Understanding Tension-Filled Tenure Track Stories: Currere, Autobiographical Scholarship, and Photography

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Abstract

In this paper I utilized the currere method and my experiences as a tenure track hire. Currere provided a framework that allowed me to remember and then engage my ways of knowing and immerse myself in supportive contexts. Specifically, I was able to deepen my understandings, learn, imagine up, and over time shift my tenure track stories. The complex, sometimes hegemonic institutional narratives embedded along my tenure track, regularly resulted in tension. In response to the tension and because of my enactment of the currere, I was able to remember and reflect on what I know and value, think about who I am and who I am becoming, including who I want to be as a professor. This work includes photographs because once I gave myself permission to play, taking, viewing, and manipulating pictures became part of my shifting tenure track identity stories.

Background

> I sometimes wonder why particular stories linger and others do not. Is it because the stories compress and contain possibilities and profundity or is it that they offer continuous, moving links between who we were, are, and who we are struggling to become, our shifting identities. (Jack-Malik, 2018, p. 199)

Increasingly, I suspect stories are the sinew that provides core strength and binding as I struggle to compose a coherent life. Stories afford a look back, offering deeper and sometimes new understandings of an embodied person in social moments as she moves through time. Stories also hint at possible futures. If one is willing to do the multifarious and challenging work of inquiring into stories, they can become interlocutors of potential and understanding.

Knowing this and living with protracted, tension-filled tenure track stories, my goal is to deepen understandings of my experiences with an aim to shift my stories to live by (Connelly & Clandinin, 1999) so they reflect my ways of knowing and who I am and who I am in the midst of becoming.

I used Pinar's (1994, 2010) currere to inquire through an autobiographical lens as well as his notions of emancipatory reaggregation and self-shattering. I included photographs I had taken because taking and viewing photographs were aesthetic experiences that lead to subjective and social reconstructions (Greene, 2001). Greene described art-as-event, highlighting the eventfulness of art and suggesting a space for the "subjective dimension of our knowing" (p. 11). Once I gave myself permission to play, I purposefully sought out the solitude of being on the land. I hiked rugged coastal trails, took photographs (see Figure 1), later studied and played with the images; all these things I did on my own. I did them to

create disjunctive spaces alongside the tension, spaces for self-reflection. Pinar (2010) wrote, "the person undergoing such experience can break free of one's socially determined location, one's subject position" (p. 2). Pinar suggested such moments could lead to self-shattering where "boundaries of the self dissolve into the aesthetic experience that extricate us from submersion in the banal, the provincial, and presses us into the world" (p. 2). Sometimes I experienced taking, viewing, and manipulating photographs as a nonword-like language that pressed me to attend to alternative interpretations, while magnifying and increasing possible future stories.

Fig. 1: In search of safe, light-filled places
Mabou Beach on a cold, windy, winter day. I saw a sun-flooded space and walked towards it. The light shifted as the clouds and sun jockeyed. I wanted to move forward only in light; however, watching the wind and clouds block and then allow light, I knew it was impossible. How then could I move forward safely?

Using currere I remembered and examined early curriculum making (regressive), named and thought deeply about the interdependent nature of my interests and histories (progressive), analyzed what is, what was, and what could be (analytical), and wondered about who I am in this moment and how the work I do contributes to who I am and who I might be. This is the final synthetical step. Currere allowed me to articulate and then enact my desire to embed myself within supportive contexts to interrupt tension-filled tenure track stories and live out new ones.

Slattery (2018), when operationalizing autobiographical inquiry, wrote, "the goal is to free the self from the petrified connections forced onto the self by a repressing society, repressed memories, or normative methodologies" (p. 193). Using Pinar's currere, he named the synthetical step, "prolepsis." He described proleptic experiences as those that, "transcend linear segmentation of time and create holistic understandings of past, present and future simultaneously" (p. 185). Using Pinar's currere and Slattery's notion of proleptic experiences, I will describe how photographs and an invitation to "play with stories" (Cordi, 2014) resulted in narrative fluidity, where I remembered and experienced myself as unafraid, playful, and joyful. In the midst of my joy-filled play and with the help of many, I pushed at the

boundaries of tension-filled tenure track stories, such that I grasped, valued, and mobilized my ways of being, allowing me to live out other tenure track stories.

The purpose of this inquiry then is to generate a new relation between tenure stories and self. I understand this to be important because:

> through the subjective reconstruction of academic knowledge and lived experience – as each informs the other – we enable understanding of the public world as we discern our privately formulated way through it. In small ways and sometimes large, neither stays the same. (Pinar, 2012, p. 45)

In addition, I know myself amongst other things as an educator and always an active learner, two sides of a single coin, impossible to separate. This autobiographical research therefore is in part my story as a student of tenure track.

Understandings of Stories, Curriculum Making, and Shifting Identities

During my doctoral studies, I was invited to think about curriculum and stories in ways that were foreign to me. Curriculum was outcomes listed in binders, organized by grade and subject, and my identity was singular and mostly fixed. Through four years of studies my understandings shifted; I awoke to other conceptions of curriculum and other ways of attending to story. I came to appreciate, "people shape their daily lives by the stories of who they and others are and as they interpret their past in terms of these stories" (Connelly & Clandinin, 2006, p. 375). Furthermore, my understanding of curriculum changed. I now live and work within a view of curriculum as a course of life (Connelly & Clandinin, 1988; Clandinin & Connelly, 1992). As I understood and as I tentatively interacted socially, I appreciated that I wanted to belong within communities. Slowly amidst tension and with considerable support, I, an introverted outsider, moved inside social, cultural, and institutional narratives and lived out new stories. Clandinin, Murphy, Huber, and Murray Orr (2010) offered a different view of tension. They wrote, "we began to understand tensions in a more relational way, that is, tensions that live between people, events, or things, and are a way of creating a between space, a space which can exist in educative ways" (p. 82). I brought these understandings to my tenure track journey.

I Willingly Stepped On

I put myself on tenure track; I leapt on with my experiences, "the fundamental ontological category from which all inquiry—narrative or otherwise—proceeds" (Clandinin & Rosiek, 2007, p. 38). These experiences included an understanding that, "it is the lived experience of curriculum—Currere, the running of the course—wherein the curriculum is experienced, enacted, and reconstructed" (Pinar, 2011, p. 1). I accepted the position knowing, "the stories we live and tell are profoundly influenced by the lived and told narratives in which we are embedded" (Clandinin et al., 2006, p. 1). For me, these embedded narratives included stories from the academy, individual personalities, a dismissed university president, a potential faculty strike, a provincial teachers' work to rule, and a cross-country move.

Regularly feeling inadequate. Along my track I encountered complex experiences. I spent too many hours preparing courses and evaluating assignments, learning how to use the library, and learning how to navigate the university and the various departments. In the fall of year one, my inbox was inundated with emails from the faculty association outlining issues related to the pending strike and detailing my picket line duties. I observed behaviour that was unfamiliar to me in a professional environment. I fielded emails from students, practicing teachers, wanting to know why the university was taking their teachers' union to court. I received three review letters detailing my mediocre first-year performance. There were moments when my tenure track went soft, unable to shore up the relentless weight of demoralizing tension. I regularly felt submerged in inadequacy. Why was my competence diminishing? "Many faculty members find the probationary period and tenure review process a period of high pressure because of limited time to meet mandated expectations in research, teaching, and service and establish a solid research agenda" (Bailey & Helvie-Mason, 2011, p. 42).

As I staggered along, I heard a cacophony of women, each voice belonging to a successfully tenured colleague. I listened; however, I could not transact (Rosenblatt, 1938) meaning (see Figure 2). While attending a workshop, two tenured women spelled it out.

Tenure Lament:

We are waiting for you.

We have been where you are; we know it is crushingly inflexible.

We lived it: exhaustion, exclusion, rejection and marginalization.

It can be traumatic, and it can rekindle cruel memories.

On our side, you will reconceptualize.

You will have time to reflect on and value your past.

Things are better, easier; you will breathe more deeply. You may even take a vacation.

Occasionally you will lay your head on the pillow and sleep the sleep of the righteous.

Your autobiography will include racehorse, rider and multiple races; your curriculum-making will be a noun and a temporal verb.

We need you on this side; we are looking forward to welcoming you.

Hold on. (S. Jack-Malik, personal communication, June 2018).

Fig. 2: Tenure lament

"It's a miserable inheritance," said Wilbour, gloomily" (White, 1952, p. 37).

The Canadian Association of University Teachers and Catano et al. (2007) conducted a national survey of 1470 participants from 56 Canadian universities. They reported, "stress in academia exceeds that found in the general population" (p. 3). Berg and Seeber (2013), having read the study, wrote, "we shifted our thinking from 'what is wrong with us?' to 'what is wrong with the academic system?'" (p. 2).

Ready to Step Off

In the winter of 2018, I began to contemplate resignation. I could not imagine another semester of working seven days a week, each more than 70 hours. I was confused; there were days, classes, and moments when I felt I was making a contribution. However, other days I was drowning in tension. "I have recurring feelings of… uncertainty, frustration, because I don't feel… like I can do all the work, much less do the quality kind of work that I would like to do" (Bailey & Helvie-Mason, 2011, p. 41). Moreover, I was frustrated when female professors, whom I respected, said, "hang in there, things will improve." Every time I heard those words, I wanted to scream, "What about this moment? What do I do right now to dial down the oppressive tension?" I read Hochschild (2011) and wondered how to continue:

> … how a provincial might come to the university and become a full professor, he might have the following advice: enter graduate school with the same mentality with which you think you will emerge from graduate school. Be confident, ambitious, and well aimed. Don't waste time. Get a good research topic early and find an important but kindly and nonprejudicial benefactor from whom you actually learn something. Most important, put your all into those crucial years after you get your doctorate—in your twenties and thirties—putting nothing else first then. Take your best job offer and go there no matter what your family or social situation. Publish your first book with a well-known publisher and cross the land to a slightly better position, if it comes up. Extend your now-ambitious self broadly and deeply into research, committee work, and editorships to make your name in your late twenties and at the latest early thirties. If somewhere along the way teaching becomes the psychic equivalent of volunteer work, don't let it bother you. You are now a full professor and can guide other young fledglings along that course. (p. 18)

I saw myself reflected in one sentence: "find an important but kindly and nonprejudicial benefactor from whom you actually learn something" (Hochschild, 2011, p. 18) and an idea came to me (see Figure 3). I reached out to my doctoral supervisor, D. J. Clandinin, who suggested possibilities. One email included a call for proposals to The Currere Exchange, 3rd Annual Retreat and Conference (2018), which invited professors and citizens "interested in curriculum and cultural studies to affirm, connect, and refresh their personal, scholarly, and social action agendas." My agendas were hazy because I am "perpetually behind immersed in abstract institutional parameters and a relentless to DO list that continually morphs, shifts and grows" (Bailey & Helvie-Mason, 2011, p. 48). I decided before resigning I would give myself this opportunity. I wondered how attendance might influence me. I submitted a proposal; it was accepted. I read Pinar's (2012) description of currere. He wrote, "… the method of currere provides a strategy for students of curriculum to study the relations between academic knowledge and life history in the interests of self-understanding and social reconstruction" (p. 44).

Fig. 3: Suggesting a path

"Charlotte was naturally patient. She knew from experience that if she waited long enough, a fly would come to her web; and she felt sure that if she thought long enough about Wilbur's problem, an idea would come to her mind" (White, 1952, p. 67).

Step 1: Regressive

When I remember elementary and secondary classrooms, the thickest memories are of being dumbfounded by things I did not understand. I was routinely "pulled up short" (Gadamer, 1993), unsettled, wondering who I was as an individual and as a member of various groups. Pulled up short was not grounded in power or proficiency; rather, it was a proclivity for self-questioning and doubt (see Figure 4). Kerdeman (2003) states, "when we are pulled up short, events we neither want nor foresee and to which we may believe we are immune interrupt our lives and challenge our self-understanding in ways that are painful but transforming" (p. 294). I recall Social Studies classes when we watched black-and-white movies of endless piles of skeletons bulldozed into graves and doused with powder following World War II; pulled up short. Observing classmates having sex while on a camping field trip; pulled up short. Sitting with the History teacher, while he smoked; pulled up short. I do not recall a teacher helping me to understand what I experienced or examine my beliefs and assumptions. It never occurred to me to ask questions about things that were unfathomable. Years later as my teacher identity developed, I pulled these memories forward. They helped me know the importance of questions.

Fig. 4: Remember my girl, if you are willing to look, one can see and know?

I have grade six report cards with strikingly familiar comments: "Sandra is not meeting her potential" and "Sandra must learn to remain in her seat and speak only when spoken to" (S. Jack-Malik, personal communication, 1970). When I look at these report cards, handwritten, I imagine the pendulum of education. When penned, a good student was one who could sit quietly and speak when addressed. I never had a chance; a chatty child, I could neither sit still nor remain quiet.

I am the youngest of four children. My siblings created their own school narratives. In response, I was the youngest child of that family and at other times, I was his or her sister. I had a capacity for and a keen desire to engage in high-speed, one-upmanship repartee; this skill and proclivity were not a promising fit for classrooms of the 1970s. On good days, I engaged subject matter in Geography, History, and English because there were human stories, conflicts, and moral matters. I met interesting characters; I read often and widely. Some teachers had a broad view of students and an appetite for discussion.

Sitting in upper-level Math class, I knew I was ill equipped. I lacked knowledge, and while prepared to do the work, I did not know how. Repeating a grade nine Math course never occurred to me. Over time and because of my weaknesses, I learned to be disinterested. This took longer in Science because I experienced understandings of the natural world as compelling. I spent hours exploring the land between the lake and the escarpment. In grade nine and ten science, much of what I experienced on the land was the content of the class. Science class helped me understand what I experienced when I explored. In addition, it helped me link the immediacy of what I observed to larger issues. The loss of land at the end of the street was part of larger environmental concerns and plans of action for the eroding shorelines of Lake Ontario. This learning was compelling. I was eager to get to class, engage, and participate in regularly scheduled field trips. I was "operating within a discipline that held my attention that offered a series of fascinating puzzles" (Malin, 2018, p. 33).

This remembered eagerness has me wondering about my tenure track: teaching, research, publication, and service. Is any of it compelling; does any of it make me eager to engage? How do I separate tension from things that engage? How can I teach classes where students feel safe and are eager if I cannot create safe spaces for myself? I remember invitations declined in efforts to check items off my tenure to-do lists.

When days get long, lonely, intense, stressful, or otherwise too hard, I benefit from play. I take my camera, find a friend and go on the land, or play my fiddle or make art. Why did I decline invitations and why have I chosen not to play on my tenure track?

Step 2: Progressive

Pinar's next step in the currere process is progressive. One "imagines possible futures including fears as well as fantasies of fulfillment" (Pinar, 2012, p. 46). More of the same, another year of coming up short. Teach research, publish, serve, repeat, and do it all while swimming in tension.

Looking forward I could step off tenure track; I could resign. At the height of my privilege, this is an option. It is not, however, what I want. I think about teaching, learning, and students, and I know I am contributing. In September, I will teach courses to my third cohort. My pedagogical work is improving because, increasingly, class discussions see us engaged in the "cultivation of independence of mind, self-reflexivity, and an interdisciplinary erudition" (Pinar, 2012, p. 34). I think about relationships I worked to nurture and after two years, these efforts are beginning to grow roots while providing scaffolding to new experiences. Furthermore, I have been fortunate to secure research grants that will finance studies set to begin in September; I would like to participate in both. There is also the possibility I will not be renewed; occasionally and secretly I experience this possibility as a releasing of omnipresent stress.

Step 3: Analytic—The Lived Reality

There are teaching moments when interwoven story threads, mine, students, subject matter, and milieu (Schwab, 1970) have my embodied self, humming in familiar familial discomfort. Clandinin and Connelly (1992) wrote,

> we began by suggesting that curriculum might be viewed as an account of teachers' and students' lives together in schools and classrooms... it is a view in which the teacher is seen as an integral part of the curricular process and in which teacher, learners, subject matter and milieu are in dynamic interaction. (p. 392)

My dynamic interaction includes a metaphorical fist reaching towards me, eliminating the carefully constructed distance between the present moment and my biographic past, my early familial curriculum making (Clandinin et al., 2010). Sometimes it triggers when I cannot find something I prepared. Other times it occurs when I say something that I wish I could take back or when I make a mistake. Alternatively, it happens when a student makes a comment or behaves such that I am unceremoniously cast into a space my embodied self remembers as requiring hyper-vigilance. The frequency of these experiences increased along tenure track.

Slowly, thoughtfully, reading, reflecting, and counselling, I appreciated sometimes I am able to identify moments where the interwoven story threads of teacher, students, subject matter, and milieu, Schwab's (1970) curriculum commonplaces of unfolding experiences deliver me to endured childhood memories. Increasingly, I can persist in silence without reacting (see Figure 5). I feel alert to possible trouble;

however, I know my interpretation is but one and there are others. Once or twice, I persisted so completely I imagined the moment as benign. Increasingly, I can be quiet and let students fill the spaces with wonders and thoughts. This developing capacity to persist represents learning. I value it, and in reflection, I understand I am learning this along my tenure track.

Fig. 5: "The afternoon passed, and evening came. Shadows lengthened. The cool and kindly breath of evening entered… Astride her web, Charlotte sat moodily eating a horsefly and thinking about the future. After a while she bestirred herself" (White, 1952, p. 75).

Step 4: Synthetical

We welcome a new cohort of preservice teachers each spring. I try to avoid travel; however, I left my teaching to attend the Currere conference and I met a man who during a presentation shared the following:

Permission 2 Play Pledge (see Figure 6)

By Kevin Cordi (2014)

"I give myself permission

To have fun.

To take risks.

To make mistakes.

To Play

With my thinking

my choices

my direction and development

to suspend

what I know

so I know more

I give myself

Permission

To fail, succeed, and play again.

I have the right to shape

My stories.

I am the crafter and creator.

I am imaginative and supportive

I know through

Play

We understand our stories

And our stories become alive.

I give myself Permission to Play."

Fig. 6: Play

"Play?" said Templeton, twirling his whiskers.

"Play? I hardly know the meaning of the word."

"Well," said Wilbur, "it means to have fun, to frolic to run and skip and make merry" (White, 1952, p. 29).

As I listened, Dr. Cordi invited his audience to play. He bade us to participate in a production. Some colleagues slouched and pushed back their chairs; I did not. I was willing. I gave myself to the experience; I became the steel engineer asked to evaluate the wreckage of the Titanic. I felt the loss of survivors.

I knew when I spoke, I had to translate complex engineering terms, allowing families to comprehend how and why the ship sunk. Choosing words carefully, mindful of sorrowful eyes and struggling to hold the grief-stricken families within my gaze, I spoke.

When Dr. Cordi moved the production to the next scene I closed my eyes, lingering with the weight of the surviving families. Behind closed eyes, I breathed deeply. Images and memories from childhood summers, Sunday evenings when a gaggle of neighbourhood friends performed plays for our families came to me. I was frog, sitting on a dark green, hand-sewn, felt lily pad, making ribbit noises. Play completed, the children came on stage, bowed and hurried into the arms of families. I remembered and felt how earnest and happy we were.

A second glance, I saw tears, arguments, and heartbreak, all part of the build-up to the performance. Some weeks a child got the part she wanted and other weeks she learned to wait and give another a turn. When a family and their children went on holiday, our plays suffered. When the wealthy family vacationed, sets and costumes were less. I saw mothers and fathers soothe, reprimand, and help.

In the midst of these memories, I appreciated the complexity. We were learning; our parents were teaching us to persevere, contribute, take turns, be empathetic, compassionate, and to experience the joy of seeing work through to completion. Their presence at the productions was also a lesson in community. Each week the play occurred in a different backyard and each week parents lugged lawn chairs, set them up and became perfect audiences. hooks (2003) wrote, "just as the family is often the training ground for life in community, it is the place where we are first given a sense of the meaning and power of education" (p. 117).

Dr. Cordi's invitation to play, and remembering childhood plays, I experienced what Slattery (2018) described as a "rupture in psycho-social understanding of self and (inter) relationships leading to prolepsis" (p. 185). Slattery defined a proleptic moment as, "any experience that transcends linear segmentation of time and creates a holistic understanding of the past, present, and future simultaneously" (p. 185). I knew I could not continue along tenure track. Slattery wrote, "a proleptic integration of time and memory irreversibly jolts the foundational perspective of self in relation" (p. 186). I acknowledge I allowed my tenure to become a journey where I was increasingly unrecognizable. Tenure track silenced me, caused me to lose my words and walk with a perpetual heaviness. I stopped doing things that sustained me; I grew increasingly desperate about my inability to thrive as a professor. Desperation had a direct relation to increased isolation. Moreover, what resulted was an amplified emotional distance between self and tenure. I disconnected from my work, demoting it to playless, joyless perpetual to-do lists. I detached from people, activities, and communities that I know sustain me. I was regularly frustrated and unhappy.

The contradiction for me is that I am eager to teach, learn, research, publish, and serve. Like a stealthy northern hunter on the land to track and stalk life-sustaining prey, I work best when I am slow, steady, watchful, engaged, and appreciate setbacks as part of the process. I do not understand how to read the signs of the academy. I do not know what is being signalled, nor do I know how to appropriately clothe

and shelter myself from what can be oppressive power relations that structure dealings between those who are tenured, those who are not, permanent employees, and support staff. I find myself in the midst of battles, individual interests, and personality skirmishes that have nothing to do with me; however, they become part of something I want, need, or a decision I am attempting to make. In addition, when I am on the land, I know the priority; I respect nature, therefore safety is paramount. Once safe I let the land soothe me. Tenure track, I am uncertain of the priorities, therefore the endless to-do lists suffocate who I know myself to be. Most often, I prioritize teaching and mentoring because students represent the future of public education. Giving teaching the priority can result in little focus on nourishing the other elements of my job, resulting in ramped-up tension.

According to Slattery (2017), if we are to interrupt this narrative, we must "re-member our bodies and re-connect our lives if erasure is to be resisted and overcome" (p. 189). Dr. Cordi's dramatic production, revisiting childhood play, a proleptic moment, and writing my way through this currere have helped me understand the past two years through different lenses.

There is a steep learning curve to becoming a successful university professor. The more I focussed on self and judged myself as inadequate, the more insular, secretive, and hidden I became. I was desperately trying to live out stories of competent university professor; however, I was doing so with to-do lists as my guide, not in relationship with self and others. I recalled and then returned to journals from my doctoral studies where I read descriptions of vulnerable moments when I purposefully stepped inside a community in my efforts to live out who I was struggling to become; a woman living within a number of rich and supportive social contexts. When I completed my doctoral studies, I was certain I would not return to a solitary, without community, life. Precisely what I have done on tenure track.

I returned from the currere conference and I continued thinking, writing, reflecting and I went back to hiking and taking photographs. I received an email asking for quantitative researchers to share their findings on the University radio station. I replied and asked about qualitative research. I was invited to host the show. During the second interview I was reminded of why I want to remain on the tenure path. The interviewee, L. Potvin, also a tenure-track assistant professor, spoke movingly about mistakes, hard work, joy, contributions, and gratitude for the work she gets to do. Then a nursing colleague, J. L. Kuhnke, asked about working together and she helped with a grant application. Moreover, in a recent conversation with my dean, she encouraged me to think about what I would need to continue. These experiences resonated with me because I acknowledged they are stories where I stepped towards and within communities of support.

The four stages of the currere process have provided meaningful learning through the provision of reflective lenses to look at my tenure-track lived experiences (see Figure 7). Listening to voices, past, present, and future, I was afforded space to make a "mindful inquiry through which one can harness the power of contemplation, reflection, introspection, and imagination" (Baszile, 2017, p. vii). The currere process, returning to the land with camera in hand, the photographs and many contributors have allowed me to reimagine myself within the larger educational socialization phenomenon of tenure track.

Kincheloe and Pinar (1991) argued, "autobiography can confront the meaning of a given world, reject it, reformulate it, and reconstruct it with a social vision that is authentically the individual's" (p. 21).

Fig. 7: Tell me a story

"Tell me a story, Charlotte! Said Wilbur, as he lay waiting for sleep to come. Tell me a story!" (White, 1952, p. 101).

Engaging in currere provided me a language and structure that allowed me to make meaning from my tension-filled tenure track and to know a tenure track hire is a title that is useful when it includes consideration for professor as neophyte: teacher, researcher, writer, student, and learner. Pushing and pulling recursively and temporally allowed me to shatter and then reaggregate (Pinar, 2004). By attending to my own learning, I redirected my tenure track and poked at the boundaries of my future stories of becoming a university professor. I feel a desire to set aside the tension of the first two years. I want the tension-filled stories to become remote and, at some point, transmute into stories that serve. I look forward tentatively. The hard work I did whilst a doctoral student to step within communities is a frame on my life that I never again want to lose because it keeps me walking a good path, embedded with others. I will continue to study literacies, identities, teacher preparation, and inclusion. Moreover, because of this work I will include reflective practice as part of my research agenda. Tenure track has opened a new area of interest: how to welcome and support new faculty and staff members. Finally, I decided to continue because the pain of regret often results in complex, powerful, and temporal shaping influences and the pain of effort always assures me I am indeed struggling to compose a meaningful life. My goal moving forward is to return to joyful and playful communities. Returning to the land, camera in hand, is the first step.

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