COMMITTEE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING AND TEACHING

CLOSING REPORT ON GRANT

As at 31 MARCH 2013

Name: Martin Tolich

Department: Sociology

Title of Project: ***Is Service Learning a win-win for the University (student) and the Community?***

Amount Awarded: 19,210

Aims of Project:

- To conduct two separate evaluations: Contrasting the perspectives of the students and the four community agencies in both a summative evaluation (Patton 2002) and an innovative responsive evaluation (Abma 2009) of the internship course.
- To survey community groups involved in community learning at Otago and Canterbury Universities
- To better understand the complex relationship between the town and gown. Academic research and community research goals may differ. The summative evaluation has a dual purpose. 1) To assess the internship goals and outcomes but also 2) to explore if different university and community goals can be recognised and managed. Responsive evaluation (Abma 2009) is a novel methodology that puts stakeholders in dialogue groups to nut out a singular knotty problem.
- To respond proactively to Minister Joyce's (Tertiary Education) aspiration that education providers had better link education with workforce skills (i.e. entry-level policy analyst positions.)

Progress on Project:

All of the project's aims were realised. Two journal articles and one symposium report have already been published.

1) Sociology graduates require pathways, not employment destinations: The promise of experiential learning *New Zealand Journal of Sociology* 27:2: 148-158 Martin Tolich http://rb6fc7tv6s.scholar.serialssolutions.com/?sid=google&auinit=M&aulast=Tolich&atitle=Sociology+graduates+require+pathways,+not+employment+destinations:+The+promise+of+experiential+learning&title=New+Zealand+sociology&volume=27&issue=2&date=2012&spage=148&issn=0112-921X
2) 2) My eye-opening midnight swim: An outward bound auto ethnography *Journal of Outdoor Education* 3:1:9-23
3) BRCCS symposium on community engaged learning: a teaching note *NZ Journal of Sociology* 27:2: 141-147 http://ndhadeliver.natlib.govt.nz/delivery/DeliveryManagerServlet?dps_pid=IE15542062&dps_custom_att_1=ilsdb

Two other journal articles have been submitted for publication..

1. Tolich, M. A. Paris & K. Shephard (forthcoming) "Teaching sociology students to become sociologist-researchers using an internship model of learner-support" International Journal of Research and Methods in Education.
2. Tolich, M. K. Shephard, S. Carson D. Hunt "Co-managing the sustainability of University Outreach programmes in Brownfield sites" Journal of Sociology

When do you expect to run the project with students?

All data collection and analysis is complete.

When do you expect to evaluate the project?

The two outstanding journal articles are now complete.

Amount expended to date: $14,481

Any other comments:

Thank you for this opportunity to evaluate my teaching.

Signature:

Date:

Please return to Ruth Taylor by 12 April 2013. Please keep your closing report to two pages.

My eye-opening midnight swim: An Outward Bound autoethnography

Martin Tolich
University of Otago

Abstract

Do I own my experience because I lived it? What happens when I write a story only to find other people are embroiled in my adventure? This article began innocently as an autoethnographic account of experiential learning on an Outward Bound course nearly ten years ago. It was complicated by a co-participant's bravery that eclipsed my own. At that point my writing ceased and formal ethics approval was sought to gain consent to record and write the other's story into this article. The article records two different versions of acting with integrity: one person followed instructions while the second refused

Note to the reader: do not read this paper if you plan to go to Outward Bound. Do the Outward Bound course yourself. If you are curious about Outward Bound, never read about it as it will disrupt your own personal experience. It did mine.

This article breaks a pledge I made to myself nearly ten years ago when I attended an eight day Outward Bound course for those aged 40 years and older at Anakiwa in New Zealand's Marlborough Sounds. As an ethnographer, my pledge was to not take field notes or to analyse this adventure. I recognised Outward Bound as a classic total institution "where a number of individuals in similar situations are cut off from the wider society and lead an enclosed, formally administered life" (Goffman, 1968, p.11). As such, my goal was to experience all of the challenges that Outward Bound had to throw at me, rather than conduct a microanalysis of how it worked to change me and my eleven co-learners in Aotea Watch. I wanted Outward Bound to wash over me and to change me. Now, new challenges have led me to rescind this previous pledge, and write about the Outward Bound experience.

The first challenge is in response to a growing appreciation of autoethnography as a research methodology, in particular its ethical dilemmas. As Tolich (2010) suggests, writing about the self in isolation is a virtually impossible task. The story below describes a personal triumph when following instructions. In hindsight, however, the person who refused to go for a midnight swim one winter's evening was braver than the one who accepted the challenge.

The second challenge was my preparation to teach an experiential learning internship course. I have begun to read widely about experiential learning. In the internship I want my third year sociology students to road-test their book learning in their research methods courses and to reflect back on their journey in becoming a sociologist (Tolich, in press). I was prompted to write this article after reading Martin's (2003, 2000) account of Outward Bound's element of surprise and change of pace as an exemplar of experiential learning. I realised that I too have "done that and got the t-shirt". So in a sense I am double-dipping: I am learning about autoethnographic ethics by attempting it, and discovering more about experiential learning by writing up my Outward Bound experiences. Although these events took place nearly ten years ago, I continue to take the lessons learned on the high ropes and apply them to everyday tasks.

Walsh and Golins's (1976) description of the Outward Bound Process into eight concurrent parts was readily identifiable in our watch's experience at Anakiwa. I experienced each part of the chemistry and in addition one more element - *NaClH2o (saltwater)*.

> 1) Taking a ready, motivated learner 2) into a prescribed, unfamiliar physical environment, 3) along with a small group of people 4) who are faced with a series of incremental, inter-related problem-solving tasks 5) which creates in the individual a state of dissonance requiring adaptive coping and 6) leads to a sense of mastery or competence when equilibrium is managed 7) The cumulative effect of these experiences leads to a reorganisation of the self-conceptions and information the learner holds about him/herself 8) The learner will then continue to be positively oriented to further learning and development experiences. (Walsh & Golins, 1976)

Kurt Hahn and Lawrence Holt founded Outward Bound in 1941. These visionaries noticed that older WWII merchant navy seamen survived longer in harsh conditions after their ship was torpedoed than did their younger counterparts. The older seamen had survival skills, and the founders of Outward Bound wanted to teach people the value of direct shared experiences which aided learning. Seawater is, unbeknownst to me at the time, an essential aspect of any New Zealand Outward Bound experience. I did not know this when I arrived at Anakiwa. All Outward Bound trainees are required to swim every day. This fact later became fundamental to my Outward Bound experience.

The artefacts that I took from the eight-day experience, I had actually taken to Anakiwa. These were the eye patches I had worn on every airline flight during the previous eight years. I was a nervous flyer then, but I was sufficiently distracted by the eye patches and my iPod, especially during take-off, from the fact that I was 36,000 feet in the air. At the end of eight days at Anakiwa, I bussed to Blenheim, and then flew on to Wellington to get my connecting flight back to my home in Dunedin. The plane on the Blenheim to Wellington flight was an eighteen-seater Bombardier, a very small propeller-driven plane. It was an extremely turbulent flight, and as we approached Wellington, the plane lurching and dipping, I could see in the distance the elongated oblong of the Wellington runway as it intermittently crossed the pilot's windscreen.

The take-off from Blenheim airport was remarkable because in the distance I could see Mount Sunday, a mountain that my group, Aotea Watch, had climbed during the previous eight days. While most of the twelve-strong-group had reached the summit that day, I and a few others had not. I had succumbed to back spasms. Below I could see the Inter-Islander ferry battling the Cook Strait swells as it carried others in Aotea Watch across the choppy waters. Even in the discomfort of this airline turbulence I knew I was in the best place. I was able to recognise this because I had discarded my eye pads and iPod. Essentials were safely stored in my backpack. On this flight I was flying solo and sighted. This was a new experience. Outward Bound had changed me: it had successfully reorganised my self-conceptions.

What follows explains how I got to a place where I could fly in a plane without eye pads, an ipod and being gripped by fear. A decade later I still fly without eye pads and music. Remarkably, I cannot understand the source of that fear, nor can I even recreate it. Something happened at Anakiwa that freed me from my fears. During those eight days I took no field notes, but the mental notes that I now use to recreate this article have become etched into my memory.

As stated above, those planning to go to Outward Bound are advised to stop reading now. Go and do an Outward Bound course yourself. If you are curious about Outward Bound, avoid reading about it as it will intrude upon your own experience. In fact, my own prior knowledge of it cost me dearly. I had wanted to challenge my fears of flying and of public speaking for some years, and I thought that doing Outward Bound would, through something I vaguely understood as experiential learning, help me address those fears. At the time I was oblivious about how this process could happen.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, I had recently listened to a Spectrum Radio New Zealand documentary (n.d) which followed a group of journalists, and one in particular, who had taken up the challenge of Outward Bound. The only part of the documentary I can recall damaged me. One journalist had walked off the course after experiencing the challenge of the high wires as life-threatening. What damaged me were his demons: when I went to Outward Bound the fear of the high wires resonated as a visceral ache in the pit of my stomach. Athough I intuitively knew that Outward Bound featured kayaking and tramping, abseiling and rock climbing, and that everyone had to experience a "solo" period, none of this featured in my apprehension. The high wires rose like an Everest to me, fixating my fear. Regardless, I signed up for the experience. I was sceptical of how Outward Bound could be a change-agent, and if it could cure me of my fears. It did, although in ways I still cannot completely fathom.

I assembled in Picton with eleven other members of the Aotea Watch, and we were introduced to our two watch instructors. Our first activity was to board the cutter and row it to Te Kainga (TK), a secluded bay some hours away. The two watch instructors travelled independently in *Kurt Hahn*, a forty foot launch. At TK we moored our cutter at the dock and unloaded our food and personal gear. Here we were formally inducted both as Aotea Watch, and to the Outward Bound philosophy: *"to serve, to strive and not to yield"*. The watch instructors toyed with our emotions by asking if we wanted to know the itinerary of events for the next eight days. All twelve watch members remained silent but I wanted to vote "yes". I wanted to say: "tell us about all the things that we're about to do, in the right order and allow us to face our fears head on". However this was a rhetorical question. Our answers would be taken only after we completed the next task.

At 6 p.m., one hour after dusk, Aotea Watch were sent to don life jackets, go down to where the cutter was moored, bring it out into the centre of the bay and tie it to a buoy. The logistics of this manoeuvre were not intuitive. For some unexplained reason I had overlooked the fine print in the Outward Bound contract I signed, which stated that I was to swim every day. Maybe my fear of the high wires had blinded my reason, as I had not registered that I would be swimming in the Marlborough Sounds in wintertime. Nevertheless, we got into the cutter and navigated ourselves to the buoy at the centre of the bay. Imagine my surprise when the instructors did not fire up the launch's engine. Had they really considered the safety implications of twelve people boarding a launch from an unstable cutter? The next step in this exercise was a mammoth mental challenge of Monty Python proportions. Expect the unexpected. The Spanish inquisition would have been luxury in comparison!

Aotea Watch were now required to swim about 100 metres to shore on this very cold, dark August evening. Outward Bound has many challenges; some of them I found easy, some of them difficult, and others near impossible. Rowing the cutter from Picton to Te Kainga was fun. I had rowed all my life. I was an accomplished swimmer, but in Anakiwa you don't swim. You immerse

yourself in cold water like merchant seamen and you learn to survive. This survival task is done each day, and it takes many forms, but on each occasion the challenge to get into frigid water is a major test of character. When it was my turn, it took a supreme effort to stand up in the boat and then leap into the water, as even in the boat I imagined the pain of the icy water. Although the members of Aotea Watch were successful in meeting this challenge, this would not always be the case. In a few days' time, jumping into the water would split the group into swimmers and non-swimmers. Were the swimmers braver? Did the non-swimmers yield to pressure? My sociologist self says that sometimes those who refuse a challenge are actually braver than those who acquiesce.

Showered, fed, warm and safe, the Aotea Watch instructors again asked us if we wanted to know the itinerary of activities we would undergo in the following eight days. If the swim had taught me anything that the high wires didn't, it was that 'ignorance is bliss'. I now did not want to know anything. Had the instructors provided an itinerary, I would not have listened. I wanted to experience the challenges one at a time, and succeed one at a time, as I had just done with the swim to the shore. The swim was huge. It was cold.

The next day we cruised under sail to Anakiwa. The cutter was the only challenge: it sailed like a barge. I enjoy sailing, but this cutter was not an easy yacht to sail. The order of events over the next few days are blurred, and without good field notes I am unable to recall exact details. But I do remember what is important. I knew before I arrived at Anakiwa that I would be abseiling, but I had not thought this through. I did not know that before I abseiled I would have to climb a rock face. At 1.93 metres tall and 110kgs, I am not built for rock climbing. But I persevered and although the wet, slippery rock face defeated me it wasn't because of a fear of heights. Abseiling was fun, but all too short. Note to reader: when rock climbing use fingers and feet, not knees.

During the week I began to out think the two instructors. I saw the opportunity for Aotea Watch members to do a twenty four hour 'solo' start

to disappear. There simply didn't seem to be enough time. A typical day was spent kayaking in the morning, jumping off a high rock face into a fast-flowing river at noon, and building a raft out of junk and sailing it across the bay in the afternoon. Tasks like this filled a couple of days but they were no real challenge, other than working with a group of strangers, and that was quite straightforward. Everybody on Aotea Watch was very accommodating. We planted trees for conservation. And we were well fed for breakfast and for dinner.

After dinner on the fifth of our eight day odyssey, we discussed our need to find time to wash our clothes. As we were to have a watch meeting at 9 p.m. to discuss the next day's programme, we saw this as an opportunity to raise the issue with our watch instructors. They were accommodating and understood our need to wash clothes as a high priority, but only after the watch returned from an overnight (sic) solo. At the 9 p.m.. meeting our wrist watches were confiscated and we were told we were about to go on 'solo'. With all the time in the world we were now timeless: we had no idea how long this 'solo' would last.

At 11 p.m. Aotea Watch reluctantly got out of the truck and walked up a bush track. Every 200 metres or so, a member was told that this piece of real estate was theirs for the duration. All each of us had was a sleeping bag, ground sheet, tarp, water, torch and a brown paper bag filled with food, plus our wits. We were on our own and would remain like this for two nights; about thirty six hours. The watch instructor gave each of us the task of composing for each member a short note of between fifty and one hundred words stating what we admired about them. Additionally, and more difficult, we had to write something that each person could work on to improve themselves. After five days of living in close quarters we knew each other intimately.

To some in the watch this task was the most challenging of all. One member of the group who had excelled at the rock climbing and kayaking, refused to do it. This challenge was too difficult and seemed to be beyond him. As a university lecturer, I write about the strengths and weaknesses of people's

work for a living. I routinely tell students what's good about their written work and how it could be improved. I spent a great deal of the 36 hours on 'solo' writing and re-writing these little pen portraits for my fellow members, and crafting my responses. It was a cherished amusement.

The members of Aotea Watch were challenged by the tramp up Mount Sunday in the Richmond Range. While watch instructors devise many of the Outward Bound challenges, some of the more testing challenges occur serendipitously and are experienced on an intensely personal level. We had breakfast before dawn, a truck ride to the trail head, and then we climbed a mountain. It took three hours of climbing before we could see the summit of Mount Sunday. By then we realised that we were only halfway there. One hour from the summit my lower back began to spasm. It had been a persistent problem for some time and I had medication (codeine) in my backpack for pain relief. I informed an instructor that I did not want to continue the climb, as in all likelihood the watch would soon have to carry me back down the mountain.

The watch instructors reluctantly summoned an impromptu watch meeting. The entire watch and the two instructors joined me prone on the ground in the Aotea Position: face downward, back arched, raised by the forearms. Half of the group wanted to continue to the summit; the other half wanted to descend. It was now 3 p.m. and the watch still faced five hours of descent, tramping down steep inclines and heavily tree-rooted pathways. The fact that it would be dark by 5 p.m. was not my only challenge. I had stupidly left my torch at Anakiwa. Without it I was practically disabled, but as in most crises, there was an opportunity to learn.

One member of the watch, Tom, (both a pseudonym and a composite character) had sprained his ankle, and he needed some assistance climbing down the steeper and root-strewn descents.

But Tom had a torch. By now, my back had miraculously healed and I had full physical ability. Tom and I became very close team-mates. We shared our impairments: his sprained ankle and my lack of light. Four hours into our

descent the members who had summitted the mountain caught up with us, and we continued on as a group. At this point our watch instructors must have been gripped by a rare, empathetic guilt as, unbeknownst to us, one of the instructors went ahead, bringing the truck up the four-wheel drive track. This empathetic act shortened our walk by a full hour. However, any semblance of relief was shortlived.

It was now 10.30 p.m. Aotea Watch climbed into the truck, and exhausted by the all-day climb, we remained silent for the the 90-minute drive back to Anakiwa. We had reached our limit and our energy was spent. As the truck neared the Anakiwa headquarters we began to relax and share our anticipation of a hot shower and nourishing meal that had been promised us. But these extravagances would have to wait. What followed was the defining experience of my time at Outward Bound.

Rather than turning left into Anakiwa compound, the truck continued on, turning right and heading for the wharf. Like the first night at Te Kainga, this cold water swim came as a surprise. The watch leader's instruction was clear: put on a life jacket, walk to the end of the wharf and leap the four metres into the harbour. Then climb up the ladder and take a cold outdoor shower. After that, we were told to return to the watch bunkhouse, have a hot shower and dress for dinner. Dinner was to be served at 12.30 a.m..

Note to reader: Almost a decade later as I write this article, I realise that what happened at the wharf had actually already occurred on Mount Sunday. For the second time in a day the group had split into factions. Previously some, including myself, had decided not to continue to its summit. At the time there did not appear to be any repercussions to this decision. However, on the last morning at Anakiwa, I was summonsed to a private one-on-one meeting with one of the watch instructors, and was criticised for not pushing myself on Mount Sunday. I was gobsmacked. Had he asked my opinion, and he didn't, I would have reminded him that the basic bush safety tenet is to know your limitations. I did not want to be carried down the mountain.

As Aotea Watch alighted the truck in the moonless, frigid midnight air, members of the watch spontaneously began to negotiate with the watch instructors. Was this swim a practical joke? If it was, it was a beauty. But the watch instructors were serious. Automatically, the cough that had developed from my dehydration during the descent from Mount Sunday began to erupt. I appealed for an obvious personal exemption on medical grounds. Unbelievably, my plea fell on deaf ears. I reluctantly picked up my lifejacket and walked to the end of the wharf to meet my fate. At that moment, I remembered a secret learned during the week – that there's nothing to fear but fear itself - and I jumped into the harbour and swam to the ladder. As I climbed up I felt absolutely and totally exhilarated. I felt fresher than I had been at dawn, eighteen hours earlier. I was so enthralled by the moment that I jumped into the harbour for a second time.

That long-awaited midnight dinner still ranks as one of my finest meals. But only the nine members who had followed orders took part in the ensuing animated conversation about the day's events. The remaining three non-swimmers kept to themselves at the end of the table. I do not remember this from any field notes, just a strong recollection that there was a split between the animated group and the more subdued faction. For others too, the swim at the wharf became the defining moment of their Outward Bound experience. For me it was the hardest challenge, and the fact that I did it twice surely meant that I owned it. Maybe I jumped twice because I had not summitted Mount Sunday earlier in the day. I can't remember.

Most of the Aotea Watch members had leapt, albeit reluctantly, into that icy water. But three members became *conscientious objectors* and refused to swim. Unlike earlier that day, the watch instructors did not accept their refusal to absent themselves and for the second time a natural split emerged in the watch. What follows features Abee, who acted as the ringleader for the objectors and who has consented to tell her part in these events:

> "I do remember this bloody incident. And if there's one thing I learnt that I've taken with me, is I can say no, and be prepared to accept the consequences of saying no, and that the consequences sometimes aren't that bad.

> The truck stopped and I heard Tom saying: Oh God, we're not doing that again. And I looked out and I saw that bloody water, and I just thought: I can't, I cannot, I hated that cold water swim, I hated it, I couldn't see it did any good, hated it, and to me it just brought me down from my successful high that quick. I just don't have it in me. At that moment I had had enough. And I was so proud of myself that I'd got to the top [of Mt Sunday] and it just, to me, it just took it all away."

Although the watch instructors pressured the dissenters, accusing them of letting the watch down, the sub-group refused to jump. They were resolute. Sensing their defiance, the instructors then suggested a compromise. The small group could instead go off the beach and into the water up to their hips. Abee persisted, and managed to reduce the instruction to getting into the water up to the knees. Abee said she later refused to splash her thighs with water when commanded. Literally comrades in arms, Abee recalls entering the water with her fellow dissidents "holding on to them. I had arm in each arm. We were kind of like, you know, little me being their protector!"

I enjoyed my dinner immensely, but Abee's defiant episode soured her meal and detracted from the ambiance.

> "I remember being quiet [at dinner], still feeling vulnerable I guess, bit hunched over, and it was a casserole, beef casserole. It tasted horrible and I couldn't eat it. So I ate toast and marmite, I remember that. And the leader came over and he was asking us how we felt our experience was, and I said to him: That episode with the cold swim you did has just ruined the whole experience for me."

The wharf swim has an epilogue. While later delivering the group to our onward-travel connections, the launch stopped half-way to Picton in a quiet bay, and Aotea Watch had an awards ceremony. The watch instructors presented all the watch members with a certificate of participation. They then 'upped the ante' and threw down the gauntlet, placing twelve Outward Bound badges on the deck of the boat. The watch instructors instructed us each to explain why we deserved the badge before picking it up. The wharf swimmers automatically picked up their badges first. I can't remember what

anyone said, including myself, but we had no hesitation. All week I had met every challenge head on, even the high wires that luckily came late in the piece. And by then I took every other success up on the wires with me without giving fear a second thought.

Abee, the ring-leader and vocal dissenter, went next to pick up her badge. I cannot remember her words either, only her bravery in what was clearly a defiant act toward the watch instructors. She had refused the midnight swim and no amount of coercion ("you promised to swim daily when you signed up to come to Outward Bound") would persuade her to jump in the water. Abee's own memory of the awards ceremony is vague:

> "That's when we got our certificates, wasn't it? And our little badges, which I wore for ages until it broke, cheap metal that it was! I was very proud of that!"

Abee was a champion. Of all the people I met on the Anakiwa Outward Bound course, she was the most courageous. However, when we discussed the incident in our interview she said she did not view herself as brave:

> "I would never have thought of it as brave, I just thought I was just being stubborn. I wasn't thinking about being brave."

Abee saw herself as stubborn in the face of authority. The midnight swim had not been her challenge. Her challenge was not to yield to the madness of swimming at midnight in August. She aimed her challenge back at Outward Bound, and from that position she did not yield.

Discussion

The experiential learning detailed in this article is an arrow with two targets. The first target is using this episode of experiential learning to examine the limits of autoethnographic ethics. My experience at Anakiwa occurred within Aotea Watch. As such, it is not my story but a collective account that I ethically disguise by concealing the date of our Outward Bound experience, and by providing pseudonyms and/or composites in order to protect the anonymity

of its characters. 'Abee' is also a pseudonym, but her story documented here was obtained only after a formal consent process was approved. Subsequently a second form of consent was also sought; a form known as process consent (Ellis, 2007). Abee has read this article and has agreed to have it published. In sum, retelling our own experiences invariably involves reference to others - the main point of my ten foundational guidelines for autoethnography (Tolich, 2010).

The second target is the vulnerability of total institutions. Outward Bound is a classic total institution cut off from the wider society. Although I was transformed, total institutions are not immune from change themselves (Tolich 1995). Human agency is uncontainable and although the macro institution of Outward Bound may seem impervious to change, the micro Outward Bound as manifest within the Aotea Watch was susceptible to transformation.

Each year I ask my first year social psychology students to sociologically analyse Archibald Baxter's biography *We Will Not Cease* (2003). Baxter's book documents his horrendous experience as a First World War conscientious objector at the hands of a series of total institutions (prisons, the army, mental hospitals and transport ships). To my students I pose the question: who was more courageous in World War One - the gallant Gallipoli veteran or the conscientious objector like Archibald Baxter? (Baxter, 2003; Tolich 2009). They were undoubtedly both brave, but Baxter was more so. The conscripted soldiers had no choice but to fight. Desertion was a capital crime. Baxter, on the other hand, did have a choice. He could suffer the agonies of *number one field punishment* (a form of crucifixion) or he could pick up a gun. Many regular soldiers in the army prisons recognised Baxter's dilemma. One soldier told him:

> "We've got to go through hard punishment here and we'd do anything on earth to get out of it. You get it worse than us, and yet you've only got to say the word to escape it all. What enables you to hold out as you do?" (Baxter 2003, p. 127)

Abee took the hard route and defied the directive to swim. I, on the other hand, followed instructions.

I doubt Outward Bound as an institution would see Abee's defiance at the wharf as fitting within its motto of *"to serve, to strive and not to yield"*, but it should. Outward Bound's challenges are uniquely personal: based on how individuals idiosyncratically read a situation, the consequences that follow are real (Thomas & Znanicki, 1958). Composing a note saying why you admire another watch person can be defined by some as a mammoth challenge and by others as an appreciated amusement. The Outward Bound experience opened my eyes to the fact that I could succeed at any challenge put in front of me. And as I flew over Cook Strait, without my eye patches on, I was able to open my eyes and see Mount Sunday, the Cook Strait ferry and experience the gyrations of the eighteen-seat plane without the fear of flying. I have never since experienced this fear. Was I braver than Abee? I doubt I was.

Bibliography

Baxter, A. (2003) *We Will Not Cease*. Auckland: Cape Catley.

Ellis, C. (2007). Telling secrets, revealing lives: relational ethics in research with intimate others. *Qualitative Inquiry,* 13, 3.

Fine, G. (1987) *With The Boys: Little League Baseball and Preadolescent Culture.* Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

Goffman, E. (1961) *Asylums*. London: Pelican Books.

Thomas, W. & Znanicki, F. (1958) *The Polish Peasant in Europe and America.* New York: Dover.

Martin, A.J. (2003) Adding value to the Outward Bound educational process. *Outward Bound International* 11(1), 4-5 [on-line]

Martin, A.J. (2000) Towards a new generation of Outward Bound *Horizons/ Journal of the Association for Outdoor Learning* 10: 29-30.

Tolich, M. (in press) Sociology graduates require pathways, not employment destinations: The promise of experiential learning *New Zealand Journal of Sociology.*

Tolich, M. (2010) A critique of current practice: Ten foundational guidelines for autoethnographers, *Qualitative Health Research* doi: 10.1177/1049732310376076

Tolich, M. (2009) The conscientious self: enriching sociological Social Psychology 101 using the anti-torture biography We Will Not Cease, *New Zealand Journal of Sociology* 24(2): 80- 93.

Tolich, M. (1995) Breaking the mould: External forces subverting the racing stable as a total institution. *Australia and New Zealand Journal of Sociology* 31: 100-114.

Walsh, V. and Golins, G. (1976) *The Exploration of the Outward Bound Process*. Denver, CO: Colorado Outward Bound School.