



Dr. Sandra Packard

## June McFee Award Acceptance Address

Sandra Packard

*Dr. Francis Anderson introduced Dr. Sandra Packard, noting that the title of a recent book, Passion for Excellence, described her work and her scholarship. Packard's lack of self, and concern for excellence were among her shining qualities, Anderson indicated, adding that she is also quick to see through an issue and has the courage to speak out about it. She has authored many articles and has been on the "cutting edge" of art education. One of the seven founding members of the Women's Caucus, Packard was the second president.*

Dr. Packard spoke extemporaneously about several pertinent topics. First she expressed appreciation for those women in art education who had inspired and helped her—Jessie Lovano-Kerr, Laura Chapman, Francis Anderson, and Mary Rouse amongst others. In speaking about her successful experiences in the profession, she expressed gratitude for the opportunities and success the profession had provided for her, as well as for the people and the friendships. As she mentioned in her letter to the Editor, "It was through the leadership opportunities provided to me through the Caucus that I had the opportunity to grow as an administrator and gained the necessary self-confidence to strike out in new professional directions. I credit the opportunities provided by the Women's Caucus with my start as a university administrator." Stressing the need to be continually vigilant in supporting women in our profession, she agreed that women had made great strides, but noted that women art educators still have many disadvantages and are generally out of the power network of the department. Jean Rush's Acceptance Address (*The Report*, Fall 1985) also spoke to this issue. There is an important role for the Women's Caucus to play in universities as well as in public education. Women have fought hard and have won many battles, but at times they have been satisfied only to pursue the content of the discipline, and have lost sight of the goal. In doing this, women in art have lost ground towards their goal to "eradicate gender discrimination in all areas of art education and to support women art educators in their professional endeavors."

## Mary Rouse Award Acceptance Address

Judith Koroscik

I was asked to prepare some remarks about myself and my work for this occasion. It has forced me to pause and reflect upon my professional development and to speculate how it happens I am sitting here in front of you tonight with the great pleasure and honor of accepting the 1986 Mary J. Rouse Award

I can say with all certainty, one of the reasons I am here tonight stems from a childhood ambition. For as long as I can remember, I have wanted to become a teacher. I grew up in Wisconsin in a working class family with two older brothers and two younger sisters. Four of us were born within six years, so we had a very active household. My parents were not highly educated, in fact, I am among the first persons in both my mother and father's family to have completed college, let alone a Ph. D. My mother went as far as finishing high school, while my father chose not to continue his education past the eighth grade. Soon after leaving school my father enlisted in the army and served in WW11 will still a teenager. Later he operated a gasoline station and worked as a laborer in several manufacturing plants. My mother has worked most of her adult life as a nurse's aide and ward secretary in the same hospital I worked while obtaining my undergraduate degree

I was one of those children who loved to go to school. I remember how excited I was to begin kindergarten at the age of four, and how disappointed I was when my family moved to another city where four-year-olds were not permitted to attend kindergarten, regardless of their ability. I recall how painful the thought was of having to wait until the next school year before resuming what I enjoyed doing most as a child.

School was an exciting place to me. I remember hurrying home waiting for my mother to return from work so I could tell her everything I learned in school that day. She always seemed genuinely interested in what I had to tell her even though part of the telling involved quizzing her on many of the concepts I had just mastered in school. I enjoyed school so much that when I was not in school, I would often gather my sister and friends together to play school at home. Of course, my favorite role was that of the teacher.

When I was somewhat older, I looked for ways of extending and applying what I learned in school at home. I remember collecting items from around the house and using my savings to purchase materials for a range of activities—making art projects, building sets for stage productions, conducting experiments in electricity, and writing and designing picture books—to name a few.

There were also the less tangible applications of concepts I learned in school. I recall one occasion, I was about 10 years old at the time, when one of my sisters came to me for yet another loan. She wanted 25 cents for some reason, and I was tired of her always asking and never paying me back what she owed. But just having learned in school about how banks loan money and charge interest for profit, I thought this was a respectable thing to do whenever money was loaned—even if it was to your nine-year-old sister. I was not quite sure how interest was determined, so I set what I judged to be a fair rate—five cents a day on a 25 cent loan. I knew this had to be a matter of record, so I put the agreement in writing and had my sister sign the document. I was happy with the transaction as was my sister until she started receiving bills from me reminding her of what she owed. This went on for several weeks until my mother found out about it, at which time I not only lost the interest but my 25 cents. I could not understand why my mother was so angry with me over the matter when I was only trying to apply what I learned in school. After all, why would teachers have you learn something if you were not supposed to use it?

As I reflect on this now, I wonder what makes a child want to become a teacher. I am sure most children have thoughts about being a teacher at some point in their school experience—as brief as those moments may be. But who do children think teachers are? All of us who have taught undergraduate methods courses know our students' concepts of what a teacher is or what a teacher does are often vastly different from our own—much to our frustration at times. Yet our students have had the benefit

In speaking from personal experience, I can say with certainty I wanted to become a teacher because teachers seemed to know so much. From my perspective as a child, teachers were persons who were so knowledgeable they had extra knowledge to give away. This was very impressive to me. Although my parents had a kind of wisdom that was also impressive at times, teachers seemed to know things that either my parents did not know or my parents could not explain.

Richard C. Anderson, an educational psychologist, has researched the acquisition of knowledge and theorizes how children develop assumptions about knowledge. In his 1984 presidential address to the American Educational Research Association, Anderson called attention to the critical role parents and teachers play in influencing what children believe knowledge to be.

Oftentimes as educators we ignore the fact that "children not only acquire experience, they acquire interpretations of experience" (Anderson, 1984, p. 9). But as Anderson suggests, we ought to consider that these interpretations are first mediated by parents whose beliefs about knowledge are conditioned by their educational and occupational status. Anderson proposes that: "parents vary in the extent to which they model reasoned explanations and justifications and the extent to which they expect them from their children. At one extreme is the parent, who when the child asks 'Why?' always responds, 'Because I told you so'" (p. 9).

Although I remember hearing that phrase a time or two while I was a child, my parents were generally better prepared to respond to my questions than that. Yet the impossibility of competing with four brothers and sisters who similarly needed questions answered provided me with an incentive to seek out explanations through independent means at a very early age. It is no wonder I appreciated teachers so much—they were in the business of answering questions.

But Anderson (1984) points out that very little school time is actually devoted to answering the kinds of questions or providing the kind of instruction that helps children comprehend the larger meanings of what they are studying. And more disturbing is "evidence that the instruction given children evaluated as low in ability is particularly restricted in this respect" (p. 10). "According to a recent review (Hiebert, 1983), when compared to children in high-ability groups, children in low ability groups receive more work-list drill but read less connected text; they are asked more simple, factual questions and fewer questions that require inference and synthesis" (p. 10). As such, poor students are generally not very successful at drawing inferences to relate information in forming larger, coherent meanings. Anderson (1984) suggests this is so because "poor learners' beliefs about knowledge do not lead them to suppose that consistent interpretations of events are generally possible, or ever desirable" (p. 10). To the poor student, knowledge is nothing more than a "basket of facts."

I find this all very interesting because I remember discovering at an early age that not only did I enjoy learning, I knew how to learn. I recall thinking that learning was simply a matter of asking the right questions. If you knew what questions to ask and where to look for the answers, you could learn just about anything, that is, if you were willing to exert some effort. Apparently, my assumptions about knowledge provided me with a useful foundation for learning whatever I studied—at least my report cards seemed to reflect that.

Learning about art never struck me as being much different than studying other subjects. Making art and studying art history always seemed to me to be as intellectually demanding as anything else I did in school. While I had always been the so-called "artist" in my class, only became genuinely interested in art after being introduced to artists' work in the seventh grade on an eye opening trip to the Chicago Art Institute. It did not take long before I started reading about artists and studying their work on my own outside of school. I remember making numerous trips to the public library to check out books on my favorite artists. I focused my study on Michelangelo when I was about 13 years old. I read about his life and studied every book in our library on his work. I still recall coming across one reproduction of what was labeled Michelangelo's work and thinking it could not have been—it just looked all wrong. I had not been introduced to the concept of artistic style, but I was certain this work was not by Michelangelo. It puzzled me for some time until I stumbled across another book that verified my hypothesis. The sculpture was in fact by another artist.



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