

Beyond the Half-Life of Curriculum and Pedagogy

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Let me slide into my talk by mentioning three orienting events, all personal.

Event 1: "Education is Being." So announced a banner mounted outside the University of Heidelberg, Germany, where this past summer educators assembled in conference. On seeing this banner, a friend from Montreal excitedly showed it to me and asked, "Could such a banner be possible in Canada?"

Event 2: At the moment I received the above information, I was in the midst of Milan Kundera's *The Art of the Novel*. Kundera is the novelist who wrote the *Unbearable Lightness of Being*, a film version of which was nominated for the Oscar. The latter book portrayed narratively the way in which Czechoslovakians are compelled to live half-lives as humans.

Event 3: Recently, I have been involved with a group of University of Maryland educators who hopefully have a book to be published. Title? *Voices of Educators; Toward Curriculum of Being*. In this book, five educators, critical of their own past half-lives as educators, tell of their experiences trying to understand what authentic teaching is.

Beyond the Half-Life of Excellence in Schools

To call for excellence in schools is a popular call. Those seeking popularity or applause would be wise to call for excellence in schools, for who among us

would dare to say no? In first flush, the word excellence conjures forth the superlatives—the best, the top, the cream, the super—reflecting the "super" ethos of our time. Everything excelling is seen to be super—superstore, supermall, superman, supercar. The superlative may be the going understanding of excellence, but I feel it is urgent that we pause to reflect upon what it is to excel. I wish to allow this question to guide me in my quest for a fuller understanding of what it is to excel humanly. But first a detour.

I begin by leading you to Schleiermacher, a great Catholic theologian and hermeneutic scholar who said, "Multifold are the ways a person relates to the universe." To help us understand, let me interpret him in terms of how an architect, a carpenter and a worshiper might relate to a cathedral.

An architect likely experiences the cathedral conceptually and theoretically. Within his intellectual scheme of things, he classifies the cathedral as a special type of church building and, by the shape of it, he can indicate when it was built, the architectural style in which it was built and the materials that entered into its construction. If the architect theoretician is a good scholar, he will have a store of factual and theoretical knowledge about it. In effect, he will have a good intellectual command of the cathedral as an object of study. We will evaluate that person as a good scholar of architecture if he knows much. When you see this scholar, you will likely see his mind at work. For him the cathedral is out there as an object to be subordinated to his intellect.

A carpenter walking into the same cathedral will look for whatever needs making and fixing. He will be bent on making the cathedral serviceable for

practical purposes. If the roof leaks, he will fix it. If a window is broken, he will fix that. If an altar is needed, he can make it following a blueprint. His interest is in using his skills to make or fix whatever needs making or fixing. He is a technician and he experiences the cathedral practically. We would evaluate him to be a good carpenter if he has good technical skills and is efficient in making and fixing things. When you see the carpenter, you will probably see his hands at work, and if his head is working, it is likely he is applying the rules of his trade.

When a worshiper enters the cathedral, he or she experiences the cathedral existentially and poetically in a fundamental sense. Understanding the world as a whole with the self included, the person seeks the meaning of what it is to live and to be human. For this person the cathedral is an embodied spiritual dwelling place wherein the fourfold of mortal self, divinity, earth and heaven gather together and shine through as one. Seeking is for oneness, a coming together of the finite and infinite worlds. The meaning of lived experiences is the person's utmost concern. We would evaluate the person to be a good worshiper if the person's quality of being is revealed as deeply human. When you see a true worshiper, you see the whole embodied being in communion with the universe. The language spoken will be that of hopefulness and prayer.

Multifold indeed are the ways in which people relate to the world. Now, if we substitute school for cathedral, we can begin to see three understandings of school. View 1 is a school given primarily to thinking, a school that emphasizes intellectual skills, a school that emphasizes mind building. The curriculum will be a thinking curriculum. It is a school that understands a teacher or student as split into mind and body. Teaching is seen essentially as mind building accomplished by filling empty containers with factual and theoretical knowledge; being a student is like being a blotter, absorbing knowledge, the more the better, the faster the better, as the assessment people get closer. An appropriate metaphor of View 1 is Rodin's sculpture, *The Thinker*, which is symbolic of the Enlightenment and the Renaissance.

View 2 is a school given primarily to "doing," a school that emphasizes practical skills, like the three Rs, a school that nurtures manipulative skills for productive purposes. This school is utility oriented; usefulness in the postschool workplace is often the guide to curriculum building. The school is a preparation place for the marketplace and students are molded into marketable products. If the market needs

auto mechanics, an automotive curriculum is built; if the market needs word processors, word processing courses are built; if the market needs computer operators and programmers, computer courses are built. The interest of the market predominates. Adult life is the model, and adolescents are understood as immature adults, yet unskilled.

At the secondary school level, these market-oriented schools are called vocational schools; at the higher education level they are called institutes of technology or professional schools at universities, (schools of engineering, medicine, business, law, education and the like). These are all vocation-oriented schools, vocation understood as jobs.

View 3 is a school given primarily to being and becoming, a school that emphasizes and nurtures the becoming of human beings. Such a school will not neglect doing but asserts the togetherness of doing and being enfolded in becoming. Here it is understood that to do something, one has to be somebody. The teacher or student is seen as being simultaneously an individual and a social being, a being-in-relation-to-others. But as it is a school given to becoming, it emphasizes "reflective seeing again," a reflective reviewing of self and world as well as the taken-for-granted assumptions that make possible our seeing and acting. Teaching is not only a mode of doing but also a mode of being-with-others. Teaching is a relating "with" students in concrete situations guided by the pedagogical good. Teaching is a leading out (from *ex* 'out' and *ducere* 'to lead')—leading students out into a world of possibilities, at the same time being mindful of their finiteness as mortal beings. Whereas the View 1 and 2 schools are grounded in a fragmented view of persons (body and mind), the View 3 school sees its origin in an understanding of teachers and students as embodied beings of wholeness. View 3 restores the unity of body and mind, body and soul.

Let us acknowledge that these three views are idealized views and as such they may not exist in reality as clearly separated categories. Nevertheless, holding these views before us begins to allow us to sense what view of school and whose view of school holds sway in certain quarters among educators, administrators, the public and so on. Also, it allows us to acknowledge how a particular view of school assumes a particular view of teaching. And so, when we hear voices telling us what schooling is, we can begin to make sense of what these voices are really saying about our own calling, teaching.

Now we return to the original question. When we speak of excellence in schools, we need to ask, What is it to excel? I suggest that excellence is understood differently depending on the way we are attuned to the world.

Within the theoretical framework, excellence is understood in terms of superiority in thinking power and in the power to acquire knowledge. Academic brilliance would be a paradigm case of this understanding of excellence. A curriculum oriented toward this notion of excellence would likely stress the academic disciplines. The university is an apt model. A belief in the centrality of this understanding of excellence will press for legitimation in schools of theoretical subjects—the disciplines. We saw this curriculum movement peaking in the days of the New Math, of Jerome Bruner's *Process of Education*, the alphabetized curricula such as B.S.C.S., P.S.S.C., CHEM STUDY, MACOS, and a host of others.

Within the practical or utilitarian framework, "excellence" is understood as a high standard in skills. A high level of expertise in the skills of making and fixing will be a manifestation of this understanding of excellence. In teaching, effective and efficient pedagogic skills will be held in high regard à la Madeline Hunter. In the regular classroom, stress will be given to the skills dimension of reading, writing, 'rithmetic and other subjects. Excelling in skills on the students' part will be the main focus of the curriculum.

Within the lived experience framework, the word excellence, as we typically understand it, gives us difficulty. For we find it odd to speak of an excellent worshiper, of excellence in being human or of excellence in becoming more human. We find it difficult to speak of excellence of the beings of teachers or students.

Allow me to venture a thought. When we encounter such difficulty, we might look at ourselves, particularly how we are typically oriented to excellence, that is, to our typical achievement orientation in school curriculum and in life generally. It is likely we find ourselves caught in an orientation that flows from the technological ethos that tends to dominate our thinking and our doing.

To help us in our striving for an appropriate understanding of excellence in the beings and becoming of teachers and students, we might appeal to the etymology of excellence, for there may be in store here an original meaning of what it is to excel. Rooted in the Latin *ex-cellere* (*ex* 'out of' and *cellere* 'to rise or raise oneself'), the source of our word contains, in a deep sense, the notion of one's struggle to

surpass who one is, to become, within the world of possibilities, who one is not.

For us, being human beings, to excel can be understood as a coming to a deeper understanding of who we are and a moving beyond, a surpassing of our present being. An excelling person, in this sense, would be a person who is undergoing or has undergone a search for a deep understanding of what it means to be, of what it means to live in this world in such a way that his/her becoming will be guided by that which calls upon the person to be a better human being.

Within this understanding, to understand an educator's true vocation in school life is to understand it as a calling—a true calling that responds to what it really means to be educators, to be administrators, to be teachers, to be curriculum developers, to be appraisers. Within this view, an excellent person is not merely a good intellectual, not merely a good practitioner, but also a good person.

I feel that we have tended to be tuned into the half-life of excellence and thus have become neglectful of the original meaning of excellence. We need to reclaim this fuller meaning that flows from oneness of body and spirit, a oneness that is not forgetful of ethics and morality, a oneness that considers central a proper attunement to life, a oneness that considers that central to the purpose of life, including school life, is to live well, to live surpassingly, to live excellently.

Should we aspire for excellence in schools? Of course, we should. But in aspiring for excellence, let us pause and weigh with care with what understanding of excellence we are calling upon our teachers and students to excel.

Beyond the Half-Life of Parenting, Teaching and Administering

What might human excellence mean in parenting, teaching and administering? Allow me now, through short anecdotes and stories, to tell of the layers of understanding of excellence in parenting, teaching and administering, and through them suggest that at a deep level they converge in pedagogy. As you listen, I ask that you be mindful of what the half-life of parenting, teaching and administering might be like and what it might mean to move beyond such half-lives.

Toward Parenting as Pedagogy

Let's listen to two short stories; the first, concerning father and son, the second concerning mother and child.

"Father and Me"

This is a story told by Bruce Springsteen, from the introductory monologue to "The River."

"When I was growin' up, me and my dad used to go at it all the time, over almost anything. I used to have really long hair, way down past my shoulders—I was 17 or 18. I used to hate it!

We got to where we were fighting so much that I'd spend a lot of time out of the house. In the summertime it wasn't so bad, 'cause it was warm and your friends were out. But in the winter I remember standing downtown. It would get so cold, and when the wind would blow, I had this phone booth that I used to stand in and I used to call my girl, like for hours at a time, just talkin' to her all night long.

And finally I'd get my nerve up to go home. I'd stand there in the driveway and he'd be waitin' for me in the kitchen. I'd tuck my hair down under my collar and I'd walk in and he'd call me back to sit down with him. The first thing he'd always ask me was what did I think I was doin' with myself—and the worst part about it was I could never explain it to him.

I remember I got in a motorcycle accident once. I was laid up in bed and he had a barber come in and cut my hair. And man, I can remember tellin' him that I hated him and that I would never, ever forget it.

He used to tell me, "I can't wait until the army gets you. When that army gets you they're gonna make a man outta you. They're gonna cut all that hair off and they'll make a man outta you.

This was in, I guess, '68 and there were a lot of guys in the neighborhood goin' to Vietnam. I remember the drummer in my first band comin' over to my house with his Marine uniform on, sayin' that he was goin' and that he didn't know where it was. And a lotta guys went and a lotta guys didn't come back. And a lot that came back weren't the same anymore.

I remember the day I got my draft notice. I hid it from my folks and three days before my physical, me and my friends went out and stayed up all night. We got on the bus to go that morning, and man, we were all so scared! And I went, and I failed.

And I remember comin' home after I'd been gone for three days, walkin' into the kitchen. My mother and father were sittin' there.

My dad said, "Where you been?"

I said, "I went to take my physical."

He said, "What happened?"

I said, "They didn't take me."

And he said "That's good."

In what way does this story speak to pedagogy? What is the meaning of "good" when Bruce's father insists that short hair is good? What is the meaning of "good" when at the end of the story he says, "That's good"? In what way does "that's good" resonate within you? Why?

Women Becoming Mothers

What does it mean for a woman to become a mother? I lean on Vangie Bergum, associate professor in the Faculty of Nursing at the University of Alberta, who in her study conversed with several women who became mothers. In their conversations Vangie asked these mothers-to-be to speak of their lived experiences in an effort to come to an understanding of the meaning of the experiences of becoming a mother. She listened to them with care, turned their tellings into stories, and then she, lingering in the stories, unfolded existential themes of what it means for women to become mothers. You will want to read *Woman to Mother: A Transformation* written by Vangie.

Toward the end of her study, she reflected upon their stories. To get a flavor of these women's transformative experiences, let's read a short statement from her dissertation.

The transformative experience that is accessible to women who become mothers has been the central focus of this study. The conversations with women have opened ways to explain what it means to become a mother, facing a questioning of the forms of knowledge used by women to understand themselves as mothers. Being a mother is a matter not only of the mother role, not only of caring for the child, not only of caring for a home. It is a matter of a changed understanding of who women *are* as mothers. Becoming a mother is a matter not only of maternal tasks, not only of developmental tasks, not only of stressors and satisfactions. It is a realization and acceptance that "I *am* mother."

To open up the domain from the world of becoming mother into the world of teaching, I ask you to reread, with a few changes, what Vangie said about mothers, with the possibility that the passage might

say something about teachers. Please return to the above passage for a rereading, substituting ‘people’ for ‘women’ and ‘teacher’ for ‘mother.’

What is it to realize and accept that I am mother, that I am teacher? What is the being of mothers? What is the being of teachers?

Toward Teaching as Pedagogy

To illustrate what being a teacher might mean, let me read a story of teaching from a child’s perspective. It is a story so often told by my wife, June, over the past decades.

It was a cloudy day in early April, 1942. I was 13 then, going on 14, in Grade 7 at Fanny Bay School, a two-room school about 40 miles up the island from Nanaimo. It was a bewildering day for many of us. Our Japanese language school had been ordered closed by the Ministry of Education. My father had been sent to a road camp near Blue River in the far-off wilds of the Rockies. We had been hearing rumors that we were to be moved, first to Vancouver, then somewhere to the interior of British Columbia, and possibly beyond. We had been trying not to believe Charlie Tweedie who told my brother, Tim, that all the Japanese were to be herded en masse into Hastings Park, and who had said, teasingly perhaps, “That way only one bomb will do it!”

On this day in April, I went to school solely for the purpose of leaving. As soon as school began, we cleaned out our desks, returned texts that belonged to the school and gathered our books and belongings while our occidental schoolmates silently watched our movements. With our arms full, we left our classroom with feet that seemed to know that they might never return. Cautiously, we moved step-by-step down two flights of stairs and wended our way along the worn path of the school playground bound for home.

The leaving this day was different from our usual taking leave at the end of the school’s day. Somehow I felt I was leaving a place to which, like home, I belonged. Why was it that my usually happy feet had no skip to them? Did my feet know that they would never again tread this path whose every bump and bend they had come to know? I guess we were experiencing emptiness in leaving behind what had become so much a part of our everyday lives. As I walked I felt the school’s tug. It was like hands that slip away in parting and know not what to say in silent farewell.

I was about to leave the school yard. Something called upon me to turn around for a last look. On

the balcony of the school stood my teacher, Mr. McNab, alone, watching as if to keep guard over us in our departure.

I almost felt I did wrong in stealing a look, so without a wave of goodbye I resumed my walk. I wondered, “What is Mr. McNab thinking right now?”

I cannot remember my other teachers in all the years of my schooling which began in Fanny Bay and continued in the Slocan relocation centre and in Picture Butte School in southern Alberta. But Mr. McNab, I remember. He is the one I recall. He was the teacher who urged us to display our Japanese kimonos and to perform some *odori* to Japanese music. He was the one who, on the annual district sports day, insisted he take all the students, the athletic and the not so athletic, breaking the tradition that sports day was for elite athletes. For us the event was something special; we were happy to be loaded in the back of a truck, and to run, jump and throw. It mattered little whether we won or lost. All of us were grateful that Mr. McNab took everyone—swift ones and slow ones, dumpy ones and lean ones, tall ones and short ones.

Last year we returned to the coast, to touch again the earth and water we once knew. Coming home, I wondered if by chance I could make contact with Mr. McNab. I had heard nothing about him for more than four decades.

Through the B.C. Teachers’ Federation offices we learned that a Mr. William McNab, a retired teacher, lived in North Vancouver. I felt a stirring in my heart. I phoned him. Most graciously he listened to my story. For him it must have been puzzling, after 44 years, to sort me out from a mountain of memories of hundreds and thousands of students who called him “teacher.” But he was my Mr. McNab, my teacher.

He kindly visited us. I experienced a deep inward joy when my hand grasped the hand of him who silently gave watch over us as we left his school that April day 44 years ago. I felt he did not know that over all those years the memory of his watching—watching us leave Fanny Bay School for the last time—stayed vividly with me. For me, that singular moment reflected his being as teacher.

I told Mr. McNab how I had often recalled the image of his watchfulness clothed in care that lived vividly within me. Mustering courage, I asked him if he remembered the moment. There was a moment of silence. Then he simply said, “That was a sad day.” That was all he would say. The rest he left unsaid. But I felt in the silence he said much.

I felt blessed to be in the presence of a teacher whose quiet but thoughtful gesture had touched me deeply. Today I feel doubly blessed to be allowed to relive the fullness of this moment in the presence of Mr. McNab, rooted as I am in memories of my teacher of 44 years ago.

A Reflection: Teaching is Watchfulness

What is the voice of teaching that this story speaks of? Could it be merely a student remembering an event? Surely, it is more. Could it be merely that a teacher watched a group of students take leave? Surely, it is more, much more than a recording of a minor historical event in the lives of a teacher and a few students.

How then, shall we understand the voice of Mr. McNab's teaching? Could it be that it is not so much the watching, but the person he was as he watched?

We might see a glimmer of the person he was as teacher if we look with care at his watching. His watching was not so much watching as observing, a looking "at," that is, apart from his self. It was a watching that was watchfulness—a watchfulness filled with a teacher's hope that wherever his students may be, wherever they may wander on this earth away from his presence, they will fare well and no harm will visit them.

We might understand the meaning of watchfulness a little better if we observed with care a mother's watchfulness of her child, a watchfulness that is the voice of the hand in hand of mother and child as they cross a busy street. The watchfulness in the hand in hand is attuned to the care that dwells between mother and child. And it is this logos of care that allows mother to lead from where the child is now to where the child is not yet. For mother, her hand will ever be there, and even in those times when hand does not touch hand, there is a touching that flows from mother's care for the child. And the mother knows that when the child, no longer a child, takes leave, mother's watchful touch in absence will ever be present. Such is the watchfulness of mother with child; such is the watchfulness of teacher with student.

Teachers understand the meaning of the presence of absence growing out of their own experiences of watchfulness. Teachers know that pupils come to them clothed in a bond of entrustment of parents, and parents know that they, in entrusting their children to teachers, can count on the watchful eyes of teachers. So, too, teachers know, that at the end of the year, they and their students will part. The students will advance to the next grade or move to

another school. Yet, it is their very leaving that allows them the possibility of return—a turning again to the experiences of the present. And the teachers know that watching their students depart at the end of the year is a watchfulness that is filled with hope that wherever they may be, their students will do well and be well and that no harm will befall them.

Authentic teaching is watchfulness, a mindful watching over, flowing from the good in the situation that the good teacher sees. In this sense, teachers are more than they do; they "are" the teaching. When Mr. McNab watched, he was the teaching. No less, no more.

Administering as Pedagogy

You have heard of Bill 19 in B.C. It effectively separated principals from teachers. I was disturbed because such a separation seemed to stem, at least in part, from an understanding that principals are essentially managers.

In those tumultuous days, I sent to Elsie McMurphy, then president of the British Columbia Teachers' Federation, brief notes on my thoughts. I was pleasantly shocked when the notes appeared as a short article in the *B. C. Teacher*. Entitled "Principals as Managers: An Incomplete Educational View," it reads in part:

- To understand principals as managers is to understand principals within the metaphor of business/industry. The world of education is likened to the world of business, where the prime interests of management and control accompany the goals of effectiveness and efficiency. Education does entail, in part, management, and in that sense education is like a business. Correct. But such a partial understanding is a half-life of what education is. We need to be mindful when metaphors are borrowed; dangers lurk when one thing is likened to another.
- The word principal was at one time understood as "principal teacher"—first or leading teacher. Principal was at one time an adjective. How did it become a noun? What happened when the adjective principal was separated from teacher?
- The separation made it easy for principals to be labelled administrators, usually understood within the business framework as managers. Such an understanding, which might be satisfactory for business, is inappropriate for educational ventures. Business deals with materials and people as resources—as beings that are things (note, dehumanization). Education deals with people—with

beings that are human, making education a venture vastly different from business.

- When we hear “principals are administrators,” there is evident forgetfulness of the original meaning of what it is to administer. The original meaning of administer was *ad* ‘to’ and *minister* ‘serve,’ to serve. To serve others, to be servants, to minister to the well-being of others was the original meaning of administration. Somewhere along the line, there occurred a reduction through truncation. We need a recovery of the original meaning if we are to speak of educational administration.
- What authorizes a person to be an administrator? In the truest sense, authority does not flow from assignment of position by powered people, nor from receipt of certified pieces of paper. True authority flows from being true to whatever phenomenon claims the person.
- Administrators often talk of leadership. What authorizes a person to be an educational leader? What is it to lead? To lead is to follow the authority of the true. A leader in education must lead as he or she follows the essence, the true, of what education is.
- Principal as manager is correct insofar as education is a business, but not true insofar as education is not a business. Principal as manager, by itself, misunderstands education. As such, it is dangerous.

I have meandered in my musings. Let me gather together Bruce Springsteen’s “Father and Me,” Vangie Bergum’s *Woman To Mother: A Transformation*, June’s story of revisiting Mr. McNab and my notes on principals as managers. I claim, at the deep human level, that they converge in pedagogy—pedagogy understood in its original sense.

Pedagogy from the outset meant leading children (from *agoge* ‘to lead’ and *pedae* ‘children’). How fortunate it is that the word education also speaks to leading, for buried in its etymology is *ex* ‘out’ and *ducere* ‘to lead,’ a veritable leading out to fresh possibilities.

Allow me now to lead you to a place where leading in terms of human excellence might show itself. I appeal to the Chinese characters for a sage, a wise leader.

耳 —ear, to hear

口 —mouth, to speak

王 —leader who stands tall between heaven and earth

人 —person (it takes at least two to make a person).

Here is my interpretation. A sage is a person whose self is saturated with otherness, that is, with the well-being of others. Standing between heaven and earth, the sage listens with care, not only to what others are saying, but also, perhaps more so, to a calling in the situation that others cannot hear. The sage by heeding the calling is able to speak. In wisdom, the sage leads. In wisdom, parents, teachers and administrators truly lead.

Beyond the Univocity of the Curriculum-As-Plan

Let’s consider a course that you teach. If I were to ask you to think curriculum, likely what comes into view is the curriculum as we typically see it in the guide. It speaks to us as something planned—a curriculum-as-plan.

Why this singular view? Why this singular voice? Why is it that the curriculum-as-plan pervades the whole province as if with a single voice? Why is it that it dominates the curriculum world? Under such domination, all else, like curriculum implementation and curriculum assessment/evaluation, flow derivatively from this curriculum-as-plan.

Why so? In a sense, the primacy of the curriculum-as-plan is legitimated by the structure of officialdom in our world of education. In keeping with the venerable *British North America Act*, each provincial authority assumes the responsibility of setting out the curriculum. Within this context, we can understand visibly, the primacy of the curriculum-as-plan with all its institutionalized legitimacy.

But we also know, from having experienced it in our classrooms, that the province-wide voice of the curriculum-as-plan is a globalized voice, necessarily abstract, so abstract at times that its voice begins to dissipate up there in thinner air. What is seriously wrong about the univocal curriculum is that, in its abstractive interest (it cannot help but be abstract), it becomes indifferent to differences among real classroom situations, concerns and interests. In a recent article in *Harper’s* magazine, Wendell Berry spoke eloquently of the futility of abstract, globalized thinking.

All public movements of thought quickly produce a language that works as a code, useless to the extent it is abstract. The heroes of abstraction keep galloping in on their white horses . . . and they keep falling off in front of the grandstand.

What Berry is saying is that abstract language tends to be forgetful of the situational beings of live people. In schools, the classroom teachers whose lived experiences are necessarily situational are the ones who are in the position to know, by the blood, sweat and tears of life in the classroom, that the abstract curriculum-as-plan by itself, no matter how glitzy, is inert, sluggish and at best only a half-life. It could insist on entry into a classroom, but by itself it is a stranger and not at home. In a deep sense the curriculum-as-plan has to await an invitation from the classroom teacher who speaks on behalf of the students. It is only when the teacher, having lived through joys and struggles with the students, receives the curriculum-as-plan and interprets it so it makes sense in the classroom situation, that it can shed its inertness and come alive. By interpreting the curriculum-as-plan, the teacher breathes life into it. The curriculum-as-plan is like a limp violin string; it requires the teacher to give it tautness, hopefully appropriate, such that it can give forth soundings and re-soundings. In its resonance, we can hear the curriculum sing. Indeed, under the teacher's tactful hand, the curriculum-as-plan can leave its abstract form behind and become something else that is alive, our curriculum-as-lived.

What is the point of all this? The point, I hope, is a profound one. It is a challenge to the myth of the univocity of the curriculum-as-plan. It is a challenge to the institutionalized primacy of the curriculum-as-plan. It is a challenge to a claim of wholeness when in reality it is only a half-life.

This is not to negate the curriculum-as-plan. It has its rightful place, but its rightful place is not in its primacy. Its place, I claim, needs to be opened

to allow a place for curriculum-as-lived. I call for a twofold curriculum of curriculum-as-plan and curriculum-as-lived.

Within this view, the dwelling place of the teacher is never an easy one, for such a place is the often difficult place of between—a vibrant place between the curriculum-as-plan and curriculum-as-lived. Once we understand this, we can begin to appreciate the toil and struggle of the teacher who stands in the ever-shifting between, in the midst of two curriculum worlds. Then, we can begin to give well-deserved recognition to the gift of hermeneutic creativity that good teachers conscientiously offer. Then, we can begin to give maieutic credit to teachers who allow students to give birth to new unfoldings. Then, we can begin to admire the teachers' interest and concern for the pedagogic good in the teaching situation that they in their wisdom see. Then, we can begin to appreciate the deep sensitivity with which good teachers lead students by listening to the deep calling that the teachers in their wisdom hear. Then, we can begin to appreciate more fully true excellence in our teachers' pedagogic living with students.

Within this twofold curriculum, what then of curriculum implementation? We can begin to see that implementation seen instrumentally as mere "installing" or as mere "delivering" of a given curriculum is only a half-life.

Again within this twofold curriculum, what then of curriculum evaluation/assessment? Here too, we can begin to see that assessment/evaluation understood strictly in terms of fidelity to the voice of the curriculum-as-plan is also a mere half-life.

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