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James H. Rolling Jr.
Syracuse University

Lace Marie Brogden
University of Regina

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Two Hours or More Away From Most Things

Re:writing Identities From No Fixed Address

James Haywood Rolling, Jr.

Syracuse University, New York

Lace Marie Brogden

University of Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada

How do we construe and re:construe the (archi)textures of (written) life? What is belonging when identities are temporal and where naming remains elusive or unknown? This article plays writing collaborative writing, deconstructing textual hierarchies between the “main” text body and footnoted text as a means of interrogating ways identities are written/performed. It is inspired by correspondences between the authors, generated in relation to three previous works published in *Qualitative Inquiry*, James Haywood Rolling, Jr.’s “Messing Around with Identity Constructs: Pursuing a Poststructuralist and Poetic Aesthetic,” “Searching Self-image: Identities to be Self-evident,” and Lace Marie Brogden’s “Not Quite Acceptable: Re:Reading my Father in *Qualitative Inquiry*.” We share correspondences between academics, using spaces created in writing “between friends” while constantly becoming through the re:writing of our identities from no fixed address.

Keywords: *auto/biography; naming; identity; subjectivities*

Authors’ Note: At the time this article was written, James Haywood Rolling, Jr. was a faculty member at The Pennsylvania State University in State College, PA, in a location similar to the University of Regina, two hours or more away from most things. Please address correspondence to James Haywood Rolling, Jr., Department of Art, M-17, Skytop, 441 Lambreth Lane, College of Visual and Performing Arts/School of Education, Syracuse University, Syracuse, NY 13244-5750; e-mail: jrolling@syr.edu.

Lace Marie Brogden

Dear Friend, I write
darkness, walls, echo
how are we produced by the lyric(s)?
sounds
silence

I read your work, brilliant it was
Yoda speaks, write we must
and then

Death called
reverberated
heralded
menaced
claimed
was

What is death's verb?

There has been a weekly replaying of death
And I am caught in its fatigue

My boss lost his younger brother to sudden death
He is reeling, I ache for his loss
danced the understudy
sent flowers
listened
wept

Our faculty lost a beloved member to cancer
her husband emeritus of our faculty also

James Haywood Rolling, Jr.

My Dear. Lacing the autobiographical meme and the image of the researcher
we filigree the indices of validity with echoes
darkness, walls, reflecting back an instrumental jazz
two hours or more apart
silence only between refrains

I deflect, in homage to George Lucas, disputed screenwriting sage
Yoda speaks, "Do or do not...there is no try."

and so begins the dance
the response
reaches
releases
the threat
of new names
only
to be born again.

And I, between the lines of your sorrow

pause for you...

Between Threads

I come to this autobiograph(ically) writing as continually becoming.¹ I come in co-constructing states—"J'ai mes racines dans la prairie" (Lavoie, 1990), I am one rooted in the Prairie, and yet I write myself into being from no fixed address.² The situatedness of my identities is significant, though it is subject to the same alterations as my identities themselves.³ Richardson (1998) calls this "inherently unstable" (p. 464); I call it life/writing/life. The stories I write are, as Calkins and Harwayne (1991) surmise, my "living between the lines."

Journal Entry, June 30, 2005

Today it happened. James became James. Another e-mail. Another piece of inspiration.

"I'm wondering . . . since our writing seems to be falling into sync, maybe

a(n) (inter)textual collaboration of some sort is being birthed. Just a thought. I will try to write a reflective (cor)response to *Driven*⁴ in the next month or so . . .

. . . Thanks, Lace. -James (single name)" (James Haywood Rolling, Jr., personal communication, June 30, 2005).

1. I, James (of sound mind and single name), come to this autobiograph(ically) writing from the margins, from the bowels, the nether regions, writing from the buried bones, from the footnotes of where certainty is typically constructed, one of my favorite places for the insinuation of atypical and anomalous forms of identity. It is interesting that I push myself to this quiet place, a place of oft-neglected reading, off the map of traditional social science theorizing. I am comfortable here as I discover I cannot bring myself to interrupt Lace's text and landscape. She is my coconspirator, my collaborator—she has been *driven* to the writing first. In honor of her bravery, of her breathing of words, I write a more obscure trail that fewer will choose to follow; I choose the lesser-traveled 10-point font.

2. Burrowing beneath Lace's Prairie, from no fixed address, I uproot the situatedness of my writerly identity, of my scholarly byline, of my tenure-track research visibility. The promotion and tenure committee at my institution will have to really look hard if they wish to find me here, an "artist/researcher/teacher" (Irwin & de Cosson, 2004) offering no fixed address.

3. There is a methodology involved in the re:writing of identity that might be referred to as *burrowing*. I first encountered this concept in an unpublished conference paper presentation by Sophia Kosmaoglou (2006). In her abstract she introduces the concept of the *burrow* as a "non-determinist structure" that "also underlines the self-referential process of creating structure from movement, especially repetitive movement indiscernible from habit." I, in turn, take this repetitive movement to be indiscernible from our re:writing.

4. *Driven* is the title of a writing exchange between the authors. It is called up here in reference to said writing and as metaphor. It is a writing that emerged from the shared loss of our fathers in research writing.

I am so very anxious to answer James back, but think it best to write first. Nay, feel *driven* to write first.

It seems just yesterday, or was it the day before (I could look it up, but writing doesn't always need that, and dates don't always tell the "truth"), that I wrote James Haywood Rolling, Jr. had four names, that I wondered when he might only have one. This morning it happened, his e-mail came, and he gifted me a "single name"—just James. As I suspected, this shift is anything but simple. Indeed, *les choses viennent tout juste de se complexifier!* It feels a bit like I just received permission to « *tutoyer* ». My (français de France) French self is living "a wide-awake life" (Dillard, 1998) this morning. Indeed, do we (do I) use names in English in place of *vous*, as a marker of distance, as a space between?

This brings me full-face in/to autobiographical musings as I wonder, how do I use my name(s)? Where? To what effect? Foucault's ghost has just floated into my office, taken up residence in the talking chair. He is sitting there, I can feel him, staring over my shoulder, watching the words creep onto the screen, taunting me . . . what subject? What *power* (Foucault, 1983)? How am I playing the discourses that tie me to myself and submit me to others?

My maternal grandmother was a quilter.⁵ One of my prized possessions is a quilt, hand-sewn for me by Karen Harmon on the occasion of my graduation from high school. It is a patchwork quilt of colonial ladies, hoop skirts, and parasols. Each wears a different dress, assembled from the scraps of fabric in my grandmother's sewing room. My grandmother understood notions of pastiche, collage, repetition, simulacra, *art*. She understood these things long before I could find words to write.

5. My maternal grandmother was asthmatic. One of my genetic inheritances is the difficulty in breathing that accompanies the start of every Spring. I have since discovered that 2 hours or more away from most things, it is also "the season of shortening breath" (Lace Marie Brogden, personal communication, April 27, 2006). Grandma and I were alone among the immediate family in sharing our asthma for the 12 years she lived next door to us, for my entire life up until the night her breath was taken. But Grandma was a praying woman and her asthma did not end her life until my cousins welcomed her home from her last hospitalization for a badly burned hand. Burned and swollen because of slowed reflexes and dulled nerve endings that failed to tell Grandma to move her hand from the stove. So swollen the doctors had to cut the wedding band from her finger to save it. My cousins welcomed Grandma from her oxygen tent with great thanksgiving—and with cigarettes smoldering red-tipped around her bed. I was not in her room to see her die from the heart attack triggered by the asthma attack triggered by stupidity. But I was told that the last words she breathed were, "Let me go." I was 12 years old and my prized possessions from Grandma include a love of prayer, the breath of life—and a profound disdain for the company of the stupid, those who might decrease my already finite measure of breaths. Let me go, I say. In this writing, I am driven toward self-preservation and the breathtaking possibilities of the wide-open Prairie.

*Quilting Ladies**Her life is a patchwork, she sews it with care**Weaving patterns of life**Stitching from perchance moments of still**Come the cover of night*

Like quilting, writing autobiography represents not only a method(olog)ical approach to re:search, but a method of art making, a “method of inquiry” (Richardson, 2000). Auto/biographical writing weaves threads together into story. Through narrative, structures of story (Bruner, 1995) and storied structures write research text(s) into being. In the words of Patrick Lewis (2000):⁶

6. I value this point in the auto/biographical narratives at which Lace Marie Brogden quotes Lewis quoting Turner, whom I have often quoted. In *The Literary Mind* (1996), cognitive scientist Mark Turner makes the claim that the human mind in its everyday functioning is essentially literary in its activity and essentially arts based in its capacity to project and layer salient and shaping stories diaphanously on another within the small, polysemic space of a body of knowledge—or, in this case, a body of writing—within the interstices and overlaps that relate disparate domains of content. As a consequence of these blendings, Turner argues that a proliferation of meanings becomes basic to everyday thought and understanding. He writes,

When we project one concept onto another, image schemas again seem to do much of the work. For example, when we project spatiality onto temporality, we project image schemas; we think of time itself, which has no spatial shape, as having a spatial shape—linear, for example, or circular. We like to think of events in time, which also have no spatial shape, as having features of spatial shapes—continuity, extension, discreteness, open-endedness, circularity, part-whole relations, and so on. This way of conceiving of time and of events in time arises by projecting skeletal image schemas from *space* onto *time* . . . Abstract reasoning appears to be possible in large part because we project image-schematic structure from spatial concepts onto abstract concepts. We say, for example, “Shame *forced* him to confess,” even though no physical forces are involved. Forms of social and psychological causation are understood by projection from bodily causation that involves physical forces. This is parable. (Turner, 1996, p. 17, 18)

This is also metaphor. The superimposition of source and target domains creates what Turner defines as blended spaces. That is, the superimposition of Lace and James. That is, the superimposition of the narratives of two dead fathers, two hours or more away from most things. Metaphor functions to open the eyes to relationships not yet fully formed, awaiting the possibility of completion. What parables will this auto/biographical writing yield? What research? Perhaps to breathe a little easier is enough is ask.

I have approached my research with the benefit of the human mind as a literary mind; there is no other mind (Turner, 1996). We cannot think otherwise and when we conduct qualitative research, if we want to explore the elasticity of the boundaries of our ability to find and convey meaning and knowledge, we must allow that story is fundamental to our way of thinking about the world and all our social practices. Meaning and understanding are created through this storying process . . . (Turner, 1996, p. 4).

Like a patchwork quilt, James and I have threaded words together on a page, woven pieces of (not) knowing, of auto/biographically becoming, gathering some of what Shields and Anderson (2000) might call our "dropped threads." This is a writing "between friends" (Government of Canada, 2002; National Film Board of Canada, 1976).

French philosopher H el ene Cixous (in Cixous & Sellers, 2004) describes the pull of writing, saying: "if I knew the names of things of acts of places I would not write, I would name, and everything would be said" (p. 5). The naming remains elusive. Canadian poet Lorna Crozier (Crozier & Foster, 2004) knows this too. Of grappling with the writing, the not naming, of love and age and death she writes, "none of these things have names but I keep on struggling every time I sit down to write to name those things and still there's no name for them" (p. 56). Like Cixous and Crozier, I write to name though I cannot name. Yet in this writing with James, this writing between friends, my threads have been picked up, woven, transformed. Together we write possibilities and impossibilities of writing identity.⁷

E-mail correspondence, April 25, 00:48

Evening James,

I'm single parenting this week as my husband is in Toronto for work so "Monday evening" lasts from when the kids fall asleep until whenever I do. As promised, here is some writing between the weaves.

I've written my piece as first, only because I am writing to you first, "the order of things" less important at this stage than the things . . .

Of course, I had to reread and rethink and now I'm jumping all over

7. Sculptor Constantin Brancusi is said to have written, "To see far is one thing: going there is another." I would add that to see far is merely to theorize; but it is our practice that carries us bodily over the far point of our vision. When all is diminished to theorizing, one is left an ex-artist, because to be an artist, you must be a practitioner (Bayles & Orland, 1993, pp. 65, 82). Art is a work of identity; identity is a work of art.

new ideas . . . that MUST wait . . . asthma! We shall have to write that one about a bit. Anyway, my vocabulary is more shallow than my breath this spring night.

You said, "So then, let's take all the risks we can for the sake of the writing." I'm pedaling. Thank you. L.

Interstices: Floating in (a) Writing Life

I t(h)read with caution, for, as Renee Norman (2001) reminds me, "any personal story, any autobiography, is more than merely a life copied down. Always there are subtexts and intertexts. Parts of the story that exist running alongside . . ." (p. 200). We are all texts (Derrida, 2002) through the work we do, the lives we live, the words we write, and all we do not do.

Methodologically speaking,⁸ the writing of autobiography happens in the intersections of method and representation. I accept Conle's (2000) assertion that "the writing in personal narrative inquiry is therefore not arbitrary, but develops within the writing and within the dynamic of the writer's life" (p. 193). The theoretical boundaries of auto/biographical research fuse with a writing life as a way to do research and a way to write/right (O'Reilly-Scanlon, 2000; Roth, 2005) identities.⁹ I see this in Dillard's (1998) work. She writes,

8. To speak of methodologies is to speak of something other than the speaking of methods; a method speaks as a proven means toward a particular outcome; a methodology speaks of one of many possible approaches toward the address of a question, toward a Far Point on an ill-formed horizon. John W. Creswell (1994) distinguishes between research *method* as the means for "data collection and analysis" either within a qualitative or quantitative paradigm and research *methodology* "as the entire research process from problem identification to data analysis" (p. xvii). Several methods may be woven together, unraveled, or abruptly sheared away on the long methodology to such a Far Point; there is no guarantee as to what the methodological process may yield or what theoretical boundaries may be breached.

9. The assertion of the agency to write/right identities applies to all forms of research, including the research that takes place in art studios. I have probably identified myself as an artist ever since my childhood, tinkering with and appropriating the materials in my father's small art studio, one of the rooms in the top-floor Brooklyn apartment I was raised in, the eldest son of a family of six. My subjectivity as a studio artist was extended to that of studio artist/researcher soon after I was accepted into the MFA program in printmaking and drawing at Syracuse University in 1988, on earning a full-tuition fellowship through their African American Studies program. The studio faculty in printmaking and drawing quickly realized that given my eclectic background and interests—which ranged from having been an undergraduate architecture major and a freelance architectural model maker, to having studied drawing, printmaking, photography, calligraphy, and creative writing with equal passion—I was more ideally suited to complete my degree majoring in an unusual mixed-media concentration that was soon to be no more. I agreed and in the second year of my MFA study, I began practice as a student in studio research. My subjectivity as a studio artist was

Push it. Examine all things intensely and relentlessly. Probe and search each object in a piece of art. Do not leave it, do not course over it, as if it were understood, but instead follow it down until you see it in the mystery of its own specificity and strength. (p. 78)

further extended to that of studio artist/researcher/teacher on completion of my MFA when I returned to New York City and began teaching visual arts in an extended-day program at Hunter College Elementary School and, most recently, as a lead K-4 teacher at The School at Columbia University. Thus, I am aligned with art educator Rita Irwin's (2004) understanding of the blended subjectivity of the artist, researcher, and teacher. Today, I am an artist/researcher/teacher at Penn State University. Within that subjectivity, I include an art-making medium atypical to visual artists: the written word.

. . . (E)xpectations based on the work itself are the most useful tool the artist possesses. What you need to know about the next piece is contained in the last piece. The place to learn about your materials is in the last use of your materials. The place to learn about your execution is in your execution. The best information about what you love is in your last contact with what you love. Put simply, your work is your guide: a complete, comprehensive, limitless reference book on your work. There is no other such book, and it is yours alone. It functions this way for no one else. Your fingerprints are all over your work, and you alone know how they got there. (Bayles & Orland, 1993, pp. 35, 36)

When research questions and data are understood as creative materials, the material for forming new understandings—when ways of doing and ways of being are *embodied* as ways of knowing—we may also understand the researcher as artist and the artist as researcher. Time is needed to make one's art—one's research—understandable, even to its maker. Everyone wants to be accepted, but if we don't "fit within the established definition" of art or research, we are more likely to be ignored for quite some time, for the quality of not looking like traditional art or research (Bayles & Orland, 1993, p. 43). If we are not careful we may be found not so much producing research as "re-producing the history" of research, applying methodologies drawing on experiences and epistemologies you and I have never quite had. There is an alternative. Take the risk to find a personal style, make your acts of research to your own casts, and then take the risk of contributing your ways of doing to the constitution of a community of like-minded doing. New ways of doing produce new habits of doing, which in turn produce transitions in our disciplinary states of mind and being.

In the postmodern condition, researchers "strain to find material of any human consequence" (Bayles & Orland, 1993, p.55). And yet in the postmodern condition, there is life between the layers. Under houses, between the mattresses, in the strata that constitute our human gardens. Critical theorist James J. Scheurich (1997) makes the argument that "human life occurs within and in terms of archaeologies" (p. 169). Archaeologies of power, of knowledge content, of epistemological structuring can lead us to the sticky, messy kinds of genealogies of identity and possibility which *emerge* only in the interstices between constructed planes, lines, and structures, only in the burrows beneath the hard earth and brittle grasses of the open Prairie. Anomalous writerly and scholarly identity emerges in the interweave of lines of poetry that bookend this piece—I cannot identify the emergent identity any better at this time. I'll know more later. My friend Lace and I have been *driven* to this once far-away point on the horizon of the Prairie simply by doing a writerly correspondence. By *being there* in our writing, per *chance*. (Yes, that is a backhanded reference to the final film made by Peter Sellers.) Acts of correspondence began the journey—correlations will later be assumed.

I write autobiographically, *à la Laurel*, because “I want to find something out” (Richardson, 1997, p. 87). “Writing was and is *how* I come to know” (Richardson, 2001, p. 33). Autobiograph(ically) writing then, is not just a way to do research, it is (one of) my way(s) of being.¹⁰

Residing in the in-between spaces are the fragility¹¹ of feeling(s) and the challenge of authorship as I choose to infuse my understandings of knowing with those of another writer. Writing identities while simultaneously renegotiating identity with/in a symbiotic relationship between writerly friends. In this way, I see my engagement with/in the method as a form of methodological risk taking. This situatedness is explained in epistemological terms by Barbara Thayer-Bacon (2003). In her work *Relational (e)pistemologies*, Thayer-Bacon presents

a case that we are connected to our world in a wholistic [sic] manner. There is no objective Reality for us to try to understand and know. What we are trying to understand includes us: we are part of this world. Thus we cannot function as surveyors who stand outside of Reality, and describe it, we are embedded in “it”. (p. 10)¹²

Finding

One story, one narrative, is just that, a story, and I am reassured still and again by Richardson (2000) who reminds me that “a postmodernist position does allow us to know ‘something’ without claiming to know everything. Having a partial, local, historical knowledge is still knowing” (p. 518).

Indeed, “serious writing brings you to unexpected places in your psyche. Once there, you cannot predict how you will feel; once there you do not want to leave—or cannot” (Richardson, 2000, p. 468). In my process of always already becoming a postmodern autobiographer, I share Hongyu Wang’s (2004) query: “How can I skillfully reiterate the already spoken [lived, written] in order to open up instead of close down?” (p. 181). I have gathered together pieces, I feel ready to sew (though I’ve never learned to sew).¹³

10. Autobiograph(ically) writing then, is not just a way to do research, it is (one of) my way(s) of breathing.

11. Residing in the in-between spaces are the pauses between each breath—the fragility of mortality.

12. “The world thus altered [by our understanding, by our burrowing] becomes a different world, with our alterations being part of it” (Bayles & Orland, 1993, p. 106).

13. My mother, Sylvia Rolling, sewed almost all our clothes as children; she began my scholarship in the hand-me-down epistemology shared by African Americans, a long postmodern sensibility of subjectivity that says, “I think we can find a fit here.”

Elsbeth Probyn (2003) asserts “we need to think of subjectivity as an unwieldy, continually contestable and affirmable basis for living in the world. Subjectivities are then simply a changing ensemble of openings and closings, points of contact and points which repel contact” (p. 298). We are discursively fashioned writers, our identities, temporal and shifting, being written as we weave on the page. Each weave moves me, ruptures, seeps, heals, still and again—each move, each rupture, an “extant ripple” (Rolling, 2004a, p. 53).¹⁴ Kincheloe (2005) is theorizing a postformal era of auto/biography, considering the exponential power of mesh, he writes, “from such interactions emerge larger wholes that are not guided by central controlling mechanisms . . . reflection moves to a new level of complexity. Auto/biographical research enters a new domain” (p. 173).

I return, still and again, to Dillard (1989), who observes “how we spend our days is, of course, how we spend our lives” (p. 32). How *I* spend my life, then, is in writing and being, in writing my selves into being, coconstructing meaning with this writer, this friend, from our mutual locations no fixity can address.

St. Pierre (2004) argues “that any foundation we cling to will betray and shut down the open field of play that educational research requires” (p. 137). Furthermore, she asserts that “when you begin to trouble subjectivity, everything else begins to open, loosen, crumble” (St. Pierre, 2005). I sit, therefore, fingers on keys, weighted by words, writing out “tiny explosions of the self” (St. Pierre, 2005). I sit with the “foundations” of feminism, with “no fixed origins” (Jackson, 2003, p. 693), taking what is useful, resisting the roots, cultivating rhizovocality (Jackson, 2003), re:searching, writing, being.

14. “Theory is always written from some ‘where,’ and that ‘where’ is less a place than itineraries: different, concrete histories of dwelling, immigration, exile, migration. These include the migration of third world [and third space] intellectuals into the metropolitan universities, to pass through or to remain, changed by their travel but marked by places of origin, by peculiar allegiances and alienations.” This is a quote by an author named James Clifford, discovered on page 48 of a book (Roediger, 1998) which excerpts an essay by bell hooks as she quotes Clifford’s essay “Notes on Travel and Theory.” I wonder if my embodied allegiances to Africa render me such an intellectual, passing through the liminal spaces of possibility between industrial development and postcolonial neglect? I wonder if my embodied alienations within America render me such an intellectual, passing through the liminal spaces of possibility between my own subjectivities and scientific empiricism? And I wonder if these spaces—these clearings—are all created in my writing?

Eulogy and Wordplay¹⁵

As I have written, so I am reminded that I could hold these words past usefulness. Nay, Dillard (1998) reminds me to “spend it all . . . do not hoard what seems good [or risky] . . . Anything you do not give freely and abundantly becomes lost to you. You open your safe and find ashes” (pp. 78-79).

Ashes to beyond ashes.

In the words of the Brothers Gibb:

“let’s start a brand new story . . .
it’s only words, and words are all I have . . .”
(B. Gibb, R. Gibb & M. Gibb, 2001)

And James replies, “So then, let’s take all the risks we can for the sake of the writing.”¹⁶

15. “What we are doing does not always happen. I’m not sure why it is happening. Strangely, I think ours is a trust based on eulogy and wordplay . . . how’s that for a symbiosis!” I believe I wrote this to Lace at the beginning of our dance across distances. At the end of these migrations, as Lace and I were presenting this piece at the QI 2006 conference at the University of Illinois, I was lodging with a close friend who works at the university and with whom I shared this writing. After reading it she expressed her discomfort at the claimed autobiographical nature of the research, as it seemed to defy her expectation of finding a linear narrative through-line, something she had come to expect in all autobiographical writings. I tried to explain that the story *does* have a trajectory from beginning to end. But what I should have said is that the line from beginning to end is sometimes on the surface of the article, sometimes buried deep in the footnotes.

16. “Let’s take a deep breath and begin . . .”

April 11-12, 2006

Dear James of one name
multiple fissures
naming and un-naming
echoes
refrains
music in the key of sky

Weaving again with Lace
along unseemly seams
naming and un-naming
silences
remain
key changes more than the sum of our fears.

This is the urgent writing, the overwhelmed writing, the awed writing, the impatient. (Beep.) Waiting for a response, captain...
Brent Davis was here last week, complexifying.

"Complex phenomena must be studied at the level of their emergence" (Davis, 2006).

Their origin is unpredictable. A new thing of any kind whatsoever begins as a local anomaly, a region of misfit within the preexisting structure. (Smith, cited in Rhodes)

In a complex system, the collective exceeds the sum of its parts.

This first nucleus is indistinguishable from the few fluctuations whose time has not yet come and the innumerable fluctuations which the future will merely erase. (Smith, cited in Rhodes)

"The needs of the many..." Spock a precursor? A coming before (or in a line of) the dynamics of this thinking?

"Any boundary we have imagined to be in place might not be there." (Davis, 2006)

Outweighing "the needs of the few"
in a post-Spock generation
Commander Data processing android dreams,
surrounded by electric sheep
attempting to be more than the sum of his parts,
to boldly go where no name has gone before

The words, my words, seemed hollow, empty with death. Now artifact in motion Written and being written in the dance	To where death is the nucleus for new identity To where motion is socio-historical artifact To where dance is the scribe without thinking
How do you do this? This is poetry, taking the words, making them dance. How do I do this? This is craving, taking the words, making them breathe.	To where poetry is the autonomic response To where breath is the word without inking
I'm hearing <i>Driven</i> , cannot leave the page to re-read. This is not <i>Driven</i> per se, but iteration.	Scribed without thinking Sung without breathing Danced without blinking Identi/ties
Idéali, echoes of a long forgotten lyric re/turned. « <i>Même à présent je voudrais la clé de cet enfer.</i> » (Mas, 1986) <i>Tantôt l'enfer, tantôt l'air</i> ¹⁷	African/language-lost/americans Hyphenated g/r/aspirings Words, stuttering words Spastic, contracting Lungs collapsing
Words, breathing words Turning once more on the grief, still breathing, nay, breathing through	Shattering sternum, ribs retracting My body re/turning Inside out A body without organs A portrait without saying
I look at the interweave, see lungs, literally on the page, metaphorically rising from the page, breathing in, through words.	I'm named again without being assimilated And resistance has <u>not</u> been futile.
This is uncharted territory (for me), this pushing to a writing of more... I feel, between the breaths, an interstitial freedom A floating unfixd A brushing against fluid margins An un-naming, the continual becoming (<i>l'en devenir</i>)	

17. Author's translation: "Even now I would wish to have the key to this hell" (after Mas, 1986), sometimes hell, sometimes air.

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James Haywood Rolling, Jr. earned his EdD and EdM in art education at Teachers College, Columbia University, and his MFA from Syracuse University. His research focuses on post-structuralist and poetic aesthetic interrogations of the certainties and norms of modernity, examining the archaeologies underlying the (re)constitution of stigmatized social identities from previous interpretations ensconced in Western visual culture. He is an associate professor and the chair of art education at Syracuse University.

Lace Marie Brogden, Ph.D., is Assistant Professor in the Faculty of Education at the University of Regina, Canada. Her research interests include auto/biographical text in narrative and the impact of architecture(s) on identity performance/production.