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Developing a Super-Vision of Education: Oh, No. I've Said Too Much, But Maybe I Haven't Said Enough

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Carl Glickman¹

Abstract

In this personal and candid essay by Carl Glickman, he examines the confluence of early experiences with his evolving concepts and theories of education, supervision, democracy, and school renewal that resulted in his studies, activities, university and school networks and partnerships, and widely read books. He covers the first 33 years of his life including being a child of immigrants and freedom from adults; academics, social life, and speech disability; identity, new worlds, and marriage; the teacher corps and forced integration of schools; the years as a principal of schools; and the origins of developmental supervision; and the significance of the Council of Professors of Instructional Supervision (COPIS). He frames the essay between the borders of saying not enough or saying too much. And between those lines, the reader may be surprised by how much unknown becomes known and what might be instructive for the next generations of educators, scholars, and activists who believe in the public purpose of education.

Keywords

supervision; school leadership; educational change; democracy; human development

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* Thanks to my colleagues Ian Mette, my fellow Manitou counselor, and Steve Gordon, my colleague extraordinaire for so many years, for suggesting this essay. A big appreciation to Joy Scott Ressler for her impeccable editing and care. And to all educators who embrace the struggle to keep democracy alive and vigorous through how we educate, continue on as never before, thank you!

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Introduction

Colleagues who heard that I was retiring asked if I would write an autobiographical essay about my career. Although flattered, I was reluctant as I wasn't sure that I could better anything already written. Sara Espinoza (2020) had done a thorough analysis of my writings and, frankly, organized and detailed my works in ways much better than I could have.² My colleagues recognized my hesitation and suggested that I write about the confluence of personal experiences with my evolving concepts and theories of supervision and school renewal. I considered the suggestion and thought it was worth a try – particularly if I focused on the first 33 years of my life.

So, I will touch upon my experiences as a child of immigrants and freedom from adults; my early school years; academics, social life, and my speech disability; identity, new worlds, and marriage; the teacher corps and integration of schools; my years as a principal; the origins of developmental supervision; the Council of Professors of Instructional Supervision (COPIS); and my most memorable achievements.

Michael Stipe of our iconic, hometown band REM in their song *Losing My Religion* captures my feeling about writing this essay. He sings, “Oh, no. I’ve said too much, but maybe I haven’t said enough.”³ I later recall the lyric and you, the reader, can decide if I’ve written too much or not enough.⁴

Generational Struggle and Freedom

Like many in the United States, I am the child of immigrants. My grandparents escaped from Europe as teenagers. Most of their family who remained died of starvation in the Ukrainian famine or were murdered in the Nazi concentration camps. Although I knew my grandparents, we rarely spoke. They were old world, didn't speak English well, primarily spoke Yiddish, and were devoutly religious. My parents, Ruth and Harold, also were devoutly religious and expected their five children, of which I was the middle child, to be as well. My father was president of the Temple's Brotherhood. We kept a kosher home, attended Temple regularly, and observed the Jewish traditions and holidays. My siblings and I attended Hebrew School two afternoons a week after the regular public school day. My parents were committed Zionist, firm believers in the state of Israel, and it was their fervent wish that their five children have solid Jewish identities.

² Sara Espinoza conceptualized my central concepts in this way: Community is central to schools, and we are meant to live in connection with others. As such, investing in connection to each other must be part of our lives as students and teachers. Democracy is critical to our society and we should prepare all students to participate and improve our democratic society. Authenticity is required for students to learn by doing real work that directly connects to their daily existence outside of school. Empowerment is necessary for all stakeholders to learn about and improve their community and the ultimate form of accountability. Diversity is required to honor our individual backgrounds and experiences.

³ From the lyrics of the song *Losing My Religion* by REM. Used with permission.

⁴ Much of what I've written – books, articles, studies, proposals, and essays for popular consumption – can be found in the University of Georgia Hargrett Special collections archives. Summary of material: The Carl D. Glickman papers contain materials dating from 1968 through 2020. The arrangement of these materials allows researchers to study different eras of educational change, practice, and policy at local, state, and national levels; various periods of school site practice; and the individuals who led organizations to transform traditional schooling.

The memories I have of those years was the vast love and care that our parents had for us children. They expected us not only to be staunch Jews but to be college-educated and successful in any white-collar profession that we wished to pursue. We were taught that Jews were always persecuted and that we needed to protect ourselves and find supporters who would fight with us against discrimination. My parents believed in the United States – the country that saved them – and American democracy. Their belief in democracy as protecting the welfare of all – whether true or not – was ingrained in me early on. It was a core concept that I continued to write about when considering how supervision and education should be used as to increase democratic processes throughout the US (Glickman, 1998, Glickman, 2003, Glickman & Mette, 2020a).

My father was socially liberal and economically conservative. My mother, who rarely spoke about politics, was likely the same. My parents were kind, never swore, and didn't allow cursing in our home. My father, the eldest of nine siblings, was reserved and had a self-deprecating sense of humor. My mother, an only child, was over-the-top gregarious. They drank alcohol only at Passover Seder, at which time they would sip the ritual four glasses of wine. They never yelled at or hit me. Disappointment was expressed with a frown and a quiet explanation of what I had done wrong. My mother expressed her hope that I would one day become a Rabbi. (I'm not sure that she was serious about this as I certainly did not excel in Hebrew school.) However, now that I think about it, "Rabbi" translated in English means "Teacher," so maybe she was right all along! My own ethnic and cultural background is a foundation of how I understand the world – it was a lens through which I began to process the opportunities provided in the US but also the inequities that exist in this country.

My parents gave me more freedom than my older siblings. After the age of eight, I could go anywhere with my friends without my parents' permission. The only rule by which I had to abide was to be home for dinner. No adults supervised our after-school activities. My friends and I established our own rules when playing sports and boundaries of acceptable behaviors when simply hanging out. That self-regulation is perhaps why, as an educator, I promoted giving students degrees of freedom to explore their interests and for schools to be self-governing communities with the same expansive degrees of freedom accorded to teachers (Glickman, 1981, Glickman & West Burns, 2020).

School Years

I grew up in the Oak Hill section of Newton, Massachusetts, to which prosperous Jews migrated from their immigrant parents' low-income neighborhoods of Boston. Newton was viewed as the place for second-generation Jews to raise their children. Oak Hill was close to the conservative Jewish temple and the Newton public schools ranked amongst the best in the nation. The educational innovations in my schools were guided by Harvard University faculty members. Among those innovations was a program of teacher supervision entitled Clinical Supervision. As a side note, many, many years later, as I began my university career, I met Bob Anderson at a professional conference sponsored by the Council of Professors of Instructional Supervision (COPIS). While chatting during the morning coffee break, we discovered that we'd likely met before. Bob was the Harvard Professor who directed the Clinical Supervision program at my school during the time that I was there. We laughed that I was probably the kid outside the

principal's office waiting to be reprimanded and Bob, on his frequent visits, may have walked past me on the way to the office of our principal, Mrs. Bettina King.

The elementary, junior high, and high schools that I attended were within a fifteen-minute walk from my home. I sauntered to school every day of my 12 school years. While my father had become prosperous when we first moved to Newton, over the years, with the emergence of national retail chains, his furniture business went under. We always had plenty to eat, bought our clothes at discount stores, and we got around in an old sedan and my father's furniture van. Compared to most of our neighbors, though, we were just scraping by. Many of my school friends had new cars, spruced up homes, and their parents were members of the Jewish country club. It should be noted, however, that while Jews were not allowed to be members in the older, established country clubs, I was allowed to caddy for tips on the golf courses.

My parents insisted that we all attend college. While my father's finances were dwindling and my mother was a stay-at-home parent (who later went to college and received a degree in counseling), my parents worked out a sliding scale for college tuition, lodging, and board: they would pay the full amount the first year, half the amount the second year, one-third the amount the third year, and nothing in the fourth year. I raised money for tuition by working a range of jobs – mowing lawns, shoveling snow, tarring driveways, counseling at summer camps, doing construction and factory assembly work, serving as a drug store soda jerk, and busing tables at restaurants.

Academics, Social Life, and Stuttering

During my years in public school, I was, socially, popular with classmates despite the fact that I stuttered severely. It was a strange dichotomy. Although it would have been easy for classmates to make fun of my stammer, I don't recall that they ever did. They would, however, make fun of other kids' appearances, temperaments, or disabilities. I think that I was spared being shamed because I was likable, mischievous in the classroom, an average student good at distracting my teachers (who good naturedly put up with most of my antics), and respected by my classmates for my athletic ability. When I refer to my athletic ability, I mean that, as a youth in Newton, I was a good but not great starter on the high school football team. Not incidentally, playing football enlarged my pool of friends. Of average height and sturdy, I was not an imposing physical specimen. However, in pick-up games and varsity athletics, I was often chosen to be the captain of the team. Our high school student population was largely Jewish. The non-Jewish population were Irish and Italians who lived in the more-distant working-class neighborhoods. Thus, I had the unique opportunity of having Jewish, Protestant, and Catholic teammates. I also had a major crush on a very pretty, red-haired, Irish-American cheerleader – forbidden fruit who wouldn't have anything to do with me.

The dichotomy of being popular and a stutterer was complicated for me, and for my teachers. Outside of the classroom with my classmates, I didn't stutter. However, in the classroom, when called upon, I was a nervous wreck and had difficulty completing a sentence, about which I have written previously (Glickman, 2010). One teacher in my high school – Mr. Mattson – gave me the confidence to speak in public. He was the only teacher who insisted that I participate in whole class discussions regardless of how frustrating it was for me to talk. One day after class,

he called me over and said, “Carl, I know this is hard for you but I’m going to keep calling upon you because what you have to say is important for us to hear.” No one had ever said that to me and a few months later I ran for a student body office knowing that I would have to speak to my classmates in the high school auditorium. I survived and so did my classmates. I never entirely got over stuttering. Even now, although infrequently, it still occurs. Although it remains somewhat of a mystery, as a student it led to an interest in psychology and an understanding of how one caring teacher can positively alter the life of a student.

Forty years later I tracked down Mr. Mattson, who was now retired and aging. I called to thank him and tell him that I had written an essay that I would send him about what he had done for me and then we had a pleasant conversation about how our lives had evolved. A year later, my phone rang and the caller introduced herself as Mr. Mattson’s daughter. She informed me that her father had died and that in his last hours he had asked her to re-read my essay. In a halting voice, she explained that he had smiled while listening to every word.

Identity, New Worlds, and Marriage

When I attended Colby College (a small liberal arts college in central Maine) from 1964 to 1968, it was both a serious academic and party school. Fraternities and sororities held sway on campus and I became social director and then president of my fraternity – Tau Delta Phi, the only Jewish fraternity on campus. For the first time in my life, I was a religious minority among the large majority of Christian students. I could at last eat non-kosher food!?

I was admitted to Colby because my high school football coach was a friend of the Colby’s football coach, *not* because of my grades (I’d had about a B average). However, in my freshman year, after two weeks of football practice, I quit football to join the track team, play intramural sports, and date good-looking, non-Jewish Colby women. I found some of my classes fascinating. I delved deeply into religion and philosophy and chose to major in Eastern Asian studies until, in my senior year, I changed my major to psychology when I discovered there was an Asian language requirement.

In my junior year, I met the most attractive, inquisitive, and competent woman in the world – Sara Orton, who jokingly referred to herself as “a recovering Presbyterian.” (She also was the school’s homecoming queen.) I knew that my parents would not approve of our marriage and her family would have keen reservations about their only child, nineteen and a sophomore, marrying a twenty-one-year-old Jewish boy about to graduate without job prospects or savings, and who was a stranger to them. So, one day in the spring of 1968, Sara and I decided to marry the following week at sunrise by the college pond. We invited everyone in the college and notified our parents of the wedding seven days before the event. Sara’s parents admirably and stoically attended to support their daughter. My parents and siblings refused to attend this first marriage of a family member to a non-Jew. I loved Sara and, 50 plus years later, I love her more than ever. As for my parents, it took several years for the rift between us to heal. And I suspect that having their first grandchild, our precious Jennifer, aided in the healing process. Marrying Sara was the best thing I’ve ever done as all the wonderfulness that I have experienced in life is on account of her.

The Teacher Corps and the Integration of Schools

By June of 1968, I had graduated, married, and Sara and I were expecting our first child. Sara was two years away from completing her degree, neither of us had jobs, and we had a beat-up car that would break down for good a few weeks after graduation. I had applied both to graduate school in Canada and The Teacher Corps – one of the three national service programs of President Johnson’s “War on Poverty.” The Teacher Corps, similar to a domestic peace corps, placed newly minted college graduates in public schools in “disadvantaged communities” (the term used by the Teacher Corps, what now would be referred to as historically marginalized communities), and included tuition-free graduate studies in education at a local university. This position would, at least temporarily, allow me to continue to defer serving in the military and most likely being sent to Vietnam to engage in a war that I and most of my friends vehemently opposed.

In August of that year, I was accepted into The Teacher Corps. Shortly afterwards, Sara and I found ourselves in rural tidewater Virginia, living in a trailer in an isolated town on an inlet of the Chesapeake Bay. I and four other interns would be the first white teachers to, of their own free will, teach in the still-segregated Black K to 12 school. The following year we would be part of the first year of full integration with the White school. The Black community was pro integration even though it meant that they would lose their beloved community school and many of their African American teachers. The White community, on the other hand, had refused to integrate after *Brown v. Board of Education* in 1954 ruled that they must do so in all due speed and, 14 years later in the 1969–1970 school year, had to deal with the enforcement of the mandate by the federal government.

My presence and those of my fellow Teacher Corps interns was supported by the Black community and resisted by most of the White community. Although the Klan was not active in the area and there hadn’t been an outbreak of violence, the tension in the air was heavy. We were long-haired, bearded, smart-assed, Vietnam-war-protesting federal employees who were not welcomed by most of the power structure of the town. I greatly admired both the Black people who showed courage and determination to see that their children would receive the same education as their White peers and the White people who risked the scorn of their neighbors to stand for integration.

The two years that I spent in The Teacher Corps were pivotal in my life and all the years that followed. They provided me with an understanding of the fight for inclusion, justice, and a democracy for all, and a road map for the type of life that Sara and I wanted to live. It’s no coincidence that we eventually made our way back south, with Sara teaching middle school in a city school with a high percentage of students living in poverty and me at the University of Georgia establishing partnerships with urban and rural K-12 schools serving some of the poorest communities in Georgia.

My Time as a Principal

After completing my two-year term at The Teacher Corps, departing in August of 1970 with a Master's degree in Teaching from Hampton Institute (now Hampton University), I asked my Professor, Henry Haskell, to write a recommendation for me. It began, "Carl is bright, if not brilliant, and has a promising future ahead of him." He correctly summed up my intellectual acuity. Though I was not brilliant, I was curious about improving public education. My experiences growing up in ethnically divided neighborhoods in the Boston area, as well as my time working in racially segregated Southern communities, taught me that that our country had much difficult work to do to become a purposeful and just democracy.

We decided to return to Maine so that Sara could complete her course work at Colby and where I was employed by a large city school system as a program evaluator. My role was to document the results of program efforts at privatizing public education called "performance contracting," wherein private companies contracted with the federal government and school districts to improve the achievement of students in poverty. In my bi-weekly visits to the four schools that were privatized, I observed classroom teachers using a highly sequential and rigid curriculum aligned with the standardized tests that were used to measure student achievement. And to think, this was happening in 1970, a full 35 years before consulting firms and corporations successfully infiltrated public schools on a massive scale. The test results would determine how much money the companies would receive. The results were not impressive, the classrooms were stultifying for teachers and students, and there were concerns regarding the manipulation of test scores. Little did I know then that such standardization and teaching to the test would become the main mode of operation for schools in low-income neighborhoods for decades to come. What this taught me was that in order to help schools be more democratic, there needed to be a greater connection between what schools were teaching and what was valued or needed by the local community the school served. These connections would later show up in my work when I wrote about democratizing schools (Glickman, 1993, Glickman, & Mette, 2020b).

I left that position after one year to become a teaching principal in a small, rural town in a potato-growing area of Maine. I taught sixth grade in a K through 6 school. The school office consisted of a phone in my classroom that students took turns answering. The school was among the first to pilot a four-day school week – a federal program designed to determine whether schools could operate successfully with fewer days and, thus, cut costs during the U.S. energy crisis. We taught twenty minutes longer Monday through Thursday and on Friday students stayed home and faculty engaged in teacher planning and staff development. I was 24 years old and amazed at how my stereotype of old fogey, traditional teachers stuck in their ways was turned upside down. I observed veteran teachers of 20 plus years making positive changes in their classrooms when given the time to share and learn about innovative methods of teaching and learning. This gave me insight into how teachers have different developmental experiences that were not based on age or experience, something that informed my thinking about supervision and education more broadly in my writing.

My stay at the school was brief as I was recruited to become a full-time supervisory principal of two elementary schools in a conservative, working-class, mill town in New Hampshire. Our schools broke the mold of traditional teaching by incorporating team teaching, project-based

learning, multi-age grouping, and student inquiry into a self-designed curriculum. I, as the official leader, fostered school-based decision making and self-governance with the same single vote on major decisions as everyone else. Our superintendent gave us the autonomy needed to develop three different K through 6 models of teaching from which parents and teachers could choose. We secured authorization from the University of New Hampshire and the State Board of Education to operate our own non-traditional certification program by providing one-year internships and school seminars taught by our faculty. We won the state award from the New Hampshire Council for Better Schools for our innovative programs and Jean Piaget, the noted Swiss authority on child development, visited our classrooms while on a speaking tour in the United States.

What I learned from my years as a principal was that faculty, when given support, time, and recognition, can be trusted to make wise decisions. The ideas and implementation of better classroom and school-wide teaching and learning practices were best made through the informed decisions of those closest to students rather than by a sole hierarchical authority. I also learned that school change, if not done in a supportive partnership with other schools, can definitely be controversial and emotionally draining. As a principal I was lonely – in that there were no other schools trying to implement similar changes from which we could learn. From this feeling of school isolation came the resolve that if I was ever in a university position, I would develop partnerships with public schools willing to practice autonomous and responsible democratic engagement and push beyond the traditional model of schooling.

After three years, I needed a rest from the hectic pace of schooling, dealing with controversies about our innovations, and feeling obliged to so many people. At such a young age, I did not have the experience to know that every unpredictable occurrence was not a crisis and the end of the world. Sara, I, and our dear daughters, Jennifer and recently arrived joyous Rachel, traveled to the University of Virginia where I would pursue a personalized Doctorate in Education with twin concentrations in Child Development and Supervision and Administration.

The Ohio and Georgia Years⁵

During the two years of graduate school, I began to both connect human development and school leadership to my experiences working with a variety of teachers and theorize as to why, as a school principal, some teachers appreciated the collaborative way in which I worked with them on classroom improvements while others didn't. This became a broadening question for me as to why and how do humans vary in response to others based on multiple factors such as previous history, experience, age, gender, lifestyle, ethnicity, race, culture, religion/spiritual beliefs, etc.

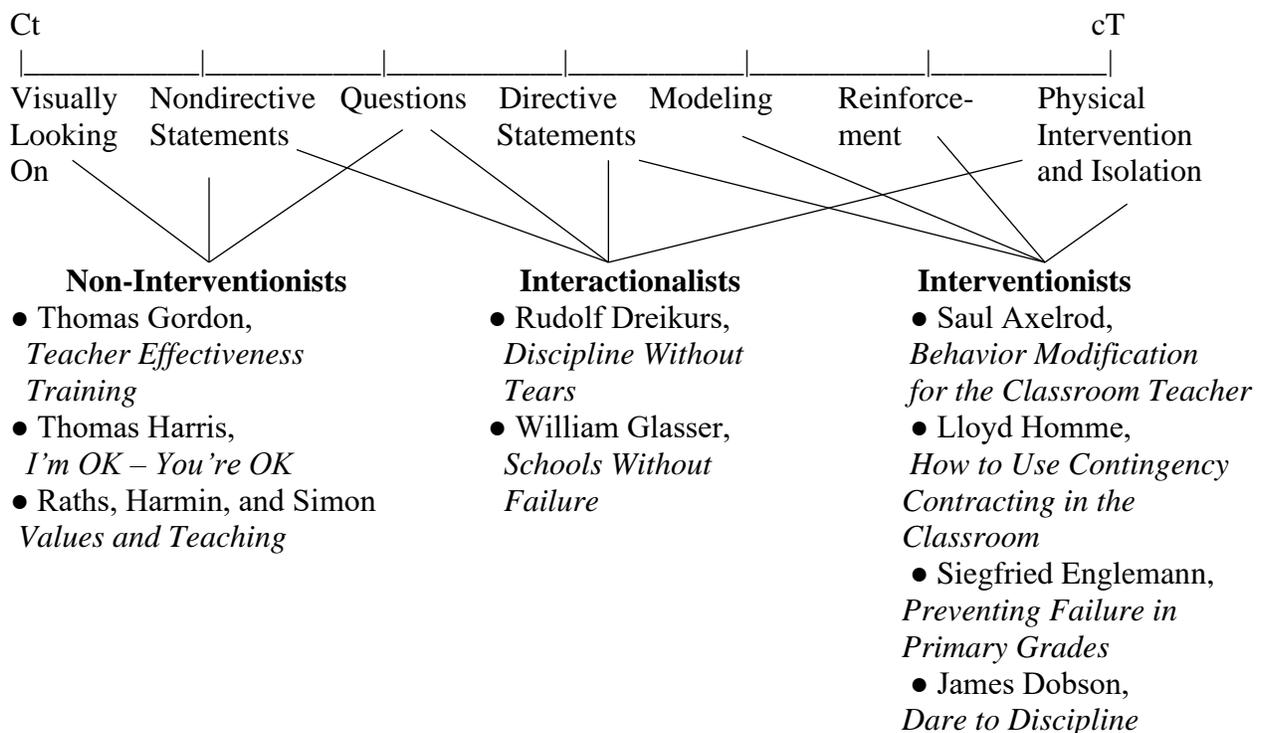
After completing my degree and stepping into my role as assistant professor in the Faculty of Early and Middle Childhood Education at Ohio State University, I met a tenured faculty member in my department – Charles “Chuck” Wolfgang. Chuck had established a national reputation in the areas of children's play and working with passive and aggressive children. (Chuck and his wife, Mary, were young, energetic, and a hoot to hang out with. Chuck, Mary, Sara, and I

⁵ Familiarity with the theory and practices detailed in *Developmental Supervision: Alternative Practices for Helping Teachers Improve Instruction* (Glickman, 1981) and *Supervision of Instruction: A Developmental Approach* (Glickman, 1985), although not absolutely necessary, may be of some help in reading the sections that follow.

became fast friends, and the friendship still stands.) Chuck showed me how to navigate the academic world while staying connected to the world of the practitioner. I had already published a book with Jim Esposito (who'd served as my doctoral advisor) – *Leadership Guide for Elementary School Improvement: Procedures for Assessment and Change* (Glickman & Esposito, 1979). Ninety percent of the book's content was based on my experiences as a school principal. I state this to, rather than diminish Jim's contribution and guidance, emphasize the difference between that book and my second book, which I co-authored with Chuck – *Solving Discipline Problems: Strategies for Classroom Teachers* (Wolfgang & Glickman, 1980). Although Chuck was senior author, we committed ourselves to a full collaboration, reviewing each chapter together and spending many hours resolving differences.

In *Leadership Guide for Elementary School Improvement*, I spelled out three general views of supervision related to the degree of control and authority between a supervisor and a teacher. This control and authority dimension was later amplified and detailed in writing the book on discipline with Chuck. Our concept of successful discipline was for teachers to understand the three schools of discipline – Non-Interventionists, Interactionalist, and Interventionists – the names of which we coined. We explained that the best way for a teacher to work with a student who misbehaved was to first meet the child where he or she was in the developmental stage of social and cognitive growth and, over time, decrease teacher control and authority so that a child could learn to self-monitor his or her behavior.

Table 1 presents the Teacher Behavior Continuum as modified from the book (Glickman & Esposito, 1979, p. 17).



After moving on to the University of Georgia, I conducted research studies, several with my colleague Ed Pajak, that included audio taping post-conferences of supervisors with teachers toward the end of improving classroom practice. From those studies, I uncovered a more nuanced set of behaviors tied to the degree of control, which I reshaped into a continuum of available supervisory behaviors that appeared in my book *Developmental Supervision: Alternative Practices for Helping Teachers Improve Instruction* (Glickman, 1981). Within the continuum, I clustered supervisory behaviors into at first three different approaches named, non-directive, collaborative, and directive. In the directive approach in later writings, based on the research with Ed Pajak, I separated into two distinct approaches, directive informational and directive control. The book was published by the Association of Supervision and Curriculum Development (ASCD) and became a best seller to their vast membership. Again, it was a combination of my personal experiences growing up, experiences in the field as a teacher and principal, and in my training at UVA that really influenced my thinking on what it means to empower people to make the US education system more democratic.

Table 2 is the behavior continuum illustrated in the book (Glickman, 1981) that shows supervisor behaviors according to degrees of control between teacher and supervisor.

The Supervisory Behavior Continuum

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
T	Listening	Clarifying	Encouraging	Presenting	Problem	Negotiating	Demonstrating	Directing	Standardizing	Reinforcing t
s					Solving					S

T = Maximum Teacher Responsibility for Decisions
 s = Minimum Supervisor Responsibility for Decisions
 t = Minimum Teacher Responsibility for Decisions
 S = Maximum Supervisor Responsibility for Decisions

In recalling my years at Ohio State, I'd be remiss if I didn't mention Jack Frymier. Professor Frymier, a towering figure in education, was revered throughout the state, nation, and world for his curriculum development work with schools and his advocacy of school leadership and supervision tied to the health of a democracy. During my initial years at Ohio State, I was in the Department of Early and Middle Childhood Education and Jack was in the Department of Educational Administration, and Supervision. We worked on separate floors and though we may have passed each other in the halls, I didn't know him personally. Yet, having heard so much about him, I had the gumption to walk into his office, introduce myself, and ask if I could sit in on his graduate course on school supervision. He said, "Fine," and I attended his class twice a week.

I learned that he had served in World War II and witnessed, firsthand, fellow soldiers fighting and dying for what they believed to be the righteous cause of democracy. When he returned from the war, he became a teacher, administrator, and, eventually, a professor at Ohio State and a fierce advocate for re-organizing colleges and schools around the practices of democracy. He stood ramrod straight and was brilliant, forceful, and blunt. His lectures resonated with me as they brought to mind my childhood, the Teacher Corp, and my experiences as a school principal.

I came to understand that supervisory authority needed to be inclusive and respectful of teachers as equals and that teachers would, in turn, treat students in the same manner – leading to a more participatory and inclusive democratic society. He was a model of what I wanted to be as an educator and as a university professor.

In 1984, in my fourth year at The University of Georgia, I asked Professor Frymier if he would consider looking at the draft of my attempt at writing a full textbook on supervision (an attempt, by the way, that became the first edition of *Supervision of Instruction: A Developmental Approach* [Glickman, 1985]). I further asked, if he liked the draft, if he would consider writing the Foreword. At the same time, my publisher had sent the draft to three external reviewers, academics/writers in the field. All three (gently negative) reviews stated that the proposed book was not about supervision because the range of topics covered was too wide and it focused too much on working with small and large groups of teachers on curriculum development, action research, staff development, group development, and schoolwide change. They noted that the chapters on adult development, teacher development, and understanding cultural, gender, and ethnic differences would be more appropriate in a psychology textbook than in a text on supervision of educators. My editor, Hiram Howard, called and told me that he had read the reviews and was wavering as to whether to publish the book. I knew Hiram (under whose direction Allyn & Bacon had published two of my previous books) well. I told him that I wanted the book published as is and if Allyn & Bacon declined to publish, I would submit the draft to another publisher.

During this same period, I received a favorable review of the draft from Jack Frymier, who informed me that he would be most pleased to write the Foreword. He wrote in the Foreword, “Some writers conceptualize a textbook in such a way that they actually reconceptualize the field, I think Carl Glickman has begun to do that with this book This book is clearly different. He urges educators to become cathedral builders . . . to serve “a cause beyond oneself” (Glickman, 1985, pp. XII–XIII). I knew that if Jack liked the draft that the book would have legs. Allyn & Bacon published it and the text, now in its 10th edition (Glickman, Gordon, & Ross-Gordon, 2017), continues to be popular due to the incredible ongoing contributions of Steve Gordon and Jovita Ross-Gordon, both of whom began serving as my co-authors of the book’s third and all subsequent editions.

Jack Frymier, many years later and in the twilight of his career, presented at a statewide conference at the University of Georgia. As I introduced him, I looked directly at him and told him how much he’d meant to me.

Council of Professors of Instructional Supervision and “That’s Me in the Corner, That’s Me in the Spotlight”⁶

December 8, 1979, at the Second Annual Conference of the Council of Professors of Instructional Supervision (COPI) in Athens, Georgia, was a defining moment in my career. I had only a few months before joined the faculty of the University of Georgia, College of Education in the Department of Supervision and Curriculum Development. I was by far the

⁶ From the lyrics of the song *Losing My Religion* by REM. Used with permission.

youngest member of my department by about fifteen years. Senior faculty members Ray Bruce and Edith Grimsley and department head Jerry Firth asked me to give the COPIS keynote address to the attendees in the grand hall of the Hotel Georgian. Mind you, I was brand new to the field and COPIS was *the* national organization for faculty of educational supervision. Many in attendance had written the articles and books on supervision that I had read as a graduate student. Following my address to an audience that included legendary supervision scholars, such as Ben Harris, Tom Sergiovanni, Art Blumberg, Noreen Garman, Richard Neville, Barbara Pavan, Robert Anderson, and the like, a two-person panel would share their reactions to my presentation with the audience.

The attendees would dine, listen to my address, and we would then all gather at a wine and cheese reception. The Hotel Georgian in Athens is a historic structure adorned with stained-glass windows and white columns throughout the grand ballroom. Picture this: I am standing in the back corner of the room reviewing my notes, the lights dim until the room darkens completely, I stride briskly to the stage, stand erect behind the podium, a spotlight shines on me, and I then begin my address. Dramatic, yes, but not true. Although the lights never dimmed, I was certainly in the spotlight! This was my first presentation on instructional supervision. While I was nervous for sure and stammered some, I became confident as I critiqued the supervision scholars seated before me.

Table 3: Supervisory Behavior Continuum

T 1. Listening 2. Clarifying 3. Encouraging 4. Presenting 5. Interacting 6. Contracting 7. Modeling 8. Directing 9. Measuring t S

Models	Non-Directive	Collaborative	Directive
Institutional Purposes	Existentialist	Experimentalist	Essentialist
	Louise M. Berman. <u>Supervision, Staff Development, and Leadership.</u> Arthur W. Combs, Donald L. Avila and William W. Purkey. <u>Helping Relationships</u> – 2 nd edition. Earl C. Kelly. <u>The Workshop Way of Learning.</u> Ralph L. Mosher and David E. Purpel. <u>Supervision – The Reluctant Profession.</u> Carl R. Rogers. “A Plan for Self Directed Learning” <u>Educational Leadership</u> , May 1967.	Arthur Blumberg. <u>Supervision and Teachers: A Private Cold War.</u> Morris Cogan. <u>Clinical Supervision.</u> Thomas J. Sergiovanni and Robert Starrat. <u>Supervision: Human Perspective</u> – 2 nd edition.	Robert J. Alfonso, Gerald R. Firth, and Richard Neville. <u>Instructional Supervision: A Behavior System.</u> William H. Lucio and John D. McNeil. <u>Supervision in Thought and Practice.</u> James Popham. <u>Criterion Referenced Supervision.</u>
		KEY	T = Maximum Teacher Responsibility for Decisions s = Minimum Supervisor Responsibility for Decisions t = Minimum Teacher Responsibility for Decisions S = Maximum Supervisor Responsibility for Decisions

I began by saying, “Tonight I have the rare opportunity to present my thinking about the field of supervision to a national gathering of the most respected people in supervision today. I truly desire for you to rebut, revise, and react to my thinking. My topic tonight is “A review of Current Models of Effective Supervision and a Philosophical Position” (Glickman, 1979, pp 95–113). I went on to state that underlying each of their perspectives on supervision were implicit or explicit philosophies of “good” education, “good” teaching, and “good” learning. I then projected on the large screen an image that showed how I categorized the leading text book authors into three distinct camps of educational philosophy – the Existentialists (Berman, Combs, Kelly, Mosher, Purpel, and Rogers), the Experimentalists (Blumberg, Cogan, and Sergiovanni), and the Essentialists (Alfonso, Firth, Neville, Lucio, McNeil, and Popham) (see Table 3).

I then laid out the behavior continuum – Non-Directive, Collaborative, and Directive. I argued that effective supervision was not generic but rather dependent on its education underpinnings. I explained that eclecticism of practice was useless unless a supervisor knowingly used a range of approaches toward the end of teacher self-responsibility, joint responsibility, or following orders. I closed by saying, “After all is said and done, what we do in schools and how we supervise is essentially a philosophical decision.”

The reaction panelists, Richard Neville and Len Valverde, shared their remarks on my presentation with the audience members. Neville (kindly) took me to task for ignoring the generic teacher effectiveness literature, and Valverde suggested that my focus on supervision as what a single supervisor does was too limiting, with which I agreed. Len also stated, “You’ll note that all the other [conference] speakers didn’t have reactors; they had people summarizing. But I would think that Carl is still vulnerable, and that is Georgia’s way of making that statement to you, Carl.” While I appreciated Len being empathetic to me as a newbie, I don’t believe that my colleagues at The University of Georgia had malicious intent by putting me in the spotlight. They put me front and center so I could think out loud before an audience of scholars. Over the years, thinking out loud with COPIS members has provided me with invaluable intellectual and personal support to share and develop concepts and theories. (Oh, and by the way, the reception afterwards was exquisite. Much merriment ensued as the night wore on. It was a thrill to meet colleagues who would become life-long friends.)

“Oh, no. I’ve Said Too Much, But Maybe I Haven’t Said Enough”

I think I’ve said enough and will shortly sign off. Over the next forty-plus years, I broadened my thoughts and eventually coined the phrase *Super-Vision of Education* – the propelling force for all that we should do in our schools. I applied theories about improving teaching and learning practices congruent to what I deemed should be the essential mission of public schools and universities. My interests expanded and I held faculty appointments in four different departments. I took a leave of absence to study constitutional law, political theory, education philosophy, and public service. I continued to write books and articles (practical and theoretical), conduct studies, and expand and strengthen networks of democratically infused public schools. My law professor friend Milner Ball introduced me to Hannah Arendt’s writings, which put me on a path to a deeper understanding of democracy and its strengths and frailties, and the role of education.

I am honored that my colleagues asked me to write this essay as I do not view myself as one of the major university-based figures in education (such as Ted Sizer, Debby Meier, James Comer, Pedro Noguera, Angela Valenzuela, Linda Darling-Hammond, John Goodlad, to name a few) and don't think that I'm any more significant in the field of supervision than my colleagues – who are too numerous to name.

Throughout my career, I have been honored in many ways and appreciative of all. The honors of greatest significance to me are:

- Having been invited to become a member of the University of Georgia's Black Faculty and Staff Association,
- Being honored by students as the faculty member who had most influenced their lives both inside and outside the classroom, and;
- Receiving the designation of University Professor of the University of Georgia for having a significant impact on the university and its mission.

The University of Georgia, except for a few delightful post-retirement years at Texas State University, has been my home since 1979. As the oldest chartered public university in the nation – with all its horrible warts, ironies, and new possibilities – it was an excellent fit for me, one who sought to fulfill its common public purpose.

My absolute greatest honor has been to walk through life with Sara and observe how she and our cherished daughters, Jennifer and Rachel, and their families have continued the quest for a better, more wholesome future for all.

Okay. I think I've said enough. Maybe more than enough!

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A Developmental Approach – now in its 10th edition, was selected as the best educational administration textbook of all time by Book Authority. His professional papers are archived at the Hargrett Library of the University of Georgia.