraints imposed by her hectic schedule. Pam also plans at home because at Center there is no work area. As she strides along the hall, Pam explains, "We never had a workroom just for us, because supposedly in the building there is just no place for it, whereas other schools have one; the upstairs lounge has an area in it where there is a mimeograph machine; some teachers go there and work. A lot of us don't, the problem is that is the smoker's lounge." The non-smoking teachers at Center (85%) do not feel comfortable using the work area, in part due to the atmosphere, in part due to the friction between the smokers and the non-smokers. Pam adds, "The upstairs lounge has the microwave, a coffee machine, a pop machine, and a refrigerator. The women's lounge downstairs has a refrigerator and that's it." Plus," she continues, "the upstairs lounge has a phone, the only place you can make a personal call even to a parent, course the telephone we have to share with the janitors;
we pick up the phone and the janitor is on it, booking his horses for the day."

This year at Center the non-smokers have moved to change the upstairs lounge to a non-smoking lounge and to make it coed, thus allowing the majority of teachers at the school to have access to the work area and the machines. In March a vote was taken and the non-smokers won. "The only problem is," Pam complains, "we haven't figured out how to go about ejecting the smokers from the lounge. The smokers are some of the most powerful people in the school—chairpersons, people who have been around a long time, people with a line to the principal." She shrugs, "The rest of us have been planning for the change—new curtains, paint job, volunteering; it is a pipe dream and we know it, but we go through all this rigamarole."

Pam arrives at the office. "According to the contract," she claims, "the Xerox machine is supposed to be in the teacher's workroom; since we don't have a workroom, it got placed in the office." As she Xeroxes, Pam explains, "There is an etiquette to using the copy machine; I always know exactly what I want to copy, so I take 10 minutes max. Otherwise people in the office and in the line start giving you the evil eye. I come down during the morning, but I also come down after 2:30 when there is no one around." The office at the moment is deserted. The secretaries and student workers have gone for the day. A handful of teachers and administrators wander in and out. Pam lowers her voice.
"Plus, any time the principal or vice principal comes in, you have to stop the copier and let them get in and use it; that is bullcrap; that's what that is." Pam's resentment must be muffled (much as her resentment toward professors at State must be muffled). Administrators have the power to directly affect her life.

"There, all set. Anyway, it's not so bad." Pam winks.

"I have done my P.R. work, I bring the secretaries back a little something from Mexico; they love me, they let me do what I want. And when I drop these off tomorrow at Special Services, my kids'll get right on it."

Pam heads back upstairs. Walking along on the second floor, she gestures toward one of the classrooms, "That used to be the language lab; it was supposedly our room, just for foreign language, but since a lot of other teachers had passkeys, they could go in there and use it for other activities—it got torn up." At the beginning of the current school year there was talk that the lab would be taken away. "A month later in October, the vice-principal showed up at my door and told me I had 24 hours to get my stuff out of there."

Pam did not use the lab much. "The equipment was so bad, I only went there a couple times cause it had air-conditioning, and this place was like an oven," she says, as she opens the door of her room. "But I knew Darlene used it a lot; hell with 7 classes, it was the only way she could get a break." "So," Pam continues,
"I mentioned to the vice-principal about this new thing called mobile labs that can be moved from room to room...I dug out the info I had gotten from 2 or 3 companies, he supposedly thought it was okay, and he was going to push for them—that was the last I heard of it."

"Then I went to Discount TV, and looked at a box—$129, a hell of a price—removable speakers, AM/FM, short wave one and two."

Pam goes to the corner of the room and points, "Hell, I was gonna run the wire right down in here, we could have put the antenna on the gym roof." "I formulated in my mind that if each foreign language teacher had a box, plus two cassette recorders, listening exercises could be done that way." She adds, "And the kids could use the library learning center to listen on their own, which is what the center is supposedly used for anyway. So I proposed all this, wrote down the proposal—and haven't heard a thing since."

She bends over to pick up her giant tote bag. "We are literally without any stuff," Pam says, as she sets the bag on the chair. "Me? I bring in my own crap, the others don't; supposedly, one of these days they are going to give us some." Pam starts packing up.

As she talks about school working conditions and how these conditions affect her work, Pam repeatedly uses two expressions—"supposedly" and "the only problem is". These two expressions continually used in conjunction highlight the difference between (1) the school workplace as espoused in rhetoric, rules, and regulations and (2) the reality of the workplace resulting from Pam's position in the power structure of the school (see chart).
WORKING CONDITIONS

supposedly...

1. there is to be a workroom for all teachers
2. there has been a successful vote to change the lounge
3. the Xerox machine is to be in the workroom, according to the contract
4. teachers are to have free access to the copier
5. teachers may plan as they see fit
6. the language lab was for foreign language teachers only
7. the vice-principal will push for mobile labs
   the vice principal will look into the purchase of stereo cassette players
8. there is to be a phone in the school exclusively for teachers, according to HEA

the only problem is...

1. the work area in the upstairs lounge is monopolized by a minority of smokers
2. the smokers are a powerful group; the lounge has not been changed
3. there is no real workroom, the Xerox machine is in the office
4. administrators and secretaries have first priority at the copier
5. Xerox use by teachers is closely monitored by the office staff
6. other teachers used the lab, it got torn up, and was taken away
7. Pam hasn't heard a thing since she proposed them, that was six months ago, and foreign language teachers still have no audio AV equipment
8. the phone is in the smokers' lounge; and is also used by the janitor to book horses
The last item on the chart—the lack of access to a phone—clearly indicates the reality of teacher status within the school. At Center, teachers—adult males and females, ranging in age from 22-60—spend 8 hours a day cut off from possible personal communication with the outside world. The only phone the staff can use is in the upstairs lounge, and this phone must be shared with the janitors. Pam may call out from the office and by speaking Spanish make the call a personal one; other teachers in the fishbowl of school life have no such option.

Within the four walls of the classroom, teachers are cut off not only from the outside world, but also from the world outside the classroom door. The classroom is a teacher's primary work area, where she spends most of her time. Yet in Pam's room, there is no phone, nor any type of intercom system. Because of their lack of organizational status within the school, teachers have at times been compared to petty bureaucrats. But in most modern organizations, even petty bureaucrats have phones in their work area.

The lack of a phone or intercom in the classroom leaves the teacher alone and vulnerable with 20-35 occasionally volatile adolescents. Pam gives a short laugh. "Phone in here? You must be kidding me; hey, if something happens in here with a student, if they kill you or something, we can't communicate with the office. We are here all alone."
Well, not totally alone. There is an intercom system of sorts in Room 321—the box on the wall. Teachers may not be able to reach the office, but the office can always reach them. Communication comes over the PA once, twice, sometimes three or four times a day. "They are always getting on the horn about something," Pam says. PA, i.e., public address, "getting on the horn"—these terms graphically characterize the nature of formal administrator-teacher communication at Center. One way communication. Administrators communicate with teachers through the box—the one on the wall of the classroom, the other for mail in the office.

Pam loads up her stuff. "And that's not the worst of it; I don't like the way the office handles incoming calls either, they use student volunteers." A couple weeks back Pam had to take a personal day to go see her allergy specialist. She had to call in by 1:00; otherwise the office would have automatically assigned a sub for the following day. "So I call in, and the kid who picks up the phone says, "Mrs. Beasley cannot come to the phone, she's busy." "I was ticked; suppose the kid gets the wrong wording, then a sub shows up the next day; then even if I show up, I get charged for a sick day."

"Hell, let me tell you what they did to Eileen, the home ec teacher, at the beginning of the year," Pam says as she locks the door behind her. "A call came in for Eileen that morning, the student who answered the phone took the message, and left a note
in her box." "Well," she continues, "Eileen comes down at 2:30, checks her box, and along with all the other shit in there she finds this note—your father died this morning. I mean, poor Eileen keeled over and they had to take her away."

"Well, one good thing," Pam says, as she trudges down the stairs, loaded down with stuff, "talking about all this crap has helped take my mind off of that exam tonight."

Pam stops in the office, checks her box, and heads outside to meet Frank.
THE PRINCIPAL/THE STAFF

Pam, well aware of the workplace as it is supposed to be, and the workplace as it is in reality, tries to cope by greasing the system to meet her own perceived needs—the student workers in Special Services get pop, the secretaries in the office get little gifts from Mexico. And the principal of Center, Mr. Dowd, always gets a nice present from Pam whenever she comes back from one of her trips. Mr. Dowd is a Mr. Chips-looking type, short, 60's, greying but, as Pam notes, "he has been using Grecian Formula recently, and it makes a difference." Mr. Dowd can make a difference himself, in respect to his teachers' working lives, so he must be handled with care. "We can tell when he is in a bad mood," Pam explains. "He gets a little red in the face; on those days, I don't mess with him; we teachers think he is going through male menopause, he is so moody; course he has been like that the 5 years I've been here."

The presents started two years ago when Mr. Dowd gave Pam Spanish III:

Until then my first two years I had hardly said ten words to the man. But two years ago he called me into the office and told me, 'We hired you as the main Spanish teacher' and well that got me right there and he said 'We just wanted to give you a little time to ease into the situation.' I said, 'Thanks for showing confidence in me, that I can do the job,' and ever since I have made it a point to bring him a little something when I get back from Mexico. I am not above that.
Pam's outburst 7th period the other day regarding the phys. ed. kids in the halls was rare in that she directed the outburst at Mr. Dowd. "It's funny, but with some people I can be real assertive, and with others, like Mr. Dowd, I am Ms. Meek." Nearly every teacher at Center, when referring to the principal, always refers to him as Mr. Dowd. Teachers at Center perceive the principal as a powerful person in the school. Bill, Pam's department chair, treats the principal gingerly also.

Last year I made the mistake of going over his head, so he saw it, to my city supervisor on a particular issue. He called me in. After I picked my head off the floor, I heard him saying that this was his school and he was going to make these decisions and that the supervisor had no say in the matter.

One of Mr. Dowd's principal weapons is that he has the final say in assigning teachers to duty. "He has put it to a lot of people," Pam declares. "He is like that with your schedule if you cross him; that is his weapon." This year Mr. Dowd assigned Pam hall duty which she finds tolerable especially compared to what she could be doing.

Look, I try and maintain good relations with the man; I don't want him to give me back study hall and I sure as hell don't want lunchroom duty—you got to keep the kids in the lunchroom first of all, make sure they pick up their trays, make sure there are no food fights, make sure they don't throw food at you...

The kids in the halls may say fuck you, call me titanic, and say I'm a bitch, but I'm happy as hell just not to have study hall like I did last year. You always have discipline problems in
study hall, always; supposedly, you got to keep them absolutely quiet, but you name it, they do it...2 or 3 per period up to the office; they shoot fireworks, do this, do that...

If you happen to get a lunchroom study hall, it is ok; the kids disappear, you don't say anything, they don't say anything, and who is the wiser...that way you end up with 25 kids instead of 50...

We had 400 kids in my last year's study hall; it seemed like half the school was in there; and I know why they took me out of there—I sent up so many damn discipline slips; I was there with a permanent sub, a very soft-spoken man; I tell you, I came home with more heartburn and more headaches last year...

The nightmarish nature of these other duties help explain why Pam accepts walking the halls with a bodyguard. If Pam "acts up", if she complains too much to Mr. Dowd, she could be sent back to study hall as punishment, in the same way that she sends kids who act up to the office.

The duties and the tasks that go with them also underscore the difficulty a public school teacher has if he/she tries to perceive himself/herself as a professional. Pam, through her involvement at State, and through her attendance at conferences, may read all the professional journals and attend all the professional lectures she wants, but once back in the school, she cannot ignore the harsh reality of her school-keeping status.

Hall duty is something Pam lives with. Plus, as she notes, "I'm good at hassling the kids, letting them see me, and all that kind of stuff." Yet hall duty drains her, and also cuts into
possible planning and organizing time. "All the crap I got to do, you think I want to go out and roam the halls every day?" Pam continues, "I was so beat the other day, I almost didn't go out, but it was a damn good thing I did, the vice-principal was out in the halls that day checking, and we walked the hall together."

At Center, teachers are checked on just like the students. Duty—as the name implies—is a vital part of keeping school. Pam, no matter how beat she is, forces herself out into the halls to do her duty. Doing duty is a visible sign that she is on the job and carrying out her responsibilities as a teacher. For Pam gets little feedback from administrators in respect to the job she does inside the 4 walls of her classroom.

Mr. Dowd, the principal, is also responsible for designating teachers' class assignments. When Mr. Dowd called Pam in to tell her he was giving her Spanish III, she thanked him for showing confidence in her ability to do the job. The political nature of class assignments is such, however, that Pam was not really certain that her being given Spanish III was in recognition of her effort in the classroom. "I assume the change was made because of what I had done; course it may have been Mr. Dowd's way of getting back at Carole for something; and she certainly didn't help the situation by going in and yelling at him when she found out."

Carole, the other Spanish teacher at Center, has been at the school for 15 years, having started as an English teacher. At the
moment, Carole has three Spanish I's, two Spanish II's and one Spanish IV and V; Pam has two Spanish I's, two Spanish II's, and two Spanish III's. "We didn't come up with that split of the pie, Mr. Dowd did," explains Pam. And next year? "It depends on what Mr. Dowd is feeling like. I asked for the same schedule, I did not put down IV and V; I leave that to Carole, but I got a feeling Mr. Dowd might give IV and V to me." Pam pauses. "Sometimes he does things like that to Carole cause she crosses him."

Pam's statements— "When he said he had confidence in me that got me right there," "I assume it was because of what I had done," "Sometimes he does things just to rile Carole"—reflect her need for reassurance from Mr. Dowd that she is indeed doing a good job and yet the statements also express doubt as to whether the principal really knows what she is doing. Lortie (1975) points out that "the lack of authoritative reassurance has its roots in the cellular structure of the schools (p. 150)." Pam spends six periods a day within the walls of her classroom and works without any meaningful supervision. Of the administrators at Center, the vice principal of instruction may stop in to check, but she doesn't know Spanish. Pam claims, "I could have the kids count to ten all period and she wouldn't know the difference."

Nor does Pam get any instructional feedback from the downtown administrators who drop in to her class. This year the downtown people have visited 5 or 6 times. "They don't tell me that they
are coming, they just show up at the door and say do you mind... they don't come to my class necessarily, they are just out here wandering around all the time." She adds, "Funny thing, but the principals and downtown people just love my slides; whenever I put slides down on my lesson plans, they show up, it is like telepathy or something."

In that her credibility as a Spanish teacher is not in any way affirmed by administrator classroom visits to her room, Pam does those little things at Center that add to her credibility in a more visible way. She makes her morning phone call to Frank in the office, she is seen talking with him at school functions, and when she is planning a trip to Mexico or a trip to a foreign language conference, she takes her travel books and tour guides into the office or lounge where they will arouse comment. These moves give Pam credibility in the eyes of some of the staff, but, ironically, the moves also add to her anxiety in respect to assessment of her classroom performance. The non-language teaching members of the staff have little understanding of foreign language learning. Pam notes, "I know it is crazy, but one of my biggest worries is the people in the office hold me accountable as to why can't kids come out of Spanish I speaking perfect Spanish." "I feel extra pressure," she says, "because I am married to a native speaker and the rest of the staff hears me and my husband talking all the time, and they wonder why the kids can't."
As part of her PR campaign to increase her credibility, Pam also makes it a point to invite administrators her her classroom when she has a special activity going that they can appreciate. Pam, planning to make gazpacho as part of a food unit:

I am going to have to invite the principal in for this...some of the staff have been bugging me, when are you going to make the Mexican dinner for us, when are you going to make us Mexican food, the hell with that...but Mr. Dowd in for gazpacho, now that is a different story."

At Center, in that the collective power of teachers within the school appears to be minimal, as an individual, Pam greases the system to best suit her needs. She effects (or tries to effect) small changes in her personal work sphere. She cultivates her relationships with the people who most affect her work—student workers, secretaries, and principals.

This personal public relations campaign, however, at the same time, adversely affects Pam's relationships with other teachers at the school. The culture of the school is such that a zero-sum game is operating (Lortie 1975). Gains made by Pam result in losses for some other teacher. While the kids in student services give Pam's Xeroxes top priority, they will slide another teacher's Xeroxes to the bottom of the pile. The secretaries in the office give Pam the inside track to the copier; other teachers are forced to the outside track. Mr. Dowd has relieved Pam of study hall duty; now, some other teacher is stuck with study hall. Pam now teaches Spanish III; Carole, 15 years at Center, now teaches Spanish I.
Teaching, unlike medicine or law or university professorship, is not a staged career (Lortie 1975). In staged careers, a cycle of effort, attainment and renewed ambition usually exists; some balance is maintained in the relationships among effort, capacity, reward. School teaching is career-less, with little opportunity for movement upward in terms of money or status. "The status of a young tenured teacher is not appreciably different from that of a highly experienced old-timer (Lortie 1975:85)."

At Center, Pam, the young tenured teacher, competes with Carole, the old-timer with 15 years of teaching experience. Pam acknowledges the competition: "I am a threat to her since I have been here, she has to work harder; she said to me during my first year, 'Why are you knocking yourself out?' I told her, I can't help it—that is just the way I am."

The problems that arise in Pam's relationships with other teachers do not arise simply because Pam works hard. If she restricted her knocking herself out to what she does at home in the den, or within the walls of her classroom, then what she does would have fewer repercussions. But part of Pam's efforts have a distinctly visible quality to them—her devotion to duty, her public relations program—and this visibility arouses negative feelings among certain staff members. Hughes (1958) notes:

The ardor of a person with a peculiar mission may become an insufferable reproach to his colleagues and contain a trace of insubordina-
tion to his superiors. The neophyte who is
too exalté can be borne, but a certain relaxation of ardor is demanded in the course of time. In a well-established institution, ardor must be kept within the limits demanded by authority and decorum (p. 61).

At Center, Pam takes her job so seriously that other teachers, and even Mr. Dowd himself at times, would like her to back off. So far Pam has not. "I don't need anybody," she says, "as long as I know I am right."

Pam believes that her being given Spanish III helped her gain general respect in the eyes of some of the staff. "They used to think that because I taught Spanish I and II that either I didn't know Spanish, or that Carole had something going with Mr. Dowd, cause the rest of the staff considers the higher the course is, the better it is."

Some old-timers at Center, however, shook their heads when Pam got Spanish III and her own room after only 3 years at the school. Carole, the 15 year veteran:

I am a senior teacher; hey, I started teaching during the race riots; I have had knives pulled on me, a gun pulled on me, so I can say I have paid my dues. These new teachers today, they want too much too soon, they don't want to pay their dues, they want good classes right away, they want their own room right now. Listen, we had to work long and hard for that; the older teachers when we came in made us toe the line, we got nothing that they didn't want to give us, it is a lot easier to teach now if you ask me.

And in Carole's own case, teaching these days would be a lot easier
for her if Mr. Dowd had not gone and given Pam Spanish III, leaving Carole with three Spanish I's.

People in organizations make rules to govern their behavior at work—informal, unwritten rules:

Among the most important subject matter of rules is the setting up of criteria for recognizing a true fellow worker, for determining who is safe, who to initiate into the ingroup of close equals and who must be kept at some distance (Hughes 1958:47).

The teachers in the upstairs lounge, old timers like Carole and her friend, Marla, view Pam with suspicion and sometimes resentment. In their view, Pam's personal relations campaign runs counter to their own criteria of what constitutes a fellow teacher. Pam breaks too many collegial rules. Observes Marla, "We don't have a lot of respect for Pam—she gets ticked off over nothing sometimes, she is obsessed with that duty of hers." Adds Carole, "And then she comes into the lounge and brags about the wonderful lesson she has made, or another of her cutesy displays." Pam, for her part, lacking authoritative reassurance in respect to what she does inside the classroom, goes outside it to enhance her own self-esteem, and gets rebuffed.

Both Pam's personal way of relating to others and her work schedule make her very much a loner at Center. Beneath the aggressiveness that fuels her self-promotion, Pam is shy and insecure, "I am still basically an insecure person underneath; sometimes I think maybe I got a split personality—I am this real bitch on one end,
and Ms. Meek on the other end, and when I got into a new situation
and scope it out, I am Ms. Meek." She explains, "My first year at
Center I just sat and listened during lunch the whole year, I never
opened my mouth. It took me two years of hell here to get to know
people." Perhaps because of this inner shyness, Pam structures her
work day so as to minimize her social interaction with other
teachers. She usually eats lunch in her room which takes ten
minutes. The rest of conference and lunch is taken up with sorting,
filing, Xeroxing, running errands and student visits.

If for some reason Pam does decide to have lunch with other
staff members, there is only one place she can go. She cannot go
to the upstairs lounge often for health reasons; she cannot go to
the men's lounge downstairs for obvious reasons; so she goes to
the women's lounge downstairs, known as Menopause Manor.

There several older female teachers in the school get together.
Pam does not really feel comfortable with the group, in part because
of her shyness, in part because of her style. "I just started going
down there in October or November (this is May) and that is just
not enough time for good relations. I need two years to feel at
ease." She laughs. "Plus I cuss in there and it shocks them,
there are some real prissies in there and they don't like that."

Despite the presence of some prissies, the basic lunchtime
menu in Menopause Manor apparently is much the same as the upstairs
lounge:
Mostly we just bitch, like how some teachers get preferred treatment—like the driver ed. teacher we have. He teaches two classes Monday, Wednesday, and Friday and the rest of the time he fills the pop machines; plus he doesn't even teach the car part, they have some other guy to do that, and he makes more money than most of us.

Where upstairs at lunch hardened veteran teachers suck down cigarettes and cry in their beer, downstairs in Menopause they cry over their milk and carrots.

Isolated in the cellular classroom, burdened with a strict schedule of teaching and duty, unsettled and envious with respect to the politics of personal preference at Center, teachers spend their school days. In the halls, teachers meet and greet, talk for 30 seconds, and move on. In the lounge teachers get daily doses of despair that further drains the mind and morale.

There are, however, those rare occasions during a school day when teachers are allowed outside the walls of their classroom for an extended period; one of these occasions is the school assembly. The Freedom Jam Assembly for all students took place at Center in mid-May.

The assembly is to start in homeroom and run through all of second period. Pam, responsible for getting her homeroom kids to the auditorium and for keeping them in line once they get there, is in her room, shouting:
All right, homeroom is cut to 4 minutes today, so get in your seats and shut up! Now, in case you are getting any ideas..., I am taking attendance once you get down there, so if you cut you will be responsible to the attendance officer, so you better get down there; we are in rows L, M and N, got it? I will write them on the board—L...M...and N..., got it? I'll see you down there.

The kids get down there, at least most of them. In the auditorium before the show, Pam frantically tries to take attendance, a job made difficult as kids are no longer sitting in assigned seats. "Calhoun? Calhoun?" Pam hollers above the din, "Where's Calhoun?" Turns out all students are not in their assigned rows. Pam kicks out those kids who are not hers, kids who don't belong in L, M, and N. "You! You are not in my homeroom, get out!" "Hey, you! Who is your teacher? Get out!" "Well go find him, go where you are supposed to be!" Another teacher, supervising the rows down from Pam, shrills over to her, "That's the problem—some teachers just bring their kids down here and turn 'em loose...do you believe this?"

If the pre-concert scene is not to be believed, neither is what follows. Blond curls bobbing, the lead singer grabs the mike and screams—"this is yourrr show! For the next 45 minutes we want you to forget about your teachers and rock along with us!" Screams. Cries. Fists in the air. The pounding of feet. "All right!" The music cranks up, the decibel level is deafening. Kids dance in their seats, kids dance in the aisles, kids dance with each other...
Pam and her fellow teachers are not dancing. They are at their posts along the wall, 15 feet apart—unsmiling, wincing, cringing from the noise. On stage—belching, lewdness, inane shouting—a cowboy fires a pistol. "Oh, I guess I shot Mr. Judson." Shrieks from the seats. The kids go wild. "I love your body, baby!" a girl screams at the blond. In response, he turns his back and...flips her a moon...

Upstairs in the lounge on the 3rd floor, Carole and Marla are chatting. Marla takes a sip of her coffee and lights up another Kool. "Man, you can hear that shit all the way up here," she says through a smoke ring.

Mr. Dowd, in his downstairs office is a little closer to the scene. He shuts his door, turns the air conditioner on high. He shivers a little and puts on his suit jacket.
TEACHER OF THE YEAR

Late in May at the school another assembly was held, this assembly a bit more subdued. The occasion—the annual students awards assembly—in which students, mostly seniors on stage for the final time, are rewarded for athletic distinction, academic achievement, perfect attendance, and community service. One teacher that day was also called to the stage for an award—Pamela Knapp—Center High's Teacher of the Year.

* * * * * * *

One Friday in March finds Pam and Frank in Room 321, cleaning and straightening up after a hard week. They usually stay until around 3:00 or 3:30 on Fridays. Frank comes up on Fridays. Fridays after school, Pam has no place to go. Frank erases the board and takes care of the plants, while Pam sifts and sorts. As Frank leaves to get water for the plants, Pam says, "Be right back, I'm going down to check my box."

No one is in the office when Pam walks in. Secretaries and staff have left. Up the street, in a local watering hole, some of the teachers of the upstairs lounge have gotten an early start on happy hour. In her box, along with a note from the teacher's union, and a reminder that grades have to be turned in by next Thursday, is a note from Mr. Dowd:
Mrs. K:

You have been chosen Center's Educator of the Year by the PSTA. Congrats.

See me. Dowd.

Pam folds the note and puts it with her other stuff. She heads back to Room 321 and helps Frank finish watering the plants. At 3:20 they lock the door and head home.

Later that Friday night, Pam shows Frank the note. Frank didn't say much.

I had to ask him, aren't you proud of me?
I don't know whether it is his pride getting in the way or what...It is a touchy situation, the time I put in is the source of our constant arguments; his question back to me is, how come people like Carole and Marla don't do all this crap?

If I do have to give a speech, I hope he is there, it is going to be dedicated to him; because without him, I would never be where I am now.

The award, while supplying Pam with a form of reassurance that her hard work is appreciated, also raised those self-doubts that infuse Pam's assessment of her self, especially in comparison to others. Over the weekend, the significance of the award sinks in:

The whole thing is starting to hit home...the ones that won in the past, they had to make speeches and all that kind of stuff; now I get put in the pool of all the city schools, the state pool...

Last year Marla won it, she deserved it; the year before it was a history teacher who had done a lot of extracurricular activities with
a model of the U.N.; before that it was the same man two years in a row; an art teacher, he is great, does a lot of extra work with the kids.

I don't know...I don't think I am the world's greatest educator...maybe I don't deserve it, cause of some of the things I do in class, of some of the things that come out of this mouth...I guess I am a little taken aback by it all...

The award is given by the PTA and not Center itself. "I think Mr. Dowd recommends certain people, or perhaps they keep an eye on people, it is not chosen by a staff vote or anything like that, I don't know what kind of criteria they use for it." While the criteria used in the selection may be nebulous, it is clear that the award has little or nothing to do with day-to-day classroom teaching. Teachers are chosen primarily on the basis of what they do or display outside the classroom—"extra work," "extracurricular activities." These public displays "dramatize a teacher's achievements, giving high visibility to efforts which generally take place in private. Favorable feedback is immediate, and success is witnessed, applauded and remembered by others, including adults (Lortie 1975:126)."

Such displays, however, can, and often do become overtly competitive events between teachers. PTA night at Center, one of the biggest public displays of the year, served to highlight the tension/competition between the school's two Spanish teachers, Carole and Pam. Bill, the chair of their department, with his version of PTA night:
Pam and Carole refused to work together, as usual. I changed the PTA thing from the cafeteria to the library at Carole's request, cause she felt there was too much space in the cafeteria; Pam came real early that night and set up first; she spread her stuff around and it took up most of the space. We were not sure if Carole was even going to show; finally Carole showed late with a few posters and a bottle of wine; the comparison with what Pam had done blew her away.

Again, the zero sum—in a public display, one teacher's gain is another's loss.

Pam found the note in her box a few weeks after PTA night was held. The note said, "See me. Dowd." After getting the note that Friday, she did not go in to see the principal about it until Thursday of the following week. "You got to watch it with Mr. Dowd; he has his good days and his bad days, and I wasn't about to be the first one to say something, I just hate to walk into his office as he is usually busy." On Thursday afternoon, Mr. Dowd saw Pam in the office at the copier and asked her to come in. Pam recalls the meeting:

He said, 'the PTA picked you, I had nothing to do with it.' That hurt...I thought he was the one backing me...when he said that...the floor fell out from under me...to think that I wasn't his choice...maybe my choice didn't look good downtown, I don't know; at the end, he said I was okay, but still...

Not only did Pam hear about the award via her box, mention of the award was not made public to the rest of the staff. Pam did tell one person. "I did that cause she is a buddy of mine, the
one I was helping out with 'Grease'”. There was to be a staff meeting after school the following Monday and Pam thought that Mr. Dowd would announce the award then.

Monday rolled around (it always does). That particular Monday, Pam got all dressed up for school, "just so when he mentioned my name, I wouldn't be caught in my blue jeans." When Pam walked into Menopause Manor for lunch, the girls greeted her with, "What are you all dressed up for today?", so Pam told them about the award.

At the staff meeting that afternoon, the award was not mentioned. "The SOB didn't mention it, and even the girls I eat with were pissed...for the life of me, I don't understand why it is so hush-hush." Reflecting, she added, "part of me wants to shout out that I am teacher of the year," she lowered her voice and said somberly, "but the more I think about it, the more I think about the shit that will be said behind my back, like how could she be teacher of the year...the way she is...the award is almost like a curse."

While no formal announcement of the award was made, once Pam told the girls at lunch, word got around the school. Upstairs in the third floor lounge, the senior teachers shook their heads.

Two months passed. The first week of May Pam received another note in her box from Mr. Dowd:
Mrs. K.

You are to attend the PSTA lunch on May 8 as guests of our PSTA unit. See me for details.

Dowd

Pam saw Mr. Dowd for details and found out the luncheon was for all city teachers of the year. "Course he didn't tell me how to get there—it is somewhere up on God's green earth, out in the boondocks of Eastertown; I will have to give myself an hour to get there." Pam also double-checked with Bea, the principal's secretary, just to make sure her classes would be covered. As Mr. Dowd had neglected to cover them, Bea arranged to have other teachers cover for Pam. "They will get green slips in their box, and instead of duty or conference they will come up to cover for me; they will not need a sub cause I won't be gone the whole day."

The day of the luncheon Pam comes in for 1st and 2nd and leaves. By seventh she is back. She made it to the luncheon:

I got to the luncheon three minutes late; I went home, took a shower, and got dressed, well I took another shower cause I had already taken one earlier that morning. All they did was line us up; we passed through a line, some downtown people shook our hand and adios. There were about 30 of us.

Though back in time for 7th period duty, today being a special day, Pam celebrates—she does not go out in the halls. She spends her time in her room, listening to music and chatting with her
student helpers. Late in the period she goes down to the upstairs lounge. Word has gotten around. When Pam walks in, Jennifer greets her, "Congratulations—teacher...er, I mean Educator of the Year." Pam thanks her and shows her the diploma they had given her at the luncheon. Jennifer remarks, "Well, it would have been nice if the rest of the staff knew about it." "The way most people feel about it," Pam says quietly, "I am glad nobody knows. I know and that's what counts." As the two teachers sit and talk, in the background above their heads on the wall of the lounge—a small 18" x 12" plaque:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Center High Teachers of the Year</th>
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<tr>
<td>73-74 Kurt Cameron</td>
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<tr>
<td>74-75 Pamela Stearns</td>
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<tr>
<td>75-76 Timothy Cornely</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76-77 Rose Cooney</td>
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<tr>
<td>77-78 Freida Beard</td>
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</tbody>
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The following morning official announcement of the award is made over the PA during homeroom. None of the kids pay the slightest bit of attention. The card players do not look up. "Your deal," says Jones, raking in the cards.

Pam later learns that her award will be announced in front of the entire school during the coming Student Awards Assembly. "I am worried about when they announce it—I can hear the boos, the kids I chase out of the halls...I wonder what they will do..."
The awards assembly—one by one, as awards are announced and names are called, seniors at Center get up and cross the stage to get their papers and pins from Mr. Dowd, resplendent today in his seersucker suit. Pam's nine-grade homeroom, in rows H, I, and J today, is not particularly interested in the proceedings. Pam, from her post along the wall, watches them like a hawk. A half hour into the assembly, Pam is in the act of moving Jones from his original seat where he had blown a bubble that had caught in Billie's hair much to her consternation to an aisle seat along the wall, when Mr. Dowd, at the podium announces, "And next, Mr. Cassidy of the PSTA would like to make a presentation."

The Center Chapter of the Heartland PSTA is proud to announce this year's choice as Center's Educator of the Year—Mrs. Pamela Knapp.

Pam sits Jones in his new seat. To cheers and a smattering of boos, she walks slowly down the side aisle and up the stairs to the stage. ("The only thing I was worried about was tripping," she would report later. "Those are not the world's greatest stairs.") Pam embraces Mr. Dowd, shakes the PSTA man's hand, receives the plaque, and holds it up like a prizefighter holding up his title belt. Rousing applause. She exits backstage and returns down the aisle to her post.

Along the back wall where the senior teachers have been mixing in commentary on the merits of the kids being honored with talk of tanning boths and cable movies, there is grumbling. "Who the hell
is she anyway?" "All for a fucking Mexican project!" "And the rest of us with over ten years in this nuthouse!"

Back in Room 321, after the assembly, Pam is showing her kids the plaque. On the plaque the Educator of the Year inscription encircles a plastic apple. The kids cluster around Mrs. K's desk. "Did you hear me, Mrs. K? I was cheering for you." "I was clapping real loud." "Did you see me stand up and whistle, Mrs. K?" "Yeah, I heard you, everybody gets extra credit today." Pam lays the plaque down and hunts for her Spanish I transparencies. Behind the desk, a kid has picked up the plaque and is attempting to take a bite out of the apple. Pam spots him. "No, it is not real, and if you drop that, I will have your head."
PAM AND CAROLE

Lost in the shuffle of events at the assembly was the fact that Carole, the other Spanish teacher at Center, was also on stage that day. She was at the school bright and early, a fact unusual in itself, since as a senior teacher, she serves as student council adviser and holds first period open for meetings. The council does not meet all that often, but this way Carole can avoid coming to school until 8:15, an hour after other teachers at Center have reported for work.

At the assembly Carole presented the DAR award. She sat in the front row, all decked out, made her presentation, and left the stage to retire to the upstairs lounge. While being onstage at least gave her some limited visibility and recognition, Carol had no wish to witness another of Pam's triumphs. She is only too well aware that as the years pass she is being eclipsed. Carole, upstairs in the lounge, expresses her thoughts.

Most of us senior teachers thought it funny that she got it; she really politicked for it, our troubles reopened from there. I haven't said anything about it, what can I do? She may feel guilty about accepting the award, she did a lot of phony promotionism for it; hell for the PTA she even brought her husband in like he was a product on display...Hell, I felt sorry for the guy...

Pam is so strange—she pulls all this crap, and then like one day she comes into my room and practically cries cause she thinks no one likes her...We've never gotten along; face it, we are just so different personality-wise and the way we approach Spanish.
In many ways Carole and Pam are indeed opposites. Physically, Carole is tall, dark, slender and stylish; she always wears a dress or a suit to school. Pam, blonde, short and stocky, reports to work in jeans. Pam doesn't even own a dress. ("Why should I? I look like a barrel in one.")

The two teachers' training is also different. Pam went to State, got her anthro degree, and years later returned for certification. Carole got her degree from Merrill, a private university in the city, and upon graduating, started teaching at Center as an English teacher. She has been at the school for 15 years.

Eight years ago, in that she had also studied Spanish at Merrill, Carole was asked to take over the Spanish program at Center. She switched from English to Spanish, and until Pam's arrival at the school, was Center's only Spanish teacher. For two years, the two teachers shared a room. With two teachers teaching Spanish and more class slots open for kids to choose, the program grew. Pam taught first and second year; Carole taught third, fourth and fifth, plus a first or second as needed.

Mr. Dowd, two years ago, made the decision to give Pam the Spanish III's. The change was a boost for Pam, but the change deeply hurt Carole. As a senior teacher she felt she had paid her dues and deserved to teach upper level. Carole's reassignment, three Spanish I's, two Spanish II's, one Spanish IV and V (Pam has two Spanish I's, two Spanish II's, and two Spanish III's)
damaged her credibility with other senior teachers at Center. In the lounge or out at lunch, the senior teachers like to compare notes on how the various senior kids are doing across different subjects. Now, with Spanish III taken away, Carole teaches only Spanish IV and V, a small group of 12-15 kids. When the senior teachers get together, these days Carole has fewer notes to compare.

Carole also feels a special kinship with students at the upper level. "Now my IV and V kids, these are the kids I really try and nurture; the kids who make it this far, I try and reward them." Like the senior teachers, students who get to IV and V have paid their dues and deserve special treatment. "We always have refreshments on Friday—popcorn, cokes; it is a nice way to end the week for both me and them." Carole also takes them to El Loro, a fancy Mexican restaurant in one of the hotel complexes downtown. "It costs them $12, so the kids usually split a meal; it is a big deal for them, they ask me what to wear and all that." She adds, "By the way, when I make the reservations, I say I am an instructor at State; if I tell them I am bringing kids from Center, the restaurant might say something."

Carole also has taken groups of kids to Spain. "I am as comfortable walking the streets in Madrid as I am in Heartland, course I don't walk the streets much in Heartland." During the summer, Carole travels herself—to Spain, Italy, Germany. "This summer I am going to France. I don't speak much French, but I plan to have a
great time." On her travels, Carole goes alone or with an adult singles
Our tour company, and when she takes kids to Spain, she does the same.
"I don't believe in those cutesy guided tours for kids, the ones that
have every minute of the day planned with schedules, curfews, and all
that crap." She explains, "I treat kids like adults and besides I
can show them more of Madrid than any tour guide can, plus it is a
lot cheaper, and some of these kids don't have two nickels to rub
together."

Carole's room reflects her love for Spain—in the corner by
the windows hangs a large Spanish flag. Along the walls—posters
from Spanish provinces, prints from the Prado. "Now the one thing
I'll spend money on is posters, cause I get them mostly for myself;
I don't buy a lot of stuff; hey, I am a single parent." On her
desk are the bare essentials—the textbooks used in Spanish I and
II, an Andujar and Dixon workbook, Webster's dictionary, and
a book on English grammar. There are no plants in Carole's room.
She laughs, "Each year I bring one plant in and the kids go,
'here is another plant that will die by November.' Hell, I got
better things to do than to worry about taking care of plants."

The plants are not in Room 319, Carole's room. They are next
doors in Room 321. Though rooms 319 and 321 are adjacent, they
seem worlds apart. The visitor to Pam's room steps into the
tropics: a forest of flyers, climbers, hangers and cacti—Pam's
plants—cover the entire wall along the windows. The classroom
walls in Room 321 have disappeared—every square inch of space is papered with posters—Latin America along the front, Spain along the side, Mexico along the back (which is where Pam looks when she teaches). And books—shelves under the plants stocked with Fodor tour guides, Michener, Galerias. On the desk—reference books—25-30 texts, workbooks and dictionaries.

Pam's room and Carole's room reflect their different personal styles. The language taught by the two teachers also differs. Carole loves Spain, makes it a point to teach her kids Castilian, and is quite proud of the fact that she speaks "castellano puro". Pam cannot even bring herself to say the word castellano. "I teach Latin American pronunciation, I don't know Spanish pronunciation."

"It makes be break out laughing when I heart it, it is just the way it strikes me," she says, mocking the Castilian lisp.

Pam does not teach all six conjugations of the Spanish verb. She does not teach vosotros, a form used mostly in Spain. "I do not teach vosotros; no one at the university taught me vosotros; the word vosotros was never mentioned while I was there, okay?"

"My kids hate it that she won't teach vosotros," complains Carole. "She just leaves a hole, I mean why leave a hole where the form should be." Carole adds, "She could at least present it, explaining that you will need it later on as the other teacher uses it; my fourth and fifth year kids always bitch when they come across vosotros in the novels they read and say why weren't we taught
that from the start." "My rationale," explains Pam, "is you are more likely to run into a person from Latin America than one from Spain; I tell kids my bias at the beginning of the year." She continues, "And there is no gee I think it's queer cause I am not that unprofessional."

Pam may not be consciously unprofessional, but she clearly communicates her feelings to the students in other non-direct ways: through rebukes, "Now you are confusing Mexico and Spain which I find personally insulting," through asides, "the word is civilizacion, or as they say in Spain, 'thivilithation.'" Carole says her kids complain, and they probably do, but they also follow her lead. Each teacher's identity appears to be so bound to their previous language and cultural experiences that both inevitably communicate their feelings to the students.

Each teacher's previous training is evident not only in their attitude toward language, but also in their global approach to subject matter. Pam, trained in anthropology, gives geography and culture high priority. She makes extensive use of maps, slides and videos. Carole, the former English teacher, employes a more traditional approach—stressing grammar, and the advanced level, literature.

The students at Center are caught in the middle—a student may study Spanish I with Pam, move to Spanish II where he is retrained in Castilian, and go on to Spanish III where Castilian
is ridiculed again. "As far as the Spanish program is concerned, we will always have the numbers," says Pam, "but it is like the kids have to decide which camp they are going to be in and the kids are too young to understand." Spanish students at Center may choose their camp, but they may not freely choose their teachers, as there is little flexibility in terms of scheduling at the school. The result? Students continually compare the two teachers and constantly complain.

Both Pam and Carole tire of hearing the kids compare and complain. But the differences between the two invite inevitable comparison. And, paradoxically, it is also what the two teachers have in common that leads them to cultivate their respective relationships with students that adds to the tension. Unlike some other occupations in which one's fellow workers have the most impact on the quality of one's working life, in school-teaching, especially in the egg-crate school, students are those who have the most impact on a teacher's day-to-day existence. Teachers like Carole and Pam must cultivate good relationships with students in the classes, for it is in the classroom where psychic rewards are found.

Hughes (1958) writes:

In some occupations there is a category of persons who are the consumers one's work or services that are most influential. It is probable that the people in this occupation will have a chronic fight for status, for personal dignity with this group of consumers of their services (p. 47).
School-keeping is one such occupation. At Center Pam and Carole fight for status and personal dignity. For much of what they do during the course of a work day at school does little to enhance their sense of personal dignity. And teacher status at Center may change at the whim of the principal through the politics of personal preference. Both teachers, therefore, turn to students for support, and comparison results.

The students compare the two teachers and the two teachers compare each other, not in respect to their differences in approach, for the classroom is each teacher's sacred terrain and each feels secure in her own style. The two teachers, however, do compare each other in terms of salary and status. Carole, for her part, is jealous of Pam's rise in prestige within the school. Pam has come too far too fast, in Carole's view. Pam is envious of the money Carole makes: "I make $18,500, four years experience, B.S. + 50 hours; now Carole is so damn old, she makes somewhere in the $30's."

Carole in reality is not that much older than Pam. It is just that Carole started at Center when she was 21, and Pam did not start teaching at the school until she was 29. The problem is that:

The primary benefits earned by persistence in teaching (annual increases in pay) are the outcome of seniority and course-taking. The incentive system is not organized to respond to variations in effort and talent among classroom teachers (Lortie, 1975: 99).
And as Geer (1966:42) bluntly puts it, "Teaching is a dead-end job without the traditionally compelling variable—promotion."

Pam, no matter how much effort she puts into her work at Center, knows that she will get neither a raise nor a promotion. So she promotes herself, pushing for visible recognition within the school culture in other ways. In turn, Carole resents this push by Pam, as it makes Carole look as if she is not keeping up.

Carole's status within the school suffered a severe blow when Mr. Dowd gave Pam Spanish III. But she went along. As Carole tells it, "I understand that she wanted to teach some Spanish III's; I didn't like it, but I understood it, so I went along, I am not that much of a bitch." Whether or not Carole is a bitch is irrelevant in this particular case because when Mr. Dowd decides to make a change, a change is made. Carole can yell at Mr. Dowd and she can complain to the other senior teachers. But these teachers have their own tenuous relationships to maintain with the principal and are not about to jeopardize this relationship to support Carole.

Carole went along with the Teacher of the Year Award also. "What could I do?" Pam's being chosen for this award, however, stirred Carole into action and since then Carole has been working within the school trying to restore her status.

Shortly after news of the award was leaked, Carole began a campaign to get herself elected chair of the cultural studies unit.
The most recent reorganization of departmental structure at Heartland Public, made two years ago, now groups music, art, drama with Spanish and other foreign languages as part of the cultural studies unit. Bill, the art teacher, is the current head.

Carole felt out other teachers in the unit (but not Pam) to find out how much support she would have. She turned to mini-public displays—bringing in native speakers to her classes—to improve her image. But there was no groundswell of support for Carole, or if there was, it was not enough.

Weeks passed and after school one Tuesday, the cultural studies unit met to nominate its chairperson for the coming year (the unit nominates, but Mr. Dowd has the final say). The eleven teachers of the unit are seated around a table in Bill's room.

Bill opens the meeting:

Okay, I'll make it quick since we all got things to do; we have to agree on our nomination for department chairperson. Shall we have one or two nominees? "Two." "One." "One." Okay, we'll vote on that first (he passes out slips, the teachers vote). Six to five we send one nominee, okay that's settled; now any nominations? Pam, quickly, "I nominate Bill." Carole, cheerily and just as quickly, "I second the nomination." Any others? Bill asks. Marge says, "Bill, forget it, let's go home, it's unanimous." Bill closes the meeting. Okay, that's it then, I'll do it again next year. Thanks.

Afterwards in the lounge with Marla, Carole does not bring up the meeting. Instead, she brings up another painful topic—Tom, the social studies teacher and Carole's old boyfriend, is now seeing Amanda, the first year English teacher.
Carole:

Can you believe Tom bringing in her lesson plans yesterday and she home on a sick day? Talk about tacky...

Marla:

Forget it—he's an asshole, I never had the heart to tell you before but...

Carole:

I know—boy, do I know...but what can I do? At least he was available—hey, I'm either here at the sweat shop or home with my kid...

And lately those few times when I do get out, I tell people I'm a travel agent. You know how it is, if I tell people I'm a teacher, they laugh in my face.

In May, Carole tried again—pushing for different class assignments for next year.

Next year we are down for eleven classes instead of the usual twelve. Bill came to me a senior person and asked me what I thought—I suggested I take all of Spanish II and IV and V, and Pam could have all the Spanish I's and Spanish III's. After next year we could flip flop and I'd take the I's and she the II's; I am not that much of a bitch.

Though in the new arrangement, Carole would rid herself of the Spanish I's and hopefully be the one to have five classes instead of six.

Pam's version of the proposal is a bit different. "Carole wrote a damn disseration on what we whould do and took it to Bill. When he told me, I said, 'Bill I don't give a shit, Mr. Dowd will do what he wants anyway.'" Pam was more content to let the matter
rest with Mr. Dowd since her relations with the principal appeared
to be more solid than Carole's lately. Pam really was more
concerned that she let on about this new development, however:
"I like teaching Spanish I, I am at my best in it, I have more
stuff for it, but," she added, "if this goes through, I am going
to be a basket case with all those freshmen; man, they can be
hard to handle."

Ideally, Center High School, with Carole and Pam as its
Spanish teachers, could have a flourishing language program. The
different styles/orientations of the two teachers could serve to
complement each other nicely:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Carole</th>
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<tr>
<td>Background in English</td>
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<td>Focus on Spain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Castilian Dialect</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grammar/Literature</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Works Well with Older Kids</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trips to Spain</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pam</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Background in Anthropology, Cultural Studies</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Focus on Mexico</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Latin American Dialect</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Geography/History/Culture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relates to Younger Kids</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trips to Mexico</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Instead, in the real world of the school—the political
nature of relationships at Center, the constant infighting abetted
by personal jealousy, and the tendency to seek confirmation and
consolation from students—all serve to undermine the Spanish program. In addition, the pace of the school day and the school schedule (neither teacher has a free period when the other does) preclude communication. Even were they so inclined, Pam and Carole do not have the time nor opportunity to coordinate. And when relations between the two Spanish teachers are especially frosty, they will go weeks and weeks without any contact whatsoever despite the fact they teach in adjacent classrooms.

Many of the dynamics involved in the relationship between Carole/Pam/the school were on display when inservice day for all Heartland Public Spanish Teachers took place in mid-May. The purpose of the inservice was to introduce teachers in grades 7-12 to the new textbook series adopted for Spanish I and II for use beginning next Fall.

Pam, who likes to be in the know ("thank God for Alicia, she is the head of her school's cultural studies unit and gives me all the juice") has been following the new textbook adoption all along. She has attended meetings held by the textbook selection committee, has picked up more information on the choice at the conference, and has had a copy of the new first year book for some time. "I am hot on it," she says one day back in April. "I am already planning for next year. I got a third year kid making visuals for me already. I gave him a list of verbs; let me tell you, he can draw, Garfield, Ziggy, you name it."
Carole knew nothing about the new books. She is not as professionally active as Pam, and in particular, is not part of the network of language teachers who have ties to State U. A considerable number of language teachers in the city either graduated from State or have done graduate study at the university. Most of the members of the textbook selection committee have State ties. The new textbook series itself has been put together by professors at State. Down at Center, Carole had heard that the department was going to get new books, but she had not paid much attention.

Carole and Pam attend the inservice seminar, but they do not attend together. In the course of a regular school day, they have no time together. Inservice day is no exception. Carole goes in the morning but does not have to be back until 6th since 5th she has lunch, while Pam will go in the afternoon and will cover Carole's class 4th, thus sacrificing her own lunch period 4th so that the sub can have lunch 4th and so the sub can take over for Pam 5th, and then the sub will continue to cover for Pam starting 6th since the sub will not have to cover for Carole 6th because she will be back by then.

Carole hustles back from inservice in time for 6th and runs into Pam in the school lobby as Pam is leaving.

Carole:

It was a great meeting today, I really enjoyed it. Thompson from State was there and someone else from State and he had these transparencies,
and well that part wasn't too exciting, but
the best news is those materials look good,
they have these tests we can use for final
exams, tapes, transparencies, plus we are
going to use the new book in Spanish II,
instead of having to wait a year. Hey I am
real excited about it.

Carole was so excited about the new books that she made Pam
10 minutes late for the afternoon session of the inservice. Pam
arrives, out of breath, and hustles down the side aisle and sits
next to Molly, one of her friends.

While Pam settles in, Thompson is up front showing a series
of transparencies detailing how the textbook series has been put
together. At one point, Thompson leaves the overhead and moves
closer to the teachers in response to a question. He loses his
train of thought, walks back to the podium, and says jokingly, "let
me get back to my extensive notes that I made up last night." Pam
did not see the humor. She nudges Molly—"Do you believe that? At
least he could have had his shit together."

Thompson may have put his notes together the night before,
but that did not mean he did not have his act together. Thompson,
who, at State, not only authors texts, but publishes articles,
teaches courses, serves on committees, and handles an advisory
load of more than 20 graduate students, is so busy that he
usually refuses to participate in the promotion of his texts.
"This time," Thompson explained, "I agreed to come because we
at State have a different relationship with a local system than
we would with another city." In service day could have been
scheduled so that teachers from the local system could have leisurely enjoyed the chance to cultivate this relationship with university representatives. Unfortunately, for teachers like Pam and Carol, inservice "day" was chiefly a hassled two hour interruption from their school-keeping activities.

After the inservice the presentation is over, teachers gather in little groups outside the building.

Half-ass as usual—I didn't even get the teacher's editions, you?

No, the morning people got them all—what do you expect? I knew I should have come in the morning, but they didn't want me to leave my study hall with just a sub.

... ... ...

Boy what little Spanish he did speak, whew what a French accent!

Well he said native speakers reviewed it.

I sure as hell hope so.

... ... ...

He didn't even know what was in his own book.

I hear he's written 20 or so, that may explain it.

But still...hell if I had written a book I'd know it backwards and forwards.
Look, the grad student wrote the book, that's what she was here for, like a tribute or something.

Hey, what's the deal on no transparencies for the second year? I asked Thompson and he said the company wouldn't allow it.

Honey, don't be naive--everyone knows that a company only highlights one book of a series, the rest they scrimp on...they use the one book to sell the series, you know, demos and stuff.

Transparencies or no transparencies, I don't care. The thing is we finally got some new books!

You said it. Who knows? After 10 years with De Plata, we may finally have struck ore. Those new books look good to me.

At Center in the lounge after school, Carole is still psyched.

Carole:
Marla, listen it's great, as one teacher said, it looks to me that you can come in totally wiped out, hungover, whatever and still teach and not only that it is going to free us up to do the cultural things we normally don't have time to do. I'll be able to devote a lot more time to IV and V, plus we can still do our favorite projects, slip them in from time to time. Marla, after 15 years in the sweat shop, I finally have something to give me a little hope...

Marla:
Carole, Carole, take it easy, will ya? Wait and see, you know how things are. Don't get your hopes up...
Back at inservice, Pam gets into the van. She was one of those who did not get the teachers editions and it looks like next year she could be teaching all the Spanish I's and now Carole has the teacher's edition. Pam mutters to herself, "I could go and ask her for it, but no, she probably wouldn't give it to me." With a sigh, Pam backs out of her space and drives away.
Pam did not go straight home. Even though by that time it was well past 2:30 she first stopped at Center. She checked her box and then went up to her room to make sure the door and the windows were locked. Satisfied that her room was okay, she left.

While next year's class assignment split—proposed by Carole and now in Mr. Dowd's hands—is of some concern to Pam, the one central concern that cuts through all of her dealings with Carole and Mr. Dowd is the fear that the principal might someday take away her room:

The biggest worry that I have is getting kicked out of my room; if I don't have my room, then I might as well just hang it up. Course I might turn into a different teacher if I didn't have my room—like that one lady who didn't have her own room, she used to be the shopping cart lady. Hey, if worse came to worse...all the way with IGA; but seriously, I might even think about quitting or taking a leave of absence or trying to get in someplace else...

For two years, Carole and Pam shared a room; now Room 321 is Pam's—"It is my room, mine, and nobody else's."

Once the door of Room 321 is locked, only three people can open it—Pam, her janitor, and the third floor administrative assistant. Other rooms on the floor may be opened with passkeys. The door of Room 321 may not. The top half of the door itself has 16 small panes of glass in a 4x4 square; 15 of these panes are opaque. The 16th pane, in those rooms around 321, is a clear pane.
that allows someone outside the room to look in. The 16th pane of
the door to Room 321, however, is covered with a small poster that
reads, "Entre usted al mundo de espanol." Room 321 is a private
preserve.

Above the panes on Pam's door is a vivid, red-green-blue print
of three plumed parrots and below the panes is a cartoon—sitting
in the shade of a cactus underneath a sombrero is Snoopy, saying,
"You know you're getting older... when you'd rather have a siesta
than a fiesta." Below Snoopy—three cartoons from Tu magazine:

**Cartoon of Students**

me haces hablar
en chino

**Cartoon of Teacher**

de amarillo porque
tengo mas energia
que el sol

**Cartoon of Teachers/Students**

idiomas: tu y yo
nos comunicamos en
todas las lenguas

Below the cartoons in block letters, just above the handle of the
door—"THESE PROPERTIES PROTECTED BY AJAX CABLE SYSTEMS."

Those who pass through the door of Room 321 do enter "el
mundo de espanol". In the same manner that Pam has transformed
her house into a special world, she has transformed her room. Tropical plants line the entire wall along the windows, some of them so tall they rise above the blackboard; other plants reach outwards instead of upwards; they lean out and brush students as they walk up the aisle. Above the plants, in fact, all around the room—posters. Every square inch of wall space is covered with travel posters; in Room 321, the classroom walls have disappeared.

The rows of plants lead to a desk in the far left corner of the room. Behind the desk on the board at the front is the date/weather chart, a photo of Julio Iglesias, a Mexican calendar, and a poster of a barking Garfield, "Everyone should learn a foreign language." In the right corner is the bulletin board, and along the wall to the door, home-made bulletin board extensions. Above the bulletin boards and the blackboard are three signs: no se pongan llantas gratis/damas y caballeros/peligro no fumar. In the back near the door, another bulletin board where Garfield observes, "Dialogo agradable a todas las personas que encuentres hoy les volveria locos." In Room 321, to use the Spanish expression, "hay ambiente."

But the room is not solely a place where there is "ambiente." It is also Pam's work area, where she keeps her materials and tools. Her desk, which to her dismay, "keeps getting junky," is meticulously organized (see diagrams). Below, a list of the resource books on Pam's desk.
Resource Books

Amsco Spanish Dictionary
Encuentros Culturales
Y Tu Que Dices
Webster's Spanish-English Dictionary
Usted y Yo Textbook
Para Servirse, an Amsco Workbook
Muestro Mundo Textbook
Amsco Spanish I Workbook
Salsa y Salero Textbook
Salsa y Salero Workbook
Wasserman & Wasserman, Curso Segundo
Papalia & Mendoza, Por Fronteras Culturales
Schmitt, Spanish Grammar
Andujar & Dixon, Workbook
Basic Vocabulary Builder
USA-Mexico Culture Capsules
Amsco Spanish II Workbook
Jarvis & Labredo, Basic Spanish Grammar Textbook
Jarvis & Labredo, Basic Spanish Grammar Workbook
Amsco Curso Primero Workbook
Funk & Wagnall, World Atlas
Valette & Valette, Spanish for Mastery I Textbook
Valette & Valette, Spanish for Mastery I Workbook
Valette & Valette, Spanish for Mastery II Textbook
Valette & Valette, Spanish for Mastery II Workbook

Of special interest of the items on the desk top is Pam's file box. The box in which she keeps student file cards is, like the room, covered with many stickers and sayings. On the top of the box, thus always in view when the box is closed, are two cats—one says, "buen trabajo" and the other, "maravilloso". The cats are surrounded by Snoopy—on the left, "no es lo mismo ver los toros desde la barra," and on the right, "los lunes son las trampas en el concurso de la vida." On the face of the file box, there is (1) a picture of a sour-faced dachsund who recommends, "Empieza cada dia con una sonrisa," (2) a warning—si tu no eres KNAPP, esto no es tuyo, and
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LEFT DRAWER</th>
<th>RIGHT DRAWER</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SALSA Y SALERO TAPES</td>
<td>HOMEROOM SLIPS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOOK 501 SP. VERBS</td>
<td>EXCUSED ABSENCE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NOTE PAD ENTITLED</td>
<td>UNEXCUSED ABSENCE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;EN OTRAS PALABRAS&quot;</td>
<td>CUT SLIPS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PENCILS</td>
<td>TEACHER'S BULLETIN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CEMENT</td>
<td>MAIL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CALCULATOR</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAGIC MARKERS</td>
<td>SCOTCH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VIS A VIS PENS</td>
<td>TAPE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 STAPLERS</td>
<td>2 BOXES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOXES OF STAPLES</td>
<td>OF TACKS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CRAYOLAS</td>
<td>SCISSORS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PUBLIC SCHOOL CALENDAR</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BAGS OF VISUALS (FOR NEW TEXTBOOK)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FLASHCARDS, NUMBERS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FLASHCARDS, VERBS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SCREWS</td>
<td>EXCUSE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BAND-AIDS</td>
<td>SLIP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ELASTICS</td>
<td>PADS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHITE-OUT</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PAPERCLIPS</td>
<td>EXAM</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>COLORED</td>
<td>SCHEDULE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHALK</td>
<td>DULE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BLANK GRADE SHEETS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 PACKS 5X8 COLORED INDEX CARDS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 ENGLISH-Spanish DICTIONARIES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AIR FRESHENER</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Figure 3.

DESK DRAWERS (Top View)
DESK TOP (covered with a serape)

IN-BASKETS
TEACHER RULE BOOK
BLANK DITTOS
FRESH FOLDERS

RESOURCE BOOKS

PEONIES

PEONIES

RECIPE BOX OF
STUDENT FILES

SUCKER (2 TIERS)

3 BOOKS STUDENTS
FORGOT

MONEY BOX

4 FOLDERS OF
WORKSHEETS,
TRANSPARENCIES

CALANDAR

PLANBOOK

GRADEBOOK
(3) a photo of a tearful tiger with a plaintive one-word plea, "Socorro!"

Left of the desk is a 2-drawer steel cabinet that Pam keeps locked. On top of the cabinet are two 5" diameter buttons that Pam picked up at a conference: (1) "Old foreign language students never die, they just lose their tenses," and (2) "Foreign language teachers have class." Inside the locked cabinet Pam keeps her more personal items.

### Locked Cabinet

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Crayons</th>
<th>2 Staplers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Colored Pencils</td>
<td>2 Boxes of Staples</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tape</td>
<td>Staple Remover</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stamp Pads</td>
<td>1 Dozen Pairs of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stamps</td>
<td>Small Scissors</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seating Chart</td>
<td>Kleenex</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>for All</td>
<td>Purse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Periods</td>
<td>Money Bag</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Top Drawer

**Culture Folders**
- Invitacion a una cena
- Piropos
- Machismo
- Mafalda

**Topic Folders**
- Clothes
- Preterit/Imperfect
- Subject Pronouns
- Demonstratives
- Colors

**Personal Items**

**Special Mexican Posters**

Figure 5.
In the steel cabinet near the desk, Pam stores several of her transparency/worksheet folders. She keeps most of her folders, however, in her cabinets at home, or in the 4-drawer steel cabinet behind the desk.

**Four-Drawer Steel Cabinet Behind Desk**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>newspapers Articles</th>
<th>General Review</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Cards</td>
<td>Spanish III Semester Verb Test</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanish II Semester Exam</td>
<td>Spanish III Semester Exam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Map Semester Exam</td>
<td>83-84 Spanish III Final</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83-84 Spanish II Final</td>
<td>83-84 Spanish I Final</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cultural Folders</th>
<th>Cultural Folders</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• Ronald McDonald ACTFL</td>
<td>• Espana a primera vista</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• The Potato-Bolivia</td>
<td>• Espana: New World</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• Tortillas</td>
<td>• Spain in the New World</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South American Map</td>
<td>• People &amp; Customs of South America</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Geography of South America</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Folders w/Worksheets</th>
<th>Folders w/Worksheets</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• Fruits &amp; Vegetables</td>
<td>• Comparatives/Superlatives</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• La comida</td>
<td>• Al/del</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• The Preposition &quot;A&quot;</td>
<td>• Personal Pronouns</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• Adverbs</td>
<td>• Gustar</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• Stem-Changers</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Folders w/Worksheets</th>
<th>Folders w/Worksheets</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>• &quot;tener&quot; idioms</td>
<td>• Accents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• the verb &quot;ser&quot;</td>
<td>• Alphabet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• &quot;ser&quot;</td>
<td>• ir a + infinitive</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>• &quot;ser&quot; vs. &quot;estar&quot;</td>
<td>• hace...que</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>• la escuela: guided composition</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Figure 6.
ROOM 321

BULLETIN BOARD

STOOL

OVERHEAD

DESK

CABINET

MAGNETIC BOARD

BOCKCASE

PLANTS

FAN

CHAIR

CABINET

BOOKSHELVES

LOCKED CLOSET

BULLETIN BOARD EXTENSION

DOOR

Figure 7.
To the side of the desk in the front of the room is Pam's stool, upon which she sits for the duration of most periods. For Pam, the stool has been a "life saver." "I picked it up from study hall last year, it wasn't supposed to be in study hall, so I laid claim to it, it comes from a shop class, but now is part of my room." When Pam sits in her regular chair behind her desk she has difficulty seeing through the leaves of her peonies and over the mountain of books and papers. Before laying claim to the stool, Pam used to wheel the regular chair out from behind the desk, and face it toward the class, but, she claims, "The stool is so much better." The stool permits Pam to assume a more advantageous position in respect to awareness, authority, and discipline, while still allowing her to rest.

The stool also permits her to sit comfortably and work off the overhead. Positioned next to the stool, the overhead has also become a permanent part of Pam's room. Center high does not have enough overheads for all the rooms, so the teacher with AV duty moves the overheads around as needed, but he leaves Pam's overhead in her room. Pam would be lost without her overhead. She uses the overhead extensively—using transparencies for grammar explanations, cultural presentations, and quizzes/tests.

For Pam, the overhead also serves another important function. She employs the overhead cart as an organization station for materials. On the top of the cart, Pam stores her active
transparency/worksheet folders, i.e., the folders she uses during a given week. On the bottom of the cart, she keeps her handouts for the week after she has given them out to the students—in case the students have lost the handouts, in case students have forgotten the handouts, or in case the students were not present to get the handouts in the first place.

The handouts are not supposed to be stored on the cart, according to Pam. "But, it is the end of the year, and I am behind." "Normally," she continues, "the handouts are supposed to be on the bookcase under the bulletin board, but there is so much stuff piled up over there, the handouts stay on the cart." The folders normally are then taken from the bookcase and returned to the steel cabinet behind the desk. "I just don't have time these days to put them where they belong, but once the year is over, from June to September, I organize everything; the janitors are here all summer; I walk right in; the janitors all know me."

Although it is the end of the year and Pam is behind, and so she has stuff piled on the bookcase where it doesn't belong, she still manages to keep the piles from getting so high as to obscure the bulletin board itself. Pam's bulletin board displays are a special source of pride; she uses them to display the unique stuff she has gathered. "Actually those bulletin boards along the wall, I made them myself out of cardboard. My 3' x 5' bulletin board was just too small for all my stuff." When Pam changes the bulletin
boards every few weeks, she uses different colored paper to provide the proper artistic background for her maps, charts and colored photographs. "I went to Woolco when it was going out of business just to get the colored paper—89c half price, you can't beat that."

She continues, "And I also bought a punch for the kids to put their handouts in their notebooks, but somebody dropped it, put it out of alignment, and I can't get it back in. That's why that shoe box is there."

The shoe box on the bookcase below the bulletin board has a lot in it, and a sign that says, "HOLEPUNCH FUND". Pam explains, "Last Christmas, I shopped around for a heavy duty punch, one the kids couldn't break, and the one I got cost me 50 bucks, so I asked the kids to contribute to it—they've been pretty generous, I've gotten 20 bucks from them so far."

Pam gets what she can from her students to help pay for the heavy duty punch. She also engages in some heavy-duty manipulating within the school to furnish her room with those tools she believes will improve her teaching. She appropriates the shop class stool for her room, and she works a little deal with the AV man to keep permanent possession of the overhead. A further example of Pam's manipulating the system to meet her needs is evidenced by the two-tone blackboard at the front of the room. The right half of the board is magnetic. Earlier this year, Pam had heard that one of the older schools in the city was being torn down. As a language
teacher she had always wanted a magnetic board to display her visuals, so she resolved to get one of the magnetic boards at the older school for herself. "I lobbied for it, kissed ass to get it, a general all-around job on one of the vice principals; the board came all splattered with white paint," she says sadly, "but I've been working on cleaning it up and it's getting there."

While Pam works the school system to get what she can for her room, she has also spent hundreds of dollars out of her own pocket in effecting the transformation of Room 321. The bulletin board extensions, the punch, the wealth of teaching tools and supplies; the posters and the plants; and above all the money spent on supplementary books, materials and realia—all add up to a significant financial investment on Pam's part.

And Pam does what she can to protect this investment—by constantly checking to see that the windows and door of the room are locked, by having a special key made for the door itself, by posting warning signs on the door and on her stuff. For if the worst thing that could happen to Pam would be for the principal to take away her room, the second worst thing would be if someone were to walk away with any of her stuff.

During a conference period late in the year, Pam is at her desk, punching. She has brought in 30 little cartoon books she picked up in Mexico and wants to use them in Spanish III. "No one (punch) steals my books (punch) and gets away with it (punch)."
Pam punches each title page of the books with her own official library seal. On the inside cover, the back cover, and page 19, she puts a special ink stamp. "I learned that from the Arborville Public Library," she smiles, as she lists the books by title in a separate record book.

The seals and stamps on her special books reflect how much Pam values the stuff that she brings in to her room. Pam treasures all her stuff. One day near the end of school, a 9th grade girl had been staring at one of the posters on the wall above the plants, a poster of the beach in Acapulco. The girl raised her hand.

Girl:
Mrs. K., when you take the posters down, can I have that poster?

Pam:
I'll pretend I didn't hear that; honey, you got a better chance of getting my right arm than that poster.

That same week, a kid in homeroom, at the desk admiring a rose that Pam had brought in from her garden:

Kid:
Man, that sure be a nice-looking rose, Mrs. K. I wouldn't mind taking that home to my mother...

Pam:
I'm going to have to wash my ears, did I hear what I thought I did? Mr. Cox, I wouldn't give you that rose for $100; that's the way I am.
That's the way Pam is—she works hard for her stuff and does not readily share the fruits of her hard work with those whom she believes will not be truly appreciative.

* * * * *

In late May, Pam's hard work in another area bore fruit—the stereo cassettes arrived from the office of Linda Bream, the new city foreign language supervisor. Pam, working behind the scenes at Center, had gotten no satisfaction since the language lab was taken away in the Fall and the foreign language teachers had been left without any AV equipment. Pam had proposed mobile labs and had heard nothing; she had gone to Discount TV, had priced stereo cassettes, had written up a second proposal, and had heard nothing. When Linda Bream showed up as one of the guest speakers in Pam's class at State, Pam had personally approached her on the matter of the lack of AV equipment at Center. The supervisor had gotten to work and had pushed Pam's proposal through.

The day the stereo cassettes arrived, Pam was ecstatic—something she had worked so hard for had materialized. Pam greets Darlene, the French teacher, when they meet in the hall 7th period, "The boxes are here! I'll get one down to you for tomorrow."

After school, Pam sits down and writes each foreign language
teacher a reminder that in respect to the new boxes, each box was now that teacher's responsibility, and therefore that each box should be kept under lock and key. Pam then packs up and heads down the stairs. In one hand she carries her huge tote bag ("It feels like there are rocks in here," Frank had commented that morning); over her shoulder she carries her pocketbook, and in the other hand, she triumphantly carries her new box.

As Pam turns the corner near the office, one of the janitors sees her and says, "Mrs. K., let me give you a hand, I'll help you with that box." "No thanks," Pam tells him, "I'll manage." And she trudges along the hall. By the office Pam stops to enter the ladies room. The janitor hollers, "Tell me, Mrs. K., how're you going to pull down those pants of yours?" "Thanks, but I'll manage," calls Pam, backing through the door.

Somehow Pam did manage, she came out of the ladies room, left the teachers' reminders in their mailboxes, and made it out to the van. Though Pam always seems to manage, she does expend a considerable amount of mental (as well as physical) energy preoccupying herself with her stuff. The windows to Room 321 have to be locked every night. Any sub is told, "Keep the door locked at all times, and make sure the windows are locked when you leave." Those times when Pam has a sub—when she is at the doctor's at a conference, or on a trip—she constantly worries about her room and her stuff. When Pam is away for extended periods—during a vacation
or even over the summer—she makes it a point to periodically come up to the school and check her room. Pam, in a sense, has become a prisoner of her stuff, and her room.

Pam is aware that perhaps her room may mean too much to her:

Course maybe my room shouldn't mean that much to me...a lot of it is me feeling comfortable in an environment that I have created; course if I were a good teacher, why couldn't I just create the environment all by myself, without the trappings?

The fact is that as a classroom teacher at Center High, Pam works within a vortex of environmental forces beyond the classroom. The classroom is immersed in and subject to many forces and factors—the culture of the school, the culture of the community, the culture of the nation. Pam, through Room 321, has created a sanctuary for herself to which she can retreat from the confusion of the currents that swirl around her. In transforming Room 321 into her "room", Pam beset by constant confirmation and feelings of alienation in her personal and professional life—at home, at State, and at Center—is attempting to create order out of disorder. Tuan (1974) notes:

Every effort to define space is an attempt to create order out of disorder: it shares the significance of the primordial act of creation...the building of a sanctuary calls for the ritual transformation of a profane place (p. 146).

Effecting the transformation takes effort. Frank and Pam spend four days before school starts in the Fall wallpapering the
room with the 200 posters. They take the plants down in the van and spend the better part of a day carrying them up to the third floor and arranging them. Once the plants and posters are arranged, and the transformation of the profane is underway, there are ritual duties to perform to maintain the room, such as the Friday afternoon watering of the plants and the Monday morning ritual of cleaning the desktops.

Pam also looks for opportunities to make the environment even more pleasing. While she keeps her current desks clean, she is already thinking of next year. "I think I will have new desks next year—there are some new orange ones down in the language lab that have caught my eye and I will have the kids move them up at the end of the year." In May one of the janitors came to Pam's rooms one day and started measuring. Pam cast a suspicious eye on the janitor and asked him what he thought he was doing.

Janitor:
We're going to put a rug in here.

Pam:
A rug? Really?

Janitor:
It is some sort of experiment, just a few rooms on this floor...

Pam:
Be sure to tell me when you get around to it, and I'll pick out the color...A rug! That just makes my day!
The rug would give Room 321 added "ambiente"; a rug, providing it was the right color, would be a nice finishing touch. Pam touches up her room daily during the year by bringing in flowers from her garden—roses, peonies, and geraniums. "The only trouble with the flowers, though," Pam explains, "is that they don't bloom all the time, so I can't always have them."

The flowers added to the plants and posters make the sanctuary of Room 321 seem even more special. And woe to the transgressor who profanes the sacred place. One morning before school late in the year finds Pam still steaming over an incident the previous day:

I was so pissed yesterday, one of the frigging girls in ninth got up and came up to the desk and knocked over the vase with my peonies in it. The water got all over my stuff—all over my papers, all over my calendar, that is why the calendar is back here drying out, and the thing that pissed me off most was that she didn't even apologize; that is what got me... these kids... here she ruined all of my stuff, my papers, besides knocking my peonies over, and not one word of apology...

Since Pam has had her own room at Center, she has invested a great deal of money, time, and hard work in trying to transform the profane into the sacred. Not only has she invested money, time, and energy, but Pam appears to have invested a part of herself in Room 321. Before leaving on her trip to Mexico this spring she even made out a will for the stuff in the room in case something would have happened to her. For Pam, Room 321 has become a haven, almost a
home, and it is understandable why her biggest fear is that her room might be taken away. As Tuan (1974) observes:

A person in the process of time invests bits of his emotional life in his home...to be forcibly evicted from one's home is to be stripped of a sheathing which in its familiarity protects the human being from the bewilderments of the outside world (p. 99).
PAM AND HER KIDS

The transformation of Room 321 is in large part Pam's attempt to create an atmosphere of order and harmony amid the chaos that swirls about her at the school. Similarly, Room 321 serves as a sanctuary for a significant number of students at Center. During the course of a school day, there is a steady stream of visitors to Pam's room. Some of the visitors are regulars who come in at the same time every day. Others drop by occasionally as they move about the school. Pam, during the course of a day, engages in dozens of mini-exchanges:

Before School (a girl passes by in the hall)

Pam: I saw you downstairs. You were with your boyfriend so you didn't speak to me. I realize he is a handsome dude but...

Girl: I didn't see you Mrs. K, honest!

Pam: I realize it's a question of priorities...

Girl: Aww, Mrs. K.

During Homeroom (a girl wanders in and looks around)

Pam: What are you doing here?

Girl: I came to talk to you, Mrs. K. (she looks around)

Pam: Don't bullshit an old bullshitter—you came to talk to somebody in this class—first day in 180 I've seen you in here.

Girl: No Mrs. K. I came to see you.
Pam: You guys get to me, you think I am stupid or something, now get out of here.

Girl: I still love you Mrs. K.

Before Class (a senior drags in)

Pam: I am upset, I am ticked, you didn't leave me anything in the class will, you left something for Mrs. Streeter and didn't leave me anything.

Kid: Well, Mrs. K. it was like this...

Pam: I don't want to hear any excuses, and speaking of excuses, where were you yesterday? (He hands her a note.) I am not going to sign this—I am supposed to excuse you cause you overslept?

Kid: Mrs. K, gimme a break.

After Class (a kid comes in, dressed to the max)

Pam: I know you came in to buy a sucker now didn't you; now what?

Kid: No. I came to steal one.

Pam: You won't get out of here without giving me 20 cents or at least your shirt.

Kid: This shirt is worth at least 20 dollars.

Pam: That is what I said.

Kid: It's brand new, I got it at Jordan's, special fitted and everything.

Pam: Special fitted?

Kid: It goes along with the suit I got but I don't want to wear the sport jacket and stuff.

Pam: Ohhh I understand, but we just gotta see the whole thing someday.
Interactions like those above, in various forms, are an integral part of every classroom teacher's day. Students come by before school, chat before or after class, or visit during homeroom. Generally, these students have passes/permission to be where they are supposed to be. What is significant about Room 321, however, is that throughout the day it is open to students at Center who would rather be somewhere else than where they are supposed to be:

My room is always open to kids who don't have any other place to go...if they don't want to get caught roaming the halls; rather than have them in trouble, I let them in; the office doesn't even know about it, if they did, they would say more power to you, you keep them out of the halls, I'm sure they would say that; depending on the days, I have 2, 3, 5, kids in here; the kids know good old Mrs. K. will let them in.

In a given class period, there may be between 1 and 5 kids in Pam's room who are supposed to be somewhere else. The kids who come in usually sit in the back and read or do homework. Other kids will come in and sit in the rows by their friends who are officially in the class. As long as the kids are quiet, Pam lets them come in. Sometimes the visitors participate in the lesson. Once during a map presentation on Puerto Rico, Pam was going over cities. "Now the one with the star is what?" "San Juan," 4 or 5 kids shout. "Right, and this one down here to the south?" (silence) Finally, a kid in the row near the door hollers, "Ponce." "Muy bien, Francisco, you remembered." Francisco was a
visitor. Afterwards Pam asked "Did you catch that? Francisco hasn't had me for two years and he remembered where Ponce was."

Some students come to Room 321 for a more extended visit and participate even more actively. One day at the end of the year, Mike, a tall, handsome black comes in during homeroom. Now a senior, Mike was in Spanish III with Pam a year ago.

Pam flirts with him, checks out his jacket, and tells him he looks great. She gives him some Kleenex and Mike uses the Kleenex to clean his nails. While Pam takes attendance, Mike tells her what he has been up to both in and out of school. Pam asks him, "Now, you are graduating for sure? If I got to that graduation, I want to get my money's worth, I want to see you up there."

"Don't worry, I'll be there," Mike reassures her. "You know what you have to do," Pam warns. "I know, I know; I'll make it."

Mike not only stays through homeroom, he stays through period two. He sits at Pam's desk, taking in the proceedings. He gets up and writes a little heart on the board, "Mike loves Sheila". During the bingo game, he gets up and follows Pam around the room as she calls out the verbs. He checks to see if the kids are cheating. When the kid who wins at bingo hesitates between taking a tee-shirt or 200 extra credit points as his prize, Mike is astounded. As a senior he feels compelled to give these freshmen some advice.
Take the points, man, take the points. (The kid chooses the shirt.) Look, how dumb can you get, taking the shirt; if you go for the 200 extra points you won't have to keep that notebook she has you do, the one you got to turn in at the end of the year. (Mike shakes his head.) You guys, you just don't understand how the system works, man; you'll learn.

At the end of the period, Mike stands by the door and calls out an adios to each kid as he/she leaves. He turns to Pam, "Well, see you Mrs. K., have a nice weekend." "Stop in again sometime," says Pam, "and don't get in an accident, I know how you drive, like a nut." "How do you know," Mike asks, "you ain't ever seen me drive." "I just know, I know the kind of person you are, be careful," she advises. "I'll watch it," Mike promises, and he saunters away down the hall.

Mike's visit illustrates how open Room 321 can be. During the visit, neither Pam nor the students in Spanish I appear to pay him much attention. Mike, as he moves about the room, is simply part of the "ambiente," like the plants, the posters, and the peonies.

During class, Pam allows some of her own students to move around. She permits certain students to leave their seats and go sit at her desk, by the window, or when the fan is on, back by the fan. Sr. Rose, for example, in second period, is one of Pam's favorites: "The other teachers give him a lot of crap," explains Pam, "but in Spanish he has got the most potential of any kid I have." During class, Sr. Rose, whose assigned seat in front is by the overhead, will get up and go sit by the window whenever the heat from the overhead makes him uncomfortable. From
his perch by the window, he continues to participate. When the bell rings, Sr. Rose hangs around the desk, draws little hearts on the board and talks to Pam. He hates to leave the sanctuary, but hustles out at the last minute so he won't be caught in the halls.

The personal exchanges that Pam has during the course of a day—be they short visits such as the daily visits with Sr. Rose or longer visits such as the one with Mike—mean a lot to Pam. For Pam, the opportunity to personally interact with her students is another integral part of what makes Room 321 a sanctuary for her also.

In the high school, teachers, "unlike fee-for-service professionals, cannot build a clientele of selected individuals (Lortie 1975:4)." In creating her sanctuary in Room 321, in her own way, Pam has built and is continually building her own clientele of selected individuals. To enter the sanctuary and become part of Pam's inner circle, one does not have to belong to a specific Spanish class or grade level. The clientele Pam has created is not a paying clientele, yet Pam is rewarded in other ways.

Some of the students who visit help Pam cope with her heavy workload. She gets several of the students who seek the sanctuary of Room 321 to work for her. These students—Dan, who comes during conference period and also during ninth period; Jose, who draws and makes visuals and who generally stays in for 9th period after
his 8th period Spanish III is over; and four girls, Anita, Rhonda, Lavelle, and Sharonne who come in during 7th period when Pam has hall duty—are Pam's helpers:

My helpers are kids whom I would stake my life on, kids who do anything I ask them to, cause they love me, cause I am their favorite teacher, cause I get them out of study hall.

The students who work for Pam appreciate the chance to help. Dan explains, "My brother had this job before me, locking the windows and stapling stuff; I take that responsibility seriously." Anita also appreciates what Pam did for her. "Mrs. K rescued me from study hall—I was in her study hall my first year, and she pulled me out of there and gave me the job of taking attendance."

"Apparently she likes me," Anita continues, "so this year she said 'why don't you come upstairs in 7th and help me out,' so here I am."

Anita and the other girls who come in 7th period for the most part, help out by grading papers. Those few times when there are no papers to grade, the students straighten magazines or staple. Before she leaves to roam the halls during duty, Pam will leave her helpers the stacks of handouts or quizzes that need to be corrected, along with the correction key, and a note explaining point procedure.

While all four girls may do the correcting, only Anita is allowed to record the grades in the gradebook. "That way I know
it is her handwriting," explains Pam. "Other teachers who use
kids to help have had trouble cause they're not careful, but not
me."

Though Pam tells her helpers—"the only way I can justify
getting you out of study hall is if you do work, not to come in
here and goof off"—in reality, the atmosphere in Room 321 is
very relaxed. Dan, who works two jobs outside school, often
comes to 3rd period, beat:

Pam: Boy, have I got some stapling for you
to do today.

Dan: (Wearily) How long is it going to
take, Mrs. K? I got this English to do.

Pam: Do your English.

Dan: When do you got to have them for?

Pam: Tomorrow.

Dan: All right. I just got to fit it into
my schedule, maybe 7th or 9th; I'll take
care of it.

Pam doesn't push. Dan works on his English for five minutes, and
then falls asleep. Pam smiles, "Let him sleep; he'll wake up when
the bell rings. " Dan does, and also returns ninth period to do
the stapling.

The girls who come in 7th period also take it easy. They
work, sometimes, but they relax as well. Lavelle and Sharronne
usually sit in the back by the fan. Shoes off, they chat and
flip through fashion magazines. Anita and Rhonda generally sit
up front near Pam's desk. They explore the desk, they talk, they help each other with homework for other classes. They correct papers, but at a leisurely pace. Anita will often put on some of Pam's Spanish music on the tape player—"that de Falla is great stuff." Or, if the TV is there, the girls may stop to check out the soaps.

The students who come to Room 321 to help out do not come solely to escape study hall. They come in to take a needed psychic break from their suffocating school schedule. Pam gives her student helpers freedom—to sit by the fan, to chat, to listen to music; and responsibility—to staple, grade, and record; to draw visuals or to lock windows. Pam also gives these students added personal attention. She will chat with Dan (when he is awake) during all or part of Period 3. She will also spend time with the girls in 7th before heading out to the halls. Pam will help the girls with other homework or just chat about school and about life.

On rare occasions, Pam will take hall duty off, and spend the whole period with the girls, playing music and talking to the students about Mexico. Pam's helpers, when they come in to Room 321, are treated with respect, and the students appreciate Pam for it.

Pam enjoys the relationship she has with her helpers, yet she also is aware that in allowing the students to come to her room, she is taking responsibility for their not being where they are supposed to be. In all her own endeavors, Pam pays strict attention
to doing what she herself is supposed to. If any of her helpers abuse the privileges Pam gives, Pam comes down hard. Dan once made the mistake of bragging about how he no longer had to stay in study hall. Pam told him:

You were telling people where you were, someone said you went home, I will not be responsible for having your butt running all over the countryside...; if something happens to you, it will be my ass, and then, after it is my ass, it will be your ass honey.

A second incident found Dan not showing up in 3rd one day until 30 minutes after the bell.

Pam: Where the hell have you been?
Dan: I had to take Darlene home.
Pam: Whaaat?
Dan: She ripped her jeans on the study hall seat; I took her home so she could fix them, it took us 20 minutes...

Pam: You could have been stopped by the police, picked up and asked where you are supposed to be...

I am going to have to cut you loose honey, I like you and all but I don't like you that much.

Dan was not cut loose. The next morning before school a bouquet of red, white and pink peonies was left at the door of Room 321. Attached was a note:
These flowers are to show how much I really do care about you (and your job). What I did yesterday and a few other times only a teenager like myself would do. I'm sorry.

Your ever faithful helper,

Dan

(sorry it is sloppy but I'm not used to writing on lockers)

Pam comes in that morning with a pushbroom in her hand. She sees the bouquet, reads the note. "Boy he's really sucking it up now." She starts sweeping the floor with the broom. "The janitor's sick today," she explains. Later, before the hordes arrive, she quietly goes over to the desk and tenderly waters the bouquet.

"I really do care about you (and your job)." Pam, in turn, appreciates what her helpers do for her. In their own small way, the helpers relieve some of the burden of Pam's heavy workload, by doing some of the work she cannot find time to do. The helpers probably do not do all that much work, but, more important, they give Pam some support, support which she does not get from others in her world. Unlike the rest of the world, the kids care.

Were Pam to have cut Dan loose, she would have lost a lot. Dan not only works for her, he also serves as a pipeline to what
to what is going on with other students at Center, and Pam's being in the know helps her credibility with her students. Moreover, Pam, isolated from the world of adults in her classroom, enjoys the close personal relationship she has with her helpers. The helpers, older, more mature students, are simply someone to talk to during the day.

The helpers, the students who come to the room to visit, the students in her regular classes who stop to chat before/after class—in fact, the students in her classes on the whole—give Pam that attention and respect that she struggles so hard to get in other spheres of life. At home Pam may get yelled at, at a conference she may be snubbed, at the university she may be embarrassed, and at school she may be criticized, but in Room 321, Pam is "la reina," and at Center she has quite a court.

In the world outside the classroom, Pam may be plagued with self-doubt about her professionalism. Within Room 321, there is no doubt as to who is the professional.

Pam: I just want to tell you I will not be here Thursday and Friday—I will be in New York.

Kids: What's in New York?

Pam: It is for a professional conference.

Kids: Do you get paid for it? Are you going on vacation?

Pam: I am allowed certain professional days so I am taking them. I have to pay the hotel—it costs $95 a night...
Kids: (Whistles) Whew! Man! Must be some hotel! Lotta bucks!

Pam: Yeah, but I want to go; I am representing the Heartland Spanish teachers.

Or consider the response when Pam was chosen Teacher of the Year—Frank: "didn't say much", Mr. Dowd: "I didn't pick you", Carole: "how could they have picked her?", the senior teachers: "All for a friggin Mexican project!". The day the announcement was made over the PA in homeroom, the card players never looked up. By the time ninth period had rolled around, however, a group of Pam's own students had slipped out of school, had gone up to Main Street, and had gotten Pam a huge card, that they proudly presented to her just as the period got underway. At the end of the period, Pam clears her throat, and says softly, "and I would like to thank the people who gave me this card—Martha, Kellie, Byron..." Pam holds up the card. "On the front it says, 'Warmest congratulations' and inside, 'wishing you success in everything you do' and here it says, 'teacher of the year'. Thank you. I will..." Pam swallows hard, "save this forever."

Pam gets from her students rewards that she does not get in other spheres of her life. Many students at Center, when they come to Room 321 as visitors or as regular students, also are rewarded themselves. While for a teacher at the school, the pace and rhythm of life is frantic, it may be equally frantic for the
students. Nine periods a day, classes with 6 or 7 different teachers, study hall a zoo, and lunchroom a nightmare—it is no wonder that by afternoon, as one teacher at Center commented, "the kids' springs are coming out of their heads, boing...boing...boing."

During the course of a day many students take a psychic break by going outside whenever they have a study hall or lunch. But the rest of the day must be spent inside the school. Inside the school, the relaxed atmosphere of the sanctuary in Room 321 draws students who need a place to get away without going outside. In Room 321, the kids are not hassled—they can work or read, move around, or simply sit by the fan and cool off.

Some students come to the sanctuary solely for such a respite—they study, read, or just sit—and then leave with a short, "Bye, Mrs. K." Others, like Mike, the graduating senior, come by because they seem to need someone to talk to about more personal matters.

* * * *

A stranger to Center High might come away from the school with the impression that the students there are not afraid of anything. Once during a communicative exercise, a find-the
person-who game, Pam had asked, "Quien ha tenido miedo de una maestra?" Not one signature in the class of 20 was obtained. A girl asked, "Mrs. K., I know maestra, but what does miedo mean?" "Afraid of" Pam replied. For the girl, the two words did not belong in the same context. "Afraid? Of a teacher? Well maybe when I was small." Life at Center often reflects the old joke:

The teachers are afraid of the principal, the principal is afraid of the superintendent, the superintendent is afraid of the school committee, the school committee is afraid of the parents, the parents are afraid of the kids, and the kids aren't afraid of anything.

Yet underneath the fearless facade that nearly every student (male or female) seems to put up or tries to put up, there are deeply felt fears, as well as hopes and dreams. Inevitably, any visitor, or student in Room 321 who picks up a piece of chalk will draw a little heart on the board, writing his/her name beside the heart, or drawing an arrow through the heart and adding the initials of a real or fantasized boy/girlfriend. These poignant expressions of love call to mind an old song,

Was it chalktalk on the sidewalk
When you wrote I love you?
Was it chalktalk on the sidewalk
When you promised to be true?

For the rains came
And washed away
All the young dreams
We dreamed in vain

Was it chalktalk on the sidewalk
That vanished in the rain?
The students at Center write on the board and not the sidewalk.
But in the majority of these students' lives there is a lot of rain, rain that may have already washed away some dreams. Some selections from Center's literary magazine illustrate:

Good Love Lost

I only saw him at night,
when I did we would only fight.
He always lied, never said "I will" only "I might",
I think he avoided being in my sight.
I refused to live off "I might",
I have better things to do,
than sit around and be treated like a fool.
He thinks it's cool but, what he don't know is it's nothing new.
All guys are the same, they just have different names.
I wish this particular one knew,
he lost a good love before it grew.

ELUSIVE DREAM

There's a quiet air about her—
Unseen tears slip down her face;
She feels lonely and unwanted
As she tries to find her place.
It's not only 'cause she's saddened
By a love, tried and untrue,
That her tears flow down like rivers
And her heart is sad and blue;
She just wants to find a young man
Who can mend a broken heart,
And she's wanting a companion
Who will never, ever, part.
She'll never find this young man;
He's just a dream—that's all—
Such a man does not exist here;
He would never come to call.
She'll now wait and take her chances
That perhaps, somewhere, she'll find
This special type of person
Who is always on her mind.
BLACK BUTTERFLY

Sparked Dreams of Freedom's Wings

Locked
Inside
Dark prison walls—
Frustrated—
He shoves,
He strains,
He sweats and
Cries.
He dreams Deliverance
Of pinioned wings
From his black dungeon of despair
Into sunshine and summer breeze,
Where his ebony wings
will
Flit in graceful flight
Among Nature's fragrant flowers,
Not
Somber against the summer sky
But
In Unchained harmony,
Soar unconstrained
On the winds of Golden Dreams.

At Center some students come to the sanctuary of Room 321 to see Pam and to talk about what is really on their minds and in their hearts—hopes and fears, dreams and nightmares, boyfriends, girlfriends, and sex. Labelle, a girl in Spanish III, one day brought in her English composition to show Pam:

It was a steamy hot summer night. In the silence of the black darkness, long before dawn...suddenly, a quiet scream splits the bedroom air, the scream of a young girl on whose body, on whose innocent body, her stepfather is forcing himself. With each thrust of his huge body, all she can think is 'ugly, ugly, ugly'. Finally, it's over. The girl's sweat, tears, and yes blood, soak the sheets.
The young girl took pills after that, a lot of pills. Riding the bus to school she would pop pills hoping the other kids would not see her tears. Pills and pills and pills...so many pills they did something to the girl's mind and she wound up in jail. Her family came to court. The girl was blamed. She was alone...

Pam recognized the composition as a plea for help, but she just "couldn’t handle that". So Pam does what she can, keeping her door open so at least Labelle can come in and talk. Labelle stops in during Pam's conference period again late in the year.

You know that boyfriend of yours is flunking. "He is?" He is a nice boy but I'm sorry; he's got the smarts, but he just doesn't work. Funny, his mom came in at open house. She seemed like a real tough person who would beat the crap out of him if he gets out of line. "It's not his mom it is his dad, boom, does he give it to him." Where was he the last couple days? "Some kids are looking for him, so he couldn't come to school the last couple days." Does he belong to the Dirty Dozen or who? "The Cretes; there are the Dozens, the FFM's, but he goes with the Cretes..."

"What was the other day all about, if that crap keeps up, you know what is going to happen—the neighbors are going to come out..." "I'm hip!" "I was thinking the other day there are 14 blocks of white houses between me and mine...the word is there is some real shit goin to be goin down the last days here..."

Problems at home, problems on the street, problems at school—kids come to Pam to talk about their problems. Where she can, Pam offers advice:
Now Diane, she came from Montana, her story is weird too; she is living with her aunt here and I had her cousin last year; and her cousin was one of the girls by the way I caught down by the shop in 7th yesterday; there was a divorce or something and they didn't want her out in Montana anymore, a sad situation; but she has real potential she came out here to live now; but she doesn't know what to do and I don't know whether she was given the option of going back or what; and I said well you are here now, you know the kids, you might as well stick it out and graduate from here rather than go back to Montana for senior year where there is so much uncertainty.

But there is usually only so much Pam can do. "There are times when I would really like to help the kids; the parents are not getting along, they don't get along with the kid, the kid is an angel in class, and could possibly be completely different in another situation, I wish I could help but..." Pam sighs, "It is the mother instinct I guess."

In many ways Pam does act like a mother to the kids who come in to Room 321. She is particularly protective of the girls who come in, and attempts to give them woman-to-woman advice. In fact, on more than one occasion, Pam has remarked that she should be teaching Health Ed:

I wish I were teaching health ed—they pussyfoot around with it; I realize that there are some things you can't say explicitly, but either the kids aren't listening, or they haven't been watching the right movies; there was a great program on PBS that these kids needed to have seen, for example; these girls think that they can fool around, and just cause the guy doesn't orgasm, they are not going to get pregnant; I have had so many girls tell me that...
Some of the girls at Center may not be watching the right movies or making the right moves, as each spring at the school seems to find at least 50 girls walking around pregnant. This year is no exception—this spring's wave of pregnancies is a constant topic of conversation in the lounge:

Female Teacher:
Do you believe all the girls walking around pregnant these days?

Male Teacher:
It happens every spring, just like the swallows at Capistrano.

Female Teacher:
I know, but still, some of those pregnant this year had the same problem last year, you'd think they'd learn...

1st Female Teacher:
...you heard what happened last week—two girls, both twos, found out that they were pregnant by the same gentleman...

2nd Female Teacher:
So one of the girls arrived here before school and confronted the other in the hall and pulled a gun on her...

1st Teacher:
She said nobody was going to take away her man...

2nd Teacher:
Fortunately, Mr. Judson heard all the shouting and came out and took the two girls away...
Pam, who had heard the story, commented that "neither of those kids were my kids, but it doesn't surprise me." She continues, "Hey, one of my helpers just came back from having a baby; she didn't know she was pregnant until she had to go to the hospital to have the baby; I never knew she was pregnant, and I can usually spot those things and try to help." "Course," Pam adds, "to the kids, sex is a part of life, and when I tell them about when I was in school, they find it funny."

In her own health ed program, besides being there to listen, Pam appears to dispense primarily preventive medicine—"keep your legs crossed," "tell him to keep his pants zipped," "at least know what you are getting into". She is especially adamant when she feels that a girl is being used. "I tell you, there are two kinds of guys, those who are out for all they can get and those that aren't, and you had better learn to tell the difference." Also since Pam is in the know about who is going out with whom at the school, about who has just broken up, she also tries to serve as matchmaker. "Now when I changed seats, I put Jose and Anita together on purpose, hoping something would click; those two are made for each other—he is a nice kid and so is she, not like that other bitch he used to see."

Ironically, as she dispenses advice about love/sex, Pam does so knowing that her own love life is not what it might be. "Sex? We teachers live for weekend sex and then by the time the weekend
"gets here, we are so tired."

She smiles. "Don't get me wrong, Frank and I have our moments...it's just that there is never enough time."

The sterility of Pam's own life—her life consisting week after week after week of work, work, and more work—may in part account for her heightened interest in the personal lives of the students around her. True, the students' lives may be filled with problems, pain, and pathos, but it is this very soap opera saga of the students' world that fascinates Pam, and helps her escape the dreariness of her own drab existence.

At times, in her exchanges with students, Pam communicates her own disillusionment with men/life. Ryann, a senior girl, stops by one day for a brief visit:

Pam:
I can't believe you're still together after all these years.

Girl:
We're gonna get married!

Pam:
When?

Girl:
And in the ninth grade ya said we wouldn't last a month...

Pam:
You have bulldog tenacity—that doesn't mean you guys will be together forever either...

Girl:
I gotta go back Mrs. K., see ya.
There are days when the unceasing cycle of courses and classes and courses grinds Pam into total disillusionment.

There are days when Pam, who has bulldog tenacity herself, wonders whether anyone cares.

You know, I always thought my birthday was the greatest day, but now when my birthday rolls around, it is so depressing. I used to think I was special, so special that on my birthday, everyone should take a holiday. The kids feel the same way I used to. But now when the kids come up and tell me it is their birthday, and they like to write it on the calendar so I will know, I say, 'I hate to deflate your balloon, but nobody gives a damn,—Happy Birthday anyway.'

The last two stanzas of "Cielito Lindo" that she played for the kids this spring capture what seemingly has become part of Pam's personal philosophy:

Todas las illusiones
cielito Lindo
que el amor fragua
son como las espumas
cielito lindo
que forma el agua

Ay, ay, ay, ay
suben y crecen
y con el mismo viento
cielito lindo
desaparecen

The more well known refrain of the song goes:

Ay, ay, ay, ay
canta y no llores
porque cantando se alegran
cielito lindo
los corazones
Sing, don't cry. But the reality is that neither Pam nor her students at Center have a lot to sing about. And in Pam's case, her world is such that whether she sings or cries, her only audience is the kids.

A final poem from the school literary magazine is entitled "Abandoned".

Abandoned

Nine long months,
Waiting...
Comfortable and warm,
Thinking I am loved;

Then...I'm born

Into the cold,
All new to me.
Wanting Mom,
But she doesn't want me.

Suckling for affection,
Longing for her touch,
Wishing she loved me,
Just as much.

Abandoned—Pam and her kids—and both take refuge from the world in the sanctuary of Room 321. In many ways Pam has made the school and the kids at Center her life. She has converted her job at school into a year 'round proposition:

nine long months
waiting...
thinking I am loved;

then...
into the cold,
For the nine long months of the school year, Pam gives her all to her kids. But the school year ends, as does the school day, as does the school week, and Pam goes into the cold of life apart from her kids.

    wishing she loved me,
    just as much

Like the abandoned child in the poem, Pam wishes the kids could love her as much as she loves them. But when school is over, Pam and the kids go their separate ways.

    The Friday before Mother's Day, one of the girls in 9th period pauses and turns to Pam, before heading out. "Happy Mother's Day, Mrs. K." "But I am not a mother," protests Pam. "But you are our mother," the girl says, "and that is what counts." Choking back tears, Pam replies softly, "Thank you, have a nice weekend." The girl leaves. Pam alone at her desk, in tears, begins to sift and sort.
THE VISITS

Pam, at times may act as a mother to certain kids at Center, and at the end of some days may feel pangs of regret as she and the kids go their separate ways. Another side of Pam, however, is happy to leave school and the kids behind and retreat to the quiet of her home. In May of this year, the unexpected occurred. For the first time in Pam's five years at the school, kids from Center began to intrude on Pam's other sanctuary. Kids began to make visits to her home in Arborville.

There were some early warning signs. In 2 or 3 classes in a row in May, Peg, a girl in first period, began to ask Pam questions about where Pam lived:

Peg: Mrs. K., what street do you live on? Is it off Parkway? We were looking in the book, we were going to stop by...

Pam: Let me guess, to wipe it out, right?

Peg: Don't you want us to stop by, Mrs. K.? We couldn't find the address...

Pam: No teacher has their name in the phone book...

Peg: Why?

Pam: Hey, 3:00 a.m. in the morning, I hate your guts; remember I keep my dogs out...

A couple of days after the above exchange took place Peg and two other kids followed Pam and Frank home after school.

We saw them following us, so we went down some side streets to lose them. We entered the supermarket finally. We didn't have time to
put the van away in the garage. Frank was ticked, he was raving—'now they are going to screw up our house, they are going to break in now that they know where we live; or they are going to come down and put toilet paper in the trees'... Look, we both don't need that hassle, school is enough of a hassle as it is...

Frank was right. The following Saturday night around 11, Pam is in bed, reading a book, and Frank is in the living room, taping a movie.

I heard this noise, but living next to the store, I said someone is out at the damn pop machine, and I thought, why the hell should I get up and look, so I just lay there in bed...

Finally, I got up and went to the curtain and I saw a car with two headlights pointing right at my house...

So I got up, I was in my pajamas, my nightshirt, it comes about halfway down my thigh, and I go running out the door...

It looked like it had snowed—the kids must have gone through eight packs of toilet paper; I was pissed, boy was I pissed, I felt violated...

Both Pam and Frank were deeply disturbed by the kids' visit. Had the kids arrived during the daylight, they would have seen the numerous "no trespassing" signs posted around the property, and the warning—"this driveway is not for public use." For Pam and Frank, their home in Arborville is a fortress—a fortress set against a world of hostile strangers. And the kids from Frank's and Pam's perspective, had no right to visit, unannounced and uninvited.

Frank wanted to press charges, but I had the police call the parents, the sheriff had driven by and caught the kids right in the act; the parents came out at 2:00 a.m. and cleaned
it up; they thought it was a big joke, they were laughing and having a great time...

Hell, we had just planted a tree that cost $240; luckily nothing happened to it; and the kids and parents both stomped all over where Frank had just put in new grass seed. And they were all laughing and joking...

As she relates the incident, Pam shakes her head.

The parents don't teach the kids to have respect for other people's property—I was never allowed to walk across someone's yard—my grandmaw taught me that, but these kids...

These kids, and most likely their parents as well, literally came from a different place than Pam. Pam grew up where there were yards not to walk across; she learned to respect property because she and those around her had property. Today, as an adult, Pam still lives in Arborville. She and her husband have a beautiful home. The inside is elaborately decorated with artifacts and furniture from Mexico; out front there is a large front yard with trees, a nice porch; out back, a flower and vegetable garden and a grassy fenced-in area so the dogs can run.

Unlike Pam, most of the kids from Center live in a world of gray, not green. The kids' world is a world of concrete. Where the kids live, there are few trees, and those trees there are, do not grow very tall, and cast very little shade. Far from being a sanctuary, home for many of these kids, as Frank himself pointed out, is "a place to eat, sleep and shit." The kids' home is the street—it may be ugly, and, at times, dangerous, but it has more
appeal than crowded, cramped, and airless rooms, especially in the late spring and summer. The concepts of lawn, tree, and garden have little meaning for many kids at Center. For those kids who visited Pam, the Saturday night visit was something to do, a ride on a hot night, and perhaps, in some way, a gesture of affection toward the recently-announced Teacher of the Year.

Pam did not view the visit as a gesture of affection. "I didn't take it right I guess—I just assumed the kids were out to get me for some reason." Pam, burdened and embattled, in her classes at State, and in her work at Center, often seems to feel that everyone is out to get her, and the kids she felt were no exception. At Center she retreats to the sanctuary of her room, and once away from the school, she retreats to the sanctuary of her home. At home, Pam expects to be left in peace.

The visits, much to Pam's displeasure, continued. A week later Peg and Mick (two of the three kids who had first followed Pam home) drove down to Pam's house on the weekend. Not finding anyone home, the two kids left some roses they had brought in the mailbox. Pam found the roses and took them in. "The roses were just about dead when I found them, but I gave them the special Knapp treatment and the roses revived." And she brought the roses to school and put them on her desk.

In her work at Center, through her creation of a sanctuary within the school, Pam gives some kids the special Knapp treatment,
trying in her own way to help these kids revive. But it is clear that Pam wants to control the treatment in terms of:

- **Where:** At the school in Room 321.
- **Who:** Kids she approves of and has come to trust.
- **When:** During school hours and at her invitation.

In Room 321 at Center, Pam, fascinated with nature since she was a child, has created what might be called her own wildlife sanctuary. She does not open her room to just any student at the school; she establishes conditions of behavior, the students meet them, and are allowed in Pam's inner circle. The kids become trained. In fact, the students at the school whom she allows into the sanctuary resemble, in a way, the trained parrots Pam keeps in cages at home. Like the parrots, the kids who come in to Pam's room at the school, are vivid, colorful, and entertaining. Pam laughs with them, listens to them, and instructs them. But Pam prefers to restrict the interaction she has with the kids to the school. For once the kids leave the cage at Center, they become more like macaws than trained parrots. "Now macaws," says Pam, "are also my favorites, they are wild and beautiful, but," she warns, "you get too close to them and try to feed them, they'll take your whole hand off."
Pam's response to the students' initial visit—"I felt violated"—reflects the strength of her attachment to her home. As with Room 321 at the school, so also in respect to their house in Arborville, Pam and Frank have transformed the profane into the sacred—stucco walls, cast-iron grating, tropical garden outside; inside—furniture, artifacts, art, and books, all from Mexico. The presence of two parrots adds the final touch to the Latin villa that Pam and Frank have created for themselves in the heart of midwestern U.S.A. They have invested thousands of dollars and many years of work in transforming their home. Indeed, the house in many ways resembles a natural history museum, and as illustrated by the response to the students' visits, admission to the museum is by invitation only.

The villa in Arborville, while truly a special world to which Pam and Frank can retreat, is also where Pam prepares her classes. In addition to collecting art, artifacts, and furniture for the upstairs, Pam has gathered a wealth of cultural materials and realia for teaching that she stores downstairs. The storeroom in the downstairs den is a mine of materials:

**Realia:** garbage bags full of food products from Mexico, hand-carved masks, bulls' horns, musical instruments...

**Materials:** games, posters on bullfighting and soccer; piles of postcards from all over Latin America; six boxes of slides on Spain, Puerto Rico and Mexico; authentic school books from Mexico...
Pam has spent years of hard work gathering these materials and realia. "You just got to know where to look for this crap and that is one of the things I pride myself in." On her trips Pam gets materials from special sources in Mexico; she also orders materials by mail. "Hey," Pam snaps, "at school they ooo and aaa over my posters, but I do my homework: for the posters I go to the library for 3 hours and get the N.Y. Times travel section; I get the addresses from phone books across the country." "Then," she explains, "I make a form letter up, and send away for the stuff."

The processing and filing of incoming materials/realia is arduous and Pam often falls behind. "Now this summer I am going to take care of the stuff I just brought back from Mexico (4 months ago)." Pam continues, "Actually, the trouble is I have so much stuff, I don't know what I have; that is why I am toying with the idea of getting a computer, that will be another summer project."

"For now," Pam explains, "I have this." She waves a master index book in the air. "Because I don't have a computer, I went through some of my favorite books and wrote down the topics in this notebook."

Pam prides herself on her organization. Her files are labeled,
her file folders color-coded; books are shelved carefully by topic. A visitor to the den one day took a book on methodology off one of the bookshelves. After looking through it, he absent-mindedly put it back on the shelf. "Hey, what are you doing? You are going to get tossed out of here," hollered Pam. She snatched the book and returned it to its shelf. "Everything," she warned, "in its place."

In the den, everything in its place. In life? Pam's stuff literally means more to her than just about anything else in the world.

One afternoon, leaving Center, Pam is walking slowly to the van. Suddenly she trips and falls flat on her face. Frank, in the van, "I thought she finally had her heart attack." Pam picks herself up and shrugs off the fall. "It's that bottle I keep in my bottom drawer," she calls over to a couple of other teachers who had seen her fall. "Are you all right?" one asks. Pam reassures them. "Yeah, I'm okay; mostly I was worried about my stuff. I got some good stuff in that briefcase." Frank asks, "Are you sure you're all right?" "Fine, no problem," says Pam as she gets in the van and takes the wheel.

Pam was okay; she did not have her heart attack that day. But Frank does wonder if she is "all right" when it comes to her stuff. For the constant search for stuff comes with a psychic price. "Whenever we take a trip," Frank complains, "Pam never enjoys herself, and as a result, neither do I; she can't just lie on a beach and relax, she has to be off gathering materials somewhere." Whether she is in Mexico City, Miami, or New York, a trip is never complete for Pam unless she can return with some "goodies".
What motivates Pam to invest so much time and energy digging up such a wealth of materials and realia? Part of the motivation lies in the search. "I get a zing out of finding things that are pertinent to what I want to teach," Pam explains. "Plus the stuff is a treasure in and of itself." And along with the digging, there is a corresponding need to display the stuff to her students. "I feel a pressing need to bring the stuff to the kids." Pam declares:

> I teach the way I would like to be taught, that is why I have got to have hands-on things. I tell the kids, 'I bring you back stuff so you kids can first-hand witness this, so you can feel in your hands a box of cake flour, and you can see the directions are written in Spanish, and I expect you to appreciate what I do for you.'

Pam may expect appreciation, but realizes that her students do not always show such appreciation. The kids' hands do not always appreciate the value of the treasures placed in them. Pam may let the students feel first-hand a box of cake flour, but other goodies, such as her authentic board games from Mexico, she will not bring to school. "The kids would just tear them up." Much as a museum director keeps certain items under glass lest they be damaged, so Pam monitors closely the cultural treasures she entrusts to the students.

This monitoring extends to written materials as well. Pam uses written cultural capsules during some units but does not make enough copies so the students can take them home. "I have class sets—I pass them out, they read them, and they give them back."
Pam explains, "Look, even though they have a notebook and could keep them in there, come June 6th, the whole thing gets tossed away; the kids feel no need to keep that stuff." The kids may feel no need to keep the stuff, but Pam does. She simply stores up the material to present again the following year.

For Pam, when she first journeyed to Mexico and saw the ruins, the people, and the alternate way of life it was "love at first sight." In her teaching, she attempts to communicate this love to her students, but she is well aware that students at Center have loves of their own, and Spanish may not be one of them.

Pam does not entrust the stuff that she works so hard to dig up to just anyone. The stuff is too valuable, it means so much to her that she guards it from the unappreciative. With the students at Center she monitors her sharing. Some of her stuff—artifacts, realia, etc.—may indeed be a 'treasure in and of itself,' and thus in the students' unappreciative hands might be damaged, yet Pam is also very reluctant to share her stuff with adults, i.e., with fellow teachers. For on another level, Pam's stuff is a treasure because the wealth of materials represents years of hard work and sacrifice. Gathering stuff is an integral part of Pam's approach to her work, and for her her work is her life. Herein lies an additional reason why Pam guards her stuff even from fellow teachers:
Like I work hard for my crap, why should I just hand it over to somebody like Alicia, even if she is my best friend? Especially when she spends more time doing the things she likes to do, even with a kid, and I am down here in the den on Sunday afternoons getting yelled at because I am down here so much.
Sunday afternoons Pam does not do the things that other people do. Pam prepares for the school week ahead. At one o'clock on Sundays, she heads down the stairs to her den. Upon entering her private world, the first thing Pam does is clear her desk. "I am a Virgo and us Virgos have to be neat you know." She checks her mail to see what stuff has come in, puts books back on the shelves in their proper places, and files papers where they are supposed to go. Then Pam opens her briefcase, usually for the first time all weekend. She takes out her stuff from the previous week and separates what she used from what she didn't use. She files the stuff that she used where it belongs, and arranges the remaining stuff on her desk. Next, Pam gets out her planbook: "I look to see whether I covered what I was supposed to cover, and if I haven't, to find out how I am going to integrate last week's unfinished stuff with this week's new stuff."

On one level, Pam's "covering what she is supposed to cover" refers to following through on her previous week's plans. On another level, Pam, in her global approach to planning for Spanish I, II, and III makes it a point to cover what she is supposed to in respect to the curriculum guidelines for Spanish. These guidelines were updated last year when Heartland Public Schools moved to semesterization at the high school level. The guidelines list for Spanish I, II and III the points that are to be covered for each semester.
Suggested Guidelines

Spanish I

Second Semester

The student will be presented the following points:

- stem-changing verbs: tener and venir (p. 63), tener idioms (pp. 65, 66)
- pronouns that follow prepositions (p. 67)
- dar, ir (p. 81)
- decir (p. 94)
- possession (p. 95)
- possessive adjectives (pp. 96, 97)
- hace with period of time and que (p. 98)
- saber, conocer, differences (p. 108)
- negatives (p. 109)
- gustar (pp. 135, 136)
- irregular verbs: hacer, traer, caer, salir, ver, valer (p. 137)
- stem-changing verbs: pensar, contar, pedir, querer, perder, volver, servir, poder, sentir, dormir (pp. 164-165)
- personal a (p. 166)
- geography and location of Spanish-speaking countries

Optional: Second Semester

- acabar de (p. 84)
- preposition a after certain verbs
- indirect and direct object pronouns
- reflexive verbs
- demonstrative adjectives
- special uses of the definite article
- imperfect and preterite tenses
- culture and holidays of Spanish-speaking countries
- films and music are available through the Heartland Public Schools and public libraries
Suggested Guidelines

Spanish II

First Semester

The student will be presented with the following grammar points:

- review basic grammar structures including present tense (LC 1-49)
- begin (or review) preterite and imperfect tenses, and the differences between them
- progressive (LC 7-Review)
- reflexive verbs (LC 28-38)
- parts of body
- clothing
- commands, all forms (pp. 1-10)
- vocabulary from stories chosen from reading
- selected Notas Hispanicas

Supplement with films, music, games and visuals.

Second Semester

The student will be presented with the following grammatical points:

- present perfect tense (pp. 21-23)
- pluperfect tense (p. 49)
- review negatives (pp. 62-65)
- subjunctive, vocabulary used with the subjunctive (pp. 175-212)
- review interrogatives (pp. 81-83)
- difference between que and cual
- future tense (pp. 89-123)
- tanto como, tan como (pp. 108-109)
- conditional (pp. 129-169)
- if clauses (p. 243)
- uses of por and para (pp. 268-269, pp. 281-289)
"From the standpoint of the teacher, the curriculum is not a suggestion, but a requirement; for if it is not met, the principal and the supervisors will consider the teaching inadequate (Sarason, 1971:47)." Pam's position reflects this view:

I cover what I am supposed to, in order to cover my butt with the office; the vice-principal has a copy of the guidelines and she checks. Other teachers have been jumped about it. It doesn't make any difference if the vice-principal doesn't know jack about my plans—this way if she says something, I can pull my plan out and say here it was.

The curriculum guidelines were drawn up by a special committee of Spanish teachers within the city system. For Spanish levels I and II, the points to be covered appear to follow the table of contents of each level's textbook. Heartland Public has used these textbooks since 1976. In that the lesson plans turned in to the office must correspond to the guidelines, when Pam plans, she uses the textbook as her first point of departure. The only problem is...Pam hates the books. "Carole did tell me one good thing when I started—she said our books were shit."

The textbooks' presentation of new vocabulary particularly irritates Pam. "There is just no logic to it, listen to this." She reads from the second year book. "...dulce, girar, pesar, el alma, coser, volverle loco a alguien...; well, they got the last one right anyway."

Any knowledgeable person in the field of foreign language education would concur with Pam's (and Carole's) assessment of
The Meaning of the Conditional Tense

The conditional tells what would happen (if...). or what was going to happen. It is primarily the future of a past action, just as in the future tense in future actions.

- He says that he would do it. (Past—Future)
- He would do it. (Past—Conditional)
- If I have time, I'll go.
- If I had time, I would go.

In mathematical terms, we could state it this way:

|Conditional: Past = Future Present |

Conditional is to past as future is to present.

18 The Conditional: First and Third Person Singular

- Just like the future tense, the conditional is regularly formed by adding one set of endings to the whole infinitive. Notice that its first and third person singular forms are exactly alike:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>verbs: tener</th>
<th>saber</th>
<th>hacer</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>past: tendré</td>
<td>sabré</td>
<td>haré</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>present: tengo</td>
<td>sabo</td>
<td>hago</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>verbs: salir</th>
<th>querer</th>
<th>pedir</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>past: saldré</td>
<td>querré</td>
<td>pediré</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>present: salgo</td>
<td>quiero</td>
<td>pido</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

D. irregular verbs use the same stems as in the future tense.
the textbook series for levels one and two. Vocabulary is poorly introduced; most importantly, integration of material is non-existent. The sequencing of exercises within a chapter (or chapters within a unit) makes little or no pedagogical sense. The curriculum guidelines based on the texts further confuse matters for the teacher. While points/topics are taken from the texts, the guidelines list the points/topics in a different sequence.

Week in and week out, year after year, Pam has struggled with these poorly written texts and with curriculum guidelines that offer no meaningful pedagogical assistance. Faced with six classes and three preparations every day, and left on her own, no wonder Pam feels "that you can never have too much stuff." Pam's obsession with gathering materials is in part explained by the fact that for five years she has been forced to write her own textbook. In fact, both Spanish teachers at Center find the texts not only unsatisfactory, but unusable, and each thus tries to teach from her own supplementary sources. Result? The division between the two teachers becomes more pronounced. Spanish I taught by Carole become totally distinct from Spanish I taught by Pam.

As she prepares, Pam is forced to dig. "I hate the book so much—I have to dig and if I don't find anything in the book, then I go to my own library and see what else there is." Pam digs, and digs, and digs. If she finds something in the texts that she thinks she can use in class, Pam jots down the grammar point or the
cultural topic, and the page number where they can be found. Then after she has this basic sketch, she goes to her other books to find supplementary exercises. By going to her other books, Pam gets ideas as to the sequencing and integration of grammar points and vocabulary—"Now in Valette and Valette they use *ser* with colors, and since I just did clothes that would be nice...and in this other book, *ser* is used with adjectives." Pam has to go to her other books as the curriculum guidelines she has to work with give no clue as to how to integrate the separate points listed.

As she goes through her supplementary books, Pam marks the pages she can use with a bookmark. These books she takes to school, and on Monday she will Xerox the marked pages. After five years of pouring through her supplementary texts, marking the pages, taking the books to school, Xeroxing the pertinent pages, sorting the Xeroxes/handouts, putting the Xeroxes/sheets into folders, and filing the folders in her cabinets, Pam has accumulated an impressive collection of materials.

Pam organizes this material by folder, each folder color coded and labeled by grammar point or cultural topic. She keeps these folders in the 4-drawer steel cabinets in front of her desk. Each drawer is labeled:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cabinet #1</th>
<th>Cabinet #2</th>
<th>Cabinet #3</th>
<th>Cabinet #4</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Culture</td>
<td>Beginning</td>
<td>Verbs</td>
<td>Notebooks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Culture</td>
<td>Vocabulary</td>
<td>Verbs/Grammar</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tour Brochures</td>
<td>Stuff to Sort</td>
<td>Newspapers</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>State</td>
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Pam has filed the materials gathered through years of digging in these cabinets. Significantly, the materials have, to some extent, become filed in Pam's mind. They have become part of her mental storehouse of planning possibilities. While digging for ideas in her books, Pam often will come upon an exercise that triggers her memory as to material she may already have on hand.

Pam, planning an activity on **tener**:

> Now this exercise looks good to me as we will be doing "how old" with the kids' ages...say that reminds me! I have a Zodiac chart I can hand out, (she squeals) and I even have a handout that is ready to go (and smiles). You see how these things come to me.

Pam's squeal is one of delight—she does not have to dig; the Zodiac chart is in her files and is ready to go. Her system is working, her hard work is bearing fruit.

In the course of a Sunday afternoon Pam searches through her supplementary sources. She stacks these books on her desk, with the pertinent pages marked. Then from her cabinets Pam takes out her prepared stuff, folders that contain Xeroxes (like the one with the Zodiac chart) from previous years of digging. On Monday she takes the books and the folders to school. She Xeroxes the bookmarked pages, then Monday night she goes through the Xeroxes, and decides which ones are to be used as transparencies or handouts.

> So I have got all this stuff, a big pool, and I just pick and choose from it. I'll have the handouts ready if I want to use
the handouts, and if I don't use them, I will save them for next year when I will have more ideas and a bigger pool to pick from.

The Path to the Pool

The diagram is a very rough sketch of the global nature of Pam's planning. Perhaps what is most significant about the sketch are the lines that are missing. No lines connect directly from Pam's head to the pool, or to classroom activities. Ideas
from Pam's mental storehouse always pass through some form of commercially prepared materials before reaching the classroom. Pam only uses activities that she digs up from outside sources.

Pam depends on her resource material to aid her planning; she needs to supplement the texts. But at times the extent of her dependence on sources is striking. While preparing the adjective lesson to go with *ser*, for example, Pam searched and searched until she found a list of adjectives that are commonly used with *ser*. Fortified with the list, she resumed planning. Later, she made a similar extensive search for a list of idioms used with *tener*. She could not find a complete list of *tener* idioms which thoroughly dismayed her. Yet Pam is fluent in Spanish—she knows the basic adjectives and the *tener* idioms, she has had them as part of her working vocabulary for 15 years—but she did not attempt to sit down and compose her own lists which might have taken two minutes.

Another time, while planning a food unit, Pam wanted to present material on the Spanish schedule for meals. But she got stuck.

Now when I was preparing the cultural center for the PTA I found an horario de cuando comen los espanoles, but I forget where I saw it. I wanted to put it up on the bulletin board, but I couldn't remember what book it was in. I think it was in one of the Valette books, but you got to look on every page, cause there is no index for it.

Pam has been to Spain; she knows the schedule of meals. Yet
this information was not put up on the bulletin board because she could not find it in packaged form.

What accounts for this seemingly complete dependence on outside sources? First, on a global level, Pam's approach to planning—as befits her background and training—may be characterized as a giant archeological dig. She unearths treasures from Mexico to bring to class, she sifts through TV programs to tape videos in Spanish, she searches through the assigned texts to find exercises that are relevant, she pores over her vast supply of resource books to come up with supplementary activities. In this conceptualization of her work, Pam's role is that of a delivery person—she digs out the stuff and presents it in packaged form. An archeologist who excavates a vase is distinguished from the potter who initially created and shaped such a vase. Pam's role is clearly that of the archeologist, and not the potter. As an archeologist's creativity is expressed in finding different ways/sites to explore and excavate, so Pam's creative energies are primarily employed in discovering new sources of materials or in coordinating materials that have already come in packaged form.

This complete reliance on outside sources may also reflect a deep lack of confidence. Pam's self-evaluation of her own teaching is filled with doubt, and at times, despair. Others—especially those who have published—know: they must know more than me—such seems to be the mind-set that Pam has developed.
Thirdly, a teacher must work for extended periods of time without seeing tangible results from his/her efforts. Hughes (1958) notes:

> In teaching, where ends are very ill-defined—and consequently mistakes equally so—where the lay world is quick to criticize and blame, correct handling becomes ritual as much as, or even more than an art (p. 96).

For Pam, using packaged materials is one such ritual. She digs out the best stuff she can find and presents it to her students.

Lastly, with the workload at Center—six classes and 150 students a day—Pam has little time to create. At school she is expected to deliver, and deliver she does. Moreover, Pam structures her life so that her mind is never quiet. At school, during her "free" periods, what work she does is interrupted, as a constant stream of visitors come to the sanctuary. The kids make her feel loved. At home in the den, Pam plans with the TV on; it makes her feel secure. When she is not surrounded by noise, Pam is on the move, meeting a schedule that leaves her little time to create. Perhaps creativity in planning—even at the level of writing down a list of adjectives—requires time that either Pam doesn't have, or that she doesn't allow herself to have.
PLANNING: CONSIDERATIONS

Teaching is rather like serving a meal where the teacher is the cook who feeds knowledge to his dining pupils...at times it is comparable to being the chef who serves an expertly prepared gourmet dinner to guests whose appetites have been primed with a round of martinis...or it can be like a short order cook in a hashhouse who serves stringy insipid cold beef sandwiches to passing motorists whose appetites have been dulled by hours of travel (Stebbins 1975:28).

Pam, as she prepares her classes, has neither the time, nor the temperament, to prepare gourmet meals from scratch. She relies on packaged recipes. She does, however, try to avoid serving her students a steady diet of the insipid, undigestable beef of the basic textbook series by digging out other, more palatable fare, from her wealth of resources and supplies.

In the way she organizes her planning, Pam resembles the busy single executive who does all his/her cooking on Sunday, and then freezes meals for the rest of the week. And, after five years of Xeroxing materials from her resource books, Pam has a lot of stuff in her freezer. Following the menu laid out for her by the curriculum guidelines, each Sunday afternoon Pam pops her packaged folders out of her freezer-file, and puts the folders in her briefcase to be served at the proper time during the coming week.

The atmosphere in which these meals are served varies according to the mood of the cook and the diners. The mood of the teachers and students in the school responds in part to
rhythms of time—time of day/day of week/time of year. According to Pam, the students in periods 1 and 2 come to class in a semi-comatose state. "The morning kids—you don't have to worry about discipline problems, but by the afternoon, by 5th period, the kids are geared up and you have to watch them. By period 9 the kids are out of their seats and up at the door ready to bust out; I've checked, and it is the same for everybody so it is not just me." Pam herself by period 9 is exhausted. This year, after first and second period, she has conference and lunch in which she bustles about the school or entertains visitors in her room. Period 5 begins the downslide, the slide punctuated by the stress of 7th period hall duty. By 8th and 9th period, Pam is pooped.

The five-day school week also has a rhythm of its own. Monday, from Pam's perspective, is "back in the saddle day," "the day to remind the students that they are back in school for five more days, and that the weekend and all that goes with it is over." "Wednesday is hump day," Pam explains, "We are all on the downslide." If students and teachers can somehow struggle through the first three days of the week, there is hope. The weekend is in sight, the chance for two days at least to put school away. Friday, Pam gives quizzes and tests—"to try and keep the kids' minds on something academic," to try and keep their minds off the weekend.

The school year follows the same general pattern of the
school week. The beginning of the year—"you get the kids back in harness after the summer." Pam continues, "Now the second year kids know me and what I expect, but with the first year kids I have to act like Genghis Khan, especially the first few weeks." Pam uses the months prior to Christmas to get the students used to work expectations and classroom behavior expectations. "Then after Christmas, we are on the downslide," says Pam. "After Christmas, the kids are so blah; February and March just crawl along." The winter months are dark and cold; the students are passive. But once the weather starts to get warmer, "you can't keep the kids' minds on what they are doing." "And after the kids come back from Easter," Pam shakes her head, "they tend to bounce off the walls."

The general rhythms of school:

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<th>Back in the Saddle</th>
<th>Hump/Downslide</th>
<th>Busting Loose</th>
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<td>Day</td>
<td>Periods 1 and 2</td>
<td>Period 5—End</td>
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<td>Week</td>
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<td>Year</td>
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<td>Christmas—End</td>
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The common feature of these rhythms appears to revolve around both teachers' and students' feelings that school is a place where they would rather not be. The only thing that gets them through each phase—be it the school day, the school week, or the school year—
the only thing that gets them over the hump, is to focus on those
times when they will not have to be in school.

There are four points in the school year when Pam cannot
seem to get over the hump. These points? The end of each 9-week
grading period. Although the city has officially gone to semes-
terization, the nine week grading periods remain, and these periods
have a cycle of their own that operates within the general rhythms
of school life. The end of a nine-week period is a particularly
vulnerable time for Pam. Exams have been given and students know
they are off the hook for a while. The exams must be corrected,
grades must be compiled and turned in. Pam, at the end of the
third nine-week grading period:

I don't feel like doing anything...I have
ggrades to do...I am wiped out; I don't
have the slightest idea what to do, I
don't care at this point...The kids, the
kids were so damn lazy this week, it is
not just my problem, it is all the
classes, it is the end of nine weeks and
is to be expected, the kids' mind set is
'I don't have to do anything now.'

At the end of a given nine weeks both students and teachers
stagger to the finish line of the school race, and collapse. Yet
the finish line does not mark the end of the race, instead the
line simply signals the beginning of another lap. The coming
school week begins a new nine week period. In Pam's case, though
she may not feel like doing anything, she must. Grades have to
be turned into the office and failure notices must be filled out.
The end of the third nine-week grading period is especially stressful, for with this period comes the first signs that the end of the year is approaching. The two weeks prior to Easter vacation, Pam notes, "it is impossible to get anything done. And after the vacation, it is zoo city."

All of a sudden in the spring, you got tennis (girls' and boys'), softball (girls' and boys'), baseball (girls' and boys'), golf (girls' and boys') and track (girls' and boys') such that I may only have half the kids who are supposed to be in my afternoon classes. The other half are doing other things, and they are considered excused absences.

The administration at Center values and encourages student participation in sports; students in sports are readily excused from their regular classes. In the spring, Pam also has to cope with students leaving her classes for music and drama. One day in mid-spring, Pam explodes. "Look," she snarls, waving a school notice angrily in the air, "just look at this list of excused absences. Hell, there must be over a hundred names here." She stabs at the sheet. "Choir, 3 days this week, kids excused all day, that is bullcrap that's what that is." She laments, "It's just that the music and drama teachers have more pull."

Sports, music, and drama indeed do have more pull at Center. The administrators through these activities try to keep the students from bouncing off the walls by giving the students outlets for their energies. By encouraging these extra-curricular activities, the
administration hopes to prevent the captives in zoo city from becoming vicious and dangerous.

These excused absences, however, make like difficult for a teacher like Pam who works within the curriculum. Pam, whenever she refers to these extra curricular activities, spits out the word "excused". Students excused from class add to her workload. Students miss classroom presentations and fall behind; they miss tests/quizzes and have to make them up. Pam does not press the students to make up tests. "There is a school rule, after two days, they get a zero; so I don't hound them; other teachers make them take make-ups in class, but I don't believe in that—it is a waste of class time."

Pam's anger toward students who miss her classes supports the contention that most teacher's share an underlying belief that "when outside influences are at their highest point, the teacher's influence is at its lowest (Lortie 1975:172)." In the spring at Center, not only is there more school-related extra curricular activity, but for the students, life outside the school on the streets begins to pick up. The result? For the students the contrast between the excitement of the street and the boredom of school becomes more marked. At the end of the school year, the outside influences on the students—warmer weather, extra curricular activities, life in the street—intensify.
Correspondingly, for Pam, her problems multiply. Pam's core function at the school is to teach Spanish, a task to which she devotes almost all of her energies. Pam has to work hard throughout the year to keep her students minds on Spanish. Spanish, compared to other subjects, is a tough sell in Heartland. The spring, with all its distractions, makes Pam's job even more difficult. And the fact that students are excused from Spanish class in order to participate in other subject matter areas like music and drama, leaves Pam feeling angry, hurt, and unappreciated.

Pam's tasks become more complicated toward the end of the year. Around Easter she must also come to grips with an integral part of teaching Spanish—curriculum coverage. Pam, intent on covering what she is "supposed to", maps out the rest of the year at this time. The end of the year signals a change in gear. In terms of curriculum coverage Pam cranks into overdrive:

At the end of the year, after Easter, I have to haul ass, we glide over things not covering them to the best of our ability; we must have the stuff covered by the time the year ends.

Usually Pam does this planning during Easter vacation itself. This year she went to Mexico over Easter. So the week before the vacation, "The week when you can't keep kids' minds on anything anyway," Pam showed the movie "El Cid" to all of her classes for three days. As the students watched the movie, Pam sketched out her end-of-the-year-plans.
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A glance at the plans shows that—doing what she is supposed to, i.e., covering points dictated by the curriculum guidelines, i.e., "hauling ass"—for the last two months of the school year, Pam and the students focus on verbs and maps, maps and verbs, verbs and maps. Thus, when the students' minds tend to be elsewhere, when outside influences are at their peak, Pam tries to hold student attention and student interest through maps and verbs. To the students whose appetites have been dulled by long hours of travel, who have been traveling the school highway for almost a year and are looking for the nearest exit, Pam, the teacher-cook, serves the insipid beef of coverage.

A comparison of the more detailed lesson plans of March 18-22 and May 6-10 highlights how the nature of Pam's planned activities change as she shifts gears and tries to cover what she is supposed to. In March, for the students in Spanish I, Pam served up a diversified fare—talk about movie, cut out food, make dialogs with restaurant, slides of plate food. By May, the same kids are getting a steady diet of verbs and grammar—saber/conocer, possession, stem changers, reflexives, parts of the body, gustar (uses of); all mixed with mapwork—map quiz, provinces of Spain map, map Spain: mountains, rivers, cities. In March, the students in Spanish II talked about the movie, they conversed, they asked questions on pictures, they worked on dialogs. By May, these students get verb presentations, handouts and workbook exercises.
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The last two months of the year, in respect to planning, Pam is all business, she files away her "cutesy stuff". She does not use her magnetic board. She plans no special units. She brings few cultural treasures to class. Of the 20-25 supplementary books on her desk, Pam uses two series—Amsco workbook for levels I and II, and the Andujar and Dixon workbooks. Both series have excellent handouts. Pam does not bother to dig in her assigned textbooks. Her own folder system is more efficient. For the last two months of school, Pam relies on her storehouse of file folders containing transparencies and handouts. Pam pops these folders out of the freezer and serves them to her students, one after another, after another,—a steady diet of presentation-worksheet-quiz, presentation-worksheet-quiz. Pam, at the end of one year, is covering what the guidelines tell her to. "I do it," she explains, "because there will be hell to pay, if I don't."
THE END OF THE YEAR

The last two months of the year, in order to cover what she is supposed to according to the curriculum guidelines, Pam must shift gears. As the year comes to a close, in addition to dealing with these demands for curriculum coverage and dealing with distractions that deaden student interest, Pam must also cope with an increasing number of administrative and clerical demands.

The cellular structure of a traditional school such as Center places considerable administrative burden on the classroom teacher. Pam, no matter what the time of year, has clerical tasks to take care of. A large school like Center asks its teachers to handle a correspondingly large number of administrative requests. Similarly, the large number of students per class means more clerical work for teachers. And at the end of the year, the increasing number of absences, excused or unexcused, the need for make-up tests, the difficulty in keeping students "on the same page," all create more clerical headaches for the teacher.

Pam is expected to handle many of these administrative requests during homeroom. Homeroom serves as a forum in which the administration, through the public address and through the homeroom teacher, keeps students informed as to events and activities in the school. Pam, in discussing her teaching
earlier in the year, viewed homeroom as a time to plan, as well as a time to administrate.

"I basically have an idea of what I will do in class when I sit in homeroom; we have 15 minutes — 5 minutes go to homeroom activities such as taking attendance and reading announcements. So I have got 10 minutes to play with, plus the 4 minutes before class, so I have 15 minutes to decide what to do."

Perhaps earlier in the year Pam may have had 15 minutes to use for planning. During the last nine weeks of school no planning occurs during homeroom. The following transcripts capture the reality of homeroom at the end of the year:

**Homeroom April 22**

Vicki, a student in Pam's ninth period class comes in and proudly announces she has memorized her dialog. Pam tests her "que van a tomar?". Vicki smiles and takes her seat in the back. Pam, seated at the desk, is surrounded by kids. Pam is selling suckers, chupachus from Barcelona, 20¢ each, proceeds go to the Spanish club. A student who has missed the last two weeks shows up. Pam sees her. "Gee, you look like someone I should know." Squeals. Screams. Cox charges in. "Boy, what a fight in the hall! Two white girls, boy was she quick, boom, boom, boom." Pam says to Cox, "OK, OK sit down." And then to Jones, "Jones, put it down to number 2 instead of 10, will you?" (Later in 2nd period the vice principal comes to Pam and asks her if she had seen the fight. "No, I didn't have a ticket for that one; if I had, I would have sold popcorn." Pam tells him.)
A black girl comes up to the desk and asks Pam for Kleenex. "What for?" "Cold" the girl says. Pam opens the drawer and gives her some Kleenex. Pam spots Calhoun edging toward the door. "Calhoun, sit down. I don't have any Saturday schools on my list yet, don't make my day!" Pam picks up the school bulletin and stands to make an announcement.

Shut up! This reads, Dear homeroom teacher, please distribute homeroom verification cards to your homeroom, have them keep the card to take home to show their parents. This is your schedule you make out for next year; note that the new homerooms have not been assigned yet, so if you see 321 on here, don't ask me why 321 is on here: Jones: "Why is 321 on here?"

Have each student complete the form and return it to you immediately the next day; student completes name, homeroom, grade, school; and the first box in the middle of the page which says ... "there is no box" it should be there, they said it was, you mean they didn't make the boxes? "draw a box" Right, everybody draw a box; "I'll draw a circle" Pam to Calhoun: there is a sure cure for ants in the pants, sit on it! ... if the courses are incorrect, the student completes the form and obtains parent's signature, and then you have to return it to the counselor; no courses shall be changed without parental permission. So I have to have everything back..."when?" "right now?" No, tomorrow. (Pam passes out the forms amid general hubbub.)

Bing bang bong (the PA comes on)
May I have your attention for the morning announcements? May I have your attention for the morning announcements?
Will the owner of a light blue Dodge license number 928DRT (Jones gets up to head for the door) please report to the main office? a light blue Dodge license number 928DRT, I said a light blue Dodge...come to the office immediately...the track team will meet....
(Shhhhhhhhh)...sophomores, juniors, and seniors who plan to take....(Shhhhhhhhh)... to the main office...next year's schedule... (Shhhhhhhhh)...by next week...

With the change of weather, homeroom teachers are asked to remind students of the dress code (kids shut up) that is a matter of personal pride here at Center...We do not want to disrupt the educational process...shoes must be worn at all times...with shoes tied, a strap around the heel may be permitted; no shorts or other brief attire will be worn inside the school building...

there is no varsity softball game this afternoon; the reserve game will be held...the men's track team must have the candy money in by Wednesday morning...we must have the candy or the money back...

Bing bang bong

Allow me to reiterate what they said...Calhoun, where are you going? (kid heading out the door again)...you are not allowed to wear shorts; "What about gym?" that is the only place they are allowed, they are not allowed in the halls... "Why?" because there is something called a dress code; you will be sent home immediately... "you mean I can't wear this?" that is not a cut-off that is a tank top; "this?" that is a cut-off and you will probably will be sent home "so?" I am just trying to spare you the first thing they do is call your parents...

(Pam reminds the kids to fill in the little boxes.) The first box means okay, the second box means changes; look you will not be allowed to make changes next year, so if you don't like this...Calhoun, what is your problem? "Do you want this now?" No, I want it tomorrow.

(Pam sits down and takes attendance; she reads the announcements in their printed version; she comments that there is a staff meeting in the afternoon.)
Bing bang bong:
Here is another announcement, here is another
brief announcement (Shhhhhhhhhhhhh) I would like
to remind all seniors that graduation announcements
will be passed out today in periods 4-6, that
is graduation announcements will be passed out
in periods 4-6; also there is still time for
anyone who wishes to purchase a class ring...
Bing bang bong (Jones imitates the bong,
falsetto-style).

"What about shirts open to the waist?"

Bell.

**Homeroom  April 23**

Vicki, in Pam's 9th period comes in and asks,
"You didn't forget to put my 300 points down, did you? It is the first test I passed; can
I go to my locker to get folders?" (Kids
crowd around Pam.) "Why can't we wear
shorts?" "I think we should be allowed to
wear shorts" You know why you can't wear
shorts, there is something called a dress
code; Jones butts in, "I'll tell you why —
cause the principals don't want to see
something they don't have!" (laughter)
(hoots and hollers)

at the desk:
(girl) Pam: I gave it to Michael
(new girls) Pam takes excused absences
(kid wants suckers) Pam: I got to have change, 20¢
(two others in line for suckers)
(kid) Can I go to my locker?
(girl) Can I have a pass to go see Mrs. Cronin?
(kid leaves his pen) Pam: Sweetheart, is this
your pen?

(A kid appears at the door.) Johnson screams,
"Hey, get out of here, Zuke!" Pam: Why don't
you act like civilized human beings instead
of animals? Maybe Mr. Rockwell could explain
it to you! "Oh, golly I'm scaaaared"
(Pam stands to make an announcement.) We were asked to read this — Teachers are to remind students that page 18 of the school information packet states: The dress code of Center High School students should be the responsibility of parents and students, and should meet the following general guidelines — shoes must be worn at all times; sandals if they have a strap around the heel; socks are to be worn with all shoes except sandals; hats are not to be worn in the school building; and no shorts or other brief attire...

"did you say that we can't or we have to wear socks?" It says socks are to be worn with all shoes except sandals... "that is stupid" I really don't think they are going to go around scoping your feet out, they are more worried about the shorts and the cut-off shirts.

(Pam makes another announcement.) If you have those course verification sheets...they have to be in by Friday..."what sheets?" (Four kids walk in.) Well let's see, that is one tardy, two tardies, three tardies, fascinating, four tardies, we are really breaking records today..."Ho, ho, ho," hollers Jones. (A girl hands Pam a slip.) One excused and three not excused, my, my. Jones sings: "do do do, do do do..."

(A kid hands Pam a verification form, another kid hands her a paper, Pam takes attendance; Jones, Johnson, and two other kids begin to play cards; "cost you a quarter to get in"; the cards are dealt; two girls down front are reading a letter, they squeal and laugh, hysterically; A tall kid walks in and whispers to Pam.)

Excuse the interruption, but this gentleman would like to talk to talk to you about student council: "I'm Peter Dumbar, "who?" and I am asking you to vote for me to student council "big deal!" this way you can know what is happening "who cares?" and I hope you vote for me "forget it!" Pam: when do we get to
vote? "Thursday" Well buena suerte (Jones and his buddies laugh.)

Bing bang bong
May I have your attention for the morning announcements? May I have your attention for the morning announcements? (the card game continues) the political meeting will take place at Dunlop House today, the topic will be the USSR....On Thursday in homeroom elections for the student council will be held...the following students are running for office...(15 names are read)...any student planning to graduate, see Mrs. Beasley at once... (Shhhhhhhhhhh)...the dress of Center High students should be the responsibility of parents and students...(Shhhhhhhhhhh)...no shorts or other brief attire...(Pam takes a book from the stack on the desk)...a meeting for all DAA members after school...a lost Center jacket, please notify Robert...there will be a track meet today...a reminder that the finest athletes in the state will be at the relays this afternoon... (Shhhhhhhhhhh)
Bing bang bong

Ladies? (girls come up to get cut slips) (Pam hands verification forms to the kids who were absent yesterday; she explains the procedure to them)

at the desk:

(kid) "I got my form, now what do I do?"

(girl) "Do you have the course stuff from yesterday?"

(kid) "Who do I see about a drop slip?"

(kid) "I don't want no study halls"

(girl) "I want a sucker"

Bell.
Homeroom June 4

Whhooooooooo, whhooooooooo (whoops and hollers) Jones and Johnson stroll in, clapping their hands.) (A kid approaches the desk.) What is going to be on that final in Spanish tomorrow?" Tomorrow? Honey, it is today; "Oh" it'll be the verb part, just study your verbs; "yeah, sure" (The kid leaves.)

(Jones howls.) Atencion, please (whoops and hollers) you know, I just love knocking teeth out (Pam glares at Jones) "Let me at him," a girl screams; Pam: we will all stand in line for a shot and we can sell tickets; ...the following people owe to the library (screams and cries) — Miss Jaspers, Amy, fines of 2 bucks; "oh, oh," hollers Jones; Lorrie, you owe a book; Terry, a book, now when are they going to realize that Terry is no longer here? Calhoun, book; Mr. Jones, fine; "Oh, golly gee" Jameson, book; and Cox, the same fine you have owed for the last six years (laughter)

Now I have some schedule cards for you — it says here please return all verification cards; if changes need to be made, see your counselor; so this is what is set in stone; if you don't like it, go down and talk to the counselor...

(Jones cuts loose a fart.)

(Panic city) "Geez" the girls down front, scatter; Jones cackles; the kids around Jones vacate and head for the other side of the room; (laughter and disgust) "man, you are a pig" even Jones' card partners get up and move away; Pam; you better go wipe your pants, honey (laughter and giggles) "ooooo, that smell!" (Chi Lung, the Cambodian girl next to Jones, remains fixed in her seat; she gives a wry smile) Jones is chortling and cackling...

(Pam looks at the schedule on Cox's desk.) Cox, you got a great schedule here, 3 classes, and the rest study halls! "I know, Mrs. K., ain't it great!" (Pam goes around and hands out
schedule cards.) (The girls who vacated are now at the board drawing little hearts with their names on them.) "What if we don't like this schedule?" you see a counselor; "which counselor?" you are supposed to have a counselor assigned to you; "I ain't never had no counselor"

(Pam makes an announcement.) By the way, your lockers have to be cleaned out by Thursday; if there is anything in there after that, I get it (laughter and screams) (Pam spots a kid in the hallway.) Ramson, what are you doing in the hall? Adios!

Bing bang bong
May I have your attention for the morning announcements? May I have your attention for the morning announcements? ...the awards assembly will be tomorrow night...there will be a meeting 3rd period for all boys interested in playing football next year, the meeting will be held in the cafeteria...that is, 3rd period meeting for all boys interested in playing football next year...(Shhhhhhhhh)... also if you want to participate in summer sports camps there are registration forms available in the office...homeroom teachers will please distribute verification cards...summer school registration for driver ed will get underway

Bing bang bong

(Jones is howling and baying.) "man, you got a problem" (Jones brays contentedly.) (Meanwhile Pam has gone to her locked closet and has taken out a can of Lysol; she sneaks around behind Jones and sprays his rear end.) (Jones turns and cuts loose another string of farts.)

(The whole area clears out.) "man, you are something else" (Jones cackles.) "it isn't funny" "where'd that Lysol go?" (cackle, cackle) "you are ignorant" (Jones burps.) "say, Mrs.K can he get suspended for farting?" "for breaking some serious wind?" (laughter)
(Pam escorts Jones to the hall and shuts the door.) (Jones knocks.) "we don't want any" "especially you cause it is all nasty" Pam: does he have a mom? "no, he was hatched!" Well, I hope he didn't smell like that when he came out (laughter)

(Jones raps on the door again. This time Johnson, one of his card playing buddies goes to the door. Jones gestures, telling him to open it. Johnson opens the door a crack, gives Jones the finger, and slams the door in his face.)

(Jones raps on the door again.) "don't let him in" Pam: don't let him in, I will pay you not to let him in (Mike, an occasional visitor to the room, comes through the door.) "keep that door shut!" Mike: "did you see a science book in here, Mrs. K.?" Nope, nobody has left anything in here for a long time, sorry. (Mike leaves. Jones raps on the door again. As he does...)

Bell.

Bell. As a boxer staggers back to his corner after a tough round, so Pam staggers into her second period class (and the rest of the day, it is only 8:30 in the morning) after going 15 toe-to-toe minutes with Jones and company. The only observable planning Pam does is to take a quick glance at the Xerox copy of the weekly plan sheet that she turns into the office. Pam has no time to plan. A printed account of homeroom cannot truly capture the dizzying blur of activity that takes place. Five to six kids at a time swarm the desk. Pam sells suckers, reads excuses, writes out slips, takes attendance, marks kids absent, changes
them to tatties, hollers at Jones and tries to keep Calhoun in
the room. She not only has to quiet the kids for the PA, but
afterwards has to read the official announcements, clarify them
for the kids, and serve as resource person should a kid not know
what to do or where to go. In addition to giving out information,
Pam also dispenses pencils, Kleenex, bandaids, and even Lysol,
should the need arise.

Pam, in these transcripts, is helping the students in homeroom
select their schedule for next year. Not only during these last
two months is this school year coming to a close, the administration
at Center is getting ready for the coming year. Next year, this
year; this year, next year — administrative requests are laid on
Pam at a furious clip. To truly describe them all would require
a separate account. The following are but examples of the more
major tasks and Pam's response to them:

**Interim reports**

Interim reports are sent home in the middle of
the nine-week period to notify parents that their
son/daughter is failing the term.

I got to turn these things in
tomorrow; I do it just to cover
my rear end. How many get them?
Depends on my mood. Right now
I am feeling pretty vengeful.
Anyway, the parents don't speak
to the kids so what good do they
do? And the worst part is that
if I have a new student, I have
to go down to the office and look
for his student number.
This nine weeks, Pam writes up 40 interim reports.

**Athletic eligibility folders**

Around interim report time Pam also gets a special folder containing the names of all athletes competing in spring sports. She records the cumulative semester grade for each athlete in her classes. The cumulative grade gives the athletes a better chance of staying eligible. Nevertheless, two days after Pam turns in the folder, during conference period, Mick, the track coach, shows up with Rene. The coach wants Rene to make up his missed work. Pam says, "All right, Mick, I'll do it for you." She says to Rene, "You never come Rene, what do you expect?" Pam points to her gradebook. "Out of 10 possible grades, I have 5 for you." Pam puts away what she had been working on. She gives Rene a quiz and a 4 page test.

**Next year's computerized class rosters**

Pam receives the computerized class rosters for next year's Spanish classes. If there is anyone she wishes not to have take Spanish, she "weeds them out" by crossing the students' name off the list. The school counselor then informs the student.

Weeding out kids is a top priority for Pam as she will be living with these kids all next year.

I get right on it, last year in 9th period, the computer spit out a class that out of 19 kids, three were white. Things got so bad I had to break down and go ask the principal for help. Course he didn't send any. 7-8 black girls, one of them would constantly fart, or if she wasn't doing that, she would burp; I finally told them, 'look, I am not going to write you up, if you don't show up.'
Pam goes through the list crossing out the undesirables. Then she goes back through the list and checks the students in her current classes to find out why they haven't signed up for more Spanish.

**Textbook turn in**

Teachers at Center are held responsible for the textbooks used in all classes. Pam must account for the 180 books she gave out at the start of the year. She has a textbook sheet for every period which lists student name/student number/book number/returned. As the students turn in the textbooks, Pam marks them on the sheet. This chore takes up a considerable amount of time the last two weeks of school. The problem is the books are not returned all at the same time.

Pam goes all out to get her books back. "Morrison, where's your book?" "My locker is jammed, it's in there." Right. "No really, Mrs. K." Pam armed with pliers and screwdrivers, leaves class and heads for the hall with the girl. Pam returns in 10 minutes with the book. "Found a library book, too, dated Sept. 18. Here, Don take that down to the library will you?"

Since Pam is responsible for the books, book return is a high priority. Luisa is taking her final exam. Pam asks, "Luisa, where's your book?" "In my locker." Luisa leaves her exam and 15 minutes later comes back with two books. "Here you go, Mrs. K., I dunno where the other one come from". Pam, on seeing the two books, says, "Never mind, Luisa honey, you just made my day," and she puts two check marks on the sheet.

**Homeroom activity sheet**

The students in Pam's homeroom fill out activity sheets that will go on their official school record. Pam, as homeroom teacher, does not simply collect the sheets, she must take the completed sheets down to the office and record the activities herself on the students'
permanent records. So during her conference period, Pam goes down to the little room next to the principal's office where the records are kept. She checks the first file and finds no activity card. "Priscilla," she calls, "no cards back here". "Oh, they're back there you're just trying to bug me" Pam checks a second file. "No card here either, you better find those cards." Priscilla, one of the secretaries, comes in and rummages around. After 10 minutes, she finds a whole stack of blank cards. Pam takes the cards and proceeds to record the students' activities on the cards and to refile them in the record drawer. Finally, Pam calls to Priscilla, "All set". Priscilla comes in and puts a check mark beside Pam's name on the list of teachers, taped to the door. "Guess what? You're the first teacher to do it." Pam smiles, "I am always the first one, honey, you know that." By this time conference period has come and gone, and it is 20 minutes into Pam's lunch period.

Teachers' activity sheets

Not only are the students' yearly activities checked and recorded, but what teachers themselves have done during the school year is also recorded. Late in May, Pam gets this note from her department chair in her box:

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Just a reminder to turn in a list of activities to me by the 28th:

Examples:

Contests — city/state/nation

Speakers

Field trips

Displays

Etc.

Thanks, Bill

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Pam fills out her activity sheet and gets it to Bill on the 28th. What the completed activity sheet does not report is Pam's state of mind come May 28th. That day, second period over, Pam, sifting through the daily debris on her desk, says without looking up, "I wish you had been here at the beginning of the year; now I am just bumbling along...I am just trying to hang on till the end." She sighs. "At least Alicia sent me a card, take a look." "Hang in there," the card reads. On the front, a picture of a rabbit with a noose around its neck. Inside, Alicia had written, "It is almost over now, love Alicia."

Alicia, who teaches Spanish at another city school, is having stomach problems that started around Mother's Day. She is going to be checked for an ulcer at the end of the year. Alicia, like Pam, is at the end:

Late in the year these days I am wound down. Sometimes I say to the kids, especially the afternoon kids, look I am doing the best I can, but I am just burnt; my last class of the day they are good kids and I like them, but by this time of year, and by that time of day, I am out of gas, there is nothing left in the tank.

By the 28th of May, no one has any gas left. "We have all lost it at this point," Pam sighs. "The kids, too. Look some of the kids have given up by this time of year, like Kyle... he has his spurts when we did the plates he was right on that, he was one of the first ones done." "Supposedly," she continues, "Kyle has had 3 years of French; he has taken French I three
different times, so he thought he would try Spanish."

Kids at Center like Kyle, who is in Pam's second period class, have little motivation to hang in there. Kyle had flunked the first semester in Spanish. Now towards the end of the second semester, according to Pam, "He doesn't have a snowball's chance in hell of passing." Pam explains, "With semesterization they took every course offered and put it on semesters; we are supposedly in effect working like a college, but not really." "Spanish I is now Spanish IX and Spanish IY," she continues. "Spanish IX is theoretically a prerequisite for IY. The only problem is that they have no room in study hall, so they keep the dummies that flunked IX in IY when they should have moved the dummies out." By this time of year, Pam simply lets kids like Kyle sit in the back and do what they want to do as long as they don't bother her. Kyle, for weeks a time, shows up and sits, plays with his pencil, twists his headband, or stares into space. And in each period that Pam teaches, there are 2, 3, and sometimes 5 kids like Kyle.

Students fail at Center. Out of the 275 seniors that started the year, only 125 will graduate. Pam snaps out of her lassitude. She points to the school bulletin on her desk and snorts, "Here is another pain in the ass this time of year — failure notices;
Teachers are reminded that failure notices must be completed for each course failed by a student. Please get the number you need and return them. They must be mailed on June 7th. Return them as soon as you know a student has failed.

Thanks, D. Dowd

"For every kid that fails," moans Pam, "you got to fill out these sons-of-bitchin notices, every kid."

Teachers are reminded...teachers are reminded...teachers are reminded...At the end of the school year, teachers are like horses coming down the stretch and the administration has the whip out. Tasks multiply, the pressure mounts. The teachers bulletin — with its notices of tasks to be carried out and its inspirational thought for the day — rolls off the school press and into Pam's box day after day after day.

* Teachers are reminded that athletes eligibility is for cumulative work done since the beginning of second semester...

* Teachers are reminded there will be a brief staff meeting on Monday in the library...

Thought for the day — "a wise man knows everything, a shrewd one everybody"

* The library has received notice of its 1985-86 budget. If you have any requests for AV materials, books, or periodicals, please see... as soon as possible...
• If you wish to volunteer for staff reduction, or if you are retiring, or requesting a leave of absence, please see Mr. Dowd as soon as possible...

Thought for the day — "content is more than a kingdom"

• Attention teachers — the transportation department has indicated that no field trip buses are available for the remainder of the year...

• Teachers of classrooms with air conditioning are reminded to keep classroom doors closed...

Thought for the day — "trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle"

• Teachers are reminded to please mark eligibility folders as such: A, B, C = S; D+F = U... and return them as soon as possible...

• With the change to warmer weather students and teachers are once again reminded that the standards of dress and grooming on p. 19 of the student handbook states: we at Center are proud of our dress code...

Thought for the day — "he that knows no guilt can know no fear"

• 9th grade homeroom teachers are reminded to have their homeroom vote for student council. Turn in the ballots by the end of homeroom...

• The PAL will hold a meeting on Tuesday in the library right after school for those who wish to give more input into the discipline policy found in the school handbook...

Thought for the day — "energy and persistence alter all things"
• Homeroom teachers are reminded that letters from health services are to be distributed today. Any letters from students not currently enrolled in your homeroom must be returned to the clinic today...

• Final exams — If you need scan tron sheets for finals week, please put a note in my box as soon as possible. Mrs. B....

Thought for the day — "idleness is the holiday of fools"

• Homeroom teachers: There is a form in your mailbox for each student in your homeroom to complete. After completion each homeroom teacher is to record this information on the student's permanent record card...as soon as possible...

• Teachers: Students will receive awards for scholarship and achievement in departmental areas on Tuesday at 7:30 PM. Plan to attend.

Thought for the day — "rights and privileges are balanced by duties and responsibilities"

• Teachers: Please follow through on all assigned duties daily. We have too much activity to have you do otherwise. Keep your regular classroom tasks going right up until the last day. If you don't schedule anything, and don't expect much, that is exactly what you will get.

We appreciate it.

D. Dowd

Thought for the day — "Our fine talk of professionalization cannot forever remain oblivious to the anti-professional and indeed the anti-intellectual aspects of the school itself. (Schaefer 1967:46)."
"Keep your regular classroom tasks going right up until the last day," Mr. Dowd admonishes the teachers via the school bulletin. Pam, "bumbling along and just hanging on till the end," is painfully aware that the year is not yet over—the school press keeps cranking out the teachers' bulletin and six classes of students keep coming to Pam's classroom day after day after day. What is Pam's classroom like during the last nine weeks of the school year? What are some of her regular classroom tasks?

One of her classroom tasks is to teach Spanish. How does she conceptualize the teaching of subject matter content? The way Pam teaches Spanish is consistent with (1) her general orientation toward work; (2) the way she would like to be taught; and (3) the way she was taught in both high school and college.

Pam is a meticulously organized individual. She "cannot stand a messy desk"—she likes to keep everything in her world neat, clean and tidy. At work, she prefers to operate within a structured framework. For whatever task that is assigned to her, she makes every attempt to comply with the rules and regulations governing such tasks.

This predilection for neatness and structure is reflected in Pam's approach to teaching Spanish:

In my classes, when I teach, I want the kids to come to the right conclusions. I don't want the kids coming to a whole bunch of conclusions.
In respect to the Spanish language, Pam prefers to work from a base of certainty, from a base in which the distinction between what is right and what is wrong is clear and unambiguous. Consequently, Pam pays particular attention to aspects of language such as pronunciation. "I am big on pronunciation," she explains. "At the beginning of each year, I give the kids all the rules for correct pronunciation. We do minimal pairs; we drill; all that kind of stuff."

Pam, especially with her Spanish I students, gives spelling high priority also. Other planned activities may be postponed to the following week if time does not permit, but the Friday spelling test is a staple activity. "I have the kids memorize word lists in spelling; it works for English teachers, so I figured, 'why not do it in Spanish?'" As part of correct spelling, Pam stresses accents. "I harp on accents all year long; a word in Spanish is not spelled correctly if the accent is left out."

Pam approaches the teaching of grammar in similar, structured style:

I teach the way I would like to be taught. I need to learn deductively. I am a deductive person—I want the rule first, and then how to apply the rule in this situation and that situation.

Pronunciation, spelling, and of course grammar. The end of the school year finds Pam teaching a lot of grammar as she struggles to cover all of the grammar points dictated by the curriculum.
guidelines. In the three lessons presented below, Pam outlines rules for correct grammatical usage of a particular grammar point. She expects her students to learn these rules and to apply them on assigned tasks.

- April 16 lesson on estar: Pam is at the overhead writing down categories of usage; the students are in their seats, copying.

Now estar tells you location—I am here, she is over there, Donald is there and Kellie is there; location is where you are at, right? ...your condition or your state—boy, am I tired, I'm tired, that is your condition or state; now, am I going to be tired the rest of my life? "No" hopefully not; Now my location can change (she moves a few feet). See how I just changed it? Your location is going to change in 32 minutes...

Also health—I'm sick, I'm good, I'm so-so; estoy bien, estoy muy bien, estoy mal, estoy muerto, I am dead...; temperature—remember the soup we were talking about Friday? La sopa esta fria, la sopa esta caliente; things that are hot or cold, temperature, right? Now if I said ice is cold, is it permanent, or is it temporary? Lola: "But that would be stupid; we already know ice is cold..."

Feelings—estoy alegre, I am happy, I am sad; those are feelings, right? And estar answers the question, "where?"—donde esta el bano? Where is the bathroom? el bano esta en el segundo piso, on the second floor, right? en el primero tambien...

As a generalization, things with ser are permanent, and things with estar are temporary—like you are not going to feel great the rest of your life, one of these days you will get sick, but then hopefully you will get better...

- May 13 lesson on stem changers: Pam is at the overhead, writing down categories; the students are in their seats, copying:

2 The reader may feel inclined to skip the classroom parts. Both teacher and students often wish they could do the same.
Okay, we are going to start something new. This is your last set of verbs that you have to know. We have gone through two verb categories so far, two sets of verb problems. We have gone through regulars which means I take this ending off and I add these endings all the time. We have gone through irregulars which don't follow any pattern whatsoever, and this last group is called—stemchangers.

Now stemchangers..., I explained this to you at the beginning of the year. I have a flower, right? This part is the stem, correct? So if I were to take the flower part off, I would be left with the stem. So if I were to take a verb like this (she writes dormir), and I took this part off, the I-R off, then I am left with what is called the stem. Are you with me so far?

Any time you take off the IR, AR, ER, what you are left with is the stem. Okay, stemchangers work in a very logical pattern—there are three categories of stemchangers and I am going to tell you that they are—O to UE, there is a kind called E to IE, and the third kind is E to I. You are saying you don't understand it and I will explain it right now.

I wrote this verb up here—dormir—, to sleep, that is one of my favorites. You will notice in the stem, the DORM, it would probably be an O to UE verb, because there is no E in it, right? You understand that much so far? Okay, of these three categories, this verb has to fall into the O to UE category; it can't be these, cause I don't see any E here. Do you understand?

Okay, here is another one of my favorites (Pam writes almorzar), almorzar, to eat lunch. Now right away I know it is an O to UE, right? So how do I change this? Donald, spell the yo form for me. "ALMUERZO". So all I did was take the O from the stem, and put it in UE; it is not too difficult. Now the tu form would look the same way, except for the ending—AR verbs we add AS, right? (Pam writes the rest of the endings.) These endings—o, as, a, amos, an—are the same ones we learned six months ago...
...back to almorzar; I am going to do this nosotros form now. Remember the rule...A-L-M-O-R-Z-A-M-O-S; notice the rule, I did not stem-change, that is, the O stays the same as in the original infinitive in the original verb; and then we go back to almuerzan. So if I give you a whole list of these, you can conjugate them. You are so intelligent that I feel you can handle it; it will not burden your life. So everything you are going to do today is going to be O to UE. I will leave this example up here so you can see, and I am going to give you a list of verbs, and I want you to conjugate them for me...

* May 14 lesson on stem changers, continued: Pam is at the overhead, writing down categories; the students are in their seats, copying:

Okay, what was the second category we discussed yesterday? "E to IE". E to IE; okay, here is our second category, just a little practice here, this is what my husband keeps telling me, to lose (Pam writes perder). Now if this is an E to IE, what does the yo form look like? Spell it for me if you don't know how to pronounce it. "PIERDO" pierdo. How about the next one, the tu form? Remember it is an IR verb—"PIERDES" then pierde, or in other words, the same thing, but I took the S off; nosotros perdemos, an ER verb so it is EMOS, right? And the last one is pierden. Any problems with that? "How do we know if the stem changes?" Look it up; but by the time you get through working with these for a while, you will just sort of know, all right? "Suppose there is more than one E?"

(Pam writes entender.) Do you know what this means, by the way? No entiendo, just like no se, no comprendo; I don't understand; entender is to understand, okay? Now I have three E's in this, I know that one on the end doesn't count now which one of the other ones am I going to change? "The second one"—Lola; so let's make a rule—if we have a stemchanger, and you have to make a decision between this E and this E, it is the one closest
to the end. So this is going to look like this, ENTIENDO, entiendo, do you understand? See, it is tattooed on my forehead...

Okay, here is the last one E to I, and I said the only way you can remember if it goes from E to I is to look it up; in the dictionary it will say it after it in parentheses. Every dictionary that anyone has ever made will say that and you will be able to use the dictionary on the test.

(Pam writes servir.) Here is an E to I; guess what it means? To serve; help me with it—"S" good start, S-I-R-V-E; now nosotros doesn't stemchange, so it is servimos, right? And finally back to sirven. Any trouble? Any questions? Preguntas? No? Entienden? Miss Dawes, do you understand? "Yeah." Okay, since we all understand, I am glad; I have a little surprise for you—here is a worksheet that we are going to do...

Pam does teach deductively. And her general formalistic approach to Spanish reflects her previous experience as a language learner both in high school ("I learned by the grammar translation method in high school and it didn't hurt me") and in college ("I've had more courses in grammar, syntax, and linguistics at State than you can count"). As Pam teaches, she outlines categories of correct language usage. She gives students rules of grammar, or, on occasion, asks the students to come up with their own rules.

Note that Pam refers to the various conjugations of verbs as sets of verb problems. When possible, Pam tries to give the students a math formula to help them memorize rules of grammar. "Like in the first year, how to make a question—I give them a real quick
math expression—if the regular way is S+V, then a question is V+S." Pam employs a mathematical approach in the above lessons on stem changers—there are three categories of verbs: regulars, irregulars, and stem-changers and there are three categories of stem-changers, o→ue, e→ie, e→i. In the lesson below, Pam breaks down the conditional tense into categories. She writes the conditional endings on the board, and divides the verbs into regulars and irregulars. The irregulars are subdivided into three categories: (1) e +, (2) e/i + d, (3) ce +.

- May 10 lesson on the conditional: Pam, at the board writing, the students in their seats, copying:

Now what are the endings for the conditional? "Ia, ias, ia, iamos, ian" (chorus of 5-6 voices.) (Pam writes them on the board without accents.) Are those right? "No, you need accents over the I." Good. Now remember there are three categories for the irregulars (Pam writes them on the board)—(1) drop the E and add the endings; (2) drop the E, add D, plus the endings; (3) drop the CE and and the endings.

"I thought you said drop the 0 and add an A." No; "How do we know what to drop and add?" Yesterday when you took notes on this, you had the option of taking notes, you learned that certain verbs fall into certain categories. Poder is an example of dropping the E, right? Poner is an example of the second category, and hacer is an example of the third category.

Anyway, the future tense we did last October works the same way. It just has different endings, correct? Do you remember what the future tense endings are? "iba or aba?" (Pam ignores that answer and writes the endings for the future on the board.) So it is the infinitive, plus these
endings, right? Okay, one is will, the other is would, future and conditional, right? Is there anything you don't understand about the mechanics of it? I don't take anything off at the end; I add these endings at the end. Now you shouldn't have any trouble doing this—it is just a real quick quiz on the future and the conditional. (Pam hands out a worksheet quiz.)

At the end of each deductive presentation, Pam follows up with some type of a handout for practice. "I am a worksheet person," she explains. "I tell them this is the way it is, now let's practice."

• April 10: I think we need to practice these; we need to see some examples, and I just happen to have a handy-dandy handout.

• May 13: So everything you are going to be doing today is going to be O to UE. I will leave these examples up here so you can see and I am going to give you a list of verbs and I want you to conjugate them for me.

• May 14: Okay, since we all understand, I am glad; I have a little surprise for you, and here it is—a worksheet that we are going to do.

• May 10: Is there anything you don't understand about the mechanics of it? ...you shouldn't have any trouble doing this—it is just a real quick quiz on the future and the conditional.

These lessons follow a general pattern: presentation + practice. Practice, for the most part, is written practice. The students copy, the students conjugate, the students fill in blanks on worksheets.
A review of the transcripts highlighted to this point underscores the fact that, as she presents, as she employs her deductive approach, Pam is the one person in the room who does most of the talking. Pam, moreover, speaks mostly in statements. Late in the year, Pam's stated aim is coverage, she has x number of grammar points to cover before time runs out. She rarely asks questions to see if the students have understood, because if she does, the students might give (and often do give) the wrong answer, and Pam does not have the time to stop and clarify.

The nature of the presentations is such that not only is Pam the one who does most of the talking, she does most of talking in English and not Spanish. Practice is generally written practice, but those times when Pam structures oral practice, the practice itself tends to be not in Spanish, but in English. The result? Spanish is rarely heard in Pam's classroom.

- May 10 practice with gustar: Pam has written examples of sentences with gustar on the board; for homework, the students were assigned to list in Spanish 5 likes/dislikes.

The sentences:

1. me gusta a mi esposo
2. me gusta comer
3. me gusta el dinero (mucho)!
4. me gusta enseñar
5. no me gustan las espinacas
Okay, someone who was here yesterday and who was paying attention can they tell me what I am saying in the first one? "I like" Who do I like? "your husband" right; in other words, my husband is pleasing to me, right? he is certainly not pleasing to you..."you don't know that"

Number 2, Miss Barber, I like to what? "eat" You got it honey; eating is pleasing to me; how about number 3, anybody? "money" (2 or 3 voices) right; I like money, money is very pleasing to me; in fact, I am going to put something else there—mucho—and I will put an exclamation around that! How about the next one? It is my profession, I like to..."teach" teach, right; the last one, notice it is negative, I don't like spinach, I hate the stuff, hate the stuff, do you like it? Okay, remember what we said yesterday...

if what comes after this is singular, then it is gusta; and if it is plural, it is gustan; (Dan, the helper stapling in the back of the room, comes to the front and asks, "there is no page 46, right?" Right.) Okay, who has got their list? Miss Barber, tell me something you don't like. "I hate Mrs. Barrett" No we don't want to hear your personal people dislikes, "I hate the play, Romeo and Juliet" (other voices) Heyyyyyy! "I like it" "Me too" "It's a nice story" "NOOOOO, I hate it" (Pam writes on the board. No me gusta la obra de Romeo y Julieta) which says it is not pleasing to me...

Rex, tell me something you like. "I like?" you like; What do you like? You told me football yesterday, so you can't tell me that again today. "Okay, another sport, basketball" No, not a sport, what else do you like? there are 5 things you were supposed to have written..."music", Okay, music is pleasing to me; Give me one more like. All right, Mr. Kurtz, what do you like?
"chicken" You like chicken; how do you like it, broiled, baked, or what? "broiled" "I like fried chicken" Shhhhhhhhh

• April 17 Pam is on her stool going over orally a worksheet on "ir": the students are in their seats

The worksheet:

1. Va Ud. mucho al cine?
   Si, yo voy mucho al cine.
   No, yo no voy mucho al cine.

2. Van Uds. mucho al cine?
   Si, nosotros vamos mucho al cine.
   No, nosotros no vamos mucho al cine.

3. Va el mucho al cine?
   Si, el va mucho al cine.
   No, el no va mucho al cine.

4. Va ella mucho al cine?
   Si, ella va mucho al cine.
   No, ella no va mucho al cine.

5. Van ellos mucho al cine?
   Si, ellos van mucho al cine.
   No, ellos no van mucho al cine.

6. Va Ud. mucho al cine?
   No, yo no ____________________.

7. Van Uds. mucho al cine?
   Si, nosotros ____________________.

8. Va su padre mucho al cine?
   No, mi padre no ______________.

9. Va su madre mucho al cine?
   No, mi madre ________________.

10. Van mucho al cine sus hermanos?
    Si, mis hermanos ________________.

11. Va mucho al cine su amigo favorito (amiga favorita)?
    Si, mi amigo favorito (amiga favorita) ____________.

12. Va ella mucho al cine?
    No, ella ________________________.
The lesson:

Moving right along...movies—that seems to be the topic question here. Do you go to the movies a lot? Yeah, I go to the movies a lot. No, I don't go to the movies a lot. Do you all go to the movies a lot? Yeah, we go to the movies a lot. No, we don't go to the movies a lot.

One thing you want to remember—when you make a sentence negative, you need two "no's", right? One "no" that goes in the beginning and the other "no" goes before what? the verb;

Now you were supposed to finish these, but if you didn't we are going to finish them anyway. We are going to finish number 6, and unfortunately they have already given you the answer. All you have to do is fill in the verb. Number 6 says, do you go to the movies a lot and what is the answer? "No." No, yo no and what is the correct form of ir? "voy" voy; Seven, do you all go to the movies a lot and it says, No we? vamos, right; Eight says, does your dad go to the movies alot, and the answer is, no, my dad doesn't..."va"; Does your mom go a lot? No, "no va"; they got tricky here and left out something else—they left out the no and the va. Do your sisters and brothers go a lot? Si, mis hermanos..."van"; does your favorite male or female friend go a lot? Yes, "va"; does she go to the movies a lot? No, ella no... "va"... 

Pam believes in translation — "a lot of people think translation is wasted, but I think there is value in it." But what tends to occur in the above lessons is that Pam, verbally at least, is the one translating and practicing Spanish. Pam will read an example in Spanish, translate, and the students will respond in one-word or two-word answers, at times in Spanish, at times in
English. This model pattern of practice is clearly seen in the lesson on ser/estar below. (The sentences on the handout are in parentheses.)

April 16 Pam on her stool: the students in their seats:

I think we need to practice these; we need to see some examples, and I just happen to have a handy-dandy handout. What I want you to do at this point is, remembering these categories, tell me whether you think it is ser or estar, and I will help you a little bit.

Number 1 (El senor Lopez _____ un hombre muy viejo), ser; "how do you know it is ser?" I will explain to you why it is ser, I'll tell you why — Mr. Lopez is, course both of them are translated is, Mr. Lopez is a very old man, I am describing him; "but that is temporary" — Elisa; no, once he is old, he can't change, all he can do is get older; "he wasn't always old" don't complicate matters please. Now number 2 (Tu____ enfermo hoy) says, you are sick today; are you going to be sick the rest of your life? Now we have got 2 clues, I have got the clue sick, and I have got the clue today; today is not the same as tomorrow or yesterday, right? "what?" so that is something that can change, sickness is health so it is automatically estar; anything that is temporary is estar, right?

(El reloj de Luis____ de oro) Okay, Luis' watch is gold. "Luis don't have a watch!" — Lola (laughter) Luis has got a watch and he is hiding it, ser; (El senor Perez____ un abogado muy famoso) Mr. Perez is a very famous lawyer; oh, isn't that his occupation? So it is ser; (Juan____ en la oficina del director) Now I see a clue right there—en—what did I say en went with? estar, right? See, even if I didn't know what the sentence said, I could 99% of the time say it is going to be estar;
(CUAL el apellido de Guillermo?) What is Guillermo's last name? "Whooooo?"—Lola I am not asking you for identification; it could be Smith for all we know, Bill Smith, not Bill Jones; (los anteojos sobre la mesa) The glasses are on top of the table, they are not underneath, and they are not in the cabinet "estar" it is estar;

(Las amigas de Maria contentas) Maria's friends are happy; are you going to be happy the rest of your life? "No" (chorus) so it is estar;

(Las ventanas de la clase abiertas) The windows of the class are open; are my windows always open? "yes"—Lola; no, there are a few cold days when they are not open, so it is temporary, estar; "but you are describing the windows"—Elisa; I would rather not take it in that sense, it is estar;

(los dos hermanos de Miguel maestros) Manuel's 2 brothers are teachers; occupation so it is ser; (Todos los dias dias de fiesta) And for you, every day is party day; "estar"—Elisa; no, when you talk about days, it is going to be ser; "every day here is not a party day"—Lola; it is ser; Now what we ought to do is go through and conjugate these.....

In this part of the lesson, Pam serves as reader, translator, and arbitrator of rules. The students generally are limited to one or two-word responses. The students who do speak, however, highlight some of the problems inherent in Pam's logical, formalistic approach to language. Lola, a student in this lesson, responds to language-as-communication; she responds as if language had a purpose. Earlier in the lesson Pam had asked (see page 297),

"...now if I said, ice is cold, is it permanent or temporary?"

and Lola had answered,

"but that would be stupid, we already know ice is cold."
During the practice on ser/estar above, there are similar exchanges between Pam and Lola:

PAM: 
OK, Luis watch is gold. I am describing what something is made of, right?

LOLA: 
Luis don't have a watch!

...  
PAM: 
What is Guillermo's last name?

LOLA:  
Whoooloo?

This same lesson also illustrates some of the difficulty of explaining language in logical terms in that language is not totally logical. Pam had stated earlier in the lesson (see p. 297) "that in terms of a generalization, things with ser are permanent, and things with estar are temporary."

PAM: 
Mr. Lopez is a very old man - ser

ELISA: 
"But that is temporary"

PAM: 
"Don't complicate matters please".

PAM: 
The windows of the class are open-estar; are my windows always open?

LOLA:  
"yes"
PAM:
No there are a few cold days when they are not open, so it is temporary.

ELISA:
But you are describing the windows. (and you said ser was description)

PAM:
I would rather not take it in that sense.

PAM:
And for you every day is party day

ELISA:
"estar"

PAM:
No, when you talk about days, it is going to be ser

LOLA:
Every day here is not a party day

PAM:
It is ser. Now what we ought to do is go through and conjugate these...

"Do not confuse matters." Pam — under pressure to cover material before the end of the year, under pressure to maintain classroom control and hold student attention, and philosophically committed to teaching deductively — gets upset when matters become confusing. She wants the kids to come to "the right conclusions."

Over time, the strict deductive approach to teaching Spanish has resulted in antagonism toward those elements in the language that confuse matters. In the attempt to study language, through strict logical analysis, Pam and her students have come to see their task as a battle — a battle against an insidious enemy,
a battle against "them". Note the references to "they" in the following lesson.

- April 23 Lesson on commands; Pam on her stool; Students in seats

"Now if I were going to read the answers for the tu column, I would read the following answers: numero uno, estudia; numero dos, espera; numero tres, oh gee, they threw in an irregular one, haz, the wizard of, right?; four, another irregular, ver; five, compra; six, a stem changer so we have to be careful, cierra; seven, another nasty one, spelled ve...ten, lleva; and eleven, they through in a negative one and that is going to mess the whole thing up...

During a map lesson on Puerto Rico, Pam cautions:

Now, remember, things are backwards — they call it Beach da da, instead of da da Beach, like number 18, the mountain, Black Bull, can you translate that for me? remember it is backwards, Bull da da"

"They" are not totally logical, they do things backwards, they do not follow rules like they are supposed to; they are nasty, tricky, and are to be viewed with suspicion.

For Pam, "they" seems to have come to mean not only those who write practice texts and exercises, but also those who speak the language, and even those who invented the Spanish language. One suspects at a deeper level, that somehow Pam's battle with "they" at the level of language is related to her battles with all the forces around her that make her life and work more difficult, that somehow her frustration with the language itself is a
reflection of a larger and more deeply felt feeling of frustration and futility. She has come to believe that Spanish, like the rest of her world, is out to make her life difficult.

By this point in the year, students have come to share this antagonism toward "them" and "their" language. The lesson below on present tense irregular verbs illustrates:

* April 24 lesson on present tense irregular verbs:

Pam has written a list of irregular verbs on the board, and is conjugating them, writing them out; the students are in the seats, copying.

The list of verbs on the board:

```
| decir | saber |
| tener | dar   |
| venir | ir    |
| caer  | ver   |
| traer | querer|
| oir   | haber |
| hacer | conducir |
| poner | conocer |
| salir |        |
| valer |        |
```

The lesson:

...now tener looks just like it should—they snuck in, I shouldn't say that, I should say sneaked, they sneaked in this extra I here, right? But you have had it: before T I E N E...  

Now caer—here they sneaked in an I, the same thing they did over here and down here, so it is C A I G O "How come they are like that?"—Lola; they are all weird, they have their own little rules; it is caigo, caes cae, caemos, caen; "Hey the rest of it is the right way!"—Lola...
"What about the other side up there?"—Elisa; That is the real weird side. There is some logical pattern to this first column, but there is no logical pattern to the other ones, or else they have something that is so completely weird....

I don't have to do ser and estar for you again, do I? What do they both mean? "to go" "to be" to be, thank you, Elisa: "do we have to write those down?"

No, you should already have them in your notes...

now caver; caver is funny, too; it means to fit, like fitting into a pair of pants, like no quepo; now just look how weird this one is (she writes quepo) "whaaaaaa?" "kwepo?" no, "kee-po", like keep; it is just weird, that's all. I am not even going to write out the rest, cause you can figure them out yourself....

"You can figure them out yourself." Eighteen verb conjugations. From the ever-present sneaky "them". Verbs that all are "weird". Verbs that have their own little rules, verbs that have no logical patterns.

Lola, in the above lesson, is again one of the few students to speak. What she says — "How come they are like that? "Hey, that one is the right way" "Whaaa?" — suggests that Lola, at least, has in part adopted the same mind set as Pam. Pam has stated that, "The kids hate Spanish so much because it is so illogical, because there are so many exceptions to the rules." But one wonders whether or not this underlying attitude toward the language has simply been picked up from Pam during the course of the year. Surely, if Pam preaches rules, rules, and more rules, it is understandable why students get upset when they discover
the rules that they have been given do not always apply.

As a result of Pam's rule-based approach to teaching Spanish, students are required to do a lot of memorizing. "I tell the kids," explains Pam, "that you got to memorize things when there is no logical pattern...it is not gee, please memorize these — I am more of a Gestapo person — do it or you flunk." Though Pam may use Gestapo tactics, she recognizes that her students have a lot to memorize and she tries to help them by using memory pegs. She often uses puns/humor to help students remember — with imperatives, for example, "haz" is the wizard of, "abra"-is followed by "cadabra", "venga", is followed with "I mean, come".

During her lessons, Pam also manipulates set expressions for effect. She will comment in exaggeratedly Americanized Spanish — "perfecto", "uds son muy inteligentes" or "que inteligente" — to a student response, delivering these expressions in a half-joking, half-sarcastic way.

This constant use of puns and sarcasm, the continual categorization of language into normal/weird, the daily division of verbs into good/bad — all reflect the view of language-as-object. Language elements become things to be manipulated and labeled, almost like toys to be played with. Pam, for example, has her favorite verbs, not in this case those verbs that are logically conjugated, but those that translate into activities she likes:
• "dormir, to sleep, that is one of my favorites
• "okay, were is another one of my favorites—almorzar, to eat lunch"
• "Now, I will do my favorite one—morir, to die...muere, so if you want to walk up to someone and say 'die', you say 'muere!'

Curiously, although she treats Spanish from a formalistic language-as-object perspective, at times, Pam in the examples she uses in presentation, reveals her own state of mind, her own mood of the moment. The lesson already referred to on estar is illustrative. Pam had just returned from a hectic trip to Mexico (and a trip to the hospital) two days earlier.

• Estar tells you your condition or your state; boy am I tired, now am I going to be tired the rest of my life?...hopefully not;
• estoy bien, estoy mal, estoy muerto, I am dead...
• "estar is temporary — like you are not going to feel great the rest of your life, one of these days you will get sick, but you will get better"
• "Mr. Lopez is an old man — once he is old, the only thing he can do is get older"

Similarly, in the examples she chooses to put on the board or on transparencies, Pam often displays what is on her mind.

For the gustar lesson (p. 303).

- me gusta a mi esposo
- me gusta comer
- me gusta el dinero (mucho)
- me gusta ensenar

In this transparency on negatives:
Change the following to either one or two negatives:

1) no le hablo nunca
2) Jamas lo creo
3) A nadie conocimos
4) Nada quiero
5) Ningmo de sus amigos vino
6) no ayudo tampoco
7) no tiene ningunos enemigos
8) nadie te escucho
9) no compre ni pan ni leche
10) no dije nada

Model: Nadie pone atencion

No pone atencion nadie

Negative adverbs pronouns and adjectives may be used to reinforce the negation or define it more specifically.

If a negative word follows a V, no must precede V

If a negative word precedes V or stands alone, no isn’t required.

The examples used in the above transparency — I never speak to him, we don’t know anybody, I don’t want anything, none of her friends came, she didn’t help either, no one listened to you, and the model sentence, no one pays attention—suggest that Pam is trying to tell somebody something. She tries to communicate, but the way in which she communicates is veiled. This type of communication is one way communication—statements. And Pam presents this communication in packaged form, not as a message to be heard or to be responded to but rather as a set of discrete language elements, as an object to be used and manipulated.

Pam (and her students) do not use the Spanish language as a vehicle for communication. Once in a great while, Pam may try a potentially communicative, open-ended activity, but she converts
these activities into closed activities with an emphasis on form, not meaning.

**May 13** Composition on the future; Pam has written 8 questions on the board in Spanish to guide the composition;

Okay, number 1 says, what year will it be in 5 years? Number 2, how old will you be? Three, will you be in school or at work? Will you be in school or will you be working? Si without an accent means "if". If you are in school, what will you be studying? Five, if you are working, what will you be doing? "How do you answer four if you don't know"? It says if you are in school; that presupposes that you are in school; if you are not in school, then five will apply. "So 4 or 5 will be blank." Six, where will you live? Seven, will you be married in 5 years? And eight does not presuppose that you are married; it says will you have children?

Again, Pam translates. The students (the 3 or 4 who do take notes) copy down the English translation. Pam comments after the lesson:

I wasn't doing it to get the information. I was just trying to prep the kids for the composition they are going to write tomorrow... something as simple as that, how can they help but all get perfects?

The composition the next day was handled in similar fashion. Pam gives the students a handout with questions in Spanish designed to guide the composition.
May 14  Composition on the year 2001

We are looking at part 2. It says, answer questions in complete sentences. This is basically what we did yesterday, and you will see a pattern.

It says what will you do; who will you be living with? Where will you work? What will you be doing? What will be happening? Number 6, what will we be using to measure with? Your predictions for the future in the year 2001; "the entire world will be blown up" Number 7, how will some of the cars be? Maybe there won't be cars, we don't know; for all we know there won't be.

Shhhhh. Toni, put it on hold for a while will you? Eight, if you don't have to work, what will you be doing? "I'd have to hit the lottery!" Next, how will the world live? And the last one, what are some of the changes that you will like the most?

Anyway, I want you to answer all of these questions in complete sentences. Then go back and put them in paragraph form. You will write the paragraph on a natural plain sheet of paper. "oh no" Do I have to get my paper out again? Now you don't have much time, if I give you too much time, you won't do it.

Pam translates each sentence for the students and reminds them to make complete sentences in paragraph form on a plain sheet of white paper. The informational content of both compositions is clearly a secondary concern. The limited communication that does take place, takes place in English.

Exercises G and H from the set of worksheets illustrate the same modal pattern. Pam translates the sentences for the students who respond with one-word or two-word answers.
• May 16th  Pam on her stool; the students, at their seats:

Okay, next, exercise G; a poet writes what?
"poems" a poet writes poems; how about works in a restaurant? "camarero" camarero; sells pills?
"estudiante" boticario; writes books? "author" autor, si; practices medicine? "medico"; works at home?
"ama de casa" muy bien; cuts hair? peluquero; combate los incendios? fights fires? "fireman" bombero, si; works for H & R Block? contador; saca muelas, muelas is molars,...dentista, right?

"Do we get any points for this homework?" asks Peg. There were no points involved. "They why do it?" Why for the pure sake of learning, of course. "Right."

"There were no points involved." Although Pam generally assigns a point value to all work, neither the compositions, nor exercises G and H were graded. Nor was the second part of exercise H. Tammy asks, "What about the second part of H?"
Pam replies, "I can't grade those, I have no idea of whether you wrote what your dad does for sure or not."

- Exercise H  Now tell about your family.

1. Mi padre es __________________
2. Mi madre es __________________
3. Yo quiero hacerme_________ porque_________

One time, Pam experimented with another type of communicative activity, called "find the person who". Pam made up a list of questions in Spanish that she handed out and students were supposed to find the member of the class who had participated in such and such activity. Significantly, Pam structured the activity so that (1) she knew all the answers beforehand and (2) there were specific correct
answers to every question. Pam knew, for example, who had gone to King's Point, who had danced with the Shakerettes, who had been elected class president. As she prepared the handout, Pam mentally went over the kids' files—"ah, Lori, now she did something to her leg, I'll put that question down for period 5."

Although the find-the-person-who worksheet was purportedly worth millions, no grades were recorded for the activity.

Commenting on the composition on the future, Pam asked, "With me giving them the answers, how can they help but get perfects?" For Pam, perfection is attained only in the area of language form and only through activities that have clear right/wrong answers. More open-ended communicative activities do not fit into this pattern, so Pam closes these activities up and shifts the forms from meaning to form. Pam employs these communicative activities sparingly, and when she does assign them, she does not grade them, as these activities are difficult to grade.

Pam assigns a point value to everything she has her students do. "Otherwise," she explains, "the kids simply won't do the work." In that everything usually counts for points, Pam does not feel the words "test" or "quiz" accurately describe what she does. She gives a "quiz" or a "test" when she feels like it — when she feels kids have learned material or when she needs a grade for a specific reason.
Counting all her classes, Pam must get grades from 150-180 students, and to cope with this workload, she saves time and work in several ways. The tests themselves involve minimal preparation time and can be used spontaneously. Sometimes Pam uses tests from her previous years' files; other times she uses commercial worksheets as tests; and still other times she gives tests that require only a blank sheet of paper that the students supply. Pam also saves time by having the students exchange papers in class after the test/quiz/worksheet and by having the students read the grades to her after the tests have been corrected.

Whenever Pam misses a day of work, the problems of correcting papers and recording grades add up. Points must be assigned to the work the sub hands out or the students will not do the work. The students hand in the work, the system breaks down, and the papers pile up. Pam also occasionally has the students hand in papers, instead of correcting them in class. "The kids are pretty lax, sometimes, plus there are some kids I just don't trust."

Result? The papers pile up.

Every occupation has its tasks that its practitioners feel is beneath their dignity to perform, and for Pam one such task is correcting and grading. She strives mightily not to take papers home. She uses her system. She gets her helpers to grade and record. But unfortunately, at the end of the year, because of her own schedule, and the nature of special projects assigned
to her students, the papers pile up.

Whenever papers are handed in, they are corrected, graded, and recorded. The papers are not returned to the students. Students in Pam's grading system work for points; each 9 week period they can earn up to 4000 points. That papers get backed up is not perceived as important, as long as everything is recorded by the end of the nine weeks when grades are due.

Adding up a points total also allows Pam to handle absences and make-ups. The school rules state that students have 2 days to make up a test or a quiz, but Pam does not push the students to make up tests. Make-ups foul up her system — they tie up her time; if taken, they are easily lost; and having too many loose tests lying around on her desk drives Pam crazy. She also dislikes the fact that students miss her class for whatever reason. "Excused" absences disgust her, and she has little sympathy for students who miss class because they are sick. "Hey, I work when I'm sick, why can't they come to school?"

When grades are read in class, and Pam comes to an absent students' name in her gradebook, she always calls out the students' name, and punctuates his/her absence with an emphatic, "zero!"

The scoring of worksheets/quizzes/tests is sometimes fixed, and sometimes not. The Mexico project is worth 1000 points, the translations on Spain 200, spelling tests 100, and worksheet items are usually 3 points each. But Pam reserves the right to adjust
point value. "I figure that out sometimes by the amount of people that did the worksheet from a casual look around." Pam explains, "The more that do it, the less it is worth as an incentive; the times no one does it, I make it worth millions to reward the few that do it."

Pam's approach to language testing is consistent with her overall formalistic approach to language teaching.

"I know it is terrible, but I have completely weaned myself away from having the kids produce much sentence writing on tests...I could not do the grades if I had the kids do a lot of writing, not with 180 students."

So just as classroom presentation and practice are structured to elicit brief, correct answers, Pam's tests have a similar discrete point focus. If the students themselves and the student helpers do the bulk of the grading, what other focus could the tests have?

Although she has her helpers to grade and record, the amount of papers is such that Pam must do some of the work herself. To cope with this workload, Pam makes extensive use of videos in her classroom. Pam schedules the video cassette recorder every other Tuesday. She also schedules the VCR for days when she will be away to make things easier for the sub, and schedules the VCR for several days at a time during those times when her work has piled up and when the students' motivation is low, such as at the end of a nine week period.
As the students watch a video, Pam makes use of the time to sort and file, to grade and record. Subtlely of course — "when the kids watch the TV, for the Spanish I kids to behave, they have to think I am paying attention to what they are paying attention to, whereas in II or III, I can slack off a bit." While use of the VCR allows Pam to catch up on work that has piled up in the classroom, showing the videos requires hours of week-end planning time at home — previewing, cutting, preparing a video worksheet.

Pam designs a worksheet for each video because again, if she doesn't, the students will not watch the video. The format of the worksheets she designs is consistent with Pam's other assigned work. Pam's main interest is that the students recall details, facts. And these facts are of the who, what, where variety for which there can be one logical answer.

Where there is room for possible argument in respect to a question on one of these worksheets, it is Pam who has the last word. In the lesson below, Pam, sitting on her stool, is going over the El Cid worksheet. As she reads, one or two students, usually Mr. Rose, call out the answers. All goes smoothly until question number 17, "Do you think she still loves Rodrigo?"

- April 15 El Cid worksheet

...Let's start on the map—Burgos...Zamora... Calahara...Valencia...And now the questions— the mayor of what..."Zaragosa" Jimena was the... "girlfriend"...Gormas de Oviedo was..."her father"...
King Ramiro was king of what..."Aragon" Aragon, good; what is on top of Rodriguez' helmet? "a castle"...the symbol of Castille is a "castle"...who wins Calahara? "El Cid"...she gave her colors to whom? "King Ramiro"...what is her color before and after? "black"...

Do you think she loves Rodrigo still? "Yes!" Nooooooo" "No way!" Yes, she does. "No she doesn't." Of course she still loves him, Mr. Casey. ...who ambushes his forces?...

After finishing the worksheet Pam asks, "And what did you think of the movie?" "Long" "It was okay" "Do they really do them things?" After 15 seconds of response in which the students talk over each other, Pam announces, "Okay, moving right along, tu commands." Pam moves right along and one way to keep moving is to ignore possible ambiguity and to stifle student response.

Video lessons have right answers, too. Below is a transcript of Pam's commentary during the first day of the showing of the video, The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez. Pam draws the shades, shuts off the lights, and writes on the board two words — "caballo","yegua". She turns and announces, "See those two words? They are the key to the whole movie." "What is a caballo?" Pam asks. "A cowboy," a student says. "No, close." "Horse," someone hollers. "Right," says Pam, "and yegua is a female, a mare, so pay attention to that." "You will like it," she adds, "it is in color, and it is in English, but there is a lot of Spanish in it." Pam turns on the TV and today sits by the door. From there she watches and comments. The students are silent.
Some put their heads down and sleep.

- May 21 Transcript of VCR "The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez"

You will have problems understanding their English...Anglos that means white people; it may take you a while to understand what is going on the first fifteen minutes—there is a posse after a Mexican...that is the guy that is on Miami Vice...

Listen and I will translate what they are saying—"el sheriff quiere hablar" he said the sheriff wants to talk with Cortez, so he calls him out; "a sus ordenes, con que puedo ayudar?" what can I help you with; now he just lied..."no era un caballo, era una yegua" we didn't trade a horse, we traded a mare; "No hemos hecho nada" we haven't done anything;

(Shots ring out) Okay, the sheriff drew first, the brother gets in the line of fire, Cortez shoots the sheriff, all because the guy in the movie who was supposed to translate lied. I don't know whether he was stupid, or whether he did it on purpose; there is a difference between a horse and a mare....Now he just told another lie—he says Cortez pulled first...

Those guys just shoot first and ask questions later, they shot the Mexicans because they were Mexicans..."es agua" it is water; ...those two are part of the posse now, Cortez has got cattle so they won't think he is with a gang, right? They think he is just another one of the cowboys; the thing with the cattle worked, they don't think he is Cortez....Now they are hanging the Mexican kids to find out where Cortez is...They are blaming it all on the Mexicans...

While showing the video, Pam serves as resource person — "anglos mean white people," "that is the guy that is on Miami Vice" — and translator. During the movie she translates whatever Spanish is spoken. Significantly, Pam also serves as interpreter...
in respect to the meaning of events. Pam wants the students to come away with the correct version of the movie. With the VCR as well as with pronunciation, spelling, and grammar, Pam wants her students "to come to the right conclusion, not a whole bunch of conclusions."

Video presentations such as those above reflect the heavy emphasis Pam gives to teaching culture. Inspection of the curriculum guidelines for Spanish I and II (p. 252) reveals that the city curriculum committee gives teaching culture low priority. Pam, however, stresses culture and gives considerable class time to cultural activities in all 3 levels, I, II, III. Pam favors three-tier teaching — "When I plan, I don't plan for only one class; since I want to make everything stretch, I plan the same activity for all three." And cultural activities such as slides, music or video are readily adaptable for all levels.

Pam also emphasizes the teaching of culture for philosophical reasons. "I am teaching kids who are never going to have Spanish again or have to use it — that is why I am so big on culture stuff." "I try and do as much as possible," she continues, "geography stuff...stuff on history...stuff that the kids probably will retain more than estoy, estas, esta."

During the presentation of cultural information — through videos, slides, filmstrips or handouts — Pam speaks with full
assurance. She has lived in Mexico; she has traveled extensively throughout Latin America and Europe. To the students at Center, many of whom have never left the state, Pam is the authority. "Handling kids" questions on cultural differences," Pam says, "is where I do my best."

While Pam uses videos and slides to teach culture, toward the end of the year, the class time that Pam gives to teaching culture consists mostly of mapwork. Pam is fascinated with maps. Back in high school, her first teaching experience was teaching geography. Whenever she travels, Pam picks up maps, tour-guides and timetables. She always plans out where she will go.

Pam emphasizes mapwork, in part because of her love for maps, and also because she despairs over her students general lack of geographical knowledge:

The kids have such a poor background in geography — one of their extra credit projects, assuming they want extra credit, is to cut out articles from Spanish speaking countries and invariably they will bring in Moscow, Kenya, or some place in India...

"That is why I give the kids 5 maps a year—Mexico, Spain, Puerto Rico, Central America and South America; the West Indies are included in Central America, and in one Mexico map, they get the southern U.S."
Significantly, mapwork, permits Pam to work from a base of certainty. Presentations and information involving maps are right or wrong; answers and exercises are correct or incorrect. A map may be complex in terms of detail, but a map is not ambiguous.

A mapwork lesson follows the modal pattern evidenced in Pam's grammar presentations — Pam, at the front, explaining; the students in their seats, responding with short, correct (hopefully) answers. The lesson below is on the provinces of Spain. Using no notes, Pam works off a transparency on which the provinces are numbered. Looking at the maps they copied the previous day, two or three students shout out the answers. Some kids have no map, of course.

- May 8  Mapwork

Map test tomorrow...Now they mentioned some of these provinces in the movie you saw yesterday (Michener's Iberia) Let's see, what is this? "Portugal" this is Galicai or Asturias? "Galicai" You meant, Galicia, right? So if this is Galicia, this must be Asturias; this is Leon, so this must be Asturias. Is this Murcia or Valencia? Valencia, because this is where El Cid had his final battle, right on the coast here. Just like New York City is the capital of New York, Valencia is the capital of the province of Valencia. Okay— Murcia, Valencia, Galicia, Asturias, Portugal, Leon.

This is Castilla la Vieja, this is Aragon, here they speak Catalan, so this province is Cataluna, Cataluna with a tilde over the n, this is the Strait of Gibraltar, this is Andalucia, and this is Extremadura. Okay, is 13 Navarra, or el Pais Vasco? "Navarra" No, 13 has 2 different names—Las Provincias Vascongadas or el Pais Vasco; this one is Navarra.
So if I were to take these numerically on a test—Andalucia, Aragon, Asturias, "what are those wavy things?" this is water, the Strait of Gibraltar; those were on the other map—Mar Mediterraneo, Francia, Oceano Atlantico, and the name of the continent that Spain is in? Europa; Okay, back to number 4: Castilla la Nueva, Castilla la Vieja, Cataluna, Extremadura, Galicia, Murcia, Leon, Navarra, Valencia, Las Provincias Vascongadas, Portugal, "Say what?" Las Provincias Vascongadas, the Basque Provinces, Las Provincias Vascongadas.

Okay, that is for tomorrow. At this point I have not decided whether it will be matching or whether you must remember how to spell the name. If you are good today, we will think about it.

After the lesson, Pam clarified her last comment. "It depends on the mood I am in; if I am feeling nasty, then the kids will have to write them and spell them correctly in Spanish."

The first map test on Spain found Pam in one of those nasty moods. The students have to identify the numbered geographical features on the transparency.

May 6  First map test on Spain

Okay you guys, it says do only 1 through 10, 1 through 10. "we have to write these from memory?" Yes; I am just being nasty; "we got to write them in Spanish?" "what is N?" N means North, honey; N means north; I told you guys to copy the directions first, didn't I? "we write these in Spanish?" this is Spanish; "we have to do these in Spanish?" this is Spanish....
How does Pam decide what geographical features to highlight in her map presentations? Some of what she does is basic stuff—surrounding countries, bodies of water, rivers, cities, mountains. Yet Pam also includes features she has seen in her travels. For the Puerto Rican map above, she asked the students to memorize 34 geographical features (see map). Pam explains, "Having been in Puerto Rico, I know what to have the kids fill in such as the main mountain ranges, the forests, the main towns, plus things like the Indian ceremonial ballpark, the beaches; the kids love the beaches."

The students at Center might love a beach, though many having grown up in Heartland may have never seen one. The students might love the idea of going to a beach, but how can they love a beach in Puerto Rico? The students might Ooo and Ahh at the sight of Playa Dorado in a video, but it does appear that, in part, Pam confuses what she loves with what the kids love. Somehow, in Pam's mind, she fuses her own likes/dislikes with the students' likes/dislikes.

This fusion seems to underlie many of the assumptions Pam has regarding the teaching of Spanish.
"the kids hate Spanish sometimes, it is so illogical"
"the kids want to learn deductively"
"the kids want rules and patterns, they want to be sure"
"the kids love mapwork, they seem to have really taken to it"

It does appear that, in some respects, Pam's conceptualization of what is to be taught in Spanish starts from her self, her world her perspective. Pam's using the self as point of departure makes sense to some extent. Having rejected the assigned textbooks as inadequate, and having taught without them for five years, Pam is writing her own textbook.

The lesson below illustrates the point. Pam has prepared a practice exercise on the professions. Pam, on her stool by the overhead, asks the students to identify each person's profession. Pam slides down the names one by one.

- May 15  Practice with professions

The transparency:

1. Maria Antonieta  19. Alice
2. Sr. Entermann  20. Benson
4. Felix Unger  22. Lance Cumson
5. Lou Grant  23. Tony Manero
7. Jacques Cousteau  25. TC/Rick
9. F. Lee Bailey  27. E.F. Hutton
10. Vidal Sassoon  28. Juan Carlos
11. John Sirica  29. T.J. Hooker
12. Schneider  30. Massi Giobersti
13. Fonzi  31. Kotter
15. Hot Lips Houlihan 33. Sue Ellen
16. Marcus Welby 34. J.R. Ewing
17. Josephine 35. Richard Starkey
18. Ricardo Tubbs/Sonny Crockett

The practice:

(Maria Antonietta) "she was a author" "no she was a queen" reina; (Sr. Entermann) This guy? "a baker" what do you bake when you bake other than donuts? "panadero" right; haven't you seen his trucks around? "we sell that at Big Bear" (Buddy Rich) Him? "he was a king way back" musico, a famous drummer; "in what era"? (Felix Unger) (silence) you don't know what his profession was? "newspaperman, wasn't he?" "all I know is he was the jerk" fotografo; (Lou Grant) "reporter periodosta, si; (Shakespeare) "poet" poeta, si;

(Jaques Cousteau) "fisherman" "custodian" I doubt if he ever caught a fish in his life, he studies them, cientifico; (Julia Child) "cocinero" cocinera; (F. Lee Bailey) (silence) no conocen F. Lee Bailey? "comerciante?" abogado, a famous lawyer; (Vidal Sassoon) "hair dresser" right, peluquero; (John Sirica) I doubt if you get this one (silence) juez, Judge Sirica; "if you had said Judge Wapner, we would have known" "yeah, he is on People's Court" "where the hell do you get these things? Spain?..."

The students answered number 2 without hesitation. They had seen the baker's trucks around town. But Pam based the transparency primarily her favorites—her favorite people, her favorite shows. "If you had said Judge Wapner, we would have known". People's Court is something the students watch, Judge Wapner is part of their world. Judge Sirica is part of Pam's world. What results is the mindset that what is being presented is strange — "man, you really get off on some weird stuff." And the telling comment, "Where
in the hell do you get these things? Spain?" Spain...Spanish...
For the students have come to epitomize the weird, the strange. Spain and Spanish are viewed as something totally external to the students' existence.

Somehow Spanish, as taught by Pam at Center, is taught in such a way that bridges to the world of the students are seldom made. Instead, differences—through a contrastive approach to both language and culture — are stressed. Commonalities are ignored. And for her students, Pam serves as the authoritative interpreter-guide through this strange world of differences. It just may be, in addition, that at some unconscious level, Pam may want to further mystify the world of Spanish language and culture so that in her position as interpreter-guide, she can reign supreme.

That the students in her classes perceive Spanish as strange is also related to Pam's passion for detail. So much detail is presented that the students inevitably have difficulty making connections. For example, the video worksheets average between 30-40 questions to answer, the transparency on the professions above has 35 items to identify, the Puerto Rican map has 34 features to memorize. Taken together, all 5 basic maps require that the students memorize over 200 discrete geographical features. Along with the video sheets and the maps, the students are hit during end of the year coverage with myriads of verbs and verb tenses with all of their "weird" conjugations. In the last nine weeks of school, the
students in Pam's classes are subjected to daily assaults of
detail, that leave many students dazed and defeated.

- May 1 Quiz on the Puerto Rican map Pam has put on a
  Transparency with 26 of the 34 geographical
  features numbered;

  It is so easy! "Some of them aren't even up there" What
do you mean? What is not up there? "Number 7 is not up
  there, number 2 is not up there? "Yeah, they were the two I knew" Do you want all 34 of
  them instead? (there are 34 places on the map only 26 on the quiz) You know, you had more days
  than any of my other classes, and you had the answers right up here on the board the whole
time. You could have looked at those and decided where they were on your map, but no...
It mystifies me the amount of stupidity running
around these days...

...(10 minutes pass) Are we beating an old dog
to death? (groans) What don't you know?
"everything!" "I think I have 2 right, can I
  turn that in?" Ya? Dame los papeles, por favor.

- May 6 Map quiz on Spain Pam has put on a transparency
  with the geographical features numbered

  ...what is N again?" N is probably north;
  O is west; "which ocean is which?" (Pam, walking
  around the room, spots a student's paper.) Jose,
can I tell you some more bad news? The Carribean
  Sea is not in this hemisphere, at least not
  anywhere near Spain; is that going to affect
  any of your answers, Jose?

  (Pam goes to her row of plants and prunes off some dead
  leaves). "Mediterranean, is it two N's or one?" it
  has a double R; "if we get half right, does that count?"
  "what if I spell it right in English?" You have to
  write the ..."answers in Spanish, I know, I know"
  Si; you copied it in Spanish; "Be lenient in grading
  these Mrs. K." Sr. Rose, I have come to the ultimate
conclusion that an answer is either right or wrong...

Okay, sorry, dame los papeles; do I have all the papers? "what was number 7?" Okay, moving right along to the next map..."the next map????" Yes we got 3 or 4 maps to go on Spain. (Pam puts the next map on the overhead.) Spain has 13 provinces... "what was number 2?" Mar Cantabrico; now as I was saying before I was interrupted, Spain is divided into provinces, they are like states sort of...

As the year spirals to a close with Pam moving right along to get all her grammar points covered and to get all her maps presented, the pace of presentation is dizzying. During the period from April 15 to May 24, the students, having just completed the Mexico map, move on to the Puerto Rico map, then to the 5 maps of Spain, then to the Central America map that includes the West Indies, plus the ten-page Mexico project that was worth 1000 points, plus for Spanish II, a four page translation on Spain from the nasty blue textbook.

During final exam week, the full weight of this avalanche of discrete detail comes down on the students. Adding to the load, is that according to school regulations, the final exams for all classes must cover not solely the last nine-weeks, but all material for the entire semester. In addition to the sheer volume of information presented in the 2 nine-week terms, the fact that Pam is creating her own textbook by using a variety of sources in checkered-quilt style makes any meaningful review impossible.
May 29  Review for final exam Spanish I

Pam, on the stool, is reviewing; the students in their seats; 3-4 students take notes

Now what is the name of the movie that dealt with Sleepy Lagoon? (silence) Are you guys out there today? Are you paying attention? The movie was Zoot Suit! Where did the first part of Romancing the Stone take place? "New York" New York, very good; What was El Corazon? a green heart-shaped animal; what was the man's first name? "Jeff" her occupation? "novelist" all right; Name one of the main characters from the movie Zoot Suit...Henry what? Raina; These are all multiple choice, so you should be able to pick that out;

AKA Pablo, what was his name? "Pablo" Yeah, Pablo what? "Rodriguez" Rivera; Remember those Sesame Street things we saw in the beginning? There was a man and a woman; what were their names? Jose Luis and Carmen; Now the name of a famous explorer that we saw a movie of... "Christopher Columbus" (chorus) We saw 4 Portrait of America programs; name 3...Florida, Texas, New Mexico, and Puerto Rico; Let's see, what else? Name of a cold soup they serve in Spain... "gazpacho" (chorus)

Okay, on the other test, the verb test, you need to know things like what to do with this (Pam writes dormir on the board). What kind of a verb is this? "I-R" "irregular" It is a u to ie verb; what are these verbs called? "stem-changers" Thank you, Lola; remember stem-changers? we just did them; what kind of verb is this? (Pam writes ir on board) you said it before... "irregular" What makes it irregular? the fact that it does not change in a normal pattern; by the way, what does this verb conjugate to? Hm? Hm? Seems to me like you are going to have to do a lot of studying...

I think we better attack this another way. (Pam goes to the workbook and begins to list the chapters the students have to study.) How about if we use the table of contents in here? "yesterday I lost
mine" You lost this yesterday? Well grab one from down there in the bookcase. Okay, things in my workbook that I could use to study for the final exam...I am on page "B" as in boss, okay? Lesson 4 definitely; 5 very likely; Lesson 10, I might have some proverbs in there and ask you to match them up with English, like my favorite "mas vale tarde que nunca" or better late than never; Lesson 12, the verb ir that we just decided we couldn't conjugate; Lesson 13; Lesson 16; Lesson 18; Lesson 21; Lesson 26, because it has food in it, remember the food unit we did? Lesson 27, dormir; Lesson 30, the sex on it, right? if the noun is masculine you want an adjective that modifies masculine; Lesson 34, definitely, remember you studied gustar, and what comes after it is what determines whether it is gusta or gustan, right? Lesson 35, gustar continued; 36, querer, turn your page, 43, 44, 45; 45 ser and estar—ser is something permanent, estar is temporary; ser is used with nationalities, dates, times, describing things; estar is location, temporary things, health, sickness... "this is an awful lot". We have done a lot this nine weeks, I mean, this semester...

Lesson 48 cause it has stem-changers in it; 52, hacer a go verb; 55 stemchangers; 56, reflexives; 58 because they are irregular verbs; 58 and 60, dar and ver; part of 61, the part that deals with poner, poner is a go verb, isn't it? 65 cause it has salir which is a go verb also; 66 decir, 67, and 69; those are the ones that you want to take a look at the verbs on...

How about the spelling test—let me tell you the pages the words are on one more time—Chapter 8, page 27, the first group; second group, chapter 11, page 38; third group was Chapter 20, page 69; Oh that music! "It's Romeo and Juliet, they are showing it in English class" Oh I love the Zefferelli version; Lesson 23, page 84; Lesson 26, page 98; and Lesson 42, page 162; the spelling test will be straight—I say it you write it—and since these are all cognates, there is nothing you should be overly worried about except accents, right? Now we have learned some basic things in here about
words—tion in English is the same as cion in Spanish, correct? "How many words are we going to have?" (Lola asks listlessly)

I haven't decided whether it will be 25 or 50; at this point, seeing as how they are a pain in the butt to grade, probably 25; unless of course, we do the 25 and have plenty of time and then we will grade them in class..."25 or 50 what?" spelling words; and I may be tricky on a couple of them and ask what does this mean in English since they are all cognates...Any questions? "I'm hot" Do you have any questions for me at all, anything? "Yeah." "What time is it?"

What time is it? It is the end of the year and Pam is reviewing. As she says, she is "on page 'B' as in boss." In the review for Spanish II, more of the same:

- May 29 Review for final exam Spanish II

Pam on her stool, reviews; the students, in their seats:

I am going to tell you all the questions on the exam and you people will still come in here and flunk it. I don't understand it. Let me just throw out some questions here—who was Rodrigo Diaz de Vilar? El Cid; Name the movie that dealt with the trial of Sleepy Lagoon? "what about it?" Zoot Suit; "what?" "Sleepy Lagoon?" Yeah the Sleepy Lagoon murder trial; "these are going to be on the exam?" Something really similar, depending on how lazy I feel...; the place where the first part of Romancing the Stone takes place..."New York" "what?" Quit talking, shut up! Name one of the main characters from Zoot Suit..."Henry Raina"

Henry Raina, very good; Name one of the two people in that silly television series, Hablamos Espanol... "Mama and Papa" Jose Luis and Carmen; Okay, we saw an episode of AKA Pablo, his name is Pablo what? Rivera....

Name a famous explorer that we saw a movie about... Christopher Columbus" Oh right on your
toes; We saw 4 Portrait of America series, name 3... "Florida" "Texas" "Puerto Rico" and New Mexico, not so bad, not so bad; The Michener program on Spain—what is the name of the peninsula where Spain and Portugal area? "Iberia" "Yucatan" Iberia "I was close" Yucatan is about 3-4 thousand miles away; there is a word we have in English that was named after a tribe in Spain..."Inca" "Aztec" Spain! One of the Germanic tribes...the word is vandalism in English; what is the name of the famous town in the northwest part of Spain in the province of Galicia where the pilgrims go to visit St. James' bones? "Jamestown" (laughter) (Pam does not smile) Santiago de Compostela; name the two Catholic kings..."Ferdinand and Isabella" Right; "that is the only one I know"...

Okay, now for the verbs, this is how the verbs will be; I am going to write some of the verbs up here and you tell me what tense they are, like preterit, future, or imperfect; we have had preterit/imperfect, future/conditional, present perfect, and commands...

Anyway where does toque come from? "tocar" I know it comes from tocar but which one of these tenses is it? "preterit" preterit; what person is it? "el" "yo" "tu" yo; (Pam writes ibas) "ir" "future" "imperfect" imperfect; what person? "yo" "tu" tu; (Pam writes hara) "hacer" "future" what person? "el" "yo" "tu" el; (Pam writes quiere) "that is one we just had" sorry it wasn't one of the choices; it is the present.tense like yo quiero; "well that is not fair" I know; (Pam writes pudiste) "preterit" right; "I am good with the preterit" what person? "el" "yo" I am getting embarrassed! it is from poder, preterit and it is tu! Okay? "Oh, don't be embarrassed, we are just not too smart."

Let's try this a different way—(Pam writes ir on the board) "will it make us look better?" I hope so; let's start with the preterit for ir... "ire" no, fui; "fui?" the imperfect? "phooey" "I mean fuiste" no, iba; future? "iramos" No, ire; look you could at least get the person right... "sorry" Okay, what is the tu command? "vaya" no, the
tu command... "vaya con Dios" the tu command is the
same thing as the yo, except for the irregulars;
Look you guys better check your verb sheets! "I
don't have mine" You people need to fill out those verb
sheets so you will know what you are doing...

(Pam writes ser on the board) preterit? "fui" thank you;
imperfect? era; future? sere; conditional? seria;
okay why don't we look at it like this---
let's play psyche the teacher out—what am I most
likely to ask on the final exam? ir, ser, another
one of my favorites is dar, tener is one of my
favorites, saber is a possibility, poder, poner....
hacer?" I like hacer, too; you could
practically go for all the irregulars; "decir?"
decir, sure; "I hate decir," hollers Tammy; to which
Frank responds, "I prefer dis ear, and he tugs
at his right lobe....

Now let's see maps, the first map that you should know
is the map of Spain, the composite; in other words,
it could be a mountain, a river, a city, or a body
of water, or whatever; "what are those 2 lines on that
map?" this? "no, down further" this is the
boundary of..."that is the number 11" says Franks.
Right, sorry, it is number 11; "Did you have a bad
night?" As a matter of fact I went to the Honors
Assembly last night...

Now this is the one you got most recently, Central
America and the West Indies; "is that the one you just
gave us?" There must be an echo in here.
Okay, this is a tricky one, I like this—Estados
Unidos, Mexico, La Republica Dominicana, or all of
the above... "all of the above" muy bien;
Now this one, Golfo de Mexico or Golfo de Honduras
"Golfo de Mexico" all right; this one says
Tallahassee, Baton Rouge, or Atlanta..."Tallahassee"
No; "Baton Rouge" "Atlanta" It is Tallahassee, this
is the Florida panhandle sweethearts;

Okay, next, Nazi war criminals, President Sletzer, Uruguay,
Paraguay, or a, b and d? "Paraguay" it is a, b,
and d; "what?" "How in the hell
are we supposed to know that?" it was in the news a
couple of weeks ago; "we gotta watch the news for this
test?" "I don't have a television!" calls Peg; Frank shouts, "We don't have electricity!" (laughter) (Pam does not smile) For your information, a lot of Nazi war criminals went to Paraguay after World War II; the president of Paraguay is German; the second language of the country is German...

"How long is this test?" Look, it is all multiple choice, so you have nothing to get real upset about....

One of the most amazing things evident in the transcript above is that despite the pressures and the distractions present at this time of year, some of Pam's students somehow still retain their sense of humor.

* the place that pilgrims go to visit to see St. James bones..." "Jamestown"

...

Tammy, who has bought into the idea of favorite/unfavorite verbs, says "I hate decir"

And Frank responds. "Well, I prefer dis ear," tugging at his lobe.

...

Pam announces that the account of Nazi war criminals in Paraguay was on the news a couple of weeks ago.

Peg hollers, "I don't have a TV" and Frank tops her, "We don't have electricity!"

Mixed with the humor, however, is a sense of sadness. As Pam reviews, and the students attempt to come up with the right answers and fail, it appears that on some level, the students blame themselves, that as working class kids, they are just stupid. "Oh, don't be embarrassed," says Frank, "we are just not too smart."
The fact is however, that asking the students to make sense of such a mass of discrete, disconnected detail sets the students up to fail. For the students in Pam's classes at Center, the review for the final and the final itself becomes a game of trivial pursuit and it is a game with few winners. Choosing the correct answers to hundreds of multiple choice questions is nothing more than a crapshoot. "Did we get that one?" someone shouts. As Pam asks a question, the students call out various possible answers, and maybe, just maybe, one of them will be correct.

"what person?"
"el" "yo" "tu"

"what tense?"
"Future" "preterit" "imperfect"

"what city?"
"Atlanta" "Baton Rouge" "Tallahassee"

"What tribe in Spain?"
"Inca" "Aztec" "?"

To the kids at Center, the world of Spanish makes little sense, as does the world of school one suspects, and perhaps even the world outside the school.

One day a visitor to Center attempted to buy a newspaper from the machine in front of the supermarket near the school. Usually he buys the paper from a similar machine in the neighborhood where he lives. Buying the paper is one of the few certainties in his life—he puts in 35¢, gets a paper, or goes on his way...

He put 35¢ in the machine near the school and no paper came out. The machine was jammed up. The visitor shook the machine and hit the coin return. Out came a quarter, another quarter, and then a dime...
The visitor tried again. He put in a quarter and a dime. No paper. This time the machine kept the dime, but returned another quarter, plus the quarter he had put in...

In the end, the visitor did not get a paper, but he did wind up with 2 quarters in exchange for a dime.

So life must seem for the students at Center, sometimes a guy gets lucky. Sometimes he doesn't. Sometimes a guy doesn't get what he wants. Yet sometimes he comes out ahead. There is little sense or certainty to existence. And to survive, one must mix sadness with humor, sorrow with laughter.

* * * * *

Pam herself, during finals week, is also just trying to survive. She not only has to review for the final, she has to get the exam itself together, and at the same time handle all the endless finals week tasks that the school administration lays upon her. And there are special events to attend. The night before the reviews just mentioned, Pam got no sleep at all. She was at the school awards ceremony:

I was one of only two teachers to speak. The adrenaline was really flowing—it happens when I get up in front of a lot of people like that. I was so hyped up. I didn't get to bed til 2:30 and even then I couldn't sleep. At the ceremony, I presented each member of the Spanish Honor Society with a yellow rose; I bought them for 59¢ each. I even gave one to Carole during the reception, but I think she is mad at me anyway. I was just spreading a little peace around.
For Pam herself, the last week of the school year there is no peace. In addition to reviewing for the final, getting the final together, handling her daily administrative tasks, complying with end of the year administrative requests, and attending special events, she is also worried about the presentation she has to give in Mueller's class up at State.

Look, here are the handouts we got the other night. Good thing Alicia and I didn't go first, we don't know what half these terms mean, we would have been a laughingstock up there. Mueller was asking some tough questions; she really cut one of the other teachers down. The grad students ask technical questions, but what kind of questions can we ask?

Pam is on shaky ground in Mueller's class. The "giant exam" given 3 weeks previous, was a disaster. In the class on testing, Mueller had attempted to inculcate needed professional vocabulary by assigning the students to memorize 228 terms from the glossary of a book or testing and making the the terms an integral part of the exam that was to count 60% of the grade. The class before the exam, Mueller had waved the exam in the teacher's faces and had warned them of how difficult it would be. "Man, when she showed us the exam, Pam recalls, "we were salivating, wondering how we could get our hands on a copy."

Pam did not get her hands on a copy of the exam.
The exam was a bitch, even the Ph.D. students complained. Mueller wasn't there; one of the grad students came in and gave it. Mueller was off in Washington or New Orleans or somewhere.
The multiple choice wasn't bad, but the rest...
I am sure I flunked it, that will kill my point average, and I could have to take the damn course again.

Pam did not flunk the exam. She pulled a C+ which helped neither her point average nor her disposition. The night the exams were returned, when the teachers got together after class, bitterness spilled out.

- What'd you get?
- C+
- "I pulled a C and so did the guy who works with me"
- "This C is really going to ruin my point average"
- "Tell me about it"
- "What does she expect? 228 terms to memorize!"
- "Yeah, like me giving my kids 228 vocabulary words out of context to memorize"
- "She didn't even read the essay"
- "No comments on my paper, just two little marks"
- "Look the grad student corrected 'em, that was obvious"
- "Hey, I heard one of the grad students in class talking, and he said Mueller lifted the multiple choice from Thompson's old exams"
- "What? Man, that's totally unprofessional"
- "Said he knew Thompson, so he could psyche out the questions..."
- "That's not fair, what about us?"
- "Sorry honey, that's life"
- "Well, what can you expect? she never teaches...

The exam — like the guest speakers, the research papers, and student presentations—also favored the Ph.D. students. Full-time university students have time to go to the library; they take 3 or 4 other courses in which material related to testing may be discussed. They can fill in the gaps in a course such as Mueller's where content coverage is lacking. The classroom teacher, like Pam, moves in a different world. She somehow may manage to get to class in spite of her grueling school schedule. Once there, if subject matter content is ignored during class hours, Pam goes home empty.

During the 3 night parade of presentations at the end of the term, Pam, with "a shitload of work to get done", tries to get something out of the class. "I don't understand half of what they are saying, so I listen, but I bring my maps there, and I make out the features and the numbers for the final."

Although in many ways, the university professor and the classroom teachers move in separate circles, as teachers, they both share commonalities as well. As a comparison of Mueller's class at State and Pam's class at Center reveals that each teacher uses
the same global approach and employes similar survival mechanisms to cope with a heavy workload.

**Mueller**

subject matter content divorced from teachers' reality
bridges to said reality not made
resulting student mindset?
"they" (university people/research)
have nothing to say to us

**Pam**

subject matter content divorced from students' reality
bridges to said reality not made
resulting student mindset?
"they" (Spanish language/culture) have nothing to say to us

passion for details,
right answer syndrome
motivation through intimidation
"breathers" to cope with heavy workload—guest speakers,
helpers to give class and to give exams
special breather at end of term—parade of presentations

The last week at Center, in order to cope with the workload, Pam adjusts the school exam schedule to suit her own needs.

Although school regulations require only 2 days for final exams, Pam stretches her finals out over 4 days. This move allows her to avoid any further pointless review, and allows her to include more material on the exams. Also by giving the students exams to take everyday, Pam keeps their minds focused on something academic; exams, to a degree, keep the kids quiet. As the students take the
exams, Pam can sit at her desk and get something done. And lastly by giving the students more time to do their finals than the other teachers, Pam comes across as being more generous — "good old Mrs. K., she lets us take our time."

Below, sections of the final exams map final and verb final, for Spanish I and II, "all multiple choice so there is nothing to worry about."
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166 An important tin-producing country is (Guatemala, México, Bolivia).
167 José Ossorio was a Mexican (general, pianist, painter).
168 (Quito, Cuzco, Xochimilco) was the ancient capital of the Incas.
169 A celebration that takes place in México just before Christmas is (All Souls’ Day, Carnival, las Posadas).
170 Many South-American cities located in the tropics have a fairly cool climate because of the (storms, size, altitude).
171 In Spanish America many houses have a (bolero, merengue, patio).
172 The llama lives in (Central America, the Sierra Madre, the Andes).
173 Valparaiso is an important port of (Chile, Ecuador, Argentina).
174 The South-American country that has ports on two oceans is (Colombia, Argentina, Venezuela).
175 (Soccer, Bullfighting, Jai-alai) is prohibited in some Spanish-American countries.
176 The most important product of Venezuela is (tobacco, emeralds, petroleum).
177 (Columbus Day, May 5, September 16) is an important holiday in all of Spanish America.
178 Panamá hats are made in (Panamá, Colombia, Ecuador).
179 The Río de la Plata flows between (Argentina and Uruguay, Argentina and Chile, Colombia and Venezuela).
180 A famous volcano of México is (Chapultepec, Popocatépetl, Andes).
181 The famous Palacio de Bellas Artes is in (Bogotá, Taxco, México City).
182 The street singers of México are called (rebozos, mariachis, charros).
183 Spanish America gave the world (potatoes and tomatoes, rice and wheat, cows and sheep).
184 A great part of the population of (Argentina, Ecuador, Uruguay) is of Indian origin.
185 The ancient inhabitants of México were the (Aztecs, mestizos, Incas).
186 The oldest city in the United States is (Santa Fe, St. Augustine, San Francisco).
187 The largest Spanish-speaking city in the world is (México City, Lima, Panama).
188 (Guadalajara, Piedra del Sol, Acapulco) is a well-known seaside resort.
189 The Inca ruins of Machu-Picchu are near (Lima, Cuzco, Guadalajara).
190 One of the highest lakes in the world is called (Orinoco, Iguazú, Titicaca).

End for Spanish I — go to last sheet 191-200
Sp.II go to other sheet (Sp.II:11)
An important tin-producing country is (Guatemala, México, Bolivia).

José Orozco was a Mexican (general, pianist, painter).

(Quito, Cuzco, Xochimilco) was the ancient capital of the Incas.

A celebration that takes place in México just before Christmas is (All Souls' Day, Carnival, las Posadas).

Many South-American cities located in the tropics have a fairly cool climate because of the storms, size, altitude.

In Spanish America many houses have a (bolero, merengue, patio).

The llama lives in (Central America, the Sierra Madre, the Andes).

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One of the highest lakes in the world is called (Orinoco, Iguazú, Titicaca).

End for Spanish I - go to last sheet 191-200

Sp II go to other sheet (Sp III, IV)
Español I
Verbs - Questions

*Note: some ?'s may ask for conjugation and meaning.
ex. meaning / los chicos manejaron a to drive / b. manejó
c. neither a. d. both a & b

1. Nosotros
2. Mi padre
3. meaning / Yo
4. Yo
5. Yo
6. meaning / tú
7. meaning / Uds.
8. Yo
9. Nosotros
10. meaning / Sr. Gómez
11. él
12. Mi abuela y yo
13. el chico y la chica
14. Juanita
15. meaning / tú
16. Yo
17. meaning / Yo
18. meaning / Yo
19. Ud.
20. Yo
21. Nosotros
22. meaning / Ellas
23. tú
24. meaning / los padres
25. Yo
26. Yo
27. ella
28. Yo
29. La maestra
30. Sr. Curry
31. Los estúpidos
32. meaning / Ud.
33. meaning / I like to eat
34. El ciervo
35. Nosotros
### Español I

#### Verbs - answers

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Spanish I Final
Start on scantron sheet at #51 (back of map sheet)

51) Irregular verbs are...
   a) hablar, comer, vivir (hablar)
   b) ir, dar, venir (venir)
   c) contar, servir, empezar (empezar)

52) Regular verbs are...
   a) see choices in 51

53) The 3 types of stem changes are
   a) e-ay, o-ai, e-i
   b) o-ue, u-ue, a-1
   c) e-1, o-ue, e-ie

54) The stem of trabajar is
   a) ar
   b) trabajar
   c) no stem

55) A diphthong is
   a) I in tel
   b) 2 vowels
   c) 3 vowels

56) A triphthong
   a) see answers #55

57) What letters of the alphabet are Spanish but not English?
   a) W, K
   b) ll, ch, ñ, rr
   c) ch, k, w, rr

58) What letters are English and not in Spanish?
   a) see answers for 57
   b)
59) What letter sounds like y?
   a) e  c) i
   b) i  d) y

60) What letter sounds like ny?
   a) n  c) y
   b) y  d) ñ

61) The ñilda appears over what letter?
   a) ñ  c) e
   b) i  d) u

The next questions are T or F (Tio A Fio B)

62) Accents marks are written over consonants.

63) GBA has the u sound

64) B+V are pronounced the same

65) If a word ends in a vowel, n, or s, the next to the last syllable is stressed.

66) If a word doesn't end in a vowel, n, or s then the last syllable is stressed.

67) Accents marks break rules.

68) Yo hablo español means I speak Spanish, I am speaking Spanish and I do speak Spanish.

69) To make a sentence negative - the NO goes after the subject.

70) When we make a ? - we switch the subject and the verb to V+SUB

71) When you answer a yes/no question - we only need 1 NO

72) The K sound in Spanish can be made by T or Q.

True/False comprehension

73) Yo voy a la escuela los sábados y los domingos.

74) Estamos en el mes de diciembre.

75) La navidad está en julio.
99) They have little pony - what is name?
   a) Juan González Vargas  c) Juan Portello López
   b) Juan Portello Vargas  d) Juan López Vargas
What happens on the following days?
10) Nov. 1 + 2
   a) All Saints Day + Souls Day b) people go to cemetery
   b) Day of the Dead  d) all of above
   Go to new answer sheet - Blue one
   1) Dec 12
   a) Virgin of Remedios Day  c) Virgin of Holy Week Day
   b) Virgin of Miracles Day  d) Virgin of Guadalupe

2) Jan 6
   a) Gaspar, Melchor, Baltasar  c) Epiphany
   b) 3 Kings day  d) presents
   c) all of the above

3) Sept 15 + 16
   a) Mexican Independence Day  c) Russian Indep.

4) ¿Cómo se llama Ud?
   a) me llamo Karen  c) El se llama Fred
   b) Se llama Karen  d) Hace frío

5) ¿Qué tiempo hace?
   a) Hace buen tiempo  c) Hace calor
   b) Hace sol  d) all of above
Upon going out, he didn't put on any coat.
Al salir no se puso (ninguno, ninguno) abrigo.

We never have ears on Mondays.
(Ningunas, Nunca) tenemos orejas lo lunes.

Nobody offers help to the busy boy.
(Nadie, Nunca) ofrece ayuda al chico poroso.

I never ask questions in the Spanish class.
(Nadie, Nunca) hago preguntas en la clase de español.

We didn't take anything out of the garden.
No sacamos (algo, nada) del jardín.

Please go to new sheet.

1. ¿Cómo, Qued) de los dos es comestible?
2. (Quién, De quién) es el paraguas negro?
3. (Cada, Cada) 1000 quemó Anita?
4. (Quién, De quién) acompañas al transeúnte?
5. (Quién, De quién) comen el crimen?

Complete the following sentences with guisa o gustan.

1. ¿Te ................................... la primavera?
2. No ..................................... fumar.
3. Les ..................................... acometer tarde.
4. No me .................................. los limones.
5. ¿Te ................................... la química?
6. Me ..................................... charlar contigo.
7. Le ..................................... los calzados griegos.
8. ¿Te ................................... mis esperas nuevos?
9. Me ..................................... tus ideas.

Felipe y Tomás son hermanos. (su, sus)
10. Tuo burro es viejo. (su, sus)
11. Cada nación tiene su bandera. (su, sus)
12. Mis vecinos son simpáticos. (mi, mis)
13. Hay seis personas en mi familia. (mi, mis)
14. ¿Vives cerca de tus abuelos? (sus, tus)

15. (Esta, Esa, Aquella) cereza es muy verde.
16. (Esta, Esa, Aquella) piñonera es muy fuerte.
17. (Esta, Esa, Aquella) además están ocupadas.
18. (Esta, Esa, Aquella) viaje no fue largo.
19. ¿De quién es (este, ese, aquella) sombrero?
20. Inventé Vd. (este, ese, aquél) instrumento?
21. No tienes novia (este, ese, aquélla) novio.
OTHER CLASSROOM CONCERNS

The teaching of subject matter content, must be viewed in light of the many extra-classroom demands Pam has to face in the course of her work. Within the classroom as well, Pam must respond to other demands in addition to the demand of teaching subject matter.

(Note: In the previous section, in order to maintain a strict focus on the teaching of subject matter content, dots ... were employed to delete selected portions of the transcripts presented. In this section, Classroom II, some of these dots will be filled in in order to present a wider view of the classroom context.)

Westbury (1980) notes:

the classroom makes 4 goal-like demands on the classroom teacher...; these goals are the coverage of a body of content, the engendering of mastery by students of the content, the creation of affect on the part of the students toward both the content and the learning setting, and effective management of the class as a unit in the interests of task attention and order (p. 92).

Lortie (1975) concerns with Westbury regarding the complexity of the classroom teaching context, and adds that what complicates classroom activities is that "joint action must be carried out by partially socialized, immature young people,...less able than adults to govern their own behavior in terms of roles and expectations (p. 152). The transcripts heretofore presented are
full of examples that support Lortie's contention. Below, one of the more representative transcripts:

• May 10 lesson/quiz on the conditional

Pam turns to the class. "Mrs. K., do you have a band-aid?" "Yes I do, I just happen to have a bandaid in my pocket." Pam replies. The girl accepts the bandaid, and says, "Give that woman a gold medal!" ...(lesson)

The quiz begins. Pam announces, "I would like this in 10 minutes."

Transcript

(The kids work.) Pon el nombre, por favor. (Pam, walking around, spots papers without names.) Tu, tambien, Jaime, pon el nombre; now remember the irregulars in the future are the same as in the conditional; everything is the same. (Pam has left the endings on the board.) "Which one is the conditional up there?"

(Pam goes and sits behind the desk.) I'll sign that slip now, Miss Busby. "What slip?" asks Tom. Tienes mucho interes en el business de otra gente, verdad? "Muy, muy" mucho, not muy; "muy mucho" don't say that, that is tantamount to saying ain't in Spanish. Tom asks, "You got those band-aids in case you fall down again, right? (laughter) No, in case you might need a little repair, honey. The girl behind Tom says, "You could always use them for a rubber." (giggles, laughter) (Pam is embarrassed.) I think my ears are deceiving me; I am having a little trouble with them these days. Tom hollers, "Kick her out Mrs. K., have her suspended, that is just disgusting."

(Pam is pacing now.) "Am I doing this right, Mrs. K?" Si, pero donde esta tu nombre? (She sees another paper without a name.) Donde esta tu nombre, senorita? "Which one is the future tense up there?" No se. Tom calls out, "You don't know, you mean you went to college for nothing, right?" Maria,
where is your name? Victor, your name! It's like a kinder here.

"It's like a kinder here." Indeed, at times Pam's high school classroom seems like a kindergarten. The above lesson is from a Spanish III class. No matter, for all of her classes, levels I, II, III Pam supplies pencils, band-aids, extra books, workbooks etc. Whenever there is written work to be handed in, Pam has to remind the kids to put their names on their papers. The kids who finish a worksheet or a quiz first, wave their papers in the air, just as kids do in grammar school.

In the lesson below, Pam has brought in copies of the newspaper, *El Diario* for Spanish II. She has asked the kids to look in the employment section, find 10 jobs, and list the jobs along with the address and phone number.

• May 15 Using the newspaper to practice professions

Okay, you are going to get a newspaper right now. (Pam hands out a copy of *Diario Las Americas* out of Miami to each student.) Try not to write on these, okay? Now primero van a buscar en la seccion de clasificados, clasificados. You have an index on the front, people, look at it. The kids flip through the paper — "oh, the comic section!" "sports" (a girl looks at the picture of a tennis player and his girlfriend.)

The classified section, clasificados; okay, I am on the classifieds, you all have classifieds. "I don't have them" Honest to God you don't have them? Do you have the section that says number 7? It is real difficult for me to explain this if you are talking; I realize it is getting toward the end of the year but...
Here is what you have to do — you are to find 10 jobs... "tennnnn?" that have the vocabulary on the front of this page. For example, the first job on mine is carpintero. Once I find it, I want either the address or the phone number. "What do you want?"

I want the name of the job; course we are not marking on the papers or anything; we are writing this on a separate sheet of paper, okay? "I don't have a sheet!" I don't want to hear that. I want the name of the job; now some give addresses and some give phone numbers. I want one or the other. "What do you want?"

(The kids start to work.) "operadora?" operadora is fine; there are a lot of operadoras; "you want ten now?" ten; ten different ones, not 6 carpenters and 4 maids; anything under section 7..."how about Avon Lady?" Avon, honey? I don't remember seeing Avon on my vocabulary list. I am looking for specific vocabulary on your list.

When you are done you will put it back exactly the way I gave it to you, with the creases creased exactly the same way, sections a, b, and c the way they are supposed to go. Ramona whines, "I can't handle this whole paper! I can't fold it up right!"

(Pam floats around to assist.) Look, here is one right here — mecanico, there is carpintero, there is barbero, barber; and here is camarera, waitress. Franks shouts, "I am not going to make ten, I will be lucky if I get five!" "Could I have another paper?" he asks. "Can we have more than one of the same occupation," asks Sandy. Tammy hollers, "I'm done," waving the paper wildly in the air, Frank shouts, "Shut up!"

In order to get the kids started on any activity, Pam repeats the directions for the activity over and over. Whenever she hands anything out, she is greeted with, "I don't have one", "I lost mine", "I forgot mine". Or like Ramona in the
transcript above who pouts, "I can't handle this whole paper, I can't fold it up right." Or Franks who complains, "Tennnn? You expect us to do ten? I'll be lucky if I get 5," all this before he even looks at the newspaper. What the words of these transcripts fail to communicate is the tone of the kids who moan and groan. At times, all a visitor hears is a perpetual whine — waa, waa... waa, waa; I didn't, I don't, I can't, I won't...waa.

Below, a transcript of Pam giving a Friday spelling test:

• May 3 Spelling test

Okay, half a sheet, and let's do it horizontal, short-wise. Half sheet, be kind and share with your neighbor. What is wrong Guillermo? You look a little down today. It is so easy; we might have a little extra credit on here; it depends on what strikes me. We can put our words away, too. Of course, we got our names, we got espanol, and we got the date, el tres de mayo, right? Everyone has a piece of paper now, right? An extra? Thanks, I will keep it for 9th period; they never have anything.

(Pam paces in front, accentuating the pronunciation of the spelling words.) Number 1, Londres "what?" Londres; Londres, that is where Lady Di or Lady Dee or whatever you pronounce her name lives; Londres; Londres; number 2, Inglaterra; Inglaterra; Inglaterra, and don't you dare spell it with an E; terrrrra; numero tres, Europa; E u ropa; Europa; Europe; Europa; Europe; Europa; Europa; numero cuatro, lunatico; lunatico; lu na ti co; lunatico; lu na tico; lunatico; polo norte; polo norte; polo norte; polo norte; (she spots a kids' paper) po lo norte; polo norte; polo norte; polo norte; monarquia; mo nar qui a; mo nar qui a; monarquia; monarquia; there is no K in it; numero siete, divorcio; divorcio; divorcio; divorcio; divorcio; I am going to ask for a divorcio; "From us?" "We love you, Mrs. K." I love you, too.
I forget the rest of the words...this is embarrassing.
Ocho, Ecuador; Ecuador; Ecuador; (A kid sucks loudly
on his lollipop.) Oh, that sounds so good, Tomas.
I have to make a commercial with you for my
suckers. Okay, numero neuve, Boris Karloff always
played a monstruo; monstruo; monstro; monstro;
and the last one is hipocresia; hipocresia; hipocresia;
and don't spell that with a Y; hipocresia;
hipocresia; put an R in there, Raul; hipocresia;
hipocresia; hipocresia; hipocresia; (she points
to a kid's paper) I said don't put a Y in there!
"that is my circle" hipocresia; okay; numero uno,
Londres, Inglaterra, Europa, lunatico, polo norte,
monarquia, divorcio, Ecuador, monstruo, hipocresia;
"what was number 2?" Inglaterra; Inglaterra. Ya?
Cambien los papeles.

The previous Friday Pam had to miss a day to see her
allergy specialist. An outsider, a sub, gave the Friday spelling
test.

• April 26 Spelling test (given by sub)

All right, it says here that I am to first
give a spelling test." (Moans and groans.)
"Huh?" "No way." "Spelling? We never do
spelling." The sub stares at the class.
"Look you guys, it's hot, I'm hot, you're
hot, so shut up! I will say each word
twice."

Number one, clima, clima; two, coincidencia,
coincidencia; three, completo, completo; "what was
number 2?" number four, concentracion, concentracion;
five, cultura, cultura; six, decision, decision;
seven, delicado, delicado; eight, democratico,
democratico; nine, destruccion, destruccion; ten,
dinamita, dinamita; "Could you repeat number
9?" No, sorry; pass them up, please.

During the May 3 spelling test given by Pam, in the course
of repeating Europa 9 times, Inglaterra 4 times and still having
a kid ask what was number 2, Pam jokingly remarks, "I am going to
ask for a divorcio." "From us?" a chorus of voices ask. "We love you, Mrs. K." "I love you too," Pam says softly, "I love you too." The umbilical cord between Pam and her kids is tight. Pam often refers to the kids as her family. Pam gives these kids attention and care, attention and care that the kids may not get in other arenas of life. As long as Pam is willing to give and give, the kids take — be it pencils or band-aids, endless repetition and explanation, or personal attention. Pam, in turn, appears to, in part, enjoy her role as mother, the source from which all good things flow. The kids love her, the kids appreciate her; or at least the kids say they do, which for Pam, may be just as important. As a result of Pam's constant giving, the kids become dependent on her in many ways. And part of Pam appears to encourage this dependence. Having the kids depend on her makes Pam feel needed and useful.

Although she gives her students considerable personal attention, Pam is also aware of the need to keep the students, as she puts it, "in harness." Pam's modal teaching pattern, portrayed in the previous section, helps fulfill just such a function. During most lessons, Pam sits on her stool at front, where she explains, reads, translates, and corrects. She never goes to the board except for something she has pre-planned. The students in the classroom sit in rows where they copy, do worksheets, take tests, or call out one-word or two-word responses.
Pam sits on her stool. She rests, saves energy, but importantly from this position she sits head and shoulders above the students.

The monarch sits; sitting denotes the power and dignity of duration. We expect someone who sits to remain sitting. The downward pressure of his (sic) weight confirms his (sic) authority...The throne presupposes subject animals and human beings... (Tuan 1984:13).

In her classroom, Pam is queen. Her subjects sit in rows.

In period 1, Pam's favorite class, the students sit as close to her as possible.

```
Period 1
(Stool)
  x  x  x  x  x  x
  x  x  x  x  x  x
  x  x  x  x  x  x
  x  x  x  x  x
  x  x
```

In period 2, the students sit in the same basic pattern although a few students sit further in the back.

```
Period 2
(Stool)
  x  x  x  x  x  x
  x  x  x  x  x  x
  x  x  x  x  x
  x  x
  x  x  x
  x  x
```

The two students in the very back are the classroom "ghosts", students who have flunked, whom Pam has instructed to sit in the back and keep their mouths shut. The many and varied visitors to the room also usually sit in the back. Pam's other classes, periods 5, 6, 8, 9 have the same basic seating pattern as her first two classes.

Pam has said that from the education classes she has taken at State, she believes that it is better to have the seats in a circle. "But", she explains, "I have too many kids." "Wow the French teacher has circles, she goes two deep, but she doesn't have as many kids as I do." The French teacher has 34 seats in her circles, more than enough seats to hold any of Pam's classes. The fact is that Pam's having the students sit in rows is consistent with her authoritative style of teaching. From her position on the stool, and through her cue of a teacher-controlled, deductive approach, Pam achieves a considerable degree of control over the classroom.

The type of activities Pam employs is directly related to the need for classroom control. "The kids are usually antsy when they come in, so I have them sit down and take notes the first thing. I dictate notes and that gets them settled down right away." Pam gets the students settled down and she tries to keep them settled down, by employing similar quieting activities throughout the whole period. At the end of the year, all of Pam's routine
activities are of this quieting nature — students copy notes, conjugate verbs, do worksheets, correct homework, take quizzes. What oral work that is done — going over homework or doing mapwork — is designed to limit student response while maximizing teacher control.

During oral activities, both Pam and the students speak mostly in English, not Spanish. Over time, Pam has concluded that using English aids in maintaining classroom control. "When I first started teaching, I did nothing but talk Spanish, and I had nothing but discipline problems." So now Pam uses English to get the students to respond. Since Pam teaches Spanish formally (Spanish is not used with any real communicative intent) the students, have little reason to attend to messages in Spanish. If they respond at all, they respond to English.

Pam designs her classroom, structures her activities, and adjusts her language use in order to gain and maintain control in the classroom. At times, however, outside influences invade the classroom, influences that she cannot control, and these interruptions tend to frustrate her efforts. Below is the continuation of the lesson on irregular verbs presented in the previous section of the account.
April 24 Lesson on irregular verbs

...now we have dealt with Z's and C's before, haven't we?

Bing bang bong (the PA comes on)

May I have your attention please for a few announcements?
May I have your attention please for a few announcements?
May I have your attention please for a few announcements?

(Pam mutters despairingly, "Don't tell me they are going to read the announcements now?"
She continues to write out the verb conjugations.)

...in girl's track last night, Valerie J. in the hundred yard dash finished sixth...Kathy P. fourth in the mile run...in the 880 relays...in the 440 relay...the men's team won the second place trophy in the Triple A division at the Relays...the team will meet tonight right after school for practice...they are invited to get their candy money in, we have to have that this week...there will be the Bloomington Relays on Saturday...last night's finishers—in the shuttle hurdle Paul Jamison...two mile relay placed fourth...the four-mile relay also placed...John Tuttle third in the mile and second in the two-mile...Zeke Thomas second in the long jump...(kid in the back of the room raises his fist)...in the hundred...in the three-hundred...in the discus...in the shot put. Congratulations on a fine effort.

Bing bang bong

Muy bien; now the very last verb is conocer...Bing bang bong

May I have your attention for a few more announcements?
May I have your attention for a few more announcements?

(Pam glares at the speaker and checks her watch.)
Will Joseph Redding see Mrs. Drown? Will Joseph Redding please see Mrs. Drown? Will Charles Tate please report to the attendance office? Will Charles Tate please report to the attendance office? The Key Club will be meeting in the band room after school...Thursday there will be elections for Student Council...the following people are running for office—Tom Cheevers for president...for vice president...for secretary...for treasurer... (15 names)...The Computer Club will be meeting in Room 237 today at the close of school. Thank you. Bing bang bong

(Pam checks her watch and makes an announcement of her own.) Make sure you get all these copied—you'll need em."

Bell.

"The very last one is conocer." Pam is familiar with the interruptions from the PA, but this knowledge does not make the interruptions any easier to accept. Whenever the PA interrupts, the attention that she struggles so hard to mobilize is lost, and Pam must begin anew.

Below, the PA interrupts a Friday spelling test. Pam is about to have the students correct their papers.

- May 10 Spelling Test

Okay, trade papers. Cisco, shut the door would you? "Can I go out in the hall first?" If you stay out there, sure; go out and turn right, and be sure to stop at Mr. Rockwell's office.

Cisco, spell number one for me, please. "R I D..." "No, en espanol, en espanol. (Pam spells the word in Spanish and writes the word on the board.)
May I have your attention please? May I have your attention please? Teachers are reminded that the painters will be here Monday morning to paint the teachers' parking lot—you can park in the back lot or on the side streets...(kids laugh). Thank you.

De nada (Pam says sarcastically) now number one...

Cisco asks, "Why do they do that Mrs. K.?" Who knows? "Did they get that off of Grease?"

We were going to review our vowels and our letters but er...somebody do the last one for me in Spanish so I can at least feel a little better. Spell it for me in Spanish. "P O P..." "That's not the last one." Right, it is politica—P O, that town out in California, L I T I C A.

From ridiculo...to politica. They couldn't have possibly got that off of Grease. Or could they?

The above lesson, in addition to highlighting the impact external interruption, also displays another of Pam's teaching strategies — "the victim." Pam observes, "I don't know why, but in every class, I always find 1 or 2 kids to pick on; it's
just my style I guess." Cisco is Pam's ninth period victim.

Here is the beginning of the spelling test.

• May 10 Spelling Test

You ready? Okay, Cisco looks very ridiculo; ridiculo; "I don't know why I came today."
You had nothing better to do; ridiculo; ridiculo; ri di cu lo; numero dos, a book of the Bible, revelacion; "huh?" the last book of the Bible, revelacion; re ve la cion; revelacion; Cisco shouts, "I don't read the Bible." obviamente; revelation; Cisco is very religioso; re li gio so; "what is that?" religious; Cisco goes to St. Mary's of the Springs on Sunday mornings; "St. Mary's of the Springs?" religioso; "what was that one again?"

Three is religioso; publicacion is next; publicacion; Playboy is a publicacion, The Journal is a publicacion; "what does that mean?" publication; publicacion; "is that a accent on there?" pub li ca cion; pub li ca cion; here it is the next to the last week of school and you are just now discovering that words that end in cion and tion might have an accent, and I have been harping at this for almost nine months...
(Cisco speaks up) "nine months, has it been that long?"

Cisco is not very profesional; profesional; "what does that mean? professional; pro fe sion al; profesional; profesional; profesion; Cisco will be a waste engineer and he will still make more money than I do; "they are more important than you" si; profesion; profesion;

Cisco's shirt is very primitivo; "what is that?" these are cognates—you are supposed to know what they mean; primitivo; primitivo; he has these flashes of brillance; Er, true or false, Cisco is not considered in the group of people that is muy popular; "That is true," says Cisco. "I can't help it."
(Earlier before class, Cisco had been told
by one of the girls that he could forget
about going to the prom with Lisa; Cisco had
seemed crushed and had asked, "Now what is
the matter with her? I just don't
understand you women.)

The next one is popularidad, popularidad; and
the last one is politica; I doubt if Cisco has a
career in politica; politica. "Why
do you have to use me as an example?"
Because you are a good sport, because you got
big shoulders, and because you can take it.

Now I will go back over it. Cisco is very
ridiculo; revelacion, religioso, publicacion,
profesional, excuse me, profesion, then
profesional, "Oh come on, Mrs. Knapp" it is that
shirt that is doing it to me, primitivo, popular,
popularidad, politica. "I wore this shirt
especially for you, Mrs. Knapp; I said to
myself, 'Mrs. Knapp would like to see this
shirt today,' so I wore it; that's right;
I waited all day for your comment, too."
Okay, trade papers.

Cisco is aware of his special role in the proceedings.

"Why do you have to use me as an example?" he asks. "Because
you are a good sport, because you got big shoulders, and you
can take it." Pam chooses her victims carefully. She knows that
some students would be embarrassed by the attention. Others
like Cisco can take it and may even enjoy it. Maybe he really
did wear that Hawaiian shirt just to hear Pam's comment.

Why use students as victims at all? One reason —
victimizing helps mobilize and maintain attention. Cisco himself
is every bit a match for Pam when it comes to wisecracks, and
the humor entertains the rest of the class and keeps them awake.
Second, the resulting repartee keeps Pam alert also. The routines she establishes to organize her teaching are simply that—routines. Bantering helps break up the monotony of doing the same activities in the same subject in the same way to the same kids in the same classes every day, 180 days a year. Third, using Cisco as an example, in the case of the spelling test, helps give some sort of context to an otherwise abstract list of spelling words.

Below is a second exchange between Pam and Cisco. Pam is introducing reflexive verbs and she uses Cisco to explain the concept. During the exchange, Pam pauses, and writes the reflexives on the board.

- May 20 Lesson on reflexive verbs

Okay, Cisco, what is very very first thing you do in the morning, the very first thing? "Well, Mrs. Knaaaapp..." the very first thing..."wake up" okay, Cisco, Mutt has the answer; you wake up. (Pam writes me despierto.) "Well, I don't wake up first, probably I yawn first; hey maybe I fall out of bed and then wake up, how do you know?" (laughter) Now tell me this, Cisco, does your Mommy come in and help you out of bed? Do you have a pulley there that cranks you up? "No." So you get up all by yourself; that is why it is me levanto (Pam writes me levanto). Then what do you do? "I go to the bathroom." And what do you do there? "Well, Mrs. Knaaaapp, I do a lot of things in the bathroom, some of which I can't mention in this class." (laughter)
Let's just say you takes a bath (Pam writes me baño) which may be assuming too much in your case...(laughter) "Oh, Mrs. Knapp." Then after the bath, what do you do? You dry yourself (me seco). "Yeah, Mrs. Knapp, I dry myself, get dressed, and put my deodorant on." Oh so you put your clothes on first, and then your deodorant? (laughter) "Oh, Mrs. Knapp." So you dry yourself, and then you dress yourself (me visto). "Yeah, I always put deodorant on so I can smell nice and pretty for your class, Mrs. Knapp." (Laughter)

Thanks, Cisco, I really appreciate it. How about your hair? Do you wash your hair? "Oh yeah, this handsome hair of mine just got to be washed." (Pam writes me lavo el cabello.) "I always wash my hair for you, Mrs. K." "Say is this like when you help yourself to some food? I do that." No, not quite. Tell me, Cisco, do you brush your teeth when you get up? "Hell no! I eat first, and then brush. Now if I was on TV, like the TV people you can tell they brush twice, they got such pretty smiles, but me, I got all I can do to brush once." So you eat first (me desayuno) and then brush (me cepillo los dientes). Now this is the morning. There are also reflexive verbs that describe what we do at night. Cisco? "Oh, Mrs. Knapp, I don’t want to get into that — you and I best not touch that one Mrs. K. you never know where that one gonna go." (laughter)

Pam uses victims such as Cisco to give some meaning to Spanish. In her classes at Center, "the majority of kids," as Pam notes, "will never need to hear or to speak Spanish again."

The students at Center have little practical reason to be interested in Spanish. The Spanish that Pam teaches — influenced by her background, by the assigned texts, and by the curriculum guidelines — is, moreover, formalistic in nature.
In and of itself the Spanish language does not arouse interest.
So to generate interest, as well as provide context, during lessons, Pam will sometimes structure activities using incidents from students' personal lives. The lesson that follows is illustrative. Pam has put on a transparency to introduce past participles. As the students copy the transparency, Pam writes on the side board:

| Mr. Dowd has spoken to Jose.                      |
| Dr. Casey has kissed his girlfriend.            |
| I have eaten breakfast.                         |

- May 1 Lesson on present perfect

Atencion, por favor; si manana vamos a la biblioteca; before we start copying, let me ask you something—I have walked, we have talked, we have laughed... "past participle" right, past participles; Do we have any irregular ones in English? "Sure." What do you say for eat, for example? "Et." (laughter)

Eaten, right; the majority of past participles in English end in ED except the irregulars like I have eaten or I have gone, so that you should be aware that there are irregulars in both languages. There are four regulars at the top here—I have been, I have seen, etc. It is real easy to make, so let's review—AR verbs you take the AR off and add ADO; ER and IR you add IDG, except for these ten irregulars. Peg, loudly, "Oh, please, I am falling asleep."

Julia has had her hand raised since the start of class and Pam finally acknowledges her. "Can I borrow a pen?" (Franks gives Julia a pen.) "Thank you, sir." You mean, gracias senor. "Whatever." (The kids copy the transparency.)
Jose spies his name on the side board and asks, "What did I do now?" I dunno; what have you done recently? (Dr. Casey then spots his name.) "What's my name up there for?"

I heard you had a new girlfriend. "Whaat??"
Okay, those irregular ones, they follow certain patterns—instead of the D, they sneak a T in there, but that doesn't work with all of them; these are always used as in English with some form of haber, okay?
"Where did you hear about this girl?" You know I know everything that goes on around here. "How did you know?" Grapevine. "Was it a female who told you?"

Okay, the irregular ones, they are using a form of "to have" which you know in Spanish as tener. Tener is the "to have" that can stand alone; there is a helper tener called haber. Haber is conjugated down here at the bottom—he, has, ha, hemos, han. When you put a form of haber and the past participle together, you have what is called the perfect tense. Now that you know all this, you may want to copy these sentences on the side board.

Anna, I am going to call on you, first. "I'm sorry; I don't want to do it." Anna, what is the verb in Spanish, to speak? "ha blar" ha blar? you mean, hablar; so far so good; Jose is Joe; this word we have learned is either—he, has, ha, hemos, han—and with Mr. Dowd it would probably be... "ass!" (laughter)

No, not has, ha, this is third person; so we have, Sr. Dowd ha hablado a Jose. This one—I have eaten breakfast—which one of those conjugations is going to go here? "he" right; yo he..."comido" yo he comido el desayuno. Now, Doctor Casey, "si?" has kissed his new girlfriend. What is to kiss? "Smooch, suck face, I dunno." "beso" beso is the kiss, the verb is..."besar" besar, muy bien; so it is besado; "I suppose you heard all about that?"
What? "What is her name then?" I don't know what her name is; I just knew that you had a new girlfriend; you know I don't always get full information....

By using examples from the students' personal lives, Pam tries to give meaning, maintain attention, and provide context. But the nature of the interaction is such — a cross-classroom exchange between Pam and her victim — that she appears to undermine her own efforts. The rest of the students, involved in a copying activity that requires minimal attention anyway, stop copying to listen to the exchange. Pam plants intrigue to arouse interest, yet once interest has been piqued, she attempts to continue her explanation of "haber." Result? The students attend to the informal, informational exchange and not to the assigned task. Once off the task, the other students not only listen to Pam and her victim, but contribute to and expand on the exchange. One exchange leads to another and the lesson turns into "information time."

The above lesson on past participles was followed, as usual, by a handout for practice. But mention of smooching and sucking face had⋅ moved some of the students' minds in another direction — the prom.

"Hey, Mrs. K. you hear about the prom? Mr. ___ and Mrs. ___ were there together." "Yeah, they were dancing real tight." "He's married ain't he? I saw him with a kid at the lake last summer." "Not necessarily," cautions Pam.
"He got rooms for some kids prom night at the Blue Barn, you know." "Yeah, but they got kicked out." "So did we." "They didn't know we were from Center, we were there first, but 3 cop cars were already there."

"Hey, they came up to our room and kicked us out." "We weren't making no noise or nothin', just cause we were underage."
"Hell, at least you guys got to the rooms, we just walked through the door and they kicked us out." "Yeah, when they sold the rooms, they knew what they were doing, they just stole money from us kids."

Needless to say, every student in the room, found the above exchange fascinating, and stopped working.

"Information time" — informal exchanges in English between Pam and one or more students while other students try to work on assigned tasks — is a regular feature in Pam's classes. Not every informational exchange is as controversial as the above exchange on the prom, but invariably during the course of an activity, Pam and the students chat. Here is a more complete transcript of the April 17 lesson on ir mentioned in the previous section:

• April 17 Lesson on ir

Now you had a workbook exercise to do yesterday that I believe was on page 39, the verb to go, one of my favorite verbs when I want to tell someone what to do. Where would you like to go, to see Mr. Rockwell? "nope" Good I am glad we see eye to eye.
Ir, to go, and the question is, do you go to the movies much, Yo no voy... "what page?" treinta y nueve; yo no voy al cine porque cuesta mucho dinero, and I have the Movie Channel, so why should I go?

Anybody here go to the movies a lot? Eastgate or Westgate cause it is el cheapo? "cause it's closer" What do they usually show at Westgate? "pictures" What was the last thing you saw? "Vision Quest"

I don't know what movies are out and about really. What was the last movie you saw, Miss Cameron? "The Last Dragon." Can you tell me who was in it? "Mandy." Sounds like a Bruce Lee flick to me. "It was." But Bruce Lee is dead. "There was a movie within a movie." Maybe that was what I saw shorts of; he was defending himself against a bunch of bad dudes. "Yeah, that's the one." What was the last movie you saw? "Beverly Hills Cops." The last movies I saw was Ghostbusters. (laughter)

It was in January in Mexico and I saw it in Spanish— Los Casafantasmas. The movie didn't come out until January down there; they have to wait cause of copyright and all. What was the last movie you saw? "Bachelor Party." (laughter) What was the rating for that one? "R." "Yeah, a man and a woman kissed a dude's butt!" Really?... What is the big movie out now that everybody should see? You have to fill me in cause I don't get out much....

Okay, moving right along, movies that seems to be the topic question here...

In the examples above, Pam is in her accustomed position on the stool. From the stool or from the board or desk, she engages in across-the-class informational exchanges. At times she addresses one or two students, at other times she addresses the entire class. The opportunity for person-to-person conversation increases, however, when Pam leaves center stage and moves to the
wings. After Pam hands out a practice worksheet or a worksheet test, she moves about the room. She stops to give help, and at the same time engages in a series of side conversations. The map test on Spain, mentioned in the previous section, is an example. Below is a more complete transcript:

- May 6 Map test on Spain

Now number ten, the first word ends in NO...
(Pam talks with Charles down front.) When you were in Mexico, you went to the pyramids? The San Angelia? It is just like the one in Mexico City. When I was down there at the Mexican Pavilion, we went to one of the restaurants there; they recreated the pyramid atmosphere. "There is a restaurant here that is Mexican, I mean really Mexican." Yeah, the name is Gonzalez...

(A kid with cut slips shows up at the door.) How dare you stick your head in here? What do you want? Larissa? Sorry! Last I heard she was in Florida. (The kid leaves.) Well, it looks like we are beating a dead dog, or is it a dead horse? "I'm tired, Mrs. K." It's Monday. (A kid sneezes.) Salud! (Pam spots a kid with a stamped hand that he got Sunday night at the local disco.) Well, we see where you were last night. And you didn't wash your hands this morning, either, I take it.

Okay, sorry; pass them up. Do I have all the papers? "What was number 7?"
Okay, moving right along...

At times the exchanges are somewhat subdued such as those above. Some students, not involved in the exchange, may continue to work. At other times, the students nearby may stop working
to listen or kibbitz. Whether the exchanges are subdued or not, Pam’s constant reference to topics such as restaurants and discos distracts students from the task at hand.

Below is an extended transcript of the composition on the year 2001 mentioned in the previous section:

• May 14  Composition on the year 2001

Anyway, I want you to answer all of these questions in complete sentences, and then go back and put it in paragraph form. You will write the paragraph on a natural plain sheet of paper. "Oh no." Do I have to get my paper out? Now if I give you too much time, you won't do it...

(The kids begin to work. Pam goes behind the desk. After 30 seconds, she interrupts.) I have the information on the exams and you are not going to like it. "Why?" This class especially... "why?" cause you got screwed. "We got screwed? Give it to us straight." Okay, your exam—for Spanish I will write it on the board; for the official schedule you will have to check with your regular teacher...

First let me remind you that the Mexico project is due tomorrow; if I don’t have it by tomorrow, you just missed out on 1000 points. Turn in what you have got—a little is better than none, a ten is better than a zero any day. Each page is worth 100 points. One other things, there is no school on the 27th, Monday, it is our Memorial Day; the next day Tuesday is when the notebooks are due; any later than that and I won’t be able to get it back to you in time for the finals...
Your exams start the 31st of May in here, then June 3rd, June 4th, June 5th, and the sixth is your last day in here. Now the sixth is the last day of class—I don't know how your other teachers are going to handle it, but the Board of Education says that I have to take attendance in here that day, even though exams are over the day before. "I ain't going to be here."

Look, let me lay some facts on you; if you aren't here I will mark you absent. Now the way they used to work the exams for those of you who weren't here last year—they used to say, come for your exams and then leave, right? Unfortunately, since they changed it, this year it is not going to work that way. I will be here; I will be having class; it is your business whether to come or not. What can I say? We want to be out of here, too. It is a state law; school has to be in session for 180 days. They are just trying to cover themselves, and so we all have to suffer...

As Pam talks, one or two students continue to work on the composition. The rest stop to listen. Pam, after having given the information in the exams, shifts to another topic, and information time is in full swing:

Now you tell me something— are we going to have racial wars around here, or what? "I hope not," "You mean, Morton?" "Yeah," confirms Pam, "a bunch of blacks jumped him yesterday." Tanya comments, "I heard it was the other way around." Pam fills the kids in. "All I know is that he's got cracked ribs and internal bleeding..." "He needed to get beat up, he's an asshole," a kid shouts. "Yeah," says Pam, "I know he's a horse's butt, I had his brothers, but still...
As the exchange continues, the composition is forgotten.

Hughes (1958) has noted:

Part of the social and psychological problems of the occupation is the maintenance of a certain freedom and social distance from those people most crucially and intimately concerned with one's work (p. 53).

The people most crucially connected with the work of the classroom teacher are his/her students. And in Pam's case, it might be said that she does not maintain proper social distance with her students. In Pam's classroom, she discusses/permits discussion of other teachers at Center and she openly criticizes school administration. Both in the language she uses and the topics of discussion she chooses suggest over-familiarity with the students.

The relationship Pam has with her students has evolved over time in response to many factors. First, in Pam's other relationships — in classes at State and with staff at Center — she feels alienated. She has no friends outside teaching and few friends within the field, so she turns to her students for support. Pam's work schedule is such that she is surrounded by kids all day long, isolated from any meaningful interaction with adults. Thus she talks and talks freely to those people she sees 7 hours a day, her students. Third, the students' respond positively to the way Pam interacts with them, a fact that encourages further interaction. From the students' point of view,
Mrs. K. is one teacher who knows the score, who "gives it straight", someone who understands, someone a kid can really talk to. A fourth factor involves the nature of Spanish as taught by Pam. Subject matter knowledge in Pam's classroom is essentially divorced from the students personal knowledge. The students at Center respect Pam not so much for her knowledge of the Spanish language and Hispanic culture, but instead the students respect Pam for her "streetness" — her knowledge of what is going on in the school or in the neighborhood. And Pam, for her part, seems to sense this source of respect and cultivates this aspect of the relationship.

The students at the school appreciate Pam because she understands where they are coming from. But it does appear that the interest Pam shows in the students' personal lives borders on the obsessive. In class exchanges — on who is seeing whom, or who got pregnant, or who split up, or who got beat up — such exchanges occur day after day. Pam's interest in her kids' lives may reflect in part the sterility of her own personal life. Pam's life is a daily grind of work, work, work. She imagines the kids' lives as much more exciting — "Dr. Casey has kissed his girlfriend; I have had breakfast". Pam seems to some degree to be living through the experiences of her students.

The bond Pam has formed with her kids is so strong that during a class period, Pam literally cannot be physically present in the room without interacting in some way with the kids. On those
rare occasions when, after giving the students a handout for practice, she does not move around the room in physical proximity to the students, Pam will go behind the desk and sit. If a minute goes by and no kid comes up for help or no one raises his/her hand, Pam will cry, "Somebody ask me a question, I want to feel useful;" "Ask me, I'm the expert;" or "Ask me something, anything, I want to feel loved." In her classroom, Pam is indeed like a mother to the kids — the type of mother who will not let her kids breathe, who will not let her kids grow. And as a result, during class, Pam herself is hardly ever able to catch her breath.

The constant interaction between Pam and the students during class has a further effect. Noise. Noise that never lets up. Noise punctuated by moans and groans, shrieks and squeaks, bursts and blasts. Such noise is stressful and tiring. While on one level, an individual may become accustomed to the noise in that it is ever-present, at the physiological level such noise registers as stress. The review lesson below in the last week of school is highly significant. For the first time in the term, Pam is off center stage for an extended period.

- May 30 Practice for final exam; Pam had assigned worksheets on Latin American culture for homework.
Okay, the exercise that is on page 349 will be on the exam tomorrow. I can’t make it any clearer than that. 349 and 369. (Franks raises his hand.) "You don’t have any more pencils, do you?" (Pam gets him a pencil.) "I’m sorry."

Now any questions on movies will also be tomorrow; maps and culture go together just the way they do in your notebook. "I need my notebook back," shrills Tammy. You are going to get it back cause I am going to do them right now. But first I am going to have Miss Conley read the answers for the workbook which you are supposed to have done, okay? (Pam hands the answer key to Anita.)

It started on 333 which you guys had done already. Has anyone not done 333? "I don’t think we checked them." I thought we graded them. Anyway, Miss Conley can read you the answers to all of them. That way you can copy the answers to make sure you get them right on the exam.

Anita, don’t you want to get up in front of the class and play teacher? "No way!"

Maybe we should have Tim do it cause he is going to be up in front of the whole school today. Okay, so you pay attention to Anita. If you have any questions, I am not here. I am grading my notebooks, understand?

Now, Anita, you will begin to feel the frustrations of a teacher. (A kid hollers to Miss Conley, "Shut up!") Hey, that is an office offense—insubordination.

(Miss Conley begins to read the answers, "number one, si; number two, no; number three, no;..."

As Miss Conley reads, the classroom is silent as never before. Students softly seek an occasional clarification. "What was six?"

"Si." "Thanks." For 15 minutes, Anita reads the answers. "...number 16, Sevilla...number 18, Zaragosa...(The students check their worksheets)...number 20, Lima..."
Pam breaks the spell. "What!!! Not Lie-ma!! Lee-ma!!"

Anita continues, "...number 6, tin...number 8, Bolivia... number 22, Lake Titicaca..." "Lake whaaat??" shouts Pam, "What was that again? Titiwhattt?"

Back on stage, Pam holds up the notebook of a student in one of her other classes. "Do you believe he wants extra credit for thiiis??" "Who?" hollers Franks. Tammy shreiks, "You mean no extra credit for bringing in a picture? You said extra credit!" Franks says something unprintable to Tammy and in seconds the entire class is in uproar. "What was 20?" a kid asks. "Sugar," Anita answers, but no one hears. "Shhhhhh", shouts Pam. Anita begins to read. "Coronado...Ponce de Leon...Cabeza de Vaca..." Pam yells, "You know what that means? Cow's head!" The longest stretch of sustained silence in the last nine weeks is history. Pam is back on stage.

It may be that the kids in Pam's classes at Center are working class kids whose lives are filled with noise and thus they may be able to tolerate higher levels of noise-related stress. But as Tomlinson (1981) observes,

Learning is more likely to take place in a tranquil context than in a chaotic one, in a distraction-free context than in one that diverts...attention to other than the course of instruction, and in a context that provides youngsters with more optimal time on task (p. 375)."
In Pam's classroom, attention is being continually diverted from assigned tasks; little subject matter learning occurs. The review lesson above in which Miss Conley read the answers was designed by Pam to give the students answers to questions that would be on the final exam. Giving her students the questions and answers before an exam is Pam's means of making sure the students get the right answers on the exam itself. Not only is this tendency evident in the lesson above, this tendency permeates much of Pam's teaching. As long as the students get some right answers, even if Pam has to give them the answers, she is reassured that the students have learned. Lortie (1975:141) suggests that tipping students off "may be motivated by the wish to believe the students are doing better than they are."

Giving students the answers is probably also motivated by the ever-present need for a teacher to see some tangible results from his/her teaching.

As she went behind the desk to check notebooks, Pam announced, "Any questions, I am not here, I am grading my notebooks, right?" The students in this instance had little trouble accepting the fact that Pam "was not there." It was Pam herself who could not allow the activity to proceed without her getting involved. Westbury (1989), cited earlier, contends that in respect to the 4 demands a teacher faces — coverage, mastery, affect, attention — success in one of these areas is often achieved at the expense of
another area. In her classroom at Center it does appear that, at the expense of the other 3 areas, Pam has come to emphasize the creation of affect. She continually undercuts classroom activities by initiating "information time". She diverts attention from the task at hand, which makes mastery of content difficult if not impossible, which in turn suggests that her frantic attempt at curriculum coverage is an exercise in futility.

The above discussion, of course, presupposes that subject matter learning is of primary importance for the classroom teacher. Studies by Jackson (1968), Yinger (1977), Janesick (1979), and Doyle (1979) all suggest that in the classroom, learning is a secondary concern for the teacher — that the teacher's main task is to gain and maintain student cooperation in classroom activities. While these studies were conducted in elementary level classrooms, Pam's high school classroom at Center reflects a similar sense of priorities — learning for her is a secondary concern.

Westbury contends that there are 4 demands a classroom teacher must meet — affect, attention, mastery, and coverage. Pam views her work as even more multi-dimensional. She views herself in part as a moral agent, as doing the work that the family has failed to do. Many kids at Center come from broken homes. Once Pam asked her second period kids how many had divorced parents. Twenty of twenty five kids raised their hands. Pam
leaves her door open to kids seeking a sanctuary from school and from life. Kids can come in and talk to Mrs. K. — she gives it to them straight. She gives them personal attention and care.

Pam makes herself available before school, between classes and during her free periods. She also makes herself available during the course of classroom instruction with the result that learning activities are undercut. But perhaps Pam, in her emphasizing affect to the detriment of the other 3 areas, may have an intuitive grasp of what her students need most — someone to care. For many of Pam's kids, life inside and outside Center can be tough.

*   *   *   *   *

The last few days before the end of school are tough on everyone. The attendant pressures of end-of-the-year tasks take their toll on administrators, students, and teachers. The Tuesday before the end finds Pam, in addition to trying to cope with daily demands, reeling from added personal pressures. The Sunday before, Pam had learned that her father has cancer and has six weeks to live. Monday Carole had forced a meeting with Mr. Dowd about next year's schedule and Pam had left the meeting in tears. Tomorrow,
Wednesday, is the night she has to give her presentation in Mueller's class.

And that Tuesday, the racial tension that bubbles beneath the surface of life at Center burst into open confrontation. That Tuesday, to use Pam's expression, "the shit hit the fan."

Pam, in 6th period, is giving the Spanish III verb final. Word filters down...2 white kids have been beaten up...black kids are roaming the school looking for action...further word...white kids are getting their own groups together...mini battles are flaring up all over the school. Mr. Dowd comes over the PA —

May I have your attention please,
May I have your attention please,
May I have your attention please,
Any further disturbances of any kind will result in immediate expulsion,
 immediate expulsion, immediate expulsion...

Some of the kids in 6th get up and head for the door. Pam sits them down. The rest of the kids are subdued, scared, though none would admit it. The final exam is forgotten...

Pam, heading out for hall duty, 7th, is boiling. Word has come down that Jose, one of her helpers, the one who does her visuals, is one of the kids who was beaten up. "The sons of bitches...he is a wimp and they know it...those are the kids they pick on...the helpless kids who can't defend themselves."

She barrels down the hall toward the office. "Man, they are lucky...cause if I had a gun right now...I would blow them all away...they are of no use...and they think they are real men, real macho men."
Cussing, Pam turns the corner and heads down toward the gym where the black kids have banded together. "Scum...that's what they are...all they do is roam the halls, they don't go to class...and I tell you something else, some of those sons of bitches down there now don't even go to this school...I know...I know every kid here. Pam snarls, "Now that son of a bitch there by the door, I've never seen his face before."

Today Pam is joined by 3 male teachers called out for duty. They station themselves 50 feet from the gym near the stairs, to keep the kids from getting up the stairs to the other floors. By the gym, 30 blacks, mostly male are screaming: "Don't come no closer, motherfuckers!" "We got more for you!" "Fuckers!"

Over the bedlam and confusion inside, the sound of a police chopper hovering outside can be heard.

"I know that you all share with me the sense that this is a nice time to be in high school, there are a lot of exciting things going on."
- Dr. T. E. Brown, of the downtown office; teachers' meeting May __ 1985

"Get out of my fucking face bitch!" a kid threatens Pam.

"Stay out of my fucking life, you fat fuck!"

"Thank you. Unfortunately I have two other meetings to attend to, so I won't be able to stay the whole night with you, but I appreciate you're having invited me...
I foresee very exciting times ahead in the area of foreign languages. If we all work together, there is no limit to what we can
accomplish. It all starts with you — good luck."

- Dr. Tom John of the downtown office; teachers' meeting May _, 1985.

"Motherfucker!"

The teachers on duty endure the barrage, until the bell rings for 8th. 8th and 9th crawl by. Both teachers and kids want out. At 2:30 Pam packs up, looks around, and picks up a long poster tube. So armed, she goes downstairs. Outside, Frank, in the van, has the motor running. Eyes peeled, the two go slowly down the street toward the intersection where 25-30 blacks have gathered. Once through, Frank floors it and heads for Arborville. As the two barrel down Main toward the freeway, neither notices the giant billboard on the right that reads, "A+ For Public Schools."
STRESS

That night Pam began to have a recurrence of PCB — heart palpitations. Her PCB flared up several times toward the end of the year. Pam is aware that this condition is a sign that she is under stress. "I have these symptoms — 1) heartburn 2) headaches 3) irregular heartbeat. At least when I suffer from PCB, I know I won't be getting heartburn or headaches." These symptoms are warning signs — the human body has an alarm system. To help cope with increased demands, the body secretes hormones, including adrenaline, into the bloodstream. If the demands are not reduced, if the individual ignores these warning signs, the result, according to Dunham (1984:85), may be that additional or continued stress, leads to exhaustion, and eventually, to death.

By the end of the school year the demands of her life and work leave Pam in a state of semi-exhaustion. She tries to cope with these demands, but almost at every turn, her commitment to doing "what she is supposed to do" meets with frustration. In that Pam is powerless to change many of the forces and factors that frustrate her, she bottles up her anger. This inner turmoil results in headaches, heartburn, high blood pressure, heart palpitations, and insomnia — all of which have plagued Pam since she entered teaching.
Complicating health matters this past year is that Pam has developed an allergy for which she sees a specialist. The allergist has suggested that Pam's parrots may be causing the problem, a diagnosis that depresses Pam even more. A more likely explanation is that literally Pam has many things that "she would like to get off her chest", but cannot, and as a result, has trouble breathing. The allergy appears to upset Pam more than her other stress symptoms — "This allergy is not like me, I am not a sick kind of person, I should be strong enough to overcome this." Pam is strong. "Trabaja como un burro," like one of those burros mexicanos — the kind who accept load after load after load until the burden is piled so high, the burro itself seems to disappear. Like the burro, Pam trudges on, but even a burro may die if it doesn't find sufficient water in the desert.

Pam seeks nourishment from the kids in her classes at school. She structures her day at Center so that she constantly interacts with the kids. Unfortunately, this constant interaction never gives her a moment's peace which adds to her stress. Outside the school Pam attempts to recharge by involving herself in professional activities. This involvement, paradoxically, adds to her workload, and causes more stress. Classes at State, in addition to being time-consuming, cause Pam to feel inadequate. She goes to conferences when she can, but in order to attend, she must leave plans for a sub, correct and grade the work left, and
pick up the pieces when she gets back.

* * * * *

This spring, to get away, for the first time ("this was the first year any of the kids had any money"), Pam took her kids on a trip to Mexico during Easter vacation. Planning the trip meant more work — meetings with kids, visits to parents, bake sales and phone calls. Nevertheless, Pam counted down the days until she could leave. "I am going with Alicia and Frank is coming to; we're going to lie on the beach in Mexico."

The trip was a nightmare:

From the moment we landed on the ground things went badly...everything was piss-poor, their choice of hotels, no towels in the rooms, the kids spread out all over kingdom come, it took us an hour to check them in at night...

Activities were planned terribly... we get off the plane and they pop us on a tour, we did the museum, the national palace and the cathedral in two hours, the kids are fresh off the plane and they hear the whole history of Mexico...

We got back from the pyramids pooped, and they took us shopping...

We were on the go the whole time and the kids just never wound down... Alicia was sick the whole time... if Frank hadn't have come we would have both been dead from heart attacks...
I guess old age is catching up with me..."

Sunday night, back from the trip. Pam awoke with heart palpitations that would not stop. Frank had to take her to the hospital emergency room. Pam was at the hospital from 1-5 in the morning, yet at 7:00 sharp, she showed up at Center.

"Call in? I didn't have time to make up a lesson plan; some people call in like that, but not me, I just couldn't. Anyway, I'm okay, now — I brought a clock so I can sleep 3rd and 4th to get my energies back...like I said old age is just catching up with me."

Old age. Pam is 33.

* * * * *

On the mantel in her living room in Arborville, nestled between two plumed toucans, is a photo of Pam taken 10-12 years ago. Above the mantel is a portrait of Pam, painted when she was 18. These two "remembrances of things past" show a different Pam than the Pam of 1985; they show a youthful Pam — shoulder-length hair, clear eyes, well proportioned; voluptuous, a strikingly attractive woman in full blossom; they show Pam before she turned to teaching. Since then, Pam in her words, "has let herself go." She has added many additional pounds to her already big frame. Once, while planning, Pam came across this passage
in the workbook and she read aloud:

Pablo y Luis son amigos. Pablo come mucho en casa; come mucho en la cafetería de la escuela; por eso, es muy gordo — now that sounds like the story of my life.

The Pam of 1985 is fat.

No one is more painfully aware of the transformation Pam has undergone since she entered teaching than is her husband, Frank. Frank met and married the Pam of days gone by — the attractive Pam, the Pam who liked to go out and have fun, the Pam who liked to do things together. "Now, she won't even walk the dogs with me," Frank says sadly. "And all because of ese manicomio, la escuela."

The trip to Mexico in the spring nearly was a total disaster for Frank and Pam.

Just outside Laredo, the plane nearly crashed... I thought we were dead...we hit wind sheer coming back from Mexico City and I don't know how many feet we dropped...we hit some of the worst turbulence I've ever been in...

I said, this is the way it is going to end, huh?...milk all over my damn tray... couldn't eat my food...to die in a plane crash...

Frank and I were not sitting together and I was thinking I wanted to get to him...he was up in front and I was in back with the kids...
On the mantel in her living room, Pam also has two hand-carved wooden bowls that she brought back from Mexico several years ago. Pam treasures these bowls.

The bowls are my special pride and joy, the only problem is, is that a lot of wood that comes from Mexico has polillas, little termites in it; and I brought these bowls back, and the polillas got all over the house; in fact, I still have some in my kitchen cabinets.

Years ago, Pamela Knapp, from Arborville, U.S.A., in the heart of the midwest, fell in love with Mexico and its culture. She came back to Arborville and turned to teaching Spanish, filled with the need to communicate her experiences. The fire of this love still burns brightly and fuels her commitment to teaching. The only problem is, is that this all-consuming passion carries with it polillas of its own. And these polillas have entered into the fabric of Pam's personal life and are eating away at the core of her very self.
THE LAST DAYS

The last days. Center High, the day after the racial flare-up is subdued. Two students were arrested and several others expelled. Wednesday, the last day of finals, is endured by students and teachers alike. Pam explains, "Look, at this time of the year, the most important thing about the finals is that the kids get the right answers, I get them graded, and that's it. Period."

The exams are over Wednesday. But Thursday, students at Center also have to come to school, thanks to a new city school board mandate. "Worst exam schedule I've seen in all my years of teaching," is the comment from the upstairs lounge. "Hell, the kids don't want to be here, we don't want to be here, we don't want them here so we can get some work done, I am taking a 3-hour lunch today, I'll tell you that." "And the worst is the good kids," moans another teacher. "I had to beg some of them, don't make me be here because of you." "Lock the door," someone else advises. "That will keep them away."

Room 321, however, is not locked. Kids stream in and out of the room all day. Pam is at her desk, surrounded by 10-12 kids. For Pam and her kids, Thursday, the last day, is un dia de fiesta—there is punch, coke, fudge that Juan made himself, cookies, and 2 huge cakes that Pam got at the Arborville Bakery. "We're just," Pam exclaims, "having a grand ol' time."
For Pam, the pressure has eased. She made her presentation at State the night before. "All I cared about was getting it over with; as far as the presentation was concerned, Mueller had nothing to say about it anyway. As I walked out the door, all I could say was "whoopee!" Pam pauses. "I'll tell you something, though — I'm losing respect for the university. Before I used to think of it as a beautiful house and slowly I am finding out it is a shanty." Her voice trails off. "It just doesn't seem like those people have much to offer a person like me..."

With State off her back, all Pam has to do now is get her grades turned in. In Room 321 Pam's helpers are busy. Lavelle and Sharonne tally up the scan-tron scores, Anita records them on the official school scan-tron sheet. Mr. Bone runs errands back and forth to the office. Dan, the ever faithful helper, is conspicuous by his absence. Seems that Pam had tried to fix him up with Anita, but things hadn't worked out. As they work, Pam and the kids chat. They talk about school, life, pregnancy, Dallas, blacks/whites.

Today at Center the bells sound as usual but, for once, no one moves. School rules are suspended on the last day. Kids are free to stay and chat, no matter what period it is, and many do. Other kids stop in to say good-bye to Pam and some, of course, come for the food. Three black kids show up at the door. "Say Mrs. K., got any of that cake left?" "Sure, Mr. Carter, help yourself."
"Thanks, Mrs. K., we heard you were partying down here." Cisco comes in, wearing Hawaiian shirt and shorts. "Cisco, honey," Pam whistles, "you got a great pair of legs there." "I know Mrs. K., I'd of brung em here every day just for you, but you know how that dress code is and all." "I know, Cisco, I know." As the kids leave, they give Mrs. K. a hug or a kiss. "See you next year, Mrs. K.," says Cisco. "Spanish I again, right?" "Right honey, sorry." "That's all right, Mrs. K., I know the name of that tune — bye." Jose comes in. He has been out since Tuesday. Pam checks out his new glasses. "I like them better than the old ones." She inspects his bruises. "They did a job on you, huh?" Jose merely nods and goes to the board and draws some Roadrunner cartoons. Later as he goes to leave, Pam says, "Now, Jose, save some money this summer, Mexico next spring, right?" Jose nods. Pam adds, "I'd better watch out this summer with you on the roads, now that you got your permit, right?" Jose smiles. "Right, Mrs. K., watch out for me."

By 2:30 all the kids have said their good-bys. Grades are in. Pam straightens up her room and packs up her gear — briefcase, box, and 4 pieces of cake. "Hey, those cakes cost 12.50 apiece, honey, and these are chocolate/chocolate." With a sigh, she locks the door, and heads downstairs. Outside she turns and smiles, "I can't wait for tomorrow — my favorite duty — I get to go through all the lockers and whatever is there is mine — money, books, all sorts of stuff."
Friday. Pam and Eileen, the home ec teacher, are cleaning out lockers, pushing two canvas carts normally used for laundry along the hall of the 3rd floor at Center. One cart is used for trash.

"I mean you wouldn't believe some of the stuff in these lockers — panties, jockstraps, rubbers, food with mold on it, you name it."
The other cart is for the haul — stuff worth saving. A few minutes before, Pam made the mistake of stopping at the upstairs lounge and showing off part of the haul—a leather jacket, sports shirts, running shoes, make-up kit. A couple of teachers told Pam that they wanted to get in on locker duty next year.

"Do you believe that?" Pam says to Eileen. "They want to get in on this — no way! This duty is mine." Pam opens another locker. "Mostly papers in here," she calls out, throwing the papers into the trashcart. But some legal size blue sheets catch Pam's eye. She sifts the sheets out. The Center High Newsletter, May 1985.

Pam pauses, turns the newsletter over, and looks for the last page. At the bottom of the page, this notice:

\begin{center}
\begin{tabular}{c}
\textbf{Teacher of the Year}\\

Congratulations to Mrs. Pamela Knapp who was recently selected as Teacher of the Year by our FSTA unit. Mrs. Knapp was honored at the annual Heartland PTA luncheon along with educators from other schools.
\end{tabular}
\end{center}
Pam shakes her head. She opens the next locker.

Eileen, look! Look at this! Snoopy books! And here's a Garfield! No way the others are cutting in on this! I'll start at 5:00 AM next year if I have to!
WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD:
A PORTRAIT OF THE LIFE AND WORK
OF A HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH TEACHER
IN AN URBAN PUBLIC SCHOOL

Volume II

Dissertation

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements for
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by

Richard John Gargan, B.A., M.A.

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Reading Committee:
Gilbert A. Jarvis, Ph.D.
Gail McCutcheon, Ph.D.
Donald P. Sanders, Ph.D.

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CHAPTER FIVE

READER RESPONSE TO THE PORTRAIT

Chapter five of this dissertation is a description of reader response to chapter four, the portrait. At this point, before proceeding on to chapter five, the reader is encouraged to stop, reflect, and record his/her impressions of the portrait. In this way, he/she may be better able to participate vicariously in the dialogue that follows.

Response:

Figure 9.

409
"It is not that birds speak, but men learn silence."

—Kathleen Raine

"Let's go across the street."

"Hawkeye Donuts, Rosa?"

"No way. Something special today. Celebrate, good times, come on. Congratulate me, Kay."

"Not again? I saw you there over by the desk flirting with Omar."

"I can't help it. He's fascinating. He's about the only reason I could psyche myself up to keep coming back to this place. No, I mean the certification!"

"Don't tell me."

"I'm certified. It's official. Spanish/bilingual, elementary secondary. No more letters, no more phone calls, no more forms. No more of these trips to Career Services. Kay, now I can move on."

The two women are leaving the Career Services office at State U. After first driving her boyfriend to class, Kay had come to Career Services to inquire about a possible career change. Now in her third year of teaching French/English in the public schools, she is a State grad. Rosa is also a State grad, a recent one. After years of struggle, last term she had finally
gotten her degree in language education. Today, two months later, she has just gotten the word from Career Services—her papers are in order.

"If you had had the certification last month, Rosa, you could have gotten that permanent sub job."

"I know, Kay. The bureaucracy killed me. You'd think with my political background and all, I would have been able to cut through it. But no."

"I'm still thinking about getting into law or something, Rosa. That's what brought me here today. I've been so depressed lately."

"No Jacks?"

"Listen, a day like I had, I need a little something special."

"Kay, look. There's Denise and Kathryn. I haven't seen them since last spring. Let's go say 'hi.'"

Near the parking lot, two women are talking. Both are teachers. Both got their master's from State in language ed. last year.

"Kathryn! Denise! What brings you here? I thought you finished."

"Hi. Rosa. Kay. Nice to see you. Well I'm taking a social ed course this term. If I sit at home, I get stale. Denise here, though, she's another story."

"Don't you guys breathe a word of this to anyone, cause my principal would freak if he found out, but I am job-hunting. I
came up here to see if I could get Dr. Housman to write me a letter of recommendation."

"That bad, huh?"

"Something's happened to me. After only five years of teaching I want out."

"Say, Kay and I were just going over to Jack's for a couple. You two wanna come?"

"Fine with me, Rosa. I got no place to go. Kathryn?"

"Look, you guys, I got that hour drive, remember?"

"Cmon, Kathryn. For old times. Un dia es un dia."

"All right, Rosa. But one drink and that's it."

The four stroll along the sidewalk catching up on old news. Denise had found the house she was looking for. Yes, Kay had gone to Puerto Rico. And Kathryn had had her operation. And Rosa had finally made it through the program.

Rosa spots another familiar figure bustling along.

"Wendy! Long time! Since last spring, right? It's like old home week! What are you doing here?"

"I had to get off work early today so I could come and get my registration form for next quarter before the place closes at five."

"How're things this quarter, Wendy?"

"As a matter of fact, I'm not enrolled this quarter. Well, I was. But I dropped. Personal stuff. Working 8 to 5 and all, everything just got too much. Next quarter looks doubtful also.
But if I don't get over here in time to register, I get closed out."

"Tough times. Listen, Wendy, I know you don't drink, but the rest of us are going over to Jack's for a while, feel like it?"

"Normally, I wouldn't, Rosa. You know me. But with State off my case for a quarter, I'm able to do some things. So, why not? I can't stay too long, though."

"You can come, Wendy, but we'll still never forgive you for pulling an A in that curriculum class. How on earth did you manage that?"

"Earth had nothing to do with it, Denise. We were supposed to blue-sky that project, remember?"

Laughing, the group heads for Jack's.

"Not just Kay and myself today, Jack. So make it a pitcher. Wendy, what'll you have?"

"Dr. Pepper."


"Make it a coke, Rosa."

While Jack takes care of Rosa, the others settle in at a table in the back.

"You read it, too, Denise?"

"Yeah, I read it, and like I told Richard he caught me at a bad time. Wendy, I don't want to discourage you but I am thinking of getting out of teaching. Between reading it and ..."
"Reading what?"

"Richard's dissertation. He asked me to read it."

"I read it, too. How about you, Kathryn?"

"Just last week."

"He must have asked everybody to read it. Strange."

"Anyway, Wendy, like I started to tell you, here Richard gives me this thing to read, and I happen to be sending out resumes right now. I finally got my master's and got a continuing contract, so now I'm set. And I want out. Can you beat it?"

"Denise, I know exactly where you are coming from. Richard caught me at a bad time, too."

"Why is that, Kay?"

"I've only been in three years and I have begun to think seriously about getting into some other profession."

"Like..."

"Law, maybe. See, the thing is I've never been one to sit around and complain about my problems. I like to do something about them. But the problems in teaching are so big, they can't be changed from the inside. You have to get outside, cause that's where the power is."

"Kay, that's like what I told Richard. The dissertation, along with this social ed course I am taking has been blowing my mind. Both have made me realize certain things about teaching, like the fact that we teachers are in a subordinate position in the power structure. I've had that gut feeling all along, but to see it in black and white.... After 17 years, I've been
wondering if it may be time for me to quit teaching."

"I read somewhere that January and February are the two months of the year when teachers feel like most leaving the field. Maybe that is related to the way you guys feel."

"Could be, Wendy. These winter months just crawl along. Summer seems so far away. But I've really been down lately. And somehow it seems different than in other years."

Rosa comes with the drinks.

"Down, did I hear somebody say down? Listen, Kay and I were coming here to celebrate. I finally got certified!"

"There may be some openings, Rosa. We've just been talking about Richard's dissertation. He caught us teachers at a bad time. Reading that portrait of Pam was like looking in a mirror. Maybe you shouldn't read it."

"Too late for that. I read the thing. Read it? Hell, I felt like I was in it. I sat next to Pam when she was making out her maps."

"That's the type of thing we're talking about. Imagine being so pressured you're trying to do your work and take a class at the same time."

"I kind of envied her in a way. At least Pam had something real to do. At least she was getting something done in that class. Me, I just had to sit there. Overall, though, you're right. The thing was damn depressing."

"And unless you've taught, Rosa, you really can't understand...."
Outside a group of five is making their way to Jack's. Gloria Randall, assistant professor in the language education department at State; her husband, Stephen, a government official; Patricia and Lee, graduate students, advisees of Gloria; and Adelle, teacher at a private college whose husband is also an assistant professor in the department.

It is rare that such a mixed group of people would find themselves together around five o'clock on a winter evening, but today, for the language education department at State, was a special day. Today was Meet-the-Candidate Day. The language education program at State is small, yet established. And seldom does an opening for a new position occur. Recently, however, plans have been made to create a new position within the department beginning in the fall of this year. And today the leading candidate for the position had met with faculty, had lunched with the department members and their spouses, and had talked with graduate students.

Late into the afternoon, interest was still running high, and when Gloria's office became a bit too crowded for the group of five, they decided to move over to Jack's.

"I think this candidate will do a fine job."

"I was really impressed with the man."

"I wonder if he'll accept."

"I understand that there is a $5,000 difference between what he is asking and how high the dean is willing to go."
"My feeling is the dean won't budge."

"But the man is so qualified, Dr. Randall. He could be just the one to get this program moving in a different direction."

* * *

"There were so many things in Richard's dissertation that were so true. I told him, 'Look at the notes I took. You can see TRUE, TRUE, TRUE.'"

"Like what, Denise?"

"Like for one thing, Wendy, teaching is a dead-end job."

"Another pitcher, you guys?"

"Sure, Rosa, one more."

On her way to the bar, Rosa sees Patricia, who, along with the others, has just come through the door.

"Patricia, you here in Jack's? What's the occasion? What about that dissertation of yours?"

"I just stopped by with some people from the department. Do you know Dr. Randall?"

"No, I did my student teaching in bilingual. Nice to meet you. Say, Patricia, you remember Kay and Kathryn?"

"Of course."

"They're over there in back. Why doesn't the whole group come over?"

"Would you mind, Doctor Randall? I haven't seen Kay and Kathryn for ages."
"Patricia, Wendy's back there, too. Come on. Jack, you
don't mind if we put some tables together, do you?"

"Make yourself at home, Rosa."

"Patricia, what'll you have?"

"I'd like a margarita, but..."

"Forget the margaritas, Patricia. I remember how you were
the last time at Lucia's. Dr. Randall, what would you like?"

"Gloria and I will have coke."

"Lee? Adelle?"

"Beer's fine."

"Jack, make that a pitcher and three cokes."

Tables rearranged, Patricia performs the introductions. Rosa
arrives with the drinks.

"Kay and I came here to celebrate, but since we got here all
we've been talking about is Richard's depressing dissertation.
Patricia, you haven't read it by any chance?"

"Yes, I have."

"As a matter of fact, I myself have also read the disserta-
tion."

"You have, Doctor Randall?"

"Call me Gloria. I read it and Steven read it also. I
can't begin to tell you how much reading it has done for me. I
was talking with Lee and Adelle about it just the other day.
They have read it, too."

"We were talking about Pam. Denise was saying how much
of herself she saw in the portrait. How did you people view the portrait?"

"I felt sorry for Pam, too. I felt so sorry for her because I could see myself in many of the same instances. When I taught, I used to work so hard to get all the cultural stuff there, thinking that that would make the kids more interested."

"Reading the dissertation was an emotional experience for me. As I mentioned to Gloria last week, I am exactly the same age as Pam, 33, and I could feel the trap she was in. The age factor and the trap, that is what really affected me."

"It wasn't quite so emotional for me, Adelle. I could identify with Pam in a sense, but I feel her frustrations are multiplied a thousand times over. Because here at State, as a grad assistant, I have only one class of 30 students to deal with, and, at times, I am overwhelmed by that."

"Those frustrations, Patricia, made me feel like I was in the twilight zone—the planning on Sunday afternoons, the school conditions, the rhetoric...."

"Lee, you can say that again. All that description in the dissertation of the big difference between the rhetoric surrounding school working conditions and the reality of the school—all that is so true."

"Those were the notes I took—TRUE, TRUE, TRUE."

"And the thing is, Denise, it is worse in some places. Like where I teach, the phone problem is worse. We have one phone."
It is in the office, and teachers like myself, after 17 years, still have to wait in line to use the phone. Not only that but we wait in line along with the kids!"

"The copy machines at our school—they put a big sign on it when they got it. Authorized personnel only. And of course that didn't mean teachers. Pam is lucky she gets to use her copy machine. At my school we teachers have to request to make one copy for a thermofax, so we can use that to make dittos that the kids can't read cause the ditto machines are so old."

"So rather than go through that, you spend your own money, right?"

"Right. I blow ten bucks a week sometimes at Zip's so the kids can have copies. Plus at my school the ditto machines are in the lounge so you can't hardly get at them. We have 50 teachers in the school and one lounge, and the lounge is 20 feet by 40 feet. I hate to go there for anything—all that smoke and bitching, everybody on top of one another."

"So why go, Denise?"

"Wendy, it is like this. I go to the lounge cause I have to get out of my room. There are no windows in my room. That way the school can be more heat efficient. There are no windows in the hall, either, just one small, square window down at the end. We teachers call our school 'the prison.'"

"Oh."

"And then there's the lounge politics. At our school,
like Pam's, we have two groups of teachers. We call one group, "The Chosen Boys." They are the coaches, the drama and music people, class advisers, the people who can get anything they want from the principal. The rest of us are called 'The Loose-Lipped Lounge Lizards' because we sit in the lounge all the time and complain."

"That chumminess of the principals and coaches at Pam's school—that struck a nerve with me, too. When I taught..."

"Where did you teach, Gloria?"

"I taught for 5 years at a private school down south, near Atlanta, and believe you me down there we never had any academic banquets. But the coaches all got banquets—steak dinners, mind you, and all paid for. And me running around trying to get money together to take the kids to Spain...."

"Whatever coaches want, coaches get."

"Not only that, one of the teachers at my school had the gall to go in and ask the principal and ask if she were doing her job. Do you know what she was told? 'You can assume you are doing the job unless I tell you otherwise.' And yet the coaches all got their little prods and pats."

"All the politics of the school presented in the dissertation were all so painfully true for me. We teachers are all in this triangle—teachers, parents, principal. So many teachers at my school spend all of their time working one group or the other. I'm telling you they really work the principal."
"The principal is king. At my school, and it seemed like at Pam's school, the principal runs the school like it was his own little kingdom. My principal has come right out and said, 'It is my school and I do what I want.'"

"Our principal just comes over the PA whenever he pleases. He doesn't give a damn when he interrupts, or for what."

"Like I just said, at our school the principal is king. He will yell at a teacher at the top of his voice in front of the secretaries, students, and whoever else. That tells us we are dirt. So just like Pam, I sidestep him."

"It seems to me, Denise, that is just what the principal in the dissertation wanted. Now I have never taught, but to me this particular principal wanted to create that fear in teachers so he wouldn't be bothered. Like I told Gloria, if the principal doesn't communicate with the teachers, he won't know all your problems."

"The principal in the dissertation doesn't communicate. He can't talk to people. He can't relate to people. What can he do? The way this one acted, it reminded me of what I have always thought—that the pyramid is upside down. Principals like him, and I have known other principals like the one described, they have the nerve to browbeat teachers, teachers who, if given the opportunity, could run the school better than the principal himself could. I have been thinking lately about getting into administration myself. I have been on the teaching
end, and I have been on the teacher education end. I would like to see if I could go out and straighten at least one school around. Lord knows that would be a start."

"The browbeating, as you called it, Gloria, that really got to me. One of the reasons I wanted to go into education is that I hate what schools do to people. The schools beat the young people down. Not just the students, but like this principal beating young teachers down. Pam is a drone. Everybody, students and teachers, winds up being drones, drones. Let me tell you they.... Hey, check out that hunk who just came in!"

"Now, Rosa..."

"Kay, since you-know-who left town, I.... Anyway, the older man is just my type. Another round, everybody?"

"One more, Rosa."

"Rosa has something there."

"You mean about older men, Kay?"

"Right. No, not that, the drones. The thing is the working conditions described in the dissertation are a stress. There's no doubt about that. But those conditions are just symptoms of a larger problem—the load of teaching. Teachers, high school and middle school, have to carry a load that is absurd."

"We just don't have time to create, and that is the craft or the art of teaching, that is the part that can make teaching worthwhile."
"After having read this dissertation, Kathryn, I would never want to work at a high school. I don't know how someone like yourself has lasted 17 years. From what I could see, there is so little teaching going on. The environment of the school makes too many demands on the teacher. Everything outside class, like sports, is given more importance than what goes on in class. Teachers begin to feel that teaching is secondary. The college where I work is bad enough, but at least we have some balance. And at least we have some time to think and create."

"I felt just like Adelle. I sort of knew that high school was like that, which is why I didn't go into it in the first place. But one of the things in the dissertation that really impacted me was the great amount of factors that were operating other than teaching. Factors that hinder teaching per se—the distractions, the demands on time, the duties...."

"Duties come first, Patricia. As long as you don't send a lot of discipline slips to the office, and as long as you do your duties, school administrators think you are doing a good job. The school described is just like mine. Nothing at the school is related to how you teach. None of the administrators care what you teach or how you teach."

"The duty bit grates on me. I did not go to college for 4 years to check hall passes and restrooms."

"Or to do my duty, which is to sit and look at the hallway. They should have someone from the community to do those duties cause we teachers need that time."
"Exactly. There should be some kind of participation from the community. These people could be part-timers. They could patrol the halls, be terrors at it, and that could free us teachers up. We need that time for planning time, for grading papers, or for just plain recoup time."

"Well, Kay, if it makes you feel any better, after reading the dissertation, I have a bigger appreciation for teachers. I see how hectic your life really is, how it can really be a struggle."

"Thanks, Stephen. Appreciation does help."

"I had the same reaction, Kay. I gained a lot of respect for you classroom teachers. I am amazed that you accomplish anything at all with what you have to do."

"Wendy, I just wish more people knew what we have to go through. Knowing that other people know—that in itself would make things more bearable."

"I understand, Denise."

"There is another thing beside the load that people need to understand. Kids today. We all know kids have changed. But to me this change is the biggest difference between when I started 17 years ago and now. Sometimes I think kids today have simply gone to hell. In my more rational moments, I see the problem is that kids these days are torn in so many directions, they have so many pressures on them, so many things to care about. What happens is that kids' minds get so muddled they are
just unable to care enough about any one thing...."

"Rosa, you're unbelievable!"

Rosa had returned with the drinks. She also had returned
with the hunk.

"I figured we'd add a little male presence to our group.
You don't mind if he pulls up a chair. Folks, this is Raymond.
You'll never guess...."

"You're gonna get married."

"No, not yet."

"Rosa, I told you one pitcher was enough."

"No, get this. Raymond is a principal."

"Pour me another glass."

"He's principal at an elementary school right here in town.
Told me that a few years ago he would stop by Jack's now and
then when he was taking courses here at State, but this is the
first time he's been here in ages. And—he's read Richard's
dissertation."

"Rosa, give us a break."

"No, it's true. I did read it. He caught me at a bad time,
though. I have been having so many physical problems lately.
I'm pretty cynical and negative right now."

"Join the club."

"All I know is that today is Thursday, and tomorrow is
Friday, and after Friday, school will be over and I'll be able to
get some rest."


"Wanna beer, Raymond?"

"No, can't. Doctor's orders. I've been sick practically since the beginning of school and I just can't seem to shake it. What I should have done was take time off earlier in the year, but I didn't. Before Christmas it got so bad I did take some time off. But I still went in 3 days out of 5. So I didn't get better."

"And today was an 'off' day?"

"No, I am back on five days now. Things in the building were getting out of hand."

"My name is Gloria Randall. I am a professor here at State. I have been thinking about getting into school administration myself. I would be interested in knowing just what your day is like."

"Nice to meet you, Gloria. You really want to know what my day is like? Take today..."

"Yeah, somebody please take today."

"Today...it will take a while...."

"Go ahead, Raymond, we're listening."

"Well, today, amidst all the regular work like getting the kids inside the school and getting school underway, during the first hour I had to deal with a wild Doberman Pinscher who lately has been loose on the playground terrorizing the kids. I had to call the Dog Officer, and while waiting for him to come, I had to somehow try and get the kids somehow calmed back
down. While all that was going on, a boy who was put back in the school on a trial basis from the Detention Center has not come to school for the last week, so I get a call from the caseworker who tells me they are going to file charges. So I had to go to the boy's home, try to talk him into coming, he wouldn't come, finally he came, and we put him in the classroom. The next thing, a little girl who works for us in the office, a beautiful little girl, came in shaking and sobbing. The teacher brought her down because the little girl was hysterical..."

"Stop, Raymond."

"We could not get the girl to stop crying. Finally, we got out of her that last night her Dad had cut up her mother, and the girl was worried about telling us that, cause the mother didn't want anything said. Cause the father just got out of jail for beating the mother and the kids before. And that, Gloria, is the first hour of school."

"My word!"

"And with all this to deal with, the powers that be tell me what I am supposed to be doing. They tell me that nice things should be going on in the building, and we certainly do try. But there are just so many day-to-day stresses that we have no control over."

"Whew, Raymond. Those things we have no control over. That is what Kathryn was talking about just before you came over. That society, the school, the kids, they have all changed in the
17 years she has been teaching."

"She's right. I have been in the schools 17 years myself, 10 years in the classroom, and 7 years full-time in administration. People our age and older who are outside the schools may still think of school as being the way it was years ago. It's not. Today the school is being asked to do many things for kids, things that kids used to get at home."

"That is what Pam was dealing with."

"Sure. The problems coming from outside the building. All that stuff in the halls she was concerned with is all so real. People outside the schools cannot truly appreciate what goes on. The university ivory tower, as portrayed in the dissertation, is, in my perception, also accurate."

"Most of the profs I've had at State have been out of the schools for years and years and years, so long that it is obscene, and others have never been there."

"Even if we grant that, Rosa, and there are those who might disagree, the thing is we can get so bogged down in all this--the university is like this, society is like that, kids have multi-problems because of their home life, the load teachers carry is unbelievable. I know all that."

"But..."

"But the fact is that I have some teachers who could be doing a better job than they are. Take the teacher in the dissertation. I could sympathize with her, but I think she has a higher opinion of her teaching than she really should."
"Raymond, I'm glad, well, not glad exactly, let's say I appreciate your saying that. Cause I had mixed feelings also. I had an empathy for Pam, an increased awareness of what she goes through. It takes a lot of courage to go on in those conditions. I had respect for her as a human being, yes. Respect for her as a teacher, no. Let's just say I did not have respect for her professional effectiveness."

"As a principal, I would say that her weakness lay in the area of subject matter; her strengths lay in caring for the kids. I have many teachers like her at my school."

"As I started reading the dissertation, I felt sorry for Pam, but the more I got into the dissertation, I began to feel less sorry for her. Because, as I see it now, she creates many of her problems."

"Stop right there, Gloria. You're thinking of going into administration. Put yourself in my place. On one hand, she could be doing a better job. Do I put my human being hat on, or do I put my principal hat on? That is one of the dilemmas I face all the time. What do the rest of you think?"

"You said her strength was caring for the kids. Well, maybe. But to me, Pam was looking for her rewards in all the wrong places. I think she wanted to be liked more than anything else."

"I noticed that, too. Most of all she had a need to be loved by her kids."
"I admit that I lost respect for her for that reason. I think you can be friendly with the kids, and yet not be their friend. I felt sorry for Pam. Because the kids seemed to be all the support she had. We have teachers like her at my school, teachers who are real tight with the kids, and these teachers are not well-liked by anyone but the kids."

"There are a hell of a lot of teachers out there like her, Denise. Teachers who get emotionally involved with their students. In my opinion, if you get emotionally involved, you lose your perspective, you lose your focus, you lose your goals, you are rendered ineffective."

"She appeared to be taking on her students as surrogate families. She was using the kids for her benefit. Learning does go on in social relationships, teaching is not just an exchange in a vacuum, but Pam let the social take over. She let it override her good sense and professionalism."

"I agree, Gloria. I felt her social relationships with the students seemed more to meet her particular need. She was not necessarily helping the kids. She let all that "We love you Mrs. K" turn into "Let me come down to your level."

"And, Adelle, as you well know, a teacher simply cannot come down to the students' level. For a teacher must leave the impression that there is something different here, that there is a quality of life that is different than that which the students know. The students need to know there is an alternative, even if
they don't learn to acquire it themselves."

"When Pam allows kids to come to her room when they are
supposed to be someplace else, she is not teaching them
responsibility. I see kids using her as a refuge to hide out
from their problems."

"The sad thing is Pam is not only not helping the students,
she is not helping herself. The students will never be able to
love her in the way she wants. They will never be able to love
her enough. She is never going to find what she wants."

"That my be, Adelle. But she is helping at least some of
the students."

"What do you mean, Wendy?"

"Okay, I haven't taught, but what I remember from my years
in school is the teachers who took a personal interest in me,
not particularly what they taught, or even what I learned. I see
students' lives as being more affected by personal relationships
than anything. Pam's students may never use Spanish, so what she
provides in terms of understanding, friendship, and attention
will affect the students a whole lot longer than Spanish."

"Go on."

"Well, maybe it is not a perfect analogy, but a high school
teacher like Pam, being in her class would be like having a meal
with your family. They prepare it, they serve it, they talk with
you, and no matter what is served, it is the relationships that
are important. What Pam serves may be of lesser quality, but
the students who are good, those who want to learn Spanish, they may never be able to make up for it."

"Possibly. But I think what happens over time, Wendy, is that we realize, or at least I did, that I have too many kids to be a mother to. Taking a personal, family-type interest in kids stretches me too thin."

"Right. Once in my career I had that need to love and be loved. That attitude was paramount. It no longer is. I used to take the time to go out of my way to do things for kids who had problems. But today there are too many kids with problems. I tell the kids, "Look, my schedule and yours just can't handle it."

"Kathryn, I was the same way. At the beginning of my teaching career, I tried to love and be loved. Now I feel it is not my position to be loved. It is my position to teach. I can be liked, but that is a secondary concern for me."

"The problem is there is such a strong temptation for teachers to get involved, because students are constantly coming up to you and asking for that emotional closeness."

"They ask for it cause they don't get it at home. As a principal, I see it all the time. The thing is teaching generally attracts a special kind of person, someone who is sensitive and caring. And this type of person gets sucked in. When they see all this need around them, they just can't ignore it. But the fact is that in trying to meet these emotional needs,
teachers may become so involved they lose sight of other educational goals."

"But, in Pam's case, if you got students in your class who don't care about Spanish, you can certainly be their friend, or tell them they look nice, or I don't know what."

"Wendy, it is not as if because I don't get emotionally involved that I don't care. I do care. I have my special students, kids I really care about. But I care most by teaching the best way I know how."

"From an administrator point of view, on one hand, the teacher in this dissertation is not doing what she is hired to do--teach Spanish. On the other hand, if for her kids, as you say, the subject matter has little or no meaning, the kids don't show as much interest. They don't have as much success, she gets dragged down, she becomes unsure of herself, and the whole thing just snowballs."

"I think it is a serious mistake to believe that student's interests are static. The idea, as you were implying, Raymond, that a students is (a) either interested in Spanish or (b) not interested in Spanish, and that there is little a teacher can do about it--that idea is simply not true. A teacher, especially in foreign language, can generate interest."

"I agree, Gloria. There is a balance point, though. It took me I don't know how many years, even after 17 years I sometimes forget, to realize there are a lot of other things in
kids lives, and that Spanish may not be one of them."

"What I am arguing is that language, theoretically, is content-free. That is, language teaching can be adapted to respond to students' interests. Also, through creative language use, we can manifest some of that personal interest that students today need, only not on a therapeutic level."

"That sounds so nice."

"I understand that language teaching does not occur in a vacuum. Factors such as type of student, teaching load, school curriculum and text are involved. But we should always keep in mind the flexibility factor that is inherent in language."

"For the kids at Pam's school, or at any school around Heartland, their idea of Spanish is what they experience with teachers like Pam and Carole."

"That is my point. For most of her kids, this will be their only contact with Spanish. That is why language teachers like Pam have a serious responsibility. And, sad to say, the way Pam teaches, judging by this dissertation, all their lives her kids will have a distorted sense of what language learning is."

"That is pretty harsh, Gloria."

"Still, I had the distinct impression that Pam did not expect much from her students. Those students, as sharp as they are with their humor and wit, they would be able to learn if taught in a way that might meet their needs. And they should be so taught."
"I can see you in administration, Gloria. On one hand, the pressures on any teacher are incredible, the days take their toll. That is why this particular teacher is on the stool, and why she is so afraid of losing control. But if I want to put my principal hat on, in terms of what should be done, this teacher is so stationary on that stool such that kids far away are more likely to be off task. My impression was that everything was totally teacher-directed, that everything was deductive. And the fact is that kids need to be motivated in different ways. Kids learn in different ways."

"Pam does not teach from a learner-centered perspective. She does not attempt to determine where the students are. Her sole guiding principle is what she likes, how she was taught, how she likes to learn. But you don't necessarily teach the way you were taught."

"Gloria, maybe Pam does teach the way she was taught."

"You mean that's the way she was taught in high school. She has had courses since then, Wendy. She should have learned something from them."

"No, Gloria. I wasn't thinking of high school. I was thinking of right here at State. Like in this program. Now I've never had a course with you, but in the other courses I've had, well, professors can talk all they want about communicative activities and blah, blah, blah. But that is not the way professors in the program teach."
"Amen, Wendy, amen."

"Funny you should say that, Rosa. There is a verse in the Bible that says a student will be like his teacher. A student won't do what his teacher says, but rather he will be like his teacher."

"So you don't see professors here as teaching communicatively?"

"Well, it may be my perception of what communicative means. I think underlying it is communicating what a person wants to say. Now, in the classes here in the program, the class knows there is a right answer and that there is a right viewpoint. Oh, there's a lot of talk that we can discuss things—differing research, differing opinions—yet there certainly is a consensus."

"You find that out right away."

"Exactly, Denise. People quickly find out what that consensus is and that that consensus is what we need to spout."

"So we can regurgitate it on tests."

"Right. I don't quite know how to put it into words, but while there may be free conversation in a class, you already know what is going to be said. And if you say anything different, there will be disbelief and probably shock from the students, and bewilderment on the part of the professor as to how to deal with this."

"Gloria, Wendy's right. Maybe you are an exception, I would like to think so, but I have been in those so-called education
classes at State. There were some other teachers there, and we
could have contributed some good points to the discussions. But
most profs have no semblance of ability to go off the syllabus in
an intelligent manner."

"It's like the profs are programmed. Maybe that is why they
call it the program."

"The State profs I know do not make use of the real-life
experiences of teachers. If you bring up any of these, you are
interrupting their syllabus."

"Maybe I would understand more clearly if you gave me an
example, Kay."

"Well, Patricia, like in this one class we were talking
about getting the students to communicate in small groups. I
said to the prof, 'I teach in an area where kids carry knives to
class, where they proposition me, where they blow up rubbers in
the back of the room, let's discuss...""

"Kay!"

"I said, 'Let's discuss the possible effectiveness of this
method in that situation, 'and you know what she said?"

"See me after class."

"You got it, Denise. See me after class. Course I didn't
get to see her after class cause she was busy talking with a grad
student after class, as usual. But the thing is the mere mention
of a prophylactic in a university classroom seemed to upset her."

"We all know another professor, who, in particular, used to
waste I don't know how much class time by carrying on a continual
correspondence with one of the Ph.D students as if the two of them
had an inside joke."

"She used to see him after class, too. Any input we
teachers tried to make, it was like, 'Please, you are so
unknowledgeable in this area."

"It was like we couldn't contribute to anything."

"And then here she is, trumpeting this idea that State is
like E. F. Hutton. You know, when State talks, people listen.
What I want to know is when, or should I say if, teachers at
State are allowed to talk, will people at State listen?"

"Listen? What we get is speakers. Guest speakers. Now
that they interrupt the syllabus for."

"Three to four times in ten weeks."

"Speakers. And that tells us teachers that we have nothing
to say. And, of course, what they speak about has little or
nothing to do with high school teaching."

"The university displays minimal interest in teaching,
period."

"You people sound resentful just like Pam did."

"Sure, she was resentful at times. We all are. Cause
we..."

"Not just us, Patricia. I don't teach in the same setting
as Pam, or as Kay for that matter. But I could fill up this
whole bar and the restaurant next door with teachers I know
personally who feel the same way as Pam when it comes to the university."

"Like with the professor Denise was talking about. Now I understand that a new prof may be trying to get established and all, and bringing in guest speakers may help with that, but missing 4 weeks out of 10, that tells me you cannot be too interested in teaching."

"And when you don't show for the first class..."

"Like one quarter. The prof misses the first class, and we had a paper due the second week on the readings in the book. Course I couldn't get the book--Stern was a hot one then, so the grad students had bought all the books out of the bookstores..."

"So there we were--no teacher, no book, and yet a paper due. That is the type of thing we find frustrating."

"That's unfortunate."

"No, Gloria. It's not unfortunate. It is just disorganization. The profs never order enough books. Like I go early, making a special trip to get them and the books are gone. Students other than those in the courses buy them up, if they are 'in' books."

"But the profs here can only do so much. They have their own agenda. They can only go so far."

"How far do they go, Patricia? What do they do?"

"They could show us some respect."

"Instead, what they do is try and intimidate."
"This intimidation deal by university profs is nothing but a big ego trip—you better get down on your knees when I come into the room and bow and pray. That is bullshit. I'll be damned if they'll make me feel small. What is life if you can not say what you think?"

"But like with the guest speakers, for example, the profs are just trying to bring in another perspective."

"If there were a panel of experts coming in to talk to teachers, fine. As long as panels of teachers who are also experts are set up."

"Experts, Lee, being defined as..."

"I know where you are heading, Patricia. Expertise as in research-based expertise. I have no problems with the value of research, but there has to be some way to get teachers in as valued participants or collaborators. Rather than 'here I am, what subjects do I take'?"

"The university has totally alienated most of the teachers I know."

"There needs to be some way to get teachers involved. Teachers need to feel that their development is as important as a Ph.D.'s development."

"I agree with your last point, Lee. I do think it should be acknowledged that in the program the research aspect is over-emphasized, that it is imposed on teachers. Teachers should have their special needs addressed."
"Either that, Patricia, or don't pretend to bridge the gap between the academic world and the real world. The thing is in other fields, I don't see them even professing to bridge the gap. Like in French, for example. You study French literature, a lot of it is obscure, but they don't pretend to tell you how to talk to French people, or anything like that. Here, they pretend to tell you how to teach."

"I'm not sure that I follow you, Kay."

"As I see the academic community, there are a lot of people going off on tangents that are just not realistic. They say, well, maybe this is the theory, and all these theories are just pot-shots in the dark. There is no holistic approach to the question, how can we give our students in language education classes what they need in order that they be able to work more effectively in the classroom?"

"Some people would argue that the program is too practice-oriented."

"That is bullshit. And if whoever said that was referring to the education methodology classes, those methodology classes are bullshit, too."

"I think you are overstating to an extent, Kay."

"In my experience, some of those teachers may be fine teachers in their own way, but they are not giving us what we need, or giving me what I need. I say, let's look at some of the realistic aspects of the situation."
"You can walk away from a methods class with some real good ideas for the perfect environment, but that is not reality."

"You should be able to adapt those ideas, Kay."

"Now it is easy for you to say that, Gloria, and I try, but teachers shouldn't have to do all that work. To me, that is the job of the university professor—to build bridges. To take a, b, and c's methodology and to present it adapted to the real environment. A prof could say, 'let's look at what methods might be used in what environments, and for what reason'."

"For example?"

"Like when I began to teach in the inner city, I began the year in a fantasy world, thinking that the kids at the school wanted to go to college. They don't, so I came to accept that. With kids from that background, the question becomes, what do we want those kids to learn in terms of languages? But, of course, that question is never answered by university experts and their research."

"Maybe there needs to be a specialist to work with secondary school teachers and bring more of reality and direct application to their lives and let the Ph.D. students concentrate on research."

"Perhaps you have heard that, in the near future, the program is hoping to develop a special M.A. track for teachers and another for those students who will go on and do research in the field."
"Okay, Gloria, that sounds nice. I wish I were starting now so I could see what it could be like, but I wonder if it will do any good."

"Wendy—the quiet voice of reason."

"That's enough, Rosa. No, seriously, what good will making a new track do, if they still have most of the same people teaching the courses? And if they bring in new people, what good will that do, if the new people come in and teach the same way?"

"Meaning..."

"Meaning as in meaningless. If the profs at State are still busy with things that have nothing to do with teaching, if they still force us to spout back right answers, if teachers' comments and experiences are seen as irrelevant or off the subject or outside the syllabus, then I can't see the new track as making much difference."

"Wendy, you've done it again. After that, we need more beer. Raymond, you dream, what can I get you?"

"A large coke, Rosa. That would be fine."

"No ice, right?"

"No ice."

"Wendy, go on. We're listening."

"Listen is the key word. Now you all know I've never taught, so maybe I shouldn't say anything, but there is the content of teaching and there is the way of teaching. A new
track might change some of the content, but there needs to be changes in the way of teaching."

"Like..."

"Like listening, like showing trust in the students. This goes back to one of the things that struck me when I read the dissertation. Pam was so dependent on packaged materials."

"That was the time pressure. All of us teachers tend to do that."

"Well, sure, in part it may have been due to time pressure, but another thing is that the way courses are taught in this program does not encourage you to trust yourself. In class, what you think, or feel, or have experienced is not important. What counts is what research says, or what some studies say, or what Wilga Rivers or somebody like that thinks. Those right answers I was talking about before—those right answers are always somebody else's. So we learn not to trust ourselves."

"That is like what Kay was saying about refusing to be made to feel small."

"Exactly. But Kay is Kay. She has something inside her that tells her she can trust herself. I am not so much like that. And from what I read, neither is Pam."

"Some of us in administration are like that, too, Wendy."

"Are you still with us, Raymond? We haven't heard much from you lately."

"For me it is good just to sit. And talk. And listen."
And not have to play games. And, I might add, in such pleasant, as well as intelligent company. What I started to say was that we administrators also take courses here where we learn about all the wonderful things we are supposed to do in our buildings. We do try, but so few get done. The thing is that, traditionally, the university has been so critical of those involved in the schools, that we always feel guilty for not doing what we are supposed to do. And, at times, we feel worthless."

"You, Raymond? Guilty, yes. Cause we have spent an hour together and you still haven't asked me for my phone number. But worthless? Perish the thought. Here's the coke you asked for."

"Thanks, Rosa."

"Ahem, now getting back to something Raymond just said... About not having to play games. The games. The two worlds, the world of the schools and the world of the university are separate from each other, but the thing is the same, games go on in each one. It is an ego trip game for the people in power—the university as a pinnacle of knowledge and all that—but I have never seen it."

"Well I have, Kay. At least to some extent. I think after 17 years I can say this. You have got to be careful about going off on your own ego trip. I used to think I knew all the theoretical and practical stuff I needed to know in order to teach. But now I realize I am just one person with one experience in one context. What I got most out of my experiences
here at State was that teachers who see no reason to keep up with their field are doing themselves and their students a disservice."

"It just saddens me to think that people at the university don't seem to be able to reach teachers, who, like you all, are sitting in university classrooms, never mind trying to reach those teachers that work in the classrooms and don't take courses."

"I am not totally negative, Gloria. There were things I learned here, but I didn't realize it until I left. I have changed my teaching."

"Like..."

"Like now I do more oral things, for example, communicative activities to tap into the kids' feelings. But as far as what Kathryn was saying, the way the system is structured, we don't have a choice as to whether we want to keep up. We younger teachers have to take courses."

"How's that, Denise?"

"State standards, Wendy. You have to have so many hours beyond your B.A., if you want to stay employed. So even though I live out in the boondocks, I have to go back to school to State. And with State, with school, with a family, and with traveling, I used to have to juggle everything. In the end, during the time I was getting my Master's, cause I couldn't give them the time I would have liked, my kids at school were the losers."
"You almost lost it yourself, once, didn't you, Denise?"

"You mean the night I fell asleep at the wheel? Yeah. Coming home from State I fell asleep at the wheel, flying down I-80 doing about 70. I nodded awake. I had no idea how long I had been asleep."

"Did you pull over?"

"No. Dummy that I was, I didn't pull over. I had to get up and teach the next day. I had to get home. Driving along, I fell asleep again, and I thought, this is insanity, why?"

"It was insanity."

"Sure it was. Talk about insanity. For a while in the program I had classes four nights a week. I would get off work at 2:30, drive over to State, catch a sandwich on the way, be in class, the class got out at 6:00, then the next class went from 7:00 to 9:00, and I would get home at quarter to ten. Now you tell me, when am I supposed to write lesson plans, when am I supposed to grade papers, when am I supposed to study, when am I supposed to do all those projects for my university classes?"

"The people at State show no understanding of you as a working teacher versus a full-time student."

"I know I understand that a lot better, now."

"Lee?"

"Until this year, I have never had to take classes at the university and teach at the same time. And I am really feeling the stress. I don't know how other teachers do it quarter after
quarter. Right now my only thought is, how am I going to last until April 3rd?"

"The profs simply don't care how you last. Just so long as you do. And that is what hurts."

"But, Denise, that relates to a point I was trying to make a while back, about the university only being able to do so much. Take your case or Pam's case. Even if the university were really a wonderful institution, you would still have all those time pressures. If you were in courses at State that were of better quality, you would still have assignments, you would still have to get good marks."

"True, Patricia. But the professors could at least show some awareness. Like what Wendy was saying—like ordering enough books, making sure that books are in the library so we can do our projects. All that."

"And some kind words or something would help. Like the analogy I made before about Pam's classes being like having a meal with your family. At State, going to class is like going to a restaurant. What matters is whether the food is good, whether the service is good. Relationships don't count. It is all business. And the restaurant at State has few friendly waiters. It is all high-tech, fast food. Eat and run. And if you don't like the food, there will be another body to take your place in line. I don't like it, but what do I do now? Work at Gold Circle? I am too far along now. So I stay in."
"What do you expect, Wendy? This is one of the largest institutions in the country. Like I've always said, it all comes down to money. Time is money. The profs at State spend their time where it will do their own careers the most good."

"That's not quite fair, Rosa. You probably have very little idea of what professors do with their time. You sound just like Pam did in the dissertation. She wanted to be understood by the people at the university, but she didn't want to understand them."

"Go ahead, Stephen. Enlighten me."

"I know some things cause I know what Gloria goes through. You teachers ought to read the article in this week's Chronicle about the life of a professor."

"Chronicle?"

"The Chronicle, The Chronicle of Higher Education. It is a weekly journal for professors that helps them keep abreast of what is going on. You explain it, Gloria."

"The Chronicle reports, among other things, trends in education. It also serves as a job market for individuals at the university level. Anyway, on the back page of this week's issue, there was an article whose theme was that you all who are outside of academia simply have no idea of the lonely struggles of those of us who are inside academia. We have our own time pressures."

"But you may only teach two courses a day."

"Believe you me, those blocks of time that you all envy so much, those blocks of time fill up real quick. Why, if I have
three hours between classes, for example, I have to ask myself—do I catch up on my reading? Or do I work on my own research? I have been working on this one paper for what seems like forever, and sometimes I think I'll never get it done. Or do I take the time to write letters of recommendation? Or should I finish that committee report? I know I need to revise my syllabus for a course I will teach next quarter, and I feel a need to polish up my presentation for the class I will give in the evening. So what do I do?"

"You do what you can like the rest of us."

"And those are just a few of the things I have to do, mind you. Not to mention the advisory load."

"In a small program like this one, each professor has more students to advise. Besides Lee and myself, Dr. Randall, how many advisees do you have?"

"Twenty-five. But I truly enjoy contact with people. It is just that it does take time."

"Tell them about what you have been going through with one of the student teachers, Gloria."

"That—then you have the unscheduled things that require attention. Last week I had to make four visits to a school to observe a student teacher. Normally, I don't handle situations like that directly, but we are thinking of pulling this particular girl from the school. This girl probably should not have been allowed to enter student teaching in the first place."
But we are trying to give her the benefit of the doubt. Pulling a student teacher is a serious responsibility. There are the students to consider, the cooperating teachers to consider, not to mention the girl and her parents who have invested who knows how much money in their daughter's education."

"So did you pull her?"

"As of this moment she is still at the school. I had to talk to the dean, and she suggested that I draw up a set of behavioral guidelines, which I have done. Unfortunately, this girl is the type of individual who may follow the guidelines to the letter and anyone who aspires to teach should want to go beyond what is laid out. I expect we will be tied up with this girl till the end of the term."

"And that takes time away from all the other things you have to do."

"Indeed it does. But I appreciate the opportunity to communicate a little smattering of what goes on in the academic world. One of the points that Richard's dissertation made so clearly is that, generally, professors, administrators and teachers don't know what goes on in the other realms. There is so little communication. So it is as if all three groups are going down three different rows in a garden patch, and they will never meet."

"Except today. Can I get you and Stephen something else, Gloria?"
"We're all set, Rosa, thank you. And you know, if it weren't for you inviting us over, we would have missed this discussion. I just want you to know how much we appreciate what you've done."

"No problem, Gloria. One of the reasons it took me so long to graduate is I spend a lot of time here at Jack's, or down at Hawkeye. It's good for the soul. You've got to remember I come from another culture, so that gives me a different perspective on life. Here in the American way of life, your whole identity is what you do for a living. You live to work. In other cultures, like Italy where I come from, we work to live."

"I am not quite that bad, Rosa. Ask Stephen. Now Pam, in the dissertation, it did appear to me that teaching had become her life and not her job."

"Like I said, she was a drone. She was a slave on her way to a heart attack or a nervous breakdown at 33."

"I will admit that I was a lot like Pam when I taught in the beginning. I would work until midnight, and then everyday at the school I found myself either with students, or in the lounge where all my fellow teachers talked about was vacations, houses, and babies. I asked myself why was I so unhappy."

"And..."

"The Lord led me to the university. And over time He has shown me how to keep my work in perspective. My work is not my life."
"I tend to be more like Pam which is why reading the dissertation was such an emotional thing for me. Even after 10 years, I tend to become obsessed, so wound up that I forget all about my personal life. Where I teach now..."

"Where do you teach again, Adelle?"

"At Emmanuel, on the east side, it is a small Catholic school. There I am in a non-pressure situation, I teach two courses in ESL, and I still feel harried. I have the same need for approval as Pam did, the same frustrations with things I have no control over. It's scary."

"I understand, Adelle. I talk tough at times, but I have a real fear of becoming like Pam—putting on weight, which is a definite sign of stress, becoming obsessed, and then depending on students for love and reassurance."

"I felt so terrible at the end, Kay. It was sad that Pam could not seem to get out of the trap."

"I felt the same way. It was depressing. I felt sorry for her. She knew she was unhappy with several aspects of her life, but the cycle had her trapped."

"And the thing is, Lee, she is not the only one. I know a lot of other teachers whose lives are consumed by the cycle, and yet they can't do anything about it. To me, that is an ugly thing to see."

"Kay, exactly what do you mean by 'cycle'?"

"I'll answer that one, Patricia. I could see it in this
teacher and I see it in myself. You know what you should be doing, but you don't always get to it. You set goals, but you don't attain them because of all the outside stuff that goes on all the time. So you start to lose your self-confidence and you become your own worst critic. You blame yourself. So then you begin to work harder. You work harder and harder, you stretch and you stretch, until you burn out."

"Like that part in the dissertation where Pam says, 'I didn't used to think of myself as a lazy person.'"

"Right. She is not lazy."

"She's crazy. And so are you, Raymond. You're killing yourself. What a waste!"

"It is not that easy, Rosa. As I was saying, this teacher is not lazy, I'm not lazy, probably no one at this table is lazy, but I bet we all still feel guilty for not doing more."

"That's the part I can't stand, Raymond, the guilt. It is the guilt that makes the cycle so unproductive. If you let yourself get caught up in all the 'supposed to's', then you always feel guilty, so you get even less done."

"It's vicious, isn't it, Kay?"

"It is vicious, Adelle. And if you are compulsive like Pam, the more you tend to fall into the vicious cycle. You do all these things frantically trying to organize your life, and it seems that all this frantic activity will make your life easier..."
"But it doesn't."

"It is a fallacy. You end up spending all your time organizing. Look, I can understand Pam because I am like her in some ways, not all but some."

"Like..."

"Take my grading. When it comes to my grading, I am compulsive. I have to get all my grading done so I can relax. But the thing is I should be able to relax without getting all of my grading done. If I were more relaxed, then I might feel more like getting my grading done. See?"

"And if you never relax..."

"You feel guilty all the time and get nothing done. It is like the laundry. Some people sit and watch five TV shows, thinking I've got to do the laundry, I've got to do the laundry, I've got to do the laundry, feeling guilty the whole time."

"We all allow ourselves to suffer if we're not careful. I felt sorry for Pam's suffering, but she allowed herself to suffer in so many ways."

"Because she was so hung up on carrying out all those 'supposed to's.' 'Supposed to's' are for the birds. Me, I try to look inside myself and say, what do I think is right? What are my priorities? Given the constraints of time, how much of my time will I invest? What do I want this group of kids to learn? There are 'supposed to's' that are mapped out, for you, and they can fire you if you go too far, but I will not do what
is mapped out to the point of obsession."

"Kay, it sounds to me like you have the capacity to self-evaluate. That capacity was so missing in Pam. My overall perception of her was, that, unfortunately for her, she just could not seem to self-evaluate."

"That takes time, Gloria. I don't mean it comes with age, but it comes from taking time out, from stepping back from the cycle and taking a look at it."

"I noticed that, too. Pam had no mental time, no quiet time, no peaceful time, no time to sit back and say, 'Now just what am I doing?'"

"I think people like Pam are afraid to step back and look, so they just stay busy, busy, busy. They should step back."

"But not everybody can, Stephen."

"They should, Wendy."

"Well, let's just say it is more difficult for some of us to step back. Like myself. I am usually caught up just like Pam. I am always on the go. Only this quarter, for the first time in a long while, have I been able to stop and get some perspective."

"Because you are not taking courses."

"Right. I am just working right now. If I were taking classes, I probably wouldn't have come over here today."

"And see what you would have missed?"

"Seriously, Rosa, I would have missed a lot. Thanks for
inviting me."

"All right, Wendy. I'll finally forgive you for pulling that 'A' in curriculum way back when."

"The thing is, though, Wendy, you are not teaching yet. And so in one sense it is easier for you to stop. Those of us in the schools can't stop."

"That was one of the things that struck me in the dissertation, Raymond. What struck me is just how much of one's personal life is brought into teaching. It isn't like my job, 8-5. Teaching involves your personality, your experiences in life. It is sharing yourself and Pam has to do that everyday. I don't have to do that where I work if I don't want to. Good thing, too, cause some of the things happening in my life lately, I'd be afraid to share."

"That bad, Wendy?"

"Who said anything about bad, Rosa?"

"See me after class."

"Wendy, at least you understand now that teaching in the schools is unique, compared to the corporate world, or even the academic world. Generally, I don't think people outside teaching realize that. They don't realize that people in the schools don't get a break. We have to regulate when we try to make a phone call or go to the bathroom. Not only that, there is no time to talk to anyone."

"You better forget about public schools, Rosa!"
"I'd have the kids..."

"And then you'd be just like Pam."

"People who work in an office like you, Wendy, can stop at a desk and shoot the breeze. If you are having a bad day, you can pace yourself."

"Or call in sick."

"People in the schools don't have that luxury. If they are having a bad day, or a bad week..."

"Or a bad year."

"They must keep up the pace."

"And that pace is non-stop."

"Exactly. And that pace takes its toll. A problem I hear about all the time is that a husband or wife works in the schools and the spouse does not, the spouse just can't understand the emotional support people in the schools need when they come home after a hard day. We all have our long hard days in this society, but teaching and administrating in the schools is unique."

"You know one reason why I am sending out resumes right now, Raymond? It relates to what you were just saying. I would just like to work at a place where I could have an entire hour off for lunch. Just to see what it would be like."

"I understand, Denise. The few times I leave the building for some function and I see people eating lunch, I think, do people really do this? Just eat, sit, talk, and enjoy
themselves? I never take time for lunch."

"Raymond, you had better inscribe on the back of your paycheck what I said earlier, WORK TO LIVE, NOT LIVE TO WORK. Every American should. But especially you. That is not living. I don't know what it is, but it is not living."

"It's teaching, Rosa. Teaching and administrating. The mind never sits. People who work outside the schools are often able to leave their job at the office when they leave. School is not like that. School is always there. You never turn it off. Even in the middle of the night, you think about things. You wake up in the middle of the night and write things down so you don't forget them."

"Raymond, at night, too? You've got to do something!"

"What I do, Rosa, is I get home at 5 or 6. Then all I do is sit. Ten years ago, I was always taking courses, going here, going there, visiting friends. But the last 4 or 5 years, I haven't had the energy to do those things. I don't know, maybe that is what happens when you get into your 30's. I don't know. All I do know is I get home and I just sort of collapse."

"Raymond, please, 30's is not old. In your 30's you are just entering your prime!"

"I told you people upfront that I have been pretty negative lately."

"I imagine, Raymond, that you have been following the series on the schools in the Journal. They have really come
down hard on city administrators, especially principals."

"That kind of thing doesn't help, Gloria. It just adds to the guilt that we were talking about before. All I know is that administrators all over this city, whom I know personally, people who have been in their jobs for years, are absolutely burned out. Many have some serious physical problems that have to be stress-related, and I don't think people realize that."

"Raymond, let me get you another coke, at least. Another pitcher, everybody?"

"One more, Rosa. The last one. We've got work to do tomorrow."

"Talking about things helps, doesn't it, Raymond?"

"It does help, Gloria. Which is why when teachers get together, all they want to do is talk about their jobs. It's therapeutic."

"It is therapeutic, but only to a point."

"What do you mean, Kay?"

"I believe it is real important to have other outlets, people who aren't teachers to run around with."

"Go on."

"The problem is, who do you have to relate to outside of your teaching time? Teachers. You have that free time on Christmas vacation when nobody else does. Any night of the week, or on Saturday or Sunday afternoon, you don't have time to interact with anyone outside teaching, if you do your 'have to's' and 'shoulds'."
"So we have to forget those 'have to's' and 'shoulds', Kay? I wish it were that easy."

"I didn't say it was easy. But you can't let teaching, or in your case, administration, consume you. If you have to throw away a stack of papers and never look at them, then you have to do that. Your sanity is more important than the fucking job. And the kids or whoever are going to get over it."

"Otherwise you wind up like Pam."

"Right. I do get resentful the way she does. I'm sure there are other professions where you have all the weekend shit to do, but not to the extent we do in teaching. So I try and keep that weekend shit to a minimum."

"I know I've reached that point, Kay. I've been going to the health club 4 or 5 times a week. I've really gotten into racquetball. My husband and I have joined a couples' league on Sunday. And not only do we have fun together, we've gotten to know some nice people who have nothing to do with teaching. I just feel so much better these days, physically anyway."

"What do you mean by that, Denise?"

"Well, the thing is, once you get to know people outside teaching, you begin to sense there's a life outside teaching, and that maybe you could be a part of that. I told you I've been sending out resumes."

"I've been branching out, too. I've been doing a lot of ice skating lately. I've decided to take lessons. And I've
joined a painting class. I have my oils. Just dabbing around with them relaxes me. I have also been taking long walks around the city with my husband. Walking helps me get things out of my system. I let off steam."

"That, Adelle, is why we teachers bitch. To let off steam. Like today."

"It seems different today, though."

"Why's that, Wendy?"

"I just have the feeling that today we have been talking to each other and not just at each other, as so usually happens. I just want to tell you people that I've enjoyed listening to you, and I'm glad we all decided to get together."

"In some cases, there was some friendly persuasion involved. Never underestimate the power of a woman, Wendy. Here's your coke Raymond. Salud! That means health in Spanish."

"I know. I know a little Spanish. I've always had an interest in languages. In fact I studied in Russia for two years."

"Russia, really? Tell me more."

"Sometime when we're alone, Rosa."

"I'll hold you to that. Here's to your health. That's what you Americans need to think about. If you feel so horrible all the time, I mean, what's the point of it all?"

"That brings me back to the dissertation. Reading it dredged up a whole lot for me. As an administrator, I could
relate to it, but all the time I was reading it, I was thinking, yeah, that's right, that's true, but in the end, to me it was BFD."

"BFD?"

"As in big fucking deal, Patricia. Welcome to the real world. I like you and all, but sometimes you are just such a space cadet."

"You need more outlets, Kay."

"Right. Sorry, Patricia. I've had a hard day. I apologize."

"I understand, Kay. That's all right."

"But, Kay, that is my point. Okay, the dissertation describes the real world. So what?"

"People outside the schools should read it so they will become more aware of what is going on."

"And people in the real world of the schools should read the thing, cause at least then they would know that someone from the university has seen and understood."

"Okay, Denise. But I had the same reaction as Raymond. I'm not in the real world of the schools, so the work was successful as far as raising my consciousness to some degree."

"Good."

"But now I want to know, what is the next step? Is each person supposed to take it from where he or she is impacted? If that is the case, then for me there is no next step, cause I
will not be working in secondary school, I will not be working with secondary school teachers, and I myself am not a secondary school teacher, so? I am not going to be an expert after reading the dissertation for three and a half hours, so I need some focus. If I am not given some focus, if I am not told what the next step is, then I may just put the work down and go on with the rest of my life."

"But you didn't just go on with your life, Patricia."

"I don't follow you, Wendy."

"Now maybe the dissertation had nothing to do with it, but the fact is you did take time out from your own dissertation to joint us today. And here we talk, we listen, we share. Now I am not sure if I can explain this, but when I listend to you and Raymond, you seem to be looking for some expert, for some outside person, to tell you what you should do next. Am I being clear?"

"Go on, Wendy. We're listening."

"Well, this relates back to what I was saying before about being trained not to trust in ourselves, thinking that the right answers can be found in research, or studies, or by reading somebody important. But, see, we are all important. So, Raymond, someone like you can come here and listen to Kay tell you about how you need to have other outlets in your life, you can listen to Rosa tell you that you are killing yourself."

"I already know that, Wendy. I want to hear something I
don't know."

"Okay, you know that. And you can choose to ignore Kay and Rosa, for example. You can choose to ignore yourself. But you should not ignore either yourself or other ordinary people simply because they do not carry the label of so-called experts. Like Patricia, you are free to go on with the rest of your life. We all are. But, over time, perhaps enough shared experiences of this nature will help us to move in a different direction. It may be a small change. But that small change, for you, may be your next step."

"What impact did the dissertation have on you, Wendy?"

"It made me reconsider teaching which is why I am at State. I was made aware of all the restrictions and pressures, and I learned even more today thanks to everyone here."

"We're learning from you, too, Wendy. I'm beginning to understand how you've been pulling A's in all of these courses. You never opened your mouth in class."

"I did once or twice, but when I could see that no one was really listening, I kept quiet. I get the A's cause I've always known how to play the game. But with you people here, it's different. I feel you will listen to me. There are no games. And that brings me back to the dissertation."

"Go on."

"Well, I was saddened by the relationships at Pam's school. They seemed so gamey, so superficial and competitive. And I am
"not a competitive person."

"And not superficial either."

"Thanks, Rosa. Not being competitive in a school like that, I could see myself getting yucked."

"The dissertation also got me thinking. Like you, Wendy, I've never taught. Right now, I am looking for whatever job, cause I need the money, but I feel stronger about not trying to teach high school Spanish. I'm leaning more toward elementary now. Tiring it may be, but in elementary there are only 30 kids, so maybe I wouldn't get burned out so quickly. I've even thought of being a bilingual aide, there I would have less stress and more personal relationships, and it is those personal relationships with the kids that has always interested me the most."

"Rosa, let me ask you a question."

"Sure, Gloria. Anything."

"At State I am responsible for the education of student teachers. Now, would it have been helpful for you to read a dissertation like this before you did your student teaching?"

"It is realistic, realistically depressing, pessimistic and horrible, but students need to know this reality. It may help them when they are sent out to the schools to observe, for example. They might see things in a classroom or a school that they might otherwise not have noticed. Had I read it before, I think I would have benefited. Maybe I would have been fascinated and terrified, but I would have benefited."
"I have a kid right now whose Mom wants him to be a math teacher. Now I would tell him to read something like this dissertation. It wouldn't harm him, not if he were really serious about teaching. Course he couldn't appreciate it all, but it would open his mind a little. As a teacher educator, Gloria, what's your view?"

"That's a difficult question. There are so many negatives in the dissertation that it could create a negative mindset. But I have always said that students going into teaching need to be told the way things really are. One thing we have got to be careful of is making students so idealistic that they go into teaching thinking they can make a real difference. And then if they don't, they become burned out, and think that they are failures."

"So you would have student teachers read it?"

"I myself would not dump the whole dissertation on a preservice teacher. I would use it as a teaching tool. Since it is in written form, preservice teachers could be able to look at student behavior and teacher behavior objectively. You could select portions, and ask questions like, what do you see is going on here? What is the teacher doing? What are the students doing? This is what I think dissertations should be for—tools for knowledge, knowledge that can help us make things better."

"Another thing, as I'm sure you're aware, Gloria, is that
student teaching is the only time we teachers get a chance to see someone else in the schools work. For me, that was what I appreciated about the dissertation. We teachers are usually so isolated and distrusting, it was good to be able to see in depth how somebody else does her stuff. I could say that seeing Pam do her stuff reinforced a lot of my own thinking."

"For me, Kay, the dissertation did much more than that."

"Kathryn?"

"We teachers should read more things like this. After 17 years of teaching, reading this dissertation has made me conscious of so many things, things that I have to keep asking myself if I want to respect myself as a teacher. Lately, I have been trying to monitor some of those things."

"Like..."

"Like do I let kids know in subtle ways that I am ashamed of my teacher status? Do I set myself up in the role of mother or friend to the detriment of my role as teacher? Am I too dependent on commercially prepared materials, succumbing to that feeling that 'others know more than me'? Lately, I have been telling myself, 'Don't check in that book for that list of irregular verbs; you know that Kathryn, do it yourself,' and I do."

"Good for you."

"I know that sounds like such a small thing, Wendy, but for me that is a big step."
"That's not small, Kathryn. Those are the kinds of steps I was talking about earlier."

"There more. Now, Patricia, if I understood you correctly, you suggested a while back that you couldn't see how this dissertation had much relevance for you cause you will never teach in high school. Well, for me, the classroom part of the thing brings to the fore the question that every teacher must ask herself—am I promoting or deterring learning?"

"I'm listening, Kathryn."

"So lately I am trying to monitor questions like these. Do I have victims, kids that I pick on? I didn't think so, but the other day a kid said to me, why do you always pick on me all the time? Another thing, do I cause distraction and get kids off task? Sometimes I tell the kids announcements and such because I am afraid I will forget. I know I am interrupting them. I need to be more organized and time the announcements. Also, do I feed kids answers, so I can tell myself they are learning something? Results in teaching are so nebulous that I am sure a lot of us tend to do that. Something else that is big at our school—the VCR. Does using the VCR have merit? A lot of teachers I know are big on it and I wonder about that. And something very important, something we already talked about, do I teach the way I would like to be taught? Do I confuse what I love with what the kids love? Does what I am going to teach match up with my needs or my students' needs? Why just the
other day I was...

"Kathryn, stop, you're blowing us away."

"Forget that. That's the competitive thing again, the 'supposed to's' and all that. Some of you may be thinking, Kathryn got all that out of it and I didn't, so there must be something wrong with me."

"Maybe we all get what we are supposed to, no more, no less."

"There may be something to that, Wendy. And as Kay would say, we are not to feel guilty if someone else gets what we didn't. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that I have been around so long. A lot of the school stuff that you people reacted to, I could related to that stuff also, but I've been through that."

"So..."

"Well, I got a handout in one of my classes once about stages in teaching. We go through stages like first trying to fit in at the school, then proving to ourselves we can teach, then fitting school into our personal lives, and only after a few years do we get through all that to concerning ourself with the teaching of subject matter. I don't remember too much about the stages. All I know is I was ripe for something like this dissertation. It hit me where I was at in my life. And for some of you, it may not have hit you in the same way."

"Go on."

"The dissertation also reinforced for me a key question
in language teaching—do I teach for communication, or do I teach about the language?"

"The dissertation struck me there, too, Kathryn. Maybe it's because I've been thinking about communication in other areas of my life."

"It doesn't matter why, Wendy. Just what. Tell us about it."

"It made me reflect on teaching communicatively. I think that to teach that way you have to be able to let other people do things and not be in control, not be the queen of the classroom."

"Like Pam."

"Like Pam and like me. You have to be willing to let things get out of hand even. And I don't know if I could do it. I am afraid I would want to regiment everything."

"Speaking of regimentation, the school is a factor here, too."

"How's that, Kay?"

"All this push for communication in small groups is not that realistic if you teach in a school where you have a group of kids like I do who can hardly get their butts in their seats during the first 20 minutes of class."

"So you are saying in some classrooms in some schools a teacher may have to be a queen?"

"What I am saying is that I try to teach communicatively,
but I really have to work at it. It's like I am a salmon, swimming upstream to die. Course I have been doing that all my life."

"You are swimming upstream cause schools are and have been since the 19th century nothing more than places to stash away kids for a length of time until they become domesticated workers in the machinery. Kids learn to sit there and take orders, not to ask questions or communicate."

"Woooo, Rosa."

"That's why Rosa and I have become friends. We see some of the same things. The point is that when I teach communicatively, I am trying to do something that goes against what kids have been expected to do since they began their so-called life in school. We teach in the context of the school."

"Not to mention the problem of how to grade communicative activities. Schools are so big on grades."

"Class size is a problem, too. With 30-35 kids in a class, it's tough to do group stuff."

"See, Denise, how this relates back to what I was saying about how university professors need to make bridges between methodology and realistic classroom situations, or at least show some awareness and discuss the problems."

"And, instead, we have a professor at State who announces the first day of curriculum class, 'if you don't believe in communicative language teaching, then you might as well leave,
cause this is not the course for you.'"

"Look, we are all products of the educational system. Some of us fight through and find our way. Others don't."

"That's what I was about to say."

"Wendy?"

"That we have to find our own way. I understood your point about the context of the school and how that context impacts communicative language teaching, and I hadn't thought about that before. But what I was referring to earlier was that personality may relate to whether or not a person can teach communicatively."

"I didn't mean to interrupt you before, Wendy. You just struck a nerve."

"That's okay. Anyway, for me, the question I ask is, is there only one way to teach language? If so, then people like Pam and myself, people who like to be in control, are going to have to find our own way. You can't regulate a person's personality."

"Go on."

"I just don't deal all that well with the unexpected. I like to make a plan and stick with it, Cause I know what should be. And it drives me crazy when people don't do things my way. I have to be in control. It is true that, lately, I will admit, I have been changing a little. Now what?"

"Something wrong, Wendy?"

"All right, you guys. You finally got me to open up. But
there is a limit. Who is the wise guy?"

"What wise guy, Wendy?"

"The one hiding their hands over my eyes so I can't see anything."

"Take a wild guess."

"I don't like guessing."

"Richard, can I get you a beer?"

"No thanks, Rosa. You know I don't drink. I'm crazy enough as it is. I just stopped by to bug you people."

"I should have known it was you, Richard. Who else?"

"Now, Wendy, from what I hear things are getting out of hand in more ways than one, right?"

"Go away. There are some things I still won't talk about."

"Richard, all I know is you are on my shit list. I've invited you down to the Med to catch the floor show and the belly dancing three times in the last two months, and you still haven't shown."

"I know, Rosa, I know. Forgive me. The D, remember? Like Wendy was just saying, sometimes things get out of hand."

"All I know is I invited you three times. Three times, that's more than I would do for any man. Well, except for you, Raymond."

"How's the dissertation going, Richard?"

"It goes, Wendy. Where it stops, nobody knows. Like the time Adelle left it on the 96 bus."
"Be serious for once, will you, Richard?"

"I am being serious, Wendy. Adelle did leave the thing on the 96, right Adelle? She called me all in a panic about it."

"I was a nervous wreck. I finally went down to the bus terminal and fortunately it was in the lost and found. Richard didn't seem to care. Sometimes I think he is a little crazy."

"A little? How long have you known Richard, Adelle?"

"Hey, where it goes it was meant to be."

"Richard, you're not going to believe this, but..."

"Sometimes I believe anything and sometimes I believe nothing."

"Let me finish. Listen, before you got here, we were having a serious discussion..."

"That I believe."

"We were actually listening to each other and..."

"Wendy, don't let me interrupt."

"Well, then, shut up. Anyway, shortly before you showed up, Kathryn was just saying what you were just saying, and now see what you've made me do? Now I am beginning to sound like you, I am not making sense."

"Let me try, Wendy. What I was saying was that I appreciated your giving me the dissertation to read because I was at a point in my life where I was meant to read something like your work. And that if we all got something different out of it, or if some of us got very little out of it, that was only natural,
that that was the way it was meant to be."

"Okay, Kathryn, I accept that. But Richard, now that you're here, and I know people are going to come down on me for saying this, but exactly what were you trying to say?"

"How did you see the dissertation, Patricia?"

"I felt you were trying to say that, number one, the university needs to be more sensitive in general; number two, that insensitivity contributes to the pressures high school teachers must face; number 3, that planning conditions are less than ideal because teachers have so many things they have to do. Overall, to me it seemed a cry for more sensitivity."

"It is. It's hard to explain, but writing it made me aware of my own insensitivity."

"You were a bit harsh on the university in particular."

"I never had much use for university people, Patricia. I've had a lot of other jobs in my life, and in the business world, we have what we call line and staff. A line person is one who works out front, where the action is, where he gets his hands dirty; a staff person is one who works in the office, behind the scene of the action, where he pushes buttons that affect people's lives. In every one of the jobs I have had, I have been more of a line person than a staff person. When I came here to State, I immediately perceived university people as staff, and teachers as line. Lately, I have been changing my views a bit."
"We can always hope."

"Thanks, Wendy. Anyway, since I've been here, I've spent most of my time hanging out not with other grad students, but with teachers. And that probably is one of the reasons I wrote this type of dissertation. I know my feelings colored the way I wrote it. While I was out there with Pam on the line, I really identified with her struggle. Since then, however, I've gotten a broader perspective. I have actually rewritten some parts of it."

"So you changed some of it from what we read?"

"I had to go back and rewrite a few parts. I don't revise well, it's hard for me in all areas of my life, and probably the revised parts are some of my worst writing. But I've come to realize that there are no staff people, that there are no line people, that there are just people. So I've tried to be less harsh on the people who work here at State. I've even got copies of this essay on the life of a professor I've been handing out."

"Is that the one Gloria told us about, the one in the Chronicle?"

"That's it. Here, pass 'em around, take it home and read it. It may help to balance the perspective you got from reading the dissertation."

"You're getting soft, Richard. Being the political animal I am, I'd say you were just playing politics to get the thing
through."

"Rosa, there's probably some truth to that. I don't know. I meant what I said about the people thing, though."

"I did feel you were overly harsh on us at times, Richard."

"It's the rhetoric, Gloria, the rhetoric. The difference between rhetoric espoused and reality practiced still gets to me. I haven't mellowed that much. I mean, that meeting today made my blood boil."

"What meeting?"

"See? That's the point. What meeting. Here the language education program is possibly moving in a new direction by hiring someone new, and yet we have teachers in the program who knew nothing about the meeting."

"The meeting Richard is referring to was actually the last in a series of meetings for the candidate. At the university level, when a candidate interviews for a position, he or she spends the entire day, and often two days, meeting with the dean, with the heads of the various instructional units, with members of the department and their spouses, and with graduate students within the particular program."

"Patricia and I had just come from our meeting with the candidate, when we starting talking with Gloria and Stephen. Adelle joined us, we wanted to continue the discussion, that's why we decided to come over to Jack's."

"I think that this man could contribute a lot to the
program. He seemed to impress most of the grad students I talked to. The new man will be responsible for teacher education within the department."

"One question, Patricia. Were there any teachers at the afternoon meeting?"

"No, Richard, but I think letters were sent out."

"Letters, Patricia? Letters? Never mind the fact that the afternoon meeting was scheduled for 3:15, when neither undergrads nor most teachers could have made it. If you can interrupt classes for guest speakers, it seems to me you can interrupt them for this. At least let the undergrads and teachers get a look at the new guy. Hell, if you really wanted to push things, you might have the guy answer some questions from the teachers. I realize that the idea of having a teacher on a search committee examining candidates' qualifications for a teacher ed. position would be unthinkable, but still...

"Now that's the Richard we've come to know and love."

"You're getting me started, Kay. Look, Patricia, none of us grad students in the room today will ever have anything to do with this new person. Oh, some of us, if we hang around long enough, may work our way into becoming his research assistant hoping that may somehow get us through the program. Or we may have coffee with the guy, or let him cut in front of us at the copy machine. The problem is that undergrads and teachers, people who will ultimately live and die with the guy for
sometimes two courses per term, perhaps over a period of years, simply were not represented."

"But should they be represented, Richard?"

"That is the kind of question I just don't believe. Here you've probably been here at Jack's for a couple of hours, tapping into each other, learning from each other, and yet you can still ask a question like that."

"Calm down."

"If you can honestly answer no, teachers should not be represented at a meeting like that, then fine. Let's not pretend. If you honestly think that research is the only legitimate source of knowledge, and that researchers and would-be researchers are the only possessors of knowledge, and therefore that teachers have no knowledge, have nothing to offer, and are not to be respected, then fine. The issue of teachers' being represented does become meaningless. If this program is Apex-top-down, with decisions being made by those selected few at the top in regard to program philosophy, curricula, and personnel decisions, then fine. But then don't turn around and give us a ration of oh so sweet shit about the vital importance of being student-centered this and communicatively-based that. If that is the way..."

"Richard?"

"Yes, Wendy."

"Before you came, we were communicating. We were talking
to each other, not shouting at each other. Would you mind if we got back to that?"

"You're right. I apologize. Life gets to me sometimes. I told you I can be insensitive. I'm trying, Wendy."

"Extremely."

"But surely, Richard, you believe that research has its place."

"Research does have a place, Gloria. A place. I read somewhere (Haberman, 1970:47) that the distinction between researchers and practitioners if often misleading. That the real discrepancy is between those who are concerned with thinking, problem-solving, and the rational potentialities of life, in contrast to those who concern themselves with service of an ethical, personal nature. I just think we have an overload of the former here at State. We need some balance. I understand that the reward system at the university does not encourage such service. That can be traced to the field of education's modeling itself on the Liberal Arts model, but that is a story for another day."

"I would agree with the need for balance myself, Richard."

"The thing is, Gloria, we are all in this together. You told me one time what a mistake it is for a high school language teacher to only nurture those kids at the upper levels, that kids at the lower levels need to be nurtured if the entire program is to grow. Well, it is the same here at State. Not
quite the same, cause teachers are mandated to take courses here. But if profs at State only spend time working with and listening to Ph.D. students, we all suffer. If teachers feel neglected, they may become discouraged, they may feel less enthused about teaching languages, they may transmit the lack of enthusiasm to their students. The students turn off, they stop studying languages, and jobs dry up all over. There's a ripple effect in the way people within the field treat each other. The waves can be positive; the waves can be negative."

"Most people that I know here, grad, undergrad, Ph.D. or M.A., just can't wait to get out of this program."

"That is the point, Wendy. Somehow it shouldn't be that way. Sure there are other factors involved that contribute to students wanting to get out, but the nature of the program itself is also a contributing factor. Ideally in a program like this one, so many worthwhile, exciting things should be going on, such that people would be sad to leave. Like birds leaving the nest, people would leave only when they felt they had grown their wings and were ready to fly. That has not been my perception. Most everybody can't wait to finish. They are just counting down."

"That is what is happening in my school right now, Richard. Administrators and teachers both began counting down the days to Christmas vacation in November. And, after coming back from Christmas vacation, we began counting down the days to Easter."
I don't like it, but I do it. We all do. What I want to know is, what can we do about it? What about the schools? In the dissertation you described things accurately enough, but you didn't seem to want to suggest anything."

"Raymond, it wasn't that I didn't want to suggest anything, I didn't know what to suggest. The machinery of the school, it's just too much."

"I think we should just tear the school machine down, and overhaul it, period."

"That is just not going to happen, Rosa. Okay, Richard, I appreciate your being humble, but you did spend more time than most doing your research in a school setting. I think you have a responsibility to tell us something, to give us some conclusions."

"I've been reluctant to do that, Raymond, because so many other people have said so many things, individuals far more articulate than me. I just don't want to sound like another rhetorician, making all these absurd declarations. Drawing up abstract social prescriptions is the expert's game."

"No one said you had to be an all-knowing expert. Just talk. We're listening."

"All right. First, the load. A guy named Schaeffer back in the 60's (Schaeffer, 1967) recommended that the one single change needed to get the schools back on the right path was to reduce the individual teachers' course load to 3 or 4 courses
maximum. This guy pointed out that trying to develop inquiry skills in teachers at the master's level is futile, if teachers have no time to think, let alone reflect and inquire."

"We talked about that earlier. It's so true."

"The thing is, good teaching is like good sex."

"How would you know, Richard?"

"That's unkind, Rosa. You've seen me teach. Think of how I helped you with those inductive lesson plans."

"Pay him no attention, Raymond. The man is delerious."

"Anyway, good teaching, like good sex can be exhilarating, but it is also at the same time exhausting, and only rarely, right Rosa? does it lead to any tangible results. Sex is also something whose use, if I may use that term, needs to be restricted if sex is to have any real meaning."

"No wonder my hair has been a mess and I am so tired lately. I've been having sex every hour on the hour with 250 students no less. It all becomes clear to me now."

"Too much sex will age you, Kay. I told you and Jose that."

"But, seriously, Richard, the load is not funny. It's ugly. And as Raymond has been saying, the years take their toll. No offense, Kathryn, but most of the senior staff members at my school, I can't stand to be around. They're so unpleasant—they're bitchy, they're grouchy, they're fat. They have a horrible feeling about life. I don't want to be like that."
"Is that what I have to look forward to?"

"And they were young once, just like us."

"Right, Denise. If this is what the system is creating, if these are the type of animals that we are creating out of young teachers who come in, some things need to be looked at."

"So what do we do? As administrators should we work toward giving teachers a year off every five years to go and sit on a beach in Tahiti?"

"Raymond, you're my kind of administrator."

"I'm serious, Rosa."

"So am I."

"I mean, do we rotate people from one type of school to another, so at least during some years the stress level may be less, or what?"

"I have always felt, Raymond, that moving teachers from school to school would have made a lot more sense than busing. If you ask me, busing is one of the reasons some of these schools are in the shape they're in. The neighborhood school ought not to have been done away with."

"A lot of teachers would agree with you on that, Gloria. One of the fundamental changes in schools since the 60's is that while there always was diversity in terms of type of student, now there is diversity within the individual classroom. And teachers have to try and cope with that diversity. We could be here all night talking about busing. That is a big political
"Kay has a theory on how to avoid teacher burnout."

"Go ahead, Kay."

"Well, teaching should be like the military. Everybody who goes to college should have some pedagogical training whatever their field is."

"That would be good for the teacher ed job market."

"Then for two years of their life, before they go into a pool of regular people, they have to teach in some kind of school for two years. And then just like the military, you could have lifers."

"People who for some strange reason wanted to stay at it. You know, Kay, you might have something there. Two years would be enough time to find out."

"Right. You could pay these people less, since they'd still be young with no families, everybody knows you can't raise kids on the money we make, and you'd have a constant flow of fresh young people into teaching."

"Somehow that sounds un-American, Kay."

"A lot of my ideas are un-American, unfortunately. That's how I wound up in languages."

"Something has to be done. You know what they say at my school? 'All the good ones are leaving,' and here today, well tonight now, I found out that some people at this table are thinking of leaving and that saddens me."
"To tell you the truth, I have never seen it as bad in my building as it is right now. I have teachers, good teachers, that have been dragging for months. I finally have to say to them, 'it's time to think of yourself and take some time off.' And I am better at telling others to do that than I am at practicing it myself."

"That could change, Raymond."

"It could, Rosa. But the real question to be asked is this, is it hopeless? What about it, Richard?"

"It's dim, Raymond. When I see people like yourself, like Kay, like Denise, and like Pam, too, people who are bright, who are dedicated, who are strong, people who are, in a word, special, then I ask myself, if these people can't stand up under fire, who can? I will say this, if you aren't a special person, you should forget about entering teaching. You won't make it."

"Okay, but what about the people who are already in?"

"Kay got me thinking. Trying to teach in many schools these days is a lot like going to war. War is for the young. Teaching, like war, then, may be a young person's game. We may have to move away from the idea of teaching as a life-long occupation."

"That's what Kay was saying."

"I know. Now a massive change such as Kay suggested would probably be politically out of the question, but maybe something could be done on a smaller scale for those in
teaching now. Now in the army, soldiers get furloughs—30 days, 60 days, 90 days, whatever—paid leave. Perhaps in addition to vacations..."

"In addition, cause all we do on our vacations now is recoup."

"Schools could work towards giving teachers these furloughs..."

"And teachers in certain schools could get combat pay."

"That's the idea. All this would require an expanded core of substitute teachers."

"But there are a lot of subs out and around looking for jobs."

"Sure, they would welcome the chance to work. A key point is that we need to accept, on some level, that teachers are treated as interchangeable parts in the school machine. So we should not get so hung up over having a sub take over our classes."

"Having a sub always means more work when you get back, Richard."

"Because even while you're gone, you're seen as still there, so the subs let the work pile up on you."

"Sub contracts and all that would have to be changed then."

"They would. The way things are now, a sub is encouraged to do the minimum. But if, instead of being viewed as second-class citizens, they were seen as an indispensable part of the
system, as being needed to give administrators and teachers needed furloughs, they might not be viewed with such contempt."

"That ties in with Denise's and Kay's idea of bringing in people from the community to do duties and other tasks."

"And Raymond's point about how the school is asked to do so much more these days. If the school is being asked to do more, the schools needs more help. We teachers can't be expected to do everything."

"Exactly. And from this trained core of part-time community people, and from this trained core of subs, you could get a line on those people within each group who might be able to move up to handling more responsibility."

"I have thought for a long time that student teaching needs to be revamped, Richard. The ten-week practicum we currently have here at State is simply not adequate preparation time. It is like sending kids off to that war you were talking about, sending them off without a gun. We need to develop an internship format."

"Maybe undergrads, rather than subject-matter specializing so early, Gloria, could work for a year in something like the sub corps, I don't know."

"That way they would at least have some idea of what they were getting into. We need to get the right people with the right characteristics going into teaching."

"All that I've been hearing for the last few minutes is
nice speculation but...

"I though that was what you asked for, Raymond."

"Maybe I did. But as far as what you and Gloria have been saying, you may be the right kind of person, you may have all the right qualities and characteristics, you might know what you are getting into, but the reality is this. Once you get into it, the school is still going to wear you down."

"Raymond, you keep coming back to that, don't you?"

"I can't help it, Rosa. It is where I am at right now. I've been reading the book, 'When I Say No, I Feel Guilty' to see if that would help."

"Somehow, Raymond, I wish you weren't reading that particular book. I mean, it's good to read and all, but..."

"Learning to say 'no' is important, Rosa. For as you point out, Raymond, it is nice to speculate about the need to reduce the high school teaching load, but that load is not likely to be reduced in the foreseeable future. So a teacher must personally take some steps to reduce the load. If creativity and personal involvement are what make teaching worthwhile, and if there are limits to a teacher's well of creative and personal energy, then a teacher must be selective about where and when she uses this energy."

"Cause otherwise you burn out."

"So let's say an individual teachers has three preps. In a given term, she could focus most of her creative energy on
one preparation only, while operating at a less intense, more automatic level with the other two preps. She could then be doing some exciting, creative teaching with one prep, which might be enough to keep her spirits up, and at the same time, she would not be trying to stretch herself too thin."

"Somehow that idea sounds un-American, too, Richard."

"I've thought deeply about that. In a sense, the idea of curbing one's spirit of dedication is un-American. What made this country great was its peoples' spirit of dedication, its peoples' sense of purpose, its peoples' willingness to sacrifice self for the good of community. But we are not divine; we are not supermen or superwomen; we are human. And as human beings, we cannot maintain a level of continual giving without, from time to time, at least receiving something in return. Complete self-sacrificing love consumes the bearer of such love. The caring, dedicated teacher is like a candle flame. With her flame, she lights a student's wick so he/she may go out into the world bearing his/her own flame. But there comes a point when a teacher's own wick burns down so low that her own flame is in danger of being extinguished. If her flame goes out, no student flames get lit. That, to me, is what is most disturbing about teacher burnout. What teachers need is something like a modified Serenity Prayer—May God grant me the courage to do what I can, the ability to recognize when I can do no more, and the wisdom to tell where to draw that line.
However, learning to say 'no' is still negative, in a way. We must take positive action also."

"Like..."

"I've been talking about what teachers as individuals might do. But we also need to move outside ourselves."

"For example..."

"We need to help each other, beginning with communities of two, and then hopefully growing from that."

"Like today, Richard?"

"Get togethers like this help. And going to quadrant meetings and conferences and things like that also help. Getting together like that helps us all feel a part of things. We share and learn and we feel less alone."

"But..."

"The idea of furloughs, of more vacation time that gives teachers time to recoup would also help. But what would help most would be to receive meaningful day-to-day support from within the school setting itself. We all teach, or in your case administrate, Raymond, in isolation, so we often grope in our own personal dark and all that goes with that."

"Go on."

"The isolation. Imagine a baseball player working out by himself all the time never having the chance to observe other players, or to talk with them about the game. Or an actor or actress who had no opportunity to learn from and share with
others on the stage. How would they develop their skills?"

"They wouldn't."

"They would to some degree. But it seems to me that, in isolation, they would never be able to reach their full potential. So what we need to do is to break down those barriers of isolation. We need to see if we can find one person where we work, someone we trust, someone with free periods different from ours, someone who can come in and watch us work, and then sit with us afterwards and talk."

"But the few teachers I trust at my school don't know anything about foreign language."

"I don't buy the idea that foreign language teaching is so unique. In fact, the context of the school tends to shape language teaching such that it is hardly distinguishable from other subjects, but that is another story. The point is that there are so many generic factors involved in teaching, that the person you invite into your room need not be a language teacher. And, if in the course of things, you begin to explain foreign language teaching to this person, you will find yourself learning something at the same time. In my view, the person you decide to work with would not have to be a language teacher. If you can find a language teacher you can work with, so much the better."

"We could all use some emotional support, that's for sure."

"What I am suggesting goes beyond hand-holding, though.
Hand-holding is important, we all need that, but this type of partnership would need to have a work focus, a professional focus. Perhaps a weekly or biweekly one-period visit would be enough. And every teacher, no matter how busy, could sacrifice one free period a week."

"The principal at my school would never go for it."

"So who says you have to tell him? Sorry, Raymond. It may get back to him, news always does, but if he is as burnt out as Raymond is, he is not going to pay much attention."

"Imagine what the kids would think."

"Let them think what they want. They'll get over it. School is school for the kids. They'll adjust to damn near anything. The thing is, let's say you try this with someone at your school and it seems to help, then maybe you could give up a personal day every so often and go observe someone you know at another school. Stay a morning, leave the school to have lunch together, every so often it would be a nice little treat. If your case, Raymond, don't tell me the school is going to go under if you miss a morning or two a month."

"Well, it would be nice to feel appreciated by having someone see what we do."

"Sure, Denise, and I think that at the core of burnout is just that feeling of not being appreciated. If at least one person knows, and cares, and helps, even in a small way, we can go on and on. We get renewed energy. And there's something
else."
"Such as..."

"Recruitment. We can go on and on about how we need to attract better people into teaching, how teaching needs young blood, how..."

"But if by the end of the year all kids see is the frazzled, burned-out, bedraggled shell of a woman, they aren't going to want to fucking teach. Kids aren't that fucking stupid."

"No, Kay, they're not. The image that teachers themselves project in the classroom, that is what recruits."

"And we don't get that professional respect. Let me tell you about one day last spring, one of the worst days of my teaching career."

"What happened, Denise?"

"Well, the kids were working on class awards, you know, most this and best that, and I mentioned to them that at my high school I had got 'Most Likely to Succeed.'"

"And..."

"And the kids laughed. They said, 'And you turned out to be a teacher?' I was crushed. I thought, 'I'm still in my 20's, I've got my master's, I'm happily married, I have just bought a home, I'm working in the job I chose.' I thought I was doing okay, and these kids laughed in my face. Ho, ho, ho, you're just a teacher, how can you call yourself a success?"

"Excuse me, would you mind if I joined you for a few
moments? I simply could not help overhearing your conversation. That young gentleman with the glasses does seem to talk rather loudly. That caught my attention, so I decided to move a little closer so as to be able to hear what else was being discussed. My name is Marie."

"Let me get you a chair, Marie."

"Thank you. You are so kind, Rosa. Your name is Rosa, I take it."

"You really have been listening. Do you come to Jack's often, Rosa?"

"Let me sit on this side, if you don't mind. This is my good ear. Now, go ahead."

"I asked you if you came to Jack's often."

"On occasion. I do not get out a great deal, other than to go to the Red and White, I mean, the Big Discount. I may venture down here in the early evening, while it is still light out, you see. That is, when I bestir myself. I enjoy a glass of sherry, now and then. I am retired now."

"What did you do before you retired, Marie?"

"I was a chemist. I worked in a biological research laboratory."

"A researcher!"

"Correct. For 26 years. Prior to working at the laboratory, I was a teacher. I taught physics, chemistry, and biology at the secondary level. And that is what prompted me
to descend upon your little gathering."

"Welcome."

"Rest assured I shan't stay long. I do not have all that much to impart. Nevertheless, I did want to address a few words to that young lady in the aqua blouse. Denise, I believe her name is. The one who was talking about teaching and success."

"Marie, what can I do for you?"

"It is not a question of what you can do for me, my dear. It is a question of what you can do for yourself."

"And what's that?"

"Simply this. Don't let the turkeys get you down. That is one of the few maxims I have learned to live by. Turkeys are a strange breed. Meleagris gallopavo, either of two different pheasant-like birds with naked heads. Native to the woodlands in America from Canada to Central America, where by day they forage along the ground for food, and by night they roost in the trees. The common domesticated turkey is the larger of the two varieties. It differs somewhat in appearance from the ocellated turkey that still runs wild. The smaller wild bird lacks the beard-like chest and feathers characteristic of the larger domesticated bird. Your students, if I may call them that, clearly belong to the smaller, wild turkey variety. I repeat, don't let the turkeys get you down."

"Thanks, Marie. I'll try and remember that."

"Don't try, dear. Do."
"Anything else, Marie?"

"Earlier I detected what appeared to be a rather rambling discussion concerning the questionable value of courses in education."

"Turkeys, Marie?"

"Let me say simply this. The gentlemen who customarily are charged with conducting such courses, and in my time they were all gentlemen, upon close investigation, appear to have one trait in common."

"Which is..."

"All their strutting about displays nothing more than what I would term, a masterly command of the obvious."

"Marie, you're too much."

"I do not quite know what that means, Rosa. But I prefer to take it as a compliment."

"It was. So what I hear you saying is you never had a good education course, Marie."

"There was this one course. Quite frankly, at the time I hated it. The course on the whole, as I recall, was mediocre, but for five minutes every day, a designated member of the class was asked to stand up in front of the group and speak extemporaneously on a topic that the lecturer would select at random. That experience proved over the years to be of some utility. The true teacher must be able to extemporize."

"That was it, huh?"
"Well, it was something. We mustn't overlook that simple fact. I am sure that you are all familiar with the recent incident at Cape Canaveral, pardon me, Cape Kennedy."

"That was tragic wasn't it? I mean, here they finally try and do something to boost the image of teachers, and it blows up on the launching pad. Talk about irony!"

"I did not quite perceive it in that fashion. As a scientist, I have followed the endeavors of NASA since its inception. Had I been aboard, for example, I would have been thrilled."

"To have sacrificed yourself in the name of scientific progress and all that?"

"No, dear. The simple fact is the missile left the ground. In that speck of time prior to the explosion, the individuals aboard reaped the fruit of considerable toil and sacrifice. And nothing, not even death, could take those moments of triumph from them. I fear I am boring you all."

"No, Marie, not at all."

"The crew of scientists and the teacher chose their course. We all possess the capacity to make such choices. And when we choose, we do so, realizing that we are venturing into the unknown. After graduating from the normal school, I chose to teach. I could have chosen to be a dietician. I could have chosen to be a home economist. I didn't. I taught in the secondary schools for 20 years. Then I chose to leave."
"What caused you to leave?"

"It was time. That and nothing more. The concept of multiple causality is viable in certain limited realms. The realm of human behavior does not happen to be one of those realms. Fortunately. I simply knew it was time to chart a different course. There, I have said my piece. I trust you all will pardon the intrusion."

"You weren't intruding at all. In fact, on behalf of all of us, Marie, I can't thank you enough for coming over to join us. If I'm ever down here when you are, we have to get together again."

"I would be delighted, Rosa, if you so chose. And now, if you will excuse me."

"I don't know about anybody else, but for some reason, I feel drained. All this is just starting to hit me."

Thud. The door of the bar slams shut. A woman peers around, then strides toward the back. Rosa spots her first.

"Pam! Tanto tiempo. Haven't seen you since testing, right?"

"Don't remind me."

"Pull up a chair. We were just getting ready to take off."

"No problem. I can't stay too long anyway. I told Frank I'd meet him at 7."

"You know most of the people here, Pam. But this is Raymond on my right, Lee, Adelle, Gloria Randall, and Gloria's
husband, Stephen. Folks, this is the Pamela Knapp."

"How about some beer, Pam? There's one glass left in the pitcher with your name on it."

"No thanks. I only drink Dos Equis."

"Same old Pam. How're things going, or should we ask?"

"Fine, no problems. Course any day now I'm expecting to be axed."

"Asked what?"

"Not asked, axed." What's in that beer, anyway? Axed. For participating in the damn dissertation. That's what I get for being a friend, Richard. Make sure you put that in there—that I wish to hell I never agreed to do the damn thing."

"What exactly do you mean by 'axed', Pam?"

"Simple. I want to take the master's exam this summer. Hey, they can ask me all kinds of off-the-wall questions, I don't know. Richard told me he was giving the thing to some other people to read and comment on. Said maybe that would get me off the hook."

"What makes you think you're on the hook?"

"You read it, so I understand. You tell me. Word gets around. Maybe I'm paranoid, but one professor in this program goes out of the way these days not to speak to me. Talks to other teachers, but not to me."

"That is unfortunate."

"Let's hope that's all it is, Dr. Randall."
"Pam, have you read the dissertation?"

"Not yet. I haven't been in any frame of mind to. One of these days, maybe five years from now, I'll get around to it. It sits on the third shelf of my upstairs den in the anthropology section. When Richard brought it down before Thanksgiving, Alicia was there, and she read one page of it to me out loud. That was enough."

"And..."

"Richard had written, 'Knowing where to collect stuff is something that Pam prides herself in,' and I distinctly remember saying 'pride myself on,' so I don't know if I can trust him. I'll tell you something, though. Something, and I can't figure out what it is, so it is driving me crazy, has come over me lately. I am not doing the things I used to do. I am just not myself."

"Like..."

"Like I used to go to conferences religiously, and this year for the first time, I don't have the slightest desire to go to the state conference. I am even thinking of not taking my kids to Puerto Rico this spring like I had planned. I even dropped one class at State cause I got behind. Somehow I didn't feel like catching up."

"All things work together for good."

"What did you say, Wendy?"

"All things work together for good. It's from the Bible."
"You look different, Pam."

"I should. I've lost 42 pounds on my new diet. And, I'm running three nights a week after school with the other teachers. Well, not running, actually. At this stage, I half-jog, half-walk."

"Sounds like you've been changing..."

"Seems like it. It's hard for me though. See, I am like this big pie..."

"A much thinner pie now, Pam."

"I'll choose to ignore that. As I was saying, I am like this big container, this big pie, and I have to be full at all times. Lately, the pieces of the pie have been changing. All I can say is that the school quantity is becoming less."

"We were talking about that earlier. A lot of us have reached that point."

"Pam, if you need a real change, why don't you just head for Mexico with your husband?"

"That, Rosa, just may be in the works. Either Mexico City or Miami. Still, getting my master's is my number one priority. I would hate to leave here and start all over again someplace else. Plus, I just am not the type to move somewhere without first having a job lined up. Plus, I would hate to leave my house."

"Pam, can I ask you a personal question?"

"Why not, Dr. Randall? I'm used to answering personal
questions by now."

"Did your father die?"

"Yeah. My Dad died in early summer. Took six weeks just like the doctors said it would. There's been some problems with the estate, so I have had that hassle to deal with, too."

"I'm so sorry, Pam."

"Así es la vida. Sometimes I do wonder if I was born under a bad star, like certain of the Mayas were."

"My operation was a success. How 'bout yours, Pam?"

"The same. I was out for two months. Now I'm back. Course I fell behind. I'm not where I am supposed to be in the new book. I was in such a blue funk last week. We had a quadrant meeting with Linda Bream. Turns out Molly was on chapter eight, while Alicia, myself, and a couple of others were only on chapter four."

"Now, Pam, Molly teaches at an alternative school, she has good kids, she worked with her sixth graders for a year before she even started the new book. You shouldn't compare yourself with her."

"I know, Kathryn, but I do. I don't know how she does it. In methods class, she was nothing special."

"That relates to something I mentioned before you came, Pam. If Molly is doing good things with her kids, why not get Linda Bream to set up some kind of an exchange, so you could see how Molly works? This way, you just have Molly thrown in
your face. You might have to sacrifice some personal days. But you could spend a morning with Molly, go out for lunch, and talk shop."

"Hey, I'd love to do that. Instead, we've got our own so-called peer review going on now. Only we call it a witch-hunt. Everybody where I work is up in arms about it."

"About what?"

"Heartland adopted the Toledo plan, peer review. Selected teachers in the system go around and observe your classes. They get out of teaching for that year. The only problem is (1) we don't know who these teachers are as yet, so how can they be peers; and (2) any principal or teacher can pick up the phone, call HEA, and request an observation on a particular teacher. That's why we call it a witch-hunt."

"Caution—Engineers of Education at Work."

"Look, I could go on all night about the Toledo thing. But I gotta go. I gotta teach tomorrow."

"One more quick question, Pam."

"Did the new book help you at all?"

"Well, some of the level I kids are actually speaking a little now. And I have had more time for myself lately."

"That's something."

"And we musn't overlook that simple fact."

Rosa holds up her glass.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Mesdames et Messieurs, Damas y
Caballeros, I propose a toast. To Pamela Knapp. Salud. From all of us."

"Hear! Hear!"

"Gracias. Salud a todos ustedes. Salud y...pesetas."

"Pam, it's time we split."

"I can't help it. That's the way I am."

"Were, Pam, were."

"Maybe Richard has got something there, Pam."

"I hope he's got the check. That would be a first."

"Pam, this one's on me."

"But I didn't order anything."

"I know."

"Good night, everybody, it's been swell."

"Good night. Anybody need a lift?"

"Richard, it's been real. And good luck with the dissertation."

"Kay, I may need some luck. The thing just didn't turn out the way it was supposed to."

"Richard, like I told the others, 'supposed to's' are for the birds."

"Right. Take care, Kay, and thanks."

Outside.

Across the street, by the parking garage, Patricia, Lee, Adelle, Gloria, Stephen, and Kay.

"Anybody need a ride?"
"That would be nice, Stephen."

Adelle?

"If it is not out of your way."

"Good night, Kay. You know, we all ought to do this more often."

"Amen, Gloria, amen."

Kay then heads to the library to meet Jose.

Further down, on the walk, Denise, Kathryn, and Wendy are talking with Pam.

"I'll give you all my notes for the exam."

"So will I. I know just where they are."

"Maybe we could study together, Pam. That is, if I am still in the program."

"Wendy, Richard tells me you've developed a severe case of international love. That could be fatal. Ask me, I'm the expert. Drop down sometime if you want a second opinion."

"Thanks Pam, I think."

At the corner, under a streetlight, Rosa and Raymond.

"You understand that a man in my position must be discreet, Rosa."

"Don't tell me you're married."

"I didn't say that. It's just that, on one hand, administrators do not go out with teachers. You know that."

"All I know, Raymond, is that recently I have been thinking seriously about not going into teaching. Deep down, I'm the
homemaker type. Honest. It's a cultural thing."

"On the other hand, I find you very attractive.

Inside.

Alone at the bar, Richard and Marie.

"We musn't overly preoccupy ourselves with elements that are beyond our control, Richard. We strive, but then we must rest. It is nature's way."

"I'll try to remember that, Marie."

"Don't try. Do. Then, be."

"Thank you, Marie. Listen, if you need someone to take you to the grocery now and then, just let me know."

"It is nice of you to offer, but it is really not necessary. Jack here has been doing that for quite a spell now. And he comes by and shovels the walk and the piazza when it snows. Don't you, Jack?"

"Ah, it's nothing, Marie. That's what it's all about. People helping people."

Richard feels the tears well up.

"Marie, excuse me a moment. I have to go to the men's room."

Researchers aren't supposed to cry.
The preceding dialogue did not take place as described. The dialogue was drawn from audio-taped interviews between the researcher and twelve individuals who had read chapter four of this dissertation. Some dialogue was added in order to facilitate the coming together of individuals from differing institutional contexts, individuals who usually choose not to communicate with each other. Overall, however, an estimated 90% of the dialogue was taken verbatim from transcripts of these taped interviews.
Point of View

By James O. Freedman

The Professor's Life, Though Rarely Clear to Outsiders, Has Its Rewards — and Its Costs

Most non-academics may not see the scholar's lonely struggles, but we in the university must protect the source of our vitality

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The Professor's Life, Though Rarely Clear to Outsiders, Has Its Rewards — and Its Costs

Most non-academics may not see the scholar's lonely struggles, but we in the university must protect the source of our vitality...
but yet let truth be free
To make her sallies upon thee and me,
Which way it pleases God; for who knows how
Better than he that taught us first to plough,
To guide our mind and pens for his design?

—John Bunyan
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