

THE MOMENT WHEN WE BLINK: Articulating the Process of
Subjectivity in the Life of a Teacher

by

Susan Jane Underwood
B.A, Simon Fraser University, 1971

A Thesis Submitted in Partial Fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree of

MASTERS OF ARTS

in the Faculty of Education

We accept this thesis as conforming
to the required standard



Dr. Laurie Baxter, Supervisor
(Department of Communications and Social Foundations)



Dr. Smaro Kamboureli, Member (Department of English)



Dr. Stephen Scobie, Outside Member (Department of English)



Dr. Alan Drengson, External Examiner (Department of Philosophy)

© SUSAN JANE UNDERWOOD, 1994

University of Victoria

All rights reserved. Thesis may not be reproduced in whole or in part, by
photocopy of other means, without the permission of the author.

Supervisor: Dr. Laurie Baxter

ABSTRACT

This thesis articulates an approach to teaching that acknowledges the role that education plays in the process of subjectification. It attempts to identify a position from which a subject who teaches can practise an awareness of the ethical dimensions of her actions. Both the teacher and the student are subjects of educational discourse and, as Foucault states, in these relationships power is always present. This thesis questions whether it is possible to create what Deleuze calls a "line of flight" capable of dismantling the binary arrangements of teacher/student and allowing new thought to occur.

The introduction to the thesis begins with some of the subject's early recollections of instances in which she unconsciously interpreted power as a silencing force. The subject desires to dislodge that effect through consciously examining what she has learned to ignore in the power relations that create subjectivity.

In the first section of the thesis, the theories of Jacques Derrida, Michel Foucault, and Gilles Deleuze are utilized to frame a way of thinking through the ethical questions raised for the education system by post-modernism. Deleuze and Guattari's notion of "minority literature" is outlined, adapted, and applied to the field of education. "Minority teaching" is the term that is used to indicate a position within the educational system that is open to critical reflection upon questions concerning power relations and subjectivity.

The next three sections of the thesis are devoted to analysis of the components that characterize "minority teaching": political immediacy of one's actions, the existence of collectivity, and the invention of new forms of expression. In each case, a form of "memory-work" is employed to illustrate these concepts. "Memory-work" involves critical reflection upon the individual's participation in the formation of her subjectivity. Transcripts of taped conversations, dreams, and journal entries that

relate to each of the three concepts are some of the sources for this research. Stories from the subject's history serve as examples of "moments when we blink" - times when we are newly conscious of how we have constructed ourselves as subjects of our own discourse.

The final section of the thesis reflects upon the effect of this research project on the subjectivity of its author. The production of a thesis is itself a disciplining practice, yet through the writing of this work, the subject has managed to create for herself new possibilities for thinking and living. Foucault's interpretation of the tradition of "caring for the self" is used to frame a space for the subject to work with an ethical awareness of her participation in the formation of the subjectivity of her own and others' selves. In her teaching practice, the subject finds evidence that opportunities exist for her students and herself to think together about issues of power and subjectivity. The thesis ends with the observation that there is no conclusion to the process of "caring for the self." The thesis is considered to have reached completion because it has achieved its purpose: new thinking is now possible.

Examiners:



Dr. Laurie Baxter, Supervisor
(Department of Communications and Social Foundations)



Dr. Smaro Kamboureli, Member
(Department of English)



Dr. Stephen Scobie, Outside Member
(Department of English)



Dr. Alan Drengson, External Examiner
(Department of Philosophy)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

TITLE PAGE	i
ABSTRACT.....	ii
TABLE OF CONTENTS.....	iv
PREAMBLE	vi
PREFACE.....	vii
PART 1: INTRODUCTION	
So What's Your Thesis About?.....	1
Some Things I Remember.....	2
So What?	4
The Nature of My Inquiry	8
PART 2: THE THEORIES	
Who Do You Think You Are?	10
Deconstructing Silence	14
Foucault and Me	18
What Have You Got Deleuze?	21
Memory-work	25
Only Expression Gives Us the Method	29
PART 3: MINORITY TEACHING--A POLITICAL ACTIVITY	
Teaching and Becoming	31
Tracing a Line of Flight	35
Story # 1	38
Crossing the Line	41
Story # 2	43
Story #3	46
Story # 4	47

PART 4: STORIES OF COLLECTIVITY	
What is an Assemblage?	49
Journal Entry - Jan. 1992	50
Assemblages of Desire.....	52
The Group of 5 Assemblage	54
The Need to Stammer	60
Story # 5	66
Local Knowledge	70
PART 5: LANGUAGE, GENDER, AND EXPRESSION	
Difference and Multiplicity	74
Journal Entry - February 93	80
Deterritorializing Language	81
Story # 6	84
Writing	87
Transcript -- Group of 5--Nov/89	90
Contexts	94
PART 6: LOOKING BACK ON TODAY	
Working in the Middle	97
Story # 7	99
Practising Liberty	102
REFERENCES	106

PREAMBLE

This thesis is an assemblage dedicated to developing an understanding of how the processes of subjectification function and of how a "subject of education," whether teacher or student, might be able to question the practices in which he or she is engaged. The thesis begins with memories from my childhood and youth. Each of these memories is a reminder that young people often observe and interpret power relations in their lives without the opportunity for reflection or critique. As an educator working with young people, I want to participate in creating openings that allow both adult and child to be more conscious of how they live their lives.

(PRE)FACE

Recently I found a picture of me taken when I was six years old. I am standing by Santa Claus. I am wearing a green plaid coat with a corduroy collar and matching hat. It is the same version, smaller size, of the coat and hat my sister wears and which I will wear too after she outgrows it. This picture is one of the few that does not have my sister beside me. She would have been ten years old then, too old to have a visit with Santa. I look as though I may have outgrown visits with Santa too. I know that I didn't believe in Santa at that age. My sister had told me before I was six that Santa wasn't real. I seem quite calm in the picture; I don't look excited or joyful. I am not smiling but I am not frowning either. I am looking, not at Santa, nor at the camera, but over to the left. My look is watchful and wary, as though I am figuring things out.

When I found the photograph at my parents' house last year, I stole it. I recognized that six year old girl. I had to take her with me. I couldn't risk that my mother might not let me have her. I hid her in my suitcase and smuggled her home.

PART 1
INTRODUCTION

So What's Your Project About?

This project is about power and about subjectivity -- my subjectivity. It is about figuring things out, about thinking things through, about growing and speaking up. This project is a journey, but it does not follow a linear path -- it travels backwards and forwards, in and out. This project is about gender, about the fact that I fell into the world female, and how that makes a difference to the ways that I know about power. This project is about being afraid to say anything and about breaking through that fear. This project is about being a teacher and working with others. It is about learning how to talk together. It is about the power that operates in the lives of the young people I teach as well as my own. It is about the ways that we can work, mindful that we are constructing our lives, our histories. This project is a localized study; a personal examination of my own history as a subject who teaches.

Some Things I Remember

I was four or five, waiting in the car outside Joe's garage for my father to return from the darkness into which he had disappeared. The car seat was hot and sticky and I wanted my father to come back. I left the car and sought the cool, black recess of the garage interior. Near the back, in a small office, I found my father and Joe laughing, talking together. Surrounding them were glossy photographs of half-naked women, breasts looming out of sweaters and swimsuits, pointing at me. For a moment, no one knew I was there, then Joe guffawed. My father, darting a look, turned me toward the door. He took me from the room quickly. There was something about breasts that belonged to the darkness and the world of my father and Joe. There was something I didn't know. (Underwood, 1990, p. 202)

When I was five years old, Blake Whitley told me about the man who put popsicle sticks up inside where a girl goes to the bathroom. He stole little girls and jabbed them with popsicle sticks until they died, Blake said.

The Bogey-Man will get you.

The babysitter was sitting on top of my sister. Two other boys had pulled her pants down. My sister fought as best she could with her legs and arms pinned. I kicked and hit the boy who was sitting on her. Later my sister told me not to tell my mother. I didn't.

In my uncle's house, the living room was dominated by a huge oil painting of Mary Magdalene washing Jesus' feet. Every other wall seemed to have a bleeding Jesus hanging on a cross. I was twelve and we were visiting our relatives in Alberta. They were my father's family -- Catholic. My sister and I were sharing a room but I was there alone changing into my swimsuit. My uncle entered without knocking. I thought he must have made a mistake and forgotten that my cousin had vacated the room for the duration of our stay. I was wearing only panties. My uncle didn't seem to be embarrassed by what I thought was a blunder; on the

contrary, he seemed to have sought me out. He engaged me in conversation. How was I enjoying my stay? Was I comfortable in the room? I can't remember how I answered him. I can only remember feeling silly. This was my uncle, a religious man. Father of two daughters and three sons, two of whom were studying to be priests. I wanted to cover myself up, but to do so would seem disrespectful, as though I thought he might be interested in my body. I forced my arms to stay at my side rather than cover myself up. I answered his questions politely, smiling.

When I was seventeen, a man ran up behind me, threw his arm around my neck and dragged me down an embankment. It was a sunny day, Easter Sunday in fact. My ten year old cousin was with me. I had taken her to the park. There must have been hundreds of people strolling through Stanley Park that afternoon. I could see their feet passing by as I lay at the bottom of the embankment. I could see only their feet, their shoes, unbelievably walking past me, ignoring what should have made them stop in their tracks, move in my direction. A writhing heavy weight lay on top of me, a man, one hand across my throat cutting off the air. The other hand ripped through my clothes. I was wearing a red coat, black and white tweed mini-skirt, black patterned stockings. He shoved up my skirt, ripped the stockings off. I could feel his penis on the skin of my leg. I could see the feet passing by. Then I saw my cousin, her startled face, and beside her, a man, running down the embankment -- the man on top of me ran away, crashing through the trees to reach the seawall just below. He threw some money from his pocket at me. \$2.00. No one chased him. The man who helped me offered us a ride home. I refused and walked the rest of the way dirty and torn. My legs were scratched. I worried that I looked like a slut. I warned my cousin not to tell. When we got home I said that I had slipped and fallen.

So What?

"Ignoring is different from ignorance; you have to work at it." (Atwood, 1989, p. 53)

Hey, we all had bad times (which is just my point). And we tried our best to learn something from them. In that photograph of my six year old self, I see a child that is observant. What is she observing, I wonder? I remember, when my sister told me that Santa was Mommy and Daddy, I asked my parents if she was lying. Yes, of course she was, they replied, and glared furiously in Judy's direction. So I knew at once she was telling the truth. But I kept quiet about it. Children aren't stupid, just vulnerable. I don't know why I pretended to believe in Santa -- maybe I wanted to protect my position as the baby of the family, maybe I didn't want to know my parents could lie. Long before I ever went to school, I was busy studying what sort of things spelled trouble, what sort of things got people mad, what sort of things were too confusing to acknowledge. And I learned to keep quiet about them.

The memories that I have recounted share a common theme -- in each instance I did not investigate further, I did not know what would happen if I did. Those incidents are personal stories, and yet they are more than that too. They are experiences that are unique but not bizarre, individual but not untypical. Contained within those memories, structuring those memories, is an unacknowledged consciousness of the forces of sexuality and power that permeate our culture. Before I ever went to school, there was much that I had learned about power relations; about institutions of family and religion; about gender and authority. In each circumstance I recalled, from my five-year old encounter with pornography to my seventeen year old "near-miss" with rape, I acted, I would say, "normally" -- with fear, shame, guilt, passivity, silence. What would have happened had I not done so? What will happen if I do not do so now?

Most of my childhood memories are reminiscent of the everyday lives of many middle-class, white, North American women. I am not one of the children who were raped by their fathers or uncles or brothers or next-

door-neighbours. I am not one of the children who were hungry or beaten or cold, who were poor. My uncle never laid a finger on me. The man who tried to rape me didn't succeed. I was never stolen by the popsicle man. But the Bogey-Man got me anyway, sometime when I wasn't aware of how he could enter into my body and control how I felt, thought, acted.

A few years ago I had a dream -- actually just a sentence. It spoke itself to me when I was asleep. "Daddy says not to". That's it. No images, no other words. The force of the sentence was incredible. I could not dream anything after it was spoken. Who is Daddy, who is the Bogey-Man? Some feeling my body and soul remember in my sleep. Some voice whose "no" is so powerful, it stops me from dreaming.

That is what I mean when I say children are vulnerable. Thrown into a world that pre-exists them, they work to become part of how things work, to grow up, to belong. Yet the world is a confusing place, filled with ugliness as well as beauty, injustice as well as love. The child is small and inexperienced; she needs our help. Are we equipped for the task? Or do our own fears cripple any attempts to help the child? Our tendency is to protect the child -- to warn, for example, of strangers offering candy, of places that are not safe to play - but not to acknowledge or explore the conditions that allow these circumstances to exist. For the difficult and the most part, the child is left alone -- to watch and interpret what she sees and experiences, to accommodate what she thinks is expected. Where and how will she learn to speak, to question, to think about the differences, the conflicts, the contradictions that she observes?

My project is based on the belief that as children we internalize the power relations that constitute and operate our society, and seldom gain any assistance in making our assumptions and beliefs explicit. Rarely does someone with more experience in thinking about how we are living our lives try to equip us with tools that will uncover the contradictions we have been encouraged to ignore.

I know that I have not had to endure the experiences some of the children I have taught have had to endure. But neither am I unaffected

by the conditions that have made their suffering possible. In learning to ignore what is potentially disturbing to my identity and sense of security, I learned to ignore issues that affect us all.

* * *

There were stories in the newspapers, of course, corpses in ditches or the woods, bludgeoned to death or mutilated, interfered with as they used to say, but they were about other women, and the men who did such things were other men. None of them were the men we knew. The newspaper stories were like dreams to us, bad dreams dreamt by others. How awful, we would say, and they were, but they were awful without being believable. They were too melodramatic, they had a dimension that was not the dimension of our lives.

We were the people who were not in the papers. We lived in the blank white spaces at the edges of print. It gave us more freedom.

We lived in the gaps between the stories.
(Atwood, 1989, p. 53)

* * *

Present-day gender arrangements, along with those of class and race, structure our everyday lives. The degree, the form, the duration, the effects of these structures on our psyches and souls, all vary -- each body interprets power according to its own history. But while there are differences in the ways that we experience gender, we all are involved in the creation and/or maintenance of power relations that reinforce or disturb these arrangements. Many of us seem to *strive* to be unaware of what is going on in our lives, to submerge our consciousness and live quietly and passively, in the midst of violence and fear, as usual.

I do not believe that I was encouraged in my childhood or adult life to attend to the practices that structure my reality. As a child, I learned how to act: I learned to ignore, I learned not to tell. But other possibilities surely exist.

Now, I am a grown-up, one who teaches children. As a teacher, I am a powerful figure. I can reproduce the lessons of silence, continuing to ignore the power relations that operate in our lives. I can diminish my

life and the lives of my students through fear, unwillingness to grapple with what it is I am doing or what they are experiencing. I can be the authority who is not open to question, the adult who is afraid to rock the boat. I would like to be otherwise.

My project is based on the belief that lack of awareness is not inevitable; it is not something we have to accept. I know that when I wake from sleep, my consciousness begins to work against the negating, repressive voice I heard in my dreams. I am neither passive nor inert. Neither are the young people I teach. I would like the effects of our encounters to be generative, not repressive. I want this for myself as well as for them.

The Nature of My Inquiry

I began a program in Curriculum Studies because I wanted to think about teaching -- what it was I was doing and why. Fairly soon, I sensed that there would be no end to this study -- and now I am quite certain that the journey will not be conclusive. Already much has changed in my life as a result of the type of inquiry I have undertaken, and I expect that more changes lie ahead.

Like most of us, I have been ill-equipped to deconstruct the practices that define who we are and how we understand the world. One of the tools that has proven useful to me in this enterprise is writing. Although over the years I used writing unconsciously in letters, poetry, and journal entries, to record and interpret my experiences, it was only when I began a course in graduate studies that I began to use writing consciously as a vehicle for examining critically my own manipulation of reality. Writing intensifies my consciousness; it is also a political act -- an attempt to move what was hidden, devalued or ignored into a public forum. Writing has been a means of reflecting on my experience, of integrating theory and practice, of changing how I understand what I do. Throughout this thesis, therefore, a concern with writing will be evident, but the concern is part of a larger question -- how can I speak?

In my search for other tools to assist me in my project, I turned to theorists who had devoted their lives to thinking about the questions I was interested in. These theorists focused on power relations, language and discourse, political change; they shared an intense commitment to the practice of writing. First I read Jacques Derrida whose theories of deconstruction were useful in thinking about how to interrupt the power relations that simultaneously form and entrap us. Next, I read the work of Hélène Cixous, Luce Irigaray, Michel Foucault, Gilles Deleuze, Felix Guattari, Judith Butler, Frigga Haug, and others. These theorists led me to an appreciation of the difficulties involved in investigations of subjectivity, but they also offered me ways to work and think -- methodologies, if you like. Deleuze and Guattari's description of Kafka's "minority literature" seemed to fit my own dilemma -- the act of writing a

thesis that questioned the very practices involved in acts such as writing a thesis. I have adapted their description of a minority sensibility -- "picked it up," as Deleuze might say -- to serve as a rough framework for my own thinking. I have found the idea of "political immediacy," included as one of the characteristics of a minor literature, a particularly potent concept. For me, it designates an attempt to acknowledge what is taken for granted and to see the power relations existent in the immediate situation or act. Another appealing feature inherent to the notion of political immediacy is the possibility of disturbing those relations.

The project that I have embarked upon is ongoing; although this writing offers descriptions of ways that we might work or think about subjectivity and the ethics of teaching, it does not offer conclusions. I am attempting to be more alert to what is at work when we do what we do in educational institutions . To do this, as I will discuss later in this writing, I attempt to "tell the truth" in my life, to exercise my right and my obligation to speak in the company of others. The first part of this thesis reviews some of the theories of subjectivity and gender that have been most helpful to my inquiry. The second part uses Deleuze and Guattari's idea of "minority literature" to articulate my own struggles to speak. The third part asks critical questions about what these ideas might mean to the ways we think about teaching.

Perhaps this thesis will be helpful to others who seek tools to assist them in thinking about the practices and relations that tell us who we are -- perhaps not. It is written not with that purpose in mind, but perhaps with that hope - that somehow in engaging in an inquiry such as this, I will in deed connect with others engaged in their own version of the same struggle, and that I will be better able to converse with those whom I meet -- especially those who are already learning how to be silent.

PART 2
THE THEORIES

Who Do You Think You Are?

Given my interest in education, a view of subjectivity that incorporates possibilities for change is obviously appealing. Postmodernist theories that reject the ideal of an essential, humanist subject with a unified purpose and a clear direction might at first glance not appear to offer much hope. However, the idea that gender is not fixed, that subjectivity is a site of struggle, that conflicting discourses can and do disrupt "identity," can be provocative and exciting.

* * *

At the level of the individual, [feminist post-modernist theory] is able to offer an explanation of where our experience comes from, why it is contradictory or incoherent and why and how it can change.... It can also account for the political limitations of change at the level of subjective consciousness stressing the importance of the material relations and practices which constitute individuals as embodied subjects with particular but not inevitable forms of conscious and unconscious motivations and desires which are themselves the effect of the social institutions and processes which structure society. (Weedon, 1987, p.41)

* * *

In postmodern theory, subjectivity is a complex process whereby the individual learns to identify with certain subject positions that will frame how she lives. Through acquiring proficiency in various discourses that assign meaning and value to her world, the subject participates in her own subjectification. The fact that these discourses may be contradictory and that they may not work in the best interests of the subject has little to do with the tenacity with which she clings to them. "It is the fact of our active participation that gives social

structures their solidity; they are more solid than prison walls" (Haug, 1987, p.59).

My experience of what it means to live as a woman is not another woman's experience. Both of us, however, respond to cultural expectations of what our experiences might entail. The body's interpretation of cultural norms is a process that is mostly covert but it is, as well, continual and continuous. Conflicting views and experiences can open us up to reinterpretations. The purpose of education in my life is to increase this possibility. Through conscious attempts to engage in collective exploration of how we have constructed ourselves as men and women, I hope to increase the opportunities for change, to expand the repertoire of relations.

I work as a teacher -- "in the middle"-- or, as Deleuze writes in French, in the "milieu," the surroundings. It may be that I will be guilty of "picking up" from the theorists I read what is useful, and ignoring what is not. My position is somewhat similar to that of Cixous who states that she has a dialogue with philosophy, a relationship, but that she is not a philosopher.

I do not speak about the concept of writing the way Derrida analyzes it. I speak in a more idealistic fashion. I allow this to myself; I disenfranchise myself from the philosophical obligations and corrections, which does not mean that I disregard them.....Philosophical discourse, if you like, is not free, since it must obey imperatives of signification. A philosopher is obligated to hold on to logic -- even Derridait is like a ford of a river, if you like: he must jump from concept to concept, or from rock to rock, whereas I allow myself to say, since I do not have any obligation toward philosophy, I really do prefer swimming. I prefer being in the water and openly in the water; (Conely, 1984, p. 151)

My interest in subjectivity, gender, and power is connected to what is of most immediate, direct, and material concern to me -- the way I live my life and the influence I have on others, especially my students. How is it that "academic" has become in the parlance of many a description of what is abstract and removed from daily life? The answer, I believe, is

related to what Foucault has to say about power, truth, and institutions; to what Deleuze and Guattari have to say about "reterritorializing"; to what Derrida has to say about the absence of presence; to what Atwood has to say about "ignoring." As Foucault states, there is a long philosophical tradition dedicated to the analytics of truth. Another, perhaps less comfortable, critical tradition is where I believe my own work is situated:

But there is also in modern and contemporary philosophy another type of question, another kind of critical interrogation... That other critical tradition poses the question: What is our present? What is the present field of possible experiences? This is not an analytics of truth; it will concern what might be called an ontology of the present, an ontology of ourselves...(Foucault, 1988a, p.95)

What draws me to the theorists whose work I have used is a sense that their writing stems from their interest in their own lives. Foucault states that "[the] main interest in life and work is to become someone else that you were not in the beginning" (Martin, 1988, p. 9). He also states that "[each] of my works is a part of my own biography" (Martin, 1988, p. 11). The work of Cixous expresses a passion for life, a belief in possibilities:

I grant myself the luxury to read in texts only that which for me is a question of life and death. So when I read, I ask of the text questions that I ask of myself. I ask questions like "where does it come from?" Questions of origin. Where does it go? How far? What stops? What arrests? My questions are of, and concern, human beings. ... I ask questions concerning human beings in general. What causes some people to waste their lives, not to know how to live, and what makes others capable of pushing back the limits of death in life? And I ask myself questions concerning love in relation to a life-giving body or to one that gives death. (Conely, 1984, p. 153)

I too am asking questions about the "life-giving body," about "how to live." I welcome the differences among various theorists as an indication of the many responses that are possible. Indirectly, I suppose, teaching has been one of the most important ways for me to think

through these questions. This writing is another, in some ways more direct, way to think. And at the same time, it is a way to speak.

Deconstructing Silence

The effort to understand how we construct ourselves as women or men can lead to a loss of all the orderly comforts provided by identity, the sense of knowing who we are and how we should act. We lose the language that gave us our name. That is the meaning behind my question "how can I speak"? From Derrida, the first of the theorists that I turned to, I took the notion of deconstruction.

What is language? How does it work to name us, to identify us as certain collections of qualities and practices? Words, according to linguistic theories of Saussure and others, do not possess any positive meaning inherent in their sounds or letters, but are dependent on a system of differences that renders each word identifiable. Within this system of differences, words, sounds, letters are recognized because they differ from other words, sounds, letters. The word "today," for example, depends on an inherent understanding of "yesterday" and "tomorrow" to convey meaning.

Within each word, Derrida therefore concludes, exists a "trace," the trace of what the word is not. This trace is a part of our understanding of what the word "is." The trace which exists in each element of language, in providing the difference, also defers meaning, as meaning is not present within the boundaries of the word itself.

Derrida adopts the word "differance," identical in sound to "difference" but with the "ance" ending associated with verbal nouns, to refer to this simultaneous differing and deferring. "Differance" is the term for what is not, for the space between the word and any meaning which is attached to it. All meanings are constructed within a chain of signification, interwoven and interdependent attempts to net what is nothing but open space in which words do not signify.

Instead of this space between, where there is neither signifier nor signified, human beings desire a full presence of being. In this way, we define ourselves and construct our meaning as human beings, "man being the name of that being who has dreamed of full presence, the reassuring foundation, the origin and the end of play." (Derrida, 1987, p.

408). Our dreams, our myths, we attempt to project outside ourselves into an absolute reality to which we can adhere. "God," "truth," "self," "beauty" are examples of these groundings which have become signs of Being termed "transcendental signifieds." This desire for presence Derrida terms logocentrism in which speech is believed to be a conscious articulation of presence. "In the beginning there was the Word and the Word was good."

But, Derrida reminds us, the Word is not a positive, immediate articulation of presence. Rather, it is the network of traces, of the absence of presence and he acknowledges our entrapment within a system of language that eludes and deceives its users. According to Derrida (1976), language is everything -- "il n'y a pas de hors texte" (p. 158). Language preexists us and through its form formulates our perceptions, our consciousness. Speech depends upon the "always already inscribed" (the "writing") which is external to and preexists the speaker. There is no escape from this dilemma, Derrida concedes. To think, to act, to write, to speak is to involve ourselves in irony; we strive for the full presence of speech, yet that speech is non-originary; it is a product of writing. We question the forms of language, but to form our questions we are dependent on the forms we question.

The form that language assumes and assimilates is one of binary opposition, an indication of the chain of signification that we rely upon to produce "meaning." Examples of these binary opposites abound: active/passive, positive/negative, identity/difference, art/nature, reason/emotion, day/night, strength/weakness, man/woman. Each binary pair contains one term which is privileged over the other. The other term is just that -- "other" -- defined by its difference from the standard, the norm.

To deconstruct is to undo this system, to locate its "aporia" or "blind spot" and to unravel from it the contradiction which is the basis of our attempt to pinpoint presence within the word. Deconstructive writing is an attempt to disrupt logocentrism. "Play" is one means of rupturing presence; by use of constant puns and wordplay, the writer confounds the expectation of positive meaning. Derrida writes "sous rature" or

"under erasure." He writes a word only to cross it out and leave it intact as an expression of what words cannot say but which we are forced to use words to attempt to say. Deconstructive reading of a text (and there is nothing outside text) is a search for the inconsistency that will result in the collapsing of the text's own logic. One method of collapsing this logic is to identify the binary opposites and the hierarchy of terms which are expressed, and then to undo this hierarchy by valorizing what was previously denigrated. In doing so, the conflict that emerges exposes the construction of the hierarchy and renders it meaningless. From this point, we can hopefully see new possibilities, construct new configurations, although these too must be deconstructed in turn.

The process seems simple -- but deconstructing notions of who one is or how things are can be terrifying -- even though that terror is always already present in the "trace." Perhaps the trace is what we try to ignore -- the corpse in the ditch. "Woman," for example, if defined as what man is not, becomes a description of a marginal destiny as well as a compilation of contradictory terms. But to confront that destiny and those contradictions directly is to carve out even further isolation for oneself -- and even at times, to risk danger. Perhaps the process is not possible. Foucault's descriptions of how power operates point out how difficult it is for us to recognize what it is we take for granted.

Foucault demonstrates that the discourses that constrain us have a base in institutions: the church, the school, the courts, the hospitals. He does this through analyses of specific historical practices such as technologies of surveillance in the prison system. I do not intend to imitate his project; I am interested, however, in making use of his ideas and methodologies, his belief that the study of power should be an "ascending analysis" (Foucault, 1980, p. 99), starting from what is most immediate and concrete. Because there are multiple mechanisms and technologies of power at work in our lives, there are as well multiple points of resistance.

Foucault talks of the "specific intellectual" whose task it is to investigate the techniques of power that work in her or his own disciplinary domain. I have spent all but five years of my life (and those five years were my first) in educational institutions. As I work on my project, I am frequently questioned as to why I choose to do this type of study "within the institution." The answer to the question is related to what Foucault says about power and subjectivity. I am a product of the educational institution. I am a high-school graduate, I have a Bachelor of Arts degree, I am a graduate student at the University of Victoria, I teach school children. I *am* "within the institution." The institution is within me. Isn't my task, ethically, professionally, intellectually, to investigate what that might mean to the children whose lives I influence? What are the mechanisms of power that I take for granted in my everyday encounters? How do they actually work?

* * *

If I were to characterise, not [the relationship between power, right and truth] itself, but its intensity and constancy, I would say that we are forced to produce the truth of power that our society demands, of which it has need, in order to function: we must speak the truth; we are constrained or condemned to confess or to discover the truth. (Foucault, 1980, p. 93)

* * *

In thinking about my own subjectivity, how I have been forced to produce the truth, I realize that the truth of power I discovered as a girl was spoken through my silence. Through not speaking of the man who tried to rape me, I acquiesced to a belief that I had caused the attack. (My mother had told me my skirt was too short. Didn't I buy my red coat because it drew attention to me? He gave me money; he must have thought I looked like a hooker.) That silence is not just a memory of the past and it is not restricted to extraordinary events.

I struggle to engage in a different type of truth-telling than the truth of power, one that breaks the silence. In another dream I had, one word was written - "geherence." It appeared as a sort of subtitle to a scene in which I am questioning my mother. I ask her only one question: "Why did you pass on the lie?" The meaning of the word my dream invented was "gender inheritance" -- what a mother tells her daughter about her own struggles. Foucault's discussion of "parrhesia," in which one tells the truth about oneself even at the expense of one's status and identity, is not the same type of truth that our society demands we produce in order to maintain existing power relations. *Parrhesia* is the type of truth-telling that is capable of disrupting power relations, creating new spaces in which people can think and act. The subject who is a teacher who speaks the truths about herself as student, woman, parent -- does she not disrupt her own discourses? "Truth," in my understanding of Foucault's use of the word, does not refer to an essentialized, universal truth but rather to the type of knowledge that is produced when a subject risks her or his identity and subject position and allows the conflicting discourses that create subjectivity to confront each other. For this reason, my project is not restricted to a particular discourse, that of graduate student in a Curriculum Studies program, but ranges through various modes of expression and inquiry as I attempt to "tell the truth" about what it is for me to try to live and to teach with an ethical consciousness.

I do not even know what is silenced in my body. I listen to my dreams; I write. Yesterday I asked my son if he would like to read what I have written so far, and he did. "Did these things really happen to you?"

he asked. "Yes, they did. Do you know what I am writing about? Do you know why?" I asked. "Oh yes," he answered, clearly, emphatically. So why hadn't I told him before?

What Have You Got Deleuze?

The "lines" that compose us, Deleuze says, are multiple. Some are rigid segments, dependent on the binary code that Derrida describes, cutting us up into either this *or* that -- mother or son, teacher or student, adult or child. Rigid segments are linked to devices of power that determine the territory of each segment. Who gives the orders here? It is these devices, Deleuze (1987) claims, on which Foucault concentrates:

It is by discovering this segmentarity and this heterogeneity of modern powers that Foucault was able to break with the hollow abstractions of the 'State' and of 'the' law and renew all the assumptions of political analysis. (p. 129)

The State is not outside this analysis but, like Foucault, Deleuze does not *begin* with the State. In Deleuzian terms, the "abstract machine" is what is at work in the State. The abstract machine "overcodes" the coded lines of segmentation, determining what is dominant, what is viewed as the established order. The State is the assemblage that brings the overcoding, the dominant order into concrete existence in the social field.

* * *

We should ask today which are the abstract machines of overcoding, which are exercised as a result of the forms of the modern State. One can even conceive of 'forms of knowledge' which make their offers of service to the State, proposing themselves for its realization, claiming to provide the best machines for the tasks or the aims of the State: today informatics? But also the human sciences . (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p. 128-129)

* * *

For two years I worked at the B.C. government's Ministry of Education. My task there was to design a program for schooling that would further the Ministry's goal of producing "educated citizens." The

educated citizen, according to Ministry mandate (1990), is one who is:

- thoughtful, able to think critically, and who can communicate from a broad knowledge base
- creative, flexible, self-motivated and who has a positive self-image
- capable of making independent decisions
- skilled and who can contribute to society generally, including the world of work
- productive, who can gain satisfaction through achievement and who strives for physical well being
- cooperative, principled and respectful of others regardless of differences
- aware of the rights and prepared to exercise the responsibilities of an individual within the family, the community, Canada, and the world. (p. 15)

Defining who qualifies as an educated citizen raises many questions and issues. What are the systems that make such an activity conceivable? Who does the definition describe? What is its effect? What are we doing when we state that, to qualify as an educated citizen, one must subscribe to values that place one *within* the family, community and state? Where is there room for dissent?

Public school teachers and administrators were not the only educators involved in the task of designing the educated citizen. University faculty as well were closely associated. The work was based on findings of the Royal Commission on Education, a commission that relied heavily on the expertise of various university professors to research and summarize issues of concern. In fact, one of the more frequent complaints I heard voiced by individual professors during my stint at the Ministry was that university personnel were not directly responsible for the design of the new programs as they should be by dint of their superior knowledge base and research expertise. My point is that the abstract machine of overcoding leads us to speak the "truth of power" of which Foucault writes: the "forms of knowledge" represented by the university seem indeed to be considered the best machines to realize the goal of the State -- the education of the subject.

If these devices of power are the areas that Foucault examines so productively, then why not stick with Foucault? But there are at least

two different meanings of power, and I am intrigued by both. *Pouvoir* and *puissance* are the French terms for these different meanings. Foucault concentrates primarily on "*pouvoir*," power as a relational force, organizing our acts and institutions. What attracts me to Deleuze is his fascination with *puissance*, power as the capacity to live intensely, fully.

Rigid lines of segmentarity are linked to our sense of "identity," our "face," and depend on dualisms, binary codes. They are clear, distinct. They are the ways in which we are "known."

* * *

... you must have the face of your role -- in such and such a place among the possible elementary unities, on such and such a level in the possible successive choices. Nothing is less personal than the face....When a schoolteacher has a strange appearance, we are at this last level of choice, and we say: yes, it is the schoolteacher, but, look she is depressed, or she has gone mad. (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p. 22)

* * *

"Undo the face, unravel the face" (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p. 23). There are other lines of segmentation in Deleuze's (1987) descriptions, "lines of segmentarity which are much more supple.... They trace out little modifications, they make detours, they sketch out rises and falls; but they are no less precise for all this" (p. 124). These are the lines which lie beneath the rigid segments -- perhaps they are the lines that begin to unravel the face and create the third type of line Deleuze describes, the line of flight. This line is similar to what F. Scott Fitzgerald (1945) describes in *The Crack-up* as "the clean break": "A clean break is something you cannot come back from; that is irrevocable; it makes the past cease to exist" (p. 81). There is disruption. The past does not continue to act upon one in the same way and is not therefore continually recreated. Deleuze (1987) speaks of the line of flight as "a deterritorialization....But to flee is not to renounce action: nothing is more active than a flight....It is also to put to flight - not necessarily others, but to put something to flight, to put a system to flight as one bursts a tube" (p. 36).

To make a clean break or to trace a line of flight one does not have to move away. "Movement does not go from one point to another -- rather it happens between two levels as in a difference of potential. A difference of intensity produces a phenomenon, releases or ejects it, sends it into space" (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p. 31). Rather than moving away, then, perhaps moving closer, in order to examine with some rigour how a system works on one, how one carries its secrets, is more productive. Such inquiries are closely related to questions that Foucault deals with:

He refers to struggles which, while their organizational forms vary according to different economies and political institutions, share a number of common features: they are concerned with direct or concrete effects of power on people's lives and bodies; they involve unrecognized or unanalyzed operations of domination; they are not subordinated to long-term social solutions typical of an older left outlook; they involve not simply disinformation and mystification but the very forms and privileges of knowledge; their central issue is subjectivity. (Rajchman, 1985, p. 77)

To engage in a study of subjectivity is neither a passive activity nor an easy task. The danger that lies in questioning the forms and effects of power seems obvious -- one is taken seriously, as a teacher, a student, an "educated citizen," if one functions within the discourse that defines one as a teacher, a student, an "educated citizen." The difficulty entailed in moving beyond that system and creating a line of flight is that such movement entails loss. One loses not only the position one has within the particular discourse one questions but also the purpose, effect and power that discourse represents in one's life. Perhaps, this is the dilemma of those whom Deleuze (1987) describes as perpetual questioners. They attempt with their questions to forestall the moment when movement, and subsequently loss, occurs:

They won't stop returning to the question in order to get out of it. But getting out never happens like that. Movement always happens behind the thinker's back, or in the moment when he blinks. Getting out is already achieved, or else it never will be. Questions are generally aimed at a future (or a past). (p. 1)

Memory-work

Through writing and reflection, I have experienced differences of intensity that produce movement. The focus of my writing has been subjectivity -- but subjectivity is "precarious, contradictory, and in process, constantly being reconstituted in discourse each time we think or speak" (Weedon, 1987, p.33). Each story or memory that I write, therefore, exists as a record both of the past and the present -- what do I choose to remember, to tell? what is ignored, reconstructed? what processes of subjectification are at work in the moment of retelling?

The methodology of "memory-work" employed by Frigga Haug's collective (1987) is an example of how writing might become a "practice of active change" (p. 52) that helps us become aware of the ways in which an individual accommodates herself to social structures. In the collective, Haug and others researched the production of female sexuality. Their project included an investigation into how sexuality itself is constituted. In order to study the individual's participation in the formation of her own experience as a sexual being, members of the project wrote early childhood memories that were then submitted to a collective analysis. The reasoning beneath this methodology was that individuals have specific and personal ways of appropriating cultural norms, but that these unique means of negotiation exist within a collective social context. As such, they are worthy of study in order to understand in a general sense some of the processes involved in inserting ourselves into existing power relations.

The dominant discourse of our times is that of the unitary autonomous human subject. So powerful is this notion that the individual is inclined to ignore any evidence that points to the contrary. The stories and memories I have written exist as reminders and records of the process of subjectification. I am not a little girl and yet I remember that she once existed. I can even remember some things that she saw and heard. I am less familiar with how she interpreted what she observed and why she acted as she did. Once I begin to write the fragments that I recall, I am surprised by other details that re-enter my

consciousness. These details may have been forgotten or ignored in order to preserve the interpretations I have placed on long-ago events. Writing those details or fragments of memory makes me take another look at the child that I was and the assumptions that I hold about her.

In examining the stories of my childhood memories, what stands out for me is a sense that the girl I was knew at a very early age not to speak out about sexuality and power. As Haug (1987) points out, "No matter how far back they went, these stories always depicted the results of an already existing repression of sexuality. Examining the notion of sexuality more closely, we found it to be represented and lived as oppression at the very moment of its emergence" (p. 74). My first (remembered) experience with pin-up girls was linked with my father -- who was also already linked with a world outside my home, a bigger, foreign world, exciting and unknown. The abstract machine had already coded the rigid lines (adult/child, male/female, sexuality/innocence) that defined my four-year old self. The possibility of speech had been limited.

Writing, therefore, has worked for me as an effective tool to recover some of the evidence of ways in which I learned to live in my body and become a gendered subject. At the same time, writing has served as a means of disrupting those processes. Haug (1987) writes of the need for women to "live historically," in other words, "to see ourselves as subjects who have become what they are, and who are therefore subject to change" (p. 51). By becoming more conscious of the times and ways I did or did not speak in the past, I am also more prone to be conscious of what I do now in the present. Writing becomes an active construction of "a line of flight," a clean break from a silent past.

In the last pages of The Archaeology of Knowledge, Foucault (1972) writes about how in any behaviour, a discursive practice is at work:

There is, for example, the archaeological description of 'sexuality'.instead of studying the sexual behaviour of men at a given period...one would ask oneself whether, in this behaviour, as in these representations, a whole discursive practice is not at work; whether sexuality, quite apart from any orientation towards a scientific discourse, is

not a group of objects that can be talked about (or that it is forbidden to talk about), a field of possible enunciations (whether in lyrical or legal language), a group of concepts (which can no doubt be presented in the elementary form of notions or themes,), a set of choices (which may appear in the coherence of behaviour or in systems of prescription). Such an archaeology would show, if it succeeded in its task, how the prohibitions, exclusions, limitations, values, freedoms, and transgressions of sexuality, all its manifestations, verbal or otherwise, are linked to a particular discursive practice. It would reveal, not of course as the ultimate truth of sexuality, but as one of the dimensions in accordance with which one can describe it, a certain 'way of speaking'; and one would show how this way of speaking is invested not in scientific discourses, but in a system of prohibitions and values. An analysis that would be carried out not in the direction of the episteme, but in that of what we might call the ethical. (p. 193)

What are the discursive practices that render a child silent? Why do they exist? How are they disrupted? Silence is politically ineffective. Whose interest does it serve? Not the child's. Not that of the woman she becomes. Not those of the children she parents or teaches.

Ignoring, sentimentalizing, indulging are acts of power, control, objectification that silence the child. But as an adult, a parent, a teacher, I am, in our society, entitled to treat the child in these ways. In many instances, I am encouraged to do so.

Once acquired, the "way of speaking" that is dominant in a community is usually taken for granted, if not ignored. But just as there is a multitude of discourses colliding and conflicting within one individual, a multitude of subject positions also collide and conflict within one discourse. For me, the discrepancies between the "certain way[s] of speaking" that defined and continue to define me as adult/teacher in some instances, and as child/student in others, have also been partially responsible for the shifting of intensities that produce change. By reflecting upon my own need to live historically, I also open myself to the needs of my students to do so. The problem is how to take up the question of subjectivity and a historical life without

succumbing to the various "prohibitions and values" that encourage us to ignore what is oppressed.

"Only expression gives us the method."
(Deleuze and Guattari, 1986, p. 16).

What is the movement that has occurred in my inquiry into my own subjectivity? Most importantly, I have become more conscious of my own participation in normalizing practices. Professionally, I have become somewhat of a nomad. During the time that I have been writing this thesis, I have moved from a position as classroom teacher in a middle-sized elementary school to a position at the Ministry of Education designing schooling programs for the province to that of high school librarian and probably not finally, but presently, to a position as classroom teacher in a small alternative school. These changes in location and job description are not what I am referring to, however, when I speak of movement, although perhaps they are somewhat related. The movement I am talking about is more closely connected with Deleuze and Guattari's notion of minority literature. This concept, I believe, potentially describes a broad range of activities in the world -- teaching being one of them. Deleuze and Guattari (1986) define a minor literature as:

...literature that produces an active solidarity in spite of skepticism; and if the writer is in the margins or completely outside his or her fragile community, this situation allows the writer all the more the possibility to express another possible community and to forge the means for another consciousness and another sensibility; (p. 17)

Minor teaching, like a minor literature, is created from the conditions that have placed one within a system with which one is at odds. "Minor," in this instance, does not reflect that one has accepted the standards that are implicit in the "certain way of speaking" that defines one as an "educated citizen," an educator, or a graduate student, and has judged one's efforts negatively. Rather, the term "minor" implies that one has recognized the impossibility of one's own situation but continues to describe "another consciousness and another sensibility" within it. "We might as well say that minor no longer designates specific literatures but

the revolutionary conditions for every literature within the heart of what is called great (or established) literature" (Deleuze and Guattari, 1986, p. 18).

The three characteristics that Deleuze and Guattari (1986) ascribe to a minor literature -- "the deterritorialization of language, the connection of the individual to a political immediacy, and the collective assemblage of enunciation" (p. 18) -- have sparked questions for me about the role language, collectivity and political immediacy have played in producing movement in my own life. In thinking about the moments of shifting intensities, changes in perception, I recognize that these three themes are relevant to each of my stories. As such, I am borrowing Deleuze and Guattari's terms to organize what I would describe as a "minority" thesis. In the next section of this writing, I will be exploring each of these themes or characteristics in relation to my own struggles.

I can not remember a time when public education has not been part of my life. Even as a "pre-schooler," I recall visiting my sister's classroom on open house days, watching her and the other "big" girls head out every morning and return every afternoon. The education system is part of my past, present and future constructions of self. In creating a line of flight, I do not hope to escape this system -- "In [Foucault's] conception, critique would increase the estrangement with which people participate in [anonymous configurations of power], but would not supply them with another form of life more in accord with philosophical principles" (Rajchman, 1985, p. 79) -- but I do hope to act more consciously within it. Every act that we perform as educators or as students, from writing a thesis to asking a question, if undertaken with a consciousness of the issues of power and knowledge inherent within the act, has the potential to create movement, to produce new possibilities.

PART 3
MINORITY TEACHING -- A POLITICAL ACTIVITY

Teaching and Becoming

Puissance -- the desire to live, to be possible, to create together with others -- is related to a metaphor I used in the first paper I wrote for a graduate course. In that paper, I likened my teaching to the journey undertaken in The Canterbury Tales: springtime -- life! -- animates a wish to move, to enjoy the world and all its new beginnings in the company of one's fellow creatures. Teaching, I wrote, was a means for me to be "more fully human," to live in relation with others. Certainly, I can be accused of being naive, but the experience of living and working with young people, my son Adam, his friends, my students, is sometimes akin to joy. When my students begin to write, for example, and to care about each other's writing, the pleasure I feel does not derive solely from a sense of pride in my own competence as their teacher. I know that is the wrong track. I am important to their writing, as they are to mine, and as each one in the group is to every other. We "pick-up" each other on the good days, "put-down" each other on the bad. Deleuze and Guattari might say that we are "desiring machines" -- flows and fluxes of energy and production. This use of "desire" deconstructs Jacques Lacan's psychoanalytic view that desire is a void in the subject that is symbolized by the recognition of the phallus. In Lacan's theories, the phallus represents both the loss of the sense of oneness with the mother as well as the awareness of power and the social order. Only when the child is aware of loss or lack, is he or she able to enter the symbolic order through language. Deleuze and Guattari, on the other hand, characterize desire as a positive, primary force, emanating not from a sense of loss, but from an abundant, overflowing energy. Desire creates its own plane of existence.

This is how, on the good days, I experience teaching. It is a generous activity that fits Deleuze's (1987) description of the pick-up:

You should not try to find whether an idea is just or correct. You should look for a completely different idea, elsewhere, in another area, so that something passes between the two which is neither in one nor the other. Now, one does not generally find this idea alone; a chance is needed, or else someone gives you one. You don't have to be learned, to know or be familiar with a particular area, but to pick up this or that in areas which are very different. This is better than the "cut-up." It is rather a "pick-me-up" or "pick-up" - in the dictionary = collecting up, chance, restarting of the motor, getting on to the wavelength; and then the sexual connotation of the word. (p. 10)

Teaching can be an activity that is open to interrelationship, flux, chance. When it is, it is closely related to another process that Deleuze (1987) describes, that of "becoming": "To become is never to imitate, nor to 'do like', nor to conform to a model, whether it's of justice or of truth. There is no terminus from which you set out, none which you arrive at or which you ought to arrive at" (p. 2). Becoming is not to give oneself over to another; it is neither a synthesis nor a compromise. Becoming is "between." Teaching can be between. Teaching does not have to presuppose a rigid segmentation of teacher/student roles. New relationships can be created.

* * *

The pick-up or the double-theft, the a-parallel evolution, does not happen between persons, it happens between ideas, each one being deterritorialized in the other, following a line or lines which are neither in one nor the other, and which carry off a 'bloc'. I do not wish to reflect on what is past....Now is the moment to exercise the method, or never; you and I, we can make use of it in another bloc or on another side, with your own ideas, so that something is produced which doesn't belong to either of us, but is between 2,3,4...n. No longer is it 'x explains x, signed x' but 'Deleuze explains Guattari, signed You', 'x explains y, signed z' (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, pp. 18-19).

* * *

Another of my early descriptions of teaching refers to this desire to move through *pouvoir* to *puissance*, to be situated "between":

SU: 'Responsibility' for me ... suggests a direct, personal relationshipBoth student and teacher, in other words, must be willing to move beyond what they have known. For some, this impression of responsibility threatens. The demands are personal, involving all of one's being, preventing a tidy segmentation of 'roles' which never connect.

Within a context of responsibility, both student and teacher let go of the 'power' inherent in their roles. The teacher gives up an attitude and belief that she is, by virtue of her position, the sole director of the classroom experience. She gives up invulnerability, inaccessibility. The student gives up a safe, passive role that allows her to accept or reject, without commitment or personal involvement, the authority of the teacher. She also gives up invulnerability, inaccessibility.

As a teacher and as a student, I have met those who are unwilling or unable to be response-able. They expect a teacher to control behaviour....'Power' in this case would seem to be with the teacher and yet how can it be if the teacher feels uncomfortable with such a situation, if her attempts to engage in a human encounter are rebuffed? Without 'response-ability' between student and teacher, there is no power within the human relationship, only with the institutional. (Oberg and Underwood, 1992, pp. 175 - 176)

The tension between the power of the institutional and the individual could be said to characterize my struggles within the education system. But the struggle is neither as linear nor as one-sided as I would like to think.

There is ample evidence written on school room desks, shouted by angry teenagers, worn into the bodies of teachers, that becoming educated is not an adventure that is universal in its appeal to become "more fully human," that it is, for many, just the opposite. The discourse of educators -- the talk of standards, the canon, the emphasis on assessment and evaluation -- leaves unacknowledged the normalizing function of teaching practices. Seldom does anyone ask whose interests are served by the values that are perpetrated by the educational institution. And often those who are asking such questions are outside the community that determines who shall be heard. If we are not "educated citizens" no one needs to pay us any attention.

It is tempting to think only of those moments when teaching is a joyful activity, but it is necessary in order to practise *parrhesia* to recognize that there are many moments when it is not. I have worked as a school teacher in the school system that I critique for over twenty years. As Foucault states, we are forced to speak the truth of power that our society demands. In order to work in that school system, there have been many practices and assumptions that I have implicitly agreed to take on. What is at work when I do so?

Tracing a Line of Flight

In beginning to think about how I have spoken the truth of power, I examined some of my history as an educator: the personnel file in the school district office, the resumes I prepared over the years, the reports and certificates of achievement. These items state that I have been a teacher for twenty-one years, that superintendents and principals believe that I do "an exceptionally good job," that I am a "caring, excellent educator," that I demonstrate "strong leadership," that I am "confident and well-organized," and that my "classroom control is good." I have considered becoming an administrator but although I have been interviewed for different administrative positions, I have never been offered one. I have been elected to Provincial Specialist Association executives and to the executive of the local association of the Teachers' Union. I was hired by the B.C. Ministry of Education as a member of the Intermediate Team, a group of eight educators whose task it was to develop a program that restructured schooling for young people.

I am, it seems, a successful teacher.

* * *

In Foucault's critique, freedom is not an ideal we must make practical. It is already practical; indeed it is extremely concrete. It resides in who is willing to do what in concrete situations of power. It is rooted not in autonomy or the capacity to determine actions according to rules all must rationally accept, but rather in the unwillingness to comply, the refusal to acquiesce, to fit ourselves in the practices through which we understand and rule ourselves and each other.

(Rajchman, 1985, p. 92)

* * *

Fitting myself into the practices of education is clearly something I have done well over the years. My willingness to believe in something "more fully human," for example, bodes well for one tied to a society that

subscribes to individual autonomy and rational consciousness. But there is more to my history beyond the documents preserved in the personnel file. What is not in the file, in the reports, in the resumes? "A profession is a rigid segment, but also what happens beneath it, the connections, the attractions and repulsions, which do not coincide with the segments, the forms of madness which are secret but which nevertheless relate to the public authorities" (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p. 125). The process of becoming a teacher has been one of struggle; resistance and compliance have co-existed. Post-modern conceptions of resistance, however, can be frightening, overwhelming, hopeless. Unlike a liberal humanist conception of resistance, there is no break-through to a righteous path, no easier life at the end of the fight. A post-modern view of the world does not offer an escape from the contradictions and dilemmas of trying to live an ethical life. As a teacher, I occupy a position of privilege. I have always been privileged -- that is how it was possible for me to attend university and become a teacher in the first place. I have a secure and affluent livelihood. I don't know what it is like not to; I take it for granted. But that is not acceptable if I truly want to think about power relations, ethical living, subjectivity. The answer is neither to ignore nor to defend nor to rationalize my position, but to question which of my actions are merely attempts to maintain it.

At different times in my life, certain events have exposed what I had not previously noticed. In those moments of newly formed consciousness there lies an opportunity to think, reflect, question. These opportunities, I believe, are the shifts in intensity that Deleuze describes. Perhaps they are moments when the supple lines at work beneath the lines of segmentation get stretched to the point that something snaps. In the next section of this writing, I would like to revisit a few of those events. They are the closest I can come to pinpointing moments of resistance; they are unplanned responses to unexpected incidents. But this is what I believe Rajchman implies when he observes that freedom is concrete and practical and this is what Deleuze has in mind when he speaks of political immediacy. Speaking the truth of power is the most "natural" thing to do; it is what is

accepted and commonplace. The stories that follow are some examples of the rare moments when I have been able to question the privileged position I occupy and speak something that is not the truth of power.

* * *

Resistance can be desired, planned and undertaken, but it does not originate with the conscious will of the intending subject, for the power-situation testifies to its presence from the first. There are powerful ethical and political reasons for wanting to think in terms of an act of resistance freely undertaken by the unconditioned subject. But there are prices -even ethical and political prices- to be paid for such a conception as well. Not only is the free act perpetually vulnerable to subversion and perversion by the power it seeks to overturn and appropriate; it is also the site of various forms of self-congratulation and self-delusion. Resistance as I am developing the notion intervenes between us and our self-esteem both by denying the ethical superiority of resistant acts or commitments and even by suggesting that these acts or commitments are not the creation, the product, of the intending will. (Harpham, 1988, p.76-77)

* * *

Story #1

Luther lived every other year with his mother who was rich -- she had a swimming pool, horses, and a well-stocked liquor cabinet. Although she was rich, she was not refined, and I think she liked to shock those people whom she thought deserved to be -- when the principal met her on a "home-visit", she greeted him by the pool, topless. In between the years with his mother, Luther lived with his father, a trapper in northern B.C. When he lived with his father, Luther and his two younger brothers did their schooling by correspondence. When they lived with their mother, they attended the school at which I taught. Luther spent grade five and grade seven in my class.

Luther's brothers were like wild children; they were grimy but enthusiastic little boys, covered in dust from their frequent scuffles in the dirt. Luther, the oldest child in the family (their mother also had a little girl, the boys' half-sister), was less boisterous -- probably because he carried a lot of responsibility in his family. It was Luther who woke his siblings up in the morning, supervised lunch-making, herded everyone to the bus.

Luther was universally popular with the other boys in my class -- a situation I found interesting. He could have just as easily been tormented (but no, maybe not.) You see, Luther was different. His mother drank too much, his father was almost a hermit, but Luther didn't know enough to be embarrassed by either one of them. Once he was embarrassed, he told me, when his mother gave him money to buy her a black brassiere in Victoria. "What do you think I felt like," he asked me, "a twelve year old in a brassiere department?" But usually, Luther seemed oblivious not only to the unorthodox lifestyles of his parents but also to whatever standards of pre-adolescent conformity currently dominated the rest of his classmates. It wasn't that he flouted these standards; it seemed that he never noticed them.

He loved to draw. One day I read something to the class that Matisse wrote. Matisse wrote that before he drew something, he looked and looked and looked until he *knew* what it was he was drawing. I

suggested that those kids who wanted to try this, go outside, find something they wanted to look at, and see if they could know it the way Matisse described. Later that morning, as I was working with a small group of students, Luther rushed in the back door of the class, brandishing a maple leaf in his outstretched hand. He stopped as soon as his foot was in the door and called out. "I know this leaf!" he exclaimed. "Look!" and he held it up to the light so we could see its veins. "It's life! It's growth!" And he got paper and paint and began to splash great sprouting swaths of colour across the page.

Luther was short with long hair that didn't get washed that frequently. On his head he wore a cap, one of those Greek sailor caps, navy-blue with a small peak. He wore it all the time he was at school, even during gym. It was so much a part of him, I never really paid attention to it. But other people noticed it -- or noticed something they didn't like. One day we had a staff meeting where several teachers, as well as the principal, voiced their irritation at the fact that students were wearing hats in class. There were a few of us who said we didn't mind students wearing hats, but not only were we outnumbered, we were also outvoted. At the end of the staff meeting, we had a new school rule: no hats were to be worn in the school building.

The next day, I told my class that they couldn't wear hats inside. "But what about Luther?" was the first question that was asked. "Luther too," I answered. Luther took his hat off. He looked kind of funny without it. As the days went by, however, Luther would be sitting in class wearing his hat as usual. He wasn't used to taking it off indoors. I doubt if he ever did at home, and I wasn't used to paying any attention to whether he did or not. None of the other kids pointed out that Luther's hat was often on his head. But some people did. Other teachers, the principal, would come to the door for one reason or another and immediately point out to all of us that Luther was wearing his hat. He would take it off. After recess or lunch, it would be on again. It got so that I did notice that he was wearing it. Sometimes I would tell him to take it off; sometimes I wouldn't. Luther always took it off without a word.

After a month of the hat rule, we had another staff meeting. This one was in the evening, after supper, at someone's house. Some of the staff and the principal wanted to have a long meeting to make up more rules -- there wasn't enough respect and responsibility from the students - that was a theme around the staff room. The grade seven students were too full of themselves -- that was another. At the staff meeting, the hat rule was the first to come up. It wasn't being enforced was the complaint. Kids were still wearing hats. Luther had been seen wearing his hat almost every day.

We went around the circle, every person saying what he or she felt. People were angry. I was angry. "Why were people going out of their way to be outraged?" "Why wasn't I following a school rule that had been democratically decided?" "What did they call democracy?" We went round and round, back and forth -- finally the principal put his foot down. We would enforce the rule. The next day, we would establish door duty. One teacher would stand at the grade seven entrance to the school (they were the only class to use the top door) and remove hats from people's heads. Luther was the only student in grade seven who wore a hat. I said I was going home. I said I wouldn't stand at the door and take anyone's hat off. I left. The next morning, a zealous grade one teacher was standing at the door as the grade sevens entered. I don't remember if Luther wore his hat for the rest of the year or not. I do remember that at the end of the year, he opted to go to private school for grade eight rather than go trapping with his father. I saw him only once after that. His hair was cut short; it was clean and shiny. He wore a cable knit sweater, slacks, shirt and tie -- his school uniform. No hat.

Crossing the Line

A familiar issue, one that gets played out in classrooms (and Legions) across the country. I don't think Luther ever intended to become the focal point of heated staff room politics. I doubt if he ever knew he was stirring up so much controversy. I wish now that he had known. I wish that I had been more honest with the students in my class. I wish that I had said, when they asked why such a rule had been invented, that I thought that would be an interesting question to think about and maybe we could spend some time doing that. I could have suggested that they attend the next staff meeting and talk about their concerns. But I didn't do any of those things. Instead, I complied with the rule -- albeit in a half-hearted way. I had done my bit; I had spoken up at the staff-meeting; I had tried. No one could lump me in with those law and order types who turn purple over a kid in a cap.

The line that I tread is a fine one. There are "certain ways of speaking" in the institution in which I work, one of them being that if one is a member of the group, the "staff," one's actions must be representative of that group. Three years ago I got in trouble with the staff committee at the high school at which I was teaching because I disagreed with something they said at a staff meeting. The principal wasn't supposed to know that we didn't all agree on the issue being discussed -- even though we had never discussed it before.

When I walked out of the staff meeting that seemed fixated on Luther's head, it was something new for me. This is not to say that I had never voiced my disapproval of school policies or maneuvered my way around them. But publicly refusing to be a part of a decision "democratically" made by my colleagues felt like stepping into different territory. It was a small thing, a trivial defiance, to refuse to stand at a door and take off hats. It didn't end any wars or save any lives. It didn't even help Luther or my other students think about what was going on in their schooling. But it was, for me personally, a significant movement. In that refusal, I was conscious of the same principle that Rajchman (1985) observed -- that freedom is already practical, existing in concrete

situations of power, in what we are willing to do. This consciousness is what Deleuze referred to as well, I believe, when he talked about movement being already achieved, happening behind the thinker's back. At one time, it was not possible for me to defy some of the "ways of speaking" that defined me as a teacher, a member of a group. I remember the feeling I had as I left the staff meeting, left the group -- two thoughts, "they can't make me do this" and "they can fire me if they want," were clear in my mind. But in that moment of realization, of walking away, the choice was made clear -- if I went along this time, I couldn't pretend to be disengaged. I would have to be the one to take off Luther's hat.

They didn't make me do it and they didn't fire me and Luther's hat got taken off by someone else. Nothing, I suppose, was any different than it would have been otherwise. But this time my disengagement from the activity cost me more. My link with the group was severed; my identity as a member of that staff was shaken. I knew that even if no one else did.

* * *

There is nothing less aesthetic than the bachelor in his mediocrity, but there is nothing more artistic. He doesn't flee the world; he grasps it and makes it take flight on a continuous and artistic line....With no family, no conjugality, the bachelor is all the more social, social-dangerous, social-traitor, a collective in himself. ("We are outside the law, no one knows it and yet everyone treats us accordingly"). (Deleuze and Guattari, 1986, p. 71)

* * *

Story #2

Fourteen years ago, I taught a Women's Studies course to high school students. It was a "locally developed" course -- meaning that there was no provincial curriculum nor could a student apply the course to graduation requirements. First, I had to get the school board to grant me approval to teach the course and, second, I had to get enough students to sign up for it. One of the male social studies teachers on staff offered to help me drum up interest by teaching a women studies unit in his course. I was a part-time teacher and could work with him in that block. The arrangement ended quite suddenly, however. The first class I attended, Tom asked his male and female students to compare their after-school jobs. What type of work did each sex seem to be doing? What were their future plans for work, marriage, children? How did the wages of the males and females compare? And finally, how did their jobs fit with their future goals? This last question was the one that got me into trouble. Most of the young women in the class earned money by babysitting. Only a couple of the boys did. The young women stated that babysitting did not help them to achieve their future goals. Tom reminded them that the majority of them had stated they wanted to marry and have children. This was so, they agreed, but they did not see that babysitting helped them with their careers. But, Tom continued, if they were going to be mothers, babysitting would be very helpful to them. Several students said that there were other goals that they had as well, and that babysitting was not helpful in meeting those goals. Tom did not seem to understand what they were saying. I watched the students become more frustrated. Tom looked puzzled. Was he deliberately provoking them? Finally, I put up my hand to speak. I said that I thought what the young women were pointing out was that they did not see child rearing as being their sole responsibility, that their partners could share this task, and that when they spoke of careers, they were making the assumption that they would not be full-time homemakers. Several of the young women nodded their heads vigorously. Tom and I engaged in a debate about the role of women in the family. Another

teacher, Henry, entered the room during the discussion -- Tom had also invited him to the class to see what was going on in this mini-course. The discussion was lively and I was sorry that the bell rang to signal the beginning of the lunch break.

On my way to the staff room, four of the young women stopped me to say that they would like to take the Women's Studies course in the fall. In the staff room, I sat with my cup of coffee, feeling happy that we had provoked that amount of interest and commitment.

Tom and other staff members entered the room and the lunch time hubbub began. But when Henry placed himself in front of my chair and pointed his finger at me, his voice boomed through the clatter of cups and rattling of lunch bags.

"Susan Underwood," he announced, "that was the most unprofessional display I've ever witnessed!"

I was stunned. "What was?" I stupidly asked.

"Attacking a fellow teacher in his own class, in front of students."

"We were having a discussion!" I looked at Tom again. He looked a little tense. He was heating up a coffee in the microwave oven.

"Did that bother you, Tom?" I asked. He slammed the door of the oven and told me I was no longer welcome in his class.

The first year of women's studies, all of the students were female. In October, I showed them "Women on the March," an NFB film about women's suffrage. When the film was over, I turned the lights on and asked the young women what they thought of the movie. Their silence unnerved me. One of them finally stated why she was so quiet. "I never knew about this," she said, "and I'm in my final year of high school. Why hasn't anybody ever told me this before?"

I don't know why I was surprised that these students had never heard of suffragettes. I couldn't remember when I had learned these histories. Emmeline Pankhurst -- I think at one point in my life, I thought she was a cartoon character.

We decided that Jill's question was a good one and the class took it upon themselves to ask their history teachers why women's suffrage was not one of the struggles to which they were introduced. As well, they

searched through every social studies text in the book room to document any references to women. They found five, as I recall: Elizabeth I, Elizabeth II, Catherine the Great, Laura Secord, and Queen Isabella. But that is not exactly the point of this story.

What occurred to me throughout the time I taught that class was a disruption of one of the rigid segments, that of the teacher/student. The teachers to whom my students directed their question were the senior social studies teachers: Tom, Henry, and another male, John. To a man, they were upset with me. They believed I had deliberately put them on the spot and they accused me, once again, of being professionally irresponsible. At the time this accusation was levelled, I was still pondering the seriousness and anger with which the young women in the class had asked their question -- "why has no one ever told us this before?" To whom was I supposed to be "responsible"? Did "professional" mean that I had to ignore their question -- which had become a question for me as well? I was struck by how little I had been told about the struggles in women's lives. I was thinking about my grandmother's life, how it had never occurred to me before that at one time she had not been able to vote. The segment teacher/student had collided with the segment male/female.

After my earlier experience in Tom's class, the fact that the question which seemed so interesting to my students and me was seen as irrelevant and offensive by a group of history teachers didn't come as a complete shock. I interpreted the charges of unprofessionalism to mean that a professional teacher was an ultimate authority. Any questioning that was to be done was to be done by the teacher and directed towards the students. Students who thought that they could question the teacher (or the system that gave the teacher ultimate authority) were out of line. Teachers who did not squelch such activity were reprehensible.

Story #3

Dinner at an elegant restaurant, fifteen women, all of us English teachers, a "Women's Literary Discussion Group" to which I had been invited by a colleague. In between sips of bisque and nibbles of salad, we alluded, occasionally, to The Handmaid's Tale.

"Right now, we could be the Wives," I tossed into the centre of the silver-spooned, linen laid conversation. "We're doing it, aren't we? Ignoring all the women in the newspapers. This is what the book's about..."

The woman sitting next to me was an old friend from my first years of teaching up north. I hadn't seen her for years.

"God!" she exploded. "I already feel depressed and guilty about enough. I'll be damned if I'm going to feel guilty about having dinner in a nice restaurant!"

Someone praised the soup. The conversation turned aside.

"Do you think this is ironic?" I asked the woman on my other side. "Yes", she hissed. I realized we were both whispering.

Story #4

Sunday, a grey day in Victoria. Lon, Eric and I walk to Dallas Road and stroll, hands in pockets, beside a chilly sea. Eric talks about his job -- although he is a teacher, he has been working as a computer technician for a Pathfinder lab. After he sets up the program, he will be dismissed. Teachers who are already employed by that school district will then be in charge of the lab. Eric is understandably bitter. Even now that he is working, he earns far less than the teachers who will take over from him. Eric complains about the selfishness of teachers, their greediness, unawareness of the "real world." He turns briefly to me -- "No offense Susan." How cleverly he has offended me. If I claim I am not offended, it will be a lie.

My son had reddish blonde hair when he was a baby. At a teacher picnic I took him to when he was about a year old, I sat with a group in which a colleague, Jean, was explaining how she disliked red-hair. She said that before she adopted her first child, she told the agency she would take any baby except one with red hair. Then she looked over at me sitting with my baby in my lap -- "No offense Susan," she said.

Eric's comments about teachers didn't offend me. I didn't think that they applied to me. The fact that he thinks they do is what I found hard to take. Just as when Jean made it clear that the red-headed babies she disliked included MY red-headed baby, Eric made it clear that the teachers unaware of anything outside their own interests included me. And I guess there is something to think about in what he says. I am, by virtue of the privileges I accrue as a teacher, a member of the group he resents. I too make more money than he does, am a member of a union that grants me seniority rights. If I worked in the same district as he, I could replace him -- provided I took a few courses that would give me at least a little bit of the understanding he already has.

My first reaction to Eric's comment was to tell him I don't defend what is happening to him. My second reaction was to take some secret satisfaction in my secret opinion that he merely wants what he does not have, that he is no different from any of the people he resents, that he

will act in the same manner as they do when he gets a teaching job himself. Salvation through rationalization -- Oh yeah, well so are you!

White heterosexual males have been caught in a similar bind lately. If you occupy a privileged position, whether through race, class or gender, expect, as a friend recently pointed out, to be resented. What is an ethical response? To deny that one is privileged? To apologize? To accuse? None of the above? Then what? To be aware perhaps? There is no easy way out. What I mean when I use the term political immediacy is different from, but related to, how Deleuze uses the term. What political means to me is an awareness of the power relations at work in every relationship. Each event is immediate, present, subject to negotiation of subjectivity. The questions will always be there: what forces are at work in this moment? what do I stand to lose? how is that affecting what I do? But those questions do not have to be idle musings; when they are embodied, expressed through my actions, they are powerful moments of *puissance*.

PART 4

STORIES OF COLLECTIVITY

What is an Assemblage?

* * *

The writer invents assemblages starting from assemblages which have invented him, he makes one multiplicity pass into another. The difficult part is making all the elements of a non-homogenous set converge, making them function together. Structures are linked to conditions of homogeneity, but assemblages are not. The assemblage is co-functioning, it is 'sympathy', symbiosis. With deepest sympathy.
(Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p. 52)

* * *

The desire to function "With deepest sympathy....With the world, with a part of the world, with people" (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p. 52) is the same desire I articulated in my earliest papers in Curriculum Studies. To participate together in asking questions of life or death -- that seems like a wonderful enterprise! Too wonderful to be impossible! The notion of collectivity is an alternative to the notion of hierarchy. It is a means of generating responses other than resentment, rationalization. An assemblage is Deleuze and Guattari's term to describe a different type of relationship, one that has a political effect.

Journal entry -- Jan/ 1992

Yesterday I wrote the word "assembly" on the blackboard. I asked my grade eight students what they thought the word meant. They replied that it meant something was put together. I asked them what it made them think about, and they replied that they thought about sitting in the gym on a Monday morning listening to some people talk. I asked them to draw a diagram of an assembly. After they had done so, I asked if anyone would like to draw her or his diagram on the blackboard. Two students volunteered and their drawings were almost identical. They showed a single person, the principal, standing at the front of the gym facing rows of students sitting in the bleachers. In two single lines on either side of the gym stood the teachers. All of the students stated that their own diagrams were similar. I wrote the word "assemblage" on the blackboard. I told the students about the collective in which I had participated and likened it to an assemblage. I drew a diagram on the board that showed how I worked with various people in the collective. I asked them to think about how they worked with people in the class, and to draw a diagram that indicated some of their relationships. I then asked them to look at the two diagrams they had drawn and think of words that would describe each one. These are the words they brainstormed:

assembly - formal, has a single purpose, straight lines, fixed,
one-way information

assemblage - changing, messy, interactive, many purposes

I asked them about the purpose of drawing the two diagrams. They replied that I wanted them to think. What did I want them to think about? "About what we are doing and how we relate to each other." One girl then stated that she thought the two diagrams typified what happened in schools. The assembly diagram was what was intended to happen in classes and school gatherings, but even in an assembly, she stated, the assemblage was happening. In spite of the intended purpose,

the students formed assemblages, so much so that the principal and the teachers had to keep constant surveillance and invoke disciplinary action. I stated that I had a preference for the way the class might go, and I asked what their preference would be. They stated that they preferred the assemblage. I asked them what that might mean, and they said that I couldn't stand in front of them; I would have to be part of the messy, fluctuating diagram.

Assemblages of Desire

"An assemblage has two sides: it is a collective assemblage of enunciation; it is a machinic assemblage of desire" (Deleuze and Guattari, 1986, p. 81).

Students' perceptions regarding the power relations that structure their experiences in school are often expressed through small acts of resistance, conscious or unconscious: poking each other during assemblies, snickering at the principal and teachers, graffiti, drunkenness at school dances.

But the student assemblage is also a part of what Deleuze and Guattari call the "abstract machine"; it is indeed the reason why the teachers stand on the sidelines, scanning the crowds for poking, snickering students to chastise. The abstract machine is what is at work. Reading Foucault, I sense a connection between his description of power relations and Deleuze and Guattari's abstract machine:

Power is employed and exercised through a net-like organization. And not only do individuals circulate between its threads; they are always in the position of simultaneously undergoing and exercising this power. They are not only its inert or consenting target; they are always also the elements of its articulation. In other words individuals are the vehicles of power, not its point of application. (Foucault, 1980, p. 98)

The school assembly serves as an example of this concept. The practice of school assemblies exists in almost every public school in Canada. Each of my high school students recognized its salient features. Every Monday morning, each of those same students assists in its reproduction. They are the individuals who make the machine work.

But it seems to me that these young people are also engaged in the process of dismantling the abstract machine. What effect will be produced by their thinking "about what we are doing and how we relate to each other"? What will happen to the machine?

* * *

Finally the assemblage no longer works as a machine in the process of assembling itself, with a mysterious function, or as a fully assembled machine that doesn't function, or no longer functions. It works only through the dismantling (démontage) that it brings about on the machine and on representation. And, actually functioning, it functions only through and because of its own dismantling. (Deleuze and Guattari, 1986, p. 48)

* * *

The machinic assemblage of desire is the other side of the assemblage. A machinic assemblage is not mechanical, that is composed of connections between dependent terms, but rather "a 'proximity' grouping between independent and heterogeneous terms" (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p. 104). The students' preference that I move out of the traditional role of "pedagogue" to become part of the messiness of an assemblage means moving "beyond the structures with their minimum conditions of homogeneity" (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p.104). Such movement is an example of a machinic assemblage of desire.

The Group of 5 Assemblage

* * *

In a multiplicity what counts are not the terms or the elements, but what there is 'between', the between, a set of relations which are not separable from each other. (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p. viii)

* * *

Over a period of two years, I worked with four others in what we came to call "the collective." We were all associated with the Curriculum Studies Department at the University of Victoria; three of us were Masters students, one a Doctoral student, and one a professor. There are other ways of describing us as well: one of us was male, four were female; two worked as public school teachers, three as post-secondary teachers; all were heterosexual; all were white; all were married; three were raised Catholic; one was a nurse. We could and did bring any number of rigid segmentations into this assemblage. For each of us, the segments were disrupted. How we responded to the disruptions differed for each one of us; my interpretations of the experience are a reflection of how the processes of subjectification affected me.

All of us came together as a "collective" at Lon's request. He thought he would make use of our interest in subjectivity to form the basis of his doctoral work. We met every two weeks, taping our conversations for his benefit. We read a description of "memory work" in Female Sexualization and adapted this technique in an attempt to understand how we had constructed ourselves as educators. We wrote recollections of instances and practices in our own lives and read the writings to each other in the hopes that the collective critique would illuminate what the writer suppressed.

But in spite of our professed desire to question ourselves as subjects who taught, the collective did not function as a disciplined, cohesive group united by a common cause. Indeed, for much of the time that we met, we talked about why we continued to come together. We were not amiable but irritable in this questioning of our purpose. A strange sort of

collectivity evolved; we called ourselves a "group of 5," together and yet separate, our difficulties with one another an important feature of our individual work.

The fact that we taped our meetings and preserved our writing afforded me a unique opportunity. At the time we began meeting, I had no intention of listening to the tapes, of examining the way in which I participated in the collective. The tapes were made by and for someone else. During our meetings, I was not particularly conscious of what the tapes would reveal. I was more intent upon our discussions -- the responses we had to the articles we read, the differences in understanding, the struggle to "get on with it."

* * *

A true break may be extended in time, it is something different from an over-significant cut, it must constantly be protected not merely against its false imitations, but also against itself, and against the reterritorializations which lie in wait for it. (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p. 39)

* * *

The incident that led me to pay attention to the practices that constituted me as a subject within the collective occurred early in our history. Towards the end of our conversation one evening, I became extremely frustrated when no one seemed to have any interest in or understanding of an incident I found fascinating. My grade six and seven class had seen a film presentation about the importance of preserving the traditional way of life of tribes living in the Brazilian rain forest. One of my students asked the film's producer why the tribespeople in the film were dressed in Adidas shorts; the answer was that the tribe didn't usually wear Adidas shorts but felt that European folk would be offended by their nudity, and so the tribespeople donned the shorts for the purpose of the film. My students were also struck by the fact that the tribe participated in the film-making, using advanced technology to make a film to further their political viewpoint. Wasn't the traditional life-style already gone? was the question my students were

asking. Maybe yes, maybe no, but so what seemed to be the response of the members of the collective. We got into a tense discussion. I was intrigued by the contradictions my class picked up on so quickly -- what happens to a group of people who become subjects of their own documentary. But the topic was treated lightly.

After meeting with the collective, I was interested in thinking about the tension that I had felt in trying to talk about this event. I began to listen to the tapes to see what had made me feel like banging on the table and shrieking. (In fact, I had merely raised my voice.) Listening, my focus soon became, as I described it during a later session, "the five people who are here -- and what we do here." When I heard that early tape, I heard myself stumbling to express what was not clear, and I heard others who were equally unclear attempting to translate what I was saying into their own terms. Soon our conversation became a debate and our participation limited to "making a point" or countering and clarifying whatever point had just been made. Our own right to be right seemed to take over. Rather than engaging in any "collective" sort of activity, we seemed intent on pursuing our individual paths and fortifying our individual identities against attack or inquiry.

* * *

Whatever the tone, the process of question and answer is made to nourish dualisms.There is always a binary machine which governs the distribution of roles and which means that all the answers must go through preformed questions, since the questions are already worked out on the basis of the answers assumed to be probable according to the dominant meanings. Thus a grille is constituted such that everything which does not pass through the grille cannot be materially understood. (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p.20-21)

* * *

There are questions and there are questions, it seems to me. Some questions are truly openings; opportunities to think about a situation in another way. The responses in such circumstances do not determine who is a right thinking person and who is muddle-headed. They are not

meant to "explain" a position, they are not meant for anything. That is, they are not meant to defend or justify or maintain or alter existing beliefs or ideas. Instead, they produce new possibilities.

The interests that motivated my participation in the collective were not of interest to the other participants. This fact rendered subsequent meetings both frustrating and compelling. Frustrating because I wanted to explore questions of subjectivity and relationship that intrigued me. Compelling because the normalizing practices and repressive relationships that I was seeking to investigate were so evidently at work within the group, within me, within others, preventing us from taking up the questions that had supposedly drawn us together.

The "group of 5" collective affected my consciousness of the structures within which my subjectivity is created. Listening to the tapes, I had the opportunity to do my own form of memory work. At first, I was the only one who listened to them. Although all the others were aware that I was finding the tapes fascinating, they expressed little interest in them. After the first time I listened to the tapes, I thought that if I merely played them for the group, we would all find rich material to discuss. But in fact, the response was quite the opposite. Mary's words -- that she had been frustrated enough participating in a pointless discussion and she certainly didn't want to have to listen to it again -- were not challenged. Subsequently, I listened on my own. We would meet to discuss an article we had read, a speaker we had heard, some writing we had done. Later, as I drove back to the ferry and Saltspring Island where I live, I would replay the tape, this time trying to be conscious of what was happening in the discussions. The irony struck me as immense. In spite of our interest in subjectivity, we seemed totally oblivious to the ways in which we constituted ourselves during our meetings.

The situation seemed akin to the experiences I had in the Women Studies class. In both situations, I started off thinking we would be doing something else. When I showed a group of young women a film about suffragettes, I did not know that this would call into question for them what had been presented as "truth." I did not know that *what we*

were actually doing would become the focus of the course. I had intended that we would learn about what somebody else actually did. I would say now that unawares we embarked upon a dismantling of the abstract machine.

The collective worked for me in this way as well. When I began to meet with the others in the collective, I somehow separated the question of subjectivity from what I was actually doing. I had not intended that my interest in the conflicted situation of female educators would develop into a focus on "the five people who are here. And what we do here." But it did.

* * *

S: ...there's this other stuff happening that we're not talking about explicitly or overtly. Maybe we're not conscious of it but it's going on. There are somethings you always know, but at the same time you know them, you're talking on this level that's up here and out there. You know it but you fail to recognize yourself in it. To recognize yourself in it - at that moment, you really know what it is you always knew - that's quite different. That happens all the time now and it spills over into my work....And that's another difference. Rather than trying to understand somebody else, it's starting to not understand. It's starting to see something in yourself. I can understand you perfectly. I've said that. "I understand you" I said. And you said, "No you don't", and I said, "Yes I do". But that's not important (collective tape - 12/11/89)

* * *

In the collective, our questions were frequently not productive. They were often counter-productive, based on that "perfect understanding" of another that did not allow any new understandings to emerge. But this was not consistent either. Occasionally, the rigid lines snapped.

In spite of our tendencies to fall back into defensive and judgemental behaviours, the collective had an effect. I was not the only one to experience new ways of engaging with others. Mary, one of the participants, described the collective as:

...riches. Instead of having to understand everything that's going on around me, it's just great riches. I can agree or disagree or something all on a different plane. The riches come from whether each person contributes and whether that's the people here or in the classroom or my kids or whoever, it's being able to accept that richness. (collective tape - 14/4/90)

In the following section I want to explore how in some instances we were able to "accept that richness" and create together new assemblages, lines of flight.

The Need to Stammer

Initially we were inclined to regard the collective as Lon's project. We had agreed to come together at his request; the work would form the basis for his dissertation. We expected him at crucial points to "take charge," to assert his intentions:

S: What are we going to do next?
 A: Yes, what should we take up next week?
 L: I don't know
 (laughter from everyone but Lon)
 Mo: He admitted it ...Lon doesn't know!
 L: I don't know where we want to go next...
 (collective tape - 04/10/89)

But Lon's resistance to the role of leader left us without predetermined structures and methodologies, without rigid segments of leader/student. Even in those initial meetings, one individual's project did not become our collective purpose. We wrestled with what we were going to "do," how to determine our direction, what would provide our focus:

S: I would like to take up these normalization practices ...like reports and evaluations. I want to pay attention to those.
 L: Do we want to stick ourselves around practices and our recollections of those type of practices? I know that to do this kind of study you can't let it get away all the time. I know when I write it gets away all the time. And yet the story that gets away fits with the one that didn't in some kind of way...
 M: It doesn't make it into a collective.
 (collective tape, 20/12/89)

So what did "make it into a collective"? Our use of the term originated in Lon's proposal: "I propose to engage with a group of others, a collective, in an analysis of our selves, that is, a critique of our own subjectivity" (McElroy, 1989, p. 2). Defining the group as a collective presented the first of several difficulties we experienced with language. What did this term signify to the various members of the group?

Mo: I haven't yet found any common focus in the collective. I can't seem to find my own and I am not sure what anyone else's is and that depresses me

S: I don't think we have a common focus.

Mo: Oh probably not, but it would be nice if we are a collective to have a sense of what we're all doing here.

L: No that's precisely not it. If we had a common focus, we'd be a unity wouldn't we?

S: I have a focus if you want to call it that

Mo: A common focus?

S: Well it's this... For me it's the five people who are here. And what we do here.

L: If it were a common focus, you could draw a picture of it. Everyone would be a satellite around a common focus.

A: So how would you draw what we are?

L: Well, I don't think you could. You would have to draw bodies in motion, molecular things - they don't hold in place, you'd have to have something so fast...there's no common focus at all, there are shifting relationships and patterns and things that move from one place to another....So you can't draw a diagram.

(collective tape - 23/01/90)

In my grade eight class, in our discussion of assemblages, I did draw a diagram. But the diagram I drew went all over the blackboard and would have gone off the edges if I hadn't been constrained by the thought of how the custodian would respond. The diagram illustrated, in fact, one of Deleuze and Guattari's observations: an assemblage is never fixed; rather it is always in the process of breaking down. And in that breaking down exist opportunities to trace a line of flight - Lon's stories that get away but somehow fit, for example.

*

*

*

I should like to say what a style is. It belongs to people of whom you normally say 'They have no style'. This is not a signifying structure, nor a reflected organization, nor a spontaneous inspiration, nor an orchestration, nor a little piece of music. It is an assemblage, an assemblage of enunciation. A style is managing to stammer in one's own language. It is difficult, because there has to be a need for such stammering. Not being a stammerer in one's speech, but being a stammerer of language itself. Being like a foreigner in one's own language. Constructing a line of flight. (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p. 4)

Being like a foreigner in one's own language is a familiar sensation to me. People often comment, in fact, upon my tendency to gesture with my hands or on the way I break off sentences to begin a new thought. I seldom notice what I do in these instances unless someone points it out. When I began the Curriculum Studies program, I remember that I characterized myself as inarticulate because of these tendencies. But now when I feel unable to express something coherently, fluently, I pay more attention to what is happening. And often what is happening is that I am trying to think a new thought. That is the difficulty and the need.

In the collective, we were frequently impatient with our stammering. "I don't see us as a group. I don't see that something has happened." (collective tape, 24/02/90). The words could probably have been spoken by anyone of us at one time or another. The five of us had agreed to read and write and talk together for various reasons: because we had an interest in the topics, because we were stimulated by the exchange of ideas, because we wanted to learn what we had agreed to do, because we liked a change in routine - each of us, no doubt, had her or his own reasons for continuing to meet together every two weeks. Each of us struggled to understand what that reason was. We did not know what we were doing. But we managed to persist. I found a focus by listening to the tapes. Others used different methodologies.

For me, the most significant meeting occurred at Yellow Point Lodge one February weekend. In preparation for that meeting, we had decided that we would all try listening to the tapes. In this instance, we would be listening for moments of tension, describing the tension, commenting on it. Of course, this was my suggestion, but others had agreed. Once I began to prepare for the weekend though, I suddenly got nervous. It became apparent to me that in each of the moments of tension I heard, I was directly involved. This could mean any number of things: tension was something I recognized only if I experienced it myself; my mother was right when she characterized me as "difficult"; I am very good at noticing other people's contradictory behaviours and I don't mind pointing them

out; I really don't understand why the questions I ask make people mad. All of the above I think. But one incident that we did discuss was mostly related to the first of these possibilities. What I recognized as tension was observable - in a tone of voice, in the choice of words. But there were conflicts that were more difficult to pinpoint. Up to that meeting, these tensions were unspoken. Speaking about them changed things for me, and I know, for others as well.

M: There's a point of tension that I feel would never show on the tapes, and that's when the two of you (Antoinette and Susan) start discussing something that you have discussed before, an article you've read. There was quite a long discussion on this tape about Susan's thesis, but you've never said anything to the rest of us about it. It was a point of tension for me to sit there quite tired and for about half an hour listen to you guys talk about something that I couldn't be any part of. The background wasn't explained to me. You referred to articles that I had no access to. So I find that a point of tension, to be on the outside.

S: I would never have found that out from listening to the tapes. It's quite obvious that there are areas of tension between Monica and me. That's quite evident.

M: So how did I get to be constituted as a subject that sits there and keeps her mouth shut when she should say something? ... I can't get a bloody word in edgewise. I had really strong opinions about things but then you see you guys go so fast. I really find it hard to jump in on an argument. I wanted to say "wait a minute" all the time but you guys wouldn't have even if I did.

S: You never did though. You play those tapes and you listen for one time when you did.
(collective tape, 24/02/90)

The change for me after that meeting was a qualitative difference in my encounters, not just with Mary, but with others in the collective as well. What was I not hearing? Was I too busy protecting my own point of view to notice what someone else might be thinking? Could I give up that individual stance and participate in something different, something riskier? Mary and I came closer to a collective enterprise through voicing

our viewpoints, examining their validity, thinking about what we were doing.

One of our last meetings together took place at a curriculum studies conference in Bergamo, Ohio. Our presentation was entitled "Group of 5: Stories of Collectivity and Subjectivity." Each of us during this presentation read a piece of writing. The following is the part of the text that I read:

Here, in the collective, I am constantly engaged in negotiation, but with the added dimension that we have articulated our conscious desire to examine that process. We tape our conversations and in the transcriptions I notice the shape of our conflicts. As I attend to the moments of tension, the times of accord, I begin to shape a question that motivates my study. The question expands from "What is it to be a woman within an educational institution?" to include "What is it to be an educational institution within a woman?" Just as the collective does not have beginnings and endings, boundaries that are distinct, so I find this question ambiguous, its edges blurred. We are not, for example, in this collective, tied to our various positions within the hierarchy of the university yet the dynamics of our relationships suggest that we assign them significance regardless. We are not, for another example, involved together as part of a formal course of studies, yet we are true to the style of debate - production of thesis, defense of thesis - that is cherished by the university institution. Our transactions, in spite of our intentions, reveal a desire to hold onto a centered universe, a university, a truth that is our own. "We are talking at cross-purposes", "as polar opposites", "in diametric opposition" - phrases that are repeated, argued about. We are generally well-mannered but as Foucault points out, always at war. Our dualistic frames of thinking start with self as referent to which all other information adheres. Through our interpretations of each other, the possibilities exist to maintain power and identity. At the same time, however, if our interpretations are voiced and open to the interpretations of others, possibilities may exist also to destabilize power and identity. This is one of the reasons why I place the question of subjectivity within a collective context. The possibilities to become more open to difference and slip loose from my singular universe are multiple; they are right here, right now. I can let go of my position, my understanding, my frame of reference - perhaps - not to reach a common point, a sameness, a unified and

standard understanding, but to experience difference - not to view another human being only as one whose presence either confirms or confronts my sense of self, but to be open to unbounded experience and relationships. What will unfold in this day or night's discussion with the collective? At Yellowpoint, to Mary's question "Do you think you can be more open?" I answered, unaware of how much I would like the words once I spoke them, "I'll have to look back on today to see how I will be." In other words, I can never be sure of anything, nor do I wish to be but the collective and the tapes of the collective offer some means of regarding a moment of relationship as an indication of my negotiation of difference, identity, and subjectivity.

No attempt was made by any of us in the presentation to link the pieces or to provide a metanarrative for the audience. And yet, those who participated with us in this event expressed their awareness of the type of work in which we were engaged. Throughout the presentations, we had left spaces. When one reader stopped reading, there was a pause before the next reader began. These were not empty spaces; those who had questions asked them; those who had comments made them. But as text piled upon text, the questions and comments changed in kind. Those who were asking "what are you doing?" began to respond to that question themselves. It became clear that each of us was in the process of doing her or his own work on subjectivity; that from our collective enterprise had arisen five unique works. What was happening at the moment was an example of the process of subjectivity and the participants in the session were involved in that discovery. The presentation dismantled itself; it became an assemblage.

Story #5

The last time the collective met was at Monica's memorial service. The service was a good one -- at the yacht club -- Monica's home away from home. Her friends, her daughter, even the minister spoke from the heart. They said all the things a person would say about a person like Monica. Everything was as it should be -- if you had to have a memorial service for someone no one thought could die like that.

It had been just a few days. Lon had phoned me on Saltspring. He said that he had heard that Monica was not teaching at Camosun, that she was in the hospital. He was going to find out more, he would let me know. He phoned me again, told me she'd had a stroke, he'd seen her, visited her in the hospital. He'd let me know what happened. I had just recently separated from my husband; because of my own difficulties, I hadn't seen Monica for some time. On the weekend, Lon and I went to visit her in the hospital but we weren't allowed to see her; she was too sick. I went back to school on Monday. Lon phoned and told me Monica had died. I never had a chance to see her before she died.

Monica and I had a history. We first met in EdB 555A -- in fact, that is where I first met all of the members of the collective. We were both just newly enrolled graduate students at UVic. I rarely talked to her in that course. For one thing, I found her vaguely intimidating. She had an ethereal quality about her. She spoke gracefully, each word elegantly posed, the husky voice in interesting contrast to her slim-boned frame. Monica seemed assured, confident, self-possessed.

We were on the same path course-wise. After the first Foundations course, we both took EdB 555B. Again, we rarely spoke. Then, during the summer, we were enrolled in yet another class together. We began to have coffee. Mary, Bernie, Monica, Lon and me. In the fall, Monica, Lon and I took a "directed studies" class together. And it was then, I think, that the tension between her and me grew.

Monica had been the one who had really pushed to get the course happening. All of us wanted to learn more about deconstruction and other intriguing theories, but none of the education courses made

reference to postmodern philosophy. Eventually, one of the professors agreed that we could work independently as a study group. The three of us met every two weeks at UVic. Mary and Bernie joined us but were not interested in taking the course for credit. I travelled over from Saltspring every two weeks, but I soon began to resent spending the time and money on meetings that seemed pointless. We were supposed to be reading Derrida, but Lon and I seemed to be the only ones who ever read anything.

I was pursuing a question at that time that is still a part of what I am writing: what is it to be a woman in an educational institution that defines what a woman is? I had asked Lon if he ever thought about what it meant to be a man. He had said that he hadn't, and I asked him if he'd ever thought about why he hadn't. Monica said that she couldn't understand why I was so obsessed with what it meant to be a woman, that she had never experienced any of the thoughts or feelings that I had. I asked her why she thought she would have. She told me that she never thought about being a woman, she just was one. I suppose that was our "essential" conflict.

Monica once said that everything about her was fake: hair colour, nails, eyelashes, who knows what else. Maybe that is why we irritated each other. I wanted her to tell the truth sometimes, or at least face the truth. She was rich, she was privileged, she could have an easy life -- sailing, buying expensive high heel shoes, hanging out at Nautilus. Of course she didn't have to think about being a woman. Why did I want her to? Because I would like that life-style too but didn't have it? Because it was easier for me to focus on her contradictions rather than to face my own? Monica, in her turn, seemed to want to prove something with me. We challenged each other.

When Lon mentioned meeting as a collective, together with Mary and Monica, I told him I wasn't interested. I didn't want to repeat the frustration I had experienced with Monica during the directed studies course. But he talked me into it, and so Monica and I continued to push at each other's identities. But the way I perceived our relationship changed. Often, after a meeting, I would write in my journal, interpret

what I thought was happening. Then after listening to the tapes that documented our conflicts, I would write again:

Feb. 25

Do I indirectly issue with my questions about subjectivity a challenge to Monica's constructed gendered self? (These terms she would reject - she doesn't like these notions). She thinks in opposites - the words she uses over and over "we are talking at cross purposes" "in diametric opposition" - She sees me, I think, as her opposite. Tonight she said she focuses on the immediate, the detailed and I focus on the global and lose sight of what is before me. What! I think of what delights me - the evening air as we step through it to the house, the small brown rabbit hopping through the wet green grass, the sun reaching across the water to touch the wet stones, the steam rising from the cup warm in my hands. I am not a tortured soul. The only way someone could see me that way is if she sees me as what she is not. I am Other to Monica. She is this, therefore I am not. Does this apply to what a woman is? If Monica sees "woman" as Gaia, ethereal, diffuse, spiritual, mystical - and if I am not that and moreover question that definition, then either I am not a woman or her identity is shaken.

Feb. 27

I've listened to the tapes a number of times now - I hear them differently each time - I'm confused - and in a position to listen as a result. Everything is harder now. I am, I guess, recognizing at a deeper level all the time, how complicit I have been in this process, how hard it is to be aware of that. There may be something happening here. I am beginning to listen to people differently now, hearing what they are saying as a means of seeing what their picture of the world is - I think I have been trained to listen to the idea, to match it to another idea, to choose between, to counter - no wonder my mother says I should have been a lawyer! I wonder - have I listened to Monica? "I'll have to look back on today," I said to Mary, "to see how I will be" - There is a space there for possibilities - a chance that I can be more of a listener, more open, more ready to let go - it takes both - this will be difficult. I should hold still, think about these duals, duels.

After our session at Bergamo, the collective didn't meet too often. I was living by myself and one night I phoned Monica, left a message on her answering machine. Did she want to work with me? It seemed that both of us wanted to write about the collective as part of our theses, perhaps we could get together and talk. Monica's response was enthusiastic -- and we met. A different encounter -- irritation turned to delight. We talked, we drank a bottle of wine, we sat up until early in the morning, we met again. Our work together was productive, generative, fun. We would complete our masters degree together, we agreed. We would both apply to the doctoral program. We were giddy, excited. Monica wrote her proposal. "Read it," she urged. "Be tough -- ask me the hard questions." The ones she had refused before. The ones I had used against her.

After the memorial service, Lon, Mary, Bernie, Antoinette and I went for lunch. We made a toast, lit a candle. I thought of Monica, how she would have made us all laugh if she had been there. I thought of how nearly I had missed her liveliness, warmth, generosity. I was right when I wrote in my journal that it would be hard, that it would take both of us. We both had had to listen to the "Other"; we both had had to allow the "Other" to listen.

Local Knowledge

* * *

[Foucault's] new conception [of ethics] is not based on any notion of the best life, nor on any notion of man's essence, nor on any principle of a fundamental obligation to obey the moral law. It is rather "an ethic of who we are said to be,"... of how we are constituted as the subjects of our own experience by practices that are relative, contingent and local, rather than universal or eternal. (Harpham, 1988, p.72)

* * *

This focus on the collective is an example of the type of investigation I am conducting into how I insert myself into concrete situations of power. I have found that through attention I can become more aware of the phenomenon that Foucault outlines -- that through our discourse we create the truth that our society demands we speak. Through asking myself what forces are at work when I behave as I do in these situations, I also open myself up to possibilities for change.

The collective helped me see "difference" in a new way. In my previous experiences with collective groups, difference and multiplicity had not been valued. Whether I had participated in feminist organizations, union activities, government policy making, or community politics, the collective effort had always been centred around a predetermined goal. In each of these instances, the goal was political, to change the existing power structures. That was always the common focus. Yet what was seldom confronted in those situations was the extent to which we reproduced those same structures in our own actions.

S: Right now I'm on a committee for developing evaluation criteria for the teachers' contract. I wasn't on the committee until I saw the criteria that they had come up with. It was awful - how clearly you write on the chalkboard, stuff like that. I phoned the BCTF because it was our own teachers' group that had negotiated that. So I got put on the committee.

L: Those kinds of things don't get at anything that has to do with teaching or that students experience....Isn't it just a disciplining form? It's a tool of power - so when you get caught up in writing evaluation criteria, you get caught up in that...

S: Having it in the contract the way people talk about it in bargaining, there is an awareness of the power issue.

L: I know, I know. But the BCTF takes part in that. It's just a matter of who has the power not a matter of what the power is for.

S: They're saying that the power is in the hands of the principal and superintendent and they want to get it into the contract.

L: And then it can be placed in negotiation and it could be in the hands of the BCTF - but you see that doesn't change what it is...

S: No I know it doesn't ... (long pause) ... It's just the way I'm going to be disciplined...

(collective tape - 30/04/90)

I believe that at some level I did know, before Lon and I began our conversation, that I had allowed myself to be co-opted. But belief in my role as a resistor of power, in this and other instances, allowed me to ignore my participation in establishing disciplinary forms.

The dis-unity of the collective afforded one of those "shifts in intensity" that produced movement. In terms of resistance, we never got our acts together. My attention could not be focused on "universal or eternal" practices outside and beyond the group, but by necessity had to be directed to what was happening within the group, the practices that were "relative, contingent and local." This event could not be a cause for self-congratulation, nor could it be seen as a result of a free act. It was simply, for me, a necessity. "It is difficult because there has to be a need for such stammering" (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p.4).

But what was and more importantly what *is* the nature and the need for this stammering? Foucault (1980) speaks of the "inhibiting effect of

global, *totalitarian theories*" (p. 81) and of the emergence of "subjugated knowledges" (p. 81). Subjugated knowledges, he states, have two meanings. The first meaning relates to the historical knowledge that is present in but obscured by totalizing theories; the second meaning relates to the "popular" knowledges that have been disqualified "as inadequate to their task or insufficiently elaborated" (p. 82). A popular knowledge is not an unquestioned "commonsense" knowledge but "a particular, local, regional knowledge, a differential knowledge incapable of unanimity and which owes its force only to the harshness with which it is opposed by everything surrounding it" (p. 82).

What brings these two meanings side by side to create a new necessity in criticism, Foucault (1980) states, is their concern with a "*historical knowledge of struggles*" (p. 83). He uses the term "genealogy" to describe the work involved in researching and rediscovering this historical knowledge of struggles and in making use of it:

a genealogy should be seen as a kind of attempt ...to render [historical knowledges] ...capable of opposition and of struggle against the coercion of a theoretical, unitary, formal and scientific discourse. It is based on a reactivation of local knowledges - of minor knowledges, as Deleuze might call them - in opposition to the scientific hierarchisation of knowledges and the effects intrinsic to their power (p. 85).

The necessity, then, is related to the desire to function "with deepest sympathy," "to move, to enjoy the world with all its new beginnings in the company of one's fellow creatures," to trace a line of flight. The "minor languages" of Deleuze, the "popular knowledges" of Foucault act to disrupt the segmentation, the static hierarchies existent in what is major and what is totalizing. They are what is possible.

Collectivity, in the sense that I use the word, does not imply a fixed purpose or a dogmatic adherence to an ideal. Rather, the notion grants an independence to each of its component parts, and functions to reactivate their minor knowledges. In the group of 5, working together but at odds with each other, exposed each of us to multiple and conflicting interpretations. The work we did in that setting was different

for each person. Each of us worked on his or her self; because of our own histories, the work we did was singular. Through the exchange of that work, however, opportunities for movement were present. In some, but not all instances, our differences became a resource that enriched our possibilities for living.

PART 5

LANGUAGE, GENDER, AND EXPRESSION

Difference and Multiplicity

When I began graduate work six years ago, I wanted to know where I belonged in the public school education system. I wanted to know who I was as a woman who teaches. In search of an answer, I began to write -- not the critical essays I had written as an undergraduate, not the reports to parents or principals I had written as a teacher. I wrote stories that were more like the letters I wrote to my friends and family; I wrote letters to myself. When I read them, I recognized that my question "Where did I belong within the public school education system?" would not be answered. Instead of an answer, I discovered something else -- a voice, an open space, another question: What did it mean to experience the world "differently"? To live with "multiplicity"?

Pursuing the question through a survey of poststructuralist theorists, I learned that language held more significance than I had previously assigned it. According to Derrida, for example, the form of binary opposition that Saussure ascribed to language privileged one binary term over the other. The other term became just that -- "other" -- defined by its difference from the standard, the norm.

Derrida's theories appealed to me. For many years, I had been uncomfortably aware of ways in which language was used to exclude women from the venerable position of rational humanist subject. Even in my graduate course work as we discussed articles on deconstruction, such statements as "[all philosophers pursue] that elusive and probably impenetrable female called truth" (Mackey, 1983, p. 258) served to remind me that "enlightenment" was a masculine activity.

Early in my twenties, I had read and been influenced by de Beauvoir's words that woman traditionally has been "defined and differentiated with reference to man, and not he with reference to her; she is the incidental, the inessential as opposed to the essential. He is the subject,

he is the Absolute -- she is the Other" (Beauvoir, 1961, p. xvi). Over the years, however, my difficulties with "Woman's" identity were not confined to how she has been defined by men, although that concern seemed to be the major occupation of the various feminist organizations I joined throughout my adult life. While I was not oblivious to or uninvolved with movements to further women's rights in law, work, the family, education, I was also disturbed by the ways in which I felt excluded from the definitions that the women's groups to which I "belonged" seemed implicitly to approve. We dealt in binaries with the same readiness practised by the patriarchal culture from which we wanted to believe we were "different." What I gained from my early involvement in women's groups was a sense that my discomfort with my role as a woman was neither an isolated phenomenon nor an indication of my own innate shortcomings. What I missed were opportunities to extend our social critiques to include our selves and our participation in power relations that produce feminine and masculine "identities."

It seemed the most common way to exonerate ourselves from the mess we were in was to glorify "Woman" in an essentialist manner. "Woman" as nurturer, earth goddess, mystic was a privileged term that very few wished to deconstruct. The first part of Derrida's deconstructive scheme seemed to be in effect -- reversing the hierarchy of the privileged terms -- but less attention was paid to the next step. What happened to the power relations when this reversal occurred? Most frequently I found that while the players changed position, the game remained the same. Privileging lesbians silenced heterosexuals; privileging motherhood silenced those without children. The binary stayed in place, the differences were still boundaries.

The alternatives seemed clearly delineated and equally undesirable. Yet seldom did I meet anyone who shared my discomfort with the rigid adherence to hyphenated categories. Questions concerning the potential for manipulation existent in our "consensual" decision-making processes were righteously dismissed as politically naive at best, devious and traitorous at worst.

Co-existent with my discomfort within feminist groups, however, was a discomfort within educational institutions that continued to ascribe

different values to what were known as "feminine principles" and "masculine principles." The situations I found myself in were paradoxical, ironic. First of all, I didn't believe that certain attributes belonged to one sex and not another. But on the other hand, I did seem to identify myself more with those traits that were viewed as traditionally feminine.

I remember attending art school in the 70's and questioning why horizontal lines were described as "feminine." The instructor patiently explained the differences between masculine and feminine energy to me. Several times, in fact. But women aren't all like that, I protested. Oh, but the term has nothing to do with women, I was told. Men and women contain within themselves both masculine and feminine energy. Since then, I have been told that by several different people in several different situations.

Derrida's commentary on the metaphysics of presence and his theory of binary opposition helped to explain why we seemed to cling to the word "woman" to signify some sort of absolute and fixed meaning. As Other, woman's identity becomes that of difference. To her belong the qualities that are not privileged in the set of binary opposites assigned to "man's" ideal: she is passive rather than aggressive, emotional rather than intellectual, weak rather than strong, dependent rather than independent. As Cixous (1980b) states:

Man/Woman

Always the same metaphor: we follow it, it transports us, in all of its forms, wherever a discourse is organized. The same thread, or double tress leads us, whether we are reading or speaking, through literature, philosophy, criticism, centuries of representation, of reflection. (p. 90)

In other words, we incorporate and naturalize this binary through all our social practices and discourses. Language does not merely express our experience; language creates experience. What encouraged me about this perspective was the notion that the binaries were not natural immutable laws, that they could be disrupted from within. Reversing the hierarchy of man/woman, for example, and privileging the terms that were

previously devalued could disrupt the power relations that produced a silent, passive female subject. I read Cixous', Irigaray's, and others' praise of women's diversity, their "jouissance," a word which carries connotations of ecstatic, fluid orgasm, of pleasure that is multiple and diffuse. Women's biology, Irigaray (1980) wrote, leads to a difference which is not the result of a sexual lack (that of a phallus) but of a sexual plenitude: "her sex is composed of two lips which embrace continually. Thus within herself she is already two - but not divisible into ones - who stimulate each other" (p. 100). Although on the one hand, Irigaray claimed this plurality for all women -

"She" is indefinitely other in herself... One must listen to her differently in order to hear an *"other meaning" which is constantly in the process of weaving itself, at the same time ceaselessly embracing words and yet casting them off to avoid becoming fixed, immobilized.* (p. 103)

-- she did not wish to see a mere inversion of the hierarchical relationship between men and women. But words such as Cixous' "womanly being" and descriptions of female sexuality such as Irigaray's seemed to assume that character traits are innately linked to biology. Such an assumption, for me, was too closely linked to the system of binary opposites within which women have been so constrained.

To deconstruct the binary opposites of man and woman, of identity and difference, one can disrupt the hierarchy, unbalance the opposition, but eventually the possibilities must be seen as not merely twofold but limitless. In other words, the hierarchy should not be reversed but dismantled. In doing so, difference becomes not the opposite of what has been identified as privileged, but a description of the world.

Difference, in this sense of the word, does not define woman's "essential" being. Woman can no longer be defined. No more can man. Difference, in this sense of the word, implies a shifting, translucent relationship between the world and one's position within the world, a continuous weaving and unweaving.

Perhaps having been defined as Other and having shared by virtue of this definition the experience of being excluded from history, women are

more likely to be searching not for difference, but identity. But to move towards a sense of the word "difference" that implies multiplicity is both a political and ethical act. It is also contradictory. We act "as women" to erase a definition of "woman." To act "as women" is not to assume a set of fixed and essential qualities independent of context but to take a "position from which to act politically" (Alcoff, 1988, p. 433). As such, "the internal characteristics of the person thus identified are not denoted so much as the external context within which that person is situated." (Alcoff, 1988, p. 433) In acting from this position, however, women must guard against duplicating the hierarchical relationships inherent within the present context and must constantly question their own constructions of meaning, of identity, of difference.

Important though Derrida's concepts have been to my understanding of subjectivity, they seem difficult to put into practice without at the same time concentrating more attention on the power relations that surround such an activity. A focus on "play" and a continuous deferral of meaning could ultimately divert attention from the political effects that language and discourse, even though their meanings are provisional, produce. I recall attending a conference on Paul de Man at which Gayatri Spivak, Derrida's student and translator, was one of the speakers. What struck me most about the conference was the fact that no one acknowledged that the format of the conference and the actions of the participants revealed many of the same practices that were either implicitly or explicitly critiqued by the speakers. One professor from the mid-west spoke of the advantages of providing a forum within university classrooms for conflicting points of view. When some of the local professors used rather disparaging tones to disagree with his case, he appeared somewhat taken aback. Another speaker presented a paper that questioned her privileged position as professor. When asked if she was pursuing this type of work further, she replied that this would be dangerous as she had not yet received tenure. Gayatri Spivak jokingly agreed that it was best to wait until her position was secure. At the end of the conference, all speakers formed part of a panel discussion. The two graduate students whose papers on De Man had been well-received, however, were not included in this part of the program.

Foucault's point that in order to speak we must participate in the dominant discourse came home to me as I sat in my tinny chair listening to academics from across the continent and world deliver paper after paper, each lecture adhering to the standard format. How could it be otherwise? The question never arose.

Journal Entry - Feb/93

Perhaps if I had a daughter instead of a son, perhaps if I didn't teach children, perhaps I would think differently about gender and language. Perhaps an essentialist viewpoint would hold more appeal. Elaine told me that if she had only one child as I do, she would have preferred to have a daughter. My reaction to her statement made me realize that "genherence" does not apply simply to mothers and daughters. I have only one child, a son. I would not prefer to have a daughter. How could I? The baby that was born to me was male. He is now the young man to whom I am trying to tell the truth. That may make his struggle easier or more difficult. It certainly affects my own.

I named Adam. Imagine that! I gave him that name before he was born -- but now what the name Adam means to me is this collection of gestures, events, comings and goings that includes all past, present, and future encounters with his life. When I was sixteen or so, I saw a little boy in Stanley Park feeding popcorn to the pigeons. Just as I was walking by, his father called to him, "Adam, let's go to see the monkeys!" I liked the whole picture -- the blue-shirted boy, eager to get to the zoo; the father with one hand stretched out to his son, his British solidity. It was, at the time, what I thought I wanted in my future. I decided then that if I ever had a son, I would name him Adam. The choice is ironic, given that a few years later I was quick to scorn such scenes of domestic harmony, considering them, I suppose, too bourgeois for my left-wing sensibilities.

But later in my life, when I was about to have a baby, I still thought Adam was a good name. I did not want to pretend that nearly two thousand years of Judeo-Christian thought had not occurred. I chose his name again as an expression of my hope for his new life, that more might be possible for him, that this birth was a beginning again. In my dream I asked my mother "Why did you pass on the lie?" Inherent in my son's name, chosen for him before he was born, is what I wanted to pass on to him. I recognize in Adam's life struggles that are not *essentially* different from my own -- a recognition that makes me partial to a post-modernist view of subjectivity and hence of gender.

Deterritorializing Language

Language is inextricably linked with gender, power relations, subjectivity. Language shapes every relation and every thought we have. In Deleuzian terms, it helps to form an abstract machine. Our lines of segmentation are overcoded, genderized through language; a dominant order is established. The State institutionalizes this order -- in public schools, determining which statements, expressions, and historical accounts are considered worthy of study. In academic institutions as well, the abstract machine is at work, reinforcing a language of control:

We learn to relate to each other in terms of texts and to orient our discourse to abstract models of systems, held together by concepts and categories, of which instances can be found in the real world. Relations between people in their everyday lives tend to become replaced by relations between conceptual categories in abstract systems which do not exist in any particular place. In effect, this is the language through which the apparatus of ruling works. We do it to ourselves. (Hale, 1989, p. 38)

Hale states that relating to each other in these ways requires us to use the "language of the oppressor." But who is the oppressor? Reading Foucault, I recognize that power is not some "thing" outside of our own subjectivity, cannot be surgically removed from one's consciousness like a tumour or a wart. Hale's comment that "We do it to ourselves" is accurate. Through our discourse we exclude the lived experience of "actual people relating to each other in actual situations" (Hale, 1989, p. 39). Concepts, abstractions, theory, organizations have lives, are active, are capable of changing the way the world is viewed. People are not. Corporations, institutions, faceless as they are, have purpose. The passive voice becomes common, editing our sensuality, deleting liveliness and difference, and offering in its place the assurance of a fixed and singular identity.

While the language is neutered, it is nevertheless a majority language. It differs significantly from the language to which Barbara Christian refers:

For people of colour have always theorized - but in forms quite different from the Western form of abstract logic. And I am inclined to say that our theorizing (and I intentionally use the verb rather than the noun) is often in narrative forms, in the stories we create, in riddles and proverbs, in the play with language, because dynamic rather than fixed ideas seem more to our liking. How else have we managed to survive with such spiritedness the assault on our bodies, social institutions, countries, our very humanity? And women, at least the women I grew up around, continuously speculated about the nature of life through pithy language that unmasked the power relations of their world. (p. 68)

Christian's language is an example of the minority languages that Deleuze and Guattari admire. These are the languages that can disrupt the rigid lines, deterritorialize the binary codes. The notion of minority language is not unrelated to Derrida's deconstructive practices. For example, to write as a woman, according to the French feminists, is to disturb the privilege inherent in the binary pair man/woman. To write as a woman is to write the body, reclaiming and rejoicing in a sexuality which has been denied expression:

To write. An act which will not only "realize" the decensored relation of woman to her sexuality, to her womanly being, giving her access to her native strength; it will give her back her goods, her pleasures, her organs, her immense bodily territories which have been kept under seal. (Cixous, 1980a, p. 250)

Language, then, is not only the abstract machine; it is at the same time a powerful tool to use in dismantling the abstract machine. The conflict occurs within language itself - the dominant discourse compels us to speak the truth of power; the minority position undermines that discourse, mocks that truth.

Within my own processes of subjectification, this contest plays itself out continuously. Writing, as I have mentioned before, has helped me to

resist my position of silence. Moving events and experiences from a state of the private and individual into that of the public domain has helped me place my life in an historical context. But writing, like all language, functions as a discursive practice as well. Experience, in postmodernist theory, is not reflected through language and writing; it is produced by language and writing. What are the conditions that determine whether writing will produce a line of flight or a reterritorialization, *pouvoir* or *puissance*.

Story #6

The first month I work at the Ministry of Education, I attend a session at the Newcombe Auditorium for all new Ministry employees. We are to be "oriented," I am told. This process consists of listening to a string of men point to different little boxes on the overhead of the "organizational chart" and say things like "now if you look over to the extreme right and count three boxes to the left and two down from the top, you'll find my department." The deputy minister speaks about the "products" our new educational system will turn out, how we must learn to "share the levers of power," be "mean and lean," "access" new knowledge even though we know it might become "obsolete" as we are "using" it. John, another newcomer (Newcomber?), stuffs a chocolate-covered doughnut into his mouth at coffee break, surveys the intitiates milling about the Auditorium lobby, analyzes the connections for me, evaluates the political motivations of all the players, including us. He is enjoying himself, a part of the scene but separate from it. He is the play-by-play announcer, introducing me to the game.

I am surprised that I have been hired to work here. This isn't my gig. But I am hopeful that I can do something worth while, that changes in the education system can be made. I take the work seriously; I want to write a different kind of document, one that speaks "with a real voice" (journal entry). I explain my idea to a group of Ministry people and am pleased with how clearly I have stated my thoughts. Sometimes, I am aware, I do not do that. The leader of the group (third box on the left, second from the top) looks at me, remarks, "Susan, this is a room full of intelligent people here. Not one of us understood a word you said." (I wonder how he knows no-one else understands what he doesn't understand.) I decide to write, to demonstrate what I mean, and the result is a page describing what I believe is important in the education of young people. It is a slightly poetic, metaphoric piece. The "project team" with whom I work herald this writing; the ministry director is uneasy, says it is too flowery. These few paragraphs are like the canary in the mine shaft. First the Ministry cuts them, then they are edited by another team member and reinserted for the meeting with the Steering

Committee (a group of "representative stakeholders" including school trustees, superintendents, university professors, teachers, secretary treasurers, principals). The paragraphs are cut again, re-edited, reinserted. Finally, near the deadline for the project, an editor is hired. He does the final cut of the pared-down paragraphs - it's lousy writing, he says. By this time, I agree with him. But the Steering Committee doesn't. At our next meeting, they insist that it re-enter the draft that will be sent out for review. I no longer have a copy of the original writing, nor can I remember what has been edited.

What is interesting in this long process of policy writing is the focus on style. Each of us sits at a computer, writes drafts, sends them to a senior bureaucrat to review. The writing is sent in collectively, from the "team." Invariably, what I write comes back covered with red circles. These denote the words that are to be changed. "Nudged" is a word that has been circled. "FUZZY" has been red-pencilled beside it. "Emerge" has been circled. "I DON'T TRUST THIS WORD," the reviewer has written. "I WANT CLEAN TIGHT HARD LANGUAGE" is scrawled at the bottom of the page. I read other "documents" as we call them here. "It is intended that" is common parlance. I begin to test out a theory. I ask direct questions: "What do you think," I begin, or "What are you doing?" The answers confirm my suspicions. The active voice does not exist in the Ministry. "An announcement will be forthcoming." "It is hoped that" begin the responses.

I receive a memo. Everything we write, whether it concern Ministry business or not, must be approved by the Deputy Minister. We are not to publish any work on any topic without first submitting it for review.

I work at the Ministry for two years. The project is not finished but the team is being reduced in number. I have to reapply for the job. Everyone thinks I will be rehired; I have been one of the main writers. At the interview, I am told that it is essential that the Ministry speak with one voice. Next year I will be given prepared texts and overheads and sent around the province to deliver the message. Am I willing to do that? I am not. I know as I answer the question, I will not be rehired. But I stumble in my reply; I am incoherent and nervous. The strength of my refusal is

undermined. "Susan, this is a room full of intelligent people here. Not one of us understood a word you said."

Writing

* * *

Do not ask who I am and do not ask me to remain the same: leave it to our bureaucrats and our police to see that our papers are in order. At least spare us their morality when we write.
(Foucault, 1972, p.17)

* * *

July 12, 1988 - journal entry

Certainly the writing - the *process* of writing - is important to me. I write often - letters, papers, stories and poems that I share with my students - but this journal offers the response - to me rather than to what I am creating - hmm this is difficult. It has something to do with "becoming." It's like when I draw. When I am drawing, everything becomes the line - I am a part of something else and myself. But when that drawing feels completed, I feel quite separate from it. I can see its beauty, its flaws - no not flaws - I can see how I would like to do a different drawing, but that's what that drawing *is*. ...Drawing is seeing, feeling, becoming - then pausing, re-seeing, - experiencing what it is to be what one is not. So writing is sort of like the moment when I'm drawing rather than the moment when I'm looking at what I've drawn. (Underwood)

I wrote that journal entry well before I read these words of Deleuze:

To write is to trace lines of flight which are not imaginary, and which one is indeed forced to follow, because in reality writing involves us there, draws us in there. To write is to become, but has nothing to do with becoming a writer. (p. 43)

Deleuze states that to trace a line of flight in writing is to experience the lines that are not binary, not segmented. There are other lines that compose us that are different in nature from the rigid segments. Rather than functioning to establish codes and territories, these lines "deterritorialize" the segments. These lines are not so much lines; they

are "molecular fluxes" that disturb a binary code, that rupture what is fixed. Deleuze does not place these fluxes in opposition to the segmented lines; to do so would be to remain within a binary code. Rather, all of the lines, rigid or supple, are immanent to each other. There is not one line that can be identified and fixed as either a rigid segmentation or a line of flight. The tendency to "reterritorialize" is always present on a line of flight, the possibility of "deterritorialization" is always present in a rigid segment. "Becoming a writer" when writing is just such a paradox.

The importance of writing to Deleuze (1987) is one feature of his work that has significant appeal to me. He speaks of the power that writing engenders, a power that deterritorializes:

In reality writing does not have its end in itself precisely because life is not something personal. Or rather, the aim of writing is to carry life to the state of a non-personal power. In doing this it renounces claim to any territory, any end which would reside in itself. Why does one write?(p. 44)

Why does one write? And what is writing? Again, before I read Deleuze I was asking these questions. In a transcribed conversation from the collective, I stated "any kind of writing I think is an attempt to survive. Why else would people write?" (collective tape, 13/03/90). Barbara Christian (1988) made a similar statement:

I can only speak for myself. But what I write and how I write is done in order to save my own life. And I mean that literally. For me literature is a way of knowing that I am not hallucinating, that whatever I feel/know is. It is an affirmation that sensuality is intelligence, that sensual language is language that makes sense. (p. 77-78)

To Christian, writing is a means to become something other than what the dominant culture demands. Literally, she is indeed saving her own life, creating through her "minority" use of language new, even if temporary, meanings. How does this differ from "becoming a writer"?

Deleuze and Guattari talk of "woman-becoming." I take a "woman-becoming" to mean a becoming-other-than-how-they-are-constituted, a slipping away from a majority position, not an opposite to but an

undoing of man's identity. As a woman, my "woman-becoming" is an undoing of my identity as man's opposite. I do not have a "man-becoming" but a further "minority-becoming" to speak of. When I consider myself as a woman, I do not want to speak "as a function of a future of women" (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p. 43). I see myself as a person who has been created as a woman, and who is engaged in practices that recreate conditions that create her as a woman. A "woman-becoming," to me, is any release from that process. "There is a woman-becoming which is not the same as women, their past and their future, and it is essential that women enter this becoming to get out of their past and their future, their history" (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p. 2). "Woman becoming" for me, therefore, is a means of overflowing the segments and "undoing the face." It is not so much a way of escaping history, but of participating in the creations of history, of living aesthetically and ethically in Foucault's sense of the words. Writing can function in this way to produce encounters, segments colliding perhaps, that shift things and help to create a line of flight.

Writing can also function in other ways, however. If writing can challenge what is major through its invention of conflicting or minor meanings, writing can also reinscribe identity and reterritorialize what has been undone. "Becoming a writer" implies expertise; one has gained the credentials that guarantee a position within the community; one has been evaluated and approved.

Deleuze and Guattari (1986) refer to another way in which writing can function to preserve existing power relations - the doubling effect. The doubling effect concerns two subjects: the subject of the enunciation who does the writing, and the subject of the statement who is written about. The doubling effect "transfers movement onto the subject of the statement; it gives the subject of the statement an apparent movement, an unreal movement, that spares the subject of enunciation all need for a real movement" (p. 31). The doubling effect is one of the reasons why I want to move my own writing from a private domain to a public or collective sphere. It is too easy to fool oneself.

Transcript - Group of 5 - Nov.89

Susan: The words that get the circles around them are the words that really mean something. The words that aren't neutral. The words are supposed to be neutral - they carry along the thought but they do not touch you. They're not supposed to be personal. They're supposed to get the idea across - clearly - without evoking any kind of response. I don't think the editing is as conscious as that. I think it's an automatic thing, and it's the words that work that get scratched - I think when a response is evoked that is what is not trusted.

Lon: It's that fear - the fear of self preservation. Words can evoke a response and that's why you keep them neutral. That has to do with self preservation. If words can establish a connection, and if you've made your life on being disciplined and hard then you would have to fear connection.

* * *

Monica: There will never be an end to our understanding. You just shift and shift and shift.

Susan: Yes you can shift ... but I think you can focus too...

Monica: We've talked about this before. You talk about shifting and focusing and I just talk about shifting.

Susan: I know and there's a difference there that maybe you could help me out on. Maybe I should say what I'm feeling: that there are greater possibilities, not to reach some common understandings, but to be open and to hear. I keep using that word "understand", and that's a hard word for me to use, but what I mean is that there is some sort of way to bridge that barrier, not completely, but to not feel that alone. I don't know community or something, but to not feel as separate. I don't know what to call it. I find that sort of ironic because I'm sensing that when

you talk about shifting, you're somehow saying that it might be impossible to ever have that kind of connection.

Monica: Shifting makes it not very possible to pursue the type of clarity that I feel you're pursuing here. I feel there is only that moment and then you shift again and then the clarity is lost, constantly. I remember being struck by a phrase that you used when you said you were looking for a language that would survive. It really stuck in my mind - to me there is no such thing as a language that will survive.

Mary: But there's a desire for that.

Monica: There's a desire for that kind of language.

Mary: It gives a kind of immortality.

Susan: Well you have to think of the context in which I wrote that phrase. I was talking about writing - about curriculum. But any kind of writing I guess is an attempt to do that. Why else would people write, why would people write?

Mary: For themselves. But if you're trying to make your writing survive, and I realize the context, that you're writing a provincial program, then you're trying to make your thought happen on someone else out there, that you don't even know.

Susan: On paper, yeah.

Monica: And I don't think that's the way to do it.

Mary: And that's denying who they are.

Susan: Does any kind of writing do that?

Mary: Your writing needs to be so powerful that it blots out who they are...

Susan: No, no, no

Lon: Schizoid writing wouldn't be a language that survived. When you were talking about writing a language that would survive you were talking about the Ministry, you were talking about something that would stand up

Susan: To people with red pens

Lon: To the bureaucracy, so they can't get under and take everything out of it. You want to hold the guts of it in there and they chop off pieces

Mary: But the end product, should be...

Lon: You want to survive against their opposition

Susan: I want it to be language. There's words and there's language

Lon: That's connected to wanting to convince somebody

Susan: Yeah it is, in the same way that it is survival. If you're using words - to convince somebody is the wrong term - It's not to convince somebody. But you can yell in the desert for so long and what's the point in doing that? I do believe in an enrichment process - what can happen when you listen to each other. When I'm writing I am writing to myself and I'm writing to get a different view or to bring things into view, but if everyone else in the world, could not make any sense out of that, after I'd made sense for myself, I'd feel like something wasn't surviving there.

Monica: If you don't create it together then there's no mutuality in the product.

Mary: But isn't the product created together? Susan may write it now and someone may read it later, but what happens as the result of what she wrote is created together.

Monica: There are always the transmutations

Susan: That's what literature is about.

Mary: But what that creation is going to be you can't control

Susan: No you have no control over that, nor would you want to.

Mary: No you might not. You might in your curriculum, I don't know.

Lon: There's a power struggle involved. There's an opposition going on.

Susan: Yes that's what I meant by the context.

Con-texts

Context, text - from the Greek "technic," and from the Latin "texere." To weave together. Complicit -- from the Latin "plicare," to fold, to bend around, to entwine. Deleuze (1988) describes Foucault's concept of subjectification as "foldings":

This is what the Greeks did: they folded force, even though it still remained force. They make it relate back to itself. Far from ignoring interiority, individuality or subjectivity they invented the subject, but only as a derivative or the product of a 'subjectivation'. They discovered the 'aesthetic existence' - the doubling or relation with oneself, the facultative rule of free man. ... Foucault's fundamental idea is that of a dimension of subjectivity derived from power and knowledge without being dependent on them. (p. 101)

Context takes on a different meaning if one considers the self as a creation of folding, the doubling of the outside to the inside. The fold creates a new entity, the inside of outside, that, like Irigaray's image of female sex organs, everywhere touches. This entity, the self, derives from four folds: the fold of the body, the fold of the relation between forces, the fold of knowledge, the fold of "the outside itself...from which the subject in different ways hopes for immortality, eternity, salvation, freedom or death or detachment" (Deleuze, 1988, p. 104). The three dimensions of knowledge, power, and self are "irreducible, yet constantly imply one another. They are three 'ontologies'" (Deleuze, 1988,p. 114).

Why does Foucault add that they are historical? Because they do not set universal conditions. Knowledge-Being is determined by the two forms assumed at any moment by the visible and the articulable, and light and language in turn cannot be separated from 'the unique and limited existence' which they have in a given stratum. Power-being is determined within relations between forces which are themselves based on particular features that vary according to each age. And the self, self-Being, is determined by the process of subjectivation: by the places crossed by the fold (the Greeks have nothing universal about them). (p. 114)

On the last day of the weekend that I spent at Yellow Point with the collective, Mary asked me a question: did I think that my project would mean that I could change my ways of relating to others? And I replied then in words that didn't at first strike me with their significance: "I don't know. I'll have to look back on today to see what I will be." Again, taping the conversation allowed me to hear those words and to think about their significance with regards to my own processes of subjectivity. What I liked about my spontaneous response was its recognition that I was "living historically." I would think about the events of the day and my own participation in their creation; that thinking would affect my perceptions of who I was, what I could do; new ways of thinking and acting might then be possible. Deleuze (1988) writes "Thought thinks its own history (the past), but in order to free itself from what it thinks (the present) and be able finally to 'think otherwise' (the future)" (p. 119).

Because the self is formed from folds of knowledge and power, in its actions upon itself a refolding of those folds may take place - an unfolding perhaps. Deleuze (1988) defines "memory" in this way:

Memory is the real name of the relation to oneself, or the affect on self by self. ... time as subject, or rather subjectivation, is called memory. Not that brief memory that comes afterwards and is the opposite of forgetting, but the 'absolute memory' which doubles the present and the outside and is one with forgetting, since it is itself endlessly forgotten and reconstituted: its fold, in fact, merges with the unfolding, because the latter remains present within the former as the thing that is folded. Only forgetting (the unfolding) recovers what is folded in memory (and in the fold itself). (p. 107)

Listening to the tapes of the collective was one form of memory work for me; writing is another. Writing has been and is a means to think about the past in order to prepare myself for the possibility of new thought. According to Foucault (1988c), this is an old tradition, grounded in the Greek notion of "care of the self":

Writing was also important in the culture of taking care of oneself. One of the main features of taking care involved taking notes on oneself to be reread, writing treatises and letters to friends to help them, and keeping notebooks in order to reactivate for oneself the truths one needed. ...Taking care of oneself became linked to constant writing activity. The self is something to write about, a theme or object (subject) of writing activity. (p.27)

For a woman to enter into this constant writing practice is a shift from Greek times. Care of the self was essential if one was to govern well, but women did not participate in the government of the state. A passive female sexuality served as "the receptive element of force" to an active male sexuality that functioned as the "spontaneous element" (Deleuze, 1988, p. 102). Writing, as technique for caring for the self, was therefore linked to an active male citizenry.

* * *

These manoeuvres must also be conceived of as technologies of gender - social and discursive operations that produced two genders and aligned them with a binary definition of sex and sexuality. So to say that there is no gender in Foucault's conception is wrong. That he does not critique the position of women either in Antiquity or in the present does not obviate the fact that he does describe one of the conditions of possibility for modern articulations of sex/gender. (1993, Probyn, p.131)

* * *

"In brief, power is not homogeneous but can be defined only by the particular points through which it passes." (Deleuze, 1988, p. 25). Writing, linked with a care for the self, is also linked with politics, with change. I write, I take care of my self, I am a citizen. Like Barbara Chrisitan, I too write in order to save my own life. Through writing, the silence speaks, the memory unfolds, the past is changed. I make my writing public because I did not create any of these pasts alone; it is in a collective "context" that the folds "unfold", it is in the interactions with others that power is redefined in every encounter.

PART 6

LOOKING BACK ON TODAY

Working in the Middle

The school at which I presently am employed is not actually a school; it is a program. Three years ago, a group of parents approached the school board and asked permission to start an alternative elementary school, one which gave them greater control over curriculum, organization, policy. The board approved the idea, but on a trial basis. The program was to run for three years and then be evaluated. A decision would be made at that time whether or not to apply to the Ministry for official recognition as a school.

No one thinks of our "school" as a program. We have our own building, which is a house within walking distance of town, our own budget, and we even have our own principal. We do have a special status, however. Some of the other educators and parent groups in our district don't really think we should exist. In turn, some of the parents associated with our school have very little respect for any other public school in our district, nor for other entities such as union contracts, board policies, public school acts.

Working in this milieu (in the middle and in the surroundings), I often find myself situated "between" opposing ideological factions -- both of which seem to want to define and control what I do. For example, shortly after I began teaching at the school (in its second year of operation), I was asked at a parent meeting what I planned to do in terms of curriculum. After I outlined what I had in mind, one of the parents suggested that the meeting have a vote to decide whether or not I could go ahead with my plans. The chairperson remarked that a vote might be inappropriate; he would prefer that the parents reach consensus on the matter. It was only at that point that I realized the group thought that its purpose was to endorse or veto my actions. I had hoped for something other than judgement, but we did not engage in any discussion of what our roles might be, or of what our enterprise might

entail. What the meeting took for granted was the right of the parents to determine what happened in the schooling of their children. Power relations were not critiqued and questioned; they merely shifted. Most of the parents at that meeting were dissatisfied with the ways in which they themselves were educated. Now, these people who did not like the decisions that had been made for them when they were children took their turn making decisions for others. Since that meeting two years ago, I have been struggling to come to some understanding of just how to work "in between." Deleuze (1987) states, "there is no world which awaits us to be created. Neither identification nor distance, neither proximity nor remoteness, for in all these cases, one is led to speak for, in the place of... One must, on the contrary, speak *with*, write *with*. With the world, with a part of the world, with people. There is no judgement in sympathy" (p. 52).

In comparison to the difficulties involved in negotiating relationships amongst a widely divergent group of adults, the students and I seem to evolve ways of working together fairly quickly. There are two classes in the school, an older and younger. I work with the "olders", ages nine to thirteen. The class has twenty-five students, the same number as other Intermediate classes in the district. Every other week, we have a class meeting, construct an agenda, talk. These meetings often take a whole morning; we discuss a variety of topics: plans for the Hallowe'en haunted house, discipline processes, teasing, homework. Decisions or discussions that affect people other than those of us in the class, we take to a whole school meeting, a staff meeting, and/or a parent meeting.

I like working with these young people just as I have enjoyed working with different groups of students in different settings over the last twenty-some years. This story is about a recent event, something that happened a month or two ago. To others, the incident may not be profound, but to me it was a surprise that felt like a gift.

Story # 7

Given the possibility that we may be shut down at any time, the parent group decided this year that one of our priorities should be to come up with a "vision statement" -- a pithy clarification of why we deserve to exist, what makes us unique. The process for writing this statement was predictable. The principal and parent group hired a "facilitator" who had both parents and teachers construct a list of statements that we thought described what we valued in our school. Then the facilitator asked us to place check marks beside the statements with which we agreed. We were supposed to reach consensus. We didn't. At the end of the day, a group of frustrated parents asked permission to form a committee to write a vision statement that they would bring to the next parent meeting. The rest of the group of frustrated parents agreed.

The statement was ready before the next parent meeting. It said that the most important aspect of our school was the high degree of parent participation in all aspects of its operation. "That's it?" I asked. It was.

At our next class meeting, I put the vision statement on the agenda and the students gave their opinions. "That's it?" they asked. They didn't like it. They decided to write one of their own and the next day, they spent the morning talking in small groups to try and determine what they thought made the school a place they wanted to be. After recess, they had quite a list of statements that the whole group supported. "But that's still not it," one of the girls said. I scanned what they had written. They liked calling me by my first name, they liked choosing different options every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, they liked sitting on the floor, they liked being able to use the kitchen, they liked the different age groups, they liked that they were learning "important things," they liked the way they were learning them, they liked getting outside and into the community. So what was missing? "It's this," Robin said. "It's that we have a voice." Robin is a quiet girl. It seems to me she rarely speaks. But she went on, and she was eloquent. I don't remember the exact words she said, but I was spellbound as she spoke them. I was silent. I was afraid to speak, to reveal how much what she said mattered

to me. This was *their* "vision statement" of what was important to them -- I didn't want it to become mine. But the other students enthusiastically echoed Robin's point. They agreed that "having a voice" applied to all of the statements that they had written. The fact that they had a voice was reflected, they said, in everything that we did at school. At the top of their list of what was distinctive about their school, they wrote this heading in capital letters: "WE HAVE A VOICE!"

Interestingly enough, in the list that the students composed, parent participation was not mentioned. Also interesting is the fact that although the vision statement written by the parents now makes reference to student voice, we have never spent any time at a parent meeting investigating the implications and interpretations of what the words mean.

Our class meetings are the site where the meaning of the phrase "we have a voice" is negotiated. "A voice" not "*the* voice" is a key theme. I have a voice but so do others. We are not all the same but how do we live together? Slowly, through the process set in place by the class meetings, we may begin to function more democratically throughout the whole school community.

At our last class meeting, for example, the students were unanimous in recommending that the older and younger students have separate recesses. Their reason was that we have only one small paved playground area that is in high demand as a basketball court, skipping surface, ball-bouncing territory. Having separate recesses would allow maximum use of the resources that we share. Students stated at the meeting that their recommendation would have to be supported by the younger students and the teachers. These two groups would also be affected by the switch. Both these groups agreed to try out the new plan. To many, the decision is insignificant. But at the parent meeting, some parents expressed concern. This idea did not meet with their vision of a "family" school where younger and older students played together, worked together. The discussion that followed took up most of the meeting but finally, the parents decided that because the idea came from the students, the parents should respect it. After all, students have a voice.

But during the next week, it became apparent that some parents are not happy with this outcome. The talk goes on.

Some things missing from the discussion, in my opinion, are any analyses of the assumptions made about "family," community, childhood. In this particular situation, the students did not feel that parents needed to be involved in the decision to alter the times of recess. Some discussion as to why they might feel that way could have been productive. Who does get to make the decisions here? On what basis? Sometimes, through discussions of what is immediate and concrete, the assumptions and values that underlie our actions surface, and are suddenly visible. What is important in these moments is the willingness to look at our own practices as parents, educators, students, human beings living in historical contexts, and attempt to understand why it is that we do what we do. Then perhaps we can all have a voice; we can all participate in a conversation.

Practising Liberty

In ending this thesis with what I consider to be a pretty positive occurrence in my classroom, I run the risk of sounding as though I have it all figured out. I do not want to suggest that. Having it all figured out and knowing what to do in any situation seem to me the biggest threats to any notion of "minority" teaching, and to any questioning or analysis of our practices and assumptions. Freedom and power are created, not through the adoption of codes of behaviour, but through the effect of our actions in unpredictable, spontaneous events. The process of critiquing is always ongoing; the outcome is never fixed.

I relate the previous story because it happened so recently, and because it offers me some indication that I am not merely "shouting in the desert." Perhaps teaching, as well as writing, can be a way to survive. In many ways it has been, for me, a way of preparing for the unpredictable.

Foucault (1988b) states that "ethics is the deliberate form assumed by liberty" (p. 4), and that in ancient Greece, ethics, as the practice of liberty, depended upon caring for the self. Writing this thesis has been one means of "practising liberty"; teaching is another. Having a "voice," "speaking," are not just symbolic terms to me. For many years, in university classes, in professional meetings, at political gatherings, I literally did not say anything at all. Turning back to my memories of childhood, I realize that I always already knew how to keep quiet. I was already making my bargains without any awareness of cost. Struggling through this writing has been a means of changing that past. The silent child that I once was no longer exists. But I still have her picture and it reminds me of so many other children - my son, my students.

The derivation of the word "pedagogue" is from the Greek: "*paidagogos*, lit child-leading, --leader, originally a slave leading children to school" (Partridge, 1983 p. 478). Somehow over the years, we have not paid much attention to the word "slave" in this etymological definition. We have focused on the idea that the pedagogue leads the child to knowledge without considering the status of the pedagogue and what it implies. What if the pedagogue is not a citizen? What if he is a

household servant, a slave, whose only function is to safeguard the child?

As Foucault (1988b) points out, practising liberty requires a certain freedom from domination. A pedagogue has no need to care for the self if his actions do not have any affect on others: "a slave has no ethics" (p.6). And slavery is a term that applies to more than just one's political rights: "not to be a slave (of another city, of those who surround you, of those who govern you, of one's own passions) was an absolutely fundamental theme: the concern for liberty was a basic and constant problem, during eight centuries of ancient culture" (p. 5).

Sometimes I am called a "public servant" because I am a teacher. But even Aesop, though a slave, was capable of disturbing power relations through his use of fable and story, his "minority literature." It is possible as a "minority teacher" to attempt an educative process that leads both participants, child and adult, to live their lives historically -- as citizens. If the deliberate practice of liberty is a description of an approach to teaching, then I believe children will be better equipped to participate in their own lives, to question what they don't understand, to know that they have voices and can speak.

In all of the educational institutions in which I have worked, from elementary schools to the Ministry of Education, one of the common "ways of speaking" that helps to define educational discourse is to speak of "what's good for kids." This is not a question but a statement. What I believe to be "good for kids" is what is "good for kids."

I am not comfortable with this confidence and I am suspicious of the competence it implies. Who are these people who know "what's good for kids?" How did their knowledge grow to be so absolute? Do they also know "what's good for adults," for themselves, for you, for me? To speak of "what's good for kids" turns the question away from one's self, one's own history -- and produces only statements. These statements are reassertions of the truth of power; they re-establish who gives the orders; they reterritorialize a line of flight. "It's my turn to be the expert now." It is tempting to exclude and excuse ourselves from considerations of power and privilege. It is not necessary, however; it is not the only possibility.

I agree with Foucault (1988c) when he states that teaching is not in itself an inherently oppressive practice but that it is a situation in which one must recognize the possibilities for oppression and prepare oneself to respond ethically:

...take something that has been the object of criticism, often justified: the pedagogical institution. I don't see where evil is in the practice of someone who, in a given game of truth, knowing more than another, tells him what he must do, teaches him, transmits knowledge to him, communicates skills to him. The problem is rather to know how you are to avoid in these practices - where power cannot not play and where it is not evil in itself - the effects of domination which will make a child subject to the arbitrary and useless authority of a teacher, or put a student under the power of an abusively authoritarian professor, and so forth. I think these problems should be posed in terms of rules of law, of relational techniques of government and of ethos, of practice of self and of freedom. (pp. 18-19)

I can't use the phrase "what's good for kids" when I talk about teaching. I can say that kids, many of them, have been good for me. Young people are, by legal decree, placed in a minority position. Yet they are eager to take their place, to understand, to fit in. Perhaps as a result of these two conditions, they are more ready to think, given the opportunity, than those of us who have already put on our faces, established identities with which we are comfortable. I am not immune to the disciplining effects of education, its discourses, its frustrations, its privileges and powers. But children and adolescents have been generous with me, and in many cases have helped me to see things in a new light, with fresh insights. Often, their interest and questions remind me to think about something I have taken for granted. Teaching gives me a place to work, a space to participate with others in creating some new possibilities for thought.

Those who forget or ignore or deny that their "ways of speaking" are a product and a producer of discourse and proceed to impose their standards and values upon others without questioning how they came to accept such norms or whose interests these norms support are not, in my opinion, preparing themselves to respond ethically to situations in

which "power can not not play" (p. 18). But to those people, ethics simply has a different meaning. Ethics, in most professional definitions, refers to how well one adheres to the rules of the particular "game of truth" one plays.

Writing this thesis has enabled me to consider teaching in a new light, as a deliberate practice of liberty. This approach to teaching creates a space for me, a place where I can think and move and participate -- and care for my self. Part of my practice has to involve attending to my interactions with others while at the same time maintaining an awareness of how these interactions affect and are affected by the forces of subjectification. Caring for myself helps me prepare for situations in which power always *does* play. Hopefully, through careful preparation, I will be able to act in ways that not only do not take advantage of the role I play in children's lives, but also afford us each an opportunity to enter into conversation together, to create a line of flight.

In the introduction to this thesis, I wrote that I did not foresee any end to the research project upon which I have embarked. In the same way, there was no beginning either. But there is a time in this thesis, a memory that is not linear. There are as well, not conclusions, but completions. These are not closures so much as openings - what new thoughts are now possible to think? what new voices are now beginning to speak? I look back upon today to see how I will be, and in the unfolding of memory, I recognize the shift occurring. Once again, I recreate myself; once again, I begin.

References

- Alcoff, L. (1988). Cultural feminism versus post-structuralism: The identity crisis in feminist theory. Signs, 13 (3), 405-436.
- Atwood, M. (1985). The hand-maid's tale. Toronto: McClelland-Bantam.
- Beauvoir, S. de (1961). The second sex. New York: Bantam Books.
- Bulkin, E., Pratt, M., & Smith, B. (1984). Yours in struggle: Three feminist perspectives on anti-semitism and racism. Brooklyn, NY: Long Haul Press.
- Butler, J. (1990). Gender trouble: Feminism and the subversion of identity. New York: Routledge, Chapman & Hall.
- Cameron, D. (1985). Feminism & linguistic theory. London, UK: MacMillan.
- Christian, B. (1988). The race for theory. Feminist Studies, 14 (1), 67-81.
- Cixous, H. (1980a). Laugh of the medusa. In E. Marks & I. de Courtivron (Ed.), New French feminisms. (pp.245-264). Amherst, MA: University of Massachusetts Press.
- Cixous, H. (1980b). Sorties. In E. Marks & I. de Courtivron (Ed.), New French feminisms (pp. 90-99). Amherst, MA: University of Massachusetts Press.
- Conely, V. (1984). Hélène Cixous: Writing the feminine. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press.
- Culler, J. (1982). On deconstruction: Theory and criticism after structuralism. Ithica, NY: Cornell University Press.
- Deleuze, G. (1988). Foucault. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minesota Press.
- Deleuze, G. & Guattari, F. (1986). Kafka: Toward a minor literature. Trans. D. Polan. Minneapolis, MN: University of Minesota Press.
- Deleuze, G. & Parnet, C. (1987). Dialogues. Trans. H. Tomlinson and B. Habberjam. New York: Columbia University Press.
- Derrida, J. (1987). Structure, sign, and play in the discourse of the human sciences. In S. Stanton (Ed.) Literary theories in praxis. (pp.390-408). Philidelphia, PA: University of Pennsylvania Press.

- Derrida, J. (1976). Of grammatology. Trans. G.C. Spivak. Baltimore, MA: John Hopkins University Press.
- Eisenstein, H. & Jardine, A. (1985). The future of difference. New Brunswick, NJ: Rutgers University Press.
- Fitzgerald, F. (1964). The crack up. New York: New Directions Paperback.
- Flynn, T. (1988). Foucault as parrhesiast: His last course at the College de France (1984). In J. Bernauer & D. Rasumssen (Ed.), The final Foucault. (pp. 102-118). Cambridge, MA: MIT Press.
- Foucault, M. (1972). The archaeology of knowledge and the discourse on language. Trans. A.M.S. Smith. New York: Pantheon Books.
- Foucault, M. (1980). Power/knowledge: Selected interviews and other writings, 1972-1977. New York: Pantheon Books.
- Foucault, M. (1988a). The art of telling the truth. In L. D. Kritzman (Ed.) Michel Foucault: Politics, philosophy, culture: Interviews and other writings 1977-1984. (pp. 86-95). Trans. A. Sheridan. New York: Routledge.
- Foucault, M. (1988b). The care of the self: The history of sexuality, Vol. 3. Trans. R. Hurley. New York: Vintage Books.
- Foucault, M. (1988c). The ethic of care for the self as a practice of freedom. In J. Bernauer & D. Rasmussen (Ed.), The final Foucault (pp. 1-20). Cambridge, MA: MIT Press.
- Foucault, M. (1988d). Technologies of the self. In L.H. Martin, H. Gutman, and P.H. Hutton (Ed.), Technologies of the self: A seminar with Michel Foucault (pp. 16 - 49). Amherst, MA: University of Massachusetts Press.
- Fuss, D. (1989). Essentially speaking. New York: Routledge, Chapman and Hall.
- Griffin, G. (1992). Calling: Essays on teaching in the mother tongue. Pasedena, CA: Trilogy Books.
- Hale, S. (1989). Using the oppressor's language in the study of women and development. Women and Language, 11 (2), 38-43.
- Harpham, (1988). Foucault and the "ethics" of power. In R. Merrill (Ed.) Ethics/aesthetics: Post-modern positions. (pp. 71-83) Washington, DC: Maisonneuve Press.

- Haug, F. (1987). Female sexualization: A collective work of memory. London, UK: Verso.
- Irigaray, L. (1988). Sexual difference. In T. Moi (Ed.) French feminist thought: A reader. (pp.118-130). Oxford, UK: Basil Blackwell Ltd.
- Irigaray, L. (1980). This sex which is not one. In E. Marks & I. de Courtivron (Eds.) New French feminisms. (pp. 99-106). Amherst, MA: University of Massachusetts Press.
- Mackey, L. (1983). Slouching towards Bethlehem: Deconstruction strategies in theology. Anglican Theological Review, 65 (20), 255-272
- McDonald, C. (1985). The ear of the other: Otobiography, transference, translation: Texts and discussion with Jacques Derrida. Trans. P. Kamuf. New York: Schocken Books.
- McElroy, L. (1989). Towards pedagogies of post modernity. Unpublished manuscript.
- Martin, R. (1988). Truth, power, self: An interview with Michel Foucault. In L. Martin, H. Gutman, & P. Hutton (Ed.) Technologies of the self: A seminar with Michel Foucault. (pp. 9 -16). Amherst, MA: University of Massachusetts Press.
- Ministry of Education, Province of B.C. (1990). Intermediate program: Learning in British Columbia. Victoria, B.C.: Queen's Printer.
- Oberg, A. & Underwood, S. (1992). Facilitating teacher self-development: Reflections on experience. In A. Hargreaves & M. Fullan (Ed.) Understanding teacher development. (pp. 162-177). New York: Teachers College Press.
- Partridge, E. (1983). Origins. New York: Greenwich House.
- Probyn, E. (1993). Sexing the self. New York: Routledge.
- Rajchman, J. (1985). The freedom of philosophy. New York: Columbia University Press.
- Underwood, S. (1990). Touchstone: finding a lump in the breast. Phenomenology + Pedagogy (8), 198-207.
- Weed, E. (1989). Coming to terms: Feminism, theory, politics. New York: Routledge.
- Weedon, C. (1987). Feminist practice and poststructuralist theory. Oxford, UK: Basil Blackwell.

VITA

Surname: UNDERWOOD Given Names: SUSAN JANE

Place of Birth: CHILLIWACK, B.C. Date of Birth: AUGUST 9, 1949

Educational Institutions Attended:

Simon Fraser University 1966 to 1971
University of Victoria 1984 to 1995

Degrees Awarded :

B. A. Simon Fraser University 1971

Publications:

Oberg, A. and Underwood, S. (1992). Facilitating teacher self-development: Reflections on experience. In A. Hargreaves & M. Fullan (Ed.) Understanding teacher development. (pp. 162-177). New York, NY: Teachers College Press.

Underwood, S. (1990). Too cool for words. In T. Aoki (Ed.) Voices of Teaching. (pp. 31-37). Vancouver, B.C.: B.C. Teachers' Federation.

Underwood, S. (1990). Touchstone: Finding a lump in the breast. Phenomenology + Pedagogy (8), 198-207.

PARTIAL COPYRIGHT LICENSE

I hereby grant the right to lend my thesis to users of the University of Victoria Library, and to make single copies only for such users or in response to a request from the Library of any other university, or similar institution, on its behalf or for one of its users. I further agree that permission for extensive copying of this thesis for scholarly purposes may be granted by me or a member of the University designated by me. It is understood that copying or publication of this thesis for financial gain shall not be allowed without my written permission.

Title of Thesis: THE MOMENT WHEN WE BLINK: ARTICULATING
THE PROCESS OF SUBJECTIVITY IN THE LIFE OF A
TEACHER

Author


Susan Underwood

December 20, 1994