Riffs of Change: Musicians Becoming Music Educators

By

Karen Vickie Lee

A.R.C.T., The Royal Conservatory of Toronto, 1978
B. Ed. University of British Columbia, 1984
Dipl. Ed., The University of British Columbia, 1994
M. A. University of British Columbia, 1997

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILLMENT OF
THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY
IN
THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES

Department of Curriculum Studies
We accept this thesis as conforming
to the required standard

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
February 2004
© Karen Vickie Lee, 2004
ABSTRACT

We begin new music
by a walk through the leaves
at the mercy of the trees
imagine the future
sounds we share
time against us

Riffs of Change is a storied dissertation that researches the inherent shifts and extensions in musicians' identities as they transform into school teachers. My research explores literary studies, arts-based research and feminist-based literature. I investigate musicians' lives in practicum, university, and school-based contexts. I discuss the nature of institutional education and the musicians' conflicts with love, loss, pain, wisdom, and change. The musicians even draw me into my own autobiographical journey. I rediscover that my identity is constructed poetically, psychologically, educationally and philosophically by music and reflect on how this changes the trajectory of my life.

I represent my research in the form of eight short stories and an autobiographical account of my experience. The stories are considered creative non-fiction. My dissertation seeks to demonstrate the creation of stories, pedagogy, and research shaped by constructivist philosophy. I examine musicians' beliefs, education, and experiences focusing on their identity issues as they transform into music teachers. The stories confront and challenge, chime wisdom, and steer readers into critical places of thought and unexpected spaces of change.
My research found several results. First, some musicians could overcome their conflict if they collaborated in the story writing process, and was mentored by a school advisor that was also a professional musician. Second, story and autobiographical writing were found to be rich research methodology tools. While story writing helped some musicians, autobiography helped me resolve earlier conflicts which drew me back into music. Story authorship has helped me to understand my questions and musings about musicians, music educators, musicians as educators, and musicians becoming music educators. I gained a fresh voice and embraced the notion that I could explore issues from multiple viewpoints and writing styles.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Abstract ......................................................... ii

Table of Contents ............................................. iv

Appendices .................................................... v

Acknowledgements ........................................... vi

Forward ......................................................... viii

Story I:  **My Inner Artist (part I)** ...................... 1

Story II: **Joseph Santini: Divided I Stand** ............ 49

Story III: **Jeff’s Monologue: Trying To Be Heard** ... 65

   A collection of letters after practicum .......... 77

Story IV: **Maria’s Medley** ............................... 88

Story V: **Wynsome He-Ling Zee: Transformation/Realization:**

   **With All My Heart, I Wanted to Stay as Carmen** 94

   *Carmen* Program ........................................ 95
   Artist Profile .......................................... 96
   Newspaper Review ..................................... 97
   Testimony: From Singer to Educator ............... 98
   Teacher Observation Report ......................... 102
   Post Practicum Report ................................ 103
   Reference Letter ...................................... 107
   Self-Evaluation ....................................... 108
   Thank-you cards from students .................... 110

Story VI: **George: Music and Apple Pie** ............ 120

Story VII: **Dixie: Fallen Diva** ......................... 138

Story VIII: **Michael Alvarez: Unlikely Character** .... 156

   Biography ............................................. 157
   Email Postcards ...................................... 160
   Mailing List .......................................... 180
   Email .................................................. 183
   Cohort Listserve .................................... 198
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Writing a storied dissertation created space for many wonderful people to enter my life, to all of whom I owe a deep gratitude. Their voices and presence were forces of strength, as I encountered new beginnings while reflecting upon past experiences. This unfolded into a new way of seeing and reinforced the value of mindfulness from those who care.

To Peter Gouzouasis: my doctoral supervisor, for sustaining and maintaining my confidence and commitment from the onset of graduate studies, for Do You Hear What I Hear, for playing the guitar, for opening my ears to Miles Davis, Wes Montgomery, for wisdom on life and love, and for attentively audiating my voice. Your critical questions, insightful stories, and more stories, encouraged me to embrace my own story writing voice. Your salient advice, infinite patience, and alacrity have been the driving forces for my research.

To Carl Leggo: a poet and committee member, whose encouragement towards creative prose triggered the writing tributaries of my river that flowed many ways. You inspired and awakened my writing potential which has changed my life. Your feedback has led me to explore previously unheard-of boundaries.

To Tony Clarke: another committee member, who supported my research interests, which began four years ago, with Gowin’s Vee. The Vee has made me a better educator as it has become a strategic teaching tool with my students.

To the musicians in my research: my quantum leap into this inquiry was reaffirmed by the rich musical experiences of Joseph, Jeff, Maria, Wynsome, George, Dixie, Amigo, and Michael. I have bonded with you in intimate ways that have deepened my understanding of relationships.

To colleagues and other musicians: I owe a great debt to all of you who shared and entrusted your personal stories of music teaching to me. Your willingness to share, and the incitement I reaped from your stories, pushed me upward and onward toward my goal.

To Scott Goble, Anne-Marie LaMonde, Paula McLaughlin, and Barbara Leigh: your encouragement and excitement about my research propelled me to continue on my journey even during times of academic confusion.

Finally, I owe heartfelt thanks to my close friends and family for their endless guidance, fortitude, and encouragement.

To Ron: my stepfather, whose perseverance and drive for justice has given me voice.
To Pearl: my mother, for years of support, constructive criticism and intelligent advice about my life’s decisions.

To Amber: my seven-year old daughter, for combing my hair, singing with flair, for re-do-do, and making each day a glorious adventure.

_In the dark, I see her_
_Like a shining star_
_Glowing in the corner_
_Of her crib_

_In the dark, I see her_
_The moonlight glistening_
_On her black hair_
_Beside her silky skin_

_In the dark, I see her_
_Thumb in her mouth_
_Left foot uncovered_
_Letter A on her bed clothes_

_In the dark, I see her_
_Filling my life with charm and dreams_
_Like the frosting on a cake_
_Decorating my future_

(published in Upstate Journal of New York, March 1999, no. 1 issue 5)

To flickering candles, splashing rain, a bowl of yellow rose petals, succulent sushi, divine dim sum, decadent blueberry pie and ice cream, rolling tides, sweet pine trees, west coast sunsets, glistening dew, whispering winds, and moonlight madness.

To the talented women writers: Margaret Atwood, Annie Dillard, Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni, Louise Dupré, Natalie Goldberg, Sunetra Gupta, Bell Hooks, Nancy Huston, Nancy Lee, Alice Munro, Carol Shields, and Madeleine Thien.

To my beloved family and friends: Pearl and Ron, Gregg, Richard and Amber, Shirley and Ron, Geraldine, Deidre, and Nadia, who have read my work-in-progress over and over. I have finished! Your support and contributions have been constructive and reassuring. I am indebted to all of you for granting me time and space, and sacrificing much of yourselves during my pursuit of academic discovery and enlightenment. I am forever grateful for your endless love and comfort during an extremely life-changing process.
FORWARD

Some of the stories and poems (and excerpts) in this dissertation have been published in the following journals:

Qualitative Inquiry
Canadian Woman Studies Journal
Canadian Music Educators Journal
English Quarterly
Resources in Education: ERIC Document
Teacher Education Quarterly
The B.C. Music Educator
Story I

My Inner Artist (part 1)
Today I will tell a story. It has a beginning, and a middle, but no end. It is about my journey as a doctoral student in education, writing a storied dissertation. I explore musicians becoming music educators. I want to understand their conflicts as they change and extend their identities. There has been little previous research in the area. I examine literary studies, feminine-based literature, and arts-based research. My voyage begins intensely, wildly unpredictable, dark with secrets, evocation, and celebration. Each September, a new cohort of student teachers in the secondary music education program enters my classroom. I teach them two courses about educational methods in music classrooms. In the second month of the term, they are invited to participate in my research. I set out to accompany them for nine months in order to gain insight into their experiences as student teachers. After six cohorts, they are still a part my life. I learn about institutional education, musicianship, and their conflicts in: love, loss, pain, wisdom, and change. They grapple with their identities as they become educators. Their sense of identity is shaped by the past, present, and their assertion that music is a counterpoint for their lives. I need to know if and how their identity is constructed by music. They are bound by music, the sounds and rhythms of their desires. Each route they take involves a modulation. Music is the underlying theme and variation of their lives and a medley for the melodies of their stories.
Memories. The musicians have brought back memories:

Quietly, I enter Mr. Parker’s house. I am five minutes early. He is practicing the G minor Ballade with vigor. Slowly, I inhale the Chopin. I have come here for twelve years. He has been my piano teacher since I was eight years old. In the doorway, I peer at him performing on the Steinway, a grand piano he imported from Germany. I remember the first time I played it. A breathtaking sound. I watch the way he moves. He lifts his hands with grace and closes his eyes. Suddenly, he stops. In one quick movement, he wipes the sweat off his forehead.

He is musician and teacher. He is my inspiration.

In my dreams
Rachmaninoff 3
Black gloves applaud
Lifts my body
Against the wall
In my dreams

Musicians’ stories draw me into my own journey. I want to discover how identity is poetically, psychologically, educationally and philosophically constructed by music. Music and identity, constructing, creating, shifting, and shaping. In flux.

There is a story behind every artist’s life, one that involves dreams. This research is intimately rooted in my own experience as a music student, musician, piano teacher, music educator, teacher educator, academic, and writer. My growth and understanding is grounded in my past and tangled in my present. A return to the past can be complicated by delusions, memories, and the naming of real events. For a long time, I avoided delving into my years as a musician. It meant replaying pain and anger that had been unresolved and hidden away. There was anger, anxiety, boredom, physical weariness,
self-blame, and division within. Separation grew more acute as I witnessed others delight in their music.

I have had a burning desire to create music from the age of three. I recall being dazzled by the keys of a relative’s grand piano. At four and half years old, I began piano lessons. My piano teacher, Miss Anderson, who taught the Kelly Kirby method, informed my mother that I had musical talent, so I continued with lessons at two dollars and fifty cents per half hour. At six, I won my first trophy at a Guild Piano Festival. My parents and grandmother proudly sat in the front row of the audience as I received the trophy. Having spent countless hours perfecting my piano technique, I became the resident pianist in my elementary school immediately after I entered Kindergarten. I played for concerts and assemblies, and assisted music teachers. The one constant throughout those years was my dream of being a famous musician. Though I also attended cello, clarinet, tap and ballet lessons, my parents suggested I eventually choose one instrument. It was never a question that the piano was my first choice.

My musical life was more real than any other aspect of my existence. Both my brother and I started piano lessons with Mr. Parker when we were eight years old. Lessons cost ten dollars per half hour which was expensive for those days. Each Saturday was dedicated to lessons, as Mr. Parker lived far away. Piano lessons were the highlight of my week. I entered another world. He had eight pianos, one in almost every room of his house, with scores and recordings piled chaotically on tables and bookshelves. I was immersed in music. I emerged from his cramped practice rooms with a sense of satisfaction. It was common to see three to four students waiting for lessons as he was notorious for being late. Mr. Parker was supportive of all my musical pursuits - festivals, competitions and piano examinations. When I won a silver medal for grade 10 piano, achieving the highest mark in Canada, Mr. Parker was elated. I felt a loss when in university I began lessons with another piano teacher. Mr. Parker had been my friend and mentor for twelve years.
I cannot recall when I decided to become a musician. I entertained the idea of being a painter, but thought painters were men. I sensed a strong identity as a pianist. My mother said I had inherited musical talent from the family. My parents, born in Canada, are second generation Chinese Canadians with strong academic, musical, and work values. They are pragmatists, not politically active, nor religiously affiliated. They were raised in Vancouver's Chinatown, an area that began around 1858, when the first Chinese immigrated from California upon hearing of gold. Within five years, another four thousand Chinese immigrated to Vancouver to work unpopular jobs and escape dismal prospects in China.

My mother, who also played the piano, returned to university when I was young to obtain her teaching certificate. She completed several courses, her practica, and accepted a business education teaching position in a secondary school in the early 70's, at forty years old, on the condition from Richmond School Board that she would complete her Bachelor of Education degree within four years. In 1972, her annual teaching salary was $8,000. When I finished high school, there were two graduation ceremonies in our family, my own and my mother's. She eventually became Department Head for the business education program at her school. This career gave her the flexibility and finances to support my musical pursuits, such as piano and music theory lessons, festivals, competitions, piano master classes, and performances. My mother was my coach and chauffeur to musical events regardless of the time or distance.

I also had the great fortune of having a father who was a self-made businessman and a prime example of how dedication and hard work could bring good luck. In its heyday, his tailoring store grossed a six-digit income. I have fond memories of working in my father's business, Lee Bros. Men's Wear, in New Westminster, where he was active for forty-five years. I was educated in serving customers, handling money, and the administrative duties involved in managing a small business. It was obvious that my father had a passion for tailoring. We had many conversations about life, school, friends,
and music when he drove me to piano and theory lessons. He admired my mother for returning to university and strongly encouraged me to become a teacher.

Dad taught me to play cribbage when I was nine years old. It is a game of odds where the chances of winning increase by playing often and by having the right cards at the right time. This was my father's philosophy on life. I also learned from him that the purpose of life was to make a difference. This goal has shaped my existence.

*He must awake and give me advice. I take his right hand into mine. It is cold. I caress it, sensing distance. I lay my head on his chest the way I did when I was young. His nose and lips and white stubble on his chin are motionless. I try to make sense of this moment. His body is cold, yet I embrace it. Gently, I touch his right cheek. There is a flood of water. He is gone. How am I to kiss him goodbye.*

It was fortuitous that my mother remarried a high school business education teacher. He is committed to justice and has been involved in a racial discrimination case with ICBC for over twenty-five years.

*The eyes of the tiger, eager to fight*  
*Principles and ethics abound*  
*Media uplifts, politicians confuse*  
*Persistence, justice surrounds*  

*A will to fight, compassion to win*  
*The years grow on and on*  
*The people change, technology gains*  
*His courage to pursue with silver baton*  

*He speaks with zest, his need to pursue*  
*A compassionate desire to brew*  
*The person versus bureaucracy*  
*His voice speaks loud to sue*  

*A colored face among the crowd*  
*A subtext of legal rights*  
*His plea for help, his cry for voice*  
*A passion from sleepless nights*  

*An inspiration, his hope for integrity*  
*The David and Goliath theme*
He still believes there is good to gain
Despite how others scheme

(Published in The Vancouver Courier, January 13th, 1999)

He has shared stories about the racial discrimination he has encountered. In 1944, he went with three Caucasian friends to the Crystal Garden Swimming Pool in Victoria. The ticket seller refused to accept his money and explained it was a policy of the owner, Canadian Pacific Railway, to deny admittance to non-whites. In the sixties, there were some Vancouver property covenants stating that owners were not allowed to sell to Orientals. There were signs stating, “no dogs or Chinamen.” That kind of discrimination influenced my parents about the world. Higher education was valued as a vehicle toward a professional career, which itself could afford them housing, respect and a higher standard of living outside of Chinatown.

Most of my childhood, I did not encounter any gender or ethnic discrimination to render my aspirations either peculiar or unobtainable. However, as a graduate student in an undergraduate debriefing session with other faculty advisors, I was reminded of my stepfather’s experiences.

In the meeting I sit
Caucasian instructors quiet, passive visible minority, I listen

Discussions prevail a caustic remark “all the Asians look the same” politics bring me to silence

(Lee, 2001, I (20/21, )

Music helped me to cope with fluctuating emotions and provided a release from events that I found confusing. After high school graduation, I obtained a scholarship to
enter university with a piano performance major. I experienced the joy and conflict of being a performer. I enjoyed the nuances of music. As a performance major, I quickly learned that the precision of performance was more urgent than the subtleties of music. Though I taught private piano and theory lessons, my performer's identity remained predominant. My life's ambition was to perform Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No.3 in Carnegie Hall.

I sit in the back row. Music Theory 200. The second month of classes. I am in second year performance. The professor plays an interval and wants it identified. A flute player says major sixth. But it is a perfect fifth. I can hear the notes G and D. It is all too easy. I am bored and distracted. A pianist on my left hands me a piece of paper. She asks what I did on the weekend. The paper is scribbled with messages we have passed back and forth.

While the prof challenges everyone with an interval, we engage in written conversation for thirty minutes. Then the prof plays a Dorian mode and discusses it. The same lesson for the past month.

I open the piece of paper. A question. She asks if I have written my history paper for Butler. I write "no." Instead, I had practiced the Chopin Scherzo all weekend, a piece Kum Sing Lee said was too sophisticated for me. The prof plays more intervals. Though most name the intervals, many cannot. These drills will improve their aural skills. He teaches them to listen for tunes, like 'Here comes the Bride' for a perfect fourth, and 'Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star' for a perfect fifth. Tension is high. When someone names the wrong interval, there is a perverse relief in knowing that someone cannot discriminate aurally. It is very competitive.

because it is music
because I awoke shaking
because the lightning bolt brightens the sky
because sounds need to be perfect
After years of practicing for concerts, rehearsals, and competitions, I suffered injuries to my wrists. I was diagnosed with severe tendonitis. The tears would not stop. I could not practice like before and had to attend physiotherapy appointments.

*A T-shirt and shorts on, my legs shake, knowing a cold machine will touch my skin. There are tears. Yesterday I could not play for long. My wrists were tight and my back immovable, like a heavy stone. She places a contraption around my neck. I inhale as she plugs it in and turns it on. Clinging to hope, I look in the mirror and close my eyes. From my first piano competition, I have learned to close my eyes and picture my fingers on the keys. I can practice anywhere. Chopin’s Ballade in G minor. Starts on D. The machine begins to massage. I press the D, lifting gently, hearing the sound, soft but intense, hesitant with energy. My shoulders release some tension. She talks to me.

“What grade are you in? I hear you play the piano. You have nice long hair. I have known your parents for years. In five minutes, you will move to another machine. It will help you.” Her words comfort but her eyes don’t.

“Let me show you the pelvic tilt. It will improve your posture.” Her voice chills. I do not need better posture. I need to bend at the bench. The style of a pianist. “But you cannot play the piano for awhile. Please sit down and straighten your back. This goes around your arms to build strength. It will help,” she says.

Mom talks while she drives. I do not listen. Next month, I will perform Scherzo in B minor on stage. The program has been printed. I practice on the Steinway. The tricky pedal sequences Kum Sing has drilled have been rehearsed with trills. Skillfully, I reach the crescendos and high B’s. For months, I missed that note with my right pinkie finger. Over and over. Drill and practice. Kum Sing said “practice one hundred times a day.” So I did. Every day. One hundred B’s.
My shoulders and back are stiff. I stare at a stoplight. My eyes blur. Wet drops drip onto my coat. With my right hand, I wipe the tears. Mom is angry. “You must not weep. This is the way it is. You cannot play till your wrists get better. And stop overloading that heavy bag. Don’t carry so much. It is for your own good.” I hear her words but the tears return. If I cannot perform, my insides will dissolve. Stop the music and there is nothing inside.

Turmoil resurfaces as I write about the painful interruption to my career. I endure physical, emotional, and intellectual trauma as I construct my subjects’ stories within the context of my own. I had played piano for twenty-one years. This changed because of pain. I chose to teach music education in schools. I remembered Mr. Walsh, my grade 6 music teacher and his commitment to teaching.

I thought deeply about Mr. Walsh after Dr. Tim Lautzenheiser’s motivational session. He had lectured on the importance of informing our favorite teachers of how influential they had been in our lives. Mr. Walsh was my Grade 6 homeroom teacher at Van Horne School. He was also the music teacher for all grades. He was six feet tall, had short brown hair, a beard, belly, and mustache that trembled when he spoke. His Australian accent and deep voice lent themselves to sternness. But his demeanor earned respect from students and they were mindful of his requests. He had a natural flair for teaching music. Guitars, recorders, autoharps and a variety of non-pitched percussion instruments lined the classroom cupboards. Charts of musical notes, instruments, and composers embellished the walls. Our classroom was musically alive, while subjects like math, language arts, and social studies seemed secondary.

Mr. Walsh made the piano powerful. He regularly played it in bits and pieces to get our attention or to engage us in song. It was positioned in front of our classroom so he could play the keys while he faced the class. Mr. Walsh’s piano position. It is this pose I choose when I arrange a piano in front of students. I wonder if his right hand still bangs the beats, if his left hand continues the harmony, and if he still insists on hearing the t’s at the end of words.

Volcanic eruptions were felt when his hands slammed a discord on the keys. Several times, he asked me to play the piano while he conducted the choir. We rehearsed “Proud Mary” over and over until Frank Dusbaba sang the chorus correctly. He asked me to accompany him on the piano for the Christmas concert. I was part of his orchestra. Nothing was more touching than seeing the pride in his eyes. I told him how his teachings inspired me to dive into a sea of experience. When I climbed onto the
risers in the gym, I smiled. Raised my head up high. There was an excitement to singing. By the end of a performance, I had been brought to new levels of rapture.

Last fall, through the B.C. Teacher's Federation, I learned that Mr. Walsh is still teaching. I held my breath when I first heard his voice again. On the phone, he said, "I remember you." These words I will cherish forever. They are the words an adoring student needs to hear.

This was his twenty-ninth year of teaching. I explained my research. He was fascinated. The district coordinator had hired him to teach music because he could play the piano. He was not a professional musician but had a music background. In fact, when he was my grade 6 teacher, it had been his first year teaching. He had just arrived from Australia.

I mentioned the identity-conflicts musicians have and the attrition rate in music classes. He was not surprised and said many music teachers still use the didactic method of teaching which he considered old-fashioned and authoritarian.

I feel grounded knowing that Mr. Walsh has not quit teaching. Though he teaches less music than in the 70's, he talked about concerts and assemblies with passion. It is his commitment to teaching that I long to share with my students. He agreed to meet me for coffee and to continue our conversation. I expressed a deep gratitude for his inspiration and said I think of him every time I hear "Proud Mary." He laughed with joy. I felt a deep connection to this teacher. While music education struggles to survive, I am happy that Mr. Walsh's voice continues to sing.

(A revised version of the article published in BCMEA Journal, 1999).

After teaching music at the K-12 levels in public schools, I returned to Graduate School to pursue my Masters and Doctorate in Education. I had reached a point in my career where I craved answers about classroom teaching. Assemblies, performances, administrative duties, and fund-raising drew me away from educational issues. I was excited to be a full-time student and eager to explore music education in a different realm. Though my teaching experience gave me a practical context, I needed to enhance my philosophical and educational background.

As a first year doctoral student, I became a faculty advisor to students in Teacher Education. I listened intently and learned that a silence surrounded the issue of musicians
becoming music educators. I knew from these musicians and from my own experience, that there was a constant need to be validated as a musician. There was an assumption that becoming a classroom music teacher would lower one’s status as a musician. Fears about losing the musician’s identity were shared.

My first-hand training as a musician had become subtext in my graduate education as well as in my students’ education. I had to explore these identity issues with me and my students. My role as faculty advisor opened the dialogue. A musician’s identity seems woven into their notion of “instrument.” The instrument a musician plays is seen as an outward extension, or inward expression, of the self. This adds a deep layer of meaning to a musician’s identity. During practicum, school advisors ask student teachers to bring their instruments to school. Many are invited to perform in concerts and competitions with the school ensembles. For instance, I have been asked to play the piano for vocal and instrumental rehearsals during observations. A musician’s identity is highly connected to their instrument and their ability to perform on that instrument. Research indicates that musicians have perceived notions about musicians based on the instrument one plays (Davies, 1978; Buillone, & Lipton, 1983; Shatin, Kotter and Longmore, 1968; Alter, 1989; Dyce & O’Connor, 1994; Wills, 1984).

In my second year as a doctoral student, I proposed that a focus group called TIME (Teaching Initiative for Music Educators) be organized for secondary music education students. This was based on the idea that students would benefit from support and development in a community of learners. Students would experience more coherence between courses and be encouraged to develop critical discourse with instructors in the music education program.
A year later, my proposal was accepted and I became an instructor for the cohort. Students accepted into secondary music education were automatically enrolled into this. I have now been a course instructor to five TIME cohorts (about ninety students) and have supervised forty student teachers during their practica. I have failed only three musicians.

The first year, a saxophonist struggled with her practicum. She was unprofessional, ambivalent about teaching, resistant to suggestions, and unable to build a positive rapport with staff and students. It was difficult for her to make the transition from performer to teacher. She did not pass, and was given a six-week supplemental practicum which she also failed. In the end, she said she might not teach, but would pursue graduate work as a saxophone performer.

The second year, a female trombonist with a Master’s degree suffered problems in her two-week practicum. Her relationship with her school advisor was charged with tension and competition. Disagreements about teaching strategies and curriculum made their relationship so unbearable that her school advisor terminated her practicum. She moved to another school and eventually passed her practicum.

The fifth year, a bassoonist with a Master’s degree did not prioritize his practicum from other responsibilities. His life was filled with other musical commitments and he had little time to focus on teaching. It was suggested he withdraw and return when school became a priority. When he returned, he had an extremely successful practicum.

Some musicians are intense performers which influences all areas of their lives. While some musicians improvise, others perform by standards. Some are excited, others skeptical. Some are naive about bureaucracy and wonder if they can conform to the school system. One student told me in tears that she thought her school advisor did not care about the students. She wished for a better mentor. Another student exceeded her limits to perform. She was drained after teaching, as she tried to do her absolute best. Performance, competition, and Master status. Presto, rather than andante or moderato.
One student obtained teacher certification only for financial stability. I have met idealists, performers, pragmatists, and dreamers.

I learn a great deal from student teachers. Every year, I invite past graduates to participate in a "panel discussion" for the current TIME cohort, to talk about their experiences after graduation.

A sudden barrage of questions inundates them. This reminds them that the students want the panel's answers, their burgeoning bag-of-tricks, and their trade secrets. The College of Teachers had officially sanctioned them "teachers." These five, by virtue of the 'teacher' title, had arrived into a community of professional teachers and considered experts.

The cohort had waited impatiently for this day. The reality hit that they, too, could complete their degree, teach and participate on this yearly panel discussion.

One aspect that interested the cohort was the panel's level of professionalism. They spoke with composure about curriculum, repertoire, instructional strategies, classroom management, communication skills, and educational issues. These panelists had an aura about them, personifying their status as successful students of the teacher education program and perhaps, even a few years of teaching. The panelists were self-assured and actively engaged with the students. The panel members elicited many questions from the cohort. According to John, a TOC (teacher-on-call) and a professional musician juggling two careers, (musician and music teacher), it is possible to continue as a professional musician while working part-time as a TOC. He had visited almost every secondary school in Vancouver as a TOC and been offered several full-time teaching positions, which he had turned down.

Another panelist, Bruce, uttered that "he taught two days a week so he could nurture his professional career as a musician in the evenings," which interested several professional musicians in the cohort. Teaching three to four days a week was a full-time position because of the extra responsibilities, according to this teacher. Many asked him how he had ended up teaching elementary music when he trained for the secondary music education program at UBC. His story is a prime example of how many secondary music graduates accept elementary music teaching positions. Elementary music positions are often offered to secondary music educators due to the specialization issue.

There was an interest in Anna's career as she had obtained a full-time position, two weeks after graduation, in a private school. Many students took notes while she shared her interview strategies. Throughout the discussion, I was grateful to the five panelists for their participation, advice, reflections, and for reminding me of the rewards of teaching. It was
extremely satisfying to see my students grow into successful and independent teachers.

Each year, I cherish this wonderful day, for it reinforces just what teaching is really about. I mature as a teacher when they arrive at my door with an invisible layer of foggy reality. I feel the crystals of desire multiplying inside me, wanting to freeze the moments. I need this day, each year, to show me that I have been an agent in other lives. A part of the incubation period where chaos appears with questions and hesitations that lasts for only a short length of time. Later, these teachers had ambivalence, but it disappeared during practicum, when they become confident teachers. Bruce echoes my sentiments: “Now that I have been at the same school for three years, I see the student musicians have grown, that I have actually taught them something.”

I listened carefully to these graduates share words of pleasure, though, unknown to them, the language of Adler, Freud, Piaget, Vgotsky, von Glaserfeld, Mantura, and Rogers. What they had learned at university made sense now that they had come to fruition as teachers with a teachers responsibilities to students, parents, colleagues, budgets, report cards, administration, community events, fund-raising and the like.

One student in the cohort sighed with relief while another waved her hand in the air. They too, could rise to the occasion of teaching and age like a fine Cabernet. Each year, the panel creates an image when reality rushes toward me and I know it is the very thing I must see. The students I teach are forever embedded in me, and I, in them, intellectually, emotionally, and spiritually. As a teacher, these are the days I feel my whole being push together and pull apart, and suddenly, everything is enlightening.

(A revised version of article published in BCMEA 2002, and CMEA, 2002)

What are the conflicts and tensions for musicians who become music educators? That is my burning research question. I want to know how a musician constructs an identity as a teacher after having constructed an identity as a musician. I wish to understand the shifts or extensions of a musician’s identity as they become music educators. Musicians who enter teacher education programs may have spent years performing as vocalists or instrumentalists. Expectations about teaching and learning music is based on their own musical experiences. Most musicians gain most of their music training from outside the school music context. Thus, the dilemma of music educators often begins with teaching but
is placed within the larger social, political, educational, and cultural context of politics. Jorgensen (1995) says that music educators are placed in the political position of justifying both the music curriculum and the inherent values of musical study.

The notion of identity appears as musicians move from the role of performer to the role of educator. There is a research gap in understanding this transformation. I wish to understand this identity change as musicians struggle with their identity during practicum. Musicians who teach classroom music will be called a ‘music educator’ since ‘music teacher’ generally refers to teaching individualized instruction to young musicians.

I believe identity is affected by context and expectations. A change from performing musician to professional music educator brings an understanding that those who accept the title ‘teacher’ accept the identity. I wish to explore the multilayered, multidimensional dynamic of identity through historical, sociological, psychological, and cultural influences.

I hope to gain a deeper understanding of the conflicts inherent in the identity of musicians. I completed a literature review with a summary and synthesis of relevant research in the traditions of identity discourse. Professional journals, reports, scholarly books and dissertations were useful resources. Those documents related empirical research, theoretical and philosophical discussions, and methodological treatises. Research in music education has mostly been quantitative, with emphasis on the study of music achievement, performance, and music abilities. The topic of identity is relatively unexplored.

There are familiar traditions in the discourse of identity. First, the philosophical view of self-reflection as the mirror of human nature. Second, the anthropological view of the division of nature and culture. Third, the sociological view constructed through social and cultural images. The notion of multiple identities implies that modern and romantic concepts of the artist must recede. In the modern view, identity is considered unified or
singular, built around an endpoint. Identities are forms of social construction where a person may be anything at any time as long as roles, costumes, and settings are arranged. Fourth, the postmodernist view of the space of representation where the person is confronted with its difference, its Other.

Though a musician's identity has been studied by Tucker (1996) and Roberts (1993), and a teacher's identity by Britzman (1991) and Sumara & Luce-Kapler (1996), there has been little research about a music educator's identity. I structured the conceptual, methodological, and focus questions in a Vee diagram (Novak & Gowin, 1984) (see Appendix A). I developed a rationale with eleven issues and co-founded the TIME (Teaching Initiative for Music Educators) cohort as my focus group. Traditional research suggested I collect data through interviews, followed by a formal analysis. The first year, I received an overwhelming response. Twelve out of eighteen students in the focus group volunteered to be part of my research. The following three months were filled with interviews. I piled tapes of interviews into a cardboard box I labeled, "My potion box." Week after week, I added a cup of hope and a dash of draft hoping the concoction would brew into magic.

I became immersed in the music and sounds from my potion box. Formal data analysis, such as coding, categorizing, and ordering, could not explain the musicians' experiences. However, analytical writing separated interview transcriptions and field notes into components, imposing a researcher-perceived order of events. Data reduction and segregation. As I read their words, I wanted to capture and share the emotions of the interviews. I was caught in an academic regime with rigid codes and standards. I wanted to construct new knowledge and needed a method to help me.

One spring, a friend asked how my book was going. She knew that secretly I had
been writing a novel. I said I had hidden it away in the bottom drawer of my dresser. I was involved with research and would return to the novel after finishing my degree. Academic writing had taken over and I had to focus my efforts in that direction. She mentioned a course she had started with a young professor who was a poet, writer, and researcher in language education. He had told his class that story writing and research could be combined. The next day, I signed up for the course and met Dr. Carl Leggo.

Carl talked about presenting research in alternative forms. He spoke about narrative inquiry and how artists use poetry, dance, multimedia, and story writing in their research. One of his doctoral students had presented his research in the form of a poetic transcription, while another was writing a novel. Classes were held off-campus in a library at an elementary school in Richmond. We took long breaks and we shared stories. In one class, he asked us to stroll along a dike. We were to find a quiet place and list, toss, and steal words. Write the adventure. I remember it well. It was a stormy day but we wandered anyway. I wrote messages to myself and laughed out loud. I created a poem that has stayed with me. Words helped me get in touch with myself. My insides were re-energized as I searched out who I was and how I felt. I gathered messages from within and they drew me out.

In another class, Carl asked us to compose a poem about an object in the room. A blue piece of paper hung from the ceiling. I wrote, "long and blue, shapely and quirky, why are you there? I want you." Carl’s response was, "look at how this little blue piece of paper can conjure desire in Karen." He had lured me back into creative writing. I was reborn. He introduced me to the writings of Mary Catherine Bateson, Milan Kundera, Natalie Goldberg, Susan Wooldridge, Maxine Greene, Patti Lather, Helen Cixous and Jerome Bruner (1990), the latter who believed that people are, by nature, narrative beings. Kundera
and Bruner were spoken about in the same breath. I was convinced that storied representations in research had the potential to reach a wider audience. Carl mentioned logic and persuasion, but mostly advocated that “the world would be a much happier place if everybody wrote poetry” (Leggo, 2001, p. 195).

After the fifth class, I grabbed my novel out of my drawer. Carl had encouraged me to combine research and story writing. At the end of the term, I knew a traditional data analysis approach would not enable me to represent the musicians’ stories in a meaningful way. Stories would help others understand musicians. I wanted to convey plots, conflicts, and possible resolutions. Carl Leggo inspired me.

Words and images filled me. I wandered alone, inspired by motion, jotting down words. I wrote furtively, often in cafes with a notepad and pencil, while drinking large quantities of coffee. I scribed snippets and vignettes, but mainly focused on my research. I took notice of those around me, at work, school, in my neighborhood, and in my family. I recorded notes on my own state of mind. Funny things I overheard were scribbled down. I collected and inspected. I wrote poems and poems wrote me. Writing came easily, like music. Even my supervisor liked my poems. And then it happened. Two of my poems, ‘The Inner Artist,’ (published in CMEA Journal) and ‘I Wait My Turn’ (Canadian Woman Studies Journal, Spring/Summer 1999, vol. 19, nos. 1 & 2) were accepted for publication. This inspired me to delve more deeply into narrative forms of inquiry.

I was especially fascinated by the lyricism in my subjects’ voices. I wanted to capture it. The musicians and I were developing intimate relationships through dialogue in the context of research. I wanted to put the nuances of their experience in stories. I wrote field notes from their interviews, which later refreshed my memory. Creating stories drew me to the emotional and physical memories of events. It became impossible, however, to
recreate their stories based on field notes. I needed help. I approached my supervisor Peter Gouzouasis and had a lengthy discussion that threw me into deep contemplation. This lead to a twenty page written dialogue entitled; ‘Do You Hear What I Hear: Musicians Composing the Truth,’ (Gouzouasis & Lee, 2002). Dialogue helped us discover how writing could inspire change.

Karen: I drive past Spanish Banks and think about Peter’s words. Relativistic perspective. “If everything is just my interpretation and your interpretation, it collapses into relativism. I've become a skeptic with regard to the vast body of educational research,” he says. He is intense and emphatic. Peter says credible research that is quantifiable constructs knowledge. He even says narrative research is “hippie-dippy.” I ask him if the issue is epistemology. He agrees and adds descriptive metaphysics to the conundrum.

Through the years, we have debated many issues over lunch, coffee, cookies and sushi. Sometimes I am excited by his ideas. Other times, I am confused by his thoughts. And there are times I am angered by his statements. It was after I took his course rooted in metaphysics and epistemology that I connected with him. He has since taught me much about research, and life. His worldview has deepened my understanding about the nature of reality. And he always poses challenging, thought-provoking questions. He does not know that some of his questions have haunted me for days. Today, relativism is the ghost. The Cambridge Dictionary of Philosophy (1995) defines relativism as “the denial that there are certain kinds of universal truths” (p. 690). Is that how Peter defines relativism?

I remember meeting him five years ago with his black baseball cap, long hair, and black sweater. We sat in the old Muses Computer Lab, a small piece of classroom space in a wired fence. He smiled and laughed and spoke long sentences about research, the faculty, and literature I had to read. He was friendly, jovial, and less formal than expected. I had expected him to be rigid, structured, and directive. Instead, he was flexible and collaborative. He seemed open-minded and willing to explore new concepts. He was very interested in hearing my point of view but at the time, I had little to say. I just lingered over his words. His enthusiasm was contagious.

Now, I have come to really care for him. Our relationship has progressed to the point where we communicate on many levels. Once, he said that I was his "qualitative, fuzzy-wuzzy gal," and I liked that. He understood my need to explore qualitative research. When first contemplating narrative inquiry, I wondered about his reaction. His academic training in the United States involved quantitative research. His
mentor was the most published researcher in the history of music research. Sometimes, I think about his 'Americanism' when he talks. Being Canadian, I am sensitive to American lingo. But, over the years, I believe he has acculturated into the Canadian lifestyle. And Peter is a narrator. I will convince him. After all, I have listened to hours of his narratives, stories about being a radio music program director, guitar gigs, the famous jazz musicians he has known, Edwin Gordon, his friends, teaching and learning, relationships, ex-wife, current wife, and his son.

Spanish Banks. The water is blue today. Not long ago, we walked this beach. I listened to his story about Skye, his dog, needing psychiatric care. I look over at the bench we sat on. I remember it well. He wore his black baseball cap.

Peter has a gift for making me think. I sense he is pushing me forward again, and I will challenge his notions of relativism. "Peter, you suggested that narrative inquiry is interpretive. You said it is relativistic. Could you elaborate?"

Peter: Thanks for "setting the table, Karen." The ideas have incubated. We are on the same wavelength though we didn't talk about which way we'd go with this "hippie-dippy" . . . no, this hard-core . . . no, soft-core . . . this "narrative" research. I'd better measure my words with you now. This may all become data no, danda no, dubitanda (Pepper, 1942). I smile as I tease you and I know you laugh with me. I do not want you to think I am going off on one of my diatribes, but I am. In my research program, the question is not of research being rooted in either quantitative or qualitative paradigms. It is a matter of striving for coherency, for accuracy, for clarity and for, dare I say it, something that some call Truth.

Do you recall the years of study in music history, theory, and composition in graduate school? That is one point where we can always relate. Music. The grueling comprehensive exams I took to enter and exit my doctoral program. The first morning, I go into a piano-less room with a booklet of notation paper. There are two subjects to choose from, and they ask me to write a three-part invention. They lock the door and allow me to emerge for lunch. I wrote a great "contraption" as we used to jokingly call them. My mother told me I looked like Beethoven when I was in the throes of composing so she made me a ceramic bust of the "great one" to remind me of my music roots. That's what I looked like that day; I had wild hair. From at least one perspective, all music theory/history is rooted in the qualitative realm. My research has never been all about quantification, but that was my mentor's research orientation. I do possess qualitative roots and bore colleagues with music knowledge when they mention the concert they saw the previous evening. I wonder if they "heard" or better yet, audiated, what they "saw."

"Talk about relativism," she says. Karen, walk over to your piano and play a Bach Invention. Better yet, play a fugue. "Art of the Fugue," the master called it. Not the science or mathematics of the fugue, but the "A-R-
T." Are the voices always heard, or performed as equal partners? The fundamental starting place for learning counterpoint is with species counterpoint. In each of the five species the voices are not necessarily treated equally. In first species, perhaps yes, but in second, third, fourth and fifth species? There is tension and release of suspensions in fourth species and we learn a careful way to treat four-three, five-four, nine-eight, two-one, and four-five suspensions. In the famous treatise Gradus ad Parnassum (Steps to Parnassus, 1725), Fux (1943) warns us to be careful preparing and resolving dissonances caused by suspensions. Preparation, suspension, resolution.

What is the role of the cantus firmus? The cantus firmus is the foundation, the starting point, and the most important voice. How did the Renaissance masters treat polyphony? I smile as I audiate my favorite Monteverdi madrigal. You know, Karen, I sang both countertenor (i.e., alto) and bass parts for many years. A straight guy singing alto parts. Talk about anomalies. It was always different being in the middle than on the bottom. Singing the different parts rarely felt equal and I learned so much from being able to move throughout the scores. We know the term "counterpoint" is not used to describe "polyphonic" music before the early Baroque period because all voices were considered equal.

What about those segments between expositions of the fugue subject? What is that stuff? Do four different artists performing the same fugue interpret it in the same way? I am not against you, but I am not with you. Sometimes you speak, sometimes I speak, sometimes we agree, sometimes we disagree, sometimes you make sense, sometimes I make sense, and sometimes neither of us are sure if we make sense. This is where I will begin. Ho, ho, ho. There is more I will fill in, of course, and will attempt to compose coherent, meaningful metaphors. Wait for my next "real" narrative. I want you to know I am thinking with you. How is the tone of my voice? "Testing . . . one, two, three . . . ."

Karen: I am not sleeping well. So I wake, a strange chill in my limbs, to the sound of Peter's voice: familiar half-tones, words he says over and over. "It is a matter of striving for coherency, for accuracy, for clarity and for, dare I say it, truth."

In the dense obsession of the deep dark rain
I tread, silent, like the night, past all voices.

I hear him sing. Rising voice, immersed in words I cannot understand. I listen with closed eyes. The rain ceases and the room floods with the sound of his guitar.

Memories. We stand on the deserted beach, our place to debate and discuss. We talk and stare into sheets of rain that dance along the waves. We walk along the pathway mesmerized by the storm and sea until it hits me that perhaps he does not hear me. He says research must be systematic.
It is early, not yet 6:00. I dress carefully, my skirt ironed and my black high heels polished. I prepare breakfast as I do each day. Mix blueberry yogurt with grapes and a banana. Then I stir a spoon of Metamucil into prune juice. It cures what ails me. At 6:45, I sit and eat. First my yogurt, then my juice. At 6:55, I wash the dishes and clean the counter. Breakfast is entirely systematic.

Coherency, accuracy and clarity, the ideological struggles of research. I think about McKay (2001). She says that, according to Grove’s Dictionary of Music, acciaccatura and appoggiatura are considered a pair of dualisms. She also states, “research, re/creation, it is all vexed and interesting, two poles of the territory represented on the one side by the Purists, and on the other by ‘who gives a shit?’ And, standing somewhere in the middle, of course, it matters, but not with a pickle up your butt. A cooler and wiser head.”

Of course, she had that published. I stand in the middle. It does matter. I am writing short stories about musicians, their trials and tribulations and their journey of becoming music educators. If I find themes, are those truths?

This is the story of Peter. Truth. Truth. Truth. I wait for him to write. There is a list of things I will tell him: how my house is never the same; new thoughts come in with the rain. I woke up the other night like the night before. Listening to the wind, I thought about the truth. My insides caved in and my brain twisted and turned. I guess things get worse before they get better. Help, Peter. My mind dwells on the truth. Some say it will set you free.

Two summers ago, I stood in the middle of the road near my Tercel. The sun shone yet I couldn’t see. I was dazed, wondering what had happened. As I gestured for the truck driver to roll down his window, he shook and shivered. I told the nurse at the hospital I had been rear-ended at 16th and McDonald. My back and neck suffered deep agony as I waited for an X-ray. Right now, amid the scientific research equipment, doctors compile data. They will prescribe treatment based on their data. Will it be the truth?

Small talk, small courtesies, Peter has no time for the truth. He seems hung up on dichotomies. Mixing models is incoherent. Help, Peter. My mind gets frail. I can’t do it anymore. Then I ask, why bother? Somehow, his words matter. A man of finely gauged increments, of flashpoints, of starbursts, of rich skepticism. He is relatively young and has been granted tenure. As a graduate supervisor, Peter is an excellent advisor and mentor. Polemics become a witty deconstruction of words. He is a deep thinker who encourages alternative perspectives of knowledge. Peter has many inherent qualities that make him one of the best teachers I have ever had. Over the years, he has been more than an advisor and mentor to me. He is warm and caring and a supportive friend. I should phone him, but don’t. He might say something that would throw me off. That is the last thing I need.
At seven in the morning, Peter is in his office checking email, firing off letters that become quarrels or sharp inquiries. Peter, why must we think about dichotomies of knowledge? Can’t the two meld together? You say they are incommensurable, but are they? Don’t we engage in both forms of metaphysical realms?

Last week, Peter and I strolled to the SUB for pizza. There was a weird vibe. He did not smile, which unsettled me. Not that it mattered. He ordered pepperoni, while I got a slice of vegetarian. I suggested we publish our dialogue. His face brightened with delight but was followed with an incredulous look. He asked who would be interested. I could not say, but urged him to write me about the truth. He wanted to know how our dialogue would evolve. I could not say. He wondered if we had any themes. I could not say. By the time we returned to his office, I felt there was progress. A goal for our dialogue was moving us forward. I wished the truth had not put distance between us.

Truth has the quality of water. I can cruise through a conscious element. But truth is a part of today, not a measure of its passing. The dimensionality of truth is not apparent. I feel truth near the water at Spanish Banks. It has substance. The sun, sky, and water. There is truth and I feel free.

Day after day at the ivory tower. Not a word from Peter. The sky is still, the disconnection builds.

Peter: I think about the truth everyday. I should write down my thoughts in a free flowing composition but improvisation has structure even if it seems unstructured to a naïve listener. There is “being” in “becoming.” Chords change in the flow of an improvisation, where structures seem to be unstructured in the free expression of ideas.

"Tell me the truth, brother!" people shouted at the many jazz concerts I attended in Philadelphia when I was music director of the jazz radio station. I always smiled when I heard people yelling "yeah, brother!" and "well alright!" at the peak of a fabulous solo. "Sco-baby!" they'd shout at John Scofield, and "Sterno!" at Mike Stern when they'd shred the paint off the walls at the now defunct Chestnut Cabaret with their blistering solos. There were other jazzers who inspired such mania, but I recall those instances because the audiences were filled with hard rockers who had been "converted" to the truth of jazz by listening to my "Fusion Friday" program.

A few years ago, a well-respected researcher and a so-called “major” journal editor tortured me when I submitted a critique of a quantitative study on the development of the singing voice in young children. The paper was riddled with contradictions, numerical and definitional inaccuracies, and blatant fallacies. It still exists as one of the worst papers ever published in music education. In my idealist mindset, I thought I could initiate a point-counterpoint discussion in the journal (1) on the topic in general and (2) on the author's motivation for writing such an article. I thought readers of the journal would want to know the truth. How naïve. The heartache and mental fatigue, let alone the dollars spent in legal
fees defending my right to share a different interpretation of the facts. My critique was not published and I suffered serious depression for over six months. What I experienced through that debacle led me to my current position on the truth. And my disillusionment with, and abandonment of, most forms of so-called "scholarly research." At this point in my life, I am skeptical of finding any truth in the hallowed halls of universities. And when I am in my most skeptical frame of mind, I frighten myself and am afraid to tell you what I think about the truth.

There is no absolute truth in academic research. There is no such thing as pure data, pure fact; it is all 'danda' (i.e., data influenced by theory; Pepper, 1942). Second, very few people are interested in the "truth," whatever that may be. Humans are interested in what they want to believe. Third, and related to both points above, the "truth," if it exists, is relative. Eric Idle once spoofed something to the effect of "this is my theory, and that is my theory, and that is that." It breaks my heart to tell you, but that is that.

I hear ii-V chord progressions in my head as I drive my car, mow the lawn, eat my dinner, write this narrative, speak with you. I can't escape them. They are there, they exist both mentally, in the idealistic sense, and materialistically, in the real sense of recordings and printed music. They are a part of almost every song written in the 20th century. I know the truth in music when I stop thinking about how I'm moving my fingers and where I am in the chord changes. The music just flows. I am one with my guitar, and my guitar is one with my mind and spirit.

I always find truth in music. Many musicians have shared the truth with me. Dizzy Gillespie, Art Blakey, Joe Pass, Zoot Sims: they all tried to tell me the truth during my interviews with them. Whether in music composition, music improvisation, music listening, or music performance; whether I'm working solo or in a group, music has always provided me with truthful insights. "Music is truth, truth music." Yes, I know. I borrowed the basic structure of that notion from Shelley. But this is one of the most secure, stable, honest, sincere "definitions" of truth I can offer. Music is not a language. Music transcends language, yet, like language, music is all about coherence. One of my favorite thinkers, Kant, wrote "What is truth? The nominal definition of truth, that is the agreement of knowledge with its object, is assumed as granted; the question asked is as to what is the general and sure criterion of the truth of any and every knowledge" (p. 82-83). Kant adds, "... it is quite impossible, and indeed absurd, to ask for a general test of truth," and "of the truth of knowledge, so far as its matter is concerned, no general criterion can be demanded. Such a criterion would by its very nature be self-contradictory." If a work of music is coherent, whether I like it or not, it is true. That is where epistemic and non-epistemic truths form a perfect unison. Being and becoming, untruth and truth. What about Greene's (1978) thoughts about wide-awakeness, and Eisner's notions of understanding, imaginative extrapolation (1995, p.4), and artistically-crafted research (p.5). Think, Karen.
Karen: Intellectually speaking, we unite in a fugue. Relationship is a mishmash of emotions. Debate, approval, security, confrontation, companionship, and validation.

You write
In the fierce rain storm
From upon wild waters
In the thunder of clouds
In torrential pour

You write
In the fury of life
From upon kindled fire
In the blaze of flame
In murky smoke

You write
In the rhythm of notes
From upon ivory keys
In the chromatic scales
In symphonic sounds

You write
In the scores of rests
From lines and lyrics
Your guitar in hand
In jazz and blues


I started the dialogue as a lighthearted way to engage Peter in my research issues. As I became emotionally and intellectually invested in the experience, words took us in unexpected directions. We began with a debate over research traditions but ended up exploring the truth. It took the form of a musical fugue and relied on many musical terms and concepts. We explored narrative inquiry and the way it evoked our thoughts and feelings. A musical invention was composed with themes, episodes, fugal statements, and rich counterpoint. Intertwining melodies probed, challenged, and deconstructed words. We told and retold and did not “get it right” but created contours and nuances. Our
dialogue sought interest, coherence, and verisimilitude. At the final cadence, we crossed voices (i.e., staves, in a metaphoric sense) to sustain and progress our relationship.

Our dialogue inspired more research, social action, and a change between us. Writing and rewriting intensified our voices as we wrote with ‘multi-voices’ instead of ‘authoritative voices,’ and presented contrasting points of views. Over time, our musings resolved that music was coherent. Truth is found in what we believe to be the truth as long as it is coherent. The dialogue remains an open invitation for new voices to be woven into the counterpoint of our story. As of today, I feel the dialogue has greatly impacted my relationship with Peter. We are closer and more intimate with our words and feelings. And that’s the truth.

So, can stories tell the truth? And what is a story? Stories are different than diaries, histories, and autobiographies because they do not retell activities and events. A story has a plot with real or imaginary characters that reveal something. It is like exploring a theory of context and events (Winter, Buck, & Sobiechowska, 1999, p. 21). Details can 'write themselves' just as words solve conflicts posed by characters. A reader’s senses are awakened to become an integral part of the narrative. If the value of stories lies in knowing what happens next, why do people see the same play or film, or re-read their favorite novel?” (Winter, Buck, & Sobiechowska, 1999, p. 20).

Our lives are full of stories. Newscasters tell events in terms of stories - crimes, scandals, and human-interest reports. Teachers encourage children to read and write stories. They open and release reflective play in words and engage their thoughts and feelings. By sharing my stories of musicians, I offer readers a deepened sense of knowing that might prompt new imaginings of the ideal and the possible (Greene, 1988, p. xi). I hope to reveal the complex lives of musicians who undertake teacher education.

**Musician's identity**

To link, integrate, overlap
Like the notes of a triad

27
I read social theorists interested in identity: Erikson (1963), Schaller (1989), and Marcia (1964). Over and over, my stories reveal musicians suffering identity changes and identity crises. 'Identity crisis' is a temporary instability and confusion experienced as one struggles with choices and alternatives (Erikson, 2000). “To cope with uncertainties, adolescents may over-identify with heroes or mentors, fall in love, bond together in cliques, and exclude others based on real or imagined differences. New life tasks often present a crisis whose outcome can be successful graduation or an impairment of the life cycle that aggravates future crisis” (Erikson, 2000, p. 350).

I am drawn to Marcia’s research. He expands on Erikson's theory of identity. He explores identity crisis which is the area most salient in my participant’s lives. Erikson viewed the chronological era of late adolescence as crucial for an individual’s construction of an initial identity: a sense of who one is based on who one has been, and who one imagines oneself being in the future. Marcia (2002) identifies four different statuses or processes which individuals go through when they establish and maintain their sense of personal identity: identity diffusion, foreclosure, moratorium, or identity achievement. Each state is determined by two criteria: whether there is a commitment to an identity and whether there is a search for an identity.

Marcia (2002) has his students analyze songs to illustrate which state each song represents. Identity diffusion suggests having no clear idea of one’s identity and making no attempt to find that identity. One may have struggled to find an identity but have never resolved it or have stopped trying. There is no commitment and no search for an identity. This first song, *Like A Rolling Stone*, by Bob Dylan illustrates diffusion. The
The song tells of a lady living on the streets. She is isolated and alone with no home. The rolling stone metaphor shows how her identity might be moving but with no direction since she has stopped searching to find out whom she is.

Like A Rolling Stone – words and lyrics by Bob Dylan (1965 Warner Bros, Inc)

You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn’t you?
People’d call, say, “beware doll, you’re bound to fall”
You thought they were all kiddin’ you
You used to laugh about
Everybody that was hanging’ out
Now you don’t talk so loud
Now you don’t seem so proud
About having to be scrounging for your next meal.

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be without a home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

You’ve gone to the first school all right, Miss Lonely
But you know you only used to get juiced in it
And nobody has ever taught you how to live on the street
And now you find out you’re gonna have to get used to it
You said you’d never compromise
With the mystery tramp, but now you realize
He’s not selling any alibis
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
And ask him do you want to make a deal?

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

You never turned around to see the frowns on the jugglers and the clowns
When they all come down and did tricks for you
You never understood that it ain’t no good
You shouldn’t let other people get your kicks for you
You used to ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat
Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat
Ain’t it hard when you discover that
He really wasn’t where it’s at
After he took from you everything he could steal.

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
They’re drinkin’, thinkin’ that they got it made
Exchanging all kinds of precious gifts and things
But you’d better lift your diamond ring, you’d better pawn it babe
You used to be so amused
At Napoleon in rags and the language that he used
Go to him now, he calls you, you can’t refuse
When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose
You’re invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

In foreclosure state, one blindly accepts childhood values (Marcia, 2002). There is commitment to an identity but not from one’s own search or crisis. *The River*, by Springsteen is about foreclosure. The song tells of a man whose identity becomes foreclosed when his girlfriend, Mary, becomes pregnant. Though he is unhappy about the commitment, he views the situation as futile due to the baby. He commits to her due to his childhood values. A crisis would help him undergo a search for a new identity. He recalls fond memories with Mary before the baby but realizes she does not care anymore. The baby has not instigated a new phase in their relationship. He is trapped. His identity is foreclosed.
"The River" – Bruce Springsteen

I come from down in the valley
Where mister when you're young
They bring you up to do like your daddy done
Me and Mary we met in high school
When she was just seventeen
We'd ride out of that valley down to where the fields were green.

We'd go down to the river
And into the river we'd dive
Oh down to the river we'd ride.

Then I got Mary pregnant
And man that was all she wrote
And for my nineteenth birthday I got a union card and a wedding coat
We went down to the courthouse
And the judge put it all to rest
No wedding day smiles no walk down the aisle
No flowers no wedding dress

That night we went down to the river
And into the river we'd dive
Oh down to the river we did ride

I got a job working construction for the Johnstown Company
But lately there ain't been much work on account of the economy
Now all them things that seemed so important
Well mister they vanished right into the air
Now I just act like I don't remember
Mary acts like she don't care

But I remember us riding in my brother's car
Her body tan and wet down at the reservoir
At night on them banks I'd like awake
And pull her close just to feel each breath she'd take
Now those memories come back to haunt me
They haunt me like a curse
Is a dream a lie if it don't come true
Or is it something worse
That sends me down to the river
Though I know the river is dry
That sends me down to the river tonight
Down to the river
My baby and I
Oh down to the river we ride
Moratorium involves a vague or ill-formed ideological and occupational commitment to an identity. One commits to an identity but is still undergoing the identity search or crisis. *I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking for*, by U2, tells of a man in the moratorium state. He has searched in the best places but has not found his identity. The hope and motivation for his search lies in his ideological concept of an identity. He is confident he will find his identity when everything merges together. In moratorium state, an identity eventually emerges when there is an adjustment to the conceptual image of his identity.

*I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For – U2*

I have climbed highest mountain
I have run through the fields
    Only to be with you
    Only to be with you
    I have run
    I have crawled
I have scaled these city walls
    These city walls
    Only to be with you
But I still haven't found what I'm looking for
But I still haven't found what I'm looking for

I have kissed honey lips
Felt the healing in her fingertips
    It burned like fire
    This burning desire
I have spoke with the tongues of angels
I have held the hand of the devil
    It was warm in the night
    I was cold as a stone
But I still haven't found what I'm looking for
But I still haven't found what I'm looking for

I believe in kingdom come
Then all the colors will bleed into one
    Bleed into one
    Well yes I'm still running
You broke the bonds and you
Loosed the chains
Carried the cross
Of my shame
Of my shame
You know I believed it
But I still haven't found what I'm looking for
But I still haven't found what I'm looking for
But I will haven't found what I'm looking for
But I will haven't found what I'm looking for . . .

Identity achievement involves the state of having developed a well-defined self concept and personal values. One commits to an ideology and has a strong sense of ego identity. Hiatt’s song, *Slow Turning*, is about a man reflecting on his life. He has developed a strong identity from music in his childhood and has slowly learned to accept life’s challenges. His identity is achieved through learning that love has brought him happiness and that time is short.

**Slow Turning – John Hiatt**

When I was a boy,
I thought I just came to ya’
But I never could tell what’s mine
So it didn’t matter anyway
My only pride and joy
Was this racket down here
Bangin’ on an old guitar
And singin’ what I had to say
I always thought our house was haunted
But nobody said boo to me
I never did get what I wanted
No I get what I need

CHORUS
It’s been a slow turnin’
From the inside out
A slow turnin’
But you come about
Slow learnin’
But you learn to sway
A slow turnin’ baby
Not fade away

Now I’m in my car
I got the radio on
I’m yellin’ at the kids in the back seat
‘Cause they’re bangin’ like Charlie Watts
You think you’ve come so far
In this one horse town
Then she’s laughin’ that crazy laugh
‘Cause you haven’t left the parkin’ lot
Time is short and here’s the damn thing about it
You’re gonna die, gonna die for sure
And you can learn to live with love or without it
But there ain’t no cure
There’s just a

REPEAT CHORUS

Though Marcia focused on adolescence, he viewed it as both a chronological period between puberty and early adulthood and as anytime in the life cycle when an individual explores important life-alternatives with the aim of making a commitment. Thus, both a 15-year old and 30-year old may find themselves ‘adolescing.’ His classification helps one consider how people make crucial choices about careers, marriage, and other life decisions. All types are defined as categories of "crisis" or "relationship." While identity diffusion, moratorium and foreclosure states indicate unresolved crisis, identity achievement indicates that the crisis had been resolved (see Appendix B). “Identities are not constructed in a vacuum: they are both facilitated and constrained by social and interpersonal contexts. Furthermore, identity formation is just one of eight psychosocial developmental tasks, all of which involved intergenerational mutuality” (Marcia, 2002, p. 199).

Marcia’s research explain the states the musicians experienced. Their initial identity formed in adolescence was not their final identity. I believe musicians experience fluidity and multiplicity in their identity and, as such, progress through Marcia’s states. Marcia says the four states are not stages but processes, as one does not
progress step by step sequentially, nor advance through each and every state. Successive identities are expected to undergo, in a Piagetian sense, disequilibration and accommodation (Marcia, 2001, p. 61). Relating to these states was easy, as I personally cycled back and forth between identities.

I’m drawn to my inner artist. She awakens my soul and ignites my body. It’s 3 a.m. I glare at the white ceiling and see a vision superimposed against the light. I yearn to burn the vibrant fire inside to release the darkness. I sweat with tears wondering how to create reclamation of this hidden phantom. I picture my silhouette-sitting upright with fingers in front. I vow to remove all obstacles and free my repressed desires. My withered shadow is lifted into the light. I sense rhythm in the embodiment. I slip out of bed. My muse rushes to the fore. I slither to the top of the stairs and glimpse below. There is a sense of urgency. My right foot begins to descend. My left foot follows. The rug pulls from under my feet. In the dark, I see my piano.

I stare at my piano
sparkling keys
long to be touched
my heart stops
chromatic scales ripple through me
pedantic performance to craft
crescendo and diminuendo
allegro and largo

I stare at my piano
sleeveless bodice
long black velvet dress
paten high heel shoes
sheer satin nylons
open-laced gloves
echoes of Chopin
Ballade in G minor

I stare at my piano
colored candles, lavender scent
spirits sweetly sing
resounding solos
chords of consonance
lyrical verses hail delight
sweats of soulful desire
I stare at my piano
cries among diminished chords
fragile fingers
paralyzed wrists
floods of water
soak the oak wood
a mirror of open wounds
like this unfinished book
with empty pages
the unresolved seventh


I think about Marcia’s four states. Successive reformulation of identity means that later in the life cycle, one cannot know where in the cycle one might be found (Marcia, p. 61, 2001). The notion of identity becomes more and more complex. Marcia outlined an identity reformulation cycle called MAMA. This involves a person going back and forth between moratorium and achievement. I was cycling between these two states alongside my subjects.

An Internet search showed that Marcia taught at Simon Fraser University. So I phoned SFU, but he had just retired. However, he had left a phone number on his voice mail. I dialed it. Amazingly, he answered after one ring.

"Hello?"

"I'd like to speak to James Marcia."

"This is Dr. Marcia."

"Dr. Marcia. My name is Karen Lee. I'm a doctoral student writing a dissertation on the concept of identity."

"Ah-hah."

"And I need to talk to you about your research. It is absolutely fascinating!"

"What university are you studying at?"

"UBC."
"Oh, you're in town. Who is on your committee?"

"Peter Gouzouasis, Carl Leggo, and Tony Clarke."

"Okay. What is your research about?"

"I'm writing a dissertation on the conflicts and tensions of musicians becoming music educators."

"You are?" He soared with laughter. "Do you know why I'm laughing?"

"I would guess -- you are a musician?"

"Yes I am," he continued to laugh.

"What do you play?"

"Trombone, and just last year I registered for Performance in the music faculty, though I signed out for various reasons."

"Do you play in community groups?"

"Well, I play mostly classical and I play in small groups."

"That's great!"

"Tell me more about your research Karen."

"Well, my subjects are my students. I teach a cohort of musicians undertaking their Bachelor of Education degree. They are training to teach high school music. Most have been professional musicians and struggle with huge identity changes, even to the point of a crisis. Two participants are almost fifty years old."

"That's really interesting. I play locally and have met many musicians. Do you know Dennis Esson?"

"Yes I do."

"He's an excellent trombonist."

"He certainly is."

"How can I help you?"

"I'm fascinated by the four types of Identity Statuses you've defined. I see musicians struggle with their identity and become disequilibrated as they become teachers. For some, this becomes a temporary diffusion, but others seem stuck in the
moratorium stage. You talk about MAMA cycles. I think most of my subjects enter this cycle."

"Yes, they probably do. Absolutely fascinating. I can relate to that now that I'm retired and practicing my trombone."

"I'd like to read more about your research. I need some theory Dr. Marcia."

"Theory always helps, doesn't it," he laughs, "especially for a dissertation. What kind of methodology are you using?"

"Narrative inquiry. I am writing short stories about my subjects and a brief autobiographical piece outlining my own journey through this process."

"Is this for a Master's or Ph.D.?"

"Ph.D."

"That's too bad. If this was your Master's thesis, I would suggest you write a doctoral dissertation using third year students from the music department."

"Really?"

"In that year, many come to grips with the fact they do not want to be professional musicians, and subsequently opt for education. In this rehearsal group I'm in, there is this French horn player. He would be perfect for your research --- but wait a minute," he pauses, "he is already a teacher. I know several other musicians who would be perfect subjects. Let me know if you need more."

"I will."

"Do you have email Karen?"

"Yes, my address is --" 

"Hang on, let me get a pencil. Need to put my trombone down," he laughs profusely.

"kvlee@interchange.ubc.ca. And yours?"

"marcia@sfu.ca" 

"I have written an article that will help you. It is about identity, particularly in adulthood."

"That sounds perfect! I can't wait to read it."
"Is that all for now?"

"For now. Thanks Dr. Marcia."

"Okay, I will email you the article. Don't hesitate to phone again."

"Thank you so much."

"Okay, I must get back to practicing, Karen. That's what musicians need to do!"

I cling to the phone. My heart races. Dr. Marcia is a trombone player. He's a musician too. I receive his article via email and devour it. He suggests (2002) a pattern for identity development through the adult psycho-social stages that follow adolescence. Identity changes as one traverses the life cycle stages. Erikson (1959) suggests that in late adolescence, a first identity is constructed both consciously and unconsciously and is comprised of decision-making and a synthesis of parts. Thus, one may theorize that musicians form their identity in late adolescence. After that identity is created, succeeding statuses, (i.e., identity achievement), involve disequilibrations of identity structures, beginning with the initial one formed in late adolescence (Marcia, 2002, p. 13). Each stage re-formulates the identity and responds to the demands and rewards of development (Marcia, 2002, p. 13). "Identity might undergo cyclical re-formulation at least three times after adolescence as the individual confronts identity-disequilibrating events" (Marcia, 2002, p. 14). Re-formulation periods involve cycling back and forth between moratorium and achievement states until there is change and resolution. These reformulation periods are called MAMA (Moratorium-Achievement) cycles (Stephen, Fraser, & Marcia, 1992).

Change is so fundamental to identity that it often escapes scrutiny. On many levels, one seeks and achieves some form of daily change to their identity. As the reader will see, the musicians in my research experienced change to their identity when they entered teacher education. They may regress to an earlier identity state (Bilsker &
Marcia, 1980) i.e., diffusion, and be either confused, scattered, impulsive, irresponsible, unreliable, or unpredictable (Marcia, 2002, p. 14). Reflection encourages structures to break apart and new ones to form. The person may also return to a foreclosure state (i.e., previous identity with security). If a well-achieved identity is fractured, a person enters moratorium (Berzonsky, 1989) as he or she begins to undergo an identity search or crisis.

My own identity is fractured when I journey with my musicians. There is much to be told in my story. I write my student's stories in the mornings, evenings, and in between. I hear the words “let the writing be inspired by the coyote in you” (Wooldridge, 1996, p. 87). I find wild places to write down words, not sentences, not poems, just words. When it rains, I write more. Rainwater rolls off my face and drenches my hair. Wildness. I cannot do much else. The muffler fell off my car but no time to repair it. I flow with words, coming and going, around and about, seeking light and dark places to fill empty spaces. Things are queer yet erotic. I collect a bag of empty toilet paper rolls and glare at the hollow insides. I hunger for words and words hunger for me. Suddenly, everyone is a musician. I study their tastes and write their waste. I cannot stop the beat for the ostinato repeats.

I embrace storied research. Richardson (1995) considers it a mixed genre. Ellis (1997) says the crisis of representation challenges the ideals of scientific truth and knowledge. Experimental texts raise questions about the authorial voice, academic discourse, and the relationship between fiction/formula and power/reason. I support Ellis' idea about the role of debater being eliminated and the role of storyteller assumed. Ellis encourages multiple voices to explore texts for multiple readers. Critical self-reflection is viewed as an analytic mirror where the text reveals power dynamics. Ellis questions the purpose of scholarly writing laden with academic discourse as this often silences marginalized voices. She says a, “story's validity is judged by whether it evokes in readers a feeling that the experience described is authentic and lifelike, believable and possible. The story's generalizability can be judged by whether it speaks to readers about
their experience” (Ellis, 1997, p. 133). Reliability, validity, and trustworthiness are contested in the postmodern world. Lincoln and Guba (1985) define trustworthiness as checking with interviewees to see if they agree with what has been written.

Ellis’ writing helps me. She contributes to postmodern interpretations of ‘reality’ and ‘identity’ and encourages me to write evocatively. I want musicians’ voices to add depth to abstract theoretical discourse about identity issues. Ellis provokes me to think about questions over answers, process over product, and about the organism as inherently active rather than static. I accept her invitation to explore evocative writing, to compose texts that represent wisdom of how and who we are.

In particular, I choose short stories and autobiography as evocative forms to represent my research. Combining short stories with research is experimental. My stories invite readers, who are familiar and unfamiliar with musicians, to "live their way into the experience" (Denzin, 1994, p. 511). My stories are situated as creative nonfiction. Sims & Kramer (1995) state that nonfiction “which critics compare to fiction, comes from combining this personal engagement with perspectives from sociology and anthropology, memoir writing, fiction, history, and standard reporting” (p. 19). Gerard (1996) says that creative nonfiction is where the author has gone out into the world to find it, recover it, make it, and bring it back to us (p. 2). Creative nonfiction involves telling what really happened but with an artful presentation of real people and real events (Gerard 1996, p. 6). “You find some facts, you figure out how to arrange them in light of a larger idea, then you do something artful with the arrangement. Creative nonfiction is the story you find, captured with a clear eye and an alert imagination, filtered through a mind passionate to know and tell, told accurately and with compelling grace” (Gerard, 1996, p. 12).

I approach my research from an organicist perspective (Overton & Reese, 1970, p. 132), where identity is not formed from external factors but actively constructed in the minds of individuals. “The organism, the living organized system is presented to
experience in multiple forms” (Overton & Reese, 1970, p. 132). “Organicism involves a continuous integrative process that changes in the direction of further integration” (Pepper, 1942, p. 291).

Organicists say that organization of a system involves necessary change and activity that are free of casual events. Objects and events are active and changing. Pepper (1942) considers organicism a world hypothesis, “a symbolic scheme for the arrangement of data . . . the sole value a means of facilitating human thought” (p. 72). The organismic heuristic encourages a holistic-analytic framework with change as continuous and discontinuous (Overton & Reese, 1984, p.204). Thus, change is integral to the notion of development (Gouzouasis, 1993). An organicist sees change and development as intrinsic, necessary, irreversible, and directional rather than random. The epistemological assumption is that the knower constructs the known (Overton & Reese, 1984). An individual may construct knowledge from prior experience, mental structures, and beliefs that interpret objects and events. Constructivism has evolved, based on organicism, which suggests knowledge as a construction of reality. Thus, the organismic world view can be reflected upon as the foundation of constructivism (Gouzouasis, 1996). I commit to a Kantian-Hegelian ontology of Becoming (Overton & Reese, 1984, p. 204) where assimilation, adaptation and equilibration relate to the dialectic process which explains change in human activity. Postmodernist notions of change involve construction and deconstruction of modernist paradigms. I believe that those notions align with an organicist’s research program, which envelops world views and paradigms of developmental change. I believe that change is a natural and necessary feature of life and the arts and humanities are organic, living and ever-changing.

I try to know change. I am interviewing participants, observing their musical performances, and supervising their teaching during practicum. Some musicians are more renowned but all are passionate about music. I attend their musical gigs to gain a sense of their onstage performances. Transcripts are springboards for their stories
because writing creative non-fiction is based on what really occurred. Though I am artful with presentations and draw understandings, I write about real musicians and events. Some stories do not end the way I hoped. Some stories are written in collaboration with the participants.

As I try to make sense of the research literature, I discover that over the years, approaches to educational research have become increasingly diverse. Arts-based educational research (ABER) has become an effective approach to study educational phenomena. The seven features of arts-based research are context, ambiguity, virtual world, empathy, expressive language, pedagogical value, and artistry (Barone, 1993). I explore artistic forms of data representation as I recognize the limitations of conventional research forms. Representation raises important questions about the nature of educational research and postmodern inquiry. My research is rooted in methodologies and epistemologies of the arts and humanities. Historically, scholars have explored alternative narrative forms that addressed ways of thinking about the construction of knowledge and artistic forms of understanding. Bruner (1985) says we have narrative modes of thinking because we live storied lives.

Tierney and Lincoln (1997) support that we must provide multiple forms of data representation for multiple audiences because "multiple texts, directed toward research, policy, social change efforts, or public intellectual needs... may better represent both the complexity of the lives we study, and the lives we lead as academics and private persons" (p. xi). Denzin (1995) discusses how performative texts become a transformative process in research, while Barone (1997) encourages fictionalized texts by deconstructing the lines between fact and fiction. Eisner (1997) presents the 'promise and perils' of alternative forms of research, particularly arts-based experiences such as art, dance, film, fiction, painting, theater, musical compositions, and multimedia. Language and number are only two forms of representation in research. I concur with Eisner in the belief that multiple approaches in the realm of the visual, musical, and theatrical must be
encouraged. Traditional social science research, quantitative or qualitative, is no more rigorous or insightful than informed eclectic alternatives. Validity arises from what Eisner (1994) calls referential adequacy and structural corroboration. Ellis (1997) says, “a story’s validity is judged by whether it evokes in readers a feeling that the experience described is authentic and lifelike, believable and possible; the generalizability can be judged by whether it speaks to readers about their experience” (p. 133). As a researcher-as-artist and artist-as-researcher, I explore arts-based inquiry (Mullen, 2002) and use creative forms to express ideas and feelings in research.

I believe that there are two issues with regard to exploring alternative forms of writing. The first issue is methodological. First, one may question how the texts may be evaluated, in that, one may question if the writing should have standards aligned with literary standards. The second issue relates to research. Denison (1996) suggests that researchers have participants verify the accuracy of their stories. Richardson (1996) says that although researchers who write stories might be powerful writers, the question remains whether they are "doing research." If research is about coherency, that is, articulating logical, meaningful, ordered, systematic information, then story writing can be considered coherent. It is considered non-traditional academic writing because stories affect the senses. Green (1991) indicates that “if our work is an opportunity for the beholder to reflect upon her own life and what it means to be in the world, it can be transformative” (p. 109). For "it is the performance of an expression that we re/experience, re/live, re/create, re/tell, re/construct, and re/fashion in our culture" (Bruner, 1986, p. 11).

Arguments that promote the power and place of arts-based research are well established in the literature. Barone (1993) defines arts-based research by “the presence of certain aesthetic qualities or design elements that infuse the inquiry and its writing” (p.73). A general theme is that we store our life values, beliefs, attitudes, and experiences in the form of artistic and aesthetic stories, and not in detached lists of facts and figures.
"If educational stories are to reach maturity as a form of educational research, some of the most insightful among them must be left unaccompanied by critique or theory" (Barone, 1995, p. 64). Creating powerful redescriptions of phenomena can reverberate with daily human conditions. Symbolic forms, particularly artistic ones, become a means for advancing human understanding (Barone, 1993, p. 92).

Eisner (1995) suggests that, "artistically crafted research helps us to understand much of what is most important about schools. By its concern for empathic knowing it can help us to know what it feels like to be in a particular classroom or school, and what it means to succeed or fail" (p.5). "Artistically crafted research can inform practicing educators and scholars in ways that are both powerful and illuminating. Research with no coherent story, no vivid images, and no sense of the particular are unlikely to stick. Coherence, imagery, and particularity are the fruits of artistic thinking" (Eisner, 1995, p.5). My stories reframe the silenced and marginalized voices of musicians. The telling and retelling can evoke and provoke ways to open up music education and social science discourses to a larger audience. Readers can move back and forth between living in my stories and living in their own stories. The story plotline, its drama and suspense, invites readers to move with me to become resonant through mixed emotions.

I am vulnerable to mixed emotions as stories spin a web. The characters and I are a dynamic of unspoken fears, motives, and conflicts. I write to show the moral and ethical complexities inherent in musicians' lives. We circle back and forth from interview to story. I am artist capturing words from characters while sketching a draft in my head. Writing a draft is like watching a plant grow. It is difficult to know how it will look until it has blossomed. And do you know when it is fully mature? Sometimes, I have a clear image of a character. Later, I see someone different. It is hard to know when to stop drafting. The following day, they will be another person from whom I need to learn. There are both ethical and emotional dilemmas.
Last June, I started a story about Dixie, a classical pianist. I recall how her interview ended and the tears I shed from echoing sounds in my head. This was part of her interview.

I had a couple of really excellent roles in grade 12 school performances. Then in summer theatre school in Victoria, I had a lead role. It was excellent and wonderful but this is a tough thing, but I'm gonna tell you whether it helps or not. I was raped at 19 years old. It was a very traumatic thing. And it turned me around forever.

My fingers rippled across the keyboard. I had to tell her story. Encrypted words spiraled and trembled. For days, I cautiously navigated through her story. Over and over again the same throb returned. The closer I came to her voice, the more ambivalent I became. Water dropped endlessly from my eyes. One day, everything came to a halt. I ran to buy some bagels. Break the beat in the midst of heat. I ran to the beach and collapsed. For hours, I watched pigeons eat scraps. I thought about how to shape Dixie's text, but was stuck. I reviewed her story. I started and stopped at the same words. No progress. If held in secrecy, her story would lose its potency and fade away. Break the silence. The more I wrote, the angrier I got. Dixie's words seared me. Cauterized with so many questions. How do I capture her trauma? Are they my words? Her words? What is admissible? And could I portray an ordeal with such rage and hostility toward the rapist?

What I remembered I needed to forget, and what I felt reoccurred. There was nobody at the beach. The wrack and ruin of her reality was both real and imaginary. I needed to switch her off. Ramble and scramble, childhood dreams and betrayals. My head burst and I was barren. An inner realm said to quit. Surrender, it was all too much. Vicarious turmoil and suffering drove me downward. I concocted an arsenal of excuses about taking a leave of absence. Burned out, defeated, and mortified. It had gotten dark. The shattering glass and wailing sirens said it was time to leave. I ran home as fast as I
could. I had lost my bagels. I was unable to write for one week. A close friend suggested I consult Carl Leggo, the very mentor who originally inspired me. I tried to arrange an appointment, but he was about to leave town. So I emailed him. He responded:

Date: Tues, 10 Jul 2001 12:20:13 -700
To: Karen V. Lee (kvlee@pop.interchange.ubc.ca)
From: Carl Leggo (carl.leggo@ubc.ca)
Subject: Re: Help

Dear Karen,

The emotional experiences and challenges you are encountering as part of your research are an integral part of the work. Many researchers choose statistics in order to avoid the heart, imagination, body, feelings. I encourage you to write in the midst of the tangled emotions, confident that your writing makes you and others both vulnerable and strong. We cannot avoid the hard hurtful experiences in our living, and we should not seek to avoid them in our writing.

I wish you blessings of courage.
Carl

Three days later, I finished “Fallen Diva.” Carl's words had freed me. As I embraced courage, my compassion grew. I needed empathy, even for the villain. Especially for the villain. It became clear that villains have hearts, just like heroes have flaws. Find good and bad traits beneath the packaging. Good and decent characters take risks and make sacrifices for others. They let me see values I can live by, if I choose. In good stories, there are heroes and villains, and plots that lead to dense forests, where we might find miracles to thwart the darkness, where goodness triumphs over evil, and humanity is saved. Much of life is complicated with chaos, betrayal, plague, murder, theft, and violence. In the midst of these, I accept that Dixie, both kind and forgiving, can also be noble and courageous. This I longed to express.

It is good to have heart in the presence of suffering. When a sense of dread and low self-esteem say I cannot write about unspeakable issues, I must wear it down. Fight
to write and write to fight. I must bring joy, serenity, and security to my characters. There are simply times when I will be unable to move forward. I must imagine that I am a poised pianist performing Rachmaninoff No. 3 in Carnegie Hall.

My sense of humor returns. I savor a decadent piece of blueberry pie with ice cream. I write with closer attention to the world and take things more seriously. I move slower and step outside again. I do not know when my story will end. The journey has been intense. My research question explores the identity conflicts of musicians who become music educators. Writing about musicians has become a personal exploration and a professional reflection. Today I have begun my story. It has a beginning, and a middle, but no end.
Story II

Joseph Santini: Divided I Stand
Carrying his sax, Joseph shakes his head and glances his watch. "Damn drummers."

"I heard that," says Al, sauntering around the corner with a cigarette in his hand.

"Got your drumsticks?"

"Everything’s in the van," says Al.

"I’m tired."

"Yeah, can’t believe I made it."

"I turned forty-eight this year, Al."

"You look it, with that GQ businessman jacket, Joseph."

"Thanks, man. Thought you’d dig the tweed. You knew how to dress years ago."

"But there was more style in the seventies."

"Tomorrow, I can sprawl in bed. I love to sleep when ‘real’ people go to work," yawns Joseph.

"Yeah."

"Remember then? Liquor licenses required strip joints to have live music. Nobody cared what music we played. Just wanted tempos and fifteen minutes per dance. Five minutes of funk, then Latin, then rock. If the three-piece band was boring, they’d play ‘Lambada’ or ‘Black Magic Woman.’ But when the dancers peeled down to the G-string, the musicians really honked their horns," smirks Joseph. "Back then, I earned $125-150 a week. Rent was forty bucks a month."

"Those women were all over you," laughs Al.

"That was thirty years ago."

"Couldn’t believe you phoned for a gig at The Smiling Buddha."
“Old time’s sake. Needed an excuse to see you; Al. It’s been a long time.”

“You used to have long hair and torn jeans.”

“Remember that place we hung out? Bino’s?”

“Yeah, Joseph. Great place. They served half decent food.”

“Those days, that was a big drug spot, full of junkies at three in the morning. Now it’s a family restaurant. Boy, it hurt to see it change. And they have this whole thing, man. Balloons, prizes, fancy signs. There were a bunch of joints like Bino’s, a couple on Hastings, near Main. I remember the Chick ‘N Bull at Davie and Granville. It would be recognizable to old school hipsters, schmeckheads, and rounders from the 60’s or 70’s scene.”

A breeze blows some leaves onto the sidewalk. A man on crutches hobbles down the street. The aroma of garbage wafts around them as Joseph points to the all-night grocery store across the street.

"Wanna coffee from Harry's?"

"Sure," nods Al, as they cross the street. He puffs his cigarette and crushes it on the pavement.

"Geez Al, you gotta quit those damn fags," Joseph says while he opens the door.

"Hey, come in, come in, long time no see." Harry lowers the volume on his TV.

“Whatcha watching?"

“A war movie. You musicians, only work nights. I have to keep this store open twenty-four hours a day.”

“You need to learn the sax, Harry,” scoffs Joseph. “Meet Al.”

“Any friend of Joseph’s is a friend of mine.” Harry shakes his hand.
“How about a lottery ticket Joseph? Twelve million tomorrow.”

“Jesus Murphy, that’s what I need. I’ll take one but should get a potload. How about one ticket and coffee, Harry, and make it black. Real strong.”

“I’ll take a coffee too, with extra caffeine,” echoes Al.

Joseph searches his pocket.

“Let me pay. It’s the least I can do since you got me the gig.”

“Thanks Al. Make it a quick pick, Harry.”

“Don’t you want to choose your own numbers?” asks Harry.

“Nah, I ain’t got no luck, no luck at all.”

“One lucky quick pick for you,” Harry laughs while he punches the machine.

"And I'll take one quick pick and a pack of Benson and Hedges king size.”

Al places a twenty-dollar bill on the counter.

“Thanks,” says Harry, while he hands Al some change. “If you get another gig, drop by again. Next time, coffee is on the house!”

“Sweet deal,” Joseph laughs, as they wave goodbye.

* * *

Joseph points to the bench by the ocean. “Let’s sit, take a load off.”

“Aren’t you expected home?”

“By 5 a.m., to drive Dana to work. Her car pool got screwed and I can’t be late, especially after last night, I mean, I really need to smooth the waters.”

“In deep shit?” asks Al.
“Well, we had a slight...,” Joseph pauses, “a slight disagreement.”

A squeal forces them to turn their heads. There is a burgundy van racing through a red light.

As they face the water again, Joseph lifts his coffee lid and a cloud of steam rises. Al looks at the ground. Garbage and cigarettes. “What a gig. Not many customers like the old days. Things have changed in the new millennium.”

“Yeah.” says Joseph. Now the sideman gets one hundred forty-five bucks for a four-hour stint. He gets ten percent pension but subtracts two and a half percent for union dues. And my rent is twelve hundred bucks a month.”

“Thirty years, Joseph. I had more hair then,” laughs Al.

“And I’m tired,” says Joseph. “Really tired, man. Never used to be tired at three a.m. I used to leave a gig and be wired for the night. I would drink a quart of vodka a day and shoot myself with smack. Not good for a normal human being. Back then, I thought I was a special person, you know, Nietzsche or Superman, someone who needed substances to calm my overactive genius-style brain. I went from that extreme, when I thought I was the master of space-time-infinity, to bad days, when the pendulum swung the other way and I was lower than whale shit at the bottom of the ocean. So I needed to get high again to prop up this bullshit image I built inside my head. And I lied about it to everyone. I even lied about it to myself. One of the biggest things that happened when I went into psychoanalysis was I realized I had no idea of how I really felt.”

“Man. I knew you used, but that deep?” asks Al.

“Yeah. Always had a great curiosity about drugs. All the cool older guys were into them. I was fascinated by junkies, thought they were into something magical.
“Magical?”

“I really got messed up because I thought if I did as much heroin as Charlie Parker, I’d play like him. I thought drugs were a shortcut around hard work and practice, a way to gain status in my teenaged community. Some kids were pretty impressed. I was unmistakably a heavy figure, a guy who wasn't afraid to REALLY screw himself up.

“They sure got you in trouble.” says Al.

“Yeah, should have listened to your good influence those days.”

“I tried.”

“But you’ve stuck by me over the years Al.”

“That’s what good friends do. I prayed you’d get better. You were a there for me when I felt alone.”

“But never again will I get messed up.” vows Joseph.

“What made you go straight?”

“Well, I tried lots of times. Most of them stupid and doomed to failure. I even switched to drugstore Percocets. I went through a dark period around 1989-90.”

“I lost contact with you then.”

“Yeah, I had many low moments. I even used water from a toilet bowl in the men’s washroom of the Yale Hotel to cook up a fix.”

“God.”

“But another moment springs to mind. When I moved back to B.C., I got a lingering bronchial pneumonia, plus the flu on top. I lay there for a week, so sick I couldn’t cook or get high. Someone gave me a book,Witness to the Fire: Creativity in the Veil of
Addiction, by Linda Leonard. A Jungian analyst. So I started to read the fehrkockta thing but had to stop. It was so hard to read.”

“Oh.”

“So here I sat, on the toilet. My hands literally shook. This was the big moment I admitted I was an addict and alcoholic. Then, you have two choices, either you get better or embrace the dark side, get high and die.”

“Geez.”

“By then, I had been clean for ten days. And figured it was getting too dark. So, it became increasingly clear I could not carry on. ‘The status quo is not maintainable’ ran through my mind. But you know, when I quit for good, it didn’t feel like ‘I’ did anything.”

“Really?”

“It was like a great and terrible burden was suddenly lifted from my being which I’ve never been troubled by since. There are those who say sobriety is a gift from God, and who’s to say they are wrong.” Joseph turns and lifts his shoulders. “I lost it all then, but got myself together now. I’m on nothing. Absolutely nothing. I’m trying to be respectable.”

“Respectable?” asks Al.

“I love Dana and not gonna freakin’ wreck that again. I lost her once and worked like hell to get her back.”

Joseph turns toward the ocean. “I remember when Dana and I lived in this dump on Ninth Avenue in New York. It had no laundry facilities. I would lie in bed, watch her sleep, think about how beautiful she was and lucky I was. We went for walks and I enjoyed that. One time, I woke up to the sound of running water. I looked through the kitchen doorway and saw Dana sitting topless on the edge of the bathtub. She was washing a
blouse and facing the other way. She was only dressed in a pair of panties and sat in the
shaft of sunlight from the window. Her blond hair shone. I hauled myself out of bed and
walked up behind her. She slid off the bathtub, put her arms around my neck, and I gently
bit her bicep. Next thing you know, she sank to her knees and we screwed right there and
then. And in that dump, it was hard on the knees. Now, twenty-three years later, I still see
that image.”

“So, you need flowers,” laughs Al.

“Huh?”

“Last night, I mean. Flowers fix bad nights.”

“Nah, Dana doesn’t fall for that crap.”

“Well, what’s going on? What happened last night?”

“Dana wants me to take a teaching gig for forty grand a year and I don’t want to
do that.”

“Forty grand! How did you get an offer like that?”


“Karen?”

“I haven’t had a chance to tell you I went back to school and got a Bachelor of
Music and Bachelor of Education degree.”

“Whoa. Why’d you do that?”

“Because I wanted to learn more about music and become a better musician. I
wanted a big change in my life, and a life like a pal of mine. He teaches college with
time for gigs on the side.”

“That would work for you.”
"At first, I had absolutely no intention to enter teaching. In fact, I stated on many occasions I would rather have my flesh ripped by weasels than teach high school band. But when doing the music degree, several professional musicians who also taught high school music suggested Education. So I thought it would be good. A few extra bucks during the day. With my B.Ed, I am a certified high school teacher. I'm a teacher-on-call, you know, a substitute teacher."

"Congrats."

"So Karen, my faculty advisor from the Education thing, got me this job interview."

"For what?"

"For a high school teaching gig on the west side. This degree gives me permission to teach. Can you believe that? But during practicum, I wondered if the stuffy 'teacher gig' was really me. Karen pushed me through the damn thing with that god-awful witch, my sponsor. Teaching a bunch of punks was not like performing. I never made use of my background when conducting grade 8 classes. Can you imagine the intellectual discourse from those shit-heads?"

"Hmm."

"There was this one Junior Choir class, and I dreaded those classes. Karen happened to observe that day. With virtually no piano or choral skills, here I was teaching 'Breakin' Up is Hard to Do.' Those boneheads laughed but I kept going. I figured things were going bad when Karen decided to sing with the altos. This really helped me and the group though. But I felt like such a fool."

"Didn't know you could sing," laughs Al.
“At first, things were good between me and my sponsor. I even drove her home after school. We had good chats over coffee and shared recipes. One time, she even dumped all over me about her son. But near the end, things suddenly changed. She cornered me and said I had this negativity she didn’t like. Then, she screeched at me during a dress rehearsal for the year-end concert. ‘Stop talking! Stop making excuses!’ And that took the cake. She kept throwing logistical problems at me, about moving students and equipment. I think it was a test to see if I could think on my feet. She kept shouting, ‘What are you going to do?’ I came up with ideas, saying this way, that way. Finally, she screamed. And the students gasped.”

“Geez.”

“I felt bad the next few days because I couldn’t explain it to them without making her look like a complete nutbar. I even thought of biting the bullet and to say it was my fault, that I’d committed a friggin’ crime that drove her to lose her temper. Fact is, it was totally unacceptable behavior on her part.”

“Strange.”

“She was crazy as a rat in a drain pipe. Then, at our final evaluation meeting, she dropped a bomb. That fruitcake said, ‘I need you to tell me that you want to be a teacher?’ So I looked her straight in the eye like a schoolboy doing rote, and said in a politically correct manner that YES I WANT TO BE A TEACHER. I felt like an idiot.”

“No kidding.”

"So, I talk the talk, walk the walk for the interview, and they offer me the bloody job. You know, with benefits, my own band room, and even a spot in the staff parking lot.”

"What are you waiting for?"
"Don't know, man. I just don't know. I've done this teacher-on-call thing on and off for two years. I mean, yesterday, there was this kid and I seriously thought I would deck him. No bullshit. The bugger gave me lip and I didn't want to play his stupid game. I just couldn't take any more crap. You know, they phoned late, at 8 a.m., and I get to the school and there are no lesson plans. None. So I'm thinking, what the hell am I supposed to do?" Joseph gulps his coffee.

"But kids do that to subs."

"Sure they do."

"I treated subs different than my regular teachers, didn't you?"

Joseph laughs. "Yeah, a time to mess with their minds."

"If I think back on the way I treated subs, it's no wonder some quit teaching altogether."

"But some crumb-crushers are great Al. They say, can you teach us instead of the regular guy?"

"Don't you think a regular teaching gig would be different?"

"I don't know. The whole thing gives me strange vibes."

"But for now, subbing gets you through. I mean, rent and all."

"Yeah. It does. And Dana doesn’t make much."

"What is she doing these days?"

"She works in an office and writes children's books."

"Another artist’s salary."

"But I could actually earn respect from this gig."

"Respect?"
"I could buy a new car, a house, raise some kids, and have the whole damn enchilada," says Joseph. "But I wish Karen didn’t get me that interview ‘cause it’s making a god awful mess"

"I see why Dana wants you to take it." says Al.

"We could use the bucks. Christ, I have student loan payments and owe fifty grand to credit card companies. If I’m not careful, I’ll be in debt ‘til I’m six feet under."

"You sure owe a ton."

"I don’t know. I just don’t know." Sitting up, Joseph folds his hands. "Me, teaching high school music. It’s like I would have to give up my musician status. Being a musician and teacher don’t work together for me. Teachers belong to a whole different culture. Jesus Murphy, am I one of those bloody suckers?"

Al interrupts, "But my high school music teacher was fantastic. He played professional gigs too. He organized a staff band and lots of teachers participated. They wore black hats and sunglasses and were really good. We loved hearing them play. My band teacher was great, and a cool musician. He said I would be a great musician if I practiced. And so I did. Just think about the kids. They need good music teachers and I think you would be a cool teacher."

"I don’t know, Al. See, I hated high school. In fact, I hated it so much I took off in the ninth grade. Four walls, the smell, the whole place grated on me. As a teenager, I dreamt of being a musician. I wanted to be a famous jazz guy and die in the gutter like my idols. Remember, I became a full-time musician in my late teens. Responsibilities were easy with agencies arranging the tours, transportation, venues, and hotel bookings. Thinking back, playing gigs was only a small part of the music scene. But it’s my
identity, Al. I’m a musician, an artist and performer. I don’t know if I can work eight to three, five days a week. Not to mention extra rehearsals, concerts, fundraising, and all that bullshit. I need gigs. Though I dread many, there is adventure, excitement and I meet new people. I love having chops of steel. You know, another rehearsal man, and I’m high. Ever heard the phrase, ‘Those who can’t do, teach?’

“If I took a teaching gig,” asks Al, “would you say I failed as a musician?”

“Come on, Al. We’re friends. I’d respect anything you did.”

“Now Joseph, being a musician has put you in some real bad places,” Al says while he lights a cigarette. “Remember the late seventies? Want to go there? I mean, Jacqueline had moved out.” Al throws up his arms.


“You shot yourself up REAL good to dull the pain.”

“But,” pauses Joseph, “it was all thanks to this guy. He always had a monkey on his back. I can’t remember his name. I wanted to score and he wanted to turn me on. I don’t know why. Maybe he thought I was a fabulous horn player or something. Shit. Stuff like that didn’t happen often but I think he needed somebody to hang out with. So we went to his place. He had terrible veins he’d roll up and down. After poking around, he finally got a hit.”

“Holy.”

“And when you do that, you pull the plunger back and get little eruptions of blood inside the syringe to see you’ve hit a vein. Otherwise, you’ll really screw yourself up. He had this English accent and would say, ‘It’s the best junk man! It’s like masturbate
you know.' So he hands over the spoon and I slurp it up. It was out-of-this-world, great shit. And then he says, 'It should be, I gave you a whole stinkin’ cap, man.'

"Whole cap? I hadn’t fixed in two weeks! But it was dynamite smack and I couldn’t get my head off my chest. I walked around so I wouldn’t lose consciousness. Then, I screamed at the goddamn idiot and slammed the door. I walked to my friend’s house, where I stayed at the time. I pinched myself and wandered around the living room so I wouldn’t fall asleep. I opened a can of beer, lit a cigarette and tried not to nod off. This was five thirty a.m., too! But it got light out. Suddenly, I saw I’d set the couch on fire! I was paranoid. I didn’t want the couch as a bunch of springs in ashes the next day. Fixed, you’re screwed up for like forty-five minutes but after that, you get your head up and you’re nice and high for a few hours. This is where you want to be at a gig. So I poured the beer on the fire and dozed off. When I woke up, I saw my burgundy bell-bottom synthetic pants had been on fire. It melted a hole the size of a fifty cent piece in my pants. Damn fix. Amazing, I didn’t feel the burn at all. But pulling my pants off was like ripping off a velcro Band-Aid."

"God, Joseph. You could have done yourself in. For good."

"Yeah. And I actually remember all that," Joseph shakes his head. "There was other shit too, but I can’t remember. The upshot is, Jacqueline couldn’t take it anymore. She took a shitload of crap from me and left. Who can blame her. And I still miss her."

"She was a real nice lady," says Al, "really classy."

"And I totally messed her up. Badly. I wonder if she talks kindly about being the first Mrs. Santini. And thanks for reminding me. I gotta phone and find out how she’s doing. Did you know I gave her hepatitis C?"
“Wow, Joseph. Didn’t know.”

“Yeah. It’s a hell of a piece of guilt I drag around.”

“And you,” Al pauses, “you have that too?”

“Yeah.”

“Holy Mary.”

“In those days, I was so unfocused, running around spinning my head off. Today, I get phoned for work at six a.m. and leave for school by eight. I sign into a school, wear a badge, and people call me Mister. It’s gotten to the point where I glance at the class and, at once, pick out the assholes. Truth is, I enjoy their sarcasm and banter.”

Putting his coffee on the bench, Joseph gets up and walks toward the water. He tips his hat, bows, and raises his voice an octave using an English accent: “Mr. Santini, here is your mailbox and the keys to your classroom. Welcome to Boston Public.”

Al snickers. “Come on Joseph, you make it sound like a prison sentence. Would it be so bad?”

“I don’t know what the hell I want to be when I grow up. But these kinds of decisions really force me to have self-control.

“Huh?”

“I have learned to deal with life, Al. Christ, the old me couldn’t handle it.”

There are more cars on the road. A male jogger runs by and waves. An orange glow lights up the horizon.

“It’s four thirty, Joseph.”

“Yeah, I’m beat.”
"When do you have to decide about the job?"

"Five p.m. today."

"Good luck. Let me know what happens."

"I better go," Joseph says as he glances at his watch.

Al throws his cup onto the garbage beside the bench, while Joseph puts his coffee lid on.

"Know any flower shops open now?" chuckles Joseph.
Story III

Jeff's Monologue: Trying To Be Heard
After observing Jeff teach Grade 8 band, we debriefed. This was the monologue that evolved while he reflected on the lesson. A collection of letters follows this story which intensifies his struggle with becoming a teacher.

Look at the clock. I went five minutes overtime. I’m glad you observed this class. See what I deal with? Yesterday, I warned the students that my Faculty Advisor would evaluate me today. I explained how student teachers must be formally evaluated by university advisors. I wanted them to be good. But it was chaos, total chaos.

The PA always interrupts class. Why do they blast messages through the entire school? It’s so disruptive. And I have to listen to the announcements, because they may be relevant.

Then the washroom. How come five students need to go all at once? And my keyboardist disappears. For a whole hour! Then at the end of class, her boyfriend the drummer, just took her knapsack and left. I asked him if she was sick. He said no. Did you see the two of them earlier? Clutching each other in class? This is Grade 8 band!

Three ‘special needs’ students have a teaching assistant but, quite frankly, two of them shouldn’t be in the classroom. They are unlikely to learn and are disruptive. They are nice kids though. One is autistic, the other developmentally challenged. That chubby boy on the couch is always editorializing. “Why start at bar 5? Slow down trumpets. Be quiet flutes.” With him, ADHD and Tourette’s Syndrome were mentioned. I’m going to try to find out more on Monday from the counselor. And there’s that boy that squints. He never brings his glasses to class. It is quite comical. Each lesson, he has a reason for not reading music. He can’t sit still and pretty well needs full-time attention, though apparently, he is quite brilliant in certain areas. The
third child has potential but has emotional problems. Last class, he left in tears. I think the other students bothered him. I pushed him a little to play however. After class, he assured me he was fine but I felt something was bothering him.

I do my best to include special needs students. The cost of this policy, however, is that the regular students get inadequate attention because of the disruptive behavior from the special needs students. It's no wonder that the teacher 'burnout' rate in the secondary school system is so high.

Two of my own children are in grade 6, where twelve out of twenty-eight are special needs children. I took the special needs course at university. Now I'm experiencing the situation from a teacher's perspective. I have strong reservations regarding blanket inclusion. I don't believe it serves the needs of the challenged students, the regular students, or the quality of education. Unfortunately, this is a political issue and inclusion is a deeply ingrained value in this province. As much as the universities may think they are free-thinking institutions, in reality, they are advocates for government policies, good and bad.

Here, look at the IRP curriculum guide. For grade 8, these are the prescribed learning outcomes.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>It is expected that students will create, listen to, and perform music, demonstrating an understanding of expressive and physical properties of rhythm.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| * create, notate, and perform rhythms in a variety of metres
* analyse rhythmic choices in performing and listening repertoire
* use appropriate music terminology to describe rhythm and metre |

Over here, they have suggested instructional strategies. Look at this one!
Teacher demonstrates or plays recordings of rhythmic patterns that can be performed in different ways (e.g., eighth notes in 6/8 time, swung and straight eighth notes in 2/4 time, 3/4 time). Students compare written and recorded examples. After practice, one student selects and performs a rhythmic pattern, then the rest of the class identifies how the student performed the selection (e.g., swing

This is ridiculous. There is no way those Grade 8’s will do that by June. These IRP’s looks fine on paper, but set unattainable standards. It’s a political document and completely out of touch with the average public school. If we had students enter the University Music programs that accomplished the outcomes in the IRP, we could advance them into second or third year university.

The other day, I gave an exam based on a lesson plan to the Band 9-12 group. It introduced a major scale and its three relative minor scales. It was timed for twenty minutes. Then I rehearsed “Folk Dances” for forty minutes, which is mostly a reactive exercise. I spent the last twenty minutes sight-reading new repertoire. I only got through one piece even though I’d planned to read three. I always run out of time.

With the grade 8’s today, did you hear those saxes? The syncopation? And I rehearsed it at least ten times, over and over. And just when I thought they got it, they messed up. Do I expect too much? You’ve supervised other student teachers. What do they expect? Is it just me?

On Friday, I gave a test, disguised as a lesson plan. There were five pages and they had twenty minutes. But I didn’t know it would take another ten minutes just to settle them. I couldn’t even distribute the test right away because they wouldn’t put away their instruments. When I said, “take out a pencil,” many threw theirs across the room. And because there are no desks, I had to separate their chairs. They took a long
time to move. I even had to get some music stands from the back room because many
wanted to write the tests on stands. Just setting up the test was a challenge.

Later, I marked the tests. The results were awful. I wish they cared. I reviewed
the questions with them before the exam, literally giving them the answers. They
know appallingly little. Do I get through to them? Are they learning at all? Here is a
copy of the exam.

| Band 9-12 Test | Name_____________________
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Section B.</strong></td>
<td>Put the correct marking over the following: staccato, tenuto, legato or slur, accent and marcato accent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Section C.</strong></td>
<td>Write out a Bb major concert scale and its three relative minors. If you are a transposing instrument, write the scale in the key you play it in.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Some students don’t even guess, they just leave blanks. I outlined the scales:
major, natural minor scale, harmonic minor scale, and melodic minor scale. Most
couldn’t write a scale. I gave some a chance to rewrite, but they didn’t want to. I
can’t have these results as final marks! Now I need to go back and re-teach the entire
lesson on this exam. The problem is the students talk; they don’t listen. There is ESL
and cultural issues, plus the special needs students who shouldn’t be in the course.
Classroom management consumes ninety percent of my energy! If Itzak Perlman had
to deal with this level of musicians during auditions, nobody would be hired.

I read your comments on the last observation report about needing a written
lesson plan when you observe. I know it’s a requirement for practicum. The
university teaches planning so I need to give you the paperwork. Can I email you
some? In reality, I don’t need a lesson plan since I’ve played in professional
rehearsals for thirty years. I could write lesson and unit plans that look and sound wonderful, but they would be for the university and don't relate to what the students learn. Some don't know the most elementary rudiments of music. For example, assuming we don't need the time to rehearse for an upcoming concert, I plan to re-test and re-teach the information on the exam. So here is a copy of my follow-up plan:

Follow Up Plan:
1. Students who are happy with their mark may go to the library.
2. Students who want a better mark will stay (should be 99% of the students).
3. If anyone talks while I re-teach the exam, they will leave with no chance of rewriting.
4. The exam will be rewritten during the class which I re-teach it.
5. In a couple of weeks, the same written exam will be given again as a playing exam.

This is basically the lesson plan. Of course, this will all be interrupted because of photograph sessions like the first time you came to observe, or announcements from the office.

What I want from the students is for them to understand the music they read. That is the unit, the lesson, and the plan! Twenty minutes 'til the next bell. Again, my problem is classroom management. They talk far too much. Talk, talk, talk. Really frustrating. When I take attendance, give instructions, between pieces, or rehearse a certain section. I say 'be quiet,' but nothing changes. But if a student yells "quiet," it sometimes helps for a moment. And those flute players. They are nice girls, but they won't shut up. I glare at them with a scowl and, say "shhh." But they won't comply. At the end of class, I feel unappreciated and dissatisfied.

I don't want to be an authoritarian. After Friday's class, when my school advisor Don was absent, I thought more about my teaching style. Don has an excellent
rapport with the students and is fairly casual about what they can and cannot do in his classroom. I guess I have higher standards.

Overall, it’s a real grind. So I push them. I know they can play better. And they’ll feel good if they perform well. So I push them through the repertoire, leaving little time between tunes: Sandcastles, Soft Voice, If You Can’t Rock Me, and Creed. Keep things moving. And fast. If I keep their mouths busy, they won’t have time to talk. Sometimes, it works. Sometimes it doesn’t. They still find spaces to talk. Take that clarinetist in the front row. When he has a rest, he turns around and chats with his friend. I asked him to be quiet, and he did, for about five seconds. Remember?

I want to get on with it and rehearse. Is that what they want? They hold back their own progress. Do they know this? I can teach them a lot but they won’t let me.

After class, I come into this office to escape. I need down-time to gain sanity, but I look at the music all over the floor. Then students walk through here to get to the choir room next door. It was like this last year, even the same music on the floor. It bugs me. But I have nowhere else to go. It’s a teacher’s office and students should not be allowed in. I worry about my computer in here. If it’s stolen, is it covered?

Sorry for not handing in my self-evaluation. But I know you need it for your final report. I know it’s five days overdue. Next week, I’m away at the gig with the Ottawa Symphony. Thanks for helping me get the practicum extended a week so I could take that classical gig. And I know it’s not you but a university requirement, the bureaucratic paperwork. There are certainly hurdles and hoops to go through to get a teaching degree. In the end, what does it all mean? Thank goodness this is week twelve. When I get back from Ottawa, I will have only one more week of practicum.
I have to sit down. Please sit. Just move the pile off the chair. Do you mind if I finish my lunch? Thank goodness for instant Cup-O-Noodles. They’re probably cold by now. Fifteen minutes left and I need to talk about Gary. These debriefing sessions help me a lot. And thanks for answering the emails I send you. Although you’re probably in a hurry. This will only take a moment. Now, Gary is the kid I mentioned in email. I’m sure he goes out of his way to bug me. He brings his sax to class but doesn’t open his case. He is actually an excellent player if he plays. He could be the best in the class. Instead, he plays percussion. So the other day, he started goofing around and wouldn’t play or do anything. The usual stuff. But he was so disruptive. And I couldn’t rehearse anything. I even talked to administration about him. I don’t want Gary in my class.

The principal suggested I give him a consequence. So I prepared one. Last class, when I stopped the band, Gary played the cymbal a few extra times. No doubt, on purpose. “That’s it,” I said, “GET OUT,” pointing toward the door. He didn’t move. In fact, he ignored me. So I said, “ALRIGHT, YOU’RE NOT GOING TO BANFF.” Then, he threw his drumsticks at me.

Good thing I ducked. For a second, there was not a sound in the room. Total and complete silence. All the students stared at me, probably wondering what I would do. I couldn’t take that from Gary. I got a flute player to continue the rehearsal and ordered Gary into this office. “RIGHT NOW,” I yelled.

Do you know what he said? That I choose boring music, that it’s not “cool” stuff. Holst and Vaughn Williams are really classic stuff. How could he say that? Then he said that I act like an elitist, that I expect so much from them and get angry when having to rehearse things more than once. Well, he’s got me on that. They
should be able to play some passages the first time. I shouldn’t have to drill over and
over and over ‘til the cows come home. One time, I spent forty-five minutes getting
them to master this section but, no, they couldn’t get it. Even Don said I beat the thing
to death. The moans and groans I got when I said we need to play it again.

It’s my job as their teacher, isn’t it? To get them to develop technique, to get
them to play it right. What do they expect? That I’m going to say, “It’s great! Let’s
move on to another piece?” I won’t do that. And then they’re tired and break into
washroom frenzy mode. And their attitude, some don’t care. And I know some don’t
want to be there. That’s another thing. Making music is such a great thing and some
kids don’t value it at all. They don’t practice, don’t care if they can play scales, don’t
care if they pass exams. They just don’t care. If I had that attitude and never practiced
my clarinet, I would never have gotten to perform with Harry Belafonte or Mel Torme.

It’s sad. I want them to love music. Don has said the skill level of young
musicians has declined over the years. He used to enter them in festivals, but now he
doesn’t. He says the ESL population and transients have changed the quality of
musicians in the school. What do you think? You see a lot of kids and schools.
What’s it like in other schools? How about Harbour? Isn’t there a huge ESL
population there? Is there a student teacher there? What do other student teachers
deal with? I need to visit other music programs and see other situations. With the
stress and frustration, I’m not getting much from these classes. That’s not what I want
from a career. And I need so much down-time when I get home.

Gary walked up to me, looked me straight in the eye and asked, “Do you like
teaching? Don’t pretend,” he says. “I don’t think you like teaching. It’s in your face.
You got to like us if you want to teach. Many things happen in class cause we’re kids.
You got to let loose. Be cool. We’re just having fun. Don’t take it personally, I mean, I go from Mrs. Fowler’s class, to Ms. Sinclair’s class, to Mr. Sanderson’s, to Mrs. Kate’s, and see students do the same old things to student teachers. It’s what we do. Why? Cause we’re teenagers. Student teachers need to be initiated. Believe me,” he says, “we respect that you’re a great musician but some of us don’t want to be professional musicians. We just want to play a few tunes, play a few concerts, have our parents clap in the audience, go on a band trip, and hang out, but we don’t want to grow up and be great musicians,” he repeats.

Gary had lots to say. I’m glad, I guess. But, I was encouraged in high school to pursue the professional route. And I’m happy that happened. I want to give my students that encouragement. Gary won’t be a pro and that’s really okay with me. No problem with that. But what got to me, was that he said I probably don’t have kids or I would understand kids. Imagine that? He doesn’t think I understand kids. I have three sons of my own. Twin boys and another boy. They aren’t teenagers, but soon they will be.

After that scene with Gary, I decided to phone his parents. I spoke to his father who came over to the school. I discovered that Gary might have problems due to a difficult home life. Apparently, he does not open up at home either. On Friday, he came to class without his sax. He said it was in the repair shop. I let him play percussion and tried to find something for him to do. I even read Classroom Management: A Thinking and Caring Approach by Brent Bennett (1994). It helped me understand his behavior a little better. I tried some of the techniques with Gary to diffuse the worst tension; however, he continues to disrupt and provoke at every opportunity. I could write it off as a personality clash. I gave him every opportunity
to get out of this with as much respect and dignity as possible, but he couldn’t let go and participate constructively in class. He’s bent on getting some sort of power or revenge. But I think there are some other issues that are beyond my ability or expertise.

When I spoke to his Dad, I tried to get a sense of their home. I guessed it was disorganized, with lots of clutter, probably Gary’s things. Gary likely has all the bells and whistles in his room: TV, stereo, phone, computer, MP3 player, and stuff. He seems like a kid that demands a lot. His father said Gary has lots of friends and they feel like they run a drop-in center for teens. Overall, his Dad seemed intelligent. He was articulate and supported the school since they have troubles with Gary, too. You can really learn a lot when you phone a parent.

Gary is one bad seed. I know you said I should spend more time with him so I looked liked a friend rather than a foe. I know you said I needed to build an individual relationship with him outside class. I know you said a positive rapport could change the class dynamics. That he is the kingpin, that his attitude spins over into the classroom atmosphere. Try to win him over. But it takes time to build a relationship with Gary. Lots of time. We just cannot connect.

The other day, my eldest son’s PE teacher phoned me. There’s a rift between them. In class, my son has been uncooperative and disrespectful. And you know, I couldn’t believe it. My son is an excellent hockey player. He loves sports. He’s also on the soccer and baseball teams. But my son said his PE teacher is terrible. He’s late, disorganized, and doesn’t know how to teach PE. My son hates him. This makes things difficult. And my son is an excellent athlete. My weekends are filled with all his sports events. Last year, he even got a couple of trophies.
Oh, there are a couple of kids from the next class. I guess the bell went. Will you stay for the Band 9-12?
A collection of letters after practicum
Hi Karen,

Thanks for returning my call last night. I appreciate you taking the time to help with my job search. Incidentally, the individual who made that comment "he would be an excellent teacher in the right situation" is a close friend and colleague from Ontario. My wife helped hire him at Kiwata College and he would be mortified to know his comment was interpreted as a negative. I know that is not what was intended; however, I have dropped him from my reference list.

I have included my rough draft of a revised covering letter. Please feel free to make any comments or criticism, and thanks again.

Jeff
Dec. 12, 2001

To Whom it May Concern:

I have recently completed my teacher’s certification work at the University of Sequin following twenty-five years as a professional musician/university professor and am currently looking for permanent/TOC teaching opportunities in the Lower Mainland. I feel that I would offer the Sequin School Board a unique combination of teaching experience at all levels from private instruction to university level ensemble conducting. I have also had extensive experience as an educational administrator working with many leading musical organizations in North America. In addition to my musical background, I have completed university course work in math, physics, urban geography, economics, technical writing, and also completed the Canadian Securities Course. My experience in the business world would also be an asset to teaching business related courses.

As a musician, I am fortunate to have worked with some of North America’s finest classical musicians including violinist Istak Perlman, flutist James Galway, our own internationally acclaimed tenor Ben Hepner, and pop artists Della Reese, Harry Belafonte, and Mel Torme. In addition to the above, I have been associated with many of Canada’s major musical organizations including the Canadian Opera Company, Vancouver Symphony, Hamilton Philharmonic, CBC Chamber Orchestra, Vancouver Opera Association and several well known American institutions such as the Aspen Music Festival and Carmel Bach Festival.

As an administrator, I was Secretary-Treasurer of the Association of Canadian Symphony Musicians and took the position as a sabbatical replacement for the Associate Dean of Music at the University of Western Ontario. In my capacity as acting Associate Dean, I worked with incoming students from high schools all over Canada dealing with over 600 applicants, 300 interviews and individual counselling for an incoming class of 150. I also worked for many years in a teaching/administrative capacity for the Aspen Music Festival, Johannesen International School of the Arts and Courtney Youth Music Center.

Currently, I am Principal Clarinet with Orchestra Ottawa and teach clarinet at Kiwata University/College and coach the Kiwata University/College Wind Symphony. Prior to this, I worked as Assistant Professor of Music at The University of Western Ontario (1981-1996) and visiting faculty at The University of Victoria (1988-1989). Some of my most rewarding musical experiences have been passing on my experience to children and young adults. As a father of three children, I have been involved with considerable volunteer work at our local schools both as a parent driver and chaperone. I have also volunteered as a clinician and given music-related clinics at schools across Canada. In recent years, I have been a cub leader and an occasional coach for my son’s soccer team.

Enclosed are my resume, practicum report, and letters of reference from my sponsor teacher and faculty advisor, and my B.C Teacher’s Certification eligibility letter. I hope I will have the opportunity to discuss my qualifications personally with you in the distant future.

Yours truly,

Jeff Sommerfeld
October 31, 2001

Dear Mr. Sommerfeld:

Thank you for your application for the School District #55. We appreciated the opportunity to meet with you in your recent interview and have now had the opportunity to carefully review your application for a Teacher-On-Call position.

Unfortunately, we must advise you that based on our ongoing projected needs, applications received from others, and information provided by you in the interview and in your resume package, we have determined that we will not be offering you employment at this time.

We appreciate that you have taken time and care in the preparation of your resume package and that you provided us with further information about yourself “as a teacher” in the interview.

We regret that we do not have the staff capacity to discuss with our many applicants the specifics related to their application; regrettably, we are unable to provide you with information regarding our determination as to your resume or application status beyond this point.

Again, thank you for your time and effort in seeking employment in Sequin. We wish you every success in securing other appointments you are seeking.

Yours truly,

Jennifer Stone
Human Resources Department

Js/js

---------------------------------------------------------  Sequin Schools ... Learners First  ---------------------------------------------
Hi Karen,

This is the letter I sent to Sequin asking for another interview after being turned down for TOC work. It was probably not the brightest thing to do but I did get a response from the district and that has been helpful. Any comments?

Jeff
January 16th, 2002

Mr. Brent Borello
Associate Superintendent Human Resources

Dear Mr. Borello:

Thank you for taking my phone call on Monday January 7th regarding a Teacher-On-Call (TOC) interview. As I mentioned in that call, I applied for a TOC position with the Sequin School District back in September. At that time I received an interview with Janet Rivera based on a recommendation from Carl Johnson, the Sequin Fine Arts Coordinator. Mr. Johnson also mentioned he had spoken with Duane Price, a music teacher at Sequin High School, who recommended me as well. From that interview, it was disappointing to learn that my three university degrees, thirty year career as a professional musician, festival adjudicator, and music educator (starting in 1972) as a conductor for the West Vancouver Band) were not considered a valuable asset to Sequin.

As far as I can tell, there is a need for qualified music TOC. My boys, who attend elementary school in Sequin, informed me that the TOC who replaced their regular music teacher had no music expertise other than she liked to listen to music. Teachers at Sequin High School expressed similar concerns during a recent workshop I gave for their students. I am qualified, certified, and have excellent references, not to mention the depth of experience and expertise not often available in the public school system.

I believe that my initial interview was flawed and would like the opportunity to discuss my credentials with another interviewer. Thank you for taking the time to review this matter.

Yours truly,

Jeff Sommerfeld
To the Trustees,

Further to my letter, which I dropped off in hard copy Monday Feb. 25th, I would like you to know that due to a TOC shortage, my son's band class was cancelled yet again on Tuesday, February 26th at Ron Shopster Elementary.
Feb. 17, 2002

Marilyn Post
Chairperson, Board of Trustees

Dear Ms. Post:

I am writing this letter regarding the hiring process for Teachers-On-Call in Sequin. In September 2001, I applied to the Sequin School Board for work as a TOC music specialist and was not hired. With three university degrees and a thirty-year career as a professional musician, university music professor, festival adjudicator, and conductor, I found it odd that someone with my background would not obtain a teaching position in a district that seems so short of TOC's, let alone qualified music TOC's.

I received an interview with Janet Rivera based on a recommendation forwarded from Carl Johnson, the district Fine Arts Coordinator. Ms. Rivera began the interview process by expressing her frustrations with the collective agreement. She then asked me to talk about myself, and it became evident she had not reviewed my resume or qualifications. In fact, my qualifications appeared to be of no importance. I mentioned Carl Johnston, who had read my resume and recommended me for the interview. Her only comment was “he has been around forever”. The rest of the interview consisted of situational questions, which according to Mrs. Rivera were mandated by the collective agreement. I received my rejection letter a week later.

Mr. Borello responded by phone and said he felt I didn’t have enough classroom experience for TOC work. As well, my practicum report and references were a “problem”. I mentioned I had given volunteer clarinet workshops to music students in some Sequin high schools and that these teachers offered to write reference letters on my behalf. Mr. Borello informed me he needed ‘empirical’ evidence and that recommendations from Sequin teachers would be unacceptable. He went on to say it was irresponsible for those teachers to leave me alone with the students!

I asked Mr. Borello exactly what the criteria was for hiring TOC’s in Surrey. He informed me that it was a “secret” process that needed to remain confidential in order to work. He rejected my request for another interview and suggested I reapply in six months when I had acquired new empirical evidence.

I would like to point out that the word ‘collective agreement’ was mentioned in a negative context twice by Ms. Rivera and once by Mr. Borello in our conversations. I never brought up union issues, as I am not a unionist. However, in my interview with Ms. Rivera I mentioned that the collective agreement clause she complained about was not uncommon to other collective agreements. Is unionism an issue for hiring TOC’s? As parents of three children in the Sequin School District, my wife and I feel that our children’s education has been impacted by your Human Resource policies. Recently, our boys asked if they could come home from school early because their band class was cancelled due to a shortage of three TOC’s at their school.
The principal, who knows us through our volunteer efforts, asked me to teach the afternoon band classes, which I did. This wasn’t the first time band was cancelled due to a shortage of TOC’s. There have been other issues as well. TOC’s have quit midday, as they were unable to cope with classroom management issues. One TOC informed my children’s music class that she knew nothing about music other than she liked to listen to it. At my son’s high school, the music teachers expressed frustration they are often not able to book or find qualified music TOC’s. Apparently, it took until after Christmas last year (2000-2001) to book their first qualified music TOC. How can the district be so short of TOC’s (35 short on one particular day) yet someone of my background and experience not hired? I have enclosed my original application package, the second letter of application I sent in January, two written references, my practicum report and four phone references. Please examine the credentials of someone not hired to teach as a TOC music specialist in Sequin. I stand behind all my work and feel that I should be hired for TOC work in Sequin.

I have spoken with several of the educational stakeholders including Sequin school board trustees, principals, teachers, school board employees, and the Sequin Teachers’ Union about this issue. Listed below are some of the comments I received about Human Resources:

"we don’t know what is going on at Human Resources but we are losing excellent teachers to other districts"

"they (Human Resources) used to consult us on hiring but we have been completely cut out of the loop"

"they (Human Resources) are the only department that isn’t a team player"

"we need people with your qualifications to teach in Sequin but if you criticize them (Human Resources) they will never hire you"

"they (Human Resources) won’t consult us"

"they (Human Resources) are very autocratic and go out of their way to make our life difficult. They don’t realize we are all stake holders in the educational process"

My children have six more years in the Sequin school district. As a taxpayer, I want to know they are getting the best-qualified teachers and education available. From my experience, I am not convinced that the process to meet these objectives is working. Human Resource’s hiring policies appear to be secretive and subjective and I sincerely hope, not a reflection of Board Policy. Whatever the objectives are, I would like to know what they have to do with serving the educational needs of the students in Sequin?

Yours truly,

Jeff Sommerfeld
cc. Board Trustees (6)
Dear Mr. Sommerfeld,

This will serve to acknowledge receipt of your correspondence, addressed to Ms. Marilyn Post, Chairperson, Board of School Trustees, School District No. 55 (Sequim), received 2002-02-26, regarding the Sequin School District hiring process for Teachers-On-Call. Your reply will be from Mr. Portal, Deputy Superintendent, and your correspondence will be circulated to the Trustees for their information.

Yours very truly,

Warren S. Johnson
Secretary-Treasurer

WAJ/cl
(corresp. 4-02)
April 4th, 2002

Mr. Jeff Sommerfeld,

45667

Welcome to Sequin! I trust you will enjoy a most successful career in our School District.

As a new employee of the District you have been issued a unique employee number which appears on the detachable cards below and on the back of your photo identification card. Please use your employee number on all school district documents calling for employee identification. **Drop by H.R. Tuesdays, between 2:00 & 4:00 pm to have photo ID taken. Please do this as soon as possible.**

Please detach the cards below and carry one with you for easy reference.

Brent Borello
Associate Superintendent, Human Resources
Story IV

Maria’s Medley
A father like you
this girl an outcast
death broke me up
like shattered glass

Wisdom in your voice
features of your face
shelter from your soul
accent of your grace

You spoke, you taught
lessons of life
brought me high
and others made strife

My dream came true
chick crooner of tunes
but I will teach for you
give up scats and blues

Men pretend they care
straight-note chase
Jazz cats piss my hair
transpose the bass

Share your teaching
accept inside
blind without you
all of me died

Maria's father was a brilliant teacher who loved her deeply. When he died, she became a teacher to follow in his footsteps. She committed to a teaching career despite her background as a jazz singer.
My Dad loved to sing. He didn’t know he loved it. He tapped his fingers peacefully, rhythmically, while waiting for the espresso to bubble, or whistled while making breakfast. When I look back on my relationship with music, there he is with songs on long car trips. “You and me and the rain on the roof.” Songs for bedtime like “the cat came back, the very next day.” I loved to sing too, though I didn’t know it when I was young. It was a part of my life like eating, breathing, and sleeping. We sang songs by Tom Lehr, Jacques Brelle, Paul Simon, or Tony Bird. From Dad, I learned about humor in music and different kinds of music by Lori Anderson, Trio, Zap Mama, Gottschalk, and Michelle Shocked. After a pasta dinner, we did the dishes while pulling apart a tune and applying it to my older sister, younger half-brother and sister, stepmom, and we made fun of each other with the thrust and parry of reworked lyrics. It was a lovely, wacky zoo. My Dad prodded me along a musical path in ways I didn’t recognize at first. The summer before grade 9, he asked, “when will you join a band?” The thought had never occurred to me. But after that, I joined a rock band and loved it. “Have you thought of writing your own songs?” he once asked and started that flame too.

My mom swears she can’t sing. I disagree but, “I am totally tone deaf,” she insists. She loved the most to hear us sing, and made requests: “Sing that song for me, that one about dancing.” She paid for my first guitar while I waited patiently in the music store. Not exactly sure how to play the guitar, I held it in my arms, astounded by the sound and strummed and plucked it with passion. She allowed me to scratch all her albums. I sat in the living room with my ear pressed against the speaker, drinking in the divine Miss Bette Midler, aching alongside Phoebe Snow, and savoring Carly Simon’s
famous purr. I sang along, learning about tone and color, discovering the versatility of voice, while exploring my own range and depth of feeling as a singer. She encouraged me to sing in public, at school functions, in plays, and with my guitar. She encouraged my love of acting too; “Of course you got the part, darling. I knew you would. You are the best person for it.” She clapped and smiled at all my performances. She winced her way through my practicing alto sax and watched with pride as I squeaked, “Let’s Go Band.” All this music stuff was beyond her, yet she was supportive without doubting my success.

My older sister, Lynn, paved the way, as a big sister can, for the performer and interpreter in me. When she babysat, we looked through Mom’s fashion magazines and focused on ads. She would create a commercial using the ad for lyrics, incorporating music and acting. She would make a background while I sang a catchy ostinato, “for body body body -- beautiful hair” while she spoke into a tape recorder. She shared songs and made sure the rhythm, meaning, and dynamics were expressed. She taught me to interpret a song and make it my own. When older, her taste in music changed and her relationship with it blossomed. Lynn taught me the importance of meaning in music, people, poetry, and politics. She is a natural teacher, creator, and artist. I am her grateful apprentice.

My dad died of cancer in 1997 at the age of forty-nine, at home, with his head cradled in the arms of his wife, Chum, his eldest daughters Jessie and Lisa holding his hands. Sometimes I sing our songs and other times I try, but can’t. I listen to the music we shared. Music is a salve, an inspiration, a memory, and a presence. Music is a gift that keeps wrapping itself up, wanting to be opened again and again.
Speak Low

Speak low when you harass me
Our summer days drifted away
Too soon, too soon
Speak low when you harass me
The moment is new, like ships in the blue,
We're divided in two

Speak low when you mock me
Music is muffled lost in the shuffle
Too soon, too soon
I feel, darling, I feel
Wherever I sing, tension is here
Always too soon

Words are so old
And women so new
Time is a thief
I'll never trust you

You're gone, Daddy, you're gone
The curtain descends, everything ends
Too soon, too soon
I'll hurt, daddy, I'll hurt
Will you speak kind to me
Speak low to me
And soon

*Speak Low is a tune Maria improvised about her life. Her grief clouded her thoughts and feelings about men. It took her a long time to resolve these issues.*
All of Me

All of me, why not take all of me
Can't you see I'm grown full beside you?
We wed for a start
My husband, my heart
I love you, take all of me

Dad's goodbye left me with eyes that cry
How could I go on dear without him?
He took the best but now he's at rest
So, baby take all of me

Eventually, she married a wonderful man, a guitar player, who changed her whole life. Currently, she teaches in a rural town in British Columbia.
Story V

Wynsome He-Ling Zee:

Transformation/Realization:
With All My Heart, I Wanted to Stay as Carmen
CARMEN by Georges Bizet

Table of Contents
- Messages from the President and the General Director
- Message from the Foundation
- The Cast
- Synopsis
- Orchestra and Chorus
- Wynsome Zee: Artist Profile
- Carmen I have Known and Loved
- Donors and Sponsors
- Vancouver Opera Staff
- Coming Next
- Spotlight on Toronto Education Program

Toronto Opera
Administration and Box Office
Suite 645-800 Bloor Ave, Toronto, T4R 3D2
Administration: (416) 733 9388
Box Office (416) 703 4895
Email: www.torontowebsites.com/directory/arts-entertainment/opera.shtml

Toronto Academy of Music Opera Studio presents
The Tales of Hoffman
Ontario Theatre
Friday, June 21, 2001
Saturday, June 22, 2001
Sunday, June 23, 2001
General Admission $20.90
Available from the Theatre Office
(416) 731 1007

THE PLAYHOUSE
50th ANNIVERSARY SEASON
A Tradition of Excellence
7 PLAYS STARTING AT $250
SUBSCRIBE TODAY
CALL 416 809 9977

Ontario Arts Council
Toronto Opera is a proud participant in Ontario Arts & Culture Week, April 21-30, 2002

Editor Design Cover Artwork
Carol Lansing Excel Design Dave Gastrin, Gastrin Galleries

95
WYNSOME HE-LING ZEE

Mezzo Soprano

London Opera Debut

*L'Italiano in Algeri (1995)*

Canadian mezzo soprano Wynsome He-Ling Zee has appeared in over six productions for the Toronto Opera during the past five seasons. In 1995, she marked her professional operatic debut as Isabella in the *L'Italiano in Algeri*. Previously, she performed this role with the Minnesota Opera. Most recently, she sang the roles of Musetta in *La Boheme* and Barbarina in *The Marriage of Figaro* for the Montreal Opera. She has graced many European opera houses, including *Carmen* in Czech Republic and Prague and Mimi in *La Boheme*. Recently, Ms. Zee debuted as Orlovsky in *Die Fledermaus* in Vancouver, B.C. She has released a CD of oratorios and is currently producing her second recording. She has performed with the Berlin Symphony Orchestra, the Paris Opera and London Opera.
Cold Carmen

Toronto Opera, James W. Wright, General Director
Saturday, Roy Thompson Theatre; continuing April 30, May 2, 4, and 6 at 8 p.m.

By Len Donald

Carmen is primarily a delicate balance of characterization although not a difficult role musically. In order to be a successful seductress, the singer must be an excellent actress. In Carmen, there is a fine line between the sublime and ridiculous. Even a less accomplished singer can convincingly allure audiences with her charm, voice, and musicality.

What makes a great Carmen? Not Wynsome He-Ling Zee. Her performance on Saturday sadly left much to be desired. She did not exude the gypsy charm or seductive characteristics of Carmen nor did she demonstrate musical mastery. Her singing was unfocused and heady which did some abominable things to her chest voice. She was trying to keep the momentum high but when the lights lowered, this critic could easily have been persuaded to run for the mountains to pursue a life of crime. Her love for Don José and Zuniga was passionless which, in turn, made it difficult for anyone to deeply care for her. The question about why either of these men would not profess love for her was imminently justified. Zee did not portray dangerous, sexual expertise or sultry musical sophistication in her performance. It was a welcome relief more to see her cut in the gut at the fall of the curtain.

Aside from Carmen, the sets and costumes were spectacular. Gary Dill, Marilyn House, Janet Nestbit, and Mitch Cavanagh gave outstanding performances. Lisa Woo deserves special mention as the beautiful Micaela. A few clever tempo changes fuelled the theatre. Lamaze gave an excellent performance as Don José despite the lack of chemistry with Carmen. His great aria, La fleur que tu m'avais jet'e saved the night. The Toronto Opera Orchestra gave a remarkable performance directed by Martin Kanata.
Testimony: From Singer to Educator

Submitted to: Ms. K. V. Lee  
From: Wynsome He-Ling Zee  
Course: Education 311  
Date: September 29th, 2001

My arrival in Canada from Hong Kong at the age of four was a super-tremendous influence in my life, especially in my musical development. My family and I met some wonderful neighbors who lived in our first apartment building in Delta, B.C. They invited us to church and it was there I had the most fortunate opportunity to perform in the children’s choir. Soon afterwards, at the age of seven and at my request, I began piano lessons under the Toronto Royal Conservatory of Music method.

I remember my first piano teacher as being something of a tyrant at my young and innocent age. I dreaded going to lessons because the house was dark, dingy, and dungeony. My teacher always asked me to sit and wait while she made a phone call or a cup of peppermint tea. Once, I did not do my music theory homework and she slammed a ruler on the side of the table! She really scared me. After that, I cried every week before my lesson. Undeniably, this was a time when my love for music was sharply stunted. At this point, I wanted to quit! Fortunately, my lessons with this teacher were short-lived. I am extremely thankful that my mother was relentless in insisting I continue lessons with another piano teacher. Over the years, I have studied with a number of theory and piano teachers. To this day, I remember them dearly and positively.
In my elementary years, I learned to play the ukulele. One teacher, who had a piano in his classroom, performed and played songs for us to sing. He was a radically funny man with extreme facial gestures. During 'show and tell,' he encouraged us to play the piano or other musical instruments. But back then I was so shy I did not perform. Instead, I showed my Lego spacecraft. In Grade 7, we had a radio in our classroom. During recess and lunch, we listened to a radio station with Top Forty hits. I became addicted to this type of music and cared little for other genres.

During high school, my interest in music blossomed and I was totally on top of the world! Junior high steeped my love of music to perfection. Successful concerts and competitions motivated me to pursue private jazz lessons. My school thrived with bright and talented young musicians. Our program was also fully supported by the school administration and parent music committee. From these key bodies, we received sufficient funding for hardware, resources, proper sound equipment, and expenses for festivals and competitions throughout Canada and the USA. It was mostly through observation of pupil-teacher interactions that I realized the importance of music, not only to myself but to the school system. Three years of junior high school proved fruitful, as I was exposed to jazz which is now my first love.

Senior High School brought a greater awareness and a new dimension to the school music scene. I was whole-heartedly motivated to perform. However, Grade 11 carried a heavier focus on sports and grade point averages. The music program was at the bottom of the administrator's list. My music teacher struggled with his seniors in the face of having no music parent committee or funding for equipment or competitions. More and more gray hairs appeared on his head as he fought to keep the program alive.
In his lessons, he always expressed the same passion and excitement as he did the first day I met him. This is what I remember the most about him. His dedication and perseverance were a powerful combination. Sadly, I heard he no longer teaches at my old school.

My decision to become a musician is a result of the many years I was exposed to different forms of music. Three years ago, I graduated from the University of Toronto as a piano and voice student. During the last years of my degree, I decided to pursue vocal performance. I left Toronto in May 1999 to tour with the university's opera ensemble in Europe. We performed Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* and had a truly wonderful time in Germany and in the Czech Republic. After two and a half months of touring and traveling, I settled in London where I worked full-time in a cafe while privately training my voice. Though it was tiring to travel back and forth from London to Nottingham for voice lessons (1 hour and 45 minutes by train), I was compelled to pursue my path as a singer. I wanted to be a performer, and knew it required hard work!

Two fond memories cemented my decision to become a singer. I had faithfully attended weekly vocal jazz lessons with a Toronto-based vocalist and one afternoon, she asked if I would perform at the Blue Cellar Jazz Cafe. I was ecstatic! I sang with a professional duo, which included my teacher on the piano and a professional double bassist. It was an extra-incredible experience to sing in a jazz club. I reveled in hearing the audience make enough noise to wake the dead. Then, during university, where I developed my love for opera, I had the unheard-of opportunity of singing in an ‘Opera Excerpts’ concert at the Alexander Theatre for the Performing Arts. My opera director even asked me to sing in a trio ensemble excerpt. She obviously had huge trust and
confidence in me. This boosted my enthusiasm and self-confidence even more. Memorable performances are vital experiences for musicians. I am thankful my teachers provided me with thresholds and dimensions outside my comfort zone.

Testimony on Becoming a Music Educator

My decision to become a music educator is, in some part, the result of being severely critiqued as a singer and performer. The reviews and slights have been detrimental to my career. I am entering teaching so I can share my experiences with young artists and musicians. As I shift from performer to educator, I am assessing and identifying the qualities I have loved about my previous music educators and compare whether I can give as much as they did. As a performer, I can enrich the careers of young musicians and music educators and help them grow and develop their music skills. As an educator, I can provide students with memorable and lasting musical experiences. I want to share my incredible journeys of traveling around the world. This happened only because of the faith and support of my music teachers. I want to be a positive influence on other bright young minds, and encourage future performers!
Wynsome He-Ling Zee

Cook Secondary School

Intermediate Band (28 Students, 40 min.)

9 – 12

Wynsome exudes confidence and sophistication when teaching. At times, she is animated with melodramatic and theatrical gestures. Students were actively engaged and entertained by her outgoing personality. Her lesson objectives were to: 1) play #62 from “Standard of Excellence” with a focus on phrasing, dynamics, articulation, and tenuti, and 2) play “On a Spring Morning” with a focus on phrasing and dynamics and improved ability to follow the conductor.

Wynsome incorporated several instructional strategies: review, lecture, and guided practice. When she began the lesson, she expressed how she truly enjoyed teaching the previous class. Students were excited by her feedback and eager to participate in the rehearsal.

Recommended Follow-up:

1. Watch pacing. During transitions, limit talk to 15-30 seconds. Ask yourself if you are on task? i.e. What is the significance of portraying a scene from Mimi? Dramatic tangents lead to disruptive behavior from percussionists (i.e. throwing sticks, laughing uncontrollably, several imitating your gestures). Though stories about your singer/performer experiences are a wealth of knowledge for students, are they relevant or connected to your objectives? It was extremely difficult to transition class back into #62.

2. Dress Code. Professionalism involves selecting appropriate dress for the classroom. I wondered about the black and white striped tights with purple dress?

After this lesson, Wynsome and I debriefed for 40 minutes. She is a true performer and believes this skill benefits her students. She was open to suggestions and overtly thankful for my feedback. She is enthralled with teaching and wants to encourage students to perform dramatically. Wynsome has a genuine interest in building a positive rapport with staff and students. She helped out at the school’s garage sale last weekend and will chaperone the Halloween Dance next Wednesday. I look forward to working with her during the extended practicum.
1. Write about an individual student that troubled, excited, or intrigued you.

Ming definitely caught my undivided attention! She is in grade 11 and sings in Senior Ensemble as well as the noon hour girl's vocal jazz choir. She is a fantastic singer. I first heard about Ming from Jim, my school advisor, who gave me a brief history on how he met her back when she was in Grade 8. She had asked if she could sing a song for him. When she began to sing, he stopped accompanying her on the piano, listening to her unique Ella Fitzgerald-esque sound. Since then, Ming and Jim have played and recorded gigs together, one of which was a recording of his musical, *The Winter Ballet*. Ming is a gem for Jim.

Ming is extremely special because she reminds me of me! In my heart, I know I was a "Ming" in my Junior High music teacher's eyes. We are so similar. We are both Chinese, love jazz, and have parents that do not truly understand our love for music. Like Ming, I, too, wanted to make it as a singer and to study full-time jazz at a college. Coincidentally, she took jazz piano lessons from the same teacher that I did! She will most likely, upon my recommendation, seek voice lessons from another well-known jazz singer who was my teacher as well. Ming is professional in her attitude toward music and always strives for excellence. She understands this can only happen through discipline and hard work. Ming is like a mirror image or a home video of myself.
Ming is living my dream. I want to be in her shoes and experience all over again what she is experiencing now. However, I know I must accept the fact that I am now in a new role and need to be in the wings, encouraging and nurturing, rather than in the spotlight. It is her turn to shine and I need to guide her even beyond my own successes.

In closing, I remind myself I am no longer the student but the teacher, responsible for facilitating whatever it takes to guide and nurture Ming's talents. I also realize that stars or 'favourites' of teachers can be a problem. I remember the bittersweet taste from High School. Jim had the highest regard for Ming but did not make it obvious she was his favourite. During class, he did not focus on her talent, as this could have made others feel inferior. I hope Jim’s teaching helps me overcome the jealousy I feel towards Ming.

2. Write about an individual teacher who troubled, excited, or intrigued you.

Jim Skaget definitely intrigued me. Students were well-behaved in Jim's class and even better behaved in mine! My preparation at university, our discussions on classroom management, and on setting the tone for the classroom were extremely helpful. Jim mentioned the students would act either like angels or be completely out of control. I was aware of the fact that as students become comfortable with me, they may become courageous enough to test my limits. For now, I am ecstatic that they are angels!

Administration at Cook High was exceptionally organized. A full-week of observations was scheduled for student teachers. Each day, we observed four classes to acclimatize to the school atmosphere and to develop a sense of different teaching styles.
There were clear differences in teaching activities and approaches. Unfortunately, observation week fell on interim report week. Many teachers wrote interim reports while students completed seatwork. Nevertheless, student teachers developed a good sense of the rapport and classroom dynamics that teachers had developed. Out of all of the teachers I observed, it was my own school advisor who exhibited the best-ever rapport with his students. Even during interim week, Jim did not waste valuable rehearsal time. Instead, he asked two students to conduct the band through a couple of pieces. It was very productive. Jim sat in the front of the band and wrote interims while keeping a close eye on the student conductors. It was a fabulous way to involve the students in the various roles of rehearsal. A truly fascinating approach!

A couple of student teachers returned to observe Jim's class several times as they found the experience enjoyable. Other student teachers had only positive comments about Jim and his classroom. They told him it was so nice to be in his room as he was always positive, cheery, and joking around. His enthusiasm reflects his deep passion for music education. I was also impressed with the way he inspires an extraordinary level of respect from his students, as well as a sense of pride in their music program. Jim built up the music program at Cook from scratch. His seriousness about teaching music is reflected in his detailed and comprehensive course outlines. During his first year at the school, he taught three music classes, business, and marketing courses. Five years later, he was teaching full-time music, in addition to offering three lunch-hour rehearsals.

Jim says that he gets up each morning at 5:30 a.m. and honestly looks forward to going to school each and every day. He is so fortunate to have a career he absolutely
loves. Not many people can say this about their career. I hope to adopt Jim's attitude because I believe his passion and commitment to education are truly what students deserve in a music teacher.
March 5, 2002

To Whom It May Concern:

RE: Reference letter for Ms. Wynsome Zee

I have had the privilege of working with Ms. Wynsome Zee since October 2001 as her sponsor teacher for the University of British Columbia teacher practicum program. Ms. Zee is in the last stages of completing her practicum with a focus on both instrumental and choral music education at Cook Secondary in Richmond, British Columbia.

Ms. Zee is proving to be an inspirational educator who has already earned the respect and dedication of her students and peers. As an accomplished vocalist and pianist, Ms. Zee is unafraid to use her technical skills to aid in her teaching. Ms. Zee is a hard working, professional and motivating teacher who is eager to learn and implement suggestions made by her faculty advisor and sponsor teacher.

I look forward to working with Ms. Zee for the remainder of her practicum at Cook Secondary. It is a pleasure to work with a gifted student teacher whose love for teaching music is shown in her daily classroom lessons. I highly recommend Ms. Zee for future teaching employment upon the completion of her practicum studies.

If you have any questions or concerns regarding Ms. Zee, please do not hesitate to contact me at the school.

Sincerely,

Jim Skaget
Music Director

www.sd38.bc.ca
School District No. 38 (Richmond)
Self-Evaluation Report

Submitted to: Ms. K. V. Lee
From: Wynsome He-Ling Zee
Course: Education 316
Date: April 17th, 2002

Write reflections on your practicum including a brief professional growth plan.

I am truthfully sorry my practicum has ended. It has been an exciting, if exhausting, adventure. I had faced an untouched path overgrown with weeds. Now I think back on the path I have travelled and see the wilderness has been utterly transformed. I treaded boldly, acquired bumps and bruises along the route and yet, skillfully sliced through every fiber of my being, once full of fear and uncertainty, to reach my destination.

No matter how prepared I was or how much I worried about possible problems that may have arisen during practicum, it wasn't until I set foot in the school itself that I became determined! I was confident my performance skills would lead to a bond with staff and students. But I soon discovered, through several unsuccessful classes, that my dramatic gestures were ineffective as a teacher. Over time, and with the help of Jim and Karen, I learned a personal teaching style that students respected. I literally take a deep breath before each class to control my emotions!

Indeed, it has been an honour and privilege to share a classroom with Jim Skaget. He has been attentive and wonderfully helpful. He never tired in sharing his experiences of building a successful music program.
It was incredibly useful to share professional growth strategies with my school and faculty advisors and colleagues. I am eternally grateful for their perspectives, and for them enriching my understanding of alternative teaching and management techniques. The more I asked, the more I learned, which was exceptionally rewarding. Teaching has taught me that learning never stops, not for the students, nor for the teacher. I will attend professional development conferences and stay well-read on educational literature. I may even further my education with postgraduate study.

I wish to give my deepest thanks to Jim Skaget, my school advisor, and to Karen Lee, my faculty advisor, for their endless and ongoing support and encouragement throughout my phenomenal practicum. I will deeply miss the students and staff at Cook.
From BLK E Intermediate Band

We love you...
Hey Ms. Zee,

I am going to miss you so much! Thank you for everything!

Hey Ms. Zee,

We will miss you!
Hoping u become a great teacher! Keep up with all your corny jokes!

Cassandra

Hey Ms. Zee,

I am going to miss you so much. You taught us many things. All of us are going to miss you. You have to come back to visit us. I hope you become a great teacher. Come back soon."

♥ Alicia S.

Hi, we'll never forget how great a teacher you were? You should come visit us sometime!

Hope to see you in the near future!

Andrew

You've been a great conductor!

Thank you, we'll miss you!

Andrew

Thank you for everything you have taught us. You've been a great conductor and we will miss you in the future.

Thanks,

Nathaniel M.

Thank you for everything,

Shane

Thank you for everything you are such a good teacher! I hope that wherever you go, you won't forget us. Please keep in touch and come back to visit lots & lots. Too bad we never had lunch at Whistler. Good luck with whatever you do.

Thanks, we can't write. He saw time & teaching.

Henry's thumb is black.
Those Who Hear Not
The Music
Think The Dancer Mad.
you will make your friend the best student teacher.

We were all so happy when you got here.

Always love,

[Signature]
To: Me,
From: Vanessa Knight,

THANK YOU SO MUCH!!!

for teaching us about breathing
for teaching us how to reach higher notes
May 2nd, 2002

To Ms. Lee

Thank you for everything
you have taught me while
you have been here. I have
learned a lot. No once again
thank you

P.S. Thanks for not only being
a teacher, but also being a
great friend!
ANN E

DON'T GO AS Z E

EN NG Y R

I'S OR I

B SHOR

do naturally!
The last few months have really flown by fast and I really wish that it wasn't over. You have taught me so much about music, that I know thank-you isn't enough. Watching your skills in our class has really been encouraging for me... you're so passionate! And something more encouraging for me is your love for God. You have really encouraged me to keep walking in my faith... and seek God for everything. I look to you as a role model on how I should live my life.

I know you are having a tough time trying to decide where to go and where God wants you to be next year so here is an encouragement verse:...

"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future." - Jeremiah 29:11

I hope this verse comes in to use for you as much as it does for me! Remember the Lord is with you always and he has the best plan. Thank you for helping me to improve my singing and my walk with God. These years were great!

**Good Luck Next Year and in Those to Come**

I love always in Christ

[Signature]

270 26
aww, do you have to leave so soon? It seems like
only yesterday that you started in our music
room. I will never forget all the fun times we had,
especially at whistler. thank you for being an
incredible inspiration to our choir. you have truly
changed the way that many of us perceive
the world of music. I'll miss you! just imagine,
if you're this good as a student teacher,
you'll be awesome as a full time one! i hope
and pray that God will show you
and guide you in the future. i
chose this verse for you:
"Sing praises to God, our strength,
sing to the God of Israel."
-Psalms 81:1
short, but sweet. i love you!

- t a g
(e-mail)
(not a personal)
ps-don't worry, i'll take
part of piano/nuke.

karen
278 6670
Story VI
George: Music and Apple Pie
His foot pushes open the hotel door. His left hand clutches a trumpet case, his right hand grips some papers. As the crowd relentlessly jostles him, he glimpses Rob Ruthers.

"You sent a sub last time!" Rob offers his hand. George tries to reach out but the papers tumble to the carpet.

Stifling back a yawn, George says, "Yeah," and shakes Rob's hand.

"It's just not the same when there's a sub on the jazz book," says Rob and continues down the hall.

George struggles to keep his eyes open. He picks his papers off the carpet. "Educational Psychology 416." Due Monday. He stuffs them into his pocket. He wrote it for a course he was taking to complete his Bachelor of Education degree. Two weeks ago, at 2:30 a.m., he had woken up Cindy to type a case study report because she was the faster typist.

Nearly everything in the elegant ballroom is a shade of white or black, including the jarring carpet design. It is like waltzing into a debutante ball with fifty-one tables and white balloons embellishing the walls. George strolls across the dance floor and sits in his regular seat, second from the right, in the back row. He opens the folder and glances at the set list. There are a lot of swing tunes, jives, cha-chas, polkas, tangos, fox trots, waltzes, mambos, and rumbas. He locates a pencil in his pocket and checks each tune as he puts them in order. Number 1, Sophisticated Swing, starts the dance while number 377, In the Mood, ends the first set.

The lead trumpet player on his right buzzes his lips and nudges George with his left knee. A new first trombonist sits in front of George. Three months ago, the previous trombone player was fired because he had complained about playing a measly seven minutes overtime. George slides his pencil onto the stand. Gently, he lifts out a shining gold-plated Bach 10½ C mouthpiece from his case. He buzzes it vigorously with a turned down embouchure. He had purchased his Bach Strad trumpet twenty-five
years ago for $275.00 from a retired musician. Yawning, George lays his Al Cass valve oil under his stand. Couples charge the room like teenagers at a rock concert. Many hold hands, smile and laugh, and search for their tables. George's mouth falls open as the full impact of the hour hits him. The dance was about to begin. Quickly, he checks the next two tunes: *Pennsylvania 6 - 5000, and Tuxedo Junction.*

George has to be silent. He slumps in his chair with his eyes half-closed. A lean man with an athletic build, he seems intellectual and has the introspective squint of an avid reader. High cheekbones and a symmetrical face reveal a warm and friendly personality. He has a receding hairline and some hair above his forehead that stands upwards like a roosters comb. Slowly, he removes the blue polo fleece sweater from overtop his black tuxedo.

***

Yesterday, he tried to practice lip trills in the kitchen, but the phone rang and he had to answer it. To a freelance musician and leader of his own quintet, phone calls were important. Not answering the phone could mean losing gigs. George had to practice every single day to maintain chops of steel. But there was limited time to complete assignments, teach trumpet students, and spend time with his wife and two kids. Already, he had forfeited early morning practice for university demands.

"You gotta play, you gotta play," his mantra for the instrument. "If you don't play it everyday, you atrophy."

Years ago, at his first professional gig, George had arrived one hour early. He was playing with the New Brunswick Symphony. Labour problems had almost shut down the orchestra. Principal players were hired on salary while the rest of the orchestra was hired per service. As a result, each concert had a different set of players. George was offered the second trumpet position after spring break. They paid his plane fare and he ended up playing with them for a season and a half.
George used to play Salsa gigs where the dancers were excellent but the music was a challenge. It was painfully loud and it was not lucrative. Sometimes, George stayed until 4 a.m. because they would not pay him until they finished partying. Once, he performed in a wedding with them on an Indian Reservation. It was scheduled to start at 10 p.m. but instead began at 11:30 p.m. George had to play high and loud and fast. He got lost several times because the chorus went on and on. And there were mosquitoes everywhere. During the rests, George would swat mosquitoes against the walls behind him.

* * *

Rob waves his hands and counts to four. The bass leads and George picks up his straight mute. Together, the band raises their horns to play *Sophisticated Swing*. Dancers stream onto the dance floor and Rob advances to the front microphone.

"Welcome. We hope everyone has a wonderful time." Rob turns around to conduct.

George's hand trembles as he pushes the valves. The tempo is a slow swing and he nails the notes perfectly despite his lethargy. He leans back in his chair and peers at the dancers out of the corners of his eyes. During the 16 bar rest, he grins at the alto player taking his second chorus. A regular couple glides by and his eyes return to the chart.

* * *

Before George and Cindy married, they went dancing all the time. When dating, he held her for hours. He kissed her sleepless eyes and wanted her to be his wife. His wedding is a vivid memory, especially since his in-laws did not attend. He knew this broke Cindy's heart. But soon afterwards, when the doctor confirmed her pregnancy, they were ecstatic. Things were always good between them but shortly after the first semester had started this year, Cindy exclaimed, "I feel like a single parent now that you're in school."
George's head and Rob's hands are in sync for Tiny Bubbles. Upside down
dancers glide across the ceiling mirror. Relentlessly, the trombones push their slides up
and down. George finds his Harmon mute and licks it with his tongue. The cork has to
be moist to keep the mute in the bell. His foot taps as he angles the trumpet in his
mouth. As he releases a valve, his eyebrows go up and his eyes widen.

* * *

A year ago, Martin, his youngest son, couldn't pronounce the 'ch' and 'gh' when
reading. Emma, his daughter, flipped the pages of Silverstein's book, Where the
Sidewalk Ends, as Martin read the verses. Two years earlier, George had single-
handedly taught Emma how to read. He would stroke Emma's hair and listen to her
words. For a while, he considered home schooling. Martin desperately wanted to be
like his older sister and pushed the competitive edge at all costs. By the time he was
four years old, George had reduced the sibling rivalry between them. One night, as
raindrops thundered on the roof, Emma and Martin chanted Silverstein's verses for
George.

"Who wants a pancake, sweet and piping hot, good little Grace looks up and says
I'll take the one at the top," Emma chanted.

"Who wants a pancake, fresh off the griddle. Terrible Teresa says I'll take the
one in the middle." Martin laughed.

George spent lazy days with Emma and Martin at Whaley Park last summer.
Eating sandwiches and chocolate chip cookies, they created sandcastles for hours.
Those days when they swam in the water, George would position his fingers and
practice scales in the air.

* * *
He counts. One, two, three and resolves late. The fourth trumpet on his left frowns at him as they file the music away. White faced, George flips to page two of *Tuxedo Junction* to the sound of the applause. Trombones play with their plunger mutes. The fourth trumpet pulls out his plunger mute and George grabs his. Batting his eyes, George positions the mute. He stops abruptly, shakes his head while his eyebrows move inward toward his nose.

Fourth trumpet whispers. "You're certainly not your jolly self tonight."

***

Last Tuesday, the wind blew leaves across campus. George sat in his communications class where they were being videotaped. Each class member read an excerpt or short story to the cohort using strategic presentations skills. He had selected a passage from a Dorothy Parker novel that had wit and banter, charm and sarcasm. He chose to end his reading where the two characters commented about the people in China.

After he had read, Joyce raised her hand. "I'd like to say something and maybe it's just me, but after George read, it got really uncomfortable in here." A deafening silence filled the room.

"What do you mean, Joyce?" By now, every member of the cohort peered at George.

"Well, think about what you read."

"I'm not sure what you mean." George turned toward the Chinese instructor. Softly, he uttered, "Perhaps I made a mistake, I mean, ending the passage where I did, at that very spot."

"I think it could be misinterpreted."

Completely nonplussed, George said nothing.

Joyce turned toward the three oriental females in the class. "I don't want people to feel offended."
Shifting in his chair, George said, “I wonder if you interpreted Parker the way it was intended.” Class members started to shove books into their bags while others put their coats on.

Her face red, Joyce glanced at the instructor. “I just wonder, the words said something and I don’t want anyone to be hurt.”

The instructor pushed her chair back and stood. “I’m not sure it was intended that way. Dorothy Parker wrote this passage in the context of the time. I think it was intended to make us reflect on her statement.”

“Perhaps I ended in the wrong spot,” George repeated softly.

“I wonder, Joyce,” the instructor asked, “I guess you are worried about whether the four of us are hurt or offended?”

“Yes,” Joyce calmly replied.

George surveyed the oriental females. One had red eyes and the other had her head down. The third one spoke. “It was not intended to offend, Joyce.”

“I can only speak for myself but if you are asking if I am okay, I am okay,” the instructor said.

* * *

Rob retards to a cadence. George fidgets and files the last piece away. Randy Starsby arranged the next tune, *String of Pearls.*

"This is the one I always mess up," George mutters.

Rob counts one, two, three, four. George bounces his body to the beat. With both hands, he raises the mic in front of him. He closes his eyes. The bass is the motor. Counting the pulses, he breathes deeply and advances to the mic. George boldly performs the traditional Buddy Hacketts written solo. His solo is surprisingly strong and clean. The audience claps as he rests in his chair. Looking triumphant, he extends his left hand to the fourth trumpet player who gently slaps it. His shoulders straighten and his eyes widen. Leaning down, he slides in his straight mute.
George had not made apple pie in months. It was his family's favourite dessert especially good if served with a wedge of cheese or a spoon of whipped cream. He purchased apples from Don's orchard every October. The recipe was an old secret that had been in the family for generations. George baked pies for Cindy when they dated but she had to marry into the family to learn how to make the pastry herself. It was the cardinal rule in his family. George uses 1/4 cup of sugar, but no spices. He doesn't knead the pastry too much, only enough to form a ball. It was important not to overuse the rolling pin. He only rolled from the center out until he had the necessary size. George knew exactly how to create the pastry.

Rob announces birthday and anniversary celebrations, and then gives the downbeat. The band plays the first verse. For the second verse, they sing the words. *Happy Birthday, happy birthday, happy birthday to you.* George is the only trumpet to add an arpeggio at the end. The fourth trumpet shakes his head and the lead player laughs. George rests his trumpet and slumps in his chair. Pushing the spit valve, he blows heavily into the mouthpiece.

"I quit. I quit!" shouts George. He recalled how the communications class ended.

Joyce pointedly glared at him. "I just want to make sure everybody is okay."

George snatched his videotape, knapsack and immediately exited class. Two steps at a time, he galloped down four flights of stairs. He raced to his bike and unfastened the lock. Hurling himself onto his bike, he pedaled like a madman down the hill. Suddenly, he skidded to a halt. He shook his head and slowly turned around. Shifting into second gear, he cycled back up the hill. After locking his bike, he re-
entered the building. His knapsack collapsed off his shoulders. The French horn player, a classmate, approached him.

"You okay George?"

"I don't know."

"That class ended heavy."

"Yeah."

"What's going on with Joyce?"

George paused. "Please help me understand what just happened."

Later in their bedroom, Cindy views the videotape of what George read in class. He lifts up the phone but lowers it back on the receiver. Cindy cuddles him.

"You did nothing wrong George. I think Joyce took it wrong."

Silent, on their bed, George runs his hands through Cindy's hair. She falls asleep with her head on his shoulder. Gently, he strokes her right eyelid to verify she is far away. An airplane roars by but she does not wake. George cannot sleep.

Joyce's words still echo in his head. "I don't want people to feel offended." George tries to stop the words from making his eardrums throb. Clasping his stomach, he dashes to the bathroom. A glance at his distended stomach confirms his discomfort. He unzips his pants, advances to the toilet and stands silent. But there is no release. His image in the mirror begins to stagger. George's head tumbles backward with a thundering crash.

* * *

_Autumn Leaves_, number 65. The tune is in a minor key gracefully starting on beat two. A perfect fourth leads into a D minor seventh chord. George leans back and folds his hands behind his head.

_The falling leaves drift by the window
The autumn leaves of red and gold
I see your lips, the summer kisses
The sunburned hand I used to hold_
George plays all the way through with ease. There is a resounding applause. He beams and turns to number 377, *In the Mood*. Order, simplicity, and spirituality structure the crowded ballroom. Couples sway with energy and vigor as Rob snaps his fingers to the bright tempo. Saxes shake with the jive and dancers come alive like fireworks. He pushes one valve, then two together. As two saxes stand to solo, George lifts the mic and stands close to it. The band softens while George angles his trumpet, plays abrasively loud and bellowing. He has slipped into another world. As the audience claps, he smiles, sits, and stretches the muscles of his face. Music beats while dancers repeat. Finally, all four trumpets stand, play louder and louder. The tune ends after a run of eighth notes. A loud shout emerges from the huge applause. George wipes his lips with his right hand and slides his trumpet into his case.

"Thanks, everybody. We will take a short break," says Rob.

George glances at his watch. It is 10:15 p.m.

"You okay?" asks the fourth trumpet.

"Just tired."

"You seem a little off."

"Yeah," says George.

"No jokes tonight? You usually crack me up."

"I'll work on it."

"We all have bad nights. As if the audience cares."

"Yeah."

"Don't beat yourself up."

***

George awoke to bright lights on the ceiling. Everything is there and not there. There is a hot towel burning his forehead. A women's voice spoke.

"Hi George."
"Where am I?"
"In the hospital."
"In the hospital?" George repeated blankly.
"You fainted and your wife called an ambulance," her voice echoed around the room.
"Geez."
"How do you feel?"
"I've been better."
George noticed two other patients in the room.
"What do you do, George?" continued the nurse.
"I'm a musician."
"My cousin is a musician. He plays the piano but doesn't faint from exhaustion."
"I play the trumpet. Usually lead or jazz chair. That's second trumpet."
"You need to take care of yourself, George."
"I've been doing more than performing this year. I'm back at university getting my education degree so I can teach music in high school.
"Oh."
"But it's been hard to do everything. I don't get much sleep anymore."
"Not good."
"I had to find another way to support my family."
"Yes, my cousin is a postman too."
"I do not know any musician who lives solely by playing gigs anymore."
"My cousin was on welfare when his wife worked. But then they had kids."
"Oh."
"His wife wanted him to be a teacher but he didn't."
"Yes, those who can't find gigs, teach."
"Oh?"
"There is an old saying; 'those who can't play, teach,' which meant those without high quality performing ability must teach."

"Oh."

"But for me, teaching is about, 'those who can't play since there are slim opportunities to play, must teach.'"

"So, that's your reason?"

"Well," George pauses, "the music business has really dried up in the last ten years. I need another job."

"You need to take it easy. You gave your family quite a scare."

"I guess I wasn't sure what I could handle this year. It's been intense. And I haven't been a student for fifteen years."

"I'll get your family. They're anxious to see you."

* * *

George had not informed many friends about his return to university. Musicians might not hire him for gigs if they knew he attended school. Rob announces the male singer. George checks his music, number 780, *Cab Driver.*

```
Cab driver once more 'round the block
never mind the ticket or the clock
I only wish we could have any talk
cab driver one more 'round the block
```

The words have led him into a maze of thought. He drags his chair forward and wipes his lips. Listening to the singer, he sways with the dancers. He smiles, opens the two-page chart and pushes the spit valve. Usually, he tells the trumpets when to ad lib the word 'POW' into the chart. The singer continues, and George moves his lips. But the trombones enter late. Raising his trumpet in a calm melancholy to play the eighth notes, he nods the beats. The singer says "cab driver" and George immediately says
POW. A loud echo of his voice is heard. Suddenly, the trumpets shout POW in the third chorus. George’s face reddens as his shoulders lower.

* * *

"George, we're here."

"Hi Dad," says Martin.

Emma gives him a hug and hands him a Coffee Crisp chocolate bar.

George laughs. "Thanks Emma."

"How are you?" asks Cindy.

"I'm fine."

"That was some fall."

"Fall?"

"Don't you remember?"

"No."

"You fell in the bathroom and I called an ambulance. I didn't know what else to do."

"I must have been really out of it."

"Completely. You wouldn't wake up George."

"I don't remember."

"The doctor said you fainted from exhaustion," Cindy says while patting his leg with her hand. "But you're going to be fine."

"I'm sorry Cindy. I thought I could handle it all but the workload has been heavy. I know it's been hard on you and the kids."

"Yes, it has been an adjustment."

"I wonder if this is all worth it."

"It will be George."

"I worry about the kids in both early-morning and after-school daycare. School takes so much of me away from you and the kids."
"It's okay George." Cindy caresses his left hand.

Dear sweet Cindy. She is downright beautiful. Most men find her auburn hair appealing. Her fresh, clear complexion and her glasses highlight her blue eyes. It is obvious he has been granted a rare gift. Her no-nonsense attitude toward others demonstrates her austerity, compared to his off-the-wall humour.

* * *

Rob conducts them directly into *Taking a Chance on Love*. The female singer struts up to the mic. George sighs and rubs his eyes.

*Here I go again*
*I hear those trumpets blow again*
*All aglow again*
*Taking a chance on love*

* * *

He is lost in fresh memories of their lovemaking. Cindy's dense shadow reflects on the ceiling. She shifts and sighs. The moonlight fringes her eyelashes and for one perfect moment, she is totally his. He has to go slow, his reminder, regardless of his urgency that more than anything he wants to please her. Stroking her skin, he buries his face in her flowery perfume. He smiles, wets his tongue, and kisses her neck. Gently, he places her skin between his teeth, and nibbles softly until she gasps loudly against him. She moans as her right hand undoes the buttons on his shirt. Her fingers gently caress the hairs on his naked chest. He rises slowly, removes his jeans in one motion and pulls her pants along her narrow hips. He guides the pants over the curves of her legs and catches his breath upon the sight of her pale skin. Drawing her close, he remembers, wait, go slow, wait, and go slow. But with a steady rhythm, her arms unfold toward him. Her cry and his penetration is a surge of rapture.

Last week, George and Cindy celebrated the anniversary of their first kiss. He burned some candles and played the trumpet for her.
In class, the day before, he had struggled to calculate the years. They had met in Boston and gone out as friends to several concerts. On the seventh, a Saturday, he invited her to see one of his favourite movies, *Dr. Strangelove*. Before the movie, they had shopped for a gift for his mother. They had been dating for six weeks. After the movie, they strolled five miles from Harvard to the Conservatory and talked about how the movie had shocked her. Then, as they walked over the Harvard Bridge and the Charles River, there was a shooting star in the sky.

"Make a wish," she urged him.

Immediately, he kissed her. He later confessed his wish was to kiss her. Twenty years later, he still wonders what her wish was. He liked the idea that there were still things to learn about her. He suspected one of them was her wish to be a better trumpet player.

Last June, Cindy shed tears. It was the day she announced she lost her job of fifteen years. The office would relocate to Calgary. For eleven and a half years, she was the executive assistant to two managers, and for three and a half years, she had been the credit administrator. She had held various lateral positions in the company and was responsible for customer service, lease maturities, lease terminations, and insurance losses. Afterwards, she obtained a contract as administrative support to a Public Consultation Project, where she managed the calendar, coordinated meetings, compiled media materials, answered public inquiries, and provided support to the project manager. The project would end November 30th.
Early in their marriage, Cindy and George had survived on six hundred dollars a month. Now, faced with the growing financial concerns related to their home and two children, George was forced to make a career change. Cindy and George stayed up many late nights trying to figure out what to do. Though she suggested he work in customer service, he felt this would lower their standard of living. All he could do, basically, was to go into teaching as becoming a music educator might stabilize their lifestyle. Cindy agreed and he applied to the teacher education program at a local university.

* * *

The break ends and George sits. The last set begins with number 627, Hotcha cha cha. As Rob gives the downbeat, George casts another glance at the ceiling mirror to watch the dancers cha cha upside down. Rob plays the claves as the first trumpet pulses the maracas. George laughs when the first trumpet covers his head with a black cloth. Audience members giggle. George checks the key signature, three sharps. A sense of progression leads the audience to clap. On to the next tune, number 152, Little Brown Jug.

* * *

"It's okay. We'll manage, George. Emma and Martin are just fine."

"I feel bad the way things have gone, Cindy. I miss my time with you and the kids."

"We will work things out. It's just one year."

"I don't have enough time for everything. And doing homework at 9:30 p.m. is rough."

The doctor arrives and shakes George's hand.

"Glad you feel better, George."

"Me too."

"Yes, but you need to go home and sleep," urges the doctor. "You fainted from complete exhaustion. Your wife says you're attending university."
"Yes and it's been difficult with the family and work."

"Work?"

"Yes. I am a freelance trumpet player."

"All I can say is you need sleep."

"But I have class in the morning."

"You cannot go on without sleep. I'll write your teachers a note," the doctor says gently.

"Thanks."

He smiles at Cindy, who sits by George's bedside. Emma and Martin stand by the window.

"What time is it?" George asks.

"It's 2 a.m. We all need sleep."

"Yes, and there will be some changes. I need to make things better for all of us."

* * *

There is a faint beat from the drummer. George looks confused. As the trumpets play, his eyebrows rise. Without hesitation, he blows the last few notes with his plunger mute. Rob announces number 749, Sing, Sing, Sing.

"We will play a tune with a swing tempo. It's coming back and it sounds like this," says Rob.

George sits upright as the trombones play.

To hear music everyday is to be rid of the chaos of life. There is nothing more treasured than watching a musician play. Music is such a gift. For weeks, George could fly through white clouds with the sun brightly shining before storms tortured his sacred space.

* * *
George had just started his two week practicum. Students at his placement school were excited to meet him. When he conducted the jazz band, they were particularly responsive. He helped one of the saxophone players learn to improvise.

"How long will you be our student teacher?" a student asked after class.

"Two weeks this term. But in January, I will return for thirteen weeks."

"That's cool."

George had not even prepared a lesson plan, and he felt great after the rehearsal. Then, during his two spare blocks in the afternoon, he practiced in the auditorium. The riffs of his sounds echoed everywhere. For two hours, and with few distractions, he practiced.

***

During the sax solo, George wipes his lips with his right hand. Trumpets are right on the beat and hold the ending together. His eyes blur as he pushes the valves. The drummer religiously beats a solo as dancers twist and twirl. They move, presto and presto. A drum solo ends with a diminuendo. There is repetition. George breathes harder and faster. His eyes close during the last 16 bars. There is a loud shout and a huge applause. George sighs.

"You can tell your grandchildren you did the swing," says Rob. "We will take another short break."

George turns to the trumpets and says, "At least I made it this far."
Story VIII
Dixie: Fallen Diva
May 16th, 1998

Damn kids! Leave me alone. I need to play my piano.

John burnt the pizza while Christa spilt milk all over the kitchen floor. The two other kids fought and I had to break that up. Why did I have four? I want to play Beethoven, but there are too many interruptions. I can't take it anymore.

Tonight, I should have helped Norm with his math, but didn't. I needed to play the piano. ALONE. Everyday I drive here and there, make lunches, and do the laundry. I need space. Motherhood is guilt. I should devote all my time to them, but they suck me dry.

I crave my piano. I need my music fix. Sometimes, my kids sit with me while I play. It's hard to say, "Go away." Especially to Norm. He's my baby, 5 years old. He wants to talk, but does not interrupt. He just sits. Truth is, I have to drag myself away to talk to him. Bad mother.

John is smarter. He brings his bass guitar and sits beside me. He's in French Immersion. Usually, he plays along or shows me what he has learned in band. It is his sweet way of connecting with me.

When Mylo, my oldest, was ten years old, he made me a Mother's Day card. It said: "I love my mom. She dresses up for church, is very pretty, makes me lunches, and plays the piano beautifully. She loves her music as much as she loves me." I said, "Oh Miles, you know I love you more than my music. If I had to choose between you and my right hand, I'd choose you."
The University of Castille: Teacher Application Form

1. Write an essay indicating what you have learned from your previous experience working with children and youth that will help you in your teaching career (a maximum of 500 words).

I wish to apply to the teacher education program. In 1985, I completed a Bachelor of Music degree with art and dance electives. I have worked as a private piano teacher and Church music director for the past 15 years. I have taught students between the ages of 5 - 35 years old. I have also been a pianist for 35 years and have completed my ARCT from the Royal Conservatory of Toronto. I have four children: Mylo, 15, John, 14, Christa, 12, and Norm, 5. All these experiences have helped me understand children and youth which will benefit my teaching career. (106 words)

October 9th, 1998

I listen to Christa. It is late afternoon on a boring Thanksgiving weekend. Though she loves to sing and dance, she is my quiet daughter. She is a tall, frail girl with dark curly hair, white skin, and light blue eyes. She has a habit of holding her bottom lip with her teeth, which gives her a wistful, worried air. She loves to sew her own clothes. Today, she wears a blue tie-dyed shirt with a pair of grey fleece shorts. She made both items in one day. A delicate chain with a heart on it hangs from her neck. This morning, she braided a fishtail in her hair with white, blue, and yellow hair bands. As always, she is a vision of creativity.

Christa asked me to help with a Beethoven project. I felt so alive and creative. I even showed her one of my paintings mounted on the basement wall. Her project consumed me so much that I woke up in the middle of the night to work on it.
I have discovered a great deal about children and youth from being a piano teacher, church director and parent. I have learned about the emotional, intellectual, and developmental needs of children through my interactions with them. Since children learn at different levels and at different rates, I know the importance of altering teaching strategies in order to be an effective teacher. Both group instruction and individualized instruction can be successful ways to teach students. (74 words)

March 16th, 1999

Bits of dreams pass by me. I recall May, 1976. I am sixteen. Mom and Dad have so many rules. I spend three hours a night on homework. I want to do well in school. Don't tell me I am a child! I am self-disciplined and know what I want. Do this, do that. But I do lots of things. I am in control. Do you know I lose weight easily? I can deny food.

Our house has huge rooms with beige blinds on bright windows. When the blinds are down, I move my head to catch the sunlight through the cracks. I turn the clouds into animals and people's faces. It is dark outside. I have stomach pains. Mom is at church while Dad watches TV. Yesterday, Mom said I could not attend the school dance. I have only two responsibilities - to play the piano and to pray. I recall Mom praying at least three times a day. In the mornings, she opened herself to God. Praying after the noon meal makes her alive and energetic. At night, she summarizes her day's events to see how they fare with Him. My father had said, "The kids do not need to go to church everyday. They can decide for themselves when they grow up."

Each night, I kneel down by my bed and pray. The floor presses hard against my knees. I do not find it difficult to pray because my mom kneels down beside me and prays too. Sometimes, this is the only moment we are together in the day, just the two of us. On my knees I always feel protected by the fervour of her prayer.
I need to go out. Dad lets me. He is proud of the high score on my driver's exam. I say I am going to Lisa's. Hurriedly, I leave the house. Dad waves as I drive away. I sing aloud because the radio is broken. I shift into third gear and head towards McDonald's. Drive-thru. In my pocket, I have twenty dollars. I order three hamburgers, six Mcnuggets, three large French fries, one apple pie, one cherry pie, and a vanilla milkshake. Pay 20 dollars. Forget the change, speed away. Hurry, hurry, eat some fries. Grab them, one by one. Pull over, I must park. Nobody is around.

Hurry, hurry, bite a hamburger. Take large bites but the pickle gets stuck in my throat. Drink some milkshake. The pickle moves downward. Large doses of liquid will help me vomit. Where will I do it. Not to worry. Hurry, hurry, finish the hamburger. The ketchup is sour but tasteful; the meat, tender and juicy. Next time, I will order a cheeseburger. More milkshake, a couple more fries. Today, they are chewy. Last time, they were cold. I can eat so many fries in a day. More, more milkshake. Don't tell me I'm too young. It is a school dance. Why is it a mistake? Next time, I will order water. I need more liquids. Where is the apple pie? I can eat one in four bites. Ever since I was five years old, I have loved apple pies. More milkshake.

Why can't I go to the dance? I saw a beautiful blue dress at Mariposa. Hurry, hurry, eat more fries. Where is the cherry pie? Damn it, I planned it all. David would meet me at school. He did not want to meet Mom and Dad. Hurry, hurry, I cannot digest. Eat the last fries and drink more milkshake. Thick, slimy vanilla shake. Drink to the last drop. My stomach protrudes. One more hamburger? Mcnuggets? Eat three. Grab three French fries. A swelling belly. And David wants to buy me a corsage. Gulp the rest of the milkshake.

Hurry, hurry, drive to Wendy's. I run into the ladies washroom. Lift the toilet seat. Shove two fingers of my right hand into my mouth. Bend over the toilet. There is a surge. Shove my fingers further down my throat. GAG. Suddenly, I am free. Into the toilet flows bits of hamburger, french fries, Mcnuggets, and apple pie. Vanilla
milkshake binds the concoction. The smell is unbearable but liberating. Again, two fingers down my throat. More hamburger falls into the toilet. Take a large breath. Two fingers again. But fries get caught in my throat. I choke and cough. They must come out. Two fingers again. This time, I wretch. There is nothing. I can start anew. I am empty. My head spins as I fall to the floor. When I get home, I will weigh myself. I must remain 81 lbs.

**Sept 4th, 1999**

Tears and more tears. What will I do? They're all GONE. I dropped Norm off at school today. He is in Grade 1. Now all my kids are in full day school. I won't have Norm during the day. No more walks, no more parks. No more playing trucks. He was one kid that didn't have an older kid to play with because they were in school.

Suddenly I have all this time. This morning, I sat in the kitchen and read the newspaper. I had about eight cups of coffee. Everything has changed. I do NOT want to teach piano lessons from 3:30 until 8 or 9 p.m. anymore. I'll never get to spend time with my kids. I need a day job.

---

**The University of Castille: Application form to Teacher Education (continued)**

As a parent, I have learned that my children benefit from warmth, care, patience, and understanding. I have implemented "classroom management" techniques with them. I think this experience will help when I provide group instruction.

At Church, I have learned that children and youth need to understand gender issues. I have a particular interest in feminist and inclusive issues. Presently, I am involved with Lutheran church worship in an old Norwegian fishing community that is not progressive. I understand the importance of encouraging children to be progressive in their thinking. Otherwise, society will not move forward.

Children and youth need to develop social skills for a variety of contexts. For example, I have my piano students perform in recitals at my Church. I think children need to see the relevance of sharing their music in different contexts. Having children work towards goals provides them with a sense of accomplishment. (149 words)
March 18th, 2000

I drove by my old Junior High School today. Wish I hadn't done that. Made me return to 1975. Thirteen years old, fat, and pimples. HUGE. At 5' 5", I weighed 155 lbs. I was self-conscious. I had two new girlfriends who wanted me to act and dress cool like them. Sonya and Caroline. I hated that, but had to be with the “in” crowd. David and I were going out and my life turned upside down. There was no time for music. Life deteriorated. I was confused and alone.

Though I was hardly a singer, everybody called me Diva. Why? I wonder if they were joking. Everybody said, "That girl wins the piano competitions and grand prize every year." Music was a boost for me. One year, I did not win anything. That was a shock. I was so worried about my appearance, I could not concentrate on performing. There was distance between me and my music.

Thank God for Mom and Miss Anderson, my piano teacher. Mom insisted I continue music lessons until Grade 10 piano. She said it would look good on my resume. Miss Anderson encouraged me to pursue music at the university level. If it wasn't for them, I would have quit.

The University of Castille: Application form to Teacher Education (continued)

From teaching piano, I have found that children benefit immensely from individualized instruction. Skills are acquired through review and repetition which are particularly effective when teaching individuals. I have also learned the importance of encouragement. Young children need continuous support and positive feedback. (44 words)

March 21st, 2000

It is July 1979 in Victoria. I lie on the ground; a pool of blood surrounds me. Faint sounds of footsteps run down the road. My heart pounds and I close my eyes. A stale odor pollutes the air. Am I alive? I clench my fists and roll over. The back of my
head hurts. I cannot see. A cool wind blows over me. My body trembles. Here I lie, exposed to the world. Suddenly, everything is all too vivid. Only minutes ago, his hands tight around my throat. There is a bitter taste on my tongue. I am trapped under him. I kick his groin and scream. I must get away. His hands cover my mouth while I bite him. He slaps me. How can this happen?

Tonight I sang in West Side Story. Dressed in black, my hair pulled back, my voice soared upward into the sky. I was free and alive. Dixie against the world. Orange sunset beat onto my face and my outstretched arms. The sky was clear and blue. I am at summer school in Victoria and have landed a couple of lead roles. Ten days and nights of rigorous rehearsals. My career was opening up. I had plans to travel.

Yesterday, I was in Donald's arms. I remember his tears when I said I wanted to be on my own. I could not think about a future. I just wanted to be friends. He fell to his knees and begged me to stay. But it was time to move on. I want to perform, to create, and to be in the theatre circle. Staying with him kept me locked in his social world. Sweet and gentle Donald. Where are you now? So I decided to date an actor I work with. His hard body presses against me. My right hand finds a rock. I smash his head. He screams and slaps my face. My hand loosens and the rock rolls away. His mouth moves onto mine and I turn my head. There is the smell of tobacco on his breath. His hand unzips my pants and I squirm. His left hand touches my breast and I want to scream. If I could get two fingers down my throat, I would vomit. Spew all over him. His right hand tightens around my throat. I cannot breathe. There is a hardness in his body. I kick. Up and down he pounds my head. A crack at the back of my head. The smell of blood circles around me. My legs become numb. I want to see but my eyes will not open. Strong winds cover me. Suddenly, he lunges onto me and enters. Darkness. I am split in half.
March 22nd, 2000

I see his face through the window of a cafe. He sits with two women. His face is riddled with wrinkles, full of animation. They listen closely and laugh continuously. I imagine he knows these women. What a funny story he tells. He puts both his arms around them. If only they knew.

I thought I would die.
His hands around my throat,
his words,
you bitch.
Tears roll down my face.
I am safe
with Donald,
this home,
the kids,
and teaching.
There is nothing to worry about.
But I see his face
through the window of the cafe.
Dark brown hair,
a silver earring in his left ear,
and hair stubbles on his chin.
red circles under his eyes
a cigarette in his left hand.
When he ran off, he took me with him.
I remember it well.
I thought I would die.

In an amazingly short period, the backdrop of my life changed. Life punished me for daring to live outside my safety boundaries. And he provided the unexpected retreat. In Victoria, I met new friends. I was alive and radical. I smoked cigarettes and was ready to try drugs. I wanted to live on the edge. But God did not let this happen.

The University of Castille: Application form to Teacher Education (continued)

My theatre background will be a benefit to the classroom. I love to sing, perform, and play the piano. It is such a creative rush to step outside myself and portray somebody else. I find the electricity so tangible between the performer and audience. It is a real love affair. Currently, I perform in several groups: church, Arts Club Theatre, jazz band, chorus of 100 women, and a Barber Shop Chorus. Through my experience in the performative arts, I have learned that children need to express themselves. I believe performance to be an integral part of education. (108 words)
March 24th, 2000

Lights! Camera! Action! When I was seven years old, I loved to dance. I would put on a fancy dress and dance for hours to the music of "Night on Bald Mountain," and "In The Hall of the Mountain King," from the Peer Gynt Suite. I pretended to be characters that terrified me. At times, I hid behind a chair or grabbed a pillow. Sometimes, I plugged my ears and waited it out. Other times, I worked with it and created a performance. I had my brothers, sisters, and cousins dress up and parade around in performances. In grade five, my teacher let me write and produce a musical. He was wonderful to me. I was the writer, the director, and the producer. It was my own creation and I manipulated the cast members. What a rush.

March 30th, 2000

Dig deep down
Fools find force
Crushed, crumbled
Loose linens locked
Hollow hills
Empty ends
Rotten red rash
Torn tattered tunnel
Scorned
Burned
Youth
Lost

The University of Castille: Application form to Teacher Education (continued)

I have been a member of the Registered Music Teacher's Association for 20 years. As a member, I enter my students in festivals and workshops. It is amazing how much quicker students can progress with one-on-one instruction. Children can be more open and communicative in these contexts. (47 words)
April 2nd, 2000

I HATED the music association. Most of the time, I was disinterested in the topics discussed. And they gossiped. Some were bitches and others were witches. I can't believe I went to some of their meetings. I am more philosophical and off-the-wall. I prefer to push boundaries and did not fit into their culture. Their meetings were like a ladies tea party.

For me, teacher education is a practical thing. I need to earn more money for my kids, have better working hours, and balance my life.

May 5th, 2000

It is 3 a.m. Donald sleeps beside me. My body trembles as I look outside the window. Nightmares of Victoria haunt me.

July 25th, 2000

It is 1980. Second year university. My theatre professor and music counselor have encouraged me to switch to theatre. I need to choose which direction to take. Donald and I are together. I plan to have a family, so teaching music would fit better than theatre. Theatre would take even more extra-curricular time away from family.

Aug 27th, 2000

Forget
Push away
Horrid memories

Nov 3rd, 2000

HATED IT. I just completed the short practicum. I didn't know if I could teach in schools. I had good and bad days. When things got political, I hoped it was not like the music association. My school advisor, Greta, did NOT welcome me into her classroom. Why? Though she seemed like a fine person and a good musician, she had no time to orient me. She was trying to tread water. And she had so much paperwork to
do. During the second week, another student teacher asked me if I had my parking pass or ID tag yet. Of course, she knew where the bathroom was too.

HELP. I needed to find my sea legs so teaching would be fun. I hoped teaching would be not be demanding, because I needed time for my creative self.

**Dec 13th, 2000**

I'm glad to be a student again. I heard a panel of past student teachers share their experiences. Joseph, a jazz musician, was really impressive. He was quirky but interesting. He said that being a TOC was cool because it allowed him to take gigs. If he's tired the morning after a gig, he can say "No" to the call board.

After class, I chatted with Joseph. Being a TOC gave him time to pursue other things. A teacher-on-call experiences many different schools. I wouldn't need to commit to one school. A teaching job could consume my entire life and I do NOT want to be trapped in a full-time job. Maybe next year, I will eat my words and have a full-time job. So much uncertainty.

During practicum, I spoke to the choral teacher about teaching some choir rather than all band. Even she admitted that teaching left her little time to pursue her performing career. A part-time itinerant band position sounded good to me. Could ease me into the profession. I also wanted to learn more about jazz. Working part time, TOC, or taking some college courses could be good.

---

**The University of Castille: Application form to Teacher Education** (continued)

> Overall, all these experiences have shown me how rewarding it is to watch children grow and change through the learning process. I have excellent interpersonal skills, understand parents and have a commitment to adolescents. I genuinely like people and dearly love kids. With my experience and background in music and theatre, I hope you will consider this application to teacher education.

If you have further questions, do not hesitate to contact me. (Total: 500 words)

*Sincerely,*

*Dixie Whidden, B. Mus.*
January 5th, 2001

Do I really want to be a teacher? So many issues. With the feminist movement, there seems to be a demand for female administrators. I want to be a good role model for my daughter. Girls need to see women in positions of authority.

God. This is an issue I addressed at my Church. Is He male? Girls are raised with masculine images of God. I think of God as not relating to me. Does God love you, pat you on the head and send you on your way because He does not have time for female issues? If God is a man and relates only to men, this is insidious. Some say it does not matter if God is a He or She, that God is a spirit. But it does matter. It infiltrates your brain. There is so much sexism on TV and in the movies. Once, Christa said women were not able to fly airplanes. I showed her the movie Top Gun. That changed her mind.

June 7th, 2001 (Post Practicum)

It's OVER. I couldn't wait. I completed my major practicum and had mixed feelings about being a teacher. But I needed more money. And NO more piano students. Ideally, I wanted to perform more than to teach. Teaching was not the right career but I would learn to cope with it. During practicum, the atmosphere was charged with tension. I'd felt guarded, self-conscious, and belittled. I could not be myself. In the past, I formally and informally experienced joy in teaching: informally with my children and others who needed explanations; formally, in schools with students in a relaxed atmosphere. During one-on-one teaching, I was spoiled because of the intimacy and customized learning. After recitals, I loved getting flowers and cards from the kids.

I was not super-optimistic about the practicum, since my two week practicum had not been the greatest. Greta had thrown me on the treadmill immediately. Go, go, go! Get this photocopied! Sort these charts. I felt unwelcomed. I jumped when called, "Yes sir, yes, sir, three bags full." BITCH. I should have spoken up but didn't. Once I hinted at this to my faculty advisor, but she didn't get it. My faculty advisor is good
friends with Greta. Greta was so critical. She gave me my first compliment halfway through the third week. When I pointed this out, she said, "Oh, whatever." I NEED ENCOURAGEMENT!

Female competition. It's there. Why? She was assertive and competitive and totally NOT nurturing. I felt sorry for the kids. Being older than most student teachers, I had more musical experience. A couple of people said she was jealous of me. WITCH. Halfway through the practicum, I tightened up when walking into the school. The smell of the school grated on me, Pavlovian-style.

Finally, I asked to change school advisors. I was so happy the other two band teachers, a male and a female, became my new school advisors. GOOD RIDDANCE Greta. I learned a lot from them. He was kind, considerate and had superb musical skills. She was formidable and a no-shit kind of person. A strong personality that the students feared. I admired her wit and talent.

Throughout the practicum, I felt inadequate. I don't usually feel this way because I am so musically competent. Being in the workforce was also hard. For so long, I had been in a familiar community raising kids.

This term, I was delighted to be back at university. Give me assignments! Other students were bagged. Now, I related more to the teachers' perspective. It was cool to sit in classes and watch profs teach. In one class, I wondered what the prof thought when some students, who were obviously bored, had let their minds drift. Then I thought, wait a minute, that is so unfair, the expectations we have of our students. As a student, I say, give me knowledge. Education has become so much hoop-jumping. Students do not ask what will they learn, but rather what is expected from the assignment. Students assess what a teacher wants and gives that to them. Is that the best "learning outcome?"

Did I want to be part of the education system? My Church approached me to direct a Fine Arts program. Would I stay with them? I could create productions I loved.
But Church education was unestablished and insecure. The salary was the same as a beginning teacher. However, the Church could fold in a flash and I would be unemployed just like that. DILEMMA. I belonged to the church all my life. It was my safety zone but I WANTED OUT. Did I have the strength to leave?

In terms of identity, I didn't feel like a public school teacher, but was not sure if I felt like a performer either. When teaching was good, I felt like a performer. STRANGE. I enjoyed presenting short lessons. The class was receptive. I felt confident, came out of my shell, joked around, and was entertaining. I received great feedback. People enjoyed watching me perform and absorbed what I shared. When I taught and felt like a performer, I was satisfied.

There was a potential lifeline. This seemed silly and inconsequential, but made a huge impact. In band, my School Advisor sat in a large chair on a high podium. I sat in this chair too. But during the last three weeks of practicum, my Faculty Advisor and Superintendent had said, "Lose the chair, lose the chair." I asked, "Can I do that?" They said, "Yeah, it is your class. Arrange it the way you want and put it back afterwards." Losing the chair made a huge difference. I was more energetic. When I sat, I had to get out of the chair and clamber down to the blackboard. When I stood, I could jump back and forth to the board. It was liberating. This happened towards the end of practicum and I wondered about the full impact. I had very little rapport with my students. They were bored with me. But when I stood, I was not bored. There was so much more to learn.

For now, I plow ahead. I am officially on a TOC list. I will TOC for the money as a fall-back. If they tape funny notes on my back and throw paper airplanes, I will cope with a smile on my face, NOT take it personally. I am privileged in private teaching to have the student's undivided attention. It's so different in a classroom. Theoretically, kids do not pay attention and may act out in groups. As a student, did I give 100% of my attention?
I considered teaching Elementary or Middle School. I am more suited to younger kids because I am sensitive. I must do creative performing because I'd die if I didn't. Performing on a regular basis kept me fresh. I did not perform and create during practicum. No time. I needed to compose and organize concerts.

The performer's identity is a huge part of me. A teaching position that combined music and theatre would be ideal. Classes could work towards a musical, theatrical, or multimedia performance. My soul would be in it. I got a rush from directing and participating in performances. I connected with the audience. It was a massive media bullhorn. You could reach a whole group of people at once. The energy between the performers, performance, and the audience was stimulating.

After practicum, I attended the school's final concert. I was choked when the students said, "You're back, so glad to see you, why couldn't you stay." They'd missed me. Where did that come from? TOTAL GRATIFICATION. There was more of a connection than I had realized.

My School Advisor applied for the Department Head position. She thought the interview was successful and said, "You know, as Department Head, I will synthesize the art, dance, music, and theatre departments. We could support each other." I asked, "What about musicals in that wonderful theatre?" She said, "Argh." I asked, "What is wrong with musicals?" Obviously, they were against musicals. To me, musicals are examples of integrating different artistic disciplines. They excite me.

I still feel trapped by the curriculum. Usually, I was given a choice between two or three pieces to rehearse. That seemed limiting. Donald said, "when you get your own position, do whatever you want. Consider the IRP's, but design your own curriculum. If you want to start class with listening to music and writing in a music journal, just do it."

BURNOUT. I was tired of teaching and raising four kids. I needed to kick myself to get going. But once I got on the train, I built a head of steam.
I was at a crossroad. I had lots of great teaching ideas. For now, I will probably work as a TOC and do music at the Church voluntarily. The Fine Arts component could materialize, but I will not jump into that right off the bat. Keep doors open.

If I do not like teaching, I will look for jobs connected to theatre, administration, and stage managing. But my dependent kids. How long until they will be over eighteen? If I teach, I would have summer vacations, better working hours, could pick my kids up from school, and attend their soccer games at night. I am torn. DAMN THEM.

Maximize my creative time and minimize my commitment to teaching. Could I? My jaw hung open when I heard other student teachers. I did not share their feelings. They knew what they wanted. For younger students, teaching was their primary career and a chance to escape from home. Teaching represented freedom and financial independence. Mature students like me look for career fulfillment. I have an established life and have settled those issues. I needed to decide whether my career was for money or fulfillment or both.

KIDS. Sometimes I wished I could throw the babies out with the bath water. Many parents allowed their kids to become disrespectful. I thought this undermined kid’s self-esteem because they could not become part of the social structure. They became ego-centric, which was unfulfilling and unrewarding. It was lonely.

I enjoyed getting to know the kids at the school. A student in Grade 10 helped me set up for a concert after school. I bought him a hamburger and fries, which he didn't expect, as thanks. Later, he opened up about this girl he had a crush on. I felt privileged to lend an ear. There were tearful first experiences he had with girls. I needed to connect to my students. That made me feel human. Maybe I should go into counselling?

One time, there was a clarinetist who huffed, puffed, and rolled his eyes while I conducted. This got under my skin. If my own kids had done that at school I would
have been extremely annoyed. I confronted him after class but he would not open up. He just said, "It's 10 to 3 and you're wasting my time." I was steamed and set my boundaries, saying, "Don't talk to me that way." I should have cooled off first. Afterwards, I consulted with my School Advisor. She said, "he is my best clarinetist. I do not want him quitting the band. Maybe you misunderstood. You should patch things up as quickly as possible." There was no support even from this school advisor about this.

At the same time, I understood. In her teaching situation, there was a conflict of interest. You worry about keeping your program in order to keep your job. In some ways, she was really insecure. Once I heard her ask the students if they thought she was a good teacher. I thought, "I got to get out of here." Dutifully they said, "The students really like you. Some like you better than the other teachers." I did not like this. It's NOT a popularity contest, but I had not walked a mile in her shoes, so I didn't know.

*December 22nd, 2001*

It's been awhile since I have reflected on my career. What a high I am having. My very own first Christmas concert was fantastic with these school kids. I hadn't expected them to perform so well. And the K-3 choir was great. Little smiles were what Moms and Dads needed. Nobody cared if they sang in tune. They looked cute with Santa hats. And I accompanied on the piano. We perform the entire concert again for the school tomorrow. I wished I had arranged more performances.

So far, so good. I liked this Elementary school. The staff was friendly and the administration was wonderful. I was glad to have worked with a female principal. Though the position is part-time, it has worked out well. I have time for my kids and for performing. I feel so alive.
Story IX:
Michael Alvarez: Unlikely Character
About Michael

Biography
Postcards
Alvarez Mailing List
Email
Cohort Listserv
Reflections
"Is there any knowledge in the world which is so certain that no reasonable man could doubt it?" – Bertrand Russell

"Tradition can be negative if the importance of having roots outweighs the importance of searching for what's valuable in new things being presented." – Herbie Hancock

Reviews About Michael:

"Music flowed from him. It wasn't anything he learned from a book, it was instinctual." -

"When performing, he has that timeless feel."
Canadian-Filipino Michael Alvarez, producer, songwriter, and educator living in Canada, has had groundbreaking musical ideas that have been absorbed by his peers. Michael grew up in British Columbia, where he began singing at age five and playing the piano at age ten. He wrote his first composition when he was fourteen. He formed a small band with his friends and immediately began producing his own music. Five years later, his career as a musician was firmly established. He has performed with many local great musicians and has had the opportunity to share the stage with several cultural groups. He has recorded several CD’s with his own band and is currently writing and producing a new CD. A music degree and a lifelong interest in jazz has prompted Michael to manage his own music production company *Alvarez Records*. Michael has had the great fortune of performing in New Orleans with some of the country’s best jazz musicians.
About Michael

Biography

Postcards

Alvarez Mailing List

Email

Cohort Listserve

Reflections
Hi Kathryn,

It's my first week on this Royal Caribbean cruise! I still recall my first 2 week gig at Christmas. I had lots of free time.

We performed 2 hours at the poolside last night. The leader is 64 years old. That's 42 years older than me! I hope I survive 14 weeks here. There is tension between the two other band members.

Jim is here with a group of musicians. I met him on the last cruise. Though he is a Canadian, his father lists the group is hired as Filippino musicians. They are not afforded the same privileges as we are since they are foreigners. It's unfair.

Jim is a real entrepreneur. When we go to port, he goes to the computer store, then assembles and sells computers to passengers, and pirates copies of DVD's and CD's for $3 to $4. He burns them while performing. We hang out a lot in his cabin and watch DVD's or play video games. He's even networked 2 computers in his cramped cabin. I like his strategy for killing time.

Hope you are well. - Michael
Hi Michael,

It's hard to do things without you. Though we celebrated my birthday early, it just wasn't the same without you at my birthday party. Yesterday, Rodney asked me to go see The Lord of the Rings with Sarah and Trevor. I wore the sweater you gave me for my birthday. The movie was great but I missed you.

What are you doing with your free time? Reading? Writing music?

Love Kathryn
Hi Kathryn,

I have lots of activities. Jim and I hang out and socialize with the guests when we aren’t doing computer stuff. It’s a blast.

Rodney is a good guy. He’ll take care of you while I’m away. Of course, I trust him. Twenty years of knowing him gives me confidence you’re in good hands.

I’ll be back before you know it. I wish I could phone you, but it’s expensive.

Love Michael
Hi Kathryn,

This week isn’t going well. The 64-year old band leader is fighting with the other musician over repertoire. They have completely different notions of style. I’m in the middle and don’t like it.

The guys in the band speak Spanish all the time. *Hablo un poco de español* but not much. They are both so hot-blooded.

It’s hard to make music when they’re acting so hostile towards each other. I try to be professional, but I’m in a precarious position.

I keep reminding myself I make $500/wk US.

Love Michael
TO:       FROM:

Kathryn,

Haven’t heard from you in awhile. Guess what? I signed up to work in the ‘shore excursion department’ which handles land-based tours. I’ll view different islands and tourist sites. This will be educational. I keep a diary of my experiences for future research.

I found out I can take part in activities with the guests. This helps them feel they’re having the “Best Vacation on Earth...” which is RC’s motto.

I’ve made really good friends with Jim which has kept me together. He’s a Filipino musician too. A piece of home away from home.

Jim thinks I would make a great teacher and should pursue teacher education, so I emailed the admissions department at the university. I inquired about the courses I need to be accepted into the Bachelor of Ed. program.

What do you think?

Love Michael
Hi, Michael,

I know you'd make a great teacher but what about your vision? I thought you wanted to write and produce music? You attended college as a part-time jazz student to develop your music career. I thought you wanted to prove to your parents and yourself that you could make a living as a musician.

That was the whole point of starting Alvarez Records and Publishing, wasn't it? So you could distribute and promote your music.

How many years is the teacher education program anyways?

Kathryn
Hi Kathryn,

The Secondary Education Program is only one year, from Sept 'til August. As a teacher, I wouldn't travel so much. I thought you might prefer that.

I plan to continue both professions in tandem. I still want to write and produce music. When I complete the teaching degree, I will see what opportunities are available. There will still be performing gigs.

It's about our future Kathryn. I would like to have a family and be financially stable.

Michael
Hi Michael,

I'm really touched you're thinking about our future. I have often thought you would make a great Dad.

At work, there is a 4-year old boy in the paediatric ward who has Down's Syndrome. The doctors found out his parents are alcoholics so he has been recommended for foster care. I wish I could bring him home and take care of him.

I love being a paediatric nurse. I feel so rewarded helping sick children, even for a short time. A smile on their face makes my day.

I wish you luck in getting into the teaching program, though I just believe you should do what you love to do and not work in a job for the sake of money.

Love Kathryn.
Hi Kathryn,

I see couples on board and wish you were here. I have that photo of us last summer in my cabin. Your smile keeps me going. Remember the time my parents went away and you stayed here for one week?

I just discovered that after I do a quota of 5 1/2 months on a cruise, I can bring guests on for $10/day.

Would you like that?

Love Michael
Hi, Michael,

Rodney and I went out for dinner yesterday. Afterwards, we visited Sarah and Trevor.

Guess what? They got engaged and are having a huge party next Friday! They’re planning to get married in August and want you to perform at their wedding.

Love Kathryn
Hi Kathryn,

Great news about Sarah and Trevor! Sorry to miss their engagement party. Please go anyway. I’d love to perform at their wedding. I’ll email them.

I’m starting to think about pursuing a master’s degree in education. What interests me is “Adolescent Aesthetics with a focus on Music Education.” I’d like to know how popular culture interacts with student choices for taking music in high school. I find this fascinating since I chose music out of nowhere. I think of myself as an “unlikely character” because I could have easily chosen a career in computer programming.

Becoming an educator will provide me the opportunity to see this phenomenon first hand. I would like to research the experience in an academic way.

A band room is the perfect context to observe what adolescents find fascinating about music. What kinds of music are relevant in their lives? Do the effects of popular culture and music play a role in adolescent development? How can I turn young people on to music such that they can use it as a conduit to further realize the potential within themselves?

More later, Love Michael
Hi Kathryn,

The Senior Admissions Officer at the university emailed to say I was missing two courses! They will accept other applicants first and consider others with deficient courses, like myself, afterwards.

If I get accepted, it will be contingent on completing two extra courses during the program. Also, my diploma in jazz is not from a degree-granting institution.

They suggest I sort out my credits through the Open Learning Agency which the university accepts. It’s a huge mess but I will persevere. I still have a good feeling about this.

It’s like when I started learning the electric bass. I had no idea the instrument would take me in a certain direction. I’m not superstitious, but things often happen that way for me.

Love Michael
Hi, Michael,

Maybe it's just not meant to be. Michael. When you come home, we'll talk more about all this.

Love, Kathryn
Hi Kathryn,

What are you saying? Talk about what?

At university, I will exercise a different part of my brain. Think about things and the world differently. I want to do something different and not be involved with music anymore. I'm going through some changes.

I did not like the way musicians in college were obsessed.

Musicians were in practice rooms for 10-12 hrs a day. They'd come out really glassy-eyed.

What's not meant to be?

Write very soon,

Michael
Hi Kathryn,

I don’t know if I want to be a professional musician anymore.

My first real professional gig happened in first year college. It was on the downtown east side at a really crummy place called the Columbia Hotel. I was unloading my gear in the “bar” and had to walk through an alley where someone was shooting up right in front of me... it was terrifying.

I did the gig but it left a bad taste in my mouth. It made me think about my future as a musician playing club scenes.

More later,

Michael
Hi Kathryn,

Yesterday, we stopped in Jamaica. Our ship travels from Miami to Haiti, then Jamaica, and Mexico. It was strange to be in Jamaica. I hailed a cab into town, a concentrated urban area with Blacks, drugs, and guns. I can’t liken it to any other place. They offered me everything from drugs, women, restaurants, and taxi rides, to private guided tours.

It was unnerving. I didn’t know if I’d make it out of there. At first, I thought I was the only Asian around. Luckily, I found others from the cruise and tagged along.

I didn’t know if it was a bad part of town. Some people were high on something!

Finally, I bumped into some Chinese who spoke like Jamaicans. They pointed us towards a Chinese restaurant. It had Jamaican servers and cooks and surprisingly, pretty authentic food. That was great. Though I enjoy ship food, I get sick of the 2 week rotation. Thank goodness for the Chinese restaurant.

The best tourist attraction was walking up a waterfall!

Love Michael
Hi Kathryn,

4 more weeks to go! I loved Mexico. I swam with the dolphins and stingrays. That was really cool.

I sure miss you and my parents, both uncles and Grandma, and even Eva. She’s really a good sister. Family is so important.

Love Michael
Hi, Michael,

There is such a shortage of nurses that other hospitals have been recruiting. I applied for several positions.

I have three interviews this week for positions in Kelowna, Penticton, and Kamloops. I really want the position at Kelowna Hospital.

I'm updating my resume tonight to get my documents and references in order.

Love Kathryn
Hi Kathryn,

You want to move away? I thought you enjoyed your nursing position in town. When do these positions start?

Good luck with the interviews. Let me know how it goes.

Love Michael
About Michael

Biography
Postcards
Alvarez Mailing List
Email
Cohort Listserv
Reflections
Season's Greetings! It's been 8 months since my last update. Many of you have bugged me about what's been happening with the record label and where the groups would gig next. Being enrolled in the Teacher Education program has limited my time. I have played casuals here and there and the odd gig backing up singers but since my last update, it's been pretty dead around here.

The story begins with David, Carlos and I returning from a 14-week stint on board the glorious Voyager of the Seas (RCC) performing and entertaining as a Latin Trio. We had a great time, and despite it being David and Carlos' first shipboard experience, I'm happy to report no one got sea sick.

During this time, Amalia and the Urban Sound Unit played a few gigs, most notably at the Toronto Jazz Festival. Xarabanda, Toronto's newest Latin group specializing in Cuban-style Timba, had a gig at David Lam Park, which Fito Garcia played for me to a well-received outdoor crowd.

I'm sad to report Amalia and Urban Sound Unit have been on hiatus because Myles Bigelow was hired as conguero for the Cuban band Maraca. Allan Garcia and I are busy with Teacher Education while David Trunk pursues a composition degree at university. Amalia reports her project, Sekoya is doing well and that she and David are creating a new project! Best of luck to both of them.

With down time in December I hooked up many gigs, so without further ado, here is what is in store for December.

** FLUENT ARUGULA MUSIC GROUP

Fluent Arugula is back in action with me on bass/drums, Shawn Killaly on acoustic/electronic percussion, Kristian Naso on trumpet, Gillian Hunter on voice/violin, and Gomi [aka Gordon Breckenridge of Perpetual Dream Theory fame] on guitars/soundscapes. The group, assembled by Shawn and I, was the driving rhythmic force behind the infamous Painted Blank. The evening is open and improvised, but I promise a few tricks up our sleeves. Should be an interesting evening if you enjoy free jazz/new music.

December 5, 2002 - Fluent Arugula @ The Purple Onion @ 66 Water Street @approx 9 pm.
**DRAMATIC ADRIFT MUSIC GROUP**

*Dramatic Adrift* is recording its sophomore album from Dec. 16 – 19. It features Jon Leeson on voice/bass guitar, Ras Contractor on voice/lead guitar, and myself on drums/voice/keyboards.

**December 20, 2002 - Dramatic Adrift @ The Scarborough Community Center @ 5151 Bloor Avenue @ time TBA.**

**MICHAEL ALVAREZ**

The wonderful thing about being on a 14 week cruise was that I wrote an album of new jazz material. I hope to have a group perform it in the new year.

My website [http://www.alvarezrecords.com](http://www.alvarezrecords.com) is fully functional. I'm constantly adding new things to it. I will post some photos I took onboard the cruise.

I'm also part of a new group that Raphael Geronimo [of *Rumba Calzada*] has assembled. He secured a weekly Saturday night gig at “The Green Room” [formerly known as the Media Club]. This group features Raphael on drums/voice/timbales, Rolo Preza on voice/congas, Rolando Espinoza on percussion, Nick Apivor on keyboards, and myself on voice/bass guitar. We play funky-latin material with two female lead singers. If you like to dance, check us out!

**December 28, 2002 - @ The Green Room @ 695 Bank Street @ time TBA.**

**MISCELLANY**

Thanks for supporting the artists and the label. Exciting things are planned so stay tuned. Check [http://www.alvarezrecords.com](http://www.alvarezrecords.com) for more information.

As always, we respect your privacy! To be removed from this mailing list, please reply to the above address with the word “remove” in the subject heading.

Until next,

MA

***************

Michael Alvarez, B. Mus.

EMAiL:
Hi Karen,

I hope you're having a good Thanksgiving weekend and not spending too much time marking our assignments. I guess that's part of being a university instructor. I just wanted to mention I am quite interested in the topic for your dissertation. For myself, I am looking towards graduate school down the road. What interests me is "Adolescent Aesthetics with a Particular Focus on Music Education". In other words, I'm interested in how popular culture interacts with a student's choice when pursuing music in high school. I find this interesting because I literally chose music out of nowhere after being interested in computers for such a long, as you read in my "biography".

Becoming a music educator will provide me with the opportunity to see this phenomenon first hand. I would then like to use this experience in an academic way.

How should I go about doing this? Would you recommend that I apply for graduate school right away after getting hired? Is it necessary for me to take any graduate exams? [GRE, etc?]

If there's anything I can do to facilitate your research, I'd be happy to help out. In so doing, I hope to gain experience with the whole process of academia.

Thanks!
MA

***************

Michael Alvarez, B. Mus.

EMAIL:

WEBSITE:
http://www.alvarezrecords.com/ct/
From:
Sent: Sunday, October 13, 2002 11:27 AM
To: Michael Alvarez
Subject: Re:

Hi Michael,

Thanks for the email. Yes, it would be great to talk to you sometime. I understand you are a professional musician and might be a very good subject for my research.

Would like to be a participant? It will require about 2 interviews... and we can talk about grad school too....one of the greatest experiences I've ever had.

Karen

Karen V. Lee
Ph.D. candidate
Faculty Advisor
Department of Curriculum Studies, Faculty of Education
2125 Main Mall
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 1Z4
Hi Karen,

Yes! I would love to be a participant. How much time do you want for the interviews and when would you prefer to conduct them?

MA

***************
Michael Alvarez, B. Mus.

***************

-----Original Message-----
From:
Sent: Sunday, October 13, 2002 12:57 PM
To: Michael Alvarez
Subject: Re: RE:

Hi Michael,

It would be great to hear more about your experiences as a professional musician. Each interview takes approx 90 minutes - the first interview around the short practicum and second interview towards the end of the long practicum (i.e. April/May).

I have found these interviews extremely rewarding for both parties. Thanks for your participation!! I give muffins :-) 

Karen
Hi Karen,

Sounds great!

Can you provide me with a list of questions you wish to ask during the interviews?

Thanks, MA

Hi Karen,

Sorry for the short notice, but I just got a call to do a wedding gig the afternoon and evening of November 2nd today. I'm subbing for someone who had to leave town, also on short notice. I know that we're heading back into a busy period next week and I'm wondering if we can postpone the interview for the week or weekend after?

Sorry about that,

MA
Hi Karen,

Looks like there will be close to 15 people coming to Flamingo's based on who I've talked to and who have replied to my message. Looks like everything is set.

Re: Saturday .. are you free in both the morning and afternoon? .. or just the afternoon? I shifted my students to a different day. If morning works, that would be better for me, so I’d be able to get some work done in the afternoon. Let me know.

Thanks,

MA

******************************************************************************************

-----Original Message-----
From: Karen V. Lee
Sent: Monday, November 25, 2002 8:11 PM
To: Michael Alvarez
Subject: RE: Dim Sum

Thanks for counting heads for the dim sum class lunch. I made a reservation for 12-15 people @10:30-ish -

Also, Saturday afternoon works best for me -- @1:30-3pm. hope this works. let me know. Karen
Hi Michael,

I got the directions. See U Saturday @1:30pm. I'll bring a tape recorder... hope that's okay!

Karen

Hi Karen,

I thought you might be interested in another set list that was used for the contract that I went on this past summer. Once this group got into "the groove," we pretty much kept with this set list for the remainder of the contract.

I was also going to ask you if it would be possible to see some of the work in progress?

Thanks for letting me in on the world of graduate work!

Take care,
MA

[attachment: grupocandelasetlist.jpg]
---Original Message-----

From: Karen V. Lee
Sent: Sunday, December 01, 2002 8:32 AM
To: Michael Alvarez
Subject: Re: Alvarez Records - Mailing List - December 2, 2002

Hi Michael,

Ideas for your story are germinating . . . part of my dissertation is postmodernist -
(i.e. new forms to deconstruct conventions . . .)

I was thinking about having your story in the form of postcards (or email?). You
would be sending them to your family, friends, girlfriend, etc. Your message to the
"Alvarez Records Mailing list" would be part of those postcards.

What do you think?

Also, I would like to attend one of your gigs but it's a bit tricky with holidays, etc.
What time is your gig on Dec 20 @ the Thompson Community?

Karen

----------------------------------------------------------------------------

From: "Michael Alvarez"
To: "Karen V. Lee"
Subject: more information ..
Date: Monday, 2 Dec 2002 18:09:00 -0800
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook, Build 10.0.2627

Hi Karen,

Interesting ideas! So maybe me sending a postcard from the ship? Is that the idea?
Might I also humbly suggest maybe checking out the gig on December 28th? . . . if
not, we're playing at the same place every Saturday from there on in . . . the
community centre events tend not to be representative of what I do . . . it's a "fun" -
type of gig. - MA

190
Hi Michael,

My storied dissertation has 7 short stories and an autobiographical account of my experiences. Would you like to read a short story? I will email one next week (though I'm in the stage of revising them).

I have almost finished my dissertation but want to add your story (and appreciate your interest . . . :-)) Most of my stories are based on musicians suffering from a conflict (or two). . . some ideas have been incubating for your story:

1. loneliness on cruise ships?
2. a scary visit to Jamaica?
3. choosing teaching for some intellectual stimulation?
4. cruise ship experiences lead you to teaching?

Any other ideas??? What do you think? — Karen

Hi Karen,

It would be great if I could read a sample of the stories . . . and I would like to help you "incubate my story". I like the third idea the best, however, it does make for a better story talking about my cruise ship experiences. The one thing I don't believe I mentioned is the fact that I was not able to directly communicate with our passengers [unless they spoke Spanish], which made for some funny and terrifying situations. Some of the Latino passengers [especially from Florida i.e./ex-Cuban] viewed us as "interesting", [me more so because I was Asian, playing Latin music] not to mention it was not politically correct to "lump" all of the Latino nations together -- each
country likes their "Latin" music a certain way. We tried our best to cater to all of the nations by playing at least one song from their country.

It's funny that we even survived three months onboard, but we were in tight with the management, mostly because the groups before us were "too" Latino; they couldn't speak English clearly. Clear English was used for communicating onboard, and being a "Canadian Latin Band", we had that going for us.

Sometimes, Latino passengers had the nerve to come on stage while we performed and asked us whether we were "really" playing Latin music. To them, the music was so personal that only "real" Latinos could play the music.

Much of the staff onboard the vessel thought that the idea of a "Canadian Latin Band" was hilarious. Probably because it's the first time that they've had such a group perform. Anyways, we did so well they wanted us back, and in fact, if we did not have prior commitments we would have been offered an extension on our contract.

If I can think of anymore, I'll let you know!

- MA

From: "Michael Alvarez"
To: "Karen V. Lee"
Subject: RE: Alvarez Records - Mailing List - December 2, 2002
Date: Wed, 11 Dec 2002 01:40:26 -0800
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook, Build 10.0.2627
Importance: Normal

Hi Karen,

Sorry it's taken awhile. Here is Royal Caribbean's Website:
http://www.royalcaribbean.com/asp/default.asp There's a logo there you can use.

A question: I remembered when you evaluated my lesson during practicum in October, you mentioned in our post-briefing regarding synthesis-analysis-synthesis. What is this exactly? In all the frenzy of the past month, I forgot to ask you.

Thanks, MA
Hi Folks,

It would be great if you could attend (or even help out with) your practicum school's Christmas concert (maybe some of you have already!)

Let me know if you have or will attend. Thanks,

Karen

Happy Holidays!

---Original Message---
From:
Sent: Tuesday, December 17, 2002 7:43 AM
To: Christmas Concerts

Hi Karen,

Yeah, I attended the Palmer fall concert at the Gateway Theatre in November. Any more ideas brewing for the story?

I also just realized that what I consider my first real professional gig happened in my first year at College. . . the stuff I had done previously was small change in comparison to that gig because it was the first time I played in the downtown east side at this really crummy place called the Columbia Hotel. I was unloading my gear into the "bar" and had to go through an alley where I saw someone shooting up right in front of me. . . it was terrifying to realize this kind of stuff happens. . . anyways, I ended up doing the gig but it certainly left a strange taste in my mouth and made me think of what my future as a musician playing the club scene might be like . . . In hindsight, it may have contributed to my current choice of profession.
Anyways, more blabbing from me! Hope you're enjoying your holidays!

In case you want to know, I'm keeping a web diary of December on my website.

Take care, -- MA

-Original Message-----

From: Karen V. Lee  
Sent: Wednesday, January 15, 2003 12:42 PM  
To: Michael  
Subject: Michael's story

Hi Michael,

I am thinking about putting your story into the form of a website (based on your website, with some modifications). It will be difficult not to use your photo (do you have photos that do not show your face but your body?)

I need a full name -- how about Michael Garcia? (need the implication you are Filipino, unless there is another last name you like – must be typically Filipino)

Are there any facts you would like altered to protect your anonymity? Let me know.

Karen

-Original Message-----

From: "Michael Alvarez"  
To: "Karen V. Lee"  
Subject: RE: Michael's story  
Date: Wed, 15 Jan 2003 19:10:58 -0800  
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook, Build 10.0.2627  
Importance: Normal

Hi Karen,

Got your phone message as well. I will look to see if I have any side shots ... the postcard idea doesn't work too well?
As for the full name, Michael Garcia works... since most Filipino names are of Spanish-derivation, you can almost use any Spanish name... Michael Alvarez, perhaps?

It would be great if I could see a draft of the story, then I could let you know to see if anything hits too close to home.. =]

See you next Wednesday for the FA Meeting. Are we meeting in the same room as before? - MA

*******************************************************************************
----Original Message----

From: Karen V. Lee
Sent: Wednesday, January 15, 2003 12:42 PM
To: Michael
Subject: Michael's story

Hi Michael,

I have attached a short story, "Joseph," to give you a sense of what my research is about.

A strange thing happened today. I was chatting with a colleague, a creative writer, about your story (i.e., plot, character, etc.) at "Chapters." I was showing her your web page as I want to springboard your story from that. A friend of yours, sitting at the next table, interrupted and asked what we were doing because she knew you (Susan McRoberts). I guess she was puzzled by our conversation because we were discussing possible fictional directions for your character and storyline.

I explained that I was your teacher and that you were part of my doctoral research. I'm not sure she understood because after we moved, for ethical reasons, she approached us again and asked for our names.

Anyhow, just wanted to explain this to you because I got a weird vibe from Susan. It was difficult to explain the research process in our brief chat - i.e., how you are completely involved and how my stories are based on musicians becoming teachers.

Let me know what she says, this might bring another slant to your story (which could be interesting!) -- Karen
Hi Karen,

Got your phone message as well . . . Interesting that you should bump into Susan. I know her well and unless you think otherwise, I don't think there will be any huge ramifications from her having heard what you and your colleague may have discussed. Of course, I wasn't there, but she's quite a friendly person. I'll ask her about it and let you know.

The webpage idea sounds interesting. I also had a brief read through of the draft you sent me, and don't know if you know, but Joseph Zigaboo Modeliste is actually a real person in real life. He is a drummer for a seventies New Orleans group called The Meters. Check this website out: http://www.zigaboo.com/

I hope whoever gave you that pseudonym also explained that this name ACTUALLY belongs to someone in real life. Anyways . . . you can decide for yourself if it will have any bearing on your research.

Hope this helps! -- MA
Hi Michael

No, I was not aware that Joseph Zigaboo Modeliste is a real musician. THANKS! I need to address this issue with the subject in my research. I cannot use real names - he will have to change his moniker (but I'm intrigued he chose that name).

Re: Susan - I don't foresee any ramifications, just that she was probably confused by the "research talk" about you, if you know what I mean. :-)

Karen
About Michael

Biography
Postcards
Alvarez Mailing List
Email
Cohort Listserv
Reflections
Hey cohort,

I wanted to say that I've really enjoyed everyone's lessons, thus far, presented in class. Once again, I'm proud to be part of such a caring, diverse and supportive community of educators. Okay, enough touchy feely stuff...

I was wondering if any of you guys would like to carpool to one of the NYC Information Sessions. Karen suggested we check it out even if we're not really into relocating to NYC. I'm not sure whether I would consider it, but I am into checking out the info session just for the sake of checking out the info session. I took the liberty of emailing the address specified in the ad to get any more information. The information session times are: Monday, December 2nd @ 6 pm and Tuesday, December 3rd @ Noon and 6 pm.

Let me know and we'll try and arrange something for one of those times. Thanks, MA
Hi Cohort, I've posted a couple of links from online "popular" science journals that may be of some interest to us since we're talking about Music Education Philosophy in MUED 314. I still side with the opinion that there are relationships between music and language and perhaps these links will illustrate my position. Hope everyone is having a great weekend, MA PS Click on the "Links" button on the side bar to check out the links.
Since it's our last School Observation on Tuesday, I was wondering if anyone would like to go for dim sum following the observation. I'm not sure what is around East Vancouver, or we can just "play it by ear?" Any ideas? or for non-Chinese food lovers we could go for all-you-can-eat sushi? [MA frothing at mouth ala Homer Simpson]. Thoughts? MA
Hey Cohort,

I hope everything is going well with everyone. I am happy to report I faced my first Band 8 class [40 students!] today and lived to tell about it! Actually, it wasn't bad at all. A few things I noticed: they were a lot more attentive at the beginning of the rehearsal than at the end. My school advisor had to test individual students and so I volunteered to run the class. TRIAL BY FIRE!

We ran through some scales with varying degrees of tuning and success. Not surprisingly, most of the clarinets and flutes were on task and attentive but the students seated farther from me were less attentive. The main challenge was keeping everyone on task. I tried getting each section to play the scale and told everyone to pay attention and to look at the fingerings while the other sections were playing it. Some success.

After each section played the scale, I had them applaud the section that played it. We ran through a Grade 2 level piece they had run through before. My conducting was holding up and we got through about half way when I stopped the band because sections were getting lost. While I rehearsed individual sections, the band started to goof around. I turned up the notch on my speaking voice and it got a little hairy at the end when my voice was starting to get taxed. When I started the rehearsal, I just lifted my baton and everyone payed attention. Towards the end, only pockets of students paid attention. You can tell these kids are the post-MTV generation. Some of them are just off the wall! I suppose the trick is to stay 2 bars ahead, always, and to know what's going to happen next .. and if they don't know what's going to happen next, they'll be on their toes! At the end, I'm still positive about the whole thing. . . not having a lesson plan and being thrown in [a la TOC] was certainly an experience .. but, I asked for it! I have to figure out how to balance accomplishing the teaching/troubleshooting/rehearsing the music.

After my school advisor came out of the practice room with the students he was testing, I chuckled at myself, maybe I was too tired to be weirded out, but it was funny. These kids were really trying to push me to the edge! I'm having lots of fun so far, and I hope everyone else is too! -- MA
About Michael

Biography
Postcards
Alvarez Mailing List
Email
Cohort Listserv
Reflections
Hi Karen,

You might want to consult Bruce also. I taught both Band 8 and Guitar 8 today and felt things went really well. I focused on keeping my intensity level high and the pace going -- Bruce remarked that it went much better for both classes. . . I was less talkative and used the question and answer technique at specific places to check for understanding of concepts. . . I felt more comfortable with separating myself as conductor and using eye contact to see if people were on task.

In the guitar class, Bruce remarked that some students were off-task -- perhaps frustrated at their inability to get concepts. However, these students, according to Bruce, also exhibit learning difficulties. I don't offer this as an excuse, but only that I should pay more attention to whether they understand everything.

Regarding the use of feedback -- I reviewed some of the comments that you wrote in my observation reports, and I agree that I have waned in giving positive feedback. This perhaps stems from a conversation I had with Dan regarding the use of feedback. He feels that giving too much positive feedback might instill a sense of complacency, that the kids get used to it, and get reduced expectations of what is actually "excellent." Perhaps this idea has gotten into my mind and I therefore use less positive feedback. Now I think it's best to go halfway and use positive feedback a little more frequently -- but still reserved for really outstanding work. As an example, the use of "alright . . . not bad" .. as opposed to a glaring "wow!! that was excellent!!" The former is more appropriate, I think, lets the students know that things can be always better, striving for excellence.

Overall, I was much more pleased with my teaching today. I'll have to reconfirm next Tuesday's class with you as we might be watching a movie that relates to one of the pieces the Concert Choir will perform. I'll keep you apprised.

Thanks Karen,

MA
Hi Michael,

How is Nashville? I'm interested in hearing about your experience... as a musician accompanying a music teacher... etc... let me know

Karen

******************************************************************************

Hi Karen,

Another type of observation you might be interested in is the Resource Class, where I help students with exceptionalities. It's a one-on-one environment. Don't know if that would count as an observation.

For now, I'll confirm with Dan that you won't be in on Monday morning, and instead we'll try to schedule for Tuesday early afternoon.

Take care Karen,

MA
My folks dropped me off at the airport around 4:30 AM for an early check in, and I met up with Allan and his fiancée at the Northwest Airlines E-Ticket check in counter. His fiancée [who works for an adjacent airline] was able to get us first class seating and we checked in to first class for the first leg of our trip to Minneapolis.

Upon touching down in Nashville the first thing I experienced was the temperate weather. It felt like Vancouver in May, or early June when summer is about to arrive. Breezy, sunny and not humid at all. The Opryland Hotel was incredibly gorgeous -- lots of plant life and waterfalls, not unlike what one would probably find at some sort of biosphere. It seemed kind of space-agey to me, where future humans, upon colonizing other planets would set up such these edifices to live in.

I shared the room with Dan, Ron and Allan. Had great late night conversations about teaching, religion, you-name-it.

The show at the Grand Ole Opry seemed to be put on by a family -- in other words a private kind of event, despite the fact that it was billed as a national US event. I didn't recognize any of the adjudicators, but then again, the whole idea of show "choiring" is so foreign in Canada.

The first night had solo competitors, a kind of American Idol presentation of sorts without the judging hoopla. The second day had the actual show choir competition. The whole thing was a bit frazzled -- we borrowed a lot of our equipment. The bass amp, the drum set were all borrowed from another school gracious enough to lend us their gear. We also had to adhere to a strict 30 minute setup/performance/strike down time slot. Any additional time would be penalized. Many of the schools had practiced their whole setup/performance/strike down routine. We had not done that.

To add to the whole "frazzledness" of the situation, our director decided to make some last minutes changes without rehearsal -- the addition of a bow-out routine, changing a group number to a soloist number. Needless to say, it added to the band's stress because we weren't prepared for any of these changes.

We ended up placing 7th out of 9 competitors, where they took the top 6 into the Saturday performance finals. I don't think that our group had any expectations -- we were there for the experience and to have a good time. None of the Notre Dame staff or students seemed particularly disappointed. After all, it was the first time a Canadian group had been invited to this competition.

I didn't really understand the criteria for evaluation, but it appears that Notre Dame got penalized for being too "small". Indeed, some of the schools brought out upwards of 60 participants including performers and complete concert bands as backing groups. The band was also penalized for being "too loud" -- in particular the bass player [who .. me? =] I
don't know if that was a fair assessment because, for one thing, the backing band played BEHIND the performers and we were operating from the stage volume.

All in all, if there was something I was to take from this experience, the main thing [from a teaching point-of-view] is the purpose of a competitive festival. I'm not sure if I necessarily agree with the whole competitive aspect of music. Pitting one group against another to determine who is superior, and ultimately which director has bragging rights. From an educational point of view, does a competitive festival offer more to students than a non-competitive festival?

- MA

PS .. sorry for the stream-of-conciousness rambling. I do tend to do that. Use what you like.

*********************************************

----Original Message----
From: Karen V. Lee
Sent: Sunday, March 30, 2003 1:18 AM
To: Michael Alvarez
Subject: Re: Nashville Reflections

Hi Michael,

Thanks for your reflections. Sounds like an interesting trip. Would you say you enjoyed being the musician on this trip? Or would you rather have been the music teacher?

Karen

*********************************************

From: "Michael Alvarez"
To: "Karen V. Lee"
Subject: RE: Nashville Reflections
Date: Sun, 30 Mar 2003 07:55:50 -0800
X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook, Build 10.0.2627
Importance: Normal

I definitely enjoyed just being the musician on this trip... no chaperoning duties. Though, if I had my way and had been involved from the beginning and had the ability to voice my opinion, I would have suggested a different way of preparing this group. I'm not sure if the music end of things was necessarily taught correctly. I did get a few warmup ideas from the director though.

- MA

*********************************************
I saw the article in the Sun about the choir - front page too!

I'm sure you have some great ideas for preparing the show choir for such an event. . . . Glad you are doing some thinking as a music educator too -- i.e. was their director a strong musician? You mentioned that he did not teach some things correctly. . . . do you think being a good musician helps someone to be a good music educator?

Karen

----------------------------------

Hi Karen --

Thanks for coming in to observe me teaching and for the comments that you made. It really helps me feel better about myself as a music educator.

To answer your questions:

I'm not so sure if the director was a strong musician . . . he mentioned having a solid background in choral singing and claimed to have been once a member of The Vancouver Opera. He also claimed to have Grade 10 RCM piano . . . I'm not so sure, or perhaps it has just been such a long time that he has forgotten some of those skills? I don't know. He's more well known as a director and actor. Certainly those skills are evident. Also, it seemed his sense of rhythm, the timing of certain actions as compared to the music that was being played to support the group, at times, did not coincide.

There is something about people trained in musical theatre and dance counting everything in sets of 8 [i.e. 5, 6, 7, 8 for count-ins]. I'm guessing that it's because they think in 'longer' phrases, translated in musical terms, that would be 2-bar phrases. Interesting concept. In any event, sometimes the endings were a little off because we'd be thinking in sets of 4 [i.e. 4 quarter notes to a bar]. You get the idea.

Definitely, I think that being a good musician helps to be a good music educator. Understanding the process of being a musician and the path that one takes to get there also helps. This is where I can see certain educators who are naturally gifted in music, yet don't necessarily have the patience to deal with people who are exploring music for the first time, compared to those who have had to "slug" through it. I still have many things to deal with as a musician that I am trying to improve . . . namely reading rhythms and understanding
wind instruments. I'm sure that "slugging" through this as a music educator, and more self-study, will get it all happening in no time.

Hope this helps,

MA

I headed into the office at STM @ 8:35 a.m., well before our planned start of 9 AM. When the principal saw me, he said, "Well, we may as well start the interview . . seeing as you're here."

So I took a seat and thought about the optimal position where I could see and read everyone's body language, but decided on the closest seat. One by one, Ben Little, the existing band teacher, Dave Ogden, my original contact who is also the vice principal, Brother Joseph Glover, senior administrator representing the Christian Brothers, the principal, K.C. Smith and the other vice principal walked in. They sat around me and started putting me through the firing line. Question after question. My mouth began to get dry as I listened closely and attempted my best answer. I had prepared a water bottle beforehand but left it in the car. Reading their body language and facial expressions, I saw that after posing the question, they watched to see how I would react. They looked at my hands and arm movements as I explained my answers.

After an hour and a half, I made it through the last question. Dave Ogden said something to the effect of, "should you be lucky enough to be considered for this position, would you be completely alright with our tradition here at STM of burning Purple and Gold?" The room erupted in laughter. . . my old high school colours were Purple and Gold. STM's is Red. At that point, I had a good idea that I made a positive impression and made sure I shook everyone's hand and looked them in the eye. I was cognizant of my posture also (something I've been working on) to show them I was a confident young man ready to take on any challenge that may lie ahead.

Six hours later, as I was sitting with my Dad explaining how the interview went, I got a call on my cell phone explaining I was hired for the position. I didn't expect to hear from them so soon, but I immediately, and humbly, accepted their offer.

Fast forward to today, I went in around 1:30 p.m. to sign my contract and chat a little more about the position. It appears I'll teach 6 out of 8 blocks, which is full-time at STM. Two prep periods will certainly help in my first year, and the salary is actually commensurate with what public school teachers get. The difference lies in the benefits package, as it's done through a private firm where I have 100% control over its administration. Being that my upbringing was in the independent system, I'm very happy to have been offered this position.

Next step is to spend time hanging out at the school to get to know the students and staff and to get things kick started so we can be up and running come September 2003.

I look forward to the start of my career. -- MA
Story VIII
Amigo Writes Home
August 16th, 2001

Dear: Brother Raul and his wife June
Brother Hector and his wife Shirley
Cousins Leonardo, Miguel, and Rafael
Uncles Hugo and Gonzalo

Hola! Como esta? Estoy aqui de vacaciones on Hillsby Island. I wish you could see the waves swish by our cabin. There are people in their boats basking in the sun. Helen, Lisa and I will be here for ten glorious days. It's so great to be on holidays. In my last letter, I had attached our birth announcement about Lisa. Time flies, eh? As you can see from the photo, Lisa is hermosa. She is 18 months old now. She walks and talks and eats a lot. Yesterday, she said, Papi! Mom and Dad teach her Spanish when they baby-sit. Glad I sponsored them to Canada. They live in our apartment building and have been a huge help to us. We will toilet train Lisa soon. Probably when she is 2 years old. Girls train faster than boys and Lisa is definitely a fast learner. She loves going to parks and playing with her bear. Helen is still maravillosa. She enjoys being an immigration lawyer for the government and hopes to be promoted. She loves her work, which keeps her happy.

After Lisa was born, Helen wanted to return to work so I stayed home with Lisa. During this time, I had a couple of part time jobs . . . at Wilson's Music store and as a free lance performer. I didn't know I would enjoy being Mr. Mom so much, but I do. Lisa and I have had many memorable days. She loves going to Grand Island, 10 minutes away. There is a Kid's Market with lots of 'kid' things. One afternoon, Lisa chased pigeons along the waterside for hours. Another time, we just sat and watched the yachts in the marina. She kept saying "boa -boa," meaning "boats, boats." I love being a Dad.
As a bassoonist, I get phoned a lot for work. In fact, I turn down many gigs. Sometimes, they persist. But I get bored with music rehearsals even performing with top orchestras. Sometimes, rehearsals happen only once for a concert the next day. Repertoire is standard and isn't intellectually challenging. A couple of military bands wanted me to join, but I won't.

I don't get anything out of performing anymore. Once I master the repertoire, it's repetitive. It's like rereading the same page. In professional orchestras, I often find conductors boring. I play my role as the professional bassoonist but end up watching the clock. However, I am in high demand and on the call list for three symphony orchestras. Right now, I take a lot of gigs because the money is good. Most concerts are at night and Helen can stay with Lisa. I also teach private bassoon students, though it is tricky having students in the apartment. Yesterday at four o'clock, during rush hour, I almost got in a car accident while rushing between private students and symphony rehearsals.

For a couple of years at Wilson's Music, I explored selling, writing, presenting, and conferences. While doing trade shows, so-called head-hunters from computer companies tried to convince me to work for them. They liked the fact I had artistic skills and was proficient in English, French, and Spanish. I was offered cell phones and overseas trips to promote their software. But I talked to others about this career and discovered that even though one earned a good salary, many divorced as a result of the travelling. I don't want that.

After a while, I decided to look for another career. I needed a challenge and wanted to earn more money. I got involved with many interesting projects. Once, I organized a festival and became part of the French Society of Musicians. I also got involved with the Coalition of Music Teachers and developed lesson plans and new curricula for multicultural music. I have a tremendous interest in
this area. Music teachers encouraged me to become an educator, and I began to seriously contemplate this possibility.

I talked a lot with Helen about teaching. It didn’t happen overnight. The lifestyle of a teacher would work for us. I could be a happy teacher instead of an unhappy husband working for some computer company. Teaching would be a challenge and provide mental stimulation as well as economic stability. Money was not the only issue in my decision though. Life is short.

Becoming a teacher meant going to university for a one-year teaching degree. I wasn’t ready to do that with Lisa so young. So, at Wilson's, I got more involved in projects, workshops, building instruments, curricula, and fundraisers. I quickly learned that, as a musician, I was too narrowly focused on one instrument. As a teacher, I would have to change people’s values, thinking, and appreciation for music, and make others truly love music. I had to broaden my horizons to understand the profession of education.

I also started to worry about the transition from performer to teacher. I really didn't know how that would happen. I wasn't ready to abandon my performing career. I could not deny that I'm a professional musician. In 1994, I auditioned to go to the RTP (Repertory Training Orchestra) in North Carolina. I won a position as first bassoonist and was lucky the university sponsored me to attend the training. There were musicians from all over the USA and a few Canadians. I learned an enormous amount and was reassured I could always get a job as a bassoonist. At this point, I wasn't sure what teaching would be like as I had no teaching experience in schools. As a professional musician, I rehearsed in orchestras where the music sounded fantastic. I figured a Grade 8 beginner band would sound like a group of squawking chickens. But teaching could open doors for me, like administration, working for the union, or becoming an academic.
I'd met Murray Schafer during my undergraduate university years (1998) in Ontario. He has been one of my biggest influences. He said professional musicians can be real snobby. They don't appreciate music education, nor do they see how it gives kids a rounded education. Music provides discipline and emotional health that other subjects can't provide to children. Murray changed my thinking about music and, more importantly, challenged me intellectually. In one class, he talked about Halloween, where it came from and the Celtic Halloween tradition. He took us to the fields of Gardenal Hills and to the middle of bridges to show us how music was linked to nature and to ourselves. He was an excellent teacher and someone I wanted to emulate.

After much thought, I applied to the one-year Teacher Education Program in March 2000 at the local university, and was accepted. Lisa was walking and talking and my parents said they would baby-sit when I was at school. I decided to get the degree and see where it would take me.

Anyhow, have to go, but will write more soon. Helen, Lisa and I are going to the beach for the rest of the day. *El tiempo es caloroso.*

August 17th, 2001, 8 p.m.

It's extra-hot and I'm sweating off pounds. Yesterday, we had an excellent day building sandcastles and swimming at the beach. Lisa is so happy here. I wish we could stay longer but Helen could only get ten days off work.

It's been a busy year but I completed my Bachelor of Education degree. It's a great feeling. I will graduate in November. At first, it was a real adjustment for me to be away from Lisa while Mom and Dad, and Helen's sister, took turns babysitting. During the first month of school, Lisa caught the flu and I was tempted to wait another year to complete my teaching degree. But Helen
didn't want me to quit. She said that after I finished my degree, I could stay home with Lisa if I wanted. But now I'm finished and glad I have the degree. I learned so much. I met other classmates and local music teachers.

Though I learned a lot from classes, I enjoyed the teaching practicum the most. I really got to use my background as a musician. I felt challenged, which was important to me, and went to music rehearsals, learning even from the kids. In fact, I found the experience less intense than working with professional musicians. Adolescents are fun, and socially interesting. I chaperoned a dance and even went on a five day band trip to Banff. I still need to learn more classroom management skills, but time will help. The best thing was that my School Advisor was also a professional musician. I saw how he integrated both identities into his life. In fact, his dedication to both professions made me rethink whether I wanted to stop performing altogether.

There has been a metamorphosis. I discovered I was pleased to share my knowledge and cultural background with the students. I co-developed a guitar unit with multicultural music – jazz, country, western, flamenco, and Latin rock. It was rewarding to see the students learn from this eclectic plan.

Teaching has definitely changed my perspective on life. When I said I was a professional musician, people asked lots of questions. They assumed I stayed up late, had long hair, told lewd jokes, drank, and did drugs. Artists, musicians, and painters are a gray area that generates curiosity. Sometimes, others seemed offended by the fact I was an artist. As a student teacher, people do not question me as much. Everybody knows what a teacher does. It is great to say I am both a music educator and a professional musician. The identities are compatible. It's nice to find a happy middle ground.

This past year, I was also challenged intellectually. Though I didn't like some of the written assignments, the discussions and activities were great. I
learned that I need to be more open-minded. If I am not, things become boring, and I am unhappy. I realized that, as a musician at rehearsals, I'd felt like I was going nowhere. I am challenged by teaching. I want to bring more knowledge to the classroom and devise better teaching strategies. For some students, certain methodologies work. For others, I need to try other techniques. I like the challenge and freedom to shape classes the way I want. It keeps me on my toes.

Now that I have completed my degree, I'm in a transition phase of my life. I am moving from being a professional musician to being professional music educator, figuring out how they fit together. It's like emerging out of a cocoon and becoming a butterfly. At this point, I think it would be ideal to work as a part-time music educator and a part-time performer. I need to develop better teaching tools. It's like buying a computer software program. When you read the back of the program, it provides all the options. It's like I'm in the running stage of the program, the application part of the software program, where I'm learning how to put theory to practice.

My philosophy toward teaching is to try to make a change in the student’s thinking. In music education, the ultimate goal is not to have the band play like the Eastman Wind Ensemble or the Tokyo Kosei Ensemble. I don't think students need to perform at a professional level. The idea is to plant the seed of the love of music in kids, and to make music fun and interesting. I just want to instill a love of music in my students.

As a professional musician, especially with classical music, I felt glued to a musical score. I had to make the music sound the way it's supposed to sound, as the goal was to imitate. I remember Toscanini, a famous conductor of the NBC Symphony. He was considered a god and students shook in their boots when he conducted. Top professional musicians feared him too. His philosophy
was outdated. Nowadays, if one uses a fear tactic, there isn't anybody who will stay in the band. Toscanini expected excellence at all costs.

In music education, kids are not paid to make music. If music is about fear, kids go through hell and I don't like that. But if you are part of a professional orchestra, for example, a principal violinist, you're paid big bucks to perform. That changes everything.

The biggest challenge is being a good music educator is classroom management. With Grade 8's, or little kids, I need to encourage, no matter what and hang in there and be positive. If I make them scared of band, they will leave. I have thought lots about this. Other professional musicians go from music companies to publishing companies and try to make a living that way. I tried to go about this transition in a rational way. Luckily, I have an extremely supportive wife. Becoming a teacher has had a positive influence on our relationship and our lifestyle. I'm thinking about my family, and what will work for us. Overall, I'm emotionally and economically happy.

I hope Lisa becomes interested in music, but I won't push her. I want her to explore, but I'll be open-minded about it. I don't need her to become a professional musician.

Guess what? I had the opportunity to travel to Cuba this past March with four other music educators. It was partially funded by the music association. It was a highlight for me, and surprisingly, to the students. When I returned, I gave a couple of presentations on Cuba and the students were really interested. They wanted to hear more about the instruments I demonstrated. They were eager to learn more. Afterwards, several asked if I would tell them more about Cuba. In a way, I felt like a performer. The principal was invited and suggested I repeat the presentation in French to the exchange students from France. Another teacher approached me in the photocopy room and said the French teacher was
very impressed with my presentation. It was a nice feeling to see I could make a difference.

As a professional musician, I felt most like an entertainer, and not someone making a change. As a classroom teacher, I impart knowledge and see a change in the students’ thinking. The education process is more rewarding than the performing process. I love being a positive role model. Once, I demonstrated staccato and legato on my bassoon to the students. The kids appreciated my demonstration. One student, Jacob, asked me to help him learn the flute. I gave him a few extra lessons and his skills improved drastically. I felt like I changed Jacob’s level of musicianship by personally connecting to his progress on the flute. One day, Jacob played some famous Chinese songs, incorporating my advice and suggestions. I felt connected to him in a cultural way that was rewarding. As a teacher, I used the tools given to me as a professional musician, instrument training and music knowledge, and applied them to the educational context. Students respond well to the high energy classes. My School Advisor and Faculty Advisor both gave me suggestions which I implemented right away. Some worked, some didn’t. But they expanded my teaching repertoire, either way.

I still get tons of calls for gigs and pick and choose the ones that work with my schedule. My personal goal right now is to market my own repertoire through a CD recording. It’s easy to make a professional digital recording from home. It is a positive way of channeling my energies. I need the balance provided by performing though, on a much smaller scale. But my priority is to become a music educator. This might take a couple of years and then I can start pursuing more professional performing goals. Performing is still secondary.

I am a musician and a music teacher. The two identities harmonize. Though I want to learn more about teaching, I do not want to forget that I’m a
professional musician. I want to integrate both. But teaching definitely is more fulfilling. I learn along with the students and that's positive.

I've arrived at a chapter in my life where I am really happy. I feel lucky to have a wonderful wife, beautiful daughter, and exciting career. Last week, I was offered a full-time Secondary Music Teaching position. To date, I have been the only member of my cohort to obtain a full-time position. It will require a lot of travelling as it's about forty-five minutes away. But it will give me teaching experience. The salary will be good, too. I look forward to September.

Helen has been supportive. My life is settled emotionally. I know many professional musicians who are not so lucky. They do not get many gigs and their girlfriends leave them. Some need to go into teaching for a steady pay cheque. I don't think this is a good motive for teaching, because emotionally you're not prepared to share yourself. If one's emotional life is unsettled, then a career change is rough. If you're a professional musician and not prepared for the unknown, you might fail as a music educator. You need the support of your family. I know I was not always ready for this change. It took me a while to work through the transition. I talked a lot with Helen's parents, who are retired teachers, and her brother in-law, who is a new teacher.

Teaching has given me a lot of new relationships. In a small trio, a quintet, or in an orchestra, the impact is different. As a professional musician, I practiced pieces for recitals, the applause, or the standing ovation. Relationships in education are more long-term. A lot has to do with being in a school. In a concert, the audience is passive and doesn't participate. They just listen and absorb the music. Then, they clap, and leave. Take the local Jazz Festival. The audience listens to the wonderful live jazz band playing and will probably remember the great time they had. Will they gain new understandings? Have
they learned anything? When you teach, you give direction. If you go to a concert, there's no direction, just an ephemeral experience.

Will write more when we return to Vancouver. Off to the beach again. Hope everybody is well. How are the immigration papers going?

Hasta la vista,

Amigo
Story X
My Inner Artist (part 2)
Today I will finish my story. A theoretically implausible notion as I do not like to bid farewell, close drawers, or tighten jar lids. From the beginning, I wondered how this dissertation would end. Now that I'm here, I feel I must celebrate my subjects, myself, and this magnum opus. Celebration mixed with interrogation. But the end is about something deeper. I must acknowledge that I have arrived at the final stage of Graduate School. Though the truly grand moment of a doctoral program is the actual graduation, I am ambivalent. I have been a professional student for ten years. What happens next? No stage is more challenging than closure. Nothing more frightening than the unknown. From the time my graduate studies began, there have been changes: new friends, family changes, a death in the family, 911, and the War in Iraq. I find myself wishing I could begin again and repeat this journey. But things would not be the same.

The writing demands an end to shed light on what motivated the work. It is a huge task to make sense of the last six years. The creation of a dissertation is a mysterious process. It has not been easy. I cannot say how many times I have been approached by others asking when I will finish. Now that I cross the finish line, I hear a collective sigh of relief from my family. Graduate School has emotionally and intellectually matured me. In the early stages, I pursued conventional academic research using various genres. Over time, I learned that narrative writing could be creative, as long as I wrote in both a scholarly and artistic manner. Ironically, through academic conventions, I discovered a fresh voice. I embrace the notion that I can approach a subject from multiple viewpoints using a variety of writing styles. Feminist thinking supports this as it not only urges women to break traditional allegiance to genre, but legitimizes interdisciplinary work (Hooks, 1999, p. 65). I am pursuing writing that is compelling, has literary merit, and will show vulnerability.
Riffs of Change: Musicians Becoming Music Educators rehearsed the turmoil of change and the context of pain. For five years, I spoke with musicians who encouraged me to reflect, sustain, and transform ideas about myself, the social world of music and music education. As our relationships deepened, my eyes, body, history, personality, judgments and sensibilities became an integral part of their stories. I have written eight short stories and an autobiographical account of my experience to invite readers into the complex ways musicians rehearse and perform as they engage in teacher education. The stories confront and challenge, chime wisdom, and steer readers to unexpected spaces. I aim to deconstruct realities and conventional ways of knowing.

Musicians are a huge part of my life. A few days ago, I received an invitation for coffee from one of them. I sang for joy and quickly accepted. I have framed and reframed, presented and represented, constructed and reconstructed much of their lives. We have shared familial anecdotes, events and characters, and challenges embodied in their timeless patterns of experience. We listened to old jazz standards and arranged new songs, even improvising a rendition of Louis Armstrong wailing his heart out in "All of Me." Artifacts were gathered from unique places. Stories were exchanged over coffee, dinner, in the shade of a tree, sauntering along the beach, the side of a balcony, offices and staff rooms, by phone or email, and during a kaleidoscope of gigs -- family events, jazz clubs, and swing dances. Upbeats and downbeats sounded powerful emotions that poured out in torrents. I hung on to the bizarre, comical, extraordinary, depressing, and delightful memories of their musical lives and the bewildering paradoxes of becoming music educators.

What are the conflicts and tensions of musicians becoming music educators? That was my burning question. For months I sat in front of my laptop writing short stories. I had treatment after treatment to relieve my neck and back
I wrote at home, jazz clubs, coffee bars, relative's houses, doctor's offices, neighborhood parks, and shopping malls. Favorite spots became regular retreats. The musings on disk I carried everywhere like my father's jade around my neck. A lady at one coffee house finally asked what I was writing. I reflected on the hours I spent learning about musicians: conversations inside and outside of class, from their friends and family, during teaching observations, from school advisors, and from observing them at professional gigs. I experienced these musicians in flesh and blood ways and constructed themes from their lives. When I wrote, I was tempted to take their stories in unpredictable directions and embrace the tensions, contradictions, communions, fluidity, multiple interpretations, frustrations, and messiness inherent in their experiences. And when things changed, I rewrote their stories. But always, I felt the weight of their 'truth' on my mind.

A dense fog hovers outside my window. Whiteness shines by my side. End my story today. The unraveling of a plot in a story; a denouement. A final revelation or solution. This could go on and on. Two months ago, I wrote an end for this, but it felt unresolved. I became distracted by practicum and hid the ending away. I traveled from school to school and observed more musicians teaching music to adolescents. At a Professional Development day, a School Advisor asked if I had finished my research. She was fascinated by my topic since she was a professional vocalist and music educator. I told her that I was having troubles ending. "I hate open-ended stories," she said. Give the readers closure.

I revisit my ending. Closure is so final. A conceptual exploration of endings might take me somewhere. I take a second glance at what the reviewer wrote about the article Peter, my supervisor, and I had published. The reviewer critiqued, "My reading of it leaves me wondering more about what the authors want to teach me as audience." I had a shower, a glass of white wine, and went
for a walk. My research must teach. Stern says in writing, “the end does not have to provide a surprise. All it has to do is land safely” (1991, p. 125).

I shift into gear and turn the last corner. I must land safely. Choose each word carefully, as they carry enormous meaning. Answers to questions. It could take six months. If I accept their stories as reality, am I being deceived?

I spoke with Peter, today. He gave me more grist for the mill. He had absorbed a week of Tom Barone's course last summer on Arts-Based Forms of Educational Inquiry. Fact, faction, fiction, Peter delineated. Fact: a factum, is a thing that actually happened or is really true. Faction: is making a kind of fiction based on incorporating recognizable historical events of real people. Fiction: from the Latin, Fingere, to form, as literary narratives, to portray imaginary events or characters; something accepted as fact for the sake of convenience, although not necessarily. From these definitions, did I write factions? Peter confused me again.

My story will not be their only story. I constructed the subjective realities of participants that inevitably used reporting and writing techniques aimed at giving nonfiction a storylike quality (Harrington, 1997, p. xix). I did not want to impose my attitude on readers. “My goal, like that of a documentary, is to be self-effacing, to let interpretations arise form within the subjects themselves” (Harrington, 1997, p. xix). As William Stott in his book Documentary Expression and Thirties America, used to describe and evoke “felt like” or the “feeling of a living experience” (Harrington, 1997, p. xix). These stories rise and fall on narrative structure, the reporting of human emotion, on evocative tone and pulling thematic threads through a story. This was rooted in descriptive realism (Harrington, 1997, p. xx). I constructed a variety of perspectives, multivoices instead of an authoritative voice. I presented contrasting points of view through the eyes and voices of characters, drawing attention to the process of writing.
creative nonfiction to explore the meaning of experience. Chatting with Peter had sent me off on yet another philosophical tangent.

I wanted understanding from my stories but there are different ways to understand. There is experiential, academic, and poetic or fictional, knowledge. I found story-writing a powerful tool, for both my subjects and myself, as I came to understand them through plot and characterization. Fowle said, "we wish to create worlds more real as, but other than the world that is" (Kilbourn, p. 179, 1998). I wanted my stories to bring wisdom about the culture of musicians and teachers. A culture's sense of itself is reflected in its literature, which helps us understand a subculture (Kilbourn, p. 179, 1998). Kilbourn (1998) says literature can bring poetic truth, which is understanding from wisdom about what it means to be human. Poetic truth concerns the real world. In that sense it's empirical. But its world is the complexity of human nature and relationships (p.188). Poetic truth gets us thinking, because it pushes us to understand our own experiences in different ways (Kilbourn, p. 189, 1998). This brings me back to the end of the article Peter and I wrote about music as truth.

(excerpt from the article)

**Session Type: Symposium**

**Self-Centered, Irreverent, Artsy-Fartsy Inquiry: Girl Talk About Narrative Research**

Peter: Do you want to go, Karen? Maybe we can do a session called "Hippie Dippy Inquiry: Girls and Boys Can Really Talk About This Narrative Stuff When They Want To Make Music And Play."

This is my addition to the truth, Karen. I want to approach narrative as improvisation, not frozen ideas. I saw the keynote at the conference this past weekend. He is a very good storyteller, but you're right. I can tell good stories too. It was a good experience hearing all the narratives this past weekend. I was completely immersed in stories, and I felt elated knowing that I
could "do it" too. I just need to feel more comfortable with my newfound voice. It is much like the shift I made from singing baritone/bass to countertenor. I knew I could do it, I had done it for so long with children in my classrooms, but I didn't know what others would think of my voice. And one morning I walked into the rehearsal room at the Valley Forge Memorial Chapel to sing the early mass and who would be there warming up? My voice teacher! I nearly died because she sang alto as well, and there I was singing her part with her. She always told me that there was something different about my voice, and that morning she discovered what it was.

Imaginative extrapolation (Eisner, 1995, p. 4) is embodied in jazz improvisation, and in the moment of meaningful music-making, it enables truth to emerge. Remember “tell me the truth, brother!” that oft-repeated encouragement at jazz concerts? Artistically-crafted research (p. 5) reveals truths regarding human nature and human understanding. As Eisner said “coherence, imagery, and particularity are the fruits of artistic thinking” (p. 5). And for some, truth is the fruit of musical thought. At the peak of imaginative extrapolation one may attain the clarity of the “enlightened eye” (Eisner, 1991). Pure consciousness can be found in being (Heidegger, 1992), the awareness of the place or moment in the improvisation, and becoming, in the awareness of where you are going in the improvisation. Once a musician, always a musician. I proclaim defiantly "I AM MUSICIAN! HEAR MY FEEDBACK AND KISS MY AMP!" And that's all I've got to say around truth.

Final Portion

**Karen:** As usual, I woke up to the sound of rain. A note struck as a car passed by. A sounding. It was time to write Peter. He is so passionate about music. He lives and breathes music. He is all musician. Though I’ve seen him wear a tie and sports jacket and speak scholarly words, I mostly envision him wearing a black baseball cap, with a guitar in his arms.

I also remember how frustrating it was for him when he tore the tendon in his right ring finger. It was such a loss for him. One time after he explained the loss, I left his office in tears. His injury brought back memories of how I suffered from tendonitis. The pain and suffering I still carry around. Now burdened by my neck and back pain, I am lessened to a life of permanent physical damage. I cannot play the piano for long periods of time without neck pain. And that’s the truth.
Peter, what has happened? You attended a conference and listened to narratives. Transformation. This is transformation. When we first met, you talked of the psychology of music and music aptitude tests. You taught the statistics portion of a required course. Now you are exploring narrative methodology. This completely excites me. We have taken a long journey together and expanded our thinking. We have created a contrapuntal composition.

Our musings have brought us to this point. Despite your conflicts about the truth and identity, you proclaim truth can exist in music. Music is coherent. Music is logical. That's all you know, for now. But this helps me. It means that we discover truth in what we believe to be the truth, as long as it is coherent. Drawing on Denzin's ideas (1995), music discourse in a jazz improvisation context may be interpreted as a dialogue. There is the ensemble, the improvisational soloist of the moment, and the audience. Most of the audience does not understand the music at hand. They merely react to it on a visceral level, exhorting the musicians for the truth in their dialogue.

For an instrumentalist, contrary to Denzin's notions on intonation (p. 11), intonation is concerned with how one's instrument is in tune with itself and in tune with other instruments. Thus, a musician who does not play in tune plays incoherently. Poor intonation in music is not "double-voicedness." It seems that "double-voicedness" is more closely related to two people simultaneously performing the same song in two different keys. Charles Ives based much of his compositional language on that strategy. Musicians need to play in tune, regardless of whether they are performing the same or different parts from one another. And they can perform in different keys or different tonalities. That is the truth. Musical expression reveals a necessity to move beyond non-musician's notions of voice to include not only hearing and listening but also audiation (Gordon, 1993). Audiation is the ability to create and recreate music when the sound is not physically present (Gouzouasis, 1992). Humans audiate when they compose music, improvise music, write music that has been previously heard, conceptually recall music, listen to music, and read music. Audiation is to music what thought is to language. Thus, if others hear me, and I perform (i.e., improvise) what I audiate, others may hear me as I internally hear myself.

(A revised excerpt from Gouzouasis & Lee (2002), Teacher Education Quarterly, 29(4), 125-141.)
I hear internally. I've been sitting here so long it feels like a dream. I try to shout but no words come out. Peter's voice echoes and turns. Truth and fiction, fact and reality. I walk such a fine line. One of my legs does not function today. I reach for the leg and feel trapped. Words clamor for release.

I read and reread my stories. There are two dominant themes. The first theme revolves around the identity changes. When musicians enter teacher education at UBC, they have obtained at least a four year undergraduate degree from a school of music. Music students are conditioned by the "intense competitive environment" (Roberts, 1993, p. 155). One musician stated that, "taking teacher education was almost like a loss . . . giving up on your musician's status. At college, there were two groups of people, the performers and the ones that could not make it as performers, the education students. Everybody knew education students couldn't cut the entrance audition. For teaching, there is no real audition."

All the subjects identified themselves predominantly as musicians. Jeff, Dixie, Maria, and Joseph, were challenged to adopt a teacher's identity. Fuller (1969) intensively studied student teachers over the student teaching semester. He outlined three phases of teacher concerns during this time: a pre-teaching phase, an early teaching phase and a late teaching phase. He found that on the one hand, teachers were concerned with self, i.e. concern with self-protection and self-adequacy: with class control, subject matter adequacy, finding a place in the power structure of the school and understanding expectations of supervisors, principal and parents (Fuller, 1969, p. 211). On the other hand, students were concerned with pupils: their learning, progress, and ways in which the teacher could implement their progress (Fuller, 1969, p. 211). Fuller found that students were mostly concerned with themselves during the first three weeks of student teaching, and shifted to more concern with pupils toward the end of their student
teaching. Jeff, Dixie, Maria, and Joseph did not progress through Fuller’s three
levels successfully (see Appendix E). By the end of their student teaching, they
were still concerned with themselves and not their pupils. I have categorized them
as “unresolved musicians.” Joseph said over and over that he hated teaching and
most days, “he couldn’t stand the school environment at all.” Most of these
musicians had music performance degrees and were part of professional musical
groups. A teaching degree was a day-job to provide financial stability for family
or their performing career. A turning point, or a financial crisis, had influenced
them to explore teacher education. Wynsome, George, Michael, and Amigo
progressed through Fuller’s levels. By the end of the practicum, these musicians
were concerned about pupils (see Appendix E). I discovered I had written about
four resolved musicians and four unresolved musicians (see Appendix F).

Jeff, George, and Amigo had been the primary caregivers for their children
while their wives maintained professional careers (see Appendix D). It seemed
that when their youngest child entered school full-time, they chose teaching to
help with financial responsibilities. Though Maria had no children, she wanted
security so she could have a child. Wynsome and Michael were single, but also
wanted families. Joseph could not have children with his wife and suffered
serious financial debt and a debilitating illness.

Each musician shared ambivalent feelings about the teaching profession.
Roberts (1993, p. 185) talked about the “failing musician” phenomenon. The
attitude is, “Well you know, I can’t get a job in performance so I might as well go
into teaching,” (Roberts, 1993, p. 190). George kept his return to university a
secret. Only extended-family members knew. He said, “If fellow musicians
knew, I might not get hired as a musician. They would think I was giving up
playing to teach.” Joseph openly states, “I never go to the staff room. Geez, I
can’t relate to those people that have mortgages and families. I feel so different
from them." Jeff could not relate to staff and colleagues either, saying, "I feel so drained by the end of the day from these stresses. I need a lot of down time when I get home."

My subjects were either classical or jazz players. Jeff, Dixie, and Amigo were classical musicians. They seem to live simply, but with dignity and structure in their lives. They were stable, balanced, self-reliant and traditional. Their kept immaculate homes, and decorated in traditional ways with collections of books and paintings. They were all married with at least two children. Joseph, Geroge, Maria, Wynsome, and Michael were jazz musicians. Michael also performed Latin and pop music. Their lives were embellished with spontaneity and spur-of-the moment people. They had difficulties focusing on the interview as phone calls, unannounced visitors, and hungry pets were distractors. Their homes were not immaculate, but steeped in artistic flair. They were poetic and dramatic in nature. These jazz musicians were true romantics, with a need for freedom and autonomy. George and Joseph were married while only George had two children.

The second dominant theme revolved around the loss and change. George, Michael, Amigo, and Wynsome accepted the changes, while Jeff, Dixie, Maria (out of duty to her father's death), and Joseph did not. Jeff and Joseph conducted music classes like professional rehearsals. Students complained about unfair expectations. Jeff antagonized many band students by what was perceived as unrealistic musical demands. His classroom environment was fraught with tension and hostility. Students wanted their regular music teachers to return.

My research is a theoretical extension of Marcia's. I wish to develop my own theory from my research. But I cannot say, in the Monty Pythonish sense, that 'this is my theory and it is my theory and that is that.' For now, I will make some general conclusions that I will explore in future research. My first conclusion suggests effective mentorship from the school advisor to be
paramount. There are many ways to be an effective mentor to a student teacher (Lee, 2002), but student teachers that are professional musicians need to have professional musicians as mentors (i.e. school advisors) during their teaching practicum.

A serendipitous conversation with a colleague brought a related article about mentoring. Gehrke (2001) says, “the mentor’s relationship with the protégé can be seen as an example of gift giving in the gift exchange economy” (p. 192). She discusses Hyde’s book, The Gift: Imagination and the Erotic Life of Property, a literary critic, poet, and essayist. He talks of the gift giving process from mentor to protégé and the importance of the giver opening doors, giving information, being a supporter, and a philosopher. George, Amigo, Michael, and Wynsome had mentors who were also professional musicians. Their mentor’s insights about being a professional musician and professional music educator helped them move from ‘moratorium’ to ‘achievement’ state (Marcia, 2002) to form a teacher’s identity. Their mentors had not relinquished their musician’s identity, but instead showed how the two roles complimented each other. George, Amigo, Wynsome, and Michael had excellent relationships with their mentors: George and Michael played musical gigs with their mentors; Amigo chaperoned a band trip; and Wynsome assisted with a garage sale and chaperoned a band trip.

Jeff, Dixie (for half of her practicum), Joseph, and Maria had school mentors that did not were not professional musicians. Joseph’s mentor was suffering general burnout from teaching and was cynical about the profession. The following year, she took a sabbatical. It was difficult for Joseph to resolve his identity issues. Jeff’s mentor was an arranger of instrumental music and had difficulties giving Jeff constructive criticism since Jeff was older than he. Maria’s mentor was neglectful and disinterested. Some days, he did not even show up for her classes. Jeff, Joseph, Dixie, and Maria did not respect their mentors. They
felt that they were more effective music teachers than their mentors but felt it was not their role to criticize their mentor’s teaching strategies and curriculum. Dixie and Maria disagreed with many of their mentor’s rehearsal techniques and Jeff complained bitterly about his mentor’s lack of organization. Music scores were on desks and floors which Jeff said had been there the previous year. If Jeff, Joseph, Dixie and Maria had professional musicians as mentors, I suspect they might have eased their transition into teaching and, perhaps, helped them overcome identity issues.

My second conclusion suggests that musicians who have their conflicts “dramatized” in a story are more likely to analyze, conceptualize, and resolve their identity crisis. A resolved musician is one whose story ends with them being in achievement state. Wynsome, George, Michael, and Amigo (see Appendix F) took an active part in contributing to their stories. Stories seem to encourage a catharsis that helped them identify their crisis. These musicians shared their deepest desires. They phoned, emailed, and caught me in hallways with tidbits of knowledge. They were more concerned about how their character was portrayed than with plotlines. I believe they wanted their characters to be immortalized and romanticized as heroes. It was like they had won an audition as a lead character in their own epic journey. "Starring" in a story was glamorous. Being the main protagonist resolved their identity issues as musicians. Stanton (1987) discusses how creating heroes in stories, out of reluctant readers and listeners, controlled their need to act out in the classroom. She found students so intrigued with seeing themselves as heroes in a story that they forgot to give her a hard time. “I have tried the same strategy several times and it has never failed to captivate a child’s interest” (p. 56).

To find a leading character, first catch a performer. A performer whose personality is alive and vibrant, is ready for drama. It is easy to find a performer

233
on stage: watch and listen for conflict, that is when the character is larger than life. Keep your eyes on them. They are heroes when there is resolution. The performer hopes, thinks, cries, causes or feels pain, and saves the day. Seizes the audience by emotions.

Jeff, George, Joseph, Michael, Wynsome fuelled their stories. But Joseph wanted his character to reject the teacher identity. This was how he resolved his identity issues. Once, he handed me a book by Ben Sidran, *Talking Jazz: An Oral History*, about jazz musicians and said, "Here is some jazz lingo for my story." He thrived on being typecast as the "jazz musician who worked in bars" and the "starving artist who sacrificed for his art." He was deeply concerned about being lured into the "straight-and-narrow profession of teaching." Joseph enjoyed the glamour of being a jazz musician and was a true romantic. Though he was actively involved with his story, he did not enter achievement state.

Michael, in particular, initiated participation in my research even though I did not need more volunteers. He asked to read my stories and emailed suggestions about his own story. During the first interview, he seemed to be in the MAMA cycle but after having a collaborative role in the writing of his story, he seemed to really enjoy being a teacher. Michael wished me to write about his cruise ship experiences as they were the highlight of his musical career.

Wynsome really wanted her character to be adored by the students. She was honored to be in my research. Currently, she emails regularly asking how my research is going. George cleverly divulged information about himself, always with a hint that, "this is something you need to know." Once, he phoned to say he was making apple pie!

An unresolved musician is one whose story ended with them not in achievement state. I experienced challenges when writing the stories of Joseph, Jeff, Maria, and Dixie (see Appendix F). Joseph did not want his story to end
with him becoming a music educator. Dixie and Maria expressed a deep interest
in their stories with constant reminders that I must keep their identities masked.
But Jeff did not express an interest in his story at all. Currently, Jeff and Joseph
are teachers-on-call and bemoaning the challenges.

* * * *

Storywriting is the highlight of my research career. I wish to explore it
further as it has become for me a form of epistemology. Writing is a way of
write to know and know to write. In the past, writing happened after I formed my
thoughts. But static writing merely reflects mechanistic scientism and quantitative
research (Richardson, 1993, p. 517). When I write, I flow with words, uncertain
about the direction. The curves of feeling move up and down, in and out, reverse
and traverse.

Their stories create a new story for me. Pangs of awakening surge within
me as musician, music educator, and writer. I construct a new layer of identity
with the psychological integration. I move back and forth between wanting to be
both a teacher and an artist. Ebb and flow. My subjects and I share similar
feelings at the intersection of change.

I wonder
how to hear
in the marrow of their bones
through the clasp of their fists
between the gaps in their bodies
the rhythm of their stories
heals the depths of my wounds
a thousand times
I wonder

It is cold for May. My bones shake in the chilly air. Pevensy Castle. The
Phantom. Two tunes to perform. You ask me to play because a student is away.
First I hesitate but within a second, I ask for the music. No time to study. I will just play. The part is a piece of cake. Last time I played the piano, I was all musician. I return there again and again and think, what I lost, I hope to regain. Wish I had not been rear-ended in that car accident. Added injuries. Music requires such physical strength and endurance I must rebuild.

My piano teacher would say, “Just sing the first phrase.” Sing. He sang along, but sang much better. Gently along the keys, his fingers travelled, demonstrating sudden moves and subtle gestures. Each lesson began with four fast octave scales. Sometimes major, sometimes minor, depending on his mood. I obeyed him. No matter what wrong notes I played, I was reminded that we were, when it really came to it, truly one. We became the music of scales soaring with freedom.

I feel freedom in the air. Your senior band is highlighted at the district elementary band festival tonight. An audience of parents, teachers, siblings and relatives watch the young musicians prepare. Two student teachers from last year arrive, smile, and hug me with poise and professionalism. They have grown into excellent music teachers, both participating in this auspicious event. I hear the rippling squawks of the reeds, buzzes from the brass, and pounding rhythms from percussionists. Conductors strut with self-assurance. A female conductor dons a flamboyant floral dress while another has her haute coiffure in a bun, the ribbon matching her dark blazer. Performance is in the air. There is posturing in the room as conductors position their stands with baton in hand. A spotlight illuminates them.
Fumbling, some students struggle to assemble their instruments. A saxophone player catches his shirt under one of his keys. A young girl pulls her hair into a ponytail, while a freckled face boy drops his music folder on the floor. He bends to pick up his clarinet case and his glasses fall off his face. Voices echo in the gymnasium like the sound of cars speeding through a tunnel. I sit at the keyboard while beats of footsteps continue to descend. Uniforms delineate the schools. One school has no uniform. Students are a smorgasbord of different-colored shirts.

I position myself on the bench and slowly inhale. The moldy smell of paint distracts me from the music. The eleventh hour. I am reborn. I am musician. You remind the group about repeats and say I will be cued in. The mass of tunes seem easy. Pevensy Castle and The Phantom. I have heard these tunes rehearsed. It is something I can do.

My eyes focus. I taste the pork chop from dinner as my fingers sit on the keys. A chill up my neck reminds me I am alive. The wound closes deep inside. My arms do not hurt and my muscles are fine. If there is pain, I will remain. My fingers shake under the keyboard. Musician rituals. Primp and preen ten fingers. They are ready. Wait for the downbeat.

Black and white sounds
awaken my energy
reclaim breaths from my chest
a stilted body from darkness
a flicker of depth
from unknown places
disappear angst
that flow from my fingers
touch the forbidden keys
I reemerge
humbled and more alive
I return from memories of Marcia’s ideas (see Appendix B). Reformulate my identity. Moratorium-achievement-moratorium. To play the piano is a disequilibrating event. Transition in the face of loss and change. I am a musician, a music educator, a researcher, and a writer. All these form my identity.

I return from memories of musicians in my research. Reformulate their identities. Moratorium-achievement-moratorium. To enter teacher education is a disequilibrating event. Transition in the face of loss and change. They are musicians becoming music educators. All construct a new layer to their identity.

My first story, *Joseph Santini: Divided I Stand*, is about Joseph. He wishes to become stable and respectable after living a ‘fast’ life as a jazz musician. At forty-seven years old, he is conflicted between the glamour and the seediness of being a musician and the stability of being a teacher. A change in his identity would alter his social status. He pursues teacher education for financial stability but is ambivalent about teacher-student relationships. His identity crisis could be exacerbated if he accepts a full-time position as a music teacher. Joseph prevents disequilibration by clinging to his musician’s identity. Currently, he pursues the notion of graduate work as a performance music major. Joseph remains in the moratorium state.

My second story, *Trying to be Heard* is about Jeff, a classical clarinetist challenged by teaching. He is distressed by the students’ musical abilities, by classroom management, and by the parents and administration. He does not seem to want a teacher’s identity as a part of his existing identity. Teachers, students, and administrators make him doubt that positive relationships are possible. But he is motivated to write the school board expressing his dissatisfaction about their policies and practices. At forty-nine years old, Jeff has difficulties forming a teacher’s identity. Jeff remains in the moratorium state.
Maria's Medley is a poetic transcription of a jazz singer who becomes a teacher to immortalize her father. Her parents, both teachers, instilled this value in her childhood. Though she struggles with how men treat her, she eventually marries a guitar player who helps her to resolve these issues. Maria blindly accepts that she must meet her father's request that she become a teacher. She commits to a teacher's identity, but not through her own crisis but through duty and commitment to her father. Maria's identity is 'foreclosed' until she is ready to search for her true identity.

Transformation/Realization: With All My Heart, I Wanted to Stay as Carmen, is about Wynsome Zee, who chooses a teaching career as a fallback after an unsuccessful career as an opera singer. She begins in moratorium but quickly enters the MAMA cycle (moratorium-achievement-moratorium-achievement) to resolve her crisis. Wynsome demonstrates the need to keep searching for an identity as she realizes that being an opera singer would not work out for her. Her MAMA cycle is eventually broken by an epiphany as the students give her rave teaching reviews. This feedback moves into the identity achievement state as she regains her self-confidence. As she develops a passion for teaching, she is fulfilled.

George, a trumpeter, is highlighted in Music and Apple Pie. During teacher education, he experiences the MAMA cycle too. The cycle between moratorium and achievement causes George to faint, which is a catharsis for him. As he moves back and forth between moratorium and achievement, he begins to remain in the achievement state during his practicum. This is mainly the result of having a mentor that was also a professional musician. He has high self-esteem and a high level of responsibility toward his family, career, and school. In the midst of his identity crisis, he juggles all his roles (i.e, husband, father, musician, student), unwilling to let go of any of them in order to explore a teacher's identity.
Now, he juggles part-time work as a musician, part-time work as a teacher-on-call in four school districts, and full-time responsibility as a father and husband. I presented George with a scholarship at awards night. This scholarship, based on the recommendation of the department, was awarded to a full-time student in the music education program who demonstrated talent and achievement in instrumental music education. By the end of awards night, he smiled with an inward glow. We had taken an adventure together that I will always remember.

*Fallen Diva* explores trauma. Dixie enters the moratorium state after being in the foreclosure state for years. She has searched for an identity her entire life, but met challenges that hindered her growth. The trauma of rape stunted her psychological development. She accepts the religious values instilled in her childhood, and she believed that God punished her for her adolescent exploration. Teacher education encourages her to expand her identity. She is torn by her ideological issues surrounding duty, teaching, performance, feminism, and personal identity. She says when her kids are grown, she will likely leave her husband. I believe Dixie has not progressed through the lifecycle of Erikson's (1963) eight stages and suffers identity and role confusion. She is isolated and wants more intimate relationships. But Dixie commits to exploring a teacher's identity. Dixie experiences the MAMA cycle but remains in the moratorium state because she does not truly find teaching rewarding. At forty-four years old, she discovers that she needs to continue her search for an identity as she longs to return to performing.

*Michael Alvarez: Unlikely Character*, chronicles a bass player whose cruise ship adventures has steered his current career direction into teaching. He is an intellectual, a writer, and self-reflective about his life. Michael begins in the moratorium state but quickly moves into the identity achievement state due to his well-defined personal values. He has high moral and ethical values and is
controlled by a strong sense of responsibility. At the end of his story, Michael is in the achievement state.

*Amigo Writes Home*, is about a bassoonist who is open and happy with expanding his identity. Amigo learns that becoming a music teacher requires support and readiness. He enters teacher education believing he will commit to a teacher identity by not performing anymore a musician. At first, he decides not to perform as a musician anymore and commits to being a teacher. However, after he meets his mentor, a professional musician who balances both careers, Amigo changes his mind about abandoning his performing career. An idealist, Amigo has well-defined personal values, and in the end, chooses to maintain careers both as a musician and music educator. He has high self-esteem and a high level of responsibility toward family and career.

* * * *

Coincidentally, last summer I bumped into another significant person in my teaching career. At a Summer Centre of the Arts Concert, I saw his name in the program. Guitar Recital: Hans Fenger. His guitar group would perform in the west hallway. I was eager to see if he would remember me. While walking around, I saw him playing chess in the rotunda. At first, his facial features resembled the mentor I recalled, but he looked older and had shorter hair. I was not sure if it was him. But a guitar case by his side confirmed my suspicions. I approached him.

"Are you Mr. Fenger?"

"Yes," he said, moving his knight.

"Do you remember me?"

"No," he said with a puzzled look.

"I was your student teacher in 1984 - Karen Lee."
"Great to see you." He shook my hand. "What are you doing these days?"

"I teach at UBC in the Music Ed department and am writing my doctoral dissertation."

"Wow. That's fantastic. You know, I'm going to retire next year and want to teach at the university level and maybe do my Masters. I have an interview with SFU next month."

"That's great. I saw you on the front page of the Sun last year. Congratulations! Your CD's done well."

"Yes, it's going well. It was a fluke."

"You must tell me about it sometime."

"I'd like to talk to you about teaching at the university level. You have a pencil? Here's my number. Let's talk."

Twenty-eight years had passed. He seemed smaller and thinner, dressed in khaki pants and a black shirt. His blonde hair was neatly combed. Our meeting was like a violin solo, tender and deep. As he bent forward to say goodbye, he smiled. My insides churned, changed, and chimed. There was a sense of completion. My teaching career had come full circle.

Hans became a famous music teacher, though he was once a 'rock 'n roller.' He had made a 1976-77 recording, *Innocence and Despair*, of a 60-voice chorus of Langley Elementary students singing 'from-the-heart' renditions of the Beach Boys, Paul McCartney, David Bowie, The Beatles, Paul McCartney & Wings, Neil Diamond, Fleetwood Mac, Michael Murphy, and the Carpenters. The set took an unexpected turn toward success last year. The recordings, on a two-track tape, staged in a school gymnasium, had not been originally for sale. The
songs recorded were intended to capture the children's voices. Matt Hanks (U.S. Press, 2001) states, "innocent, flawed, and bittersweet, guided by Fenger's unsuspecting genius, these recordings brim with charm and adolescent elan, sparked by flashes of lo-fi spectorian majesty. Call it folk art, outsider, or campfire rock -- the labels don't matter. These are gorgeous heavenly artifacts."

To date, Hans has sold 100,000 copies of the CD.

Our meeting had brought back warm-hearted memories of my practicum. He was sweet and gentle with the students, always mindful that they sang in class. He had a flower child look, with his guitar, sandals, and jean jacket. There was an easy-going way about his teaching style that humbled me. When I asked him about lesson plans, he merely laughed and said to follow his cues. It was incredibly odd to find nothing in his desk drawers except a yoyo.

He taught me a tune by Fats Domino which I still have in my head:

I'm walkin', yes indeed and I'm talkin' bout you and me  
I'm hopin' that you'll come back to me  
I'm lonely as I can be, I'm waiting for your company  
I'm hopin' that you'll come back to me

Whatcha gonna do when the well runs dry  
you gonna run away and hide  
I'm gonna be right by your side  
for you, pretty baby, I'd even die.

Over the years, I taught this tune to many students: on the guitar, recorder, ukulele, with choirs, just one verse, both verses, arranged and transposed in many keys. Kids never tired of the song, nor did I. It was like a tribute to Mr. Fenger, the mentor who turned me on to teaching music as I realized that becoming a professional pianist might not happen with my injured wrists.
Musicians are, first and foremost, musicians and need effective mentors in order to be effective music teachers in classrooms. Some musicians are threatened by the teacher role, as the motto of music schools is usually, “make musicians first, teachers second” (Roberts 1993). Anti-education attitudes dominate music schools (Roberts, 1993, p. 190). Students take the education degree as a back-up or 'security net' in order to provide employment when all else fails (Roberts, 1993, p. 190). I remember a conversation I had a few years ago.

“I do not like this building,” said Andy running up the stairs.

“How come,” I said.

“At least in the music building, you know where you stand.”

“What do you mean?”

“You know, performance majors are on the main floor while generalists are on the top. It’s like the hierarchy in a hospital.”

There is so much more to say. I interviewed twenty subjects (ten males and ten females) and wrote short stories about eight of them. I wrote about these eight subjects for various reasons. The other twelve subjects left my research for various reasons: both violinists and French horn player had no time for further interviews; the guitarist and a singer accepted teaching positions in the suburbs and out-of-town; both saxophone players and the pianist were too busy; and the trombone player failed to show up for interviews. After repeated attempts to contact them, I gave up and interviewed others. The twelve subjects I lost due to attrition have all accepted full or part-time teaching positions or are teachers-on-call.

I discovered similarities among the eight subjects I wrote about. Firstly, all of them had deeply-rooted conflicts that surrounded their musicianship and
teaching. Here is a list of the musicians and their conflicts: Joseph (responsibility), Jeff (validation), Maria (obligation), Dixie (sacrifice), Wynsome (rejection), George (security), Michael (ambition), and Amigo (passion). They actively engaged in dialogue with me on a regular basis. Many initiated contact to voice the issues surrounding their identity crisis. It helped immensely that I supervised these subjects during practicum (except Dixie). We developed intimate relationships to help navigate the empirical, aesthetic, and ethical dimensions of storytelling. A phenomenological lens captured their complex lives. While two vocalists were under thirty years of age, the average age of my subjects was 37 years old. The majority of subjects were mature and had established lifelong professions as musicians before entering the teacher education program. Three of the four males had a Masters degree in music performance. Six out of the eight subjects were married, while four had at least two children. All had entered teacher education for financial reasons, even though they worked as professional musicians (see Appendix C).

The musicians I wrote stories about had similarities and differences in backgrounds (see Appendix D). They struggled with identity issues (Jeff, Joseph, Dixie, and Maria) and had similar struggles when progressing through Fuller’s (1969) developmental levels for teachers. The unresolved musicians did not successfully progress through Fuller’s three levels and could not focus their teaching on student learning (see Appendix E).

The eight stories were fascinating to write. It was difficult to know when to end their stories so I stopped writing when it fit with the storyline. The stories changed their lives and mine and will hopefully impact future research in this area.
My dissertation is arts-based research as it seeks to demonstrate the making of stories, pedagogy, and narrative inquiry. I invite readers into the musicians' complex rehearsals and performances as they engaged in teacher education. Their stories confront and challenge, chime wisdom, and steer readers into critical places of thought and unexpected changes to their identity.

I found story and autobiographical writing rich research methodological tools as the collaborative storywriting process could help some musicians resolve their identity conflicts. In the end, story authorship also helped me to understand my questions and musings about musicians, music educators, musicians as educators, and musicians becoming music educators. Helping musicians resolve their identity issues is paramount since the field of music education can greatly benefit from having professional musicians as music educators.

* * * *

_change_

Heavy rain at my window
The leaves blow eastward
My hands tremble
The temples of my head pulsate
A flood of memories
There are tears
I turn my head
Arch by back
An eagle lifts me
To another cloud

Last Friday, I struggled to write, but my neck was twisted by surrounding muscles. My lower lip quivered and my right hand trembled. There was numbness. It was like my arm had separated from my body. For a brief moment, I wondered if I had suffered clinical death. I had to bear the brunt of my decision
to write for twelve hours a day for the last four days. A huge price for a few hundred words. A cascade of thoughts flowed outward. It was as though I had erupted with lava. It wore me down. I needed to let my body rest. I lay on my heating pad and checked the time. I must continue to write. I am in a groove. More beginnings about the end. I gripped the heating pad but was not in charge. I felt nauseous. An uncomfortable void in my stomach. I dragged myself to the kitchen and boiled water for instant noodles. Noodles have a way of calming me down. An Asian addiction I have had for years. Sometimes, I add an egg for flavor. When the water boiled, I ate immediately. Systematically, and rather absently, I finished my noodles. But my stomach rose, and instantly, vomiting spewed onto the table and floor. Undigested pieces of noodles singed by stomach acid oozed onto the floor. I could not breathe. Quickly, I ran to the bathroom and threw up more, some in the sink and the rest in the toilet. A yellowish liquid floated in the bowl.

It was not the noodles that made me sick. During the extraordinary events of the past four days, my body had reached a point of complete saturation. New morsels were poison. I clutched the sink and closed my eyes. This was beyond my control. Laying back down, I thought of the remains in the sink. They looked disgusting but I could not clean. I was too exhausted.

When I visited my massage therapist two hours later, she asked, “Are you okay?” I shook my head. She says that when we hurt, we long for spiritual awareness. As she imparted wisdom, I tuned out as I saw an image from my childhood. I prayed for a sense of repair. Tight knots surrounded. My head began to pound. All I wanted to do was feel alive and to float with an artist’s release. I
told her, “Fix me in a hurry. Do your magic, please.” Still so much to write. I could not allow myself the luxury of being paralyzed by emotions and physical agony. My eyes shut as I imagined the ocean. There was the sun, sky, and water. It was the truth and I was set free.

I have no choice but to write during the day. Alone, I plod onward. Inspiration from isolation. This is taking a long time. It is tricky business to write. Much of this dissertation I write in solitary confinement. I have no contact with the outside world. My mate returns from work and mentions current events. A lump in my throat, I shake in terror. I hear nothing. No way to know what I miss. I overlook the world alone with a table, chairs and books. I stay in one place. An excuse to escape. My hideaway. The world comes and goes. No one to disturb me. I get cranky but desperation triggers get me going. Pre-writing rituals commence. To crank energy, I clean the kitchen, bathroom, and bedroom. A load of laundry arouses my muse. Fresh with fervor. If in doubt, I stroll the dyke and drift with the clouds. Peace through perspective. The forces I take to free myself. I buy more books, my supply of words. I will not say how many books I have collected. Then I run. There is so much scenery to ingest. Miles and miles. I have no choice but to write during the day.

At night, I work the writer’s graveyard shift. I see sunsets and dawns. Around 3 a.m., I wake up to write. My mind buzzes with thoughts. Before I sleep, I position my laptop on the table. It is in a wide, carpeted, simply furnished room. My imagination awakens in the dark. A room that is uncluttered makes me hibernate, then hallucinate. Moonlight. On the end table sits my wine glass. I leave one there every night. Once, I was stuck in a sentence and wandered the room seeking distraction. I thought the glass moved and jumped back to my laptop. Passages came easily and dug near the bones. The next night, the glass did not move but I heard a plane fly above. I grabbed the glass and filled it with
water. Write to flow and flow to write. Empty the words. My writer’s cell. A sequel to tell when moonlight hovers well. At night, I work the graveyard shift.

*Aubade: Farewell At Dawn*

*Daylight arrives*
*I bid farewell*
*tiptoe away*
*abandon my world*
*Daylight arrives*

The urge to write devours. A slight movement from inside brings a feeling of fullness. I return to the keyboard. The second time tonight. I cannot sleep. My eyes roam as the ghost of light reappears. A phantom beside the monitor, I gaze at the flame that dances at my fingers. Tresses of hair fall upon the keys. I return to bed and stare at the hazy streetlights. My breath rises in a wisp near the edge of darkness. My words become a sea of mud with floating logs. I have writer’s block.

*I listen in the dark*
*immersed in an endless sea of joy*
*I wander to my words*
*an unknown visitor to the keys*
*I shiver at my trembling shadow*
*shaken by the heat of harmony*

At Dim Sum, one selects what hors d’oeuvres one wants to devour from Asian ladies pushing carts of food. There are pork and shrimp dumplings, noodles, rice dishes, and the exotic array of cow’s tongue, eggplant, red bean pastries, barbecue pork, curried squid, and chicken’s feet. I enter the world of magic and myth. Chimeric characters create scenes in my head. There are stories
in the snake soup. An album of snapshots. As I savor squid, compelling characters whisper to me.

I switch hats all the time. The unsettling effects of going back and forth, searching for the right hat to wear, has always been a challenge. I visit the hat store. Robert, the owner, says that people wore hats in the Middle Ages because the drafty castles had no heat. The peaceful, powerful sense of a hat on my head unfolds who I want to be. A time for critical reflection. Who I am, who I can be, or who I need to be. How I understand the chaotic world. Each hat grants space to feel hurt, hate, love, faith, hope, and pain. I struggle. Heal. Express. There are dress hats - brettons, sailor styles, velour, and lampshades for absolute formal wear. An array of casual hats - cloche, cashmere, basque beret, narrow-medium-wide brimmed, and soft crushable hats. If you want to be funky, try a gator hat, the cat and the hat, or a crocheted strawberry, bumblebee, or ladybug hat. Yesterday, brash and sassy. Today, quiet and mysterious. Tomorrow, bold and alluring. I play with the many hats of my life.

My writer's hat is a safe place, a form of epistemology. I write academically, polemically, and playfully to find knowledge. I see myself as a literary scholar and a creative writer. I have written secret diaries, but with the understanding they are personal confessions I cannot share. I let myself be swept by the flood of language, drowning by cold waves pushing me into the abyss. The process of writing is symbolically a gesture of longing to recover a part of me which is compelled to give voice. Writing is framed conceptually in the same manner as crockery cooking. I think of my crock pot, with its wonderful odor of food, and precious mixture of vegetables I embellish with spice after spice, mixing
and tasting. I am hypnotized. Wild mind. There are several women writers to whom I pay homage: Nancy Lee, Evelyn Lau, and Madeleine Thien. I know I have always wanted, with extraordinary fervor, to create a writing world for myself.

I develop neurotic behaviors. Solipsism prevails as I desperately wrestle the world. What seems like a phobia provides a palisade from which to pontificate. The last few years have been like this. When I drive to work, I feel strange. Traffic lights and people uptight. My students ask why my eyes are glossy and red. I tell them it's my big day out of the house and away from intense writing. When the addiction becomes all-consuming, I feel a sense of fury that involves remorse and paranoia. At times I sense manic bursts of creativity and the results are dazzling. Intoxicated to create. I felt great when manic, but worthless when depressed. It was questionable whether my writing was riveting without the warped interpretations of the mood swings. It was not unusual for me to disappear for hours and to write at a fevered pitch.

Friends seemed strange. They could not see I was completing a horse race. Some days, writing was hell. On other days, I felt so good afterwards that I was both sad and happy when the writing frenzy ended. I had touched fire and fire had touched me. There is an inherent disbelief from others that writing is work and should be indulged in only after business hours. If one does not make money from writing, why bother? I announced to my mother that Peter and I had our article accepted for publication. Her response was, "Will you get paid more?" Nothing is more vexing for a writer than for others to say, "I have not seen your books in
stores.” I will never believe writers are motivated by money. When I give someone my manuscript, it is like giving my heart away.

I am joined at the hip to my laptop. I lug it to strange events. I must not risk stopping. There is a band rehearsal. The music gets my blood going and it feels really good. Surprisingly, in walks Joseph. Followed by a school advisor. What an odd combination but I am alive. Why would anyone write instead of listening to music? Because writing takes me to the same place that musicians go.

My deepest instinct urge me to act. I place my right hand on the lid. A voice whispers my name. I hesitate but lift the lid and inhale. I am uneasy. I am lured into the screen. There is a shiver. My left hand slides onto my right, the grip like a kiss. My body takes pleasure of palm against palm. A voice bellows to type, but my fingers are paralyzed. The chair seems to sway. I want all sensibilities to reach the sounds. A fire burns by my side. I am heightened. I gasp. My head bends and my forehead nears the keyboard. Innocent movement of hands, up and down. Count Basie echoes in the room. The keys lift and fall, one by one, as I recall my thoughts. The chair draws me closer. There is a churn of water. I push towards the waves. The keys envelop me while I scream inside. The lap of my tongue presses in my mouth. My wrists tremble and my fingers stop. I inhale deeply. Pulsating spasms shiver through my arms. Rhythms twitch in my neck. I drown in a rush of sensation. I haul myself off the chair. Closing the lid of the keyboard, I smile. A brief moment of pleasure.

In Prince George, I walk on the edge. The room is quaint with a couch, chairs, tables, and a washroom. It is clean and comfortable. I close the curtains and plug my in my laptop. It shakes like the waves outside the window. I have a
need to fulfill. My skin bursts. It has been a week. The ripeness and waiting take over. Back and forth I slide my fingers over the keys. I have seen you unused, bent while perched on the table in the shadow of a lamp. I wipe the dust and caress my fingers over the alphabet. I moan as my thumbs covet the arc of the keys. The blue and white background screen is mixed together like the familiar savor of ice cream and rum. Hairs stand on edge, as though an animal has clawed me. A simple need, easy and pure. Even with some action, I wanted more. Quickly, I succumb. The keys are cold. I circle the palm of my hands over the keys. Desire builds and our forces collide. A blaze of energy and lost in touch. My fingers whisper as they float across the water. A large current pushes me over. Sweat drips. I touch, you respond. I move, you jitter. I wish I had a candle. Wax on my skin would melt with the moment. Madly driven to write. I want the taste of you, the pleasure of owning every word that gushes out. A tug of war and a buzz says this is a dangerous. I steer my fingers and watch them shudder. I am silenced. Over and over, the tension builds. Up and down, the mountains sway. I know your ridges, valleys, and fortress. A thunder and lightning of thoughts bring a storm. Wild winds deafen my ears. Hot and warm, I frantically type. To get there, to be there. I straighten my back and climb steadily lifting my fingers in the dark. Just when I think I am at the edge, there is more to climb. I find a sore spot. My imagination and intellect bleed. Bloodstains. Lines of words whirl past the wound. A wild path emerges as I probe. Symbols speed across the monitor. A sense of rhythm, pulse after pulse. And then it happens. I hold my breath and soar. Higher and higher. Full speed ahead.

***

253
A rapid, rumbling ruse. The world again. It ripples through my ears as the
whistling wind blows garbage cans down the road. I wish to scream loud. Plants
need watering, a thick film of dust lines the window sills, and there are overdue
bills to pay. Right away. Collected phone messages I must take care of. Soon,
friends will cash in my rainchecks for coffee and lunch. No recollection when I
saw them last. Mailboxes of unopened emails I have compacted. Six years of
artifacts. Traces of humanity draw me into another metaphysical realm.

Hard to come back. Being on an adventure is like being ontologically
divided. Maybe I won’t come back, cling to the mountain way up yonder. In the
corner of my eyes, there is an image, growing larger, trying to assert itself. By the
end of the week, the ocean will wash over me, and the world will be cleansed into
a familiar Sunday night.

It has taken six years to understand what a dissertation can do. Others
have seen me grow and change. For some, it has been overwhelming. There is
fear on their faces watching my life unroll with intense periods of both joy and
anguish. I devoted such a huge part of my life to writing that nothing could
remain the same. Broken images and shattered dreams. If there was a way to
ensure that a doctoral dissertation would keep the world the same, then research
would not progress. I had to convince myself that my obsessive compulsive
disorder of a dissertation made a difference. A tremendous amount of satisfaction
came from being a writer. Truth is, I am saddened by the end of this adventure. I
am not ready to end, basking in this exotic resort.

The unspoken postulate of a doctoral program is that one will change both
eemotionally and intellectually. Life will be sliced differently after such a magnum
opus. It challenges and delights, but also brings agony and pain. In this chaotic society, writing gives me the pleasure of birds who build a nest and gloat. After floating for years, I embrace wounds and resolutions.

Being a creative writer is like being a musician, a noble art. Writing takes you to a secret place of honor. The more I reflect, the more I realize how tempestuous my life will be as a writer. But I want it this way. Dealing with musicians and teaching music opens a door from my past that brings me back to being an artist. Each time I enter a classroom, I feel closer to the part of me that I have regained. I am an artist, cleaning, running, having fun, feeling good, eating noodles, dim sum, and blueberry pie with ice cream. I pass small words and keep treading. One word after another. Keystroke after keystroke. I find and lose myself again and again. Daytime, night time, sheets of torrents to unknown places. Moments of writing convinced me that there is nothing more rich and enlivening in the world. I stimulate, nourish, and am drained all at once. Deep in my heart, I know that if I create, freedom will stay. I am devoted and dedicated to my craft. There is solace and wisdom, truth and pride. That is why I stay alive.

There is much more to say, but I will not continue for now. I am sad that I have come to the end. All is settled and done. Add the final touches and call it a night. I recall the first time I constructed knowledge. There was a chorus of singers. I wondered what it meant. Rumors flew that this new knowledge could serve as an important philosophical and epistemological framework. My theories prove I can make a contribution to the academy. I am a scholar. A research purpose, literature review, methodological and philosophical underpinnings. A great deal of responsibility to disseminate what I had found. At first, it was
overwhelming. Publish or perish. Writing a dissertation seemed unattainable, but now that I have completed it, I would do it again. To be lost and ponder words each day is pure heaven. Each time I write, I begin all over again. I have rehearsed for the performance. Hooks for phrases and lines with mazes. The End. Finis, be done with it, I say. I predict it will not last long. The longing to write and the process of creating is a symbolic gesture of both reunion and release. I return to the start. Reject and protect. That is what writing does to me. I will now end where I began six years ago. Today I will tell a story. It has a beginning, and a middle, and an end.
Bibliography


270


Smith, P. (1999). Food Truck's Party Hat. *Qualitative Inquiry, 5*(2), 244-261.


273


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Conceptual</th>
<th>Focus Questions</th>
<th>Methodological</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Philosophies:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Value Claims:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* Organicism</td>
<td></td>
<td>1. Inform research about musicians' experiences in teacher education programs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* Constructivism</td>
<td>1. What are the inherent conflicts/tensions for musicians becoming music educators?</td>
<td>2. Help prepare/sustain musicians in classroom contexts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Theories:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Knowledge Claims</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* Musician Identity (Tucker, 1996, Roberts, 1993)</td>
<td></td>
<td>1. Musicians have knowledge/skills to be excellent music educators</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* Teacher Identity (Britzman, 1991; Sumara &amp; Luce-Kapler, 1996)</td>
<td>2. How can teacher education programs help reframe possible tensions?</td>
<td>2. Reframing identity conflicts may influence teaching practices</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* Gap between music teacher's beliefs &amp; classroom practice (Bresler, 1992b)</td>
<td></td>
<td>3. Sustain music educators in the field of education</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Principles</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Events (participants):</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* performer to educator</td>
<td></td>
<td>1. TIME focus group - musicians training to be music educators</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* self to others</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Results</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* instrumentalist to conductor</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Autobiographical writing</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* society to school standards</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Short Stories</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* individual to group instruction</td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>Poetry</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* competitive to cooperative</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>** Constructs**</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* identity (musician/educator)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* performance</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* writing as a form of inquiry</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* teacher education programs</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## Appendix B. Marcia's Four Types of Identity Status

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Types</th>
<th>Crisis</th>
<th>Relationship</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Identity Diffusion</td>
<td>• Uncertainty about life choices&lt;br&gt;• May have struggled to find identity&lt;br&gt;• Low self-esteem&lt;br&gt;• Difficulty taking responsibilities</td>
<td>• Generally poor with parents/teachers&lt;br&gt;• Detached from others</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Foreclosure</td>
<td>• No crisis&lt;br&gt;• Blind acceptance of identity/values given in childhood&lt;br&gt;• Low self-esteem&lt;br&gt;• Low self-directedness&lt;br&gt;• Commits to identity not from search/crisis</td>
<td>• Pressure to adopt family values&lt;br&gt;• Responsive to pressure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Moratorium</td>
<td>• Unresolved vocational &amp; ideological issues&lt;br&gt;• High self-esteem &amp; autonomy&lt;br&gt;• Ongoing search for identity</td>
<td>• Ambivalent with parents/others</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Identity Achievement</td>
<td>• Crisis resolved&lt;br&gt;• High self-esteem&lt;br&gt;• High level of responsibility&lt;br&gt;• Well-defined personal values&lt;br&gt;• Strong sense of ego identity</td>
<td>• Balanced with parents/others&lt;br&gt;• Detects strengths/weaknesses</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Year</td>
<td>Gender</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>--------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A.L.</td>
<td>1999</td>
<td>Female</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*J.D.</td>
<td>1999</td>
<td>Male</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*J.O.</td>
<td>2000</td>
<td>Female</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C.S.</td>
<td>2000</td>
<td>Male</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O.C.</td>
<td>2000</td>
<td>Female</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M.R.</td>
<td>2000</td>
<td>Female</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D.A.</td>
<td>2000</td>
<td>Male</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C.B.</td>
<td>2001</td>
<td>Male</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E.A.</td>
<td>2001</td>
<td>Female</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A.L.</td>
<td>2001</td>
<td>Female</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K.R.</td>
<td>2001</td>
<td>Male</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T.P.</td>
<td>2001</td>
<td>Male</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*L.W.</td>
<td>2001</td>
<td>Female</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*R.S.</td>
<td>2001</td>
<td>Male</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*R.S.</td>
<td>2002</td>
<td>Male</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F.B.</td>
<td>2002</td>
<td>Female</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D.H.</td>
<td>2002</td>
<td>Female</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*S.Z.</td>
<td>2002</td>
<td>Female</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A.H.</td>
<td>2002</td>
<td>Male</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*C.T.</td>
<td>2003</td>
<td>Male</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Musician</td>
<td>Teacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------</td>
<td>----------------</td>
<td>---------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A.L.</td>
<td>predominant</td>
<td>merge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*J.D.</td>
<td>predominant</td>
<td>NOT merge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*J.O.</td>
<td>used to be</td>
<td>integral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C.S.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>loss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O.C.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>integral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. R.</td>
<td>no</td>
<td>integral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. A.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>no</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* C. B.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>integral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E.A.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>integral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A.L.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>integral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K.R.</td>
<td>no</td>
<td>integral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. P.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>integral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*L.W.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>no</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* R. S.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>separate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* R. S.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>don't know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. B.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>separate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. H.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>don't know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* S. Z.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>integral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. H.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>integral</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>* C. T.</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>integrate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name</td>
<td>Practicum</td>
<td>Most Influential Teacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------</td>
<td>--------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A.L.</td>
<td>strings/threat/ INVITED ME TO CHOIR</td>
<td>voice teacher</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J.D.</td>
<td>INVITED ME TO BAND, not choir</td>
<td>hated HS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*J.O.</td>
<td>band - INVITED WHEN TEAM TAUGHT</td>
<td>parents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C.S.</td>
<td>choir - None</td>
<td>music educator</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O.C.</td>
<td>band - refused/NO INVITATION</td>
<td>parents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M.R.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D.A.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*C.B.</td>
<td>choir - NO INVITATION</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E.A.</td>
<td>band/NO INVITATION</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A.L.</td>
<td>band/INSISTED</td>
<td>parents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K.R.</td>
<td>choir - NONE</td>
<td>parents</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T.P.</td>
<td>uncomfortable in band</td>
<td>music educator</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*L.W.</td>
<td>uncomfortable in band</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*R.S.</td>
<td>choir/techn-REFUSED</td>
<td>HS music educator</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*R.S.</td>
<td>uncomfortable teaching choir</td>
<td>HS music educator</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F.B.</td>
<td>band</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D.H.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*S.Z.</td>
<td>band - willing</td>
<td>HS music educator</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A.H.</td>
<td>uncomfortable teaching choir</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*C.T.</td>
<td>choir - invited me to choir</td>
<td>university prof</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
## Appendix D: Musicians in the Stories

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Total:</th>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Highest Degree</th>
<th>Instrument</th>
<th>Parents</th>
<th>M/Status</th>
<th>Spouse</th>
<th>Kids</th>
<th>Primary Caregiver</th>
<th>Genre</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Santini</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>B. Mus</td>
<td>Sax</td>
<td>Engl Prof</td>
<td>married</td>
<td>artist</td>
<td>no kids</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>jazz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeff Sommerfeld</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>M. Mus</td>
<td>Clarinet</td>
<td>no</td>
<td>married</td>
<td>music college admin</td>
<td>2 kids, 7 and 13</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>class</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maria</td>
<td>28</td>
<td>B. Mus</td>
<td>Voice (jazz)</td>
<td>teachers</td>
<td>married</td>
<td>guitarist</td>
<td>no kids</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>jazz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wynsome He-Ling Zee</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>B. Mus</td>
<td>Voice (jazz)</td>
<td>no</td>
<td>single</td>
<td>admin assistant</td>
<td>2 kids, 7 &amp; 9</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>jazz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>M. Mus</td>
<td>Trumpet</td>
<td>no</td>
<td>married</td>
<td>admin assistant</td>
<td>2 kids, 7 &amp; 9</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>jazz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dixie Whidden</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>B. Mus</td>
<td>Piano/voice</td>
<td>no</td>
<td>married</td>
<td>computers</td>
<td>4 kids, 15, 14, 12, 6</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>class</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael Alvarez</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>B. Mus</td>
<td>Bass Guitar</td>
<td>no</td>
<td>single</td>
<td>nurse (girlfriend)</td>
<td>none</td>
<td>none</td>
<td>jazz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amigo</td>
<td>39</td>
<td>M. Mus</td>
<td>Bassoon</td>
<td>no</td>
<td>married</td>
<td>lawyer</td>
<td>2 kids, 2 yrs/0</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>class</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average</td>
<td>37</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why TEO</td>
<td>Practicum</td>
<td>Final Reports</td>
<td>Identity</td>
<td>T. Privately</td>
<td>Prof Gigs</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>---------------------------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>---------------</td>
<td>----------</td>
<td>--------------</td>
<td>-----------</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>financial</td>
<td>resistant (difficult) - SA angry at end with attitude</td>
<td>8 Revisions</td>
<td>separate</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>financial/family</td>
<td>resistant (difficult - SA could not see attitude change)</td>
<td>10 Revisions</td>
<td>separate</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>father/help husband be musician</td>
<td>open</td>
<td>20 Revisions</td>
<td>integrate</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>financial</td>
<td>open</td>
<td>8 Revisions</td>
<td>separate</td>
<td>no</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>financial/family</td>
<td>open</td>
<td>4 Revisions</td>
<td>separate</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>financial/family</td>
<td>resistant (difficult - asked to change SA midpoint)</td>
<td>3 Revisions</td>
<td>separate</td>
<td>no</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>financial stability</td>
<td>open</td>
<td>6 Revisions</td>
<td>integrate</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>financial stability, lifestyle</td>
<td>open</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>financial/family</td>
<td>open</td>
<td>3 Revisions</td>
<td>integrate</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td>yes</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Appendix F: Resolved and Unresolved Musicians in Stories

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Resolved</th>
<th>Unresolved</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wynsome</td>
<td>Joseph</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George</td>
<td>Jeff</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michael</td>
<td>Maria</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amigo</td>
<td>Dixie</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>