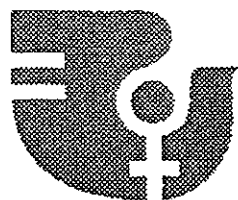


# the women's caucus report



FALL 1999

Issue No. 60

National Art Education Association Affiliate

*The Women's Caucus Report* wants to function as a readers forum and welcomes articles, letters, book and exhibition reviews, news items and syllabi from courses involving women in art and education.

**Deadline for next issue is  
December 1, 1999.**

Please send your contributions to:  
Peg Speirs, *Report* Editor  
Dept. of Art Education and Crafts  
202 Boxwood House  
Kutztown University  
Kutztown, PA 19530  
Phone: (610) 683-4513  
Fax: (610) 683-4502  
email: speirs@kutztown.edu

## Cynthia Colbert and Karen Carroll 1998 McFee and Rouse Award Recipients at the NAEA Conference in Chicago.



At the Women's Caucus Awards Ceremony at the 1999 Washington D.C. Conference, Cynthia Colbert (left) received a plaque for the 1998 June King McFee Award and Karen Carroll (right) received one for the 1998 Mary J. Rouse Award. Their acceptance speeches are presented in this issue.

## In this issue

- 2 Letter from the Co-Presidents
- 3 Letter from the Editor
- 3 News Notes
- 3 Call for slides
- 4 Minutes 1998 WC Business Meeting
- 5 Minutes 1999 WC Business Meeting
- 6 1998-1999 Women's Caucus Award Winners
- 7 Cynthia Colbert
- 11 Karen Carroll
- 14 Renee Sandell
- 16 Laurie Hicks
- 21 Kathy Connors
- 24 Deborah Smith-Shank's Sabbatical
- 25 Call for manuscripts:  
Contemporary Issues in Art Education for Elementary Educators
- 26 Book Review
- 27 Video Review
- 27 Exhibitions/Presentations
- 28 Membership Form

## Renee Sandell and Laurie Hicks 1999 McFee and Rouse Award Recipients at the Washington, D.C. Conference.



Renee Sandell (left) giving her acceptance speech for the 1999 June King McFee Award. Laurie Hicks (right) receiving her plaque from Co-President Debbie Smith-Shank for the 1999 Mary J. Rouse Award. Their acceptance speeches are presented in this issue.

## Kathy Connors Awarded the First Women's Caucus Teaching Award at the D.C. Conference.

Connors' acceptance speech is presented in this issue.

# From the Presidents

Elizabeth Ament and Deborah Smith-Shank

As Co-Presidents, we would like to turn our column over to a guest columnist. We believe that Dr. Sharon D. La Pierre's personal account below is of great benefit as a review of the times in the women's movement when our Women's Caucus was born.

I never thought of myself as an activist or a radical. Being in graduate school during the late 60's and early 70's did not seem like such a controversial thing. As I look now upon the middle aged woman reflected in the mirror, I reminisce about those early years and what my active involvement in the women's liberation movement has meant.

What did we want? I wanted an opportunity to express my own sense of person and not have society impose values that kept me from contributing to the fullest. For example, at that time, women were not permitted to live in "unapproved" housing on college campuses, to wear pants on campus or act as an independently intelligent agent apart from her mate. I found myself rebelling at the control over my freedom and creativity. After all, I came from a family of strong women and had never questioned my abilities. My grandmother was the first woman to own an apartment building in San Francisco and actively support the right of women to vote and own property. Minnie once took off after a thief who cut her handbag off her shoulder. She won out. My mother was one of the few women religious leaders, perhaps the only woman chaplain, in a veteran's hospital. She was a mentor for me, always willing to speak out with conviction. That was a common practice for women in my family.

Starting with my graduate years, I found myself unable to sit by and not be an active participant in the women's movement. In the early 70's, I became the "convener" for the National Organization for Women (NOW) in San Diego. By placing an ad in my home paper, I initiated the assembling of a group of interested women. We actively participated in NOW events that would change the course of history for women. Many of us experienced death threats.

By working with the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), I filed action against my state and the federal government to change the tax report forms. The tax forms used to say on the signature lines, "taxpayer's signature" and "taxpayer's WIFE'S signature." The word wife was changed to "spouse." Although the words have been changed, I think that most women sign on the second line and joint returns are still listed under the husband's social security number as head of the

household. The change seems to have only been symbolic, the new excuse is that the computer will only recognize one name with one social security number at a time.

I set the precedent in Colorado that allows a married woman to use her maiden name by holding mine for twenty years through a court order. My legal action enforced the law to respect my birth name. This is now common practice. Women do not have to go to court to keep their birth name. A woman enforces the right to use her birth name by using her maiden name on everything and never changing or using a married name. I also fought with the social security system to keep my maiden name. It was changed automatically in those days (because of tax reporting, I think). After my name was held with a court order, social security restored the use of my name. This practice told me that I was a possession and not a legal agent who is able to enter into contractual agreements. . . a person who pays taxes and has the right to retirement benefits under the law.

Many woman have taken these same steps in their lives—changing the systems over time for women's concerns can no longer be ignored. I still find myself fighting some of these same issues but on a more "politically correct" level. Women themselves, inadvertently, maintain the status quo. Some of the same practices still exist that created a "glass ceiling" for women. We just do not talk about it much. If some women rebel, they are proclaimed to be lacking in collaborative skills. Such practices in professional organization, at work, or home need to be eradicated by teaching young women to respect who they are as woman and by facing issues that lead to the practice of respect for each other. This requires all of us to be less self-serving professionally and to support the larger role of nurturing and sustaining an overall goodness in human kind while being fearless in working for changing gender discrimination.

Dr. Sharon D. La Pierre 4793 Briar Ridge Trail  
Boulder CO 80301 phone # (303) 530-3853  
lapierre@earthlink.net

.....  
Note from Co-President Elizabeth Ament:

Deborah and I look forward to the coming year continuing to work with this inspiring, caring group. We follow in the footsteps of many strong people who have set and worked towards the goals of the Women's Caucus. These goals are "to eradicate gender discrimination in all areas of art education, to support women art educators in their professional endeavors and to educate the general public about the contributions of women in the arts" (position statement, revised 1998). We plan to continue in this important, difficult work and to add to the significant on-going discussion of the role of gender in art education and in the larger context of contemporary culture.

## From the Editor

Hello WC members! It is with great pleasure that I accept the duties of editor for our membership's newsletter. Thanks to past editor June Finnegan for her organizational skills in preparing the materials to hand over for this publication. Thanks to Debbie Smith-Shank, Kathleen Desmond, Mary Wyrick, and Yvonne Gaudelius for their assistance and advice in preparing this issue. Most of all, thanks to all of you who work so hard and do so many wonderful things for women, for the organization, and for art education. It is *your* work that gives us the material to publish so that we can share it with our members.

As you can see by the size of this newsletter, we are catching up on old news as well as adding new news in one extra large issue. From this point forward we will follow two publishing deadlines. For the Fall issue of *The Report*, all materials must be submitted by July 1, and for the Spring issue the materials need to be in by Dec. 1. If we remain firm with these deadlines, our newsletter will be published on schedule (fall and spring). When submitting articles please send them to me as an attached document on email and also as a hard copy (for reference). Laurie Hicks shared this advice to save me the aggravation of trying to open disks from different programs. If you do not use email then I suggest mailing a disk formatted for Mac (at present I am working in a 5.1 program but have ordered a newer version for next year) along with a hard copy.

In this issue, our Co-presidents, Debbie Smith-Shank and Elizabeth Ament turn their column over to Sharon D. La Pierre, who shares her personal account of political activism. Ament also reminds us of the goals of the Women's Caucus and Smith-Shank shares her experiences while on sabbatical in Europe. The 1998 McFee and Rouse award recipients' acceptance speeches by Cynthia Colbert and Karen Carroll as well as the 1999 speeches by Renee Sandell and Laurie Hicks are included in this issue. Kathy Connors acceptance speech for receiving the first Teaching Award is also included. Secretary Mary Wyrick submitted the minutes from the 1998 and 1999 Women's Caucus business meetings. The minutes include Treasurer Kathleen Desmond's reports. Sharon Kesterson Bollen reviews a video and book by Betty La Duke and artists Billi R. S. Rothove and Rikki Asher are highlighted under Exhibitions and Presentations.

We have a new ad in relation to having work published. Yvonne Gaudelius (past co-president) and I are proud to announce that we are under contract with Prentice-Hall for an edited anthology titled, *Contemporary Issues in Art Education for Elementary Educators*. We are inviting submissions of manuscripts for possible publication. Please read the ad for detailed information and deadlines.

Peg Speirs, Editor

## News Notes:

The Connecticut Art Education Association awarded Kathy Connors the Distinguished Service to the Profession Award at the fall conference in October.

Carrie Nordlund, NAEA Women's Caucus Treasurer-Elect, was appointed the Independence (MO) School District's Art Chair. This is a landmark event because many districts do not take elementary teachers seriously enough to promote them to such positions. Carrie says, "I am going to be very visible attending neglected areas and leading our district into the year 2000 which is filled with new items of interest such as assessment." Carrie will be great for the district and for Missouri Art Education!

## Call for Slides

### NAEA Women's Artwork 2000

Year 2000 slide submissions are being sought for an accepted presentation in Los Angeles, titled, "Women's Artwork: Slide Talk." The presentation will be a part of the Women's Caucus program during the 2000 conference. Submitted slides will be added to the Women's Caucus Visual Archives. Artists submitting slides must be members of the Women's Caucus to be included in the slide talk. Artists are encouraged to attend the presentation and discuss their art work, time allowing.

Please submit up to five (5) slides with a slide listing, a brief artist's statement and a resume before March 7, 2000 to  
Billi R.S. Rothove  
4471 Indian Camp Creek Road  
Cosby, TN 37722  
(423)487-4165

For Membership information contact: Kathleen Desmond, Central Missouri State University, Art Department, AC 121, Warrensburg, MO 64093. A membership form is included on the last page of this issue.

# From the Secretary

## MINUTES OF THE 1998 NAEA WOMEN'S CAUCUS BUSINESS MEETING

DATE: April 4, 1998

Place: NAEA National Convention

Chicago Hilton, Waldorf Meeting Room, Chicago, Illinois

TIME: 5:00-5:50

Officers: Past Co-Presidents: Kathy Connors and Laurie Hicks,  
Co-Presidents: Elizabeth Garber and Yvonne Gaudelius,  
President Elect: Debbie Smith-Shank and Elizabeth Ament,  
Secretary: Mary Wyrick, Treasurer: Kathleen Desmond, Editor:  
June Finnegan

### AGENDA

I. APPROVAL OF THE AGENDA. Gaudelius distributed the agenda. The agenda was approved.

II. ACCEPTANCE OF THE MINUTES OF THE 1997  
WOMEN'S CAUCUS (WC) BUSINESS MEETING: Wyrick  
distributed the minutes. The minutes were approved.

### III. ANNOUNCEMENTS:

1) Gaudelius announced that there will be two extended sessions for "Feminist Goals 2000" and for authors published in *Women Art Educators IV*. 2) The publication of *Women Art Educators IV* is available for purchase at the Women's Caucus awards ceremony. 3) There is now a list serve that can be accessed on the internet: [naeaWomen@listserv.arizona.edu](mailto:naeaWomen@listserv.arizona.edu) 4) Past president Kathy Connors is sick and sent a letter (that was shared with the membership present). She indicated in the letter that she and Julia Lindsey are working on a volume of personal narratives by the Rouse and McFee award winners. 5) The fee for lifetime membership has been increased to \$225.

### IV. REPORTS:

A) Past president Laurie Hicks distributed brochures for the Women's Caucus and announced that members should share them with potential members. She reported that 500 were printed commercially. She printed 175 inserts (in house) with current information that can be updated in the future. She also discussed the By-Laws, Position Statement, and Criteria for NAEA Women's Caucus Officers.

B) Treasurer Kathleen Desmond distributed copies of the Treasurer's report and went over the report. She noted that the luncheon and speakers would come out of the final balance. The report is as follows:

Opened checking account at United Missouri Bank/Warrenburg with checks and cash from the Luncheon \$ and Membership dues received at the 1997 conference in the amount of \$1285. (The account has no service charges and no interest is paid. Checks are \$13.00 for 200). Received no funds from the previous treasurer.

Membership dues deposited	\$880.
Total Deposits	\$2165.00
Expenses —Less total	\$971.00
4/13/97 Balance in Checking Account	\$1194.00
Income	
May 13, 1997-March 30, 1998	2447.50
Total Income	
March 1997-March 1998	\$3641.50
Expenses	
Expenses Total	\$1189.83
Balance in WC Treasury	\$2451.00

C) Membership reports were given by Desmond and June Finnegan. It was noted that there are 117 members in good standing.

D) The Report Editor, June Finnegan, reported that the newsletter published two issues. The Fall issue was the heaviest. She expressed gratitude to her husband, Jim, for his assistance.

E) The Journal of Gender Issues Editor Laurie Hicks reported that the new journal should go to press in the summer and be out in the fall. She encouraged members to submit by June 30. She noted that the journal will be a membership benefit. She expressed thanks to the review board.

F) 1998 Conference Coordinator Desmond, who is working with Laurie Baxter, reported that the Caucus should try to get extended sessions now. She also noted that the Caucus is given slots on the conference program determined by the number of proposals submitted. She encouraged members to submit as many proposals as possible and to be prepared to deliver all proposals. 1) Co-President elect Debbie Smith-Shank expressed thanks for scheduling the Waldorf Room (a large conference

that Caucus members were scheduled for presentations during the Caucus Luncheon at the Art Institute. Presiding Co-President Gaudelius apologized and noted that every effort was made to avoid scheduling conflicts. 3) Past president Hicks expressed thanks to the luncheon coordinators for arranging the current luncheon at the Art Institute. One of the coordinators named was Kristen Townsend.

G) Slide sharing coordinator, Billi Rothove reported that 19 artists participated in the slide sharing presentation. She expressed thanks to those who participated. She believed that the presentation would become more popular. She reported that her student, Dena Eber, is willing to scan slides and make a video recording of the presentation. Member Juliet Moore suggested that the images be put out on Arts Ed Net.

H) Book review editor Sharon Kesterson Bollen reported that there will be one review on a book and one on a video in the next newsletter.

I) Delegates Assembly representative Karen Branen reported that the Women's Caucus was included in role call and treated as a state in the conference delegates assembly. Also *Women Art Educators IV* was included on the conference publication table. The NAEA Vice President took eight of the standing committees and collapsed them into four. Maryl Fletcher DeJong asked Branen to find out who would replace the Vice-President, Robert Ott, who is recently deceased.

J) Student Representative Peg Speirs, who is newly appointed, encourage members to send email with career news for the newsletter.

K) Liaison for the NAEA News Gaudelius, reported that regular columns were written for the NAEA News.

L) McFee and Rouse Award report given by Gaudelius, who reported that the Rouse award goes to Karen Carroll and the McFee Award would be given to Cynthia Colbert. The awards were coordinated by Elizabeth Garber.

M) Women, Art and Education course materials are being sought by Renee Sandell on a continuing basis. Syllabi and materials will be shared with others.

V) NOMINATING COMMITTEE REPORT: Appointments and Elections. A) Yvonne Gaudelius announces that Presidents elect, Elizabeth Ament and Debbie Smith-Shank will begin their terms Monday, April 7. B) Renee Sandell nominated Kathy Desmond for New President Elect Elizabeth Garber seconded. Vote was unanimous. C) The 1999 Conference Chair is Laurie Hicks. Hicks indicated that she would review proposals and fight for more slots for presentations for the WC. The 2000 conference chair is Juliet Moore. The slide sharing coordinator is Billi Rothove.

VI. NAEA WC BY-LAWS REVISIONS AND MISSION STATEMENT were presented by past President Laurie Hicks. The by-laws were voted on and accepted by the membership present. J. Finnegan, editor, requested that a mac compatible disk be forwarded to her for inclusion in the newsletter.

VII. AWARDS given by the WC were discussed by Hicks and Gaudelius. It has been determined that the Rouse Award will be given to an early or mid-career professional. (In the past is has only been given to an early professional.) It has also been decided that members of the board, except for the President and President Elect, can be nominated for both awards. (In the past no board members were eligible for nomination.) These decisions were made to encourage more nominations for the awards. In some recent years, there were no nominations for awards.

VIII. OTHER BUSINESS: Several members present volunteered to act as state coordinators for the WC. State coordinators agreed to promote the WC through encouraging membership and distributing brochures at State Conferences.

A) Gaudelius announced that terms for appointed positions expire when the presidency changes hands. B) Carol Woodlock announced that the Buffalo State College Grads have created a web page for the WC that includes a section on the Journal of Gender Issues. It can be accessed on the internet at [Hggg://www.art.ttu.edu/cstae.html](http://www.art.ttu.edu/cstae.html)

C) Juliet Moore volunteered to be a liaison between Museum Education and the WC.

IX. ADJOURNMENT: The meeting was adjourned. Respectfully submitted: Mary Wyrick, WC Secretary. HOME: 781 Richmond Ave. Buffalo, NY 14222. OFFICE: Art Education Department, BI 102, Buffalo State College, 1300 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14222. Office: 716-878-4109, Home: 716-886-3641 WYRICKML@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU

# From the Secretary

## MINUTES OF THE 1999 NAEA WOMEN'S CAUCUS BUSINESS MEETING

DATE: March 26, 1999

PLACE: NAEA National Convention

Washington Hilton, Washington, DC

TIME: 5:00 - 5:50 PM

OFFICERS: NAEA WOMEN'S CAUCUS

Past Co-Presidents: Elizabeth Garber and Yvonne Gaudelius,  
Co-Presidents: Debbie Smith-Shank and Beth Ament, President-elect: Kathleen Desmond, Secretary: Mary Wyrick, Treasurer: Kathleen Desmond/Carrie Nordlund, Editors: June Finnegan/Peg Speirs

### AGENDA

I. APPROVAL OF THE AGENDA: The Agenda was approved.

II. ACCEPTANCE OF THE MINUTES OF THE 1998

WOMEN'S CAUCUS (WC) BUSINESS MEETING: The minutes were approved.

III. DELEGATES ASSEMBLY: Karen Branen discussed the new by-laws. The WC is now known as an "Issues Group" instead of an affiliate. An issue currently going to the board involves technology. There was some disagreement about the need for a website for NAEA, counter to the current decision not to develop a website. Issues groups cannot register members who do not belong to NAEA.

The membership is very thankful to Karen Branen for her years of service as a delegate. The president has initiated a two year co-delegate position that will be served for the next two years by Ruth Starratt and Marybeth Koos.

### IV. REPORTS:

(A). Past president Elizabeth Garber encouraged members to use the listserve. The listserv can be accessed on the internet: HYPERLINK mailto:naeaWomen@listserv.arizona.edu

(B). Treasurer Kathleen Desmond is in the Netherlands. Carrie Nordlund, acting in her place, distributed a treasurer's report. She requested updated addresses and email addresses for all members. The WC is especially grateful to Nordlund for taking over the job as treasurer in Desmond's absence. Nordlund also announced a reissue of WC Pins to be sold for \$15.00 each. The treasurer's report was distributed.

### 1998-99 NAEA Women's Caucus Treasurer's Report:

Submitted January 1999

Kathleen Desmond, Treasurer

Carrie Nordlund, Acting Treasurer

Balance in Women's Caucus Treasury as of March 31, 1998  
\$2451.67

Deposits-membership and Luncheon\$

3/31/98 \$ 39.90

4/21/98 \$ 140.50

5/18/98 \$ 575.50

5/18/98 \$ 255.55

10/27/98 \$ 210.00

Plus Total Deposits \$1221.45

Expenses:

Imprinted Deposit Slips \$ 6.25

Charge for Canadian Exchange on checks deposited\$ 18.72

Gift for Outgoing Presidents presented at Luncheon \$ 68.41

Luncheon speaker Joan Livingstone \$ 200.00

Balance for Luncheon \$ 528.04

Balfour Co. Lapel Pins \$ 250.00

Less Total Expenses \$1071.42

Balance in WC Treasury as of Jan. 31, 1999 \$2601.70

Notes: The 1998 Executive committee voted on the Projected

Annual Budget for 1999@ \$1,100

Luncheon subsidy \$500.00

Two issues of the REPORT \$600.00

The NAEA WC checking account is located at United Missouri Bank Warrensburg in Warrensburg, Missouri. The account has no service charges and no interest is paid. Checks are \$13.00 for 200. Imprinted deposit slips are \$6.25.

Carrie Nordlund is Acting Treasurer February 1-July 1, 1999 while Kathleen Desmond is in the Netherlands and London, England. CMSU Art Department Secretary Penny Turner,

deposits checks while Kathleen Desmond is overseas. Thanks to both Carrie and Penny!

(C). The Report editor June Finnegan will publish one more issue of the REPORT. Peg Speirs has been nominated and accepted the job as the new editor

(D). The Journal of Gender Issues Editor Laurie Hicks asked that members please send submissions for the journal. She expressed thanks and praise for people who have reviewed papers. Since she is on sabbatical next year, she asked for help on the journal. She is trying to create a website for the journal.

(E). 1999 Conference Coordinator Laurie Hicks complimented the quality and numbers of proposals. She also noted that the conference chair should count submissions, since the Caucus is given slots on the conference program determined by the number of proposals submitted. She encouraged members to submit as many proposals as possible.

Juliet Moore was nominated and accepted the position as 2000 conference chair.

Members requested that we schedule the luncheon for Friday next year.

(F). Slide Sharing Coordinator Billie R. S. Rothove reported that her student, Dena Eber has scanned the slides submitted of members' work and made a video recording of the presentation. She asked if the WC might need a paid ad for the NAEA newsletter. The president instructed her to title it as a press release.

(G). Past Student Representative Peg Speirs, will be replaced by students delegated by Yvonne Gaudelius or Elizabeth Garber

(H). Liaison for the NAEA News, Beth Ament reported that regular columns are written for the NAEA News. Information should be sent to Debbie Smith Shank after May 15.

(I). McFee and Rouse Award Report The Rouse Award will go to Laurie Hicks and the McFee Award would be given to Renee Sandell. A new award was proposed by Elizabeth Garber. The Teaching Award will be given to Kathy Connors. Enid Zimmerman will also do a tribute to recently deceased June King McFee at the Awards Ceremony.

(J). Elizabeth Sacca is working on a web site for the WC. Renee Sandell offered to send syllabi and materials on feminist issues. The address will be:

HYPERLINK <http://www.art-education.concordia.ca/naeawc>

Garber moved and Dena Eber seconded endorsement of the website.

Nominations were held for treasurer-elect. Woodlock nominated Carrie Nordlund. Ruth Starratt seconded. Maryl Fletcher DeJong moved that nominations be closed. Members were all in favor of electing Carrie Nordlund.

The Supersession on feminist issues coordinated by Elizabeth Garber and Renee Sandell will be held Sunday 9-11:00am. Pat Stuhr will chair the Session next year.

The WC luncheon is a buffet at Gabriel's Gate, hosting a local artist as speaker, Phyllis Plattner. Karen Carroll offered to take photos for the luncheon. Peg Speirs will investigate artist for next year. She proposed Cheri Gaulke.

V. ADJOURNMENT: The meeting was adjourned.

IN ATTENDANCE: Karen Branen, Yvonne Gaudelius, Laurie Hicks, Karen Keifer-Boyd, Debbie Smith-Shank, Carol Woodlock, Mary Wyrick, Billi R.S. Rothove, Dena Elisabeth Eber, Peg Speirs, Sharon La Pierre, Carrie Nordlund, Ruth Starratt, Sharon Kesterson Bollen, Maryl Fletcher De Jong, Sharon Lee House, Cynthia Colbert, Martha Daugherty, Crickette Todd, Wendy Stephenson, Bonnie Black, Elizabeth Sacca, Ruby Machiz, Janie Anderson, Renee Sandell, MaryAnn Stankiewicz, Enid Zimmerman, Annamarie Coveny, Georgia Collins, Sallie McRorie, Elizabeth Garber, Olivia Gide, Amy Brook Snider, Marybeth Koos, Pat Stuhr. Total 35.

Respectfully submitted:

Mary Wyrick, WC Secretary. HOME: 781 Richmond Ave. Buffalo, NY 14222, OFFICE: Art Education Department, BI 102, Buffalo State College, 1300 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, NY 14222, Phone-Office: 716-878-4109, Home: 716-886-3641  
Email: WYRICKML@BUFFALOSTATE.EDU

## 1998-1999 Women's Caucus Award Winners

### *The June King McFee Award*

The McFee Award is given annually to honor an individual who has made distinguished contributions to the profession of art education, one who has brought distinction to the field through exceptional and continuous record of achievement in scholarly writing, research, professional, leadership, teaching, or community service. The 1998 recipient of the June King McFee Award is **Cynthia Colbert**. The recipient for the 1999 award is **Renee Sandell**.

Year	Recipient
1975*	June King McFee (OR)
1976	Mary J. Rouse (IN)
1977	Eugenia Oole (MN)
1978	Laura Chapman (OH)
1979	Ruth Freyberger (IL)
1980	Helen Patton (NC)
1981	Marylou Kuhn (FL)
1982	Hilda Present Lewis (CA)
1983	Jessie Lovano-Kerr (FL)
1984	Arthur Efland (OH)
1985	Jean Rush (AZ)
1986	Sandra Packard (TN)
1987	Diana Korzenik (MA)
1988	Frances Anderson (IL)
1989	John A. Michael (OH)
1990	Marilyn Zurmuehlen (IA)
1991	Georgia Collins (KY)
1992	Not Given
1993	Alice Schwartz (PA) and Enid Zimmerman (IN)
1994	Pearl Greenberg (NY)
1995	Karen Hamblen (LA)
1996	Carmen Armstrong (IL)
1997	Rogena Degge (OR)
1998	Cynthia Colbert (SC)
1999	Renee Sandell (MD)

\* Year Initiated

### *The Mary J. Rouse Award*

The Rouse award is given annually to recognize the contributions of an early professional who has evidenced potential to make significant contributions in the field of art education, given in honor of Mary J. Rouse whose untimely death in 1976 deeply affected the art education profession. Listed below are the previous recipients of this award. The 1998 recipient of the Mary J. Rouse Award is **Karen Carroll**. The recipient for the 1999 award is **Laurie Hicks**.

Year	Recipient
1979*	Marianne Scruggs (NC)
1980	Marion Jefferson (FL)
1981	Phillip C. Dunn (SC)
1982	Beverly J. Jones (OR)
1983	George Geahigan (IN)
1985	Enid Zimmerman (IN)
1986	Judith Koroscik (OH)
1987	Karen Hamblen (LA)
1989	Kristin Congdon (FL)
1990	Linda Ettinger (OR)
1991	Sally Hagaman (IN)
1992	Mary Stöckrocki (AZ)
1993	Elizabeth Garber (PA)
1994	Renee Sandell (MD)
1995	Christine Thompson (IA)
1996	not given
1997	Doug Blandy (OR)
1998	Karen Carroll (MD)
1999	Laurie Hicks (ME)

\* Year Initiated

### *The Kathy Connors Teaching Award*

Initiated in 1999, the Kathy Connors Teaching Award honors an outstanding art teacher/educator who is recognized by students, colleagues, and supervisors as someone who consistently inspires and mentors students in a cooperative, collegial, collaborative and nurturing manner. The first recipient of the Teaching Award is **Kathy Connors (CT)**.



Cynthia Colbert  
June King McFee Award  
Acceptance Speech  
1998

## EARLY INFLUENCES

### Parents and Family

I was born and grew up in Columbus, Georgia in the 1950's. We lived in a community with good schools, many relatives, and in a neighborhood with many friends. Children were free to roam the woods and creeks in our neighborhood and the troubles we got into or caused were very minor. We grew up in each other's houses, eating and spending the night at a neighbor child's home at least once a week. Our neighbors felt more like family because we interacted with them every day.

My parents were an encouraging force in my artistic development. Our home was filled with whatever media I wanted. I had paints, good drawing pencils, brushes, crayons, lots of white drawing paper and my own creek bed filled with a vein of white clay. My father had a good eye for design and color. He made most of the decisions about interior design and works of art in our home. We had many 19th century art reproductions that were framed and hanging in group arrangements. My mother was encouraging. Much of my early work hangs in her home today. My brother and I were both art majors. My parents did not discourage either of us from choosing art as a career.

My father was an athlete in high school and college. He lettered in both tennis and basketball at Auburn University before being called home to run the family broom factory after all of his uncles left for war. His dreams of being a coach were not realized and he did not return to school after the war. Instead he married my mother and later became a car dealer. As the first child, I was taught many of the athletic skills one would expect a father to share with a son. My father taught me to play golf and tennis and played both with me. He knew how to "push my buttons," by claiming that women did not run hard enough in tennis to play well with a man. I, of course, ran harder than ever after hearing that. His teasing and testing prepared me to take the testing that comes from the predominately male colleagues directed towards any young woman who finds employment in higher education. In 1982 when I was reviewed for tenure, a colleague from the studio division said, "I just do not believe that she will keep working at this pace. I suspect that she is just a flash in the pan." I should not know this was said about me, but knowing it made me ever vigilant (as it did in a tennis game with my father) to make him reassess his beliefs about me.

My mother was a stay at home mom who was involved in many community activities. She served as room mother, chaired my elementary school's annual field day, volunteered in the schools and in the community. She was at home when we returned from school each day. We dreaded the days she played bridge, and she would come home knowing more about the trouble our friends, or we had been in at school than we did. She was a part of a tight network of mothers who shared information without hesitation. She cooked a big meal each night, usually meat and when possible, three fresh vegetables. I have not lived up to my mother's standards for housekeeping or cooking, but she does not expect me to. I am a member of a network of mothers who have children the age of my daughter. We share information, compare our children's teachers, advise each other on various matters and laugh a lot.

My grandparents were exhibitors of early artistic efforts. Similar to Tomie dePaola's experiences in his book, *The Art Lesson*, I drew and painted for everyone. My work was mailed to my mother's parents and taken to my father's. They were displayed in both houses and bragged about. I recall checking to be sure a certain piece was still hung at my grandparents' home in Alabama when I arrived for a visit. I was always reassured that my work was where I had last seen it. My maternal grandmother painted landscapes and flowers and refinished furniture. She was especially receptive to my work, writing notes to me filled with praise. She also bragged about my artistic abilities, or as she said, "talents," to friends and neighbors in my presence.

### Teachers

I decided in the third grade to become an art teacher. As the "class artist" I was praised frequently by the classroom teacher and often allowed to leave the classroom to put up a bulletin board display or create a poster for the teacher.

In the mid 1950's we had an art teacher, Mrs. Thorton, who came in for an hour each week. I looked so forward to her arrival. I don't think I missed more than 1 or 2 art days in my 6 years of elementary school. I do recall explaining to my mother that I had to go to school on that day, even if I wasn't completely well because we had art.

In junior high school, Mrs. Carol Dorrough was my art teacher. We were allowed to take a whole year of art in both seventh and eighth grades. She was an outstanding teacher. She was a recent (around 1960) Auburn graduate. She had a well defined curriculum based mostly on drawing, painting and printmaking. We had to write about our work. Her classes were not easy, so they attracted a serious group of art students. She was a tough grader, and

that discouraged the students who were looking for an easy course to go elsewhere. Even in the seventh grade, I noticed that many of the smart people took art and were serious about their work.

I attended the high school designed to prepare students for college. Our curriculum was college preparatory, with only typing, wood shop, and mechanical drawing as electives along with various musical instruments, choral music and art. Over ninety percent of my high school class attended college. In my high school I studied art with another Auburn graduate, Ms. Evelyn Finch. She was also an excellent teacher for the committed art students.

### College

I went off to Auburn, making several mistakes. I roomed with two friends from high school and we got along badly. I chose an institution that had produced solid art teachers at a time when they lost their art educator and did not replace her. No one told me this when I applied for the program, nor when I spent several days on campus for summer orientation. It felt wrong to me to be advised by an English education professor. I transferred to Columbus State University—then Columbus College—during my sophomore year.

Back in Columbus I was surprised to find the professors so enthusiastic. This, you see, was a teaching college. I took a class with a wonderful painter, Will Hipps, who told us his area of expertise was painting, but that his real medium was teaching. Mr. Hipps was an encouraging teacher with very high standards. My course on color theory with him has enabled me to analyze and discriminate the content of color for more than 25 years. During my second course with Mr. Hipps, his wife gave birth to their first child. He was completely enamored with his new son and talked of him often. I found his excitement about his child charming. Other wonderful teachers at Columbus were Mr. McKee, who taught ceramics and did heavy editing of all student work he found lacking with a hammer. I left his class with two wonderful pieces I still own. I studied with George Stillman, who told me that no one would take me seriously as an artist with my long, pretty hair. I had my hair cut in a short style, about 2 inches long, just to see if I could be taken seriously. I cannot be sure that I was taken seriously by Mr. Stillman, but I had met his challenge and found that it gave me certain power over him. I was able to look at him straight in the eye for the first time and hold my own with him. I liked that feeling.

One of the characters on faculty was Harriett Wyman. I took two classes with her and admired her because she was the first older female I had studied with who was a complete free spirit. I

sensed that she was not well liked by the men in the department, partly because she was rather outrageous in her opinions and demeanor, and partly because she had such a wonderful exhibition record. I suspect they thought she was a dilettante. She seemed to enjoy herself to the fullest and was delighted with her new life as an artist. She had been married and raised a family and had been widowed before she returned to school to study art. She had many national and international exhibits of her fiber pieces during the time she taught me. I wanted to be more like Mrs. Wyman than many of the other female role models I knew. I found myself at age twenty looking forward to widowhood. It occurred to me that I need not marry the young man to whom I was engaged and wait out the years until his death. With the engagement broken, I set out to become more like Mrs. Wyman.

My teachers had very strong influences on my thinking about myself and my consideration of options for my future. The public school art teachers were very nurturing and pleased that I wanted to be an art teacher. My high school teacher suggested that I might also consider architecture. My undergraduate teachers were generous with their time and in sharing their expertise and opinions. I liked some much better than others. Mr. Hipps and Mrs. Wyman left lasting impressions and have some bearing on how I hope to relate to my university students. They were honest, caring, and discussed things other than the content of the course, such as books they had read and loved, or a recipe tried with success, or even the birth of a first child. They were personal without crossing the line and going outside of my comfort zone.

## WORK/HOME CONNECT/DISCONNECT

I married badly for a short while, but found myself teaching art and living in Missouri. He took a position at the University of Missouri and I was unable to find work as an art teacher there, so I enrolled in graduate school. There was no grand plan. I enrolled in the MA program in studio art, being guaranteed a slot in the "soon to be established" MFA program. I was, frankly, disappointed with the studio instruction I received during my first semester there. I switched to art education by the end of my first semester, taking all of my second semester courses with Marilyn Zurmuehlen. Not unlike my earlier experiences with Mrs. Wyman, I decided I wanted to be like Marilyn and worked very hard in all of my classes, doing well in the masters program. I was invited to continue in the doctoral program at about the time I decided to divorce my first husband. Again, there was no great plan.

In the meantime, I found a job teaching in an elementary school, as I needed more teaching experience prior to the doctorate. Marilyn left Missouri to take the job at Iowa and I began to work with Dr. Larry Kanter, who was on faculty at the University of Missouri, but with whom I had not studied. For the next three years I spent every Thursday evening with Larry Kanter, Larry Peeno, Margaret Peeno, Connie Newton, Susan Doerr, Katy Bear, Cherry Dowd and Diane Gregory. This was the evening of what we referred to as "graduate seminar." We developed a supportive camaraderie under Larry Kanter's guidance. Larry Kanter was such a wonderful influence. He was open, honest, spent as much time with us as we needed and most importantly—he let us find our own way. Larry Kanter is a kind and generous person who sees that students are well-trained, that they take credit for their own successes and that he is available to us. I have known Larry Kanter for 23 years and he is still available to me for discussions of ideas, collaborating on a paper or project, venting frustrations, or just a good chat. I cannot come up with a negative aspect of studying with Larry except that I left Missouri believing that everyone in higher education would be as kind as he was to me. They were not and are not. Today I use many of Larry's teaching methods and even his responses to students. For example, when a student asks me questions that are uncomfortably personal, I answer as Larry did some 23 years ago by saying, "I think that's why they call that your personal life."

I married my husband, Lee Siple, in the summer of 1978 just before receiving my doctorate. Lee is a graphic designer who came from many years of working in graphic design and publications design to university teaching. Lee left his position to accompany me to the University of Illinois for my first job in higher education. We bought an old house there and he planned to renovate it during my two-year appointment. A faculty member in graphic design at Illinois took an emergency leave of absence and Lee taught for a year and a half of my two year contract. The house was barely ready to sell on our departure. We found jobs for both of us at the University of South Carolina. Lee began a two-year appointment, but was subsequently hired as an associate professor. It is difficult for married couples to work in the same department. Many of the faculty there were uncomfortable with hiring a married couple. They feared that we would create block votes, or cause friction in some way between divisions in our department. We worked within different divisions and used offices and classrooms in different buildings. Our colleagues suspected that we went home and discussed the business within our divisions with each other. We did not. We soon learned that we needed to keep the business of the art department

outside of our home life as much as possible. There were exceptions, but we did well in not letting the discussion of departmental politics consume our private lives. We were careful to sit separately in full faculty meetings, to lunch with others, to help avoid being thought of as a package. Sometimes we shared students who often did not know that we were married. I gained some insight from Lee on what students thought of my strong negative opinions on the use of coloring books. They thought I was eccentric, at best and anti-mom and apple pie and all things American, at worst. Knowing what some of my students said about me helped me change the way I approached several issues in my class. I strengthened my courses from this "inside" knowledge.

The move from the University of Illinois to the University of South Carolina was a move that involved more than geographic location. The journey was back to the region of my childhood and a place where my husband had only visited. I found the university ran very slowly compared to the well-oiled running of the University in Illinois. It seemed that the time needed to get paperwork through the system was inordinately slow, yet the system was far more open to change and to incorporating new ideas from young, untenured faculty than any place I had been. These contrasts were vexing for me and I found myself not knowing if I wanted to stay in this place. Artist Anne Truitt has written about her first trip to Columbia, South Carolina where I live and work. I find similarities in her perceptions of this place and memories of my own first impressions.

*As I headed south to visit and lecture at the University of South Carolina, the fields were a welcome in themselves, as were the tender light, the unassuming whitewashed clapboard houses, the leaves under lacy aureoles, the easy sweep of land like slow water. Grace dwells modestly in the Southern landscape. A tree is let alone to stand in a plowed field, though surely a vexation to cultivate around. Farm outbuildings, not themselves anything but functional, are placed in a natural proportion. (Truitt, 1982, p. 104)*

Truitt continues her description of her time spent as a visiting lecturer at my university by saying,

*I was startled when the audience laughed spontaneously because a dog wandered into the room just as I was saying something banal about an artist "working like a dog." Not having noticed the dog, I was baffled by the laughter. But what interested me was that I felt a wave of warmth curling towards me breaking over my head. I was given to understand that these people, invisible in the dim cavern isolated for me by the lectern's reading bulb, were with me. (Truitt, 1982, p. 105)*



I, too, have felt the warmth of that community of art teachers and arts administrators as a wave curling towards and breaking over me. I am fortunate to live in a place where we have art teachers in every school and arts education is championed by administrators, parents, superintendents of education, and legislators. I have felt that the art educators here are, as Truitt said, *with me*. And so we stayed at the University of South Carolina, adjusting our rhythms to its slower ones making it our home.

In 1985, Lee and I were delighted to have our first and only child, Gillian. We named her for a lovely baby of a former art education graduate student from the University of Illinois. We had no plan for how we would handle two careers and a baby. We played it by ear. I had never studied with a female professor who was also a mother. (You may recall that Mrs. Wyman was the mother of grown children, but they did not figure into my relationship with her.) I had no role models for how to balance the life of a professor with the demands of motherhood.

Gillian has been one of the most positive influences in my life and certainly on my teaching and my research. I am much more understanding of family illnesses and other conflicts my students might have that I would not have been sympathetic to before. Also, with Gillian, I am able to see schools and schooling through the eyes of a child. I have gained so much insight through her and continue to marvel at the skills and abilities she develops. Now 13, Gillian is a straight A student who has taken the SAT as part of the Duke Talent Search, scoring more on the math section than I did as a high school senior. I can't wait to see how she turns out.

I have many concerns and much guilt about balancing my professional life with my life as a parent. I have read a lot of what children of highly regarded professionals have said about their childhoods and find no comfort there. Mary Catherine Bateson, daughter of Gregory Bateson and Margaret Mead writes, "The departure of both my parents for long periods of war work when I was very little must have made me question my value and importance—their work came first" (Bateson, 1989, p. 140). Bateson goes on to explain that she somehow merged her experiences of being without parents with cultural attitudes about the inferiority of women, often slighting her own value.

When I compare my own childhood with a stay at home mother who was psychologically available to me almost every school day, both afternoons and evenings, with my daughter's experience of my teaching in the evenings, leaving home for various consulting jobs and conferences and often being unavailable when I am at

home, I wonder what attitudes about herself and about the worth of women and their work she will take from her experiences. Mary Catherine Bateson's statement that "their work came first" is not an impression I want to leave with my daughter.

Another child of an achieving parent, May Sarton writes that although she and her mother were very close, she was "not able to get over the wall to George Sarton himself" (Sarton, 1989, p. 192). Sarton goes on to say that as she has aged, she sees much of her father in herself. She says that her dedication to her work and the resentment of anything that interrupts her routine that makes her work possible comes from him. Sarton goes on to say,

*From the time I was a small child I learned the sacredness of work. I had to be very quiet because when we first came to Cambridge as refugees from Belgium during World War I, we lived in a three-room apartment and the living room was his study. I spent a lot of time lying on the floor surrounded by newspapers and a bowl of water, soaking stamps off letters (they came from all over the world) for my collection, but I had to be absolutely silent—how silent is made clear by the fact that when my mother gave me a goldfish in a bowl that stood on a cupboard in that studious room, my father said that after a day or so they must be removed. He could not stand the noise that they made! That "noise" was the faint bubbly sound when they came up for air. Before I was eight I had absorbed that if you worked very hard it justified a great deal. I had conviction bred in my bones. (Sarton, 1989, p. 192-193)*

I wonder what convictions I am breeding into my daughter's bones. What ideas, beliefs, or reactions will she come away with?

### **Loyalty, Friendship, and Collaborative Spirit**

Paula Dillard, my childhood neighbor and close friend, was more like a cousin to me because of the intertwining of our families. Her parents built their home just after mine did. Her mother had a baby boy within several months of the birth of my younger brother. The Dillard family still lives next door to my mother and neighbors on one side and across the street are the same as during my childhood. Only one corner of our property touches the Dillard's property. When my family fenced in our yard after my brother was born, my parents had to call the fencing company and have them return to our property to create a gate at the Dillard's corner of our backyard. Otherwise, we were walking halfway around the block many times each day to get to their house. There is still a well-worn path between my mother's back door and theirs.

Paula and I collaborated on many things. We had plays where neighbors had to come and pay money to see bad acting and drink Kool Aid and eat packaged cookies. We performed a series of Aesop's Fables found in my mother's childhood reading texts, and several other folk or fairy tales as two or three act plays. Often Paula's older brother or a pet had to play a part in our productions. We moved on to puppet shows, creating hundreds of paper puppets that were manipulated by Popsicle sticks from behind a long leather covered bench belonging to Paula's mother. (We ate the Popsicles.) We soon learned that we could provide a service of repairing the dolls of younger girls in the neighborhood, so we made a large sign advertising a Doll Hospital that was held on my family's front porch. We moved from doll hospitals to possibly our worst plan yet, the deadly Frog Hospital. We caught frogs and placed them in baby food jars with soap and water, shook them up and let them out. We saw ourselves performing a great service, but soon noticed that many dead frogs littered Paula's yard. Rather than feeling shame for our actions, we were somewhat upset that those thankless frogs chose to die. Luckily for the frogs of our neighborhood, we moved on to making pinestraw forts, drawing with slime dipped on long sticks from our own "Girl's Creek," and painting symbols onto trees to mark our territory with tubes of liquid plastic meant for blowing bubbles. Our parents left us alone to create our own worlds. They fed us and encouraged us to "go outside and play." Paula and I are still close.

As we grew up, the one year age difference deterred some activities, but perhaps enhanced the long-term friendship. I collaborated with others during junior high school, and later in high school and in undergraduate school. But these collaborations were done more in a spirit of "us vs. them." "We" usually represented my clique or a school or a social club and the spirit of the collaboration often pitted us against another group either from our school in our community. Typical of the teenage collaborations were political campaigns for student government positions, pep rallies, and even pranks and some vandalism aimed towards rivals.

### **Mature Collaborations**

The adult collaborations are more reminiscent of those of early childhood. They seem to me to be more pure and honest. These collaborations have resulted in my/our best work. The process of working is enriched by collaboration with another. When collaborating with another woman, the fusion that bonds you often includes personal as well as professional issues. Some might judge women's collaborations as "messy," I prefer to see them as "rich," with a layering of

personal and professional histories and issues that create a strong bond.

My first art education collaborators were my fellow graduate students from the university of Missouri who served as judges for the data I collected for my dissertation. Katy Bear, Diane Gregory, Susan Doerr, and Cherry Dowd were judges. Connie Newton had left Missouri, but we collaborated on sharing articles and information for our dissertations. I found a wonderful collaborator in Ann Townley, an undergraduate student in art who helped in collecting data and who later studied for her doctorate with Larry Kanter.

My first job from graduate school was at the University of Illinois. George Hardiman was chair of the Art Education Division and Ted Zernich was editing Visual Arts Research and heading the international programs for the School of Art. My colleagues included James Marshall and Kenneth Lansing. Jim Marshall and I shared an office in my second year there, so we had spatial collaboration as well as a close friendship. He tolerated my eclectic collection of materials with kindness. He was used to having a large office to himself and kept things excruciatingly neat (by my standards). Kenneth Lansing was very generous to me. He read every manuscript I wrote in the two years I spent at Illinois. He marked them and discussed them with me at length. He was a kind and gentle critic, but his recommendations for improving my work had substance and merit.

During the fall of my first year at the University of Illinois, I attended the IAEA Conference which was held jointly with Missouri and Iowa. There I was introduced by Jim Marshall to a favorite former student of his who became my lifelong collaborator. Martha Taunton and I had much in common. She was on the faculty at Iowa, working with Marilyn Zurmuehlen whom I had studied with for my masters degree at the University of Missouri. I was on the faculty at the University of Illinois, where Martha had studied. We knew a lot about the circumstances of the other's positions. I won our initial conversation where we compared negative aspects of our jobs. We saw each other again that spring at NAEA in San Francisco (1979), where we presented our separate research on the same panel. Next year is the 20th year of our collaboration. In San Francisco, Martha and I spent some time together, again, partially arranged by Jim Marshall, and we made some tentative plans to collaborate on our research. During my two years at Illinois, Martha and I traveled to each other's homes and worked together on several research projects. I met with Dr. Laura Chapman at Martha's home in Iowa City when she served as a visiting professor at Iowa during Martha's sabbatical. Laura had been supportive of our work and

professionally generous to us during our careers. It was Laura Chapman who recommended our work to Davis Publications when they wanted to develop a kindergarten program. Laura helped us along the way with *Discover Art: Kindergarten*, editing, suggesting, cajoling, and counseling. I must add that Laura Chapman is the first person who edited my first article for *Studies in Art Education* without leading me to believe there was no hope for me as a scholar.

Martha and I continue to collaborate. We are more than collaborators, we have undergone the important step of fusion. Martha and I have just completed a chapter for a new AREA text on classroom research. We hope to have a book proposal under consideration and we discuss important ideas, hopes, and dreams, and just nonsense on the telephone regularly. We wrote *Discover Art: Kindergarten* together, working on manuscripts during the day and talking long distance after eleven o'clock four to five evenings per week to save money. Martha is my collaborator and a close family friend, important to my husband and my daughter. This is how women work.

Another collaborator is Tom Brewer, with whom I taught ceramic hand building techniques in a middle school and conducted a study on the effects of instructional strategies on students' ceramic vessels. Tom and I ate a lot of Korean and Vietnamese food as we plotted our research. The day we trained our judges for the study is the day the Gulf War began. I remember thinking that our study would turn out badly, as our judges were distracted by rumors of war. Tom and I developed a wonderful working relationship. He (the driven one) carrying me (the often-reluctant one) along more rapidly than I am accustomed to working with. The work was done well, quickly, and published before I knew it. I like to chew on ideas and sentences for a while, but Tom races ahead getting things done.

Rebecca Brooks, of the University of Texas, and I collaborated on a new elementary textbook series for Davis Publications. We did not meet until we attended a meeting at Davis arranged for people who might be interested in contributing to an interdisciplinary art text. We like each other immediately. After parting company with several of the other potential contributors at the Cincinnati airport, we had a drink and charted what we wanted to see in the text before boarding the plane. We work well together—notice that this is the present tense, as we are still working on this project (now in its fourth year). Our collaborative effort has taken many directions, but it is beginning to resemble the sketches we drew in the airport bar. The end is near and I have met someone whom I admire and with whom I hope to work again.

## Sense of Self/Sense of Balance

Sometimes I feel that I have lost my sense of balance. When I am far behind on work promised to others I find that I cannot sleep. It is then that I work through the night until almost dawn, sleeping for several hours and rising to take my daughter to school or to teach my classes at the university or at a magnet school where I work two mornings a week. I strive for more balance in my life. To be completely caught up, with a clean, well-ordered study is one of my dreams. The reality of combining the various roles we create for ourselves is difficult.

Once when conducting research in eight elementary art classrooms to try to discover why these particular art teachers were so successful, I found that they each had a high tolerance for ambiguity. They were able to live with half-completed work littering their classrooms, knowing that it would be completed in time. When interviewed, some of the teachers did not see themselves as I saw them. They felt, as one said "like the class hamster running on the exercise wheel, but going nowhere." Many of these teachers believed that they never caught up at work or did much of substance and that they spend most of their time correcting behavior or dispensing materials and cleaning up. I saw them differently. They were natural teachers, good with children and nurturing of children as people and as artists. They were comfortable in their own skins. They offered lessons with real substance and with a sense of verve or moxie that made them unique and memorable. They taught with an apparent ease, drawing on years of experience and accumulated knowledge. They dared to be silly with their students, wore costumes, hats, sang (often badly) and told stories about themselves and their former students.

What I learned from these remarkable women is that we are very hard on ourselves and often do not view ourselves as others do. We do not give ourselves the same breaks we generously give to others. These women were happy in their work, but worried that they did not do enough or do it well enough. I felt that they did their work extremely well. They argued that they could do more and do this or that much better with more time or more effort.

When I was told that I had been chosen as the recipient of this prestigious award, I felt that I had not done enough, nor well enough to deserve this honor, nor your praise. I remember thinking, "I'm not finished with my work yet. I have not done enough. I have so much more to do. I'd better do something really good now." Like my respected colleagues in the elementary art classrooms, I know that I could do more and that I could do better if I just had some time and energy.

For now, I will take the time to feel grateful to you for honoring me with this award. I will bask in this moment. I am working on balance in my life.

Author's note:

I want to thank Renee Sandell for asking the audience during the 1997 WCA awards presentation to envision a person to nominate for this year. Kathleen Desmond envisioned me and I am forever indebted to her for following through with her nomination of me. My gratitude goes also to Martha Taunton, Larry Kanter, Rebecca Brooks, Sam Compton, and Jessie Lovano-Kerr who wrote letters on my behalf to the nominations committee and to Carmen Armstrong and her committee for selecting me as the 1998 recipient of the June King McFee Award. I am proud to receive this award and honored that it carries the name of June King McFee.

References:

Anthony, C. (1989). *Family portraits*. New York: Doubleday.

Bateson, M.C. (1989). *Composing a life*. New York: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

dePaola, T. (1989). *The art lesson*. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons.

Truitt, A. (1982). *Daybook*. New York: Penguin Books.

Karen L. Carroll  
Mary J. Rouse Award  
Acceptance Speech  
1998

I am immensely honored to receive this award from the Women's Caucus. I am most grateful to Renee Sandell who envisioned this and who I envision here with me tonight. She has a front row seat in my mind. I am also humbled by the kind words Georgia Collins, Christy Parks, and Jan Olson offered on my behalf. It is indeed humbling to look over my shoulder at the awardees who have preceded me and I see before me an audience of potential nominees.

I found Doug Blandy's acceptance speech from last year's award a good model and I would like to follow his example by sharing some of the beliefs and values that have shaped my journey in art education. Along the way, I would like to mention those who have contributed to my evolution as a person and as a professional. The three values I would like to talk about are: Community, Transformation, and Seeing the Forest for the Trees.

Community

I came across a notion in sociology when I was trying to argue the formation of special programs for the gifted in art. Simply put, the idea was that we come to know who we are within the context of community. Certainly, the profession of teaching art, national and state organizations, the Women's Caucus, and our own places of teaching provides us with "communities" in which we come to know ourselves and each other better. Perhaps like many of you, I held some intuitive notions about what I liked when I was young but who I have become has been shaped in large part by others, what they saw in me that

I could not see, what they let me try my hand at, and how they supported me in the process.

Part of my artist identity was formed in the community found in the art room and the yearbook office in my high school in Cheektowaga, New York and I owe a great deal to three art teachers who redirected my life from a path into nursing to a path into teaching art. Still others have contributed to my artist identity: I carry fond memories of being mentored by photographer Oscar Bailey and printmaker Frank Eckmier at Buffalo State. All helped me discover the value art-making has as a process for coming to know more about what I think and feel.

Another part of my identity, having to do with counseling and personnel, was shaped in undergraduate and graduate school, especially by a number of women who trusted me and gave me responsibilities under the Dean of Women's Staff at Penn State. Here I learned some useful lessons like how to throw football players out of the dorm lobby at midnight and, more so, about the need students have to process their journeys in search for identity. I am indebted to Dorothy Harris, Dean of Women, and several others from her staff who nurtured and guided development in student personnel, a career path I almost pursued.

My decision to stay in art education is due in part to Ed Mattill, who opened the art education door to me at Penn State, and to the wonderful supportive mentoring of Alice Schwartz. Today, I am still using the lessons she taught me about doing research in the classroom, and of course, she got me interested in television and since then I have been using video as a tool for teaching and reflection.

I also benefited from a powerful experience working in a small

historically Black college, learning what it felt like to be a "minority" in a community. Others created new communities, as did Ruth Denney with her brand new Houston High School for the Performing and Visual Arts, in which I was to learn more about who I was and who I wanted to become. It was within this community that I fell in love with curriculum development and began my work with the gifted in art. Tonight, I am ever so pleased to have Brian Sikes in the audience. Brian was one of the first students we interviewed and accepted for the new Houston High School and he and his wife Bibiana are both Chicago artists and teachers. They and my godson Noah are family to me, and example of the special gift that teaching brings when the community you create is life-long.

Ann Vermel, the Director of the Arts Council in Rhode Island took a chance on me, giving me the opportunity to take the lead with a new state high school for the gifted and talented in the arts. While we survived for a couple of years on soft money, I was able to learn more under her guidance: how to take on school boards, state department of education folks, and legislators. Later, it was Superintendent Jerome Jones who gave me the opportunity to try my hand at supervising all the arts for a city school district, David Baker who gave me good counsel and superb mentoring, and most recently, Fred Lazarus who provided a unique community of artists and art educators within which to further test myself. In each of these situations, someone has held out and opportunity, provided the conditions which supported creative work, and guided me along the way.

I have had wonderful company on this journey. My companions from Teachers College, Jan Olson and Sandy Kay, have both been inspirational friends. Jan's interest in story and narrative

drawing not only provided clear goals and developmentally appropriate strategies for teaching but helped me "see into" the early work of Edvard Munch. Sandy and I have shared a commitment to gifted education and her notions about what constitutes elegant problem solving has been fully woven into the programs at MICA. Judy Simpson created an opportunity to engage a group in the development of a new textbook which found the shape it needed to be through a truly collaborative process. The book includes Jan, Sandy, Marianne Kerlavage, Cheryl Hamilton, and Jean Delaney. With others in Maryland, including Barry Shauck, Joyce Bucci, Daisy McTighe, Jay Tucker, and many others, I have found companionship and mutual caring a bonus in our shared efforts to strengthen the position of the arts in the schools. Karen Hamblen, Sharon La Pierre, Enid Zimmerman, and Mary Ann Stankiewicz have been supportive in another way, helping me write and publish, a process that clearly benefits from the input of community.

In my current role as a teacher of teachers, I am looking for the heart and artistic soul that can be nurtured with the right conditions, opportunities, challenges and guidance. In an article with Renee, we once commented that it takes a whole community to produce a new generation of teachers. I am very fortunate to be a part of a very special community at the Maryland Institute, joined by Renee, whose every endeavor is marked by quality and thoughtfulness, Henry Jones whose attention to detail is balanced with a generosity and vision, Joan Gaither who keeps us on our toes alert to any form of stereotypical thinking, and of course, Al Hurwitz, a most gifted mentor and friend who has made a life's mission out of connecting people from different communities

all over the world. Our mutual hope is to create the kind of community for students in which collaboration, coupled with individual attention, yields a sense of family and life long friendships as well as a sense of professional commitment to shared beliefs and values. It is a special treat to have two of my former students here tonight, Jenny Siegenthaler and Katie Morris.

### Transformation

Transformation. The very word makes me think of Peter London and Judy Burton whom I consider to be inspirational colleagues. Judy's wonderful phrase identifies the very essence of art as an "act of transformation." Art-making, teaching, and administration have all been transforming experiences for me. I have learned that qualitative changes take a long time and that quality is a most fragile construct, supported by the exquisite care of individuals lovingly attending to something they believe and cherish. Mediocrity, by comparison, is far more stable and enduring. I have learned that hidden agendas are often at work, that institutions cannot care, and that it is individual people who make a difference. These lessons have lead me to my present position at MICA. I have always loved small institutions where creative change is expected and encouraged. I also see that the most dynamic point of entry for change in the educational system is the individual teacher and I am committed to preparing the best teachers possible and for providing teachers opportunities for continued growth and development. The power of a single teacher is not to be underestimated if they are well grounded advocates for art education.

I see my role now as one of providing the conditions for the transformation of others: for the

transition from artist to the one who guides the art encounters of others, for the transition from student to teacher, for the transition of teacher to artist again, and for the transition from master teacher to college art educator, helping special teachers like Joan Gaither, Sharon Johnson, and Kathy Unrath see themselves in new roles.

At the Maryland Institute, we use the metaphor of a bridge with our students. We tell students that they are about to embark on a journey starting on one side of the bridge. At the beginning, they are likely to be self-conscious and to be concerned about how they are performing. Their job is to cross the bridge to the other side, where their primary concerns are no longer with themselves but with their students, how students are performing, what they are learning, what they have to say.

Most student teachers believe that the biggest challenge they'll face is to learn how to teach and manage behavior in the classroom. Yet we've discovered that there are other dimensions of this journey that present transformational challenges. Student teachers all have their own dragons to slay. Some have discovered that they are ADD in the middle of student teaching or that their old strategies for communicating and problem solving simply do not work well enough and need to be rewritten. It is interesting to me that we still have many feminist issues here: knowing how to be proactive on one's own account, taking responsibility instead of blaming, effectively communicating one's needs, knowing how to negotiate and partner—and both women and men are challenged by them. Recent experience suggests that even school systems will take advantage of novice teachers when they can. It seems to me as I look at our student teachers, clearly half the transformation during student teaching is not

about learning to teach but rather about learning how to take care of themselves and be proactive on their own account.

I continue to believe in the transformational value of making art. It is not possible to take just part of one's self into the studio. The whole person must submit to the process and it is the whole person—fears, survival strategies, beliefs and all—that will be tested. I have been witness to the profoundly personal growth experienced by career teachers who have willingly put themselves back in the studio. Facing all their fears, the growth they have experienced is not just artistic, it is holistic. I see deeply moving examples every year as MFA candidates near the point where a body of work is cohering—and is starting to talk back to them. Facing this challenge, and working through it as they come to "find home and recognize it for the first time," has been empowering for teachers and thrilling to witness. The growth they experience then comes back to their students, often in subtle yet qualitative changes in their teaching.

As for myself, I kept my hand in photography all the years I taught and supervised in the public school and I think it was my salvation. It gave my life a balance and allowed me to hear a voice from deep inside myself. I had gotten away from my photography for about a decade with all the research and writing that comes with the dissertation. Yet, I fell in love with photography again on my sabbatical journey a couple of years ago, traveling alone for the better part of three months in Europe. Both writing and photography gave me wonderfully reflective tools to help me process a host of experiences. And I was reminded what a gift it is to love art, how art can shape a journey, give it substance, bring a new place to

life. I do not think I could have chosen a better career and am moved that so many others have played significant roles in mentoring me along the way.

### Seeing the Forest for the Trees

So what does throwing football players out of dorms have to do with a life in art education? Frankly, I had not given it much thought until I began to write this talk. Yet, now I am moved to make some kind of sense out of it. Along the way, I must have developed some skills that were useful in working with others, trying to get them to gently and positively see what I had in mind. As I recall, the football players did actually leave when this rather short person respectfully asked them to do so. But I think I was warming up for conversations of a much tougher kind—conversations with those who make decisions about art in the schools.

I have been well served by a kind of journey that has allowed me to see the profession from different vantage points. I know how it looks to a teacher, a department head, a supervisor, a program director, a college instructor, and a graduate director. Each time I shifted to a new level, the landscape changed and I saw more of how others think (and do not think) about art education. I've learned it is important to understand how and why others hold different points of view. I have found it useful to anticipate what others need to know or feel in order to open their thinking to new ideas. So many times, it is more simple than we believe. Only recently I had the opportunity to address a state board of education, talking about mark-making, tadpole people, early schema, and so forth. It unlocked a flood of "grandparent" stories and a previously unarticulated appreciation of drawing as a basic skill and concerns about how general education teachers were prepared



in art. I am reminded almost daily how little our colleagues in education really know about what we do, how children come to draw, and how art serves the total child. And I also know that just the right information can open their eyes.

Some of you know my interest in paradigms. Paradigm analysis has been a very enlightening process for me. It has made me look at the details and to consider the relationship between the parts and the whole. In an era of writing standards and indicators, I sense the focus on the smallest parts may distract us from keeping the whole picture before our eyes. I hope that we will take the time and, if necessary, even resist the pressure to move so quickly on reforms and initiatives as to not look at the whole the pieces-parts make. For example, I am concerned that our standards say nothing about teaching students to draw and that too often art is made to understand what artists do, not to hear one's own voice. There is one issue that seems to stand out for me in education today, an issue which reflects truly feminist values. It is the need to honor the voices of our students, to give them art as a vehicle for thought and expression, and for us to really listen to what they are saying.

We also need to listen carefully to what others are saying. The forces outside our profession, the media as well as critics of education and especially the critics of teacher preparation, would like to see us divided from within. There is a "one size fits all" mentality out there trying to establish some order in a world which seems quite out of control. I hope we have the wisdom to keep our eyes on the big picture and to find those central paths where students will understand not only what artists do but what they themselves can discover and say by engaging with artful processes of making.

In closing, I have benefited enormously from the nurturing energy of many good women and men. I am proud to be a member of this community, aware that "acts of transformations" are what we should be facilitating. Fortunately, we have art to remind us to look for the relationships between the parts and the whole so that we can see the message, hear the voice, and find the meaning. Thank you again for this honor and this opportunity to share my thoughts with you.

*Renee Sandell  
June King McFee Award  
Acceptance Speech  
1999*

Dear Women's Caucus Members:

As is customary, Women's Caucus Award winners' speeches are printed in *The Report*. While struggling to write up notes from my McFee remarks, Christy Park kindly reminded me that that event was a "moment, not a speech." To those of you who were there to witness my acceptance, I thank you for being part of that special evening. In writing this letter, I can only share some reflections from that bright moment of pride and joy that briefly lured me from an ominous battleground of cancer. Both then and now, I greatly appreciate the opportunity to reflect on personal and professional presence, spiritual journey and the healing power of ritual.

As I remember the evening, it was graced with the presence of so many special people. In addition to old and new NAEA Women's Caucus members, it included current and former students, my son David and his friend Matt, dear local friends Angela, Sylven, Suzy and Joe, as well as colleagues from the

Maryland Institute, College of Art, and NAEA. Instead of reading a prepared speech, I presented some remarks with a set of rough notes, given the emotional nature of what I had to share. I began by focusing on the nature of presence (so embodied in the ideal of feminist pedagogy) as being fully there and knowing one's self. Noting Pearl Greenberg's temporary absence at the conference due to her accident, I reflected on the recent loss of Marylou Kuhn, an inspiring mentor. I continue to miss her strong presence resonated with her direct eye contact and careful enunciation of her words and that warm, generous smile. She, like June King McFee, Laura Chapman and others, had the special kind of presence that shows caring about the audience to whom she speaks. Acknowledging the presence of the new generation of art educators, I congratulated my own students who had presented at this convention with great grace, clarity and style.

Having addressed the intertwining relationship of personal, professional and political dimensions of my life in my autobiographical Rouse Award Speech (1994), I chose to share fragments of my recent life story. I disclosed highlights of a difficult year focused on my economist husband Steve's valiant battle with Non-Hodgkins Lymphoma. My presence at the conference meant flying in from Boston, where I had recently relocated in search for a cure: Steve had just undergone a bone marrow transplant from an unrelated matched donor. His mom was caring for him in the hospital while I was at the conference, only several miles from our Bethesda home.

Unlike any other event or life experience, living with cancer has enlarged my spiritual journey. Furthermore, being an art educator has prepared me for coping and surviving both fear and disease.

I've become a dealer not worrier. In my many dealings, I attribute my perseverance to my ability to seek assistance, connect with mentors, help others, widen my vision, maintain a sense of wonder instead of worry, engage in purposeful research, utilize intuition, and continually network. This focus of my energy has helped me become an effective caregiver to provide my husband (and others) with the necessary support to become a survivor not a victim. Our family has used these skills and efforts to mindfully "process" life as we receive distressing diagnoses, seek the best treatments, and cope with the unknown. For example, my sons have written college entrance essays on this personally, heart-wrenching topic. My husband and I have taken special pride in witnessing their adjustment in powerful and public ways: Our older son, Larry made and exhibited paintings that showed Steve's coping with cancer, including his balding phases. Our younger son David wrote and delivered a very moving speech entitled "Wrestling with Adversity" at his Confirmation.

The Awards Ceremony requiring that I deliver an acceptance speech has given me permission along with the opportunity to fully reflect on my experience—to truly see the whole from its parts. Looking back, I began to marvel at our family's physical, emotional and spiritual survival through the process by being connected and proactive! The source of this strength stems from inspiring role models: courageous and heroic cancer survivors and their dedicated caregivers who refuse to become victimized. Those who honor the warriors in this battle further affirm this. For example, Don Krug's student's art teaching unit on cancer that includes the art of the recent the Breast Cancer stamp. The latter, designed by two Maryland Institute, College of Art alumni, funds research to

find a cure. Addressing the theme of cancer in our teaching, and our postage purchases, is a proactive way to fight and cope with this disease. It continues to threaten our lives and the lives of our family, friends, colleagues as well as prominent individuals such as Jacqueline Onassis and King Hussein, both of whom died from Non-Hodgkins Lymphoma. On a personal level, I admire my friends and colleagues for surviving pain, worry, loss of organs, hair, control and, of course, peace of mind. Courageous warriors, I salute all of you who have

- Taken responsibility for your body: found your own breast lump in time (may we all take good care of our bodies),
- Assumed the role of dedicated and hard-working care giver,
- Reached out to others, sharing your own stories, expressing caring and love,
- Maintained connection with others, been helpful and showed good humor; Kathy Connors exemplifies this spirit!
- Used the experience to grow by living more consciously and fully, and
- Above all, sustained hope and faith in the face of fear.

The healing power of ritual is an antidote to disease and all the pain and fear it brings. The process of carrying out meaningful acts provide inner strength and support renewal if not recovery. There are limitless ways to consecrate caring and hope. Your e-mail messages, cards, phone calls, tokens, and gifts have meant more than you could ever know. The supportive rituals of colleagues, friends and family have also included the planting of bulbs of hope in my backyard by members of my walking group as well as participating in art therapy with our lymphoma support group last fall. My Maryland Institute colleagues Mary Mark Munday and Barbara Stephens graciously

assumed part of my teaching load and thus empowered my supportive role in Boston. Before Steve and I left for Boston, our Havurah, a Jewish learning circle, held a healing service for Steve. At this service, a new friend and NHL and BMT survivor Don Zauderer, engaged the group in a healing ritual, passing a stone around the circle that became a powerful object, holding all the prayer and support of the circle. Steve took that stone to Boston and kept it with him throughout his treatments.

Thank you Women's Caucus for allowing me to engage the assembly in a similar healing ritual. A couple of days earlier, Maryl Fletcher DeJong, a mentor and courageous cancer survivor, had presented me with special gifts for Steve: Two stones, one light, one heavy, each inscribed with the Chinese character for longevity. Before taking them to Boston, you were willing to pass these stones around to receive your healing affirmations. I had asked that you to do this not only for my husband but also to send healing wishes to Maryl, Kathy Connors, Pearl Greenberg, and others in the profession as well as special people in your lives. Many of you also made a wish for longevity in our field that will increasingly undertake the great need for human healing.

We need only remind ourselves that by artfully using the power and process of art, we can help humanity heal from all sorts of wounds and pain. Beyond addressing medical illness, our art education rituals can provide the needed opportunity to reclaim ourselves, reveal our presence and exercise our own voices. Jean Shinoda Bolen, in her book *Close to the Bone: Life Threatening Illness and the Search for Meaning*, offers us a new vision: "rather than being human beings on a spiritual path, we are spiritual beings on a human path." I believe through a more

mindful, healing approach in art education we can greatly help others in this powerful quest.

As I said at the Awards Ceremony: "From the bottom of my heart, I thank you for this award and many other affirmations that have made me feel deeply supported, beloved, and strong."

With deepest gratitude,

Renee Sandell,  
October 16, 1999

P.S. My dear Maryland Institute colleagues, Karen Carroll and Henry Jones videotaped my acceptance remarks for the June King McFee Award. As a result, I was able to share it at home with local friends before I left Washington, and most importantly, with Steve, upon my return to Boston. He was moved to tears and expressed his love and pride to me. The memory of this beautiful moment is etched in my heart forever because, shortly after, Steve's condition began to decline. His Graft vs. Host Disease increased, affecting his liver and lungs, and causing him to go on a respirator for 8 days. During this time, my sons and I, along with other relatives, were able to express our great love to him. Though no one expected Steve to die, he did on April 26, 1999.

In composing this letter, I've reflected not only on that evening, but also on all that has transpired in these past six months. This includes, with the help of my mother, my return to Bethesda, Steve's huge funeral and the mourning period supported by the presence of family and community. I have spent the summer healing in a variety of ways that include travel and artmaking and was happy to return to teaching in September. One special event bears sharing here: On September 30, 1999, Steve and his staff received the Social Security Commissioner's Team Award for

establishing two Retirement Research Centers at Boston College and the University of Michigan, each a part of a consortium with affiliated institutions linking academic and policy communities. I was proud and honored to attend the Award ceremony and receive it with his team. Furthermore, I was even more thrilled to learn about the recent establishment of annual Steven Sandell Doctoral Fellowships, provided by each of the Retirement Research Centers that he created. There is nothing more fitting to Steve's memory than this legacy that honors his deepest reverence for education and collaborative research.

*Laurie Hicks  
Mary J. Rouse Award  
Acceptance Speech  
1999*

Good evening. I want to thank all of you for attending this award ceremony. Needless to say, I am very honored to receive the Mary J. Rouse Award and I am especially honored to be sharing this evening with Renee Sandell, Kathy Connor, and with the memory of Mary Lou Kuhn, two women who have truly made a difference in art education. They have been and continue to be wonderful role models for us all.

I would like to start off by thanking those who were directly involved in my receiving the Rouse Award. First, I would like to thank Kerry Freedman for taking the time and energy to nominate me for this award. My thanks are also due to Doug Blandy and the other members of the committee, Christine Morris, Lisa Abia-Smith, Mary Sheridan and Deborah Smith-Shank who had the responsibility of making what I am sure was a very difficult decision. Finally, I want to thank those who wrote letters of support for my nomination,

Kristin Congdon, Paul Bolin and Elizabeth Hoffman. I am honored to be working with such colleagues and am grateful for their support and belief in my work and me.

When my students found out that I was receiving this award and that I would be asked to give an acceptance speech, one of them was so concerned that he came to speak with me. His concern was not that I was receiving such an award—he thought that was "pretty cool"—his concern was that I might tell you the same bad jokes I tell in class. He said, "Whatever you do, don't tell any bad jokes." Regretfully, he had no "good" jokes to offer—that he was willing to repeat. But I promised him anyway, that if I told jokes, they would be good ones. His reply, "Yeah, right." Even though he has little faith, I will try to keep my promise.

It is customary at the Women's Caucus award ceremonies for the individuals receiving the Rouse and McFee awards to take a few minutes to say something about their personal and professional history and about how they have arrived at this particular point in their careers. I want you to know that this has not been an easy thing to do. There is something very humbling, and I must say dumbfounding, about having colleagues who you respect and admire, bestow on you such an honor. I found myself somewhat "speech-less", in more ways than one. In my effort to regain my voice, to have something to say that is more than a rehearsal of defining moments in my life, I found myself reminiscing not only about those moments, but about the people that have become the ingredients of the person and art educator you see standing before you. Therefore, pretending this is the Academy Awards, I want to start by naming a few of the people, some of whom are in this room, who have been important to me in my career and personal life. I want to thank June McFee,

Vincent Lanier, Grace Hampton and Rogenia Degge for what they taught me about art education and for their willingness to support me as I struggled to define myself as an educator; Elizabeth Garber, Yvonne Gaudelius, Joanne Kurz-Guilfoil, Renee Sandell, and Georgia Collins not only for the strength of their scholarship but for what they have shown me about the power of grace and compassion; and Kerry Freedman, Sally McRorie and Karen Hamblen for their unbridled dedication to art education and for their continued ability to challenge me to think, and think again. I am truly honored to have friends and colleagues such as these.

Before moving on however, I need to add seven more names to this list. I have to say, right up front, that if it weren't for these seven individuals, I am not convinced I would be standing here tonight. First, I want to thank my husband, Roger King, for his unyielding support and contribution to both my personal and professional lives. I know of few people who are as lucky as I am to have a partner who shares so profoundly in both. Second and third, I want to thank my parents, Claud and Fredrica Hicks, who challenged me to think and were patient when I did. They gave me a love of knowledge and an understanding of the power and responsibility it brings with it. Fourth, I want to thank my friend Paul Bolin for never letting anyone know.... All through graduate school, I was convinced that I was a fraud, that someone would find out that I really didn't belong there, that I really had everyone fooled into thinking I had something important to say. I only shared this secret with one person. Paul always believed in me and he never told..... Fifth, I want to thank feminist philosopher and friend, Honi Haber, who, until she died of cancer in 1996, more than anyone I know, knew what it meant to walk on the wildside and

passionately embrace the wonder of her life.

And finally, I want to thank my friends and co-partners in crime Doug Blandy, aka "Buzz," and Kristin Congdon. Doug and Kristin have taught me much, including the skill of napkin writing and the wonders of traveling without a compass. Twelve years ago, Doug, Kristin and I first began our first professional collaboration right here in Washington D.C. Over Italian food, we scribbled idea after idea on a napkin that was almost illegible by the time we pushed back from the table. This napkin was eventually transcribed and the actions it described, put in motion. Many of these ideas and concerns have lead to NAEA presentations and publications. To this day, paper napkins in restaurants bring back the memories of that day and the deep friendship and respect I feel for these two individuals. In most matters, Doug and Kristin have always had a great sense of direction. As professionals, they've always known where the interesting questions and intriguing solutions might lie, and how to get there. As friends, they have always been where I needed them to be when my direction seemed unclear. However, I learned a long time ago that you don't trust either one of them to know how to get around in the real world. Once while traveling in France with Kristin—I was driving, she was reading the map—we came to a round-about. Unsure which route to take, I asked her for directions. Kristin, with great confidence, indicated that I should go around to the left. But I knew that in general, where we needed to go was 180 degrees in the opposite direction. I looked over and she was holding the map upside down. Now Doug on the other hand, gets you to within eye-sight of your location—in this case, the Kennedy Center here in Washington—builds your confidence, then leaves you standing with a six lane freeway

between you and your evening of theatrical bliss. And I won't even begin to tell you about our trip to Kansas looking for the World's Largest Ball of String.....

Many of you see me as an iconoclast, someone who likes to rock the boat whenever possible. Doug Blandy once, during this very ceremony, referred to me as the most irreverent person he'd ever met. I took his comment as a true compliment and an honor. Doug, believe me, and I'm sure you do, you were not the first and will probably not be the last person in my life to describe me in this manner. You would have to get in line behind my parents and untold numbers of students, teachers and administrators. Interestingly enough, it is probably this irreverence that set the stage for my becoming an art educator—I just knew I could teach better than the people who taught me. Now don't misunderstand me, I grew up in a middle to upper middle class community in the suburbs of Portland, Oregon. My teachers were well trained and the education was considered of the highest quality. To this day, I still recall what I learned during those years about what and what not to do as a teacher. But remember, I am a child of the 60's. I grew up amid the turmoil and energy of the Civil Rights, Women's Rights, and Native Rights movements, and under the horror of the Vietnam War. As a result, I found fertile ground for my already existing tendency to question and be critical of the attitudes and habits of adults and the power of the establishment—and much to my chagrin, I seem to have become both an adult and a member of the establishment. A very scary thought. But at the age of 16, I wanted to find an alternative, one that acknowledged the fear we experienced every time one of our friends or siblings turned 18 and faced the Russian roulette of the draft lottery; one that acknowledged and sought to change the inherent inequities

that existed, and continue to exist, in our society; and one that acknowledged that I had something to say that was worth listening to. I am, to this day, still looking for the alternatives I sought as a young student. This search or quest has been evident throughout my life and is clearly reflected in the path I took to art education. What is that path?

You have to know, first of all, that art education was not my first major...or even my second, third, fourth or fifth major! I was one of those college students who was interested in too many things to settle down to only one area of study. I was always finding something else that sparked my imagination or drew me in a different direction. Those of you who know me will probably see that I haven't changed all that much since then. Sitting still is not my strong suite! In any case, I started my post high-school academic life majoring in psychology (I actually majored in psychology twice, but I only count the first time), then to art and on to Anthropology and Archeology, then on to pre-architecture and sociology, before ending up, two universities and four years later, in the Art Education program at the University of Oregon.

All these majors actually reflect significant and on-going interests in my life and have contributed not only to my sense of myself as an individual, but also to my understanding of art education and my role as an art educator. Let me reflect a little further on how these areas of inquiry came into my life.

Psychology was my fall-back major—in those days, wasn't everyone a psychology major at some point? Of course I was interested in why people did what they did, but more importantly, I was intrigued with how human thought and emotion finds material form in our behavior and expression. Even as a young child, I remember having the realization that there was a relationship between how people

felt and how they acted. I also learned that, for me, pictures were better expressions of my emotions and thoughts than words. My parents and brothers all like to embarrass me by describing the various "pictures" or works of art, I created when I was adolescently-challenged. Their particular favorite is the large, probably 24"x24" piece of plywood upon which I created a collage of images and phrases that communicated my pubescent struggles. Of particular note is a piece of lined notebook paper, turned sideways, upon which I wrote, "if they give you lined paper, write the other way." Certainly a good representation of my approach to much in life.

But at some point and without a great deal of fanfare, I grew tired of wondering about the cognitive aspects of what makes us human and turned my attention to the creating and understanding of cultural objects. First I went back to my art. As a high school student, when I wasn't skipping classes to throw rocks at the National Guard, play bingo with the "bums" on Portland's skid row, or attend an anti-war demonstration, I was hiding in the darkroom. I like to say that I came by my interest in photographic images naturally, as my father was, for a short time, a professional photographer. He once sold his camera to buy my mother a new dress and, years later, worked overtime to buy me my first camera. As a result, for much of my adolescent and undergraduate years, I saw the world, not through rose colored glasses, but through the lens of a camera. I would take it to parties, shooting photos of my friends as they engaged in a whole array of party activities. There are several photos that would probably make pretty good blackmail material today. But somewhere along the line, I lost interest. Then came anthropology.

Even as a little girl, I was interested in objects and artifacts. I would find things in the dirt and

make up stories about their origins and meaning. As a four-year old I told a friend of my mother's, who assumed I would want to be a "mommy" when I grew up, that I was going to be an archeologist instead. I'm not sure I knew what an archeologist did; I think I was just impressed with my ability to use such a big word. *National Geographic*, James Mitchner's *The Source* and a brief conversation I once had with Margaret Mead, only added to my interest in the lives and objects of people different from myself.

Anthropology and archeology were, therefore, a natural place for me to turn. This was reinforced by growing up in the Pacific Northwest where I had many opportunities to study the material cultures of Northwest coast Indian peoples. I became particularly interested in the beauty and mystery of the masks created by many of the Northwest cultural groups. The idea of a false identity, of a false face, focused my research interests not on a single cultural group but on the masks' rich aesthetic forms and on the truths they embody for their makers. Then one day I came across an essay by Loren Eiseley in which he described opening the grave of a young girl and finding the remains of a small doll placed between what had been the child's fingers. He goes on to describe the paralyzing nature of this experience. What right did he have to trespass on something so sacred, something placed there for eternity? So, six credits short of a degree in anthropology, I turned to pre-architecture, sociology and then art education. To me, art education was a final gathering point for all these interests. The choice to study art education seemed to emerge organically out of my life and academic interests and experiences.

This has continued to be true over the years as I have developed particular areas of research and inquiry. Those of you who know me and my work will



quickly identify the research issues that have interested me over the past decade or so. For those of you who are less familiar with my work, I thought I would say something about those topics and a little more about how I came to them. There are perhaps three key topic areas: gender issues and social transformation, the environment, and the aesthetics of the body. As research concerns, each of these topic areas has grabbed me in part because of its inherent scholarly interest, but also partly because they resonate with some aspect of my non-academic life and experience. Reflecting on these interests for the purpose of this award ceremony has reminded me of how much my lived experience continues to inform my professional life.

My interests in gender issues and social transformation began at a very early age. I would say that I inherited a sort of intuitive feminism from my mother, father and grandmothers. At age seventy-four, my mother is the oldest member of her women's group. My mother worked for years as a volunteer in a hospice program, but she had wanted to be a doctor when she was younger. For many reasons, including the nature of the times and her life in a small rural community, my mother chose not to pursue that aspiration. Nonetheless, both she and my father insisted that I could do and become whatever I put my mind to. From her own experience, my mother was keenly aware of the difficulties facing young girls who aspire to professional lives. But I was encouraged to see these difficulties as challenges I should overcome, not as obstacles to be afraid of. My parents became angry and frustrated when a math teacher told me that even though I was good at math, it really wasn't for girls. And they applauded as my chemistry teacher encouraged the young women in her classes to work even harder. My grandmothers both

provided me with images of independence and adventure. My father's mother played the piano for the silent movies, rode horses into the hills looking for and photographing pictographs on the walls of caves surrounding her southern Oregon home, and while raising my father worked with my grandfather in a logging camp. In my family, women are not raised to be passive.

The atmosphere of my family upbringing has played an important part in motivating my scholarly work on gender in art and education. Having been empowered by the inherently feminist context of much of my upbringing, I continue to look critically at educational contexts which do not seek to empower their students equally. In my scholarly work, I have tried to come to terms with the knowledge that my own lived experience is not typical, especially in our educational system. I have tried to understand how teaching about art may itself be a transformative moment, a moment in which our students are empowered through an acknowledgment of their own needs rather than having those needs and interests marginalized. As you know, the art curriculum is one of the rare places in our educational system where we can directly address our students as members of the specific communities within which their gender identities are constructed and acted out. How we deal with these transformative opportunities will, in part, determine the degree to which our students find empowerment in their educational experiences.

While issues of gender are at the core of my work, I have also had a long-standing interest in the environment, though this interest has not always had a direct relationship to art. My father was a major influence here. Having spent his boyhood in a logging camp in southern Oregon, my father developed a close affinity to the forests and rivers of the Pacific Northwest. All

through my childhood, we went camping, hiking, and fishing. The last I knew, I was still the youngest person, at age six, ever to climb to the summit of Mount Thielson—something my father is profoundly proud of. But I must be honest and tell you, I am also the youngest person to slide down the mountain on my butt, bouncing from pumice stone to pumice stone, flying by the seat of my pants, so to speak. So, being in the outdoors is, in a sense, second nature to me.

These experiences with the environment fed my budding artistic interests as well as my academic pursuits. Early on I started making pictures of the places I visited, combining a life outdoors with visual reflection on it. In university, I developed this interest partly through my studies in psychology which led me to thinking about the design of the built environment and how it affects us as users of humanly-constructed spaces. I was, and continue to be, particularly interested in the concept of home and how it is reflected in the design of both public and private spaces. This is true in my life as a teacher as well as in my personal life. Even now, I find some escape from the burdens of being Chair of my Department by sketching designs of possible summer cottages, a rich tradition in Maine. Now if I would just win the lottery so I could afford to build such a cottage.

Environmental issues seem to me to be as central to Art Education as gender. Our well-being as individuals and as a society depends not only on the political values of equality, democracy, and justice, but on the health and integrity of the environments in which we all live. Just as art can give us insights into our cultural and gendered identities, it can also give us ways of understanding our place in nature. In the past, art works have had tremendous impact on cultural attitudes toward nature. The Hudson River school, for example, helped to

teach Americans to see the sublime in wilderness at a time when the wilderness was already severely depleted. Contemporary environmental artists help to articulate the environmental costs of our industrialized culture and to suggest ways of restoring health and beauty to the landscapes around us. As a contextualist, I like to situate art work within its social and political as well as environmental context. I believe this helps students to see the connections between their own lives and the art they create, study and ultimately teach. When I discuss art and the environment in my writings and in the classes I teach, my goal is to motivate critical thinking about how art functions both aesthetically and as a means of articulating possible solutions to the environmental problems we face.

The problem of context is, I think, one of the great challenges for Art Education. How can we teach awareness of context, whether it is the context of gender, race, age, physical need, class or environment? How can we encourage both students and teachers of art to understand the broader contexts within which their work and their interpretations will be received? One of the goals of my research work is to explore different approaches to meeting this challenge.

This continues to be true in my current research interest, namely, the aesthetics of the body. This too emerges from my own life experiences. I have always been athletic and physical. As a young girl, I was often referred to as a "tom-boy." I swam competitively, served a mean game of volleyball and would take on anyone in the basketball game of HORSE (something I got from my mother, who to this day reads the sports section first and has a basketball hoop in their garage). I also spent many hours "on point" as a dancer. In fact, I chose dance lessons over

kindergarten. As my older cousins had already taught me to read, it made sense to my parents. Today, I hike, climb mountains, sail, canoe, run, bicycle and lift weights. And as my husband likes to point out, I like fast cars. Obviously, I have always taken my body and its physical presence in the world seriously, and this physical engagement with my surroundings continues to influence my intellectual activities.

As I turned to more academic pursuits, my interest in the body surfaced first as I studied Anthropology. I was specifically interested in how the body is marked and adorned as a social and aesthetic object. I continue to work in this area, using it as a foundation for my aesthetic and political interest in muscled women, specifically in women bodybuilders.

The practice of transforming the physical body, in this case through the creation of muscle, create the body as a cultural and aesthetic, not merely a biological, artifact. As a cultural artifact, the physical body is frequently the site where various social and political struggles may be played out. In a patriarchal society, we can expect that the subjugation of women will be reflected not only in social and political norms and expectations, but also in the very aesthetic construction of women's bodies. At the same time, we should expect that efforts by women to free themselves from the constraints of such a society will equally play themselves out in practices of bodily transformation.

Bodybuilding, therefore, represents a particularly interesting example of bodily transformation as an act of aesthetic liberation. The philosopher, Michel Foucault, has noted that power, politics, and aesthetics are frequently bound together in mutually supporting ways. In my current research, I am using the filter of Foucault's insight as a path for

exploring the ways in which women may build and sculpt the physical body as a form of liberating social practice that breaks with mainstream norms of femininity and beauty. Such research will help to demonstrate not only how gender differences are constructed through the body, but how class, caste, or religious differences also find expression in the aesthetic altering of the human body. A clearer understanding of how social and political, as well as aesthetic, expectations are inscribed on human bodies will enable me to understand further how art and aesthetic practice can have social and political impact. In my mind, this is an essential goal for art education.

I have said enough about my research interests. So what has been the impact of all this on my teaching? Remember, I'm the one who was sure that I could teach better than I was taught. I guess I'll never know whether its true or not. But I do think there is a connection between my teaching and the life experiences and research interests I have been describing. We are all aware of the old saying that people teach the way they have been taught. Even though I like to hope that this is not a necessary truth, it is one of the greatest challenges I face in the classroom today. I continue to see first hand the power of my students' early educational experiences to form their understanding and approaches to art and education. Through the audible silences of their own elementary and secondary education, they have been taught, as I was, to minimize or ignore altogether the contexts of what and how we teach, to focus only on a very narrowly defined notion of what constitutes art and therefore, what constitutes art education. I continue to struggle with how I break down the walls of these experiences. Interestingly enough, it is an extension of this very notion that has provided me with

the greatest success. If teaching is an expression of our previous learning experiences then it must also be an expression of our experiences in an even broader sense. It is not just reflective of how we were taught, but also of how we have lived our lives—experiences which are inevitably unique to each of us. In my case, I was not an art educator first, but rather a person with particular interests, strengths, weaknesses, and experiences, living in a particular time and place. I use these various aspects of who I am every day in the classroom. As part of this process, I have gained a certain reflective distance on how those experiences influence what I have done and what I continue to do and value as a teacher. This same process of critical reflection has become for me an important tool in my efforts to move students beyond the safety and comfort of their previous learning experiences and into a position where they may also see how their own lived experiences affect their pedagogy. This is not an easy task for any of us, but one that I feel helps teaching become an organic and therefore integral, part of our lives.

I have spent the last few minutes painting a somewhat minimalist image of my path from the four year old archeologist to the forty-five year old art educator. It's a good thing my mother and father aren't here, because they would have told stories that would make your hair curl—some of which would even be true! The fact of the matter is that the process of looking back and reflecting on how particular events, people and places have led me to this point in my life has been an extremely difficult, yet rewarding, task. What do I say? What do I not say? As I tell my students, history is a process of interpretation and that process is not made easier when it is your own history that you are trying to uncover. Paradoxically, this award—and therefore this story

of my life—comes at a particularly interesting time in my career. I am at a moment of transition. I will soon complete my second term as chair of the Department of Art at the University of Maine. After six years of putting my position as department chair ahead of almost everything else in my life, I am looking forward with a great deal of relief to spending more time on my research and artistic pursuits, and to returning to the classroom on a full-time basis—my students are terrified. At the same time, I look forward with anticipation to finding myself once again and to remembering who I am when my colleagues no longer call me "Boss."

The historical narrative I have just related to you presents a particular portrait—and a pretty plausible one it seems to me from this transitional moment in my life. But the shape of our life's narrative depends not just on what happened in the past; it also depends on what happens next. How will I tell the story of my life in another 20 years? How will that story connect with this one? I am looking forward to hearing that version with great curiosity.

In the meantime, let me conclude by once again thanking you for this award. It represents the spirit of Mary Rouse and the contributions of all those who have received it before me. I am truly honored. Thank you!

*Kathy Connors  
Kathy Connors Award  
Acceptance Speech  
1999*

Hello to all of my friends who are assembled to share meaning. First, I must say that long ago Amy Brooks Snider and I had a conversation in which she said she thought that there should be some sort of a way to recognize art educators other than the by the criteria delineated in

the McFee and Rouse awards. Is it overstating the obvious that I am glad that her wish has come true?!

Secondly, I think it is important to note that Dave Burton told me that he makes a point of coming to the Women's Caucus Award Ceremony because he finds it to be a space and time in the national convention where he hears human stories that have universal meaning. I agree with him. And so, I will share some of my stories that have meaning to me with the hope they bring smiles of recognition to your whole being, through the voice and spirit of my friend Christy Park.

The first eight years of my life were happily spent in Erie, Pennsylvania. When I let my mind wander back to my childhood there, I find very vivid memories as well as a prolog to a career in teaching and the arts. One of my most vivid memories is of me sitting on the floor of the front porch (front porches back then were very important gathering places) of one of my friends or my own front porch with our favorite coloring books spread out in front of us. I would color away and augment the pictures in the book with my own backgrounds. My friends would see what I was doing and ask how to "color that good." I would give them instructions in crayon technique and add that it was even more fun to do your own drawings in the background. I remember them being especially impressed when I showed them how to solve the problem of coloring the Lone Ranger's white horse. They had thought that leaving it uncolored was the only solution until they saw what I had done in my coloring book. I had used light blues and yellows to make it look "real." Now, remember there was no color TV back then, so, I can't tell you how I thought of coloring Silver in that way. Perhaps it was from observing shorthaired white dogs? And then there was the ragman's horse that was part

white. No matter how I had come upon my shading and color techniques, when I taught them to my friends, I did it with all of the confidence of a master.

When I was about five years old, I was given a lesson in tolerance. After a long day at play with my friends that had ended with a very heated verbal battle over whose religion was best, who was going to heaven, who had the best church, temple, synagogue, whose parents were the smartest, and who would be going to heaven or hell, I needed to talk with my mother. You see, I couldn't enter into the argument because my mother was Lutheran and my father was Catholic. He had been "kicked out" of his church for marrying her. It was my "luck" to have no religious affiliation. Whenever any friend invited me to go to church or temple with them, if my mother didn't need me to help with my baby brother or help grandma, I would go. Churches and temples all looked basically the same to me. Some were just fancier, lighter, darker, or had carpeting or cushions, etc. Some even served grape juice and crackers! Some had great art supplies to make pictures about God. And some had old ladies teaching you how to sing songs about God and Christian soldiers.

So, whenever my friends argued with one another about religion, I mostly kept quiet. (Hard to believe, huh. . . but, as a child I hardly talked.) My mother used to worry that I would be too withdrawn all my life; that I was too shy. (When I was a teenager, she revealed that to me.) When, in actuality, I wasn't shy at all. I was just always fascinated by what I was looking at and hearing. I loved to hear other people tell stories and I loved to study plants and bugs (my grandmother taught me a lot about those things. . . plants, bugs and stories—all models for an artist/writer/teacher).

A consequence of the argument my friends had that day

was I found myself quietly leaning on my mother's knee as she sat on the front porch peeling potatoes—must have been the summer before I started school. I just leaned as she peeled and enjoyed the warm evening air. Eventually she asked if I was hungry. I wasn't. Then she gently probed, "Is something bothering you?" I said, "uhhuh." She waited. Then I asked, "Are you going to hell?" and she asked why I should worry about such a thing. And I told her about the argument my friends had had. She smiled, which I thought was a curious thing to do in such a serious conversation. Then she said—now this is from a staunch Lutheran woman who made no bones about having many questions concerning the Catholic church and who was married to an alcoholic Irishman—"Everyone has his own beliefs. No one is better than anyone else, People aren't very strong and we all need help. Don't ever make fun of anyone for his beliefs. We know religions are all trying to do the same things. Lots of them say they are the best. None of them are. They are all the same, but some people are still working on that." That was the end of our discussion, I helped her pick up potato peels off of the wooden floor of the porch and went inside to help grandma make supper.

When I was in the second grade, two events foretell of my current career. The mother of a first grade boy in our neighborhood somehow found out from my second grade teacher that I was good in mathematics. (I think that was the last time that I was). She asked me if I would tutor her boy in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. I did so, twice a week for several weeks, until he seemed to be doing well in school. I remember I was paid in Jordan Almonds—I nibbled on them as I tutored. He passed into second grade with good grades in arithmetic. That was more rewarding than Jordan Almonds.

The second event, well, really, it was a series of events, during which time my second grade teacher held up my cut out pumpkin, or turkey, or heart, or black cat, or snow man, proclaiming them great models to aspire to. She was good at noticing achievements and qualities in all of us and giving praise. She made us happy that we were different and proud of our abilities. At the same time, she gave us a model suggesting that we could try to achieve more.

The model that she gave me was one in many that, over the years, I, sometimes subconsciously and sometimes very consciously, incorporated into my teaching repertoire. Whenever a teacher did something that made me feel that I loved what I was learning, I remembered that style, that spirit, that methodology, that caring way, and I tried to keep it as part of my own behavior and intent. My teachers included people outside of formal educational settings such as all of my students, all of my friends, and my grandmother, who taught me that the yard around our house, her house, was a place of plenty. Besides the elderberries, the victory garden, and the rhubarb, even the dandelions were part of our harvest. She made me feel very grown up and capable. And, of course, there were the many children I babysat for when I was a teenager in need of money to purchase art supplies. They all taught me how to survive the encounters. I always brought a bag of things that would engage the children in some enjoyable activity. It contained card games, crayons, pencils, papers, scissors, and puzzles.

One very memorable day, I was babysitting for pre-school Geoffie Grout alone, whose 3 brothers and sister were, for some reason, with their mother. It was just me and Geoffie on a rainy day. I got out the drawing paper and crayons. Geoffie immediately started drawing what some art education textbooks call

"tadpole" men. They were all drawn with a very straight horizontal line for a mouth. Suddenly, Geoffie stopped drawing and started looking into space. At first I thought that blank look indicated a need to visit the bathroom. Then he smiled. Then he made a serious face. Then he smiled again, repeating the behavior over and over, until he returned his attention to his drawing and made a tadpole man with a very big smile. Then he took delight in making hundreds of them. I was witness to something extraordinary! I guess that was when I was really hooked on art education but I didn't even know it until years later. If I ever write an autobiography or if we are ever sharing life stories in cozy chairs somewhere, I'll tell you more. Let me end with a page from the statement I wrote for another occasion about my teaching and a poem that I wrote last summer, when both my sister and mother died:

Throughout my teaching career, the foundation for all of my research, educational philosophy, and teaching methodology has been a vital interest in and investigation of human potential. Underlying all that I pursue is a profound belief that the living core of education is self-knowledge. Engagement in the arts and teaching allows one to find and explore value, meaning, and purpose in life as well as help others to do the same. This foundation has repeatedly provoked me to ask questions about the boundaries of innate human potential and the effects of cultural and environmental dynamics upon human achievement and development.

This quest has led me to teaching practices, creative acts, and research ventures that are concerned with the psychology of creativity, self-esteem, gender studies, cultural and personal mythologies, multi-cultural, cross-cultural, gender and age

studies, the historic and cultural importance of the autobiographical narrative, humor as an indicator of social change, conflict resolution, problem solving, and developing uniqueness, self-reliance, and talent in people of all ages and abilities. My Achilles' heel is that I am unable to perceive the above interests as separate. Instead, I see them as part of an interdependent complex and dynamic whole which influences how we define the living and evolving thing called art education.

Initially, the journey was provoked by a need to fulfill my own potentials and interests as a person and as an artist. This need inspired in me a desire to share my love of the arts with others so that they might find the kinds of joys I had been privileged to know. Art Education became the vehicle of sharing. The consequence of this path has been a discovery that I am passionate about teaching and the value of arts education in relationship to human development and self-knowledge. The course syllabi that I design provide the framework for how I wish to share this passion with my students. The syllabi are the beginning of a learning dialogue. While I supervise students in their student teaching experiences, advise graduates and undergraduates, I look for ways to help them keep alive their personal passions about art and education and to keep them in touch with the infinite value, meaning, and purpose of what they are about.

As one strives to achieve virtuosity in a medium I strive to achieve virtuosity in teaching. Teaching is, as are clay, paint, poetry, and other art media with which I create a vital articulator of my creative impulses and drive. It is the vessel into which research, praxis, and artistic discovery are poured, stirred, and stored, and from which much is

recreated as I learn from the process.

Teaching, creating art, writing poetry, engaging in and documenting research, and serving in professional organizations are mere milestones distinguishing a lifelong journey, milestones that may allow one to survey the legacy of the lively trek.

One is fortunate when she can share the pilgrimage with others.

#### Night Crawlers and Fireflies

After hunting night crawlers in wood's earth moist  
Summer dusk, balmy evening, lying on  
damp abundant grass,  
Elbow leaning, belly-stretched,  
Out under silhouetted trees --  
Lightening bugs!  
Are they dispatched in a romantic  
tailspin by the evening star?  
Does the soaring westward supersonic  
transport make them swoon?  
Are they fireflies and not lightening  
bugs?  
That would make everything different.  
Fireflies are more of the earth than of  
sky.  
Are they then moved instead by moons  
mirrored in dewdrops?  
Street lamps reflected in puddles?  
Chrome hubcaps on tricycles  
overturned?  
The gentle radiance in a child's eyes?

Fireflies are arrested  
As much by the myth that this is what a  
child must do  
As by a jar with a punctured lid.  
They can't be kept for long.  
Their flashing insistence, their intense  
burning  
Desire to satisfy their fate inflames  
even a child's breast.  
... all captives freed to join the lights of  
the night.

Kathy  
28 August 1998

You have all honored me in the  
greatest way I could ever imagine.  
Thank you from the heart of my  
heart. Kathy.



## A Short Reflection on One Sabbatical

Deborah Smith-Shank

I have never experienced anything like a sabbatical in my life before. During the winter and spring of 1999, I had 5 months in which to explore ideas and places I had always wanted to know better. I had leisure to read, write, and practice French without worrying about meetings, deadlines, or the day-to-day trivia which fills up much of my "ordinary" life. Ritual, rote, and repetition is familiar territory to which I have always flown in times of busyness. Not much thought goes into the performance of everyday tasks which must be done so that other things, more engaging or more important things, can be met with energy. Sabbatical was extra-ordinary, outside time, in a temporal and conceptual space which, in many ways, allowed me the luxury of personal development, growth, and the freedom to allow myself change.

This is not to say that I wasn't doing things or that I wasn't busy. But the busyness was extraordinary. I was fortunate to have had the opportunity to meet people and work with them on ideas in Holland, Belgium, France, Northern Ireland, and the Republic of Ireland. My primary project was to consider semiotics and art education in such ways as to lead to a multiple-authored text on the topic, and in most venues I was asked to either give a lecture on the topic or teach a short course entitled "Semiotics & Visual Culture." While issues of gender underlie all my work, these were not the primary and direct surface issues I felt that I was addressing. In fact, when I was invited to give a short course in Holland by Johan Ligtoet, I was warned to avoid the topic of feminism because, as Johan put it, "Feminism is not an issue in

Holland." As a guest, I of course agreed to avoid the topic, at least directly. However in Holland and elsewhere, direct confrontation with American Feminism was unavoidable.

My introduction to new audiences inevitable included the fact that I was currently serving as co-president of the National Art Education Association's Women's Caucus. And in spite of the other-directed emphasis of my talks, lectures, and lessons, I was invariably and in many cases, passionately challenged to discuss American Feminism and the reasons why American Feminists (possibly even including the Canadians) still feel that we need to be so LOUD, confrontational, and pushy. Clearly Dutch, Belgian, and French women are now treated as equals and need no united gendered voice. And I did see some evidence that backs up this argument. I was hosted in a Dutch family where the father fairly, lovingly, and without complaint, shared the housekeeping responsibilities. I met a very special young professor in Belgium who discussed with me ways to involve women artists in his lectures, and I re-viewed the Cindy Sherman exhibit in Bordeaux. I also noticed that on French television, older beautiful models with visible smile lines sell beauty products!

However, I did notice other things that indicated to me that gendered discourse is still relevant. In Holland, it is not possible for a woman to make a mid-life career change into art education. Unlike my university where some of the most stimulating and interesting students are in their 30s and 40s or older, Dutch women will not be admitted into teacher education courses at that age. I was told by a woman professor in Belgium that equitable pay is still an issue for her. And in Southwestern France, high, high heels are back (if they ever left) and the mother's role is still to produce a three or four course two-hour noon dinner each

day even if she works outside the home full time.

I was least challenged in both Irelands and met more feminist artists and scholars there than anywhere else I traveled. One ceramic artist who works as a nurse in Northern Ireland is Mary O'Neil. She makes incredible wall sculptures which rely on ancient Celtic legends and heroes. Her figures are loving companions of earth and spirit creatures and seem to dance in time to traditional Irish music. Another very special woman I met was Elma Woods who, along with her husband, art educator and sculptor Gordon Woods, introduced me to the ancient Sheela na Gigs. These figures are ancient sculptures which were put on churches to warn against the perils of fornication and lust. They are crone-types who sit or squat holding their vulva's open to ensnare the unwary and remind the wise (Kelly, 1996). Recently there has been a renewal of interest in these figures by Irish feminists who are searching for ancient ancestors to the Sheela and a more coherent story.

Now that I am home and back to work, I know my life is changed as a result of the encounters with cultures that are not as familiar as I had assumed Western Europe would have been. I am still trying to make sense, artwork, and words based upon my sabbatical adventures. I have found for one thing, that it is impossible to allow a back seat to my own particular American version of feminism while working and thinking within visual culture and semiotics. The time I was given to explore ideas was invaluable in my continued quest for growth and development as a woman, teacher, scholar, artist, and companion on the road toward enlightenment.

### Reference

Kelly, E.P. (1996). *Sheela-na-Gigs: Origins and functions*. Dublin: The National Museum of Ireland.

# CALL FOR ANTHOLOGY AUTHORS

*Contemporary Issues in Art Education*  
*For Elementary Educators*  
Yvonne Gaudelius and Peg Speirs, Editors

We invite the submission of chapter manuscripts for review for possible publication in an edited anthology under contract to Prentice-Hall Publishers. The focus of the text is on contemporary issues such as identity, the political, the social, the body, and the environmental that are being addressed in the artworld, in critical theory, and in art education. The book is aimed primarily at elementary education pre-service teachers however the writing should address a large readership including practicing elementary teachers, pre-service elementary education majors, pre-service art education majors, and art educators involved in teaching pre-service classes. While we expect that the ideas being dealt with will be complex, we require that the language used to discuss these ideas is direct and straightforward and that examples are used to illuminate specific aspects of the discussion.

The book will be divided into three sections:

- Theoretical Frameworks and Contexts
- Areas of Content
- Pedagogical Strategies

For more information on the content or the submission of manuscripts contact Yvonne Gaudelius, The Pennsylvania State University, 207 Arts Cottage, University Park, PA 16802 email: [ymg100@psu.edu](mailto:ymg100@psu.edu) or Peg Speirs, Kutztown University, 202 Boxwood House, Kutztown, PA 19530 email: [speirs@kutztown.edu](mailto:speirs@kutztown.edu)

Potential authors should carefully consider their calendars when submitting manuscripts as we are on a very tight timetable. All submissions must be postmarked by January 28, 2000. After review and acceptance, all revisions to manuscripts must be completed by March 31, 2000.

# CALL FOR ANTHOLOGY AUTHORS