

INFORMATION TO USERS

This manuscript has been reproduced from the microfilm master. UMI films the text directly from the original or copy submitted. Thus, some thesis and dissertation copies are in typewriter face, while others may be from any type of computer printer.

The quality of this reproduction is dependent upon the quality of the copy submitted. Broken or indistinct print, colored or poor quality illustrations and photographs, print bleedthrough, substandard margins, and improper alignment can adversely affect reproduction.

In the unlikely event that the author did not send UMI a complete manuscript and there are missing pages, these will be noted. Also, if unauthorized copyright material had to be removed, a note will indicate the deletion.

Oversize materials (e.g., maps, drawings, charts) are reproduced by sectioning the original, beginning at the upper left-hand corner and continuing from left to right in equal sections with small overlaps. Each original is also photographed in one exposure and is included in reduced form at the back of the book.

Photographs included in the original manuscript have been reproduced xerographically in this copy. Higher quality 6" x 9" black and white photographic prints are available for any photographs or illustrations appearing in this copy for an additional charge. Contact UMI directly to order.

UMI

**A Bell & Howell Information Company
300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor MI 48106-1346 USA
313/761-4700 800/521-0600**

University of Alberta

A Woman of Color in Education: A postmodern vision quest

by

Naomi Rochelle Yamagishi



**A thesis submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy**

in

Sociology of Education

Department of Educational Policy Studies

Edmonton, Alberta

Spring 1997



**National Library
of Canada**

**Acquisitions and
Bibliographic Services**

**395 Wellington Street
Ottawa ON K1A 0N4
Canada**

**Bibliothèque nationale
du Canada**

**Acquisitions et
services bibliographiques**

**395, rue Wellington
Ottawa ON K1A 0N4
Canada**

Your file Votre référence

Our file Notre référence

The author has granted a non-exclusive licence allowing the National Library of Canada to reproduce, loan, distribute or sell copies of his/her thesis by any means and in any form or format, making this thesis available to interested persons.

The author retains ownership of the copyright in his/her thesis. Neither the thesis nor substantial extracts from it may be printed or otherwise reproduced with the author's permission.

L'auteur a accordé une licence non exclusive permettant à la Bibliothèque nationale du Canada de reproduire, prêter, distribuer ou vendre des copies de sa thèse de quelque manière et sous quelque forme que ce soit pour mettre des exemplaires de cette thèse à la disposition des personnes intéressées.

L'auteur conserve la propriété du droit d'auteur qui protège sa thèse. Ni la thèse ni des extraits substantiels de celle-ci ne doivent être imprimés ou autrement reproduits sans son autorisation.

0-612-21656-X

University of Alberta

Library Release Form

Name of author: Naomi Rochelle Yamagishi

Title of Thesis: A Woman of Color in Education: A postmodern vision quest

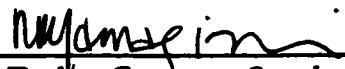
Degree: Doctor of Philosophy

Year this Degree Granted: 1997

Permission is hereby granted to the University of Alberta Library to reproduce single copies of this thesis and to lend or sell such copies for private, scholarly, or scientific research purposes only.

The author reserves all other publication and other rights in association with the copyright in the thesis, and except as hereinbefore provided, neither the thesis nor any substantial portion thereof may be printed or otherwise reproduced in any material form whatever without the author's prior written permission.

January 24, 1997


28 Tudor Crescent South
Lethbridge, AB T1K 5C8


UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA
FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH

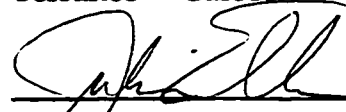
The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research for acceptance, a thesis entitled: **A WOMAN OF COLOR IN EDUCATION: A POSTMODERN VISION QUEST** submitted by Naomi Rochelle Yamagishi in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Sociology of Education.

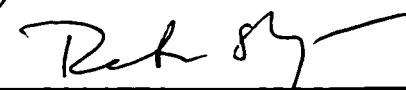

Henry Hodysh, Committee Chair

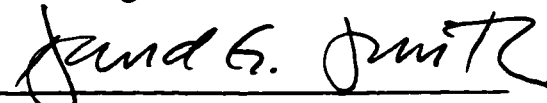

Swee-Hin Toh, Supervisor


Marilyn I. Assheton-Smith


Terrance Carson


Julia Ellis


Debra Shogan


David G. Smith, External Examiner

Date: 24/1/97

Success

To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty; to find the best in others; to leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch or a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is to have succeeded (Ralph Waldo Emerson, cited by Popkin, 1993).

Abstract

This work consists of a hermeneutic inquiry into the author's experience of contemplating, entering, and completing postgraduate work in Sociology of Education at the University of Alberta. Using autobiographical writing, participant observation, and action research as methodologies, a middle-aged Japanese Canadian woman from a working class family in Southern Alberta chronicles her experience of negotiating the many challenges and obstacles to completing a doctoral degree within the confines of a traditional marriage, with maternal obligations to three children, in a city some 350 miles away. The journey is seen as a spiritual experience, likened to a Native American vision quest--the beginning of a lifelong search for knowledge and wisdom--in which a "personal revelatory experience" is sought.

Her story is presented as a woman's story, from the standpoint of a woman of color, an identity which was once very foreign to her, having been raised with few ties to ethnic groupings, and with the cultural admonition to assimilate into White society. Incorporating critical theory, postmodernism, hermeneutic inquiry, and phenomenological writing into her lived reality, she explores her many subjectivities as they relate to gender, race/ethnicity, class, pedagogy, belonging, and spirituality. She draws on her postgraduate experiences with both course work and colleagues, and dialogues with and learns from, new significant others--colleagues, professors, advisors. She describes the initiation and work of an academic women's writing group, the experience of teaching at the post secondary level at the college and university in Lethbridge, and

attempts to reconcile traditional Western religious experiences with those of Eastern religion in her background. Through postgraduate studies, she comes to realize the importance of global education issues and her place in them: that they are not only political and educational issues, but personal issues which must be incorporated into one's life if one is to be a responsible member of the global village who promotes peace.

Dedication

This work is dedicated to all those who have shared their lives with me and have allowed me to present my own interpretation of reality, which may have been slightly different from theirs.

Preface

Calvin: We all want meaningful lives. We look for meaning in everything we do. But suppose there is no meaning! Suppose life is fundamentally absurd! Suppose there's no reason, or truth, or rightness in anything! What if nothing means anything? What if nothing really matters?

Hobbes: I guess there's no harm in a little wishful thinking.

Calvin: Or suppose everything matters. Which would be worse??

("Calvin & Hobbes" cartoon by Watterson, The Lethbridge Herald, July 29, 1995).

While it has been very clear to me as to "why" and "what" I was going to write for my dissertation, it was difficult for me to begin because of the "how." How was I going to tie together the disparate parts of my ongoing life story into some semblance of order and understanding? Even understanding for myself, not least explaining to others about why I was embarking on this phase of my education, has been difficult at times. The many questions and self-imposed difficulties I have to face have served to make me question myself over and over again: Why am I doing this to myself? The answers to these questions have become clearer in recent days as I have read a book given to me by a student, and I don't think that the contents of the book or the thinking it has inspired is any coincidence.

This particular student is an unforgettable one. She has a remarkable physical appearance and a vivid personality. She and I seemed to connect from the first time that we met when she asked for special permission to be allowed to attend my class on Psychology of Women at the University of Lethbridge. Since then, we have worked together on two Independent Study courses and she has taken two more courses from me. During the last one, Sociology of Education, she gave me the gift of a book, with this inscription on the inside cover: "I just had to share this book with you. It is so full of so many of the ideas that we've talked about in this class. I admire your courage and your willingness to take risks--you've been an example to us all through your teaching in this class..."

As I read the book, *The Celestine Prophecy: An adventure*, by James Redfield (1993), I realized that the author was indeed encapsulating many of the ideas on which I had been working in my own studies, combining them with views on life and human psychology from my earlier career in counselling. However, the particular way in which he had been able to express some exciting "insights" about life, based on a "spiritual unfolding" process, made me realize that it would lead to a state of personal peace, which is the ultimate goal of global or peace education. The series of nine insights begins with a new spiritual awakening brought about by a critical mass of individuals who experience their lives as a spiritual unfolding, a journey in which we are led forward by mysterious coincidences (Redfield & Adrienne,

1995, p. xv). With the Second Insight, we realize that we have been "preoccupied with material survival, with focusing on controlling our situation in a universe for security" (Redfield, 1993, p. 119). The Third Insight gives us a "new view of life" in which everything consists of fields of sacred energy that we can sense and intuit as well as influence to increase the pace of coincidences in our lives (Redfield & Adrienne, 1995, p. xvi). The Fourth Insight reveals the reason for conflict between people being "competition for scarce human energy" since people tend to try to gain energy from others by manipulation or attention-seeking. According to the Fifth Insight, we can experience an inner connection with divine energy within, as described by the mystics of all traditions, thus ending insecurity and violence. In the Sixth Insight, we must "clear the past" by bringing to personal awareness our own particular "control drama" in which we have tried to "win energy back" from others (Redfield, p. 127). Once we see our drama, we are truly free to find a higher, spiritual meaning for our lives (p. 131). Knowing our personal mission further enhances the flow of mysterious coincidences through questions, dreams, daydreams, and intuitions which lead us toward our destinies (Redfield & Adrienne, p. xvii). The Eighth Insight is about using energy in a new way when relating to people, especially children, giving them sincere attention and honest answers to their questions (Redfield, pp. 184-186). We should uplift others, especially in groups where individual energy fields merge, and particularly look for the deeper beauty of persons whom we dislike or by whom we feel threatened (p. 215). The Ninth Insight talks about the evolution of humans beyond a focus on technological survival to "synchronistic growth" which will move humans into ever-higher energy states, ultimately transforming our bodies into spiritual form and ending the cycle of birth and death (Redfield & Adrienne, p. xviii).

I am told by a friend that the kind of ideas presented in this book are far from new, and that there is a whole literature of which I was not aware in this realm. In recent decades, I am told, there has been a proliferation of "new age" as well as rediscovery and reinterpretations of more ancient faiths and philosophies, particularly in Western or Northern contexts. I suppose that this ignorance is due to several factors, the most important of which being that I have led a somewhat sheltered spiritual life within the confines of a mainstream Christian church, toward which I have turned for a sense of security and belonging in White society. In a related vein, my conservative, non-adventurous personality has kept me, throughout my life, from participating in, or seeking out, what might be called "radical" viewpoints or behaviors. However, the ideas conveyed in Redfield's philosophies seem to resonate with a postmodern outlook that could be called radical in that it challenges the status quo, the traditional, the established.

In addition, it seems to me that this series of insights directly mirrors the various fragments of awareness and learning that has been going on in my own life, perhaps throughout my life. As Redfield points out: "If you view your life as one story, from birth to right now, you'll be able to see how you have been working on this" (1993, p. 139). I have always been the kind of

person whom people have called "sensitive," responding with emotion in many situations that others would call ordinary. I have, as long as I can remember, tried to analyze why people act the way they do, trying to make sense of my immediate world, and later, human nature, and the whole world. The particular historical time of my birth, the ethnicity of my family and its significance in that particular historical moment, my particular place in my family, the socioeconomic situation of my family, have all been significant factors in the making of my personality and the bringing of my self to this place and time. The realization of all these forces goes beyond mere hermeneutic inquiry to a momentous sensibility of spiritual forces at work in the world, and more specifically, in my very life course. Looking at my life in this way provides the answer to the repeated questions about why I am in postgraduate study under such adverse circumstances. It is my life work, my destiny, or as Redfield and Adrienne call it, "our growth path in life, and our spiritual mission, the personal way we can contribute to the world" (1995, p. xvii).

Spiritual issues underlie and undergird our very lives. And for me, gender, race/ethnicity, class and belonging issues have presented the challenges that have prepared me for my life work: the examination of pedagogical issues carried out in a feminist/global framework. Ironically, without consciously knowing it, I have sought out higher education which has helped me understand consciously that it will lead me to my growth path in life:

The process of finding your true spiritual identity involves looking at your whole life as one long story, trying to find a higher meaning....Every human being, whether they are conscious of it or not illustrates with their lives how he or she thinks a human being is supposed to live (Redfield, 1993, pp. 136-137).

Like the circle of life, then, I want to begin and end with spirituality. It is the beginning and the end, the alpha and the omega. It undergirds, supports, and directs all else:

You have noticed that everything an Indian does is in a circle, and that is because the power of the world works in circles, and everything tries to be round....The sky is round, and I have heard the earth is round like a ball, and so are all the stars. The wind, in the greatest power, whirls. Birds make their nests in circles, for theirs is the same religion as ours....Even the seasons form a great circle in their changing, and always come back again to where they were. The life of a man is a circle from childhood to childhood, and so it is in everything where power moves (Black Elk, Ogala Sioux holy man, cited in Curtis, 1993, p. 20).

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank my advisor, Dr. Toh Swee-Hin, the members of my supervisory committee, Dr. Terrance Carson and Dr. Marilyn Assheton-Smith, as well as the other members of my examining committee, Dr. Debra Shogan and Dr. Julia Ellis, for their interest, support, and critique of my work. The circle of support that encouraged and nurtured my efforts was continued by my family and friends who not only allowed me to share their lives with the world, but cheered me on. Without the loving support of my husband, Lloyd Yamagishi, and my precious children, Kristin, Kyle, and Karyn, this work could not have even been contemplated. My students, who are only faceless entities in this work are, however, the reason for the work. My gratitude should also be expressed to the Alberta Heritage Fund for the support of the Wilfrid R. May Scholarship for Career Development, which enabled me not only to develop my career, but to develop my self.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.....	1
BACKGROUND.....	3
CONCEPTUAL FRAMEWORK.....	10
Spirituality.....	12
Power and Knowledge.....	14
Narrative and Subjectivity.....	16
Critical Theory.....	18
Phenomenology.....	24
Hermeneutics.....	26
Postmodernism.....	29
METHODOLOGY.....	33
Autobiography.....	33
Participant Observation.....	36
SOURCES OF THE SELF.....	37
Gender.....	37
Achievement Orientation: Fear of success?.....	42
Academia: The road less travelled.....	50
My Mother: My life.....	54
Insider as Outsider: Triple bind.....	56
My Family: A room of my own.....	58
Mothering Cycles: Sacred relationships.....	60
Postgraduate Journal: Blood, sweat and tears.....	70
Race/Ethnicity.....	82
The Japanese Canadian Experience: A story of racism	82
This Road of Words: A Japanese Canadian journey....	112
The Postmodern view: The premodern view.....	122
A Child's Garden of Verses.....	126
Chinky-Chinky Chinaman.....	127
Being Japanese.....	128
Dialogue with Iris: Meeting the Other face to face...	133
Class.....	143
Class and Race: My place in the mosaic.....	143
Class and Gender: Cinderella.....	164

Belonging	171
Exploring the Myth of Belonging: “What do women want?”	177
Where’s the Other Two Percent?.....	178
Postgraduate Journal: Finding a place to belong in academe..	179
An Academic Writing Group: “Not belonging” together.....	182
Postgraduate Journal: Accidental action research.....	197
The Myth of Belonging: Longing to belong.....	202
Feminist/global Pedagogical Applications	205
I’m a Teacher: I’m a person.....	209
How I Came to Education: The power of story.....	214
Peace education.....	221
Global education.....	221
Action research questions.....	233
Personal narrative of change.....	237
Teaching as a Sociologist: Toward a reflexive sociology.....	238
The promise of action research.....	242
Teacher as learner.....	245
Counselling children.....	251
Spirituality	256
Coming Face to Face with Spirituality.....	256
The Inward Journey: Living spiritually.	264
The Outward Journey: Studying global education.....	267
The Forward Journey: My own spiritual journey:	277
CONCLUSION	291
REFERENCES	297

INTRODUCTION

The fly leaf on Peter Knudtson and David Suzuki's (1992) book called, *Wisdom of the Elders* describes it as:

...the first book to explore beliefs about the delicate relationships between humans, nature, and the environment as held by two traditions commonly thought to be diametrically opposed: Western science, and the age-old wisdom of indigenous peoples around the world.

Interestingly, sharing the same ethnic background (Japanese Canadian) and similar immigration goals with the second author, I too "grew up believing that schooling and honest effort would pay off in material benefits" (p. xxii). I wholly embraced the ethos of dominant Western society--competition, achievement, rationalism, and Christianity--in an attempt to achieve "success."

Paradoxically, as I now reach for the pinnacle in educational achievement--a doctoral degree--I have come face to face with the folly of my striving in the search for Truth in rational science. Instead, I have come to realize the rightness of a simple, natural worldview that encompasses rather than excludes different beliefs and peoples, that celebrates rather than denigrates difference, that empowers rather than disempowers people in their personal journeys toward wisdom and knowledge, that encourages rather than discourages a balanced lifestyle.

Birgit Brock-Utne (1987) in her discussion of the relationship of feminism to peace and peace education, quotes "the great Mahatma Gandhi" as arguing that "woman [sic] were able to save the world" since they were "a more peaceful sex and more capable than men of solving conflicts in a non-violent manner." Further, he warned women "against imitating men, becoming like men" (p. 57). It seems to me, that while it may be empirically true that women are more "peaceful," we should not glorify women per se--and perhaps alienate men in the process--but we should be looking toward a new kind of thinking, living, and being, that eschews techno-rationality with its suicidal tendencies embodied in militarism and eco disaster.

The Navajo people of the southwestern United States have a prophecy that predicts peace on earth occurring as a result of the four races coming together (Linda Bull, personal communication, November 1993). Similarly, Knudtson and Suzuki quote Stanford University ecologist Paul Ehrlich who believes that "the answer to the global difficulties will be 'quasi-religious'" (p. xxiv) while they themselves point out "a cross-cultural resonance" between the statements of the "most respected elder statesmen of science" and the beliefs and practices of Native elders from tribes worldwide (p. 17). Throughout their book, they provide numerous examples of similarity in thinking between Western scientists and the stories and legends of various

indigenous peoples. An excellent example of spiritual answers to global questions is presented by Brad Steiger (1984) who quotes "The Pathway of Peace," a revelation shared by Twylah Hurd Nitsch, a Seneca woman who is "wise in the traditional ways of her people" (p. 111):

*The Pathway of Peace leads toward peace of mind
The sharing of gifts to every kind
Of creation living upon this earth,
Measuring the steps of each one's worth.
Seek the trail of Seven Stones
Where Spiritual songs of harmonic tones
Fill the world in harmony,
Soothing throngs of creatures into serenity.
Desire peaks into the soul
Where gifts of life are there to behold
Where charms of peace and harmony
Belong to all for eternity (p. 120).*

It is exciting to find myself at a similar place in thinking as my fellow countryman, Suzuki, an internationally renowned broadcaster, environmental and human rights spokesperson, writer, and public lecturer. However, our paths to reach these same conclusions have been different, and in this work I would like to trace my own path in terms of the story of "a woman of color in education."

BACKGROUND

Perhaps the underlying question that must first be addressed is the legitimation for first a woman, and secondly, a woman of color, to tell her story. Maurice Friedman (1983) discusses the concept of "otherness" as it applies to being female in Western society. He suggests that the "real thrust behind women's liberation" is "the confusion and distortion" about what it means to be a woman in relationship to a man: "Somehow it tends to become a mere social role...an imposed social role in which women are subject to the tyranny of both men's and women's notions of what it means to be 'feminine'" (pp. 57-58). He suggests further that although black men are invisible as *men* and *persons* through their very visibility as black, woman is invisible as person and human being through her visibility as woman (p. 59, original italics).

Rosetta Brooks (1987) also discusses the paradox of (in)visibility in woman, in that in the modern industrial capitalist state, woman is stereotyped as "domestic consumer" concealing the productive nature of her existence through housework--in itself an invisible activity--and making her highly visible as the *consumed*, "so that not only her actions but also her very being are subordinated to men's" (pp. 139-140, original italics). Helene Cixous, in her essay, "Coming to Writing," (1991) attempts to explain why, as a woman, she writes:

You want to have. You want everything. But having is forbidden to human beings. Having everything. And for woman, it's even forbidden to hope to have everything a human being can have. There are so many boundaries, and so many walls, and inside the walls, more walls....Maybe I have written to see; to have what I never would have had; so that having would be the privilege not of the hand that takes and encloses, of the gullet, of the gut; but of the hand that points out, of fingers that see, that design, from the tips of the fingers that transcribe by the sweet dictates of vision. From the point of view of the soul's eye: the eye of a womansoul (pp. 3-4).

Gillian Rose (1993) suggests that, "Confinement is a recurring image in women's accounts of their lives":

...the shrinking of horizons, the confinements of space, of physical and assertive movements within institutions, the servility that masqueraded as civility, the subjugation of my body, emotions and psyche, the lack of opportunities in employment and education (Frances Angela, cited in Rose, p. 144).

I want to bring forward for consideration, then, in something of an act of rebellion, one woman's story--my story--told from my own standpoint, and for the purposes of this project, necessarily within the confines and protocols of academe, an institution that paradoxically has both provided the opportunity, and contributed to my capability, to do this work. It is by increased awareness and understanding of gender, ethnicity/racial, class, and global issues; through appreciation of hermeneutic inquiry; and through the realization of the legitimation of autobiographical exploration that I have come to this place and time to tell my story. Most notably, however, it is also through the support of my work within the academic community that I am able to bring forward this work at this juncture. One of the inherent dangers, nonetheless, is the loss of authentic voice through adherence to the conceptual frames and methodological requirements of my graduate program. Interestingly, R.W. Beardsmore (1971) states that "originality is possible only for someone who works within certain traditions" (p. 54). He further points out that when an artist is praised for originality, the praise is for "breaking new ground, for doing something out of the ordinary." Although the question of authenticity is extremely complex and politically charged, I hope to address this issue directly through dialoguing with the text in an attempt to make sense of the location and authenticity of my own voice.

While I am admittedly completing this dissertation as partial requirements for obtaining a doctoral degree, I also feel a moral obligation to be true to myself as a person. Beardsmore (1971) states: "...what an artist reveals about morality cannot be distinguished from the manner in which he [sic] does so" (p. 53). Arturo B. Fallico (1962) describes an "uncertain ontological commerce" (p. 58) in which the account that an individual gives "can be given only through the ambiguity that constitutes him [sic] as a being" (p. 59). More succinctly put: "The artist in all of us is he [sic] who first and finally tells the personal truth about being" (p. 90).

I anticipate that my work, as a consciously created product, so to speak, will present itself as something of a work of art. Jacques Maritain (1962), in addressing the "problem of imitation" in art, states: "...art's deepest exigency is that the work manifest not another thing already made, but the mind itself from which it proceeds" (p. 126). As my own story, known only to myself, the work will be original. On the topic of art and originality, Beardsmore (1971) states that "originality can be found only where the artist has something to say" (p. 55). Fallico (1962) brings together art and storytelling: "All art and human utterance generally, however recorded, stands witness to the fact that what was once not said is now said" (p. 103). He further states that "art is the expression of a consciousness which antecedes both reflective thought and practical action" (p. 60). Jacques Maritain (1962) describes the process of artistic expression: "[Art] transforms, it moves about, it brings together, it transfigures; it does not create. It is by the way in which he [sic] transforms the universe passing into his mind...that the artist imprints his mark on his work" (p. 127).

While women's stories have been repeatedly called for, there has been some reluctance for women to come forward to express themselves directly. More often, it seems, researchers have inclined toward eliciting the voices of their subjects, a practice in which I am reluctant to participate, for fear of skewing the research through the effect of my own role and status as researcher upon the persons being researched, and speaking for or through them by imposing my own research agenda rather than addressing their own perceived needs. For example, John Elliott (1991) recommends that: "A felt need, on the part of practitioners to initiate change, to innovate, is a necessary precondition of action research" (p. 53).

In a study of the nature of women's experience as women, Cheryl Lynne Malmo (1983) found that "women's psychological experience involved both their experience of themselves as Other and Subject, [and] that this complexity existed on several dimensions at the same time..." (p. v). She concluded that:

There is a dynamic relationship between the meanings women give to their experience as women and the context of their lives. From the most personal matters to the social and cultural/political, meanings are attributed to experiences which are at the same time defined, categorized and judged in the social context...for every meaning there exists an individual/interpersonal/social/political context in which life is experienced (p. 265).

This statement seems to lay the foundation for feminists' recent calls for "...studies of girls and women that can reveal the ways in which their lives reflect the forces of production and reproduction and the ways in which they experience the social world and negotiate within it" (Weiler, 1987, p. 44). Jane Flax says that, "We need to recover and write the histories of women and our activities into the accounts and stories that cultures tell about themselves" (1990, p. 55). Maria Lugones and Elizabeth Spelman point out that "virtually no women have had a voice, whatever their race, class, ethnicity, religion, sexual alliance, whatever place and period in history they lived" (1983, pp. 20-21). Carol P. Christ (1980), in beginning a volume in which she analyzes her own and other women writers' stories on spiritual quest, uses "story" in "a broad sense to refer to all articulations of experience that have a narrative element, including fiction, poetry, song, autobiography, biography, and talking with friends." She describes the fundamental value of storying to a woman's personal, social, and spiritual lives:

Women's stories have not been told. And without stories there is no articulation of experience. Without stories a woman is lost when she comes to make the important decisions of her life. She does not learn to value her struggles, to celebrate her

strengths, to comprehend her pain. Without stories she cannot understand herself. Without stories she is alienated from those deeper experiences of self and world that have been called spiritual or religious. She is closed in silence. The expression of women's spiritual quest is integrally related to the telling of women's stories. If women's stories are not told, the depth of women's souls will not be known. Stories give shape to lives (p. 1).

In the past few decades, there has been a proliferation of feminist writing and theorizing, but White feminists have recently come under attack for having spoken from a privileged stance--they have enjoyed "a certain amount of political, social and economic privilege because of their skin color, class membership, ethnic identity" (p. 21). As a result, there has been a call for the stories of women of color since "the politics of 'personal life' may be differently defined for middle-class whites and for people of color" (Mohanty, 1991, p. 9). In discussing the gleaning of anthropological data from African cultures, Judith Abwunza states that "women's personal narratives are essential primary documents for feminist research...[since they] present and interpret women's life experiences" (In press, p. 7).

I find myself then, deeply appreciative of whatever forces that have situated me at a particular place and time, and with specific people, all factors which would be supportive and amenable to the telling of my story. Also to be examined is the wherewithal that allows me to bring myself to articulate that story.

Although the autobiographical mode is problematic in many ways, I have chosen it because I believe it is more important to understand my own experiences in relation to concepts than simply to understand the concepts or measure the degree of their presence. Barbara Smith compares autobiographical writing to a "tightrope 'between' fact and fiction, experience and language...performance, description, and interpretation, while balancing the demands of truthfulness and literary inventiveness" (Hewitt, 1990, p. 193). Leah Hewitt suggests that autobiography is "an impossible strategy to bridle or control otherness," requiring a "split between subject narrating and object narrated" in order to see oneself as the other (p. 194).

Patricia Duncker (1992) states that, "The practice of autobiography is usually a web of special pleading, self-justification, myth-making, sentimentality and downright lies" (p. 59). However, she also states, "Autobiography is often a search for coherence and explanation" (p. 56). Autobiography is necessarily written from my own perspective. My motivation is to find meaning for myself within my life events against a cultural background, but also to locate my position and direction in the context of the global condition, not only for my own elucidation but also as an example for others. While this may be a monumental task, and an ongoing lifelong process, I contend that it is the hermeneutic task of all travellers on

this Planet Earth, whether carried out consciously or not. Shaun Gallagher (1992) suggests that:

Hermeneutics investigates the process of interpretation, the communication of meaning through a text....hermeneutics also deals with nontextual phenomena such as social process, human existence, and Being itself....the same kind of process involved in our understanding of a written text is involved in our understanding of the world (pp. 6-7).

The autobiographical mode has been important in the feminist movement. Susan Bernstein (1992) states that "first-person theorizing has been crucial in feminist epistemologies that seek to broaden and contextualize the location and construction of knowledge" (p. 121). She refers to autobiographical or personal writing as "confessional" because she is "...interested in the intrusive 'I' as a rhetorical event; this textual moment carries the capacity to accentuate and overturn conventions of authority, particularly the pretense of objectivity as an ideological cover for masculine privilege...." (p. 121).

Bernstein describes five kinds of confessional modes in feminist theory: *contestatory confession* in which personal experience is presented as a structure and source of knowledge; *expressionist confession* which relies on the articulation of emotions to celebrate self-identity; *exhibitionist confession* which reinforces a hegemonic subject position through sensational revelations; *hypertheorized confession* which exploits theory as a pretext rather than a context, to sanitize a troubling personal disclosure (pp. 124-125); and *reflexive confessions*, primarily a questioning mode which imposes self-vigilance on the process of subject positioning both in language and discourse and at a specific historical moment or a particular cultural space (p. 140). I believe that the latter, reflexive confessions, are an integral part of hermeneutic inquiry. As David G. Smith (1994) recommends:

The conversational quality of hermeneutic truth points to the requirement that any study carried on in the name of hermeneutics should provide a report of the researcher's own transformations undergone in the process of the inquiry; a showing of the dialogical journey....Underscored here is a profoundly ethical aspect to hermeneutic inquiry in a life-world sense; namely, a requirement that a researcher be prepared to deepen her or his own self-understanding in the course of the research (p. 120).

Madeleine Grumet (1990) validates autobiographical writing as an important methodological approach because of "its capacity to embrace the individuality of being":

Narratives of educational experience challenge their readers and writers to find both individuality and society, being and history and possibility in their texts...It challenges teachers to listen to stories and to hear their resonance in the distant orchestration of academic knowledge. And it invites all of us, no matter how wide our disillusion, to notice how existence quickens us with joy surpassing despair (p. 323).

Anne-Louise Brookes (1992), in writing about her experiences of abuse, uses autobiography to understand not only her own identity, but her place in the social structure, and to move from there to the possibility of social action: "Autobiographical writings ...enable us to identify, analyze, and change those assumptions and social practices which work unconsciously to sustain social illusions" (p. 61).

Trinh Minh-Ha (1991) suggests that storytelling has a power beyond the rational and the tangible:

A form of mediation, the story and its telling are always adaptive. A narration is never a passive reflection of a reality. At the same time, it must always be truthful if it is to unwind beautifully.... the story can open onto the fantastic world of the imagination; it can offer a pleasant pastime; or it can engage the listener in a revelatory spiritual-philosophical journey....The mediator-storyteller, through whom truth is summoned to unwind itself to the audience, is at once a creator, a delighter and a teacher (p. 13).

In this work, I would like to put forward my own story of struggle and search that has led me from a working class, ethnic home in Southern Alberta to become a doctoral student at Alberta's most prestigious academic institution. I will address myself to the following questions: "How is it that I negotiated my early educational, familial, and social experiences to come to this place to do postgraduate work in the Sociology of Education? What has it been like for me to make decisions, to deal with relationships, to plan for my educational future as a woman of color in the second half of the 20th century in Western Canada? How have I been able to reconcile conflicting Eastern and Western spiritual issues experienced in my upbringing? To what end will my educational qualifications take me in terms of addressing global issues?"

Through the telling of my story, I hope to inspire and motivate others to celebrate their own difference and to seek the knowledge and wisdom that will grant them a kind of personal peace.

I believe that spirituality underlies all aspects of life, but that many of us have lost sight of its integrative quality, preferring to relegate it to a distinct fraction and function of our lives, and to ignore it until inevitably, the hard

existential questions arise. I borrow from Native American tradition in calling my work a kind of "vision quest" which "marks the beginning of...[a] lifelong search for knowledge and wisdom" (Steiger, 1984, p. 36), rather than being an end in itself, a short-term goal strictly undertaken for the purposes of this project. Dallas Chief Eagle states that "the vision quest teaches one simplicity, humility, and... adjusts one's attitudes in a spiritual way" (p.33). An analysis of the vision quest of the American Indian has been compared to similar experiences of the Yogi, the Zen Buddhist, and the Christian mystic, with the ultimate effect on living being an incorporation of the personal vision into a "world-view with total commitment" (p. 38).

My vision quest, carried out in the "wilderness" of graduate school to seek a "personal revelatory experience" (p.35) has involved seeking an advanced degree through separation from my family and daily life; dialoguing with, and learning from, new significant others--colleagues, professors, advisors; initiating and working in an academic women's writing group; and attempting to reconcile traditional Western religious experiences with that of Eastern religion in my background.

In this present work, the vision quest metaphor will be used to refer to my own experience of postgraduate endeavor, with necessary background information brought forward in order for the reader to make sense of current feelings, thoughts, motivations, and actions. The specific issues to be addressed will include areas which I see as the major sources of the various subjectivities which I call my *self*: gender, race/ethnicity, class, belonging, pedagogy, and spirituality.

Fallico (1962) divides humanity into several kinds: those humans who run away from their own identity and deeds; those who resist change, finding meaning in repetition of former or present roles; those who remain immobilized, passive, oblivious, and insensitive; and those who "open themselves to the envisionment of new possibilities" (p. 131). For this last kind of person, "aesthetic enactment can be truly self-liberating and constructive in its renovating effects." I hope, through this work, to achieve a sense of self-liberation and integration, as well as to contribute to the construction of a new understanding of women of color in education.

CONCEPTUAL FRAMEWORK

According to Donald Davidson (1985), conceptual schemes are ways of organizing experience:

...systems of categories that give form to the data of sensation
...points of view from which individuals, cultures, or periods
survey the passing scene....Reality itself is relative to a scheme;
what counts as real in one system may not in another (p. 129).

He speaks of conceptual relativism as being "a heady and exotic doctrine":

The credibility of the position is improved by reflection on the close relations between language and the attribution of attitudes such as belief, desire, and intention....Nothing ...*nothing*, makes sentences and theories true; not experience, not surface irritations, not the world, can make a sentence true (pp. 132-139, original italics).

Overwhelmed with the wisdom of these statements, I have wondered how to embark upon the task of formulating a conceptual framework for my research project as partial fulfilment of the requirements for a doctoral degree. The inherent task has been to develop a standpoint, and perhaps even a world view, from which to anchor my work. An academic friend recently used the nautical metaphor to describe the process of constructing "a seaworthy vessel" that would successfully navigate the stormy seas that could be created by the examining committee's battering gales. The question of how to construct a trustworthy craft that will launch me safely onto the seas of writing this dissertation has plagued me for the past several weeks. What seems to be required for the voyage is a life raft, to ultimately carry me to the destination of what seems now to be the far-off shore of completion of the work. As I have searched for the "answer"--the prototype, the new model--it has occurred to me that I have been, in so doing, searching for a "truth" that is reminiscent of the search for "Truth" that has been the Enlightenment agenda for these past few centuries.

What seems to be called for, then, on this vision quest is something less like a modern, steel, water-tight ship built on a Cartesian model, but one that has been woven of natural fibres gleaned from the earth--one that allows the slow seepage of water either in or out, but which will carry me through the journey. It might well symbolize what Henry Giroux (1991a) calls "a border pedagogy of postmodern resistance":

The notion of border pedagogy presupposes not merely an acknowledgment of the shifting borders that both undermine and reterritorialize different configurations of culture, power,

and knowledge; it also links the notion of pedagogy to a more substantive struggle for a democratic society (p. 28).

The warp and woof of the strands that are woven together to form the fabric of my vessel are taken from the remnants of theoretical underpinnings that have gained acceptance in academics, but which have lately come into question by postmodern theorists in their questioning of who should be the writers of discourse, and of history. The viewpoints that are examined and intricately woven together will be named: Spirituality, Power and Knowledge, Narrative and Subjectivity, Critical Theory, Phenomenology, Hermeneutics, and Postmodernism.

Spirituality

That I use the spiritual metaphor of a vision quest for this work is no accident, nor undertaken lightly. The work that I am pursuing is guided not so much by concrete, rational, objective markers, as by abstract, non-rational, subjective forces. I also see the energy undergirding the work as being more of a "force" than an entity; more of a power than an action. The power is not of the kind in which domination is wielded over others, but of a kind that is probably less familiar to us, that is an ongoing undercurrent in our lives that directs us to a greater good for ourselves and for the world.

Max Weber maintains a "pluralistic notion" in regard to the analysis of power in society (Coser, 1971, p. 230). He agreed with Karl Marx that "quite often, especially in the modern capitalist world, economic power is the predominant form." He suggested that power could also be the consequence of other dynamics, depending on the social context, such as historical and structural circumstance. Weber defines power as: "The chance of a man [sic], or a number of men to realize their own will in communal action, even against the resistance of others." He believed that people strive for power to enrich themselves but also "for its own sake" or for its social honor. The kind of power that I seek to employ and to encourage in others can be seen in these ways, but the "will" must be carried out for the benefit of the greater good of the community, rather than for personal recognition, glory, or fame. The gathering of this kind of power can in itself be seen as resistance to dominant forces of oppression, which typically in Western society encourage competition rather than cooperation. The realization of this power would enrich all the participants in the process of struggle: "Solidarity requires that one enter into the situation of those with whom one is solidary; it is a radical posture" (Freire, 1970, p. 34). Similarly, Michel Foucault (1982) distinguishes between a kind of power which is exerted over things and gives the ability to modify, use, consume, or destroy them, and a different kind of power that "brings into play relations between individuals (or between groups)" (pp. 217-218). It is this latter kind of power which gives the motivating force to my work and which I hope to inspire in others.

I see my educational experience as described in this work as a journey, an ongoing one, in which I call in at various ports to discover and examine the local wares, perhaps taking with me a particularly beautiful piece of coral or shell to grace my mantle once I return home. These fragments, and the experience of gathering them, constitute the stuff out of which my very life is constructed. Memories are strung together like beads, into a pattern that is meaningful to me, and whose beauty I wish to share with others.

David G. Smith (Forthcoming) suggests that if setting out on a journey is a central aspect of human experience, the motivations for such are: to answer a basic concern about existence, such as the meaning of suffering; to respond to an inner call; to escape oppression, be it political, social, personal or intellectual; and to discover a divine purpose, as in the vision quest of

Native peoples. He further suggests that going out on a journey for such reasons is neither exotic, nor romantic, nor even a form of tourism, but a very basic, very deep issue having to do with coming home again, "but in a new way, a better way" (p. 1). In the face of human degradation perpetuated by advertising and other media forms, as well as the pitiable effects of Western colonialism, Smith suggests that now may well be:

...the time to embark collectively on a new long journey inward, not for the purpose simply of celebrating our personal or collective subjectivities, but for the more noble one of laying down the outward things that presently enslave us. Then a new engagement with the world may be possible, one that is more friendly, honest and true (p. 4).

My work then, can be seen to have the overt dimension of simply recording my own personal educational experience of actually leaving the physical, emotional, and intellectual comfort of my own home and hometown, to the unknown challenges of graduate school in an entirely new, different, and much larger city and campus. Simply sharing anecdotes about dealing with the pitfalls and obstacles, coping with the difficulties of travelling, meeting new people, and surviving in the academic milieu, would likely be interesting in itself. However, I contend that there is a deeper motivation to my work and its documentation, as outlined by Smith above. The "basic concern about existence" has to do with gender and ethnicity/race issues that I have had to face, and will continue to face, throughout my life. The "inner call" has prodded me on to further academic goals and achievements, partly in a "search for knowledge" because of my learning style, past academic successes, and response to a heightened sense of achievement orientation ingrained in me culturally and familially. In an indirect way, I hope also to "escape oppression" through gaining the respect and admiration of others by reaching this pinnacle of educational achievement. Most importantly, however, I hope to "discover a divine purpose" by demonstrating the use of voice for other oppressed groups and submitting my work as an example or model for others, through both my writing and my teaching.

Power and Knowledge

I do not present my story and my work as "the answer," but as part of the questioning process that is the way of the future in education. Charles Weingartner (1972) warns that because of the knowledge explosion, education must take on a new focus. He contends that education has to help us learn to understand and use concepts necessary for survival in a nuclear space-age environment of high speed. The new role of students must be as "maker[s] of knowledge" who know what questions to ask rather than memorizing others' answers to others' questions (p. 207). Similarly, Claire Selltiz observes that "social research is a continuing search for truth in which tentative answers lead to a refinement of the questions to which they apply" (Selltiz, Jahoda, Deutsch, & Cook, 1959, p. 23, cited by Peshkin, 1993, p. 28).

Interestingly, as I seek a higher degree and the level of credentialing that it entails, I have the opportunity to align myself with the makers of knowledge and the wielders of power. Michel Foucault (1982), however, suggests another way to go further towards "a new economy of power relations" which consists of taking the forms of resistance against different forms of power as a starting point: "Rather than analyzing power from the point of view of its internal rationality, it consists of analyzing power relations through the antagonism of strategies" (pp. 210-211). He sees these struggles as an opposition to the effects of power which are "linked with knowledge, competence, and qualification: struggles against the privileges of knowledge":

What is questioned is the way in which knowledge circulates and functions, its relations to power...[with] the main objective of these struggles...to attack not so much "such and such" an institution of power, or group, or elite, or class, but rather a technique, a form of power (p. 212).

Bell hooks (cited in S. Smith, 1993) points out that: "The life stories of many people whose history differs from that of the universal human subject because of race, class, and gender identifications go unwritten, or if written, misread or unread" (pp. 393-394). I see my work as a creation of a new kind of knowledge, one that is legitimated by my own experience, but connected to the work of others. Valerie Polakow (1985) states that: "Understanding human experience is the central task of the educational researcher...[through] the stories of everyday lives, the drama, the meanings, the metaphors others live by" (p. 826). The presentation of my own life story represents a kind of resistance to the dominant hegemony. Bell hooks calls it "talking back":

Talking back to the dominant culture, formerly excluded subjects bring their experientially based history into biographical, autobiographical, and life writing locales and there undermine

the intent of provided forms by staging different performances of subjectivity (cited in S. Smith, 1993, p. 404).

In a "post-analytic" brand of philosophy, Thomas Nagel (1985) addresses the problem of subjectivity as it relates to objectivity. He states that: "The distinction between subjective and objective is relative. A general human point of view is more objective than the view from where you happen to be, but less objective than the viewpoint of physical science" (p. 40). Furthermore, the relative subjectivity or objectivity of different appearances is a matter of degree, with the subjective coming to be defined by contrast with the development of objectivity (p. 41). The question of subjectivity versus objectivity, or rationality, will be considered in conjunction with the literary form of narrative, since the text of my work will take the narrative form.

Narrative and Subjectivity

John A. Robinson & Linda Hawpe (1986) state that: "Narrative thinking--storying--is a successful method of organizing perception, thought, memory, and action...it is more effective than any other" (p. 123). Furthermore, "stories are natural mediators between the particular and the general in human experience (p. 124). These authors point out the basic value in the narrative form: "Because we live in groups, we need ways of understanding the reactions of others. This requires a cognitive analysis of action in its social context" (p. 112). Hubert L. Dreyfus & Paul Rabinow (1982) describe the human being as being: "in a permanent state of moving towards reality." Hence the condition of the human being is to be in constant relationship to the world. In this relationship subjectivity, which takes its form in objectivity, combines with the latter to form a dialectical unity from which emerges knowledge closely linked with action (p. 146). Robinson and Hawpe point out however, that: "Experience does not automatically assume narrative form, however, but it is in reflecting on experience--narrative thinking--that we construct stories. Narrative thinking is...a type of causal thinking...a heuristic process, one which requires skill, judgment, and experience" (1986, p. 111).

Hooks (cited in S. Smith, 1993) delineates a historical pattern in regard to the acceptance of the subjective as a legitimate voice:

The autonomous, rational, and unified notions of the Enlightenment have given way, due to such phenomena as Marxian materialism, Freudian psychoanalysis, Saussurian linguistics, and postmodern critiques of authority, truth, and self-presence, to "new understandings of the subject" (p. 393).

She calls for authors to "write from specific cultural locations, ones filled with class, nationality, and ethnicity contents" and in so doing "implicitly challenge the concept of author that would make of the biographer/ethnographer a disembodied and neutral voice, a universal human subject, outside history, nation, culture, gender, race" (p. 398).

Nagel (1985) discusses the thorny problem of the opposition between subjective and objective points of view:

There is a tendency to seek an objective account of everything before admitting its reality. But often what appears to be a more subjective point of view cannot be accounted for in this way. So either the objective conception of the world is incomplete, or the subjective involves illusions that should be rejected (p. 31).

Applying the problematic of subjectivity to storying, Jurgen Habermas (1977) notes that:

A series of events acquires the unity of a story only from a point of view that cannot be taken from those events themselves. The actors are caught in their histories; even for them--if they tell their own stories--the point of view from which the events can take on the coherence of a story arises only subsequently (p. 349).

Michel Foucault (1982) sought to study the way human beings turn themselves into subjects (p. 208):

The relationship between rationalization and excesses of political power is evident...the word rationalization is dangerous. What we have to do is analyze specific rationalities rather than always invoking the program of rationalization in general (p. 210).

The "specific rationality" of positivism as the final truth in the modern Western world, and thereby in education is one that my work calls into question.

Critical Theory

The underlying dialectic inherent in my work is the question of the validity of rationality as a standard of judgment and a goal to be reached. Webster's dictionary provides several definitions for "rational" including the general definition: "based on or in accordance with reason or reasoning"; the popular definition: "sensible, sound-minded"; but most interestingly, the mathematical definition: "not requiring a radical for its expression" (1988, p. 829). That "rational" should be juxtaposed with "radical"--even though merely a play on words--mirrors the assertions of critical theorists who make radical criticisms of the educational system as we know it in Western society, and as it is being perpetuated in Third World countries in the name of development.

Weingartner, as early as 1972, quotes Marshall McLuhan who critiques the obsession that our educational system has with the past, calling it a "rear-view mirror tendency" (p. 203). In a "culture changing with enormous speed," Weingartner warns that:

In order to survive we have to help young people in our culture learn a whole new way of thinking...focus[ing] on concepts that will be viable [in the years beyond 2000] rather than on facts which may not even be relevant now (p. 203).

In my view, it is unfortunate that the foundation and impetus for our modern capitalistic system is fact-based rationalism. Max Weber identifies bureaucracy with rationality, and the process of rationalization with "mechanism, depersonalization, and oppressive routine" (Gerth & Mills, 1958, p. 50). The large corporation as well as the state bureaucracy both promote rational efficiency--"continuity of operation, speed, precision, and calculation of results" (p. 49). Within institutions that are rationally managed, modern man [sic] is compelled to become "a specialized expert, a 'professional' man qualified for the accomplishment of a special career within pre-scheduled channels."

Irving M. Zeitlin (1968) suggests that Weber's conception of Western culture is "far wider and much more complex" than we might have guessed from simply reading his early essays on the Protestant ethic (p. 155). In fact, Zeitlin believes that Weber's analysis of the character of Western civilization "must be regarded as his most important contribution by far." Weber emphasized the fundamental importance of the general rational quality of Western culture. He viewed modern industrial capitalism as the culmination of a general historical process in the West, beginning with the rationalization of Judaism, but determined more profoundly by the beliefs of the Protestant sects (pp. 154-155).

Weber believed that the world of modernity "has been deserted by the gods"--chased away by humans through rationalization and calculation.

However, in the process of doing away with "chance," also lost were feeling, passion, and commitment, personal appeal and personal fealty, grace and the ethics of charismatic heroes (Coser, 1971, p. 233):

...Weber came to view the Occident as that civilization in which the "disenchantment of the world" had been carried out more thoroughly than elsewhere. Virtually all aspects of Western culture had undergone this rationalization process, so that now in principle there were no mysterious, unknowable, or inscrutable powers and man [sic] could master all things through rationalization. Science was the most eminent example of this... (Zeitlin, 1968, pp. 155-156).

Weber believed that in science we could find clarity regarding our conduct--"its motives, ends, means, and consequences... [including] insight into the value-oriented nature of man's actions and into the kinds of values he holds..." (p. 156). He theorized that the "most desirable situation" was one in which individuals could use reason, responsibility and freedom to choose their values, respect others to do likewise, and choose the means of actualizing their values with a clear understanding of the consequences of their choice.

Jurgen Habermas, known as "the last great rationalist" (Habermas, 1984, p. vi), has displayed an interest in rationality since his earliest writings, focussing on the problematics of an "exclusively instrumental or strategic understanding of rationality" (S.K.White, 1988, p. 25). In fact, he believed that "the historical process of increasing Weberian rationalization of the world represent[ed] a threat to the full potential of human beings to bring reason to bear on the problems of their social and political existence." He responded to the argument of Frankfurt Marxists Max Horkheimer and Theodor Adorno that:

...the unparalleled success of modern Western civilization in freeing itself from the constraints of the natural world through the increasing development of science and technology did not bring with it the freedom envisaged by Marx or Enlightenment thinkers, but rather ever more effective and subtle forms of domination (S.K. White, pp. 25-26).

The Frankfurt theorists tended to consider the various types of instrumental reason together under the heading "positivism"--seen as the dominant way of thinking in the modern world, governing both natural and social sciences (Craib, 1992, p. 213). During the period of the Enlightenment, the "instrumentalisation" of nature occurred that is in place to this day:

...the change [was] from seeing the social world as a source of

support and security to seeing it as a basis for individual exploitation and advancement; and then individual human beings, who are no longer seen as beings with their own integrity, rights and duties, but as possessors of qualities and skills to be exploited for some purpose outside themselves (p. 213).

The Enlightenment belief was that with the embodiment of reason in the political realm came the rationalization of political power "through the medium of public discussion to reflect the general will and common interest" (Habermas, 1984, p. xvii). The embodiment of reason in the economic sphere gave free rein to the pursuit of one's own self-interest, "so far as it was compatible with a like pursuit by all other individuals," resulting in a "continuous increase in the general wealth of society and a growing equality of the shares falling to its individual members."

For Frankfurt theorists, however, knowledge in the form of instrumental reason "is equated with power and domination" (p. 214). They juxtapose critical theory, another form of knowledge of reason, to instrumental reason--showing how existing society is irrational or oppressive in that it takes away or destroys basic features of human life: the ability to transform our own environment and to make collective rational choices about our lives.

Frankfurt theorist, Herbert Marcuse (1964), stated it thus:

...the society which projects and undertakes the technological transformation of nature alters the base of domination by gradually replacing personal dependence...with dependence on the "objective order of things"....[which indeed] is itself the result of domination, but it is nevertheless true that domination now generates a higher rationality--that of a society which sustains its hierarchic structure while exploiting ever more efficiently the natural and mental resources, and distributing the benefits of this exploitation on an ever-larger scale (p. 144).

Marcuse questions the rationality of the system itself, with the way people have organized their societal labor:

The limits of this rationality, and its sinister force, appear in the progressive enslavement of man [sic] by a productive apparatus which perpetuates the struggle for existence and extends it to a total international struggle which ruins the lives of those who build and use this apparatus (p. 144).

Habermas calls for "an enlightened suspicion of enlightenment, a reasoned critique of Western rationalism, a careful reckoning of the profits

and losses entailed by 'progress'" (1984, pp. v-vi). He approaches the project through the theory of speech acts based on the work of Austin and Searle, arriving at his own theory of communicative competence (McCarthy, 1979, p. 275). Habermas' Theory of Communicative Action has three interrelated concerns:

- (1) to develop a concept of rationality that is no longer tied to, and limited by, the subjectivistic and individualistic premises of modern philosophy and social theory;
- (2) to construct a two-level concept of society that integrates the lifeworld and system paradigms; and, finally,
- (3) to sketch out, against this background, a critical theory of modernity which analyzes and accounts for its pathologies in a way that suggests a redirection rather than an abandonment of the project of enlightenment (Habermas, 1984, p. vi).

Habermas' theory of knowledge-guiding interests attempts to locate science in relation to certain "anthropologically deep-seated" interests of the human species as a whole since the validity of scientific theories cannot be separated from the underlying "interest" of humans in the "domination of nature" (S.K. White, 1988, pp. 26-27). His theory of knowledge-constitutive interests, based less on epistemology and more on the theory of language and action, centers on the idea that there is:

...a universalistic sense of rationality which applies to the moral-practical dimension...which...will both help reveal the "one-sidedness" of technical rationalization as well as allow for a better understanding of a potential for reason encapsulated in the very forms of social reproduction (S.K. White, p. 27).

Habermas has developed a theory of critical hermeneutics which "can be characterized as a curious combination of radical and conservative elements" (Gallagher, 1992, p. 11). It is radical in its social and political aims and conservative in that it "promises to destroy false consciousness rather than to live within it." In a debate with Hans-George Gadamer regarding hermeneutical theory, Habermas "raised questions concerning Gadamer's claim for the universality of hermeneutics" (p. 12): "Habermas has raised a number of questions concerning language, scientific knowledge, reflection, authority, tradition, and the operation of political and economic power" (p. 15). His basic charge against Gadamer is that he "fails to recognize the elements of distortion and deformation of interpretation imposed by force, compulsion, and coercion..." with Habermas claiming that "language itself is dependent on extra-linguistic social processes of domination, organized force, modes of production, scientific-technical progress, and so on" (p. 17). Because he believed that the key concept is power, Habermas proposes a "depth

hermeneutics" which employs critical reflection in an attempt to "uncover... and neutralize built-in distortions operative in understanding in order to promote emancipation through self-reflection" (p. 18).

Relating Habermas's views to an educational context in which guiding knowledge interests are of paramount importance, Michael Apple (1990) points out that: "...educational institutions are usually the main agencies of transmission of an effective dominant culture, and this is now a major economic as well as cultural activity; indeed it is both in the same moment" (p. 6). In effect then, Apple is linking guiding knowledge interests with modes of domination, stating that these are both inherent in the school systems of the West. Looking at the history of schools, as Apple suggests, Stephen Schecter (1977) traces the history of school reform in Canada, stating that in the days of Canadian early school reform the reformers acknowledged frankly that its basic purpose was the social control of an emerging working class (p. 378). Schecter describes the structure of state-run schools over history in Canada:

Practices such as graded schools, internal promotion and classification, a varied but uniform curriculum catering to different classes, age- and sex-segregated classrooms, the elaboration and enforcement of codes of discipline, and hierarchical authority relations which placed both children and parents subordinate to the teacher...practices [which] covered the hidden as much as the overt curriculum of schooling, both of which were as indispensable then as they are now to the effective subordination of the working class (p. 378).

Most parents today, whether from the working class or middle-class "buy into" the mystique of schools and teachers, saturated as they are with the notion of instrumental rationality. Paradoxically, in this age of "disenchantment" as Weber would call it, there has become something almost sacred about school and we rarely question the schedule, format, or modes of evaluation (of students or teachers), with the exception of critical theorists on the left and recent rightist discourses which have decried the move away from tradition and focussed on a return to "standardization, productivity, and industrial needs": "What has been accomplished [by rightist restoration politics] is a successful translation of an economic doctrine into the language of experience, moral imperative, and common sense" (Apple, 1993, p. 29). In contrast, Habermas believes that "the erosion of traditions has to do with an incursion of purposive or goal-directed rationality into the general cultural sphere.... [called]...the 'colonization of the lifeworld by the imperatives of the system'" (Holub, 1991, p. 41).

Robert Holub (1991) describes Habermas's contention that with the larger "project of modernity" the three spheres of science, morality, and art are seen to operate under internally developed laws and imperatives, and

most notably for education, truth is "conceived as an epistemological matter ascribed to natural science" (p. 135). Habermas names the increasing specialization within each sphere "rationalization," which "fosters a culture of experts that excludes collective decision-making" (pp. 135-136).

Leaders in education, along with politicians, comprise the "culture of experts"--the culmination of forces of "economic dominance...coupled with political, moral, and intellectual leadership" (Apple, 1993, p. 29). They purport to teach the "truth" in a value-free manner. However, as Paulo Freire (1985) points out, "there is no truly neutral education." He contrasts "education of a liberating character" with "domestication practice"--with the former inviting learners "to recognize and unveil reality critically" and the latter trying "to impart a false consciousness to learners" (p. 102). Philip Wexler (1987) suggests that the school be thought of as the place where "cultural distortion" occurs: "What is distorted is unrealized but knowable, socially shared, though only partly articulated historically appropriate processes of knowing and of transforming knowledge" (p. 13).

A radical approach to the transformation of the education system in Western society would involve "changing the canons of culture" by replacing the canon of the Occident with the canon of the globe; the canon of logic and language by the canon of symbols; the canon of rationality with the canon of the unconscious; and the canon of the hierarchy of values with the canon of the spectrum of values (where differences can be equally valuable) (L. White, cited in Weingartner, 1972, pp. 203-204).

I hope to contribute to this change of canons by introducing my story, and it will likely surprise some readers, because it is a story that is unexpected and unsuspected according to the "canon of the Occident." I hope to examine symbols through story that fly in the face of rationality and ask for acceptance of my differences according to a "spectrum of values."

Phenomenology

Roger Dale (1973) states that :

...the major task of the phenomenologically inclined sociologist...is that of descriptionA second major phenomenological imperative is that of constitution. Phenomenologists see man [sic] not as a mere passive recipient of his world but as an active interpreter and constructor of it (p. 177).

As the "active interpreter and constructor" of my own world, I enjoy phenomenological writing, concentrating on "the social world as it appears to the actor, and [my] interpretations of it...[leading] to everyday reality being regarded as the paramount reality" (p. 176). As such, everyday reality is difficult to delimit. Direct experience of the world is continuous, and therefore, phenomenological interpretation is ongoing. Furthermore, I subscribe to Heidegger's understanding of our apprehension of the social world--"that the projection of meaning which governs understanding is not the act of an isolated subjectivity, but stems from the tradition to which one belongs" (J.B. Thompson, 1981, pp. 40-41). Hence, I come to understand myself and my world on the basis of my own psychological and social traditions--what Gadamer calls "a real fusing of horizons" (p. 41).

I have found it therapeutic to write about my life as a case study, and interestingly, Paul Ricoeur contends that psychoanalysis is a type of hermeneutics. In this case, I present the text through phenomenological description using language, and through language have succeeded in interpreting it, so that I have gained a personal understanding of my place in the social world. Schleiermacher speaks of two dimensions of interpretation: grammatical and psychological interpretation. Through the use of "grammatical interpretation" as well as "psychological interpretation" in which I attempt "to recover the individuality and originality of the speaker or writer" I am able to place myself in a most peculiar position, since, as Schleiermacher suggests, the interpreter can "understand an author as well as and even better than he [sic] understands himself" (p. 37).

Irving Zeitlin (1973) carries out a discussion of phenomenology in a "search for a social psychology that adequately illuminates the social interaction of acting-knowing subjects" (p. 139). He suggests that phenomenology is "neither a 'school' nor a 'system'" but a "vague philosophical realm" to which "the roots of contemporary theoretical currents" may be traced (pp. 139-140). In the 1880s, Husserl found a psychology that combined psychophysical and physiological investigations to determine the relation between objective stimuli and subjective responses to be inadequate because it ignored "consciousness and meaning" while dealing only with "external facts arrived at by observation and experiment" (p. 141).

Assumptions and concepts, upon which observations and experiments are based, were claimed to be objective and scientifically valid, but no effort is made to assess their validity for either the subjects or the psychologists. Husserl concluded that "science is one value among other equally justified values" (p. 141). He advocated a break from the "artificial world of the positive sciences" in favor of getting at the world of our immediately experienced life. As a "disinterested or disengaged observer" the phenomenologist looks at the world--phenomena--with "new eyes" as a result of "calling into question everything previously taken for granted" (p. 145).

Schmitt calls phenomenology a "reflective enterprise" in which thinking is distinguished from reflecting, such that reflection is more inclusive than mere thinking because it brings to light new facts that previously remained hidden or seemed irrelevant" (p. 145). One must abandon the natural attitude and adopt a "neutral attitude" in which one begins to question the world and one's experiences through examining the object as well as one's "consciousness in relation to the object by scrutinizing the wishes, feelings and beliefs that entered into the experience of the object that one is now reflecting upon" (p. 147). I take exception to this description of the process of phenomenological writing since the "wishes, feelings and beliefs that entered into the experience of the object" actually belong to a wishing, feeling, believing human being. I question, therefore, whether the phenomenologist can actually be the "disinterested, disengaged observer" for which Husserl calls.

Zeitlin goes on to discuss Scheler's brand of phenomenology which focuses on the "question of perspectives, or perspectival knowledge" which he applies to the social and cultural world (p. 152). He concluded that: "All social perspectives are one-sided and partial; and all social knowledge is necessarily perspectival. Therefore, social knowledge from any given perspective is partially truth and partially knowledge" (p. 152). Scheler believed that modern culture is "neither better nor deeper but simply broader, in that it possesses greater spiritual potentialities than ever before (p. 156). He concludes that the authentic meaning of religious acts and beliefs are experiential knowledge that can only be known through phenomenological methods--"Grasped essentially, religion can never be reduced to the social."

Hermeneutics

Ricoeur (1966) bridges the gap between phenomenology and the empirical sciences through philosophy as "intentional analysis of the *subject's* being-in-the-world...[a] description of the ways in which the Cogito becomes actual in the world" (p. xv, original italics). According to Ricoeur, hermeneutics refers to the uncovering of latent meanings of symbolic and mystical expressions of experience (p. xvi) and the task of hermeneutic phenomenology is precisely to recognize the universal latent significance made manifest through the overt meaning of myth and symbol. Thus a hermeneutics "must combine the attitude of trust with an attitude of suspicion, a willingness to listen to what is revealed through the symbol and a suspicion which would protect it from being misled by its overt meaning" (p. xxxi).

While I will invoke an eclectic methodology, the fundamental approach which I will employ can be named "depth hermeneutics," a form of critical hermeneutics which Jurgen Habermas models on Freudian psychoanalysis.

Shaun Gallagher (1992) maps out the field of hermeneutics by distinguishing four "contemporary but different hermeneutical approaches": conservative, moderate, radical, and critical hermeneutics (p. 9). In *conservative hermeneutics*, theorists seek to transcend historical limitations in order to understand the author's intent, or to reach universal, or at least objective, truth. *Moderate hermeneutics* theorists focus on the prejudices of our own historical existence that are embedded in language which stand in the way of guaranteeing an absolutely objective interpretation of an author's work. *Radical hermeneutics*, as practiced by deconstructionists and poststructuralists, claims that: "Interpretation requires playing with the words of the text rather than using them to find truth in or beyond the text" (p. 10). *Critical hermeneutics* is a "curious combination of radical and conservative elements" in that it has radical social and political aims with the promise of destroying false consciousness rather than to live within it.

As a member of non-dominant racial, gender, and class groupings, positioning myself within a particular hermeneutic framework is more than an intellectual/academic exercise, and perhaps not fully a matter of free choice, but rather a matter of justice and global survival. Peace educator, Gil Fell (1988) delineates the relationship between peace and justice, particularly social justice: "...peace is not just a state of being in which individuals become passive acceptors of the status quo, rather it is an active process seeking non-violent and creative ways of being related" (p. 74).

Gallagher (1992) suggests that "depth hermeneutics": "uncovers and undoes the deception and distortion involved in communication... [and] is part of a critical reflective procedure which is articulated in the context of 'a self-formative process'" (p. 239). He defines the *aporia* which "distinguishes the critical approach from Gadamer's philosophical hermeneutics, namely,

the *aporia* which concerns the interpreter's ability or inability to escape the constraints of power and authority structure." That is, "Critical hermeneutics...attempts to get to the objective truth behind the false consciousness of ideology" (p. 240) through a process of "critical reflection" which "puts the interpreter in charge of those conditions which he [sic] had been passively and unconsciously suffering" (p. 243):

Habermas suggests...that through a depth-hermeneutical procedure, interpreters turn back on themselves in reflection in order to make sure of their own educative process: in self-reflection we make our own individual or collective life-history transparent to ourselves at any given time... (p. 245).

While it is probably idealistic to think that our life-history can actually be *transparent* in the sense of being able to see through--or fully understand--every aspect of our life stories, I believe that movement toward this ideal is a fruitful endeavor in an attempt to understand our places in the world as human beings. Gallagher states that "critical thinking and critical literacy are essentially related." He suggests that critical literacy:

...includes gaining certain kinds of knowledge which enable critical thinking to operate in a political and ideological context, knowledge about oppressed groups and cultures, racial minorities, women, working-class culture, and so on....critical literacy interrogates the cultural capital of the oppressed in order to learn from it (p. 257).

I find the critical hermeneutic approach particularly apropos to the work I intend to do, especially in terms of the false consciousness of gender and race issues under which I have been laboring for most of my life. Through becoming familiar with feminism, I have been able to discern my own (continuing) role in the oppression of women in my own family, classrooms, etc. Similarly, through "discovering" the fact of my own ethnicity, I have met face-to-face the *aporia* of my non-whiteness. Rather than simply dealing with it as a personal issue, however, critical thinking and critical literacy have provided a language, methodology, and purpose for my undertaking.

Gallagher (1992) further suggests that a critical (nonhegemonic) education is only possible through conversation or Freirean dialogue (pp. 269-270). Indeed, Richard Rorty (1982) suggests that the goal of education is to achieve a "sense of the human community" by permitting students to "have interesting conversations with one another" with the aim of such conversations "not to seek the Truth but just to bind us together" (p. 11). This, then, would seem to be something of a prescription for the ills of these modern times--what Robert Heilbroner (1980) calls "civilizational malaise" in

which "the values of an industrial civilization, which for two centuries have given us a sense of *elan* and purpose, now seem to be losing their self-evident justification" (p. 19, original italics). David G. Smith (1994) brings to a culmination all these ideas by stating that, "All writing is in a sense autobiographical" but that "identity means nothing without a set of relations, and that the real work of our time may be defined by an ability to mediate meaning across boundaries and differences, whether those boundaries and differences be concerned with gender, race, or ideas" (p. 129). Maxine Greene (1978) has called for teachers as "living beings" to become committed to a rationality that helps them break out of the molds into which they have been thrust by society, and to interpret these roles through a grounding in an understanding of themselves. Such self-reflection will help make it possible for teachers to become "in touch with their own landscapes" (p. 39).

Richard Rorty (1985) states that reflective human beings use one of two principal ways to place their lives in a larger context, or to give sense to their lives. The first is by telling the story of their contribution to an actual historical or an imaginary community, which exemplifies the desire for solidarity. The second way is to describe themselves as standing in immediate relation to a nonhuman reality, which exemplifies the desire for objectivity; the clearest example of this is the tradition in Western culture which centers around the notion of the search for Truth, to be pursued for its own sake, a tradition which runs from the Greek philosophers through the Enlightenment (pp. 3-4). As a "reflective human being" then, I am choosing the former, to tell the story of my contribution to my community--my family, the academic community, my gender, my ethnic and racial groups, my regional locale, my spiritual community.

Postmodernism

Some postmodernists might have difficulty reconciling postmodernism with critical theory and hermeneutics. However, I propose that common ground can be found among these three approaches to thinking about the world. Zygmunt Bauman (1992) suggests that postmodernity is "more than anything else--a *state of mind*....--a state of those minds who have the habit...to *reflect* upon themselves, to *search* their own contents and *report* what they found..." (p. vii, last three italics added). Further: "Postmodernity...does not seek to substitute one truth for another, one standard of beauty for another, one life ideal for another....It braces itself for a life without truths, standards and ideals" (p. ix). I will attempt to provide an interpretation of the text of my life as seen through my own eyes, "reflecting, searching and reporting" on my own experiences. I do not, moreover, make any claims for any absolute truth, standards or ideals. Sometimes the telling of my story might bring forth defensiveness and reactions that seem to ask: "What do you want from me?" from the listener. I do not want judgments or retribution, only the opportunity to tell my story in hopes of receiving the gift of understanding.

Giroux (1991a) suggests that the best insights of modernism and postmodernism, can be combined so that educators can deepen and extend what is generally referred to as critical pedagogy. He recommends a combining of:

...the modernist emphasis on the capacity of individuals to use critical reason to address the issue of public life with a postmodernist concern with how we might experience agency in a world constituted in differences unsupported by transcendent phenomena or metaphysical guarantees (p. 27).

Peter McLaren (1991) also attempts to reconcile critical theory with postmodernism by posing a question for educators in "the present 'postmodern' climate": "...how can critical educators begin to map the question of agency across the various relations of class, gender, race, history, and ideological production in the form of popular memory and narrative forms?" He describes "new trends in critical social theory"--many of which I feel my work encompasses (in the following, enclosed in square brackets)--including the forging of new communities of resistance [initiation and participation in a writing group which explores the myth of belonging]; cultural studies and research into the constitutive characteristics and effects of colonial discourses and practices [examination of Japanese Canadian culture and identity]; debate between Habermas' notion of "differentiation" and postmodern "difference" [identity politics]; the concept of the global subject and the shifting balance between the margins and the centers of global power [the role and pedagogy of the global educator]; new forms of narratology, new

modes for establishing referentiality [life history method, authenticity and legitimacy of voice]; the concept of the body as a site of cultural inscription, the analysis of desire, and the body as a site of intextuation and enfleshment--"a site where epistemic codes grip bodies in social norms" [experiential, autobiographical writing]; and the problematization of the notion of gender [gender and mothering issues] (pp. 10-12).

Patti Lather (1991) believes that we must "get smart" about the conditions of our lives and the means necessary for change. She positions herself in the two worlds of women's studies and critical educational theorizing (p. xvii), using the term "post-feminism" (p. 26) to refer to "a movement of displacement.... [of] the articulation of postmodernism from the site of the fathers...open[ing] up the possibility of a heteroglot articulation premised on multiplicities and particularities" (p. 27). Joan Scott (1992) suggests that through autobiographical writing, the knowledge gained "through (visual, visceral) experience" by those persons previously omitted or overlooked by historians has produced "a wealth of new evidence...and has drawn attention to dimensions of human life and activity usually deemed unworthy of mention in conventional histories." Furthermore, "...these histories have provided evidence for a world of alternative values and practices whose existence gives the lie to hegemonic constructions of social worlds..." (p. 24). And as Linda Hutcheon (1989) states it: "...generally speaking, the postmodern appears to coincide with a general cultural awareness of the existence and power of systems of representation which do not *reflect* society so much as *grant* meaning and value within a particular society" (p. 8, original italics). That I am attempting to express a "postmodernism of resistance" (Hal Foster cited in Hutcheon, p. 17) to the dominant hegemony from within the strictures of the academy is also something which has not escaped my notice--what Hutcheon would call a "complicitous critique" (p. 4)--in an attempt to present what Lyotard calls "smaller and multiple narratives which seek no universalizing stabilization or legitimation" (cited in Hutcheon, p. 24). Postmodernism thus provides a theoretical framework for the acceptance of the stories of different groups.

In the same vein, Michael McCall and Judith Wittner (1990) point to a "renewed interest in life history research" in which the experiences of socially nondominant groups and classes are being sought--groups who have been ignored, or "emergent collectivities who are just beginning to speak in their own name and to develop their own past and future" (pp. 46-47). Attention to these life histories is seen as "a product of scholarship that conceptualizes knowledge as inherently ideological" (p. 46). McCall and Wittner further suggest that through a "critique of existing knowledge" we are forced to "examine our assumptions, incorporate more actors into our models and generate more inclusive concepts for understanding the actual complexities of social institutions and the processes of social change.

This, then, would seem to call for the telling of life stories of those on the "margin." Bell hooks (1992) observes that, "To be in the margin is to be

part of the whole but outside the main body... [and a]ttempts by White feminists to silence black women are rarely written about" (p. 12). Is there then, a "right" way to do autobiography--to tell one's story? Is there specific content, or a type of story that will be more acceptable in the discourse? Are there more and less valid kinds of topics to be taken under consideration? Who is to be the judge of validity?

Martin Kohli (1981) suggests that autobiography refers to "internal cognitive processes"--what Schutz and Luckmann (1974) call "one of the essential dimensions for the articulation of the stream of consciousness" (p. 65). He even addresses "the problem of 'truth' in autobiography" in terms of a "subjective truth" which should be checked against "historical truth" (pp. 69-70). My question, however, is: Who is the teller of historical truth? Paul Ricoeur (1981) suggests that:

...if it is true that there is always more than one way of construing a text, it is not true that all interpretations are equal....It is always possible to argue for or against an interpretation, to confront interpretations, to arbitrate between them and to seek for an agreement, even if this agreement remains beyond our reach (p. 213).

Underlying my work will be a postmodern inquiry into the question of my own identity, what some have called identity politics, and others a "politics of difference" (Stuart Hall, quoted in Bhabha, 1987, p. 7). My work will center on myself as a postcolonial female subject. This leads, as Homi Bhabha (1987) points out, first to the disturbing situation of perceiving self as "other," and further to the problematic phenomenon of "doubling," in which the subject is split into the self known personally to the individual and the person as identified by others--the self ironically then labelled the "other":

For the post-structuralist discourse, it is the priority (and play) of the signifier that reveals the Third space of absence or lack or doubling (not depth) which is the very articulatory principle of discourse. It is through that space of enunciation, that problems of meaning and being enter into the discourses of post-structuralism, as the problematic of subjection and identification (p. 7).

It is expressly within this "Third space" that I wish to enter, to attempt to respond to Bhabha's plaintive question: "...where do *we* stand in that uncanny echo between what may be described as the attenuation of identity and its simulacra?" (p. 8, original italics).

It is in that space, with the help of non-white colleagues, that I have discovered my own "epistemic violence" toward myself, similar to what Jan Branson and Don Miller (1982) have described among the Balinese in which

"the diverse, rich worlds of their parents and/or grandparents are thoroughly devalued, 'insidiously objectified'..." (p. 258). My denying of my own ethnic and racial identity, and the subsequent realization of a depth of being to be explored and reconciled with my former existential awareness is an *aporia* that must be continually addressed. Trinh Minh-Ha (1989) describes a "triple bind"--that question of priorities in which the woman of color "must choose from among three conflicting identities. Writer of color? Woman writer? Or woman of color? Which comes first? Where does she place her loyalties?" (p. 6). I see my own triple bind as consisting of conflicting identities: first, of the way I am seen by others (as an ethnic minority, perhaps as a foreigner); coupled with the two alternating ways I see myself--my earlier conception of myself as an "ordinary (White) Canadian"; and my newfound awareness of myself as a woman of color who must deal with people in terms of how they respond to my other identities.

In summary, then, my journey in the experience of postgraduate work entails an examination and "trying on" of various theoretical standpoints--sometimes seen by others as competing and irreconcilable views--but the consideration of many, and utilization of parts of them, are seen by myself as an integral part of my educational experience. Therefore, I wish to chronicle my exposure to them and my attempts to integrate them into my academic and personal lives. In the distinguished company of Peter McLaren (1991), I contend that a postmodern outlook would accept the various differences of the disparate viewpoints and consider each as worthwhile, but perhaps in particular contexts: "Postmodernity can be described as a time of cultural and epistemological *coupure*, a time during which cultural and epistemological borders are breaking down and disciplinary genres are becoming blurred" (p. 7).

Phenomena must be taken for what they are, not measured or judged according to some preconceived standard. The examination of my own life experiences must be done by myself, and by the readers, "with new eyes," with what philosophers are calling "wonder":

The manner in which we see ourselves, the texture of our relations with others, and the innermost place from which we respond to our experience...deep matters of this kind are exposed to the eyes, the heart, in wonder. As teachers we need to consider the consequential nature of the openness that occurs in this experience, where we seem--simultaneously--both to lose and find ourselves (Hove, Forthcoming).

METHODOLOGY

Autobiography

My methodological approach is essentially autobiographical, a writing style first embarked upon at the University of Lethbridge while completing my Masters degree in Education, following the work of Richard Butt, et al. (1990) who state: "Education exists, in one sense, for the individual and collective life histories of future generations--to give them a sense of personal and social agency in engaging the realities of our current and future world" (p. 255). I have been captivated by this genre, discovering a vehicle for self-expression that is both personally satisfying and academically gratifying (as a result of positive response to publications and conference presentations). I have used earlier writings as background for the main body of the work which consists of current reactions to my graduate program, collected in journal-style writing. The framework for my autobiographical writing is provided by issues raised in the literature on the topics I am addressing, namely gender, race/ethnicity, class, belonging, feminist/global pedagogy, and spirituality.

Sandra Kirby and Kate McKenna (1989) advocate research "from the margins of the production of knowledge" (p. 17) by people who want to challenge the way language, research and knowledge are used as instruments of power that impose form and order for the purpose of control:

In researching from the margins we are concerned with how research skills can enable people to create knowledge that will describe, explain and help change the world in which they live. "We need to reclaim, name and re-name our experience and thus our knowledge of this social world we live in and daily help to construct, because only by doing so will it become truly ours, ours to use and do with as we will" [Stanley & Wise, 1983:205] (p. 15).

Patricia Bell Scott (1977) vehemently supports "feminist cross-cultural research" in the social sciences:

There must be more empirical and cross-cultural investigations of the life experiences of women. In other words, we cannot speak of a psychology or sociology or anthropology of women, if the frameworks of these perspectives are applicable to White, middle-class, or professional women only (quoted in Reinharz, 1992, original italics).

In describing life history method, Kirby and McKenna (1989) quote Denzin (1970): "the experiences and definitions held by one person, one group, or one organization as this person, groups or organization interprets

those experiences" (p. 81). They note that data from life histories can come from private documents such as diaries, letters or taped accounts, or from public records. They point out that the usefulness of the life history method depends on the completeness of obtainable records, and the context in which the experiences and definitions occurred. I have utilized autobiographical writings and journal records of my own (as well as others), in addition to transcripts of dialogue with colleagues, combined with hermeneutic analysis. (In the interest of ethical considerations, the people who are identifiable in the work were required to consent to that identification before it was used--although pseudonyms have been used for non-family members--and were asked to vet the work before publication.)

Shulamit Reinharz (1992) discusses the very important question of "voice" in oral history and personal documents. She questions the "authenticity" of voices that are not produced voluntarily, suggesting that this type of production might itself be a form of oppression. She points out that feminist oral historians disagree about what kind of voice and whose voice is present in a published oral history--is it the voice of oppression, the voice of imitation, the authentic unsilenced self, or multiple voices? (pp. 138-139). Furthermore, Reinharz suggests that in second person life history data gathering, the interviewer's voice is necessarily the one that is heard due to the editing process, "contradictions in listening," and choice of interviewee (usually older and relatively powerless people) (pp. 139-141). She also describes a feminist research method which consists of soliciting written statements about a particular topic from people who are literate and highly educated but "who have experiences that have remained hidden" (p. 143).

My work is probably closest to the latter method, although my story is self-solicited. I believe that I have avoided the question of whose voice is being heard, in that I have explicitly, and unsolicited, written my *own* story. It should be obvious that it is I myself who has chosen this type of methodology, one that is frequently called for, but much less frequently taken up by researchers. (The question of why I have chosen this genre has been addressed in the Conceptual Framework.) While it undeniably makes clear whose voice it purports to be, there are, admittedly, still shadings and gradations inherent in the writing. In addition to selective perception, any author writes with a reader in mind and might slant, delete, or embellish, depending on the perceived readership. Being cognizant of these pitfalls, I have tried to find a kind of middle ground in which my writing is found to be not only intelligible and acceptable, but even valuable. E.D. Hirsch Jr. (1976), in discussing the aims and value of hermeneutic interpretation, states that: "The job of criticism is both to illuminate meaning (when necessary) and to indicate some valuable application of meaning, some special charm or use or wisdom for the present time" (p. 156). It is my hope that my story and my interpretation is not only idiosyncratic, but will provide a valuable application not only for other women of color, but for all those who interact with them.

Part of the problem in this kind of writing is the transparency of self that is produced, presenting certain and clear dangers of evoking responses characterized by misunderstanding, ridicule, criticism, or even apathy. While I will be saddened by these kinds of responses, a more important question for me is whether the voice will be truly heard. As Leslie Roman (1993) points out, Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak's rhetorical question (1990), "Can the subaltern speak?" needs to be reframed: Are privileged (European and North American) White groups willing to listen when the subaltern speaks; and can they know the difference between occasions for responsive listening and listening as an excuse for silent collusion with the status quo of racial and neocolonial inequalities? (p. 79).

Participant Observation

A secondary type of methodology which was employed was participant observation, which "involves the researcher being a participant during the data gathering process" (Kirby & McKenna, 1989), combined with different ways of data gathering such as "surveys, personal accounts/narratives, life histories/chronicles, unobtrusive measures (filming, recording), or document analysis with direct observation to give a full account of how individuals make sense of their experiences" (p. 76). My work consists mostly of personal accounts/narratives and life histories/chronicles.

The participant observation research technique is particularly applicable to the study of the various group experiences in which I am both a participant and an observer, in the sense that I am analyzing the progress and process of the group in regard to my own experience. These groups constitute my life--the academic writing group, as well as formalized teaching situations, family relationships, and informal social groupings. Kirby and McKenna (1989) suggest that there are different degrees of involvement by the researcher in participant observation. In my case, I as the researcher am also a participant, totally immersed in the experience that is also being observed, attempting to understand it as completely as possible as a full participant:

Participation involves direct contact with individuals and/or groups of people where they normally are and doing what they normally do....The method of research from the margins allows for the fact that the researcher may be a long-standing participant. It is not only possible but likely that a participant who becomes a researcher will continue to be a participant after the particular research is completed (p. 77).

In the case of the academic writing group, as the instigator, I have been involved from its inception, but always as an equal member in a non-hierarchical arrangement. My analysis of the group proceedings or objectives has been mine alone, since other group members would necessarily have their own individual interpretations, which I have solicited and also tried to share. No direct recordings or quotes have been taken without written consent, but instead my own perceptions and experiences were shared in relation to the group experience.

SOURCES OF THE SELF

Due to the complexity of social life, the separation of the subjectivities to be examined in this work is necessarily artificial, and unfortunately may contribute to a sense of fragmentation within society and within my own life story. However, in deference to accepted academic practice, and in the interest of the semblance of some organization (not to mention some respect for the reader) I have addressed the following topics separately, while at the same time attempting to draw attention to their intertwined nature: gender, race/ethnicity, class, belonging, feminist/global pedagogy, and spirituality.

Gender

Because gender is the most influential dimension of my identity, it is here that I have begun talking about my life story, although it cannot but artificially be isolated from other elements of one's identity, such as race/ethnicity and class. Gender, which identifies one's very being, is a given at the time of birth, and a girl's life fortunes will depend on the attitude of society toward the birth of a girl.

Linda Nicholson (1995), in a historical review of the use of the terms "sex" and "gender" within feminism, suggests that the human population differs in terms of "the ways in which the body is viewed and the relationship between such views and expectations concerning how we think feel, and act" (p. 43). However, in the modern Western understanding of the male/female distinction, a materialistic metaphysics, along with social changes such as a growing separation of a domestic and public sphere, emphasize the importance of physical characteristics (p. 46). Adrienne Rich (1976) contends that there are "deep psychic and cultural factors" underneath an "ambivalence of pride and shame (and fear)" that comes with the menarche, but also the menopause in a patriarchal society, such that the "woman-defined-as-mother" comes to see herself as no longer a sexual being, or someone with a function (p. 106). Nancy Chodorow (1974) attempted to account for "the reproduction within each generation of certain general and nearly universal differences that characterize masculine and feminine personality and roles" by attributing these differences between the sexes not to anatomy but rather to "the fact that women, universally, are largely responsible for early child care." As a result, "in any given society, feminine personality comes to define itself in relation and connection to other people more than masculine personality does" (pp. 43-44). In a ground-breaking book, Carol Gilligan (1984) brought to our attention the "different voice" of women, as opposed to men, representing two modes of thought regarding conceptions of self and morality, experiences of moral conflict and choice, and judgments of hypothetical moral dilemmas (pp. 2-3).

In a review of recent works regarding motherhood issues, Lisa Brush (1996) claims that the debates over agency and women's power have been "indisputably move[d] forward" by showing the risks and gains of rooting women's claims in maternalist politics, important because of the shifting of conceptual focus from patriarchy to maternalism (p. 431). She calls maternalism a "feminism for hard times," claiming that feminists are feeling beleaguered because of a failure to effect significant social changes such as increasing the value of mother-work in the market or in social policy, reaching across race and class lines to ally women in defence of the welfare of their loved ones, placing women on par with male soldiers and workers, or radically redefining the sexual division of labor (pp. 453-454).

Feminists from many schools interpret the perplexity of gender in many ways, which can be confusing for the new student of gender issues, and for the public at large, a confusion which may contribute to resistance to change. *Liberal feminism*, based on Western liberal political thinking, allows that discrimination of women is unjust, and calls for reforms of existing social legislation organizations, such that androgynous conduct would be acceptable and gender stereotyping would be overcome. In *Marxist feminism*, human beings are seen as autonomous individuals, their existence conditioned by material production and reproduction of life. That they occupy a subordinate role in regard to the ownership of private property, as well as within the family and workplace, results in a deep, pervasive alienation not only from producers, but from themselves, from others, and from nature.

Radical feminists believe that the oppression of women is the most widespread oppression of all, largely due to patriarchal forces that mandate, or at least condone, men's control of women's bodies. Simone de Beauvoir called women "the second sex": "No, woman is not our brother; through indolence and depravity we have made of her a being apart, unknown, having no weapon other than her sex...a being set apart..." (1993, pp. 17-18). In looking at our language, Trinh Minh-ha concludes that, "Woman can never be defined" and suggests a long list of various terms, most of them derogatory, that clearly point out that women are considered by many to be "nothing but sexuality": "Bat, dog, chick, mutton, tart. Queen, lady of pleasure. MISTRESS. *Belle-de-nuit*, woman of the streets, fruitwoman, fallen woman. Cow, vixen, bitch. Call girl, joy girl, working girl. Lady and whore are both bred to please" (1989, pp. 96-97). Radical feminists call for the need for a revolution against societal demands for women to be submissive, obedient, complicitous, as well as against biological motherhood and motherhood myths.

Psychoanalytic feminism, in turn, holds that gender is a product of psychosexual development but ignores societal forces, particularly the diversity of families. *Socialist feminism*, a coming together of Marxist, radical and psychoanalytic streams, creates a unified system theory in which gender-based capitalism represents men's control over labor and the alienation of

women. However, the universalism of this theory falls short in not acknowledging "other" movements, something that is the focus of a *postmodern* approach to feminism, in which openness, plurality, diversity, difference--otherness as a way of being, thinking, and speaking--are advocated, although critics warn that provisional multiple meanings can lead to chaos.

Linda Hutcheon (1989) attempts a description of the postmodern focus: "...postmodern's initial concern is to de-naturalize some of the dominant features of our way of life; to point out that those entities that we unthinkingly experience as 'natural'...are in fact 'cultural'; made by us, not given to us" (p. 2). Many postmodern writers recommend a transformation of the concept and practice of social science, suggesting that "critical theory contributes to the development of a postpositivist philosophy of science" (Agger, 1991, p. 118). Ben Agger notes the Frankfurt theorists' argument that positivism is a flawed philosophy of science and also a flawed political theory that "reproduces the status quo by encouraging conformity with alleged social and economic laws" (p. 119). He also contends that, "Postmodernism rejects the view that science can be spoken in a singular universal voice" arguing for "multiple methodologies as well as multiple class, race, and gender perspectives on problems." He believes that a multiplicity of voices has: "...the additional advantage of empowering a variety of heretofore muted speakers to join discussions about social issues, legitimating their noncredentialed interventions into the scientific field and deprivileging the mainstream positivist voice" (p. 121).

An important critique of feminism has been put forward by groups of "others" who have felt excluded from the feminist project. Elizabeth Spelman (1988) points out that:

Many women who have turned to the history of mainstream feminist thought for enlightenment about the conditions of their lives have found that there was no mention of women like themselves, a silence that extends their exile from humanity as defined by the philosophers (p. 8).

This critique does not only apply to groups of women within our own Western multi-layered society, but to groups of women throughout the global context. It is precisely because I find myself in the curious position of straddling a number of different "worlds"--both Eastern and Western ideologies, as well working-class and middle-class lifestyles, a silenced racial/ethnic group and an empowered academic forum--that I feel I must make my voice heard.

A final brand of feminism, *ecofeminism*, that not only seeks equality between men and women, but also with nature, is to my mind, a promising culmination of the earlier mentioned strands of feminism. In this way of thinking, life is an interconnected web, free of domination rather than

hierarchical, calling for a radical restructuring of human--that is to say, global --society. An important limitation should be pointed out however, in that the issues of women of color, particularly Third World women, are not specifically addressed. The postmodern concept of listening to all voices, while just and desirable, risks the marginalization of the voices of women of color, which has been a traditional and longstanding problem.

Avtar Brah (1993) points out that ongoing "historical contestations" contribute to the "evolution of a world economic system in which Western dominance became inextricably linked with the history of transatlantic slavery, colonialism and imperialism" (p. 10). Similarly, in discussing the "issues of voice and text in feminist anthropology," Judith Abwunza (In press) states forthrightly that "outraged voices [of Third World women] are demanding to be heard." She suggests that, "A postcolonial critique...is directly levelled against 'experts' from academy who, from their positions of power, provide the 'truth' of cultures for academy members and ...cultural members" (p. 1). She echoes the challenges to "white, mainstream feminist theory" by Valerie Amos and Pratibha Parmar (1984) who assert that:

The limitations of the movement are expressed in the issues which are identified as priorities; they are issues which in the main have contributed to an improvement in the material situation of a small number of white middle-class women often at the expense of their Black and working class "sisters"... (p. 4).

Philip Wexler (1987) goes so far as to suggest that: "...sociology is being replaced by social analysis...[as] part of a broad set of historical changes in social production and organization, in the content and forms of cultural expression, and in the aims and linguistic means of analytic social work (p. 7). Wexler, et al. then advocate life history and oral method for its provision of "wholly new perspectives" (1987, p. 233) and "as an act of constitution" in that it "underlines the narrativity of individual lives and asserts the mutuality of social relations" (p. 242). Jane Flax (1990) states a similar agenda: "We need to recover and write the histories of women and our activities into the accounts and stories that cultures tell about themselves" (p. 55). This, then, would seem to call for the telling of life stories of those on the "margin." Bell hooks (1984) observes that, "To be in the margin is to be part of the whole but outside the main body." She sees Black women, through their marginality, as having a "special vantage point" from which to "criticize the dominant racist, classist, sexist hegemony as well as to envision and create a counter-hegemony" (p. 15). Robin Morgan (cited in Mohanty, 1995) suggests that there is a "universal sisterhood" in which women are seen as a "cross-culturally singular, homogeneous group with the same interests, perspectives, and goals and similar experiences" (p. 72). Patriarchy is seen as as a religious, legal, economic, and familial force to be opposed by women (p. 75). However, Mohanty takes issue with this understanding of the unity of

women as a *given*, and suggests that it is "something that has to be worked for, struggled toward--*in history*" (original italics) and that "one of the tasks of feminist analysis is uncovering alternative, nonidentical histories which challenge and disrupt the spatial and temporal location of a hegemonic history" (pp. 77-78).

Writing has become an important part of my activity and of my life itself, but it does not come without its challenges to conscience. As Trinh Minh-Ha (1989) notes, writing, reading, thinking, imagining, speculating are "luxury activities...permitted to a privileged few, whose idle hours of the day can be viewed otherwise than as a bowl of rice or a loaf of bread less to share with the family....in general, the situation of women does not favour literary productivity..." It is somehow comforting to hear her say that it is "almost impossible" for women to engage in writing as an occupation without their "letting themselves" be consumed by a deep and pervasive sense of guilt, doubts, lack of confidence, frustrations, despair--"sentiments born with the habits of distraction, distortion, discontinuity, and silence" (pp. 6-7).

In this chapter, I will share autobiographical writing from my graduate studies in which I examined conflicting feelings about motherhood and housewifery as opposed to educational aspirations--feelings with which I continue to grapple to this very day. I commuted from my home in Lethbridge to Edmonton, some 350 miles away each week to attend classes, to meet with fellow students and my supervisory committee, and to generally absorb the academic milieu, which is such an important aspect of (so-called) higher learning.

This repeated coming and going--the repetitive stopping and starting of various activities--was mentally and physically trying, so that I became, at times, confused as to what books I had where, what needs were to be attended and how, and exactly where I stood in this turmoil. It seems to me that it was not unlike the exercise incorporated into the puberty rite of the Winnebago tribe of Wisconsin, in which the young Native boy was to "busy his conscious mind with a monotonous physical activity," "to completely exhaust the body as quickly as possible," by picking up rocks and running with them from one place to another, repeating the process again and again, in order to open up his subconscious mind to receive a personal revelatory experience (Steiger, 1984, pp. 34-35).

My travelling and being away from home was not only trying for myself, but for my family--my husband and three children. I will address gender issues of a woman seeking a higher degree, a woman leaving home to pursue her dreams and goals, the stress on family relationships, the guilt of mothering lost. One night, my younger 11-year-old daughter wept as she anticipated my weekly trip to Edmonton. She claimed that her experience of my repeated leaving her will "scar her for life." Her plaintive cry, "I need you, Mommy!" rang in my ears and filled my heart with guilt as I boarded the plane--yet again. In the next breath, she bravely wished me a good trip, hoping that I would "get lots of work done."

Achievement Orientation: Fear of success?

The historic work of Matina Horner (1968) concerning female motivation, or "fear of success," and the more recent writings of Michele A. Paludi, entitled, "Four Objective Measures of Fear of Success" (1984) are presented by Mary Roth Walsh (1987) as two sides of a debate: "Do women fear success?" I will examine points from each work that seem to apply to my life. Firstly, Horner (1972) explains the thesis of her stance in her original work:

...most women have a motive to avoid success--that is, a disposition to become anxious about achieving success because they expect negative consequences (such as social rejection and/or feelings of being unfeminine) as a result of succeeding (Horner, 1968, p. 183).

In her earlier work, she also hypothesized that the motive to avoid success would be "significantly more characteristic of women than of men," and also more characteristic of "high-achievement-oriented, high-ability women who aspire to and/or are capable of achieving success" (p. 173).

Looking at my own family of origin, I have no hesitation about unequivocally stating that the six children are without exception achievement-oriented, aided in such development by our father who inculcated perfectionism in us through role modelling as well as direct instruction. In addition, we had a mother who was emotionally supportive of our every effort in academics or the arts. (Five out of six have taken university training past the baccalaureate level, and the sixth is ambitious in the business field.) The three sons embarked on Masters degrees relatively soon after their Bachelors' degrees, while I am the only sister of three to have pursued a Masters degree at all. My older sister applied to graduate school several years after completing her undergraduate work, and was accepted, but discovered that the application process was much more exhilarating than the prospect of actually pursuing the degree. She decided not to proceed because she realized that it would not lead to the career that she really wanted. (A Masters Degree in English was foregone for training to become a Chartered Accountant, an occupation pursued at the relatively late age of 27 years.)

Most of us as high school students consistently found our names on the honor roll ("Top Ten" for each grade level)--suggesting that we are of about equal academic ability--however, it is perhaps my older sister who gained the most public recognition for high academic achievement. To my father's intense pride, she obtained the highest marks in our city on grade nine government examinations, went directly to university upon high school graduation, and obtained two undergraduate degrees in the Arts. However, it was only upon imminent graduation that she began to give serious consideration to what occupational realm she might enter. Her choices in university were made for academic rather than pragmatic reasons and it was

something of a shock when she was faced with the reality of entering the job market.

I find my sister's lack of prior thought to this matter to be rather puzzling, given the fact that I would consider her to be an extremely independent woman. She has always exhibited an enviable degree of the ability to "know her own mind" and displayed the courage of her convictions, exemplified by the fact that she has withstood societal pressures and chosen to not have children. Interestingly, in many ways, we are diametrically opposed in personality and our adherence to tradition. This is a subject that she and I have discussed more than once without coming to any conclusion as to an indisputable explanation for this difference, except to say that we have differing learning styles and from early ages were found to display very different personalities to our parents. Perhaps also the fact that she was the first-born girl to a family that desired a first-born son could have predisposed her to identify more with male gender expectations.

An illustration of her *chutzpah* is an incident that occurred when she and her husband were buying a second-hand vehicle. The salesman was particularly condescending to her as a woman, speaking mostly to her husband. After the deal was made, she forthrightly reached for the keys and drove the vehicle out of the parking lot and out of sight, to the astonishment of the salesman who was left standing there with her husband. Other examples include her willingness (or lack of awareness of potential dangers?) in making long distance trips entirely on her own. The day that she received her driver's licence, she drove the 135 miles from Calgary to Lethbridge by herself. One year she drove from Calgary to Vancouver Island on her own, having only a brief and unplanned rendezvous with other relatives on the island. Whether because of the fear of the unexpected happening and not being able to cope, or simply the uncomfortable feeling of being alone, I would never even contemplate making either trip. She also had her name in *The Calgary Herald* a few years ago for being the first woman to be admitted to an exclusive all-male club in the city of Calgary.

Certainly, I have had a different experience from my older sister in growing up, in that I was always in her shadow. Indeed, I early began to take people's accidentally calling me by her name as a compliment, and learned to smile demurely, happy enough in the fact that I was at least getting *some* attention for my efforts. Our younger sister is the only one of the siblings to have chosen a short college program instead of university. Her decision-making throughout her youth seemed to take on this rebellious kind of style --whatever her three older siblings chose, she would choose something different: German instead of French, Drama instead of Art, baton twirling instead of playing in the band.

Strangely enough, I would judge that both my sisters and I seem to have this "fear of success" as described by Horner, despite our vast differences --their single-mindedness and independence as opposed to my forever copying my older sister (her handwriting, her projects, her activities). That is,

none of us had much motivation to continue our education immediately upon obtaining our undergraduate degrees, lacking as we were in role models in either our peer group or our parents. (It must also be borne in mind that in that time period, a woman of 21 was expected to be married, and at that time, my husband and I were one of the last couples in our social circle to get married.) In fact, I remember my mother suggesting once during our high school years that both my sister and I should consider training to be laboratory technicians since they were in short supply at that time. As I recall, this was the one and only recommendation that either of my parents ever made concerning post secondary training, and when we discovered the nature of the work, both of us turned up our noses at the prospect of working with bodily excrement!

It seems that my sister was definitely considering university education, probably based on her consistently high academic achievement throughout her school career. She was mentored by a school guidance counsellor who arranged for her to attend an American university and obtain part-time employment as a nanny and domestic for a family whose parents were both university professors. However, my own pursuit of university was based on my own vague notion that I wanted to become a clinical psychologist and the fact that a new university had just opened in our home city made the decision relatively easy for myself and my parents who supported me by providing room and board. Because of financial constraints, attending the University of Alberta immediately after high school along with some of my wealthier friends, was not a possibility.

Part of the "fear of the success" dynamic, was perhaps the inordinate fear of my mother's that any of her daughters might become pregnant before marriage. Twenty-five years ago, it was still a family disgrace to have an out-of-wedlock child, and our extended family was perhaps even more vehement in this belief, perhaps due to the cultural prescription to not bring shame to the family name. Both my older sister and I were safely married at the age of 21, almost exactly at the time of university graduation and full-time job-seeking. I suppose there was never any question on the part of either of us that we would work outside the home, but plans to further our education came several years after we had established our marriages and households. In about my mid-20s I did send away for some university calendars in consideration of pursuing my Masters degree, after a couple of professional people whom I respected had stated to me that I had the potential to complete such a program. (I had honestly never considered myself "graduate school material" up to that point.) However, this was admittedly partially in response to the fact that our plans to start a family were not materializing and I was seeking other avenues of fulfillment.

Marriage was a state that I actively sought, particularly as I saw many of my peers doing so, and looking back on my feelings then, I am sure that much of the impetus was to gain security. I looked toward my husband for nurturance in much the same way that I had toward my father, although this

is a role that my husband quite understandably resists. I still feel badly that I might have pressured him into marriage perhaps before he was really ready. Undoubtedly, part of the feeling of urgency to get married must have been the fact that I was never asked for a date by any boy from my own school, although there was a student population of 1100, presumably half of them boys! I cannot help but think in retrospect that it was more my status as "a brain" than my lack of popularity per se (I was an elected member of the students' council) or my disinterest in dating. (Another possibility is my ethnicity, which I will discuss in the "Race/Ethnicity" section.) I do not recall any overt family pressure to date or get married, nor any direction or instruction regarding whether I should marry within or outside our racial/ethnic group. I suspect that marrying into White society would be seen as an acceptable move toward assimilation, highly prized in Japanese Canadian culture.

Regarding the attitude of male peers, Horner (1972) states: "The attitude of male peers toward the appropriate role of women, which they apparently do not hesitate to express, appears to be a most significant factor in arousing the motive to avoid success" (cited in Walsh, 1987, p. 179). I feel that I have been extremely fortunate in that my husband has tried to increase my independence by entrusting me with household responsibilities such as in the realm of finances. His motive has been to prepare me for the possible eventuality of having to cope without him sometime in the future. He has also been most supportive of any effort I have made to better myself academically or career-wise. In fact, I have found that he has encouraged me in ways that stretch my abilities to reach for a potential that is sometimes beyond anything I have consciously considered.

Once married, I was free to pursue success in my chosen field--first social work and later teaching, the latter is significantly the same as my husband's. He in fact urged me to enter the field of teaching much earlier than I did. Perhaps there was a reluctance on my part to enter into a relationship of direct competition with him. Choosing post secondary education as my field of endeavor lessens the comparisons somewhat, although I am grateful for any input in areas that are common to both our situations, such as disciplining, exam-writing, marking practices, etc.

In addition, in following my husband in the seeking of an MEd degree, I am embarrassed to admit that I had difficulty taking constructive comments from him, although I knew intellectually that he was only trying to help. Perhaps it was the fragility of my self-esteem--fear of rejection--that resisted any suggestion, no matter how well-meaning. I was determined to complete this degree on the basis of my own efforts yet I craved his praise and validation, while at the same time, was apprehensive of his criticism or questioning. However, I credit this attitude less to actual experiences with my husband, than to my own longstanding expectations of men, based on past experiences with my father, whose comments I often interpreted as critical. This deficit in self-esteem was, incidentally, reinforced by my mother who

suffered at the hands of her own mother in terms of being inculcated with the belief in male superiority.

Turning now to Paludi's (1984) work, she quotes a Cohen (1974) study in which are identified nine factors that were characteristic of a high degree of "fear of success." She conceives of the concept as, " a defense against letting go ...emphasizing concerns of control and fear of loss of control, shame, humiliation, and self-assertion versus submission" (cited in Walsh, 1987, p. 193). Several of these I feel are quite characteristic of my own personality and behavior. I will deal with each separately:

Anxiety over the expression of needs and preferences.

I am generally reluctant to state my preferences, frequently preferring to acquiesce to the wishes of others for fear that my choice will turn out negatively. When my stated choices result in success, I am disinclined to accept credit, but on the other hand, when the alternative has turned out badly, my self-flagellation is intensely felt.

Reluctance to acknowledge personal competence.

I become quite embarrassed when others point out positive aspects of my behaviors, and have difficulty in listing my personal assets. Before I began my undergraduate training, I missed out on receiving a \$500 scholarship because I did not apply for it--I was unable to list my "meritorious activities" on the application form, although in retrospect I can list several, such as piano and vocal training, students' council membership, church group involvement, part-time work. (Apparently, I am becoming better able to list my assets, perhaps related to practice in doing resumes and job interviews, as well as learning the value of "blowing your own horn," under certain limited circumstances!)

Indecisiveness.

I am notoriously unable to make a quick decision, but require a good deal of time to consider the many angles and ramifications, often procrastinating until I have consulted the views of someone whose judgment I respect. An ongoing example is my frequent dialogue with my husband concerning my career path.

Safety valve syndrome--fear of loss of control.

I have since my late teens operated under the philosophy, "Hope for the best, but expect the worst." Although criticized by others as being a very pessimistic way to look upon opportunities, I feel that this has saved me from having to cope with emotional setbacks and helped me look toward the future rather than dwell on the past.

Illegitimacy of self-promotive behaviors.

When I am with people I do not know well, I am quite uncomfortable

and behave shyly until I know that the atmosphere is positive. If I find that it is critical, my anxiety heightens and I become quite tense and unable to "be myself."

Anxiety over being the focus of attention.

Although I have performed vocally in public for many years, I shy away from solo singing, preferring the relative anonymity and security of duets or larger groups. My emotional reaction in situations where I am the center of attention--such as my own birthday party--is so low-key that it prompted my mother-in-law to remark that it was too bad that I was not more happy about a surprise party given for me for my 40th birthday.

Preoccupation with competition and evaluation.

My over-developed achievement-orientation leads me to be forever competing with others and even with myself. For example, in my weekly swimming activity done on an individual basis, I carefully count my laps and note the time taken to complete them. In most areas, I am constantly comparing my achievements and efforts with those of others, changing my reference group once a certain level of achievement has been reached, or looking onward and upward, rather than congratulating myself on the attainment. I am most upset with negative evaluations, each semester suffering apprehension over Faculty Evaluation Questionnaires and the subsequent interview with the dean regarding results.

I believe that, although competition is a dominant principle underlying modern individualistic consumer society, women are more prone to competitiveness, being systematically trained from childhood to compete for the most important resource: a male protector. Billions of dollars are spent annually on cosmetics, fashion, cosmetic surgery, and diet aids to assist them in their quest. Competitiveness among males is, of course, advantageous in the occupational realm and can determine one's success in both work and procreation, since a successful male is seen to provide a solid livelihood for a family. However, women of my generation were not socialized to hone their competitive skills for the workplace, and a woman's success--more than a man's--is still measured by her marital and family status.

Preoccupation with the underplaying of effectiveness.

I frequently "play down" my competence in front of others so they will not think I am bragging. Even when being congratulated or recognized for an achievement, I will feel unworthy of the attention and deny talent or ability.

Cohen would undoubtedly conclude from the above that I have a relatively high degree of "fear of success." I would question, however, whether it might be better termed a "fear of failure." Various feminists have pointed out that being a representative female in a "man's world" carries with it the heavy responsibility of "paving the way" for other females to

easily traverse the same pathways in the future. Fear of failure might hinder many women from embarking on the journey at all.

Perhaps the behaviors that seem to point to a "fear of failure" might reflect a subconscious awareness of women's position of unworthiness as a member of the "second sex" (de Beauvoir, 1993, p. 17). Surely, at some deep level, most women know that due to some twist of fate—a chromosomal toss of the dice—no matter what they might do, they can never be as worthy as a man as judged by societal standards. Whether it is "fear of success" in that achieving in the realm of men would require a woman to play a "man's game," or "fear of failure" that she would not be able to measure up, perhaps the gender issue is that it is made into a larger issue by the likes of Horner. Why most men do not achieve in the highest ranks, or compete for the highest prize, may also be questioned. Why do most men reach a plateau and seem satisfied to remain there?

Furthermore, I wonder whether the fear—of whatever—could also be from class or cultural influences in addition to sex-role socialization. Paludi (1984) concluded by making several statements based on a review of studies subsequent to Horner's original experiment. Of these, I find one statement particularly intriguing: that it is not clear whether the "fear of success [may] tap a motive or cultural stereotype" (p. 200).

In regard to culture, the Japanese Canadians, especially after their evacuation and isolation as "enemy aliens" during the second World War, have as a group made a concerted effort to assimilate into the White culture. Their well-known stereotypical self-effacing behaviors might have worked to their advantage in this assimilation in that they are found to be less offensive and threatening to Whites who want to assume a dominant role. For myself and my family as a whole, assimilation has entailed speaking the English language with a high degree of facility, wearing fashionable Western clothing, adopting Western values and attitudes toward educational goals and family practices, and participating in a mainstream Western religion. However, I wonder how much of my lack of self-promotion is due to a cultural trait exacerbated by historical conditions, in addition to sex-role considerations. (A more complete discussion of ethnicity will follow in the "Ethnicity/Race" section.)

Similarly, with class considerations, I suspect that I have an unstated and unconscious awareness that it is not "my place" to aspire to higher and higher levels of education. Along with the change in status would come the necessity to associate with persons of higher status, bringing fears of not fitting in, or appearing socially inept. For example, on a trip to a conference a few years ago, I had the opportunity to dine in a famous, old inn in New England. I made the *faux pas* of asking why we were being served a tiny bowl of sherbet between courses. I had never before heard of a "palate cleanser."

Also, in regard to familial influences, my perfectionistic tendencies have been actively cultivated by my father during my formative years, in the form of pressuring me to exceed my performances—by not being satisfied with

my achievements ("What happened to the other two percent?" when I achieved 98 percent on an exam.) The interesting point here is that there were no long-term goals suggested or even implied. The status of having their daughters merely attending university seemed to be almost an end in itself. As compared to the boys in the family, we girls were not counselled nor advised as to what our educational, occupational, or employment goals should be. We were left to formulate and plan virtually on our own, motivated perhaps by the forces of the greater culture or the occasional mentor outside the family. Perhaps it was the case that we were carried along in the momentum of achievement orientation itself.

I remember there being serious discussions surrounding the educational plans of the two eldest brothers in the family. (I was no longer living at home when the youngest became of age and I am not sure how he decided to attend university.) In hindsight, it was quite clear that my parents had serious expectations that both these young men would need to become financially stable breadwinners one day. When the younger of the two initially chose unpaid missionary work over pursuing his baccalaureate degree (despite having won a scholarship for his first year efforts that placed him in the top ten percent of the students at the University of Calgary), both of my parents and most family members were plainly disturbed and actively tried to dissuade him from his plans. I myself had conflicting feelings about his plans, trying to rationalize that it is more important for a person to pursue ideals than "success" as defined by consumer society. However, to illustrate how much I myself had adopted my parents' values, when the older of the two announced his plan to be married shortly before commencing Masters studies, my first fear was that his marriage would interfere with his chances of success in completing the degree.

In an effort to please my parents and achieve acceptance within the family unit, I endeavored to do what was "right," in the eyes first of my family, and secondly in the eyes of the greater society. Not only was I afraid to make a mistake and embarrass myself, but worse--to embarrass my family (another feature of my cultural heritage?) Unfortunately, however, no matter how hard one tries, failure or falling below expectations eventually is inevitable, and of course, individual interpretations of what is "right" can vary greatly.

In addition, I feel that individual life experiences have a considerable effect on one's personality traits, such as fear of loss of control as listed by Cohen as one of his nine factors in measuring "fear of success." I feel that the need for control is a significant need that in my case originated from a near drowning at the age of six and which now determines much of my behavior, sometimes restricting my activities (e.g. skiing, watersliding, etc.) The need for control works well with perfectionism, however, and together they naturally lead to behavior that is under control--stereotypically masculine--somewhat of a paradox!

In my current pursuit of a position teaching and doing research in a

post secondary institution, I definitely have a feeling of fear of success/failure. Not only is there the anticipation of discrimination on the basis of sex and ethnic origin, and the accountability as a representative of both groups, but the contemplation of such work has alerted me to many heretofore unexpected perils. I have already had to deal with the derision that some of my acquaintances (largely persons who have little awareness of the activities of academics) have toward academic jobs as "cushy" at best, and inconsequential in the "real world," at worst. In addition, I fear that as a woman there will also be criticism in the form of: "She may be a university professor, but her housekeeping /childrearing/ wardrobe/ hairdo is untidy/questionable/out-dated/unfashionable."

So I am faced with a dilemma: If I pursue the career that appeals to me and is one that is generally considered to be of high status, there are always some who will regard it as unimportant. This leads me again to the conclusion that I must have the courage to choose my "own drummer" and bravely begin the march.

Meanwhile however, it is my hope that a trend will develop in our society, such that success and failure will no longer be a gender issue but both men and women alike, according to the "Peter Principle," will be allowed to rise to the level of their incompetence.

Academia: The road less travelled

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

*Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveller, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;
Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,
And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.
I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I--
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference (Frost, 1958, p. 59).*

While I am certain that the author of this poem, a White Anglo-Saxon male, likely had *someone* and *something* else in mind when writing his classic poem, I found that it accurately described my situation while I was pursuing my Masters degree and contemplating a PhD program. At that time, I felt as if I were at a crossroad in my teaching career. I felt that I could not continue along the path which I had trod for some eight years (that is, sessional post secondary teaching).

The academy has been referred to as the last male bastion and one that will be protected with fervor. No particular male is to "blame" and indeed some have taken part in establishing affirmative action policies which have resulted in persons like myself--a female of color--to be allowed to stand at the gate. Once I had been informed that I had been formally admitted to a PhD program at a prestigious university, the "*road less travelled*" represented not only that of nontraditional female endeavor, but the prospect of doing the unthinkable: leaving my family to pursue my own interests. Some might call this a selfish decision: "*And having perhaps the better claim.*" So I was choosing to put my mothering duties "on hold"--"*I kept the first for another day!*" Yes, I would forego many mothering experiences and risk family stability, and perhaps live to regret my decision: "*Yet knowing how way leads on to way, I doubted if I should ever come back. I shall be telling this with a sigh/Somewhere ages and ages hence...*"

Even though I had been warned by various persons--explicitly and implicitly--that leaving my family to pursue my own goals would lead to fragmentation of relationships, I did not see the decision as a real choice and neither did my immediate family as a whole. They seemed to share my own values on the importance of education per se, as well as the significance of individual goal-seeking. When the various logistical possibilities were presented to them, as a group, they chose to maintain their own sense of place and stability and support my travelling back and forth to Edmonton. (The possibility of attending the University of Calgary, significantly closer to Lethbridge and therefore requiring less travel time and expense, was effectively eliminated when it was found that that institution allowed no flexibility in terms of residence requirements, essentially requiring my absence from home for two full years, 50 weeks each year.) The choice of program--Sociology of Education at the University of Alberta--over an adjunct program in Women's Studies at the University of Calgary, also seemed to be a wiser choice in that it would provide a broader background for eligibility to teach in various faculties at the University of Lethbridge, located in the city where our family planned to continue to live.

Envisioning myself as taking the well-travelled path for women, I saw myself many years in the future as a broken-down old woman--"*bent in the undergrowth.*" As for the choice "*that has made all the difference*" it seems that it remains to be seen. Will I realize self-actualization/success/happiness?

Gloria DeSole and Leonore Hoffman, in their collection of essays, entitled, *Rocking the Boat: Academic women and academic processes* (1981)

wrote:

...women as women are viewed as interlopers on that great and stately ship, the ACADEMY, as it sails the ocean of learning....no matter what research women do, how well we teach, what color we are, whether we are single or married, lesbian or heterosexual, beautiful or plain, we are not welcome on board. No matter how egalitarian the institutional rhetoric, women as a group are seen as outsiders....[leading me to] the shock of recognition that...established academics value women as students but not as colleagues (p. xii).

Upon closer examination, DeSole and Hoffman were clearly falling into the trap of stereotyping all academics in order to make a point about dominant tendencies, and in fact, it is my hope that I can somehow navigate those dangerous waters and find a safe harbor with sympathetic academics, both male and female.

In contemplating beginning a PhD program, I thought that I would thereby qualify myself for that "real job." But as I planned how I would logistically complete such a program, I found myself questioning over and over again: "Why is this education so important to me? How important is it --enough to risk life and limb, family stability, mental health?" All I know is that when the possibility presented itself to me--within grasp--I felt compelled to reach for the latch that would open the gate.

A female colleague asked me whether I would be a better person if I have a PhD. Will I feel more complete, satisfied, accomplished? My father asked (with a laugh) how I will achieve this--by leaving my family for two years? I had been warned by a variety of others that pursuing this educational goal might break up the family. Was I willing to jeopardize a good 21-year marriage and the lives of my three precious children? Even given their blessing upon my quest, I questioned within myself the wisdom of my plans. Didn't I as a student of psychology know that the loss of one's mother is frequently a factor in adult depression? As I considered the love and support of my husband, and my responsibility for the fragile psyches of my children, I was often overcome with guilt.

Why is this degree so important? It is, after all, only a piece of paper --a passport that would gain admittance into the academy--but only if economic conditions were such that professors were being hired. And what is so special about that ivory tower? The common person scoffs at its importance--"a BS degree stands for 'you-know-what,' an MS for 'more of the same' and a PhD for 'piled higher and deeper.'"

Questions in my mind are like an undercurrent regularly brought to the surface by peoples' spoken and unspoken remarks: Why do I want it? Because it's there? For recognition? From whom? For validation--from whom? And once that level has been attained, will I feel any better?

different? more lovable? What's wrong with being a housewife and mother, and a sessional instructor?

During my Masters degree, whenever anyone asked what I was "doing," and I explained my part-time teaching load, graduate assistantship requirements, and full study load as a graduate student, the response was more often than not, "and you have a family to take care of, too." That remark bothered me, but I wasn't too sure just why. Was I bothered because there seemed to be less attention and recognition given to my efforts outside the home than within (although housework is generally taken for granted as a woman's duty)? Was I fearful of some form of "punishment for unnatural acts"? The "unnatural act" suggested by LeGuin (1989, p. 222) is the attempt to combine art work with housework and family responsibility. Do I feel, like Jane Austen, that others are "quite pleased to magnify me and to be proud of my work, but always with a hidden sense that it [is] an admirable joke" (p. 221)? Do I have a "fear of success" suggested by psychologist Matina Horner? Or is it simply my own guilt speaking to me--that certain knowledge that a woman's place is in the home, that the family's needs come first? Am I trying to be to my students one of the "many mothers, those of the body and those of the soul" (p. 234) to which LeGuin refers, but at the expense of my own children's well-being?

I am still not totally sure of my answer to any of these questions. I can only say that through the very act of freeing myself from the meaninglessness of the endless drudgery of housewifery and childcare into the stimulating and challenging environment of teaching and writing can I make meaning out of my life, in the sense that I can contribute to the well-being of society's children. From a spiritual perspective, society's children may at times and in certain contexts actually be more important than one's own kin. It is to the "marginal women" in our society that we have a "responsibility to 'try to change the life in which she is also immersed'" (LeGuin, p. 235). My college students are frequently those who have "bought into" the myth of the "knight in shining armour," and who, therefore, according to Rosemary Brown, former British Columbia cabinet minister (in the video, "No Way, Not Me: The Feminization of Poverty," 1987), are destined to become part of the 60 percent of Canada's poor. Perhaps through the sharing of myself--as a mother, a wife, a person--I can help them to see more of the potentiality of their individual and collective personhood.

A large part of the satisfaction I feel from academic work is the opportunity to share of myself: to reflect on the reality that is my life. Somehow the autobiographical writing that I do makes it all seem worthwhile:

...for whom are we doing what we are doing when we (write)?
....The answer to that question determines what orientation we take in our work, the language we use, the purposes for which it is intended....I can only speak for myself. But what I write and

how I write is done in order *to save my own life*. And I mean that literally.... It is an affirmation that sensuality is intelligence, that sensual language makes sense (Christian, 1987, p. 61, emphasis added).

As Barbara Christian suggests, writing can *literally* save my life by providing a livelihood as well as an outlet for my expression, but also *figuratively*, to save my life for posterity. But why would the telling of my life story be valuable to anyone? The process of telling is important to me in that the insights gained provide a framework for future decision-making. And it is almost therapeutic to put one's thoughts down on paper and try to make sense of them in terms of life events. I become a better person for myself, for my family, and for the world through role modelling the pursuance of educational/occupational goals to my family and my students; I work toward self-actualization not for the purposes of self-aggrandizement, but for global goals.

On the one hand, I feel that I have a contribution to make to the study of post-colonial feminism, having "been there." But on the other hand, I feel like something of a "fraud" (McIntosh, 1984, p. 2), using common everyday occurrences and making them into issues of importance. According to the modern paradigm, shouldn't I be working instead on discovering/inventing some wonderfully useful tool or product for the "betterment" of humankind?

Still, when I recently shared thoughts about "not belonging" at a conference, people in the audience seemed to be able to relate emotionally to what I had said. Is this not valuable--to be able to evoke emotional responses that help people get in touch with themselves? Ironically, the discussion of "not belonging" resulted in a feeling of connectedness--belonging--something that I see as bettering relationships within the whole of humankind. (This topic is elaborated in the "Belonging" chapter which follows.)

My Mother: My life

My mother's biggest mistake was being a girl. Her next biggest mistake was being born a day *after* "Girls' Day." If she had to have been born a girl, why couldn't she have been born on this most important national holiday for girls in Japan? Her mother never stopped reminding her of her second-class status. As the only girl in the family, she would be given the fried egg with the broken yolk, to be eaten from the dish with a crack in it. I believe that my mother tried hard throughout her life to overcome this early undermining of the development of her self-esteem.

When I consider how I came to this juncture in my life--working on achieving the apex in educational qualifications--I must give credit to my mother and her influence on my education. She frequently admonished we

children to "make something of yourself--you don't want to end up being a ditchdigger." My sense of my father's influence was more short-term goal orientation: achieving on a test, making the grade, performing at a recital. In contrast, I believe that my mother's considerations were more far-reaching. There seemed to be more wistfulness and more possibility in her encouragement. I daresay that her response to my announcement that I was pursuing a PhD would have been enthusiasm and optimism. In looking back on my mother's life, I have had fresh insights.

Carolyn Heilbrun (1979) identifies several childhood circumstances, one of which, at least, must be present to produce an achieving woman in a male-dominated profession. I believe that one of her points refers to me--"a sense of the mother, however affectionately viewed, as representing a female destiny to be avoided at all costs" (p. 107). I can see that I have made the conscious decision to *not* follow in my mother's footsteps of what I perceived as frustration in the traditional housewife role, but instead to duplicate her nurturing attitude, which in the classroom means caring for the emotional needs of my students. To this end, I strive to achieve the feminist "connected teaching" model espoused by Belenky and her co-authors (1986), by allowing my students to have an integral part in the learning and decision-making process.

In one memorable Human Relations class, to introduce the "Coping with Loss" chapter in the text, I viewed for the first time along with my students, a 28-minute black-and-white video that consisted of slide-like motion pictures with the voices of those pictured, sharing what it was like to die from a terminal illness, or what it was like to share in that experience. These were obviously real people. The last woman, dying of cancer, presented a ghastly skin-and-bone figure that brought back memories of my own mother who had died such an agonizing death several years previously. With tears in my eyes and an unsteady voice, I shared with the class my experience of "anticipatory grieving" as my parents denied the reality of her impending death.

I was reminded of Madeleine Grumet (1988b) in *Bitter Milk*, deploring the "consistent and flagrant exclusion of female experience from the organization and life of schools" (p. 34) and I made the connection with LeGuin's statement, "we have many mothers, those of the body and those of the soul" (1989, p. 234). What my mother gave to me--the impetus to "make something of myself" is something that I can try to pass on to my students. It is the very earthiness of the motherhood experience that sears the reality of the experience into our hearts and minds, and which makes the feminist cry so much more insistent. As LeGuin explains, the "rationale of the exclusionists" (those who believe that it is "virtually impossible for a heterosexual woman to be a feminist") is that:

...the material privilege and social approbation [that] our society grants the heterosexual wife, and particularly the mother,

prevent her solidarity with less privileged women and insulate her from the kind of anger and the kind of ideas that lead to feminist action (p. 235).

I agree totally with LeGuin that "feminism has been a life-saving *necessity* to women trapped in the wife/mother 'role'" (p. 235). To my way of thinking, aren't feminist ideals all the more relevant to the so-called "privileged" heterosexual wife who, through the "feminine mystique" was so successfully duped--who was told that all she had to do to obtain happiness in this life (and for some religions, in the next life as well) was to be beautiful, dutiful and available?

Insider as Outsider: Triple bind

Carolyn Heilbrun (1979) conceptualized "woman as outsider":

Being an outsider as a Jew made me somehow better able to bear, or to accept as inevitable, my status as outsider because I was female. Whether, had I been the victim of egregious anti-Semitism, I would have reacted in a similar way I do not know. I suspect not. It was as a secret outsider that I operated, as Jew, as female. I pretended to be a part of two worlds, the gentile, the male, to neither of which I belonged (p. 61).

I feel as if I am in a "triple bind"--feeling like an "insider" but treated like an outsider on two counts: femaleness and ethnicity. Coming to terms with this bind in which I find myself will likely be a life-long task. Still, I ask myself, why does it have to be such that, as one of my White Sociology students recently advised, "You have to rise above it." On the first day of class when I introduce myself, I am careful to show the person that I am and share my history of having been born and educated in the geographical area in which I am teaching. I am trying to dispel the imagery of being a displaced person--from what is perceived by others to be my "homeland" and from the west coast during the expulsion of the Japanese from the West coast during World War II.

As I sought to embark upon obtaining a PhD, I entered an even chillier climate. Bernice Sandler (1986) called minority women on campus "an endangered species":

Minority women in higher education frequently face "double discrimination": once for being female and once for being racially or ethnically different. Whites--both male and female--may be uncomfortable dealing with minority women and act on the basis of a variety of misassumptions (p. 13).

I have also felt peripheral in academic surroundings as a sessional instructor at both the community college and university in Lethbridge. (The college had a practice of hiring quantities of sessional instructors, mostly female, often explicitly for financial reasons. Not only was money saved by not paying benefits, but women were often attracted to these part-time jobs to provide extra monies in the household in which there was already a main breadwinner.) As a sessional, I have frequently felt a victim of what I call the "Polyfilla syndrome"--my existence providing nothing more than a handy stopgap for emergency placement. Although I was included in general invitations to academic and social gatherings, I felt as if I did not quite belong --I didn't know the faces, the issues, the protocol.

Gender issues in education became a fascinating topic for me and I therefore set out to pursue a PhD in Women's Studies, a peripheral subject area at best. There is only one institution in Canada that offers such a degree. At other institutions, one must make "special arrangements" or do cross-disciplinary study. As Sandler (1986) points out: "Students wanting to study or do research on a topic related to women often face discouragement or disparagement--as if the topic of 'women' were not a serious area of study" (p. 16).

The whole area of feminist study although intriguing at a deep level, again puts me into a double bind that I refer to as a "guilt sandwich." Feminist activities take time away from the family and my youngest child is adept at laying guilt trips, "Mommy, you're more interested in making supper than in my sore foot." In order to attend a planning meeting for a Feminist Pedagogy Group once, I had to make alternative arrangements for my two young children who came home for lunch every day. These special arrangements involved two different sets of neighbors as well as my husband, on two different days. Is the promotion of feminist pedagogy important enough to disrupt so many schedules? To make the situation even worse for me, a colleague insisted that I must make my daughter understand that, "mommy has a career that is important to her." I felt tremendous pressure from both sides! Granted, these public/social scheduling issues can cause conflicts no matter what field of study we might enter. But it strikes me as particularly ironic that in studying feminism, one of the topics we might address would be "mothering," but to make time to discuss the issue would exacerbate the situation itself. Don't we as colleagues need to be more helpful and supportive than aggressive and judgmental? Perhaps a sympathetic/empathetic word would have been more beneficial in assisting me to sort out the issues for myself.

My Family: A room of my own

As I investigated how I might obtain a PhD, at times the logistics of the situation were overwhelming. Even though my husband saw it as a *fait accompli* and something that I needed to do to become self-actualized, and even though I have not been blocked in my planning efforts by other family members, I seemed to be erecting my own self-imposed barriers. It seemed to me at the time--and perhaps I was mistaken--that it would have been more socially acceptable for my husband to have had this educational goal. Expected to be the largest financial contributor to the household, it would be more readily understood that such a degree would, no doubt, further his career and financial accomplishments. My aspirations would be seen as more frivolous and unnecessarily disruptive to the smooth flow of family life.

During this time period, I dreamed that my husband and I were being driven through a tourist town, following an Airstream trailer too closely and we crashed into it, crushing our legs and immobilizing us. Although my husband understood my need to pursue this advanced degree, not so much for legitimacy or a place of belonging in academia, but for the sheer joy of seeking knowledge, the practicalities of moving our household--five of us--to another location for a year or two, disrupting friendships, school progression, career progression, etc. was simply overwhelming to me. (Perhaps I have inherited more cultural self-effacement than I realized?) I was also wary of the sense of disbelief and disapproval from family members and friends that I suspected would ensue if I should push for such a massive disruption. Who would believe that my husband completely supported me? Even I had trouble believing it at first. When he confided his views to his female supervisor, she was overcome with tears that a husband could be so devoted to his wife's needs.

During my Masters studies, in completing the requirements of a curriculum course to record reflections on one's teaching practice, I noted that it was an on-going--even subconscious at times--process that I carry on. Sometimes the reflections became richer and multi-faceted from "bouncing them off" loved ones and colleagues, but it was a never-ending process of self-examination and re-creation in an effort to better myself and my teaching. Still, putting the reflection down on paper had the effect of somehow making it more real, more solid, more challenging. Also, it had the effect of increasing my awareness of everyday events. I was consciously wondering how a particular sequence of events fit into the whole schema of my being. I learned that everything is connected--the events to my life, myself to others, my life to the universe.

Upon reading Ursula LeGuin's (1989), "The Fisherwoman's Daughter," I was struck by the parallel between her notion of "writing" to the "reflection" that we had been asked to do. In addition, the reflection is regarding our teaching practices, which also can be compared to the writing of books. Some men don't "allow" *their* women to write books or teach school--they are not

given--like Virginia Wolfe--a "room of one's own" (p. 220). In truth, they share the bedroom, the bathroom, the house itself, with various other family members. The kitchen alone is recognized as her domain, from which she must produce palatable edibles in satisfying quantities and creative combinations, within a certain budget, for a total of about 1000 meals per year, but above all, *on time*. ("I am starved. Mom, what's for supper?")

I consider myself an "artist-housewife" (LeGuin, p. 224), perhaps flattering myself unashamedly. I feel that teaching is an art and my ever seeking to produce reflections on this art are but mortal attempts to capture the nebulous with the "pencil and paper" that LeGuin states is "the one thing a writer has to have":

That's enough, so long as she knows that she and she alone is in charge of that pencil, and responsible, she and she alone, for what it writes on the paper....Never wholly free....but in this, responsible; in this autonomous, in this free (p. 236).

While reflecting and writing is itself action, other kinds of social action involvements would result in even more constraints on the children, as they would take the mother physically out of the home. In the context of feminist theorizing, this unfortunately contributes to the gender identity of women's place being within the home. I see writing, therefore, as the first step away from that kind of restriction, leading to a future prospect of women being able to venture safely outside the confines of the domestic sphere.

I had various assignments throughout my Masters program. However, I was not able, at will, to be avidly pecking away at my computer in my very own "room of my own"--an unfinished basement room with papered windows, carpet remnants on the floor, books lining the cement walls, and Baroque music playing. Once I found myself sitting in the dentist's waiting room, reading Ursula LeGuin. And as I read, I realized that she was talking about me. I was taking my three children for their semi-annual dental check-ups. My babies were eating my manuscript!

Hours later, after getting the children fed and back to school (back to the care of other women) and after doing some banking, I finally got situated comfortably in my room (my husband had spent hours setting it up for me). I "write in mother's milk" (Cixous, quoted in LeGuin, p. 228). I teach on the strength of mother's milk. The "advantage of motherhood" (Alicia Ostriker's phrase, quoted by LeGuin, p. 228) and, I believe, in wifhood, is that it puts me "in immediate and inescapable contact with the sources of life, death, beauty, growth, corruption..." (p. 228). On the basis of my own life experiences, made richer by marriage and motherhood, I am able to elaborate on the prescribed curriculum by sharing with my students my own real-life experiences.

Mothering Cycles: Sacred relationships¹

Mothering relationships are sacred relationships. Adrienne Rich (1979) talks of "the primacy of the mother" in which the woman is validated spiritually, "giving her back aspects of herself neither insipid nor trivial, investing her with a sense of participation in essential mysteries" (p. 94). On a day-to-day basis, the responsibilities and duties of motherhood in 20th century Western society seem far from mysterious and much more insipid and trivial. Getting caught up in diapers and traffic safety, summer camp and field trips, tummy aches and runny noses, somehow clouds the sacredness of mothering relationships. The realization of their sacredness sometimes does not come until we are confronted with the threat of their loss. I tend to take for granted the sacred relationships with persons in my immediate family and my immediate circle.

A woman who journeyed to Africa to interview women in the local churches discovered that African and American women are remarkably alike, wanting the same things but looking for what they want in different ways and in different places:

African women make no apologies for their sense that the prime love relationship in life is that between mother and child. A husband is certainly an emotional support system. But he is rarely the soul's twin, the cherisher of [the] deepest self, that Americans idealistically describe him to be. He is an authority figure, a provider, and gives the family identity in his clan. African women respect their husbands, but they love their children (Cummings, 1991, p. 9).

While Cummings' summation of family relationships may suggest dualism, I believe that she makes an important point about the expectations that Western women have for their romantic relationships as compared to their progeny. In Western ideology, "romantic love is touted as the peg on which to hang life," however the divorce rate tells us that "till death do us part" is only part of the mythology. While my relationship with my husband is one that I value greatly for his support and understanding, and I realize it needs constant attention and nurturance, my relationship with my children and my own mother, is of a completely different quality, which I would like to explore in this section.

When my three children were much younger and underfoot, I sometimes felt that this stage in our lives would never end--that they would always be hanging from my legs, begging for my time and attention. It struck me then that there is no turning back with motherhood. I would always be a mother. Even if, heaven forbid, my children died, I would then be a

¹ A version of this section has been published. Yamagishi, Houtekamer, Goodstriker & Chambers 1995. Journal of Curriculum Theorizing. 11(4):75-99.

bereaved, grieving mother.

As a female in our society I was identified from birth as having the potentiality to procreate and mother. Indeed, my children take great comfort in the knowledge that the seeds of their very beings were born with me as "eggs" in my ovaries. My childhood was a time for preparation for the mothering role through playthings and helping behaviors at home. I was early praised for taking on a nurturing role, looking out for a younger brother, while my older sister was happy to relinquish the job to me. She always predicted that I would "have six kids" and she none, for whatever reason, perhaps a quirk of personality that did not include a fondness for children, an attitude that was deepened when she worked as a live-in domestic in care of seven children. I have met my expectation only halfway while she has been true to hers. I remember one Christmas at age ten, feeling strangely unsettled by my parents' presentation to me of a small baby doll that was identified as my "last doll," seemingly marking the end of playtime. However, adolescence became a time for preparing to take on the role of wife by taking an integral part in the housework, which was everpresent, threatening to "get the best" of my harried mother who *did* have six children, but who enjoyed few modern luxuries. I looked forward to a time when I would have my own kitchen and be able to arrange things the way *I* wanted--and, as is part of it, clean up my own messes.

At 21, I went directly from my mother's kitchen to my own. Once I was safely "married off," and a "shotgun wedding" was not an issue, there was always the unspoken question of fertility. When the decision was made some six years after marriage and career, to "start a family," I noticed a definite difference in the amount of respect that was accorded me by various people. Now, at last, I had "made it" into the world of women. I had fulfilled my biological destiny. Adrienne Rich describes its joy and pain:

To have borne and reared a child is to have done that thing that patriarchy joins with physiology to render into the definition of femaleness.... We learn, often through painful self-cauterization, those qualities which are supposed to be "innate" in us: patience, self-sacrifice, the willingness to repeat endlessly the small, routine chores of socializing a human being. We are also... flooded with feelings both of love and violence intenser and fiercer than any we have ever known (cited in Sanford & Donovan, 1984, p. 130).

That parenthood also includes fatherhood is not to be disputed, and perhaps the emotional joy and pain are equally felt. My husband has shared with me his own sense of loss in not having as great a physical connection to our children that comes with such activities as breastfeeding, for example, or that spiritual attachment that is no doubt rendered from the fetus having developed *within the body* of the mother.

There is no turning back with motherhood. It's an "all or nothing" proposition. Sometimes, I wished that there could have been a practice run, a tryout child, one on which I could make all my mistakes. I found that there was no shortage of free advice from well-meaning friends and relatives, each I suppose, hoping that they had "done the right thing" with their children. Mothering advice runs rampant in our technologically oriented society--so many questions: How to feed her? When to feed her? Whether to "schedule" her? How to dress her?" Barbara Rothman (1994) points out that the whole motherhood process has been medicalized, our bodies treated as machines, and "when we think of our *relationships* with our children as a job to be done well, we are invoking the ideology of technology" (p. 144, original italics). We are exhorted to perform our parenting tasks efficiently but, I believe that in so doing, we risk doing harm to the human spirit.

Instead of a "free trial offer," I have my lovely older daughter who has suffered along with me the growing pains of childrearing. She gave me a card one Mother's Day that read: "Mom...out of all the wonderful things you've accomplished in your life...I am probably the most wonderful!" This was followed by her handwritten promise, a repetition of my own remark, "Since you made me, the least I could do is make you a stained glass window" (as an art project in high school.) While we enjoyed the shared joke, I wonder whether the important point is the cyclical nature of giving which is involved in motherhood. Our attachments to our mothers are such that we want to give back to them, in some small measure, something to begin to repay the gift of life.

My daughter is now of dating age and bent and the most significant issue for me is still her physical and emotional safety. Being her closest guardian from birth, it has become a lifelong habit for me to be concerned about her welfare. As our first child after six years of marriage, and after I had experienced a miscarriage, Kristin's² birth was anticipated with serious and heedful attentiveness. Even though outsiders tend to view a miscarriage as "bad apples that needed to fall," to the prospective childless woman, it brings forth the question of whether she will ever deliver a healthy child: to define herself as female.

When Kristin was a baby, I was chided by other mothers for my overprotectiveness, and because she cried continuously whenever I would leave her, I seldom left her side for the first two years of her life. Even after the birth of two more healthy children, I am still wont to say that I love her "more than life itself." Adrienne Rich talks of the experience of motherhood as "at least potentially--a powerful emotional experience that puts women in touch with their bodies and their children." She noted, however, that the motherhood ideology "imposes expectations--for instance, 24-hour devotion--that generate anger, frustration, and resentment" (cited in Glenn, 1994, p. 10). I suspect that my intense desire to pursue an advanced degree that requires

² Pseudonyms are used throughout this work to refer to persons other than members of my immediate family, unless noted *.

my being away from home for part of each week is my reaction to those six long years of full-time motherhood and housewifery in which I became, in my son's words, "good old reliable Mom"—always there to rescue, protect, and provide.

Ann Snitow (1992), in a piece that reports on a review of feminism and motherhood in America, declares that anyone doing such a work "is likely to worry about where to stand" (p. 32). She reveals a "pervasive pronatalism" not only in the culture at large but also inside feminism, that makes the issue very difficult to address. Women and feminists disagree about what we should want. She further suggests that giving up the special privilege of mothering would not instantly provide a "regaining" of freedom or power.

Barbara Christian (1994) observes that:

...the experience of motherhood [is] a profound one....Because women are reduced to the function of mother, which often results in their loss of sense of self, the gift of seeing the world from that angle is lost to them and their communities (p. 116).

Through my work, I hope to bring forth that angle of seeing the world. Christian also contends that: "Motherhood is a major theme in contemporary women's literature, the 'unwritten story' just beginning to be told [although] the primacy of motherhood for women is a value that societies, whatever their differences, share" (p. 95).

Today, as I write this I am missing my daughter's cheerful presence as she is on yet another trip with her high school choir. After a two-week tour of European cathedrals, she is now only on an extended day trip to the provincial music festival. In a couple of days she will go on a week-long trip for the Canada-wide Science Fair. While I love her too much to forbid her to take part in these educational opportunities, each day that she is away, I remain in a kind of suspended animation, awaiting her safe return.

Psychologists would disagree as to whether my mothering behavior is more instinctive or more social, but nonetheless, I remain ever vigilant for my children's comfort and protection. I do, however, perceive a definite difference in the quality and quantity of concern I have for our daughters as compared to our son. For the daughters, I have the ever-present fear for their physical/sexual safety, a fear and concern that has been continually reinforced by my husband's fears for me as I travel away from home in the course of my work or studies. For our son, although we have an intellectual commitment to equality of treatment with his sisters, even *they* are conscious of the lack of necessity to question so carefully his whereabouts and his plans. When he simply announces that he is "going out," it has almost become a family joke that he will be gone "the whole time." When we as parents tried to prohibit his dating until age 16 so that it would match our constraints on our older daughter, even she declared that such a ruling would be unnecessarily

restrictive. While it is true that persons of both genders have legitimate fears about physical safety on public streets, I myself have more confidence in our son's ability to physically defend himself, based on his sheer physical strength, definiteness of attitude, and forcefulness of decision-making, not to mention his dedication and concentration in studying *karate*, an opportunity that we made available to all our children, but which he alone continues to pursue. I believe that this issue of physical/sexual vulnerability is the main stumbling block in terms of equality between men and women. As long as this is a factor, and perhaps *because* this is a factor, there can never be equality, only respect for men as men and women as women.

My identity as a person is tightly interwoven with my success as a mother. Whether that has been culturally or familially determined, or some combination of both, I am not sure. (Perhaps determination can never be discerned, since the family context is so infused with cultural perspectives.) Certainly, my mother's entire *raison d'être* was her family. Because of her love for the literary, I think that Mom would have chosen a career in teaching if the opportunity had been open to her. However, as a Japanese woman in Canadian society in the 1940s she settled for what most women of that day would choose--mothering and housewifery--and to this task she set herself with intensity. In her mid-20s--almost an "old maid"--she married my father, who although he himself was in his late 20s, according to the gender double standard, was considered "a good catch." She admitted readily that she had "caught him on the rebound" from a broken relationship, and I suspect, deeply felt her inadequacy as his wife, for which she seemed to be ever compensating, through hard work and acquiescence. To add to the burden, my father had come from a higher class, evidenced most notably by the Japanese dialect spoken by his family as well as a more refined way of cooking.

Amid the hardship of prairie winters without modern conveniences, my mother endured. She labored alongside the rest of them in the sugar beet fields of Southern Alberta after the Canadian government allowed families of Japanese origin to move inland from the West Coast during World War II. In fact, as a big-boned woman with a large dose of perseverance, she prided herself, in something of a defiant attitude, as "having more brawn than brains." Her whole personality was shaped by her own family of origin which not only greatly valued boys over girls, but derided her for her looks. Her beautiful, big brown eyes were called "cow eyes" and she was admonished by her mother to squint them so she would look more Japanese. The only girl in a family of five boys, she was often forced to defer to the many males in their traditional Japanese family. However, she contributed actively to farm work, topping and hoeing beets, which was considered both women's and men's work, as well as driving a two-ton truck during harvest time--clearly man's work.

Once the Japanese were allowed to move into the city, several years after the War was over, my mother, like other women of that time turned

aside from the wartime necessity of taking on men's jobs. She threw her whole being into being a good wife and mother, giving birth to four children in less than six years, at which point she suffered from ill health which resulted in my younger sister being born prematurely and our family having to take in a live-in domestic to help with childcare and housework. A new immigrant from Germany, who was required by the Canadian government to put in service as a domestic in order to qualify for Canadian citizenship, Helga was a warm and loving mother surrogate of whom I grew especially fond. Perhaps in my mother's emotional absence, I first began my search for mothering that is yet to be fulfilled.

In all, Mom bore and raised six children--three boys and three girls--in all of whom she took great pride in their accomplishments. Her last child, however, borne at age 44, was her pride and joy. I was 18 at the time, and studying Psychology, knew that this was a dangerous maternal age for birth defects and retardation. However, he was and is, a beautiful, healthy, talented, sensitive, young man who would do any woman proud. She did her mothering job well. Although none of her pregnancies or deliveries were easy, she delivered six healthy babies, all of whom today are successful adults, gainfully employed, if not outstanding in some aspect of their work, happily married, and most of them successful parents themselves.

In some sense, it might be said that Mom raised us single-handedly. (No doubt there are class implications here, in that our father was obliged to spend so much time away from the family and his nurturing skills were never a priority in our home, or in his home of origin as compared to his contributions made through sweat and hard labor.) Dad was often way from home for weeks at a time, working 14-hour days to support his ever-growing family and conforming to the limited fatherly role that was accepted in that day. Simply through more time being spent together, as well as through her warm and caring personality, she drew us to her so much so, that he sometimes accused her of "turning the kids against him." Her legacy is still with us, manifested at regular intervals by my father imploring us to keep in closer touch with him while he is still well and healthy enough to appreciate it. It seems that in the case of our family, the motherly tie, like the umbilical cord, although cut to release the child independently into the world, is still stronger than the influence of the father.

A few months before she died, my mother expressed her wish to go on living, so that she could see my youngest brother graduate from high school. When the time came a couple of years later, I attended that ceremony in her stead, quipping that it was only right since he had been at mine: in utero. Just as I had cared for my younger brother, Brent, when a preschooler, I continue to take care of this younger brother (Ryan), taking him into our home during his baccalaureate days when my father remarried and moved out of town. My older sister, interestingly, has never lived with Ryan, having left home to attend university before he was born, again relinquishing a brother's care to me, literally and figuratively.

I am old enough to be Ryan's mother, and have indeed taken on that role for him since he was a baby and his crib was placed in my bedroom for want of space in my parents.' On the tenth year of the anniversary of my mother's death, I again lived out her dreams. I was the only family member, along with my younger daughter, to travel to Los Angeles to celebrate with him his graduation with a Masters degree *summa cum laude*: "with highest honors." The cycle repeated itself. He had been at all my graduations and I at his. My daughter, by the way, was not just a "tag-along" but a recipient of role modelling. She was learning just how important these sacred relationships can be. She is more like me than my other children. She shares similar tastes in food and music and is most like me in temperament, sensitivity, and nurturing tendencies. From an early age, I have only half jokingly prompted her to say that she will take care of me in my old age: she will bring me carrot cake with cream cheese frosting when I am in the nursing home.

We are culturally coming to a point in our society in which children are becoming more of a liability: financially, emotionally, and physically. Rothman (1994) observes that there is a "shift from children as workers to children as commodities, accompanying the change in the family from its role as a unit of production to its new role as a unit of consumption" (p. 140). Although there are definitely class and cultural differences, such that women from the lower classes do not have as much access to birth control or abortion, and also that certain religious groups, for example, still value large families, motherhood these days is more often a conscious decision, and the size of the family limited, so that there is more at stake with each child. When I was expecting my third child, a pregnancy that was not consciously planned, I met a former co-worker who asked the embarrassing question as to why I would want another child when I already had a girl and a boy. (What else could I want?) I am not sure why two children did not seem quite enough, although I know that I would not feel complete without children and a third child is somehow insurance against catastrophe. I suspect that I would have reacted the same way as a woman I know who is currently undergoing psychiatric treatment after suffering along with her teenage son who is dying from cancer. Whether they are sometimes a bother, a nuisance, and a worry, somehow children and family life are a vital part of my identity.

I remember hearing once that your first experience with a behavior is the one you remember the most. Perhaps in the same way, the first time you go through an experience with a child, it gives you the most difficulty. With each stage of my eldest daughter's growth, there is required more and more "letting go" behavior. Starting from being babysat as a toddler, to preschool, to school; each of these separations "take a piece of me" that leaves me wondering just who I am. That I see her moving away from me as losing parts of myself raises the spiritual question of my own identity: Am I made up of nothing but my own experiences and relationships?

Kristin's recent dating relationship has also suddenly brought to the fore a questioning of my identity. I feel as if my role requirements and

obligations have been accentuated by the addition of a "significant other" in my daughter's life. While she is deemed to be "normal" by society inasmuch as she is involved in a heterosexual relationship and involved in a relationship at all, it brings forth new problems and concerns for her parents, and in particular of me, as her mother.

For a middle-aged person who is still grappling with career decisions and family raising, the prospect of a change in identity and roles is thrust forth abruptly as a threat to my youth. I would suggest that for the father, as protector of his daughter's chastity and as a possible future father-in-law, the negotiation of a role change is less stressful. As a man ages or takes on new roles in our culture, it seems that he only becomes a "fuller" human being--his usefulness to the species does not necessarily come into question.

On the other hand, for the mother, due to differences in the way a woman's aging is viewed (like the old saying: "A man is as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks") and because it is her *daughter* (a woman like herself) who is taking on different roles, these changes can be seen as threatening. In addition, the unlovely prospect of the much-maligned mother-in-law role also looms. Possibly the fact that I have carried out a prior analysis of the possible pitfalls, in addition to the activities in which I am engaging--seeking personal goals beyond mothering goals--will make the transition to this new role smoother.

This is not a role to which I look forward, although I hope to bring a new perspective to it. Perhaps the negative reputation that mothers-in-law have earned has to do with their difficulty letting go of the nurturing role of their own offspring and turning over care and concern to a virtually unknown person who has who-knows-what motives. The major underlying questions that are ever-present in my mind as the relationship progresses are: "Will the boyfriend respect and love Kristin, even as I, her mother, has? Will our own relationship change in unsatisfactory ways? Have I taught her well to protect herself from a cold and uncaring world? Will she carry on the mothering cycle? Is it something that she *should* do?"

In addition to the threat of losing affection, a middle-aged woman could see herself as being displaced as the "queen bee"--the center of feminine attention in the household. She might reminisce about her own lost youth, so highly valued for women in Western culture, who are daily admonished through advertising and everyday parlance to use make-up, hair coloring, or fashion to declare her defiance of aging. Perhaps she even relives her youth and lost chances through the daughter's dating experiences:

A WOMAN AT FORTY
*A woman at forty
stands long at her mirror
as though it were a pool
which could smooth
the distortions of her face.*

*On the street she walks
as if each step led her
to an altar, and any corner
might straighten out
her life.
She cultivates flowers,
drapes everything with polished chintz,
Among friends she speaks little
but her hands, moving from hair
to lips to lap
tell the same story
as the bit actress
who inadvertently points to herself
as she declaims the entrance
of the queen.
At night she listens for a knock
on the door, though everyone
she knows is asleep.
Through her window stars
which once granted wishes
are burning as they retreat
(Enid Shomer, cited in Marta, 1987, p. 68).*

Do I, as a woman of 40-something, become less and less of the person that I am as I move inexorably to the endpoint of my life? Having reached a peak at midlife, do I now only have the prospect of the downhill journey in which there will be degeneration of looks, mental powers, agility, capability, flexibility? What is the altar of which Enid Shomer speaks? For a woman, certainly, the wedding altar is the one that is first so coveted--as culturally defined--which will catapult her into the meaningful activities of a woman's life. But in middle life, as a wife and mother, perhaps the roles are found to have not delivered all that was promised. Perhaps a sacrificial altar would be more realistic: a woman gives her body, her emotions, her very being for her children, and what is left? An empty shell of a person who goes through the motions but really has only the past and dreams unspoken. Clinical psychologists label it depression, the most common psychiatric diagnosis for middle-aged women.

Unfortunately, in our culture, aging is seen as a liability, rather than an accomplishment and a quality to be respected. In addition, because of our utilitarian ideology, rather than revering a woman for her achievements as a mother--a contributor to the betterment of society--she is denigrated as a "has-been," no longer useful to society. However, Juanita Williams (1987) observes that there are a few indications that societal values are "shifting slightly" in the direction of a greater appreciation for mature women, such that today's woman is less likely to be "enslaved by the whims of the fashion

industry or to panic if she is still unmarried as she approaches thirty" (p. 502). She exhorts women to "find in themselves the alternative to the pain of feeling rejected and worthless" (p. 503). There is still, however, the propagation of the element of individuality, which obscures the feeling of community that could be felt in mothering, which is, after all, a universal phenomenon.

I feel as though I am lucky to be living in this time of transition when it is becoming acceptable for women to seek some of their own goals besides those involving family. My daughter asked me what she should reply if someone asked what her mother did. I responded that I am a post secondary instructor, a student, and a writer. She related to me recently that her friends express disbelief when they hear that I am working on a PhD: "But isn't she a mother?" To be pursuing an advanced degree has been a major decision and undertaking for myself and my family, but to have identified myself as a writer is also a giant step forward for myself. I see my writing as a way of expressing to the world what the experience of motherhood has been for me. It might even be seen as a form of mothering. As much as our society prizes independence and being "grown up" and ridicules "mama's boys" and babyish behavior, we never seem to grow out of our need for mothering. My mother's mother died when I was six and she was 32 years old. I remember hearing her crying in the hallway after she had received the fateful telephone call and my father's disquieting words, "Well, you *knew* she was going to die." Whether we know that we will someday lose our mothers does not seem to make the pain of loss any less. It seemed that my mother *was not* ready to let go, but spent the rest of her life seeking out a mother figure. She kept repeating the mothering cycle by befriending older women and developing caring relationships with them. She died when my eldest daughter was six and I was 34 years old. I also was not ready to let her go although her physical death was a welcome respite from a long, agonizing disease process. Of all my siblings, it seems to me (although I have never discussed this with them) that I am most bereft from her death. I put fresh flowers on her grave each week in spring and summer and I too seek out mother figures in my life.

I still need my mother's loving care. Recently, while battling a head cold, I got out of bed half a dozen times to administer remedies for myself while the rest of the family slept: another pillow, another blanket, a flannel cloth, cough medicine, cough tablets, a vaporizer. There was no one to mother me as I would any other member of the family. On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of my mother's passing, I inserted this poem in the newspaper as a "memoriam" but it is also my lament:

*Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore;*

*Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep--
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!*
(Allen, quoted in Basoff, 1991, p. 41).

In these times of mobility and fragmented families, it seems to me that it is up to us all to nurture each other at every opportunity--not to emphasize our own power or strength, nor to treat the other contemptuously as weaker or needy, but to accentuate our own nurturing tendencies, whether we be male or female. Mothers and fathers could teach both daughters and sons to nurture. A simple ethic of care is what is needed. Barbara Houston and Ann Diller quote Nel Noddings (1984, p.3): "...relation is taken as ontologically basic and the caring relation is ethically basic" (1993, p. 373).

Postgraduate Journal: Blood, sweat and tears

My story is fraught with tension. I feel as if I am walking a tightrope between academe and home, between fulfilling my dreams and meeting the needs of my family. It almost seems as if I have to choose between my children (produced from my body) and my studies (produced from my mind) to achieve a spiritual end. That they are also body, mind, and spirit is the saving grace.

My agenda is to complete an advanced degree while at the same time maintaining the traditional family structure. (I have been warned by more than one academic that separating from your family is dangerous to the stability of relationships.) Academic structures generally are not amenable to the part-time nature of married women's attentions. However, through what sometimes seems like a small miracle, I have been able (with the help of an advisor who was recommended to me as "a fine human being") to maneuver around the complexities and realities of attending university in a city some 350 miles from my home to try and work out compromises at both ends. This means that I arrive in Edmonton Tuesdays around noon and leave for Lethbridge on Friday morning or Thursday evening. (The cooperation of an understanding professor and classmates has enabled me to make Thursdays the rule from the middle of October.)

This evening on the phone to my ten-year-old daughter--who will always be my "baby"--I was so glad to be able to reassure her that there will only be one more of these weeks when I will spend three nights away from home. "But I miss you, Mommy!" was her plaintive response. The feeling of helplessness is tension personified.

I heard the cries and questions of very young children in the hallways of the Education Building this morning as I sat in my office struggling through the rhetoric of critical pedagogy, and while my first response was,

"What are little kids doing here?" I quickly checked myself: "What is education all about if not kids? My third response was, "What about *my* kids? Where are they now? What are they doing? How are they managing without me?"

Giving up maternal duties and relinquishing them to my husband and older daughter, is emancipating in many ways, but again tension-producing. For decades, I have been conditioned to the mothering role. Society tells me that I must make the best choices for my children, I must constantly monitor my behavior, ensuring that it is good for my children's welfare. (The government will ensure that I have met their standards.) While I rationalize that I am becoming a better person, therefore will be a better mother--that I am providing a positive role model for my children; that I am allowing my children to develop a special relationship with their father--deep down inside, I have a lot of questions. If this is so good, why is it so difficult? Am I afraid that they will learn to get along just fine without me? That if I am not successful in obtaining this degree that I will also have failed as a mother in the process?

In a feminist article I was reading today regarding academic achievement of women of color, the questions were raised: "Are personal advancement and social mobility the only ends that we seek? Do we seek more money? Greater influence? To what end?" (Wilkerson, 1983, cited in Sleeter, 1991, p. 7). These succinctly echo my questions (and those of others around me.) Why am I doing this? I know that my parents advocated education and that I come from a family of achievers. And I know that my mother probably would have gone into teaching if she had had the opportunity for a career. Am I living out my mother's dreams? My answers are like the ones I read that were given to the above questions: "...need and desire for personal advancement while connecting ...with a collective effort to improve the quality of life for many."

I feel fortunate that I am in a time and space where I can consider such questions and answers. I can legitimately give voice to the quandary of female education. In the 1800s, higher education for females was thought to be irrelevant. Critical theorists tell us that women have been coopted into education to carry out further nurturing duties. While this is perhaps not as true for me as a post secondary educator as it would be for a primary teacher, perhaps there is still more than a grain of truth to it. Critical theorists would put the responsibility for critical pedagogy squarely on the shoulders of teachers. Teachers must save the world. However, teachers *and* parents--both female and male--must nurture children; they both have a potential healing role.

When I arrived at the University of Alberta last May, I was struck by the oldness of the place. The residence, Pembina Hall, I am told was one of the first structures built on the campus in the early 1900s, originally a residence for women only. To think that they would have a whole residence just for women at that historical time is rather surprising in view of the fact

that the suffragettes were not successful in their bid to have women recognized as "persons" until 1929. (Who were all the non-persons who inhabited these rooms?)

An inscription, literally carved in stone, over one of the outside doors reads, *Payuk uche Kukeyow*. I hadn't taken much notice of it until my friend, who was the Dean of Women in the 1970s, informed me that it is Native Indian meaning, "All for one, one for all" and that there was a Native ceremony practiced by the residents involving the handing of a piece of firewood from one "person" to another and into the fire, symbolizing their oneness and togetherness.

I am happy to say that although the residence is now co-ed and there is no longer a Dean of Women calling each of us into her office individually to inquire whether she can be of any assistance to us, I am feeling a togetherness with other students. Although students here come from various walks of life and differ widely in age, experience, color, cultural background, and ableness, I find them generally friendly, open, and helpful. I have the genuine feeling that we are all in this together!

My connection with other people of color has been particularly gratifying. Iris, a Native woman of whom I speak in the "Race/Ethnicity" chapter, was instrumental in leading me to a watershed experience in which I came face to face with my own epistemic violence toward myself. I walked the halls in something of a daze for many days. When I happened to meet Robert, an African from one of my earliest classes, he sincerely asked me how I was, and I realized then that I could not lie to an African. I had to tell him how I really was. He encouraged me by stating quite matter-of-factly that he felt himself to be considered "the lowest of the low": someone thought to be quite stupid by many Whites. He advised me to not let it get the best of me, but to press on: "If you fail, no one will care." He offered a listening ear whenever I might need one.

I greatly value this connectedness with other people of color. Rarely do they misunderstand concerns about racism.

When I arrived at Pembina Hall in May, the wide balustrades on either side of the double stairway leading into the residence were bare grey cement. As the days and weeks passed, they gradually became covered with Virginia Creeper. By June, a veritable cavalcade of greenery covered the balustrade on one side only. It connected with more leaves in abundance travelling up the height of the stately brick building. It was a lovely sight to behold--almost day by day there was discernible growth--the larger, delicate leaves accompanied by dainty tendrils reaching out for a grasping place. After being away during the summer months, when I arrived in the fall, they were even more magnificent. Approaching Pembina from the rear also, the growth is arrestingly beautiful. The scarlet leaves cling to the wall, appearing in some

places like rivulets of blood.

I (and women like me) am the main vine; I am clinging to the ivory tower but my babies are clinging on to me. We climb. We change colors with the seasons. We sweat blood.

My travelling and being away from home is not only trying for myself, but for my family: my husband and three children. Of the gender issues involved--those of a woman seeking a higher degree, a woman leaving home to pursue her dreams and goals, the stress on family relationships, the guilt of mothering lost--perhaps the latter is the most heart-rending.

"Where *were* you, Mommy?" The plaintive voice of my nine-year-old "baby" tugged at my heartstrings even through the telephone wires. Earlier that evening, through a silly mistake, I had turned off the ringer to my phone so that when Karyn had tried to call me at the prearranged time, and then repeatedly at five-minute intervals thereafter for 45 minutes, I did not answer the inaudible ring. She had been in tears, and my husband, trying to console her, had been lost in his own worries that any one of a myriad of disasters might have befallen a woman alone in a strange, big city so far way. I "talked her down" in the next half hour conversation but my husband was also upset that on top of a tough day of "administrating," now he had the added task of trying to settle a distraught youngster to sleep for the night.

It seems that the tearful times are the ones that cry out for retelling. James Hellman (1983) goes so far as to say that "writing and anger go together" (p. 147). The anger in this case was directed at myself: at my own stupidity in causing this unnecessary disruption in our relationship, in the system, in our agreement. This unanswered telephone call could represent my absence from my daughter's life: my physically not being there to be a parent volunteer on a field trip, to take her for a "pulmonary function" test to determine whether she has asthma, to check her project on spiders. I've put my daughter "on hold."

The disruptions to our older children's lives did not seem so intense. Our elder daughter actually welcomed my absence for a few days each week, allowing her to use my car to drive to high school, and enabling her a heightened sense of independence. It was, however, during my second term away that she started seriously dating a young man: her first real boyfriend. I experienced a good deal of soul-searching as a result, asking myself whether she was replacing me in her affections because of my absence from home. Our son, never very emotionally responsive, seemed to have a neutral reaction to my absences. He did, however, insist on special time with me at bedtime when we would discuss the events of that day and prospective upcoming activities. We both enjoyed these mother-son discussions that allowed for a closeness that he rarely showed in the whole family group.

"What do women want?" Freud's question echoes and re-echoes. What do *I* want? What do I have in mind? To disrupt my husband's career path, my children's relationship with mommy? I could be successful as a student but a failure as a wife and mother. So what? Winner or loser. Am *I* the winner and *they* the losers? Do there have to be winners versus losers? (Postmodernists would cringe at the dualism.) Can there be some kind of compromise?

Sally Gadow (1990) questions what we want from knowledge: "...to order the world, to make sense of it in the knower's terms, to examine it in safety without the danger of being overwhelmed, and to reorganize it where possible to suit human desires" (p. 5). However, as she points out, from a postmodern perspective, "we have a choice among *ways* of knowing" (p. 3, original italics). She takes a definite stand against the knowledge of modernity: Knowledge has not bought us our freedom; instead it has cost us our homeland, the world as we might experience it without partitions. The recovery of that world is the purpose of another way of knowing, beyond dualism (p. 6).

I know what my family wants. But I am not so sure what I want. For four decades I have been told what to want. Now that I am striking out on my own "wants," I am finding that it is lonely out here. There are perils at every turn. The delicate balance of being sensitive to my family's concerns for my well-being and my need for achievement/ self-actualization, has been toppled tonight. I have taken a misstep--a *faux pas*. Is it irrevocable? What will I have to do to even out the scales when I go home on the weekend? I walk a tightrope. Every step carefully placed: one false step and the show cannot go on. (Is it "all for show"?) I am living in the tension between two worlds and do not want to have to choose between them. Can there be another--different--way to be?

There is an old Hasidic tale about a rabbi who is called upon to judge two conflicting claims to the same goat. He decrees that both claimants are right. Later, at home, his wife says that this is impossible: how can both be right when they claim the same goat? The rabbi reflects for a moment and says, "You know, dear wife, you are right, too" (Oz, 1993, p. 18).

How can I acknowledge and respect both worlds? "...life is lived in the spaces between and among....We ought to *decenter* them without *erasing them*..." (Aoki, 1993, p. 4, original italics). My task, therefore is to not seek sameness in either world, but to celebrate integration between the two, with dialogue and understanding being crucial components of the process. My younger daughter, Karyn, sends me letters and drawings and photos to transport a part of her being to my room in Pembina Hall. I send her postcards, make

telephone calls, and tell her stories about my classmates. I share Anna's story with my daughter. Anna's mother went away to university when Anna was nine years old (the same age as my daughter). Her mother spent the next nine years pursuing various university training and finally returned home when Anna was 18 years old and just finishing school. When my daughter complains that I'm not there and not returning for so long, I tell her to "remember Anna."

I am appreciative of the support of my husband and children. Only the youngest has overtly asked me, "Why do you have to go away to university, Mommy?" After some hesitation (it is such a big question), I explain that it is part of education, of going to school, just like she does. "But why do you have to go so far away?" Because the University of Lethbridge doesn't offer this degree. "But why do you have to get *this* degree?" Because I want to teach at a university and have a regular job. I think it is important to answer these questions directly and honestly, "to legitimize the right to speak of all voices suppressed within the dominant dispensation of things" (D.G. Smith, 1992, p. 8).

I made a list of priorities when I was finalizing my resolve to seek a PhD. First and foremost, I want to succeed. I wanted to enter a program and work within the politics of the institution so that I could finish. (I had heard that 30 percent of doctoral students never finish their programs for one reason or another.) Secondly, I want to have a "wonderful educational experience." (I know that this should be the first priority, but my sense of realism overpowers.) Thirdly, I want to credentialize myself for a "real" job. (i.e. not an hourly sessional instructor.)

I am fascinated with the notion of achievement. What is it that drives me to seek this degree? Very few men, much less women, aspire to such achievement. In fact, it was a pinnacle that I never considered seriously until my husband suggested that I had the ability to achieve at this level of education. The seed was planted. I remember the first question my advisor asked me at the beginning of my Masters program was, "Are you planning to go on for your PhD?" I was incredulous that he would ask such a thing because I wasn't at all sure that I could even cope with the Masters program!

I know that my achievement orientation was nurtured in the home. My grandfather and father were perfectionists and my mother admonished us to get our education lest we end up as "ditchdiggers." However, an ethnic woman aspiring to a PhD is quite another thing. Until my husband suggested recently that I will probably be among the first women of Japanese ethnic origin in Canada to obtain a PhD, it was something that never crossed my mind. I certainly never set out to achieve for "my people" or for my family, and not even for self-aggrandizement. As a woman with a PhD I know I will be an oddity. I will elevate myself in terms of education above the greater percentage of people in the world. But will that make me different? Perhaps in "degree" but not in kind!

We have talked at length in class about the "possibilities" that might

emerge in this space between two worlds. My role at university is "learner," but maybe I am also "teacher." Heidegger (1968) says, "Teaching is even more difficult than learning...because what teaching calls for is this: to let learn..." (p. 15). Am I letting my children and husband learn that there are different kinds of "wives" and "mothers"? That there are different kinds of "husbands" and "fathers"? That there are different kinds of "children"? "...every word [concept] has possibilities of multiple meanings and ...a choice of which meaning is to count is a legitimating process, a political process, conscious or unconscious" (Aoki, 1992, p. 4). The possibilities, the potentialities, are almost overwhelming. Will my family, as well as outside observers, learn that fathers/men can cook and clean? That mothers/women can contribute to the world of paid work? That children can make their own lunches?

William Beardslee's (1990) insights on storytelling could be applied to how I am trying to live in today's world:

...one single story is no longer sufficient to give us direction. Whatever the orienting story is with which we identify, it has to be woven into others....To learn to live in our organizing stories as part of a rich and complex fabric of interwoven, interdependent stories is one of the tasks of storytelling today (p. 165).

There will be continuous music being played, perhaps even simultaneous pieces being played. The show will go on. Different voices may dominate at different times. Some voices may be louder and others softer at different times. There may be fast-running counterpoint themes and steady bass notes. The polyphony created may not be culturally accepted, the tune may not be recognizable, but there *will* be music--our own composition, our own resonance.

Where am "I" when I'm flying between Lethbridge and Edmonton? I'm not only suspended in air in what some might call a tin can, but suspended in place, time, and purpose. As I look down upon the farmlands surrounding Lethbridge it occurs to me that the neat, square fields of yellow and brown look like a chess board we had at home when I was a child. The movements about the board are circumscribed and predictable. The farmers go up and down, back and forth on each contained patch of land. They are in their own worlds: "What is the price of grain? Will I get the crop in before it rains?" But what is *my* agenda? Where am I going? Where will I end up?

The plane trip at the beginning and ending of each week of classes has become my bridge between two worlds. When I arrived home for the first weekend at home, everything seemed strangely unfamiliar and it took a few

hours to "get the feel" for home and the cadence of family life. By the second weekend at home, I seemed to be able to see my two worlds--at university and at home--as two diverse, separate worlds, the space between them to be bridged each weekend by the plane flight. By the third weekend, as I took leave of my room at Pembina Hall, I felt an inexplicable feeling of leaving home. I am getting confused! Where is home? Where do I belong?

"*Belonging together*" was the topic of much debate and conversation between my husband and myself as I discussed my desire and need to attempt a PhD degree. He feared that the geographical distance would also put emotional distance between us in our relationship. Perhaps I would meet someone else to replace him? Perhaps I would come to enjoy living on my own in the world of academe? The possibilities were to him mind- and emotion-boggling. My response was something along the lines of what the phrase "*belonging together*" might connote: that our relationship predicated on mutual respect would only be solidified through his validating and supporting my desire/need, as I had done for him in the past. However, after much sharing of thoughts and feelings, we have come to the place where we realize that the "togetherness" is something that does not have to be continuous to be meaningful. In the 1970s there was a popular phrase warning against the dangers of stifling intimacy: "let there be spaces in your togetherness." Images of broken circles in a schematic drawing of the curricular landscape can represent my family's openness to my leavetaking, not necessarily without tears, however. The circles widen as they come to encompass a world of possibilities: a mother who is not always home and available to serve her family? An ethnic woman with a PhD? Spending time and (so much) money on education? The fact that there is separateness allows the possibility of togetherness. The airplane rides and telephone lines help to bridge the gap--to bring the circles closer together--to increase the appreciation of togetherness.

I make a list and try to plan carefully to get all my things packed properly before I depart. There is no turning back to collect that forgotten item. I realize with chagrin that I am on my own. There is no one who is going to bail me out if I forget something. I departed Lethbridge one Monday morning at 6:40 a.m. after having arisen at 5:30 a.m. and hastily packing my last-minute things. I took a cursory look at my list through bleary eyes after having crossed off things already packed the night before. I was five minutes from Calgary before I realized that I had forgotten my poster for my Global Education class, on which I had worked for a couple of hours the day before. I had even invited my nine-year-old daughter to help me color the pictures. She had been annoyed that that had not really been "quality time" spent with me because it wasn't doing "something fun and different." I am not sure how much of an impact was made by my explanation that "just being together was quality time, no matter what the activity." Anyway, she cried at bedtime, in anticipation of missing me during the coming week.

Since there was no hope of retrieving my poster from home for my

class that same evening, I purchased materials, ran text off on the computer and hurriedly constructed a "reasonable facsimile" for my class. It was without pictures, however, it was neatly done and full of information, perhaps more information and better categorized than the original, but all black and white: all business, no color. That evening after class, my husband reported that he had sent my poster up by Loomis courier and it was waiting in the lobby of Pembina Hall the next day. Out of the tension of forgetting something important, other possibilities had arisen: not the same, but different; not necessarily better, but different. The gap had been bridged out of care and through technology.

Deconstructing "belonging" in another way: "be-long-ing" finds longing or desire in the midst of "being." Who am I? What do I want to become/be? I long to be *someone, something*. Will I find it through higher education? Will people respect me more? Give me better jobs? Will my children/family respect me? Will they be moved in their "being-ness" by what I am doing? Will they learn to live in a world of possibilities where doubts abound? Where people are asking hard questions like, "Are you going to let your wife go away to school?" "Doesn't your husband make enough money for you?" "Why don't you just stay home and do housework?" I guess it is not the questions that are "hard." They slip off the tongue like so much water off a duck's back. It is the answers that are hard. How does one explain to one's mother-in-law who has spent her life in domestic service (both paid and unpaid) that cleaning is not satisfying labor? How to explain to a woman who has borne ten, and raised nine, children that my aspirations are to help *society's* children? How does one behave in the presence of people who question your motives and your future? How does one "be true" to oneself in the face of such cultural debris? How does one "be"?

It is within the tension--on the bridge--that decisions are made, that journeys are completed, that bridges are crossed. Within the realm of a finite world, where everything is static and nothing is questioned, there can be no movement. There can be no going anywhere: even if it is off into the unknown. Beardslee's (1990) words are apropos: "Those of us who are of that tradition [i.e. traditional] will have our imaginative work cut out for us, if we are to live in our tradition and also in the postmodern world" (p. 165). I have been brave enough to venture out onto the bridge, not really knowing where it will lead. When people ask me why I am doing this, I can only answer, "because I want to." I am not assured of a "real" job afterward (one with security, stability, benefits, status.) But the opportunity is there, within my grasp and something beckons.

I am the type of person who proceeds one step at a time. My program of study is mapped out in general, but as to how, logistically, I will advance from step to step, I have not yet quite worked out. Before my first flight up to Edmonton, I met a family friend in the airport. A wealthy rancher and businessman, he was travelling to Edmonton on business. When I shared with him my plans and goals, he commended me for my courage to set out

on such an adventure. I responded that I was only going to attempt to complete the course, "one step at a time." He shared a story with me concerning a rancher of old who had 200 post holes to dig to build a fence around his land. He carefully laid out all 200 fence posts at the appropriate intervals and began to dig. After each hole was dug, he looked at the row of posts signifying the holes yet to be dug. As he became more and more tired, looking at the job still to be done made him more discouraged. It was then that he decided that he had best tackle the job "one post hole at a time." We enjoyed a good laugh together--but the truth of the rancher's attitude rang true.

Inevitably people will ask me, "How is it going? What are you learning?" I am quite ready with my response. As was my Masters experience as compared to my Bachelor's degree, the level of thinking and discussion at the doctoral level is qualitatively different. Paradoxically, the higher the level of education, the less is "known" for certain. It seems that rather than knowing more "answers" as you progress through education, you just learn more questions.

The greatest learning that I will take away (across my bridge--home) will be that there are many valid voices: multiplicities of validities. The wonderful cultural variety represented in our Narratives class provided an education that has been unequalled in my experience. (I don't get out much!) Learning about different peoples' cultures has opened up a whole new appreciation for language and ways of being.

The morning after my disastrous mistake with my telephone ringer, a fellow student from Tanzania asked me how I was--in Western ways, a simple greeting that required a simple, innocuous answer, "Fine." To this he replied, "That's very good that you are fine. Very, very good." What kind of reply was this? Interest? Care? With little hesitation, I jumped into the space that he had created, and revealed the incident of the night before and that I was still upset. He concurred that it was a very bad mistake and I must never do that again. He commiserated in the fact that I was so far away from family. His family was in Africa and his wife was not at home with the children but studying 200 miles from home. When I talked on the phone to my daughter that evening, I shared this story and again, it helped to bridge the gap. She was not alone in her aloneness. There were others around the world who were suffering too. This education is not just for me, although outsiders might think I am pursuing a selfish dream. All those around me are having their collective consciousnesses raised.

Talking with the African student afterward about our verbal exchange, he explained that in his culture, if people are asked how they are, it is expected that they will explain. If they do not, one must keep asking, but in a different way. How civilized! And yet we consider traditional societies to be "backward" and "uncivilized." We are so quick to run in with new and better ways to "be." I am convinced that we must seek new ways to solve the problems of our culture--not through techno-scientific production but a

return to the old truths. David G. Smith's (1992) description is succinct:

In a manner sounding remarkably similar not only to the deconstructive critique of logocentrism, but also to the ancient Wisdom traditions of the Tao and Buddha, the new biology proposes that human consciousness itself, like indeed all of the natural world, operates not like a rational predictable machine oriented toward solidity and stabilization, but rather more like a vibrant network of nodes in which each node is linked to others through a myriad of connectors (p. 8).

We all must be those "connectors," those bridges between our students and knowledge. Women who have borne children, in particular, are in a unique position to expand on their experience of connectedness to offspring, having been physically linked to them through the umbilical cord and possibly through the primordial act of breastfeeding. Both males and females learn about connectedness and nurturance from their mothers. It is from our mothering experiences that we learn to be open enough to first accept ourselves, our "being-ness" and then our students in their multiplicity of "being-nesses."

It reminds me of Belenky, et al. (1986) in *Women's Ways of Knowing*, in which teachers are invited to be "midwives" to their students, helping them to give birth to their own truths. Teachers are encouraged to be persons as teachers, revealing themselves in their frailties and humanness to students. Students are to be invited to participate in the decision-making that affects all in the classroom. How revolutionary! That all voices should be allowed to speak. Teachers and administrators who adhere to an authoritative style of leadership may have difficulty with the notion of giving up their authority to the "masses." But if we are to empower people in the 21st century to live responsible lives, we must validate their personhood so that every new capitalistic product will not hold sway over their consciousness and behavior. They must be able to live their lives for the betterment of our planet's people--our global community. Traditions may "die hard" but the time is now for taking stock and making new plans for the fate of our "Sunship Earth." And this can only be achieved through cooperation. (How sad that the concept must be directly taught to children on the children's program, "Sesame Street." However, educators are recently schooling themselves in the notion and strategies of "cooperative learning.") No longer should those who are "in charge of the gunpowder" (D.G. Smith, 1992, p. 2) or those involved in "hyperliteracy" (p. 3) rule the world.

My husband recently learned that his bid for the principalship of his school was successful. In our conversation last night, he shared that many people had called to congratulate him on his new position and that his staff had cheered when he entered the staff room. He was deeply moved by their support and resolved not to change from the person that he is--collaborative

and supportive in administrative style--that has got him to this place. He requested that if I noticed his becoming too much involved with the position to the detriment of himself as a person and his collegial relationships, I was to give him a swift kick. We need more leaders like this.

Race/Ethnicity

The Japanese Canadian Experience: A story of racism³

Gloria Yamato (1990) observes that, "Racism is pervasive to the point that we take many of its manifestations for granted, believing 'that's life'" (p. 20). It is so taken for granted by the public at large, that people often take offence to the mention of the possibility of its existence. In response to the seemingly innocuous question, "What is your dissertation about?" if I should mention racism, there is often an immediate defensive reaction: "Well, there's none of that around here, is there?" That racism is a complex phenomenon, manifesting itself not only within individuals, but also in groups, organizations, institutions, and embedded in the value system of society (Henry, et al., 1995, pp. 14-15) is a concept that is neither widely known nor accepted. Judith Joel (1984) contends that a historical knowledge, as well as a class perspective, is needed to explain racism and prejudice, since it is vital to show that some of the institutions, customary behavior, and values that people take for granted, had a beginning point as well as a development.

David Hughes and Evelyn Kallen (1974) contend that racism is a social rather than an intellectual phenomenon which refers to "peoples' attitudes, beliefs and behavior, predicated on non-scientific and erroneous assumptions about the nature of human diversity" (p. 80). Therefore, "racist myths" rank groups of people according to a fixed hierarchy, in effect making assumptions about their differing capacities "for being 'human', less 'evolved', less 'civilized' than others" (p. 81). The most telling comment that these authors make about racist attitudes and beliefs, however, is that they "will persist irrespective of their truth or falsity, largely because of their potential usefulness to those in power" (p. 82).

Similarly, Samuel Yeboah's (1988) explanation for the failure of policies and programs that attempt to achieve equality of opportunity is that "efforts have been directed at the manifest symptoms rather than the real cause of the problem" (p. 12). He lists three components of the social attitude that is racism: cognitive (beliefs or knowledge), emotional-motivational (feelings), and performance (tendencies to act in particular ways on the basis of and performance (tendencies to act in particular ways on the basis of knowledge and emotion) (p. 14).

According to Leo Driedger (1987), "Prejudice and discrimination are negative attitudes exhibited by a majority group to deny some minorities the freedoms and rights of all" (p. 10). He cites John Hagan (1977) who, after reviewing the literature in North America, classified four types of discrimination--"differential treatment, prejudicial treatment, disadvantaging treatment, and denial of desire." Using this typology, Driedger and Mezoff (1981) suggested that the first two types were attitudinal (prejudice) and the

³ Portions of this chapter have been published. Yamagishi 1992. *The ATA Magazine*. November/December: 8-12.

last two behavioral (discrimination) (cited in Driedger, 1987, p. 10).

Nadan Sarup (1991) sees racism in terms of "levels" with each level containing economic, political and ideological elements. He advocates that anti-racist education encourage the analysis of racism on the interpersonal, institutional, state, and international "levels." *Interpersonal* racism occurs between individuals, including personal bias, prejudice, stereotyping, etc. and can be conscious or unconscious. *Institutional* racism occurs between the levels of the individual and the state, that is "manifested in large organizations and institutions." *State* racism is built into the mechanisms of the state, permeating every aspect of social life. *International* racism is characterized by imperialism which "has developed into a world-wide system in which capital moves to wherever there is cheap labor" (pp. 33-35). Therefore, in order to deal with racism, educational and social structures must be addressed, as well as peoples' consciousness.

The history of the "doctrine of inherent black inferiority" (p. 54) is instructive in helping us to understand our present-day racial prejudices which correspond to a continuum from lighter skin color to darker, such that "the darker the skin pigmentation, the greater the degree of racism experienced" (p. 13). Yeboah traces the "mythology about the African" to the stories of slave traders and early European travellers. Because Europeans who did not travel were "wholly ignorant" of the African, these stories were easily confirmed by "pseudo-scientific theories" which defined color "not as an identifying mark of a class of people...but as a cause of inherent inferior characteristics" (pp. 54, 59). B. Singh Bolaria and Peter Li (1988) point out an extreme form of racist belief in which biological features that determine race also determine mental and social capacities, justifying White supremacy. However, there are "no scientific grounds to support [this] viewpoint" (p. 14) evidenced by the statements of experts for the United Nations Educational Scientific and Cultural Organization:

First, race as a means of classifying human beings has limited value, and the genetic variation within population groups is probably as great as that between groups. Second, the only difference between population groups attributed to biological heredity alone is that which relates to bloodgroups, but populations sharing the same bloodgroup do not coincide with racial groups. Third, it is incorrect to attribute cultural characteristics to the effect of genetic inheritance. Fourth, all human groups have the capacity to advance culturally, and this ability overrides the significance of biological or genetic evolution in the evolution of the species (p. 15).

Yeboah states emphatically that racial prejudice is not instinctive, but that racial prejudice is "assimilated by the child through the process of socialization" and from a variety of agencies of socialization, including the

family, peer group, schools and colleges, the media, work organizations, the Church, etc. Furthermore, the degree of early racial prejudice transmitted to and assimilated by, the child depends upon how bigoted are the family and peer groups (p. 258).

The concept of ethnicity, according to Hughes and Kallen, has been used interchangeably with the concept of race, and both concepts have been widely misinterpreted and misused. These authors use the concept of ethnicity to refer to the "arbitrary classification of human populations utilizing both biological and socio-cultural criteria" with the most important criterion being that of "common ancestry or peoplehood" (pp. 82-83). Common ancestry implies at least three criteria: "biological descent from common ancestors, maintenance of a shared ancestral heritage (culture and social institutions), and attachment to an ancestral territory (homeland)" (p. 83).

Bolaria and Li (1988) differentiate between race and ethnicity in that racial groups are "determined by socially selected physical traits" and ethnic groups are "distinguished by socially selected cultural traits" (1988, p. 17). Furthermore, discrimination against, and exploitation of, racial minorities is based on racist ideologies that "endorse an inherent racial order" such that: "...[s]uperficial physical differences provide convenient grounds for justifying the mistreatment of subordinate groups" (p. 18). Their overall thesis goes beyond the commonly held belief that discrimination and racism in an "otherwise liberal and democratic society" are due to "cultural misunderstandings." They believe in a structural explanation: "The control of one racial group by another is often predicated by economic benefits and other social advantages that place the dominant group in its position of dominance" (p. 16). Through examining case studies of a number of representative racial groups in Canada, including Native Canadians, Metis, Chinese, Japanese, East Indians, Blacks, and migrant and illegal workers, Bolaria and Li "illustrate the historical process whereby the dominant group exploited the labour of these subordinate groups during different junctures of capitalist development" (p. 9).

This macro perspective dovetails neatly with the theorizing of Branson and Miller (1992) who contend that the mechanistic science that today dominates our Western way of thinking and valuing, emerged as: "...part of the economic and political transformation of Britain and Europe from the fifteenth century...[becoming] the basis for a new materialistic cosmology" (p. 229). Under the guise of neutrality, "hidden beneath the facade of reason, of scientific rationality" (p. 226), "intellectual imperialism" created "the Orient"--the Other--in the process of searching for markets and new production sites where labour was "cheap, manipulable and relatively free from unionization" (pp. 227, 233). Edward Said (1978) coined the term "Orientalism" for the way in which the West has come to terms with the Orient "based upon an ontological and epistemological distinction made between 'the Orient' and...'the Occident'" (p. 2). The conceptualization of the

Orient as Other helps "to define Europe (or the West) as its contrasting image, idea, personality, experience" (pp. 1-2). Thus becoming writers of "the Truth," Whites then are able to mythically "erase" racism, which thereby "diffuses the representation of whiteness as terror in the black imagination" (hooks, 1992, p. 345). While skin color is uppermost in the consciousness of the dominant population in Canada, and often used to classify people (Driedger, 1986, p. 284, cited in James, 1989, p. 19) they will tend to omit race in describing themselves, while minority group members who do not have this privilege, tend to identify race as a significant characteristic.

Although Canadians generally believe that ethnic identity is a matter of individual choice, it is really a matter of ancestry and a matter of membership and belonging, with members of society playing a role in helping each of us define our ethnicity (James, 1989, pp. 23, 27). Acquisition of an ethnic and racial identity as well as a "majority/minority" identity occurs through the influence of schools, churches, workplaces, media, and other institutions. Majority group members may come to realize that they have a privileged and prestigious position in society while minority group members may come to realize that to get ahead they may have to compromise their ethnic identity and/or overcome barriers of racism, prejudice or discrimination (p. 27). Rex and Moore (1967, p. 13 cited in Bolaria and Li, 1988, p. 21) use the term "host-immigrant" to describe the "cultural frame of reference" in which acceptance of the culture and values of the host society which are taken to be non-contradictory and static and the immigrant is seen as altering his own patterns of behavior until they finally conform to those of the host society.

Understanding the historical development of racist attitudes might improve our intellectualization about discrimination practices, but we are still left with the very real practical, ethical problems of everyday life in a racist society. Up till now I have resisted formally analyzing the history of the people of Japanese descent in Canada (for reasons which I will explain later in this chapter). As part of my heritage as being both Japanese and Canadian, I feel the time has come to do so, as a basis for working through personal identity issues.

Individual self-image is linked to social identity, with the competition for a positive social identity depending upon socially defined attributes in a given society (Breton, 1987, p. 53). Status will be determined by the actual position of one's own ethnic group as compared to other groups but also to community standards and their application (p. 54). Gordon Darroch and William Marston (1987) understand ethnicity as a "social process" in which ethnicity is not seen as a static attribute of individuals but as an "adaptable and transitional phenomenon, either as a personal identity or as a social label" (p. 130). They give the example of "passing" in which members of minority ethnic and racial groups invoke ethnic identities or behavioral patterns situationally, such that it varies from one situational context to another and "ebbs and flows in individual experience, through the phases of

individual life cycles, and in the collective realities of social and economic relations" (pp. 130-131). Metzger (1971, p. 644 cited in Darroch & Marston, p. 131) argues that minority-majority relations, rather than being seen as relations between prejudiced and victimized individuals, should be looked upon as group relations in the struggle for power and privilege in the society.

Karl Marx talks idealistically of the "rule of law" and representative democracy as expressions of the impersonal form that public power must assume, "since the bourgeoisie does not rule through personalized relations" (Sayer, 1991, p. 74). "A civil society of abstractly equal free individuals" is presumed. Furthermore, "Universalistic, rational, consistent law provides a level playing field" (p. 74). Certainly this is the liberal view that holds sway even today--that all Canadians are equal before the law and in civil society. We theoretically uphold the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms (1982) which "provides people in Canada with...fundamental freedoms and rights, such as the freedom of speech, expression, religion, and conscience, and the right to equality"--and the charter is "entrenched in The Constitution Act, 1982" (Ghosh & Ray, 1991, p. 200). In addition, in 1971, Canada adopted a federal policy of multiculturalism to affirm its ethnic diversity which has been a fact since the first French and English settlers joined the Native peoples on the North American continent (McAndrew, 1991, pp. 131-132).

Unfortunately, according to a recent study by two sociology professors, Jeffrey Rietz and Raymond Breton, in which data from public opinion polls in the United States and Canada was compared, it was concluded both countries are equally racist. Although there is "little overt racism," the majority of people polled felt that, "minorities are responsible for their own inequality and that discrimination isn't to blame." These authors question whether Canada's multiculturalism policy makes a difference, "or does it simply comfort Canadians by making them believe it's working when it's not?" ("Canada as racist as U.S.--study," *The Lethbridge Herald*, June 9, 1994, p. A1). Two issues that arise are the lack of implication of structural or process differences between U.S. and Canadian experiences. Rather than simply depicting a country as "racist," reference should be made to particular structures, practices, institutions or parts thereof, and the like, which exhibit racist ideas, values and practices.

Perhaps the "level playing field" of which Marx speaks refers to class differences and does not include racial differences. Certainly, in Canadian law, provisions are made for equal access to a fair trial, legal representation, etc., but in reality, one's "cultural capital" (Apple, 1982, p. 9) definitely affects one's knowledge of one's rights and privileges, and therefore one's success in overcoming problems. For example, cultural differences might determine whether a person can appear in the right place and on time for a court hearing and be adequately legally represented, necessarily affecting the outcome of the trial. I once heard a Native man who was trained as a lawyer, speaking at a public forum, explaining why some of his people might not be "reliable" about keeping court dates: firstly they might not be imbued with a sense of

importance regarding the White justice system; they might not share the value of appearing on time for a court date; they might not have the wherewithal to determine the exact location of the proceedings, or be able to obtain transportation to reach their intended destination. Judges who are trying the cases are most often White males of the upper classes who have had access to higher education in the field of law and who have had the wherewithal to be appointed as a judge.

That it is extremely difficult to step outside one's epistemology in order to critique it, is demonstrated by one of the great classical theorists, Max Weber (1958), when he makes the fundamental error of developing a theory on the hypothesis that asceticism and protestantism are the basis of the development of capitalism (notwithstanding his final comments regarding the possibility of capitalism developing in other circumstances.) His grossly ethnocentric view is embodied in his Author's Introduction: "...in Western civilization, and in Western civilization only, cultural phenomena have appeared which (as we like to think) lie in a line of development having *universal* significance and value" (1958, p. 13, original italics). Not only does he use circular thinking in validating "empirical knowledge" through the lens of rational thinking, but he completely ignored the historical fact that:

The establishment of the science of Copernicus, Galileo and Newton as the *official* scientific method was overtly political, the result of overt patronage by the establishment, in particular the founding of the Royal Society of London after the restoration of the monarchy in 1660. "Truth" did not win out. Nor did the new supersede the old... "Science" thus meant "the mechanical model" and was oriented towards technological supremacy as a means to the effective *control of nature and of humanity* for economic and political gain (Branson & Miller, 1992, p. 230, original italics.)

Accordingly, the capitalistic way of life, and by implication, Protestantism, is seen to be not only right and just, but the *only* way of dealing with our world and life itself. This kind of thinking has gone on for several centuries, and it is only recently that radical voices are beginning to be heard and answered regarding the "rape of our planet" so that almost daily we are subject to yet another report of how human interference with the workings of nature are actually contributing to our own demise.

David Suzuki, a well-known Canadian writer, television and radio host, and internationally-respected geneticist and leading spokesman on social and environmental issues, regularly issues a statement and warning about the state of our world. One of his recent ones, on June 11, 1994 tells us about the effect of estrogen pollution in drinking water due to widespread use of the birth control pill which contains a synthetic sex hormone that has now been linked to hermaphroditic fish and male sterility in humans ("The 'pill':

More than a baby blocker," *The Lethbridge Herald*, p. A4). More apropos to the topic, however, is another recent observation made by Suzuki that is explained in the title, "Consumer society fails to deliver on leisure, happiness" (*The Lethbridge Herald*, February 19, 1994, p. A4). Weber (1958) likely uses the phrase as simply a figure of speech from the (disad)vantage point of his position in history, but no doubt his words are prophetic when he suggests that the "irresistible force of economic acquisition" which is an integral part of the "tremendous cosmos of the modern economic order" will "perhaps...determine [the lives of all the individuals who are born into this mechanism] *until the last ton of fossilized coal is burnt*" (p. 181, emphasis added). Indeed, until we realize that capitalism is not the only prescription for how we should live, we will continue to destroy our very life-blood since the technocratic paradigm does not recognize the limits of planet resources.

It seems to me that Weber's description of the rise of capitalism, although certainly rational, probably did not apply to the experience of Japanese Canadians who have "bought into" the capitalistic way of life with or without benefit of Protestant faith. Weber begins by stating that: "the impulse to acquisition, pursuit of gain, of money, of the greatest possible amount of money, has in itself nothing to do with capitalism" (p. 17). This would certainly seem to hold true for the Japanese who would become Canadians. W. Peter Ward (1982), writing a history of Canada's ethnic groups for the Canadian Historical Association, notes that:

The great majority of these early emigrants left Japan for economic reasons. In Canada they saw prospects for wealth far greater than they possessed at home. Most often they intended to work temporarily in Canada, to remit their surplus income to their families, and to return home with their accumulated savings (p. 5).

Weber talks at length, and seemingly with a sense of pride that "the concept of the citizen has not existed outside the Occident" (p. 23). It would seem that this kind of ethnocentric thinking validates Said's conceptualization of "orientalism" and would underly racist attitudes in British Columbia that sparked the Powell Street riot in Vancouver on September 7, 1907, the result of tension over rumors that "'White' B.C. would soon be overrun by great masses of 'little brown men.' Orientals were thought to be less than human, certainly not worthy of citizenship, nothing more or less than an economic threat--'yellow peril'" (The Japanese Canadian Centennial Project, 1978, pp. 30-31).

In the attempt to formulate "a causal evaluation of those elements of the economic ethics of the Western religions which differentiate them from others," Weber admits openly that he is bound not only by lack of information--"forced to rely on translations" but also by the lack of experience--a "non-specialist." And he concedes that his work is "provisional" with a

specialist "entitled to a final judgment" (pp. 27-28). Also not claiming to be a final judge, but only an observer, allow me to point out Weber's statement that "...capitalism existed in China, India, Babylon, in the classic world, and in the Middle Ages. But in all these cases...this particular ethos [the spirit of modern Capitalism] was lacking" (p. 52). Furthermore, this ethos is embodied in Benjamin Franklin's moral attitudes of honesty, punctuality, industry, frugality. While giving him credit for stating openly his own shortcomings, I must point out that not only the first generation Japanese--the *Issei*--but the second generation--*Nisei*--influenced by both their traditional culture and their newfound Canadian culture--displayed these kinds of qualities that earned them respect by their fellow Canadians in the workplace:

Like most Canadians of the inter-war generation, the *Nisei* were motivated by materialist values and sought occupational success. These aspirations were accentuated by a characteristic immigrant desire for upward social and economic mobility. Like true twentieth-century North Americans they strove to surpass the achievements of their parents (p. 11).

These [Japanese Canadian] children, like the children of other immigrants, were exposed to the acculturating forces of the public school system and of non-Japanese playmates. They adopted English as their primary language....While there was some conflict between their lives at home and at school, the conflict was minimal. There was an essential similarity in the values they learned from their parents and teachers. From both they learned the work ethic, respect for authority, a sense of "British" fair play. From their parents they learned to respect their teachers and value education. The *Nisei* soon gained the reputation of being model students, quiet, hardworking, and eager (Sunahara & Sunahara, 1985, pp. 399-400).

Some of the views held concerning the early Japanese immigrants were that they were "a menace to health" because of their lower standard of living as compared to that of White Canadians. The employers were quite content to have Japanese workers for they worked long hours without complaining; only their fellow White workers complained because of the competitive threat (Ujimoto, 1988, p. 158).

Weber (1958) describes asceticism as the "ideal type" of the capitalistic entrepreneur (p. 71). While pursuing "acquisition as the ultimate purpose of his life," he strictly avoids "all spontaneous enjoyment of life" (p. 53):

He avoids ostentation and unnecessary expenditure, as well as conscious enjoyment of his power, and is embarrassed by the outward signs of the social recognition which he receives....He

gets nothing out of his wealth for himself, except the irrational sense of having done his job well (p. 71).

Considering the actual practices of modern-day capitalists, Weber's "ideal type" is something of a mystification. In addition, having some experience with the Japanese culture, albeit from the (disad)vantage point of the third generation (*Sansei*), it would seem to me that the above description of the capitalistic entrepreneur could be directly applied to the typical Japanese Canadian, although in observing the people from the Japan of today, cultural signs indicate what could almost be called an aggressive pursuit of economic and political power. From my own observations, however, most Japanese Canadians live modestly but respectably according to Canadian standards of living, with a marked humbleness of manner. Indeed, it is a cultural dictate to address everything as "honorable" by the prefix "o-" in front of a noun--even the toilet is referred to as *o-benjo*. Humbling oneself before another in an interpersonal relationship is also *de rigeur*: I once counted the bows of a visitor to our house to be in excess of 20, as she said her farewells to my mother. Humility is built into the language: *enryo* (reserve or restraint), *gamen* (patience and perseverance) and *shikata ga nai* (resignation) (Sunahara, 1981, p. 167). Even for myself, as far removed as I am from the traditional culture, lacking many of the cultural values and the use of the language, I am embarrassed at receiving recognition and rewards, and at the same time, deeply shamed at failure. I remember how my face burned with the same kind of emotion whether my name was called out first at having received the top mark in the elementary school classroom, or at being chosen last by one of the respective captains when the class was divided up to play baseball.

I believe, however, that it is a combination of cultural values, coupled with the Canadian experience, that contributed to the acculturation and assimilation exhibited by Japanese Canadians: "The young post-war communities bore the mark of the evacuation experience. The newcomers sought to blend in, to be as inconspicuous as possible" (The Japanese Canadian Centennial Project, 1978, p. 133). Similarly, and more poignantly:

...the Nisei blamed themselves for what had happened to them. Like the rape victim who has been told that she led her attacker on by simply being there to be raped, Japanese Canadians were confused and ashamed.... [seeking] refuge from the trauma of their experience in the safety of middle-class Canadian culture...[and plunging] into acquiring the outward manifestations of success: suburban homes and jobs in middle management. Their organizations, surviving only in a very weak form, kept a low profile... (Sunahara, 1981, p. 167).

Joseph Roucek (1966) states that "religion has never been a truly

unifying factor among the Japanese in Canada." He notes that all Japanese immigrants to Canada were Buddhists, but "only 14,707 of the 22,205 Japanese in B.C. were Buddhists in 1931--and many were members only nominally. Further, in Canada, "organized Buddhism has tended to acquire the characteristics of a Christian Church; thus the Buddhists introduced Sunday services and Sunday schools," with the appeal being mostly to a select group of the first generation and the second generation being "deliberately opposed to Buddhism and what it represents for the life of the Japanese in Canada" (p. 25). By 1931, approximately one-third of the total Japanese population in B.C. were Christians, and after the war, "many Issei became Christian converts to express their gratitude for the work Christian churches in Canada had been doing for them during the war years." By the 1960s, "a great majority of Japanese Christians" belonged to "the two main middle-class-oriented denominations--the United Church and the Roman Catholic Church" (pp. 25-26).

Although these figures are sketchy and it is difficult to make definitive comparisons, it appears that as an important part of the assimilation efforts of Japanese Canadians, they have abandoned the religions they practiced before coming to Canada and adopted those of the most powerful in their new homeland. (It is interesting to note that there has never been a close identification or alliance between two extremely subjugated groups in Canada, the Japanese Canadians and the indigenous peoples of Canada. It seems that the two groups have responded to domination in two entirely different ways, the Japanese through an *attempt* at complete assimilation, and the First Nations people by becoming largely a "lost" people. In each case, however, there has been involved a denial of one's roots and traditions at the hands of the more dominant hegemonic forces.) As Roucek points out, religion does not seem to have been a unifying factor. I would contend also that it has not been a definitive factor in determining the work ethic of Japanese Canadians. That is, whether converted to Christianity and thereby into the Protestant work ethic by osmosis, as it were, or whether adhering to their traditional Buddhist religion, it seems that Japanese Canadians have demonstrated a strength of character that has led to their earning "a reputation as a model minority: as quiet, hard-working, well-educated, prosperous and assimilated Canadians" (Sunahara, 1981, p. 1).

Interestingly, however, I would like to point out what seems to me to be a striking similarity in mindset between the Buddhist religion and that of Calvinism as described above by Weber. On the basis of an extremely limited reading of Buddhist beliefs, filtered as they are through the lenses of Western writers and my own negative orientation toward anything Oriental, it is my understanding that there is a belief in an overall life plan or destiny which we all must come to accept, called *karma*. Chogyam Trungpa (1988) describes the five-step process involved in "confirming the solidity of I and other, that is, the development of ego" (p. 20). Following the first step of "discovery of selflessness" the next step is the attempt to find a way of "diverting our

attention from our aloneness," thus beginning the "karmic chain reaction" with karma being continually reborn, as we constantly try to prove that one does exist by feeling one's projections as a solid thing" (p. 21). I understand that, like Christianity, there are various sects or denominations of Buddhists, depending on the interpretation of religious dogma by a leader. Accordingly, perhaps the following statement cannot be accepted as a truism about Buddhism, however, I will present Trungpa's statement as a starting point for discussion: All sects and schools of Buddhism focus on the fears, frustrations, disappointments and irritations, the painful aspects of life, believing that we must face the reality of our living situations (pp. 1-2). In order to be able to face "the fear of ultimate confusion and despair" however, we must "find a way of occupying ourselves, diverting our attention from our aloneness" (p. 21). Some Buddhist teachings include an "eightfold path" to right living, including "right" view, intention, speech, morality/discipline, livelihood, effort, mindfulness, and absorption (involvement) (pp. 93-99). The fifth point, "right livelihood" is perhaps the most similar to Calvinist doctrine. According to Trungpa, right livelihood:

...simply means making money by working....This is not a cruel imposition on us. It is a natural situation. We need not be embarrassed by dealing with money nor resent having to work. The more energy you put out, the more you get in. Earning money involves you in so many related situations that it permeates your whole life. Avoiding work usually is related to avoiding other aspects of life as well (p. 97).

It appears, therefore, that there is somewhat of a basic similarity between this school of Buddhism and Calvinism: the need for achieving a specified mental state through certain worldly activities in order to cope with the uncertainties of this life. It would seem to me, however, that the kind of Christianity that has been practiced in the middle of this century in Canada has been less of the Calvinistic variety, which might be called, "works-oriented," in favor of a "faith-oriented" variety. A 1958 edition of *Basic Christianity*, published by an inter-varsity press, attempts to "give a comprehensive introduction...to the Christian faith...[and] to the Christian life" (Stott, 1958, p. 7). The author states unequivocally that Christianity "is not a catalogue of rules or a string of moral exhortations...not primarily an invitation to man to *do* anything; it is supremely a declaration of what God has done in Christ for human beings like ourselves" (p. 10, emphasis added). Accordingly, the human response for which God calls, is the diligent seeking of the wisdom to be found in God rather than in seeking "riches and fame" (p. 14). This would seem to me to be the vital difference between Calvinism and other brands of Protestantism. Additionally, Charles Young and Helen Reid (1938) point out that the Shin Sect of the Buddhist religion, which was founded in 1213 and focused on individual piety, has been called "the

Protestants of Japanese Buddhism" (1938, p. 97): "Like Paul and Luther, its priests teach salvation by faith in Buddha, and not by works" (p. 98). Similarly, Victoria Urubshurow (1989), in describing Tibetan Buddhist views as expressed by His Holiness the Fourteenth Dalai Lama, the recognized temporal leader of Tibetan Buddhists, observes that wisdom plays a "critical role" in giving a "proper orientation to all other activities," such that a teacher of Buddhism, in addition to being sensitive, enthusiastic and joyful, diligent, and patient, should also exhibit pure motivation free from hankering after wealth, fame, or power (p. 209). If the student should develop "respect for the teachings and the teacher," (p. 210), it then follows that the Buddhist lifestyle should not be focused on the accumulation of material and political fortune. (One might find an inconsistency in this kind of thinking in regard to acts of "ultra nationalism" and militaristic conduct, characterized by lack of respect for humanity, and even brutal violence, on the part of Japanese soldiers historically throughout parts of Asia. It seems to me, however, that these actions were based on a brand of nationalism that Isaiah Ben-Dasan [1972] would call "Nihonism," less of a religion in the Western sense, but a philosophy of life in which people are seen to be antithetical not to an infallible god, but to the "exigencies of human experience and life," with its chief characteristic being its flexibility and conformability to prevailing circumstances [p. 102.] Therefore, if the "prevailing circumstances" require a working together of the Japanese people toward a goal believed to be for the good of the country as a whole--perhaps even including the exploitation of Korean women as prostitutes, or the inhumane treatment of Dutch colonists in Indonesia--it seems that they would follow along in a kind of blind obedience.)

If, as Weber suggests, our present capitalist system is one that devolved from Calvinistic beliefs, certainly the success of Japanese Canadians in capitalistic endeavors cannot be explained thereby. Since these people were largely Buddhists or middle-of-the-road Protestants, and also since difference of religion does not seem to have had a decisive influence on their behaviour, it would seem that other factors are more responsible for this phenomenon.

I would suggest that it is an obligation to family that has had a greater influence. Young and Reid (1938) suggest that the Japanese had "enduring loyalties to groups and institutions in their native land," foremost among them being those associated with the family (p. 85). Children were expected to be obedient to their elders, particularly their fathers, and women to their husbands (p. 86). As the Japanese became "westernized" there arose some conflict between the first and second generations in terms of traditional family values (pp. 88-89), however, Young and Reid note:

It is true that [the second-generation Japanese] lack the obedience and respect of those born and brought up in Japan, but compared with White children in the communities in which they live,

they appear as models of propriety....Moreover, the second generation display the qualities which have enabled their parents to succeed, when they make enviable reputations for themselves in the educational institutions of the Province. Those who are carefree and irresponsible, judged even by Canadian standards, are a comparatively small minority (p. 91).

These same authors suggest that the "favorable reaction of the Japanese to Christian missionary activities" is a result of religious tolerance (p. 103). Urubshurow (1989) points out that Buddhists from the third century B.C.E. to the contemporary Dali Lama in Tibet, believed that "mutual benefit and peace derive[s] from mutual respect" of the faiths of all others, which "deserve to be honored for one reason or another" (p. 206). I would suggest that this tolerant attitude is one which is ingrained within the culture, the kind of attitude which led to the Japanese Canadians' acquiescence in going along peaceably with Canadian government orders to evacuate from British Columbia. Christian ideals, then, closely correspond to Japanese cultural ones:

...the sacrifice of the interests of the individual to the welfare of the group, respect and affection for parents, goodwill towards the other members of the community, simplicity, truthfulness, honesty, and courtesy. These moral precepts have a traditional value for the Japanese....They are also essential features of the Christian code. Buddhism, moreover, and especially the Shin Sect, has so many principles and practices in common with evangelical Christianity that conversion from one to the other is not as radical a step as it first appears (Young & Reid, 1938, p. 103).

Another specific aspect of Japanese family practice is embodied in the double word, *giri-ninjo* which denotes duty or obligation to the family and/or its members:

Indispensable to an understanding of traditional Japanese ethics were the two concepts *giri* and *ninjo*, often regarded as complementary and treated as one, *giri-ninjo*. [A] Japanese-English dictionary offered "justice (a sense of) duty; obligation; a debt of gratitude; (a sense of) honour," and so on as translations of *giri*, and "human feelings; human nature; humanity; humaneness; sympathy; the heart," as translations of *ninjo*....Where personal commitment was lacking (i.e. between outsiders) the precept of *giri* subsisted without empathy, *giri* was the performance of "mere" duty (Morley, 1985, p. 183, original italics).

Originally a feudal value, a White observer in Japan remarked that in modern Japan the concept of "duty" has receded and evolved into one of "honour" such that *giri* is coming to be seen as "avoidance of getting a bad name" or "preservation of one's integrity and honour":

One's *giri*, therefore, was seen as a reflection on oneself and, more importantly, on the group with which one was associated....awareness of having done something wrong resided not so much in remorse of conscience for the person harmed as in feelings of shame for having compromised the group to which the wrong-doer belonged (pp. 184-185).

Isaiah Ben-Dasan (1972), in a comparison of the Japanese and the Jewish cultures, observes that the Japanese are not "irreligious" as many foreigners think because the practice of formal religion is taken lightly in Japan, but "the true national religion, the one that governs everything the Japanese do or think, is in fact extremely demanding": what he calls "Nihonism" (p. 102), literally, the doctrine of Japaneseness:

This law beyond the law permeates all Japanese life to assume the status of a faith as much a religion as Judaism, Christianity, or Islam....Everything the Japanese do must be judged by its precepts, which are ultimately sanctioned by the unwritten law that transcends all legal codes...[and because] this unwritten law itself must conform to prevailing human circumstances...[which] are constantly changing, the Japanese avoid taking fixed stands on issues (pp. 102-103).

It would seem to me, therefore, that Japanese Canadian behaviors such as acquiescence, loyalty, industry, etc. can be seen more as a result of basic cultural values that are not necessarily religious in nature, but more adaptive and assimilative, especially in terms of their treatment during the Second World War. Notably, a similar ethnic group, Chinese Canadians, were handled differently in terms of enlistment into military service, and treated as a separate group, ostensibly to avoid difficulties arising from racial differences and to foster *esprit-de-corps*, but likely because the Chinese population was smaller and less politically organized (Ito, 1984, p. 152). The stresses of racial discrimination during the War, coupled with Japanese cultural values may, in fact, be responsible for the Japanese Canadians' remarkably successful assimilation into Western society.

From the hindsight of 50 years later, it is difficult for me to theorize about Japanese Canadians' response, as a whole, to Canadian government actions during World War II. However, from the viewpoint of Emile Durkheim's "organicist" framework which "implied the unity or solidarity of the collectivity over the individual part or member" (K. Thompson, 1982, p.

34), one can interpret the actions of both groups. Certainly, the B.C. government, and then the Canadian government in turn, stated that it was working for the good of the Canadian people as a whole in expelling the Japanese from the Pacific coast:

If Prime Minister King was motivated by a desire to protect Japanese Canadians his public announcement of their impending removal from the Pacific Coast made no mention of it. Japanese Canadians, King announced on 25 February 1942, were being moved for reasons of national security, in order to safeguard the defences of the Pacific Coast (Sunahara, 1981, p. 48).

Unfortunately, as a result of this move, the Canadian people then fell prey to circular reasoning: "If the Japanese population were being uprooted for reasons of national security, then the charges of British Columbia politicians must be true. Japanese Canadians, therefore, must all be dangerous traitors" (p. 48). Any efforts by members of the minority group were to no avail in combating majority views:

The few isolated voices for restraint and fair play were lost or ignored amid a raging howl for action. Even among the compassionate and the rational, the feeling grew that for their own safety from abuse and possible vigilante violence by hostile Canadians, all those of Japanese origin should be placed in some form of protective isolation. The *Nikkei* [persons of Japanese ancestry] attempts to counter ill will and suspicion by demonstrations of loyalty and good faith, such as subscribing to the Victory Bond Drive, made little impact. *Nisei* who tried to enlist at recruiting centres were turned away. When representatives of the Victoria Japanese Association visited City Hall to pledge their cooperation and support for the war effort, they met with verbal harassment (Takata, 1983, p. 115).

In *The Rules of Sociological Method*, Durkheim gave as the first rule for sociological analysis: "Consider social facts as things" (cited in K. Thompson, 1982, p. 59). The characteristics of a social fact were: externality, constraint, and generality. Each of these characteristics of social facts will be considered in turn as they apply to the Japanese Canadian situation. Firstly, "a social fact had an existence external to any individual or the mind of any individual" (Thompson, p. 59). In so many quotes, individuals or groups of individuals were found to say that they got carried away by a tide of fear or opinion in supporting, or at least not opposing, the evacuation of the Japanese:

Why did Canada treat her Japanese people so harshly? Because

we let panic get in the way of justice. We threw aside everything we were supposed to be fighting for and trampled on the rights of native-born Canadians. The government gave in to pressure from British Columbians whose healthy terror of the new war in the Pacific revived and strengthened old feelings of envy and bigotry against the Orientals living in the province (Patton, 1973, p. 10)

[The United States] and Great Britain declared war on Japan on December 8, 1941. On December 11, Germany and Italy declared war on the United States, and the U.S. Congress declared war on the Axis nations. All that day, and through the week that followed, radio stations in the U.S. and Canada carried reports of Japanese espionage and sabotage on the west coast. Every unexplained incident was cited as an example of enemy activity. People reasoned that a nation capable of staging a massive and totally unexpected air attack would follow up with a carefully planned system of infiltrating and demoralizing the continent. Though the reports turned out to be false, they stirred and strengthened feelings of fear that hung in the air like coastal fog (p. 14).

Kenneth Thompson (1982) presents a "multi-layered model of social phenomena," an "implicit model of the continuum of social phenomena" which depicts levels that range "downwards from the surface level of the most crystallized down to the more obscure levels of the least crystallized phenomena" (pp. 59-60). The first level of this model, the most superficial level, is described as "morphology" which determines the availability of facilities and refers to such things as: "Volume, density and distribution of population. Territorial organization. Material objects incorporated in the society: buildings, channels of communication, monuments, technological instruments" (p. 60).

The morphology of the Japanese Canadian population was a significant factor in the final expulsion of these people from the province of British Columbia. Forrest LaViolette (1948) suggests that "recent settlement and rapid economic change" were important in organizing or directing the motives of British Columbians in pressing for evacuation (p. 276). He submits that, "the geographic isolation of British Columbia has, from its earliest days, sensitized the settlers to the numbers and kinds of people who are settling there (p. 277). From the early days of joining the Dominion of Canada in 1871, there was concern about population increase to enhance prosperity, as well as concern about the kind of people who settled in the area. A paradoxical situation occurred in which the kinds of people who "would settle in large numbers" (i.e. Orientals) and who were needed for labour, were less desirable than Europeans who could not be obtained. In addition, to complicate the "problem of numbers," the residents of British Columbia "have not

reproduced rapidly enough to populate their own province as quickly as desired" (p. 278).

A "British preference" in Canadian immigration policies and regulations (p. 279) led to a \$50 head tax on the Chinese being imposed on Chinese entering Canada (Young & Reid, 1938, p. 220). No such tax was levied on the Japanese although they were excluded from the privileges of Canadian life and forced, through social pressure, to cluster together in geographical areas for emotional and social support:

It is true that Japanese (as well as Chinese) had to go through, roughly, similar experiences to those of other immigrants. But their "visibility" and the "Oriental" ways of life marked them off clearly from others in the "White" communities....95% of Canada's Japanese lived in British Columbia from 1901 to 1941....There were systematic efforts to exclude them from certain occupations; they were denied full rights of citizenship--such as voting, serving in the armed forces, jury service, etc. (Roucek, 1966, pp. 24-25).

In Vancouver it was possible to go down to "Little Tokyo," the Powell Street area where Japanese businesses of certain kinds were concentrated, with a language school and hall close by, where people congregated to visit on street corners, sat around in soft drink parlours, and went to eat traditional Japanese foods. "Little Tokyo" was the focal point of Japanese activities....In addition to its existence as a physically segregated area, it has become recognized also as a "frame of mind" (LaViolette, 1948, p. 75).

Unfortunately, for the Japanese, this social ostracism provided a means of economic and social survival, but it ultimately worked against them in increasing the animosity and suspicion of the White population:

For the Japanese it was a vicious circle. If they prospered, they were regarded as dangerous economic competition. More often, because they could afford only basic necessities, they were accused of lowering the Canadian standard of living. While their efforts to integrate were rebuffed, their attempts to preserve the Japanese language and religions were interpreted as refusal to assimilate (Patton, 1973, p. 19).

In terms of the second characteristic of a social fact, as described by Durkheim, "constraint" can occur in two modes: firstly, "constraint imposed by lack of choice" which is the result of morphological factors. In the case of Japanese Canadians, they were constrained in their choice of place of

settlement, choice of livelihood, level of education, as well as general social relations. Extreme constraint occurred when the government actually supervised their wholesale move away from the coast.

"Institutions and collective representations, such as values, beliefs, and currents of opinions" are given as examples of the second kind of constraint: "the pressure to choose according to established notions of what ought to be the case" (K. Thompson, 1982, p. 59). White supremacist values regarding purity of the Canadian population and rights to employment in specific areas and occupations, as well as political power that reflected these values and beliefs, exerted extreme amounts of pressure on the Japanese Canadians to behave in a prescribed manner. In early 1942, British Columbians were organizing opinion to gain support for the plan of complete evacuation, during which process, many unfavourable things were said about the Japanese, with the newspapers reflecting the general view that the burden of responsibility for good conduct was on the shoulders of the Japanese:

This was a tremendously difficult expectation for the Japanese to meet. While they were supposed to "behave," politicians were demanding the cancellation of business licences, their fishing boats were remaining idle, and their bread-winners were being discharged. Community leaders, realizing that under the existing pressure some Japanese might do or say something which under the circumstances would not be inconsequential, pleaded for calmness and self-control on the part of everyone (LaViolette, 1948, pp. 53-54).

Durkheim defines the "collective conscience, or common conscience" as: "The totality of beliefs and sentiments common to average citizens of the same society (which) forms a determinate system which has its own life" (*Division of Labour*, p. 79 cited in K. Thompson, 1982, p. 60). It would seem that the collective conscience of pre-war British Columbians could be described as an "anti-Asian bias" exacerbated by "war hysteria" (Driedger, 1989, p. 319). Driedger observes that in today's Canadian society, despite increased pluralism: "some people are 'much more equal' than others, and that there is considerable evidence of social distance in the form of ethnic stereotypes, prejudice, and discrimination" (p. 360). The charter groups have not only received special privileges in the Canadian Constitution to preserve their languages and culture, but they also "reinforce their higher status and privilege by supporting their charter status and ranking others in lesser positions." Notwithstanding "a majority [of Canadians] favouring the mosaic over the melting pot" and "a huge majority" claiming to feel "relatively at ease with visible minorities," Driedger points out: "It is clear that unfair treatment exists based on ethnic origin, racial composition, and religious affiliation."

The "collective conscience" of the Japanese Canadians, on the other

hand, would seem to have been one of resignation or acceptance which can be understood from the point of view of a major theme in *The Elementary Forms of the Religious Life*--the importance of religion as a social phenomenon embedded in social practices, not just in the form of beliefs, which produces social solidarity as well as moral unity (K. Thompson, 1982, p. 40). Other Durkheimian beliefs are related in this regard:

...the cognitive structure of men's minds is determined by the structure of their society....the categories of thought are not *a priori* but derived from the structure of social existence: once implanted in men's minds, the categories do indeed appear *as if* they were immanent (Zeitlin, 1968, p. 277).

Durkheim would seem to be saying--reflecting his organicist principles --that religion is functional not only for the individual but for the society itself:

...religious ideas are derived from society and serve to bind the members of a society together...explaining why religion is a ubiquitous and permanent institution....Durkheim's theory of religion became for him a way of extolling "society" and the ascetic demands it made on the individual....it is by the way in which he [sic] braves suffering that the greatness of man is best manifested (Zeitlin, 1968, pp. 278-280).

Interestingly, the latter quote would almost border on some of Weber's thinking regarding asceticism, as well as "Nihonist" beliefs--that it is a virtue and something to be, if not pursued, at least endured without complaint or expectation of succor. In any event, the Japanese mentality of "fate (*un*) and expressions of resignation (*shikata ga nai*)...complemented by exhortations to persevere (*ganbaru*) and to endure (*gaman suru*)" (Morley, 1985, p. 178) originated in the mother country and are interesting to examine in terms of geography, immigration/emigration laws, historical considerations, as well as religion. Coming from a relatively small, island country with a centuries-old culture that was hardly known to Western civilization, the Japanese mentality had also been shaped by the fact that for 200 years, Japan voluntarily put itself into "rigid seclusion from the world" (Adachi, 1976, p. 1). It is perhaps for these reasons, that Japanese society is characterized by a: "...horizontal insider-outsider axis [which] constituted a line of demarcation in the Japanese consciousness with consequences that were quite as far-reaching as those arising from the view of Japanese society as structured vertically" (Morley, 1985, p. 187).

Thus, in Japanese society, there seems to be a greater emphasis on the in-group, and ultimately, on the individual within that group. The common Japanese term for outsider was *tanin*, meaning literally "another person," but:

...the unmistakable hostility with which the use of *tanin* was infused in the Japanese language made the factual description (stranger) indistinguishable from the moral judgment (outsider). He was the person outside the *uchi* (loosely, household), a social unit originally constituted by relationships of blood or a common locality....In very simple terms, members of one's own *uchi* were familiar, trustworthy and above question; inversely, those who did not belong to the same *uchi* were unfamiliar, their trust untried, and therefore faintly suspect (Morley, 1985, p. 72).

Language, then, reflects the structure of society and the cognitive structure of the members' minds. John David Morley (1985) believes that the Japanese developed a "tentative, self-effacing, ambiguous use of language...known in Japanese as *aimai*," which was due to "two hundred and fifty years of autocratic rule under the Tokugawa shogunate (1603-1867) and no doubt [also to] the centuries of civil war preceding" (p. 70). Exchanges between outsiders attempted to "neutralise any potential conflict, *butsukaranai yo ni*, 'taking care not to clash'" (p. 72).

I believe that this kind of "us and them" mentality, coupled with a denial of one's individual feelings for the betterment of all, no doubt has historical relevancies and probably also has its origins intertwined with the development of the Buddhist religion. A belief in providence or fate "constituted the single most pervasive influence on the character of the Japanese" (Morley, 1985, p. 177). As a result, the resources of stoicism and self-discipline were enshrined by Japanese moralists in the quality of *akirame*, "resignation without despair" such that one could "allow all events to take their course passively and without anxiety, recognising it as the way ordained by providence" (p. 178).

As noted earlier, many Japanese adopted Christian religions as a form of assimilation to the White culture or as gratitude for the work Christian churches had done during the war years. Also, as noted earlier, there are many similarities between Shin Buddhism and evangelical Christianity. It would stand to reason then, that the new converts would either allow a mixture of religious beliefs to direct their lives or practice a bastardized form of Christianity, allowing their earlier beliefs from formative years to dominate in an interesting phenomenon of "cultural hybridity." In the following case, the Japanese convert to Christianity alternates in his devotions to Buddha and Christ during the transitional period before committing himself unconditionally to the latter: "I attended the English night school and religious services of the mission by reason, I should say, of necessity and circumstance, rather than from personal conviction, but Providence works mysteriously...from Buddhism to Christianity!" (Young & Reid, 1938, p. 103). To peoples who have been undernably dominated by

another group in society, the power of the latter segment of society would be very real. To come to believe in the God of that segment would be no great challenge--why not join the side of the more powerful?

On a personal note, I realize now that my adoption (the socialization process will be clarified in the "Spirituality" chapter to follow) of a Christian religion has been an important part of my own attempt to assimilate--to "pass" as a White person, however ridiculous that might sound to a White person! However, the feeling of acceptance in a community of persons who profess love for one's neighbor--"red and yellow, black and white--all are precious in His sight"--is an overwhelming attraction to a person like myself who has felt like an outsider in so many diverse situations. An analysis of these situations might reveal that some are directly related to my ethnicity, while others are perhaps only indirectly related--mediated through low self-esteem.

Religion is an integral part of societal living. It allows humanity to live in the best way possible, that is, the way that benefits the whole group, even if it should mean that individuals should have to suffer. Similarities in Buddhist and Christian thinking can be seen here. For the Japanese Canadians, many have rationalized that the evacuation has had positive outcomes for them, particularly in terms of assimilation:

In the other provinces the Japanese found better opportunities, if not for themselves, then for their children. Some became teachers and accountants; in British Columbia they would have been allowed to practise these professions only within the Japanese community. Harry Nobuoka, the wholesale fish merchant, was very angry at the way he and the other Japanese were treated in the early 1940's. Later, however, he felt that the Canadian government had inadvertently helped the young Japanese Canadians by forcing them out of British Columbia, where they had no future, and into industrial areas where they could get good jobs and higher education (Patton, 1973, p. 43).

"No other community of Canadians faced a greater challenge--and endured. Indeed, they triumphed!" (Takata, 1983, p. 168). Still, there have been cultural sacrifices to make for assimilation, such that the *Sansei* are more thoroughly acculturated and more completely integrated than their parents had been. Widely dispersed throughout the labor force and geographically scattered as well, the Japanese no longer congregated in separate ethnic enclaves. Through intermarriage with Whites at a rate of about 50 percent by the 1980s, the *Sansei* have progressively merged into the dominant society. Abandoning the language and culture of Japan, they have also put behind them the concerns and organizations of immigrant society and have adopted the customs, values and institutions of post-war Canada. "Few Japanese Canadians have achieved positions of power and prestige

during the past quarter century," which affirms John Porter's observations about the vertical nature of the Canadian mosaic, but their incorporation into the mainstream of Canadian life remains an undeniable fact (Ward, 1982, pp. 17-18).

Responding to my visible minority exterior, people invariably and regularly ask me whether I can speak Japanese. My internal question back to them is, "Why on earth should I?" Responses to that question in the late 20th century would focus on economics, however, in the 1960s when I was growing up, assimilation was the greatest goal I had. As I grow older, I am coming to realize that I can no longer run or hide from my cultural heritage and it is for this reason that I have chosen to do this current project, to come to understand something of my cultural legacy. Still, as I examine a book recommended to me, *Stories of my People: a Japanese Canadian journal* by Roy Ito (1994), I have difficulty relating to these people. Ito chronicles the story of Japanese Canadians from the first man from Japan to set foot on Canadian soil, Manzo Nagano in 1877 (p. 9), through the struggles of the early immigrants to find work at saw mills (p. 18) and in the fishing industry (p. 27), the politics of seeking the franchise (p. 35), the establishment of families through the importing of "picture brides" (p. 67), the participation of Canadian Japanese in both World Wars (pp. 82, 91), the "evacuation" of Japanese peoples from the west coast of Canada (p. 259), internment conditions in Hastings Park (pp. 284-296), life on the sugar beet farms of Alberta (pp. 297-303), and ending with the story of the Redress movement (pp. 442-451). I found myself reading the book with interest, but finding little connection with the players and characters in the stories. My mother infrequently made references to the appalling conditions in Hastings Park, "a giant amusement and exhibition park in Vancouver's east end" (p. 285) to which 1593 evacuees were moved from Vancouver Island and from fishing and logging camps along the coast (p. 291), but I believe because she rarely talked about her experience, she did not personalize it for me. Similarly, few references were ever made in our family to the hardships of the beet farms. My first memory is of a room in a house with a two-level wooden floor and a pot-bellied stove in the middle, from which my mother said we moved when I was about one and a half years old. However, most of my personal impressions of that segment of Japanese Canadian history have been gleaned through the stories of my husband's family, who seem to be more vocal about their experiences, but mostly at the behest of my husband who once spearheaded a tour of the Taber, Alberta area to photograph the family's previous homes on beet farms. Both his mother and my father, our two remaining parents, are reluctant to discuss conditions much and, to my surprise, are not very interested in books like Ito's, several of which I have taken to them to share. My husband thinks that they bring back too many painful memories.

The process of writing this work is also painful for me, although certainly not as physically laborious as beet work. When I take up a book with

the words "Japanese Canadians" in the title, it is with mixed feelings. There is the expectation of finding some connection with the material, but the discomfort of having to identify myself with these people. Then paradoxically, a disappointment when no connection can be made. Only in the discussion of "the third generation" (Ito, 1978) do I empathize:

A Japanese Language School was started in Toronto, but Robert and Mary did not go. They said it was too far to travel and they were not interested. They did not understand any Japanese and English was always spoken in their home. Japanese customs were all but forgotten, although their family enjoyed Japanese food (pp. 54-55).

David Frisby (1992) notes that: "All the central features of modernity which Simmel analyses in the 'outer world'...are expressed and manifest themselves in the 'inner' life of individuals" (p. 60). Thus, Simmel's approach to the study of modernity--from the standpoint of "the individual element, from the fragment" (p. 67)--becomes a claim for the legitimate use of narrative and phenomenology:

Methodically, Simmel is able to confront the fragments that reveal themselves in society in flux since the notion of substance is dissolved to that of threads which hold society together...and conceptually all his crucial concepts are relational ones. The emotional and sensory threads are to be dealt with by a "psychological microscopy," in the realm which captures "human beings in the stream of their life" (p. 68).

I cannot help but agree wholeheartedly with this approach, since I believe that all individual human beings are necessarily limited by their own ideological lenses and mental capacities in their attempts to conceive of grand schemes that encompass all of humanity. Kevin Harris (1979), in his discussion of the relationship between education and knowledge, points out that "coming to know the world" is not "a matter of learning or coming into possession of a set of facts or truths about the world" but rather: "...a matter of coming to perceive the world in particular ways, from particular perspectives, and from particular viewpoints, which are largely determined by and arise out of one's interactions in and with a particular historical and social context" (p. 2). As a third-generation Japanese Canadian, then, I believe that my own story is one of the "fragments" to be studied, and that in some small way, the hearing and accepting of my story is one of the "threads" that will "hold society together." Hopefully, others will see something in my story that allows connections and provides insights to their own.

Ricoeur (1971) discusses the "dialectic between explanation and understanding" concluding that the solution to the "intrusion of personal

prejudices, of subjective bias into the field of scientific inquiry" is to "not deny the role of personal commitment in understanding human phenomena, but to qualify it" (p. 550). This would seem to require an awareness, understanding, and up-front admitting, of one's own prejudices and biases, such that they can be taken into consideration in terms of one's reactions. Unfortunately, according to Gloria Anzaldua (1990), racism is a concept that Whites do not want to confront because it "disrupts their comfortable complacency" (p. xix). She calls racism "a slippery subject, one which evades confrontation, yet one which overshadows every aspect of our lives." For women of color, the prospect is even more grim: "Racism sucks out the life blood from our bodies, our souls. As survivors of Racism, women-of-color suffer chronic stress and continual 'post-traumatic stress syndrome'."

Gloria Yamato (1990) defines racism as, "...the systematic, institutionalized mistreatment of one group of people by another based on racial heritage" (p. 22). How is it that one culture could systematically denounce as inferior another race? Yeboah (1988) traces the history of that denunciation, discussing the conceptualizations of darkness, uncleanness, and evil, and their associations with the Black people. By association on that end of the color spectrum, it seems, all people of color become aligned with judgments of inferiority, suspiciousness, "otherness."

Anzaldua (1990) calls racism "a tenacious weed [that] "has a stranglehold on everyone" (p. xix). Terry Wolverton (1983) simply calls racism "a lie...[that] asserts that White people (people of European ancestry) are innately superior morally, intellectually, and culturally to other racial/cultural groups." Furthermore if we would want to eliminate racism it would involve "exposing and unlearning the lie, and dismantling the institutions which keep the lie intact" (p. 187).

Harris (1979) points out that a child is born into "a material world of already formed ideas, and means of human interaction...a specific social and historical context" with individual societies having "an objective interest in the production of certain kinds of knowledge...[its *received view*] ...and an interest also in the exclusion of other kinds" (1979, p. 69, original italics). That is, a society will construct and support knowledge according to its values and traditions in something of an attempt to safeguard the status quo.

Benedict Anderson (1983) speaks of communities which are "imagined," in that the "image of communion" lives only in the minds of the members of that community or nation (p. 15). I would like to examine the reverse--that the communion of members is also, or perhaps only, imagined by those outside the community. That is, because of my visible minority appearance, I am frequently assumed to have certain characteristics, qualities, and status. I can cite a myriad of instances to support this claim: As a young child I was taunted as I haplessly walked by, "Chinky-chinky China man!"; as an elementary school child I was chosen from among my White classmates to give a Christmas gift to the person on the list named only as, "Japanese"; an elderly Englishwoman in the city of Victoria, B.C. asked me

where "my people" came from; I was asked for my passport (I have never travelled abroad) in a bank in a suburb of Toronto (the city in Canada where the largest number of people of Japanese descent live) in order to cash Canadian travellers' cheques which normally only require a matching signature; a hotel employee with an Asian accent commented that my English was very good; a college student in my class asked me how long I had been here from Japan.

As a person who was raised in a White community by parents desperately trying to fit in with Western ways, I grew up barely conscious of my Japanese heritage, and when I became faced with it, I chose to denounce it. For example, when people would ask me whether I spoke Japanese, I would nonchalantly reply in the negative and try to change the subject. In fact, there seems to be a tendency to overcompensate in seeking that mystical state of belonging, through accumulating the trappings of the middle-class: living in a good neighborhood, conforming to fashion, achieving in educational pursuits, having "model" children. From my reading, apparently I am not alone in this endeavor, strange as it may seem to Whites, although I feel that I am only marginally successful in my efforts. Upon reflection, I realize that this is nothing short of a pathetic struggle to obtain the unobtainable, since no matter what the outward appearance, manners, or speech patterns, people will still ask me, "Are you Chinese or Japanese?" And no matter how much I wish it would not, it still very much matters to some people, such that race seems to be much more important than class. (A full discussion of race vis-a-vis class will be discussed in the next chapter.) Describing a situation similar to my own, a Japanese Canadian student eloquently and poignantly describes the contrast between his childhood and adolescence:

My childhood I passed as a Canadian, impervious to the external forces that would have made me otherwise. Public school, in which the greater part of my hours were spent, accomplished its objective, more or less thoroughly to make me a normal Canadian child. I remember singing with native pride "Oh, Canada" and "The Maple Leaf Forever," for Canada was the country of my birth.

Outside of public school, where my playmates were of both European and Japanese origin, I played as any normal Canadian plays, the games of "Pom-Pom-Pull-Away," "Run, Sheep Run," and many others. Home, to which I returned for food and shelter, books, magazines, and funny pictures, all in the English language, imperceptibly moulded me to think as did those people who haunted these storied pages.

My parents too, fortunately or unfortunately, as you may choose, had adopted the Christian religion. Except, perhaps, for their language and food, they acted as any other normal Canadian parents would. Nothing was done to infix in my mind

the fact that although I was a British subject, in the outer world I would be a "de facto" Japanese.

Death came painfully in the last years of my high school life. The Canadian within me slowly became extinguished. Persistently, the fact that I was of Japanese origin was imposed upon me. Rather unsympathetic teachers, prejudiced, often thoughtless students treated me as a different being, because of my physical characteristics, which I, in spite of every effort, could never hope to alter (cited in Young & Reid, 1938, pp. 140-141).

This phenomenon is not unique to the Japanese, of course. To cite just two examples: "I became 'aggressively respectable' [in my dress and manner] taking that word back to say I'm a squaw..." (Stenson, 1992, p. 165) and:

Even if [a Turkish immigrant] does get citizenship [in Germany] eventually, he doubts that it will make much difference, "What am I supposed to do with a passport?" he says bitterly. "Hang it around my neck?" Will a passport make people stop calling him a dirty Turk? Will a passport make German workers share a cigarette with him on the factory floor? He has a Turkish face, and the formal rights conferred by a passport will not change the looks he gets from Germans. One day, [he] might belong to the German state, but never to the German nation (Ignatieff, 1993, p. 91).

What then of citizenship and race, or "patriotism and racism," the title of Anderson's eighth chapter in his book, *Imagined Communities*? In this chapter, he discusses the "attachment that people feel for the invention of their imaginations" (1983, p. 129), that is, their nations. He points out that "nations inspire love, and often profoundly self-sacrificing love." Are those of a visible minority not allowed to be patriotic, to express "political love"--to belong?

Anderson contends that "from the start the nation was conceived in language, not in blood, and that one could be 'invited into' the imagined community" (p. 133). Significantly, however, most efforts of Japanese Canadians to serve their country in the war effort, particularly in the Second World War, were spurned:

In World War I about 200 Canadian citizens of Japanese ancestry, naturalized immigrants, served in the Canadian forces. This group agitated for about ten years to be given the franchise in British Columbia, and was supported by the Canadian Legion....The tension from international affairs in the Pacific was rather high when Canada entered the war against Germany. As

it became clearer that there might be trouble in British Columbia over the Japanese problem, the question of service for Canadian citizens of Japanese ancestry, now mostly native-born, was a major issue to be faced when the National Resources Mobilization Act became effective in...1940....The Committee [said] that Canadian citizens of Japanese ancestry in principle "possess all the rights and duties of citizenship...and...can claim the right to be given military training." In view of the world situation, however, the Committee recommended, "though most reluctantly and not unanimously, that at least for the present, Canadians of Japanese race should not be given military training...and should not be enlisted generally in the armed forces of Canada (LaViolette, 1948, pp. 310-311).

In a movie (entitled, "Tora, Tora, Tora!" --the military code name for the Japanese surprise attack on Pearl Harbor) regarding the involvement of the Japanese in World War II, a person of Japanese descent was being questioned about his loyalty to Japan versus the United States. He described the internal conflict as having to choose between one's mother and father in a dispute. Persons from "broken" families could well empathize. Similarly: "Those with multiple identities--for example, from mixed marriages--were forced to choose between inherited and adopted families, and thus between two fused elements of their own selves (Ignatieff, 1993, p. 25).

Anderson (1983) deciphers the nature of political love through examination of languages which describe kinship or home, discovering that "both idioms denote something to which one is naturally tied":

...in everything "natural" there is always something unchosen. In this way, nation-ness is assimilated to skin-color, gender, parentage, and birth-era--all those things one can not help. And in these "natural ties" one senses what one might call "the beauty of *gemeinschaft*." To put it another way, precisely because such ties are not chosen, they have about them a halo of disinterestedness....the family has traditionally been conceived as the domain of disinterested love and solidarity....for most ordinary people of whatever class the whole point of the nation is that it is interestless. Just for that reason, it can ask for sacrifices (p. 131).

He goes on to state rather boldly that: "The dreams of racism actually have their origin in ideologies of class, rather than in those of nation," pointing out as justification for his argument that "on the whole, racism and anti-semitism manifest themselves, not across national boundaries, but within them" (p. 136). His contention seems to be that as long as people of difference keep a low profile in the economic, domestic issues of a country, there can be

peace with them. That is, as long as they take the menial, service jobs, they will be accepted, but as lower status beings. As I see it, the controversy arises when these people want to integrate and even assimilate, engendering competition and requiring close fraternization. It would seem that, as Simmel would say, "...the more complex social formations are merely extensions of the simplest interactions between human beings" (Frisby, 1992, p. 41). That is, the basic recognition of difference is perceived as threatening and the various manifestations of difference are called upon as rationalizations--poorer standard of living, unacceptable head gear, distinctive odor, etc.

The concept of outsider is one that seems to be embodied in many (if not all?) languages to denote an imagined community. Non-Jews are called Gentiles and are considered to be "people living in darkness" (Matthew 4:23, *The New International Version Study Bible*, Barker, 1985, p. 1447), "under sin" (Romans 3:9, p. 1709) and in need of ministry (Galatians 1:16, p. 1781; 2:2 and 2:8, p. 1782); the Javanese word *londo* was derived from Hollander or Nederlander, meaning not only "Dutch" but "Whites" (Anderson, 1983, p. 139); to the Japanese, the general term, *gaijin* refers to foreigners, but different groups are broken down into Whites as *hakujin*, Blacks as *korombo*, and Chinese (their arch enemies) *nanking*---with none of these terms being pejorative in the one hundred years' old usage of most Japanese Canadians. (However, in a recent personal communication on August 12, 1995 with a young woman from Japan, Chika Maruyama, she revealed that the latter word has taken on a derogatory connotation in Japan, and the word "Chinese" is now used, suggesting to me that the importance of denoting different racial or ethnic groups might have pejorative motivations. A case in point would be recent issues raised concerning Japanese soldiers exploiting Korean "comfort women," a euphemism for prostitutes.) However, as Anderson points out: "Compare the Anglo-Saxon treasury [of abusive words for Other]: niggers, wops, kikes, gooks, slants, fuzzywuzzies, and a hundred more." He suggests that "this innocence of racist argots is true primarily of colonized populations" and that "it is remarkable how little that dubious entity known as 'reverse racism' manifested itself in the anticolonial movements." In terms of Simmelian "interactions between human beings," however, one can easily see how, in order to dominate another human being, one would have to somehow put oneself into the "one-up" position--through technology, language, and political power. In order to state the case for White domination, the case must be overstated, ironically rendering the Shakespearean situation of, "Methinks thou dost protest too much."

A relevant dynamic seems to be described by Simmel's, "The Sociology of Space," which analyzes "various spatial dimensions of social interaction, and, more specifically, forms of social distance, all involving forms of social, physical and *psychological differentiation*" (Frisby, 1992, p. 103, original italics). Simmel speaks of "the boundary" as "a sociological fact that is formed spatially" with the interactions "woven on either side of the boundary" being

significant (p. 105). Simmel describes five basic qualities of spatial forms that are confronted in social interaction: "the *exclusiveness or uniqueness of space*, the boundaries of space, the fixing of social forms in space, spatial proximity, and the movement of space" (p. 104, original italics).

To apply these qualities to the Japanese Canadian situation, about the first, *exclusiveness or uniqueness of space*, Frisby (1992) explains: "Particular social formations may be identified with particular spaces, such as states or districts of cities..." (p. 104). As we have earlier noted, the dominant classes in 1940s British Columbia exerted social control over space such that the Japanese felt that they were unwelcome to live or work outside a specific geographical area. The *boundaries* were fixed such that in only specified social situations could they be breached: "The first generation Japanese break through the barrier of their Japanese-Canadian culture into the life of the larger community for the most part at secondary points. Generally speaking these contacts...are confined to occupational situations" (Young & Reid, 1938, pp. 119-120).

Growing up in an all-White community, my mother suffered a good deal of embarrassment when she went to school knowing only a few words of the English language. She once told a story about her teacher explaining a concept in math and then asking her, "Do you understand?" My mother thought she was saying, "Do you want to stand?" which was an absolutely abhorrent suggestion to the shy little girl from a culture that valued submission and reserve. So my mother shook her head vigorously, "No!" The teacher sighed, and to my mother's wonderment, patiently explained the whole thing again. In spite of such disquieting incidents during her early years at school, my mother excelled in later years, particularly in language and literature and were it not for the events of the Second World War and the evacuation of people of Japanese ancestry from the west coast, she might have gone on to teachers' college.

In regard to the *fixing or localizing of social interaction in space*, Simmel describes the existence of a continuum from the completely local binding together of individuals to a situation of complete freedom. In the case of Japanese Canadians, the herding together of all Japanese peoples on the west coast into camps and cattle stalls epitomizes the "local binding together of individuals" not by interest or goals, but by ethnicity. Many believe that the coercive process of relocation--euphemistically called by most Japanese Canadians "the evacuation," a term usually applied to movement away from an unsafe environment--was for the best:

Later, much later, many Japanese Canadians came to feel that the results of the evacuation were not wholly unfortunate. Cruel as it was at the time, the dispersal of the Japanese across thousands of miles forced them into the mainstream of Canadian life. They encountered prejudice in eastern Canada....But, unlike the bitter and sustained hostility of British Columbians, eastern

intolerance could be outgrown with time (Patton, 1973, pp. 41-43).

I would suggest, however, that due to their visibility, they have yet to reach the furthest end of the continuum--"complete freedom." I make this statement, I believe, with Simmel's blessing, that my own experience of prejudice when travelling outside of the cloistered environment of Southern Alberta with its large population of Japanese Canadians who have made a reputation for themselves as a "model minority," is a fragment that must be considered in the total study of racism. As a result of discriminatory experiences while travelling, I am reluctant to travel. We have decided to retire *not* in the locale of my choice (British Columbia--are there still hostile feelings toward Japanese there?) but in a familiar one (but less desirable) where we will not have to prove our respectability over again.

Simmel believes that "it would be possible to grade all social interactions on a scale of *proximity or distance*," the fourth dimension of social space (Frisby, 1992, p. 106). He speaks of "alienated objectivity between the closest individuals" and the sociology of the senses: "on seeing as 'perhaps the most immediate and purest reciprocal relationship that exists' and on hearing and smell, which 'remains trapped...in the human subject'." I would like to relate this to interracial marriage. I believe that some people act as if they were blind to persons of certain races, as if to acknowledge their presence would necessitate their interacting with them in some way, even if only a glance of recognition as a fellow human being. Others are happy to acknowledge their existence if pressured, but choose not to interact with them in any personal way. There seems to be a continuum again, all the way to "color-blind," culminating in interaction with persons of other colors without hesitation. Real problems seem to arise when family members--whether White or non-white--fall on different points on the continuum. In these cases, there is conflict such as: "They (insert here any racial or ethnic group) are OK, but would you want your sister/daughter to marry one?" Although in my own family, there did not seem to be any value placed on the race of the prospective marriage partner, I have heard of other Japanese Canadian families who place a high premium on within-race marriage.

While I do not deny the importance of sensory factors in interpersonal attraction, I believe that their interpretation is also learned. That is, the higher cognitive processes tell us that certain differences are good or bad, such that in our society, tall stature is largely considered a value, dark skin color is not--both immutable characteristics.

The final dimension of space that Simmel examines is the possibility of *changing locations*. He points out that: "Whole groups can move their spatial determinants...but so also can individuals with particular functions or merely travellers." He speaks of "the stranger" in terms of the spatial context:

If wandering, considered as a state of detachment from every

given point in space, is the conceptual opposite of attachment to any point, then the sociological form of "the stranger" presents the synthesis...of both these properties...another indication that spatial relations are not only determining conditions of relationships among people, but are also symbolic of those relationships (Frisby, 1992, p. 106).

As a foreigner (*gaijin*) in Japan, I would probably represent an anomaly. I appear Japanese but am from a foreign country, and particularly one that is almost revered for its Western ways. When the first emigrants to "America" were sent off to seek their fortune, it was expected that they would return "handsomely dressed in brocade" (Matsubara, 1978, p. 36). They were expected to return to the *uchi*. But where is home for me?

The foregoing discussion has brought us full circle, then, to the phenomenon of emigration/immigration, and more specifically to the hope--or lack of it--that Japanese Canadians have of finding a home in Canada. Will we always be treated as the exotic Other? Must we always be faced with choosing between one culture and another, and upon making that choice, to be seen to be either taking a side against "true Canadians" or trying to become something we are not (i.e. White Canadians)?

A case in point is the Canadian Government's decision to redress monetarily the wrongs done to Japanese Canadians through the War Measures Act in World War II. On September 22, 1988, the Prime Minister of Canada, on behalf of the Government of Canada and all Canadians, issued an acknowledgement: "As a people, Canadians commit themselves to the creation of a society that ensures equality and justice for all, regardless of race or ethnic origin." This is, however, only the official government policy and not necessarily a reflection of the personal feelings of any particular Canadian.

This Road of Words: A Japanese Canadian journey

When my husband drew back the drape from the window in the beautiful new five-star hotel where we were attending a conference in Banff, the magnificent mountain view caused me to catch my breath and my eyes to fill with tears. I am uncertain why I should have had this reaction, although many people are drawn to the mountains for their grandeur, and also perhaps, for the feeling of stability that one feels beside them. I have loved the mountains ever since living in British Columbia for a year when I was six years old. Before and since, I have been a prairie dweller, but have never felt "at home" on the seemingly endless flatness of the Southern Alberta land that is broken only by the undulating coulees. The famous 100-km per hour Chinook winds relentlessly bear down on us every spring and fall, threatening to tear away anything that is not anchored securely. What is holding *me* to this land? Where, indeed, is home? Is this merely a

geographical question, or is there some deeper aspect to it? Is there an emotional--or even spiritual--perspective? Does it have to do with one's self-identification and one's sense of belonging? Is this something that one develops by oneself, or something that is determined by others? Peter Berger and Thomas Luckmann (1966) state unequivocally that in the dialectic between nature and the socially constructed world, "man [sic] produces reality and thereby produces himself" (p. 183). Perhaps this is true in the macro sense, but I doubt whether it is for the micro level.

Some of my fellow Canadians here in Banff will take one look at me and find it hard to differentiate me from one of the thousands of Japanese tourists who visit Banff in such droves that the retail sector has responded by advertising in Japanese, employing Japanese-speaking clerks, and establishing souvenir and specialty shops with such names as *Yokohama* and *Saitoh*. (I noted with amusement that one store is named bilingually, which should be no surprise since Canada is a bilingual country, except that the two names are: *Mes Amis* and presumably its Japanese equivalent in Japanese characters, *Tomodachi* [friends]. English has been foregone altogether!) Many would suggest that I belong in Japan, a foreign country on a faraway continent, which I have never seen and have something of a reluctance to visit. My parents were born in Canada and so was I. However, it seems to me that neither generation has ever been fully accepted as a full-fledged Canadian citizen. And neither, it seems, will my children after me who look Japanese--products as they are of a second- and third-generation Japanese Canadian union. Brown (forthcoming) observes that "it is naive to presuppose a 'true' identity behind the self, and it also is inadequate to deny that persons struggle with the hermeneutic problem of their selves" (p. 3). Further, "Outside the language-game of social theory, we find concrete people actively consolidating and transforming their sense of who they are as if it really mattered....in the parlance of Ricoeur, that identification remains a fundamental *aporia* of social life" (pp. 3-4, original italics).

Consolidating and transforming is an ongoing process for me. Brown suggests that there has been a tendency in sociology to focus on social taxonomy, with a "tendency...to overlook the most human of experiences--action and suffering" (p. 6). In this paper, I propose to tell something of action and suffering. However, it is with trepidation that I embark on such a project. Misgivings and questions lurk at the back of my mind: Does anyone care to hear my story? Will anyone accept it at face value, without questioning its authenticity or my right to speak out? Will I ever find a place of acceptance and a sense of belonging? Will my writing open up a dialogue with others that can lead to increased understanding and acceptance of all peoples?

In discussing the "issues of voice and text in feminist anthropology," Judith Abwunza (In press) states forthrightly that "outraged voices [of Third World women] are demanding to be heard." She suggests that, "A postcolonial critique...is directly levelled against 'experts' from academe who, from their positions of power, provide the 'truth' of cultures for academe

members and ...cultural members" (p. 1). I find myself in a peculiar position: a position of in between. I am not a Third World woman, nor am I an immigrant per se, and some people tell me that I am not particularly oppressed. They point to my relative success in society: an achievement-oriented family, many of the trappings of upper middle-class life, above average educational and occupational levels. Why, then, do I feel as if I am not an "ordinary" Canadian? Why do people continuously "throw my ethnicity in my face"? Why, for example, when my husband won \$1000 in a raffle through a local service club, did my colleague feel it necessary to pass along the comment that not only did my husband win \$1000, but also "got the \$20,000" (redress money several years ago from the Canadian government for rights and properties lost through the War Measures Act in World War II.) As a descendant of the Japanese, am I never to feel comfortable winning a prize that is open to all in the cause of charity? Now I am made to feel guilty--although I personally did not receive the redress money since I was not alive during the period between December 7, 1941 and March 31, 1949 (the official date that discrimination regarding place of residence and employment was lifted)--for the reparations of a government that wronged its own citizens? (Although our family did benefit from the redress program, I feel that the choice farm land in the Fraser Valley of British Columbia that was confiscated from my father was hardly compensated. In land values of today, it was probably worth one hundred times that amount.) Am I never to enjoy the fruits of hard labor without feeling guilty that I am enjoying the taxpayers' money unjustly? A recent television program about racial discrimination during World War II brought out the oft-used wartime phrase, "Once a Jap, always a Jap." Sadly, this still seems to be true.

Considering racism in Canada as a case in point, this country has considered itself to officially be a multicultural nation since 1971 with the passing of the Multicultural Act. Also, according to the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms (1982), "Canada is founded upon principles that recognize the supremacy of God and the rule of law" which guarantees "rights and freedoms" to "every citizen of Canada" in regard to fundamental freedoms, democratic rights, mobility rights, legal rights, equality rights, and language rights. However, there are frequent cases in the courts in which it is being decided through legal means, whether an aspect of pluralism is incompatible with Canadian laws or not. Presumably, those appointed as judges have the wisdom to determine whether the stability of the society can be upset by whatever situation is under consideration. In the case of young Sikh boys wearing ceremonial knives in Calgary schools, for example, at issue are several of the areas noted above--constitutional issues, the legal system, the education system, as well as religious issues. Indirectly, economic issues, may also be of concern.

It seems to me, however, that on the basis of these, and less volatile issues, some Canadians are more equal than others. Kari Dehli (1991), an immigrant from a Scandinavian country, talks of her experiences of being an

immigrant in Canada as being "quite different than what is often presumed within the discourses on immigrant women" (p. 61). She describes her experience as an immigrant:

The practices of state agencies, employers and university admissions departments...tie together skin-color and "accents" with being an immigrant, thus producing racist discrimination and exclusion for many, produc[ing] a kind of invisibility and erasure for me. In contrast to many immigrant women, these assumptions provide a whole range of advantages for me: I am included as a "Canadian" as a matter of course (p. 62).

It seems, then, that the main issue is one of visibility, of color. As much as class is a factor in society, it still seems that race--and the darkness of the skin--is the dominant factor that (notwithstanding one's agency) determines one's success in our society :

A White child of low socioeconomic status may realistically aspire towards upward social mobility through higher education and transmit the advance thus made to his progeny. For the black child, however, the most significant variable preventing his upward social mobility is not class, but an immutable natural characteristic--skin color (Yeboah, 1988, p. 279).

Harris points out that "people live in many societies simultaneously, each of which has its particular received view" (1979, p. 71). He suggests that immigrants work out their views in adapting to a new country according to several possibilities: to ignore, to assimilate, to repress, and to prevent conflicting views from ever forming. It seems that these four possibilities, although overlapped and interrelated, can be seen to work from either side of the issue. That is, immigrants might choose to *ignore* opposing views between the "old" and "new" cultures. They might live in ghettos and not venture out into the wider society. By the same token, the greater society might just ignore the ghettos and their inhabitants. When Japanese immigrants came to Canada in the early 1900s, their settlement patterns took on both these characteristics. They congregated on the West coast of Canada and through hard work and toil, virtually took over the fishing industry in that location, until the rest of Canada could no longer ignore them, coming to identify them as "The Yellow Peril." The Canadian government then assisted the Japanese people in *assimilating* into the rest of Canada by forcibly moving them inland and into other areas of the country (Ujimoto, 1988). Most Japanese Canadians themselves will now look back to an extremely scary and threatening experience and rationalize that it "was for the best" for the people as a whole because it scattered them throughout the country, and presumably improved their life chances. Many Japanese Canadians have

adapted to the Canadian way of life, such that they are often called "model citizens": known for their honesty, industry, and loyalty (Sunahara, 1981).

The third possibility, suggested by Harris (1979), *repression*, is something that I think I personally have adopted. Being a third-generation Japanese immigrant and raised in a predominantly White community, I have repressed my awareness of my ethnicity, such that I feel "Canadian"--that is, no different from the mainstream--rather than a member of a "visible minority." While I was growing up in the "melting pot" of the 1960s, I consciously tried to shed any traces of ethnicity, so that I would fit into the dominant group. I feel so much a part of the mainstream that I experience a great deal of conflict when I am identified by others as being from somewhere else, and ridiculous as it is, I myself have adopted a negative attitude toward other non-whites. Such is the power of epistemic violence.

The fourth possibility, "to ensure that societies with conflicting views never form in the first place" is probably best demonstrated through immigration policies. In the early 1900s, at the same time that advertising was being carried out in Europe for immigrants, Canada had installed a "head tax" on the Chinese laborers who had contributed with sweat and blood on the transcontinental railway (Chang & Wong, 1984). This was an overt attempt to discourage these people of color from making their home among White Canadians. The current immigration situation is somewhat similar in that there has been a recent influx of capital-rich immigrants, mostly Chinese from Hong Kong and Taiwan, such that a recent television news story in Vancouver in May 1996 reported that over 100,000 immigrants from outside Canada had arrived in British Columbia during the past four years. These people are welcomed for their financial contributions to our failing economy, but their cultural differences are not being greeted warmly, even by other members of visible minorities--an unsettling example of false consciousness.

Harris (1979) makes the interesting point that "deception and distortion" can become functional for a society if people are convinced that "the material state of affairs in which they lived was in their best interest." In addition, "whereas the whole of such a society may be deceived, it is not the whole of that society that is deceiving itself" (p. 72). It seems to me that the dominant group in Canadian society, i.e. White, Anglo-Saxon Protestant--and perhaps to a lesser extent the Francophones in Quebec--has the luxury, through hegemonic power, of determining the most desirable state of affairs in terms of their own best interests. And, still in their best interests, they deceive themselves into believing that they are not deceiving, nor are they being deceived. Those in the non-dominant groups know that they are being deceived, although to varying degrees of consciousness and with varying degrees of acceptance. Hooks (1992) describes the positive aspects:

Living as we did--on the edge--we developed a particular way of seeing reality. We looked both from the outside in and from the inside out. We focused our attention on the center as well as on

the margin. We understood both. This mode of seeing reminded us of the existence of a whole universe, a main body made up of both margin and center....This sense of wholeness, impressed upon our consciousness by the structure of our daily lives, provided us an oppositional world view--a mode of seeing unknown to most of our oppressors, that sustained us, aided us in our struggle to transcend poverty and despair, strengthened our sense of self and our solidarity (p. i).

From a personal, experiential viewpoint, however, I find it hard to enjoy such a vantage point. What really is the advantage to having an "immutable natural characteristic" pointed out regularly by my fellow travellers on this planet? What advantage is there to being the target of such questions and comments as, "Where do your people come from?" "How long have you been here from Japan?" "I will need to see your passport to cash these travellers' cheques," and most recently, "Your daughter and friend were held up at the Czechoslovakian border, because they were Japanese." Why is it that I am doomed to a "sense of wholeness" that accords me such privilege to worry more than other parents about my daughter's safety on a trip to Europe with 41 White high school students? To make matters even worse, it turned out that this was only a rumor, leaving me to guess whether it was her travelling companions or their parents who started a rumor that was "all over the school." People tell me that this rumor is no worse than the one that a White student had shaved off all her hair--also untrue. However, I contend that hair shaving is not "an immutable natural characteristic" and therefore not of the same significance.

Typically, when I share these kinds of experiences with other people in general, they find excuses for seemingly racist behavior. They tend to "blame the victim"--what did I do to deserve this kind of treatment? Or to deny that it actually happens--I am being oversensitive, "framing everything within ethnicity." Anzaldua (1990) calls it "selective reality" when people fail to empathize with another's experience--falling prey to "what their culture 'selects' for them to 'see'" (p. xxi). In a Women-of-Color class at U.C. Santa Cruz, she found that, "Many Whitewomen did not acknowledge that they were agents of oppression" (p. xx). The White people in my immediate world do not seem to be able to relate to my problems with racism--with the notable exception of the White mother of my daughter's friend who is half Japanese. She has many stories to tell about people unknowingly commenting within her earshot that her children are so beautiful, but it is too bad that they are racially mixed. Myself, being so obviously an Oriental, am simply and forever associated with Orientalness. To me are brought any comments about Japan or the Orient, as if I am eternally and only interested in "my homeland." I am asked if I can speak Japanese--why would I want to learn a foreign language that would only identify me as different from the mainstream? In elementary school, I always received the Valentine cards with the Oriental

girl pictured, "Ah-so, will you be my valentine?" When I was in grade six and our class was buying gifts for the people in the old folks' home nearby, it was myself, the only Oriental in the class who got the slip of paper with simply the word, "Japanese" on it. (I doubt that other class members were matched on the basis of ethnicity with the recipients of their Christmas gifts!) Presumably a Japanese person resided at the home, but whether a "Mr." or a "Mrs." was apparently not important enough to note. I had no idea what to buy for this genderless person from my so-called homeland and I remember agonizing over how to address the Christmas card. I think (I hope) I ended up writing "Japanese person" on it. I still remember the searching look the old gentleman gave me when I handed him a box of chocolates. We were not able to converse, of course, because I do not speak Japanese. However, that searching look is one with which I am all too familiar. When I happen to meet people of Japanese origin, they often look at me this way, trying to place my Orientalness--am I one of them, a Japanese Canadian, have I suffered the same as them?

Carrie Jane Singleton (1989) states that:

The social and political advantages of being "White" are clear. Race privilege allows Whites to choose to hear or not to hear what others say, and further, Whites choose to respond or not to respond. The power of being White is the power to decide, to be self-defining and therefore, to define others (p. 14).

A recent experience has brought the truth of this statement home to me in a very clear and disturbing way. While waiting in the hallway outside the Sociology Department at the University of Lethbridge, I scanned the notice board, for lack of something better to do. My eye was caught by an invitation to attend a "Women of Color" support group to be started by students. Having been studying empowerment through conscientization and grassroots organizations, I was impressed that here was social action, and in an area that pertained particularly to me. My next impression was that here was a haven, a place where I might be among people who would share some of my feelings regarding difference. However, I was taking two courses for my doctoral program and teaching three courses at the college, while trying to keep hearth and home together, and I felt that I did not have the time to embark on yet another activity, no matter how beneficial it might be. Still, I made discrete inquiries whenever I could, and discovered upon talking to a founding member of the group that it met once a week (at an inconvenient time for me) and was active in terms of making presentations in Sociology classes, socializing, and sharing with each other. A good portion of the members were apparently like myself, having trouble coming to terms with an identifiable minority appearance, but having denied it for most of their lives. I tucked this information away in the back of my mind as something with which I might get involved next fall--when I had more time and when I

might incorporate some of my experiences into my formal dissertation proposal. I thought it might be interesting to analyze the dynamics of such a group.

When I mentioned the group to my husband, he expressed some doubt that I would need such an organization because it singles out a particular group from society, which is really antithetical to a multicultural perspective. This led to a discussion of the difference between theory and practice, with my observation being that the multicultural perspective is an ideal toward which we could work through the conscientization of particular racial groups in society. The real surprise, shock, and disappointment came, however, when I mentioned to a White colleague, whom I consider a good and understanding friend, that I didn't have time to attend the group. She and I have had an ongoing discussion--debate? --about the reality of "White privilege" with she staunchly maintaining that not only has her Dutch immigrant father undergone horrendous war experiences comparable or worse than the Japanese Canadians, but that she does not feel as if she has any significant privilege by virtue of being White. I had shared with her Peggy McIntosh's (1993) article, "White privilege and male privilege: A personal account of coming to see correspondences through work in women's studies," which contains a list of 46 examples of "the daily effects of White privilege" in her own life, including such things as, "I can, if I wish, arrange to be in the company of people of my race most of the time" and "I can avoid spending time with people whom I was trained to mistrust and who have learned to mistrust my kind or me" (p. 32). After reading the article, she had conceded that White privilege does indeed exist, but she herself, as a child of a Dutch father and French Canadian mother, and Roman Catholic, does not feel part of this group.

However, I was unprepared for her fierce response to what I thought was an innocent remark. She almost shrieked at me, "Well, isn't that convenient, that you have a place to go to find support"? and demanded to know where she could go, as a White person, to find support for any of a myriad of perceived problems. What or whom could *she* blame for any personal shortcoming? My reaction a year ago would probably have been hurt, apology, and embarrassment. However, armed with some confidence gleaned from university studies in ethnicity and critical theory, my inward reaction this time was, "Wait a minute, I think I am justified in trying to find kindred spirits. Maybe you have allowed your own personal insecurities to get in the way of sensitivity to my needs." I was extremely hurt and angry. Many questions came to the fore: Is she hurt that I am looking to other sources than her for support? Does she simply envy the fact that I have the potential for a support group and she does not? Does her very reaction underscore my need to find support elsewhere? Does she realize that I have felt like an outsider all my life and finally, when there is an opportunity to find like-minded people, I am condemned--again--for not fitting in with the dominant group? I could not see the difference between a women of color

support group as compared to any other, such as sexual assault, sexual harassment, Alzheimer's disease, or alcoholism. In none of these situations does the victim bring these on herself.

Hooks (1992) observes that, "Often in situations where White feminists aggressively attacked individual black women, they saw themselves as the ones who were under attack, who were the victims" (p. 13). My colleague herself was shocked at her own outburst and in the days that followed, we had snatches of conversation that tried to make sense of the incident. We both took our anger home to our husbands for a more objective viewpoint. Her husband observed that I could not join such a group because I was not a woman of color. This is the same man who calls me his wife's "little yellow friend" (after Inspector Clouseau's Oriental side-kick in a Pink Panther movie). Isn't yellow a color?

I believe that my husband's attitude toward his race/ethnicity puts him further along in the process of coming to terms with his Orientalness. He is more conscious of his Japanese heritage (second-generation, while I am further removed, at third), feels proud of the accomplishments and values of Japanese Canadians, and speaks openly about his ethnicity. If someone doesn't like that aspect of him, his reaction is, "Too bad!" He is a person first and a Japanese person second or third, or somewhere else down the line. He is more used to being among groups of Japanese Canadians and identified as one of them. For myself, having grown up in a White community, and being raised by parents who were desperately trying to fit in with the White majority--to become "model citizens" after the experience of blatant racial discrimination during the Second World War--everything Japanese was seen as "Other" especially by my mother (with whom we children spent more time). In hindsight, I can now see that there was an elaborate pretense being carried out, perhaps at both conscious and unconscious levels. She often spoke of Japanese traditions in a mocking manner, creating in us a kind of multiple personality, with Japaneseness being the dark side that rarely emerged. The strange thing is, that through outward appearance and traditional values, unbeknownst to us, we conformed to the Japanese cultural traditions. Hence, the frequent comments on school report cards, "Rochelle must learn to speak up in class." Much to my chagrin, my children also received these kinds of comments on theirs.

In conversations with my colleague, I have tried to liken the feeling of being a person of color to that of being female. She concedes that there is some reality to the oppression of being female, but that being colored is not any more of an added burden than being Roman Catholic (an immutable characteristic?). She questions whether she would be called racist if she and other White women formed their own support group. I see that as the same dynamic as cries of "reverse discrimination" in response to affirmative action programs, which of course, are based on initial situations of discrimination. In fact, in my subsequent reading I have found a paper describing "an anti-racism consciousness-raising group" in which a group of White women came

to realize "the cultural void in which [they found themselves] is one result of racism," having been taught to base their self-perception and world view on a lie--racism--which prevents them from knowing themselves and from knowing others (Wolverton, 1983, p. 196). I think that this is an important point to be made: that groups who have historically excluded others have some processing work to do, and perhaps this might best be done in groups of their own. However, the inherent danger is that it will simply become another group that excludes the Other. For example, some women are asking men to "do their own work" assuming that that work will be related to men's lives and not talk about how to "get women back in line."

My colleague maintains that all Whites are not created equal and any talk of White privilege must be qualified. I tell her that she must tell her own story but allow me to tell mine. (Further elaboration of this dialogue appears in the "Belonging" chapter.)

In the fall of 1990, The Alberta Multiculturalism Commission endeavored to publish a book that would "present a new and accurate image of Alberta society." The finished work, a beautifully presented "coffee table" type book entitled, *The Road Home: New stories from Alberta writers*. (Stenson, 1992), is a collection of fiction, creative documentary, or poetry from 29 writers "from all over the cultural and geographical map of Alberta." The book and a video has been sent to every library in Alberta. The fly leaf reads, "By creating this road of words, the writers of Alberta represent all Albertans in their ongoing search for home." In the Introduction, the book's editor states:

The goal of the book is not to create a new generalization, a new single-sentence answer to the question: "What is an Albertan?" It is rather to recognize that any such simple answer must be wrong. There may be 2 million equally valid answers to that question as each Albertan exercises his and her right to be unique (p. x).

I am on that road home. In deference to Berger and Luckmann, as an Alberta writer, perhaps I do create myself. My writing creates a reality by which others will identify me and I will gain identity. What that identity is, I do not yet know (and even so, that identity is never fixed). But I wonder whether my search will take me down a road that leads me right back to myself.

Nature created human differences, but humans are the ones who define what those differences mean--creating reality. And humans, although perhaps not the same ones, have to find a place to live within that constructed reality. Ann Russo (1991) borrows a phrase from Barbara Deming (1974): "we cannot live without our lives." Her thesis is that in working with women of color, White women do not have to erase or deny their own identities, but they must be more open to the experiences, histories, cultures, and alliances of women different from themselves (p. 310).

Through that opening process, we can all overcome our biases and promote acceptance, thereby becoming transformed and enriched. Whether we know it or not, we are all on a road together. And it is a kind of race: the human race.

The Postmodern View: The premodern view

In the introduction to *Race, Identity and Representation in Education* (McCarthy & Chrichlow, 1993), Michael Apple states that "both race and identity are historically constructed, and subject to political tensions and contradictions (Hall, 1992)." Apple further suggests our approach to "complex issues surrounding race, identity, and representation" must be multidisciplinary, and drawn: "...from studies of popular culture, literature, the role of the state in struggle, class and gender relations, national and international economic structures and the cultural politics of imperialism and postcolonialism" (p. vii).

Postcolonial writers like Apple (1993) are suggesting that:

...the continuing efforts to promote more democratic curricula and teaching are more important now than ever [and]...more equal modes of economic, political, and cultural life can only be accomplished by organized efforts to teach and expand [a] sense of difference (p. 37).

However, Ali Behdad (1993) points out the complexity in this educational agenda. He suggests that "the predicaments of postcolonial practices in the American academy" (p. 40) include addressing "differences within 'other' communities and the specificity of various subject positions." He notes: "...notions such as coherent communities and unified identities have become inadequate, for no longer can the boundaries of center and periphery, home and abroad, self and other be drawn so distinctly" (p. 41).

Cornel West (1993) suggests that: "The existential challenge to the new cultural politics of difference can be stated simply: How does one acquire the resources to survive and the cultural capital to thrive as a critic or artist?" (p. 20). Not only the first generation Japanese (*Issei*)--but the second generation (*Nisei*) influenced by both their traditional culture and their newfound Canadian culture--displayed the kinds of qualities that earned them respect by their fellow Canadians in the workplace:

Like most Canadians of the inter-war generation, the Nisei were motivated by materialist values and sought occupational success. These aspirations were accentuated by a characteristic immigrant desire for upward social and economic mobility. Like true twentieth-century North Americans they strove to surpass the

achievements of their parents (Ward, 1982, p. 11).

Examining the Japanese culture in an attempt to understand the cultural background of Japanese Canadians, it is instructive to read the analyses of Western thinkers who have visited Japan. Although Roland Barthes (1982) warns against taking the Orient and the Occident "as 'realities' to be compared and contrasted historically, philosophically, culturally, politically"; he refers to his study of the Orient as the study of "the possibility of a difference" (p. 3). He suggests that Japan is "an empire of signs" in which all aspects of Japanese society--"gardens, gestures, houses, flower arrangements, faces, violence" (p. 4)--embody an emptiness, epitomized in the Zen occurrence of *satori*.

It seems to me that Barthes has stumbled upon a "premodern" philosophy and way of life that resembles what Western thinkers call the postmodern. Joseph Tobin (1992) suggests that "Western and Japanese avant-garde critics both criticize and celebrate Japan as the first truly postmodern land" (p. 6). However, I would suggest that the traditional Japanese attitude of acceptance and adaptation is one that is particularly adaptive to the challenges presented in Canadian capitalistic society today. The juxtaposition of these two cultural approaches is an important relationship that might fruitfully be analyzed further.

Unfortunately, space does not permit this analysis at this time and perhaps the very nature of the question does not lend itself to dissection. Indeed, Barthes (1982) points out that the "loveliest function" of chopsticks is that they "transfer" the food: "chopsticks are the converse of our knife: they are the alimentary instrument which refuses to cut, to *pierce*, to mutilate..." (p. 18). He compares this activity with the interpretation of the Japanese art form, the *haiku*:

Deciphering, normalizing, or tautological, the ways of interpretation, intended in the West to pierce meaning, i.e., to get into it by breaking and entering--cannot help failing the *haiku*; for the work of reading which is attached to it is to suspend language, not to provoke it... (p. 72, original italics).

Hence, the cultural silence that has been characteristic of the first- and second-generation Japanese, but not of the third generation who, taking on a Western outlook, have called into question the relocation of their peoples and called for redress by the Canadian government.

Anderson (1983) speaks of communities which are "imagined," in that the "image of communion" lives only in the minds of the members of that community or nation (p. 15). The reverse--that the communion of members is also, or perhaps only, imagined by those outside the community would explain why a visible minority person would be assumed to have certain characteristics, qualities, and status. I have earlier cited a number of personal

examples to support this claim.

Diametrically opposed, then, to the "cultural capital" of which Pierre Bourdieu (1976) speaks, is something which might be called "cultural liability." This phenomenon is not unique to the Japanese, of course. However, it was the Japanese and not the Germans or Italians who were officially excluded from residing within the city of Lethbridge during the war years--from frequenting beer parlors, or from working within the city limits (Iwaasa, 1976, p. 12). Neither can we return to our so-called homeland where we would not be accepted either, but would create "a conceptual dilemma for the Japanese...[as] a living oxymoron, someone who was both Japanese and not Japanese" because of our inability to speak Japanese or lack of "cultural competence" (Kondo, 1990, p. 11).

Renowned curriculum theorist of Japanese Canadian extraction, Ted Aoki (1983) described his own experience in Japan: "In Japan I felt that as a Japanese Canadian, I was both Japanese and non-Japanese. I felt I was both insider and outsider, 'in' yet not fully in, 'out' yet not fully out" (p. 323). Aoki poignantly recounts his experience of being the "first teacher of oriental origin to be hired in Lethbridge...as a test case--to see how the people of Lethbridge, parents and children, would react to the presence in their midst of a Japanese Canadian teacher" (p. 331). He apparently passed the "test," thereby paving the way for a significant number of Japanese Canadian teachers to work in schools in Southern Alberta. Dr. Aoki's experience is of particular interest to me, as my husband was last year designated the principal of a high school in Lethbridge. As such, he is the first Oriental person to hold such a position in the city of Lethbridge. A few years earlier, a female relative of mine, my father's cousin, was named principal of a small rural school in Southern Alberta where there has been a large number of Japanese since the war.

Today in Canada, notes David Iwaasa (1976):

...persons of Japanese ancestry can be found in nearly every occupation and profession in southern Alberta.... But the Japanese in southern Alberta paid, through hard work and quiet forbearance, for the right to be accepted. The cost has also been high. In their struggle to be accepted and to become a success in their fields, many Japanese Canadians have forgotten their cultural heritage and the bonds that had sustained them through the hardships of the evacuation. The children of the evacuees no longer speak Japanese or identify with the land of their ancestors. To some, this is a measure of success in integration. To others, it is a measure of the sacrifice that had to be paid (p. 18).

In my search of the literature, there has been a dearth of information by or about female Japanese Canadians in particular. The only non-fiction writing I was able to find was a largely artistic work entitled, *Come Spring: Journey of a*

Sansei, by Haruko Okano (1992) in which the female author briefly recounts her search for her own personal history as a Japanese Canadian. As a precis of my own story, I submit one of her poems that could have just as easily been written by myself:

SANSEI

*In a house I do not own
In a country of isolation
In a land that belongs to others
I sit on folded legs, bent by cultural impulse.
Even in my body so assimilated
so pressured by Canadian history
my stomach sighs with rice and bancha.
Toes turned in to kick aside kimono hem
a certain walk locked into limbs
so strong as to defy western influence, and yet
I have never been to the land of the sun.
I expect any moment to waken
with blue eyes and blond hair,
so great is the pull of immersion.
Yet, the flash of my black hair hissing
as I jerk upright
brings reality into my almond eyes.
My language and mannerisms
place me somewhere
in between "almost" and "not quite."
A pale yellow, more like the sun in winter.
The hashi fit so naturally between my fingers.
The rice bowl is familiar in my palm.
Some distant memories, interrupted for years
by fork, knife, spoon.
Built close to the ground, I glance upwards.
I am solidly planted
in this soil my grandfather loved.
I was not meant to bow beneath you.
I carry my master within me.
I am not like the Issei women.
I am not part of their children's generation.
I am Sansei, a third removed
perhaps lost to the community forever.
"Ha-ru-ko"...I practice,
so that I will not be a stranger to myself.
I glimpse the slanted eyes as I pass
my image reflected in the mirror.
My syntax is Japanese-Canadian,*

*formed by generations of hushed voices.
Pressed White,
like manju. Pulling away softly
from lips barely parted.
A sweetness of language lost.
Forcibly westernized is as good as silenced.
I learnt to use the fork and knife.
I sit in a tall straight-back chair without falling.
My feet walk parallel in my stretchy blue jeans
My Asian-ness is a secret even to me (pp. 41-42).*

A Child's Garden of Verses

My mother loved the simple elegance of the poetry of Robert Louis Stevenson (1946) and liked to present each of us with our own copy of, *A Child's Garden of Verses*. It never occurred to me at that time that the fair-haired English children depicted were unlike us. Even though our household could legitimately be called bilingual because of the presence of my Japanese-speaking grandfather in the household (true to traditional Japanese culture, my grandfather lived with the family of his oldest son--my father), there was little motivation to learn our "mother tongue." Although some time, effort and expense was overtly put into our learning written Japanese, we were encouraged more directly to excel in English.

For a few years, at the behest of our grandfather, we reluctantly attended "Japanese School" once a week in the home of a diminutive and serious gentleman named, Mr. Aoki (coincidentally, the father of Dr. Ted Aoki, from whom I took my first PhD course, and to whom I promised to be a better student), whom we respectfully addressed as, *Sensei* (teacher), a highly-esteemed position in Japanese culture. His valiant efforts to translate the words in the Japanese readers into English were in retrospect amusing because of his heavy accent--it was many, many years later that we discovered that a "pus-min" was a "persimmon," a fruit with which we were unfamiliar in any case. Our opposition to learning Japanese was exemplified in our reference to the lessons as "J. School": we could not even bring ourselves to intone the word aloud. When we made known our desire to quit, Mr. Aoki attempted to bribe us with cookies and sweets after each lesson. I am embarrassed now at my lack of diligence and wonder how my mother reconciled in her own mind the use of valuable time and money to pursue something that was at odds with her own self-concept as a non-ethnic Canadian.

Our home was something of a "garden of verse," with my mother readily quoting poetry and literary sayings. Her voice would take on a wistful tone as she quoted these lines from Lewis Carroll (1923) which were perhaps also the story of her life:

*The Walrus and the Carpenter
were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "It would be grand!"
"If seven maid with seven mops
Swept it for half a year, "
Do you suppose," the walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear (p. 209).*

In fact my mother did have a greater interest in literature than housekeeping --a tradition I have continued, much to my mother-in-law's chagrin.

Mom read to us as faithfully as time would allow with having four preschoolers, and I remember the sense of wonder and comfort I felt when she used her "reading voice." It seemed to mean that there was a respite from the stresses and cares of the day. She frequently called to our attention particularly brilliant pieces of literary work and unusual verbal gems such as the word, "pantywaist." It still rankles, however, when people make the comment, "It's too bad you don't know how to speak Japanese." I am not really sure just what is so bad about it. My facility with English will no doubt help me produce the necessary writings for graduate school.

Still, the knowledge of some of the workings of another language--that other languages exist and that there are cultural meanings expressible only in that language--does certainly broaden my knowledge and understanding of the world. For example, the word *kyodai* in Japanese has no English equivalent--except perhaps "siblings," which is used mostly in scientific or professional jargon--refers to one's brothers and sisters, but implies more than kinship, to include familial obligation. Perhaps an exploration of the linkages between language and cultural meanings could lead to a kind of cultural hybridity that would lead to greater understanding among peoples.

Chinky-Chinky Chinaman

I grew up in that great "melting pot" of the 1960s in which being ethnic was not in vogue. There was no Alberta Heritage Day and little awareness and appreciation for cultural differences and values. Those of Japanese descent had just barely been allowed to live within the city limits during the past decade. It was therefore perhaps understandable in retrospect, but very painful in reality, to be walking down a city street, minding one's own business and being taunted by White children who lumped all Orientals

together--"Chinky-chinky Chinaman..."

I have had to contend all my life with discrimination on the basis of ethnic minority status, made worse I feel because it is often not even within my awareness. Although of Japanese extraction, I am third-generation. That is, my parents were born in Canada, spoke fluent English, and embraced Western values. Our family did not participate in the social and religious life of other Japanese Canadians to any significant extent, and made a conscious effort to "fit in" with Western ways. Strange as it may seem, therefore, I feel uncomfortable when in a roomful of what some might call "my people." In fact, for the most part I am unaware that my exterior appearance is different from the White people I constantly see in my environment, until someone is "kind" enough to remind me of my difference. When someone is cool to me at first meeting, I rarely wonder whether racial discrimination is the problem but on occasion have realized, sometimes much later, that that has indeed been the case.

Something I have recognized all my life, but only named recently, is what I call "the look," not unlike the male gaze of which feminists speak to describe the way males look at females to assess their sexual desirability. I find that when I am introduced to new people, they are apt to look at me in a particular way upon first meeting me, as if to say, "Where do you come from?" and in its more menacing form, "Why don't you go back where you came from?" It seems that the more unexpected your presence, or the closer you come to their personal space, or the larger the group of visible minorities, then the more threatened they feel.

Being Japanese

In my mother's nondescript jewelry box, mixed in with assorted pieces of costume jewelry, there were a number of small shells. I believe she collected them at the age of 14 on her first trip to Japan. They were fascinating to our childish minds, not because of their origin, however, but because they resembled corn flakes. From the vantage point of hindsight, I realize that their real significance lay in the fact that they were a small piece of Japan that she kept hidden from daily view.

Upon reflection, my mother's shells might have been gathered on the beaches of Vancouver Island where she spent her childhood. Having lived on the prairies for practically all my life, I had a difficult time relating to her stories of beach combing and swimming in the ocean. A few summers ago, however, as I stood for the first time on the vast, virtually untouched beach near the fishing village of Tofino, British Columbia (on the western edge of Vancouver Island, the westernmost point of the Trans Canada Highway) I looked at the huge waves relentlessly breaking on the beach and was overcome with the realization that just one body of water (albeit immense) separated me from the homeland of my ancestors and my roots.

Whether the shells were collected in Japan or British Columbia, they came from the edges of the same body of water and perhaps represent the immigration of Japanese peoples to Canada, "the land of opportunity," who now blend in with the Canadian landscape. And what could be more Western than corn flakes, one of the first manufactured convenience foods that characterize our consumer economy? In Japan, where there is a fascination for Western culture, they would be called *cornu-fray-ku-su*.

Like my mother's shells, at first glance it is difficult to know where I am from. I appear Japanese, but have been raised in a Western culture. As were my parents, I was born in Canada. I consider myself a full-fledged Canadian, although somewhat peripheral in a number of significant ways. There is never any question as to my citizenship on polling day or even at the Canada-U.S. border, which is 60 miles to the south of our home. But there have been seemingly insignificant incidents which are constant reminders that I am not, and will never be, an "ordinary Canadian"--whatever that might be. Just a chance comment or query is enough to unsettle me: "Why is your face so flat?" (from curious young schoolmates); "Where do 'your people' come from?" (from an English-born older lady in the city of Victoria, B.C.); "We can't cash these travellers' cheques without seeing your passport," (from a bank employee in a suburb of Toronto. I do not have a passport since I have never travelled abroad.)

Surprisingly perhaps, until recently I had only entertained an intellectual, passing interest in my roots in Japan. Stories I had heard included the warning that should I ever visit Japan, I would be shunned because although I looked Japanese, I could not speak the language. A White person would be much more accepted for that shortcoming. So although I feel White on the inside, I definitely appear Oriental on the outside--a banana. This becomes an even greater problem when I deal with my mother-in-law who was "made in Japan." She still adheres to traditional values brought from Japan at age 18, and within the cloistered environment of the Japanese community in Southern Alberta where most do not speak English fluently, retains cultural practices in a kind of time warp. To me it is a rather strange phenomenon--even though the Japanese in Japan change with the times, the people who have emigrated to Canada have "freeze dried" their culture so it is much more resistant to modification. My mother-in-law expects more Japanese behavior from me than from my White sisters-in-law. They are not expected to eat from the proper dish at the supper table, nor even to try Japanese cookery or eat Japanese foods. I have been admonished to do all these and attend to my wifely duties in a submissive fashion.

Over the course of two decades of marriage, however, I have found that my mother-in-law has started succumbing to cultural change so that she is more apt in her later years to accept that fact that when in Canada, we do as the Canadians do. For example, last year when my family decided to celebrate my father's 77th birthday--a traditional Japanese celebration--and celebrate it one year earlier (again traditional because in the Oriental reckoning, a child is

already a year old at birth) she pointed out that we do not do that anymore in Canada!

An old friend of my parents shocked me once after my mother had died, by referring to my mother-in-law as "your mommy." According to Japanese tradition, a woman essentially loses her identity when she marries into her husband's family. Like Western tradition, she loses her maidenhood and her maiden name, but in addition, her family identity. Linguistically, there is only a term for the husband: *Yamagishi-san*. To refer to his wife, the same term is used with the distinction that it is now his wife being identified: *Yamagishi-san, okasan* (mother).

I am embarrassed to admit how pleased I was to take on my husband's surname after our marriage 24 years ago, even though it was a much longer and cumbersome name. (I went from a four-letter, two-syllable name that could be pronounced and spelled in 10 seconds to a nine-letter, four-syllable name that is easily confused with similar Japanese names--Yamaguchi, Yamashita, Yamamoto.) My change of name symbolized acceptance into the adult world. I was no longer some nebulous spinster, but the wife of an upstanding citizen. (There was never any question in my mind that I would take my husband's surname.) My father's change in demeanor toward me about a month after the wedding solidified my feeling of having "arrived" into the world of adults: important people whose opinions counted.

Interestingly, when I first began teaching at the college, I introduced myself as "Mrs. Yamagishi" and expected to be called that. In my home of origin, it was a sign of respect to call an older person by such a formal title. As I became more comfortable with my teaching role and myself as a person who could earn rather than demand respect, I gradually went from "Mrs. Yamagishi," to "Mrs. Y.," to "Rochelle."

After a lesson on racism in a Social Problems class in which I had shared some of my experiences as a member of an ethnic minority, one student asked me directly why I had married a Japanese. I have asked myself that question before. Only one other, besides myself, out of all six of my siblings have chosen Japanese marital partners. Even my father who has remarried, has married a Caucasian. I would like to believe that my choice of a marriage partner was based on love, respect, and mutual values. But on the other hand, perhaps at some deeper level, there was an element of seeking a sense of belonging with the ethnic group of which I was obviously a part. And also, perhaps, not having to face the pain of racial discrimination on my own. Nevertheless, I feel strange when I am surrounded by Japanese people. I have mostly attended schools and churches which were predominately White, and as strange as it may seem, most of the time lose conscious awareness of the fact that I am not White. In fact, I am brought up short when other Oriental people look searchingly into my face to try to determine whether I am "one of them."

When seen in public as a family, particularly when travelling outside Southern Alberta where Japanese Canadians have proven themselves as hard

workers and worthy citizens, I am sometimes aware that others may be viewing us as recent immigrants. When we travelled to Florida a few years ago, even our then eight-year-old son noticed that "people were looking at us funny." We were discomfited by a sign in the airport stating that the government did not tolerate racial discrimination and that violators should be reported. Although public recognition that discrimination is a problem is an important first step to overcoming the problem, one wonders at a society that must legislate humanity to others.

In middle age, I am reflecting more on my identity as a person and teacher, trying to discover who I am, accept it, and spend less time and energy on trying so hard to fit in. I am just now realizing that no matter how hard I might try, I will always appear different--Japanese--to the those who meet me for the first time. It is a heritage that I cannot deny. I have been socialized from birth towards the dominant framework: I have been caught up in Western ways and values. In fact, it appears that I have spent the better part of my life adapting, trying to gain acceptance in spite of my visible minority exterior. In fact, I have probably been applying some sort of overkill in my attempt to "do as the Romans do." Ergo, my high achievement orientation (to the point that when people hear about my latest academic endeavor they are somewhat shocked) and also, I am ashamed to admit, almost a shunning of my own people and those of other visible minorities as well.

I have wondered, as I read about "resistance" whether my achievement orientation has been shaped as some sort of response to, or in spite of, "sex role messages of schools" (Kelly & Nihlen, 1982, p. 174). It is further noted that "White middle-class women get a 'better shake' in access to the status hierarchy than minorities, both male and female, but are still inferior to the educational patterns of White males" (p. 175). So how is it that a woman of color from the working class finds herself in the ivory tower? Granted, the Educational Policy Studies Department at the University of Alberta is definitely enlightened regarding giving the opportunity to study to students of color and women also. However, what is it that brought me to apply to this place? At the time I was applying, I had no idea that the climate would be accepting. I was looking at geographical distance alone, and it was my second choice in that respect. Perhaps "critical mass" has been part of the impetus. Perhaps fulfilling my mother's unspoken dreams. In any case, I feel that I am empowerment personified. I feel that I am role modelling empowerment for my children and my students. Somehow, I cannot *not* pursue my goals.

When even persons in my immediate biological family questioned my motives ("How is your family going to manage?" "Do you think you'll get a job afterward?") I wonder how it is that I as a member of that family in my formative years have evolved the wherewithal to do this thing?

This brings me to postmodernism. I think herein lie some explanations. I have of late been horribly fascinated with the recent realization of the power of Western imperialism and the personal meaning of "epistemic violence." I have discovered through an article by Jan Branson

and Don Miller (1992) on the effect of Western imperialism on gender transformation in Bali that all my life I have been doing battle with the "other" that is my very being. I have been ignoring my heritage, for the most part, so when people have said, "It's too bad that you don't speak Japanese," my inward response has been, "Why? I seem to be doing quite well with English, thank you." Now, as I become more and more aware of my ethnicity, people are saying, "Perhaps you could seek out elders from among your people," and my response is, "There are none," to which I receive the reply, "Yes, I thought that too when I first started out." Wondering what this could mean, I have sought out anything and everything that has been written about the Japanese Canadian or Japanese American experience, as well as questioning whoever I can about their experiences of ethnicity. I am coming now to believe that "elders" can also be metaphorical in that the opportunity to write this dissertation is an experience that allows me to seek out my cultural roots.

Getting back to critical theory, I think that my immobilization, my resistance to action, is rooted in my lack of identity. So who am I? As I write this, tears well up and I am reminded of bursting into tears at a session of "my belonging group" on the morning of the first day I was to meet with my advisor to discuss whether the University of Alberta would be a suitable academic home. The question at the forefront of my mind was (and it came to me so suddenly that it brought forth tears): "Why am I going, anyway?" Now that all the logistical details have been taken care of and I have cried my tears of disbelief/relief (I still do not know what those tears were about either) on that first flight to Edmonton in May 1993, I now cry tears of loss over the realization of the false consciousness regarding my ethnicity that has been my front all these years. Some elusive facade that only I could see--"the emperor's new clothes"!

At a party to celebrate the second birthday of the Centre for Research and Teaching in Education where I attended informal "research issues" groups, and during one term, a women's group, I had an interesting conversation with a young Korean woman. She pronounced me "lucky" that I was born here and had such good facility with English. Koreans pay a lot of money to come to Canada and the U.S. to learn English to make themselves more marketable in Korea. However, I noted with chagrin that she asked me first directly whether I was born here. I have never thought myself "lucky" to be an outsider on three counts--sex, class and ethnicity. But maybe it could be worse. In her eyes it is. At times, I have thought it might be easier if I were definitely from another country. There would be a place that I could call my "homeland": somewhere that I might pine for. Somewhere that I might wish I had never left. And when I was singled out because of my different ethnicity, it would be more acceptable somehow. But I am neither here nor there. As I have noted several times previously, I am frequently asked where I come from, right here in the land of my birth, and on the basis of stories of Japanese Canadians who have visited Japan, I believe that I would not be

accepted in my "mother country" either, because I do not speak the language, nor do I observe the customs.

At this point in time, I am depressed. An initial euphoria--at actually beginning my PhD studies and finding the people accepting, the programs stimulating, and the logistics falling into place--has been wearing off, as the realities at a deep level are starting to come to consciousness.

Dialogue with Iris: Meeting the Other face to face

Last summer I read Paulo Freire and Antonio Faundez's (1989) *Learning to Question*, a dialogue which they call a "'spoken' book." They describe the experience of the "shared task" as "an interesting intellectual experience, a rich and truly creative experience." It "represents a break with a certain individualistic tradition" as well as "open[ing] us up to each other in the adventure of thinking critically" (pp. 1-2). While I cannot claim to have had such visionary expectations when I first invited Iris to participate in a dialogue, I know that I discerned a kind of shared understanding with this woman who was virtually a stranger at the time, but who exuded an inviting ease of manner. In retrospect, this sizing up was done intuitively, but I now realize that I sensed that Iris had something which attracted me. She had made an aside comment to me during a women's issues class along the vein that as a Native woman, she did not share the White feminist perspective. I found this comment both confusing and intriguing, and wanted to discuss it further. I am not sure why she agreed to do the dialogue, but I thoroughly enjoyed getting to know her as a person and as a colleague.

We met for a total of several hours on more than one occasion, taping our conversation, (which I later transcribed), which covered various life experiences relating to our sense of identity as non-white women. Through her sharing of her own journey to find her Native roots by learning from elders, she opened up my thinking to a different perspective in which I can now consider being an ethnic person of my own choosing, rather than something manufactured to please others, particularly those in the dominant White culture. By inviting me to seek out my own elders, she has opened up windows for me to look out as I travel along the tunnel which I have believed will lead me to acceptance and success in the dominant culture. I am not sure whether I want to leave this tunnel. It is so familiar (albeit dark) and so well-travelled (although I travel alone). And I know just where it leads. Or do I?

If I reflect on how I came to be travelling this road, my reasoning takes me back to my grandfathers who immigrated to Canada in the early 1900s. My paternal grandfather was "seeking his fortune" away from his homeland which did not hold a promise for the future since he was a third son and therefore not entitled to family land. My maternal grandfather was a "draft-dodger" in the Russo-Japanese War, urged by this family to emigrate since he

had been a sickly child and had therefore been educated beyond the norm in those days: he would have to use his brain rather than his brawn to make a living.

With this rejection of my homeland in my ancestry, perhaps I have come honestly by my personal need or choice to denounce my heritage: the "I" is intertwined with the "we" of my family leaders. My mother was raised in a all-White community and baptized as a teenager into the Christian church. Having her high school education cut short, she worked as a domestic in White peoples' farm homes after World War II. With this experience, she seemed to reject her heritage as had White Canadians who had dealt harshly with the "Yellow Peril" on the West coast during the war, and she came to prefer Occidental cooking and customs. However, she married a second-generation (like herself) Japanese man but who came from a more traditional home as well as from a higher class. She always seemed to be trying to please others with her behavior, at the expense of her own needs. She learned to speak a better class of Japanese and learned to cook more traditional foods. She lived her life through and for her six children. Although she led a very harried life with four preschoolers at an early point in her marriage, as she grew older, she showed her true colors as a loving, caring person. She would remember our favorite dishes and cook them for us. She would buy us little gifts that were just what we wanted. She would never say anything that might hurt our feelings. And she would never talk about her own hopes, fears, and dreams.

This is not the first time I have written about my mother in this way. However, as I write this, I am again astounded at how similar my life has been to my mother's. Family members comment that I am more like her than are any others in the family. I too grew up within a White community. While I knew of the existence of other Japanese families in my city (Southern Alberta has one of the largest populations of Japanese Canadians in Canada) we hardly saw any of them outside of occasional visits to relatives. The school, neighborhood and church I attended were all White. The only time I realized that I was not White was when a school mate would ask me questions such as, "Why is your face so flat?" or strange children on the street would call out as I passed by, "Chinky-chinky-Chinaman!" My face would burn with rage and humiliation and I would run home to the safe haven of home, where we all had flat faces, and tell my mother. She would comfort me in only a slightly distressed way, telling me to "consider the source." I was not really sure at the time what this meant, but through the reading of critical theory I am now really understanding the power of that source: hegemony, which is "systematically carried out through the moral and intellectual leadership of a dominant society over subordinate groups." Furthermore: "...[t]his form of societal control is achieved not through physically coercive means nor arbitrary rules or regulations, but rather through winning the consent of the subordinated to the authority of the dominant class" (Darder, 1991, p. 87). I tried everything to be accepted by the dominant class. I achieved

well in school. I dressed as fashionably as our working class budget would allow. I minded my manners. I did not insult people nor make demands on them.

In retrospect, I suspect, I presented as a little girl, prominently visible as a minority ethnic, who kept to herself and set herself apart from her school mates through high academic achievement. Not knowing what might be the reason for my lack of popularity, I came to dislike parts of myself which I felt were responsible for my lack of friends and connectedness to the dominant culture: it was my working class background, my mother's haphazard housekeeping, my chubbiness, or my lack of social skills, which I blamed for my situation. Over the years, I somehow survived the painful loneliness of adolescence without dates with boys at school and without a core group of friends, to take on the tasks of young adulthood. I went directly from high school to university in Lethbridge, where I have obtained virtually all of my education before now. I had a fairly well-formed idea that I wanted to be a clinical psychologist (a quintessential helping profession--perhaps my goal was to win friends and influence people?) and after three years at university was able to directly start a job only one week after my marriage, as a psychiatric social worker at the then Alberta Guidance Clinic. After working there for six years, at 27 years, the "ideal age" to begin a family (according to my gynecologist at the time) I had my first child. Paige Porter (1986) quotes Betsy Wearing (1984, p. 27) who points out that: "...some women have been able to question the ideology of motherhood and the family...middle-class professional women who...transcend the existing social order, challenge existing gender and class structures and relationships of power" (p. 38).

I was not able to transcend the existing social order. I was very much locked into it. Having children and making a "proper home" was never a question for me. However, I did look to role models outside my family to be a mother who worked outside the home after about six years of full-time mothering and housewifery.

How I came to be a PhD student is still somewhat of a mystery to me. I speak confidently to others that it is a goal that is supported by my husband and family. He states that I am "an academic" and that I enjoy the personal challenge of the pursuit of knowledge. From my study of learning styles, I have come to realize that my "bookworm" behavior as a child as well as academic success through the years is probably the direct result of having a dominant "Abstract Sequential" learning style (Gregorc, 1982). I also suspect that there is a major element concerning my desire to live out my mother's dreams of "making something of myself" for both her and me. However, I also suspect that there is another element of which I have not been aware until recently. I have gained a good deal of notoriety and respect from people in my community who hear about my most recent academic endeavors. They are very interested to know how I am actually managing to do this nontraditional and awe-inspiring thing. I suppose that this is what I have wanted--to prove to myself and them that I am *someone* despite my obvious

color difference. Christine Sleeter points out that "academic achievement is a necessary part of empowerment for members of oppressed groups" (1991, p. 6). She goes on to quote Wilkerson (1983) who asks on behalf of all women of color: "Are personal advancement and social mobility the only ends that we seek? Do we seek more money? Greater influence? To what end?" Sleeter suggests that the response to such questions is "the need and desire for personal advancement while connecting them with a collective effort to improve the quality of life for many" (1991, p. 7).

Zygmunt Bauman (1992) speaks of "tolerance" of the subjectivity of the other. I suppose I am seeking more than tolerance, more than tolerance that takes the form in which my Otherness is only borne to prove the generosity of the dominant (p. xxi):

Tolerance reaches its full potential only when it offers more than the acceptance of diversity and coexistence; when it calls for the emphatic admission of the *equivalence* of knowledge-producing discourses; when it calls for a *dialogue*...when it acknowledges not just the *otherness* of the other, but the legitimacy of the other's interests and the other's right to have such interests respected and, if possible, gratified (pp. xxi-xxii, original italics).

Interestingly, this kind of dialogue is exactly what I had hoped for with Iris. We both recognized ourselves as common bearers of the label "Other." Wendy Kohli (1991), in her discussion of the "new" pedagogies that derive from postmodernism and critical theory, talks of marginalized groups forming a "we" through "connections and commitments among 'us'" (p. 45). However, she notes that: "...[w]orking across and within differences is no small task. It will require some sense of a "common identity" or humanity as multiple identities and different locations are revealed and respected." She goes on to discuss her own "range of shifting identities" that will hopefully not prevent her from coming to "consensus on some minimal ways of acting in the world," a process, however, that:

...presupposes that there will be the time and space to work through differences and to learn to live with those that are "unworkable." It presupposes time to come to terms with the pain inflicted from unjust and oppressive systems. It also presupposes that no longer can we take for granted what being a "woman" means, for instance, or what it means to be a "person of color." We must listen to the experience of others and to the assumptions each brings to the conversation (p. 45).

She compares such conversation to the "culture circles of Paulo Freire" being a way to "put into practice Habermas's 'ideal speech community':

Freire's process starts with basic respect for the human being as a condition for dialogue and then moves to the particularity of experience of each person. Through this process, the participants are empowered as they name themselves and name the world in which they live and work (p. 45).

The promise of the Department of Educational Policy Studies at the University of Alberta is almost unbelievable to me. Here, finally, like no other place on earth that I have experienced before, are spaces where a person of color can speak her mind and be validated and legitimized. With colleagues, professors, and supervisors I have found not only acknowledgement and acceptance, but sympathetic understanding, as well as further expansion of my experiences and theorizing. I have found a place where the phenomenology of racism is an acceptable topic of conversation in the classroom and in the written word. In Giroux's (1991b) words, "[v]oices now begin to emerge from different locations and are no longer authorized to speak through a Eurocentric perspective that defines them in its own interests" (p. 238).

I feel fortunate indeed to be at a time and place in which it is legitimate, even called for, "to engage voice as an act of resistance and self-transformation...becoming a subject in history rather than an object" (Giroux, 1991b, p. 240). Wexler, et al. (1987) advocate "life history and oral method" to provide "wholly new perspectives...from the previously ill-represented standpoints of ordinary men, women and children about what they believed had mattered most in *their* lives (p. 233, original italics). They call life history "an act of constitution [which] asserts the mutuality of social relations through the telling of stories giving a sense of belonging to individual historians and others with shared meanings, making for fuller human beings" (p.242). Chandra Mohanty (1991) calls testimonials, life stories, and oral histories:

...a significant mode of remembering and recording experience and struggles...not produced in a vacuum...ow[ing] as much to the exigencies of the political and commercial marketplace as to the knowledge, skills, motivation, and location of individual writers (p. 33).

The importance of having a responsive audience or dialogic partner is crucial. Elizabeth Ellsworth (1992) quotes Barbara Christian: "...writing disappears unless there is a response to it" (p. 97). The difficulty is in finding the "right" time and space. Ellsworth points out in her article in which she expresses frustration with a project in which she tried to empower and become empowered through an anti-racism course:

Dialogue in its conventional sense is impossible in the culture at large, because at this historical moment, power relations between raced, classed, and gendered students and teachers are unjust....affinity groups were necessary for working against the way current historical configurations of oppressions...[so that participants might] find a commonality in the experience of difference without compromising its distinctive realities and effects (pp. 108-115).

I was at first confused by the advice to consult my elders, since I felt that there is no corresponding set of persons in Japanese Canadian society. True, in traditional Japanese society, older persons are respected, as *innissan* for older brother and *nesan* for older sister, I suppose as part of the Japanese practice of ancestor worship (Hamabata, 1990, p. 58). However, because of the language barrier, I cannot communicate with traditional Japanese persons whose information or guidance may be available to me. Because of this, I have turned to books in order to obtain traditional cultural information and these are typically written by second- or third-generation Japanese Americans who have journeyed to Japan and have analyzed the culture from the perspective of an anthropologist (Kondo, 1990), poet (Mura, 1991), and sociologist (Hamabata, 1990). In addition, I have learned a great deal from academics who speak about the validity of the telling of my own life story, and specifically my spiritual journey of discovering the purpose and meaning behind my academic endeavors.

My daily life as a student contrasts sharply with the welcoming embrace of academe. My daily life is lived in terms of not being able to find a place/space or voice. I have spent a great deal of time--about six hours per week--travelling back and forth between Edmonton and Lethbridge. I used to think that while travelling, I was neither here nor there--yet. The hour-long stopover in the Calgary International Airport is not "someplace" but simply "a place" to take a bathroom break or catch up on my reading to prepare for my next class. However, the postmodern viewpoint has now started me thinking about the "in between." What is happening after I leave my familiar home in Lethbridge and before I get to the cloistered safety of the "ivory tower"? I am subjected to racism, to put it bluntly.

There is definitely an anonymity to travelling. Airports are sterile places, from the rows of look-alike seating to the look-alike airline personnel in their perky uniforms, from the piped-in *muzak* to the impersonal loudspeaker announcements. My "fellow" travellers (and most of them are fellows: upper middle-class, White businessmen in their "uniforms" of suit, tie and trench coat) do not acknowledge me. The airline people at the counters and security checks are reasonably polite, but when I line up to file in or out of the plane, I do notice a difference in the way I am treated in the larger cities. Almost every time (and this was twice a week for over 20 weeks, with two different airlines and different personnel) the smiling flight

attendants would greet the persons in front of me and behind me with, "Have a nice day," "Thank you," or "Good-bye," but give me only a perfunctory nod or look away briefly. I know I always smiled expectantly and said, "Thank you" to them. I got tired of this treatment. One might say that these are unimportant social rituals; however, if they are so trivial, why are they used at all? Perhaps the attendants have had a momentary lapse or are tired of the routine. Why is it that this occasional lapse or tiredness occurs regularly with me? I would suggest that as a woman, and as a person of color, I am perceived as less important, more strange, and less approachable, simply by virtue of my outward physical appearance.

A White friend and colleague with whom I have travelled to the southern United States tells me this is my imagination. The person taking the airline tickets *did not* scrutinize my identification card and ignore hers. However, bell hooks (1992) tells "travel" stories:

...I must be able to speak about what it is like to be leaving Italy after I have given a talk on racism and feminism, hosted by the parliament, only to stand for hours while I am interrogated by white officials who do not have to respond when I inquire as to why the questions they ask me are different from those asked the white people in the line before me. Thinking only that I must endure this public questioning, the stares of those around me, because my skin is black...I think that one fantasy of whiteness is that the threatening Other is always a terrorist....To travel, I must always move through fear, confront terror (p. 344).

No, my experience has not been this bad. However, I am only travelling a few hundred miles from my home, within the same province of a country that claims a successful multiculturalism policy for over two decades. However, as Giroux (1991b) points out: "Multiculturalism is generally about Otherness, but is written in ways in which the dominating aspects of white culture are not called into question and the oppositional potential of difference as a site of struggle is muted" (p. 225). But it is this kind of experience that makes me want to seclude myself within my small accepting community in which I am recognized as a member of a minority group that has earned acceptance in the dominant order. Japanese Canadians in Southern Alberta have established themselves:

In the 1950s and 1960s, the Japanese Canadian community in Alberta changed dramatically. Economically the Japanese rose into the middle class. Socially, their place in Alberta's society changed even more dramatically. After the war, many Albertans had called for the expulsion of Japanese from the province, Yet in the 1960s the city of Lethbridge, a city which during the war had banned Japanese, commissioned a Japanese garden as its

Centennial project (Sunahara & Sunahara, 1985, p. 410).

I believe that this status is something of a two-edged sword, however, in that acceptance within the dominant culture has necessitated complicity with the ideology of that culture which negated the Other. Martin Carnoy (1989) states that:

For the materially successful separated groups, acceptance of dominant-class ideology was a natural outcome of their economic development. Material success was itself a legitimation of the ideology, even though it was achieved largely through maintaining cultural identity and sociopolitical separation (p. 18).

There is a denial of self, a "buying into" the dominant hegemony at the expense of "interconnections of consciousness, identity, and writing" (Mohanty, 1991, p. 33). Mohanty further states: "I challenge the idea that simply being a woman or being poor or black or Latino, is sufficient ground to assume a politicized oppositional identity."

Through my reading of critical theory--in which I have been called upon to tell my story--and postmodern theory--in which I have learned that White is not necessarily right--I have met head-on the paradox of my own epistemic violence that I perpetrate daily upon myself. Like the Balinese girl described in Branson and Miller's enlightening ethnography, I am pursuing education, under the misguided belief that this is "the answer" to my existential problems. However, paradoxically, I have come to this momentous realization through the very pursuit of that education. (Notably, however, this awakening did not come through participation in education under a technocratic paradigm.) In the dark recesses of my subconscious, I had hoped to achieve respect, acceptance, happiness. However, as in the "imperial transformation of gender" in Bali:

...the myth of the need of the former colonies for Western-style education reproduces their dependency on their former rulers...Western-style, school-based education has become a time-consuming, expensive part of the Balinese life cycle, a choice for them and their children which is hard to resist for the majority of Balinese as they strategically orient themselves towards the achievement of economic, social and spiritual sustenance (Branson & Miller, 1992, pp. 235-236).

In addition to the pursuit of education, I have for the most part, rejected the notion of ethnicity as an integral part of my being, and taken on the role and attitude of a White person. I have complained publicly that I want to be treated as a White person. I want to be invisible in society.

However, to my chagrin, people will insist on pointing out and reacting to my outward difference. When will I realize that I can never be White? When I was younger I tried to lighten my hair, but black hair defies anything but drastic bleaching measures to change its color. As an often-quoted "Pogo" cartoon from the past quipped, "We have met the enemy and they is us." The realization of the enormity of this self-inflicted epistemic violence has plagued me for weeks, keeping me on the verge of tears.

Henry Giroux (1991b), bless him, advocated "giving students the opportunity to speak, to locate themselves in history, and to become subjects in the construction of their identities and the wider society" (p. 249). This sounds wonderfully postmodern and emancipating, but does he know what it is like to give voice to something that is not acceptable? People in the dominant culture do not want to hear our voices. They want us to be quiet and not rock the boat. If we, as Others, become too powerful or vocal or visible, the unspeakable will happen. Danger lurks at every turn. Giroux (1991b) describes it eloquently:

...critical postmodernists are arguing for a plurality of voices and narrative, that is, for narrative of difference that recognize their own partiality and present the unrepresentable, those submerged and *dangerous* memories that provide a challenge to white supremacist logic and recover the legacies of historically specific struggle against racism (p. 229, emphasis added).

Now, maybe I am imagining this. Or maybe I am scared to let a little of the pain seep out for fear of losing control and letting it all out. Then people will surely not accept me. People will surely not like me. And I know that those kinds of experiences are painful.

Several years after it occurred, our family learned that our youngest member, the adored and cherished "baby" of the family, had spent many of his recesses in elementary school hiding under the stairs with his young Chinese friend. They were avoiding racially-based physical abuse from schoolmates but were never able to vocalize their fears or situation to teachers, administrations, or parents.

What cultural forces silenced these boys until it was too late to right the wrong? Critical theorists advocate the Freirian notion of dialogue as "an emancipatory educational process" which will empower students through "disconfirming the dominant ideology of the traditional educational discourse and illuminating the freedom of students to act on their world (Darder, 1991, p. 94). Freire speaks of dialogue as "a moment where human beings meet to reflect on their reality as they make and remake it...reflecting together on what we know and don't know, we can act critically to transform reality (Shor & Freire, 1987, pp. 98-99, cited in Darder, 1991, p. 94).

I am not sure whether my invitation to Iris to engage in dialogue concerning the issues of women of color as the subject of our final assignment

was part of an agenda to “transform reality.” However, I do know that people of color learn survival skills of knowing how far to go, how to act, so as not to alienate (even more) those of the dominant group. I know that I overstepped this boundary recently. A long-time acquaintance, part of a family with whom all members of our family have shared many and varied experiences, approached me in the shopping mall and cheerfully asked me what I was doing this semester. I always respond to this question with some trepidation, because I know that it is often difficult for people to comprehend my doing such a nontraditional thing as leaving my family on a regular basis to pursue an advanced degree in another city. However, when I informed her that I was doing my PhD at the U of A, her mouth dropped open. She was speechless and she simply turned and walked away. Did I pay her the ultimate insult? Or present the ultimate incongruity?

I have had people ignore me repeatedly. (There were a couple of young White women who lived in the same residence who would never acknowledge my presence, even if I smiled or greeted them directly and sometimes I just got tired of trying. Interestingly, it was not until one of them appeared on crutches with a sprained ankle one day that she finally responded hesitantly to my expression of sympathy. As disabled, did she become an Other?) Why is it always the oppressed who must try harder? As a female, it seems that I must be that much more competent to be considered worthy alongside a male. As a person of color, I must be friendly, tough-skinned, forgiving, polite, clean, intelligent, law-abiding, a good sport, etc. just so that “they” do not have a legitimate reason to dislike or exclude me. I had to come this far in my education to learn about the legitimacy of the voice of the Other, and that I myself am considered to be an Other by most people in my immediate environment. The irony is that an everyday occurrence that affects each member of my own family on a daily basis is relegated to “ivory tower” knowledge. My mother--unschooled though she was--planted the seed for my questioning of a hegemony in which there is systematic domination over subordinate groups.

While teachers are exhorted by critical pedagogues to “redefine the boundaries of race and ethnicity” and practice some of Giroux’s (1991b, pp. 249-253) principles of anti-racist border pedagogy, many White teachers claim that there is no racism in their classrooms. Or that they do not have time. Or they are just beginning to deal with gender issues and cannot take on yet another task. Or it is such a fundamental change that is difficult to address. Well, I have told you about my difficulties...

Class⁴

Edna Bonacich (1992) states her belief that "racial inequality is inextricably tied to overall inequality, and to an ideology that endorses vast inequality as justified and desirable" (pp. 98-99). She refers not only to income inequality, but to the more fundamental inequality in the ownership of property (p. 100), although contexts of specific groups need to be taken into account.

Gender, race and class are so closely interrelated that many writers therefore often deal with them together (even though there are differences in reading those interrelationships), as I have noted several times above (Agger, 1991; Anderson, 1983; Apple, 1993; Clement, 1975; Code, 1991; Corrigan, 1977; Giroux, 1991; hooks, 1984; Luke & Gore, 1992; MacDonald, 1980; Nicholson, 1990; Porter, 1986; Singleton, 1989; Smith, 1990; Yeboah, 1988). Indeed, the embeddedness of class issues has in my own case been so thorough, that it has been difficult for me to address them at all. It seems that the American/Canadian dream is so ingrained that the pursuit of wealth and status has become a given, and as such, so commonplace as to be unworthy of awareness. However, an attempt will be made to glean class issues out of my overall story, using two major topics: 1) class and race, and 2) class and gender.

Class and Race: My place in the mosaic

A hermeneutic analysis of my place in the multicultural mosaic of Canada's people must begin in Japan, the land of my grandparents' birth. To begin, it is instructive to read Adachi's (1976) description of the problems that the peasantry of Japan underwent, which led to large scale emigration to "America." In his depiction, the suggestion is one of similarity to the European feudal system. Adachi describes the "feudal society of the Tokugawa regime" in the late 1800s as consisting of:

...four broad, rigidly divided and perpetuated social classes...in descending order: warriors, peasants, artisans and merchants [but it was] the peasant who suffered most abominably from economic duress [due to] the policy of many landlords to tax the peasants to the point of exhaustion... (1976, pp. 13-14).

In addition, rather than painting all "Oriental" societies with the same brush as many Occidentals do, Adachi points out that not all "Asiatic" countries and societies were alike. There was a class distinction made among

⁴ A portion of this chapter has been published. Saliani 1994. *Insights: Immigrant Experiences*. Harcourt Brace.

them also:

In the fifteen years after Restoration, foreign emigration to other Asiatic countries amounted to only 15,416; emigration to countries such as Korea and China could only be self-defeating because of the low standard of living in these countries and general density of population (p. 9).

Another point of interest regarding class distinctions in Japan is the social situation of the Okinawans. The island of Okinawa was annexed in 1879, but its people were looked down upon by the original Japanese as "'unsophisticated rustics,' as socially and intellectually inferior country cousins" (p. 19).

The history of Japan delineated by Adachi indicates that the government of the powerful warrior family of Tokugawa had an overt policy of "rigid seclusion from the world after 1637" as a result of being "weakened and divided by internecine strife" (p. 1). Ironically, demonstrating their own brand of ethnocentrism, a Japanese "anti-foreign" attitude summed up in the phrase, "Revere the Emperor: Expel the Barbarians" was utilized as a unifying principle to overthrow the Tokugawa regime and reestablish the power of the Emperor. However, once the Emperor was restored to rule in 1867, a Charter Oath stated that "knowledge shall be sought for throughout the world so that the welfare of the Empire may be promoted" (p. 1). The new government encouraged the adoption of Western ways so that Japan might catch up with the technologically advanced nations of the West (p. 6). Adachi depicts a curiosity and fascination of the Japanese with the Portuguese musket but an overt rejection of the Christian faith for fear of the political power of the Catholic Church in the form of plots to overthrow the government with the aid of foreign troops (pp. 2-3). It would seem, therefore, that there was conscious choosing on the part of the Japanese as to which particular Western ways would actually be of benefit to the people.

As Japan carried out its "almost singleminded emphasis upon modernizing industry, shaped and dictated by [its] ambition to become a world power" agrarian interests were in comparative neglect. Similar to Marx's depiction of the "wholesale expropriation of the agricultural population from the soil...the so-called clearing of estates" in 19th century Europe (Sayer, 1989, p. 84), so also were the Japanese land-owning peasants turned into tenants through the imposition of a high tax rate (Adachi, 1976, pp. 14-15). Marx describes the situation in Europe in which the "'free' proletariat [who] could not possibly be absorbed by the nascent manufactures as fast as it was thrown upon the world" but who were "suddenly dragged from their wonted mode of life...[and]...tuned *en masse* into beggars, robbers, vagabonds, partly from inclination, in most cases from stress of circumstances" (Sayer, 1989, p. 85, original italics). In Japan there was a very similar dynamic occurring: "the surfeit of mass humanity [which] resulted in

a surplus of labour in rural areas, which...could not be absorbed by factories in towns, but struggled or competed for work in the countryside." These people typically became emigrants (Adachi, 1976, p. 15)--consisting mostly of single males--they were considered misfits in the sense that they were individualists rather than persons who conformed to co-operation and group thinking that was characteristic of village life in Japan. However, emigration was their only hope "to attain personal prestige, wealth and power" and was usually contemplated as a temporary solution, with the prospect of returning to the homeland once they became wealthy (p. 17).

Adachi suggests that the majority of the early immigrants came from the lower classes in Japan, from poor farming and fishing villages (p. 13). Sunahara and Sunahara (1985) point out that immigrants from Japan at the turn of the century came from various classes in their homeland, but once they settled in Canada, their prejudices against one another began to fade: "Social and class differences which were important in Japan became obscured in Canada" (p. 399). This is particularly pertinent to my own story since my parents, who came from very different classes, would never have met nor married, had they lived in Japan. For my mother coming from a "hillbilly" background, marriage meant learning a higher class dialect as well as cooking and social skills. I believe she had an overriding sense of being misplaced: an interloper in a higher class home.

It is unclear from Marx's writing how he reckons capitalism developed in the "New World," however, perhaps the European "vagabonds" of which he speaks above were those who emigrated to the Americas, as did the Japanese. These adventurers, of different races, were apparently looking for the same kinds of economic opportunity and stability but were met with quite different social circumstances. From the earliest settlement of North America until the 20th century, there was an inexorable progression toward White domination of industry, government, and education. Marx does allude to White imperialism as being something of a natural extension of the growth of capitalism in Europe:

The discovery of gold and silver in America, the extirpation, enslavement and entombment in mines of the aboriginal population, the beginning of the conquest and looting of the East Indies, the turning of Africa into a warren for the commercial hunting of black-skins, signalled the rosy dawn of the era of capitalist production (Sayer, 1989, p. 87).

Derek Sayer (1991) suggests that Marx's "'political state' is best treated as an ideal-type whose 'pure' realization is rare, and historically contingent" p. 84). In fact, "various categories of persons" have *never* been extended the "'political' citizenship Marx discusses (and the 'civil' rights which go with it)"--notably categories of race and gender. And the real irony remains that "in modernity, 'the state' does claim to 'represent' all, unlike its pre-capitalist

forebears" (p. 86).

This preference for certain groups of people reaches a logical conclusion that is inextricably intertwined with modern capitalism. One hundred years later, what has become known as White Western imperialism is described succinctly by Marx:

Hence the exploration of the whole of nature in order to discover new useful properties of things....The need of a constantly expanding market for its products chases the bourgeoisie over the whole surface of the globe. It must nestle everywhere, settle everywhere, establish connections everywhere....It compels all nations, on pain of extinction, to adopt the bourgeois mode of production; it compels them to introduce what it calls civilization into their midst (Sayer, 1991, pp. 105-107).

But what price does the non-white, non-bourgeois person have to pay for the promise of "civilization"? In describing the effect of Western schooling on the culture of Bali, Indonesia, Branson and Miller (1992) state that:

School is above all seen as the path to a modern world, standing in stark contrast to that unitary, encompassed "other"--the "traditional," agriculturally-based, pre-colonial, pre-Independence "other." The diverse, rich worlds of their parents and/or grandparents are thoroughly devalued, "insidiously objectified" through constant epistemic violence, both creating and created by a new unitary consciousness (p. 258).

I have realized that a non-white person like myself commits this same kind of epistemic violence when adopting Western ways--when trying to fit in with the "White culture" and deny what might be called my own "cultural roots." This is an enormous existential burden to have to face. I have found few people who can understand my viewpoint or my dilemma, although Brown (Forthcoming) observes:

Outside the language-game of social theory, we find concrete people actively consolidating and transforming their sense of who they are as if it really mattered.... in the parlance of Ricoeur, that identification remains a fundamental *aporia* of social life (pp. 3-4, original italics).

In order, then, to locate myself within the multicultural mosaic that we call Canada, I must explore the historical progress of the Japanese in Canada. Shimpo suggests that there are four stages or periods into which Japanese Canadian history may be divided, based on the legal status of the Japanese

Canadians in Canada. During the first three periods: "free immigration," "controlled immigration," and "deprived civil rights," including experiences of disenfranchisement and overt racial discrimination, Japanese Canadians were not only prevented from participation in the political process, but because they gained control of the boat building and fishing industries through ambition and hard work, they were seen as an economic threat to the White man. A commission appointed to investigate Oriental immigration in British Columbia reported that the Japanese were industrious, independent, energetic, aggressive; were "ready and anxious to adopt, in appearance at least, the manners and modes of western life"; they were anxious to learn English; they were clean and moral (Ujimoto, 1988, pp. 127-128). However, on February 25, 1942, the prime minister of Canada announced that all persons of Japanese descent would be moved from a "protected area" in Canada for "reasons of national security" (Sunahara, 1981, pp. 47-48). Sunahara's (1981) study of government documents found that "at no point in the entire seven years of their exile were Japanese Canadian ever a threat to national security" (p. 3).

It would seem that Japanese Canadians came to be seen less as persons and more as abstractions--as competitors in the economy, as usurpers of White culture--a phenomenon which can be explained in part through Marxian analysis:

People appear to be independent of one another because their mutual dependency assumes the unrecognizable form of relations between commodities....The epitome of the "abstract individual" is the "*worker*, who is stripped of all qualities except this one" [1858:399]... "The economy" takes on an existence of its own, quite independently of anyone's volition (Sayer, 1991, p. 64, original italics).

Accordingly, when it became to their advantage, the Canadian government was able to ensure through an order-in-council, that Japanese people could be placed anywhere in Canada to assist with labour shortages:

In the case of National Selective Service, the federal government failed to recognize the impropriety of asking people, who had been evacuated on the basis of race rather than nationality, to accept the proposition that, as Canadian citizens, they should help alleviate a wartime labour shortage in Eastern Canada (Adachi, 1976, p. 261).

Not only could the Canadian government determine one's place of living and work, but it could also determine one's class status through control of higher education with "universities during the wartime period reflect[ing] the racism of the public sector." Second-generation Japanese, who had a good

command of the English language, were turned down for acceptance at Toronto, Kingston, and McGill, until 1945 (Adachi, pp. 265-266).

Marx argues that in the modern state, "the ruling class, the bourgeoisie...constitutes its joint domination as public power, as 'the state' [1846, p. 355]." This is done "in a peculiar way" such that the state "is oddly marginal and central within bourgeois society at the same time, in that its major activity is to secure the conditions under which the bourgeoisie can operate privately *as* individuals, in 'civil society'" (Sayer, 1991, p. 73, original italics). Sunahara (1981) chronicles the anti-Asian movement in British Columbia that smoldered for some 70 years before flaring up in the form of outright racism against the Japanese peoples in particular: "...the anti-Asian movement had exploited the fears of those in real or imagined competition with Asians who were thought to be inferior, unassimilable, and genetically incapable of commitment to the Canadian way of life and to British values and institutions" (pp. 10-11). She suggests that the then prime minister of Canada "was very susceptible, not to 'prejudice and irrational emotion' *per se*, but to the voting power they represented" (p. 14, original italics). She furthermore states unequivocally that:

The uprooting of Canada's Japanese minority from the Pacific Coast was not in reality based on national security. Indeed, the entire policy was strongly opposed by Canada's top military and police officers....As far as the military were concerned, the removal of Japanese Canadians was a political problem to be solved by civilians (p. 48).

In response to an autobiographical article I had published in *The ATA Magazine* (Yamagishi, 1992), a long-time friend and mentor had explained that as a White adult living during the Second World War, she had thought, along with the majority of Canadians, that the evacuation of the Japanese was a necessary defence measure and at the time, had not given the human element much consideration. According to Driedger (1989), many Canadians are not aware of "the lengths to which [Canadians] have gone to stratify ethnic minorities in the past" (p. 322). Unfortunately, the human element is the part of the story that has left long-lasting scars upon those who experienced discrimination and segregation based ostensibly on race/ethnicity but also in large part on economic factors. Through the forced removal of the Japanese Canadian from their sources of successful livelihood, this group was coerced into relocating and for most, finding a different means of earning a living. In the case of my own family, my maternal grandfather left his work as a fireman in a logging operation and my paternal grandfather his work as a fruit farmer, to both do back-breaking work along with their children on the sugar beet farms of Southern Alberta.

In many cases, older children were denied the opportunity of choosing a career, effectively negating for them forever the fanciful consideration of

the question, "What do I want to be when I grow up?" In the case of my own father, however, he gradually moved from farm work to that of carpentry, a trade which he learned on-the-job, honing his skills through natural intelligence, raw talent, hard work and persistence. However, in spite of the fact that he achieved above average in high school (ranking sixth in a field of 26) with having his opportunity cut short for furthering his education beyond grade 10, he was never able to rise above a working class status.

Peter Li (1988) points out a "general agreement among sociologists that occupational diversity and income variation in Canada are related to the ethnic origins of Canadians" with a continuing "wide acceptance of Porter's general thesis of a 'vertical mosaic' which suggests...that ethnic affiliation is an important factor in class formation in Canada (Porter, 1965)" (p. 21). Leo Driedger (1989) delineates how visible minorities came to be a social reality. He describes the beginnings of colonialism in which "white invaders, who had fairly recently been barbarians," were able to explore the world due to European technology which permitted extensive sea travel:

Technological advances, white physical appearance, and sense of a superior "white image" soon appeared around the world. It was only a matter of time before "white is more beautiful" became popular with the Europeans, first no doubt unconsciously, and later justified by various ideologies (p. 301).

Nonetheless, in a ranking of 21 ethnic groups in Canada, Driedger finds that Japanese ranked well about the mean, placing second overall:

Using income as an indicator of equality, Japanese Canadians rank among the privileged. This ranking clearly shows that some non-whites are able to compete very well with whites in the economic marketplace.... the vast majority of Japanese had lived in Canada much longer...than the Chinese [studied]...so that they had had time to accommodate and compete in Canada (p. 312).

The status of Japanese Canadians is, I feel, socially complex. As visible minorities, they have assimilated in terms of embracing economic and materialist values to a great degree (Ward, 1982, p. 11), earning a reputation as a "model minority": as "quiet, hard-working, well-educated, prosperous and assimilated Canadians" (Sunahara, 1981, p. 1), while at the same time, they suffer discrimination as non-whites. One of the confounding factors seems to be the tendency of Whites to lump them in with other Oriental groups, particularly the Chinese, who over the years from 1901 to 1981 have consistently outnumbered the Japanese in Canada from two times in 1901 to six times in 1981 (Herberg, 1989, cited in Satzewich, 1995, p. 104). In terms of sociologically distinguishing the Japanese from other Asian immigrant

groups in Canada, the Japanese differ only slightly on a number of different measures that are related to class. For example, in the area of unemployment, Japanese males are the lowest ranked overall at 3.1 percent, with other Asian groups ranking in the following order: Pacific Islands, including Philippines 3.4 percent; Chinese 4.2 percent; Korean 4.9 percent; and Indo-Chinese 8.3 percent. Similarly, on a measure of social distance, (that is, the willingness of the respondents in a study to interact socially with various ethnic groups) the Japanese, Filipino, and Chinese groups occupy the middle range of scores, in that order, in the "non-European origin" group, which itself is significantly lower than the majority of "European origin" groups (with the exception of Jewish which scored more like a non-European group) (Driedger & Mezoff, 1981, cited in Driedger, 1989, pp. 340-341).

While it is unarguably true that the Japanese are racially similar to other Oriental groups due to intermarriage over the centuries on the Asian continent, I believe that they have a distinct cultural identity that has distinguished them in important ways and has contributed to a higher rate of assimilation into the Western culture, for better or worse.

Although my father came from a largely Japanese community in Southern British Columbia, my mother grew up in a White community on Vancouver Island before being moved to Alberta. Both of my parents made a conscious effort to fit in with Western ways, speaking English in our home (except in side conversations with our grandfather), always wearing Western clothing, and adhering as closely as possible to Western values and standards. In 1951, we moved into the city of Lethbridge from a farm in the outlying area soon after the lifting of the ban on Japanese living within the city. A few years later, our family moved to the interior of British Columbia where my father took part in a construction boom. We returned to Lethbridge when business was no longer so successful. Afterward, our family went through a particularly trying financial time when I was in the primary grades, although this was never discussed overtly. We lived on the edge of town where there were few residences. Getting to school necessitated my walking through the oldest downtown area, past a laundry, sign painting company, an abandoned car lot, a hotel, and dairy. I attended the oldest elementary school in town, its basement infested with silverfish which scurried about as we ate our lunch while sitting on the well-worn wooden floor. As I recall, there were a few other students who lived in the inner city. However, those who lived in the area on the other side of the school, in the newer residential areas, were of a markedly different class. One young girl was a doctor's daughter and her clothing, possessions, and manners reflected a significantly higher standard of living. She had a skipping rope made of real sisal as compared to plastic; special map-coloring crayons that were not waxy like the ordinary, cheaper ones; and when I admired her matching kilt and tam-o'-shanter of stunning blue, I even believed her tales of receiving hand-me-down clothing from a princess!

Having just moved from another town out of province in the second

month of school in grade two, I was placed in a classroom of oddly assorted children. I was quite aware that there were several students who were intellectually, mentally, and socially disadvantaged and I was frequently singled out by the teacher to perform special jobs around the classroom, such as doing the lettering on posters for the classroom. I excelled at academics and soon won a reputation, after my older sister, of being a model student and highly prized among the teachers. One teacher in fact, who had had my sister as a student and disappointed that I had not been placed in her class, exclaimed to me one day in the hallway, "Oh, I just want to snatch you up and put you in my class!" This is the same woman, however, who chastised me on a frosty day for wearing knee high stockings that she strongly felt were not sufficient protection against the coldness of the day. She shouted at me in a crowded hallway that I would surely contract rheumatic fever if I continued to not dress adequately for the weather. I remember going home to my mother and insisting that I needed long stockings to wear to school, not necessarily because I felt the cold, but so that I would not be publicly humiliated again. I did not learn until I became an adult that this was an extremely difficult time for the family financially. My mother revealed that she sometimes did not know what she would serve the family for supper and would bundle up the baby of the family to trudge the streets looking for some foodstuff to prepare for the evening meal. Often, all she could afford were ox tails, the cheapest cut of meat, for stew or soup. I recall writing in my diary at the time that I hated stew, which incidentally is a dish that I never make now for my own family, perhaps subconsciously avoiding unpleasant memories from my childhood.

As an elementary school age child, I was hardly aware of any hardship, although I felt it keenly as a teenager who could not afford to keep up with styles. I remember particularly going from store to store in search of a ski jacket which was a fashion necessity, whether one skied or not, an activity furthest from my mind in my pursuit of the current fad. The only one I could afford to purchase was one that did not have the same cut or fit as the more expensive ones, and I remember slouching over as I walked, to make it seem more stylish. Similarly with shoes, each summer and winter I would be entitled to one pair and I would visit and revisit every shoe store in town to obtain the best bargain on the most fashionable footwear, usually found at the local Bata shoe store. The worst nightmare came in junior high when I suddenly had to undress with the rest of the girls in the change room for gym class. Having only one set of underwear (that I shared with my sister) that I felt was presentable for such semi-public viewing, I would wash it out by hand the night before, if necessary, in order to ensure that it was available for wear every gym day.

Like my mother, I have increased my social standing by marrying into a higher class. My husband's mother is from a higher class than either of my parents. She has expensive taste in clothes and furniture: she shops at the finest women's clothing stores, chooses French Provincial style furniture and

displays cut lead crystal glassware and fine bone china in her china cabinet. Most of her children share her expensive taste, which is reflected in their clothing, houses, and vehicles, living a lifestyle that could only be called upper-middle-class. Since my husband and I feel the pressure to conform to many of their standards, we live in a prestigious upper middle-class neighborhood, one that many people in the city assume only "rich people" inhabit. It was definitely not my first choice since I feel uncomfortable/guilty being identified as well-to-do and often feel personally threatened and politically offended by the trappings and lifestyles of the young, upwardly mobile people among our neighbors. I would prefer to live in a more modest dwelling and neighborhood in keeping with newly crystallized attitudes and values concerning global issues, however, my husband in planning for the future, and thinking about property values and possible resale of the house, insisted that it was a wise economic investment, if not simply a nice place to live. I have drawn the line, however, in such matters as my own wardrobe. After we had purchased and furnished our first home, my mother-in-law asked me when I was going to buy a fur coat. She was quite bewildered at my reply of "never."

This leads me then to the question of how we, as descendants of people who suffered severe financial, emotional, and social hardship, might have raised ourselves to such a level of "success." My husband and I are both professionals, earning salaries well above the national average. How is it that we came to be what many would call successful? Something my husband pointed out to me recently is that we are building on the hard work and efforts of those Japanese Canadians who forged a reputation and precedent for their descendants, such that discriminatory regulations, as recent as the 1960s, such as the one that prohibited Japanese people from working in Eaton's department stores, has now been lifted. This strikes me as being similar to the attitude of many young women today who unknowingly enjoy the freedoms and benefits of the work of early feminists. They take for granted the many egalitarian conditions that were unknown only a generation ago.

For myself, I know that I have not consciously striven for status in the form of material prosperity, and in fact, I sometimes feel embarrassed around my own family of origin because of the number and quality of our material possessions and at the same time, feel out of place with my in-laws who accept and expect such a standard of living. A paradox is the seeking of this higher degree, which is a status symbol to many, but which has been sought on my part mostly as a means of developing my own abilities and satisfying my own craving for knowledge. Ironically, that knowledge has included the keen awareness of global issues that are in direct opposition to a lavish lifestyle and the accumulation of material possessions.

Cameron McCarthy and Michael Apple (1988) provide an overview of the interrelationships among social, economic and cultural differences, advocating a "nonsynchronous parallelist position" in addressing gender,

race and class issues. They note that "relations of race, gender, and class exist on autonomous and independent axes to capital [but] they intersect and are dependent upon each other for their reproduction and persistence" (p. 10). Their parallelist framework attempts to illuminate complexity, focusing on the "interrelationships between a number of dynamics" (p. 23). They point out the existence of contradictions as factors of race, class and gender intersect, leading to the incorporation of the concept of nonsynchrony in their position (p. 26):

...the dynamic relations of race, class and gender do not unproblematically reproduce each other. The intersection of these relations can indeed lead to interruptions, discontinuities, attenuation, or augmentations of the original effects of race, class, or gender in a given social context or institutional setting (p. 25).

In my own story, race, class, and gender have what Stuart Hall (1991) would call "an interactive relationship": "racism cannot be reduced to classism or any other phenomenon but must be understood as part of the broad socioeconomic and political context within which it flourishes..." (Henry, et al., 1995, p. 38).

Scott Davies (1994) provides a theoretical overview of class inequality, noting that: "Bourdieu sees education as biased toward the highly cultured fraction of the dominant class" but that Canadian studies do not uncover as much "class-linked opposition" as do the British. Davies suggests that most commentators agree that the level of class formation is lower in Canada and that North Americans are much more upwardly striving and individualistic than the British (p. 94). Furthermore, he suggests that: "Perhaps a clearer association between social reproduction through schooling and cultural resistance is provided by race...[which] provides a more profound basis for group commonality, identification, and cultural conflict" (p. 97).

In a classic work, Wallace Clement (1975) examined the actual make-up of the ruling class or corporate elite in Canada in demographic terms. He noted that economic and media elite are of upper class origin, which means that men (as opposed to women) (p. 332), who are mostly Anglo and Protestant (p. 333), exert "power in terms of the economic functions of society and...in terms of ideological functions." They are the ones making "decisions about investments, expansion, acquisitions of other corporations or media complexes, and about the appointments of publishers and editors" (p. 326). In short:

...the structure of the mass media is such that it is a powerful instrument for projecting ideologies and...those who control these means of mental production control, in large part, the ideological predisposition of the population....The mass media in

Canada are class institutions run by, for, and in the interest of, the upper class (pp. 340-341).

The way that this effect can be, in some senses, subverted by people like my husband and myself, who hold positions of power and authority in the educational system, is by critically calling into question the ideological foundations of media presentations such as newspapers, television, and movies.

Part of the reason for my social mobility must be motivation. Olnick and Bills, however, claim that motivation and training, although important, "just did not move one as far as had been claimed (that is, across social-class barriers)" (Olson, 1991, p. 166). Another significant factor might be the close availability of a post-secondary institution in my city. The University of Lethbridge had been in operation for just one year before I began my first year of university studies, and with the institution being in such a fledgling state, with its fewer numbers of students, smaller size of classes and campus area, and short distance from home, it did not seem as formidable as an established one such as the University of Alberta, whose sprawling, intimidating campus I had visited in my senior year of high school. Perhaps these factors, along with family factors, had a stronger influence than my social class position, which Breton (1972) suggests is a strong indicator of high school students' aspirations (cited in Lessard, 1991, p. 147), although living at my parents' home significantly reduced educational costs. (In addition, I would take many opportunities to save money by sewing my own clothes, shopping for bargains, and even reusing a wealthier friend's only once-used paper lunch bag that she would otherwise throw in the garbage each day. Like little vultures, myself and another friend in similar--or perhaps even more dire--straits would take turns folding it neatly and taking it home. Perhaps this sensitivity to scarcity of resources is the foundation for my involvement in Global Education today.)

The most extensive explanatory theory is probably provided by Clifton (1982, cited in Lessard, 1991, p. 146) who explains the differences between ethnic groups in educational attainment by "specific mediating variables... comprising ethnicity, SES, intellectual ability, academic achievement, teachers' expectation, parental expectation, peer aspirations, student aspirations, and academic achievement." The first of these, ethnicity, I believe to be particularly significant. As noted earlier, the Japanese culture through its emphasis on fitting in with the dominant order, seems particularly adapted to the process of assimilation which was an expectation of Canadian society earlier in this century. Aided in this process by the government relocation plans, Canadian Japanese were effectively ousted from communities like Little Tokyo in the Vancouver area. This is dissimilar to the experience of many Canadian Chinese (perhaps with the exception of the recent wave of professional/business entries) who continue to congregate in "Chinatown" communities in most large cities in Canada.

Understandably and characteristically seeking solace, acceptance, and refuge among their own kind, many non-white groups have tended to congregate in particular areas of large cities:

...the Jews, with their distinctive religion, and recent immigrants like the Portuguese, the French outside Quebec, and the Chinese in their Chinatowns tend to be among the most residentially segregated in cities (Driedger, 1989, p. 248).

In regard to socio-economic status, non-white immigrants early in this century typically took on the same (working class) status, no matter what class they might have occupied in their home country. Due to difficulties with language and customs, they would necessarily have to settle for only the most menial laboring jobs. In addition, in the case of Japanese Canadians, they would have to forfeit any social standing or material wealth they might have accumulated before the Second World War. To my way of thinking, therefore, the working class status of most first- and second-generation Japanese Canadians has been artificially imposed in the sense that they have blatantly been disallowed to participate freely in working toward the Canadian dream.

As for the remainder of Lessard's list--intellectual ability, academic achievement, teachers' expectation, parental expectation, peer aspirations, student aspirations, and academic achievement--most of these I have discussed earlier in this work. To reiterate briefly, however, I have been told countless times that I have high intellectual ability, largely based on academic achievement, which I do not believe are necessarily one and the same. For example, because "resistance" is not part of my personality or the Japanese culture, it would definitely not be a behavior that I would demonstrate as a student and the resultant compliance would likely be related to high academic achievement. Also, as a female and a member of a "model minority" group, teachers' expectations of me would be elevated as suggested by the results of a Canadian study:

...analysis of data obtained from a survey of junior-high school students and teachers in Winnipeg, after controlling for the students' socio-economic status, intellectual ability, academic performance, and expectations [indicates that]...teachers seemed to base their expectations of students on both ascribed (sex, ethnicity) and achieved (academic performance) criteria teachers have higher expectations, normative as well as cognitive, of female students than of male students (Lessard, 1991, p. 152).

My parents provided the kinds of cultural capital that ensured success at school: we had a stable home life in which my father was regularly

employed; English was the most common language spoken in the home; my mother actively promoted an interest in literature and learning; both my parents greatly encouraged education; and family stability was highly valued. Also as I have discussed earlier, my parents' expectations for high academic achievement were paramount in my life, with my own expectations being modelled on my older sister's and those of my peers. Most of the latter were White and middle- or upper middle-class, due probably to the fact that our family lived, uncharacteristically for most Japanese, on the side of town where most professional and white collar workers resided, and also, we attended a White church. In effect, I thought of myself as a White middle-class person and had aspirations and the intellectual achievement to match. Although there is only a small percentage of Canadians who have the privilege of seeking a PhD, and only a handful of Japanese Canadians, to my knowledge, who have obtained a doctoral degree, through striving for this achievement I continue to set myself apart from "my people." Paradoxically, however, I believe that cultural forces have been instrumental in my motivation. These cultural forces came into play long before I was born and reached across the expanse of the Pacific Ocean.

Since colonization by the British, the social structure of Canadian society can be characterized by three "very salient features": 1) the emergence of an urban sector, 2) the existence of a white power elite in which power resides, and 3) the maintenance of a powerful ideology which has been labelled "racism" (Frideres, 1988, p. 71).

K.A. Moodley (1986) describes Canada's ethnic heterogeneity in terms of four major phases of settlement:

- 1) prior to European contact, indigenous native people constituted some 50 distinct segments;
- 2) up until 1760, spurred by the fur trade, there was an influx of French traders and colonizers;
- 3) in the eighteenth century...United Empire loyalists [and]...other immigrants from Britain marked the beginnings of a firm British presence. By the mid-nineteenth century, they were to outnumber the French;
- 4) the need to settle the prairie provinces led to a call for "other" immigrants who were recruited from Europe and parts of Asia... (p. 51).

B. Singh Bolaria and Peter Li (1988) state that "...the assimilation model has been the single most important framework in understanding ethnic and racial lives in North America" (p. 21). Based on this model, until the Second World War, Canadian immigration policy largely excluded from entry into Canada those who did not come from Britain, the United States or Northern Europe. The simplistic argument that "non-whites are less likely to assimilate into Canadian society" became a useful substitute for more crude

theories of racism based on biological inferiority (pp. 21-22).

C.E. James (1989) notes that although Canada's population has long been characterized by racial and ethnic diversity, "within the last 30 years, immigration has significantly increased our racial and ethnic minority population" presenting new challenges for all our institutions. Educational institutions in particular "must prepare students to work and live in a multiracial and multicultural society" (p. i). He further points out that the people who settled in Canada, although different in language, religion and race, have all had in common the intention of creating a new society (p. 4). Native Canadians would be the obvious exception to this statement. Today, non-white minorities represent four or five percent of the total population of Canada, with the largest percentage of Asian background (Driedger, 1989, p. 309).

Bolaria and Li point out that historically, the initial contact between two groups are usually the result of "concerted efforts made by a dominant group to recruit a subordinate group for its labour potential" and thus race is always a relational concept, and not a descriptive category (1988, p. 22). These authors use the term "racial oppression" which "presupposes that the dominant group has the power to oppress and the subordinate group has fewer resources to resist the oppression" (p. 22). Furthermore, racial oppression has different levels of oppression as a means to control the subordinate group, ranging from physical coercion to ideological control, with the ultimate purpose being to exploit its labour power, or to remove its sovereignty from land resources (p. 23). As Bolaria (1987) notes, the primary importance and usefulness of immigrant workers is to increase the supply of docile and cheap labor, such docility being "conditioned by the objective vulnerability--political and legal--of immigrants" (p. 314). Furthermore:

Non-white immigrant workers, due to historical workings of colonialism and racism, are even more exploited because they can be submitted to levels of degradation and humiliation which are not socially acceptable for other members of the society (Dixon et al. 1982). This super-exploitation is made socially acceptable by such assertions that non-whites are socially, culturally, and morally inferior and are undesirable immigrants (p. 314).

Except for Native Canadians, all other visible minorities came as immigrants to Canada, often seeking political refuge or economic promises. The economic and social vulnerability of immigrants is often produced by deliberate political manipulations. They are exploited in the labor force and when the labor pool is overflowing in the face of capitalist production crises, immigrant workers often become scapegoats for various social problems (pp. 34-35). Contrary to popular belief, immigrants are not a drain on society, but according to Bolaria (1987), they are advantageous to capitalist production in

that the recipient countries are only responsible for maintaining workers during periods of employment.

Bolaria and Li (1988) use the case of the Chinese in Canada to "present a more realistic perspective on ethnic minorities" such that "the emergence of ethnicity in North America has more to do with economic opportunities and urban developments...than with the traditional cultures imported by immigrants" (p. 101). Today, Chinese represent more than one quarter of all visible minorities in Canada, with three quarters of Canada's 289,000 Chinese living in Ontario and British Columbia (Driedger, 1989, p. 308). Over 100 years ago, Chinese immigrants were found to be reliable, experienced railroad workers (Chang & Wong, 1984, p. 15) and were largely responsible for the successful completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad in the 1800s, but they were subjected to severe interpersonal abuse and humiliation and then lauded for their uncomplaining nature (p. 17). Large numbers of Chinese laborers were recruited to compensate for the shortage of White labor, but as soon as there was a surplus of labor supply the Chinese began to be identified as a threat to Canadian society, "and virtually every evil was blamed upon them" (Bolaria & Li, 1988, p. 106). Repeatedly, anti-Chinese legislation was introduced up until the Second World War, in which they were subjected to "many legal and social constraints" requiring them to adapt to "a hostile environment which offered them limited options" (p. 102). Included were such acts as the imposition of a "head tax," restrictions on immigration, required registration with the government, and exclusion from provincial elections (pp. 107-108).

There has long been a feeling of unease between Japanese Canadians and their Chinese counterparts, probably due to historical factors on the Asian continent, but exacerbated by the fact that the Chinese were very direct about identifying themselves as distinct from the Japanese during the Second World War, by wearing buttons or placards stating, "I am Chinese" (personal communication, Frank Sato, 1976). It strikes me as ironic that a generation later, I am frequently identified by others as Chinese!

Although the Japanese in Canada today number only 40,000 (Driedger, 1989, p. 309), they have a particularly significant place in the history of ethnicity in Canada. Sunahara writes not as a victim of racism, but as an interested observer (she is the White wife of a *Nisei*, who presumably like most *Nisei* is unwilling or unable to speak openly about the experience) of the effects of what she calls "an ugly episode in Canadian history... [which] ...left Japanese Canadians in a state of trauma...[leaving them] humiliated by their degrading experiences (1981, p. 1). She suggests that the 1942 federal cabinet order that caused the expulsion of 22,000 Japanese Canadians from the Pacific coast of Canada when compared to "the shocking inhumanities" of the Second World War might be considered "relatively minor." Yet, she makes the "important distinction...that Canada imposed repressive policies on a racial minority while ostensibly fighting for justice and equality for all" (p. 4).

K. Victor Ujimoto (1988) suggests that the case of Japanese Canadians

illustrates the "impact of institutional racism on a racial minority" as well as "how the policy toward an oppressed minority was manipulated to resolve political contradictions between various levels of government" (p. 127). He divides the history of Japanese Canadians in Canada in the following manner:

- 1) the period of free immigration (1877-1907);
- 2) the period of controlled immigration (1908-40);
- 3) the period of deprived civil rights (1941-48);
- 4) the period of restored civil rights (1949 to present) (p. 127).

During the period of "free immigration," the British Columbia provincial government disenfranchised the Japanese along with the Chinese and also made several legislative attempts to otherwise limit the participation of Orientals in society. These were repeatedly disapproved by the Dominion government, however, which anticipated that negative international repercussions would result in each case. Ujimoto suggests that this form of social control "clearly illustrates the racist ideology prevalent at the time...termed 'institutional racism' by Wilson (1973:34)" (1988, pp. 129-130).

During the period of "controlled immigration," Japanese Canadians came to be perceived as a "growing threat...in such key industries as fishing, forestry, and farming" giving anti-Japanese agitators a "valid excuse to take new and more severe action against Japanese Canadians with the outbreak of the Second World War" (pp. 140-141). Immediately after Japan's attack on Pearl Harbour in December 1941, the Canadian government acted to deprive Japanese Canadians of their civil rights, responding to the "Japanese-menace" on the Pacific coast by shipping men to the interior of British Columbia to work on new highways and sending families to the sugar beet fields of southern Alberta (pp. 148-149). There was no differentiation made between Japanese nationals, naturalized citizens, or the Canadian-born second-generation or *Nisei* (p. 143). The lack of serious resistance to government orders is explained sociologically by "the traditional inculcation of certain cultural norms which emphasized unquestioning obedience to higher authority" (p. 149). Adachi (1976) suggests that the *Nisei* "wished to prove that they were 'Canadian' by co-operating fully with the authorities" (p. 226). However, the acquiescent behavior of the Japanese has not been without its price. As Sunahara (1981) points out, they were:

...conscious that they were innocent victims... and their humiliation was compounded by the knowledge that the general public held them at least in part responsible for what had happened to them... Like rape victims, they responded with silence, with an aversion to discussing their experiences (p. 1).

The last of restrictive controls was removed and the Japanese Canadians

finally secured the right to vote in June 1949 [although this may have varied from province to province] (Ujimoto, 1988, p. 150) and according to Sunahara (1981), over the years since, Japanese Canadian individuals "have prospered, discrimination has diminished considerably, and [they] have earned a reputation as a model minority: as quiet, hard-working, well-educated, prosperous and assimilated Canadians" (p. 1).

On September 22, 1988, the Prime Minister, on behalf of the Government of Canada and all Canadians, issued an acknowledgement: "As a people, Canadians commit themselves to the creation of a society that ensures equality and justice for all, regardless of race or ethnic origin" (1988, Redress for Japanese Canadians, Government of Canada). The Minister of State for Multiculturalism and Citizenship was authorized to make a payment of \$21,000 in a tax-free lump sum to any person of Japanese ancestry who was relocated or interned under the War Measures Act in 1945.

One might consider Japanese Canadians an immigrant success story, however, the victory could only be called bitter sweet. As Ujimoto points out, the Japanese Canadian experience illustrates how minority-majority group relations are resolved according to a "two-category" system of stratification. Described by Daniels and Kitano (1970) the "two-category system" of race relations employs only two broad categories: the white and non-white (Ujimoto, 1988, p. 156).

Daniels and Kitano's four basic stages of racial separation, with "sequential escalation" through the four stages, beginning with three "ordinary solutions" followed by a fourth "drastic extraordinary solution" (Driedger, 1989, pp. 320-321) are worthy of note in examining class factors among Japanese Canadians. Before the First World War, the first stage of prejudice--avoidance and stereotyping--was common in British Columbia. The second stage of discrimination--overt action--was a reaction to the economic threat in fishing, farming and lumbering. Stage three of segregation and insulation was seen in the "mass evacuation of Japanese Canadians from 'protected areas' of British Columbia into interior camps and work projects" effectively removing the economic threat under the guise of political threat. Concentration and apartheid through isolation (in former mining towns or "ghost towns") as well as exclusion through expulsion and exile ("repatriation"), two subtypes of the fourth extraordinary stage, also took place (pp. 320-322).

The whole question of immigration has fascinated me for some time. What would motivate people to give up their culture, family and friends to strike out on their own in a strange, new land? Having only ever been on this side of the ocean, I had only considered the question from this vantage point. However, I read a book a few years ago called, *Samurai* (Matsubara, 1978), which is written from the opposite viewpoint. The fictional main character, the top student from the University of Tokyo, was sent to America to seek his fortune, with the expectation that he would soon return to Japan "handsomely dressed in brocade" (p. 36). Throughout his life, he was able to

hide from his family the awful truth of his search: working as a fruit picker and laborer and living frugally in a run-down rooming house. For the most part, this is what both my grandfathers experienced as immigrants to Canada.

My paternal grandfather, Akisaburo Sato, was from *samurai* stock, but as the third son of a farmer, would not receive a share of the family homestead, and he therefore sought his fortune away from his homeland. He emigrated to North America landing first in Vancouver, but intending to work in the rice fields of Texas. Because of an eye infection, however, he was not allowed across the border to the United States. He resigned himself to making Canada his new home and in his first days here stayed in one of the upper rooms of a hotel aptly named the New World Hotel (which incidentally still stands on the corner of Powell Street where there are still a number of Japanese shops in downtown Vancouver). Looking out over the city while unwinding a ball of string, he envisioned his new life unfolding before him. He had a lifelong obsession with being "number one"--the number one gardener, "the number one man in Canada." His story provides a powerful exemplar of how "forced" class entry can be resisted or overcome through existing cultural capital and strengths.

My grandfather was a respected literary figure in the Japanese community who published beautiful pieces of *tanka*, a Japanese literary art form similar to the more well-known *haiku*. The following example illustrates his zest for life:

*Another early Spring
Has arrived
For my sake.
My spirit dances
On my eighty-eighth birthday*
(Kisaragi Poem Study Group, 1975, p. 164).

He was very proud of the careful way he did his work. He was a perfectionist, as evidenced in the special knife (the handle carefully wrapped with layers of string) with which he painstakingly dug dandelions from lawns under the searing Southern Alberta sun. Of course, his gardening customers loved and appreciated his careful attention to detail. My father inherited this sense of perfectionism, manifesting itself most in his work as a finishing carpenter. Most of his jobs were obtained by word of mouth as people would recommend him for his craftsmanship. He took great pride in the beautiful kitchen cupboards he built through long hours of overtime and repeated and careful measuring. (My husband worked with him on finishing our basement and reported, "Your dad measures at least five times before cutting a piece of wood.") He passed down this extraordinary motivation and striving for achievement through such comments as, "Where's the other two percent?" when I would come home with 98 percent on a test.

My maternal grandfather, Chika Adachi, came to Canada as a young

man in the early 1900s. He was a "draft dodger," trying to evade conscription in the 1905 Russo-Japanese war, probably on the advice of his family, who had provided an education for this frail child who nearly died from diphtheria at age four. An education beyond grade school was deemed important for him since it was thought by his family that he would have to rely on his brain rather than his brawn during his working life. He duly came to Canada, leaving behind his infant daughter with his young bride and former childhood sweetheart, Akino, sending for her a short while later but leaving the child with relatives since they fully intended to return to Japan. Rather than finding fortune in the new land, however, the two migrants eked out only a meagre existence and their worries were compounded when the older of their first two sons was drowned in a creek. Fearing for the well-being of their other son, they sent him to Japan for safekeeping, where he lived with relatives from age four to 14. My grandfather worked as a furnaceman in a logging camp on Vancouver Island after trying his hand at salmon fishing, and the family in Canada meanwhile grew in number to six children, once the eldest son was finally sent for as a teenager, a virtual stranger to his Canadian-raised siblings. The first-born child, a girl, lived her entire life in Japan, knowing only her aunt and uncle as parents and having only sporadic interactions with other family members.

It always seemed to me that my mother's hopes and dreams for her life had been thwarted, if not by family demands, by some unknown factor earlier in her life. Perhaps it was the demoralization of suffering the humiliation of being "corralled" in cattle stalls in Hastings Park in the city of Vancouver, awaiting the dispersion of "enemy aliens" into interior areas of Canada, that lowered my mother's sights. Once in Alberta, after laboring in the sugar beet fields, my mother took on domestic jobs in White peoples' homes. Although she had anglicized herself, changing her given name from the self-despised "Yayeko" to "Faith" through baptism in a Christian church in British Columbia, that was not enough to qualify her for a life with modern comforts such as running water. I still wince when I think of how, by the light of the coal oil lamp, she had to melt snow to wash *my* diapers. (Like many Japanese who experienced the evacuation, Dad tells us very little about his experiences. However, he did reveal to me recently, when I questioned him specifically on the matter, that his family in B.C. had had electricity for several years and through his own ingenuity, he had devised a pump system that provided running water. Had my mother joined their household, she would have had these luxuries.)

My mother was able to raise her class status through marriage, her family coming from what she often referred to as a "hillbilly background." I believe that she was somewhat embarrassed by her big bone structure that identified her as peasant stock, although she continually tried to prove her worth by putting her physical strength to the test. She worked long hours, often far into the night, to the amazement of my husband who was not used to seeing anyone doing laundry at 11 p.m.

My mother greatly valued education, and also passed on a love of the English language. Indeed, her most precious gifts to people were books of poetry. I still remember with fondness the faraway look that came into her eyes as she recalled lines of poetry from memory, no matter how the raising of six children under often adverse circumstances had affected her mind and body. The following oft-quoted lines by Lewis Carroll perhaps are also the story of her life:

*The walrus and the Carpenter
were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
such quantities of sand:
"If this were only cleared away,"
They said, "it would be grand!"
"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the walrus said,
"that they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear (Carroll, 1923, p. 209).*

Perhaps a fitting epilogue to Lewis Carroll's poem might be the Japanese phrase, *shikata ga nai* meaning, "it can't be helped." This phrase, heard often during the hard times of the evacuation and in years since, characterizes a distinctly Japanese--Nihonist (Ben-Dasan, 1972)--way of thinking, which advocates an acceptance of whatever behavior is deemed best for the group. It may be this attitude--of trying to make the best of things--that is the underlying reason for the relative success of many Japanese Canadians in our society.

From a personal viewpoint, education was always stressed in our home, perhaps not overtly so much, as a means to an end. My mother frequently admonished us to "make something of yourself." If she were alive today, she would be happy to know that all six of her children are not only gainfully employed, but actively carving out their careers in a goal-oriented way. Two of her children are in the Christian ministry, one in the field of education, two are in accounting, and one is a geophysicist. Along the way, there have been numerous awards, medals, scholarships, designations to leadership, and personal achievements, of which we as a family have been proud. I do not share this information in any way to boast, but merely to point out that these accomplishments were not attained by us simply as individuals, nor even as a family, but as part of a cultural group that weathered adversity and made the best of a historical situation. Perhaps others might take hope or inspiration from my story.

Class and Gender: A Cinderella story

Unfortunately, “[c]lass and gender discrimination and exploitation are integral to the oppression of women in industrial capitalist societies” (Asker, 1988, p. 473). Due to the interaction of patriarchal processes with capitalist processes, man is seen as “the general human being and woman as the particular category” (p. 475):

Family obligations ... keep women out of the paid labor force for periods of time and the restricted opportunities and incomes available to many women when they do enter the paid labor force work in tandem to promote women’s economic dependence (p. 476).

In my own case, I was anxious to work after earning a three-year undergraduate degree, anxious to become a wage earner and participate in the economy in a real way. I remember feeling a strong desire to get married and set up a home, replete with middle-class trappings, now affordable through having obtained a university education and a stable, government job: the most sought-after “office job” that my grandfather understood to be a sign of being successful in White society. However, my career in social work was relatively short-lived as the biological clock ticked away and it became a wise decision to start having children if they were desired. One did not want to put off the decision much longer than the late 20s or risk birth defects and subsequent suffering and guilt. However, during the time of my employment with the government, the requirements for the job had increased, and once I left the position, I could not be reinstated without obtaining more education. Of course, I had the option of returning to my work after a maternity leave of six months, but I chose to leave my career of six years to become a full-time housewife and mother.

Taking on the role of parents not only necessitated my leaving full-time employment in order for me to carry out my motherly duties in a manner which I felt was most conducive to the physical and intellectual development of my children, but also increased the income needed to maintain a household above the poverty line (McLanahan, Sorensen & Watson, 1989, p. 113). Due to the unequal division of parental responsibility among single adults, with the large majority of single-parent families being headed by the mother, who bears the brunt of the economic and custodial responsibility for children, there are dramatic differences in poverty rates between the genders (p. 113). Along with reasons of social stability, and physical, as well as psychological safety, no doubt one of the major reasons for a woman seeking or remaining in a marriage is economic, and certainly in my own case, I had this modelled for me by my own mother. She often pointed out that my father was a good provider, with the unspoken message that she would never be able to support us in a similar manner.

Since my husband had a secure position as a teacher in an elementary

school, I could afford the luxury of making the choice to be a stay-at-home mother. He himself had come from a working class family which also suffered--perhaps more than ours--from the enforced removal of Canadian Japanese. His father had been a bookkeeper on the west coast, and his mother, from a relatively wealthy family in Japan was forced to move from Japan to Vancouver and work in the boarding house of her first husband, to whom her family had arranged her marriage at the tender age of 18. However, she set the tone for the family as one of high class--*hai kara*--and it seemed that no matter how dire were the family straits, she would somehow manage to always present her family of nine children cleaned, polished, the girls with much-coveted "permanent waves," and wearing the most stylish clothing. (I myself have found this extremely difficult to understand, but it seems that since there were three older boys in the family, from a previous marriage, their contributions of labor to the family's economic situation were significant.) This penchant of hers did not endear her to others in the Japanese community and indeed, some of them thought of the family as "snobs." Most of the family members do exude self-assurance and this is admittedly one of my husband's characteristics which I found attractive. I found it convenient to take on his class status and rely on his confidence in social situations. No doubt this has affected our relationship such that it resembles the "hierarchical order of work organizations, with disproportionate numbers of women at the bottom and disproportionate numbers of men at the top [which] is also an expression of gender" (Asker, 1988, p. 482).

I look to my husband as the "boss" of the house and myself as the worker. How much of this has to do with class, and how much gender, is difficult to discern. However, I am reluctant to make major or minor decisions about family activities or purchases without first consulting my husband. My quest for an advanced degree has been unsettling, not only because it has necessitated my husband's taking over a significant portion of the housework and child care--engendering a high degree of guilt on my part --but also because somehow it calls into question this hierarchical arrangement, which, incidentally is more in my own head than my husband's. He, in fact, believes that a woman holds more power than she realizes within the family unit. His own mother was the more dominant parent in his home of origin, and my father in mine, and so perhaps we have conflicting expectations based on our own growing up experiences. As much as I intellectually, particularly as a self-professed feminist, want our marriage to embody an egalitarian partnership, there are deeply ingrained ideologies that continue to chafe against an image of myself as an equal, sharing participant in a relationship that respects both partners for their abilities, aspirations and accomplishments, especially when such strivings may take one beyond the other in terms of achievement or status in one particular arena.

According to tradition and the law in highly sex-segregated society of

yesteryear:

Social and economic roles were determined by sex rather than talents, abilities or inclinations... [such that] women lived in the private sphere and men in the public sphere. The respective educations prepared them for these roles....Women's education was not seen as a right...[but as]...a threat to the existing social order (Hanrahan, 1987, p. 292).

Perhaps as women continue to realize their strengths and talents outside the home--in the marketplace or academic world--it will call for a redefinition and considerable elaboration of the concepts of class strata:

An understanding of distribution as a gendered process assumes that those outside the wage relation have definite locations within the class structure. These locations are not determined spaces within class boundaries but patterns of participation in production, reproduction, and distribution that vary between women and between men as well as over a lifetime (Asker, 1988).

There were a number of situations in which I found myself during my postgraduate studies in which I became aware of class contradictions. For example, there was one that replayed itself in each of the many weeks that I commuted to Edmonton from Lethbridge. Depending on my time and/or financial constraints on any particular trip, I would choose to travel from the airport to the campus by taxi or by bus. After having made the trip by air with mostly upper middle-class businessmen, it was quite a switch to carry my bags to the bus stop about two blocks away from the airport to access the public transit. No matter whether I chose the taxi or the bus, I felt uncomfortable. The male taxi drivers--predominantly non-white immigrants to Canada--frequently asked me where I was from, which usually led to a conversation about where they had come from, including what their aspirations and achievements had been or were. There was a sense of connectedness with them through sharing visible minority status, but I quickly came to question how *I* came to be the customer--with the implicit assumption of class superiority--and *they* the providers of service. I believe that in this case, the operative factor is race, with their employment opportunities being diminished because of their nonwhiteness. This awareness of class differential was intensified by my experience in riding the public transport. Here, most of the customers were those of the poorer classes, notably including women of all ages, as well as children. The few men were either elderly, physically or mentally handicapped, poor, or immigrant. Women seemed to be from all classes, ages, and occupations. It would seem that they did not have the wherewithal at this point in time to afford taxis or to be able

to, or to afford to, drive their own vehicles, such a cherished value in Western civilization. Many older women have been sheltered so that they have never learned to drive; younger working women probably earn lower salaries than their male counterparts and cannot afford to drive or park cars; students are attempting to increase their earning power and class status in order to afford middle-class luxuries.

It has been many years since I have availed myself of public transport in my home city in spite of recent calls of environmentalists to decrease air pollution and expense by "riding the bus." As a child, I frequently did so, since our family only had one vehicle which my father took to work, leaving my mother to send we children on the bus to the skating rink or music lessons. (I remember on one occasion, my mother had sent me at age five along with my older sister, aged seven, to the local skating rink. While skating, an older boy accidentally pushed me down and I was knocked unconscious on the ice. I am not sure how I got home that day since my mother could not have left her other preschool children to come for me.) My parents were careful to buy houses that were within close walking distance to school and church and we certainly did not participate in the variety of activities in which my own children do today, requiring us as parents to chauffeur them around town. Taking on middle-class values of protecting our children from the dangers of the street that are certainly more varied and threatening than a generation ago, we would rather ensure their safety by driving them wherever they may need to go. We have also encouraged our daughter and son alike to obtain their driver's licences as soon as they are legally able. (This is unlike in my family of origin, in which only the boys did so. The girls, in contrast, waited two to eight years beyond that age.) While I was away in Edmonton, my daughter was able to transport herself and her younger siblings to various activities, alleviating somewhat the pressure that my husband had to bear in my absence in attempting to do the usual work of both parents.

While I most often take for granted my present class status, the occasional incident brings to mind the discomfiting awareness that my past may not be behind me. Recently one evening, the night before I was to have my teaching evaluated by my supervisor at the college, one of my front teeth broke off, leaving an open gap and only a stump in the front of my mouth. I was completely dismayed to see myself in the mirror with the appearance of a stereotyped hag, witch, or bag lady. It was both understandable and significant that this particular tooth should be the offending one. My problems with this tooth began as a young child. It had been filled several times since childhood, and for many years it had marred my smile since it had turned grey after the root had been removed. Several ago I had had a new procedure performed--tooth bonding--in order to restore it to its original color. However, underneath, it was gradually weakening until it finally broke off. The problems seemed to have started at age eight. I spent several hours in the dentist's chair having this tooth worked on, one autumn after

returning from a stay with a young friend, Addy, whose dentist father owned a cabin at a lake in British Columbia.

We had come to know this family strictly through propinquity, living across the street from each other on the edge of town: we in an old, dilapidated house and they in a new, modern one. There was not only a stark contrast between our houses, but between our lifestyles. Addy's father spent his free time golfing, while my own father did not seem to have any spare time. He worked long hours as a carpenter, having moved the family to town to take part in a construction boom, and my most distinct memory of him at that time was his shovelling sawdust into our furnace twice a day. My mother worked hard to provide a comfortable and safe life for her four preschoolers, but her time and attention were limited. I still remember the distinctive odor of the entrails one day when she was eviscerating chickens on the kitchen table before cooking them in the wood burning stove. Two incidents stand out in my mind during this time period which no doubt resulted from her being overburdened. My younger brother and his friend were found to be not attending kindergarten, but playing by the brook all morning. Without supervision, these five-year-old boys had been instructed to walk by themselves the few blocks to school but they had found the attraction of play to be stronger. Around this time, my sister and I nearly drowned in the local outdoor pool although my mother was nearby. She absentmindedly gave us permission to go down a slide into the water without consideration of our lack of swimming skills or making sure that there was someone to ensure our safety in the water.

On the other hand, Addy's mother seemed to live a life of relaxation and luxury. She golfed--an activity that was completely foreign to me--and rarely seemed to be busy doing anything around the house. She once took me along with Addy for lunch at a local restaurant and ordered "chicken in a basket"--an unheard-of delicacy--at a restaurant of a class I had never before entered. Her spotless split-level home contained items far beyond my childish comprehension or my working class experience. I still vividly remember the tiny bowl of blue glass in its own filigree silver holder which sat in the center of the breakfast table. It was filled with salt--to be served with a dainty spoon--appearing to me like a miniature sugar bowl. I suffered some embarrassment when I asked about it and I wonder if I was also a source of amusement--or mortification--when I asked for ketchup to help wash down the dry lima beans that I was served for dinner one day in their formal dining room? What I thought was a mostly empty house was inexplicably being enlarged even though there was only a family of four living in it: two parents and their two girls. Meanwhile, across the street, our family of six had also taken in a boarder.

Although we came from different worlds, Addy and I became playmates. Both she and I were quite aware that I was not her equal. I followed her lead in whatever we did. If *she* wanted to change the activity, we did. I was fascinated by her roomful of toys: even her dress-up clothes as

castoffs from her mother's wardrobe were superior to anything my mother would have ever worn. However, she rarely let me have first choice, and how I envied the "spectator pumps" with which she proudly strutted up and down the sidewalk!

My sister and I were invited to spend a couple of weeks with the family at their cabin. One summer Addy, something of a scamp, urged me to skip our nightly ritual of tooth brushing. It did not take much persuasion when she explained that the water we used to rinse our mouths was pumped up directly from the lake because drinking water, which had to be hauled from a nearby spring, was in short supply. At my next dental check-up, it was determined that I had several cavities and one in particular (the one that broke off recently) required an expensive root canal procedure. It was a terrible hardship for my parents who had no dental plan, and I was admonished severely for my negligence. I never found out what happened to Addy's teeth, but I imagine her oral hygiene and preventive dental care were superior to mine anyway. In any event, her dental costs would no doubt be taken care of expediently by her own father.

Once we moved away, Addy and her family were to visit us once in Lethbridge in conjunction with a visit to an orthodontist in our city. This house was one of the most humble dwellings our family ever called home. I remember scurrying around the house for several days before their arrival, in an attempt to make the place seem more presentable. The thing that stands out most in my mind is the floral fabric cover that my mother made to cover the homely metal stool that we used for a piano stool. A burgundy cotton fabric with carefree, large yellow flowers, gathered into a pleasing skirt, belied what was underneath: an old red and white kitchen stool, scratched and dented, with the paint all but scratched off to reveal the ugly metal beneath. Perhaps this is symbolic of my efforts to make myself into something different--above--my humble beginnings.

After my tooth broke off, I was distraught about what to do about my evaluation. There would not be enough time the next morning to obtain emergency dental care, so my husband hit upon the idea of gluing the broken piece back with "Crazy Glue." I tried to perform the operation myself but my hand shook so much that I had to ask him to do it for me. I am not sure whether the shaking was from fear of gluing my lips together and requiring emergency surgery, or from trepidation about not being successful in restoring a respectable appearance. My husband came to the rescue and managed to adhere the piece of tooth onto the stump. Thankfully, it held up for my classes the next day. I lived in fear, however, of having it fall off again in public, exposing my defect to the world. A gaping hole in the front of my mouth would indicate a lack of funds to provide proper dental care, thereby reducing my class status, which is a very real and important way that I can personally overcome gender discrimination.

With the help of my husband's dental plan, my tooth has been restored to something better than its original shape and shade. A metal pin was

implanted in the remaining stump and a plastic cap inserted. When I told my dentist that my daughter had been calling me "Captain Hook" for a few days, he remarked during the procedure that if she had seen me at the point when only the metal pin was visible, she would really have a point. However, once the work was completed, he proclaimed that I had turned into "Cinderella": transformed from the lowly servant girl to the beautiful princess! I can now smile and talk with confidence. Only *I* know that beneath the polished exterior is an ugly, metal pin as a foundation. Only *I* know the fear of being revealed for who I really am, a fear that lurks underneath an air of confidence.

Peggy McIntosh (1984) speaks of academic women in particular "feeling like a fraud," stemming from gender or class identity: "...the feeling ...that one is in the wrong place, and about to be found out; that there has been a colossal mistake in the selection and accreditation process which the rest of the world is about to discover..." (p. 1). When I obtain my degree, I expect that I will continue to suffer from this problem, and to an even greater extent. As a student, one is in some kind of limbo--not quite there yet--and not having to subscribe to the requirements of the accompanying class or status. I suspect that the spectre of my working class background will loom before me all my life:

You know...it isn't the work that is going to be hard in college. It's the play. Half the time I don't know what the girls are talking about; their jokes seem to relate to a past that everyone but me has shared. I'm a foreigner in the world and I don't understand the language. It's a miserable feeling. I've had it all my life. At the high school the girls would stand in groups and just look at me. I was queer and different and everybody knew it. I could *feel* "[foundling asylum]" written on my face. And then a few charitable ones would make a point of coming up and saying something polite. I hated every one of them--the charitable ones most of all (Webster, 1995, p. 204, original italics).

Belonging

Where you belong is where you are safe; and where you are safe is where you belong....But belonging also means being recognized and being understood...."this understanding creates within me a sense of being somebody in the world." To belong is to understand the tacit codes of the people you live with; it is to know that you will be understood without having to explain yourself (Ignatieff, 1993, p. 10).

Few authors directly address the concept of belonging, although it is one that virtually all people encounter on a daily basis. Our efforts to find a place to belong might, at first glance, be considered to be wholly positive, but upon closer inspection, might at times be questionable, and perhaps even negative. Infants need a loving, caring home life and children struggle to find niches for themselves in the classroom, but teenagers grapple with peer pressure and even adults follow fashion trends and accumulate status symbols in order to "keep up with the Joneses."

Noted psychologist, Abraham Maslow (1970) believes that a good society must satisfy the need for belonging if the society is to survive and be healthy. He lists several destructive effects on children, such as moving too often; being without roots; despising one's roots, one's origins, one's group; of being torn from one's home and family, friends, and neighbors; of being a transient or a newcomer rather than a native (p. 20).

As a third-generation Japanese Canadian with working class roots, I have suffered from a lack of a sense of belonging related to a combination of economic and racial factors. Due to financial challenges, our family moved at least nine times in the first 12 years of my life, causing a repeated need to settle in to a new environment that was predominantly White. As a visible minority, I frequently experienced the feeling of being an outsider in the White community, and also--inexplicable as it may seem--as an outsider within the Japanese community, with which our family did not associate a great deal. For whatever reason (my father cannot explain it even now), we did not live on the same side of the city as most other Japanese Canadians, nor did we attend a Japanese community church, except for a short time during my early childhood. This latter factor could have been due to the fact that my mother was Christian and the majority of Japanese Canadian in Lethbridge retained their Buddhist affiliations. (A more complete discussion of my spiritual identity will follow in the "Spirituality" chapter.) However, the fullest explanation could perhaps be provided by the fact that my mother was raised in a White community and did not herself identify with the Japanese Canadian community.

In addition, although I did not experience directly the "evacuation" of Japanese Canadians from the West coast, the event constituted a kind of cultural secret in our family, which was rarely talked about, but which had a

direct influence on the way my parents--and Japanese Canadians as a whole--lived their lives. I believe that my overdeveloped achievement orientation has brought me to postgraduate work, and is a direct result of "aspirations... accentuated by a characteristic immigrant desire for upward social and economic mobility" (Ward, 1982, p. 11) but exacerbated by experiences of racism during World War II.

Even though, as Margaret Atwood points out, "We are all immigrants to this place [Canada]"--with the notable exception of the First Peoples who were, and still are, largely ignored as the original inhabitants of this land (Hesse, 1990, p. 10)--it seems that some of us are "more Canadian" than others, since "the values and attitudes of Canadian society and its educational institutions are still shaped largely by the dominant white middle-class anglophone and francophone groups" (Ghosh, 1984, p. 327). Ken Adachi points out that the Canadian identity emerging out of the mixture of many different backgrounds was only open to European immigrants, who were:

...physically indistinguishable in the cosmopolitan mass of the population; but the antagonism directed against the minorities from the Far East, to whom the dominant majority kept saying, "we shall never accept you as one of us" kept the Japanese a group apart (1976, p. 109).

For some reason, Remembrance Day is the occasion that brings forth "us and them" kinds of feelings for me. Last year at an elementary school Remembrance Day assembly, the principal made the remark that Canadian armed forces had gone to war "to protect our race." I find it almost incomprehensible that an educator in the year 1994 would not be aware that he was making a racist remark, however, no one else seemed to notice the offensiveness of this phraseology, adding insult to injury. It seems to me that this was clear evidence of the premise that Canada is a White nation. At an assembly this year, the guest speaker, a member of the Royal Canadian Legion, told what he prefaced as "an amusing story" about speaking to another group of elementary school students about himself having being a signalman who intercepted and decoded messages during World War II while fighting against the Japanese in Australia. A young boy had asked him afterward, "Which side were you on?" While most of the audience did find the story amusing, it again highlighted for me the underlying assumption that Canadians are, by definition, White, and therefore the telling of my own story becomes all the more important.

Few people are probably aware that Nisei--Canadian-born Japanese--were blocked from enlisting in the Canadian armed services during the Second World War, although toward the end, the government changed its policy when it succumbed to the pressure of a civil liberties group. A group of 150 Nisei volunteers were hastily recruited and sent to India on loan to the British. However, it was too little too late and they "gained little publicity and

no tokens of gratitude" (Adachi, 1976, pp. 294-95): "Canadian Nisei were denied the opportunity for combat and hence had no impressive evidence of loyalty which they could use to convince a confused and sceptical public" (*ibid.*, p. 296). However, the fact remains that there *is* such an entity as a Japanese Canadian World War II veteran, although I rather doubt that they are members of the Canadian Legion, an organization that during the war "expressed regret that total expulsion [of the Japanese] from Canada was not being ordered" (*ibid.*, p. 299). It strikes me as extremely ironic that a country would not allow its citizens to voluntarily risk their lives to "protect its way of life," a phrase often repeated by the Legion speaker I heard. This, of course, calls into question the whole idea of war and the atrocities that are engendered, as well as the "way of life" being preserved (that is, does it include racism?).

This year also, I was directed by a member of my church to watch the evening news for her husband who would be speaking about his experiences of growing up in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp in Indonesia. She and I had briefly discussed the topic of "belonging" on a couple of occasions previously. Responding to a talk I gave at a women's supper at church about friendships among women, in which I talked about my research group and the concept of belonging, she expressed indignation that after 27 years in Canada, she is still made to feel like an outsider because of her distinctive Dutch accent. Once, to her chagrin, after giving a talk related to her work on violence against women, she was questioned not about the content of her talk, but about her accent. This was a facet of "not belonging" that I had never considered before. Interestingly, while we shared the experience of having tangible signs of ethnicity that set us apart from the mainstream, she told me that her husband still felt uneasy around people of Japanese heritage after having suffered untold horrors at the hands of Japanese soldiers some 50 years ago. Apparently, he himself was suffering anxiety attacks at work that were not being well-received by his boss, and in addition, his sister had recently jumped from a moving vehicle after seeing a Japanese person passing on the street.

Prior to hearing these stories, I had become familiar with this disturbing chapter of the War through the reading of a "national bestseller" *The Way of a Boy: A memoir of Java* (Hillen, 1993), an autobiographical account of a Canadian immigrant who spent his early childhood in a Japanese prison camp. I must say that reading about the Japanese soldiers' brutality made me squirm. Likewise, hearing the story of this Dutch man in my church has made me feel guilty and ashamed to be of Japanese origin, notwithstanding World War II atrocities that are more well documented, namely the Jewish holocaust as well as the bombing of Hiroshima. It should be noted that war "victors" tend to be unchallenged about ethics of conduct in contrast to "losers," and that furthermore, there can be no *right* way to wage war. However, I want to express regret somehow for "my countrymen," from whom this man publicly called for an apology at the conclusion of a

television interview on the 50th anniversary of the end of the Second World War. However, I feel like an innocent Japanese passerby--on my own journey, about my own business--but called upon to account for the actions of others. It puts me betwixt and between. I am neither here nor there. Those are not my people, and in fact, my real countrymen rejected "my people"--immigrants to Canada--and their descendants.

Julia Kristeva (1991) has analyzed the phenomenon of immigration in terms of the foreigner as Other:

...by explicitly, obviously, ostensibly occupying the place of difference, the foreigner challenges both the identity of the group and his own--a challenge that few among us are apt to take up. A drastic challenge: "I am not like you." An intrusion: "Behave with me as you would among yourselves." A call for love: "Recognize me" (p. 42).

In the early 1900s, the school was being recognized as the national assimilator and educators were calling the lack of assimilation of immigrants to be an "urgent national problem," with any resistance to assimilation considered as a threat to Canadian unity and progress (McLeod, 1975, p. 23). As Adachi (1976) has pointed out, for Whites this is much less of a problem due to their ethnic invisibility: Canadian society at once totally rejected the Japanese, confronted them with negative sanctions, and apparently doomed them *and their Canadian-born children* to remain in essence, a permanently alien... population (p. 109, italics added). It seems that I can neither go home to a homeland to find acceptance, nor feel truly at home in Canada, the land of my birth.

The Remembrance Day ritual seems to need reflection in terms of peace education and spirituality. How can it be made more pedagogically peaceful and spiritual? Perhaps we need to address the common humanity that we share. At the Remembrance Day assembly described above, three children recited in turn a heart-rending poem about an old woman selling poppies for Remembrance Day. She explained that they helped us remember those blameless young men who paid the supreme price in war, among them her own son. Rather than thinking about the nameless faces and bodies of countless men, women, and children caught in wars, in times and places with which I could hardly conceive, the poem brought to mind the possibility of losing *my* only son in such a horrible way: the handsome young man of 15 of whom I am so proud, already taller than his father, an all-round award winner at school, with the promise of manhood in his capable manner and developing musculature. Tears welled up in my eyes. Surely a mother's grief is a universal?

Women's involvement in wars has historically been one of background support, knitting socks and sweaters, rolling bandages, and writing letters for the "boys" overseas, and even the "Rosy the riveter" role. It

seems, however, that women--of all people, as the sacred bearers of life--should begin to take a different role toward war: prevention. I once saw a television program about a group of women of various ethnicities and nationalities who were working for world peace, based on their common bond of mother love. Unfortunately, the Gulf War has occurred in the interim, with women as a group taking a quite different stance, that of insisting on equal rights in terms of participating on the front lines with men. Traditionally, women have been thought to have been unsuited for war because of their fragile natures and bodies. Perhaps all humans should be so considered.

In contrast to the personalization of war experiences, later in the assembly, the choir of school children innocently, but fervently, sang a familiar patriotic song while my eyes again filled, this time with tears of yearning:

*My country is my cathedral,
The northern sky its dome,
They all call it Canada,
But I call it home.
The mountains, the lakes, the valleys,
Are friends I have known,
They all call it Canada,
But I call it home.*

Where indeed is home? How is it that within such a short period of time I can feel so much like an insider and yet also feel like an outsider? Kontos (1988) analyzes the classic story of Homer's *Odyssey* in which Odysseus sailed away from his beloved Ithaca, leaving behind family and friends, planning to conquer and return home. After 20 years of "adventure, agony, and intense nostalgia" he finally realized the desired homecoming (p. 87). Kontos calls Ithaca:

...the externalized mythopoesis of the ontological need of belonging; the desire and need for roots, continuity, and identity in the flux of time....Ithaca adumbrates the boundaries of the self with its shifts, adventures, triumphs, defeats, glories, and despair....It is a home, a perspective from which to decipher the meaning and scope of the totality of our odyssey. It bestows meaning, significance, and unity to our otherwise endlessly meaningless, insignificant passage through time and place (p. 89).

With home being such an important definer of one's very being, the question becomes for me: "How can I go on?" This journey that I am on must surely then be an odyssey to find a sense of belonging. Julia Ellis (1989) tells of a

friend who grew up as the child of missionaries in China and South Africa:

This person...has described the lost feeling of not being anchored to any place, not totally "belonging with" any particular group of people, not having a "oneness" or an "at home feeling" with any community in which all of you can take the same things for granted--except of course, the community of other lost or disoriented people (p. 6).

Could this community of others extend beyond the familial and national home to the global home? Do we lost souls have the prime opportunity to bring to light the possibility and indeed, the *desirability* of seeking a global community that will draw humanity together and no longer seek territorialism that leads to conflagration and broken hearts? It reminds me of a song that I had learned as a teenager (during the years of idealist "peace and love" of flower children):

*Last night I had the strangest dream, I'd ever dreamed before,
I dreamed that we had found a way to put an end to war.
The people in the streets below were dancing round and round,
And guns and swords and uniforms were scattered on the ground.
Last night I had the strangest dream, I'd ever dreamed before,
I dreamed that we had found a way to put an end to war.*

I sang this song recently to a grade six student and he excitedly informed me that he was learning that song in music class. Perhaps it will be his generation that finds the way to put an end to war.

Ellis goes on to describe a student teacher's experience of assisting students in groups to write about the hardships, pressures, and stresses of common life themes:

...the students confronted and articulated their pain in a safe and supportive environment. *They identified common needs or problems, a rich starting point for engaging in group creative problem solving.* And they went beyond the identification and expression of their pain to exercise and stretch their interpretive ability and their capacity to use language to articulate their ideas. These are all very large first steps in working creatively from out of one's pain rather than simply denying, repressing, or resenting it (pp. 7-8, italics added).

Perhaps herein lies the answer to the many questions I raised in my conceptual framework regarding the worthwhileness of autobiography and whether anyone would accept and listen to my story. Perhaps the value lies in the articulation itself, which leads to another's reaction to it, that results in

a human connectedness which is the goal we are all seeking. Toh Swee-Hin (1990) presents a peace paradigm that calls for "peaceful dialogue" in which teachers and learners can offer each other insights and knowledge to facilitate learning and critical thinking together. The empowering awareness of conscientization--"learners and teachers fully comprehend the root causes, values, structures, and relationships of their realities, both personal and societal"--moves us to join hands and to "nonviolently transform ourselves and society towards greater compassion, justice, sharing, and personal peace" (p. ix). I humbly present my work as such a peaceful dialogue with my readers.

Exploring the Myth of Belonging: "What do women want?"

While I was pursuing my Masters degree, I found myself at a crossroad in my teaching career. I felt that I could not continue along the path which I have trod for some eight years: I had been a sessional instructor simultaneously at two post secondary institutions and felt peripheral at both places. At one location, I was asked to move from one office to another as others went on sabbatical and returned, and new full-time professors were hired on. At the time of writing, I found myself sharing a cubbyhole with another part-time person. For my things, I had only the top shelf of a bookcase and a small table--hardly a "room of my own" (LeGuin, p. 230). I had two secretarial services, two photocopiers, two media centers, two printing procedures, two divergent schedules to coordinate: two "masters." That particular semester I found myself with 20 minutes to dash across the city from one institution to the other. I was a visitor at both; I belonged to neither.

I wanted to get a "real job"-- a full-time teaching job--one with status, security, benefits. Then I will really belong! Or will I? As I have written above, no matter what my professional status or economic station, it seems that I will always be highly visible as a member of a minority racial group and will therefore have to keep proving myself over and over again that I am indeed a "regular" Canadian person, a *human being* with hopes, fears, desires, and feelings. While this is an immediate, emotional goal, perhaps what I am really seeking is respect, as a person who might become empowered to effect important changes for humankind.

At a recent social gathering of a number of educators from Japan, my Japanese tablemate had some difficulty understanding that I was Japanese Canadian. I was a walking enigma: "You have the same face as us, but you talk different." I obviously did not belong with that group either.

Will I ever find a place to belong? Recently, one of my college students who had missed the first day of class when I introduced myself, but who had attended classes for three weeks in which I had shared personal experiences indicating my knowledge of the popular culture, asked me, "How long have

you been here from Japan?" I went home and wept.

Where's the Other Two Percent?

Surprisingly, I only really realized that I was a perfectionist when I was in my 20s. However, my perfectionism was totally understandable. My father, a meticulous finishing carpenter who would not be satisfied unless he took the same measurement at least four times, had handed down the trait--whether genetically or environmentally. I have discovered, however, that perfectionism is not simply an individual matter. Some of my efforts to not be so particular have been hindered by the fact that I come from perfectionistic stock and somehow also married into it. Unfortunately, everyone's ideas of how to do it "right" do not necessarily coincide and the perfectionists I know are not shy about telling it the way they see it! In retrospect it is humorous, but at the time it was anything but, when helping out with the cooking at my sister-in-law's house, she instructed me to turn up the heat, and a few minutes later, another sister-in-law came past and told me to turn it down!

At this point in my life, I feel that the perfection I am pursuing is perhaps contradictory, but at least somewhat attainable--to not be so concerned about perfection! During my childhood I received continuous conflicting messages from each of my parents, and in turn from each of my grandfathers, who had nearly diametrically opposed philosophies of life--"Must be cent-ah!" versus "Good 'nuff!" I suppose the net result is that I am perfectionistic in some areas, but not in others. This translates into attempts to present perfect schoolwork as opposed to being satisfied with only a tolerably tidy house.

Armed with a highly developed sense of perfectionism and given my high achieving sister for a role model, I guess it was just natural that I would achieve well at school too. It always seemed, however, that no matter how hard I tried, there was always room to do better. It was quite discouraging, in fact, when I brought home marks like 98 percent on my report card, and was asked by my father, perhaps in joking, but at the time considered by me to be very serious, "What happened to the other two percent?" Well, I set out to find that elusive "holy grail" and in my crusade, managed to alienate most of my peers, so that my single-minded quest set me apart from the rest, labelled as a "brain" and therefore not in high demand for social outings. Teachers may have singled me out to respond to their classroom questions, but I was never encouraged by a single teacher to pursue a particular academic direction or career goal. I can recall a vague recognition of my difference as a high achiever, but none as a visible minority woman who might have a significant work to do, or story to tell. The latter reinforced, or at least did not encourage, my own awareness of gender and ethnicity issues. Paradoxically, I felt a part of the group in terms of how I was treated by teachers, but not part of it in terms of my own sense of belonging.

My achievement orientation, like perfectionism, tended to put distance between myself and others even as I grew older. I have continually found it difficult to relate to my peers because of differing levels of interest. I would become impatient with people who would only want to discuss "things" or "people," craving a lively discussion of "ideas."

My achievement orientation brought me to a state of quandary as to whether I should pursue further education after having recently obtained an MEd, where I was engaged in the constant discussion of ideas and finding it exhilarating and challenging at last. Acceptance into the program itself, coupled with success in courses, increased my self-confidence and self-esteem to the point where I became more relaxed in the classroom, more willing to be flexible, and more accepting of my students as persons. In addition, my increased "mental callisthenics" have led to livelier classroom discussions and greater responsiveness to students.

As I contemplated work on a PhD--the pinnacle of academic success--I fully realize that this designation would set me apart from the majority of persons on this planet. I would encounter awe and respect but would also have to face questions regarding the validity of a title which does not, after all, make me an expert in everything, but probably just one very specific topic. I would constantly be observed and evaluated as to my worthiness to use the title, from common folks and academics alike. Do I want to belong in academia?

Postgraduate Journal: Finding a place to belong in academe

As I begin a regular semester at the University of Alberta as a full-time student, I grapple with change. Having come from a summer at home where I was supposedly immersed in academic work, there were many times when I was "good old reliable Mom" as my son once described me. I was there to make sure that the kids got to bed on time, took my daughter to Emergency to diagnose her strepped throat, made sure she took her antibiotic as prescribed, polished up her driving skills so she could go for her license, supervised my son's sleep-overs and lawnmowing, and took my young one swimming or out for a "Cinnabon." I planned the meals, weeded the garden, entertained groups of relatives in succession (from Canada, U.S., and Japan), attended with my husband the wedding of the son of friends, went on a family vacation, said farewell to friends going overseas to study. All these household activities were "sandwiched" in while I finished a final assignment for a course last spring, worked on an individual study course and taught a course at the University of Lethbridge. I managed to "keep my head above water"--nimply changing hats from driver instructor, nursemaid, housekeeper, hostess, companion, student, instructor, friend...

Now that I have transported myself bodily away from the household,

however, I can no longer keep up the facade. I have definitely changed my traditional gendered role, forcing all other family members to change theirs too. After a challenging day of administrating a special needs junior/senior high school, my husband is obliged to come home and tend to the household. He must plan the meals from what I've left for him in the refrigerator or freezer, clean up the dishes afterward, coordinate the three children's activities for the evening (what time? what place? what transportation? suitable attire?) as well as attend to whatever meetings or homework that he might have. My children must become more attentive to their own needs. They must remember to take their books/lunch/lunch money/snack to school on their own. They must remember to dress appropriately for the weather and leave for school at the proper time. These changes certainly require adjustment and a rethinking of gendered roles. They call into question the "double day" of the majority of women whose child care, and household and domestic duties is typically taken for granted. That these jobs should have to be redistributed, if even for a limited time, brings awareness and character-building.

However, it is the change that will occur to my teaching that is to be the main subject of this writing. Interestingly, the personal changes that occur will no doubt inform my teaching. My status, title, and hopefully also my expertise, will change once I have completed this doctoral degree. The very act of making the decision to pursue this level of education has brought interesting insights. The most surprising thing has been the reaction of people. In anticipation of criticism and questioning as to why I would want to do such a thing, I had developed a defensive response in an attempt to ward off what I thought would be the inevitable criticism, "Yeah, I must be out of my mind!" However, I have been pleasantly surprised by the number of people who have expressed support, or at least not shock. There has been in fact much less criticism, mostly in the form of, "How is your family managing?" than I received when taking my Master's degree even in the same city. I am not sure whether it is the obvious fact that the children are now older (ages 10, 13 and 16 as opposed to 6, 9 and 12 before) or the fact that it is a much more prestigious degree which speaks for itself. In any case, it has resulted in my feeling very much alone. At least before when bucking criticism, I was actively engaged in some kind of dualism. Now it seems that I have put myself in the realm of the untouchable. Rather than being an employed mother whose work is permissible as a financial help for luxuries or "pin money," I have identified myself as a bona fide career woman. In contrast, if it had been my husband instead who were pursuing this degree, I suspect that the assumption would be that he was understandably seeking to further his career or the family's well-being. Our family would be more readily expected to cope somehow in his absence with the prospect of higher status and financial remuneration in the offing.

How will this affect my teaching? Once the students acknowledge that I am "Dr. Yamagishi," will that change their perception of me? I have

certainly experienced the opposite. When a student mistakenly called me that name and I had informed him that I didn't deserve the title *yet*, he informed me that I had just dropped several notches in his eyes. Some years ago when I confided in my Psychology of Women class that I had just reconciled myself to the fact that I would never be able to pursue my doctorate because of the logistical barriers, a hush fell over the room that was almost palpable. By the next year when I happened to meet one of the class members and shared with her that I was now enrolled in a program, she informed me that the class had thought it had been a "cop-out" on my part.

While I feel chagrin over a near miss in this regard, as I look to the future, I realize that challenges continue to loom. Roxanna Ng (1991) warns that academe is no safe haven for the minority woman since her power and authority are constantly undermined by existing gender relations at work in the society at large: "If a teacher is female (or a member of a racial minority) and engages in critical teaching, she is in a position of double jeopardy" (p. 103). It makes me wonder, if all three are operant--teacher, female and minority--does it become then triple jeopardy? Ng states: "For a racial minority female teacher, the devaluation of her authority and credibility is compounded by her race and ethnicity" and recounts an experience of teaching at a university and being laughed at after class because her accented voice was too soft. A similar incident occurred when I first began sessional teaching at the University of Lethbridge. When I was walking down a tunnel that connected two of the main university buildings, I was mortified to find a scrap of paper with "Mrs. Yamagishi" written on it, taped beside a mouse (or rat?) in a wall mural with a psychology theme. In fact, I was so humiliated that I could not bring myself to remove the paper until the *second* time I passed it. I believe that any mouse-like attributes I might have--small stature, brown skin, tentative approach--are all gender and ethnicity related characteristics which I have developed or inherited through no fault of my own. Still, mice are well-known for their insidiousness, making their presence known without actually being seen much.

So what is this title all about? I rather think that it is quite different for a man than for a woman. For one thing, when one of our children gets married, in keeping with social etiquette, the wedding invitation will probably *not* read, "Mr. Lloyd and Dr. Rochelle Yamagishi invite you to the wedding of their..." I have noticed that some professional women choose to retain their "maiden" name for work situations and adopt their married name for social occasions. (I once worked with a child psychiatrist named Dr. Melville who called herself "Mrs. Wright" in dealings with her children at school.) "Dr." was not both a social and a professional title as it would for a man. Why is this so?

I have been telling anyone who is interested that I am not pursuing this degree principally for the purpose of securing a job, since the job market in higher education is getting tighter with each education budget cut. I am doing all this because I enjoy academics. Even my father, who had difficulty at

first understanding what it was all about ("What are you going to do, go off and leave your family? Ha, ha!"), finally came to accept the fact that it was something I wanted to do for my own self-satisfaction. (It was also helpful for him to realize that only a very small percentage of people even get accepted for these programs!) I have frequently felt like a "fish out of water." There have been innumerable times when I have not fitted in socially: during one Christmas holiday I had never before changed in a locker room when our grade six class had a special basketball game at the local YMCA; my voice was always lower than the rest of the kids' when we all shouted or chanted out loud; I would get asked by curious schoolmates why my face was so flat; I couldn't relate to the topic of conversation--kids and diapers--when hanging out with "the girls" at my husband's hockey or baseball games; I don't even feel "at home" among other people of Japanese ethnic origin, supposedly "my people," because I have been raised in a White community.

Have I finally found a place to belong in the world of academe? Feminist writers suggest that there has historically been no place for women in academe. Women have been called "campus troublemakers" who are "rocking the boat." I know that I have an immense feeling of rightness in the kind of writing in which I have been fortunate to be able to engage. Introduced to the genre by way of Richard Butt's autobiography course, I have developed a writers' group with a number of colleagues, five middle-aged women, educators of disparate ethnic and social backgrounds who have found commonality in the sense of *not* belonging. Ironically, through writing, travelling, and presenting together at feminist conferences, we have found a place to belong! A place to share our voices, to find acceptance, to dialogue, to weep, to challenge, to question, to celebrate, to care. It has made us better persons. It has made us better teachers.

An Academic Writing Group: "Not belonging" together

Perhaps most influential in helping to create for myself a sense of belonging, particularly in the world of academe, has been my experience in initiating and participating in an inter-racial academic women's writing group. It is also through this writing group that I have gained some recognition in academic circles through writing and presenting at conferences--forms of growth, not unlike Rorty's description (1982) of Dewey's and Gadamer's goal of inquiry and of life, as a form of education in which we get "in touch with something which exists independently of ourselves... self-formation, what Dewey liked simply to call 'growth'" (p. 3).

At the outset, this writing group was not set up deliberately or intentionally to be anything more than a temporary thing, but it has evolved over the course of time and events into something more than simply a writing group and it is this phenomenon which is of particular interest to me

as a women's issue.

Beverly Tanenhaus (1978) has documented the organization of a national Women's Writing Workshop in the United States in 1975 as "an antidote to my own isolation in [a] small town (p. 1), drawing such well-known feminist writers as Adrienne Rich, Toni Morrison, Audre Lourde, and Alice Walker (p. ix). Setting aside two weeks out of busy schedules, a number of women gathered to articulate and share of themselves in an atmosphere of openness and receptivity with "a level of candor and trust that is really important" (p. vi). Loneliness was a common motivating factor to attend the workshops. Martha Ficklen writes: "Loneliness is something we all can share and understand and use to create that sense of community of women who are willing to know each other and be known" (ibid.). Another Workshop participant, Loraine Hutchins, observed:

It is impossible to separate the personal from the political from the professional. The Workshops focused on clarity and emphasized technical competence. Yet the sustained support of women we respected and grew to love as friends was a crucial element in the transformation of reticence into candor, of self-deprecation into eloquence (p. 48).

More recently, Janet Miller (1990) has chronicled the "shared journey" of herself, a university professor, and five classroom teachers as they examined the "possibilities and dilemmas of collaborative inquiry and teacher empowerment" (p. ix). Miller tells the group members' story as a:

...collective narrative [which] contains multiple stories of our shifting relationships to one another, of the difficulties involved in attempting to understand emancipation and empowerment as possibilities lodged in the daily actions of our teaching, and of the constantly emerging questions that arise from those attempts (p. x).

A similar collection of educators' narratives has been compiled by Louise Berman, et al. (1991), a book which grew out of a study group which initially gathered "to share concerns about research." Several years later, the original agenda has evolved so that a group of five experienced educators, all associated with academia, "shares the complexities and intensities of their lives, including their beings as professional persons" (p. 3).

Creation of the group.

The group of which I myself am a part, was initiated in response to a call for papers by a special interest group of the American Educational Research Association. In April 1992, I attended the AERA Annual Meeting in

San Francisco and seemingly quite by chance, picked up a notice from the table in a coffee room, regarding the "Women on Research in Education" annual conference in November of that year. The conference was to focus on stories of women in relation to gender, spiritual, sexual, cultural and ethnic issues (among others). I felt drawn to submit a proposal but knew that as a neophyte in the world of academe (having just obtained my MEd about a year previously) I did not know enough about protocol to be successful.

The 18th annual conference was held at Pennsylvania State University and entitled, "Multicultural Perspectives: Education for the Future--Stories Our Lives Tell" with the tantalizing promise of focusing on "the stories our lives tell as we come together to express the diversity of women's experiences." Having been involved in the writing and analyzing of autobiographical work with Richard Butt at the University of Lethbridge, I was intrigued by the opportunity to share my own story in a broader academic setting. However, I was quite aware that this was something that I did not want to do in isolation, perhaps because Butt's work is collaborative in nature and I had experienced first-hand the power of sharing this kind of writing with like-minded others.

Although I had presented twice at conferences along with Richard Butt on the subject of autobiographical research, I had never written a proposal and was fairly naive about what was involved. My first reaction was to consult with him about whether he would like to participate in the presentation with me. He advised me that although he considered himself a feminist, he did not feel able to respond to the topic of the conference, and suggested that I seek out another Education faculty member, perhaps Maude. I found this to be an excellent suggestion because of her positive response to the autobiographical work that I had done with her previously in her curriculum course in my Masters program.

I was drawn to Maude as one of my professors in my Masters program who had been instrumental in my decision to pursue further education. She also encouraged me to look deeper into my own teaching, particularly through journal writing, in a curriculum course. I knew she was a "real person" because she had wept in class one evening. The reflective writing that we had done as a class had so moved her that while she read a response to us, she began to weep. She apologized profusely, but the damage had been done: we now knew that she was human. I had also been motivated and inspired to embark upon graduate work after having had a long chat over lunch about my writing and academic goals. She had shared some of her struggles surrounding the logistics of obtaining her masters and then her doctoral degree, involving child care, marital relationship, geographical moving, choice of institution, and the pursuit of her aspirations.

Maude was somewhat reluctant to become involved at first, since she had a number of projects to complete at that point in time, and because she herself had done little autobiographical writing to that point. I suggested, however, that I approach a coworker of mine from the college where I

worked, and that we have a preliminary meeting. Maude agreed to work together on this project.

Thinking that perhaps three would be a better number of participants for the project, my awareness became focused on Wynne, a colleague at the college where we both taught as sessional instructors. I chose Wynne since I had felt a strong attraction to her upon being introduced to her the very first time. She seemed to exude not only a great deal of creative energy, but a deep insight into issues and topics that were of personal and academic importance to me. It seemed that whenever we were together in the office that we shared, we could rarely get any individualized work done because of our enthusiastic conversation on various topics. Because it seemed that there was never enough time within our schedules to delve deeper into meaningful subjects, I asked her whether she would be interested in a writing group. She was flattered, but reluctant, because of her lack of academic credentials, but I assured her that with her abilities and interests, she would be able to work alongside us, regardless of her lack of formal academic credentials. She seemed to have important stories to tell and I encouraged her to be a part of what was taking shape as a group. She expressed a desire to participate in the group in order to enter into academic writing as an outgrowth of informal journal work that she had already been doing for a number of years in an ongoing way.

Group Process.

Even though I was the instigator of the formation of the group, I felt very much awed by both my "fellow" group members--Maude because of her academic status (PhD and tenured professor) and Wynne because of her ready use of the language and ability to describe a depth of feeling and knowing that I could only intellectualize. Related to Maude's academic status, early on in the formation of the group, we other two group members looked to her as "the expert" in terms of academic protocol and even unconsciously expected a kind of "mark" or "grade" from her after reading our papers. She steadfastly refused this role and even had to state directly that she did not see this as her role in the group. We were forced to rethink our relationship to her.

However, both Wynne and myself relied upon the academic expertise and experience of Maude over the next several weeks, from making travel plans, to communicating with conference organizers. The conference was in the United States and on the other side of the continent, and thinking now about the trip, I can hardly believe that we not only made the journey safely but presented successfully at the conference.

We met a couple of times to explore the possibility of writing together. I shared some writing I had done for *The ATA Magazine* (Yamagishi, 1992) about my family and the problems of visible minority group status, while the others shared favorite readings around topics of racism and culture. (Incidentally, my writing had not been on my own initiative, but in conjunction with a frequent contributor to the magazine, Dr. Peter Clamp,

who worked with my husband, and had first asked him to write something about Japanese Canadians to mark the 50th anniversary of that group of people arriving in Canada. My husband does not fancy himself to be a writer, but had suggested that Peter approach me instead. I felt drawn to the project since I had wanted for some time to write about the experiences of my own family as immigrants to Canada. Interestingly, the article attracted a fair bit of attention from members of my own family, as well as friends and acquaintances, not to mention other publishers. It was republished two more times and won an international award for myself and *The ATA Magazine* by the Educational Press Association of America. However, even before all this transpired, I was buoyed up by the verbal agreement of the magazine editors to publish the article and planned to use much of this writing for the conference presentation.)

I shared my article with my cohorts and they could see points of similarity and connectedness in their own life stories with the theme of "not belonging" in various contexts. We realized that despite differences in the actual facts of our life stories, we shared in that common theme in disparate ways. Maude had attended over 20 schools as a youngster and had grown up in the far North among Inuvait. Wynne had Dutch and French Canadian ancestry that was ignored within her home. Both agreed to try to do some writing that would somehow fit with the theme.

We related our theme to Abraham Maslow's theory of self-actualization in that "belonging needs" are about halfway up his hierarchy and his theory states that a person cannot proceed upward unless the lower needs/motives are first met. Our group concurred that although many of our belonging needs in terms of family, schooling, academia, work, etc. had not been fully met and perhaps never would be, we still felt that we were working toward self-actualization.

We therefore submitted a proposal, which was duly accepted for presentation at Penn State University, much to our surprised pleasure. Our abstract for the first presentation read:

EXPLORING THE MYTH OF BELONGING: Three post secondary educators, women in the prime of their lives, discuss aspects of "(not) belonging" in regard to marital, cultural, political, educational, familial, geographical, and religious issues. Using an autobiographical approach, participants share the lived realities of interracial marriage, nontraditional marriage, inter-generational conflicts, cross-cultural adjustments, and women's place in education. Divergent viewpoints emerge from backgrounds often named as Anglo-European, Native American, French Canadian, and Japanese Canadian. The teacher's sense of belonging is analyzed in terms of whether it is attainable, important, or central to one's being, but most importantly, how it informs one's teaching.

In the fall of 1992 we began to write our narratives in earnest. I found the project goals much easier (perhaps because I had initiated the project) but the others felt the pressure of meeting deadlines that we set on a monthly basis as a group. Perhaps out of reluctance to share personal stories, or unfamiliarity with autobiographical writing, they both had trouble putting pen to paper at first. When I would arrive at the prearranged meeting with my writing in hand, ready to share with the group, they professed to feeling quite apologetic and frustrated at their inability to do the kind of writing that they wanted to produce. They came to refer to me as "The Grim Reaper" because they saw me as some kind of spectre hanging over them to remind them to get their writing done. It reminded me a lot of my early school years in which I would obtain the highest marks in the class and my classmates would look upon me as some kind of oddity: "the brain." I hated it then and I had difficulty with the role in the group.

Maude showed us a book of writings (Gunnars, 1989), which I thought was not unlike "stream of consciousness" writing. We agreed that this kind of style would be not only acceptable, but valuable in this kind of writing. Both Maude and Wynne felt that this style of writing would be much easier to address and by our next meeting, both had produced lengthy writings similar to each other in style and theme, but of course, quite different in content. Mine stood alone as a more academic style of paper, but we agreed that difference was a function of our differences as persons and quite acceptable for this kind of work. Certainly, each one of us had had an emotional experience connected with the writing of our own papers, as well as with the reading of the papers of the other group members. I was excited about the variation in stories and when we met again, we shared our perceptions that there was an importance to the stories that we told, and that, taken together, they were powerful enough to make a meaningful conference presentation.

Travelling from Lethbridge to Pennsylvania took us the better part of two days, and during that time, we bonded in an extraordinary way. We cheerfully assigned ourselves various duties according to our abilities and propensities: Maude was the navigator, Wynne was the driver, and I the trip planner. We talked about our personal lives, our values and our beliefs, and about the upcoming presentation, all the while becoming more and more solidified in our relationships with each other.

It seemed that all this was necessary in order to present in a powerfully emotional, connected way. It was not until literally the hour before our scheduled presentation, that we settled upon a way to make our presentation: we would present in rounds, each reading in succession parts of our own stories that we had collaboratively chosen the night before as the most powerful and which seemed to interweave with each other. We sat in a semi-circle in front of the audience, and after I gave a short introduction as to the history of our group writing, we began reading matter-of-factly but sincerely, easily passing from one reader to the next, our greater story flowing from one

to the other, even as the tears flowed easily down our faces.. Having come from disparate backgrounds and experiences, our stories were quite different and yet somehow it happened that the common themes wove together in a particularly effective way. For example, I would read a passage about my mother's experience of schooling as a young girl, Wynne would read her experience of schooling, then Maude read a school experience. The themes changed but flowed together into a kind of large mosaic of feminine cultural experiences.

I could feel the power building within the story as we read--we had never actually done a practice read-through--and as we read, I felt moved to add another piece that had not been originally chosen. Nevertheless, my cohorts continued on as planned, not missing a beat. Some of the particularly painful parts brought forth tears but we kept on. Engrossed in our reading, we calmly handed each other Kleenex and finished off as planned. As we read, we became absorbed in the experience and became almost oblivious to the audience. Once we finished, there was a terrible moment of silence, and then applause. We looked up to see most of the audience with glistening or teary eyes. When we asked for questions, the audience was mostly speechless, except to comment on the powerfulness of both our writing and the presentation style. No criticism or questioning was forthcoming, except to ask how we had planned to write and read our stories so that they blended so effortlessly into one another. We had no answer except happenstance. Someone asked if we had written a script, but we assured them that the fascinating part of the work was that we had come to the points of connection strictly through serendipity. Any other audience comments were elaborations on points of connectedness with our stories and their own. Many people stayed to talk to each one of us to share similar experiences or points of understanding and it was an entirely exhilarating experience!

Even before the presentation, it seemed that we all knew, individually and collectively, that we had something important to say, as individuals and as a collective. However, we had all had some reservations about sharing our stories publicly. We were not at all sure what would be the response to a personal sharing. Throughout the previous sessions in the conference there had been a recurrent theme that the voices of teachers should be heard. Many researchers presented indirectly the voices of teachers or students with whom they had worked. Nowhere were the voices being heard directly until our session.

Once we returned to Lethbridge, Maude invited a graduate student of Native American background to join our group as the fourth member. Veronica joined us for our second and third presentations, and at the outset was known most intimately by Maude. She was a student of Maude's in the Masters program at the University of Lethbridge, who expressed a desire to formalize stories from a Native oral tradition, in order to save them for her own family, and for posterity. Her contribution to the group has been one of

hope and inspiration for repairing a broken world.

We also prepared to accept another group member who had approached us after the first conference presentation to re-present at a feminist conference in New Mexico the following spring. She also wanted to be a co-presenter. We corresponded back and forth by mail and E-mail with Orla, a Bolivian immigrant, who was our contact person in Albuquerque, NM, and met a couple of times with Veronica, our new member in Lethbridge. Interestingly, with the addition of each member to the group, as is typically found in group process, there occurred a reorganization of relationships and a redefining of goals and arrangements. Because we had not travelled together and had had only irregular meeting times that not all could attend, (and for my part, perhaps also because of my preoccupation with acceptance into graduate school), it took some time before Wynne and I became deeply committed to Veronica. Her writing displayed a different style again and she expressed dissatisfaction with her means of expression. However, through her strength in storytelling, it really came alive when she presented in New Mexico. Coming from an oral tradition, she had an amazing ability at storytelling, which we found to be something that was far more powerful than the written word on the page, and the richness of her stories soon came to be appreciated by all. Her issues were the same as ours, but from a distinctive cultural viewpoint.

Although I had tried not to think of the group as "my" group, I did feel some alarm at taking on so many group members. Perhaps I felt that things were out of control (a feeling that I detest) because I had not had the time or opportunity to contemplate my relationship to these new people. I did not yet feel safe with them.

Having even less time together to plan as a group, we decided to send a videotape of a planning session to Orla. It turned into something of a shambles because I had something else pressing on my mind. I was to leave immediately from the group session to drive six hours to Edmonton to make inquiries at the University of Alberta to do doctoral work. In the course of the group session, although the talk was not "heavy," the discussion somehow brought me to the point where I burst into tears with the exclamation, "I don't know *why* I want to do doctoral work!" Everyone tried to comfort me and when the time came to leave, my feelings were in a real turmoil.

A few days later, we presented in New Mexico, again successfully. With five people presenting this time, there was more time in between personal readings to perhaps choose a different reading if it seemed more appropriate, and I did this on at least one occasion and other group members then did so also. Again, there was no audience criticism of our work, only very emotional responses and questions as to how "a group like yours" could be started by others in their own geographical areas. The idea had never occurred to us before that our format, our "belonging group," might be a model for others.

After three conference presentations much like this one, I believe that we are still not altogether sure what are the important ingredients in our presentations that seem to touch the minds and hearts of our listeners. From our point of view, we are simply weaving together our stories thematically, focussing on gender issues, but including other social issues such as class, race/ethnicity, poverty, education, family, marriage, and the like. We are telling our stories with as much honesty and sincerity as we are able and not professing to expound or theorize. Perhaps it is the nonthreatening nature of our presentation style, as well as the striking connections among members of intercultural, inter-racial, non-hierarchical group members that is so profound.

To this day, we still do not know how that collaborative effort came about. We do know that relationships were built in the process of travelling to State College, PA. Our journey there and back puts one in mind of that Steve Martin movie, "Planes, Trains, and Automobiles." There is not really a direct route from Lethbridge, AB to State College, PA.

We left Lethbridge at 4:30 a.m. Thursday morning, driving to Great Falls, MT to take a flight to Pittsburgh, PA. Penn State University is located in the exact middle of the state of Pennsylvania, halfway between the two largest cities of Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. We arrived in our hotel room in Pittsburgh about six p.m. after having flown all day with a stopover in Minneapolis. It was too late and too far out of the way to do anything but have a lovely dinner together in the beautiful dining room of the luxurious hotel.

In the morning, we took the shuttle bus back to the airport to rent a car and set off for State College. The drive was about 200 miles and Wynne was our "designated driver." (Maude had driven her car from Lethbridge to Great Falls.) I had no car driving duties, having been the "driving force" behind the group in the first place. We had a lovely trip through the countryside that I found out later is the subject of Currier and Ives paintings, stopping for lunch in a quaint town named, of all things, Holidaysburg. (I was glad to be travelling with two White women when Wynne spotted an old newspaper clipping on the wall of the restaurant announcing the bombing of Pearl Harbor.)

While we travelled, we got to know each other as persons. We talked about academics, our personal relationships, our children, our hopes and fears. We found out each other's quirks and eccentricities and came to feel comfortable with each other. In short, paradoxically, we came to feel that we belonged with each other.

I believe that the experience of travelling together, becoming hopelessly lost together on the Pittsburgh freeway, not to mention crying together, has forged a bond and a commitment and respect for each other that transcends our myriad differences. Although we seem to accept each other's writing unconditionally, this is not to say that we do not question each other's perceptions. At one point in our relationship, after I had become quite

involved in writing about race issues, Wynne took great exception to some of my observations and I to hers. We carried on a heated dialogue on a daily basis for some weeks, struggling back and forth over our observations, experiences and perceptions. After some time, and many words and arguments, we came to the conclusion that what was really at stake was whether we could still be friends. We realized that perhaps we were playing out a microcosm of much racial strife in that we were too quick to make assumptions about the other's feelings and experiences based on outward appearance. She took offence to my suggestion that, as a White woman, she would never be able to feel the double marginality which I feel as a woman of color.

Here are some of Wynne's comments written in her own words, with her permission:

My colleague (and friend) and I have had many hours of dialogue over many issues related to the experience of women in today's world. For me, the dialogue has been most productive of emotion, food for thought and growth.

We are in a writing group together and have read each other's written work, largely autobiographical, finding connections and affection in the sharing of our stories. When we read each other's work, it seems we are able to reflect and find deeper levels than when we engage in [spoken] dialogue. Dialogue has frequently led us to areas of anger, misunderstanding and hurtfulness. This too, has been growth facilitating as I try to determine why this occurs, why we become so possessive and defensive when speaking.

We have attended and presented at conferences together, conferences which proposed to examine issues in the lives of women. Attendance at these conferences has been enlightening as well. At conferences that describe themselves as attempting to "cross the lines of diversity," I have observed the outcomes to be polarization of positions, anger and negotiating for power rather than true meetings of the minds.

My colleague has recently begun to examine issues of racism in her own life. She struggles to express her thoughts and her current way of experiencing both present experiences and past events. As she reconstructs the memories, I see her creating anger about past events, anger that these events did not arouse when they occurred.

In attempts to share, to address points of connection, we have not been able to avoid comparisons. My friend and colleague once said to me, "Imagine all the fear you have experienced as a woman, all the vulnerability you have felt and multiply that by two times or ten times, and you will understand how much fear

I have experienced because of being not only a woman, but a woman of an identifiable minority." So, my fear and pain is trivialized. My experience is not worth presenting as a point of connection. My sense of not belonging is only white whining and only provides further evidence of white egocentrism. In trying to articulate our own experience, we have seemed unable to avoid comparisons and competition. We do not feel that we have been heard by the other. I am not perceived as listening unless I silence my voice, my story, altogether.

As we try to discuss these issues, I hear that I am a white woman of privilege, a theme with which I had also been confronted at the conferences we attended. I have tried to examine this issue in my own life, in turns embarrassed by the degree to which it is true and angered by the degree to which it is not. Assumptions are made about white women that are as racist as the stereotypes I am accused of using to frame my relationships with people of minority.

It is assumed that white, middle-class, largely English speaking feminists accurately represent and speak for me. They do not and never have.

It is assumed that I "fit" in the society in which I have been raised simply because of the color of my skin, that belonging has never been an issue for me. My values and my skin color are apparently congruent. I am never confronted by inconsistencies in the way I am viewed and the way I see myself. This, too, is untrue.

As my colleague and I continue to discuss these issues, I am angered by the actions taken by many of the groups representing minorities. Their actions are rooted in power and the language and tactics of power. This, in itself, appears to make "crossing the lines of diversity" impossible beyond a negotiated agreement, on paper, about how power is to be redistributed. It does not create togetherness, but fear.

It appears to me that we need to learn not new ways of overpowering each other or ways of empowering ourselves, but ways of overcoming fear, creating an atmosphere of safety and mindfulness inside ourselves. In all the dialogues in which I participated about these issues, whether it be about racism with my colleague, sexism with my husband, sexuality with my homosexual friends, or academe with women who are already there, we do not seem able to rise above old ways of thinking. We think along the lines of winning and losing. If you get more power, I will have less and I have never perceived myself as having that much to being with. We are considered good and kind and safe if we conform and are just like some arbitrary

standard set by one or another group with power.

Even though, when we had travelled together in New Mexico, it was *my* identification card that was scrutinized, along with our Native friend, and not Wynne's or the other White woman travelling with us, what was pivotal in my reconciling our ongoing debate in my own mind, was learning about her experience of travelling as a younger woman when she had had more blatant experiences of discrimination based on her appearance than I had ever had. In the heat of "battle" one day, she told of a humiliating incident during the 1970s, in which she was subjected to a strip search, which she believes was based on her appearance which resembled either a Native or Mexican. She was tanned, wore her dark hair long and straight, and was dressed like a "hippie" in a casual t-shirt and cut-off blue jeans. She was a passenger in a car with a woman at least ten years older than herself, a former nursing instructor. The latter was also dressed casually, but obviously in more expensive clothing. Her blonde hair was neatly styled, she was light-skinned, and she drove a new vehicle. At the Canada-U.S. border, the customs officials questioned whether she actually knew her passenger, Wynne, implying that she was a hitchhiker. The instructor insisted that she had known Wynne for years, but the official seemed to view Wynne as a probable drug runner and did not believe her. The horror of her experiences still sends shivers up my spine: she is one of us.

In the end, although I do not totally agree with all the things my friend/colleague has said, the fact that she belongs to a group that has suffered racism has made an indelible impression. From our ongoing discussions, I also realized the value of dialogue: that we must allow each other to say her piece, that we must respect our differences, and allow the other to own her own feelings and thoughts. Above all, however, we must value the relationship, since it is from that relationship that caring and cooperation will come.

Group outcomes.

Interestingly, we found that our discussions and writings about "not belonging," as well as the conference presentations, and travelling together, had the paradoxical effect of drawing us closer together, so that at least with each other, we felt that we belonged. Through our irregular, but continuous meetings over the course of four years, we have shared our stories about relationships and emotions--including anger, hurt, frustration, alienation, commitment, responsibilities, successes, failures, and longings. The academic nature of our writing and conference presentations has defined the personal as legitimate, but somehow there is another dimension to our commitment to the group.

There is no designated leader and no specific agenda apart from preparation for conference presentations. However, we have created a space in the "busyness" of our lives in which to share our voices, in an atmosphere

not just of tolerance, but of acceptance and caring. Each group member is respected and accepted for her unique personhood despite ethnicity, academic qualifications, marital situation, economic status, or whatever perceived differences that might otherwise hinder real communication. In spite of obvious outward differences, we have found that our similarities far outweigh our differences.

The fact that this is a group by and about women is probably significant in that there are few places in which the explicit agenda is to talk about our lived lives. Historically, women have grouped together for support in carrying out physical work tasks, as in quilting bees, community cooking projects, wash day activities, birthing events, etc. However, due to the demands of physical labor, no doubt stories shared at these times were seen as peripheral to the actual work getting done, although they unquestionably had an important supportive and connective function. In addition, these stories were rarely recorded, due to the fact that women were less educated and had little spare time, and to the notion that they were unimportant in terms of historical record.

In these modern times of fragmentation and isolation, as well as technologizing of our personal lives, we have come to the point where we must make a specific effort to create opportunities in order to make connections. Often the outward differences of our pluralistic society work against a sense of togetherness and cooperation, in addition to a social tendency to not accept differences. However, I wonder whether we have come full circle to meet face-to-face our need for connectedness with each other.

About two years after the group was initiated, partly in anticipation of my writing about the group, but as an interesting analytical exercise (which is not part of the group agenda), at one of our group get-togethers, we addressed ourselves to some of the issues that had arisen as part of the group process. It was observed that it is generally difficult to write on the topics we select and in the genre chosen, that is, autobiography. Part of the difficulty includes the reluctance to let others read the work, or even to read it to each other. Reading aloud versus not aloud is qualitatively different. Reading aloud seems to tap into a power that we somehow sense is best reserved for special occasions, such as conference presentations. The emotional/spiritual importance of reading aloud creates a bond between us as group members, as well as between us and the listeners who recognize the depth of our writing. We really have little theoretical explanation for what transpires as a result of our writing and subsequent conference presentations, however, Maude expressed appreciation for the opportunity to write and present in an academic environment that allows us to go beyond normal bounds, to write and speak without fear of humiliation or judgment. It allows for experimentation in the depth and form of our writing, providing a forum to act on an intuitive sense that what we write is important. The act of writing creatively is recognized as a spiritual endeavor: it engages the spirit, not just

the mind.

Veronica noted that the group is the impetus for stories coming to mind. For her, writing stories creates a balance between work and her personal life. It also establishes a connection between with the family, home, and the earth itself. Writing for the group forces her to try to find a perspective on life.

Wynne remarked on the sacredness of the group experience, observing that the space created by the group not only gave her permission to speak, but support and respect from other group members. Much more than could be attained through individual writing, the connections that were made through the sharing of group writing effected a synergy that actually led to a reframing of the very role of being.

For myself, I observed that while men might need or want the kind of group experience we have developed, because of patriarchal pressures, many cannot admit to having that need or want. At one time, women had informal support networks, but since modern society has become so mobile and fragmented, and as ethnic groups in particular have been dispersed, there is less and less of this kind of networking occurring today. In addition, I believe that the power of motherhood is so great that some men are conscious of its power and actually feel threatened by groups of women. However, they react to it in the same way that children "act out": in various forms of misogyny such as violence against women (although the overwhelming problem of violence against women cannot simply be explained this way).

Feeling like a peripheral member of Canadian society at the outset, through writing and sharing with other group members, it has impressed me deeply that these three other seemingly "normal" Canadians have hidden stories that tell of not belonging. Maude, the professor--but also a human--of fair hair and complexion, tells of living in the far north of Canada among Inuvaluit and becoming so involved in their culture that on more than one memorable occasion, she was brought up abruptly by her associates to the fact that she was indeed not really one of them. Once when she visited the home of a Dene school friend, she was mocked by his mother because of her unfamiliarity with a local food (reindeer bone marrow mixed with snow) which placed her obviously outside their culture. Another time, on a bus organizing a group of Inuit women on a social action venture, someone inquired whether the presence of a White person would affect their efforts. Maude demanded to know which one of them was an outsider, and responded to the group's laughter with chagrin!

Wynne has vague recollections of stories of a great-great grandmother of Native origin, however, can glean no other information from close-lipped relatives. Her mother also has French Canadian roots that are denied within the family history. She herself spent her infancy with an aunt for reasons not totally explained.

Veronica, a Lakota Dakota Sioux, married to a Blood Indian on a reserve near Lethbridge finds herself not quite part of the Native community

there. While people outside the Native community readily group her in with other Natives, her culture and traditions are different. She is a direct descendant of Sitting Bull. One of her papers, entitled "Feeling like an orphan" chronicles her search for her roots among the Sioux Nation, her grandparents' and parents' lives in Canada, and her own experiences at boarding school. Regarding the latter, she describes the feeling of powerlessness through the means of control she refers to as, "being silenced": required to maintain silence as they marched down the hallways, to class, to church, to the dining room or to the dorms, or never being encouraged to engage in discussion, question or argument, but rather encouraged to "listen" and "obey."

I have written three papers for three conference presentations with my writing group. We have no other official name, although the name, "belonging group," appeals to me. The first paper was mostly adapted from *The ATA Magazine* article. The second dealt mostly with conflicts surrounding deciding whether and how to do postgraduate work. The third, on the topic of "sacred relations" focussed on aspects of mothering. I submitted my second paper to the conference organizers who also published the feminist journal *Frontiers*, but it was rejected with a long, explanatory letter specifying the main reason for rejection being that I did not address race/ethnicity issues until page six of my paper. My response to that criticism was that it is an issue of which I was just then slowly becoming aware. Interestingly, once I began to focus on these issues, Wynne began to accuse me of "framing everything within ethnicity." I began to feel that "I could not win for losing." At our third conference presentation, one member of the audience urged us to publish our presentation as a paper. As a group, we felt that there would be some value to working on it and submitted it to a colleague who was working on a book of readings with Madeleine Grumet. After some consideration, it was felt to not be quite appropriate for the subject, and he sent it to the *Journal of Curriculum Theorizing*. It was accepted for publication in the fall 1995 issue. I also asked Maude to submit our article for the Ted Aoki Award which is awarded for the essay presented at the previous year Bergamo Conference which "best communicates aspects of Professor Aoki's work." When another colleague made the same suggestion, she did so, and we recently received congratulations from David Smith, the chair of the Selection Committee, with the following comment: "Your paper, particularly, sparkled with poetic insight, and deep understanding. It shows "storying" in the best sense, and makes a real contribution to our understanding of how our identities are constructed through our relationships." And now, to our utter surprise and delight, our paper will appear in a special issue of *The Journal of Curriculum Theorizing*, that will feature recent Aoki Award winners.

Our plans to stay together, to meet periodically, or to present at conferences have not been specified, but could be initiated at any point by any group member. How I have used the experience of the group has been to

share my own writings, as well as to analyze its creation, group process, and outcomes from a feminist, phenomenological perspective, rather than to present the other group members' narratives per se, since I believe that theirs are their own stories.

As noted above, we do not have a specific agenda and therefore, at this point, we do not know where we will go from here. We are soon meeting for dinner to celebrate our award, where perhaps we will decide to continue writing together.

Postgraduate Journal: Accidental action research

Once I began my doctoral work (still with mixed feelings) I discussed with my advisor possible areas of research for my dissertation. After some halfhearted suggestions on my part, I approached the possibility of using my "belonging group" with some trepidation because it is so hard to describe and theorize. I was delighted when he stated that it is a legitimate form of feminist research.

I approached each of the group members individually to share my plan of writing about the process of the group and invited each (with the exception of Orla in New Mexico) to a planning meeting in September 1993. All attended and all four of us agreed that our group (whatever it was called) was an important forum for writing, although we each had different agendas. Maude wants to write a book about her life experiences; Wynne will likely use her writing as part of her masters degree requirements; Veronica wants to write her family history for her family.

I can see an application for action research in my "belonging group" in that I can write about my attempt at action research to bring for discussion to this group. Paszek suggests that teachers must be motivated to engage in action research, "particularly the formal writing" (1989. p. 87). This question of motivation is one that I have been considering lately since two planned monthly meetings of the belonging group have not been well-attended. People have been extremely late or not there at all. One meeting was rescheduled due to other commitments but was still not attended well. An outside observer (my husband) has suggested that people are not committed to the group since there is no fixed group agenda and that their own personal agendas are too diverse to engender any cohesiveness. At the last meeting, the three of us (out of four) who arrived, drew up a list of possible themes to discuss at our next meeting so that we might be more focused in our writing.

Paszek suggests that "university credit for teacher researchers, higher income, consideration for promotion, opportunities for publication, and time to do the work" are necessary motivational forces. Our group agreed that a proposal to Bergamo for October 1994 was on our group agenda. However, several months away, the date for the proposal was perhaps too far in the future to be very motivating. The prospect of a definite conference

presentation date was found to be distinctly more motivational, as were activities surrounding publication of our collective writings.

Throughout an Action Research course, I have been grappling with "the theory-practice problem" and the question of "academic highjacking." Elliott's main concern is that researchers from outside the educational setting might "take an idea which underpin [practitioners'] practices, distort it through translation into 'academic jargon', and thereby 'hijack' it from its practical context" (Elliott, 1991, p. 14). It seems that taken in its purest form, any outside intervention, whether as catalyst for change or facilitator of change can be seen as a kind of academic hijacking. Only a true grassroots movement--that is, one that is initiated from within, without benefit of academics taking a role--could be considered as uncontaminated in this way. However, it seems to me that it is very seldom that this kind of action research takes place, and if it does, it probably does not follow an accepted action research model or is not documented! Our group seems to take an interesting twist, in that it is grassroots *within* academia, with academics examining *their own* teacher personalities and teaching practices, thereby avoiding outside contamination.

Shirley Grundy (1982) makes an important point about the facilitator which is likely a good compromise between grassroots and academic facilitation. She states that:

...the facilitator who is a professional researcher can be useful. It is likely that she will have a greater theoretical background and more time for contemplation than other members of the group. It is important that it is not the facilitator's critical intent or theorems alone which become the guiding disposition or theory base of the group (pp. 28-29).

I believe that, without prior planning as such, action research has been taking place in our belonging group. Going through the "key points about action research" as delineated by Stephen Kemmis and Robin McTaggart (1988, pp. 22-25), it can be seen that the activities of the group have been organized in order to improve education "by changing it and learning from the consequences of changes." We have been looking at our own personal life histories as teachers in order to better understand our approach to teaching and ourselves as teacher-persons. The approach has been "participatory"--the members of the group have been working "towards the improvement of *their own practices*. Each group member has had her own agenda. The agenda of the group, however, has developed through a *self-reflective spiral*--through cycles of *planning* (proposals for conferences, thematic writing), *acting* (sharing our writing with other group members, engaging in dialogue about our writing, presenting at conferences), *observing* (noting--although not in written form until I wrote this journal--the dynamics of our group process and group presentations), and *reflecting* on group process and the critical

aspects of speaking with our own voices, as called for by critical theorists.

My plan to document this group research process for my dissertation has started yet another cycle of *planning* (calling the group together to discuss my agenda, agreeing on monthly meetings, making suggestions for themes), *acting* (attending group meetings, doing reflective writing, sharing my writings and other interesting readings with group members), *observing* (noting the degree of participation of group members--whether they attend, whether they have done writings, *reflecting* (trying to discern the reasons for group members non-participation in group process and decisions), and *replanning* (making up and sending out a list of suggested themes for writing, setting the next meeting well in the future after the Christmas and January rush. The process is ongoing. If all the original group members decide not to participate or to participate on an intermittent basis, a discussion might be held as to whether other group members should be invited, or the group defined in different ways for particular conference presentations.

The decisions made in the "belonging group" have always been *collaborative*, involving those responsible for action in improving it. I have never, as the initiator of action, unilaterally made decisions, nor have other members of the group taken this role. Activities and responsibilities of the group have been shared somewhat equally as needs and abilities have dictated.

In true postmodern style, I went first to the Oxford Current Usage Dictionary to "deconstruct" the meaning of the word "collaborate." As I had suspected, the first definition is to "work together," but interestingly, the second definition is to "cooperate with an enemy." This second definition is intriguing to me since in many senses, in our competitive world, nearly everyone else is the enemy--if *you* win the prize, get the highest mark, or get there first, then by definition, *I* don't.

I suppose I have collaborated with others all my life. As a woman, I believe I have been socialized even moreso than a man might have, to please, placate, submit. This kind of reaction does imply a hierarchy, but I believe that it is rare in our society that one is not implied. As a person of Japanese heritage, I have probably collaborated more than persons of other heritages in which it has been less important to "save face," adopt an attitude of "shikata-ga-nai" (it can't be helped), or blend in with the dominant society that 50 years ago denounced your people as "the Yellow Peril."

I think I am saying that I have come by a certain kind of cooperative or collaborative viewpoint quite naturally. On the other hand, I may be making excuses for myself. In any event, it is difficult for me to work on an equal footing with others. Most of the time I find myself putting myself in the lower position, thinking that the person in question is above me in some way. While marriage is thought by some to be an equal sharing relationship, in truth, I have difficulty in not deferring to my husband who often has better ideas and solutions in the everyday hustle and bustle of daily life.

I would like to add something to Oxford's first definition of

"collaborate." I would like the definition to read, "working together on a kind of equal basis." The most interesting experience of collaboration that I have experienced of this nature is ongoing in my belonging group and I continue to learn about myself and how I relate to others in this relationship.

I believe that we have established a *self-critical community* of people, participating and collaborating in all phases of the research process: the planning, the action, the observation and the reflection. We have been committed to *enlightening* ourselves about the relationship between circumstance, action and consequence in our own situations. Through reflective writing and the power of our voices, we have brought forward our own experience of being denied a sense of belonging in relation to class, gender, race, ethnic, and spiritual issues. Through public articulation--at conference presentations and publications in books and journals--we have moved from the private belonging group space to the public realm, to local, and to even what might be considered global spaces. (The claim to "global spaces" can be made in that we have been recipients of awards that have not been limited to Canada, and have presented at conferences and sites where international students were members of the audience.) Through creating a space in which to share these reflections, we have *emancipated* ourselves from the institutional and personal constraints which had limited our power in various ways.

I want to put forward the format of a group such as the one we have formed as a model framework or *systematic learning process* in which people act deliberately to use "critical intelligence" to inform their action, and develop it so that their educational action becomes *praxis*--critically informed, committed action--through which they may consistently live their educational values.

The writing of "belonging group" participants is characterized by *theorising* about their practices--being *inquisitive* about circumstances, action and consequences and coming to *understand* the relationships between circumstance, actions and consequences in our their own lives.

"Action research requires that people put their practices, ideas and assumptions about institutions to the test by gathering *compelling evidence* which could convince them that their previous practices, ideas and assumptions were wrong or wrong-headed" (Kemmis & McTaggart, 1988, p. 23). To add to the critical theory interpretation, reserachers should then act on these new ideas and assumptions. The main theme in the original writings of "not belonging" consisted of personal vignettes that illustrated our positions of exclusion, marginality, and peripheralness, which according to Maslow, would have deemed us lacking in self-actualization tendencies although we are all successful educators. Through our research, we realized the paradox that lay therein and were ncouraged to look at ourselves in a new light: as educators with a history and a story that enriched rather than diminished our teaching.

Since universities to my knowledge do not allow collaborative efforts

in obtaining doctoral degrees, my involvement in our group cannot be presented in its entirety in this present work, and in gleaning my own individual experience from the whole, there is necessarily a fragmentation and a sense of individualization that occurs. In my carrying out of action research in terms of my dissertation, I have been involved actively in *keeping records* not only of my personal experiences as a PhD student (in particular, non-traditional circumstances), but also of the group process, from my own viewpoint. I have also been *collecting and analysing my own judgments, reactions and impressions* about what is going on in the form of a *personal journal* in which I will record my progress and reflections about two parallel sets of learning: 1) my learning about the practices I am studying (my teaching at the college and my continued studies as a PhD student); and 2) my learning about the process of studying them (how the "belonging group" is going).

Action research is described by Kemmis and McTaggart as a "*political process* because it involves us in making changes that will affect others" (1988, p. 24). Feminist inquiry is characterized by its "personal is political" slogan. This does indeed become the case as our group responds to the current, recurring call in academia for life stories, for voices from women, and from the Other. If we dare to speak up and tell our stories, we identify ourselves in an empowering way, not only to our family, friends, acquaintances, and colleagues, who come to view us in a different way, but to ourselves as agents of resistance to overarching White feminist theories that do not take into account the voices and stories of the Other, in much the same way that the great metanarratives have excluded us. Our example of story-telling is an example to others to empower themselves in the same way. Also, our personal and teaching lives are the stories that become the makers of change in our families, our work situations, the education system, and ultimately the global community.

Part of the reaction that our stories have on others is to bring forward the notion in their own minds that they, too, have stories to tell. Somehow, the nature of our storytelling does not breed a kind of one-upmanship, but a sharing of stories, long held within and thought to be perhaps insignificant, non-academic, or even too personal, but evidence of a power in storytelling that speaks of a transformative kind of power much-needed in the world today. A kind of timeless spiritual power that overshadows temporary military and physical might.

As we drove through Albuquerque to the airport we could see the silhouettes of five dormant volcanoes on the right horizon that was otherwise as flat and bald as any prairie landscape in Alberta. What had struck us when we had first arrived in the New Mexico city a few days earlier, was that apart from the unfamiliar vegetation of yucca plants and cacti, the terrain looked remarkably like the land form (or lack of it) around our home city of Lethbridge. So, even though we were a couple of thousand miles from home, things were still very much the same.

It seemed to me that the five volcanoes were like the five of us. We were five women, perhaps members of a kind of silent majority. Sociologists like to define the "gender problem" and "race relations" as minority issues even though they acknowledge that in terms of real numbers women are the dominant gender and there is a "browning of America" occurring. For centuries, however, we have been silenced: by the patriarchy and by we ourselves who have bought into it. Now, however, after a couple of decades of feminist theory making its way into the public arena, and ethnicity and race also becoming current topics in academe, there seems to be just the barest wisp of smoke tentatively announcing that changes were occurring deep within. Rumbblings beneath a calm exterior, finding our voices and our power, and promising the world that they will soon hear more.

The Myth of Belonging: Longing to belong

A university student who appeared to me to be a typical Canadian, an attractive, self-assured, blue-eyed blonde, surprised me by writing about belonging issues in her journal that she submitted to me in a Psychology of Women course. By my sharing of our experience of writing in our belonging group, she was encouraged to later write me two papers entitled, "Two left feet" and "Can of peaches" in which she expressed lifelong feelings of not belonging, although she had grown up in a small farming community among people of similar physical, ethnic, religious, and family characteristics. The pain of feeling that she does not belong among what should be her people is poignantly articulated in a poem written in her last year of high school:

*I don't belong here
I try so hard
To fit myself in
Yet it always seems
I'm on the outside
Oh, it's not that
I'm trying to belong
I just thought I did
And I suppose I do
For I'm here
And I thought I could
For I can mold myself
And I have
But I don't
I was born here
But these are not my people
I am with them*

*But not one of them
I am like them
But am different
And it's not like it's important
And I know it's right to realize
And I do wonder
When I'll meet my people...
They've been born here and so have I
We live together but we are apart
And I just hope that I'll always realize
Like I always have
That although I try
And don't know why,
To be one of them
And think and live the illusion
That I am
I am not...
And someday
For I'll save myself
And not waste myself
Or lose myself
Someday
Although it is hard
And lonely
To wait,
Someday
I'll meet my people
And I will belong
Not because I am there
But because
I am one of them.*

I am proud to think that I have had an influence in bringing forth this young woman's story. I have somehow enabled her to release a part of herself that has propelled her to action. In her own words:

...I do want to thank you so very much (even years so late) for such a happy class--I have been sitting with a burstingly exuberantly thankful heart for much too long to keep it to myself. As I think back to that time, I keep trying to think of a word to describe what made the class work so well for me. I think perhaps the word "honor" comes close. What a gift for a teacher to give a student--how rare and beautiful! And how

humbling!

Feminist/Global Pedagogical Applications

The underlying theme of feminist rethinking on pedagogy is explicated by a variety of feminist authors but summed up succinctly by Jane Kenway and Helen Modra (1992) who state: "Feminists believe that women are located unequally in the social formation, often devalued, exploited and oppressed. Education systems, the knowledge which they offer and the practices which constitute them, are seen to be complicit in this" (p. 139). To elaborate, Dorothy E. Smith (1991) points out that: "Universities, schools, broadcasting and publishing corporations, and the like are the ideological institutions of the society" (p. 233). On the surface, this fact does not seem problematic until she answers the question as to whose ideologies predominate: "To a large extent, men appropriate the positions that govern, administer, and manage our society. Men hold the positions from which the work of organizing the society is initiated and controlled." Wallace Clement (1975) examined the actual make-up of the ruling class or "corporate elite" in demographic terms, noting that the economic and media elite are of upper class origin, meaning that men (as opposed to women) (p. 332), who are mostly Anglo and Protestant (p. 333), exert "power in terms of the economic functions of society and...in terms of ideological functions" (p. 326). Masculine ideology and epistemology, therefore, are at the basis of what we believe to be "true" and "real" in our society.

Paige Porter (1986) provides a summary of Michael Young's well-known 1971 book on the sociology of knowledge, *Knowledge and Control*, in which he presented the work of several authors who delineated:

...the ways in which much of what we accept as everyday "knowledge," including school "knowledge," is socially constructed, meaning that it is a creation of particular dominant groups in a particular kind of society at a particular point in time and serves to help maintain them in power (p. 3).

She quotes Italian political theorist, Antonio Gramsci's explanation of how capitalism was able to maintain itself through the concept of "hegemony"-- "the success of a dominant class in projecting its own particular way of seeing the world of human relationships so that this is accepted as common sense and the natural order of things by those who are in fact subordinate to it" (p. 4). Madeleine MacDonald (1980) states the problem thus: "In a wide variety of 'sites' such as the work place, the family, the law and the educational system, there are the hierarchies of class and also of sex" (p. 30). Furthermore: "We can understand the social relations of schooling not just as attempts to prepare for class obedience but also to prepare women for their role, subordinate to men" (p. 32). Dorothy E. Smith (1991) calls it a "circle effect" in that: "...women have been largely excluded from the work of producing the forms of thought and the images and symbols in which thought is expressed

and ordered" (p. 233). She further points out that while this motion goes on in never-ending circles, the scope of women's action has over time been progressively narrowed to the domestic.

Gail Kelly and Ann Nihlen (1982) point out the vagueness in the literature concerning the nature of sex inequality in that it is directly related to issues of private/domestic life--notably marriage and child-bearing and raising (p. 162). They call attention to the "impact of the family in patriarchal society where women, regardless of class, ethnicity and race, and their wage and status retain major responsibility for household chores and for bearing and raising children, which men do not." Ursula LeGuin (1989) contends that: "Being a mother is one of the things a woman can do...it's a privilege. It's not an obligation, or a destiny" (p. 225) as has been described by Adrienne Rich: "To have borne and reared a child is to have done that thing that patriarchy joins with physiology to render into the definition of femaleness" (cited in Sanford & Donovan, 1984, p. 130). However, LeGuin points out that being both a housewife and a writer calls upon a woman to take on "a full-time double job that can be simply, practically, destroyingly impossible" (p. 224). However, the problem is not posed as a practical one, for which "practical solutions would be proposed" but: "Instead the issue is stated, even now, as a moral one, a matter of ought and ought not."

It would be unfair to suggest that it is men and men alone who perpetuate this state of affairs. Dorothy E. Smith (1990) notes that: "Women of the dominant classes played a direct part in the reorganization of the internal relations of the middle [and lower] classes" with respect to "reconstructing motherhood" on the basis of concern with the child's character and mind (pp. 227-228). That women are complicit in the valuing of school over home activities is reiterated by Madeleine Grumet (1988a): "My contention is that curriculum is the deliberate effort and achievement of men and women engaged in the process of repudiating the limits and constraints of our reproductive experience" (p. 532). She charges that men have employed women to carry out their curriculum largely as primary teachers without giving them positions of authority or control over decision-making, etc. Their virtuous role as "mother-teachers" is to be altruistic, morally transcendent, self-abnegating, and patient (1988b).

Grumet arrestingly calls sentimentalism a "velvet constraint" in the form of "the cult of motherhood" that was "developed to compensate women for their enforced exile from production to consumerism" (1988a, p. 533). Awakening the consciousness first of women, and hopefully also men, to a variety of issues related to education was a task addressed in the late 1960s and early 1970s as a result of issues raised by the women's movement. Jane Gaskell, Arlene McLaren and Myrna Novogrodsky (1989) describe the project: "...feminists had to educate educators in the ABCs of women's oppression" (p. 2). These authors are now calling *not* for "a laundry list of feminist demands" but rather, "an understanding of the linkages among these demands, and between them and an overall agenda for change in schools" (p.

3). Their definition of feminism focuses on the insertion of "the concern of women from all walks of life into policy and practice, ultimately reshaping the whole so that it better serves both men and women. It is linked with the struggle to redress other inequalities." Kenway and Modra (1992) state as the goal of feminism: "...a commitment to a form of politics directed towards ending the social arrangements which lead women to be 'other than,' less than, put down, and put upon" (p. 139).

The oppression of women in education is both blatant and subtle. The obvious differences include the inverse relationship between level of education and the proportion of women represented in leadership roles--more women at the lower levels of education and less status is accorded them. While "the number of women undergraduates has increased dramatically, "inequality remains on other significant measures of post secondary achievement: the proportion of graduate degrees obtained, the segregation of the sexes in specific fields, and job outcomes" (Gaskell, McLaren & Novogrodsky, 1989, p. 84). On a more subtle level, "Classrooms at all levels are characterized by a general environment of inequity" (Sadker & Sadker, 1986).

Additionally, Lorraine Code (1991) explicates a gender-related "double standard" in terms of cognition: "Two complex structural patterns converge to contain women in undervalued cognitive domains and to thwart their efforts to gain recognition as fully authoritative members of epistemic communities" (p. 223). These two interwoven patterns are firstly a "cluster of stereotypes" that represent women as "scatterbrained, illogical, highly emotional creatures, incapable of abstract intellectual thought" and secondly, a "curious distinction" between knowledge and experience, such that women are seen as having access only to experience--which is defined as not the "stuff of which knowledge is made." She further critically analyzes popularly accepted feminist authors, Mary Field Belenky and her co-authors (1986) for suggesting in *Women's Ways of Knowing* that there is an essentialized feminine "way of knowing" (p. 259). She charges that the question has not been asked whether "such 'ways of knowing' are the products of women's oppressed social positions, nor do they consider whether a celebration of these 'ways' would be empowering and politically liberating" (p. 260). This project, she claims, is an attempt to produce a unified account [of women's ways of knowing, which] reclaims the mainstream's power to obliterate diversity" (p. 259).

That race and gender are issues that must be addressed--along with other differences found in the heterogeneity of class, sexual orientation, physical ableness, religion, etc.--is a standpoint that has evolved out of a major feminist critique of radical or critical theories. Carmen Luke and Jennifer Gore (1992) explicate this critique: "...[feminist] readings of critical pedagogy have been arrived at out of our positioning, location, and identity as women in education: as women within a patriarchal system of knowledge, scholarship, and pedagogical relations" (p. 3). Jennifer Gore (1993) points out

the similarities and differences between "critical pedagogy" and "feminist pedagogy": "A comparison of critical and feminist pedagogy discourses reveals a shared concern for democratic schools and societies. For the feminist pedagogy discourse, however, this concern is mediated by a fundamental concern for women as a 'class'" (p. 46). She further states that simply "adding" gender to the critical pedagogy discourse is "viewed by many women as simply inadequate" (p. 47).

Centrally problematic, in my view, is the question of voice/ownership/perspective/standpoint--call it what you will. Gore notes: "Many men feel, often accurately, unwelcome in feminism. While women do not want men to appropriate feminist discourse many would like men to intellectually and politically engage with feminist discourse" (pp. 47-48). The danger, to my mind, is the appropriation, the speaking for, that can so readily take place--a reiteration of the master narrative. Hence, the appeal of a postmodern feminism since "postmodernism would appear to be a natural ally of feminism" (Nicholson, 1990) in that there are "many points of overlap between a postmodern stance and positions long held by feminists--mainly the argument against "the supposed neutrality and objectivity of the academy, asserting that claims put forth as universally applicable have invariably been valid only for *men* of a particular culture, class, and race" (p. 5, emphasis added). Indeed, a major theme of the current writings of curriculum theory guru, Henry Giroux (1991b), calls for a "refiguring of the boundaries of modernism" since:

Within the discourse of modernity, the other not only sometimes ceases to be a historical agent, but is often defined within totalizing and universalistic theories that create a transcendental rational white, male, Eurocentric subject that both occupies the centers of power while simultaneously appearing to exist outside time and space. Read against this Eurocentric transcendental subject, the Other is shown to lack any redeeming community traditions, collective voice, or historical weight--and is reduced to the imagery of the colonizer (p. 220).

As a natural extension of my autobiographical work, I have chronicled an ongoing analysis of my college and university teaching, elaborating on my newfound awarenesses in anti-racist feminism and applying them to my teaching around social issues at the post secondary level, which I hope to be my life work--that is, as I take my place as a woman of color in academe.

Although Giroux's call to educators is clear: "...to fashion a critical politics of difference not outside but within a tradition of radical democracy..." (1991a, p. 30), Roxanna Ng (1991) suggests that critical teaching--"teaching against the grain"--is problematic, particularly for the minority teacher, and it presents multiple contradictions that resonate with my own predicament:

I write as a teacher--a middle-class woman and a member of the intelligensia [sic] with some authority and privileges--as a woman of color who is marginal in the overall system of authority and privilege, as a social scientist who is supposed to be rational, analytical and detached, and as a sensuous living individual...who has emotions and feelings. These positions and identities do not sit well together. They give rise to contradictions and dilemmas which I, and every human being in her/his multiple locations and subjectivities, experience and must deal with continuously. It is nevertheless in these contradictions that I exist, and therefore think, speak and write (p. 103).

Toh Swee-Hin (1991), in a collection of life stories of peace educators, states that educating for peace is an ongoing cycle of education and action to build a peaceful planet where all beings learn to live in compassion, sharing, justice, harmony, and dignity (p. 115). It is my hope that this work will be part of that ongoing cycle. As Toh suggests, in the Chinese tradition, any journey, no matter how near or distant, must begin with the first step, and every individual endeavor counts in the collective quest for a more peaceful Earth.

I'm a Teacher: I'm a person

I was second, always second--second daughter born to a family that valued sons--second to begin to walk, talk, attend school, learn handwriting, play the piano, learn French. No matter how hard I tried, I would never be first, nor would I be as important as would a son. Dad sometimes called my older sister, "Buster," for the boy he did not have--yet. He thought the third daughter should be named, "Penny--that's all a third girl is worth." Does that make the second girl just a space filler? Even if I replicated my older sister's feat of winning the Governor-General's Medal--for top marks in the city on grade nine governmental examinations--I would still be second. It seemed as if I got through elementary and junior high school with honors, but without ever having an original idea: by copying whatever my older sister did. For example, I adopted a special style of the alphabet, a particular way to display the kinds of spices that explorers brought back from exotic lands, or the use of construction paper to mount my Social Studies notes. My classmates thought me terribly creative and even though I felt like a fraud, I was annoyed then they in turn copied me!

About the age of ten, I remember becoming painfully aware that no matter how hard I tried, my older sister would always be able to engage my mother in adult-like conversation: always bringing home the interesting stories and victories from the outside world before me. I then consciously set

about trying to find a niche for myself in the family constellation in which I felt lost between my older sister and younger brother, and certainly outshone in cuteness by my tiny baby sister: "Isn't she adorable?" I found some success in telling jokes and set my mind to remembering very funny incident and story that I could find and claim, taking great joy in commanding attention at the supper table by making the family laugh, in the process giving me some identity, even if grounded in a kind of fluid, rather than solid, foundation.

I have come to appreciate of late the idea that teaching is very much a "performance," with the students being the audience--whether supportive, unresponsive, or critical! I make notations for items to use as attention-getters or illustrations, and I suspect that the enjoyment I get from telling a timely joke or funny story to my class is a carryover from those supper table performances. However, my underlying motive for performing is to put the students at ease and render them amenable to learning. Janice Antczak (1989) suggests that storytelling is not a trivial device intended only for amusement, but "one of the basic intellectual means through which we make sense of the world and organize events and facts" (p. 1). This present work is a case in point.

An unresponsive audience, from time to time encountered for no apparent reason, is one that is somewhat baffling to me. (Somehow, even a critical audience is easier to understand and cope with.) Frequently, I use humor in the form of a wry joke or pun, with the explanation that I am just checking to see whether anyone is listening or awake. The lack of response is interpreted by me to be a lack of interest in myself the person, since I consider myself and the subject matter to be inseparable. For similar reasons, I get very discouraged when the audience is critical. I attempt to present courses with the help of personal and professional experiences: the personal is professional. The personal investment is difficult to give up. My best teaching "highs" occur when I am able to give a message "from the heart" and feel that the message is getting across, not only in an intellectual way, but to really touch another person's life and make a difference. My whole identity is tied up with my usefulness as teacher, my effectiveness as a helper, and my worth as a human being.

My ethnicity has led, I believe, to a greater sensitivity to the issue of interpersonal acceptance versus discrimination. I relate my own stories when the curriculum includes the topics of prejudice, stereotypes, and discrimination, in an effort to increase students' awareness of the fact that we all suffer some form of discrimination. I try to treat all students with compassion, regardless of race, color, creed, religion, physical handicap, or learning style, and try to be sensitive to, and accommodating of, their needs. In an effort to help my students see beyond my obvious ethnicity to the humanness within, and to illuminate concepts, I share my personal feelings and concerns freely as an integral part of my teaching. For example, I often tell my class during discussions of prejudice about the amusing metaphor of feeling like a "banana Oriental"--yellow on the outside, but all White on the

inside.

As suggested by Helen E. Hayes (1977) in her article, "Curriculum development as a moral enterprise," as an educational practitioner, I:

...claim to be pursuing certain "ideal" in [my] endeavors...[I am] concerned about the persons involved, ...[I] consider the activities [I] plan or impose to be valuable ones, ...[I have] certain overarching goals which make sense of and give meaning to what [I am] doing (p. 220).

My ideals and goals have changed over the ten years I have done post secondary teaching, as I have become more theoretically based in pedagogy, but also through the process of reflection on my teaching, in which I have been actively engaged.

Early in my teaching career, my "overarching goals" were to make better persons (and employees) of my secretarial students in terms of their interpersonal skills. I considered the activities I planned to be valuable ones: as the "dispenser of knowledge" I thought I knew what effective skills were and I believed it was my job to teach these to my "hapless" students. Unfortunately, however, I was not considering "the persons involved," and at one low point of discouragement with student response, even questioned whether one could "make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." I was distressed that my students did not appear to share my values of concern for the emotional qualities of life, rather than opting for solutions to interpersonal problems that were merely expedient or an exercise of power. For example, one mature student in a Human Relations class questioned the value of the whole course with the statement, "If I don't get along with people where I work, I just quit." She added that she had had "about 100 jobs" in the past five years.

Pursuing my Masters degree at the University of Lethbridge was initially an effort to broaden my knowledge and skills in hopes of making myself more marketable for a full-time job. While I had appreciated the opportunity to teach on a part-time basis while also having time to attend to the needs of my family, my long-term goal had been to have what I called a "real job," with all the financial security and benefits, social status, and sense of accomplishment it would entail.

Ironically, the pursuit of my vocational goals had been largely involved in the teaching of women who aspired to work in the "pink ghetto." While I had chosen post secondary teaching, a field that is dominated by men, they had chosen support work: assistants and helpmates to the decision-makers, to those who dictate the letters, those who attend the meetings, those who keep the appointments, those who sign the cheques. Because of my perceived previous "failures" to reach my students with the Human Relations curriculum I had chosen as most appropriate—experiential exercises, since I felt that the students did not demonstrate good human relations skills

and could therefore benefit most from practice rather than talk--I had concluded that they were unreachable. Their vision was limited by their desire to play out the role that society has prescribed for the traditional woman. One student stated outright to me, "I'm only taking Secretarial because it's easy and I'll be able to get a job right away and find a husband and get married." As I mentally filled in, "...and live happily ever after," I hoped against hope that she was the exception and not the norm.

Despite frustrations during the first four years of teaching Human Relations to Secretarial Science students, before I gave up that assignment, I finally felt able to successfully engage them in a learning process, reducing negative feedback about the "stupidness" of the course format or content, and eliminating the usual attendance problems. I discovered that by modelling a "connected" way of teaching (Belenky, et al., 1986)--revealing the person who was also a teacher--I was able to make personal contact with them, discovering their humanness and appeal as persons. I became pleasantly surprised and moved by the response of my students to me as a person. When I passed them in the hallways, rather than getting an embarrassed half-smile, I was the happy recipient of a genuine smile and, "Hi."

Indeed, I am wondering whether it was a change in my own manner that effected a more "successful" approach with my students. I wonder whether, like Peggy McIntosh (1984), in "Feeling like a fraud," I had "come to see the traditional lives of women as just as real as the rest of what history has named" (p. 12). I began to see that my place was with them--a part of them--rather than separate from, even above them in some way. In my quest to "make something of myself" as my non-formally educated but ambitious mother often admonished me, I had attempted to carve out some kind of elevated position for myself, a cut above the common woman. I realize much to my chagrin now that, in a sense, I had turned my back on my own womanhood: denounced the values of a large segment of the population of which I was a part by birth.

That last semester, we engaged in talking about many personal, even intimate, topics when I shared my own experiences as a woman, wife, mother, daughter, and career person. In fact, my various life experiences enabled me to elaborate on topics, hopefully in an enlightening way for my students. As Ursula LeGuin (1989) suggests, I had been "immersed in life...but it does not always follow that one drowns. A lot of us can swim" (p. 235). My life stories have allowed me to not only "keep afloat" in my teaching, but to actually display a swimming technique which my students might wish to emulate.

Interestingly, in regard to the swimming metaphor, this is an athletic endeavor which I have been cultivating during the last 10 years, which coincidentally coincides with the length of my teaching career. I have been particularly proud of my swimming efforts, having nearly drowned at about age six--the age of starting school--and had, until the age of 35 been quite afraid of putting my face under water, despite countless swimming lessons. Now that I think of it, my mother was also non-athletic except for her ability to

swim, having grown up near the ocean. I remember how it used to amaze me to watch her dive into lake water about once a year and display a strong, sure stroke, going much further out than I, in my child-like wonder would deem "safe." Although she never practiced her stroke more than on this annual basis--usually on a summer holiday, because of maternal duties--I remember being strangely surprised at this demonstration of this seldom-used ability by a woman who in so many ways felt inferior, particularly to my father who, in his own words, "swims like a stone." I also remember the bereft feeling at watching my mother glide effortlessly away from me. Would she come back? It makes me wonder whether this is how my children feel when I "make time" to go for a weekly swimming outing, or to teach classes, or take classes? Do they interpret it as a moving away from their world, from their cares and concerns?

What strikes me as deeply ironic is the fact that a woman must move away from her family and home in order to achieve in the male-dominated/oriented world (while this is also true for men, the status quo sees women as deserting their "natural" or even "God-given" roles), but at the same time according to Alicia Ostker (as quoted by LeGuin, 1989), and perhaps irreconcilably: "The advantage of motherhood for a woman artist [educator?] is that it puts her in immediate and inescapable contact with the sources of life, death, beauty, growth, corruption..." (p. 228). If our mothering and housekeeping duties and obligations enrich our lives and in so doing, our teaching as well, why is it that the feminine influence is so little felt in schools? As Madeleine Grumet (1988b) has written in *Bitter Milk*, there has been a "...consistent and flagrant exclusion of female experience from the organization and life of schools, from the theories and methods of pedagogy, learning, and curriculum theory" (p. 34).

When I taught Human Relations during the last semester, my teaching took place in a kind of "room of our own," much like the space that LeGuin (1989) quotes poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, as having needed [after Virginia Wolfe] (p. 220). However, claiming this space, whether physical or temporal, necessitated a kind of separation and I wondered whether it conformed with the feminist utopian ideal. Men have long been suspicious and/or denigrating of all-women's groups--perceived as a kind of waste of time at best, and as an opportunity to plot against men, at worst--while at the same time claiming to require spaces in time and place away from the demands of women: hence fraternities, the Masons, men's clubs, and the military. Men's isolation from women is seen as macho and ideal, while women's separation from men is seen as threatening:

...the killing grudge, the envy, the jealousy, the spite that so often a man is allowed to hold, trained to hold, against anything a woman does that's not done in his service, for him, to feed his body, his comfort, his kids (p. 233).

What I had to inject into the educating of Human Relations students was "white writing...writing in milk, in mother's milk" (Cixous, p. 228). My hope is that my attempts to "combine art work with housework and family responsibility" will not be considered "unnatural" acts, with the "penalty of death" (p. 222).

How I Came to Education: The power of story

From the vantage point of hindsight, I can now see that the fact that I was "shy" reduced the amount of information with which people could overcome stereotypical ideas about me. It was in my 20s during a group therapy component of a university course that I discovered to my utter horror that my reticence was sometimes incorrectly interpreted as snobbishness! Since that time I have made a concerted effort to take the risk of being more open, with generally more positive results.

In high school, I was always somewhat awed by the pretty, popular girls. Neither they nor the boys paid much attention to me although I would try to dress the "right" way as much as possible on our family's shoestring budget. Even though I was an elected member of the Student Council in a high school of 1100 students, I never managed to penetrate the inner circle of popularity, a position that is coveted in many schools. Part of the problem was that I was never involved in athletics and therefore did not experience the camaraderie of team playing and the breaking down of barriers that results from sweating and showering together. Nor was I involved in what might be termed more esoteric activities such as chess or debating clubs. Neither did I form any close or mentorship relationships with teachers. My claim to fame, rather, was that of being a "brain," a social status that served to set me apart, rather than to engender friendships. In addition, I always felt a little embarrassed about our home and family life, which were highly unstructured. As an environment for intellectual stimulation it was likely superior, but I knew from occasional visits to the homes of school friends that ours was very different from the norm.

Feeling continually apologetic about my very existence probably led to an interest in helping other people. As a "first career" I chose the field of clinical psychology with the altruistic goal of helping troubled children. After some six years attempting to do so, and finding some frustration with my seeming inability to "make a difference" with parents whose own problems seemed to be causing the problems for their children, I opted for motherhood where I fancied that I would have full rein in raising a child and could try out my many theories on child development. However, feelings of futility with the constant demands of full-time housewifery and motherhood led me, after another six years, to seek employment outside the home, this time in teaching.

After only a few weeks of teaching part-time at a community college, I

knew that this was something that I wanted to do for a "second career." First of all, unlike the counselling field where chronic cases repeatedly "reared their ugly heads" as discomfiting reminders to therapists who could not effect "cures," there were beginnings and ends: times for fresh starts and times for evaluations. In addition, I felt that I was once again making a tangible contribution to the household. Most importantly, however, there was the feeling that knowledge was being imparted and that somehow I was "making a difference" in the students' lives.

This latter consideration has continued to be of paramount importance for me although over ten years of post secondary teaching, I have shifted my perspective as proposed by James B. Macdonald (1988) "from the dominant quantitative achievement task orientation...to a perspective which focuses directly upon the quality of the lived everyday life in our working situations" (p. 162). As a result, it is the personal interactions with students that stand out most in my memory. I cherish those individual interchanges with students in which they relate how a concept discussed in class has become personally relevant and useful for them. As an outgrowth of this kind of experience, I made significant changes in classroom interactions in an effort to also make them more meaningful. Probably one of the most successful changes, because of the fact that it was a problem with which I had been struggling for some four years, was a change in the prescribed curriculum of my Human Relations class.

I had been teaching Secretarial Science students every semester for four years, and had felt dissatisfied with the curriculum since the outset. The first textbook that I inherited was too difficult and the second one, which I chose, was too easy. Like Goldilocks, I settled on one that I felt was "just right." Based on the rationale that "booklearning was not enough," the ideal one was based on "experiential learning." I persisted with it for three years, even though it was poorly received by the majority of students, according to remarks on faculty evaluations. My typical student was a recent high school graduate with little stated ambition beyond completing the course, finding a job, getting married, and "living happily ever after." This attitude troubled me as being unrealistic and I had real concerns for the future of any young woman who professed it. My reasoning was that my educational goal should be to improve their observable Human Relations skills, which I judged--however presumptuously--to be in need of refinement.

Feeling dissatisfied with my successfulness as a Human Relations instructor--success being defined in terms of positive feedback from students--I directed my attention to problem-solving the teaching situation at every opportunity during my MEd program. The turning point came when I became aware of a different orientation toward decision-making in the classroom. I did an Independent Study which consisted of an after-the-fact analysis of my teaching of Psychology of Women at the university, in terms of the concept of "connected teaching" espoused by Mary Field Belenky, et al. in *Women's Ways of Knowing: The development of self, voice, and mind*

(1986). I realized that many of the concepts discussed by the authors were strategies that I had employed almost instinctively during the teaching of that particular course. Feeling validated by noted authors as well as by my supervisor for the study, a person and academic whom I highly respect, I felt justified in pursuing these types of approaches even further, and especially in my Human Relations classes at the college.

Belenky, et al. (1986) talk about the "personal becoming professional, and the professional personal": decision-making was to be made public, "constructing truth" through consensus. These concepts appealed to me. Here at last was an opportunity to be the "teacher-person" I wanted to be, rather than some stilted professional educator, who behaved in a manner which was "right" only because it conformed to traditionally accepted concepts of the teacher role, exerting authority and control in an effort at accountability. Not having had formal training in "Education," I had relied on my own experiences as a student to direct my educational decision-making. Now, however, I had confirmation from an entirely different school of thought, which was instinctively much more appealing, giving me a feeling of "rightness" that confirmed an intuitive sense.

Another significant event that has led to changes in curriculum orientation has been my continuing interest in learning styles as defined by Anthony F. Gregorc. In *An Adult's Guide to Style* (1982), he describes four different learning styles which can be determined by means of an instrument which he developed called a "Style Delineator." I first began using Gregorc's and Kathleen Butler's (1984) theories of learning and teaching styles for an assignment for an Analysis of Teaching course during my Masters program. From surveying three classes of Human Relations students at the time, I discovered to my utter surprise that the majority of students could be described as "Abstract Random," a term used to describe emotional, feeling-driven, creative persons. I had fully expected that the majority of them as future secretaries would be delineated, "Concrete Sequential," which describes people who adhere to traditional, straightforward, linear ways of thinking and doing. Upon analyzing my teaching style, I discovered that most of the activities in the course were geared toward the Concrete Sequential student, although I myself did not prefer this style of functioning.

These two major events in my teaching life led to a process of beginning to see my students more as individuals with varying learning needs, and to questioning my teaching style and to looking for ways to bring it more in line with my own natural learning style and with those of my students. Studying my own learning style in greater depth, part of my creative project for the MEd program, has also led to an increased sense of self-acceptance. Various personality traits and behaviors which I had previously found incomprehensible and at times frustrating, have become clearer to me as part of a larger pattern of intellectual functioning. For example, I no longer consider myself "wishy-washy" but realize that as a characteristic of the Abstract Sequential learning style, I "suffer from the

inability to take a definite position" because I carefully weigh all data, debate and argue intelligently with myself and others (Gregorc, 1982, p. 24). In fact, through the experience of reflecting about my lived reality, I am finding the process particularly relevant, in keeping with Gregorc's description of Abstract Sequential thinking processes that "judgements are based upon criteria which are acceptable to...the intellectual atmosphere of the present time or academic community" (p. 23).

I have experienced a kind of validation that has resulted in a greater feeling of integration of my personal and teaching selves, which are becoming more and more to be one and the same. As I become more accepting of myself, I notice that my manner in the classroom softens, as I feel more comfortable letting go of some authoritativeness. I maintain authority in the sense of being the designated leader in the course, but release total control of events in the classroom, even when personally inconvenienced, as in making two different examinations for two classes of Human Relations who are by their own choice covering different parts of the textbook.

The first tangible change in my teaching style was a flexibility in the course outline. I allowed students to choose from two or more possibilities for term assignments or to design one of their own choosing. The majority of students chose the original assignment, but most of them expressed appreciation for being given a choice. One girl approached me after class to express her discomfiture with having an open-endedness to the assignments. She revealed that she was not at all used to such an approach by a teacher and felt unsettled. She decided to choose the original assignment rather than one of the options.

Later in the semester, we problem-solved various aspects of the course, such as schedule and curriculum changes. I also asked for the students' feedback regarding a proposed textbook change for the following semester. They overwhelmingly chose one that dealt with problems of an interpersonal nature, over one that was more oriented toward psychological concepts. Although I had some misgivings because some of the subject matter was so personal (would students, colleagues, or administration be offended? outraged?) I adopted it for the next semester and had a surprisingly positive response. Attendance, always problematic in these classes, had never been so good! In addition, I sensed a closeness with students evidenced by the warm smiles and greetings they gave me when we passed in the hallways.

I felt that the success of the curriculum was in that it met personal needs of the students. They were able to bring forward their own concerns and questions related to the subject matter. I also felt a great deal of satisfaction in being able to draw from my own philosophy of life which is a product of my various experiences as a counsellor, mother, wife, teacher, and person. As we covered such topics as, "Love and Marriage," for example, I was able to relate relevant stories from my own life: my insights gained as a teenager, student, newlywed, career woman, marriage counsellor, housewife, and a "working mother." I also asked the students to arrange their desks in a

circle to encourage open discussion of their own relevant experiences. I did have some concern that certain students rarely or never contributed to class discussion, although I had made it a rule that participation was by choice. The question of how to catalyze marginalized students to voice their stories is an ongoing challenge for me in my teaching, although I believe that by simply being a minority group teacher and by modelling storytelling, I set the stage for their own sharing.

As Thomas G. Mullins (1986) points out, the "story-form" is "universal and pervasive in human life" (p. 1). It fills a need in myself as well as in my students. For me--and I suspect this would also apply to my students--it accents what stories are important to me, in that they come to my awareness as a result of reminders in the curriculum. My "awareness of personal significance" is heightened, and in some sense, I come closer to achieving the immortality about which Mullins speaks (p. 2). This process contributes not only to greater self-awareness, but to greater self-acceptance. As I relate what might have even been an unhappy, unsuccessful event in my life, somehow it becomes useful in the very act of telling. It seems to be similar to Antoinette Oberg's (1989) statement that reflection leads to "the creation of self-confidence...something that permeates the core of one's being" (pp. 12-13). The events of one's life become validated by their importance and serviceability.

Stories have long been an integral part of my life. I remember childhood bedtimes with fondness because of the magical aura that surrounded them. Time seemed to stand still as our mother took time out of her busy day of raising four young children to read to us each evening before we went to sleep. Mom took great delight in anything literary, her voice taking on a dreamy, faraway tone when she recited poems to us from memory: *I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me, And what can be the use of him is more than I can see...*

Even though Mullins (1986) notes that "the tradition of parents reading and telling stories is fast on the wane" (p. 5), it is something that is almost sacred in our home. The logical and psychological part of me says that I should discipline my children by withholding their bedtime stories if they have been naughty, but another part will not allow me to do so. The closeness that I feel in reading bedtime stories as I lie next to my children seems necessary to bring closure to the day. No matter what has transpired--I may have only just been chastising my child for some neglect of duties--the ritual is carried through and somehow ruffled feelings are smoothed and the parent-child relationship solidified once more.

In the classroom there is a similar dynamic at work. Textbook material seems to come to life as I relate a personal vignette. For example, in conjunction with the chapter on "communication," when I described my feelings of anxiety when my daughter is late coming home, students' expressions soften noticeably. There is a warm, fuzzy feeling in the air. I am able to bring both humor and humility into my teaching. Students are able to

share in my triumphs, struggles, disappointments, questions, concerns: they come to see me as a person as well as a teacher.

This present reflective exercise has compelled me to examine my life in terms of a story. What Michael Novak (1989) describes as "our fundamental and primary need" is my dearest wish--to work out "a theory of intelligence...in the context of action" (p. 86). I want to make sense of my actions--both personal and professional--and to become integrated and directional in my efforts. I recognize this as an ongoing process, even a journey!

I now realize that as an educator, the "knowledge of the most worth" (Spencer, 1924, p. 7) is the realization that "the major meaning of education relates to the liberation of human potential and not the control of human behavior" (J.B. Macdonald, 1988, p. 172). Perhaps I can implement Thomas Berry's (1990) advice to:

...give students a double vision of social reality [by] learn[ing] both the language of power, which we use standing at the podium and delivering those straight sentences, and the language of social change, which suggests alternate visions of how to use power (p. 9).

Indeed, part of my curriculum for the past several years has been an understanding of power imbalance, the wisdom of trying to balance the power in interpersonal relationships, and questioning the Western tendency for trying to assert power over nature. I have been trying to promote an appreciation for other people as persons and for our natural place in the cosmos. As Berry points out in his "Twelve principles for understanding the universe and the role of the human in the universe," the "Scientific-Technological-Industrial phase" of human development has been a time of "violent plundering of the earth...through erosion, road-building, industrial establishments, shopping malls, and waste disposal practices" (p. 16). Winona LaDuke (1988) in, "They always come back," supports this view, linking it with the:

...downpression of native people...to the subjugation and exploitation of the Earth. With each generation, the techno-industrial system creates demands for more resources from the land [with the] desecration of the planet and of native peoples...hidden away in the back pages of the newspapers (pp. 64-65).

Berry perceives a need for the seeking of "a new intimacy...with the integral functioning of the natural world...so that a dominant anthropo-centrism is replaced with an eco-centrism" (p. 16).

To my utter amazement and astonishment, my reflective journey has

brought me face to face with "panache--the ability to exude the effect of a plume on a helmet" (Kinsella, 1986, p. 35) Will they write it on my professional tombstone, just like on Tom Pony's? Will I, while pushing against the back wheel of the truck that is "three men tall" (p. 36) be pushed over the bank into the 500 foot pit that has been burning for "maybe twenty years"? The metaphor is not unlike LeGuin's question whether "the artist must sacrifice himself to his [sic] art" (1989, p. 222).

I received a memo one day notifying me of a release from my teaching of Human Relations due to budget limitations. (I had not actually read the memo to that point because I had not had time to read my mail, but had chosen to counsel a student instead. I learned about the decision from a colleague.) While it came as a shock in view of the planning in which I had been involved for upcoming semesters, with no mention (for once!) of the possibility of being released (the thesaurus gives "freed, liberated, rescued" as synonyms) of my duties, I was also quite relieved in view of the workload that I had been anticipating for next semester. On the one hand, I had looked forward to presenting the course as I had finally become comfortable teaching it, but on the other, I was also looking forward to taking on a new teaching load in another department, one with which I had experienced much more "context continuity." That is, on the whole, I had found the students in the Natural and Social Sciences Division to be much more academic, conscientious, interested, and responsive. I would be teaching three classes of Social Problems, to nursing students, described by instructors as "the cream of the crop." However, my position would again be as a "sessional instructor," in a kind of anticipation of a more permanent arrangement at some later point. In any case, as usual, I felt at the mercy of higher powers who made decisions from the top down, for reasons unknown and little understood by the people who occupied the lower ranks. How I longed for a teaching situation in which I would have some more permanent status, and hopefully also some input as to my teaching assignments and method of teaching.

I was reminded of the words of a Robert Frost poem (1958), "between the woods and frozen lake." The "frozen lake" stretched out before me--how safe was that ice, would it bear my weight? In my wildest dreams, I would don sharp blades and cut effortlessly over a smooth, hard surface to participate in an "ice dance"--my favorite Olympic ice skating event to watch. The partners swoop and pirouette in perfect synchrony. They lift up and support each other as their skills and talents will allow, never straying far from each other--the judges will deduct points for being apart for too long.

The arena beckoned, but its bright lights and hubbub were intimidating. The arena of which I speak is the world of academe, and its beckoning again came to my awareness as a result of the news of losing the course. I had had a taste of teaching at the university level during summer sessions and I had thoroughly enjoyed the greater intellectual stimulation

and challenge, as well as the greater academic freedom, as compared to college teaching. However, the possibilities of obtaining full-time employment at that level were remote in view of needing more education and even more "room of my own."

The logistics of obtaining my doctorate were overwhelming--"my babies eat my manuscripts" (LeGuin, 1989, p. 230). On one level, my partner(s) in the ice dance were my husband and children, whose cooperation I had to first gain in order to carry forward on this journey. My husband had to agree to take on the emotional burden of worry and concern for my safety, as well as many of the parental duties which I had been carrying out. My children had to be sympathetic enough to my cause to forego for a time a higher degree of contact and involvement in their lives. But on another level, it was a whole series of circumstances and logistics that had to be favorable for me to be successful in my endeavor: I must first be accepted at an institution whose residence regulations were such that I could make arrangements to attend classes and write my dissertation as well as attend to the needs of my family in a minimal fashion; our family financial situation must be ample enough to allow me to expend thousands of dollars on tuition, travel, and accommodation; my advisor and professors must be understanding and supportive of my quest so that my coursework could be negotiated and arranged to enable me to also attend to my home and family obligations.

Amazingly, these many and varied elements came together, at times haltingly, and not without anxiety and fear of falling/failing, but at regular intervals I found myself marvelling at the number of factors that had to be in place to enable me to pursue my educational goal. As if to confirm that all this effort had been worthwhile, once I began my coursework, I began to feel that this was definitely the right program for me. My first two classes, Narratives in Teaching as well as Global Education spoke precisely to pedagogical issues with which I had been grappling: slipping and sliding on the ice, but being neatly assisted and supported by persons and philosophies which coordinated with my own, resulting in an accomplishment far beyond any that I could have performed by myself.

Peace Education

Learning about an approach to education that took a global, rather than a segmented view of the world, provided me with a theoretical underpinning on which to base my still-fragile feminist or perhaps "neo-Marxist" thinking (the latter not self-proclaimed, but so named by one of my professors in my Masters program).

It seems clear that a laudable approach to a vision of social and economic justice is embodied in a field of education named "peace education." Patricia White (1988), in a useful essay, "Countering the critics,"

addresses a series of writings by several authors who object to peace studies by claiming that education should consist of:

...a sensible and tried curriculum, including reading, writing and mathematics...history, science...foreign languages, the lore and literature of our country, and some of the technical skills which will fit children for participation in a modern society (Cox & Scruton, 1984, quoted in White, 1988, p. 37).

White concludes that these authors are "essentially concerned with the mastering of difficult subjects" as well as acquiring "a firm moral and spiritual basis, which will engender the values on which their future happiness depends: honesty, industry charity, respect for others and for the law" (p. 38).

From a critical perspective, however, we must question: Whose values? Whose morals? Whose truth? Whose definition of happiness? Whose law? Michael Apple (1990) states:

Schools do not only control people; they also help control meaning. Since they preserve and distribute what is perceived to be "legitimate knowledge"--the knowledge that "we all must have," schools confer cultural legitimacy on the knowledge of specific groups (pp. 63-64).

We must therefore conclude that it is the dominant groups in Western society who control the curriculum and ideology of knowledge. This form of social control was originally articulated by Samuel Bowles (1976):

The ideological defense of modern capitalist society rests heavily on the assertion that the equalizing effects of education can counter the disequalizing forces inherent in the free-market system....schools have evolved in the United States...to meet the needs of capitalist employers for a disciplined and skilled labor force, and to provide a mechanism for social control in the interests of political stability... (p. 32).

A summary of White's claims for peace education is the provision of a "moral and political education" (p. 44). Values should include, in addition to respect for others and the law, self-respect, self-esteem, and personal and ethical autonomy; charity and compassion; industry and hope; political education for citizens of democracy; understanding of the values of justice and freedom. She states: "as moral beings we are involved not only with matters to do with immediate personal concerns but also with the social arrangements of our society and even of the world" (p. 48).

The curriculum as taught in our "Western" schools (and mimicked in

the South and East in the name of "development") is based on wars and conflagrations, which would seem to be in direct contradiction with the beliefs of a society which claims to be Christian in religion, one of its basic tenets being, "Thou shalt not kill." However, as Richard Yarwood and Tony Weaver (1988) point out, one of the four broad reasons for waging wars throughout history have included "people fighting for a set of political ideas and/or *religious beliefs*" (p. 87, emphasis added). The concordance of the *New International Version* of the Bible lists 102 references to "peace, peaceable, peaceful, peacemakers" (Barker, 1987, p. 105), references describing lengthy periods of peace, promising peace, proclaiming peace, exhorting peaceful behaviors, and so on. However, in a recent conversation with a group of Christians, when the subject of world peace came up, there was disagreement as to whether this should be a Christian project. This would seem to indicate that my cohorts have been more influenced by the competitive, territorial motives of capitalism than the concepts of love for fellow persons espoused by early Christianity. Interestingly, a Buddhist writer of the Shinran Shonin sect, Rev. Ryoshin Okano (1974) talks of the good and evil in self and others:

...in the case of human contest, there is deceit to contend with. The outward expression is angelic but the heart within is full of hate and venom....When we think of the recent development in technology, that by pressing a single button, hundreds of thousands of people can be destroyed. Then the real devil is the people who were concerned in the development of such a demoniacal devise [sic]. Outwardly they are gentlemen with smiling faces but their hearts are those of devils (p. 35).

These observations are perhaps directed toward Americans who profess Christianity but somehow manage to neatly rationalize bombing Hiroshima.

My Christian friends also seem to have two sides: one that can complacently rest on the laurels of "love thy neighbor," and another that can invoke the guidance and will of God to direct them in war. Yarwood and Weaver (1988) describe the philosophy of pacifism: "...war is morally wrong and...the structure of society is in part to blame and therefore needs fundamental change in order to prevent future wars..." (p. 88). They further point out that "the twentieth century has been the most war-torn in history" (p. 90) and that many struggles have had "discernible overtones of a broader ideological conflict--the capitalist versus communist confrontation" (p. 89).

How war can be waged on world-wide scales in the name of peace, democracy, and freedom, to my mind, is an indication of just how well the forces of capitalism and territorialization have hold of our minds. It is a well-known fact that countries seem to thrive economically during wartime. In marshalling military forces, a sense of nationalism arises that seems to override other differences in the population, so much so that even gender

differences are relinquished in favor of obtaining labor for factories that manufacture the instruments of war.

Lest one cling to the habits of war out of a lack of other responses or value systems, a glimpse into Native spirituality reveals that Native wisdom assigns human beings with the "enormous responsibility for sustaining harmonious relations within the whole natural world rather than granting them unbridled license to follow personal or economic whim" (Knudtson & Suzuki, 1992, p. 13). Notwithstanding the fact that indigenous peoples can also have militarized practices or assumptions, through a more holistic view of creation, the world's people must come to see that petty grievances that are potentially life-threatening must be resolved in other ways than killing and maiming. Indeed, we do not even necessarily have to give up the comfort of our own religions if Carl Hammerschlag is correct in his statement: "All tribes, all religions, are sustained by similar myths--births, rebirths, faith in miracles. These stories, these connections to our way, are the predicates on which all morality is based" (1988, p. 146).

Cameron McCarthy and Warren Chrichlow (1993) list the "dynamic variables" of race, class, gender, sexuality, and nation which describe whole groups of people who do not enjoy social power (p. xvi). They point out that "issues of identity and representation directly raise questions about who has the power to define whom, and when, and how." Toh Swee-Hin (1988) points out that in the context of justice and development education, hard questions about marginalization, discrimination and oppression are both academic and pragmatic (pp. 122-123):

Peace educators in North environments therefore have an enormous responsibility to touch the hearts of their learners continually, to evoke the store of compassion within, to encourage commitment towards less self-centred conduct, and to seek creative opportunities for humanizing their societal and national norms and policies towards marginalized peoples (p. 123).

Toh goes on to indict the "modernization paradigm" for its "set of basic assumptions and value-orientations towards explaining and resolving world poverty." By adopting and addressing these, Third World countries experience epistemic violence that brings about cultural genocide, that can be viewed as a collection of personal human tragedy as well.

It seems to me that an ethic of care might better serve the world's peoples: those that give, as well as those that receive. Michael Apple (1990) addresses these words to the American curricular landscape, but they can be extrapolated to include our relationships worldwide:

The task of keeping alive in the minds of the people the collective memory of the struggle for equality, for person rights

in *all* of the institutions of our society, is one of the most significant tasks educators can perform....This requires renewed attention to important curricular questions. Whose knowledge is taught? Why is it taught in this particular way to this particular group? How do we enable the histories and cultures of the majority of working people, of women, of people of color to be taught in responsible and responsive ways in schools....The widespread recognition that there were, are, and can be more equal modes of economic, political, and cultural life can only be accomplished by organized efforts to teach and expand its sense of difference (p. 37, original italics).

John Huckle (1988) outlines the relationship between "advancing technology and control over nature" such that "religious mysticism and nature worship gave way to scientific rationalism and secular materialism" (p. 203). He points out that education is a key agent of "cultural imperialism [which] destroyed much traditional knowledge and imposed life-styles and values which shaped notions of progress, development, and environmental management" (p. 204). Gouldner (1970) suggests that Sociology developed as a "counterbalance to individualist utilitarianism" (p. 91) such that the importance of "social" needs were to be addressed (p. 92). However, it seems that in today's political climate, these social needs are being largely disregarded. Rather than encouraging solidarity and camaraderie, social groupings are being threatened and torn apart by economic threat. Individuals are concerned for their own survival and are turning on their colleagues and coworkers. One wonders what will be the net result in terms of mental illness, violence, crime and anomie.

One might also critique the emphasis on science and technology which has become the bane of Western civilization. Although internationally renowned scientists like David Suzuki write articles that appear regularly in newspapers across the country, few people really take the warnings of ecological disaster seriously. True, some technological advances promise to cut waste and consumption, however, our continued reliance on the newer, the bigger, and the better, largely promises to use up the planet's resources at increasingly faster rates. It is a whole mentality: that the individual is more important than the collective, that "individualistic utilitarianism" is the only way to live.

In contrast, Marx is described by Gouldner as a "'revisionist' utilitarian, a social utilitarian"--one who wants people to be useful to society as whole. Instead of the bourgeois brand of utilitarianism in which production is profitable as opposed to useful, what Marx wishes is a "noncalculating, moral utilitarianism in which men [sic] feel a genuine obligation to be useful to a decent society" (Gouldner, 1970, p. 110).

In today's society, this does indeed seem utopian. Those who are deemed to be less useful to society are conferred lower status--service workers,

the retarded, mentally ill, children, women, to name a few significant groups. I have learned through bitter personal experience the lack of respect a woman receives if labelled "just a housewife." Whether this woman is dedicating her life to the shaping and forming of the future generation is of little immediate monetary consequence, a factor which is of paramount importance in the minds of people who are focussing on acquisition of material goods and services. If people are not employed in the paid labour force, their work is considered to be of lower status, of less importance. The fact that both my parents--my father as a blue-collar worker and my mother as a housewife and mother for most of her life--were accorded lower status although they worked hard and achieved well under the circumstances, to me is the reason for trying to see and appreciate the innate goodness in differences that students bring to the classroom.

As people become less connected to each other, less morally obliged, they become more apt to follow their own consciences, however warped they may be. I feel that there is a direct connection here to the rise in social problems--violence, suicide, crime, child abuse, rape, etc. David Hicks (1988) states that "an education appropriate for the twenty-first century needs to pay very careful attention both to relevant content and process in the curriculum" which will focus on the "key importance of studying both peace and conflict on scales from the local to the global" (p. 245). He calls for a "reconstructionist" approach in the transformation of society, as well as being person-centred, in that "the development of a centred and assertive self-reliance in the individual is a prerequisite." He focuses on the personal, the political and the planetary as "essential elements in any definition of good education (p. 246) and he calls for a "profound transformation" in our ideas, values, social, political and economic institutions, in order to address the "multifaceted global crisis" in which we live (p. 251).

Global Education

After taking the Global Education course, in which the focus was on various threats to human and planetary survival--including violence and war, inequality, injustice, environmental damage, and alienation--I could see many ways in which my teaching needed to be modified to reflect global education perspectives and values. For example, in a Psychology of Women course which I had taught for several summers at the University of Lethbridge, not only should men not be treated as the norm, but a non-Eurocentric perspective on women should be presented. I could see that my previous teaching of this course over the past four summers had had a decidedly ethnocentric focus. Although I had typically begun the course by trying to raise the students' awareness of women's psychological issues through presenting global examples (the first reading was "The global war against women," by Lori Heise (1989) from *The Utne Reader* and I also have

numerous other examples--mostly newspaper accounts--of women's oppression throughout the world) very little subsequent attention was placed on women's role in the global context.

For the book review there should have been emphasis on the fact that women's issues should be studied in a global context--that women of the world have commonalities and that these should be first recognized and then capitalized upon. From now on, the course will begin by a discussion of women's issues in a global perspective and the book review will call for students to address "implications for women in a global context." Brought into focus would be the particular kinds of oppression that Third World women experience beyond that of which "Western" women might be aware, especially those that arise or are exacerbated by development issues.

On the first day of class this year, a framework was established by examining the textbook author's definition of feminism: "valuing women in and of themselves...valuing the diversity among women around the world, noting the similarities among women and appreciating the distinctiveness" (Paludi, 1992, p. xii). Ghandi's conceptualization of the "co-feminist" was also introduced as a term to describe a male who is sympathetic to feminist issues (Brock-Utne, 1987, p. 58).

It was unfortunate that global issues were left for discussion on the second last day of class and book reviews were due before that date (due to tight time constraints of three-week classes). Evidenced by their difficulty addressing issues in a global context, it was apparent that a global perspective was not within the personal realities of most of the students. I hope I was able to broaden their scope somewhat, although after the fact, by means of directive questions placed on their work. This problem could probably be addressed more effectively next year by studying global issues in more depth at the outset and/or integrating global perspectives throughout the course to avoid marginalizing global issues.

One of the major objectives of a Psychology of Women course should be the facilitation of participants making connections between their own experiences and the psychological theories and research findings presented in the course. Also introduced should be the postmodern view that overarching theories--such as the inherent value of "progress" and the completeness of "White" feminist theory--should be questioned in favor of the stories of Others. Therefore, students were encouraged to share their own personal experiences which might help to clarify the issues being discussed. One of the options for the final project was the writing of a journal.

Another objective addressed in the classroom, was the encouragement of a sense of community or place of solidarity, with an underlying goal of fostering a sense of personal peace. Since some of the subject matter is intensely personal and potentially upsetting because it questions the very underpinnings of our socialization processes, care was taken in presenting certain sensitive topics and students were encouraged to approach me

personally to discuss problematic issues. Students were admonished to observe a principle of confidentiality to facilitate open communication and discussion of topics which may be sensitive. I attempted to model behaviors which encouraged acceptance, empowerment, trust, openness, and willingness to act.

I am very concerned that my class will not be a forum for "male bashing" as I believe that no single male is personally responsible for the patriarchal system in which we live. If males are responsible, then females are equally responsible for perpetuating many sexist values through their contributions to the socialization process. I state these concerns clearly throughout the class and look to all class members, but especially to the men, to act as "watchdogs" for fair treatment of men in particular in discussions, since they are often more able to see through a "male lens" (as are women through a "female lens"). Since I believe that it is not humanly possible for any one individual to spontaneously understand the perspective of all others, cultivating an attitude of openness to the varied voices of Others is a major implicit objective of the course.

Several students discussed with me their desire to design their own projects around their personal interests. Student journals typically revealed intensely personal subject matter concerning marital relationships, sexual experiences, and raised consciousness.

Since the lectures were largely forgone this year, and the size of the class (around 20 students) lends itself to a seminar style, a circular desk set-up in the classroom was employed to enhance optimal communication levels among all class members and myself as a co-learner. Also, no one was disadvantaged in terms of "front row and center."

I believe that the role of the instructor should be non-authoritarian. All class participants should be recognized as both teachers and learners, including myself. We all have much to offer in terms of experience and insight. Unfortunately, in our educational system as we currently know it, leaders in education, along with politicians, comprise the "culture of experts" --the culmination of forces of "economic dominance...coupled with political, moral, and intellectual leadership" (Apple, 1993, p. 29). They purport to teach the "truth" in a value-free manner, however, as Paulo Freire (1985) points out, "there is no truly neutral education" (p. 102). He contrasts "education of a liberating character" with "domestication practice"--with the former inviting learners "to recognize and unveil reality critically" and the latter trying "to impart a false consciousness to learners." Philip Wexler (1987) suggests that the school be thought of as the place where "cultural distortion" occurs: "What is distorted is unrealized but knowable, socially shared, though only partly articulated historically appropriate processes of knowing and of transforming knowledge" (p. 13).

Another important objective of the course was that of fostering cooperation, as opposed to competitiveness, in the classroom setting. Generally, a democratic atmosphere should prevail in the classroom. As the

instructor, I do not take advantage of my recognized position of authority to make unilateral decisions further to those stated on the "Course Outline and Requirements" (which I feel are minimally controlling and necessary to set parameters in a course of short duration), leaving many opportunities for student choices. Students are given options in terms of how they will complete course requirements. e.g. choice of articles to critique, choice of books to review, choice of final project.

Discussion ensuing students' presentation of article critiques should be constructively critical and interpersonal communication skills should be observed so as to maximize respect among class participants (as outlined in the syllabus.) Social approval through applause after student presentation has typically been initiated by myself after the first presentation, to set a precedent.

Students were encouraged to do group projects to stimulate teamwork and cooperation. Projects that involved community involvement were advocated, in order for students to become familiar with real problems and solutions that are related to women's issues. Several students did comment from time to time in class that they had regular discussions with other class members after class, stimulated by classroom discussion. Also, from the comments in the course evaluation, students indicated that the course was extremely relevant to their personal lives.

The previous format of the class was largely knowledge-based in an information-giving format, which was changed this year so that the gleaning of knowledge from the text would be the responsibility of each individual student, hopefully fostering a sense of personal accountability in that participation in the ensuing class discussions would rely on their having familiarity with the information and concepts.

Experiential exercises and discussions were a major emphasis in the course. Journal comments validated my teaching style. While most of the students expressed satisfaction with my teaching style and the enhancement of their learning, there was one comment that was made in various forms several times on an open-ended mid-term evaluation, concerning the fact that some students tended to dominate the discussion times. I shared my preference to not put students "on the spot" if they did not seem to want to contribute verbally, but to allow space if it seemed appropriate. I decided to make a more decided attempt to ask for the comments or opinions of those quieter students and hope I was successful in doing so. On a few occasions after class, I was able to speak with some of the quieter ones to determine whether they were comfortable with their level of involvement in class discussion. All those I approached were content with their chosen level of participation.

Paul Ricoeur (1981) discusses the "dialectic between explanation and understanding" concluding that the solution to the "intrusion of personal prejudices, of subjective bias into the field of scientific inquiry" is to "not deny the role of personal commitment in understanding human phenomena, but

to qualify it" (p. 217). This would seem to require an awareness, understanding, and up-front admitting, of one's own prejudices and biases, such that they can be taken into consideration in terms of one's reactions.

It would seem to me that the pedagogical problematic is that the majority of educators come from the privileged classes and races, with a specific standpoint and perspective. Carrie Jane Singleton (1989) defines the predicament:

The social and political advantages of being white are clear. Race privilege allows whites to choose to hear or not to hear what others say, and further, whites choose to respond or not to respond. The power of being white is the power to decide, to be self-defining and therefore, to define others (p. 14).

Wendy Kohli (1991) then describes the profundity of this moment of realization:

...for many of us, post-structuralism functions as a "de-centering" discourse that sends shock waves through the familiar terrain on which we have long trod. In the wake of these waves I began to think anew about who I am and how I am constructed/constituted....My conception of politics, morality, freedom all came under scrutiny. All "givens" were open to interrogation--ready to be deconstructed and exposed as emblems of the dominant or hegemonic discourse that prevails (p. 42).

In a sense, then, the challenges and struggles of being a woman of color are in some ways positive as they open up new vistas of opportunity.

For myself, the teaching of this course was qualitatively different this time, although I had enjoyed teaching the same course for four consecutive years before. As my husband remarked, without having to lecture I did not have to "perform"--I could concentrate on being a learner, facilitator, participant. It was uncomfortable at first, "letting go" of the traditional teaching role, and it was sometimes difficult to "take charge" when discussion went off on tangents. All in all, I am sure I would undertake this class in the same manner should I be asked to teach it again. The only major change I would make, aside from those already mentioned, would be to try to change the title of the course to "Psychology of Gender" so that men might be equally attracted to the course (we need the cooperation and sympathy of men as co-feminists if women are to make changes in society) and so that there will be less of a sense of separateness or radicalness to the discussion of feminism. In some ways, as much as women are oppressed, so are men, but differently (e.g. socialized to be non-emotional protectors and providers for women.)

The most important outcome of the teaching of the course in a radically different way, however, was my own process of conscientization

which was effected, as defined by Paulo Freire (1985): Conscientization, which is identified with cultural action for freedom, is the process by which in the subject-object relationship the subject finds the ability to grasp, in critical terms, the dialectical unity between self and object (p. 160).

I believe that the "cultural action" of taking a critical stance in teaching this course resulted in freedom for both myself and my students in that we loosed the bonds of traditional pedagogy that dictate knowledge banking as opposed to "an attitude of inward questioning through which increasingly one begins to see the reasons behind the facts" (p. 2). Through dialoguing with and among students, we learned to take risks, and learned from each other to question, to share, to learn and live in a different way. Indeed, as Elizabeth Ellsworth (1992) courageously pointed out, sometimes attempts at employing critical pedagogical practices have unexpected results:

...when participants in our class attempted to put into practice prescriptions offered in the literature concerning empowerment, student voice, and dialogue, we produced results that were not only unhelpful, but actually exacerbated the very conditions we were trying to work against, including Eurocentrism, racism, sexism, classism, and "banking education" (p. 91).

Putting the theory into practice, then, presents a challenge of seeming monumental proportions. If the project is to grant permission for the "subaltern to speak" (Spivak, 1988), then as Mimi Orner (1992) has pointed out, it is problematic to do so from privileged positions:

Calls for students to speak in the name of their own liberation and empowerment must be scrutinized. Educators concerned with changing unjust power relations must continually examine our assumptions about our own positions, those of our students, the meanings and uses of student voice, our power to call for students to speak, and our often unexamined empowerment (p. 77).

Ergo, my decision to gently inquire about students' level of participation in discussion. I did not want to impose upon them my own or others' expectations as persons who somehow could judge the optimal level and quality of participation for each class member.

Feminist pedagogy may provide some solutions to perplexing pedagogical challenges, although it strikes me that there is still the inherent danger of trying to "fix" the Other. Nevertheless, according to Magda Lewis (1992): "...the challenge of feminist teaching is in finding ways to make speakable and legitimate the personal/political *investment* we all make in the meanings we ascribe to our historically contingent experiences" (p. 186, original italics). Iris Young (1990) argues for a "politics of difference" because

the "conditions of modern urban mass society require conceiving an alternative vision of the unoppressive society" (p. 301). She explains that: "Existing in community with others entails more than merely respecting their rights, but rather attending to and sharing the World," but not to view them as a homogeneous group: "In the context of western women writing about and studying women in the third world, such objectification (however benevolently motivated) needs to be both named and challenged" (p. 66).

Minnie Bruce Pratt (1984) outlines a personal/political feminist agenda:

To acknowledge the complexity of another's existence is not to deny my own....When I acknowledge what my people, what those who are like me, have done to people with less power and less safety in the world, I can make a place for things to be different, a place where I can feel grief, sorrow, not to be sorry *for* the others, but to mourn, to expand my circle of self, follow my need to loosen the constrictions of fear, be a break in the cycle of fear and attack. When I can do this, that is a second gain (p. 18, original italics).

Jennifer Gore (1993) draws a distinction between *feminist pedagogy* and *feminist pedagogy*—the former from the context of Women's Studies and the latter from the context of Education. Interestingly, much of feminist pedagogical discourse has embraced Freire's "'Third World' identities and politics" which "fits with the general social vision of feminist pedagogy: the liberation of 'women and minorities' from the oppression of the white male patriarchy" (Gore, 1993, p. 22). Dale Spender also points out the inherent dangers in "transmitting" the growing body of feminist knowledge (p. 23). Both strands of feminist pedagogy emphasize classroom practices, in terms of "strategy, technique, methodology...[with an] emphasis on experience, voice, and empowerment" (Gore, p. 31).

But what of feminist pedagogy and how, in concrete terms, is it carried out? Kathleen Weiler's (1987) agenda for feminist pedagogy is to "particularity of their needs and interests" (p. 305). Reaching further afield, Chandra Mohanty (1988) calls for feminists in the "First World" to extend our vision of community to our "sisters in struggle" in the "Third," by challenging sexist assumptions and calling into question accepted definitions of gender, thereby contributing to the building of counter-hegemony (p. 125). This can be done through recognizing the subjectivities of students with the "conflicting demands of class and race" (pp. 126-127). She advocates making creative use of the "tensions and conflicts in the classroom as meaning is negotiated, imposed, and resisted by teachers and students of different subjectivities" (p. 128).

Probably the most widely known feminist teaching strategy is called "connected teaching" (Belenky, et al., 1986) in which teachers are invited to

be "midwives" to their students, helping them to "give birth" to their own truths (p. 217). Teachers are encouraged to be persons as teachers, revealing themselves in their frailties and humanness to students. Students are to be invited to participate in the decision-making that affects all the teaching and learning that occurs in the classroom.

Feminist teachers should redefine what we call useful knowledge by expanding the limits of discourse and by presenting themselves as gendered subjects with a personal perspective on issues of gender and race (p. 131). Ronnie Leah (1994, unpublished manuscript) elaborates on what Christine Ford (1993) calls "teaching from the heart," in an attempt to synthesize critical, feminist and anti-racist pedagogies to promote social justice and challenge sexism, racism and other forms of domination. She tries to promote student centered learning, active and collaborative learning, inclusiveness, and social and personal change. Feminist research methodologies include an autobiographical approach (Brookes, 1992; Grumet, 1990; Krause, 1993); dialogical format (Chauhan & Brookes, 1993; Freire & Faundez, 1989) and "participatory research" advanced by Patricia Maguire (1987). The latter Maguire describes as a method of social investigation of problems, involving participation of oppressed and ordinary people in problem posing and solving, as well as an "educational process for the researcher and participants" and also a way for participants to join in solidarity to take collective action (p. 29).

However, underlying all feminist pedagogies is Adrienne Rich's (1979) counsel to "take women students seriously":

Recognizing that central responsibility of a woman to herself, without which we remain always the Other, the defined, other object, the victim; believing that there is a unique quality of validation, affirmation, challenge, support, that one woman can offer another (p. 239).

Action research questions

As I became more familiar with the critical perspective in Sociology, which questions the validity of a so-called "objective" approach to the study of the social sciences, I was privately thankful because of a longstanding weakness in mathematics and a growing aversion to statistical analysis. I was therefore extremely relieved and grateful when my advisor agreed that an Action Research course would fulfill a program requirement for a research course. To my utter surprise and delight, the research questions had everything to do with philosophical and theoretical questions, and nothing to do with numbers.

In studying action research, there is an emphasis on framing the question from the point of view of the participants in the research, as opposed

to the point of view of the researchers. In considering a problem context for an assignment in the Action Research course, I chose to study a question that had been plaguing me for some time, that of meeting the learning needs of my Social Problems students, most of whom are in the nursing program at the Lethbridge Community College. Ergo, the question: "What do Social Problems students think needs to be done to make their course work more meaningful?" I will discuss my reason for choosing this question by using Schwab's "table of invention" (Kemmis & McTaggart, 1988, p.93) (a more explicit engagement with action research methodology will follow in the section, "The promise of action research"):

1) Teachers-teachers.

I share an office at the Lethbridge Community College with another sessional instructor who has a background in nursing. The students in the Social Problems course are predominantly nurses. My friend and colleague is able to give me insights into the thinking or orientation of my students. For example, she pointed out to me recently that nurses are steeped in the patriarchal structure and are not trained to think for themselves or in a critical way. Their training is to take orders from those further up the hierarchy, particularly from doctors who are mostly men and who hold an inordinate amount of prestige in our society due to the structure of medical knowledge and the way medicine is practiced.

2) Teachers-students.

I have for several years thought that student nurses were the "cream of the crop" in terms of students at the college, and I still hold to this belief. In general, nursing students are conscientious, hard-working, dedicated, personable, and literate. So it was with a great deal of disillusionment that in the last couple of years--admittedly only as I myself became more aware--I have met with a feeling of dissatisfaction at working with a group of nursing students in Social Problems class and found them wanting in terms of understanding the gravity of social issues, and also their ability to get involved in addressing some of the problem areas. I think it is, in fact, significant that a group of professionals who enjoy a relatively high degree of respect and status in our culture are so wanting.

3) Teacher-subject matter.

After having taught Social Problems for three terms without ever having taken such a course myself, although I had extensive background in Sociology from my undergraduate degree, I have become attracted to the issues and subject matter because it seems to be what really matters. Topics such as poverty, crime, violence, environmentalism, racism, feminism, and the like, have real relevance for each individual in our society, and I would think, for people who are planning to work in the health care professions. Certain topics, such as feminism and racism in particular, have personal

relevance for me--and I believe should also for the students--and dealing with this subject in class therefore can present some personal and professional challenges, particularly since some students express their resistance on faculty evaluation questionnaires and it is supported by the administration in the form of interrogative questions put to me about being too explicit about expressing my own values.

4) Teacher-milieux.

My work at the Lethbridge Community College is in the capacity of sessional instructor, and as such there are very few rights and privileges. My teaching assignments are typically made at the last minute for some administrative reason not entirely understandable by myself or the ever-increasing numbers of other sessional instructors like me. The administration chooses to not hire full-time instructors but instead run its programs with little benefit from full-time staff which means that its part-time staff receives no benefits!

My supervisor also happens to be the dean of the division and college policy dictates that she must observe and evaluate the teaching of sessional instructors *every semester*. In a worst case scenario, I was asked to teach courses that were brand new to me the *day after* classes started, and within a month was advised that my teaching would be observed and evaluated later that month.

In addition, there is constant uncertainty as to my teaching load and/or status. I feel peripheral because I do not have a department head--I must report directly to the dean. Collegiality is minimal because I am not in an official department, but typically teach support courses for the actual programs (e.g. Introductory Psychology to Environmental Science program.)

5) Students-teacher.

I sometimes wonder how students perceive me. I make it a practice to introduce myself, personally, educationally, and professionally to my students. I also include a discussion of learning styles--the basis of my MEd project and an ongoing area of interest for me--as a way of further revealing what kind of a person/instructor I am, as well as letting them know that I try to appreciate them as individuals with their own particular learning styles. What really unsettles me, however, is the isolated but recurring comment from a student asking me how long I have been here from Japan. Being a third-generation immigrant, I have few ties with "my homeland" and get frustrated that I cannot ever shake my visible minority exterior. However, I must get beyond my own personal reactions to these queries and use these situations as opportunities for conscientization.

6) Students-students.

The nursing students who make up the bulk of my Social Problems classes have been together in classes for one or two years and typically know

each other well. They will make jokes and poke fun at one another and even scold each other. I sometimes feel like an outsider, an interloper, trespassing on their togetherness, trying to bring them to an experience that is an intrusion in their busy schedules.

However, as I have made the focus of the course more "critical," issues of ethnicity/race, gender and class, have come to the fore so that students of difference have found a forum for expression. For example, one Native student poignantly shared that until she had participated in a discrimination exercise in class in which she was in the elite group, she had never before had that life experience.

7) Students-subject matter.

The nursing students frequently complain, "Oh, not another social problem to study!" Many are not concerned about social issues, per se, but are anxious to get their mark from the required course and get on with their program so that they can go out and look for a job. Many do not see the course as relevant to their future work.

I have attempted to engage students personally in social problems situations in our own community through doing projects and presenting them to the class. In this way, they have become cognizant of the fact that there is a homeless population in Lethbridge, that homophobia is a factor in hiring practices, that mental illness is relatively common in our society, that racial discrimination is a fact of life for many minorities in our area.

8) Students-milieux.

Many of the students have come from previous occupations and are in the nursing program to try to upgrade their employment opportunities. A significant number of them are approaching middle age and/or are single mothers. They have worked hard to get into the nursing program which is full to overflowing. Some of them have "marked time" taking other courses waiting for their turn to actually enter what they consider to be a prestigious program, giving them the "ticket" to a dependable and well-paying profession.

9) Subject matter-subject matter.

Trying to find the right textbook and materials that will "speak" to the students--make the material come alive for them--has been an ongoing challenge. My first attempt was to use a Canadian text since the material was more relevant to our context. However, the material was so limited in scope that it was not sufficient. I then went to a text that included "involvement" assignments that would draw the students in to the subject material and get them personally involved. This was successful to some extent, but the main body of the text was unsatisfactory in the way it was presented: too repetitious, U.S.-oriented, and too didactic. If I am to teach the course next January, I have chosen a text that features a critical thinking approach and includes

articles from journalism and Sociology literature for students to critique.

10) Milieux-milieux.

I teach as a sessional lecturer both at the college and at the university in Lethbridge. The milieux are quite different. At the university, I have professional/academic freedom to teach in whatever style and format. This means that I can choose my own textbook, assign grades in whatever structure, design the course to my liking, etc. Evaluations which come once per calendar year, are in whatever style I choose (at the moment the evaluation policy is in limbo because of disputes.) The chair of the department is readily available for consultation and support. He is easy to work with, and other faculty members either ignore me or are friendly, some casually and others amiably: I am even treated by some as a fellow (isn't there a gender neutral term?) academic.

In contrast, at the college, some of my textbooks are chosen for me, standard faculty evaluations are done every semester, and suggestions are made to me as to what format or materials to use in teaching. There is very much a "big brother is watching you" ambience about the place.

My career goal is to teach at the university and do research, whether as a tenure-track faculty member or sessional. Although I would prefer to have the status and financial security (including benefits!) of a full-time job, since I can rely on my husband for financial support, I have the freedom to choose part-time work and to do the kind of work I would prefer, if I can get hired on that basis.

Personal Narrative of Change

The journal assignment today in my Action Research course is to make "connections between critical theory/postmodernism and personal narratives of change."

As I "take in" the readings on critical theory, I become more and more disturbed. According to critical theorists, we must question the hegemony of our society: we must question the structures that underlie the fabric of our society. Empowerment of the powerless should be on every teacher's agenda, while at the same time questioning, from a postmodern viewpoint, the validity of people wielding power over others.

Many of us get caught up in the day-to-day survival of our lives and do not reflect critically, "This means me!" There are any number of excuses that come to the fore keeping us from actively becoming empowered and involved in the process of empowerment. Not that theorists are any more active, although by definition, that is not their role. It has been noted in class discussions that it is the luxury of academics to sit up (is it an elevated status?) in the ivory tower and theorize on the problems of society while, significantly, not offering concrete plans of action for change (although

perhaps it is their own positioning in these plans that is the catalyst to action).

I have applied this criticism to myself as an academic, but also as a teacher and a person. While I agree for the most part with the basic tenets of critical theory, as well as with the critics who have more recently pointed out the major omissions of class and race from the discussions, I have a basic difficulty with its actual application. This is a concern that has been niggling at me for several years, ever since I became aware of the academic endeavor to make peoples' voices heard. In a seminar at the University of Lethbridge, probably about 1990, Andrew Gitlin from Utah State University was making a presentation about his work in bringing forth teachers' voices and I made the comment that this kind of activity could herald a revolution if students' voices were also to be brought forth. No one took up on this comment at that time, but it is still one that underlies my concern about the application of critical theory.

Critical theory is definitely "critical." It strikes at the very underpinnings of our society, and not without just cause. However, if taken to their logical consequences, our entire societal structure must be revamped such that, for example, the justice system would be really just, economic and military power would not be dominant, people would receive respect and acceptance in spite of so-called "differences"—would it in fact be possible to define difference? In real classroom terms, for instance, this would mean that "discipline," which seems to be a major concern of student teachers, would no longer be a concern. Teachers would not be persons in positions of "authority," attempting to bring their "charges" to a certain level of achievement or to certain educational objectives by a certain date. They would be attuned to the needs of their students, according to the students' expressions of their experiences and motivations: facilitators in enabling individual students to achieve to the levels of their desire. This might mean, in practical terms, that there would be no grade levels, no grading, no failures, no awards: what some educators might define as "total chaos."

"Chaos" definitely has a negative connotation in our society. People are unaccustomed to just letting things happen: "going with the flow," which probably has its origins in Eastern religions. Western ideology is more concerned with managing, manipulating, taking control: there are objectives to be met, evaluations to complete, and pinnacles to be reached to measure our "success."

Teaching as a Sociologist: Toward a reflexive Sociology

In my readings about social theorizing over the past several years, the concepts of critical theory have held a particular appeal for me, in that the theory pointed not only to "answers" for the oppressed, but to avenues of action that held promise for change and improvement in their life situations

and fortunes. While there was a certain "rightness" to the sense of justice that could be realized for people who had suffered at the hands of dominant groups, certain questions continually nagged at the back of my mind: If we are to give voice to all groups of people regardless of their status and situations, would not this necessarily lead to anarchy (in the sense of pandemonium)? Do people in general really want to hear the voices of the oppressed? (Those in positions of power will not likely want to willingly relinquish those positions, and those not in such positions might be comforted by similar stories of misery but might feel more powerless?) Will the stories be believed? Will the dialogues lead to real change? Will the change be desirable?

Brian Fay (1987) discusses the basic values of critical social science: the values of rational self-clarity, collective autonomy, and happiness. He defines "rational self-clarity" as "that state in which, on the basis of rationally warranted grounds, people know the true nature of their existence" (p. 68). In an attempt to encourage a state of rational self-clarity in my Social Problems students, I embarked on a different teaching style this year which focussed on "critical thinking skills." Baker, et al. (1993) give as the objective of their text, *Social Problems: A critical thinking approach*, "to help students become thoughtful citizens who are capable of making sound judgments about a variety of contemporary social problems" (p. xi). They note that their approach "contrasts sharply with virtually all other social problems texts, which are typically designed as works of exposition."

A major assignment for the Social Problems course was the writing of a reflective journal in which I asked students to respond to the articles and class materials in terms of their own personal and professional lives. My objective was to have the students personalize the concepts rather than relate to them in a purely academic way. I feel that I received a few journals of excellent quality, some that were very good, a few that were of poor quality, and most of mediocre quality. By "excellent" I mean that these students were able to interact with the course material in a personal way that led to expanded kinds of thinking processes such that they were motivated to make changes in their personal and professional lives.

I am drawn to the thinking of Alvin Gouldner's "reflexive sociology" (1970) who believes that in trying to define and interpret reality, people "may be led to truth no less than to falsehood by their socially shaped personal experiences in the world" (p. 482). In fact, he states that "much of theory-work begins with an effort to make sense of one's experience...initiated by an effort to resolve unresolved experience...to cope with a threat to something...he [sic] holds dear" (p. 484). Through journal writing and class discussion, I believe that students can come to a place in which they view their own experiences and life situations in a different light.

Gouldner speaks of two kinds of social worlds that a theorist observes: the "permitted" or normal worlds and the "unpermitted" or abnormal ones. Theorizing is "an effort to transform an unpermitted into a permitted world

and thus normalize his universe" (p. 484). In assigning meaning to social objects, despite professions of being "value-free," theorists will make judgments. Social theorists, being human, will "assign meanings to social objects not only in terms of their potency, but also in terms of their goodness (p. 485). Gouldner believes that:

...a significant part of social theorizing is a symbolic effort to overcome social worlds that have become unpermitted and to readjust the flawed relationship between goodness and potency, restoring them to their "normal" equilibrium condition, and/or to defend permitted worlds from a threatened disequilibrium between goodness and potency....It is...extremely painful and threatening for a man to believe that what is powerful in society is not good (p. 486).

When I ask my Social Problems students to engage in critical thinking, I guess I am asking them to be social and personal theorists. Brian Fay (1975) suggests that particular actors in any situation can only "get at" the relevant meaning by "leav[ing] the framework of their ordinary language and experienc[ing] and look[ing] at it 'from the outside', i.e. at least see the possibility of conceptualising themselves in a different way" (p. 77). I am asking them to step back from their own perceptions of reality to look at potent forces within society and to judge their goodness, e.g. political forces within education, the justice system, the welfare system. The difficulty that many of them have with this process is that the continual presentation of "yet another social problem" upsets their equilibrium again and again. Many of these students are naive and come to the class with the assumption that "all's right with the world." When I suggest to them that potent forces within society can be critiqued, their resistance must come from the dynamic that Gouldner points out--"it is extremely painful and threatening...to believe that what is powerful in society is not good." It must feel "like the rug is being pulled out from under them" and through survival instinct, they would tend to want to hold on to the familiar.

Gouldner's brand of "Reflexive Sociology" (p. 488) wants to: "...transform the sociologist, to penetrate deeply into his [sic] daily life and work, enriching them with new sensitivities, and to raise the sociologists' self-awareness to a new historical level... [confronting the question of] how to work [and] how to live" (p. 489, original italics). He concludes that, "The quality of a social scientist's work remains dependent upon the quality of his manhood" (p. 494). I take the word "manhood" to mean "personhood" in that he later states that Reflexive Sociology is "characterized...by the relationship it establishes between being a sociologist and being a person, between the role and the man performing it" (p. 495). I must, therefore, have the courage of my convictions. Gouldner states it thus:

...the radical sociologist...need[s] a courage and valor that may be manifested every day in the most personal and commonplace decisions...[in] his own university, his own profession and its associations, his professional roles, and importantly, his students, and himself (p. 504).

In the matter of blending the rigour of sociology "with a touch of mercy" as Gouldner suggests (p. 490), I have made concessions for students with varying excuses for inability to conform to my expectations regarding assignments. One student who had taken Introductory Sociology as well as Social Problems over 20 years ago, but was being required to repeat the latter again, requested to be able to complete the course in some nonconventional way and we were able to work out an independent study for her in which she was able to pursue a personal/professional interest in Native teenage pregnancies. This entailed theorizing, research, and writing, culminating in an in-depth study of the problem, and demonstrating a superior understanding of society and its problems. Another student, a single mother, was unable to make a presentation on the appointed day because of the health problems of her youngster. A myriad of other excuses and stories from various students were also dealt with, "with a touch of mercy." My rationale is a question: What is the goal of teaching but to impart "a modest measure of wisdom"?

Further, Reflexive Sociology calls for a particular work ethic: "a capacity for intellectual risk-taking...with the courage to compromise their careers on behalf of an idea" (p. 504) I believe I have done this this semester, with introducing a "critical thinking" skills approach to the teaching of Social Problems. In spite of student resistance and a questioning response from my supervisor, the dean of the division, I feel that I took a risk in striking out with a greatly modified teaching approach. I feel that I have applied my learnings from my own coursework--a combination of critical theory, feminism, hermeneutics, and postmodernism--with the net result that there is less hierarchy and more horizontal structure. Henry Giroux states the goal of postmodernism: "to redraw the map of modernism so as to effect a shift in power from the privileged and the powerful to those groups struggling to gain a measure of control over their lives" (1991a, p. 23). I remember when I was still in high school, a university student was hustled out of the school while he was trying to distribute leaflets with the title, "The student as nigger," a concept I did not at all understand at the time. Now, some 25 years later, I am trying to instill the same kind of awareness in my own students, with them mostly never having realized it before. I am concentrating less on defining students' goals for them and more on a process that may ultimately lead students to meet their own goals.

Gouldner states that we must accept our own unique talents, varying ambitions, and experience of the world, as authentic. He applies this to the expressing of our personal experiences, impulses, and special talents. He

asserts that:

Men [sic] surmount tragedy when they use themselves up fully, when they use what they have and what they are, whatever they are and wherever they find themselves, even if this requires them to ignore cultural prescriptions or to behave in innovating ways undefined by their roles (p. 505).

I believe that this is what I am doing in trying, in the face of great logistical odds, to complete an advanced degree. While my 83-year-old mother-in-law, from an immigrant generation twice removed from myself, states unequivocally that my place is in the home with my family, I ignore the cultural prescription as much as possible, and instead ask for the right to use my talents in the direction which seems to me to be good and right. I believe that my studies will eventually make me a better teacher, but also a better mother and wife--both directly and through role modelling.

Gouldner uses a wonderful analogy of bridge building to refer to the culturally standardized role of the sociologist, but I take it as also having a personal meaning, which he says should not be separated. A paraphrased, shortened version would go thus: People must attempt to build a bridge and "risk a running leap" to the shore that they think they see ahead. Applause will result for correct calculations, but "a certain dampness" for miscalculations: "In any event, they have found out how far they can see and how well they can jump. Even if he [sic] is never heard from again, perhaps those who are still dawdling at the edge will learn something useful" (p. 507).

In my case, I will put all my effort into my running leap. If I am unsuccessful, then I can be just called "one of those crazy feminists" and forgotten about. However, if I am successful, I will have fulfilled what Gouldner calls "a central part of [Reflexive Sociology's] historical mission"--that is, "the task of helping [people] in their struggle to take possession of what is theirs--society and culture--and of aiding them to know who they are and what they may want" (p. 509). What more could a teacher strive for?

The promise of action research

Throughout the term, as we studied the possibility and promise of action research, I continuously tried to apply it to my own situations of change possibility. In all my studies of the social sciences, it has been my propensity and my delight to apply my learnings to everyday life--to apply theory to practice. To me, the study of theory for theory's sake is but an exercise. However, if some application can be found to make my own life more understandable or more expedient, then it has been worthwhile. Having a background in Psychology and Social Work, it seems natural for me to "apply methodologies of social science to the problems of school

improvement" as did Stephen Corey in what is described as "technical action research" (Carson, 1989, p. iii). These kinds of applications took the form of personal reactions more than planned methodologies, however. For example, my teacher personality was one which incorporated psychological principles such as positive reinforcement in the form of attention, approval and encouragement.

Looking at the description of "practical action research" I believe that my teaching has been characterized overall by this type of practice, referring to "the deliberative reflections of those who must act ethically in concrete life situations" (Carson, 1989, p. iv). I have a habit of doing a kind of ongoing evaluation of my teaching and if I sense that some approach or strategy is not successful, either through my own emotional reaction or through students' reactions or evaluations, I attempt to find something more effective. A current case in point is the teaching of Social Problems to nursing students. I have been doing this for the past three years, one semester each year and expect to do this again in January 1994. After feeling dissatisfied with my methodology of lectures, films, and "involvement" projects (projects in which the students are required to somehow get involved in the social problem through research, interview, or participation of some sort), I am looking for a more meaningful means of having the students experience this subject matter in a way that will inform their own practice as nurses.

It seemed at first that the kind of action research spiral advocated by Stephen Kemmis and Robin McTaggart (1988) was too cumbersome and time-consuming a model to undertake in a semester course. However, due to the nature of the subject matter in the Social Problems course, I believe that a "critical action research" approach is one that I must attempt in the coming term. Terrance Carson (1989) states that the "goal of critical theory is to emancipate people from false consciousness to enable the creation of schools as educative communities based on principles of 'rationality and justice'" (p. iv). The "false consciousness" that my former students in this course have displayed is the lack of personal involvement in the study of social problems while pursuing "knowledge" in a banking fashion as described by Freire, merely as a means to an end. Difficulties have arisen, however, when some students have disputed textbook or instructor knowledge on the basis of their own personal experiences. Rather than having a test of wills or power struggle develop as in the past, I believe that a more rational and just approach would have students participate in critical action research.

As the facilitator, I would arrange the course so that there is the opportunity for students to explore the nature of a particular social problem of their choice from the grassroots to the theory to the application to practice. Their projects will be based on real life situations that they encounter in their nursing practica. They will be asked to do the necessary research to inform their practice and plan strategies of justice that can be carried out in their practice. They will be asked to record their action plans and research notes in journal form (which will form the basis of their assignment for marking

purposes), as Faraganis (1975) notes, they "move from theoretical critique to the necessary action that will bring about the desired end" (Carson, 1989, p. iv). Small group interaction during class time, will assist in supporting them in their thinking and endeavors as well as creating alliances for research and action.

In this way, not only will the students be practicing critical action research through their projects, but we will be actually living it through the way the class is being carried out. They will be becoming empowered to take social action even as they will empower the recipients of their action. I believe that all participants in this venture--myself, my students, and their patients--will gain in "personal" or "tacit knowledge" as described by Polanyi (1962): "an act of 'indwelling' by which we take knowledge into our own being" (Grundy, 1982, p. 28). Through coming to "personal knowledge" or personal awareness of a social problem in a personal way, they will sense a feeling of responsibility "since it is now 'owned'" (Grundy, 1982, p. 28).

As Ted Paszek suggests, the hope of improving my own practice through action research is an exciting possibility, with the promise of "a direct and immediate effect on student learning in the classroom...[which is] democratic, free of the heavy hand of administration, free of distant theory and owned by the teacher and his or her students" (1989, p. 87).

In explicating their brand of action research, Kemmis and McTaggart (1988, p. 16) cite Peter Berger and Thomas Luckmann (1967) who state that, "Action research...recognises that human beings are social beings, and that language, activities and social relationships are *socially constructed*" (original emphasis). As social beings, my prospective nursing students are products of their upbringing in this society. They have chosen a profession that is often described as a "pink ghetto": a job that is characterized as being a helpmate to one of the most respected members of our society, the medical doctor. In addition, these people have pledged themselves to attend to the care and well-being of needy individuals, but within the confines and parameters of the medical institution as defined by our society. It has been revealed to me, often with a good deal of frustration, that they are responsible for not only carrying out doctors' orders, but even overriding them if they deem them to be medically unsound. They are in the end responsible for the application of medical procedures.

These students have also chosen this profession, presumably, because of its relatively high status and pay for a women's job. (In recent years, there have been significant salary increases that have made the occupation extremely attractive.) I suspect that this complex social construction might often lead to conflicting feelings and motivations, and while it is not my intention to complicate these peoples' lives unnecessarily (I believe that they often view the content of the Social Problems course as just that) I do see it as my role to present social processes to them from a critical perspective so that together we might consider whether and how we might "change (or reconstruct) them rationally and justly...as a matter of informed group

decision" (Kemmis & McTaggart, 1988, p. 16). I have been told by members of the nursing profession as well as interested observers that nurses are typically persons who conform to the patriarchal system without question. Whether or not, as Kemmis and McTaggart suggest, that through action research I can effect the changing of individuals as well as the culture of the groups, institutions and societies to which they belong, remains the challenge of teaching this course.

Teacher as Learner

Last semester, I was asked to participate in a research project to be carried out by the coordinator of the Centre for Teaching Excellence regarding the teaching experiences of part-time instructors at the Lethbridge Community College, which would entail journal keeping and weekly conversations with the researcher. The objective of the project was to work with part-time instructors at LCC who would select one class currently being taught, and answer three questions in relation to that class, "What are your teaching goals for this class? How are you going about implementing these goals? and "How do you measure the success of attaining these goals?" Rather than present the rather lengthy journal entries verbatim, I have chosen instead to present a reflection on identity, culture, and teaching

In actuality, I viewed the requirement to keep a journal for the project as a great impetus to do so for this present work also. What I also really appreciated was the opportunity to connect regularly with an educator who was really interested in my teaching. The journal and the weekly discussions provided me with a running account of my evaluation of a new teaching method in which I required students to act as "discussion leaders" as a strategy for studying textbook articles. My rationale for this teaching approach was the sharing of power in the classroom, the sharing of personal experiences among class members--including myself--and the learning together by all class members from each other.

My high hopes of carrying out action research with students had been dashed in the first few classes when students informed me that they did not have the time to carry out projects while focussing on their clinical work at the hospital. I therefore went back to an old strategy of requiring a project describing their personal involvement in a social problem, or their reactions to course and textbook material in a reflective journal. Another major assignment consisted of each student signing up as a discussion leader for a specific textbook article.

Dealing with social issues.

The first discussion leaders presented questions for the group on gender issues. They were disappointed with the reluctant responses of the group, but I thought the questions were far reaching and thought-provoking.

I explained that because these were nursing students--i.e. they had chosen a traditionally feminine field--they would probably be more traditional than average and would therefore have difficulty giving up generally traditional views.

The question put to me as to whether I would have been a teacher even if I had been a man, was one I had not considered before and am still not sure of the answer. To me, this is a perfect example of the kind of reflective and personally engaging questions that I had hoped the students would introduce for dialogue. The students also may have had "seeds planted" that they will nurture into "something" at a later date.

The topic of "poverty" in particular seems to bring out the individualists who claim that anyone can pull themselves out of poverty--"just look at me!" Although these responses present the opportunity for dialogue, I feel that I have to find a more effective response to these claims. Are they looking for validation? I give some by suggesting that they probably have special personality characteristics, or the like, that predispose them to success. Unfortunately, I tend to take their claims as a challenge to my political/personal beliefs.

As usual, however, race issues are the most volatile. I wonder how much my being non-white has to do with the reaction I receive to presenting race issues. I try to defuse negative responses by sharing my own story from a printed publication, which makes it easier to do so because somehow it lends validity to my story. However, in each class, I got a very strong response from an individual White student. In both cases, the resistance took the form of defensiveness and denial, although expressed in a forthright manner by the male student who made a strong statement about his having worked for everything he has achieved and that neither he nor his family is to blame for racism. In contrast, the female student wept and had difficulty articulating her opinion, only being able to repeat, "All Whites aren't into individualism," in response to my suggestion that aboriginal societies are more cooperative and less individualistic, and that individualism is a highly Western orientation.

Although these incidents were disturbing at the time, they led me to a grand insight that helps me understand Whites' reactions to racism issues. It is a wonderful example of teachers becoming learners! The way that these White students feel is, I think, exactly how a victim of racism feels--pointed out/backed into a corner because of an immutable characteristic. Perhaps if they can appreciate this similarity in position, they will understand the devastating effects of racism. Both non-white and White persons have done nothing but be born into a certain skin color category which has attached to it all kinds of history.

The trouble with working in such depth on social issues is that I get caught up in it and become hypersensitive in ordinary life situations. I overreact to everyday things and am no longer able to enjoy life in a "normal" way. Sometimes I wonder: What is the future? For example,

watching a sitcom with my 17-year-old daughter, I complained about the Black female judge as not reflecting reality. (Rather than observing what she did in the dramatic context, and perhaps appreciating the delivery of a wise judgment, thereby engendering credibility for Blacks as professionals, I was simply cognizant of the unusualness of her presence.) Her comeback was, "What do you want? You complain if they don't have them and if they do." Sometimes it seems that studying these issues puts me in another category--pretty soon I will not be able to relate to the real world.

Talking with my husband really helps me get perspective. He has had many more years of teaching experience than I and is also, because of his learning style, better able to see the bigger picture. I tend to get caught up in issues and have a hard time taking a step back and assessing things on a larger scale. I am so engrossed in feminist and racial issues that I sometimes make people uncomfortable. Although discomfort probably cannot be avoided, and is part of the awareness process, I have a natural tendency (or lifelong habit?) of avoiding confrontation and prefer not to antagonize people.

Learning from evaluations.

I view faculty evaluations with mixed feelings. While they are certainly necessary for "accountability" and providing students with a forum to voice their concerns, what disturbs me is that students may not realize for years the real value of this course and may make evaluative comments on the basis of short-term goals and values. For example, complaints about too much emphasis on racism or feminism make me wonder how much of this is resistance talking? It is very hard to tell. For students who are taking Social Problems as a required course, perhaps they only want the expediency of their grade to get on with their program, rather than having their worldview disrupted.

Somehow I find it all very discouraging. If students want things to be traditional, how does the new thinking from the "ivory tower" trickle down into the institutions (even within the universities themselves)? Having students give voice to their opinions about the course is valid in terms of critical theory, but I wonder if it reinforces a consumer mentality and encourages an "audience" attitude to post secondary education. It was, however, very heartening to read an item or two from *Teaching for Success* (a college teaching publication), especially an article entitled, "Of oysters and learners" (Palmer, 1995) which describes almost exactly my discussion technique and the "wonderful results" it gets: empowerment of students by sharing the power entrusted to me. The author calls it "stepping off the stage" (p. 2).

I really have to appreciate it if students are willing to share their concerns with me. If they see me only as a powerful authority figure, they would not be as willing to speak up. One student shared a personal story in class of his near homelessness and expanded on his story with me after class. He claimed to have problems with "the system" in many ways--his talk was

not necessarily logical and I wonder whether he just wanted to “unload some of his baggage” on me--sharing with a trusted, non-judgmental, supportive person?

Another student, whose first language was not English, requested that he submit his journal on audio tape. I have done this before for a U of L student, an older lady who had had a stroke and had difficulty writing. She was later in the news heading up a demonstration outside a local clinic protesting the unfair accusation of some Native women over stealing a prescription pad from a doctor. I wonder how much my actions affected her later behavior? It would be nice to be able to follow-up with students to find out a little about what effect we have on them. I have kept up a relationship with another former university student with whom I worked on a “sexual harassment support group” a couple of years ago. She has shared some very poignant stories about her growing up years, further to journal work in my course.

In dialoguing with my husband, it has occurred to me that I can use evaluation results as a case in point for the power of student-directed learning. Many responded favorably to the opportunity to be in control of their class and their learning. This is empowerment of oppressed peoples: critical theory in action. Rarely in their 12 or more years of education have they been allowed to make their own choices/decisions or ask their own questions. Public school teachers, supported by government exams, for the most part, stipulate what is to be learned, how, and when. Reactions to such freedom may be resistance because the process is all too new. Ironically, I have shared my power but also opened myself to criticism: I do not meet their expectations of a teacher.

It seems to me that it is not unlike a religious experience of feeling that I have “the answer,” trying to share with disciples, and being betrayed. They do not want me to be that kind of leader; they want to be led into battle and victory. There is the whole problem of “who’s got the power.” Historically, power has been measured in military might and those with the biggest guns have overpowered and subjugated complete cultures (D.G. Smith, 1992). These themes run rampant through our culture so that even the “good guys” wield high powered rifles, superhuman strength, or science fiction technology. Even critical theory advocates “empowerment” which could be construed, by the uninformed, as marshalling armies.

Teaching or learning evaluations--evaluations of any sort!--are definitely a display of power. Perhaps because “the personal is political,” I really take these things personally: if they do not like my teaching, they do not like me. I really feel it is inseparable and find it a hard cognitive task to remind myself that *everyone’s* not going to like me or my methods. Some of the problem is learning style, and probably the rest is related to previous experience, over which I have no control. Sometimes I feel like a salmon swimming upstream to spawn--I know my mission has potential for growth and productivity, but societal forces are against me. There are glimmers of

hope however, that teaching methods are changing (like in the *Teaching for Success* publication).

When I was younger I too preferred the fact-based nature of social sciences, but as I gain awareness of broader social issues (and my place in them)--as I learn more about the skewed nature of research--I am more reluctant to seek out "facts." There is a whole scientific machinery out there, however, to contend with, and sometimes I feel like a voice crying in the wilderness. However, I have found some positive response to a precis of my dissertation when I spoke last week to a ladies' group at our church. The topic was "friendships among women" and I was able to relate it to gender issues, global issues and spirituality in a language that seemed to make sense to a lot of people. This is an ongoing challenge--to make the message understandable to non-academics. Recently, I was asked by a friend to speak to her grade three and four students on the World War II experiences of Albertans--specifically the Japanese. It seems that the important thing is to get the message out to as many audiences as possible if we are to effect a transformation of thinking and living.

Finding common ground with students.

After a discussion on AIDS, it seemed that an initial apparent lack of response was really an effort to work through the issues, very real ones for nursing students as future medical practitioners. I was moved to commend them for their altruistic career choice in the face of such dire medical/ethical issues. This came after I shared my experience of concern with confidentiality in hospitals in a situation regarding a former neighbor who worked as an admitting clerk. They were noticeably moved, I think, that I had shared this concern since I was taking them into my confidence by doing so. I believe that we may have jumped a major hurdle as a result.

Is there always a relationship issue that must be overcome in establishing the teacher-student relationship? Basic questions of liking or acceptance? I know some teachers do not address these, but I do. It can be discerned when I meet students in the hallways or even outside the college. What is the quality of their recognition? I prefer that they acknowledge me in a warm way. Is this asking too much of the teacher-student relationship?

Yesterday, on my way out of the college, a male student stopped me to talk about his project. A group of female classmates passed and jeered: "Brown-noser!" Is this how they feel if someone volunteers to answer a question in class? I would hope that they have passed this immature stage, but their behavior made me wonder. The student himself took it good-naturedly, which may have been a gendered response. Also, I am sure that part of the teasing had to do with his being a law enforcement student rather than a nursing student: an outsider!

No doubt as an instructor I am also considered an outsider, but to an even greater degree! This would likely be exacerbated by any number of characteristics--teaching/learning style, dress, race, fairness, etc. I remember

as a young child feeling in awe of teachers. Probably because of an older, discipline-oriented style of teaching, they hardly seemed like real people with personal lives or interests. One of my grade school teachers was a person like this, but whom I have since come to know much more on a personal level in recent years through involvement in the same church. For myself as the teacher, as I have related in a previous chapter, I first purposefully put distance between myself and my students by calling myself by my formal name, but as I have gained confidence in my teaching style, I have encouraged the use of my given name and have shared personal experiences with individual students as well as with the class as a whole.

Reaching kids through teaching.

Abortion is one of those topics that is blatantly value-laden and that presents the opportunity for presenting many aspects of the issue. It brings to the fore what my teaching objectives are: to bring to students' awareness possible situations that may arise so that they might consider them beforehand; to help them understand other peoples' points of view/situations (e.g. patients, supervisor); to be open to others' points of view.

I ended the abortion discussion with the suggestion that we might look at "prevention" at an even earlier stage than responsibility for birth control. We should consider teaching our children respect for human life and this has to start with parents and teachers who treat little ones like real people, i.e. with feelings. I guess I was actually stating my philosophy of teaching--that I do not want to run roughshod over students' own knowledge and standpoints but only want to initiate a discussion--a dialogue--to find out who they are, that they might enrich or inform my life in some way and me theirs.

In a similar vein, concerning a personal family experience, our 15-year-old son, now in grade nine, told me what had really happened in grade one when he was "accidentally" hit in the eyelid with the point of a pencil. I had been somewhat puzzled with the teacher's explanation when he had called to apologize. However, the injury was small and at the time, Kyle could shed no new light on the teacher's behavior. Recently, however, he told me that the teacher, in a fit of anger (typical behavior) threw the pencil at him. My first question was, "Were you misbehaving?" not thinking that this is not respectful behavior for a teacher at any time. To add insult to injury, the classroom aide had told him to stop crying because "it didn't hurt that much" and "it wouldn't leave a mark." At this point in the story, Kyle turned on the light to show me the dot that still remains on his eyelid, eight years later. I submit that the incident has left a mark--both physically and emotionally--and that it contributes in no small way to my son's understanding of people and how the world works--making a case for the need for peace education in schools!

Now, anyone might say that countless children around the world

experience much worse abuse on a daily basis, and I do not wish to dispute that fact nor to trivialize those problems. However, we in the Western world tend to think that it is "the other guy," the other culture, the demented, etc. that perpetrate heinous crimes against fellow humans. It seems to be more a matter of degree than kind. If we profess to be "civilized," let us look at that of which it should consist. To start within a sphere under my control (to some extent) in my family and in my teaching, I want to deal with people in a respectful manner. In terms of teaching, this means listening to students' opinions, allowing concessions for late assignments, etc. To some, this might seem wishy-washy or even disorganized, but they are then expressing their own values.

One of the latter topics in Social Problems is "Sociology of Education," which I feel is a culmination of all our topics. As I explained to the class, all issues in life impinge upon the educational process, many of which we have addressed directly in our own class by personally experiencing a different teaching approach. There is definitely a feeling of satisfaction to come to the end of the course and feel that most of the class understands what I have been trying to carry out. It is an uphill/upstream battle, however, and the drama is repeatedly being acted out each semester.

This weekend at the Regional Science Fair my son and his partner won in their division (Biological) with a project on racism, but lost out for the Grand Award to the Physical and Technological exhibits that were not as sophisticated but presumably more valued because of the "hard" science nature of their studies. I read recently why Alfred Nobel decided to institute his Peace Prize. (The boys had won the National Peace Award.) He read his obituary which was mistakenly printed when his brother died, and was so moved to realize that the accomplishment for which he would be most noted would be the bomb. The winning entry at the Science Fair was a "voltaic cell"--part of the makings of a future bomb? It is hard not to support the "child-centered" type of education that Dr. Joe Freedman rails against (a medical doctor from Red Deer made a video called "Failing Grades" [1993] to spearhead a "Back to Basics" movement in Alberta). If the focus is not to be on the child, then on whom? The government, Big Business, the teacher, the administration? Who, then, is most important?

Counselling Children

In the city of Lethbridge, with a population of some 60,000, where I live with my family and have therefore hoped to obtain full-time employment for the past several years, positions for which I am qualified, and which appeal to my preferences, are infrequently available in a city of this size and in these tight budgetary times. I therefore felt compelled to apply for a position as elementary counsellor in the public school system last spring, even though I felt the conflict of my commitment to completing the first draft of my

dissertation by December. It was definitely with mixed feelings that I accepted the job offer, since it would entail full-time hours which I had not worked for 18 years (since the birth of my eldest child), and would involve counselling, with which I had not been directly involved for some seven years, although I had previously felt some success and job satisfaction in the field. On the plus side, the position would provide a teacher's salary, employee benefits, status in the public school system, some promise of job continuity (although in the light of recent budget cuts in the field of education, this could not, of course, be relied upon), as well as experience in the public schools which might qualify me for a future position in the Faculty of Education at the University of Lethbridge. However, I embarked upon the position with the confidence of eight or so years of direct counselling experience, as well as theoretical background in Abnormal Psychology, Social Problems, gender and social issues, Addictions Treatment, and Human Relations. I have found it to be thoroughly satisfying, as I enjoy a great amount of autonomy with the reassurance of having peer consultation whenever required or desired.

About two months into the job, I was directed to attend a counselling workshop where I was introduced to a new therapy technique which I found resonates with my own philosophy of teaching, as well as my counselling style. Essentially, the approach dispenses with the traditional therapeutic methods of extracting long histories of the problem, followed by advice-giving by the counsellor. Instead, the focus is on the future and on change. Clients are asked to determine for themselves their own goals and their own solutions for how they might be reached, and for regular self-evaluations (not unlike action research!) Another important part of the approach is "complimenting" followed by assigning a task, typically one that is self-reinforcing.

I believe that as another authority figure in the lives of these children, I do not want to be yet another person in a position of power telling them what to do. In the end, they must learn a sense of independence and responsibility to survive in the school system and in the face of a multitude of social problems. It is a form of empowerment: they become the authors of their futures. David G. Smith (1994, p. 93) believes, and with which I concur, that children are the most marginalized group in our society, and to me it is no wonder that they are so anxious not only to grow up, but to participate in "adult" activities such as smoking, drinking, driving, and reproduction. If we were to give more respect to children, they would probably be more apt to enjoy their childhood with its so-called carefree state and privileged position.

So, although I feel some disappointment at having disengaged myself from post secondary teaching for the moment, I am finding it most satisfying to work directly with young, impressionable minds, and to share in the excitement of their progress and improvement in adjusting to the school system. I use the metaphor of a ship or boat on which they travel the stormy seas of the various challenges of their particular life situations--often caused by the foibles of adults, and over which they have little or no control--and on

which they must pack the necessary provisions for survival. I teach them about endorphins, the body's naturally produced opiates, that they can induce at any time simply through laughing, listening to or making music, touching, helping, and exercising. I also try to explain to them the sometimes strange world of adults, so that they can behave in a way that will work out the best for them. They all seem to realize that they must find a way to adjust and adapt to the system, which causes me some discomfiture. However, I believe I am equipping them with a sense of their own power to make decisions, plans, and goals, and to evaluate their progress, and replan. In addition, I am providing a support and ally in the world of adults, a concept that can perhaps start to crack the usually impenetrable wall, and may one day lead to a greater flow of love and care between generations, as a model for cooperation and understanding between all groups.

One of my favorite authors on the subject of parenting strategies, Dr. Haim Ginott, advocates meaningful communication between parents and children/teenagers, and between teacher and child, as persons (1965, 1969, 1972):

It seems to me that our larger goal is to find the ways to help our children become humane and strong. For what does it profit us if we have a neat, polite, charming youngster who could watch people suffer and not take action?....Understand me: I am not opposed to a child being neat, polite, or learned. The crucial question for me is: What methods have been used to accomplish these ends?....If we use methods that are humane, then we've taught something much more important than a series of isolated virtues. We've shown the child how to be a... human being who can conduct his [sic] life with strength and dignity" (cited in Mills, 1996, p. A6).

The role of the elementary counsellor is an interesting one in that I am placed very much in an in-between space. I understand there is a certain amount of animosity and/or resistance from the teachers since I have the privilege of working one-to-one with the students, and developing a special working relationship. There may also be suspicion that I am somehow privy to the secrets that go on behind the closed door of the classroom, and a sensitivity to the possibility that I may criticize their teaching styles or practices. I am therefore quite careful to validate their teaching whenever possible and to compliment them in the same way that I do with students. I am also quick to observe that they are doing their best, given the many challenges of teaching in these troubled times with the demands of large classes and myriad social problems evident in their classrooms on a day-to-day basis. I am also to act as a liaison with parents of school children, community agencies, and the school administrators. I am not located specifically in any of these camps, but find myself in the in-between spaces,

exacerbated by the fact that I must divide my time among three schools. I am part--but not part--of three different school staffs, but officially a member of the Student Support Services staff who are located in various places in the city. However, I meet once a month with three other elementary counsellors who also face the same challenges of collegial fragmentation.

Nonetheless, all in all, I have found this job to be satisfying, although demanding of my time and energy. Indeed, at times I feel that I have emotionally given all I can and hardly have enough left over for my own family. I must be careful to rejuvenate my own resources through enjoyable leisure activities such as music and drama, church activities, family outings, and regular exercise. Even so, I have experienced health problems that have also interfered with my writing efforts. While burnout is always a risk in transformative struggles, some psychologists believe that virtually all health difficulties are stress-related, and in my case I believe that this is probably true, but exacerbated by my own health history and my age.

As I sit at the word processor or read at a desk, I wear a foam neck brace to correct for neck injuries sustained in childhood. Lately, I have to wear a brace to support my wrist for playing handbells, ironing, writing, and household work. I recently booked an appointment for carpal tunnel surgery early in the new year. This is a chronic condition of mine that has flared up recently, probably partly due to increased amounts of typing and writing. A popular writer, Bernie Siegel (1986) has proposed that bodily ailments are directly related to personal difficulties, so that my right hand becoming disabled may be my body's way of refusing to continue being everyone's "right hand (wo)man." I feel an extreme amount of pressure to meet my children's needs, although they are becoming increasingly independent, as well as my husband's, although he has attempted to support me through regularly doing domestic chores. Even so, a number of unexpected obstacles have cropped up this fall that have conspired to test my limits of endurance, such as necessary repairs to our house that not only consumed my time and attention, but resulted in the materials and work site for my dissertation work being moved to various places in the house.

Because of my over-developed sense of achievement orientation, however, I still hope to complete my first draft by the original agreed upon date of mid-December. What are the tremendous forces that continue to drive me at such a horrendous pace? It makes me wonder. What is this world--this pinnacle--that I hope to achieve?

A woman who had a 60-year teaching career at various sites across Canada wrote in her memoirs about her very first day of school:

I had no clear idea of what school was....I pictured it as a pearly pink ball in which wondrous beings such as princesses, elves, fairies, unicorns and lovely scenes floated in and out to the accompaniment of music. I was most anxious to get to this pink ball (Sutherland, 1993, p. 16).

Well I remember my very first day of school with its succession of disappointments: that my mother was not outside waiting for me at recess; that I had to walk home alone at lunchtime; that my teacher would not allow me to count all the way to 100, as I knew I could, but stopped me around 40 and went on to various others, some who could not even reach 10. Am I playing out that very early scene of finding my way home alone, pining for that chance to count to 100 and show the world?

Spirituality

Underlying all the foregoing issues and stories is that of my spiritual journey, an analysis which I was invited to begin in a Religious Education course with David Smith* at the University of Lethbridge in 1991. He commented at that time, perhaps prophetically, that the juxtaposition of Christianity and Buddhism in my life was a question that should be further pursued. I see this conflict as one underlying all others within my life. It underscores the battle of identities raging within me, although not always at a conscious level: "What is my motherly duty? What is my wifely duty? What is my daughterly duty? What are my duties and responsibilities as an educator? Indeed, what is the meaning of life itself?"

The concept of "soul" is described by Thomas Moore (1992): "a quality or dimension of experiencing life and ourselves" (p. 5), a concept that has been all but lost to the rational world (p. xv). He calls for storytelling as "an excellent way of caring for the soul [since]....It helps us see the themes that circle our lives..." (p. 13). Reflection, reverie, and wonder, are all recommended as ways to achieve a "loving dialogue with the world" (pp. 60-62). What follows, then, is my beginning attempt at dialogue on the topic of spirituality, a result of reflection, reverie and wonder.

Coming Face to Face with Spirituality

You have noticed that everything an Indian does is in a circle, and that is because the power of the world works in circles, and everything tries to be round....The sky is round, and I have heard the earth is round like a ball, and so are all the stars. The wind, in the greatest power, whirls. Birds make their nests in circles, for theirs is the same religion as ours....Even the seasons form a great circle in their changing, and always come back again to where they were. The life of a man is a circle from childhood to childhood, and so it is in everything where power moves (Black Elk [1863-1950] Oglala Sioux holy man, Curtis, 1993, p. 20).

Even as everything the Indian does is in a circle, so do I. I have begun this work with an attempt at explaining the spiritual underpinnings of this undertaking, and throughout have referred to spiritual issues. Granted, most people do not think about race, gender, class and pedagogical issues in terms of spiritual questions, and belonging issues are rarely addressed at all. However, the spiritual questions are still always there. Throughout history, from the very beginnings of the Christian church, there have been corruptions such that individual or group interests have taken precedence over the spirituality of the religion. How often I have thought that modern

Canadians have been able to avoid the spiritual questions altogether so that our religion has become more one of materialism than anything else. We have been able, unlike prehistoric people, to shut out the dangers and threats of the natural world so that we have become insulated with a false sense of security against the realities of life. We have the luxury of thinking of religion as a one-hour per week activity, separate from the other aspects of our lives. Reginald Bibby, a local and internationally noted sociologist, has found the results of a Canadian survey to indicate that only about one-third of Canadians attend church regularly, and less than half identify themselves with a particular religion (Bibby, 1987). We have become almost apologetic for involvement in religious activities in favor of the rationality of techno-science.

It seems to me that until we are forced to contemplate the prospect of death, we carry on blithely about our lives as if it were something that would never have to be faced. My niece, who is a university student living away from home, recently complained that every time she phones home, her mother tells her about another three or four people whom she knows who have died. We almost demand to be insulated from the reality of death, the last taboo in our society, and one with which our society seems bent upon denying until it is at last upon us. We pursue a culture of youth and hedonism in an attempt to stave off the enormity of our mortality. I have frequently decried to students our lack of realism in regard to the question of death, and called upon them to consider other cultural practices in which there is public weeping and wailing upon the death of a loved one, thereby creating an emotional catharsis that is much more healthful and constructive than our own practices of "taking so well" the death of a loved one. (Interestingly, however, I have recently learned that from a Buddhist cosmology, it is not recommended to engage in overemotional practices, since going on to one's karmic path is a natural flow and should be facilitated with as much peace as possible.)

Only this past term the reality of my espoused belief was brought home to me. I was totally absorbed in my own schedule and litany of woes related to difficult circumstances and situations that had arisen while I was attempting to focus on writing this last chapter of my dissertation. My frustration mounted as the demands of my new job, the needs of my three children and husband, health concerns, household renovations and responsibilities, and the impending Christmas season converged upon me, effectively draining my energy and diverting my concentration so that as I faced the prospect of writing, I felt drained and empty, unable to begin. At the height of my anxiety, came the news of the untimely and sudden death of the teenage daughter of our close friends. She had suffered a horrible death to meningitis, due to a mistaken medical diagnosis, and within the space of two days, a beautiful, vibrant, intelligent young woman was reduced to ashes encased in a beautiful marble box. Since hearing the news, and attending the moving funeral services, my heart has ached continually for her mother

who, through various life circumstances, has already suffered more than what anyone would consider a person's "fair share" of misery and despair. Even so, at this time, she herself seems to be more concerned about the pain that others have felt for *her*, making me wonder at a religious faith so strong that she professes to believe that her daughter is at rest in a much better place. The priest at the funeral and prayer services kept reiterating that we must, in the weeks and months ahead, try to determine the reason for this young girl's death, which would somehow explain the meaning of her life. Interestingly, this admonition underscored my longstanding belief that there is a certain similarity between Buddhist and Roman Catholic religious practices: both incorporate chanting in the language of the origin of the religion and engage in elaborate rituals involving smoke and symbolism in their services. Here now was another similarity, the call for almost a karmic explanation for death.

The death of a child is said to be harder than that of any other relative. Children always know at some subconscious level that they will be predeceased by their parents, but to outlive one's own children is totally unexpected, calling into question the very meaning of existence. Somehow, bringing life into the world is a societal expectation with no suggestion whatever that this gift of life might be but temporary.

In Western society, we have a very small time frame devoted to mourning. The funeral services and visitations are typically over within a week, unless there are extenuating circumstances involved. Afterward, the mourners are expected to carry on with their lives, as it is often suggested, "as the departed loved one would have wished." Observers of a grieving family remark with admiration that "they took it so well," a behavior perhaps assisted with the use of drugs to effect a serene countenance for relatives and friends who would be discomfited by a public display of an overabundance of tears and sorrow. This contrasts sharply with a vivid scene from the movie, "Hawaii" (based on the book by James Michener) that I saw more than 25 years ago, in which native Hawaiian women were dashing their foreheads on the rocky beach, as they cried out their grief at the death of their king. Compare this also with the Japanese culture in which *obon* is a festival which:

...serves as a medium for heightening the experience of self-understanding...[through] focus[ing] on the souls of the dead and com[ing] to an understanding of one's *joosoo*, one's existence in the realm of sentiments and personal attachments, in its present state as a particular manifestation of its entire historical development (Hamabata, 1990, p. 56).

Each year, at the height of the summer, my mother-in-law informs me that a particular Sunday is *obon*, and I dutifully arrange for a particularly colorful display of cut flowers to place at my mother's grave, which is situated in the

"Japanese section" of the local cemetery. (I have always wondered why there are specific sections for ethnic groups, although Japanese, Chinese, and Jewish are the only ones of which I am aware. Perhaps having many of the graves adjacent for yearly religious rituals is advantageous. Certainly, the arresting sight of the Japanese section ablaze with the spectacular hues of multi-colored gladiola at *obon* is something to behold.) While I feel a personal daughterly duty to adorn my mother's grave on a weekly basis during the spring, summer, and early fall, to publicly proclaim my love for her memory, I also feel a strong element of community pressure. The Japanese are known for their attention to the proper way to do things, hence bereaved families will keep a written record of the amount of *koden* (an amount of money contributed in memory of the deceased, to help defray funeral costs and pay tribute to the family) that other families have given, so that reference can be made to the list and the corresponding amount returned when the time comes for reciprocity. An empty flower vase at my mother's grave would state to the Japanese community that I have forgotten about her and probably never loved her, rather than that I have chosen to opt out of Japanese tradition.

My mother-in-law finds it incomprehensible that there are no continuing Christian religious rites to remember the dead. She is used to the Buddhist tradition, based on a practice of filial piety to ancestors in China, of attending regular services for the deceased at seven-day, 100-day, one-year, three-year, seven-year, or longer, intervals. This past summer, her family gathered to observe the 25th anniversary of her husband's passing. Probably half the people at the service were too young (or had joined the family too late) to have ever known the man, but the Buddhist priest (*bonsan*) tried to impress upon his somewhat disinterested listeners that were it not for the life of that particular man, none of us would be living our lives as we were. To his children and grandchildren, this should have been a sobering thought. In Western culture, we infrequently meditate upon the personal legacies of our ancestors. In fact, as a youngster growing up in White society, I gave no thought to great-grandparents who originated in far-off Japan, and I more often than not ridiculed my grandfather for his eccentricities, and was repulsed by his religious rituals in which we were sometimes called upon to participate.

I remember the unfamiliarity of awkwardly bowing to the murky picture of our deceased grandmother set among small piles of fruit and *manju* (dessert bean and rice cakes) in the elaborate *butsudan* (ancestral alter) (Hamabata, p. 61) which was kept hidden from everyday view in my grandfather's bedroom. Aside from being my father's mother, I could not understand what was so important about this woman. Since then, I have come to realize that the ritualized observance of her death did indeed serve as a reminder of "one's existence in the realm of sentiments and personal attachments." It was a time to think about one's place in the family, the history of the family, and what might be one's prospects for the future in light

of historical family events.

As a young child, I used to think that these Buddhist services did nothing more than dredge up unpleasant thoughts about the death of loved ones as well as the prospect of one's own mortality. However, now as an adult, I read that, rather than being a means of keeping the memory of the deceased alive, *obon* and other memorial rites are part of a highly ordered process of forgetting, whereby the deceased move in stages from the status of departed to that of ancestorhood, as they are gradually expunged from the memories of the living (Hamabata, p. 59). In Western culture, since we have let go of the many cultural traditions of our ancestors, we are left to our own devices to sort out our own ways of grieving and forgetting about the one lost to death. We are left to find ways to reconcile or rationalize the death and somehow weave it into the fabric of our continuing existence. Psychologists specialize in grief therapy and support groups have been established for grieving families. A medical doctor wrote a ground-breaking book called, *On Death and Dying*, and has been noted for her theory that there are five stages through which both the dying and the grieving might pass, in no particular order, and not necessarily experiencing all five: denial and isolation, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance (Kubler-Ross, 1969). She wrote a sequel called, *Death: The final stage of growth* (1975) in which she purports that death is a natural and final culmination to life, a stage toward which we should look forward, and for which we should prepare. It seems to me, that such theorizing helps us to rationalize or intellectualize an otherwise spiritual/emotional experience for which we have little protocol in White Anglo-Saxon society.

The Roman Catholic funeral services that we attended to observe the passing of our friends' daughter, were rife with religious rituals that were unfamiliar to me, and the experience made me think about my own teenaged daughter, clutching my hand after having sung a beautiful solo rendition of "Ave Maria." Studying Introductory Anthropology this semester, she recently questioned me about the definition of "religion" stated in her textbook: "A set of rituals, *rationalized by myth*, which mobilizes supernatural powers for the purpose of achieving or preventing transformations of state in people and nature" (Haviland, 1993, p. 347, emphasis added). As I tried to explain that every culture has a set of beliefs to explain supernatural phenomena and the meaning of life and death, I became bogged down in the terminology "rationalize" and "myth" which seem to be irreconcilable: while "myth" alludes to something that might be untrue, "rational" suggests scientific truth. How then can myth be rational? Webster tells us that myth is "an old traditional story or legend, especially one concerning fabulous or supernatural beings, giving expression to the early beliefs, aspirations and perceptions of a people and often serving to explain natural phenomena or the origins of a people etc." (*The New Lexicon Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language*, 1988, p. 660) while "rationalize" is defined as "to put a natural explanation in place of a supernatural one for something"

(p. 829). Perhaps the simple replacement of the word, "rationalized" by "explained" in the definition of religion, might provide a postmodern viewpoint in that, various peoples worldwide create stories or legends to explain common supernatural phenomena, much as different languages are created to communicate universal cultural messages. (Problematic, however, is the terminology "supernatural" juxtaposed with "natural," since many cultures see the former as a part of nature accessible by us given the development of various skills, understandings, or powers.)

My teenaged son, in comparing different religions, recently asked me how simply believing in a particular type of afterlife could somehow cause one to experience it after death. I suppose that this is the most important part of the Christian doctrine to which I have committed myself. In order to become a member of the Baptist church, individuals "profess their faith" in Jesus Christ as their personal savior, that is, as a supernatural being who personally guides and leads one's life, with the promise of an eternal afterlife: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions: if *it were* not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you" (John 14:1-2, 1960, *The Holy Bible, King James Version*, p. 83, original italics).

As with any Bible passage, the message may be taken literally or figuratively. I daresay many Baptists and other Christians picture heaven as a physical place, luxurious by any earthly standard imaginable, and attainable by commitment to a belief in Jesus Christ as the son of God. On the other hand, one could also believe that the giving over of the control of one's life to a higher power, the conception of oneself as an infinitesimal part of a greater energy source, puts one in touch with that power, whether in what we call "life" or what we call "death," and that the "mansion" symbolism is merely a way to convey one's sense of security and at-oneness with the universe.

I have found it interesting to hear about "near death" experiences in which persons who have been declared medically dead are revived to tell about wonderful experiences of bright lights and inviting, beckoning figures. My own grandmother, when she suffered a heart attack, was said to have "dreamed" that she travelled to a lovely field of flowers, and across a river could see her predeceased relatives and friends calling to her to come over. Whether these experiences are merely the result of "random outbursts of nerve cell activity" in the brain (Hobson & McCarley, 1977, cited in Morris, 1990, p. 143) as some psychologists describe nocturnal dreaming, or some product of wishful thinking, we will probably never know, but in the meanwhile, it seems to me that we must make a decision about our behavior based on a best guess.

Sometimes I wonder whether heaven is less of a place where we will spend eternity and more something like the peace of mind that we can experience during our lives on earth, the by-product of love and compassion for our fellow humans. According to biblical writings, Jesus Christ modelled compassion and peaceful solutions to human problems, reaching out to the

untouchables in Jewish society and opposing traditional Jewish laws that had less to do with the welfare of the people, and more to do with ritual for its own sake:

They brought to the Pharisees the man who had been blind. Now the day on which Jesus had made the mud and opened the man's eyes was a Sabbath. Therefore the Pharisees also asked him how he had received his sight. "He put mud on my eye," the man replied, "and I washed, and now I see." Some of the Pharisees said, "This man is not from God, for he does not keep the Sabbath" (John 9:13-16, Barker, 1985, p. 1614).

People seem to be less interested these days in an afterlife than miraculous explanations for everyday phenomena, hence the recent proliferation and popularity of television programs and books that deal with angels, miracles, and scientifically unexplainable happenings. For myself, I believe that there is almost a human need for people to believe in miracles, which comes from our spiritual nature. (Although they perhaps have been disenchanted by organized religion, there is still that intuitive sense of the spiritual.) On the other hand, I believe that a miracle is a phenomenon for which we simply do not have a scientific, rational explanation--yet. I once heard that scientists themselves believe that we know only about ten percent of what there is to know about our physical world.

A Christian writer, C.S. Lewis, in a 1946 book which is no longer stored on the shelf in the Lethbridge Public Library, describes the folly of trying to understand the meaning of life:

Ye can know nothing of the end of all things....Because all answers deceive. If ye put the question from within Time and are asking about possibilities, the answer is certain....if ye are trying to leap on into eternity, if ye are trying to see the final state of all things as it *will* be when there are no more possibilities left but only the Real, then ye ask what cannot be answered to mortal ears....For every attempt to see the shape of eternity except through the lens of Time destroys your knowledge of Freedom....Ye *cannot* know eternal reality by a definition. Time itself, and all acts and events that fill Time, are the definition, and it must be lived (pp. 114-115, original italics).

This says to me that speculating about one's heavenly reward is all right for occasional philosophical/theological musings, but that what really counts is the here and now, what one actually does in this world. That is, does one live life for hedonism or to amass material wealth, or for a higher good such as in the service of others? This to me would mean that one's life work would involve global concerns which could be realized in various ways. As a

housewife and mother, I could raise my children to be responsible citizens of the world; as a post secondary educator, I could raise the awareness of my students to global issues and demonstrate through my own actions a peaceful attitude toward others; in addition, as a school counsellor, I could teach children peaceful methods of conflict resolution and ways to accept each others' differences.

Carol Christ (1980) describes the grassroots women's spirituality movement, with its themes of mysticism, celebration of women's bodies and their connections to nature and each other, and the drive for wholeness (p. 126). On the basis of these phenomena, Christ argues that:

...women (and others) need to develop a new understanding of being human, in which the body is given a more equal footing with the intellect and the human connection to nature is positively valued at the same time that the awesome (but not unlimited) human capacity to manipulate and control nature is recognized (p. 129).

A Quaker woman, Jo Vellacott (1982), speaks of the relationship between nonviolence and power. She suggests that people who live a nonviolent life are in touch with the source of power which can be reached through meditation, worship, and time for renewal. She suggests further that we can pool and increase our power by first seeking God in ourselves and then reaching out to help people become aware of the Light within themselves: "We are challenged to consciousness, and to the use of God's power within ourselves." Power does not come by focussing on our disabilities, but by "just going ahead and doing the thing in which we fear our inadequacy" (pp. 34-35).

So many of the things in which I have become involved during my life have been of this nature: attending university, getting married, working in the mental health field, having children, attempting to complete advanced degrees while raising a family, teaching at post secondary institutions, and most recently, taking on the top administrative position in our church. Michel Foucault (1982) describes the "specific nature of power" thus:

The exercise of power is not simply a relationship between partners, individual or collective; it is a way in which certain actions modify others....Power exists only when it is put into action....it is always a way of acting upon an acting subject or acting subjects by virtue of their action or being capable of action. A set of actions upon other actions [sic] (pp. 219-220).

At the choice points, when I have made the decision to become involved in the various activities noted above, there was some sense of energy and forward motion that acted as an impetus. What was that energy source?

Sometimes the urging came from my husband who has a surprising degree of faith and confidence in my abilities. However, he insists that I myself have some spunk and toughness within me that allows me to take hold of opportunities and make them my own. Perhaps some of the energy comes from communities acting in solidarity--my own families (family of origin and my own husband and children), my church family, the global education community at the University of Alberta. I believe, however, that at a more basic level, I am tapping a greater energy source over and above that within myself or other human groups. There is some higher purpose to my life than self-aggrandizement.

The Inward Journey: Living spiritually

David Carr (1986) suggests that we must take responsibility for the narratorship--not the authorship, as if we were God--of our lives (pp. 82-85): "We are composing and constantly revising our autobiographies as we go along....Every plan for your life expresses a view of the meaning of life" (pp. 76-77). Every decision reflects the underlying themes of one's life. The question to me is whether and how one determines the nature of those underlying themes. Many people do not take the time to reflect on what those might be, instead busying and distracting themselves with the day to day events of their lives, and perhaps finding at some later point that that busyness does not really represent the true meaning in life. As busy parents of three children, my husband and I have chosen to spend time and energy on our careers, and at mid-life are now experiencing some regret at the fact that our children are growing up and away from our sphere of influence and closeness. When we look around at our cohorts who have had children go away to school and/or get married, we are constantly being reminded of losses that we are soon sure to feel as our children move away from home and into more permanent and demanding relationships. Even as our children become more involved with peer relationships, obtain their driver's licences, and spend more time on their studies, we face impending changes.

Patricia Mische (1987) declares that spiritual questions are becoming more and more urgent in today's world: "The new web of global interdependencies that binds us together, and the tremendous stresses and complex moral choices before us, require a far deeper and more far reaching spirituality than at any time in previous history" (p. 174). Unfortunately, to my mind, there seems to be less and less time and attention being paid to the spiritual. She outlines three important dimensions of the global spiritual journey: the journey inward, the journey outward and the journey forward (pp. 174-175). In Mische's words: "We only need to have the courage to plumb our own depths and discover there the in-dwelling God who abides in us and in the world, calling us to Become" (p. 183). According to Mische:

The inward journey is a journey to the sacred source at the center of every being and all being. It is to enter into the deepest truth of our existence; to separate ourselves from immediate sensory experience and surrounding circumstances and enter the inner source of our life and integrity (1987, p. 175).

How difficult is this journey in the busyness of my life! The enormity and the depth of this task brings tears to my eyes. How I long to take this journey but am held back at every turn. Even as I write this sentence, part of me is being pulled away from my work and my focus as my husband helps our son rearrange his new bedroom. There is moving of furniture, drilling and hammering, and the urgent questioning by my husband, "What am I going to do with all this stuff?" This is in reference to a 20-year collection of paraphernalia that has been displaced from its previous storage place to create a new space for our growing son who desires a room further away from Mom and Dad, to stake a claim to increasing independence. The cold reality of the assortment of old furniture, discarded lumber, used sports equipment, camping gear and old appliances draws me to help my husband to make decisions about its disposition, but these kinds of calls have continuously taken my time and attention throughout this term as I have repeatedly put my writing to the side since it requires concentration that I cannot muster in the face of pressing household tasks. The sound of my teenage daughter's exuberant laughter rings up the stairwell as she makes plans to go out for the evening. I hurriedly insert my earphones to block out extraneous noise with Baroque music before I lose my train of thought. In the back of my mind lurks, however, the half-made promise to take our younger daughter to the movies tonight.

How non-spiritual these activities seem on the surface. What of spirituality? How can I consider such nebulous musings in the face of the immediacy of lively family life? And yet, it underlies all. We have collected a medley of mementos that compose a song about the life that we have lived together, about the planning for the growth and development of our son, about our daughters connecting to the love of life with all its joys and sorrows.

As Carr (1986) noted: "Every plan for your life expresses a view of the meaning of life" (p. 77). At this juncture, I must then be choosing my own work over that of my family's needs. I remember being confronted with a pile of ironing while in the throes of applying for postgraduate placement, and wondering, "Who will do the ironing if I pursue a PhD?" and then chiding myself for the somewhat ridiculous notion that I would decline the opportunity in order to stay home and do ironing. And yet, is this not what women have done for centuries, not thinking that ironing and other domestic chores can be shared among growing family members? How difficult it is to secure a quiet place to find that "sacred source" of my being. In fact, I sometimes wonder whether it exists at all. In some sense, travelling

to Edmonton afforded me time and a place to seek out that source. My older sister gave me a book this Christmas, *The Secrets of Mariko: A year in the life of a Japanese woman and her family* (Bumiller, 1995) written by an American journalist who endeavored to describe the everyday life of Japanese individuals. The housewife who agreed to allow the journalist to examine her life explained why she had agreed to the project:

It doesn't happen very often that you can open yourself to people like this. I can't say this to anybody else--there are so many things you try to hide here. Sometimes you just want to bring them out, all these things that are stuck inside. I feel very happy to bring all those things out that I have hidden for so long. This is a tremendous opportunity for me to think about myself and my life (p. 22).

In the same way, the writing of this work, to include spirituality, both affords me the opportunity, and forces me to focus my attention on, spiritual questions. When I gave Allen a copy of my Spirituality chapter, in which he was mentioned, he took it upon himself to make a copy for each member of our Sunday School class, an action that made me uncomfortable at first, because it had not really been written for such an audience--that is, I feared a public examination of inward spiritual reflections. On hindsight, this would seem to be contrary to what Christians profess--to love one another--and it therefore seems paradoxical that I should have such fears, and I am happy to report that my fears were not realized. People seemed generally to be impressed with the ability to encapsualize my spiritual journeying, and by their lack of questioning, I assumed that they were not threatened by my own personal twist on theology. In fact, the nun with whom I boarded in Edmonton asked if she might share the chapter with some of her Roman Catholic friends. Ultimately, I believe that we all must make our own personal sense of spirituality, and that we must respect each other for our individuality.

Mische (1987) suggests that the travel inward should include an examination of "all the individual and collective sufferings, joys, struggles, discoveries, changes" (p. 175) that have brought me to this present time. I believe that this has been the subject of the bulk of earlier chapters in this work and in so doing, I have developed a more "direct contact with the universal life force, or higher intelligence, or God." I have had to do soul-searching at every turn. I have had to weigh my own needs, wants, and values against those of every other person in my environment. I have had to develop a keener sense of who I am and why I am here in order to answer those interminable questions about why and how I am pursuing this degree.

That this aspect of my spiritual journey has a more negative interpretation, I suppose, is a function of the frustration and turmoil that I have experienced in taking on this project of earning this degree. Perhaps if I

had had more time to “smell the roses” along the pathway, it would have sounded more positive.

The Outward Journey: Studying global education

Mische (1987) notes that the paradoxical outcome of going more deeply inward is that we become more universal and keenly aware of our deep unity with all peoples (p. 175). For me, this has been realized through the studying of Global Education: through an examination of the issues of environmental care, militarization, cultural solidarity, human rights, structural violence, and finally, personal peace (Toh & Floresca-Cawagas, 1990, p. viii). Included in this awareness is a move toward forgiveness, leading to universal love, compassion, justice, and peace (Mische, 1987, p. 175). It seems to me that far too much time, attention, and energy is expended on the blaming of others for deeds committed, an extremely dangerous game of oneupmanship that has escalated individual disputes to the level of international conflagrations. According to Deborah Britzman (1991), understanding the context of power allows us to understand the effects of human agency (p. 19). Surely the power of compassion and forgiveness is greater than--and to be coveted more than--military might and power. In global education terms, justice and structural transformations, are the ideals sought:

Peace educators in North environments...have an enormous responsibility to touch the hearts of their learners continually, to evoke the store of compassion within, to encourage commitment towards less self-centred conduct, and to seek creative opportunities for humanizing their societal and national norms and policies towards marginalized peoples (Toh, 1988, p. 123).

Curiously, the concepts of compassion and forgiveness are characteristic of all the major religious traditions. Being mostly familiar with Christianity, however, the best known biblical passage that I know about compassion is, “...love your neighbor as yourself” (Matthew 19:19, Barker, 1985, p. 1470) and about forgiveness, it is about the turning of the other cheek (Matthew 5:39; Luke 6:29, pp. 1450-1451; 1550). The Bible also says, “Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called sons of God (Matthew 5:9, p. 1449) and, “For though we live in the world, we do not wage war as the world does” (2 Corinthians 10:3, p. 1773), yet how often has the name of God been upraised as people have gone into battle to kill and overtake? I myself am a pacifist who would say, as they said in the 60s (?), “Better red than dead.” At the risk of being called unpatriotic or cowardly--or both--I would be a conscientious objector. However, I have not found many ways in which I can express this rather unpopular notion.

Even in Christian circles, as noted earlier (in "Feminist/Global Pedagogical Applications"), people advocate for the necessity to go to war to protect our country. This notion of "our" country is troublesome. In a Social Change course at U of A, during an exercise on patriotism, another non-white and myself made ourselves unpopular with other group members when we wrote a parody of Canada's national anthem, "Eau Canada, our home *on* Native land..." Exactly whose land is this? "We" wrested it from its original inhabitants and now have the audacity to call it "ours." It seems that national boundaries are nothing but artificial ways to separate "ours" from "yours." As in the children's rhyme I learned at age five, who *is* king of the castle (and who the "dirty rascals")? According to the Bible, the Jews (those in power in the Middle East 2000 years ago) mocked Christ for claiming to be "King of the Jews" (Matthew 27:11, p. 1487) and put him to death in a ghastly manner in order to show their power over his claim:

In the same way the chief priests, the teachers of the law and the elders mocked him. "He saved others," they said, "but he can't save himself! He's the King of Israel! Let him come down now from the cross, and we will believe in him. He trusts in God. Let God rescue him now if he wants him, for he said, 'I am the Son of God'" (Matthew 27:41-3), p. 1488).

The misuse of physical power and territoriality is the story of humankind's history upon earth that must soon change if we are to continue to exist on this planet.

Mische (1987) suggests that a new spirituality for a new global age needs to include "a profound sense of our common dependency on the earth...[in which] humans learn to bring their lives into communion with the earth processes..." (p. 176). The whole notion of environmentalism is a spiritual issue. A colleague remarked that not until the practices of reducing, reusing, and recycling become monetarily meaningful will the majority of people participate and take these matters seriously. I would suggest, however, that if persons can be impressed with the spiritual aspects of the workings of our earth, we would work and live together in greater harmony. Mische points out that "Shinto, Buddhist, Hindu, Taoist, tribal African and Native American ancestors intuitively understood the divine presence in the heart processes and our spiritual kinship with all life forms" (p. 176).

I was deeply impressed by my first pow-wow which I attended about two years ago at the University of Lethbridge. Not only was the colorful array of costumes a spectacular sight, but the constant and regular drum beat (which, I am told, represents the heartbeat of the earth) exuded an energy which guided the dancers of all ages in their circular path around the auditorium. What was striking about the presentation as a whole was that people of all ages participated with the same dance step, and were introduced sequentially in groups by an announcer. Tears welled up in my eyes as he

announced first the men as protectors of the people; next the women, considered sacred, he explained, for their ability to create life; followed by the children, proclaimed as precious citizens of the future. He also named the Indian people as being the first environmentalists in that they consider all of nature to be sacred, and that it is important for people to interact with nature in responsible ways.

After spending about two hours at the pow-wow, my daughter and I went to a mall downtown, as we had earlier planned our activities for the day, and I remember the remarkable contrast between the deep spirituality of the pow-wow and the feeling of lifelessness at the mall. As I observed my fellow shoppers resolutely going about their business, with looks of ennui or grim determination on their faces, it made me wonder at the world of consumption, domination, and consumerism that we have created that is so far from the real meaning of life.

To have seen a group of mostly dark hair and faces participating in a cultural event of such simplicity and yet profundity had been deeply moving. I went away from the experience with a new understanding of Native tradition and spirituality which has spilled over into the ways I interact with Native people. (In a recent interaction with a young Native student, with whom I had been asked to counsel regarding his propensity for drawing swastikas on his books, I drew the comparison between Japanese Canadians, Jews, and First Nations people, in our shared experience of near cultural genocide at the hands of the dominant cultural forces. I emphasized the fact that we have a shared burden of suffering, but that our mission in life should be to educate others in order to increase the degree of sharing and compassion in the world.)

In contrast, it seems paradoxical to me that our capitalistic economy is supported by Christian doctrine, supposedly about a god of love, but which espouses peoples' domination over land, plant and animal life:

Then God said, "Let us make man in our image, in our likeness, and let them rule over the fish of the sea and the birds of the air, over the livestock, over the earth, and over all the creatures that move along the ground" (Genesis 1:26, Barker, 1985, p. 7).

Even our national anthem asks for God's blessing on our political economy: "God keep our land glorious and free..." I was pleased to read recently, however, in a publication for Canadian Baptists that the Baptist Union of Western Canada was among 13 agencies which cooperated to produce an environmental study/action guide entitled, *God's Earthkeepers; Biblical action and reflection on the environment*: "The booklet offers perspectives on God as creator, and on the stewardship, or 'earth keeping' role of humans." It also includes suggestions for reflection and action (*The Canadian Baptist*, October 1995, p. 43). There has not been a concerted effort at making ours a "green" church, similar to the "green" schools movement, although assorted

changes, both small and large, have been made, such as a series of articles in the newsletter on environmentalism, with suggestions for changes at home; re-insulating the church to curb heat loss; the use of mugs rather than styrofoam cups; reusable Sunday School materials; and the gradual trend to casual clothing rather than expensive, stylish outfits. However, these movements are few and far between, and often thought to be the work of fanatics. For the future, paper could be recycled, or not used as much, in favor of transparencies on overhead projectors. The larger question, however, would be the move toward responsible global citizenship, particularly in terms of missionary work. Persons who choose this type of work should be sensitive to local customs and traditions and not impose their ideology on local people. In fact, there should be a coming together of the world religions so that global cooperation could be achieved, without repeating the atrocities of cultural genocide that occurred, for example, in residential schools for First Nations people in North America, and the Yanomami in Brazil (Vincent, 1993). Effort should be made to find the points of similarity and connectedness among the great religions in their interpretations of reality.

One of the so-called "green theologians," Thomas Berry (1988) talks of "our ultimate failure as humans" being the fact that, rather than its "crowning glory," we are the instrument of the earth's degradation. Similarly, Matthew Fox (1990) proposes that The Global Village is our common, New World Soul. Its survival is "a matter of saving our souls" and it is a "world soul" in the sense that interconnectedness teaches that the survival of one is the survival of all, which will come about when we believe in, and act on, the law of compassion as the law of our universe (p. 265). He confidently predicts that religion will return from its exile into the frivolous task of building empires or of sentimentalizing privatized lives and "find its true origins as a way of life that heals" (p. 266). Donald Dorri (1985) in an examination of how biblical values have become distorted, calls for a transformation of the structure and institutions of society (p. 131) such that society would be committed to voluntary simplicity, usefulness and durability, implying notable changes in our styles of housing, travelling, and eating (p. 140). For myself, I try to live a life of relative simplicity, and in my new role as head administrator of the church (of which I will speak later), I hope to effect changes that will begin to transform one of the representatives of an institution of society.

The basis of the Christian religion is the Bible, which is considered by Christians to be the actual words of God, recorded by various prophets and disciples of Christ. Could it be, however, that the writings in the Bible, although God-inspired, have been passed through the distorting lenses of the powerful at the time of writing? The first book of the Bible, Genesis, which is "primarily a book of beginnings" (Barker, 1985, p. 1) describes the creation story and early history of the Jewish people, and was purportedly written by Moses, an ancient Jewish patriarch (p. 2). Archeologists and Bible scholars have carried on a continuing controversy over the validity of biblical

scriptures:

...the whole subject is touchy because almost everyone has a stake in Scripture. Jewish and Christian ultraconservatives don't like hearing that parts of the Bible could be fictional. Atheists can't wait to prove that the whole thing is a fairy tale. And even for the moderate majority, the Bible underlies so much of Western culture that it matters a great deal whether its narratives are grounded in truth (*Time*, December 18, 1995, p. 41).

Archeologists are keen to find "direct evidence, other than the Bible" (p. 43) to corroborate the events therein. In the face of confirmations and disconfirmations of the Bible through archaeological evidence, "most scholars have edged toward a middle-of-the road position....You can't look at the text literally. It wasn't written as modern history is written. But on the other hand, it's certainly not made up" p. 44). Although at first this seems to be a logical approach to legitimizing the Bible, I believe that from a postmodern perspective, the recordings in the Bible were likely the only recorded history of the time, and to discount such writings as not "factual" because of their spiritual connotations would be to discount the conceived reality of that writer. Furthermore, to imply that modern history is written factually does not take into account interpreter bias.

Similarly, it seems clear to me from a critical theory perspective, that it was the powerful who had access, respect, and time, to pass on stories from generation to generation, and subsequently have them recorded for posterity. Modern-day feminists take exception to the male imagery in the Bible, the dearth of references to powerful females, and the consistent references to women as inferior or second-class citizens, and have pushed for the recent publication of a gender neutral Bible. Bible scholars pore over manuscripts and debate over their veracity and terminology, but I believe both groups-- Bible scholars and feminists-- are overlooking the fact that in a male-dominated society, malestream beliefs and values are the ones to be perpetuated through story and song then as today. Therefore, the mere substitution of the word, "people" for "men," for example, does not take into account that a man wrote the work in the first place. (However, a recent work by Grace M Jantzen [1995] explores in depth the "gendered struggle for power and authority" (p. xv), claiming that "there has been virtually no attention paid to the way in which the delimiting of mysticism through the centuries was crucial to maintaining male hierarchical control in church and society..." [p. 3].)

With apologies to feminists, I have no quarrel with the male reference to God (notwithstanding a recent feminist movement to find "the feminine face of God" [McDonald, 1996].) In Hebrew, God is sometimes referred to as "abba," which means something like "daddy" and I long for a spiritual dad. I

realize my human limitations and need a spiritual Protector: someone to whom I can turn for support and guidance, who lacks the foibles and frailties of humans, no matter how loving they may profess to be. Furthermore, I believe that Bible writers had a need to anthropomorphize, perhaps unlike other religions, but the familiarity of the protective father is a comforting one, maybe only because of our having been raised in a patriarchal society. In addition, the fathers of my generation were so absorbed in earning a living for the family, that contrary to the "Father Knows Best" television programming of the day, many fathers lacked those parenting skills, and many of us still feel wanting.

Mary Daly (1973) points out that:

...the image of the divine Father in heaven has not always been conducive to humane behavior....The often cruel behavior of Christians toward unbelievers and toward dissenters among themselves suggests a great deal not only about the values of the society dominated by that image, but also about how that image itself functions in relation to behavior (p. 16).

It seems to me that Christianity has been perverted, and formed into a kind of tool or weapon to be used for whatever purpose it might serve, as in the atrocities against Native Americans in residential schools. But for me, I prefer to try to glean what might still be useful and good, and to "bring the best insights of the world's spiritual traditions forward into our new global context and add to these a new spiritual inquiry appropriate to our times" (Mische, 1987, p. 177).

I see my spiritual task in this work as exploring and developing a more holistic view of spirituality. I do not anticipate a wholesale change of my personal religious practices, since I believe that individuals can--and must--practice some specific form of religion while still embracing the notion of spirituality in a holistic sense, and the one that has been practiced from childhood often affords emotional rewards through conditioning. In addition, I believe that an intellectual analysis of spiritual concepts is only possible to a certain point and then the unseen and the indescribable must take over. This is the nature of spirituality. Indeed, Webster defines "spiritual" as "concerned with the soul or spirit" (1988, p. 958), that is, the intangible, the untouchable, the invisible.

A little over a year ago, I was asked to accept a nomination to a position of administration within my own church. My first inclination was to decline, but my husband assured me that I was capable of the task. In addition, as I considered that historically, women of color are not typically in positions of power, and also as a result of being impressed at learning about the religious activities of some Native women friends, I decided that it was an office that I must morally accept in the interest of empowerment. While some may think that the position is one merely of authority, I believe that I have been given

the opportunity to empower others, just as I have been empowered.

Through active participation in church activities and a vigorous effort to resist my mother's role modelling in the form of what Anne Wilson Schaeff (1981) calls the "Good Christian Martyr" embodiment of anger expressed toward the "White Male System," I believe that this newest conferment is but another pathway on my spiritual pilgrimage. Schaeff describes the syndrome as being:

...generally supported by our culture--especially by the church. The Good Christian Martyr releases her rage through sacrifice and suffering. She always takes the smallest piece of meat....She never buys any clothes for herself because she is not important, but she always made sure that her children and her husband have new clothes....She is perhaps the most manipulative and powerful of all angry women. Some of the most damaged women...in therapy...try but they can never live up to the image of their perfect mothers who sacrificed so much (p. 45).

I am purposefully *not* deferring to another, but instead "seizing the day." At the same time, I must be careful not to take on the role that Schaeff describes as the "super-competent woman" who tries to be the "best at whatever it is that she decides to do thereby accomplishing two things: she overcomes her innately inferior position (as a woman in the White Male System), and "she sets herself above those around her," using her competence as a weapon--ending up being despised by both men and women because she "drives herself and everybody else, thinking that she can vent her rage by exercising her power over others" (p. 44).

It would seem that some combination and moderation of these two extremes--that is, a caring attitude toward people only to the point that it does not interfere with my own emotional and physical well-being, coupled with a realistic concern about developing my own human potential. I see these two considerations merging in the carrying out of this church position, as well as in the teaching role. In both instances, I can model true Christian love in the form of being concerned about individuals' needs--subject to reflection and critical analysis in relation to spiritual beliefs--while feeling fulfilled in meeting them in a worthwhile endeavor that is also valued by society as a whole. For example, as the moderator, I can listen to the voices of church members and make their contributions heard. As a teacher, I can express an appreciation for students' different learning styles by allowing them different options for completing assignments. As a teacher, having a career of my own, as well as being the moderator of the church, I express my autonomy as an individual, contributing member of society and in carrying out my responsibilities as such, my family must sometimes take second priority, as in requiring my children to send themselves off to school while I attend my eight o'clock classes.

On the other hand, while I do have rather an over-developed achievement orientation, I do not aspire to wielding power in the traditionally accepted sense of overriding others' opinions and needs--perhaps reflecting my insecurities and indecisiveness as a person--and so hopefully will never exhibit the qualities of Schaef's "super-competent woman." The power that I hope to wield and to model is the power to empower others, drawing on, and paradoxically adding to, a sense of personal peace. Role modelling for my own children, the church congregation, and for my students, the ability of one person to live her life to the fullest by doing for others: this is my spiritual calling. I hope that once my earthly life is done, that my spirit will live on in others, and perhaps be passed down through the ages: what could be called eternal life.

At this juncture, I have served about one half of my term as Vice-moderator of a church with an active membership of about 280 persons. In this capacity, I act as vice-chair of the Church Council, chair of the nominating committee for new council members for the upcoming term, and the person to whom the duties and responsibilities of the moderator fall should the position become temporarily or permanently vacant. Finally, after a two-year period as Vice-moderator, I assume the position of Moderator, the highest ranked officer in the church organization, chair of a 12-member elected Church Council which is the governing board of the church, having the:

...general oversight of all aspects of the church's life; to manage the affairs of the church including coordinating and approving the work of the Church Council, establishing and managing the budget, developing long-range planning and evaluating the life and program of the church in the light of its objectives; to establish and approve salaries and rates of pay for Minister(s) and all staff; to approve the engaging and disengaging of all secretarial, caretaking and music staff...and to be the body to which the minister(s) is/are accountable and which will provide him/her/them with advice and counsel (June 1991, Lethbridge First Baptist Church Constitution & By-Laws, p. 9).

As the term of office has progressed, it has become interesting to learn of the details of the administration of the church. I had served two previous terms on the Church Council during the past several years, but had never been privy to the innermost workings of everyday business. Before each monthly meeting of the Council, the Executive meets for a planning session, in which confidential matters are discussed by the Council to present to the meeting the next day.

Generally, I find the matters discussed to be tedious and highly political. Although the official church polity recognizes "Jesus Christ as the only head of the church" with the congregation "...seek[ing] to ascertain and to obey the will of our Lord in all matters of faith and practice...the

church...be[ing] congregational in government and democratic in practice" (p. 1), members of the Council must act on the basis of their interpretation of "the will of our Lord." Herein lies the difficulty as I see it. For example, in a recent decision, we were required to decide whether the local symphony association could use our church sanctuary to present a concert of classical music. According to policy set by the Council in previous years, the church building is not to be used for money-making ventures, based largely on a Bible story in which Jesus drove money changers and sellers of sacrificial animals from the temple courts in Jerusalem saying, "Get these out of here! How dare you turn my Father's house into a market!" (John 2:13-16, Barker, 1985, p. 1597). However, it was decided that the symphony association as a non-profit organization, and a purveyor of an esoteric brand of music, would be acceptable. Perhaps also, it was felt that exposing a group of people who could be considered the "upper crust" of Lethbridge to the inner sanctum of our church building might well attract new members. To my way of thinking, our church body should develop a positive relationship with the community as a whole, including marginalized sectors so that church facilities become open to all groups as an expression of sharing. A couple of years ago, our youth pastor opened the church building to junior and senior high schools students from several schools across the street during the noon hours on school days, to do five minutes of ministry out of a time mostly of fellowship, playing games, and eating. I foresee focusing on marginalized groups at Christmas time, for example, inviting them for a meal, instead of merely celebrating the occasion amongst ourselves. I believe that connecting on a personal level contributes to the feeling of humanity that will discourage the negative kinds of behaviors that we encounter within so-called "social problems." The issues that will certainly arise will become a structural challenge to living one's faith.

John Elliott (1991) suggests that education is about developing human powers of understanding in relation to the things which matter in life. I find his description of spiritual development as an aspect of personal development to be particularly profound and applicable to my own philosophy:

Spiritual development proceeds by resolving problems of living wisely. Wisdom can be defined as the achievement of a sense of unity of purpose in the multiplicity of decisions and acts which constitute a human life. Education is a process which not only inducts into structures of knowledge, but brings those structures into play with the problems of living and utilizing them in the service of wisdom (pp. 147-148).

I see my service as vice-moderator, and later moderator, to be both an educational process as well as spiritual development, as I deal with the problems of living surrounding the life of First Baptist Church Lethbridge, in

the service of wisdom for congregational needs.

That I should have been nominated for this position still boggles my mind, particularly in view of the person, Allen, who was instrumental in that nomination. It seems that our descriptions could hardly be more dissimilar--he having coming from a Swedish-Norwegian background, exceptionally large of stature, with a booming voice and assuredness of manner; from at least a lower upper-class family, considered by most to be the wealthiest member of our church; a prominent local businessman, world traveller for business and pleasure who maintains three or more homes in various locations around the world. However, we have come to know each other quite well through attending the same Sunday School class for the past two years. This class was one that he started, along with a few others, some 20 years ago, highly postmodern, although no one has named it so. There is no formal agenda except that which any class member might bring to it, and there is the stated purpose of examining religious issues with an open mind (from a critical perspective). The class is open to any adult, but it appeals to a minority--12 at the most, although the numbers have been growing recently to 20 or more--out of about 80 adults who attend Sunday School regularly. The subject matter is regarded as heretical by some church people who, to my knowledge have never attended. However, the senior pastor of the church is a frequent attender and contributor to the discussion. In addition, many of the elected church administrators have come from this class, although we are cognizant of the danger of a sense of elitism developing.

I believe that we discuss important general religious issues, such as, "Why do we attend church?" as well as specific ones, such as the role of a particular woman in the Bible and its significance for women's place in the church. I find that the topics discussed in this class dovetail neatly with the theorizing undertaken in my doctoral studies. We have even considered what might be called issues of structural violence. For example, someone brought a newspaper clipping regarding the exhuming of an infant's body from the cemetery surrounding a Southern Baptist church in Kentucky that was traditionally reserved for its (White) members. Controversy arose when a church member's baby, who was part Black, died and was buried in the family plot. Our discussion centered around church membership and the exclusive nature of any kind of membership requirements of an organization, particularly a church. The observation was made that no formal or public ritual was required to be considered a Christian, but that baptism taking specific forms was required by various church denominations. I observed that organizations seem to meet people's belonging needs through elaborate membership rituals.

For my part, baptism was an important step in solidifying my sense of belonging within my home church and the wider Canadian Baptist organization. However, I still have a certain sense of "not belonging" in the congregation--especially as it changes over the years, with older, familiar members moving away or dying, and younger, less familiar members taking

their places--and because of this feeling, I have difficulty in speaking up on topics in which I might be seen as different. Now that my husband, seen as a Buddhist, has joined the class, there is an ongoing comparison of Christian and Buddhist beliefs, which have made me uncomfortable, for the most part. Interestingly, however, Allen presented me with the gift of a book recently entitled, *Living Buddha, Living Christ* (Thich, 1995), explaining that he had not yet read the book (he reads volumes of books about Christianity in his search for historical explanations for biblical happenings) but that I should do so and we would discuss it. I accepted the book from him with not a little apprehension and even resisted reading it for several weeks, but was finally both pleasantly surprised and deeply moved by the message within: that dialogue is the key to peace (p. 2) and that "the notion that Christianity provides the only way of salvation and all other religious traditions are of no use...excludes dialogue and fosters religious intolerance and discrimination (p. xxi). We have yet to discuss my new-found awarenesses regarding Buddhism, but I did find at a recent Buddhist funeral that I was more open to accepting what I once considered to be bizarre religious practices.

I have found this class to be a microcosm of the larger church body in that there is a great deal of caring for the individual, as well as respect for individual differences, strengths and weaknesses. A case in point is that among our regular class members are three individuals whom some would call "handicapped"--cerebral palsy, mental retardation, and hearing impaired. These members are given the same acceptance, consideration and privileges as might any other class member, and indeed, some of the most profound insights might come from one of them. On one occasion, as the rest of the class struggled with the question of whether God was only the creator of the earth but was no longer guiding its fate, Tom suddenly interrupted the discussion and brought the class to a close with a simple statement, "God is love."

The Forward Journey: My own spiritual journey

The past.

Now fear the Lord and serve him with all faithfulness. Throw away the gods your forefathers worshipped...and serve the Lord. But if serving the Lord seems undesirable to you, then choose for yourselves this day whom you will serve, whether the gods your forefathers served beyond the River, or the gods of the Amorites....But as for me and my household, we will serve the Lord (Joshua 24:14-15, Barker, 1985, p. 323).

The above scriptural passage from the Bible could serve as a description of my spiritual journey, a pilgrimage that has seen peaks, valleys, forays into

the wilderness, and plateaus, but leading ultimately to "The Promised Land," similar to the decades long trek made by the Jewish people to the fertile valley of Canaan. It has not always been a central part of my life but more an extension of my own search for meaning in life, including struggles with ethnicity and my personal identity.

My mother really set the stage for a conflicting outlook on religion and spirituality. She was herself a Christian, following her parents' lead in converting from Shintoism to Christianity when they emigrated to Canada--*throw away the gods your forefathers worshipped*. In the small British Columbia community where my mother lived, there was probably not a vast array of Protestant faiths from which to choose, but somehow my mother came to be baptized in a Baptist church in her late teens, being given the anglicized name of "Faith," a welcome relief from her Japanese name, *Yayeko*, which she hated. (Other cohorts received such names as, "Grace" and "Lydia.") I believe that this shedding of her cultural identity was representative of her whole way of life which was characterized by a denial of her ethnicity and a striving for acceptance within the greater White community (not unlike the majority of Japanese Canadians after their internment during the Second World War).

Mom married my father in her mid-20s after having worked as a domestic for a Mormon family, narrowly escaping conversion to that sect, for which she was extremely grateful in later years. My father, the eldest son in his family, was expected to uphold family traditions such as providing a home for my paternal grandfather, and our household therefore contained a curious mix of "east meets west." This meeting was neither equitable nor mutually respectful. It seemed to mirror our use of language: English and Christian beliefs were used on a daily basis in our contacts with the outside world, and much less frequently employed, and more surreptitiously, were Japanese and Buddhism.

We had a small Buddhist shrine in my grandfather's room which was opened on special holidays and adorned with offerings of fresh fruit and ethnic foods for us to pay our respects. It was also the central focus during periodic services to observe the anniversary of my grandmother's death, someone who had been deceased since before my parents had married. These services, with their burning of incense and long Sanskrit chantings, held little meaning for us as children growing up in the 1960s, a time when groups of immigrants from various backgrounds were trying to fit in with "Canadian" culture and therefore there was a lack of educational socialization regarding other faiths and cultures. Buddhist rituals did little for me at the time, except to serve as reminders of a heritage vastly different from the greater culture, and therefore were something to be denied, shunned, and even embarrassed about.

My father never overtly interfered with his children attending a Christian church on Sundays or participating in weekly church activities although I always had a sense that he disapproved in some way. It seemed

rather strange that Dad would sleep late while his family would get dressed up in their best clothes to attend Sunday School and church each Sunday. On the other hand, this lack of participation in family activities reflected his behaviour during the week since he made a habit, through financial necessity as well as a form of dedication to his craft, of working extremely long hours and participating infrequently in the day-to-day events of child-raising. I was never quite sure about his true feelings about religion since he never attended Buddhist services either, although he seemed to have more allegiance in the direction of Japanese cultural tradition, evident on occasions such as funerals, which have prescribed, formalized practices quite different from Western ways.

One Easter Sunday, when I was about ten years old, we children were each presented with a Bible, its cover engraved with our names in gold. I saw this as a sort of milestone, in that Dad, who was notoriously frugal, had actually spent "hard earned money" on the Christian religion. As the years progressed, Dad began to attend church sporadically, later participating in the baby dedication services of his two younger sons. (I never knew who initiated these services for them, but felt a sense of loss that I had never had the experience. It somehow seemed that to be able to participate in this kind of service would make a kind of spiritual connection to my parents. This practice of dedication, which takes the place of infant baptism in other denominations, is usually reserved for parents who were both members of the congregation. Many years later, Dad was baptized on the same day as myself and I joked about not having to change the water for us as family members.) These two of my three brothers, who are 14 and 18 years younger than myself, are the most religious in the family, both being involved in the Christian ministry. Ironically, the elder of the two spent a significant amount of time in missionary work in the Far East, including Japan. Dad never seemed to oppose this work on religious grounds, nor to encourage any form of retention to his own spiritual or religious roots.

My first thoughts about the life hereafter came when a babysitter taught me a children's song at age five, about finding and eating a rotten peanut, dying in spite of a doctor's help, going to heaven, and then going "the other way." Around that time, I remember attending Sunday School at a Presbyterian church which was half a block away from our home. It was there that I first learned, "Jesus Loves Me," the prototypical children's Sunday School song, the power of the song reinforced by the fascinating slide projection of the words on a screen. When our family moved to the interior of British Columbia for several months, we attended the United Church where we began each church service with the first hymn in *The Hymnary*: "Holy, Holy, Holy." The only other thing I remember about that church was the special effort our mother made in sewing flannel nightgowns for my sister and me to wear for part of the program in the Christmas concert. Moving back to Alberta the next year, we began attending the Nisei Gospel Church, which was a small but devoted congregation consisting mostly of

second-generation Japanese Canadians: *Nisei*. The group did not have its own facilities but rented the Moose Hall for its Sunday School and church services on Sundays. We four children were given a ride to Sunday School by a straitlaced, old lady who seemed as ancient as the black car she drove (probably 1940s vintage). She must have had a "heart of gold," however, since she returned to our home later in the morning to transport my mother to church and then drove us all home afterward. I remember the warmth and acceptance of the mostly Japanese people who attended the church. I was actually surprised that they even existed, having been raised away from the Japanese community. I was struck by the intensesness of my Sunday School teachers and the preacher who would deliver sermons first in English and then Japanese, but mostly I remember the rousing hymns, some sung in English and then in Japanese. It was during these few years, at about age eight that I answered the invitation of my Sunday School teacher to "accept Jesus into my heart." For privacy, she took me out into the back seat of her car, and kneeling together on the floor, we prayed that Jesus would come into my heart. I remember feeling a little disappointed that I did not feel very different about myself or about life afterward and I certainly did not understand the import of the event, but that experience has always remained a significant one for me, probably because of the personal nature of the interaction, not only with my teacher, but with a spiritual being.

When our family moved to a different neighborhood, I learned that one of the important factors regarding the location of our house was that it was close to a Baptist church. I remember feeling quite surprised that this fact was important to my mother since I had never known that she was a Baptist nor did I realize how important religion was to her. As a young child I did not realize that she, of course, was the impetus behind our regular church attendance, since there was very little discussion of religion otherwise in our lives at home. In retrospect I suspect that rather than a lack of concern, this was probably a reflection of the discomfort my mother felt in expressing anything different from my father who was regarded as the undisputed authority figure in the house.

We began attending Sunday School and church each Sunday, as well as Junior Choir which became an important part of the lives of myself and my older sister. We had a very attentive and dedicated choir leader who took a special liking to us as conscientious students and nurtured our musical training in many ways for several years. Under her tutelage my sister and I performed frequently in choir concerts, Sunday School and church services, and music festivals. It was because of her ongoing interest and guidance that I continue to participate in musical events in the church to this day, and to guide my own children in these endeavors. At one low point of my "spiritual walk," my main motive for attending church regularly was to sing in the choir. As the years progressed, however, the lyrics of the songs began to ring in my mind and heart and solidify my dedication to the church and its teachings. This is hardly surprising having now read the theorizing of Claude

Levi-Strauss (1969), in which he places linguistics at one end of a continuum and music and mythology at the other: "Music and mythology bring man [sic] face to face with potential objects of which only the shadows are actualized, with conscious approximations of inevitably unconscious truth, which follow from them" (pp. 17-18).

I went through the usual teenage period of questioning the meaning of life and the existence of God and remember a midweek Bible study session of church teenagers that evolved into a question-and-answer period with the pastor who did his best to defend the faith. In response to my question, "But how do we know that God really exists?" he lent me a small paperback book that listed various arguments, based on circumstantial evidence such as the complexity of nature, the fact of creation itself, etc. I realized at the age of 17 or so that it was simply an act of faith. Scholars could bring forth all manner of intellectual lines of reasoning that supported the view that God was not only creator but sustainer of the universe, but in the end, it simply required faith. At the time I was not ready to take that step and vacillated over the question of commitment to the church for another 13 years.

It took a major life event to bring to my consciousness the realization that I could no longer "sit on the fence," but must make a spiritual commitment: a choice between commitment to one way of life or the other. In the meantime, I had experimented briefly with Taoism and Zen Buddhism with a colleague whom I had admired at work. He would explain various teachings of the Tao, such as the "yin and yang," that I still use to this day in counselling, in an effort to change the negative thinking of young children. I had even somewhat reluctantly received training in Transcendental Meditation at the behest of my husband who had been convinced of its stress reducing benefits from a fellow university student. At that time, in the early 1970s, there was a movement in the community that was advertized in the newspaper and groups set up throughout the city. The program was presented in an introductory lecture, held at the University of Lethbridge, mostly as a physiologically beneficial exercise, and its religious or spiritual aspects were minimized. We practiced for a couple of months on our own, but never returned to the groups after the initial training. The daily time expenditures seemed too great, the distractions too difficult to deal with, and the benefits minimal. In addition, there had been something spooky about the initiation ceremony, which I later learned was an Eastern religious ritual, something which I abhorred at the time.

When my mother began dying, I came to the realization that the question of life after death was an important one for me to consider and the time was *now!* As for the intellectual questions, I rationalized that as a simple cog can never understand the intricate workings of the entire machine, I as a mere human could not expect to be able to conceive of God in all His infiniteness. Also, I recognized that as a human I had spiritual needs that could not be measured in intellectual terms.

The Baptist church advocates "Believer's Baptism," that is the

profession of faith in Jesus Christ as one's "personal savior," a statement and commitment that it is believed can only be legitimately made by a person with an adult's understanding. I attended "Discipleship Classes," and intellectual doubts notwithstanding, I opted for a public commitment to a Christian life--perhaps "public confession" of my faith would validate it even further. My youngest brother, my father and myself were all baptized within four weeks of each other. (Two other siblings are self-professed atheists although they received essentially the same early upbringing as myself and one is a "noncommitted Christian.") My life again did not change appreciably except for the tremendous feeling of relief that I felt as a result of finally coming to a decision. (In a recent study of learning styles, I have discovered that this type of vacillation in decision-making is characteristic of my learning style, and is certainly reflected in many other areas of my life.)

Subsequently, I have been asked to serve in various leadership roles and on committees in the administration of the church and have appreciated the feeling of acceptance, respect, togetherness, and dedication to a common cause in church work. I have found a real sanctuary from the greater secular society. I have found friends who share the same outlook as myself--that is, love for fellow humans, as opposed to cynicism and distrust. It is these people with whom I have chosen to "spend eternity." (Niggling at the back of my mind, however, is the question that my father once put to an enthusiastic Christian, "What about my father who was a Buddhist? Will I never see him in the afterlife if I go to heaven as a Christian?" Interestingly, at a Buddhist funeral I attended recently, I was leafing through the songbook which contained an explanation of Buddhism in its front pages. I was struck by the similarities between Christianity and Buddhism. In both religions, according to my understanding of Christianity and my cursory reading of Buddhist beliefs, there is a rather incredible story about the birth of Christ/Buddha; both Christ and Buddha experienced a significant spiritual experience after isolation, fasting and meditating; there is an admonition to go out into the world to spread the good word; there is a basic belief that one is to live a right life on earth with the promise of salvation and the enjoyment of the afterlife.)

Our family's submersion in the life of a largely "WASP" church congregation has had interesting implications for myself as a member of a conspicuous minority. (There were only two times that race or ethnicity became a source of discomfort for me in my growing up years in the church. Early on, when our junior choir performed parts of the well-known musical, "The Mikado," we were all dressed in kimonos with our hair pinned up with chopsticks crisscrossed through the back. That my older sister and I looked the most authentically Japanese was, ironically, a source of embarrassment for me. The greatest discomfort came, however, when a White age-mate in our preteen years a comment in a knowledgeable tone, that the children from the union of a Scandinavian and Greek marriage (members of our church) would have a hard time growing up. I questioned her, hardly being aware of race/ethnicity issues, and she explained that because of the inter-racial

marriage, problems would likely be experienced by the children. In hindsight, I can see that the discomfort stemmed both from the fact that this was a racist remark, but also from the girl's lack of awareness that I might find the comment offensive. It seemed that since my parents had "stuck to their own kind," that I was OK. Interestingly, however, our church seems to be accepting of racial/ethnic difference, in recent years having more than once celebrated language and cultural differences in church services or programs and having people "of difference" on its boards and in leadership positions.) It has led to an acceptance within the greater society, and at the same time, a distancing from my cultural heritage, so much so that most of the time I lack awareness of myself as a member of a minority group and am only thrust into awareness by well-meaning persons who inquire about "your people." This contributes to an increased feeling of uncertainty as to sense of belonging, and I feel fuels my need for a spiritual "home."

As I have grown older and lost my mother to cancer almost 12 years ago, I have come to realize the fragility of this concept we call home. Indeed, earlier in this work, I have referred to having a feeling of looking for home in a specific geographical area. Since my mother has died and my father remarried and moved into the home of my stepmother, our family home as such no longer exists, and as the only family member who still lives in the home town, it has fallen to me to provide a meeting place for family get-togethers. This feeling of loss is one that I feel keenly, and when I contemplate moving away from this geographical area that holds little appeal for me, I am held back by the desire to not take away from other family members a semblance of a home to which to return. Similarly, as my brothers and sisters make their own homes in various geographical locations on the North American continent (and sometimes further away) I am left feeling bereft. For these reasons, my church has come to provide a place where I do feel a sense of family and ongoing continuity. The names and faces might change, but for some 35 years, I have attended church at the same building, and with much the same belief structure, although a broadening of interpretation has certainly occurred as a result of my spiritual journey and quest. I have gone from the smallest member of the junior choir at ten years old to the prospective moderator of the church, the highest administrative office in the church organization.

The present.

I have made attempts in my life to find surrogate mothering, important as is parenting to me. Most recently, during my doctoral studies, I was extremely fortunate to be able to board with a nun who took in Christian women students. Ironically, although she of course had never had children of her own, she provided a home-like atmosphere and motherly watchfulness for me during my weekly stays. I learned a great deal from her about service and dedication to the church--her "vocation"--and although I spent only one term with her, I felt safe in her house and called it a home

away from home. That there are such "oases" in the "desert" of modern society renews my faith in humanity and in God.

Another unexpected "oasis" has been the various connections I have been able to make during this postgraduate work at the University of Alberta. I feel that I have been able to connect in a meaningful way not only with fellow students, as I have noted earlier throughout this work, but also with my supervisor (who was first recommended to me as "a fine human being" and has not disappointed me on that point, or as a scholar, since he has stretched my thinking beyond what I would have ever expected) and each member of my supervisory committee and examining committee. As a group, and as individuals, they have been supportive of my work, sympathetic to my situation, and accommodating of my special needs as a commuting student. At various points along the way, I have been able to obtain reassurance about my progress and advice about procedure. In the proposal stage in particular, one of the committee members was invaluable in validating my writing style and line of inquiry, delighting in the "subversive" nature of the work in that I was using the educational experience itself as the substance of the work. I was also greatly encouraged by a White male committee member who expressed excitement over the uniqueness and opportune timing of my project, in an academic milieu which was looking toward the examination of race/ethnicity issues. The unbridled enthusiasm of the next committee member about the directions of my writing, supported by her many suggestions about readings, served to solidify my direction. However, it was largely as a result of the assignment in the course of another committee member that my dissertation proposal began to take shape. Her urging to "find my elders" propelled me on my quest, and paradoxically, my search seems to have brought me to the realization that my elders are everywhere—including in my committee! I need only be open to finding and acknowledging them wherever, and in whomever, I might find them. The coming together of this work has been a spiritual event.

True to Alfred Tomatis's thesis (1978) that hearing is the primary human sense, a major part of my faith is grounded in music--this time popular Christian music--the beat and rhythm are accompanied by lyrics of faith rather than four-letter words and sexually suggestive phrases. (Grammy Award winning "Gospel singer" Amy Grant can bring tears to my eyes with her words, "We are all going home, We are a family and we are all going home.") Some of my greatest emotional highs have been in singing Christian lyrics with choirs, duets with my best friend and groups of various members of my family. There is a current controversy in the field of Christian music regarding the scriptural validity of contemporary Christian songs. Brian Smith (1995) observes that the words of our songs are all-important since, "The truth is...that our songs shape us. In fact, it's only the words that keep our songs Christian, otherwise each Sunday we might as well make a selection from the top of the charts" (p. 14). He decries, as do I, the "alarming military metaphors" that are presented in so many of our songs, both the

traditional--"Onward Christian Soldiers"--and contemporary--"We're gonna walk in faith and victory...For the lord, your God, is with you!" A local church organization that has recently started the first Christian television station in Canada is called *Victory Christian Church*. As stated previously in this work, the military/victory imagery implies overpowering of other peoples, trampling on their cultures, their identities, and their sensibilities: what I would see as anathema to the basic Christian message of love. Much more in keeping with my own theology are those songs that focus on praise to God (reverence for a spiritual force) and His ever presence in our lives (we are not alone).

Julia Kristeva (1993) speaks of the kinship of a new type of community that is "no longer a 'political' one but a community of individuals who transcended their nationalities by means of a faith in the body of the risen Christ..." p. 21). I feel that we have achieved something of this kind of community in our own church. We recently sponsored a refugee couple from Bosnia, and when their story was being introduced to the congregation, I was impressed by the fact that we were asked to respect their situation: their own Muslim religion, the recent upheavals in their lives, and their experiences of suffering in a refugee camp. However, twice I have raised the possibility of a financial contribution to a Native Transition Home which is located near our church building and have been disappointed with our lack of response to its needs. This organization has been established as a women's shelter for Native women who are leaving abusive situations and attempting to make significant changes in their lives, by providing counselling and educational or training opportunities for its residents. I feel it is unfortunate that the most common experience that most of us in the church have had with First Nations people, is with those street people who frequently knock at our door for handouts--which are given out of a "benevolent fund"--but which action does very little to alleviate the structural violence at the root of the problem. I hope, in my term of office as moderator, to raise our awareness to the needs of people of other classes and races or ethnic origins.

Interestingly, I seem to be reliving my mother's life in another way. I married a man who has ties--albeit tenuous--with the Buddhist religion through his mother who still practices the faith. However, we were married in my church with no opposition from his family (I have noticed that Buddhists are remarkably tolerant of other religions) and he attends special services on a sporadic basis, but generally on Sunday mornings, he appreciates the time alone in the house when he can relax from the usual hubbub of a busy family. I do feel something akin to a single mother, however, as I attend various church functions regularly with the children. I feel something like a "push-me-pull-you" in my conflicts between church activities and whole family activities, envying the whole families that do attend church and make its activities a central part of their lives. I guess I still have ingrained in me from my childhood that old adage that was emblazoned on a billboard that I passed every day on the way to school, "The family that prays together, stays

together."

The part of my family of origin that was located in our "home town" for many years was actively involved in the church--*as for me and my household, we will serve the Lord*. My two younger brothers have both been involved in formalized missionary ventures and my second youngest brother was actually a "lay pastor," having been asked to lead a small, "sister congregation" in a small neighboring town, on the strength of Bible school study and missionary service overseas. He is now in the middle of obtaining his Master of Divinity degree, which will enable him to be credentialled minister. My youngest brother took an active and prominent part in the church, serving on the Board of Deacons and taking a leadership role in worship services, which led him into a Masters degree in Youth Ministry. In contrast, materialism and conspicuous consumption are a feature of the culture at large. This is a style of living which I find personally threatening because of the vast sums of money spent on outward trappings, which I feel are not only meaningless in the "ultimate scheme of things" but a waste of this planet's resources--*the gods of the Amorites*. Appearances being so much more obvious than inner qualities, however, I feel like a "poorer cousin" at many social gatherings.

The future.

Spirituality in our modern Canadian society, unlike traditional cultures throughout history, has become increasingly personal as opposed to public. Paradoxically, through the spread of the Protestant work ethic, capitalism has resulted in a standard of living that is pursued by many at the sacrifice of our environment. With the almost complete separation of church and state, as well as the promulgation and acceptance of the attitude that humans can control nature and even their own destiny, the practice of religion seems to have become something that is reserved only for certain days of the week (Sundays, morning only), specific situations (when disaster strikes, "Oh, my God!"), and special occasions (weddings and funerals). It seems to me that public expression of spirituality is not unlike breastfeeding in our culture. Even though it is the most natural process, and indeed the identifying characteristic and life-sustaining process of mammals, our society has taken it and hidden it from public view and acceptance, shrouding it in secrecy and embarrassment. Instead, our societal fascination with the female breast has been linked more acceptably with sexuality. In the same way, our society has taken a basic human need (according to Maslow's famous hierarchy of needs) and pushed religion and spirituality to the "back of the bus," giving the front seats to hedonism and consumerism--all in the name of capitalism, however.

This brings me to a conflict which I experience concerning spirituality. While I recognize its place in my own life and the life of my children, I have difficulty with Christ's "Great Commission": "Therefore go and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the

Son and of the Holy Spirit, and teaching them to obey everything I have commanded you" (Matthew 28:19-20, Barker, 1985, p. 1489). While I could be accused of not having the "courage of my convictions," on the other hand, I feel that I have a humanistic approach to other people--a "live and let live" philosophy. While humanism has something of a bad name in most Christian circles because it implies a focussing on oneself as being all-powerful, rather than God, my brand of humanism comprises compassion for fellow humans. This attitude is one that permeates my life and seems to be an integral part of my personality. I have difficulty taking leadership roles in the directive sense, preferring to act as a kind of consultant for people in a counselling kind of way. However, I will provide a statement of faith if the situation specifically warrants it or if I am asked directly.

In recent years, I have been troubled by the fact that Christians tend to fall prey to the attitude of greater society in embracing a secular attitude toward religious holidays so that the significance of Christmas and Easter are hardly discernible under the glitter, rampant consumerism, and chocolate bunnies. Although I may make a small effort to not be pulled along with the great tidal wave that we call Christmas traditions, it seems to be a never-ending battle. Hopefully, the recent trend toward "environmentalism" and peace efforts may spark more far-reaching concern for the life of our planet as opposed to the supposed quality of individual consumers' lives.

In a Sunday School course several years ago, in which we studied a book by Frank Tillapaugh called, *Unleashing the Church* (1982), many of my half-formed thoughts and feelings became firmer. Tillapaugh's thesis is that in American "evangelicalism" today:

...many churches are introverted, concerned about attracting larger and larger congregations to their pulpit-centered services, increasing their budgets, improving and expanding their facilities while their members remain afflicted with arthritic spectatoritis (p. 5).

As a result of Tillapaugh's message, combined with my teaching of Social Problems, plus the studying of Religious Education and Global Education, I began to see the church as part of the greater consumer-oriented society which I feel is swiftly "going to hell in a handcart." People are generally not concerned about the greater good of humanity, but center their concerns on themselves and their immediate pleasures, no matter what the social or environmental cost.

In regard to the work of the established church, Tillapaugh recommends that, while maintaining its concern with the ongoing ministries of the "fortress church" (e.g. Sunday School, worship services, choir, etc.), certain members of the church should proceed to minister to "target groups" of needy people in our communities as felt to be led by the "Holy Spirit" (p. 51). Deviating from the Greek educational model that we have come to accept

as a natural, desirable, and normal form of imparting and acquiring information, he advocates going out to people who may live on the fringes of society, and meeting their physical, emotional, and spiritual needs in unorthodox ways. This is a far cry from the usual structured, starched, protocol-laden church process, even in a congregationally-governed church such as mine. Moreover, this approach appeals to me much more than direct evangelism and is part of Christ's direct teaching:

Then the King will say to those on his right, "Come, you who are blessed by my Father; take your inheritance, the kingdom prepared for you since the creation of the world. For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in, I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me".... "I tell you the truth, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers of mine, you did for me" (Matthew 25:34-36,40, Barker, 1985, p. 1483).

The most difficult challenge in this regard, however, is that of panhandlers and beggars, although I do not encounter them much on Lethbridge streets as compared to those of southern U.S. cities. Once when travelling with an Education professor in Pittsburgh, I copied her example of having a dollar bill in my hand and giving it readily when approached by a young man dressed in army fatigues. While this may provide some immediate relief for the man himself, it does not address the greater social problem of structural violence, although it does salve one's conscience and avoids what might be a dangerous confrontation. One gentleman in a Social Problems class once shared his experience of taking a "down-and-outer" for lunch and making some personal connection with the person. Unfortunately, this would not be highly recommended for a woman, who would be blamed for not taking safety precautions if she were physically violated. She would be wiser to choose to volunteer at the local food bank or soup kitchen, both sponsored in our city by several Christian churches as a group.

I was dismayed to hear on the radio this year, several days before Christmas, the season of supposed good will and giving, that the Lethbridge City Council had decided to increase the numbers of police on foot patrol in the downtown area, for the express purpose of discouraging panhandlers. As a result of this, a short while later, I rather deliberately gave a dollar to a panhandler on my way into the bank. This was also as a result of meeting a very unusual young man in one of the elementary schools where I was counselling. He shared with me his practice of regularly giving money to, or buying cheeseburgers for, "bums" whom he has noticed are often Native like himself. His sensitivity brought tears to my eyes as I remembered being about

the same age and feeling good about giving money to a legless man who was begging on the street, and then feeling confused and embarrassed at being derided by my father.

What happens to us between childhood--when we seem to have a natural instinct to help others--and adulthood, when we think we must be concerned about the possibility that the panhandler will try to grab our purses when we open them to give a handout? Does God indeed look after children and fools? Larry Matthews (1995), on the subject of a Christian's duty to the poor, remarks:

We become less than Christian when charity is always done at arm's length....What frightful choices we face. If all we do is protect our money we will lose our souls....But if we take our time and our money and open ourselves to a personal experience of the poor, the homeless, the psychiatric outpatient or impoverished single parents or street youth, we will meet Christ himself (p. 7).

With the power vested in me, I hope to spearhead projects through the church that will reach out to those in need. Although according to global education and development education principles, handouts do not solve structural problems, at the same time, I feel we must practice compassion so that "man's inhumanity to man" [sic] will become a thing of the past. If we make interpersonal human contact, if we interconnect with others, we will reach what Fox (1990) calls the "world-soul" (p. 265).

My predecessor, the present church moderator, is using his administrative skills to streamline the business workings of the church, which I hope will pave the way for the Council to have more time to do greater acts of good to those around us. The congregation has recently accepted the adoption of a mission statement:

Led by the Spirit of God, the congregation of First Baptist Church, Lethbridge, seeks to worship God together and to equip and encourage our people to proclaim the truth of God's redeeming love as revealed in the Bible and to express God's love and mercy to both the local and global community in a caring, accepting and relevant way.

I live from day to day with a simple faith. I do not worry about dying nor my place in the cosmos. I am comforted by the words of the psalmist:

The Lord watches over you--the Lord is your shade at your right hand; the sun will not harm you by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord will keep you from all harm--he will watch over your life; the Lord will watch over your coming and going both now

and forevermore (Psalm 121:5-8, Barker, 1985, p. 922).

And similarly, from the gospel of John, a benediction--good words--that I wish I could leave with every person with whom I come into contact: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled and do not be afraid" (John 14:27, Barker, 1985, p. 1626).

Patricia Mische (1987) believes that:

...the forward journey begins with the recognition that the present order, however dark, dangerous and polarized, is not the last word....A new human order will be created in the meeting ground between contemplation and struggle, reflection and action. The personal spiritual journey takes on meaning and purpose when we struggle to find an adequate response to the real life and death questions which life puts before us (pp. 178-179).

She quotes Victor Frankl, who suffered in a Nazi concentration camp: "Life ultimately means taking the responsibility to find the right answers to its problems and to fulfill the tasks which it constantly sets for each individual..." (p. 179). This is my plan: to make my contribution to a new human order. One of my young counselling clients, when I suggested that she had a special purpose for being born, she agreed, stating that she would contribute to world peace, which I believe is something that we all can do.

Conclusion

As I reach this milestone on my journey/quest to obtain a PhD, I must take stock of where I have travelled. I have examined various of my subjectivities in terms of gender, ethnicity/race and class, surrounding the decision to pursue an advanced degree, the experience of seeking that degree, and the possible results of obtaining it. I have also discussed belonging issues surrounding ethnicity/race, geography, and my place in academe. Pedagogical challenges and issues from a feminist/global standpoint have been explored in relation to post secondary teaching and elementary school counselling. Finally, spiritual issues underlying all the foregoing issues have been analyzed.

Paradoxically, it seems that I have come full circle. I have set out upon a quest in something of a linear fashion: from here to there, to find something new and different. Yet my journey has only had the semblance of travelling, since I have been brought continuously back to myself. There really has been no place to go. That for which I have been searching has been within me, and though I have brought it out, as it were, it continues to reside within me but in altered form. I have been transformed with the help of my elders, most notably my supervisor, who curiously could easily represent my cultural elders, he having come from the Orient with Buddhist spiritual roots. Through following my mother's advice to "make something of myself" by trying to achieve in the Western culture, and by trying to be on my best behavior as a member of a visible minority group (my uncle recently told me that this was an important lesson he learned from my paternal grandfather), I have focused on achievement orientation and educational goals, which have, ironically culminated in my having to stop turning away from my Oriental heritage, and to embrace it.

It has been a challenging venture, and a fruitful one. In addition to this major awareness, many small insights were gleaned along the way, and it almost seems that the journey itself has become more important than the destination! The experience of undertaking this degree--and this project--has been a kind of end in itself, or perhaps even just the beginning of yet another journey. I know I will continue to write, since I find it personally meaningful, but as to how it will fit in with my future work, I do not really know at this point. The granting of the degree, besides being a kind of "ticket" to higher academic and occupational status, is not the most meaningful part of the experience, although I suspect that there will be tears of joy and relief with the momentousness of the occasion.

However, the journey is never over, nor are all the stories--or even the whole story--ever told. I have had to be careful with wording and with the actual stories told because of the probable effects on the possible readers. Once the words are placed on paper and disseminated in ways beyond my control, there is little opportunity for explanatory dialogue. The limits of this dissertation have necessitated the writing of a kind of precis of my

experience. Each topic could have been expanded to book length. As I read and reread the drafts, new ideas and stories would come to mind. As I lived my life, new awarenesses and insights would surface. At any juncture, the act of concluding and summarizing is artificial because things keep happening: life goes on.

The telling of the story, the living of the life, simply *being* is the most important thing. It is not special occasions or milestones or destinations that are as important as the everyday events, the effort expended, the trip itself. A former colleague wrote to me in response to our Christmas newsletter which contained an account of our family's achievements and challenges during the past year. She congratulated us, but cautioned, "Remember this is a way of life for all of you, not just a *segment* in your life span (original italics)." The comment reminded me of how I used to feel when our children were young and underfoot with constant demands on my time and attention. I sometimes thought that the stage would never end, and of course, it has progressed to another seemingly interminable stage: that of busy teenagehood with its constant comings and goings. (Too soon, I am sure, I will wonder at the deafening silence around the house when the children have all left home.) However, I now realize that *this* is it. The time is *now*. If my life were to suddenly end as I am writing this, there would be no time or opportunity for those profound last words that are so celebrated in the movies. Each of my family members and friends would remember their last contact with me, whether it were a harsh word or a word of appreciation and caring. (How to make it the latter?)

From learning about vision quests as they were carried out by First Nations people, I believe that this work, this project, this quest has been an important part of my life that has expanded my horizons and my understanding of myself, my power, and my life:

Life on the Plains was one of hardship and sacrifice, and often balanced at the edge of subsistence. The warrior's path was fraught with physical danger....He sought the protection and power to carry him through life from an ever-present spiritual plane, made accessible to him through visions and dreams. In the old tribal world, supernatural power permeated Plains Indian experience, infusing the everyday lives of the people with symbolic meaning and sacred purpose....Vision quests to bring long life and harmony with these omnipotent powers were a respected custom among all the Plains tribes. Men and women alike sought supernatural guidance and strength throughout life's difficulties and transitions....Only those men who were proven worthy received a vision. Too potent for direct communication, such sacred knowledge was acquired through contact with the messengers of the powers who, at the moment of encounter, were mysteriously able to make themselves

understood in human terms. Appearing in animal, bird, or celestial forms, they brought gifts of wisdom, a song of power, or instructions for strength and safety to show the beneficiary how to act in times of danger or hardship (Mansell, 1994, pp. 12-13).

I have set out in this project on a spiritual quest. Like the Plains warrior, I was seeking sacred knowledge to achieve "harmony with the powers of the universe" (p. 41). Perhaps this was an audacious proposition. Perhaps I was ill-prepared. Was my "awareness tuned to every sight and sound...wait[ing] for an agent of the powers to recognize [me] as one in true need of help and guidance"? I believe I engaged in spiritual preparation and contemplation deemed to be "essential," as well as maintaining a respectful, disciplined attitude. However, things like art, beauty, and insight cannot be contrived or forced:

...the enlightenment of a vision like most inspiration, never came upon demand, for the more consciously the will strives, the harder it becomes for the mind to remain open....A vision comes as a gift born of humility of wisdom, and of patience (Mansell, 1994, p. 42).

Therefore, I submit the foregoing not as a finished product--a completed vision--but a work in progress. I ask the readers, as my tribal elders, to proffer insights on my visionary writings and interpret them.

Turning to a more Western examination of autobiographical writing, I ask that Madeleine Grumet's (1990) analysis be considered:

...any writing and reading of our lives presents us with the challenge that is at the heart of every educational experience: making sense of our lives in the world. Autobiography becomes a medium for both teaching and research because each entry expresses the particular peace its author has made between the individuality of his or her subjectivity and the intersubjective and public character of meaning. The wound that haunts our consciousness by severing our private lives from our public world may begin to repair itself, at least on the level of text, as the languages of both worlds and their ways of being mingle in educational theory and practice. There is no formula for this relation. It is tuned to every writer and reader and to the situation they share....The ceremony of interpretation that accompanies narratives of educational experience is purposeful, directed and democratic. It challenges us who would educate others to acknowledge the courage and vision of the human spirit as we gather to write and read stories of what our lives mean (p. 324).

My personal journey may end at my physical death, but in a continuing way, I leave as part of my legacy my chronicle of an ongoing journey or quest, which may be helpful to others in understanding some aspect of themselves and their lives more clearly. I hope also that it will be an inspiration to others to undertake this same kind of quest. Finally, I ask that I will be granted patience and compassion in my attempt to tell my story.

Epilogue

There have necessarily been some silences in a work such as this. Some things have not been said intentionally, due to the very private nature of the subject matter; due to the breadth of the work requiring extensive reading and theorizing in a potentially limitless number of areas; due to an omission of exemplars of situations in which social issues (for example, racism and belonging) are *not* problematic; and due to the length of the work that would have resulted had I included the explanation of the process of rereading and revisiting previous writings and making changes.

My quest, in a sense, is never over, as was in the Native tradition in which people were sent out and told not to return until it was complete. The theoretical journey, in particular, is ongoing. Throughout my life, whether gainfully employed as a pedagogue or not, I will continue to read, to theorize, to reflect, to contemplate: to explore the possibilities of conflicts and contradictions between and among different theoretical perspectives and to analyze my life in terms of theory. While there are theoreticians who devote their whole lives to debate and dialogue around theory, I have chosen to take only partial glimpses of these landscapes and ask the reader's indulgence that the bulk of my work here has been my own storytelling.

There have also been silences in areas that have been unintentional or not yet complete. These include my personal engagement with the global Other. Part of the problem here has been an element of resistance, as well as a preoccupation in becoming grounded in theory and the telling of my story. Aside from the day to day influence that I might have in raising the consciousness of those around me to global issues, now that this present work is nearly complete, I can see myself having more time to becoming formally involved in a local initiative called, "Unity in Diversity." This is a grassroots movement in Lethbridge with the mandate of overcoming differences in language, race, religion, etc. through community presentations and activities. In addition, as I continue to teach as a sessional instructor (or perhaps in a full-time capacity at some future date) at the post secondary level, I can nurture a global perspective and social action in my students, as well as turn my attention to solutions to the problematics of gender, race/ethnicity and class.

The original intention in writing this work was not for an audience, *per se*, but more for my own edification and sense of integrity, motivated by, and articulated within, the parameters of this doctoral assignment. An interesting and thoroughly unexpected sidelight, however, has occurred through the sharing of my writing with the persons involved, mostly in order to obtain their permission to use their stories. In most cases, there was apprehension on my part, for fear that these persons would not appreciate my personal recollections or interpretation of shared life events. For the most part, however, responses have ranged from delighted surprise to warm appreciation. I was touched in particular by one man who confided, "I don't

usually talk about such things, but when I read your writing, I cried.”

I was also very moved to receive lengthy letters from two people, one a childhood friend who, to my surprise, shared her own insights and perceptions about *me* during that time in our lives--it almost felt like I was reading my own obituary! It struck me that there are too few times in our lives when we take the opportunity to say nice things about each other. What are we afraid of? Why not take every possible opportunity to validate, to affirm the other?

A former student, upon reading some of my work concerning the teaching of a class in which she had been impressed with my teaching style, decided to share further insights that she had been reluctant to divulge earlier. That my writing should engender such deep connections is profoundly moving.

Others have asked to share the writing with their friends, which has again raised some hesitation on my part, since I had not originally thought about a wider audience than my supervisory committee, my friends and relatives, or perhaps nameless students who might pluck the book from the library shelf.

My daughter, taking Introductory English at university this semester, commented while writing a reflective paper recently, that writing about oneself is much easier than doing a research paper, since you know about yourself. I agreed, although probably not everyone would. Perhaps just knowing the kind of writing that I do, and being familiar with my academic interests has made it an easier orientation for her. However, helping others to call forth their stories from their inner beings is also an important part of this type of work. But perhaps what really makes it possible is the ability to have faith that the audience will be receptive: faith in humankind itself.

References

- Abwunza, J.M. (In press). Conversation between cultures: Outrageous voices? Issues of voice and text in feminist anthropology. In S. Cole & L. Phillips (Eds.), From Genre to Life: Essays in Canadian feminist anthropology. Ottawa: Carleton University Press.
- Acker, J. (1988). Class, gender, and the relations of distribution. Signs: Journal of Women in Culture and Society, 13(3), 473-497.
- Adachi, K. (1976). The Enemy that Never Was: A history of the Japanese Canadians. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.
- Agger, B. (1991). Critical theory, poststructuralism, postmodernism: Their sociological relevance. Annual Review of Sociology, 17, 105-131.
- Amos, V. & Parmar, P. (1984). Challenging imperial feminism. Feminist Review, 17, 3-19.
- Anderson, B. (1983). Imagined Communities: Reflections on the origin and spread of nationalism. London: Verso.
- Antczak, J. (1989). Teaching by storytelling. Innovation Abstracts, XI(26), 1-2.
- Anzaldúa, G. (1990). Haciendo carás, una entrada: An introduction. In G. Anzaldúa (Ed.), Making Face, Making Soul: Creative and critical perspectives by feminists of color (pp. xv-xxviii). San Francisco: Aunt Lute Books.
- Aoki, T.T. (1983). Experiencing ethnicity as a Japanese Canadian Teacher: Reflections on a personal curriculum. Curriculum Inquiry, 13(3), 321-335.
- _____. (1992). In the midst of slippery theme-words: Living as designers of Japanese Canadian curriculum. Paper presented at Designing Japanese Canadian Curriculum Conference. North York, ON.
- _____. (1993). The child-centered curriculum: Where is the social in pedocentricism? Paper presented at James Thompson Elementary School. Richmond, B.C.
- Apple, M.W. (1982). Reproduction and contradiction in education: An introduction. In M.W. Apple (Ed.), Cultural and economic reproduction in education: Essays on class, ideology and the state (pp. 1-30). London: Routledge & Kegan Paul.

- _____. (1990). Ideology and Curriculum (2nd ed.). New York: Routledge.
- _____. (1993). Constructing the "Other": Rightist reconstructions of common sense. In C. McCarthy & W. Crichlow (Eds.), Race, Identity, and Representation in Education (pp. 24-39). New York: Routledge.
- Baker, P.J., Anderson, L.E., & Dorn, D.S. (1993). Social Problems: A critical thinking approach. Belmont, CA: Wadsworth Publishing.
- Barker, K. (Ed.). (1985). The NIV Study Bible: New international version. Grand Rapids, MI: Zondervan Bible Publishers.
- Barthes, R. (1982). Empire of Signs. New York: Hill & Wang.
- Bassoff, E.S. (1991). Mothering Ourselves: Help and healing for adult daughters. New York: Penguin.
- Bauman, Z. (1992). Intimations of Postmodernity. New York: Routledge.
- Ben-Dasan, I. (1972). The Japanese and the Jews. New York: Weatherhill.
- Beardslee, W.A. (1990). Stories in the postmodern world: Orienting and disorienting. In D.R. Griffin (Ed.), Sacred Interconnections: Postmodern spirituality, political economy, and art (pp. 163-175). New York: SUNY.
- Beardsmore, R.W. (1971). Art and Morality. London: Macmillan Press.
- Behdad, A. (1993). Traveling to teach: Postcolonial critics in the American academy. In C. McCarthy & W. Crichlow (Eds.), Race, Identity and Representation in Education (pp. 40-49). New York: Routledge.
- Belenky, M.F., Clinchy, B.M., Goldberger, N.R. & Tarule, J.M. (1986). Women's Ways of Knowing: The development of self, voice, and mind. New York: Basic Books.
- Berger, P.L. & Luckmann, T. (1966). The Social Construction of Reality: A treatise in the sociology of knowledge. New York: Doubleday.
- Berman, L. M., Hultgren, F.H., Lee, D., Rivkin, M.S. & Roderick, J.A. (1991). Toward Curriculum for Being: Voices of educators. Albany, NY: SUNY.
- Bernstein, S.D. (1992). Confessing feminist theory: What's "I" got to do with

it? Hypatia, 7(2), 120-147.

Berry, T. (1988). The Dream of the Earth. San Francisco: Sierra Club Books.

_____. (1990, January). Twelve principles for understanding the universe and the role of the human in the universe. Paper presented at OISE. Toronto, ON.

Bhabha, H.K. (1987). Interrogating identity. In H. Bhabha (Ed.), The Real Me: Post-modernism and the question of identity (pp. 5-11). London: Institute of Contemporary Arts.

Bibby, R.W. (1987). Fragmented Gods: The poverty and potential of religion in Canada. Toronto: Irwin Publishing.

Bolaria, B. S. (1987). The brain drain to Canada: The externalization of the cost of education. In T. Wotherspoon (Ed.), The Political Economy of Canadian Schooling (pp. 301-322). Toronto: Methuen.

_____. & Li, P.S. (Eds.). (1988). Racial Oppression in Canada: Enlarged second edition. Toronto: Garamond Press.

Bonacich, E. (1992). Inequality in America: The failure of the American system for people of color. In M.L. Andersen & P.H. Collins (Eds.), Race, Class and Gender: An anthology (pp. 96-109). Belmont, CA: Wadsworth Publishing.

Bourdieu, P. (1976). The school as a conservative force: Scholastic and cultural inequalities. In R. Dale, et al. (Eds.), Schooling and Capitalism: A sociological reader (pp. 110-117). London: Routledge & Kegan Paul.

Bowles, S. (1976). Unequal education and the reproduction of the social division of labor. In R. Dale, et al. (Eds.), Schooling and Capitalism: A sociological reader (pp. 32-41). London: Routledge & Kegan Paul.

Brah, A. (1993). Re-framing Europe: En-gendered racisms, ethnicities and nationalisms in contemporary Western Europe. Feminist Review, 45, 9-28.

Branson, J. & Miller, D. (1992). Schooling and the imperial transformation of gender: A post-structuralist approach to the study of schooling in Bali, Indonesia. In R.J. Burns & A.R. Welch (Eds.), Contemporary perspectives in comparative education (pp. 223-264). New York: Garland.

- Breton, R. (1987). Symbolic dimensions of linguistic and ethnocultural realities. In L. Driedger (Ed.), Ethnic Canada: Identities and inequalities (pp. 44-64). Toronto: Copp Clark Pitman.
- Britzman, D.P. (1991). Practice Makes Practice: A critical study of learning to teach. Albany, NY: SUNY.
- Brocke-Utne, B. (1987). The relationship of feminism to peace and peace education. In T.R. Carson & H.D. Gideonse (Eds.), Peace Education and the Task for Peace Educators. Indiana: WCCI.
- Brooks, R. (1987). Woman visible: women invisible. In R. Parker & G. Pollock (Eds.), Framing Feminism: Art and the women's movement 1970-85 (pp. 139-143). New York: Pandora Press.
- Brookes, A.-L. (1992). Feminist Pedagogy: An autobiographical approach. Halifax, NS: Fernwood Publishing.
- Brown, D.D. (Forthcoming). Discursive moments of identification. Current Perspectives in Social Theory.
- Brush, L.D. (1996). Love, toil, and trouble: Motherhood and feminist politics. Signs, 21(2), 429-454.
- Butler, K.A. (1984). Learning and teaching style: In theory and practice. Maynard, MA: Gabriel Systems.
- Bumiller, E. (1995). The secrets of Mariko: A year in the life of a Japanese woman and her family. Toronto: Random House.
- Butt, R., Townsend, D. & Raymond, D. (1990). Bringing reform to life: Teachers' stories and professional development. Cambridge Journal of Education, 20(3), 255-268.
- Canada as racist as U.S.—study. (1994, June 9). The Lethbridge Herald, p. A1.
- Carnoy, M. (1989). Education, state and the culture in American society. In H.A. Giroux & P. McLaren (Eds.). Critical Pedagogy—The state and the struggle (pp. 3-23), Albany: SUNY.
- Carr, D. (1986). Time, narrative, and history. Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press.
- Carroll, L. (1923). Through the looking glass. New York: John C. Winston

Co.

Carson, T.R. (1989). Collaboratively inquiring into action research. In T.R. Carson & D.J. Sumara (Eds.), Exploring Collaborative Action Research: Proceedings of the Ninth Invitational Conference of the Canadian Association for Curriculum Studies (pp. i-xi). Edmonton, AB: University of Alberta.

Chang, D., Cheung, H. & Wong, R. (1984). Our Chosen Land: A history of Chinese Canadians. Toronto: Chinese Canadian National Council.

The Charter of Rights and Freedoms: A guide for Canadians. (1982). Ottawa: Publications Canada.

Chauhan, J. & Brookes, A.-L. (1993). Teaching racism: Our different classroom experiences. In M. Assheton-Smith & B. Spronk (Eds.), Women and Social Location: Our lives, our research (pp. 104-115). Charlottetown, PEI: Gynergy Books.

Chodorow, N. (1974). Family structure and feminine personality. In M.Z. Rosaldo & L. Lamphere (Eds.), Woman, Culture and Society. Stanford: Stanford University Press.

Christ, C.P. (1980). Diving Deep and Surfacing: Women writers on spiritual quest. Boston: Beacon Press.

Christian, B. (1987, Spring). The race for theory. Cultural Critique, 6, 51-63.

_____. (1994). An angle of seeing: Motherhood in Buchi Emecheta's Joys of Motherhood and Alice Walker's Meridian. In E.N. Glenn, G. Chang & L.R. Forcey (Eds.), Mothering: Ideology, experience, and agency (pp. 95-120). New York: Routledge.

Cixous, H. (1991). "Coming to Writing" and Other Essays. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press

Clement, W. (1975). The Canadian Corporate Elite: An analysis of economic power. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

Code, L. (1991). What Can She Know? Feminist theory and the construction of knowledge. Ithaca: Cornell University Press.

Coser, L.A. (1971). Masters of Sociological Thought: Ideas in historical and social context. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Jovanovich.

- Craib, I. (1992). Modern Social Theory: From Parsons to Habermas (2nd ed.). New York: St. Martin's Press.
- Cummings, M.L. (1991). Surviving without Romance. Waterloo, ON: Herald Press.
- Curtis, E.S. (1993). Native American Wisdom. Philadelphia, PA: Running Press.
- Darroch, G.A. & Marston, W.G. (1987). Patterns of urban ethnicity. In L. Driedger (Ed.), Ethnic Canada: Identities and inequalities (pp. 111-137). Toronto: Copp Clark Pitman.
- Dale, R. (1973). Phenomenological perspectives and the sociology of the school. Educational Review, 25(3), 175-189.
- Daly, M. (1973). Beyond God the father: Toward a philosophy of women's liberation. Boston: Beacon Press.
- Darder, A. (1991). Culture and Power in the Classroom: A critical foundation for bicultural education. New York: Bergin & Garvey.
- Davidson, D. (1985). On the very idea of a conceptual scheme. In J. Rajchman & C. West (Eds.), Post-analytic Philosophy (pp. 129-143). New York: Columbia University Press.
- Davies, S. (1994). Cultural theories of class inequality in Canadian education. In L. Erwin & D. MacLennan (Eds.), Sociology of Education in Canada: Critical perspectives on theory, research and practice (pp. 83-101). Toronto: Copp Clark Longman.
- Dehli, K. (1991). Leaving the comfort of home: Working through feminisms. In H. Bannerji, et. al. (Eds.), Unsettling Relations: The university as a site of feminist struggles (pp. 45-65). Toronto: Women's Press.
- deBeauvoir, S. (1993). Woman is not our brother. In A. Minas (Ed.), Gender Basics: Feminist perspectives on women and men (pp. 17-22). Belmont, CA: Wadsworth Publishing.
- DeSole, G. & Hoffman, L. (Eds.) (1981). Rocking the Boat: Academic women and academic processes. New York: Modern Language Association of America.
- Dorri, D. (1985). Spirituality and Justice. New York: Harper Collins.

- Dreyfus, H.L. & Rabinow, P. (1982). Michel Foucault. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
- Driedger, L. (1989). The Ethnic Factor: Identity in diversity. Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson.
- Duncker, P. (1992). Sisters and Strangers: An introduction to contemporary feminist fiction. Oxford: Blackwell Publishers.
- Elliott, J. (1991). Action research for educational change. Milton Keynes, UK: Open University Press.
- Ellis, J.L. (1989, January). Multiculturalism and creativity. Paper presented at The 24th Annual Conference of The Council for Exceptional Children. Winnipeg, MN.
- Ellsworth, E. (1992). Why doesn't this feel empowering? Working through the repressive myths of critical pedagogy. In C. Luke & J. Gore (Eds.), Feminisms and Critical Pedagogy (pp. 90-119). New York: Routledge.
- Environment resources issued. (1995, October). The Canadian Baptist. p. 43.
- Fallico, A.B. (1962). Art and Existentialism. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall.
- Fay, B. (1975). Social Theory and Political Practice. New York: Routledge Chapman & Hall.
- _____. (1987). Critical Social Science: Liberation and its limits. Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press.
- Fell, G. (1988). Peace. In David Hicks (Ed.), Education for Peace: Issues, principles, and practice in the classroom (pp. 71-86). New York: Routledge.
- Flax, J. (1990). Postmodernism and gender relations in feminist theory. In L.J. Nicholson (Ed.), Feminism/Postmodernism (pp. 39-62). New York: Routledge.
- Ford, C.T. (1993, March). Teaching from the heart. University Affairs, pp. 12-13.
- Fox, M. (1990). A spirituality named compassion. San Francisco: Harper & Row.

- Foucault, M. (1982). Afterword: The subject and power. In H.L. Dreyfus & P. Rabinow (Eds.), Michel Foucault (pp. 208-226). Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
- Freedman, J. (1993). Failing Grades: Canadian schooling in a global economy (Video). Red Deer, AB: Society for Advancing Educational Research.
- Freire, P. (1970). Pedagogy of the Oppressed. New York: Herder & Herder New York.
- _____. (1985). The Politics of Education: Culture, power and liberation. South Hadley, MA: Bergin & Garvey.
- _____. & Faundez, A. (1989). Learning to Question: A pedagogy of liberation. New York: Continuum.
- Frideres, J.S. (1988). Institutional structures and economic deprivation: Native people in Canada. In B.S. Bolaria & P.S. Li (Eds.), Racial Oppression in Canada: Enlarged second edition (pp. 71-100). Toronto: Garamond Press.
- Friedman, M. (1983). The Confirmation of Otherness in Family, Community and Society. New York: Pilgrim Press.
- Frisby, D. (1992). Simmel and Since: Essays on Georg Simmel's social theory. London & New York: Routledge.
- Frost, R. (1958). 12 poets. New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston.
- Gadow, S. (1990). Beyond dualism: The dialectic of caring and knowing. Paper presented at the Care-Justice Puzzle: Education for Ethical Nursing Practice Conference. Minneapolis, MN.
- Gallagher, S. (1992). Hermeneutics and Education. Albany, NY: SUNY.
- Gaskell, J., McLaren, A. & Novogrodsky, M. (1989). Claiming an Education. Toronto: Garamond.
- Gerth, H.H. & Mills, C. W. (1958). From Max Weber: Essays in sociology. New York: Oxford University Press.
- Ghosh, R. (1984). Education, gender, and the immigrant experience. In R.J. Samuda, J.W. Berry & M. Laferriere (Eds.), Multiculturalism in Canada: Social and educational perspectives (pp. 327-333). Toronto: Allyn & Bacon.

- _____. & Ray, D. (1991). Social Change and Education in Canada (2nd ed.). Toronto: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.
- Gilligan C. (1982). In a different voice: Psychological theory and women's development. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press.
- Giroux, H.A. (1991a). Modernism, postmodernism, and feminism: Rethinking the boundaries of educational discourse. In H.A. Giroux (Ed.), Postmodernism, Feminism and Cultural Politics: Redrawing educational boundaries (pp. 1-59). Albany, NY: SUNY.
- Giroux, H.A. (1991b). Postmodernism as border pedagogy: Redefining the boundaries of race and ethnicity. In H.A. Giroux (Ed.), Postmodernism, Feminism, and Cultural Politics: Redrawing educational boundaries (pp. 217-302). Albany, NY: SUNY.
- Ginott, H.G. (1965). Between Parent and Child: New solutions to old problems. New York: Avon Books.
- _____. (1969). Between Parent and Teenager. New York: Avon Books.
- _____. (1972). Teacher and Child: A book for parents and teachers. New York: Avon Books.
- Glenn, E.N. (1994). Social constructions of mothering: A thematic overview. In E.N. Glenn, G. Chang & L.R. Forcey (Eds.), Mothering: Ideology, Experience, and Agency (pp. 1-29). New York: Routledge.
- Gore, J.M. (1993). The Struggle for Pedagogies. New York: Routledge.
- Gouldner, A.W. (1970). The Coming Crisis of Western Sociology. New York: Basic Books.
- Greene, M. (1978). Landscapes of Learning. New York: Teachers College Press.
- Gregorc, A. (1982). An Adult's Guide to Style. Maynard, MA: Gabriel Systems.
- Grumet, M.R. (1988a). Women and teaching: Homeless at home. In W.F. Pinar (Ed.), Contemporary Curriculum Discourses (pp. 531-539). Scottsdale, AR: Gorsuch Scarisbrick.
- _____. (1998b). Bitter Milk. Amherst: University of Massachusetts

Press.

- _____. (1990). Retrospective: Autobiography and the analysis of educational experience. Cambridge Journal of Education, 20(3), 321-325.
- Grundy, S. (1982). Three modes of action research. Curriculum Perspectives, 2(3), 23-34.
- Gunnars, K. (1989). The Prowler. Red Deer: Red Deer College Press.
- Habermas, J. (1977). A review of Gadamer's Truth and Method. In F.R. Dallmayr & T.A. McCarthy (Eds.), Understanding and Social Inquiry (pp. 335-365). Notre Dame, IN: University of Notre Dame Press
- _____. (1984). The Theory of Communicative Action, Vol. 1: Reason and the rationalization of society. (T. McCarthy, Trans.). Boston: Beacon Press.
- Hamabata, M.M. (1990). Crested Kimono: Power and love in the Japanese business family. Ithaca & London: Cornell University Press.
- Hammerschlag, C.A. (1988). The Dancing Healers: A doctor's journey of healing with Native Americans. San Francisco: Harper & Row.
- Hanrahan, M. (1987). Producing the female reserve labour force: Women and Schooling. In T. Wotherspoon (Ed.), The Political Economy of Canadian Schooling (pp. 291-299). Toronto: Methuen.
- Harris, K. (1979). Education and Knowledge: The structured misrepresentation of reality. London: Routledge & Kegan Paul.
- Haviland, W.A. (1993). Cultural anthropology (7th ed.). New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston.
- Hayes, H.E. (1977). Curriculum development as a moral enterprise. Curriculum Inquiry, 6(3), 229-235.
- Heidegger, M. (1968). What is Called Thinking? New York: Harper & Row.
- Heilbroner, R.L. (1980). An Inquiry into the Human Prospect: Updated and reconsidered for the 1980s. New York: W.W. Norton.
- Heilbrun, C.G. (1979). Reinventing womanhood. New York: W.W. Norton.

- Heise, L. (1989, November/December). The global war against women. Utne Reader, pp. 40-45.
- Hellman, J. (1983). Inter Views. New York: Harper & Row.
- Henry, F., Tator, C., Mattis, W. & Rees, T. (1995). The Colour of Democracy: Racism in Canadian Society. Toronto: Harcourt Brace & Co. Canada.
- Hesse, J. (1990). Voices of change: Immigrant writers speak out. Vancouver, Pulp Press.
- Hewitt, L.D. (1990). Autobiographical Tightropes. Lincoln, NB: University of Nebraska Press.
- Hicks, D. (1988). Changing paradigms. In D. Hicks (Ed.), Education for Peace: Issues, principles, and practice in the classroom (pp. 245-57). London & New York: Routledge.
- Hillen, E. (1993). The way of a boy: A memoir of Java. Toronto: Penguin Books.
- Hirsch Jr., E.D. (1976). The Aims of Interpretation. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
- Holub, R.C. (1991). Jurgen Habermas: Critic in the public sphere. New York: Routledge.
- The Holy Bible: King James Version. (1960). New York: World Publishing Co.
- hooks, b. (1984). Feminist Theory: From margin to centre. Boston: South End Press.
- _____. (1992). Representing whiteness in the black imagination. In L. Grossberg, C. Nelson & P.A. Treichler (Eds.), Cultural Studies (pp. 338-346). New York: Routledge.
- Horner, M. (1972). Toward an understanding of achievement-related conflicts in women. In M.R. Walsh (Ed.), (1987). The Psychology of Women: Ongoing debates (pp. 169-184). New York: Yale University Press.
- House-husbands more common but still rare, statistics indicate. (1994, May 10). The Lethbridge Herald. p. A1.

- Houston, B. & Diller, A. (1993). Trusting ourselves to care. In D. Shogan (Ed.), A Reader in Feminist Ethics (pp. 373-382). Toronto: Canadian Scholar's Press Inc.
- Hove, P. (Forthcoming). The face of wonder. Journal of Curriculum Studies.
- Huckle, J. (1988). Environment. In D. Hicks (Ed.), Education for Peace: Issues, principles, and practice in the classroom (pp. 196-213). London & New York: Routledge.
- Hughes, D.R. & Kallen, E. (1974). The Anatomy of Racism: Canadian dimensions. Montreal: Harvest House.
- Hutcheon, L. (1989). The Politics of Postmodernism. London: Routledge.
- Ignatieff, M. (1993). Blood and Belonging: Journeys into the new nationalism. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux.
- Ito, R. (1978). The Japanese Canadians. Toronto: Van Nostrand Reinhold Ltd.
- _____. (1994). Stories of my people: A Japanese Canadian journal. Hamilton, ON: Promark Printing.
- _____. (1984). We went to war: The story of the Japanese Canadians who served during the First and Second World Wars. Stittville, ON: Canada's Wings, Inc.
- Iwaasa, D.B. (1976). The Japanese in Southern Alberta: 1941-45. Alberta History, 24(3), 5-19.
- James, C.E. (1989). Seeing Ourselves: Exploring race, ethnicity and culture. Oakville, ON: Sheridan College.
- Japanese Canadian Centennial Project Committee. (1978). A Dream of Riches: The Japanese Canadian 1877-1977. Toronto: Gilchrist Wright.
- Joel, J. (1984). Anthropology and the demystification of racism. In M.J. Berlowitz & R.S. Edari (Eds.), Racism and the denial of human rights: Beyond ethnicity (pp. 39-49). Minneapolis, MN: MEP Publications.
- Keen, S. (1990). To a Dancing God: Notes of a spiritual traveler. New York: Harper Collins Publishers.

- Kelly, G.P. & Nihlen, A.S. (1982). Schooling and reproduction of patriarchy: Unequal workloads, unequal rewards. In M.W. Apple (Ed.), Cultural and Economic Reproduction in Education (pp. 162-180). London: Routledge & Kegan Paul.
- Kemmis, S. & McTaggart, R. (Eds.) (1988). The Action Research Planner (3rd ed.). Victoria, Australia: Deakin University.
- Kenway, J. & Modra, H. (1992). Feminist pedagogy and emancipatory possibilities. In C. Luke & J. Gore (Eds.), Feminisms and Critical Pedagogy (pp.138-166). New York: Routledge.
- Kinsella, W.P. (1986). Dance Me Outside: More tales from the Ermineskin reserve. Boston: D.R. Godine.
- Kisaragi Poem Study Group. (1975). Maple: Poetry by Japanese Canadians with English translations. Toronto: The Continental Times.
- Kirby, S. & McKenna, K. (1989). Experience Research Social Change: Methods from the margins. Toronto: Garamond Press.
- Kohak, Erazim V. (1966). Translator's Introduction. In P. Ricoeur (E.V. Kohak, Trans.), Freedom and Nature: The voluntary and the involuntary (pp. xi-xxxviii). Evanston, IL: Northwestern University Press.
- Knudtson, P. & Suzuki, D. (1992). Wisdom of the Elders. Toronto: Stoddart.
- Kohli, M. (1981). Biography: Account, text, method. In D. Bertaux (Ed.), Biography and Society (pp. 61-74). London: Sage.
- Kohli, W. (1991). Postmodernism, critical theory and the "new" pedagogies: What's at stake in the discourse? Education and Society, 9(1), 39-46.
- Kondo, D.K. (1990). Crafting Selves: Power, gender, and discourses of identity in a Japanese workplace. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.
- Kontos, A. (1988). Memories of Ithaca. In I.H. Angus (Ed.), Ethnicity in a technological age (pp. 87-105). Edmonton: Canadian Institute of Ukrainian Studies.
- Krause, R.I.E. (1993). Furnishing a room of one's own. In M. Assheton-Smith & B. Spronk (Eds.), Women and Social Location: Our lives, our research (pp. 41-50). Charlottetown, PEI: Gynergy Books.

- Kristeva, J. (1991). Strangers to ourselves. New York: Columbia University Press.
- _____. (1993). Nations without nationalism. New York: Columbia University Press.
- Kubler-Ross, E. (1969). On death and dying. New York: Macmillan.
- _____. (1975). Death, the final stage of growth. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall.
- LaDuke, W. (1988). They always come back. In B. Brant (Ed.), A Gathering of Spirit: A collection by North American Indian women (pp. 62-66). Toronto: Women's Press.
- Langston, D. (1992). Tired of playing Monopoly? In M.L. Andersen & P.H. Collins (Eds.), Race, Class and Gender: An anthology (pp. 110-119). Belmont, CA: Wadsworth Publishing.
- Lather, P. (1991). Getting Smart: Feminist research and pedagogy with/in the postmodern. New York: Routledge.
- LaViolette, F.E. (1948). The Canadian Japanese and World War II: A sociological and psychological account. Toronto: University of Toronto Press.
- Leah, R. (1994, unpublished manuscript). Teaching from the heart: Towards a practice of liberatory education in sociology.
- LeGuin, U. (1989). Dancing at the edge of the world. New York: Grove Press.
- Lemonick, M.D. (1995, December). Are the Bible's stories true? Time. pp. 38-45.
- Lessard, C. (1991). Equality and inequality in Canadian education. In R. Ghosh & D. Ray (Eds.), Social Change and Education in Canada (2nd ed.) (pp. 142-157). Toronto: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.
- Levi-Strauss, C. (1969). The raw and the cooked: Introduction to a science of mythology: I. New York: Harper & Row.
- Lewis, C.S. (1946). The great divorce: A dream. London: The Centenary Press.
- Lewis, M. (1992). Interrupting patriarchy: Politics, resistance and

- transformation in the feminist classroom. In C. Luke & J. Gore (Eds.), Feminisms and Critical Pedagogy (pp. 167-191). New York: Routledge.
- Li, P.S. (1988). Ethnic Inequality in a Class Society. Toronto: Wall & Thompson.
- Lorde, A. (1984). Sister Outsider: Essays and speeches. Trumansburg, NY: The Crossing Press.
- Lowry, L. (1993). The giver. New York: Bantam Doubleday Dell Publishing Group.
- Luke, C. & Gore, J. (1992). Introduction. In C. Luke & J. Gore (Eds.), Feminisms and Critical Pedagogy (pp. 1-13). New York: Routledge.
- Lugones, M.C. & Spelman, E.V. (1986). Have we got a theory for you! Feminist theory, cultural imperialism and the demand for "The Woman's Voice." In M. Pearsall (Ed.), Women and Values: Readings in recent feminist philosophy (pp. 19-31). Belmont, CA: Wadsworth.
- Macdonald, J.B. (1988). Curriculum, consciousness, and social change. In W.F. Pinar (Ed.), Contemporary Curriculum Discourses (pp. 156-174). Scottsdale, AR: Gorsuch Scarisbrick, Publishers.
- MacDonald, M. (1980). Schooling and the reproduction of class and gender relations. In L. Barton, R. Meighan & S. Walker (Eds.), Schooling, Ideology and the Curriculum (pp. 29-49). London: Falmer.
- McCarthy, C. & Apple, M.W. (1988). Race, class and gender in American educational research: Toward a nonsynchronous parallelist position. In L. Weis (Ed.), Class, Race and Gender in American Education (pp. 9-39). Albany, NY: SUNY.
- McLaren, P. (1991). Postmodernism, post-colonialism and pedagogy. Education and Society, 9(1), 3-22.
- Maguire, P. (1987). Doing Participatory Research: A feminist approach. Amherst, MA: Center for International Education.
- Malmo, C.L. (1983). Women's experience as women: Meaning and context. Doctoral dissertation. Edmonton, AB: University of Alberta.
- Mansell, M.E. (1994). By the power of their dreams: Songs, prayers, and sacred shields of the Plains Indians. San Francisco: Chronicle Books.

- Marcuse, H. (1964). One-Dimensional Man: Studies in the ideology of advanced industrial society. Boston: Beacon Press.
- Maritain, J. (1962). Art and Scholasticism. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
- Marshall, K. (1990). Women in professional occupations: Progress in the 1980s. In C. McKie & K. Thompson (Eds.), Canadian Social Trends (pp. 109-112). Toronto: ON: Thompson Educational Publishing.
- Marta, S. (Ed). (1987). When I am an Old Woman I Shall Wear Purple. Watsonville, CA: Papier-Mache Press.
- Maslow, A. (1970). Motivation and personality (3rd ed.). New York: Harper & Row.
- Matsubara, H. (1978). Samurai. London: The Bodley Head.
- Matthews, L. (1995, December). Choosing sides in the war against the poor. The Canadian Baptist. p. 7.
- McAndrew, M. (1991). Ethnicity, multiculturalism, and multicultural education in Canada. In R. Ghosh & D. Ray (Eds.), Social Change and Education in Canada (2nd ed.) (pp. 130-141). Toronto: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.
- McCall, M.M. & Wittner, J. (1990). The good news about life history. In H.S. Becker & M.M. McCall (Eds.), Symbolic Interactionism and Cultural Studies (pp. 46-89). Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
- McCarthy, C. & Crichlow, W. (1993). Introduction: Theories of identity, theories of representation, theories of race. In C. McCarthy & W. Crichlow (Eds.), Race, Identity, and Representation in Education (pp. xiii-xxix). New York: Routledge.
- McCarthy, T. (1979). The Critical Theory of Jurgen Habermas. Cambridge, MA: MIT Press.
- McIntosh, P. (1984, April). Feeling like a fraud. Paper presented to the Stone Center Colloquium Series.
- McLanahan, S.S., Sorensen, A. & Watson, D. (1989). Sex differences in poverty, 1950-1980. Signs: Journal of Women in Culture and Society, 15(1), 102-122.

- McLeod, K.A. (1975). A short history of the immigrant student as "new Canadian." In A. Wolfgang (Ed.), Education of Immigrant Students (pp. 19-31). Toronto: OISE.
- Miller, J.L. (1990). Creating Spaces and Finding Voices: Teachers collaborating for empowerment. Albany, NY: SUNY.
- Mills, B. (1996, January 8). Parenting books should match philosophies. The Lethbridge Herald. p. A6.
- _____. (1991). When the Moon Waxes Red: Representation, gender and cultural politics. New York: Routledge, Chapman & Hall.
- Mische, P. (1987). A global spirituality. In M. Macy (Ed.), Solutions for a Troubled World (pp.174-184). Boulder: Earthscan.
- Mohanty, C.T. (1988). Under western eyes: Feminist scholarship and colonial discourses. Feminist Review, 30, 61-88.
- _____. (1991). Cartographies of struggle: Third world women and the politics of feminism. In C.T. Mohanty, A. Russo & L. Torres (Eds.), Third World Women and the Politics of Feminism (pp. 1-50). Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press.
- _____. (1995). Feminist encounters: locating the politics of experience. In L. Nicholson & S. Seidman (Eds.), Social Postmodernism: Beyond identity politics (pp. 68-86). New York: Cambridge University Press.
- Moodley, K.A. (1986). Canadian multicultural education: Promise and practices. In J. Banks & J. Lynch (Eds.), Multicultural Education in Western Societies (pp. 51-75). London: Holt, Rinehart & Winston
- Moore, T. (1992). Care of the Soul: A guide for cultivating depth and sacredness in everyday life. New York: Harper Collins.
- Morley, J.D. (1985). Pictures from the Water Trade: An Englishman in Japan. London: Andre Deutsch.
- Morris, C.G. (1990). Psychology: An introduction (7th ed.). Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall.
- Mullins, T.G. (1986). They asked for a story... Unpublished manuscript. University College, Cork.

- Mura, D. (1991). Turning Japanese: Memoirs of a sansei. New York: Anchor Books.
- Nagel, T. (1985). Subjective and objective. In J. Rajchman & C. West (Eds.), Post-analytic Philosophy (pp. 31-47). New York: Columbia University Press.
- The New Lexicon Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language (Canadian Edition). New York: Lexicon.
- Novak, M. (1989) Flight of the dove: An invitation to religious studies. Unpublished manuscript.
- Ng, R. (1991). Teaching against the grain: Contradictions for minority teachers. In J.S. Gaskell & A.T. McLaren (Eds.), Women and Education (2nd ed.) (pp. 99-115). Calgary: Detselig.
- Nicholson, L.J. (1990). Introduction. In L.J. Nicholson (Ed.), Feminism/Postmodernism (pp. 1-16). New York: Routledge.
- Oberg, A.A. (1989, March). Supervision as a creative act. Paper presented at AERA Conference, San Francisco, CA.
- Okano, H. (1992). Come Spring: Journey of a sansei. Vancouver, BC: Gallerie Publications.
- Okano, R. (1974). The White Way. Hawaii: Moilili Hongwanji Mission.
- Olson, P. (1991). Poverty and education in Canada. In R. Ghosh & D. Ray (Eds.), Social Change and Education in Canada (2nd ed.) (pp. 158-174). Toronto: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.
- Orner, M. (1992). Interrupting the calls for student voice in "liberatory" education: A feminist poststructuralist perspective. In C. Luke & J. Gore (Eds.), Feminisms and Critical Pedagogy (pp. 74-89). New York: Routledge.
- Oz, A. (1993, February). Writing toward imperfect peace. Harpers Magazine. pp. 16-18.
- Palmer, A. (1995). Of oysters and learners. Teaching for Success, 7(2), 2.
- Paludi, M.A. (1984). Psychometric properties and underlying assumptions of four objective measures of fear of success. In M.R. Walsh (Ed.). (1987). The Psychology of Women: Ongoing debates (pp. 185-202). New York:

Yale University Press.

- _____. (1992). The Psychology of Women. Dubuque, IA:Wm. C. Brown.
- Paszek, T. (1989). A response to Jean-Claude Couture and Richard Butt. In T.R. Carson & D.J. Sumara (Eds.), Exploring Collaborative Action Research: Proceedings of the Ninth Invitational Conference of the Canadian Association for Curriculum Studies. Edmonton, AB: University of Alberta.
- Patton, J. (1973). The Exodus of the Japanese. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.
- Peshkin, A. (1993). The goodness of qualitative research. Educational Researcher, 22 (2), 23-27.
- Polakow, V. (1985). Whose stories should we tell? A call to action. Language Arts, 62, (8), 826-835.
- Popkin, M.H. (1993). Active Parenting Today: Leader's Guide. Atlanta, GA: Active Parenting Publishers.
- Pratt, M.B. (1984). Identity: Skin blood heart. In E. Bulkin, M.B. Pratt & B. Smith. Yours in Struggle: Three feminist perspectives on anti-semitism and racism. Brooklyn, NY: Long Haul Press.
- Porter, P.H. (1986). Introduction. In P.Porter (Ed.), Gender and Education (pp. 1-17). Victoria: Deacon University Press.
- Redfield, J. & Adrienne, C. (1995). The Celestine Prophecy: An experiential guide. New York: Time Warner.
- Redfield, J. (1993). The Celestine Prophecy: An adventure. New York: Time Warner.
- Redress for Japanese Canadians. (1988). Ottawa: Government of Canada.
- Reinharz, S. (1992). Feminist Methods in Social Research. New York: Oxford University Press.
- Rich, A. (1976). Of Woman Born: Motherhood as experience and institution. New York: W.W. Norton.
- _____. (1979). On Lies, Secrets, and Silence. New York: W.W. Norton.

- Ricoeur, P. (1971). The model of the text: Meaningful action considered as a text. Social Research, 38, 529-562.
- _____. (1981). Hermeneutics and the Human Sciences: Essays on language, action and interpretation (J.B. Thompson, Ed. & Trans.). New York: Cambridge University Press.
- Robinson, J.A. & Hawpe, L. (1986). Narrative thinking as a heuristic process. In T.R. Sarbin (Ed.), Narrative Psychology: The storied nature of human conduct (pp. 111-125). New York: Praeger.
- Roman, L.G. (1993). White is a color! White defensiveness, postmodernism, and anti-racist pedagogy. In C. McCarthy & W. Crichlow (Eds.), Race Identity and Representation in Education (pp. 71-88). New York: Routledge.
- Rorty, R.M. (Fall, 1982). Hermeneutics, General Studies and Teaching. Selected papers from the Synergos Seminars, 2, 1-15.
- _____. (1985). Solidarity or objectivity. In J. Rajchman & C. West (Eds.), Post-analytic Philosophy (pp. 3-19). New York: Columbia University Press.
- Rose, G. (1993). Feminism and Geography: The limits of geographical knowledge. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minnesota Press.
- Rothman, B.K. (1994). Beyond mothers and fathers: Ideology in a patriarchal society. In E.N. Glenn, G. Chang & L.R. Forcey (Eds.), Mothering: Ideology, experience, and agency (pp. 139-157). New York: Routledge.
- Roucek, J.S. (1966). The Japanese in Canada. The Study of Current English. XX(10). 19-26.
- Russo, A. (1991). "We cannot live without our lives": White women, antiracism, and feminism. In C.T. Mohanty, A. Russo & L. Torres (Eds.), Third World Women and the Politics of Feminism (pp. 297-313). Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press.
- Sadker, D. & Sadker, M. (1986, March). Sexism in the classroom: From grade school to graduate school. Phi Delta Kappan. pp. 512-515.
- Said, E.W. (1978). Orientalism. New York: Pantheon Books.
- Sandler, B.R. (1986). The campus revisited: Chilly climate for women faculty.

- administrators, and graduate students. (A publication of the Project on the Status and Education of Women). Washington, DC: Association of American Colleges.
- Sanford, L.T. & Donovan, M.E. (1984). Women and Self-Esteem. New York: Penguin.
- Sarup, N. (1991). Education and the Ideologies of Racism. London: Trentham.
- Satzewich, V. (1995). Social stratification: Class and racial inequality. In B. Singh Bolaria (Ed.), Social Issues and Contradictions in Canadian Society (2nd ed.) (pp. 98-121). Toronto: Harcourt Brace.
- Sayer, D. (Ed.). (1989). Readings from Karl Marx. London & New York: Routledge.
- _____. (1991). Capitalism and Modernity: An excursus on Marx and Weber. London & New York: Routledge.
- _____. (1992). A notable administration: English state formation and the rise of capitalism. American Journal of Sociology, 97 (5), 1382-1415.
- Scott, J.W. (1992). Experience. In J. Butler & J.W. Scott (Eds.), Feminists Theorize the Political (pp. 22-40). New York: Routledge.
- Schaef, A.W. (1981). Women's reality: An emerging female system in the white male society. Minneapolis, MN: Winston Press.
- Schechter, S. (1977). Capitalism, class, and educational reform in Canada. In L. Panitch (Ed.), The Canadian State: Political economy and political power (pp. 374-416). Toronto: University of Toronto Press.
- Siegel, B.S. (1986). Love, medicine and miracles. New York: Harper & Row.
- Singleton, C.J. (1989). Race and gender in feminist theory. SAGE, VI(1), 12-17.
- Sleeter, C.E. (1991). Introduction: Multicultural education and empowerment. In C.E. Sleeter (Ed.), Empowerment Through Multicultural Education (pp. 1-23). New York: SUNY.
- Smith, B. (1995, December). Theology off the wall: The overhead projector as teacher. The Canadian Baptist, pp. 12-14.

Smith, D.E. (1991). An analysis of ideological structures and how women are excluded: Considerations for academic women. In J.S. Gaskell & A.T. McLaren (Eds), Women and Education (2nd ed.) (pp. 233-256). Calgary, AB: Detselig Enterprises.

_____. (1990). Women's work as mothers: A new look at the relation of class, family and school achievement. In F. Forman, M. O'Brien, J. Haddad, D. Hallman & P. Masters (Eds.), Feminism and Education: A Canadian Perspective (pp. 219-44). Toronto: Centre for Women's Studies in Education, OISE.

Smith, D.G. (1992). Modernism, hyperliteracy, and the colonization of the word. Alternatives 17, 247-260.

_____. (1994). The hermeneutic imagination and the pedagogic text. Pedagon: Meditations on pedagogy and culture (pp. 99-136). Bragg Creek, AB: Makyo Press.

_____. (Forthcoming). Journey: A meditation on leaving home and coming home. SALT: A Journal of Religious and Moral Education.

Smith, S. (1993). Who's talking/who's talking back: The subject of personal narrative. Signs (Winter), 392-407.

Snitow, A. (Spring, 1992). Feminism and motherhood: An American reading. Feminist Review, 40, 32-51.

Spelman, E.V. (1988). Inessential Woman: Problems of exclusion in feminist thought. Boston: Beacon Press.

Spencer, H. (1911). Essays on Education and Kindred Subjects. New York: E.P. Dutton & Co.

Spivak, G. C. (1988). Can the subaltern speak? In C. Nelson & L. Grossberg (Eds.), Marxism and the Interpretation of Culture (pp. 271-313). Urbana: University of Illinois Press.

Steiger, B. (1984). Indian Medicine Power. Gloucester, MA: Para Research.

Stenson, F. (1992). The Road Home: New stories from Alberta writers. Edmonton: Reidmore Books.

_____. (1992). The Road Home: Alberta writers and filmmakers explore the province they call home. (Video). Edmonton, AB: Great North Productions.

- Stevenson, R.L. (1946). A Child's Garden of Verses. London: George G. Harrap & Co.
- Stott, J.R.W. (1958). Basic Christianity. London: Inter-Varsity Fellowship.
- Sunahara, A. & Sunahara, D. (1985). The Japanese in Alberta. In H. & T. Palmer (Eds.), Peoples of Alberta: Portraits of cultural diversity (pp. 394-412). Saskatoon, SK: Western Producer Prairie Books.
- Sunahara, A.G. (1981). The Politics of Racism: The uprooting of Japanese Canadians during the second world war. Toronto: James Lorimer & Co.
- Sutherland, M.E. (1993). From desk to desk in Canada 1914-1974. Hubbards, NS: Aurora Press.
- Suzuki, D. (1994, February 19). Consumer society fails to deliver on leisure, happiness. The Lethbridge Herald. p. A4.
- _____. (1994, June 11). The "pill": More than a baby blocker. The Lethbridge Herald. p. A4.
- Takata, T. (1983). Nikkei Legacy: The story of Japanese Canadians from settlement to today. Toronto: NC Press.
- Tanenhaus, B. (1978). To Know Each Other and Be Known: Women's writing workshops. Brooklyn, NY: Out & Out Books.
- Thompson, J.B. (1981). Critical Hermeneutics: A study in the thought of Paul Ricoeur and Jurgen Habermas. New York: Cambridge University Press.
- Thompson, K. (1982). Emile Durkheim. London: Routledge.
- Thich, N.H. (1995). Living Buddha, Living Christ. New York: Riverhead Books.
- Tillapaugh, F.R. (1982). Unleashing the Church: Getting people out of the fortress and into ministry. Ventura, CA: Regal Books.
- Tobin, J.J. (1992). Introduction. In J.J. Tobin (Ed.), Re-Made in Japan: Everyday life and consumer taste in a changing society (pp. 1-33). New

Haven, CN: Yale University Press.

Toh, S.H. (1988). Justice and development. In D. Hicks (Ed.), Education for Peace: Issues, principles, and practice in the classroom (pp. 122-142). London & New York: Routledge.

_____. & Floresca-Cawagas, V. (1990). Peaceful theory and practice in values education. Quezon City: Phoenix Publishing.

_____. (1991). Transcending boundaries: The yin and yang of educating for peace. In S.H. Toh (Ed.), Journeys in Peace Education: Critical reflections from Australia. New York: EARTH.

Tomatis, A. (1978). A l'ecoute de l'univers: An interview with Dr. Alfred Tomatis. CBC Radio, Celebration Series.

Trinh, T.M-H. (1989). Woman, Native, Other. Bloomington, IN: Indiana University Press.

Trungpa, C. (1988). The Myth of Freedom and the Way of Meditation. Boston: Shambhala.

Ujimoto, K.V. (1988). Racism, discrimination and internment: Japanese in Canada. In B.S. Bolaria & P.S. Li (Eds.), Racial Oppression in Canada: Enlarged second edition (pp. 127-160). Toronto: Garamond Press.

Urubshurow, V. (1989). Tibetan Buddhist pointers on religious education. Religious Education, 84(2), 201-215.

Vellacott, J. (1982). Women, peace and power. In P. McAllister (Ed.), Reweaving the web of life: Feminism and nonviolence (pp. 30-41). Philadelphia, PA: New Society Publishers.

Walsh, M.R. (Ed.). (1987). The Psychology of Women: Ongoing debates. New York: Yale University Press.

Ward, W. P. (1982). The Japanese in Canada. Ottawa: Canadian Historical Association.

Watterson. (1995, July 29). Calvin and Hobbes. The Lethbridge Herald. Comics.

Weber, M. (1958). The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism. (Talcott Parsons, Trans.). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Webster, J. (1995). Daddy-long-legs. In B. Byars (Ed.), Growing Up Stories: A time for discovery. New York: Kingfisher.

Webster's Collegiate Thesaurus. (1976). Springfield, MA.

West, C. (1993). The new cultural politics of difference. In C. McCarthy & W. Crichlow (Eds.), Race Identity and Representation in Education (pp. 11-23.) New York: Routledge.

Weiler, K. (1987). Women Teaching for Change: Gender, class and power. and liberation. South Hadley, MA: Bergin & Garvey.

Weingartner, C. (1972). Communication, education, and change. In H.W. Sobel & A.E. Salz (Eds.), The Radical Papers: Readings in education (pp. 186-207). New York: Harper & Row.

Wexler, P. (1987). Social Analysis of Education: After the new sociology. New York: Routledge.

Wexler, P., Martusewica, R. & Kern, J. (1987). Popular educational politics. In D.W. Livingstone (Ed.), Critical Pedagogy and Cultural Power (pp. 227-244). New York: Bergin & Garvey.

White, P. (1988). Countering the critics. In D. Hicks (Ed.), Education for Peace: Issues, principles, and practice in the classroom (pp. 36-52). London & New York: Routledge.

White, S.K. (1988). The Recent Work of Jurgen Habermas: Reason, justice and modernity. New York: Cambridge University Press.

Williams, J.H. (1987). Psychology of women: Behavior in a biosocial context. (3rd ed.). New York: W.W. Norton & Co.

Wolverton, T. (1983). Unlearning complicity, remembering resistance: White women's anti-racism education. In C. Bunch & S. Pollack (Eds.). Learning our Way: Essays in feminist education (pp. 187-199). New York: The Crossing Press.

Yamagishi, R. (1992, November/December). Where do your people come from? A Japanese Canadian reflects. The ATA Magazine. pp. 8-12.

Yamato, G. (1990). Something about the subject makes it hard to name. In G. Anzaldúa (Ed.), Making Face, Making Soul: Creative and critical perspectives by feminists of color (pp. 20-24). San Francisco: Aunt Lute Books.

- Yarwood, R. & Weaver, T. (1988). War. In D. Hicks (Ed.), Education for Peace: Issues, principles, and practice in the classroom (pp. 87-101). London & New York: Routledge.
- Yeboah, S.K. (1988). The Ideology of Racism. London: Hansib Publishing.
- Young, C.H. & Reid, H.R.Y. (1938). The Japanese Canadians. Toronto: The University of Toronto Press.
- Young, I.M. (1990). The ideal of community and the politics of difference. In L.J. Nicholson (Ed.), Feminism/Postmodernism (pp. 300-323). New York: Routledge.
- Zeitlin, I.M. (1968). Ideology and the Development of Sociological Theory. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall.
- _____. (1973). Rethinking Sociology: A critique of contemporary theory. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall.