

Human Transformation:
Disruption of the Hegemony of Consciousness

By

Philip Kenneth Montgomery

M.A., University of Victoria, 2002

B.Sc., University of Victoria, 1999

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

DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY (Interdisciplinary)

in the Department of Curriculum and Instruction

and the Department of Psychology

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Abstract

This dissertation is a narrative unraveling of a process of human transformation that interrupts the psyche's propensity for creating the conditions for suffering. The self privileging of ego consciousness is posited as the origin of suffering. Temporary relief from suffering is accomplished by bringing forward the content of the unconscious.

The condition that allows the content of the unconscious to come forward is disrupting the boundary separating consciousness and the unconscious. This boundary is established when reprehensible content regarding the self is repressed by an ego consciousness that thereby privileges itself. Disruption of the boundary separating ego consciousness and the unconscious allows for reintroduction of the previously repressed content to consciousness. As the boundary fails and ego consciousness is dethroned, unforeseen yet yearned for knowledge becomes available to consciousness thereby initiating the possibility for transformation and hence the momentary release from suffering.

Implicit in this research are assumptions of self-motivation and self-organization that configure a theory of autopoiesis or self-making. Observed and observer selves are continually reshaped through continuous interaction in the psychosocial and physical environment. In this study this interaction is made visible through autobiographical narratives in which participant selves each demonstrate and share the insight of observer and observed. This narrative interaction is the simultaneous accomplishment and display of the process of human transformation.

This transformation is always only momentary. It is a single moment in the ongoing expansion and contraction of the human psyche. Each transformative event reduces the potential for being irretrievably caught in continuous suffering. Each temporary release from suffering is a waypoint on the pathway of self-realization.

The transformative process as presented in this study goes beyond existing accounts of consciousness change found in the annals of psychological methodologies, although Jungian terminologies are borrowed to describe loosely shared conceptual constructs.

The aim in employing autobiographical narrative is to portray this elusive process as it is experienced including all its subtleties and nuances.

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Acknowledgements

The inherent difficulties in production of nontraditional scholarship require patient and trustful support. I am thankful to my committee for their contribution of these unusual qualities.

Pursuit of a topic that invited transformation of both research and researcher required the guidance and patience of an exceptional supervisor. These gifts were afforded me through the grace of Antoinette Oberg to whom I will be forever grateful.

Part I

Preliminaries

Introduction

The initial purpose of my inquiry was to seek the conditions for disrupting a dominating consciousness and in the process, explore how the compulsion to reestablish this dominating consciousness might be resisted. My exploration led me to understand that this dominating consciousness was the well-spring of suffering. My attempt was to understand, and possibly disrupt, human suffering (mine included).

I view consciousness as an autopoietic assemblage of images into ideas. Image impressed upon image are hobbled together into a meaningful internal narrative that passes for understanding. Lack of awareness of potential discrepancies within this assemblage, strengthened by a reluctance to pursue alternative interpretations, invites pernicious understanding. Unchecked, these psychosclerotic tendencies (hardening of the attitudes) evoke a dominating consciousness that believes that what I think, see, hear, say or sense actually exists in the way that I perceive it and must therefore exist in the same way for everyone.

This dominating consciousness invites the conditions for human suffering when continuously forcing meaning upon events that disregards contrary information. Relief from this suffering is afforded by a disruption of this domination, which is accomplished by questioning the demand that what I think, see, hear, say or sense actually exists and must therefore exist in the same way for everyone. Questioning this state of knowing introduces the possibility of alternative as yet unknown interpretations, thereby introducing a tension between knowing and unknowing. Resisting the compulsion to escape the tension destabilizes the boundary between knowing and unknowing. Increasing the tension beyond the breaking point shatters the dominating practice thereby unshackling human potential from the chains that

embed human thought in psychosclerosis. Into the afforded space floods previously unforeseen knowledge offering freedom to metamorphosize beyond preconceived notions of limitation, thereby reestablishing the possibility for self-transformation and human growth.

When I took up an inquiry into suffering I had no idea that the possibility of transformation would emerge. It is only through my exploration of the disruption of a dominating consciousness, requiring a disruption of the boundary separating consciousness and the unconscious, that self-transformation and human growth have become possibilities for me. In hindsight it makes sense that this would be so, but during the initial stages of my research I had no idea this was where I was headed.

When the domination by consciousness is established, discrepancies in the internal narrative are ignored. Making these discrepancies conscious establishes the condition for the disruption of the meaning-making function of consciousness. For this project to be successful I had to work to undermine my own dominating consciousness. The paramount difficulty was allowing the threat to my establishment as meaning-maker and hence arbiter of the actions of myself and others to persist. I consistently saw this as a surrender and as an act against what I believed was my own self-interest.

Semetsky (2004) describes a related process, which she calls the “integration of the unconscious into consciousness”. However, whereas Semetsky champions an integration of unconscious elements into consciousness I suggest that the unconscious is better utilized undermining the dominating ego-consciousness. Disrupting the boundary separating consciousness and the unconscious is not an attempt to inform consciousness of the nature of its own unknown, but to destabilize consciousness as it concretizes the psychic landscape in its territorial conquest to establish the meaning of experience.

I began this process by initially compiling texts from a number of my own discordant sites and psychic states and then scrutinizing and contrasting these texts. Mapping the areas of contradiction, confabulation and dissidence within my psyche revealed the locations where disruption of my dominating consciousness was possible. Holding open the discrepancies weakened the boundary separating consciousness, as the arbiter of all experience, and the unconscious, as repository of self-contradictory information, thereby threatening the privileging of consciousness. As the boundary failed the dominating effects of consciousness were destabilized thereby opening the possibility for self-transformation and human growth.

Key to the establishment of the conditions for self-transformation and human growth is the disruption of this hegemony of consciousness. I map this disruption in this dissertation

Theory

The terminologies I find most aligned with the concepts I am trying to describe are Jungian. I use these concepts, albeit in modified form, because there are many experiences that Jung describes that mirror my own, although my (re)search has taken me beyond the confines that Jung (1991) postulates such that I have found experience outside/beyond the conscious/unconscious interaction is possible. Jung's formulation is as follows:

When one reflects upon what consciousness really is, one is profoundly impressed by the extreme wonder of the fact that an event which takes place outside in the cosmos simultaneously produces an image, that it takes place, so to speak, inside as well, which is to say, becomes conscious....

Theoretically, no limits can be set to the field of consciousness, since it is capable of indefinite extension. Empirically, however, it always finds its limits when it comes up against the unknown. This consists of everything we do not know, which, therefore, is not related to the ego as the centre of the

field of consciousness. *The unknown falls into two groups of objects The first group comprises the unknown in the outer world; the second the unknown in the inner world. We call this latter territory the unconscious (P. 3).*

Ego, as the centre of the field of consciousness, or ego-consciousness, arises during representation of events. Image upon image is layered into an internal narrative, although this act of narration, in the representation of an experience, is not a perfect retelling of the event. Confabulation of the symbol with the object influences how the object must appear. Ego-consciousness comes into being when the internal narrative forces meaning upon the event itself. This illusion generating narrative becomes both progenitor and interpreter as ego-consciousness spills out into the psychic landscape believing that what I think, see, hear, say or sense actually exists and must therefore exist in the same way for everyone. Ironically, the task of ego-consciousness, in the service of transformation, is to find and destroy the progenitor of this illusion, which is of course, itself.

Ego-consciousness arises not from the sensation that occurs from being in an event, but from the act of interpreting or ‘making sense’ of the event. This meaning making is afforded by the slight ‘manipulation of time¹’ in which alternative interpretations are kept at bay while ego-consciousness constructs the meaning it takes as true. By symbolizing the event in an image of its own making and convincing itself that the internal representation is the actual event itself, ego-consciousness privileges itself at the cost of engaging in the fluctuating interplay of outer events and inner experience.

The unconscious comes into being as the repository for the content that is reprehensible to consciousness; namely the awareness that my understanding is illusory. The unconscious is not egocentric; its task, like the task of ego-

¹ Consciousness ‘manipulates time’ by suspending observation while generating a self-serving attenuation of events, then reengages observation as if the suspension never occurred.

consciousness, does include the symbolic representation of content, but for a very different purpose. While ego-consciousness uses symbolic representation to privilege itself, the task of the unconscious is to disrupt and destabilize ego-consciousness by reintroducing the reprehensible content to consciousness, which it does in symbolic form, most dramatically as dreams.

If this interplay between consciousness and the unconscious remains one-sided such that consciousness continues to privilege itself by dismissing the content of the unconscious, a tension develops within the psyche that manifests somatically; when the constituents of the psyche are in conflict the effects are played out in the body. To release the psyche from this tension generating practice ego-consciousness must have its illusions, which are created by the adroit manipulation of time, disrupted. The notion of time as sequential and continuous is a property of ego-consciousness; in the unconscious time is non-linear. When the boundary separating ego-consciousness and the unconscious is removed the belief that time is sequential and continuous is confronted by the non-linearity of time as utilized by the unconscious. When the illusion of linear time is removed from the workings of ego-consciousness the interplay of outer event and inner experience is established. While the notion of time as sequential and continuous is necessary for the operation of ego-consciousness, this confabulation is detrimental to the possibility of self-transformation and human growth.

In order to preserve the illusion that experience and event are the same, ego-consciousness tries to ignore the unconscious and keep it separate. When the contents of the unconscious succeed in penetrating ego-consciousness, the boundary between the two is destabilized. If this boundary is disrupted the contents of ego-consciousness and the unconscious permeate each other, further weakening the structure by which ego-consciousness and the unconscious are separated. This threat to ego-consciousness results in an overwhelming somatic and psychic experience as ego-consciousness attempts to reestablish dominance. This experience is often treated symptomatically. The tendency is to reestablish ego-

consciousness as the dominating factor as quickly as possible, depending on the social and cultural influences at work on the psyche. If this option is not exercised and the internal tension is allowed free rein then the conditions for self-transformation are in play.

Autobiographical Narrative Methodology

The choice of autobiographical narrative inquiry, wherein my lived experience as a researcher is the site of exploration, evolved as the appropriate methodology as my study unfolded. After developing the understanding that in order for my inquiry into disrupting states of knowing to be successful *I* had to embrace a methodology of disrupting states of knowing, I realized I was the site of my study and that I was, and always had been, engaged in an autobiographical narrative inquiry. Only from an insider location as afforded by autobiographical narrative methodology was it possible to mine the self-limiting subtleties buried deeply within my own protective layers. It was important, to remain ever-mindful that while I was the site of my study I was not the topic, that when I am talking about myself I am also talking about the condition of the human psyche.

The tools required to successfully pick away at an ever shifting psychic landscape were the necessities for trust in the eventual emergence of a defensible topic from the pursuit of a deeply held personal interest and the ability to continually discard assayed knowledge as an end point of understanding. The capacity to acknowledge that penetration of any layer of self-limiting substrate will reveal a harder layer beneath tempered any belief that self-knowledge was assayable. Penetrating this nonmalleable inner material tempered each penetration with information regarding not so much where one had traveled, but more how one travels. The subtlety of autobiographical narrative methodology is less the acquisition of new knowledge and more the acquisition of different ways of knowing. This document is a mapping of coming to a new way of knowing.

The following is an explication and portrayal of this methodology, whereby I employ narrative inquiry to demonstrate how narrative inquiry proceeds. That is, I narrate an event that shows the egocentricity of the internal narrative and the conditions by which this ego-consciousness might be disrupted. I choose to speak in the present tense and from a place of unknowing in the midst of an inquiry. In this narrative, the particular strategy that ego-consciousness employs to build its case is to speak from the site of the other. The account includes doubts about the spuriousness of my conclusions and attempts to counter the tendency of ego-consciousness to establish its point of view as foundational for the rest of the world.

An Autobiographical Narrative Demonstrating Narrative Methodology

I was asked to give a short presentation of my research methodology at a seminar². The seminar was a celebration of a researcher who had also been invited to present his current work and preside over the two day event. I decided to use the guest of honours most recent work as the platform from which to launch my methodology presentation. The following section includes the text of my presentation and an account of the events that transpired.

Presentation Text

When I first read the paper 'The Weakness of God: The Theology of the Event' I had a reaction. This is not unusual for me. I need to react. If I do not find something to react to I tend to get bored and then I get dismissive. It is not that I am pessimistic. On the contrary I hope to be challenged, if not moved, by the work of others, it is just that I am so often disappointed. The foundation for my disappointment was originally a perceived contradiction. I have a tendency to notice contradictions. As a child I frequently noticed contradictions in the

² Implications of Radical Hermeneutics for Research Methods Seminar with Dr J. Caputo, School of Child and Youth Care, University of Victoria, Victoria, BC, April 21, 2006.

behaviour of adults, especially when they wanted me to do something that I showed a reluctance to do. When I pointed out that their request was in some way contrary to their own behaviour I was usually met with some egocentric response like "I am the adult" or "you'd best do that if you know what's good for you" or the classic "do as I say not as I do". This sort of admonishment left an indelible impression. I know this because after 20 years as a commercial fisherman, negotiating with those charged with protecting and preserving the fishery, the most profound learning I have come away with is the awareness that whenever someone says they are doing something that is for my own good I immediately try to find a corner to back into and resist. I have tuned my radar to be acutely aware of prescription. By prescription I mean a statement whereby someone is telling me that it would be better if we or I would see the world in some manner that befits their vision for the world.

When I first read our guest's paper I believed there was an admonishment to conjugate the power of the privileged with the life of the disenfranchised. I do not have a problem with the leveling of the playing field. My concern comes from the sleight of hand by which someone suggests that this is something that I should do. (You will remember my previous comment regarding looking for a corner to back into). My irritation comes from the perception of being asked to become a foot soldier in a war based on another's desire.

In this case I feel that my irritation is justified. I believe I have found the contradiction that I am seeking; yet there is a problem. It is as if there is some leftover energy from my mental gyrations that I do not know what to do with. I am left with a tension. I have experienced this tension before, and interestingly enough, it is this tension that is the cornerstone of my research methodology.

This tension used to be the demarcation point for verification of my sense of irritation, a sort of self-justification for my understanding of the ills of the

world, usually translated as “be reasonable, see it my way”. You can imagine where this self-indulgence has led: to precisely the condition I am always trying to escape, a time of acute dis-ease perpetrated by my self. I think the Buddhists are using this as an algorithm for achieving *Dukkha*. I believe they are calling it the Phil Montgomery recipe for suffering, although I have yet to see any royalties.

After extensive self-examination I have come to a conclusion regarding my tension. I have a choice. I can rationalize my observations thereby concretizing my beliefs and suppressing the tension, or conversely, I can acknowledge and remain open to the tension. This sets up a very interesting dichotomy. On the one hand, when I shut down the possibility of alternative interpretations, I subject myself to the scourge of psychosclerosis or 'hardening of the attitudes', a pervasive yet grossly under diagnosed disorder. On the other hand staying open to the tension has the short-term effect of making my life very difficult but in the long term offers remarkable outcomes, and so I have committed to this latter difficult path as my research methodology.

My way of working a subject (and I do not mean working with a topic, at least not at this point) is to follow the tension my irritation produces. I do this by recording the stories of coming to the tension. I then let the narratives work themselves, while they also work me. I know the narratives are working themselves because the story begins to unfold. I know I am being worked because of a felt-bodily-sense. When the tension increases I know I am moving toward something important. By the use of this autobiographical narrative method I come to the topic of my inquiry.

In working this tension I become hooked into the interplay between what I have come to see as ego-consciousness, or the need to be right (sometimes known as the power-hungry-ego), and that which remains untenable to ego-consciousness, the information that remains hidden or what I choose to call the

unconscious. This battle, and it really is a battle, is the interplay between consciousness, as the privileged arbiter of experience, and the unconscious, which is the repository of the content necessary to disrupt the privileged, yet self-limiting, status of ego-consciousness. As this battle intensifies I narratively record everything related to the tension.

Working the tension-generating thread, usually by noticing and keeping open any contradiction, pushes the ego up against the boundary of consciousness. If I continue to twist the fiber the tension becomes almost unbearable, as if the ego is being deprived of some vital psychic nutrient. Staying in this tension, the ego is undermined, thereby forcing the release of the ego's hold on the demand to arbitrate all knowing. In this almost unbearable tension the separation between consciousness and the unconscious is riven. In through the breach floods a previously excluded yet yearned-for piece of knowledge. The presence of this knowledge is signaled by the immediate dissipation of the bodily-felt-tension. Remaining receptive to whatever comes through the breach is thus opening to previously hidden knowledge. Incorporation of this previously hidden knowledge erodes previous limits on understanding thereby expanding the psychic landscape. Remaining open to the possibility of unforeseen interpretations continues the opportunity for further expansion of the psychic landscape and it is this expansion of the psychic landscape that is the autopoietic movement of human transformation.

That I describe the battle in Jungian terms using such expressions as disrupting the boundary separating consciousness and the unconsciousness is no accident. I am indebted to Jung's foundational work regarding the relationship of consciousness to the unconscious through dream interpretation, and more specifically of the importance of symbolism to the ontology of the psyche, for it is often the symbolic representation of the world from which the tension-generating contradictions arise. Therefore, it should be no surprise that after opening to the tension, while waiting for the unforeseen, the possibility

for dissolution of the tension often rests in the symbolic content of dreams. In applying my methodology to explore the tension I felt reading our guest's paper, I wrote autobiographical narratives, waiting for the unexpected. It came as it usually does, in a dream.

In my dream, I was in London, in Victoria station, with my partner. She was walking behind me as we were rounding a kiosk. I looked back and she was gone. I searched frantically for her but I could not find her. I solicited help from a number of others but I still could not find her. She had disappeared. She was gone. As one of the searchers I had asked to help was leaving, he told me that I was now on my own.

I was next in a small hotel, a block away from Victoria Station, together with the previously lost partner. We were in a small room with tall ceilings on the 4th floor. There was a very loud voice just outside my door (I notice here I say *my* door not *the* door). When I opened my door there was a large disheveled man having a loud conversation while leaning up against my door. The door to his room was open and others there were also engaged in loud conversation. I asked him if he could take his conversation back into his room and then I shut my door. He immediately pushed back open the door and forced his way into my room. He told me in no uncertain terms that I had better put up with him talking, wherever he wanted. I told him to get out of the way so I could leave and he told me that that was not going to happen. He left and I immediately tried to lock the door, to bar him from the room, but the bracket for the dead bolt had been torn from the doorframe.

I was just about to sit down on the bed when another male barged into the room and told me to sit down on the bed. I resisted and forced him to leave. I noticed at this point I was again alone. My partner was no longer with me and had never been with me in this room. (I love how the unconscious has little respect for the linearity of time as dictated by consciousness).

After a protracted battle that included the hotel manager, I was able to leave, albeit without my luggage (or is that baggage?). I decided that if I was going to enjoy England I had best do it in some familiar way. I left London to try to engage in some outdoor activities. I ended up getting a small private room in a small town pushed up against the Welsh border (as an aside I was born in a small town pushed up against the Welsh border. The town was pushed up against the border, not me, although with the unconscious I never know exactly who is what or where!).

I was preparing for sleep in this quiet, quaint little room, when an older male appeared. I asked him what he was doing in my room and he said he was getting ready for bed. I pointed out that there was only one bed and asked him where he thought he was going to sleep. He replied that we would both be sharing the same bed (thankfully I am more Jungian than Freudian!) Just as I was about to leave to complain to the manager, the manager showed up with another guest for my/our room. By the time I finished voicing my distress the room had a total of four guests, all culturally different from me.

When I originally thought that I would have to share my bed with a male I suspected his sexual orientation was different from mine and I therefore became recalcitrant. After accepting that I would have to share this room with three others, I noticed that in one corner was an East Indian woman and I felt compelled to offer up the bed to her, saying I would sleep in the corner that she had set up in. She insisted that I should not give up my bed. I offered to share it with her (in contrast to the first scenario, where sexual orientation was a concern). She stated that this was not culturally appropriate for her, but she decided that she would accept. I spent the rest of the dream admiring her ability to transcend her cultural bias for my sake, at the same time suspecting that my cultural biases relating to rights of first possession had compelled her and the others in the room to accommodate my preferences. Regardless of the

behaviour of the others I still had a feeling that I was being asked to relinquish my cultural biases and accept the cultural preferences of others.

I woke from this dream feeling that the disruption of my cultural biases was disorienting and uncomfortable, yet also of some benefit to me and that this may be what I need to take from the guest's paper. Yet there is still a lingering sense of abandonment of self left over from the dream. I am not sure if this is a defensive move of the ego or a necessary step on the path of human transformation. Loss of my culture, symbolized by the loss of my partner, feels a little too convenient, if not homogenous, for me. There is another piece of information here. I sense its presence. I need to revisit my narrative and the dream.

I notice in my dream how tightly held my cultural propensities are, how tightly held my views are. To release myself from these views I require that someone else release theirs. If I am to risk relinquishment of my biases I must try to get the other to abandon theirs first and of course after they have succumbed there is not the imperative on my part to release my own. I am maneuvering for the privileged position. There is also the question of the missing partner and the aplomb by which I acquire a new one. By tightly holding on to my cultural preferences I place at risk the possibility of any substantive relationship. The inherent tension of this dream is the contradiction that by maintaining my cultural tendencies I risk the very connection that I seek. After all in many ways my cultural identity is where I believe I am grounded, but this argument is fallow. Why? Because I see in my dream the lash of repression. I feel its sting while also knowing the shame of seeing its hilt firmly clasped in my own hand and I realize that my desire is for release from this dichotomy.

I suspect that my desire for release is really a desire for space where I might risk disclosure and examination and possibly the disavowal of something as intensely personal as my very identity. I am seeking a community I can trust,

where exploration of what feels dangerous can proceed unhindered. The question that begs to be answered is why would I conduct this personal exploration publicly and why in the academy of all places. Exploring, here in the academy, seems inadvisable, considering the skepticism about autobiographical research methodologies; yet I realize that the space I am trying to open must not be limited to private places hidden away in little enclaves of my life, nor must it be only in environments where I am comfortable. The reason I risk exposure in public, and in environments where I am uncomfortable, including the academy, is because the transformation I seek is of myself, regardless of where I am situated. I now see what I am looking for. It is not a safe environment I am seeking, but a self-transformative event, and this realization evokes the dissipation of the felt-bodily-tension I experienced reading our guest's paper.

Looking back on what has happened in both my dream and this autobiographical narrative writing I notice that through the use of this methodology I afford the possibility to unshackle myself from the self-imposed limits of my need for privileging my own understanding. In this unshackled state I do not know where I am going, but I do know that I am no longer where I do not want to be. It is in this moment that I am afforded the possibility of continued transformation. And it is in this moment that I come to see the topic of our guest's paper as an opportunity for the playing field to be reoriented such that all players, including myself, might be afforded an opportunity to engage openly in the discussion.

Post Disruption Disorder

This was the presentation that I planned to give, but I did not. I became ill the night before the presentation and spent the night sleepless, trotting between the bed and bathroom. I arrived at the seminar the following

morning and asked to withdraw. I was prepared to present, but I was in sad shape. There were no problems with my withdrawing. I went home and remained in bed for two days.

I wanted to end this exploration at this point, to put it behind me, yet I could not. I wanted to attribute my illness to a bad piece of fish or some flu bug, but I had doubts. I suspected that some part of me was feeling trapped. If so I suspected the culprit was my compulsion to use the guest's paper as a platform from which to present my methodology all the while putting a good spin on the content of the showcase paper. I suspected this to be the case, albeit after the fact because in the end I was not able to do this. The night before the presentation I was faced with a dilemma I could not resolve. It caused me to suspect my methodology.

One of the foundations for my methodology is that ego-consciousness, or as it is sometimes known, the power-hungry-ego, has a need to be seen as right, as the privileged arbiter of experience. It was this apparition that I was attempting to render in my presentation. Unfortunately it was the self same apparition that I noticed in the guest's paper.

Upon first reading of "The Weakness of God: The Theology of the Event" I surmised that the author viewed the powerful as exploiting the weak in the name of God, but claimed that on the contrary, God was an event that exemplified the weak and that God might therefore be seen as champion of the weak. It seemed to me that the

author used the weak simply as a place from which to launch his argument; namely, that his perspective, not the weak, not the powerful and not God's, was an appropriate perspective. This might have been fine if it was just another interpretation. I, in some way, wanted his presentation to be just another interpretation, but my doubts would not let this desire be.

I was okay when he presented his point of view, initially. His ability to cite historic sources, both biblical and secular, to emphasize his points was inspiring. His presentation had the assembled panel and the audience celebrating his paper. He was asked a number of questions regarding his presentation and he was eloquent in his response. Unfortunately, the afternoon session did not go so well for me.

After a morning of what appeared to be a dialogue between our guest and the audience I began to notice that the tenor of the afternoon seminar was different. The questions shifted from the audience asking for more insight into his paper to asking for insight into their own undertakings. The questions began to shift from an explorative dialogue between audience and presenter to questions between acolyte and an all knowing. The form of this interaction would start with the questioner stating what they were doing or offering some piece of information regarding a group that they had some issue with. The response would come in the form of how the object under discussion was behaving. The questioner would then follow up with a more profound pleading of clarification on their own part almost as if trying to

justify their stance. At first I thought our guest was selective and fairly neutral in his answers but then the George W. Bush bashing started and I began to think that it seemed a little contradictory to condemn the US or Bush or the 'other' without much self-reflection, especially in context of his paper.

There were times when the questioners pushed very hard to garner the guest's support for their point of view. I thought that this type of discussion was off topic, threatening to careen out of control. I hoped that the mediator would try to get the discussion back on topic, but I knew that this was unlikely. I began to notice a palpable sense of compulsion in the room. It was as if the waters had become chummed thereby baiting the audience to take a run at those that predate all the while emanating the underlying belief that 'we' in this room were in some way better than the absentees under discussion. Abetting this compulsivity was the ease with which the guest took on the role of arbitrating another's understanding.

Initiating the admonition of other's wrongdoing and following it with the prescribing of how 'we should all act' instigates the separation of 'us' from 'them'. Is this how the power differential is manifested? Once the audience defers and the voice of authority strengthens, the power-hungry-ego gorges on its victims, thereby creating the disenfranchised. In this case I do not believe that any of us knew who the disenfranchised were, at least if we did we were not speaking up about it. I suspect I was watching a genesis of the very

power differential that the author was trying to disrupt. Watching this disempowerment by deferment and the willingness of the guest to accept the power position offered was eerie in the speed and the subtlety by which the power differential manifested.

I left and did not think too much about my observations until later that evening. I had asked for help from my supervisor with the wording of a sentence on the last page of my presentation. The reply was a suggestion that the last two paragraphs did not connect with the body of the main text. I spent most of the evening trying to connect the guest affirming content of the last two paragraphs with my methodological premise contained within the main body of my presentation. I tried multiple arrangements including acceptance of the original document as fine for presentation, although I noticed throughout the editing I was feeling some physical discomfort. I finished my editing with a justification that the presentation was adequate and after all, introducing an unusual methodology in 10 minutes did not require perfection.

Putting my editing aside I believed I could get through the presentation with what I had. Trying to ignore my thoughts regarding presenting the content of my methodological premise such that the battle between consciousness, as the privileged arbiter of experience, and the unconscious, as the repository of the content necessary to disrupt the privileged yet self-limiting status of ego-consciousness was being fought out on the

very battlefield in which I was about to present, I went to bed.

The night turned into a nightmare. I spent the entire night awake either in the bathroom or lying in bed sweating. I did not sleep. In the morning I was quite ill. I kept moving in and out of a state of illness; a delirious exhaustion coupled with the need to evacuate and then feeling that I would be okay and that I could get through my presentation. The time between these disparate modes shortened. Still, I felt some internal pressure to present and I went to the university. Feeling especially wretched I finally asked if it would be okay to pass on my presentation. Everyone was very supportive and I was made to feel that not presenting was not a problem. As my supervisor said, the important thing was the exploration and coming to the understanding of my methodology through the exercise of writing.

In reflection, I suspect that I could not connect the last two paragraphs with the main body of my presentation because the premise contained within the last two paragraphs was not faithful to the spirit of my methodological approach. I could not escape my belief, based on my reading of "The Weakness of God: The Theology of the Event" and the presentations and interactions of the latter seminar, that the power hungry ego was in play and that to try to push aside this belief and say that I had found a way to accept the guest's paper in a way that complemented my research methodology was not only inauthentic, but threatened to undermine the values

from whence the methodology had emerged. Giving in to the compulsion to ignore this discrepancy would have been to evoke my power hungry ego in the same fashion as I had observed others to do at the seminar, the exception being that I would have full knowledge of this self-betrayal.

By emphasizing the appropriateness of the guest's paper in relation to my methodology presentation, especially when I knew they were disparate, I was evoking the same deferment I observed in others the day before. I felt compelled to participate, as I believed I should even though I was not forced into this position by the initial request from the organizers. I also felt an internal need to not offend the author. In contrast I felt that to present, contrary to the mood of the audience, while risking some reprisal was minor compared to the risk of self-betrayal. To acquiesce was to undermine my own project whereas to resist was to remain true to my methodology. Oddly, I was not able to acknowledge this at the time.

Informing and Reforming the Methodology

The preceding account was a demonstration of autobiographical narrative methodology wherein the researcher is deeply implicated in the research. The research germinates in the mapping of a discordant site. For the methodology to reach fruition the thread of tension-generated insight must be chased deeper into the psyche. Continuing to map the areas of contradiction, confabulation and dissidence within the lived experience of the researcher, it is imperative that the explorer fold new found insights emerging from the disruption of the dominating discourse back into the exploration. Due to the fallaciousness of ego-consciousness it is necessary

to continually irritate the dominant discourse. The tension-generating irritation of the dominant discourse is the corrosive agent that erodes the boundary separating a dominating consciousness from the unconscious. The insights from the essay, indicated by the tension-releasing, felt-bodily-sense, form the soil from which the psychic landscape is transformed. As the lived experience of the researcher and the methodology cross-pollinate research begins to blossom. The following section is an intensification of the methodology and a demonstration of the autopoietic reorganization of the researcher.

Using the Methodology to Create Insight

Reviewing my response to the seminar I realized that this experience was not unique, there was a precursor, if not a premonition, pointing toward my presentation experience, and thereby limiting my ability to attribute my distress entirely to the behaviour of others. I experienced the same physiological distress during an event tied to my life as a fisherman. It was only in hindsight, well after I got sick, that I came to suspect that my illness was the unconscious, by way of the body, informing me that ignoring the discrepancy between my presentation and my methodology had serious consequences.

Moving Forward Looking Backward

I have been an urchin fisherman for twenty years. Although the urchin population is blossoming, urchin fishing in BC is dying. As the Japanese market for green sea urchin was coming to an end a distress similar to the one I felt around the Radical Hermeneutics & Research Methods seminar happened. I was asked to fish on what was the last day of a dismal season, on a boat that practices what I would call strip mining fishing. I wanted to fish one final day in what I knew to be the end of fishing for me. Before going to bed I gathered up my gear in preparation for unleashing others by leading them into a sacred place that has taught me so much about the way of my own world. That night I laid awake wrestling with the

knowledge that I was close to running out of financial resources all the while knowing that the disparate crew I was asked to lead was not aware of the bad weather that was coming. I suspected I would end up getting paid very little thereby speeding the monetary crisis that was/is bearing down upon me, yet I still felt compelled to go and fish.

These surface or superficial concerns may have been contributing to my restlessness, but in the end they were not the source of the distressing and disturbing tension that was predating upon my sleep. At the core of my tension was the realization that I would be taking inexperienced divers and crew wedded to predatory tendencies into a place that had become sacred for me and that it would be plundered not just this time, but again and again, until it became barren, and although I suspected that the resource would survive, and it is not my place to intervene in the emergence of another, it was the realization that the last image I would be left with forever, when fishing finally ended for me, was one of devastation and betrayal, and this I knew I could not live with.

So getting up in the darkness I called to let the other skipper know that I would not be fishing with him and his crew. This action alone was not enough to dissipate my tension. When I realized that what I was feeling, and by this I mean the constrictions and the aches and the sense of choking and the thoughts that hounded my sleep like dogs wailing at the night, I realized that these were the same feelings I have when a relationship comes to an end. At the end of a relationship, I am desperate for reconciliation and reconnection, yet I know that my time in this place is over because I have fallen deeply into a state where I no longer want to be. Only when I realize this does the tension begin to lighten.

Realizing that human relationships and relationships with the physical environment evoke the same feelings and tension in me suggests that the world, at least my world, is made up of symbols; symbols like sea urchin diving and money and power and knowledge and that these are all just carriers for the meaning I am compelled to

force upon these objects. Could it be that there is only (con)text? I am not yet ready to throw in that towel. There is still the question of why I impose such tension-induced meaning upon these symbols.

I suspect I impose myself upon the world and that which I predate upon so that if I listen quietly its meaning might be revealed. I am not lost to the irony here! It is by my incessant imposition of meaning that I corrupt the possibility of hearing what might be in place of my need. Let's see here, what I mean to ask is, why do we think thoughts that create our own suffering?

I realize I have returned to the beginning of my inquiry and although there is a familiarity to this place there is also a significant difference. I no longer demand to know where I am going although I now know where I have been and slowly, very slowly I am learning where I no longer want to be.

The Implications of Living an Autobiographical Methodology

Following this attempt to clarify my methodology I was visited by a dream. In the dream I was talking to a crab fisherman via his VHS radio. He was on the fishing grounds. I was on land. During the conversation I noticed I was asking for information that I felt uncomfortable asking for. After giving me the information I wanted he agreed to meet me after he returned to the dock.

We were next in his car. He was driving me to some location where I wanted to go. He was driving very slowly. I was feeling uncomfortable. He put his arm around my shoulder. I pushed it away. He tried to force his arm back on to my shoulder. We started to fight and during the fight he tried to grab my testicles. I fought my way out of the car. I woke. After the shock wore off I wanted to understand the significance of the dream.

During the day prior to this dream I had had a conversation with a fisherman who owns a number of licenses. He has leased two of them to me over the last few years. After this season's fishing he offered me two other licenses for a different fishery. I phoned him to see if he was still interested in leasing these two licenses to me. During the conversation I noticed I was feeling as though I was asking for something that I didn't really want. I was also placing myself in a position that I did not really want to be in. My desire for returning to school was to achieve independence from needing to place myself in this subservient position and yet I was continuing to do so.

What I take away from the dream is that the self-effacement I use to try to get what I do not really want results in a life that is detestable to me, that in some ways is the emasculation of me.

However, there remains a problem. By not proceeding when I am compelled to fish or deliver at the seminar I have acted on information from the unconscious. I am no longer able to ignore the unconscious. This may sound like a good thing, but it means I must say no to things I am in some way compelled to do even though these things are how I have survived, physically and psychologically. I am on my own such that I must now face what I have created and what I create in my life. I therefore am unable to return to the world of predation in fishing or of acquiescent maneuvering, for example to achieve my academic goals. This suggests that as a new door has opened, namely one that leads to greater understanding, another door has closed, namely the door that leads to the luxurious world of economic self-sustainability, supported by self-ignorance. I am no longer able to exist in that world and therefore that luxury is no longer available to me.

This methodology, namely the exploration of the interplay/battle between consciousness, as the privileged arbiter of experience, and the unconscious, which is the repository of the content necessary to disrupt the privileged yet self-limiting status of ego-consciousness, is a battle warred upon the body. The difference

between understanding this and experiencing this is profound; the knowledge is dismissible or assailable, whereas the physical experience is irrefutable. If the exploration stops short of demonstrating that this is about 'me' as the observer there is the very real possibility not only that I will get caught by the selfsame psychosclerotic tendencies I see as so undesirable in others, but also and more importantly that the knowledge that this is self-inflicted will remain agonizingly hidden. Therefore this methodology is a dangerous way of proceeding. If I choose to engage in this battle, while being less than fully committed to exploring beyond my own observations and prescriptions for the world, I invite the devastation of my own physical and psychological well-being. The expression 'when one door closes another one opens' has a corollary: 'when one door opens another one closes'. An increase in self-knowledge closes off a return to self-ignorance, and, conversely, concomitantly within these mythos/logos is the opportunity for profound transformation.

When discussing autobiographical narrative inquiry it is imperative to mention that explicit separation between methodology and topic are arbitrary, if not pernicious. While methodology-topic-research tends to be the espoused academic norm it might be more useful to keep in mind that, although formed from deeply-held personal interest, topic tends to emerge very late in the narrative research process, often within sight of acknowledgement of an 'already-in-practice' methodology. An academically defensible dissertation using autobiographical narrative methodology requires as much demonstration as explication. Although I further this demonstration in the main body of the text, I precede it with a theoretical model of the topic, a model that emerged only from the vantage point of hindsight. I feel it might help the reader to more easily follow the narrative thread contained in the main body of the dissertation to see a theoretical model in advance.

Theoretical Model

In my search for understanding the interaction between consciousness and the unconscious I continuously fall prey to the psychosclerotic tendency to categorize, yet even with this in mind (no pun intended) I feel it necessary to encapsulate the theory in as clear and concise terminology as possible before launching into the main body of the dissertation. I do this to emphasize the concepts and the relationships among these concepts as they coalesce and thereby to give myself a way to talk about the shaping of the human psyche. This information is given in symbolic form, with awareness that the symbolization of ideas often leads to the very attitude that I am trying to disrupt. So these ideas are submitted subject to erasure. The formula is meant to point toward a theoretical construct that readers might use as a reference point by which to guide their exploration, as they are asked to momentarily suspend the need to know the where, what and how of a destination prior to leaving home port.

The Formula

$$\Psi = C_e t \neq U_A = \{\}$$

where $t = 1/A$

©

Ψ = human psyche

C_e = Consciousness: specifically ego-consciousness

t = time

\neq = operand: the operation/interaction between consciousness and the unconscious.

U = the Unconscious

A = the Archetypes

$\{\}$ = empty set

Of special note is that the following descriptions, while acknowledged as seamless, are often experienced as independent from each other.

$C_e t \Rightarrow$ is ego-consciousness plus time. It is the tumultuous affect of the ego's demand that time be experienced as linear and always pointing in the direction of the future. The effect is ego-consciousness; hence $C_e t$, or the domination of ego and its use of time (ego-consciousness), is usually perceived, if not experienced, as the sum total of the human mind.

$U_A \Rightarrow$ is the unconscious plus the archetypes: the unconscious comes into being as the repository for the irreconcilable content of consciousness. Unlike consciousness, where symbols come to represent stand-alone entities in the service of the ego's need for domination, the unconscious uses the archetypes (symbolic representations of 'ideals') as vehicles for the repackaging and 'return to sender' of the previously irreconcilable content of consciousness.

$\nabla \Rightarrow$ is the boundary separating consciousness and the unconscious. This boundary is like a closed gate between two halves of seemingly separate wholes. This gate or boundary keeps each from fully recognizing the other although seemingly inconsequential material travels back and forth between ego-consciousness and the unconscious. My theory suggests this material, namely the irreconcilable content of consciousness and the repackaged material in the form of dreams emanating from the unconscious, is crucial in the service of transformation.

$\{\} \Rightarrow$ is the empty set: As the ethereal/essential qualities of time and the archetypes equalize, the substantiation of the human psyche fades.

Please note again, that in this model ego-consciousness is embedded in time, whereas this is not the case in the unconscious where time as linear progression is known, but not essential.



Imagine if you will that this picture of the ferry dock on Tiomen Island in the South China Sea represents the human psyche. Notice how the dock or human technology (representing ego-consciousness) pushes infinitely into the landscape of the natural world (the unconscious) and yet the ocean and beach are never fully colonized by the intrusion of technology, although both are altered by the other's presence.

Like mathematics, as the language or symbolic expression of ideas, so it is with my formula. In mathematics the use of symbols is used to hold together concepts from which to build an ever expanding concept of the 'natural' world. I am using symbols to hold together concepts from which to build an ever expanding concept of the 'inner' world. When I forget that symbols only represent ideas and do not actually mean anything other than what is imagined I risk an ever increasing ignorance.

Signposts on the Pathway of Transformation

I have included a loosely threaded encapsulation of ‘how’ transformation unfolds. This presentation is offered to supply the reader with another schematic with which to navigate the narratives that follow in the body of the dissertation. The information contained in this presentation emerged from significant events experienced during the autobiographical inquiry. As with the theoretical model, these milestones were unearthed from the aftermath of tension-generating/tension-releasing events. They are laid out in linear fashion for clarity only. In the flow of experience the knowledge often appeared in clusters following a short, sharp burst of intense, often frightening, explorative activity.

One of Many Road Maps

The pathway toward transformation is laid when a curiosity regarding the outer world deteriorates into either an obsession about, or failed repression of, unwanted information. When reasoning skills acquired exploring the outer or physical world are utilized to help relieve the distress or suffering of the inner or conscious world the results are unsatisfying. Turning more fully inward, allowing all internal resources to contribute when exploring the inner world, unleashes the unconscious thereby introducing a challenge to the privileged status of ego-consciousness. Opening to the contents of the unconscious erodes the privileged status of ego-consciousness.

Expansion of the conscious-unconscious interplay destabilizes the ego. The introduction of this instability evokes a fear response to the loss of ‘sense of self’, unchecked this fear morphs into panic, and from panic to terror. Allowing the contents of consciousness and the unconscious that accompany these feelings to guide, by standing unrelentlessly in the tension, the exploration pauses at the moment of choice between ego or annihilation of self. Rationalizing the fear returns the exploration to the starting point, hence ego-consciousness. Attempting to stay with the panic introduces the very real possibility of insanity (in the philosophical sense). From this location the view into the abyss of human consciousness invokes

a sense of terror. This terror raises the possibility of physical annihilation. This is the point from which defaulting back into ego-consciousness is most compelling and simultaneously most transparent.

Default by choosing to calm the terror and a (sort of) self is reclaimed. Open to what might be waiting beyond the terror by releasing the hold on the necessity for self and in floods an overwhelming sense of possibility. This flood washes away the remnants of a concretizing ego-consciousness, leaving in its wake the sense of unlimited possibility.

Integrating the experience of disrupting a concretizing ego-consciousness acknowledges the continuous possibility of alternatives, further weakening the default into the privileging of consciousness. Knowing that transformation has been realized allows the sense of power to manifest, further flooding the agent with the knowledge of transformation, thereby increasing the propensity for further exploration.

Of special note: The realization of transformation does not remove ego-consciousness or the propensity for default into ego-consciousness; on the contrary the temptation to default is a constant companion. What transformation affords is the possibility of emergence from under the oppressive weight of compulsive tendencies that evoke and invoke suffering. The price of new knowledge and human growth is often difficult and painful. Transformation is a form of movement within the life cycle, not an escape from the life cycle.

Subjecting the Topic of Methodology to Analogy

Before leaving the introductory section I feel it prudent to address two concerns. The first is in regard to the choice of a non-traditional methodology. As I have stated elsewhere “I did not choose autobiographical narrative inquiry. It chose me.” It might be more accurate to say that my methodological choice both formed and

informed me as I searched for a way to express my topic. I would like to expand on this theme by *subjecting the topic of methodology to analogy*.

Pursuing the Summit of Self-knowledge

I consider the task of a dissertation to be somewhat akin to climbing a mountain. The goal is to get to the summit of knowledge and hopefully gain some invaluable climbing skills along the way. (I realize use of the term ‘climbing’ in reference to the academic community might be less than complimentary. So be it.)

My methodological choice resembles the first foray into serious mountain climbing in North America. In the late fifties and early sixties a number of aspiring climbers were living on the periphery of Yosemite National Forest in California. These climbers honed their technique on the lower regions of the Half Dome, a beautiful five-thousand foot vertical rock face that appeared to be impervious to full frontal assault.

The first successful climb of the Half Dome was a five day siege by a famous American climber and his two lesser known partners. Their feat was considered an assault insofar as the climbers left the rock scarred with anchor placements so that others might repeat their accomplishment.

At the time a splinter group of younger climbers began to question assault style tactics which left the rock walls impacted. Emerging from this group was the idea of a different approach, wherein a fast and free climb of the Half Dome might be accomplished without scarring the rock. It took over ten years before the first free climb attempt was successful. Three climbers climbed a very difficult route using a procedure whereby any anchors they used to momentarily secure themselves were gently placed into cracks by the lead climber, then were gently removed by the trailing climber. These three ascended the Half Dome in less than twenty-four hours. This alpine style of climbing uses a very gentle approach, often realized by

the climbers closing their eyes as they climb and sensing how the rock might best be allowed to assist as the climber feels the way toward the summit.

The difference in these disparate approaches to acquiring the finish line appears to alter the knowledge that forms while engaged in the act of climbing. In the latter the climber's accomplishment leaves the environment unscarred and it is the climber that is reshaped by the experience. The assault climbing style leaves the rock permanently scarred while the climber appears to be unchanged, although they and their style of climbing are showing signs of severe decrepitude, such that their equipment and style are disappearing.

Autobiographical narrative inquiry is the methodological approach akin to the alpine style of climbing where the researcher's psychic landscape is expanded. The methodological equivalent to the assault approach, wherein the objectification of a subject often concretizes the psychological landscape of both the climber and the climbed, produces the scarring that leads to psychosclerosis.

The second concern is more of a question. Have I achieved the summit and if so what was my methodological approach? The answer is no, I have not yet achieved the summit although I have passed the halfway point or the "point of no return" whereby to retreat will only lead back to the very place I was. I know I have achieved at least this much because I have experienced the ego's taunt whereby the suggestion that I might fall/fail has been faced while high up on the open face and I have calmed the terror enough to find, with the help of something deep beneath the surface, the courage to continue upward. I know I have passed the halfway point because the energy I receive from my topic pulling me toward the summit is increasing whereas the draw to return to the safety of the starting point is dissipating.

My methodological approach is one in which I the researcher am clearly implicated in my research. I deepen this implication in the main body of the text wherein the

narratives, employed in their more organic form, more fully elaborate the theory and its enactment. While each narrative is accompanied by indications of the theoretical nuance that is being revealed I would again reiterate that any apparently omniscient observation is offered in hindsight only.

Part II

The Main Body of the Dissertation

This chapter is the beginning of the main body of the dissertation. The main body contains the narratives that compose the story of the emergence of transformation. The individual narratives are accompanied by discussion, reasoning, and musings which carry forward the overall narrative. The means by which the narrative of transformation is carried forward is autobiographical narrative inquiry. In contrast to the first chapter where this methodology was presented formally, in this chapter, it is employed in its organic form.

Four distinct voices run through the first section of the main body of the dissertation. The first voice, indicated by the normal sized text, is the surface or superficial narrative that captures the way in which we are hooked into our own life. This first voice is the self-centered view of ego-consciousness.

The second voice or first layer of subtext, indicated by the numbered footnotes in black text, is a self-perceived deepening of understanding. This is systemically illusory. This is an attempt by the ego to further rationalize its point of view. Any inherent tension within this internal discourse is dispersed by blaming the object of attention for any accompanying feelings of discomfort.

The third voice or second layer of subtext, indicated by the symbolized footnotes is presented in red text, and is an expression of the tension generated when the discrepancies of self-justification are resisted. Discrepancies are apparent by a felt-

bodily-sense of discomfort. This tension, generated when discrepancies manifested by the confabulation of ego consciousness are resisted, forms the content of the second layer of subtext.

The final voice is that of the omniscient observer or researcher. The observations from this perspective, indicated by boxed text, are the insight of hindsight. This point-of-view presents the components of the theoretical model as they appear within the narratives. The voice of the omniscient observer is subject to the vagaries as indicated above, although the use of autobiographical narrative inquiry as a methodology, wherein the researcher is fully implicated, offers a modicum of the self-reflection that is fundamental to the transformation as discussed in this document.

The first narrative, called *To Wake Perchance to Sleep*, contains the one-sidedness of ego consciousness; the first component of the theoretical model. In this narrative, ego consciousness attempts to dominate and concretize the psychic landscape during an altercation between a fisherman and the government agency responsible for managing the fishery. The site for this domination is the life of the fisherman within which he is faced with fishery violations.

The following narrative is his account of his response to violations the Department of Fisheries and Oceans (DFO) charged him with. It begins with a letter the fisherman wrote to a lawyer whose firm specializes in defending against DFO charges. The letter begins describing the commercial fishery and the events surrounding the charges. This chapter reverberates with the victim-like quality evoked by ego consciousness, along with the pervasiveness of psychosclerotic tendencies or hardening of the attitudes; a clear indication of the presence of ego consciousness. The fisherman's personal musings and feelings regarding the fishery are also included in the footnotes.

Introducing and Increasing the Tension

To Wake Perchance to Sleep

2/11

As a green sea urchin (gsu) fisherman, it is barely possible to make a living in British Columbia. I am a green sea urchin fisherman. I have been harvesting gsu for 20 years. The green sea urchin fishery is small (49 licenses) and not well marketed. Open from November until March the fishery is at its best from the middle of December to the middle of January. The catch is shipped live to Japan. Recently Russia has begun to ship very large quantities of sea urchin to Japan and this has crippled the demand for Canadian green sea urchin. Forty percent of the total allowable catch was not harvested last season due to poor market conditions.³

I usually begin fishing gsu in the second week of December and finish by the end of the first week in January. My usual buyer informed me that he would not be buying my sea urchin this year.⁴ Since this is my only source of income I was very concerned. I called and pressured all the buyers I knew. Every one I contacted said that they would only accept gsu from licenses they own or hold long-term leases on. As of Dec. 19th I did not have a buyer. This late date, coupled with the number of quotas not fished the previous year convinced

³ The fishery is considered healthy by DFO biologists. The coast wide quota is capped at 50% of conservative estimates of sustainable yield. Russia is presently landing the equivalent of the BC yearly allowable catch daily in Japan.

⁴ For the last few years I have had to go hat in hand to plead with buyers to take my product. Last year my buyer bought my quota and "allowed" me to fish one of the quota's they own, although they charged me a lease fee of 40% of the value of the catch. The price of the catch and the lease price are dictated by the buyer.

me that I would not be fishing this season. In a last desperate attempt I contacted my original buyer on Dec. 20 and pleaded with him to buy my quota, he said he would but "the price would be low and I would have to begin fishing in Victoria the following day". I usually fish in Campbell River. ■

This moment of crisis wherein desperate actions are looming is critical for both forming and informing the psyche. The potential crisis is the tension generating catalyst that is used by ego consciousness to justify its view that the external world is to blame for internal distress. The unconscious is also set in motion, as the repository for the unwanted content, namely that this crisis is self-imposed.

I contacted DFO licensing in Nanaimo (I reside in Victoria) and asked them if my logs were in order and if I could come and pick up my documents to begin fishing. They said that everything was in order and I could come and pick them up. They also said that they would wait for me as long as I was there before 4:30 (this was the Friday before Christmas and they usually close at 4:00). I asked them how much I would have to pay to cover all my documents. They replied \$430.00 and 'yes, they would take a cheque'. I drove to Nanaimo, picked up the documents and returned home.⁵✎

■ Whenever I make contact with the buyers these days I always feel I have to convince them to buy my catch. It feels that the discussion is not about the catch, but about surrender. Any agreements we make are subject to erasure. Price changes and deliveries are "subject to change without notice," but I must adhere to what they interpret as my part of the agreement. I always feel that I must take what I am given and I should not complain or I will not have a market for my catch. I feel this pain whenever I think about or am engaged with the buyers. It feels as if something sharp is being inserted into me and yet I am the one that continues to beg for the privilege of selling my catch to them.

⁵ An independent company validates the catch. This company hires locals to meet the boats and weigh the daily catch and biologically sample 25 urchins with the assistance of the fishermen. The fishermen pay a fee of \$1652.00 per quota for this service. This service is required by DFO. The

I began to prepare the boat for fishing that evening. I left licensing and preparing the boat to the last moment to avoid spending any money unnecessarily. I originally had the boat I fish on built when the fishery was in full force. Since limited entry resulted in large quota reductions (I used to fish approx. 150,000 lbs./year, I now fish my own quota (8,054 lbs) and one other quota (8,054 lbs.) that I lease) I have had to sell my boat. The buyer of my boat very decently leases the boat back to me for this very short fishery. If I do not fish I do not want to pay to lease the boat.⁶ This is the same reason for leaving licensing until the last possible moment.⁷

I used to have a number of other divers working for me, (gsu are harvested by hand by divers) but since the quota cuts I have been doing the diving by myself, along with a tender. I phoned this tender on Dec. 20th and he agreed to come to Victoria (he lives in Campbell River)

fishermen previously submitted their own logs to DFO, but this is no longer allowed. Before a license is issued DFO determines if log information was filed on behalf of the license for the previous fishing season. There have been occasions when logbook information has been missing. DFO licensing offices now have glass barriers that separate license applicants and the office workers. Signs indicate that any threats will be met with police action.

^ The thick glass that separates me from the DFO licensing staff is a reminder of the frustration of every fisherman I know. I appreciate that DFO staff are willing to wait for me. I suspect they are trying their best, but I know the frustration of not receiving the documents (permission?) to try to make a living, explaining, negotiating, pleading or threatening lands on deaf ears. If everything is in order you get what they offer. If not you must leave, empty-handed. Any display of aggression leads to immediate action, ranging from refusal to issue documents to arrest. (Numerous altercations have led to the necessity for the glass barrier.)

⁶ The boat lease price is \$2000.00 for the first quota and \$1000.00 for each ensuing quota.

⁷ DFO charges \$430.00 per license as a "management fee". When I asked if this would be waived if a quota were not fished the DFO licensing official said "no, that even though DFO recognized that market conditions had been bad and would likely continue to be bad they were still not going to waive the management fee. I should also be aware that if I did not pay the fee the Minister might not reissue the license in ensuing years." It was suggested that if I had a concern I should contact the Minister.

and work with me. We left the dock in Victoria on Saturday morning around 10:00 AM. I started fishing off of Ten-Mile Point and in the early afternoon, while taking a break, a DFO officer showed up in a zodiac and asked to come on board. I was not fishing at this point, although there were gsu on board. He asked to see our documents. I pointed to where they were and he examined them. He asked me for my fishers registration card (frc) and I said if it was not in the envelope then it must be at home. He asked for my tender's frc and the tender said, 'he did not have his with him'. The officer then asked his assistant for his calipers to measure the size of the urchins to determine if they were legal. After searching for a few minutes it was clear that they did not have their calipers so I offered him mine and he measured a few and was satisfied.⁸ He also noticed that while I did have my DFO registration number on the outside of the boat I did not have my Z tabs on the outside of the boat. I said that they tend to fly off in the wind and they are very difficult to replace (I have had this problem before)⁹. I indicated that they were on the dash. He then said he would check to see if our frc's were valid when he got back to his office. He left

⁸ I do not like fishing in Victoria and try to avoid it when I can. I have not fished here for a few years. The last time I had a DFO officer on board in Victoria he admonished me for fishing undersized and said he was going to charge me. He insisted the legal size for green sea urchin was 65mm across the shell. I showed him a copy of the management plan, which listed the minimum size as 55mm. He said that he had not received that information. He read a fax that morning that he was sure said the minimum size was 65 mm. He left without charging us.

⁹ The Z tabs have gone through an evolution. They were thick paper. These did not last. They switched to plastic. We used to bolt these to the outside of the boat, but they tended to tear away in the wind. DFO switched to a sticky backed paper that tends to not stick very well. All three types have come off the boat at some time during the fishing season. When I initially asked DFO to replace them they were reluctant, but they finally agreed, after I paid an additional \$75.00. I now keep them on the dash of the boat, safe and available for inspection.

and we continued to fish. We landed our catch in Sidney that evening.

All gsu landings are validated by an independent validator. The validator also provides area charts and validation logs that the fishermen are required to fill out. The validator asked me where I was fishing and I said at the southern point of area 18. He gave me a chart for area 18-4. He apologized for the size of the chart. He said that it had been faxed to him that afternoon and for some reason his fax machine had severely reduced the size of the area chart. I marked the southern most point in area 18-4 and handed it back to him. I asked him what the closest point to where I was fishing was and after looking at his area chart he said 'South Pender'. I wrote this down in my validation log. It was late (after 5:00 PM) and dark and this was all done using his flashlight.¹⁰

I went home that night and searched for my fishers registration card. I could not find it (I believed that when I asked licensing in Nanaimo if all my documents were in order that they would check and let me know what documents were outstanding. My commercial fishing license (which is my personal green sea urchin quota) is valid from November until March (2002/2003). My fishers

¹⁰ I suspected that this was not correct, but much like getting my licenses from DFO I no longer question whether the information I get from the validators is correct. I accept what I am given. I have protested in the past and it has caused severe difficulties. Even though I pay for the services of both DFO and the validators I am not in the power position. I have seen too many fishermen denied their licenses for reasons that appeared to be beyond their control. Their reaction to this is the reason I suspect that the safety barriers have gone up at DFO licensing offices. I have been very frustrated myself and yet whenever I protest I am denied or asked to leave. I have learned to just shut up and do what they tell me to do to get my licenses.

registration card runs the calendar year. Over the years licensing has changed their regulations a number of times.¹¹

I fished again on Sunday Dec. 22. On Monday morning (Dec. 23) my tender and I went to the DFO office in Victoria and purchased new fisher registration cards to cover any discrepancies. (On Saturday afternoon I had asked my tender if he had one and he said 'no'). We then went fishing and that afternoon the DFO officer showed up on the fishing grounds and said that the frc's we purchased that morning were not for 2002, but for 2003 and that he had no record of either of us having valid 2002 frc's. He also said that we had been fishing in a closed area on Dec. 21st (or at least the area quota had been taken) and he had some 'hard questions to ask me'. He asked me questions about where I had been fishing on Saturday and indicated that I had not filled out my fishing log with the proper information. ■ He took my

¹¹ DFO changed the license year for a commercial green sea urchin license from the calendar year to the period November to March to accommodate fishing over Christmas, when the market is good and DFO licensing staff are on vacation, but the requirement that each fisherman have a fishers' registration card (\$60.00) has remained in effect for the calendar year. Some years I fish into January and have to purchase a new frc to finish the season. This frc is then good for the next fishing season. When I do not fish into January I do not purchase a new frc. This is why I asked DFO licensing if all my documents were in order.

■ I recall confronting DFO about improper logbook information. I was the first president of the Fishermen's Green Urchin Association. I worked hard to get the license holders to properly fill out and submit their logbook information. I was surprised at the lack of trust between DFO and the fishermen (I was younger then). As president I received the yearly coast wide landing information. This information was to be used to determine area quotas when we went to individual transferable quotas. While checking over the documents I noticed that an area that I had personally fished had official DFO registered landings of 5000 lbs and this number was going to be used to determine the total area quota. I had submitted carefully recorded logbook information to DFO for over 50,000 lbs in this area and I had noticed quite a few other fishermen in this area. When I questioned the DFO biologist in charge at the time he said that he was not sure what had happened. "It must have been some clerical error" and there was not much that he could do about it. I recall feeling that I now knew why fishermen do not trust DFO. When the area quotas were finalized this area was limited to a few thousand pounds based on the official landings. Whenever I am reminded of this I feel that sharp pain again.

statement and I signed it. He issued tickets for not having valid 2002 frc's on Dec. 21st. I then asked if we were in violation because we still did not have valid 2002 frc's. He said 'yes' and I asked if it was possible for him to correct this. He said that he could make a call and he would get the office to correct this mistake. He used his cell phone and called his office. He said that the issuing person could not change them and we would have to buy another frc.¹² This was Dec. 23rd and I was worried that if I did not fish over Christmas my market would collapse, so I asked if we could get these new cards before closing and he said that it was probably too late to get back in before closing, but if we were not too late he would stay in the office and sell us two new 2002 frc's.

He left. I had very little gsu on board at this time so I returned it to the water and we returned to Sidney. We went to his office and the DFO officer issued us hand written 2002 frc cards (vs. the computer issued 2003 frc cards we received earlier in the day). I asked him about the fishing in a closed area and he said that he had not decided what to do yet. He was going to have to investigate further. It turned out the area did not officially close until Dec. 23rd at 11:30 AM. He said that his boss was not too impressed though and he

¹² The Federal fishing regulations state that a DFO officer can change a document on site. He said that the individual who processed the license application that morning had already submitted the information via computer and it could not be changed. I did not argue the point, after all he was armed and I was not. I do not argue at all these days. I venture in, but as soon as the wall goes up I back away. When I back away I initially feel a sense of guilt. I push this feeling away only to have it replaced with the sharp pain. When engaged in almost any aspect of fishing these days I tend to feel that pain, that or the guilt. I do not always remember feeling this pain. It seems to have arrived when I began shutting up and accepting so I could get on with fishing.

offered to let me speak to him. I tried to explain to this DFO manager what had happened, but he was not very receptive. After a few minutes he said that he did not want to talk about it anymore and that he thought the courts should straighten everything out. He offered me his card and said that he would be happy to talk to me about this anytime. I pointed out that he had just said that he did not want to talk about it anymore. He did not appear to be too happy about me pointing out this discrepancy, although he did not say anything else. We left and the following day I moved the boat to Campbell River.

The internal tension begins to increase for the fisherman as he focuses almost exclusively on the disparity between his actions and those of the DFO officers. This myopic view point concretizes the psychic landscape eliminating other possible explanations for the behaviour of others. Fortunately the tension is also generating a deeper exploration of what is so compelling for the fisherman, namely the net in which he is becoming entangled. As the tension increases the conditions for disruption are beginning to form.

We continued to fish over Christmas in Browns Bay just north of Campbell River. We had finished fishing and were at the unloading dock when a stranger walked up and addressed me by my name. He said that he was from Workers Compensation. He said he would wait until we unloaded and then he wanted to ask me a few questions. He asked me if I was the only diver on board. I said yes. He asked my tender if he was a certified diver and he replied no. He then said he was not going to inspect the boat to see if we had the required safety equipment

on board because we did not have the required number of divers to be engaged in the fishery. He said that the fine could be as much as \$1,500.00. He said that he was not going to tell me what to do, but I had now been informed that I was in violation. I gave him my telephone number and mailing address.¹³

¹³ I was surprised that a stranger would show up knowing my name. I inquired around the dock if he had asked who I was and the response was that he came looking for me fully informed of whom I was. I suspect that DFO may have informed him of my diving alone, although this is only speculation.

There are a number of reasons that I dive alone. First is financial. It is no longer profitable to hire a second diver to fish part of the quotas and it would be prohibitively expensive to hire a diver to sit on board in case of an accident. Regardless, I have found that having a second diver is much riskier for both divers. WCB reasoning is that a second diver could help if a diver were to get into trouble. My belief is that requiring a tender to pay attention to multiple divers has proven to be of greater risk to the divers. There have been more close calls with a tender almost running over a diver while on route to pick up another diver than any other problem that I have ever encountered. I also strongly believe that if a diver were to get into trouble the second working diver would never get to him in time. The WCB suggestions for divers working together have been absurd, way too expensive or impossible to implement.

There is another reason that I choose to dive alone. I no longer want to look after someone else that is not as invested in the fishery as I am. I have to constantly check the others catch for undersize and poor quality. There is something about either the experience I have or the connection to the resource that has created an obsession for me about quality, size and a few other things. I do not care what the buyers think or what the DFO biologists think. I suspect they do not really know as much as they claim to know about Green Sea Urchins. The urchins matter to me and I have developed a series of idiosyncrasies over the years because of this. Most divers target multiple species, usually having to lease licenses to do so. Buyers now own or control most of the licenses. I have fished other species, but I was continually faced with problems that kept me from fishing other species in the same way that I engage in the gsu fishery. I do not have a personal or vested interest in those other fisheries. When I fish green sea urchin I tend to behave in ways that others might consider highly eccentric. When I fish I have this very odd habit. If there are what appear to be small family units of urchins I pass them by. If there are less than three or four urchins in a group I fight a compulsion to put them into my urchin bag. If I do put them in I tend to take them back out again and place them back where they originally were. If I do not put them back I fight a sense of guilt for the rest of the day. When an area is sparse, fighting this urge has been very difficult, yet I have developed a sense of which urchins should be left alone. I have a number of other rituals that are just as odd. I cannot explain why I do these things, but I do feel compelled to do so. I have been diving for this species for more than twenty years and the only justification I can offer for this behaviour is that over the years, when I fish alone, I can go back to the spots that I have initially harvested through out the dive season and continue to harvest. Since the dive season has been cut to so few days I have found that when I go back year after year to areas that I have harvested/stewarded in this way the yield has continually increased. (Catch per Unit Effort (CPUE) is the standard that DFO biologists appear to use to determine the health of a biomass. Since limited entry I have tried to dive alone and since diving alone my CPUE has increased dramatically.) Whenever I take another diver into these sites the sites tend to get devastated and do not return to production for a few seasons and I feel a lot of frustration. If anyone who fishes reads this stuff I suspect they will think I am nuts, but I have not begun to tell of the rituals I use when I approach fishing gsu. I sometimes feel guilt when I fish, yet there are other times when I feel something completely different, something like reverence, and I only feel this

After finishing my second quota I returned to Victoria. I heard nothing from DFO or WCB until I received a call from an acquaintance that WCB was trying to contact me. This was Feb 1st.

I phoned WCB and was asked to 'notify them in writing of the steps to be taken to correct the contravention cited that require a 'notice of compliance' by Feb. 2.

(Section 24.36(1) (b). A minimum crew of 3 workers must be present on each dive site if the dive will remain within the no decompression limit)'. Since there was only one day to reply I tried to phone the occupational safety officer that had met us at the dock in Brown's Bay. After leaving a few messages at different numbers he contacted me by phone that evening. I apologized for not responding to the request, but indicated that I had just received it. He apologized for sending it to the wrong address and he told me to fax my reply to him, but to 'not worry about getting it done by the specified date'. I asked what might happen about the contravention and he said that he had passed it on to his supervisor and it was out of his hands now, "although the fines can be quite heavy".

Tension for the fisherman, apparent by a felt-bodily-sense of discomfort, is an expression of the conflict generated when the discrepancies of self-justification are resisted. As this tension increases between the justification for predation to

when I fish gsu, alone. I do not feel the guilt or the pain when I am in this state! When I have tried other species I tend to get locked into doing things that leave me feeling numb. I have a very difficult time fishing for octopi. I tried it when I first got into commercial fishing, but I could never get past how a creature that is capable of biting crab shells open would never bite me when I attacked and killed it. It only seemed to be frightened. Maybe I am trying to squirm off the hook, but I do very much feel affected by that which I engage with, that which I prey upon. (Is this just a self-serving construction?)

'survive' and acknowledgment of the despair that accompanies this imperative, a faintly resonant calling from the unconscious begins to manifest wherein the fisherman's guilt from predation begins to find voice. To initiate transformation it is essential that these conflicting, counterbalancing thoughts are further worried therein amplifying the counter-balancing resonance emanating from the unconscious.

I have since found a possible buyer for another gsu quota and ensuring compliance with WCB I have included another diver. We have only fished one day and we do not yet know if we will be allowed to finish the quota. (The buyer is waiting to hear from Japan.)

At this point I have been charged with not having a valid 2002 fishers registration card. I have been asked to respond in writing to the workers compensation board notice of compliance.

I suspect that I will also be charged with some form of logbook violation and may receive a heavy fine for not having a second diver on site.

I was not actually diving either time when DFO came on board and I was nowhere near a dive site when the WCB officer met us at the dock.

After 20 years of no fishing violations I am concerned that I will now be charged with at least two fishing charges and a WCB violation. My concerns are the possibility of heavy fines and additional charges and

more importantly if any of these charges carry a significant record of any kind.

I have personal feelings about what is taking place and why I continue to fish, but I am not sure this is relevant.

Sincerely,

Note the tendency of the fisherman to return to the surface or superficial world (by diving back into his entanglements) wherein ego-consciousness dominates. In contrast the presence of the unconscious, indicated by the acknowledgment of personal feelings, is relegated to not relevant status. The elements essential for transformation are ever present, though rarely openly acknowledged, and yet acknowledgment of the relevance of the contents is crucial before release from the tension might be realized. The irony of this situation is that only in hindsight after release from the tension is realized is the value of the contents of the unconscious recognized. It is precisely within this ironic double bind that the disruption of one's linear sense of time becomes imperative, for herein the outcome must be acknowledged as preceding the event. For the fisherman to catch sight of his predicament he must realize, or make real, the understanding that he is always hooked in and regardless of his perceived goal his actions inevitably lead to the hook.

PS

I forgot to include an additional piece of information. After I talked to the DFO officer on Dec. 23rd, DFO tried to intercept my fishing payment from the buyer. They were unsuccessful and this is one of the reasons I suspect that DFO may proceed with additional charges.

The Charges

I received a copy of the particulars on Wednesday Feb. 26th and both my tender and I have been charged with 6 federal fishing violations. If I plead guilty to all six counts and pay a \$5000.00 fine this matter will be settled[■]. I sent a copy of the particulars to a lawyer in Vancouver. I contacted him twice and he said that he would review the documents and get back to me. I had not heard from him for a few days and I was beginning to get nervous about the court date. I was also feeling that I was harassing him by calling him as much as I had. I began a search for a Victoria lawyer and after talking to a few I selected I made my choice. This was two days before my court date. It was late in the day. I handed him the documents and the letters I had written to the Vancouver lawyer and an impact statement I had received that morning in which the crown lawyer suggested that my behaviour would affect the entire fishing fleet¹⁴.

■ After reading all 132 pages of the particulars I felt whatever was causing the pain I felt around fishing to hook deeper into me. I felt tangled in something that I had strayed into. The crazy thing was that I was not charged with anything to do with fishing. I was not charged with fishing in a closed area, or catching undersized or poaching. I was charged with a series of bureaucratic violations that appeared to be re statements of the same thing. One charge was failing to provide fisher registration cards and a second charge was failing to provide the proper document (frc's). (These are apparently different charges.) Parts of the DFO officer's statement appeared fabricated to me (he said that he told us we could not fish after boarding us on the 23rd. He did not mention that he tried to change the documents that we had been issued that morning. He did not mention that when he left he said that he would wait for us after we finished fishing that day to issue us with new registration cards. Reading these papers I felt more frustration than I had in a long time. I began to run the charges, and the erroneous information in the statement, along with my history of involvement in the fishery, over and over in my mind. I began to lose sleep and I felt that familiar pain drive that hook deeper into my underbelly. I felt hooked and I could see the net coming and I could not stop thinking about my powerlessness in this situation. I began to feel my strength for fishing fade as I thrashed about on the end of a bureaucratic hook that I was compelled to bite into. No matter how hard I shook or squirmed I could not shake the suspicion that I was soon to be netted and there was little I could do. I was finished.

¹⁴ I think again about the significant logbook information I had submitted years before that the DFO biologist had dismissed with a shrug and I wonder if the biologist that prepared this present impact statement or the crown attorney have any idea about the impact of their actions? Is my response

The world of ego-consciousness gorges upon its victims. I am here reminded of an anecdote of Carl Jung's whereupon hearing of a friend that had just been married and was apparently feeling on top of the world Jung responded by suggesting that the young man had many friends and lots of support and if they all banded together the young man might find a way through the impending crisis. Upon hearing another young man lamenting the loss of his marriage, his job and his prospects Jung suggested he and the young man open a bottle of champagne to celebrate the new found opportunities that were about to be bestowed upon the young man.

One would think that the fisherman would be capable of sensing the presence of other predators ready to exploit the fisherman's situation, although it is not often that we recognize our own nature in the actions of our opponents. This situation wherein a predator (the fisherman) is being predated upon (by DFO and the lawyers) perfectly establishes the conditions required to disrupt the self-centeredness of ego-consciousness by affording the opportunity to experience the very act that one inflicts upon the world. The conditions for disruption are beginning to coalesce albeit in a Machiavellian manner that most often appears as malevolent. (The reason Lucifer was cast from Heaven is he was the only angel that laughed when God created Man).

After the lawyer read the DFO statement he handed it back to me and said it was garbage. He had personal experience of this crown attorney and said that she was 'on a hajj. She lived for the work'. While reading the rest of the documents he asked me a few questions and as he got deeper into the particulars he got upset saying that he could not believe what he was seeing. The only charge that he was concerned about was the filling out

anger, justification of my actions or an observation of the inability of any of us to see how we weave the very net within which we eventually find ourselves snared?

my logbook with improper information. He said that the rest of the charges were not relevant[■]. He said that the firm that represented the crown, when faced with resistance (him), would hand this to a more senior lawyer and together they would thrash something out. I could expect to have to pay something approaching the fine in lawyer's fees, especially if it went to court. He expected that most of the charges would be dismissed and I could expect a much smaller fine and the logbook violation would probably be reduced to something that would be discharged, as long I did not receive any ensuing violations. He said if I wanted him to defend me I would have to give him a deposit of \$2000.00. He would then have the date changed again and he would get everything the crown had and he would work at getting

■ After moving the boat to Campbell River to fish I was confronted with the same situation that created the present logbook violation. The validator did not have the appropriate area chart that I was required to fill out. She told me to get as close as I could on another chart and that this would be okay. After dealing with DFO the week before I was skeptical, but I was also trapped. I have been dealing with this validator and her predecessor for a number of years. Her predecessor was her partner. He was in his early thirties when I first met him and over the years I found him difficult to work with. He would show up when it was convenient. We would sometimes wait for hours. He usually wanted something from us like fish or crab and he would ask us to come out on the boat with us so he could fish while we worked. He smoked and drank and did not appear to exercise very much. Each year he got heavier. Then one year he did not show up. He was in his early forties and he had died in his sleep. His partner took over his job and she was working the week that I was in Campbell River. The validators are required to do biological sampling of each catch (25 urchins are measured) with the fisherman's assistance. She did not want to do it the first night so my tender and I did it. She did not want to do it the second night and even though I said that we would do it she did not want to spend the time. I offered the third and fourth nights to no avail. We did finally test a few the next two nights and then she showed up very hung over on our last night of the present quota and did not want to stick around. I used to protest in the past, but when I did the validators were not cooperative and it made getting the catch to market almost impossible. We have to get our catch validated in time to get it on the truck for delivery into Vancouver and if there is a delay the buyer gets angry. The fishery is not so much about fishing as it is about getting past the many obstacles that keep the fishermen from getting their catch to market. During my second quota I had to adhere to a demand by the buyer to accommodate his driver's non-desire to overnight in Campbell River. I could fish for one full day and then I had to cut short every second day to be in by 11:00 am so the driver could come from Vancouver and get home the same day. The urchins had to stay on the boat over the first night and then each following night. This reduced the quality and the price and was in violation of DFO regulation, yet if I do not accommodate these people I do not get to fish. This is not about fishing, at least not for green sea urchin. It feels as if I am being harvested. Whatever I can take will be harvested from me. I feel that familiar pain and that hook sinks deeper into me than I have ever felt it before. I wonder if this time it will finally pierce my heart.

this taken care of. He said that a court date would probably be set for the fall and there would be lots of time to negotiate. If I were to use him he would send his assistant to appear for me on Friday. I would not need to appear¹⁵.

3/8

I heard from the buyer in Vancouver and he said their buyer in Japan will take the rest of my final quota, but I will have to start tomorrow and I can only fish for two days and they will have to let me know about the price later in the day.

I phoned the validator and let him know that I would like to fish tomorrow. I explained that I have recently been charged with not hailing in 24 hours before starting fishing¹⁶. The validator said that this has been a problem for others, that DFO requires the fisherman to hail a minimum of 24 hours before the fishing day begins. So it is actually two days before

¹⁵ I borrowed the money and paid the deposit on Friday morning (at 10:00 am) before my time to appear. My tender meanwhile had arranged to plead guilty to not having his frc and pay a fine of \$200.00 so he would not have to drive down from Campbell River. The crown then changed my court time from 1:30 pm to 9:30 am without informing me. It just so happened that the lawyer's articling student was in court and he deferred my case for a week. The student told me that if I had not been there the crown would likely have issued a warrant for my arrest, even though I was planning to either be in court that afternoon or have someone represent me. **My frustration only increases when I think back to the words of the first DFO inspector, 'I should know better, that I had been fishing long enough to know the regulations'. He did not know the regulations and the crown seemed rather cavalier about adjusting my court times and presumptuous about sending me an impact statement and asking me for \$5000.00. Shouldn't everyone 'know better' or am I the only one on the hook here. Do I feel that I am on the hook because others demand that I adhere to a standard that is only a convenient guideline for them? Is it because of their power to extract what they desire based on their perception of what I am, what I have or what I do, regardless of what is actually taking place, that I feel condemned?**

¹⁶ On Dec. 20, at 11:00 AM, I phoned the validators and told them that I would be fishing the next day. They did not officially insert this information into their system until 3:00 pm that afternoon. I was actually driving to Nanaimo to get my fishing documents at 3:00pm. I was boarded by DFO at 1:00 the following day so I was charged with hailing in less than 24 hours before I began fishing.

because the hail is not actually registered when we call in. He says that for me he will hail me in yesterday. They do not ordinarily do this, but they try to help those they get along with.*

I call my tender and another diver. They can start on Monday (today is Saturday). I hear back from the buyer and he says that Japan will pay between \$.60 and \$.80 per pound. This means that after paying the cost of the lease, the DFO fees, the validation fees, the fuel costs, the boat lease, both the tender and the other diver will have to work for free and I will have to subsidize the operation by paying an additional \$1000.00 to cover the cost. This does not include the cost of air for the dive tanks, automobile fuel, accommodation or any of the other costs that come from fishing away from home and yet for some crazy reason I hesitate, I pause for a while and then say no, but I am finding it difficult to let go. I am intertwined with fishing in a way that is difficult to describe. I feel almost compelled to get back in the water, but there is something painful hooked deep inside me now and I can't shake it loose and yet I cannot seem to let my desire to be a green sea urchin fisherman just die.∧

* I know this is a violation and it is the validation company that is committing the infraction, but I am the one trapped. If I choose to fish I will be in violation, or if they get caught I am the one that is on the hook. I will be the one that will be charged. I feel that hook twist deeper into me.

∧ When all this was happening I began chasing down regulations and I happened upon the DFO list of active Green Sea Urchin license holders. Of the original 130+ fishers that had landings prior to individual transferable quotas being implemented, and the ensuing 49 license holders that were granted licenses, only three of us are left, the rest of the quotas are owned by numbered companies or armchair license holders that have never personally dove for green sea urchins. I say three because I recognize a name on the list as one of the original divers and although he may not have owned an original license it looks like he bought one somewhere down the line. Apparently there are

This moment of potential retreat is critical in the movement toward transformation. If the fisherman can surrender his desire to resist the hook, the pendulum of possibility swings in favour of further release of the unconscious content. Surrender to the hook is imperative if the fisherman is ever going to release himself from his own culpability. It is worth noting the tenacity of ego consciousness in the battle for surrender. Any marshaling of resources with which to fight perceived impositions, without deep self-reflection by which to capture sight of one's own culpability, will be conscripted by ego consciousness for the purpose of blaming the other while subtly lamenting one's plight, thereby fortifying a victimized self-centeredness. Paradoxically, surrendering to the tension of the hook, thereby increasing the tension, begins to undermine the victimizing self-centeredness of ego consciousness.

This counterintuitive movement deeper into the tension is a brave act indeed as the fisherman is forced to consider relinquishing what few resources he believes he still possesses.

This is the end of the first section of the main body of the dissertation.

This next section, entitled To Sleep Perchance to Dream, although containing a continuation of the previous narrative is demarked to indicate the erosion of the exclusivity of ego consciousness by emanation of the content of the unconscious. This emanation is indicated by the fisherman's allowing the questioning that accompanies his ruminations no longer to be treated rhetorically. The fisherman, no longer completely overwhelmed by the need to shake loose from his predicament,

only two of us original license holders left, a native fisherman that I occasionally see on the fishing grounds and myself. It looks like he is going to be the last of a species. Looking back I think about those that are gone and how they went. After getting financially entangled many sold their licenses to make ends meet and they were subsequently cast aside. Others died in boat fires and there was the occasional suicide. A few drowned when their boats flipped on the way back to port, but I never remember any of the originals drowning while they were fishing. I believed that the worst thing that could happen to a gsu fisherman was drowning while diving. I now see that there are lots of other ways to drown than in the water. It is ironic that the only commodity in the green sea urchin fishery that has been harvested to extinction is the green sea urchin fisherman.

begins to explore his location/inculcation within the fishery. His quest/ion(ing) is an indication of the erosion of the boundary separating consciousness and the unconscious. Moving from rhetorical reformations of the unconscious content (privileging of ego consciousness) by allowing the questioning currency (embracing the unconscious content) simultaneously erodes the privileging of ego consciousness while reestablishing the value of the unconscious. This seemingly insignificant act of opening to his internal questioning while standing in the tension of his own life precipitates a rebalancing of the fisherman's psyche.

Further indication of the rebalancing of the psyche of the fisherman is the less discordant appearance of his previously separated voices. This rebalancing of psyche elements shifts the necessity for discrete voices to a more equitable expression of the content of both consciousness and the unconscious. Presentation of this more equitable representation is indicated by no longer relegating these voices to footnote status¹⁷.

Disrupting the Boundary Separating Consciousness and the Unconscious
via the
Emanation of the Unconscious Content

To Sleep Perchance to Dream

3/24

I called the vice-president of the Fisherman's Green Urchin Association to discuss getting a refund for the validation I paid but did not fish, because of the excessively low price for fish. He said that return of the validation fees should not be a problem, but the association fees might be a problem. He believed that the association needed the fees to operate. I suggested

¹⁷ With a few exceptions.

that the association should take the proportion that was fished and return the rest. He said that he would try, but he had to talk to the association president (the president is a non fisherman. He is a book keeper that was appointed during a license takeover).

The vice president is one of the last remaining original green sea urchin fishermen. He asked me how my life was going and I shared my beliefs about the only thing that has been exploited to extinction in the gsu fishery is the gsu fishermen and that I was writing about my exploits(tations). He then told me about his season.

He had been fishing up north, and when returning from a fishing trip, he and his crew left the road in their pickup truck. He was transported to the Campbell River hospital. Three titanium plates were placed in his head and three titanium screws were inserted into his spine. He is having trouble lifting his left arm although he can now at least move it. After surgery there was doubt that he would be able to use it again. The three surgeons that worked on him said that they were amazed that he survived. His response to the accident was that it could have been worse.

This evokes a few memories about the toughness of gsu fishermen. I remember one of the Polish boys having to get in the water in Hecate Strait to fix the boat he was on. The weather was so bad it damaged their drive shaft. He climbed into his dive gear and he went over the side to try to straighten it out. The boat listed and the drive shaft snapped his femur in half and drove the

femur through the surrounding flesh and pushed it out through his dry suit. The crew got him back in the boat, but not before he got the drive shaft fixed. They contacted the Coast Guard, but the weather was too bad for the Coast Guard to come and airlift him off the boat. He spent the next six hours being tossed around on the bottom of the boat until they managed to make port in Prince Rupert. The damage to his leg was such that he was unable to dive for the rest of the season (the wimp).

I recall another episode. Returning from a tough day we lost our main engine and pushed our 10,000 lb. boat home with a 1954 9.9 horsepower Johnson outboard. (Two years older than I). We (my tender and my then wife) had to get this boat on to a trailer to get it to the mechanics to try to get the engine fixed so we could get back to work the next day. We were trying to wrestle the boat on to the trailer. The wind and tide were being difficult but the little outboard was doing yeoman's service. I was in water up to my neck trying to snag the bow of the boat and somehow I managed to hook the bow of the boat into the trailer's winch line. I scrambled up to the winch and began winching like crazy. As the boat began to pull onto the trailer the winch let go and snapping back it cracked the back of my hand. The swelling was almost comical (I kept thinking I had never seen a golf ball appear out of thin air before). I managed to get my wedding ring off (symbolic?) before the swelling made my hand unrecognizable. I reengaged the winch and managed to get the boat on to the trailer. I was loath to mention what happened when my crewmate noticed my hand

and asked what happened. I told him it was no big deal and then my wife saw it and she turned quite pale. I said that it would be okay. They both said that I had to go to the hospital. I insisted that I would be okay. My wife said that she would not leave with me if I did not go to the hospital. I thought a few drinks would take care of it. After both of them worked out on me for a while I finally agreed to go to the emergency ward at the Port Hardy hospital.

The emergency room had three other patients waiting for the local doctor and the x-ray technician to show up. We took our turn with both the doctor and the technician and then we returned to the waiting room to wait for the verdict. (I mentioned to the doctor that it was just a bit of swelling and I would be okay in a few days). After waiting for a half hour the doctor walked into the waiting room and looking around said to a young woman on a pair of crutches that she was in luck. Her ankle was only sprained. The two others would also be okay in a few days. When he turned to me I was expecting that he would say the same thing, (just a little bit of swelling). He looked at me and said 'sorry, but your hand is completely fractured in four places. We want to keep you here overnight. The swelling is so bad that we cannot attempt to set the breaks until the swelling goes down'. I said that I had to leave town and I could get it set in Victoria over the next few days. He insisted that if I had to go he had to set it in a partial cast and that I had to get it completely set the next day in Victoria. He then said something that has stuck with me. He said that all the fishermen he had met since his

rotation in Port Hardy were the same. They seemed impervious to pain that would have crippled his other patients. Fishermen all insisted that they were okay no matter how bad things were. They were the toughest people (male and female) that he had ever met. He was not sure if this was a good thing or a bad thing.

This last sentence, wherein the fisherman acknowledges the doubt about the value of the toughness of fishers, is the beginning of the doubting of the value of his own toughness. This doubting of a foundational element of his existence is necessary in the service of erosion of the boundary layer separating consciousness and the unconscious. Release from not only what we value most, but release from that with which we define ourselves is paramount for transformation. Transformation is beyond the boundaries of our anchor points. The lines that hold us fast tend to be the fear of being cut adrift, usually manifested as a propensity for safe anchorage regardless of the personal cost.

I left and trailered the boat south and the next day I got the engine fixed. I returned to work two days later. I couldn't find the time to get my hand looked at and even though I found that I could not dive, I could do deck work. I attached a three-foot halibut hook to my partial cast and hoisted dive bags and urchin cages with my one good hand and my halibut hook. My crew called me captain hook for the rest of the season. I returned to diving two weeks after I broke my hand. When the season ended (six weeks later) I returned to the doctor's office to have my hand set. He was not there but his partner was and after examining my hand he was pissed. He said that it had very obviously not healed properly. He would have to re break it and reset it if I ever

wanted it to heal properly. I remember thinking 'what an asshole' as I got up and walked out of his office. I am missing a knuckle.

I had not thought about the missing knuckle for years until my conversation with the vice president this evening. I wonder if his accident will overwhelm him and this will indeed be the end of his diving career and oh, by the way, DFO received some anecdotal information from a park ranger this past season about the vice and his crew. They were fishing inside the Bamfield conservation area and even though DFO had not been there in person he was being charged with six fisheries violations and if he paid \$3,000.00 court proceedings would not be pursued. He said that he is tired. He does not have the strength to fight this and piled on top of his injuries he is not sure if he will be back next year. Is this the end of another gsu fisherman? I suspect that he is gone. Why do I remain? Do I feel compelled to try to outlast the only other one that is left? I feel hooked into remaining and yet to be the last of a species seems like a waste. Why am I compelled to resist when I know that I cannot survive?

The fisherman has begun to engage the questioning in a less rhetorical and more balanced or open(ing) fashion. In the preceding chapter the "questioning" was a one-sided lament wherein the fisherman could not understand why "he just could not die" whereas the questioning now takes on an inquisitive element. The tension is beginning to erode the dominance of ego consciousness such that both sides of an argument are afforded an opportunity to be represented. This is an echo of the

conditions of transformation whereby as the content of the unconscious is afforded greater value the privileging of ego consciousness is diminished, if not undermined.

This disruption of the boundary separating consciousness and the unconscious via the intensification of the unconscious content is very much an autopoietic process. Dominance of ego consciousness is not a priori, but rather arbitrary. As the exploration of the unconscious deepens, the predominance of one over the other will give way to more of an oscillating model. (Like all models, this one is subject to erasure.)

August

Remembering (Again)

I received a message from the lawyer's secretary yesterday. 'It is urgent that you contact me before Friday'. I called this morning and she said that my trial date had been set and I had to pay them \$5,000.00 immediately. I said that I had not received any feedback from the letter I had submitted in reply to the lawyer's three sentence response to the prosecutor and that I had paid a deposit of \$2,000.00 to the lawyer and I did not feel that very much had been done, certainly not the accounting that the lawyer had said he would provide as monies were spent as a guarantee that 'that he would not rip me off'. She replied that lots of correspondence had taken place and then as she searched the file she could not locate my response to his last letter. (I hand delivered this letter to their office.) The letter I had received in April was the latest letter in the file. It was apparent that very little correspondence had actually taken place. I asked to talk to the lawyer and she replied that he was on vacation until Sept. 2 and

added that I should probably talk to him. She booked an appointment for Sept. 4. A few days later I received a letter dated August 6 stating that I am required to submit the remaining \$3,000.00 and taxes only. It seemed odd that I would get the initial telephone call and after protesting, receive a letter dated a day earlier than the call with the "corrected" information. Is this an oversight, or possibly a change in the data? Is this okay in this interaction, but not okay in the fishing world? I am concerned with the double standard here. I am also feeling the effects of this predicament. I do feel that I am caught in another's net. It is apparently okay to fudge information, obscure and obfuscate when it is done by DFO, the validators, the lawyers and the prosecutors, but not when it is done by me. For me to be accused of this, as part of fishing, makes me punishable regardless of whether I engaged in an illegal action or not.

The apparent discrepancy such that the dominating discourse is exempt from persecution for the self same act for which the fisherman is being prosecuted is an irony that must be embraced if transformation is to be afforded. All parties have access to this discrepancy and although it is often noticed, remedial action is rarely executed. The usual course follows with the oppressor believing their actions to be justified (self-privileging) the victim feeling oppressed (self-victimization) and condemnation from outside or "impartial" observers (self-righteousness). All parties tend to point the finger toward the other and away from any potential self-recrimination. Regardless, if any party is to escape the effects of this oppression it is vital that how one is self-implicated must be rendered. The difficulty with acknowledgment in the midst of aggression or oppression is the inability to hold in

abeyance any sense of self. It is a paradoxical act such that the way to self-realization requires a surrender of the feelings that emerge from the sense-of-self.

The repression of this very same self-implication forms the unconscious content. How one is self-implicated is discarded into the unconscious. Although the knowledge that one is self-implicated is often apparent to the outside observer ego consciousness usually dismisses or rationalizes it away. Transformation requires the self-implicated to become this outside observer. The paradox of self-transformation is the requirement that the inner self be observed by one's own omniscient observer.

To escape the oppression/aggression/victimization of ego consciousness requires sinking deeply and overwhelmingly into the attenuated experience thereby increasing the tension beyond the containment of ego consciousness. While not necessarily evoking the omniscient observer this move does create the conditions from which omniscient observation might coalesce.

I feel that I just want to get out from under the fishing dilemma. Since the lawyer's costs to go to court equal or are greater than the fine and there is the possibility that the fine will be increased I feel that I should just plead guilty. Nowhere do I feel that someone is advocating on my behalf. It feels as if I am on the receiving end of a paternalistic relationship and if I do not want to experience the wrath of the father I should just give what I am asked to give. (Plead guilty or quietly pay my lawyer and let him do what?) I do know that if I acquiesce I will just continue to increase the tension I am feeling. Fighting will also increase the tension.

An inherent quality of the boundary layer is the sense that all action, including no action, is futile. What has not yet been moved up to the level of consciousness is that disengagement is precisely the way in which the fisherman might release himself from his dilemma. If he is to unhook himself from his dilemma he must shake loose from how he is baited by his own life. To accomplish this he must acquire a glimpse of himself fully hooked and this is only possible from a perspective from which he is not hooked. This extremely difficult task of holding open possibility when overwhelmed by certainty requires a disruption such that the point-of-view of the omniscient observer is afforded.

There must be a way through this that disengages this paternalistic socialization from me and it is not by acquiescence or by fighting. I suspect it is by observing and coming to know how I am inculcated in this affair¹⁸.

The use of metaphor, especially when applied to self, is a good indication of the dissolution of the exclusivity of ego consciousness. As the fisherman's self image begins to be expressed in multiplicities the propensity for his unilateral concretization is diminished.

9/2

I am beginning to feel the effects of thinking about this. I think my way into a low-grade anxiety and this in turn plays out in my observations of the world around me. I have begun to notice all the violations of laws

¹⁸ For some odd reason I am reminded of a science fiction story in which 'human being' is defined; when a wild animal is trapped it will sacrifice part of itself to escape the trap. When a human being is trapped it will endure the pain of the trap, feigning death, waiting for the return of the trapper whereupon the human tries to kill the trapper in the hopes of removing a threat to its own kind. **I am not sure if this applies, but I like the trap analogy. On further reflection I see that this may apply to me, but only as a metaphor for transforming beyond the need to be trapped by my 'fellow' man.**

and bylaws, from the speeding on the roadways to the dogs not on leashes. There is a preponderance of people breaking laws. As I continue to locate these violations in the general population I fall into an iterative cycle of turning back towards the impending trial. I feel trapped and yet there is a part of me that is still optimistic. I hope for someone to understand how this fishery has evolved and to see my interpretation of events before judgment is passed, although I realize that a lawyer will represent me, I am being prosecuted by a lawyer and will be judged by a lawyer and I cannot see how their training is appropriate to understand a fisher's perspective, a fisher's world.

Back to the charges: I have just reviewed the latest set of particulars.

1) There is a continued emphasis on fishing in a closed area. This is not the case. The area closed on the Monday at 11:30 a full 2 days after I was there.

2) I failed to hail in. This is also not the case. I have covered that in previous writing. I have also retrieved a copy of an incident report in which I was supposed to have not hailed into the same port on a different occasion. The validating company gave me a series of telephone numbers and I tried them all and left messages. This is an on-going problem. Messages that have been left with people living with the validators or messages left on answering machines do not get registered or acknowledged. When the validators decide to conduct their side of the business and inform their bosses then we are hailed in. I do not have

control over this. The implication that I have not hauled in is erroneous.

3) I did not produce a logbook on demand. The officer asked if I had a logbook. I told him that this was our first day fishing and that we would receive our new logbook this evening as we always have since the validating company took over. He did not pursue this, he did not ask me if I had last years log book, which I did.

4) I was harvesting in a closed area (see 1).

5) I failed to provide the designated authority with an accurate harvest location in [my] oral report 24 hours before [my] fishing trip. If I am charged with not filing 24 hours before I started fishing how can I be charged with giving an inaccurate oral report? Either I did give a 24 hour report or I did not. Also we have never been required to give an accurate harvest location. We are hailed into a fishing area and must give our landing location after we fish. Green sea urchin fishing can range over fifty miles in a single fishing day. We rarely know where our exact fishing location is until after we have fished.

6) I submitted a harvest log that was different from the area in which I was fishing. I was asked to do this very same thing a week later and insisted that since I was asked to use the wrong chart and "just get as close as I can" I wrote in the column that this was the wrong chart. Both the chart that was used to charge me with

and this second chart disappeared between my submitting them to the validator and DFO's shellfish update unit receiving them. The shellfish unit informed me that this information was lost and I wrote them a letter correcting the discrepancies.

Writing this I feel that I am focusing on something that is compelling and yet revolting. I would like to develop a way of being that allows life to exist away from these feelings of entrapment.

The potential risk for the fisherman is the possibility of his entrapment reiterations concretizing into a permanent lament. The reward for the fisherman is the possibility of his entrapment reiterations dissolving his permanent lament. Every situation in which tension is present affords the risk of concretization and the reward of release.

It is this potential for risk and release that best exemplifies the "formula" for transformation. Within any tension generating moment exists the propensity for a diminishing reiteration and hence concretization and/or the possibility for transformation and hence an expansion of the psychic landscape.

Sept. 3

There is a part of me that so resents this. I feel powerless. Those that represent me do not appear to be very concerned. Those that are prosecuting seem capable of making conflicting statements with aplomb. Changing dates or times and not informing me, with the very real risk of me being arrested because of their indifference to informing me, sets me up for my frustration and fear. I am beginning to be overwhelmed by this, yet there is

another part of me that sees this as a necessary part of transition from an old existence to a new one. I feel the need to follow this through. I can pay the fine that equals the lawyer's fee and plead guilty or subject myself to a process where my interests are not represented. It seems odd to me that the fine (\$5,000.00) is almost the equivalent of poaching 700 lbs of abalone (\$7,000.00).

I see that no one is interested in what is happening to me in a way that feels as if they understand. Is this because only when this is happening to me do I pay attention? Is this the impetus for change? Freud was wrong. Happiness is not avoiding unhappiness. What will come from confronting the tension that threatens to overwhelm me? Is this how one-half of the world feels because of what the other one-half generates?

In none of this has stewardship been addressed. This is not about conserving a resource (GSU). It is about exploitation of a resource (namely me).

At times I think that I am taking the high road by sticking with this need to be heard. Right now it feels like the low road. I feel that I am trying to get out from under something and yet I feel this need to continue to twist, to resist.

Net Worth

Sept. 5

I do not feel good about what happened yesterday at the lawyer's. The prosecution phoned the lawyer two days ago and began negotiations. They would drop three of the charges and wanted a fine paid that equals the amount of money DFO initially tried to seize: the value of the first day's catch. The lawyer feels that he could get them down to one charge and \$1000.00. The alternative is a lengthy (three day) trial. He said that he could not believe the amount of information and the number of witnesses and what this must be costing the government, all for \$1,700.00. He believes that a judge would get incredibly frustrated, much like he gets frustrated, when he reads the particulars.

When I was about to leave he said that there was one more thing he wished to check. He thought the way the law had been written suggested that I had not violated the condition of my license and maybe the prosecutor would have a difficult time proving anything. We talked about my personal convictions. He referred to an early mentor of his that told him in the early 70's, 'my fee for defending a case is \$1000.00/ day, a lot of money in those days, and if this is a case of personal convictions his fee was \$2000.00/ day'. The lawyer returned to his sense of frustration and said that 'there was so much information here it was if this was a big criminal investigation with all the witness and documentation'. He would talk to the prosecutor and get back to me on Friday. He did not believe that we would be going to court on Monday.

It appears that I will have to plead guilty to a single charge of not filling out my logbook correctly and pay a fine of approximately \$1,000.00. The cost of a three day trial would be prohibitive. I am guessing based on the assumption that he would charge \$5,000.00/ day, my cost would run to at least \$15,000.00 and the government's cost would be significantly higher.

In the end it is not whether what took place was appropriate or inappropriate. It appears that the issue of how the laws and the charges are written and the cost of hearing the arguments are the arbiters of the truth.

I believe that this is a good representation of the nature of predation. The value of something is not what it is intrinsically worth, but what can be extracted from it. My value as a fisherman to the lawyers and the DFO officials is much more than the value of the fish I catch.

The fisherman does not realize that he is in the business of predation. Instead, he believes that he is being predated upon. His not fully acknowledging that he predares upon green sea urchin is a good demonstration of the perniciousness of his own ego consciousness. Seeing in the world what we refuse to recognize in ourselves is the transformative playing field on which ego consciousness attempts to vanquish an enigmatic unconscious.

I am giving myself to the world for what they can extract from me. I am an object, a commodity. This has been about the commodification of a human being, whose value is measured in billing time and fined value. This

has not been a question of right or wrong. It has only been a question of exploitable worth.

The Deal

Sept. 6

The lawyer phoned yesterday afternoon. The 'deal' is that I plead guilty to not having my fisher registration card and not providing the time and place of my fishing. I will have to pay \$200.00 for the first charge and \$800.00 for the second. He then asked me again why I did not tell them where I was fishing. I tried again to tell him that I did tell the DFO officer where I was fishing and that this was in his report. The lawyer then told me I would have to go to court and plead guilty to the two charges and that I should remember that this is not a criminal offence and that this will not impact my future in the fishery. I then asked him what his costs were and he said '\$3,000.00 and since you have paid \$2,000.00 you owe me another \$1,000.00 plus taxes. I wanted to make a lot more from this. I usually charge a lot more'. There was never any mention of him letting me know the cost as we proceeded and that he would let me know when the money was spent and he would not 'rip me off'. I did not argue. I will give him what he asked for.

At this point, including fines, fees and taxes, this affair will cost me at least the original \$5,000.00 so nothing has changed from the financial perspective. I guess this is my value, what I could be harvested for. The last question that the lawyer asked me is lingering. 'Why did I not tell the DFO officer where I was fishing'? I did tell him where I was fishing. I also did

something else. I did not argue with him. I answered his questions. I gave him what he asked for. I gave the DFO officer what he asked for. I gave the validators what they asked for. I gave the lawyer what he asked for. All of these people appear to me to be asking questions that they are not paying attention to. The lawyer never asked me why I gave the answers that I did. What I have done is I have not resisted their questions. The lawyer is not paying attention to his promise of letting me know when the money will be spent. Both validators asked me questions that provided them with the answers they wanted. The DFO officer asked me questions that he wanted answers to. Never did anyone ask me questions that answered what I was doing. They only asked me questions that apparently satisfied some need for the information that they wanted.

The Real Deal

This is where the \$5,000.00 may be worth every penny. I see how everyone only asked questions that satisfied their need to see what they wanted to see. Never did they ask me questions about what I did or what I was doing. They did not want to know why I do what I do. They only wanted to get the information from me that satisfied their belief about what I was doing. They did not pay attention to their own desire for their belief about me to be their truth. I do see that there is a difference in behaviour here. I have started to not embrace the need to participate in a discourse that demands that I satisfy the need for others to see me in the way that they demand to see me. In this way I am

resisting a domineering discourse. By standing in this, by recognizing that the fishing world is different 'out there', that it differs in so many ways from the world on shore, in the offices and homes and the lives of the lawyers, the validators and the DFO people and yet, in many ways both worlds are populated by the same propensity for self-righteousness at the cost of self-awareness, I am beginning to see that objectification is a necessary step in generating self-illusion and that construction of the world is a sight-restricting activity. I suspect that this litigious fishing affair is representative of the tension generating mechanism that offers the opportunity to see how we embed ourselves in a socially constructed world, how we labour to create an illusion and then labour to escape from under this self-same illusion. Is this the nature of human beings and possibly the universe itself? Is life created from an illusory constructivism (in the beginning no thing is) that in turn is consumed by that very same constructivism? Is this how balance is maintained in an energetically limited, yet infinite universe?

Do the events emanating from this fishing debacle reflect an embedded and illusory process that folds in upon itself? I am beginning to suspect that the tension I feel is inherent within the dichotomous, dominating discourse and this tension points toward, while simultaneously annihilating, the dialectic, creating the conditions for yet another self-limiting dominating discourse to reemerge initiating the next revolutionary cycle of birth, tension and death.

Does this affair really illustrate how the illusion is created, why the tension emerges and where the dialectic lies and possibly reflects how life itself is perpetuated? If this is so, then the \$5,000.00 cost has been a great deal.

The fisherman has begun to answer the questions emanating from the unconscious. Although the answers tend to drift toward the rhetorical he is at least opening to the possibility of understanding emerging from the tension generating situations in his life. He is also beginning to develop a heuristic that is not necessarily tied to a linear sequence. That an oscillating cyclic of birth-life-death might be possible in contrast to a linear progression toward death is the sowing of the transformative seed. This opening to alternative descriptions suggests a deconcretization although, while this is an indication that the boundary separating consciousness and the unconscious is being chipped away, there is yet to be introduced an agent fully capable of eroding the deep inner layers.

Sept. 8

So, there is still a week left before the 'trial,' a supposedly forgone conclusion. I am not sure if I have done the 'right thing'. Pleading guilty and paying fees and fines totaling the original fine seems contrived on the part of the participating institutions. A part of me still feels compelled to speak out and protest, another part of me wants to get this over with, yet there is now another voice that says I do not need to engage in this as before, that it is time to acknowledge that I do not need to feel like a victim. Is this the last gasp of a creature that has heard the death knell or is it the

emergence of the one that got away and now houses the experience of the predator from both sides?

I suspect that both are valid. The first requires the passing of time, as in 'time will tell'. I will feel the effects as future events unfold. This is temporal and therefore belongs to the conscious world. It requires my blind or one-sided commitment to my co-opting into a socially constructed illusion of what is 'right, just and therefore real'. The latter requires a release from temporal ratiocinations. I see both sides of the predator in relation to each other and therefore time is suspended or lived in multiplicities.

I suspect that both of these states form the self-constructed act of waxing and waning, of becoming and dying and each state must be seen relative to the other if I am ever to be released from the effect of these events[•].

Guilty Until Proven Innocent

Sept. 10

The lawyer's secretary phoned me yesterday to tell me that the bill is ready and what the final amount is (a bit more than the lawyer told me it would be) and to confirm that I 'would be in to pay before Thursday'. When I began the search for a lawyer I was concerned that everyone initially talked money. This lawyer used

[•] Yet, this is not quite right. Becoming and dying represent an outside perspective, i.e., there is a viewer observing these events, although they are not actually in these events. My experience of the waxing of these events has been one of expectation, of something just about to come into being.

'I will not rip you off' to alleviate those fears, so much for the alleviation.

Tomorrow is the trial date. I hope that I am on the right track and that my assumptions about the act of searching for confirmation of belief is confounding and meant to be confounding and when scratched below the superficial this entire affair is indeed just about exploitation.

Sept. 10, PM

I am upset again. I went in and paid my bill and I had to firmly request a copy of the bill. The secretary was reluctant to give it to me. After I received it I at first did not believe it was mine. The bill is for 'Criminal Matters' and the costs were among other things 'to request police particulars from Crown Counsel'. I was told that this was not a criminal offense and that this would not produce a criminal record.

I had the secretary change the bill to reflect that my payment was for all the lawyers' activities including court tomorrow. This was not on the original bill. It appears that the lawyer is not paying attention to the details of this case; much like my inability to pay attention to the details or give the correct information. Is this the same pervasive inattention to detail or is it attention to only the details that are pertinent for the predated upon?

Another missed opportunity here for the fisherman. If he could open to this question he might realize that it is the act of self-exploration in the moment of being predated
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upon that will expand his understanding of both himself as predator and prey. Conversely, that the question is being asked indicates the conditions for transformation such that a dichotomous and hence imploding self-image are (almost) becoming apparent.

Sept. 10 11:00 PM

I am feeling concerned, frustrated and angry. Every time I approach the legal machinations of this fishing fiasco I feel frustrated. This effect emanates from being snared by an exploitative socialization. I have been thinking about resisting and pleading not guilty, although the financial risk is a concern. I am not sure how I am going to cover the present \$5,000.00 let alone additional legal fees from entering into the fray another time, yet that is not the primary reason for not resisting. I suspect that regardless of what I do I am trapped in this net and by trying to wriggle free I will just further entangle myself. I believe my next move is to wait out the weather and then attempt to turn my ship away, something like running with a storm even though it is in a direction away from my homeport. After finding the rhythm of the weather you wait for a special moment. You can barely hear it; yet there comes this moment when you notice a subtle shift in the weather and then summing up all the courage you can muster you make the turn. If you resist the weather or turn too soon you are finished, but if you wait and give the storm the time it demands then the moment approaches you. You must fully commit to this sudden change in course and if all goes well you might just make it home. When you first make it through the storm you realize that you are changed,

broadened in some way. You have seen the face of something much bigger than you and it has redefined you, yet in some small way you have reshaped it as well. This is a good feeling, this new awareness. We will see if this is afforded in this affair.

Court

Sept. 14

The appearance was very short. I was in the courtroom for less than 10 minutes. I was not asked anything and I just sat on a backbench, watched and listened. There was some initial confusion/excitement about the unusual nature of a federal case being presented in provincial court. The clerks seemed animated, asking who was involved and what it was about, with the lawyers identifying who was involved. The judge entered and the charges and the pleas were read. The charges did not agree with what had taken place. There was the statement that I had been fishing in an area that was closed. The prosecutor then spoke about how this was my first offence and that the DFO officer involved said 'he was surprised that this had happened and that I was a real straight shooter and that this was a unique event'. The prosecutor, on the information presented to him, also thought this was an isolated incident, and that the fine should go to the green sea urchin enhancement fund to help rebuild the stocks. My lawyer corrected a few of the statements that the prosecutor was making as the prosecutor was talking. My lawyer also said that this offer to send the fines to a green sea urchin enhancement fund was a new development and if the prosecutor wished to change the conditions of the

agreement that was fine, but my lawyer also thought that maybe this should also include a conditional discharge. The judge said that he was confused and he seemed irritated. He thought that the fine could not be directed. He asked where federal fishery violation fines went. My lawyer said that he thought they went into provincial general revenues. The judge agreed. He asked the prosecutor where he thought the fines went. The prosecutor also agreed that he believed they went into general revenues. The judge's irritation seemed to increase. The prosecutor seemed embarrassed by the interaction. After this he stammered a bit, turned red and did not make any eye contact when he spoke, as far as I could see. The judge then said 'we are about to do our part to help balance the provincial budget' and as I thought to myself 'what do you mean by 'we'' that was it. It was over.

There were a few words about when I would pay the fine (the court had given me two weeks to pay, but I told my lawyer I would pay now and he told this to the court) and then an officer of the court came to me, gave me a card and told me I could go upstairs and pay my fine. I asked 'now' and he said 'it will take a few minutes for the paperwork to get upstairs but by the time you get to the teller you will be able to pay'. My lawyer said that he would talk to me later and that was that.

As I left, the prosecutor followed and I asked if I could talk to him for a few minutes. I asked him if I had come to him initially after receiving the list of charges would the outcome have been any different. He

said that he was not sure what would have happened. I then asked if the fine would have stayed at \$5,000.00. He said that after reading the charges that he realized that some of them were the same and this would have changed. Also after talking to the DFO officer he was of the understanding that this affair was surprising and that it was believed to be a one time incident prompted by my having to get out fishing with such short notice and he again mentioned that the DFO officer thought I was a 'real straight shooter' and that this was an isolated incident, that this may have had some effect on the outcome, that due diligence could have been offered up as a defense, although it was necessary that I had a lawyer to navigate these waters because the points of law that he and my lawyer had discussed had reduced the charges from six to two.

I asked him what his experience was like, how he felt in the courtroom, and he proceeded to describe the events that had just transpired. I pointed out that he was describing the events, but that he had not answered the question. He then began to re-describe the events. Then, because he had still not answered my question, I asked him if he was frustrated by the interaction between the judge and himself and my lawyer about where the fine should go. He said 'yes, I am frustrated. I was surprised that your lawyer interfered with this. It is not usual for another lawyer to dispute something like this in court'. I then told him there was not a green sea urchin enhancement fund (as I was thinking that I was glad this was the case. Giving the money from my fine to the Green Urchin Association for their erroneous

spending would have galled me no end). I then also described the situation that existed in the GSU industry. He said that after talking to DFO he understood the difficulty the industry was in and that his suggestion that the fine be routed to the industry was his way of helping to address the distressed state and this is why he was frustrated with my lawyer protesting. I explained that there was not a fund and that the state of the resource was not an issue for the DFO biologists. He then said he was not sure what the solution was. We talked for about 30 minutes and then parted.

I went upstairs to pay and after giving them my name they said I could wait for an hour and they would complete the paper work. I was confused. I thought maybe a mistake had been made. I thought that because I had agreed to pay the \$1,000.00 now that I was at the wrong window and that by going to a different window the paper work would be there, as the court officer said that it would be there. The clerk in front of me said 'no that this is the right window, but the people downstairs do not know how things work up here. They have no idea what is going on. It will take at least an hour to complete the paper work and you will have to wait'. I asked if it would be okay to come back in a few hours and the clerk said 'yes'. I came back 2 hours later and as I was standing at the window waiting for the paperwork I read the following.

Public Notice

Federal

Under the *Criminal Code*, all convictions and discharges for *Criminal Code* and *Controlled Drugs and Substances Act* offences are subject to a Victim Surcharge.

Federal Amount.

-15% of any fine

-\$50.00 for each offence proceeded with by summary conviction.

-\$100.00 for each offence proceeded with by indictment.

As I was handed the paperwork I was informed that I had been assessed an additional \$75.00. I protested and pointed out their public notice in front of me and said that I was not charged with a criminal offence, that I was fined under the federal fisheries act. The clerk said 'we do not get many federal cases here,' took the paperwork back and called a clerk downstairs. During the next 15 minutes they debated what should be done and finally rewrote the fine amount. I gave them a cheque for \$1,000.00. As I left the building I had this overwhelming feeling that for the first time I was now truly a fisherman.

The following day I felt immensely tired. I began to feel a deep fatigue that I attribute to the stress of the previous months of waiting for this affair to come to an end. When the stress of waiting was removed the

underlying fatigue surfaced. I immediately became sick. After a few days the sickness and the fatigue have begun to lift, but I am now feeling a familiar tension. I would like to emerge from this with some understanding of what took place. I know that there is the possibility to resist or resent the events and the players and yet I also know that this will bind them to me forever.

This somewhat ironic statement such that following a conviction for fishing would initiate feelings of finally being a fisherman suggests that to fully realize one's choices requires experiencing more than just the preconceived notions of what that choice must look like. This brings forward the concept of the archetype. The archetype, as presented in the introduction, is a dynamic projection. In the fisherman's situation the archetype of fishing is being undermined by components of fishing not previously realized namely the predators that lurk on shore waiting to harvest the resources of the fisherman.

Tension has developed because of the failure of the object (fishing) to live up to the fisherman's archetypal expectations (fishing is catching things in your net NOT you getting caught in fishing's net). This tension will continue to manifest until the fisherman realizes that his projection is just a reflection that he is not living up to his own expectations. By this I mean that until the fisherman realizes that he too is a predator he will continue to recreate the conditions where this insight might be afforded. If this insight is not realized, the incessant repetition of events will concretize the fisherman's point of view resulting in psychosclerosis. Each iterative cycle offers the opportunity for psychosclerosis or conversely annihilation of the projections of ego-consciousness.

The annihilation of the projections of ego-consciousness and its illusion of time is afforded by the disruption of the separation between consciousness and the

unconscious thereby freeing up the opportunity for unforeseen-yet-yearned for knowledge to flood into awareness. This transformative event, initiated by remaining in the tension until the discrepancies observed in the world are realized as internal shortcomings, catalyzes the disruption.

This disruption begins with a slowly dawning realization that the archetype is in fact a projection and is a projection of the self in some way, in this case that the self is not just being predated upon but is in fact the predator. Knowledge is acquired in the reflective moment when the self knows that what it is attributing out there is a projection of something inside. The next chapter is a demonstration of the acquisition of this knowledge.

The fisherman continues to push up against the boundary separating consciousness and the unconscious by opening to the quest(ion)ing of the predicaments of his life. Having begun to erode the dominance of ego consciousness by no longer defaulting into a self-immobilizing rhetoric and instead beginning to open to questioning emanating from within, the fisherman has shifted the balance away from a predominating ego consciousness and toward an exploration of the intimate unknown emanating from within the fisherman(s)(unconscious) when regarding his own life. While this exploration has increased the currency of the unconscious it has yet to openly invite the unconscious content fully into play. This next and final section of the main body of the dissertation, continuing with a series of narratives collectively entitled *To Dream Perchance to Wake*, is an opening of/to the unconscious content.

To Dream Perchance to Wake

Allowing Space for the Currency of the Unconscious Content by Rejection of the Dominance of Ego Consciousness

In this next narrative the fisherman begins the rejection of the dominance of ego consciousness by subjecting his beliefs regarding the psychophysical environment to erasure. This opening to the unconscious/rejection of ego consciousness takes the form of a sleight-of-hand wherein the unconscious etches a crack in the dominant discourse when a discouragement with the effect of predated upon/being predated upon opens a gap while regarding his surface or superficial world. It is important to pay attention to the subtlety by which the gap in substantiality forms such that the unique environment of the fisherman presses into play the conscious and unconscious elements in such a way as to catalyze a disruption therein proffering a rearrangement of the approach to both the inner and outer world.

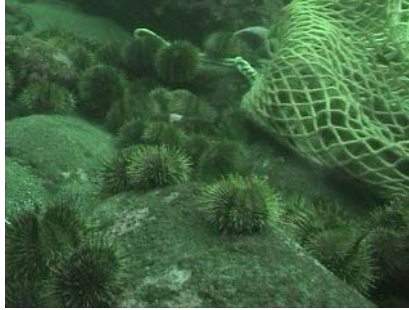
Last Diving Day of the Season

(Environment is the Petri dish in which the human psyche is cultured.)

It is the last fishing day of my season. I need 345 pounds of urchin to achieve my quota. We leave Victoria by car at 5:00 AM. We arrive at the dock in Campbell River at 8:00. I am suited up and in the water by 9:00.



There is lots of product and I realize I will not be diving for long today. I should achieve the last of the quota in less than an hour, a routine dive.



As I stuff my second bag of the day I notice, wedged between some rocks, a smallish octopus, can't be more than 10 lbs. I only notice it because of its eye. The rest of it is the colour of the surrounding seabed. I give it a little rub with my glove. It reluctantly lifts a tentacle and grabs on to me. I give it another tug. After a minute or so it gets a little pissed. It makes a run for open water, inking me three times. I let it go and get back to work.



Twenty minutes pass and I am at the end of my first tank. We have two-hundred-and fifty pounds on board. I tank up on the surface and leap back into the water. I am looking forward to finishing. I begin working again. After a few minutes I begin to feel something. Something is not right. Out of the corner of my eye I see sand coming up off the ocean floor in a way that doesn't look right. The way the water is coming off my right fin

seems delayed or out of sync. Dropping my bag I turn over and back to get a better look and there, less than two feet away, hovering over top of me is the largest sea lion I have ever been in the water with. The thing that scares me is the size of its eye. It is as large as my fist. It is a bit of a shock having something so large come out of the gloom so silently that I do not notice it until it is right on top of me. I reach back for my bag, for protection. I try to wedge it between us, but there is barely room.



I back away. The sea lion rolls to get a better look. I cannot believe the size of this male. He dwarfs me. In my discomfort I swim to the surface keeping a wary eye on the lion. He watches, seemingly making up his mind about what he wishes to do. He slips away into the gloom. I get on board the boat and move a few hundred feet up the shore. I get back in the water and continue harvesting, but with a wary eye tuned to the gloom. As I continue working the seabed my anxiety slowly abates. I place the final urchin into the bag and with my anxiety gone I take a last look around and I now feel I want the sea lion to return. I want the sea lion to return so that I might come to know this world, the one that

penetrates from the gloomy depths. I am exhausted by that other world, the one that I come from and that I continually return to, that world that is lived only on the surface.



In the stories regarding the fisherman's legal and regulatory debacles the tension producing precursors were attributed to the "outer" world whereby predation upon the fisherman was the perceived source for the felt-bodily-tension. This is in contrast to the preceding story wherein the "safety" of the fisherman's aquatic workplace the tension is generated by his affinity for a world he is clearly physically unsuited to survive in contrasted with a world to which he must return to if he is to survive at all although he is apparently much less suited for. This disparity between the desire for a familiar, yet never fully realized world and the desire to be released from a world fully realized, and yet untenable, erodes concretization by introducing a seemingly irresolvable disparity. The fisherman is experiencing the tension generating discomfort of being wedged between wanting to reject his "superficial" world where he is both predator (urchin extractor) and prey (object of extraction by DFO and others) and his "substantive" world that provides him with the nutrients for his psychophysical survival. (By psychophysical nutrients I mean the fisherman receives currency by which he might physically survive and also insight about and respite from outside his ego consciousness driven world.)

The fisherman is situated exactly where he needs to be such that the source of the tension required for transformation has shifted from being entirely attributable to the “other” and is now attenuating within the apparent “safety” of the familiar.

The Introduction of the Unconscious Content via Dreams.

The next section is a demonstration of the content of the unconscious beginning its flood across the breach separating consciousness and the unconscious. The narrative is from an ocean voyage the fisherman embarked upon following the end of the green sea urchin season. A friend of the fisherman requested the fisherman’s presence on a 1200 kilometer unsupported kayak trip paddling the entire Baja coast in the Sea of Cortez, Mexico. The context for the trip was the desire of the fisherman’s friend to fulfill a lifelong dream of paddling this barren and mostly unmolested environment.

BAJA

I am kayaking the Baja with a friend. We have been paddling for 14 days. The feeling of longing for what has been left behind is beginning to fade. We have adjusted to the blistering heat. Most of the daylight is now used to push toward our destination. Up before dawn. A quick breakfast as we break down our camp. The boats slipped into the water just before the sun comes up. We do not talk until yesterday’s aches are memories. We continue paddling until today’s pains announce their presence. We raft up at sea to take our first break. A midmorning piece of protein, some carbohydrate, a bit of fat and after a quick position check the paddle blades go back into the water. We paddle well into the afternoon. When the boats become unbearable we begin the search for a place to rest. As the boats hit the shore

we both have already picked out a private place to sleep. A few minutes are all that we dare. Another quick bite and we are back in the water. We paddle until the sun begins to disappear. Two hours after sunset and we are already asleep. If we are still hungry we will have to be fed by our dreams.

As we make up to forty miles a day in our kayaks very few people cross our path. I am paradoxically attracted and repelled by my paddling companion. At times I crave his company as the only other person out here. At the other times I resent his presence for the very same reason.

Dolphins have visited us almost every day. Some days they travel with us feeding, splashing and generally making their presence known. Other days they travel past us as if we are a minor traffic inconvenience. Coyotes have begun to show up. At first they snuck into camp late at night and tried to make off with whatever they could. As we get further away from civilization they show up before dark. Every afternoon now I begin to anticipate their presence.

The city falls away and I am still too far from our destination to contemplate what the end of this journey might be like. My dreams begin to fill the place of contemplation I use to get through each day. The coyotes have begun to fill a special place. As we paddle deeper into this journey they have become much less timid. They treat me with the same curiosity that they have evoked

in me. They are present in my day and they are beginning to occupy my dreams.

It is the evening of the halfway point. It is now further from where we were than where we are going. My last thought as I fall into sleep is "I cannot believe there are so many stars in the sky". I begin to dream. I am in a strange time. I am no longer a child and not yet an adult. A girl has invited me to her house. I watch her as she prepares food. I do not want to watch her. I have begun to fantasize a lot about food these last few days and it is difficult to be around it, even in a dream, without thinking about immediately stuffing it into my mouth. I excuse myself and go into her washroom. (Or is it I relieve myself by going into her bathroom?) Anyway, once in there I become aware that everything in the washroom has a different purpose than what I believe it should have. When I look in the mirror I only see a reflection of her. When I turn the cold-water tap on trumpet music emerges from the spout. When I turn on the hot water tap trombone music comes out. I pull the light switch string and hear the sounds of a violin. I would flush the toilet but I don't like tuba music.

I wake from the dream. I sit up and looking through the mosquito netting I stare directly into the eyes of a large male coyote. He cannot be more than three feet away. He is looking straight into my eyes. I am not sure what he is after, what he might do. I feel the hair on the back of my neck stand up. I have an almost irresistible impulse to yell at him, to make him go away. I sit there for what seems like minutes, yet I

suspect it is only a few seconds. Slowly my need to yell recedes. The coyote takes a quick look around and then remarkably he just lies down. He tucks his nose into his fur and goes to sleep. I can hear his breathing. He sounds like he might actually begin to snore. I watch him for a minute and then feeling tired as well I lay back down and fall back to sleep. My dream returns to me. I am again in the girl's washroom. Everything I touch seems to have a different purpose than I imagine. The only thing that appears to function, as I believe it should, is a window yet when I look out of it what I see are things that I have collected in my life. There are toy planes from when I was a young child. There is a pile of sports equipment that threatens to block out the sky. There are the books I have read and clothes that I have worn. All this appears to be packed up ready to move. I notice there are a number of children carrying away my prized possessions. I catch sight of a friend as he watches these children carry away my past. He begins to talk to one of the children and I strain to hear what they are saying. He asks the child how he feels about having to get rid of someone else's junk. Some friend. That "junk" is everything I cherish. The child does not answer as he slowly walks past my friend. My friend says to him, "what's up, are you feeling discannoned?" the child stops in his tracks and says, "How do you know that word? You're not a child." My friend replies "you're right, but I remember what it is like to be a child."

I wake back up. I look around and struggle to remember where I am. I see the sleeping coyote and I remember. He

lets go a little snore at the end of each breath that is both comical and comforting. I close my eyes. I peer back through the washroom window. Most of my possessions have been removed. What is left is not of much interest to me any more. I strain to listen to more of what the young child and my friend are saying. The young child is suspicious. He asks "how is it possible for my friend to know what "discannoned" means". It is not right for an adult to know such things. How can he possibly remember "the feeling a child gets when an adult comments on what a child is doing? When was the last time he was discannoned?" They both turn towards the window and look at me.

I am startled. I sit up and my dream falls away. The coyote opens an eye and looks at me as if to ask why I thrash around so much when I sleep. Why can't I just get on with the job? I realize I have learned a new word. I do know the feeling a child gets when an adult comments on what a child is doing. This journey has stripped away much that I believe I hold dear. I am not sure if I want to return to the city, to what I am. If I do not return I will have to leave many things behind. I begin to weep. I am no longer a man of the world. I am becoming a child of the desert(ed).

I believe I am dreaming again. I hear children singing a song. I try to catch the melody. I cannot get it perfectly. I keep trying. The harder I try the more frustrating it gets, yet if I stop, the melody quickly begins to fade. I hear the breathing of the coyote. Softly in and slowly out. I hear it and I remember;

I am part of a circle that is formed by holding hands with those standing beside me. A young Jewish rabbi is standing in the middle of the circle. He is describing how Hebrew is a living language. He asks us to chant a word that he will give us. We are to say it on the in breath or the out breath. We are not to worry what our neighbours are doing, just find what feels right, in breath or out breath, do not worry. After a few minutes we will find our rhythm and he will begin his chant. He said that we would at first want to lower our voices to hear his chant, he asked us to resist this and in turn raise the volume of our chant. The word he wanted us to chant was Yahweh.

We began the chant and after a bit of stumbling we find our rhythm. Some breathing in, then some breathing out, and just as he said, when he began to chant we at first lower our voices and then slowly our voices began to rise, the rhythm of our breathing perfectly matching his evocative voice. As his voice lowers, our voices slowly recede, finally coming to a halt. Afterwards he tells us that the word Yahweh is translated as the breath of god. It is meant to evoke an experience of breathing as an acknowledgement of life. It is not what you say, but how you say it.

I listen to the coyote breathing again and I think about my breath. I try to evoke the song from my dream and when I remember to breathe, the song moves through me perfectly.

The unconscious content, namely the dreams of the fisherman, are playing a substantive roll in the realization of new understanding. The stranglehold on substantiation by ego consciousness is eroded by the opening to the unconscious content. The fisherman's emphasis on dream content allows for a flood of previously unrealized knowledge to stream across the boundary separating consciousness and the unconscious. As the boundary weakens a flood of unconscious content ensues. Dreams, bearing transformative fruit, are allowed a higher place of honour in the development of understanding wherein profoundly held belief, such as the belief about a deity, is undermined and reshaped. It must be noted here that the environmental influence is substantial although neutral in the sense that the fisherman is on foreign soil in somewhat familiar territory albeit without the impact of oppressive authority. The transformation of symbolic knowledge (an afforded shift in belief about a deity, if not disruption in belief in a deity, for example) coupled with the use of the safe and the familiar signals an intensification of the transformative dance.

Opening to the Transformative Psychic Content

To this point the dreams and narratives have been used to display the concepts of disruption of the boundary separating consciousness and the unconscious accompanied by the (re)introduction of unconscious content. Undermining ego consciousness by allowing reintroduction of the unconscious content has afforded the fisherman a new way of coming to know (new knowledge). The selection of the following narratives is representative of implementation of the transformative movement. The narratives have been selectively mined from a much greater cache of unconscious content recorded during and following the fisherman's kayak journey. The narratives indicate a shifting of the emphasis of the fisherman's psyche from myopic ego-consciousness-driven-pronouncements of the world to an ever increasing curiosity regarding the foundationally substantive of both his inner and outer world.

Time, Place & Risk

Feb.11

I am leaving on a journey. After my father died I received his photographic slides, the ones from my childhood. The plan was for me to digitalize them and send them to my younger sister. I haven't seen my sister for three years. It is time for a visit. I phoned to let her know I was coming. She asked about the slides.

I called the friend I depend on for technical help and, as always, he has just what I need. He recently bought a scanner that will do the job. I am leaving in 7 days. I have a week to get through a past life. This is not a lot of time, at least not for this sort of task.

The digitalizing process can be fast and expensive or plodding and cheap, kind of like travel. I don't have much cash so plodding it is. I say plodding because to keep the cost down I have to view each slide before I digitalize. I could pay someone to just do them all, but there are 1500 plus slides and the commercial price is a buck apiece. I decide to do it myself.

I begin the task with enthusiasm, but it slowly becomes burdensome. The processing takes up the most time. Reviewing the past takes up the most energy. The images are from a past that I barely recall and yet of which I am often reminded. I recall the past only now when viewing the images. I remember the past because I see that so much of what I do now is reflected back to me from the images in front of me. I fly, I travel, I like to camp. I am still a water baby. These are current and

constant themes in my life and while familiarity can be comforting, I am reminded of how often I default into the familiar, often to avoid the present. Sitting here I wonder if I will ever experience something completely original. I cannot tell if this is a sad thought or a happy thought. I doubt that it is an original thought.

It takes a few minutes to scan each slide. I have been putting in long hours to try to fulfill my obligation to my sister. I wonder about that word; obligation. This task reminds me of how I move through my life. I commit myself to some future outcome, hoping for some preconceived reward; some sense of fulfillment or completion, only to find myself pushed up against another self-imposed deadline leading to an outcome that I rarely want. I continually find myself committing to tasks that result in outcomes I do not want. How did I become trapped in this iteration? How did I become embedded in this need to initiate an act that inevitably leads me back to where I began? How did I become so chained to no change? Maybe I know.

I suspect this iterative loop is a foreshadowing of the desire for change. I walk a razor's edge that continually splits me into ineffectual halves shadowing one from the other, evoking my impotent iterations. On the one hand is the half that rushes to commit, lusting after a preconceived outcome, while on the other hand resides the half that labours to fulfill any commitment, regardless of the cost. All action hardens into psychosclerotic tendencies, resulting in a life whose form is fixed when convenient yet formless when

frightening. On the one hand I "know" how sea urchin should be sustainably harvested and yet on the other hand I am only capable of seeing those that impose upon me as a predating collective. I inflict my belief about how I wish to be seen upon the world only to reject this image when it is inflicted back upon me. This repetitive oscillation is experienced as a forward struggle, yet I am only clouding the waters. There is very little forward movement here, very little growth. In this motion I am not at risk from time; I suffer from surfeit of place and yet I continue to struggle.

It is late, almost 2:00 AM. As I finish the last slide I think about what is back 'there' and I suspect there must be a gift, buried somewhere within this past. I sense it must be hidden somewhere within each moment, buried within each memory of this task. Who knows? Maybe it is something as simple as my grandfather teaching me how to risk.

Grandpa teaching me how to gamble.



The pronouncements of ego consciousness, such that the world must exist in the form projected upon it, are replaced by an elasticity of thought such that new interpretations are possible therein allowing an ephemeral revisitation of the past. This elasticity invites an expanded view of both the forward-and-backward and inner-and-outer landscape. The fisherman is opening to new reconstructions of/from his past via the deconstruction of his present. This (re)enactment furthers the possibility of new interpretations.

The following insight of the fisherman into the nuances of his dreams further demonstrates emergence of (his)-new-(self)-knowledge(ing).

Time Disruption: The Death of the Unconscious

The events of my dreams no longer follow a linear time sequence. I am dreaming events in which I am old in the beginning of the dream and young in the middle. Events that ended in the beginning of the dream are beginning to be born at the end. I am beginning to experience the unraveling of time in my dreams.

I believe this in light of the questioning that I have in my stories and my dreams and in my life in which I am thinking about future events when I am in the present moment. It appears that I am in a state of living outside my present experience; at least in my thoughts and expectations while some part of me (my body or my emotions?) exists in the present. It appears that there is a dichotomous pair for every event that takes place within me for every experience I have and that this dichotomous pair simultaneously emerges from within, yet one aspect is stripped off and projected onto the past

or the future thereby creating the illusion of time. By "creating the illusion of time" I mean that the projected half or "missing other" is yearned for and this yearning evokes a searching for (locating in the future) or a lamenting the loss (lost to the past) for an unknown yet missing aspect that will fill my vacuous yearning. As I get closer to the reintroduction of my/these alienated pairs the concept of time as foundational falls under assault. As noted in my dreams and now in my "waking state" my previously held sense of time is being erased. I am beginning to suspect that time, or at least the socially constructed entity, is in some way involved in the tension-inducing dichotomy that permeates, if not evokes, human experience, such that yearning for what is, or might have been, bleeds dry the possibility of a reconciled sense of harmony.

The realization that emerges from my dreams is that the unconscious is unlike what Jung described when he suggested the unconscious as the primitive or natural state of the psyche. It appears that a deeper exploration suggests that the unconscious acts like the previous explanations imply but does not represent a unique state independent of consciousness. The unconscious acts in a way to counteract the effect that consciousness evokes. It appears that consciousness and the unconscious are simultaneously brought into being and that they are dependant upon each other for survival even though the task of each is to undermine its opposite and hence gain a short lived supremacy. This follows along the lines of behaviour exhibited in society today where short term gains are paramount and

that long-term strategies that invite the counter entity into discussion are just a strategy by which to gain ground.

This narrative regarding the disruption of time is an indication of the surrender of, and therefore release from, a foundational, if not *the* foundational, belief. For authentic transformation to be realized the fisherman's concretized foundations must be so fully called into question that they are fully undermined. The unconscious, via his dreams, has eroded his belief in the "fundamental nature of time"; an experiential concept so pervasively held as to be unassailable. The fisherman is becoming adrift. Holding the necessity for safe anchorage at bay is necessary if reconcretization is to be avoided. The disruption of the concretizing action while opening to the unknown is a simultaneously destructive and creative process. What is important to notice, in this action of disrupting while creating, is the oscillation and transience of the experience. This transformative action is never a final destination. It is one way of altering the tightly held convictions that contribute to suffering. It is not a process by which suffering is eradicated.

In the following narrative the fisherman revisits the primordial soup from which his journey into the psyche was, if not initiated, then certainly emulsified. Now carrying the possibility of transformation within him he enacts a (re)defining moment in his life. It must be noted that while the transformative act in this instance opens new knowing it simultaneously invites the opportunity for concretization. Both psychosclerosis and the transformative movement are intertwined in an undulating dance wherein both are simultaneously in play, where both are intricately enacted when either is embraced. What agency is possible is how they are embraced and moved through.

It is the beginning of a new fishing season. I am conflicted. Regardless I leap into the water ready to harvest. I search for the first catch of this new day; this new season. I reach out and grab a sea urchin; it shoots a long slender spine through my glove, penetrating deeply beyond my protective layers. A short, sharp shock shoots deeply into my arm. I pull away yet the spine is still lodged deeply within. I am faced, as always, with a choice. Do I float to the surface to try to repair the damage or do I stay submerged, suspended in the tension? I hover just above the abyss, opening to the shock. The urchin's point tensions deeply into my arm penetrating my nervous system. I recognize an unwanted yet familiar sensation; tension. I float above the depths just below the surface. I am shocked into a realization of the predator. I am coupled to this gift. I am predating here, I am the predator. This knowledge engulfs me. I realize that all my years as a diver have been drifting toward this moment. I am reflected back through my experiences. I am tired of diving deeply into the abyss and coming up empty. I hate the barrier, yet I love what exists just beyond my grasp. I would accept my mediocrity if hope would just leave me alone. I know I just need give in to lose my hold on hope, yet this hook is not spit. I laze in this current. Predator and prey both feel the pain inflicted. I am both predator and prey. I am shocked awake. I realize and am realized. I am bound to my predators and prey. The green urchin rolls from my grasp. I am alone, finally. The depths or the surface, the choice is mine. For the first time I can choose, really choose, if I am a fisherman.

This marks the end of the main body of the dissertation.
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Part III

Transformation

Out of In the Darkness

The concepts found in the formula with which I introduced this study have for the most part been explicitly presented. The concepts of ego consciousness, the unconscious, the boundary separating consciousness and the unconscious and the disruption of time have all been presented and explored. The only concept that has yet to be explicitly addressed is the archetype.

The presence of the archetype has shadowed the inquiry throughout the document. It has dogged the fisherman and the researcher such that both struggled with how to capture that which exists just beyond their grasp. This is in keeping with the concept of the archetype in that the shadowy presence of the object of desire is slowly coaxed from the darkness as an effect of pursuing knowledge and self-realization (self-knowledge). I was tempted to leave the archetype alone in the shadows where it might further its work. However, the nature function of the archetypes that have figured in this study differ from the familiar Jungian archetype and therefore warrant explication. Whereas the Jungian archetype is fixed, my premise as noted in the introduction is that the archetype is dynamic and personal and therefore highly interpretable by each individual and thus subject to radical change. In this next section the fisherman and the researcher narratively interact to construct their understanding of the archetype as envisioned in this research.

The Presence of the Archetype

Prior to the termination of this project I solicited the insights of the fisherman regarding my findings. What emerged from this conversation was firstly the importance of the archetype in helping to release the unconscious content and secondly the possibility of a divergent understanding between the fisherman and myself regarding the archetype and its influence in the service of transformation. Following is a partial transcript of our conversation/interview. The insights and knowledge of the fisherman are inserted into the text boxes reserved for the comments of the omniscient observer. This is not an accident.

My question is that while we agree that the archetypal influence has been significant in the service of transformation we have yet to specify what this influence is. Could you tell me how you see the archetype and what influence it has had on you?

Throughout the narrative unfolding of my life as a fisherman the notion of archetypes is important, not because archetypes are real or naturally occurring but because they function to provide valuable information about how I create the conditions for suffering in my life. Archetypes are idealized projections I place onto the world in relation to which the world necessarily falls short. When the world changes, my archetypes must change so that they are never realized. My quest is not to fulfill the desire to possess the archetype, i.e., to find the Mother, to find the Father but rather, I suffer from the sense that 'what I have isn't the archetype'.

Sensing the absence of the archetype, I keep making comparisons to it such that my present partner, my present employer, DFO or the validators are substandard. I do this to ensure the world doesn't live up to my

expectations. It's not that I am in pursuit of perfection. What I am unconsciously in pursuit of is the tension-generating discrepancy between what I believe I have and what I believe I am entitled to.

My projection onto the other of failure to live up to my demand is the foundation on which the tension generating discrepancy is constructed. It is the tension arising from the discrepancy that is the key. In this tension resides the potential for release from my suffering. By this I mean I generate the tension and I am capable of dissipating the tension. However, when I privilege my ego-self I spend most of my time on the tension-generating side of the equation. Paradoxically, I create the situation that I do not want in order to give rise to the tension I need to create the conditions for transformation.

I am curious about these connections, especially between my projection on to the other of a standard in relation to which the other necessarily falls short, i.e., the archetype, and ego consciousness. Archetypes are typically taken to be ideals that one might live up to or use to guide one's life. This does not seem to be the case in this situation. You suggest that the point of tension, not the acquisition of the ideal, is the goal of the ego consciousness-unconscious interaction!

In an interaction between ego consciousness and the unconscious that has a potential to be transformative the opening gambit is always to force open a discrepancy, to find the deficiency in what the other says or does. It is in this judgment of deficiency where the dynamic form of the archetype is clearly represented

because the archetype is forced to shift and change to accommodate my ego consciousness-driven judgment that the other is always deficient in some way.

Ego consciousness maneuvers so that I continually see myself in the self-righteous (privileging) or power position regardless of events. When I am being harassed by DFO I am the poor victim, they are the villains and hence I am the hero. When I am preying upon the resource I am approaching it with the belief that I am the benevolent steward behaving in a way that is superior to other fishers. When ego consciousness maneuvers to reestablish its privileged position the archetype is reformed such that the tension generating counterpoint to the projections of ego consciousness is maintained.

For the unconscious the sought-after tension begins to be useful when ego consciousness gets caught by a discrepancy regarding its projection. When some part of me knows that my projection does not fit my observation, I am faced with the possibility that I'm not in the power position at all. Only when I realize that ultimately my projection is just a reflection of my own deficiency, namely my failure to live up to my own demand and meet my own archetypal expectations does the tension begin to erode the choke-hold of ego consciousness and open the possibility for disruption of my projections including my archetypes.

In this process, the possibility of transformation arises when disruption of the concretized ideal or

archetype reflects back upon me that my own realization is also subject to disruption and erasure and in fact I am merely the effect of my projections. It is within this moment of realized nonsubstantiality that transformation is initiated.

Ego consciousness appears to be the dominant player in this transformative dance. I am curious, in your case, how the unconscious is able to find purchase.

Ego consciousness blames the world for the world's failure to live up to my expectations. Because you don't live up to my expectations things that are wrong in the world--and hence in my life--are your fault. This is a way of blinding my self to my own complicity in what it is that I am critiquing and yet this is not the primary function of the projection.

As soon as I project onto the other, as soon as I cast this shadow, I hook into the other in some way. Take fishing for example. When I blame the buyers and DFO and the validators and the weather for the problems in my life I would hopefully realize that the fishing environment is not the place for me, but instead I open my mouth and say, "yes, but" this could be better, if only they would shift.

There's still something compelling in fishing for me and yet I am not able to fully articulate what it is that is so compelling as to make me want to continue being a fisherman. I have no idea at this point that a green sea urchin is telling me something about myself, something

about my world. From the moment I first reached for a green sea urchin the sea urchin passed information to me and yet I was not consciously aware of it at the time. So when things get really bad and I know I shouldn't be fishing I am still hooked in because the unconscious is saying, "You are not finished here; this is your place and your opportunity to render up that unknown thing that prevents you from transforming". I'm still hooked. That is why we are often compelled by situations that appear not to suit us.

So how is it that my projection on to the other, my demand that the other fail to live up to my archetypal ideal, is so alluring and captivating?

Whenever I make an assumption about the world, I am hooking into and am hooked in by my projection. It has hooked me because when I make an assumption I am exercising authority over that which has my attention. I allow my projections because I believe that I know how things are or should be. The hook is set when I project onto the world because any knowledge I may actually possess regarding the world is superseded by my need to be right about the way the world should appear. I so often know so very little regarding what I encounter and yet my propensity is to dominate with my understanding that which I encounter. By this I mean I must know, or at least give the appearance of knowing, something about that which has my attention. I am simultaneously curious (creative) and concretizing (destructive) of anything I am attenuated towards.

So what understanding has emerged from these captivating worlds, your fishing world, the world in which you find yourself implicated as both predator and prey, and the shadowy world of the archetypes and ego consciousness and the unconscious, the world of the human psyche?

Archetype is simultaneously the progenitor of and the opportunity for annihilation of ego-consciousness. Only when the boundary between consciousness and the unconscious has been breached is the archetype annihilated along with the associated content of ego-consciousness and the unconscious. This is the critical moment, this noticing that I am the effect of my projections. This is the opportunity for the simultaneous destruction and reengagement of the contents of the unconscious and consciousness.

The catastrophic annihilation of the projections of the psyche including ego consciousness and its illusion of time, the archetypes as well as the unconscious content caused by the disruption of the separation, affords the opportunity for unforeseen-yet-yearned for knowledge necessary for transformation to flood into awareness. This transformative event initiated by remaining in the tension until the discrepancies observed in the world are realized as internal shortcomings catalyzes the disruption of the boundary layer separating consciousness and the unconscious.

After ego consciousness comes into play here, what turns the whole process around, what turns in the rampant unleashing of ego-consciousness, is this reflective

movement, this slowly dawning realization that I am not just being predated upon but that I am in fact the predator.

It is really a realization that the archetype is in fact just as much an illusion as are my other projections and all are about the self in some way. At that moment when I begin to realize that what I am attributing out there is a projection of something in here I have embarked on the road to awakeness--and as soon as I arrive I start the cycle again.

Part IV

RE (creation)

The Currency of Autobiographical Narrative Inquiry

November 29

I have been wrestling with how to end this document. I notice in the preceding chapter the tendency to concretize such that the observations of the fisherman are beginning to ring with a deterministic note. I have been having trouble finding a way to wed the necessity that a doctoral dissertation make definitive concluding statements therein risking concretization, and the notion that all claims of knowing must be subject to erasure if transformation is to proceed. I was and still am concerned about the possible disjunction between the necessity of producing research that is socially relevant and the desire to produce something that is personally relevant. In other words how do I engage in research that is of importance to others as well as to me? This query could be expanded to ask how I find a place within the greater community.

While wrestling with the academic institution's implicit if not explicit necessity for research to have social relevance, often at the risk of research that is compelling to the individual researcher (such that the cost to the individual is so great as to undermine both projects), I realized that this issue is not entirely to blame for my present anxiety. I suspect that my concern about my ability to produce research that is of social as well as personal transformative significance is not necessarily bounded by academia's anemic accolades, but is also located in the relationship between myself and the world in which I am now employed.

I suspect my niggling doubts arise less from the necessity to conclude my dissertation and more from the difficulty of transferring the concepts of the disruption of the boundary separating consciousness and the unconscious from my academic understanding into the language and meaning of my work world.

As the primary hook of my life switches from acquisition of knowledge in the academy to application of knowledge in the world outside the academy I am faced with an egocentric environment that has challenged my tenets. I am unsure about the transferability of ego consciousness disrupting tenets into a world that is apparently rife with ego consciousness generating processes.

I have been hired to apply the tenets of disruption to work place inefficiencies such that employees give up preconceived notions of how things must be done thereby creating the opportunity for accomplishing the goals of managing directors. Paradoxically to achieve this goal I am faced with the dilemma of how to help managing directors give up *their* preconceived notions of how things must be done thereby creating the opportunity for accomplishing the goals of these self-same managing directors. Further this task has mired to the point where I am now a managing director who has to give up the very tenets of disruption and embrace a manipulative methodology to achieve the strategic ends of the companies that I have been hired to help!

Having watched the fisherman get hooked I realize that in my current situation I have also risen to the bait. I suspect our dilemmas are similar and therefore I might apply what I have observed to resolve my dilemma. What feels most familiar is the pervasive felt-bodily-tension. Even writing about my dilemma evokes the self-same-tension I feel when I am negotiating with company personnel. Further I suspect I may possess advantages that the fisherman laboured without. Firstly I possess his information at the outset and I hold the possibility of transformation regardless of the enticement of a managing director's seat. Secondly I am compensated to a much greater degree than the fisherman and this compensation might alleviate some of the motivational hardship experienced by the fisherman. Still, while I hope I will be able to navigate my way through this turbulence, based on the following dream, I am unsure.

In my dream I was in my car rushing to catch a ferry. I was late for the boat home. My partner was also rushing for the same ferry albeit in her own car. As we approached the terminal entrance we split off into separate lanes. The lane my partner chose was full of cars. The lane I rushed towards was empty although there was a ferry boat still docked at the end of the car lane. I was ushered quickly into the bowels of the ferry and the boat departed. There were very few cars on this boat. I was relieved to have caught this sailing although I was concerned that my partner had not made this sailing. Never-the-less it did not seem odd to me that my partner was not loaded onto this mostly empty ferry. I suspected inefficiencies on the part of others.

This boat did not look like the ferry boats I usually take to get home. This one seemed small and weathered. I began to suspect that I had been loaded onto a boat that was not headed toward my desired destination. I was standing on the car deck and there were less than a dozen cars on a vessel that could accommodate many more vehicles. The car deck was also very wet and the overhead sections were showing signs of rust and extreme wear. As I was about to venture up a set of stairs to an expected passenger deck I was met by a crew member. He stated that there

was not a passenger deck only the wheel house and the car deck. He then gave me a life vest which he wished me to don. I noticed the life vest had an inordinate amount of flotation. After complying I asked him if we were headed to my home destination and he said that I was on the boat that was headed in the opposite direction, that I was headed in the wrong direction if my wish was to go home. He said that I would be able to stay on the ferry after it docked and return to the main ferry terminal when this boat made its return voyage. If the trip went as planned I could return home this evening albeit late. I was a little nonplussed by the statement “if the trip went as planned” and asked him to explain. He said that this trip was up a river that had very unpredictable and violent turbulence and hence the reason for the extraordinarily large lifejacket. At this very moment the boat began to violently shake and I noticed that just beyond the stern of the boat was a maelstrom of violent water that was buffeting the now apparently insignificant vessel. The crew member became pale. I looked around and noticed only a few crew members huddled together. What was odd was the lack of passengers. This voyage was for me alone.

After an indeterminate amount of time the shuddering of the vessel lightened and both crew and boat seemed to exude a sense of momentary relief. The crew member I had been talking to turned to me and said, “Congratulations you are half way home”. I asked what he meant by half way home and he replied that we had arrived at their destination and we would be returning to my embarkation point after the boat offloaded. I said that I was unsure if I wanted to go back and he said that he understood.

My dream ended with me staring backward into the gloom of where we had come from sensing that I would have to risk returning through the violence and the danger I had previously passed through. I was unsure if I wanted to or even if I could make the return journey.

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Human Transformation: Disruption of the Hegemony of Consciousness

Author

Philip Kenneth Montgomery

November 29, 2007