



The Passion of Research

Ted Watts¹*

In our academic isolation the inspiration of our passion passes, unnoticed, oblivious,
ignored, as a phantom mournfully lamenting the extinguished light of existence;
But in consort with each other, a critical inquiry identified, this inspiration
breathes life, and with desire rekindled again two minds are united;

Add to this percipient meeting the elation of the research grant just won, and suddenly
the game is afoot and the pursuit of knowledge unfolds;
Driven by imperatives not of our making the frenetic activity masks the bland reality
of the ubiquitous ranking levels and the mandated research point;

While this distortion of personal measurement is acknowledged it is the thrust, the
discovery, the search of knowledge that drives the passion on;
Passion – yes, but passion interrupted with the mundane realities of the research task,
the arguments of theory and method pass ignominiously;

And between the passion of rekindled desire and the climax of fulfilment, the two of
us have laid bare the nakedness of truth, because in truth, as in our search, there
can be no secrets;

But when this summit of fulfilment is replaced with the anticlimax of publication,
and because it is what we do best, we surrender ourselves once more to the seductive
cloak of our research, and start the game anew.

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