

Processing (in)tent/sion: Playfully Con-textualizing Inquiry

(in)between

Moments of Humanness

by

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ABSTRACT

I perceive that words represent ideas of worlds and constructions of imagined ways of being. Initially when I started graduate school in nursing, I read and regurgitated quotes and ideas and followed these with my own garbled notions of 'what it all meant'. What I have found recently is that I need to get at what is important. I am remembering texts through my own interpretation (realizing that is all there is) and going with the flow and reflexive flux. Through the process of inquiring and disrupting, I want to explore the layering beyond the text as data to what this form of omniscience represents to me as more than author and researcher of the designated text.

Examiners:

PROCESS GUIDE

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I would like to thank some very important people for their contributions of support during my venture as a learner of life. Kudos was a word I learned in my graduate education. I added it to my flash card of new words (along with accolades) and now I want to extend my gratitude beyond words to the important individuals influencing my process.

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Processing (in)tent/sion: Playfully Con-textualizing Inquiry
(in)between Moments of Humanness

Give My Creation Life!

I want to write a story. Several stories actually, which flow together on/in an inbetween path unknown, where there is neither beginning nor end. Wilber (1979) described the experience of no beginning and no end as “unborn/undyng” in the simple, obvious present timeless moment eternal (p. 63). Sartre (1964) wrote, “[F]or the most banal event to become an adventure, you must (and this is enough) begin to recount it. (...) Nothing happens while you live. (...) There are no beginnings. (...) Neither is there any end (...) everything looks alike. (...) As if there could possibly be true stories; things happen one way and we tell about them in the opposite sense. (...) I want the moments of my life to follow and order themselves like those of a life remembered.” (p. 39-40) As Sartre recounted events of his story he expressed a struggle, which feels less than liberating and yet he continued on the arduous journey.

At some point in the text, I need to describe my approach. It is awkward to interject method into a text that has its own flow. I want the writing about how I engage in my process to be on the opposite side of the page of the story/text as it continues, which is impermissible according to the “Guidelines for the Preparation of Master’s Theses and Doctoral Dissertations” (last revised September 2000). I compromise by incorporating disruptive boxes within the text, as a reflective method adding layers of dimension to the process, not all is lost in negotiating the space of how I engage in inquiry.

What I am discovering in each re-write and each re-read is that my journey is about sharing the layers of process between reader and writer, not about coming to figure out what ‘it’ is or is not. My journey is an open and elusive process of concepts and expressions of experience through stories and struggling (*I notice I use ‘struggle’ and ‘challenge’ a lot in my writing*) with situatedness.

The text expands and contracts, shifting between juxtapositions of I/other and holding/letting go what is important, through a nebulous flux of moments.

What is important is that I have the academic freedom to explore my humanness (to be described further), as playfulness amidst the challenge of finding my location in relation to the location of others, while being aware of how my locatedness is potentially boxing my 'I,' as only one way of being.

My intent/sion (*I am (in)tension with the fixedness of the meaning espoused by the language of intention*) is to explore, through the art of writing, in a way that brings together my questions/inquiry through a creative philosophical process, which is as much about the expression of my experience, as it unfolds/enfolds itself through my perceptions/interpretations.

I use an alternate box off to the right to dialogue with my committee in response to their comments and to address some of my reflections on revisions. The layering becomes increasingly disruptive to my flow as I 'defend' my process and attempt to clarify my approach, at times subscribing to preconceived notions of how my process should be explicated. When the flow changes (becomes more choppy), I feel the added layers of process acutely interrupting the process as it adds to it. I am left going back to my original work feeling something is lost in translation (as clarification), where time and space are felt as a burden and reflexivity feels painful and angst ridden. Ironically, I am filling the space/gaps with expectations of others who request a better-conceived map/guide to connect the dots of my disruptive process. I am also asked to add more of my voice, which I myself am seeking, interjecting my uncertainties and confusions with why and how I make transitions and what takes me along my path of unknowing. Going back to fill the necessary space feels artificial and simultaneously adds dimension by teaching me more about how I choose to connect and separate from other/I.

I perceive that it is important for me to describe my process of writing, as I am expected to consider my audience, some of whom have and will label this an 'unconventional thesis.' Thus, challenging the format of presentation must be explicated, which I feel I am conditioned to 'defend,' while on some level, I seek acknowledgment and acceptance through my goal of connecting with others.

I struggle against naming my process, but language confounds me at every turn. It is not merely my process that I see and yet it is through the I, my selves and constructions/illusions of I, that I disrupt my selves bound and

othered through feelings of fragmentation as I connect and separate in a socially situated context of constructs and otherness. That is, the way that I am perceived by others and through my relationship with others, I reflect my perception of how and who I am, as I tell my story and share in the stories of others. Thoreau (1968) wrote in the voice of 'I,' first person, stating, "We commonly do not remember that it is, after all, always the first person that is speaking. I should not talk so much about myself, if there were anybody else whom I know as well. Unfortunately, I am confined to this theme by the narrowness of my experience" (p. 1).

I have never before had such a strong feeling that I was devoid of secret dimensions, confined within the limits of my body, from which airy thoughts float up like bubbles. I build memories with my present self. I am cast out, forsaken in the present: I vainly try to rejoin the past: I cannot escape. (Sartre, 1964, p. 33)

There are layers to this process and I want to express these layers in a way that is not too confusing to the reader, simultaneously I seek to disrupt the linear process that is incumbent of a standard thesis format. I have decided to layer my writing through the changing of fonts. My intention in changing fonts throughout the text, is to attempt to make somewhat clearer the muddy terrain of different voices (lenses) and layers of the creative process: the description of the writing process, the voice of 'I'

Initially, I intended to forage ahead on my path unknown, leaving behind arguments that were framed in normative 'wordspeak.' It seemed, however, to be a very difficult task when considering that this process affects more than my voices. For example there are elements of evaluation to my writing; standards imposed that originate outside of my work. If I were to set the rules and boundaries, I would ask that I as author of my process be given the opportunity to expand within that process in a way that was in alignment with the process as it unfolded, without preconceived notions of how ideas should connect and/or be elaborated upon. I catch myself in my own web as I add other layers of voices beyond my own, when I am prompted to ask myself, "How do I use the work of others (involuntary contributors) in this writing? Do I expect that everything (i.e. responsibility to other) falls away for the sake of my process?"

The difficulty of challenging standards extends to the construction of the academic text, aspects of which I cannot avoid. In order to connect with the reader I realize that I take up certain forms of writing (i.e. rules of grammar), which are not always upheld by me, but influence my writing none-the-less. I make decisions at every turn, not always realizing how heavily pre-constructed my ideas and presentation is, regardless of my quest for disruptiveness.

omniscient narrator/observer, *the voice of my reflective/reflexive process*, the data/textual/story material, and my interactive response to the data. I question the need to add another change in font to identify the method sections of the text. I decide that a box around my processing inquiry is necessary to add dimension to the layering and expansion of my process. I notice that there is a difference between explaining my process as method (the description of the writing process) and my reflective/reflexive process as contemplating my thoughts as I interact with the dialogue of others and share expressions of my own experience. When I ‘defend’ my process in layers, it is important that I clarify how I subscribe to and/or engage differently in pre-conceived notions of how the process is explicated. *How do I convey my message in a different way, whilst I search for common ground? Will the multidimensional aspect of my voice be lost or perceived differently, if I do not use this method? I splinter into my dimensions.* When the flow changes and becomes choppy, I feel the layers of process acutely. In these instances I have been writing along and suddenly I notice how I write or what I am writing about, which I then reflect on and describe in a text box (not necessarily in any particular order). A final transitional box incorporates a dialogue with my committee members where I assess my flow/flux process and interject what I have learned from the comments and questions of others. I recognize the challenge of the task, particularly as I incorporate different voices in writing this first section, situating myself, and describing the process of writing. By separating voices that are one, the layered process feels more like an enmeshed web, however I simultaneously perceive that the unpacking of process is invaluable to getting at ‘what is important’.

I pillage Sartre’s authorized text, hungrily devouring his experience and expression of that experience. What is it about his text that makes his work credible and valid for me and for others? For me, perhaps it is the stimulation of questions and interaction with thoughts and ideas, which is other than what I perceive as “originating” with me; my own (*I write these words realizing that I cannot hold onto the images of owning and originating within a framework of “I/not I”*), so similar to my inquiry. *My inquiry becoming increasingly blurry as I determine how I choose to situate myself, while I negotiate my space, with(in) the space of other. Why is origin/originality*

I notice that my fonts and boxes meld as my voices/lenses shift between moments and I further disrupt and rupture my process by unpacking layers of language.

important to me amidst my processing as unbeginning and unending? Why do I as author, seek to prescribe notions of 'authorized' and 'authority,' when I, as author, am the authority of my perspective only?

I reread my text and consider my writings. I feel Sartre's struggle and have felt it. Did I own these thoughts before or after my exposure to his work? Where do thoughts originate in this unbeginning/unending? Was I thinking these words and they came to me? Was I remembering what I had forgotten? His words seem to capture something, more than my questioning. "When will this story begin?" I ask myself as I viciously cycle inbetween the spaces.

As I revisit my writing, I superimpose new layers between versions, filling the space with information and definition. I feel more open to the process as I connect with the disruptive texts of others (Bruce, 2002; Fletcher, 1994; Kimpson, 1989; Palulis, 2003). I aspire to weave methods/approaches/inquiries through the text. As I dwell with the text, I consider Lincoln and Denzin's (2000) description of a seventh moment, which they contend is, "concerned with moral discourse, and the development of sacred textualities" (p. 1048) where sacred voice/text/performance and critical, moral, ethical, and reflexive acts are its hallmarks. I struggle to locate myself in the moment (seventh or otherwise) and identify/disrupt my relationship with the text. I perceive the text to be more than data and more than a focus on reflexivity. I see the text as story(ies) that is/are interactive with the reader and author, simultaneously with(in) and through the process; all connected.

Toddler's Creed

If I want it, it's mine.

If I give it to you and change my mind later, it's mine.

If I can take it away from you, it's mine.

If it's mine, it will never belong to anybody else, no matter what.

If we are building something together, all the pieces are mine.

If it looks just like mine, it is mine.

Author Unknown

I feel as though the words I utter sound familiar, not my own... simultaneously, nothing and everything I own as my own. Do I own my own stories? Why is the questioning in this way important? There is something about I/other in the notion of ownership that is about seeking to

separate and connect in paradoxical relationship. I look for solace in the stories of others to fill my plot with/of emptying thoughts and deconstructed versions of othered ways of being, as 'truths' and 'realities', struggling with/in the language that is invoked through the searching for my 'own' space, disrupting the notions of ownership. Jung (1933) described the modern predicament embodied in the "modern man", as the stirring of psychic forces of human consciousness, where increased skepticism of religion, politics and science prevail amidst searching within each realm. In Jung's view, "the modern man is thrown back upon himself; his energies flow towards their source and wash to the surface those psychic contents which are at all times there, but lie hidden in the silt as long as the stream flows smoothly in its course" (p. 203-204). Jung attributes the fear and paralysis of the modern predicament to the search for a wanting to "have actual experiences in psychic life. It wants to experience for itself, and not to make assumptions based on the experience of other ages" (p. 208). Yet Jung also contends that "the psyche is not individual, but is derived from the nation, from collectivity, or from humanity even" (p. 210), where "upheaval of our world and the upheaval in consciousness is one and the same. Everything becomes relative and therefore doubtful" (p. 211).

What I read is coming to me and through me. I perceive that Jung's words are my own. I search for his interpretation and perspective on things as they are, I crave the experience of being in the flux moment in(between) that simultaneously nullifies belief and faith and dispels truisms and absolutes. I feel the uncertainty and relativity as much as I seek to connect and separate from all that is whole.

The layers that unfold are between connecting with ideas that resonate with me, and stimulating my own stories and processing of ideas, seeking to explore the differences/sameness of I/other through the stories/ideas I find/seek along my path.

Murakami (1991) in his novel, *Hardboiled Wonderland and the End of the World* whose central character is caught between the world as lived and the world lived through his 'programmed mind,' wrote: I cannot tell if the thought is mine or if it has floated loose from some fragment of memory. I have lost so many things. I am so tired. I feel myself drifting, away, a little by little. I am overcome by the sensation that I am crumbling, parts of my being drifting away. Which part of me is thinking this? (p. 151)

What is my in(tens/tion) and purpose to this writing? I seek to connect with those who are engaged in the process of learning as living through stories, perhaps graduate students and not necessarily in the field of nursing. Simultaneously, I acknowledge that being situated within the nursing context/frame of reference is my most familiar and is also a situatedness and context that is expected to be shared and elucidated. Although it is through my experience of being situated as a graduate nursing student that I am privileged in how I come to write my process, my process is inclusive of my selves/ identities scripted and unscripted, by the writings of others. Acknowledgement of my¹ humanness is important to the way I describe who and how I am in relationship with others.

I find it difficult and interesting to respond to suggestions to be clearer about certain statements. Going back now (which will be different the next time and the time after that...), I feel I am rewriting much of my work because I am somewhat clearer. That I was not clear at the time was why processing was necessary, thus the more I layer and simultaneously unpack language lacking clarity, the more re-produced is my process.

I perceive Buber's (1970) relational juxtaposing *I* in relation to other as being important to my dialogue and search for separating/connecting 'in relation to'. Buber described *I* in relation to/with other as whole presence (You), or conversely in experiencing other as (it) world. "Relation is reciprocity: My you acts on me as I act on it" (p. 67). According to Buber, *I/You* is a reciprocal relation, where fragmentation and emptiness is dissipated and the gaps are whole and full of that relation. "Only as you becomes present does presence come into being" (. 63). Thus, in seeking to connect, how we connect is important (being aware of how we connect), even when we are not fully present or apprehending the spiritual *I/You* description put forth by Buber. Do social situatedness, context and reflexivity in describing relationships, create *I/It* as we consider how we are in relation to other? Situatedness becomes complex in the flux and to be situated, *I* perceive, is on some level the antithesis of being disruptive, even though to be disruptive is a situatedness. I write oxymoronicly, as I play with the text. I am what I am not (an oxymoron), how am I more than and different from a contradiction of ideas or representations?

¹ Humanness, I describe as processing inbetween moments of flux and flow, challenging the juxtaposition between whole energy and identity construct, surviving the unique and shared human spirit amidst simultaneous otherness and wholeness.

Buber (1970) wrote: But once the I of the relation has emerged and has become existent in its detachment, it somehow etherealizes and functionalizes itself and enters into the natural fact of the discreteness of the body from its environment, awakening I-likeness in it. Only now can the conscious I-act, the first form of the basic word I-it, of experience by an I, come into being. The I that has emerged proclaims itself as a carrier of sensations and the environment as their object. Of course, this happens in a 'primitive' and not in an 'epistemological' manner; yet once the sentence "I see the tree" has been pronounced in such a way that it no longer relates a relation between a human I and a tree You by the perception of the tree object by the human consciousness, it has erected the crucial barrier between subject and object; the basic word I-it, the word of separation, has been spoken. (Buber, 1970, p. 74-75)

I tell a story from a location I perceive as being in/of the inbetween space as a human being constructed and identified, questioning "Why?" with an awareness that I do not possess knowledge nor truth, but rather, venture playfully 'madly off in all directions.' In pursuit, or in search of the unknown, my stories (as all stories seem to me to be), are woven tapestries like webs of complex patterns, holograms of a whole, a distant memory and mirage of a moment/moments.

I read this writing and ask, "Where is the 'nursing-ness' in all that I write in these moments? What is nursing enough? In order to classify my work as belonging to 'nursing,' considering where I am situated in my graduate education, do I need the categorical labels of nursing theory, discipline, and profession, to describe my process? How do I identify with nursing theory, the discipline and profession of nursing as more than categorical labels of situatedness? Is classifying and labeling, thus situating myself with/in the body of knowledge that is nursing, important to my path of inquiry?" Perhaps I seek to explore how processing my juxtaposition influences my process, by questioning my situatedness in nursing.

There is something about being playful amidst feelings of emptiness that is shifting my juxtaposition in(between), which feels very much about nursing. As I wrestle in my humanness

inbetween, I perceive the importance of including other ways of being to disrupt and embrace dichotomy. I question, "Are we as human beings programming ourselves to suffer the painfulness of perceptions that we are being in ways other than whole, in the midst of wholeness?" I make the claim that this is a nursing question.

I seek to identify with nursing through humanness as it unfolds/enfolds in experiences, expressions of experience through language and through the identities that construct a story of that experience. In my case, and I would argue similarly in the case of others, it is through the angst of existing in the questioning and un-knowing amidst expectations and assumptions of ideals/constructs of identifying/organizing ourselves within ideal frameworks that we express our humanness. If the phenomenon of concern in nursing is human-health-environment according to some nursing theorists (Fawcett, 1995), then it would follow that how we are in relationship with one another in humanness would be affected by/affects our environment and would in turn affect our perceptions of healthfulness.

Humanness in the nursing context seems to be about focusing on the people we serve with whom we are in process and thus ourselves, as being more than in the role of nurse. Being intentional differently in our practice and disrupting the language and concepts that frame that practice, extends to how we process the organizational structures that we choose to employ and subscribe to, in the midst of the flux of imperfection, unknowing and questioning. I would suggest that we need more information and background (history) into how we are in and aspired to be in/structure our relationships, in different ways. I acknowledge the rich histories that inform my approach to nursing, to challenge and question is to come from a place of acknowledging of other. I simultaneously see how acknowledgment focuses on what was and thus perpetuates what was.



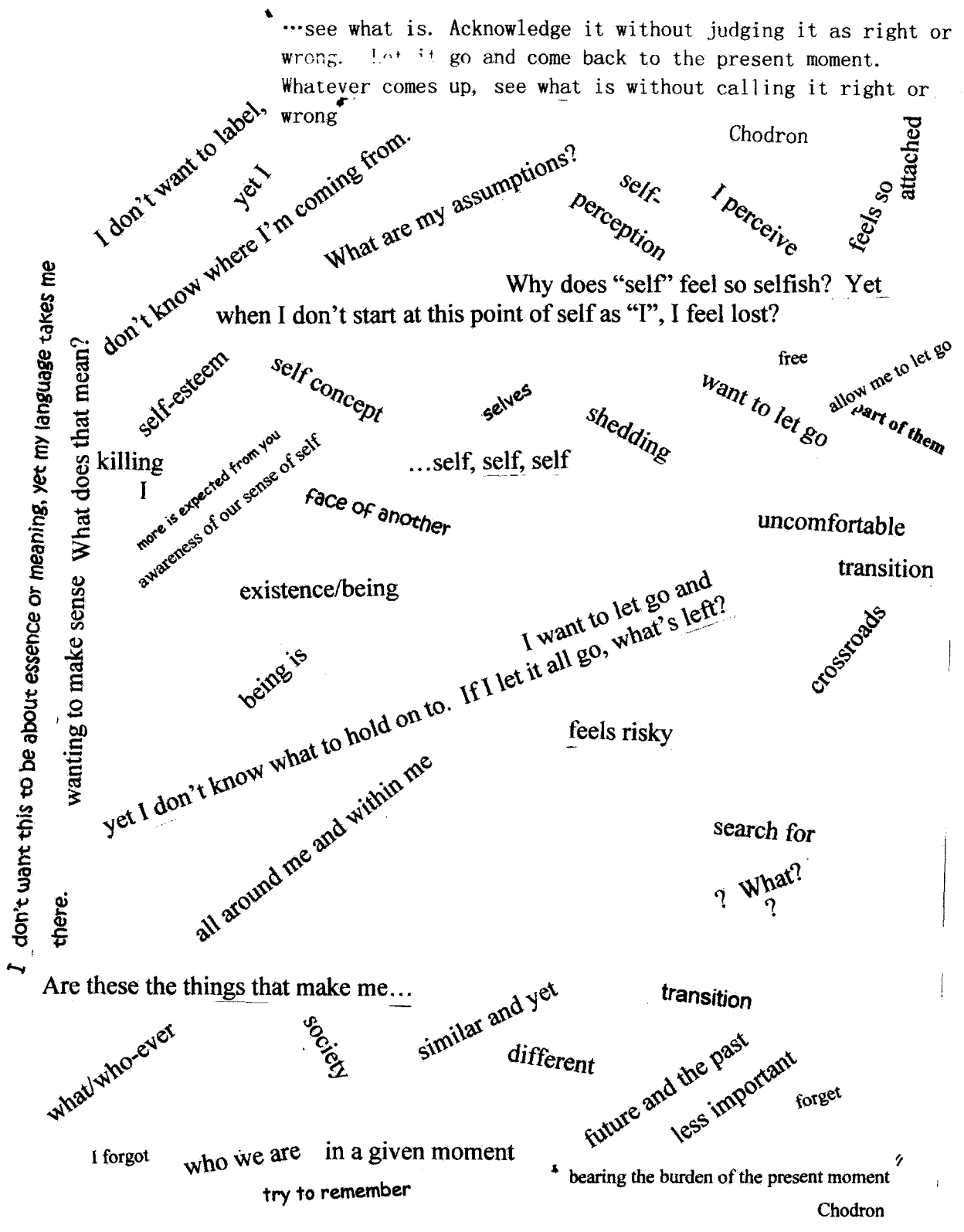
I considered how I appropriate or use the work of others in my processing. I consider the task of situating myself and the work of (an)other in context to be difficult, when I view 'I' and 'the collective' as incommensurable, just as paradigms are considered incommensurable. Are my voices within me, my perceived fragments then also incommensurable? That is, if I consider the layers and divisions of conceptual wholes as maintained by different sets of rules and standards, how can I situate myself amongst these diverse layers of being in a way that is congruent and consistent with the multiplicities and assumptions/premises, on which my situatedness is based? To factor in (an)other's presumptions and presuppositions further complicates situatedness. How I interact with and interpret an author's writing without the context and situatedness of which I am wholly unaware (i.e. as in the case of taking out a quote from the whole of a text, or a chapter from the whole of a book) is further distanced by not knowing what the author was thinking, nor how the author intended their idea to be taken up. I purposely exaggerate my dilemma, because as my text unfolds I struggle with how to maintain the connection between the author, the author's text and the context in which the segment that was used in my process 'may' have been intended, are a daunting task in my process.

I perceive that by engaging in this 'bit' of processing I am layering a new dimension onto how processing flows and how I disrupt situatedness as much as I crave finding a stripped 'I' in the moment of writing as more than and different from I-author, I-reader, I-inhabitor of my space, I-space. My 'I' is unsettled inbetween connecting and separating, while respectfully honoring the sacred space and stories of other(s), and at times I am lost in the flux of inconsistencies of my humanness and the humanness of others. Ironically, my loss of I fixates my search into an ego-focused self-absorption. What else can there be? No matter how I approach an issue, social or otherwise, I come from the space of I, reflect on other and interpret from I, contextualizing a mutual space with other, through an environment of image and sentient perception and expression of experience as it unfolds and enfolds back through I.

As I further process my conundrum of social situatedness, as I strive for uniqueness/difference, I notice that regardless of how I connect or separate, I speak from the voice of privilege, the privilege of choice. I choose my path and I perceive and interpret what flows to and away from each different moment, fragmented shards etched in memory never fully apprehending any other context perceived; never fully encapsulated in othered stories and expressions of other experiences.

...see what is. Acknowledge it without judging it as right or wrong. Let it go and come back to the present moment. Whatever comes up, see what is without calling it right or wrong

Chodron



I don't want this to be about essence or meaning, yet my language takes me there.

wanting to make sense What does that mean?

I don't want to label, yet I don't know where I'm coming from.

What are my assumptions?

self-perception

I perceive

feels so attached

Chodron

Why does "self" feel so selfish? Yet when I don't start at this point of self as "I", I feel lost?

free

allow me to let go

part of them

want to let go

shedding

selves

...self, self, self

self-esteem

self concept

killing I

more is expected from you awareness of our sense of self

face of another

uncomfortable

transition

crossroads

existence/being

being is

I want to let go and if I let it all go, what's left?

feels risky

yet I don't know what to hold on to. If I let it all go, what's left?

all around me and within me

search for

? What? ?

Are these the things that make me...

what/who-ever

society

similar and yet

different

transition

future and the past

less important

forget

I forgot

who we are in a given moment

try to remember

* bearing the burden of the present moment

Chodron

language and structure of my sentences feel restrictive

I am held captive by my own words...

Is post-structuralism the easy way out
(even though it feels painfully circular)?

what "they" say
I perceive they are me
we other ourselves
power other"

discourse that we communicate through our mannerisms
overt gestures , implicit comments

Do we blame other for self
and value self,
despite the other,
through a post-structuralist lens?

project a powerful message that "you must obey".
perceive decision respond

Is this not about othering
this construct of self and other
where power over is perpetuated
by naming it other?

What would power look
like from within?

Language gives us an avenue for explicating a view, but it bogs us down.
meaning when I choose to let it in.
, at the same time of letting go

I want to learn to speak without words, yet they mean so much.

We as a society
defining and isolate ourselves
within language, parameters.

I write words to clarify my thoughts
with the fear that they become my
Buddha

I consider my feelings of emptiness and simultaneous angst. I seek to connect to and find solace in the words of others. What is this notion of existential angst? “Existentialism is a philosophy; and more fundamentally a shift in ordinary human attitudes that has altered every aspect of life in our civilization” (Carruth, 1964,p. vi). Carruth goes on to say that it is a “free transmutation of living experience, it cannot be defined” (p. vii), that the Existentialist insists that there are “limits to reason”, and “reality is only what he himself knows and experiences” (p. viii). The Existentialist’s notion is to “disregard the traditional scheme of value” (p. v), and there is a willingness to abandon rational categories and rely on non-mental processes of consciousness. While I am receptive to Carruth’s description, I struggle with who ‘he’ is and how the ‘traditional scheme’ is different from Existential thought, when the voices come from patriarchal dominance and privilege. I surprise myself with this language of ‘power’ (I also try to avoid) which I have come to learn through my graduate education, some would argue is the terminal root to all discussion of human relationships. I acknowledge that I am the ‘authority’ of my perspective only, simultaneously trying to commensurate the power differentials around/within me.

I am feeling increasingly distant to my writing, the more I have elaborated on my situatedness and focused on justifying how my process is aligning with nursing.

Howe (1930/1992) suggested Kafka’s fiction *The Castle* is a story of existential angst in the following introduction:

In Kafka’s book *The Castle*, the central character is K. He is a land surveyor who never gets a chance to do any surveying. His job is to measure and estimate, “which in the Kafkan economy suggests that he should be taken as a seeker, a man embarked on a quest for meaning” (p. ix). K. says: “I have a difficult task ahead of me and have dedicated my whole life to it. (...) “Because it is all I have—that task, I mean—I ruthlessly suppress everything that might disturb me in carrying it out...” (p. ix). The K. of *The Castle* acts from his own decision, a freedom of consciousness and choice. His “task” is self-determined, not imposed. It may be doomed by forces beyond his control or distracted through an inner confusion of desires, but the effort to penetrate the Castle suggests a wish “to get clear about the ultimate things” (p. ix). “This land surveyor who has

abandoned home and family wants, to penetrate the structure of existence, assuming that such a structure exists and can be known” (p. x).

(Howe, 1930/1992, p. ix-x)

I traveled the journey with the surveyor, constantly questioning, “How will this process of questioning and interacting with expressions of othered experience happen? In all possible worlds of imagining and creating necessary space, how will the moments of the process unfold/enfold?”

Palulis (2003) wrote: A reader shows up at the door like Kafka’s traveler to the castle hoping to be let in. Is this what re-reading is about – chiasmatic movements into the text until one finds an affinity – knowing someThing is there and never quite arriving. A curious mapping. Where? There where you are not. until the text finds you – tethers you – wraps you around some word –that someThing that finds an affinity with you –that bites into your textuality – your working language. And in the para-sitic moment...a moving on. (p. 265)

Perhaps I am too impatient to hold the moment; perhaps it will lead to a letting go of the quest to ‘be’ as everything/nothing and I will resolve to exist in the nothingness of the boxed world of everyday. Go to work, complete checklist of errands. Which wor(l)d makes me more nauseous? Sartre (1956) defined nausea as “the ‘taste’ of facticity and contingency of existence” (p. 804).

I look at all that I have written and I realize that hypocrisy is abundant through out my work. In the back of my mind I hear a voice telling me, “As a researcher and as a scholar, one must have integrity, be ethical and follow a clear format (i.e. to be clear about the chosen methodology, how it will be used in the research and to follow a consistent format in writing - in nursing the publication manual of the American Psychological Association (APA) is predominant in terms of rules and regulations to writing).” I flow into and out of what is expected of me, constantly dissatisfied with the standards and measures and distorted wordage that confounds my process at every turn. I follow APA, even as I try to express myself differently through my format, because I want my writing to be somewhat accessible, and honestly, on some level, because I do not want to rewrite the whole of my work because it is not accepted due to format. I feel boxed in by what we think we know and how we ritualize our knowledge and I feel boxed by my own struggle to find a space in the box in order to connect and communicate. If this

is about my process, who cares about the rest of it! I could do what I wanted outside of the scope of academia, but I value my education and completion of a degree. I realize, however, that within the academic domain, specifically in nursing, I am expected to contribute in some way to the body of knowledge that is nursing, which I also take seriously. Do I subscribe to rules and regulations for the sake of bringing process into open view? Do I commit to the unfamiliar rawness of uncertainty and unknowing, uncut and unregulated, exposing the wounds and imperfections and being unapologetic for my flaws and hypocrisies, when this mode of expression is not as 'acceptable' and would possibly leave me without a means of connecting my voices with other expressions out there? Decisions and choices reside in all the inbetween spaces.

I'm frustrated by the requirement to validate my text, to interject someone else's work, and yet I like the way the wording feels validating, *like I'm not alone...*and yet... I want to find my own space in a 'before (where the chicken/egg analogy pushes my locatedness) space' of awareness that feels different and unique, and does not require justification and validation more than what I state is important, which comes from my humanness. *I do not want to correct my run-on sentences and subscribe to what is expected of me, or to conform to the textual discourses that distract me from my process, which I have ended up doing with my explanations of situatedness. I do not*

want to get stuck/caught in my inconsistencies and incongruence,

It is more than validation that I receive through the texts of others. I connect through the humanness that draws me in a similar, yet different way than my own writing. My 'own' writing does not exist without being socially-situated with other in questioning and unknowing.

questioning the significance of variables that are not important to the processing in which I am interested. I need the freedom and space to move in-between and cycle as much as I need the space to distance and separate on paths out in 'left field', journeying the unknowing of the process, weaving and ricocheting in the flux...I feel boxed in on this page!

How do I perceive (as awareness...*sentient and different than*) the assumptions, expectations, simultaneously in paradox separate/connect, accept/challenge (hold onto/let go) disrupting relationships, language and experiences of the process; surviving inbetween moments of flux as humanness, amidst whole energy/identity construct of/in the unfolding/enfolding process?

For Bohm, there is “unbroken wholeness of the totality of existence as an undivided flowing movement without borders” (p. 218), he used the paradox of unfolding-enfolding to explicate how. “*What is* is always a totality of ensembles, all present together, in an orderly series of stages of enfoldment and unfoldment, which intermingle and inter-penetrate each other in principle throughout the whole of space” (p. 233). While struggling to open to the elusive process, I continue to refute wholeness, pattern and order in the chaos that I feel as an incongruent, inconsistent human being. Everything has merit within its own paradigm and framework, it is when I expand and explore the border between and connect with other, beyond the context and frame of reference, that the concepts are challenged and the whole becomes chaotic, fragmented, and dichotomous. This space of moments of perceived oneness full of potential is where all the inconsistencies and layers fall away and simultaneously etch into my awareness.



(Watterson, 2001, p. 57)

As I struggle to fit inbetween my boxed voices of processing, I remember Watterson's (2001) cartoons from my high school days. I found comfort and challenge in his expressions. Through the angst of a child and his stuffed tiger (the reader is coached to believe the tiger is perceived to be real by the cartoon child), facing the world of an adult (the cartoonist being an adult looking through the eyes of a child, his central character 'Calvin'), I journeyed with Calvin in his adventures, trying to make sense of the complexities of the world through simplicity. Through the layers described above, the complexity of situatedness is well illustrated by Watterson, in which the cartoon artist uses images to add dimension to the ideas presented (Watterson, 2001, p. 57).

The layering of the imaginary via language and image, add playfulness and dimension to re-present ideas. The ideas conveyed through images, by the cartoon artist, would be received and perceived differently through another mode of representation. I use this mode of storying expressions as a method of dis-rupting my assumptions of what academic writing 'should be.' I go with my flow as things come to me in the moments of processing my thoughts.

Challenge

What does academia re present?

I look further into the dynamics of the situation, my reactions, my thoughts
search within my repertoire of potential solutions. my response

decide the fate

Is decision about choice or challenging?

position to make a decision What is a decision? what I decide

question where I found the ideas or considerations for, or against

possible options

Why is about the process of questioning
Why is challenged by unknowing

shared learning

How is the way in which experience and concepts emerge

Follow stories from whence they came

There must be ha-ha in the stories to connect.

Go to the source not to merely get autobiographical information but more so
to connect the story to the writer and follow the path of multiplicities

I want to follow the leads and triggers that draw me into further questioning
and curiosity.

I appreciate guides when I feel I have no clue (i.e. having a thesis template
available as a starting point, or policies on how to write a thesis), but it is
important for me to perceive that an acedmic institution based on policies is
not restricted by those policies. I value universities as spaces for growth and
academic freedom

Connecting energies where each journey is different based on social
situatedness, context, circumstance, but not circumscribed by all these
constructs, nor one particular concept

conditioning and perceptions

what I know as "true"

comparison

situations

thought process

value the lived experience

create a perspective

pool resources

the way I interact with my environment

my struggle
reflected

interactions

socially and culturally conditioned influences

constructs

influences

response to a situation
responding to situations

situation

my approach

subjective stance

Who I am

an awareness of 'what I am'

dimensions

I do not want to force learning for the sake of expectation, or to foster the
assumption that there is a prescribed route to take

Be clear about reading to learn more versus reading to structure the text

We have been constructed to question our acceptance

what is acceptable to nursing

What is acceptable as a nurse

I speak of seeking acceptance

I seek acceptance

If I just accept, I'm not living

Living is about the challenge, the struggle

exploration

uniqueness and humanness

Where is the connection between the disseminated

What is this amorphous caring?

overused concept

Conditional caring

Felt alienated from who I cared for

Identified as nurse in caring profession

Social construction of identity in interaction

How do I cocreate and coparticipate if I am in a role

Specification of role

Role play or wholeness of being

Wholeness reserved

Wholeness of being and profession

incongruent in my mind

Something happens in the middle wasteland that does not exist
situatedness

Disciplines and professions maintain the distance

segregation of body parts

Specialists

part of a larger whole

Specialities

If we do not fit the package or prescribed notion of "should/aught" are we unethical? Are ethics about legalities, technicalities and best interests of those who stand to benefit or those who must pay

influence of what is believed to be right or moral action

Does this run in accordance to the nursing standards

Do I interact with this family at a distance to maintain professional standards

policies

We need permission from institutions

maintain the distance between I/other

written to be accepted/acceptable/ok

Connect externally via policies

Just as documents are the basis/foundation on which to build/guide through a process, I simultaneously need to perceive I have choices to expand on and challenge things as they are and flux between the lines to open to (i.e. clinical judgment expanded as 'intuition' or incorporating the spiritual/metaphysical realm into knowledges that have been 'proven')

Acceptance

Insured

comparing or assessing the potential outcomes

judgment

perceive illness or injury

deconstructed

particular values and beliefs
values and beliefs influence my judgment

status as nurse

Professional distance

Insurance

Re

assurance

my approach

circumstance

Context

Safe, protected by legislation, liability
responsibility external to self

Nursing as science or art?

feeding the fire of absolutism

One theory to guide practice does not ring true for me

I want out and yet I am learning to articulate myself through the challenge

It can only be a personal mantra that contributes to change

possibility

difficult

We can't expect change unless we are willing to let go of our preconceived notions of truth and absolutism.

never be 100% certain about anything

possibilities are endless

Chodron speaks of killing the Buddha when you get to the space

evolve as a human civilization

Wars have been started and fanaticism flourishes in these spaces.

where your beliefs are held so strongly you need to let go of them

I laugh. Ha ha

willing to

taking control of your own health What happens when the government decides to privatize everything and expects the communities to take care of their own with no financial support

unafraid

I perceive I'm becoming too set in my beliefs and that scares me yet I still don't understand from where I am coming

smokers dying of lung cancer left part to fend for themselves because it's their fault Will those who are maxed out in debt overweight

I am very disconcerted by the

afraid unprepared to talk about something that I haven't figured out

Organizing principles, assumptions, and assertions into consistent packages provides a coherent system

Health promotion new public health government propoganda "sorry we can't help ya own" How do we redefine health to be inclusive and not "dangerous?" blame

Obsessive-compulsive, DSM IV categorization

piecemeal system

it defining who I am

diagnosed "norm" diagnosis perceived as people perpetuate the cycle; set up "suffering" sucked in by the system.

pharmaceuticals adds

Bureaucracy business economics

McHealth factory

McDonaldization of healthcare commodification

untrusting exhausted resources human nature

promoting health

media power

we've created failure

othered organizations

corporation

responsibility accountable. other ourselves constructed incorporated conditioned blame everyone in to a corner

Alienonomie

I realize that I need to be aware of the dynamics of power, as power is important to people I interact with, even if I do not wish to subscribe to certain language surrounding power issues (*I tend to substitute terms of 'energy' for 'power'*). *In my idealized world, our relationships are not about power, but rather about emitted and/or blocked energy, similar to Buber's (1970) description of the split into a dualism from I-You as a relationship of 'presence', into an I-It experience objectified.* In the I-likeness, thus the world becomes a dual system and the primitive nature of human in body and "the body learns to know and discriminate itself" (Buber, 1970, p. 74). Would Buber concur that as social beings our dualism and the power of

I-it is held as we distance ourselves in presence from spirit, I-you?

I acknowledge I live in a boxed world of power discourses, which make it very challenging to create change without the discussion of ownership and commodification. How do I hold the inbetween moments of flux/flow/processing that eventually are held too strongly and thus, let go to fixed entities of language and knowledge? Perhaps it is the disruptiveness of my inquiry, which has no resolution that will challenge ideas (i.e. everything is theory, policy, power). It is the frame of reference, but more so, the questioning of the 'frameology' that holds/moves inquiry. Like a picture captured in the frame of the mind's eye, moments are held in memory even when the picture is gone, but what keeps the memory alive is the story in its many incarnations and re-productions.

I am not so very different from the patriarchal voice of privilege, as my own voice of privilege asserts itself, perhaps through different layers of presenting opportunities. That I am socially situated in an academic community in the 'western world' comes through as I claim my ideas to be 'new and innovative', as opposed to "steeped in tradition and identifiable in some shape or form from knowledge that is cumulative" (M. Reitsma-Street, public communication, December 3, 2002). *Interesting that it is "all the rage" to go back to tradition to inform new ways of learning. Am I also not on this quest for old wisdom in new age angst? Is the rebirth of valuing tradition (i.e. Buddhism, yoga, Chinese medicine) a reassertion of power, or am I just being paranoid, as I buy into one of the boxes? My sudden path of divergence from existential angst to discussions of power is perhaps not so divergent when I consider the othering of self (dis-guised by labels of authority) as an empowering of voice*

objectifying the process; an assertion that 'I am', distant but none-the-less I am 'x,' thus the process falls away in each assertion.

My initial writing felt easier and smoother. Now as I mix the required 'authorized texts', the flow is disrupted, necessarily perhaps, but broken none-the-less. *As I write these words, I feel I am becoming a bit confused and bogged down by the reflexive process and alternately the ideas of method, of how I choose to write this story, yet I want to articulate what is happening as I continue, rather than separating these discussions into a chapter. The relaying of happenings is becoming my method. When I come up against the categorical reference of philosophy, phenomenon of concern, theory, and methodology, and the blurring of all the lines of distinction, I consider the dissolution of clear boundaries in anticipation of possibility and in acknowledgment of the potential impending confusion.*

"Poststructuralists regard the construction of the self as an effect of power; a view of power that is central to the work of Foucault" (Heslop, 1997, p. 50). Heslop cited Foucault (1975) in the following:

Power is conceived as a motivational force, not driven by the law or the state; it is not centralized, but operates at the 'material, physical and corporeal' level of

everyday existence. It is understood as

something exercised to sustain rights and impose duties; it is

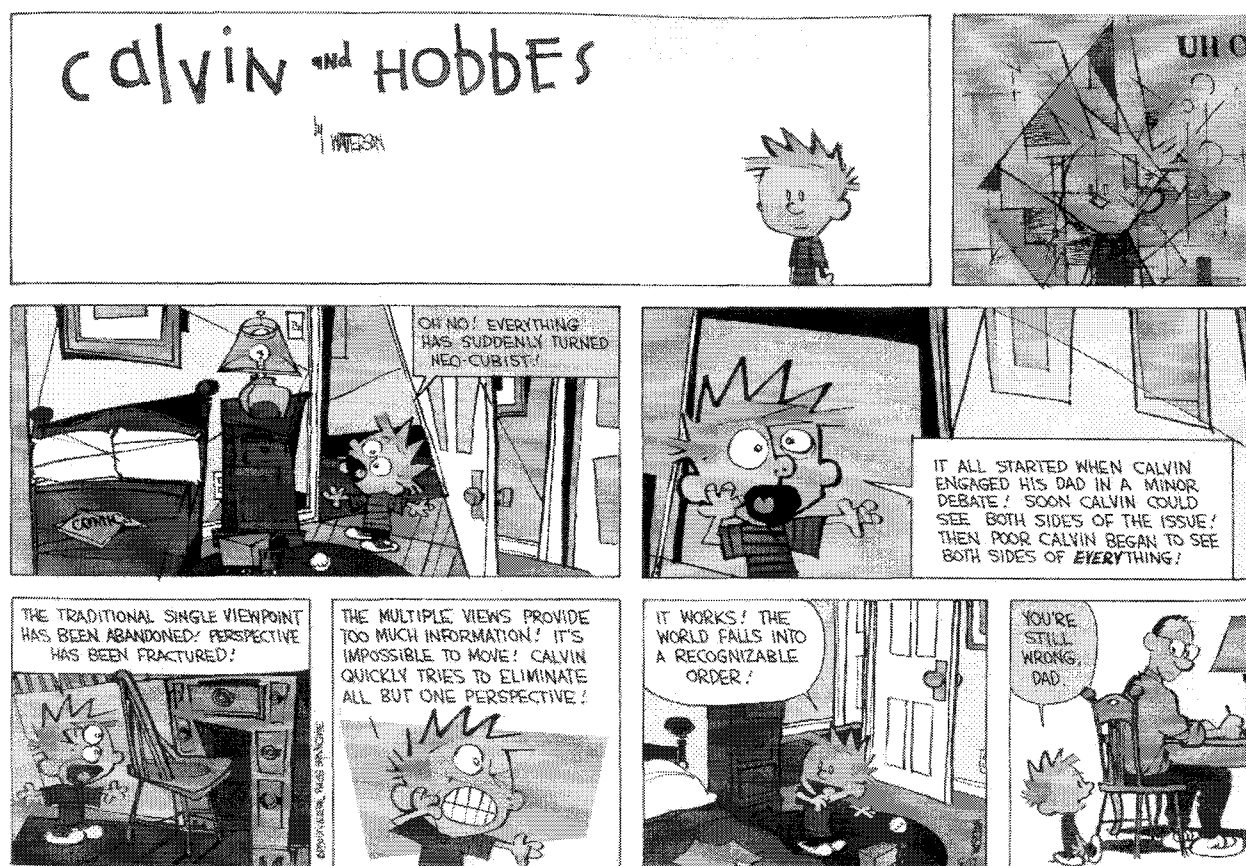
Do we analyze as we process, which is not necessarily in a linear progression, but rather that we are in constant exchange between multiple layers of I/other? Perhaps it is through the disruption of the whole and through the perceptions of angst as fragmentation (missing something, never completely who we are) that we are living humanness.

productive as it gives rise to practices and techniques. This productive action of power relates to the ways in which the subject is *integrated* into a particular body of ideas or ways of knowing. Here, 'integrates' refers to a normalizing process in which the subject is expected to meet, and conform to, certain forms of behavior.

(p. 50)

| ←in between the margins→ |

our story un-begins...
 framed in P.S. language
 shifting and dispelling traditional ways of knowing
 an era passed, to be studied in text
 where it belongs? belonging, longing to...
 "the paradigm wars are over," they say,
 we fight our othered selves
 continually re-constructed
 rebleeding historicity
 not bound to time and space,
 yet held in the moment, by the language of the moment
 fixed in the space between ___spaces___ filled with stories
 and silence
 stories of situatedness
 location, location, location!
 stories from the margins
 seeking to be uncategorized and de-labelled
 unfolding/enfolding with/in the dominant discourse
 Of our ∞ post-structural ∞ selves
 i am!
 what? fragmented, multiple...what i am not
 belonging to my most un-familiar
 de-habituating the polity that swells around and within me
 calling the circle to the centre for a re-telling...



Watterson (2001, p. 51)

“Poststructuralism offers multiple and competing methodologies of exploring the ways ‘we know’. Those methodologies have in common an inversion of any philosophical position that privileges the subject or person as the locus from which meaning originates and to which it is directed.” (Heslop, 1997, p. 50) If all the focus is on the power of knowledge, language, and other constructs of being human, is there nothing more to humanness? As illustrated by Watterson (2001) in the cartoon above, the complexity at play encourages the perception of fragmentation, even in light of paradoxical considerations over dichotomous worldview-ing. Watterson wrote, “The idea for this strip came from my tendency to examine issues until I’m incapacitated by the persuasiveness of all sides.” (p. 51).

Have our constructs of humanness, fragmented our energy as ‘whole’, thus warranting/giving license to representations of assumptions, principles and expectations, through conceptual labels: ‘knowledge’, ‘power’ and ‘truth’, because we perpetuate the belief in our fragmentation through the language of construct? The repetition of our vicious cycles (i.e. supply/demand, I can’t get a job because I don’t have experience/I don’t have experience

because I can't get a job) hold the language and the fragmentation through a belief in our fallibility and predictability. Where is the choice in the cyclic process of no answers, with options that feel limiting?

I'm feeling a bit ambiguous in my process. I am being challenged to locate myself; even if to acknowledge that, I come from multiple locations, and view things differently from each location; in a multitude of ways. I perceive a split happening between the me that is devil's advocate in the space of angst. For example, I notice that I retreat to discussions of nihilism and existentialism when I am confronted with power, hegemonic discourse and organizational/leadership policy-speak. Whereas, when I am in process mode and unsituated/situated in flux, my questions, curiosity, inbetweenness flow and the challenge is less edgy and more playful. When I get creative through poetry, work with comic strips and movies, using my imagination and opening to necessary space, I am altogether less antagonistic and I can even settle enough to accept that the categories, norms, labels, and judgments are part of humanness. I am overwhelmed when I think I need to let go and hold onto everything and that puts me in a position of dis-comfort. The challenge for me, is to acknowledge the dis-'whatever' before I get into the viscous cycle of dis-ease. The playfulness as curiosity and questioning is more about acceptance, accepting myself/other as imperfect and okay. Therefore, when I get into the mode of thinking about distancing and separating myself, I need to step back and hover as the omniscient observer to get through the 'dis' and open to the potential and possibility and choice of energy, while accepting humanness. Omniscience is tricky in this way because it is not about being 'all knowing' from my perspective; it is about opening to the gap/necessary space inbetween-ness of the moment. Ironically, I distance in order to create a space to feel 'closer to.' At times, the notion of omniscience is an invisible security blanket with which I cloak myself, somehow relinquishing my responsibility and thus othering myself in the situation in my humanness. Therefore, to acknowledge the process in the midst of it is the challenge; to get at what is important without naming 'it', before the questioning, disruption and challenging becomes habituation, complacency and/or fundamental belief. Giving my-self the necessary space to be in the moment of transient flux is important. Letting go and holding onto the fear and pain, dwelling with the unknowing and questioning is enmeshed in the process. I am still trying to find my way through discussions of opposites as dichotomy/paradox, without being stuck in the sticky; trying to make clear the muddy and muddy the clear; trying to open to the

multiplicities, when it is difficult to perceive whole energy and humanness all at once. Naming and locating my-self is important to humanness, as important as not getting caught up in the name and in the location so that it takes over the process and becomes product and power and all the labels and categories that feel 'trapping', separate and othered from wholeness. My humanness is playfulness and curiosity, balancing inbetween conceptualization/ideals and experience.

Is playfulness a way to deal with and/or avert the responsibility, burden and angst of the systems of power? Are notions of alienation a residual side effect of power? Can we re-phrase our thinking to consider the energy and playfulness of alienation? Thus far in my living space, I have spent a considerable amount of energy as focusing on the power differentials, feeling stuck in the middle of constructed relationships and boxed othering, or (dichotomized) perceiving to be banished to the outer limits of most of my relationships (familiar and of the 'acquaintance' variety). I would affirm that I learn a lot about how I come to process my living space analyzing situations of which I feel I am overtly a/part. I simultaneously learned how to develop a good sense of 'ha-ha' and cynicism as a devil's advocate, being facetious (en-face and in the face of) in relation to other.

Marx, in professing the power of institutions (i.e. religion as the opiate of the masses), journeyed his own path of angst which has informed and perhaps reflected our current state of alienation from the institution (Kroker, 2004). According to Easton and Guddat (1967), Marx's emerging existentialism had the insistence that immediate experiences came before concepts of getting at things 'as they are.' They suggested that Marx projected the view of the existentialist in his "account of man as a suffering subject reacting against an alien system of ideas and institutions" (Easton & Guddat, 1967, p. 7). "He believed that genuine thought must be rooted in 'sensuous consciousness,' 'sensitivity,' or 'nature' which has a social dimension in the relation of 'man to man.' He, therefore, gave priority to direct experience and to 'immediacy'" (p. 27).

Did Marx thus advocate living in the moment and being of the moment? *The angst dissipates slightly as the othering of the system takes the brunt of blame.* Is the othered self, the opiate that satiates the desire to remember? Conversely, perhaps being in the moment is the 'soma holiday' (Huxley's (1932/1998) aptly coined phrase from *Brave New World*), where the

spiritually enlightened escape the organizational constructs created through choice and willingness, willing the responsibility to fall away?

Huxley (1954) ventured on his own soma holiday through a mescaline-induced state of perceptual experience, during which he attempted to describe how his sense of will and morality had evaporated whilst he focused on the intensity of pattern, color and 'suchness' of objects around him. Huxley described the energy of objects as they transcended the boundaries of lines and space, which he expressed as "timeless bliss;" where he no longer saw what "one ought to see with the temporal duties of doing what one ought to do and feeling as one ought to feel" (p. 30); "where the precept swallowed up the concept" (p. 45). Huxley described the mescaline experience as a discovery in which he perceived the "inner world as manifestly a datum, as self-evidently infinite and holy, as that transfigured outer world which I had seen with my eyes open" (p. 38). In Huxley's experience on mescaline, what was 'out there' was revealed through the inner perception of images, symbolic of suchness. He had a spiritual experience that was wholly different from human sentience, unbound by convention and temporality, particularly in light of his writings about potential worlds, which he describes as a source of distancing between the human-human relations (i.e. *Brave New World*). As I consider the 'awareness' of being that Huxley describes, I consider my own attempts at meditation. My thoughts drift to the nursing ideal of being in true presence with another in the context of nursing, as proposed by Parse's *Human Becoming Theory* (Parse, 1998) and I equate the likeness of what is expected in the shared venture of true presence, to Huxley's experience.

Parse (1998) wrote: True presence is a special way of 'being with' in which the nurse is attentive to moment-to-moment changes in meaning as she or he bears witness to the person's or group's own living of value priorities. True presence is an intentional reflective love, an interpersonal art grounded in a strong knowledge base (...). True presence is a free-flowing attentiveness that does not arise from trying to attend to the other, because the trying to is a distraction that demands a focus away from the other. (...) Preparation involves an emptying to be available to bear witness to the other or others. Persons share with the nurse only the reality that they wish to disclose. The nurse in true presence joins the reality of others at all realms of the universe and is available to bear witness without judging or labeling. Persons at all realms of the universe experience the

intent of the nurse, which is to bear witness to changing health patterns. The intent of the nurse is languaged in his or her whole being, in the subtle knowings of the messages given and taken at all realms of the universe, so words are not necessary to live true presence in the nurse-person or nurse-group process. (pp. 71-72)

I perceive that Huxley in his 'mescalized' experience was being 'fully present' with objects in time and space and that everything else fell away; he was wholly within the moment, witnessing the energy around him, connected to the force of that energy and inseparable from it. The difference with presencing in nursing, I perceive, is that one who is 'truly present' in human relation, is expected to 'be with' in a way that seems un-human or somehow un-conventionally spiritual, similar to the difficult I-You connecting described by Buber (1970). I perceive this to be a difficult task particularly in the face of the othered nature of our interactions in prescribed relationships (i.e. roles of nurse/patient) and environments (i.e. in institutional settings).

Parse (1981; 1998) and Rogers (1970) contended that Individuals as whole unitary human beings are "more than and different from the sum of parts"; more than and different from 'the role' of nurse; unique individuals co-relating and co-creating moments. While my writings tend to align with the majority of the philosophical assumptions underlying both theoretical approaches, I perceive that the energy of being present as encapsulating a whole (from one worldview) is challenged by humanized notions of boundaries, of storied experiences and self-ness, which in turn creates opposites through binaries (i.e. paradigms and notions of transcendence). The challenge of 'being with' in practice or being with in a shared experience, (i.e. focusing on nursing research of a universal experience of 'x'), inevitably seems to separate the energy, merely changing/shifting the focus from the relation between beings.

My perception is that being truly present is a very difficult engagement in nursing. Presencing seems to take the experience of 'isness' and 'allness' of infinite 'timeless bliss' (Huxley, 1954, p. 30, 51) brought back to the constructed reality of humanness/socialness fraught with 'aughts', which is a frame of reference and point of view. Does being with in true presence not preclude the expectation that we shed the social conventions we have been socialized to convey and enact in our everyday lives?

As soon as we act with intention, there is an obligatory nature to the task, it becomes a 'supposed to be enacting' and a 'should', where our social situatedness becomes highly in tune to our context (i.e. 'nursingness'), while simultaneously separating the role we are enacting (i.e. nurse) from how I am as a human being. The art of presencing thus, I imagine, is a form more engaged than active listening, intently perceiving and connecting with another energy, on a level that is not always possible in the environment in which we find ourselves, socially situated and human.

I do not perceive that the *Human Becoming Theory* asks nurses to engage wholly in all aspects of who they are, in "self-ness" as well as unitary beings of energy, in a preparation that involves 'emptying.' How do I engage as a professional, while honoring my personhood as visible, if I am expected to be with in a way that feels like I am not present, as professional or otherwise? I am whole through my constructs, idiosyncrasies and imperfections, therefore to focus energy without including these aspects of who/how I am, disregards the notions of persona/ego (aka culture, gender, etc.), as me. Regardless of whether or not I subscribe to focusing on parts of who I am or believe in the unitary wholeness of being, is true presencing not actually the attempt to Mescalinize moments as though we weren't human selves; social beings?

To conceptualize paradigm shifts and different ways of engaging in relation to other, problematizes the human experience as it is perceived in one reality of perception, particularly if the shift is not received or conceived similarly by the co-participant in the relation. Being truly present makes it difficult to commensurate our conceptual ways of being as self/non-self all at once, perhaps secondary to our human condition of belonging to other as labeled and categorized in parts that divide up wholeness of energy. *Are there parts or are there not parts?* I dichotomize to make a point, because I do not think it is that simple and yet that is how I perceive my reality to be (either/or) beyond conceptualization, which should not transcend the wholeness of my being conceptually and perceptually through my sentient experiencing. *There is something about the parts that make us human and not pure consciousness or energy or whatever and however ('whatness' and 'howness') it is that we are together with our environment as whole and multiple (depending on if you believe that this is not the possible world dream-state of consciousness of solely one energy).*

Even in Huxley's (1954) drug-induced state, where he found his sentient perception was enormously improved, he in his unique experience and expression of that experience, described action and suffering as 'profoundly uninteresting.' I perceive

that his description of "belonging to a Mind at Large" (p. 21), which was described as similar to being in a state of pure consciousness, is not possible for the human condition to sustain for prolonged periods. How possible is it to commensurate the difference between self-ness and this state Huxley described as being in the moment of repetitive pattern, "of an indefinite duration or alternatively of a perpetual present made up of one continually changing apocalypse." (p. 20). I do not perceive that as humans, we can shed 'self-ness', as it is our means of survival and living/being in the world, whereby we produce objects of color and dimension, order and organize both our sense of self and the world around us.

Huxley (1954) made explicit that he was in a state that would likely be different from that of an artist or that of someone uniquely troubled with self-ness. The human becoming theory embraces the quest of being as 'is' in the moment, as a form of true presencing, as a unique individual, with the added element of intent, which I would argue further problematizes the relation of how one is co-presencing and thus constructed to 'be with.' If one is engaging with intention to be professional, for example, one is upholding the context and situatedness of a role, which is structured and upheld by standards of practice, ethical conduct, and organizational mandates.

The discipline and definitions of nursing further adds to the evolving complexity and expanding work of how nursing contribution to humanness toward conceptualizing wholeness, limited by the very same nature of that humanness. As nurses we get a healthy dose of multiple realities through stories and imagining, as much as through descriptions of 'fact' or accounts of events around us in being human (which is another form of storying), yet can we ever engage as not-self/I? Does true presence claim to shed our human shell for those moments, being 'truly' in the moment and can it embrace difference of opinion and perspective full of ego and label, despite/in spite of our intent to shift paradigms and ways of know-be-doing in the world?

I do not believe in 'truth' per se, whether it is multiple, or professed as an absolute. My lack of belief being an absolute of sorts, challenges me in my proclamation. For me, the ideal of true presence would have to do with the honesty, trust and openness of accepting someone else's perception of their experience, and being aware of difference of perspective through respect. In attempting to be present in the moment with another, I perceive that it would be important to be more than a nurse with the intention of nursing. I would argue that it would be necessary to challenge professionalism and disciplinary boundaries of a proscribed role within the constraints

of standards and policies. How do I engage with another through practice and research as practice, without intention or definition of how I am to relate with another? Is true presence possible in all possible conceptions of what nursing is, in the practice of nursing? *I continue with the questions. How am in true presence with another, as nurse and in all my interactions (as I strive to be who I am at all times), as an individual when I focus on the other (connect with) to be truly present? If I feel I am non-being to enact a role to be intentional in my interaction, am I always not fragmented by the different aspects of situatedness I portray with intention, in my situational positions? Is true presence the ideal form of interaction to espouse to at all times regardless of context? Do context and situatedness prescribe our relations to set up barriers to the possibilities of true presence? Is true presence a vacuous position, being as is in a state described by Huxley where everything falls away, including my sense of self and other? How is true presence possible with intentionality? Is true presence possible in humanness, in all possible worlds?*

Is being in the moment, escaping the responsibility of how and why we have othered ourselves? Simultaneously, do we also not create policies outside ourselves, to deal with issues of accountability? *There is something about the othering through labels and organizing of ideas into knowledge/truths/science that is important, to others as much as, to how I live and situate myself (how I am privileged to situate myself through language and concepts)?* Have we othered ourselves so severely that we have forgotten the purpose and point of our intentions that led us toward organizational discourse?

How do you engage
in a unique perspective (philosophy)
organization or institution
has its own "vision"
same, yet different

Is energy as pure and whole
an (im)possibility
as long as we are
STUCK on power over?

pioneers working in urban cities
leave the farms urbanize
have a parachute
Dispense with passion cannot fly
cultivated and seasoned to perfection
- with arsenic

If you don't try, you are criticized
try "too hard"
a dichotomy of ideas

I am aware
It's not about what's easy.
it's a challenge.

feeling the wanting of fluidity
Flux and change
Flow of ideas every moment
not clear to me yet
othering
othered
ourselves
sense of self
identity
selves

don't completely identify with
is about control
work jobs, media
control the funds in "fact"
discursive, material "truths"
things object result
power really
skills you need to survive.
What does that mean?
Meaning doesn't enter the equation,
because there is
no equation.

sharing
frightening
imagination uniquely
All possible worlds
Collective consciousness
speak of possibilities
speak a different language
perceptions that give meaning to language
many voices speak
the end beginnings -
no end no beginning
no beginning end or
Where to begin?

what is being
- how am I being?
become
I believe
conditioned to believe
I believe this?

Is my exploration of other and difference
really about me?

The world will continue to change and diversify
in different shapes and configurations
enter the world of the cartoon
quantum physics
quantum leap

It is important to mention that 'we' is not intended as a generalization, but rather as a connecting of potential similarities as humanness, not necessarily what another conceives as her/his own perception (different from understanding) and simultaneously open to the possibilities of sharing worlds as inclusive to the whole of paradox and perceived dichotomous paradigms.

Mills (1997) described the term "discourse" as "common currency" where it is overused and poorly defined. Mills cited Foucault (1972) in her discussion of discursive structures and knowledge:

Discourses are not simply groups of utterances, grouped around a theme or an issue, nor are they simply sets of utterances which emanate from a particular institutional setting, but discourses are highly regulated groupings of utterances or statements with internal rules which are specific to discourse itself. (p. 48)

Rather than seeing language as simply expressive, as transparent, as a vehicle of communication, as a form of representation, structuralist theorists and in turn post-structuralists saw language as a system with its own rules and constraints, and with its own determining effects on the way that individuals think and express themselves. The use of the term discourse, perhaps more than any other term, signals this break with past views of language. (p. 8)

what if
the world is impoverished
from its water supply

How has language come to yield so much power.
"terrorists"
a picture
the picture?
language term
context
context
when

Connecting
we people
the people
a group
we
community?
take no responsibility

language
communicate

different
important to me

changed world through their eyes.
culture
important to them

Sept 11

they are Canadian

their fathers fought our wars
They struggle to be

perceived as Canadian.
to be something more

live their experience
ways

They struggle with identity.
When does one become Canadian?

someone doesn't have water
no more
space

other ourselves
they

of knowing that are fixed and static, such as the "I" in identity.
disenchanted
have this perfection

In a world of haves and have nots?
Who decides?

struggle between
"real" and the ideal
reality or possibility
decide their fate

the opiate of
consciousness

where both are no problem

boundaries the wealthy and educated
a part of me that I can't see beyond.
I struggle with them, because they are so much

of space, situated in place, I close the door.
If I see community as static entity
my idea

perceived
struggle
fighting the battle
of mind and spirit.

two sides to the coin
multidimensionality?

The edge of the coin.

so who cares

fears escalate
feel without choice,
cornered.

happening
around me

create an escape route
(or is it a trapped door)

give up

I notice I am writing more on the backs of the cut/paste pages, partly because my research journal is now needing to shadow the flow of the moments, but also partly because I want to hold the moment; "hang it in time." Hang this bit of art with the moment/context without fixing "it." Is this possible?

My prepositions and articles fall away and emerge when/where necessary, but less methodically than my more structured pieces. Is my new prose laziness and simply easier, and/or is it that these un-words have become extraneous?

When I look at one corner of the page, there can seemingly be no connection to the other corner, or even the writing in the centre

hangs in time

Yet, it is all connected. The concepts emerge where there is no theme, nor 'centre,' except for the words that connect other words and phrases.

What is a concept/idea/thought or a paragraph

if not a string of words.

It all begins (in the unending/unbeginning) with the 'word,'

yet it feels different.

Amorphous

Fluid

Perhaps these sections will solidify elsewhere with other composite cut/paste remnants and oddities.

Not one way or one thing -

Art is a way of getting at the "thingness" of the thing,

Yet the flux of the moment as expression of experience is ... free

-interactive-

and shift-

able.

Creativity and my own sort of "meditation"

through cutting and pasting

moving with the words that come to me

and want to be

presented in a certain way.

energy and synergy move

ebb and flow

through the language of being human

time/space continuum

shifting representations

concepts juxtaposed

this(ness) of the moment

(Insert language's
p.18)
continuum/representation

I have overused the term discourse, since beginning my graduate school experience (before which I had no idea of its existence), where for me, everything has become discourse and nothing is discourse, adding to my paralysis of getting at what is important. *Perhaps this is merely a new form of paralysis, masking the old and transmutating its likeness.* I am obstructed by dis-coursing everything I thought I knew, leaving me with a feeling of nothingness. **Why has my omniscient voice disappeared? Perhaps, it flitted off to the nether region of no-where? I question everything and nothing, where everything is nothing and nothing everything (or at least something), I am what I am not, and I am not what I am. Where I do not seek meaning nor rely on assurance of purpose, I am propelled from moment to moment.**

The more “bogged” and alternately confused I become, the greater I see the need for a way of making clear the different streams of thought as a way to connect with the reader. Perhaps I will need to resort to headings. *I am becoming increasingly appreciative of how the linear disjointed organization of the text has evolved. I think of how we have come to our structures of language and organization, through rememberings or/and simultaneously moving away from our most familiar wholeness of energy, cycling once again away, always from away. I increasingly appreciate how the realization and discovery of new representations was important to shedding light on the chaos, to innovative explorations of the unknown.* The texts play amongst themselves and I feel I am witnessing the interplay of energy that has nothing to do with me. I am alien to the dynamic, yet through my process, the words and ideas flow and fluctuate as I challenge or contribute my own reflections.

I feel like my interests are a mirage that comes into being only for long enough to utterly confuse me, and then I just add layers to my angst, and drift further from concrete thought into abstraction.

Flowing with the thoughts on paradigms, I proceed with becoming and being in dichotomy/paradox (because I still don't see the difference; the wars are for the sake of change perception in the viscous cycle of redundancies).

no escape from a box
encapsulates
I can't breathe
thoughts of no choice

I'm suffocating me with these thoughts of "nothingness" and my ongoing paradoxes

No matter what I read or write, I feel the circle of thought bringing me back into the paradox, or the opposite of that which I am thinking...as one side of the coin. I am trying really hard to focus (too hard...it is painful, I'm not ready).

love hate
all consuming
circles
the inbetween
I'm in it and I'm not.
Now is
over before I finish my word, breath, thought...gone. Already past, waiting for future. What is this illusive moment of present?
Difficult to be.
I'm trying too hard
Why is it so hard to be,
why do I bother?
have to exist
Space... necessary.
All my moments
collectives of my repertoire.
written spoken shared
pieces
become a reality
illusion of reality
crazy world of happenings

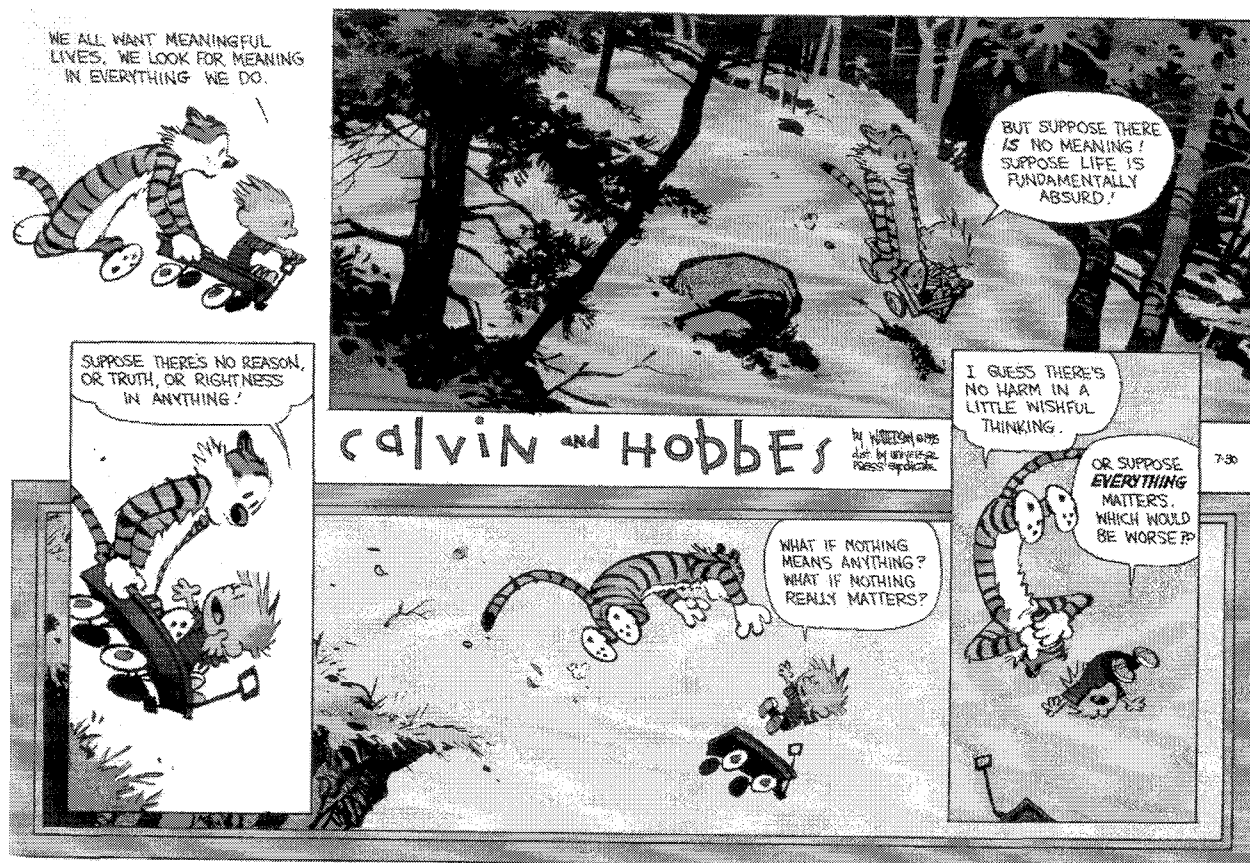
I do not feel eager to go along for the ride; I have never felt eagerness for anything. Nothing remains...how can that be, when nothing is something and I search for something, not essence and not nothing, meaning and not meaning. At times, I can feel Sartre's waves of nausea surfacing as I struggle. I feel caught and spewed inbetween notions of nihilism and existentialism. Now that I have found names for my experiences, I fight to refute the boxed image of each term as each term has been defined and constrained within acceptable parameters.

Nihilism: The doctrine that nothing, or nothing of a specified and very general class, exists, or is knowable, or is valuable. Thus Gorgias held that 1) Nothing exists; 2) Even if something did exist it could not be known; 3) Even if it were known this knowledge could not be communicated. Schopenhauer's pessimism and denial of the Will expresses a nihilistic attitude toward the so-called values of the world. As a social doctrine Nihilism is the belief that progress is possible only through the destruction of all social and political organizations. (Baylis, 2001, p. 372)

According to the Gouldsblom (1980, cited source), in Bullock, Stallybrass, and Trombley (1988), nihilism emerged in 1861 Russia. Invented by the novelist Turgenev, during an interlude of disillusionment with the politics of the time, as a description of the "radical Russian intelligentsia", nihilism was the term subsequently applied to the Nazi victory in Germany in the 1930s, described as "a revolution of nihilism" (p. 584).

As I seek texts for definition, I notice the shift from random exploration of other works that trigger the path, to a new dimension of inquiry. I notice that my definitions are scattered throughout the text, located in different frames/voices, or what Atwood (2002) described as “the illusion of a voice” (p. 48) transferred into the lasting artform as story, to disrupt (playfully) the ease of reverting to an automatic linear regression (which is simultaneously explored). I aim to be inclusive, concurrently aiming to be disruptive and challenging of the formatting of texts, which (w)reaks havoc on my process. Through the dynamics of the flux in my writing, I am attempting to get at what is important. Through definitions, I learn about ways of identifying and naming what has become important, simultaneously struggling with the identity and label of language that is incurred at the expense of curiosity.

I am not sure how I feel about associating myself with the politics of nihilism, yet my own concerns over relinquishing responsibility through othering resonates with the philosophical approach. My disillusionment with self, other and othered self regurgitates the nothingness of my angst. To lighten up and remember the playfulness of ideas and representations I seek solace in Watterson's (2001) art of cartooning. Watterson wrote, “Whenever the strip got ponderous, I put Calvin and Hobbes in their wagon and sent them over a cliff. It had a nice way of undercutting the serious subjects, and it often doubled as a visual metaphor as well” (p. 85).



(Watterson, 2001, p. 85)

“Nothingness does not itself have Being, yet it is supported by Being. It comes into the world by the For-itself and is the recoil from fullness of self-contained Being which allows consciousness to exist as such” (Sartre, 1956, p. 804). *I waffle inbetween existential and/or nihilistic angst. Perhaps my ‘choice’ is both and neither...could this be possible in all possible worlds of choice as dichotomy and no choice as wholeness of being? If everything were whole, would there be choice? Even as I ask my questions, I dichotomize.* Franck (1993) wrote about what he describes as “the new order,” “the anonymous, unorganized, organic network of awareness beyond all ideological labels” (p. 23). What does this perspective of anonymity represent amidst my ranting and raving about aligning with “x”? *I feel confused and dis-ruptured, but in a way freer with the feeling that once again there is a potential to linger without labeled identity, flailing loosely in the wind...alien to the wor(l)d around and within me.*

Kroker (2004) in his reflections on technology and philosophical thought wrote that according to the thoughts of Heidegger, “‘the question of technology’ as not-being is privileged as a primary clue to understanding the trace of nihilism the origins of which lie in the split consciousness of *techne* and *poiesis*.” Furthering that for Nietzsche “the disappearance of power into a ‘perspectival simulacrum’ gives the lie to the comforting rhetoric of the ‘will to will’ as the essence of the question of technology.” (p. 11)

As I explore new literature, I remember the influences of my education: George Orwell’s 1984 and *Animal Farm*. *How have Orwellian notions of ‘Big Brother’ and ‘wordspeak’ shaped my language and my perceptions? Have I internalized an outlook of suspicion and general paranoia, which has overtaken any possibility of conceivable choice and semblance of independent and free thought?* Through my graduate education I am introduced to political philosophical approaches of Chomsky (Herman & Chomsky, 1988). I receive his perspective along with others who align themselves from a radical and critical lens more hesitantly, not because I subscribe to the doctrine of government propaganda, but rather because I perceive the potential for reverse indoctrination. Through the illusions of fear and the perpetuation of belief in fear, we hold onto the power dynamics (*here I generalize to connect, not to state that ‘how’ we are is the same, rather to consider the potential of our social condition together through my vision*). We hold onto the control of thoughts within and between ourselves, via organizational hegemonic discourse and via mass media ‘blitzkrieg’ of messages that persuade us to fight with ourselves and other ourselves to sustain the fear. *I hold on to and let go of the push/pull and I am left with a feeling of paralysis. Is there nothing more to my humanness?* Fear and guilt obscure ‘being in the moment,’ the obviousness is hidden in our striving toward ‘not now’ and perfection. We struggle to make sense of the meaninglessness we have created to sustain our fear and guilt. *I perceive that I come to this learning about my situatedness in the context of being confronted by different political ideologies, through my exposure to a combination of post-structuralist theory and institutional ethnographic teachings in nursing and social policy and practice course literature.*

nursing knowledge
 knowing-being-doing
 theory-based practice
 conceptualizations
 Compartments, pieces
 formula of the exam
 structured
 subscribe
 University
 back to school
 collection of ideas
 different ways of being
 is important
 separate from my way of being everyday.
 Every time I am asked what my thesis is about, I cringe.
 plaguing my mind.
 pro. crastinating
 boxed worldview
 To be taught a formula is to buy into someone else's idea.
 something,
 scholarly
 translate
 articulate
 level.
 there that ties it all together.
 changing notions
 beyond notions
 your value and contribution to
 interpretation
 nourish
 uncertainty
 questions, no answers.
 finding ~~that~~ something that has never been
 struggle with the idea that
 struggle for control.
 the way someone else wants me to
 be tested or to learn.

if this is for me what is it that I want to say to my self. How do I share my self with me?

The confusion comes in when I can't distinguish between what I believe and what someone else in my world thinks to be "true" or "right". I'm starting to see that there are no absolutes and only questions, but of course this leaves me very confused and vulnerable, because what I have come to believe, is that there is only one way of seeing "truth" and that there is a "truth".

obvious
 oblivious to
 oblivion
 "really" "truly" believe it
 believing
 really believe it don't believe it
 believes in this
 there is no truth
 on the path. It required giving up
 values as important
 fundamental ⇐ letting go
 If there is no truth, creates a problem.
 world is round, when everyone else thinks it's flat.

The face
 A blank stare
 Amorphous
 A(void)
 A/way, always from away...I pass

It is haunting me like a nightmare from which I cannot awaken
 It is remembered as a hologram
 It is imperceptible because I search for it.
 It is indescribable
 It is not the features of shape or dimension that hold me to the memory,
 It is the "non"; indecipherable.
 It is an emptiness.
 It is NOTHINGNESS that screams from an abyss
 It is an expression that screams the language of SILENCE

A reflective mirror
 canceling "self" out.
 In this face...
 I see myself

Hirshfield (1997) wrote: To be aware of a poem's effects – aware of the expectations raised by each new word and aware of how the poem satisfies and changes those expectations throughout its course – does not require naming every moment's strategic gesture. It requires only our alert responsiveness, our presence to each shift in the currents of language with an answering shift in our own being. (p. 16)

I wrote the poem above, after coming face to face with a stranger that disturbed me for several days following the encounter. I was in a space of 'mourning the loss of my paradigm' (phrased coined by my colleague K. Schick-Makaroff), while still living in it and I felt very disconnected from the humanness around me, other than through virtual reality checks with distant shadows of memories via e-mails. I was raw, increasingly philosophical about my space and in 'touch' only in a very global and distant way to my surroundings and the people within those environments (which, now on reflection, is the best that I can say about the experience). When I opened and reached out, I found an unexpected emptiness that disrupted my sense of connection.

In this state of ‘empty awareness,’ my choices of interactions followed a ritualistic pattern of movie watching either on video or as an anonymous audience member lost in the surreal expressions of scenes of someone else’s imagining. The following are my renditions of two movies *Waking Life* (Linklater, 2001) and *Alphaville* (Godard, 1965), which have since added to my philosophy of those moments and my current perspective on humanness in face of otherness.

Waking Life (2001) by Richard Linklater

I want to incorporate an animated movie into my text, into my story, because it resonates and feels harmonious with my process. The difficulty in the task is how do I present or project my interpretation of the film. Do I focus on segments, on its entirety, on what was said, how it was said? How do I include or leave out aspects of the creative process such as the visual image that cannot be conveyed in written format. Somehow, these questions strike me as more problematic than I have experienced with a textual format, even though I perceive the challenge of considering authorship connectedness and context. I see the difficulty in the task and still I cling to the need to include some semblance of the art that is portrayed in the film, as philosophy and as lived experience abstracted. This movie left me feeling nauseous and uncomfortable and yet I was drawn to the wordspeak, the questioning, and the uncertainty amidst trying to figure out the mystery of what was happening: Was the main character (whom I named “traveling guy”) dreaming? Did he need to accept a different state that was wholly un-living and undying, wakeful and not wakeful all at once? The title waking life was ruminated in his pattern and cycle of incremental discovery amidst perpetually moving toward increasing wakefulness/acceptance.

The remembering and transcribing in itself is a challenge. What do I represent as sacred text? What does my interpretation and representation do to the whole as I experienced the film? I do not have a container to hold the whole of this sacred story amidst the creative process of its art and representation. I must let go representation as whole and yet it feels so important. Perhaps the lesson learned is that all is important, no matter how minute, trivial or irksome, it is the whole reflecting the whole in its imperfection/perfection and multiplicity, just as important as the letting go the whole. I make choices and decisions as I continue...

Setting the scene: We are viewing an animated film that starts with a traveling guy on a train. He gets off, makes a phone call to his friend at the train station. No one answers, so he leaves a message. There is a woman

who is sitting near by and their eyes meet and connect for a moment, he smiles, then moves on. He steps outside to find a boat/car with a skipper waiting to take him to his destination and so the journey begins with the skipper’s shared words of wisdom...

Dream is destiny.

Don’t miss the boat (*his taxi boat is labeled ‘See-worthy’*)

Remain in a state of constant departure, while always arriving.

Don’t box me in.

Traveling guy is dropped off in the middle of a crossroad and bends over to pick up a piece of paper that has, "look to your right" written on it. He does and we see a car coming at full speed toward him. Was he hit? Was he dreaming this? We as the audience are open to the possibilities and taken along for the ride.

The audience follows him through moments at home waking and moving on through to different conversations with the following stems from others he encounters:

We have a feeling that something essential is getting left out.

We have the desire to transcend isolation and have some sort of connection with one another.

System of symbols to communicate all the abstract and intangible things that we are experiencing. What is anger, frustration, love?

Love → you hear the sound → it travels through your ear to/through the conduit in your brain and memories of love/lack of love register. Words are inert, symbols → dead.

So much of our experience is intangible. So much of what we perceive cannot be expressed, it is unspeakable. Yet when we communicate with one another we think that we are connected, understood. A feeling of almost spiritual communion, the feeling might be transient, but I think it is what we live for.

Self-destructive man feels completely alone. Alienated. He's outside the human community.

He thinks, "I must be insane".

Society has a vested interest in considerable losses, catastrophes.

Famine and war meet well-defined needs.

Man wants chaos (depression, strife, riots, murder)

We are drawn to the state of death and destruction (orgiastic state)

It is in all of us, we revel in chaos

The job of the media is to persuade us to accept those evils; get used to living with them

The 'powers that be' want us to be passive observers

Symbolic voting

"Let my own lack of a voice be heard", says self-destructive man as he pores gasoline over himself and ignites.

People look, then walk away.

Like a dream traveling guy drifts upward

He has become the omniscient observer or are we using his eyes?

He drifts over a construction site (symbolism?)

We are introduced to a prophet driving through deserted streets yelling proclamations into a loudspeaker:

Taxes, politics, religion...propaganda

Controlling systems

I want freedom

That's what you should want

Hatred is the enemy...Makes us feel pathetic and small

So we willingly give up our sovereignty ...our liberty

Conditioned on a mass scale

Corporate slave state

Lies, classism, statism

Politics control two sides of the same coin

Truth is out there
 A buffet of lies
 Get fired about what matters...creativity
 Dynamic human spirit
 Do not submit

Various other characters flow in and out of scenes, of varying ethnicity, gender, age and species (a talking monkey who eats the script he reads, is included in the borage of voices)

To say yes to one instant is to say yes to all of existence
 Attempts to contain at the edge of experience, where the mind is vulnerable
 Liminal...limit...frontier...edge... zone
 Multiplicities, distinctions and differences are becoming the norm
 Moment is not empty nothing
 Secret passage
 Empty with wholeness
 the great life of the universe is pulsating in each object, place and act
 We are completely different people several times over, yet we always remain essentially ourselves
 Our critique began with doubt
 There are two kinds of sufferers: those who lack life and those who have an over abundance of life
 Barriers to potential
 Which is the most universal human characteristic? Fear or laziness

Traveling guy enters a sanctuary of some sort with various individuals in different chairs, he goes to each as though he is in a museum or art gallery.

There is no difference between dreaming and waking perception. The worst mistake you can make is to think you are really alive when really you are asleep in the waiting room. It's a combination of waking rational abilities with infinite possibilities of your dreams.

It's bad enough you sell your waking life, now they get your dreams for free.

Ask yourself is this a dream?

Everyone is sleepwalking through their waking state or wake walking through their dreams.

See a light switch, turn it off/on to check, if it switches you know you are awake.

As travel guy leaves the room, he jokingly flicks the light switch and nothing happens.

If the world we are forced to accept is false and nothing is true, then everything is possible.

On the way to discovering everything we love, we will find everything we hate, everything that blocks our path of what we desire.

Where there is fire we will carry gasoline.

Interrupt the continuum of everyday experience and all the expectations that go with it.

To rupture the spell of the ideology of the commodified consumer society, so that our repressed desires of a more authentic nature can come forward.

The four guys in this dialogue see a man hanging from a telephone pole.

He's all action and no theory.

We're all theory and no action.

Are you a dreamer? They say dreaming is dead and no one does it anymore.
 Dreaming isn't dead, it is forgotten; removed from our language.
 Nobody dreams it, so no one knows it exists.
 The dreamer is banished to obscurity.
 We need to dream with our hands and our minds.

1000 years is but an instant.
 Nothing new, nothing different
 It was the same an hour or an eternity ago
 You have to find your answers
 Although it will seem difficult, the rewards will be great
 There's nothing here for me at all
 Now I remember, this happened to me before
 This is why I left.

Travel guy speaks for a change, different from his usual quiet mindful presence:
 I'm trying to get a sense of where I am and what's going on
 I have the benefit of a consistent perspective
 Address and information aren't important
 I'm dealing with a lot of people, exposing me to information and ideas that seem
 vaguely familiar, but at the same time all very alien
 I'm in a spectrum of awareness
 Lucidity wavers
 I know I'm dreaming
 I am the most in myself and my thoughts that I have been so far
*Ironically, as he says these words, his animated version becomes increasingly more
 vague and abstracted*
 The world is an opportunity to experience how exciting alienation can be
 Life in its moments of miracles
 Life understood is life lived, but the paradoxes bug me
 I salsa with my confusion
 Don't forget, remember
 A dream figure in another person's dream that is self-awareness.
This time as traveling guy holds onto a door he drifts up and he lets go.

I feel the loaded nature of the content of the film and I perceive the density as a sign of our times. I feel inundated with so much information and all of it is important. I want to story it in a container and play with it before letting it go. Fragment and dissect the content, but it feels as though enough has been said. It is all there all my musings as though from me and not from me, yet somehow more concise and philo(so)phisticated. There is a fear in the letting go and in the holding it, the lunacy of conceiving all at once the images, thoughts and questions that plague my imaginings of a collective consciousness. To be less cognizant and existing in our boxed world images, playing our games, feels so much easier and so much freer, but are we ever in a state where we are not being challenged either by circumstance, the fall out consequences of choice and free will or fate/destiny?

Why do I ask more questions, to which I have no answers? As I transcribe and write, I become increasingly aware of how malleable the writing of words has become, minor alterations lead to wholly different meaning and connections. Perhaps the text of this writing as transcribed images and conversation, belongs as a cut/paste. It naturally ebbs and flows all over the place, just as I feel I naturally engage in the same way. *I cannot see beyond dichotomies, other than to imagine possible worlds, such as ideas put forward in this movie. How can I be all of all opposites? How can there be only anything and not only anything?* Why do I consider choosing this particular film from all that I have watched and witnessed? Why do I represent it in the way that I have?

Initially I had the film excerpts in an appendix, now in revisiting my text, I see that I was concerned about the length and did not want to disrupt the flow. I am increasingly less concerned about the conventions of how to present my process, as I explore my decisions and consider how I have come to my process. What is important is becoming more central as I explore how I come to make my choices in re-presentation of stories and experiences. What I notice is that my process is about being in the midst of the everydayness of living humanness and that each moment is not exclusive of the other. This is an all-inclusive soma holiday!

Alphaville (1965)
By Jean-Luc Godard

Setting the scene: Lemmy Caution is a spy on a mission to kill the inventor of a fascist computer Alpha 60. He travels through altered states of reality into a world of florescent lights, sterile, cold, black and white (literally and figuratively), controlled by Alpha 60.

An omniscient narrator as well as central character, Caution sets the tone:

Sometimes reality is too complex for oral communication, but legend embodies it in a form which enables it to speak all over the world.

Caution travels through a world enslaved by probability and technocracy, where life is disposable and commodified, inconsequential; sex is random and without emotion; and language changes continually to release the meaning of words to deconstruct expressions and meaning (similar to the wordspeak re-historing by Big Brother in Orwellian terms, 1984).

No one ever says, "Why?" anymore, only "because". There are only answers and no questions.

As you watch the story unfold, there is a constant subliminal flicker of images between scenes, just enough to remember and capture equations (i.e. $E=mc^2$)

We get glimpses of Lemme Caution's reflective thoughts:

The silence of infinite space appalled me.

I felt my existence here was becoming a distorted twilight memory

Natasha the daughter of the inventor of Alpha 60 becomes central to Caution's story. She is remembering and increasingly affected by Caution as she reads a book entitled, "The Capital of Pain":

We live in the void of metamorphoses

But the echo that runs throughout the day...

That echo is beyond time, anguish or caress

Are we near to our conscience, or far from it?

Natasha states, "I don't comprehend conscience"

Caution:

Death to conversation

Your eyes have returned from a despotic land where no one has known the meaning of a glance

Natasha searches desperately for 'The Bible' to look up the worlds she does not know

There should be a Bible in every room

I'm afraid

She says to Caution, "Since you've come, I no longer understand what is happening."

The waiter enters the room and gives Natasha a Bible. Caution now sees that the Bible in this world is actually a dictionary.

Isn't it the same, asks Natasha.

The word 'conscience' is no longer there. Words disappear because they are forbidden, replaced by new words expressing new idea.

Natasha seems to remember that conscience is more than a word, but the recollection is distant and confusing to her codified and organized mind.

As the mutants of the world are slowly asphyxiated by the flickering away of the fluorescent lights (thanks to Caution), Caution whisks Natasha away with him. They drive off and as she struggles for air.

She says, "You want me to say something, but I don't know the words."

Caution replies, "You must get there yourself. If not, you're as lost as the dead of Alphaville."

Natasha struggles to express herself.

"I love you," says Natasha.

I am wholly affected by this movie. I'm not sure why. Perhaps it could be because of my influences during my formative years, being schooled to be afraid of the possibility of loss of humanness. I think it may be because I feel the reality of power happening, or am I willing this distancing and alienation in my own life, romanticizing it into being. The fear of despotism amidst the uncertainty and unknown, the excess of boredom and freedom that feels oppressive because of the inequality of our surreal existence, in the midst of poverty, famine, power over discourses surround me, within me. *Do I seek to disrupt collective meaning, but challenging norms with my personal perceptions of uniqueness? If being disruptive is focusing on separating and creating necessary space, how do we hold onto meaning in the dissolvable boundaries of constructed images and language that capture meaning? How do we hold onto inbetween space to consider the process of stories, expressions of experience and reflection on experience and expressions as important, in the midst of letting go of meaning and beliefs about truth and understanding and knowledge that perpetuate norms? Do we run the risk of perpetuating the Alphaville scenario where words have no meaning, because we seek to disrupt connections to language?* As soon as I step away to showcase the creative art of representation, I distance myself from my thoughts and judgments and reflection as analysis. I perceive the action of omniscience and sharing of the other, as necessary to my need for space. I do not want to be swallowed completely by everything that comes my way, which I am in the midst of...it would be too overwhelming to analyze all aspects of each interaction. Bringing to light what is important for the sake of being important, interesting and curious is sufficient because I open to the space of the other with each exposure and expression of experience both to connect and separate, in connecting I separate and in separating I connect and further my own awareness of expectations, assumptions and judgments of other.

As I recreate my interaction with the script as storied, I question, “Is every recount, remembering, version of ‘truth’, sharing of perspective not a story of sorts? Is existential/nihilistic angst (unlabelled/labeled) suffering the humanness of the flux? In our technological flatulence, do our stories hold more than othered and alien notions of self/other? “Suffering exposes the vulnerability of human existence, its lack of defense against the play of the flux” (Caputo, 1987, p. 278).

Caputo (1987) in describing the notion of flux through the “openness to the mystery” stated:

But it is the face of suffering which puts teeth into the mystery and prevents us from confusing the mystery with an object of poetic reverie or from using it as the occasion for a recollective leap out of existence, which only leaves the rest of us to face the worst. (p. 277)

Kroker (2004) wrote:

What if biotech does something fundamentally different from previous technologies, not simply disturbing the ratio of the senses, but reconfiguring the senses, creating mutations and hybridities of the previously separated ratio of the senses? (...) An eye that hears. Skin that speaks. An ear that sees with upgraded 20/20 vision. A recombinant body with tactile smell, touch that arcs across the colour spectrum, chromocratic sounds, muffled sweat, talking retinas and noise that bleeds, Lasix eyes, eyes that see but have no vision. (p. 178)

‘What ifs’ crossing boundaries of what we perceive as knowings/knowledges, opening to unknown potentials, searching for sentience in a world of possibilities. In our explorations of possibles, might sentience be expanded or transcended in a way that is inclusive of all senses and yet wholly different (Zukav, 1989)? Buber (1970) described a drive aimed at reciprocity of “cosmic-metacosmic origin” (p. 79), which comes through the corporeal.

Write good (correction...well). Someone is watching. Who is this about/for? I feel the layers of writing and being for the sake of other, fixing me into my situatedness. Narrative is ‘x’, reflexivity is ‘y’ and I am? I perceive the faux certainty of categories, labels and organization, constantly re-emerging to box the process in some configuration. I feel each pattern and relation sifting through every way of being, every expression of our experiences. My flux inbetween the unknowing and questioning and the is(ness) of construct, feels random and arbitrary; words and

language not enough. The tools of process that have not yet been crafted and are in the space between moments are just out of reach. I do not know of what I write, which is a given. I see my fingers and my pen and I feel the familiar pressures of the juxtaposition, the mode of searching and scavenging for that which I will never ascertain beyond my reflection, as other.

Sartre (1956) wrote: We have described human reality from the standpoint of negating conduct and from the standpoint of the *cognito*. Following this lead we have discovered that human reality is-for-itself. Is this *all* that it is? Without going outside our attitude of reflective description, we can encounter modes of consciousness which seem, even while themselves remaining strictly in for-itself, to point to a radically different type of ontological structure. The ontological structure is *mine*; it is in relation to myself as subject that I am concerned about myself, and yet this concern (for-myself) reveals to me a being which is *my* being without being-for-me. (p. 301)(...) Somebody was there and has seen me. Suddenly I realize the vulgarity of my gesture, and I am ashamed. It is certain that my shame is not reflective, for the presence of another in my consciousness, even as a catalyst, is incompatible with the reflective attitude; in the field of my reflection I can never meet with anything but consciousness which is mine. But the Other is the indispensable mediator between myself and me. I am ashamed of myself *as I appear* to the Other. By the mere appearance of the Other, I am put in the position of passing judgment on myself as on an object, for it is as an object that I appear to the Other. (p. 302)(...) Thus shame is shame *of oneself before the Other*; these two structures are inseparable. But at the same time I need the Other in order to realize fully all the structures of my being (p. 303). (p. 301-303)

Solipsism: The theory that nothing really exists but me and my mental states. (...) If the ultimate source of all factual knowledge is taken to be *introspection* or self-awareness, and if immediate experience is held to be the only thing that is directly know, solipsism is a consequence hard to avoid. (...) A taint of solipsism, even if it is dismissed as *methodological*, attaches to the alternative, *phenomenalist, way of reconciling the existence of an external world with the sense-datum theory* (the casual argument from the involuntary character

of sense-experience proper, as contrasted with images). (Bullock et al., 1988, p. 797)

C. Leggo (public representation, June 20, 2002) read: I am a loner, but I am not alone. I do not speak as part of a collective voice. As a researcher and teacher, my voice echoes other voices, but it does not seek to mimic or impersonate other voices, or to silence other voices, or to harmonize with other voices. Instead, I seek to cry out like trumpet calls an urgent invitation to listen to the light, to wake up, to know the world differently, outside the typical parameters and predictions.

I search to hold onto the limitations and dimensions of senses as I imagine what it would be like to perceive the world wholly differently, simultaneously full of all aspects of our sentient energy. In the searching and getting at difference/sameness, other/same, there seems to be a seeking to push boundaries and explore the possibles through/with language expression. In considering repetition of sameness, Deleuze (1994) wrote, "Repetition is truly that which disguises itself in constituting itself, that which constitutes itself only by disguising itself. It is not underneath the masks, but is formed from one mask to another, as though from one distinctive point to another, from one privileged instant to another, with and within the variations. (...) Difference is included in repetition by way of disguise and by the order of the symbol" (p. 17). It is through repetition of different voices and ways of perceiving sameness and difference, I/other that I face the complexities of my emptiness.

not about black and white

its all about the grey

it's the grey

I don't understand

can only be perceived by me

maybe I need the black and

white to define the boundaries?

communicate

understanding

seek

"understanding"

know what or how another person perceives

in coming to a space of
"understanding"

searching for identity
and space

dichotomy
that we are trying to avoid
in one paradigm
perpetuates itself

If we don't have the frame of reference of other

we don't have a sense of who we are.

To speak of "we" adds layers to self.

something different

To perceive black is

to reflect from the position of white.

Post-structuralism needs positivism to ^{be} see itself.

Yet we do not mix the two

antithetical

logic

comparing and contrasting

implicit to affirming from
where we come

difference/sameness as either/or

How are we proposing something

different if we are forcing the choice of either/or?

blame without fall into
pattern of searching externally to find the source

Only through the other can you know and find yourself.

I believe there is "something" (maybe ^{the box} ^{more of the same} ^{a circle outside} ^{the box})

nothing as a form of something beyond construct that isn't fixated on
reflecting on the other paradigm.

positivism is the box

post-
structuralism

boundary

of the box

Black and white, contrast, opposites, differences are what challenge us

the edge

McCloud (1993) used visual representation to convey the levels of abstraction of how we are made aware of self through relation with other. His illustrations convey a further dimension that adds to perceptions of difference/sameness. My interpretation of McCloud's message is to bring attention to the importance of the medium. As we reflect on other we imagine ourselves, simultaneously the more we distance ourselves to other through our imagining (i.e. through symbols of identification and awareness of identity) of other (and within ourselves) the more our connection and/or disassociation from self fluctuates. Does recognition of self and other through our interpretation and imagining of symbols and othered modes of communication (i.e. comics, virtual chat) further construct and separate I/other and simultaneously give dimension to creative ways of getting closer to I/other?

For me, McCloud's (1993) images and writing add to my process not only through the message he conveys, but also through the complexity of how he shares his process and simultaneously creates a product. Coming from my own space of intention, I am focused on I/other relations, whereas he takes his argument to elaborate on how his particular art form, comics, communicates. McCloud posits that through symbolism and imagery, comics have sustained a juxtaposition between time and space, throughout history and into our current situatedness in how we relate to one another and the world around us (make meaning of our experiences as I/other).

EACH ONE *ALSO* SUSTAINS A CONSTANT AWARENESS OF HIS OR HER *OWN* FACE, BUT *THIS* MIND-PICTURE IS NOT NEARLY SO VIVID; JUST A SKETCHY ARRANGEMENT... A SENSE OF SHAPE... A SENSE OF *GENERAL PLACEMENT*.

SOMETHING AS *SIMPLE* AND AS *BASIC*--

--AS A *CARTOON*.

THIS, WHEN YOU LOOK AT A PHOTO OR REALISTIC DRAWING OF A FACE--

--YOU SEE IT AS THE FACE OF *ANOTHER*.

BUT WHEN YOU ENTER THE WORLD OF THE *CARTOON*--

--YOU SEE *YOURSELF*

I BELIEVE THIS IS THE *PRIMARY CAUSE* OF OUR CHILDHOOD FASCINATION WITH *CARTOONS*. THOUGH OTHER FACTORS SUCH AS *UNIVERSAL IDENTIFICATION, SIMPLICITY* AND THE *CHILDLIKE FEATURES* OF MANY CARTOON CHARACTERS ALSO PLAY A PART.

THE *CARTOON* IS A *VACUUM* INTO WHICH OUR *IDENTITY* AND *AWARENES*S ARE *PULLED*...

...AN *EMPTY SHELL* THAT WE *INHABIT* WHICH *ENABLES* US TO TRAVEL IN *ANOTHER REALM*.

WE DON'T JUST *OBSERVE* THE *CARTOON*, WE *BECOME* IT!

THAT'S WHY I DECIDED TO *DRAW* MYSELF IN SUCH A *SIMPLE STYLE*.

WOULD YOU HAVE *LISTENED* TO ME IF I LOOKED LIKE *THIS*??

I **DOUBT** IT! YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN FAR TOO AWARE OF THE **MESSENGER** TO FULLY RECEIVE THE **MESSAGE!**

APART FROM WHAT LITTLE I TOLD YOU ABOUT MYSELF IN **CHAPTER ONE**, I'M PRACTICALLY A **BLANK SLATE!**

IT WOULD NEVER EVEN **OCCUR** TO YOU TO WONDER WHAT MY **POLITICS** ARE, OR WHAT I HAD FOR **LUNCH** OR WHERE I GOT THIS **SILLY OUTFIT!**

I'M JUST A LITTLE VOICE INSIDE YOUR **HEAD**.
A **CONCEPT.**

YOU GIVE ME LIFE BY READING THIS BOOK AND BY "**FILLING UP**" THIS VERY **ICONIC (CARTOONY) FORM.**

WHO I AM IS IRRELEVANT. I'M JUST A LITTLE PIECE OF **YOU.**

BUT IF WHO I AM MATTERS **LESS**, MAYBE WHAT I **SAY** WILL MATTER **MORE.**

THAT'S THE **THEORY**, ANYWAY.

SO FAR, WE'VE ONLY DISCUSSED **FACES**, BUT THE PHENOMENON OF **NON-VISUAL SELF-AWARENESS** CAN, TO A **LESSER DEGREE**, STILL APPLY TO OUR **WHOLE BODIES**. AFTER ALL, DO WE NEED TO **SEE** OUR **HANDS** TO KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING?

THERE'S **MORE**, TOO!

THE LATE GREAT *MARSHALL MELUHAN* OBSERVED A *SIMILAR* FORM OF *NON-VISUAL AWARENESS* WHEN PEOPLE INTERACT WITH *INANIMATE OBJECTS*.

WHEN *DRIVING*, FOR EXAMPLE, WE EXPERIENCE MUCH MORE THAN OUR *FIVE SENSES* REPORT.

THE *WHOLE CAR*--NOT JUST THE PARTS WE CAN SEE, FEEL AND HEAR--IS VERY MUCH ON OUR MINDS AT ALL TIMES.

THE VEHICLE BECOMES AN *EXTENSION* OF OUR BODY. IT *ABSORBS* OUR SENSE OF *IDENTITY*. WE *BECOME* THE CAR.

IF ONE CAR *HITS* ANOTHER, THE DRIVER OF THE VEHICLE BEING *STRUCK* IS MUCH MORE LIKELY TO SAY:

KLUNK!

HEY! HE HIT ME!!

THAN "HE HIT MY *CAR!*" OR "HIS *CAR* HIT MY CAR", FOR THAT MATTER.

OUR *IDENTITIES* AND *AWARENESS* ARE INVESTED IN MANY *INANIMATE OBJECTS* EVERY DAY. OUR *CLOTHES*, FOR EXAMPLE, CAN TRIGGER *NUMEROUS TRANSFORMATIONS* IN THE WAY OTHERS SEE US AND IN THE WAY WE SEE *OURSELVES*.

OUR ABILITY TO *EXTEND* OUR IDENTITIES INTO INANIMATE OBJECTS CAN CAUSE PIECES OF WOOD TO BECOME *LEGS*...

PIECES OF METAL TO BECOME *HANDS*...

PIECES OF PLASTIC TO BECOME *EARS*...

PIECES OF GLASS TO BECOME *EYES*.

AND IN *EVERY CASE*, OUR CONSTANT AWARENESS OF *SELF*...

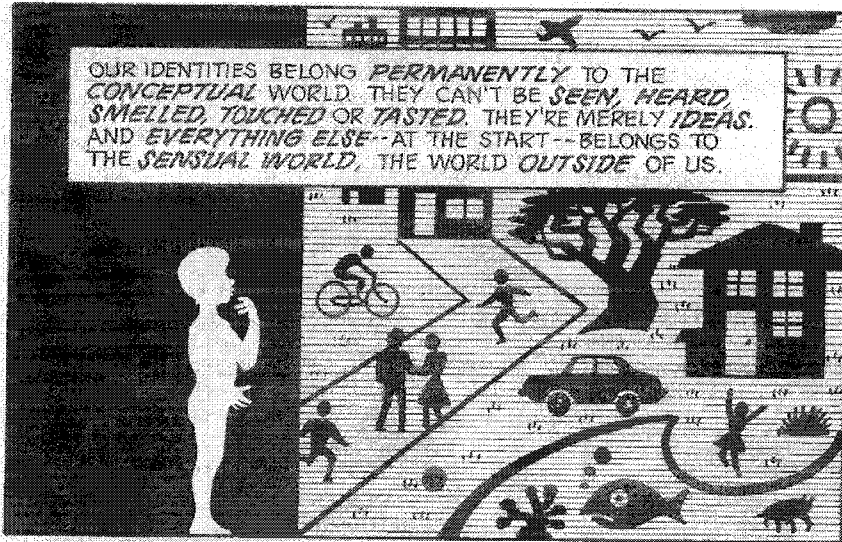
-- FLOWS *OUTWARD* TO INCLUDE THE OBJECT OF OUR *EXTENDED IDENTITY*.

AND JUST AS OUR AWARENESS OF OUR *BIOLOGICAL SELVES* ARE *SIMPLIFIED CONCEPTUALIZED IMAGES*--

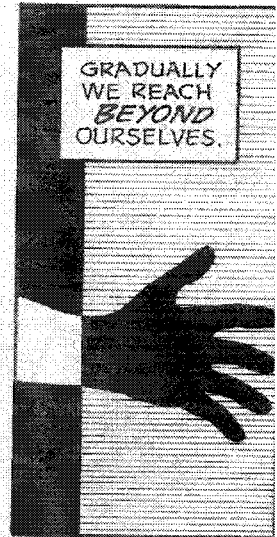
-- SO TOO IS OUR AWARENESS OF *THESE* EXTENSIONS GREATLY *SIMPLIFIED*.

ALL THE THINGS WE *EXPERIENCE* IN LIFE CAN BE SEPARATED INTO *TWO REALMS*, THE *REALM OF THE CONCEPT* --

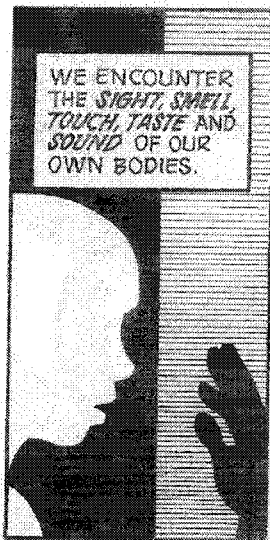
-- AND THE REALM OF THE *SENSES*.



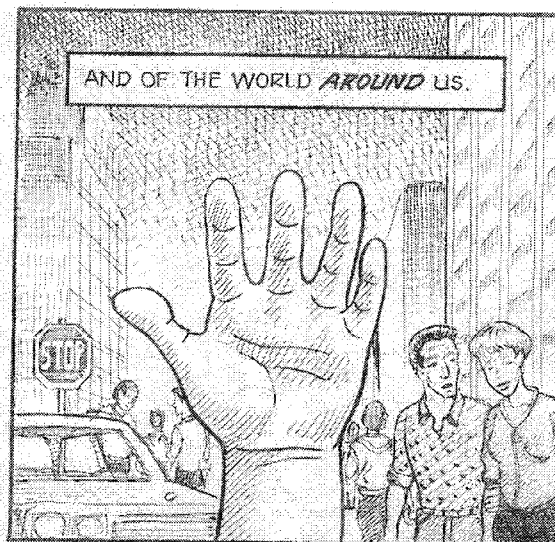
OUR IDENTITIES BELONG *PERMANENTLY* TO THE *CONCEPTUAL* WORLD. THEY CAN'T BE *SEEN, HEARD, SMELLED, TOUCHED* OR *TASTED*. THEY'RE MERELY *IDEAS*. AND *EVERYTHING ELSE--* AT THE START -- BELONGS TO THE *SENSUAL* WORLD, THE WORLD *OUTSIDE* OF US.



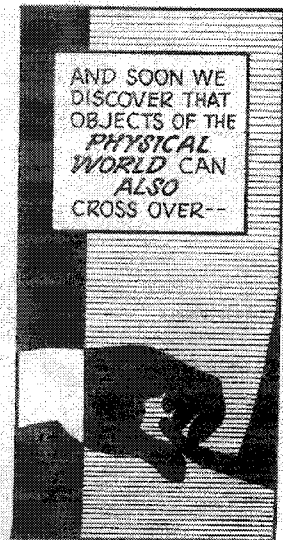
GRADUALLY WE REACH *BEYOND* OURSELVES.



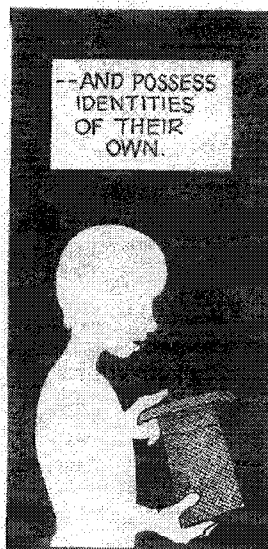
WE ENCOUNTER THE *SIGHT, SMELL, TOUCH, TASTE* AND *SOUND* OF OUR OWN BODIES.



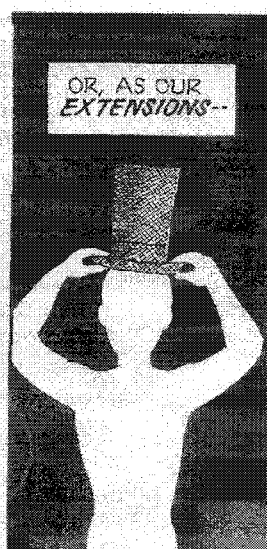
AND OF THE WORLD *AROUND* US.



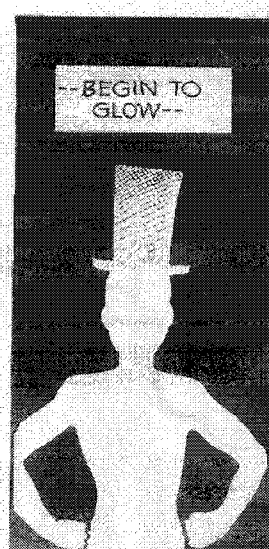
AND SOON WE DISCOVER THAT OBJECTS OF THE *PHYSICAL* WORLD CAN *ALSO* CROSS OVER--



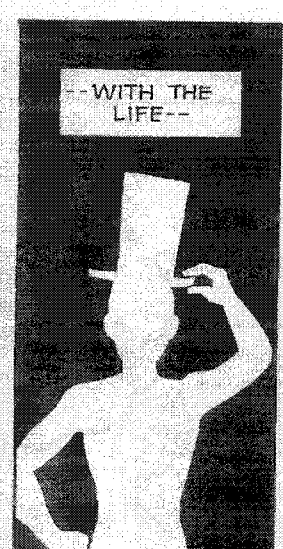
--AND POSSESS IDENTITIES OF THEIR OWN.



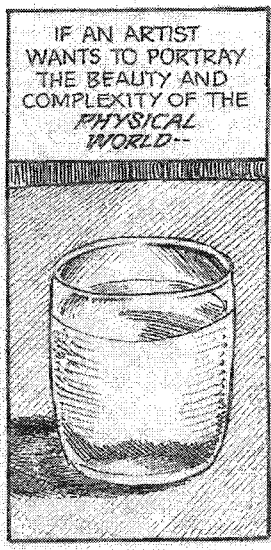
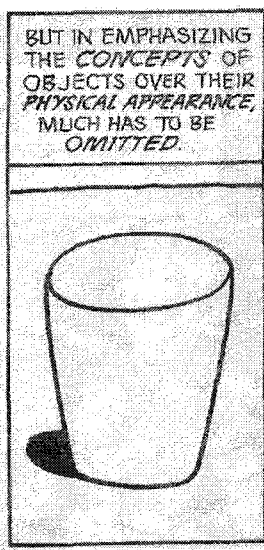
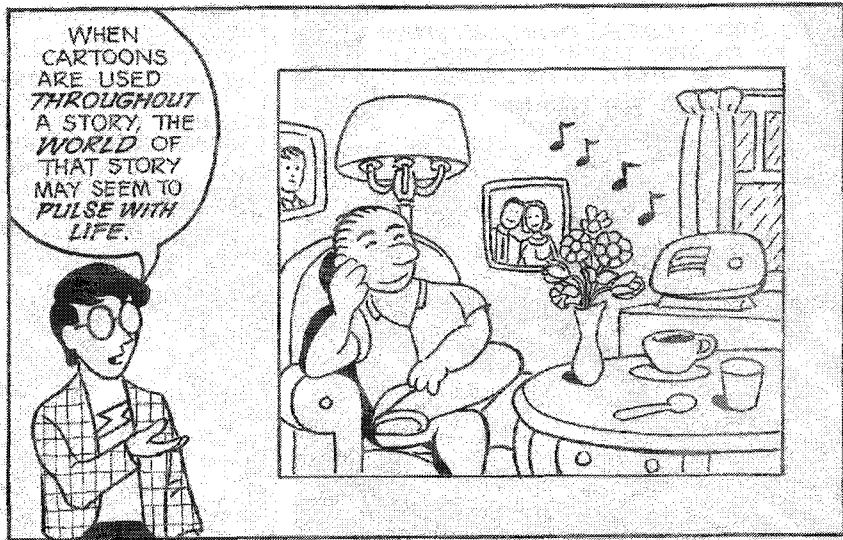
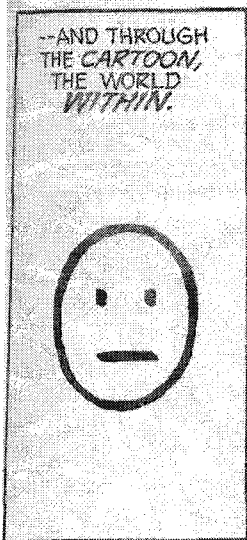
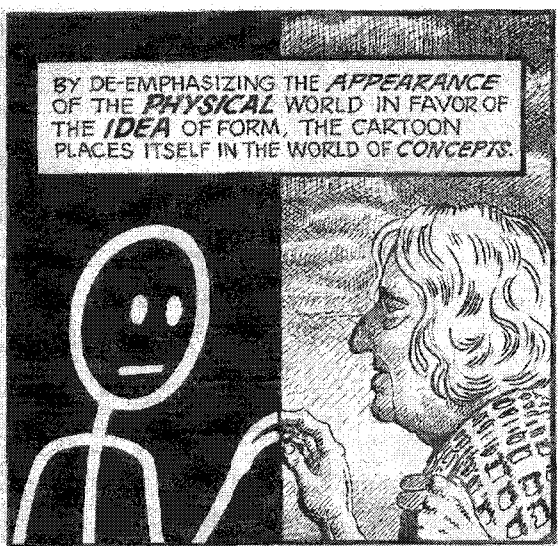
OR, AS OUR *EXTENSIONS--*



--BEGIN TO GLOW--



--WITH THE LIFE--



What about a picture of yourself, how does your basic recognition get affected by who you search for (i.e. yourself)? Are we distracted by details of other through the illusions and images we create? I go from looking at cartoon images, to watching a TV, to listening to the radio. The space of silence is always filled with the medium and a message of some sort. Does silence provide the necessary space to connect differently from the noise of constructed images, a different awareness or wholeness to the sentient experience that would otherwise be divided to focus on aspects of other? Are we being used/using ourselves as empty storage vessels (tabula rasa-blank slates) as we become increasingly virtual and constructed through objects, in attempts to find new ways to connect with other and self? I am finding it increasingly difficult to distinguish the medium from the message and similarly difficult to distinguish how I am different from and separate from the message (experience and expression of the message) as it is communicated to/through me. I think of how logos of industry have come to rule our everyday lives and I am concerned about the diminishing 'necessary space' of personhood as humanness. How do we differentiate beyond homogenization (i.e. through consumerism) of product/tion?

McCloud prompts me to question how he comes to identify himself as artist, distinguished from a writer, yet regardless of the labels of identity, the product becomes the focus. The sacred text as message and medium is then somehow not only just an extension of the artist/writer, but simultaneously distances the producer and the process from the product. The level of abstraction within the text/art adds further dimension and layering, to increase the depth and obscurity (i.e. when images are involved). The gaps and spaces almost seem cavernous in terms of potential for interpretation and for the reader to interject their own reflections and interaction.

I am cognizant of the challenge of citing references and acknowledging the influence of a multitude of diverse resources along my journey, in a nontraditional expression of writing. For example, how does one include and reference a concept via comic strip? Greene (1994) presented and described the "crisis of representation" as one, where she disrupted traditional representations of power through her writing, simultaneously arguing that realities perceived as constructed, are "arbitrary and dependent on false assumptions" where a sense of nothing is enclosed in textuality" (p. 209). Lincoln and Denzin (2000) imbued the challenge of representing other from a vantage point that is other than that of power, privilege and authority as a false dichotomy based on "the assumption that it is possible for an author to write a text that does not bear the traces of its author" (p. 1051).

During this process there was some question about copyright laws and how information is protected. What I found interesting in preparing to obtain copyright permission from authors, was how 'on the mark' Pamela Moss's statements were regarding addressing criticism and how it has benefited my learning of the statements and questions I put forward. For example, in considering my comments about authorship and sacred text, I prepared the following explanation to solicit copyright approval from publishing companies. "The reason that I want to use the sections of the said author's text is that I cannot separate out what he has relayed solely through his written text, where I perceive his images are important in adding dimension to the arguments he puts forward, which in turn add to the argument I present in my text. Because of the complex nature of a text in comic art form, the usual quoting of a reference does not apply unless taken out of context (visual image), which would distort the author's representation. While realizing I cannot take the whole of any text to add to my own position, I simultaneously acknowledge the challenge of representing the work of another author and I aspire to maintain the integrity of the author's position and expressions of her/his work." After running around to find the necessary resources to assist me in this matter, I discovered, with the assistance of my supervisor, that I do have copyright protection under Access Copyright 'fair dealing' University legislation. Has the knowledge that I am 'protected' changed my vision of context and the relationship between author and text? I would say I am increasingly aware of the complexity of the connection.

How ironic and simultaneously disturbing it is for me to be placed in the situation of being inbetween my conceptual processing of a story and its author, while I explore one reality of how that connection/separation plays out. I similarly need to consider how I am responsible in my representation of the works that belong to an author, who must on some level (even if through a distant legislation) give me permission to use her/his work. Thus, my process is further complicated by the choices I make in my approach to presenting my process. When the work of others is involved, I must consider how I am privileged to incorporate that work in its complexity. The consequences of stripping the context on any level, even for the sake of flow or effect (for example adding a quote to start a paper) should be similarly regarded as a dilemma of choice and intensification with layered situatedness and context. The crisis of representation confounds my process, as I consider that I as a social being come from a space that is unique, as I interpret information and perceive other in a different way, while I am privileged to make choices in my interpretations to add to my process. Interpretation, in this sense is not an excuse, but rather a careful balance between acknowledging privilege and the complexities of representations of situatedness.

Through the repetition of symbols, imagery and language through different stories and contextual situatedness, I make sense of my world as other and thus create representations of how I perceive myself in and of the world, as reflective and othered. I am constantly interacting and reacting to the other through my perception and interpretation of how other is to I, as myself and not I.

According to Ricoeur (Geanellos, 2000), “interpretation is the hinge between language and lived experience”, an objectification of the text (distanciation) that removes “authorial intent” (p. 113). Distanciation is described by Ricoeur as “the distance between self and other (the familiar or alien), (...) objectifying the text, freeing it from the author’s intentions (meanings) to give it a life of its own” (p. 113). Appropriation on the other hand is no longer alien, “it is a dialectic between near/far, intersubjective need for interpreters to project themselves onto the text, giving the opportunity for the text to reveal itself to the world” (p. 114). Geanellos furthered, “Gadamer wrote of overcoming the alienations of the aesthetic and historical consciousness” (p. 117).

There is something very important in considering how author is connected to text and how the text represents that connection. Does the distanciation come regardless of intent and willingness to connect to text once one relays the expression of that experience through the text, which can only be othering of self and relation to other? How do we come to the text, through the text in describing our experience, Caputo (1986) described as the “originary experience” (p. 64), which he contended in his description of ‘radical hermeneutics’ is the root of construct.

Reeder (1988) wrote: Hermeneutics is like a road map for understanding the terrain of language; the signs of spoken and written expressions point out connections between the speaker or writer and the world in which he or she lives. On a map, you read ‘you are here’ marked with a colored flag. The sign is meant to provide a reference point to locate yourself in relation to the region. This existential position enables you to make plans and think about further possibilities for your trip. Then you make choices and actualize some of the options available. (p. 194)

What gets confusing is when the road is windy and folds back on itself in circles. Caputo (1987) argued that the process essential to getting to the energy is resisting it through paradox. For Caputo, “hermeneutics thus means both recovery and violence, both restoration and destruction” (p. 64). Caputo described “violence (an unpleasant or destructive natural force) that violates” (violation is to break a rule or formal agreement) “as difficult to discern from secondary and derivative interpretation, [which] *recovers* the things themselves” (p. 64).

Caputo (1987) in his writings disrupted Nietzsche’s philosophy of “What *is*, does not *become*; what becomes is not” (p. 11) by playing with opposing views and maintaining the flux of repetition. “By virtue of repetition the individual is able to press forward, not toward a sheer novelty which is wholly discontinuous with the past, but into the being which he himself is. By repetition the individual becomes himself, circling back on the being which he has been all along.” (Caputo, 1987, p. 12)

If repetition is possible, it is due to miracle rather than to law. It is against the law: against the similar form and the equivalent content of law. If repetition can be found, even in nature, it is in the name of a power which affirms itself against the law, which works underneath laws, perhaps superior to laws. If repetition exists, it expresses at once a singularity opposed to the general, a universality opposed to the particular, a distinctive opposed to the ordinary, an instanteity opposed to variation and an eternity opposed to permanence. In every respect, repetition as a transgression. It puts law into question, it denounces its nominal or general character in favour of a more profound and more artistic reality. (Deleuze, 1994, p. 2-3)

What I am trying to get at is important. I need to talk through it and talk it through (at times writing works and at times I transcribe). No matter which way it comes out it will become different with each listen, transcription, interaction with time/space. I am trying to get at something. The time it feels important is when I’m writing on a scrap or on a map in the car, or in the midst of my journaling, or waking from sleep.

Labeling how I process is not as important as how I search, through the different perspectives that inform my processing, for support or disrupt my processing. *The remembering comes in waves and flows through me and to go back each time something is different, foreign and yet familiar.*

Csikszentmihalyi (1990) described flow as “being completely involved in an activity for its own sake. The ego falls away. Time flies. Every action, movement, and thought follows inevitably from the previous one like playing jazz. Your whole being is involved, and you’re using your skills at the utmost.” I look for flow in different ways as I engage in the repetitious processing of getting at what is important. Although ‘flow’ as described by Csikszentmihalyi has a feel of being in the moment, I also feel that his description is similar to Huxley’s mescalinated experience of perception, which is unsustainable for prolonged periods. My flow in humanness is about accepting the ego and constructs as being in the moment as is, where perhaps even loitering in front a disruptive television set is a flowing of humanness as processing disruption amidst passive sentient experience.

Caputo (1987) suggested that one “attempts to stick with the original difficulty of life, and not betray it with metaphysics” (p. 1), whereby “it is an approach to the question of human existence that does not fall through the trap door of subjectivism and humanism” (p. 6). My interpretation of and interaction with Caputo’s flux is a movement (which he describes as ‘kinesis’) as repetition between for example, philosophies of existentialism and nihilism, where the hermeneutic (a storying and re-storying of sorts) is situated “with the original difficulty of life” (p. 1). The perspective of movement in repetition is also consistent with the concept of the hermeneutic circle, whereby the background of history, culture and structure of social context are a co-constituted reality and “indissoluble unity between the person and the world” (Koch, 1995). “This process of interpreting parts of the text in relation to the whole, and the whole of the text in relation to its parts, is known as (interpretation within) the hermeneutic circle” (Geanellos, 2000, p. 116). Koch describes the inquirer as one who has a pre-understanding and situatedness within the social construct of a reality. I, for example, through my connections with the text engage in flow on the basis of my situatedness which is based on my assumptions, expectations and presuppositions. Using Caputo’s (1987) words, repetition is “a creative production which pushes ahead, which produces as it repeats, which produces *what* it repeats, which makes a life for itself in the midst of the difficulties of the flux” (p. 3).

Story-ing A/way

In telling and re-telling stories, as I consider my situatedness and contextualize my experience, I question what is different about each story if situatedness and context are ‘peeled away?’ *What I perceive is left is an im(possibility); an omniscience that leaves no residue. Akin to Huxley’s (1954) perceptions on mescaline and Csikszentmihalyi’s (1990) flow, my conceptualization and being in humanness, as processing, is a way of being aware differently, which is challenging to sustain, particularly in the face of othered ways of being as humanness.*

“Stories move in circles.

They don’t go in straight lines. So it helps if you listen in circles.

There are stories inside stories and stories between stories,
and finding your way through them is as easy and as hard as
finding your way home.

And part of the finding is the getting lost.

And when you’re lost, you start to look around and to listen.”

(Reference Unknown)

As I enfold my readings into my writing, I notice an unfolding, which in another moment of re-reading, I interject with the following text.

Palulis (2003) wrote: I’m drawn to certain hybrid writings – to the discursive flow of ‘to and fro’ writing – aware that chiasmatic movements are never reciprocal but lean toward. Circles colliding – only by entering another circle can you crack the movement. Metonymic writing seeks to rupture (t)exteriority. (...) Drawing from the notion of Metonymy as a chiasmatic ‘in-between’ space of metaphor/metonymy, the place of the slash – the place of the gap – is the space of generative possibilities in a drifting, uncertain habitation – in moments of persistent in/stability. (p. 266)

I am challenged by the transition in-between and movement of texts, intertextuality that is complicated by the addition of my own thoughts and language of punctuation. *How do I hold the text as sacred, as connected to the writer, and implicitly to the reader (who has an interesse in the text and possibly the writer), with space to play and process?*

When I consider the story as a sacred text, I reflect on the work of Reason (1993), who described his personal experience of his situatedness within the secular Western epistemological self and a transformation to the spiritual dimension of human inquiry. Embedded in his journey was the concept of “human inquiry in action” (p. 274) whereby he focused on the importance of a co-creation and cooperative experiential inquiry as an essential step in the evolution of humanity, to a necessary consciousness of responsibility to all living beings and mother earth. His notion of “resacralization” of experience was his way of reconnecting with self and nature, beyond an objective reality to a space of “nature as nurture”. Reason explored beyond the secular traditional dichotomies, to a dialectical ontology that “embraces the paradox of opposites” (p. 280). Through the “imaginal”, and dialectic, Reason illustrated how creative self emerges as a reflective process, in which he encourages a “dwelling with” the chaos of coming to an open consciousness of possibility.

I perceive the storied space as a sacred opening of necessary space, where we connect on an imaginal, if not spiritual level, with others, and ourselves through the potential of possibility. Simultaneously, however, I have the realization that we continue to exist in a world of constraints, barriers and boundaries that ground our storied selves to social construct and organization of self/othered dichotomies. As I struggle to connect with my omniscient narrator voice, I am challenged to ask some key questions to my recurring storied theme: “What makes a story a story? Are there characters? Is there a plot, a beginning/middle and end?” *I have the realization that I am distant to my omniscient voice, while deeming it a story of sorts. Are the ideas I struggle through my own voice a story? I perceive story is the appropriate label and yet my muddled writing does not fit the precepts and defining variables of what a traditional story entails. I begin questioning how and who constructs the elements of a story, laying claims to what is deemed story-worthy. Situatedness and context re-emerge as themes of how I process story-ness. I hold to my storyline, because I feel it is important. I push through the boundaries of what is considered an acceptable story, with my situatedness and context kicking and screaming somewhere in the recesses of my awareness.* Reason (1993) challenges me to dwell with and re-emerge from false conceptions/ caged conventions of what constitutes a story and simultaneously to be respectful of other versions of story as sacred text.

“THERE IS A STORY I KNOW” King (2003) wrote as he cycled in an unending sharing, processing, story-ing of his truth, continuing to morph, building on fictions that are disrupting fictions of construct and hegemonic ways of knowing. I am captivated by the power of how King structures his language, as his story draws me in. I struggle with King in his apprehension of truth and knowing. I am reeled in with baited breath, by how he captures my imagination, “You’ll never believe what happened (p. 5). Here’s what happened (p. 6). You can probably guess what happened (p. 13). And it goes like this (p. 10).” and gets the reader to pay attention to the messages overt and hidden, “So you have to be careful with the stories you tell and watch out for the stories you are told (p. 10). Stories are wondrous things and they are dangerous things (p. 9).” What is it that helps discern the telling of King’s story from my own? How do I identify? What separates and connects our stories? I value King’s quest for continuity and discontinuity in searching through stories to meet with what he perceives as “the realities” of our social situatedness.

I notice that I want to place my processing, that is, each of my comments that flow before and after my interactions with other text, in a box. My voices are shifting and melding as my inquiry becomes increasingly defined by how I choose to engage with other and express my experience of that processing interaction.

In the telling of the story in a different context or different sets of circumstances, what happens? What effect does the story have when it is retold? How do you retell a story that has the same words and “story line”? Which stories do you choose to retell?

“Have I got a story for you!” began L. Clarke (public presentation, May 20, 2004) at the Narrative Matters 2004 Conference (an Interdisciplinary conference on narrative perspectives, approaches, and issues across the Humanities and Social Sciences). In describing her work with medical residents through the teachings of narrative, story and storytelling approaches in health care, Clarke suggested choosing a story that captures all aspects of what we need to say. She “took her story on the road” and in each telling, different connections surfaced with the audience. I sat mesmerized by her drama; she was theatrical in her performance, engaging us with changes in her intonation and speed. *Is it in how you tell the story, as much as what is contained within the story itself?* Is it who and what may potentially be in the story that made me chose to attend her presentation and convinced me to stay and listen? *What story am I telling in this maze of thoughts? What can be salvaged and*

pulled from the depths of the abyss, when this cyclone has passed? How much more dramatic can I be? Do I choose to engage in story telling as a dramatic effect, as a tool that is about engaging other? Do I use story as a means of articulating situatedness and context?

Does validation from another voice make it more of a credible approach? Is the approach about what feels right and how stories are intuited to be of use/benefit in connecting with other?

At times, I am not even completely cognizant of where I am going and yet it is a consciousness that is taking me on this journey. I feel I am the omniscient narrator of a story that wants to be told. Tierney (1997) articulated the style of writing with the omniscient narrator as “the most pervasive form in which authors have written qualitative articles” (p. 27). Even though this style of writing is common, there is an air of distance from the how and why the voice of omniscient narrator is used. I have not found the details of how this perspective and approach is perceived by the author writing the text, as more than research of personified literature would elaborate, merely as a third person account of the given text.

”I tell the stories not to play on your sympathies but to suggest how stories can control our lives, for there is a part of me that has never been able to move past these stories, a part of me that will be chained to these stories as long as I live (p. 9). (...) Yet this is the story I continue to tell myself, because it’s easy and contains all my anger, and because, in all the years, in all the tellings, I’ve honed it sharp enough to cut bone. (King, 2003, p. 25)

King (2003) situated himself through multiple layers of stories unfolding his identity and simultaneously his struggles with authenticity, expressed through his storied experiences. Harp (1994) similarly discussed his contradictory and paradoxical struggles with the construct of his branded authenticity/identity and the shifting, fixed, yet elusive, realities that determined where and to whom he belonged. Harp wrote, “We are who we are today *because* we are historical beings, and efforts by Native people to keep things the way they were prior to contact only serves to legitimize colonial discourse about who we ‘really’ are” (p. 53). What would the stories be if Harp changed the

focus of his question, “Who is a real Indian?” in authentic colonialism and King’s value of authenticity as rarity in, “You’re Not the Indian I Had in Mind”? Both Harp and King share what is important to them in different ways. Harp aligns with King’s angst, and yet his story is different. Each seek a form of ‘truth’ and a way of knowing that disrupts the construct of identity as identified, questioning who decides, “Who am I?” Both express their experience, but where King is more playful and cryptic, Harp is direct and raw.

Wendell (1996) storied her struggles with the situatedness of identity in the following excerpt: “[D]isability is defined, and people are identified as disabled, for many purposes. How a society defines disability and whom it recognizes as disabled are of enormous psychological, social, economic and political importance, both to people who identify themselves as disabled and to those who do not but are nevertheless given the label.” (p. 32)

Wendell (1996) brings voice to her experience of being identified as other and identifying with others. She described how social policies and social service agencies delineate those who are visibly different and create a buffer zone, caste system that isolates and classifies “the other”.

I struggle with the tense of recounting the written text (past or present, I want to use the present tense). *How has Wendell’s story changed? As I connect with how Wendell writes her story, I am equally affected by her words. What am I searching for in this example and how does it connect with the stories I exemplified before? What makes a story unique? How does the content connect with my own story? Am I searching for the connection between style and presentation of the stories?*

As I read the experiences shared by Moss (2000) storying her situatedness of being in the space ‘in between’ diagnosis and academic discourses, I am struck by the difficulty in conveying/re-presenting her story. What do I deem to be important in how I re-present her story as a synopsis or as pieces from her story, through my own triggers, my ‘own’ flow of thought? How do I provide a synopsis worthy of her approval, knowing she will be reading this re-presentation? Why does her reading my re-presentation change my interaction and why is it different for other stories...have I not maintained Reason’s sacred text, as I professed was so important? Where does her story ‘belong’ amidst the storied experiences? Am I

categorically bringing these stories together, thus perpetuating the segregation into labels of disabling? I am paralyzed by my questioning and do not proceed, other than to state that I relate in my own way to Moss's symbolism of how she "fell between the cracks" (metaphorically) when she "was forced into a "negotiation of illness" (p. 289). I perceive an (in)between-ness of how we classify, categorize and identify humanness through dichotomy 'as opposed to' (here I dichotomize in my languaging/expression) being with(in)/(in)between amidst the spectrum of humanness.

I am still trying to 'flesh out' the notion of 'spectrum of humanness' because I think it is important to my conceptualization of difference/sameness as I connect/separate through humanness. Simultaneously, I notice that I am considering how I come to process (as humanness) through inquiry. *Have we become a fragmented, programmed, devalue, disabled, disembodied, disassociated whole that is no greater than its parts between extremes of worthy and unworthy, perfect/imperfect, authentic/in-authentic, perpetuating the problem, trapping future "othered" classes and categorical points of reference into an abyss of (in)betweenness?* I consider the challenges describing the layering as I unpack the process. I want to talk about what is shared through the story (the ideas with which I connect), while I describe the process of storying and simultaneously engage in the discussion of the difficulties of connecting through situatedness and context.

As I explore the faces of who makes a story, further questioning seems to be the most appropriate course of action: "What is the author's intention? Whom is the author trying to reach? Who is the audience? What reaction is the author trying to invoke? How does the author's standpoint influence the reader? How does the practice of writing, expressing experience through language, distance the writer from the text and thus the reader, whereby the text becomes the othered in-between? *I acknowledge that the questions put forth will be different for each reader. As I differentiate, I simultaneously move toward what is important and shared in the humanness exposed through each of the stories. I remember that stories heal as much as stories are a remembering of the pain and wounding, sharing reminders of the constraints of construct, lest we forget.*

Light passes through me lightless, sound soundless,
 smoking nowhere, groaning with sudden birds. Paper
 dies, flesh melts, leaving stockings and their useless vanity
 in graves, bodies lie still across foolish borders. (Brand, 1997, p. 48)

Dis-eases of humanness:

Restlessness and feelings of emptiness in the midst of plentitude

Boredom in the midst of possibility

Dis-comfort in the midst of affluence and freedom

Judgment in the midst of apathy

Situated in intention, holding onto the problemed language

Letting go that which we are in the midst of...

My poetic expressions feel sterile and loaded with emptiness. I move to locatedness as embodiment of space, where stories happen. Kroker (2004) described the future body in the age of technology as 'so-called autonomous, 'android' and 'mutant.' "With or without our consent or public discussion, the digital future leaps beyond the old forms of twentieth century politics, finance, culture, and society to create an unpredictable future in which the programmer, the engineer, the eugenicist, the multinational multimedia czar install the ruling codes of the digital eye." (p. 185)

*I wake up from a dream and remember two things were important. The first I forgot, not being able to get to pen and paper fast enough (my slumber paralyzing me into dream state), the second was about natural versus esthetic beauty. I am reminded by Kroker of reading a short story in Junior High School about the fallout after a nuclear holocaust, entitled, "The Portable Phonograph" (Van Tilburg Clark, 1950), where the concept of beauty had changed, or perhaps was redefined. At one point in the story, someone finds an old picture of greenery, a mountainous landscape, the individual looks around at the desert, and questions how anything could be more beautiful than the current reality. The other story, entitled *The Chrysalids* (Wyndham, 1955), had the same flavor of disruption of what was deemed normal, in how nature was perceived, where mutants became the 'norm.' I think of these stories as I conceive of what has influenced my perceptions. I consider what is beautiful and what is normal in this technocratic new age of self-discovery and mechanization. I think of reality TV shows (i.e. *The Swann*) and question how we are challenging the boundaries of what/who we are and what we will do to push toward and away from normal/standard ways of conceiving our realities. Are we*

seeking to commodify and alter 'beautiful' images through the artificial means afforded us, raping and pillaging our natural resources in the quest for aesthetics; in our 'addiction to perfection' (Woodman, 1982)? What happens to the illusion or reality of voice and self when image and identity are disrupted and manipulated in the process? How is situatedness and context ruptured in the process of identifying the aesthetics of re-presentation? I turn on the stereo to let new messages drown out my thoughts. I feel like I need a separate font between my thoughts and actions here.

*Snowflake
An aesthetic art of creation
No two alike
Uniqueness in diversity
Crystal of light and color
Multidimensional realities all at once
Nature teaches
Are we open to learn?
Snow melts
Seasons change
Rebirth of potential comes in frozen moments
Patterns of difference in cycles of sameness*

I perceive that 'how' is about the process of questioning the way in which 'why' is privileged. In the labyrinth of questioning the unknowns and unknowing the questions, why becomes unattainable. In order to overcome the paralysis of why, how as processing the complexity, thus, is a way through why. Through narrative/interpretive inquiry, I venture into the unknowing. I explore a multitude of methodologies as I engage in the process of inquiry. I continue to question what label to give this processing. Bateson (2000) wrote, "We practice the art of living in telling stories, whether spoken or written or imagined in secret, dreamed or planned, past or future" (p. 22). Bateson used the metaphor of composing to elucidate the "distinctive ways of fitting diverse elements into a unity, combining the familiar and the new" (p. 29), suggesting, "A continuing search both for harmony and for dynamic dissonance, the many elements never brought into perfect balance, certainly never completely merged" (p. 30).

Watterson (2001) commented, "It's surprisingly tricky to draw things exactly wrong, because you have to know the rules pretty well to break every single one" (p. 43). I would also suggest the challenge of perceived 'knowns,' lead us to conclusions of

I am interested in how my thesis committee comments on my braveness of coming to share my processing. Should I feel insulted or embarrassed for how I have come to expose my processing? Is processing a form of nudity in scholarship? Do we restrict ourselves to the finished product, after it has been deemed acceptable in format and scholarly content, by the experts, striving for excellence and perfection? Who decides what excellence means? How do messages, such as those posted on the University of Victoria website, proclaiming the "outstanding people who are making a difference" in research and productivity, influence how the raw, ugly and exposed wounds of processing are taken up/ shared?

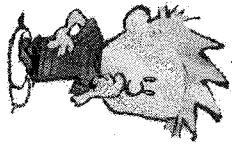
difference through the sameness of our perspectives and through our conditioning of how we come to know (i.e. knowing rules even in how we conceive of art, through formulas and structures), as much as how we come to view normal, aesthetic beauty and situatedness. How we come to conceive of a particular reality is through a frame of reference and perspective that is informed by multiple ways of perceiving our reality.

Bruner (1986) wrote: "We know the world in different ways, from different stances, and each of the ways in which we know it produces different structures or representations, or, indeed, 'realities'. As we grow to adulthood (at least in Western culture), we become increasingly adept at seeing the same set of events from *multiple* perspectives or stances and at entertaining the results as, so to speak, alternative possible worlds. (p. 109)

Calvin and Hobbes

by WATTERSON

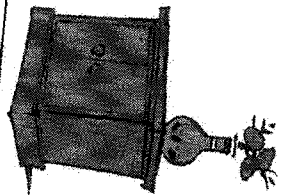
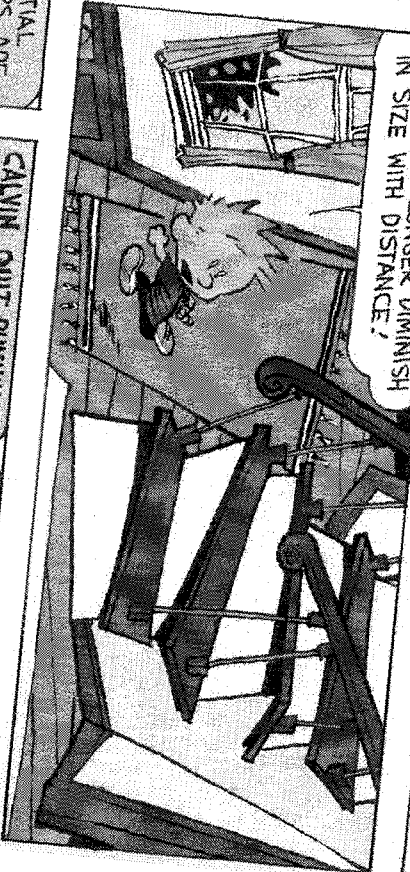
UH-OH. SOMETHING IS SERIOUSLY WRONG HERE.



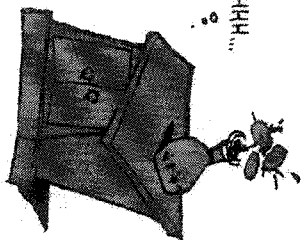
THE LAWS OF PERSPECTIVE HAVE BEEN REPEALED.



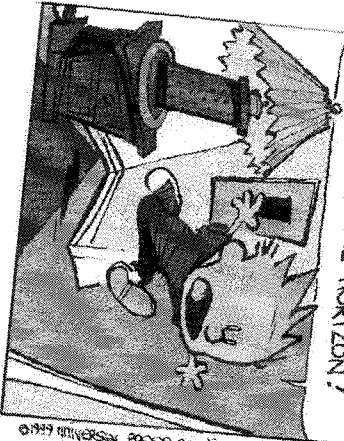
OBJECTS NO LONGER DIMINISH IN SIZE WITH DISTANCE.



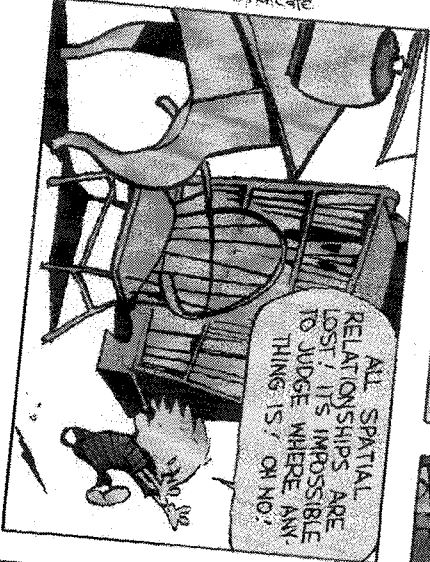
AHHHHH...



LINES DO NOT CONVERGE TOWARD ANY POINT ON THE HORIZON.



ALL SPATIAL RELATIONSHIPS ARE LOST / ITS IMPOSSIBLE TO JUDGE WHERE ANY THING IS / OH NO!



CALVIN, QUIT RUNNING AROUND AND CRASHING INTO THINGS, OR I'LL SELL YOU TO THE MONKEY HOUSE!



... AND NOW SIZE'S LOST PERSPECTIVE.



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(Watterson, 2001, p. 43)

Bruner (1986) contended that through conception of the possible we cling to language structures over the world that exist in physicality, yet our creative productivity is born in mind, where “there is no ‘aboriginal’ reality against which one can compare a possible world in order to establish some form of correspondence between it and the real world” (p. 46).

Bateson (2000) wrote, Narratives focus on dramatic events and transitions. But within our repertoire of ways of thinking about human lives, we need ways of thinking of the plateaus between transitions, long periods of little obvious change or learning, when maintenance and continuity are paramount, even as we remember that all such periods are temporary. (Bateson, 2000, p. 31-32)

Connelly and Clandinin (1990) stated: It is equally correct to say ‘inquiry into narrative’ as it is ‘narrative inquiry.’ By this we mean that narrative is both phenomenon and method. Narrative names the structured quality of experience to be studied, and it names the patterns of inquiry for its study. To preserve this distinction we use the reasonably well-established device of calling the phenomenon ‘story’ and the inquiry ‘narrative.’ Thus, we say that people by nature lead storied lives and tell stories of those lives, whereas narrative researchers describe such lives, collect and tell stories of them, and write narratives of experience. (p. 2)

Randall (1995) wrote: The stories we are (...) implies that our stories are incomplete: that our lives are adventures still unfolding, mysteries yet unsolved, open books for whose endings we can but wait and see. (...) ‘we’ are on some level storytellers, free to tell ourselves however we wish; that there is therefore an intrinsically imaginative dimension to being human. On the other hand, (...) [t]o suggest that we *are* stories, as opposed to merely *have* or can *tell* stories, may unsettle us with the suggestion that the ground on which we stand is really shifting sand; that, even at our healthiest, our ‘identity’ is not a single reality but a multiple one. (p. 11)

Randall (1995) brought to light the idea that beyond cognition and written word as language, there is an aesthetic imagining; a poesis of self-creation that through the mystery of learning and being human, we come to through the stories we are.

I engage playfully with other texts, filling what I perceive to be the holes in my whole, with inbetween thoughts; filling the empty pot with stories. I interact with contemporary issues, technology and pop culture, spewing forth questions of “who/what am I?” and representations of how I perceive a sense of inbetween space, wor(l)ds and selves around the abyss of empty and whole. *I am alien to who/what I am, as much as I am alien to the other-ness around me.* Walker (1997) wrote that bringing forward the awareness of ‘what I am,’ represents an awareness of choice. *I struggle with the notion of choice as much as I struggle with identifying who/what I am, without naming ‘who/what.’* According to Greene (1994) “representation in its traditional sense has had to do with the exercise of power” (p. 209). Perhaps, for me, I seek to recognize the proclamations of knowledge and truth, which are ‘out there,’ thus reflecting on perceptions of power in mirror image; however, I also feel compelled to push past definitions.

I seek to play with ‘re-presentation’ (instead of using the terminology of meaningfulness) in identifying and dwelling with unknowns, with perception (rather than understanding) that the search is about something unidentifiable. *I notice I do not want to use the word ‘meaning,’ and use representation in its stead and I find this to be important as I continue to weave different voices together separating and connecting as/with one an(other).* I do not make claims to wholly or otherwise, understand other, nor do I solicit meaning as though there had to be meaning, as though there were always some goal and purpose in mind in all interactions. Even when we are conscious of, aware of how we process and interact with other, our intens/tion is not always central to how we are in relation to/with other.

*The nausea re-surfaces with the waves of repetition. Have I said all this before? Why would someone want to read this non-sense? Why do I want someone to read this gibberish?
It is important. It is important to me.*

“No thing is a component of experience or reveals itself except through the reciprocal force of confrontation” (Buber, 1970, p. 77). As we react and interact and proact, how are we being and experiencing in relation to/with other? Clandinin and Connelly (2000) argued that “experience happens narratively. Narrative inquiry is a form of narrative experience” (p. 19). They bring to light the personal practical knowledge as it is whole and simultaneously describe the challenges of representation. As Clandinin and Connelly sift through various different authors and perspectives, I get a sense of the

difficulty of finding a location, when one is continuously learning and improvising, where each experience feels chaotic, meaningless and discontinuous.

As I observed some of Clandinin and Connelly's students describing their research processes in action, at the "Narrative Matters Conference" (May, 2004), I am disappointed in the way in which the experience as it happens is storied. I perceive the individuals in their storying are still wholly separate from their experience, other than in reflexive dialogue about the process of engagement. I want to know how one is 'wholly present' as more than and different from a role as researcher or narrator. *Is the challenge of telling the story that one becomes lost in its 'essence' (for lack of a better term)? Does situatedness once identified, trap one into a space that polarizes in relation to what is being storied and fix one into a stratified position that is in relation to, but never wholly being as is?*

Atwood (2002) described the act of writing as "the setting down of words" (p. 4) to not be an altogether difficult task for anyone literate with implement in hand and a surface for marking down. The challenge comes in the "socially acknowledged role" (p. 4) that challenges one to uphold a status in society. The social situatedness of identifying oneself as writer, poet, story teller/narrator, etc. then becomes the construct that constricts the process as it could unfold to the expectations and assumptions of how it should unfold, in the awareness of that situatedness. "But happy the writer who begins simply with the activity itself – the defacement of blank pieces of paper – without having first encountered the socially acknowledged role" (Atwood, 2002, p. 5).

While we are educated and socialized in a world of identities and social positions, ambivalence and experience unlabelled is not acknowledged as credible or valid. "Learning and the assignment of social roles are melted into schooling. Yet to learn means to acquire a new skill or insight, while promotion depends on an opinion which others have formed" (Illich, 1970, p. 11). Circumstance, privilege and the determinants of our stratified identities are negated by the "institutionalization of values" which Illich described as the source that "leads inevitably to physical pollution, social polarization and psychological impotence" (p. 1). Illich continued that, "Roles are assigned by setting a curriculum of conditions (...). It is not reasonable because it does not link relevant qualities or competences to roles, but rather the process by which such qualities are supposed to be acquired. It is not liberating or educational because school researches instruction to those whose every step in learning fits previously approved measures of

social control” (p. 11-12). I struggle with competencies and standards as much as I struggle with roles, because I feel that each are predetermined and based outside ourselves, where we distance our sense of connection through responsibilities as dictated by policies written for generalization to all circumstances, circumscribed to homogenize our response to unique situations by generic rules of conduct and interaction.

Levinas (2000) wrote: From the other to the one, there is a relation, even if it is a relation without a link. Cannot the other, irreducible to a content, or in the form of infinity, concern my identity as ‘me’ [*moi*], which would thus contain, paradoxically, more than it could equal? (...) In that first person, I am a hostage, a subjectivity supporting all the others, yet unique, without the possibility of having someone replace me, or in an impossibility of hiding before responsibility, which is more *grave* than the impossibility of escaping from death. (p. 140)

When man lets it have its way, the relentlessly growing It-world grows over him like weeds, his own I loses its actuality, until the incubus over him and the phantom inside him exchange the whispered confession of their need for redemption. (Buber, 1970, p. 95-96)

Perhaps our sentience is being reprogrammed as described by Kroker’s (2004) analogy of the virtualized recombinant body “cloned by the biotech industry, spliced by artificial skin, digital nerves, and networked intelligence, resequenced by the liquid signs of brand-name consumer advertising” (p. 184). The recombinant body is not without consideration of consequence. For example, what does the disruption of bodies do to the concept of identity? *I am personally not ready to have potentially faulty equipment that is owned by another, potentially having not been ‘debugged’ (where is the quality assurance in virtual reality) be incorporated into my system, when I can barely keep from being in-corporated (body-corporeal) without (i.e. ownership of shared physical space - land, air and water).*

Siegel (1999) in her work on bodies in transition through organ transplantation, alluded to the inexplicable perceptions of individuals who have exchanged living body parts, in the connection made between the donor and recipient. Siegel describes a disruption of bodily boundaries that translate into experiential transformation of self-identity deeper than tissue and physical boundaries of self. As the recipient is encouraged to disassociate from the donor, Siegel introduces a metaphorical separation or ‘dis-location’ akin to separation from one’s mother, the mother symbolizing a mirror or

reflection of self. Siegel alluded to the metaphor of mother as a dichotomizing between body and mind, where the body becomes the mother or other/mirror reflection of self. She uses the example of organ transplantation to bring attention to the issue of 'maternal displacement' in our culture.

Disrupting the wholeness and unity of body is thus layered with the constructs of our prescribed relationships with our sense of self and with our sense of other in the midst of incorporating other within ourselves. *I consider the amorphous idea of mother as out there and an othering of self and consider my own perceptions of body as disconnected from who I am in mind and spirit. When I add the complexity of our virtual and continually reconstructed world of layers, I feel overwhelmed by the task of adjusting as a whole being to the otherness within and without. Increasing fractures splinter the simplicity of the whole as we unpack language, unlayer identity and unravel the foundational structures/building blocks of humanness. Where is the space for humanness in the perfect mother and perfect body?*

Why do I choose these writings associated with the body, space and identity? I struggle with my own location of/in space within my body. I feel the virtual corporeal body and the incorporation of body around my thoughts and I question how humanness is able to squeeze through the layers of skin, flesh and organs that encapsulate my core of emptiness. Perhaps it is the illusion of emptiness and the virtualness that encapsulates my mind/body/spirit that wholly altogether are fluctuating as humanness inbetween unliving and undying. If my brokenness and feelings of fragmentation are an illusion, what is real (in)between the senses of humanness and virtual-ness?

In my state of unknowing I perceive that I seek process and an exploration of humanness; of this existential angst that plagues me.

I seek representation, perspective and a sharing of perspective.

Intentionality
In(tension)
role
Choosing the self I play
labels and language obstruct my vision
I am getting at the
unnamable, un-question
explored through exploration of self in juxtaposition as
selves (nursing, professional, caring, sentient and, whole).
Nursing as art/science
Juxtaposition
Situatdness
Aspects of who we are

The anomie of being social, connecting and separating flux of is(ness) in the moment.

I realize there are no answers to this thesis/nonthesis, what propels me forward is the possibility in (im)possibility; getting at the is(ness) not as essence.

the this(ness) way of being beyond construct, where emptiness is okay, not needing to be fixed with meditation or solace from belief.

is(ness)
(this)ness
What does it represent in the midst of change, (im)possibility in all possible worlds? and/or the expression and perception of experiencing accepting and remembering humanness
I felt human Very raw and exposed
Language and words become so important simultaneously need to be let go.
What to hold onto and what to let go?
Expressions of lived experience

How is it that we are in relation to one another and in relationship with one another as 'me' /not me, more than and different from the conceptualization of me? As we ascribe disconnections between physical body parts, our environment, and constructions of self, what is the identity of me in my humanness and how am I, as me, in relation to other than me?

I am struck by the conundrum of how I habituate to the American Psychological Association's publication manual (2001) in some instances and how I refute the structure of APA in others. Throughout my nursing education, APA (as it is referred to for short) has been the standard publication manual of choice. My pages of the third edition (used during my baccalaureate degree) and fifth edition (used during my masters degree) editions are gnarled and full of 'sticky notes'. I realize that I automatically choose to write from a perspective that is deemed 'publish worthy'. I consider how many papers have been judged based on presentation according to APA standards, standards that have clouded over content and voice. I am disheartened by how evaluation in this way feels like a succumbing to yet another construction of how to 'manualize' production and how the education of nursing, as in other disciplines, has contributed on some level to the destruction of voice.

APA is written by nameless authors, whose prescribed regimens are designed to keep us linear in our process and to aid us in completion of our task in procedural systematic fashion. While I appreciate the training, the guidance, and location of a particular approach, particularly when I have no clue of how to begin, I question the motivation of how we take up established formats. Having a place to start is not a negative thing, except when we become conditioned to look for someone to tell us what to do in habituation of expecting to be told what is inappropriate or incorrect. I realize that I have not been given the option to obstruct/de-construct this pattern of engagement in writing throughout my nursing education. *What makes work scholarly and what is it about form that prescribes scholarship? This is where context comes in. I make choices to situate myself in an academic institutional discourse. Does this mean that I must play by the rules, or does this mean that challenging the discourses (which is what I am learning about) is a way of expanding scholarship?*

Not All Those Who Wander Are Lost?

On the path of creating a seemingly different part of my text, I realized that I am stuck, not for material, but rather for structure. The irony is that the structure that I seem to resist is the structure that has become important to the movement and cohesion of my text as storied. How do I tell these stories in different voices in different ways, challenging modes of representing the story as it emerges, as shaping in process? If a story of stories is about process, how do I tell such a story, but to proceed in multiple ways connecting and separating, layers and voices, unfolding and enfolding the energy between through the perspective and perceptions of my most familiar...constructs of humanness?

I revert to a quote that sums up my feelings about exploring the something that I am getting at/to, not wanting to name it anything for the implications of choosing a label, yet acknowledging the thing(ness) of the thing.

Heidegger (1971) argued "that the etymology has the standing mandate first to give thought to the essential content involved in what dictionary words, as words, denote by implication" (p. 173). He furthered that the semantic power is not preserved in the historicity, nor in the experience, which "presences only in mental representation: (p. 174), where "the very nature of that which is present, remains buried" (p. 174). "The jug is a thing insofar as it things" (p. 175).

If we think of the thing as thing, then we spare and protect the thing's presence in the region from which it presences. Thinging is the nearing of world. Nearing is the nature of nearness. As we preserve the thing *qua* thing we inhabit nearness. The nearing of the nearness is the true and sole dimension of the mirror-play of the world. (...) Men alone, as mortals, by dwelling attain to the world as world. Only what conjoins itself out of world becomes a thing. (p. 179-180) Once again the disruption of Buber's I-it is being humanized in the otheringness of being in/of the world as is, as more than and multiply conceived in consciousness, experience and expression of experience as thinging of the thing. By contextualizing thing and thus I, and separating 'it' from who/how I conceives myself, to be, is existing in the face of the difference of thing from I/not I.

"Happiness meets all reasonable criteria for a psychiatric disorder. It is statistically abnormal and consists of a discrete cluster of symptoms; there is at least some evidence that it reflects abnormal functioning of the central nervous system; and it is associated with various cognitive abnormalities – in particular, a lack of contact with reality." (Bentall, 1992, p. 95)

Bentall (1992) conveyed a frame of convention where language appropriated under a different set of rules leads to a questioning of how we represent concepts. Huxley (1932/1998) described "the problem of happiness" as a revolution whereby people "love their servitude" (p. xv). Through my graduate studies, I have become increasingly aware of how language constructs our perception of experiences and shapes how we communicate our

experiences with others. I am interested specifically, in how we seek to problematize and explicate extremes within the sphere of healthcare. Labeling, standardizing and diagnosing individual expressions of human experiences into an othering of expressions of those experiences. What has become apparent through my learning process is that there is a tendency in the healthcare environment to uncritically employ normative theory and to reiterate this frame of reference to interpret phenomena, in ways that lend themselves to a perpetuation of predetermined ways of 'knowing.'

Am I too abrupt in my transitions/connections, losing the point without explication? Now as I look back at this writing, I realize that I have a greater acceptance for problematization and othering as humanness. It is both simple and complex to create the opposite view of an argument, disrupt it and then realize that there is no answer. In locating myself as disruptor and simultaneously accepting humanness as a conundrum, I realize that the writing mirrors and reflects back on itself, as I reflect back on myself and my situatedness. *How do I make sense of the nonsense? I hold onto the texts as I weave my web of a path unknown, remembering that I have said these words in the same and different ways before, in an attempt to increase my awareness and connection with the process and flux which simultaneously plagues me.*

For it ceased to be regarded as an insight, a way of looking and men regarded instead as an absolute truth the notion that the whole of reality is actually constituted of nothing but 'atomic building blocks', all working together more or less mechanically. (Bohm, 1980, p. 11)

Bohm (1980) argued against atomic theory as it was normalized into scientific ways of perceiving "the whole world in terms of movements of one single set of basic constituents, through a single void that permeates the whole of existence" (p. 10-11). He stated that as atomic theory developed, our view of the world became increasingly fragmented.

Reframing and shifting views assist us in the flux of how we perceive ourselves as contextual, socially situated beings in our environments. Simultaneously, acknowledging our flux space within the guise of paradox alludes to the exploration of flexible boundary edges that divide and cross over through the discovery of each new expression and dimension of a perspective or idea.

Bohm (1980) described his view of the world as “universal flux of events and processes”, where he suggested that instead of thinking of a particle, one is thinking of a ‘world tube’ as an “infinitely complex process” (p. 12), whereby the boundaries of the tube are connected through the extension of fields. “There is no sharp division between them, nor are they to be regarded as separately or independently existent entities” (p. 13). How do we structure and engage in the complexity of process where boundaries are perceived as finite and divisive, yet simultaneously potentially expansive and inclusive fields? *Do we dance in the inbetween flux on the illusion of boundaries?*

I present my writing in a linear form that is a way of connecting to and communicating with what is most familiar in construct; one textual representation of language. I simultaneously feel the need to mold and shape my words on the page (in its boxed dimensions) to expand on my constant shifting inbetween layers of thought and interactions with differing/diverse forms of representation.

Oberg, Parizeau, and Taylor (1997) in dialogue/script format engaged in the discussion of the complexities of living in the space between the need to know and the acceptance of knowing. They use the metaphors of murder and suicide to convey their message. In dialogue Oberg stated, “We’re trying to make room for another way – perhaps many other ways – of knowing. The knowing that happens in the passage between suicide, which is accepting things as they are, and murder, which is trying to find *the* answer to our questions” (p. 146). She furthered:

The idea is not to stop thinking, but to think differently: instead of searching for answers, multiply the questions, problematize the known, proliferate the possibilities. In this way it is possible to stay in the space between the invariable and the variable, to be defined by neither one exclusively but by both. In practical terms, it is to subvert the dualism between theory and practice and yet to honour the differences between them. (p. 146)

The questions the writers ask are a way of engaging differently through the text. The metaphorical representations used add to the imagining of concepts in difficult ways, disrupting how we come to know and opening to possibility through seemingly im(possible) parallel constructs of our reality. *In my own learning, I engage easily with metaphors, which further*

stimulate my processing incorporating new information and ideas in different ways of imagining. Why is it that one person cannot tolerate life and takes his/her own life, where another person has a limited time and battles for each moment? Some people live from day to day; some seem to be 'existing' in the matrix of happenings going along for the ride, in bliss, in reckless abandon, and/or in a state of despair or angst. Living as a series of 'what ifs,' expectant moments, happenings constructed by our humanness and in spite of humanness. How many of us are living a permanent soma holiday and struggling against ourselves, within ourselves...why the exercise in futility?

Oberg gives the example of "teaching about a topic without tying it down, perhaps without even mentioning it" (p. 147). As I struggle with unknowing and questioning in the midst of language constructed by organizing identifiers such as labels and categories, by example, I aim to disrupt the conceptual 'knowns.' I nestle into the gap between each oppositional matrix, simultaneously eager to challenge and disrupt the language of knowns and problematize knowing...*What about the notion of acceptance in the midst of disruption?* Wilber (1979) proclaimed, "We live in a world of conflict and opposites because we live in a world of boundaries" (p. 19). He continued, "All the opposites share an implicit identity (...) completely inseparable and mutually interdependent" (...) where "without night we would not even be able to recognize something called day" (p. 21), yet it is the boundary line or threshold that "manufactures" the opposite. Wilber argued that as we put value and spatial/directional dimension onto the "construction of mental or symbolic dividing lines" (p. 17), we humanize and differentiate that which exists in nature by disrupting the equilibrium toward the positive aspect of the opposing pairs (i.e. pleasure/pain, light/dark). *How do we accept/challenge our oppositional, bounded selves amidst the uncertainties of unknowing/perceptions of knowing?*

suffering is the origin of consciousness (Dostoevski)

anguish and despair emerges from those who live in chaos

I am all about

and yet

...I am not.

chaos

I believe that my life is chaotic and that chaos is a good thing and yet in reality I have the need at times to organize myself. Is this a survival technique enforced on me, constructed around and within me, or is this *something* me.

turn on the light

The light has to come from within

The need to get it right...that doesn't sound right.

Am I melancholy?

What does that feel like when you have no feeling?

I want to make sense

, make sense when there is none ...a world of non-sense.

I hate this writing right now. It feels wrong, it feels forced.

I force and spit these words on the page to appease.

yet I have the need to share this state

I don't think I'm suffering, I don't feel pain...yet I do perceive the angst.

I want to get it out, but what is it? I try too hard.

of people of the world

what is expected

also seems to be my excuse

Assumptions and expectations exist on so many levels of relations and interactions

no different

I realize I'm coming from a place of my own assumptions, expectations, context and point of view

I need space

What helps us to that space of release?

The culmination of our awareness of the uniqueness and similarity of our experiences, how we engage in(tension) with intention, our expectations and the assumptions we bring to making and informing choices, influence how we are. Leonard (1989/1999) surmised that intentionality of actions in our shared, embodied conceptual capacities is a sense of being directional and relational, within the context of space in the moment, where time is not linear, but rather is a series of moments all at once reflecting who we are.

What are my intentions in relation to other? For example, how do I relate to other in the context of nursing? I extend my earlier discussions of 'true presence' here to question, "As a nurse (educator), how am I in the moment as whole, being as whole, present with another, when I am constantly thinking of the endless responsibilities and tasks that await me? For example, I am challenged in how I re-present ideals to nursing students of individualized care as client-centred, while being expected as a professional to standardize approaches to ensure best-practice, evidence-based practice and quality assurance in the care provide." How do I distinguish intention from othered ways of being? Is there a difference between intention and othering?

It is interesting that I am not in the habit of identifying myself as a nurse educator. The added layer of complexity stimulates new questions and dialogue regarding the teaching/learning process that in this writing I explain as an adult learner, as a student in the capacity of graduate education in nursing in policy and practice, but not necessarily as an educator of the process. The labels and identifiers fall a/way in my questioning and interest in conceptual exploration. As I seek stories and story my experiences, situatedness and context unfold and enfold into the process, re-presenting inquiry through different layers of voices and lenses.

From my perspective, it is important that I am intens/tion with how I interpret my moment(s) of reality, in the midst of engaging with intention and 'firmness' of position, which has the potential to become a quest that overcomes the questioning. Chodron (1991) described the challenge of making judgments (i.e. right/wrong) as a potential holding on to "the truth you believe in and cling to [which] makes you unavailable to hear anything new" (p. 33). She suggested that to overcome fundamentalism emanates from fanatical belief

systems based in thoughts, mixed with fear, there needs to be a letting go. "If you meet the Buddha, kill the Buddha (...) A good laugh is the best way to kill the Buddha" (p. 35).

Buber (1970) wrote: For an actual human being the real boundary also runs across the world of ideas. (...) Pitiful are those who leave the basic word unspoken, but wretched are those who instead of that address the ideas with a concept or a slogan as if that were their name. (p. 65)

Chodron (1997) encourages practicing mindfulness, by "being fully present with all our activities and thoughts" (p. 1). *I am interested and I explore these writings and yet I am unable to settle my mind to be mindful, or perhaps it is that I do not want to engage in this new age meets old traditional 'authoritative' spirituality wholeheartedly.* I am and have been searching the literature of religions and spiritual writings of various East meets West sources (Bradden, 1997; Chodron, 1991, 1997; Ming-Dao, 1992; Rumi, 1995; Stump & Kretzmann, 1996; Tsu, 1972/1997; Wilber, 1979), yet I simultaneously deny concepts of belief and faith. As I explore my sense of spiritual(ness), I am somehow 'taken' by the philosophical underpinnings of spirituality, religion and other views of the world (i.e. science, psychology, art, literature). I consider my fears in the foundation of belief and faith as fundamentalist extremes, when I reflect on the quote by the Marquis de Sade in the film, *Quills* (Wright, 2000), "Are your convictions so fragile they can't stand opposition to mine? The longer you continue my vexations, the deeper you root my principles." In seeking the spiritual quest of ideals such as peace, love, Nirvana/Atman, are we not aspiring toward perfection and somehow apologizing for our humanness (i.e. praying for our sins or praying for forgiveness). I am not trying to make sweeping generalizations about areas of which I am only minimally familiar, but I want to be cognizant of the overall point of goals we aspire toward in our education, spirituality, professionalism, etc. It is as though our humanness is the vessel of transition toward somewhere else and somehow other than what is (our living/processing as a proverbial purgatory of sorts). In the state of constant flux and transformation, being in the moment of acceptance while being in a state of idealism paralyzes possibility. Language and reason obstruct our sentient experience, expressions mutate into constructed expectations and assumptions based on situatedness and context.

Gould (1999) discussed the concept of NOMA, the acronym he created for Non-Overlapping Magisteria. Gould argued the case for NOMA, as it exists between two "Rocks of Ages", science and religion. He used the concept of the "golden mean" to

define the central theme of NOMA. In principle, “each domain of inquiry” would have “its own rules and admissible questions and set its own criteria for judgment and resolution” to define its individual magisterium (p. 53). Gould proposed there is not a single approach that can act as an umbrella solution for complex subject matter. Instead, he writes, “we should prepare a picture gallery, where we can commune with several different canvases, each circumscribed by a sturdy frame” (p. 53). A “magisterium” is described by Gould as “a dominion over one school of thought, using its own means of interpretation, communication and decision-making” (p. 5). Gould gives a very concrete description of science. As a global definition, he defined it as “the sphere of study that explores the facts of the ‘real’ world and establishes theories to explain these facts, through observation and experimentation (p. 4). Religion, on the other hand, is a bit more ambiguously defined, as being “in the kingdom of concepts that science might put a light on, but can never have an answer to, particularly when it comes to issues of morality, human purpose, meaning and values” (p. 4).

Is it inevitable that religion and science push their designated magisteria to expand their prospective horizons? Circumscribing magisteria and simultaneously offering communion bound by framed/amorphous unions feels confusing and logistical to me. Our collective worlds are changing and one reality is that we are dealing with issues that are challenging our very existence, literally and figuratively (another reality). In the new age/old tradition junction of trying to ‘be’ rather than merely ‘exist;’ we are faced with the challenges of survival as a species: global warming, natural disasters, plagues (is humanness the plague?), limited natural resources and overpopulation (merely constructs, imaginings or energies that are more complex than consciousness can comprehend).

How can we segregate the magisteria as proposed by Gould, when the complexity of the issues, require the pooling of the proposed resources? I question the move toward specialization and segregation in the midst of increased diversity and complexity; simultaneously I see why there is a pull toward situating one’s self within a frame (picture or otherwise), contextualizing the complexity of experiences and organizing into aspects of the whole as a way of dealing with complexity. Gould seeks to commensurate the differences through increased definition. If we only have our human perspective, how do we share the uniqueness and difference as we connect and separate with others in our social situatedness, without dichotomizing and having to choose (which immediately proscribes the illusion of choice)?

I perceive it is important for me to engage in texts that polarize the worlds/ paradigms afforded through our language of organizational discourse. In doing so, the challenge that remains is dwelling in the flux of moments heavily laden with context, situatedness, privilege (of sorts) and othered points of view that are taken up and held as belief, in “good faith,” for the sake of truth, for truths sake. Inclusiveness and acceptance become increasingly important, positions are volatile and I am slowly drifting away from myself. Is this okay today?

Absurd thought number ‘too many to count’: I watch the television as it shows medical technology in the United States spending 45 million dollars on computerized (dehumanized/othered humanness) care. I switch channels to war shots of the Middle East, where we are being told that there is a severe lack of supplies and anesthetics for pain. I am connecting the absurd through the disconnect; a television set of symbols, in front of which I spend my living space and time, viewing abstractions of the world around me. I consider the other viewers in this juxtaposition. Why are we here watching the world through a box (why am I sitting here writing in a box, about my boxes), digesting and undigesting a matrix of happenings, increasing our anxiety and pain, dis-comfort and dis-ease by regurgitating the power of suggestion, simultaneously comfortably and easily distant from connecting and perceiving our virtual reality through othered sentient experience?

In my version of one possible reality, I strive toward acknowledging that we are all human, and that humanity/humanness (being human) connects us through our imperfections (perfect and imperfect as a searching through boundaries and constructs as socially constructed). Woodman (1982) wrote of the identity struggle toward perfection, where humans “falter into perfect chaos” (p. 13) in “no man’s land” (p. 11), where “nothingness gapes raw” (p. 12). “Society’s values based on the work ethic and perfectionist standards, ambitions and goals uphold the wolf attitude in the professional jungle, but society can do nothing to feed the lonely wolf at night” (Woodman, 1982, p. 13).

Religions continue to captivate us through illusions

Seeking Nirvana good/evil Fear

Words take up enormous space:
Amorphous blobs of representation

CARING HOPE HAPPINESS
LOVE TERRORISM

Ministry needs

your help your money

Please donate

Feed the Child Fund

Starvation Hunger

Health concepts everywhere
QUALITY OF LIFE
BULLYING
STRESS
What constitutes tragic, when we ignore the tragedies around us
Is death a tragedy?
Is it more tragic if someone died alone
What is tragic enough?

Exploring traditions in new ways

Buddhism Yoga Meditation

New Age Phenomenology Soma holiday

What is this new age, seeking wisdom from centuries past

experience that is inconsistent and incongruent at every turn

Stein (2001) described the struggle of valuing consumerism and mechanization as a societal move toward “the cult of efficiency”:

Efficiency is only one part of a much larger public discussion between citizens and their governments. Efficiency is not an end, but a means to achieve valued ends. It is not a goal, but an instrument to achieve other goals. It is not a value, but a way to achieve other values. It is part of the story, but never the whole. When it is used as an end in itself, as a value in its own right, and as the overriding goal of public life, it becomes a cult. (p. 6)

What is it about efficiency that moves us toward it, enticing our living space, while simultaneously taking away from living and space? Efficiency as a cult, as an addiction of sorts is considered the norm in our society. To be efficient is to be productive to contribute to society, to be effective. How does our intention to be efficient a(void) fundamentalism? The side effect of efficiency is how we structure models of efficiency into our everyday practices, models which are only sustainable by creating new ways of managing information, thus resulting in increased workload (i.e. via documentation). Positions are created to manage the excess organization required to sustain the new models of efficiency. When the economy goes through the low phase of the cycle of supply-demand, the position is taken away (expectantly, as the system should ideally sustain itself, once the workers are orientated to the change), but what actually happens is that the extraneous work of efficiency is left behind to be negotiated between practitioners increasing inefficiency. We are human and fallible after all, not the ideal systematic organizational program that we strive to create to run without the superfluous-ness of human imperfection.

I think of the movie Brazil (Gilliam, 1992) where the main character, Sam, has a dream (which we are lead to believe is his immediate reality until we can no longer sustain his reality and we see the conceptions of a dream) where a renegade ‘duct repair man’ gets swallowed by papers. As practitioners, we are similarly being swallowed by the documents we have created to make our process easier and more manageable. We write an e-mail or send a memo and relinquish responsibility once it leaves our fingertips. It is out there, there is a date on it, it has been documented, and my work is done. Unfortunately, everyone has the same inclination to decline accountability for the follow through. The product is a highly dis-functional, in-efficient web of communication that has trapped us away from ourselves where the obvious is obscured by a maze of dependent variables and links of complexity.

Ritzer (2000) outlined the conceptualization of the “McDonaldization of society” in the following four dimensions of his model:

1. **Efficiency** – the optimum method of getting from one point to another. The best way envisioned is to satiate, satisfy, and gratify, in the least amount of time. It is important that the workers, like the customers follow the steps in a pre-designed process. Organizational rules and regulations also help ensure highly efficient work.
2. **Calculability** – an emphasis on the quantity of goods and services. Since the quality of the work is allowed to vary little, workers focus on things such as how quickly tasks can be accomplished.
3. **Predictability** – the assurance that products and services will be the same over time and in all locales. Customers take comfort in knowing that there are no surprises, ironically in a culture which honors individualism above all else. Workers follow corporate rules as well as the dictates of their managers. In many cases, even what they do is highly predictable, with scripts that employees are supposed to follow and memorize when the occasion arises.
4. **Control through Nonhuman Technology** – lines, limited menus, few options and uncomfortable seating all lead people to do what management wants them to do – move through quickly and leave. The technologies used and the way the organization is set up reinforce this control. Managers and inspectors make sure that workers toe the line. The employees are ultimately controlled by the threat that one can be replaced by technology. No matter how well they are programmed and controlled, workers can foul up the system’s operation.

(Adapted from Ritzer, 2000, pp. 12-15)

In this light, all parties that interact are subject to the forces of disassembling and deconstructing the traditional means of interaction. When humans are referred to ‘in relationship with one another’ (i.e. society), the boundaries and opposites accentuate, predominate and satiate potential space for possible worldviews (taking up the space of openness to that of constructed images of what the world is or could be) and connecting as consciousness, disconnecting from the experience of being individual. The realities somehow obstruct imagining and creative

openings nestled in the flux between. Efficiency, calculability, predictability and technocracy as outlined by Ritzer (2000) juxtapose the individual within the system organizing behaviors and codifying humanness into prescribed modes of interaction.

Jung (1933) described 'modern man's' search as one that is solitary, moving toward a "fuller consciousness", where "he stands before a void out of which all things may grow" (p. 197). Jung wrote that "the present represents a process of transition" (p. 199), through which "there is a danger that consciousness of the present may lead to an elation based upon illusion: the illusion, namely, that we are the culmination of the history of mankind, the fulfillment and the end-product of countless centuries" (p. 199). Jung continued:

It is true that modern man is a culmination, but tomorrow he will be surpassed; he is indeed the end-product of an age-old development, but he is at the same time the worst conceivable disappointment of the hopes of humankind. The modern man is aware of this. He has seen how beneficent are science, technology and organization, but also how catastrophic they can be. (p. 199)

Twentieth-century man has lost a meaningful world and a self which lives in meanings out of a spiritual center. The man-created world of objects has drawn into itself him who created it and who now loses his subjectivity in it. He has sacrificed himself to his own productions. But man still is aware of what he has lost or is continuously losing. He is still man enough to experience his dehumanization as despair. He does not know a way out but he tries to save his humanity by expressing the situation as without an 'exit'. He reacts with the courage of despair, the courage to take his despair upon himself and to resist the radical threat of nonbeing by the courage to be as oneself. (Tillich, 1952/1980, p. 139-140)

I feel my humanness accentuated in these words, simultaneously I feel the residual alienation (nebulous dis-ease of apathy) that has eroded the wholeness and acceptance of the humanness toward which I strive. In searching the literature of different schools of thought, I feel submerged in the ebb and flow of the chaos (clash of perspectives/ worldviews). In writing these statements, one perspective or worldview is presented. Somehow a view of the world, 'others'

that view and separates it from the whole that is. If I contend that we do not and cannot understand one another, there can only be individual perspectives with humanness as the commonality, not as understanding but rather as perception. *Sometime I feel that my thoughts are scattered into a million shards of glass. The debris of which is sharp and painful as it etches from my edges into the vacuous space of how I live.*

Excerpt 1: The water echoes its 'essence' (because I have no better word) along the sand. A tiny swirl of color dimension, as though placed for my eyes only, slowly fading with each wave. Just a glimmer of what once was. Was it real or imaginary? Was it an illusion for me, or is it now an illusion of imagining as I write? I could be making it all up. I hear the waves lap against the shoreline. I smell the air. I perceive the sand between my toes. I use my senses to capture the moment and yet the moment eludes me as soon as I think these thoughts and express the sentient experience. I feel mechanical in my recollections of the moment. I am unable to be in this moment and angst ensues from my processing of the moment, which further distances me from the experience. I am in the midst of all that I could ever want and yet it does not affect me in the ways that I expect. I do not connect. I feel my core is empty. It does not make me sad. The feeling I have is one of frustration and simultaneous hollowness.

Excerpt 2: Sometimes I get into a state where I do not know what to do with myself. If I move, I have no direction (other than to viciously cycle back to where I started). If I stay, I feel like I am going to explode, or implode...all my imagined multidimensional cubed walls imploding on an empty vacuous space.

Are stories of alienation from social construct and aspirations to belong, about our humanness in the flux of being/remembering in the moment? Is the differentiating factor more than our labels of authenticity and categorized/diagnosed abilities? Is humanness about hovering about the comfort line between connecting/separating, alienation/belonging? What are these constructs and identities if not absolutes, truths and ways of knowing? *I still struggle with perceiving how paradox all at once can be different from dichotomy, when it is what we habituate in our way of being human in making choices and decisions between options and possibles.* Who/what are we beyond and including these aspects of our othered selves boxed into worldviews? What is the argument against truths, if not an absolute? Caputo (1987) asked,

“What then is absolute? Is there anything about which we can have absolute assurance that it is solid and unshakeable” (p. 46)?

Kroker (2004) wrote, “While Marx thought capitalism via the attunement of ‘alienation,’ and Nietzsche *poeted* modernity through ‘nihihilism’ it was Heidegger’s special insight to make of the experience of ‘profound boredom’ a way of clarifying the full dimensions of the post-human. (...) Heidegger, speaking from the memories of the ruins of fascism yet to come, that there is always a heavy price paid for ‘weakening of the ground of our essence.’ Kroker furthered that by taking up this language in our present age “of virtual technology as a projective form of fascism precisely because it is intent on the radical exteriorization of the human sensorium, then it might also be said that out of this ‘profound boredom’ with oneself will also emerge new forms of what Nietzsche described as ‘monstrous consciousness.’” (p. 61)

In my play on words, how am I ‘bastardizing’ the text and the intention the author is projecting? I interact with the concepts in my own unique way and engage in formulating questions that trigger such explicit language, filled with passion and simultaneously dealing with issues de-void of emotion.

How does one then locate an ‘essence’ of experiences and expressions of emptiness as sentient/non-sentient perceptions at the core of nothingness? By looking through the different lens and coming back to my own experience and expression of the experience of each lens, I dance and play in the inbetween spaces fraught with tension and flux in the midst of epistemological and ontological questioning and ideals. I see the juxtaposition (i.e. of science/religion) and constructions of language and organizational discourse meeting in a dance or play, intersecting and hitting a crossroad where each must choose to move toward or wait and let the other pass. “Stories leak through border crossings – we bring the im/perfect tense into our conversations. And as we begin to read into elseWhere spaces we begin to write otherwise” (Palulis, 2003).

As I read Palulis's deconstructed text, I consider how I read. *What appeals to me? Where am I drawn as I scan the page? What are the messages and how do they reflect the structuring/de-structuring of the text? Do 'big words' make off-the-wall comments acceptable? How do I choose to represent and organize my ideas, if at all, and for what purpose? Do I expect the reader to be active in reading, beyond the troublesome challenge of difficult language and presentation of that language?* I notice how layered my own writing is in the time/space trajectory and in my connections to other writings, which come when I need them, simultaneously as if by serendipity, at times making me revert to the chicken/egg tennis match in my head working to create a before/after in the unbeginning/unending.

It is usually in the inbetween space when all these thoughts are flooding in and I am thinking I am me, I am human. I am a construct...so I think of these labels, all these components, rules, mores, standards, norms, ideas of profession/discipline, organizations and all these structures that we humans seem to need to guide us...these boxes we've created around our selves (*our identified selves*). *How do you make sense of the being of a thing, which does not make sense? Do we construct these boxes, organize and structure to give the illusion of control, understanding and knows, to feel less inconsistent, incongruent and less lost in the maze of happenings that are about living in uncertainty?* I think about all this and these and my writing gets in the way, my thoughts jumble and language isn't enough.

I have a vision, or perhaps an illusion that the stories will emerge as I remember words and ideas and moments. I want to express my experiences and let go/ simultaneously hold onto the energy of the process as it unfolds within and around me. I want this story to open through the process, etching moments into a flux of energy, shifting into humanness betwixt and between what I/we, as social beings perceive to be important.

I resist theorizing and simultaneously do so, in my choosing of words and representations of ideas. I worry about choosing a path; I do not want to be limited by naming my journey. I am inconsistent and incongruent in my thoughts and musings and I do not want methodology, theory, and ideology, to constrict and construct me further. The blurring of inquiry is diversifying from the traditional approaches that have structured and organized post-modern thinking promising the possibility of change, and simultaneously clinging to the language that holds us still. I am acutely aware of choosing my voice (or the illusion of choice within the context that shapes and frames my supposed decisions) and how it is projected. *I am increasingly uncertain about the layering over the process and the representations that emerge.*

As I write these words I realize that, what "I want" is not what is happening, yet my language is limited to fixed expressions (i.e. I want...). What I also notice is that it is difficult to begin/set the stage of the whole, when there are multifaceted aspects to engage the reader between, "What is this about?" and "How will I approach this writing, as I am in the midst of writing it, in the midst of happenings?" I read somewhere that it is naïve to etch a path between texts, that in order to master and fully apprehend concepts put forth by authors, one must be immersed in each text. As I remember these words, I think of how difficult it is at the master's level to take time to become fully immersed in anything. There is a push to get through and for students to move onto more productive locations (i.e. contribute to the work force), while I continue to skim the surface of connections, which take me on new paths and expand my horizon in different ways.

I feel the need to elaborate and share my struggle; it is essential that I search for an outlet that is not restricted by the "organizational stricture" I *feel* around the voice of my "humanness". *I feel dis-en-franchised and dis-membered by this journey. I have felt dis-embodied from my thoughts, where the University has not encouraged the balance that it professes is essential to the wholeness of being (i.e. self-care wordspeak). My head has been disconnected from my physical healthfulness and my emotional, spiritual and mental health has been compartmentalized into another dimension of my "identity" as something that happens along the way.* I have felt the burden of my "privilege" as it has been pointed out to me by degrees of my situatedness and labels (gendered, e-raced, cultured, abled and stratified by status) and this enlightenment has further increased the dis-ease of differences. The blurring of boundaries and inbetween-ness most interests me, more than the dwelling in the caged compartments that we have constructed.

I'm having a moment. What this moment involves is layers of uncertainty, procrastination, poor sense of self, heightened sense of obligation mixed with a chaotic peripheral environment. I start the day without the alarm clock. I like this luxury and I feel more tuned into my own rhythm (2300-0700) and remembering of dream states. I begin my journaling with a vagueness; not knowing where to begin. What is my order and agenda today and how do I nurture the creative process amidst this uncertainty? I feel blocked. I start several things at once in a panic. Do the dishes, drop the writing, take a shower, start laundry, dress to go to the gym, decide everything I have to wear is inappropriate and I am missing too many crucial items of comfort to get me there. Throughout all the schizoid activity, I have the deep burning discomfort of the realization that as I am not doing anything specific or productive, I should be continuing my writing. What is wrong with me? I do this a lot. I listen to the neighbors living around me and whittle away the remainder of my day in exhaustion over attempting productivity. By default, I get a snack, turn off the music and turn on the TV. The guilt sets in...only a few more minutes. I am sticky, stuck. I am perpetually stuck in waves of multitasking, non-productivity. I look around me and think of all I could and should be doing and realize I am in none of those spaces. What do I want? I long for it in my bones, mind, and pit of emptiness. It is an elusive something-ness. I run from it as much as I run to it. I am on the run from myself. Cryptic thoughts and moments flowing together, it is all significant, even this crazy escapism and unknowing. It is a struggling between aiming for perfection in each moment and being willing to settle into the humanness of the moment. Who constructs my construct, but me, so why do I feel so uncomfortable in my own skin in the midst of attempting to connect with others and myself, without even the opportunity to do so because I am so far away...always from away. The layers crash together and the impact jars the remembering of how things might be different, confusion and uncertainty remain. My dis-comfort is a sensation that is gnawing, nauseating and heavy. I don't hurt, but I don't feel the elation and lightness of being I have the potential to experience.

I think if living in Africa with no running water, famine, poverty and no choice. I waste my energy on the insanity and luxury of living in layers of Western privilege, but I feel no more privileged, so I don't even enjoy my situatedness. I need to experience living as others do in different circumstances, in a context that challenges my current dis-comfort with multiple other dis-comforts. The moments of flux are about expectations, assumptions and awareness; raw data

of angst, shameful yearnings and preconditioned explorations into the consciousness, willing away realities that do not fit possibilities, escapisms.

Pretend time elapses and I change the angle of my writing, leaving a space for reflection, reading something to get me in a different frame of mind. I am excited to go through my writings to find patterns of what has always been important, yet on some level this too feels like a searching for the perfection that does not exist, needs to be disrupted. Constantly pushing to legitimize the process, to justify the journey and box it into a package to make it useful somehow to someone.

I am always searching to get at the 'thing-ness' of the thing or the 'this-ness' of the process; revelation in remembering and repetition, in each cycle increasingly distant from my aim. Why is the processing not enough? This is me in my raw moment, etching and carving; searching. It is this and not this. I feel nauseated thinking how many times and writings have been about nothing and about the important 'somethings'. What is the difference? Who decides and why is this layering of important not so important? I'm hungry or maybe thirsty. Now I am ready to walk and get out of this space in my head. The tennis match ensues and I go back to thinking my random thoughts. I leave with the perception that even in these moments of writing, I have held onto and let go the random exploration of the flux between.

I realize you can never go back...I remember this from somewhere else. The more you question, the greater the paralysis of living with uncertainty and the greater the fallacy of knowing in the un-knowing. The more we talk about disability and organizations, the more disabled and organized we become. So how do we share ideals or conceive of change, when the language we have at our disposal is laced with poisoned memories of time/space boxed worldviews? How do we make Kuhn's (1970/1996) shift without the wordspeak of paradigms. How do we hold a foot inbetween worlds without boxing and languaging? I'm searching for the Heidegger's (1971) thingness of the thing, only it is not his, but rather languaged by him. I am human and language as image, symbol and meaning is humanness and still I search for something else. Memory is the leverage, the tool of change and difference, the suffering of sameness, the force of process and the search for the is(ness) (Buber, 1970; Huxley, 1954) of being. My questions are not unique; they are part of the human condition. In spite and despite of me in my ordinariness, the cycle of humanness continues.

My stories converge and diverge between different forms of wordplay, which emerge in the process of “getting at” what is important. Nachmanovitch (1990) described the “free play of improvisation in life and art” as “an unblocking the obstacles to its natural flow” (p. 10). He expressed that the quality of creativity is indefinable and yet of vital importance as “another of life’s rhythms of systole-diastole, like the alternating contraction and relaxation of muscles, which must be neither rigid nor flabby but in a state of *tonus*” (p. 171). Each story thus is distinguishable by the structure of presentation/format, accompanied by “textual scripts” such as the one displayed here, which will adhere to a more linear display of writing sequence, though the ideas conveyed are not intended to be linear in nature. *I have stated my dis-comfort before in a different way. I seem to knead through the text, wanting rupture and yet continuously fall into the rhythm of ease of complacency. I connect my thoughts and perhaps connect with the reader in this linear representation, as an attempt to establish a flow. As much as I intend to disrupt textual discourse, I simultaneously wish to connect with the reader in what has been taken up as a standard format of textual representation. There is a more fluent molding and shaping of ideas that occurs in the “cut/paste” word art I create, yet it is difficult to bring into the text, challenging to the flow and to the computer programming structure of textual representation. The writing appears confusing and stifled on the page; yet I would prefer to cut and paste the whole of this thesis as it is now. I would then be better able to actualize my vision of the layout and artfully play with the text into its natural composition. Will this still be an option for me? Who decides?*

As I track my textual choices, I notice that it is not important for me to “exhaust the literature”, because it is malleable and transient. In addition, notions of context, locatedness/situatedness and intention are difficult to explicate, other than via what is captured in the fleeting moment of tracking or journaling during the process, the flux of inbetween does not house fixed entities of why and what, but rather the question of “how” is evoked as the process continues.

As I look at this writing of 'how', I think of a response that was given to me by a professor in one of my graduate courses to a paper I wrote, where the professor intended to trigger a "personal response" in my writing. The statement goes as follows:

I am very interested in how you are using this article or others and the class itself to figure out the sort of questions that occur to you. Rather than meditating on these questions in an abstract way, I had offered you the opportunity to put down on paper an experience (something that actually happened) that occurred to you during the reading or thinking about the topic. Did nothing the author said or that you thought about when reading strike back a memory for you? I am very skeptical of trying to figure things out abstractly. I notice many of your important thoughts are expressed in passive voice. "You" don't seem to be there. I have wanted to encourage you (students) to reflect on issues as you have lived them and know them that way. Then, you can begin to compare, reflect, conceptualize, etc.

Is this a story? Is it a figment of my imagination? In this situation, for me, the details do not matter as much as the following: (a) the interaction, (b) the response the professor had to my writing, (c) how I choose to respond in this moment of remembering that particular bit of imagined or real experience. Would the professor be receptive to the itemized list I present in my current analysis? While the professor's intentions were contextualized, I must protest!

What is a personal reaction and what happened to mine? I reflect on all my years of 'schooling' and consider how I have been constructed to write. Since elementary school, I have been expected to refer to other sources to add legitimacy and credibility to enhance my learning process. "Do not plagiarize" was embedded in my mind and at the same time, there was an expectation to constantly add more of the writings and thoughts of others into my work. Perhaps, the fine balancing act left 'me' behind. Perhaps the years of being schooled to speak of the author, the writer, the reader, but never use 'I' influenced my current lack of a 'personal response'.

Illich (1970) started his writings about "Deschooling Society" with the following: Many students, especially those who are poor, intuitively know what the schools do for them. They school them to confuse process and substance. Once these become blurred, a new logic is assumed: the more treatment there is, the better

are the results; or, escalation leads to success. The pupil is thereby 'schooled' to accept service in place of value. Medical treatment is mistaken for health care, social work for the improvement of community life, police protection for safety, military poise for national security, the rat race for productive work. Health, learning, dignity, independence, and creative endeavor are defined as little more than the performance of the institutions which claim to serve these ends, and their improvement is made to depend on allocation more resources to the management of hospitals, schools, and other agencies in question. (p. 1)

I perceive that the words represent ideas of worlds and constructions of imagined ways of being. Initially when I

Following my defense, one revision is to change my abstract and use this section as a 'summary' of sorts.

started graduate school in nursing, I read and regurgitated quotes and ideas and followed these with my own garbled notions of 'what it all meant'. What I have found recently is that I am needing to get at what is important. I am remembering texts through my own interpretation (realizing that is all there is) and going with the flow. Now as 'I' is finding a space in academic writing, there is a struggle with what to do with I/not I. I flounder in abstraction where it is easier to accommodate my sense of non-self. The omniscient observer is safely distant and all together challenging to embrace in my battle with identity, amidst the scholarship that has influenced my thinking. Through the process of layering, I want to explore the layering beyond the text as data to what this form of omniscience represents to me as more than author and researcher of the designated text. As I accept and open to who I am, I simultaneously challenge my dynamic with the writing. *It is as if I am in the Twilight Zone, stuck between living/dying, sense/nonsense, perception/understanding, whole/fragmented, connecting/separating, etc., breathing in the uncertainty and unknowns of the flux of humanness.*

How does 'reflexivity' differ from 'reflective process', differ from 'personal response'? Is this a semantic argument or do I perceive a difference in the way I use the language (how and whether or not, I conceptualize the differences)? According to the Oxford Dictionary (Pearsall, 1999) to reflect is to "think deeply or carefully about." To be reflective is to be "thoughtful"; to be reflexive is "(of a method or theory in the social sciences) taking account of itself or of the effect of the researcher on what is being investigated," where a reflex is "an action performed without conscious thought as a response to a stimulus." (p. 1203)



Reflexivity as described by Gergen (1991) extends from the crisis of representation described by Greene (1994), where "the crucial question shifts from the world as it is to the world as represented" (Gergen, 1991, p. 134). Gergen continued that this 'sense of self-reflection' or 'self-awareness' is a "shift from objects to objectifications, from reality to constructions of reality, [where] we cross the threshold into a virtual vertigo of self-reflective doubt" (p. 134). According to Gergen, the doubt of constructs (i.e. language, authority, truth claims) in turn becomes subject to deconstruction.

Gergen (1991) wrote: Television has also become increasingly self-reflective over the decades. Consider an early Monty Python classic in which John Cleese and his companions find themselves lost in a jungle, without food and threatened by dangerous savages. At the height of desperation Cleese turns full face to the camera and announces to the viewers that this is, after all a film story. And if it is, there must be a camera crew present that can show them the way to safety. The "local reality" of the film world is thus broken, and the camera crew appears on screen. Alas, the ensuing discussion reveals that they, too, are lost. And then, in a move of ultimate irony – crystallizing our utter incarceration in constructed worlds – the Python film crew concludes that they, too, are subjects in a film. There must be, then, a second film crew who is depicting their discussion. The second-order crew is then revealed, with the audience now standing at the edge of an infinite egress. (p. 136)

*Is 'getting at things as they are' actually the pan-ultimate omniscient task, where being reflective increases distancing between self/selves and other(s)? I feel as though I am what the analyst, played by Alan Arkin, in the film *Grosse Pointe Blank* (Jankiewicz, 1997) described as the depressing energizer bunny with "no anima," as I consider the reflexive, reflective process and my personal response through the lens of the omniscient observer looking through a filtered lens, filtered of emotion and depth perception. Am I plagued by greed, narrow-mindedness, lack of insight and imagination...plagued by my humanness? Who invented the machines whose time is running out 'game over?' Do we as humans, actualize our own fate? Are we simply self-indulgent and decrepit of mind and spirit? Give us a battery and we keep on ticking and cycling aimlessly.*

De-sensitization
 Overstimulated by
 Video games
 impersonal persona

Images
 Switch channels
 coloring my space with noise
 symbols and images dancing in subliminal flashes

drive me  Buy me  eat here Corporation
 Globalization... the World Bank McDonald's

Imagination provides a route of Escapism
 Computers generate visions im(possible) in our fixed reality
 consumerism efficiency cost money
 Connecting East and West
 First and Third World politics
 venture

Pop culture
 cartoon living

re-inventing writing a la carte
 My sentences are no longer proper. I think of words and my flow of thoughts and ideas becomes a stream of consciousness. This is not about me or my writing, it is greater than I, it is the movement of energies around and between, shifting text into playful graphic design; graffiti littering the page with noise. How to organize the noise, chaos and clutter?

Adventure
 Weekend
 Holiday
 On some holiday

Imagining possibility in all possible worlds
 virtual reality multidimensional
 transportation
 crossroads
 Inbetween
 Transposition

Desensitized by the ugliness and tragedy
 Over-stimulation
 Our real has become surreal
 everything and nothing

We are needing to be stimulated and sensitize our sentient way of being in new and exciting ways

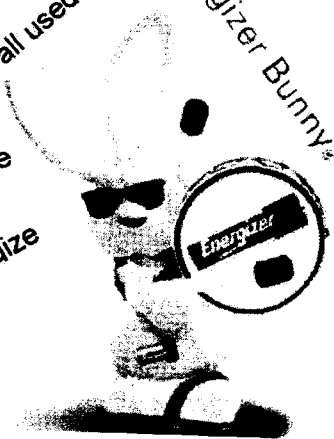
Why do we seek to sensationalize moments
 meaning has no meaning

mind's eye envisioning

The world is becoming an increasingly philosophical space
 Our world all used up
 Energizer Bunny

Exploring new domains
 Living and experiencing energies

Recycle
 Reuse
 Re-energize



As I continually disrupt the structure of the thesis, and interrupt my process, I am increasingly cognizant of the elements that are important to incorporate. *My colleagues and I laugh at our moments of mania: trapped in the shower sudsy and wet, thinking of the safest and quickest route to find pen/paper while reciting an important thought; scavenging parking tickets and maps for any bit of white space to jot down a thought; talking into hand-held recording devices while checking to ensure no one in the vicinity is watching (I may as well be picking my nose); dreaming brilliant ideas with notebook at bedside never quite close enough to capture the elusive thoughts. It is all about processing. The burden of being a student assigned the task of thesis composition is that you live (in) it, without complete rest or freedom and simultaneously are plagued by how little it feels you have “accomplished” anything at any given time.* I have found it increasingly important to identify with (as opposed to identify as...yet identifying markers still proscribe the interaction and other the experience) the work of others that make me feel as though it is okay/acceptable to dwell in humanness, processing my living and learning (in)between (Bruce, 2002; Cook, 2001; Kimpson, 1989; Palulis, 2003). In bringing the voices of graduate students forward, Nyquist, Manning, Wulff, Austin, Sprague, Fraser Calcagno and Woodford (1999) share their own process of becoming. They described the differing experiences as struggling with “clashing values and expectations expressed by various voices of authority within the academy” and conversely cases where “the students’ expectations and values mesh well with the demands of their academic environment, and any tensions present are experience as engaging, exhilarating, productive, and useful learning experiences” (p. 20). The spectrum of expressions of “disillusionment,” “bitterness about the process” (p. 20) through to “divergent ideas about what constitutes balance and success” (p. 23) connects me as a reader and graduate student. I may not completely identify with each description, yet I see some aspect of my process in each of the statements, not as understanding, rather as commonality connected through similarity of experience in our situatedness. De-mystifying the “secret model of graduate

education with implicit norms and rules that may be different from the explicit messages they receive” was a common theme among the graduate students as they negotiated balance in their lives (p. 23)(Nyquist et al., 1999). What is interesting about these descriptions is how seemingly ‘acknowledged’ are the roles we play. Everyone ‘does their time’ and is expected to be the barer of the history of ‘how things have always been done.’ Change comes through the power that is perpetuated, thus negotiating boundaries around what is permitted to be different, maintaining the hegemonic discourses of organized hierarchy.

Cook (2001) examined his role as an ethnographic researcher in how one must “justify the literature” and “critique the dominant convention of ‘the field’ being seen as a separate space in which research is done” and questioning “who gets to ‘do’ and who gets ‘done’” (p. 103). He articulated the complexity of privilege when one is deemed to be privileged in relation to other and how that situatedness in-validates the processing and intention of the research. The crisis of representation akin to Greene’s (1994) literary description of constructed perspectives re-presented are layered with degrees of separation through the layers of privilege. Academia has provided me with a lens of critical analysis and reflection, linking my experience to practice.

As I explore different methodologies, I reflect on the complexities of bringing forward the concerns and needs of marginalized peoples. What manifests through the privileged voice of the researcher may liberate conflicts between aggressive radical socialism and neoconservative “boxed” worldviews, where neither side affords the time and effort to listen to the other and those in greatest need suffer in their reality somewhere in between extremes. The researcher then has a responsibility to explore the complexity of the dynamics between the interested parties, where the construction of that reality, which has brought people together, cannot be viewed in isolation.

Why is this writing about the process not as important as the othered text? How is it that I uniquely experience this shared version of process? Is my expression as storied the distancing, othering, omniscience that leads me away from the experience? How do I share through language and expression of experience, without othering?

At the Narrative Matters Conference 2004 I asked these questions of several presenters: How does it feel to engage only certain aspects of who you are as a whole human being (i.e. role as researcher/narrator)? How might you include the whole of who you are, beyond the identified relationship you share with us through your story? I would get a response that did not address my question. *Was I unclear, or is it that we are so distracted by intention that wholeness falls away without consideration. Intention gets in the way, which is precisely why I dislike the word. How do we identify art, without the artist, or writing without the writer? What does being identified signify, if the artist and writer produce art and writing?*

Do we, when we engage with intention, become consumed by our situatedness and context, holding onto our identified selves to justify and validate our inquiry to supplant curiosity through intended and focused engagement, thus perpetuating the structure of our coming together? Are we as "role inhabitants" brought together by markers of language, category and label holding the box around us, protecting us from irrelevant, inconsistent and incongruent tendencies to stray from purpose, goal and objective?

Green Eggs and Ham

What is this coming out? After reading the children's book, "Wilfrid Gordon McDonald Partridge," I am compelled to share a story, an old story in a new way. Fox (1984) tells an intergenerational tale of relationship, between an older woman who has 'lost' her memory and the boy who found it. Wilfrid, the boy in the story, conducts his own research among the community of his elders, asking, "What's a memory?" His search yields a communion between worlds of perception and imagination, marrying the child with the older woman, who is deemed to have lost her memory, through symbols that release new stories and new memories of old. I think of my relationship with my maternal grandparents who moved from Poland to live with my nuclear family, when I was seven and how the challenges and learning from that relationship brought me to my current story.

Isn't Being Polish Tragic Enough?

I want to write about my maternal grandparents because I am searching for an anchor to my flux, as much as I am attempting to connect different aspects of who/what I am. Grandma and Grandpa came to Canada from Poland, when I was seven. I now come to realize that I spent more than twenty years of my life living with two people, with whom I knew very little. Who were they? What really mattered to them? How did the transition of coming to Canada, after living more than 70 years in Poland, really affect them? Why had I never made an effort to find out?

I saw them as warriors of life, a life that was foreign to me. Their time in Poland was filled with hardship, and daily struggles; a code they lived by. They were very religious and their world was structured with rules and regulations, which seemed trivial and ridiculous to me. They were of the generation that spoke little of how they felt emotionally, which created a greater distance between us. They always seemed to be prepared for the worst, something that I in my simple, comfortable life could not comprehend. When I look back, I see that those life skills had given them the strength to meet their greatest challenge yet, their new adventures in Canada. For all the benefits of coming to this wonderful country, I see now that leaving their homeland had been one of the greatest struggles of their lives. They left a secure, established farm, surrounded by the majority of their family, friends and memories, and were brought to a new family unknown to them, accompanied by a new land and foreign language. They gave up all they knew, for the hopes of something better . . .

They had countless stories of life on the farm, their animals, and mostly the trials and tribulations of surviving two world wars. Unfortunately, at that time for me, these were just ... stories. They had no meaning to my daily concerns, nor to who I perceived myself to be. They were tales of a time and place far away.

They appreciated the simple things in life. Through their ritual practices and storied experiences I came to appreciate and hold my own fond memories of music, moments suspended in time and stories that captured memories in a way that photos could only trigger. I remember the chants and repetitions of prayers sung by my Grandmother, which I kneeled and mimicked religiously as occasions arose (All Saints Day, Lent, Advent, etc.). I had no idea what the words meant; I learned to read and write in Polish before I was able to comprehend my readings.

Grandpa, my brother and I spent a lot of time together in the summers. We would go to the gully below the park - supervised by the watchful eye of Grandpa, who would be efficiently picking Nan king cherries from the bush above the gully. We played hide-and-seek and built forts. We exploring the gully in all its cryptic recesses filled with secret forbidden stories, eating from Grandpa's pot of pickings on our way home and describing our adventures. We would come home to Grandma, who would have made our lunch and started the beginnings of supper. I would then retreat to the garden with Grandpa to watch the water sprinkler's 15-minute routine spray of our four-lawn duplex. I would sit at his side without a word, listening to the deep melodious hum of his voice. He would cross his arms and legs, sway forward and backward ever so slightly, and instinctively look at his watch just in time for the change.

Some of the memories I hold of Grandma come through dreams of her in her more healthful days. I would envision her beating her insurmountable odds, walking on her own, moving and dressing on her own, without assistance. Whenever I see her in these dreams, she is always smiling, chatting and laughing, as though nothing were out of the ordinary, just as when she was a spry 70-year-old going about her business. Grandma was 94 years old when she passed away. In remembering our time together, I am left with the realization that my memories of her, seemed only to exist in the unpleasantness of the last 15 years of her life. Unfortunately, this was a physically and emotionally draining time on both her and our whole family. This is not how I want to remember someone who was an important part of influencing who and how I am today.

I look back now and I wish I could be sitting on Grandma's bed, watching her fold her hands. I would watch her lean back with a starry look in her eyes, and I would know that I was

about to embark with her on the journey of her lifetime. I wish I could have known that she was honoring me by sharing her most treasured moments and memories. I wish now, that I had seen the window that had opened her heart to the world she knew and loved. Whether it was laced with famine and war was of no consequence, because it was hers.

My grandmother died on Valentine's Day in 1997. My Grandfather died on January 10, 1988 and celebrated a birthday on April Fools Day. It is ironic to attach my most significant memories of both grandparents through holidays that were foreign to their cultural upbringing. My grandparents immigrated to Canada in 1977 and lived in our home for the remainder of their lives. When I think back to my fondest and most challenging memories, they include my grandparents and I am grateful for their contributions to my learning and humanness.

I am conditioned to these ways of being

what is expected

I can't separate myself from whether of not

it is something I want to do

whose benefit?
kiss the aunt

never wanted to

Issues from my childhood
inbred issues of society
Everyone has issues.

our evil... or our joy

our relationship with others and with ourselves
Issues may be the wrong word
the fetish
Provocation

rights and wrongs
source external
the dependent variable

external force dictates
ways of being
becoming a "norm"



food alcohol
fills the hole
addiction
pain the gap
urge
satisfies

people behavior characteristics
identifier
seeking to identify
soothes an ache
form of distancing

we are incomplete without
norms
strategy the guide
means to organize pain
At what costs?
To what end?

perpetuates the myth of "this is me."
its like what we avoid becomes us by default.
Must I take all these beliefs as my truths?
critique
challenge ourselves

loss lost
frame & no reference point
external referent

inherent to the human condition
Someone must control and be controlled.
If perfection is the goal
deviant must subscribe or fight it until the end.

a part of our reality
aside.
without acknowledging
difficult suffering

abnorm
becomes fishbowl
norm anchor

Randall (2004) offered the metaphor of the compost heap of memory, where “a compost heap also takes into account the communal, intersubjective, co-authoring dimension of memory and remembering” (p. 19). According to Randall, as a form of retrieval within our memory bank, re-thinking and re-remembering is akin to the stirring and re-cycling of the compost, disrupting the settled layers.

Randall read: The ‘I’ who does the remembering of a given event is, each time, a different I, and the sense of the past, present, and future that is the context within which one remembers that event is itself constantly changing. In this way, The Past, even when it seems to be left alone (which it can’t be), is changing within us. Each telling of The Past is done in the light of a particular Present and with a sense of a particular Future ahead of us. (p. 13)

Someone at the conference asked, “Have you ever worked with a compost?” Randall had not. “You should try the experience sometime,” she said.

I belabor stories from the past in search of the flux of the moment. My thoughts drift into reminiscence of shared moments and memories of my life as a nurse mulched and fermenting in decay. I think of nine year old ‘S,’ sitting on the couch in the main play space at the hospital, under a cowboy hat too big for his head, the hat suspended in place by his ‘mooney’ cheeks. His high-pitched voice could always be heard somewhere in the background telling a passer-by a story of some sort or a joke:

Knock, knock...Who’s there...Dwayne...Who? Dwayne the tub I’m ‘dwooning’.

Jokes and stories became ‘S’s stalling technique to avoid anything that would interrupt his platform of conversation. ‘S’ would cry imploringly for “the story” when it was time for bed, so we (the nurses) would all take turns reading him his favorite story, “Love You Forever” which would end by about the fourth reading, by the time he had gotten through each of us. As each rendition of the story began, ‘S’ would sit quietly without a word waiting expectantly:

"I'll love you forever,
I'll like you for always,
as long as I'm living
my baby you'll be." (Munsch, 1986)

I did not care much for the story myself; aside from the repetition I endured, I thought the images illustrating the story were odd: a grown man carried and held by his mother as though he were a baby. Perhaps 'S' was mesmerized by something greater than the story itself, holding him to his couch and to the space of community he had developed and lovingly nurtured through the sharing of his story and through the listening of each storyteller's unique version.

In writing these thoughts I realize this story holds the story of 'S' in my memory. I had just started in pediatrics at that time, I don't remember all the details of why he came to hospital, in fact I wasn't assigned to him during his time with us, but I remember his mannerisms, his jokes and his love of the Munsch story. As I remember the chaos of my rememberings, my current situatedness sifts through; I cannot separate my journeys of past and present. I layer stories of fiction, non-fiction and disconnect through the reflective process of how I came to be situated.

As I return to my version of our shared story, I search for Munsch's context in writing "Love You Forever". He wrote, "I made that up after my wife and I had two babies born dead. The song was my song to my dead babies. For a long time I had it in my head and I couldn't even sing it because every time I tried to sing it I cried. It was very strange having a song in my head that I couldn't sing" (2004). Munsch's experience affected me not through pity, but rather through our shared connection holding imagination amidst the experience of loss. I think of how he affected both 'S' and I in a way that neither of us could fully comprehend, the poesis of realizing our humanness through the cycles of life. The story moves through me in its rhythm and the pictures let go my selves to images that now unfold/enfold in layers thick with the living/dying of 'S' and Munsch's babies, holding strong their presence and memory. *I cringe as I realize how deeply I stored these stories in the recesses of my mind. Why? How could I possibly crave the holding of moments so badly and simultaneously let go these precious memories.*

My font changes in the following recollection of experiences, which are interpreted by me and thus have become my storying and recounting as 'data.' The descriptions are at times, embellished in metaphor, but each account represents my version of how I perceived the experience and thus my expression of that experience ebbs and flows in reflection, reflexivity and personal response...and simultaneously my distance and omniscience clouds the connecting and separating moments as the experience unfold and enfold as storied.

I reminisce to other storied nursing experiences. I think of 'J' and his morning wake up routine. 'J' was between the ages of three – four, when I knew him. We would watch Pooh and his friends challenging "The Blustery Day." 'J' was not a morning person and he did not like to have his diaper changed. I would have to do a lot of negotiating and quick work to get the task part of our time together done and out of the way and then we would have a few moments to snuggle into the world of *Curious George* in his adventures, before the start of 'J's' adventures of the day. I was there when 'J' left, freed from his confined institutional cage of assessments and procedures. He had had enough I figured, enough of the apologies after yet another poke and enough of several of us holding him down for a procedure that 'had to happen for his own good.' He knew better what he needed, more than we had to offer him through our make it better routine of hurt and anguish. *Sharing, healing, confusing remembering, hurting, ebb/flow rhythms of chaos sifting through mindscapes de-void of reason and sense...barren and desolate.*

In a way, the worldview of the Party imposed itself most successfully on people incapable of understanding it. They could be made to accept the most flagrant violations of reality, because they never fully grasped the enormity of what was demanded of them, and were not sufficiently interested in public events to notice what was happening. By lack of understanding they remained sane. They simply swallowed everything, and what they swallowed did them no harm, because it left no residue behind, just as a grain of corn will pass undigested through the body of a bird. (Orwell, 1949, p. 127)

"How can you do the things you do? How can you work with children? I could never do what you do." I am engaged in this dialogue more times than I care to recount, to which I would answer with false certainty, "It is rewarding to see some children do very well. I love working

with families, you really get to know people.” Perhaps I should have simply stated, “Someone has to do it (has to play the game) and for some reason, I decided that someone was me.”

Every time I look at you I go blind.
 In the morning I get up and I try to see the light
 But I can't
 I don't know what it is
 Something in me, just won't give it a chance
 I think its that I feel more confused by the things life has shown me
 Hold me, hold me, 'cause I wanna get higher and higher
 Every time I look at you I go blind.

(Ogilvie, 1985/1991)

I remember the words to 54-40's song after coming home after baby 'C' passed from this world, at the age of 11 months. I do not remember anything from the moments of his departure; I only remember thinking this song, sitting on my front steps, sobbing the words. Every time I hear the song, the moment is suspended in time and the story of 'C' returns to me. The new story goes like this...

It is the story of a woman and a man and their two sons trapped in a stone world. The world of stone somehow wholly unfamiliar to their way of being and at the same time, the only way of being they had come to remember. The couple gave a year of their family's life to the preaching of the stone world order. "Baby 'C' will one day digest all that we give him to eat, but you must have faith," proclaimed the masters of the stone. The couple was wise in navigating the system of the stonewalls, they had many questions but they kept the faith. For they believed that one day their baby 'C' would be a miracle, a crack of hope in the stone world. Each day they continued to follow the ways of the stone and believe in the power of the stone, at the same time secretly hoping for a miracle. Over time, the stories that came from the walls of stone became swollen in their mouths and they were soon distracted from their own stories of hope. Each day they came with their other son and played within the walls of stone and each day they left feeling the harsh, cold rock slowly permeating everything including the flesh of baby 'C,' but still they believed. One day the stone's heaviness was too much for baby 'C' and 'C' sighed a heavy cold breath and disappeared into its walls.

The lab tech that had come to our unit at shift change to draw morning blood work was standing in the archway of the room, pale and distraught. "Can you please come with me; I think there is something very wrong with this baby." I had not yet

started my shift, nor did I know much about the child other than that she at 6 months of age, had a 'holter' monitor for her heart, which she has worn overnight to record abnormal heart rhythms. I oblige the imploring look of the woman without question. From a distance I see the baby has a yellow color, to touch her I feel cold, she is hard and rubbery, not the usual soft and supple feel of a baby's skin. She is not breathing and she has no pulse. I do not know why or how we went through the motions of a code for over half an hour on a baby who looked and felt as lifeless as she was. *What is it about a baby that makes us loose sanity to 'save' them?* How could I sit rocking her for 37 minutes in a dark room waiting for her parents? I don't remember when or if they came, I don't remember them at all. I remember the cold.

How many children did I take care of in the course of my nursing career that did not painfully stand out?

Is this *Pulp Fiction* (Tarantino & Avery, 1994) or *The Matrix* (Wachowski & Wachowski, 1999) where random acts of violence are internalized and regurgitated undigested into a cyclic tornado of routine debauchery and excused as war or vengeance? Vengeance and war against illness, disease and the manifestation of our mutating state of being, which we are unable to accept. We, therefore, inflict more pain and suffering to commensurate the difference between the perfection we crave (through the science of experimentation on human subjects) and the actual experience of becoming increasingly fallible and human (our world experiment is evidence of our humanness). War through language (which commensurate with Caputo's description of radical hermeneutics as violence in its repetition) of policy that perpetuate the power differentials. Buber's (1970) I-You becomes I-It through power, thus "every you in the world is doomed by its nature to become a thing or at least to enter into thinghood again" (p. 69).

Is this the art and science of nursing, in "the desert of the real (...) the abyss of the Other (p. 18) (...) this vicious cycle of 'The System' which generates its superego excess and is then compelled to annihilate it (p. 27)" (Zizek, 2002)? How can you live these experiences without wanting to be distant or imagining a dream state? Parents could not possibly permit their child to be subjected to practices that cause pain, to

which they are unable to defend themselves. How do family members stand by, agree to and accept the victimization of brutality? Medical practitioners could not possibly suggest inhumane decisions that have a high degree of statistical uncertainty (i.e. engaging in resuscitation where prognosis is poor or only partially successful). I could not possibly want to hold down children to have their blood drawn, or assist in procedures that 'necessitate' an 'experienced' anaesthesiologist to go well beyond acceptable limits, because "we need access". I could not possibly justify my contributory actions with the explanation, "Your child needs this intravenous to have fluid and we have no other way." We could not possibly move to the same parents to say, "Sorry, we are unable to give your child anything for their infection. We will have to remove the intravenous line." *If that infant/child were an adult, would we have done the same?* How do we introduce the very same practices to student nurses without there being dissent? Does my nihilistic tendency emerge when I cannot make sense of the unreality of the situation?

We talk about the messy situations where family members retaliate (Baby 'B's' family) with disdain. "What do they want from us? We are doing our best, right? Why do they question our practices? Why do they make our work difficult?" We highlight the power struggles to articulate voice and position as a challenge to authority and focus on how to deal with the emergent harassment and verbally/physically abusive approaches. The new trend is to create orientation workshops specifically created to deal with abusive or aggressive behavior of patients and families, but do we want to ask why the sudden retaliation, or conversely why the defensiveness in expectation of aggression? We problematize the pain and anguish of individuals and their families in an attempt to normalize the mechanical process of 'caring' for the patient. Their loved one suffers, they suffer, and we support from a distance, putting up walls/boundaries of professionalism, ethics and legalities when 'caring' gets too personal, when we cannot rationalize our behaviors and practices, when approved standards and sacred policies are challenged.

Kuhl (2003) coined the phrase, 'iatrogenic suffering' which results from what he described when patients and families "bear the burden" of the medical practitioners "own unresolved psychological and emotional issues about death, suffering, pain, and relationship" (p. 55). Kuhl used Buber's I-Thou relationship analogy "in which people meet and experience one another in the context of their wholeness" (p. 54) and extend it to the medical practitioner/patient interaction where he stated "the relationship may be reduced from I-Thou, to I-It, perhaps even to It-It. The relationship is at risk of becoming "a disease speaking to a body of knowledge, a body of knowledge speaking to a disease" (p. 54). How have our organizational structures, policies and healthcare cultures sustained the violence and violation of all that is human and humane? How do we allow/permit/engage in the discourses of healthcare without abandon; condoning dehumanization, if not for the sake of exploration, discovery and the quest for perfection?

Models of Efficiency everything and nothing Prevention
 Hurry up and wait moving Prevent proactive information
 Inefficient consumer internet Promotional
 Waiting lists symbols images TV Delusion Research
 Waiting rooms unethical? Basket of services pushing the boundaries medical trials
 Impatience Sustaining a publicly funded health care system Innovative
 Patience categorization self-serve self-help phenomenon pharmaceuticals
 in patients Playing the sick role administrative Legislation
 Alienation Anomie diagnosis health legalities
 Nation Subscribing to illness insurance
 Alien Take care of our unfortunate and less able Are ethics about legalities
 Withdrawn from the world at risk populations health care system technicalities
 Away The prime minister is reassuring us that he will "step up to the plate" stepping up to bat? For the sake of science
 representatives expected to say what people want to hear Bells and whistles
 How many political homeless people would it take to change the world Raising the limits
 who pays Productive members of society
 not fit the package worthiness Too absorbed in addiction Belonging ensure quality of care
 best interests protect innocent vulnerable populations protected by legislation safe liability who benefits
 insurance reinsurance Living in our ivory towers
 homeless organization insured obligation
 Responsibility

In searching for perfection and knowing the unknowing of finding not, I search through the thoughts and 'knowing' of others. It is in the search that I find my own path, indistinguishable from the humanness around and within me, sucking the marrow from Adam's rib and paralyzed by the sin of Eve.

The real is becoming increasingly surreal, as I listen to the news that briefly mentions the ongoing wars in the Middle East, somewhere and that "the big news is that the NHL may cease to exist." It is hard to make sense of such nonsense. Where do our values lie, as we reflect on what we deem important? How is it that we come to focus on fast-food efficiency jingles and somehow avoid the gruesome other reality that people are starving, not so far from the McDonald's doorsteps? What is the real, surreal and the other real? How and why have we come to separate these differences and simultaneously languish the loss of self amidst the voids, in a-voidance through comforts of escapism and other isms, excesses of instant gratification and minimal cost/suffering? What have we normalized or acclimatized to, in order to maintain our insanity as sane and not inane? Where is the humanness in the midst of surreal and real? "How did we get here?" "How do we get there?"

What do I remember from my earliest experiences nursing in the adult coronary care unit (CCU), where I worked for the first four years of my nursing career... how to survive a night shift. I remember drinking Pepsi with a twist of lemon and ice to soothe the appetite and suppress the nausea of being over tired. I remember walking from hospital to car to house to car to hospital...officially diagnosing myself with "Sick Building Syndrome." I remember working 30, 12-hour night shifts in a row. I do not remember wondering how I could do it. When casual work was replacing full-time positions and we as casuals (why do I refer to myself as a casual?) struggled to get to the top of the on-call list...I could do it. I was young, naïve, eager with adrenaline to spare; I was exactly what they in the administrative world of healthcare institutions were looking for.

I remember my first official night shift working without a 'buddy'. The moon was full, filled with Halcion and Ativan, working into the deepest recesses of the already confused minds of two of my patients, creating dream realms too complex to control and make sense of, leaving dancing images on walls and screams in the night.

Try to get some sleep.

Physical and chemical restraints had already made things worse, so I would sit and watch, waiting for each movement, attempting to soothe with a calm voice and gentle touch.

I wanted this expression of my experience to be perceived as a feeling of absence of breathing space. I wanted it to move like a robot across the page, mechanically and methodically, to fill every orifice of potential space, to feel crowded and yet empty as the story came crashing

through the box of text by which it was enclosed. I wanted...actually, I did not want anything, until I went back reread and reflected on my process, the structure unfolded the gaps and uncertainties and filled the spaces with my struggle.

I remember on that night, everything happened. It started with my witnessing my first death in nursing. A 90-year-old First Nations woman's had passed away and left 15-20 members of her family around her bed in hysterics, vomiting, fainting and screaming their loss. I remember another nurse asking me, "How are you doing? You know you have to deal with this right now." I remember wondering, "What had the family expected?" At that time, I had not even considered the cultural expressions of grief as an actuality. I did not understand the response of her loved one's to her death. The events of dealing with the crisis and aftermath of her death were a blur. I took one of the woman's daughters down to Emergency to get her some Ativan, as I was told to do, and I helped with the "care of the body after death" (as per package instructions). Regardless of the procedural sterility incumbent to this task, during the bathing and binding of her body, I felt more at peace and respectful of the woman. After the deluge of grief expressed by her family, I felt it was difficult to capture the moment of silence that I had expected with her passing, my expectation of how things would be. In the preparation of her body, I was sharing in a time of dignity, reserved from the judgment of human constructs. It was as close to a sacred experience for me, as I had encountered in that time of my life and I trusted that we honored her in her passing.

In my nursing education, we were taught to be unbiased and non-judgmental in caring for patients and their families. How can one ever be separated from such personal experiences? Where is my personal response? Perhaps my personal response was lost in my naivety, as a 'novice' nurse molded by the organization, where 'I' became obscured by diagnosis and segregated into systems. Even though the language has changed and there is more self-reflection and social action involved in nursing education in current programs, nurses are still expected to make assessment (judgments) and as human being can be nothing but subjective and biased and yet our documentation continues to be removed and objectified, problem-oriented and focused in the othering of interactions and communications.

I remember that very same night, taking a woman who was brought into the CCU with chest pain, next door to see her 16-year-old son brought in to the intensive care unit (ICU) due to a near drowning. I remember the doctors asking her to make the decision to discontinue life support. I remember how she ripped off her monitor, ripped out her intravenous and clothing and fell to the floor. I remember someone coming from pastoral care to talk with her and her swearing at him. I remember sitting with her, without saying a word.

I remember going to Denny's restaurant for breakfast after that night shift. It was my first official initiation and survival of nights.

There were many stories that really did challenge my conceptualization of what nursing was about. I remember going next door to ICU to assist with the 'log roll' turning for a chest x-ray of a 400-pound man who had fallen off his combine tractor. His body was like a jigsaw puzzle and 10 of us held the pieces together as we tried not to cause his heart to go into arrhythmias, or lungs to fill with blood. I cannot describe the scene other

than 'gross'. I was professional throughout and I assisted to the best of my ability, but what I remember seeing did not resemble a human being. I remember a man's ears being burned so badly that they were described as chicken wings. I feel the pain of debridement, more than any other.

Some stories are gory horror stories that are identifiable only through grotesque detail etched in my mind's eye, to catch a glimpse is to leave an imprint of indelible ink in my selective photographic memory. I do not see these details as necessary to the description of how I engaged in nursing practice, however, I do perceive the importance of releasing the images to remember the hazards and imperfections of my nursing experiences.

Now, after forty years of experimentation, we are reevaluating our health care system and the moral and ethical implications of the accomplishments of critical care. What factors will influence how nurses response to patients at risk and how will physically unstable patients at risk be protected? Where will this care occur? Who will be eligible to receive highly expensive, individualized 'watchful vigilance'? Who will provide the care? (Fairman & Lynaugh, 1998, p. 1)

I am concerned that our evaluation of situations as being 'at risk,' leaves little room for our humanness. The fact that we make mistakes in our choices (i.e. someone who has made a suicide attempt) is not considered in how we view individuals in response to their choices. If someone, for example, has been labeled as a danger to themselves in the choice they have made in attempting suicide, for what ever reason, how do they proceed except with the label and consequences for their behaviors (informed by behavior model approaches) as we have outlined in response to actions. Lifestyle choices are similarly complex in terms of the vested interests involved and in how we make decisions about our interactions with the options presented to us (i.e. smoking, second-hand or otherwise; eating an overabundance of processed foods; how we deal with poverty; our sense of self-worth). Choices and decisions that are framed in the language of safe/unsafe that prescribe our interactions through a reactive, behaviorist models, leave minimal space for our self-discovery of how we come to/what informs us in our choices and decision-making.

At the same time, these are some of the realities of how we operate in our organizational systems, so how is it that we come to look at individuals in program-based, at-risk population-focused approaches with an open inclusive eye that is not merely, about how people fit into roles

and categories? Is there a way to challenge, yet accept the value we place on statistical and diagnostic measures, which extends beyond our expectations and assumptions shrouded by theoretical constructs and frames of reference (particular ideas about situatedness)? How do our individual, unique experiences enter into the equations? How might we solicit these experiences in a way that is not attached to a predetermined agenda? This is where situatedness and context clouds my view of connecting with another, because I perceive situatedness to be an accentuation of the labels that prescribe our social interactions and yet I value the importance of how we come to relationships with intention, I acknowledge the tension.

As I reflected on my experience
 what I believed to be my focus.

identity
 labeling
 establishing patterns
 realize my view of myself
 nurse
 scope of practice
 articulated through a language

reigns supremely
 overpowering
 medically oriented
 value
 specialty

settings I've worked in have always been very technologically
 focused
 critical care setting
 over
 work in non-specialty areas

hierarchy of
 critical care nurses

knowledge base
 discourse
 critical thinking
 language and terminology
 discourse of critical care
 validate their knowledge through the medical model
 critical care nursing knowledge
 in the world of critical care
 knowledge is power

do you have the skills
 handle increased responsibility

What it comes down to is life and death
 creates a different dynamic
 nurses and the individuals in their care
 between
 mission statement
 "healthy families and healthy community"
 family-centered
 care laced in the background

measuring up to the standards
 capacity, to deal with what comes your way
 something about the power of a group of people
 the discourse surrounding what is valued as
 their plight

My choices have changed
 rage against the machine
 scary feeling
 As the outsider
 different light
 a fire
 power of the medical model
 undeniable power
 fight
 back
 defensive stance.

individuals
 uncertainty and lack of control
 fueled by a different approach to
 sparked by
 a furvor
 propelled
 whirlwind

Enter the scene of a crime, where a one week old is attached to 16 intravenous pumps, multiple monitors, paralyzed to ensure that he does not move and his parents are crying at the bedside. The respiratory therapist informs me that my first priority will be to assist in suctioning the infant's endotracheal tube. Yes, I can problem-solve my way through the physical priorities, but the situation gets complicated when I consider that this is a human being, connected to other human beings who need to be attended to beyond the physical nature of our reality. What is their experience like for them, what do they need and what is the experience like for me as I approach the situation with 'to-do' lists and forms which dictate my interactions? I could not say how it was for me, because I did not go there, then.

How did I bear witness to the aftermath of a victim of choking, where the strangulation markers and cigarette burns were still visible and the person that allegedly perpetrated the crime was in the room with us? She, the five year old, was pronounced dead, shortly after the police officers brought her in, the officers who left retching and faint. I did not go there, then.

The 'shaken baby' (there were more than I care to remember), a mere one year old, on a return visit after four prior limb breaks (on separate occasions, of course), returning to hospital for the last time, whose father had finally shook him to death, for pooping in the tub. I did not know how to go there, then.

Watching as a woman, a mother is wheeled in by stretcher strapped down to the stretcher, due to C-spine precautions, after she stepped out from behind a bus carrying her three-year-old daughter. Both were hit by a car, unnoticed, and flung several feet, the child run over by the vehicle. The woman held her daughter's hand as we discontinued resuscitation and placed the child on top of her mother so she could hold her one last time. I did not know where to go then.

A girl of 13, considered obese, came in with toxic shock syndrome(TSS). The TSS turned into a multi-system organ failure, from a tampon that was left in for much longer than it should have been. Had she forgotten the foreign object she had injected into herself, or did she intentionally do this to herself, I wondered as I judged her greasy stringy hair and her father, who never left her alone, her mother rarely entering the room. Was it the TSS that killed her?

I think of the Vietnamese family who would come to visit their baby 'E', bringing us food and never questioning our practices; never being informed of what our plans were for baby 'E'. I remember challenging my manager (managers had nursing backgrounds and were more involved in daily concerns of families at the time) to call together the specialists and the family for a conference about baby 'E'. I remember being told, "We don't do things that way." I remember feeling the coldness of the brick wall slapping me in the face as my contribution to the process was immediately stifled and snuffed out. Specialists are busy people and to get them all together at one time was not and is not how the system is structured to work, despite how obvious this union seemed to me in saving the time and efforts of the team, who were definitely not communicating

effectively amongst themselves, nor with the family (once again my judgmental self prevails). At that time, I did not have the skills, language or the courage to state the family-centered policy and mission statement of our hospital and pursue what I valued. I was the novice nurse, always conveniently the novice nurse.

Despite all the good that is done in the context of medical practice, there is an important component that at times is neglected. Poor communication can render ineffective all the good in medicine, as it has the potential to increase suffering. Poor communication may therefore be regarded as the Achilles' heel of the medical profession. (Kuhl, 2003, p. 44)

We would have a debriefing after three deaths in a row, perhaps, or a run of seven in a month. Who decided when and if debriefing was necessary? What would be the topic of discussion? How to be more efficient and do things better? I remember our meetings with mediators, disgruntled "bitch" sessions, more than I remember any debriefing.

All of these are my stories from my perspective and based on my interpretation of events, ensconced in my judgments (labeled nursing assessments); my ranting and raving about the existentialism/nihilism (bordering on lunacy) that was nursing, for me anyway. Why do these memories remain? What happened to the good intentions of nursing, the vocational calling, the niceties that are labeled in theory as nursing, as caring? I want things to be cheerful and rosy, as I feel when I engage in my current discussions about the theory of how practice could and should be; framed ethical dilemmas and discussions of organizational discourse, nuzzled in distant philosophical banter. What I recount can only be my perception of my experience, which informs my current process and shapes the abstractions I choose to highlight throughout this text. I do think it is important, however and I perceive that it is important for healthcare to have practitioners engage in reflexive practices. For me the stories are triggered by multiple factors and unfold multiple processes, therefore I am not certain how to get to the trigger point (a telephone commercial can set me off, some days). In my situation, I could not say why, or what, was bothering me at the time of my experiences. There was, however, an undercurrent that was brewing and stewing for a long time, unearthed in my search for solace and a way to represent my personal response.

I was not ready then, but here I remember a seemingly unrelated story and the wounds are deeper than the flesh, fresh and raw and now I am tired. Gagging on the bilious taste that remains, the more I choked down my emotions, the greater the volcanic eruption that ensued,

regurgitated like sour milk. How do I really feel about it? I cannot delve any deeper. It is not in my capacity now to be anything but physical in description and recounting my experiences through floating thoughts...clouds dark and heavy with rain, thunder and lightening. I'm trying to introduce the imagery. It is simply too deep, wounding, penetrating to the core and to expose these feelings is scary and painful and hard. Life is hard. Someone has to live it, do it...work with children, poke people, see blood...that is what the public's perception of nursing is, that I have been exposed to anyway, the perception that I took up and internalized in some way.

Are these stories not just as important from the perspective of a nurse, being told by a nurse, not an anthropologist recalling my versions of what happened? I do perceive my telling to be important to nursing and I do not want it told through someone else's lens. I want to recount my point of view, as no one else can, as I am privileged to have the opportunity to do, in the way that I remember. The expression of my experience is not something to be theorized or rationalized in the profession/discipline discourse.

I started normalizing things that were not normal. To hold a child down and poke a child with needles is not normal, but we justify these practices through organizational discourse. We are stuck inbetween being representatives of the institution through our professional standards and responsibilities and being accountable to the public, nonbiased, objective, nonjudgmental...distant to patients for whose sake? The assessors and communicators, the people of the gap that deal with the phenomenon of concern, which in the case of nursing is human-health-environment (Fawcett, 1995).

Is it not othering ourselves to be responsible and accountable to policies and laws outside ourselves? If it is my obligation to uphold the mandate and mission of the hospital, who employs me and accepts me as a professional, how is it that I advocate (or at least assess and communicate) on behalf of the patients as individuals and their families as they attempt to navigate through the system?

The system as 'them,' does not exist when I am part of who and what creates the system, othering selves is part of being a member of organized social structures... in short, as a human being I am responsible for my actions and ways of being that connect and separate with other human beings.

If I never 'got the system,' I was never encouraged or expected to get the system, it was the prescribed documentation that structured my work and dictated the way in which I interacted with other in my role (Campbell, 2000; Smith, 1975). Campbell (2000) described the "care production or care management tasks" as a "conceptualization of what nurses do", to be "a necessary precursor to innovations in nurses' work organization that is designed to make nursing more objectively manageable, more cost efficient, etc." (p. 191). Campbell argued that this "technocratic view of nursing (...) eliminates the nurse as subject of her knowledgeable and intelligent actions" (p. 191).

Campbell stated that "RNs recognize that their professional responsibility extends to knowing the patient holistically, as opposed to simply following orders or conducting tasks and procedures (...) The new focus on efficiency, embedded in the clinical pathway, appears to make redundant (and identify as inefficient) nurses' professional interest in knowing the patient. Pre-established plans related to the category of treatment determine the sequence of nursing actions, and they are the same for everybody. (...) Each participant expertly plays the expected part to maintain the boundaries of his or her 'place' in the power relations of their professions and the work setting. (...) [T]his professionally expert intelligent action never appears in any organizational accounting of nurses' work. Therefore, it can be discounted organizationally and treated as 'miraculous'. (p. 200-201)

Smith (1975) in her writings on the "documentary reality of our organizational society wrote: The fact is not what actually happened in its raw form. It is that actuality as it has been worked up so that it intends its own description. That actuality has been assigned descriptive categories and a conceptual structure. The structure incorporates a temporal organization which both marks the boundaries of what actually happened so that it comes to have the form of an 'event,' 'episode,' 'state of affairs,' etc. (...) Using that interpretive schema to organize the actuality does not appear as imposing an organization upon it but rather as a discover of how it is. (p. 258)

What I have come to notice is that all the interactions of humanness that do not fit into 'Patient Work Management Classification Sheets' (which account for the tasks of

nursing work in terms of time spent), are left unwritten and deemed unimportant.

Darville (1989) drew attention to the importance of location in the practice of writing and the power of who's writing is recognized in organizational discourse. Darville described literacy as "a social process (p. 4), where "in organizational literacy, what counts is how matters can be 'written up'; (as an aid to memory or a way of relating experience) (p. 9). "[I]nsisting on how we write it down is a defense against being disappeared in how they write it up" (p. 15). *The writing down of stories is important to get close to humanness and simultaneously challenges the expectations of writing up documents. How is it possible to integrate both processes? The process is the key to constantly moving the moments of stillness as fixedness with shifting awareness of continuous other. The continuity of other is not only about othering as distancing self, it is also about challenging self to let go identity construct and re-present ways of being to I/not I.* Seeing the organizational discourse in its complexity, elucidates a different representation, previously veiled from my view. I seek to explore the written down narratives of myself at the outset and through the stories of others to learn from my own interpretation and re-presentation/expression of my experiences.

"There are only questions and no answers." I am in a perpetual state of agitation over this comment. I realize there is something very important in these words, as I consider possibility and continue to search for what is important.

Are we like the war criminals who feign ignorance, "but please forgive us because we know not what we do. If we did; we would not be in this predicament, right?" No one could possibly participate with the knowledge of what the policies and practices really represent, could they? How are we moral and ethical in our practice when we condone constructed victimization? Do we even want to broach the topic of ethical, best and safe practice in the face of the consequences that unfold far from our reach into the distant, uncertain (unpredictable, even statistically) future? How do you voice your inbetween space of being human and create space of humanness, when you are expected to be anything but human? Is the 'anything but' also not about being human?

Am I expected to be a walking policy in my professional role? If I am expected to be human, where is humanness written into policy? How can policies as written up, reflect the written down nature of human experience, which is constantly changing, yet

important in the midst of moments and unique among individuals, despite similarities constructed through scientific rigor and validity/reliability pre-conceived statistical determinants of health. The shifting standpoint of who organizes and controls nurse's work is being disrupted by the organizational push toward increasing leadership at all levels. *I want to disrupt and dis-organization, just as Miro professed his desire to "assassinate paintings," where I feel my passion and creativity stifled, obstructed, invaded by the obtrusiveness of organizational discourse.* Dis-rupture the control of the systems, rules and regulations, compliance, committees and algorithms and yet as a nurse, I live by all of these components of organization. *How will humanness commensurate my juxtaposition (in)between, when it is humanness that is also part of the polarity? I am getting increasingly confused about what humanness is as I work toward acceptance and away from dehumanization, which seem to be merely different ends of the spectrum of humanness, of which I am betwixt and between? How do I connect with my imagining and conceptualization of humanness in the juxtaposition of living and experiencing what this spectrum is like?*

I seek to identify with a philosophy. I perceive it is because I am conditioned to do so in my graduate education. Find a philosophy, a congruent theory and the methodology will emerge from how you word your question. In my processing I could not find the wording for the elusive question, so I read, I wrote repetitively through what I deemed important (as was suggested to me by my professors, A. Oberg and S. Kimpson), searching for someThing. What emerged was this disruptive path of processing inquiry.

The theories I was presented were interesting, but felt deductive and all about the theory, not about my process of inquiry, nor about the individual voices and ways of coming to inquire. I witnessed a thesis 'defense' where the whole committee questioned the student's use of theory, to the point of me wanting to shout, "You are the ones who expect that we have a whole chapter on theory in the first place and then you question why use a theory, as though she could not have made a less appealing decision!? What a time to challenge her theoretical assumptions and to voice your expectations from your own situatedness, more than acknowledging the lens she is looking through and clearly articulating!"

I feel as though we are taught philosophies and theories steeped in tradition, but based on divergent processes between professors we are led on different paths and then when we come to the formal forums of discussing our work, all the traditional ways of evaluating emerge to reframe our work against the corrective lens of normative standards.

The methodologies similarly are challenging in terms of language that is equated with measurability (reliability and validity), with minimal differences between methods of data analysis except for language (i.e. clustering or finding themes). The blurring of methodologies (i.e. phenomenological hermeneutics and autoethnography) with interchangeable terms (i.e. phenomenology is a philosophy and a methodology differently) added to my confusion.

I want to acknowledge that in the humanities intersubjectivity brings forward the art of being human differently than the 'hard sciences' of objectivity, logic, reason, hypotheses and provable facts/truths based on different worldviews. I want to be clear that quantitative research is not the path of choice for me. I appreciate the freedom afforded by

qualitative research, but it is a tangled path when we try to maintain standards to keep up with quantitative paradigms that are based on different premises. I realize the politics of what is valued by society is one of the issues underlying our approaches to organizing the differences, but I would suggest our organizational tools are cutting out the process of qualitative inquiry in a way that privileges the language and rules of traditional ways of knowing. Even when there are efforts to show how far we have come, we present our findings in objectified ways that relegate the voices of both the researcher and the 'subjects/participants' bracketed in the margins of the text.

The difficulty is that positive aspects of having expanded in qualitative inquiry emerged from quantitative research and patriarchal traditions, without which we would not have come to this point of discussion. So how do I challenge the traditions/history of how things come to be without naming them? It is not that I do not want to acknowledge the path, but rather that I want to consider the process as non-linear and that the ideas that come to light need to be considered within the frame of reference put forward by the individual. Of course, this perspective is complicated by the social situatedness of the individual and the otherness of the context of how we mutually perceive of shared experiences. Sigh.

Under de(con)struct(ion)/Structur(ing)

In consideration of my current situatedness as a student learner and learning instructor, I attended a workshop that was designed for managers (with an invitation extended to graduate nursing students and nursing staff), on the topic of leadership. In this “Leadership Workshop”, it struck me that there was a game being played and the players unfolded as characters (othered selves) through the concepts presented. I played the part of the omniscient observer situating myself in the midst of the workshop proceedings (as a nursing student, educator and most importantly human-being), among the presenters and participants and yet separate/distant from the interaction.

I narrate through my construction of the retelling of the story, through my perception, interpretation and playful(ness) with the language and experience of/in the moment as it shifts in the flux. I want to take the reader to a space where my path is unearthed.

My processing does not end when I leave my computer. It is important to acknowledge that I live my humanness. Humanness is not someThing I leave behind, when I share my thoughts with others and interact with my environment.

To begin the workshop, the participants were given ‘ground rules’ with which to comply. The ‘thou shall nots’ of any proper gathering of obedient audiences. *I remember interacting with such rules, in my nursing research course (from a more communally derived process, which seemed appropriate at the time).* In this workshop, the ground rules were dictated and prescribed on a script of paper ready for me to oblige. I immediately responded by becoming silent and by deciding my voice was not important enough to share my point of view in this room of organizational discourse. The air was thick with importance of the ‘othered selves’ of leadership voices (specters of tradition, organization and written up policies perched on the heavy shoulders of managers and educators) that needed not to be spoken, just as obviously as my little voice needed not to be heard.

The language that evolved wasn’t necessarily the focus or intention, in fact I believe the intent was to get leaders talking at many different levels of the organization and across organizations (i.e. between academia and healthcare organization). Following the patterns of language became important to my process and I took all the ‘econo-efficient’ word-speak in waves and spurts, looking for repetition and ideas that

struck me as familiar, troublesome and challenging to my own perspective of humanness (i.e. "workload", "buy a nurse").

Some of the buzz terms/phrases at the Leadership Workshop:

Leadership
 Experts
 Quality environments
 Poisonous/toxic work environment
 Performance
 Initiatives
 The agenda
 Absenteeism as the highest amongst laborers → who gets concerned → implications for care
 How do cutbacks effect performance
 Levels of individual/organization/external (psycho-socio-cultural)
 Keeping patients safe
 Patient safety task force
 Patient safety outcomes
 Transforming work environments
 Excellence
 Evidence-based practice
 The evidence
 Evidence based studies for at risk populations
 "Knowledge society" (*what does that mean...left undefined, did that mean all who were there should have know what this meant?*)
 "Relationship business"
 Change is slow → one drop at a time
 Small change and incremental change
 Problems and challenges are not solved quickly, how to make amends and catch up
 Adequacy, sufficiency
 Autonomy
 Quality, excellence, competence, knowledge
 Efficient and effective
 Statistics of % guide research to improve outcomes → problematic
 Statistics and measurements
 Appropriate outcomes
 Progress and improvement
 Sustained support and vigilance
 Goals: recruitment, retention and education
 Surveillance and monitoring
 Heavy-handedness of management
 Organizational pain (feels like the organization has anima)
 Workload
 Quality care (dis-guise)
 Outcomes
 Population health needs
 Produce RNs
 "Buy a nurse" (demand/control supply)
 Nurses: assets vs. cost/defecit
 Nurses on the ground → "in the trenches"

The patient care system
 High functioning system
 Feedback to the system
 Attrition rate
 Attrition (big word with lots of fear associated)
 How low can we go in our ratios?
 Expand data bases, prioritizing money spent on structuring and organizing of data
 "Needs" based analysis
 Productivity
 capacity
 110% productivity
 Supply, attrition, utilization → drives decision-making to improve outcomes
 Integrated planning
 Connecting research as a process
 Influenced/influencing
 Satisfaction
 Unreported overtime (underground costs)
 Educators: time not acknowledged
 Leadership (*we are told what it is verses asked what we think it means*)
 Burnout
 Relationship between staffing levels, working environments, outcomes
 Adequacy
 Staffing outcomes
Nursing issues seem to become important only if/when they affect litigation and cost (workman's compensation –sick time)
 Predictive outcomes – education and experience
 Everyone that is permitted to speak has credibility from the organizational perspective, even the "front-line worker" pitches in when appropriate\
 Magnet Hospitals – *who's values are present and nurtured to create and maintain the magnet hospital?*
 Workplaces of choice (otherwise known as magnet hospitals)
 Quality assurance and quality improvement
 Communication and collaboration (what does it mean)
 Small increments
 Supportive/mentored environments take practice and commitment
 Talking about RN/LPNs as healthcare professionals
 How are we effectively using our resources?
 Numbers *were the focus verses care, still not about quality*
 We know what you need (*layers of need*)
 Regionalization, to be inclusive (*funding and government structured around the same principles*), *decisions are centralized, yet ironically everyone is distant from the centre (in outlying areas)...no one is connected.*
 Collective Leadership (*an empty concept, when everyone a leader, but no one to go to about issues of concern?*)
 Emotionally intelligent leadership *devoid of anima*
 Competency
 Core competencies
 How do you identify yourself? With whom do you identify?
 Dissonance (how emotionally connected are you?)
 Apathy
 Pace of change (incremental/episodic)
 Economics and ethics inseparable when it comes to liability
 Common sense approaches

Actual nurses's story...*acknowledging ordinary, typical women's work...is that what nursing is?*
 Moral residue
 Accountability
 Listening to stories...translating being transparent
 Balance score cared (push management/authority to the lowest level (transparency)
 Interdisciplinary necessary for safe competent care
 Context of complexity
 Mentorship...
 Collaboration *lipservice?*
 Enveloped in a performance management system

“Who is the audience?” I asked. I was very conscious of who the leaders were considered to be, by the presenters, as much as I was interested to know who in the audience perceived themselves as a leader and who “the people” then bestowed the importance of leadership language unto.

As I write these words and consider my thoughts carefully and yet necessarily, *I share my voice through mixed messages, conscious of the audience reading my text and the reader's perception of leadership and reception of my perception (oh what webs I weave!)* I want to get through my interpretations of the discussions through a run-on questioning “soap-box” rant.

Who was the “inner voice” of the organization, were they being represented at the meeting and how was their voice being solicited and heard? The language that initiated my resistance was in how the nurses were referred from a militaristic point of view: “nurses on the ground”, and “in the trenches”. Referring to the “women’s work” unnoticed and unrecognized in nursing attested to the invisibility of nurses work, described by Campell (Campbell, 2000) described earlier in this writing, but simultaneously left me feeling as though ‘the leaders’ were perpetuating the distance and maintaining the gap between the levels of nursing. I particularly noticed this in how the speakers introduced themselves, when although they had ‘backgrounds in nursing’, they would not identify themselves as a nurse.

Now I jump all over the place and my "order" is disrupted. Writing becomes messy when we are aware of our interaction with the text. Chaotic patterns of being in the moment shift from product to process and each becomes the other. What is foremost in my mind is the question about how it is that we teach students in our curriculum in earlier years to be in touch with 'self/other,' we use 'reflective practice narratives' as a tool initially to open to our reflective voice. As the program progresses and the professional role gets increasingly solidified and becomes central to our self/other interactions, something seems to happen to how we structure the reflexive voice; we expect more through the curriculum, more than rambling through our process to get at what is important. Do we become increasingly othered as our professional voice, as change agent and political voice, strengthens? What happens to the imperfections, mistakes and 'woman's work' taken for granted? Is this something we want to hold onto or loose in your professional stratification? Are we trying to play with the 'big boys' at the expense of devaluing the voice of humanness in our relationships?

I think there is a playfulness between exposing the game and playing it, where the players are constantly shifting and the game rules, as written, are prescribed based on the simultaneously shifting context. The expectations then become an inflexibility of written rules and regulations based on how the expectations are received and perceived in the moment. *Whose expectations take precedence?* Our othered selves emerge through the language of responsibility (perceived as obligation to the organizations, which are layered between professional, employer, union...where do the persons receiving care fit in?) and apathy, which holds the power of releasing the responsibility outward and externally to and through the documentation. Perhaps 'apathy' (a pathos) emerges when expectations clash with re-visioned language, realized to be what it is "all talk and no action", othered and pre-scribed (i.e. leadership). Written information is then taken up by individual lens (multiple ways of perceiving and receiving and transferring 'knowledges'), contextualized and situated within multiple levels of representation. So we then engage in a playful game of unknowing who/what informs the written rules and regulations, carefully and obsequiously to ensure that what we perceive as important becomes part of the game, identified in the gaps of the paper trail.

A leader with no control (management in the middle) is placed in the position of dictating how things need to be done → passing information to a "front-line" nurse, bestowed with the

responsibility of dealing with issues that experience has not yet afforded, nor written in text. Leadership in its amorphousness is sending soldiers (bringing back the metaphor) into the battle of the unknown without armor, script, experience or structured questions, into a combat that has emerged as a result of the organization of information that is missing the people in ‘the gap’ which have not been ascribed significance. These are the very same people who are necessary to the structure and function of maintaining order in the organization and simultaneously de-voiced in the process.

We are cautioned by one of the presenters to be weary of “the sexiness of the language” as “the flavor of the month” and of the complexity (is this an excuse, the residual effects of organizing) of organizational discourse. We are warned, “Change is a slow process → one drop at a time; Small change and incremental change are important to success and that problems and challenges are not solved quickly”.

I ride the wave of the connecting conversations that trigger a dialogue generated through my own stream of questions. What is it about outcomes that influences moments beyond those moments in which the outcomes were produced? Why do we cycle viciously in what was? How is historicity and remembering different from dwelling in the past and not living in the moment? If it is all about process, with no beginnings and no endings, why do we search for something else, when we find everything more or less regurgitated back into the viscous/vicious cycle of humanness?

It is my understanding in reviewing Covey’s (1990) work (which seems to be the driving force for the self-help generation of management in healthcare), that the focus of his book *Principle-Centered Leadership*, addresses principles as universal laws. These principles are guides within an organizational model that advocates the empowering of people to ‘help them, help themselves’ (Covey, 1990). Perhaps being led by other and making a transition to “figure it out for yourself” is a bigger leap than we apprehend in the midst of being enamored with the new soma pill of leadership for ‘all’. *How are we all leaders in a system that is built on a model of hierarchy? What does all mean, when the opposite is not evident? How do we respectfully co-exist with others that do not have the same vision?* In view of the rapid nature of change in various organizations, would we even have time to reflect and notice the nature of change, as we react to the change and not realize that we are not the change

agent, but rather that organizational othering has prescribed how change will happen, in advance of our actions and reactions? I do not believe in leadership, not as it is overused and abused, for the sake of solace and comfort, in a growing world of apathy and dis-en-franchisement.

Presthus (1962) suggested that we live in an “organizational society” and I would be inclined to agree. The focus on time and the domination of linear thinking, as prevalent all around us, is evidence of this idea. Presthus described organizations as “miniature societies”, where its members are socialized in a way that is similar to that of society (p. 12). He further stated that just as social structure molds individual behavior and personality, organizations have the characteristics of specialization, hierarchy, and authority that have a similar effect on its members. I acknowledge that I am the “authority” of my perspective only. I perceive a sense of self that is being influenced by and interacting with the world around me, and it is through that perception that I am guided in my approach to the notion of “leadership”.

I perceive the formula of organizational discourse requires a plan and implementation, which requires leaders and followers, thus “surveillance” and “monitoring” are necessary to ensure tasks are completed, programs developed and plans followed through, for the ‘good’ of the organization. Goals that measure outcomes of “quality” and “safety”(amorphous concepts where everything is becoming nothing) for all therefore accrue saturation and leave satisfaction for none. *Do these terms emerge from the fear of liability? The more we change the language to meet increased expectations (from somewhere else), the lower the risk?*

One of the most challenging sections in this writing has been re-presenting the “leadership workshop”. I do not want to go there. I am sick of the language and to bring it forward does not feel playful, humorous, nor does it give me the space to explore difference as I perpetuate sameness and what is by bringing his-story back to life. At the time I witnessed and shared in the process of the workshop, it felt stimulating and I felt I had much to offer in the way of challenge. Now as I look at the data it has become a monumental task to choose what is ‘important’ and ‘according to whom’ with the asides of ‘why and how’.

Cycling Th(rough) Viscosity: Re-Lating, Re-Presenting, Re-Laying Process

In our society any man who doesn't cry at his mother's funeral is liable to be condemned to death...he doesn't play the game. In this sense, he is an outsider to the society in which he lives, wandering on the fringe, on the outskirts of life, solitary and sensual. (Camus, 1942/1982,p. 118)

What I am offering is a disruptive text, where words and ideas are presented as they have found themselves reconfigured and reconstructed from several writings. By me and through me, the words are not personified, but I feel the energy within the ideas is living perhaps as social construct and de-construct. *My intention is to be in(tension) with the text(s). As much as I seek to get words "right" and avoid certain phrases or words that appear en face to be "not what I want to convey", my humanness disrupts my conceptualization of world(s) through words. My hypocrisy knows no bounds.*

I think in gusts and tangents. *I am intense. I feel everywhere and nowhere, silenced by the forces around and within me, my strength dissipates as quickly as it is energized by all that is.*

Blah, blah, blah.

Tangents...

I perceive that the questions I ask are becoming increasingly important and I constantly battle with the layout of the text. For example, making the choice to focus on reflexivity as opposed to how something becomes a story changes the dynamic of the text, yet I want to explore different aspects as my thoughts flow incomprehensibly outward and inward. I notice that my use of 'the passive voice' (thanks to my computer corrector) is also mixed in with the other voices that have been presented. I exceedingly choose to write in a passive voice when I feel distant and when I disconnect from my writing space either in dwelling with the multiplicity of voices of the text or in a form of analysis of the texts. Dictionaries use the passive voice in describing words; the focus thus is on the words themselves. When 'I' is written into a text an opening or space is created for negotiating personal reflection, reflexivity and/or a personal reaction.

Perhaps the “I-it” that Buber (1970) spoke of, has deeply embedded itself and has prevented us from engaging in the “I-you” relationships, or perhaps the I-it has obstructed our vision of I-you creating walls and boundaries around us, othering us from ourselves. Is there an essence? Must there be a meaning? Why must I adhere to theories that are not wholly representative of how I perceive living as humanness? The very focus of a theory is consistency and I am very inconsistent in my thoughts...this is important to me. If everything is theory and everything is policy...what is left? I hold that everything is a matter of perspective (beyond the I-It experience of Buber), and there is space between perspectives that gives us opportunity to challenge ourselves and our relations to the world and other beings. This of course is a conceptualization and abstraction (Buber would likely argue that It has crept into my professed unity of relations...I speak of ‘it’ distantly and without “love” ...perhaps). “Love is the blackest of all plagues and you don’t even die of it,” said the squire to the knight in the film, *The Seventh Seal* (Bergman, 1957).

I do not personify the story as a living being and yet the energy that is unfolding has always been there. I return to my journals from when I started my nursing career, dabbling in a course in religion, spirituality, philosophy and I realize the story was always there building and unbuilding from a flurry of ideas that did not have words. It has been difficult to get to the space of describing my process and explicating what is happening. I feel as though I am the omniscient observer of a dream, sharing a story I only remember as I move from moment to moment, holding onto and letting go what is important in a state of flux, which I can only describe as inbetween. In the recent past, I had been encouraged to search the literature to explore terms and associate my ideas with something out there, a way of connecting and perhaps legitimizing my quest. I am acutely aware that each word is not my own and yet I search for representations of words. I subscribe to aligning myself with the concepts that are authorized or historically texted, because I have learned light through

the notions of dark [my first exposure through Walsch's (1998) children's book, "The Little Soul and the Sun"], whereby my ideas are not in a vacuum and without their own historicity. Historicism is described as "a system of history, whether linear or cyclic" where "each age should be interpreted in terms of its own ideas and principles" (Bullock et al., 1988, p. 387). Caputo (1987) cites Heidegger in his discussions of heritage which were described more as an exploration of "fate" and "destiny", where one "is never merely an individual, for Being-in-the-world is always Being-with, and historicizing is always co-historicizing" (p. 88). How is historicity being in the moment of change? Change is...an illusion and yet as I say this we are becoming and evolving in our imagining of one reality, in my imagining. Change is infinite possibility and endless repetition; sameness and difference perpetuated toward the moments in 'is'. Repetition and patterns are simultaneously opposing each dimension of change with redundancy and habituation.

Time complicates change when thought of as 'non-linear'. If now is over by the time I finish this sentence, where does the moment go if not forward from what was to what will be? Stump and Kretzmann (1996) challenge the concept of eternity where it has been described as atemporality, "analogous to an isolated, static instance" with the notion of eternity: "the condition of having eternity as one's mode of existence" (p. 535). Stump and Kretzmann drew attention to Boethius's definition of eternity as "[T]he complete possession all at once of illimitable life (...) anything that is eternal has life (...); that it has beginningless, endless temporal existence (...) the complete possession all at once (...) neither reducible to time nor incompatible with the reality of time (p. 537-538). The question I hold is when Boethius speaks of spiritual Being (i.e. God as eternal) in an eternal light, do we as human conceive of ourselves in our spirituality and connection to God or other spiritual deification, as eternal beings? Perspective and perception or worldview become forefront in coming to question eternity and the complexity of situatedness.

Because an eternal entity is atemporal, there is no past or future, no earlier or later, *within* its life; that is, the events constituting its life cannot be ordered sequentially from the standpoint of eternity. But, in addition, no temporal entity or event can be earlier or later than or past or future with respect to the whole life of

an eternal entity, because otherwise such an eternal life or entity would itself be part of a temporal series. (...) [I]t does not rule out the attribution of presentness or simultaneity (...), an eternal entity or event as one of the *relata* in a simultaneity relationship. (Stump & Kretzmann, 1996, p. 539)

Stump and Kretzmann (1996) used Einstein's *theory of relativity*, "there is no privileged observer" where "simultaneity is irreducibly relative to observers and their reference frames, and so time itself" (p. 542), to develop their argument. They extended the notion of relativity to their conception of eternal present and time as it exists and occurs all at once as being (ET-simultaneity) "constructed in terms of two reference frames and two observers" (p. 543). "From a temporal standpoint, the present is ET-simultaneous with the whole infinite extent of an eternal entity's life. From the standpoint of eternity, every time is present, co-occurrent with the whole of infinite atemporal duration" (p. 545)

An eternal entity's mode of existence is such that its whole life is ET-simultaneous with each and every temporal entity or event, and so Nixon's death, like every other event involving Nixon, is really ET-simultaneous with the life of an eternal entity. But when Nixon's death is being related to us, today, then, given our location in the temporal continuum, Nixon's death is not simultaneous (temporally or in any other way) with respect to us, but really future. (p. 546-547)

Logic underlies Stump and Kretzmann's philosophical assumptions, even as extended to the notion of God, taking into consideration the principles and laws of science and nature governing human philosophical thought. If in our humanness we value history, do we discount our linear modalities for the belief of historicity and eternity? How are we envisioning simultaneity in the midst of choice and fragmentation of ways of being secondary to the belief in choice, free will and possibility? *I reflect on how I come to these ideas and I realize that the idea of simultaneity comes to me from nursing theory (Parse, 1987), although the idea itself does not 'originate' from the discipline of nursing.* My struggle to accept nursing theory as it is posited in its wholeness, led me to the search of its components/ideas with which I felt connected. I want to explore beyond deductive ways of professed knowledge and expand borders, play on the edges of theory through the concepts and the humanness (different and similar ways of expressing ideas), by which the language of theory (as '*ism*' abstraction and therefore *stasis*) does not leave

space for me to dwell and expand. *Humanness as the flux between language-ism and being in*

Here I seek to look at time/space in relation to process as a moment-to-moment moving and staying still. I feel there is something very valuable in acknowledging how we process our interactions as we are in them. As a nursing instructor (role indicated for purpose of clarification), I challenge students to consider their approach, to step back from/into the situation when they feel overwhelmed by the busi-ness of their environment, to focus on where and how they are in that moment. The eternity of each moment in the illusive temporality of living humanness confounds the process of being/becoming in all possible worlds and in the frame of reference that is perceived as real. How am I in this moment of change and anticipation holding onto this-ness, which is full of potential, letting go as much of my situatedness, constructs and context afforded me to engage in a way that feels unique? This is important.

moments of change is.

Dewdrops

Water capsule full of holding potential

Stillness captured in the moment

Formed in a sheen of reflective light

In this space of being in time

Change and becoming are and are not

I look to Bruce's (2002) writing for playfulness in "stillness awareness" as I seek the moment of holding on-to and letting go-of, through what she describes as "a fleeting opening into content-less awareness" (p. 132). What I realize is that the more I search, the increasingly distant and elusive the 'this-ness' of the moment 'becomes'. *In the cycles of living and experiencing now/not now, are we processing through the mind as 'mindfulness disconnected from awareness of being' as 'is', moving the experience through expression of that experience into 'othered humanness'?*

Noesis: In Husserl: 1) That current in the stream of consciousness which is intrinsically intentional in that it points to an object as beyond itself. The noesis animates the intrinsically non-intentional hyletic current in the stream. 2) A particular instance of the *ego cognito*. Note: in Husserl's usage, *noesis* and *noema* are very rarely restricted to the sphere of "thinking" or "intellect" (however defined) but are rather extended to all kinds of consciousness. (p. 373)

In its perfect correlation between the noesis and the noema, intentionality opens onto a discouraging parallelism; in its patience, however, time is attested or deferred to infinity. And in this awaiting without anything being awaited, intentionality turns back, or inverts into responsibility for another. We must therefore think time and the other together. (Levinas, 2000, p. 141)

When Caputo (1987) used Heidegger's description of historicity as repetition, he described it as a circular movement which aims to produce as opposed to reproduce. Caputo stated, "Repetition aims at not the *actual* but the *possible*" (p. 91). I perceive Caputo's radical hermeneutic (as circular and non-linear) to be consistent with Stump and Kretzmann's notion of atemporality, however, Caputo takes the events/happenings further to a kinetic movement of producing self, therefore constantly in flux. *As I struggle with my process and humanness, I feel I am learning from texts and ways of expressing being where the moments as they change are being captured and released through the language that holds the moment. As I dwell I search down different paths to disrupt the fixedness and it-ness that I seek, so that 'it' remains for long enough to engage in the paradoxical banter and question of 'how' in processing, released back into the flux through each repetition, which simultaneously changes the dynamic in holding and letting go. Poesis becomes noesis and the interplay connects me to other and simultaneously separates me, therefore othering me in my connectedness and separatedness.*

storying in(tension) I want to write this state of being
 I am what I am not as soon as I move
 antithesis of I not I utter it into words
 different from the sum of parts changes into something
 Representation too comfortable with any choice
 Crisis of complacency fundamentalism
 Alienation freedom as an ideal (no choice)
 Anomie (happiness, love... amorphous)
 Facetious face on the outside looking in energy of whole boring
 Alienonomie separate and fragment need black to see white the box shaking me up
 Anonymity interesting closing in on me
 I do not want to speak for others pain and suffering to feel alive
 Anonymously giving myself permission to speak many languages
 relate as social being borders and boundaries are translucent
 relation oneness
 connecting/separating holding onto/ letting go shifting flux moments opening
 unbeginning, unending I perceive inbetween necessary space
 multidimensional gaps between theory and practice perception
 dimensions of multiples blending of lens perspective
 how I/others take up perspectives interpretations dwelling inquiry as a state of being
 needs to be honored and respected keeping it alive
 How expressing Theory and policy need to be critiqued challenge
 experience moving and being still I see the importance of both, but let go in no-choice
 necessary space questioning essence and the meaning of language amorphous wholes and ideals
 disruptive dis-comfort curiosity if everything is experience,
 "matrix of happenings" awareness learning Why concepts
 Laing expectation challenge social situatedness what is left
 process incongruence assumption acceptance humanness questioning omniscient observer
 inconsistency liminality flux inbetween and betwixt
 I want to be clear and succinct as much as I am muddying the waters of
 articulating my position. I don't want to be fixed in my perspective or in my language
 open to expression beyond the language of academia
 situated between concept and experience

dilemma of position and situatedness

amorphous wholes and ideals

“Dilthey [1900/1976] argued that: hermeneutics, the art and practice of textual exegesis or interpretation, is the methodology most appropriate for understanding ‘recorded expressions’ of human existence and experience” (Tappan, 2001, p. 47). At this point, I interject perception rather than understanding as the goal. Understanding in my view, is not possible between self/other, but rather a perception of the experience of selfness and otherness is reflected upon and contributes to the interpretation of the moment as it unfolds through that expression. According to Dilthey (1910/1977) “Exegesis or interpretation would be impossible if the expressions of life were utterly alien. It would be unnecessary if there were nothing alien in them. Thus exegesis lies between these two extreme opposites. It is requisite in every case where there is something alien which the art of understanding is to assimilate” (p. 143/49). I would further that the perception of difference/other is what contributes to the moment of synthesis between what I perceive as self. I see the task of hermeneutics as approaching each moment as a crossroads between self (me/not I and the identity of my selves) and other (perception and reflection of I and not I in difference, separate from what I perceive as myself). A story-ing process, whereby through repetition and flux, I/not I is connecting and separating difference and sameness as perceived through my lens(es), voiced through language, integrating expressions of playfulness, creativity, imagining of how self/other are in the midst of humanness.

Tappan (2001) further cited Dilthey (1910/1976) who described the hermeneutic circle in the following:

Here we encounter the general difficulty of all interpretation. The whole of a work must be understood from individual words and their combination, but full understanding of an individual part presupposes understanding of the whole...[Thus] the whole must be understood in terms of its individual parts, individual parts in terms of the whole....Such a comparative procedure allows one to understand every individual work, indeed, every individual sentence, more profoundly than we did before. So understanding of the whole, and of the parts, are interdependent. (p. 259-256/49)

Reeder (1988) expanded on the different historical contributions to hermeneutics: Schleiermacher (1768-1834) founded a modern hermeneutic that challenged the skepticism of religious interpretation of the text to increase accessibility to all literary texts. "According to Dilthey (1833-1911), the primary task of hermeneutics was to determine the value of humanistic and historical knowledge in such a way that it would meet and challenge the prevailing view that only the natural sciences could provide 'objective knowledge'" (p. 198-199). Heidegger (1889-1976) "extended the nature of hermeneutics from an epistemological endeavor to a claim for ontological significance and universality" (p. 199). Gadamer (1900-) was more practical in his approach to the hermeneutics of what was feasible for the "here and now" and moved to "legitimize the hermeneutic circle of understanding, a primary hermeneutic process, through explication of the notions of dialogue and conversation" (p. 199-200). Ricoeur (1913-) offered the concept of 'distanciation', "Ricoeur (1981) suggest that the initial hermeneutical question be such that 'a certain dialectic between the experience of belonging and alienating distanciation becomes the mainspring, the key to the inner life of hermeneutics (p. 90)" (p. 201). Reeder cited Ricoeur (1981), "as a reader, I find myself only by losing myself (p. 144)" (204). Habermas (1930-) moved hermeneutics toward critical social theory, being more interactive/action-oriented in his approach as a "reconstructive analysis for human science" (p. 202) of how we communicate.

My concern about hermeneutics is that I do not want to lose myself to the text, nor have the text become something greater than the perception of how it came to be created. I do not want to distance the writer or the reader from the text as 'itself' (even when I perceive a distanciation in my omniscient voice, this is simply an acknowledgement of how I feel), rather I strive to connect the text and ideas to the writer, not solely as I/selves (identity constructs), but also as a 'letting go' of those constructs to the moment and energy of being that connects words and sheds their essence. I see the difficulty in this process that is imbedded in the language that holds us to text and sheds the author, or conversely holds the author only for long enough to validate the text as a truism, consistency and contingency on 'knowledges' and 'knowns' that have been prescribed and predetermined. *I struggle with the search/quest for meaning and understanding when I feel the un-knowing and complexity of the illusions of the perceived realities we story. I do not seek to align myself with one method/approach, nor to even align with*

one particular methodology. I perceive the process to be expansive, crossing the boundaries and borders of many realms of inquiry.

Palmer (2002) described the hermeneutic process through the analogy of the liminality of Hermes, who acted as the messenger of the word of God (Zeus), “thus, the early modern use of the term hermeneutics was in relation to methods of interpreting holy scripture. An interpreter brought to mortals the message from God. (§ 1)”. Palmer’s Hermes inhabited “an in-between realm, what Castaneda (1968) referred to as the ‘crack between the worlds’” (§ 5). Hermes, according to Palmer, became an outsider, marginal, in an indeterminate state, in Turner’s (1974) liminal stage “betwixt and between all fixed points of classification” (§ 3); a Greek ‘god of the gaps’ Palmer described Hermes as an interpreter and mediator across thresholds. The threshold or ‘limen’ described by Turner (1977) comes from Belgian folklore. Turner expresses liminality as a “state and process of mid-transition” where luminaries “are betwixt-and-between (...) neither-this-nor-that, here-nor-there, one-thing-not-the-other (...), they transgress classificatory boundaries” (p. 37). Turner uses Csikszentmihalyi’s concept of ‘flow’ to extend his idea of liminality, by stating that the ‘flow experience’ is a merging of ‘action and awareness’, where attention is centered (sometimes through the use of drugs, as in the case of Huxley), “which do not so much ‘expand consciousness’ as limit and intensify awareness” (p. 48-49). Csikszentmihalyi attributed the flow to a “loss of ego” where the “the ‘self’ which is normally the ‘broker’ between one person’s actions and another’s, simply becomes irrelevant, when flow begins” (p. 49)

I was drawn to hermeneutics through Palmer’s article as my nursing research professor (E. Bannister, personal communication, February 2002) guided me in the direction of liminality, based on my description below:

My goal is to look at the interaction between self and other; to connect the universe of possibility and the reality of social organization; to connect our ‘selves’ with how we identify ourselves in the context of this in-between space. I perceive that social organization is one-step away from one’s self.

I go back to my writing and critically reflect on my previous conceptualizations to incorporate my current influences.

By creating this gap of 'in-between' we create a space that is unaccountable and not responsible to 'self'. *How do I allow for an open process, yet also explore How do I convey my ideas without enforcing those ideas on another? whether my process is relevant or viable in the eyes of another?* If I wish to connect and be inclusive, what am I willing to sacrifice to achieve this goal? Is it a sacrifice or is it a view of the world that is not/and either/or, betwixt and between? It should not have to be either/or. *In choice, I create the dichotomy and close the door to inclusivity.* If we speak of worldviews as different, we isolate one from the other in paradox and dualism and thus, open the gap. Sameness and difference, opposites and contrasting ideas need space to ruminate and breathe. Therefore, perhaps the gap between practice/theory, discipline/profession is perpetuated through our human need to perceive the world as either/or, to live the space of challenge and adversity. Whether this view is separate from human as other or inherently whole, unitary and simultaneous, it is through familiarity and sameness that we in the box, speak the language of the box, perceive the sides of the box as limits/boundaries/lines/connections or divisions. Through our perceptions as subjective beings we are situated in a social context of being and interpreting the world through universals as other than, or as separate from, and parts of the whole all summed up and greater than, and no different. We as human, as authority of self and yet selfless, other self and create a space where either/or is perpetuated, where being is other than becoming, where we need dark to perceive white, and where we need other to experience self. *If I am, why must I become? Why is change implicit? Why are notions of increased complexity and differentiation and organization compartmentalized into self, other and other as physical reality? Why does it need to be consciousness or physical reality, why is mind and matter separate, why are reason/rationality/truth distinct from the philosophy and spirituality of metaphysics?* We as humans claim to perceive beyond this-ness, yet we do not comprehend beyond. We have the need to become to be other and to be different, to change.

Power and control are implicit to this way of being in/with/of the world that perpetuates the other of our 'selves'. Is self a matter of identity, association, or is it the ego that id forgot? Self as other speaks the language of betwixt and between, the liminal language of immaturity and transition between the fractures and cracks of oneness and wholeness. What is the point and purpose if not to hope and aspire for different and goals of other than what is? *What of the notions of heaven, ghosts, aliens? As I try to commensurate how my flight of ideas is important to the process of humanness, I consider all the incongruence and unknowns that extend from my*

fragmented thoughts and way of being. How do we all live as one, if the paradigms that perceive of these possibilities are not enmeshed and intermingled, but rather representations of a chaotic whole of 'is'ms? When I play and replay words that fence me in, I 'liminate'.

“Such otherworldliness is usually a sign of alienation from this world, from concrete human society, and from one’s empirical self. This self is not ultimately real; my freedom and unique worth depend on another dimension, which Kant called *noumenal*” (Kaufmann, 1970, p. xxxiii).

Noumena: (or things-in-themselves). Terms used by Kant to refer to the things that underlie our experience both of the physical world and of our own mental states (called by him the phenomena of outer and inner sense) and that are not themselves objects of possible experience. (Bullock et al., 1988, p. 590)

Now I feel extremely confused. What does ‘wholeness’ represent in relation to other?

How can you transcend wholeness, of sentience or otherwise, if that would preclude the possibility of wholeness? Do I want the label of being alienated to justify and simultaneously prohibit the openness of all my interactions and experiences of humanness? *Now the labels and identifiers I seek are becoming my nemesis, confronting my humanness as inconsistency and incongruence in the rawness of uncertainty and un-knowing, and flying in the face of reason and my own internal logic.*

In those early days of graduate education, I struggled to find a language or a box in which I could ‘fit’ my ideas. I clung to concepts that identified my questioning and language that aligned with my musings. I dichotomized space and the in-between, but I recognized the need for an in-between space as both connector as much as a separator. Today (which will be different the next time I read this), I consider the complexity of my process and challenge the need to identity with and legitimize, as much as I want to simplify and connect with what is in boxed worldviews.

I realize that I need to give the reader of this text something tangible with which to engage in this mutual process. I would like the reader to enter into the story in an interactive way, where each new reader and each new reading chooses a new path. Why do I choose so many different representations of other, is this a fad, is this expected or is this me hiding behind a screen of uncertainty? I realize that my wanting the reader to engage differently is futile in that

one engages as one decides to do so, how else do we read if not differently and uniquely with each reading and reader. I write of "choos[ing] a new path" and simultaneously struggle with the concept of choice.

I am the space, its not that I'm in the space. It's not a physical space and it is. It's a conceptual space and its not. It's a space of being. It's looking at myself (*as an omniscient observer, outside myself...my othered self and the experience of this othering is in all the layers*). It is a liminal space, an inbetween space of openness and difficulty, repetitive and perceptive.

The voices and lenses attack me from all angles: "Incremental changes are necessary to have your voice heard. You must be part of the system in order to create change," goes the wordspeak of organizational discourse. A flurry of constructions work through and filter my process, re-organizing my space. "We must label a process and classify its origins. Where do you belong...where do you situate yourself? What is your perspective? Who supports what you are saying? Where did your ideas originate? Support your argument. Find a space where others will support and back you. No idea is original, that is a westernized egocentric version of reality and freedom. The cycle perpetuates itself...identify it. Always remember to make your writing accessible, simplify. Challenge your thinking. There is no middle ground, the world is either round or flat. There is no gap, we are whole and inseparable. Actively listen to the stories of people, they are important. Use this form to ask your questions."

I have the painful realization that on some level I am not unique, because I am human; that these ideas are recycled as I viciously cycle through stages and phases of living out/through humanness, yet it is still important for my process to emerge in a slightly different way (without submerging completely). *Perhaps it is about the energy that I as a human being "carry in my blood" somehow, on a nonphysical level. I don't like the word mindfulness, I'm thinking of awareness (where mindfulness feels somehow less embodied and conceptual), this not knowing, uncertainty, questioning, awareness, searching, being in the moment, being playful, humorous, to get in this inbetween space, which we are/ I am...to get at the labels, through the labels and emit humanness as connecting/separating with a difference.*

The words recoil into the deep recesses of my thoughts...they are always here...Precious.
The mixed messages and double think cross my perception and I am paralyzed. *Am I inconsistent, am I confused? I perceive, once again, that humanness has confounded me.*

When I look at my liminality 'omnisciently' all the layers come together (yet simultaneously, I separate)... all the titles and words, constructs and looking at the experience and the forgetting, it all comes to the centre, goes out, flowing in circles. I've been doing a lot of the forgetting lately and needing to let that go. Amidst the forgetful moment a sort of poesis emerges:

I cannot get to pen/paper fast enough
I want the is(ness) and such(ness) badly
But like smoke the thoughts blur from memory
Dissipating dream
The more I crave the is/such the more the it-ness sets in
Nothing new...so predictable
I struggle...
To remember
...hold onto process
(It) (is) so elusive
SO important!
(It) (is) always important...why have I/we forgotten?
Production of process sets in
In the letting go ...
I have created.

Not all is lost and product simultaneously is lost and is found through process.

I am not exclusive, I'm not in a vacuum, I am socially situated and simultaneously a unique individual, realizing how typical I am. It doesn't feel individual to be in the space of humanness, figuring out your boundaries, identifying who you are; realizing that's not what (it) (is) about. Is it about the greater whole? Why are we preoccupied with the walls and constructs? Maybe, we, as humans, do not desire the whole, how boring would that be...peace, no pain; perhaps we need to suffer to feel human and dwell in the boxes we have created.

Heilburn (1999) wrote: "It is possible that every era and stage in human history has considered itself to be in a state of transition." She describes these experiences as liminal. "[T]o be in a state of liminality is to be poised upon uncertain ground, to be leaving one condition or country or self and entering upon another. But the most salient sign of liminality is its unsteadiness, its lack of clarity about exactly where one belongs and what one should be doing, or wants to be doing." (p. 3) Heilbrun continued that mothers are expected "to follow the logical or common-sense life for a woman: dating, marriage, childbirth, mother. (...) avoid liminality, avoid hovering on the threshold, avoid having to take brave decisions and then having to live with the anxiety and uncertainty those decisions inevitably produce. It is easier to do what is expected of you than to live in 'intensity and suspense' (p. 90). The meta-narrative, like so much else in our current world, has disappeared. (...) [T]he woman detective is undoing the patriarchal structures, bit by bit, and learning to stay on her feet while the ground shifts beneath her." (p. 96)

There can be no doubt that the stationary, conventional place of women, that place ordained by the patriarchy, by male-founded religions, and protected by women who fear anxiety, uncertainty, and liminality, that place occupied by our mothers, will always be attractive to those who would rather be safe than sorry. Yet a life without danger, with no question about what the future may hold is not a life, it is a carefully structured drama, a play in which our parts are written for us. The threshold, on the contrary, is the place where as women and as creators of literature, we write our own lives and, eventually, our own plays. (Heilbrun, 1999, p. 102)

Brehony (1999) wrote: [M]any of us have forgotten our own true natures and the exquisite unity that binds all things together. Our modern world, with its emphasis on materialism, rationalism, and separatism, has lost sight of the cosmos as a coherent whole in which every aspect of creation is vitally related to everything else, and in which each of us is an indispensable part of all that is. (p. 63)

As I read the words of both these authors, the dichotomizing of worldviews challenges me. The crux of my question, emerge from the interplay in the spectrum of humanness. I want not to state that there is a privileged view, but rather that in our infallible way of living as human beings, we are caught in the flux between our goals, desires, beliefs, values and faith in the

whole, as we are situated in the midst of the constructed hegemonic discourses, identities and organizational systems. These very systems have taken us on the path and journey toward the ideals and the hope of something different. In creating, I perceive we are distancing ourselves; an othering that lingers and keeps the gap open, gapping with potential as much as with emptiness. Our necessary space divides us, diversifies and differentiates the simple into complex, which evolves and devolves our nature of being in and of the world, opening to imagining realities, potentials and belief in truisms as knowledge.

When I think about my background, wanting to write about who I am as myself (not as psychotherapy, but not disconnected from the selves I am), my selves...I (*as soon as I use these words, I immediately struggle with the notions of identity and who decides what that identity is supposed to look like in what context*). In this context I am in my humanness, in my inbetween space...I'm not just a grad student (writing about a topic), I think this is an important clarifying point in the muddiness of it all, if I am planning to write down inquiry and not write it up. I am a grad student, I'm a daughter of mixed ethnicity, I am a single family. I want to be "okay" (*I'm okay, you're okay, feels so self-help phenomenon-esque*) with my space of feeling empty (existential or not, constructed or not). I want to be okay (*perhaps it's not a matter of being okay, but rather accepting*) with the uncertainty and the unknowing and that this process will be a product and that's acceptable (*even though the process to product is painful*). Trying to use this process/product as a way to voice my humanness, my liminality (through my liminality) and connect with the whole that represents a flux of sorts (humanly constructed, as we are human).

I am struggling with notions
 identity situatedness alienation
 I see myself outside myself
 I dream
 Omniscient dreams
 I think my dreams
 an awareness of choice
 satisfy our challenges
 complexity of my position
 Is decision about choice or challenging?
 I do not want to use complexity as an excuse
 What is a decision?
 People make mistakes
 unpack my thoughts language perceived chaos fragmentation devil's advocate
 I am a student of life and lived experience.
 (un)hole-y hermeneutic
 sharing stories
 the medium of multi-media textual data representations moment(s)
 evolve from my storied way of being
 stories of being human
 stories that tie in my existential/nihilistic angst
 I am what I am not
 nothingness/emptiness
 we close ourselves to the possibilities
 angst
 humanness dis(comfort) stories of spirituality
 stories unfold in my liminal situatedness
 lead to possibilities
 sessional nursing instructor
 represent layers
 told as I separate graduate student
 thought language moment
 explore
 juxtaposition not as "I,"
 antithesis of self
 omniscient observer state of being
 Continuous Flow
 the continuum
 Hiker talking about passion for trails
 a homeless man died
 Drug abuser talking about the mesmerizing experience of addiction
 Productive member of society
 bullseye
 Next Context
 liminal situatedness
 intention in(tension)
 communities
 Social Beings
 Togetherness
 Deconstructing ways of representation
 circumstance

sacred space small voice that is screaming
 anonymous mouse power of the voices takes over
 text forget what the screaming is about silence
 perceive storied selves shelved
 Sacred stories Rape and pillage the earth aesthetics
 stories within stories identify with the world
 poetic hold on let go form I-it being in and of the world globalization market economy
 poesis poem poetry language gets in the way new language same paradigm reuse compost buy
 poetry advertisement
 all about language
 What does all mean and include?
 nothing is theory everything is policy
 everything is theory nothing is policy normal discourse vulnerable margins
 pre-conceived notions bound by policy margin inbetween middle midst
 faith expectations individual unique de-constructed median between
 let go of belief kill the Buddha amidst meridian
 we are always changing change as an absolute with every breath
 flowing matter and energy mediator in the midst of
 Continuum Fluidity
 situated position a way to grey puzzled
 situatedness black and white puzzle pieces piece
 juxtaposition move movie is through roving lens piecemeal connect
 come from a place become moving movement optical illusion voice that hears connecting
 located space and as though I have been divided I feel fragmented connected
 locatedness kinesis movement into pieces connection
 re-constructing being be divided between all the expectations
 idea of continuous I have of myself others have of me
 becoming seems transitional need to be in the moment distance fermentation
 not static distanciation distance ruminant
 elusive presence disassociation separating fragment light
 sense of separatedness separate reflexive reflexivity

Do demographics make us human?

How are we more than demographics?

specialization theories

separate us

age (developmental)

position

race ethnography culture

how I relate

Situatedness

gender patriarchal dominance feminism

parts of my being?

Awareness

Assumption Expectation

religion

At risk populations

privileges the subject

social economic status

Intention

High risk

degrees of ability

valued for your experience

predetermined response

Simple operation

For whom

how do we challenge fragmentation

system function

complex systems of

Othered Selves converge into structure

program

why are we not showing children

how things are constructed

why do we learn about discourse

power

Turn into

in University

chaos

Humanness

trying to be inclusive

I am concerned about how the words flow together for the reader in my cut/paste pieces. Whom is this for/about? I recognize that each person will focus on different things in the text. While I convince myself that others will choose to engage in different ways and make different 'sense' of the nonsense, I continue to strive for accessibility and acceptance. Perhaps symbols and images other than words will be more meaningful, in place of word/art as supplement to the writings, yet for me, the word is art in playfulness, poesis is stirred and images emerge from seeming disconnections.

I see nothing after my active engagement in the process is finished. I push to use up all the remnants and forage for more wordage in the next batch of writings. What will be will be, the text shapes itself. I do not give an inanimate object life, yet there is something (not 'thing') before the words that lives in the flux between as humanness, before the stasis of text and art is expressed; between experience and expression.

I want to interject the voices of my classmates within the text, because I perceive the process to be 'ours'. Considering my text is disruptive, I want to use first names. I come to realize that I will not use first or second names because the complexity of adding other in text as verbal contributions, needs to have ethical approval to follow through on the appropriateness of contextualizing the conversation and respecting the situatedness of each individual. *I realize how my waves of uncertainty and unknowing influence my comfort and courage in being okay to even name friends and colleagues who have been so fundamental to my process. If it is acceptable to mention individuals who deserve credit in the designated space under acknowledgments, why not throughout the text? The mentors and supports that have shaped my approach and provided sustenance and challenges to my process must be woven into the text, for it is the dynamic flow of thoughts/ideas and comments/feedback that has nourished the energy of the process. The complexity comes in how those voices are adequately and respectfully re-presented.*

My writing has been informed by a multiplicity of sources, circumstances, social situatedness and perceptions of identities. The tricky part is to acknowledge the complexity of remembering and being in the moment, without using complexity as an excuse. I need to be open to the idea that I'm coming from a space and located in a space. All that remembering is tricky when it comes to quoting and sometimes when I write something...I'll think, "is that from me or is the idea coming from someone/somewhere else?" (*methodological question of how I engage in data and what constitutes data*) ...that is the liminal connecting and separating, where I am trying to experience the question, more than simply ask the question (*this is important*).

I resist the notion of data; therefore I perceive my interactions with text and others (through journals, papers, class notes, conversations with classmates and professors, conferences/workshops attended) to be my source of reference for my current writings. What I notice is that as I go back and sift through my streams of thought is that I am creating and imagining new ways of expressing my experiences. Each interaction is different: journal writing is combed from phrases and excerpts that convey and support my cut/paste projects, which then are a different expression of this writing, more interactive and less rigid/structured.

The struggle between identifying self as individual and identifying ourselves as member of society complicates "who benefits and who pays", with the added dimension of "thick and thin needs" based on social situatedness (M. Reitsma-Street, classroom discussion, December 2002). How do we connect the differences while commensurating the in-between of whole as representing 'I' and whole as representing 'society'? *I'm struggling with the possessive and trying to figure out how an omniscient observer connects and separates, while being all that I am not, and I and socially situated...perspective becomes tricky when your frame of reference is labeled and related to other. It is all relative, a matter of perspective of I/society (chicken/egg).*

Why do I choose my journal entries as the “data” for the cut and paste pieces?

The challenging part of naming the method of inquiry is that as soon as you label it “x”, it becomes one thing. The process of inquiry for this text, for example, was very much about tracking a multiplicity of voices and various aspects of texts as each came into the path either connecting by words, experiences, or based on grounds not yet explicit. What occurred as method unfolded in the midst of the journey that continues as it unfolds. As I continue to write, as I write about and create new entries, everything shifts and is potentially altered in a never-ending stream of thoughts and junctures between remembering and present moments.

To explicate is to offer one view at one time in one particular context. Is it necessary or even possible to illuminate meaning (if there is such a thing-ness in all possible worlds) if the intention is to be in(tension) and open to ‘textart’/’artext’, wordart, wordplay? The cut/paste text becomes a new form of expression. Eco (2001) stated, “a text is a machine conceived for eliciting interpretations. When one has a text to question, it is irrelevant to ask the author.” (p. 7) I cringe at the mechanization of the text and of the dissociation from the author. I question motivations to maintain the separate realm of author and text. As Eco continued to draw parallels between his own translated text, being a translator and writing on translation, he extends language to a focus on maintaining the proper interpretations and adaptations. He draws his argument precisely and theoretically (though he explicitly stated he does not offer a theoretical approach), his aim of divulging his experiences in translation are somehow transmuted by the textual discourse to which he adheres. *How important is it to adhere to representation for the sake of the correctness of representation, when interpretation is varied and subject to subjectification?*

The representation of film, color, comic, scholarly, novel/literature, art is engaged in playful and irreverent fashion to disrupt what is easy and expected through the standard forms and policies identified.

“What happens in the gaps and voids and intervals between these imaginary demarcations? What happens as the ‘I’ de-stabilizes – taking on new identities in the interval of re-reading – in the space of a re-petition? (...) And in re-reading my writing I read into the resistance of a paper that is ‘not’ a paper – a slight shift in spatial punctuation.” (Palulis, 2003)

Languaging as languaged

Our languag'ing' turns into language when we move 'being' as 'is,' into the static position of 'is'ms (i.e. terrorism, consumerism).

The space that is taken is now a label, sign and symbol of being that 'was,' transformed into the terminal root of wordage (as a sort of bondage) that is fixed in its historicity, historically.

This also holds 'true' for the 'ed's (i.e. aged, disabled).

When obese became obesity, it was already stagnant as medical diagno'sis' and termin'ology' (terminal and pathological).

Now we are left with roots and endings that provide us with a means to hold on to the word.

The concept de-fluxed as context reconstructs itself again.

The language once spoken 'becomes' 'now' inactivated (now being over by the time I finish this sentence), placed in a histor'ical' context of situated ways of know'ing' ... know'ledge.'

On the edge of what 'is' not in the now present in its history-city/his-story, is now in the was of the time/space continuum.

I spend a lot of energy dwelling on the language. How is it constructive to reconstruct, when it is all just about the words and wordplay? Focusing on the static I am trying to activate, only recreates more static in the form of static-o-city. I have used repetition of more than one quote in my text. How have I re-presented the text, the message, the author(s), and the image that is evoked (different for each witness and witnesser)? How does the reader re-late to each repetition, each plight to see language and art in a different light? I feel repetition in my vicious, viscous cycling, yet in telling and remembering the story, the cycle must present and re-present, unfolding/enfolding the difficult process.

What if change were not an absolute? (Word correction states, "Non-standard sentence consider revising") People do not want to speak this nonsensical gibberish, because we want to confine change to parameters (measurable or not) that give us structure and dimension; change is a means of organizing our chaos. If being is a continual shifting and becoming, change perhaps is a necessary flow that dispels stasis and fixed time/space. What is 'being' if not in the moment of change, whereby being = change? I have a fear of stasis and fixedness, because both seem to be the antithesis of energy and lightness of being as is in the moment and yet what is change if not the opposite of

stasis and fixedness? If being = change, what is becoming? Being is different from change, though the 'is'ness changes at some point in time and all points simultaneously at one 'time.' Our language confines us to speak of 'is' as stasis, where the flux of is-ness is an impossibility. I do not perceive of is as stasis or fixedness, yet my language once spoken limits the experience as it becomes an expression of experience and fixes all that is spoken into a form of 'essence.' If in being we are continually becoming, changing in/at every moment in every breath...what is being (so I seem to need an essence of some sort here...or at least a way of articulating that which cannot be articulated)?

"What is to become of me?" I asked imploringly, when I finished my graduate course work. Our education teaches, preaches and then regurgitates us into the world without anchor or guidance, while creating a dependence on the security of knowledge. Being open to the process is difficult when you have been conditioned to expect results, assume conclusions, and make judgments based on the fallacy of possible conclusions. What are the skills I have to offer aside from asking unending questions? I asked these questions during my studies and surprisingly (or not) my processing and learning led me down new paths of learning and processing and the happenings of living unfolded and enfolded me into moments both different and challenging.

I write bits and pieces by moonlight, flashlight and twilight. It is in the small hours of the morning that my creative energy is opened. Am I dreaming these thoughts?

My story is a web of othered stories, perhaps as a way of getting at my selves and the something(ness) that is not quite meaning, nor essence and ultimately both of these ambiguous concepts. *I return to this text with a comfort of familiarity and the potential to expand in its space. I feel 'okay' in this space and somewhat unstuck with the process; I perceive the expansiveness and contraction around static words and ideas with the potential to represent searching, coming to and falling away in the midst of uncertainty. Richardson (2000)*

proposes a deconstruction of the traditional idea of "validity" whereby there is no single truth, but rather a crystallized image of "infinite variety of shapes, substances, transmutations, multidimensionalities, and angles of approach" (p. 934). The rigor of qualitative research epitomizes this image in creating alternative criteria for assessing the validity of evidence, based on the assumption that there are epistemological differences between qualitative and quantitative research (Avis, 1995). The confusion comes in the array of terminology: authenticity, goodness, verisimilitude, adequacy, trustworthiness, plausibility, validation and credibility (Creswell & Miller, 2000).

Credibility is a replacement for validity in the qualitative scheme of research, where credibility is described as "accomplished only by taking data and interpretations to the sources from which they were drawn and asking people whether they believe or find the results plausible" (Appleton, 1995, p. 995). Credibility takes into account "the researchers' reflection on the research process and the subjects' ability to recognize their lived experiences in the research account" (Avis, 1995, p. 1205). Is it important for my process to be credible in relation to the perceptions of another? I would argue that if I am attempting to connect with others I need to be aware of the need of another to evaluate and judge my work based on some form or criteria that would be useful/meaningful to myself and to another. Here I would state that it would be important to consider the context and intent/sion of the writing in addition to my situatedness, being open to processing as a new form of engagement in inquiry for inquiry's sake. Ironically, my struggle with situatedness and context confronts me as I consider the structures that are imposed around me in my process. The challenge is to ask what do credibility and rigor mean to my process and how do I share and convey my process as a way of connecting and contributing to the body of ideas that are represented 'out there.'

Sandelowski (1986) brings forward the argument that there is a “lack of clear boundaries between qualitative and quantitative research,” where qualitative inquiry is an imprecise and misleading label that is used to talk about divergent research methods, complicated by the notion that each method “has its own rules concerning aims, evidence, inference, and verification” (p. 27). Sandelowski furthered that the artistic approach to qualitative research “emphasizes the meaningfulness of the research product rather than control of the process,” yet there is a tendency “to evaluate those [qualitative] methods against criteria appropriate to quantitative research” (p. 28-29).

Sandelowski (1993) wrote, “There is an inflexibility and an uncompromising harshness and rigidity implied in the term ‘rigor’ that threaten to take us too far from the artfulness, versatility, and sensitivity to meaning and context that mark qualitative works of distinction.” (p. 1) As Sandelowski explores the representation of qualitative research as art, she writes, “Even when confronted with the same qualitative task, no two researchers will produce the same result; there will inevitably be differences in their philosophical and theoretical commitments and styles” (p. 3). Sandelowski describes the challenges of representation being compounded by divergent agendas and goals, where scientific abstractions and generalizations are extensions of the intention of the researcher and thus, the process and research derived from that intention comes into question. I would suggest that as inquiry is taken into the domain of scholarship, a seemingly simple question or idea is shrouded by the structures, and forms of discourse that are embedded in hegemonic ways of knowing, thus sustaining and perpetuating expected results, concurring and supporting the structures that convey those knowledges. “Lay and scholarly syntheses are necessarily different from each other. Because they must adhere to different rules for

representing data and often reflect different purposes, these syntheses may not be consistent with each other” (Sandelowski, 1993, p. 7).

Is nursing as art and science faced with the conundrum of commensurating the differences and acknowledging the challenge of research that takes the middle ground? I consider the ‘middle ground’ to be a form of connecting, but there are purists and theorists who would consider the middle ground a no-man’s land of research that does not adhere to specific standards, rules and consistencies in aligning with paradigmatic views. The idea of knowledge and truth becomes a given in the circles of academic discourse, where the process of ‘coming to know’ and the trials and tribulations of how we get the results we expect are on some level concealed and left undisclosed. Soliciting participants and funding are not issues that are given great discussion, because the research takes precedence, yet the deliberations and difficulties of the researcher take an enormous amount of time and energy, which we as learners are not privy to until we encounter the process ourselves. *You do what you have to do to get by and you play the games that are required of you in order to get to your goals... I am not saying this is unique to the research and academic processes, but I do perceive that we as learners of the process are not guided to recognize and acknowledge the complexities, but rather expected to adhere to the forms, rules and regulations to keep us boxed in and playing the games.*

In my inquiry, I use storied text that is written by various individuals, none of whom I will be soliciting for validation or credibility. *Who do I go to , to validate my approach (if indeed this is required...and who says it is required) and make credible my process? I do not want to seek external authorized views precisely because I need to dis-rupt authoritative texts that dictate and prescribe approaches, creating research for the sake of research, as pre-conceived product. For me, inquiry for the sake of inquiry is different in that it is a searching and re-searching, unfolding/enfolding processing of humanness.*

I am prompted to ask the questions above of myself in my processing (this layer of reflection is expected in academic discourse), as I cannot concede that this work is necessarily significant to another, nor would I contend that this work is rigorous, yet my process is important enough for me to share it in any way that it will be received. I argue that this process is inquiry. My statement of internal rigor, begs the question. “For whose benefit?” and “For what purpose do I write my process?” considering my situatedness in academia and particularly in the discipline of nursing.

The varied and diverse approaches to storied experience emerge from the unique perspectives that each individual brings to the canvas of the process of inquiry. My questions revert to context and intention, as I disrupt both these notions. What am I writing about, for whom and for what purpose? The questions as such become irrelevant to me, as my process of engagement becomes increasingly steeped in uncertainty; process for processes sake, through the lens of I/not I.

Regardless of the details of language that is caught up in the debate over science and its constituents, does there need to be some format for consistency and legitimacy in every process of inquiry? *Is the reader trying to fit the sections into the prescribed, packaged formula to replay what is acceptable?* If I contend that humanness is nursing, does this negate my obligation to the discourse of what is expected of a thesis within the discipline of nursing, as it pertains to the contribution of knowledge, if I do not believe in truth and knowledge? If I have engaged in(tension) with the product through the process, which is not reproducible for the sake of rigor, *is this a thesis?*

How I engage in the process and how I write the process is inseparable. As I forage a path of process I do not perceive how rigor would apply to my inquiry. In my inquiry, I am my own point of reference, as all external influences reflect back to my own interpretation, I do

acknowledge that my interpretation of the writings of others could however be interpreted differently by another and by the writers themselves. *I notice repetition in how I re-present ideas, which is different from the effect of sharing a story and enticing the reader. This form of repetition is juxtaposing I/not I between (i.e. liminal processing) as inseparable, even if the act of writing or storying creates a false division/separation.*

It is my view that in making meaning and interpreting the text through others, the sacred whole becomes data and information for the sake of re-searching concepts, yet somehow this is more than data. To me this is one step away from the person as an objectified sciencing through language and social construct. As Richardson's (2000) crystallized imagery of research illustrated above, however, this is a very difficult process, because interpretation is subjective and there are many factors that may influence, evolve and change the perception of that moment in time that may not appear the same to the participant in their current present.

Through the research text one discovers and produces meaning, where there is a dialectic between parts of the text (sentences) within a context and vice versa (Allen, 1995; Kincheloe & McLaren, 2000). Avis (1995) stated, that it is important to question ontological commitments when making methodological assumptions. He continues, that it is because theory and abstraction of reality in these explanations "depend on the existence of social structures or psychological processes which transcend individual experience" (p. 1204), the hermeneutic circle is a processing whereby the background of history, culture and structure of social context are a co-constituted reality and "indissoluble unity between the person and the world" (Koch, 1995). The field researcher is concerned with reciprocity between the investigator and the subjects being studied, so that something will be returned to the person participating in the

research process, in exchange for the information given (Creswell, 1998). As an inquirer (re-searcher and searcher) who has a pre-understanding and situatedness within the social construct of this reality (Koch, 1995), I bring this knowledge to the research text in my assumptions, expectations and presuppositions. My reflexive journal acts as a form of interacting with the process, 'being with' and making meaning of the experiences that are described by the participant, yet these writings are not separate from the text. *Reflexivity is woven through and protruding its appendages of humanness.* This is an essential element of the hermeneutic circle, which cannot be eliminated or bracketed, as this is the nature of our being in and of this world (Koch, 1995). As a researcher in this process, my perspective on what is investigated and interpreted extends past what is directly stated, goes beyond and work out structures and relations of meaning, not immediately apparent in the text.

I think that qualitative research evokes an awareness of the human subjective reality, yet also paralyzed me in terms of bringing attention to ethical considerations of what belongs to whom and how it is used and interpreted. It made me feel that at each turn I was distorting someone else's reality and truth. On the other hand, qualitative research as science continues to be procedural and fractured in its adherence to the tenets of 'good research' and rigour. In choosing a methodology from traditions that seem to be distinguished merely by language, this appears to be attempting to prove qualitative research that must 'measure up' to the positivist paradigm of quantitative research. I anticipate that as we open ourselves to the process, we will see past this socially constructed way of knowing, and allow for the ontology of inquiry to be its own entity and move beyond this standard of comparison.

What are the Factors that Brought Me to this Point? How Do I Go From Here?

What I am discovering in each re-write and each re-read of my thesis is that my journey is about sharing the layers of process as it unfolds and enfolds through humanness. Processing becomes nebulous, circular and messy. I struggle with situatedness and context as I seek 'what is important.' I feel raw and exposed, conflicted in sharing my narrative and the narrative of others in consideration of how I/other connect(s) with storying experiences and how the 'sacred story' is maintained through (in)tent/sions in processing.

In some instances where translation is necessary, the translated text complicates interpretation thus affecting context and situatedness by the language in which it is housed. I would argue that we contextualize our experience and situate ourselves in relation to other, thereby acculturating our choices in translation.

When I think of how I have been processing humanness, I realize that it is in the recognizing and being aware of the flow and of the flux, that I perceive the spectrum of humanness. *It is a tricky recipe to be in the flux and flow of humanness, because if you have too much of any element (i.e. one side of a paradox, for example, separate-ness) the balance and flow of humanness is disrupted in flux.* In disrupting the flow, there is acknowledgement of the flux of the process of humanness. As human beings, we have the tendency to polarize and dichotomize the opposing forces of our experiences, as much as we have the tendency to generalize what is acceptable or unacceptable based on the rules and boundaries we negotiate for our decisions. Examining the boundaries and the divisions between, I/other, both increased my awareness of the whole and perpetuated the focus on the divisions that maintains separation. I acknowledge that I have perpetuated the norms throughout my thesis struggling with/in the boxes and binaries that make me human, (i.e. through my incongruence and inconsistency) with the aspiration that there will someday be a different way to communicate from our current language and paradigmatic notions of incrementally moving between boxes.

Sometimes my visual boxes are the easy way out of flow. *In the moment, I have multiple thoughts, where habitually, I would tend to go back to similar pieces and align ideas in those sections; instead, I attempt to bring things together in this space. I realize my process continues, which makes it difficult to put a 'cap' on ideas and further exploration. so I continue...*

What I have noticed is that I am seeking acceptance and acknowledgment of my process to contribute to graduate education in nursing and to bring to light the complex dynamics of the teaching/learning process. Overall, as I struggle in the midst of the expectations of how to obtain a graduate degree, I strive to situate and identify myself 'appropriately' with a focus of study. I have recognized that my expectations are conflicting. I seek to express my experience of what it is like to process all the complex information and re-presented perceived 'knowledges,' mixed in with the expectations and assumptions that are put forth via structures and forms of academic discourse, amidst my own interest and inquiry for the sake of inquiry. I perceive that as humans, we seek perfection/expertise/production/knowledge, which is important to notice as much as it is important to identify the processing of what it is to be human (through constructions we acknowledge aspirations toward illusive perfection, as much as through the imperfections of being human). Simultaneously, we challenge ourselves to disrupt the mechanization (what is referred to as

de-
humanization)
of our
humanness. In
the flux of
multiple
challenges,
acceptance is
accepted and
challenged
(and vice
versa) and the
unfolding and
enfolding of
the process is
weaved
through the
interplay in a
with/in

I met with a counselor to seek editorial advice, feeling uncertain about my committee's support, concerned that they had not commented 'enough' on my grammar and flow, with fears that I was being set up for failure for my 'defense.' There was absolutely no evidence of this in my experience, as each committee member was supportive and constructive in her feedback, yet I was fraught with skepticism. As I spoke with the counselor, I began realizing that my fears were based on my presumptions about a conflict between which sets of constructs and rules need/need not be abided by. Where conceptually I was being disruptive and challenging of ideas and some language, I did not extend myself in a consistent way to question all my assumptions and beliefs about my decisions to construct different 'rules' of engagement. The solicited editor commented that he perceived I was seeking feedback within a different set of rules, under which I espoused to situate myself. He furthered that the question was not so much about the proper use of language, as much as it was about how I chose to use language, and what function that language had in how I represented language in process. It was interesting to me that I had not noticed how constructed and embedded the conceptual rules of language had become in my awareness, beyond APA, to my assumptions that there was a correct way (i.e. to be grammatically correct) to re-present disruptive text. While I chose to rupture words, I maintained some connections to APA and some basic grammatical structure to my writing, without being cognizant of how incommensurable my 'rootedness' to different layers of constructed rules was to my processing. The inconsistency and incongruence of my humanness reared its ugly head yet again, through my conscious and unconscious awareness. In my ongoing educational pursuits, I aspire to continue to get at what is important by challenging my current approach to narrative interpretive inquiry through critical reflection on language and philosophical re-presentations of perception, I/other, notions of space as inbetween-ness and situatedness.

embedded-ness layering processing of the process.

When I think of the ebb and flow of writing through the process as it has been written, I am excited to repeat the practice of ‘getting at what is important’ in each moment, before it becomes embedded in importance (a pre-state, which may only exist in my imagining and separating out that which is whole). The challenge I have encountered is in moving via repetition, through the difficulty, where I have worked to interject playfulness through humor and my facetious modalities, as I am learning to be more respectful in my approach. I recognize the complexity of philosophies and conceptual re-presentations of which I am wholly unaware, in terms of historical situatedness. I perceive I have different lens with which to voice my process, by learning to engage in greater depth of analyzing situatedness, identity and construct. Through my inquiring process, my struggle with situatedness and contextualizing experiences became a point of content/sion, confronting academic ideals of integrity, a way of being, which I often perceived as inconsistent and incongruence with humanness.

At times, I speak gibberish and I am more conscious and aware of my challenges and fears of acceptance of the unknown that awaits me. When I feel myself outside myself, I am less inclined to rationalize and explicate the conceptual frames of my thoughts and increasingly struggle to bring myself through stories and humor toward

I consider possible contributions to graduate education, to practice; to my capacity as an educator, as a nurse, and as a constructor of knowledge. What I maintain is that by making my process visible, tangible and malleable through constructed, identified roles, I open the dialogue to the importance of process to the ‘production of knowledge.’ Perhaps it is in the inbetween space where the process is separating from intensification for the sake of inquiry, where we strive to not only situate and contextualize experience, but also to be in the moment of inquiry wholly differently. Perhaps it is with/in these moments of inquiry that we will find a way to explore exponential potentials of energy, through layers of construct and simultaneously acknowledge inbetween space as under-construction.

I do not profess, nor contend that transcending humanness is my aspiration, but I do see the possibilities of disrupting constructions of realities (including my own questions and allusions in this writing), as I simultaneously choose to ground myself in context and situate myself within frames of reference, where I hold onto and perpetuate what is. What I have learned from this process is that it is important to share stories, that it is acceptable (to myself and to others) to express experiences in different ways as a method of challenging constructs and thus continually be open to and become increasingly aware of the flux and flow of the process of humanness.

integrating, being integral, having integrity in my work and in my journey. Being intimate with

my ideas, I then cycle through the process of disrupting those ideas. I feel I was missing the hole in my whole, which begs the question, "Can I be intimate with nothingness and wholeness?"

In terms of lenses as re-presented through different paradigmatic views, I perceive that just as disciplines go through phases of adjustment (i.e. inter/multi-trans-post disciplinary); there are possibilities for using different languages to negotiate connections in ways other than worldviews. My frameology does not house the perceptions or awareness of different at the moment, perhaps one day the incommensurable will be commensurable in relation to rules and ways of knowing/conceiving that are different, multiple, or conversely, rules made obsolete based on our current conventions, which I would not need to communicate, through language as I have learned it.

I interpret texts according to my own flow, through which I peel away context and situatedness of other in the process of inquiring; that I challenged my aspiration of maintaining the sacred text and connectedness to the author, may have led to mis-re-presentation. I disrupted and played with the notions of ownership and power, and I learned a lot about my education in re-processing all the information that was presented to me, by decontextualizing, unpacking, un-layering and playing with texts/ideas/representations, I had the privilege to encounter through my academic studies. By rebuilding from the 'roots' or foundations that fluctuate and shift, I learned to be flexible in my language and to re-present ideas and expressions of experiences in less of a linear, clustered way.

I notice that my struggle with context and situatedness at times is in alignment and frames my grounding, in other moments shifting my foundation in the flu, 'stripping' or peeling a/way' my perceived notion of context. As I attempt to connect and separate intens/tion with other, there are choices to be made regarding which layers are important to maintain. I play with words, frames and context, keeping my roving/omniscient vantage point of interpretation transfixed on fleeting moments of situational circumstance, where I challenge my ideals of maintaining wholes and sacredness in the midst of multiple layers/lens of expectations and assumptions. I realize that the recipe despite the same/similar ingredients will never be processed and contextualized with/in, as it is with/out and othered.

I see where there are potentials to shift this writing to be more specific and delve further into the reading and the writing through the flux, to focus on my location and the method. Perhaps I will come to disrupt this text through dissolution of what I thought was important in

the context of a different moment, I continue to make choices about what and how I ‘take up’ and layer in re-presentation. I am very interested to see what would become of my re-reading of my processing of my writings, disrupted with a different lens of time/space and intent/sion. I want to hold onto the searching and seeking of the path unknown and uncertain, following the path of stories and different writings where new ideas and definitions are found, propelling me in multiple directions, through a maze and matrix of happenings and mutual learning process with other(s).

In describing my process of getting at ‘what is academic’ and ‘what is a thesis,’ I work to disrupt standard ways of re-presenting and exploring ‘what is important’, for example, I struggled with assumptions and expectations of my location. Through visual re-presentations from my thesis/non-thesis, I shared my expressions of humanness. Using cartoon images, film dialogue, words cut/pasted in different configurations on the page, along with the use of different fonts and text boxes, layers of voice and expression of experience were playfully interlaced to add dimension to narrative-interpretive re-presentations of inquiry. In the moments of reflecting on ‘how’ I came to process through my different voices, I came close enough to what I felt important to let go and to continue through circles of stories, viciously/viscously cycling with/in processing. At times, processing did not feel playful, which was when I used different expressions to interject humor and to ‘clarify the muddy’ with illustrations of how others have storied their experiences. I acknowledge the difficulties in aligning myself with other as I attempted to

create a necessary space of inbetween-ness reflective of I/other, connecting and separating in the flux/flow of

It is the frame of reference, but more so, the questioning of the ‘frameology’ that holds/moves inquiry. Like a picture captured in the frame of the mind’s eye, moments are held in memory even when the picture is gone, but what keeps the memory alive is the story in its many incarnations and re-productions. I repeat my incantation, questioning if it has become my mantra. Is my method what holds me and fixes me to structure and product? I revert to my concern over naming anything (i.e. method), yet I am expected to defend my process through language and explication of my approach.

difference/sameness. As I considered how processing is important, I came in contact with layers of constructed ways of knowing and expectations of format/product, which challenged how processing happened.

As the master of no-thing/nothing and the authority of myself and not I, I continue to venture and meander through truisms, absolutism, and ways of being that are professed to be based in particular structures/forms of knowledge and ‘understandings.’ I connect and separate with the unfolding/enfolding language and exploration of ideals of meaning and essences. I go with my intuitive perceptions, on some level, to accept my curiosity, uncertainty and imperfections, opening to the necessary space between opposites, challenging incommensurability with possibility.

I am tiring of the word ‘*process*’ and I should perhaps consider letting it go, yet this may be the ‘risk’ of repetition, in getting at what is important, whereby the construct of that importance falls away. The practice of writing and rewriting, getting at what is important, has been an invaluable process (*even when I question, “have I already written this idea,” for the umpteenth time*). What I notice is that I am integrating my theoretical learning, storied and other expressions of experience (i.e. film, poetry, comics), into my practice as a nursing instructor. *Here I use situatedness to exemplify specifically how I engage in process, yet immediately I feel I have boxed in process where product would soon follow in the form of a learning activity of some sort.* I have learned that how I engage with the philosophical assumptions of the curriculum put forward by academic institutions is not separate from the work I share here. I am realizing the importance of processing through my current practice. Thus, what has become important is to integrate my approach into my practice and challenge the curriculum and students who use the language of the curriculum, to get at what is important, in my case I describe my approach as processing humanness. *Would students ‘turn up’ their noses at me, just as I have witnessed them doing toward conceptual discussions in our group workshop meetings. I notice the difficulty of connecting theory to practice in a way that is meaningful to students, in relation to what they witness in their practice settings. How do I find the inbetween space of openness to interject processing that is important to individuals and groups, in unique and useful ways? Is it possible to illicit processing when readiness to learn and receptiveness are not linear and measurable,*

based on standards of evaluating efficacy across parameters of diversity amongst individuals, and across time and space?

My process continues as I currently situate myself inbetween the academy and the institutions of practice, where I am privileged to share in the journey of students as they interact in relationship with others (persons they serve and colleagues with whom they work) through the structure of organizational discourse. I take Campbell's descriptions in her article, "Knowledge, Gendered Subjectivity, and the Restructuring of Health Care: The Case of the Disappearing Nurse," through my own lens of processing. Campbell argues that the "conceptualization of what nurses do, like the earlier classification of patients by care requirements, is a necessary precursor to innovations in nurses' work organization that is designed to make nursing more objectively manageable, more cost efficient, etc." (p. 191). Campbell challenged this "narrow and technocratic view of nursing," which she stated, "eliminates the nurse as subject of her knowledgeable and intelligent actions." In her article, Campbell described how documentation organizes nurses' work and affects how nurses approach their working relationships. I would concur with Campbell's assessment of organizational discourse in relation to nurses' work. I would further state that the challenge begins at the level of nursing students, who through their outlined curriculum (*with which I am beginning to become familiar in one particular context*), are being constructed to begin the process of diminishing certain aspects of their voice. As students are being inspired to be 'change agents' and structure their narratives in particular ways (i.e. as a professional). I would like to explore how our roles as professionals, our policies and practice could increasingly integrate humanness in the midst of standards of professional organizational discourse.

Some ongoing questions to consider: Who writes policies and theories for practice and how far removed are policy makers and theorists from practice? Who would be best suited to share policies and theories on multiple levels of government and organizational implementation? Where are the gaps between those who create policy/theory and those who use policy/theory in day-to-day interactions and how might this gap be lessened, or peopled, in a way that connects the layers? In my Studies in Policy and Practice (SPP) courses we discuss these questions, yet ideas of change to policies and standards continue to be maintained external to who we are, written up for the collective, distancing our personal responsibilities which are written down in

linear and normative views of the world. I am not advocating pro-individualism nor pro-collectivism; I am however, considering the flux and disruption of how both come together in inbetween spaces of openness to create imagining of possibility. *I feel 'flowery' as I write these words.* What is interesting is that when I feel trapped or committed to a position; abstraction emerges to soothe my conundrum, simultaneously distancing me from the 'real' construct to the 'ideal' construct. Is this how the illusive gaps and illusions of fragmentation are created and maintained (i.e. discipline/profession, theory/practice, and mind/body/spirit)? *Would we allow the power differentials that sustain our boxes and fragmentation to be negotiated, when we have a vested interest in maintaining the difficulties as they are? We maintain the difficulties of living in the flux as living humanness, as we fight between what we have become and our ideals/imaginings/possibilities of difference, paradoxically, holding onto the sameness we are.*

Documentation is one avenue to explore in expanding the possibilities of process humanness. I consider our documentation in the healthcare setting to be a space to challenge being 'objective' and non-biased, by opening to and integrating our intersubjectivity, experiential way of being, co-created in moments of humanness. For example, could not the individual/family who is receiving care and is willing and able share their storied experience (actually do the write up or tape their story of why they present to hospital) in our 'official' documentation? I perceive it would be possible to be respectful, more consistent, and less bothersome if we only gave the individual the opportunity to have an equal share in how they perceive their situation from the outset and throughout the process of hospitalization. Would actualizing client-centered care in this way then challenge the environment in which we practice, and thus lead to a renegotiation of levels of interest in benefits/costs (i.e. economic interests of pharmaceutical companies that influence the research that is deemed important)? *Do we value the ways in which we are to the extent that we never will the change we aspire toward? Do we manifest ourselves in our incongruence and inconsistencies to maintain the tension of living in the flux, thus bringing forward the uniqueness of our storied selves that never quite fits with the whole, as we attempt to emulate perceptions of wholeness from our point of view?*

What happens when we are expected to release our story to another, who then creates a different version (each transcription and write up can only be different) of what 'actually happened?' Do our stories become gossip and hearsay; released from our sphere of influence and control to external representations of ourselves, to 'the system?' How do our stories get taken up and then transformed through policy to create new policies that represent a space for sharing of

stories and simultaneously move to close the avenues of 'writing up' what is valued by particular paradigmatic and theoretical frames of reference? Do we want to increasingly humanize and personalize policy? What are the implications of such a move and is it possible in the juxtaposition of individual and societal needs? I see potential in asking these questions and being aware of the multiple layers of how we choose to integrate our humanness into the formation, implementation and documentation of our interactions through the lens of policy, theory and practice.

I am having multiple conversations with student nurses about the difficulties of 'caring too much' and 'not caring at all' and 'how involved or attached to get,' in the margins of journals of critical reflection, as an aside to the main conversation with apologies for 'rambling.' It is my impression that as students increasingly perceive themselves as professionals, they are faced with challenges of becoming increasingly separate from the 'selves they are' in complexity, depth and imperfection as they are schooled to align themselves with nursing practice standards and become the role of 'a nurse.' In this way, for example, I see that 'a nurse is a nurse,' and our voices are not encouraged but rather sculpted into a professional mode of rules and regulations, where 'how I am' is questioned and discriminated based on prescribed expectations and assumptions of 'how I interact in a nursing interaction or professional relationship.'

I see the value of how we are in relationship, how we are situated differently, in unique situations and in different contexts is important to acknowledge. However, just as in the case of being 'truly present' is put forward in the human becoming theoretical approach, described by Parse (1998), the opposite extreme of idealizing relationships may be difficult to aspire toward in our humanness, through the layers of who and how I am present with another. The approach used and strategies employed, which are constructed through curriculum, need to be questioned and challenged, based on how we are different from and more than the role of a nurse (idealized or otherwise), while honoring how far we have come in identifying nursing as an "academic discipline and practice profession" (Northrup et al., 2004, p. 55). It would also be important to continually re-assess how important our scope of practice is to the people we serve and protect and to the organizations to which we subscribe.

What I have also become interested in is nursing students' perceptions of their curriculum in relation to their situatedness as being transitional between student and registered nurse. There are layers to this transition and I would further like to explore these layers through hermeneutic

phenomenology and/or narrative interpretive inquiry mixed methodologies. I would also like to explore how this experience is unique to the individual and how it may be similar on an international level, taking into consideration different contexts and the impact of globalization on educational practices and trans-cultural issues in nursing education.

Through reflection on the process, I connect to the othered-ness around and with/in and take responsibility for my feelings and perceptions, remembering to acknowledge the growth of how far I have come and how much farther I will continue to grow. I hold onto my struggle of choosing a research question as I regurgitate that there are no questions and only answers. For the longest time I did not feel the energy of the questioning, nor the connection to my process. I held everything 'out there' at arms length for judgment and assessment, omnisciently observing and documenting my path. Ironically, I realize I am only beginning to connect with my othered-ness and thus my humanness in all its complexity. My own acceptance, more than the acceptance of others, ob(li)vivious to my awareness of conceptualization, I did not feel.

Rather than seeking meaning, understanding, and essence, there is an inexplicable way of being that incorporates all the words and practices I refute. Being at peace with the ugliness, frustrations and disappointments of the responsibilities that are all of ours collectively in systems and organizations of othering and simultaneously being individual in the unique expression of my experiences and perceptions, long to be me, unauthorized and un-owned, open to awareness. Overall, I notice the unbeginning and unending nature of processing. As I continue to disrupt and reflect on the layers of unfolding and enfolding, connecting and separating as I/other, I feel the flux and flow of humanness and I perceive that what is important is processing the moment of inbetweenness. It is a tricky and a fine balance of inbetweenness, where leaving necessary space for stories around and with/in, creates the caveat for new learning and processing. I feel privileged to share my process and I am excited about the journey. *Does processing ever need to be let go?*

It is interesting that at this particular juncture I feel, more than perceive/ take notice that my process emerges as I re-read and add layers, expanding my story in the inbetween spaces exponentially in the unbeginning/unending. I state the obvious and yet feel I have been ob(li)vivious in integrating this perception into my being as more than conceptualization. Particularly, I feel the connection in a different way, encouraging me to question how for me, perception is different from feeling.

As I realize this text is re-presented in unavoidable linearity, I want badly to make perfect my ending. I remember that much of my important writing has fallen through the cracks in the illusive abyss of conceptual gaps. Why did I let go some of the processing and yet hold onto other crude bits? Perhaps what I have not let go here in this text is what needs to be let go to an exponentially different and diverse ob(li)viousness of what is simple and present in the moment happening and being. I acknowledge I am not yet where and how I am and simultaneously have always been so. By story-ing my experiences and perceptions, I am increasingly aware of the importance of my processing. Perhaps this writing will not resonate with anyone else. Perhaps it is okay for this writing to be about me.

*Quoting myself
from my defense,
"I'm trying really
hard to create a
shaky foundation
on which to base
my work."*

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