

A SEARCH FOR OPENINGS

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### ABSTRACT

This thesis begins as an inquiry into the life experience of one teacher. It brings into question the practice of teaching within a political, cultural, historical and institutional context. This is a study in Curriculum where there is a persistent questioning of what one does as an educator. It examines Foucault's question concerning "what what we do does". What is the effect of what we are doing in the name of education, not only on ourselves and on those with whom we engage, but towards perpetuating systems of domination and subjectification?

The writing which is genealogical in nature includes stories, reflections and discussion pieces. It examines the practices of a culture which are normalizing and frequently oppressive. In the larger context, it examines practices which perpetuate a power/knowledge nexus, securing the interests of privileged authority and reinforcing hierarchical relations of power. These practices are instrumental in the formation of one's subjectivity and identity. Yet these are practices in which we are complicit, and so the difficulty in seeing what we do. This thesis is work on the ethics of the self, work that concerns itself with the nature of subjectivity and how we have been made subjects. Work of this kind leads us to view ourselves, our orientations and others differently. It is not a search for answers, but a desire for movement, away from the hierarchy of "correct ideas" sanctioned by the established order. It is an ongoing process, a search for openings towards change and other possibilities.

The process of change is expressed in the nature of becoming. "To become is never to imitate, nor to 'do like', nor to conform to a model". (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 2). One works alone at the same time as one encounters others. "You encounter people (and sometimes without knowing

them or ever having seen them) but also movements, ideas, events, entities" (p. 6). The experience may reveal possibilities for creating a different future.

Examiners:



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## PROGRAM NOTES

My writing in this thesis has been arranged as a Four Movement Musical Sonata. As such it can be "played" as it is read. In fact, its force is evidenced through the playing. There is both contrast and continuity between the movements--contrast in the structure and shape, and continuity in the threads of the basic themes. The choice of such an orchestration was not an arbitrary one. It came after the writing and seemed to take shape as I examined the whole of my work. It afforded me the opportunity not only to speak my words but to offer them as a performance, to kindle in the reader an embodied engagement that may in some way leave him changed. In this way it will have done its work. Motifs as acts of becoming appear throughout the text, serving as bridges and tunnels between the writings. This work maps an ongoing process, a performance of living one's life.

It is customary for the composer to give an indication of the tempo and mood through the addition of musical terms. These have been included throughout this work in order to further capitalize on the musician's art and are intended only as a guide for the reader. The section following contains some explanation of their use in each movement.

### First Movement

The form of this movement is known as *first-movement form, sonata-allegro form* or *sonata form*. It has three sections:

1. An Exposition where the themes of authenticity and ethics in relationship are introduced. The suggested style is *moderato cantabile, molto espressivo*, or moderately in a singing style with much expression.
2. Development where the themes are revisited through questioning and discussion, *pressente*, pressing on. One might say that it modulates before returning to the home key in the last section.
3. Recapitulation of the themes enriched by the development and expressed in their new forms. The style is *cantare*, which means to sing.

## Second Movement

Here there is a set of Themes and Variations where the original and other emerging themes are interwoven. A short sketch of each theme follows:

1. *Andantino* - a little quicker than the moderate speed of an *andante*. Shaping stories of childhood.
2. *Sentimentale* - with feeling or sentiment. The nature of teaching.
3. *Tempo giusto* - in just, exact time. Control and authority concerning assessment, gender, discipline.
4. *Dialogo* - a dialogue. Ethics of truth-telling, group dynamics.
5. *Con sensibile* - with sensibility. Authenticity, nomadic thought, difference.
6. *Piu mosso, e risoluto* - with more motion, resolutely. An engagement.
7. *Reprise, tempo primo* - return to original tempo. Family values and relationships.

## Third Movement

A rondo form captures the spirit of this movement which is to be "played" *Allegro con forza*, quickly with force. The rondo style is like a dance with the recurrence of a central idea. One of my writings, "Courage to Keep the Play in Play" is the recurring theme. Segments of it appear as motifs interspersed throughout the movement. This writing continues to develop the dominant theme, the formation of subjectivity and identity, through power, traps in the system, gender, relationship, music, style, ethics, the act of writing and becoming.

## Fourth Movement

*Pasticcio, tempo a piacere* suggests a collection of writing that the reader may read at his pleasure. This final movement is a departure from those of the classical sonata style. I call it "Plateaus" which has been borrowed from Deleuze and Guattari's usage in *A Thousand Plateaus* (1987, p. xiv). The

reader may enter it at will, moving from one level of intensity (or plateau) to another. There is no real beginning, middle or end to the movement. The plateaus do not contain the final word but openings through which the reader can enter and exit. The thoughts are often provocative with no explanation. It is similar to a collection of short essays where I explored some of my own questions. It is hoped that at some point my writing will precipitate an engagement of the reader with his own thoughts where he can participate in his own becoming.

### Coda

The coda, Italian for "tail", is a passage that most often comes at the end of a composition. This short piece about the nature of teaching contains the words that came after the writing of this work.

To write is to trace lines of light which are not imaginary, and which one is indeed forced to follow, because in reality writing involves us there, draws us there. To write is to become, but has nothing to do with becoming a writer. That is to become something else. (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 43)

### Genealogy

Another feature of this thesis is its genealogical nature. A genealogy is a way of historicizing oneself in order to better study the present. It has allowed me to address the power/knowledge relationship in education. We are trapped into playing out roles that entrench power relationships. Permeated in the educational setting is the belief that teachers know best what it is that their students need to know, "for their own good". The application of rules, codes and signification increases the hold on promoting dependence and compliance in the system.

Foucault identifies the development of institutional knowledge as knowledge which gives power. He calls it power-knowledge. Power and knowledge are mutually implicated in each other's construction and transmission. People's lives are organized in a variety of ways to turn out

governable persons, objects of domination. Through an acceptance and assimilation of externally imposed beliefs of what constitutes the self, one lives to secure the processes of domination. Because we are encultured in the system, we do not see what we are doing. We suffer the illusion that we are acting impartially when we are simply the conditioned instruments of a larger structure. Further motivation for our continuing complicity in this process is that a subjected body is also a productive one, a useful force in the economic system (Dreyfus and Rabinow, 1982, p. 112).

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To Antoinette Oberg, I express my appreciation and gratitude for affirming my desire for a space in which to pursue my own questions. These provided the openings through which I was able to move, creating a path of my own. Our engagement generated a life-force and grew from the middle.

To Lon McElroy, I express my appreciation for his recognition that stammering in my own voice was to be the source of my becoming. I thank him for the invitation to engage and his part in the continuing conversation.

To Ted Riecken, I express my appreciation for his validation and encouragement in this venture. He displayed an openness and earnest enthusiasm towards different ways of working. Thank you.

To Vance Peavy, I express my appreciation for alerting me many years ago to the possibilities of other directions. What I learned then continues to have relevance in my life. Thank you.

## The motif...

The motif, born out of chaos, gathering speed on a line of flight to the Cosmic forces of the future, molecularizing into the flux. It carries with it the essence of the creator's style, not an imitation, but an artist-becoming joining in counterpoint with other forces in a collective assemblage. Venturing into the sonorous landscape, a passionate commitment to life, possibility and movement. We forget ourselves and the music begins. There is a momentary turning away as we remember who we are. We forget again and re-establish our rhythm. This is desire.

Deleuze (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987) says that the artist is "the first person to set out a boundary stone, or to make a mark" (p. 316).

The capability for creation resides in each of us. It is not the exclusive domain of the artist. But it does require a certain forgetting of who we think we are. A shattering of the constructed subjectivity which directs our thoughts and actions. Most importantly, there must be a willingness to express a difference, a letting go, allowing the uniqueness of one's style.

## Prologue

Inquiry and self-examination of my role as an educator in both the cultural and political context have persisted throughout my 25 years of teaching. So it is not without precedent that I sought to continue the process when I entered Graduate Studies. As I reflected on my past few years in the classroom, I expressed that I had come from a place of "too much doing and not enough thinking". I had this sense of being caught up in a bureaucracy of mindless expectations that I was required to fulfill. Expectations that intruded and seemed to take priority over what I believed I was there to do, assisting children in their journeys as learners. The demands associated with the currently mandated directions for change in B.C.'s educational system have added other dimensions to these expectations. An on-going debate amongst educators to decide how best the new challenges can be met ebbs and flows. How does this impact on the teacher's role in the 90's? I needed time away from this busyness to reflect on my praxis and my stance towards education, and to consider possibilities for my future course of action. As educators, I wonder if we really know, as Foucault would say, what what we do does (Dreyfus and Rabinow, 1982, p. 187)? How can we be sure that the change so clearly needed will materialize? Why is it that the call for change so often results in the replication of the status quo? What do we do that ensures this unfortunate outcome?

The cultural practices that I share with others are the forces that have shaped my identity, this mask which I wear, and which determines the nature of my relationships with others. The question becomes, not "Who am I?" but "Whose am I" (Pinar, 1975, p. 373)? Who and what are the forces at work in the formation of one's identity and consequently, one's mode of being? How do we participate in the very construction of our own subjectivities? In the larger context, what are the cultural practices in which we are historicized, trapping us into roles that perpetuate a power/knowledge nexus, securing the interests of privileged authority?

One of my concerns as an educator involves the search for ways to relinquish my power of privilege and so allow voices of difference a forum in

which to speak and be heard. The paternalistic nature of traditional structuralist classrooms only serves to reinforce a hierarchy of power relations in the school, relations which are caught in the larger encompassing web of our social practices. These practices work to neutralize difference and promote sameness. I no longer accept the way things are, as this only serves to allow the powers that be to enslave us. As I examine my lived experience I will inquire into the operative practices to which I have acquiesced in my life. Other choices are possible, where life becomes a means to create, as in a work of art. On Oct. 16, 1991 I wrote,

I believe that our reluctance to give up control is one of the reasons why things stay the same, even when change is desirable. The control gives one a sense of security. Change denotes insecurity which results in fear. The use of control either in controlling others or oneself is for me a source of tension. I control the children I teach in the ways in which I plan for my day. It ensures that there aren't too many surprises. I impose control on myself in the way in which I deny myself the freedom to express certain emotions. It is all part of a masquerade. Energy is wasted in imposing it. I question the value in this. I need to discover what control does for me, what I get from it, in order to release some of it.

Glimmerings <sup>1</sup>

Ted Aoki (1987a) regards effectiveness in teaching as dependent upon who a teacher is. A good teacher is the teaching (p. 23). I believe that an examination of what teaching is cannot be undertaken without first looking at the life experiences of that teacher. And if movement is to be possible, it will happen first from the place within.

In my own practice of teaching I always begin with what the children know, what they bring with them to the learning situation. It is only beginning here that effective learning occurs. My own desire to learn will

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<sup>1</sup> "Glimmerings" refers to a collection of insights that were written during the course of the first part of my study. They have been included as "motifs" interspersed throughout this thesis.

also grow out of what I know, in short, my life experience. It is from here that I, too, will proceed.

Throughout the particular mode of research for this inquiry, the researcher becomes the researched, the product of what is studied and so is changed by the very process itself. There is no prescribed procedure when embarking on such a course of action. The nature and direction of my study has been determined by my involvement in it. The process of change is expressed in the nature of "becoming", where we are always in the middle of something. "What matters on a path, what matters on a line, is always the middle, not the beginning or end" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 28). It is not a search for answers, but a desire for movement, away from the hierarchy of "correct ideas", towards a destination unknown.

My desire for movement is evidenced by my writing shortly after I entered Graduate Studies.

Sept. 9, 1991<sup>2</sup>

As I proceed to reflect on the events that I have historicized in my writings, I am aware that my interpretations are in a state of flux. What I saw yesterday is different from what I see today. I have decided to record my thoughts as they occur to me, and that way I'll have a visual record of the depth of my understanding. I hope that the physical act of recording my glimmerings will release me from them and thus allow me to proceed to another layer. What I know of myself is continually expanding. I am excited by what I am to become as a result of the knowing. The chapter has not yet been written.

Glimmerings

I can say at this point that I have begun this chapter, and that an interpretation of the text has become an integral part of my research.

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<sup>2</sup> The dates of my writings have been included for reference.

## The Inquiry

Throughout my inquiry I have written and reflected on my life experience, in both my professional and personal life. It was here that I brought into question my own practice of teaching, where I came to the understanding that a closer examination of what I do and the context in which I do it was essential if possibilities for change were to be realized. The accepted legitimated path and its predictable outcomes had lost whatever appeal it may have had for me in the past.

It was becoming apparent to me that my complicit involvement in an established system was perpetuating the way things were. I am inextricably implicated in maintaining a variety of interrelated controlling forces, those of power, knowledge, subjectification and domination. These forces which are maintained by various discursive practices will be addressed in my analyses of what it means to live authentically and ethically in relationship. A feeling of ease with the relationship one has with the self is a priority if one is to have an authentic relationship with others. These inner and outer relationships are interdependent, developing simultaneously. Their quality has a direct bearing on a teacher's effectiveness.

I seem to be preoccupied with thinking about my life, where I have been and where I am now. I compare my life to a piece of music. The stories that I recall are the melodies in music. They serve to give the listener a hint of the rich texture below. The melodies alone do not tell the whole story. And for me they can not stand alone. They soar and dip, but in relation to the underpinnings, the harmonic structure that provides the emotional web of the story. When I listen to a piece of music I am enchanted by the melodic line, but possessed by the richness of the supporting structure below, constantly changing in tandem with the movement.

I have written a piece of music, a snippet of life. When I first wrote it I had no thought as to the interpretation I now place on it. My current point of view has something to do with that. The music has a bass line that is constantly changing and repeating, called a ground bass, a melody in its own right. It is a shifting ground (Heidegger) but not formless. Its fluctuations direct the voices and the stories they tell. In order to get a footing on this shifting ground the stories move in response to it. Their movements are sometimes repeated in imitation of each other, at other times in opposition, ascending and descending, sometimes touching and sharing the same story for a fleeting moment, searching for a greater height, but always mindful of the bass below. Each line of music is a story in its own right. The voices could not exist in their present form without the awareness of the other voices. It is like two voices having a conversation, with pauses, dips and heights. In the last measure there is a little surprise, where the music gently shifts into the tonic major key. In music this is raising the third a semitone. In life it has that feeling of having ascended the mountain (Novak, 1978) and arriving at a new vantage point where the world has a different look. It is a place of light, which reflects and illuminates the traveller's path.

The Educational Institution

Oct. 8, 1991

I believe that the teacher is the key to the degree of success of any curriculum plan. Through my writings of the past few weeks I have explored my history in order to develop an awareness of myself first as a human being, secondly as a teacher. The human qualities that I possess are inextricably intertwined with my abilities as a teacher. These human qualities are my first concern. In my teaching I keep in mind my own childhood, and try to remember how it is to be a child.

When visitors come into my classroom they invariably remark on the tone. It is friendly, thoughtful, and purposeful. There is a closeness between myself and my students, and they among themselves. This is achieved in many ways. Last year as the children drew their "Me" pictures on the computer I compiled them into a Class Family Album. Along with each computer picture was pasted a small school photograph of each child. I hung this outside my classroom door in October, where it stayed until June. It gave each child a sense of belonging to the group, while at the same time valuing their individuality. It was a landmark that each child looked for as they entered the class. Parents and other children would often stop and look as they came along the hall. It made my children feel very important and special. I have kept the album.

My classroom is a secure place for the children I teach. It is a place where they can speak and be listened to. It is a space in which to grow. The space has rules and direction. We talk about this framework and decide together how it will look. It is not always the same.

Part of my being is one who enjoys the benefits of hard work. I hope that my children will also learn this. I tell them that there are times when I work too hard and that sometimes I don't know when to stop. They like my honesty and my humanness in making mistakes. We often laugh about this. Laughter is a frequent visitor in my classroom. I call it soul food.

Nov. 11, 1991

Laughter, "soul food", I tell the children I teach. I mention in my writing that laughter is a frequent visitor in my classroom. It heals; it leaves one fresh in spirit. It is essential in order to keep one's dealings with more serious matters in perspective. Without it we may become maudlin and morose, leaning towards the neurotic, in no fit state to live one's life to the full. "Laughter enobles, strengthens, sees one through a bad time." (Caputo, 1987, p. 293)

### Glimmerings

The process of becoming an educated person is unlikely to be a rational or predictable one. Learning rates and styles are as unique as the child. There is no universal law on which to make predictions. We learn best together, in relation to one another, hence our interdependency. Education and becoming educated become a collective effort, where differences are valued, where individuality remains intact and where each is there for the other. Pedagogy can not be had or possessed. It is something that a pedagogue must continue to work on, to reflect relentlessly (van Manen, 1982, p. 291). Through dialogue, reflection and a persistent attention to inconsistencies and contradictions in the text, it may be possible to turn the inward journey into "an ongoing process that leads outward to a more complete understanding of the human condition" (Krall, 1988, p. 478). It may become possible to know better, this place in which we dwell, and our inextricable involvement in it.

Jean Houston (Rotz & Buck, 1991) says, "We're totally caught up in each other. We're all moving holograms, and this is a universe of colossal busybodies" (p. 44). There remains the task of entering into the flux of the human race, the engagement with others in relationship.

Burbules (1990) suggests that "Education that is worth anything involves experiencing uncertainty, confusion and failure. It is not a straight and narrow path, nor is each step in the process a clear change for the better." It is "doubt and uncertainty which make us better educators, in part because they reemphasize our dependence on each other" (p. 469).

"To become educated is to be ever open to the call of what it is to be deeply human and, heeding that call, to walk with others in life's ventures" (Aoki, 1987b, p. 23). The human need is for a sense of connectedness, of journeying in counterpoint with others. It is living in relation that gives us the very meaning of life, where it is possible to shape our futures and venture towards unimaginable possibilities within the greater context of our culture.

### Discourse, Power and Change in Education

The school is an exemplification of the power process, where institutional life serves to organize and produce obedient individuals through "normalization" procedures. Foucault's study of power relationships brings to light how people are shaped into beings of a particular kind. He sees the processes of "bio-power"<sup>3</sup> as normalizing individuals, securing their dependency on the dominant powers. Certain behaviours are seen as normal and others as deviant; the goal of the establishment is to "normalize" the deviant behaviours. Since people never become quite "normal", the establishment is repeatedly called upon to offer correction, ensuring its own reproduction.

In order to analyze conditions in the school, Foucault directs us to the shaping processes such as learning in the subject areas, which traditionally are seen to be in the best interests of the developing child. They may not be as liberating as well-intentioned educators would think, serving instead as procedures for social control. The hierarchical structure of the school system governs the activities of all participants in its organization. Disciplinary procedures serve to establish order and obedience to rules which direct the lives of teachers and students alike. Processes of identification and the designation of teacher's roles as authority figures serve to "legitimate" the

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<sup>3</sup> Modern form of power which organizes the population and welfare for the sake of increased force and productivity (Dreyfus & Rabinow, 1982, pp. 7-8). The hold of bio-power which is the development of disciplinary practices to control bodies and souls (Marshall, 1990, p. 22), comes under the guise of making our lives better in some way.

relative power positions and so deny difference<sup>4</sup>. The teacher's power to determine what is spoken or not spoken is secured. Teachers are socialized into this process such that their use of power appears invisible at times. Their mastery of the "legitimate" hegemonic educational discourse is equated with being a "good teacher". Various procedures such as the use of force, rewards, compliance, consent and surveillance advance the existing discourses of the power structure (Marshall, 1990, p. 24).

Discourses...are ways of constituting knowledge, together with the social practices, forms of subjectivity and power relations which inhere in such knowledges and the relations between them....They constitute the 'nature' of the body, unconscious and conscious mind and emotional life of the subjects which they seek to govern. (Weedon, 1987, p. 108)

Discourses and the discursive practices which shape them are constantly in a state of flux relative to time and place. They are power arrangements which are implicit in and cannot be separated from historical conditions. Foucault describes a discursive practice as,

a body of anonymous, historical rules, always determined in the time and space that have defined a given period, and for a given social, economic, geographical, or linguistic area, the conditions of operation of the enunciative function. (cited in Cherryholmes, 1988, p. 34)

Of the various discursive positions available, it is the dominant discourse which prevails, discounting those in the margins. It promotes the views and protects the interests of those who command power, silencing minority voices. These positions of privilege and domination are concealed within the workings of power and are not readily observable. The success of this power "is proportional to its ability to hide its own mechanisms" (Foucault, cited in Dreyfus & Rabinow, 1982, p. 134). It becomes a system of rules for socialization, directing the formation of our subjectivities in the process.

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<sup>4</sup> Difference as a value opposes consensus and intersubjectivity. It is multiple, changing and relatively unknowable. Knowledge of others is always "partial, interested, and potentially oppressive" (Ellsworth, 1989, p. 324).

The question for educators becomes one of determining which discursive practices in the schools serve to perpetuate a power structure that represses individual freedom. How does institutional power obstruct relational living? What configuration will schools take if we are serious about allowing the uniqueness of children, and of valuing their differences? What are schools doing to promote the development of the whole child as a life-long learner? What is required of teachers to create the spaces where each child can thrive both intellectually and emotionally? Where do we begin in order to enact change?

The postmodern position rejects the knowing, rational and fixed subject of Humanist discourses. It proposes instead a subjectivity that is "precarious, contradictory and in process, constantly being reconstituted in discourse each time we think or speak" (Weedon, 1987, p. 33). We are not the originators of our discourses but the products of them. Since it is the individual's subjective positioning which perpetuates a particular discursive position, individual subjectivity must become the site for change. Work of this nature is difficult and uncertain, as it requires "giving up a place that is safe, that is 'home'...for another place that is unknown and risky" (de Lauretis, in Correspondence to the Editors, 1990, p. 404). It demands a never ending process of contextualizing one's personal experience within historical practices, and adopting a political discourse in the collective struggle towards new forms of consciousness (Bromley, 1989, pp. 211-212).

### The Research Process

I have chosen Foucault's concept of genealogy as the method for my inquiry as it has allowed me to examine from the inside, the significance of the cultural and social practices in which I am implicated. It is a means for exposing the rules and codes which direct the discursive power/knowledge practices of our culture, and to increase awareness of their subjectifying power. It is not a method for interpreting a hidden meaning, as under each meaning is another interpretation of the surface behaviour which only serves to mask the identification of the historical practices in which we are

embedded (Dreyfus & Rabinow, 1982, p. 124). No hidden truth exists to explain our current behaviour and the nature of our relationships.

Genealogy opposes itself to traditional historical method; its aim is to "record the singularity of events outside of any monotonous finality". For the genealogist there are no fixed essences, no underlying laws, no metaphysical finalities. Genealogy seeks out discontinuities where others found continuous development. It finds recurrences and play where others found progress and seriousness. It records the past of mankind to unmask the solemn hymns of progress. (Dreyfus & Rabinow, 1982, p. 106)

A genealogy records events, in no particular order and without the completeness of a traditional history. Following the initial writing of the text, the researcher conducts an expository analysis where themes are discussed through the processes of interrogation and interpretation. The exercise is conducted "not for studying the past, but for assessing the present" (Marshall, 1990, p. 23) to discover how we have constructed ourselves both as subjects and objects of our culture and to expose the historical practices in which we have been indoctrinated. For in this manner, it may be possible to free oneself from them, to describe an imagined future, different from what may have been.

What is not possible at the outset is to see what this process is doing to the interpretation and the subject conducting it. In Foucault's view, it is necessary to distance oneself from the analysis in order to gain access to the deeper understanding of the significance of the dominant cultural practices of social controls (Dreyfus and Rabinow, 1982, p. 124). To this end I have written from different orientations. The sheer act of writing also serves to distance us from our experiences, where we can observe our subjectivities (van Manen, 1990, p. 127).

Another method for furthering my inquiry has been working collectively with others who are pursuing similar work. This is a form of micropolitics<sup>5</sup> where we independently explore our questions while

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<sup>5</sup>Micropolitics as a means to refuse state power in order to intervene in one's subjectivity.

concurrently informing and affecting each other's work. Another's response to my text can be transformed as part of my work on my self. It is working "alone together"<sup>6</sup> in the struggle against subjectification and domination. In effect it is a form of "mutual self-care" (Seem, 1983, p. xxii), encountering one another in the production of becomings. "Becomings are not phenomena of imitation or assimilation, but of a double capture....[something] between the two, outside the two, and which flows in another direction" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 7). It is a course of action that acknowledges one's individual style of living, where "life is affirmed with a strength, an obstinacy, an unequalled persistence in the being" (p. 5). Another consciousness then becomes possible.

May 16, 1992

### The Space of Becomings and Writing

On Nov. 12 I wrote about the similarities between Nomadic thought and the music of Debussy. This is the essence of what I said. In his music he breaks from the restrictive traditions of the Classical-Romantic period. It is music of open space, light and airy in texture, a constant movement of changing territorialization. It is in the open spaces where one catches glimpses of what may be possible. Debussy explored subtle harmonies and tone colours that demanded a different kind of listening....His music coincides with the art and literature of the French Impressionists. It is fluid, suggestive, ethereal and sensuous. At times it is almost transparent. When listening to it you get a transcendent feeling of having been set free to explore other possibilities, to reassemble, to think differently about music and so of life.

I look at living as a way of finding space. The music described above has that sense of moving the listener into another space, free of encumbrances where other thoughts are possible. Thought becomes nomadic, an affirmation of possibilities. Such a space will not be found through searching. It is simply a space that occurs every now and then when

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<sup>6</sup> L. McElroy (personal communication, Jan., 1992). An adaptation on H. Miller's idea of singularity and collectivity (cited in Deleuze & Guattari, 1983, p. xv).

you are least expecting it. It is the space of becomings, where one becomes something else. It is movement expressed as a difference of potential, creating a fullness and capacity for existence. It is a life with experimentation although not without risk, where one's life becomes a work of art.

Becomings--they are the thing which is the most imperceptible, they are acts which can only be contained in a life and expressed in a style. (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 3)

In becoming we express a style. A style is creative but not constructed, sensed but not identified. It is achieved through a form of stammering in one's own language, creating a language within a language. "Being like a foreigner in one's own language" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 4). It is not a language of the "people" but a language of one's own, of "minoritarian-becoming" (p. 5).

During the process of writing this thesis I have found moments of becoming occurring in the most unlikely places. The chance reading of a children's book that brought into question for me the whole nature of becoming. The writing of a letter to a child I once taught. The creation of a piece of music. The collective production of music with members of my class. My thesis has already begun as an *oeuvre*, a work expressive of my life. My subjectivity is the driving force behind my thoughts and actions, and it is here that I will continue to focus much of my writing, where I can bring into question the ethics of my role in relationships with others. An analysis of my genealogy will unearth the various discursive practices that have been at work in shaping my identity and formation as subject<sup>7</sup>. It will allow me to reexamine old habits and ways of doing things. My method of enacting change will be through writing and working collectively with others.

I have a continuing interest in knowing how I am complicit in perpetuating a culture that is often oppressive to others--a culture that is so insidious as to appear natural and nothing out of the ordinary. How has my

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<sup>7</sup> Being tied to another's control and dependence and to one's identity through conscience or self knowledge.

position of privilege obscured from me the situatedness of others, in not only the educational setting but in the larger context of my life? How can I learn to see beyond my "constricted eye"?

Yet an oppressive hierarchical system endures, one that places limits on what can be achieved, through the imposition of learned codes and rules concerned with how things ought to be. These are the lessons which have been historically established and which begin their work as we enter this world. Lessons which I have learned so well that I hearken back to them even today. Lessons that keep us safe from our selves. I do not wish to turn my back on this, my history, on those I love and have shared my life with. But I see the need to confront it, to move towards a shift in historical consciousness and the transformation of my subjectivity through the act of becoming. This, I see, is the essence of my work.

As I continue to write and "speak my small piece of the truth" I anticipate that openings will occur that will allow my expression of difference, forging new ways of being-in-relation with others, both ethically and authentically.

What is an assemblage? It is a multiplicity which is made up of many heterogeneous terms and which establishes liaisons, relations between them, across ages, sexes and reigns--different natures. Thus, the assemblage's only unity is that of co-functioning; it is a symbiosis, a "sympathy". (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 69)

My writing, like my life, is an assemblage of events and utterances, each sensitive to their interdependency and historical contexts. Each event gives rise to its own lines of flight which releases its utterances into the assemblage. Through the writing the writer and the text become something else. A form of double-capture, something neither in one nor the other but between the two. The intensity of such an engagement, I believe, is determined through becoming free of one's learned subjectivity.

The operative word in an assemblage is "desire". Desire is what leads to the production of the real, becomings. Deleuze's notion of desire is based

on his transformation of Nietzsche's "will to power". It manifests itself as a capacity to affect and be affected. It is that which allows the body to act without striving. It is a capacity to give. It is becoming a "good player" in a complex world of chance or chaos. Its affirmation is expressed in the "moment of becoming". What is paradoxical about desire is that you never know the extent of its becoming operative until you immerse yourself in life's complexities. We never know with any certainty, the affects of which the body is capable (Deleuze and Parnet, 1987, p. 60).

To write has no other function: to be a flux which combines with other fluxes--all the minority-becomings of the world. A flux is something intensive, instantaneous and mutant--between a creation and a destruction. It is only when a flux is deterritorialized that it succeeds in making its conjunction with other fluxes, which deterritorialize it in their turn, and vice versa. (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 50)

The writing of this thesis continues as a search for openings towards movement and new possibilities. There is necessarily a persistent questioning of the truth<sup>8</sup> of one's thoughts and actions. The direction of the inquiry evolved as the study was conducted. This is an ongoing process, part of a continuum, where new understandings may be gleaned. There was no imposed framework or search for conclusions as this would have served to predetermine an outcome, diminishing possibilities.

Deleuze and Parnet (1987) write that there are "no correct ideas, just ideas." Ideas will produce something new when engaged in an encounter with the ideas of others. "You should look for a completely different idea, elsewhere, in another area....Now, one does not generally find this idea alone; a chance is needed, or else someone gives you one" (pp. 9-10). This speaks to me of engagement, of getting on with the play.

**Let the music begin!**

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<sup>8</sup> Truth is the constructed nature of one's subjectivity. It is multiple in its occurrence and conforms to no essence or universal ideas. (Foucault)

## First Movement

### Exposition of Themes-Development-Recapitulation

#### EXPOSITION

#### **Moderato cantabile, molto espressivo**

Dec. 10, 1991

#### Why a Teacher

*Some would say that they were born to be teachers, that they always knew that they would take up teaching as a profession. I can't say either of these things. I became a teacher because I was a woman and it was thought in my home that women didn't need to take a profession seriously. Women stayed home. I was able to teach after two years' training with the understanding that I would complete a third year of academia within a few years. It was either teaching or nursing and I chose teaching. Had I been born a boy, I would have been encouraged to pursue my real academic interests and passion, which were mathematics and the physical sciences. These were the subjects that I was born to excel in, if anyone was born to do anything. What a different turn my life would have taken had I followed this course. Would I have become arrogant with my knowledge of these specialized areas, ever more isolated as I submerged myself in the abstract? I have met people like this. I shudder now to think of that possibility. But it was not to be, and I became a teacher.*

Sept. 10, 1991

#### Michael's Gift

It was October. The time was about 8:40 a.m. New kid in the office being registered for some class in the school. My experienced eye catches sight of a very small urchin of a boy toying with the paper cutter on the table while

his mother completes the necessary forms. The secretary speaks to the boy and asks him not to touch the paper cutter. In a flash, his mother's full hand wallops him on the head as she issues a sharp command. Didn't even flinch. He finally moves over to where she is standing and proceeds to reach for the pencils on the office counter. Another wallop. Not a word of protest. "I hope he's not coming to me," I fret as I hurry to my classroom. "I already have 22 first graders and enough challenges to keep two teachers busy." He was about the right size. I had a sinking feeling as I sought refuge in my empty classroom. 8:50 - The principal enters with new boy in tow. He was mine--no escaping now. I welcome him to my classroom in my professional manner. Enthusiasm was a little weak. Never met the mother. Not your usual overly anxious mother of a first grader.

I find him a desk and put it near the back for a start. He has no supplies. He calls me Teacher. Has a very loud voice for one so small. I show him where to put his coat. He prefers to leave it on. He doesn't appear shy and walks around the room looking at things. I ask him if he'd like to look at a book. Says he likes looking at the pictures. He sits at his desk with a book. I watch him lick his fingers and flip the pages like someone having a quick look at a magazine. "Finished this one," he says. He gets another book from the library table where he sits in his rumpled, soiled clothes to read it. I notice his hands. Perhaps the book won't mind just this once. This is how Michael came to me.

Michael had difficulty right from Day One. In my 20 plus years of teaching I had never met anyone like him. He was such a tough little guy, with experience that belied his age. I discovered that he really wanted to learn to read, and even though he didn't know his letter sounds I started him off with a teacher assistant whenever I could get her. He worked hard and kept encouraging himself. He had the survivor instinct. I hoped I had it too. He had a wonderful smile and a cheery hello each morning. He liked coming to school, being near me, holding my hand. But still he called me Teacher. No one else did. In the classroom we found a way to make things work, most of the time. But the halls, washroom and playground were another story indeed.

Never have I met one so young explode with such anger and violence! Ten seconds out the door and he would be ready to take on the first child who looked at him, regardless of size. He spent a lot of time listening to the principal and standing at the office when the other kids were playing. The counsellor became involved after the second week. We became aware of the details of a very troubled young life. I had begun to suspect it but it saddened me greatly to have my suspicions confirmed.

Michael learned to use my name some time during his second month with me. He often brought me flowers. "For you Mrs. Spring!" he would boom out. "Do you like them?" He assured me they were from his own garden. I wasn't so sure as it was obvious he had picked them himself. I was glad to find out later that there indeed was a garden where he lived.

It was the time of the year when class photographs were to be taken. I have taken lately, to bringing in my own class photo, taken when I was the age of the children I teach. The picture is posted and the children delight in trying to find me. One child thought the teacher might be me. "No," I said, "I am one of the children." Then back to the photograph for more discussion and speculation. Michael was as interested in this photo as were all the children. No one was able to find me. I guess it's difficult to see their teacher in any other role but the one they know. The day finally came when I had to tell them where I was. We all crowded around the photo. I directed their attention to the back row in the centre. I was tall for my age in those days too, and always stood at the centre back. "I'm the one with the large white bow on top of my head." This was met with shock, disbelief and squeals of laughter. They got very close to the picture, searching for some faint resemblance to this person who was their teacher. Here was this six year old girl with blond hair, wearing a hand knit dress, scrunching up her face in the sunshine the moment the camera had clicked.

"Yes, it's me," I assure them. More giggling and pointing. Comments, most I couldn't hear. Perhaps they didn't know what to say. Someone couldn't contain himself. "But Mrs. Spring, you look so funny!" More giggling. Michael knew what to say. He was indignant with the others too. "I

don't think Mrs. Spring looks funny," he said. "I think she looks cute!" And with that he bent forward to kiss me on the cheek.

Sept. 17, 1991

For Michael I think I was stability, the one thing that he didn't have in his own life. He had moved often and the nine months that he spent in my classroom was probably the longest time he had spent in any one place. I knew that there was little that I could do to affect his life outside school. So I tried to make his school life one where he would learn that he was valued and where there was some measure of security. He needed love. Perhaps I gave him that, though not in an overt way. Kids just know. He had some very likeable qualities and so he was easy to like. I probably tried harder with him than with other children to help build his self-esteem because he was so needy. It was a human response to a human need. It was a case where I knew what was missing in Michael's life outside of school but was powerless to change it. Perhaps that explains the some of the distancing in the story. The way I saw my role as his teacher prevented me from stepping over that invisible line. The counsellor had another role and she was able to visit the home. There was no telephone.

I often think out of concern for Michael, and wonder how he is. That's the way teaching is. I think that the sad parts are just things that I accept. The important thing for me is that our lives touched. He did leave me with some good memories and I believe the same goes for him.

Sept. 29, 1991

As I look in my journal I am struck by a title, Michael's Gift. My first thought as I wrote this story was just to call it, Michael. Before I finished writing I returned to the title and added the second part. It wasn't a premeditated act; it was an impulsive one. After I had finished the story I reconsidered the title, and not knowing why, left it as it was. Now I realize why it is so right. The gift I received wasn't something as tangible as the kiss bestowed upon me, but the gift of reflection. Through this child I was able to see myself in ways that I might not have chosen. His weakness was my weakness; his joy mine also. So persistent was he in reaching out that I had little opportunity to turn away. In touching me he perhaps made a connection to a world which was not his. In being touched I caught a glimpse of myself, not often seen.

Glimmerings

Sept. 9, 1991

*I have made a start in my journey through Curriculum Studies. We have been asked to write. "About what?" I ask. "I can't tell you that," comes the answer. As it becomes apparent that this line of question and answer is leading nowhere in particular, I turn to some of the readings. One catches my eye, "Becoming Real: An Ethic at the Heart of Action Research" (McElroy, 1990). I don't get beyond the opening lines, a quotation from a children's book, The Velveteen Rabbit. A story from my past comes to mind.*

Each year around Christmas time I share the story of The Velveteen Rabbit with my Primary class. Most of the children have had some previous experience with the story but that never seems to matter with them. When I first read this story to my class I was totally unprepared for my own reaction, as tears welled up inside my head. But not wanting to show myself as "real" and wearing my good teacher mask I managed to finish the story, close the book and move to another topic. "The next time I read this book," I thought, "I will be ready for this assault on my emotions and I might even be able to discuss parts of the book with the children." Yet each year as Christmas

approached and the book came out I went through the same motions. By this time I had avoidance techniques well entrenched, like thinking about something else as I read the words on the most difficult pages, or wandering to the space at the back of the room, clearing my throat, swallowing and taking a deep breath before continuing, or even inviting one of my children to read a few pages for me "because my voice is getting a little tired and is in need of a rest". And each year the ordeal was just as difficult as the first one. My familiarity with the book didn't make the reading any easier. A few years ago I indulged in the ultimate cop-out. I discovered that the story was on film. This was indeed the answer. Besides, the room would be dark and I could stand at the back of the room and not be seen, wiping away the tears. I wouldn't even have to listen to the story if I didn't want to. And many times I didn't. But the story was still there and I knew it well. The tears still welled up to overflowing, even now as I recall events in the story. Last year I thought I would watch my children during the film. It was clear to me that some of them reacted in an emotional way as did I. After the film ended I had this opportunity to ask them what they were thinking as the story unfolded? I wanted to tell them how I felt. How can I maintain my control if my eyes appear red and wet? I retreat into the safety of my designated role.

Sept. 24, 1991

I probably have the most difficulty with other people's feelings. When I sense that someone is getting close to expressing a deep feeling I tend to back off and destroy the moment by saying something to divert the conversation. A sense of unease comes over me. I know in my heart that they really need to be listened to. When someone is overcome I feel compassionate and can usually identify with their feelings. That's where the problem is. I have to admit to myself that I too have felt or indeed right then feel the same way. So in order to protect my ego I don't connect. Taking it another step further--I hesitate to develop a lot of close relationships for fear of where they will lead, what may be revealed. I have a measure of guilt about that.

## DEVELOPMENT

### Presente

The nature of one's experience is that of a complex web of relationships, of self, others and the culture. Where a change in one is revealed as a change in the others, an involution of interconnected rhythms. It is in relationship with others that we catch glimpses of ourselves, leading to a greater understanding of oneself.

Oct. 24, 1991

### Playing a Role

A role to me is something that defines how you behave in any given situation. We grow up playing roles in every walk of life. Each situation demands a certain role. I accept that my role changes depending on whom I am with. But I strive to have that role as one of my own choosing. This, too can vary even in the same situation, as long as I can maintain my integrity of self, and make choices for myself. Being expected to assume some roles causes me personal conflict. I just think, why should I do something that contradicts what I believe in? When the role becomes more powerful than the self, you lose identity. After a while you start believing the lie. If you are content to play a role, then most of the decisions about appropriateness, and so on, are made. You don't have to think except to follow the rules, thus losing authenticity.

To not play according to the rules takes true commitment to making the right choices for yourself. This not easy and can cause others to misunderstand. You may be accused of being obstinate, unyielding, self-centred. There can also be very negative consequences, like losing the respect of others. I think it is possible to use personal power in order to adopt a role of your own choosing. We have the power to talk and negotiate what it is we want and know is right for ourselves. If this fails, then one is faced with a

choice, to compromise or leave. Sometimes the compromise is the best choice one can make. It depends on the individual's commitment to the self and how one can live with the consequences.

I believe that there are times when it is best not to act. This in itself is a form of action provided it is a conscious decision. It provides a space, free of rules and expectations, where things can happen and people can make their own way.

Sept. 9, 1991

When people ask me what I do I tell them I am a teacher. For each of them there will be a different vision of what a teacher is. Some will think of their own teachers and place me in a class with some of them. They may see me as a depositor of information or possibly one who keeps a classroom and children in order. Others may see a nine to three job for which I am reasonably well paid, with two months off each year. Many will say they wonder how I do it and freely admit that they wouldn't want the job for any money. I laugh.

I sometimes ask myself the question: What does it mean to be a teacher? I am familiar with the role of the teacher as someone well-versed in the goals of the current curriculum, a facilitator of the learning process, one who can set up opportunities for learning to occur. Teachers are well-trained as curriculum implementers. Curriculum documents exist in several volumes for all to see. There is an unwritten part too, the part that the teacher and the children bring to the practice. In effect it is what makes life in the classroom interesting, what makes it tick. It is a friendly place where the children's and teacher's lives intersect. I am good at being this kind of teacher. It is comfortable here.

Beyond this there is another much scarier place, a no-man's land. This is the place where there is none of the security of written rules, the space that exists on the other side of a line, invisible until you are about to step over it. Most of us never dare. You know when you are closing in on the line

because of the sudden unease which comes over you. Once we enter this domain there are doubts about the "correctness" of our judgement. The accompanying fear is a warning not to tread further. There is also that outer structure of authority that warns us that we are on our own. So you retreat, not knowing what might have been. Unfinished business. I take my unfinished business home with me where my imagination reworks and embellishes the story. I wonder how some teachers can say that when they leave the school, they leave it all behind until the next morning. Sometimes I wish I could do that. I weary of the pondering, the self-doubt.

I think that sometimes I like the security of not having to take risks. It takes away the responsibility for having to act. If I ignore it, perhaps it will go away. Therein lies my dilemma; it doesn't go away. Although I don't often follow this advice, I believe that a gut reaction often serves to point us in the direction to which we want to go. I consider my options and by the time I finish my rethink, the moment has passed. Opportunity missed. Some would applaud. Wouldn't want to lose your composure, self control, stumble over your words, or worse still come face to face with what you'd rather not see.

Sept. 29, 1991

The superior air was unmistakable. It showed itself in the body posture, the holding of the head and above all, the way in which she spoke. I wasn't sure if I could like this person. I had decided that I owed it to myself to speak to her about it, in as tactful a way as I could. I wanted her to understand how she was coming across and hoped she would take it from there. I had nothing to lose or gain from the experience, or so I thought until now. This re-vision came about as I reflected on my participation in a situation where I felt quite the expert about a certain topic. I spoke with such authority and conviction that hardly anyone else spoke. I think I must have intimidated some people and they didn't dare express their own views. I felt justified at the time as I thought my own views were the only valid ones. I must thank this woman for showing me a part of myself.

Glimmerings

Normalization Practices (Adaptation of Sept, 13, 1992 writing on Personal School Experiences)

Foucault regards the examination as the most important instrument of disciplinary power. "It is a normalizing gaze, a surveillance that makes it possible to qualify, to classify and to punish. It establishes over individuals a visibility through which one differentiates and judges them." (cited in Ball, 1990, p. 159). The resultant knowledge establishes a dominating power. An identity is established.

I consider the formation of my own identity and constitution as subject throughout my own schooling experiences. A few recollections of the "normalizing judgement" will suffice.

I think of the Grade Three teacher who controlled her students through the instillation of fear. I remember how she regularly strapped a certain boy for some transgression of the established code. The "event" was always set for a few minutes past twelve noon, in the classroom for all to see, and no doubt as an example to the others. Who would want to befriend this miscreant for fear of possible influence? I remember the ridicule suffered by the child who was refused permission to use the washroom, and who subsequently wet herself. My own transgression involved the misspelling of a particular word on a Spelling test. The penalty, of which I was appraised beforehand, was to write it out 200 times after school. I have never forgotten the word, nor how to spell it. But I rarely use it without remembering, too, the circumstances that accompanied the learning. Compliance through fear.

I remember with fondness the Grade Four teacher who sent me from the room for cheating on an Arithmetic Drill. There I trembled and sobbed, fearing what would become of me. When she asked me why I had done it, I told her that I didn't know the answers. She seemed to accept my explanation and spoke rather gently to me. I also recall that she cried when our school principal died that year. Something I never saw another teacher do.

Then there was the teacher who shared my love of music. She would often invite me to conduct the choir while she played the piano. I also played the piano for her and my class. It was a closeness that made me feel good about myself. I also recall at one point regretting that I hadn't been shorter in stature so that I could join with the other girls in the competition for May Queen. Another girl and I were disqualified because we were "too tall". The other girl said she didn't care but I did. It wasn't fair. This distinguishment resulted in our exclusion from participating in the ritual.

A more recent memory is that of a University course that changed the direction of my life. Now, almost twenty years later, it continues to serve as a reminder that I have the power to create new possibilities. I also learned some very practical skills in the art of communication in relationship. It reminds me that content does have a place in education. I became more accepting and tolerant of others and of myself, understanding that we are all the product of our experiences.

What we are subjected to and how we are seen and judged by others serves to establish our identities as Other. The normalization of punishment and identification, the purpose of which is to establish conformity to a norm, forces compliance, denying us our individuality and expressions of difference. Our behaviour becomes predictable as we don the masks assigned to us.

Oct. 30, 1991

I am thinking about my teachers this year, two in particular. Each teacher as an expression of her/his own experience provides something different for me. Together they provide a balance: one, inspiration and the other, reason.

First the inspiration. It is not what is said so much as what is not said. It is in the language of the body, the suggestion of possibilities, the unanswered questions, most importantly the commitment to life. The experience causes me to think and write in ways that surprise myself, causing me to go beyond where I have been before. I see that there is much more

than I will ever explore in my lifetime, but I take comfort in the fact that this is as it should be....When I first met this teacher I could see his commitment to what he was doing. Here was someone who knew a different way, one perhaps that laid itself open to skepticism, one that may be rejected, but one that he believed in and was willing to share. It was what he did best....I have a memory that is still clear. Sometimes he reads to us. He reads from the writers that have impacted on his own thinking and way of living. His difficulty with the writer's thoughts shows. He reads quickly and I have to concentrate to hear the words. I do that sometimes myself when I read things that are close to me, so that I can get through them and not get caught up in the emotion behind the print. Is it the same for him? I remember the passion with which he read from Foucault the other evening, when he spoke of the curiosity to get free of the self. His emotion appeared almost as he began reading. It touched me that he was willing to show us this part of himself. When he finished reading I experienced my own emotion, in hearing what is part of my own struggle. Then he read from Deleuze and what he had to say about the *bricoleur*. Everything came clear for me at that moment. I became so excited as I realized that I was a *bricoleur*. It is using what is at hand, a resourcefulness in the conducting your life. I knew the path I would follow.

My other teacher combines thoroughness with perceptivity as she reads my work. I like how she is able to look at the whole picture and see where all the parts of my writing fit. Her comments tell me that she sees the change that is occurring. Her questions penetrate, causing me to probe deeper into my thoughts. She writes sensitive, encouraging comments which tell me that she understands what I am trying to do. I appreciate the extras that she takes the time to include, the poetry, papers, quotations. In class she often reads from her own journal, allowing us to see her in her own inquiry, wrestling with hard choices she has made, sometimes with self-doubt. I know from this that she is a person who cares deeply about the people with whom she has contact. When she speaks of the demands and expectations of the University she uses her voice of reason. Her knowledge is considerable in this area, and critical if one is to find a way to work with integrity within the

system. She speaks clearly and concisely about that. This she can guide me in.

Nov. 11, 1991

Through my writing and in the process of reflection I have discovered my real interests. They do not focus on the use of computer technology which is what I thought I had come to study. They revolve around the use of control and power and the resulting effect on living authentically and relationally with others. I have also learned how motivated one becomes when the area of study is also what interests one most. The time needed doesn't concern me except to say that I am prepared to take the time I need in becoming the subject of my own inquiry. The genealogy I have written tells of the shaping processes in my own life and how I have become what is now my present. This kind of writing is never complete, nor is the real knowledge of it. But it is knowledge and understanding which tells me where I have been, where I can move from and what it may be possible to become. I don't believe movement is possible without this knowledge, however incomplete, and the knowing that grows from it.

Glimmerings

Oct. 12, 1991

I will never know if the possibilities for me are the result of chance or the doing of some greater power. I had originally thought to take last year as a break from my professional practice. Something I can't explain held me there for one more year. This year felt right, like something wonderful was about to happen. I couldn't have planned for the path which I am now on. I feel released to examine my life and to write about it. The feeling is somewhat like that which I had at another turning point in my life when I felt in control and powerless to control at the same time. My actions are controlled by my thoughts, desires, intellect. But the actual direction of my path is still unknown, out of my direct control. I just sense that I have a direction and have to trust that it is right for me. I have no qualms about that. I think it comes down to believing in an intuitive sense that I will do what is right, a belief in myself to move on to live out my story.

Sept. 19, 1991

I have always been a teacher who was able to control her class. I was proud of it, too. It was not anything I had to work on. It was always there, even back in my student teaching days. I always believed if you didn't have control of your class first, you couldn't teach. Parents and administrators believed it too. I seemed to have an eye and an ear everywhere and nothing escaped my attention, even though I sometimes pretended I hadn't noticed. In my earlier teaching I would impose control. It saved my skin in my first year of teaching Music to six homogeneously grouped Grade 8 classes.

Today, even though I encourage self-control and self-direction in my students, I am always there to issue the ultimate control if necessary. It can be very frightening for some children to have to take responsibility for all the decision making. When embarking on open-ended activities in the classroom, I always discuss limits with the children. It's an opportunity for them to set the ground rules. The structure gives them a sense of security, leaving them free to move on with their tasks.

I learned about self-control very early in my own life. It stems right back to my childhood. It was not acceptable to be "out of control" in the household where I grew up. Particularly emotional control. We had an English upbringing where the "stiff upper lip" was acceptable, crying was not. The lesson: "Stop crying or you'll get something worth crying for". It was acceptable to cry over physical pain or injury. Emotional tears were a sign of weakness. Adults didn't cry at all.

One incident comes to mind. I might have been four years old. My older brother had been hunting with some friends and they had shot a deer. It so happened that our garage was to be the gutting and dividing up station. I remember looking in and seeing the deer draped over the work bench, its head hanging over the side as the men proceeded to cut the animal open. I turned and fled, not to someone who could comfort me but to a place in the garden where I could hide as I fully experienced the horror and revulsion of what I had seen. I remember crying a long time. I suppose I felt guilty about

the crying too as I hid until the tears were long gone. Crying might be regarded as "silly nonsense". Actually I don't think that either of my parents would have minded as they were very caring and devoted to their children. But I thought they would.

The seed was sown and the pattern set. I inherited a value system that my parents had probably inherited from their parents. And it's this very value system that is woven into my teaching of children. It's interesting that in my classroom and with friends I show every range of emotion except tears. I can intellectualize sadness but rarely show it through tears. At least not in public. When I am overcome, and it has happened, I am embarrassed and want to hide somewhere.

*What direction can I fathom from these thoughts and jottings from my past? I feel a need to release a part of this vice like grip I have on control, not knowing if I have the courage to do so. The person behind the mask appeals to me. Perhaps not an impossible task.*

Sept. 12, 1991

When I first began teaching at the elementary level in the early 60's there was no thought given to a teacher setting her own curriculum. We had curriculum guides which clearly laid out a logical order of skills, subject matter, goals and objectives and evaluation techniques. It was expected that it was a teacher's duty to carry these out to the letter. If the child mastered most of the material covered, measured by some form of testing, usually written, then the child moved on to the next grade. The teacher could feel satisfied that she had done her job with that child. The child who came up at the bottom was retained in that class to have another run through the material. We didn't question a lot in those days. I know that I certainly didn't. *It was just the way it was and the way it had always been.*

However, after a few years' teaching, I came face to face with the realization that much of what I was expected to teach was not only irrelevant for many of the children, it didn't take into consideration of how children

learn best. I was always aware of the curriculum outlines and used them to some extent but I became more selective in what I taught. It was also clear that readiness for learning had to occur before learning could take place. Some people did their "own thing" behind closed doors and others spoke out, advocating alternative approaches and programs. There was merit in many of these programs, probably because they were developed by teachers for teachers. The Individualized Reading Program was introduced in the late 60's and early 70's. Good teachers have always known about individual differences and this scheme promised to accommodate them. It sounded good on paper. Everyone reading at her own rate and individual level, open-ended activities and conferences between teacher and child. As I look back I remember how unwieldy the program became as we tried to control the learning environment. We weren't able to say with any certainty how each child was doing. We certainly weren't able to put a grade on it. Perhaps our reluctance to give up control was a factor in its demise. After a few years these innovative ideas were shelved and followed by a return to teaching the basics, the Three R's.

Although the programs had technically failed, vestiges of them remained as many of us had integrated some of these ideas into our teaching. There was a greater openness in the teaching profession and we began to talk more with one another. There was more sharing of ideas. We could see that the top down approach of administrators telling us what and how to teach was a system that was not meeting the needs of children. An innovative idea was less likely to be labelled "lame-brained" and was always worth a look. We were always looking for ways to make our teaching more relevant.

Sept. 19, 1991

I regard the experts in the business of teaching as the teachers. These people that have dedicated themselves to being the best that they can be for the children they teach. I know so many teachers (myself included) locked away in their classrooms slaving away until late in the day preparing "wonderful" lessons for the next day. We adapt to this isolation and sometimes forget how to talk to each other. How can we tap into this reserve

of expertise without infringing on teachers' already overloaded schedules? I know from my own experience of the growth that comes from just two teachers sharing ideas. Not only does the overall task of teaching become lighter, but it is often therapeutic just to talk.

What I would like to see is teachers taking a more active role and talking about what they are doing. Last year I was involved in an action research project which addressed a need among Primary teachers for more resources on how to integrate computers into their teaching. The primary teachers at my school acted as co-researchers, pooling their ideas and trying them out in the classroom. I discovered that this project gave us a voice to speak to other teachers and to set policy which is relevant to a need. It may in its own small way have helped us along in this wave of restructuring education in the 90's.

Oct. 2, 1991

### Playing the Game

I can see in my writing that words such as powerless, prevented me, role, the way it is, things I accept, have a common thread. They suggest an adherence to a set of rules. Perhaps it is a structure that I accept in order to make my life simpler. My intellectual sense tells me that I do have the power to act in a different way, yet I choose not to do so. When I say that I accept the way things are I think that I am justifying my decision not to act. It is saying that I couldn't do anything anyway; I can't change the wrongs of the world, so I might just as well accept the way it is. It is not a real way of acting but a way of playing the game.

Playing according to the rules or playing the game robs us of an ability to participate authentically in our lives. During my public school and university years I learned how to do this very well. It is something that I am up against once more that I have returned to the "system". I have situations where a set of expectations has been imposed upon the students, where assignments have been delineated in great detail with regards to marks, due

dates and penalty points. The focus becomes how to achieve a certain grade. I find this stifling and crippling, and except for suggesting alternatives and resisting, I haven't come up with a strategy to deal effectively with it. I am in a state of conflict.

I can contrast the above situation to another quite different in philosophy. This is a course where there are no bounds. It is a situation where at first I felt considerable anxiety. I was used to having some authority tell me what was expected of me. Fortunately, I saw it as an opportunity that I couldn't pass up, but wasn't sure how to begin. I began anyway and am beginning to feel my own direction. I have discovered that this freedom has removed the burden of an imposed structure or body of rules. I am answerable only to myself. I am also beginning to discover a creativity that I didn't know I had. I don't have to search for a way to beat or subvert the system. This is energy saved that I can apply to searching out the direction in which I wish to proceed.

These experiences have helped me to clarify my own position. I think of how I will apply this learning to my own teaching. How little structure can I live with in the classroom?

I have discovered that self-knowledge is only part of knowing, but which serves as a prelude to living what you know, of fashioning an ethical way of being. Through the knowing one incorporates a changed standpoint into the living of one's life. One becomes more at ease with oneself. It happens in small steps, one after the other.

Oct. 9, 1991

I have reread The Velveteen Rabbit, a story written by Margery Williams. I suppose I knew that I would revisit this story at some time, to see if in the quiet of my room I could understand why it has such an attraction for me. I think the subject of becoming real is one of those timeless human stories.

As I read the story I paid particular attention to the places where I felt especially moved. There were three. The first of these is when the Rabbit asks the Skin Horse about being real, after wondering a long time himself about it. Then the Skin Horse tells him that being real has nothing to do with how you are made; you just become. He talks about how becoming real is sometimes painful and takes a long time. I feel the innocence and vulnerability in the Rabbit's desire to become real. I know these feelings myself. I know he will be hurt and I somehow want to protect him. But then he may not become real.

There are times when he is indeed hurt. The one that is the most painful for me is the time when the other rabbits make fun of him. He had arrived at a point where he was beginning to feel real because of the Boy's love for him, but is filled with doubt at the sight of the rabbits in the woods. He makes excuses. He feels ashamed of his lack of hind legs and his inability to show that he is real. He is left alone until the Boy comes to take him home.

Then the Rabbit continues the process that makes him real. He allows it to happen, he doesn't complain, and most of all he asks for nothing in return from the Boy. The boy's love for his Rabbit allows the transformation to take place in the Rabbit. The Rabbit gives to the Boy the love that he needs. His love is completely selfless. This is what enables him to become real but not know it at the same time. What happens next is the most difficult part of the story for me. This is when the Rabbit has been discarded and put out with the rubbish. He watches the story of his life from his place in a sack behind the fowl house. He has happy thoughts of his talks with the Skin Horse, his time with the Boy, the day when he first discovered he was real. He despairs at his approaching end as a real tear trickles down his nose. Of what use was it to become Real if it all ended like this? And then the fairy appears from where the tear fell. I want to understand why my own tears flow so freely at this moment. I think I see that "real" was being there for the Boy when he needed him, and not expecting anything in return. The magic happens and the Rabbit becomes real in a different sense. At first he is uncertain about the changes he has incurred, not sure about his new way of being, until he

scratches his nose to discover that he does have hind legs, and he joins the other rabbits in the woods.

I remember from the story that becoming real takes a long time and that I can achieve this only through my own vulnerability, encouraged by the love of another human being. I catch glimpses, but like the Rabbit at the beginning of the story, I am still wondering if I will ever become.

Nov. 16, 1991

As I reread the story, The Velveteen Rabbit, I arrived at a better understanding of what it is to become real. I think that allowing yourself to be this way with others is the greatest gift you can give them. It is an unconditional love for the other human being, like the love that the Rabbit gave to the Boy. It is a love that expects nothing in return from the other person. This becoming can be encouraged by the love of another human being but can only be achieved through your own vulnerability. It is a slow process and will not happen if you expect it to happen. You just continue to become over time.

Glimmerings

Oct. 16, 1991

I questioned in a former writing (Sept. 19, 1991) whether I had the courage to give up some of the control I impose. I think I can't answer that completely without discovering what it is that the control does for me. My desire to release this "vice-like grip" as I called it will not be sufficient to make it happen. And it will take more than courage. It will take some letting go.

My outward way of being is usually as one who is calm under fire. This is a way of showing others that I am in control even when I am not. This unruffled exterior is the image I present to others and I somehow seem to do this automatically, although not without tension. The contradiction is that I want them to know something of the other me, the less controlled me, but am somewhat embarrassed by that. So what does portraying calm do for

me? People admire me for it. They see me as having my life together. Who am I to tell them otherwise? They seek my opinion. I see these as ego boosters. Is this what I want or need? I see the other side too. People are sometimes hesitant to confide in me for fear of showing themselves as having some human weakness that they think that I don't have, and therefore I won't understand. Of course I do have these same weaknesses and am able to understand, but I am not often given the opportunity to do so. Presenting myself in this false way acts as a block to any real communication taking place. In an earlier writing I speak of "diverting a conversation" when I sense that another person is about to open up. True connectedness with another gives my life a real purpose when it occurs. I will have to be willing to abandon my ego for it to happen with more regularity. There is a risk associated with doing this, in trying to put the record straight. It is not a matter of baring all, but just an honesty of self. The defence mechanisms that I use to maintain control are obstacles to the communication that I desire. I think I must approach this in small steps or I will run the danger of getting discouraged and retreating to my old ways.

I think that I have almost totally given up in trying to control others. Although I admit I used to be a master when it came to controlling my classes. I have had plenty of evidence that any control that I imposed in the past did not make any permanent change in the individual to which it was directed, and was only effective as long as I was there to enforce it. I used to see it as part of my job....I did eventually give up on that type of control. I let my students take more of that responsibility on for themselves.

*I feel like a scrutineer as I examine my motives. I need to approach this self-examination with sensitivity and rigor, and trust that I will gain the insight that I need to enact change.*

Oct. 22, 1991

My search for authenticity is not new. I have consciously been aware of a personal struggle with this for several years. I had the good fortune of talking to a friend who took the risk of telling me truthfully how she saw me. I was shocked into disbelief at first, but it caused me to take another look and eventually value the honesty in what she said. She was right. I knew there was more to unveil and so began my search. I saw the contradiction in the kind of person I thought I was and the person I projected. I made attempts to be more honest and I think I have had some success. I slowly learned some measure of self-acceptance. I was relieved to find out that I was imperfect after all, and there was no shame attached to this way of being. There is also a greater willingness to allow others to know me. This is the key to the authenticity that I seek.

In some earlier writing I talk about "playing the game", my unwillingness to play a role, and the conflict I feel when I am thrown into a situation where a game is being played. Role playing destroys possibilities for authenticity. I ask myself, why am I involved in this struggle between something that I want no part of and yet at times I am a part of it. Am I still protecting a view of myself that I think others should see? I have made some choices this year to be answerable only to myself with regards to certain courses I am taking. I have not played according to the written rules, realizing the chance I take in not meeting certain criteria. Somehow this is not as important to me now as it might have been. The end result may be a lower grade than I could have achieved otherwise. I can't be sure that it won't matter to me if that is the case, although I have the feeling that I am beginning to value myself in other ways, and not as an achiever of "good" grades.

Someone asked me why I had such a passion to become "real". I have difficulty answering that. I just said that I believed that I wasn't yet, because I knew that I was still holding on to parts of myself that I wanted to share with others, but somehow couldn't. I wondered, then, which of my masks was she

seeing? At which layer does she know me? Will she tell me that or will she tell me what she thinks I need to hear?

*I think how people lose the realness that they had as a child and how, if they are lucky, eventually relearn this way of being later in their lives. The young child knows how to be real without question. He just is. This is unlearned as he grows and learns to protect the self from hurt. As it becomes entrenched, he accepts and lives a different way of being, one that is not true to the real self. He becomes and believes what he is not. Great efforts are made to protect this masquerading self; maintaining his ego ensures that. The incompatibility between real and lived is a source of tension, which is expressed in a multitude of symptoms, both psychological and physical. Rarely are these recognized for what they are; the usual way is to treat the symptoms and not the source of the distress. To treat the source is impossible at times because of the barricade protecting the self. So we treat the symptoms. I believe this has been the case for me. I also think that because I have travelled a way on this journey my symptoms are ebbing, which is evidenced in a greater calmness of body and spirit. As my standpoint shifts I reflect back on where I have been. I know I am getting closer to where I want to be. My writing is a vehicle that assists me in making the unconscious, conscious, and the conscious, reality. I understand what Barbara Christian (1987, p. 77) means when she says that she writes in order to save her own life. She means that literally and so do I.*

*So I continue my struggle to live authentically and to be this way for others. I accept the Skin Horse's wisdom on the subject, and trust that it will eventually happen for me also. When I "become" I will have no need for the mask which protects my ego. I will know when it happens. The sign that I look for is when I am free to allow my tears to flow in the presence of another, and not concern myself with the possibility that I may somehow break.*

Nov. 9, 1991

I know that I have the power to determine the direction of my own life. I am confident in the knowledge that as this dream is realized through the process of becoming, I will know better what it is to live authentically with others. I also know that speaking as I do from the heart, using the language of vulnerability is the only path for me.

### Glimmerings

Oct. 25, 1991

I have been struggling these past few weeks to record some music using a computer synthesizer. First of all, the experience has been a completely new one for me, complete with the baggage of a totally foreign conceptualization of producing music, as well as a specialized language. This in itself has frustrated me as I worked to puzzle out the equipment and try to get it to do for me what I wanted. I knew that perseverance would get me over the technical difficulties and it is gradually doing that. But what I miss in recording this way is the spontaneous musical experience of putting myself into the music I am playing. When you play an instrument it becomes an extension of your body, and very personal as you interact with not only your own life blood but that of the instrument. It is making music as opposed to producing it. It is a powerful way of communicating in an emotional way, that which cannot be said in words, and yet still tell a story....When I recorded my music using the synthesizer I missed the joy of telling my story.

The final product of synthesized music often is the result of editing each note, its dynamics and a myriad of other details. It is an exercise in technique. In the name of progress, better synthesizers have been developed that more closely mimic the true timbre of an instrument. Using these effectively is the technician's art as well. I listen to the music I have recorded, pining for the soul that is not there. I know it isn't there because I couldn't translate that part of myself into a code. An expression of my soul happens when it happens. It is not something that can be codified note by note, line by

line. Part of the pleasure of performing is writing yourself into the music as it happens.

The music is good, I think, interesting to listen to and tells a story of a conversation. The voices would have more to say if they spoke the true language of music, that of my soul.

Nov. 25, 1991

When I wrote about my experience of producing music with a synthesizer, I spoke of the separation of my soul from my body, and how incomplete I felt during and after the experience. I spoke of knowing the expression of my soul through the language of music, and that the production of music in this way drew my authenticity into question. It was an incomplete expression of the person I knew myself to be. "There is the soul and the body and both express one and the same thing" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 61). When I read this some time later it made perfect sense to me. It reaffirmed that the pain of separating these two entities was real.

Glimmerings

Nov. 17, 1991

Ethical decision making is present in each decision we make with regards to others. Some of the reading I have done lately has increased my awareness as to how great a role ethics plays in the exchanges of our daily lives. As an educator I make ethical decisions without consciously being aware that I am doing so.

Noddings (1988) makes the distinction between ethics as a caring act and the traditional ethics of acting out of duty according to certain established principles. This caring act is referred to as a relational ethic, one articulated by feminine morality, one where the needs and well being of the other are considered. It suggests a relationship of cooperation and mutual respect between the individuals. The caring ethic is necessary if we are to encourage

thoughtfulness and compassion in the children we teach. The relinquishment of institutional power and the substitution of the power to make life, not destroy it is a necessary component for this model to succeed.

Many aspects of the current school system do little to foster this act of caring, often working to achieve quite the opposite effect. First the institution itself. What message does a child get upon being disciplined? Either he thinks he deserved it because he was "bad" or he feels resentment at the oppression. Both instances serve to denigrate his self-worth and assert the dominance and power of the other. The grading system is another dehumanizing act. The child learns to value himself on the basis of the grades he receives. It is another instance of the teacher and the institution exercising power. The techniques of grading have been recognized in the current directions for education, but the problems associated with them have not been successfully addressed. Many teachers and parents still want to know how the child measures up against the others in his class. In many instances this knowledge is used to try and "bring the child up to standard", a message of non-acceptance, destroying his confidence and stripping him of his own power as his teachers or parents exert theirs. In an effort to make the methods of assessment and evaluation simpler, large sums of public money have been invested in order to develop systems such as the Learner Profile. I have already expressed my disdain for such a system as just another method of pigeon-holing children.

But I do believe that parents have the right to be informed as to what their child is learning. This can be achieved by conferencing with the teacher and the child, and looking at samples his work. One of the most important messages that a teacher can give to a parent is that he knows and cares for his child. When a parent is confident that I put the child's interests first, then the rest of the conference is easy. If I have concerns to express, the parent knows that they come from an ethic of caring.

In another writing (Oct. 21, 1991) I discussed other aspects of the power structure in the school and my concern that power is not easily dislodged. Those in positions of power are generally reluctant to give them up. Perhaps

a shift to a caring orientation is one way to shift the old power system. What is needed is a space where children and those working with them can grow both intellectually, relationally and socially, without fear of reprisal or condemnation for their efforts. For this to occur a caring, supportive, and accepting environment is essential.

Nov. 6, 1991

I have written several times about the nature of the roles we assume in our lives. We are all thrust into roles, some of our own choosing, others designed by the powers that be. When assuming a role we take on a persona which may be in contradiction to our beliefs. In our complicity we play a part. I see the danger in this as we start believing that we are what we are not, putting authenticity into question.

Glimmerings

Nov. 2, 1991

### Male/Female Roles

In my discussion of roles thus far I have not dealt with the subject of gender and its place in the definition of a role. Something that interests me is the way that I see some women trying to break into the authority structure of the male-dominated system in which we live. Adopting a male like posture and dress, using an authoritative language or the addition of Ms do nothing but further alienate women, making them even more vulnerable to domination from the male hierarchy. Their efforts at infiltration either individually or in groups are regarded as threatening, meeting increased resistance from the male community. This isn't to say that women shouldn't seek each other out for mutual support and encouragement for what they are doing. But if the group is to be a source of power, their desire for unity may repress their individuality, forcing some of them out and others to conform (Young, 1990), consequently weakening any power they may have thought they had.

I wonder if women know what it is they will give up if they enter the male world of authority. Why would anyone want to exchange connectedness for isolation, where social distance is increased and where knowing the other is limited to exchanges that fit within the rules? *Rules inhibit true knowing, especially the knowing that goes beyond the language of words, the language of compassion, emotion and uncertainty.* We know that the sexual divisions of family roles probably account for our current beliefs about authority and domination. Dinnerstein (cited in Jones, 1984) suggests that the absolute power exerted by the mother in her nurturing of the child creates a need for male domination in order to create a haven from the maternal power (p. 124). Chodorow (cited in Jones, 1984) believes that because of their work patterns, females develop nurturing activities and males instrumental activities (p. 125). Because of their different orientations, the male is seen as the authority of rules and problem solving and the female as the giver of care. She goes on to say that if a different view of authority is to be considered, one without the timeless order of rules and domination, then we must use women's role of nurturing and compassion as a model. Women find safety in human connecting; men find it in rules. I think that the possibility for authoritative compassion is recognized by many males as they engage in the activities of child rearing, nurturing and other previously held female activities. It gives them a greater sense of belonging and connectedness to life. Those that discover this, learn that compassion associated with nurturing allows them to more fully understand themselves and others. As Ursula Le Guin (1986) might say, they learn to speak the mother tongue, the language of the heart.

In the school system, polarities between the dominant male and the submissive female continue to be perpetuated. A teacher becomes complicit in this when she seeks out a male principal's support in certain disciplinary situations. Sometimes male teachers will assume a dominant stance with female teachers, especially if they see a sign of uncertainty or a lack of emotional control in the female. They insist on offering protection and "taking care of things". Patronizing attitudes and another power game.

Nov. 18, 1991

Women and Authenticity

I am beginning to understand that in order to learn what it means to live authentically with others I must also consider what it means to live and act as a member of the female sex.

Valuing and expressing my own difference is for me the way to legitimize myself as a woman and as a human being. Knowing how women have been misrepresented in art and literature helps in that it assists us in understanding how we have come to be as we are. Knowledge of the history of female experience will hopefully provide the understanding needed so that both men and women can engage in conversation that will lead to the strengthening of our relationships. It is speaking to one another in conversation in a mutually understood language that both sexes will learn to bridge the gap between the sexes, and in so doing, grow to respect their respective positions. For some women, historical knowledge incites them to anger and violent action. I have always felt this to be destructive and the way toward assuring increased polarization of the sexes.

Nov. 12, 1991

*I continue to look for the events in my life which have shaped the way I deal with emotion.* Something that I have just begun to consider is the way in which I saw myself growing up, lacking in femininity. This happened because I refused to play the game of becoming stereotypically female as advocated by my mother. It was her contention that girls shouldn't let on if they were "smart" as boys would feel threatened and shun them. It was better to play helpless and dependent. I was reminded that if I didn't listen I would probably end up like my spinster aunt, alone, lonely, and unloved. I still remember the hurt. I don't know why I refused to follow her advice, even if as she said, it was for my own good. In a way she was proven right. Boys weren't particularly attracted to me, possibly because I believed they wouldn't. I became complicit in perpetuating what I believed to be inevitable. I also

competed with boys in "their subjects" (Math and Science) and usually did better than all of them. I remember how superior I felt in my Physics class where there were only a few girls. We showed them, but at what cost. If I couldn't have the love of the opposite sex, at least I had respect. I also had power. The way I perceived myself during my teenage years may have also contributed to my holding fast to the "male" traits of being objective, analytical and in control.

### Accepting Difference

I speak often of valuing and encouraging differences among individuals. Today I have had to confront myself on this very issue. I speak of my own difference and the ambiguity that is present in some of my actions, and even knowing this I ask for acceptance from others. Yet another individual has expressed a difference that I have had difficulty accepting and on which I passed judgement. I had placed interpretations on her language, subject matter and supposed motivations. I eventually voiced these thoughts to a friend. It was then that I saw what I was doing. I am feeling almost apologetic for my thoughts, but glad for the other that I didn't have the opportunity to act on them. Any attempt to "enlighten" this person would have served only to alienate, and would probably have been destructive of any existing relationship the two of us had. My next thoughts with regards to this person were to try to understand and to see things from her perspective. I gave that up as an impossible task. Each of us is struggling to understand ourselves and we are living the lives that we are examining. So there is not much hope of truly knowing the motivation for another's actions, someone I hardly know. How to proceed? I think what I want to do is offer my friendship to this person, to understand that she gives what it is possible to give, and to accept that as her gift to me. *I have already had her gift of reflection. It is only in this way that richness and diversity in a society can be nourished. I remind myself that we are all learners, each with a different orientation. The journey is made kinder if we are not alone with our stories.*

Oct. 19, 1991

I saw something happen the other day whereby someone chose to make light of another who was "stammering" (thinking out loud) with his ideas. I knew it wasn't the good-natured bantering that it appeared to be, coming under the guise of a smile. I watched the stammerer to see how it was for him. I thought I saw a slight hesitation, a moment of uncertainty, but I can't be sure. I wish I had been able to think quickly enough to have picked up on it at the time, but I was too busy doing my own stammering, privately and not in public view. If we don't allow ourselves this process then we are setting up yet another block to achieving clarity and understanding. There is a myth that teachers should only speak thoughts of great importance. If we speak too soon, embarrassment sets in as egos are shattered. In not "risking it" and thinking out loud, we, as teachers go on to perpetuate the myth.

In my classroom I encourage stammering as I know it will lead to the clarification of ideas and learnings. Children who do this are sometimes laughed at. Because I know that this laughter can be hurtful I talk to the children about their laughter. I want the child doing the stammering to know that I understand what he is doing, and that I value it as part of his learning. In this way I act in a protective fashion, and I have no illusions about that. I try not to over-protect, as I also want the children I teach to be able to find their own footing, and that is not possible when someone else is continually propping you up, protecting you from hurt. *It's finding that delicate balance, the bringing of pedagogic competence into play.*

Oct. 6, 1991

I have a friend who is writing stories of her own childhood so that her grandchildren will have a glimpse of their roots. I have heard her tell many of her stories and was quite excited by the prospect of reading them. I wanted to know more about her history as well. She asked if I would read what she had written and give my honest opinion. I agreed quickly, not realizing that it would be an impossible task. She had been telling me about some very funny incidents in the lives of certain relatives. She didn't spare any details

and depicted a very funny side of these people. We laughed so hard, tears rolled down our cheeks. I took the rough draft away, thinking that I would once again be doubled up with laughter. I did not find what I had expected. How was I to respond to this writing that was beautifully delivered but contained none of the humour of its earlier telling? How could I say that the writing style was wrong for the subject of the stories? I had all night to think about it. Who was I to speak on the subject? I was torn between being ruthlessly honest and saying as little as possible. I thought of how I would respond to one of my students. I measured my words carefully as I told her how I had enjoyed reading the stories that we had laughed about the night before. I said a few other things that I hoped would encourage her to continue writing. The role of critic does not suit me well.

My friend shared some more of her writing with me. It was quite different from the one just mentioned, and dealt with the tragic lives of some of her family. The heart-wrenching tale brought me to tears, both the said and the unsaid. I like her story and tell her of its emotional appeal for me. She is pleased.

I think that being authentic with my friend meant showing the caring I felt for her and being present in a way that she needed at the time. Being real means knowing how it is for that person and knowing how much or how little to act. It is not clear cut and there are no written rules. It is a combination of judgement and knowing.

## RECAPITULATION

### **Cantare**

Dec. 13, 1991

#### What is an Authentic Relationship?

When I spoke of my friend, the writer, I stated that being authentic with her meant knowing how much or little to act, acknowledging that there are no written rules. This knowing stemmed from a sense of ethics which is central to being-in-relation with others. It was a sense of doing what I thought to be the right decision for us both. Upon reflection I can say that the relationship was maintained and my friend continues to write.

There has been a shift in my thoughts concerning the meaning of authenticity. It is not as simple as stating the perceived truth. It is also a consideration of the many factors that permit one to act thoughtfully towards another. I did not tell my friend what I honestly believed, about the style of her writing not suiting the content, or even my concerns about the second story. I thought at the time that my honest reaction would have been harmful to both her writing and our relationship. With my friend I have a caring relationship that does not include judgement. What I want for her is that she continue to write as authentically as it is possible, these stories that she will leave to her grandchildren. Perhaps she has already done that. But I want something else for her as well, that she experience more of her life, through the sharing of it. As an act of friendship I could have talked with her about her feelings, reminding her of their validity in a story.

At the same time I ask myself how I can presume to know of what she needs to hear. Was it my need that was being satisfied when I chose to keep certain things to myself, to not act? Did I fear rejection? That we would somehow be distanced by a strain on the relationship? I had a feeling of having done the right thing, but at the same time a regret in not being honest.

The regret is an "ought" which comes out of the utilitarian ethics of written rules. Written rules can suffocate a relationship.

On Oct. 22, 1991 I wrote about my personal struggle for authenticity. I credited a truthful friend who was willing to take a risk and point out a contradiction to me, causing me to have that second look at myself. She spoke at a time when I was ready to hear what she said. "The teacher appears when the student is ready." She couldn't have known this, but she cared enough to say what she did. It caused me to rethink my stance. In another writing I spoke of my anguish in not knowing if others will tell me honestly what they see or only what they think I should know. Perhaps I need to assure them that I am ready to hear. My becoming will not be possible without it.

Acting ethically is central to acting authentically. Kantian ethics based on principles would have me tell the truth no matter what the consequences (the nature of truth can be questioned here). In reality, we can at best give only an opinion, which may or may not be the truth. We are in the habit of waffling or hedging, not wanting to offend, especially to those with whom we are close. This need for harmony which I have spoken of previously. It is easier to be "honest" with someone you do not yet know or care for. Yet I need some of this honesty from others if I am to come to know myself through them. It also involves trust, in the other to act in a caring manner, to tell the truth as she sees it. Being in friendship with another is the condition where people become allies in struggles that are not their own (Lugones & Spelman, cited in Ellsworth, 1989, p. 317). If I truly journey with my friend I will be willing to put aside self interest and ego, knowing that my knowledge will be only partial as will be hers of me, accepting that each needs the friendship of the other. To be able to speak openly with another the relationship must include caring, mutual trust, respect and above all a sense of humility, where we are conscious of our limitations as human beings. We must be willing to take risks and know that we will sometimes make mistakes.

Acting authentically with others is to be with them in a real way, to know something of their realities as well as your own, where one can act as a sentient being. In this way you will have a better idea as to how to proceed.

Nov. 13, 1991

I asked myself today what it is that has prevented me from living authentically with others. I see in large part that it centres around my use of control and power. In using self-control and the wearing of masks, you prevent your realness from showing when in the presence of others. It is this realness that is central to the authentic expression of myself. In the past I think I have been guilty of that crime of not living life to the full. I see now my capacity for self-deception as I chose not to share what for me is the most difficult, my emotions. I have felt a sense of longing for that lost part of myself for some time. When I read The Velveteen Rabbit I am reminded of it. I hear its presence in my music. I have written recently about no longer needing to use power to control others in my teaching. I have discovered a much more compassionate way. On Oct. 16, I spoke about the importance of letting go. At the time I wasn't thinking what comes to me now. But it is the letting go of control that has allowed me to change my standpoint and see more clearly the direction ahead where I may more fully live my life.

Glimmerings

Nov. 25, 1991

I have mentioned the nature of "vulnerability" often in my writings. The first pieces I wrote spoke of the vulnerability of the child and that of my own experience. In the story of Michael I recognized his vulnerability and through knowing him, knew also of my own. As I read The Velveteen Rabbit to my class each year I was acutely aware of the fragile nature of this defenceless part of myself, something that kept bubbling out from the depths even as I resisted. I know of the pain that accompanies the letting go of the control that suppresses my emotional side, and also the joy of knowing I have done some letting go. I know of suffering the fear of discovery, by others and by myself as to what lies hidden below the many masks. And yet my desire to experience more of life gives me the strength and the courage to find a way to allow this part of myself into the flux, where it can interact in conjunction with other fluxes in the "respective play of territorialities, reterritorializations and movements of deterritorialization" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 99). The torment that I feel is a sign that a part of me is giving way to the pull of the flux (Caputo, 1987, p. 289). Understanding this serves to diminish my fear. It is not necessary "to accept" the sadness, the way things are, as this only serves to allow the powers that be to enslave us.

Glimmerings

Nov. 12, 1991

When I first told the story of Michael I could not have known in any conscious sense of its importance for me. After I had written it I could see some of the beauty and power. Beauty in the way in which we both sensed the presence of the other, in the way our lives touched. Michael's power in his knowing what was needed in order to survive and his capacity to affect my life. Mine in a capacity to love him and make a difference in his life. It wasn't until after I had read the story in class that I began to grasp this more completely.

Glimmerings

Oct. 22, 1991

Dear Michael,

I have been remembering the time you spent with me a few years ago. You may be surprised to know how much I do remember. Let me tell you.

I think of when you first came to my classroom in October. You had just turned six years old then. Do you remember coming to meet me? You were pretty confident for one so young. I was surprised that you felt as comfortable as you did. I liked the way you were interested in books and reading. I knew that you wanted to learn to read. I remember when you first realized that you were able to do this. You had taken a book home to practice and the next morning before school I saw you sitting at your desk, all alone, except for the book before you. When you were aware that I had come into the room you said to me, "Look Mrs. Spring. I'm reading," and you showed me what you could do. I didn't show you my tears of joy then, but I show them now. Then you continued to read, even after the other children had come into the classroom. You wanted them to know, too.

I always wondered why you called me Teacher for so long. Was it because you had moved so much that you just couldn't remember your teachers' names? Actually when I think of it, your Mother called me that too. I was very happy when you called me Mrs. Spring. I remember how that happened. I had to explain to you that I wanted you to call me by my real name and then I had you practice it a few times. Sometimes you would catch yourself saying "Tea..." and then flash me one of your smiles and quickly correct yourself.

You won't forget the flowers will you. I can see you right now, charging into the school before the bell with a fist full of flowers for your teacher. I did like them, as I knew that you had been thinking about me. You made me feel very special.

Do you still like to draw and paint? I remember your wonderful drawings, so expressive and strong, so full of life. Rich, bold colours. Your pictures always told a story. Maybe you will write about them some day. I have a special memory for one of your paintings. It was a seascape with a rain cloud in the distance dropping a sheet of rain. It was so real to me, like I had seen the picture before. Later when you wanted to take out the rain I was so disappointed. I liked it with the rain.

You tried so hard to make friends with the other children, and yet it often didn't work for you, did it? I remember your cries of frustration when the other children didn't want to play with you and said some hurtful things. You couldn't understand why, because you had made a concerted effort to "be nice" by saying pleasant things to everyone, and complimenting them. You didn't usually get upset about those things, but you did this once. I told you that perhaps the children were remembering the other times when things hadn't gone right, and that being nice for a few days probably wasn't long enough for them to know that you really wanted to be friends. I cried with you on that one Michael. I had begun to know you, you see.

Do you remember talking to me about your real father? You were thinking out loud one day and said that you wanted to know who your real father was. You wanted to meet him. I said something about your having someone at home you could call father. And then you explained to me that you were talking about the father who had given you life. I suggested that you could perhaps ask your Mother about that. I sensed that there was more that you wanted to say, but we stopped talking about it then. I don't think I knew what to say. I thought about that overnight and asked you the next day. But you said that you had found out that your real father had been a cowboy and was now dead. You told me it was all right and that there was someone else you could call "Dad". I knew that wasn't really what you wanted.

I remember the shopping trip you and I went on. It was at the end of the year and all the clothes from the Lost and Found were lined up on either side of the long hallway. They had been there all week and were about to be collected up to be thrown out. So before you went home one night we had a

look. You found a red knapsack for yourself. It was a little large but you said you would grow into it, and I expect you have done that now, too. Then you found an umbrella for your Mother. You thought that it would be handy for her as she didn't have one. I also remember that you were looking for something for your baby brother who wasn't yet two years old. I don't remember if you found anything. I think you even found a baseball cap for your Dad. You have a kind heart Michael. I wonder if your family knows that.

*I believe that I was lucky to have known and loved you, Michael. I like to think that you were a little lucky too. You may be surprised to know that I learned a lot from you. In a way you were my teacher as I was yours. And you gave me the most precious gift that one human being can give to another, that is the gift of yourself, which you gave freely and without condition. I will always keep that gift where I keep all things that are special to me.*

*With love,*

Oct. 12, 1991

I have just reread some of my writing. I was very moved to see parts of my life before me on a page of print. I was also surprised to hear how good some of it sounds and how much sense it made. It made me think about wisdom, this mysterious word we hear about when we are young. It was always a word befitting a much older person, a philosopher of sorts. I smile as I say this but wisdom is what I saw, which means I have become older--and not just in the physical sense. I think of my own transformations from the child to adult to now, and realize the source my wisdom. It is not the years but the experiences. And not the experiences themselves but my examination of them, the making of a thoughtful inquiry to unravel the puzzle of my own existence.

As I celebrated my fiftieth birthday this year I thought that I had reached the best time of my life. It was a radiant but magical feeling where I felt almost child like in anticipation of the rest of my life. That feeling has

intensified now as my consciousness evolves towards greater understanding. It is a feeling of self-acceptance and peace that comes with knowing, something which has been unfolding lately as I have started discovering my own story, my own history. I believe that what is happening for me has come as a gift, "the flight of the dove" (Novak, 1978). Now is the best time.

Nov. 12, 1991

I think often of my commitment to live what I believe in, a course of action guided at times by an inner voice and at other times a consciously formed decision. Either way it feels right. Even when my decision may be seen as a risky one, I feel no fear. The tears I speak of (Glimmerings, Nov. 9) come as I am freed from the feelings of entrapment, old thinking that there was no other way. The prospects of stumbling along the way I accept as inevitable. I know I can pick myself up and continue on the path I have chosen, embracing both suffering and joy. It is not possible to know one without having known the other. I have reached a deeper understanding of what it means to live what you know and to live anticipating the unknown, affirming life in its totality. I have not reached this understanding in any complete sense and nor will I ever. My life will be a continuous act of becoming.

Glimmerings

**Second Movement**  
**Themes and Variations**

*Life can only be understood backwards; but it must be lived forwards. (Kierkegaard, Source unknown)*

**Andantino**

Nov. 9, 1991

Through my writing so far I have become more aware of my real desire for what I might become. The grounding for this understanding rests in the knowledge of my lived experience. However, to know is one thing; to live what you know is another. Self-knowledge alone is not enough and should I stay at that point I would run the risk of solipsism. My desire as I have said before is to allow others to know of my authenticity, which includes my personal flaws, contradictions, doubts--in other words my humanness. Not to keep certain parts of myself hidden. The rules and dominating power that governed my early life served to silence the natural self-direction of the child. In a way I suppose I learned to live two lives--the one that I was expected to lead and the one that I kept secret, known only to myself. I know that the knowledge of my private self is embedded deeply in my memory, but brought more clearly into focus in my writing. The more I learn the more I know there is to learn about what it means to be alive. Uncovering and exposing the silent life is a painful process. Even now as I speak of it the tears come. But my commitment is firm as I continue this journey of taking one step after another.

Glimmerings

Sept. 22, 1991

The two girls had grown up in a protective household, one where they could feel safe from the hurts and unpleasantness of the world. They were wanted children and loved dearly though not demonstrably. The older child, who was now nine years old, had somehow arrived at this conclusion about love. Her younger sister was just as sure she was unloved. The parents gave

to their children what they themselves had not had in their own childhoods. It would be better for their children.

Certain things were not discussed in front of the children. This was a small measure of the protection offered them. Such topics were only alluded to in hushed tones in short exchanges between the parents. What was said behind closed doors never saw the light of day. Secrets.

A letter had arrived for the father containing something of a very serious nature, not for children's ears. The parents must have discussed the contents because of the sudden shift in the level of their conversation. It was obvious that something had happened and something had to be done about it. The older child was determined to dispel this mystery by staying close by in order to hear the unspeakable. The mother, tiring of her elder daughter's questions, decided to tell part of the story, the part that the parent determined she could hear. It appeared that one of the child's uncles, her father's eldest brother, had met with an accident and had been incinerated in his cabin in the woods. The mother hadn't much sympathy with that side of the family and so her relating of the facts included a few other snippets of information. That the only "normal" person in that whole family was the girl's father and that the rest of them were very peculiar indeed. The girl knew that of course as it had been alluded to many times before. There was an ally in this mother who was bound to divulge more than had been agreed upon. The child wondered a lot about burning human flesh. "Was a person alive while it happened?" "Why couldn't the uncle have stopped it somehow if it was an accident?" "Was it an accident?" There was some mention of robbery and murder. Possibly even suicide. No one had answers they were willing to share. Besides, the letter only had the barest of details. It was clear that someone was needed to tell the authorities what to do. The girls' father took some time off from his work to attend to the details. When he returned there was nothing more said, beyond the fact that he had seen to it that his brother had had a proper Christian burial. Any questions asking for more than that fell on deaf ears. Even the mother said no more--a conspiracy of silence.

The father would sometimes talk a little about his brothers. They had both enlisted in the First World War when they were very young (sixteen and fourteen) and he saw that as the source of many of their difficulties. They had lied about their ages in order to be part of the fight for the "greater good" of the free world. The fourteen year old had been sent back when his age was discovered. The elder boy stayed to fight, eventually returning with his body but not his mind intact. He had always had difficulty sleeping and so this was the reason he chose to live as a recluse in the woods, away from all human contact. He had always been a sensitive boy and the war had done terrible things to him, things he was never to recover from. The girls' mother had much sympathy for this brother-in-law. This was all the girls were to be told.

The other brother was known as the "black sheep" of the family. Fragments of stories told about this brother served to clarify for the two girls what was meant by those words. This was an uncle that they heard a little more of. They were given a picture of someone that was not to be emulated. This uncle had not suffered as a result of the war, so there had to be some other explanation for his idiosyncrasies. In his earlier life he had shied away from nothing. "Bold as brass and game for anything", was how the girls' father told it. He told of the time when this second brother had blown off his two middle fingers when playing with dynamite, the real thing. Had that taught him a lesson? Not likely so the story goes. He continued to indulge in recklessness and excess throughout all of his younger life, running afoul of anyone or anything standing in his way. He was built as "strong as a bull" and so sometimes worked on the docks. He had also married at some point and had fathered a child, a cousin for the girls. Any more information than that was never divulged. There were periods when no one knew where he was, and then he'd turn up like "the bad penny". He only came around when he wanted something, money or refuge. The family didn't deny him this. By the time he had reached his middle years he too started spending more and more time living as a recluse, as his brother had done before him. And it wasn't the war that had driven him there. It was at some point during this time that he found religion and seemed to be trying to absolve his sins and buy himself into heaven by sending large portions of his welfare cheques to one religious organization or another. He continued his existence, picking up

his pension cheques at the post office, speaking to no one, and then returning via circuitous routes to his place in the woods, until his eighty-fifth year when he died.

Such were the two brothers, uncles to the girls who never really knew them, except through the eyes of those around them. Eyes that had selected and censored most of what was told. That the lives of the brothers had somehow shaped their living of life was something that had occurred to the girls' father as he searched for some understanding of these two boys who had been his brothers. Or perhaps he did understand, which was why he never criticized them, never expected more of them than what they gave. *Perhaps he wanted his girls to know that people are not always what they seem, but a sum of their parts, their life's experience. Perhaps this is the sense of it all.*

Oct. 4, 1991

*I feel the vulnerability of the child and am reminded of my own as our eyes meet when I hand him his Journal. He may have a moment of uncertainty, wondering if I liked what he wrote. He searches out my face. I take great care with his work, so freely given.*

Sept. 29, 1991

### On Religion

*"You will be saved!" decreed the father. "And the sooner the better." The two sisters were usually stunned into silence whenever talk of this kind was about. They knew that their father was somehow arranging to have them "saved" and that they would forever be safe and looked after by the watchful eye of God. The younger sister was only four years of age and she really didn't understand much about anything, let alone religion. But she knew that being saved was something serious. Her sister, older by three years, experienced considerable anxiety, anticipating that at any moment she could expect a transformation to occur with this saving. The girls' mother*

kept silent at such times, her downward look voicing disapproval. Perhaps the father would forget about it. The girls did not want to be saved.

Confident that he was doing his best for his daughters and true to his word, the day of "saving" was at hand. It was arranged that the girls' aunt, who had devoted her life to her parents and the Salvation Army, would take the girls to God's House where they would be saved. In preparation for the occasion they were to wear their Sunday best in order to present themselves in a good light. They were also supposed to have been coached in some scripture from the Bible by their aunt. The father and his sister, the girls' aunt, appeared almost joyous as they led their charges to receive what their father had not received until too late to do any good in his own life. He was determined that it would be different for his daughters. The girls' mother hadn't been saved either. Did this mean that she would be condemned by God and never have His forgiveness? The older girl wondered. The mother remained at home where she prepared the Sunday dinner.

The house where God lived this particular Sunday was unlike God's other house which was the church nearby where the girls lived. There were no stained glass windows, only walls. Many of the women were dressed like the aunt, in dark blue uniforms with strange looking bonnets. The party of four took their seats in the congregation as the service was about to begin. The aunt appeared to know some of the people because she nodded at them. No words were uttered. At the appointed time, the aunt beckoned to the girls to follow her to the front where they were to be "saved". The younger girl screamed and refused to go. Her sister knew better than to scream but was equally terrified. Somehow, either as the result of a bribe or just sheer force, both girls were presented at the altar where they stood, trembling, to face the representative of God. The aunt, their only link to the known, had somehow disappeared into the darkness. The girls held hands, supporting each other. The moment of atonement was at hand. Thinking that the carefully counted out coins which the girls had been given were somehow meant as payment for the saving, the older girl offered them to man now facing her. He tried unsuccessfully to make her understand that the money wasn't needed just yet. Someone produced a collection plate onto which the girls placed their

coins. The older girl had no recollection of her part in the ceremony beyond what she heard said by those who bore witness. She had managed to repeat enough of the vows to satisfy the minister. The younger one got the words all mixed up and never did get them right. Perhaps God hadn't understood her and she wasn't saved properly. She sometimes thought about that.

There isn't much else that the girls remembered, save the strains of "Jesus Wants You for a Sunbeam", a song which they had learned from their Grandmother. And then their father standing with his coat and hat, signifying that it was time to leave. They arrived home with a great sense of relief, looking to their mother for some explanation as to why they had had to be "saved" anyway. She never got involved in discussions about religion, so she said nothing. The father was content in his belief that he had done his duty, and that his daughters would have the opportunity that was denied to himself.

*One of the ironies of this story is that the deliberate orchestration of this event that should have opened doors had quite the opposite effect on the girls. Their participation in any future religious activities became somewhat of a pantomime, going through the motions in silent protest. It didn't do to defy their father because "he knew better, even if they didn't". The girls voiced their suspicions about religion only to themselves and to each other.*

In remembering these events many years later, the girls are aware that their route to adulthood could have been different although not necessarily better. Neither of them blames the father for doing what he thought to be right, or the mother who said nothing. It is also clear to them that the door is not closed, and that they have the power to examine the room on the other side, should they choose to.

Oct. 6, 1991

I think a little more about the stories of my childhood. I understand that the stories are of the child and not of the adult who is telling it. I have difficulty reconciling my sense of loyalty to those I care about most, and the

guilt I feel as I speak these stories. The adult in me does not blame the adults I lived with and yet the child does. It is difficult to shake this off.

I see more clearly that what I am searching for is the authenticity of the me beneath the surface. I have this desire to present myself in a real sense to those with whom I engage. I am getting closer to knowing what this means. There is no place for posturing here. I think this is a thoughtful engagement of me with another. I am careful to consider the stance of the other so as not to overwhelm or frighten.

Oct. 16, 1991

*(A story written from my sister's viewpoint)*

My sister and I grew up in the same household. We had the same parents and shared the same bedroom. We even looked somewhat alike. But there the similarity ended. She was supposed to be more like our father, I, like our mother. She is just three years older than I, which doesn't seem like a lot now that we have reached adulthood. When you are six or seven, three years can seem like a generation. The gap that was then is still there today, when to look at us it is hard to tell who is the older.

My mother always said she treated us the same because she knew how it felt to be slighted by a parent. She had grown up with a sister who was her parents' favourite child. She went out of her way to see that we had the same or equal of everything. But I still believed that she cared for my sister more than for me. She always said things like, "You are a big, strong, healthy girl" and so I wasn't thought to need the same concern as was shown towards my sister, who had an illness that absorbed all my parents' concern. I hated it and cried when my mother said that. I cared about my sister too. But I wasn't sure anyone cared about me. I didn't want to be big and strong.

My sister did everything better than I. After all, she was older. She had a definite advantage. I eventually gave up trying to compete with her even though, at times, I desperately wanted to be like her. Where she was deep and

carefully concealed her feelings, my feelings were very close to the surface, and still are. I am quickly moved to anger and tears. I was accused of being overly emotional. I tried to control this but the harder I tried the worse it got. I agree that I was pretty emotional at times.

My mother was determined that my sister and I would both have the same opportunity to learn music. Naturally my sister started lessons first, being older. My mother and I battled daily over the practices. I did everything that I could to get out of it, even playing wrong notes on purpose so that she would get so fed up with me that she would let me quit. This and other ploys didn't work on my mother. She did say that I must keep at it for five years, and if I still wanted out, so be it. I kept her to her word and stopped taking lessons when the five-year period was over, a move that I would undo if that were possible. Once the piano teacher told my mother that I had musical talent too. I don't know if anyone believed it. I'm not sure that I did.

School seemed to come easier for my sister than for me. She excelled and had everyone else's confidence. I never won any awards for excellence. I kind of accepted this as a fact of life and was secretly proud of my sister. As long as no one expected the same of me. I struggled to get B's and the occasional A. My mother never seemed to have an easy time at school, leaving at thirteen to get a job. Perhaps I was like her.

I remember one time in particular when our parents went away on a short holiday, leaving our grandparents who lived next door to look after us. Our parents hardly ever went away. My sister had just recovered from one of her "colds" but seemed to be alright. My mother thought about cancelling the trip but didn't do so. Besides, my sister was pretty capable of managing the household and the cooking, and she knew more about her illness than anyone and could take care of it. She would have been about fifteen years old at the time. Soon after our parents left my sister had a relapse. We called our Nan but she didn't know anything about what to do. We got through the night, but the next day things were clearly worse. I was needed to do something. It was a real panic and I was scared out of my wits. My sister sent me up to the drugstore to get a prescription filled. I ran all the way there and

back, soaked in perspiration. I thought she was going to die. When my parents got back a few days later she was better. My mother cried when she found out. I think she felt very guilty about leaving us.

I always preferred my friends to my family. I had a very good friend who lived next door. I was a year older than she and I suppose it gave me a slight advantage in the relationship. We spent a lot of time together. I remember the time when we cut each other's hair. I did a real job on her. Her mother was so angry that she telephoned my mother and said that I was a corruptive influence on her daughter and that my mother better do something about it. My mother tried to straighten out the damage. I never liked the way I had my hair cut anyway. My mother always cut my hair in a Dutch cut, which wasn't to my liking. I usually cried after every haircut. Once I let my sister cut my hair. She did slanted sides, the way I wanted it. I was ecstatic. My mother still preferred it her way.

My sister and I used to argue and fight. I could beat her in a physical battle any day. I don't think that we actually caused any real physical damage to each other. She knew how to taunt me with my weak points. That hurt a lot, as I didn't have much to throw back, except the things she threw at me. They didn't hurt her the way they hurt me. I knew I could throw her illness at her but that got me into a lot of trouble with my parents. We used to argue about cleanup in the bedroom, which we were supposed to keep tidy. She was tidy; I was inclined to be messy. We were opposites in so many ways. A matter of choice on my part, I know. I now have two sons of my own who are poles apart too. Things got turned around there though, because the older one is the wild one--like me.

I always thought that once my sister and I reached adulthood we would put aside our sibling rivalries and become good friends. We are friendly but not close. I am still closer to some of my friends. I have tried to include her from time to time in some of my social events, but I don't think she enjoyed herself much. I was proud of her and wanted to show her off. I think she was a bit critical of my friends. She is still the big sister and I the little sister, even though we both squirm within the confines of these roles. I think that we are

even alike in some ways. When our aunt died, I saw how upset she became. She leaned on me for support. I was glad she seemed to need me. I knew all along that she had the same feelings as I did but I didn't think she would show them like that. I try not to feel envious of my sister, but I regress from time to time and think that she has had it easier than I, the illness aside. We have talked about the envy that I used to feel. I assure her that I no longer feel that way and that it was just part of growing up. She is pretty astute though, and doesn't miss much. I don't know who I am trying to convince, me or her.

My sister has returned to University this year. She seems pretty excited about it. I have woken up in a cold sweat lately, thinking that it was me who was going back to school. I am so relieved when I shake myself awake and back to reality. I know others who have furthered their academic education in their adult years. They all think I could do it too. Even my sister says that. Yet I choose to stay at home where I don't have to face the possibility that I might not make the grade. My stomach churns even now as I say that, and the cold sweat returns. No, schooling is not a possibility at the moment.

Nov. 25, 1991

Living relationally and ethically with others is living with them in the flux. It requires an unconditional commitment towards life with others, however unequal or polarized the relationships. Living ethically involves acting out of love and caring, and in friendship, where one is willing to journey with another even though the journey may not be one of his own choosing. It is an opportunity to create the conditions whereby one is included in an assemblage of desire.

Glimmerings

Oct. 5, 1991

*During the last several days I wondered if I wanted to tell this story. I spent a whole day writing, thinking that there must be something there for*

*me as I struggled with the words. I put it aside, doubting the value of its telling.*

*Not satisfied I start again. This is painful writing as I don't know how much or how little to say. I eventually dump the story into the trash. My conscience talks to me about this. I give myself permission. I change my vantage point.*

Oct. 5, 1991

I have just realized the power that third person writing has given me. It has allowed me to revisit and write about certain stories in my life. These are painful places where the intensity of being the main character has clouded my vision. The harsh reality of "I" gets in the way. This became particularly apparent during the past few days as I struggled to tell my story. I had spent many hours writing, revising and cutting. In the evening after a whole day of writing I went to my computer and dumped the entire story into the trash. I had been writing in first person, but was unable to get to the essence of what I had to say. Today it has been much better. I have told my story from the viewpoint of an observer which allowed me to distance myself from the pain and consequently write the story.

Glimmerings

She first knew that she was different when she discovered that all the other children she played with could run and enjoy chasing games. Although she didn't know what was happening to her she knew that she had to stop and rest, to catch her breath. She didn't like these games and eventually refused to play them, with some measure of regret because she knew that her mother had loved running as a child and had excelled at all sporting activities. She had admired this about her mother and had wanted to be like her. She had suffered with "croup" as a baby and the parents simply identified the girl's current problem as the "croup returned".

Another diagnosis followed that of the parents. Her mother referred to it as "sinus" because that part of her anatomy was somehow involved as well. The doctors called it asthma. The father knew what it was as he was afflicted with the same illness, but refused to say so. In the earlier days the condition was controlled by following a few rules about exercise, especially running, getting cold and some little yellow pills. It wasn't talked about much because people who did so were thought to be very boring. Some said that she would grow out of it. The parents prayed for it.

She did not grow out of it. In fact the condition steadily worsened. By her early teens she had graduated to some orange and blue capsules and an atomizer that contained some medicine to inhale. She called it her "spray". It enabled her to take part in some of the sports activities from time to time. But her heart pounded in her chest and her body trembled, causing her to stop. She wasn't frightened by these things as they were frequent visitors. More like a nuisance to be endured.

Her greatest worry was catching a cold. Then the condition was out of control. Each succeeding cold kept her out of school for increasingly longer periods. She grew accustomed to this and almost expected it after a time, although there were the cries of "not fair" and blaming the father for his part in giving her the illness. It was a great worry for both the parents and they did their best to protect and make life easier for their daughter. The mother saw that the child had her physical needs attended to in detail and tried not to show her concern in front of her daughter. She wanted to understand her child and this illness that was so foreign to her. The father did his part too, by taking time off work to drive his daughter to and from school when she could not walk. The parents did their soul searching in private.

Alternatives were sought and explored, but there was no improvement. As the girl reached her mid teens, a new drug was prescribed. It was to be used only at such times when all other methods had failed. It had the desired effect and allowed the girl's return to some sense of normalcy. A wonder drug they called it at the time. Some of the side effects were known and thought to be minimal as long as it was taken judiciously. At the same

time all known avenues were considered in order to determine the cause of this condition which would not leave.

As the girl became an adult she took charge of looking after things for herself. She continued to use the wonder drug on a daily basis by this time, but still hoped for an eventual cure. The onset of a respiratory infection became more difficult to cope with on her own and she often spent periods receiving hospital care. Here she was treated with massive injections of the wonder drug and an assortment of other pills and inhalers. Attempts were made to teach her how to live with the illness. The battery of professionals that she continued to see over the years assured her that she was doing the best that could be done and as long as she continued to act responsibly, she would probably be alright. She continued in this fashion for twenty more years.

The crisis came when the woman knew that things were not all right. Her body was in a state of revolt and showed signs of breaking down. She had pressed for an investigation to determine if there were any grounds for her fear. Wanting the results as soon as they were available, she insisted that her doctor telephone her at school, which he did. She accepted the news calmly and rationally. The doctor assured her that she had no alternative but to continue on with what she was already doing, otherwise she wouldn't survive the asthma. She returned to her classroom where she managed to last until noon. Being there helped to avoid dealing with what she now knew. When she telephoned her husband to tell him, she was struck with the full impact of her predicament. There was no holding back the tears. People in the office saw and heard a side of her which they had not known before....

Oct. 12, 1991

The story I wrote about my living with asthma was a difficult one to tell, in part because it is something that I have never wanted to acknowledge to anyone let alone myself. Someone asked me what asthma was to me and I had difficulty with the answer. I said it "was me" since I had suffered with it all my life and that I didn't know what it was like to not have it. I also mentioned that I hated the illness, that it was something "not to have." If I make a connection between those two statements I think I see that my identity was so tied up with owning the illness that I couldn't let it go. In other words I prevented myself from taking the path that I most wanted. In my Journal of Nov. 1 I said a telling thing about my refusal to let the asthma which I hated, go. It was mine, and not even an injection of adrenalin was going to take it from me. How is it that we do these things to ourselves?

Glimmerings

Nov. 1, 1991

I am aware that I often speak about using and offering protection in my teaching and my life. "Protecting the self, protecting from hurt, trying not to over-protect", are a few. My beliefs about this word stem from the protection that I was offered as a child. It was an integral part of my upbringing and was equated with love. I am sure that this was how it was seen by my parents. In protecting the self or the belief one has about the self, we prevent the true self from emerging, disallowing authenticity. The greater the protection, the deeper the layer of masks and increasing difficulty in becoming real. *The stripping off of the masks is all part of the "becoming", a process that is ongoing throughout a lifetime. Saying it this way reminds me about patience and persistence. All in good time.* I mention when speaking of children that I am careful not to over-protect them from hurt, wanting them to find their own footing, however painful. I know the learning that takes place when you allow the child to experience discomfort. I may have done a better job with the children I have taught than I have with myself on this point. But I have been working on it and I see evidence of change...And yes, my willingness to allow others to know me has increased.

Oct. 4, 1991

After two of my classmates and I exchanged our stories to read last night, I was struck by the sharp contrasts in our writings. One was beautifully descriptive with the senses permeating the page; the other told a story where I identified with an understated anger....Then there was my writing with its unmistakable emotional content.

*I pause, an "inward movement of the heart" (Kierkegaard, cited in Krall, 1988, p. 474). It is time for a closer view.*

In my stories I often speak from the vantage point of an observer, watching and conducting from the sidelines. It is easier to remember and retell from this viewpoint. I run movies like this in my dreams, where I watch myself from the safety of another place. The perspective gives me a clarity of the events. It also gives me an opportunity to get inside the heads of the other actors. At times I actually feel detached from the story, which frightens me a little, wondering if I have lost touch with its reality. Revisiting the story frightens me too. I am feeling vulnerable. I will not turn away.

I think I learned in my young life how to wall off things that were hurtful. My story about my experiences with religion was about a time of real terror associated with confusion. In order to speak the words of the story I tried to make light of the events which had terrified me. Otherwise I may not have told it. As a child I learned to survive where I had no voice. "Children were seen and not heard". I spoke little and thought lots. My opinion was not sought or particularly valued. My feelings of fear, anger and sorrow were put on hold until they could be expressed in private, and to some degree that is where they are today. The lessons were learned early.

*I think of the children I teach. Am I careful enough to give them a voice? Time to decide for themselves? The adult doesn't always know best.*



earlier days as a teacher it was "me and them", but now I feel a more togetherness. I miss the child too, and allow her to express herself in this way. This is what I bring home with me. I tell them that I miss them all.

Something that develops during the first few months of each school year is the love I feel for each child. This is the affection and concern which lets the child be who he is. When the beginners arrive at school they have a real sense of who they are. They are full of confidence as they build their rocket ships, fly missions to the moon and save people from great danger. Their differences are more distinct at this age. There is more of a sameness among the older children as they band together for a sense of security, where they lose a sense of their real selves. *The young child knows who he is.*

The tone of my classroom is purposeful. I get upset when I believe time has been wasted, and at best I use these occurrences for drawing a lesson or setting new strategies. I know of the inner growth that can come from working hard. But I also know that my students and I can get caught up in busy work for the sake of finishing something. I know that I impose my values on some of the children here. I think that there are valid reasons for both kinds of work. But I need to remind myself of the distinction between the two. Internal growth is not always as evident as the results are not immediately visible.

I cringe when I think of the "conferences" that I had with parents in my very first years of teaching. I looked upon them as ordeals to be endured. It didn't occur to me to speak as one human being to another. I just gave the information about the child's academic work and a few comments about behaviour and that was about all I offered....My method of teaching had its roots in my own school days. I remembered some of the good teachers and tried to base my work on theirs. (That's really repeating history isn't it) I learned by trial and error mostly. There was little from my University education that was of any use.

I also learned from my colleagues, especially the two with whom I

job-shared. One of my partners and I divided the teaching duties, each taking on what we did best. She agonized about being "up front" with parents and frequently didn't express what she had set out to say. She claimed that she identified too quickly with the parents and how they would feel if told something of a sensitive nature. I didn't mind that as much as she, so that was my job. I got to talk to the "difficult" parents. I used to feel that it was doing my duty to level with the parent even if it was painful. I thought it was a matter of integrity to speak the truth. My stance has changed since those days, and although I continue to believe in reflecting as honestly as I can as to how the child is doing, I go about it in a gentler way. I consider also the parent's viewpoint.

Sept. 9, 1991

The day had been a fairly relaxed one. I had a student teacher in my classroom, who was just easing himself into some of his teaching assignment, and observing me to see how I did things. I encouraged him to pick up from me what he felt he could use, but suggested that it was more important for him to develop his own style. He had an eye and earful one particular day. At the end of it he remarked that what he had been learning at University was in no way preparation for the kind of interplay he had witnessed. "What they don't tell you at University," was what he said.

The previous day he had taught a lesson involving the use of potatoes and lemons. Each child had one or the other. At the end of the lesson the children were allowed to keep their potatoes or lemons if they could do so without being distracted by them. Undaunted, they accepted the challenge and so kept them at their desks. At the end of the day everyone took them home. Everyone that is, except Gord. It wasn't surprising really because he rarely did what was asked of him.

I discovered that he still had the potato the next day when I was talking to the children. He wasn't listening but was preoccupied with the potato, tossing it from one hand to the other. I put my hand out, "I'll have that," I said. He shook his head and put the potato in his desk. I assured him that he



## Tempo Giusto

Sept. 29, 1991

The topic of assessment came up for discussion. People began talking about Learner Profiles as a means of anecdotal reporting. I see a pressing need for an alternative to the writing of lengthy anecdotal reports. I am aware that those who are developing the Learner Profiles are trying to find a way to fill this need, but I have serious misgivings about these computer generated reports.

Perhaps the designers need to devise a way of reporting that is in complete contrast to the current school report which is characterized by pages of writing--one that will allow for the individuality of the teachers. We value and accept this attribute in our children, so why not in ourselves. I believe that most parents aren't interested in reading a lengthy document about their child, and they will be even less interested if the comments are generated out of a comment bank known as a list of descriptors....Currently, the E.T.C. is working to develop a user-friendly Learner Profile. Whatever the design, it will be loved, hated or rejected by the various teachers that are expected to use it. They may find that in their demand for the ultimate assessment tool that they are shackled with yet another nightmare of institutional expectations.

*As we touched on this topic in class I remember that I became rather heated as I heard my views being challenged. I spoke rather forcefully, I'm sure with too much force for some people. I think I may have intimidated and possibly alienated some of them. I accept that I have a personal bias towards the subject and I think I know what it is. I say to myself that I am really not interested in discussing assessment, and yet when the topic arises my blood boils and I seem to dig in my heels.*

I reflect back to my own experiences with assessment. After I had completed a year at U. Vic in 1983 I said at the time that I wouldn't be back. So I look for what it was that turned me off. I remember the nervousness and fear of perhaps not measuring up to the standards set by the institution.

I could hardly sleep the night before an exam. I had learned how to play the game very well early on in my educational life and I hadn't lost the technique, even after many years away from using it. I remember the anger I felt in one particular course at finding out that I was expected to regurgitate a set body of knowledge. I saw it as a ridiculous exercise. I considered other options, I resisted, but eventually compromised and memorized some of the data to ensure my standing. I did get one and one-half units and that is about all I got.

Nov. 20, 1991

I enrolled in Graduate Studies with the aim of becoming better at what I do, engaging pedagogically with children. I have mentioned in my writing that the timing was right. I still believe that. When I first returned to student life in September I wasn't clear as to the process by which this "learning" would be achieved, but based on my past experiences with "academia" I somewhat expected that I would be fed a body of information, some of which would be useful and much of it not. In the back of my mind I was preparing to endure the hollow learning in order to get on with what I really wanted to do. What I couldn't have predicted was my absolute revulsion to being "fed" anything. The courses where this has happened are just being endured. This endurance is not part of the affirmation of life that I believe in. It is simply going through the motions. I have made better choices for the next term.

Glimmerings

Oct. 2, 1991

I knew before I came to the University that assessment was a well entrenched tradition. What I didn't know was my unwillingness to "play the game" under the old rules. I am in a situation where the course requirements are clearly delineated. The final exam will be based on the book and class lectures. I don't consider dropping the course as an option as there is something that I do want to learn from the actual subject area. But I feel stifled as I wrestle with the imposed structure. It hurts like Hell! I think I have known this feeling before as I struggled within some of the restrictions

of my early life. The difference is that as a child there weren't any viable options for me. Now as an adult, there are.

*In my early years at school, I, like most people I knew grew up fulfilling other people's expectations. I learned how to get good marks--how to study, which subjects I was assured of doing well in. The good grades became a measure of my self-worth and part of my identity. Although I acknowledge that to be a hollow measurement I still want the recognition that someone regards my work as having good value. Someone besides myself.*

In other words I am at odds with myself. The grade is somehow still important and yet I don't want it to be. I would like to reconcile these two ends. I have seen another way, one which has a far greater validity for me. It is a course with much space and no limits as to how far I want to go. I work rigorously because I want to, and all my energy can go into a direction of my own making, not wasted in struggling to find a way to fit within the system. My liking for the freedom of an open structure has surprised me somewhat. I am free, but in control at the same time, and I can breathe.

The Primary Program Foundation Document (1990) states that "thoughtful, sensitive, supportive assessment and evaluation are a prerequisite for learning" (p. 93), which says something about how the teachers and parents of our children need to view the evaluation process. When I have student teachers working in my classroom I encourage them to self-evaluate. I believe that they won't grow unless they can do that for themselves. My part is in guiding them, offering support when they are down, making the occasional suggestion. I am not happy when I have to award a final grade, as that grade does not reflect their growth. That, of course is reflected in my comments. I am mindful of this when I evaluate the children in my classes. I encourage them to self-evaluate also. There may be better ways to do what I do.

Nov. 6, 1991

The subject of grading has been an emotional one for me. I have wrestled with why the grade still seemed important to me, even though I knew it to be a poor way to judge one's worth in an area. I know that it is connected to my values and beliefs about myself as someone who is able to achieve good grades. I also know that in the past it has been important for me to share my grade achievements with people who are close to me in order to reaffirm my worth. I noted in my Oct. 22 Journal that the grade was somehow becoming less important because I had begun to value myself in other ways. I think this is tied into my feelings about taking responsibility for the course I have chosen. My refusal to become complicit with regards to attaining certain grades will allow me to engage in a different future for myself.

Glimmerings

Oct. 21 1991

*The term "empowering the learner" is bandied about in today's educational circles. Those who use it seem to think that one of our aims in education is to give the student power to learn. I do not see possible the giving of power. If students are to be empowered, who or what is giving it to them? Teachers, the institution, parents? Power can be assumed but not given.*

To me, power is an innate strength or force, present in all human situations where two or more people exist in relation together. One person will always be dominant in one situation or another. The amount of power varies, depending on the trust and respect existing between the individuals. There are different forms that power can take, but it all boils down to someone or something causing an individual or group to behave in a certain way. It is inherent in our society.

Institutions such as the school are bastions of power; they exemplify it. All the participants in the school setting have a ranking order, where one body or individual is made accountable to another. Principals to their school

boards, teachers to their principals and parents, children to their teachers, children to children and so on. As philosophies have changed in the school setting over the years, so has the power structure. The power is still there but just redistributed slightly, despite the proposals in the Year 2000 Documents. Power is not easily dislodged.

First from the teacher's point of view. The traditionalist teacher used her power to dictate children's behaviours and to bring about an order and predictability to their conduct. The teacher wielded power to make her own life easier, not the child's. Discipline was an exercise in power. It was also used in the teaching process as the teacher directed all the activities and the child was expected to obey. The teacher's word was law. Even parents confirmed that. A classroom was a little empire, and the ruler was not going to give up power voluntarily. It would have to be taken. Some of this has happened today, where the power has evolved to power with a difference, but where teachers continue to hold most of it.

Within the classroom there is another hierarchy of power, among the children themselves. Everyone knows who the leaders are in the class. These are the children who seize power, and fight to hold it. Some children employ power by less obvious means. The child who knows she will get others to help her if she pleads helpless, the child who uses tears to manipulate, the child who tries to subvert the power of a classmate. No one is powerless all the time, even though we may sometimes feel that way. Power gets you what you want, and people just look for better or more efficient ways to make it work for them. It is part of the internal fabric of the classroom. It is a part of life.

Outside the classroom there are other power forces at work. I have taught in a number of schools where the principal's power bordered on autonomous. For me this has always been an oppressive situation. The most difficult were those where the principal combined the power of his position with the power of his dominant sexuality. In order to escape I would often retreat to my own classroom and close the door whenever possible, hoping that I would be left alone.

Parents, too, have reasserted themselves in power positions. They have the power to move school boards when all the efforts of the entire teaching staff have failed. In fact, in recent years there has been a greater trend towards listening to parents and involving them more in the educational plans for their children. Some teachers work well with parents as helpers and partners, others don't, and feel threatened by their presence. I think they feel it will result in a loss of their own power and autonomy.

How does power sit with me? I believe that power is there for the taking. It just means that one has to act. I dislike power struggles with individuals or groups but I have been involved in them. The struggle is sometimes necessary for survival, and there I believe it is legitimate. When I feel that someone is using power to gain a superior position over me I may react by countering with my own power. It is almost like a self-protective instinct. Even when I succeed in preventing the overpowerment, it leaves me feeling isolated, a rift of defences immediately fall into place. The trust that is needed to communicate at an authentic level is displaced. Power in this sense can be alienating, whereas the decision not to use power such as in situations where there is a mutual trust between individuals is liberating.

I don't think I can say with any certainty that I ever totally give up power. When I allow someone to assert her own power, I do this voluntarily and thus I still maintain power. I allow children to explore their own powers, knowing that they have something to learn here. But I am aware that I have the power to override, and sometimes I do. When I think that someone is trying to manipulate me, I see this as a challenge to my power. When it is a child I let him know what I see him doing and hope that he will learn that he has no right to do this to another human being. I tell him that I see him as not valuing me enough to allow me to choose my own way. I don't know how to teach this to a child, except possibly by example. And as my own example is far from perfect, it requires a complete honesty on the subject.

*As to the evolution of future forms of power in the school setting. All we can say at this stage that it will be different and not perhaps as progressive and modern as we may think.*

Nov. 7, 1991

After watching the film, Antigone, my immediate reaction was, "Are things so different now?" The people on either side of me wondered the same thing. The power and authority of the state championed by men verses the compassionate authority voiced by women. The mindless repetition of platitudes and laws recited by the men designed to promote unquestioned obedience to the law versus the need for the humanizing connectedness defended by women. Even then Sophocles recognized the necessity for communicative dialogue. Creon had to learn wisdom through suffering the loss of his son and wife, as well as the respect of those who had come to depend on him.

This practice of the authority of the state and the authority of compassion has a long tradition. Benjamin (1988) speaks of domination as a two way process, those who participate and those who submit to power, where the dominated constantly seeks to be the dominator. She believes that the current renewal of Feminism has opened the possibility for the "mutual recognition between men and women" (p. 224).

My own interpretation is that men and women must learn to value and respect the contributions of each other and not look for ways to dominate one another. I am also thinking about the assumed male/female roles. I have a feeling that redefining these at any point would only serve to lock both male and female into another power struggle. Instead, a kind of personal power, *puissance*, where the capacity for making life and not destroying life would be of the essence. In the school system there has been a start made with the reorganization of the school curriculum with much broader based goals, where experiences to create an awareness of social responsibility are included. This is a beginning.

It seems clear to me that women do need to understand their own sexuality, what it means to them and what it does for them. Historically women's sexuality is embedded in the nature of male/female power relations. I sense that it is a topic that would be better explored with others, (both male and female). It is the collective view that needs to be identified if there is to be a continuing move towards social change. However I do understand that the way we perceive our bodies and our relationships to them impact directly on our behaviour and ultimate satisfaction with our lives. So it is a topic to be considered when investigating the differences in the male/female social relations and thus power structure. Haug (1987) says we must search through our past experience in order to understand ourselves, and how we may have participated actively in the formation of our existing relations (p. 35). I see this as a critical step if existing relations are to be reorganized. We do buy into a culture that is already in existence. The ways we adorn ourselves is a prime example. We are dictated to and by our complicity, give up individual control. It is not a matter of looking at what has been done to us as this will only serve to reinforce the dualism of the sexes. As we learn to see ourselves differently than through the eyes of others, we may be better positioned to use our power to liberate ourselves from subordinating conventions.

Nov. 8, 1991

"The community is an artifice: a mask of rules and roles that covers the face of *real* humanity" (Jones, 1988, p. 124).

As I read the papers by Jones (1988) and Benjamin (1988), I reflected on my own methods of assuming authority in my teaching. I have spoken earlier of my ability to control the classes I taught. Even in the most difficult circumstances I always managed to come up with a plan that would assure obedience to a predetermined set of rules. It was what was expected of a teacher in my early days in the profession. The way it was achieved was to start of the year very regimentally, not allowing any misdemeanor to go unnoticed. In this way you were assured of letting everyone know who was

in charge and that rules were to be obeyed. When I first began teaching I didn't hesitate in assuming this stance. Once this authority was established, obedience was assured. I commanded authority. As Jones mentions in her article, I was entitled to obedience. No questions asked. And I tend to agree with Jones when she says that this approach resulted in the exchange of "the uncertainty of human relationship for the certainty of rules" (p. 123). A "male approach" (not necessarily in the biological sense) to decision making. The occasional child who challenged my authority was dealt with through an established system of rules. I was extremely vigilant in enforcing these and rarely had any difficulty with compliance. Lots of stares and few smiles in the first week. I'm sure very intimidating for the stoutest heart. Even though I considered myself quite "humanized" as a teacher, I entered into and perpetuated a hierarchical structure before I was prepared to relate to the children on a more personal level. I always cared deeply for the children I taught, but I didn't let them know it until after about the first month. The effect of this adherence to the "code" was not only to assure obedience to me, but to place strict controls on student interaction during class. I can't imagine how they learned much.

I have long since stopped feeling responsible for the inappropriate behaviour of anyone, children included. This doesn't mean that anything goes. And I think the children I teach know that. If they forget, then it may become a subject for discussion which hopefully they will initiate. I think that the authority that I use may be closer to the authority of augmentation discussed by Richard Sennett, which contains nurturance and compassion. He speaks of genuine authority as an augmentation, emerging out of emotive connectedness to others (Jones, 1988, p. 128). I believe that the teacher must be prepared to assume an authority that is caring, respectful and humanizing for her students. In this situation the child has the best opportunity to grow in independence and responsibility, at the same time knowing that there are compassionate others with whom he can connect.

From my own point of view in the classroom I think that in order to use compassionate authority in teaching, you must know the child and the circumstances surrounding a particular event. Then you make the best



*misdeed in order to face the consequences, which, whatever they were wouldn't be as terrifying as somehow keeping the Devil happy. The children both asked questions about this Devil, wondering if perhaps there was something in him that didn't need shaming, and so keeping their secret safe. All answers pointed to the inescapable fact that the Devil was not someone to be given the least encouragement, especially by not telling the truth. The punishment for such an offence as keeping the Devil happy was a thorough washing out of the mouth with soap. After suffering the humiliation of this punishment a few times, they both learned better their relationship with the Devil. Either tell the truth or be very clever at disguising it.*

Perhaps it was the Devil I was thinking of as I wrestled with the ethics of telling my writer-friend what I really thought. Perhaps it was obedience to the particular way of thinking with which I was raised.

My usual and preferred style is to be "up-front" and "straight" with those with whom I am in relationship. This type of action falls more closely under what Foucault classifies as morality, a code of universal behaviour. This differs from its distinction with ethics, which is a style of comportment (Flynn, 1987, p. 114). A moral stance makes the choice straightforward as I then don't have to deal with the other variables which constitute the ethics of the decision. Speaking honestly allows me the opportunity to reject pretence and entrapment of values, effecting a more authentic (ethical) way of being. I see that at the same time, telling the truth can be exclusionary in that there is only one way to be, ruling out all others. If I tell the truth then all other choices can be viewed with skepticism as possible untruths and perhaps I am acting inauthentically (unethically) in telling them. There is a dilemma here of being both authentic and inauthentic at the same time. The question remains, "What is the nature of the truth I tell?" What processes of subjectification have shaped it into its current state? What one sees as the truth is not necessarily the truth. So I am not much closer to the truth whether I say what I think is the truth or not. For the genealogist interpreter, there is no such thing as the truth about his situation. No one stands outside the truth in order to make pronouncements on it. Relationships where total

honesty occurs all the time would seem to be almost non-existent. The best stance would then probably be the ethical one, to complement the moral one.

I am concerned at an ethical level about making the right or best decision for both myself and the other. I, of course, cannot really know what is best for the other or myself; I can only presume. If I choose the wrong time to speak honestly, when the other does not want to or is not ready to hear, then the relationship can be strained, something that I was not willing to risk. Where is my responsibility here? I believe I have a responsibility to care for the other. That is part of my commitment to her. The mutual trust which is also inherent is that which implies that the two people will not knowingly act against what is perceived to be the best interests of the other. The respect is the feeling I have towards the other that says she is valued for what she is and the choices she makes for herself. There is also an expression of confidence in the other's capacity for movement and change. This expression of confidence can be approached in a variety of ways. I can speak directly or indirectly. I can show by example. It is something like Nodding's (1986) idea of confirmation, where we help the other to "actualize that best image" (p. 505).

Maybe what is important here is to do what you think will work best and yet at the same time not intrude or knowingly put the other at risk. In other words, a thoughtful approach to the decision. If the object is to save the relationship, then the course is straightforward. Accept and support. If there are other important considerations as there were in this case, then a more considered ethical decision must be made. One which comes from a caring perspective in order to demonstrate this commitment to the Other.

The subject of power (subjectification and control) also enters into the decision. By agreeing to my friend's request to critique her writing a power relationship was established. If I told her what I thought and she had accepted it, then I would have exercised power over her. If she failed to accept it and rejected me because of it, then the power position would have reversed itself. The trap. We need to recognize these situations before we engage in them to avoid becoming complicit in them. The power differential is inescapable, but if the positions of authority and domination which direct another's

behaviour are to be made less important, then the power should not be exercised, but relinquished. Instead, increase the power to act affirmatively to value one's life and that of others. Choose an affirmative course of action, not resist a negative one.

What is the relationship of knowledge to the truth? Teachers may have more knowledge than the children they teach. Does this make them purveyors of the truth? Make their word the law? Does knowledge give us the authority to speak? Does the fact that many teachers indulge in explicit monologues give credence to their words? Words can be a clever artifice, meant to distract and confuse the listener.

*I often think that the simplest statement is the most truthful. When you hear it, which is not often, it touches a deep place somewhere inside the body.*

Oct. 16, 1991

I have discovered that it is important to trust in one's own judgement as to what is really important. I came to the University thinking that I would have some choice but would be expected to fulfil certain expectations. What has surprised me is the stifling effect of someone else's expectations. I have struggled with this as I have tried to negotiate for assignments that had meaning for me but would also satisfy certain professors. At best it has been a compromise where I have had to comply anyway. It has not been satisfactory. Situations like this make me appreciate even more the times when I have been given the freedom to chart my own direction. Because it is a direction that I have chosen it is one that I am committed to and thus will work harder. Where I am not restricted by an imposed structure I am able to make the right choice for me. I compare it to the times when we get our best ideas, times when the brain is completely relaxed and not thinking about what has to be done.

Glimmerings

Oct. 24, 1991

The difficulties that we face in speaking as individuals in a large group are the same for every large group. A few people do most of the talking, and most people do very little at all. It might have something to do not with the differences in us but the different power relations in the class. Everyone is acutely aware of the different power levels within a group and yet we seem to deny this as we try to make everyone feel equal. I know I do this when I act as "facilitator" when people are talking, to help ensure that everyone is heard, etc., even at the expense of not hearing myself. It is a role that I adopt, one that I bring from the classroom. We must address this issue of power and not try to equalize everyone, but realize that with it we are pushed to greater creative heights. Nothing happens when everything is moving along smoothly. *It takes pain, anger, sometimes humiliation to bring the best out in us.*

I went home after class feeling depressed, then angry. The anger was directed at myself, no other. I was angry because of my hesitation to participate in the conversation. I literally froze, and didn't say what I wanted to, even when asked directly. I wanted time to compose my thoughts and control my emotions so as not to appear incoherent. Wouldn't want to appear trivial in front of the others. Fear. It must have seemed as if I had nothing to say. *We have to think of our purpose in the conversation we choose. If it is to stretch our understandings then we must be prepared to take risks, blurt out, fall flat, be stepped on.* If we are committed to increasing our clarity then we will pick ourselves up and continue on, equipped with new understandings. If the purpose is to be nice to everyone then that is all that will happen.

I think that as friendships develop within a class it is easier to speak more freely. People are more willing to travel along with others even though it may not be their chosen path. The people that I have come to know are the ones I am most likely to listen to while putting aside my own thoughts, giving more commitment to the individual. Developing friendships can not

be hastened, aside from everyone spending more time together outside of class.

Differences must be not merely tolerated, but seen as a fund of necessary polarities between which our creativity can spark like a dialectic. Only then does the necessity for interdependency become unthreatening. (Lorde, 1984, p. 112)

Friendship, [is] an appropriate and acceptable "condition" under which people become allies in struggles that are not their own. (Lugones and Spelman, cited in Ellsworth, 1989, p. 317)

Intelligence means--a tuned sensitivity to that which is alive and therefore cannot be known until it is known. (Christian, 1987, p. 78)

As they become known to and accepted by us, our feelings and the honest exploration of them become sanctuaries and spawning grounds for the most radical and daring of ideas. They become a safe-house for that difference so necessary to change and the conceptualization of any meaningful action. (Lorde, 1984. p. 37)

Nov. 25, 1991

Complete harmony exists only in very small patches in our lives. To pretend that it is any more than that is deluding ourselves on the nature of reality, and leads to complacency and the non-production of new directions and learnings. Contradiction, inconsistency, omission, dissonance must be searched out, and new questions posed. "The price we pay for the elimination of contradictions is acquiescence in a kind of narrow-mindedness that conflicts at every turn with the level of knowledge we have actually attained". (Haug, 1987, p. 69)

Glimmerings



## Con sensibile

Nov. 17, 1991

I have previously made a distinction between feigned and authentic music, and my disdain for the former and desire for the latter. I think about the times I have not played authentically and remember the feeling of incompleteness, of being torn, such as when I used a musical synthesizer. It has also happened to me at times when I have played for an examiner, where I was to be judged. One of the dimensions of such assemblages was the presence of the unknown sitting behind me at a table some distance away where, pencil in hand, she took note of my one chance at a performance. In order to survive these fearful ordeals I had to do considerable mental preparation, including the pretence that no one else was in the room. It took constant reminding during the performance each time I faltered. How much better it would have been if I had acknowledged the presence, accepted it as part of the flux and had drawn strength from it, instead of viewing it as merely an intrusive element.

I have been thinking about the music of Debussy. In his music he breaks from the restrictive traditions of the Classical-Romantic period. It is music of open space, light and airy in texture, a constant movement of changing territorialization. Debussy explored subtle harmonies and tone colours that demanded a different kind of listening. He writes about freeing music "from the barren traditions that stifle it" (cited in Vallas, 1967, p. 10). His music coincides with the art and literature of the French Impressionists. It is fluid, suggestive, ethereal and sensuous. At times it is almost transparent. When listening to it you get a transcendent feeling of having been set free to explore other possibilities, to reassemble. His music ushered in different ways of thinking about music. To me it typifies Nomadic thought.

Nov. 16, 1991

"Nomadic thought" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. xii) is a concept which appeals to me as it encourages difference and creativity. It is so unlike most of the activity that we engage in from day to day, particularly when our lives become burdened with busyness. It is openness in contrast to organization and compartmentalization. Nomadic thought flows freely into space, each encounter adding to it a new dimension. It is thought that will allow us to move towards unimagined possibilities. It cannot be achieved by an individual alone, but by living in and through movement with others. Life with desire.

Nov. 5, 1991

It has taken me almost a week to be able to respond in words to the experience of reading and playing my music for my last class. I knew I had something to say and I can't quite explain why I had so much difficulty with it. The fact that I arrived home that night in an agitated state and spent a restless night didn't perturb me unduly. This often happens to me after an emotional experience and especially a musical one. I tried to write about it the next day, but the words wouldn't come. There was no point in forcing the issue so I played something beautiful for myself in order to allow my emotions to become part of my consciousness....It is one way that I have of expressing emotion. Yet I fear that some people will be silenced when they know this part of me which may be so different from themselves.

What I say and write are but expressions of myself, told in the only way I know. My desire is that people will know something of me when they listen. I can't tell others what and how to do that, which is why I am reluctant to interpret an expression of myself for anyone. There are no set answers or interpretations. That is something each person must do for himself. If you allow yourself to hear and feel you will know, and we will embrace one another, for that moment.

*When I first decided to share this musical experience I had no preoccupation as to the reaction that might be forthcoming, mine or anyone else's. I had no agenda except that I hoped that someone would experience something. That is what music is--an experience.* I initially had concerns about the authenticity that was missing for me in the synthesized production of the music, wondering if it would speak to anyone. As I listened to the recording I was surprised that the music itself does express something of my soul. Although it was an incomplete expression in my estimation, it still told a story. The voices moving towards a greater height, sensitive to the presence of each other and the ground below, not an easy journey, (but what journey in life is) and eventually reach a place on the side of the mountain, a place of light. To me the final exultation is an expression of hope. This is my interpretation. Other people had different interpretations and this is how I knew it would be. Because someone is disturbed by it doesn't make his interpretation wrong. There is probably much more in that music than I know myself, which is not so different from my other writing. The important thing is that it aroused some feeling in those that listened, even though some people couldn't identify what that feeling was. Others said that the experience left them changed in some way. I am moved that what I did may have allowed for that possibility to actualize.

I know there were some who didn't readily respond to my writing or the music. They may have already decided, because of past experience, what their stance would be. They may dally in diversion and deceit, blocking the communication that could exist for them. In order to feel you have to let go of these things. This is not easy in a group where you are not sure how letting go will be received. Some people tried to intellectualize what they heard because they may have been uncomfortable with what they were feeling. And so they said other things that avoid the real meaning. I do not blame these people for where they position themselves, or for what any of them said. I wouldn't have them say anything else. *But I hope that we are also listening to ourselves, to know better what it is that we do, and what the effect might be.*



from the point of view of one who is unwilling to play a specified role, implying that often I am somehow trapped into playing a role, that in playing a role you lose part of your realness. I made the distinction between an unwillingness to play and about playing by choice. Two different situations so I thought. But are we not always making the choice? Are we not always complicit in the degree of our engagement? I somehow think that this is the case.

In tonight's class I think that my directness may have caused some others to feel distanced from me. When I was confronted with the effect of what I had said, I felt myself slipping into one of my roles, the impenetrable one. That is my space of safety, where it is difficult to reach me, for others or myself. I know how to keep it well-hidden from those who don't know me. I think it must be very frustrating for others to deal with that. It is not where I wanted to be, but it is where I retreated to. It is a place of control, but in exercising the control I prevented my authenticity from seeping through the mask. "A cool head" someone told me later.

The discussion centred around what constituted harassment. Many people seemed to think that if you feel harassed then the act is considered harassment. Because of the discussion and my involvement in it I have come to a different understanding of what I think this means. I see that the potential for harassment exists when there is an imbalance of power. It is the kind of power one uses over another to gain a position of authority. It is an intrusion. Was it harassment when I pushed a certain person in the room beyond his comfort zone? Upon reflection I can see that I did intrude into a space that threatened him. So by my own definition, it was harassment, not with intent to hurt, yet it did. I was unprepared and quite surprised at the reaction that was forthcoming. I only knew the effect of my actions through "being told", and more deeply upon reflection.

What really quickened my pulse in the discussion was the reference to "protecting" another. In this case a male protecting a female. My personal experience with the restraints of well-meant protection offered me as a child probably had something to do with the gut reaction that I felt. Some of the

reading and thinking I have done on the subject has helped me to understand more fully what protection means and what it does. If people expect or allow themselves to be protected then they commit themselves to a position of subordination which is reinforced by the protector. Women who do this are complicit in perpetuating an imbalance of power. *It is what we do does.* I see this act of protection as a learned behaviour, based on our history of socialization. To me it is demeaning and shows a lack of respect for the one occupying the role as object, which in this case is usually a female. This is what I was thinking when I entered the conversation. I made an incorrect assumption that this person was ready to examine his actions as closely as I examine mine. I persisted with questions that he wasn't prepared to answer. It may have made certain people more comfortable if I had just "let be". Letting be is a matter of respect. My judgement could be brought into question on that point. He made an assumption that I was acting as if it were an encounter group and that it was possible to discuss these things without getting personal. Having not had experience with encounter groups, I'm not aware of the process, but if he knows, perhaps I was. His approach is quite different from mine as he is more comfortable looking outward. I didn't recognize that when I asked for more. An insensitivity on my part. For myself I know that a personal involvement is the only one where I will achieve the understanding that I seek. I don't find it easy or comfortable to look inward either, but it is something that I am prepared to do, knowing that there are risks. If I couldn't live with that I would have pursued the original plan set out in my application for the Graduate Program.

And then came the comment from someone that I wasn't adhering to "the contract" for the course. As if there were some predefined expected outcomes. I know of no universal agreement, only of my own, and even then it is in a partial sense. It is more like a commitment. *I am developing the direction for my inquiry as I work on it, not describing it beforehand.*



Her Grandfather had apparently come from a monied background. Not that he had much to show for it once he settled in Victoria. She knew that he lived differently from her other Grandfather. This Grandfather had position and status in the household. Designated, proclaimed master by all. You couldn't help but notice that. He had his every need tended to by his wife. She prepared his meals and served them to his liking, laid out his clothes and tended to their maintenance, and kept a spotless household. This she did obediently, as it was her station to do so. It was not clear if she did this out of love, duty, or to avoid his merciless temper and harsh judgement. Dinner was always a formal occasion, where it was thought proper to "dress" for the event. On Sundays when the girl's father and his two daughters visited for dinner, she used to watch as he carefully tucked the ample white napkin into the top of his shirt, bow his head reverently during the grace recited by either her aunt or grandmother, and then proceed to partake of his afternoon meal. She remembered that each course was served him without delay as the one previous was finished. There were always inquiries as to whether the food was to his satisfaction. After his meal it was his habit to retire to the settee next to the stove, where he had a nap, "to aid the digestion". At that time there was to be no talking or noise-making in the house. Neither of the two women in the household afforded themselves the luxury of a nap. They attended to their solemn chore of washing the dishes. You couldn't exactly call them well off, but they were proud just the same. Their only daughter continued to live at home, and her hard-earned meagre salary meted out by the Laundry Company went towards running the household. Her role was designated as well. It was clear that she would never leave home to be married. The girls' mother told them this.

He tended to his personal habits meticulously, as befit a man of station, breeding and privilege. Straight razor sharpened with a flourish on a leather strap which hung outside the kitchen. He preferred the old way, scornfully rejecting the safety razor as a passing fad. He had a waxed moustache, handlebar variety and charming manners when he chose to use them. She remembered that her Grandmother used to manicure and then apply a clear nail varnish to his fingernails. Not like the other Grandfather who would have scoffed at such foolishness. He always greeted the girls with one of his

"bear hugs". They squealed with delight in the game, pretended to get away and then asked for more. They knew this ritual meant that they were special to him. At such times he lost the austere manner which typified him. The girl's mother usually stayed home on Sundays as she didn't feel welcome at the in-law's house. She thought her father-in-law a "tyrant".

Home in England was in Derbyshire, Windley Estate, seventy-five acres of land nestled in between the Duke of Devonshire's and Lord Scarsdale's Estates. The family wasn't titled but they were "as good as" so the girl was told. The estate was like a small village, with its Church, Pub, malthouse, livery stable, cheese factory, shoemaker and various sections of land which were leased and labored on by working farmers who paid a share of their earnings to the landowner, the girl's great grandfather. He was known as the Squire, a Gentleman Farmer, and lived in the principal residence on the Estate with his wife, three daughters, son and several servants. All the children received their education from private tutors and were considered well-educated. "University equivalent". She learned this from her father. When the Squire died the estate was put to auction and sold. Some time later after the death of his wife, the proceeds were divided among the four children. Apparently the daughters knew how to manage their inheritance, and looked after it wisely. The son, the girl's grandfather, decided to travel and live as was his custom, "in style".

His journey took him and his man-servant to the continent where he proceeded to spend his legacy as if there was no end to it. He stayed in the best hotels and "kept up with the best of them". In his travels he met his future wife, a lady's maid at the time, and promised to keep in touch. Tiring of Europe, and seeing the end of his fortune, he made his way to California, some time before the turn of the century. According to the girl's father, he arrived penniless, "without a pot to pee in". He managed to impress some well-to-do Americans with his English accent and debonair manners, such that he acquired the job of head gardener, so the story goes. In any case, he earned enough to work his way to Victoria, where he eventually wrote to the maid who was to become his wife. Thinking to escape her own life of service,

she gladly consented to come. They were married soon after she arrived and he promised that things would get better.

There were four children, three boys and a girl, born during the first years of their marriage. For a while the girl's grandfather became a member of the City Police Force. He found regimental life and subordination not to his liking, disgracing himself and his family by drawing his firearm on a superior officer, and then spending the next two years in prison for the mischief. Those were hard times for his family. The two youngest children were "farmed out" to other families while the mother tried to cope with the two oldest. She apparently "cracked under the strain" and had to spend some time in a hospital in order to recover her illness. The girls' mother said that she never really recovered and blamed the grandfather for his domineering ways.

The family kept much to themselves, chose not to find anything in common with anyone else, and found much to complain about in their neighbours, whom they regarded as "common" and "putting on airs". The girl's grandfather managed a productive garden and kept an assortment of different animals at different times. They took pride in their independence. There may have been the occasional exchange of goods with certain neighbours.

When the girl was five years old her grandfather died. She only remembers that he was no longer there. With just the two women living in the family home, there were bound to be changes. The girls and their father still paid their Sunday visits, but not for dinner. *It just wasn't the same without "the master"*.

March 5, 1992

### An Honest Day's Work

By the age of twelve she had heard enough from both parents about the value of an honest day's work. That her mother had been kicked out of the house at age fourteen to find a job and earn her keep, and not to return until

she had it, not an idle threat but one of substance. She had also heard how her father had left school at about the same age as apprentice to a mechanic, so that he too would put something back into the family coffers, payment for the sacrifice of providing for the first years of his life. So it was with little protest that she agreed to engage in this initiation of earning a day's work in the strawberry fields. It was that or listening to another of those interminable "When I was a girl..." stories. She had already had some experience berry picking, accompanying her mother and a neighbour the previous year as they set out to earn some pin money. Both women were fast pickers, earning about five dollars on a good day. Something for the girl to aspire to. This first real job began with an early start, 7:15 at the pick-up point on the road where she joined her companions for the ride out to the fields. The bus had long since been retired from regular service, but was adequate for transporting the motley group to its destination. Adequate that is for all but the individual somewhere near the back who was forced to disgorge the entire contents of her breakfast for all to see, and with almost the same immediacy, invade the air with its undeniable smell. Most of those on the bus nevertheless seemed to be in high spirits, having some shared knowledge of what lay ahead. This reassured the girl who had none of this knowledge and didn't know anyone to ask about it. She just silently prayed to herself that her fate wouldn't be the same as that miserable soul's in the back of the bus. Being sick in public wasn't something that she thought she could contend with at that moment. As the farm was reached, the bus emptied rather hurriedly, doubtless to escape the by now unbearable stench which permeated the entire bus. Someone seemed to know where to head and she obediently trooped along with the pack. She was remembering the admonitions from home and wasn't about to make a wrong move, for fear of suffering the humiliation of being fired on her first day. "It's no place for lally-gagging. Don't eat up all the profits. Hard work never hurt anyone." She had had her orders and took them seriously.

As they reached the picking area, the face of authority was there to bark a few commands, divvy up the work party, hand them their flats and assign the rows for picking. She eagerly accepted the challenge and got down to the task of earning her keep. By noon it was clear that there wasn't to be a lot of

money made in that line of work. She had just begun working on her fourth flat, and at fifty cents a flat, the prospects looked dismal for reaching the goal of five dollars. She resolved to return after lunch with renewed zeal.

During the break some of the workers found refuge in the shade beside the weighing and sorting shed while others sought out the toilets. She had been instructed on the lack of hygiene in such places and thought it best to ignore any natural urges she may have had. "Sit on it and keep your legs together," her mother had told her. She pledged allegiance to that advice as she began her lunch. Next they suffered a lecture from the woman in charge on the techniques of what constituted a thorough picking, about how to check under all the leaves so as not to miss any ripe berries. Any further evidence of "shirkers" or "holiday-makers" would result in the offenders re-picking the same rows. There was also some talk about the damage sustained by several of the plants by certain carelessly placed feet. The girl thought she could tell by the looks on some of the faces that this was a line they had heard before. Either that or they didn't much care. But not being too sure, she inspected her black-ringed fingernails, hoping she wasn't the one the woman was talking about.

Enthusiasm had dwindled somewhat as they returned to the picking after lunch. Perhaps it was the dusty smell and the heat, or the realization that there were still three more hours before the bus would pick them up. At the end of the day she had earned three dollars, not bad for a beginner, and more than some. In fact, her efforts must have been noticed because the woman in charge inquired, almost kindly, if she would come the next day. She averted her eyes as she said something about her mother needing her at home, but she might be able to come the following day. She thought it a plausible story and hoped the woman did too.

Nov. 3, 1992

I have a tree in my garden that is my favourite tree. Those who visit me in my garden are introduced to it. Those who know me hear about it. It once resided in my aunt's garden, clinging to the back wall of her house. She

liked to show me around her garden pointing out the different plants and trees, telling me where she got them, what her hopes for them were. She had a walnut tree in the front garden which never bore fruit. She mentioned to me once that she hoped to see at least one walnut on it before she died. She never lived to realize her wish. After she died we looked after her place for nearly two years, then finally decided to sell it. Not an easy decision to come to as there was so much of her still in the place. Even though it was now legally ours, we continued to refer to it as our aunt's place. I returned to the tree at the back. It looked small enough to transplant, so I proceeded to uproot it. It had a determined spirit, roots entangled under the house. Finally had to tear it away, both hands around the trunk near the base. My husband had given up trying to stop me doing such things, even though he would throw up his hands and exclaim something about now where are you going to put that one. This was only a little tree after all. Not like the other one I took from the front garden. He didn't like that at all. Too much root. Anyway, I had a place all ready for this one. The hole hadn't been dug yet, but I knew where it would go. It now lives in my garden at the back, in front of a rock wall. I knew it liked its new home in the spring, when its leaves sprouted. It would live. I also knew it was a fig tree although it had never borne fruit in my aunt's garden. My neighbour, who is Portuguese, is an expert on figs. He has three such trees in his garden. He came over to look at my tree too. He explained that it might not be the same as his; you couldn't tell from the leaves. I would have to wait for the fruit. The first two years the small green beginnings of figs dropped off. But last year I had six figs. They were not like my neighbour's. His were green. Mine were almost black, with dark red centres. And huge, weighing heavy in your hand. This year I had about twenty. This year the ants had discovered them too, but I found a way to keep them off. My neighbour admires my figs from his garden. He says that I have the very best kind of fig tree. I offered him a piece of it so he could add it to his own. He hasn't taken me up on that yet.

I have discovered the art of eating figs. It's not how I saw the actors in "I Claudius" eating them, like large grapes. No, I place my fig on a plate and sit at the table with a very sharp knife. I start at the fat end where the flower was and slice that off. Then I begin, slicing right through the skin, red seedy

interior and through the skin on the other side. I savour each piece before cutting the next. I try to get my husband to eat a piece. He's not keen but takes a little. Decides he won't have any more and reminds me about Tiberius. So I continue this intimate pleasure on my own. The same treatment for each fig. Twenty is about right. I wonder how many next year.

Oct. 6, 1991

I have spent considerable time thinking about what it means to be authentic or real. It is a way of being that attracts me. I wrote about my friend who is writing a book and who asked me to read her drafts and give a critique. Even after I agreed I found that it was impossible for me to fill this role. I spoke of the conflict that I felt between telling her what she had asked for and what I believed she needed to hear. It made me realize how much our writings are a part of ourselves. No one can judge this for another human being and set themselves up as critic, a role that I was expected to play. In making my decision I tried to see things from her point of view. I think that being authentic meant showing her the caring I felt for her and being present in a way that she needed at the time. To me being real means knowing how it is for that person and knowing how much or how little to act. It is not clear cut and there are no written rules. It is a combination of judgement and knowing.

Glimmerings

## Third Movement

### Rondo

#### Allegro con forza

Deleuze and Guattari (1983) together with Ivan Illich call for a reversal of the relations of segregation and exclusion between people in order to permit the formation of a new life-style which would protect and assure the maximum use of "the one resource that is almost equally distributed among all people: personal energy under personal control" (p. xvii). We are lured into the security of a system which will take custody of us, a system that needs our compliance in order to continue its execution of power. We become complacent in our inability to act differently. "The established powers need our sadness to make us slaves". (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 61)

Jan. 9, 1992

How do we reproduce and perpetuate the social structures in which we live by constructing ourselves into them? I am talking about those structures that enshrine and entrench the power positions of superiority and domination. These are the traps that we accept and which obscure thoughts of what could otherwise be. We frequently endure these institutions of thought in order to sustain some sense of normalcy in our lives. But this is what leads to complacency and paralysis of action, where through our complicity we accept the way things are, securing the relative positions of power. In many cases we choose subordination by reacting against something, playing the oppressed, instead of acting affirmatively.

The affirmative action of becoming is necessary to effect change and secure difference. In this way it is possible to live life more fully, without the limiting activities such as adherence to principles or planning outcomes in advance. Through his interpretation of Nietzsche's "eternal return" Deleuze conceives of his own ideas on becoming. "To become is never to imitate" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 2). Becomings are not the results of planned events but those of "chance or chaos". One embraces whatever is the outcome, opening a multitude of possibilities. The reasonable man will

follow the path set for him, the established path. He fulfills expectations and ensures conformity, keeping the established powers in place. Perhaps it is necessary to become somewhat unreasonable in order to entertain a life of difference and entertain thought which defies thought (Bogue, 1989, p. 33). Even if one thinks differently, the problem of intervention into the power structure through affirmative action remains. We do not know of the body's capacity to affect and be affected. Coupled with this are the risks involved in implementing different thought. If one is committed to changing the boundaries of life, perhaps it is worth the risk, to find what may never have been known.

The social structures are unlikely to be changed by the individual alone, however, the opportunities remain open to a collective effort and political action, for those who would confront the power structure. The identification of the structure to be changed may be elusive, given that we are enmeshed in what we would change. It becomes a problem of interpretive analytics to ferret out the normalizing practices through a process of genealogy. "We have only the cultural practices which have made us what we are" (Dreyfus & Rabinow, 1982, p. 204). And these must become the subject for study in order to make a different future possible.

*One of my earlier writings (Nov. 2, 1991) speaks of my entrapment in the Educational Institution.*

I have been overwhelmed with a feeling of sadness for the past two days. It has come about as I wrestled with a "should". Until now I have written and handed in my work freely. Now I am facing a question as to whether I should hand in something I wrote this week. What I wrote is an expression of my needs with regard to my journey in Curriculum Studies. These are not needs that I could have written about before I enrolled in the program. They are far removed from what I could have predicted. I have only been able to assess them as I felt them being fulfilled. In order to write about these I have had to discuss my teachers' contributions to this fulfillment. In effect this is a personal topic, as what each teacher gives is not written in any expression of goals or objectives (which reminds me that the

most important part of a curriculum is unwritten). It is what the teacher brings of herself to her practice. It is built into the teacher/student relationship as each gets to know the other.

One of the requirements of the University is that each student is asked to evaluate the course and the teacher. In discussing this the other night we were reminded that none of this information would be read until after the grading process had been completed. That is when I began to think about what I had already written. It was a form of evaluation and perhaps it shouldn't be handed until after the grades had been assigned. Am I a slave to the Institution too? I thought I had been making a break with that. Deleuze and Parnet (1987) write, "Sadness, sad affects, are all those which reduce our power to act. The established powers need our sadness to make us slaves" (p. 61). This is exactly what I feel is happening to me. My power to act freely is being repressed by the demands of the University. I am expected to act in a way contrary to what I believe in. I even had another look at what I had written, wondering if I could make it less personal and therefore more acceptable. I deleted and then rewrote something. Slave. I'll change it back to the way it was....

There is a myth that if we lead obedient lives and don't move against the flow we will somehow be rewarded. When this fails to work as so often is the case, complacency or cynicism becomes our lot, ensuring our subordination and discontent. At some point, there are those who would forsake the known for the unknown, choosing the possibility of finding another route. Not the route of the neurotic, vacillating from one world to the other, but the route of the traveller without a map. A traveller immersed in the flux, committed to an engagement there. One needs to grapple with the flux in order to find one's way. It can not be done from the view without. Courage to act, take risks. "It is not easy to be a free man, to flee the plague, organize encounters, increase the power to act". (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 62)<sup>10</sup>

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<sup>10</sup>The inset motifs throughout this movement are from a piece I wrote called "Courage to Keep the Play in Play", Jan. 17, 1992.

March 13, 1992

I have been advised by someone who thought to give me good advice to "pull in my horns" on the topic of Curriculum Studies. To speak like a professional and not throw myself or my profession into disrepute. I have not been one to take easily to advice. My father tried, but he would eventually throw up his hands in exasperation with me, saying, "Well, you'll have your own way, the worst way you ever had". I heard that many times in my youth. I'm not so sure it was the worst way either. You see, I'm still resisting.

One of the values of the Curriculum Studies Program as I see it has been the opportunity to bring into question both the educational institution and our practices as educators. I don't take it as denigrating to teachers although it could be construed that way. But it is controversial and uncertain, forcing one into a marginal position. This, I believe, is where each of us has the opportunity to be stretched, we don't know how far. At the same time, we risk losing the security we may have thought we had. We may also be judged as incompetent. I wonder myself if I have the courage to play this game well, to affirm chance and accept the hand that is dealt.

It is easy to lose one's footing in the cracks. It is the most uncomfortable place to be, and yet at the same time the most exhilarating. Chance and chaos reign supreme here. To play the game well is to affirm the hand one is dealt with intelligence and resourcefulness. Adopt the art of the *bricoleur*, persisting with trial and error, fashioning one's own tools until it comes out right. The good player. Desire with production.

Jan. 9, 1992

### Traps in the System - Empathy

Foucault's study of power relationships brings to light how people are shaped into beings of a particular kind (Prologue, p. 8). I want to apply this thought to the "therapist-client" situation of the helping professions. This is

a situation where the therapist, be it counsellor, psychologist or teacher is already secured in a position of power. The client in seeking help subordinates himself to the experience and expertise of the therapist. My interest is not the situation where the therapist overtly abuses his power through the normalization procedures of identification and labelling, or where a situation of trust is violated, as these are clearly abuses of power. My discussion concerns the case of the well-meaning, caring therapist who genuinely wants to "help" the client in some way, so that rehabilitation or reform occurs. So he ministers to the client, who responds in turn. It is what both the therapist and the client do during this process that concerns me.

What has prompted this discussion is my suggestion in class that the use of "empathy" as key to the therapist/client relationship contributes to the subordination of the client. I admit to harbouring a certain skepticism of the "techniques" of achieving empathy, which I regard as somewhat manipulating. That aside, I would still like to examine what the therapist does to the client and its effect on the power relationship. I will concern myself with the caring therapist who has his client's best interests at heart.

I am thinking that it is very difficult and perhaps impossible to truly comprehend another's feelings and standpoint without moving into his personal space, however altruistic the motives. It is this movement that concerns me, particularly because it is one-sided. The therapist into the Other's world, which serves to identify his world and secure the Other's place in it. There is also the one-sidedness of the client's sharing of deep feelings and events of his life and the feelings of dependency which result. In some instances there may be feelings of indebtedness and of "transference" towards the therapist by the client. These I see as contributing to the client's subordinate position as well. I suppose the therapist may tell me that his aim is to adopt the standpoint and journey with the client to bring him to the point of being able to understand himself and hence liberate himself from his current situation. But the client, ever on the receiving-end, being ministered to, is kept in his place. And the nature of the client's response keeps the therapist in his. I do not think that Noddings' (1988) notion of the relational ethic of caring, expressed as responsibility and response, serves to even out

the imbalance in this particular relationship. The mature relationship where the two parties may hold either position (p. 220) referred to by Noddings would not necessarily apply here.

Rather than the intervention of the therapist, I would prefer a space of mutual respect between them, towards which they both move, like the "moral space" talked about by Kitwood (1990, p. 6). It is a closeness without the loss of individuality, a space where often little is said. Kitwood acknowledges that this form of encounter is relatively new and often misunderstood, associated with fears of social chaos by those who would secure the dominant/subordinate state of human relations (p. 9). He recommends a move towards co-counselling where two lay persons, equal from the start, give therapeutic help to each other. Each shares responsibility for the other. He suggests that psychotherapy has become necessary because the "moral space" of which he speaks has been missing (p. 12). I am not suggesting that we do not need these professionals, but that perhaps we need them less.

Where has this dialogue with my thoughts led me? Not to any conclusions, just more to consider. My initial concern was how I saw the use of empathy as contributing to the subordination of the Other. My understanding of the therapist/client relationship is that it comes from a place of deep caring and personal ethics. I have associated empathy with a variety of techniques used by therapists in order to let the client know he has been understood. To me there is an incompatibility in mixing the structure of techniques with the unpredictability and irrationality of the affective domain. Although I don't discount the need for learned skills, I view the use of techniques in a relationship with some mistrust. I like the idea of a place of mutual respect, where both persons meet on equal terms and where the contributions of each are of value to the other.

## Gender

By nature of our gender we fall heir to traditional roles, which serve to educate women in subordination and men in authority. Women in general have been excluded from acceptance in public life because their voices have been derogated by the male model of reason and authority. Women, by their complicity secure their positions, even though most are unaware of what they are doing. Change has been slow in coming because women's playing of the role has become so intrinsic as to appear normal or natural. It is what women are expected to do. It is "what what they do does" that needs to be examined.

On an individual scale, women continue to set traps for themselves in the ways in which they choose their identities. Through their choice of such things as clothes, jobs, friends, and mates they construct a visible identity for themselves, often rejecting the inner identity below the mask. Added to this is the role that women have traditionally played in our society. In order to comprehend the incongruity between the inner and outer self women often try to make sense of their lives by denying the contradiction, and living the role, accepting this identity as the real one, denying the existence of the other. Women come to see themselves through the eyes of others and not through their own. This dependency on others for validation becomes a yoke of servitude and submission, which women are expected to endure and obey. It is difficult to let go of an identity that you think is your own. The insecurity imposed by this charade secures women's subordination.

The Canadian Teachers' Federation Report on Adolescent Women in Canada (1991) provides evidence that young women continue to have serious concerns about themselves and their relationships to the male sex. Many of the women expressed resentment towards males because of attitudes of violence and unconcern about the lives of women. Having a boyfriend was seen by some of the women to increase their status. Many of them worried about the statements made by their bodies and expressed dissatisfaction with them. Although a large percentage of the young women were able to articulate these problems, their situation will be unlikely to change unless

their male counterparts are included in the discussions (a need that has been recognized by the project evaluators). There is an opportunity here for educators to become instrumental in helping liberate young people from the bondage of male power and to improve the quality of male/female relationships. Both parties need to see what it is that they do to themselves and each other.

### Morality

Traditional morality has been concerned with right or wrong, good or bad. The good was achieved usually through self-control and some measure of sacrifice. Even though this kind of morality is considered no longer appropriate in today's Western society, vestiges of it still remain. The doctrine or ideology that one may adhere to serves up a list of "shoulds" to be obeyed. The objective is to create order in society and produce a governable society. There is little place for individuality and free thought here. Fictions of the ideal man or woman are devised and those who obey may be promised such things as happiness or reward in the after-life. Society is kept obedient, denying other possibilities. Stereotypical behaviour is assured. Trying to be like....Role models. When one doesn't achieve this there is guilt to be reckoned with, another trap.

Deleuze and Parnet (1987) say that "to become is never to imitate" (p. 2). It is to follow a line of flight, experiment, live in the cracks, confront contradictions, embrace fate, "stammer in one's language" (p. 4) in the desire to find a different way, with no guarantee that one will be found. Or one chooses the connected route, facing normalcy, predictability, security. No guarantees here either. What is it to be? The uncertainty of the unexpected or the acceptability of the legitimated path? Vulnerability or impotence.

Jan. 9, 1992

Foucault's theme of the care of the self has particular interest for me. I believe that the "task of redefining the self's relation to the self, of getting away from the self" (Bernauer & Rasmussen, 1987, p. viii) speaks to my own inquiry of what it is to live authentically with others. What is the role of authenticity in the constitution of one's subjectivity? How do we avoid designated roles and entrapment? What are the tools for escaping a socially constructed identity in order to participate affirmatively in life? The key to this freedom requires work on the self, developing a knowledge of the self through a continuous questioning of one's truths ( Foucault, 1987, p. 5).

Dec. 19, 1991

For my pathetic wish to be loved I will substitute a power to love...extracting the pure event which unites me with those whom I love, who await me no more than I await them, since the event alone awaits us, *Eventum tantum*. Making an event - however small - is the most delicate thing in the world: the opposite of making a drama or a story. (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 66)

The love of which I am thinking is that which exists not as a declaration, but as an event in the flux between people. It comes from a place of deep caring, where the other's point of view may at times have priority. Also inherent in this love is the caring, respect and trust in the self. Foucault (1987) says, "One must not have the care for others precede the care for self" (p. 7). It is what can occur between a teacher and her students, but not before the teacher has grown in knowledge of the self. The children I teach know of my love for them, not because of what I might say, but because of what I am to them. They just have that sense. Kitwood (1990) speaks of the moral space which exists between the authentic life of those who live in relation with others. "The moral space so created provides a kind of closeness, but without loss of individuality" (p. 6). Much that transpires is felt and is not spoken in words. It is what I referred to above as the "sense" that the children have with regards to my feelings for them.

With the children I teach I neither solicit their love nor consciously do anything to promote it. I believe this circumstance arises out of my respect for them. "The event alone awaits us." If it is to happen, it does so only over time and when the time is right. The child learns that he is valued and accepted for his uniqueness, and that a space exists in itself "for being, relating and discovery" (Kitwood, 1990, p. 6). It is here that both the child's and teacher's worth are affirmed. Maybe the heart of the matter is as Kitwood says, the creation of moral space which creates a closeness, "the most formative, the most fundamental for our existence as persons" (p. 6). Our lives are validated through these relationships.

Student teachers sometimes come to my classroom desperate for the children to love them (the pathetic wish), but not knowing how to achieve this. As I model for them, they observe the caring that exists between myself and the children. What is not clear to the student teachers at the outset is how this is achieved. They get a rude awakening when they try to conduct themselves with the children in the same manner in which I do. That is when I talk to them about rapport and about being clear in their own minds about what they are doing to establish it. Their sense of caring can only be established within their own relations with the children, not as an extension of mine. What I attempt to do with each student teacher is to help him find his own way to establish his best image. For this they need time to practice, reflect, dialogue and experiment. This poses a dilemma for them as the institution plagues them with evaluations and the demand for a product. The development of feelings of mutual trust, caring and respect are built over time, as each lives relationally with the other. Noddings (1986) refers to this as relational competence or "high fidelity" (p. 497). Fidelity is at the heart of the caring model and is what enables us as teachers to make our best decisions in the art of teaching.

In the final analysis, what we want for each child is to confirm him, to "reveal to him an attainable image of himself that is lovelier than that manifested in his present acts" (Noddings, 1986, p. 501). To achieve this the teacher must not only express a deep sense of caring and commitment to the relationship, but possess a knowledge of teaching and communication skills.

The interpersonal nature of teaching impacts significantly on the quality of learning and on the confidence with which the child attends to it.

Nov. 20, 1991

As I reread my writing I hear the silences. I think there may be as much meaning in those as there is in what I have written. I know that it is through continued sensitivity to these silences that I will gain greater self-knowledge and the becoming which is part of my desire.

Glimmerings

Dec. 28, 1991

I think of the language I use and how it controls and limits what I say. The language of propriety. "If you can't say something nice, don't say anything," echoes a voice from my past. Restraining orders to assure polite conversation.

I do believe with Barbara Christian (1987) that "sensual language is the language that makes sense" (p. 78). I have referred to this as the language of vulnerability and as speaking from the heart. Such language can also be liberating, freeing thought.

There is also the possibility that I may say only what I think others should hear. Further complicating matters is the incompleteness of my own self-knowledge. Saying what I think or feel to be true may be simply the voice of an ideologized consciousness (Haug, 1987, p. 59). Even though I have a desire to expose the self behind the mask of Other, I rather suspect that without being totally aware I continue to avoid risk and prevent its escape into the flux.

Society has imposed a silence, in the traditional roles that are set out for both men and women. How often do we say what is expected of us, what the role demands, and neglect the other voice? We are rewarded with society's acceptance for doing so. Society expects and demands the mask. I

have written about the dangers and stifling effect of roles on authenticity. In setting my own course I have a chance to liberate myself from these restrictions. My life with asthma is an example of my playing the part of an asthmatic, which I played so well that it severely limited my life, silencing my participation in it. My rejection of this part of myself was a form of silence which stilled the sharing of certain inner thoughts and feelings.

There is the whole area of the silence imposed through domination, power that controls through fear, keeping order in public spaces. It is power that normalizes society and transforms human beings into subjects whose identities are not their own (Marshall, 1990, p. 15). It may be an impossible task to extricate ourselves from these constricting forces since we are complicit in maintaining them. But if there is a way to approach some sense of the truth it will involve a confrontation with the forces of domination and subjection in play so that we can eventually resist in order to make other choices, exerting "a power to make life", not destroy it (p. 22). I have seen already through my writing, that knowing what we do gives us the capacity to reach for a different future.

I think of the courage of letting go, of giving up, of fleeing the past. Letting go of constancy, control, exposing the inner layers. Giving up of what once was thought to be important, that which gave meaning to one's life. Severing the connection to some aspect of the past so it ceases to exist with the "present-becoming-future". Rupturing the choke-hold. Starting anew. I think of sorrow, fear. I worry about despair and what it does to people. The dangers of excessive deterritorialization, without roots. Some never recover. Drunkenness. Suicide. Psychosis. It is not a time for a reckless act, but of listening intently to the inner voice, this place of darkness. Listen well before departure. Suffering can be ruthless if one hasn't the heart for it. "Sufferers suffer from what they know, from the almost unbearable and hard knowledge that the flux is all." (Caputo, 1987, p. 285)

Oct. 16, 1991

To me, talent is something innate. It comes as a gift and carries with it a responsibility to use it wisely and well, not to gain a superior advantage through arrogance. When I assure the children that I teach that they each have a special talent for something, I usually add, "Now what will you do with it?" I now ask that of myself.

I question how I want to use my musical talent. What I would like to do is to bring others pleasure, and possibly communicate with them through my music. I'd like others to experience this very powerful form of expression without putting any limit on the degree of their involvement. I don't have any claim on the ultimate musical experience, only my own. The technical knowledge which I have isn't necessary in order to appreciate the story and drama that music has to offer. I would like others to know something of this, knowing also that their interpretation will be different from mine.

Jan. 9, 1992

*The philosophical works of Deleuze and Parnet (1987) and Deleuze and Guattari (1987) have served to free my thinking from the established order of thought, to posit alternate possibilities and permit a new standpoint. Through desire it is possible to confront subjugation and power, to assemble new forces which will challenge conventional thought and hierarchical society. Desire is threatened by organization and prediction. It dissipates if one is striving for it. This is desire, "something which never needs interpreting, it is it which experiments" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 95). A musical performance is an expression of desire. The artist who creates enters the assemblage of desire.*

It is easy to lose one's footing in the cracks. It is the most uncomfortable place to be, and yet at the same time the most exhilarating.

Dec. 14, 1991

### Music and Thought

Deleuze and Guattari (1987) suggest that the best way to read their book, A Thousand Plateaus, is to "pry open the vacant spaces that would enable you to build your life and those of the people around you into a plateau of intensity..." (p. xv). I would suggest that the same technique applies to the listening of music. It is not necessary to understand all that you hear but to allow yourself to enter into it, to become the music as it becomes you, a double capture to effect your own becoming. Mingle with the artist's utterances and allow them to interact with your thoughts, emotions, senses and the sense of mystery surrounding your life.

*"What new thoughts does it make it possible to think? What new emotions does it make it possible to feel? What new sensations and perceptions does it open in the body" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. xv)?*

Composers past and present are among the philosophers of their time. One has only to read their writings and listen to their music to grasp the depths of their thoughts and emotions. Deleuze and Parnet (1987) say of philosophy, "it is necessarily produced where each activity (painting, music, writing) gives rise to its line of deterritorialization....The philosophers have always been something else, they were born from something else" (p. 74).

Schumann's (1810-1856) passionate mission in music was "to send light into the depths of the human heart" (cited in Machlis, 1977, p. 86). "Music to me is the perfect expression of the soul" (p. 79).

Schoenberg (1874-1951), who decisively affected musical thought and composition in this century wrote, "One must believe in the infallibility of one's fantasy and the truth of one's inspiration" (cited in Machlis, 1977, p. 523).

John Cage's (1912-1992) innovations continue to challenge the tenets of musical tradition.

For living takes place each instant and that instant is always changing. The wisest thing to do is to open one's ears immediately and hear a sound suddenly before one's thinking has a chance to turn it into something logical, abstract or symbolical. (cited in Nyman, 1974, p. 1)

Deleuze and Guattari (1987) talk of tonality as being cut loose, not abandoned. "We go from modality to an untempered, widened chromaticism...We go from assembled refrains (territorial, popular, romantic, etc.) to the great cosmic machined refrain" (p. 350). A new tonality is simply another way of thinking, which doesn't replace other ideas, but is used in addition to them, enriching the total experience.

Haug (1987) talks about our perceived need for harmony as being detrimental to the expansion of our knowledge, resulting "in a kind of narrow-mindedness" (p. 69). Kitwood (1990) reminds us of the psychological human need for high predictability and continuity which is necessary for a general sense of well-being (p. 11). I have said myself that I feel excluded from much of the contemporary 20th Century music. In the past my feelings have had much to do with not knowing how to enter it and feel part of it. Perhaps that measure of unpredictability has something to do with my feeling of exclusion. In order to hear this music of difference it is necessary to remain open and to put aside the restrictions and controls of conventional harmony, tonality and musical form. It demands another kind of listening. It is the same in life if one is to appreciate and accept difference, entertain new thoughts.

Music is a constant movement of lines along a variety of planes between differences of intensity. There are no points in music, only movements. Deleuze speaks of the dimension of the ritornello, "the little ritornellos which haunt Schumann and run through all his work like so many childhood blocs, a whole concerted enterprise of involution, restraint and exhaustion of the theme and form" and of carrying away the ritornello through the movement of deterritorialization (p. 98). I think the ritornello

may be the repeated refrain that occurs within the music, and which identifies it.

Once the music begins so does the territorialization, which could be taken to be the setting of tonality. At the same time the movement of deterritorialization begins. The music is deployed so to speak, released to the Cosmos through an interplay of fluxes. Pleasure occurs at moments of double capture and reterritorialization, after which there is a re-establishing of oneself before continuing. The double capture is a becoming, where the listeners/performers and the music are involved in an exchange, where each makes possible a change in the other.

Pleasure is the affective part of desire, followed by a calm before the rekindling of desire. These are the climaxes in music, where the listener is transported towards a different direction. Deleuze and Guattari (1987) parallel this idea with their thoughts on reaching a plateau, where the energies are sustained long enough "to leave a kind of afterimage of its dynamism that can be reactivated or injected into other activities" (p. xiv).

The end result of a musical experience is the measure or degree to which it has left one changed. To return to Deleuze. What new thoughts, emotions, sensations and perceptions does it awaken? The critical point for the listener is to remain open to the possibility that change can occur, and when it does, so do the opportunities for embracing more fully one's life.

I wrote in my Journal of Nov. 17 about my desire to incorporate the fluxes of others into the music as I am playing, drawing strength from the multiplicities of their energies. I think it may be possible to "feel with them, seize the vibration of their soul and their body as they pass" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 62) and to respond to this through the music. I see it as a way of expanding the performance to one of greater collectivity, and an opportunity for participating in life with greater authenticity.

Unconditional commitment. The true commitment is not fixed until further notice, but fixed for all time. Only then can our involvement be total in the true search for meaning. Kierkegaard called for an unconditional commitment to someone or something in order to stem the tide of nihilism. He felt that "openness to the meaning of everything", where society postures and reflects, causes a loss of meaning (Dreyfus, 1981, p. 517). The scales of justice. Polarities. There is no such thing as a selective affirmation of life if life is to become anything at all. Nietzsche's "eternal return". It opens up possibilities of difference and a life with becoming.

### The Art of Listening

As I listened to some contemporary music as of late I was quickly aware that my previous style of listening to music would not suffice. No recognizable form, an absence of themes, no sense of tonality, jagged rhythms and musical lines, and vast spaces. And yet, amidst all this strangeness, there is something that attracts the listener, allows him to enter at will. In Boulez's experimentation with timbre, there is a sense of the mysticism of Eastern music. It invites not a linear approach to listening, but something akin to the Oriental way of thinking in a circle. Perhaps thinking in a sphere makes better sense, with its infinite dimensions and tangential lines of flight. It is not a polarity of "this" or "that" but somewhere in between, in the middle as Deleuze would say.

I do not tell others how to listen to music, what thoughts to think, emotions to feel. As I have said before, this is for the listener to decide as there are no set answers or interpretations. What is important is that the listener have a personal response and not accept the traps of another's interpretation.

Jan. 30, 1992

*After an experience of sharing music with members of my class I wrote "The Musical Evening".*

The body. The affects of which it is capable. The power of the body to act, to affect and be affected (Spinoza). I had a sense of what this means last

night as I played music with members of my class. I have been reliving the momentum of that experience all night and can think of nothing else, feel nothing else right now. I never want to lose the feeling. It was an experience for which I could not have prepared, and yet in real time, was ready for. The body's readiness to perceive and act. Augmentation of the body's power.

Perhaps it was the "active love of fate" which beckoned to me, that which forces one to will and affirm the outcome of chance as the desired result (Nietzsche). It may have been curiosity with how I would play the hand that was dealt. Yes, I knew the music I would play. But the rest was unrehearsed, unpolished, so unlike how I would have done things a year ago. Then I probably would have been panicking myself with perfecting my technique beforehand, mapping out a plan. It would have been my downfall as well. No doubt I would have come away with that old feeling of somehow having missed the mark, not measuring up, a feeling of dissatisfaction with my performance. *Instead I have that incredible feeling of what it means to have grappled with the uncertainty of life in the flux, to be alive.*

I have spoken lately about my desire for others to know me, the part of me that has been concealed, but choking beneath the mask. I want to free it from its prison of pretense, established thought. I weary of the charades people play. See me, embrace me as I am. Listen. I stammer in a voice that is my own. "Desire can only be reached at the point where someone no longer searches for or grasps an object any more than he grasps himself as subject" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 89). The doorway to the flux is open.

As I played the music with each person I was conscious of perceiving and drawing strength from their closeness. I did feel with them, seize the vibrations of their souls and their bodies, experiment (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 62). I know that they felt it too. We became the path on which we travelled. The creation of a double capture.

Expectation dispensed with. Predetermined outcomes never realize themselves if you are honest about it. Contemplating them only serves to limit possibilities. The inclusion/exclusion principle: The creation of one

serves to establish the existence of the other. One must avoid the traps of following the fixed path if one is to perceive thought, sensation and emotion differently. Deterritorialize. Grasp a new line of flight to the Cosmos.

The making of an event, however small is the most delicate thing in the world (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 66). That says it too. The event was undeclared; no one person consciously directed it. But the conditions were there for us all. It was simply a matter of allowing fate to take its course, affirming as it unfolded. What were the conditions? Openness, love, trust. I know that when I began to think instead of feel, the event began to crack, doubt creeping in looking for a foothold. Cunning trap. The culprit here is thought associated with reason, prediction. *A becoming cannot be predicted. It is a unique event, one which can scarcely be imagined, and never duplicated.*

For each person that became part of the collective performance I have a special memory, a motif, imprinted with the music we played.

W..., I believe we shared a place of beauty together, one which we wouldn't have known without the presence of the other.

S..., it is remarkable how you visualized a story through the music. Debussy's music is like that. He is a true painter of dreams. It was wonderful to share in your dream. Nomadic thought.

D..., we sang together. I heard your singing as you must have heard mine. You allowed the music to become you.

M..., I wanted to stay with you, too. Desire gives. You found your place in that assemblage of desire.

M..., the power of being connected to you in the music. Remembering another space. Trusting in your support. Collective desire with production.

C..., you knew something of what I was hoping might happen through the music. I had told you about my trap of fear. Together we moved into another deep personal space. "Suffering is not merely suffering. It bursts asunder and opens us up to eternal things" (Caputo, 1987, p. 287).

S..., you have a gift for laughter. It ripples. A rhythmical motif in counterpoint with the music of the song. Laughter is the ultimate affirmation of life. "Laughter enables, strengthens, sees one through a bad time" (Caputo, 1987, p. 293).

W..., as an artist, you know of landscapes. Musical lines of flight confronting the chaos, punctuating, weaving in and through the assemblage. Laughter.

B..., a raindrop refrain, involution of harmony, lyricism and style. A visionary fragment. Rain caresses. Chopin.

H..., you touched Debussy's ritornello, that which molecularizes into the Cosmos. Kabalevsky. A play of forces creating their own assemblage. Creative artist.

G..., the quiet rhythm of Beethoven's sonata. A landscape of waves.

W..., continuums of intensities, passion, bold lines of flight, driving to the final cadence.

H..., the sonorous melody of the musician bird singing its territory (Deleuze). Scenes of Childhood. Schumann.

C..., for the child sleeping within you. The gentle refrain speaks and is answered. A new cry.

J..., classical assemblage of desire. Simplicity, crystalline clarity of texture. Mozart.

The creation of the leitmotif, incorporated into the musical assemblage of desire, each deterritorialized on its own line of flight. Their appearance creates a being in the music, allowing its particular style. A new landscape existing in counterpoint.

The seductive hold of fear whispers to us of our worst imaginings. Yet, when we confront the monster, embark on another line of flight, something extraordinary happens. As the opening to the flux is widened, it is possible to conceive of being in a different sense with the sympathetic release of the energies of others joining with one's own.

Nomadic thought, where time and space exist synonymously. Nomadic space is undefined; there is a lack of territory. Nomads exist in the cracks of civilization, in a special relationship with the world. Their journeys have neither beginning nor end, only movement (Deleuze). I think of the Aboriginal Nomads of Australia recreating creation through singing up the territory, creating its existence. "Dreaming tracks" (Chatwin, 1987). Now, civilizations's efforts to open up the territory by plundering the geography; I wonder about the nomad's adaptability. How is their existence to be affected by such rupturing? A new geography? New thoughts and affirmation. Nomadic thought.

Feb. 10, 1992

### Bridging the Gap - The Musical Evening

Burbules and Rice (1991) allude to the forum that is necessary in order to bridge the gap across differences. I think that the forum which prevailed during the "Musical Evening" was such a case. Through the music and also perhaps a willingness to flow with it, the class members felt in a safe enough place to open themselves and experience an uncommon closeness with others. For all of us it was a matter of taking a risk, not a calculated one, but an open one, free of ego.

The degree to which the experience left one changed was in part a measure of a willingness to let go of preconceived expectations. For myself, I had none of these that I was aware of. I did not expect that others would take the same degree of risk as I, nor could I have predicted that they would have placed their trust in me to the extent that they did. There was a definite willingness on the part of everyone to let go of some part of themselves. For some of us there was the emotion of touching something deep within and of remembering stories from our own histories. And yet because of the feeling of good will, support and acceptance, we generally felt comfortable with that. For me the experience was a profound one. I know that some of the others had similar feelings.

Interestingly, back in the classroom, in a different forum, few people felt they could talk about the experience. The different space and conditions made it difficult to speak openly. To attempt to do so would have involved another type of risk taking. *The emotions rest on fragile ground.*

Deterritorialize the flux and join with other fluxes to form a collective assemblage. Play the open strategic game which allows for a sharing of the power structure (Foucault, 1987, p. 18), where it is possible to reverse the relations of power, depending on the situation and who offers the most resistance. The game becomes animated, passionate.

As to whether the dialogue across the difference was worthwhile. I can speak for myself on that point. It allowed me the opportunity to learn something about myself that I didn't know before, much of which I cannot articulate. What I can say is that it is possible to walk with another without infringing on the other's space, and yet meet in a place of mutual respect and trust where both can thrive. I could not have known this space without the others. We depend upon each other in order to become something different from what we were before. Each person's particular response directed the nature of my own. A response of rejection for example would have also directed my response, but a different one. Perhaps what it did for me was to reaffirm something that I believe in. That there is a way to bridge a difference and yet retain a sense of the individual. It involves acting authentically, in relation with others. What happened for each person was a singular occurrence, independent of the other's experience. Yet in achieving it there was a closeness as each appreciated the other's difference. There existed for us all the possibility of creating an event.

From a pedagogical standpoint, then, how do we create the conditions for achieving dialogue across difference? What can we do to create the conditions that will allow for the production of dialogue that will promote understanding and acceptance of others yet allow us to maintain our individuality? Something that I mentioned in describing the Musical Evening was the absence of predicted outcomes and the acceptance of each

response as a valid one. There was no external judgment. Each person's subjectivity was accepted without question and so therefore was each response. The sharing of this response is necessary for each to understand better the other, and so to promote the desire for continued communication. A reluctance to do this limits the degree of subsequent communication. However, the sharing of the response is a delicate matter leaving one feeling vulnerable. There is also the chance that misunderstanding will occur and the gap widened.

The antimodern thought is that intersubjectivity across differences cannot be achieved, and the pursuit of it will only serve to elevate one perspective over another and so entrench a position of domination, imposing homogeneity (Burbules and Rice, 1991, p. 408). I believe that we are not required nor is it necessary to share or understand another's viewpoint in order to validate her. Although there may be some degree of commonality, what is important is that we respect the other's position and accept that our understandings of one another will only be partial. Dialogue can be seen then as a means for tolerating and accepting the differences of others as well as oneself.

Feb. 18, 1992

### Style

Deleuze says that style is "an assemblage of enunciation...managing to stammer in one's own language" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 4).

For me this is all part of being authentic in relationship to both the self and others. It is feeling at ease with the relationship one has with the self, a priority if one is to have an authentic relationship with others. A style, like becomings, is not an imitation. It is very difficult to find one's style, because as soon as you think you have it, it escapes you again. In its elusiveness it defies identification. Perhaps that is it. Once you have been identified with a style, signified, reflecting predictability, then it could be said you have no style. Style has something to do with creating and expressing a difference.

I look at the "style" of my writing over the term and I see that it is different now from what it was earlier in the term. I am not sure what it says about me. I know that when I write now, certain ways of expressing myself seem to "go with the territory", so to speak. I have something that I want to say and my response evolves in a certain style that suits the subject and my complicity in it. I know that when others read my work that sometimes they are left wondering what it is I have said, or that I haven't said enough. They ask for more. Do they mean it is abstract? If so it would appear that I haven't been very communicative. I resist the temptation to rephrase my writing and yet, although I do not write necessarily for others, I do have a desire to be understood by them. I wonder if a more conversational tone would do that? But that wouldn't be me would it. Generally speaking, my writing tends to be implicit rather than explicit. There is an economy of space but at the same time a fullness in the writing, allowing the reader to interpret it as he will. That does seem to be part of my "style". I can not tell you who I am as there are no set answers or interpretations. That is for the reader to decide.

This is where the courage to self-affirm is manifested. The willingness to express a difference. It is the problem of a minoritarian-becoming, becoming a stammerer in order to invent new forces or new weapons (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 5). One risks being misunderstood by not choosing an accredited style. Will we choose the uncertainty of the unexpected or the acceptability of the legitimated path?

Is it possible, then, to engage in different styles of speaking and writing at different times? Is it a matter of choosing the language we use depending on the conversation in which we are involved? One that is more socially compatible when there is a need to communicate, to tell of our experience. And if this is not the main intent, then the style of the moment directed by the requisites of the writer and the topic. Or am I making a distinction between common language and power language? The mother tongue which connects and the father tongue which distances (Le Guin, 1986, p. 149)? When I speak to the children I teach and their parents I speak clearly in a mutually understood language because I have something to communicate, something that I do not want misinterpreted. What I have to say may not be

what either the parent or the child would like to hear, but that doesn't usually prevent me from saying it, although it may elicit more carefully chosen words so as not to alienate. As it relates to authenticity, perhaps the language isn't as significant as the messages that I am sending about myself. Do I feel equally free to disclose my feelings in either tongue, or does one have legitimacy over the other in that regard? I hear the emotion in all my writing; I feel it when I read my work, even as I write this. Is it as apparent to others? Is it easier to hide behind one form of writing over another, and in so doing, fail to capture and express one's own style?

*On Sept. 14, 1991 I wrote about the difficulties I had with wading through technological educational jargon. It gives me pause to think about my own style of writing.*

I've just had this conversation with myself, more like a monologue really since I was speaking all the parts. It has to do with my frustration with the jargon used in the reading I have been doing. The same confusing words occur from one reading to the next. It's like a conspiracy. The theorists speak to one another but not to the audience that can make the difference. If they are really serious about making a difference, why don't they use the language of the audience they are trying to reach--the practitioners, heretofore known to me as teachers or educators. Perhaps some of the theorists really don't give a damn as to what's going on in the real world....

I read with a dictionary at my side. Even then, the word is often not found or the meaning doesn't fit the context in which I am reading. The people who might use this stuff (the educators) are not going to read much after the first few dictionary consultations. When I am reading I often do what I tell my students to do. Read over it and try to get the meaning from the context. It works some of the time. I now have a list of jargon with definitions written beside. The list keeps growing and the definitions keep expanding. I keep referring to the list, too, as the words and their meanings are not internalized. I am impatient as I struggle.

I have thought lately of an expression my Father used to use: "Bullshit baffles brains". I'm not sure of the context in which this expression was first coined, but I know what he meant. He meant that people who used big and important sounding words and who spoke with authority were listened to. He would often come home from a meeting associated with his job (usually a Union Meeting) and when discussing how it went, would sum up with the expression. It was almost guaranteed. I think he secretly wished he could throw a little bullshit himself. I wondered if I could learn how to do it. I was getting "educated" so perhaps that would give me an edge.

Since becoming a teacher I have had occasions to indulge in the activity. Even as recently as last year. I was speaking to a large group of parents about the Computer Program in the school in which I was teaching. In preparing my talk I was aware of trying to come up with something that would impress. That's easy in the computer field, just throw in a little technical jargon here and there. It sounded good. I guess I impressed them. I wonder how many were confused. No one asked me to explain what I had said. They were confident that I was the one to look after the computer coordinating in the school. After all, I knew what I was doing. Little did they know.

*It sounds like I've just completed a circle. I have admitted to doing myself, what I've accused the educational theorists of doing.*

March 13, 1992

### Proposal Perplexus

*As I prepared my proposal for this thesis, I ran into some unexpected difficulties because I attempted to impose a style on my organization.*

I have had an interesting experience these past few weeks as I worked to put together a proposal for my thesis. As I have chosen to work differently from the prescribed modes, I didn't think it would be productive to look at what anyone else had done. So I just started to write. However, I had listened carefully to the warnings about the spectre of committees and what it

takes to satisfy them. This did concern me, and had me wondering how I could meet their expectations. That was my first mistake. I proceeded to place an external structure on my writing. I actually began with a Table of Contents. I found it difficult to draw the proposal together, but being a persistent individual, I saw it through. I included a large Appendix which included samples of my writing, to illustrate what I have been doing. I had somehow made a distinction that along with the putting together of a proposal, the real work starts, something different from what had gone before. I didn't articulate this at the time, but I now see that is what I was thinking. As I reconsidered my proposal-product I was plagued with the uncertainty that I might not be able to defend what I had written. That I wasn't really an expert on Foucault and poststructuralism and didn't want to be questioned in this area. What I was expert in was my own work.

Since I had identified this problem I sought to apply another method of organization. It wasn't reflective of the manner in which I work either, but it was logical, and one that I thought my committee might relate to. That was the second mistake. Fortunately I hadn't put too many hours pursuing this redraft, when someone questioned me about how I would present my method of working to the committee? Then--"How is it that you been conducting your work?" The last question was an easy one. After all, I had been doing it all year. My writing had grown to such an extent that a natural way of organizing it had emerged. It just made sense to make folders on my Word Processor and place the various writings into them. I did seem to write according to certain predominant themes, even though they all interrelated. So there was my organizing principle, right on my Word Processor. I had been using it since about October of last year. A prescribed structure just gets in the way.

What is interesting to me about this is the culturally constructed belief that there is a set way of doing things. I am just as much a part of this as the next person. I comply, not realizing that I am doing so. Yet all year I have railed against it, looking for a way out. But that's just it. There is no way out. We are implicated in this system, reproducing it at will. None of us are granted a "seat above the flux" (Caputo, 1987, p. 288). But distancing and

reflection help us to better see our involvement. These traps that we accept and which obscure thoughts of what could otherwise be. Bending to the established powers. I have spoken of all this before. This is why Foucault's notion of genealogy has such appeal for me. It may help to ferret out my complicity in perpetuating these restrictive practices, making possible new choices and a different future.

If you like the game, stay in the club. In the club we tend to lose ourselves and our identities, identifying with the "norm", following the herd, allowing the prestige of belonging to feed our egos. The strategic games of power in play, determining our behaviour instead of allowing it. Manifestos. Doctrines. Codes. When the rules become the baggage of domination it sometimes makes sense to play a different game with new rules, where one can chart another course, imagine another future. To flee is to create life, to find a weapon. (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 49)

May 7, 1992

### The Writing Process

My first thoughts are with how my writing style has evolved this year. For me the experience of writing for myself has been a new one. In fact in September before entering Curriculum Studies, I would not have listed "writer" as one of my accomplishments. On the contrary, it was something that I had shied away from, except as writer of report cards and occasional letters to friends. I discredited my ability to write anything else. So what has happened in the meantime that has caused me to change my stance on the subject, and to now regard myself as someone who can write. Someone who is discovering a unique style of writing. Someone who is discovering the power inherent in the writing process, the power to speak a "small piece of the truth" of myself. There has been a shift in my identity this year, from "non-writer" to "writer".

It began in the Curriculum Studies Program in September, 1991 where the main requirement was to engage as often as possible in reflective writing

about our past experiences. There was no explicitness about which areas of our lives would or would not be appropriate. Just write. Historicize yourself. Most of us had the usual questions at first, wanting and in some cases demanding more direction. "Now what exactly do you want?" Not thinking that our teachers hadn't the least interest in answering that sort of question. We were to write for ourselves, about what we wanted, in any style that we wanted. This lack of direction threw even the most stalwart into a frenzy of concerns. "O.K. I'll write something, but when are you going to teach?" "When are we going to learn about devising curriculums?" "Give us some examples of writing that would be appropriate." The exasperating answer was simply that all the answers would be found in our own writing. That we already had the experience and the necessary tools. I was intrigued by being able to set my own agenda, even though I wasn't certain if I could succeed with this endeavor, seeing myself as I did at the time as a non-writer. I certainly had little interest in being "fed" a body of knowledge from anyone at this particular stage in my career. So write I did. And this is how the process started for me.

My first surprise as I wrote, was that I actually had something to say and that my writing had a certain power. I sensed it. Others did too. I wrote all manner of things: vignettes and anecdotes from my teaching and my own educational experiences, personal stories, my thoughts on a variety of subjects as I considered readings in the literature, relationships past and present, and reflections on my own writing. My style was not an accredited one as I had none to begin with. I considered that a bit of luck, really, as many of my classmates were struggling to distance themselves from their previously mastered erudite writing-styles which they felt appropriate for educational papers. Such trappings were not my misfortune. For me it was a series of experimentations, but always writing in a personal style, one that suited the subject and my emotional attachment to the material--the development of a "foreign language" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 5). My writing revealed a pulse that I began to recognize as my own. Over the course of two terms I had amassed quite a large collection of writings. They indeed answered some of my initial questions. But other, more important and difficult questions arose

out of the writing. *These became the open doors, through which I felt compelled to move.*

For me the writing process has also been a way of releasing thoughts and making room for others. There have been times when my head has been overwhelmed with ideas with no particular focus. But by making a start in writing them down, a sense-making occurs. It helps me to fit the pieces together where I can see larger parts of the whole. Its overall effect is cathartic.

My writing spans the period of time from my childhood years to the present. This is writing a genealogy, where one is writing a history of the present, to expose the organizing trends of history and culture. I have found that through writing such a history it is possible to distance oneself from life's experiences and thus to see them with greater clarity and bring the present more clearly into focus. It is a necessary distancing in order to expose our complicity in perpetuating the normalization procedures where we secure dependency on the dominant powers. This distancing has a way of giving the writer the vision to see what is really going on. What is the real effect of what we do? What is at work in the production of beings of a certain kind? Through an analytic writing process we may be able to identify the various shaping cultural practices. Once identified, they can be confronted, refused and redrawn, as a means of enacting change. Persistence in such a course of action becomes a means of liberating the self from the experience of the self, providing a release from subjugated knowledge and occasioning a different consciousness. We begin to think differently. Authentic self-direction and movement become more viable possibilities.

Reflecting on my own writing has lead me to other understandings and new insights. Perhaps it was knowledge that I already had, but was simply unvoiced. This act has the potential for liberation from confusion and turmoil, empowering one to move on, to discard old practices and assume new ones. Another outcome of reflection is the emergence of repeated themes, "ritornellos". These themes are the recognizable parts that repeatedly

surface. They are often voiced as questions deterritorializing into the landscape, persistent questions demanding to be heard and given a voice.

I have found writing to be a place where I can create, express a difference. In essence this is giving life to something that had none before. The creative response within me is an impassioned one, something separate from my conscious thoughts. They have a history. My passion has none. "Anti-memory" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 33). It is through its expression that it is possible to "grasp a line of flight" and produce something new; possibilities materialize that were not envisioned at the outset. Writing becomes a place for experimentation, growth and movement in the production of the "real". Becomings.

To become is to become more and more restrained, more and more simple, more and more deserted and for that very reason populated. (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 29)

In her essay, "Poetry Is Not a Luxury", Audre Lorde (1984) writes, As they become known to and accepted by us, our feeling and the honest exploration of them become sanctuaries and spawning grounds for the most radical and daring of ideas....We can train ourselves to respect our feelings and to transpose them into a language so they can be shared. And where that language does not yet exist, it is our poetry which helps to fashion it. Poetry is not only dream and vision; it is the skeleton architecture of our lives. It lays the foundations for a future of change, a bridge across our fears of what has never been before. (p. 37)

I have spoken of the risks of indulging in this kind of writing before, particularly within the confines of an established institution with its traditions of "how things are to be done". It is stepping outside the "circle of protection" offered by privileged authority. But only here it is possible to escape the tedium of the known, to create our "poetry" in order to venture towards the unknowable and unthinkable.

In speaking of a musical experience where I shared my creativity with others, I discussed the possibility that some form of rejection may have served to silence me, at least temporarily. Also that my expression of

difference had placed me in a vulnerable position, fraught with uncertainty, but one that I welcomed and was willing to risk.

I believe in encouraging difference, discouraging sameness....Difference must be accepted as a gift from those who are willing to share it. And if you want to understand this difference, you must be willing to put aside preconceived ideas and open yourself to it. (Nov. 5, 1991)

I now consider two different modes of writing, two disseminations of power. The first is the compelling mode of creativity. There is no logic, rationale or particular direction to which it adheres. It is the inner "me at work", an expression of my soul. The power for me is in the production. The power for the reader is in their interpretation--the thought and emotions that are aroused. The second mode is a conscious expression of the intellect. I work in that space, too. Here the product is a construction rather than a creation. The process is one of applying my knowledge in a deliberate and rational fashion. I analyze, make choices, reposition, redirect and make references to the literature. This is my style to inform the reader. There is probably another way of working that uses some combination of the two, which I haven't yet discovered. It would be a way to communicate to others and yet at the same time maintain the power to affect. The dilemma for me is that when I am moved to create, the conscious act has no place at that particular moment. And when I employ the conscious act, creativity is suppressed. I am pondering how I will unravel this difficulty, to find a way to integrate these two modes of working rather than separating them. How to employ "anti-memory" AND "memory".

Another consideration is the almost unshakable demands of University expectations. Expectations which arise out of a particular mode of discourse reserved for such bastions of tradition. It seems at times as if there is little place for creating something different within the hallowed halls of academia, ensconced as it is in its enclave of power. Unless your area of study is in the Performing Arts, this is generally something that you do after you satisfy the requirements of the institution, when you have earned the right to sever the bondage. This right is earned through producing a product, that fits certain criteria. Its language and intent must be stated clearly for the reader.

The subject matter must also fall within a predefined domain of acceptability. The format is standardized. Now, there is one small crack in this facade. And that may be found in Curriculum Studies. But even there it appears that one must find a way to satisfy two masters. An interesting but hopefully not an impossible challenge.

What is it to be? The uncertainty of the unexpected or the acceptability of the legitimated path? Vulnerability or impotence.

I considered a piece of academic writing recently which was deemed "clear and explicit". I must confess that it did nothing for me. It had no pulse, no life of its own. I had and still have much difficulty locking into its organizational style. It speaks of lists, factual data, categories, theoretical information, principles and methods. It talks of segmenting curriculum planning. I am not sure what it means, and I have no interest in finding out. Some may perceive my attitude as arrogant. I just see it as not being my tune. The way I see curriculum is as a whole, with many fluctuating inter-related parts, none of which can be isolated without affecting all the others. When I look at this "example" it brings me to tears. I feel it oppressive and lacking in charm. It is cold, dispassionate and hierarchical. It is a product of institutional control, and its assumptions advocate more of the same. I don't hear the speaker's voice; I hear the voice of a subjected body speaking an academic discourse. Is this the legitimated work that is awarded degrees? I want my degree, too; it suits my purpose to have one. In some people's eyes I suppose it will give what I do a certain legitimacy. In my own it will not. My "real" work does not need that stamp of approval from an outside authority. In my weaker moments I sometimes wonder if my "real" work will ever become "legitimate" within these halls. I struggle to find a balance that I can live with.<sup>11</sup>

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<sup>11</sup> Epilogue: My comments about this writing interest me, particularly now that I discover that I had been examining the "wrong example". I have entirely different things to say about the "correct example". My comments about the other writing stands. Maybe this is a case of "all mistranslations are good". It did cause me to consider very carefully my style of writing.

Writing achieves a certain credibility and power when personal experience is included in the context. The inclusion of the personal prevents the theoretical from becoming elitist, prescriptive or exclusive. It situates the writer in his "home". "Obscuring the home and refusing one's implicativeness is an attempt to disconnect oneself from one's personal history", assuming a privileged position of standing outside it while deconstructing it. Identity politics requires that the writer acknowledge his home in order to expose the bases of his privilege (Bromley, 1989, p. 210). This position subsequently reflects reality rather than operating from a position of cloistered obscurity. The writing becomes a more potent political force, one which may have the capacity to effect change. I have noticed that in some of my current writing there is an absence of my explicitly stated personal stance. This puts such writing in jeopardy of becoming esoteric, possibly alienating to those who read it. I still remember railing against certain theoretical writings earlier in the year as I confessed to reading with a dictionary at my side, proclaiming that the educators who would most likely benefit from reading the critical literature would probably not persist after the first few dictionary consultations. I even recalled a time when I indulged the power of speaking the technological jargon of computers in order to impress others. In so doing I had effectively silenced them and controlled their response. Have I completed this circle again? If my purpose is to communicate with others, I will need to make an adjustment here. My audience must have a reason to persist with my work. I remind myself also of what Maya Angelou (1979) says, "Easy reading is damned hard writing."

Looking back over my work I can see a number of different writing styles. I have a conversational and reflective style, which is what I am using here. It is how I would speak to another, face to face. I have a highly compact theoretical style, where I seem to pack much into a small space. This is not easy writing, but one which I find very satisfying when it is finished. However, because of the density of ideas, it is not easy reading. One needs time to pause and contemplate the thoughts that are brought to mind through the text. I consider again, Maya Angelou's wisdom. Perhaps the "easy reading" will be a further transformation in my style. I have another style which is purely poetic. To me this is like creating music; it is

aesthetically expressive, imbued with beautiful sounds. This writing is a craft, like art or music; it is entirely up to the reader to interpret for himself. Here, I offer none as the reader's response is the only one that has validity for him. Of course, my writing is not exclusively any one of these styles. My passion to create weaves throughout all of them. It is not a conscious act, and one that I am usually not aware of in the creating. It is only when I read it later that its force becomes evident.

What after all is the purpose in reading another's writing? Could we not reconsider the words of Deleuze & Guattari (1987)?

What new thoughts has it been possible to think?

What new emotions is it possible to feel?

What new sensations and perceptions does it open in the body? (p. xv)

Feb. 6, 1992

*I wrote about the incongruency between the face and the body of a child I knew. There appeared to be an absence of subjectivity in the child's face this particular day, so deeply driven was his ordeal.*

The face appeared frozen, a death mask. Not an identity that his teacher was able to recognize, a foreign landscape, bereft of subjectification. Its position fixed, skin drawn taut around every opening, numbed to all outside stimulus. The eyes signified closure, nothing in or out, black coals residing in a homeless place. The attachment of this mask to the body of the small child appeared purely an arbitrary one, a bizarre incongruity, a mismatch, the face of death superimposed on the shell of a six year old child sitting quietly in the medical room next to the school office. Life had seemingly gone into reverse, existing somewhere deep in the abyss, behind the sockets of a hard, cold, faceless stare. All lines of flight severed from the flux.

School had been dismissed for over an hour when the details were relayed to his teacher by two older girls who relived their terror in the telling. Provocation, taunting. That was his style. A frenzied staccato of profanity,

barbs cast out like a fly fisherman trying for the big one. Searching for another life. At one point he declared his desire to die as he lay in the road, pleading for the next interloper to snuff out the life that was his. Out of concern, someone tried to reclaim this explosive, tortured body from harm's way, only to have it recoil and spring into yet another frenzied flight of delirium. The pursuit led into the yard of a stranger where he found the weapon he had been looking for. Axe in hand he proceeded to face his would be saviours, screaming defiance, warning them of their imminent danger in coming closer. The sustained desperate cry of a dazed and wounded animal, a plea to escape the demoniac black hole and rejoin the flux.

Who goes there? Who hides behind this blank space of nothingness, this dismantled face? Neither the child nor his counterpart that day. But that of the once-was-child, the future-to-be adult. Neither in one nor the other but in some desolate asigned place. His crime was the passionate desire to live among the living.

Feb. 18, 1992

This story is one of my own terror in the knowledge I have, that the child also has. It terrifies me because I know that this event has been lodged somewhere in the depths of that child's memory, together with a host of other traumas, set to discharge in some unpredictable and unforgiving fashion. It tells of my frustration in not knowing what to do for the child. No one in the "system" either cared or knew what to do either, as nothing was done. I was told that there are hundreds like him and it is not our concern. How can teachers ignore the plight of a six year old child who hasn't had a chance? What is our responsibility here? The story also tells of my anger with a system that fails children every day. What are we doing in the name of education, as caring educators? What is the nature of the subjectivity in our designated roles that says there is nothing we can do? How do we escape the entrapment of these expectations?

The following year after the child had left the school where I was working, I had a telephone call from a concerned counsellor at the school to

which the child had moved. He had requested the previous counsellor's records, but none had been forthcoming. Apparently the records had been destroyed before the counsellor at my school left for another job. I was able to fill in some of the background for him, but supposing I hadn't been there? Would he have been starting from the beginning as I had, in order to gain some insight or explanation for the child's behaviour? He wouldn't have been party to my knowledge. What are the ethics involved in destroying records? This was not the time for a clean break. After all, the child still knew. What about my ethics in disclosing what I knew?

I wonder about this child now. How much have his experiences hardened him? Is there a permanent tightness, a callousness to his face, similar to what I saw on that particular day? I knew him as a child, with the innocent dreams that any six year old might have. He wanted to have friends, love, be loved. His desire was for life. Today he would be going on nine years old. How soon will it be before he becomes acquainted with the justice system, if he hasn't already? When will he become just another statistic as someone gone badly wrong? I fear for him knowing of his propensity for violent outbursts, knowing that he may harm either himself or another. I saw the signs. Who will listen to his cry, and to mine?

When the rules become the baggage of domination it sometimes makes sense to play a different game with new rules, where one can chart another course, imagine another future. To flee is to create life, to find a weapon. (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 49)

## Fourth Movement

### Plateaus

#### **Pasticcio, tempo a piacere**

March 1, 1992

With our first breath we inherit a system of codes and rules, which, when they are learned well, serve to direct our actions and discourse. The process begins amidst the first whimpers and gurgles, summoning a predictable response from the parent. In her desire to be a good parent, she is only too eager to accept this role and suffer domination, a servant to the child's power. The parent held hostage, but not for long. The child soon becomes an object to be molded in order to establish order and discipline in the household. The signification begins, each with its attendant reward. Rules of conduct. Lessons in docility.

As I walked into an elementary school the other day I saw evidence of this continuing process. Desks and tables arranged for control and organization. Each child in his own space and in clear view of the teacher where she can observe, direct and enforce. An efficient ordering of bodies and space for the purposes of governance. Activities synchronized in the exercise of power.

Foucault says that "Western man has become a confessing animal" (cited in Dreyfus & Rabinow, 1982, p. 174). This confession, be it written or spoken, serves to present us as objects, waiting to be regulated and dominated by the other as she places an interpretation or judgement on what we say. In telling our version of the truth, is it possible that we are seeking liberation by a freeing of the conscience? One who believes that there is some great truth to be uncovered would believe so. But if this truth is but "an illusion" (Foucault & Nietzsche in Dreyfus & Rabinow, 1982, p. 181) it is not likely to be liberating at all as underneath every interpretation is another interpretation, an incomplete understanding masked by the practices of which we may be unaware. An unearthing of these practices may give us the

clarity which is necessary to better understand our condition, our thoughts and actions.

We ask someone else's opinion of what it is we do. We hope for approval, kind comments, but are often committed to accepting whatever is handed down in judgement. Later we ask for further surveillance and assurances about our progress. Can we not judge for ourselves our own worth? What is it that makes us ask others to do this for us? Is their truth more defensible than our own? Sometimes we become dissatisfied with ourselves and seek an improvement through a transformation, a new identity. Another signification. Newly learned behaviours which we have carefully selected from established lists or codes, falling into the same trap as we are subjugated by this other morality. It is an accepted path, and we are made to feel legitimate in following it.

It is not the codes themselves that are necessarily flawed, but our relationship to them can be the source of difficulty. Particularly if they are followed in blind allegiance. We need to form ourselves as "ethical subjects", "a process in which the individual delimits that part of himself that will form the object of his moral practice, defines his position relative to the precept he will follow, and decides on a certain mode of being that will serve as his moral goal" (Foucault, 1985, p. 28).

When we ask to be understood, are we also asking to be identified and individuated? We confirm the label, establish our own relation to it and so become subjects of it, establishing our identity. It sometimes appears in documents where we are analyzed and distinguished, the text setting the dye. In surrendering we become conspirators in maintaining a hierarchy of power, ensuring our own oppression at the same time. We adopt the socially sanctioned identity. In our vulnerability we become controllable, under the other's influence, surrendering our difference. *It may be in our very difference that the truth resides.*

March 4, 1992

### Autonomy

I am thinking at this point that it is not only impossible for people to become totally autonomous but probably undesirable as well. The only autonomous individuals I know are infants who have not yet been molded by the shaping processes employed by those who care for them. Suggesting, as do some health care workers, that autonomy is a recognition of a person's rights will not suffice. One still has to take into account the complexities of others' rights and one's relationship to them. You cannot act without reference to them. An autonomous individual acts alone, in isolation and independently, a state that does not exist.

It doesn't exist because of the system of rules and roles in which we are implicated. Playing a role or part denies one the opportunity of acting autonomously. It stifles, to use one of the words that I have used before to describe this. Male-female. Teacher-child. Doctor-patient. It is part of the infrastructure of the society in which we dwell. It is risky to step outside this oppositionally defined system.

The notion of community is such a network of rules which negates autonomy. If you are committed to community, then you accept the rules, like the "sects" that Maguire (1990) speaks about. Your identity becomes aligned with the code which is espoused and sanctioned by the community. The answer for me is found in the issue of respect. Here it is possible to act in one's own space and yet interact in a mutual space with others as well. Something akin to Kitwood's (1990) "moral space".

Why do we look for rules and codes? Is it to bring order from chaos? A sense of calm from the sense of dis-ease? Fear of chance events? We seem to desire some exterior authority to direct our actions. What about the individual's ability to undertake an affirmative action? Is this not a preferable state to reaction? What does it take to act affirmatively? It certainly takes a belief in the individual's ability to act in such a way. It also takes "getting free

of the self' (Foucault), free of the subjective nature of the self, achieved through establishing an ethical relation to the self. A genealogical examination of the state of affairs may give one some clarity as to what is going on. What is directing us in our current activity? Probably not autonomy, but the socialization controls that constitute the society in which we are inextricably involved.

The hold of Bio-power which exists in order to control us body and soul, comes to us in the guise of making our lives better. We endorse, advocate and practice these forms of power, convinced that this is the way of reality. We play into the hands of the powers that be. Some try to work their way to the top of this hierarchy so they become directors of the power instead of recipients of it, further entrenching its hold. Those who in their complacency accept the rules play their part too, ensuring perpetuation of the system as it is. We are told that this is how society works, how it maintains productivity, and so our justification for participating in it, even if it means sacrificing our own values. Rules distance us from the relationship to the self and to others, undermining our interdependency and aspirations towards ethics and authenticity. *It is through uncertainty and confusion that we have the opportunity to reach for greater heights.* Why sanction something that will deny us this chance?

I am feeling an overriding impatience with complacency at this particular moment. It arises out of a situation at a school where I once taught. Some former colleagues were bemoaning the fact that their computer program had "gone to hell" since I left. And would I not apply to return to the school to put it right again. My frustration is with their acquiescence to the recommendations of a "Consultative Committee". I never attended Consultative Committee Meetings when I was there. I'm not sure I would go now, even to protect the computer program. It perpetuates "I" and "them", "I" who knows best and "them" who will oblige by doing what the "I's" deem best for the school. It comes down to obliging however unwillingly, or taking a stance that will probably be viewed as uncooperative, and not likely to be listened to in any case. What is wanted is a smooth running of the school. The vocal majority sets the agenda.

I said at the outset that living autonomously is not desirable, but that relationally defined living is. A sense of connectedness to others gives us a feeling of well-being. I see education and becoming educated as best achieved collectively, where our dependence upon each other is recognized, where difference is respected and accepted as a gift, and where we can venture towards unimaginable possibilities.

Feb. 20, 1992

### Knowledge and Truth

*One who knows does not speak.*

*One who speaks does not know. (Lao Tzu. Verse 19)*

*Better to be a road-sweeper than a judge. The more one has been fooled in one's life, the more one gives lessons. (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 8)*

These philosophers seem to be saying similar things about the nature of knowing and the truth. Which leads me to my question: What is the relationship of knowledge to the truth?

Teachers may have more knowledge than the children they teach. Does this make them purveyors of the truth? Make their word the law? Does the fact that many teachers indulge in explicit monologues give credence to their words? Does legitimated knowledge give us the authority to speak? Knowledge of this kind establishes the power of authority over others, influencing them, giving the speakers the appearance of having spoken the truth. Language can be construed by the speaker and misconstrued by the listener, which can lead one into the world of the cynic, mistrusting everything one hears or thinks. Words can sometimes be a clever artifice meant to distract and confuse the listener. How do we recognize the truth when we hear it? Is it a matter of being ready to hear it? For myself I often think that the simplest statement is the most truthful. When I hear it, which is not often, it touches a deep place somewhere inside my body and often brings me to the point of tears. That moment of truth,

when you know something that you didn't know before. The creation of something new, a becoming.

The truth is something which cannot be judged, questioned or deemed invalid. When something exists exclusive to all else, unchallenged, it may be the truth, or else a great lie. How do we distinguish?

There is truth in chance, unexpected events. This implies that there has been no coercion, mandate or prediction in the production of the event. This is the opposite of asking to be led, or being told what to think or how to act, and so proceeding in a linear, logical fashion. It is thinking in all directions at once with no preference for any particular one, where everything is possible. Truth comes in affirming fate, grasping the first throw of the dice. The ability to think nomadically, with no bounds.

How often do we say, "Now why did I do that?" And then look for some logical explanation, resort to the armchair psychoanalytic jargon which forms part of our knowledge, giving our analysis a certain credibility. This is not the truth but simply an avoidance of it. Mindless verbiage. But it sounds good and we are impressed that we understand ourselves so well. We can only search for the truth about ourselves, and hope that we will begin to approach it.

Does the prophet speak the truth? History would seem to say so. There are always those of us who look for others to tell us how the world is, to make sense out of the unfathomable, explain the inexplicable. We do not trust our own dreams and imaginings. But are these not closer to the truth than our interpretation of someone else's interpretation? "To indulge in imagination is to indulge in an entirely new way of thinking that deals with things in terms of their possibilities, even their almost unimaginable possibilities" (Murray, 1988, p. 5). We need the truth of our own dreams and imaginings. We need to look to our own hearts for our answers. Our deepest feelings may be challenged by others, but we know that for us, there is no other answer until the mystery of the flux further reveals itself. The "ground of the soul" (Eckhart, cited in Caputo, 1987, p. 268).

Novak (1978) says that "knowledge of the self is more like ignorance than knowledge. The more deeply I go the less clear becomes my self knowledge. Who am I? One or many " (p. 43)? We see different truths from each standpoint. I experience this when the subjectivity of my role dictates a behaviour that seems to contravene what I really want to do. I feel restricted and dictated to, wondering how to break away, wondering if I have the courage to do so. To know ourselves and to affirm this knowledge is living a truth.

Foucault talks of writing "in order to have no face" (cited in Bernauer & Rasmussen, 1987, p. vii). Deleuze & Parnet (1987) say, "Lose your face" (p. 47). For Foucault (1985) this means getting free of the self (p. 8). Deleuze & Parnet speak of life-experimentation with nothing to hide (pp. 47-48). It is an attempt to lose one's subjectivity in order to know the deeper truth about the self. It means freeing yourself of the preconceived ideas and expectations of yourself and of others. Occasionally we see in someone's eyes, a hint of the truth, while the rest of the face speaks of dichotomy. Some of us, actors/slaves, are masters at portraying the face we would have others see. We smile when we are unhappy, putting on a brave face. I was raised with that code. Or we cry, when really we are not sad at all, but hoping to make others think we are. Manipulators. Such good actors, we often believe the story to be a true reflection of ourselves. Our subjectivity becomes part of the knowledge of ourselves.

How do we force the issue of the truth? Is it possible to learn that intimate knowledge of the self that will allow one to discard subjected knowledge in order to speak the truth? This is the kind of freedom alluded to above. Foucault speaks of caring for the self in order to fit oneself out with certain truths about the self. This is acquiring knowledge of the self. It would seem that when one speaks the truth, it will vary, depending on the level of self-knowledge. But it still passes as the truth as seen by the speaker. So saying what you think is speaking the truth. But the nature of this truth is dependent upon the knowledge one has of the self. I see this truth as neither the moral nor ethical version exclusively, but a blend of the two. As both reside as knowledge in our subjected consciousness.

May 15, 1992

Foucault distinguishes four modes of speaking the truth, that of the prophet, the sage, the teacher-technician and the parrhesiast.

*The prophet is concerned with truth as destiny. He mediates the present and the future and does so in words that require a certain interpretation because they uncover what has been hidden.*

*The sage holds his wisdom in himself and feels no need to express it at all. He speaks of what is, of the being of the world and of things, and does so in the form of general principles.*

*The teacher-technician uses a certain learned skill to transmit his truth-knowledge to others. His aim is for clarity and decisiveness as he attempts to define and distinguish.*

*The parrhesiast is typically concerned with ethos, a way of acting. He speaks clearly and directly of the individual and of the present situation. His word may divide, even if it may bind and cure. It is telling the truth at the risk of losing your self-image. The objective of parrhesia is the formation of an ethical way of acting (Flynn, 1987, pp. 102-106).*

### Two Truth-Tellers

As an educator I am frequently called upon to judge, tell the truth about another's work. It is a responsibility that I take seriously as I know the weight borne by my comments. Other teachers, parents and children alike have come to place their confidence in my abilities as "teacher-technician", as "she who knows more than they". I have taught and judged for 25 years from a position of privilege, inspiring some and silencing others. Yet I speak from the limits of a knowledge which is often taken as an authentic and absolute knowing. The longer I teach, the greater my awareness of this limit. I return to Foucault's question, "Do we know what what we does?" What have been the historical consequences of speaking my limited knowledge? How have

my judgements promoted the dependence and subjection of myself and others?

This judgement of which I am speaking is a form of *pouvoir*, the power one has over another as opposed to *puissance*, the capacity to affect and be affected (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. xvii). Judgement is an example of the former; clearing a space for a fullness and capacity for existence the latter. My life's preparation has been towards the latter. "Finding, encountering, stealing instead of regulating, recognizing and judging" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 8).

The following discussion begins with a recounting of two experiences where I became the one judged. Each concerns an interaction with another, set within clearly defined discursive positions. Each relationship was predicated by a body of rules. Each involved the truth-telling of the teacher-technician. What is of concern to me is the effect of such judgements on the formation of the subjectivity of the individual. What might we do to refuse acquiescence in these practices which control ourselves and others?

The first of these experiences is a principal's evaluation, his truth stated in a five-page report. The regulations in the school act state that all teachers must submit to an evaluation by their principals approximately every five years. So I submitted and was judged. The front page of this document contains a myriad of signifiers--names, grades taught, type of appointment, degrees and where they were obtained, teaching experience, times of observation and two signatures denoting agreement with the report's contents. Opening remarks to the signifying ritual. Identity established.

I remember the three classroom visits which this principal was obligated to make. They each lasted about an hour as he took his responsibilities seriously and was bent on thoroughness. Since he was relatively new to the school and unfamiliar with my teaching methods I appreciated that he needed to observe me at work in the classroom. Of course I was "ready" for his visits, but I'm not sure he saw my usual method and

style of teaching. His very presence and the fact that he wrote copious notes while attending to a check-list at the same time did something to my performance. There was something very controlling in both our assumed roles, each determining the actions of the other. I knew what he needed to see and was prepared to deliver. He was ready to receive. His method was definitely not one of getting a "sense" of how things were going. He wanted it documented in great detail. And document he did, with a vigilance. As I went on with my teaching I tended to ignore him somewhat, but was always totally conscious of his presence. I kept my good teacher mask firmly in place, controlling the unpredictable. Didn't want too many surprises. He was satisfied with my performance.

Now, the report itself is one that any teacher could be proud of. It describes in detail the workings of my classroom and my many other contributions made to the school over the past several years. I provided much of this information for him and he had no reason to doubt my word. My participation in the event assured the recreation of the identity I chose and which I knew.

There is also a "To Whom It May Concern" letter attached to be used for reference. It is a very positive report. I would say it is an accurate one as well, as far as it goes. It is objectively stated in carefully chosen language, clearly meant to inform. He preferred not to include his opinions but to base it on his observations, his attempt to eliminate bias and treat everyone fairly. Each section contains several areas of commendation. It speaks well for my abilities as an efficient, energetic, innovative, caring, and all round competent educator. Of course the obligatory "satisfactory" rating as opposed to "less than satisfactory" does seem ironic considering the report contents. That aside, I would venture to say that any principal reading it would be hard-pressed to find a reason not to wish me on their staff. I will also say that the report could be a very useful commodity should I need to prove my worth in advance of someone knowing me. Through my part in this charade I was rewarded with protection, one that would ensure my place in yet another power game.

The other judgement concerns an entirely different area of my work. It was my last piano examination. I remember going into the examination room, nervous as usual and futilely attempting to disassociate myself from an inner trembling. A circle of fear seeking closure. It was not clear what criteria this truth-teller would be basing his judgements on. It was a large room with two pianos, one the grand on which I was to play. The examiner sat behind a desk, and as I handed him my music so he could refer to it should he need to, he smiled. He didn't appear too formidable. There appeared a small crack in my circle of fear. I was as well-prepared as I could be and was anxious to be done with what I had come to do. I knew I could do it if I could just forget the presence of this "knower" whose mission was to identify and make "known". Of course my very being there assured him of his position as knower, an unalterable reality. The power relationship stood by virtue of our mutual complicity. The idea of a collective performance which I have recently given consideration to was the farthest thing from my thoughts.

I have a vivid memory of the grand's resounding base as I played the Beethoven Sonata. Caught me a little by surprise, really, as I hadn't been practicing on a grand piano. At that moment I truly appreciated the responsiveness of such an instrument and desired more than anything to have one of my own. I know there were moments when I was able to forget the "presence" and to meld with the music. There were other moments, too, when I had to steady myself and carry on. I remember becoming angry that I could be so manipulated by the circumstances. I had the sense that the examiner knew what I was going through and he didn't overtly assert his superior position. He was as trapped as was I by the arrangement. Perhaps a little of the parrhesiast mode of truth-telling had surfaced. He thanked me for my performance when I left.

The two women who sat outside the room and through whom I had gained admittance told me what a musical performance it had been. My teacher, knowing who one of them was, said that she wouldn't have said it if she hadn't meant it, and she knew of what she spoke. I was encouraged by this recognition of something that I knew was larger than myself.

The results of these examinations generally take a few months to arrive. Time enough for the memory to distance itself. I told myself I didn't care what it said, not wanting to place false hopes. I waxed philosophically--what was done was done. The marks eventually came in the mail. Given the marking system that the examiner was expected to follow, I expect that the mark was fairly accurate. I could only imagine what his criteria was. Had I dared to hope for better? I had said I didn't care. But had he heard my music? Had he heard beyond the set criteria used for grading? These to me were the important questions and something about which I did care. I always knew the difference between a technically correct and an inspirational performance. And I knew when it came to music which it was that I valued. I was not to be disappointed here. He had heard. He described my playing as "a musical and sensitive performance....a capturing of the spirit....an appreciation of texture and proportion....musically shaped and balanced....a pleasing warmth to the tone." He even commended my preparation in a few instances. I knew that my music had touched him, that he had connected with the inner me at work. This was all I needed to know. This truth-teller had heard the music within the music and was able to tell me so. The other truth-teller had chosen not to.

In both of the stories related here there are a host of controlling power relations at work--surveillance, punishment and reward, restrictions of space and hierarchy. The effect is a power game which directs the actions of the participants towards predictable outcomes. In both cases there is a patriarchal educational discourse in effect that states that the principal/examiner has a superior knowledge. In speaking it he effectively exercises power over the other, the teacher or student in this case. At work is the normalizing effect of a discourse which contributes to the formation of the subjectivities of the individuals, both knower and known. As we subordinate ourselves to these positions we become identified. New forms of consciousness are denied as we see ourselves through the eyes of others. The potential for "puissance", creative thought and action, is diminished because of the limitations which accompany our identification. How do we proceed towards developing other discursive positions that will allow us to see ourselves differently?

Even those of us deemed as critical educators and who would work to change these discursive arrangements are caught as we are implicated in maintaining them. Ellsworth (1990, cited in Correspondence to the Editors) calls for "a refusal of the terms and assumptions associated with the knower/known dualism" and a shift towards dislocating educational practices through dis-identifying with the assumptions and conditions they have taken for granted. The shift could be accomplished as educators acknowledge their situatedness in the practices in which they are implicated (p. 403). The resulting effect is a freeing of the self from the self. Foucault says our course of action must be one of an unwillingness to comply.

Maybe the target nowadays is not to discover what we are, but to refuse what we are. We have to imagine and to build up what we could be to get rid of this kind of political "double bind," which is the simultaneous individualization and totalization of the modern power structures...not to try to liberate the individual from the state, and from the state's institutions, but to liberate us both from the state and form the type of individualization which is linked to the state. We have to promote new forms of subjectivity through the refusal of this kind of individuality which has been imposed on us for several centuries. (Dreyfus & Rabinow, 1982, p. 216)

This is not a call for a new society but a call for new ways of working within the systems in which we live. It is a call for developing new discursive positions through the examination of existing historical and social discourses. It is a call for creating new forms of subjectivity where we can live and think differently. We, as educators, need to write and talk honestly about our experiences to bring into focus "what what we do does". What may emerge is a more ethical discourse in which to conduct our lives relationally with others.

May 2, 1992

As I completed the previous writing I was aware of a certain unease in relaying the contents of these two judgements. Why, one might ask, as they were very positive reports? I think that at some point in my past I may have taken some pride in these accomplishments. At first I thought that had these

reports been negative in tone I would have felt differently. I would have been able to condemn the effects of negative judgements. I wondered too if I was feeling some self-consciousness about what may be perceived as a narcissistic self-promotion. As I continued to ponder this I realized that something else may be closer to the real reason for my uneasiness. What occurred to me this morning is that my distress concerns precisely what I have been struggling to remove myself from. That is: identification, being known. I had participated in the constitution of what Foucault would describe as the "modern individual--objectified, analyzed, fixed--[an] historical achievement" (Dreyfus & Rabinow, 1982, p. 159). Herein lies my conflict. "To be unknown at last, as are very few people, is to betray. It is very difficult not to be known at all" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 45). Western society places much value on consistency in ways of being. It somehow suggests that we are being true to an inner self. I have long resented "being pegged" as one thing or another, well before any of my current study at Graduate School began. I must have sensed even then the smothering effect of identification, even before reading about Foucault's theories of normalization. Part of my escape was the way in which I would become secretive about myself. No escape at all in this kind of resistance--only drove it deeper. And besides, the identity was always there regardless, with its accompanying expectations, fixing the web of codes which sustained the status quo.

Deleuze speaks of getting beyond the signifiers, to become imperceptible, to transform the particles in the black hole of subjectivity in order to become capable of loving. "There we no longer have any secrets, we no longer have anything to hide....The great secret is when you no longer have anything to hide, and thus when no one can grasp you" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 46).

How to reach that place where we have neither past nor future. Neither history nor hope. How to create a line of flight which will refuse the established powers from making us their slaves. How to become "a traitor to the world of dominant significations, and to the established order" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 41). How to refuse entry into this power/knowledge network, to become unknowable.

In acknowledging my complicity in these practices there was a certain liberation. However, I think that the increased consciousness achieved through truth-telling is only the beginning of this kind of freedom. It doesn't become real until you can practice it, integrate it into your style of living. I need to see how I will act when tested again. The action as opposed to the being. Then I will know I have broken through the mask of codification.

The result of such truth-telling begins with a freeing of the self from the self. In so doing we also free others from our controlling grip. An ethics is established with ourselves and so with others. A space is created where each has the opportunity for creating the real.

March 14, 1992

### Talk on Talk

In some of my classes lately we have talked about talking, or the lack of it. What it should be, who it should include, how people are excluded, how it can be made meaningful, focussed, and also continue to respect and value our differences. It is a topic worthy of discussion, especially when there are concerns about the current legitimacy of our conversations. Our interdependency urges us towards conversation, creating a breadth to our existence through the forging of connections, understandings and new thoughts. So it is disconcerting when we are confronted with the reality that little of this appears to be happening. Yet attempts to look at alternative methods of working have been met with little enthusiasm and willingness to experiment. I'm not sure of the reasons. I don't believe solutions are to be found in formulas, as there are too many variables in this game. Difference cannot be neutralized. Our diversity too elusive and changeable. It becomes a constant playing of the game, fashioning new strategies on an ongoing basis with each successive breakdown. Accepting at the same time that the answers will be at best partial and potentially oppressive to others (Ellsworth, 1989, p. 324). There must also be the commitment and will to go on. Or if it is determined that there is no reason to do so, to find other players and play a

new game. Either that or discard the tools you thought to use, and craft new ones.

When looking to make a conversation work better we need to look at our own styles. My style works best when I am not separated from others by large spaces, especially with intervening tables; the arrangement of space can serve to precipitate or delimit a conversation. When at the last joint meeting of the two Curriculum Classes, I mentioned that I felt quite comfortable listening to the two instructors conducting their work that particular evening, but that I had quite the opposite feeling at the previous meeting, where the distance between them was so great that I felt they were shouting at each other when they spoke. There was no place in the middle for their voices to mingle. My own voice seemed to get lost too. I don't know how they felt, but this is how it was for me.

Musicians are masters at arranging space and openings. We are charmed by their rhythmic and melodic motifs and landscapes. The territory beckons relentlessly to us. With its arsenal of tools the music caresses the soft dark places of our souls that we didn't know existed. We are taken in, seduced. It speaks of joy, sadness, pain. We never know at the outset the nature of the journey ahead. Nonetheless, we take heed, as desire tempts us to stay with the play.

The forum for a productive mode of conversation must attend to the needs of the participants. Needs are expressed through our differences. I think of my own need to see the person I am speaking to, my aversion to using something as innocuous as the telephone for speaking at any great length. For the words are often secondary to the other messages I perceive when reading the story map written in a face. Attending to such things is a recognition of certain rules of the game.

### Conversation as a Performance

A performance is most often associated with something more than the ordinary occurrence, an expression of "style" in the creation of an event.

Although it is usually affiliated with the "Arts" it is not limited to that medium. We might describe a performance as "moving", or "wanting". Either way there is some emotional component to the interpretation of what went on. Either way it discloses itself as a life amidst our own. We discern the language within the language, a component that the ambiguity of words fails to express. An authentic performance is acknowledged by both the performer and the audience, its power inescapable as it penetrates their bodies. It is the kind of happening that often leaves you wanting more, wanting it to go on. And "go on" it does, even in the silence that follows, as we muse reflectively in thought. Invariably it leaves one changed.

When a conversation becomes a performance the unpredictable happens. For this to occur, the conversants must share a willingness to sever themselves from the inadequacies of agreed upon directions and outcomes, as these obstruct the production of a creative event. Creativity to express and think something new, not a tracing of the same or an imitation of. The route could be a circuitous one, fraught with discord, or imbued with a sense of not moving at all, like the nomads clinging to their geography. This is hard work confronting a multiplicity of possible directions together with the conscious rejection of the linear path and the familiar. The risks of being judged foolhardy or unwise abound. But once committed to this course I believe that you have to dedicate yourself completely to it, exploring the junctures and breakdowns. New ideas may emerge, or perhaps, simply silence and the imperceptible.

April 23, 1992

### An Authentic Being

My thoughts return to what it means to be an authentic being, which to my way of thinking is something beyond the masks of our subjective identities. This multiple expression of being that is other than the social, historical and politically constructed self--this product of discursive practices. How do we know which of our diverse understandings reflect the authentic self and which do not? Illusion can be seductive. There would appear to be

certain moments in our lives when authenticity definitely occurs, when we may "act out of character" or move beyond to a new sense of ourselves. These are often events associated with a certain ambience of the "real", where the mind and the heart work in concert. They may also occur following periods of despair and shattered beliefs. When destructive thought is disarmed as we create new maps for reclaimed lives.

How do we encourage the expression of an authentic self? For this we may need to find a way to reconstitute the self, but in such a way as to not choose the nature or direction of the change. Complicity here would be assuring the replication of something already known and legitimated, ultimately assuming an identity that is controllable and dependent. Alternatively, we need to concern ourselves with an attitude towards a particular way of being, which may evolve under certain conditions of openness in relation with others, where the passion for life has priority.

Foucault says that knowledge of the self may be achieved through establishing an ethical relationship to the self, to fit oneself out with certain truths. It is a process of caring for the self in order to know the self, to know that of which you are capable [in relationship with others] (Foucault, 1987, pp. 5, 8). In a sense this is actively participating in the constitution of one's identity, "to think differently than what one already knows" (Gillan, 1987, p. 42). In order to think differently one must get free of ritualized, established thought. It means initiating a new ethical relationship to one's values and existing moral codes such that a new mode of being becomes embodied in the individual. The genealogical analysis of one's own history may offer the writer the insight needed to free thought and to think differently. This activity is both solitary and collective. Mark Seem (1983) calls it a new form of politics, "where singularity and collectivity are no longer at odds with each other, and where collective expressions of desire are possible" (p. xxi). It is during this process that we catch glimpses of our reformulated identities, where we may perceive of ourselves differently, at times not recognizing what we may see, then embracing it as we resist a return to the familiar. Participation in such a task is best approached with caution, in small steps over time. Otherwise we run the risk of annihilating ourselves. The process

of transforming the self is of necessity an ongoing one as we commit ourselves to life's encounters in the flux.

Since we are encultured in a kind of thinking and acting that produces beings of a particular kind, it becomes increasingly difficult to see what we are doing. We may have the opinion that our lives are fine as they are, that we are making free choices, that our manner of being is authentic and honest. In all probability this declaration of harmony is not what is really happening but how we see it through our socially constructed lens. The illusion. Foucault would say that this is a sign that orthodoxy has taken hold. But with careful listening to our bodies we may become aware of contradictions, times when all is not well. That our engagement is not an authentic one. That the living of our lives is not the "real" but simply the playing out of roles in a space of the mind together with other actors. The passionate engagement becomes glossed over as we adhere to the expectations and norms of organized society. In so doing we frequently deny a voice for the emotions, which are the true gauge of what is really going on. If we are to do our "crying" in private as is endorsed by Westernized society, it is no wonder that our life experiences often seem like going through the motions of a half-life.

Kierkegaard's idea of authenticity is one of unconditional surrender to the nothingness of the self. That the choice for authenticity is not a choice at all, because in choosing we choose what we have been socialized into. Heidegger's view is similar. The choice of authenticity is "a way of letting the ownmost self take action in itself of its own accord" (Dreyfus, 1991, p. 317). So how do you take action without taking action? Choose without choosing? Possibly by imagining the impossible, engaging with others in creative ways and experimenting. The fashioning of new tools and ways of working. Creating new spaces. There would only be certain others with whom one could engage in this manner. Yet those others are a necessary component in the exploration of this way of being. It is not work for the idle speculation of the armchair philosopher engaged in thoughts without emotion.

Heidegger describes the stand that produces the authentic self as "resoluteness" (Dreyfus, 1991). It is "an empty, open, spontaneous way of

being-in-the-world" (p. 321). This stance is not without its risks. It is easily misinterpreted by others and our vulnerability lies exposed to potential abuse. This is openness without protection. There are no prescribed methods of working or guaranteed outcomes in the process. But when it produces, I believe that the product is real. "The real is not impossible; on the contrary, within the real everything is possible, everything becomes possible" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983, p. 26). With the real comes the exhilaration from being in that space where authentic selves meet freely, "alone together" (Footnote 6, p. 12), places of "double capture" (Deleuze). In this space there is freedom to express thought, passion, uncertainty and difference. There is an honesty, a mutual trust without loss of individuality. Each accepts and validates what the other has to offer. The activity becomes authentic.

I continue to preoccupy myself with the idea of letting go, as for me I believe this is the key to the expression of my own authenticity and possibilities for becoming. When I think of letting go, or write about it as I am now doing, it repeatedly engenders an emotional response. Is it fear or excitement? Fear in letting go of the known? Or the excitement of possibilities yet to be known? Letting go implies that there will somehow be an empty space, a void to be filled. It is where we become deserted, deterritorialized, ready to be repopulated (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 29). With the letting go, will there be enough left to see me through? Am I asking for assurances here? I, we, disciples of ideology and rhetoric. Perhaps I distrust this directionless way of being. But there comes a point where the alternative becomes equally disagreeable, the normalcy, the sameness of it all. So I see the letting go as a chance to disentangle ourselves from the root-snares of inauthenticity, to grasp a line of flight away from predictability and imitation, to create and participate in a different future.

As I think of encouraging another's authentic being I think of how it will be with the children with whom I engage in my practice of teaching. I know from my experience, that my willingness to be open and speak from the heart, encourages a like response in them. They also need opportunities to talk about what they are doing, to listen to themselves and others, to be allowed their own form of stammering, to be accepted as multiplicities,

valued for their difference, and to learn that they, too, have the power to create their own authentic lives. I acknowledge the potential political nature of my influence in these situations. It may be unavoidable in our current educational system. As I press forward into possibilities (Heidegger) in search for new ways of connecting with others it will be necessary to set aside this agenda, to search for openings and make space for the new.

May 2, 1992

The leaden eyes, the tightness in the body, the irregular breathing. The face a combat zone, confounding the mystery. It had been a full day for reading and thinking about identity, subjectivity, signification. Her head a-swirl with images of her life of preparation. She shifted her thoughts to music, about a musical performance which reflects life, and the musical becoming which is life, and as uncertain. She wondered for a moment if she was becoming a traitor to her own identity. Did she detect an unfamiliar rhythm? In the past there had been little question about which route to take. It was laid out before her, subject to expectations and past courses of action. It was simply a matter of looking and taking the next step, remembering and thinking the next thought. If she strayed from the line, some authority would surely redirect her to ensure the firm footing. Compliance to the code was expected. "Home" brought with it the sureties of protection. Now she had brought all this into question. Constraints. Identity. Relationships. Complicity. Nothing AND everything was escaping this scrutiny. It was like an encounter with herself in which each pulls at the other. The past pleading for reason, caution, stability. The present looking to flee the trodden path, transform.

*"Mind your step!"    "Just watch me!"*  
*"Remember the others."    "They must forget."*

So she had come to this place in the landscape, pulsing with the expressive motifs of her style. The rhythms were her own. Modest. Unadorned. Improvisation. Becoming real.

March 27, 1992

### A Father Speaks to His Child

There you are my daughter, lost in your world of thoughts again. I see you now with your face full of stories still to be told. You always were a girl for hanging on to such things weren't you. I have watched you these past many years as you struggled to make it otherwise. Your vulnerability appears more freely now. As someone said in your class the other night, "Vulnerability is a strength". I know that you believe that too.

I will talk to you now of my own vulnerability, of stories that we never talked about, but which I know you share with me. I remember the time when I watched you fall, to what I feared at the time was a certain death. You were just three years old. I had seen you sitting there on the neighbour's balcony as I busied myself shingling the garage roof at the back of our house. I remember thinking that the balcony wasn't a particularly safe place to be. But thoughts of finishing the roof had priority at that moment. And then you fell, down two levels into the cement stairwell of the basement. Your scream cut through me in ways only a father can know. As I leaped off the roof I prayed for another chance, for both of us. I remember carrying your limp body home, amidst the recurring memories of the other two young lives that I had watched die. These two who would have been a brother and a sister to you had they lived. We never spoke of this did we. I know now that you had found out anyway. That there had been a previous marriage, a marriage which had produced two children, both of whom had died as infants. I tried to make a clean break of those images, as I married your mother, only to have them flood back past the overflow mark as I held your frailty close. We delude ourselves if we believe we can be totally free of the past. It has already done its work. Those memories of my other children weren't ever discussed, as they would have dismantled that revered image of "father", "protector", and "provider". I struggled with my role as you do with yours. I regretted so often after that incident that I hadn't protected you. Guilt. Recrimination. Fear. But you didn't die as had the others, and seemed

to recover after a day in bed without any ill effects. A chance had been granted us. And I knew what I had to do.

We had called it "croup". I, fearing the name I knew it to be, and your mother in search of a label that would help her to comprehend something totally outside her own experience. We both spent many hours with you, engulfed in the steam which would help to unclog your lungs and ease your breathing. I had somehow "grown out of" the asthma that I had suffered with as a child. As I watched you fight for each breath, recollections of my own childhood with asthma returned with a cruel persistence. I prayed that you too would be granted a reprieve, that somehow this might be just some horrible, ridiculous mistake. Instead I watched its grasp on you grow tenaciously tighter and ever more secure. Your mother felt betrayed, and silently reproached me for bringing this weakness into the family. She felt absolved of this responsibility which was totally mine. It was about this time that the illness returned to me as well. By now we had both been properly identified as "asthmatics", and so began the search for answers.

As I searched my soul I resolved uncompromisingly to let God have a hand in delivering you from the suffering of your human condition. "Bailing out" some might say. My fear of not knowing what else to do, of remembering my other children. I had determined that it was too late for me as I had rejected religion at some point in my youth and so tolerated no illusions about being one of the favored. This was an unforgiving God from whom I always felt somewhat estranged. But the timing was right for you and your sister. That is the "why" of the "saving" that you both had to endure. It never occurred to me that the experience would have added to the unbearable and the temporary withdrawal from life. I saw the blank darkness on your face each time I tried to talk to you about it. I tormented myself as to whether my faith had been misplaced. What had I done in your name? I know now that you have moved on since then. You might quote Caputo (1987) here, "Suffering is but a phase of the flux, a moment of the becoming" (p. 284). Your engagement may have been intensified because of it.

I had wanted to provide for you a home, a place where you would always feel secure. It helped me with my own pain as well to do this. My desire was to be a good father to you and your sister. I had more difficulty assuming this role with your older brother, your mother's son by her first marriage. He was so different from the rest of us. It couldn't have been easy for him, having to live up to my expectations of what a son should be. My judgements were harsh. The fact that we eventually became good friends I think has more to do with his gentleness and compassion than with anything I might have done. I was glad when his difference no longer stood as a barrier for me, and I was able to tell him that I loved and accepted him as my son.

As far as home goes, I think now it wasn't so much a place of safety as a place that you knew. It was too limiting a place to be called safe. Its safety was obscured by rules, expectations, consequences, exclusion and compromise. Rules imposed by those who thought they knew better than you. Expectations of the kind of person you were to become. Consequences of having your own way, "the worst way" I used to say. Exclusion when you failed to comply. Compromise as we each gave up some part of ourselves. "The construction of our subjectivities," you might say. I didn't understand as I do now how restrictive a home that I built. My complicity obstructed my vision, giving my actions a convincing legitimacy. My sense is that I didn't totally succeed in achieving this goal. You have sought out the cracks in this entrapment haven't you. This is good is it not.

I used to wonder how it would have been if you had been the son I dreamed of having. You were like me in so many other ways. Your mother always projected her misunderstandings of you onto me. "She's your daughter," she would say, as if I was somehow granted a special insight into your being. My unacceptable explanations were viewed suspiciously as withholding some particular knowledge. She couldn't let you just "be". But something caused you to persist regardless. A degree of obstinance perhaps? Even she would approve now, now when you are not so much in need of her approval.

I watch you with a combination of love and curiosity for the path you will choose, your expression of style in the search for the real. You remember that look I used to have, the knowing smile and shaking my head at the same time. There is still that small part of me that would tell you what to do, but somewhere along the way I learned the futility of such action. You may have had something to do with that.

You see, I have this privileged position above the flux now. It wasn't my choice to be here, but there is no point in questioning why things turn out the way they do. The price of this kind of privilege is isolationism, of watching the play but having no opportunity to affect either one's own or anyone else's movement. It's what you do when you are immersed in the play that counts for anything if life is to have meaning at all. This place of disruption and confusion. It is there where we find that of which we are capable, engaging in the struggle for what we may become.

April 28, 1992

*Sometimes my whole being is possessed with the music I am playing in my head. If I have spent some time with a certain piece of music, either listening or playing it, I seem to internalize it and carry it away with me. It is like a good story. When it has something to say, music captivates me.*

This is an excerpt from my writing of Oct. 12, 1991 as a spoke of music and authenticity. It is how I felt when I heard a Chopin Nocturne playing in the atrium of the downtown Eaton's Mall about a month ago. I was captivated by this music after hearing only a few notes. I spent the entire time walking around looking upward, trying to find the source of the wonderful sounds which enveloped me. I was compelled, driven by something I can't explain to make that music my own. The sonorous, capricious landscape, the passionate rubato, the melancholy. Something implored me to own it, to steal it, to discover its secret. I did not find its source, none-the-less, its landscape was etched in my soul. When I arrived home I searched unsuccessfully for the recording. I didn't have the title and so really didn't know what I was looking for, just something by Chopin. So I sought out my

own albums of piano music. After a short search I found the score, and at once immersed myself in the map to discover its mystery. The body was appeased. The playing seemed to come rather effortlessly even though I had not played it before. Perhaps it was already mine. The passionate outcry of a musical becoming.

I also wrote about the performer's interpretation and engagement with the music (Oct. 12, 1991).

*At its best it is a form of communication that leaves you feeling vulnerable and full of sensation. A feeling of one-ness develops with the music as you open yourself to it, abandoning control over your emotions. Some musical sounds are fraudulent representations of music; they uncommunicate. I feel cheated when I am forced to listen to it. It is like a voice that says nothing because it speaks only words. Authenticity is important in music as it is in life.*

An experience I had recently reiterates the substance of this particular excerpt. The Collective of which I am a member was meeting at my place for our last session. Before A... had arrived I spoke to the others about the music I had performed collectively with members of another of my Curriculum classes, and that I was now going to play something for A.... and wished to include her in the performance. She had read of the previous event and so was aware of what had transpired. The interesting thing for probably both of us was that when she sat with me at the piano it was not a joint performance. It was neither mine nor hers. Fraudulent sounds. In trying to include her I ignored my own participation. She, in reading the score and turning the pages, also found herself separated from the music. Knowing she was following the music, I then focussed on reproducing the notes, which is always a mistake for me as I started thinking about all the technically tricky places, recreating difficulties for myself, circumventing the potential to "affect or be affected". We seemed to be in each other's way. Not enough room on the bench. The old role had surfaced and I was trapped. I needed to forget the self I knew, the anxious, unsure one who feels she has to measure up to some predefined criteria. It just wasn't working the way I had intended it to. We were both confined in our constricting but familiar homes, unable to

penetrate the surface of possibilities. Caught in a tangled root system. Lines of flight in conflict, going nowhere.

The whole world demands roots. Power is always arborescent.  
(Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 25)

As we carried on with our meeting I read something I had written about authenticity. At some point in the ensuing conversation, A... asked if I would play the music again, with her listening to it from a distance, where she could take in the whole performance. Was she giving me a chance to enter another space and do what we both know is possible, to slough off the limits of signification and subjectification? To use the map and not to mirror it. This time it became my performance, where I wasn't conscious of having to include anyone, just an expression of my style and the music, moments of musical becomings. There were no goals, no preconceived notions, just encounters. I remarked afterwards that the second performance had been more authentic. I am reminded of desire, the involution of being totally present, becomings and authenticity in the creation of the "real".

So what of the collective performance with my classmates then (pp. 120-124)? Was it less authentic? I think not. It was just that in the former instance, we had created a space, a special rapport where each of us was open to all possibilities. None of us felt bound to measure up to any expectations. It was a unique space, untested, with no rules, "the space in between, the unpredictable interstices of process, movement and invention" (Bogue, 1989, p. 105). What happened was not a repeat of anything that we had experienced before. The music became the product, a collective work of art. Another product occurred during the performance, an intimate closeness where there was a connecting of souls and expressions of desire. It was singularity AND collectivity. *I believe the real does happen, and not always when you are looking for it.*

May 2, 1992

### Subjectivity

What of this place beneath the signification of the face, the subjectivity which houses the conscious and unconscious thoughts, passions and secrets? This socially constructed product of discourse and practice which serves as interpreter of one's personal experience and ways of being in the world. "Forms of subjectivity are produced historically and change with shifts in the wide range of discursive fields which constitute them" (Weedon, 1987, p. 33). It is precarious, contradictory and in process. This description aligns itself with poststructuralist theory which sees an inherent relationship between subjectivity and power. The relative positions of the various discourses are unequal in their expressions of domination. Through an imposed subjectification, we become controlled and exploited in the struggle for power. Our complicity in these normalization procedures ensures the replication of the process. Foucault calls for new forms of subjectivity through the refusal of the State's imposed individualization (Dreyfus & Rabinow, 1982, p. 216). Our involvement must be addressed if new social orders are to evolve.

Identity is the conscious expression of one's subjectivity. It is a combination of who we are and what our experiences have been (Bromley, 1989, p. 211). Its formation is assured by discursive practices that articulate a particular field of knowledge, normalization and rationalization strategies, and the individual's relation to himself. We are subjected by this process which is deeply ingrained in our culture (Racevskis, 1987, p. 23).

People desiring change within themselves often make superficial attempts to change their identities, such as changing habits, names and roles, friends. In such cases, the change rides the surface of signification; the mask takes on a different look concealing the depths below the surface. Until the discursive practices of our culture are reformulated, there will be no real change. And of course this does change, but slowly, historically over time. The earnest reconstitution an an identity is a serious undertaking and not without its dangers of instability. As Deleuze cautions, "Dismantling the face

is no mean affair. Madness is a definite danger....Dismantling the face is the same as breaking through the wall of the signifier and getting out of the black hole of subjectivity" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 188). It is surrendering to the "openness to the mystery" (Caputo, 1987, p. 267). It is losing the secret of the face, becoming imperceptible, where you no longer have anything to hide, and thus when no one can grasp you (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 46). One's footing becomes uncertain, the surroundings unfamiliar.

### Collective Action for Change

The desire for a shift must first be identified through the individual's sense of how things are going at a personal level. This provides the motivation for initiating a move towards something different. Movement can often be accomplished through the process of writing. I think that much can be achieved at the individual level together with a determined commitment to change. But working alone is no easy task, and may lead to many fragmented individuals pulling in self-centred and narcissistic directions. This in itself may not pose an immediate difficulty for the individual, but it could negate collective action. A more concerted effort toward change could be accomplished through a collective struggle together with those confronting similar oppressions of their difference. This could lead to possibilities for societal change through the theorizing of the collective position and engaging in political action. My own caution here is to avoid the concept of community (home) where differences are silenced in order to support the dominant discourse of the majority. This would simply recreate the hierarchical structure that the group may be attempting to dismantle. I am at odds at the moment as to whether the "Identity Politics" of contextualizing experience and relating it to structural factors (Bromley, 1989, p. 209) may become too unwieldy to be a viable method. How many small interest groups can a theory accommodate before it too deconstructs into other sub-groups? Yet there needs to be a collective means for an effective rupturing of oppressive social and cultural structures. I am trying to consider something other than forming a unified stance to oppose such structures, in order to prevent exclusionary ideology from further entrenchment. It must

be singular and collective, where differences are valued and yet where we can collectively see where we have constructed traps for ourselves.

May 29, 1992

### The Power of Music

It is a very simple matter, listening to music. It is when people try to complicate it by sense-making that it becomes difficult. Avoiding the traps of stereotypical thought, rules and codes are essential if there is to be an engagement. It is like love; there must be a willingness to take a risk, leave the trappings behind and give yourself to it. Become vulnerable, enter the space where one is free to express and be instructed by passion, uncertainty and difference.

Sound invades us, impels us, drags us, transpierces us. It takes leave of the earth, as much in order to drop us into a black hole as to open us up to a cosmos. It makes us want to die. Since its force of deterritorialization is the strongest, it also effects the most massive of reterritorializations, the most numbing, the most redundant. Ecstasy and hypnosis. (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 348)

Reading Deleuze for me is like playing music. I think he successfully deterritorializes the voice such that it becomes music. There is always just enough to keep you engaged, and enough mystery so that you are drawn back again and again to replay it. It becomes a matter of continuous engagement between the text and the reader. His work is in a sense written in a "minor language", which is a language of continuous variation and becomings. It is language with "style" in Deleuze's sense of the word. Reading it I create my own motifs--new thoughts, something extraordinary. A similar thing happens for me with music, either playing or listening to it.

Stable structures shake loose, the whole trembles, the abyss opens up. We are brought tripping before the mystery. (Caputo, 1987, p. 276)

There is no one language within music but many. If you hear them you will feel a space open where a special vibration which goes beyond

knowledge occurs in the body. Words to describe what happens at this point are for the most part inadequate, providing only a limited view. The danger of presenting any view at all is that it may be seen by some as prescriptive, denying them their own voice. "Art is never an end in itself; it is only a tool for blazing life lines" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 187). The power in music is what it allows you to think and what it frees you to do. It uproots your conditioned responses, providing a clearing for new thoughts. These are the motifs, deterritorialized into the flux, expanding your territory.

For me, then, music has provided a life line, a means for allowing movement. Responding to music is like a kind of truth telling. A ritornello. It has the power to strip you of your defenses, creating an opportunity for you to produce the real. It is here where you find that of which you are capable. You find what you can do outside the umbrella organizations of governmentality, on your own and in your own way. I want to talk a little about how I have used the power afforded by music in my work this year. It seems odd to me now to speak of music as a tool, but I think this is what it has been, not that I have intended it that way. But then if it allows you to do something that you otherwise wouldn't have, it is a tool.

At some point earlier in the year I felt incapable of describing how I was feeling about my work. The words I chose were simply an incomplete expression, with missing parts. But the writing of a piece of music allowed me to fill this void. It was a conversation with three voices in counterpoint. The language of music became the "extraordinary words" which allowed me to speak; the voice became deterritorialized. The result is something quite beautiful. There is a continuous movement which reflects the sympathy between the singularity and collectivity of the voices. Each stands on its own, yet is aware of its collective position as well. It is an assemblage which produces something else. "The utterance is the product of an assemblage which is always collective" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 51). With the sounding of the last note there is an imperceptible move into the tonic major key, almost catching you by surprise. But then so do becomings. The music also becomes something else.

When I think of this experience I am reminded that there is no prescription for becoming creative. I would say that the writing of this music came only through a lack of trying. Agreed I have a certain technical knowledge that allows me to write with musical notation. But that didn't ensure the creative act. It was simply filling a need to stay in the "play". I also see it as a matter of expressing a style of one's own and so to create. Therein lies its power.

The author is a subject of enunciation but the writer--who is not an author--is not. 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-homogeneous set converge, making them function together....The assemblage is co-functioning, it is 'sympathy', symbiosis. (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 52)

Following this event there was another. This was a musical evening in my home with members of my class. If I had wanted to lose my footing "in the cracks" this was the place to do it. In a somewhat unaccustomed fashion, I proceeded to share music with others. I had reviewed but not practiced the music I would play; this was not to be a polished act. In this the others were to be included collectively in the performance, something that I had not done before. The newness of this experience both frightened and excited me. But there was never a question of not going through with it. As the evening progressed, the fear subsided; I grew accustomed to being outside the "circle of protection". Someone remarked on what an ambitious project it was. And yet I never thought of it as that. There was no conception of a project before I began, just an outline, a map intended for use as Foucault would say. What happened that evening was a series of becomings, which taken as a whole became the "project". But it wasn't a project in the ordinary sense of the word. There was no structure of beginning, middle and closure, but a multitude of open ends. Life-lines. It opened up possibilities for all who were there. It was definitely the making of an event.

*Eventum tantum.* Making an event--however small--is the most delicate thing in the world: the opposite of making a drama or making a story. (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 66)

A space was created that evening, between the music and the participants, where everything that happened did so between the two. I felt the movement had begun before the actual playing of the music. And when the music began it was like already being in the middle of something, "on the line of encounter between an internal and the external world" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 52). Each person had before him the possibility of becoming an artist, of creating something for himself. It was as if time had been freed to do so. It wasn't a moving forward so much as movement outwards, an emergence or expansion of territory. Becomings deterritorialized on direct lines of flight. Many people spoke to me later to tell me that the experience had left them changed, but found it difficult to put into words what it meant for them. For most of us, its significance will continue to evolve into other assemblages. Life becomes a continuous variation. The power of *puissance*.

My thesis has been arranged in the form of a musical composition, a Sonata in four movements. It is something which must be played as well as read. I think Deleuze may call this a "pick-up". It is using an idea from one area and applying it to another, so that the result is neither in one nor the other (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 10). The important question here is, "Does it work?" And I believe it does. The particular arrangement has allowed the individual pieces to join an assemblage. It is a collective arrangement where each piece creates new forces through its relative positioning. The effect is quite powerful and one that left me changed when I "played" it the next day. I moved to a different place from where I had been during its creation. My own work has the power to affect me, to move in continuous variation.

### Subjectivity and Music

We frequently hear people speak of being moved by music. Often the feeling is quite profound and continues beyond the time of the event. I think it is important to attend to these signs when learned codes and masks are in disarray. It may be the best time for caring for the self through the search for truths about one's subjectivity. Foucault speaks of telling the truth even if it cost you your self image (Flynn, 1987, p. 102), something that may be more likely to happen when the "normal" defenses are down. Questioning the

practices by which we constitute ourselves as subjects may lead to an ethics of the self, "a style of comportment" (p. 114) and an understanding of how to relate ethically to others. One may learn how to conduct oneself, guided by a particular relationship to the self and not because of any moral code imposed by the culture. It is becoming free to think differently with respect to one's learned subjectivity.

Only in the black hole of subjective consciousness and passion do you discover the transformed, heated captured particles you must relaunch for a nonsubjective, living in love in which each party connects with unknown tracts in the other without entering or conquering them. (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 189)

Identity is like a label, something known, either by the self or others. It varies depending on the discursive practices that one is subject to at any one time. Identity is formulated as a result of how others see us, "Otherness", our experiences, and our interpretations of these events. Since interpretation reflects a particular discourse, it is not freely given but socially and culturally endorsed. Our identity is enmeshed in a politics of established thought. In speaking a particular discourse we perpetuate the current social and cultural structure, securing domination and subjection. We need to identify the discursive arrangements in order to refuse participation in them and to gain the freedom to make choices that are not those of the political will. In freeing the self from the subjective self, we need an opening, a place of rupture, in combination with a deterritorializing force. Music may be one such possibility. Improvisation the product.

The task, which is at once an effort to lift subjection by displaying its mechanism and to remove oneself from oneself by undertaking to constantly transform one's own thinking is also an attempt to locate the intellectual's freedom at the point of his/her limitations--the point at which desire meets with processes of subjectivization, the place where identity forms. (Racevskis, 1987, p. 31)

June 15, 1992

### Life Lines

It is on a line of flight that the real is created. These are the lines with the greatest potential for life and also for death. Deleuze asks, "How is it that desire can desire its own repression" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 144)? Thinking about life as composed of a multitude of lines and rhythms, immanent and intertwined with one another helps to illustrate how this might happen.

Deleuze (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, Chap. 4) speaks of three classes of lines that form a life. The first of these he calls "rigid segmentarity". This line represents the established order--hierarchies and power. It is a line of force which organizes our lives within society, creating dependencies. Its power is delivered through a number of discourses which give direction within a closed space. It keeps us in our place. The second line he refers to is a more supple line of segmentarity, a "molecular" line. He speaks here of tracing out modifications, micro-becomings and mutating. It stands in opposition to the first line, which I see as a form of questioning or refusing the values of the first line. In so doing a tension is built up between the binarity of the two, creating a place of lowered resistance, a disjuncture. Here, between the two, a third line is created, the line of flight. Its trajectory is directionless, towards open space. It is the line of mutation, transformation or improvisation, creating new forms. The uncertainty of such a line carries with it certain risks. It carries with it the potential for destroying the systems of the segmented lines. Since the segmented lines contain the dominant discourses of ideology responsible for the construction of our identities, we face the prospect of destroying that part of ourselves. One unavoidably becomes a traitor to one's identity, with no way to weigh the risk in advance. As Deleuze says, "There is no general prescription" to outmanoeuvre this trap (p. 144). The lines must be manipulated with care. Lines of too rapid a deterritorialization run the danger of creating a void where we may find that we have too few reserves to carry on. Lines of flight then become lines of abolition. How to manipulate these lines with care? They must continually

be reterritorialized, integrated into other assemblages of life. Even so it is an uncertain game. What is certain here is that the lines operate collectively within a life, and their interrelationships are what produces possibilities for life.

Most lives are lived in repetitive cycles, maintaining the status quo, confirming the legitimacy of the past. Plans for change scuttled, following brief confrontations with "the correct ideas" of the establishment. Consistency and predictability in order to avoid fragmentation and the unknown? Lives of rigid segmentarity are all that some would know in a lifetime. An imitative territorial refrain without variation. But what are the practical means for avoiding this stagnation of closed space, of rearranging one's life so it becomes a continuous variation, creating other lines? How to produce "the great refrain in the little refrain[s], the great maneuver in the little maneuver" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 350)? How to rearrange the lines so new forces are created. Becoming an artist with one's life.

I sometimes say that musicians know how to break all the rules and get away with it. Master manipulators with an instinct for survival perhaps. A ritornello mutated by inversion, creating a new soundscape. A scrap of a refrain transformed in six variations. The motif articulating the musician's style with each appearance. The deterritorialized sound of music invades us, "makes us want to die". It is a feeling of being adrift, with no past or future. Lost temporarily to the cosmos. Then restoration as life is reterritorialized in other assemblages. How can we be informed by the musician's art? What are its life lines?

How to foster a life of creative variation? We, not ideology, need to author our own subjectivities if possibilities for thought and action are to become otherwise. It is first bringing the experiences which have shaped one's identity into question, and situating them within the various available discourses. A persistent questioning of the truth of one's sense of self is essential if one is serious about becoming free of one's history. It is this questioning of one's subjectivity which produces the tension between the lines of segmentarity referred to above. It entails taking a marginal position

with respect to dominant discourses, changing one's history through the work of micropolitics<sup>12</sup>. Our complicity in contesting political discourses gradually becomes exposed. This in itself does not ensure change and can lead to disenchantment with one's life without the means to change. A more effective recourse may be through the linking of one's experience with the common experiences of others via a political discourse (Bromley, 1989, p. 219). The collective voice may be more productive than that of the individual. The medium for this course of action is language.

A language must be conceived that enables one to write or speak without the formal constraints of a universal style. The traditional use of the language of academic institutions in this instance would only serve to preserve the constancy of existing power hierarchies. Its use replicating the status quo. The style of writing required, then, will vary among writers; it is whatever occasions movement away from the protection of one's "home" (Pratt, 1984). It denies itself the privileged position of the majority, often assuming a skeptical stance. What is needed is a minority use of the dominant language, a language of continuous variation, constantly in the process of becoming something else (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 106). This use of language ensures that the minority speak from and acknowledge their marginalized positions. "Minor languages do not exist in themselves: they exist only in relation to a major language" ( p. 105). A parallel exists in music: minor modes are variations of each major mode, existing in relation to the major. A minor language is a means for creating "another consciousness and another sensibility" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1986, p. 17). A language of *puissance* as opposed to *pouvoir*. A language that will bring a consciousness to the individual concerning the historical construction and subsequent reconstitution of one's subjectivity. Lines of change then become possible.

"Is it by chance that music knows only lines and not points? It is not possible to produce a point in music" (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 33). Music is continuous movement unfolding at variable speeds and rhythms. Its lines of

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<sup>12</sup> See Footnote 5, p. 11.

flight are sustained by a skillful arrangement, transformation, and improvisation within the texture of counterpoint, harmony and silence. Impressions of life lines to consider in the search for openings.

### CODA

The nature of teaching is such that its meaning can never be totally disclosed. It is always in process, created as lived. Teachers often speak of those teachable moments when plans are scuttled because some intuitive sense tells them to do so. Moments of serendipity that have neither beginning nor end, occurring quite by chance. These are not characterized by frenetic activity, fragmented and disconnected from the whole. Nor are they a conscious striving to achieve out of lack. Rather, these are moments when a coalescence occurs between where we are and what we would grasp. They are moments of intense connectedness, often combined with creativity, where teacher and learner conceive out of possibility, something that has no history. They are moments of becoming through which we are otherwise informed about ourselves. Movements of life, possibility and subjectivity take on a different hue.

Teaching, then, is finding ways of becoming more attuned to the nature of what we are doing in the name of education. It requires of us that we persist with the questions that will allow us to articulate a different style in our engagements with students. It is openness, letting-go and commitment to the ongoing process we all share as lifelong learners.

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