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The Construction of Correctional Officers: Layers of Emotionality Behind Bars

Sarah J. Tracy
Arizona State University

This "layered account," based on qualitative research gathered at a county jail and state women's prison, illustrates the ways in which organizational discourses and micro-practices encourage emotional constructions such as withdrawal, paranoia, detachment, and an "us-them" mentality among correctional officers. Using philosophies from Michele Foucault, the analysis extends theoretical notions of emotion labor, illustrates the harnessed yet pervasive nature of sexuality in a total institution, and sheds light on the emotional challenges faced by a troubled, hidden, and stigmatized employee group. The text jumps among theoretical arguments, notes about methodology and writing, and creative nonfiction vignettes and in doing so, attempts to embody the emotional and jarring nature of the correctional environment.

Keywords: *emotion labor; Foucault; qualitative research; prison; total institution*

Probably the most stressful thing that's happened to me since I've been in here is taking down this inmate in segregation. I couldn't get the handcuffs off her, and she started threatening me with them, using them as a weapon. She was saying things like, "I'm going to kill the next person that comes in here." We stormed the cell and she kept screaming things like, "Yeah, you hurt me . . . hurt me . . . fuck me, fuck me hard." She wanted us to hurt her . . . and I guess we did. I've been bothered by this incident for weeks, and I said that it upset me, and then I got a mental health referral! That's bullshit. I should be able to be bothered and not be labeled as unstable.

—Correctional Officer,
Women's Minimum Prison¹

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Behind the barbed wire and locked doors—watched by surveillance cameras but hidden from public view—work the keepers, the watchers, the eyes of America's prison industrial complex. "Correctional officers," a euphemistic misnomer, because as one officer retorted, "we ain't correctin' nothing," serve on the front line of prisons, alternately playing the roles of babysitter, flight attendant, counselor, and disciplinarian. Manifest in this work are a variety of emotional issues. The correctional officer who relayed the incident above explained, for instance, that she felt anxiety and fear before taking down the inmate, excitement and pride after the group succeeded in taking the woman down without injury, and a mixture of guilt, disgust, and confusion after the takedown. Nevertheless, we know little about correctional officer work in general (Brodsky, 1982) and even less about the day-to-day, emotional highs and lows that mark an occupation that has consistently been ignored, traduced, idealized, and maligned.

Understanding the work of correctional officers is especially pertinent given America's ever increasing fondness for addressing social problems such as homelessness, unemployment, drug addiction, mental illness, and illiteracy through imprisonment. The American prison and jail population has more than doubled—increased by 220%—in the past 10 years (Schlosser, 1998). As of August 1999, 1.8 million Americans were behind bars (U.S. Bureau of Justice Statistics, 1999)—the highest incarceration rate in the world behind Russia (Laugesen, 1999). Now more than ever, punishment is "private"—not only is it hidden but also increasingly privatized by companies such as the Corrections Corporation of America backed by investors including Allstate, Merrill Lynch, Shearson Lehman, and American Express (Davis, 1998; Schlosser, 1998). As prison activist and sociologist Angela Davis (1998) pointed out, the meteoric rise in imprisonment attempts a "feat of magic," disappearing social problems through disappearing human beings. Problems have been transformed from something the public must see and deal with to something profitable they can invest in on the New York Stock Exchange. Despite the rise in the private-prison industry and the additional roughly 1,000 new prisons and jails that have been built in the United States in the past 20 years, American correctional facilities are overcrowded, many holding twice as many inmates as they were designed to hold (Schlosser, 1998). Builders cannot keep up, and overcrowding has led to inmate irritability, increasingly frequent security breaches, required employee overtime, and correctional officer shortages.

Without diminishing the significant trials faced by inmates, including racism, class bias, and sexual abuse (Davis, 1998), in this piece I turn my gaze on the keepers of the disappeared, a population that faces its own significant challenges and is, perhaps, as "disciplined" by the prison industrial complex as its inmates. Correctional officers experience medium to high levels of burn-out for a number of reasons including role conflict, danger, strained relations with inmates, administration and coemployees, lack of influence, overcrowd-

ing, inadequate staff, negative personal and social image, and lack of social support from colleagues, friends, and family (Huckabee, 1992). The research paints a picture of correctional officers as hardened, cynical, stressed out, caustic, ritualistic, and alienated (Poole & Regoli, 1981; Walters, 1986)—traits that can result in passivity and the inability to respond with flexibility to volatile incidents (Cheek & Miller, 1982). These problems are linked to several dreary results for officers, including high levels of turnover, dissatisfaction, alcoholism, divorce, psychological distress, and a life expectancy of 59 years (Cheek, 1984).

The following “layered account” (Jago, 1996; Ronai, 1992, 1995) aims to illustrate the harnessed emotionality and disruptive nature of correctional officer work. Increasing numbers of ethnographers have argued that to write emotionally, we must experiment with the format of our writing (Denzin, 1997; Ellis & Flaherty, 1992) and experiment with “messy” texts (Marcus, 1994). As Richardson (2000) so aptly quipped, “How we are expected to write affects what we can write about” (p. 927). A creative writing style “provides a set of techniques for dealing with the *affective* [italics added] aspects of organization; it allows us to experience and discuss the fear, humor, lust, envy and ambition that drives so much of organizational behavior” (Phillips, 1995, p. 629).

The text of this article jumps among theoretical arguments about the discursive construction of emotion, notes about my chosen methodology and writing style, and creative nonfiction vignettes (constructed from field notes, organizational documents, and interview transcripts). The following five stars illustrate a jump from one to another of these rhetorical spaces.

* * * * *

Occasionally, I also jump to another facet of the same rhetorical space, whether that is a different theoretical position or another segment of a creative vignette. Two stars illustrate “minijumps.”

* *
* * * * *

I walk into Women’s Minimum Prison and meet with the shift commander, Captain Kristi Frank—a large and intimidating White woman whose voice always seems to be a bit too loud. She warns that I will have to get used to correctional officers. She says, “You’ll be talking to them and all the while they won’t be making eye contact. Rather, they’re roaming the room, wary for trouble.” She laughs,

Even when you go out to dinner with them, they always want their back to the wall and their eyes on the door. It’s so funny to go out with a whole group and see them scramble for the prime seats!

She introduces me to Officer Stephanie Jones, an athletic 30-ish White woman. Throughout our observation, Jones discusses how inmates sit around, "24-7" looking for ways to "set you up." To me, she seems a bit overly paranoid. But what do I know? This is only my third observation.

* *

I am reminded of this paranoid emotional construction several months later as I attend various workshops and officer training sessions. Trainers tell officers they must be suspicious of inmates and wary of being "sucked in" by "inmate games." One trainer warned, "You've got to check their story cause as we all know, the jail is full of *very credible* people." The training participants' response of giggles and "yeah, rights" indicated they understood the sarcasm in the trainer's statement. The jail's head psychologist sent a similar message, saying "These people are manipulative—they'll suck you into things. Set your boundaries, we're not here to be their friends."

As part of my data collection, I peruse a Women's Minimum training manual on "being professional." One section warns officers "inmates will use flattery and appeal to your ego." This reminds me of messages I heard during my participation in Women Minimum's training session on "working with the female offender." I go back to my field notes. Among other activities, we watched a video called "con games inmates play" and took home an "employee susceptibility traits self-test" to ascertain our vulnerability to inmate setups. In this same session, a trainer explained how the progression of vocabulary used to label prisoners has changed chronologically from "convict" to "inmate" to "offender." The trainer scrawled the "meaning" of each of these terms on the chalkboard. Next to "convict," he wrote "*con* artist." Next to "inmate," he wrote "they've always got the '*in*.'" Next to "offenders," he wrote "they *offend* everybody." Notably absent was any explanation of *why* the terminology changed, *how* the "meanings" of the terms were determined, or *what* officers should do with their newfound knowledge about the terms' "meanings." The message sent? No matter what you call them, prisoners are sneaky, offensive liars who are out to get you.

* *

Six months later, Officer Stephanie Jones and I sit in a Wendy's restaurant. She has agreed to an interview, saying, "I gotta tell you that I'm really grateful that you're doing this research, because I think people need to know what it's all about." I nod, relieved that she thinks my research will help correctional officers but simultaneously aware that voyeuristic motivations intercede with my avowed "use-inspired" research goal. She continues, "I think people have this perception that we're just a bunch of gorillas in there, beating up on inmates and getting them pregnant. But anyway, I'm sure you could give a shit about that." What? I protest, explaining how I do honestly appreciate her

time and opinion. Nevertheless, I can tell she does not believe me and even more so, that she does not care. Given her line of work, she is used to feeling lied to.

Like most of my interviewees, Jones has chosen the table in the corner and the seat against the wall. Throughout the interview, her eyes scan throughout the restaurant and out the window. About 45 minutes into our time together, she begins staring intently at two men waiting outside at the bus stop. I ask, "What are you looking at?" She stands up, eyes rapt on the men. She whispers, "That guy looks like he's in prison-uniform greens!" One of the men is wearing a greenish shirt, but other than that, it is unclear to me why these two individuals remind her of inmates. I begin to laugh. She sits back down and says, "I don't want to know anything about it." The bus comes. The men get on. We continue the interview.

Paranoia travels with officers outside of the barbed wire-topped prison fences into the doors of fast-food restaurants, discount stores, sports arenas, and bedrooms. Emotional constructions designed to meet organizational goals bleed into private life.

* * * * *

Emotion labor, considered to be "the management of feelings to create a publicly observable facial and bodily display" to be "sold for a wage" (Hochschild, 1983, p. 7), has been examined in a number of organizational atmospheres. The majority of emotion labor studies focus on employees who work to express happy or caring emotions, such as medical caregivers (Morgan & Krone, 2001), Disney employees (Van Maanen & Kunda, 1989), and cruise ship activities coordinators (Tracy, 2000). On the other end of the spectrum, bill collectors are paid to show negative emotions such as anger and irritation (Hochschild, 1983; Sutton, 1991). Emotion work is also required to achieve neutral and calm emotional states as exemplified by professors working through tragedy (Miller, 2002), police officers (Pogrebin & Poole, 1991), and 911 call takers (Shuler & Sypher, 2000; Tracy & Tracy, 1998).

The stories retold to me and the behaviors and incidents I observed at Women's Minimum Prison and Nouveau Jail illustrate how employees' emotional experiences and understandings are constructed through mundane practices designed to meet organizational norms such as "don't get sucked in" and "don't take things personally." In meeting these and other norms, officers strive to appear respectful when they feel disgust or anger, maintain wariness/suspicion even when they feel comfortable, and act calm when they are in tragic- or fear-inducing situations. Doing so goes beyond manufacturing displays of phony feeling; working to uphold emotion labor norms serves to construct emotional identity.

As I trailed officers in their work, I met with a number of emotional stances or fronts that seemed strange and in some cases, even irresponsible or deviant

(Tracy, 2003). Officers were disdainful of inmates; they consistently referred to them as the "scum of the earth" and "disgusting filth." They ignored others by not answering their questions and not making eye contact. They were also paranoid. Despite my protestations, even until the end of my research, some officers thought I was a management spy. I also found officers to display a withdrawn, apathetic demeanor. They refrained from questioning organizational structures that would affect them and from actively resisting/modifying their work world. When officers did actively express excitement or glee, it was usually when inmates did something wrong.

A goal of my research was to make sense of these puzzling performances. I hoped to understand why officers displayed emotional demeanors that initially seemed foreign and strange and to analyze how these constructions became normalized through everyday interaction. Indeed, a social constructionist approach encourages an understanding of emotion as constructed by and managed within the constraints of interaction, communication, and local social norms (Averill, 1994; Oatley, 1993). From this point of view, emotion is not a separate object that can be detached from linguistic labels operative within the local moral order. We experience emotions that fit within a specific language and repertoire of social practices (Harré, 1986) and understand our emotionality in relation to the power/knowledge discourses within which we are entwined (Foucault, 1977).

* * * * *

Service and security routines constitute the greatest part of correctional officers' work. Officers described themselves with chagrin as "babysitters," "glorified maids," "airline stewards/stewardesses," or "camp counselors" as they reflected on their everyday duties of serving food, fetching toiletries, supervising chow and the recreation yard, and reminding inmates of petty organizational rules such as not lying on the couch when watching television. As one officer explained it, "You feed them, you pick their trays up . . . you walk around with the nurse, you feed them again, you do the count and then you go home. It's the same routine every day and that gets old." Security activities—such as shaking down inmate rooms, conducting count, and watching inmates swallow medicine—although perhaps less "disdainful" than service routines, were nevertheless mundane. Part and parcel of these routines was the regulation of sexuality.

Sexuality saturated the correctional atmosphere, but was hidden and tightly controlled. Regular officer duties included conducting strip searches and urinalysis tests, watching inmates shower, accompanying them to the toilet, and doing rounds to ensure they did not engage in sex with each other or masturbate (both infractions worthy of an institutional write-up). The hidden, secret, and perversified nature of sexuality in the correctional atmosphere ironically indicated its centrality and prominence. Indeed, sex is

"something akin to a secret whose discovery is imperative" (Foucault, 1980, p. 35). Infinitum rules and regulations about sex tell us that sexuality is precocious, active, and ever present. Being "charged" with regulating inmate sexuality, correctional officers experienced the "pleasure of knowing that truth, of discovering and exposing it, the fascination of seeing it and telling it, of capturing and capturing others by it, of confiding it in secret, of luring it out in the open" (Foucault, 1980, p. 71).

* *

I'm shadowing a young female officer at Women's Minimum. Her post, today, is to sit in the transport area and search work vans as they enter the facility. It's tedious work. Both she and I are bored. Finally, she has a break and I attempt to rupture the routine, asking if "anything interesting" has been going on lately. She sits down, swings her black-booted feet onto a desk in front of her and says, "You want to hear something that is truly disgusting? I swear this might just epitomize my career." I am eager for a juicy story. And that is what I get.

Me and Gretchen [another officer] had to go down to inmate Potters's cell [in the minimum area of facility] because she was destroying state property—ruining the shades, banging on the wall. Earlier in the day, I went by the room and she was sitting on her bed leaning against the wall, naked from the waste down, legs open with a bunch of paper or tissue between. Anyway, we go to get her and bring her to segregation. As we're cuffing her in general population, we start to smell this really awful smell.

Well, we have to strip her out in the segregation intake room and she's not doing the squat and cough thing [as per normal strip search procedure], and I can tell that she has something up in her. Every time I ask her to do it, she doesn't really squat. Meanwhile, she has this yellowish-whitish liquid running from her crotch down her legs and it is smelling awful. Poor Gretchen is just sitting there looking green. Well, eventually I call Captain Frank and tell her Potters's not doing the squat thing. Frank comes up and comes in and tells her, "OK, what do you have in you? *Pull it out!*" At this point, Potters [who is about 23 years old] is sitting in the corner buck-ass naked, laughing her head off. She proceeds to pull out this seven-inch maxi-pad and starts flinging it around. It's covered in blood and shit and it's getting all over and she's laughing like a maniac. You'd think she'd be embarrassed, but no, she's just sitting there laughing hysterically.

At this point, the smell is so bad that Gretchen is green and about to throw up, and I leave the room looking for a sink to throw up in. The captain is right behind me . . . and you know, Frank, she's pretty gross and everything. . . . She'll fart in front of you and laugh. So you know if she's grossed out that it's got to be pretty awful. So, we're sitting there trying not to throw up, and then the captain tells me that I've got to take Potters to the shower. Well, I've got to make sure that she doesn't do anything weird, so I have to watch her. The whole time she's calling me a fag and saying I'm enjoying watching her shower. I'm like, "Yeah, this is the greatest sexual thrill of my life." This is the last thing I'd ever want to see. Well, she thinks she's done and I say, "No, you're not, keep washing." I make her wash herself like five times.

Then, the grossest thing is that all of her clothes—that smell like crap—are sitting in a pile. I have new clothes and tell her to put them on and she proceeds to pick up her old underwear, covered in blood and shit, lifts them to her face [Jones imitates the inmate breathing in deeply] and says, “Mmm, these aren’t dirty.” Again, I’m about to barf. Later, I ask the captain what to do with the old clothes and she tells me to put them in a bag and mark them with “destroy.”

The officer smiles and shakes her head, exasperated but almost unimpressed. My facial muscles have uncomfortably crinkled into a grimace, but like the officer beside me, I am voyeuristically intrigued, simultaneously mesmerized and repulsed.

* *

One of the few joys in the tedious work of “gazing” is stumbling on something that is deemed worthy of one’s gaze. By remembering and (re)telling stories about clients that are disgusting, strange, and deviant, human-service employees not only relieve tedium but also reassure themselves and each other of their own relative normality and high status (Tracy, Myers, & Scott, 2002). As such, it was no wonder that officers voyeuristically sought out and relished the bizarre, through routinely one-upping one another with stories of the “grossest inmates” and for instance, passing around an intercepted female inmate’s letter that graphically described her sexual relations with another female inmate. One officer, a past journalist, admitted that he took the job because he wanted to interview the inmates. Shrugging his shoulders, he said, “How else could you talk to criminals? They wouldn’t give me the time of day on the street.” Although voyeurism served as a vehicle for amusement and differentiation—two emotion management techniques central to the correctional atmosphere and many criminal justice environments (e.g., Pogrebin & Poole, 1991)—it had the effect of reifying and perpetrating the inmate as “Other.”

* * * * *

Part of being a good correctional institution is to be invisible, isolated, and outside public view. Punishment is “the most hidden part of the penal process” (Foucault, 1977, p. 9):

Correctional institutions . . . represent a failure in social functioning. Ideally they should not be needed. In fact, the belief that crime should not exist, and the reality that it does, contributes to a strong desire to keep prisons, prisoners, and facts about prison life invisible and silent. (Brodsky, 1982, p. 83)

Prisons and jails serve as “total institutions”—“a place of residence and work where a large number of like-situated individuals cut off from the wider society for an appreciable period of time, together lead an enclosed formally administered round of life” (Goffman, 1961, p. xiii). Considering this, it

should be of no surprise that the work of correctional officers is largely an enigma.

Although television shows blitz us on the dramatic and difficult lives of police officers and lawyers (e.g., *Cops*, *Law and Order*, *NYPD Blue*, *Rescue 911*, *The Practice*), Hollywood and general society largely ignore correctional facilities (*Oz* on HBO may be an exception). When prisons and jails do find their way into the news, it is usually because of an escape, riot, or charge of officer misconduct (Crowder, 1999; Stratton, 1999). Furthermore, correctional officers' jobs are often mocked and exaggerated. For instance, when a correctional officer on *Politically Incorrect with Bill Maher* insisted that she was proud of her job, other guests harassed her, asking sarcastically, "Why does someone choose to be in a place where there is this kind of cruelty?" (Maher et al., 2000). Indeed, officers complain that their friends and family do not understand the correctional environment and are confused as to why they would want to work in it. Officers say that outsiders view them as lax and lazy, brutal, sexually deviant, or silly and stupid. Officers deal with denigration not only from the general public but also from street police officers who call them "the scum of law enforcement" and "professional babysitters."

As "dirty workers" (Ashforth & Kreiner, 1999), correctional officers engage in a variety of maneuvers to manage, control, and distance themselves from the "taint" associated with prisoners. Referred to as the "contagion effect" (Brodsky, 1982), the stigma associated with criminals rubs off onto workers, and correctional officers are sometimes regarded by outsiders as not being so different from the population they control. Punishing is viewed as a demeaning and shameful task; there is "no glory in punishing" and "those who carry out the penalty tend to become an autonomous sector" (Foucault, 1977, p. 10).

* * * * *

It's 2 a.m. on a Sunday morning in June and the booking room of Nouveau Jail is buzzing with activity. Officer Jacob Katz is meticulously logging in jewelry from the jail's most recent bookie, Candy. Arrested for the third time on domestic violence charges, Candy is frantically screaming from Holding Cell A. Twelve calmer bookies, charged with a variety of crimes ranging from public nuisance to drunk driving to murder, fill the increasingly crowded booking room.

A white, female bookie dressed in a tailored camel-colored suit is pacing back and forth. This is the first time she has ever been arrested; she was pulled over for drunk driving on her way home from a company party. She wipes away her tears, smudging 16-hour-old mascara on her sleeve, and proceeds to march to the correctional officers' dais for a second time. She asks Officer Jacob Katz, "What's going on now?" Without looking up from his computer, Jacob responds, "You Schnacter?" She nods reluctantly. Jacob continues, "The

patrol officer is still writing up your report. You're just going to have to take a seat and be patient." Schnacter is a criminal now. As such, she is not offered the luxuries of long explanations or extended eye contact. She peers longingly behind the officers' desk at a row of crates. One is now filled with her jewelry, purse, and shoes—items, I'm told, which could potentially be used for barter or to hurt someone else. She drags her feet, now hooded with Nouveau County-issued socks, back to the waiting area. There, she plops onto one of the six beige plastic waiting-room seats, pulls her legs up beneath her, and rocks back and forth.

"This is absolutely ridiculous!! I want to go back home!" Candy's high-pitched voice resounds from Holding Cell A. Schnacter and the other waiting bookies focus their attention on Candy, the booking room's most recent guest. Her eyes are wild and the arresting officer tells us that she is high on drugs. The five-foot, 100-pound Black woman is dressed in a bright yellow sundress. Although the fastest-growing group of prisoners is Black women (Davis, 1998), in a sea of White faces typical to Nouveau City, she is vibrant and different. She flings her waist-long cornrows back and forth as she screams out the cell-door window, "Why can't I be out there with everyone else? This isn't fair! I want my phone call, why can't I sit out there and have my phone call?" Jacob glances over at one of his partners for the evening, Officer Katie Smith, who says, "Is she drunk or high or what?" Jacob shrugs his shoulders. It's not their job to find out. They will lock her up for the time being, manage the booking paperwork, and eventually call the nurse if she does not calm down. Katie continues, "What do you think of that hair? At first I thought it was real, but I think it's just extensions."

Candy continues to scream, her voice screeching with chemically enhanced emotion, "I want my jewelry! Why are you stealing my jewelry?" Candy smashes her face against the glass door and yells, "THIS IS SO FUCKED UP! I want some toilet paper. I need to blow my nose." The officers ignore her. The other bookies watch and snicker to each other, "Can you believe her? Oh my gosh, how ridiculous." A male and female bookie, both in their teens, huddle together near one of the phones that makes only collect calls. They roll their eyes at Candy as if she's the nerdy kid in school. Nevertheless, they keep their derision quiet—if they want to stay out in the general booking area, they must stay under the radar of the correctional officers. Make a scene and be put into a holding cell like Candy.

Unbeknownst to the officers, Candy begins to pull apart the blanket issued to her when she arrived in Holding Cell A. The bookies stare in awe and amusement at the caged woman and occasionally sneak glances up to the officer dais in the hope that they will be able to catch the officers' reaction to Candy's infraction. Katie and Jacob are busy with paperwork and do not notice. Candy is not nearly the attraction to officers that she is to the rest of us.

This is my fifth observation at Nouveau Jail and second observation in the booking area. I had hoped by this time that the officers would trust me and

like me. Not tonight. Even though I am supposedly given "full access" to study the officers and their work, I feel as though I am an outsider. Earlier in the evening, I asked Jacob a question about a form he was using. Without meeting my eyes he jerked his head around to Katie who was walking by and said, "Is she allowed to see this?" Katie replied coolly, "I doubt it." Feeling the heat of anger and embarrassment crawl up my neck, I said apologetically, "Hey, it's no big deal," and retreated to my perch on the back counter of the dais. I try to console myself that this interaction is a positive thing because it allows me to see what "really happens" in the booking room of Nouveau Jail. However, I feel dismissed and disrespected. I am learning the ropes of being a correctional officer. I am learning how these officers treat outsiders by being an outsider myself.

As I continue to watch Candy, I am struck with having to make a decision. Should I allow her blanket ripping to continue? Traditional research protocol dictates noninterference in the scene. However, I see this as an opportunity to "make good" with the officers. My research with them will be easier if I am on "their side."

The bookies watch Candy with glee.

I do not want to be one of them.

I am going to tell on Candy.

I lean forward and mention casually, "Uh, Katie, that woman is ripping her blanket in there." Katie looks over to the cell in time to observe Candy blowing her nose into a ragged fragment of the blanket. Katie rolls her eyes. I feel helpful. The bookies gleefully anticipate the two-woman performance about to commence in Holding Cell A.

Katie struts over and opens the cell door saying, "What the hell are you doing? Give me that blanket!" Candy explains, "I need it to blow my nose. There isn't any toilet paper." Without comment, shaking her head, Katie snatches the blanket and walks to the back room to fetch toilet paper. After dropping it off, Katie returns to the officer dais, glances my way and mumbles, "She's going nowhere fast." It's the first thing an officer has said directly to me all night. Note to self: Telling on inmates offers me a ticket to camaraderie with the officers.

Candy continues her screaming and begins to climb on top of a divider in the cell. Katie and Jacob are busy, so the sergeant on duty, Tom Enriques, yells over, "Candy, get down!!" She does, but two minutes later, she's climbing again. She suddenly falls off the five-foot high divider to the floor. I'm shocked. Several of the bookies in the waiting area laugh. One walks over to the cell and gestures the "cuckoo" sign to Candy, who is lying in a heap on the floor. Candy jumps up, seemingly uninjured, and makes a face back at him. Tom sighs and walks to the cell. Sounding exhausted, he says, "Why are you acting up? You're going to hurt yourself." Candy cries, "Why am I here? I love my children and I love my husband. Don't you know what love is?" Tom

shrugs his shoulders, "I don't know why you're here. You need to calm down. Lay down for a while and then we'll let you make a phone call."

Despite Tom's continued pleas to settle down, Candy suddenly begins to dance haphazardly around her cell. She swings her hips and jabs her arms in the air as she struts sexually, awkwardly, throughout the cell. Sounding like a weary father, Tom asks, "What are you doing?" She retorts, "I'm working out!" Candy's tears have dried and she begins to twirl in circles around the cell. The yellow sundress and her magnificent cornrows float around her. She stumbles toward the door and the cornrows slap Tom in the face. He steps back, but tries once more to penetrate her artificial reverie. "Let me tell you your options. . . ." She interrupts whining, "What did I do? What did I do?"

They talk for five minutes before Tom finally leaves Candy and returns to the officers' dais. She calms down for a few minutes and then starts yelling and climbing the divider again. Without looking up, Tom says to me, "She's testing me, like a child would. . . . She's pushing it." He does not give her the satisfaction of paying attention. To do so would cede the game. The patrol officer who initially brought her in to the jail walks by the dais, turns to watch Candy for a moment and says with a smirk, "Leave her in there . . . it's good entertainment."

Candy is alternately screaming obscenities and dancing wildly within the cell. Katie whispers under her breath to no one in particular, "Rave on." Candy screams, "You have no feelings at all." Katie and the other officers ignore her, enacting Candy's assertion: no feelings, at all. However, I figure I can pay attention as much as I want. Candy is more interesting than watching officers endlessly code fingerprint files.

So I watch.

And make notes: "She's dancing wildly within her cell, endlessly screaming obscenities into the air . . ."

Until she freezes mid-twirl.

Candy's eyes lock onto mine and she shrieks, "You nasty scumbag fucking bitch!"

The words resound in my ears. What on earth did I do to deserve this? Candy must think I am one of them. Maybe I am? I did tell on her. I never asked why she did not receive her phone call. I did not question the officers' decision to place her behind bars. It's because she's high, on drugs, and acting erratically.

At the time, I did not think about the burdens faced by Black women as they are regularly stereotyped as animals, out of control, and hypersexualized (Collins, 1990). I did not think about how criminality, surveillance, and deviance are racialized (Davis, 1998), disadvantaging Candy before she ever set foot into Nouveau Jail.²

Candy continues to stare at me defiantly. I work to appear unaffected, desperate to mask the impact and power of Candy's abuse. I make my eyes drift

off slowly where they come to rest on my familiar and comforting yellow notepad; it's a place where I have the power. I carefully pick up my pen and write, "eye contact with inmates is dangerous"—a building block in the cold, tough, distant emotional construction so common among officers.

* * * * *

I gathered qualitative data at Women's Minimum Prison and Nouveau Jail, both located in a western state of the United States, during an eleven-month period (May 1999 through March 2000) with 109 research subjects. Data sources included field notes from shadowing officers in their daily work, field notes from my own volunteer training, field notes from participant observation in officer training sessions, a number of organizational training documents, and transcribed formal interviews. I logged a total of 171 research hours yielding 722 single-spaced, typewritten pages of raw data (see Tracy, 2001 for a full explanation of data-gathering procedures). My role in the organization could be labeled "participant-as-observer" (Gold, 1958, c.f. Lindlof, 1995). In this role, I entered the scene with an openly acknowledged investigative purpose. Nevertheless, by participating in employee training sessions and shadowing officers in their daily work, I held a "play" role.

Due to an initial interest in emotion labor, and driven by the significant lack of critical reflection on the correctional officer occupation in general (Brodsky, 1982), I collected data primarily about correctional officers and chose to privilege officer voice (over, for instance, that of inmates or management). This was not necessarily an easy choice; I faced the dilemma of how to tell a story that has multiple and conflicting points of view. It's a dilemma that has no easy answer (Fine, Weis, Weseen, & Wong, 2000), but one that I tried to address through references to alternate interpretations as well as through being self-reflexive about my own role in the research.

Throughout my data gathering and analysis, I interrogated and problematized my own role in the story I presumed to collect—a process that Fine et al. (2000) call, "coming clean at the hyphen" (p. 123). My role as a White, naïve, fairly privileged, and relatively young female affected the type of access and trust I was afforded within the scene and the way I interpreted events. My credentials and somewhat nonthreatening persona likely helped me to gain access to the facilities. However, my background also served as an obstacle in that I sometimes became disgusted or shocked by behaviors, incidents, and language that officers and inmates seemed to find normal and mundane. In addition, I was an oddity, sex object, and perceived do-gooder, to the officers as well as to the inmates. Throughout my research, I conscientiously attempted to appear nondescript and plain by wearing baggy clothes, little makeup, and tying back my hair. Likely, a male researcher would not have felt these same pressures. Organizations are sexualized in asymmetrical

ways (Trethewey, 1999); although men's sexuality is largely invisible, females take pains to act asexual in an attempt to avoid being seen as sexy (Gutek, 1989).

I was also aware that my presence affected the scene. For instance, officers were likely not as watchful of inmates when I was with them because they often talked with (and looked at) me. On the other hand, they were told to be "better behaved" in my presence. Before shadowing one officer, I overheard the lieutenant tell him, "You better make sure you act professional." I consistently reflected such issues in my field notes. However, in written accounts such as the one found here, I try not to confound self-reflexivity with "squeeze[ing] out the object of study" (Denzin, 1997, p. 218). Indeed, "flooding the text with ruminations on the researcher's subjectivities . . . has the potential to silence participants/subjects" (Lal, 1996; c.f. Fine et al., 2000, p. 109).

* * * * *

I'm observing the work release unit of Nouveau Jail at shift change. The swing-shift officers appear and the day-shift officer with whom I have become so comfortable in the past couple of hours leaves to go home. A mid-thirties White officer, Ben Jewel, enters the officer booth and says, "I vaguely remember you from one of our roll calls." Lately I have felt like an unwanted interloper, so Ben's comment pleases me. The other work release deputy enters, a husky Hispanic who appears to be about twenty-two years old. I recognize him from a fleeting interaction in the booking room several weeks ago: He had made some comment to the other officers about wanting to go around and "rattle the cages" of inmates. I learn that his name is Billy Gonzalez. He is loud and sarcastic. I hope he and Ben are okay with my presence. They were not expecting me. They showed up for work and there I was.

I give them informed consent forms and they both immediately start making fun of them. Billy says, "Uhh, scary, I'll never sign anything." I am concerned that they do not want to sign the forms. At the same time, they do not ask me to leave. I guess I'll just hang out and wait. I observe the officers as they go about their duties, giving breathalyzers, conducting pat downs, engaging inmates' requests. Forty-five minutes later, Ben finally signs the informed consent form. As he hands it to me, he offers amicably, "Seriously, if you have any questions, just let me know." Billy continues to ignore the form and my presence. How am I supposed to know whether I should stay if he refuses to even acknowledge me? I feel paralyzed, uncertain of what I should do next. Billy offers no hints, and I consider how his dismissive behavior serves as a control mechanism for me (and for inmates): a technique to keep us silent and dependent.

Billy has not yet looked me in the eye. He is way too busy for my research. This is irritating, but I try to reframe it as amusing (an emotion labor tech-

nique of my own?). Ben leaves and Billy and I are alone in the officer booth together. Without Ben to distract us, Billy desperately looks for something else to do (besides look at or talk to me). He checks e-mail for three minutes. I scan the area and activities around and outside the booth. Finally, though, I just bow my head to my notepad and pretend to doodle, ignoring Billy. I will out-Billy him—I can play this game. In my peripheral vision, I see Billy stand up and walk toward the corner where I am sitting. I refuse to look up. BOOM!! I jump. Billy seems pleased by my startled reaction to his slamming the cupboard next to me. He chuckles a bit. Is he trying to scare me?

After I leave for the evening, I try to make sense of the situation. Billy was wary of my presence—a young, White female, perhaps someone who thought she was better than he, invading his space. His behavior created an aura of toughness and detachment that discouraged my questions and thus, put him in a power position. Interestingly, near the end of my observation, Billy boasted to Ben that he was going to go camping the next week with his girlfriend. Rubbing his hands together, he said, “I’m going to get some.” The comment reeks of the “male as conqueror/warrior” sexual metaphor (Borisoff & Hahn, 1993), casting the man as the powerful actor and the woman as the acted-on recipient. Although I was secretly a bit repulsed by his blatantly objectifying comment, I chose to view this opportunity to “bond” with Billy. I proceeded to engage him in an extended and quite pleasant conversation about camping. Finally, we had something in common. He did not have to ignore me anymore. He could sign the informed consent. Through acting tough and unaffected, I became acceptable.

This interchange says a lot about sexuality, gender, and power in the correctional setting. Dehumanizing and objectifying comments are not only directed toward absent girlfriends but also made in relation to female coworkers and inmates, placing women in a double bind. On one hand, to accept and not interrogate such comments reifies the male as the potent conqueror and the female as passive victim. However, in a profession where being tough, macho, and hardened serve as badges of belonging, for a woman to act shocked or bothered by sexualized comments is to admit that she cannot “take it” and is indeed different from (and lesser than?) male colleagues. By “going along,” women achieve approval but also condone, acknowledge, and perpetuate men’s position as gatekeepers to the club.

* * * * *

“I don’t understand it. The captain and the sheriff take time out of their day to meet with the officers and most of ‘em just sit there and don’t take the opportunity to ask questions—I don’t get it.” This offhand comment, made to me by Sergeant Brian Douglas one week prior to Nouveau’s in-service officer training, rings in my ears. Sergeant Douglas, the “head trainer” for Nouveau Jail, is my contact for observing this forty-hour training required for all offi-

cers each year. Like most Nouveau administrators, Brian is White and male. As is custom, the training opens with "Captain's Hour." The jail captain and county sheriff are clothed in dark blue, official uniforms, with badges gleaming on their chests and guns bulging at their sides. They sit at a long table facing us in the training classroom. The sheriff appears calm, with his hands folded neatly in front of him. The captain, one stripe below and 150 pounds above the sheriff, makes sidelong glances to his superior as if eager for confirmation. Fourteen officers and I, all dressed in street clothes, sit like schoolchildren behind our own long tables and stare back. Some take notes, others doodle, several nod and look alert, while another begins to nod off.

In monotone voices, they rattle off the important information to be communicated this year. Talk of the budget turns to statistics about jail crowding. An officer raises his hand and asks when they're going to get more computer equipment and go online. The captain answers, "Yeah, a person is going to be assigned to make a list of computer needs, then do a cost analysis and make a decision. But more importantly we need to keep the jail clean and graffiti off the walls." The captain talks about graffiti for another few minutes and closes his response saying, "Regarding the computer stuff, this is not my expertise. We're going to make a list and then after Y2K, we'll deal with the issue." The questioning officer persists, "Well, everything's manual in the work release unit—even the doors—and that makes work really slow and cumbersome." The sheriff pipes up for the first time and says, "That's good." The captain, seizing a moment to agree with his boss says, "Yeah, I don't want you to be able to open all the doors with the push of a button." The officer gives up. The "Captain's Hour" forum is not going to give him more information about computers in his area.

Instead, an officer asks about Y2K preparation. The sheriff and jail captain assure the officers that the jail will be OK even if Y2K causes a citywide power outage. After discussing the logistics of the looming New Year's Eve, the sheriff casually announces that there will be no vacation for anyone between Christmas and New Year's this year. Officers, who had been doodling or nodding off, jerk their heads up in attention. No vacation? This is a surprise. The woman sitting to my left gags, "What? This is ridiculous! I *always* take that week off. It's my birthday and my husband was going to take me to Wyoming!" A few other officers shake their heads, disappointed but silent.

The captain asks, "Are there any more questions?" A male trainee wearing a Mickey Mouse sweatshirt yells out, "No questions because we're so satisfied!" The sheriff pauses for a moment, then smirks. The captain quickly follows suit. A few officers laugh. The woman next to me grunts. The captain tries again, "Come on, no questions?" A young female officer quips, "I'm keeping busy back here. I find my questions get me into trouble." This time, the captain and sheriff ignore the comment. The officers go back to their doodling and the discussion turns to dead radio batteries.

* *

Three months later, when I interview the sheriff I ask, "Through what avenues are officers in the jail able to communicate with administration, and through what avenues does administration communicate with the officers?" He replies, "You know, they do a forty-hour in-service every year and for almost every one of those, I spend at least an hour with them in just a free discussion and it's usually a question and answer." I wonder to myself what the sheriff's criteria are for "free discussion," but like the withdrawn officers, I keep the question to myself.

* * * * *

Much has been learned about emotion work in light of the concepts termed by Hochschild (1983) and extended by myriad emotion labor researchers. However, emotion labor theory has largely relied on a dichotomous portrayal of real and false self (Tracy & Trethewey, 2003). This distinction presumes that "real" emotion is personal, private, and a priori to organizational life, implying that emotion has a "truer" existence before it falls under the sway of organization norms. This assumption does little to incorporate the ways that "real" emotion is formed through interaction, dialogue, and societal and organizational rules. Indeed, according to Waldron (1994), researchers have consistently underestimated the significant role of communication in constructing employees' emotional lives. Philosophies from Foucault can assist in explicating the role of discourse in constructing and harnessing emotional identity.

From a Foucauldian point of view, discourse transmits and produces power, which in turn continuously produces and constitutes the self. In a prison atmosphere, for instance, the soul is "born . . . out of methods of punishment, supervision and constraint" (Foucault, 1977, p. 29). Through unnatural work and imposition of violent constraints, prisons *create* delinquents; "discipline 'makes' individuals" (Foucault, 1977, p. 170). If discipline makes delinquents, it follows that it also "makes" organizational emotion labor norms, the micro-practices that construct emotional experiences and the very emotional identities of employees. This understanding of work feelings as constructed challenges the dichotomy between "real" emotion and external "fake" expression that is so popular in the emotion labor literature (Hochschild, 1983; Rafaeli & Sutton, 1987). From a Foucauldian point of view, the self is fragmented and constructed through a number of discourses; different selves emerge in contextually specific manners. The private self is no more "real" than the public self. "Real" feelings are constructed in public, organizational forums.

* * * * *

I walk into the visitation area of Women's Minimum Prison with Lieutenant Jerry Tavo, a slight Black man who is serving as night-shift commander this hot Memorial Day. I'm surprised to see four inmates sitting in the facility's visitation room on a Monday evening. Under normal circumstances, the room would be empty. Officer Stephanie Jones is talking with a burly middle-aged Latina inmate whom I later learn is a long-time con named Salas. Another female officer, Sergeant Carol Brankett, pokes her head out of the bathroom and yells in drill-sergeant tone, "Next!" A small, pale White inmate, sitting at a table by herself, takes a big gulp of water, peers up at Lieutenant Tavo and explains, "I haven't been able to make myself pee yet." She hauls herself up and heads toward the bathroom for another try. Lieutenant Tavo leans over and whispers into my ear, "Jones and Brankett are doing urinalysis tests and these women *don't* look happy." The urinalyses will reveal if these women have recently done drugs, an activity that, like sexuality, was hidden, forbidden, and pervasive in the prison atmosphere.

During the course of several hours with Tavo, I find out in bits and pieces what is going on. At some point in the day shift, an officer received an anonymous tip, slipped under his door, that inmate Salas was doing drugs. The officer passed the note along to the evening shift, and Officers Jones and Brankett then took charge of conducting targeted "random" urinalysis tests, strip searches, and cell shakedowns with about six inmates, including Salas and her much younger girlfriend, Karina. When the officers stormed Karina's cell room, she panicked and "sang," pulling out three plastic bags from her underwear and giving them up to officers—two filled with tobacco and a third containing a substance that appeared to be tar heroin as well as a tiny pink balloon encasing a pebble-sized piece of something. Although the officers could not be sure until the laboratory tests came back, they thought the balloon encased a sizable chunk of rock cocaine. As Karina gave up the drugs, officers gave her a chance to proclaim her innocence and rat out Salas, telling her, "We know that these are not your drugs. You can tell us." The officers were quite certain that Salas, as an experienced and savvy convict, had convinced 22-year-old Karina to be her "mule" (contraband carrier). Karina, sentenced to less than a year in prison for assault, remained silent, protecting her older (and stronger) girlfriend. Frustrated with her silence and faced with the physical evidence, the officers charged Karina with possession of contraband and hauled her down to the facility's lock-down segregation unit.

Officers were unable to find drugs on Salas or in her cell. However, during the strip search preceding her urinalysis, officers found something else. As Officer Jones described it to me later in the night, "I'm sitting there looking up her hooch and I see cellophane dangling down!" Facility regulations stated that officers could not forcibly take anything out of an inmate's body cavity, so Jones said to her, "We can do this the easy way or the hard way." Salas cooper-

ated and proceeded to squat down and pull out of her vagina an upside-down, sample-size shampoo bottle filled with urine. The bottle head was covered with cellophane and secured with a rubber band. According to Officers Jones and Brankett, Salas had convinced another inmate (probably Karina) to urinate into the bottle, providing Salas with a "clean" urine sample. Salas could just prick the cellophane with her finger and *voilà*, appearing on cue would be her drug-free urine specimen. Finding that her cellophane trick had not worked, Salas insisted to Sergeant Brankett that she just could not go to the bathroom. After repeatedly, but unsuccessfully, trying to make Salas urinate, Sergeant Brankett applied a body patch designed to detect drugs through the wearer's perspiration.

I learned these details in bits and pieces from Lieutenant Tavo. Halfway through the evening, however, I was actually able to hang out and talk to Officers Brankett and Jones and record incidents in real time.

* *

It's 8 p.m. The targeted inmates have returned to housing and Officers Brankett and Jones are writing up reports on the strip searches, urinalyses, and cell shakedowns. They are also logging descriptions and finding suitable containers for the three plastic bags of drugs as well as the urine-filled shampoo bottle. The officers, who are usually so no nonsense and tough with the inmates, are excited, almost girlish. Jones looks in my direction and squeals, "This was a *really* good bust!" Jones proceeds to call home and describe the bust to her lover. Brankett explains to me, "We search them and search them and usually find nothing. This one, finally, was a good bang for the buck!" I note Jones's use of the sexual metaphor as well as the duo's goofy, giggly, flirty demeanors as they reconstruct the events of the evening.

Jones offers to show me the contraband, her eyes glittering. I accept. As she and I are huddled over the little baggies, Brankett warns Jones, "Hey bitch, don't fuck it all up." Jones replies, "Don't worry I won't . . . but thanks for caring!" Jones proceeds to brag about how much the drugs would be worth inside the prison. As she opens up one of the bags, several flakes of the tobacco contraband float to the floor. After our perusal, Jones gives the drugs back to Brankett. Brankett is careful to separate out the three different bags for three distinct write-ups. She explains, "If one gets thrown out, we'll still have the others to pin on her." In other words, if Karina gets off on one charge, they'll be able to "get her" on another. I take notes. I feel Jones's eyes on me for a second and then she says, "I have a brother who's a lawyer, a sister who's a business manager, and a brother-in-law who's in medicine, and here I am dealing with things crammed up people's crotches." Although the content of her words indicate self-derision, her vocal tone and smile exude pride and satisfaction. Brankett, laughing uproariously, seems to find this comment hilarious.

I want to join in their excitement, but I am confused. They believe the drugs they found on Karina actually belong to Salas, yet they are clearly satisfied with—even excited about—“pinning” the bust on Karina. I ask about Karina’s motivation for holding the drugs. They say that Salas likely created a threatening situation and that most young inmates are used as “mules” (contraband carriers) or “fish” (people who will literally and figuratively “suck up” and do favors) for the older inmates. I ask, “What will happen to Karina?” Jones kind of shrugs her shoulders. Brankett says matter-of-factly, “She’ll probably be charged with introducing ‘dangerous contraband’ and get sentenced to a maximum security facility for five to seven more years.”

* *

One month later I sit at the Women’s Minimum chow table with two officers, eating the inmate-issued meal of chicken-fried steak, mashed potatoes, two rolls and apple crisp. A caseworker sits down with us and slides a manila folder labeled “Karina” under his tray. Nodding to the folder, I ask what is going on with the case. He explains that with the charges against her, Karina will be sentenced to “close” security for a minimum of another two years, probably longer. He says, “I like consecutive sentences—they’re in here for longer.” I do not ask him what he means. Before spooning in his last bite of mashed potatoes, one of the other officers explains to me, “She was stupid enough to carry it, so she’s got to pay the price for it.”

This leads to a discussion about catching inmates doing bad stuff. An officer complains, “Yeah, I hate the fact that our keys jingle—it makes it almost impossible to sneak up on ‘em.” Another officer turns to me with a huge smile and explains, “We *love* to catch ‘em—we LOVE to! It’s all a game. Who’s smarter, them or us?” The officers continue to banter, and out of the corner of my eye, I see Salas enter the chow room, flirting with a much younger inmate—fresh meat, new mule. I feel the heavy food begin to congeal in my stomach. At the same time, I begin to understand the officers’ excitement about busting Karina for a crime she did not commit.

After a while, all of the inmates become “them,” and to beat them, no matter which “them” it is, is to win (at least until officers consider their own role in a system they call unfair).

Considering the few joys available for correctional officers, I am beginning to understand their delight in winning the “us-them” game.

Correctional officers’ central duty is to monitor inmates—whether that entails conducting strip searches, doing rounds, overseeing visitation, or simply watching. Although these duties make up the lion’s share of correctional officer work, officers only occasionally *catch* inmates in wrongdoing and thus, officers rarely see tangible “fruits” of their monitoring efforts. As one officer said, “Unlike a carpenter or even a computer worker, at the end of the day, you have nothing to show for your work. Here the goal is to do as much as possi-

ble to *prevent* incidents." Considering this, it should come as no surprise that "catching" or "busting" inmates could result in a thrill for officers. Busts served as "proof" to officers that their never-ending, monotonous monitoring routines are actually important. Therefore, inasmuch as inmate busts affirm officers' consistently required monitoring activities, they also embody "success." Together, these processes help explain the officers' tendency toward evidencing an "us-them" mentality.

* * * * *

Officers are faced with a variety of organizational norms, including expectations that they be suspicious of inmates and each other, not take things "personal," be "firm, fair and consistent," and follow the rules, yet remain flexible (Tracy, 2001). In devising performances that attempt to achieve these expectations, officers not only engage in their own brand of stoic emotion labor but also play a part in constructing organizationally harnessed emotional identities—identities that are marked by paranoia, withdrawal, detachment, and an "us-them" approach toward inmates.

When I shared these constructions with officers and administrators during member checks and organizational presentations, many nodded their head, reluctantly accepting the demeanors that marked their colleagues and themselves. However, they also associated these constructions with officer complacency, breaches in security, and abuses of power; they expressed a preference for officers who could be caring while still being careful. My analysis suggests that if administrators want to alter the work feelings so common among officers, they must closely examine their organizations' norms and practices. For instance, if facilities truly want officers who are less tough and more compassionate, they must be proactive in eliminating the stigma that marks officers who seem uncertain or ask for help from colleagues or organizational counselors. Furthermore, if they desire officers who are more proactive and questioning in their job, they should consider the ways that training sessions discourage and even penalize those who ask questions or attempt to understand reasons behind organizational rules and regulations.

My analysis also indicates that becoming detached and treating inmates as "Other" are part and parcel of the job and serve many organizational purposes such as helping officers avoid getting "sucked in" by inmate games. However, these emotional constructions are less "useful" in officers' attempts to manage day-to-day activities in spaces not lined with barbed wire. Indeed, administrators might consider incorporating into a training session the ways that work-related emotional constructions such as paranoia and detachment seep into employees' private lives. Granted, talking about these issues would not dissolve them. Nevertheless, opening up this type of a discussion allows employees to know that they are not alone in their difficulties with transitions from work to home and provides opportunities to share personal solutions.

In conclusion, through the micro-practices of work, employees' emotional identities are continually (re)composed. As correctional officers engage in emotional performances to meet largely paradoxical organizational mandates to respect and nurture, yet suspect and discipline, inmates, work feelings such as paranoia, detachment, withdrawal, and an us-them mentality emerge. When we view emotional demeanors as largely "made" through interactions between individual practices and organizational discursivities, then we must also submit that internal feeling and external expression work in tandem, reinforcing one another, both affected by the local moral order. The fact that these constructions find their way into officers' private lives challenges the idea that emotion is intrinsically more "real" in private life (Hochschild, 1983). Real emotion—in fragmented and layered forms, productive in both functional and dysfunctional ways—is constructed within the constraints of organizational norms.

NOTES

1. Names of organizations and employees are pseudonyms.
2. I thank an anonymous reviewer for prompting me to further problematize issues of race, class, and gender.

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Sarah J. Tracy is an assistant professor in The Hugh Downs School of Human Communication at Arizona State University. Her scholarly work focuses on emotion labor and burnout in organizations, and her favorite ethnographic research sites include a 911 emergency communications center, a commercial

cruise ship, and two correctional facilities. Her work has appeared in Journal of Applied Communication Research, Management Communication Quarterly, Human Communication Research, and The Western Journal of Communication, and she is coauthor of the book Leading Organizations Through Transition: Communication and Cultural Change.