

FINDING MARYA: THE ROAD EAST

By Karl Martin

Independent Scholar

The story began ten years ago when my father shared a memory of a woman he met at Brown University. He was a Navy midshipman, she a Latin and Greek scholar. They were in love, often meeting at the Carrie Tower. Famous for its inscription *Love is Strong as Death*, it served as a representation of their love and commitment to one another. This was during World War II, and one night my father's ship unexpectedly deployed. When he returned, Marya was gone. While searching for her at a servicemen's dance, he met my Mother. They married in 1947, and I was born in 1951. After my father died, I remembered her name and saw her for the first time in an archived newspaper photo.

Barlowski and Cash Head Herald-Record

NEW EDITORS



MARYA BARLOWSKI



KEVIN CASH

**Editor-in-Chief Is Active in
School Affairs; Cash V-12 Man**

Korey, Greenstein Assume New Posts

Mischel and Boole to Hand Down
Positions Monday at Meeting

At a meeting of the complete staff of the Herald-Record to be held in the Commons Room at 3 o'clock on Monday, Editor-in-Chief Audrey Mischel will turn over her position to Marya Barlowski of semester VII. Kevin Cash will in turn take over the Brown editorship vacated by Bob Boole. Judy Korey of semester VI is the new Managing Editor and Eleanor Greenstein, who will be in semester VIII when she returns in the fall, will be News Editor. Lois Mountain and Jackie Berger, both of semester V, will remain as Desk Editors; they will be joined in Nov-

Brown Herald-Record, 1944, p. 1

A good photograph provides valuable information and a near-spiritual insight, a record of the very light that touched a face. Dr. Ralph Harley, my photography professor from 1984, looked upon old photographic images with reverence. "He made us study, really *study*, portraits and still-life black and white photos. He suggested that a photograph was the closest one could be to those departed persons, a chemical image of the light reflected from an individual's face" (Martin, 2018, p. 89). Liberated from newspaper halftone, the original Leica "glossies" of Marya must have been stunning. The image and personality of Kevin Cash couldn't have differed more. Enlisting in World War II and having the good fortune to earn an Ivy League degree, he became a feature writer, perennially fired due to incidents at work and rehired "by virtue of his devilish Irish charm and earnestly professed reformation" (Freedman, 2007, p. 266). Marya was professional, driven by her intellectual facility, a strong work ethic, and formative experiences in the Classical High newsroom.



Marya and Kevin, Brown University newsroom

Classical High embodies the curriculum roots of this narrative, with a recipe for success that has made it a superlative institution. The school was established in downtown Providence in 1843, celebrating its centennial two years after Marya graduated. It wasn't named "Classical" in a superficial way. The motto is the final line in Latin from Alfred Lord Tennyson's *Ulysses*: *Certare Petere Reperire Neque Cedere* (To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield). This maxim has also become mine, and what follows is the continuation of my research process, a doubled *currere* of Marya and me.

BEGINNINGS

The germ of an idea emerged as I was teaching a Middle Child Inquiry class while we dissected the rubrics of the edTPA, a rigorous standardized assessment. It was exactly as boring as it sounds, and a respite from state-sanctioned accountability was needed. Attempting to frame the edTPA as teaching artistry, I suggested that the students provide a personal connection to their educational experiences facilitated by the autobiographical component of *currere*: "There is no better way to study curriculum than to study ourselves" (Pinar et al., 2006, p. 515). I participated also and considered making Marya's story and mine into a *currere* case study. That was my epiphany. I would write a "doubled" biographical and autobiographical *currere* examination. It would delve into the loss of a potential past and, hopefully, lead to the promise of educational futures. This would require a research trip to find artifacts, writing, and eyewitness accounts. Exiting Merrill Hall as September sun dappled the Ionic columns, I decided to leave the following morning.



Merrill Hall, Kent State University
Photo courtesy of Karl W. Martin

I did have concerns. A narrative about the journey should yield *something*. Why was I going, and what did I hope to find? What would I do if I didn't find it, and how would I even know? A *Peanuts* cartoon from February 14, 1972, shows Snoopy setting out on a journey to interview an author and write her biography. When asked how he'll know what to look for, he replies, "I'll know it when I see it." Like Charles Schultz's canine hero, informed intuition would suffice.

It was the beginning of a *currere* journey, an autobiographical case study. I had a unique subject, and the story I wanted to read wasn't on any shelf. It was up to me to write it, and I needed to visit our shared hometown. This required engaging in conversations with the past. Petra Hendry writes: "To assume that we can go it alone, without the stories and wisdom of those who came before us, is to sever human relations. We are our relationships" (Hendry, 2011, p. 209). I was reactivating a life, hoping to weave both biography and autobiography into the mix. In doing so, it became a dissertation.

GOING EAST

I left the next morning, a beautiful September day. Pursuing Marya in Rhode Island was essential to finding biographical materials, and Providence was the epicenter of the research. The love of being *in* the writing and adventure of the trip were a bonus. John Dewey (1934) used the writing of Samuel Taylor Coleridge to address this phenomenon:

What Coleridge said of the reader of poetry is true in its way of all who are happily absorbed in their activities of mind and body: "The reader should be carried forward, not merely or chiefly by the mechanical impulse of curiosity, not by a restless desire to arrive at the final solution, but by the pleasurable activity of the journey itself" (p. 5).

I was riding the time winds, moving in the present but anticipating the past around every curve. For anyone who has taken a "road trip," this is clearly understood. On the highway, the driver enters an altered state: "In freeway driving, we deal with visual information, keeping track of relational, spatial changes, sensing complicated configurations of traffic. Many people find that they also do a lot of creative thinking, often losing track of time" (Edwards, 2012, p. 4). Over distance, the left brain shuts down, not content with hours of boredom. Not so the right. The arrangement of cows

on a distant hill, the fragrance of the season, hex signs on an Amish barn—perfectly enjoyable for the right hemisphere. Decisions occur while the brain free associates. I had become part of the narrative, the research already begun.



Route 80, Eastern Pennsylvania
Photo courtesy of Karl W. Martin

My wife Michelle—a psychologist—called when I reached Scranton, Pennsylvania. She suggested that I look for a “sign.” The journey thus far had been unremarkable, devoid of “signs.” One minute later, a truck passed me, message printed on the rear doors, “Be kind; be careful; be yourself,” clearly revealed, all doubts erased.



Interstate 84, Eastern Pennsylvania
Photo courtesy of Karl W. Martin

I was reminded of the writing of William Pinar: “The student of educational experience accepts that at any given moment she or he is located in history and culture, always in a singularly meaningful way, a situation to be expressed autobiographically (if indirectly) through the curriculum” (Pinar, 2012, p. 45). What better counsel than the phrase emblazoned on the back of that semi? It was a reminder to practice ethics while remaining true to my vision:

The modes may include dialogue in the spoken and written and visual to affect their aims to adhere to the principles of respect, beneficence, nonmaleficence, and justice in a way that is mutually beneficial to the participant and the researcher. (Aluwihare-Samaranayake, 2012, p. 64)

The journey so consecrated, my goal was to arrive before sunset in Weekapaug, Rhode Island. I did, and it was inspiring.



Weekapaug, Rhode Island
Photo courtesy of Karl W. Martin

I slept alongside anglers and surfers—in a parking area adjacent to Weekapaug’s Fenway Beach. The surf woke me up, and I plunged into the water.



Fenway Beach, Weekapaug, Rhode Island
Photo courtesy of Karl W. Martin

I was to be at Classical High by nine and arrived early. A public school that still requires an entrance exam, the old building was demolished in 1967. Replaced by one of *Brutalist* design built on what used to be Pond Street, the remodel provided for expanded sports facilities on campus. The new school has its share of detractors, but the superlative education remains. As in the past, a majority of the students are first-generation children of immigrants.

I was met by Robert Palazzo, Dean of Students and Athletic Director, who enthusiastically greeted approaching students with a booming voice that resonated through the halls. We concluded our tour at the library after looking at trophies and historical accolades. It was reminiscent of Robin Williams showing his students similar displays in the film *Dead Poets Society*. Classical has a *history*, a tradition of excellence.

I could feel an origamilike binding of my story, her story, and other stories into the *fold*. A philosophical concept forwarded by Gilles Deleuze (1992), the entire universe is described as a continuous process of folding and unfolding, including the unfolding of the human soul. He refers to this capacity to unfold as potential and asserts that these smaller folds that exist within the larger fold of the universe are continually unfolding. I was *part* of the story, and that's about as into the fold as you can get. When interviewers have asked David McCullough if he was working on a book, he noted that they were using the wrong preposition: "I'm *in* the book, *in* the subject, *in* the time and the place" (McCullough, 1999, para. 22).

A superlative teacher and historian, librarian Jonathan Ryder generously provided access to historic newspapers, documents, and even the coffee maker. I quietly entered the library where he was teaching a class about the graphic novel genre and phenomenon, his students engaged and motivated. I was motivated also, ready to immerse myself in a life. I first explored my own roots and connection to the school through my wonderful maternal grandmother, Lois Kneeland. I found her in a 1918 yearbook, the *Caduceus*.

1918

THE CADUCEUS

21

**LOIS ALLEN KNEELAND**

She dances divinely,
Knows her lessons as well;
Goes in for our sports,
Yes! She's quite a belle.

Lois is always so agreeable that every one likes her. And what a good sport she is at basketball! When, as sophomores, we defeated the juniors, it was due to the lucky two points Lois scored for us at the last minute. She is sometimes in the line of "all nine girls" and if she decides to go to college, the choice will not be a vain one.

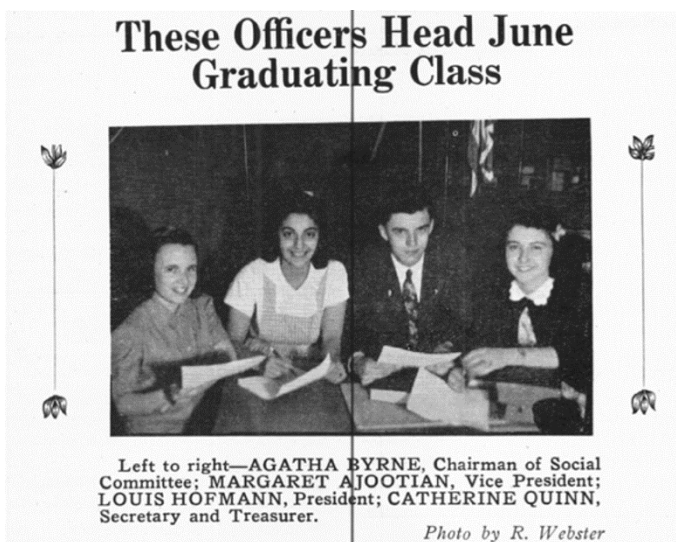
Class Secretary (2); Basketball (2, 3, 4); Picture Committee (4).

Classical High School, 1918
Photo courtesy of Providence Public Schools

Grandma graduated from Classical High and Rhode Island State College, later becoming an excellent classroom teacher. When I was nine years old, she took me past the original building on Pond Street. Pointing out the distinctive yellow brick, she said "That's my old high school. They have an excellent curriculum there" (L. K. Patterson, personal communication, June 25, 1960). Yes, she actually said that, later explaining

what “curriculum” meant over bowls of steaming Won Ton soup at a Chinese restaurant. Grandma was both scholar and pioneer in women’s sports. Part of the orientation team at Classical High School, she gave tours to incoming freshman, even serving up hamburgers with large slices of onion and “Cokes” at beachside picnics. She started college during the influenza pandemic, inauspiciously concurrent with the release of Franklin Bobbitt’s (1918) *The Curriculum*. It was unfortunate that Bobbitt based his theories upon the work of Frederick Winslow Taylor. Taylor was an engineer known for his methods to improve industry efficiency through scientific management. This inspired—in part—the work of Ralph Tyler (1949), who published *Basic Principles of Curriculum and Instruction*. Known as the *Tyler Rationale*, it was based upon the results of his *Eight-Year Study*, completed when Marya graduated from Classical High in 1941. The *Rationale* was an easy path to management that affected *all* curriculum workers: “It is only half a step, then, to the work of Franklin Bobbitt (1918, 1924) and Werrett Charters (1923); one hop from there to Ralph Tyler (1949); and one more hop to the underpinnings of *No Child Left Behind*” (Jardine, 2014, p. 79). It was time to leave Grandma and hop a generation down the line to the late 1930s. Marya was the story, and she would be found there.

The Classical High library is on a lower level, air conditioning nonexistent in the storeroom. Audio-visual equipment and accoutrements of the janitorial profession blocked my path to old newspapers and yearbooks. Published six times per year, *The Classical Review* newspaper was stored flat in large boxes. I waded into each one, beginning with 1938. Wonderful things emerged from old newsprint. Photographs are valuable inquiry tools that provide readers with visual information and the author’s internal perspectives, and an image of class officers captured my attention.



Webster, 1941, p. 1

Photo courtesy of Providence Public Schools

Staring at that yellowed photograph of the different clothes and vanished persons, I felt I could have walked out from behind the camera and spoken with them. That piece of history was once real, and I wondered about the young woman with a radiant smile.

Margaret Ajootian Layshock is the daughter of Armenian immigrants, and with some effort I located her. Residing now in California, she talked about the culture of women's sports, scholarship, and leadership at Classical. Finding someone who *knew* Marya was remarkable enough, but Margaret sat next to her in class and threw her inbound passes during basketball games. Both were student leaders and athletes. Margaret wondered aloud how many hours Marya spent "on the books" and recalled that, "if a teacher asked a question, Marya *always* knew the answer" (M. Layshock, personal communication, September 2, 2016).

An image of Marya at a podium was discovered, my hero representing the Classical High debate club as she spoke at the New England Model Congress competition.



Classical High Debate Club, Marya Barlowski standing

Classical High School, 1941, p. 32

Photo courtesy of Providence Public Schools

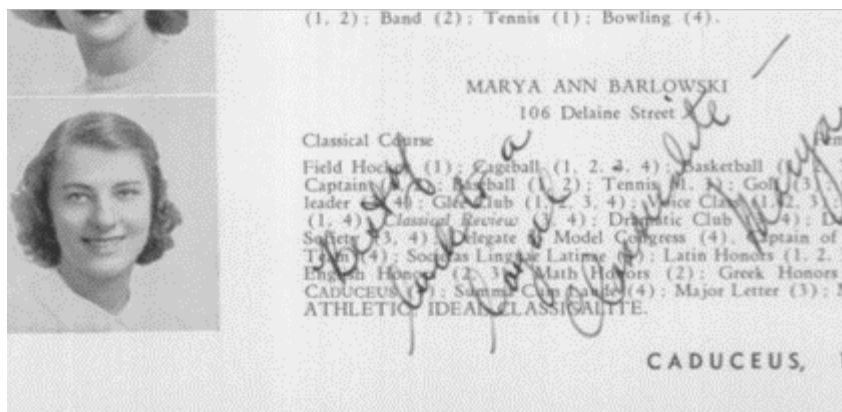
According to Pinar, incorporating the public world requires the use of allegory, "evident in the new curriculum metaphor of allegory which means to 'speak publicly at an assembly'" (Doll, 2017, p. 173). Here was a photographic concretization of that principle, incorporating human subjects broadened into the public world. Exploring new fields of oratory were the first Classical women ever included in the *Rhode Island Model Congress* competition:

The Debating Society, the Dramatic Society, and the Classical Review are three of the extra-curricular organizations which, although not directly affiliated with the English Department, demonstrate the practical value of classroom instruction in the language at the annual Rhode Island High School Model Congress, which was held at Rhode Island State College. (Classical High School, 1941, p. 18)

Seated behind Marya and waiting her turn was a very determined-looking young woman. I wondered how her life unfolded and if she might contribute to the narrative. Her name is Margaret Dorgan, now a Carmelite nun living in Maine. The Classical valedictorian in 1944, she has lectured internationally, with expertise in the command of prayer, Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, and mystical experience. I had found a scholar who overlapped with Marya at Classical and benefitted from the same education. I shared her lecture, "Your Personal History as a Narrative of Hope: An Examination Incorporating

Empathy and Personal History,” with William Pinar, noting that I thought it might dovetail a bit with the method of *currere*. I found an endorsement: “Love the photos, Karl, and the formal prose, as well as the yellowed paper. The past is so much more powerful than this paltry (if nightmarish) present. Dovetail indeed!” (W. F. Pinar, personal communication, March 3, 2016). Sister Margaret and I have stayed in touch, but Marya is the story. I worked further into the archives, finding something that gave the experience of seeing a few pieces of the puzzle fit together.

Signed in Marya’s own hand, a 1941 yearbook confirmed leadership, athleticism, and scholarship. I became disoriented, and I don’t mean in a figurative sense. I literally felt dazed as I contemplated the significance and mystery of this artifact.



Marya Senior Photograph
 Classical High School, 1941, p. 56

Was there ever such beauty and economy of script, a haiku so focused? Not to me. I read it in one breath, a sense of enlightenment following. Relaxed, curvilinear, and expressive, this example seems open to the world and other people. The *Classical Review* school newspaper used the Latin phrase “*Verba Volant Scripta Manent*” as a motto, so Marya knew the enduring value of the written word. Translated as “Spoken words fly away, written words remain,” it inspires me to share her story and mine in writing. Imagine the real moment in time. The yearbook was owned by underclassman Elizabeth Murray. As valedictorian, a signing from Marya would have been highly-prized. It’s easy to picture the busy halls of Classical, perhaps in the choir or Latin room: smiles exchanged, a brief conversation, signing her senior photo with a *Parker 51* fountain pen, and both going on with the rest of their lives. *Best of luck to a loyal Classicalite* embodies school loyalty, not as oath, but as voluntary fealty to a grand academic institution. But what made it so? I scanned the image and kept digging.

CLASSICAL PHILOSOPHY

A yellowed, fragile, typewritten document was sandwiched between two Classical newspapers. Crafted through collaborative discourse, the ethical dimension to education and the means to deliver it is obvious. Assessment outcomes and vocational training are nowhere to be found.

PHILOSOPHY
OF
CLASSICAL HIGH SCHOOL

The philosophy of Classical High School may be defined in terms of its objectives. The school declares the distinct objective of college preparation through balanced curricula, class discussion, home study and extensive testing. The entire student body is, therefore, enrolled in the college preparatory course which permits each student to meet the particular requirements of the college of his choice.

In addition to preparing our students for college, we believe in training our youth to live in a democracy. We endeavor not only to foster the ideals of a democratic society but also to instill a sense of awareness of spiritual values and ethical conduct. We provide in our academic curricula, in our extra-curricular activities, and in our physical education program opportunities to form, nourish and preserve the desirable individual traits of our students.

Photo courtesy of Providence Public Schools

Why sweep away the cobwebs? The curriculum field is positively influenced by history. Classical stood upon John Dewey's vision of helping students become lifelong learners, achieving their potential, and contributing to society:

Rather than rote memorization, teaching to tests, or preparing individuals for specific slots in life, Dewey claimed that the proper role of education was to prepare individuals to be innovative, experimental, lifelong-learners skilled in working with others and consensus-building. His educational goal was promoting democracy—not as a narrow political activity—but as a way of life where everyone is fully enfranchised and provided the opportunity to flourish. (F. X. Ryan, personal communication, 2014)

Dr. Ryan believes the dual reference to building democratic values and individual abilities is unmistakably “Deweyan.” Likely crafted in 1936 at the height of his influence, his voice is clearly evident in the Classical High philosophy. Not penned by a political pundit or major educational figure, it was a living document representing a melding of traditional and progressive “not as in influencing the course of events but as artifacts

of a period from which one might be able to reconstruct what was actually happening in the teaching of school subjects” (Kliebard, 2004, p. xviii).

Marya’s education at Classical informs pre-Tylerian education as a continuing “complicated conversation,” and I wondered if the warmth of her story would draw readers into the distance of the theory. In addition, the narrative might offer some amount of peace to the reader. “The classical model emphasizes that learning feeds the soul and edifies the person rather than producing employees to work an assembly line. The goal of a classical education is to instill wisdom and virtue in people” (Bortins, 2010, p. 5).

Peter Hlebowitsh eloquently summed it up:

It is classical indeed, in the sense that it is rooted in a working belief in the power of the subject matter to intellectualize and civilize, but it’s progressive too, in as much as its advocates argue that it offers us common knowledge and values that inform a common discourse dedicated to bringing about some working understanding and appreciation of both what we hold in common and what we do not. You could find Dewey making this argument and you could find E. D. Hirsch making it too. (P. Hlebowitsh, personal communication, December 12, 2014)

While searching for Marya at Classical High, I found John Dewey, alive and well.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE AT BROWN UNIVERSITY

Marya chose further study at Brown University. Offering a well-conceived education, Brown emphasized the liberal arts and sciences, mathematics, geography and the arts, providing a foundation of knowledge and skills and encouraging critical thinking. The three-mile trip by trolley from her home in Olneyville required a counter-weighted streetcar for the final climb to Brown University. A historical national landmark, College Hill is aptly-named, a 118 foot climb. At the summit are the Carrie Tower and John Hay Library, where I met with archivist Gail Lynch. Photographs, transcripts, and other artifacts came to light, most not seen for 70 years.

B. PERSONAL DATA

Place and date of birth Providence, R.I., May 13, 1925 Church connection Roman Catholic

Height 5'4" Weight 125 lbs. Physical condition good

Academic Honors

Entrance Premium in Greek Lucius Lyon Premium in Latin
 Second Entrance in Latin Foster Premium in Greek
 Dean's List: Junior and Senior Years
 Phi Beta Kappa - Junior
 Andrews Scholar

Extra-curricular Activities

"Gilbert and Sullivan" and other Glee Club activities
 Reporter for the College Newspaper - The Record
 Editor of the Record - Senior Year
 Member of:
 Sock and Buskin - Dramatics
 City Girls' Assoc.
 Treasurer and News Analyst of the "Forum"



The *Elisha Benjamin Andrews* scholars stride crisply from Pembroke Hall, 1943. Marya is front and center. The awardees were described as the campus “Brighties.”
Photos courtesy of Brown University

Enjoying the sunny day, we celebrated with coffee and muffins at Faunce House. Overlooking the Brown University Quadrangle, a nearby inscription in Latin describes the university mission: “*Vivat, Floreat, Crescat, Brunonia.*” Translated as “May it live, may it grow, may it flourish,” George Washington once stood nearby. He didn’t sleep there, but after the smallest state finally ratified *The Constitution*, a visit to “Rhode Island in 1790 included a stroll on the College Green with Brown’s first president, James Manning” (Baum, 2011, para. 1).



Gayle Lynch and Karl Martin at Faunce House
Photo courtesy of Karl W. Martin

It's valuable to read someone's own writing, and there are numerous examples from Marya's tenure at Brown from the school newspaper. She was a freshman during the attack on Pearl Harbor, spending the rest of her undergraduate experience during wartime. Despite the trend towards vocational studies and accelerated graduation, as editor of the newspaper she endorsed a liberal education over utilitarian studies. A school newspaper article written by Marya and titled, "Double Duty College," begins:

College students in war time have a double duty—the peacetime aim of training themselves to become citizens of the world, and the wartime necessity of helping the war effort in any way possible. The path towards this goal has been cleared for incoming students at Pembroke College.

At that time, hundreds of military personnel were taking classes at Brown. Among these soldiers and sailors was my father, a Navy midshipman from Kingston, New York. A university photo from 1943 shows him in uniform talking with Marya, appearing to be turning on the charm. He occasionally met her at the Brown University newsroom, marveling at her facility for skillful, engaging writing.



William Martin and Marya Barlowski, Soldiers and Sailors Arch, 1943
Photo courtesy of Brown University Archives

Marya's educational experiences were invested in subject mastery, not test-taking mastery. The decline in funding the arts and humanities and trend towards a narrower view of education occurred after her formal education. Her teachers and professors believed in a democratic liberal education, using a calibrated curriculum with challenging texts and materials.

Perhaps the narrative *will* invite others into productive conversations, acknowledging and adding to a new rationale that moves from the particular and the historical towards what Pinar (2011) calls “larger circles” of influence. My inquiry honors both a beautiful, unfinished life and a re-energized field. Pinar’s (2012) inclusion of “allegory” in his multiple “curriculum-as-*currere*” explications incorporates the past into the present: “Historical facts are primary, but it is their capacity to invoke our imagination that marks them as allegorical. Their meanings are not confined to the past; they leak into our experience of the present” (Pinar, 2015, p. 28).

Marya died young, at age 49, so others of her generation survived her. This worked to my advantage, resulting in interviews with colleagues, friends, and family. It’s become a lifelong study project, a springboard for a productive line of inquiry. Her story gives a “face” to the journey, which may resonate with others as they explore their own vocational calling. A colleague believes this is an “intriguing tale” and is interested in seeing what there is to learn from Marya: “She came from a very unique place and received the type of education that may also be said to be all but forgotten in today’s era of hyper-accountability and standardization” (J. Blanken-Webb, personal communication, November 7, 2016). Perhaps a reader will see Marya’s story as a message of hope.

It was a productive three days at Classical and Brown. I needed to reward myself with a day at the beach and return home. There would be more research and subsequently more road trips to libraries and archives. If an archive exists, you must get there, and materials are often scattered about geographically. Valuable artifacts are often uncatalogued, forgotten, and relegated to boxes in the basement. The researcher must find them. Moreover, descriptions of special collections and archives are often inadequate. In traveling to sources, researchers don’t know until they arrive if it will be valuable or not. Librarian Judith Nixon describes the work of scholars in libraries and archives as “panning for gold,” identifying a behavior called “chaining” where one idea and inquiry may lead to another. Scouring through archival material can be tedious, but sifting out flakes of gold is exhilarating. Important connections may occur while doing unrelated work, but it’s not all solitary. It’s better not to “go it alone,” since ideas emerge from networking: “Research was described ... as an evolving or growing process, with the key component being an inspiring question to pursue, usually originating from a conversation” (Nixon, 2010, p. 232). I came to start writing about Marya after remembering a conversation with my father. It was never my intention, but curiosity compelled me to begin researching her. I didn’t begin with an agenda. My dream is that more important letters will turn up or that a symphony she may have written will surface.

No one who met Marya ever forgot the intelligence and depth of character behind her blue eyes. She was an introverted scholar who *willed* herself to be outgoing, assuming leadership and taking on responsibilities. This belied a great sadness, a melancholy. She is an elusive subject, but she was once *real*, and there is so much more to write.

Traits

Quiet

Eager

Tears come easily - knows what she wants but afraid she may not get it

Limited, but responsive

Interviewer notes, Brown University, 1944

As to how this journey affected me, I occasionally wonder if it's a healthy pursuit. The search for Marya engrosses and absorbs the whole of me. This curiosity—the need to know—becomes a consuming, driving obsession. Biographer Stacy Schiff (2017) describes this well: “Properly speaking, the impulse to bury yourself in someone else’s life is not normal. The first time, there is perhaps an excuse. Afterward, you could be expected to know better” (para. 8). There it is. I’ve happily become a biographer and also shared my research process.

I invite the reader to take a research road trip and enjoy great adventure. Set the cruise control, be open to inspiration, free-associate and enjoy the ride. Everything is truly ahead of you. In remembering Tom Petty’s song, *Runnin’ Down a Dream*, it’s easy to identify with the protagonist as he drives down the great American highway—with the radio on. It’s a rock ‘n roll paraphrase of Jack Kerouac’s (1957/2008) *On the Road*: “Nothing behind me, everything ahead of me, as is ever so on the road” (p. 183).

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