

## Surrendering during a bad research interview

The tape began to to tears, the desk, catch all expressed thoughts in high fidelity. And then? Unethically send digitized versions of my humiliation to sites all over the Internet? With a mumble and a shy conspiratorial smile as if we were soon to take drugs or have sex, the person in front of me had first produced this form. Written in Latin or possibly Greek, it apparently offered right to withdraw, confidentiality, anonymity and even a pseudonym, informed consent, but this was all such a blur I didn't really grasp it. Then the questions began, designed to prod, probe, uncover discrepancies, cast light on inconsistencies, search for hidden truth. Numb under-the-knife, being pulled in every direction, listening remotely to my wooden responses so out-of-body, I realized acutely that the inequalities of the interviewer/interviewee power symmetry was what I was now so painfully experiencing. Feeling dominant alien values being rammed down my throat I just wanted to get out of there, to be sane and free. So, next time someone asks me to volunteer, I think you might guess what my response will be.

*Mark Wyatt*

## Hamming it up in an observed lesson

"Let's do  
 Cokey, woah  
 Cokey! Knees  
 stretched, ra  
 the front of  
 now feeling  
 ridiculously stretching larynx  
 caricature of a dull third-rate  
 I lumber and croak. Observers'  
 invading, are upon me, subjecting  
 tunnel vision. I fear being victim  
 untransparent checklist, murdering  
 or just being casually trashed, the  
 condescending luke warm gossip-praise  
 a wry snigger in the presence of the  
 Observers see what they expect to  
 excessive use of referential/  
 no questions uttered in  
 stressed-out way) and  
 label these torturous  
 occasional misnomers, e.g.

the Hokey  
 the Hokey  
 bent, arms  
 ra ra!" At  
 the class,  
 so exposed,  
 and sinews,  
 entertainer,  
 eyes, space-  
 everything to  
 to a horribly  
 my reputation  
 oral feedback  
 provided with  
 head-teacher.  
 see (e.g. the  
 display, yes/  
 a completely  
 paradoxically  
 sessions with  
 'naturalistic

classroom research', which makes me sick. I really want to  
 love research. I attended a conference once where speakers  
 including Judith Burns, Anne Hanks, Richard Borg, and also  
 Simon Smith were explaining exactly how research could set  
 you free. It needs mentoring, though, or context-sensitive  
 leadership in some way and we don't get that here. Instead  
 there's some muppet university academic treating me like a  
 specimen, an object or a faceless research subject fit for  
 dissection in a laboratory, a human guinea pig, a sad case

*Mark Wyatt*