Global South Ethnographies

Minding the Senses

elke emerald, Robert E. Rinehart and Antonio Garcia (Eds.)

SensePublishers

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RER
For Kerry Earl

ee
For Daniel Jansse 1933–1991
You would love your name in a book—here it is.

AGQ
This book is dedicated to my wife Marisol and my son Angel.

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I value elke emerald, her brain, her evenness and unflappability. It has been a pleasure co-editing this book with her and Antonio. I also wish to thank my son Nick and daughter Aly for how they enrich my life.

RER

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AGQ

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ROBERT E. RINEHART AND elke emerald

1. MINDING THE SENSES IN GLOBAL SOUTH ETHNOGRAPHIES

Expanding Worldviews

> … sensory cosmologies make us aware of the many different ways in which cultures shape perception, and the inability of standard Western models to comprehend such sensory and symbolic diversity.
>
> (Constance Classen, 2005, p. 162)

When we first discussed this book, it was a humid, coastal day. It was the kind of day in Whaingaroa/Raglan, Aotearoa/New Zealand that was sure to go one of two ways: either pouring with rain, or bright, woozy and sunny. The wet heat pressed in on us, like a smelly woolen dog. In a book—a novel—openings like that ("it was a dark and stormy night": "it was a humid, coastal day") portend of realism or idealism, sorrow or happiness. Or—of course—both binaries, brought together in a continuum. They occasionally simply mean that the reader *better watch out*! The depiction of the weather is a time-honored trope, but, of course, its use is meant to fulfil multiple purposes, not the least of which is interpretive.

Nonetheless, the presence of deliberate, metaphorical, lyrical language explicitly signals a worldview—which undergirds a research paradigm—that accepts interpretation as "what ethnographers do." We don't necessarily describe *realistically*, for realism (some might call it Truth) is in the eye/ear/taste of the beholder. The stance itself is problematic in that one person's reality certainly doesn't describe another's. As we accept interpretation as a given in producing texts, in co-creating realities, we accept both multiple interpretations of truths and the "fact" that my truth may not hold for you, and vice versa. As well, our senses may, for a variety of reasons, apprehend and construct the world in different ways—for a variety of reasons.

The ranges of possible reasons for sensory distinction between and among people may include physical anomalies (e.g., think of "phantom limb disease" where foot pain remains despite amputation), cultural pejoratives, and experiential sensitivities. But make no mistake: the exploration of—and tolerance for—difference in how we see, hear, taste, touch, and smell the world is only at its inceptive phase in contemporary academia (outstanding concerted discussions include David Howes' Centre for Sensory Studies at Concordia University, and his Sensory Formations series with Berg Publishers and Sensory Studies series with Bloomsbury).

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 1–17.

Despite Howes'—and Constance Classen's, among others—fine efforts, we appear to have barely "scratched the surface" of sensory studies.

For *Minding the Senses in Global South Ethnographies*, we envisioned a book filled with chapters that served as exemplars of sensory ethnography, of ways of knowing and apprehending the world and others through both the traditional senses and through non-dominant forms of the senses. We sought chapters that explored the senses, the sensory, and/or the sensual, in a wide variety of manners. Having brought together these wonderful scholars into this volume, compiled and extended from many of the presentations given at *Contemporary Ethnography Across the Disciplines* hui,[1] we now realize that we have just begun exploring what the words *senses* and *sensory* mean.

David Howes (2005a) states, "Science cannot provide a touchstone of truth or a higher authority for cultural analyses. This is not to say there is no 'truth' to science, but rather that it is a culturally bounded truth" (p. 5). For example, the sciences use sensory/sense/sensing in some very explicit ways: remote sensing in oceanography and archeology; sensing land surface dynamics; spectrometer sensing of a variety of chemicals, including electrolytes and catecholamines; sensing the ion channels that act upon cells; quorum sensing in bacteria (cf., Miller & Bassler, 2001). The list is seemingly endless for this assemblage of machine/human sensory interfacing. But these types of "sense" are located within the rhetorics of science—rhetorics that are, at core, ethnocentric and deeply grounded in the belief that measurement, devices, and tools will "sense" more accurately, beneficially, and effectively than human perception. And, in countering positivism, according to Nietzsche (1968), "… facts is precisely what there is not, only interpretations" (p. 267). That is to say, all research filters through the lens of human interpretation, human intervention—admittedly, at very different, albeit structurally similar, levels.[2]

However much those kind of "sensings" align or collide with other kinds of sensing/senses (and there are profound and interesting ways in which they do), we have narrowed our meanings for these words by examining the root *sens*: from the Middle French, from Old French sens, sen, san ("sense, reason, direction"), partly from Latin "*sensus* ("sense, sensation, feeling, meaning"), from *sentiō* ("feel, perceive")…" (Sens, 2015).

The gist of this, for our purposes, is that (to) sense is essentially an attempt by an organism—we narrow it to human organisms—to perceive that which is either internal or external to itself. For ethnographic purposes, we can further distil the meaning to include human knowledge, perception, and understanding of the other and of self through a variety of methods.[3]

We aim for this understanding/discussion of senses from a sociocultural standpoint; that is to say, "biology provides the clay, but culture is the potter" (Howes, 2005, p. 5). In other words, human beings—all human beings—are designed similarly, with similar sensory organs; noses, tongues, ears, fingers, eyes. That is a descriptive fact, and unless something untimely has occurred to alter that state of the individual

(which of course it can and does), all humans start life with *relatively* equivalent abilities of perception of that which is inside and that which is outside the self.

But interesting variations occur within, between, and among cultures and societies. And, as Becker (2014) helps us to ponder: "… we can investigate the sociology of *normal* physiological functioning … What is the folk wisdom with respect to 'normal functioning'?" (p. 93, emphasis added). Cultural differences and similarities are points of departure for ways of knowing the world differently, yet within each particular culture, there is a feeling of "normality" and "normal functioning." Comparing difference cases of similar, yet disparate, ways to sense the world helps us to see patterns that occur across and perhaps between cultures—as well as specific instantiations within cultures and societies.

Typically, though of course not always, fascinating variations occur after the biological fact of birth: for example, certain cultures (e.g., the Ongee of Little Andaman Island) privilege heightened olfactory recognition, which coincides with asking each other upon greeting, 'Konyune? onorange-tanka?,' 'how is your nose?' (Classen, 2005, p. 153). This may be justified by asking about whom a guest has been visiting by means of their odor, or by simply smelling another for medical purposes. As an aside, in western cultures, parents often smell their child or feel their skin as a means to roughly estimate their health or bearing. Tetro (2015) discusses the history of foot infection, which provides an example of smelling for medical purposes:

> Long before rapid analysis of bacterial cultures, the most common way to quickly determine the nature of a bacterial culture was to smell it … *Pseudomonas aeruginosa* has a distinct grape smell. *Escherichia coli* has a distinct fecal odor. Then there are the staphylococci. *Staphylococcus aureus* smells like decomposition while *S. epidermis* smells like old sweat. (p. 1)

It is said that in days of yore, a rough diagnostic for *Diabetes Mellitus Type 1* was the peculiarly sweet smell of urine—and that it attracted ants, clustering around the undigested sugar. Clearly, western sense theorists have (re)explored new methods and approaches to the heretofore western-dominant models of the hierarchy of senses—and their applications. But it remains a paradoxical project: concomitant with celebrating the richness of variety within the apprehensions of the world by indigenous peoples, sense researchers bring "modern" and dominant sensory worldviews. Thus, effectively, this process leads to a production of homogeneity within how the world is perceived—perhaps akin to the patterns of language-decimation we see within indigenous cultures (e.g., McCarty, 2003; McCarty, Romero, & Zepeda, 2006; May, 1999). Similar to language loss, the loss of systems of sensory worldview is irrevocable: "When even a single language falls silent, the world loses an irredeemable repository of human knowledge" (McCarty, Romero, & Zepeda, 2006, p. 29). Knowing the world through the nose, similarly, is of irreplaceable value.

ARISTOTLE'S CLASSIC FIVE

These methods generally include the five common western senses as their starting point: sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch. And, as Schmidt (2003) writes, there were, for Aristotle, Augustine, and Aquinas at least, "classical orderings of the senses" (p. 43). The hierarchy (of importance, of value) was thus: sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch, though Stewart (2005) makes the point that Aristotle writes "in *De Anima*, [that] taste and seeing are described as forms of touch" (p. 61). But, more recently, recognition of other senses has disrupted dominant cultural (read Euro/Anglocentric) biases, so that scholars of sense and the sensory are now rethinking basic assumptions about how we may perceive the world—and not just visually, as predominant post-Enlightenment and contemporary philosophers, cultural critics, and artists might suggest.

The fact of the Ongee cultural worldview privileging smell is interesting, but the antecedents for this societal privileging of olfactory sensing make us trace sensory dominance itself—and how and why dominance of the visual has proceeded in western societies. Another example of divergence from the dominance of sight/visual is the Songhay. "For the Songhay of Niger, taste plays an important role in social categorization" (Stoller & Olkes, 2005, p. 131). Thus, by interacting with and learning from others unlike ourselves (and everyone is unlike ourselves), we may broaden our own reflexivity about the commonplace—and avoid a reductionistic form of exoticism.

The recognition of how "the other" may differentially perceive the world follows myriad paths, including how humans may contextualize geographical sitedness, topography, climate, growing seasons, and transportation methods within their culturally-shaped perceptual networks. In some ways, the visualization of fundamental needs—such as food, water, shelter, clothing—have been the source of examination by scholars: for example, the Hungarian ethnographer Gábor Szinte, who sought to "explore the topics of ecclesiastical and folk architecture."[4] During his career,

> … his core sources comprise[d] more than three hundred photographs, one hundred sketches, reports of his journey in the field, related visual notes … nitrocellulose films, glass negatives, positive images, pen and pencil sketches, and watercolour paintings. (ibid.)

Trained as an artist, Szinte, from roughly 1879–1914, used visual techniques to convey the folk traditions of the Hungarian people. His use of visual depictions—of "Székely gates and homes" and of other folk architecture from his birthplace—was part of a larger project driven by the Hungarian Museum of Ethnography's director János Jankó to capture "folk material culture, architecture, lifestyles, customs" (ibid.).

How humans adapt to their particular context, including technological advances, like nitrocellulose films and glass negatives, *does*, in fact, affect which of their

senses are more or less salient at given times, in specific locales, with/in varying communities. Szinte is quoted to have said:

> I did not travel as most tourists do, by train, but on foot, by the wagons that carried the local mineral water, or by Székely cart—so that I could see how they lived, hear their lush, pleasurable speech, and experience their nimbleness of mind. (ibid.)

When an ethnographer—whether "classic," "traditional," or "contemporary"—immerses herself in a community, she utilizes her senses to make sense of the participants' worlds. She also relies on the dominant senses that she has nurtured both professionally and in her everyday life.

We must remember, however, that approaching the other—or knowledge and understanding of the other—is not the same as *being* the other. The other is other—or even alien—to each of us for a reason: they are not the self. Their experience(s) (and this includes in many cases their intimate lived experiences) are singular, located specifically in time and space, and shaped by myriad influences. As Patrick Lewis reminds us: "A child, a youth, an adult, we all experience the self as multidimensional, augmented through the situated awareness of human being" (2009, p. 16). As ethnographers, we must be aware of our own learned behaviors—whether these are learned in western graduate schooling, drawn into our selves by immersion within new experiences, or exist simply as dominant artifacts of our home worldview. We must, as the fish must, learn to notice and critique the very water we swim in; not just its fact, but its temperature, its viscosity, its clarity, salinity, brackishness, and so on. We must not just observe its existence descriptively, but absorb as much of its substance as we are able.

Thus, "perceiving" the world, learning about it, takes many forms. Lewis (2009, 2011) suggests that *story* is yet another way of perceiving the self in relation to the world:

> Quite possibly, [story and storytelling] is the principal way of understanding the lived world. Story is central to human understanding—it makes life livable [sic], because without a story, there is no identity, no self, no other. (2011, p. 505)

And Classen (2005) points out the "importance of expanding our perceptual field to appreciate other systems of sensory and symbolic organization" (p. 148), particularly focusing on a discussion of "the Tzotzil of Mexico, the Ongee of Little Andaman Island, and the Desana of Colombia" (ibid.).

Classen's point extends Marshall McLuhan's observation about literate cultures' over-reliance, indeed, dependence, upon visual perception as their dominant form of sensing the world and non-literate cultures' reliance upon the aural/oral. Classen's work in the Andes with indigenous Inca lead to her musing about McLuhan's untested views, lumping together all "non-literate" societies into a group that he thought solely relied upon hearing within their communicative orality and aurality.

Touch, seen in Aristotle's western hierarchy as one of the lowest forms of sensing the world, can serve as a metaphor for contact between cultures. In a dream, Bob was introduced to some Māori women. He recalls,

> One was stretching, with her forehead on the floor in front of her, her back facing upward. She wore a thin singlet, and, it turned out, had had both breasts removed. I reached out to touch her back, to warn her of my presence, while, at the same time, my friend was introducing me to her. The woman recoiled as if my touch was a burning flame. I then apologized profusely—a male initiating touch with a female, or a "stranger" touching someone unbidden, without a clear marker for permission, was taboo for many reasons, in a myriad of cultures. In my dream, I felt incredible shame and guilt—both at my privilege and at my crass ethnocentric assumptions—in certain Polynesian cultures and in Thailand, touching the head of another has historically been taboo. The fact that I'd spent the first forty years of my life as a swim coach—teaching children and adults by moving their limbs, in other words, touching them—was a situated excuse, a learned behavior, but not a reason.

Many factors can ameliorate or exacerbate the social dynamics of touch, who can touch, when touch is appropriate, pressure of touch, reciprocal touch, and commercialized forms of touch. Among them are power imbalances (e.g., a teacher/student relationship, senior to junior employees), gender roles, age and age cohort differences, religious sanctions or taboos (hugging or kissing upon greeting), social mores (air kissing), cultural or sub-cultural mores. Further, negotiations of and for touch can range from very subtle and nuanced to explicit, crass, and obvious. But in each, "touching" may serve as a decisive metaphor for the third space that Linda Smith (2014) mentions at the powhiri between those embedded in the land and those visiting. In most cases, there is a reciprocity of respect involved that takes into account individual and cultural needs for touch (cf., Rinehart, 2015; Lang, 2008).

By questioning these forms of ethnocentricism and also the logics of assumptions of cultures and peoples using either sight or hearing as their primary, dominant ways of perceiving the world, Howes, Classen and others have opened up a range of discoveries ("discoveries" by western observers, "common-sense" by members) regarding what makes sense locally rather than globally. The

> … Tzotzil, the Ongee and the Desana each conceptualize the vital force of the cosmos in terms of a different sensory energy. These sensory energies order space and time, determine health and illness, life and death, and govern social and personal identity. (Classen, 2005, p. 160)

It is the range of variance in how humans perceive the world that makes study of the "senses" at once provocative and stimulating.

The Tzotzil, according to Howes (drawing from Classen (2005)), "create a thermal geography. East is called 'Rising Heat' by the Tzotzil, and West is called 'Waning Heat' … This thermal classification extends to the Tzotzil social order …" (p. 28). Hot

and cold, related to "vital energy," also serve as ways of organizing "the cosmos—which is divided by the Tzotzil into hot worlds and cold worlds, hot deities and cold deities—and to the organization of human society" (Classen, 1999, p. 273). The Ongee

> … believe that a person's spirit resides in her or his bones. During the night, while a person sleeps, this spirit goes out and visits the places the person has been during the course of the day in order to collect the smell which has been left behind and bring it back to the body … The continual restoration of odour-life to the body during sleep replenishes a person's depleted vitality and enables her or him to continue taking in and emitting smells. (Classen, Howes, & Synnot, 1994, p. 155)

The Desana use hearing, vision, smell, taste to determine "message[s] about the social and cosmic order" (Classen, 1999, pp. 274–275). Classen (1999) discusses the wide range of values the Ongee place on subtle ranges of senses: even their name for themselves, *wira*, "means 'people of the wind' or 'people who smell'" (p. 275).

SETTING SOME TERMS

We see commonalities between the so-called "hard science" usage of *sense* and *sensory* and *sensing* and our interdisciplinary and ethnographic use of the terms. The first is the attempt to perceive that which is outside our "normal" range of perception: known as the field of remote sensing, it has its analogue in inferences borne of our senses. What can we *know* of something that is beyond our sight, beyond our hearing, our smell? Can we infer from often-unconscious, tacit knowledges and understandings to *sense* our worlds—that is, shape through perceptual re-framing—differently than we have ever previously done?

There is a long tradition of non-western understandings of the *senses* or the *sensory* as paths to both knowledge acquisition and understanding. Many of these traditional ways have been buried, cast aside, assimilated, deliberately "absented"—in short, they have been, for all intents and purposes, lost. When recovery was possible, it has been slow, but implacable. Sometimes it is simply re-discovery. Other times it is an individual or group mimicking the original ways—and finding similar "solutions" to age-old concerns that their elders once utilized.

And western-types of research have begun to "re-discover" such indigenous ways of apprehending the world, to celebrate them, to learn from them. The caution, of course, is that (sometimes) well-meaning western academics, in such a powerful position, must avoid their own forms of imperialism, of "manifest colonialism," in which their zeal to "discover" old wisdom colonizes and even kills the very thing they so cherish.

This recovery of indigenous knowledge echoes one of the main points of Barclay-Kerr's *From myth and legend to reality: Voyages of rediscovery and knowledge*, where indigenous knowledges preceded western imperialist replacement of knowledges. For example, current 21st Century climate scientists are using elders' knowledge and ways of knowing to reinforce their own insights: "Inuit Elders hold

personal knowledge of sea ice trends and extreme events back to the early 1900s" (Fox, 2015, 2). This "match [of] indigenous and scientific knowledge" comes from the National Snow and Ice Data Center, out of the University of Colorado, Boulder (USA). Informed, data-driven, quantitative scientists have supplemented their research with ethnographic observational research that enhances the ecological validity of their findings. As Fox states (2015, 2), "Indigenous people use complex terminology and explanations for ice structures and processes; these can confirm, challenge, and augment scientific understanding."

Thus, the first lesson regarding the senses: the very naming of them, the apprehension and salience of them, is culturally driven. As David Howes and Constance Classen (2013) put it: "The ways we use our senses, and the ways we create and understand the sensory world, are shaped by culture" (p. 1).

And, as they point out, our comprehension and appreciation of the senses and the sensory are mediated by context. Jonathan Reinarz (2014) notes, regarding the attention given to the significance of scent, that it is culturally and contextually relative: "… studies of smell in various Global South societies commence by noting a devaluation of olfactory experience as peculiar to the Global North and its intellectual traditions" (p. 2). What does this mean? Ultimately, it means that, though we are a *universal* humankind, we have localized and selected *singular* values that we place on the parts of our worlds that we inhabit. This sense of universal singular coexists within most of us as members of large nation-states simultaneous with being family-unit members, community members, and so on.

Having lived in the Global South for the past seven years, Bob can categorically state that his sense of smell pleasantly embraces the olfactory aura of various native floral displays—both natural and designed—throughout Aotearoa New Zealand. It is a very different apprehension to the tamping down of natural and organic smell and odor and fragrance found in much of North America. Yet, this simple (and stereotypical) binary—that of the pleasurable and the rank—does not work equally for all individuals in all time periods or all situations:

> … these different odor locales created, in effect, an olfactory map, enabling city inhabitants to conceptualize their environment by way of smell, with notable concentrations of aromas around markets, food vendors, religious buildings, gardens, and other green spaces. Usually, as diverse as these sites may appear, such scent catalogs have further encouraged scholars to think of smells in terms of binaries, most famously the foul and the fragrant. (Reinharz, 2014, p. 179)

Indeed, Howes and Classen (2014) make a compelling case for "synaesthesia, the 'union of the senses'" (p. 153). They argue that:

> … synaesthesia is too multifaceted and too culturally important to be left solely to neuroscientists to define. We also hope, on the one hand, to encourage neuroscientists interested in sensory integration to take more account of

> cultural factors, and, on the other, to stimulate historians, anthropologists and other scholars to look beyond, beside, and behind neurological models to explore the ways in which the senses—and sensory models—are shaped by culture. (p. 153)

Howes and Classen point out that neuroscience continues to theorize the "individual body or brain …" (p. 156), whereas their focus on the social body allows for a more integrative approach.

In synesthesia, smells may have color; sounds could be perceived visually (as an audio graphic equalizer may do); and so on: in essence, "traditional" (read: Western) dichotomies of the senses may be comprehended as much more integrated. This is a more holistic—neither deficit nor abundance—model of the capacity of human beings to apprehend the world in complex fashion.

The question of the boundaries of 'sense' and 'the senses' is an interesting one for ethnographers, in terms of the sensing itself, and also the documentation of that sensing. To consider first, documentation: with how much facility do we generally language even the western sensorium (taste, sight, smell, touch, sound)? As lisahunter and elke emerald explore in their explorations of sensory narrative (2015, 2016), our worlds are embodied and emplaced, yet, in the main, we are reduced to a limited language to express and communicate that world; as a small example, consider the language of odor: musky, putrid, pungent, camphoraceous, ethereal, floral and pepperminty; the language of the tactile (texture and temperature for example) and the haptic (kinesthetic information or a sense of position, motion and force) elements of touch.

As evident in CEAD and gathered in this book, there are ethnographers working on the boundaries of written/spoken language, using arts based and movement forms to research and represent sensory experience. Returning to the question of the senses themselves, lisahunter and elke emerald (2015, 2016) press us beyond the purely physical to consider the *experience* of senses, the *qualities* of experience; pleasure, pain, nostalgia, melancholy, joy and so on. How might we access these qualities, as an experience (for ourselves and participants) and how might we language these in effective and evocative ways, how might we consider them 'data' or 'evidence'?

Further, elke emerald and Lorelei Carpenter (2015) ask us whether we can consider 'emotion' a documentable sense—both our 'participants'' and our own. And can we use our own emotional senses as 'data' or 'evidence,' and how are we to document them? Can we as ethnographers, for example, understand intuition as a sense? The 3rd Contemporary Ethnography Across the Disciplines hui, was a site for researchers to examine ways of knowing through dance, photography, art, and aural, visual, gustatory, tactile, baresthesive, thermoreceptive, intuitive, proprioceptive (and many other) senses. As such, many presentations at the hui pushed at the boundaries of expression in the written and spoken word and also moved beyond the written or spoken word to engage senses through experiences such as performance, movement, sound, light and interactive painting. And here

now in the book, we have gathered some of these but confront again the challenges of linear written language as our primary means of representation. Even images are limited by aesthetic appreciation, publications costs, and dominant representations. So, for example, lisahunter's experiential installation is rendered in to words and images, trying to retain some of the flavor of the anxiety and disquiet it stimulated (deliberately!) in hui delegates. And John Dahlsen's art works are here conveyed mainly in words. Karen Barbour's dance and Hoturoa Barclay-Kerr's stories and pictures of navigating the Pacific Ocean were both deeply sensed and sensual experiences for the delegates. We can hope these rich sensory landscapes are revealed to some degree in these pages—but we retain the earmarks of a fascinating question: *what is lost?*

ABOUT THE BOOK

In seeking out authors from the 3rd biennial 'Contemporary Ethnography across the Disciplines hui' for this book we kept our scope broad to include ethnographic studies that took the sensory to more complex levels of interactiveness. Cultural performances, re-enactments of historical emplacements, open-sea navigation, Colombian youth, women's voice, the creative act: all these kinds of complex ways of knowing and perceiving, and enacting, the located world are logical expressions and embodiments of how humans *sense* the world.

Soyini Madison introduces *Section 1: Emerging methods* with her beautiful essay that explores the archetypal trickster that is performance ethnography. She delves into the felt-sensing experiences of fieldwork research enacted and translated both within the intimate, ethnographic spaces of everyday moments in the field, all at once filled with pleasure, politics, and beauty. The essay is a composite of selected stories from her work in Ghana. She shows us the courage, wisdom, and agency of local Ghanaians in their fight for personal, national, and transnational human rights. At the keynote from which this essay is drawn, the audience were transfixed by the performances—testament to the power and efficacy of storytelling as a mode of communication for social justice and for the voices, hearts, and minds of local people whose acts of courage and resistance too often go unnoticed by dominant western (and Northern Hemisphere) culture. Soyini juxtaposes stark, often painful political and social realities (e.g., 'Water-borne diseases kill one child every eight seconds') in stark contrast to tender and close moments of real lives and courageous small and large acts of resistance and defiance to power and authority.

Wendy Talbot turned to performance theory to bring her research findings to life, finding a way to bring un-humorous humor theory to an audience. She puts a personified Humor on the stage as five couples engage in a reflexive process of audiencing their own conversations. Wendy calls this process *reflexive audiencing practice*. Employing performance and presenting her chapter as a script we see some of the effects for couples who reflexively audience their own lives, and in particular the contribution(s) of Humor to this evolving process.

The research supervisory relationship can be an interesting one, especially given that it can intersect with collegial relationships, friendships and, in Katie Fitzpatrick and Esther Fitzpatrick's case, even the discovery of a shared great-great-great grandfather! Katie and Esther found a way to communicate through poetry and art in their collegial and supervisory relationship. Katie and Esther explore this interesting and complex space of research supervision—and interconnectedness—through poetry in their chapter *Since feeling is first: Poetry and research supervision*. They wrote poems to each other 'answering, conversing, building the work, the words, together.' In this chapter, they invite us in to their world, asking us to extend our reading senses and understand their world through poetry, art, snippets of song and theory. These forms invite us to engage beyond intellectual rationalization in the crises, joys and ongoing journeying of Katie's supervision of Esther's thesis—and bring to bear some further insights into community building within the increasingly-instrumentalist academic world.

John Dahlsen is an environmental artist. His art protests reckless human destruction of this planet. He makes tactile art forms with 'rubbish' to convey statements about key environmental problems and the part played by global tycoons and policymakers in creating those problems. John himself suffered at the hands of these global tycoons when the economy plummeted as a result of the 'global financial crisis.' John's livelihood was simply erased and he had to, in a sense, 're-invent' himself. At the 2014 CEAD hui he spoke to his huge and magnificent digital prints of arts works created from human-created debris washed up on beaches. In *Environmental art: A creative response to economic catastrophe*, John takes us on his journey after the financial crash, using his beautiful sculpture to usher us in to his protest. He demonstrates the importance of ensuring the powerful voices of artists are not silenced during times of economic disaster, and in a rather amusing and ironic twist, reminds us that he now, again, makes a living critiquing the very society that he relies on for sales of his art work.

Hoturoa Barclay-Kerr (Aotearoa/NZ), sails into *Section 2: Praxis—The sensory in lived worlds* with his stories of the recovery of traditional knowledges of navigation by stars, wind and ocean. In his chapter "From myth and legend to reality: Voyages of rediscovery and knowledge" he provides some histories of Maori heroes 'renowned for their courage and adventurous spirit.' Epic tales of voyage and discovery were slowly relegated to the realm of myth and legend by western scholars and academics. However, these were no myths for the owners of these stories and Hoturoa has reclaimed these stories, reliving great voyages, navigating across the Pacific, by the stars, wind and currents in beautiful new waka.

Harmony Siganporia invites us into the ancient and fascinating world of Tibet. She chronicles the modern rendition of the traditional Tibetan Dekar—something like a medieval jester or bard (or modern-day standup comedian)—whose role is to provide ruthless commentary on society. The Dekar's world was visceral, sensual and sensory. One description, from refugee camps—after the Dalai Lama's 1959

exile—noted the Dekar as a rowdy character, drunk and unkempt, living with and among the stray dogs: "he was revolting and teased and mocked by children. Yet on special occasions people would gather around when he, praying, singing, and jesting in 'choicest turns of phrase' would provide a merciless critique of both society and individuals." In *From drunken-sage to artiste; The many lives of the Tibetan* '*Dekar*,' we meet the Dekar, and Harmony recounts the life, and after life, of this Tibetan cultural institution and repository of folk memory and knowledges. This example of an embodied sensualist performing out on the streets, as a counter-hegemonic move to disrupt taken-for-granted hierarchies within culture, provides a holistic sensory experience for spectators and participants alike.

Rachel Lamdin Hunter and Kahurangi Dey then conjure for us, in scenes from another tumultuous, blackly comedic performance—the family dinner table. In evocative vignettes that will surely touch a nerve for many readers, we visit the supermarket with Rachel as she trails three hot and disgruntled children through the slow, painful and argumentative family grocery shopping. She must then endure cooking, the dinner debacle and cleaning—all at the end of her long work day. In *Mothers and food: Performing the family mealtime*, we engage affectively with the frustration, exhaustion and guilt of mothering, as expressed through the relentless expectation for mothers to provide and nurture in very particular, and nigh impossible, ways.

Emalani Case then invites us into another world of movement, song, poetry, and dance. *Pehea ka* ʻaha *a kāua? How is our rope? Ethnographic practices from behind, in front of, and in the* ʻ*aha* lets us into the ways, as a child in Hawaiʻi, she sang, chanted and danced stories of her people and her history through hula. Emalani asks us to engage with her truly embodied experience of dance. Some of those stories intertwine with the stories of the sacred art of canoe making—which, as a child, she was excluded from because of age and gender. She was separated from the men shaping the canoe by the ʻaha, a prickly coconut husk rope that encircled the thatched canoe house. The ʻaha kept her on the sidelines, bearing witness and even giving voice to story—but unable to take a step inside. Many years later, Emalani once again approached the ʻaha, but this time metaphorically. She contacted the men who had carved that beautiful twenty-six foot outrigger canoe and sat with them to hear their stories, and to laugh and cry, as they allowed her to peer into that space beyond the ʻaha once again. In some instances, they even let her move in front of the rope, into their circle. Emalani explores the complex researcher/participant dynamic through the metaphor of the ʻaha—negotiating 'in' and 'out' spaces, 'in' and 'out' knowledges, who has the right to speak and know and who has the honor of witnessing, recording and singing.

Karen Barbour opens *Section 3: Transformations in social justice* with her *Place responsive choreography and activism* in which she invites us in to sensory encounter with place, site and landscape to explore local issues of social justice and environmental activism and feminist choreography. Karen is a dance artist and researcher; as such, ethnographic and autoethnographic research has led her

to performance as a specific means to articulate her encounters with place through embodied expression and textual representation. In this chapter she shows how her site-specific dance '*Whenua*' performed at the CEAD hui expanded beyond sensory encounter with the research process, spiraling inwards to encompass a sense of belonging and responsibility for local place, and also outwards to political, feminist communitarian engagement with issues of land contestation and spiritual, cultural, economic and environmental concerns.

Confusion, anxiety and distress swirled through lisahunter's installation at the CEAD hui—as delegates entered the claustrophobic space, assailed by lights and sounds, the 'spinning wheel of death' hypnotized and a haunting voice sang us into the madness of the visceral frustrations of the digital world: the embodied tight helpless, hopeless anguish of yet another computer crash, yet another loss of data, in the midst of tight-to-breaking timelines and bleating demands from all quarters. In *Spinning wheel very pretty: Cybridity and the cyborg academic*, lisahunter recalls some of that for us through images and words.

In *The heartlines in your hand: Writing autoethnography with Helene Cixous and Virginia Woolf*, Elizabeth McKinlay, in poetic prose, poetry and cartoons, takes us with her on her bicycle to a café. She needs her coffee to 'think well, love well, sleep well' (Woolf, 1929, 18), and then, when her personified friend 'Writing' refuses to co-operate, we pedal again: 'forever in motion, flying, writing, moaning, singing, gesturing, and daring.' Elizabeth's reverie as she rides takes her—and us—deep into her ethnography as she, "Pen flying, fervent, fighting against the futility," wrestles through poetry, searching for the just the right words to situate herself, her people and their realities. She ponders and probes her roles across worlds as she resists

> Using white power and privilege
> To cross over under the guise of research
> A woman about to make herself radically vulnerable
> As the heartlines in her hand become her
> Ethnography and education that doesn't break your heart
> Just isn't worth doing anymore. (after Behar, 1996)

Finally we arrive in her academic playground and converse with Elizabeth's mentors and motivators Helene Cixous and Virginia Woolf as Writing skips and plays and giggles. The world Elizabeth invites us into is playfully wrought, but challenges us to engage thoughtfully, and even mindfully, with our own relationships to ethnography, Writing, and the people in our ethnographic worlds and beyond.

We credit Antonio Garcia for editing and introducing *Section 4: The sensual in Latin America: Writing in the Boundary between Spanish and English*. In *Foreign and yours: Writing in the boundary between Spanish and English*, Antonio chronicles the work CEAD has done to respond to the overwhelming predominance of presenters coming from, in his terms, the "British sphere" by launching Days in Te Reo and in Spanish and Portuguese at the 2012 and 2014 hui, respectively.

Participating scholars came for the Day in Spanish and Portuguese from France, Australia, Brazil, Chile and Colombia. Antonio points out that, in having these pre-conference days and publishing in non-English languages, CEAD quite deliberately problematizes the supremacy of 'English' as the academic *lingua franca*, noting that the predominance of English is one paradigmatic expression of colonization in the academy/ies.

Similarly, Antonio reminds us that CEAD is characterized by deliberately mixing fields—fields that are traditionally and formally separated. As a founding member of the Association for CEAD, he points out that the conference seeks to overcome the notion of ethnography as a technique historically rooted in anthropology, challenging the traditional boundaries between different disciplines. And these are keys to the richness of the CEAD Association, the hui and the publications. As well, though, Antonio challenges us to problematize the 'Day in …' formulae and find ways to allocate spaces and times for the British sphere to also "consider their own ethnographic production as part of a broader world, thinking about their own ethnographic practices and what distinguish and connect them to other cultural spheres." This would, in his opinion, strengthen CEAD as a space of confluence of different voices and would bolster the "main" conference as a space of encounter for diverse cultural perspectives. The papers in this section, accordingly, situate us in the problem/opportunity of translation. The authors use new approaches to ethnographic writing to describe the unique perceptions and emotions that the cultural "immersion" they try to undertake carries.

Pamela Zapata-Sepúlveda is a Chilean ethnographer who moved from her city in Chile to the academic sphere in the US. In *My "Third World" in three words: Performative writing from the perspective of a Latin-American woman*, she describes the challenges she confronts as she herself uses Academic English as a second language. She delineates and interprets her work encountering Colombian refugee women, who arrive, often on foot, with only what they can carry. They often bear the physical scars of a suffering witnesses can only imagine—of trauma and persecution, of fear and dislocation—for those who hope to find safety and opportunity in Chile.

For Pamela, this chapter is itself an act of resistance and transgression as she laments the pressures of 'publish or perish,' and the dangers of such resistance. She also uses her writing to engage with undergraduate students and give them a space to hear themselves in their explorations of political life in Chile. At the heart of Pamela's chapter is an autoethnographic poem, written in the 3-word style that Lauren Richardson shared at the International Congress of Qualitative Inquiry (2014). This poem, "So that nobody knows that I'm running away; so that nobody knows that I want to stay," came from Pamela's work in a support program for Colombian refugee women and its poignancy invites us into their world.

In *Passing' and 'failing' in Latin America: Methodological reflections on linguacultural identity*, Phiona Stanley bases her ethnography on a series of random encounters in different Latin-American countries: Mexico, Cuba, Colombia,

Ecuador, Guatemala, and Nicaragua. Phiona questions what she sees as the assumptions underlying many contemporary language programs: that intercultural *contact* necessarily results in intercultural *competence*. We travel with her as she "passes" and "fails to pass"—sitting in cafes, riding on busses, going to the market and sitting a Spanish test. We feel with her as she yearns for her 'Spanishness' to prevail and experiences delight when she is mistaken for a Mexican.

Autoethnography has become a proving ground for drawing us to embodied and emplaced experience. In Section 5, *Autoethnographic voices in the global south*, Fetaui Iosefo and Melissa Carey help us understand some of the idiosyncratic ethnographic experiences within their worlds. As well, we see and can imagine their work between various worlds.

In dual texts of narrative and analysis and in poetry, Fetaui speaks to us with three voices: Fetaui the narrator; Jerodeen the academic analyzer; and, JOFI the poet. These incarnations are represented through writing in three paired texts of narrative and analysis; and in three poems. In her chapter, *Who is eye? An autoethnographic view on higher educational spaces from a Pasifika girl*, Fetaui, Jerodeen, and JOFI take us on Fetaui's journey as a 'Pasifika girl,' navigating her way through the institutional spaces of higher education. With her, we live the horror of helplessly watching a tsunami ravage her home and people in Samoa, confined as she was in another country. Together, Fetaui, Jerodeen, and JOFI create a Pasifika conception of third space (Bhabha, 1994) as a means to analyze culture alongside physical and social spaces within higher education as well as the Pasifika girl's life beyond higher education.

Melissa Carey too, negotiates different (and sometimes contested) worlds, moving between a colonized world, *te ao Māori* (the *Māori* world) and the spirit world, *te pō*. In *The transformative experiences of cultural healing: An autoethnography of Kaupapa Māori*, Melissa takes us with her as she heals a rupture she didn't know existed. Raised in Australia and now in her mid-thirties, family secrets start to unravel and Melissa discovers "a brown secret hidden beneath [her] white skin." Her forgotten ancestors call her to action, and so begins her journey of healing. This chapter locates the inexplicable and the haunting within cultures that seemingly rely upon certainty and surety.

The book closes, with a panel discussion. Holly Thorpe chaired a discussion between keynote presenters D. Soyini Madison, Karen Barbour and Hoturoa Barclay-Kerr. You might do well to read this chapter first. The discussion draws on the themes that arose for delegates and captures the spirit of the gathering. Soyini, Karen and Hoturoa describe how the sensual plays throughout their work, as research that is embodied, performed, and tangible. In this chapter Soyini, Karen and Hoturoa converse about the sensual in their own work, navigating their approach to and dissemination of ethnographic research and the fruitful collaborations of the sensual and embodied and the technological.

We have kept the chapter in transcript-style, tidying up the differences between spoken and written text just a little, as that captures the immediacy and texture of

the conversations. Karen describes how, as a dancer with a particular commitment to somatic inquiry, she holds the felt sense of her cellular breathing simultaneously with her sense of empathetic relationship as she creates dance works that are both research process and research text. Soyini shares her inspiration in the work of the sensual ethnographers at the hui and puts in to words for us how the embodied and sensual was so elegantly expressed in the work of the dancers at the hui. Hoturoa describes how the young sailors he takes to sea to learn the ways of navigation by stars and ocean come to sense that world through their bodies and see themselves as researchers, creating texts of song and dance as forms that enable them to learn and store indigenous knowledge practices for the future.

The panel closes with Soyini's prompt for us to move into the future with careful consideration of the ways that technology cuts both ways. New technologies both enhance our lived experience and our research and yet may minimize, discard, and disrespect our senses. She asks us to engage in this conversation and squarely face the inherent contradictions of new technologies.

The 3rd biennial Contemporary Ethnography Across the Disciplines hui was a varied, rich and deep encounter with sensual landscapes. Delegates came away refreshed and recommitted to exploring the methodological and theoretical edges of research. But this volume, where expanded versions of their delivered papers are put forth as exemplars of the work being done in contemporary ethnography, demonstrates deeper reflection and reflexivity on the part of the authors. Though not exhaustive, these chapters offer something of the spirit of sensual ethnography in many forms and nuances.

NOTES

1. For more information regarding the bi-annual CEAD conferences, please go to www.cead.org.nz
2. For positivists and some post-positivists, relating to the senses as discrete "variables" that can be studied separate from the totality of the human sensory experience remains a possibility. For others, it is wise to look at sensory apprehension, capturing, engagement in a more holistic manner. The former tends toward descriptive discussion of senses; the latter tends toward examination of contexts, patterns, logics.
3. There are, of course, studies looking at how non-human species interact with the world. These works are largely steeped in the earth sciences, including biology, botany, zoology. Such examinations, while useful both philosophically and pragmatically, are beyond the scope of this volume.
4. From Museum of Ethnography ("Folk Culture of the Hungarians" exhibit, featuring Gábor Szinte's collection of artifacts, Budapest, Hungary, 7 September 2015).

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SECTION 1

EMERGING METHODS

D. SOYINI MADISON

2. ETHNOGRAPHY ACROSS STORYTELLING AND THE SENSES

This essay will discuss the embodied praxis of ethnography and how the felt-sensing experiences of fieldwork research are enacted and translated both within the intimate, ethnographic spaces of those everyday moments in the field that are all at once filled with pleasure, politics, and beauty. Those qualitative researchers who dare to transform data into symbol, metaphor, and embodied knowledge traverse territories and spaces to attempt the impossible: they show us how narration still matters by making utopian imaginaries into a politics of the real, a materiality of the flesh, a consequential action of effects. Like the archetypal trickster the performance ethnographer turns things upside down for pleasure, beauty, and purpose to create something new and different across publics, large and small, hidden and spectacular, to communicate the complexities and the theatrical gravitas of fieldwork praxis. The essay will examine the acts and intentions of interpretation as a project of storytelling and the senses at the service of illuminating histories, of critically engaging structures of feeling, and of digging up the hidden abodes underneath political economies that would deny the fact of imagining and performing the (im)possible.

Performance ethnography across narration and the senses requires what the jazz artist Dianne Reeves calls forth in her brilliant composition, entitled, Bridges. It requires us to: "Be Still, Stand in Love, and Pay Attention." It shows us our relationship to objects in the lived experience of inhabiting a body. The body is an organism that encounters other organisms, e.g., monuments, borders, rivers, or other humans. It shows us how space and place are not simply containers where we must reside in our social relation but how space directs our destiny, our Truth, our possibilities. It shows us the human sensorium and how our senses register and are registered by nearness and distance (what we hold dear and what we cast out) how we inhabit and enter realms of desire and disgust, peace and violence, freedom and un-freedom.

SENSORY ETHNOGRAPHY IN FOUR STORIES

Understanding that Performance is embossed—it brings to light—it magnifies and manifest symbolic importance, I would like to share Four ethnographic moments from my field work in Ghana excerpted from my book *Acts of Activism: Human Rights as Radical Performance*.

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 21–29.

Story One

Mother and Child: A Ritual of Caring

I remember one day I had just left the market. I was standing at the trotro stop trying to get back home. It was so hot that day. I could hardly breathe and nothing could quench the thirst. Every trotro that passed by was filled with people packed together, crushed inside, trying to get where they needed to go—a stream of dilapidated, old vans full of exhaust fumes, sweaty bodies, overbearing heat, and smells of every sort. Everything felt so crowded and so dirty that day. I was hot and tired and missing my home in the US and feeling very much like the Ugly American.

> Dirt is a fact of material and political conditions, but too often it is cast as a moral flaw. The World Health Organization's daily requirement for water is 20–40 liters a day per person. In Ghana for those without a piped water system, purchasing three buckets or eighteen liters of water a day costs between 10 and 20 percent of their average daily income.

As I waited, hoping a trotro would stop where I could squeeze into one empty seat and get back to the quiet and solitude of my home, I looked down the road a bit, and saw a woman sitting over a bucket of soapy water. There was a child at her feet, she undressed the child and then placed him in the bucket of water. She bathed the child in the public market place … "quiet and solitude" for her is a different reality than it is for me. I was transfixed by what was more than just a woman bathing a child outside on a hot day, but how the ordinary—how the day to day—is so strong and healthy and impeccably resistant against the facts of its own reality.

> Water-borne diseases kill one child every eight seconds.

As I watched the woman and child, suddenly, an old man, appearing to be mad—his hair matted, with very dirty clothes and half dressed—walked up to the woman. Without the least concern, she simply brushed him away with a wave of her hand and continued to bathe the child. He then, undeterred, stumbled toward the bucket and began to take off his clothes while attempting to step into the soapy water. Immediately, two young men standing next to me at the trotro stop quickly walked over to the old man and with such sincere gentleness and gracious respect, helped the old man put his clothes on and guided him back down the road.

> In south-Saharan Africa, 70 percent of deaths and diseases are due to the lack of clean and accessible water. The majority of women and children in rural areas travel miles in the morning and evening for water that remains infected with-water-borne diseases.

The woman paying no mind to the old man … no mind to anyone or anything else—kept her willful attention on her child and their ritual. This small moment, in a small, crowded space of heat, sweat; -and- smell was claimed—taken back—by a Water Rite between mother and child. Pristine, Real and Resistant. Kweku will come. I will

eventually find water today. And this search over time will come again, and again, and it will eventually become another, a different kind, of Water Rite. But, I wonder sometimes about the old man.

Story Two

The Plantain Seller and the Greedy Man

I went for my usual morning walk down the road in East Legon for roasted plantain and groundnuts. There was no sidewalk, so during the morning traffic I navigated between the street and the kiosks lining the road. As women carried large baskets on their heads with various items for sale, their babies wrapped in cloth around their backs, they balanced between the edge of the road, the open sewers, and the heavy traffic. These women rushed alongside moving cars as drivers hurriedly paid for their goods in the moving traffic: plantain chips, water, fruit, bread, nuts, linens, cookware, assortments of snacks and candies, and more. As I approached the woman's kiosk where I usually purchased my morning plantain and ground nuts, a speeding car suddenly stopped in front of her plantain stand and startled me. The car was big, shiny, and black with flashy wheels, tinted windows, and a sticker on the back window that read "Buy American Rice." The force of the car, inches away, also startled a young woman passing along the road and almost knocked her and her child into the gutter, but a boy quickly caught the woman and child and saved them from falling. A Ghanaian man got out of the big shiny black car and, without apology or concern for anyone, walked boldly up to the plantain stand, pulled out a bunch of money, and pointed to the plantain of his choice. The woman selling the plantain ignored him as though he were air. The man, annoyed by being ignored, raised his voice and demanded the plantain. The woman calmly ignored him. With a heavy, angry voice, the man began casting insults upon her. The woman, unaffected, continued to turn over each plantain against the burning coals. By this time all eyes were on the shouting man, who looked as though he was about to implode, and the small woman attending to her plantain, who refused to acknowledge his presence. The man was embarrassed. He began to shout louder, he moved closer to the woman, but, still undeterred, she kept turning her plantain and then began to softly hum a tune. The man pointed his finger to threaten her and came in closer as though he were about to strike her, and in that volatile moment the other women at their kiosk along the road—the paw paw, pineapple, and tomato sellers—with knives in hand surrounded the angry man. The man stepped back with a mixture of surprise and fear and in a grand huff quickly returned to his shiny car making threats about "stupid women" and how he was "going to come back and teach them a lesson." Everyone laughed as the man sped off cursing, fist shaking out of the car window, and the

"Buy American Rice"

faded away down the road.

I asked the woman selling pineapple: "Do you think he will come back?"

In clear English she said, "Let him come back. Foolish man! We are not afraid of stupid men. Let him come!"

The woman selling the plantain laughed and said: "Ehh! These women in Ghana here! It is a new day!"

I bought my plantain and asked her name.

She smiled and said her name was Cecilia.

Her teenage daughter, dressed in a school uniform, walked up to the kiosk and greeted her mother. The girl just missed the angry man and his big shiny car. She sat down behind the kiosk and took out a red notebook from her bag and began writing. "You look like you are concentrating very hard," I said to the girl.

She looked up with a pleasant smile and in a shy voice said: "I am writing a story about my mother."

Among the papers in her school bag was a small white book:

"*The Women's Manifesto for Ghana.*"

"Is that your school book in your bag?" I asked.

Before the girl spoke, her mother said: "I gave it to her—she reads very well and works very hard in school. She reads to us."

"Do you like the book?"

"Yes, Madame," said the girl.

The mother looked over at her daughter and turned to me. "I go to the meetings for women in Ghana here. I go. I teach my daughter."

Story Three

World Water Forum

One of the first people I went to see when I got to Accra was Al-Hassan Adam, a long-time friend and a water and environmental activist. I met him in his office at Civic Response. Al-Hassan sat at his desk during our conversation and began by describing what first inspired his commitment to social justice.

"It was music. The music. Listening to Bob Marley shaped my ideas on society. It's all about the totality of the music," he said.

"It begins with Bob Marley…"

"If you listen to Bob Marley's *Talkin' Blues*, it's all about complete struggle: He talks about freedom fighters and, when they come, who is going to stand up. I mean *Talkin' Blues* is a whole picture. It's a complete picture of living a life of resistance. It's inspiring." Al-Hassan then expanded on the idea of drama relative to social justice by recounting a different place and time: the international stage at the 2003 World Water Council in Kyoto, Japan. Al-Hassan attended the forum to represent Ghana and its coalition against water privatization. There was scheduled to be a very important keynote presentation given by the former IMF Managing Director. The representative was scheduled to launch a report that basically explained, according to Al-Hassan, "how to finance water." The report was intended to focus on "how the private sector can now go to public funds and then use public funds to finance

water." There were anti-privatization activists from all over the world—Asia, Latin America, Africa, and the United States—who, when they found out in advance about the report, decided they must do something about it. Al-Hassan said, "We were really a rainbow." On the eve of the keynote address, the activists held their own meeting and decided to protest the World Bank report.

"How were all of you going to protest against the report?" I asked.

"In the big meeting where the report was to be given, there were going to be high officials and important people. It was organized by the World Water Council. One of the Japanese ministers for water was there, the South African minister for water and forest, ministers and development ministers, and everybody was there who is supposed to matter—the water chief executives, water activists, water technocrats—everybody was going to be there. So we, activists had to dress well so we could get into the hall and not look suspicious. We did not want them to be aware of our plan."

"So you dressed up like them, and it was a disguise so they wouldn't recognize all of you as activists?" I asked.

"Exactly! We made 'lie meters' to stage our protest. We hid them under our coats so, as we entered the hall, no one could see them."

I was amused. "Lie meters?"

"Yes," said Al-Hassan. "The lie meters were made out of cardboard … we painted a red, orange, and brown arc. Attached to the bottom of the Meter were small bells. There were about five of us who went into the hall with the lie meters under our coats. We stood in five different sections so that we would be at strategic points in the room. When the World Bank fellow read his report and each time he told a lie, all of us would shake the meter and point the arrow in the direction of one of the colors. For the small lies, the meter would shake and go to brown; for the bigger lies, the meter would shake and go to yellow; for the biggest lies, the meter would shake and go to red. We had a fellow who signaled the color and the time to point in order to be sure we were all shaking at the same time and on the same point. One of the protestors would shine a light on him; he would then signal us to shake and move the meter on a color. All five of us would move the meter at the same time and on the same color."

"Did anyone try to stop you? Did the speaker try to stop you?" Al-Hassan shook his head, "No, he couldn't. He was shocked. They all were absolutely shocked."

"Did he finish his speech?" I asked.

"He started to fumble. The Japanese minister tried to persuade us to stop. We said we must speak to the issues. We spoke into the microphones and began asking questions and speaking to the issues of privatization. We had six people stationed and there were two mikes: three people at one side of the mike and three people on the other side of the mike. We really prepared and did our homework for this. We knew what we were doing. We had met and we had planned and rehearsed our presentation very carefully. We let them know that all of us there … we represent so many people and you people are not representing anybody anymore on this count of lies. We want to have a dialogue—we did not come here to just listen to a report

being read to us. After all, this report took one year to prepare, and this is the first time we are hearing it, so we want a dialogue. They said they would give us fifteen minutes! 'We are giving you fifteen minutes.' We said, 'You can't use one year to write a report and give us fifteen minutes to respond to it; so this is not fair and this is not democratic! We denounce this meeting and we denounce your report! We don't recognize your report!'"

"This was a historic moment," I said. "What happened next?"

"We had two big banners that said, "People Before Profit!" and "Water Cannot Be Sold!" We went to the stage and covered the front of the stage with the banners and we started chanting 'Water for life, not for profits.' And then we just covered the whole platform. Nobody sees them again."

The performance at the World Water Forum was powerful because it was tactical at several levels. First, it relied heavily on *surprise* for its effectiveness. Surprise held a twofold purpose: it was both maneuver to assure the activists would get into the space of the hall, and it was also a means to shock and therefore to bring greater attention to themselves. Surprise also served as an important device because it added to the quality of spectacle by startling and jolting the audience. To enact surprise is to harness attention. You can hardly look away at a surprise. When you are jolted, your attention is focused and captured by the jolt. They needed to shock the audience into an entirely unexpected register and mode of attention, quite different from what was happening before they entered the hall. Without this initial shock, it would have been more difficult to punctuate the moment. As Al-Hassan stated, the activists wanted the "big shots" attending the meeting to be caught "unawares" to ironically provoke them into the greatest possible awareness of their presence.

Second, in succeeding to surprise the audience, the element of shock was complemented by a theatrics of *inversion*. The group of activists literally created a reversal of positions relative to controlling the discourse of water privatization and how that discourse was now framed. The gentleman from the World Bank who represents the most powerful economic institution in the world was now usurped by people who most likely will never possess, control, or manage an iota of the amount of capital he dealt with at the Bank. The tenacity and will of the activists displaced the speaker in an act where subaltern voices silenced—in a particular moment in time—a voice from the high ground of world finance. This inversion that contributed to "globalization from below" was no small inversion maneuver. The tactic also inverted the form and content of the discourse from speaker—audience to agitprop performance happening, full of the theatrics of costume, props, cues, dramatic effect, and the passion to reverse and reinvent power arrangements.

Third, inversion was enabled by *design*—a well-conceived plan for a specific function and purpose. The performance was methodically arranged: from the coordination of what would be worn, the graphics of the "lie meter," the synchronization of the ringing bells, the timing of the flashlight cues, to the climactic moment of mounting the stage and dropping the banner to literally and figuratively mask the panel as they "disappeared" from sight and hearing under the excessive

appearance and boldness of the banner as both prop and signification of "water cannot be sold."

The event and its components of *surprise*, *inversion*, and *design* transformed a diverse group of internationalist activists into a momentary community of mutually empowering comrades. The privatization ideology, by the sheer force of the performance, was suspended, relinquishing the last word to the activists. The event unleashed the possibility of more performance from below to be remembered and revived.

Story Four

He Has NO Fear

Kwesi Pratt is a controversial media commentator, a grassroots organizer, a renowned social justice activist, and former president of the Private Newspaper Publishers Association of Ghana. He is a member of the Ghana Socialist Forum and founding editor of the independent newspaper, *The Insight*, which is noted as a bold voice against local corruption and corporate greed. Kwesi was imprisoned as a result of his political activism and for, in his words, "striving every day to be a socialist." When I asked him what that meant, he said: "It is the unwavering belief and practice that no one on this planet should be starving for food and in want of shelter and that every human being is worthy of respect and dignity." I asked Kwesi if there was one incident in his long career as an activist that he could never forget. Kwesi recounted a public protest (while under a military regime and before multiple political parties were established in Ghana) that he led in 1986 at the Old Ghana House in Accra against the system of military rule.

> "We called him Choirmaster. He was inspiring. He was a performer. He composed songs but many of the songs were spontaneous. Choirmaster had been with us for a long, long time. He was an activist and he liked to express himself through songs. He would break into a song in a meeting and people would sing. He was with us singing and inspiring the crowd on this particular day. There must have been about 100 to 150 of us. When we arrived at the Old Ghana House in Accra the policemen far outnumbered us. We were surprised. We didn't expect so many. They were lined up waiting for us. When there became the possibility of violence, we asked our comrades to sit in the street and block the traffic. So everybody sat down. One of the police officers spoke through a megaphone and said they were giving us a count of three to leave. If we did not leave on the count of three, we would all be under fire. And then the policeman started counting. We were all face-to-face with the guns as he started counting. But something happened. I don't know how it happened. He counted one, and by the time he counted two, I started walking toward the police. I don't know what made me stand up and start walking. I didn't think about it. It just happened. I just walked towards the police. I spoke to the

> policeman who was in charge of the rest. I don't really remember what I said. I think I told him the people there could be their brothers, their fathers, their mothers, their sisters. I think I told him they have nothing in common with the people in power. I think I told him that if he gave the orders to shoot, he would bear full responsibility for their deaths. I walked back to the crowd and sat down with my comrades. Then, the police officer gave the order … and I heard him shout 'Charge.' But, not one policeman moved. Not one moved. Not one policeman fired a gun. I cannot explain it to this day. I have no words for it. I will never forget it. It was incredible."

Could it be that "it was incredible" because the police yielded to the theatricality of their countrymen sitting down, quiet and still, in the middle of one of the busiest, most crowded streets in Accra and this act of peaceful defiance moved them to pity or empathy or fear? Could it be that the police yielded to the theatricality of Kwesi Pratt, the man known in Ghana for "having no fear," walking alone toward them—their guns pointing—because too great an affective energy, too poignant a bodily presence stopped them and their own musculature from advancing upon this man and his comrades to pull the triggers of their guns? Kwesi said he heard the head policeman shout "Charge." To "charge" is very significant here because to "charge" operates through the disciplinary command of the head policeman as well as the inspired performance led by the choirmaster. To "charge" is to "go forth," "authorize," "enable," and "empower." Kwesi places the "Choirmaster" at the beginning of the narrative and characterizes his songs as being a source of inspiration. Protest songs and protest performances—as throughout the history of civil disobedience they both generate and are generated by acts of activism all over the world—function as a "charge" of inspiration, of motivation, and of energy. Could it be that the choirmaster's inspired performances, and the affective energy they helped to generate, were a factor in why the police did not shoot? The choirmaster and the head policeman both enacted "charge." By examining the notion of "charge," the force of the choirmaster's inspirational action against the "incredible" non-action of the police comes into focus, especially as it relates to the significance of performance. The choirmaster inspired and therefore contributed to the determination of the dissenters to sit in the middle of the street and of Kwesi Pratt to walk alone toward rows of armed officers. The charge resulting in the inspiring performances directed by the choirmaster for his comrades became a greater force than the charge commanded by the head policeman to his armed officers. When the head policeman shouted "Charge" to the armed men, the dissenters were already charged by a force of determination and purpose that seemed to usurp the charge of a punishing authority and a disciplinary power. Kwesi's narrative illustrates another form of performance, punctuating and circling, through the manners and modes of social protests that raise the question of humankind being naturally wired to perform. Could it be that the choirmaster tapped into both inspiration and biology? Whether it was from his standard repertoire and/or created within that improvisational moment,

whether it was neurological and/or philosophical, the Choirmaster became a source of energy and motivation by keeping bodies and souls in step and on the move until it was time to sit still in the street. The Choirmaster and inspired performance charged justice and justice charged inspired performance, evolving into an act that was "incredible" and leaving us under its ineffable wonder: "I cannot explain it to this day," "I have no words for it."

WENDY TALBOT

3. HUMOR TAKES THE STAGE

A Performance of Couples' Humor

PROLOGUE

"A theory of humor is not humorous" (Critchley, 2001): how then might a researcher theorize and re-present humor-in-action? In responding to this problem in my doctoral research, I turned to performance theory (Alexander, 2005; Gergen, 2001) as a means to bring to life particular research findings. These findings, about humor in couple relationships, took me into an unanticipated area of theory. At this point, I found myself amongst serious theory about humor that seemed at odds with my lived experience of the pleasure of humor in the research conversations. Performance theory offered a strategy by which I engaged simultaneously with serious theory and humor-in-action. Calling on performance theory, I put Humor on the stage to perform as both actor and research subject as I show in the performance that follows.

This performance is extracted from a study (Talbot, 2012) that involved the parties in a couple relationship in a reflexive process of audiencing their own conversations. Each of five couples got to act in, view, re-view and review their conversations as couples—spect-actors making and audiencing DVD recordings. I came to call this process *reflexive audiencing practices*. Employing performance, this article demonstrates some of the effects for couples of reflexively audiencing their own lives, and in particular the playing out of humor. The performance begins.

Welcome to the theatre. Behind the curtain the stage is set.

The Set

The setting is an open plan kitchen, dining and lounge in a contemporary home. In the lounge, stage left, there are three two-seater couches forming a U shape. A large television screen on the lounge wall is visible to actors and audience. A DVD player and a remote control sit on a coffee table in front of the couches. The round dining table to the right of the stage seats eight. Behind the dining table is a kitchen area. The actors will enter and leave from open French doors that appear to lead out into a garden at the back left. It is a warm summer evening. The spirited singing of cicadas fills the air.

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 31–58.

Lighting

The stage lighting will offer a series of illuminative lenses through which to view the performance. A silver mirror ball, hangs from the roof of the stage. The ball radiates white lights as it rotates, each shard of light highlighting particular discursive practices and their multiple possible meanings. Red lights emphasize the performance as a production in which actors and audience produce individual and relational subjectivities. A blue strobe focuses attention on positioning theory, "on dynamic aspects of encounters" (Davies & Harre, 1990) between persons shaped by and shaping discourse. Yellow lights of narrative theory show performances as stories produced in particular moments in time, location and cultural context. Green lights illuminate reflexivity. Actors and audience get to see the performance-in-action, as well as the theoretical perspective out of which it is produced and which it reproduces.

As the performance begins the beams of light will turn on and off, intersect, and shift continuously to illuminate the actors and the relational space between them. Shone separately, or fused with others, the lights highlight complex stories of humor fashioned in couple relationship conversations. Angled mirrors, around the perimeter of the stage, will reflect kaleidoscopic perspectives of the performance.

The Characters

There is no list of characters, or the characterizations that playwrights usually provide their audiences. Making these characterizations available would risk defining participants by stereotypic identity descriptions that produce them as particular types of people. This practice may involve a problematic normalizing gaze (Foucault, 1977) on individual persons that centers them as objects of attention and produces expectations for them to speak and act in particular ways. In the constructionist, poststructuralist world of the performance, what is of interest is the moment-by-moment unfolding of relational humor as discourse-in-action.

I play two parts. I move between the lectern as Narrator, and the interview chair as Interviewer. Humor is also present in each of the four Acts.

The Acts

In Act 1, I introduce and interview Humor. Some of the literary voices that have contributed to Humor's identity development are in the audience and speak into the performance.

In Act 2, the ten research participants become actors who join Humor and me. They perform vignettes drawn from research transcripts.[1] Humor and I take up audience positions to these vignettes. From the audience, Humor witnesses itself, providing reflexive commentary on its production in the couples' conversations.

In Act 3, two research participants, Amber and Philip, take the stage to show and comment on the complex and subtle ways they produce Humor-in-action. In the final act, Amber and Philip provide an overall summary of the ways audiencing Humor has contributed to the development of understanding, meaning and knowledge, for them as a couple.

THE PERFORMANCE

Act 1: Humor Talks Theory

The stage curtains are closed. Two low comfortable chairs, are angled towards the audience. Between the chairs is a coffee table.

Humor takes the stage

Wendy (Walks to a lectern positioned to the left of the chairs.) Please welcome to the stage our guest of honor, HUMOR!

A figure strides onto the stage. Gender and age are indistinguishable under the long mop of multi-colored hair and the flowing sequined cloak illuminated by the kaleidoscope of stage lights.

Humor (Stands in front of the audience and bows)

Audience (Applauds)

Wendy (Beckons to Humor to take a seat)
Humor (Smiles, places a large carpet bag on the floor beside one of the chairs, and sits down)
Thank you, thank you. It's a pleasure to be here, but tell me, how come you need me? You're the researcher and this is your baby. Aren't you supposed to talk about me?

Wendy (Sits on the other chair)
Well, believe me, I did try. The couples you are about to meet in the performance provided plenty of stories about you, as did the many theorists and researchers who have investigated you. The problem was that everything I wrote just ended up boring me. I thought, "Isn't humor supposed to be fun?"

Simon (Simon Critchley's voice hails from the audience)
"A theory of humor is not humorous" (2001).

Humor (Laughs)

Wendy My intention was for this thesis to convey some of the enjoyment I experienced in the research conversations. But as I wrote, I fell into the trap that Michael Mulkay (1988) identified more than twenty years ago.

Humor Traps can be so much fun. What was the trap?

Michael (Michael Mulkay (1988) speaks from the audience)
I'll answer that if I may.
In the serious realm we normally employ a unitary mode of discourse which takes for granted the existence of one real world, and within which ambiguity, inconsistency, contradiction and interpretive diversity are potential problems. In contrast, [you, Humor, depend] on the active creation and display of interpretive multiplicity. When people engage in humor … [t]hey temporarily inhabit, not a single, coherent world, but a world in which whatever is said and done necessarily has more than one meaning.

Humor So how was that a trap, I don't get it?

Michael "[T]he incompatibility of the humorous and the serious modes can create practical problems for the serious analyst" (Mulkay, 1988).

Wendy (Addresses the audience)
I tried to be a serious PhD analyst and I lost touch with ambiguity and all the rest of it. But then I got back in touch with Kenneth Gergen's (1985) claim that "the rules for 'what counts as what' are inherently ambiguous, continuously evolving, and free to vary with the predilections of those who use them."
So that left me free to explore the possibilities of humorous and serious modes as not incompatible.

Humor I still don't get the trap you talked about.

Wendy (Turns to address Humor)
Well I began writing about you and noticed that my writing ended up sliding into the quicksand of ennui. Maybe in the writing context I had unwittingly positioned myself in serious mode of discourse territory. To get out of this, I thought I could write you into this performance, you might be able to help me stay on the path of ambiguity, contradiction and inconsistency. And in this territory of couples relationship that I was in, there was also the problem of much intimate relationship literature, and the models of doing relationship that are readily available to those we commonly call couples, erring on the side of unitary-ism—is that a word?

Humor Who cares, I know what you mean.

Wendy And your presence in the research conversations in this study has produced a different picture. I think you can tell us something about relationships. And, what could be better than using your fun side to help us to explore relationships?

Humor OK, you want a bit of fun, ambiguity, contradiction, and inconsistency. That reminds me of that Donny and Marie Osmond (1976) song.
(Stands and begins to sing)
I'm a little bit country
And I'm a little bit rock 'n' roll
I'm a little bit of Memphis and Nashville
With a little bit of Motown in my soul.
I don't know if it's good or bad
But I know I love it so.

Audience (Applauds)

Humor (Bows and sits down)
Why did you choose me to research anyway?

Wendy You took me by surprise. I did not expect to be writing about you. Before this study, I thought intimate relationship conversations were a serious matter. Don't get me wrong, Gary[2] and I like to have a laugh and some fun together, but when it came to talking about our relationship, I took that very seriously. Then I met with the research participants and there you were, an integral part of their relationship conversations! I noticed what Jennifer Coates (2007) called "humorous talk", which she said is collaborative and interactive and emerges organically from everyday conversations. And when most of the couples audienced their conversations they, too, were struck by your presence. Mary Crawford (2003) has taken up a similar position describing you as "a mode of discourse and a strategy for social interaction" (Crawford, 2003). She claimed that "conceptualizing humor as a mode of discourse encourages research on interactional humor". So here we are. Rather than a focus on the individuals who produce you, you, Humor, become the object of study.

Humor The object of study. I'm not sure I like that idea! I'm more inclined to camouflage myself so when people see me they don't see me they see the person who is using me.

Wendy As you say that I am reminded of the work of Sallyann Roth and David Epston (1998). Their focus was on the relationships people have with problems in therapy. They used a language practice—"problem-externalizing conversations"—which involved a process of objectifying and personifying problems so that people could investigate their relationships with these problems. I am personifying you in this externalizing conversation.

Humor Moi? The center of attention? Cool! But what is the purpose of this externalizing conversation?

Wendy By personifying you and investigating your presence in the couples' relationships, my intention is to set up a generative and appreciative receiving context (Bateson, 1979) in which the research participants, you, and I can think about and negotiate the kinds of relationships we have with you.

Humor O.K. But, what difference do you think I can make to the theory of relationships?

Wendy Well, the multiplicity inherent in you makes you an ideal topic for taking up a critical position on everyday life. You can expose ambiguity, contradiction and inconsistencies that might not otherwise be noticed but which have effects in relationships.

Humor Hmmm, to eccentricise the conventional, so to speak?

Wendy Simon Critchley (2001) is a philosophy theorist and is here in the audience. Simon, would you tell us how you proposed that humor does this "eccentricising the conventional"?

Simon "Humor views the world awry, bringing us back to the everyday by estranging us from it" (Critchley, 2001).
Humor effects a breakage in the bond connecting the human being to its unreflective, everyday existence. In humor, … the world is made strange and unfamiliar to the touch … humor might be said to be one of the conditions for taking up a critical position with respect to what passes for everyday life, producing a change in our situation which is both liberating and elevating, but also captivating … (Critchley, 2001)

Wendy (Addresses Humor)
Simon spoke about you being well positioned to produce change through critical evaluation. The purpose of this study is critical investigation of intimate relationships. From Simon Critchley's account, you provide a lens through which we can critically investigate relationship conversations. In particular, this research focuses on discourse, positioning, agency, power relations, and that serious/humor territory that I mentioned earlier.

Humor I can also produce change, liberation, elevation and captivation for couple relationships. Isn't that what you are after? So when Simon said that I produce change that is elevating, does that mean that couples are swept off their feet by me?

Wendy The idea of elevating gets me thinking about levels of change and of scales that measure and compare levels of change. I propose the idea of change in terms of *katharsis* (Lear, 1988) and transport: that through the

audiencing process couples might be transported (see White, 2007) to new and different places.

Humor Transport. That's got many meanings as well. I guess you mean that they might experience me in new and different ways.

Wendy Yes. I think the work that you and the couples do in the production of their relationships is meaningful for the couples and informs their relationships in rich ways. Our work is to show that in this performance.

Humor OK, you've convinced me. But I'm not going to give away all my secrets. Simon also once said that being "a nicely impossible object" makes me an "irresistible attraction" (Critchley, 2001). I like that!

Wendy I think what Simon was referring to when he described you as a "nicely impossible object" was that developing a philosophy of humor is tricky because what might be understood as humor to some may not be humor to others. Your elusiveness and complexity makes you attractive to philosophers such as Simon. Speaking of attraction, that outfit is quite impressive. It's got the "Joseph and the Technicolor Dream Coat" look about it. That bag looks like it's been around since Mary Poppins hit the big screen. And your hair! Is that a wig, or the real thing?

Humor I can tell you're a researcher. Asking all these probing questions. Luckily, I find manners far too restrictive, otherwise I could be offended, you know. Anyway, yes it's a wig. I have a few more in my bag here, too. It was so hard to know what to wear today.

Wendy What was hard?

Humor Everywhere I go, people have different ideas about me, and different expectations of me. And, sometimes I want to be more, or less, visible depending on the audience.

Wendy So would you say that you are chameleonic?

Humor I am colorful but I wouldn't say I'm flowery.

Wendy Nooo, I'm not talking about a camellia. I'm talking about a chameleon and rapid change of personality or appearance. Do your gender, identity, and shape constantly change as they are simultaneously molded and remolded by the [pause for breath] unique historical, local, multi-cultural discursive environment you inhabit at any one time?

Humor I have a feeling you have invited me here to find that out.

Wendy Given your willingness to dress appropriately for each occasion, it sounds like you make yourself available to postmodern, constructionist critique.

Humor What does that mean?

Wendy Are you open to viewing and re-viewing the ways in which you discursively shape and are shaped in this performance and in the research participants' relationships?

Humor Keeping people guessing is part of my tantalizing charm. I'm here to find out what you have discovered about me. So, what are your hunches?

Wendy Well, it will spoil the show if I say too much, but there are some things that the participants and I have noticed about you in the research conversations, things that haven't previously been too much in the public eye, especially in the readily available literature for couples. These points form the tale of this performance. First, people can use and reflect on you simultaneously. Second, when you speak or act, there is a range of position calls that are available to take up or refuse. Third, these position calls produce relations of power. Fourth, power relations are visible, and at work, in your modus operandi. Fifth, you are discursively constituted. You shape relational partners in the unique contexts of their lives and relational partners shape you. Sixth, you have real and potential effects on couple relationships. Seventh, you serve unique and productive purposes in relationship such as meaning-making. Eighth, you perform multiple subjectivities. We will substantiate these points in the detail of the analyses that we perform here.

Humor Ooooh, you make me sound like a real celebrity. If you keep this up I'll have the paparazzi following my every move. Tell me about my fans: those research participants who have uncovered my not-so-well-known, exquisitely proficient strategies.

Wendy Well, the research participants are actors in this performance. You will meet them in the next Act.

Humor Ooh! I hope I'm not going to be de-frocked.

Wendy Don't worry, this performance is just one developing translation of many possible versions of you.

Humor Do you mean I've got multiple personalities?

Wendy More like multiple identities. This idea will become clearer as the performance unfolds.

Humor One more question. How come you have us all on stage in front of an audience?

Henk (Henk Driessen stands and speaks from the audience)

"Joking, in the anthropological sense, is a face-to-face discourse, a performative genre that includes plays, stories, folk tales, ritual forms, ritual clowning and ordinary conversation. Jokes are acted out on a cultural stage by performers amidst an audience" (1997).

Wendy Also, I have developed the reflexive audiencing process as a performance. A third area of inspiration came from Laurel Richardson and Elizabeth St. Pierre's (2005) ideas of writing as "creative analytical processes". I decided that instead of just talking about you, I would talk with you. Is that creative, or what?

Humor Very postmodern.

Wendy Well thank you. That leads nicely into my last point. In postmodern qualitative research "writing is always partial, local, and situational … ourselves are always present" (Richardson & St. Pierre, 2005). A performative genre provided a way in which I could write you and me into the research. This strategy works to blur the boundaries between researcher and researched, a feature of performative psychology (Gergen, 2001).

Humor This is going to be interesting. Seeing and hearing myself from this seat will be quite different from what I see and hear when I'm doing my thing in conversations. I can't wait to see what I look and sound like.

Wendy The opportunity to see and hear yourself in this way is one of the particular features of reflexive audiencing practices. The research participants followed a similar process when they witnessed themselves on DVD. Like the couples, you and I will have a conversation about what we audienced.

Humor Cool. That makes perfect nonsense. When can we start? I can't wait to see what the research participants have to say about me.

Wendy Then let's sit back and audience Act 2. Curtains. Lights. Action!

The curtains open and the stage lights up.

Act 2: Reflexively Audiencing the Work of Humor

Wendy (Steps up to the lectern as narrator)
The cast is five couples. They are, Anne and MJ; Laura and Andrew; Geena and Susan; Amber and Philip; Charlotte and Doug, and of course, you Humor, and me. During the data generating, the couples did not meet as a group but we begin with their voices speaking in a kind of choral recitation.

The auditorium lights gradually dim into darkness. A single spotlight shines in the middle of the stage. The actors file silently onto stage. Four of them move towards the kitchen bench and begin to make drinks. The silhouettes of six other people are visible sitting at the dining table. Wendy sits next to Humor in the chairs on the far left of the stage. The story begins as a conversation unfolds between the couples about Humor. The script is composed directly, and only, from transcript material. The spotlight moves directly onto the group in the kitchen as Laura, one of the group, speaks.

Scene 1: Humor—important, complex, multiple

Laura — Something that I liked and I noticed [in our relationship], was the humor [Andrew and I] had ….

Philip — Ah humor, [Amber and I] use humor … I love it. … I think humor's really important, for us anyway; we have to be able to laugh and enjoy life.…

Geena — I think humor plays a big part. Well, I know humor plays a huge part in our relationship. … It's so important to me in a relationship. …We do use humor a lot. …

Susan — I think humor's essential. …

Geena — Probably humor is the saving grace of our relationship.

Susan — And, it drew Geena and me together—a similar sense of humor. …

Geena — I loved it.

Susan — To watch [us using humor on DVD] …

Geena — It made me realize how important it is. … And how much I relish it and treasure it. … I guess it made me more aware that it's present.

Humor — (Whispers audibly to the audience)
I can see I have a bit of a fan club but I have to say that I can play some pretty mean tricks too, you know.

Wendy — (Whispers back to humor)
You'll get a chance to perform many subjectivities later, including those "mean tricks."

Humor — Subjectivities? Do you mean costume changes?

Wendy — Using a theatrical metaphor, it would be more like character changes: the chameleonic thing I talked about earlier. The meaning of multiple subjectivities will become clearer as the show progresses.

Philip walks into the lounge area and places two drinks on the coffee table. The spotlight follows him and settles on one of the two-seater couches on which he and Amber sit.

Philip Humor's complex and is usually multiple. … There're usually multiple layers: one brings multiple points together. Humor isn't simple. … Oh, there're so many layers.

Amber (In a laughing voice)
It's like an onion.

Philip (In a smiling voice)
Like an onion, brings tears to your eyes.

The actors all 'freeze' and their still silhouettes are visible in the semi-darkness as the spotlight moves to Humor on the front left side of the stage.

Humor Ha ha, yes, laughter brings tears to my eyes just like peeling an onion. What an exquisite rendition of metaphor and the duplicity of meaning to show my complexity. And what style they have, using me in their commentary on me. I'm impressed.

Wendy Yes, Amber, and Philip have illustrated my earlier point "that people can use, and reflect on you, simultaneously." This next scene shows some more complexity at work and the multiplicity that Philip referred to earlier.

Scene 2: The butt of humor

The stage lights dim. All eyes turn to the big screen as it lights up. The following vignette starring MJ, Anne, Charlotte, and Doug, begins to play on the screen. The four characters are sitting around a dining table.

MJ We've always joked about Anne being sort of the dreamer in the family, the emotional one. And we've joked about the Jewish mother, you know, all the jokes about the son. "He's my son." Anne, you tend to want to guide them your way. It's kind of like letting go. Anne isn't very good at that. I find it quite funny because it doesn't affect me that much, but I don't know what it would be like for our son and daughter ….

Anne MJ's humor is very much like his father's. His dad used to say [hurtful] things [in jest]. People would take offence, and he would say, "What did I say?" For the last forty, fifty years, MJ's been saying this. It's a standing joke with people who used to work for him, the kids, and me ….

Charlotte Doug's got this thing about medical stuff. The kids call him Doctor Doug because he generally talks about stuff he doesn't know very much about in a very authoritative way. It's very funny.

Doug Careful!

Vignette 1: The butt of humor

The spotlight shines on the dining table where Anne, MJ, Charlotte and Doug were seated watching the DVD. They are about to discuss the vignette they have just witnessed.

Anne stands, and followed by the spotlight she walks to the front of the stage. She uses soliloquy to respond to the vignette.

Anne Humor always seemed to be concerning Anne.
Anne is the Jewish mother.
The family joke.
Anne is the dreamer in the family.
The family joke.
Well, am I the butt of family humor?
Or, am I really like that?
Is it real?

The spotlight moves to Charlotte who responds to Anne.

Charlotte I don't know what word I could put for when you're feeling like it's a little patronizing; it's a little poking the borax. Some of the borax pointing is on the sarcastic edge of humor.… Actually, you're the butt end of a joke and the joke's not that funny.…

Anne (Sits down)
It's just dawned on me that it's probably why I do take offence at some kind of humor that I find not funny, because I feel it's a criticism of me in a humorous sort of way.… I think it should be OK for me to say, "Sorry MJ, I don't find that funny." …

MJ I think the lesson's all mine. I've suddenly realized what I'm doing to Anne when I'm making her the butt of a joke. It's making her feel childish and insignificant, so I'll have to stop using her as a butt.… It comes down to the awareness of hurting one another in a way you're not really realizing you're doing it.

The actors again freeze and the spotlight moves back to Humor and Wendy seated in their chairs.

Humor You know there's something different about this reflexive audiencing idea.

Wendy What do you mean?

Humor Well, watching that conversation shows me things about myself that I hadn't even realized before.

Wendy What kinds of things?

Humor Well I knew that I could get between people by positioning them as the butt of a joke. And I knew that the idea that the joke spoke to some inner flaw or truth about their identity could get them to take responsibility for being the butt of a joke. Anne begins to do that when she says, "Am I really like that? Is it real?" If I failed with that strategy, I could get the person who told the joke to take the blame by suggesting to them that the joke is not funny, as Charlotte's words "Actually you're the butt end of a joke and the joke's not that funny," suggest. Or, a third option could be to have them think that they don't have a sense of humor.

Mary (Mary Crawford (2003) speaks from the audience)
There are some gendered ideas that view "gender as a fundamental, essential part of the individual." These ideas shape beliefs, such as "women as a group lack a sense of humor".

Humor These ideas make it easy for me to have individual women believe they don't have a sense of humor. I've just realized how gender shapes me. And, I've seen how gender is negotiated and shaped in conversation between people. Wow! There could have been a time, before feminism, when Anne would probably have just accepted the description of the dreamer in the family or the family joke. And MJ would have said that Anne didn't have a sense of humor rather than entertain the idea that the joke might not be funny. He wouldn't have even considered that he might have some responsibility for positioning Anne in ways that were offensive or patronizing. My, haven't I changed?

Wendy Yes, here they are performing gendered identities by refusing those well-trodden patriarchal paths. And, in so doing, they are shaping the gendered discursive territories they inhabit, and they also shape you, Humor. Also, MJ's words "I've suddenly realized what I'm doing to Anne … It's making her feel childish and insignificant so I'll have to stop," is an example of relational knowledge production-in-action. Through the interaction, MJ learns of the effects of using Anne as the butt of the joke, and he voices an intention to stop this practice. MJ's identity is produced differently in this conversation, and gender and humor discourses are shaped in the speaking.

Humor I didn't know I could be such a multi-tasker. Aren't I doing well?

Wendy Yes, doing being the operative word.

Mary (Mary Crawford (2003) stands and responds from the audience)
I argued that "gender is conceptualized as a verb".
(Sits down)

Wendy (Addresses humor)
In the vignette and the reflexive conversation that followed, we see you produced as a verb as the actors perform you. We see a discursive production in which you make various positions available to MJ and Anne to take up or refuse. For example, Anne considers the position of saying "Sorry MJ, I don't find that funny." MJ is also repositioned as he says that he realized what he was doing, and declares, "I'll have to stop using her as a butt." These position calls show you at work as a situated social practice.

Humor I always considered myself a bit of a mover and a shaker.

Wendy Speaking of movement, Charlotte says, "Some of the borax pointing is on the sarcastic edge of humor."

Humor That makes me edgy.

Wendy In what way?

Humor Well, as I told you before, I can play some pretty mean tricks. And Charlotte just exposed one of them. I can get a whole family to think I'm hilariously funny and at the same time cause hurt and divisiveness. I could probably have got away with that here if they hadn't seen themselves in action.

Wendy I also noticed, in the vignette, that Anne invites MJ into the same kind of butt of joke position that she experiences as offensive and not funny?

Humor Ah, paradox, just another of my many features.

Wendy Was there anything else that resonated as you watched yourself in that last vignette?

Humor I was disappointed to see the way Anne and MJ make meaning in the conversation. Anne's words "It's just dawned on me," suggest that she develops new meaning and understanding of the impact of my jokes on her. This meaning invites Anne to refuse the butt of joke position by saying "Sorry MJ, I don't find that funny." And MJ's words "I've suddenly realized," suggest new knowledge or meaning that has become available to him in the conversation.

Wendy How is that disappointing?

Humor I've been exposed. They are on to me now, aren't they?

Mary (Mary Crawford (2003) stands and speaks from the audience)
Anne and MJ illustrate what I meant when I said that from the social constructionist position "meaning is co-constructed and contextual".
(Sits down)

Wendy And, as we are speaking together, new meaning is being constructed between us. For example, you said earlier, "I've just realized how gender shapes me."

Humor I see what you mean! All of this new knowledge, just from me watching Charlotte, Doug, Anne, and MJ, watching themselves, and me, on DVD. That's a bit of a tongue-twister. I might have to don my hat with the camellias around the brim. I have just experienced an identity change.

Wendy Chameleons. That practice of looking back at yourself to see the work you do in relationships can be called reflexivity. Barbara Myerhoff (1986) described how reflexivity can arouse consciousness and awareness as participants see themselves as heroes in their own dramas.

Humor (Muses aloud)
A hero in my own drama. I like that.

Wendy Yes, she and her colleague, Jay Ruby (1982), said:
"Reflexivity generates heightened awareness and vertigo, the creative intensity of a possibility that loosens us from habit and custom and turns us back to contemplate ourselves just as we may be beginning to realize that we have no clear idea of what we are doing."
When MJ said "I've suddenly realized what I'm doing to Anne … I'll have to stop using her as the butt … it's making her feel childish and insignificant," I read this as a practice of contemplating a habit or custom of offering Anne butt of joke positions. This contemplation produces awareness for MJ, of using Anne as the butt of a joke and of its effects. Speaking of reflexivity, in the context of anthropology, Barbara Myerhoff and Jay Ruby (1982) said that "[o]nce we take into account our role in our own productions, we may be led into new possibilities. … We may achieve greater originality and responsibility than before, a deeper understanding at once of ourselves and our subjects." MJ's realization, contemplation and awareness of effects show him enacting new possibilities, greater responsibility, and a deeper understanding, produced in the relational context.

Humor Hmmm, some of those new possibilities, greater understanding, and responsibility are rubbing off on me too. That's a bit close to home.

Wendy Humor, you noticed gendered discourses earlier and spoke of the ways in which gender shaped you. Gender studies have made a contribution to the expansion of the ways in which you are known. I agree with Mary Crawford's (2003) claim "that the intersections of gender and humor are theoretically and pragmatically vital". In this next piece, you might be interested to see MJ and Anne engage in some reflexive dialogue on what I call the gender/humor nexus.

Scene 3: Women lose their sense of humor at forty

The lights dim and the DVD plays the following vignette.

MJ and his bowling partner Joe are in the locker room of the local bowling club after a tournament.

MJ See you Joe. Say "Hi" to Mary.

Joe She's not talking to me at the moment, mate.

MJ What have you done now?

Joe She made some scones to bring for morning tea and I told her we could use them as bowling balls they were so hard. More like rock cakes than scones. She picked one up and I thought she was going to throw it at me. She didn't, but she gave me that disapproving look.

MJ Mate, females lose their sense of humor at forty. They just can't take the truth.

Vignette 2: Women lose their sense of humor at forty

The actors, except for Anne and MJ, maintain their "frozen" positions. Anne and MJ, a heterosexual couple in their late 60s who have been together for more than fifty years, stand up from their couches and walk over to the edge of the stage, lit by a spotlight.

MJ (Addresses the audience)
I've said females lose their sense of humor at the age of forty. And all the men joke about this.

Male (Interjects from the audience)
Too right, mate.

Several other male audience members whistle, laugh and applaud in agreement.

Humor (Laughs and mumbles, just audibly)
Oh, oh, this'll be fun, not.

Anne (Addresses the audience)

He always says I haven't got a sense of humor. But, I have a very good sense of humor. … But it's just not into sledging. … A lot of men's humor is slinging off at each other, like sledging each other. … And males think that's funny so that's a boy kind of humor … that men have. And women aren't into that kind of humor. … MJ uses that kind of humor on me and it doesn't work. That's why I take it seriously. [I'm] having a go at MJ. … I call it sledging. It's boy humor.

Women (A chorus of women in the audience applaud and murmur agreement)

MJ (Addresses the audience)
Anne said that men are sarcastic, and I accept that. I realized that everything the guys say to each other is really quite sarcastic and very heavy stuff.

Male (Interjects from the audience)
Steady on mate. It's just having a bit of fun.

MJ But they laugh it off. It's [what is] said in this [kind of] humor. Anne was accused last night by one of the males [we were out with], that the trouble with women is they cannot cope with the truth; they just don't like the truth. It suddenly occurred to me this morning, I said to Anne "You know you are absolutely right about men being sarcastic, but it is our way of saying the truth to one another. We know it's a sarcastic remark, we know there's a hidden agenda in that remark, and that's how we cope with it. Now if you do that same remark to a woman, it's received in a totally different way. And, women can't cope with it. And so from a male point of view, you can't cope with honesty."

More whistles, laughter, and words of agreement resound from some of the male contingent.

Humor I've really got them going. There's nothing like a bit of heckling to liven up the show.

Anne I see the difference between being brutal in a man's way, to being gentle in a woman's way, brutal as opposed to constructive.

MJ At the end of the day, what we are saying is that men actually verbally say things differently to a woman. Neither was right and neither was wrong. When the guy said women can't stand honesty, what he was saying was really a kind of truth. But, as Anne said, men are too brutal and sarcastic, which is also right. So neither is wrong, nor right. … I've said to Anne openly, many, many times, and we've argued about it, she's lost her sense of humor. But, she's said, "No, your humor is too

vicious for me." And, this morning, to me I've resolved it now… If I don't use humor differently, I'm being a fool because that's how you hurt people, by pressing those buttons. And now I know there's two extra buttons on Anne I just don't press. (Turns to Anne)

I've realized that I don't want to go through the rest of my life hurting you, so I might have to button off saying things and just tell the men in the locker room, that's all.

Actors all 'freeze' on stage and the spotlight moves to Humor and Wendy.

Wendy (Addresses Humor)
I will step back into the narrator role for a moment and do some theorizing. I may speak about you as if you are not here, but I am very aware that you are the focus of this conversation. If you have anything to say, I welcome your contributions.

Humor Be my guest.

Wendy (Stands at the lectern and addresses the audience)
Humor "offers us a powerful device to understand culturally shaped ways of thinking and feeling" (Driessen, 1997). MJ's claim, that "females lose their sense of humor at the age of forty," speaks to a cultural story grounded in discourses of humor and gender. This story was noted by Mary Crawford (2003), earlier, when she pointed out the commonly held idea that "women as a group lose their sense of humor". MJ takes up the idea that women, as a collective group, lose their sense of humor, as a prescription of the discursive repertoires to which he has access. He subscribes to, echoes, and reproduces, this cultural story, and thus illustrates Jennifer Hay's (2000) claim that "gendered patterns of interaction, and humor, are culturally grounded.

Mary (Mary Crawford (2003) stands and speaks)
"Women and men use humor in same-gender and mixed-gender settings as one of the tools of gender construction. Through it, and other means, they constitute themselves as masculine men and feminine women. At the same time, the unique properties of humor make it a valuable tool of gender deconstruction".

Wendy Yes. Anne and MJ's dialogue provides an illustration of the practice of deconstructing gendered humor whilst simultaneously producing gendered and relational identities. Anne uses the discursive practices available to her to produce herself as a woman (alongside other women) who engages in women's humor that she identifies as "gentle" and "constructive." She also shows that she has access to discourses that

offer her a position of standing against humor, when humor is not gentle or constructive.
(Turns and addresses Humor)
Anne and MJ negotiate and produce you, Humor, in the conversation between them. You operate as "a mode of discourse and a strategy for social interaction" (Crawford, 2003).
(Turns and addresses the audience)

Humor (Mutters audibly to self)
I told you things have changed. There's another tactic out in the open.

Wendy MJ produces himself as a caring partner who recognizes the effects of "men's humor" in his relationship when he says "This morning … I've resolved it now. If I don't use humor differently, I'm being a fool because that's how you hurt people." In this conversational moment, he refuses familiar discursive practices of what they have named "men's humor." As he considers using "humor differently" a wider discursive repertoire becomes possible for him to call on.

Humor I'm not just a pretty face you know. There's more to me than meets the eye. But, if people know these things I'll just be putty in their hands.

Wendy (Sits down in the chair)
But think of all the ambiguity, inconsistency, contradiction and interpretive diversity you can have fun with.

Humor Actually I get quite a kick out of surfing the discursive waves. Never knowing where they will take me and what I will look like at any given moment. And I can be many things to many people depending on the discourse mates I hang out with, and the 'hoods I hang out in.

Wendy 'Hoods?

Humor Neighborhoods; contexts in your lingo. That makes me very powerful you know.

Wendy Good point. We can't have a conversation about you and gender without including power relations.

Humor I'm not sure I want to go there.

Wendy Can you humor me for a moment?

Humor OK but don't spoil my reputation as a wonderful, fun, playmate. Go on then, power relations. I don't think you'll find them on my side of the family though.

Wendy If I draw from Michel Foucault's (1978) ideas about power relations we would find them in your side of the family. He said power is everywhere.

Power is exercised in discourse, in relations between people (Foucault, 1978). Doug and Charlotte, in a different conversation, used the metaphor of a see-saw to describe the ways in which the balance of the see-saw positioned them equitably in conversation and how that balance tipped to position them in a one-up, one-down position in relation to each other.

Humor A playful metaphor. Sounds like fun.

Wendy Yes, but the image of a seesaw runs the risk of locating the source of power as an internalized commodity that either Doug or Charlotte has and uses. I prefer a metaphor that makes space for more occupants in the power relation.

Humor Damn, I thought we were going to play teeter-totter.

Wendy I have another idea. Hop on. I use the Orbitor metaphor to speculate on some of the ways you may have contributed to shifting power relations.[3] Imagine we are at a playground and you, Charlotte, and Doug are on this Orbitor. There may be more players too, like gender and other cultural discourses. Let's say the Orbitor is kind of like power. It is multi-directional and produces many possible positions its players may take up. There is space for more players than the seesaw allows.

So, in this example, the players on the Orbitor can include people in relationship, as well as the discourses they mold and that mold them. When a person or persons lean in a particular direction, other players inevitably move also. The strength of the pull from some can influence the opportunities and positions of others. The Orbitor, like power, is moved by the players as they constantly shift and change position and direction.

Humor Pulling the trajectories of power. Hmmmm. I hadn't seen myself as a powerhouse. Quite the opposite; I saw myself as just a big joke that nobody took seriously. But I can see that I do pull strings. Like, I have Anne, MJ, Charlotte, and Doug offside with each other by positioning one as the butt of the joke. They have also pulled my strings by recognizing my influence and changing their ways of using me, as MJ and Anne showed earlier.

Wendy Yes, that's exactly the kind of power relations I'm talking about. Anne speaks of times when MJ offers her butt-of-joke positions that are experienced by her as patronizing and offensive. At these times, the effects of butt-of-joke positioning may shift the Orbitor and offer Anne and MJ different positions in the power relation. As they each take up and refuse these positions, they may then contribute to the Orbitor

moving more towards or away from equity and balance. Then, as Anne speaks of MJ's sense of humor being a standing joke, the positions she offers MJ may again shift the power relation.

Another example of a shift for MJ may occur when he suggests that all men joke about females losing their sense of humor at forty, and can't take what he calls "the truth" from your sarcastic edge. The response from the men in the audience positions them alongside MJ on the power Orbitor. I suggest that at this moment the men are positioned well to move the Orbitor, whilst limited movement is available to the women. This culturally sanctioned position may shift when MJ recognizes the effects on the relationship of positioning Anne as the butt of family humor and voices an intention to discontinue this practice. Can you see how the discourses of power and gender are all on the Orbitor producing people and people are producing the discourses as the Orbitor is positioned and repositioned?

Humor Of course, Anne, MJ, Charlotte and Doug would have to have the final word, but I think you and your research participants have done a pretty good job of showing my camellia, chameleonic abilities. My tactics are out in the open. Why did I agree to this? Can we have a break while I pull my complex, multi-faceted, discursive identity together?

End of Act 2.

Curtains close.

Act 3: Amber, Philip and the Functions of Humor

Scene 1: Playful humor

As the curtains open, Amber and Philip are sitting on a two-seater couch. They are alone on stage except for Humor and Wendy whose silhouettes can be seen sitting in their chairs. A dim light creates a cozy glow around Amber and Philip as they watch the following DVD replay of their couple conversation.[4]

Amber We need to make space in the bedroom.

Philip Yes, we can get rid of that rocking chair.

Amber Noooo. I wish my rocking chair was more out and able to be used, instead of holding your clothes up off the floor.

Philip Yeah, I need something for that.

Amber (Laughs).
You could always put them away or put them in the washing machine…

Philip I'm a lot better at putting clothes away than what's in your corner of the room…

Amber (Laughs)…

Philip Man there's like a stock pile going on … It's a climb Mount Everest type of experience to get to the top of that …

Amber Your pile's higher though (laughs)…

Philip Yeah, you're competing in height but I have a structure underneath holding it up. You started from scratch. Build the pyramids.

Vignette 3: Even handed humor

The DVD ends. Amber, and Philip, as audience, begin a reflexive conversation about the humor they have just witnessed themselves enacting.

Philip That was pressing buttons…

Amber Winding up humor…

Philip I knew that would press a button straight away.

Amber (Laughs).
Yes, it did…

Philip It was fun. That was having fun with each other…

Amber 'Cause I knew you'd never get rid of the rocking chair.

Philip No, I wouldn't get rid of it … It's treated wood, I can't even burn it.

Humor (Whispers loudly from the side of the stage)
There he goes again, using me in his analysis of me. I do enjoy the way Philip uses metaphors of Mt Everest and the Pyramids to embellish and exaggerate me. I was thinking about the Orbitor when they were talking and it seems they are pretty well matched in that conversation.

Wendy Would you say you were more on the edge of humor than sarcasm in that moment?

Humor Yes, definitely. I never keep still do I?

Philip It was good-natured humor … Just to be funny or, elbowing maybe.

Amber (Laughs).

Philip I don't know, maybe we just like having fun.

Humor (Speaks from the sidelines) Hear. Hear.

Amber Sort of poking fun, but, it's not sarcasm,

Philip Sometimes it is, but, in a good intentional way.

Amber Yeah. It's not derogatory … or putting down or anything.

Philip Humor about life, isn't it? Picking out the fun out of life…

Amber I think we know the safe subjects between us … So it's safe humor as well.

Philip It's safe because we do know it's done out of respect for each other.

Humor They have me sussed. That vignette was an example of how I can be really even-handed. It was fun, wasn't it?

Wendy There are so many interesting words used to describe you: elbowing, winding up, good natured, good intentioned, sarcasm, and poking fun humor. I would add another—playful competitiveness.

Humor Yes. I can be such a tease.

Michael (Michael Mulkay (1988) stands and speaks from the audience)
"To tease is to say or do something that is intended light-heartedly to make fun of somebody else's words or actions".
(Sits down)

Wendy I can see how teasing could have a multitude of different effects on relationships.

Humor Oh yes I can use my teasing strategies in many ways. Philip and Amber's evaluation of the conversation positions me as safe and respectful. Their commentary paints the picture of the Orbitor on an even keel.

Wendy (Steps up to the podium)
Philip and Amber's conversation exhibited what Jennifer Coates (2007) described as humorous talk, in that it exhibited spontaneous expressions of verbal play that emerged from their everyday conversation and was maintained by them both. Jennifer Coates (2007) suggested that this form of play can only be achieved in an environment of close collaboration and can produce solidarity and intimacy between speakers.

Jennifer (Jennifer Coates (2007) stands and speaks from the audience)
"Successful collaboration arises from shared understandings and shared perspectives, and is a strong demonstration of in-tune-ness".

Humor In-tune-ness. That's a lyrical description. I can get people dancing to the same tune or different tunes, depending on the circumstances.

Jennifer "Humorous talk often involves speakers constructing text as a joint endeavor, just as jazz musicians co-construct music as they improvise on a theme" (Coates, 2007).
(Sits down)

Wendy (Returns to sit beside Humor)

Humor, you introduced the metaphor of dance to suggest that speakers use you to co-construct relational dances. So far, Amber and Philip exemplify how they use you to dance to the same tune. In Vignette 1, Anne and MJ, and Charlotte and Doug, provide examples of times when they take up "butt of joke" positions that have them dancing to different tunes. These dances take them out of step with each other.
Relational solidarity and respect were two of your intentions identified by Jennifer Hay (2000) in her study of your occurrence in New Zealand friendship groups. In my study of intimate relationships, you have produced respect and solidarity as Amber and Philip have shown. However, Charlotte, Doug, Anne, and MJ have identified that it is also possible for offensiveness and dissonance to be an effect.

Humor (Stands up and performs a brief tap dancing routine)
My dance repertoire is extensive. And so far we have seen that each couple creates unique versions of me at different times and in different circumstances for different purposes.

Wendy Yes, a poststructuralist account would suggest that you use these different repertoires to produce your many subjectivities. From this perspective you, Humor, are a subject that "is composed of, or exists as, a set of multiple and contradictory positionings or subjectivities" (Henriques et al., 1984).

Humor Is that what you meant when you asked if I was cham, chameleonic before?

Wendy Yes. And as these couples speak about you they bring you into being. This example shows how you shape these relationships and how the partners shape you in their conversations.

Humor Wow! All of that from a playful, and I admit, sometimes a little bit mean, bit of fun.

Wendy Philip and Amber do suggest you are a playful bit of fun on this occasion.

Jennifer (Jennifer Coates (2007) stands and speaks from the audience)
In this vignette Amber and Philip show the process of switching "repeatedly between serious and non-serious frames" where they "collaborate with each other to bring about the switches. The unpredictability of this kind of talk is part of what makes it fun for participants—anyone can trigger a switch at any time".

Wendy The dialogue also shows the simultaneous process of evaluating you, Humor, and producing you, which again exemplifies you as contextual, complex and performed in relationship. As you watch Amber and

Philip's next vignette, notice the ways in which the voices have the same tone and expression as the last segment. However, consider how this piece of conversation might be different from the last.

Scene 2: Serious humor

The spotlight moves across stage to Amber and Philip. The DVD of them talking together appears on the TV screen and the volume becomes audible to the audience.

Amber Hot air balloons, are we going?

Philip I'll go.

Amber Are you going to take all of the children?

Philip Except for the youngest one.

Amber Oh, I was going to say "here's something to talk about our relationship" (laughs). "You taking all the children" (laughs).

Philip I've done it before. It's OK.

Amber Just when I was in hospital.

Vignette 4: Serious humor

The DVD ends. Amber, and Philip turn to each other and Amber begins the reflexion of what she saw and heard.

Amber I said, "Oh, you're going to take them all," thinking, "I know you're not going to take them all."

Philip Yeah, you knew I wasn't going to take all of them … But you thought you would point it out anyway …Yeah, that was elbowing humor.

Amber I guess in some ways, some part of humor is maybe trying to get a point across, as well, but getting it across in a light way, so that, maybe—hey, I would really love it if you took all of the kids 'cause that would be really cool for me. I'd get a little bit of sleep in and time to myself—but to have to say all that makes it sound a bit draggy and dreary … For me, the purpose was, maybe, the possibility that you actually might do it.

Philip (Laughs)
See, that's funny by itself.

Amber (Laughs)
Me saying, "Ooh you're going to take them all" meant you thought about it for half a second even if it was in a dismissive way. But had I said nothing you might have thought "Oh yeah, she doesn't want me to take them all anyway."

Humor — OK, I admit I did have a different agenda that time. I thought it would be too subtle for anyone to pick up.

Wendy — What were you up to?

Humor — I'm not used to this reflexivity and having to be transparent and accountable. It's all a bit new to me. I prefer it when you think I'm straightforward and simple. But, I'll give it a go. I think I made a speaking place available in which Amber could keep visible the hope for change in her heterosexual couple relationship. This hope was that Philip would consider, "for half a second," taking all of the children out.

Wendy — This is an example of "trying to get a point across …but getting it across in a light way." In this moment you are "both playful and serious" (Driessen, 1997). Michael Mulkay (1988) suggested that "The boundary between the humorous and the serious domains is as ambiguous and uncertain as the discourse of humor itself". In Philip and Amber's example there is not a distinction between humor and seriousness. She uses you, Humor, in an effort to accomplish serious aims and purposes.

Jennifer Hay — (Stands and speaks from the audience)
Amber and Philip demonstrate and articulate my earlier claim that "humor is a complex discourse event" (Hay, 2000).

Jennifer Coates — (Stands and speaks from the audience)
Amber's suggestion, of trying to get a point across in a light way, exemplifies what I consider to be one of the fortés of humor: it "allows us to explore, in new ways, what we know, and even, by using other words, to explore things which are difficult or taboo" (Coates, 2007).

Michael Mulkay — (Also stands and speaks from the audience)
Amber and Philip exemplify the ways in which dialogue can "imply that certain aspects of … speech are not to be taken seriously; but there is nevertheless a serious component. It seems that … words convey both serious and humorous messages at the same time," which is an "illustration of the uncertain meaning of the signals for humorous discourse and of the indefinite boundary between [humorous and serious] discursive modes" (Mulkay, 1988).

Wendy — Philip and Amber's conversation shows the complex and nuanced ways in which seriousness, humor, gender, purpose, and power, for example, are all situated and negotiated in relationship.

Wendy — (Steps up to the podium and speaks from the narrator position)

Here we see an example of Amber and Philip using a humorous mode, "not as a self-contained alternative to serious discourse, but as a useful resource for accomplishing serious tasks" (Mulkay, 1988), or, "to convey serious meanings whilst appearing merely to jest" (Mulkay, 1988).What's going on for you?

Humor I'm feeling like a complex performer of multiple subjectivities that shapes relationships and relationships shape in social interaction. Mary Crawford said before that gender is a verb, something that you do. It seems like this performance is showing me to be a verb. People are doing me all over the place in all kinds of ways.

Wendy I couldn't have said it better myself.

End of Act 3.

Act 4: Conclusion—A Reflexion of the Performance by Amber and Philip

As the curtains open, Amber and Philip are standing center stage.

Philip It's been fascinating how much humor we use. I knew we used it a lot, but seeing how often that is, and it is a lot, even in our measure … Sometimes it serves a direct function, sometimes it's just purely to keep interesting and humorous, sometimes it's to be distracting.

Amber I mean we came up with all sorts of different reasons, like, to skip topics or to end part of a conversation or just to put a laugh in there.

All of the actors join Amber and Philip on stage. Amber and Philip speak to the cast and to the audience.

Philip Humor's complex and … there's usually multiple layers. Humor is complex: you bring multiple points together. Humor isn't simple …Oh, there's so many layers.

Amber (Laughs)
It's like an onion.

Philip Like an onion: brings tears to your eyes.

Humor and Wendy line up with the actors, join hands and bow.

Final Curtain.

The End.

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NOTES

[1] These transcripts came from all three phases of the fieldwork: the video recorded couple conversation, followed by two stages of guided reflexive audiencing.
[2] Here I am referring to my life partner.
[3] Orbitor playground equipment, can be maneuvered by one or more people to rotate in different directions and sway up and down.
[4] See endnote 1.

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KATIE FITZPATRICK AND ESTHER FITZPATRICK

4. 'SINCE FEELING IS FIRST'

Poetry and Research Supervision

Joe Kincheloe (2008) said:

> "knowing and learning are not simply intellectual and scholarly activities
> but also
> practical and Sensuous
> Activities
> infused by the impassioned spirit.
> Critical pedagogy is
> dedicated
> to addressing and embodying these
> affective,
> emotional and
> lived dimensions of everyday life" (11)

We are spacing his words here, infusing the writing with poetic pauses, (re)making them for our own expression; keeping them alive. Writing is, indeed, 'sensuous,' lived in the body and felt. It gives us hope, it haunts our days, and it enables a crossing of time … a trail of letters across the spaces. It subverts, rebels, exists. Despite the pressures we endure, despite the difficulty of laying words across the page. But it is also political, infused with hierarchies and, in academic spaces, implicated in and with relations of power.

Tom Waits (2002) said, "That's not the road, it is only the map."

We attempt here to be both road and map, to analyze poetry in research through research poetry (Lahman & Richard, 2014; Lahman et al., 2011).

Therefore we see/use/applaud:

- ✓ Poetry as craft
- ✓ Poetry as art
- ✓ Poetry as strategy
- ✓ Poetry as breath
- ✓ Poetry as essence
- ✓ Poetry as sensuous
- ✓ Poetry as vulnerable
- × ~~Poetry as fixed~~

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 59–69.

And so we send (via email) pieces of ourselves. We say these things inside a poem, words that are raw, words that are full of feeling, words that are honest and vulnerable. We open spaces, disrupt dusty traditions, and forge deep and meaningful relationships. We see poetry as disruptive to established supervisory research relationships (Fitzpatrick & Fitzpatrick, 2014) and we use it specifically to open ourselves to new ideas, to wonder in the research process (Rinehart, 2010). It allows us to speak against the silences (Mazzei, 2007).

We are (a list of things):

- ✓ Colleagues and academics
- ✓ Friends
- ✓ Supervisor and student
- ✓ Distant and lately discovered cousins
- ✓ Weekend wine drinkers
- ✓ Poets
- ✓ Women
- × ~~Master and Slave~~[1]

We write poems to each other (see Fitzpatrick & Fitzpatrick, 2014), answering, conversing, building the work, the words, together. Esther is completing an arts-based thesis and Katie is her supervisor. But this is only a very small part of this (our) research story. In this expression we explore how poetry, as arts-based method, has enabled us to embrace the emotional edges of our work together (Fitzpatrick, 2012; Richardson, 1992; Richardson, 2014), how we have used poetry to explore the things that irk us in 'The' university, to enable explorations of theory and to name the invisible emotions we live within the hierarchy of this supervisor-student dichotomy. We exchange pieces of writing, opening up our unsaid personal struggles.

KATIE TO ESTHER

When you send me your thesis work, there is a minor crisis:

The moment of not knowing

1. Doing
   inquiry together
   (one avoids the nasty word: research)
   is an exhilarating kind of drudgery
   no, not dragging me down but a lift in the hard work
   the 'tapping it out' kind of devotion
   because it's not always the
   excitement of the idea
   It's also the sigh of looking at the empty page

2. The hardest part is (always) framing the feedback. Do I:
   a) track changes all over your creation, add crosses, deletions, comments over your (perhaps) carefully chosen words, create a kind of graffiti that aims to improve but might tear at the fabric of your intention, might cut holes in your skin
   b) creep carefully around the words, pick out the best parts to display in a vase on my desk
   c) focus on the syntax and thus (yes, e.e)[2] miss the moment when the work kisses the question
   d) read the pages with attention to my mood and consider how it seems at first brilliant and then unstructured, and then rebellious
   e) Try to feel the work and be still
   f) Tell you to read more
   g) Tell me to read more

3. It's also in the moment of not knowing
   of feeling like the process is itself a poem
I begin writing
   but I do not know where I will end up or when
And we do not know who we will then be

4. and the road, when we get there, is never what we imagined it would be

ESTHER TO KATIE: RESPONSE 1

Ah
The
ROAD!
Well I was
Never one to take the
Highway, that well-worn track,
A vanishing point directing to a predestined ending.
Instead I choose Like John Bunyan[3] the more difficult route
The winding path hidden places *Seeking* serendipitous surprises,
Where your imagination is free
And
perhaps sometimes you **have** to create a way, forge a path, a new way of being.

But (*pause here*),
Like the 'Three Princes of Serendip'[4] I don't journey alone,
I have been trained to notice to interpret,
To analyse to *make sense of things*
I have alongside me
Caring companions
And together we make a way

ESTHER TO KATIE: RESPONSE 2

Vulnerability or
Resilience
A tossing up of the two juggling
I choose I choose I choose (*wait for it!*)
VULNERABILITY
They ask me, the other students
'how come you can be so brave?'
I feel you in my shadow, like a rock, supporting me, shouting, "Go for it!"
"Why not?"
Did you not know?
Your graffiti is like a gift.
I trace the lines with my finger. It leads me to the place where you have made your mark.

I devour your comments. I savor them on my palette and toss them around with my tongue. Some of your words are like chocolate, they melt in my mouth and make me feel warm inside. Some of your words are difficult to digest, they burn my lips. But I persevere. There are only a few of your words that I spit out; but they tell me I need to be more explicit (again) with what I am saying.

When I see your graffiti I know you have spent time with me, with my thoughts, with my words. Every cross, every deletion, every suggestion, is a moment you have gifted me. I smell you then, sweating as you sit at your computer screen, I hear you breathing softly, thoughtfully, setting time aside just for me. I see you smile when you read a line that resonates. I love the way you make connections with your own work. Where you provide a thought, a speculation, and a link to one of your theory ghosts (Bourdieu is often sprinkled on my page like sugar).

'SINCE FEELING IS FIRST'

Theory must also be felt in the body, lived in. The theories that we each draw on start connecting, arguing with each other, they begin to shine their own lights[5] across the

work. Esther imagines these theorists living with us, and in our bodies, like ghosts. They haunt us.[6] Katie favor's Bourdieu, Foucault, Bhabha; Esther has been trying to resist Bourdieu, sticking with Derrida and Barad. As we work with the theory, we express the ideas through poems. As I (Katie) am trying to understand Karen Barad, Esther sends me a found poem (cf. Prendergast, 2006) summarizing her work:

SPOOKY CONNECTIONS

Identity ongoing, intra-active.
Becoming and not-becoming.
Questions remain,
Lingering like ghosts.

Time is out of joint.
Time can't be fixed.
Spooked.
Off its hinges.

Existence evolves,
Immediately reconfigured.
Before/after disrupted,
Spacetimemattering.

What spooky matter?
Quantum discontinuity,
Cutting together/apart.
Dis/closing im/possibilities.

Entangled identities.
Haunted be-comings.
Unending iterative reconfigurings.
A-count-ability.

Memories of entanglement
Survive destruction.
Leave behind telltale signs,
Empirical evidence.

Quantum entanglement
Disturbs, shifts, diffracts.
Identity reworked, enfolded,
Performed differently.

Memory of all traces,
Sedimented enfoldings.

Written into the fabric of the world.
Written into flesh.

Speak with the ghost
To respond to, to be responsible for,
To risk oneself,
To open oneself to …

… That which we inherit.
The entangled relationalities.
Worlds ongoing intra-active,
Becoming and not-becoming.
(E. Fitzpatrick, October 2014)

We talk more and I begin to see the connections, how notions of time are caught in the body and I remember, my own theoretical ghost, Pierre Bourdieu, also knew that time was encased as culture in the body, as embodied histories.

KATIE TO ESTHER

Hey, am waist deep in Bourdieu and have just come across this gem in his work which talks about how history is written into our bodies (via habitus) and so overcomes or transcends time. Maybe there's a theory piece here we could write on Bourdieu and Barad? Bourdieu argues that "because practice is the product of a habitus [disposition] that is itself a product of the em-bodiment of the … world, it contains within itself an anticipation of these tendencies and regularities, that is, a … reference to a future inscribed in the immediacy of the present" (Bourdieu & Wacquant, 1992, 138). What I think he means here is that our bodies anticipate the future in that they know what to 'do,' what to 'be' in various social contexts. They know this because they have lived in those contexts and so are immersed in the expected practices. So, bodily movements are an expression of the past and a prediction of the future. Bourdieu calls this "an act of temporalisation," a "practical anticipation of the future" (Bourdieu & Wacquant, 1992, 138).

And so

We extend our theoretical thinking, we start to think and feel the theory together. The theories swim around our bodies, making us move and breathe and see differently. Esther imagines Karen Barad thinking about embodiment and her articulation of it:

ESTHER TO KATIE

So I pause wonder and imagine.
I check out a few facts, just enough, and create a fictional scene with a young Barad, Derrida and Bourdieu:

Young eager post Doc student,
First conference in Paris, France.
She gazes up at balcony.
He is there smoking on his pipe,
Talking to his ghosts.
The other approaches him,
And the conversation goes deeper.
Entanglements, ghosts and the body,
Habitus, history, anticipation of the future.
The post Doc student considers,
Flips through her physics paper,
And begins to see ghosts.

As we research and work together, we draw circles around our work, around ourselves.

The circles become larger and larger,
like the ones we used to draw in the sand when we were children.
The circles enclose us momentarily, they define us but are easily escaped,
Abandoned and widened.

These sand circles help us to define but they do not limit us.

We can draw new roads, out and away and in different directions.

This is only possible in the ways that we work together. The production and reproduction are a result of the work we do and which would not be possible alone. The poetry gives voice to how we are feeling and imagining, it helps express our ideas in language that is emotive, evocative, creative and more human (Faulkner, 2007).

THE END OF THE ROAD; *IF THERE IS SUCH A THING*

Esther

I wonder, but only for a breath, did you know? But no, I hear you say 'and the road, when we get there, is never what we imagined it would be.' And this is true. I am still not exactly sure how this will end—this road we are on together. There have been patches along the way, rugged and torturous, where I was afraid. Remember when Stephen Ball's BEAST blocked my path? His breath stunk of all the lives he had destroyed in the academy with his neo-liberal wiles (Ball, 2012). He waved his list at me and my name was on it! But my true companions gathered around and sang my praises into the night. He slunk off while we have continued on our way.

Katie

And the thing is the think is, well,
this writing together
Is making me write differently
Giving me permission (like the piece you wrote about Laurel Richardson)
To be creative
You are an artist and it makes me recall
hunt for
uncover
deep down and
hidden under the layers of academic conformity
my own creative voice my un-remembered poetry
and I want to paint again,

This thing we are doing together, this work and play
is so much more than is usually framed by the supervision [research] relationship
This is possible because of:
Trust
Vulnerability
Openness to risk
Artistic license
Arts-based methodologies
Embracing the aesthetic
Deep connection
A willingness to wonder

While Esther has progressed her PhD, we have progressed our poetry and the research relationship we have formed around this arts-based method. We didn't intend to make our hastily-written poems into a part of the research at all; we began writing poems to each other as a form of aesthetic and emotional conversation (see Fitzpatrick & Fitzpatrick, 2014). Including poetry, among the other writing voices we used, gave us permission to play and to undermine the hierarchy inherent in any research supervision relationship. But the poetry also opened up space for us to connect emotionally and personally. While this was pleasurable for us, it also impacted the research. The poetry gave us permission to experiment, to build on our creative ideas and to make connections between the theories we were using. While this may have happened without using an arts-based method like poetry, the vulnerability and openness required by this writing genre directly enabled this process.

We finish here with another aspect of Esther's arts-based methods, sculpture. In her thesis she employs, not only poetry, but also visual art, textiles and sculpture as research method.

ESTHER: I MADE A PICTURE OF US!

I made it out of wire and plasticine. I sketched it on paper first and then started to manipulate wire. I imagined us dancing, this complicated entangled dance we do. Our arms are outstretched across and through time, ghostly connections haunting our becoming (Derrida, 1994). I remember our hesitant moves, our uncertain moments, and our openness to vulnerability, our willingness to be alive. You have expanded my world.

Figure 4.1. Quantum entanglement

A complicated dance:
Quantum entanglement.[7]
The infinite circle,
Life—death—life—death.
My past/present/future,
Forever spooked,
Entangled, haunted by you.

Entangled relationships:
Fitzpatrick and Fitzpatrick,
Poninghaus and Poninghaus,[8]
Supervisor and student,
Friend and colleague.
Our literary ghosts,
Bourdieu, Derrida, Barad…
A habitus haunted,
Interaction intra-action,
Elusive edges e/merging.
Our body has 'tracked changes,'
Like graffiti,
Marked into our flesh.
Becoming Différant/ly

NOTES

[1] Master Slave and Différant: The identities of supervisor and student are never a clear binary. Grant (2008) critiques the adoption of the metaphor of 'Master-Slave' to explain this relationship, which assumes a polarity, the play of a hierarchical structure between two resultant poles. Grant (Forthcoming) describes identities as always constructed via difference and, therefore, they "depend on what they are not." Derrida's notion of différance is useful to further explore this relationship. Hein (2015) explains Derrida's différance as both a separating and joining of both poles of a binary. He notes that "différance contains two different meanings: differing as distinction, discernibility, or spacing, and deferring as delay, detour, or temporalizing" (Hein, 2015, p. 4).

> It is because of différance that the movement of signification is possible only if each so-called "present" element, each element appearing on the scene of presence, is related to something other than itself thereby keeping within itself the mark of the past element, and already letting itself be vitiated by the mark of its relation to the future element, this trace being related no less to what is called the future than to what is called the past, and constituting what is called the present by means of this very relation to what it is not: what it absolutely is not, not even a past or a future as a modified present. (Derrida, 1982, p. 13).

2 This is a reference to e.e. cummings poem "since feeling is first" and, in particular, the line: "who pays any attention to the syntax of things will never wholly kiss you"

3 John Bunyan in the Pilgrim's Progress writes about Christian's journey to the Celestial City where he chooses the harder road, rather than the easier by-path meadow.

4 Serendipity: Horace Walpole read a "silly fairy tale" called the 'Three princes of Serendip' and later, on January 28th 1754, coined the term serendipity in a letter to Horace Mann (Merton & Barber, 2004). The term itself went unused until a series of Walpole's letters were published in the early 1800's (p. 8). What appealed to Walpole in the story of 'The three princes of Serendip' was the "unplanned, accidental factor in the making of the discovery, and the 'sagacity' necessary to make it" (p. 20). Walpole was not the only writer/researcher interested in the story of 'The three princes of Serendip.' First, the story itself can be identified in several different guises (Arabic, Jewish, Turkish and Indian). It is a very old story. Second, Voltaire's writing of 'Zadig' (1748) has been linked to the three princes. There Voltaire highlights the importance of skills in detection and having a general quick wittedness (p. 14). The definition of serendipity is complex. Its evolution over the years has included the "how," the "when," and the "what" of discovery (p. 57). It is further complicated by the importance of the qualities of the discoverer. The sagacity, the wits, the skills, and intellectual training they have acquired are all essential ingredients to the serendipitous moment. For us, working in art-based methods such as writing poetry, immersing ourselves in the experience, is aligned with Walpole's three princes and his notion of serendipity. We like to think of ourselves awake and ready to notice with sagacity.

5 Zygmunt Bauman uses the metaphor of shining a light in a dark room to explain how theory illuminates (and obscures) different aspects of our work: different theories highlight different things. (Bauman, 2004)

6 Haunting: Derrida (1994) insists that it is at the "edge of life," not through living, but through interaction with other, and with death, that we might learn to live (p. xvii). Hauntology is a methodology of deconstruction that works to problematize particular narratives, disrupt particular relationships (Harper, 2009). Originally coined by Derrida, hauntology restored speaking to ghosts as a respectable subject of enquiry (Davis, 2005; Derrida, 1994). Significantly for this chapter, it involves interrogating our relationships with our dead to "examine the elusive identities of the living, and to explore the boundaries between the thought and the unthought" (Davis, 2005, p. 379).

7 Quantum entanglement: Employing Derrida's (1994) notion of hauntology, Barad (2010) summoned up the ghosts of great scientists, whose ideas on physics haunt our modern understandings of the world. She uses the metaphor of "how electrons experience the world" to provide a "way of thinking with and through dis/continuity" (Barad, 2010, p. 244). To engage the reader in a felt sense of différance she wrote about an imaginative, dis/jointed journey with these ghosts, where she explored the concepts of intra-activity and quantum entanglements. She described how electrons "jump from one level to another in a discontinuous fashion," where they are "initially at one level and then … at another without having been anywhere in between" (Barad, 2010, p. 246).

8 As Esther was researching her own family history as part of an autoethnography, we discovered ancestors in common: our great great Grandfathers were brothers with the name Poninghaus.

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JOHN DAHLSEN

5. ENVIRONMENTAL ART

A Creative Response to Economic Catastrophe

INTRODUCTION

In 2007–2008 the lives and lifestyles of individuals and communities around the world were rocked by a global event that in Australia became known as the 'GFC' the—Global Financial Crisis. As banks, stock exchanges and financial systems imploded, they brought down with them the carefully laid hopes and plans of millions of everyday people. The impact of the GFC on shattered lives has, for the most part, been well documented. The impact on the lives of working artists, particularly those in marginalised fields such as environmental art, has not. For more than 20 years I have made my primary living as an artist, a pioneer in the field of environmental art. As galleries closed, my collector base dried up and my income vanished during the economic meltdown, I became aware of a supreme irony: that the economic collapse was triggered by the recklessness of policy makers whose economic rationalism had devastated not only the economy but also the environment. For two decades this and related issues had underpinned my environmental artwork, which includes in its layers of messaging a protest about these very policies. For example, through the use of plastic ocean litter in my work I had been exposing the degradation of the environment as a secondary, 'forgotten' repercussion of the widespread consumerism so pivotal to the policies of the economic rationalists. During this crisis I became acutely aware that the personal was indeed political.

Developing this train of thought I understood the imperative for us humans, as a species, to acknowledge the depth to which we must turn our attention to the plight of the planet. Respected environmental philosopher Val Plumwood supports my theory that the current ecological crisis is a direct result of economic rationalism:

> We are dealing here with a set of systematic, self reinforcing distortions to which the distortions of economic rationality are central, especially at present, but which are not simply reducible to a single factor or 'driver,' and combine and collaborate to produce the ecological crisis. (Plumwood, 2002, 45)

At the beginning of 2013, I embarked upon a PhD at Charles Darwin University that includes the creation of a body of work that reflects my experiences of the GFC. The work I initially decided to create was, in quite distinct ways, directly connected to my previous work using found plastics; in other ways it was a radical departure from anything I had previously completed.[1] This new work was a direct response

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 71–84.

to my experiences of major economic disruption. It was the culmination of the best elements of my work-to-date infused with experiments with ancient techniques, and was primarily a statement about the creation of art for art's sake, rather than the sake of economic reward. It was envisioned this body of work would be comprised of all the major visual art creative practice elements in which I had been proficient during the course of my career: sculpture, painting, drawing, printmaking and installation. Outstanding recurring elements in my work as an environmental artist and painter had, over the years, included basic geometrical shapes: the square, circle and triangle. These became a core element of the artistic design of the new sculptures, paintings and prints, a representation of my responses to the GFC in a body of environmental artwork which, paradoxically, found its voice as a result of this catastrophic event.

ENVIRONMENTAL ART

For the past fifteen years I have been happy enough to exist as an artist within the specific, though somewhat marginalised category of 'environmental art.' This has given voice to my contemporary artistic concerns about the state of the natural world while enabling me to make a living altruistically. For the most part I have been privileged to earn a good income and pursue a rewarding career without compromising my integrity. My creations are predominately assemblages, sculptures and installations made from plastic refuse collected from Australia's beaches.

Figure 5.1. Thong Totems

Winner Wynne Prize Art Gallery of New South Wales
Found objects, steel, stainless steel
1.2 m × 30 cm × 5
John Dahlsen 2000

In 2000 I was awarded the Art Gallery of NSW's Wynne prize for my series of 'Thong Totems' (pictured above in Figure 5.1). This was a career game changer for an artist who existed in a marginalized genre. The award put both my environmental art and me on the mainstream arts map in Australia.

The Wynne bucked trends of the time; sculpture had not yet had its resurgence on the Australian art scene, and found and up-cycled objects had with the exception of artists such as Rosalie Gascoigne, yet to find resonance with arts elites. For the mainstream, 'found objects' were simply trash, rubbish.

DEFINITIONS OF ENVIRONMENTAL ART

Environmental art is that which has strong, direct connections to the world of nature, using imagery and/or objects from this environment to create reminders of the greatness and beauty to be found there.

Art researcher and academic Jade Wildy says environmental art is 'small and intimate or grand, with no specific stylistic approach nor limited to a group of artists or any region':

> It is the term generally used broadly to describe an artistic process or artwork where the artist actively engages with the environment, and covers a diverse range of interactions, styles, approaches, methodologies and philosophies. (Wildy, 2011)

Environmental art can be employed as a powerful device for emphasizing the destruction of the natural world. Englishman Andy Goldsworthy covers boulders with wet Autumn leaves displaying variations of tone, leaving them to blow away after they dry. In my own case, I use recycled or discarded materials (such as human-made ocean litter) to create beautiful works that send unsubtle messages about the delicate and diabolical situation we have collectively created for the natural environment.

Environmental artist and researcher Sarah Pirrie observes that for artists wishing to be environmental there is often an intellectualized disjunction between ideas and reality:

> The confusion artists face with the environmentalist's role partly lies in an inescapable inclusion in modern society and partly through the artist identity as distinct from scientist, philosophers and politician … Within the post-industrial landscape of the 50s and 60s many artists and art movements emerged to an activist agenda … The term Land Art or Environmental Art emerged to encompass a large collection of art practices. (Pirrie, 2011)

In my 2012 book I observed:

> The immediate and long-term future of environmental artists contain the promise of positivity for humankind; science, religion and art are now almost

> inseparable, thanks to developing, evolving understandings of connections—from the smallest organism to the vast expanses of the universe. (Dahlsen, 2012)

The economic implosion that devastated so many lives in 2007–2008 contained within it the seeds of the central challenge to this emerging promise: that art and inter-disciplinary co-operation can save the world.

BEAUTY FROM THE MUNDANE

German philosopher Martin Heidegger states "The distinction of matter and form is the conceptual schema which is used, in the greatest variety of ways quite generally for all art theory and aesthetics." (Heidegger, 1977).

Discarded plastics are my 'matter and form.' Potentially ugly, they are transformed under the artist's eye into constructions of beauty and, even, power. Then again I have always been attracted to things that are connected to the earth, especially in rudimentary forms such as recyclable objects or, as evidenced in some of my earlier works, paintings of workers' shoes. Interestingly, in the early paintings of Vincent van Gogh we can observe the recurring theme of peasant boots. Heidegger mentions these paintings in 'Basic Writings':

> But what is there to see here? Everyone knows what shoes consist of. If they are not wooden or bast shoes, there will be leather soles and uppers, joined together by thread and nails. Such gear serves to clothe the feet. Depending on the use to which the shoes are to be put, whether for work in the field or for dancing, matter and form will differ … From van Gogh's painting we cannot even tell where these shoes stand. There is nothing surrounding these pair of peasant shoes in or to which they might belong—only an undefined space. There are not even clods of soil or the field path sticking to them, which would at least hint at their use. A pair of peasant shoes and nothing more. And yet. (Heidegger, 1977)

ARTISTIC IDENTITY IN A MARGINALIZED FIELD

I have been largely comfortable having my artistic identity despatched to the fringes of the art world, thanks to the label 'environmental artist'—with notable exceptions. In one way, this identity acted as an inclusive invitation into globalized society, helping to focus and form my identity within contemporary art culture and, more specifically, within a particular artistic community. Yet it was an invitation for which I have paid a high price, as it excluded me from broader, mainstream artistic society. This label categorized me instantly, consigning me to a marginalized field conjoined with the baggage that a conjugal relationship of this nature entails; most particularly, expectations from environmental groups and organizations that I would act as spokesperson for their myriad causes. This pressure was exacerbated by the

fact I was also working from an art studio in a regional area of Australia called Byron Bay, infamous for its casual, artistic, 'alternative' and activist lifestylers.

Artists whose creative aesthetic is focused primarily on environmental awareness can help shape a future sustainable society that promotes altruism and interconnectedness. This sentiment simultaneously contains the kernels of my isolation and my rewards as a practicing artist. It is the reason for my exclusion from mainstream art society and, in equal measure, for my contentment on the fringes of that same society. It is also pivotal to the international recognition I have received for my work.

CREATIVE RESPONSE TO ECONOMIC CATASTROPHE: SURVIVAL, RENEWAL

The Global Financial Crisis changed my life irrevocably. Like millions around the world, overnight my fortunes were tipped on their head. Income streams largely dried up. I was grounded from international travel. No longer feted by powerful elites my ego was bruised. The world in which I had placed so much certainty, too much faith, vanished. As investors scrambled to find sure footing beneath the catastrophic king tides of change, my financial wellbeing and my identity suffered in equal measure.

In one last roll of the dice before packing my bags for the mines, the only boom industry left in Australia in the years following the GFC, I applied for a PhD at Charles Darwin University. I was accepted and the tides of fortune turned again, this time in my favor. As I mentioned above, the body of work that is central to my PhD brings together all the genres in which I have been proficient during the course of my career as an artist, a celebration, if you like, of survival and renewal.

The following is an outline of the forms and their relationship to my evolution as an artist recovering from overwhelming economic upheaval.

SCULPTURE

The body of work includes a series of twelve molded Perspex totemic works (pictured below in Figure 5.2), each up to 2.4 metres high, based on the themes of the square, circle and triangle. Inside each totem I have placed various plastics collected from Australian beaches. These works are titled 'Echoes'; and tie in with themes suggested by Charles Baudelaire in his poetic tome *'The Flowers of Evil'*; specifically, the themes of modernity and decay, and the discovery of beauty in the ugliness of the world.

> In Nature's temple, living columns rise,
> Which oftentimes give tongue to words subdued,
> And Man traverses this symbolic wood,
> Which looks at him with half familiar eyes,

Like lingering echoes, which afar confound …
('Echoes' Beaudelaire, 1857)

Figure 5.2. Echoes

Perspex, ply and plastic found objects
2.4 m h × 30 cm w × 12 totems
John Dahlsen 2014

Found, washed-up beach plastics are not conventional objects of artistic beauty. My art, apart from making aesthetic statements about contemporary art practice, also comments on the wasteful condition of modern society. The sculptures, connecting to the imagery evoked in Baudelaire's poem, illuminate that which is visually both beautiful and hideous in the modern world. For me, Beaudelaire's 'symbolic wood' can be viewed as the buildings of a chaotic city or as my totemic art, thus providing meaning when words cannot, echoing feelings and memories of other times and other connections.

In some respects the new totems have resonance with a series of driftwood sculptures I made five years earlier in 2009 (seen in Figure 5.3).

Figure 5.3. Driftwood trio sculpture

Found driftwood, wood and steel
232 cm (h) × Dimensions variable
John Dahlsen 2009

The new totems epitomize fresh direction in my art. I believe the latest series is influenced by recent experiences of Indigenous art in the Northern Territory, in particular the shapes of the totemic burial poles (which are available for viewing in most major Australian museums and art galleries and feature in many museums internationally). Meticulously painted on the outside in traditional Indigenous designs, burial poles often stand approximately the same height as the 'Echoes' sculptures.

The totem sculptures, with their Indigenous influences, represent for me the vitality to be gained during a crisis through reconnecting with our roots; a return to basics and the reclamation of truth, including the shared community values so essential to overcoming the alienating policies of the economic rationalists and to survival during difficult times.

PRINTMAKING

Infused with renewed hope as I pulled myself out of the economic crisis, and in keeping with the tension of opposites to be found consistently in my work, I forged new artistic pathways that melded ancient printmaking techniques with the 21st century. At the beginning of 2015 I spent five weeks in Japan on a Churchill Foundation Fellowship, where I trained in specialized Moku-Hanga woodblock printmaking and collaborated with woodblock master Soichi Kitamura. This resulted in a body of twenty-four limited edition works that blended contemporary digital printing techniques, which I have been developing for over a decade in my own art, with traditional Japanese woodblock techniques (see Figure 5.4 below). In many

Figure 5.4. Plastic mix fusion print

Digital & woodblock print of plastic found objects
94 cm h × 61 cm w
John Dahlsen 2015

ways these artworks mimic the sculptures described above, as the paintings to come later would do also.

PAINTING AND DRAWING

The final component of the new body of work is a series of twenty-four canvasses, upon which large-scale images of the twenty-four totem sculptures have been printed (via a large digital printer). On these, I have drawn and/or painted the square, circular and triangular shapes that have proven to be a recurring theme in my work.

CIRCLE, SQUARE AND TRIANGLE

The first time I was consciously influenced by the use of primordial geometry in my work was in 1986, during which time I created a series of paintings with strong Zen influences informed by my exposure to the work of the Japanese painter and mystic, Sengai. This master regularly used the circle, square, triangle shapes in his work, referring to them as 'the universal forms.' As my work progressed over the years, these shapes continued to assert themselves as convenient 'editing' tools deeply embedded in richly abstract paintings. Incorporating these shapes into my new body of work, particularly in the fusion of digital and woodblock printing, elevated the importance and the relevance of my work to contemporary time, place and culture.

The shapes run through every aspect of the new body of work, like a stream re-emerging from the dark earth. Consequently, their presence symbolizes the evolution of the artist through difficult times.

The circle, square, triangle feature significantly in my previous work (see Figure 5.5 below).

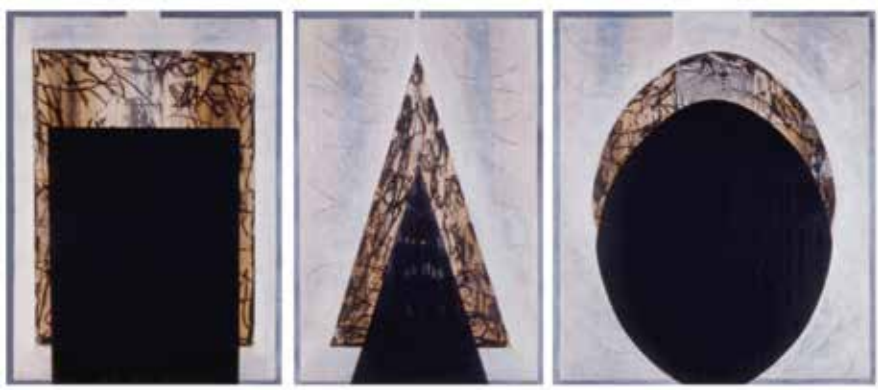

Figure 5.5. Departure (Triptych)

Oil, acrylic, wax, charcoal, contact paper on board
John Dahlsen, 1991

THE SUM OF ITS PARTS: THE INSTALLATION

The creative practice component of my PhD has been the incorporation of sculpture, printmaking, painting and drawing into an installation representing the whole being greater than the sum of its parts. In many ways the production of this work has been the culmination of my vocation as an artist. The GFC created necessity and that necessity reduced my work—indeed, the world's work—to essential core elements of expression.

This installation is my direct creative response, and symbolic reply, to the GFC.

Plastics are an environmental scourge in our global oceans, environmental vandalism that is the direct result of economic rationalism. The rubbish choking our oceans is an easily-forgotten by-product of rampant consumerism, as are artists and myriad other individuals and communities impacted by the GFC.

As tycoons and policy makers conspire to generate products and policies that create this rubbish, I conspire with the natural world to use washed-up plastics gathered from beaches to produce artworks that emphasize the plight of our oceans.

This installation—the entire body of work—is dedicated to the cycle of return.

SUPPORT FOR ARTISTS WORKING OUTSIDE THE MAINSTREAM: A POLITICAL IMPERATIVE

Of course, I am not alone as an artist reeling from the impact of global economic crisis. Fellow Byron Bay artist Jan Rae was also forced to redefine her identity and her relationship to her work. She described her experiences thus:

> The Global Financial Crisis affected my income dramatically. I had been accustomed to receiving a regular income from gallery sales of my paintings. When this income plummeted I had to devise other ways of making an income, which included renting out my house and teaching dance (tango).
>
> This meant that my career as an artist was interrupted and my artistic goals were sidelined. My focus on the development of my painting was subverted by the need to survive. However the notion of my creativity was broadened to include dance and I began to paint about dance as well as to teach and perform. It is only now that I am in a position to study again and am completing a Masters of Art degree.
>
> At the same time as the GFC, my home was threatened by rising tides and beach erosion and also by the laissez-faire attitude by local government. This doubled edged emotional issue reignited my interest in environmental art and gave me a new subject to paint about. The current environmental issues in the world are pertinent to all of us, and any sales arising from art that tackles this important subject merely serve to validate and to educate. I think that any artist, whether indigenous or not, has the right and the moral power to comment on environmental issues. (personal communication)

It is not only possible—it is imperative—that new education and support systems be developed for artists affected by unexpected economic outcomes resulting from situations beyond their control, especially those working in fields outside the mainstream.

It is particularly important to identify those artists with a proclivity towards non-conformism and associated conditions, such as narcissism, in order to provide necessary guidance, opportunities and support for those in need. It is as important to facilitate this change—in attitude, in practice and in outcome—as it is imperative. My inquiry is important, because marginalized art forms within the industry, including but not limited to environmental art, are in fact burgeoning sectors. Until the conservative Abbott government took office in 2013, Australia's political class placed a high priority on environmental awareness. This translated into an explosion of interest in the environmental sector among young people generally, and artists specifically, for whom environmental welfare is a priority. Environmental philosopher Val Plumwood sums up the current situation:

> Rather than withdrawing or scaling down, the economic rationalist imagery reconceives the critical wild ocean resource base in reassuring terms as inessential or replaceable, for example through the new technologies of fish farming, which are claimed to have the potential to both replace and to supplement overfished wild fisheries and allow them to recover. Closer scrutiny of these claims reveals however that known technologies of fish farming, presented, as reason-created substitutes are relatively inefficient and less sustainable in energy terms. Their tendency to spread disease and pollution to wild fish and their continued over-use of wild fish populations as food for farmed fish actually worsens the situation of the critical wild stocks even further, since it takes 4kg of wild fish to bring 1kg of farmed fish to market. This is just one of the many failures of ecological rationality delivered on a systematic basis by hubristic forms of rationalist economics and their concepts of substitutability. (Plumwood, 2002, 26)

Plumwood and others, such as David Abrams (who wrote 'The Spell of the Sensuous') are helping to change the way we think about our contemporary place in the natural environment, and how we can address some of the core triggers for key problems we face today. Abrams states:

> I began to wonder if my culture's assumptions regarding the lack of awareness in other animals and in the land itself was less a product of careful and judicious reasoning than of a strange inability to perceive other animals- a real inability to clearly see, or focus upon, anything outside the realm of human technology, or to hear as meaningful anything other than human speech. The sad results of our interactions with the rest of nature were being reported in every newspaper- from the depletion of topsoil due to industrial farming techniques to the fouling of ground water by industrial wastes, from the rapid destruction of ancient forests to, worst of all the ever accelerating extinction

> of our fellow species- and these remarkable and disturbing occurrences, all readily traceable to the ongoing activity of "civilized" humankind, did indeed suggest the possibility that there was a perceptual problem in my culture, that modern, "civilized" humanity simply did not perceive nature in a clear manner, if we have been perceiving it at all. (Abram, 1997, 27)

The flow-on effect of this kind of contemporary thinking about the importance of the natural environment cannot be underestimated, especially among artists who have been affected by the GFC. Prior to the economic meltdown, environmental art enjoyed a steady rise in popularity, as well as cross-pollination status in the arts industry: it was (and is still) a marginalized sector, yet despite this enjoyed growing popularity among practitioners and investors (despite its somewhat 'tainted' status in the industry); in times of financial security it can attract good prices for quality work and high status for the artist. Pre-Abbot government political and social trending was on its side.

By illuminating the issues facing art practitioners in marginalized sectors and the impact on their productivity, lifestyle and wellbeing, my research aims to expose gaps in the industry and generate support for the development of systems for maintaining the integrity of the altruistic artist and their contribution to a healthy, broad-based arts culture/industry in Australian society.

CONCLUSION

In summary, it is a socially-justifiable imperative that the interests of people on the fringes who wish to tell their unique truths are safeguarded during times of economic crisis. Collectively, we have the capacity to find and fund effective ways for balancing the economic viability and professional creativity of artists, thus ensuring powerful voices are not silenced during circumstances beyond their control, particularly when they confront the forces that drive widespread disaster. It is vital that we begin researching new methods for creating and maintaining successful businesses for marginalized artists through challenging economic conditions.

In presenting this chapter and, through my research, creating a body of artwork that reflects the influences and issues I experienced during and after the economic catastrophe of 2007–08, I am speaking as an environmental artist who had largely ceased creating as a direct response to the fallout from the GFC.

My current creative practice and theory are the result of those decisive moments eight years ago when globally we experienced an economic meltdown. For my own part, as an environmental artist who focuses primarily on using found materials that send a strong environmental message, while at the same time creating works that contain a beautiful aesthetic, my art is essentially a protest against recklessness on the part of policy makers. Simultaneously, I am generating appreciation for a marginalized art form that is a direct result of this recklessness,

culminating in profound, insightful, elusive, intelligent and unsubtle ways of viewing environmental problems.

I am fortunate to find myself in a position where I can fully embrace my creativity once again, rising with the economic tide to produce a body of work that offers me the potential to travel to various locations within Australia and internationally, and with the resources I need to continue producing new work, in coming years.

These developments are exceptional positives for an artist who had lost his way through influences he could not control, rediscovering form and confidence following a disastrous economic occurrence that had the potential to curtail creative output on a permanent basis.

It is interesting to note that during the creation of this new work, and again upon its completion and exhibition, I was—and am—repeatedly asked if it was and is for sale. Fortunately, through past success in the field of art and through investments, I am once again in the position where I am not forced by economic considerations to interfere with this work by selling it off in parts, or to compromise its integrity by intentionally making it commercially viable, or attractive. As such, I am able to remain true to the work—the whole being greater than the sum of its parts. This in itself is a statement of defiance against the recklessness of the policy makers, who in putting profit ahead of people fail utterly to view the world's communities as either connected or whole.

Oddly, in many respects I have the Global Financial Crisis to thank for rocking my world, for bringing about a profound reassessment of my artistic and life's priorities, for creating the opportunity for me to explore the trajectory of environmental art and my position within the field—and, in consequence, reassess its viability as a long-term creative career choice.

I would like to close by acknowledging the debate about the importance of the creation of 'art for arts sake.' I'll let Roy Harris (who wrote 'The Great Debate About Art') have the last word:

> Every art, every work of art, is its own justification. It seeks no further purpose. It submits to no higher judgement. (Harris, 2010, 7, 8)

NOTE

[1] Possibly excepting the 'Driftwood Trio' sculpture, which drew on my use of the square circle and triangle elements in its form.

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SECTION 2

PRAXIS: THE SENSORY IN LIVED WORLDS

HOTUROA BARCLAY-KERR

6. FROM MYTH AND LEGEND TO REALITY

Voyages of Rediscovery and Knowledge

In this chapter, I discuss contemporary voyages made by Polynesian sailing canoes. Further, I explain their purpose and vision, the recovery of traditional knowledge and the rationale behind some of the activities and changes in cultural models that were required to enable the recovery to occur.

The stories of Pacific people resonate with the exploits of their ancestors who sailed across the vast ocean discovering new lands and opportunities. In Aotearoa New Zealand, the histories of the Maori people recall famous heroes of long ago who were renowned for their courage and adventurous spirit. There were ancestors such as Maui, whose skill as a fisherman allowed him to pull lands such as Aotearoa out of the sea; Rata, who built canoes that travelled the ocean fulfilling family obligations and duties; Kupe, who discovered Maui's fish and in turn, set the sailing directions for others to find the lands in the southernmost corner of the Polynesian triangle. After the time of Kupe the great voyages of settlement by other canoe loads of adventurers occurred with the names of canoes, navigators, captains and crew remembered in the stories, song and poetry of the people.

Despite observations of canoe use and maritime ability of the Polynesians recorded by Cook and other early European explorers of the Pacific such as Andía y Varela in the Society Islands in 1774 (Corney 282), the epic tales of discovery and adventure were slowly relegated to the realm of myth and legend. However, they were not viewed as myth or legend by the owners of these stories but, rather, by scholars and academics who did not believe that people with stone-age technologies could possess the ability or knowledge to sail deliberately and safely on two-way voyages of more than a few hundred miles. Voyages of discovery and settlement were often described as accidental journeys and settlements. It is an interesting notion that the discovery of land by ancient Polynesian navigators on canoes could be regarded as *accidental*. The arrival at the same islands, already populated by Polynesians, by western explorers is described as *phenomenal*, not withstanding the fact that the discovery of any piece of land in the middle of the ocean for the very first time will be accidental, regardless of what the culture and technology of the explorer may be. It is the utilization of that knowledge to facilitate other voyages to that island that tests the knowledge of the navigational systems of that culture. In Māori histories the famous navigator Kupe found Aotearoa New Zealand. In later life he returned to

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 87–91.

his island homeland to share the information with his relatives and they utilized this knowledge to return to Aotearoa New Zealand on *deliberate* voyages of settlement.

With the famous voyaging ancestors of the Pacific slowly disappearing into the ancient past and the stories of their experiences being relegated to the same significance as bedtime stories and tall tales of a mythical time, many of the modern-day descendants of these ancestors have embarked on their own epic journeys to reawaken the voyaging past and to resurrect the ancient knowledge of the ocean pathways.

RECOVERING TRADITIONAL KNOWLEDGE: WAYFINDING

In 1976 the double-hulled voyaging canoe, Hokule'a, sailed from Hawai'i to Tahiti on an ocean pathway that for centuries had been no more than a distant memory in the cultural landscape of the Hawaiian people. This voyage was also the first step in the reawakening of a dying Pacific practise. That practise was the ability to navigate long distances across the ocean without the assistance of any form of modern instrumentation, tools or technology. Contemporary canoe navigators describe this as Wayfinding. Wayfinding is the ability to navigate across thousands of miles of ocean safely and efficiently, using nothing but the ancestral knowledge of the past and the clues provided by nature to find land far below the distant horizon. In 1976, Hokule'a [a double-hulled sailing canoe] and her crew navigated this ancient ocean pathway with the help and knowledge of Mau Piailug, a Micronesian navigator from a tiny island called Satawal. Mau not only navigated Hokule'a but showed his crew how to understand clues about weather prediction, ocean conditions and all the other requirements to survive long ocean journeys.

This first voyage by Hokule'a was the inspiration for the recovery of traditional navigational knowledge throughout the Pacific. More specifically, it sparked a revival amongst a group of Polynesian cultures who worked collectively to resurrect the practise of Wayfinding. Mau Piailug became the teacher and mentor for a new generation of Polynesian navigators from Hawai'i, the Cook Islands and Aotearoa New Zealand. He stepped out of the cultural norm dictated by generations of his ancestors and shared his knowledge not only with his descendants, but people who were not directly connected to him through genealogy.

After the 1976 voyage to Tahiti, Hokule'a became the focal point in the recovery of traditional navigational knowledge. The Hawaiian organisation, Polynesian Voyaging Society (PVS) embarked on a campaign to promote long distance ocean sailing and navigation, with further return voyages to Tahiti from Hawai'i. In the mid 1980s PVS put together an impressive plan to sail Hokule'a through the islands of Central and Eastern Polynesia from Hawai'i to Aotearoa. This journey would not only retrace the ancient routes of Polynesia but would open further opportunities for trainee navigators to learn from the master Mau Piailug and his famous Hawaiian student Nainoa Thompson. Once again Mau stepped out of the traditional protocols of his culture to mentor a new generation of navigators from outside of his cultural circles.

The Voyage of Rediscovery—as this project was called—took Hokule'a to French Polynesia, the Cook Islands, Aotearoa New Zealand, Tonga, and Samoa. The new generation of navigators came from these island groups. The Voyage of Rediscovery also set in motion a canoe-building energy that has spanned the decades to the present time.

Many of the islands that Hokule'a visited started to build their own long distance voyaging canoes and by 1995 there was a congregation of voyaging canoes in the lagoon of Ra'iatea Island, described by Kawahadara as "The most celebrated center of Polynesian voyaging and navigation" (Kawahadara, 1994, 25). Canoes from Hawai'i, Rarotonga and Aotearoa gathered here to participate in ceremonial protocols before sailing to Nukuhiva in the north. From Nukuhiva, the canoes embarked on a journey to Hawai'i. This journey was to test the learning of the apprentice navigators who had been studying under Mau Piailug with the guidance of his student Nainoa Thompson. This voyage was completed successfully by all canoes and a small group of traditionally qualified navigators returned to their homelands to take on the responsibility of perpetuating and extending this knowledge.

TRADITIONAL KNOWLEDGE: SUSTAINABILITY

As well as the recovery of the traditional navigational knowledge, there was also a growing awareness of the environmental issues affecting the Pacific Ocean. As voyages continued across the ocean more more stories were emerging that described the failing health of the Pacific Ocean. Stories were being told of how much more difficult it was to catch fish on long voyages. Whales and turtles were observed with nylon fishing ropes tangled around their bodies and plastic bags lodged in their throats and jaws. Stories were told about coral reefs slowly deteriorating as the carbon dioxide levels in the ocean rose. Stories such as these made it clear to many of the young sailors from the modern voyaging community that not only did they have a responsibility to recover the traditional maritime knowledge of the past but they needed to become advocates for the present and future protection of their ocean.

What became clear was that many of the stories of the past held the clues to understanding issues of today. It also became clear that these same stories needed a deeper consideration to unlock the messages within. The messages within these stories—once decoded—allow the modern day voyagers to unravel the world of their ancestors and understand the things they did, the things they observed and the solutions that they employed to travel across the ocean on their long journeys. As well, understanding these stories gives insight into the practices they followed to maintain and protect the environment.

The exploits of Rata, when he procured a tree to build a voyaging canoe, teach the importance of conservation and environmental protection. Concepts of resource management become part of the story and good practise is encouraged with the appropriate outcomes for human kind and the environment are the rewards for this good practise.

Observations made by Kupe of migratory patterns of fish, whales and birds and recognising the importance of specific feeding grounds and the protection of these fishing grounds for the welfare of local communities was an important factor behind his travels across the Pacific. Understanding that these resources needed protection in order to feed his community but also to keep that resource sustainable is reflected in his adventures in search of Te Wheke o Muturangi, a creature that was interfering with the fishing resources of his people.

These are only two of the many examples of the kinds of stories from the Maori world that reiterate the importance of mankind's role in environmental management and the fact that sustainability is the key responsibility of those involved. By decoding the messages within these stories the voyagers of today are able to reflect on the activities of their ancestors as motivation to share their contemporary concerns about what is happening to their ocean. Environmental protection and advocacy then, changes from something that many misunderstand to be a modern pastime to something that has its roots in the traditional past of the people.

RETURNING TO TRADITIONAL KNOWLEDGES, SPEAKING TO TODAY

As well as environmental messages many cultural messages are contained within the ancient stories. These messages connect to the environmental messages in that practises and thinking are challenged, solutions are offered and innovation and change is the outcome. For young contemporary voyagers, there is a confidence that comes from knowing that the adventures of heroes such as Maui show that concepts such as vision, courage, imagination, challenge, motivation and success were valued in the past and as such should be valued now and into the future. Seemingly impossible tasks such as fishing land from the sea, slowing down the sun, using knowledge from an ancient jawbone and other similar stories have been relegated to a realm of myth and legend. However a closer inspection of these stories reveal that they are in fact a record of what took place in a time where no books were used to record history. As it was mentioned earlier, a story of Maui fishing land out of the ocean is a metaphor for exploration and discovery. Similarly decoded, a story of slowing down the sun becomes a record of discovering lands in different latitudes that have long daylight hours in the summer and short daylight hours in the winter. Knowledge contained in a magic ancestral jawbone becomes the information that a famous ancestor has shared and passed down through generations to enable success in facing challenges before you.

All of this culminates in a modern day scenario that has much of its foundational thinking based upon the stories of old, coupled with the challenges of today. The new explorers of the Pacific on their modern sailing canoes are able to face up to the issues that challenge their planet today. By decoding and understanding the actions and exploits of their ancestors of centuries ago, they may be able to face these challenges with both ancient and contemporary tools and thought processes that de-mystify the past and open up the future. Once people understand that all ancient

talk is not totally myth and legend challenges can be faced, innovation can occur, vision will be encouraged and courage will carry them forward.

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HARMONY SIGANPORIA

7. FROM DRUNKEN-SAGE TO ARTISTE, THE MANY LIVES OF THE TIBETAN DEKAR

> A man was found in Kollegaal refugee camp in Karnataka's Mysore district. He wore a Chuba, and was clearly drunk. He was unkempt and would occasionally "expose" his genitals, letting himself hang loose. People were revolted by him. He lived with, among, and like the stray dogs: children would call him names and throw stones at him. Sometimes though, he would come to be surrounded by people. This man would rise. He would sing and dance, and when he did, he spared nobody. In the face of his jesting, no one would leave—he had them enthralled. The community saw to his basic needs: on Tibetan New Year (Losar) and at other times of celebration, he was the life of the party, praying, singing, and jesting in choicest turns of phrase.

This was the last Dekar Tenzin Tsundue saw 'living' his creed. The Dekar did not survive translation into exile, and what was once a life lived now exists only in the form of set-pieces 'performed' on certain auspicious occasions. This article is an exploration of the life—and after-life—of the Dekar—an itinerant repository of Tibetan folk memory and knowledges.

INTRODUCTION

It was in 1959 that His Holiness, the 14th Dalai Lama Tenzin Gyatso, made his way to India. Alongside him and after him came thousands of Tibetans fleeing the abject persecution they were subjected to in their homeland in the wake of its invasion by Chinese forces in 1950. Today, 55 years after this first important 'movement' across borders—porous and dynamic as the Himalayan region has historically been—there is in India a thriving Tibetan community-in-exile, some 90,000+ strong.[1] The nerve-point of this community is the town of McLeod Ganj, Dharamsala, the official residence of the Dalai Lama, and the headquarters of the community's now democratically elected Government-in-Exile (formally known as the Central Tibetan Administration, or CTA). This introduction is intended to highlight the following premise: whilst crossing a physical border, one is also confronted with the fact of another barrier—the cleaving of a new dialectic with regard to a community's sense of itself. When compounded with the burden of 'preserving' or retaining and perpetuating its many identities—religious, regional, ethnic, national—in exile, where the homeland is now merely notional or imaginary and 'remembered' as

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 93–101.

it were, this debate takes on a new and tenacious urgency. Displaced from their original context, the Dalai Lama and CTA have attempted to create a new locus and repository of Tibetan culture, outside Tibet, comprising its many artistic and religious practices—sacred and secular—which form the lived reality of the community in exile today.

The CTA takes seriously the project of thinking through and understanding just what is meant by Tibetan culture, and who may today lay claim to it, speaking from a position of 'authenticity' as far as this culture is concerned. The very fact of their existence seems to suggest that they believe the onus for this falls rightfully upon the community in exile, for although they may be displaced from their homeland in terms of geographical distance, it is because of this separation that they remain a community untainted by Sinicisation, unlike their peers in the China-controlled Tibet Autonomous Region (TAR). Of all the many cultural artefacts which lay claim to re-presenting the cultures they emanate from, music, especially within the Tibetan context,[2] does it with great effect because it straddles the realms of the sacred and secular with ease. It becomes a site where identity comes to be negotiated within the community, offering as it does an entry point into a plethora of debates which revolve around preservation and ossification; about whether performative practices remain dynamic and 'live' or come to be museumised, that is over time becoming empty signifiers. Any discussion on preservation also contains, after Bourdieu and Ranciere,[3] discourses pertaining to how the 'choice' of what to save, what to 'keep,' is a deeply political one, determined by class and other subject positions. This partially explains why some old folk traditions were not necessarily considered worth holding on to when the Tibetan community set itself up anew in exile.

It is for these reasons that this chapter , part of a larger project consideringthe role of music in the emplacement of identity in exile groups, specifically focusing on the Tibetan community in Dharamsala, seeks to locate and examine a once-lived, now performed life: that of the wandering minstrel-sage known as the Dekar.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE IDIOT-SAGE

Of this character, CB Josayma writes:

> The Dekar of Tibet carries on the ancient traditions of the itinerant singer, who appears only on momentous occasions such as New Year's morning, weddings, and occasions when new officials are appointed to the government. His verses are a mixture of devotional praises and ribald humour intended to inspire faith in the Buddhist religion and laughter at the amusing anecdotes of his life. (Josayma, 1987: 24)

She adds that while Dekars have performed in Tibet for centuries, it was the fifth Dalai Lama (1617–1682) who first 'patronised' these bards, "creating new costumes for them of white masks ringed with goat's hair, decorated with shells, and a mirror on the forehead," (Josayma, 1987, 24). In addition to composing for them verses

describing sites of pilgrimage running the length and breadth of Tibet The peripatetic Dekar would serve as a 'carrier' of these tales, aiding in their dissemination across a vast land. Located thus between a vagabond-beggar and a highly specialised singer, he was seen as something of a lucky charm by society at large. Josayma writes that to be a Dekar, having a "quick, sharp mind" was a prerequisite, since he needed not only to memorise long verses of praise, but also "improvise at each house, and adapt the performance to the qualities of the particular family or event," at hand which would earn "greater respect" from his audience, but also, and this was vital to supplement an existence as precarious as his could be, bring the Dekar "greater offerings" which would tide him over between the occasions when he would emerge into society (Josayma, 1987, 24).

This article by Josayma (1987) and a conversation with my collaborator, poet, activist and one of the leading voices of the Tibetan community in exile, Tenzin Tsundue[4] are the impetus behind this article. The first time I heard about the Dekar, he was described to me by Tsundue as a folksinger/ascetic/troubadour/idiot-sage; a repository of history and lore, a minstrel of cultural memory and a jester able because of his 'location' to voice local and social critique by mocking the world (and himself). Tsundue says the last of the real Dekars in the exile community were found till as late as the 1980s. People now 'perform' the Dekar on stage as they attempt to play this beggar-sage, some, in his modern-day avatar as a stand-up comedian.[5] This disappearance is because the Dekar was regarded as a character for whom there was no longer room within the rubric that was life in exile: if Tibetan refugees were poor, he was poorer. In Tibet, when Dekars lived among the people, theirs wouldn't have been considered an 'art' form at all. In India, in exile, there was even less room for this peripheral character. So how is one to explain the ongoing life of this tragicomic creature at all? It would appear that the memory of the Dekar is clearly of worth to Tibetan identity, even if he is no longer a tangible part of contemporary Tibetan (exile) life. While in Tibet, he belonged to society, the memory of him today is kept alive by the institutions of the exiled community, chief among them the Tibetan Institute of Performing Arts (TIPA).

Of his first 'encounter' with a real Dekar, Tsundue has this to say:

> A man was found in Kollegaal refugee camp in Karnataka's Mysore district, bordering Tamil Nadu. This camp was divided into land parcels, named for the letters of the alphabet. Each 'parcel' comprised pockets of hutments and villages. The Dekar was found in the parcel furthest away from the 'Centre' or office pass 1—between sectors E & G. The man wore a Chuba—a Tibetan dress-shirt—and was clearly a drunkard. He was unkempt, and would occasionally "expose" his genitals, letting himself hang loose. People were revolted by him. He lived with, among, and like the stray dogs: children would call him names and throw stones at him—much as they would with the dogs, incidentally. Sometimes, though, he would come to be surrounded by people. This man would rise. He would sing and dance, and when he did, he spared nobody. In

> the face of all his jesting, no one would leave—he had them enthralled. The community saw to his basic needs, and on New Year (Losar) and other times of celebration, he was the life of the party, praying, singing, and jesting in choicest turns of phrase.

This was the last Dekar that Tsundue saw 'live' his creed.

Parallel but different to the Dekar, was the institution of the 'Lama Mani,' the wandering social commentator-minstrel in his 'social reformer' avatar. The Lama Mani aimed for direct social reform by travelling from place to place, narrating the stories of the lives of saints and leaders of Tibet with a view to improving the 'moral character' of people, encouraging them to treat each other better, and to think 'nobler' thoughts (Tsundue, 2013–2014). Reading the two characters side by side allows us to decode the Dekar, using his location on the periphery of mainstream Tibetan society to see what it might tell us about the norms of hegemonic masculinity, for example, which might have once underscored it, offering an inkling of the sexual politics—performative as they must be[6]—which formed the basis of this society. Because he was a systemically-accounted-for destabiliser, the Dekar's very presence indicates a binary opposite: order. And it is this 'order' which can be explored in the movement afforded to the Dekar, as he crossed boundaries (social, class-based and so on) with his commentary:

> If I drink all, I will be drunk
> If I drink again, I will go mad!
> O,' I won't be able to tell a dog from a calf,
> I won't be able to tell a mother from a bride! (Josayma, 1987, 26)

NEGOTIATING LIFE AND LIVING AS A DEKAR

The Dekar, Tsundue holds, cared nothing for wealth, family, or creature comforts. He was like a monk—an ascetic who had renounced 'ties' with family, andthe material world. Having left home and therefore being free of filial ties, he was a public figure who lived in and among people. With the Dekar, what it is important to note is that the point is not the performance; it is the fact of the life lived that appears to be the message. His very life was his performance. Unattached to anything, the Dekar could assume the moral high-ground, and his difficult, austere life was what enabled him to critique those bound to 'sansara' or the worldly life of a householder.

The physical or corporeal difficulty of his life, including much wandering, no stability in terms of being guaranteed food or shelter, is what Tsundue identifies as the principal reason there were never any women Dekars. Instead,women who rejected 'worldly' wants could become nuns (including ones who 'performed'). Having taken their vows, these women could go on pilgrimages, and sing or lecture *en route*. Nuns were not called upon to renounce or rupture ties with their families: unlike a Dekar who might have died from lack of sustenance, nuns had support mechanisms in place, by way of families or monastic orders. Theirs were moralistic

stories or tales based on the lives of saints and intended to 'reform' society, more like the program of the Lama Manis. In this, the content of their material, the nuns' tales differed from the scathing social critique or folk/historical stories of the Dekar. In addition, the Dekar created verses spontaneously, whereas nuns recited 'set' stories or songs, including from the well-known Buddhist Jataka tales.

Twinned with the physical solitariness of this existence is the danger of travelling alone: women could be raped, or would have different hygiene needs whilst menstruating, for example.These are all listed as reasons by Tsundue for the absence of women from this sphere, apart from one last fairly major factor. Sex. The Dekar's existence was a sexual one—he did not exist outside of this, as every other, bodily function. Should a woman have attempted to live his creed, she would have had to grapple with the possibility of pregnancy and the 'tie' of potential off-spring. As becomes obvious, there were, here as elsewhere, moral pressures at play in the delineation of performing an ideal femininity, which would not brook the easy forsaking of female chastity.

So, for all his 'renunciation' of worldly ties, the Dekar was not an asexual being by virtue of his life-choices: he could have multiple sexual partners, on occasion even coupling with fellow wandering nuns and perhaps siring children with these women. His was a 'liberated' sexual politics, in that the deed done, he had the 'liberty' to leave, without considering the ramifications of pregnancy. To better hear this in the Dekar's voice:

I went to the lower market,
Swinging my hips three times.
The groups of young girls were forced
To shut their eyes, their mouths and turn their behinds;
I suspected they were attracted to my,
Fine old earring!
Hail to the Gods!
Hail to the Nagas!
As for my stick…
If I must offer an explanation,
If I must sing its praises;
It is made from the hard wood of the male rhododendron.
It is made from the soft female wood of the langma…
(Josayma, 1987, 27)

In this aspect, in his ability to attract the young girls to his "fine old earring" and his praise-worthy "stick," the Dekar takes on another element of signification: he becomes a Casanova-like figure, to be admired for his sexual prowess. But to understand this fully, one also needs to grapple with the fact that attitudes towards sex in some Tibetan/Himalayan communities were much less inhibited than those in many parts of their host nation India: as an example Tsundue says that, to date, there are traditions such as 'khibdung' (loosely translated as "beating the dogs") which

effectively license groups of young men to roam around with their peers, and sing of/suggest a 'rendezvous' to the person of their fancy. Thus intimated, and having met with no objection, these young men proceed to scale roofs and find their way into intended homes by the moonlight. Himalayan valleys abound with songs about "going tonight" and being "up on the roof." Tsundue had first-hand experience of this whilst in Ladakh (Tsundue, 2013–2014).

An accepted aberration, the Dekar was housed and fed by a community, but he almost *had* to expose himself to draw attention to how we are all naked under the masks we wear as we perform our quotidian lives, and make fun of 'respectability' in the form of normative heterosexual coupling: the source of the family-as-social-unit. To illustrate this, here is a small excerpt of a translation by CB Josayma from a selection of Dekar speeches chosen and arranged by TIPA's erstwhile opera master, NorbuTsering. In this excerpt, the Dekar rues being born into a household where it would appear he had

> No more luck than the child of a beggar,
> (so) through the country I must roam, heh!
> My two old parents put thirty dumplings into the pot…
> My elder brother took nineteen dumplings,
> My middle brother took ten,
> With no luck to be more than a beggar,
> For me there was left but one!
> (then) I was hit on the head and that single dumpling rolled away.
> (Josayma, 1987, 26)

In addition, the Dekar's is an embodied performance: his songs are bawdy, and about the body and its functions. He tends to describe his own in gory detail, to signify both his non-attachment to it as well as the fact that bodies and their functions bespeak how we are all the same: bodies, in broad-strokes, tend to function in similar fashion. In his own words:

> If I must explain
> my body, head, and feet, all three;
> These fleshy feet are the bases, bases like cushions.
> My knees are the wheel of religion, where religion is spread.
> My waist is the bell and vajra, offered to the hands of the Lama.
> The upper intestines are the lasso of the Gods.
> The lower intestines are the lasso of the Nagas,
> My lungs are the white snow mountain.
> My liver the black rocky mountain…
> The rounded areas are where the horses run,
> The hollow areas are where the melted butter swirls.
> In front is the place to tie the horse,
> At the back is where the cannon is staked.

When the barrel booms, the land is filled with smoke!
When one's eyes are still rolling,
One must guard one's nose! (Josayma, 1987, 26)

There is a collapsing of categories and functions here; of the sacred geography of Tibet ('the snow' and 'black rocky' mountains alluding to its boundaries) and the ribald (the reference to his penis as a place to 'tie the horse' or his bottom as a 'booming' canon). The Dekar seems to suggest that his body is simultaneously his own, as well as metonymically substitutable for the land he purports to here embody. When this talk of the bodily became too much and someone intervened, the Dekar would move to history, and thence to that most important of all social currency: gossip. He dealt in information because he was privy to it; he travelled from place to place, living amongst different groups in each location, and traded information for more information. People spoke to the Dekar because he was not a permanent fixture in their midst.

CONCLUSION

From once being a life it was possible to live, to now surviving as ossified performance—set-pieces of a few minutes each, bereft of the spontaneous and at times vicious composing which marked the former—the Dekar today is only to be found on stage. Tsundue posits that the precarity of living as refugees in a land not their own makes it so that people in the exile community would not want to willingly 'live this life' anymore (2013–2014). The society that gave birth to the subject position that is the Dekar is now a thing of the past. The well or resources the Dekar was created out of and existed within have dried up. Today, anyone can play him—artistes Tsewang Chondhen and Loten Namling are examples of performers who regularly perform as Dekars. TIPA itself now organises a 'Dekar performance' on *Losar* (Tibetan New Year), where songs and set pieces are recreated by artists from public memories of the Dekar. This is what is left of the old writings and stories of once-lived practices. In this new avatar, the Dekar has lost much, including his ability to trade in information and make meaningful social critiques or comments. In modern times, the closest one can get to this aspect of his life in the Tibetan exile community is in the form of the socially-aware and deeply political stand-up comic, who takes,without waiting to be given,license and authority to speak about what he determines needs discussing, and to make fun of people. As with the Dekar, it hurts less because it is critique and satire, but it is couched and framed asjesting and mirth. As well, these modern-day variants deal much more in generalities than they do in particulars, for they no longer live amidst or study the myriad social groups the Dekars once did. The new material of artists such as Thubten-la or Migmar-la, Tsundue asserts, is more a "gentle pat" than the assault on every sense that was the brickbat of a true Dekar who was irreverent, for irreverence cannot be scripted (Tsundue, 2013–2014). In certain elements of the Dekar's song and dance routine

and dialogue delivery which have today been incorporated into the experimental work of, for example, New Tibet Theatre's Lhakpa-la's work, aspects of what the Dekar did live on.

The Dekar was one with the people because he was of them: he looked at them with compassion and empathy.He was the drunken beacon to his society, yelling warnings at them to change their errant ways. He was not separate: he was "us." Elements of him live on in figures like Ani-la, the nun who daily feeds dozens of stray dogs in the streets of Dharamsala, regardless of her own needs. While there is today an enthusiasm to document and preserve all that can be saved of the 'Tibetan way,' the politics and fact of exile have meant that this was not always possible. Living the life of the Dekar was a choice, but to document this life (in the early 80s) was a "luxury" few refugees had when their more immediate concerns were the meeting of their basic daily needs for food and shelter (Tsundue, 2013–2014). Lives lived, therefore, were outside the ambit of—and in the case of the Dekar in particular, would have defied the possibility of—preservation, because he *was* uninstitutional. Who knows which way the exile winds will blow yet? With the material circumstances of the community no longer as dire as once they were, perhaps the Dekar's life will find takers yet, and he will sing again.

NOTES

1. A survey by the Planning Commission, Central Tibetan Administration in India, titled 'Demographic Survey of Tibetans in Exile–2009' cites the total number of Tibetans living outside Tibet as being 1,27,935. Of this number, 94,203 people live in India. For details, see the following Hindustan Times newspaper article: http://www.hindustantimes.com/India-news/NorthIndia/127935-Tibetans-living-outside-Tibet-Tibetan-survey/Article1-634405.aspx
2. Alongside the presence of certain rigorously circumscribed musical systems in religious practice—for which, see Lobsang Lhalungpa's treatise on Tibetan musics (Lhalungpa, 1969, 2–10)—Tibet also had a rich history of secular, lampooning "street songs" in what was otherwise an extremely coded and hierarchical society (Goldstein, 1982, 56–66).
3. With regard to Bourdieu, I refer here particularly to his idea about how those institutions and structures with a high volume of 'cultural capital' which promote social mobility are likely to be able to determine what comes to be identified as 'taste' within a given society(Bourdieu 1984). From Ranciere, I use the idea that any definition of aesthetics which is not narrowly defined, is connected to politics. He elaborates this notion by showing what the two spheres have in common: the ability to delineate for a given society what is visible and what is not; what is audible and what is not, with the corollary that together these terms define what is thinkable and what is not (Ranciere, 2006).
4. The material I credit to Tsundue is based on a series of rolling personal interviews I had with him at his home in Dharamsala, between August, 2013 and March, 2014.
5. For an example of this, see the work of young Tibetan comedians like SonamWangdue, available widely (albeit not in English translation) on YouTube and other social media platforms.
6. Here, I refer to Butler's notion that the performance of gender makes male power and privileges appear natural rather than socially constructed, and that, acts, gestures and enactments 'are *performative* in the sense that the essence of identity that they otherwise purport to express are *fabrications* manufactured through corporeal signs and other discursive means' (Butler, 1990, 136).

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RACHEL LAMDIN HUNTER AND KAHURANGI DEY

8. MOTHERS AND FOOD

Performing the Family Mealtime

INTRODUCTION

It's hot. It's a weekday. It's after school. The children are tired and dishevelled, though with plenty to say. On a good day the bickering only begins at the supermarket entrance (not in the car on the way there). The three kids jostle for control of the shopping trolley; voices rising.

"Do we have to go to the supermarket *again*?"
"How many things are we buying?"
"I'm pushing the trolley, you pushed last time."
"Mum, can we get this?
"How come we *never* get anything good?"
"How povo are we anyway? You've got a job, right!"
"Can we have fish and chips?"
"Can we have McDonalds, we *never* have McDonalds, *everyone* else has McDonalds, they do have salads you know."

That's a desperate attempt to lure me in—as if he'd ever request a salad!

Oh God. The day was long, the teaching hard, the car hot. Oh magical air conditioning that never seems to work! Just blows fetid air at my face. Slightly too tight waist band gripping at my sweaty skin, aching feet in stupid flimsy heels, three scratchy kids, hopeful with the possibility of a treat I can't afford, and grizzling and tired with the reality of trudging through Pak n Save for boring boring boring BORING junk like tomato paste and Weet-Bix and toilet rolls. We all crowd around the yoghurt for the brief respite of cool air from the dairy refrigerator. The children eye the sugary, expensive, mango syrup yoghurt as I heft the litre of plain, unflavoured, into the cart. Six sweaty, grubby hands fondle the chocolate dessert; they know better than to even ask.

I can't find a bloody thing—they've just revamped the store and it's still a frustrating search and find expedition that drags the horror on for much longer than it needs to be. No more my efficient 15 minute whiz through, with automatic grabs. Deliberate on the part of the supermarket of course—figuring you'll buy more stuff as you happen across new things … seduced by new colours and smells.

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 103–111.

I answer quick-fire questions about what brands or products to get and what to leave until next time, while I dodge other shopping carts, children and our own feet. It's a grapple between desirable brands and products, and the cheapest. There isn't much money left in my bank account so I prioritize what we most need, adding up as I go around and then adding the item costs again, once more, as the groceries are loaded on to the conveyor.

We arrive at the checkout. An argument erupts over who goes ahead of the trolley and who stands behind it. I survey the other customers, mostly women with their ranges of children and infants and grocery items. One other woman makes eye contact with me and we both look away again, slightly uncomfortably.

On Thursday, pay day, I have to come back here and do this all over again. Until then we must make do (and we're not even 'poor' I tell my children! There are many who are far worse off than we are).

MOTHERS AND THE FAMILY MEAL

Mothers occupy a gendered world of food in which they are now (often solely and privately) responsible for food provision and preparation for their families in the privacy (or isolation!) of the own home (Kinser, 2012). Meanwhile, the importance of eating together around the table is extolled in popular media and scholarly research. In Aotearoa New Zealand we notice two recurrent themes regarding mealtimes: firstly, the importance of 'frequent family dinners' lauded in social research and critiqued by Amber Kinser in 2012, and secondly, the ethos of maternal consumer choice regarding the selection of a wide range of foods promoted as cheap, convenient, healthy, organic, whole or locally-produced. We notice that individualized discourses of food selection effectively individuate societal (class, gender), institutional and even global food issues. In this chapter we explore and critique these discourses via the maternal performance of family food. The performance of family mealtimes can be viewed—or for mothers, directed, cast, stage-managed, produced and starred in—most nights each week, in most households across the country. We complete this family mealtime performance 'backwards in high heels';[1] our angst is that of educated mid-40s mothers, in middle-income families.

MEALTIME: AFFORDABLE, QUICK AND EASY, HEALTHY AND NUTRITIOUS

On 2010s television, the tasks of shopping, preparing and cooking food and eating all seem like such civilized affairs. Makes me think of those 1960s housewives in their little aprons, hair and face immaculate, children tidy and well behaved. Those "helpful" little leaflets are in all the supermarkets; cook dinner—it's delicious and easy, everyone is clean, tidy, well behaved and happy. So we can all be those women now. Like a Food in a Minute Spaghetti with basil pesto sauce. I would never normally buy the brand name ingredients listed. But the promise is for a quick, easy, nutritious meal for the *whole* family … for the whole family, hmmm, not quite so sure on that

one. And the woman in the picture, she is middle aged; though impossibly energetic looking with a confident grin … maybe she's going to come and cook at my house!

Recipes and food promotions promising 'quick and easy to prepare' results are common in New Zealand and take the form of television advertising and programming, usually aimed at those who shop and cook for their families. Television show 'Jamie's 15 minute meals' features British chef Jamie Oliver producing a delicious meal in quarter of an hour from start to finish. Supermarkets have adopted the challenge with their Meal Maker sections and a 'Feed four people for $15' recipe promotions.

> Home at last. An hour and a half of my life I won't get back. Maybe I could think about online shopping; at least the bags get delivered to the door. I would still have to put the groceries away, and Pak and Save don't do door to door. I pack, I deliver, I save.

One of New Zealand's mealtime experts is 'The Destitute Gourmet,' created by New Zealand chef and mother Sophie Gray in a quest to promote 'fashionable food that doesn't cost a fortune.' Gray provides a website and blog, Facebook page ('affordable food, family life and finances') and books and cooking classes featuring ideas for thrifty cut-price supermarket shopping and food preparation. Followers hope that clever thinking, organization and planning will be all that is needed to put irresistible food within the financial reach and tight schedule (and hence responsibility) of all families (that is, mothers).

It is beguiling to believe that a 'good mother' will be able to do it all: in the supermarket we will ensure the food (local, organic, free range and fair trade) is healthy and nutritious, pay, get it home, cook, serve and clean up—but only by adopting the maze of tactics regarding shopping, cooking and time management—and then, only in spite of the pressures of busyness, money and the intangible, impersonal 'economy.'

Food is becoming less affordable for many families over time due to income inequality (St John & Wynd, 2008). Director Bryan Bruce carefully connects food affordability for low income households in New Zealand with rising food prices in his 2011 documentary *Inside Child Poverty—A Special Report*. Increasing foodlessness is experienced by many in New Zealand, including the one in four children currently living in material poverty (Expert Advisory Group on Solutions to Child Poverty, 2012). Yet the prevailing message to families remains one of choice—that if we would only choose right and get smart, feeding the family could be cheap, healthy and convenient.

MEALTIME: A WOMAN'S PERFORMANCE

"What's that?"

"What's for tea?"

"When's tea?"

> I kick off the silly shoes and charge at the kitchen. I dare not sit down—just keep moving—calculate 3 hours until I can sit and relax—… after the dinner and dishes melee. Why am I the only one putting the groceries away? I can't be bothered with that fight today. And at least if they're not in here, I can actually get some peace and quiet. God that's sad! The kitchen is littered with unwashed dishes, a gently fetid odour rises from the pile, and a dishwasher that needs to be emptied. I need to get the old food out of the fridge so there's room for all the stuff I've just bought. Down the sink. Sorry Mother Earth. Into the overflowing garbage bin. Where's that 1960s housewife when you need her? Oh to have chickens and watch food waste magically become eggs! First things first: put that jug on. Now, I need some space in here before I can even unpack the shopping. Lunch boxes need emptying. Banana peels and apple cores go into the compost. Wrappers into the bin. Sorry Mother Earth. Reusable plastic bags need washing. Mother Earth, looking after you makes more work for me you know. I hope you appreciate it!
>
> "Girls! Really??? Not on the bench! Put your dirty dishes in the sink. Heard of RINSING?"
>
> "Well, there was room here."
>
> "I've just cleared that space to work."

Women perform most unpaid work including family food provision and preparation (Kan & Gershung, 2009; Harkness, 2008; Lewis, 2012). Mothers, particularly those in paid employment, do a disproportionate amount of household work in comparison with other family members. While the numbers of women in paid work have increased over the last five decades, no measurable change in unpaid family work has equalized this (Esping-Andersen, 2009).

> The mess in their wake is just easier to clean up than haggle over which dirty spoon or bowl is whose. Meanwhile, the mealtime permutation of carbohydrate, protein (including non-meat) and two or three serves of vegetables, needs calculating before the beginning of the week or at the weekend—not now! I calculate what we had last week, what we ate over the weekend, what's in the cupboard now, what time I will have each evening to prepare (around dance classes, hockey practices, Guides or late teaching), when we last had 'easy tea' or takeaways, and how late we can have dinner without there being complaints of starvation … I know how tired I will be later on and calculate how early I can serve dinner and still get the kitchen looking acceptable again before bedtime. I remember who likes what food and who will protest at what food …

As mothers and critical thinkers, we (the authors) are continually confronted with our families' dietary needs and social wellbeing as well as wider concern for the worldwide issues of food, hunger, poverty and the environment. We find our homes to be sites of a critically-reviewed performance of meal planning, delivery

and disposal, ourselves as the red-carpet performers—sometimes applauded and sometimes panned! We find our minds pre-occupied with considerations of weight, body image and appearance, and self-esteem—our children's self-esteem and our own. We find our conversations dominated by matters of nutrition, convenience, health and money (or lack of!) needed to be sufficiently healthy and nutritious. While 'successful' meal performance has been critiqued by social and health researchers, the question of whether family mealtimes are the stock-standard answer to delinquency, obesity and mental ill-health has attracted less attention.

Our family table is set for dinner. Several bowls of food are in the centre of the table.

And as we all sit down, it starts…

"Ew, what's this?"

"Are we having this again?"

"We never have what I want!"

"Eat with your mouth shut!"

"Stop looking at me!"

"Shut up!"

Another fun family ordeal: Sitting at the table. I can't believe the Waltons made it look so easy. Even the Simpsons do dinner time better than us! All that is required is to sit on a chair, how hard can that be? Obviously sitting in the same chair every evening, putting some food on your plate and eating it with the knife and fork is too much to ask! Instead of some measure of civility, we have a heated negotiation about where everybody should sit. Variables include: where you sat last night, where you would like to sit, who you can see from where you are sitting, who you would like NOT to see while you eat, who you refuse to sit beside or opposite, who got to your favourite place first and whether it's worth fighting for the place (depending on whether you/they got the seat they wanted for watching TV, and depending on whatever other annoying things they have done today or might be planning for later). Other topics for heated debates include: hunger levels, eating habits, knife/fork methods, other personal habits or details regarding appearance, smell or mannerisms, and amounts/volumes of each food type consumed (including quantities of sauce or salt). The modern mothers' quest to empower their children with choice, to avoid giving orders, to parent democratically and by consensus, to teach tolerance and flexibility—it sure takes it out of me! Does everybody have this at dinner time?

Pushing and shoving break out among the children as they are seated. One leaves crying loudly, the others look at each other and giggle.

"Don't be mean. That was unnecessary!"

Silence as my crier returns.

"What was the best thing about your day today, Mum?"

We all try so hard to play it right and behave as we "should." Entering into a brief (stilted but well-intended) conversation about each of their days, it starts so well. Frequent interruptions pepper the conversation. Tension is evident, gazes are dropped, coughing and throat clearing occurs. Silences. Glaring and eye-rolling begins. Bickering and raised voices will appear shortly. The descent from happy family meal time to everyday life occurs so rapidly.

Surprisingly little about dinner time is really related to food. Sometimes it is just the site for a struggle for voice, presence and power, transmitted through the geography of the table, the plate and the conversation. I'm relieved when it is over. I can't believe the United Nations reckons this is good for us!

The gendered nature of mealtimes rests mainly on mothers. Orchestrating the performance of family nutrition is a dominant aspect of mothering practice. A wealth of family research highlights social issues including childhood behavioural problems, addiction, and intra-familial conflict, linking these and other evils with a low incidence of families eating meals together at a table. The importance of family mealtimes (Utter, 2007) is lauded, with little substance or context behind snappy media headlines. UNICEF's 2007 Report Card on child wellbeing in wealthy nations (including New Zealand) reports on the number of times each week where parents and children 'eat a main meal together around the table' (United Nations International Children's Fund (UNICEF), 2007) to calculate children's subjective wellbeing. Other researchers recommend family meals to protect children and adolescents from addictions and mental ill-health. Of interest to UNICEF is also the percentage of children in OECD countries who eat breakfast every day, eat fruit every day, or are overweight. Few researches elaborate on the complexity of choosing, purchasing, transporting, storing, cooking and then removing, food in families.

According to Amber Kinser, citing DeVault; Bugge and Almas; Coltrane; Devine; Jastran et al; and Story and Neumark-Sztainer, 'Those responsible for family meal provision find it a highly complex undertaking even in its most basic forms' (Kinser, 2012, 322). Along with these writers, we find food provision to be overwhelmingly gendered, and a site of mothers' misunderstood—even invisible—labour. Effort incorporating the shopping, cooking, serving and disposal of food remains invisible to many writers (including those of health policy), and therefore goes untroubled. Even our families view such tedious labour as simple enough to command. Societal and individual messages reinforce an external societal frame focused on happy choice and the production of a satisfied society through good mothering at the table, kitchen and market.

We have previously written:

> Individualized family mealtime discourse individuates social issues such as child behavioural problems, addictions and family conflict, leaving each mother to navigate these with the belief that family mealtimes help to secure her children's long term wellbeing and life chances. (Lamdin-Hunter & Dey in press)

Along with Kinser we caution against the nostalgic emphasis upon family mealtimes, behind which the hard work of mothers goes unnoticed, and underline the attention due to societal factors and not maternal or individual family choices driving consumption. Indeed, mealtimes are far from unproblematic; they are harassing, irritating, and constant in our lives. The best problem-solving, planning and list-making do not provide more than momentary solutions. Mothers are held 'culpable for outcomes that are rooted far outside of them … These problems sit at the societal, not the individual, level but dominant discourses privatize and individualize them nevertheless' (Kinser, 2012, 317).

> "Who's on dishes tonight?"
>
> Silence. No surprises there. As the children all look at each other, the arguments begin and the crying starts. By this time of day, I am just too tired to insist that we follow a roster and each do our part (clearing the table, drying the dishes, loading the dishwasher). *Train up a child in the way she should go, and when she is old she will not depart from it* they say, and I am sure I should be making them help … but it's mostly easier to do it myself. Choose between the fight and the guilt of insisting the children help, versus the guilt of not insisting they help. *Choose your battles wisely*, they also say. The resentment of washing and drying dishes while others lounge in front of the television, versus the resentment of accusations of child slavery, unfairness and then further crying or arguing! Again, this part of the meal is more often a site of power struggles in the family than a study of food and nutrition.

To us, as critical mothers and researchers,

> New Zealand families are presented with the discourses of family mealtimes and consumer choice based on the premise of a seamless happy family mealtime of quick, cheap, healthy and delicious food. The discourses are reinforced through national and international policy and practice as a societal must; yet the underlying message is that food and health matters are essentially private individual problems to be solved within families. Our argument is that these messages are problematic for mothers as they are at odds with the reality of the complexity of managing mealtimes. (Lamdin-Hunter & Dey in press)

When, in 2014, we began writing about mothers and food, we were experiencing the enormity and simultaneous invisibility of the tasks of caring for our families. Rachel was becoming increasingly exasperated at the work involved in shopping, cooking and cleaning. Kahu researched trends in global food production which caused her to question the rightness of how food is manufactured, presented, and prepared, and pondered the contradictions of global food systems and local hunger. Together we wanted to highlight and question the discourses underlying the performance of food in New Zealand families. Recognising the moral burden of the importance of nutrition and family time, a burden carried by mothers more than anyone else, we note with concern the elements of choice, time, family health and societal peril woven throughout food provision and consumption. The food issue, for New Zealand families, is a corporatized world issue wherein nutrition, time and sustainability are inevitably commercialised and commoditized. We hope to draw attention to the performance as we repeat it each night, with a cast and audience of four or five, for an unlimited season, in our own homes.

NOTE

[1] Attributed to Robert Thaves, originating from his Frank and Ernest comic strip comment about movie legend Fred Astaire "Sure he was great, but don't forget that Ginger Rogers did everything he did, backwards … and in high heels." We use this phrase to describe situations where women find themselves working harder, against more or greater obstacles, yet work on regardless, silently with grace and elegance to be considered to be doing the same job equally.

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EMALANI CASE

9. PEHEA KA ʻAHA A KĀUA? HOW IS OUR ROPE?

Ethnographic Practices from Behind, In Front of, and In *the ʻAha*

Before I knew how to write stories, I chanted and danced them to life. In fact, it was my training in hula[1] that made me a voice for those stories. Some told of people, places, and events that I had never witnessed myself, occurring hundreds, even thousands of years before I took my first breath in and exhaled it out in song. Others spoke of things that my eyes had seen, things that my ears had heard, and things that had resonated so deeply with my body that I am still in-tuned with them. One such event brought me to an ʻaha,[2] a rope made of braided coconut husk, draped around a canoe house. Suspended between a series of wooden stakes, and adorned with dried ti-leaves, it encircled the thatched structure where stone tools were used to chip at a koa log brought down from the forest, shaping it into a canoe. The rope created a space in which a group of men built, shaped, and lashed together pieces of their own identities: reawakening, reconnecting, and remaking themselves as Hawaiian men.

As a young Hawaiian girl, I stood just behind the ʻaha watching their movements, and as I admired their work, I sang and chanted their stories to life. My age, gender, and experience forbade me from entering their circle. In fact, the prickly rope's purpose was to create a separation of spaces, keeping some people in and keeping others out. Therefore, my place in this particular story had always been one literally positioned on the sidelines, behind an ʻaha, where I could bear witness to and even give voice to story without taking a step into the space marked off by rope. More than twenty years later, however, I did attempt to enter this space. Yet, with the ʻaha long taken down, I tried to access it through memories. I contacted the men who worked in the canoe house, and whose carving resulted in the twenty-six foot outrigger canoe named Mauloa, and as I sat down with them—listening to their stories, laughing and crying, sharing moments of silence and moments of words—they momentarily allowed me to peer into that space once again, and in some instances, they even let me move in front of the rope, into their circle.

Just over twenty years ago, these men had embarked on a voyage of learning, one that would lead them to build a canoe using nothing but materials that would have been available to their ancestors prior to European contact. Therefore, lashed together with rope, like the pieces of their canoe, is the story of men empowering

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themselves as they sought and found spaces to work in, spaces that allowed for their reengagement with male roles, and further, their recognition of male responsibilities to themselves, to their families, and to their communities.

Their story, although hopeful, however, is intricately bound to a story of cultural loss. As a girl, I stood just behind the ʻaha, watching them attempt to revive the art of canoe building, something that had long since been abandoned. When canoes were a necessary part of daily life in the islands, canoe building was one of the most esteemed professions. As Kawaikaumaiikamakaokaopua (1922), author of a serial column on canoes printed in a Hawaiian language newspaper once said, "O ke kalaiwaa, o keia kekahi o na oihana pookela loa" [As for canoe building, this was one of the most prestigious occupations] (Kawaikaumaiikamakaokaopua, 1922, 7). Yet, with shifting times and cultural, environmental, and political changes, the need for and even the ability to build canoes from natural materials decreased.

When a culture is faced with such loss, as Jonathan Lear (2006) outlines, it has three choices: it can keep performing practices even though the context in which it was originally performed, or the context that necessitated its practice, no longer exists; it can invent new purposes for those practices, giving them new meaning in contemporary times; or it can give those practices up all together (Lear, 2006, 36). While the end customs is indeed a great loss for any people, the true tragedy comes with the loss of perspectives, or the points of view and processes of thought that went into those practices. As Michael Chandler (2013) argues:

> … the point to be developed here is that if any fulsome sense of indigenous identity is to be maintained, it will need to rest its case more upon the *processes* than on the fraying *contents* of culture—more upon identifying and inhabiting indigenous ways of knowing and meaning making than upon any more transient efforts to archive even a whole museum full of increasingly antique cultural shards. (Chandler, 2013, 84)

In other words, to lose the physical and tangible canoe is one thing. To lose the idea—or the way that people thought about their canoes, how they valued them, and why the process of building one involved detailed and often strict procedures, ceremonies, and rituals—is another type of loss entirely. What do you do, for example, when you can build a canoe, but you no longer know why you are building it, or when it no longer makes sense within a particular cultural context, when it no longer has use?

Twenty years after that group of Hawaiian men carved and lashed their canoe together, within their circle of ʻaha, I began to consider these very questions. Thus, I found myself standing just outside their rope once again. I wanted to know how they dealt with cultural loss and wanted to examine their revival of certain cultural practices. Only this time, I wanted to step beyond my role as dancer and chanter. I wanted to grasp the ʻaha; I wanted to take it into my hands, to feel it poke at my palms. I wanted to hold it, to understand it, and perhaps most importantly, I wanted to challenge its presence. The rope marked not only the separation of spaces, but also

the historical separation of a people from a way of life. Those standing within the circle were those making an effort to reconnect to ideas, values, and customs once vibrant and then nearly forgotten. In 1991, they stood as Hawaiian men in search of an identity. The ʻaha therefore protected their space, a space in which they could create meaning for themselves as they carved an actual vessel out of koa wood. It was a space that could not be penetrated by anything on the outside, however temporary its existence may have been. Thus, the rope established a circle in which culture could flourish for a time, unthreatened.

Outside of the rope, however, life continued on. Outside of the rope were thousands of other Hawaiian men, some of whom had no desire to reconnect, no desire to learn about their ancestors, no desire to revive lost arts. Thus, although the rope marked a meaningful space for the canoe builders, its very presence was necessitated by significant change, and in many ways, by great loss. Generations ago, a rope would have been unnecessary; boundaries would have been acknowledged without them having to be marked as people would have had the cultural literacy with which to understand which spaces they belonged in and which spaces they should keep out of.

Thus, when I invited these men to share their stories with me, I had to be aware of the ʻaha that existed between us. Even after twenty years, the spaces that were created as Mauloa was being carved to life remained. Therefore, I had to ask, "Pehea ka ʻaha a kāua?"[3] In each interview, in each conversation, in each emotional moment, "How was our ʻaha?" Where was it placed? How did it either grant me access or deny me entrance into certain spaces, certain stories, certain memories? Depending on the interview, there were times when the rope was draped around us—moments when my role as Hawaiian woman of a younger generation was pushed aside—and we seemed to exist in the same circle. Yet, there were other times when the rope was placed between us, when I was only allowed to peer into, but not enter, spaces that my age or gender would not allow me to access. At other times, it seemed that we each grasped an end of the rope, tugging and pulling each other along, the rough strand ripping at our skin, each of us giving and taking, contributing to the knowledge being shared and created between us.

In my ethnographic work, therefore, pondering the status and even the position of the ʻaha allows me to not only examine my role as a researcher, but also gives me the chance to reflect upon my responsibilities to the people I work with and the stories they share. Some of the men talked about ʻaha, reminiscing about making rope from coconut husk, some rubbing the fibers on their thighs until the hair of their legs was completely pulled off, becoming a part of the rope they would eventually use to lash their canoe together. In one interview, I was even encouraged to look at my own ʻaha, or the rope that I was creating as I pulled together strands of knowledge from different people, places, and times. The image and the metaphor of the ʻaha, therefore, not only informs my work but also inspires constant reflexivity as I continually examine my position and my role in the larger story being twisted, braided, and woven together.

What comes together in the ʻaha that I create—the ʻaha that I work with my hands, that I rub against my legs, that I imbue with the sweat of my palms and with the moisture of my skin—can be used to connect or separate. It can be draped around another space, either keeping people in or keeping them out. My hope, however, is that my work will also embrace one of the other meanings of the term ʻaha. Although commonly used to refer to various types of rope—including those made from such diverse materials as plant fibers, human hair, or even animal intestines—ʻaha has alternative meanings. It could also be used to refer to a gathering or an assembly of sorts. Therefore, to ask "Pehea ka ʻaha a kāua?" could also be to inquire about the gathering that occurs when two or more people or concepts are brought together into conversation. Thus, I hope that my own academic work will be able to inspire ʻaha, or to inspire the coming together of ideas from the past and the present so that we can strengthen the ʻaha that will be used in the years to come, whether used to lash physical canoes or those that we will journey upon as we continue to discover and rediscover ourselves.

As a little girl, I was aware of the ʻaha, but was never critical of it. I knew my place behind the rope and I knew my role as a chanter and dancer. Now, twenty years later, as a researcher and writer, my role is similar; I continue to tell stories. Yet, my critical stance has changed. It is now my kuleana, or my responsibility, to examine the ʻaha, to look at what happened in front of, behind, and *in* the rope, so that we can learn from it together. This sense of kuleana has influenced the way I see myself, my culture, and more importantly, the work that I produce for and about that culture. In my ethnographic work, I have had to study myself as much as I have had to study others, often simultaneously, acknowledging that my own reading of a specific event—whether in the past or the present—is reflective of my perspectives; or epistemologically, how my upbringing in particular social, cultural, political, and even natural environments has influenced how I experience the world around me (Meyer, 2003, 157–158). My own goals and objectives as a researcher and a writer, for instance, were motivated by specific events, some occurring years, even generations, before my birth, and others occurring more recently. Thus, my work is indeed motivated by this sense of kuleana, or an inherited responsibility to use research and critical analysis to take my people forward. This is where my research fits and why examining the ʻaha has not only been essential, but transformative on deeply cultural and personal levels.

MA HOPE O KA ʻAHA: BEHIND THE ROPE

In order to build Mauloa in the early 1990s, the canoe carvers needed to step into a space that was protected by rope, both literally and figuratively. While largely supported, however, their efforts also came with criticism. Hawaiʻi was at the tail end of the Hawaiian Renaissance, which was, as George Kanahele (1982) defines it, "a rebirth of artistic and intellectual achievement accompanied by a revival of

interest in the past, and an increasing pursuit of knowledge and learning" that took place in the late 1960s and 1970s (Kanahele, 1982, 1). Accompanying this "rebirth" was a new political consciousness and commitment to creating change in the Hawaiian community, one still struggling with the effects of colonialism, tourism, and military occupation. These men, therefore, were part of what Kanahele (1982) refers to as a "psychological renewal" or a "purging of feelings of alienation and inferiority" (Kanahele, 1982, 1) that were common in their parents' generation, feelings that came as a result of introduced ideas of Christian morality that combated their own beliefs, along with belittling representations in text, the banning of their language and customs, and the overall rhetoric of colonization.

Thus, during the renaissance, Hawaiʻi had experienced a few decades in which significant efforts were made to revive the Hawaiian language; to expand the reach and understanding of hula; to protect the land and the environment from further destruction and development; to engage in political protests and discussions focused on sovereignty; and to rediscover the wayfinding and navigation practices of some of our oldest ancestors. What resulted from these efforts was a renewed sense of pride in being Hawaiian, a feeling that had seemed to escape so many of the previous generations. For some, it was that "psychological renewal" while for others "it [was] a reassertion of self-dignity and self-importance" (Kanahele, 1982, 1). Yet, even as young Hawaiians, like the canoe builders, were making strides to reconnect to a culture that they felt separate from—moving towards spaces that were roped-off for centuries—some of their parents and grandparents found such a transition difficult. As a result, as Kanahele (1986) states, while "some Hawaiians, especially those of the 'renaissance generation' do not feel inferior at all, … for almost all of their parents the ghost of racial inferiority still lurks" (Kanahele, 1986, 22).

Thus, while the renaissance was monumental, especially for how it contributed to the resurgence of a people, it also seemed to create a generational ʻaha, or barrier, between those who refused to "go back to the past" and those who wanted to dig into the past to make sense of their present. One of the builders I spoke with, Maulili Dickson (2014), commented on this divide between the generations, stating:

> I explained it to my mother … why am I getting so involved with this. I'm challenging my family … One time I sat down with her and my father … I was just telling them that it's going to change the culture. It *is* changing the culture, and people don't realize it, and I'm part of that change … My mother was always the type of person that [was] stuck in the Western way. She was stuck in that and I had a hard time with my Hawaiian spiritual part that I was gaining with all of this, [and] trying to get that across to her. As a staunch Catholic, she was bred to believe that it was heathen or it wasn't proper. (pc)

Therefore, like Uncle Maulili, some Hawaiians who were inspired by the renaissance of previous decades actually found themselves torn. While they were thirsting for opportunities to learn about their ancestors and themselves, their parents were

apprehensive. Thus, many of them had to move into a space blocked off by ʻaha, leaving those of the previous generations behind the draped rope, where they could bear witness to their growth, even if they could not understand or support it.

As I listened to their stories, I was made aware of not only the generational divide that existed between these men and their parents, but also the gap that existed between these men and myself. As Kali Fermantez (2012) explains, history has left ropes draped between us, creating divides based on our experiences:

> First, there is the kūpuna [elder] generation, our elders and ancestors who lived the culture and were punished and disrespected for doing so. The next group is the mākua [parent] generation, made up of children of the kūpuna generation. This group was not fully taught the Hawaiian culture and faced assimilation by both the local as well as the broader American culture. The third group is the moʻopuna [grandchildren] generation, the youth of today. This youthful cohort has benefited from the cultural revival and activism of the recent past and unlike previous generations, feels proud to be Hawaiian. They have a sense of the losses experienced by previous generations but have also inherited empowered, critical, and at times a somewhat entitled stance … (Fermantez, 2012, 106)

As Fermantez (2012) further notes, these categories and divides are not clear-cut.

However, their presence holds great significance. My interactions with these canoe builders, for instance, made me alarmingly aware of my position as one of the moʻopuna generation. My parents came from the same group as many of the canoe builders, their parents before them giving them English rather than Hawaiian names, refusing to teach them the Hawaiian language, and doing all they believed was right to ensure that their children would successfully assimilate, becoming American citizens. This was not my experience. Therefore, without being aware of it, I had come to inherit the sense of entitlement that Fermantez (2012) talks about, and this made me somewhat fearful for the future.

As each canoe builder recounted their efforts to "return" to the past through building a "traditional" and "authentic" Hawaiian canoe—these terms featuring prominently in almost every interview—I quickly realized that my age and education had separated me from them. I had been taught to be critical of these words; I had learned that notions of "tradition" and "authenticity" bind us to static cultures. As Albert Wendt (1976) argues, to believe that there is only one true way to be an indigenous person—or to assume that there is a "prescribed way [that] has not changed since time immemorial" is "a prescription for cultural stagnation, an invitation for a culture to choke in its own blood, odour, juices, excreta" (Wendt, 1976, 77). Thus, I had to listen to each man, aware that even the terms that they used were indicative of the generation they came from, one that sometimes *did* romanticize the past and make nostalgic gestures. And rather than peering into their space marked off by rope and criticizing them, I had to understand that their experiences were different than my own. I had to honor their work, knowing that

I would not have the ability to look at culture, "tradition," or even identity in the way that I do now had they not come before me. I could not sit in my own entitlement, taking my learning for granted, judging their word choices. Rather, I had to understand that to even engage in discussions about culture and identity—something that those of previous generations were not allowed to do—was a privilege.

MA MUA O KA ʻAHA: IN FRONT OF THE ʻAHA

As I sat down with Milton Bertelmann (2013), affectionately known as Uncle Shorty, who was one of the leaders and initiators of the canoe project, I quickly found myself immersed in his individual story, listening to details as if sitting with him *in* the space marked off by ʻaha. Through his words, I found the story of so many men, who like himself, were searching for a sense of identity, something that had been lost in previous generations. For Uncle Shorty, the canoe was his vehicle to renewal and to connection or reconnection to a culture that he felt separate from. As one of the original crew members of Hōkūleʻa[4], and one of the first students of Pius Mau Piailug—a navigator from Satawal in the Caroline Islands of Micronesia, who came to Hawaiʻi to both guide the Hōkūleʻa on its maiden voyage to Tahiti in 1976 and later returned to teach a select number of Hawaiians how to navigate themselves—Uncle Shorty was in the thick of the renaissance. Much of his life, as he explains, had been spent "yearning to go back to the past" and shedding the introduced idea that the past was something to "move aside" or something to abandon (2013, pc). The canoe, for him, made the past "real," something that he could experience rather than just read about.

Yet, his path towards reconnection would not end with that initial voyage to Tahiti. With the success of Hōkūleʻa came a desire to build a canoe, to actually take a few steps back to learn the processes and protocols of canoe building as once practiced by his ancestors. Therefore, together with fellow Hawaiian navigator, Nainoa Thompson, who Uncle Shorty credits with being the "dreamer" and visionary for the project; his brother and canoe captain, Clayton Bertelmann; and a group of other dedicated Hawaiian men, he embarked on a voyage to build a canoe using natural materials. What initially began as a dream to build a double-hulled canoe, however, was eventually altered when it was realized that the natural environment was so drastically different than the one that existed in previous generations. Koa trees large enough to build a double-hulled, long-distance sailing vessel were not as easy to find. Therefore, the plans were adjusted and the result of this dream was Mauloa, the single-hulled outrigger canoe built and launched in 1992.

When I sat down with Uncle Shorty, he seemed to invite me to share in his memories as if allowing me step over the ʻaha, entering into the house of his memories. It was there that I was permitted to sit as his feet, collecting his stories and truly sharing in the journey, particularly those parts that involved Mau Piailug, for whom the canoe was named. Papa Mau, as he was often referred to, came back

to Hawai‘i in the early 1990s to teach these men how to build a canoe, as canoe-building had long been abandoned as a practice in the islands. As he remembers, Papa Mau thought the men were "crazy" and so far disconnected and influenced by Western culture that they were lost. This motivated Uncle Shorty as well as all of the men involved; it pushed them. Yet, in their enthusiasm, certain key lessons were pushed to the side, only to be picked up and realized much later. One of those lessons, as Uncle Shorty recalls, was that of a "home." In Papa Mau's words, "Before you build one canoe, you have to make the home" (Bertelmann, 2013, pc). However, in their haste to finish the canoe in a timely manner, especially given deadlines that came with federal funding, they built a canoe and then had no place to put it, leaving it, as he states, "stranded."

The concept of a "home" intrigued me, not only because of how it can be used practically to house people and objects, but because it highlighted a larger issue central to the canoe renaissance and to the overall concept of cultural renaissance in general: when cultural knowledge is "revived" or "brought back," it must have a place to be maintained. In other words, it must be recontextualized or molded to fit modern lifestyles; it must be sustainable. Without a place, or without being incorporated into the daily lives of modern Hawaiians, not only the canoe itself, but the entire practice of canoe building, will be left stranded.

Uncle Shorty's brief discussion of the "home" was then echoed in my very last interview with a man named Charlie Grace (2014), a man who seemed to once again open the ‘aha and allow me access to every memory, even the messy ones that others may have wanted to hide. When the canoe was built, it was used in educational programs, taken to the schools so that children could learn about it, touch it, and see it. However, in the years following its initial launch, it was often left to sit on the shore, and as he recalls, "you cannot do that" (Grace, 2014, pc). A canoe must be used. However, to mālama, or to take care of it after it is built is a monumental task, especially for people who do not have the time or the resources to maintain it. "Everybody wants a canoe," he states. "The canoe looks good. But to take care of the canoe, nobody was doing [it]." He told me about how these men, these canoe builders, had to return to their jobs, their families, and their lives once the project was over. Therefore, the maintenance of the canoe became the responsibility of a select few. This proved to be difficult, especially since Mauloa had no permanent home, both in the physical world, and in some ways, in the cultural world as well. In time, Mauloa was left to sit, its pandanus sails and its koa hulls eventually falling victim to disuse.

In their words, therefore, I learned a great and difficult lesson about renaissance: we have to find a place for our cultural knowledge so that it can be maintained. However, this can only happen when we successfully recontextualize it so that it makes sense and has contemporary value in the modern world. The canoe must be about more than revival. Once it is built, it must have practical value. Yes, it can continue to be a symbol of identity, strength, and ancestral wisdom. But it must also be used. At the end of my interview with Uncle Shorty, I asked him about his hopes

for Mauloa, or what he would like to see for the canoe in the future. At the time, restoration projects to repair and relaunch Mauloa for a new generation of learners had recently been started. Surprisingly, rather than directly answering my question, however, he turned it around, thrusting it back to me:

> The question you asked me about where I would like to see Mauloa in the future … I can bounce that question right back: "What do you think?" … You asked me the question and my answer is … It's your slot in time. We already had our slot, … and now it's your slot. So, whatever that is [that you want Mauloa to be], … that's where I am … that's what I want it to be too. (2013, pc)

Similarly, Uncle Charlie also challenged me to think about my role in Mauloa's future. As someone who had decided to interview these men and who had asked them to share their memories with me, I now had a kuleana, a great responsibility. Knowledge, he argued, is a gift. But it has to be shared. It has to be used. Otherwise, it disappears. Thus, both Uncle Shorty and Uncle Charlie invited me into their house, allowing me to sit in front of the ʻaha, within their space, because both of them acknowledged that through inviting me in that they would then leave me with responsibilities.

My kuleana, as I now understand it, is to find a place for Mauloa in the present and the future. This responsibility, however, is one that I must fulfil in unique ways because although I have been around canoes since I was little girl, and although I have known many of these men since childhood, I am not a canoe builder myself. Rather, I am researcher and a writer. Therefore, my responsibility is to write so that we can learn together. It is not simply to create salvage texts, recording the process of canoe building, but to promote its practice and to create documents that highlight our thinking and our perspectives of culture now, so that future generations can learn from it. Twenty years from now, Hawaiians should not have to embark on the same journey of learning that these men did. Rather, they should learn from them and already have a "house" established, or a place for that knowledge when they are ready to both receive it and use it in their everyday lives.

I KA ʻAHA: *IN* THE ROPE

Near the end of my fieldwork, I began to reflect on my experiences, noticing a pattern in my own process. After each interview, I sat down and made comments on what I had learned—including observations about things that were said and things that were not said, notes about common themes, remarks about surprising reactions to questions, and even reviews of body language—and I found myself making connections between each man's story. Although each one of them had a different rendition and each one focused on those memories that he found personally interesting or valuable, I could not help but notice the way that their words seemed to speak to each other, or seemed to come together like the multiple strands of a rope. Their memories did not always fit nicely. Small details like dates, times, or

even names sometimes differed and the memory of one at times contradicted the memory of another. Therefore, the ʻaha that came together was messy, even a bit prickly, but it was strong nonetheless. In the end, what mattered more than minute details was the overall sense of pride that each man felt in being a part of Mauloa, or more specifically, being a part of the process that resulted in her construction: from the making of stone tools, to the felling of the tree, to the hauling of the log to the ocean, to the endless chipping away at the trunk, to the lashing, oiling, and finally launching of the canoe.

As I witnessed their stories come together, I began to reflect on my role. No longer was I just the dancer and chanter standing behind the ʻaha, or even just the writer and researcher who wanted to move in front of it: I was a rope marker, the one braiding a new ʻaha. The words of each canoe builder seemed to come together in particular ways because of how *I* thought about them, or how *I* interpreted them contemporarily. As those who made ʻaha often rubbed the coconut fibers against their thighs, they imbued the resulting rope, quite literally, with pieces of their being. Hair, sweat, and skin often became part of the ʻaha, and just as they could not be separated from it, I now cannot be separated from this work.

That is both a privilege and a challenge, for what I create will inevitably become part of the "consultable record" of what has been said about the topics that I choose to write about, including Mauloa, cultural renaissance, culture, identity, and even ethnographic work in indigenous communities (Geertz, 1973, 30). The point to be made here, however, is that the ʻaha we create—based on our interpretation of the past and our experience of the present—is indicative of the times and spaces in which we live. Thus, the ʻaha is never completely finished as each generation, as I have done, can braid and rebraid, adding in new strands and taking old ones out. The ʻaha can always be refashioned for new purposes that work towards the empowerment and transformation of the people it serves.

As I conducted my interviews, I had to remember that as we study the past and work to interpret it for our own use, we must be mindful, as Te Maire Tau (2012) argues, that "the mind that composed the tradition" or the mind that remembered the story or the mind that wrote the text "is more important that the tradition itself" (Tau, 2012, 18). In other words, "we think our pasts into being" (25). Therefore, why not leave a record of our thought processes and our perspectives behind to show future generations *how* we thought our pasts into existence, or *how* we made it relevant and for what reasons? Such a record would be extremely valuable, because as Chandler (2013) explains,

> … the most trustworthy of available hooks upon which embattled indigenous groups might potentially hang their best hopes for cultural persistence are to be found, not among all of those readily accessible contents that once hallmarked life in some earlier historical era, but rest instead upon those distinctive processes that continue to set indigenous mental life apart from competing

> world views, or paradigms, or ways of knowing that dominate thought as it occurs within the cultural mainstream. (Chandler, 2013, 89)

Although members of cultures are certainly not homogeneous, such a record would document how we experience and interpret the world differently than those influenced by other cultures, and would therefore highlight those values and perspectives that continue to feed the way we explain our existence to ourselves. *That* is something to maintain, and *that* is something to gift to younger generations, because if they can make a canoe, for example, but have no idea how canoes were woven with stories of origin, or why they were important, or how they were intricately connected to the environment, to spiritual beliefs, and to ceremony, then an entire belief system has begun to break down and we are left with no "hooks" upon which to hang our hopes for the future. Rather, we are left with canoes and no where to house them, or worse, canoes we no longer know how to use.

In my last interview, with Uncle Charlie Grace (2014), he shared with me the importance of using our knowledge, of doing more than just reviving practices, but making sure that they are always relevant:

> … after learning, [it's] going come with baggage. Going come with baggage, cause when you going take on that responsibility, to once you open it, to always keep it open. And do not awaken, hemo ka hiamoe, what you cannot put back to sleep. When you awaken it, it stands; take care of it. (Grace, 2014, pc)

In his words, he seemed to issue me a challenge. He challenged me to use this knowledge, not to just record it, but to take it and braid it into a larger ʻaha where it could be used to bring our people together, making them stronger.

Knowledge, once awakened, cannot and should not be put back to sleep. Thus, as the rope maker, the story teller, even as the little girl who once stood behind the ʻaha, I had a responsibility. It was, and is, my role to bring strands of history and story together, in sensitive and critical ways, to speak to larger issues, to larger goals, to larger lessons to be learned. Thus, he actually invited me into the rope, where I no longer needed to stand behind it or even in front of it, but where I could put pieces of myself into the strands that I would braid together. This was my ethnographic experience: from a little girl, once dancing and chanting stories to life; to a writer and a researcher, collecting and compiling stories; to a maker of ʻaha, braiding together a rope that can be used in the future. Thus, "Pehea ka ʻaha a kāua?" was and will always be an essential question: How is our rope? Where is it positioned? How does it affect the knowledge being produced? What about the assemblage of ideas, the meeting of conversations, of debates, of dialogues? Considering these questions make me constantly mindful of my ultimate position *in* the ʻaha and that what I create with those strands will bind me to a greater responsibility to the people I research, to the stories they share, and to the rope that we create together with every prickly strand of husk and every cell of our skin.

NOTES

[1] Hula is the term for Hawaiian dance and chant.

[2] Although modern orthography includes the use of the ʻokina, or glottal stop, and the kahakō, or macron, most texts that come from the Hawaiian Language newspapers do not. Therefore, quotations from these texts will be presented in their original form, without these markings. Also, in supporting the "movement to resist making the native tongue appear foreign in writing produced in and about a native land and people," any text appearing in Hawaiian will not be italicized (Silva 2004, 13). Unless otherwise noted, all translations appearing in brackets are my own.

[3] This question comes from the line of a pule, or prayer, entitled "He Pule Niu" or "A Prayer for the Coconut" (Emerson, 1897, 3).

[4] Hōkūleʻa is the name of a double-hulled canoe launched in 1975 as part of a project in experimental voyaging. In 1976, Hōkūleʻa was successfully sailed from Hawaiʻi to Tahiti, proving that seafaring Polynesians did have the ability to migrate across the Pacific Ocean without the use of modern instrumentation.

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SECTION 3

TRANSFORMATIONS IN SOCIAL JUSTICE: THEORETICALLY EMBODIED VISIONS

KAREN BARBOUR

10. PLACE-RESPONSIVE CHOREOGRAPHY AND ACTIVISM

INTRODUCTION

Sensory encounters with place, site and landscape have the potential to stimulate new and deeply felt engagements with local places, and to prompt discussion about the relationships between place, culture and identity. Such sensory encounters may also offer opportunities for critical, reflexive theorising and practice (Pink, 2008, 2009; Stevenson, 2014; Warren, 2012). Within the myriad of potentialities offered in research, a focus on sensory and embodied encounters with local places prompts me to articulate intersections between local issues of social justice and environmental activism and feminist choreography. As a dance artist and researcher, ethnographic research has led me to autoethnographic performance as a specific means to articulate my encounters with place through embodied expression and textual representation.

Site-specific dance practices utilizing sensory encounters provide methods that support slowing down and paying attention through participatory observation, acclimatization and acculturation, and the development of movement repertoires (Barbour, 2010; East, 2012; Hunter, 2015). These methods potentially evoke a sense of belonging, connectedness and responsibility for specific places. Such work has been a focus for my choreographic expressions and written publications for some time (Barbour, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013). However, in a dance research project called *Whenua* (to which I refer in this chapter), what began as a site-specific dance in local campus places at my university, expanded beyond sensory encounter. While the research process spiralled inwards to encompass a sense of belonging to and responsibility for local place, my processes also spiralled outwards to political engagement with issues of land contestation and spiritual, cultural, economic and environmental concerns. This spiralling process aligns easily with the focus of autoethnography in moving between self and culture: writing the 'auto' and the 'ethno' (Ellis, 2004). The site-specific dance thus became a form of critical autoethnographic performance and place-responsive activism (Denzin, 2003; Gruenewald, 2008; Madison, 2005; Madison & Hamera, 2006; Spry, 2011).

In both my autoethnographic writing in this chapter and the actual performances of *Whenua*, I embody creative connections across the disciplines and advocate for arts-based, feminist, place-responsive, critical ethnographic and embodied research (Gruenewald, 2008; Rinehart, Barbour, & Pope, 2014). The narrative of

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 127–145.

this chapter thus represents aspects of my research and con*text*ualises both the performance and writing within autoethnography (Denzin, 2003; Ellis, 2004; Jones, Adams, & Ellis, 2013). As a consequence, each section of writing begins with narratives of place, incorporates key texts used in the research process and in the autoethnographic performances, descriptive and phenomenological writing about the choreographic research and dancing (Fraleigh, 1987; Shapiro, 1999), and photographs of performance.

SENSORY ENCOUNTER WITH PLACE

As a beginning, I recognise that each of us is always located in specific places because we are embodied in the world. Embodiment necessitates location—we are each always somewhere, in some place. Being in some place offers a grounding in everyday experiences of geographic location, and also the potential to develop a sense of place that embraces the imaginative, affective, poetic, aesthetic, political and sensory ways in which each of us are some place (Crouch, 2000; MacDonald, 2003; Wattchow & Brown, 2011). We are each affected by place and we each engage with and change place. As Mary MacDonald (2003, 3) commented, 'We bring places to play in building meaningful worlds and communities and invest them with cultural and religious meanings.'

Over my lifetime, my own sense of place and reflexivity about place has grown in relation to multiple homes (Barbour, 2011, 2012, in press). More recently, I have begun considering my relationship to the land around and on which the University of Waikato has risen in Hamilton city, in the Waikato region of Aotearoa New Zealand. The university, surrounding suburbs and farmland stand on tribal land of Waikato-Tainui indigenous Māori peoples. The land of the university and wider area is thus deeply invested with many rich and contested cultural and spiritual meanings with which different communities engage in different ways.

MacDonald (2003, 6) describes how the 'sensory events of our daily lives trigger memories of the places in which we have dwelt and thus help us to remember whence we have come and how we have been shaped.' After more than ten years of teaching site-specific dance with undergraduate students, there are remembered traces and even movement repertoires from former students that drop into my consciousness as I walk past certain park benches, through landscaping and public foyers on campus. For me, training in the weights room at the Recreation Centre on campus triggers specific memories of undergraduate orientation week parties, student union meetings and awards ceremonies once held in the same building. The smell of books and empty stairwells recalls childhood hours wandering the half lit library with my father, searching for his geography textbooks. Walking around the campus lakes now, particular paths bring back the quiet rhythm of my grandmother's steps and the clasp of her hand around my small one as we circled the newly sculpted lakes together, pausing to crumble bread to feed the ducks. So for me, this place is intimately layered with memories of people, and while there is nostalgia for me in

remembering as I move around the campus, there is also an embodied experience of belonging, love and care for this place.

As my own sense of place deepens, and I continue to choreograph and to teach site-specific dance, I develop embodied activities to stimulate participation in and awareness of local places. I aim to activate somatic attention, encourage acclimatization, and provoke reflection about our movement in and relationships to local places (Barbour, 2012, 2013; Wattchow & Brown, 2011). These embodied activities support a personal, experiential relationship to place and may also support spiritual experiences of place (Barbour in press; Crouch, 2000; Raffan, 1992; Wattchow & Brown, 2011).

Researching my local place and desiring to see my familiar environment anew, walking the campus, photographing details, quietly contemplating the colours of the trees and improvising movement outside were initial embodied research methods. Adding choreographic practices to these methods, I generated choreographic material for use in autoethnographic performance. For example, tuning in to the audible presence of Tūī (native bellbird) on the campus grounds and paying attention to the richly textured campus landscaping on fertile Waikato land, offered many sensory images of birds and nests, seeds, moss and dark wet soil, dense green undergrowth, lake water and weed, busy insect life and oxygen-saturated air. Paying attention to these details reminded me that our islands were once populated only by birds in a lush, sub-tropical ecosystem uninterrupted by animals hunting and human agendas.

I recall the work of ecological feminists who articulated the ways in which women and land have been equated in Western thinking, often in destructive ways as both have been perceived as objects for colonization and subjugation by white male conquerors (Warren, 1994). However, during my initial research process for this choreographic project *Whenua*, forms of affective spiritual encounter arose for me. My sense of spiritually arises through my relationship with the land as a life force. The land offers nurturing to inhabitants—birds, insects, plant life and humans—and responds to our care or neglect. For me, land is connected through 'gut responses' that are closely aligned with embodied experiences of nurturing my child from womb to world and to a sense of the sacred in providing nourishment for others. These connections reveal to me that my spiritual relationship with this land is experienced in my belly, womb and sacral area. However, I also recall hearing local Māori land activist Eva Rickard's statements in my childhood, in which she articulated her worldview and connected women and land as sacred and life-giving. Eva explains the word *Whenua*, (the name I chose for this autoethnographic performance), as the word for both 'land' and for 'placenta' in *te reo Māori* (Māori language). In locating an interview clip of Eva Rickard (1975) in a documentary about land issues, I reflect now that even my partial understanding the meanings of the word *whenua*, resonates with my sense of a spiritual connection to land. Perhaps I had unconsciously experienced, absorbed or internalised a spiritual relationship between women and land even in my childhood.

Whenua

> Firstly, whenua is land. Secondly, whenua is the placenta within the mother that feeds the child before birth. And when it is born, this whenua is treated with respect, dignity, and taken to a place in the earth, and dedicated to Papatuanuku, the earth mother of the Māori people. And there it will nurture the child—you know our food and our living comes from the earth. And there also, this whenua of the child stays and says this is your little bit of land. No matter where you wander in the world, I will be here. And at the end of your days, you can come back and this is your papa kainga, in this I will receive you in death. This is the spiritual significance, I believe, of the land to the Māori people. (Rickard, 1975)

Initially, movement material was generated by me through this process of sensory encounter and somatic engagement, and then enhanced through focused activities with the dancers I invited as research participants—Helene Burgstaller, Lucy-Margaux Marinkovich and Sophie Williams. Using all our movement ideas, I choreographed the opening sections of the dance, representing our immersion in and responses to the campus place as we experienced it now, and as we imagined it might once have been: an ecological island system of biodiversity, unharmed by the enactment of human agendas. Images of the Tūī, birds, nests, insect life and fertility were embodied in the choreographic motifs and also woven through the sound score composed by Jeremy Mayall.

> In the dance: Wrapped in black cloaks with feathery neckpieces, the dancers huddle as though birds sharing a nest, their small sharp head movements and ruffling of feathers evoking the movement of birds. As Sophie (see Photo 1 below) shifts out from the group, her gestures suggest seeds being spread by birds, dripping water and new growth, and her ritualistic focus and gentle movement quality suggests care and nurturing for both the land and the other dancers. Each dancer's movements evoke different images of insects and bird life, predominantly low to the ground initially and eventually progressing towards more human vertical and recognizable movement. In becoming more human, the movement evolves into duet and group work that expresses relationships of care and nurturing through touch, support and human gestures of communication. Specific movement motifs include embraces and lifts in which one of the dancers carries the other, sharing responsibility for weight and remaining connected to each other as roles change within the small choreographic ecosystem.

In considering a relationship between land as the nurturing source for community, placenta as the nurturing source for each child, and land as our place of return in death, I affirm my personal sensory and spiritual response to the land of this place. In discussion with the dancers, we identified a range of personal responses to land as a nurturing life force and we each improvised with embodying and expressing

Figure 10.1. Whenua (2014) featuring Sophie Williams (foreground). Photo by Chloe Palmer

our personal spiritual insights. Thus, in the opening section of the dance described above, and woven throughout the performance work, there are specific movement motifs that reflect our personal experiences of spiritual as well as more broadly sensory, somatic encounter with the place of the campus and the local lands of Waikato.

NARRATIVES OF PLACE

Broadening my sensory encounter with this local place to include the suburbs between campus and the Waikato River that have been 'home' for me for over twenty five years, further relationships and understandings arose as I researched multiple narratives of this place. Walking home from my office, I remembered the once green fields and sheep grazing near campus in my undergraduate days: mere ghosts beneath the brick homes now accommodating new generations of students. I walk through local suburbs following Peachgrove Road and I wonder, passing a small stone with a plaque that states 'This stone marks the site of Peach trees planted by local Māori,' about those who once owned this land. I know that before I was born, the highly landscaped campus was deliberately created out of land that

had been intensively farmed. And further back in time, this intensive farming and the subdivision of land for private sale was based on draining of the swamps in the 1920s (Puke, 2011). Thinking even further back, I imagine this central Peachgrove Road not as linking the suburbs around campus today, but instead as the much earlier Te Ara Rewarewa track: the pathways of local *hapu* (sub-tribes) through swampy wetlands between *Pa* (fortified villages) and garden areas. As reported by Wiremu Puke (2011), these lands were marked by many different pathways.

> Although the overall topography of this area was relatively flat, the wetlands, hill ridges, streams and shallow gullies had tribal significance as boundary markers or food sources. Several of these natural features were given names to commemorate a chief, tribal deity or an historic event, such as a battle, that occurred in the area. There were several significant Pa and cultivation grounds that belonged to Ngati Wairere and their sub-tribes located in present day suburbs …. (Puke, 2011, 7)

In the 1850s, the sub-tribe Ngati Parekirangi, lived at Waipahihi Pa in this area (Puke, 2011). The confiscation of Ngati Parekirangi lands by British Crown forces led to the division of the land for sale and the altering of the landscape for farming. It is recorded that respected descendent Te Pirihi Tomonui 'was deeply aggrieved at having Ngati Parekirangi lands confiscated by the Crown after the land wars' (Puke, 2011, 9). Subsequent to the seizing of Waikato-Tainui lands, the Crown created further subdivisions for sale to immigrants. Thus in the 1920s, land was sold to private owners and houses were built, including the cozy wooden home near Peachgrove Road that my partner and I bought to raise our family in. It was an uncomfortable realization to trace the direct history of the place we call home. Underneath most homes in Aotearoa New Zealand today, there are buried or forgotten narratives like this one, part of the historical amnesia of non-Māori New Zealanders (Bell, 2006).

These are just some of the many narratives and stories behind place names that I discover as I move beyond my sensory encounter with my local place, as it appears to me now. This excavation of narratives is a process that reveals contestation and conflict, injustice and colonisation, power and oppression. It prompts in me a desire to know more, to uncover many paths leading to an appreciation of multiple narratives of responsibility and care for this place so that I increase my own awareness of these histories.

Understanding land confiscation issues through reading of parliamentary Acts, I also read the documentation of our government recognition of these historical injustices and the more recent attempts at processes of redress. From the 1995 Waikato-Tainui Deed of Settlement, I identify the recorded apology by the Crown to Waikato-Tainui peoples for 'sending imperial forces across the Mangataawhiri [River], for the loss of life and devastation of property that ensued, for the confiscation of Waikato-Tainui lands and for the crippling effects of *raupatu* on Waikato-Tainui' (New Zealand Government, 1995, 6). (*Raupatu* is a Māori word meaning

confiscation or land taken by force) The apology acknowledges that Waikato people were unfairly labelled as rebels, that 1.2 million acres of land were confiscated, that the war resulted in the loss of lives, suffering and devastation of property and that this had a 'crippling impact on the welfare, economy and development of Waikato' (New Zealand Government, 1995, 6). Subsequently, local Waikato-Tainui sub-tribes for whom this land was home have experienced generations of deprivation, anguish and heartache as a result of raupatu—the forceful seizure of their lands by colonial forces. In my lifetime, we peoples of Aotearoa New Zealand have been collectively working through historic land grievances to gain recognition and seek compensation, not only in Waikato but across our country. In the last twenty years, Waikato-Tainui peoples have sought and successfully gained some redress through government processes.

In relation to the land on which The University of Waikato stands, the 1995 Waikato-Tainui Deed of Settlement resulted in the signing of a lease agreement between the university and Waikato-Tainui, thus taking a step towards local sub-tribes sharing in the decision-making, economic benefit and cultural potential of the university. In 2014, the university celebrated 50 years, and the Hamilton City Council controversially 'celebrated' 150 years since the founding of the city. In contrast, Waikato-Tainui peoples commemorated *raupatu*—the day Crown forces invaded their homes and confiscated their lands. The simultaneous timing of these three events reveals the contested nature of our histories and the complexity of our relationships to land. Once tribal homelands, this place is now a suburb home to many immigrants. Once the site of violent wars, this place is now a centre for the dairy industry, for elite sport, education, Māori research and academic inquiry. Once illegally stolen lands, this place is now a site of careful re-negotiation of responsibilities and guardianship.

Listening to the Right Honorable Nanaia Mahutu (2005) contributing to the final parliamentary reading of the Waikato-Tainui Raupatu Claims Settlement Act, we dancers discuss these ongoing processes of redress.

Raupatu

> Mr Speaker, I am pleased to contribute to this the third and final reading of the Waikato River Settlement Bill. I acknowledge the many who have gone before us: those old people who carried the burden of raupatu until such a time that history might be corrected, resolution reached and redress made to the peoples of Waikato … The settlement should be understood in conjunction with the 1995 Waikato Raupatu Lands Claim settlement, which went some way to reconciling the confiscation of over 1.25 million acres of Waikato land including the Waikato River. The settlement should be understood against the backdrop of several outstanding claims yet to be resolved, namely Maioro, Wairoa, and the west coast harbours of Manukau, Whāingaroa, Aotea and Kawhia. Once the remainder of those claims have been settled, then the Crown will have fulfilled a long-standing, fiduciary obligation to Waikato

for the unjust and illegal confiscation suffered by Waikato in the 1860s. (Mahuta, 2005)

In the dance: slowly walking forward, solidarity and unified purpose in sure steps, a-rhythmic gestures of remembered pain, loss, anger and violence. Staring direct, hands raking face and throat, clutching at the belly, clenching into fists and grasping desperately at meaning. Breathy wooden flutes screaming protest, pitch building, echoing tides of grief, tearing at our hearts. Recalling long marches across our lands, dramatic intensity building, moving to centre front, confronting, challenging—remember, remember, remember! Here is a place and a time for remembering.

Figure 10.2. Whenua (2014) featuring Lucy-Margaux Marinkovich, Sophie Williams and Helene Burgstaller. Photo by Chloe Palmer

As the creative process deepens, Nanaia Mahuta's voice echoes through our improvisations. We move in response to words that have embodied resonance—burden, redress, unjust, suffering, illegal, settlement and obligation. Drawing on personal experiences (Shapiro, 1999), each of the dancers also share their own local stories and we discuss our concerns about the destruction of land through mining, the sale of land to foreign and non-resident owners, and the loss of significant tribal lands across our country. Our discussions support the embodiment of these ideas in very personalised ways that reveal gestures of protest and allow emotion to arise. In Photo 2 above, such moments of protest and intense emotions experienced by the dancers are captured. While a sensory engagement offers a beginning in deepening a sense of place and in creating a place-responsive choreography, raising awareness about issues of social justice and environmental concern requires remembering, understanding histories and the willingness to face the past so that action can be taken in the future.

Thus, in this section of the dance *Whenua*, a narrative sense of place was derived from researching and telling of stories of how the place came to be, considering moments of cultural significance in 150 years of conflict, and from embodied responses to stories of place (Raffan, 1992, 1993). And further, we also developed a toponymic sense of place based on an understanding of the origin, significance and the very processes of naming itself (Raffan, 1992, 1993; Wattchow & Brown, 2011).

Experiential, spiritual, narrative and toponymic sense of place all contribute to a deepening of sense of place over time for local residents. This deepening sense of place providing an experience of security and rootedness conceptualized as 'topophilia': dwelling in and love of specific places (Anderson & Erskine, 2014, 131; Barbour, in press; Tuan, 1974). This kind of affective bond between peoples and places encompasses the changes that occur over centuries and across generations, as well as the kind of permeability of such experiences of place (Massey, 1994). Places are thus much more than locations: 'they are sites of lived experience and meaning making' (Wattchow & Brown, 2011, 67).

While the concept of topophilia may resonate for some people, especially for those for whom forming an affective bond with place is possible, understandings about place also depend on cultural and political contexts. Not all peoples develop a deep sense of place, and for some, a sense of place may be accompanied by generations of grief and loss. For others, journeys away from place provide the opportunity to recognize the significance of relationship to familiar places and the way in which place clearly shapes personal and cultural identity (Barbour, 2011, in press; Gegeo, 2001; hooks, 2009; Tuan, 1974). Anderson and Erskine suggest that the concept of 'tropophilia'—a love of movement, 'mobility, change and transformation in the person-place relation,' is also important in understanding the range of ways people experience relationships with place (Anderson & Erskine, 2014, 142; Barbour, in press).

Whether developing a relationship to place based in security and habitual dwelling, entangled with grief and loss, or in movement and transformation across multiple places, place effects our engagement with, our embodiment, and our action in the world. Embodiment implicates us in place and place affects our embodiment. I suggest that sensory encounter may lead to experiential, spiritual, narrative and toponymic sense of place. Further, such a sense of place, whether topophilic or tropophilic, supports the potential for awareness of issues relating to social justice, care and responsibility, as well as the potential for activism.

PLACE-RESPONSIVE ACTIVISM

Initially, our sensory encounter and embodied responses focused on representing the place as it appeared and as we experienced it at the time. However, as I uncovered multiple narratives of this local place, I began to consider what the place might be teaching me personally about feminist activism and how I might share this with the

dancers as research participants. Issues of justice, care, responsibility and activism related to place became key within the research and creation of this autoethnographic performance of *Whenua*. Already the voices of land activist Eva Rickard who I remembered from my childhood, and current local Minister of Parliament Nanaia Mahuta, informed the creative process. All around me in the community, and well as in local academic research, were voices prompting reflection, raising awareness and driving activism. While I point to some of this academic research (for examples see chapters in Rinehart, Barbour, & Pope, 2014; Smith, 1999), one community example to describe is the Waikato Regional Council *Halo* conservation and sustainability project relating to native birds. This project supports the return of the beautiful Tūī to the region through planting flowering native species that attract the birds and controlling pests in their breeding areas. Planting on campus and nearby suburbs has resulted in the welcome and audible presence of the highly articulate and multi-vocal Tūī. A common Māori saying about Tūī: 'he korokoro Tūī' likens great orators to the Tūī. The Tūī are, in a sense, voices of the land, of this place and these voices are now being heard more and more in our region.

When I reflected on the voices of feminist activists from Waikato, two more strong women stood out as leaders for change. Firstly, I thought of the Right Honourable Helen Clark, former Prime Minister of New Zealand, current Administrator of the United Nations Development Programme and Chair of the United Nations Development Group. Secondly, I thought of the Right Honourable Dr Marilyn Waring, economist and former Minister of Parliament, and currently Professor of Public Policy. Both Waikato women speak to New Zealanders and well beyond our islands through their contributions as feminist and political leaders in the international community. Listening to key speeches from these women (for example see Clark, 2007, 2013 & Waring, 2011, 2014) was part of the research process for me and became an improvisational stimulus for the dancers in the studio. These four women leaders—Eva, Nanaia, Helen and Marilyn—independently informed my understanding of relationships between issues for women and land from cultural, spiritual, environmental, political and economic perspectives. What also emerged from working with the speeches in the dance studio was my decision to integrate the speeches into the sound score for performance. Thus, these texts were both informative in the research process and explicit in the performance.

Further, I began to wonder whether there was something unique about growing up in Waikato that had attuned these women towards activism locally, nationally and internationally. How was this place affecting and teaching me about justice, care and responsibility for place? I wondered how I might share these concerns with audiences through the performances of *Whenua*.

My personal, sensory encounter with place, and with voices of this place led me further to embrace issues of personal and cultural identity and to consider national identity. I also wanted to integrate the rich discussion of these issues with the dancers during the creative process of *Whenua*. However, the texts from Helen Clark (2007, 2013) and Marilyn Waring (2011, 2014) focussed on national nuclear-free and

sustainability agendas, and critical commentary on the consequences of economic models as applied to the work of women in the home and to the commodification of ecological systems. The concepts and words used in these speeches by Helen and Marilyn were challenging texts to embody.

Sustainability

> I do believe that in the years to come, the pride we take in our quest for sustainability and carbon neutrality will define our nation, as our quest for a nuclear free world has over the past 23 years. More than any other developed nation, New Zealand needs to go the extra mile to lower greenhouse gas emissions and increase sustainability. In our high-value markets in Europe, we face increasing pressure on our trade and tourism from competitors who are all too ready to use against us, the distance our goods must travel to market and the distance tourists must travel to us. (Clark 2007)

Commodification

> What's the cost, or what price do we pay, to give visibility to non-market activities in a patently pathological value system? Do we really want the environment to be commodified into an economic model, and must there be only one model, and must economics be at the centre? Can we really think of valuing a 2000-year old tropical rainforest, without accounting for 20 plus ecosystems, sixty reptile species—What are we going to do? What's the zoo trade on something these days?—hundreds of endangered bird and plant varieties, with the same tools that value the production and use of weapons and armaments which kill civilian populations and destroy their environments every day. (Waring, 2011)

Working in the studio, these texts were challenging to improvise with because they did not resonate in my body, or those of the dancers, in the same ways that the words from Eva's and Nanaia's speeches did. Listening to the speeches with the dancers, I instead suggested we identify a few words that we heard clearly and we discussed how we understood these concepts, struggling to find resonance in our bodies. What does it mean to embody the concepts of 'sustainability,' 'carbon neutrality' or 'commodification,' and then to represent and communicate these concepts to an audience through movement? I understood, as did the dancers each to differing degrees, sustainability concerns in creative processes (Barbour, 2008), and we appreciated sustainability in relation to our career development. We each knew how it felt to have our dancing bodies objectified as sexual objects and commodified—recalling uncomfortable experiences in which photos of our dancing had been appropriated for marketing unrelated 'products' or used without our permission. These experiences were at least a beginning point.

We did understand sustainable practices as those in which people act without depleting or damaging, and in which we consider nurturing and enabling people,

now and for the future, to provide for social, economic and cultural wellbeing, health and safety (Collin, 2004; Earth Charter Aotearoa, 2006). Sustainability is integral to developing respect and care, protection, conservation and restoration of diverse communities of life, and to social and economic justice, tolerance and peace. However, 'sustainability can only be addressed in practice, at site- and species-specific levels,' and 'sustainability must also take into account the fact that natural species, ecosystems and processes are always in a state of flux' (New Zealand Conservation Authority, 1997, 132). Given that places are sites of meaning making, and are dynamic and changing, any understanding of sustainability in terms of maintaining balance over time would seem to be entirely specific to the place, human process or other system (Earth Charter Aotearoa, 2006; UNESCO, 2002). How we dancers experience sustainability is thus uniquely related to our dancing cultures and the places in which we are located—as unique as the sustainable projects set up by our Waikato Regional Council to support the Tūī.

While we had some personal connection to the concept of sustainability and commodification, beyond general considerations it seemed that other concepts were just out of reach in our usual processes for sensory encounter. This embodied experience reflected our partial understandings of critical global economics, particularly in terms of market forces and agendas to reduce greenhouse gas emissions, the aim towards carbon neutrality and the arguably valuable practice of carbon trading.

Improvising in the dance studio, I focused on these concepts myself and then invited the dancers to do the same, imagining the words placed around each of us in the space—some concepts above and in front us, others behind or below, and near or far—depending on our personal and partial understandings of the ideas. Movement material was born in the experience of trying to create connections between these concepts through our bodies, rather than embodied expression of the concepts.

For example, I had useful understandings of nurturing, ecological relationships and even sustainability as these concepts related to practices I experienced. However, when I reached to outwards into the distance striving make connections with the notions of 'critical global economics' I struggled to develop movement motifs that expressed my partial understandings. But I could generate a movement pathway from my reaching to something abstract and returning back to my own experience and movement gestures. What assisted creating connections were the arguments of Marilyn Waring (1988, 1989) about the value of the everyday work I undertake in managing my home. Through this connection I then discovered other movement pathways between understanding the devaluing of the work of women in predominantly patriarchal western societies and the devaluing and destruction of the environment as our home (Warren, 1994). These movement pathways were not necessarily direct or linear connections from one place to the next (like following a well worn path from office to car park), but instead sometime convoluted and circuitous connections (rather like a leisurely walk in the park with family). Thus

improvisations led to solo movement motifs and phrases that then could be crafted choreographically, in some cases deliberately synchronising the performance of motifs with the timing of the words in the text and at others, allowing our embodied ways of knowing to reveal connections we might not otherwise have discovered.

> *In the dance: Slicing through the air, her arm traces a horizontal line before hands return to belly and then to throat, neck stretched before her hand releases her jaw suddenly. Stepping with care, hands now reaching to the earth, she offers her question, opening sternum and heart in a moment of grace and clarity. Then, wrenched from this moment of grace, she is turning through space, limbs twisting and arms wrapping as she is caught in a web of her own oppositional forces, finally breaking through, toe tracing a wild arc through the space. Bird-like delicacy again, a dance of shifting positions from empathetic care for endangered species, to human agendas to commodify, wiping hands of the business of capitalism. Despair in the face of loss, she arches to the ground, arms spread wide to lie face down.*

Figure 10.3. Whenua (2014) featuring Helene Burgstaller. Photo by Chloe Palmer

Reflecting upon her contribution to critical global economics, Marilyn Waring (2011) effectively asked what happens when we attempt to commodify a very localised, and entirely specific human process or ecological system through the application of global of economic models. In accordance, I question too what happens when we ignore our local places in our global activism, focusing for example on issues of sustainability and carbon trading in global terms without reference to the narratives of this place. I consider too what happens when we ignore our embodied experience in local places in our striving to participate in the international political or research communities. We remain embodied in a specific place in the world. We must care first for our own place. Sensory encounter over time supports the emergence of a sense of place.

In this autoethnographic performance, each of us add our 'voices'—our embodiment, our 'weight' in our dancerly ways—to previous activism. As we 'stand up' in front of others, yet more questions arise for me: how do we share these performances of *Whenua* to continue to prompt our friends, family, colleagues and communities to debate these issues? In what small ways can we join with the voices of this place?

EMBODIED ACTIVISM

Each time I immerse myself in a creative process, as I did for *Whenua*, I am acutely reminded that it is to my embodied ways of knowing that I turn to understand myself, my relationships with others and with the world around me (Barbour, 2011). As dancers immersed in improvisational and choreographic activities in the dance studio, we were able to utilise our embodied ways of knowing to discover new connections with and between understandings, and to develop movement representations of our knowledge in autoethnographic performance. The questions Marilyn Waring asked (2014) apply to us as dancers working in our local community and equally to our international research community. For me, the creative process in dance making returns me to questions of knowledge, knowing and knowers.

> Knowledge
>
> How do we know what we know? Who do we learn from and what do we do with it? Do we see ourselves as curious enquirers all of our lives? Or do we become lazy and think that the media and Wikipedia are reliable teachers? Are we even conscious of how differently people know what they know? (Waring, 2014)

Thus, drawing these many disparate concepts, questions, narratives and sensory responses to place together, a final text emerged from me for this autoethnographic performance. This is my voice and I choose to speak this text aloud, allowing my words as a dancer to interact in the moment of performance with the speeches of Waikato activists. I wondered how this dancerly embodied activism would be experienced.

In my heart: ecological feminism, whether we talk of whenua as land or whenua as placenta, we are all sustained by land.

In this land: Waikato, we remember and we seek redress, for attack, confiscation, violation; we must lift the burden of raupatu.

In these voices: he korokoro tūī, fiduciary responsibility, spirituality, critical global economics; women participating, women leading.

Figure 10.4. Whenua (2014) featuring Karen Barbour. Photo by Chloe Palmer

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSIONS

In summary, the creative process of this research project *Whenua* revealed traces of our movement between embodied experiences in sensory encounter, local place-responsive activism and partial understandings of global environmental and economic concerns. Some of the embodied ways of knowing I returned to drew on sensory somatic encounters in which I located myself in a specific place, to generate movement motifs and phrases that allowed me to express my sensory and

spiritual experience. Sharing these methods with dancers, we then worked together to create pathways between ideas and represented these experiences, drawing on our crucial knowledge of choreographic crafting and live performance. Beginning from sensory encounter myself, I chose embodied experience to represent this research, trusting in the affective potential of dance to evoke kinaesthetic and emotional responses in audiences. In this affective epistemological work we were not interpreting a text, nor creating a new performance text exactly either. We were representing ourselves as knowers, engaging in embodied ways of knowing and embodying knowledge that we wished to share with our communities of researchers, artists and residents.

Thus I conclude that process as a whole spiralled both inwards and outwards for me and the dancing research participants: from sensory encounter outwards to questions of epistemology—of what counts as knowledge, how we know and who can be a knower. Spiralling inwards, dancing becomes an embodied way of knowing. Embodying creative connections across the disciplines through the autoethnographic performance of *Whenua*, we have together developed new engagements with our local place, and new relationships between place, identity and feminist activism. Embodied ways of knowing offered methods of sensory encounter and participatory observation with places that evoked a sense of belonging, connectedness and responsibility. I offer a challenge to other ethnographers and autoethnographers, to other artists and community members, to deepen sensory encounter and embodied engagement with specific places, to raise awareness of social and environmental issues and to reflect upon what your own place may teach you about activism.

Finally, my challenge to researchers in general is to be receptive to performative and artistic representational methods that are not necessarily textual, and to recognise that critical ethnographic research and autoethnographic performance does offer new insights in affective, sensory and embodied ways to extend understandings of self, culture and place.

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lisahunter

11. SPINNING WHEEL VERY PRETTY

Cybridity and the Cyborg Academic

PROLOGUE

Digital technologies and eLearning afford many rewards and pleasures including enabling academic work to be smarter rather than harder. Identifying an absence of narratives in the literature about academic work in relation to digital experiences, I investigated my own digital literacies and pedagogies in relation to institutional imperatives. At the CEAD hui 2014 I created a multi-sensorial site-experience which recreated for participants the sense experience of my two-year autoethnographic account of academic cybridity (in the Earthsiege computer game universe, Cybrids are a race of artificially intelligent machines; in the Hyperion Cantos novels of Dan Simmons, such as Hyperion [1989] a cybrid is an artificial intelligence in a human body). I use the metaphor of myselflaptop to describe this computer-body cybrid (soft/hardware interacting with fleshare and greyware) that my institution relies on. With dysphoric lights and sounds, the installation, in a blackened, low ceilinged, claustophobic cupboard, re-created the tight, dark, rising tension, panic, frustration and helplessness that I felt (and feel) again and again when, yet again, and again, and again, my cybridity failed: another computer crash, another data loss, more minutes, hours and days of work to recover the computer, the files, and any sense of accomplishment. Sadly, I am not alone: Delegates who visited the space reported their recognition of the frustration, distress and panic. My hopelessness and helplessness were further exacerbated by the indifference and short sighted negligence of the institutional response—providing only a surely inadequate second-hand computer with deficient memory, constant errors, and inadequate soft/hardware, leaving me and the technical staff to try to haul this 'technology' situation in to the 21st century. In a cruel stark, painful and classically neoliberal irony, the institution which relies on myselflaptop, failed to support and enable the laptop part of my cybridity, sidestepped responsibility and individualised both the blame and the consequences. How could those many hours, days, weeks have been better used I ask? What of the stress, nervous energy, and negative feedback?[1]

In the installation, in this chapter, and in the companion chapter *Digital Smarts* (lisahunter, 2015), I blackly play on the metaphor of 'smart and smarting' to present *smarting* and *cybridity* as significant, though somewhat overlooked, outcomes, of academic work and our embodiment of the digital. In this chapter, I recreate some of

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 147–152.

the embodied experience of the installation through words and images. I slow down and speed up your reading with fonts, fragments and images, inviting you to pause and feel, sense, allow your bodily response to surface. I apologise if this is stressful for you but offer you the phantasy of the laptop crashing to the ground from seven storeys high as something of catharsis and revenge (please be assured that no laptops were harmed in the making of the installation or the writing of the chapters, all damage was sustained in the fleshy component of the myself laptop cybrid being).

If intellectual work, which is now irretrievably in partnership with technology, is to remain central to universities, we need to be cognisant of how we as academics learn and enact our academic version of what Donna Haraway (1991) brought attention to over fifteen years ago, a type of cyborg-self.

I invite you to remind yourself of the melody of Peter Paul and Mary's 'Lemon tree'[2] and put yourself into a small dark space, preferably an uncomfortable broom cupboard, and watch this as you read:

***

In my **crowded work den**, filling in the fourth electronic form in Word sent through email and requiring information from the 'net, with a half crazed, light and flighty voice I start singing…

Spinning wheel very pretty
and the spinning is so sweet
but the fruit of the poor spinny
is impossible to eat...

I jump out of my office chair and catch my tights on the broken base.

'fuck you'

I shout in my thoughts while the song continues from my mouth. Flailing arms and legs akin to what one might see at a nightclub, without even noticing whether the office door was open or not.

My spirit s o a r s in my spinning body, throwing off the frustration, as my movement becomes more refined in the little space I have. My *whirling dervish* motions make me giddy and time seems to have stopped still. I glance back at the screen on one rotation, the wheel continues as does my song… anyone who knows Peter, Paul and Mary's 'Lemon Tree' will sing along with me. But my *whirling dervish* skills only last for several seconds more as anger **electrifies** and **zaps** through my every cell and synapse, from tan tien to eyes, fingers feet and my gaze becomes s t o l e n by the screen and the color wheel.

spinning

spinnnnnnnnnning,

spinnnnnnnnning.

Look at me, **look at me**, **look at me**

I yell looking accusingly at the wheel and being its voice as it gloats at my helplessness,

forcing me

to be patient

for

the

m i l l i o n t h time **today**,

'I'm not a lemon I'm a spinning wheel of **DEATH**' it ventriloquizes…

my voice moves into a s l o w ,

foreboding

guttural tone and I feel the tension

in every muscle of my flesh as I throw myself

back

into my chair, contract my limbs and **glare** at my screen, the pulse in my temples pounding, *thudump thudump thudump* at my **bulging** eyes.

'spin my pretty, spin'

Gollum emerges from deep within as a trance like state overcomes me and I merge into the machine unable to move the wheel along from the outside, my shaking of the mouse and test taps on the keyboard bringing **nothing**,

'**NOTHING**' .

I spit through clenched teeth facing my enemy with only centimetres between us.

'I may as well poke a cadaver'

I growl. I become it, in a *flash*, I contemplate throwing

myselflaptop out the

W

I

N

D

O

W…

w e s a i l i n s l o w m o t i o n ,

f l o a t i n g

almost s u s p e n d e d

as I too feel I am part of its shiny silver casing, circuit boards and intelligence. Then, just like on The Matrix i/laptop

speed up and c
r
ash

on the ground below into millions of fragments again slowing to a second per minute to see every f/r/a/c/t/u/r/e,
every c r a c k e x p a n d i n g

and project upwards and outwards like a flower opening or a balloon of water breaking.
The moment seems to last forever.

I become space
and I sigh peacefully,
released.

The wheel **stops**.
and my trance is broken. I re-emerge the hardware reality where the wheel replaced by a cursor beckons me to attend to the task I have waited precious minutes to progress. This is not the first time the wheel of death has visited me today. The technical experts suggest the visitations are due to

'Word being flaky',

'you've got too much open',

and 'we've had some problems with the server today'.

My despondency washes through the room as I have no solace knowing these limitations are imposed and inherent in my work that must be done yesterday, and the wheel of death is likely to visit again very soon as it has so many time before on my five year old extension of my academic self.

Smarting: the pain, the despondency, the trauma, enfleshed, emotive, and ethereal.
Cybridity: i/laptop, digital academic, myselflaptop.

EPITAPH

The incorporation of digital technology into our work creates a cybrid of machine, software and flesh; a mediated set of practices that engage hardware/software and human (both greyware and flesh). This space, having intellectual, conceptual, sensual, digital and material components is relatively new to us and it poses questions only recently examined: questions of where the self begins and ends in

relation to digital technology; questions of who we are and how we learn who we are in relation to technology, and how we negotiate relationships with colleagues and with the institutions that rely 100% on this cybridity. Universities and institutions have responded with various forms of resourcing and professional development—including attention to the (relatively) new ergonomic concerns of digital cybridity—the fleshy, sensing and sensual elements of the digital cybrid—and, given the attention to stress and desk rage (ref), some attention to the emotional, psychological elements.

Cybridity as a concept pushes beyond the recognition of a digital-human interface, to understand the digital technologies as extensions of our humanness—or rather the ways some institutions understand our humanness in terms of the digital 'myselflaptop.'

My autoethnography, here, in the installation and the digi smarts chapter, highlights cybridity in terms of feelings of incompetence, stress, wasted time, reinventing, complicated discussion threads, aloneness, frustration, and a loss of energy and confidence—and sadly, many others have professed to share these experiences—this is the visceral embodiment of sociocultural forces that coalesce in academic work/ers.

NOTES

[1] I'm pleased to report that I was recently notified I was due for a five-yearly replacement of my laptop. I was overjoyed, prematurely celebrating the end to so many problems. After several weeks relationship with the new soft/hardware and hours of interactions with technical issues it was deemed that the new hardware was in fact the problem, effectively 'broken.' While the new replacement cybrid extension holds more hope-a new laptop with slightly more capacity, I cannot report a decline in the number of problems, but at least a change to their nature.

[2] Peter, Paul and Mary's 'Lemon tree' https://youtu.be/X2GuwDfXlHk

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ELIZABETH MACKINLAY

12. THE HEARTLINES IN YOUR HAND

Writing Autoethnography with Hélène Cixous and Virginia Woolf

INTRODUCTION: HEARTLINES TAKE FLIGHT

'One cannot think well, love well, sleep well' (Woolf, 1929, 18) if one has not had a decent cup of coffee in the morning. Thus spoke Virginia Woolf in a modern day context through my own body, heart and mind. Happily, I find myself once more in a cafe on the other side of the world, sitting down to write and 'repair some of the damage' (Woolf, 1929, 19) wrought by no more or less than knowing, being, and doing. It's an out of the way little place cornered at the end of a cobbled side street. The farmhouse style chunky benches, artisan fair trade percolations and sweet pastries on the menu welcome me inside. Taking my seat I hear my favourite song of the moment streaming through the speakers. It's Florence, from Florence + the Machine (2011), the lines of the song 'Heartlines' bursting from her lips and overflowing from her lungs: 'Just keep following, the heartlines on your hand.' My fingers restlessly drum the bench, and my heart, not being able to keep up with the song or the moment, skips every second beat. While I have not yet been condemned to dine on bad intellectual food such as 'beef and prunes' in exactly the same way as Virginia, her fictional friend Mary Beton and countless other academic women were in the nineteenth century (Woolf, 1980, 18), I am nevertheless helplessly and hopelessly stuck. Virginia's words continue to hover ever so close, as 'my pen protests. This writing is nonsense, it says' (Woolf, 1980, 175). My hand won't move, stuck as it is in the infinite and vulnerable moment between pen and paper. I imagine Virginia offering words of consolation and cajolement, 'It is the oddest feeling' she whispers, [isn't it?,' she whispers], 'as if a finger stopped the flow of ideas in the brain' (Woolf, 1980, 175). I realise with despair that I have nowhere to go in my head that will engage my thinking heart and like many others before and after me, I am paralysed by an inability to write.

Perhaps if I cite and converse with Virginia enough I will at least return to sensation of some kind. Writing and I need to go somewhere today or else I fear I will get nowhere at all—like the white lines on a black road, the black letters on this white page will simply flatline. Damn it! I rode all the way across town on my borrowed bicycle this morning to arrive in this practically perfect café to write. The whole purpose of my two-tyred/tired/tiered vehicular adventure is to sit at this very table, with Virginia as my companion, in the hope that together we might make

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 153–165.

room for a skinny latte to kickstart my heart into, through and by my own hand. But alas, even the most 'new and detestable ideas' (Woolf, 1980, 156) escape my page. Looking outside I notice it is clear and blue, full of promise for new letters, new words and new writings that have not yet decided whether they want to enter in the folds of friendship my hand offers them. While the 'world [is] swinging around again' (Woolf, 1980, 177) outside, here I am inside with my 'mind like a dog going round and around to make itself a bed' (Woolf, 1980, 156). Hoping for a fresh wind, I decide that my 'skeleton day needs reviving' (Woolf, 1980, 248); 'time flaps on the mast' (Woolf, 1980, 233) and now I must leave the safe and warm cocoon this cafe provides to breathe some flesh of experience onto the bare bones of my awareness (after Holman Jones, 1998, 423).

The heavy bench scrapes noisily on the wooden floor as I stand up. I am desperate to be on the move now that I have decided to leave this stagnant and stuck place of not-writing and 'make a great try for it' (Woolf, 1980, 240). I pause just for a second, only a moment, as my hand brushes the cover of Virginia Woolf's (1929) *A room of one's own*, sitting at the bottom of my bag. She is in fine company there with copies of Hélène Cixous' "The laugh of the Medusa" (1976) and *Coming*

Figure 12.1. My body-as-text, carried by a bicycle, takes into its own heartlines of flight

to writing (1991), as well as Ruth Behar's (1996) book *The vulnerable observer*. I imagine the material impossibility of such an encounter, women moving backwards and forwards, flashing and dashing between one, between two, between 'writing, dreaming, delivering; [and] being [their] own daughter[s] of each day' (Cixous, 1991, 6). A grey cloud passes over as I unlock my bicycle from an old oak tree, casting shadows that warn me not to disrupt but simply give in and let myself be 'swept along by what the great ones have said and [to be content to] remain partially submerged by them' (Greene, 1994, 109). I shiver and look over my shoulder; is that the great one-eyed Father that Haraway speaks of I can see skulking around the corner? The books and papers in my bag shuffle and shift, Cixous frustration screams from the depths, 'Woman be unafraid! (1976, 890). The woman who allows herself to be threatened by the big dick, who's still impressed by the commotion of the phallic stance, who still leads a loyal master to the beat of the drum: that's the woman of yesterday!' (1976, 891–892). Her voice reaches fever pitch. 'Shrug off the old lies, *dare what you* don't *dare* … rejoice, rejoice in the terror, follow it where you're afraid to go … take the plunge, you're on the right trail!' (Cixous, 1991, 40). The heartlines in my hand are throbbing, pushing urgently and violently at the translucent skin, ready to blow up and splatter the life-blood of writing everywhere. I push off from the kerb, and my body-as-text, carried as it is by a bicycle, takes into its own heartlines of flight.

A NOTE ON WRITING WITH HÉLÈNE CIXOUS AND VIRGINIA WOOLF

Before we continue our treacherous bicycle ride through the combination of words, sentences and paragraphs that comprise this chapter, I have a secret to share about this flight of text. It has already taken life as a performance piece several times before; its words have already flowed from my heart, to my pen, to my mouth and back again, to arrive here in this new writing of text in order to 'respeak it' (Cixous in Derrida, Cixous, Armel, & Thompson, 2006, 2). This fluid to-ing and fro-ing, rocking and rolling, dreamlike forward and backward 'secret-ions' (Cixous in Cixous in Derrida, Cixous, Armel, & Thompson, 2006, 12) of language across and between time allows, as Cixous would suggest, the words to 'dance.' I fancy for a moment that writing autoethnography positions as me as the kind of choreograph-ilsopher that Cixous (Cixous in Derrida, Cixous, Armel, & Thompson, 2006, 2) speaks so passionately of, just as choreographilosophising may be said to position Cixous and Woolf as autoethnographers. I found both Woolf and Cixous at a time when I was struggling to find myself against the humdrum of conventional traditional ethnographic writing practices as white-settler-colonial-woman working in education and ethnomusicology, while mothering two Aboriginal sons and embraced as wife in our Yanyuwa family. I was stuck and cornered by Cixous' 'demon of coloniality' (1998, 128) and taunted by Woolf's 'Angel in the house' (2008, 140–142) in the ways that I dutifully documented and recorded in black words on white pages the worlds of others I sought to epistemologically and ontologically possess. My right

to such proprietorship was cleverly spoken by the loud languages of reconciliation, recognition and social justice that many like me proclaim in an attempt to secure our settler futurity. I was 'me' writing about 'them' because that was what 'one'—not the one between two or the one to be two—did in ethnography. I felt the heavy weight of a colonial and patriarchal politics of difference slowly but surely begin to squash the shared, material, embodied, affective and strange dimensions of our being and becoming forever 'here and elsewhere' (Cixous, 1994, xv).

I fell in love with the writing of Cixous and Woolf through the playful, poetic, performative and political possibilities their words hold for being and becoming autoethnographic. Woolf tells us that writing enables us to 'see the heart of the world uncovered for a moment' (Woolf, 1980, 153), Cixous insists that writing must take us to all the 'low-angle close-ups in the corners, undersides, or edges in the scene' (Hilfrich, 2006, 217) of life. I wondered what kind of de/stroying/destroying of ethnographic practice in the colonial matrix might be imagined and performed by entangling Holman Jones notion of autoethnography as writing which puts the 'flesh of life on the bones of experience' (1998) with Woolf's idea that the soul slips into stories when no one is looking to blur the boundaries between fiction and fact (Woolf, 1980, 62); and further, Cixous' new insurgent écriture *feminine* or 'feminine writing' which insists that in laying herself bare, 'her flesh speaks true' (1976, 881).

The bicycle of language that I am riding past you in this chapter then, is an ode to and in mimicry of the writing of Hélène Cixous and Virginia Woolf. Fragments of their words became further fragmented as they enter into conversation with mine as if we were old friends. Fragmentations of old ethnographic words once mine and written a long time ago now find themselves the objects of the subjects own dialogue. The non-English language included here is Yanyuwa, the language of my husband's family. It is not translated as a statement of philosophical and political refusal of what Western knowledge production and coloniality wants, that is, to know, thus possess, and therefore control the colonized. This act of non-translation by a non-Indigenous woman of Yanyuwa language is intended to unsettle, to challenge and to disrupt the binaries—the status quo politics of difference—and begin a process of delinking from coloniality. I willingly refuse to open this particular door of colonial possession and trust that you as reader will be content to stand outside. For in some ways, won't that serve to take you further in?

HEARTLESS HANDWRITING FLIES INTO YESTERDAY: A TRA/REJECTORY

Now that I have begun there is no stopping. I am forever in motion, flying, writing, moaning, singing, gesturing, and daring (after Cixous, 1991, 44). My bicycle takes me through moments of being in time, out of time, timeless, time-lacking, time-beholden; a partner in crime with the thief that creeps towards you in broad daylight without shame, cheeky and showing no mercy, he lifts letters and language to lay his own claim. I am soaring at full speed into yesterday, watching my heartless handwriting take me deep into a memory from which I fear I might yet and

perhaps never awake. Letter by line by language I am swept away in the fluidity of this poetic becoming.

Yu! Ngarna a-wunhaka, a-mangaji yinda a-balirra baji barra
The group of Aboriginal people.
They call themselves Yanyuwa.
They live in the township of Burrulula in the Northern Territory of Australia.
These are strongly reflected and notable facts.
Recorded and thus affirmed, they may be said to serve and to corroborate.
This type of examination elucidates.
The significant role they play.
The results of this combined linguistic and musical analysis.
It is important to understand.

Figure 12.2. Map 1 shows Burrulula situated approximately 970 km south east of Darwin and 80 km inland from the Gulf of Carpentaria

Kurda! Yinda a-murdu wunhaka, a-mangaji a-balirra ambirrjanjarra a-linginmantharra
They must stand in particular kinds of relation.
The relationship is threefold.
Women play too.
Under the increased pressures of assimilation.
Worldly escapades thinly veil.
A greater understanding.
They are more frequently encountered.
As a marker of their social and spiritual identity.
Primarily vocal, paired, most necessary companions.

Figure 12.3. Map 2 prior to contact with Europeans

A-mangaji a-warriya a-mijiji! Nda-wuthu wunhaka?
The dual role I have to play.
Sister and searcher.
Seeing to, showing to, talking to, singing to, working to,
Meaning to, making to, growing to, writing down.
I have been to Burrulula many times.
This performance ethnography hopes to.
Present the business of representation.
As close as I can come.
To Yanyuwa people.
Inextricably bound up with.
Seeing to, showing to, talking to, singing to, working to,
Meaning to, making to, growing to, writing down.
Jurda, jirda ngalki! Ngalhi a-balirra wunhaka?
Is anybody listening?
For our's mothers song we sing music for dreaming.
Maintaining grandmothers law is a case study of the mermaid song.
Memories in the landscape blurring boundaries.
Many songs, many voices and many dialogues.
To be two, the personal is political.
Making the journey in.
Advocacy and applied stringing together.
moving and dancing towards.
Reading race, culture and gender,
research as sisterhood as relationship.
on Yanyuwa terms.

Engaging our thinking hearts.
PEARLS not problems.
In memory of music research.
We're not afraid.
Unknown and unknowing possibilities.
Decolonisation unto.
The whispering.

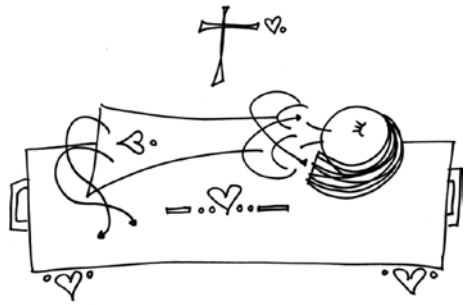
Yu! Mingkin wunhaka! Ngalhi barra?
You seeing me seeing you.
Growing up a young white woman.
Without invitation but always already in relationship.
Your husband, our son.
Your sons our grandchildren.
For one score years and a little bit more.
Interpreting, smiling, grimacing, appeasing, discomforting.
Writing words without worlds not mine.
Trying to write in-dulgent, confessional, ethnographic truths.
Giddy and soaring with the good writing.
Working towards social justice,

translating research into something better.
Because that's what the words said.
Yalayka wunhaka! Yalayka! Kurdardi a-barratha, bawuji barra!
Pen flying, fervent, fighting against the futility.
The words are not right yet.
Still performing the same right/rite they have always done.
Empty words, two-faced words, white words you might say.
Words that didn't tell a good enough story.
The gap widens, mind it, step over it and close it.
With a passion for forgetting.
Spots of racism on blankets of colonialism.
Smudges of ignorance and stupidity.
Old blemishes and new stains.
Screams curdle in blood slaughters.
now just as they did then.
Other kinds of words need to be found.
For whiteness does not play well with others.

Kirna balirra, ngarna a-wunahka. Yinda a-nungarrima, a-kundiyarra, a-Yakibijirna–inne a-wunhaka? Kirna balirra.

Words replete with relationship and being in relation
Words at once curious and furious
Cheekily refusing easy endings
Brave enough to ban boring beginnings
Meddlesome enough to mix it up
Mess around in the middle ground
Going straight to the heart of the matter
For it has its reasons, feeling, with
No thought or care for return to
Using white power and privilege

To cross over under the guise of research
A woman about to make herself radically vulnerable
As the heartlines in her hand become her
Ethnography and education that doesn't break your heart
Just isn't worth doing anymore (after Behar, 1996).



PLAYING INTO THE HEARTLINES

When the wheels of my bicycle finally stop spinning, my lyrical reverie comes to an end and I find myself a long way from the beginning. I am standing on the edge of an academic playground. Writing holds out her hand and beckons me to step in. Her fingertips are soft as they touch mine, the rough callouses of her palm scratch a reminder that the heartlines a hand holds are hard fought and won; battle scars put there by words screaming their outrage at the very thought of becoming life on the page. Her hand grips mine tightly now and the pulsating of blood pumping at her wrist connects with my own heartbeat. A gentle rocking backwards and forwards between us. Inwards and outwards, our clasped hands begin to keep time with our steady life rhythms. We look at one another and smile, delighted in the company we keep and not wanting to let go of that moment of being in relation. Faster our hands swing. Writing begins to giggle as she skips across the page towards the inevitable full stop. Letter after letter, word after word, together once more we are flying, soaring and swinging high into the air in the playground. I realise then that I am not alone. Writing is sitting on the swing beside me, the wind in the air caressing her face and soothing those rough spots on her hand. Backwards and forwards, inwards and outwards we swing, watching the one becoming the two becoming the one again, becoming more than two.

Out of the corner of my eye I notice that a woman has joined us and is sitting quietly on the end of the seesaw. Not moving, but simply watching me watching her. I look over at Writing to see if she has noticed her arrival, but Writing is busy dodging this way and that, her face turned up to the sky relishing the unimpeded view, which accompanies the rays and rushes of freedom that her body in motion brings. I sneak a closer look at the woman on the seesaw. A smile plays about her

face, almost as though she can read each thought as it waves through my mind. A first and a second. My cheeks flush red and I quickly turn away and focus on the movement of my legs, backwards and forwards, steadying myself in their familiarity. When I look up, another woman has arrived in the playground. She is sitting on the other end of the seesaw and the two women improvise a singsong piece as they gently rock up and down between the generations. I silently will the squeaking swing to find a quiet space, entranced as I am by the words and phrases that flow freely from their mouths.

Hélène Hélène's head tilts back and drinks in the sun. '[Aah] Yes, and here I am, "my writing watches, eyes closed" (Cixous, 1991, 3).'

Virginia Virginia too is soaking in the warm shards slicing through the chill autumn air. She speaks softly, not wanting to disturb this particular moment of being. '"Now and again I feel my mind takes shape. Like a cloud with the sun on it, as some idea, plan or image wells up, but they travel on, over the horizon, like clouds, and I wait peacefully for another to form, or nothing—it matters not which" (1980, 248).'

Hélène '"Wouldn't you have first needed the right reasons to write?" asks Hélène, curiosity and concern a shadow across her face. "The reasons, mysterious to me, that give you the right to write?" (1991, 7).'

Virginia Virginia pauses and then declares triumphantly. 'For once truth does not escape me … And I can tell you quite openly [Hélène] I get nearer feelings in writing—I think: graze the bone, enjoy the expression' (Woolf, 1980, 239).

Hélène But Hélène is not satisfied. '"But write? With what right?" (1991, 12) After all, I read them—other texts—that people like her wrote.'

Elizabeth My heartlines begin to stutter and stammer in all the wrong places as I realize with horror that Hélène is talking about me.

Hélène 'She writes "without any right, without permission, without their knowledge" (1991, 12). I would urge you "not to flee the question" (Cixous, 1994, 86).'

Virginia Virginia's face flushes, her body and mind tingling with the 'vitality' (1980, 200) of their talk. 'In writing "I mean to eliminate all waste, deadness, superfluity: to give the moment whole; whatever it includes. Say that the moment is a combination of thought; sensation; the voice of the sea. Waste[r], deadness, come from the inclusion of things that don't belong in this moment: [such writing] … is false, unreal, merely conventional" (1980, 209).'

Hélène ‘Yes,’ Hélène agrees. ‘Writing must be, “a way of leaving no space for death, of pushing back forgetfulness, of never letting oneself be surprised by the abyss. Of never becoming resigned, consoled; never turning over in bed to face the wall and drift asleep again as if nothing had happened; as if nothing could happen” (1991, 3).’

Virginia ‘“And yet, the only exciting life is the imaginary one” (1980, 181),’ offers Virginia. ‘[I’m] “like a voyager who touches another planet with the tip of [her] toe, upon scenes which would have gone on, have always gone on, will go on, unrecorded, save for this chance glimpse. Then it seems to me that I am allowed to see the heart of the world uncovered for a moment” (Woolf, 1980, 153).’

Hélène Hélène immediately recognises the sentiment of Virginia’s words. ‘“You don’t seek to master. To demonstrate, explain, grasp. And then to lock away in a strongbox. To pocket a part of the riches of the world. Rather to transmit: to make things loved by making them known. You, in your turn, want to affect, you want to wake the dead, you want to remind people that they once wept for love, and trembled with desires, and that they were then very close to the life that they claim they’ve been seeking while constantly moving further away” (1991, 57).’

Virginia ‘Yes, now that you mention it, I think “how unpleasant it is to be locked out; and [yet] how it is worse perhaps to be locked in” (1929, 21),’ Virginia adds, deep now as she is in thought. There is a heavy silence before she speaks again. ‘I feel this history beginning to rage within, interrupting, breaking in between, just as “the soul slips in” (1980, 62).’

Hélène ‘This is “the work of un-forgetting, of un-silencing, of unearthing, of un-blinding oneself, and of un-deafening oneself” (1994, 83),’ Hélène replies, her voice so quiet it is but a suggestion on the wind. ‘“Loving, saving, naming what would be erased and annihilated is political in an immediate sense” (Cixous, 1994, 83).’

Virginia ‘Perhaps [then Hélène] “I can say something quite straight out; and at length; and need not always [be] casting a line to make my [Writing] the right shape” (1980, 285).’

Hélène ‘Dear Virginia, you must hold onto writing, “Writing prevents the questions that attacks life from coming up” (1991, 6). In writing “our blood flows and we extend ourselves without ever reaching an end; we never hold back our thoughts, our signs, our writing; and we’re not afraid of lacking” (1976, 878). “From now on, who, if we say so, can say no to us?” (1976, 878)’

CONCLUSION

The question from Hélène Cixous hangs tantalisingly in the air, like the sweet fragrance of ripe fruit on an orange tree—and for now there it shall remain, an unfinished conversation with Virginia Woolf in the academic playground, and myself as autoethnographer-as-educator-as-Elizabeth flashing and crashing my bicycle this way and that with Writing, who is standing on the edge with Ruth Behar as vulnerable observer.

As much as you may want it, I am going to refuse a neat ending because ultimately, I know I shall fail 'what I understand is the first duty of a writer—to hand you … a nugget of pure truth wrapped up between the pages of your notebooks to keep on the mantelpiece forever' (Woolf, 1929/2001, 2). Writing as heartlines, the letters, words and phrases which, through their own flesh and blood, breathe life into the possibility for living the discomfort of researching and being-in-relation as a white settler colonial woman. Worn on sleeves and written in white ink as she sits in a room of her own, they belong to the undutiful among us—daughters or otherwise—who delight in the ethico-onto-epistemological disturbances and diffractions we might create in the moment of being Writing as heartlines. Personal becomes political becomes pedagogical becomes performative becomes thinking-full, theory-full, becomes hand and heart-full to overflowing as Writing watches and weaves her way outwards, inwards (Ellis, 2004), back and forth in time at the self and the social. Writing as heartlines is a beautiful woman laughing, dancing and rejoicing like the Medusa in the power she holds for embodied, emotioned and ethical ways of thinking, being and doing autoethnography. Do not be fooled, a heartline is like any other—it can break and be tossed ruthlessly aside by others, once, twice and many times over but Writing is not afraid; she knows from her heart to her hand, that 'censor the body and you censor breath and speech at the same time…your body must be heard' (Cixous, 1976, 880). Indeed Writing-as-heartlines demands a response and will continue to speak where some would prefer silence. In the rubbish bin by her desk sits her white naiveté. Writing as heartlines stepped away from the popularity race in academia because she knows that in a world where everything is manufactured and photo-shopped according to the colonial matrix, not everyone likes, respects, understands or thinks she has a place but she stays the course. There is too much at stake to give up now, and besides, that would be the easy way out. Writing wants the heartline to beat long and strong after the sun goes down,

the cold sets in and this autumn day ends, to carry you across the threshold from mere disinterested critique into a space where empathy, compassion and mindful caring emerge as necessary recognition and a vital response to the somewhere we find ourselves in between. Is that not what you thought Writing-as-heartline-as-autoethnography will do?

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SECTION 4

THE SENSUAL IN LATIN AMERICA: WRITING IN THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN SPANISH AND ENGLISH

ANTONIO GARCIA

13. FOREIGN AND YOURS

Writing in the Boundary between Spanish and English

THE CEAD "DAY IN SPANISH-PORTUGUESE" AS A CULTURAL AND LINGUISTIC SPACE OF BOUNDARY CROSSING

During the final meeting in the first CEAD conference in 2010, one of the issues discussed was the overwhelming predominance of presenters coming from the "British sphere." During the conference it was agreed that if the conference wanted to challenge the predominance of neocolonial discourses in academia and become a "Southern hemisphere conference" it was necessary to summon scholars coming from diverse cultural fields. As had been happening in other conferences, such as the International Congress for Qualitative Inquiry in Urbana, Illinois (USA), CEAD launched a day to present papers and discussion in non-English languages: in 2012 the "Day in Spanish" and the "Day in Te Reo" were held.

As a consequence of these structural moves, the number of Latin American presenters increased from two in the first conference to fourteen active presenters in 2014. Further, in 2014 participants from Portuguese-speaking countries were included in the day. During the "Day in Spanish and Portuguese," participants created a nice atmosphere with outstanding presentations from scholars from France, Australia, Brazil, Chile and Colombia. Other people from Latin America decided to include their presentation in the main conference only. I would like to describe here how the "Day in … " structure in an academic conference can help us to reflect on the boundaries between linguistic and cultural differences in the field of ethnography. This discussion will be an introductory framework to the chapters selected in this section.

In the context of a research team in Chile[1] we have reflected about the relations between normalcy and differences in the educational field. Following a dialogical approach (Bakhtin, 1973, 1981, 1986) our challenge has been not to approach these two concepts as two notions formally distinguished in a structural sense, but as two opposite forces which take part in any communicative act. To this extent, we refuse to conceive that the goal of inclusive institutions is to incorporate a number of specific groups (migrants, ethnic minorities, etc.) in similar conditions to the historically integrated group. On the contrary, we problematize the idea of normalcy, understanding it mainly as a specific way to process differences within institutions. Institutions activate specific forces to deal with diverse discourses that challenge

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 169–174.

their order or identity. Sometimes centripetal forces predominate and institutions tend to centralize discourses imposing one discourse as the only legitimate one. In other cases, centrifugal forces predominate and institutions are able to open their boundaries to diverse discourses, behaviors and people. When centrifugal forces predominate, institutions are able to modify their previous power structures to adjust to the surrounding pressure.

Similarly to the reality of education, CEAD is an academic conference in which diverse discourses encounter. The conference is characterized by mixing fields which are traditionally and formally separated. The conference overcomes the notion of ethnography as a technique historically rooted in anthropology, challenging the traditional boundaries between different disciplines. Moreover, the conference does not follow the traditional pattern of most academic conferences conducted to a specific thematic field or theoretical approach. On the contrary, it attempts to join researchers around a similar perspective to approach studies: cross-disciplinarity, reflexivity and social transformation replace the option for particular themes and disciplines as the main axis of the event. As the CEAD committee has stated, "CEAD recognizes that contemporary ethnography has wide-ranging, shifting interdisciplinary and trans-disciplinary manifestations" (2014, p. 1). To this extent, CEAD contest the idea of "normalcy" in the academic field; normalcy which is produced around the idea of isolated academic disciplines which create their own validation criteria. As such, CEAD activates centrifugal forces to open a space of methodological innovation beyond the traditional constraints of academy, subverting the power structure which governs validation criteria in each specific discipline.

The "Day in … " in turn is conceived as a way to dispute the predominance of English (as the academic *lingua franca*)—one paradigmatic expression of colonization in academy. Thanks to the existence of the Day in Spanish, CEAD is today a more diverse and polyphonic space of dialogue and will probably be held in a South American country soon, consolidating its role as Southern-hemisphere conference. However, and differently to what happens in other conferences, the "Day in … " has been allocated until now as a pre-conference workshop. This can make us to think of the "Day in … " as a tokenistic way to "process" diversity, opening the conference to heterogeneous voices keeping them in a peripheral position, out of the boundary of the "main (English) conference." Taking this into consideration the organizers of the next CEAD 2016 will include the "Day in … " in the main conference. Therefore, the division between times in Spanish and times in English will be overcome and the "Day in … " will be considered a sort of smaller but parallel conference where "non-English speakers," audiences, and presenters can encounter each other and have a space of dialogue.

During these two CEAD conferences, the Day in Spanish-Portuguese has been understood not only as a way to allocate a different language within CEAD, but also a reflective space to talk about the similarities and differences of the ethnographic practice in Latin America, in comparison to what is seen in other cultural spheres. During the "Day in … " participants have found a space of encounter to discuss our

expectations of our participation in CEAD and the "Day in … " People talk about the development of ethnography and critical ethnography in their own countries and the conditions in which critical ethnography is produced in the continent and elsewhere. Therefore, the value of the "Day in … " is not mainly linguistic, but an opportunity to build an ethnographic approach specifically aware of the cultural encounters and tensions which influence ethnographic production, ethnographic writing and ethnographic presentation.

One of the topics that arose at the 2014 hui was the status of the "Day in … " if a CEAD conference is held in a hegemonically-Spanish-speaking country. The conference promotes reflexivity as one of the main tools of ethnographic post-colonial approaches. Therefore, would it be reasonable to expect that the ethnographers coming from the British sphere also allocate a space and time to see their own ethnographic production as part of a broader world, thinking about their own ethnographic practices and what distinguish and connect them to other cultural spheres. That would contribute to recognizing CEAD as a space of confluence of different voices and would strengthen the "main" conference as a space of encounter of diverse cultural perspectives.

OPENING ETHNOGRAPHIES OF LINGUISTICS AND CULTURAL TRANSITIONS

Following these reflections, this chapter is not only a way to give testimony to some of the best presentations in the "Day in …" On the contrary, it is an invitation to build a space of boundary and encounter between two cultural and ethnographic spaces. This section avoids focusing on the formal or structural product of the "Day in … " only; rather, it attempts to use centrifugal orientations to place the reader in the space of connection between two cultural spheres. The articles selected are conducted in what Gustavson & Cytribaun (2003) call "the relational space" between the "Day in … " and the main conference rather than situating the reader in a self-contained space of "other language." I was not interested to select just a couple of presentations by considering their inner quality or thematic consistency. I wanted to situate the reader in the edge of the Spanish and the English world, considering the value that the ideas of boundary crossing and translation have for ethnographic production.

With this goal in mind, in this section we include two chapters which focus on the ethnography of transitions between two or more cultural and linguistic worlds. These are also transits which reflect what is occurring in CEAD; transits both ways between English and Spanish. Both chapters describe a transit between south and north but both situate the ethnographer in a different and—to some extent—opposite direction. Pamela Zapata, as a Chilean ethnographer, moved from her city in Chile to the academic sphere in the US. She describes the challenges she confronts to interpret her encounters with Colombian migrants in the city of Arica using Academic English as a second language. Phiona Stanley, from her Australian

and Scottish origins, describes the diverse pitfalls of language and culture during her immersion in the Latin American world across several years.

To this extent, both articles situate us in the problem of translation. The authors use new approaches to ethnographic writing coming from the northern academic sphere to describe the unique perceptions and emotions that the cultural "immersion" they try to undertake carries. They help us to think about the ways that ethnographers confront in the field using non-native languages. Borchgrevink (2003) states that language proficiency is a "non-said" in the anthropological ethnographic tradition. This absence shows that the assumption of language proficiency is a key aspect of the establishment of the anthropologist's authority (Marcus & Fischer, 1986). The articles presented in this section instead show the vulnerability that translation implies and how this "weakness" has the potential to help the ethnographer to interpret the complexities of their own and other's experience.

Further, both articles clearly show the value to approach the use of language in a dialogical context in which social, political and emotional tensions interact. Phiona Stanley distinguishes between language competency and intercultural competency. She proposes to understand language as a tool "for doing things." She situates the problems of translation in concrete live situations, using a framework that combines symbolic interactionism (Blumer 1986) and analytic autoethnography (Anderson 2006). Her text is a sophisticated description of the various negotiations that she, as a "foreigner," undertakes in different context of Spanish speaking; each of them with their own expectations about the language style to be used.

Pamela Zapatas frames her writing as a "living act," contesting the violence applied by the academic field on scholars, due to the strong pressure to publish in ISI (Institute for Scientific Information) Journals. She uses "interpretative ethnography" (Denzin 2014) conceiving her writing as an emotional encounter with Colombian migrants in her city. The emotional field in which she overcomes the boundary between both Colombian and Chilean worlds is the shared experience of political trauma. Paradoxically, the language used to achieve that is neither Colombian nor Chilean, but the writing perspective of an Academic American Scholar. The use of Laurel Richardson's writing enables her to build an autonomous space of action in an academic context in which auto-ethnographic writing is not legitimated as an academic writing style. Through the use of a particular sort of academic English she "feels free" to capture the emotions of trauma and migration of Colombian women in the city of Arica.

These two articles not only align us with a particular perspective of language but they also situate us in a particular approach to ethnography. They help us to distinguish between what Michel De Certau (Cited in Gustavson & Cytrynbaun, 2003) calls the "space" rather than the "place" of language:

> In relation to place, space is like the word when it is spoken, that is, when it is caught in the ambiguity of an actualization, transformed into a term dependent upon many different conventions, situated as the act of a present (or of a time), and

> modified by the transformations caused by successive contexts. In contradiction to the place, it has thus none of the univocity or stability of a "proper." (255)

Mistakes, confusions, soars, the sense of ridiculous, shape the ethnographic narrative. Those sometimes "awkward encounters" (Koning, 2013) provide the main substance of the cultural analysis. Gustavson and Cytrynbaum (2003) define "relational spaces of research" as "those moments when the originally intended purposes of the planned data collection activities get pushed to the periphery and the relational dynamics of the research take center stage" (253). From the analysis of these ethnographic positionings, Gustavson and Cytrynbaun (2003) contest the notion of reflexivity as an individual perspective and propose the idea that every reflective process is relational, defined by a position towards others.

> Social relations in ethnography, in other words rapport or role, should not be considered ends unto themselves. Instead, the social relations are more productively understood as ongoing processes that shape and inform the entire trajectory of a project. (Gustavson & Cytrynbaum, 2003, 269)

Phiona Stanley shows us the value that moments of surprise, misunderstanding, anger or disencounters have when we undertake ethnographic analysis. Her whole ethnographic analysis is based on random situations she has lived in different Latin America countries, such as confronting a Spanish test or meeting an unknown person in a bus. Pamela instead situates the trauma of Colombians as an opportunity to raise her own connections with political traumas in her country, but not only that, this experience also has given her and her students the possibility to "create shared spaces that move us to action."

Finally, it would be important to say that these two texts are very Latin American stories in terms that they show the ethnographer facing a field of cultural complex mixtures, ethnical, social and nationals showing the "mestizo" nature of this continent. The ethnographers place themselves to undertake the ethnography in the intersection of these various mixtures without any fear to put in risk their "own identity." From this position they connect us with the words of the Cuban poet Nicolas Guillen (1948) in a poem called "The surname" (as of July 9, 2015; posted on Blog: Bosque de palabras [forest of words]):[2]

[…] Dear pure friends
Oh, yes pure friends,
Come to see my name, my endless name
Make of endless names
My name, foreign
Free and mine, foreign and yours
Foreign and free like the air….

[…] puros amigos
Oh si, puros amigos

Venid a ver mi nombre, mi nombre interminable
Hecho de interminables nombres
El nombre mio, ajeno
Libre y mío, ajeno y vuestro
Ajeno y libre como el aire.

NOTES

[1] *"Anillos Project": Normalcy, Difference and Education* joins several national and international universities around research on the topics of normalcy and difference in schools. The project is leaded by a team from the Catholic University.

[2] Translation is mine.

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PAMELA ZAPATA-SEPÚLVEDA

14. MY "THIRD WORLD" IN THREE WORDS

Performative Writing from the Perspective of a Latin-American Woman

ABSTRACT IN SPANISH[1]

Este trabajo busca reflexionar sobre el acto de escribir [auto]etnografía interpretativa en una lengua extranjera, los conflictos a la hora de redactar y dar sentido a palabras que biográfica y emocionalmente se han sentido y se sienten en español, asuntos como escribir en tres palabras, o un párrafo en una oración, traducir según las normas de texto performativo y el acto de escribir como la construcción de un tercer mundo, son desarrollados en este trabajo. Al mismo tiempo, se muestra cómo utilizando la regla de las tres palabras (Richardson, 2014), se puede expresar, compartir y conectar desde la humanidad expresada en emociones y sensaciones, realidades emergentes latinoamericanas con audiencias internacionales y promover con ello el uso de estas metodologías como vía de transformación social.

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They always walk
Towards the south
Forehead always high
The body upright
The steady gaze
They know well
Their worthy lives
(Extract—in full below)

Writing is living. This was an inspirational phrase for me. I heard it from sociologist Laurel Richardson when she began her three word workshop at the International Congress for Qualitative Inquiry at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign.

Writing is living. This simple phrase is disturbingly revealing for me. I remained disturbed by it for a long time.

This sentence made me aware that my research work was more than a series of papers published in Institute for Scientific Information [ISI] index journals. These papers now reveal a parallel, experiential, emotional world that was present during the act of writing an experimental text.

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 175–184.

This is an invented world which I am constantly constructing. This is a world which is both personal and intimate. This is a world that I write in English using heartfelt words in Spanish, a world that allows me to reflect on my research from wherever place I am and also allows me to value, sanction and repudiate the injustice I read, hear, and see in my everyday life.

This work will focus on methodological reflections on interpretative autoethnography in a second language, using the case of a research project I have been developing since 2011 with Colombian women who entered Chile as refugees.

In my doctoral thesis I used traditional qualitative methods to study the long-term effects of experiences with imprisonment and torture for political reasons in Chile, and it was not easy. It dealt with a painful epoch for my country since Chile experienced political repression between 1973 and 1990; a situation which has been denied by many, including my parents. They did their best for me to have a happy childhood since I was born just three years after the military coup took place in my country (e.g. Zapata, 2008, Zapata-Sepúlveda, 2012).

As an adult, I studied psychology. I studied Professor Norman Denzin's work due to the clarity of his ideas and because, even though we do not share the same context, many of his ideas made sense to me and made me think that they could be applicable to the sort of psychology I sought to develop. Today I call it "towards the development of a Latin American critical social psychology."

Professor Denzin taught me his method, which is now known as interpretative [auto] ethnography (2014) while I was away from my country. This was a moment of my life and for a time in the social sciences in my northern Chile in which a chance to do something like that in my own language would not have existed. Doing interpretative autoethnography would not have been considered academic work, therefore I did not have the academic space for presenting this type of work. I continue to believe that we still do not have this space in Chile, and if there is such a space, it is very limited.

I learned to situate myself, to visualize myself in the field, to position myself in a role that would allow me to take the sort of actions that required me to deepen my knowledge, and see how limited I was in terrible situations. At the same time, my experiences taught me to humanize the social sciences.

In the academic world such as the one in the far north of Chile, particularly at my university—which is a public university (and I imagine it might be similar in other countries)—to publish in ISI index journals is essential for academics from my generation and younger and the only way to survive in academia. "Publish or perish" is the slogan behind many of our contracts. I prefer not to comment on this, but I hope that this will change soon.

So far, my academic experiences in different public universities and in other countries has allowed me to work on what I like to do. That is the way it is.

Although I have been able to publish performative text in ISI index journals in a foreign language and on topics that are sensitive in our society, this is still hard to accomplish in my country and in journals written in Spanish, my native

language. Hence, this chapter is about the act of writing as an act of resistance and transgression towards some part of my local and academic society. It is at the same time, a criticism of ourselves, which depending on what we think, and where we stand, is not always welcome.

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Colombian refugees, who arrive in Arica, bring with them backpacks for basic emergencies, and in some cases exhibit the visible effects of trauma due to persecution and violence in Colombia. They reach Chile motivated by the safety and the possibility to make progress in their lives, which their collective imaginary has led them to believe they would find in my country. However, the world looks different after they arrive, where they bump into centralist and non-inclusive national regulations. These regulations completely fail to consider the realities in the border, that place which demarcates the terrestrial limit between the northern entrance to Chile and the south of Peru. It is even worse when a refugee request for a tourist visa or refuge is rejected and, as a consequence, they need to appeal. This time spent in the border limits these people's mobility options within the country, as well as limiting their permission to work, which puts them into a sort of standby status that often lasts longer than they expected. As reported by a staff member of the ONG FASIC-PROSIR in Arica, this transitory non-state can last up to two years and then they receive the rejection response from the government.

Addressing these issues is not easy. It involves lives and realities that are ours now because Chile has responsibilities towards these Colombian refugees. Depending on the refugees' experiences on arrival, they will determine if the Chilean society as a host has treated them well or poorly after they arrived in Chile. The Chilean society that we all are part of, and in which everyone takes sides according to self-value, perceptions, interests, sensitivities, prejudices and stigmas. All of these lead us to develop ourselves in everyday life with these foreign people-sometimes with a different skin color- and for certain people these 'others' are foreigners who have come to invade us, to create problems, take our jobs, to steal our husbands. At the same time, Colombian women living in Chile represent the sensuality of a racialized and desired body. Chileans often psychologically project their subconscious beliefs onto foreigners.

***

Denzin (2014) argues that studying and writing about trauma using interpretive autoethnography is an act of *performing lives.*

At the same time, for Denzin and other authors, interpretive autoethnography is about exposure. It is about exposure to someone else's trauma; exposure and reactions to that trauma. It is about exposure to the traumatic experience of the other person which is shared with the researcher during fieldwork.

Working with the Colombian women who come to Arica brings to mind our past of political violence in Chile. The effects remain in our society and are reactivated in situations such as social injustice and impunity, which still exist in our country with regard to human rights issues, and in our laws. This can also happen in situations that involve a perceived individual, economic, or disease threat, as seen from the Chilean point of view.

Halley (2012) noted that trauma is experienced as repetition; the memories, images, and emotions do not go away. The use of repetition, at the *sentence level*, mirrors the traumatic experience. Clough argues that:

> Experimental forms of writing that attempt to capture trauma often present the subject in terms of blanks and hesitations—a topographic formulation of forgetting, loss, uncertainty, disavowal and defensiveness. Trauma makes the past and the future meet without being present. The future has collapsed into the past while the past overwhelms the present. (Clough in Denzin, 2014, 5)

Halley (2012) argues that trauma is written in the gendered spaces of hesitation, violence, forgetting, and repetition. Both "violence and trauma produce and reproduce gendered social power" (89).

Some people who have been exposed to trauma counter attack and run to a rapid conclusion. Some others slowly unwind and twist back on themselves as people seeking to find meaning for themselves in the experiences they call their own. Other people talk about their experiences to people who are deemed to be experts such as journalists or professional biographers, or psychologists such as myself. Some people keep their traumatic experiences to themselves and say nothing to others. Many individuals are at an existential loss as to what story to tell, feeling that they have nothing worth to talk about. Within this group, there are those people who have no voice and there are others who have no one to tell.

Before starting to research the long term effects of state violence in Chile, I thought that I had never experienced the traumatic effects of political violence. The victims were always 'other people,' who were identified in a list within a government report published in Chile in 2004. However, Caruth (1995) and others state that trauma involves a connection, and therefore to conduct research on trauma makes these phenomena shared and propagated to the researcher. Having access to this knowledge exposed me to those effects. This has also increased my sensitivity to detect it and visualize it when I go through the story of my life.

Unlike the politically-determined trauma experienced by many in Chilean society, Colombians who have arrived in Chile experienced the damage more recently; the wound is fresher, and its effects are more still on the surface

Some of the women with whom I work are fearful of relating to their fellow Colombians because they are afraid of being found by those who persecuted them in Colombia. We do not really understand the depths of their fears. Fantasy or reality? I do not know. Their experiences are the real construction of their current fears in Chile.

This is the main reason the organization '*Tierra Querida*' has a difficult time trying to gather their members. However, Colombians do want to belong to a group or organization. Many Colombians are enrolled in this group, but few attend the assemblies. For me, there is not a voice; they do not want to recognize each other, and they do not want to remember. I feel as they are afraid of being touched by the ghost of their past and present time linked to Colombia. Colombians want to leave the past in the past, but is this possible?

Writing performative text and developing this line of research has allowed me to generate a space with my undergraduate students which at the same time allows me to see a better future as an academic in the social sciences for my local Chilean context. Studying the trauma of persecution and violence connects the experiences of refugees and immigrants living in Arica with their present lives, and with our lives as current Chilean society, which at some point in history have also contemplated migratory processes. The life experiences of Colombian women living in my town and giving meaning to their immigration experiences, disturb my psychology students and moves them to action.

Doing this in English using short sentences in present simple tense, with simple but clear rules allows me to say what I was unable to verbalize in Spanish. Does in my third world, I live my personal and free space in which I construct meanings, I evoke my experiences and I have a license to make sense of what I see, starting from the emotions that it generates within me.

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The next text is based on Laurel Richardson's three words workshop (Richardson, 2014). This workshop asks us to write about a significant fact in our life that occurred during the last 5 years (personal) around two pages of three words sentences. Then, in a second moment, write about the social, political, historical context of this personal experience, using three word sentences again. The 3rd and last part is to mix the first and the second part into a new text with the same structure. I have followed her rules in writing a text telling of my experiences of fieldwork with Colombian women residents in Arica. These women participated in a research and support program that my university held for Colombian women who arrived in Arica. I have entitled this text.

SO THAT NOBODY KNOWS THAT I'M RUNNING AWAY;
SO THAT NOBODY KNOWS THAT I WANT TO STAY

They always walk
Towards the south
Forehead always high
The body upright
The steady gaze
They know well

Their worthy lives
They have succeeded
Want to forget
The silenced voices
Not remember that
Remembering is returning
It's looking back
It's going back
Is it possible?
Remembering is there
As a wound
As a suffering
As a threat
Is still present
That still haunts
Appearing now here
The sun rises
That shines more
Every day more
They are happy
They value it
It is real
They also shine
Although always silent
In the dark
In foreign loneliness
Keep their pain
What they left
What they lost
They carry in
In their hearts
In their memories
Nothing is easy
It is impossible
It is difficult
They know that
But they smile
They always smile
They go on
Now also laugh
Their hard life
Under the sun
The same sun

That shines here
Now from here
In their lives
Another day dawns
Without their families
With their families
A new beginning
Their motors ignite!
Although it's lost
The border deleted
The border removed
The border divided!
But they don't
They were adamant
All over again
Better times come
Although for some
It is difficult
The colored women
No formal education
Without money here
They must accept
Come what may
As it comes
Will be better
To live afraid
And continuing persecution
Living in fear
Hard to imagine
The beloved land
With its flavor
Suffers ruthless violence
Breaks the innocence
Now I understand
Why they accept
Being Colombian women
In Chile today
It's like being
The husbands' thief
Or the narco
Other forms arise
They resist again
It's the continuity?

The traumatic effects
Awaken in them
From the power
From the gender
Discrimination, prejudice, stigma,
Looks that accept
Other looks don't
See your eyes
They look suspicious
Are all prostitutes?
Come to benefit
Cause many problems
They haven't rights
Chile is ours
Make them go
And us what?
We are them
We are siblings
We see them
The rejected reflection
Don't want to see
To look alike
But I see
And see well
When, for example
We cross oceans
Or among us
In my country
Racism, discrimination, distrust
Sexualization, racism, desire,
Like our inheritance
The fuck Colonization?
Our past dictatorship?
STATE CONSTITUTION—NATION?
The current world?
No. We are!
And our values?
We do nothing
We don't see
Walk in front
I'm not interested
They aren't important

Don't bring money
They aren't blonde
We don't want
Make them go
Please, leave us!
Please, go out!
They bring Drugs
Please, deport them!
Go to Colombia
Your beloved land
That around here
Nobody wants them

FINAL THOUGHTS

Talking about migration is very broad, vague, changeable, earthy and abstract at the same time. It seems distant, yet it occurs in front of our noses, it affects some yet concerns all of us. It deals with a phenomenon which is global for some, while for others it is particular. For me, this is an individual phenomenon. Every life comes with a small backpack full of experiences, and hopefully nobody will notice that the backpack is also full of hope for a better life. Stories, memories, habits, family memories, painful separations, children waiting for them, families that need them, shame, but also hope, a foreign culture and a social class that seems to determine their lives even in a different country.

Some are brunette, some are black haired, they all arrive by land, without money, with very little, or nothing. Looks of suffering, and we can hardly imagine the suffering that they have experienced. Assassinations of their family members, poverty, injustice, little or no education, these problems are on this side of the world, and it seems that also in the place where they are coming from, ingredients that allow us to think and validate that belonging to a low social class determines and obligates them to deal with far more difficult situations than the rest. This occurs in a part of Chile on the border of northern Chile, where Chileans regard the refugees with suspicion, and see them as a threat.

Aren't we all Latin Americans? It seems that we are even more different in the border regions.

This type of collaboration involves a psychosocial approach. I experienced anxiety, along with feelings of helplessness and inability, hope, empathy, cooperation, and affection in accessing the experiences of the Colombian women. Our fieldwork supports their needs, and, in order to formulate what we will do next, we learn what problems they had before entering Chile.

Richardson said that *writing is living* (2014). Qualitative research is a way of life. It is not something that we pack away when we finish our workday. On the contrary,

it keeps us alert and attentive to what happens in relation to what we study. Writing in English allows us to publish. The performative text in the English language has been used for about 20 years. In Chile this area of Qualitative inquiry is not even known yet. For some Latin American researchers, this represents new forms of colonization. For me, this has meant developing a new voice and creating my Third World through my actions.

Presenting these works in Spanish and promoting writing workshops with my students allow me to have them listening to themselves. I try to create shared spaces that move us to action. I attempt to conduct qualitative research in an active, thoughtful, challenging manner in the social sciences. Conducting research and writing papers is not the sole goal. We cannot just do that!

NOTE

[1] A translation of the full chapter is available from the author, Pamela Zapata-Sepúlveda, e-mail: pzapatas@uta.cl

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PHIONA STANLEY

15. 'PASSING'—AND 'FAILING'—IN LATIN AMERICA

Methodological Reflections on Linguacultural Identity

ABSTRACT IN SPANISH[1]

Después de México: bronceada, el cabello teñido de negro. En un mercado nicaragüense una puestera se dirige a mí. Escuchándole mal, le pregunto en jerga mexicana: ¿mande? Y charlamos. Ella dice que mi 'paisano' estaba aquí antes. '¿Mi paisano? ¿De veras? ¿De dónde soy yo? ' Sonrio; no le desafio. 'De México, ¿no?' Ella cree que soy mexicana. Después de muchos años de tomar clases de español, leer novelas, y hablar con la gente de mi continente preferido, acabo de aprobar esta gran prueba de latinidad.

Años después, en Guatemala, a punto de comenzar un curso de español: tengo que tomar una prueba de nivel. Me siento bien. La recepcionista me trae la prueba y lo miro con consternación: 'conjuga los verbos en pretérito, presente del subjuntivo, y pasado del subjuntivo. Construye imperativos negativos y positivos utilizando pronombres de objeto directo e indirecto '. De las 24 preguntas, me las arreglo con 13; numéricamente, tengo un poco más de la mitad-válida como usuario de español. Aunque hablo español, no puedo 'hablar' aquí.

Este capítulo analiza las cuestiones metodológicas en las investigaciones etnográficas donde las vidas e identidades de los investigadores están estrechamente ligadas con su contexto de investigación. Uso como ejemplo el libro que estoy escribiendo sobre los mochileros que viajan por Latinoamérica aprendiendo español en los contextos e institutos semi-formales. ¿Cómo puedo manejar una posicionalidad investigadora tan ligada a mi propia identidad? ¿Puedo 'contar' como Mexicana sin 'contar' toda mi propia historia? ¿(Cómo) puedo separar el autoetnográfico de lo etnográfico, y (por qué) debo (querer hacerlo)? Este trabajo considera estas cuestiones metodológicas y epistemológicas.

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After Mexico, 1999 to 2000: I'm tanned, my hair is dyed black. In a Nicaraguan marketplace a stallholder addresses me. Not hearing, I ask in slangy Mexican Spanish *'¿mande?'* And we chat a little. She says that my *paisano*, my countryman, was here earlier. '*¿Mi paisano?* Oh, really? Where am I from?' I'm playful, not challenging. '*De Mexico, ¿no*?' She thinks I'm Mexican. After so many years of Spanish lessons,

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 185–196.

reading novels, talking to people, and living in Latin America, I've just 'passed.' She thinks I'm Mexican! I feel a sense of triumph, a warmth spreading from the blush in my cheeks through my whole body. I don't correct her. She makes my day.

In this chapter I discuss the methodological question of researcher identity in an ethnographic research project, which problematizes the assumption, often made in immersion-type foreign language education, that, for learners, intercultural *contact* necessarily results in intercultural *competence*. Extended 'backpacker' travel and overseas internship experiences, too, have been constructed as conferring on participants a form of cultural capital that may be termed 'worldliness' (e.g. Hannam & Ateljevic, 2008; Richards & Wilson, 2004). However, where participants' prior assumptions, constructions of cultural 'authenticity' (MacCannell, 2008), and larger-scale power imbalances are not problematized, intercultural contact may result, instead, in the reification of pre-existing stereotyping and 'Othering,' perhaps layered with newfound 'understanding' (Stanley, 2013). The study to which this chapter refers therefore considers *the nature* of intercultural competence and *how it may be acquired* by language travellers, many of whom also engage in travel and internships or other volunteer work overseas. The context is European and North American students, predominantly young adults, learning Spanish in Central and South America.

However, the ins and outs of what intercultural competence *is* and my findings on *how it might be acquired* are beyond the scope of this short chapter, and are the topic of the much longer text I'm writing on this study (Stanley, forthcoming). Instead, in this text I focus on a key issue that has occupied my methodological reflections: how my *own* embodied experiences, similar to those of the participants,' affect the study.

WHERE I'VE BEEN IS WHERE I'M COMING FROM: IN SEARCH OF IDENTITY

2015: I am back in Guatemala, writing this at a café table. Periodically the waiter approaches and asks, '*¿más café?*,' more coffee?, with an implied 'are you *still* here?!' It is Saturday morning and the café is half filled with laughing groups of friends, a few families. At the next table two pre-school-age boys, doubtless bored by their parents' conversation, are crawling on the floor playing with plastic frogs. There's a calla lily in a vase on my table, a buzz of conversation over *nueva trova* music, and three separate screens on the walls, all muted, showing three separate Latin American football matches. I recognize and can name the calla lily, *lirio*, and I know Diego Rivera's paintings. I know who the singer is and have heard *la nueva trova* live in his hometown in Cuba. And while I don't know anything about football, I know the cities of all the teams that are playing. Even without my own table of laughing friends or the "normativity" of a husband and kids, I feel at home here.

I first came to Latin America twenty-one years ago. This is half my lifetime. (For the purposes of this short chapter I'm conflating 'Latin American' heterogeneity, although I acknowledge that great diversity exists). Since first arriving in Lima all but monoglot and straight out of university in 1994, I have invested thousands of hours in learning, improving, and more recently, according to proficiency tests, '*perfecionando*' my Spanish. It is not perfect, but *me defiendo*, as Spanish puts it. I can get by. This happy situation has not come about by chance. It represents twenty-one years and countless conversations with people across the American continent. It exists thanks to many Spanish-language novels and podcasts, some courses, and travels in all but six of the 21 Spanish-speaking countries. A huge part of my identity is based on Spanish language and Latin American cultures. I am not Latina by birth, and ethnically I am not considered Latina—dyed-black hair and occasional brown contact lenses aside. However, I cling to a slender thread of possible legitimacy: my paternal grandfather was given up as a baby and given the surname, my surname, of his adopted family. But there is some evidence that his birth father had Spanish origins. If this is so, he would still be only one quarter of my ancestry, the rest being resolutely Scottish. And, indeed, if culture is nurture rather than nature, as I believe it is, my entire childhood and young adulthood is similarly Scottish. I was born and brought up in Edinburgh and even now, 21 years after leaving, I still sound mostly Scottish when I speak English. But I hope that I may have some Latino heritage, albeit Spanish rather than 'proper' Latino. This would certainly help explain the extent to which Latin America has gotten under my skin.

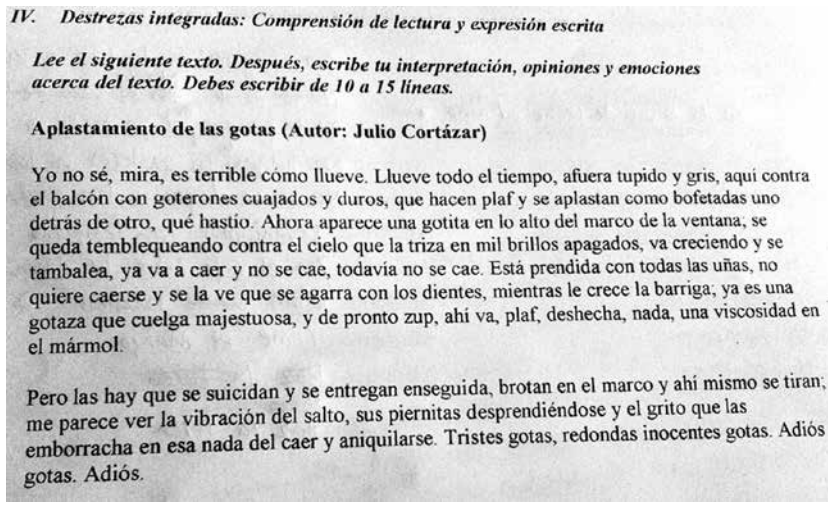
Why explain this here? My own identity as it relates to Latin America is integral to this research. My study discusses how and whether intercultural competence is acquired through in-country Spanish-language study. For this reason, it is important to observe the *extent* to which, and *in what ways*, I myself have done this over the years. Because of this, I am telling my own story, weaving it into the book I'm writing. And, as twenty-one years of engagement with Latin America are difficult to condense, I am focusing on two time periods. The first is the year that I spent living in Mexico and then travelling in Cuba, Central America, Colombia, and Ecuador, from 1999 to 2000, having all but burned out in a soulless job in Poland just before. The second comprises two trips to Guatemala and Nicaragua, in 2013 and 2014 respectively, to conduct research. Throughout these travels I kept journals, and this chapter draws upon these accounts as well as reflections in hindsight. This is, therefore, an autoethnographic text and, as Anderson (2006) suggests and as I have described elsewhere (Stanley, 2015), I include some analysis as well as evocative writing. My aim is to convey my lived experiences (Pelias, 2014) and to examine these experiences for their contribution to understanding intercultural competence.

FAILING IN LATIN AMERICA

I started learning Spanish twenty-two years ago, in a weekly beginner class in Edinburgh. We learned phrases like *el lapicero está en la mesa* and *el señor trae un paraguas* [the pencil is on the table; the man is carrying an umbrella]. I remember long lists of vocabulary and lectures full of unfamiliar metalanguage. When we had a test, for which I had learned the long lists of vocabulary, the multiple-choice items included, 'which of these is correct: *Buenas días*, *Buenos días*, or *Bueno día*?' I remember thinking: wouldn't *Buenas días*, although not quite right, be close enough for a beginner to be understood? And, indeed, in many places in the Spanish-speaking world, the terminal 's' sound is elided anyway, producing a form that sounds suspiciously like "*Bueno' día*." Isn't it more useful, I remember thinking, as most of us were learning Spanish to travel, to test phrases like *¿dónde está el baño?* and ¿a *qué hora sale el autobus?* [Where's the bathroom? What time does the bus leave?] In many years of using Spanish, I've rarely had cause to discuss the whereabouts of office stationery, after all. But the obsession was accuracy rather than communication. We jumped through linguistic hoops devoid of communicative salience.

Fast-forward twenty years. I'm in Quetzaltenango in the Guatemalan highlands about to start an intensive Spanish course, for which I have to take a level test. It is 2013. Although I'm rusty, I know my level is advanced. It is thirteen years since I passed the *Diploma Superiór de Español como Lengua Extranjera* (Council of Europe Common Framework of Reference for languages level C2), and I still read, listen to podcasts, stay in touch with my Latino friends and spend odd weeks in Spain. But it's thirteen years since I have set foot in Latin America. In the past few years I have lived in contexts far from Spanish: Poland, Qatar, China, Australia. In far-flung places I grabbed every opportunity to use my seemingly useless language skill: hiking in Mongolia with two French brothers, Spanish was our *lingua franca*. In contested southern Morocco, I stayed up late talking politics, in Spanish, with a Western Saharan separatist. And so I feel confident about this test. The receptionist brings me the paper and I smile, and thank her, then read it with dismay: '*Conjuga los siguientes verbos según las indicaciones del cuadro: pretérito, presente de subjunctivo, pasado de subjunctivo*.' (Conjugate the following verbs following the instructions in the table: preterit, present subjunctive, past subjunctive.) Of the 24 boxes in the table, I manage 13. Numerically, according to this test, I am not a valid user of Spanish. Then: '*Construye oraciones en forma negativa o afirmativa del imperativo formal o informal, usando también los pronombres de objectos directos e indirectos*.' [Construct positive and negative sentences in formal and informal imperative using direct and indirect pronouns]. I wonder, idly, how well native speakers of any language would cope with this kind of nonsense.

Finally, there is a *destrezas integradas* section, integrated skills. It is a beautiful, succinct Cortázar text about water, with the task of writing 10–15 lines about it. The source text reads:



IV. Destrezas integradas: Comprensión de lectura y expresión escrita

Lee el siguiente texto. Después, escribe tu interpretación, opiniones y emociones acerca del texto. Debes escribir de 10 a 15 líneas.

Aplastamiento de las gotas (Autor: Julio Cortázar)

Yo no sé, mira, es terrible cómo llueve. Llueve todo el tiempo, afuera tupido y gris, aquí contra el balcón con goterones cuajados y duros, que hacen plaf y se aplastan como bofetadas uno detrás de otro, qué hastío. Ahora aparece una gotita en lo alto del marco de la ventana, se queda temblequeando contra el cielo que la triza en mil brillos apagados, va creciendo y se tambalea, ya va a caer y no se cae, todavía no se cae. Está prendida con todas las uñas, no quiere caerse y se la ve que se agarra con los dientes, mientras le crece la barriga; ya es una gotaza que cuelga majestuosa, y de pronto zup, ahí va, plaf, deshecha, nada, una viscosidad en el mármol.

Pero las hay que se suicidan y se entregan enseguida, brotan en el marco y ahí mismo se tiran; me parece ver la vibración del salto, sus piernitas desprendiéndose y el grito que las emborracha en esa nada del caer y aniquilarse. Tristes gotas, redondas inocentes gotas. Adiós gotas. Adiós.

Figure 15.1. Spanish level test, integrated skills section

Translated, this reads: "Integrated skills: Reading comprehension and written expression. Read the following text. Then, write your interpretation, opinions, and emotions about the text. You should write from 10 to 15 lines.
Bottom of Form: *The Crushing of the Drops (Author: Julio Cortázar).*

> I do not know, look, it's terrible how it rains. It rains all the time, thick and gray outside, here against the balcony, studded and hard drops. They go plop and are crushed, slapping one after another. What boredom. Now a droplet appears at the top of the window frame. It holds itself, trembling, against the sky that shatters into a thousand sparkles. It grows and staggers, and it will fall and does not fall, it is still not falling. It is holding on by its fingernails, not wanting to fall, clinging by its teeth. But its belly grows and it's already a huge drop hanging majestically. And suddenly, 'zup,' there it goes, splat, it is undone, nothing, just a wetness on the marble.
>
> But they have to commit suicide, and are delivered quickly. They spring from the frame and are shot down right there. I think I see the vibration of the jump, the little legs of the raindrop letting go with a drunken shout in the nothingness of falling in which they are annihilated. Sad drops, round innocent drops. Goodbye drops. Goodbye."

Ah, compared to the grammatical whipping I've just received, this is easy, fun. The response text I produce is lexically complex and rich with imagery. Yes, it is not quite perfect. It should be *una métafora* and not *un métaforo*, for example. I know there are lots of fossilized errors in my writing: some stray object pronouns and

erroneous prepositions. And I struggle with the two different past tense forms and the damn subjunctive. But I write:

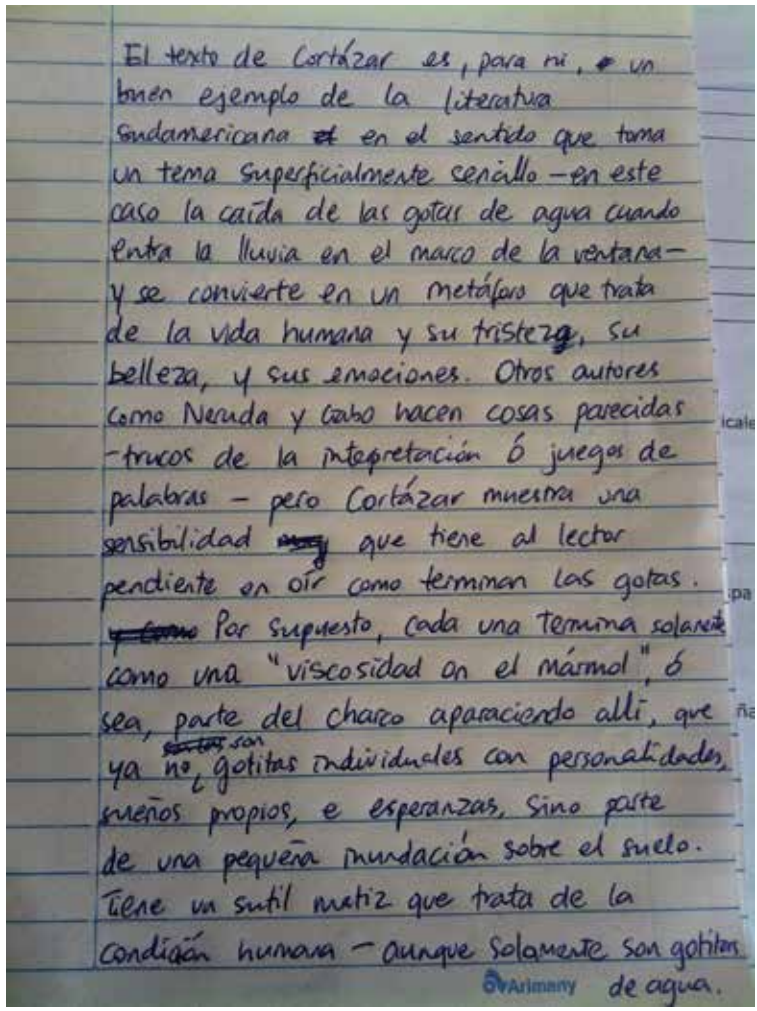

El texto de Cortázar es, para mí, un buen ejemplo de la literatura sudamericana ~~el~~ en el sentido que toma un tema superficialmente sencillo – en este caso la caída de las gotas de agua cuando entra la lluvia en el marco de la ventana – y se convierte en un metáfora que trata de la vida humana y su tristeza, su belleza, y sus emociones. Otros autores como Neruda y Gabo hacen cosas parecidas – trucos de la interpretación ó juegos de palabras – pero Cortázar muestra una sensibilidad ~~muy~~ que tiene al lector pendiente en oír como terminan las gotas. ~~Como~~ Por supuesto, cada una termina solamente como una "viscosidad on el mármol", ó sea, parte del charco aparaciendo allí, que ya no ~~son~~ son gotitas individuales con personalidades, sueños propios, e esperanzas, sino parte de una pequeña inundación sobre el suelo. Tiene un sutil matiz que trata de la condición humana – aunque solamente son gotitas de agua.

Figure 15.2. My response text, for the level test

Translated, this reads: "The [Julio] Cortázar text is, for me, a good example of South American literature in the sense that it takes a superficially simple topic—in this case the falling of raindrops when the rain comes in the window frame—and converts it into a metaphor about the human condition and its sadness, its beauty, and its emotions. Other authors, like [Pablo] Neruda and Gabo [Gabriel García Márquez] do similar things—interpretive tricks or plays on words—but Cortázar demonstrates

a sensibility that has the reader hanging [on a thread, waiting] to hear how the drops end up. Of course, each of them ends up simply as part of the '*wetness on the marble*,' that is, part of the puddle that appears there. They're no longer individual drops with personalities, their own dreams and hopes, rather they're part of the little flood on the floor. This has a subtle nuance which speaks to the human condition—although they're just drops of water."

I am aware, here, that I am playing to my strength, which is lexis gleaned from a lot of reading in Spanish. I show off with obscurities and poetic-sounding word games. Finally, I get to show what I can do. But numerically, counting my answers on the test overall, I am a failure. As before, the focus, the *obsession*, is discrete-item grammar and close-up accuracy in which the teacher, the native speaker, holds all the power and ownership of the language. Throughout the Spanish lessons that follow, I feel like one of Cortázar's drops, part of the larger puddle. Here, I am not heard. Although I speak Spanish, and as an applied linguist I also happen to 'speak' grammatical metalanguage, I still cannot 'speak' this kind of thing. I am a failure. My lexical showing off and my second-language communication are subsumed into a game in which every stray word-level problem is circled in red and addressed via a small lecture. Although I can speak reasonable Spanish, taking classes reduces me to a set of grammatical errors.

Why, then, do I continue to take Spanish classes? And, if taking classes, why do I still resist the accuracy that is, implicitly, the focus? If I say (and I do) that I want my Spanish to be perfect, why do I still feel so childish and petulant around this kind of thing? Why do I have (silent, internal) tantrums rather than appreciate well-meaning (or self-justifying?) teachers? Why do I still feel so abject, so low, when I realize that my 'street Spanish' experiences, and thus my constructed, almost-Latina identity, are being reduced to little more than errors in need of red ink?

I resist because although I integrate so well elsewhere in the Latino world—in a café, in the street, doing everyday tasks wherever I go—I have struggled to integrate, 'interculturally,' with the way that Spanish seems to be *taught*. Whenever I take a Spanish class (as I've done, now, in Mexico, Spain, Guatemala, and Peru and also in the UK and Poland), I feel so very out of kilter with what the teachers seem to care about: nit-picking, flow-stopping, power-wielding, status-enhancing grammatical accuracy. This is not (only) a commentary on the quality of Spanish teachers, as the same problem seems to occur in what might be considered the 'best' Spanish language teaching, that at the *Instituto Cervantes*. Indeed, I have written about the same issue there:

> Its teachers are Spanish graduates of *filología* and *lingüistica aplicada*; well versed in the mysteries of the *subjunctivo*, the *pluscamperfecto*, and the *imperfecto*. They are amused at my Peruvian 'street Spanish'; one tells me I sound like I just stepped out of the Amazon. They laugh, gently, that I don't know such simple words as *abrigo*, *bufanda*, and *guantes*, but I've never needed coats, scarves and gloves in Spanish before. My teachers despair, a

> little, at the grammatical carnage I make of their royal language, and they bewilder me with their metalanguage and insistence on accuracy. But they cannot deny me this: when we listen in class to the original recording of Juan Rulfo's Diles Que No Me Maten, I, alone in our group, understand. (Stanley, 2014, 245–264)

This can be framed by symbolic interactionism: the misreading of signs (Blumer, 1986). While the teachers, doubtless, are well intentioned in their focus on accuracy, I interpret their correction as criticism, as my failing. My implicit (and, indeed, explicit) theory of language is that it exists *for doing things*, a tool for use rather than a perfectly starched white handkerchief to be kept in a locked box away from the tawdry, sullying influences of the street. Perhaps these teachers also implicitly 'read' my useful, but sometimes rough, basilect, 'street Spanish' as a filthy rag, and thus the target for necessary cultivation, to be cleaned, bleached, starched, purified. They may also see my Spanish as a symbol that I have not learned *properly* (as defined by their own understandings of how their royal language *should* sound). To them, I suspect, my Spanish does not 'match' my apparent level of education. In this sense, my failure is also 'cultural'. Indeed, many of my interlocutors over the years have been uneducated, working-class people: cab drivers, wait staff, security guards. Could it be that my fluent, sometimes inaccurate 'street Spanish' that serves me so well in terms of communication does not do me justice in terms of identity? Language is the servant of these two masters, after all.

And so, in Guatemala as I write this, and about to go and enrol, again, in Spanish lessons, I resolve to stop being such a baby about this. I resolve to appreciate my teachers' well-meaning help even though it derails my confidence, reduces my fluency, causes me to lose the thread of what I am saying, and does little to help with the complexity that I realise is needed to convey all my desired meanings. Of course, I also need accuracy, I know that, and so I resolve to *submit* as much as I can. It is said that language teachers make the very worst language students and so here, now, as a long-time language teacher I resolve to behave myself, to *comportarme* like the accuracy-focused student that my teachers, implicitly, expect me to be. I want complexity, the full beauty of the language, and the ability to express my full meaning. But I will knuckle down.

PASSING IN LATIN AMERICA

But all is not lost. I do sometimes 'pass' in Latin America, both in the sense of passing for/as Latina, which occasionally happens (as exemplified in the introductory vignette), but also in the sense of getting it right, and 'passing' the implicit test that is using Spanish, and its associated cultural skills, to achieve everyday goals. The following excerpts in this section are from my travel journals, and exemplify various ways in which I have 'passed' in Latin America:

> I've been asked if I'm Spanish, Argentinean and Italian (which, based as it is on how I speak Spanish is no bad thing at all). But one guy last night, when I was asking around for a máquina [shared taxi] to la playa [the beach], [asked me] '¿Peruana?' ['Are you Peruvian?'] He said he'd had a friend from Lima and that I sounded like her. Well, well, well! [This reminds me of a] surreal conversation with a guy at the rocks [going down to the river] in Palenque [in Mexico]:
>
> Yo: Ten cuidado. Es muy resbaloso, el superficie (sic). [Be careful. The surface is very slippery.]
>
> Él: ¿Eres de Argentina? [Are you from Argentina?]
>
> Travel Journal, Havana, February 2000

This excerpt speaks to the first type of passing, passing *for*. In the first, I describe in my journal the various times I've been assumed to be Latina (or Italian, which I conceptualise as almost the same, as Italian and Spanish are mutually intelligible at a superficial level). There's an irony, of course, that in the very telling of the story I actually make an accuracy error: *el superficie* should be *la superficie*. Now, I know. But this does not seem to matter. My proud, pleased tone comes across clearly in the first excerpt. I am pleased to sound Latina, whether Peruvian (which is likely a question of accent, as Lima was where I first started to use Spanish communicatively) or Argentine (which is likely a question of ethnicity and a somewhat 'different' accent: I look more European than Latin American. Of course, the idea of a 'Latin' or 'European' look is a problematic concept, however the Argentine accent is, famously, distinctively different from other Latin American varieties of Spanish).

The existence of categories into which to ascribe and attempt to 'fit' individual people is also implied in the following excerpt:

> Toño said, 'eres muy especial. Eres gringa, pero no eres tan molesta como los demas. Los gringos se ponen muy nerviosos muy pronto y los mexicanos nos culpamos a nosotros mismos. Pero tú no, eres tranquila.' [You're very special. You're a *gringa*, but you're not as annoyed/annoying as the others. *Gringos* get agitated really quickly and we Mexicans blame ourselves. But not you, you're calm.]
>
> Travel Journal, Mexico City, November 1999

This excerpt is similar to the first in that I am still 'passing,' but this time it is acknowledged that I am (ethnically?) a different category. And yet, according to Toño (who was part of my circle of friends in Mexico City), I am 'tranquila' *even though* I am a gringa. This is a somewhat barbed compliment, based as it is on the Mexican stereotype of the angry, shouting *gringo*, and it is interesting that Toño tempers it somewhat by implicitly blaming Mexicans themselves for 'blaming themselves.'

This discourse, then, is a complex web of othering even as it seemingly includes this '*gringa*.' (There is also the question of whether Scots are actually *gringos*. Strictly speaking, perhaps we are not. However, this is not a distinction that is often made, at least not in my speech communities, in Latin America and particularly in Mexico. As an English-speaking White person, I am almost always attributed the '*gringa*' label, and indeed, I have also come to appropriate it.) Additionally, it exemplifies an important point that runs throughout all these implied and voiced discourses of '*Gringoness*' and '*Latinidad*': these categories are constructed as irreducibly different, binary and opposing. Indeed, even in the discourse of 'passing' that I am using in this chapter, there is an implied line to be crossed as one 'passes.' In this sense I am still conforming to this discourse of difference.

In the next excerpt, my tone is more complicit, and explicit, with my stated project of *trying to pass*, in this case as Cuban:

> It's OK for foreigners to take state omnibuses [*la guagua*]. But foreigners are meant to take tour buses/sightseeing buses/[private] taxis. Officially, foreigners can't take '*máquinas*' (old, 1950s US cars packed full of Cubans. [They] cost 50 US cents [and are] much more reliable and regular than the buses). The driver [that I spoke to] said, 'of course, it's because the state makes nothing from tourists then.' The answer: speak fast Spanish to the drivers, check out the destinations, then keep your trap shut. Instant Cuban citizenship!
>
> Travel Journal, Havana, February 2000

In 2000, city transport in Havana's *guaguas* was frustratingly slow and inconvenient, and so rather than given in to the tour buses that would separate me from the local connections that I craved, I tried to pass as Cuban, and therefore as eligible to travel in the *máquinas*. Sometimes this 'worked,' in the sense that I got to ride in these vintage cars (which also felt much more excitingly and authentically 'Cuban'). With hindsight, I suspect this was as much a function of the drivers not particularly caring rather than thinking I was Cuban.

It is notable, also, that in none of these excerpts, and nowhere else in my journal, are any examples of where a person from Place A mistakes me for someone *from Place A itself*. If I am mis/taken for Latina, it is always as a Latina from *Place B*, which seems to me to be 'close enough.' This speaks to the problematic homogenisation in which I engage throughout my journal, in which I tend to conflate the myriad cultures of Latin America in to a problematic *translatinidad* (Lewis, 2009).

In the final excerpt, I write about my explicit learning of how to engage cross culturally (and perhaps also how to avoid being the shouting, stereotypical *gringo*). The story takes place in a laundry at which I had dropped off my clothes that morning:

> I went to pick it up [my laundry]—the nice woman [said], 'it's not ready.' [And I said], 'oh but my *sábanas* [sheets], and I don't even have clean underwear for the morning!' [This is a] Mexican way to complain, confidences and 'what will

> I do?' I'm learning. She says, 'OK, come back in an hour.' 8pm and I go back … 'it's not quite ready, come in.' 15 minutes, chat, chat, chat. International sisterhood stuff. She's doing washing and drying and babysitting at the same time. [She says,] 'we women can do several things at once, not like men!' And she says, 'oh and when they're ill [they say:] 'bring me soup. Where are you going? Don't leave me!'
>
> Travel Journal, Mexico City, October 1999

This excerpt is again complex, as it describes the intersectionality of identity in which my shared 'sisterhood' with the laundry woman seemingly trumped the binary of our *gringa/latina* difference. But I also explain candidly, in the excerpt, my learning of a behaviour that is culturally 'appropriate' to the context. Whereas in some places and contexts, complaining might produce the desired result (getting my laundry done on time), I had realised that in Mexico it was more efficient for me to put myself in a subordinate position, explaining a problem and inviting my interlocutor to help. (Perhaps this transcends place, for who would not rather be involved in finding a solution to a problem than told off for taking too long to accomplish a task? In some ways, I was simply sharing 'ownership' of the problem, and perhaps this is a good strategy in any culture.) But this excerpt also allows for insight into the explicit learning of intercultural competence, that is, a behaviour accompanying language that would, in this context, produce the desired outcome. If language is indeed for 'getting things done,' as I discussed in the previous section, it is this kind of intercultural competence that may be conferred by immersion-type Spanish learning.

REFLECTIONS: THE RESEARCHER IN THE RESEARCH

How does all of this affect the larger study, in which I discuss how we might conceptualise intercultural competence as developed through in-country Spanish-language immersion and the ways in which learners might acquire it? While my data is not primarily autoethnographic, as a researcher who has lived conceptually adjacent experiences, I necessarily draw upon these for the insights they provide on the participants' experiences. This is both expedient—a decision to layer autoethnographic data into an ethnographic study because it adds to the richness of the 'story'—but also a critique of the pretence, maintained in some research, that researchers can ever lay aside their own paradigms. We cannot.

What, then, do my own experiences contribute this research? As discussed above, intercultural competence seems to comprise the interplay between the learner's personality and paradigm—their *habitus*, in Bourdieuian terms– with their experiences of 'the culture' in the context. After Holliday (2010), I conceptualise 'culture' as 'small' rather than as national (or transnational) monoliths. So, for instance, my engagement with Spanish teachers' accuracy-obsession, as I perceived it, is an example of an individual with her own *habitus*—theories of language and language learning and motivations for learning—engaging with a 'small' culture, that is how Spanish

language tends to be taught by its native speaker teachers. There is struggle, and power plays a role: as a *gringa* in Guatemala and elsewhere, my resistance is possible. But there is also a complex layering of declarative engagement (for instance: 'I resolve to knuckle down'), along with the less conscious, procedural, everyday dealing (I cannot help but judge those teachers who wield red ink with impunity).

A similar insight is found in the diary excerpts. Again, my engagement is both procedural—complaining in the Mexican laundry, for example—and declarative, such as my conscious desire to 'pass,' and my exhilaration in the Nicaraguan marketplace when a stallholder mis/takes me for Mexican. The excerpts cited are also imbued with deeper elements of intercultural competence: my integrative motivation resonates and is not necessarily universal. While I conceptualise Spanish as 'useful,' my motivation is not primarily instrumental. These elements, of motivation (type and amount) as well as affect towards 'the culture' are important considerations in intercultural competence, too. My own experiences, therefore, provide clues as to the ways in which students, whose *habitus*, motivations, circumstances, and personalities may be very different from mine, may nonetheless be struggling interculturally as I was, and am.

NOTE

[1] A translation of the full chapter is available from the author, Phiona Stanley, e-mail: phiona.stanley@unsw.edu.au

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SECTION 5

AUTOETHNOGRAPHIC VOICES IN THE GLOBAL SOUTH

FETAUI IOSEFO

16. WHO IS EYE? AN AUTOETHNOGRAPHIC VIEW ON HIGHER EDUCATIONAL SPACES FROM A PASIFIKA GIRL

PRE-HIGHER EDUCATION: MOONWALKING WITH THE PASIFIKA GIRL IN THE MIRROR PART I

I see a brown Pasifika girl who has the Samoan migrant big nose
I see a white girl within the Pasifika girl
I see a Samoan Pasifika girl who can't speak Samoan
I see a girl who says she's Pasifika to cover up she's Samoan
I see a Pasifika mother who can't speak a Pasifika language and hasn't taught her sons any either
I see a Pasifika girl lost in translation of languages
I see a Pasifika girl who is judged by both worlds
I see a Pasifika girl trying to keep afloat in both worlds
I see a Pasifika girl who is failing
I see a Pasifika girl who is lost …
Moonwalk with her as she finds parts of who she is through higher education …
JoFl (Iosefo, 2014,1)

FACING BACK

It's All about Me-Ology

Chang (2007) discusses the challenges of autoethnography being self-indulgent, and focussed on the narrative and therefore lacking in academic analysis. In regard to the challenge of lacking analysis within auto-ethnography, three voices were birthed through previous work. These voices are now the voices in which the Pasifika girl gets culture (Pelias, 2003).

Eye-Dentity within a Name

My full name is Jerodeen Olivaigafa Fetaui Iosefo, but between zero and five years of age I was identified as Fetaui. When I started school in South Auckland,predominantly white at that time, I found out that my first name is

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 199–208.

Jerodeen and connected Jerodeen with being white and privileged, so, at the age of five, I told my family that I was to be called and identified only as Jerodeen.

Many years later, my first encounter with higher education challenged my identity: I was asked, what is in a name? Jerodeen was my name but what was the meaning behind it? I discovered that Jerodeen was meant to be spelled Geraldine; however, my mother could not spell words in English and asked my sister, who was ten years old time, to spell Geraldine, and my sister spelt it phonetically as Jerodeen. I then pursued the meaning of Fetaui and discovered that Fetaui was my grandmother's taupou (Samoan high chief daughter who dances for the village) name. I had thought that her name was Sefulu and it was her birth name, but she was later bestowed Fetaui from the village. The revelation of eye-dentity within a name was astounding: it was only when I was 27 years of age and in my first month of my undergraduate degree that I chose to be okay with being brown and being Fetaui.

SPACES

Va' and Third Space

Va' space Wendt (1999) and Bhabha's (1990) third space are complementary to each other. Both the Va' and third space refer to the between spaces, both are not focussed solely on the physical aspects of space but more so the unseen space where negotiation takes place. English (2004) with the influence of Bhabha's third space, discusses how one's identity is built within the fluidity of space. Eye incorporate three Samoan Va' which resonate with me which eye believe to be foundational in the shaping of my identity through third space. The first is Va' o tagata (Tuagalu, 2008) this refers to the relational space between people. The second is Va' fealoaloa'i (Tuagalu, 2008) the space of respect. Lastly the Va' tapuia is the sacred spiritual space (Meaola, 2007). Eye use this particular Va' later in this chapter to analyse the narratives.

Physical

Fetaui was born and raised in South Auckland, New Zealand, an area which has the highest crime rate and lowest academic achievement. Rio (Jesson et al., 2010) discusses the generations of negative stereotypes of South Auckland in regard to menial employment and low academic achievement and success. The area also has the highest population of Pasifika in New Zealand. In 2000, the elite University of Auckland located a campus specifically in the heart of South Auckland. This campus was the start of Fetaui's journey in higher education.

VOICES

Fetaui, the narrator, speaks from hooks' (1994) notion of white supremacy, where oppression is a bi-product of assimilation by the marginalised. Fetaui speaks from

a place of anxiety about her identity. Jerodeen, the academic analyser, listens to the narrative rants and raves of Fetaui, then incorporates Pasifika, Samoan and Western theories to allow Fetaui to gain understanding of herself, others and culture. JoFI the poet is the all-seeing eye of eye-dentity. Her motivation is infused with past, present and future experiences; all senses of place, space, time and heart are incorporated in JoFI.

WRITTEN FORM

The dual text recounts three experiences of the Pasifika girl within the spaces of higher education. The physical formation of the dual text segregates the voices and allows each voice to stand on its own. The dual text format allows Fetaui the narrator to use Denzin's (2006) and Pelias's (2004) pleas of using the heart as a means to listen intricately to the raw confliction of identity and yet evolve in the love of learning and life. At the same time, there is space for Jerodeen to give voice to academic critique. She also listens intently to Fetaui; however her objective is to fulfil Chang's (2007) robust autoethnographic academic analysis. By writing in dual text, both authors allow the reader to see two perspectives, the insider and outsider. This methodology is commonly used with inquiry-based practitioner research. The dual text also offers a flow of voice for the narrator without the interruption of theory. By using a dual text, the narrator allows the senses to be provoked into facets of humanity without the poking, prodding of theory that academic analysis can at times impose.

ETHICAL DILEMMAS

Ethical issues arise in regard to the narratives not only belonging to the narrator but also to the people within the stories (Ellis, 2009). To bring a balance to this ethical issue where the narratives of my family was involved, four matai (Samoan chiefs) from the aiga (family) were selected as the writer's cultural advisors to legitimate the narratives and secure the authenticity of the research.

PERSONAL

Carolyn Ellis (2014) discusses the importance of being willing to present yourself in a light of vulnerability and not be self-promoting. Talking of self is the most uncomfortable, disgusting, nose-bleed, fear-factor experience thing I could ever contemplate. The vulnerability that Ellis (2014) and Behar (1996) speak and write about for me is, about truths, the seen and unseen. Within the context of my family and cultural values, to talk of oneself is deemed self-serving and is frowned upon as prideful with no room left for humility. Our family cultural values are built on tautua (service for God and others). For this reason, when I went to seek wisdom from my family about changing the masters to an autoethnography, I was apprehensive;

however, they were surprisingly supportive, but made it very clear that my motive is that emancipation and transformation will prayerfully take place within me and within depths of whoever chooses to read it. This, for my family, fulfils our missional vision of tautua the surrendering of self for a greater purpose.

CURRICULUM AND PEDAGOGY AND EYE-DENTITY

Finding eye in them
Fetaui: Narrator

I sat in my first two papers for the Bachelor of Education programme, the first was a Māori Education lecture and the second was Schooling and Society lecture thinking …'what could a New Zealand born Samoan girl learn from Māoris about education? And why are we still talking about native schools?' At that time, in my world space, Samoans didn't think very highly of Māori and obviously, neither did I. My stinking thinking thoughts were soon put to death. We were given a Māori IQ test and we all failed miserably, the lecturers placed us in the shoes of the Māori students from the past and also placed us in the shoes of all students in the present.

My lesson was, when I teach I have to value each child and the shoes in which they have moonwalked. These papers were often taught in story form. The lecturers openly shared their struggle as Māori in our society as well as in education. They shared the emancipation and empowerment which took place inside of them and their whānau (family)…these papers challenged who I was.

How did I fit into NZ society and education? Why did my parents migrate from Samoa? What does Samoa look like? Why didn't I ever fit in? I was burdened with graduating as a teacher…and not knowing who I was. Aged 27, I went to Samoa for the first time.

Identity through engaged pedagogy
Jerodeen: Academic analyser

The pedagogical approach of both papers delivered encompassed hooks' (1994) view on holistic education. Hooks suggests that holistic education is based on the premise that each person finds identity, meaning and purpose in life, through connections to the community, natural world and spiritual values such as compassion and peace. Fetaui's narrative confirmed the internalization which took place because of both papers. She was able to question, and weave the threads of her identity together not only in education but also in New Zealand society.

The lecturers at Manukau unashamedly sharing who they were, their struggles growing up in New Zealand society, confirmed hooks' engaged pedagogy approach (1994) where she notes that she does not expect her students to take risks if she isn't willing to. The influence of the curriculum on identity is effective in this case. Fetaui notes that the papers challenged who she was not only internally but externally. This, in effect, began a discourse of discovery with her and her family returning to Samoa to discover her origins of identity. Although the narrative does not continue with her journey of identity in Samoa, what it does uncover is the power of the curriculum and the influence on Fetaui's identity.

RACIST SNAG

The incident
Fetaui: Narrator

We were encouraged to do our practicums in a range of schools and deciles. This, for me, was slightly uncomfortable as I hadn't been anywhere but in the south of Auckland. Leaving the south was quite scary, not only as a student but as a South-sider. One particular practicum was in an east school. I walked in and the teacher looked at me up and down and asked me my name. I gave her my name. She then asked if I could shorten my surname for the children to pronounce, for example Mrs I as opposed to Mrs Iosefo. I agreed to this and was introduced to my class as Mrs I. The next day a little boy from the class came up to me and said 'my dad says you're a coconut.' I said 'nope I'm not a coconut, I'm a person.' The little boy turned and started chanting 'you're a coconut, you're a coconut.' I walked away and went and saw my associate, who looked blankly at me and said 'yes, that sounds like something he would say,' then did nothing and neither did I. I was pissed off with the lack of support I had gotten from the associate teacher and pissed off with myself for not being more assertive.

When I took full control for writing, I took in a coconut and did a writing experience on what a coconut was. We used our senses of How it looked? What did it feel like? What could they hear when they shook it? Then we cut it open and continued what was inside it and what it tasted like. At every step I likened the coconut to myself and finally asked the class 'so, am I a coconut? Do you think you could eat me?' And that's how I dealt with dat!

The counter
Jerodeen: Academic analyser

The space of Manukau in the South side of Auckland had a sense of unity and unrealistic utopia for Fetaui. Her practicum experience, although uncomfortable, was necessary in the reality of the world. Siope (2010) writes about being called a 'coconut' and views it as discrimination. This term 'coconut' has negative connotations for Pasifika people. It is a reminder of a time in New Zealand when Pasifika were viewed as taking legitimate New Zealanders' employment (Lafaialii, 2012). The Pasifika who did not have citizenship papers were deported. The way Siope (2010) took direct offence to being called a coconut, and this resulting in a physical altercation, demonstrates the severity of this racist label. However, had Fetaui heard Siope's father's counter-racist description of a coconut tree, her view on being called a coconut may have altered:

> *"The virtues of the coconut tree. In storms, we were told, the tree is sought after by the islanders and some mothers would tie themselves and their baby children to the tree so that they would not get blown away…The coconut tree is the life source of Samoa. Without it the people would die: it is used as food, drink and all its resource materials, every single aspect of it is used… The coconut could traverse many seas, guided by the tides and would embed its roots deep into the sandy foundations of its new island homeland and there grow tall and strong enough to withstand storms. Where there are coconut trees there is life." (Siope, 2010, 40)*

The quote by Siope (2010) is not a solution to racism but it is a powerful means for Fetaui to sift within her sieve of third space.

THE GRADUATE

I am a university graduate teacher
I have defied the odds of the stereotypes of South Auckland
I am ready to change the world one child at a time.
Wind blows time evolves
University lied to me
My voice does not matter, it is muzzled by school politics
I am eaten up and spat out
I hide the pain from my children at school
The mask is unbearable
Va tapuia set me free…
Reprieve is here
Escapism from the frontline battlefield of education
New space new level of educational scars
The graduate returns
JoFI

MATTERS OF THE HEART

A heart matter
Fetaui: Narrator

Finally the last paper in my post-grad diploma, the research methodologies paper. I am 6 months pregnant and look and feel like a monster. I have been told by fellow students this paper is the worst paper and that it has a high failure rate. Which meant for me, being Pasifika, I was definitely going to fail. How depressing I thought! And then I met the lecturer. She was lovely. Yes she was hard but there was something lovely about her. She would often start each session talking about her moko (grandchildren) or her children and I felt instantly drawn to her.

As time progressed she shared her academic struggle with our class; the more she shared the closer I felt to her. The assignments and lectures set us up for the research we could do for further study. Her famous words, which still ring today in my thoughts, are…'I don't want to see quotes in your assignments, if I see quotes that tells me you were too lazy to explain what it meant'…

Importance of support
Jerodeen: Academic analyser

The tsunami experience renders an example of the life that higher education students face outside of the academic world.

The auto-ethnographer here seeks verisimilitude, a buy-in from the reader to feel and experience the narrative (Ellis & Bochner, 2011) Autoethnography allows Fetaui, the insider, to write about the suffering she experienced as the narrator and therefore understand some of the complexities of suffering through her vulnerability in writing (Ellis & Bochner, 2011).

Within this particular narrative, Fetaui includes her cultural identity ties to Samoa and enables the reader to explore her historical lineage through her mother and we, as an audience, are able to testify to and witness the experience (Denzin, 2004; Ellis & Bochner, 2006, 2011).

The Samoan term Va' tapuia (Amituanai-Tola, 2007) is also known as the sacred spiritual space.

She went overseas for a conference towards the end of our semester but we could always contact her. While she was away we had our final assignment due. Up to this date I had never handed in or asked for an extension on any assignment whilst studying in higher education.

Then the morning of 27th of September 2009, I turned on my TV to Sunrise TV three and watched the coverage of the tsunami in Samoa. My heart skipped a beat. They mention Lalomanu, my mother's birth village. I yelled out to mum to 'come quick a tsunami has hit Lalomanu.' Mum and dad come out of their room and I ring my sister and tell her watch the news. She said she had heard and she was on her way over. I'm looking at my mother and her face is turning pale; she clings onto dad and says 'it's Lalomanu' then prays, 'Lord please be with my family …' In no time my nephews, nieces, siblings and great-nephews and nieces arrive to be together.

Some of us are huddled around the TV and others were ringing through to Samoa, emailing and Facebooking. We have no communication with them. That night no one is able to sleep. We have heard that there is a number of fatalities. A family meeting is called and mum, dad and siblings, including spouses, and nieces are confirmed to fly out immediately to Samoa.

I'm frantic wanting to go. My father turns to me and says 'Fetaui you stay. it has taken God sixteen years to trust you with another son, you stay and look after him.' My heart ached with deep sorrow, but I knew what he was saying was true. So I stay to rally around and organise containers of food, linen, clothes and building materials.

This space is not limited to a physical space but the interactions of one with sacred spaces of the seen and unseen. This sacred spiritual space is incorporated in the narrative. The connection this time is seen and heard through Fetaui's mother: she goes into the sacred third space to pray for comfort. It is evident here that Fetaui's third space of Va' tapuia is hereditary.

In this shared third space, Fetaui is not an alien; she is surrounded by the like-minded people of her family.

Requesting an extension, is an ordeal for Fetaui and she drives home that she did not want to be branded or stereotyped as another brown brother (Iosefo, 2012) not cutting it within higher education. Lafaialii (2012) discusses how Pasifika people were in demand in the 1950s to work in New Zealand factories. Then, in the 1970s, came a dark era in New Zealand history, a history into which Fetaui was born: the dawn raids took place. Pasifika people went from being needed to being tossed out. So I would have to agree with Lafaialii, historically inequality is the foundation for Pasifika in New Zealand. This inequality it is coupled with insecurity.

Fetaui's hybridity is hence loaded with inequality and insecurity. Her moonwalk into life did not begin in higher education; it began the day she was born into New Zealand society. Her insecurity and sense of worthlessness is influenced by the foundations of her family's migration from Samoa to New Zealand and the politics at the time.

The next morning on Sunrise I'm watching the destruction of the tsunami and in the camerashot I can see my aunty Fuimaono Rosa walking in the background. I yell out to mum to come, see, it's her sister and she's alive. Everyone rushes to the sitting room, my mother and father are both praising the Lord. We are stoked to see her. I email TV3 and thank them.

Yay! We finally get a phone call from Samoa. My mother is on the phone talking to the sister she just saw on TV. Mum is sitting on her lazy-boy, praising the Lord that her sister is safe. Then she asks her sister 'how is our family?' My mother looks at us, her face turns pale, she tries to talk but her voice is shaking. She says slowly, 'Grandpa is missing, Aunty is missing ... 14 members of our family are missing.' Tears are streaming down my mother's face. She is strong; she's the eldest in the family, and she has to be. But her whole body is shaking with sadness.

Whilst the dramas of the tsunami are unfolding, I'm thinking about my assignment that's due and how I'm going to fit my studies with the organising of everything. I email my lecturer and give her the heads up that I may need a dreaded extension. She replies back from her conference overseas with the warmest email saying for me to take my time.

I'm in awe by her reaction. I had often thought of the lecturers at post-grad level as academic robots, but this lecturer had a care factor. Because of this, I managed to get my assignment done and handed it in a week later. I didn't need to but because of the way she was, I wanted to work harder not for myself, but to let her know that I wasn't taking advantage of her.

Within Fetaui's third space complementary of the Va', the tsunami becomes a pivotal moment in Fetaui's life. Because of the tsunami, she sees New Zealand in a different light: no longer in the light of inequality or insecurity, but in the light of loss and love. Fetaui therefore has a mindset shift. The reflection in the mirror of a dark past in Fetaui's hybridity now has a thin light of hope.

At this junction, the narrative is used as a means of therapy, a means to understand Fetaui and her experience (Kiesinger, 2002, Poulos, 2008 cited in Ellis & Bochner, 2011) By using third space in complement to the Va', she is able to construct new knowledge and identify key moments within the realms of Pasifika, Samoan and Western culture which help shape her identity as a New Zealand-born Samoan.

The research class had heard about what had happened and were sympathetic with my situation, being pregnant and the tsunami. One of the ladies gave me a card and a gift for my unborn baby.

During the tsunami, I saw New Zealand in a different light. I learnt that everyone is connected in some way or another, I learnt that loss crosses all races, colours and sizes. I realised how important rallying together in love in times of devastation helps heal the loss.

THE UNSPOKEN THE UNHEARD

The timeless age of identity evolves through space and place in this chapter. The juxtaposition of Fetaui and Jerodeen merge as one person from I to EYE. The eye allows both authors to step away from each other, and inhale the Va tapuia, then exhale hope, faith, love, culture and life within and through the spaces of higher education. The deep inhalation of the senses of all sacred spaces, the holding of breath, allowing time for the sifting of Va'-and third space and the exhalation permeates self, others and culture which has been imbued in this chapter is now in JoFI final poem of I/eye-dentity.

PASIFIKA GIRL IN THE MIRROR PART 2

Eye see a Pasifika girl who still has the migrant big nose
Eye see a Pasifika girl who understands that identity is a constant
Eye see a Pasifika girl who is unsure but willing to try
Eye see a Pasifika girl who rings her mother to have conversations in Samoan
Eye see a Pasifika girl who loves her family and her God
Eye see a Pasifika girl thankful for the experience of higher education
Eye hear the father of the Pasifika girl say "you know Jesus, you know everything"
Eye see a Pasifika girl moonwalking with a jig in her hips, smiling looking up
Eye see a Samoan Pasifika girl
JoFI (2014, 51)

Who is eye?
A combination of voices heard and silenced, seen and unseen.

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MELISSA CAREY

17. THE TRANSFORMATIVE EXPERIENCES OF CULTURAL HEALING

An Autoethnography of Kaupapa Māori

THE CALLING

As the call to enter rang out across the *Marae*, I could barely hold my composure. The *Kaikaranga*, the caller, was a Māori woman, a community elder, dressed in a long black skirt, her hair tied at the back of her head and adorned with feathers. Her calling vibration beckoned us closer, calling for us to enter. I was standing with my husband and young children. Not alone, yet alone in the shedding of my tears, tears that were beginning to roll down my cheeks. I recall this moment, my first experience of being on *Marae*, the traditional meeting grounds of the *Māori* people. Each time I visit now I feel a little more at home, each time connecting with my *tūpuna*, my ancestors that guide me, and *Papatūānuku*, earth mother, and *Ranginui* sky father. The *Māori* people are the *Tangata Whenua*, the original people of the land of *Aotearoa*, New Zealand.

I remember the times of dreaming, during *te pō*, the darkness. There I would experience the presence of my ancestors, calling me to stand strong, to take action, to be *Māori*, to be proud. I have always trusted in the dreaming, and this journey has strengthened and developed that trust. I have listened to the guidance of my ancestors so that I may take the path that they have foreseen. It has been difficult moving between worlds, between the colonized world, *te ao Māori*, the *Māori* world, and *te pō*, the spirit world. In the spirit world there are no color boundaries, there are no colonizers to control knowledge. There is pure essence, *te wairua ora*, the spirit of well-being. There I am visible, they see my purpose. Here in the bodied world, where I inhabit flesh and blood, I am invisible, I do not belong, and there are parts of myself that feel powerless. This is the story of my journey between worlds, of uncloaking and recloaking. With guidance, I found my voice, my strength as *Māori* woman, (re)claiming my own space.

LOOKING BACKWARDS

This story is a personal story of a journey into the *Māori* world, *te ao* Māori. Firstly it is culturally appropriate that I introduce myself so that you, as the reader may gain a sense of where I am grounded. An introduction, a form of *mihi*, connects me to my

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 209–220.

place, it connects me to you through a shared connection to the *whenua*, the land of the planet we call earth, or *Papatūānuku*, earth mother. It is usual for *Māori* people to provide a *mihimihi*, a greeting in *Māori* language, *te reo Māori*, at the beginning of their story. The traditional form of this greeting situates the speaker, the author within a certain space, connects them to people, land and water, within *te ao* Māori, the *Māori* world. I have chosen not to include my greeting as a formal aside within the introduction. This is because I want to acknowledge its significance to knowing self, and it is only through the experiences of my autoethnography that I have gained knowledge and embodied the meaning within this knowledge. So it is that I shall start from the beginning of the journey.

I was born in Australia, the first of four children. When I was a child we moved between the city and an isolated natural bush property in a rural coastal town in Australia. I lived within an extended family household. There were always many people in our home. I knew that my mother was born in *Aotearoa*, New Zealand, although I had not really processed what it meant to be from both Australia and *Aotearoa*, New Zealand. It was not until I was in my mid-thirties that a rupture in my understanding of self-occurred as some of my family secrets began to unravel.

It was then that I began to learn the stories of my ancestors from *Aotearoa*, New Zealand. I had discovered, uncloaked, a brown secret, hidden beneath my white skin. I was descended from *Māori* chiefs. It was as if the knowledge was a spark that had ignited a fire (the heat was turned up) as they, the forgotten ancestors, called me to action. There was a story to be told and meaning to be explored. How would I respond? What did it all mean?

At the same time I was moving through the academic world in search of a place to start my research journey. I had previously undertaken ethnography, and I knew there was something missing. My journey was steered in the direction of autoethnography during a music and autoethnography workshop with Carolyn Ellis. It was the moment I realized autoethnography was the answer to making my heart sing about research. It was the right moment to discover the secret self, the invisible self, uncloaking and exposing the trauma that lay beneath the surface. This chapter is the resulting offspring from the intersection of these two moments, of two worlds coming together within an academic space. It is the story of my journey into a world that was new to me, the *Māori* world, to discover, to uncloak, the hidden self that was inside me. To heal the wounds of cultural loss, to grow the child that had never learnt of her own inner potential as a *Māori* girl, woman. The question was: How was healing going to happen, what was the journey going to look and feel like? And later it evolved into: How does an immersion within *Kaupapa* Māori heal the traumatized self and influence well-being?

THE RUPTURE, THE TRAUMA OF SELF

For a time I was lost in self, in trauma, in a whirlwind of confused emotion. I was questioning the ideas that had colonized my brain through many years of doing,

of being, a white, Western woman. These were my foundations of self, ideas that I thought were fixed and immutable. It was an experience of Bourdieu's (1990) "Habitus." A social positon that was entrenched. What I found was that these ideas became flexible, liquid, the layers were dissolved, peeled back. I was waking up from a coma, from a numbness, a quiet slumber. I was recovering from a cultural trauma.

I began to recognize that cultural trauma is a concept which represents the individual and collective suffering experienced by Indigenous peoples (Alexander, 2013). Cultural trauma can occur due to many complex factors. Some of these factors include historical and contemporary social ruptures such as colonization, immigration and globalization (Chang, 2008; Denzin, 2008; Dunbar, 2008; Moses & Knutsen, 2012; Alexander, 2013). Often cultural trauma has been associated with cultural loss due to war, forced relocation, slavery and starvation (Hundall et al., 2004). It is easy to acknowledge these levels of cultural trauma they are tangible and cutting to the core. This is exactly what I found difficult, I had failed to recognize the significance of cultural trauma in my own life. It was easier to project it onto others. In particular, as I began my journey, I read the autoethnographic journey of Si Belkacem Taieb (2014). His journey into the Kabyle landscape was one filled with danger and the trauma was obvious. Looking inside the self for these experiences meant reexamining my experiences of whiteness. I had been cloaked in whiteness, I was positioned by others and by myself as having white privilege. Through much of my intercultural work as a nurse and an academic, I had come to terms with this advantage and the role I was told that it played in my life.

This position then made it difficult to acknowledge my experience as trauma. In comparison, I was not living in a war zone. I felt that I was unlikely to be threatened if I dared to embrace my cultural heritage (although this perspective would also shift). Yet, there was a sense of cultural trauma about my experience. My colonized view could only see others as experiencing trauma. I found that shedding the outer layers to expose the precolonial processes of my mind, exposed those aspects of trauma that were covered up, concealed and cloaked as a white woman.

That was when I found that the rupture of finding my ancestral heritage as an adult could be considered as social change, resulting in a cultural trauma. The notion of social changes as traumatic ruptures has been characterized in four ways by Sztompka (2000). These four ways include:

- The social change is sudden, rapid (temporal)
- The social change is radical, deep and touching to the core
- The change arises from an external source other than the usual social group
- It is unexpected, surprising and unpredicted (Sztompka, 2000)

This type of cultural trauma caused a shift in social positioning and understandings of self, a rupture of self. This initial social change exposed the historical cultural traumas which had been passed intergenerationally, the collective cultural traumas such as colonization. This caused a shift in internal frame of reference. My personal rupture and trauma was rooted in the sudden and unexpected learning of *Māori*

heritage. This new knowledge was externally located; it had come from my uncle who I had not seen for many years. It had challenged current thought processes and triggered yet to be decoded memories (Tumarkin, 2013). This rupture had also occurred during a time of questioning about my position within Indigenous knowledge systems, thus increasing the substance of the trauma, rupturing my cultural perspective and my positioning of whiteness.

When I considered the idea of trauma more deeply, and as I began to acknowledge my heritage as an aspect of self, the traumatic rupture exposed the inherited trauma as a result of my Indigenous roots. I, therefore, represent survival from trauma. I did not want to be just surviving, I wanted to know more, to reconnect, to give back. It was time to move, to shift, from a survival position, to recovery position. It was time to heal my cultural wounds and discontinue the intergenerational transmission of trauma (Pihama et al., 2014). My autoethnography became my cultural healing.

What is cultural healing? Cultural healing involves a transformation from sickness to wellness which is enhanced through culturally meaningful experiences (Kirmayer, 2004). Through the healing of these cultural wounds a positive sense of self can be achieved (Sztopmka, 2000; Houkamau & Sibley, 2010) re-establishing human agency (Alexander, 2013). If it is possible to heal cultural wounds through culturally appropriate transformative experiences (Brokenleg, 2012), I wondered how I would firstly find, expose, and locate the cultural wounds? Secondly I wondered which cultural experiences were needed. Thirdly, how would I know when it, the healing, was happening? There was little information within the literature to help me, as there is a paucity of knowledge about how cultural healing occurs and what it means to individuals (Huriwai, 2002; Houkamau & Sibley, 2010). I found that there was a need to understand personal and collective traumas to add to the little knowledge that exists about cultural healing mechanisms (Alexander, 2013). Pihama et al. (2014) found that cultural healing for Māori people from a trauma perspective was yet to be explored within *Aotearoa*, New Zealand.

Acknowledging and understanding my cultural wounds was the first step in the healing process. I had lived my life with chronic illness and had become accustomed to ignoring my life long physical sickness. This too was a difficult self-reflective process, I had lived in fear of succumbing to chronic disease and giving up on life. Would acknowledging this cultural wound, this personal sickness lead me down a path I was not prepared for? I soon found that this type of sickness is vastly different from the biomedical sense of sickness that I had learnt in all of my studies and practice as a registered nurse in Australia. It is a sickness that arises through the trauma of disconnection from cultural roots, a disconnection from land and place, a disconnection due to colonization and globalization. It is such a profound sickness that it influences all other sicknesses. It is a sickness that impacts on the very essence of well-being. My journey became a personal journey of recovery.

This journey of recovery, this *hīkoi*, is a personal recovery of cultural connection, a healing of the wounds of separation. Personal recovery, according

to Glover (2012, 6), is 'the ability to learn from, reflect upon, make sense of, and create meaning leading to new action.' Recovery approaches can be seen as social responses to the biomedical dominance over health and well-being programs. Recovery approaches are driven by lived experiences and focus on creating opportunities for people to regain lost cultural connections. Glover (2012) has described some elements that may be required for a recovery, such as hope, an ability to respond/control, a sense of connectedness, discovery and an active sense of self. Connecting this notion of recovery to culture, I begin to explore how the cultural recovery impacts on health and well-being, through the lived experience of recovery. I started to take control of my connectedness and discover an active sense of self, whereby I acknowledge all aspects of self and take action based on those aspects which are most silenced.

This journey of self was a point of cultural difference, where the Māori self, the non-dominant voice was being privileged within this journey of *self*. It is through sociological introspection, a reflexive method of autoethnography, non-dominant voices are given the power to speak. Sociological introspection 'is the process of thinking about thinking and feeling about feeling in a focused way in order to examine the lived experience of the self' (Ellis, 2008, 2). Primarily, the process of sociological introspection is used to recall lived experiences for the purposes of writing about the relationship between *self* and other; however it can be utilized effectively to search out these hidden *selves* allowing them to be given voice. This technique can be used to move through the layers of *self*, allowing the different voices from alternate positions to begin a healing dialogue. As pointed out by Barresi (2002), time is a factor in the development of *selves*. A voice or an I-position that has never been heard can be immature and underdeveloped. Time is needed to develop this voice, or another voice is required to guide the underdeveloped voices.

KAUPAPA MĀORI SELF

As I began to privilege the non-dominant *self*, the *Māori* self, I realized that this *self* was merely an underdeveloped child. It was one that was capable of emotional outbursts and responses that were from a place of social underdevelopment. I had to find a way to guide the development of this child *self* through *Māori* ways of knowing, epistemology, being, ontology and doing, axiology. These ways are important to understanding the *Māori* self, the selfhood of being *Māori*. These ways of knowing, being and doing are different from Western or mainstream ways (Moreton-Robinson & Walter, 2009). *Kaupapa* Māori was the answer. It was not that I just decided that my research was a *Kaupapa* Māori project, I had earned my blisters through doing 'being *Māori'* first, before I was spiritually, physically and intellectually opened to *Māori* ways of knowing, being and doing. This is the essence of *Kaupapa* Māori. *Kaupapa* Māori as research is 'created by Māori, reflecting Māori aspirations, ideals, values and perspectives' (Royal, 2012, 31). It

is only through this journey into *te ao* Māori, the *Māori* world, that I have come to know my *Māori* side, my *taha* Māori. During this journey *Kaupapa* Māori increased in significance and it soon became clear that *Kaupapa* Māori could not just be a chapter in my story (Snowden, 2014). It was much more. In fact *Kaupapa* Māori theory provides the foundation upon which this journey into *te ao* Māori is built. In this case it is both a theoretical approach as well as a methodological framework. Understanding *Kaupapa* Māori means that my *taha* Māori, *Māori self* is legitimate, and as a researcher I am both *Māori* and *non-Māori*, where previously this *Māori* self, silently watched. Within *Kaupapa* Māori my *taha māori*, the *Māori* voice was privileged, taking the dominant voice position where I did not need to not justify its existence. Thus the healing began with the *self* as legitimate.

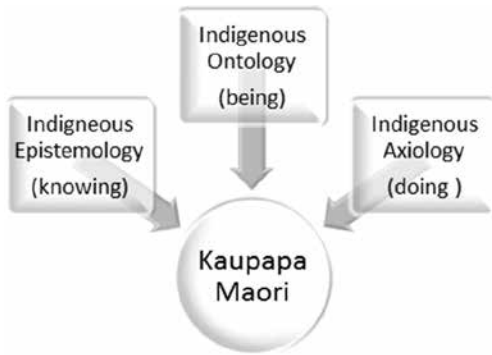

Figure 17.1. Indigenous knowing being and doing

Kaupapa Māori provided the guidance for the knowing, being and doing that the immature *Māori self* needed. There was one problem. The object was the transformation of *self*, from a wounded position to a healed position. How was this going to fit into the *Kaupapa* approach, when much of the focus is on a service to the community? To be seen doing and being for *self* could be interpreted as narcissistic. Whitinui (2014) advises that writing about *self* from a position of healing is considered 'a culturally dynamic, creative, and powerful learning point of difference that moves toward a more universal, performance/participatory, 'Native' way of knowing and becoming that is relevant in today's world' (479). Through this process I am valuing the *Māori self*, providing a space to privilege those aspects of *self* that have been silenced. I reject and defy the colonial desire to breed out the color (McGregor, 2002; Belich, 2012). I am nurturing, protecting uniqueness and celebrating being *Māori*. Whitinui (2014) suggests this can be achieved through '(re)engaging in environments that help to self-determine, (re)connect, (re) discover or inform ways of coming to know our identity, uniqueness and potential as Māori' (479). This is the lived experience of the processes of (re)connection, a

(re)discovery and awakening of a sleeping *Māori* child that has waited too long to be nurtured, developed and acknowledged. While *Kaupapa* Māori is flexible and fluid there are general overarching principles which have been agreed upon by *Māori* academics. These are engagement with *Whanau* (family), *Te Reo* (Māori Language), *Whakapapa* (Geneology), *Tikanga* (Culture and Customs) and *Tino Rangatiratanga* (Autonomy) (Pihama, Cram, & Walker, 2002; Walker, Gibbs, & Eketone, 2006). All of these aspects have been considered on this journey, providing a holistic approach to cultural recovery. This journey has required the action of seeking out those experiences which relate in particular to knowing, being and doing *Māori*.

THE JOURNEY

This story begins with the *waka*, the canoe. My great-great-great grandmother, Clara Haszard was a survivor of a natural disaster that occurred in New Zealand in 1886, the volcanic eruption at *Tarawera*. Clara was not of *Māori* descent, she was the daughter of a colonial school teacher who had travelled from Canada to teach in what were known as 'Native Schools.' In 1886, she found herself in New Zealand as a young woman, at the beginning of her life as an adult and waiting to be granted her own school. That was all about to change. Her life and the lives of many others were ruptured by the volcanic event. There was warning of the impending trouble and it came as a mysterious sighting of a *Māori* war canoe, but it was not a solid form, it was a spirit canoe. It is this canoe that has provided the link between the colonial world and *te ao* Māori. It was the spirit canoe, the *waka*, that carefully carried me deep into the *te ao* Māori. Once I had boarded the *waka* the journey, began. I was not alone in my journey. There were others who surrounded, encouraged and tested me as they traveled alongside me. These others on the voyage of healing are people (parents, siblings, husband, children, new friends, old friends, supervisors) animals (cats, dogs, birds) and spirits (ancestors, grandparents, the gods, the elements) have all been with me in this *waka*: *he waka eke noa*, we are all in together.

This journey was one of many battles, but also many joys. I have experienced many moments of synchronicity. Moments when I had not planned an experience but it turned out to be the most transformative. For example a visit to Auckland museum turned into a poetry writing workshop on cultural identity. I have gave myself to the natural flow of time and energy, listening to my intuition, the messages from the gut, with an opened heart. This process and *way of being* has carried my *waka* on this *hīkoi*, this journey, over calm and rough waters. I have experienced many moments that are difficult to put into words. As I engaged in the ways of knowing, being and doing of my *Māori self*, I began with learning my *whakapapa*, learning the knowledge of my connection to land, people and place. It has taken a journey, as you have taken this journey of reading to get to the point of my positioning within the *Māori* world.

Ko Tainui to waka	Tainui is the canoe
Ko Waikato te awa	Waikato is the river
Ko Wharepehunga to maunga	Wharepehunga is the mountain
Ko Raukawa te iwi	Raukawa is the tribe
Ko Huri te hapū	Huri is the sub-tribe

With this knowing of connection established and becoming realized, I began to connect with the embodiment of this knowledge through being and doing. My first opportunity came with learning to weave a small basket, a *kete*. Symbolically this basket signified the beginning of knowledge gathering. The process of weaving grounded me. It connected me with the earth and the women around me. Through the physical binding of the fibers the spiritual cords began to reattach. These connections that where severed through cultural trauma began the healing process. Weaving was also a way to engage the mind in introspection, a meditation. It was a channel through which the ancestral knowledge was passed via a connection to the *Māori* goddess, *Hine-te-iwaiwa*. For this to be achieved the correct processes must be adhered to, tikanga must be followed for the establishment of the healing pathways. As I developed my weaving skills, I felt as though I had finally learnt something useful. I had a new sense of my human ability, or my ability as a woman. I was undertaking a normal developmental process that I had been denied. Weaving opened a channel of communication with *Māori self* that, whilst sitting outside and connected to *Papatūānuku*, earth mother, stabilized and focused my mind, so the healing could begin. Weaving would become a new way that I would imagine the world, it was a transformation of my meaning schemes and perspectives. It was as Mezirow and Taylor (2009) describe transformative learning that produced subjective reframing of cultural narrative.

When I travelled to Auckland, the childhood home of my mother, I visited the War Memorial and Museum. Each time I returned, as my journey of healing continued, it was as if I was seeing with new eyes and ears. My senses were different: I was tuning into another place, a different vibration. I was now connecting with the knowledge in a more meaningful way, on a new level, through a different lens. I began to awaken ancient knowledge that was embedded within my cells, and to recall moments when I had previously unknowingly connected to this knowledge. I closed my eyes and I recalled an experience that I had had, many years before this journey began.

While standing on an isolated beach in Australia, in shallow water with my back to the open water, small objects began to hit the back of my ankles. They would hit the back of my legs, bounce off and swirling all around me. I suddenly felt the sensation of gratitude, a feeling of excitement overcame my body; I fell to my knees and began frantically collecting the sea creatures, the pippies. A pipi is a small-shelled clam-like creature that is found in shallow waters at the sea edge in Australia and *Aotearoa*, New Zealand. I recall feeling blessed, feeling that I could feed my family so well. Although we had always collected pippies as children, I had never

eaten them. But in that moment I was not there to collect food for my family. I did not even have a large family to support. I let all of the pippies go, and I was left wondering, *what had I just experienced*? Was my body recalling an ancient memory, a connection to the sea as giver of gifts, the blessings of life? Was *Tangaroa*, the god of the sea, sending me his blessings even when I did not acknowledge them for what they were, gifts from the gods?

Tangaroa Maisy Rika sings to me
Is the guardian of the sea
Although my eyes are blind
My heart asleep
You have always known of me
Wading in the shallows
Searching for what I seek
I turn to face the land, when I hear the words
"never turn your back on me"
The push and pull forces me onto bended knee
In the retreating wave your abundance is revealed
I feel a rush of energy, to the point of ecstasy
Today I have kai for my family
(Melissa Carey, 23.11.14)

This small piece above was inspired by the recalling of the moment of the experience in the sea but also from listening and watching a song about *Tangaroa* the god of the sea by *Māori* musician Maisey Rika. I came to the realization that although I had been unaware of my ancestry for so long, the elements, the gods, the natural world had always known. I had never been lost, and would never be lost. It was always a matter of finding myself.

Opening my eyes and I return to my body to find and myself remembering the Auckland Museum as my mother and I silently wander around and finding ourselves ushered into a spoken word-writing workshop. The session was organised by Grace Taylor as part of the Navigating Spaces, talking culture project (2012). The workshop was designed for *Māori* children who had travelled from Rotorua to Auckland to participate in an exploration of urban identity through poetry and writing.

Rotorua is a place of geothermal activity, geysers, mud pools and thermal springs. It is not far from the Tarawera eruption site where my *non-Māori* family and many *Māori* people were killed. The air is often filled with a pungent smell, not unlike that of rotten eggs. It is produced by the geothermal activity. It is so distinct that the smell permeated my memory of visiting *Aotearoa* as a child. After a family holiday to Rotorua, on the North Island, my brothers and I would often joke about it, even though we were living in another country. During the spoken-word workshop we were asked to call out words that represented home, one boy said quietly, 'the stink, rotten smell.' I instantly knew what he meant. I was intrigued that children from *Rotorua* strongly associated the smell with their place, their home. I felt connected

to the children through the remembered experience of the senses, the smell. During the workshop we were encouraged to select the words from the list that had been constructed by all of us in the group. Our poetry was to be four lines starting with the words 'where I'm from.' The words we used were a representation of our home. I had just returned from the *Waikato* region of New Zealand, so I wanted to use the words that represented where I had just come from. After I had written the first verse, I felt compelled to continue, and write a second verse. The second verse describes my thoughts of where I was going, to Australia. Australia had always been home until now. My spoken-word poetry was constructed using the words of the workshop participants and my own. I consider this a co-constructed piece of writing about the experience of *Aotearoa*, New Zealand and Australia as home.

Where I'm from weeping willows hang with history
Where I'm from shadows on the river cast memories of the future
Where I'm from the fresh sour smell of rau fills the air
Where I'm from chocolate mixes with coconut flesh for Christmas
Where I'm from there are gentle warm welcomes to bring me home
Where I go there are chocolate teapots that fill rooms for tea
Where I go, noisy seagulls fight over sweaty fish and chips
Where I go, playing kids, roller doors and sandy beaches hang together
Where I go, main roads lead to cows and freshly cut grass
Where I go, songbirds turn to parrots
(Melissa Carey; 24.11.2012)

As I moved through the Kaupapa Māori principles immersing in *te ao* Māori as much as I could within Australia and Aotearoa, New Zealand, I learnt a lot about myself and the contribution of a whole *self* to my sense of well-being. I found many people, woman and men, who were on the same path as me, who were reconnecting and revitalizing the cultural self, the *Māori* self within them in various ways. Some were practicing kapa haka, learning te reo, whilst others were practicing weaving and the healing arts. Many are immersing in all things related to being *Māori*, like my own journey. As I began to look to the future, wondering if I was now recloaked as *Māori* woman. The gods provided one last time, with the opportunity to learn to weave a *korowai*, a traditional *Māori* cloak. A *korowai* is usually passed down through the ancestral lines or made for a special occasion, such as graduation. As I began to weave my cloak, making the first sacred weaving line, I began to feel the natural completion of this journey. That not only would I be cloaked in the western sense, but within *te ao* Māori the pathway to cloaking as *Māori* was in my own hands. The basket of knowledge was being passed down and it is up to me what I do with that knowledge. I continue to earn my blisters and to weave my *korowai*, a cloak that acknowledges my place and my heritage. My cloak is woven with the sacred feathers of the emu.

LOOKING FORWARD

I have merely provided a glimpse into the many experiences that I have lived through during this journey into the *Māori* world, through this autoethnography of *Kaupapa* Māori as healing. As I move forward with a new sense of *self* as a *Māori* woman, a fire has been lit. As I continue to move forward, always looking backwards to where I have come from. The fire fuels the desire to keep learning, to keep developing, to reach my full human potential, my potential as woman, as *Māori* and as healer. It is through this process of connecting that we come to know the world through our spiritual lens one that comes from a full awareness of all of the senses. These are the senses that are no longer dulled, or blocked by the blinding, brainwashing of the dominant paradigm. It is time to shift, to move, to grow, to break free, and to uncloak the secrets and let the healings continue, breaking free from the bonds of "Habitus." I learn to weave a new skin, I begin to recloak as *Māori* women.

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elke emerald AND ROBERT E. RINEHART

18. POSTSCRIPT

The Place of the Sensory in Contemporary Ethnographies

CEAD KEYNOTE PANEL

Participants: *D. Soyini Madison, Hoturoa Barclay-Kerr, and Karen Barbour*
Chair of session: *Holly Thorpe*

Ngā mihi mahana kia koutou. Kō Holly Thorpe tāku ingoa. Ngā te whare Wānanga o Waikato ahau. Tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou, tēnā koutou katoa. Good afternoon, and welcome all. My name is Holly Thorpe, and I'm honoured to be moderating this keynote panel today. The theme for this year's conference is *Sensual Landscapes of Ethnography*. As a sociologist of sport and physical culture myself, the moving, affective sensual body is essential to my research and teaching practices. However, coming to understand the complexities and the political potentialities of the living, feeling, sensing, perceiving, emotional aspects of sporting bodies continues to prove quite difficult indeed. So today I'm excited, and indeed, honoured to chair this panel with three incredible keynotes, who will be sharing their own experiences of how the sensual, or sensory, informs their research, teaching, and/or activism.

So firstly, a very warm welcome to Professor Soyini Madison. Professor Madison is currently chair in the Department of Performance Studies at Northwestern University, with appointments in the programme of African Studies in the Department of Anthropology. She is the author of various books, including *Acts of Activism*, *Human Rights as Radical Performance*, and *Critical Ethnography: Methods, Ethics and Performance*. As a performance ethnographer Soyini directs non-fiction, and ethnographic data for the stage. And for those of you who were lucky enough to be here this morning for her keynote presentation, you will know that she is a remarkable woman, who is making major contributions to society and the academy, through her research, teaching and performance activism.

Secondly, it's a great honour to introduce Hoturoa Barclay Kerr. Hoturoa is from Tainui, and has lived in the Waikato region for over 25 years. He is one of this country's leading exponents of waka [double-hulled canoe] and a revivalist of ocean sailing by celestial navigation on the waka. Hoturoa has been sailing for over 35 years, and confesses that his life revolves around all things waka. He paddles waka, sails waka and teaches waka. In fact, he just recently arrived back from a voyage across the Tasman to Sydney. His incredible achievements on the open ocean,

e. emerald et al. (Eds.), Global South Ethnographies, 221–236.

combined with his passion for education and sharing ancestral knowledges with his people make him an eminent figure in New Zealand society.

Last, but certainly not least, I take great pride in introducing Doctor Karen Barbour. Karen is a dear colleague of mine, in the Department of Sport and Leisure Studies here at the University of Waikato. She's internationally renowned for her dance research and autoethnographic approaches, and her innovative contributions to embodied ways of knowing. She is the editor of *Dance Research Aotearoa*, and author of *Dancing Across the Page: Narrative and Embodied Ways of Knowing*. And she's co-editor of *Ethnographic World Views: Social Justice and Transformation*. She is also one of the initial instigators of CEAD and continues to make a huge contribution to each and every conference.

Let's commence our conversation about how each of our keynotes envisages the sensory as informing their own ethnographic practices, whether it be in the classroom, on the stage and in the ocean, or in other equally sensuous geographies. So I have four questions that I'm going to pose, one at a time, giving each of our keynotes the opportunity to respond before moving on to the next question. And with this format, we expect to have plenty of time at the end for questions and further discussion.

So the first question I'm going to pose to our three keynotes is: how do you use, or manifest the sensory in your work?

HOTUROA

Kia ora tātau. [Mihi given but words indistinct in Te Reo as speaker is apparently positioned away from microphone]…I'm just really honoured to be here today to spend a little bit of time talking with such great people. And, I guess, to respond to Holly's question, I really need to just quickly give you an idea of some of the stuff that I'm involved in, and that I do. One of the greatest challenges in what we're trying to recover, in terms of navigational and sailing technology—the navigation of, and sailing technology of our Pacific history is actually the ability to look, to hear, to feel.

And to understand all the different conversations. I call them conversations. Whenever I talk to the young people who come and learn about these things with me, I actually say to them, 'We are actually having continuous conversations.' And for a lot of people, until I go into it a little bit more deeply, they have a tendency to think that somehow there's these invisible people that I'm talking about when we're having these conversations. But these are conversations in our heads that are reflecting on the people who have mentored us and taught us things. And we're going back and reflecting on those conversations. So as we're sailing, I say to the young people that work with me, 'What did I tell you back then?' Or, 'What did I tell you my teacher told me?' And so I try and get them to create those kinds of conversations, because at the end of the day, it's a matter of them knowing where to look to find the stars that they need to give them direction. Or they need to know

when they look at certain birds that approach the canoe that, 'These are the birds I pay attention to, and these are the ones that I know will be travelling with me for the whole journey.' And looking for those kinds of signs. As we remember conversations we rehearse and remember the knowledge.

I know when people first come on to the waka, and they start doing things with us, they actually have a very different approach to it. They're stepping into a new world and they , but they don't … Or they think that the things that we do are almost like magic.

But I keep trying to say to them, 'If you do this enough, there's certain things that you as a person who's experiencing this can see, feel, or hear, that someone just coming in to the game doesn't see, feel or hear' … I've got friends who are very great musicians. They can tune a guitar or a ukulele perfectly, to concert pitch, because they are so used to it. Whereas a lot of other people, they could never tell if it's actually the note when they tune it. And the same thing happens when we're sailing, when we're doing our navigational stuff. It's about knowing where to look, and if you can't see exactly what you see, there's all these other little signs around you. So you don't have to know the name of every single star in the galaxy, to be able to do what we do. You just need to know that if you can't see the one you want, that there's all these other clusters, or friends of that star, that tell you where you need to be looking.

So we listen to the sounds of the wind, the sounds of the sea. Just as an example, last week we sailed our canoe from Botany Bay—where we'd been doing some community stuff, with some of the local people—and we sailed it around in to Sydney Harbour, and as we got out into the open ocean again, I was saying (because we had some local people on board)—I said to them, 'I think you need sit on that side,' because I could hear the way that the water was starting to run against the side of the canoe. And they were saying, 'Oh why should we do that?' I said, 'I think you should move because I think that the next wave we go over, everyone's going to get wet.' And so they shifted. As soon as they sat down, a big wave came along the side and washed straight over, exactly where they were sitting.

But really that was all it was, because as we've been used to listening to these kind of things, we could tell straightaway if we keep going on this angle, and we keep getting this sound, very soon, a big wave is going to come across. So those are little things that take a bit of practice with. The same as when we're keeping on track, or try to stay on track. Often you can't see the stars. Or often in the daytime you can't see anything. So what we do is—as the sun rises in the morning, we try and take a line off how the swells are approaching the canoe, and how the canoe moves across the swells. So it will be up and down, and side to side—a combination of all of that. And what we try and do is feel what that's doing, and then try and maintain that as much as we can through the day. Try and hold that feeling. So our teacher was very good at that. And during our time we learnt this.

I first experienced this about 30 years ago, where he would actually go to sleep. I don't even know if he was asleep, but he'd go and lie down. And he could tell as

soon as we went off course. Just by the change in the motion of the canoe. And then he'd come up and say, 'You guys are off course again.' And there was this one time, we thought we were actually quite good at it. Not at going off course, but at staying on course. He said to us, 'I think I'll stay up the rest of the night 'cause you guys are hopeless.' But those are the kind of things that we really work on, I guess, is just to make sure that people can see, hear and feel the kinds of things that we're trying to use to keep our course true.

KAREN

Thank you. Ngā mihi nui kia koutou. Firstly, thank you Bob and Holly for your very generous introduction. Thank you Soyini for your beautiful, beautiful inspiring words this morning. And thank you Hoturoa for beginning for us. I just have to tell you that I'm a great fan of Hoturoa, he was my first ever teacher for waka ama. And first got me excited about learning to steer. And that was quite a long time ago, but I have been watching, avidly watching in the last week as the waka came around the Pacific, and into Sydney, on Facebook, I've been watching. And I'm very, very honoured to be sitting here, now, with all of you. So thank you. I like this question—in some ways when I first read the question I thought, 'Oh—well how *isn't* the sensory in my work?' Because for me, I think, the sensory is absolutely pivotal. It's the centre in my embodiment, it's the centre of everything that I do in my research.

I know that there are times when I can hold a felt sense of my own cellular breathing, simultaneously with a sense of my empathetic relationship with you, and with the things in the environment around us. And occasionally I can articulate that, but not always.

I'm going to try for that, while holding a felt sense in my body. As a dancer with a particular commitment to somatic inquiry, this leads me into validating our embodied ways of knowing and the very things that [Hoturoa was] just speaking about. The knowledge that we have through our embodiment allows us to understand how we engage with the world, to construct new knowledge. And to be in reciprocal relationships, not only with each other, but with our environment around us. And for me, embodied ways of knowing are epistemological strategies, the ways of being in the world.

They acknowledge fundamentally—for me anyway—that movement is foundational to who we are. Particularly the sensory (and in particular the kinaesthetic sense) is absolutely fundamental. And I'm not just meaning for dance research, I'm meaning for being human. Movement is fundamental to being human in our everyday lives. Whether we're talking at that cellular level of cellular breathing, and our potential to sense that; whether we're talking about observing our automatic actions of breathing, and the pumping of blood around our body, and our reflexes as we stay upright: [it is embedded in] all our developmental

movements. We watch our children, or remember our stages of learning to crawl, and to stand, and to walk.

Movement is absolutely fundamental. And it's fundamental in our sailing, as we've just heard. In our travelling, our performing, our cooking, our growing food, eating, our talking, our love-making, our artistic and our spiritual expressions. Movement is at the heart of all of this. And the significance of our other senses is that they come in to play. It's obviously undeniable, but what I think happens is that once our vision kicks in, our awareness of our other senses slides away a little. I think we forget that fundamental basis in movement. Or we become less aware of it. We go on to do complex movement things, but we forget some of the fundamentals.

I'm quite interested in ontogeny, and I want to quote Blechschmidt. He talks about how our growth function precede all higher functions, 'The achievements of the embryo are always the precursors of all subsequent accomplishments.' He continues, 'An ovum has an extremely high capacity, or potential, for original, creative development. And this capacity decreases continually with its ontogeny, and therefore, with growth and aging. So the mature organism'—let's just imagine that's us—'The mature organism, although developed, is not a higher entity than the egg from which it grew.'

Thinking about what you were saying this morning, Soyini, I take that to mean we're all beautiful from the very beginning. So it seems to me that it's quite common that as we develop we lose awareness of our movement, our ability to sense movement, and our kinaesthetic sense. We go on to do complex things like I said, but we lose that awareness of it. And I feel quite grateful for my calling as a dancer, because somatically it takes me back to movement all the time. Dancing requires me to return to that somatic inquiry, that understanding of movement. There's no other way for me to approach the sensory experience of dancing than through my own researcher's body. And performance is a way to manifest that, and share that with you.

So further, just to add a little bit more I guess, as a feminist I think that the specifics of my own embodiment are really pivotal to epistemology. My specifics of my cultural, social, discursive, geographical context are integral to what I can know. And I remain really committed to the personal, to the embodied, to the specific, to the local, even though I recognise the way that that intersects and filters out into the world. So the individual experience of being on the ocean filters out into the world, and engages with how we are in the world, I think. So if sensory ethnography is, as Sarah Pink insists, 'a critical, reflective experiential process through which understanding, knowing, and academic knowledge are produced'—then we have to be open to multiple knowledge, multiple knowledges, and multiple ways of knowing.

We have to become sensitive to our embodied experience, to our embodiment in the context of our relationships with other people, and with place. So my belief is we have to reactivate, and enhance, our somatic awareness again.

SOYINI

I think I've talked quite a bit about how I use a sensory in my work. If you don't mind, I'd like to kind of be in conversation with my colleagues here.

What I've learned, from what they've said: It is stunning to hear [Hoturoa] talk about sailing, and that the act of sailing is so absolutely conjoined with reading the stars, and the rhythms of the oceans. And the nature that surrounds what you're doing, and the ocean, and the water. And Karen, I love your emphasis on multiple knowledges, and embodied knowledges. And what you've just described is an absolute enactment of knowledges that are embodied. All right: knowledges that come from the skin out of which we live and breathe, and that are part of our ancestors, and our lineage. And that also are so intertwined with the natural world of bodies of water. And moving through bodies of water.

I think we were all kind of made in love, but we all came from water. You know, water inhabited this planet before any other living cellular organism. It was water. The way you [Hoturoa] talk about waka, and all things waka, is bringing us back, I think. Not just to a kind of primordial beginning of life, and the poetics of that, but how that's carried forth to this very present in what you do. So it's almost like—there's this connection between the right now, and the right at the beginning. In terms of just the beauty of that. So I'm just really taken about you being in this room, and you know, it's not an easy thing when you're sitting between PhD's and professors, and people who are in the academy all the time. And you live this life, that has a kind of intelligence, and a way of knowing, and an intuition that is *so* sophisticated and *so* nuanced, while it's also not easy for academics to sit between folks who do activist work, and [folks who] live not so much necessarily the life of the mind, but the life of nature and doing.

So I just want to acknowledge how much I appreciate sitting here with you. And you telling just that small bit of what you do. I can't imagine the stories that reside in your heart, just doing waka. The way that you say it's about these conversations. Can you imagine all those kinds of conversations that come and that are part of their being? I mean, those kind of conversations that happen on the water, in conversation, in dialogue with the stars. And someone who is sleeping, deep in sleep, that is so much a part of this work—a labour of being in communion with the water, that can tell when a movement is off. That's stunning knowledge to me. It's very rare in my world.

So I'm in awe of what you do.

I just want to say when I walked in here yesterday, I had…an 18-hour flight with no sleep. I thought I would be able to get a little nap before my workshop, but they had fire drills in the hotel. So they were practicing fire drills. *So* that didn't happen. So I was feeling a little, you know like, 'Okay, I'm so happy about being in New Zealand, and doing this workshop, because I peeked in the room, I said, 'Am I supposed to be in that room?' I saw Karen sitting on the floor, and you know when you are watching somebody, and they don't know you're watching them? But you

just kind of take a glance, and you see them in action, doing the work their soul must have. I saw her with these golden locks, in the workshop, on the floor getting people to love and engage in what she does. Just that moment, I didn't need sleep.

I thought, *Yeah. This is the space that's calling me in through this woman's commitment to what it means to move, create movement, narrate movement and honour movement, in such a way that you want to share that with others*. And I must say, there's something about dancers that I have a secret kind of envy for, you know. Because when you're in the presence of dancers, like this morning with Ms. Bright talking about the dance that she created from 1997 up to this point, that's based on this historical tragedy, that she has done in various sites against the water. And I thought, *Yes. It's almost this kind of lineage between seeing Karen for the first time before my workshop, and then being in the presence of what you were talking about in your presentation. Then having conversations with dancers*.

When you deal with books, it's all in the head. But for dancers: it's from the top of the head down to the bottom of the toe. It's all part of your cellular structure. It's your whole body; it's your body, and brain and soul. So I've always had this kind of way in which: how they pick up a pen, or how they move their hands on stage, it's just all very wonderful. I don't know how you do it. It doesn't matter how old they are, you can always spot someone who's a dancer.

HOLLY

Thank you so much to each of our keynotes for your contributions to this first question. To the next question, and your senses in these different landscapes or spaces in which you participate, whether it's the ocean, or the stage, or a classroom, or a lecture theatre. How do you sometimes navigate those tensions? When some senses are less valued, or difficult to articulate, like you said Karen. So the second question is *how might the use of the senses, the sensual and sensory elements influence your approach, dissemination and sensibilities to ethnographic research?* And maybe adding to that question *what are some of the tensions that might come up for you in these different contexts?*

HOTUROA

In the first instance, [I'd like to] take a step back to the man who taught us. And he wasn't from Aotearoa. I think one of the things that was important, not just for me, but for a number of us who were on the pathway to re-learn all these things was that when we were quite a bit younger there was a few of us who really understood that if we didn't do something soon, the stuff that we're doing now would never have been possible. We were very, very fortunate that we had a teacher who came from a small island in Micronesia called Satawan—this island is only small: it's only about a mile long and about ¾ of a mile wide, and there are a few hundred people who live on it. He was a leader in his community and his role as a leader was to navigate small fleets

of canoes to places over the horizon, to gather food to bring back to feed everybody. His role changed, in that as they came under the protection of other governments, it was decided that something needed to be done about these poor people. And so what happened was that instead of the communities relying on these fleets of canoes to go and get food, a ship would turn up every few months and just leave pallet loads of rice and sugar, and canned meat, and all those kinds of things. So the navigator's role became less important, and no one really wanted to learn from him. We were, as I said, fortunate enough to find him. And he was agreeable to teach us his traditional knowledge.

In doing so, he broke the cultural mould of his people, in teaching people who were not direct descendants of his true genealogy. But in teaching this stuff to us, he actually said that at the end of the day, this knowledge was knowledge from the Pacific. And that he was happy for us to do this as long as we, as students of his, passed his knowledge on to other people. Which is what we're trying to do now. Because his knowledge was gained over 70 years of looking, feeling, touching, listening; the knowledge that he gained was very much part of the experience of living. But for us, we try to compact his 70 years of knowledge into the last 30 years, and so what we've had to come up with is ways of being able to express the kinds of things that he showed us, in a very short time frame. Because I have a lot of people who say, 'I want to learn how to be a navigator.' And I say, 'Well, you need to come in and hang out with us for a long time.' But in saying that, it's not as long as the time he spent. And by that we're talking about the ability to utilise modern teaching resources, modern teaching methods, and combine those with traditional ways of doing things. So, for instance, one of the things that we work on with teaching navigation, is that students of ours need to be able to estimate what speed the canoe is doing, at any time as we are sailing along.

So they should be able to look at the water and say, 'Oh we're going at about five knots,' or 'We're going seven knots,' or, 'We're going 10 knots.' And there's these little mathematical ways we can do that. But what we also have on the canoe at the moment, when we're doing our training sessions, is that we also have modern equipment, so I'll have one of them sitting on the side beside me, estimating how fast they think the canoe is going. Then I'll have one of them sitting inside with a piece of electronic equipment. And so—the ones inside will be calling out, 'How fast do you think we're going?' And the one who's doing the estimating will say, 'Maybe six and a half knots.' And the person inside will say, 'Nah, you're wrong, it's 6.75.' Or something like that. So that is how we teach them as quickly as we can.

It's the same as using computer programmes with different star programmes. Rather than take a lot of our students to places, and watch these stars rise and set, we can actually pull up computer simulations of what stars they should be looking for when we do a voyage from one place to the other. So we can compact, often, a lot of the written knowledge in small spaces of time. But that's not to say that that is a total replacement of the kinds of stuff that we're talking about now, where they actually have to touch, and see, and feel the wind on their face.

I guess one of best examples of a practical application of what I'm talking about, is that we sailed our canoe to Golden Bay earlier in the year. And the kaumātua, the elder of the marae, that we stayed at, he's blind. And when we were getting ready to leave, and when we were getting ready to sail from Takaka to Nelson, I invited him to come on the waka and sail with us. And he said to me, 'But I'm blind. What can I do? I'd be no use at all.' And I [thought], *Well, what I did notice, when we were driving around this little town was when we'd be in the car, he'd be sitting there and we'd be driving along, and then one time, it really got me, he said, 'You missed a turn off.' This blind guy. And I said, 'What turn off?' And he goes, 'Oh there's turn off we missed, we would have got to this river' that he wanted me to see. And then the next thing he says, 'Oh a little bit further up, there's another right turn. If you go right up there, and you turn again, you'll be on the road that we need to be on.'* So I said to him, 'Look I've been in the car with you, I know you can tell stuff—how far we've gone and things. So come on the canoe. I'll talk to you about what direction we're going, or how you need to feel the wind on your face, and all those types of things. How the canoe is moving through the waves.'

It was only an overnight sail, so we sailed for about 23 hours or something like that—but by the end of the sail he was able to keep the canoe on track. It was really amazing. I actually I took a photo of this elderly blind gentleman steering our canoe. And I think—that's one of those ways, I think, that gives us a really good example of how often you can compensate with other senses if you don't have one of these other senses to work with.

I think it was a great learning experience for the young people on the canoe, because I think it really brought home to them the whole idea of what happens when we're sailing on really, really dark nights and we can't see the stars and we can't see the things that we hope to see. So I think I'll leave it there, but it was really just to share with you some of the experiences that we've had. That's just one or two, but we can have a good conversation about all the other stuff too, because there's a whole lot of stories.

KAREN

I think I want to respond to some of things you're saying about relationships, and about participation and about care. Because for me, a long time ago it stopped being just about making dances. To me it's about relationships with people. It's about participating, and it's about care, more than anything else perhaps. It's about how we learn about ourselves, and how to be in the world. And how to engage with the people that are around us. And our environment too: [this] is one of the reasons I'm so interested in place, and working in natural sites, or built sites, or random sites. I'm interested in exploring that relationship with place through body.

But I'm really interested in your stories because for me, what you're talking about is how we need to participate, we need to participate in the experience that we're researching, or that we live, or both. In our cases, I guess we're all living and

researching in the same kind of spaces, places, with the same kinds of people. And we need to build relationships in order to become researchers or teachers. So at the heart of teaching for me is the relationships that we build with the people that we're working with, and the exchange that we have between them. And so when it comes to thinking about place, it's also for me about the relationship that I build with place, that that place builds with me, and informs me, teaches me, and the exchange that we have between. And then the care.

So our considerations [are] about ethics, our considerations about values, and our concerns for care [are] for the people that we work with, and the places that we're working in. So your thoughts about care and concern for rights for people's experiences for the everyday, the small everyday beauty of our lives is about care, and about seeing the beauty in those things.

Ethnography is built on participant observation, and that's us being involved. Maybe my sense of participant observation is as a dancer is a little different from perhaps what our anthropological predecessors imagined, but it's about being there. It's about being there, being with.

In ethnographic dance studies, a woman called Deidre Sklar in about 2000, identified what she called a kinaesthetic trajectory in dance ethnography. And it was about that time that I was doing my PhD, but I didn't discover her work until later on. And she was talking about the way we seek a deeper understanding of movement itself as a way of knowing. This is something we've been talking about: the way movement carries meaning in an immediate felt sense, in a somatic sense. And when we pay attention to one sense, I think we're actually really activating all of them. So there's a little bit of tendency for vision to dominate and this perhaps masks the way that we work; there's that lovely word, synesthesia, the way that our senses work together.

So for me, when I activate my awareness about movement, I'm activating all my senses. So there are times, I think, when what we know is not just knowledge through movement or just based on what I see. It is the activation of all of those things together. And that's precisely why [Hoturoa] can sail a canoe or a yacht by feel. It's such a good example of that, I think.

So I guess I just wanted to say, in answer to the question, how does the sensual influence my approach to dissemination and sensibilities to ethnographic research? I want to see movement as a research method. I see it as the data, or the findings, if you like. It's a way to represent the research, or publish the research. And it's also a participatory form of literature review. So it can be absolutely crucial to all aspects, and I guess thinking about Performance Studies, I'm quite excited about cultural performance, or taking moving along that continuum between everyday life performance, and kind of social dramas, or protest and activism. Those kinds of social dramas, and inter-cultural performance. So every so often when something happens in my everyday life, some sort of social drama or global drama—there's a break, or a crisis, that causes me to question, and that becomes the generation for, or the impetus for creating a performance work.

So I take movement as the way of research and come to share what I discover, and what we discover in that process, through performance. Because it allows me to make the embodied central in individual experience and possible to share with others, through some sort of empathetic engagement, and the rich moment of lived performance, or life.

I want to quote Soyini, because this is really pertinent for me. This is from your book with Judith (Hamera, 2005) and it's a really poignant quote for me, 'Performing provides an opportunity to bring to the fore, to identify and affirm knowledges that are contested, obscured, and often demeaned, in the embodied acts and oral traditions of places.' So I just love that sense that performance provides a space—and this is what we're doing here—to affirm knowledges that are sometimes obscured, or potentially becoming lost. [These are] knowledges that are contested and sometimes are becoming, like the kinaesthetic knowledge that we all have, lost to our awareness.

SOYINI

Very quickly, let me address the question of how the senses can collide, or create tensions, or be in some way in kind of competition with each other, or where one supersedes another. There is a concern about privileging one sense over the other, or how these senses create this kind of assemblage that work for us. And I just want to also add that when there is a situation—I have learned in my experience—where I am privileging one sense over another, it's most often that I am unconscious of doing that. I am not realising that I am doing that. And it can be understood as a mistake; but instead, it turns out to be a discovery. So, if I am focussed on something visual and then I have a reaction to the visual, but then I *hear* what the subject, or this object that I'm focussed on visually sounds like, and the sound brings up a different sensation than what my *seeing* of it does. Instead of being a mistake or a problem which concerns me and I think 'Oh I should have been listening better'; what I realise is that there *is* something about the contradiction between what things *look* like, and what things *sound* like. And it may be the same subject.

So most often I think our bodies and our senses form a kind of experiential lesson for us in how to be more ethical. The other part of that is, when there is a contradiction within the senses—the beautiful example of the man who could not see, but directed Hoturoa on the path—I think that's the point at which we rely on one sense that teaches us a lesson, where we see that the senses which we depend on are sometimes the senses that we think we're using. We're depending on them, we think we're using them—but we're really not. Until we either lose them, or lose the others. So I think this way in which the interplay of the senses happens through our daily experience, teaches us something about ethics and values and how we're taking in the world. And the multiple ways in which we take in the world through our senses, can oftentimes contradict what we should know about what we are doing. But it's just really a way, I think, that the senses can be tied to social justice. We take

in the world, it gives us meaning, it gives us value. And our senses will shut down and say, 'No. That's not how that should be heard.' Or, 'That's not how that should be felt.' Or, 'If you taste this you did not see where it came from.' Or, you did not feel the texture of it. Or feeling the texture of it in your mouth—the feeling of the texture of this item that you're eating, is more about texture than it is about taste. So there's all of these interesting things that senses, and the interplay of senses, can tell us. They tell us a story about who we are, what we value, and what we believe in. So I think the senses—the interplay of the senses—has a rhetorical value, and I think it has a knowledge-based value.

HOLLY

May I ask a question that's come from something that you said Hoturoa, about using the technology in the boat, with one of your paddlers trying to understand the sense of speed, just by using his or her senses, with another testing it with the technology in the boat. Have any of you, from your experiences, [used] any tools or technologies particularly for [your] research? I'm thinking about my own experiences, sporting ethnographies at big events. And early on in my research, [I] got into the habit of using my Dictaphone®, just recording sounds. I would be trying to remember those ethnographic experiences. And I'd often play my Dictaphone®, and just hear things that I didn't hear in that moment, or that helped me try to evoke the very multi-sensual memories, to help me do my research. I was wondering if any of you have, in your experiences, developed any tools, or tricks, or technologies to help you evoke the multi-sensual when you come to the research practice?

HOTUROA

One of the things that I try to encourage for a lot of the ones who sail with us is to compose song or dance. Because a lot of the experiences that we encounter, or we are fortunate enough to be involved in, can't really be expressed by words alone for a lot of our crew.

So just as a quick example, I remember when we sailed into the Solomon Islands, we had a crew that was made up of mostly Māori sailors, but I had some Samoan crew members on board. And the trip to the Solomon Islands really was to attend the South Pacific Arts Festival. And we'd encountered a few issues around how some of our lines had got stuck when we caught some fish. There's a whole lot of stuff that happened. The Samoan crew members had been thinking about the experiences that they'd had on the canoe with us, and they composed a dance, and some words that reflected the journey that they had with us on the canoe. It was great. We spent time with them and the whole crew learnt the dance, and understood what all the actions were for.

That small composition has become a part of quite a large number of compositions that we've created over the last six or seven years. So whenever anyone sings one of these songs, or performs one of these dances, it actually evokes a lot of memories. And if we have a lot of the people around who have been on those particular voyages, the talk starts. And I think in terms of how our teacher passed his knowledge on to us. He was always discouraging us from writing stuff down, 'cause he always said, 'If you write on a paper, it's no good, 'cause when the wind comes it goes like this, and runs away. And you've got nothing.'

He always encouraged us to talk, to sing, and to remember our stories in that way. So even now, when my children have been singing the songs that we've composed as we've travelled, they'['re] actually re-covering and re-learning, and holding onto those memories. And I think initially, often people thought, 'Oh we just have to try and compose songs or dance in a traditional Māori way.' And I keep saying to them, 'Well no, it doesn't actually matter.' They can compose songs using modern melodies and modern instruments because the main goal of what we're trying to do is to record what we've done. To record the stories. And now people are starting to write stories about the journeys. So they're writing like episodes of a three-year journey, but in a way that it's not actually like reading a history book. But it's like this great adventure that these people have been on. Little things like that are happening, and they're being done by young people who really only ever thought this kind of recording of these types of things could only ever have been done at a university, or in a really, really thick book, or something like that. And it's changed their whole idea of what it is to be a researcher, what it is to be a holder and a transmitter of knowledge. Because we've got quite a lot of young people that are quite experienced now. And I've always told them that because they're young, and learning things now, and learning so much more than I was at their age, my expectation of them is that they're going to be much more knowledgeable, and much better navigators and sailors than I am. Because they've got another 30 or 40 years in which to develop that.

That's probably the best way that I can encourage them to do it. Because if I said, 'Write an essay about this,' they're not going to do it. But if I said, 'Well write a song,' or 'Do a poem,' or 'Draw a picture.' They actually get right into that kind of thing. Or compose a haka. It's not like work. As soon as I say to them, 'I think I need you to write something,' they're going, 'Oh do we have to?'

One of the greatest stories that I have with some of these young people is that one time, I had [three or four] of them that went to Hillcrest High School just down the road here. And I had just been following how they were doing at school. And they weren't doing that great. And so I had them for a few days, and I said, 'Why are you guys not doing well in this stuff?' And they said to me, 'Well, you know, Maths and Science and Biology and this kind of stuff, that's nothing. That's not from the world of our ancestors.' So what I did was, I took them sailing, and I said, 'Look.' I showed them how to do things like estimate speed. We went out and we sailed around in the

ocean. I was pointing [out] fish and all kinds of stuff to them, and I said, 'That's the world of your ancestors, which is really not that different from the stuff school is trying to get you guys to do. It's just that its packaged in a way that suddenly makes it not from your world. And then you decide, "I don't have to do this kind of stuff." And they pick up on that. We just have to try and show them those things. But like I said, these are the ways of showing them that they are researchers, that they are creative, and that they are the future holders of this ancient knowledge, but in a contemporary way. They get it, and it's cool watching it happen.

KAREN

I think just to respond very briefly to your additional question about the other sensory stimuli and other ways of representing things:

I love writing. Maybe as much as dancing, [it's] hard to say. Maybe I'll love it more as I get older, and I do less dancing. Or maybe I'll love dancing even more because it can become so much harder. I don't know. I think that the writing though, when it comes to dancing, comes after the other stuff.

So to give a particular example, I often use photos as a way to evoke the experience that I've been in. To help me remember it—and it's a weird thing, to look at a picture of yourself, or to look at people dancing work that you've made and using that to evoke sensation. But it can be quite a useful trigger. So I use photos quite a lot. And I have the joy of working with wonderful photographers like Panda [Cheri Waititi] here, who capture moments in performance that sometimes we feel as dancers, but we never see because we're performing, so there's something reflected back in those photos that then triggers things again for me, or helps me see it in a different way. So photos are a really useful tool. And I find sound incredibly evocative. There are certain sounds that resonate in parts of my body, in really interesting, unique ways that I've come to think of as being really relevant for dance.

So, in the piece ['Whenua'], I had the opportunity to work with a local composer. I sent him a pile of political speeches. And he said, 'Can you make a soundtrack?' And what I was attracted to in the voices of the speakers was the resonance in their voices as well as the ideas that they were talking about. I talked to him about the idea for the piece, and I didn't say anything about instruments at all. I said things about breath, and the way that the sound might interact with the local environment, which he knows well too. He sent me back things that taught me how I understand the world through sound. And I was so amazed by this: that he could send back to me something that I hadn't been able to touch. Or I hadn't been able to express very clearly: I had sent him little remnants of things.

So I know that sound is really evocative for me, but it's not my medium, or my artistic medium. And yet I can work with someone whose artistic medium it is, and they can reflect back to me something about how I know the world through sound. That's really fascinating, and I think that's what happens with the photographs.

Panda can take a picture of a moment in a performance that I would never see, but I might feel something of, and she can reflect back to me something about how I know the world through moving. So it's a really fascinating way that people have an attunement to certain senses. Not at the exclusion of others, but have a certain attunement to senses that they are able to share, and sometimes teach us through [other media]. So my thanks to those artists that I get to work with.

SOYINI

I want to address your question about technology, and I so so appreciate that question. This is a conference where we're really engaging the notion of the sensual and our senses. I also think that it is absolutely urgent that when we begin to talk about the senses and really engage that, it cannot be separated from technology. Not here, not now, anymore. I think that technology is so absolutely a serious and substantive conversation to have.

I think that we have a tendency—and I know I do—to fetishize the senses, and think that there's something special about that because it's live, and it comes from the body. But I think we're making a mistake if we do that. And I think we're making a mistake if we don't, in some way, have room to talk about what technology does, and is doing *to* all of us, and *for* all of us, in the way we engage, encounter, and now reimagine what our senses can do. I think the way we see now is different because of technology. The way we hear, the way we touch. I am very grateful to the advances in technology. I am very, very grateful: in many ways we're very blessed to have it. I think we also understand the horrors of what technology can do for our senses. So I'm saying that to say that it's a very, very complicated and very, very rich, and needed, and urgent and necessary conversation to have when we talk about the senses. For example, when I'm talking like this [*sotto voce*, as Soyini walks away from microphone] *you have one sensory response to my voice*. [Soyini returns to microphone.] But when I'm talking like this, because of this technology, what I say is going to be received discretely differently. How I even speak is different when I have the mike than when I don't have the mike. All right? And that's just one small example. And the cameras, the iPhone. We can go on and on and on about what technology—not just in terms of our lifestyle, but what it actually does one-to-one in terms of enhancing, at one level, and on another level, perhaps minimising, and discarding and disrespecting our senses. So it's this important conversation and contradictions that I think that we need—that it's very important that we have.

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Hoturoa Barclay-Kerr is from Tainui and is the son of Wharetoroa and Ngarungatapu Kerr. Hoturoa has been sailing for about 35years around the Pacific. He was the commander of Taheretikitiki II the waka taua commissioned by Te Atairangi kaahu in the early 1970s for over thirty years. He has passed those responsibilities over to his two sons Turanga and Namaka and now is the Kaihautu of the double hulled ocean voyaging waka Haunui, as well as the Kaitiaki of Aotearoa One the double hulled sailing waka that belongs to Te Wananga o Aotearoa. He has a passion for the ocean and navigating pathways that provide opportunities for the youth of Aotearoa to become the great leaders of the future. Using the knowledge and wisdom of our ancestors to help bring context into the everyday journeys of rangatahi are important to him. “I want to show a commitment to the oceans in helping to sustain them and get the message out to the people. I want to gain the knowledge and insight of the science of our ancestors because they knew how to live as part of their environment and be vital positive contributors to society.” Hoturoa grew up in Auckland, and studied at Auckland University. He completed his MA at Waikato University and has lived in the Waikato region for the last 25 years, 20 of those years in Whatawhata. He gives presentations and workshops throughout Aotearoa.

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