ISTANBUL BELOVED: PLACES OF LEARNING, POTENTIALS, AND PEDAGOGY

by

SONYA GRACE TÜRKMAN

(Under the Direction of Christopher M. Schulte)

ABSTRACT

My dissertation research is a study of movement—movements that were revealed through writing and the new, different movements that this work put into motion. I investigated the ways in which Istanbul and I are in a marriage: we each exist independently with lives, histories, memories, and bodies; but we also exist together in an evolving and growing relationship. This relationship was revealed as I was writing and re-writing, telling and re-telling, storying and re-storying, envisioning and revisioning Istanbul, our relationship, and myself.

Over the course of three years I studied what I knew about these movements and relationships, and how I came to know them differently, unexpectedly even. This study was guided by three interpretive research questions: (1) In what ways did mapping my movement claim Istanbul as my place of learning? (2) In what ways did mapping my movement disrupt, resist, unravel, and extend my pedagogy? And (3) What did I ***do*** with it all? And how did I ***do*** with it all? Theoretical orientations of places of learning, potentials, and pedagogy were combined to create a unique way to reveal a multiplicity of movement. The significance of this work was found in the ways it sought to pry open and explore my movements in ways that set new movements into motion. Using autoethnography, I wrote stories in several forms to reveal

my ***doing*** and to investigate the ways in which my knowing and doing changed, while I challenged the ways I said one thing and did another. Layered and clustered as data and analyses these stories attended to *all that happened in the meantime* over the course of three years, inviting me, and you, to think differently, move differently, and ask new, different questions.

INDEX WORDS: autoethnography, doing, mapping, movement, pedagogy, places of learning, potentials, qualitative inquiry, retrospective revision

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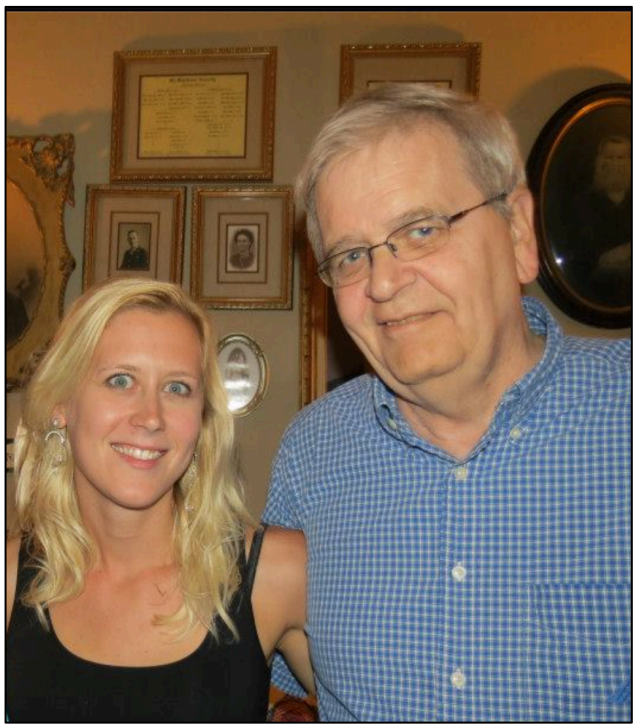
DEDICATION

To my Dad, may our time left together be easy…easy like Sunday morning.



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FOREWORD: A PLATEAU AMONG A THOUSAND

That my dissertation research has turned out to be Deleuzoguattarian, surprises no one more than I. When I first read Deleuze and Guattari's (1987) *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia*[1], I was confused—confused by their abstract ideas and doubly confused by their terminology that brazenly borrowed from a vast array of disciplines. I decided to file them and their esoteric notions away, to be tackled another day…at some point in my distant future…my post-dissertation future.

However, the day arrived sooner than I anticipated as *A Thousand Plateaus* subtly emerged to guide my dissertation. During the course of my dissertation I struggled to compose research questions that would articulate, yet question, what I *knew* and how I came to know it[2]. In the course of my struggles I found *A Thousand Plateaus* quietly, patiently sitting on the shelf. With trepidation I opened the cover and I began to re-read it. My previous hours spent reading and trying (rather unsuccessfully) to understand it haunted me, mocked me, and I was not certain that Deleuze and Guattari would be all that helpful. In my quest for "direction" I had traveled down many rabbit holes before, only to end up where I began… or so it had seemed. In time I saw that my rabbit holes were exactly Deleuze and Guattari's (1987) point. Everytime I waded into scholarly fields: children's culture, visual culture, literacy, language, Tukish history, American history, third culture, third space… I returned to this work differently. I returned with different ideas, but also with different questions. While none of these scholarly fields became a single, intense direction,each venture became part of the larger farbic of my ideas. I began to

[1] As is common convention, I will shorten this title to *A Thousand Plateaus* in this work.
[2] For more information on the iterations of the research questions see Appendix A.

seek out the texture of these ideas, rather than answers. This shift became integral to describing how I came to know and, in some way, how I came to understand my own ideas of pedagogy.

In *A Thousand Plateaus* Deleuze and Guattari (1987) said, "Where are you going? Where are you coming from? What are you heading for? *These are totally useless questions.* Making a clean slate, starting or beginning again from ground zero, seeking a beginning or a foundation—all imply a false conception of voyage and movement (a conception that is methodical, pedagogical, initiatory, symbolic...)" (p. 25, emphasis added). I had to release myself and this work from trying to answer the questions Where am I going? Where have I been? Where am I heading? Instead, in this work I embraced my voyage and my movements with all of their methodolgical, pedagogical, initiatory, and symbolic intentions. This dissertation became a study of movement. Movement that came to life as I unravelled what I thought I knew, what I said, what I thought I did, and constantly asked myself why? and why not? It is in the inquiry of my movements that this work, my dissertation work, "pick[s] up speed" (p. 25) as Deleuze and Guattari (1987) would say. Picking up speed meant that time itself became interrupted and disjointed. These jarring moments played with the temporality and reality of time itself as an idea. This is the power of Deleuze and Guattari's work and why their theories are brought into this work.

In re-reading *A Thousand Plateaus*, I discovered ways to describe my own ideas: ideas of the ability of place and of materiality to teach with particular intentions, ideas of a kind knowledge that changes meaning and ideas about the sites (both tangible and intangible) of these changes. As I found my voice to articulate my sense of these ideas Istanbul emerged as the site of a what Deleuze and Guattari would call a "plateau" (p. 21). A site where my breath was taken away and held for a moment, but I could not immediately get that breath back. I was able to

slowly inhale and slowly get back my breath but the interruption, the disruption of Istanbul stays with me. Istanbul continues to influence what I do and what I don't do in other places, with other bodies, at other times. Massumi (1987) described a Deleuze and Guattari plateau in his foreword to *A Thousand Plateaus*, this way:

> The heightening of energies is sustained long enough to leave a kind of afterimage of its dynamism that can be reactivated or injected into other activities, creating a fabric of intensive states between which any number of connecting routes could exist. (p. xiv)

I began to see Istanbul as my place of learning, as one place and one plateau among my thousands. It was in the ways it reactivated and interjected itself into other activities: daily activities, like cooking with Turkish tomato paste and drinking tea from tulip shaped glasses, but also scholarly activities, like the ways I began reading scholarly articles differently, teaching differently, and learning differently that I saw the influence of Istanbul. As I reflected on these influences in my writing I began to see how Istanbul operated with intentions—intentions that were realized in the ways in which Istanbul's intentions became part of my life influencing my doing. My dissertation research was a mapping of what I did, what I said I did, and how looking at the difference between the two made me think and do differently as I continue to make art, to research, and to teach. This mapping presented itself as data and analyses as it took shape in the course of my dissertation research. It was mapping in the sense that I mapped or located myself and my movements in particular places at particular times, as will be seen in the date and location format of the journal entries. It was also mapping in the sense that I mapped or located my pedagogy and my pedagogy's movements in particular places at particular times during the journey.

It was in creating these mappings that the relationship between Istanbul's intentions and my intentions emerged moving even more so into a place of learning, but also becoming the site of a plateau. Deleuze and Guattari (1987) spoke to my sense of Istanbul as a plateau when they wrote, "A plateau is always in the middle, not at the beginning or the end." (p. 21). Istanbul and I continue to be in the middle, in the interrelation. We are not at the beginning nor are we at the end. Our ideas are taking shape and losing shape in the relationship on the plateau that we share.

I offer here in this foreword working descriptions to clarify my usage of Deleuzoguattarian terms in this work. Here, I will offer their theoretical underpinnings, as well as my own sense of each term to make visible the connections between their terminology and my own work. Similar to the way a chemist combines different substances to observe reactions, my dissertation research combined different theories to pose questions and to inquire. I remember my Chemistry teacher in high school, Mr. Nesbit, telling our class that you can calculate equations and prepare as best you can for what reactions will take place, but there is always an element (pun intended) of surprise, of mystery. He accompanied this advice with an expressive face and a "BOOM!" accentuated all the more by his wire-framed glasses, dark black unruly hair, and white lab coat. Then he smiled and wistfully said "But that is why it is fun." Here, I have combined terminology that will be the elements I use to talk about the BOOM! of the intensities on this plateau. These terms include:

AFFECT: Affect is the notion that there is a space between the human body (physical and cognitive) and an intensity of interaction with other bodies (other humans, other places, other things in our environments). It is in affect that a "different connectivity, a different difference, in parallel" (Massumi, 2002, p. 25) can be felt. For example, we can think about something as simple as a coffee break. In drinking a single cup of coffee there is an orchestration of many

other bodies. Bodies that include humans—in my case, my kids, my husband, the stocker at Kroger who stocks my brand of coffee, the people who created coffee maker design, parts, etc., the people who grew, picked, processed, packaged, and delivered my coffee to Kroger… the list could continue infinitely. Bodies that also include places—my kitchen, Kroger in Athens, Georgia, China where the coffee maker was made, Australia where the Wiggles franchise was recorded much to my daughter's delight (often the reason she disrupts my coffee break to request the Wiggles be shown on TV), Taiwan where said TV was designed and assembled… this list too could continue infinitely. Bodies that also include things—as I mentioned the coffee maker, the TV, but too the coffee cup, the coffee can, the kitchen counter, the microwave used to reheat the cup that has been out too long…this list too could continue infinitely.

Affect describes the ways in which my body interacts with all of these other bodies in this example. As you can see, the lists of these bodies are extensive and these bodies are not always visible. If you were to take a single photo of my coffee break, such as it is, from a site in my kitchen you would undoubtedly miss a lot of what was going on outside of the frame of the photo. For one thing, photos can only imply movement they cannot capture it. A photo in my kitchen would not see my daughter in the living room "requesting" Wiggles as she bounds up and down, wiggling her fingers, all the while repeating "Wigg-ggle, Wigg-ggle" exactly thirty-two times before I give in and turn the show on. Photos also cannot convey movement in the sense of places present in my kitchen. The photo would not show Kroger, Australia, China, or Taiwan—all of which have some presence in my kitchen. As you can see a photo would be one representation of the affect happening in the course of my coffee break. However, if we consider that photos can themselves be bodies of affect, we can see that a photo can frame specific affects curating and editing affect in the process. In the same sense, my writing will be one

representation of the affect I felt as I moved through three years of my life. My writing will also itself be a body of affect that has been and continues to be curated, edited, and changed. Affect is lived, and it is in that living affect changes and is changed by bodies. I have changed and revised my stories as I wrote them and you too will change my stories as you read them and as you think about them. We will co-construct affect together and separately as we move through this work. Stewart (2010) gave an elaboration on this kind of awareness of affect here:

> Everything depends on the feel of an atmosphere and the angle of arrival. Anything can feel like something you're in, fully or partially, comfortably or aspirationally, for good or not for long. A condition, a pacing, a scene of absorption, a dream, a being abandoned by the world, a serial immersion in some little world you never knew was there until you got cancer, a dog, a child, a hankering…and then the next thing—another little world is suddenly there and possible. Everything depends on the dense entanglement of affect, attention, the senses, and matter. (p. 340)

As my body moved inside of, outside of, and within other bodies I was "in" experiences I write about and while in these experiences I developed awareness for affect as Stewart (2010) described. I was in these experiences fully, partially, comfortably, not comfortably, asiprationally, for good and not for long. I fully tried to understand Istanbul. I partially was successful. At times I was comfortable in my movements and at other times quite uncomfortable. My aspirations for understanding Istanbul were lofty, and ultimately out of reach revealed to me by my writing. At times I was in Istanbul permanently (i.e. for good) and at other times I was fleeing from Istanbul (i.e. not for long). These experiences through and with Istanbul became a scene of absorption for me and for my writing. My writing and the eventual processing of what I wrote as I thought and as I felt was a serial immersion into a world I never knew existed—a little

world that suddenly was there and suddenly was possible. This immersion was movement, my movement and this work depended on the dense and messy entanglements of affect, my attention (and my inattention), my senses, and the matter (i.e. the places and the things) that surrounded me.

IN/FORMED: In/form is spelled in this way to unsettle the usual presentation of the word inform, signifying how in/forming happens from inside of, outside of, and within the encounters and negotiations of places. My coffee break happens inside of my house, outside of my house, and within the encounters and negotiations of my house. This place, my house, is formed by the coffee break and my coffee break is formed by this place. The two operate together and because of one another. My research borrowed the term from *In/Formed by the Land: The Architecture of Carl Abbott FAIA* (2012), where Abbott spoke to the ways in which the land shapes humans and, in turn, how he shaped buildings to nurture human responses to land. The severed in/form is used throughout my dissertation to describe the in/formative forces of places, particularly attending to my relationship with Istanbul.

INTERRELATION: The notion of interrelationality that underpins this work extends from my own belief of the significance of "the in-between" in relationships: relationships where nothing exists independently. Interrelationality positions our very existence as interdependent. Nakamura (1967) spoke of interrelationality when he said, "Loving one in all things and all things in one, none can find themselves excluded from the universal meeting" (p. 111). My relationship with Istanbul is much like a marriage: Istanbul exists. I exist. And what this work delves into is the relationship, or marriage, between us.

MAPPING: You can easily conceptualize a map in the traditional sense as an image that lays out directions and you can think of this laying out of direction as mapping. What I have

done here is mapping (i.e. laying out directions), but I did so differently. In my mapping I followed the things I wrote about as I followed my movements. My mapping then brought my writing back around fast-forwarding and rewinding to question my movements and myself. Remember I said time became something fluid and malleable. In my writing time was important, but it was even more important that I disrupted the typical chronological order of time in order to ask new questions, different questions about my movement and myself. In asking new and different questions about the mapping, the questioning in and of itself became part of the mapping too. This is all quite Deleuzoguattarian and as one of my friends would say "fuzzy" because in this work mapping is laying out directions, but it and I are doing so without a direction in mind and with the acceptance that direction (and time) are arbitrary markers at best. That is why in this work I did what Deleuze and Guittari (1987) advised, mapping and not tracing. This distinction between map and trace was important as Deleuze and Guittari (1987) explained:

> The orchid does not reproduce a tracing with the wasp; it forms a map with the wasp, in a rhizome. What distinguishes the map from the tracing is that it [the map] is entirely oriented toward an experimentation in contact with the real. (p. 12)

This work formed as I mapped what I did through and with Istanbul. My mapping was entirely oriented toward an experimentation of my contact with the real Istanbul. Our contact continues to be an open, yet connected and I continue mapping as I too try to be open, yet connected.

PLACES OF LEARNING: It is in places of learning that as humans we learn—we explore, question, and revise who we are, what we know, what we believe, and what we do. Any "place" can be a place of learning. Ellsworth (2005) stated that what is characteristic of the places of learning she studied is that:

> [t]hey site themselves within ideas, events, histories, and memories that are predicated upon highly traumatic or provocative divisions between self and other, us and them, inside and outside, and then they attempt to turn those seemingly absolute boundaries into places of learning by rendering them porous, fluid, and palpable. (p. 159)

Ellsworth (2005) described the ability of a place of learning to act as a hinge, a pivot point, "*putting inside and outside into relation*" (p. 46, emphasis in original), not to preserve inside/outside boundaries but to put interrelationality in motion through affect. By paying attention to my body and its relationships with other bodies (i.e. paying attention to affect) Istanbul continues to be a hinge, a pedagogical pivot point that puts these relationships in motion. Motion and movement are the common thread in this work and as Ellsworth's (2005) ideas of how to "see" movement which is put into motion by the design on places. As an interior designer, Ellworth's attention to design and her theoretical positioning of places of learning as hinges hit a chord as I searched for ways to talk about what I saw and how I came to see differently after Istanbul. I remember as I walked in Istanbul, I did not see coffee shops dotting corners as I see here in America. Instead I saw street vendors selling dark Turkish tea, ears of roasted corn with giant saltshakers that doused the corn in salt, un-refrigerated mussels stuffed with rice and lemon, and roasted black chestnuts. The affect of smelling the mixed aromas of tea, corn, mussels, chestnuts, accompanied by the acrid smoke emitted by these mobile carts taught me as much about Turkey as it taught me about myself and my assumptions of the Turks and of Turkey. It was in catching myself in the assumptive moments that I investigated the ways in which I put my inside knowing in what I said I knew and what I said I believed into outside doing in movement and action. During the course of my dissertation research I became aware of how my doing was not, and is not, an accurate portrayal of what I think I know or what I think I

believe. Istanbul (and Deleuze and Guattari) confronted my ideas that I could or should know anything at all. What Istanbul "taught" me by showing me was that my knowledge is not black and white, rather it is various shades of gray. Istanbul taught me that my knowledge is porous, fluid, and palpable, which is why it is my place of learning. Istanbul touched a sensitive nerve, using bodily sensations and affect to bring about the heightened intensities of a plateau—intensities that were participative, co-constructed, and powerful. Intensities that for me have changed who I am, what I think I know, and what I do out in the world with other bodies. Intensities that continue to leave that sensitive nerve open, rather than bandage it to heal. It was in writing that I found how I had set up divisions of selves and others and revealed my own privileging of us over *them*. Istanbul gave me awareness and sensitivity while rendering the divisive things I had put in place porous, fluid, and palpable.

PEDAGOGY**:** In this foreword I said I would provide working descriptions of my usage of terms and I endeavor to do this, however pedagogy is perhaps the most difficult of them all to pin down. Perhaps this is because pedagogy changes moment-to-moment, movement-to-movement, affect-to-affect. Perhaps this is also because my pedagogy is uniquely mine and your pedagogy is uniquely yours... well to some extent because in this work I began to see how my pedagogy is in relation to a vast array of other pedagogies. I also began to put together in the mapping that my pedagogy is in relation to other things—bodies, histories, knowledges, events, places, spaces, memories…When I talk about *my* pedagogy I am talking about the complex ways that I process knowledge and experience through and with all of these things—things that are moving and changing as my pedagogy is moving and changing too. This is precisely why movement and affect were so important to this work. While in Istanbul I reflected on how I knew what I knew. I asked myself where did my knowledge come from? And how did I bring in

new knowledge—new knowledge that questioned and modified previous knowledge? And how did knowledge, something I had held as solid and absolute, now fall apart and come back together only to fall apart again?

Ellsworth (2005) called this the "loss of knowability—a loss of mastery of the subject, a loss of closure" (p. 107) and as I thought about the ways my knowing changed, I considered my pedagogy's role in that change. I also began to see loss in a different light. Loss had been something I had thought about as lost forever, something never to be seen again. As I reflected on my "loss" of knowledge I began to see that it could not be lost forever, rather it was part of a movement, part of a moment, part of affect, and it was part of the new knowledge that modified it. There was no beginning and there was no end. What I saw in the course of this work was that my pedagogy interacted with other pedagogies and in the same way that affect is found in the relationship of my body to other bodies, so too is affect found in the relationship of my pedagogy to other pedagogies. Massumi's (2002) different connectivity and different difference became real as I came to be attuned to the affect in the relationships of pedagogies (mine included). I was able to see and feel the intensities of the relationships between my pedagogy and other pedagogies as Istanbul opened that sensitive nerve. Istanbul made visible the destabilization of my knowledge. I lost my knowability and in that loss Istanbul afforded me the opportunity to see my own pedagogy and to inquire and write about it here. It was in describing my own emerging sense of my pedagogy that this work picked up speed and I return to Ellsworth (2005) who asked that we consider "what pedagogy *does* instead of what pedagogy means or how it means" (p. 27, emphasis in original). What my pedagogy does is take up the challenge to process infinitely complex movements and affects in ways that reshape my knowledge and set my knowledge (and me) into motion. Different connectivities to Istanbul emerged as I wrote. As I mentioned earlier,

our relationship was like a marriage: we both had our separate lives (with bodies, pedagogies, and intentions) but we have this common life together all of which were moving and changing. I saw different differences in the ways in which I acted or reacted inside and outside of our "marriage" but I also saw how I responded differently to see intentions (or perspectives) after Istanbul.

POTENTIALS: I talk about movements and motion as a way to describe action. Potentials are movements that are still in-process. For example, Massumi (2002) wrote, "Possibility is a variation implicit in what a thing can be said to be when it is on target. Potential is the immanence [process] of a thing to its still indeterminate variation, under way" (p. 9). Remember in the mapping description I said I would lay out direction, but only insomuch as I am laying out directions that continue to be in-process. Potentials are "still underway," unfinished, and indeterminate. Potentials remain in motion even as they set new, other things into motion. They are the very essence of movement. It is this essence that my mapping tries to capture in combining the freeze-frame shots described in my writing. It is in combining that I hoped to put my potentials into communication because Deleuze and Guattari (1987) said that when potentials are put into communication movement takes place "like everything that 'grows' out of the rhizome type" (p. 435). The more I considered how my pedagogy was a rhizome, the more I saw the importance of putting my potentials in communication to see movement and to see the growth that came from the movement.

RHIZOME/RHIZOMATIC: Rhizomes can be thought of as root systems that grow out, around, with, because of, in spite of, and through what surrounds them. This idea of rhizomatic highlights how this growing or movement happens around, with, because of, in spite of and through what surrounded me. This movement was not put into motion with a destination in

mind, rather this movement responded to other movements, other things and in this movement I emerged differently. Deleuze and Guattari (1987) used this terminology to talk about the ways that theory can be non-hierarchal with multiple points of entry and exit. In their usage of the rhizome, ideas are not dispersed from the top down, but rather from the multiplicities of the movements. As my movement became visible, I began to see how my pedagogy was acting like a rhizome as it was disrupted, resisted, unraveled, and extended in my stories. In the same way root systems grow in response to all that surrounds them, my pedagogy grew in response to all that surrounded me. In an effort to make visible this growth I created the mappings through my stories because Deleuze and Guattari's (1987) said, "the rhizome pertains to a map that must be produced, constructed, a map that is always detachable, connectable, reversible, modifiable, and has multiple entryways and exits" (p. 21). My mapping followed movements that brought forth my pedagogy as a rhizome. My mapping was constructed with and because of my movements. In my writing I played with the ways my mapping was detachable, connectable, reversible, modifiable, and left open multiple points of entry. Thinking of my pedagogy as rhizomatic allowed me to investigate the wide array of influences acting and reacting, forming and in/forming it. It also allowed me to inquire into the ruptures—the times I recognized the loss of knowability—as Deleuze and Guattari's (1987) said "Always follow the rhizome by rupture" (p. 11). Using Deleuze and Guattari's (1987) rhizome, I was able to look at these points of rupture without trying to fit them into a timeline and without the judgment other ways of organization would have insisted. With Deleuze and Guattari I was able to investigate these ruptures by unwinding them and connecting them with other points on the rhizome of my pedagogy.

CHAPTER ONE

STORIES OF PLACE

> A place belongs forever to whoever claims it hardest, remembers it most obsessively, wrenches it from itself, shapes it, renders it, loves it so radically that he remakes it in his own image.
>
> —Joan Didion, *The White Album*

It was in the process of writing stories about Istanbul that I became aware of how much I shaped, rendered and loved Istanbul, but also I became aware how much Istanbul shaped, rendered, and loved me. This dissertation is a collection of stories—stories that came to be in the three years I wrote about my relationship with Istanbul. It was three years of writing and re-writing, telling and re-telling, storying and re-storying, envisioning and revisioning Istanbul, but also what I knew and how I came to know it. This turning back and forth uses excessive phrasing and comma usage to highlight that this process was messy…very messy. However, it was in the messiness that my writing revealed new thoughts to think and new questions to ask. Thoughts and questions that moved this work forward with the intention that my stories throughout this dissertation will be like Deleuze and Guattari's (1987) book where "the book is not an image of the world… there is an aparallel evolution of the book and the world" (p. 11). What Deleuze and Guattari explained is that as the book and the world evolve in chronologically, meanwhile they also evolve together interrelationally. My stories and my world evolved chronologically as I

wrote about what was happening around me, to me, and in-between the outside me and the inside me. Meanwhile my stories continue to evolve in the ways they put these in-between relationships into motion in questioning ideas of interrelationality and ideas of outside and inside. As my stories are read meanings are made, knowledges are made, and experiences are made, all of which are co-constructed and collaborative. These things (meanings, knowledges, experiences) are made in the in-between, in the interrelationship between the stories and the readers. It is important to remember Nakamura's (1967) universal meeting where my stories influence the reader, as the readers influence the reading of the stories. Again, this is a study of movement (i.e. potentials) not a study of definition (i.e. being) and as such this study moves too. Inquiruing and studying my stories showed movement, but also allowed new movement that twisted and turned through, around, and in-between the original study I designed. It was these new movement where Mr. Nesbit's BOOM! happened and he was right…it was fun.

How I Wrote My Stories

In order to create my stories, both the ones sprinkled throughout this dissertation as well as the ones used as data and analyses, I had to consider how I could write my messy study of movement with a voice capable of doing it justice. Autoethnography (Chang, 2008; Ellis, 2004, 2009; Ellis, Adams, & Bochner, 2010; Ellis & Bochner, 2000; Reed-Danahay, 1997) invited my messiness without subordinating it as lesser. In other words, autoethnography allowed me to show movement and created new movement in ways that moved this work forward.

Autoethnography also gave me the space to reflect and acknowledge what could be revealed in my own "retrospective revision" (Hankins, 2003, p. 251). From this retrospective perspective I reflected on my writing asking myself: Why I chose to write about that experinece? What did it mean to me then? and What does it mean to me now? The revision came from the

ways in which my writing , even at the moment of the experience, was being revised by me. I chose what I wrote about and how I wrote about it. My "choice" became an important thing to investigate and this revising and choosing continues to happen as I continue to write. It was in writing this kind of retrospective revision that incongruencies and shifts emerged in the places and times that were points of rutpure. By looking back and forth, again playing with temporality, I acknowledged how much my past—a past that I (i.e. auto) studied ethnographically—continues to influence my present and my future. Not only that, my present and future change how I see and how I write about my past.

In order to study my movements from this position of restrospective revision I used autoethnography to investigate and unpack the temporailty—to investigate and unpack myself at different times in different places. Autoethnography invited me to delve deeper into my stories to create more stories, different stories and I developed several different formats to achieve this kind of storytelling. I created stories in the forms of journal entries, documents, *remembered*[3](s), and meta-autoethnographies to do this. Remember I wanted my mappings to be like what Deleuze and Guittari (1987) explained, "entirely oriented toward an experimentation in contact with the real" (p. 12) and I had to devise ways to convey my experimentation in the contact with my real. I began with my journal entries that were housed in my collective journal[4] and these

[3] Remembered is presented italicized to denote its nostalgic significance. In this work the *remembered* sections are like flashbacks in a documentary. They will orient the reader to certain intensities of experience in my past that come back in my present much like a flashback in film. They are hazy as time and memory change these stories and their meanings.

[4] Like Hankins' (2000, 2003) "collective" teaching journal, my content was/is housed in a collection of various notebooks, scraps of paper, computer files, backs of receipts, ticket stubs, voice memos on my phone, video recordings, backs of napkins, e-mail correspondence, and Facebook and blog posts. Analyses of this sort of data resisted the idea that one medium could or should contain it; rather, each medium adds to the collective meaning of the whole data set. This collective journal was not written with the intention to be shared and as such it recorded things, thoughts, and actions I would not have shared in a public forum. That is precisely why these journal entries were the starting point for this work in that their deeply personal nature revealed raw and honest perceptions and interpretations of my experiences.

entries recorded the real-time events, as I perceived them. These journal entries were not interested in documenting histories of the real, however they were like little documentaries following the real things I saw, I heard, I felt, and I thought about. These journal entries chronicled my movement, but did so is ways that needed to be further investigated and unpacked. Therefore, I devised documents, *remembered*(s), and meta-autoethnographies. The documents also existed in this real-time space where I used them to evidence what I said I thought and instances where my thoughts aligned with thoughts of other scholars and writers. The documents that I generated followed my research design decisions and are complimented by the other forms in which I wrote. The documents I borrowed from other scholars and writers followed the literature I was reading and had read. Together the generated and borrowed documents add depth to the movements seen in the journal entries. Likewise the *remembered*(s) disrupted temporality by bringing up ideas housed in memories beyond the scope of the three years I outlined for this study. These *remembered*(s) often revolved around my experiences over time with people who were influential to who I have become as a person. They come from my past, but have influenced my present and will influence my future. As I thought about these magnitudes of movement and influence I used meta-autoethnographies to offer my current position and my current interpretation of the journal entries, the documents, and the *remembered*(s). The meta-autoethnographies broke apart and questioned the assumptions, the estimations, the revisions, and the omissions I found in those other forms. Together these stories create my story, but they also can create new stories, different stories, aparallel evolving stories.

Why I Wrote My Stories

Ellis (2009) said, "The meaning of a story depends on the other stories it will generate" (p. 232) and my stories in their various forms were written to do exactly that—to ask my

questions, to follow my movements, but also to provoke conversation around new stories, new thoughts, new questions, new movements. My stories created a mapping that made visible Istanbul as my place of learning. My stories revealed ruptures in my pedagogy. Too, my stories spoke to the ways my ***doing***[5] changed as I changed. My stories were movements themselves and I wrote my stories to set new stories into motion. In writing my stories I often returned to Massumi's (2002) words:

> The writing tries not only to accept the risk of sprouting deviant [*sic*], but to invite it. Take joy in your digressions. Because that is where the unexpected arises. That is the experimental aspect. *If you know where you will end up when you begin, nothing has happened in the meantime.* You have to be willing to surprise yourself, writing things you didn't think you thought. Letting examples burgeon requires using inattention as a writing tool. You have to let yourself get so caught up in the flow of your writing that it ceases at moments to be recognizable to you as your own. (p. 18, emphasis added)

My stories invited the deviant, the experimental, the things and ideas that pushed and pulled and tugged as they labored to discover and try to understand Massumi's (2002) *all that happened in the meantime* because *all that happened in the meantime* was the movement I wanted to make visible. In my writing I was often surprised to find myself writing about thoughts and actions of which I had been unaware—unaware at the time it happened, but also unaware in the present until I was able to put the pieces together from this position of hindsight. One example was my own sense of privileging language, particularly my own English language,

[5] Often in my dissertation ***did***, ***do***, and ***doing*** are presented in this way to highlight a particular sense of my movement in and of the doing. In instances where I attended to this ***doing*** as my decisions, my thoughts, my actions, and the ways in which I operated through and with systems and bodies these terms will appear bolded and italicized. It is important to distinguish this ***doing*** from doing in the traditional sense because it captures doing as my movements which are central to this work.

as a higher, better, more informed means of communication, which in turn meant that I deemed other languages (and the people who spoke them) as lesser. If you had asked me at the beginning of my Istanbul Project in 2013 if I felt this way or if I did this, I would have indignantly objected to such an outrageous claim. Even if you had asked me at the end of my Collective Biography project in the beginning of 2016, I would have objected, perhaps less indignant, but objected still. It was not until I sat down to write a meta-autoethnography of my Istanbul Project in February of 2016 that I realized what I ***did***. One such meta-autoethnography aptly titled" Did I really just write that?" made me acutely aware of how much I said and what I ***did*** were incongruent, on far more occasions than I was aware. As Hankins (2003) wrote, "Through retrospective revision, all of us tell our lives. The struggle of this telling will feel hauntingly familiar…if you let it" (p. 251). I was/am/continue to be[6] haunted by my writing, and, as I worked on my stories, I started writing even more things I didn't know I thought and I didn't know I ***did***. I found myself in Massumi's (2002) flow processing my ***doing*** in ways that I did not immediately recognize as my own. Writing my stories required using the tool of inattention, as Massumi described. The many, many rabbit holes I took led me to this work in a particular kind of way. This work and the stories and the insights created would have not been available had I taken any other journey, or had I not been willing to be inattentive, to be experimental, to be so caught up in the writing that I got lost. It was precisely the lost-ness that allowed the found-ness.

Three Stories of Place

These three stories are to orient you to three particular "places" in my life that I continue to think and write about. These three stories are also meant to orient you to the type of writing I will do in this dissertation. These three stories are of places remembered, loved, and of learning

[6] Often in my dissertation research I used past tense/present tense/future tense in my writing to convey the nature of this kind of work—work that resists being classified singularity as past, as present, or as future.

where I sensed heightened intensities that have stayed with me even as some of these places no longer exist—these are sites of Deleuze and Guattari's (1987) plateaus, Stewart' s (2007) new little worlds. The intensities of these places made me pay attention then (at some time in the past), but also made me pay attention as I wrote. These are my stories. These are our stories.

Places Remembered

My interest in place began early in my childhood. My Dad, as an artist and a carpenter, had talent for working with the grain of wood, shaping and sculpting its everyday beauty into functional objects—kitchen cabinets, tables, all the things that fill a place. As a child I sat in his wood shop, watching him construct ordinary cabinets by extraordinary means. I sat mesmerized by the measuring and marking, the seeing and feeling, and the hum of the machines. I still enjoy the sweet, earthy smell of freshly cut wood.

In college I studied real estate, because I loved the idea of buildings and homes as places that can earn money, but business school commodified my love of place in troubling ways. I studied real estate markets in the mid-2000s—a time when real estate insiders knew an economic bubble was forming but scrambled to get mortgages (and money) until the bubble burst. Their interest was not in the places or the people, but only in the money ripe for the taking. It was during the course of an enlightening real estate internship that I encountered, entered, and dwelled in a building that changed me, and my idea of place. This chance encounter underscored my need to re-evaluate my ideas of what place could and should be.

Places Loved

Some may have seen it as just another office building among the many in the sprawling metropolis of Atlanta, but this place was different. Nestled into a small patch of green among the gray concrete city, this relatively small, brick building, crouched under the shade of trees as if in

hiding from the towering buildings on all sides poised to spawn an equally tall building on the plot this building occupied. I was there with my mentor to receive a $254,000 commission check for a sale he had closed two weeks prior. We sat in a well-appointed conference room on the third floor. The men sat discussing real estate and markets, as I, dressed in a stiff black suit and heels, looked out the expansive window on my left, watching the trees rustle with the slight summer breeze. Compared to the monotony of the conversation and the past hour of sitting in stand-still traffic, this conference room was a little slice of paradise. I let out a sigh of relief unnoticed, or unacknowledged, by the others.

As we left the conference room my mentor beamed with pride, telling me excitedly and rapidly how this sale was leading to others. As a commission-driven profession, real estate requires many sales in order for an agent to eke out a living. Quantity, not quality, is key. It is an enterprise that churns through thousands of people each year who lack the sales skills, aggressiveness, or just plain luck to make it. I exited the building alongside my excited mentor. As we walked out into the afternoon sun filtering through the trees, I turned back to see the building and felt a wave of sadness to leave that place, but that day I also left behind any notion that I was, or could be, or should be a successful real estate agent.

I realized my interest was in the building as a place in and of itself, not the traffic counts or prices per square foot—the things that greatly interested my mentor: the higher the numbers, the higher the value. I desperately wanted to know how you could make someone feel something so magical in a place as ordinary as an office building. These sensations and connections are invitations from the designers of the building and, from the place itself, to learn more, to join in the conversation. It is in this way that places, such as this nothing-special office building become places of learning and this office building certainly was a place of learning for me.

Places of Learning

My encounter with that office building changed my ideas of what place could and should be as it led me to explore how I could make those connections, how to extend invitations to those kinds of conversations. I wanted to study and create the interiors that resonated with people, made them remember, made them think. I wanted to create interiors that prompted a sigh of relief in a hectic day. Diligently I worked over the next year to make up for what I considered lost time. I finished my business degree but also took courses in art and studio drawing to create a portfolio for applying to interior design programs. I never thought I would return to my hometown of Savannah, Georgia, but the Savannah College of Art and Design (SCAD) had a top-ranked interior design program and offered a scholarship and financial aid package. It was an offer I could not refuse. If that conference room in Atlanta was paradise for two hours, SCAD was paradise for two years. I soaked up every minute of my master's program, learning from, listening to, and loving place. SCAD's curriculum is interdisciplinary, offering a program of study including art and design theories and advanced computer and hand-drawing techniques. I learned how to produce art that, like my father's, made things come alive. It was an immersive, creative, enjoyable learning experience. While at SCAD, I also began to consider what it would be like to teach these kinds of courses. I squirreled away books, notes, handouts, everything I could get my hands on to save to use later. I didn't realize at the time I was trying to save a feeling, the memory of SCAD as place of learning, but, like all places of learning, it changed, and I changed, too

During the summer of 2008 SCAD renovated Eichberg Hall, the old train station that housed the building arts departments, including my interior design department. Eichberg had been minimally renovated at some time in the late 1990s. The Eichberg that welcomed me as a

new student in 2007 had plain white or occasionally light gray walls, simple white drafting tables, and moveable gray A-frame partitions. These partitions were as functional as they were territorial. They functioned as quick presentation boards for the countless rounds of critique, a process I quickly had to become accustomed to, but the partitions also staked claim. They marked territory, but a shifting sense of territory. It was not uncommon for the professor to ask that we move the partitions to make "room to work." Of course, in a finite space, moving our partitions out meant encroaching onto others' territory. The politics of the partitions was part of Eichberg. The materials in that building and of that building were part of the place; part of the place of learning.

When I returned to my beloved Eichberg in the fall of 2008 for my final semester, I was horrified, absolutely horrified. Our plain white and subtle gray walls were now sickeningly saccharine shades of orange, green, and blue. I felt as if I had been dropped into a bag of Skittles. The bathrooms that had received an admittedly needed updating, but also no longer had paper towels. Instead, obnoxiously loud motion-sensing air dryers were installed that resonated through the long, narrow structure every time someone moved past them—we all navigated around them and brought napkins and paper towels to dry our hands instead. The simple white drafting desks were replaced by monstrous, shiny black steel-framed creatures bolted to the floor, and the beloved A-frame partitions replaced by upright corkboards, also in shiny black frames and bolted in place. I went to the bathroom with the horrid hand dryers and cried.

How could *they* do this? Betrayed and exasperated, I left the bathroom in search of my advisor. She would tell me it was all going to be ok. She would say this is some kind of experiment to show us how ***not*** to design something—professors at SCAD often did this kind of experiential teaching. It was a test, right? I found my advisor in a circle of other faculty

anxiously talking, feeling equally betrayed and exasperated. They welcomed me into the circle, where I learned that not one of the many talented, educated, and experienced interior design faculty had been asked or consulted about the renovation. How was this so? Rule #1 of interior design: Ask the clients what they want. Sometimes the clients cannot articulate what they want, and your job is to help them, but you *ALWAYS* ask. It was after the circle that I began to reflect on the pedagogical intentions at SCAD, and perhaps elsewhere, where students are presented with near-perfect scenarios that teach concepts, but teach little about how to work in the trenches, where things are chaotic, messy, and less understood. Later, I would understand just how not-perfect interior design projects are in the trenches, but the shiny, new Eichberg was a betrayal, a betrayal of all that I thought I knew about design and about teaching. I finished my thesis and graduated at the end of the fall term, but those feelings of betrayal followed me, etched into my memory of Eichberg and of SCAD as places of learning—places of learning that I had held in such high regard, which made their fall that much more disheartening.

After graduation I moved from Georgia, the state in which I had lived all my life, to sunny Boca Raton in South Florida to work for a prestigious interior design firm. The hours were long, but I loved the work…at first. From the lead designer I learned much more about design methods and materials. I learned the value of self-promotion and gained confidence in my abilities as a designer, but I deeply missed theory. The projects varied in style and materials, but there was little variation in theory. The work reflected very little of what I had learned in school and nothing Floridian. Many of the homes we designed could easily be uprooted and replanted in New York or New Haven—not exactly surprising, considering our clients were from the Northeast, either retiring or setting up summer homes in Florida to serve as retirement homes later. While I loved design, after a year I was disillusioned—the "pastiche" (Jameson, 2009, p. 7)

of resurrecting old styles lacked innovation, and the work was mechanical. I was unhappy. The part of my job that I did enjoy was running the internship program. Each semester the firm hired an intern from one of the local universities. I enjoyed showing them how to do things and watching them work through their design challenges using the tools I gave them. As much as I knew that I could not and should not be a real estate agent, I *knew* I should be teaching.

I returned to the University of Georgia to study art, education, and theory as part of the Art Education doctoral program. I fondly remember the first time I read Berger's (1972) *Ways of Seeing*. The first line of the first chapter reads: "Seeing comes before words. The child looks and recognizes before it can speak" (Berger, 1972, p. 7). I was hooked. Berger (1972) spoke of ideas I had too, but had not encountered before in literature. He said "We never look at just one thing; we are always looking at the relation between things and ourselves. Our vision is continually active… holding things in a circle around itself, constituting what is present to us as we are" (p. 9). Berger presented seeing as an interrelational process between the object (i.e. a work of art) and the viewer. Berger went on to talk about gaze and being aware of gazing—all of these ideas about how we see, what we see, and what we perceived were/are/continue to be fascinating to me. I found myself applying Berger and the theories we discussed in classes to my background in design. It was in the doctoral research methods class that the idea of pedagogy permeated these layers of place, places of learning, and experience, bringing forth inquiries about how we know, what we know, and why? How and why we do certain things (and not other things) as artists and designers, as researchers, and as teachers[7]? How do these artist, researcher, teacher identities coexist and to what do they each influence our seeing, our being, our ***doing***?

[7] While *Being with A/r/tography* (Irwin, Springgay, Leggo, & Gouzouasis, 2008) will not be directly cited, this openness to new methods and new ways of thinking about art/research/teaching deeply influenced my thinking.

Fields of Play: Constructing a Storied Life[8]

These three stories are the kinds of stories I created as I wrote stories of my experiences to reveal my movements, but to also show how theory was part of my experience and movements too. My stories try to bring these abstractions back around and back down to earth. They try to make the abstractions personal and relatable. Again, this is movement that goes back and forth between my stories and theory, as a means to create a field of play. As I put together the field I found scholars who wrote about the complexity of place (Ellsworth, 2002, 2005; Somerville et al., 2011), culture (Bhabha, 2004), and visual representations of culture (Mirzoeff, 2002), these ideas became increasingly important when I met and married a wonderful Turkish man named Burak. It is around this time in late 2012 that I began to keep my collective journal—a journal that would be the jumping off point for this work. Over the years I have discarded nothing, collecting the journal in all of its eclectic modes and watching boxes fill with scraps of paper, computer files burgeon with documents, and notebooks amass class notes with comments about what the readings made me think and made me feel. Questions dotted the margins of articles, asking why, and how, and why not, and how not. I began to realize that something underlay my questioning—something that I would begin to understand as my own sense of pedagogy. The more I explored, the more I realized it was through and with my pedagogy that I saw and knew the world, and that my seeing and knowing, from moment-to-moment, movement-to-movement, affect-to-affect. The stories live in the journal, but they came to life because of pedagogy.

[8] A playful adaptation of Laurel Richardson's (1997) book title: *Fields of play: Constructing an academic life.*

CHAPTER TWO

INTRODUCTION

> You are part of a dialogue that you may not, at first, be heard or heralded—you may be ignored—but your personhood cannot be denied. In another's country that is also your own, your person divides, and in following the forked path you encounter yourself in a double movement…once as a stranger, and then as friend.
>
> (Bhabha, 2004, p. xxv)

During my first visit to Istanbul in the summer of 2013, I encountered many "firsts": the first time I met my new in-laws and extended (and extensive) Turkish family; the first time I saw that traffic laws were merely suggestions to be disregarded if you were running late; the first time I conducted research, and the first time I recognized myself in Bhabha's double movement. In Istanbul I came to be aware that I was part of many dialogues where I was not heard or heralded, and was even sometimes ignored. Dialogues are quite difficult when you don't speak the language…and although in some ways I had anticipated that my lack of Turkish language skills would be problematic I did not realize the extent to which it would entirely exclude me from conversations. I did not realize that my inability to understand or speak or read Turkish meant that my ideas, my contributions to conversations were without a voice. They and I were silenced. However, the longer I stayed in Istanbul my Turkish improved but also my ability to decipher meaning from body language, contextual information, and intended voice inflection and pauses greatly improved. This skill to find meaning has served me as I have continued to travel

and continued to meet people whose native language is not English, but in my writing I revealed that this skill is something I use at certain times and not at others. There is choice—my choice of when and where to use it. Bhabha's (2004) double movement is complicated by choice and it doubles over and over again as we choose us versus them, American versus Turk, native English speaker versus non-native English speaker. The choosing is tricky and also changes moment-to-moment.

I take ownership of these research projects with "my"—my Istanbul Project, my Collective Biography Project and my dissertation research. However this my is aspirational, as through my writing I came to realize how much I both overestimated and underestimated the realities of research. My misestimations led me to question the ability to possess research. In my Istanbul Project, my overestimations of my communication abilities and of the ease with which I thought one could conduct research resulted in an arrogant assumption that I, the American, could or should say something about Turkish school children. My underestimations of my language skills, of the social and cultural impediments to conducting research in another country, and of the amount of flexibility I could or should exert, resulted in a project that resembled my design for my Istanbul Project, but that had moved away from what I said I was going to do.

As I thought about my saying and my doing in my Istanbul Project, I saw the ways in which I encountered myself in a double movement (Bhabha, 2004, p. xxv) or a movement of movements. I encountered myself in doubled identities: American and Turkish (even if only by marriage), child and adult (even if only by biological age). I encountered my ideas in a doubled state of becoming known: that which I thought I *knew* was now open to revision, alongside and within that which was yet to be known and in the messy confusion of these thoughts and ideas swirling in my head I found my pedagogy as the processor—the part that explored, questioned,

and revised what I saw, what I ***did***, and what I ***did not do*** in Istanbul, in my Collective group, and in my dissertation research. By attending to my own pedagogical intentions, I began to see the pedagogical intentions of others. Pedagogies that were negotiating this doubling, and pedagogies that were changing because of these doubled movements, these doubled identities, these doubled states of knowable and unknowable. Pedagogies that were/are/continue to be always already (Ricoeur, 1990, p. 53) *in the making* (Ellsworth, 2005, p. 2). Ricoeur's (1990) always already speaks to the personality of pedagogy that this work desired to see and try to understand. Always already positions time and action as in-process. Pedagogy as always already implicates a pedagogy that has always and already existed. As I entered by doctoral program and before I first went to Istanbul, I had a particular sense of my pedagogy and what it did, but I saw my pedagogy from this limiting perspective as a bag of tricks for classroom management. For example, using proximity to a student for effect. If said student is playing on their iPhone (presumably not paying attention) as the teacher if you go stand near them more than likely the iPhone will be hidden into a pocket or backpack. As the teacher you will feel proud to have restored the balance of order. You may even pat yourself on the back. This is an example of pedagogy (i.e. ways of doing), sure. But what this work opened up for me was that my pedagogy was a process of doing through which this example (our distracted student) would become subject to a different set of questions: Why was this student distracted? Or were they distracted at all? They were obviously very interested in what was happening on their phone… Why am I noticing and calling their response a distraction? Am I not distracted too by this phone? Why are they not doing what I had hoped they would, and why did I have these hopes? Were these hopes for them or for me or for us both? Was their behavior part of a cultural norm that differed from my own cultural norms? Why did I have the hope or rather the expectation in the first place that the student should pay

attention to what I do and what I say? What do these expectations (mine, the student's, the class') say about me, about us, about them? And why do I care? My pedagogy became the way that I enabled and created these new questions, not seeking an answer, but prying open my own assumptions and estimations opening up them (and me) to inquiry. With this inquiry I had to come to terms with the fact that places of learning, potentials, pedagogy, and people, were not static, which meant that the relationships (inter- or otherwise) were constantly (always already) changing too. This context came from my Istanbul Project and my Collective Biography Project

My Istanbul Project

My dissertation research situates itself at the beginning of my Istanbul Project, a research study of the drawings made by 46 children in a third-grade classroom in the public school of Reslener[9] 125th Year Elementary School in Istanbul, Turkey in May of 2013. The genesis of the project was *Memory and Experience, Thematic Drawings By Qatari, Taiwanese, Malaysian and American Children* by Hurwitz and Carroll (2008), which chronicled a research study of drawings made by children in Qatar, Taiwan, Malaysia, and America, including commentary from the researchers, the educators who ran the studies, and art educators and theorists. Hurwitz (2008) explained that "[t]he purpose of this publication is to provide a cross-cultural pool of drawings from which students and teachers can study the effects of instruction, culture, and environment on children's visual expression" (p. 3). My intentions with the design of my Istanbul Project were to add to the Hurwitz and Carroll's (2008) collection of drawings and to add to their conversations of art instruction, culture, and environment.

While to some extent that endeavor was successful (i.e. I have many drawings…), what also came from that research was a body of writing in my collective journal that unraveled many of

[9] Pseudonym

the things I thought I knew. My life in Istanbul changed at each turn, bending and twisting and forcing me to negotiate control, politics, language, and meaning—sometimes all at once. I was no longer in control, but then again perhaps I never was. Perhaps the idea that I could or should be in control was yet another misestimation on my part. Schulte (2013) said "*research is never really ours, not even from the beginning*" (p. 13, emphasis in original), and my Istanbul Project also belonged to by the educational institutions where we gained permission to work, by the bodies, by the not-present bodies (i.e., my parents and the children's parents, my extended family and the children's extended families of the children…the lineages of the bodies that created all of humanity), by the social and political histories of Turkey and of the world, and by the *habitus* (Bourdieu, 1984) generating and regulating that particular classroom, and Turkish schools in general—and these powers were negotiated by me, by my husband who was my collaborator and translator, by the classroom teacher, by the school principal, by the children, by the parents of children, by my relatives and those of my husband and the children, by the Turks, by the Americans, and by the lineages of bodies and ideas from which we all arrived and engaged in that encounter on that day in that place—in Istanbul, Turkey. Although this list is long, it is far from exhaustive. It makes clear that research is indeed "not ours" and "not mine" even at the very beginning.

My Collective Biography Project

Once back at UGA, I facilitated a collective biography (Davies & Gannon, 2006) group that met four times over the course of two months, from December 2015 through January 2016. In collaboration with two cultural consultants, Amber and Lydia, our collective biography group worked together to flesh out the ways in which spending extended periods of time in Istanbul changed us as artists, as researchers, and as teachers. We drew on our memories and together

told stories, listened to stories, and created artwork. We worked to create what Davies and Gannon (2006) called "an embodied sense of what happened" (p. 3). In our group we did "not take memory to be 'reliable' in the sense of providing an unquestionable facticity…it is the very *unreliability* of memory that enables this close discursive work" (Davies & Gannon, 2006, p. 3, emphasis in original). The unreliability of our memories created space for reflexivity within which we could acknowledge that our versions of Istanbul were not stationary and did not depict a universal reality. Instead, these versions of Istanbul were co-constructions being deconstructed and reconstructed differently each time we remembered them and each time we told them—as our memories and versions changed, so did we and so did she[10]. Davies and Gannon's (2006) *Doing Collective Biography: Investigating the production of subjectivity* guided our collective biography group where it became possible to share our individual experiences in order to create complex stories of Istanbul. Our group provided space for a discussion to emerge around Istanbul and the ways in which she continues to influence our lives.

Statement of "the" Problem

Research asks of us that we learn and share that learning with others. As I started to think about what exactly was "the" problem this research sought to learn about and share, I became overwhelmed with information and fear. There was (and is) so much going on in these interrelations, how can I possibly pinpoint "the" problem? Then I found Garoian. Like Deleuze and Guattari, I had filed Garoian away to be tackled another day…in the future…in my post-dissertation future, but as I struggled to articulate "the" problem in "this" work I found him too sitting, patiently waiting for me. In my notes from *The Prostheric Pedagogy of Art: Embodied*

[10] Istanbul will consistently be referred to with a feminine pronoun. This is a designation on my part to personify Istanbul as what *she* meant to me. I felt Istanbul's presence, as my companion and teacher, to be feminine as opposed to un-gendered or masculine.

Research and Practice (2013) I had highlighted, underlined, circled, and starred where Garoian said:

> The creative impulse for difference, the curiosity and desire for seeing and understanding the world and others differently, in new and compassionate ways through art research and practice, was first introduced to me by that painting teacher, who suggested that the unknowing, fear, and anxiety I experienced before the empty space of that [blank] canvas constituted opportunities for transformation; *if I dared to take a risk…* (p. 5, emphasis in original).

That is it! That is "the" problem. That is "my" problem: In my writing and in this work I followed my creative impulse for difference, my curiosity and desire for seeing and understanding the world and others differently, in my new and compassionate ways through art research and practice despite the fear I had/have/continue to show and share my transformation; *I dared to take a risk*… and this is that risk.

My dissertation research positioned itself as an experiment of thought, in which my mapping my ***doing***, my potentials, and putting them together was an invitation for risk and for "art, architecture and pedagogy to inform one another in generative and surprising ways" (Ehrlich, 2011, p. 9). Autoethnography allowed space, even privileged space that revealed the interrelationship of Istanbul and my pedagogy, and what I ***did*** with it all and how I ***did*** with it all. Stewart (2007) spoke to this when she said, "The passing, gestural claim 'I could write a book' points to the inchoate but very real sense of the sensibilities, socialites, and ways of attending to things that give events their significance. It gestures not toward a clarity of answers but toward a texture of knowing" (p. 129). My dissertation research relied on autoethnography to bring forth a texture of knowing my pedagogy whose texture—texture that came from my own retrospective

revision, texture that continues to be re-made as I write, and think, and texture that is in/formed in the in-between spaces.

Purpose

The purpose of this work is an experiment to study movement—my movements, Istanbul's movements, our movements together, and the movements this work will put into motion. The stories are meant to make movement visible, but also to bring the reader into the movements thereby making them part of the movement as well. However opening and revealing movement is messy, difficult, and exposing. I felt Garoian's (2013) fear of showing and sharing my transformation…there is nothing more intimidating than blankness. The whiteness of a fresh Word document stared back at me daring me to try to combine this array of philosophical theories with my earthy, creative writing and of course there was risk in trying to make this all work, but I had to try and I had to try with purpose.

Research Questions

I arranged three research questions to guide my mapping of movements—again, my movements, Istanbul's movements, and our movements together. This mapping began with the journal entries and as the research progressed the research itself moved and brought forth other forms of stories: documents, *remembered*(s), and meta-autoethnographies to make movement visible. Using what Maxwell (2005) called interpretive questions (listed below) these questions did not generate answers, instead these questions guided the inquiry. These questions changed as the movement on this work changed and as I changed. Change is a side effect of movement. If you move, then you change and these questions allowing for my mapping by inviting inquiry.

1. In what ways did mapping my movement claim Istanbul as my place of learning?
2. In what ways did mapping my movement disrupt, resist, unravel, and extend my pedagogy?
3. What did I ***do*** with it all? And how did I ***do*** with it all?

Summary of the Research Design

The three research questions (listed above) guided the mapping from the inception of my Istanbul Project in January of 2013 until the close of my Collective Biography Project in January of 2016. The data and the analyses are stories from an autoethnographic method of inquiry and are presented together as a "layered account" (Ellis et al., 2010, para. 20) because "after all, the writer [me] does not simply sit down and put directly onto paper something already worked out…[s]he determines whose points of view to present, what is significant about a person or event, and what is incidental and can be left out" (Emerson, Fretz, & Shaw, 2011, p. 247). I too could not sit down and produce stories that were already worked out. As I worked through what to tell and how to tell it, I realized I was also working through what I wasn't going to tell. This idea of choice curating my mapping was necessary as I couldn't possibly map everything… but also I became aware of the power of my choosing.

"Choice" stories as Data and Analyses

In my trying to separate and parse data and analyses in my stories, I found that I should not and could not "collect data" and "analyze data" separately. In other words, at the moment of my choosing to write about a particular experience, the experience becomes data and analyses (Hankins, 2000, 2003) because I chose it among the myriad of other things to write about. Of all stories, these particular stories were chosen to be part of this work because they best showed movement and as I wrote more about them I began to see more and more movement.

Layering and Clustering

As a study of something as wild and unpredictable as movement, I had to find a way to look at specific movements and I did this by layering the data and analyses and then by isolating particular clusters of movements from the layers. I looked for movements in which I saw potentials (still in-process) because this work relied heavily of the always already and the *in the making* personalities of pedagogy. As I combed through my collective journal I found that the entries that were the most promising for this work were those entries that were full of affect—full on interactions in the in-between of bodies.

Significance of This Study

My dissertation research will add to the current research positioning place and pedagogy as interrelational (Ehrlich, 2011; Ellsworth, 1989, 2002, 2005; Helguera, 2011; Morton, 2011; Sarbanes, 2011; Somerville et al., 2011). The audience for this research is others who are interested in places of learning, potentials, and pedagogy. What I have done here is to add autoethnography to these conversations in a way that this research will also add to the growing body of autoethnography literature (Chang, 2008; Denzin, 2011, 2014; Ellis et al., 2010; Ellis & Bochner, 2000; Reed-Danahay, 1997), particularly aligning with the work of Ellis (1993, 2004, 2009, 2012) who seeks out her own ruptures and misetimations writing evocatively about them. .

CHAPTER THREE

THEORETICAL ORIENTATION

> Think of theory as a dress. Try these theories on as you would try on a dress for your mother. You don't have to like it, but try it on anyway. You'll make her happy…Theory is a tool, rather than a belief, and as a tool you can match it the way you choose.
>
> (J. Tobin, personal communication, August 21st, 2015)

The theoretical orientation for my dissertation research emerged as I carefully considered how the mapping I did in response to each research question invited a particular theoretical frame. Together these frames created an orientation from which to talk about Istanbul as my place of learning, pedagogy's ***doing***, and my ***doing*** with it all.

Istanbul as My Place of Learning

Ellsworth (2005) said, "We have to look for the experience of the learning self in the times and places of knowledge in the making, which also are the times and places of the learning self in the making" (p. 2) and in writing my stories of Istanbul that Istanbul became my place of leaning. It was in writing about Istanbul that I became aware of my own knowledge in the making, and thus my learning self in the making.

As I wrote about Istanbul, I began to see how Istanbul was/is/will always be tangible and intangible, seen and unseen, in/formed, negotiated, and situated within a history and a physical location. The ways in which the tangible/intangible, seen/unseen dimensions of Istanbul are in

the in/formed, negotiated places of Istanbul—places that are part of a history and part of a physical location. Jameson (1984) used the phrase "in the bound unity of another"(p. 75) to describe in a similar way how the poem "China" (Perelman, 1981) was created from absent text and absent images. Jameson (1984) told how Perelman found a collection of old photographs while walking in Chinatown in San Francisco. The photographs were captioned, and the author responded to the captions in the poem. Taking the poem at face-value, the reader is unaware of the absent text or the absent images (Jameson, (1984). I would add to Jameson's (1984) observation that there are absent places in "China" as well. These absent places served as the backdrop for these photographs, and these absent places existed with a pedagogy, with a particular ***doing***—the now-absent Chinatown, where the author of the poem walked and discovered the photos, the absent places the author and Jameson remembered, loved, and learned in. It is also important to note that Chinatown is not China…but "China" becomes the totality of the reader's experience, even though the absent text, absent images, and absent places are bound within it.

Like Perelman, I was fascinated by the area of Istanbul that sells books. While many of the seller stalls have beautiful, albeit touristy books and journals, I found this one shop that sold old photos and postcards. It was further down an alley than the probably much higher-rent areas surrounding the tourist area. The shop was dusty and I never actually went inside. Instead I browsed what were probably hundreds of photos and postcards stacked neatly one in front of the other in cardboard boxes on a table outside the shop. It was fascinating to see family pictures and old postcards, but it felt a bit intrusive. Smiling faces of unknown people. Postcards with Turkish stories, Turkish names, Turkish addresses. What rights did I have to see these memories, much less what rights did I have possess them? Burak prefers to operate at Istanbul-speed, which is

much faster and always with purpose. In my lingering over these boxes I could sense his impatience. Also too a clerk from the stop came out to ask us if we needed any help (which seems to be code for: Are you buying anything?) to which Burak replied no (I am not sure which question he was answering). Giving in to the pressure I left my boxes with no purchases, but still today I wonder about them. Are they there? Have new photos and postcards been added? Where do they come from? Doesn't someone miss them? And how do these tangible artifacts communicate an intangible past to an intangible the present in such ways and means that cause affect? Istanbul as seen and unseen depends on your vantage point. Had I been a tourist I probably would not have found myself outside of that dusty shop browsing. I likely would have not left the tourist area, and certainly would have not ventured into the "locals" area where this shop resided. The seen things (photos, postcards, the dusty shop, the local street) in/formed my experience as did the unseen things (the person who took the photos, the people in the photos, the people who purchased, wrote, and sent the postcards, the people who received the postcards, the person who deemed the photo or postcard unworthy of being kept giving it or selling it away to this shop, the places all of these people inhabited). These tangible/intangible, seen/unseen highlight the ways in which the people and places were/are/will be interrelational. Specifically, my dissertation research addressed the ways in which Istanbul was/is/will be interrelational to me.

Hinges

A hinge acts pedagogical pivot point "*putting inside and outside into relation*" (Ellsworth, 2005, p. 46, emphasis in original). As a hinge, Istanbul did not preserve inside/outside boundaries; rather, as a hinge she put into motion the bound unities. Istanbul was a hinge that allowed movement between her pedagogy and pedagogical intent and my pedagogy

and pedagogical intent. Pedagogical intent is the way to talk about those things that are the reasons behind the ***doing*** of pedagogy. For example, when you arrive in an airport in Istanbul you will notice that all the doorways and stops have bright yellow inset tiles on the floor. These way-finding tiles are for people who have difficulty seeing to know that there is a stop or a continuation of a path. You can close your eyes and walk along these yellow tiles and follow the path as laid by the designer. However, the raised sections of these tiles make navigating the airport with wheeled luggage quite difficult. The small wheels of the luggage easily get caught in the grooves, so that the materiality of the tile (i.e. the designed grooves) takes your luggage, and you, on a route that may or may not be where you need to go. The only alternative is to forcefully remove the wheels from the grooves by jerking your luggage, which can lead to it toppling over—all together undesirable.

The idea that environments should be designed with those differently abled is a good one and part of the pedagogical intent that is seen in the airport example. The fact that this pedagogical intent is in contention with the functioning of the space as an airport is part of the design of that space and that design privileged the differently abled and in those material and design choices you can learn a lot about Istanbul. Add to this that as a user of these airport spaces I found myself looking for how many people needed the yellow tiles in comparison to how many people had difficulty because of the tiles. Most people just steered away from the tiles and rolled their luggage around unfazed. However, at the entrances there was no way to steer around the bright yellow inset tiles as they block the exit door. I became aware of this not because of luggage, but because I had a stroller with a sleeping baby. I searched in vain for an alternative exit knowing that those bumps from the yellow tiles would wake the baby—the baby who had not slept for more than an hour in the past 24 hours. I desperately did not want to take the stroller

over the bumps…but had no choice. I slowly, stealthily inched the stroller out of the exit. Thankfully the baby remained asleep, but I considered a person in a wheelchair. Navigating a stroller has made me far more empathetic to those that must navigate our world in a wheelchair. If the bumps are enough to danger waking a baby, then I imagine they are not comfortable for someone in a wheelchair or someone who could trip or fall easily—which made me see the pedagogical intentions that privileged of the yellow tiles for *one* type of differently able, thereby making it more difficult for others who are a different type of differently able. Pedagogical intentions and pedagogy's doing are hand in hand in/forming one another and in/forming all those that come in contact.

My mapping thought about contact as I recounted Istanbul's array of people of various national and ethnic origins, her places with centuries of history layered atop one another, and her designers from around the world that inhabit Istanbul both within and outside of her physical location. As I was a temporary inhabitant[11], Istanbul wielded tremendous pedagogical power over the decisions I made regarding my Istanbul Project and my dissertation research. While I was aware of some of Istanbul's intentions and power at the time, it was in writing for this work that I started to put together complex ideas of pedagogical intentions and of the ways in which I too was a hinge and how I exerted my own pedagogical intentions over Istanbul.

Pedagogical Power

Our pedagogical in/forming of one another was a give-and-take, a struggle of wills, endurance, and pedagogical power. Pedagogical power is the force with which pedagogical intentions and pedagogy act. Foucault (1982) offered insight into the specific nature of power when he said power "is not simply a relationship between partners, individual or collective; it is

[11] Although we are all temporary inhabitants of our places, in one way or another.

a way in which certain actions modify others…Power exists only when it is put into action" (p. 788). Pedagogical power existed in the actions as Istanbul modified me, and I modified her, and these pedagogical powers first came to light in the actions of my Istanbul Project. Foucault (1982) also said that "what defines a relationship of power is that it is a mode of action which does not act directly and immediately on others. Instead, it acts upon their actions: an action upon an action, on existing actions or on those which may arise in the present or future" (p. 789), which is to say Istanbul exerted and continues to exert her pedagogical power in the ways she continues to influence my pedagogy, while at the same time I continue to exert my pedagogical power over Istanbul in the ways in which I write about her—by the choosing, by revising, by the re-telling, by the re-living, and by the re-revising of her in my writing.

In my writing my mapping showed the ways I acted and reacted to Istanbul's action: an action upon an action—the way I carefully navigated over those yellow tiles with a sleeping baby. As Foucault (1982) said, our action upon an action happened then, happens now, and will continue to happen in the future. It is seeing the power from the movements, from and in the potentials that startled and surprised me, but then I remembered Berger (1972) said "Our vision is continually active… holding things in a circle around itself, constituting what is present to us as we are" (p. 9) which meant I needed to look at myself as I was to try to understand what I was constituting or forming in relation to what as I was trained to see.

A Designer's Eye

My designer's eye, trained and honed with a particular set of pedagogies, attended to Istanbul's design differently from those not trained in design and differently from those trained in design elsewhere. I spoke the design vernacular I learned, but this learning happened from professors and designers who had their own pedagogies, pedagogical intentions, and pedagogical

powers. They had their own designer's eye that they shared with me, but I did not, could not, take on their eye fully as my own. My ways of seeing with a designer's eye is best explained by Ellsworth (2005) who said that it is:

> through her [the designer's] designed landscapes, objects, spaces, and events that we will discern the palpable evidence of her pedagogical intent. It is through the design vernacular—the orchestrations of space, time, duration, movement, sensation, sound, text, interaction, juxtaposition, and invitation to surprise—and not through language that these designers speak to, assemble with, and modulate the mind/brains and bodies of learning selves in the making. (p. 10)

While in Istanbul that I became aware of how much differently I saw because of my designer's eye. Istanbul's own organization of space, time, duration, movement, sensation, sound, text, interaction, juxtaposition, and invitation to surprise spoke to me, assembled with me and was assembled by me and my designer's eye.

Designers, myself included, have difficulty explaining themselves in words. If you ask an interior designer why she put a chair in a corner near a window, she will likely pause. Then she will say something like: *I created a reading nook because the client is an avid reader. This reading nook is adjacent to the library, near an outlet for a three-way lamp*…. She will rationalize and make concrete something she already "knows," but this knowing is a moving target difficult to pin down with words. As interior designers work the plans [work the visual] this knowing changes: the story is re-told, re-lived, re-vised. It is possible as a designer to change this knowing because pedagogy allows space for such changes. Using the reading nook, for example, one of the great things about watching designs change is that each design idea leaves a kind of footprint on the plans. In interior design education you are taught to use thin trace paper

to lay over plans. This relatively inexpensive and very lightweight paper allows the plans to show through, but also allows you to try out different compositions for an area. As a designer creates this nook, she would look at the rest of the room and the functions of the room in relation to the larger functions of the home. She would likely lay out two or three different placements of the room and the nook on trace paper laid atop the plans. Each revision would be a new piece of trace paper. Sometimes the traces would be put on top of one another to see the footprints, to attend to the changes. Eventually satisfied with one of the compositions, she would transfer that composition to the plan either by hand or more likely, onto the computer. It was in this step of transferring composition from the trace to the computer that I would make little tweaks. I would add a note here or there. I would move the outlet an inch or two to the left. Even after the "final" trace was made, I was still making changes in-process and that was all made available by my pedagogy processing the information I *knew* (i.e. appropriate clearances, electrical planning, etc.) but also my embodied knowing as I "saw" or visualized the space and most importantly "saw" or visualized how a person would use that space.

I vividly remember talking to a client about a coffee table selection. As I was talking, I became increasingly aware that the client needed me to make clear my vision not just for the coffee table but how that particular coffee table would "fit" the design—my design. I needed to rationalize and make concrete that particular design decision, but sharing my knowing through language was not an easy thing. For me, visual images and drawing come much more naturally as expressions of my knowing. I *knew* that coffee table was the right choice for the client and for the design. I could *see* it, but the client could not. The challenge then for me with that client, and in my dissertation research, was to articulate and connect my *knowing* and my *seeing* to your *knowing* and your *seeing*.

Pedagogy's *Doing*

As I wrote about Istanbul and as I wrote about the things I ***did***, the things I ***didn't do***, and the things I can ***do***/should ***do***/will ***do*** I began to put together a description of my pedagogy as it existed across, and around, and between past-present-future. For example, my pedagogy when I began my collective journal in January of 2013 is quite different from but also the same as my pedagogy today. Playing with temporality I shared in Ellsworth's (2005) "pedagogical volition" (p. 27) as my dissertation research attended to pedagogy's ***doing*** rather than pedagogy's meaning. I used Massumi's (2002) "*all that happened in the meantime*" (p. 18) as well as Irwin's (2013) positioning of pedagogy as "no longer about what is known but instead creates the conditions for the unknown and to think as experiment, thereby complicating our conversations" (p. 198) to pay attention to the ***doing***.

Cadence

In order to provide an example of my sense of pedagogy's ***doing*** in this work, I borrowed the ideas of consonance, dissonance, and cadence from music theory. Listening to consonant tones feels relaxing, because the elements of the musical composition work together to afford stability and rest. In contrast, dissonance is tension. Dissonance startles and leaves the listener with an anxious feeling. Music theory calls "cadence" the place between consonance and dissonance. Cadence is where the tension between consonance and dissonance is examined and unraveled (Parncutt & Hair, 2011). Like cadence, my pedagogy provided space for processing (to the extent possible) my ***doing***. Like cadence, my pedagogy remained open to experimentation, open to not knowing, open to not understanding.

As an artist and designer, a researcher and a teacher, when Istanbul and I were getting along in consonance I was excited and I would think: I got this. There was comfort in the

validation consonance provided. For example, I came to understand that the *simitçi* is the guy who sells *simit* (a Turkish kind of bagel). I came to understand that when he comes calling down the street it is time to go downstairs and get a fresh *simit*. I could even successfully navigate this monetary and social transaction, arriving back upstairs with a warm, sesame-seed-covered *simit*. But every time I would begin to settle in, comfortable in Istanbul's designed, pedagogically powerful surroundings, something would happen to upset the balance. Dissonance would barge in and, after spending time—days, even years—writing about Istanbul, I realized that I returned to my pedagogy. For example, I misunderstood the call one day and ran downstairs only to find a man selling garlic, not *simit*. I looked at his cart full of garlic and then at him. He really wanted me to buy garlic, but I wanted *simit*—not exactly exchangeable goods. My pedagogy was the cadence. My pedagogy processed this mistake and found an appropriate way for me to motion that I did not want garlic and an appropriate show of the "Pardon me" body language—I slightly raised my left hand and gave a brief shake of my head no. I then looked down to avoid the seller's gaze and hurried back inside. As cadence, my pedagogy ***did*** these things, even though I was unaware of this at the time. This even was an example of my pedagogy' offering to unravel itself, acknowledging and appreciating itself *in the making*.

Doing through Play

De Certeau (1988) wrote of ***doing*** in his explanations of "ways of operating" (p. 30) and "making do" (p. 30), by which he described the ways in which a North African immigrant living in a French city negotiated and superimposed his own ways of operating onto a system that was imposed upon him by his subordinate socio-economic and ethnic position. In making do, the immigrant must create a plurality of living, a plurality of ***doing***. De Certeau (1988) said "These 'ways of operating' are similar to 'instructions for use,' and they create a certain play in the

machine [systems] through a stratification of different and interfering kinds of functioning" (p. 30). De Certeau's (1988) play in the system attends to the same kind of play in pedagogy's ***doing***. Pedagogy as a processor does so in pluralities and multiplicities that create difference in and interference with the system's functioning. In Istanbul, when I rushed downstairs, I expected to see my *simitçi*. I was surprised by the garlic seller and negotiated my ways of operating as I sifted through my catalogue of appropriate responses—appropriate American responses, appropriate Turkish responses, appropriate human responses. While I credited this negotiation to my pedagogy, I also found that as I thought about how to describe my pedagogy's ***doing*** I had to be aware of the conditions in which it and I operate. I began to think about what was created by our negotiations, our play, and our interrelation. Pedagogy's ***doing*** as processing did not operate as inputs→outputs; rather, pedagogy's ***doing*** can be described as its ability to permeate different combinations of input/output creating play and changing itself, me, and the system the process.

My *Doing* With It All

In my appreciation of pedagogy's doing I had to map my doing with it all—Istanbul, places of learning, pedagogy, connections, cadence, play, machines—and I had to discover how I could be attuned to all the complexity that mapping would entail.

Bloom Space

> A bloom space can whisper from a half-lived sensibility that nevertheless marks whether or not you're in it. It demands collective attunement and a more adequate description of how things make sense, fall apart, become something else, and leave their marks, scoring refrains on bodies of all kinds—atmospheres, landscapes, expectations, institutions, states of acclimation or endurance or pleasure or being stuck or moving on. Affect matters in a world that is always promising and threatening to amount to something. Fractally

complex, there is no telling what will come of it or where it will take persons attuned. (Stewart, 2010, p. 340)

I do see this work as a bloom space where I have attuned my writing and my stories to how things make sense, fall apart, and become something else. Like Ellis (2009) I had to let go of any notion that I could or should be neutral and produce this work with a designer's eye, an artist's heart, and a writer's ability to respond and be responded to. My mapping left marks, scoring refrains on bodies of all kinds—people, histories, research projects, estimations, struggles, and the endurance or pleasure of being lost, being found, and moving on. In this bloom space of attention to affect, there was the promise and the threat of this work *in the making*. I was not prepared to write this or be this kind of researcher, but as an accidental autoethnographer I did my best to share the ways my "micro-level events play out in and teach us about macro-structures and processes" (Ellis, 2009, p. 15). My data and analyses are attuned to affect in a way that tells vivid micro-levels with reflections that point out their connection to significant macro-level ideas. This bloom space promised and delivered on that promise of creating this work that is fractally complex and imperfectly perfect. I am thankful to this bloom space and endeavor to keep it, and myself, open as I continue to ***do*** with it all.

Keeping the "I"s

When Ellis submitted her draft of *Revision: Autoethnographic Reflections on Life and Work* (2009) it was bigger and longer than she had anticipated. Her publisher jokingly responded that if she eliminated the vowels she could save 25% to which she said that she wished to keep the "I"s given the nature of autoethnography. While comedic, this illustrates my own fear of risk when I began writing this work. Remember Garioan (2013) said "the unknowing, fear, and anxiety I experienced before the empty space of that [blank] canvas constituted opportunities for

transformation; *if I dared to take a risk*... (p. 5). I was risking my "I" because this work needed to make visible my transformation and in order to do this I had to take risks. In keeping the "I"s I have resisted traditional APA and traditional academic writing. I told a friend that fitting this dissertation into a legible format has been like putting away Legos. I would think all the pieces were neatly in their container only to find one, two, or ten underfoot as I stumbled into the baby's room half-asleep in the early morning. Like Legos, this work is never "put away" instead it leaves out little reminders, little pieces of itself for me (and you) to stumble upon as I get lost again. I have resisted presenting grand conclusions about Istanbul, about me, or about my pedagogy, instead I experimented with theory and movement in exciting ways to make visible my transformation through stories.

Theoretical Disorientation

> Deleuze's philosophy of experimentation sets up conditions in which we can, indeed, get free of ourselves and the old concepts that weigh us down even when we no longer believe in them.
>
> (St. Pierre, 2013, p. 226)

In part this theoretical orientation sought to disorient what you may have thought about Istanbul, about places of learning, about pedagogy, about me, and about ***doing***. I made this section personal, full of my thoughts and my orientations about these things, but also in making it personal I hoped that you would come along and create your own new thoughts and new orientations too. I found it difficult to take risks and let go of those concepts (audience, objectivity, subjectivity statements, writing an "academic" paper) that worked against me to consume my energies and weigh down my ability to do this work. Without the scaffolding of

traditional academic writing, per se, I had to invent my own and to do that I had to break down the scaffolding that had been laid by me and for me in almost thirty years of "school". In rebuilding my own scaffolding I was able to bring in theories and compose them, stretch them, and tack them down much in the same way one would prepare Garoian's blank canvas. As I step back and look at my canvas and my dissertation, now full of new thoughts, I am reminded of what St. Pierre (2013) told her students: plug Deleuze into your research and tell us what happens. Like St. Pierre, in this work I have advocated a theoretical orientation of my research that set me frees from structures, structures that weighed me down long after I stopped believing in them. It was not easy to let go and it was not easy to conduct this study without the traditional structure and without a safety net. That is where I had to have trust. I had to trust myself that I could create a new structure, a new theoretical frame and that I could make a frame that showed instead of stopping movement. This is that frame.

CHAPTER FOUR

METHODS

> As an autoethnographer, I am both the author and the focus of the story, the one who tells and the one who experiences, the observer and the observed, the creator and the created. I am the person at the intersection of the personal and the cultural, thinking and observing as an ethnographer and writing and describing as a storyteller.
>
> As an autoethnographer, I tell a situated story, constructed from my current position, one that is always partial, incomplete, full of silences, and told at a particular time, for a particular purpose, to a particular audience. I am well aware that all of us constantly reframe and restory our lives…
>
> (Ellis, 2009, p. 13)

As an autoethnographer, I was both the author and the focus of my writing, the one who told and the one who experienced, the observer and the observed, the creator and the created. I present my stories at the intersection of the personal and the cultural. They were auto in that I did the writing, telling, and presenting. The were ethnographic in my thinking and observing like an ethnographer. These stories made me storyteller in the ways I wrote and they ways I described. As this kind of autoethnographer, I told situated stories, constructed from my current position as well as many other positions (i.e. places). My stories were and are partial, incomplete, full of

silences as I told these stories at a particular time (now), for a particular purpose (to show movement), to a particular audience (you, dear reader). Like Ellis, I was well aware that I constantly reframed my stories to use them in a particular way. I was well aware that in writing them they were restoried given my own perspectives at multiple points in time I was well aware I revisioned the stories and they and as I moved in this work. It was autoethnography's

Ellis (2009) used the terminology Old Paths/New Paths and in a similar way, my dissertation research was attuned to my old path as my Istanbul Project and my new path as my Collective Biography Project. Ellis (2009) said, "The trip back cannot be made the same way it was made the first time, or even the time before. The way back up presents a different perspective, even though you are looking at the same things. You realize there is so much more there that you barely noticed on prior trips, and, over time, the trees grow taller, new plants take root, the weeds sprout flowers and cease being viewed as weeds…" (p. 351). The trip back up the research mountain I noticed so much more that I had barely (or not) noticed earlier, and before I had dismissed experimental ideas before as weeds, I came to embrace them. As I was ***doing*** with it all, my dissertation research was quietly watching, learning, revisioning my "I," and revisioning my stories.

Descriptions and Rationale of Autoethnography

Ellis (2004) described autoethnography as the:

> autobiographical genre of writing and research that displays multiple layers of consciousness…back and forth autoethnographers gaze: First, they look through an ethnographic wide-angle lens focusing outward on social and cultural aspects of their personal experience; then they look inward, exposing a vulnerable self that is moved by

> and may move through, refract, and resist cultural interpretations…distinctions between the personal and cultural become blurred, sometimes beyond recognition. (p. 37−38)

I have spoken the back and forth, around, in, outside of, and, and, and, … when I spoke about my use of Deleuze and Guattari (1987). This is why and how I needed them to make this work possible. Their ability to show and to see movement as something more than linear and as a thing to be studied meant that my autoethnographies could move in a way that journal entries could not. I mean that if I had presented this as a chronological study of my journal entries there would have been evidence of movement and transformation, but with Deleuze and Guattari (1987) and Ellis together I was able to create this work that inquires into the spaces of movement and into the spaces of transformation. In my stories I labored to tell, to make visible my gazes back and forth, right and left, past and present and future, and movement that scattered in all directions. In gazing and scattering, personal and cultural lines were blurred. Autoethnography smudged (Ellsworth, 2005) the personal and the cultural so that boundaries were also no longer sustainable. In the smudging I began to question culture and we come to know it. I questioned if it is ever something that can be divorced from the people that live it and breathe it day-to-day moment-to-moment.

Reed-Danalay (1997) called autoethnography "post ethnography" (p. 2), and my dissertation research made use of this "post-ness" by continually questioning my thoughts and my actions. This post-ness also allowed me to see myself in relation (and in interrelation) to others (other "bodies") as the "self and society [are] one of a multiplicity of identities of cultural displacement, and of shifting axes of power" (Reed-Danahay, 1997, p. 2). I have mentioned this multiplicity of identities before—American/Turkish, adult/child, and these identities carry with them culture and power. These identities are partial as best, but become full explanations of who

we are and who we want to be as we operate in the world. Being American comes with a culture, of a sort, and comes with power messages too. "American" is a simplistic short-hand for identity, but one that is used far more often than I was aware. I once found myself introducing myself to a Turkish woman and after our lengthy Turk-English conversation I realized I had said *Amerikalıyım* (I am from America) five times and not once had I told her my name. As our world moves quickly around us, to adapt as humans have devised these short-hand identities to help us process good/bad, right/wrong, us/them… We have developed an infinitely complex series of checkboxes in which to assess others, but checkboxes that are moving, not static, and not easy to articulate or describe with any certainty at any point in time. Checkboxes that became far less solid the more I looked into their construction. Reed-Danalay's (1987) point could also be said as the ways the self and society experience affect as culture and power are negotiated. Again, the ideas of interrelation and affect in the in-between of bodies is an important concept even, or maybe more so, when addressing bodies that are in part not physical.

As I thought about these self-and-society and culture-and-power ideas, I also thought about Chang's (2008) autoethnographic model where she said autoethnographies are ""ethnographic in its methodological orientation, cultural in its interpretation, and autobiographical in its content orientation" (p. 48). Chang's (2008) framework gave support to build the stories of myself and my movements—movements that often questioned the ***doing*** of culture.

Ethnographic in Method

Autoethnography developed from the ethnographic method as practiced by anthropologists and sociologists. In the Spring of 1975, Heider published what is recognized in the field as one of the first autoethnographies, titled "What do people do? Dani Auto-

ethnography" in the *Journal of Anthropological Research*. The article documented his travel to Western New Guinea to study the Dani tribe. Heider (1975) found it very difficult to elicit responses when he posed his typical ethnographic questions. Frustrated, one day Heider sat outside of a Dani school and asked schoolchildren the very simple question: What do people do? Heider (1975) pointed out that this "doing" was the fundamental purpose of all ethnographic study. In a similar way this work as a study of movements also has been pointing out the importance of the doing in this autoethnography.

Heider (1975) devised the term "auto-ethnographic" to describe the fact that the informants describing Dani customs were members of the Dani tribe being studied. Four years later in 1979, Hayano wrote about the autoethnographic method and its future as research methodology when he said researchers with "unique cultural or subcultural experiences and specialized knowledge can share these views with others, and not matter-of-factly submerge them under conventional anthropological [research] paradigms" (p. 103). My stories told of my unique cultural and subcultural experiences, not in an attempt to a generalizable conclusion (i.e. a conventional research paradigm) but rather as the ways in which my cultural and subcultural experiences created affect—affect that influenced movements. My stories also bring into play my specialized knowledge to share the experiences and the knowledge, such as is possible, with other in the research of this dissertation.

Moving away from the traditional paradigms with researcher/subject structures, autoethnography does not view subjectivity as a contaminant in research, rather I was at once the researcher and the subject of inquiry (Fine, Weis, Weseen, & Wong, 2003). Fine et al. (2003) pointed out that the researcher/subject structure privileged distance between researchers and subjects, distance that continues to be maintained with institutionalized entities like Institutional

Review Boards (IRBs). What I will point out in my stories is that these institutional structures had power and ***doing*** that influenced my ***doing***. These institutional structures move and influence movement with a pedagogy, pedagogical intentions, and pedagogical power—Foucault's action on an action (Foucault, 1982). Some of these institutional structures were literal, such as the IRB, while other structures were subtler, such as the availability of the space to conduct research or the materials available/not available. Through mapping the ways in which I designed my research with, alongside, and perhaps in spite of the institutional structures I encountered, I often asked: What was I ***doing***? And for whom? Ethnographic in method meant that I investigated these things as a culture of their own—a culture to which I was a part, but also to which I was beholden.

Cultural in Interpretation

Chang (2008) said autoethnography should be cultural in interpretation, but I discovered that, like pedagogy, culture could not be encompassed by a ready-made definition: American or Turk. I needed to consider a description of culture similar to my description of pedagogy: culture that was interrelational and that was always already *in the making*. If I was to look at culture as something that was like knowledge, fluid and changing, I had to think about culture's movements. These movements meant that a description and thus an interpretation of culture would require me to look at culture's ***doing*** in the interrelation to my ***doing***, and the ***doing*** of other's.

Toynbee (1964) offered a description of the movements of where he said:

> Culture is something specifically human…culture is not transmitted automatically as an accompaniment of the process of biological procreation. It is transmitted by education in the broadest meaning of that word; and, it is for this reason, the survival of any particular

> ‘set-up’ or ‘pattern’ is always precarious...To hand on a culture quite unchanged from one generation to another seems virtually impossible, even when this is the conscious aim of everyone who is in authority. (Toynbee, 1964, p. 127)

There was something in that in-between, something that happened in the interrelation of the generational passing down of “culture” and something in the transmission that meant the new ways of ***doing*** were different. The transmission was not complete—a “different of difference, in parallel” (Massumi, 2002, p. 25) or what Butler (1997) called “slippage “(p. 382), where the command (i.e. do this this way…) and its effect (i.e. what is done in response to the command) are mismatched. In slippage the command is translated into the response so that the response is a reaction to the command, but not the exact reaction the command had in mind.

For example, the generational loss of homemade biscuit-making in my own family illustrates Toynbee’s (1964), Massumi’s (2002), and Bulter’s (1997) theories. My Dad often reminisced about the delicious, fluffy biscuits his paternal grandmother, or Nana, made during the summers he spent with her at her beach house on Tybee Island. An air of nostalgia and longing always accompanied these stories. To someone not from Georgia, biscuits may not seem like a big deal—who cares about making small, doughy cakes for breakfast? “Good biscuits” require you to have specific ingredients, and the process is messy and time-consuming, but to someone like me, who was influenced by an upbringing in a culture that respects and perhaps expects a good biscuit, my inability to make biscuits is a mark against my southern womanliness.

As I wrote about biscuit-making, I started to think about how my Mom and my Aunts were the first generation of women in my family who worked outside the home. Nana was a home-maker who never held an outside job and who had “help” in her home as well. Her life afforded time that my Mom did not have. She worked long hours for a large hospital with no

"help" and two kids. Tedious, time-consuming, messy biscuits were traded for frozen waffles and instant oatmeal, a trade that allowed my mom the ability to make a living in a career that was not available to women of Nana's generation. In comparison, perhaps my Mom faced a tougher road navigating a career that expected her to work as if she had no children and a society that expected her to mother as if she had no career. There was/is no win-win, but the example of biscuits aided me in coming to understand culture as I came to understand pedagogy—both powerful, but both difficult to pin down. It was in autoethnography's ability to unravel these slippages that made my dissertation research possible.

My autoethnography strove to critically analyze and interpret the "cultural undertones of what is recalled, observed and told" (Chang, 2008, p. 49). The world of my parents was very different from that of their parents'; in the same way, my world is very different from theirs[12]. In my writing I found Butler's (1997) slippage across generations, but also across genders. This was perhaps not that surprising, because when Heider (1975) analyzed the Dani responses to the question "What do people do?" he found that while many of the responses concerned food and food production, there were significant differences in the perceived responsibilities of women and men (Heider, 1975). It never occurred to my Dad to learn how to make a biscuit.

Autobiographical in Content

The "auto" part of this research was easy and was difficult. My autobiographical content served as a mirror in which to see my movements and then ask how and why those movements were there and what did that mean. As I did this work, I noticed that my actions did not always match what I said I thought or what I said I believed. Hankins (2000) said:

[12] I noted in my writing that at least one thing has not changed: I, too, am expected to have a career as if I had no children and mother as if I had no career. The win-win that eluded my Mom now eludes me.

> I discover through a conversation about myself, with myself, that sometimes my actions don't match what I say I believe, that my behaviors reveal different values than I preach and that my plans have little to do with my dreams…In other words my values, beliefs, attitudes and assumptions towards the 'families of those kids,' or of poverty, or about standardized testing, or religious metaphor or race and ethnicity are *exposed for the barriers I have allowed them to be.*" (p. 12, emphasis added)

My dissertation research exposed barriers and prejudices that I allowed to exist. My writing as a mirror exposed that my actions, my ***doing***, was different than what I said I believed. There was Butler's (1997) slippage between what I said I was ***doing*** and what I ***did***. My dissertation research did not hide or cloak itself from this exposure (Fine et al., 2003) although that would have been much easier. Instead, in writing I created space for this conversation and space to show these differences. I thought about this in the same way Denzin wrote about experience as *pentimento* (2014) as he described our lives as stories that "like pictures have been painted over, and, when paint is scraped off an old picture, something new becomes visible…[s]omething new is always coming into sight, displacing what was previously certain and seen" (p. 1). In the same ways that quantitative researchers strive for validity and reliability, my dissertation research labored to expose as it scraped off the layers of what I said I thought, believed, and ***did*** to reveal what I actually ***did***, and then asked *why*? and *why not?*

Layering Data and Analyses

In describing her writing process as method, Hankins (2000) said that she gradually became aware that "what I was 'doing' in the classroom everyday with the children was not fully able to be separated from the 'writing' I did about them" (p. 16). In the same way, I did not collect data and analyze data separately. Again freeing myself and the work from the traditional

paradigms, I considered the ways in which choosing the data to include was an analysis, and the ways in which I did the choosing of that analysis was already data. My research emerged as a "layered text" (Richardson & St. Pierre, 2005, p. 974) layering data and analyses laid on top of, and around, and in-between one another. As I edited and revised the journal entries another analysis was done. As I added documents or *remembered* memories or meta-autoethnographies to the journal entries, another analysis was done. For St. Pierre (2005) "writing *is* thinking, writing *is* analysis, writing *is* indeed a seductive and tangled *method* of discovery" (p. 968, emphasis in original). Writing was my method of analysis. In such a layered and tangled approach, the data and analyses progressed alongside one another (Ellis et al., 2010) so that they were not able to be disconnected from one another.

"Choice" Data Collection and Analyses

My dissertation research presented two layers of my writing from the beginning of my Istanbul Project in January of 2013 until the completion of my Collaborative Biography Project in January of 2016[13].

These data and analyses, being "choice" (Didion, 2012, p. 54), were selected and designated as data by my choosing to write about those particular experiences in the first place. I chose to examine experiences after which life did not seem quite the same (Ellis et al., 2010) to me. After the heighted intensities of these experiences I was not quite the same either. At the moment the experience became part of a journal entry, the experience became data and analyses (Hankins, 2000, 2003). Of all the entries in my collective journal, these particular journal entries were chosen, once again by me, to be presented as part of this study. This choosing highlights the importance or relevance with which I privilege these data and analyses.

[13] This quite arbitrary timeframe of January 2013 to January 2016 is given as the time my dissertation research explored these data and analyses, but like the rhizome there was no beginning and no end to this work.

Layer 1. The first layer of data and analyses included the real-time that descriptions of what happened, where it happened, when it happened, what it meant to me at that time (in the past). This first layer was written as dated journal entries.

Layer 2. The second layer of data and analyses included an exploring and questioning of the journal entry or entries—the retrospective revising of the meanings of the what, where, and when, exploring different ideas, and asking different questions. These documents, *remembered*(s), and meta-autoethnographies (Duarte & Hodge, 2007; Ellis, 2009) fast-forward to the present, altering the frame of the first layer from my position in the present—a present the past could not have known. It is in this layer I saw the change, growth, and difference of my movements. The documents revealed the ways in which the designs of the projects changed. The *remembered* sections brought up memories I had buried deep in my memory's filing cabinet. The meta-autoethnographies asked questions, made connections and revealed the spaces in-between in what I said and what I ***did***. Together this data and analyses added temporal movement to the journal entries.

Clustering Data and Analyses

In the layering of data and analyses I began to see clusters bubbling just under the surface of the layers. Each cluster's presence raised the smooth surface of the layers denoting its location and changing the texture of the layers around it. This is to say that the clusters were composed of movements, but movements that were still in process (i.e. potentials). Nothing included in a cluster is final. Rather the potentials that magnetize around these clusters provoke questions. Each cluster provided a gathering place for me to examine the parts of the experiences and in this gathering place new thoughts and new questions emerged.

I organized the clusters according to the types of new thoughts and new questions they made possible and once I had them pinned up I reflected back to the research questions I had laid out for this study. In this reflection I saw that there were clusters that paired to a research question and those clusters were: slippage, vulnerability, and difference. The ways each cluster paired to a particular research question are outlined in Table 1.

Table 1.
Summary of layering and clustering

Research Questions	Layering Data and Analyses	Clustering Data and Analyses
1. In what ways did mapping my movement claim Istanbul as my place of learning?	Stories of my Istanbul Project	Slippage
2. In what ways did mapping my movement disrupt, resist, unravel, and extend my pedagogy?	Stories of how I felt after my Istanbul Project	Vulnerability
3. What did I ***do*** with it all? And how did I ***do*** with it all?	Stories that attended to the differences between what I did in my Istanbul Project and what I did in my Collective Biography Project	Difference

Slippage

This cluster paired to the first research questions as it emerged as I re-visited my Istanbul Project. As I navigated through my writings of Istanbul, slippages (Butler, 1997) or the spaces of difference between the commands and the actions became apparent. For example, I will say that I am using the work of Pearson (2001), but the evidence in my stories about my ***doing*** revealed that I did not really do this. I included Pearson, but I did not take his theories as vital to my ***doing*** in my Istanbul Project, despite my claims otherwise. In this cluster I talked to my upbringing in a small, rural town where I did not quite fit in and compared that to me in Istanbul, that also did not fit in. I began to unravel my Istanbul Project as well as my many mis-estimations and assumptions along the way. I inquired into my interests in research during my Istanbul Project and I chronicled my process in ***doing*** and ***not doing*** what I had stated were my intentions. I also talked about the choices I made, the choices that were made for me, and my perceptions and negotiations of choice. All of these stories show the space of difference, or the slippages that made me see Istanbul was my place of learning.

Vulnerability

This cluster paired with the second research question as I reflected about how I felt about my Istanbul Project after its completion. In this writing I gauged my ***doing*** in relation to what I said I wanted to ***do***. In this cluster being *closer to* there became important. I teased out what could get me closer to there as I attended to my ideas of research remorse, appropriation, Pearson's proof, and visual clues. It was in this reflection that my sense of pedagogy arrived and this cluster showed how vulnerability opened up the spaces for her arrival. All of these stories show how I had to be vulnerable in order to continue to move and to continue to learn. Had I not

reflected on my Istanbul Project in this way, my Collective Biography Project would have looked much different than it did. Vulnerability facilitated movement and change.

Difference

This cluster paired with the third research question and was developed as I looked at my stories as a whole from January of 2013 at the beginning of my Istanbul Project through January 2016 at the end of my Collective Biography Project. In my looking I attuned to the differences in the ways I thought and the ways I ***did***. In this cluster my attention to mismatch as slippages, and to flexibility as vulnerability orbits back around with gazes back and forth between the past and present. Upsetting temporality while looking at the whole of the stories. In coming back around I wrote about Ephesus, my ***doing*** inside of classrooms, my ***undoing*** as I wrote about Istanbul, fleeing, and finding my teacher voice. In this cluster I personified Pedagogy and created conversations with her as I conducted my Collective Biography project. This personified Pedagogy gave voice my pedagogy and changed the course of my Collective Biography project and this work. This cluster also attended to academic disclosure and hiding from multiple perspectives as it inquired deeper into the why? and how? of my ***doing***.

Reliability, Validity, and Generalizability in Autoethnography

In autoethnography, reliability, validity, generalizability, and the responsibilities of assessment must be pried open and take on different meanings.

Reliability

In autoethnography, reliability is dependent on the level of believability of the accounts I offered of my experience. Not that an exact account was possible or even desirable (Davies & Gannon, 2006), but to assess reliability in an autoethnography the reader must consider whether

the experience the autoethnographer shared could have happened given the details of the experience (Ellis et al., 2010).

Validity

In autoethnography, validity is measured by the degree to which my work achieved verisimilitude, that is to say, the degree to which a connection was made between the reader and the autoethnographer (Ellis et al., 2010).

Generalizability

In autoethnography, generalizability is assessed by the readers as they move through the experience, thinking about the ways in which the autoethnographer presented ideas—ideas that may coincide with or contradict the readers' own views. It was not/is not/will not be important that the reader and the autoethnographer are in agreement (Ellis et al., 2010). What is important is that the readers remain engaged, testing their own sense of things in relation to what the autoethnographer puts forth.

Shifting Responsibilities

The descriptions of reliability, validity, and generalizability in autoethnography are different than their descriptions in other disciplines. The onus is on the reader, not the autoethnographer, to determine the reliability, validity, and generalizability of the work. While valuation is the responsibility of the reader, as an autoethnographer I strove to present data and analyses that would meet those criteria as I wrote my stories.

CHAPTER FIVE

PRESENTATION OF DATA AND ANALYSES

> You will perceive that I am as often talking to myself, perhaps, as speaking to you.
>
> Henry David Thoreau, "Letter to H.G.O. Blake,"
> *The Familiar Letters of Thoreau*

Hankins (2000) wrote that her collective journals provided:

> much needed breathing space that helped me find my bearings in the midst of a predictable tempest…I wrote what I saw, what I heard and what I wondered about that is not so easily seen, heard or understood until I moved it to a place of silent reflection. (p. 7)

My collective journal and my writing of these stories provided much needed breathing space for the uncertainty I felt while in Istanbul and continue to feel about how I acted and was acted upon during my time there, my time here, and my time in these spaces of silent reflection. In the course of writing my stories unexpected things arose and again I returned to what Massumi (2002) wrote, "Take joy in your digressions. Because that is where the unexpected arises" (p. 18). I took great joy in my digressions, feverishly writing as they came to me. That is why my collective journal is collective. My digressions did not always wait around for me to find a particular notebook or open a particular file on my desktop. Rather, my digressions came as I experienced them and, in order to have that experience, I had to let go of my quest to use research to isolate and define. I had to use research and philosophy about research to be open to not-knowing. St. Pierre (2013) said, "The test of his [Deleuze] philosophy, then, isn't determined by the judgment of true knowledge but by the kinds of lives it allows us to live" (p. 225) and the

kind of life this work built on opening myself up to thoughts that have to be thought. Paz (1998) used the metaphor of a jigsaw puzzle and how "individually they [the puzzle pieces] have no identifiable form, but when several of them are put together, they become a hand, a leaf, a bit of cloth, until, when all are put together they acquire a meaning: a girl walking through the woods with her dog" (p. 227). As I began to put the pieces together of the two layers of data and analyses, I realized what an incredible journey I had made over the course of three years of writing, but I then I was faced with finding a way to talk about it, to share it, to invite conversations about it. These movements and potentials if shared could create those new thoughts and new questions too.

I never intended to share my collective journal. The journal entries were not written to fulfill any purpose other than to record my thoughts, my feelings, and my sense of affects in the moment-to-moment experiences of life. As I added the documents, *remembered*(s), and meta-autoethnographies I began to reveal ruptures in the rhizome and as I was mapping these ruptures and potentials I followed what Deleuze and Guattari's (1987) said, "Always follow the rhizome by rupture: lengthen, prolong, and relay the lines of flight; make it vary until you have produced the most abstract and tortuous lines of *n* dimensions and broken directions" (p. 11). I realized that ruptures often happened when I said one thing and did another. When I "caught" myself doing this in my journal, I opted to lengthen, prolong, and relay through the documents, *remembered*(s), and meta-autoethnographies that unraveled and questioned the mismatches between my saying, knowing, and/or believing and my ***doing***.

The *Doing* of These Data and Analyses

Although lines of demarcation between the clusters are arbitrary, permeable, and fluid, this work presents each cluster separately in an attempt to show how pieces of data and analyses from my collective journal orbit around these three clusters. It is important to keep in mind that as much as these movements and potentials magnetize around these clusters, they magnetize around the other clusters and yet many more clusters not investigated here. I will also reiterate that the doing of these data and analyses is not in answering; instead, the ***doing*** is in the ability of this work to formulate new questions, different questions, and new and different ways of thinking, knowing, and being in the world. It is a messy endeavor. One that I have tried my best to clean up and make presentable, but one that like Legos continues to have stray pieces, digressions, and emerging ideas.

As a child in the deep South, I was part of the Sunday ritual of "going to church," which entailed stiff dresses, even stiffer, ouchy, patent leather shoes, and "good behavior" (i.e. better than everyday behavior). My Sister and I had specific, church clothes far more delicate and expensive than our everyday clothes reserved for these Sunday rituals. Like Tobin's dress and my church clothes, I tried these data and analyses on in these clusters, but not to relegate them there or classify them as such. Rather in each cluster I offered one way to think about them, while acknowledging and encouraging there were/are/will be many other ways one can think about them. Like my long feet stuffed in ouchy church shoes, the trying on was not comfortable or easy. As these wild unruly notions, these data and analyses did not like being clustered and my clustering is another layer of choice—my choice, my ***doing***. Like good behavior, these data and analyses were storied and re-stored (Ellis, 2009) as a way to present themselves in ordered, logical, writing…but this was not/is not/will not be their everyday doing. This special ***doing*** was

done by me, and by these data and analyses, to arrange a format that could be read, could be understood, and could lead to new ***doings***. These data and analyses are all over the map so to speak and I will point out their locations here. The reasoning behind the pairing of cluster to question can be found in the previous chapter and in Appendix B there is a listing of the titles that compose each cluster—a mapping of the mappings. Each cluster is presented in this chapter and I have left them room to breathe. Which is to say I don't superimpose a structure over or a meaning to them. To do so would diminish the texture that the stories and I are trying to create and would prevent you from engaging with this work in the way I intended. Remember my interest is in movement and if I were to say journal A shows B it would be difficult for you to see anything more than B from A. What I have done here is present journal A, document B, remembered C, and meta-autoethnography D that show my movements and invite the reader to create their own movements E, F, G … infinite possibilities of movement in response. At the end of each cluster a post-script speaks to continuing the conversation invited in each cluster. The post-script is a way to bring the cluster forward continuing the invitation of the reader and of the cluster to continue to move—to move and continue to create new thoughts and new knowledge together. The ***doing*** of these data and analyses is in their invitation to continue to move.

***

Cluster 1: Slippage

Document: excerpt from *Familiar Letters of Henry David Thoreau*

> I do believe that the outward and the inward life correspond; that if any should succeed to live a higher life, others would know of it; that difference and distance are one. To set about living a true life is to go a journey to a distant country, gradually to find ourselves surrounded by new scenes and men; and as long as the old are around me, I know that I am not in not any true sense living a new or better life. The outward is only the outside of that which is within. (Thoreau, 1894, pp. 192-193)

Journal Entry: En Route to Istanbul

Time: May 10, 2013

Location: somewhere over the Atlantic Ocean

I wonder what would be my last thought if this plane were to crash. Would it be like the movies, where my life would flash before my eyes—scenes of family holiday dinners, the first time I saw my children's faces, my husband's beautiful, deep brown eyes on the day we married? Or would it be absolute panic, confusion, and grief for a life not yet lived? I unsteadily make my way to the restroom at the rear of the plane, threading through the contorted, sleeping bodies spilling into the aisle. The small folding door reminds me of a trailer. Not the glamorous movie set trailers; rather, the sad tin cans in which the poor of the South reside. These are not the cute "tiny houses" of HGTV, chosen by people who are "de-cluttering" or "minimizing" to lead better, healthier lives. These trailers—cheap, portable residences with low rent often grouped in a "trailer park"—house the blue-collar workers of the South, workers like those Amazon looks for

when staffing a warehouse with cheap human labor. The next time you make an Amazon return, look at the shipping label. Your package is going to Kentucky.

Growing up in rural South Georgia, trailers and trailer parks were part of my landscape. Within a ten-minute drive outside of any "city" you could find farm fields and trailers. Savannah was no different. I spent most of my childhood in an unremarkable bedroom community 30 minutes west of Savannah proper. It was a small town, where everyone knew everyone. I had the same classmates from Kindergarten through eighth grade. We lived in a modest, pre-planned home, the kind your local handyman builds from plans you ordered. The dyslexic plumber installed the bathroom faucets in reverse order, and my carpenter father was always working on at least one unfinished do-it-yourself project. My parents bought the house unfinished from a friend and finished it themselves while I was a baby— a tale they are all too eager to tell. I think they are proud because they had been renting a trailer when I was born. My birth certificate lists a lot number instead of an address. I was 27 before I realized what that meant. Moving up to a house was a big deal, but this house was stranded in the middle of nowhere, just two mailboxes down from a trailer park.

Perhaps our house was not the "movin' on up" my parents envisioned, but among my peers, living in a house— a two-story house, no less—was something to be envied. Most of my elementary school classmates lived in trailers. Some rented. Some owned. But my living in a permanent structure created jealousy. Plus, I was not one of the established country families and thus had no cousins (also known as immediate friends) nearby. Exacerbating my lack of kinder-street-cred, I was bright and scored well on the ITBS tests. Teachers liked me, which meant my peers did not.

The bi-weekly classes for Gifted children were my favorite. All of **my** friends were there. Of the few fond memories I have of that place and those people, the fondest are of the little multi-purpose room divided from the special-ed room by burnt- orange, fuzzy-walled temporary dividers, and of course the Gifted teacher Mrs. Faye. Much like in prison, the "specials" were kept together, separate from the general population. The multi-purpose room was down a strange hallway opposite the school library, a sunken room squarely in the middle of the school. Looking back as a designer, I am sure the sunken, open design was sold to the Board of Education as positioning the library at the center of the school so that everyone could study together, but in reality it was weird. None of the students liked it, because you were exposed and on show. Even as a child I was aware the teachers used us for show.

Mrs. Faye was the only adult who "got" me. She gave us Who-dun-it problems and games that we solved in small groups. She also understood my need for space. Mrs. Faye would leave me alone for hours with pipe cleaners, glue, and glitter to construct my creations. I was 27 years old, sitting in a graduate class on Educational Psychology before I realized Mrs. Faye's Mother Goose game was an IQ test.

That strange country place was never my home. My family moved to Savannah in 1997, and I never looked back. Except once. I ventured off the interstate one day to revisit our old house, and found even more trailers and modest little houses. Dotting the plains of an old county park were row after row of little plastic-sided three bed two bath homes one-off from a trailer, painted shades of neutral beige with white trim, complete with tiny, unused front porches. In opening this airplane bathroom door, I am acutely aware how my life has changed, and yet I hold and bring these memories, these sensations, these experiences, these affects with me to Istanbul.

Even my parents were (and are) not quite sure what to make of me, as if an alien turned up at the dinner table. They are proud of course, but not quite sure what it is that I ***do***. Most of my elementary classmates still live in that small town (as proven by Facebook research) and now I am on a plane over the Atlantic Ocean bound for Istanbul. What would my classmates and Mrs. Faye make of me now?

Document: My Istanbul Project - Introduction

This documentation of my Istanbul Project is a collection of snapshots about the ways I thought about pedagogy in the Spring of 2013. When I first read *Memory and Experience: Thematic Drawings By Qatari, Taiwanese, Malaysian and American Children* by Al Hurwitz and Karen Lee Carroll (2008) I was hooked. Hurwitz and Carroll's attention to detail and the thoughtfulness of each of the chapter writers left me eager to do the same. I built my Istanbul Project from theoretical and practical orientations in child art studies in an effort to answer the question: How is culture manifested in the drawings and drawing practices of children?

Introduction[14]

The aim of this study is to understand how culture is manifested in the drawings and dialogues of children in order to gain insight into the world of a child. This qualitative analysis will enrich current perspectives of child education and child culture. The study is grounded by the work of educational theorists and researchers. From the theoretical perspective, we look at the work of John Dewy and Phil Pearson. Both challenge the "traditional" views of education and of children.

[14] Intentionally unedited

The culture of children is an essential area of interest for teacher education, parent education and the broader field of education research. As more is understood about how children view the world, education models can evolve to meet the needs of the students. This study combines two educational research methods in an attempt to create a robust and dynamic view of children's culture and education. Al Hurwitz and Karen Lee Carroll's Memory and Experience (2008) text and research methodology are proposed for this study. The video ethnography work of Joseph J. Tobin is to be used to compliment the procedure and accurately record the interactions in the classrooms.

This two-fold approach to research is designed to develop better art education practices for children and to inform educational research as a whole.

Meta-Autoethnography: Territory

Carefully, I designed my Istanbul Project to satisfy many interests—my interests, my professors' interests, and my Institutional Review Board's interests. Each entity that touched my Istanbul Project territorialized it as something they owned: as something they for which they were/are responsible. It was always already a co-construction and collaboration, whether I liked it or not.

My language in the research program and resulting project distorted Turkey, Turkish people and the Turkish children with whom I worked. My language charted and distorted the experiences we would have. My language planned, but distorted the meanings that would be made. My language distorted each detail of the research program to fulfill two goals: 1) make it work and 2) make it meaningful. In this privileged position of hindsight, I can admit that these goals are listed in order of priority. Both goals were achieved in some way, but as the project

progressed different goals emerged. I emerged differently. My research program claimed to tell the different things I wanted to do with the children, but perhaps more accurately, it told the different things I wanted the children to do for me.

Journal Entry: Distorted English

Time: September 22, 2015

Location: on my couch at home in Athens, Georgia

Today I was watching a news story about the Syrian refugee crisis in Europe. Slovenia recently closed their borders, which stopped refugees from coming to stay in Slovenia, but also shut down a route the refugees took to the rest of Europe. The usual clips of hungry, angry refugees. Children crying. But I was stopped in my channel flipping (completely desensitized to the images of the crying children) when one of the Slovenian guards tells a pair of refugees "No fighting" in English in a very, very thick accent. Now Slovenians don't speak English and Syrians don't speak English, so why was he repeatedly saying this in English??????? I pondered this briefly as I increasingly realized that the English was part of the show. A show orchestrated and designed with pedagogical intent. This was how Slovenia wanted to present themselves to English speaking countries and this was how they wanted to present the refugees. The sides were claimed before the first refugee set foot in Slovenia.

The news team interviewed a Red Cross worker. Dressed in a gray suit he looked very humble, kind, and very, very tired. In his own accented English he told of shortages of food and supplies while more and more refugees were coming. My heart went out to the people of Syria who are now in a warzone not of their making. But I am also frightened about I saw pedagogy being used. Pedagogy used in a way to make one group of people (Slovenians, Europeans,

Westerners, white…) look good and one group of people (Syrians, Middle Eastern, dark…) look bad. I saw what I had been researching come to life. Actions on actions. Pedagogical intent in and of place. Pedagogy always already *in the making*.

Document: My Istanbul Project - Theoretical Orientation

Theoretical Orientation[15]

The theoretical basis for my Istanbul Project was from Hurwitz and Carroll's (2008) *Memory and Experience, Thematic Drawings By Qatari, Taiwanese, Malaysian and American Children*. The additions of Brent and Marjorie Wilson's (2009) *Teaching Children to Draw* and Phil Pearson's (2001) "Towards a Theory of Children's Drawing as Social Practice" were added as I refined my intentions and expectations.

Hurwitz and Carroll's (2008) *Memory and Experience, Thematic Drawings By Qatari, Taiwanese, Malaysian and American Children* provided a practical foundation to build the research procedures. Included in the text were conditions of their own studies and instructions for replication[16].

Wilson and Wilson's (2009) *Teaching Children to Draw* addressed the ways in which cultural evidence can be identified in the drawings of children. The authors stated that "[t]he reality-making drawings of children combine innately determined features encountered in the culture with influences from drawings, illustrations, and other graphic media of culture they may have assimilated, consciously or unconsciously" (Wilson & Wilson, 2009, p. 66). Wilson and Wilson talked of the re-appropriation of adult-generated objects and images by children and they

[15] Intentionally un-edited
[16] For instructions see Memory and Experience: Thematic Drawings By Qatari, Taiwanese, Malaysian and American Children Ch.1 and Appendix.

assert that when children draw they rely on their own memory of an object, or a memory of the object being represented, added to their own perceptions of the world to create their own distinct, yet related representation (Wilson & Wilson, 2009).

This led the Wilson and Wilson (2009) to discuss the reasons children imitate the adult drawing styles found in Mickey Mouse and Manga comics where the three dimensional world is flattened into two dimensions making replication of the image easier for the child. The adult drawn comics and other visual media teach children how to draw by teaching children how to see. Art teachers often do this explicitly in their classes with demonstrations.

***Remembered*: Seeing with Peili**

SCAD Professor Peili Wang is the best watercolor artist I have ever known. He could render a simple object into something that you could felt you could reach out and touch. Seeing one of his painting I immediately felt I was "there." I took three of his classes and wish I could have taken many more. My watercolors always travel with me and in Istanbul I spent time "playing" with them again. Nothing serious, just trying to get the "feel" back. The demands of grad school, family, and working limited (and continue to limit) my time available to paint. But the hardest thing about working with watercolors is knowing when to stop regardless of how much time you have or how much time you have spent. If you work the paint too much everything becomes a muddled, muted mess. No mercy for the overzealous watercolor artist. Your mistakes remain forever a reminder that you are not perfect. You are human.

In his heavy Chinese accent Professor Wang would say "add more shadow" as building up the layers allows the contrasts to show by pushing the foreground forward and giving

dimension. Like my incessant noticing of woodwork thanks to my Dad, I incessantly notice shadows thanks to Peili. The light purple that develops deeper as it recedes from the light source and the U shape casts by a lampshade can monopolize my vision—often at inopportune times (i.e. times when people may be talking directly at me unaware my attention is elsewhere). I wonder if either of these people know much they have influenced my seeing.

This challenge of knowing when to stop is confounded by the fact that watercolors are really suggestions of the image. They are not perfect reproductions of an image. Rather they require the viewer eyes' to "read them". Often lines are incomplete and strokes disintegrate into whiteness. The white spaces are difficult and sacred. Peili would say: "Just a suggestion…you don't have to draw the line out, just suggestion. They will see the rest."

Re-visiting the Document: Wilsons + Pearson

The Wilsons said that creativity in children's drawings comes in the recombination of adult drawn image stimuli in novel ways (Wilson & Wilson, 2009). For example, re-appropriating adult generated images in their drawings. This creativity-in-the-combination theory was something I expected to see in my Istanbul Project drawings. I anticipated to see media images (i.e. Western media, American media) images combined in cute, child-like line drawings complete with Turkish language and soccer balls. (Spoiler alert: this actually did kind of happen…)

As my project continued to be refined Pearson's "Towards a Theory of Children's Drawing as Social Practice" (2001) brought ideas into play that complicated the ways I thought about the children, their drawings, and their experience. I questioned the ways in which I would be manipulating the children, the drawings, and the experience. I also questioned the ability or

perhaps the power of choice and of possession. The choices were largely mine, but the drawings were theirs (or were they mine too?).

Document: excerpt from "Towards a Theory of Children's Drawing as Social Practice"

> The weakness of existing theory about children's drawings is that is does not acknowledge the distinction between the residues and the practice. The field produces theories of children's actual drawings and assumes that these cover all there is know about their practice of drawing. So only one kind of thinking is applied to understanding children and drawing. This thinking was used in the first attempts to make sense of children's drawing. It continues to be used in contemporary theory, whether this has to do with the cognitive and developmental concerns of psychology or with the interest of art education to understand the needs of children. The literature about children's drawing is complex because it contains many different purposes and methods. But all of it is pinned to the project of making sense of the drawings made by children. (Pearson, 2001, p. 348)

Meta-autoethnography: Residual

Pearson (2001) questioned what I had come to know of art education research. Pearson's (2001) article directly addressed the performance of children drawing as a social practice that is distinct from, yet related to, the physical drawing. Pearson called the physical drawing a "residue" of the practice or act of drawing (p. 348), but many of the texts we studied in class only analyzed the drawings. Occasionally, there would be a brief narrative about the drawing environment or how the drawings came to be produced, but this was not the topic of interest in these studies. "But all of it is pinned to the project of making sense of the drawings made by

children" (Pearson, 2001, p. 348). I had wanted to open up my own study to make the social practice visible as a focus, but in the process of conducting the research the only deliverable I have are the drawings—the residuals from the practice and act of drawing.

Document: Pre-Pearson & Post-Pearson

This documentation perhaps explains why the residuals were what data I "collected" from my Istanbul Project.

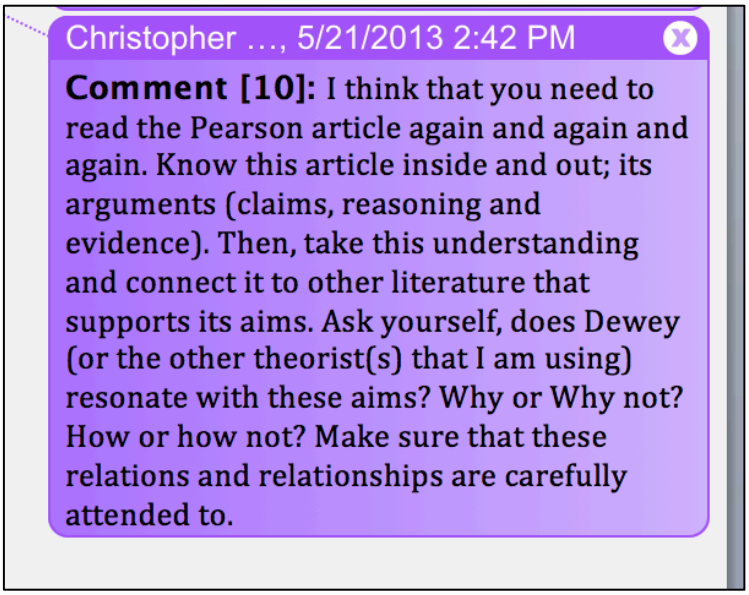
IRB Summary Pre-Pearson:

Section F: LAY PROJECT SUMMARY

Briefly describe in simple, non-technical language a summary of the study, its specific aim(s)/objective(s), and its significance or importance. ***Response should be limited to 250 words and easily understood by a layperson.***

The aim of this study is to understand how culture is manifested in the drawings of children in order to gain insight into the world of a child. Child culture is an important area of interest for teacher education. As more is understood about how children view the world, education models evolve to meet the needs of the students. This study combines two education research methods in an attempt to create a robust and dynamic view of children's culture. This research will be utilized to develop better art education practices and inform educational research as a whole.

Schulte's Feedback:



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RB Summary Post-Pearson:

Section F: LAY PROJECT SUMMARY

Briefly describe in simple, non-technical language a summary of the study, its specific aim(s)/objective(s), and its significance or importance. ***Response should be limited to 250 words and easily understood by a layperson.***

The aim of this study is to understand how culture is manifested in the drawings and dialogues of children in order to gain insight into the world of a child. Child culture is an important area of interest for teacher education. As more is understood about how children view the world, education models evolve to meet the needs of the students. This study combines two educational research methods in an attempt to create a robust and dynamic view of children's culture. This research will be utilized to develop better art education practices and inform educational research as a whole.

I will spare you the Where's Waldo search and admit that I added two words in the first sentence: "and dialogues." That was all. That was my commitment, my promise to Pearson, my promise to Schulte. I did not realize, of course, that simply adding two words would not make it so.

Meta-Autoethnography: Making Sense

Pearson (2001) brought up an unsettling point when he said, " no matter how theorists have gone about the archeological task of making sense of drawings, they have experienced only success in the pursuit of their interests. They have always found drawings to make sense of and have always been untroubled in making sense of them" (Pearson, 2001, p. 352). In the cute, child-like line drawings complete with Turkish language and soccer balls I anticipated, I, like Pearson said, was confident I could "make sense" of them.

What in the world made me think I could or should "make sense" of these drawings, something was missing from my thinking at this point about arts research, and specifically children's art research. I knew at the time it was incomplete, but I felt I could come to terms with the short-comings after the fact. I could securely list them as limitations and go on about my business. I was wrong.

Journal Entry: Lost in Translation

Time: May 21, 2013 at 10:14am

Location: on a city street in Istanbul, Turkey

It is hot. Oh. My. God. It is hot. Six months pregnant and starting to show a real baby bump, I am excited to be filling out the cute maternity clothes my mom and I purchased several weeks before I left the U.S. and excited to have slightly less "morning sickness"—they call it morning sickness, but it really lasts all day. What they don't tell you about being six months pregnant is how swollen and sore all your joints will get from the water retention. What they also don't tell you is that, as your hormones fluctuate in response to this small human growing inside of you, you will get rapid waves of hot flashes at the most inopportune times. This heat starts at the crown of your head and radiates downward until your entire torso feels like it is on fire. So when your well-meaning Turkish husband mentions that Turkey doesn't have air conditioning like the U.S., you are completely (and perhaps blissfully) unaware of the gravity of that statement. It is true that I had not realized my complete, utter dependence on a climate-controlled environment for comfort and happiness. Not only that, in Istanbul, like in major cities around the world, you walk or take public transportation everywhere. On that day alone, Burak, my husband, and I had walked 0.73 miles on treacherously uneven and obstructed sidewalks to a bus stop, waited in the heat of the day with no shade for the bus, boarded said un-air-conditioned bus to ride to a terminal to then board a mini-bus (as the name implies, a smaller, more crowded, and yes, hotter bus), and then walked from the mini-bus stop to arrive finally at the neighborhood school. The neighborhood around the school is quiet and yet busy. Istanbul is alive with people. People always going here and there: official looking people,

moms with kids, poor people digging through the refuse for recyclables to sell. Today, Istanbul includes a well-meaning Turkish man and a hot, swollen, uncomfortable, pregnant American.

Our first stop is to get the consent and assent forms printed for the Istanbul Project. We enter a small, dusty school-supply store across the street from the school, because in addition to not having central a/c, most Turkish homes also do not have mini-home-offices with printers. The store is unlike any store I had ever seen. Bursting with the ket culture of children, the store supplies the schoolchildren with pens, paper, and the like, but also sells alluring plastic toys and hair bows. I find myself adding a gorgeous pink comb to our printing order. While I browse the store, Burak places our order. The shop-owner attaches our small USB stick to a computer that must be 20 years old. Covered with years of dust, the off-white shell gives away its age. I start to worry about the formatting and what in the world the forms are going to look like. Will it all fit? IRB forms are known for a lot of things, but brevity is not one of them. Will it even print? Can this thing even handle a modern Word file? As I am rattling off in my mind all the potential problems, I hear Burak and the shop-owner talking loudly. My heart stops. If we can't get these forms, we can't do the research. Now it sounds like they're arguing. Exactly 2½ minutes later, the forms are printed neatly on crisp, white A4 paper and packaged efficiently in a plastic page protector, the pink hair comb has been purchased, and we are on our way. I don't have time to ask Burak what the problem was because we have to make it to the school on time.

Forms in hand, I am already tired and dripping in sweat as we make our way to the school. It is around 1:00 P.M. There are a few moms milling around outside the school with their kids. When I ask Burak why they are there and not playing with the other kids, he informs me that because the schools in Istanbul are crowded, many schools operate in shifts. The first shift runs from 7:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M., and the second shift runs from 1:00 P.M.to 6:00 P.M.

Teachers teach only one of these shifts, and then they change out classrooms within thirty minutes for the next shift. So each classroom is home to two classes each day with two different teachers and two different sets of students. I cannot imagine anything similar being possible in the United States, where classrooms are guarded territory. Peripherally I notice that my husband is explaining to the school security guard who we are and why we are there. The guard looks skeptical, and I start to think he is not going to let us in. The teacher we are working with, Serdar[17], is monitoring recess in the schoolyard and comes over to greet us. We are "allowed" in and make our way through games of soccer and basketball to arrive at the entrance to the school. The afternoon sun is sweltering, but the shade from the imposing block building provides some relief. Beside the entrance is a tall flagpole with the Turkish flag and bronze bust of a very serious-looking Atatürk on a marble pedestal. A small set of stone steps leads to the entrance, and I hoist myself up the stairs, praying our destination will be on this first floor. For the moment, I am right. Serdar leads us down the hall to the teachers' lounge. The strong aroma of Turkish tea greets us as we enter the room and see a group of twenty or so teachers enthusiastically talking to one another. Then they fall silent. Staring. Waiting… Serdar makes introductions, and we are given seats on an old, low-slung couch. Turkish people are always very considerate toward pregnant women. Even though the buses are crowded, un-air-conditioned and altogether uncomfortable, a pregnant woman can always find a seat. Today I am grateful for the posh seat but wonder how in the world I am going to get up from this low couch. All I want to do is disappear. All around me people are speaking Turkish and trying to communicate with me, but I speak so very little Turkish and understand their English even less. But we had been smart; we brought candy with us that Burak now spreads out on the table

[17] Pseudonym

for the teachers. Snack-size, crinkly yellow bags of peanut M&Ms are the currency of working with teachers in Turkey.

Journal Entry: Under Fire

Time: May 21, 2013 at 1:42pm

Location: Resenler Elementary School in Istanbul, Turkey

The principal walks in. The conversation halts, then quickly resumes again at a noticeably lower volume. He walks over to us dressed in a dark, nice suit. He looks distinguished, with thin, light silver glasses and peppered, gelled hair. I can tell he is a person who likes being in charge. I raise my self from the couch, as gracefully as I can manage, and Serdar introduces us. The principal says he is happy that we are there, and I think all is well. I don't know it yet, but I am wrong.

The theme song from Titanic plays loudly, but off in the distance. The Euro-Hollywood-Istanbul juxtaposition is not lost on me, but I don't have time to think about it. Immediately there is motion in all directions. The teachers quickly exit and head to their classrooms, and there are students swarming around us like bees heading to their hives. I follow Burak and Serdar, trying to discern what they are talking about, but it is no use. If the Turkish weren't challenging enough, the herds of children making their way up the stairs and down the halls to their classrooms echo on the hard surfaces of the school. No line leaders. No supervision. The students are expected to be in the room before the teacher gets there, and this responsibility is taken seriously by all involved. Serdar's students hurry to make it in time, and when we enter the room, they all stand next to their desks to greet us.

Class: *Merhaba, Nasılsınız*? (Hello, how are you (formal)?)

Serdar: *Merhaba. Iyim. Siz nasılsınız*? (Hello. I am well. How are you (plural)?)

Class: *Sağol*. (Thank you.)

Quickly they take their seats. Each desk is covered with brightly colored, yellow checkerboard fabric and accommodates two students each in small blue plastic chairs. The room is as hot as outside, but a few of the windows on the wall of windows are open. Serdar strategically positions himself next to one of the open windows. He has on a suit with a brown checked jacket, a crisp white dress shirt with a purple silk tie, and slacks. It seems like so much to wear when it is hot out. But all the teachers are dressed like Serdar. Teaching is a respected career, and the teachers dress as professionals. No blue jeans here. The children wear uniforms, with the boys in pressed white shirts and dark slacks and the girls in white, Peter Pan collared dress shirts with light green plaid jumpers. They look adorable, but they must be hot, too, having just returned from playing outside. Ponytails twisted sideways, with wisps of hair escaping in all directions. Little eyeglasses smudged by little fingers pushing them back in place. The room is painted a soft, muted orange with cream-colored, worn linoleum floors; it reminds me of a hospital from the 1950s. However, the ominous picture of Atatürk and the dry erase board gives it away as a classroom, as do the fifty curious faces staring directly at me. Burak makes the introductions and talks about the project. I can see by their facial expressions they are serious and interested, but I notice too that they are wiggling in their seats. Adult-like faces and child-like bodies. Last night Burak told me that in this working-class neighborhood far removed from the tourist area of Istanbul, many of these children have not seen an American in person. Turkish popular culture is inundated with American commercials, songs, and products, but most

Americans stick to the tourist areas when they visit.

Burak asks the students if they have any questions. Half the class raises their hands. They want to hear English words. I write a few of the words that I do know in Turkish on the board with their English equivalent.

Sanat = art

Öğretmen = teacher

Kalem = pen

Kağıt = paper

Sadly, it is a short list, but I pronounce them, and, without me giving any instruction, they repeat what I say. It is in this moment my adulthood comes into full view. I am not one of them. I am one of us.

Burak asks if they have any more questions. One student wants me to pronounce the number twelve, which is admittedly a difficult word to pronounce and sounds nothing like it looks. Another asks if I know what color lobsters bleed. And another asks what is my favorite food: hamburgers, of course. They seem satisfied with my answers, and we pass out the forms and some candy, and leave. We plan to come back the following week to start our weekly visits for the next four weeks.

Journal Entry: Nervous of the American

Time: May 21, 2013 at 8:04pm

Location: *Annacım* and *Babacım*'s house in Istanbul, Turkey

Later that night we receive a call from Serdar. The principal has become nervous about the American (me) and wants us to get permission from the Education Office of Reslener,

equivalent to a district school board, before we start the project. I am immediately deflated. I think about how much work that would be in the U.S., and I know if the process is the same here, there is no way to get that approval before school ends and I miss my chance to work with these students—the only participants I have.

Remembered: Tripping and Pretending

I remember that night so clearly. And this was just the first of many problems or issues that had to be resolved for this project to move forward. I had such a vision and plan for the project and that plan was under constant revision. At the time I had only been a doc student for a year and a half. All the research I had read, both qualitative and quantitative, presented studies that seemed to go as planned. Not one article talked about how the research that happened was different from what was planned. Everyone presented worry-free, stress-free research experiences where they did A, found B, and recommended C. What I have come to realize is that many authors of research edit out the problems that arise during their work. Nothing goes A→B→C.

It is almost like they play it off. Have you ever seen someone trip and act like they meant to do it? I feel like the research I had read lied to me. During my Istanbul Project I felt that I had failed in some way, but the reality is that there was a lot happening in-between A→B→C, a lot happening for which I did not plan.

Meta-autoethnography: Classroom Habitus

Hankins (2000,2003) presented her classroom as interwoven to the school community and the broader community in *Teaching Through the Storm: a journal of hope* where she said,

"Our classroom community had a story that was ours alone to understand. The story, narrated both collectively in the making and differently by the individuals involved, gives us both definition and cohesiveness. It was a shared history-making experience" (p. 39). Even within the larger school, smaller classroom communities exist and interact with a habitus (Bourdieu, 1984), a site-specific way of doing and being with others. The Turkish school system is different from the one Hankins wrote about, in that the teachers teach the students from grades 1-4 in elementary school meaning the same teacher teaches the same students for four years. This longitudinal teacher presence in some ways explains the protectiveness our teacher Serdar and the principal felt toward these students.

Journal Entry: Up in Flames

Time: May 22, 2013 at 11:02am

Location: city street in downtown Istanbul, Turkey

Having licked the top left corner, the flames must have spread simultaneously up and out. From the street we see the sky peeking through what would have been offices on the third floor of the Istanbul Metro School District. Burak translates a sign on the door that mentions the obvious fire and that the offices have been relocated. After some creative navigating we arrive at the "new" building, which seems as antique as the previous charred residence. Once again a guard questions us. Burak's answers are deemed satisfactory, and we move through an impressive, but dirty, marble entry into a small, shared office space. There are six large, imposing wooden desks, four inquisitive female secretaries, and a few dusty upholstered chairs for waiting. I gratefully take the invitation to sit as Burak converses with one of the secretaries.

She directs him to an office on the second floor. I wait while he heads up the stairs. After the skepticism of the school principal, I think it is best if he presents the study solo.

There is dust everywhere. I wonder if all the furniture was moved after the fire but no one bothered to clean it. The black-and-white checkered floors and minty green walls nicely reflect the midday sun. Large open windows allow a slight breeze carrying faint sounds of the hustle and bustle of the city. Strangely, it feels quite peaceful, but the secretaries chatting hurriedly in Turkish disrupt my moment of serenity. Their talking starts at a whisper, but when they guess correctly that I have no idea what they are saying, the talking becomes louder and more animated, more Turkish. I pretend not to notice. I look around and see that, like all administrative offices, there are pictures of smiling families, small mementos, and fresh green plants in windows to make the universal drudgery of administrative work seem less excruciating. The secretaries exhaust their commentary about the pregnant yabancı (foreigner) and resume their work. In the click-click-hum of expert typing I begin to think about the years I worked for the University staff. Hours upon hours typing reports no one would read. I wonder if my dissertation will be the same. The personal sacrifices required to create such a work are overwhelming. I hope **this** project will help…

After what seems like an eternity, Burak reappears. I immediately recognize he is annoyed and tired, but as always, polite. He thanks the secretaries, who seem to know his ordeal must have been a chore. They offer us warm smiles and good luck. We quickly leave.

On the walk back to the bus stop Burak tells me that when he entered the shared office, the Assistant to the Research Director did not even look up from his desk. Burak began explaining the project, but the man did not pay attention to what was being said. He offered the blanket statement that research done by Americans must first get approval from the Turkish

Consulate in New York and then from the Ministry of Education in Ankara. Burak continued to explain this specific situation; once he made it clear that it was one class in one school and we were asking for drawings, the man's attitude changed. The assistant had said, "Then it is not important—if it's just drawings, all you need is the classroom teacher's approval."

Burak is offended by the assistant's behavior, and I am offended by "just drawings," but Burak explains that government office workers are often this way in Turkey. It is important who you know or who sent you in order to get friendly, or even civil, service from a civil servant. As students, we are not far up the totem pole. I ask Burak if the meeting would have gone differently had he worn a suit. He said no. The issue was that we do not have a title or connection.

***Remembered*: Aliens looking at Just Drawings**

Glesne (2011) wrote "remember…you are external, if not alien, to the lives of research participants. You are not necessarily unwanted, but, because you are not integral to the lives of your others, you are dispensable" (p.51) and in my experience with my Istanbul Project that could not be more true. I was indeed an outsider and what I wanted to talk about or see in my "just drawings" were not viewed by them (here, the Assistant) as important.

Journal Entry: A Date

Time: May 23, 2013 at 5:04pm

Location: a café in Istanbul, Turkey

We have a date. Yes, date, in the singular. We were supposed to have four dates, but the classroom teacher can only spare two hours on a Friday afternoon for our research. We will just

have to make do (de Certeau, 1988) and do the best we can. I have to re-work something. One of the activities has to go, but which one?

I have talked to Burak and Serdar about the large map activity I want to do as a whole class, but they do not seem optimistic that it will work. The first challenge is finding a space large enough to fit everyone. I don't get the impression they move the desks around in the classroom. I also think about the paper… I didn't bring big butcher paper, and during our visit to the school I didn't see anything like that in the classrooms. Where could I even find something like that? I've been to the Istanbul art supply stores, but they are all very small, catering to professional artists. With no space, no paper, and limited time, the decision is made to eliminate the large class map. That project was important because collaborative projects were not part of the Memory and Experience study and collaborative drawing is such a different experience from drawing on your own.

I can let go of the class map, but something else is bothering me now. During our initial visit, the kids were so excited to see me and talk to me. Even though our time together was brief and there was a definite language barrier, I felt strangely connected to them. I wanted to help them learn something. I wanted them to feel good about the experience. I modeled my research design after that of the Memory and Experience project. I have read their text and my text over and over, and yet I have no idea why I am doing what I am doing. More than that, I question what am I doing. I am going to collect drawings and record the making of those drawings in hopes to get clues about what life is like for a third-grader in Istanbul, Turkey. That sounds important, right? Caught in the undertow of funding and assistantships, publications, jobs…will this project set me apart, or will it expose me as the fraud I really am?

***Remembered*: Playing Teacher**

Restless and unable to sleep, I am awake when the sun rises. The motion-sick nausea that accompanies most of my mornings these past six months is predictably present, but my mind is elsewhere. I think about when I was a child, when my teachers were superheroes. I wanted to be just like them when I grew up: organized, wise, and, most of all, helpful. I spent many afternoons playing school with my Little Sister. By virtue of age, I was always the teacher and she my unruly student. In real life I am the teacher and my Sister is still much like an unruly student. Like any good teacher, there is a rule-following nature to my thinking. I continue to try to follow the rules of the project and the rules of this place, perhaps to my own detriment.

My Sister and I would play for hours, and I would teach her cursive and math. I liked that feeling of helping someone understand something new, and I liked learning and solidifying my own knowledge by helping her. I remember how frustrating it was when something wasn't working and how blissful it could be when it did. How was I helping this group of students? Was I naïve and narcissistic enough to think my mere American presence was "teaching" them something? No, I certainly was not. But if my American-ness was/is irrelevant, what could they learn from this encounter? If I were Turkish and doing the same experiment, would it be meaningful?

Journal Entry: Measuring Success

Time: May 24, 2013 at 7:31am

Location: *Annacım* and *Babacım*'s house in Istanbul, Turkey

I am increasingly aware my Istanbul Project is lacking in many ways. I neglected to consider what I would be leaving behind after the research. Did I need to leave something behind? I needed to teach them something to prove I was successful. After all, that is what successful art educators ***do***. I am increasingly aware of how limited this is as cultural inquiry, as art inquiry, as any inquiry. There is far more at work here beyond an American researching the drawings of Turkish children.

Hurriedly I start thinking of ways that I can teach them something. I talk to Burak about how Turkish children are taught visualization; he says that kind of training is rare and usually only for identified gifted students. I keep reading. I come across several statements that visualization is most useful when the material is culturally significant. At his parent's home, Burak has a box full of books. I find one that would be perfect for third-graders. The story, Ayşe Gül, is something Turkish kids would know. Perfect! There is a section about Ayşe following a rabbit; the vivid description would make for a great visualization activity. We could start with that as a warm-up, and they could keep those drawings to take home. It will be great for them and for showing their parents what we ***do***.

Journal Entry: Black Markers & White Paper

Time: May 24, 2013 at 11:45am

Location: an office supply store in Istanbul, Turkey

In preparation for drawing this afternoon, we visit an office supply store to get paper and felt-tip markers. In the Memory and Experience project the researchers specifically used simple materials because the black markers on white paper contrasted well, especially when scanned or photocopied. I planned my Istanbul Project the same way. Now, I regret narrowing

the media so much. As I browse the reds, greens, blues, and yellows, I think of all of the missed possibilities. Were the actual drawings the most important part of the research? Are they going to give me the most information about Turkish culture?

Meta-autoethnography: Why?

Why did I restrict their materials when I myself so enjoy choices of materials in my own art making? This was an inquiry into their life—or at least that is what I said it was. ***They were supposed to teach me.*** And they did, but not how I expected…

Journal Entry: The Big Day

Time: May 24, 2013 at 2:11pm

Location: Resenler Elementary School in Istanbul, Turkey

We arrive at the Resenler early for our late-afternoon appointment. Again we pass through the guard gate and catch up with our teacher, Serdar, during the tail-end of another recess break. Again the Titanic theme plays in the background as we walk up the bustling stairwell to enter the classroom. This Friday afternoon the kids are buzzing with energy—energy to do something special and energy to start their weekend. The afternoon sun is low, yet the room is still blazing hot. Serdar effortlessly takes control of the situation, which could easily have turned to chaos. When he speaks in his "teacher-voice" I can tell he has a special relationship with these kids. They listen to him as you would listen to your father. Not one student dares to disobey. Later Burak will tell me that Serdar is the teacher for these students from first through fifth grade. I think about the powerful relationship and bond that must happen teaching and seeing the same students for their entire elementary career.

Burak starts talking to the class about what we are going to do, and I start passing out crisp, blank, white sheets of paper and the black felt-tip pens. There is universal joy in clean sheets of paper and new pens. Each child looks up and smiles at me. I am not sure how to handle this attention. The materials are not special. I am not special. So why would this event or I deserve special attention? I finish passing out the supplies, and Serdar generously offers his office chair at his desk strategically placed next to an open window. I gladly accept. I have been in Istanbul for several weeks now and have become more accustomed to and enjoy the busy city life it offers, but unfortunately I still am not accustomed to the heat.

I take a couple snapshots and a short video on my iPhone of the class working. Like Serdar, Burak uses his "teacher-voice," moving through each of the prompts with the ease of an Olympic distance runner running a 5K. Each time I collect drawings and hand out new paper. Each time smiling faces greet me. They are given extra time on the group prompt, and I notice there are clear leaders and recorders in each of the pairs. The dominant student takes the lead and narrates the story, while the other student draws the image. A few of the pairs engage in drawing together, but they are the exception. I make a note of it in my book, then it is time for their next break. I cannot believe it is over. It is like buyer's remorse. Research-remorse is an affliction where you know there was so much more to do, and yet you are out of time. You constantly re-think your decisions and what you could have, should have done.

I walk around to collect the drawings and pens. This time instead of smiles I get looks of confusion. I am confused, too. What is Burak saying? And why the sad looks as they hand back the supplies? I look around to find Burak to ask if I have done something wrong. Something seems wrong. Like a guardian angel Burak appears at my side and gently tells me that he told the kids they could keep the pens as a thank you for helping us. It was a great call on his part.

What were we going to do with 50 black felt tip pens? But because I couldn't hear or translate what he was saying, I missed the message completely. I make my way back to the pen-less side of the room and pass out the pens (again). I don't even know how to tell them I am sorry for misunderstanding. They seem to forgive me anyway, and I get smiles again.

The papers are all collected and safely secured in my heavy duty Turkish shopping bag. The kids' hands have been cleaned with baby wipes, and they have been dismissed for their recess break before the last class of the day. I breathe a sigh of relief.

Journal Entry: Esma and Mr. Nesbit

Time: May 24, 2013 at 4:54pm

Location: Resenler Elementary School in Istanbul, Turkey

Our next stop is the adjoining classroom, where Serdar's fellow teacher Esma[18] has asked that we stop in to meet her class before leaving. She has kept the class past their break to meet us. Esma is not wearing a suit. Instead she is impeccably dressed in a stylish long burgundy coat that covers her entire small frame. The fabric looks light-weight but luxurious. A silver belt accessorizes the coat and highlights her small waist. Her pink patterned silk scarf expertly wrapped around her hair and neck exposes only her delicate face. She wears make-up, but it is quite subtle and even in the heat still looks fresh. How does she do that? Everything about Esma is delicate, yet authoritative. She addresses her class in her own "teacher voice," and they welcome us. Lost in my own thoughts, Burak says a few words that I don't listen to, everyone smiles, and then we leave. I feel a little like an alien myself. As much as I have been

[18] Pseudonym.

wanting to see and watch them, they have been wanting to see and watch me, but there are a lot more of "them" and they keep coming.

Ever the gentleman, Serdar walks us out. In the hall a man in a white lab coat stops us. He reminds me of my high school chemistry teacher, Mr. Nesbit, but more polished, more put together, more Turkish. He approaches me specifically and begins speaking directly to me. I think he is trying to speak to me in Turkish because I cannot understand anything he is saying. Burak and Serdar are a slight distance behind me talking to another teacher, so while my translator is otherwise engaged I try meekly to respond in Turkish to what I think he is saying. I see the same confused look come over this Mr. Nesbit-look-a-like's face. He tries again, and I wince internally (and perhaps externally). I cannot believe I have been so stupid, so rude. At that moment Burak and Serdar reappear and truly rescue me from my embarrassment. They exchange pleasantries, more smiles, and in a stroke of profound luck the Titanic theme song blares, signaling the time for the next and last class period.

We head down the stairs, making our way against the surge of schoolchildren rushing up for their last class of the week. The energy is palpable, yet I am exhausted and still embarrassed. I tell Burak and Serdar what happened. Serdar confirms my suspicion that Mr. Nesbit-look-a-like is the resident English teacher, and he was excited to meet me to show off his skills to his co-workers. Well, I sure ruined that. We thank Serdar for all of his help as he waves goodbye, re-ascending the stairs. I am deep in thought and ask Burak if we can sit at the park near the school for a while so I can write down some notes. We find a shady spot, and I begin to write. At first I write like a "researcher," recounting quantitative things—how many students, what time each prompt started and ended, etc., but that quickly unravels and I write about how I feel—the remorse and doubt I feel about how I handled the day, the extreme

embarrassment for taking back the pens and ruining the chance for the English teacher to shine, the profound gratefulness for all that Burak has done for this project and for me…and I think about how I will do things differently next time.

Meta-autoethnography: Artifacts

> Artifacts are made the mind of the beholder. In creating the artifacts there was an active selective process of what to include and what to leave out.
>
> (Hammersley & Atkinson, 2007, p. 16)

The drawings I collected that day are artifacts—artifacts of that experience. The children have included images and often the same images, but equally important is what has been left out. To serve my own research agenda, I chose what to include and what to leave out. The decision to use black markers and white paper was a practical decision that greatly affected the drawings and the acts of creating the drawings. What I chose for the visualization and how I chose to edit the original prompts were all practical and well thought out, but these decisions, again, affected the drawings and the acts of creation. If someone were to look at one of these drawings/artifacts, he or she might not be aware of all the constraints I placed on the children and on their drawings and drawing practice.

Document: My Istanbul Project - Visualization Prompts

Table 2
Visualization prompts from my Istanbul Project

Session	Drawing Topic	Study Type	Motivation and Visualization Prompts
1	Family	Individual	Close your eyes and imagine you are in your home. Who is there with you? Are there people? Are there animals? What does the furniture look like? What do you do daily in your home? When you woke up this morning what did you do?
2	Neighborhood	Individual	Close your eyes and imagine you are describing your neighborhood to a stranger? What would be the most important thing to show them? What is going on in your neighborhood today? Are there any markets or bakeries? Are there any places to play? What do you do on a Saturday in your neighborhood?
3	School	Group of 2	Close your eyes and imagine you are describing your school to a third grade student in Ankara. How do you describe your school? What do your teachers looks like? What do your friend look like? What things do you do with your friends in school? What do you think is different in your school than in a school in Ankara?
4*	Navigation between these places	Group of 10	Take all the things we talked about and imagined and create a map linking your home and your neighborhood to your school. Think about how you get to school in the morning and how you get back home after school is over. Do you stop anywhere to play? Do you always go home or sometimes do you go to a friend's house? Think about how to show someone else what you do before and after school?

* Note: not completed due to time and classroom constraints

Document: My Istanbul Project - Selected Drawings

Figure 1. Un-prompted drawing from Resenler student

Drawing Topic 1: Family

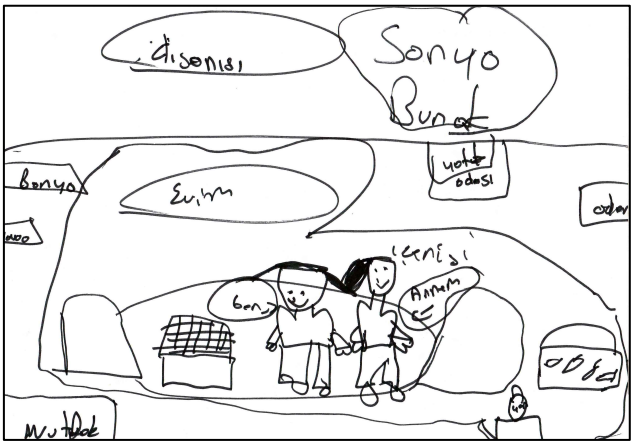

Figure 2. Drawing from Family prompt in my Istanbul Project

Drawing Topic 2: Neighborhood

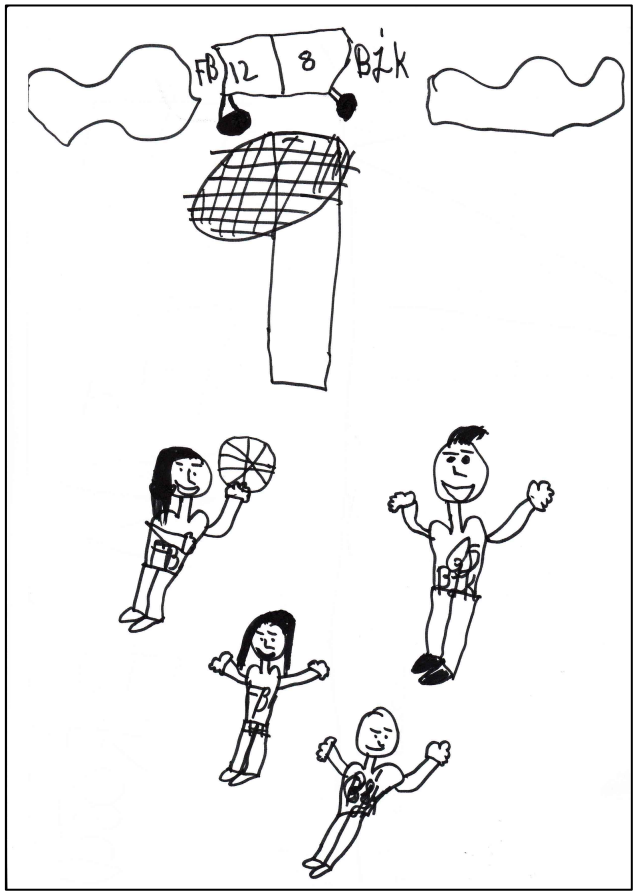

Figure 3. Drawing from Neighborhood prompt in my Istanbul Project

Drawing Topic 3: School

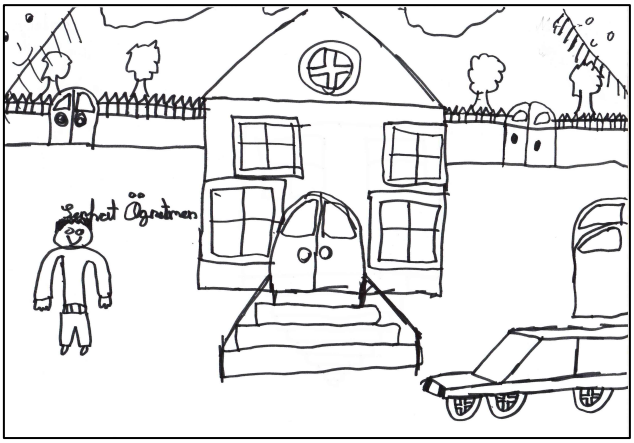

Figure 4. Drawing from School prompt in my Istanbul Project

Post-script: Saying it did not make it so…

As much as I had read and re-read Pearson mapping my potentials made it quite obvious that the project I designed did not operate with the same pedagogical intentions or pedagogical beliefs that I said I used, or that I said I believed. Adding "and dialogues" did not make it so. Video-recording the dialogues would not have made it so either. Which then leads me to question if Pearson's social context of drawing is researchable at all? Like cross-cultural, cultural, and normal, what does social context do and how does one set about to research it?

Cluster 2: Vulnerability

Document: excerpt from *Fields of Play: Constructing an Academic Life*

> Thus, we work in a highly complex period [1997]: On the one hand post-structuralism calls us to greater play, reflexivity, and ethical responsibility about our writing. On the other hand, the institutions that hire us may adhere to older canons of writing practices. How, then, do we write ourselves into our texts with intellectual and spiritual integrity? How do we nurture our own voices, our own individualities, and at the same time claim to "knowing" something? My hope is that hearing about my intellectual and emotional struggles with "authority" and with "my place" in texts, academic department, discipline—my life—will be of value to others who are struggling with their "place." (Richardson, 1997, p. 2)

Meta-autoethnography: Being *closer to* There

An 8-second script[19] for your consideration…

(*Fade in to the Resenler classroom*)

Researcher One: Childhood is written by the adults.

Researcher Two: Adulthood is a big lie.

Researcher One: Research is written by the adults.

Researcher Two: Research is a big lie.

Child: Where am I?

Adult: Where am I? And where are *my* children?

Researcher: Where are *my* participants?

[19] In the spirit of Denzin's (2011) Custer on canvas : Representing Indians, memory, and violence in the new West.

Child: Where am I in all of this…?

As I wrangled with Pearson and read more of Richards, I began to see how and why this mismatch happened. On one hand I had ascribed to the qualitative researchers who advocated for honesty, play, reflexivity, and ethical responsibility that my work add something to the conversations about art and education. On the other hand I had been taught (and expected) to value older canons of writing practices that did not privilege or welcome these "wild po-mo"[20] notions. Again, the irony is not lost on me that as I write this I am writing a dissertation in APA style with 1" margins, Times New Roman, double-spaced, etc. Even with acceptance of the wild po-mo there are demands that my writing be stuffed into those older, ill-fitting canons. My hope is that in this stuffing I have been able, at least in some way, to articulate my difficulty in finding my place—which in truth cannot ever be "found" in the same way it cannot ever be "known." Perhaps though that is the key. Coming to terms with my own sense of vulnerability allowed the space for the difficulty, for the not finding and not knowing to take place.

During my Istanbul Project, as in much art education research, I worked with children, which heightened my awareness that I was not exactly comfortable in my adult status. Childhood is a term that for me conjures feelings of energy and weightlessness. I see it in my own children now. Childhood was a time free of the responsibilities or consequences of adulthood, but when and how did I *adult*? James and James (2012) commented that childhood is as much a biological category as it is a social one, and one moves from being a child to being adult by the simple act of aging. James and James (2012) pointed out the politics of childhood to explain the "social, cultural and legal practices" (p. 16) acting upon children and how this relationship between "the

[20] Post-modern as described to me by an education researcher.

socially constructed structures and the agency of children dynamically evolve" (p. 38). In my Istanbul Project, by virtue of my age, I was the adult. Biologically I was carrying a baby; therefore, I was an adult. Socially and culturally I was recognized as not a child; therefore, I was an adult. Legally I had documentation that I had been alive for over 18 years; therefore, I was an adult. All the evidence added up to my being an adult, but in truth I felt like an imposter. I had yet to accept my adult status, or my researcher status for that matter, and I felt as if I were wearing clothes one size too big. Morrison grappled with his own aging out of childhood in *And when did you last see your father* (1993), where at the scene of his father's funeral he wrote: "You have a childhood, and move away, and think vaguely that if you choose to come home again it will still be there, intact, as you left it" (p. 202), but it's not. Being out of place in Istanbul, and in the third grade classroom, brought into to focus that I could no longer identify as a child, but if not a child and if not an adult, who was I? My fear of failure made it so that I was being *near* adulthood and, at the same time, being *near* the children and collaborators with whom I was working. When it came to being *closer to* there with my adulthood and being *closer to* there with the children and collaborators, I got in my own way.

Being there is a concept derived from ethnographic research (Borneman & Hammoudi, 2009; Davis & Konner, 2011; Frykman & Gilje, 2003; Watson, 1999) that views fieldwork and the researcher's place in that fieldwork as vital, informative, and contested. Can I ever fully attain being there? And where is there? Is it different from here? "There" for me conveys the connectedness, the embodied, interrelational experience I desire. Being *near* there is a start, and is where I found myself in my Istanbul Project. Being *closer to* there is where I would like to be.

However, moving *closer to* there is more difficult than it may seem. Schulte (2013) explained, "everything that I did reaffirmed the distant nearness of my being there" (p. 9) when

talking about his own being *near* there with his friend and collaborator, Carter. That is the funny thing about being *near* there: you know something is not right. I sensed the mismatch, even when I chose to ignore it. My inexperience and determination to complete my Istanbul Project as I had designed it clouded my ability to perceive and respond to the mismatch a meaningful way.

My being *near* there in Istanbul called into question my choices beyond the initial questions/distortions/mismatch of my project design. My questions about who I was as a person, what I was ***do***ing, and what I wanted to ***do*** emerged. At first, slowly, these questions began to materialize, and then more and more began to build on top of the first. I now questioned why I had aligned myself with academia, a professional landscape seeping with unequal distributions of power and money, gender inequality, government mandates, administrative forms, and appropriate formalized ways of writing. Why did I want to be a scholar at all?

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I wanted to expose and disrupt inequality, specifically the inequalities between adults and children. I chose to work with children because they have important things to say but are often not heard. Tobin wrote about how the way adults interact with other adults differs from how adults interact with children in *Good guys don't wear hats: Children's talk about the media* (2000), where he says:

> "[w]e listen to each other, try to understand, and answer the best we can. Inevitably, we project our perspectives and preoccupations onto the words of others, and yet generally, in our interactions with fellow adults, we manage to understand each other well enough

> to feel that our conversations make sense. In contrast, much of what children say to us, about television and movies, about violence, race, class, gender and other topics, doesn't make much sense to us. I suspect that most of us adults who interact with children as teachers, researchers, and parents feel bad about this—about the fact that we often give children less than our complete attention when they talk; that we listen to them, at times, without confidence that we will understand them; and that our answers to what they say to us (when we do answer) are often tinged with condescension, irritation, or befuddlement." (p. 15)

My limited Turkish vocabulary and even more limited knowledge of Turkish grammar meant that when someone, child or adult, spoke to me in Turkish, I focused on translating, as best I could, the actual words said. I hastily grasped at straws of meaning. My attention was not on the person talking but on connecting this person talking and their words to my person and my words. Whatever answers I did manage were certainly befuddled.

Even in befuddlement, adults strive to reach a being *closer to* there with one another. In my ill-fitting adult status, I found that I used language, bodily clues, and powers of deduction to try very hard to understand what another "adult" said to me. The adult could be Turkish or American; either way, I knew if I could understand even a few key words, we could "understand each other well enough to feel that our conversations make sense" (Tobin, 2000, p. 15). With children of any nationality, adults readily accept ambiguity; accept the being *near* there as enough. Adults have devised clever sayings to diminish our responsibility to try to understand. I myself have heard myself saying things like, "She's two and that's what two year olds do…" or "He doesn't know any better. He's only a kid." My point here is that we deflect

meaning from the acts and speech of children by not attending to the acts and speech with the same level of respect and detail that we give to the acts and speech of fellow adults. We just don't try as hard to understand. I include myself in this "we," knowing that I, too, do this and did this during my Istanbul Project. I did this to the Turkish children, but also to the Turkish adults. Often in my Turkish adult-to-adult interactions I would grasp to find a little meaning and, once I felt I understood the topic of conversation, I would smile and nod, smile and nod. I dismissed the rest of the conversation and stopped trying to translate, all the while pretending to be present, active, and engaged. I recognize my being *near* there in my Istanbul Project through the ways I deflected and dismissed the Turkish adults speaking Turkish, in the same way I deflected and dismissed the Turkish children. I was willing to exert my attention to try being *closer to* there only with English-speaking adults, meaning I privileged the language and the adults in those interactions above other adults, and above all children. This distinction is important because it exposed my perspective and my actions in research.

Meat-autoethnography: Did I really just write that?

These new insights came only from spending years lingering over the creation, editing, and analyzing of my writing about my Istanbul Project. Without this autoethnography, these powerful insights would have remained buried within the field notes and memories of the Istanbul Project; yet, the academic model to which I had voluntarily ascribed privileged formal, appropriate, Richards' (1997) "older canon" (p. 2) of writing. Traditional published academic writing, the kind I had hoped write, required a detached voice that I did not have and do not want.

What is odd is that no one was standing over me saying, "Sonya, you have to write this

way…," but the expectation I had of what I would write and how I would write was instilled in me by a much more subtle enculturation into the older canons of academia. In the words of Pnina Motzafi-Haller (1997):

> In retrospect, I see that I internalized, at that very early point in my career, my grader's notion of what 'academic' writing should be: detached, objectified, 'rational.' I learned that my closing statements that had expressed anger and visceral feeling of rage should be censored out of any calm 'academic' conclusion." (p. 201)

Even though my expressions of fear, my troubled sense of self, and my confusion and remorse were and are difficult to process, I never thought I could, or should, write about them. That is, until I found autoethnography as a way to explore and invite others to explore these ideas of research. I began to formulate ways to write in ways that nurtured my own voices and my own individualities. Like Richards (1997) my hope is that hearing about my intellectual and emotional struggles will be of value to others who are struggling with their "place" and their sense of pedagogy.

Meta-autoethnography: Research Remorse

The Resenler third graders not only generously gave me many, many images; they also made me aware of my numerous under and over estimations in trying to understand them. While I had done my homework, I neglected to seriously consider the children as anything more than research subjects. They weren't really "participants." I and the other adults stood in front of them asking them to complete a task. We asked nicely. We made them feel important

by signing their own name on the assent documents, but *did they really have a choice*?

For two years I was not able to really look at the drawings. Every time I would pull them out of their heavy plastic shopping bag with Turkish writing—a bag squirreled away by my mother-in-law no doubt—I felt a wave of regret and remorse. I returned to the Lamar Dodd School the next Spring and stood over the large industrial scanner whirring and buzzing with flashes of light and a touchscreen demanding department codes. I stood there alone, scanning and e-mailing neat little PDF documents to myself. I took these drawings away from their child creators and home in Istanbul, laboriously scanning each one to compile in folders named "data"—but data for what and for whom? Walsh (1998) instructed, "Touch the data. Spread it out, stack it, sort it; spread it out again, restack it, resort it…Handling the data gets additional data out of memory and into record" (p. 145), but every time I touched this data I felt remorse. Remorse about the missed opportunities for myself and for the students. Remorse about how this was supposed to have been one thing (a really great thing) but turned out to be something else (still great, but different). Surprisingly, or at least surprisingly to me, my Istanbul Project derailed and rattled my sense of self, my sense of research, and my sense of my place in research, but it also opened new potentials of curiosity and discovery.

Journal Entry: Explore. Create. Inspire … and Take

Time: February 7, 2014 at 8:00pm

Location: sitting at my desk at home in Athens, Georgia

I am sitting here typing a proposal to display my Istanbul Project at the Interdisciplinary Research conference. I feel a bit uneasy about what I am proposing. I am going to display the children's work in an Art Dialogue. The call for proposals asked for the following:

> The University of Georgia's Graduate Student Association invites interested scholars to submit proposals for workshops for our 15th annual Interdisciplinary Research Conference (IRC). This year's theme is "Explore. Create. Inspire."
>
> Proposals should seek to address one of our seven main subject areas:
> Exploring Global Issues * Intersecting the Social Sciences and Hard Sciences * Community, Diversity, and Social Justice * The Role of Technology and Media in Research, Policy * Theory and Practice * Creativity and Collaboration * Sustainability, Environment, Economy, and Society.

Where would my Istanbul Project belong? And since I don't have the children to tell me what their drawings mean, how can I make sense of them? Furthermore, what right do I have to make sense of them? Even acknowledging that my "making sense" would be an interpretation, I am still not sure what to do?

Perhaps I could frame it as collaboration—collaboration with the children, but also collaboration with other Turkish people—I can call them cultural insiders. I will make a focus group to make sense of these drawings. That sounds important, right?

Meta-autoethnography: Pearson's Proof

Remember, Pearson (2001) said, " no matter how theorists have gone about the archeological task of making sense of drawings, they have experienced only success in the pursuit of their interests. They have always found drawings to make sense of and have always been untroubled in making sense of them" (p. 352)… I did it too… my Istanbul Project was

going to be successful regardless of how I had to do it. In Istanbul, I maneuvered through bureaucracy, language barriers, over and under estimations of myself, my project, the children, the school, the people, and I emerged victorious with drawings in hand. I was using those children's images that were not mine and now adding voices that were also not mine, to present an art dialogue to which I had very little right. I found drawings and I found a way to make some sense of them.

Journal Entry: Visual Cues

Time: February 28, 2014 at 8:00am

Location: the Tate Center, Athens, Georgia

Standing here I am registering for the IRC. I have two presentations this year. One presentation is a workshop with Dr. Yuha Jung about "flipping" the Art Appreciation classroom. Dr. Jung is inexhaustible. In addition to teaching and research and looking for permanent academic employment, she has made videos of her lectures to show before class so that once the students are in class they can work with the information instead of listening to a lecture. I question whether such an ambitious thing is possible. It seems hard enough to get students to read. Now we are going to expect them to watch a video and read before coming to class… In any event I have been working with her this semester to integrate this learning style and new technologies into Art Appreciation. The creaking resistance of the University is audible.

The second presentation is my Istanbul Project exhibited as an Art Dialogue. My proposal was convincing and for my method I chose four of the children's drawings and printed them on the large format printer Dr. Yung secured for the department through a grant for new instructional technology. Once printed I presented them to a focus group of ten Turkish people

ages 20-35 and asked that they write comments about what they saw. Similar to The Preschool in Three Cultures Method (Tobin, Hsueh, & Karasawa, 2009) video cues, these visual cues seemed to take the Turkish adults back to their own childhoods. Often their comments compared the Turkey of today to the Turkey they remembered. The visual cues took them back to their own childhood, but how? And why?

Journal Entry: Istanbul is here. I am here. Pedagogy is here too.

Time: February 28, 2014 at 10:02am

Location: Room 138 in the Tate Center in Athens, Georgia

The children's drawings with the focus group's comments have been mounted to large frame of black matboard. I cut the mats last night after Anastasya went to sleep. Carefully I marked the back and cut with a box cutter through the velvety black board. You can still find small black lint on the living room floor because running the vacuum would have woken Anastasya. I was taken back to my time at SCAD when I spent every weekend mounting work. My skills now were quite rusty and I had to scrap one of the mats (and one of the drawings with comments) because my handiwork was out of practice. I wonder if the discarded drawing's owner would feel slighted to know their drawing was not included because I messed up the frame. It seems like such a silly difference now. I also wonder what the children would think of my selections and whether those were most representative of their group. What is representative anyway?

As I stand among these drawings and comments neatly framed, I feel that old nagging of fraudulence. These are not my work, but they are my work. True I am the coordinator, the conductor if you will of this mini-orchestra. I often find myself in dissonance about this project. I

often find myself questioning why I did what I did and how I did what I did and how that doing affected all those involved and perhaps those not involved?

Now I present *my* art. I talk a little about my Istanbul Project and how these drawings came to be. I talk a little about how I now question this work and how the experience of research has changed my research. I often mention Istanbul, she is here. I often say I did this…I did that… I thought about this… I am here. I never mention pedagogy, but she[21] is here too.

Post-script: Pedagogy's Angle of Arrival

I wish I could say pedagogy arrived that day in 2014 in Room 138, but that would not be true. Pedagogy has always already been there, been here, been working to process the ways we are in the world. What I can say is that on that day in 2014 in Room 138 I felt pedagogy's presence for the first time. Her presence palpable. Her angle of this arrival of sorts felt like something I was in, fully and partially, comfortably and aspirationally, for good and not for long. That day and that affect began my serial immersion into pedagogy. In my new little world I read everything I could find related to the study of pedagogy, often left with a long list of questions and no answers. It took time to afford myself the vulnerability in studying pedagogy in ways that required a certain level of ethical uncertainty—my pedagogy could not be articulated in advance (Somerville et al., 2011). I created descriptions of my pedagogy—a pedagogy that takes shape as it unfolds. Massumi (2002) said, "*If you know where you will end up when you begin, nothing has happened in the meantime*" (p. 18, emphasis added). I began to attend to *all that happened in the meantime* as I invited vulnerability and providing space, time, and freedom to experiment.

[21] Like Istanbul, I refer to Pedagogy with a feminine pronoun as this is my idea of her.

That day in 2014 in Room 138 a new little world was created, suddenly here and possible and I began to be attuned.

Cluster 3: Difference

Journal Entry: Theotokos

Time: June 9, 2014 at 5:25pm

Location: artifacts of Ephesus outside of present-day Izmir, Turkey

We park the car and walk to the guard house. These little white plastic houses have become as familiar as the waving metal-detection wands. The houses are a symbol of authority, but that authority is juxtaposed by their impermanence. It is as if one of the ancient gods will reach down, pick up the small house, and move it elsewhere. Burak pays for two tickets and we walk along the entry corridor. Shaded by trees and nicely paved with antique relics, this area is very pleasant during the hot July day. Anastasya is in the brown cloth carrier attached to my chest. She is light, but will become heavy.

We make our way along the path and I can see, with a slight sense of dread that the shade of the trees will soon end, but I look at the amazing relics beyond. First we stop at a theater with rows of ancient stone seating carved directly into the side of a mountain. I know I will probably regret it, but we climb to the top to see the view. We see the vast expanse of antiquity. It is exciting and we make our way to see more. We see the library and walk along paths to stop in the public baths and temples. We encounter and navigate through hoards of Asian tourists busily clicking their Nikons away at each stop. With their sunblocking umbrellas they look a bit like aliens here. I feel a mismatch. I expect to see dark, Greek-looking people preferably dressed in period clothes pushing wooden carts. I expected Raphael's "School of Athens", but I realize I too look alien here. We all would look alien to the Ephesians.

As we walk back through the grounds I am lost in thought about these Ephesians. While the guidebooks present Ephesus as a continuous narrative (this happened, then this happened,

etc.), I know that would not have been the case. There would have been many narratives and what would have been my narrative had I been an Ephesian? As a woman I would suspect the house and childcare would have been my responsibility. It is not lost on me that in 2014 these are still the responsibilities of women--with my daughter asleep and heavy in the carrier. The difference would have been that I would not be an academician. Perhaps if I could prove some supernatural quality, I could have been involved in the religious orders, but then I would not have been marriageable. Burak shared with me that often (even in 2014) female academicians are not seen as marriage material by Turkish men. They prefer schoolteachers as wives because the work schedules allow for childcare and household maintenance…and I do not fool myself into thinking it is any different in America. Hopefully the Ephesian version of me would have found an equally amazing antique version of Burak. I cannot shake this idea of walking these paths, gathering groceries, talking with friends, living life in Ephesus and how would that life would have looked. It is humbling to be in a place so ancient. This place is teaching me something. This place is here. I am here. Pedagogy is here too.

At the end on the left are the remains of The Church of Saint Mary. Like much of Ephesus, many of the pieces still reside in the soil. Buried like little treasures with large pillars interrupting the landscape, you see the outline of what would have been an incredible place. I read that it was first the site of the Hall of Muses and there was a synagogue in Ephesus preceding this church. When Christianity became the religion of Rome, this church was erected as the first church dedicated to the Virgin Mary, also called Theotokos. I actually prefer the name Theotokos because the translation is birth-giver of God. Women are powerful as birth-givers, but with less power in societies that continue to privilege masculinity over femininity.

Journal Entry: Co-facilitation

Time: October 1, 2014 at 2:00pm

Location: Dawson Hall, Athens, Georgia

Today I presented with my group for the co-faciliation in the Qualitative Research class. I have to say this was a difficult group assignment because of timing. None of our schedules were compatible to meet and that meant that we couldn't get together to practice…which translated into us using twice as much time as we had been allotted, although the professor did not seem to notice.

Chastity[22] went significantly over her time. She did so even after the rest of the group motioned her time was up. I was one of the ones who motioned. She kept talking and talking and talking… and talking. I know from the one meeting we had as a group that Chastity is from Western Africa and this is her first semester as a doctoral student. I think about that and I think about our different paths that landed us in a class together in Athens, Georgia. My time in Istanbul and my time living with someone who was raised outside of America make me think differently. I have more empathy for those who speak English on top of another, perhaps several other, native languages.

I also have empathy for what I see as inexperience in her presentation. At this, the end of my coursework, I have given countless co-facilitations and my ability to parse information and speak about it publically has greatly improved with time and with practice. I am bemused by Chastity's insistence to stick to her script even though she has far exceeded the socially and culturally appropriate time of going over. Then I think, what if that script is her only way to communicate her ideas in English? Perhaps she is not comfortable enough in the language or in

[22] Pseudonym

her ability to convey the information she thinks is important, particularly in this very public format, to leave the script. Didn't I do the same thing in Istanbul?

To make up for my verbose group member I scrap the section of my presentation that required PowerPoints and delve right into the activity I planned. I don't really like PowerPoints anyway. I brought a large, fresh piece of butcher paper over from ArtEd and a variety of magic markers. I spread both out with the sense satisfaction that is a fresh piece of paper and an array of magic markers—they really are magic. I ask the class to gather around the paper. I ask them to write their ideas about the reading and after thinking about Chastity, I encourage them to write it in their native language. This class is quite diverse and soon the paper is filled with many ideas and many languages in many colors. I smile. After two years Pedagogy and I are here together.

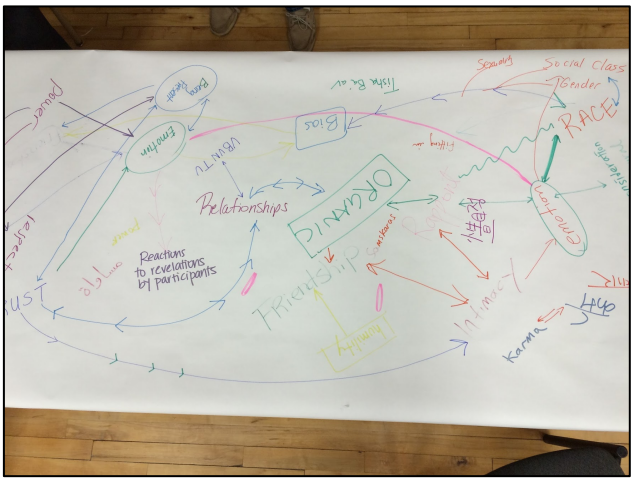

Figure 5. Co-facilitation concept map

***Remembered*: Elizabeth Jane Chambers**[23]

Two years ago my very first co-facilitation in my doctoral program went terribly awry. Similar to the Qualitative Research class, I was part of a group presenting a reading to the class. I have always liked to get people out of their chairs and working. I prefer working with my hands as thinking, so I often incorporate these kinds of activities. In this group we came up with the idea that we would have people draw their own maps. Cartography was part of the discussion and it felt like a natural fit to us. I laid out a fresh piece of butcher paper and magic markers before class. This was as I was developing my Istanbul Project and reading the Wilson's (Wilson & Wilson, 2009) *Teaching Children to Draw* so this would serve as a test run for their drawing together methodology. My other group members narrated PowerPoints and then time for my activity. Everyone huddled around the paper and began to draw their maps. It was a low-stakes task and people were having fun with it. Elizabeth positioned herself behind the rest and I could tell something was bothering her. I offered a cursory "everyone join in" and still she stood cloaked behind the rest. We continued for a few minutes, still no drawing from Elizabeth. I don't want her to feel left out so I nudge again. The voice that comes out of my mouth is not mine. I sound exactly like Mom as I say "Come on Elizabeth, join us…" Silence… Then a tearful response "I just can't…" she says "And if you ask me again I am going to have to leave." I see the tears welling in her eyes and I want to give her space and time to herself. I return to the drawings and the class continues to work, but silently as if all the air drained from the room. Elizabeth is uncomfortable. I am uncomfortable. The professor is uncomfortable. Everyone is uncomfortable. We end the drawing on a strained note and take a much-needed tension break.

[23] Pseudonym.

I have never forgotten that co-facilitation. I knew from other conversations with Elizabeth Jane that she studied these kinds of cartographies and that she had been an art teacher at a preschool. She must have drawn in front of people before, but for her perhaps drawing in front of children was less scary than drawing in front of her peers. I needed to be reminded that not everyone has done rapid-fire drawing critique like I had to do at SCAD. It was different for her.

For all of my well-intentioned nudging, I neglected to let Elizabeth join in her in own way. Her way did not include her actively drawing, but by watching she still could be a part of the experience. My goal should have been including her in her own way instead of pointing out her voluntary self-selected exclusion. It was a valuable lesson.

Document: excerpt from *Art for Young America*

> Experiences in art appreciation are really a search for beauty, so think of them in terms of personal enrichment. Don't be disturbed if you seem to lack talent in drawing and painting. Enjoying art or beauty in things around us does not depend on special ability. (Heyne, 1970, p. 10)

Meta-autoethnography: Art Appreciation

I ask the class of 115 who has painted with oil paints. A few raise their hands. The rest look at me blankly. You would think I asked them to provide the formula for a chemical reaction, perhaps in a way I had. Lauren[24], the young girl sitting in the third seat second row was one of the admitted oil painters. She approached me on the first day of class to tell me how

[24] Pseudonym

excited she was to be taking Art Appreciation. She had recently changed her major from Theater to Advertising, which struck me as kind of odd, but also she told me how she and her Dad had been talking about how she was looking forward to this class. To my class… I have noticed her throughout the semester diligently taking notes. I have noticed Lauren raise her hand to many of my "Have you ever…" questions, but she never speaks. I know this about her, which makes my next move all the more shocking.

I ask the class to explain what it was like to paint with oils. I ask this expecting someone to relay the time and precision representational oil painting takes or perhaps the details about how messy or smelly it is... but all I get is silence…it is a dance we do every class. I ask and they sit silently. One day I will figure out to how to get them to talk. I look at Lauren hoping for one of my anticipated responses. We make eye contact. I am sure she senses I am looking for my response. She shakes her head with a slight no and then looks down at her computer. Breaking our gaze I am immediately reminded of Elizabeth Jane. The Sonya of 2014 probably would have pushed her and the class probing for my anticipated answers. The Sonya now lets it go. I offer descriptions of the precision and time. I offer descriptions of the messy smelliness.

Lauren chose her involvement and I had to allow this, invite this, and be satisfied with her choice. For her self-identifying with a raised hand was as far as she wanted to go in our conversation and that should be (and was) enough for me.

Journal Entry: The First One

Time: October 2, 2014 at 8:05am

Location: my office in Athens, Georgia

The first comp question is here. I stare at it on the computer screen. I print it out and stare at it some more…I continue to wrestle between my story and how I want to tell it. My question addresses autoethnography in terms of educational research. I am relieved that they don't expect me to cover all of autoethnography, but also in some ways limited that I am supposed to focus on educational research. I have been reading *Teaching Through the Storm: a journal of hope* by Karen Hale Hankins (2003). She storied her classroom and I think it fits with what I am trying to say, what I am trying to explain, but how??? Hankins (2003) blends her story with her citations and references. I am a kind of awe about how to pull this off. There is so much content to be cited in my analysis and this idea of bringing scholarship to my stories is a challenge. For the writing, I feel confident in the story and confident in my ability to tell it. What I don't feel confident about is making it "academic"….

Meta-Autoethnography: The (Almost) Last One

I didn't know a fourth comp question existed. In the "dynamic transition of the department" that left my academic home empty, the flow of communication trickled like a leaky faucet. I completed my third comprehensive exam question on February 9th 2015, submitted it, and said a prayer. I had carefully crafted my autoethnographies and was quite proud of my work, although anxious to hear what my committee would think. The end of the third comprehensive exam question read like this:

The Future (In)formed by the Past and the Present[25]

Ellen Corin, an anthropologist and psychiatrist, speaks to my white spaces in her chapter *Personal Travels through Otherness*, "the shadow side of fieldwork emerges indirectly, as a

[25] Intentionally unedited

multidimensional texture that can only be seen from the distance of hindsight. It is woven of a complex network of links that form between research themes and settings. These links move and shift as we evolve intellectually and personally" (2007, p. 258). Whether we think about it terms of my Gramps, or Ray's forest, or Bakhtin's voices; we cannot move forward without acknowledging how much of ourselves is rooted in our past and our present. In academia there is a lineage of knowledge that informs future knowledge. Even something revolutionary is reacting in response to something that existed before it. These shadows compete for the white spaces and yet, at the same time the shadows and the white spaces contrast magnifying the beauty in each.

Deleuze and Guattari (1987) talk of middles and changes in their description of the rhizome: "It [the rhizome] has neither beginning nor end, but always a middle (milieu) from which it grows and which it overspills… when a multiplicity of this kind changes dimension, it necessarily changes in nature as well, undergoes a metamorphosis" (p. 21). I think of this project as the milieu of my metamorphosis and like the rhizome, there is no beginning and no end. I know that I am not alone and this metamorphosis is a product of my cultural background, my cross-cultural experiences, and the wonderful people with whom I have had the pleasure of working. My own future is uncertain. I know I will be moving permanently to Istanbul in the not-so-distant future. A prospect that is at once exciting and terrifying. Burak, my guardian angel, will be there with me, but as a native Turk this will be a homecoming for him. This experience re-focused my academic interests and ambition. I am no longer satisfied with experiments or studies that only touch the face of an issue. For me it is the equivalent of turning in a book report for a dissertation. I want more and I feel that I owe it to my field and to myself to produce work that is honest, creative and makes people think. I am not alone in this

movement as there are countless books and journals from a wide array of disciplines investigating this very issue. I have read stories of Crackerness in the rural South (Ray, 1999), stories of the irresoluble conflicts between identity, family and national pride (Weiss, 2007), stories of the challenges and rewards of teaching young children (Hankins, 2003), stories of research plans gone awry and the birth of a baby (Behar, 2011) and each time I am astounded by the sincerity and candor with which each author writes about their research and their life. I am likewise astounded that these are legitimate published works cited and used in academia. It is my hope to add my story to this body of work and, like these authors inspired me, I want to inspire others to be their honest selves with white spaces, shadows and all that's in between.

***Remembered*: Inspired, Tired, and Done**

I ended the third comprehensive exam question with an inspired tone. I was inspired. I had spent the past six months living, eating, breathing autoethnography as a way to talk about Istanbul and my Istanbul project. I was tired. This writing allowed me space to process not only my thoughts and feelings there, but my thoughts and feelings here in Athens, Georgia. The comp questions themselves were straight-forward enough and I felt I addressed each to the best of my ability. The problem was finding the time to write. If I could just have eight hours of writing…and another eight hours…and another eight hours…by the end of the third question I was exhausted and done. I had said what I needed to say about my Istanbul Project and now it was time to move on, but it wasn't.

Remember I told you there was a fourth… I became privy to this information via e-mail. An e-mail I read, and re-read in disbelief. It took me four hours to come up with a suitable, appropriate response.

Meta-autoethnography: Fleeing

> There are times in life when the question of knowing if one can think differently than one thinks, and perceive differently than one sees, is absolutely necessary if one is to go on looking and reflecting at all.
>
> (Foucault; cited by Schulte, 2013, p. 12)

The fourth comprehensive exam question asked that I review my Istanbul project. I would have to touch it again. I absolutely dreaded the thought. After what my Mom would call a "royal hissy-fit," some crying, and some creative calendar negotiation I found time, not in luxurious eight hour blocks, but time carved out in a couple hours here and there to write. Strangely my response to this questioned flowed like a river. Crafting my response to this question became my first acknowledgement of the "meta" analysis I was doing. Every time I wrote about Istanbul, I explored, questioned, and revised her again. I had to break-down. I had to flounder. I had to flee from Istanbul and my Istanbul Project in order to grow…and I had to do these things on my own.

I ended the fourth comprehensive exam question with this:

Future Work[26]

The Istanbul Project made me realize how little I really knew about research, about culture, about children, and about myself. At times I felt successful and at other times I felt like a complete failure. In retrospect, it was an initiation of sorts and certainly broadened my thinking about the ways in which culture works and is manifested in the work we all do—both the

[26] Intentionally unedited

performance of the work and the end result itself.

I no longer used words like "cross-cultural" instead I talked about cultures in layers. I started to delve into interrogating these layers and began to understand the interrelationality of the many, many cultures at play in an experience. My pedagogy revealed herself as a rhizome and I appreciated her for that. Pedagogy would still listen to me, critique me, force me to think harder, to think deeper than before. She would question why I did this and why I didn't do that.

Schulte (2013) said "I share this with you because what I realized in this moment of self-reckoning terror is that to flee one must have something to flee from… The negating actions that I took (i.e., deleting and then saving my deletions) created a line of possibility—an occasion—for me to become unfaithful to the methodological assumptions that I had and the distinct privileges that I continued to give them through writing" (p. 14). I too share this with you because in these moments of writing and being with Istanbul again, I realized my own fleeing—fleeing from her, fleeing from the disappointments of my Istanbul Project, and fleeing that was created from and created potentials that would not have been available given a different set of circumstances. I began to see this fleeing as a gift. A necessary gift if I was to continue looking and reflecting, as I have done here.

I had privileged certain things in order to make my Istanbul Project successful—amassing a large collection of drawings, sticking to the methodology, creating something that I could own, present, and publish. I too had privileged certain things in what I envisioned to be a successful doctoral education—hours of deep intellectually stimulating theoretical discussions preferably with coffee, publishing articles together under cool names like The ArtEd

Collective[27], and conference travel with after-parties. The circumstances in which I found my doctoral education allowed discussions, often via e-mail, Skype, and text. These circumstances did not provide space or support for my ArtEd Collective. These circumstances did not provide funded conference travel and so sadly no after-parties either. My dreams of musty library books and tweed ended up with a lot of time spent in the library alone and only a little bit of tweed. These over and under estimations of what I had thought my path could or should look like were unsettling, incongruent, and disruptive to the ways in which I found myself doing my work. These specific circumstances caused an infinitely productive fleeing—a fleeing that sent me back to my pedagogy.

Journal Entry: Clarifications

Time: January 5, 2016 at 12:45am

Location: my office in LDSOA[28] in Athens, GA

Three rounds of "clarifications" later I have an approved IRB for my Collective Biography Project which means I can start. I feel too drained of creative energy to call it something cool. It is approved as "Sonya Turkman's Dissertation Study." It doesn't even contain the word collective. This study has been picked apart, repackaged, repurposed, and revised, but this time it has been different…I have been different. With each clarification request I returned to my ideas Istanbul as a place of learning and my pedagogy to guide my response. My focus on these ideas allowed me to filter through other thoughts and ideas. I feel an element of research remorse for those potentials unrealized, put on pause, and now housed in

[27] Many authors of scholarly work have used collectives as their author since the work is collectively generated (c.f. FLAGCollective, 2014; RaqsMediaCollective, 2011).
[28] The Lamar Dodd School of Art at the University of Georgia

the "Post-Dissertation" folder—a folder that grows larger daily, but the resulting IRB offers a great deal of latitude and open-endedness that my dissertation research requires.

Journal Entry: Academic Dis/closure

January 12, 2016 at 12:45pm

Location: Big City Bread café in Athens, Georgia

I arrive early for our 1 o'clock meeting my backpack filled with my iPhone, my computer, and various cables just in case I need to charge my devices. I wait at the front as all the tables are full of groups and friends chatting. I see a table leave and go to make my move. Oh man. Beat out by a young guy at the bar. The waitress notices my failed maneuver and comes over to tell me one of the groups at a booth is leaving soon. I do the socially awkward waiting at a distance until they leave. Then scoop up the booth and pat myself on the back for arriving early and securing a prime spot.

Amber comes in first, then Lydia. I introduce them to each other and we go to the sandwich counter to place our order. While waiting Lydia tells us she has just returned from her nephew's funeral. She had mentioned the funeral in one of her texts, but I didn't know it was for her nephew… I am confused. Nephews don't have funerals… Lydia's nephew was born with a terminal illness and only lived to be ten weeks old. As she tells her story, I can feel my heart constricting with panic and warm, wet tears coming. I pretend to listen as she tells the story about the baby and his family. It is almost too much to bear. Even trying not to listen, I hear about how it was a normal birth and delivery and it was only after the first night they knew something was wrong. The disease is called SMA, which stands for Spinal Muscular Atrophy, a genetic condition that in his case was fatal. I check and the exit is right over my right shoulder. It

was/is my biggest fear—that something will happen to my babies who are now healthy… but I still can't shake the fear something could go wrong, Amber swoops in and briskly talks about the challenges of being a wife, mother, and grad student all at the same time. It is a point Amber and I commiserate when we get together, but I think we feel a little less entitled to complain after Lydia's story. Death has a way of reprioritizing. I say a silent prayer for the baby and his family while making my way toward the coffee machine. The steaming dark liquid fills the soft ivory cup as I will myself not to cry.

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Orders are in and we are back in our booth. To keep the conversation going Lydia asks about the art show for the Interdisciplinary Research Conference in February. I say that I submitted a proposal for us to explore our identities and how, and why, they changed as we lived in Istanbul. She looks puzzled. I realize I have just academic-ized what should have been a straightforward answer, but to be honest I am not sure of that answer either. I take off my academic hat and replace it with my artist hat. I say "I wanted to put together our work made while we were in Istanbul…" not much better, but passable.

Lydia and Amber share their stories about how they arrived in Istanbul, where they lived there, what they did, and even though I had heard these stories before, it was like hearing them for the first time. I had missed so many details about their lives in Istanbul. It is different to listen to a conversation of which you are not really a part—you are not expected to respond or share, you just listen. I sat there listening and realizing that we all married and within a few months found ourselves for a variety of reasons in Istanbul, Turkey. I was there visiting my new in-laws

and seeing my husband's home. Lydia's husband was attending a Masters program at one the private universities and Amber was offered an art teaching position at a boarding school. Burak and I were staying with his parents. Lydia and her husband had to find a real estate agent and rent an apartment within only a couple of days of arriving. Amber had been told the school offered housing, but once they arrived the only housing left was in a basement and in her words "uninhabitable." Amber and her husband too went through a real estate agent and secured an apartment. They saw the apartment furnished and knew the tenants would be taking the furniture, but did not anticipate that they would take the refrigerator, the stove, the washer, and even the lighting fixtures. The day Amber and her husband went to move in, they were crestfallen to see their barren apartment. We can laugh about it now, but it must have been horrible to walk in and not even be able to make dinner in another country where you don't know the language. We talk about language and all of the moments of missed-in-translation. Again, we can laugh about these things now.

We start the memory sharing as Davies (2006) outlined. Following Davies' advice we try to be descriptive and avoid generalizations and clichés. We agree to talk about our homes in Istanbul and how they influenced our time there and our lives here.

Lydia tells us about her trash finds. In Istanbul, when people move out *eskici*-s (sellers of old things) take the discarded items and then push around carts full of wares for people to purchase. Lydia tells us about the many things she bought from them and enjoyed repurposing them for their apartment. She really loves her carved headboard that she and her husband brought back with them.

Amber tells about how she *had to have* a dining room table for Thanksgiving. She just had to have it for their first married Thanksgiving. They find and purchase one that her husband

carries home on his back. It must have been a backbreaking enterprise to do this in Istanbul, a city built on seven hills. She recounts the Thanksgiving meal and how perfect it looked on the table. I wonder how her husband would tell this story to his friends?

I tell them about my decaf coffee and coffee press. Burak and I spent hours and hours and hours trying to find a coffee press in Istanbul. We did eventually find one and in a shop less than a mile from his parents' house. I was happy we found it, but I wish we had found it sooner. Coffee strangely reminded me of America. Maybe it was the actual coffee. Maybe it was that both my parents are habitual coffee drinkers. Maybe it was the bright orange coffee cup I used for my coffee with English words printed on the perimeter. It had been a gift from one of Burak's students when he taught. I did wonder why they gave him a coffee cup and why a coffee cup with English? I still am not sure of the reason, but coffee made me feel at home. I take another sip of my coffee here at the café and close my eyes. I can see the Ikea breakfast table. I can smell and feel the sea breeze coming through the windows. I hear first muezzin and then the rest join in a chorus. I am there and as soon as I open my eyes I am back here. I am between there and here.

I mention we will be writing these stories. The air in the café changes by a degree and silence falls on the table. Schulte (2013) talked about this kind of moment with his friend Carter and how in the process of conducting research: "Everything that I did in this brief moment [during the interview] declared my own desire to see his work in ways particular to my own. Carter was perceptive to this underlying force, knowing full well that these questions contained an undisclosed intent—an unidentified curriculum—that speaks, acts, listens, and understands with him, but selectively" (p. 9). I think they know and sense this underlying force and my undisclosed intent. I think they are wondering if they can trust that I am genuinely interested in

their stories or do I just need them and their stories for research. I was up front that we were meeting to go over the research project, but I too sense a little betrayal.

The good friends that they are, they say they will help with the conference and with the stories. We say our goodbyes and leave. I feel exhausted and the Istanbul Project remorse is returning…what could or should I do differently this time?

Meta-autoethnography: Mistakes

When I was in middle school there was a poster outside the school counselor's office with a picture of an orange and white kitten dangling with two pink padded paws gripping a single tree branch. The poster said: *It is only a mistake if you don't learn from it*. Have I really learned from my mistakes? I wonder again about Pearson (2001) and Hankins (2000, 2003). Are we all destined to say we believe one thing and do another? Or are we destined to keep making the same mistakes until we learn? Who is learning? Who is changing? What is the difference?

Meta-autoethnography: Who cares about normal anyway?

With Anastsaya, Burak and I were overly concerned with normalcy—normal weight, normal intake of food, normal growth and milestones—normal and ideas of normal laid out by the doctors, physical therapists, well-meaning family members terrified us, stressed us, held us responsible for things we could not change. As Anastasya's health began to improve, I began to see how powerful, detrimental, and divisive the word "normal" could be. Normal implies that everything outside of its realm is not normal, not right, wrong. All it takes is one person to point out that something is not normal in your little world to throw your entire little world into chaos.

Caitlyn Jenner called herself the "new normal" on her new docu-series *I am Cait* (E!, 2015). The day after this first aired a rare thing happened. Perhaps many rare things happened, but for me, I watched *The Talk* (CBS, 2015). As it is an afternoon talk show I rarely, if ever, watch but that afternoon I sat in a rare moment with both children quietly napping as I watched the panelists discuss the idea of "new normal" and how it applied to them. Melissa Rivers, a guest on the panel, spoke to how her new normal was life without her mother, who recently passed away unexpectedly. She talked about how everyday now is different than everyday before her mother passed. It must be different, because her mother is not there. It cannot be the same now as it was before.

We would like to think new normal or maybe even post-normal better define our world today because we are making strides to acknowledge that everyone has their own normal. New normal has arrived…so why are there still comments, still whispers, still the looks directed at the people and actions that fall outside of normal. Anastasya is now the size of a 4 year old even though she is 2 ½. I watch her struggle. I try to help her in her struggle to fit in. She towers over children her own age and quickly becomes the leader of the group—which has as much to do with her personality as it does with her size. This is not always conducive to collaborative play often resulting in the children moving on to some other activity that doesn't involve her. Anastasya's preference is to play with 4-5 year olds who don't quite get her either. To them she is their size, but she cannot understand and use language as they can. I watch the other Moms comment, whisper, and look. The nice ones tell their children to play with Anastasya, but I see they think she is handicapped—why else would she be so big but barely able to talk? Often I would find myself walking over to explain that Anastasya is just really big for her age. I tell them I am small compared to the other women in my family and that my husband is also tall—all

of which are true. I also tell them she is learning two languages at the same time. They smile approvingly and often we continue to make small talk. But I also catch myself in these moments and I ask myself why did I just do that? Why did I feel so compelled to explain? Who cares if they thought Anastasya was not normal? I care. I care a lot, but I cannot truthfully articulate exactly why I care what they think or why it is so important for people to perceive my daughter as normal…she is far more than normal to me. She is extraordinary.

Journal Entry: Office Hours

Time: January 13, 2016 at 8:05am

Location: her office

I enter her office. She is writing away in purple ink on a bright, yellow legal pad—the same way I do—sitting at her midcentury modern, dark teak desk. I think I would like to have one like that one day. Walls lined with books from Anthropology to Zoology envelop her office. Her interests are varied and sporadic, but she "keeps" everything. I sit down across from her. I am here for my conversation with Pedagogy.

P: (*she doesn't look up from her writing*) You know they aren't happy. They will do it for you, but it will just be something else on their list to do.

(*pause 2.5 seconds*)

(*looking directly at/through me*) Is that what you want? It that the kind of research you want?

Me: (*tucks chin and solemn pause for 11.5 seconds*) Well…no. (*stronger this time*) No, I want them to do something they want to do. ~~I want them to~~ I want *us* to make something great, something meaningful.

P: (*in a thinly veiled condescending tone*) Will this forced story be meaningful?

(*pause for 5 seconds*)

(*a little softer tone now*) You are trying to create something that relates to experience and connect the story of others to your own story, right?

Me: (*nods a bit defeated in agreement*)

P: Ok, well other than your Istanbul Project, what else did you do while you were in Istanbul, or Turkey for that matter?

Me: (*thinking and quiet*) Well… we traveled a lot and took pictures. I also painted for the first time in years. Everything was simpler, more manageable there without the daily distractions I have here. We would walk around Istanbul from morning to night. It was hot and I was uncomfortable, but it was like food for the soul to see and be in such an ancient place. Almost in defiance of the ancient, the modern things like subways and billboards appeared on the surface. Istanbul is an elusive place. You think you have it all figured out, but then you blink and it changes. Or maybe you change…

P: (*smirking*) Now I think we are getting somewhere. (*writes something hastily on her legal pad*) Tell me what sense did you use most when you were walking on the streets in Istanbul?

Me: Sight I guess, but that's a hard question to answer. I had to use sight, but I also remember how the stone streets felt against the soles of my shoes. I had these sandals where the sole was made from recycled yoga mats. They were unbelievably comfortable and I wore them daily because my swollen pregnant feet would not fit in regular shoes. They did have one drawback though…Istanbul streets are dirty city streets and everyday I would come home and wash my feet because the sandals did not protect well against the dirt and grime. I tried to find closed shoes in my size, but my American 9 ½ was over a size 40 in Turkish ladies shoes and therefore unavailable. I did buy these fantastic sneakers from the men's department.

P: (*looks a little bored*) Ok, that's a good start (*looks down at her notes*) but we need to go deeper Sonya.

(*looks back up directly at me or is it through me again?*) Other than sight and touch what other senses did you use? What other things did you experience?

Me: (*ponders these questions for 10-15 seconds*) Smell was everywhere. Especially the fresh simit in the morning. One morning we needed to use a ferry to go from the European side to the Asian side and although it was summer, the air was chilly. The summer rain had briefly stopped and there was a slight chill in the wind and the smell of the salty sea. We had just missed the ferry and were waiting for the next one. It would be along in nine minutes, or so the placard said.

Translated to Istanbul time that meant fifteen minutes. We waited in this little ferry boathouse with bench seating along the walls and in the little alcove. I was in the little alcove and Burak was standing to let the other ladies sit—such chivalry—and this woman next to me had a fresh *simit* and tea. The smell was divine and made me incredibly hungry. *Simit* are kind of like a stretched out bagel with sesame seeds on top. I always eat mine with *labne*, Turkish cream cheese, and hot, very hot Turkish tea. Regularly my father-in-law would go to this bakery near their house to get really delicious *simit* for me. He got them fresh each day. The combination of fresh *simit*, *labne*, and hot tea is really fantastic. We boarded the ferry and went on about our day. I had forgotten about that memory until now.

(*thinking again as another memory emerges*)

I also remember walking to the various modes of public transportation through bustling downtown streets and smaller, residential streets. The downtown streets were crazy busy. People everywhere and ice cream too. Every corner has some kind of ice cream. Heat and no ac makes ice cream quite a treat and it was. Oh my gosh, they sold this lemon and tart cherry combination ice cream that was out of this world delicious. I can still taste it on my tongue: sweet, sour and creamy. My father-in-law went to the one *bakkal* or small market that sold that one to get it for me whenever we ran out, which was quite often. I would fill a cereal bowl full of the stuff when we would get home in the late afternoon. Delicious and maybe surprisingly, good with tea. I know. I know. Always with the tea, but tea is a part of life in Turkey. I am also realizing how much my father-in-law did to make me comfortable during our stay. It is quite sweet. Again, I hadn't really put those pieces together until now.

(*yet another memory surfaces*)

Oh, I also remember in those downtown areas we would always see the local police precinct. There would always be a handful of officers sitting outside drinking tea and smoking cigarettes. I don't ever recall one of them doing anything. Sitting, sipping, and smoking. There was one little guard house at the park near Burak's parent's house. They had this German Shepherd. I love German Shepherds. I had one when I was in college. His name was Rocco and he was solid black. I mean like midnight black. He was an incredible dog. So loyal and protective. Every time I walked by that Shepherd in the park I thought of him. Like Rocco, that Shepherd had purpose and took his job seriously watching for hours on end the park and the people there. I always wondered what his purpose was exactly? He never left his post, but if he did what would he have done?

There was another German Shepherd that guarded a castle. (*she looks up inquisitively*) Yes, you heard me, a castle. It was a section of the old Walls of Constantinople. It was now part of a park where they have restored some of the wall. You could go in to the castle at that point, but you had to pay. There was another entrance a little further down for free. We went to the free entrance and walked to the top of the walls. The view was spectacular.

P: *(looking at her notes*) Hmmmm....much better. What did you hear?

Me: Every morning the muezzin calls from the towers. I guess you do eventually get used to it, but at the earliest of sunrise the canon starts. I can say at first I found it irritating, but as time passed it became part of the scene. Muslims pray five times a day and five times a day these calls are heard throughout Istanbul. One muezzin starts and the others follow.

P: (*judgmentally this time*) Hmmmm… so I don't get it.

Me: I don't get why each mosque needs their own call either, but then again each church rings their own bells…

P: (*interrupts*) No, I don't get how you can take all these vivid memories and <u>not</u> make something interesting. I am sure the other ladies have similarly vivid memories interesting accounts of their Istanbul experiences…you are asking the right questions, but in the wrong way. (*pauses for effect*) Let me explain, you are trying to document this outsiderness, this discomfort and confusion, and how these things changed you as a researcher and as a person, right?

Me: (*a little confused, but nods in agreement*)

P: If that change is most important, think about how to ask it… You could come right out and ask it like you tried to do when you presented the idea to the ladies. How did that go?

Me: Not so well…

P: Because that is a really big question. You are a teacher. You know that sometimes you have to help students find their own answers step by step rather than all at once. Think of it as scaffolding. First, think about what they told you about their sensory experiences. Ruminate and marinade in their descriptions. Don't rush it and DO NOT jump to find conclusions about what it

all means or make any kind of deliverable product. Take your time and attentively listen to each answer over and over. This will give you insight into what you need to do next.

Me: Thank you

P: Rica Ederim (You're welcome in Turkish)

Journal Entry: Rattled

Time: January 15, 2016 at 9:30am

Location: in the car from home to school in Athens, Georgia

We are supposed to meet today, but Amber is not feeling well. Life as a mom means little sleep and even less resilience to the myriad of things that your children bring home. It is ok that we aren't meeting today because I am tired too and not really sure how to proceed. I should move forward with this as a writing project. That is what I said I would do and that is what I have approval to do… but my conversation with Pedagogy left me a little rattled.

Journal Entry: Another Office Visit

Time: January 16, 2016 at 12:30am

Location: her office

I go back to Pedagogy's office late that night after everyone in my house is in bed. Pedagogy is still busy working even at this hour. I ask if she has a few minutes to go over an idea I have. She says sure.

Me: I thought a lot about what you said last time. I think you were right. My question revolves around the experience and the remembering of Istanbul. Like the children's drawings, the process of the remembering is important… not the final product.

P: (she pulls out a book from under her desk) Look with me on page 184 in *Doing Collective Biography* (Davies & Gannon, 2006). Davies said:

> The ethical reflexivity that informs the practices of collective biography is in profound contrast to the end-driven, market model of the individual…Although collective biographies can be carried out with an end product in mind (a paper, a book), and can be carefully planned in advance, these organizational practices must operate in tandem with an openness to the unknown, and to the dynamic unfolding process through which a group of individuals work together to enable new insights to emerge from their collective work. Responsibility, in this model, lies inside social relations and inside a responsibility to and for oneself in relation to the other—not oneself as a known entity, but oneself in process, unfolding or folding up, being done or undone, in relation to the other, again and again.

Me: Wow…I think this was my problem in the Istanbul Project. The guilt and remorse I still feel about it I think came from the unethical reflexive practice where I was so tied to the research design I lost sight of the purpose of the research. I lost the meaning.

P: (*doesn't look up from writing her notes*) Yep…but now you do have that chance. So what are you going to do with it? I have to get some more reading done for class tomorrow. Can we talk more another time?

Me: Sure. Thank you.

P: You're welcome.

Journal Entry: And another…

Time: January 17, 2016 at 5:15am

Location: her office

The sun is not even out yet and I am back in her office. Sitting opposite the empty desk I see the notes scattered on her desk. Purple ink marks the yellow pages just like me. Sheets of canary yellow look like a pile of feathers from an actual canary. She hurriedly comes in. I know her class starts soon… 115 very needy undergrads.

P: How may I help you?

Me: (*decidedly not making small talk*) I re-rad Davies' whole chapter last night. Can you help me understand something?

P: (*smugly*) Last time I checked that was my job… what is it?

Me: Look at page 185. Davies said:

> Each of these writers [Virginia Woolf, G.M. Hopkins, and Basho] struggled to capture those intense moments of being when all the extraneous chatter died down and the present moment could be lived from within itself, not just mindfully, but bodily, through all the senses. Total attention comes not just with a focused consciousness, but also with the engagement of the bodily organs, including the skin, the heart, the gut and the bones. Some visual artists, too, re-evoke such moments of total attention...Some paintings, just like some poems and some prose, take one instantly to a remembered sense of being aware of one's landscape, with a purity and intensity that makes time stop still.

That's IT! That's what I want to ***do***…I want to have that awareness that stops in that moment, recognizes it, pays homage to it and then starts again. Like Deleuze and Guattari's plateaus… I want us to come together and create or maybe remember that kind of awareness re-evoking our total attention.

In the foreword of *A Thousand Plateaus* (1987) Massumi said: "In Deleuze and Guattari, a plateau is reached when circumstances combine to bring an activity to a pitch of intensity that is not automatically dissipated in a climax. The heightening of energies is sustained long enough to leave a kind of afterimage of its dynamism that can be reactivated or injected into other activities, creating a fabric of intensive states between which any number of connecting routes could exist." (p. xiv). In talking with the Ladies I know we all experienced these plateaus or pitches of intensity and still have the afterimages of the dynamism of living there. But I guess my question is how do I show that?

P: Let me think about it. What in your opinion could show that experience with intensity and the afterimages? What would be important for your committee, or anyone else for that matter, to see in order to also in some way experience that intensity? What would you show?

Me: I don't know…

P: Massmi (1987) said something else in the foreword "Deleuze's own image for a concept is not a brick, but a "tool box"" (p. xv). What things are in your collective's tool box?

Me: Well, we are all visual artists... Lydia is a photographer, Amber is a ceramicist, and I am a painter… so we can see light and shadow, we can represent three dimensions in two dimensions, we can see shape and contrast, we have respect for great art and for the open-mindedness of traveling...

P: (*interrupts*) Do you notice that none of those tools include writing?

Me: I guess not.

P: Davies' method says collective biography, not necessarily collective written biography. You can still use the method, but you need to do it in a meaningful way and meaningful for you and your collective is perhaps different from Davies and her collectives.

Me: You're right! What if we made art together? I will have to consider the logistics to pull it off, but I could reserve one of the Art Ed rooms and we could work together, but work together on what?

P: Well, don't get ahead of yourself. I think before you start making all of these decisions you should ask the ladies what they want to do. There is an "I" in collective, but it is a lowercase i, not an I.

Me: Hmmmm… good point. Thank you.

P: No problemo.

Meta-autoethnography: Flexibility

The irony is not lost on me that during my Collective Biography Project I veered from writing to art and here I am writing pages and pages to "turn in" to you. Perhaps I am still not as flexible as I would like to be.

Journal Entry: Planning to Meet

Time: January 18, 2016 at 5:20pm

Location: my kitchen table in Athens, GA

Again, we are caught in a nightmare of planning 1 hour we can all meet. I consider how much easier this process would be if it were part of a class like Davies does sometimes. If we already had this time set aside it would be so much easier. We finally all agree to meet on

January 21st at 3pm, but I know that Amber and I will need to leave around 5 to go home and take care of the nightly rituals: dinner, baths, stories, bedtime, dishes, laundry, bathroom cleaning, living room cleaning, and at least for me setting up the coffee pot for the next morning to get up and do it all over again. Will two hours be enough time? Enough time for what exactly?

Journal Entry: Listening to the little "i"

Time: January 21, 2016 at 1:38pm

Location: the ArtEd library at LDSOA in Athens, GA

They will be here in an hour and a half. We will be talking about the next step even though I am not sure what that next step will be??? I need to go check out the video and sound equipment. I hope I can get it all to work.

Document: My Collective Biography Project - Selected Transcript of Memory Work

Lydia is here and the tech is set. Amber just sent a text that she is on her way. I even ran several test videos to make sure the table-top microphone will work. Lydia and I sit down and start to talk. It is her turn to feel a little under the weather, but she has been busy shooting weddings recently. She asks about the class I am teaching and I tell her about their hesitation about writing artist statements. We commiserate that an artist statement is very hard to do for your own art, but much easier to do for someone else's art…that's an interesting idea. I start thinking: What if we did that for this project? We could create art together and then write artists statements for each other's work. Amber arrives and I explain this idea. I tell Amber and Lydia that they get to decide whether we move forward with writing together or we move forward with

making art together. They both immediately say art. I hesitate just for a moment… and then congratulate my bravery and think: Well…that was easy.

We all start talking about Istanbul again and doing Davies (2006) memory work. Lydia starts to tell us about how much she loved being in Istanbul. Prior to arriving in Istanbul she and her husband had been in Northern Iraq, which is also known as Kurdistan. To her Istanbul was a place of beauty and luxury particularly in comparison after the barrenness of Iraq.

Lydia (10:54): Maybe that's why Istanbul seems so nice also. Because I had been there several times before with going back and forth to Kurdistan. And in going back and forth to Kurdistan, Istanbul felt like this oasis of beauty and luxury because it is just so dry there [in Kurdistan]. You know and colorless. And from an art background too you know it [Kurdistan] was kind of sensory deprivation

(*Amber and I laughing and nodding even though neither of us have been to Kurdistan*)

Lydia (11:14): I cried… just from the… I didn't realize it. I wasn't upset there [in Kurdistan] but getting to Istanbul and it was like beautiful. I was like… beautiful. And I didn't realize it until the last six or seven months we were there [in Istanbul] that Istanbul was such a beautiful place.

***

We start generating our idea to do a collage and we start talking about pictures. Amber asks about using the pictures of her classroom, but I say I am not sure we can use them because we don't have their consent.

Amber (16:40): So speaking of home I connect a lot of my time to my school Deseme[29] and I have a lot of pictures of students… I don't really have permission from them…

[29] Pseudonym. Deseme is a boarding school in Istanbul founded in 1863. The school today continues to operate as a privately funded boarding school for underprivileged children who have lost one of their parents. With approximately 1000 students in what would be equivalent to grades 5-12 boarding school, Deseme accepts students from all over Turkey preparing them for University or trades.

Me (16:49): Yeah, because it is for research you don't really have…If you can get a picture where you aren't showing their faces, like for example from the back of the classroom where you see the backs of their heads

Amber (*nodding her head no*)

Amber (17:02): If I can't use them that's fine, they [her students] just loved having their picture taken all the time and I know they wouldn't actually care if I used them, but…

Me (17:14): If was just for the art piece that would be fine, but if it is in any way going to be used for research, like what we are doing here, you can't use images without permission.

Amber (*nodding in agreement*)

Amber (17:23): And it will be [used for research]

Me (*nodding yes*)

Amber and Lydia (*looking at each other and nodding*)

Me (17:25): Collage number two that you make for yourself, though, can certainly have the pictures… but that's kind of where it gets sticky. But that, you [Lydia] were talking about your cat photos or blog… I have on our blog a picture of a dog who totally photo bombed my picture. He literally popped up as I was taking the picture. It was so cute.

Amber (17:49): I'll see what I can find (*scrolling through her computer*)

Me: (17:50): Yeah, cats and dogs don't have to sign. I mean like maybe pawprints or something.

Meta-Autoethnography: Hiding

Figure 6. Doggie photobomb

The dog in the picture had been walking with his owner as we approached the stairs. His owner just outside of the frame on the right had stopped to talk to someone on the sidewalk. As we made it up the stairs I decided to take this picture. As I hit the round button on the bottom of my iPhone the dog jumped up on the rail and was captured as part of the scene. He had been hiding and now in an instant, in an unplanned instant, he was now part of this image. I do not have signed pawprint consent from him, but it is worth noting how in an instant things can change. New and illuminating things can come into view…

Right after the transcribed conversation above I left the room to look for supplies and the camera was running. I had not intentionally left it running, but as I reviewed the footage I was shocked. During the time I was out of the room Amber and Lydia talked about living abroad, but in a very different light than what they talked about while I had been in the room. In their "private" discussion they talked about ISIS and threats to Turkey and they talked about how difficult it would be to raise children away from their families. Both issues I have of course considered, but being such good friends they have not broached these topics with me knowing there is little I can do about my impending move to Istanbul. In a way I felt betrayed, but relieved that I was not the only one hiding. I was not the only one tailoring my language and my revealing most of my intentions, but keeping some intentions hidden from view.

Document: excerpt from *Revision: Autoethnographic Reflections of Life and Work*

> 'How's your daughter-in-law?' I ask after a while. 'What did the doctor tell her?'
>
> 'He put her on fertility drugs,' she replies. 'That girl wants a baby more than anything.'
>
> 'I had a friend who had fertility treatments and had her egg fertilized on a dish by the sperm. It finally worked, but talk about expensive.' I don't tell her my friend is a lesbian.
>
> I think about how often I tell Louise about friends. I offer my experience to try to make her feel better and to note commonalities between her life and mine, similar to the reasons I write autoethnography. I try to stay away from topics she won't relate to or with which she'll disagree because I want is to relate to each other as friends. I want her to be my friend and I want to be hers. (Ellis, 2009, p. 339)

Document: excerpts from Dancing with Tulips

Blog Link: http://dancingwithtulips.blogspot.com

Blog Posts from May 17th, 2013:

Thoughts from an American on Istanbul--
> Traffic signs, rules, regulations are merely suggestions. Do not trust the WALK sign... Also, worth noting that my husband is obviously a professional driver to drive and park here.
> Peanut butter is called fıstık krem ans it is more delicious than any peanut butter in the U.S.
> Ditto for yogurt and the food in general. Delicious.
> The landscape or cityscape is as diverse as you can imagine. Cramped urban areas adjacent to areas with lush green seaside parks. You really don't know what the next block will look like.

> People are friendly...well unless you are trying to get on a bus. Then, it is each man and woman for themselves. There are these funny signs and I have (thankfully) had people give up their seat to a pregnant yabancı (foreigner).

> My husband can find anything in this city. I was really missing coffee (decaf of course) and he found both decaf ground coffee and a French press all for less than 10 lira (about $8). He also found a maternity clothing store, bananas and the aforementioned peanut butter. The best tour guide a girl could ask for. Oh, did I mention he's cute too :)

Meta-Autoethnography: The Blog

Like Ellis' (2009) Old Path/New Path this blog recounted that first summer in Istanbul—the summer when I did my Istanbul Project. It was fascinating to go back through the ways in which I interpreted Istanbul and compare that to the ways in which I interpret Istanbul now. I noticed so many things traveling a new path through my old path. I noticed the ways I distanced myself from the experiences I wrote about on the blog. They are real in the sense that they really took place, but they are very one-sided (i.e. my side) and I acted as if I was an alien exploring some new planet, not the happy traveller that I really was. The blog highlighted my tendency to make distance, to separate out the "I" and it was something I was not aware of at that time. The blog also highlighted for me what was left out—tear gas, food poisoning, sunburns were all edited out of these stories. I have beautiful photos of our trip to Elazığ:

Figure 7. Beautiful Elazığ

Figure 8. Süt Kalesi (Milk Castle)

What you don't see (and what I don't write about) is that when I took these photos Burak and I were at the beginning stages of food poisoning—food poisoning that would land us in the hospital and would take us two weeks to recover. But this blog's purpose was to create a link between the Sonya in Turkey and the Sonya in America—a link that would be closely monitored by my well-intended friends and family. The last thing I wanted to do was alert anyone to the unpleasant things that happened… but they happened. They happened and I hid them.

Journal Entry: Making Art Together

Time: January 22, 2016 at 1:11pm

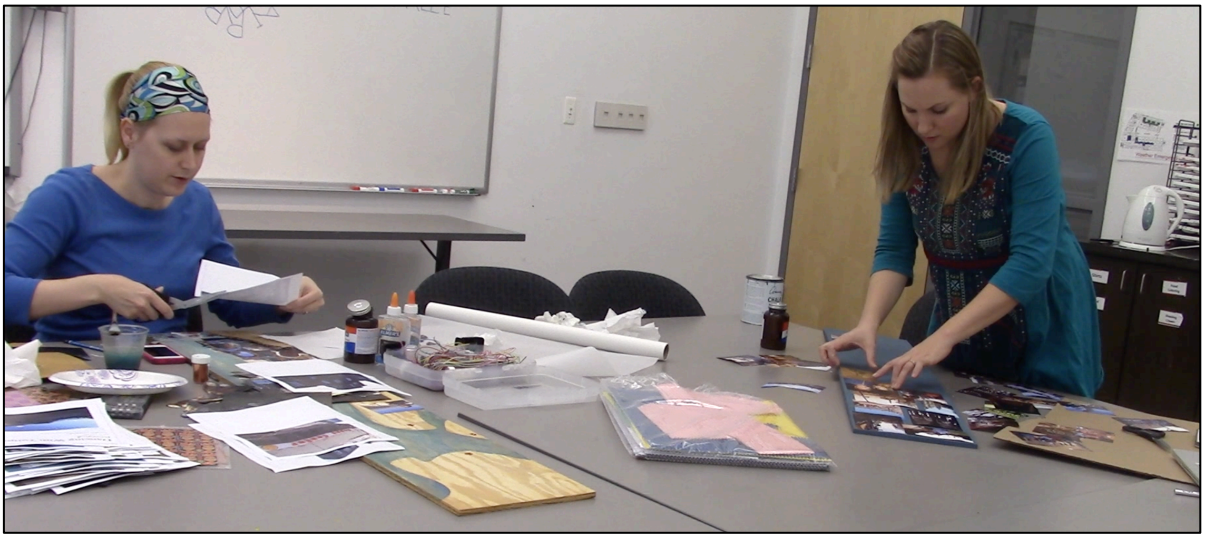
Location: the ArtEd classroom at LDSOA in Athens, Georgia

Again I set up the microphone and video camera. After one successful shoot I am now a pro. With my newly mastered skills I screw the camera in place on the tripod and get the feeling of accomplishment when the release snaps in place situating the camera securely on the tripod. I dig out a variety of papers and find rubber cement, pens, pencils, exacto knives, markers, scissors, string, paint etc. I display them all on the table for us to use. Lydia has to work on hers at home because of another deadline, but Amber will be joining me shortly. The Cizek in me wants her to have all the materials available, but I want her to pick and choose what she uses.

I sit down and start making flowers with some string and clear school glue. I make them on trace paper in hopes I can lift them off to put them on the collage. I use trace paper because even if they don't release from the paper, trace paper is easy to cut and hide. My years of visual arts training have taught me to value craft and craft takes planning. I work making flowers and then move to the watercolor. I look up a map of the Istanbul shoreline and sketch it out. I take the chalky watercolors from the tray and start mixing to get the exact blue-green I imagined in my head. I work quickly to prevent staining because watercolors are quite the unforgiving media. I am happy with the color and the intact texture of the water sections of the collage. I start laying out the pictures. Cutting and pasting away, I see Amber and welcome her to this art party. She gets right to work as well. She paints her plywood a deep shade of blue. I recognize the shade and ask her if her dining room furniture is painted the same color. She says yes and then elaborates that she enjoyed refinishing furniture before her kids were born. Her son is Anastasya's age and her daughter is the same age as Evan. We start talking about the collages at

first, but then start talking about everything else. We take breaks from talking when we need to do something important to our work and then pick up conversation again. We talk about Istanbul and living abroad. We talk about homesickness for these far-away-homes. We talk about our families in America and how we are both very different from our families and from our in-laws. We talk about politics and even a little religion. These are not topics we would usually discuss, but this place of art-making has turned into a place of trust.

Document: My Collective Biography Project - Selected Transcript of Making Art Together



Me (98:80): I would not have nearly the opportunity to have a job like that, the Istanbul job, here. It's hard to find an ArtEd job here [in America].

Amber (98:88): We had to find an article for our class yesterday about STEAM. You know?

Me (99:55): I hate the STEAM stuff. I feel like it makes art this subjugated thing. It's [Art is] like an afterthought…the *real* work is something else… They do a history lesson and write about it in their visual journal and call it STEAM. It makes me sad for art.

Meta-Autoethnography: STEAM

The day after Amber and I made our panels, I was interviewed by a journalism student about STEAM and the future of art in STEAM education. I was a bit less critical than I was in the transcript above, but I do feel STEAM is thrown around as the cliché of the day. Visual journals offer an incredible tool for art and for education, but they are not all there is to the A in STEAM. My sense is that art must maintain its own consciousness without getting lost to the process of the S, the T, the E, and the M. As I articulated my points, again more refined than above, in the interview with the journalism student and in doing so I became increasingly aware of just how much I knew about STEAM and about Art Education. I know this may sound trivial, but it was in that interview that I started to realize my transition from student to teacher. I already mentioned my struggles with my "adult" status and I had felt a similar sense of being an imposter teacher until that interview. I found my own "teacher voice" and it sounded pretty good.

Journal Entry: Done, if such a thing could ever be so

Time: January 22, 2016 at 3:45pm in

Location: the ArtEd classroom at LDSOA in Athens, Georgia

Amber's collage is complete and mine is 90% there. I take them both home for tonight. I don't want them to get damaged over the weekend. I stop at a fast-food place to grab dinner. So much for my dreams of being a healthy yogi.

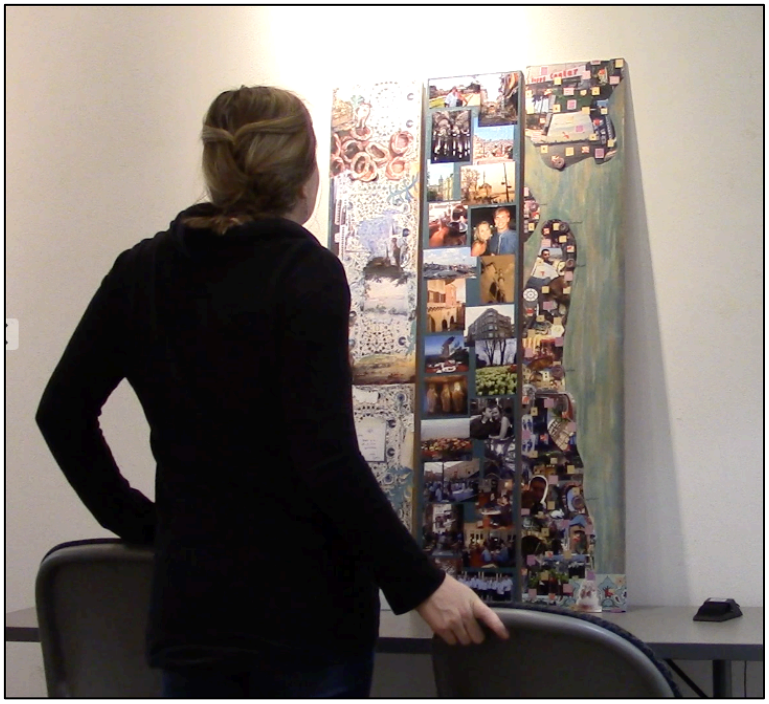
Once I am home the mad rush: playtime, dinner, baths, cleaning up … all abbreviated tonight thanks to the drive-thru, but still two hours of chaos. The kids are sleeping now and I sit down to put the finishing touches on my panel. First, I decide to paint the cardboard shape I glued down earlier. Amber even commented that she liked it. But its muted brown mass unbalanced the rest of the pictures. I try adding stripes of my favorite periwinkle color. But now it is a big, periwinkle mass unbalancing my corner. I use a thick eggshell cream to try and balance it out. Now it looks like the Greek flag—certainly can't have that on my map of Istanbul… frustrated I remove the cardboard entirely. Already it looks better. I go back to my stash of pictures to find new things to add to cover the gaping hole left from the cardboard. As I am cutting and gluing I think about the study as a whole. How different it turned out? I question what you will think of it? Of me?

I add mosaic tiles, a bit cheesy I know, but they nicely break up the pictures and lastly I cut the flowers made of yarn from the trace paper backing. Carefully, I glue the flowers down. I then tilt the panel up to see if anything is not attached. As I suspected several mosaic tiles fall to the floor. I laugh. We are all sometimes glued down and other times not. I glue down my mischievous mosaics and lean my panel up against the couch. Satisfied I decide it is "done" if such a thing could ever be so.

I show Amber's collage and my collage to Burak and we talk about them. He notices Amber's piece looks like a Facebook post. It even has a blue background. I printed the pictures for her from (guess where…) Facebook. He looks at mine and recognizes the places I marked

with the roses made of yarn. We reminisce about those places and our relatively uncomplicated life before the chaos of having kids and writing dissertations. Satisfied the collages are done I head to bed, but not before I set up the coffee for the morning.

Document: My Collective Biography Project - Selected Transcript of our Final Meeting



We meet this last time to go over the work we did as a group. I am proud of the work and I am proud of myself. I allowed my Collective Biography Project to be what it wanted to be. I tried my best to be *closer to* there. I tried to stay out of my own way. I tried to listen to Pedagogy. I feel successful, with only a slight twinge of research remorse. I set up the tech and wait for the Ladies. Amber comes in first and then Lydia. They each take a moment to look at the pieces together.

I don't know why but I am nervous about this last meeting. I ask them about the process and we talk:

Amber (04:19): It's funny how it [the research project] evolved from a story to making a collage.

Lydia (04:24): Yeah, yeah.

Amber (04:25): But I *really* like it.

Lydia (04:27): Yeah.

We continued to talk over the next hour about Istanbul, about hair cuts in Istanbul, about tattoos in Istanbul, about walking, traveling, and loving Istanbul, and we ended with how much we each missed Istanbul even though she, her people, and her pedagogy continues to be a part of our lives.

Document: excerpt from *Doing Collective Biography: Investigating the production of subjectivity*

> We found the rhizomatic practices of the [collective biography] workshop with is accumulation of possibilities in the woven fabric of the stories that were generated in the intermezzo spaces, its 'and…and…and…', its non-beginning and non-ending, productive of an openness to unexpected lines of flight…The theoretical work needs to be accompanied by practices sympathetic to the work of reconfiguration. In our storying we produced lines of flight that we followed, traversed and mapped in the spaces we made together. As one woman told a memory, another woman caught part of the story and took

flight, following a particular line that connected quite unexpected memories. (Davies & Gannon, 2006, pp. 82-83)

Meta-autoethnography: Afterthoughts on my Collaborate Biography Project

As my Collective Biography Project came to a close I thought: What would Davies and Gannon think of this? It was modeled after their (2006) work, but looks much different…or does it? They advocated for collective biographies to be "messy texts" (p. x). Davies and Gannon said "During the collective writing we are already, and becoming a messy and unpredictable text—the writing is close to the bone, the nerve, the skin—it is the bone, the nerve, the skin, in a process of rapid transformation that we are only in part in control of" (p. 126). My Collective Biography Project was messy and unpredictable. The art we made came from our memories—memories in our bones, in our nerves, and on our skin. In this rapid transformation process Amber, Lydia, nor I were in control. One woman would talk and another woman would take an idea from that memory sharing and share yet another memory. Together we (Amber, Lydia, and I) connected and created and now in sharing we (you and I) have connected and created again or at least that was my hope.

Journal Entry: A Self Divided

Time: January 27, 2016 at 9:35am

Location: the Miller Learning Center, Athens, Georgia

By chance I see an old friend, Sabdoulleh[30] today. Sabdoulleh also is a doctoral candidate with a husband and daughter Anastasya's age. We talk for a while about school, family, and life.

[30] Pseudonym

She shares many of my concerns about a self divided between family and school, student and mother: a self that always feels neglectful and guilty about one, or the other, or both. Sabdoulleh and I talk about the difficult, guilt-ridden dissertation process. We talk about the difficult, guilt-ridden teaching process. Is a win-win possible? And how do we know when we have done enough dissertating? And who decides when we have done enough teaching? Perhaps most importantly why do Sabdoulleh and I care?

Remembered: Allowances and Position

"They" who do the deciding are only granted that power because we defer it to them. Power can only exist in action (Foucault, 1982). "They" can be ourselves and our own expectations: our internal quality control. "They" can be the committee who reads the work or the students who listen to the lectures: our impact quality control. "They" can be the institutional oversight of dissertations and of teaching: external quality control.

This all reminds me of a Legal Studies professor I had as an undergraduate. She had worked in the 1960s as an advocate for Civil Rights and she taught me two very important lessons:

1. People treat you the way you allow them to treat you.
2. As a woman, you must never be the secretary. When you sit in a meeting take notes if needed, but do not share them. This sharing positions you as a subordinate, not an equal.

This got me to thinking: What have I allowed? What have I shared? Does my allowing and sharing subordinate this work or myself? When I wrote my teaching philosophy last fall to apply for jobs I used the word "love" in the introduction. I received feedback from one of my

references that said that love might not be the best positioning. Using love feminized my work and could negatively impact my chances at getting a job in a university…yes, that was their advice. I took the advice and I took love out of my teaching philosophy, but here I have written so much that is deeply personal; deeply loved. The writers I cite are often women—women who have shared personal, loved stories. I feel that I am as *close to being there* as I can be when I write this way. I care, but do "they"?

Post-Script: Choosing Differently

While I have offered journal entries, documents, *remembered*(s), and meta-autoethnographies, I would like to re-iterate my choosing of these particular data and analyses. Perhaps someone else would have chosen differently. Perhaps someone else would have written differently. Perhaps someone else would have not written at all. My choosing reveals as much about me as the stories reveal about me (which is a lot).

CHAPTER SIX

REFLECTION

> In order to preserve, maintain, develop, and extend the field of art education as a vital testing ground for new cultural forms, we need to make periodic leaps of faith…Without the courage of our convictions and a willingness to trust intuition, to take chances, we will not do anything more than establish and maintain a status quo…
>
> (Welsh, 2009, p. 211)

This study of movement was my testing ground in my attempt to find my place in the field of art education and qualitative research. As a testing ground, it asked me to take risks and leaps of faith (often when I had little faith to spare), to have the courage of my convictions that writing stories matters, and that writing has the power to be both data and analyses. In this work I had to be willing to trust my intuition that this was my right path and to take chances on my work and on myself. My dissertation research did not set out to maintain a status quo; rather, it wove a fabric in order to tell my story, Istanbul's story, and our story together. These stories also asked that these potentials as movement in-process not be stopped. I could not and will not put a (.) or conclusion on this work. To do so would diminish what has taken place here. Instead my hope is that the reader took up the invitation that these stories put forth and joined in my movements by creating more movement—more thoughts, more questions.

Reflecting on the Clusters

As gathering places these clusters brought together the stories in ways that were experimental. These clusters provided the space for me to inquire about my movements by mapping potentials, but also these clusters provided the space for you to inquire too. It was in these experimental gathering places that slippage, vulnerability, and difference came to life.

Slippage

Paired with research question 1: *In what ways did mapping my movement claim Istanbul as my place of learning?* The cluster of slippage was a way for me to explore how my ideas changed and what was lost and gained during these changes. Slippage happened on a macro level (i.e., American, Turkish), but also on a micro level in the daily nuances of life. Istanbul remains the site where I can see of most of my slippage, but it is the only site I have been that was not Americanized. Everywhere else I have traveled has had large swaths of its social fabric manufactured in America—American clothes, American food, American air conditioning…Istanbul turned that (and me) upside down. I wonder what it would have been like to do, instead of an Istanbul Project, a Canada Project, or an Arizona Project, or a Guam Project. Now that I have this awareness of slippage, I wonder how will my research continue to change? Is it possible that this slippage, this in-between one and another is the very site of what makes us *us*? Could it be that slippage isn't exactly a slipping (i.e. something not falling into place), but as an accumulation of affect or of growth? In Istanbul I became aware that my inability to drive a manual transmission meant we would have to either ship an automatic car from America or extensively search to find one there. While I never learned and seriously doubt my abilities to learn such a thing now, I do possess the theoretical abilities to understand what it is that a manual transmission does. With a manual transmission you as the driver you are expected to understand

when the shifting up or down needs to happen in order to continue moving forward when driving or continue moving backwards when in reverse. Either way the responsibility for the timing is all on you. If you misestimate (as I often do) the clutch, the car, and everyone in said car will be jolted and you risk the car stalling (as often happens when I try to drive a manual). The clutch can slip, meaning it didn't quite go to where it was supposed to go when it was supposed to go there. There was a startling mismatch.

Along the way someone brilliant decided that the world needed automatic transmissions that would do all of the calculating and shifting for us. I am eternally grateful to this person, but I also consider what was lost in the transition from manual transmissions to automatic? With the ease that an automatic transmission affords, I can now sip my coffee, look up directions, and hand a paci to the toddler in the backseat all while driving…but is that a good thing? Remember I chided the student for being distracted in class, but now I know I am distracted from driving and yet I do not change it. Taking the responsibility of shifting the transmission work off of the driver did not create any new ability nor did it relieve the driver of any responsibility. It only created new responsibilities, new potentialities in its place. It was in the absence, in the slippage, that new things formed and were possible. I am still not sure which slippage would be better (the clutch or the responsibilities) because they both exist with various repercussions, which leads me to believe that we all weigh these slippages as quickly as we would if we were driving a manual transmission. We know that when we are approaching a stoplight on the top of a hill (i.e. a large project, such as a dissertation) that we could slip, we could stall out and roll back down the hill…but somehow we don't. We find something that pushes it all kind-of into place—something makes it make do, but in that making do and in that in-between there is slippage that grows and in/forms if we allow it and afford it space.

In what ways did mapping my movement disrupt, resist, unravel, and extend my pedagogy? What did I ***do*** with it all? And how did I ***do*** with it all?

Vulnerability

Paired with research question 2: *In what ways did mapping my movement disrupt, resist, unravel, and extend my pedagogy?* I found that I had to let in vulnerability in order to see my developing sense of pedagogy. Affording vulnerability was as difficult as it was revealing—the more difficult the vulnerability, the more revealing the content. I still am in awe at the ideas and realizations that emerged in my writing. As I was choosing data and analyses for this cluster, I often asked myself whether I would be embarrassed by this information. If the answer was yes, the data and analyses "made the cut" and was developed to be included. If I showed things slipping and how I made do through and with my pedagogy, it was part of this cluster. It was an unusual way to compose, but it allowed me to move and to see my movements from known to unknown. This idea of affording vulnerability has resulted in a renewed sense of flexibility. I was once satisfied with being *near* there, but I am now attuned to my nearness and aim for *closer to* there, which requires me to be vulnerable and flexible. I cannot say that I am as vulnerable or as flexible as I would like to be. What I can say is that in the writing for this cluster I became increasingly aware of how much more growth my pedagogy and I have before us. I doubt I will ever learn how to drive a manual transmission and in a similar way I doubt if I will ever make it *closer to* there, but they are things to try on and to try to understand even if their mastery, their destination, remains elusive.

Difference

Paired with research question 3: *What did I **do** with it all? And how did I **do** with it all?* difference brought evidence to support the ideas of always already *in the making.* As a cluster

difference allowed me to look at pinned down events, my potentials, and see them for these things that were not complete. Difference allowed the mastery of these ideas to continue to be elusive, but positioned inquiry about these ideas as important. It is not important that I cannot drive a manual transmission. It is important that I inquire into the *how*?s and the *why*'s this is so. It is also important that I ask about how and why this thing (driving an automatic) allows me to ***do*** certain things and not ***do*** other things.

Reflecting on Reliability, Validity, and Generalizability

In autoethnography, reliability is the level of believability attained by my data and analyses. Thus, to assess reliability, you must check out my stories for yourself. I do not claim that these stories are exact accounts of events, nor would I desire to write them that way. There is a story used in post-modern critique about a map that is made as an exact copy of an (imaginary) empire's terrain. This map was made to the exact size, as this empire greatly valued the craft of cartography. Subsequent generations in the empire valued cartography and the map less and less, until the map fell into ruin (Borges, 1999). I feel the same way with regard to my collective journal. I could have re-printed it word for word in Chapter 4, but doing so would still be a representation of the events and experiences. It is not possible to re-live an event as an exact replica of that invent; instead, as Davies and Gannon (2006) said, it is the inexactitude of memory that makes this work possible. Unlike Borges's (1999) map, my mapping of potentials was done by way of autoethnography, which invited storying and re-storying my "I." I hope you can believe that and believe me, for whatever that is worth.

In autoethnography, validity is the degree to which my stories connected and resonated with you. As I never intended to use my collective journal as data or analyses, the journals were written from the most personal level. The documents, *remembered*(s), and meta-

autoethnographies were written to bring you into the story, giving enough background to orient you but not so much as to inundate you and dissuade you from wading through a large volume of writing. I hope I was successful in doing so.

In autoethnography, generalizability is measured by the degree to which you were moved through my experiences in ways that made you think about your own ideas. Tobin (August 21st, 2015) said that he hoped that that students in his class didn't necessarily become experts on particular theories, but rather that his voice, his questions, and his ideas served as little reminders, little voices in our ears as we write. Throughout the writing in my dissertation research, I have often thought, *What would Tobin say*? Would he think of places of learning and pedagogy presented in this way? My hope is that he, you, and I move from my dissertation research into conversations about places of learning and pedagogy in ways that alter our thinking, even if only slightly, allowing us to think of things differently. My hope is that I have been/am/will be to you what Tobin, Deleuze and Guattari, and Schulte have been/are/will continue to be to me.

Lingering Implications

This work asked of me, and of us, what do we ***do*** with it all? And how do we ***do*** with it all? I do not have answers, but we all experienced and experimented in the course of my stories. I was/am/continue to be haunted by the things I wrote in my collective journal and in my dissertation, but it is a friendly kind of haunting—the kind of haunting that whispers as I watch TV or browse my Facebook feed, the kind of haunting that nudges me when I hear someone say something, anything is an absolute truth, the kind of haunting that stomps on my foot when I see myself making the same misestimations again.

As I looked deeply into my clusters –slippage, vulnerability, and difference—new clusters emerged. These potentials magnetized around different things: gender, subjectivity, power, and hiding emerged. I suspect these new clusters, and even newer clusters will continue to develop as I continue to write: storying and re-storying, growing and changing, always already *in the making*.

While my dissertation research claimed Istanbul as my place of learning, many of the data and analyses were written in places other than Istanbul. Istanbul has been like Tobin in a way. She sits, quietly reminding me that my rhizomatic pedagogy is always already *in the making*. Pedagogy sits at her desk, asking questions and pushing me to think new things—Stewart's (2010) new little worlds of possibility. Autoethnography gave me space and a voice for these new thoughts, these new potentialities. My desire to explore, question, and revise kept me going when the demands of life, family, research, and school got to be too much. Coffee saved me. Burak saved me. Istanbul saved me.

As I pack up our things stateside for a rapidly approaching move, I wonder if once I am in Istanbul will I start to position America as I position Istanbul now—far away, yet palpably close? They are both places of learning, but perhaps I have some desire, some nostalgia for the place I am not. By degrees I am already moving to Istanbul, which means I am leaving America. Daily I feel myself leaving America, leaving LDSOA, leaving Athens—all of which asks me what will I ***do*** with it all? And how will I ***do*** with it all when I am there and not here.

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APPENDIX A

In research that was winding and twisting, the research questions that guided the work had to change to meet the needs of this work. Three iterations of the research questions are listed below and show the progression of the research questions from the prospectus stage, the first draft stage, and the final draft stage. As this work is a study of movements it is only fair to look at the movements of the questions guiding it. I explain in this Appendix two series of movements as these research questions evolved. The resulting questions led this work to be what it is in ways that would have not been available if the questions had not changed.

The first series of movements was the condensing of language. While the first set of questions is verbose, they also are very restrictive. This set of questions had a definite destination in mind. In the progression of my thinking and this work, I worked to pry open my thinking and myself without the desire for a destination. As such I had to put less pressure on the questions to generate answers. This opening allowed me space and freedom to do this work.

The second series of movements was moving away from jargon that obscured my reasoning for asking the questions in the first place. This work used highly abstract theories that have a particular language to communicate ideas. As I worked during the process of writing the dissertation I became acutely aware of the usage of language and the ways in which I could best use language in my questions to honor the abstract theories while creating relatable stories.

Iterations of the Research Questions

PROSPECTUS

1. How did my quest to find ethnographic clues in the drawings of children in the Istanbul Project disrupt my ideas of research and my identity and performance as a researcher?
2. For me, the idea of cross-cultural was no longer adequate enough to explain the research I was living. How can I develop a definition of culture and cultural research that speaks to the complexities and layers of culture that became important to my research?
3. How can my Cultural Consultants and I create a collective biography that speaks to emerging ideas about culture, cultural research, and cultural researchers?

FIRST DISSERTATION DRAFT

1. In what ways did my maps of potentials claim Istanbul as my place of learning interrelational to my pedagogy in order to make clusters of connections?
2. In what ways did my maps of potentials interrupt my prior, normative views of pedagogy and replace that view with a new rhizomatic appreciation of my pedagogy as always already *in the making*?
3. What did I ***do*** with it all? And how did I ***do*** with it all?

FINAL DISSERTATION

1. In what ways did mapping my movement claim Istanbul as my place of learning?
2. In what ways did mapping my movement disrupt, resist, unravel, and extend my pedagogy?
3. What did I ***do*** with it all? And how did I ***do*** with it all?

APPENDIX B

Listing

Cluster 1: Slippage

Document: excerpt from *Familiar Letters of Henry David Thoreau*

Journal Entry: En Route to Istanbul

Document: My Istanbul Project - Introduction

Meta-Autoethnography: Territory

Journal Entry: Distorted English

Document: My Istanbul Project - Theoretical Orientation

Remembered: Seeing with Peili

Re-visiting the Document: Wilsons + Pearson

Document: excerpt from “Towards a Theory of Children's Drawing as Social Practice”

Meta-autoethnography: Residual

Document: Pre-Pearson & Post-Pearson

Meta-Autoethnography: Making Sense

Journal Entry: Lost in Translation

Journal Entry: Under Fire

Journal Entry: Nervous of the American

Remembered: Tripping and Pretending

Meta-autoethnography: Classroom Habitus

Journal Entry: Up in Flames

Remembered: Aliens looking at Just Drawings

Journal Entry: A Date