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# SPUNK - A LOVE STORY

TEACHER COMMUNITY NOT

Doktoravhandling  
for graden doctor rerum politicarum

Trondheim, mai 2007

Norges teknisk-naturvitenskapelige universitet  
Fakultet for samfunnsvitenskap og teknologiledelse  
Pedagogisk institutt

**NTNU**

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*The future can only be anticipated in the form of an absolute danger. It is that which breaks, absolutely with constituted normality, and can only be proclaimed, presented, as a sort of monstrosity (Derrida in Of Grammatology).*

## *Pippi as thing - searcher*

In Scandinavia we have been, and still are, blessed with authors who have devoted their lives to creating fantastic literature for children and thus for parents/teachers/adults. Wonderful stories and wonderful characters are created. One of these authors is the late Astrid Lindgren and one of her characters is Pippi Longstockings. Pippi is the strongest and most courageous girl in the world and she has a vivid imagination. One morning when her friends Tommy and Annika come along she is sitting on her kitchen table dreaming about a new invention she has made. Tommy and Annika are not surprised because Pippi invents things all the time. Still they would like to know what it is this time. "I have invented a new word", says Pippi, "a brand new word". Of course Tommy and Annika want to know what word, and Pippi tells them that the word is SPUNK. "It is a very good word; one of the best I have ever heard", says Pippi. "SPUNK," asks Tommy, "what does that mean?" "Had I only known that", Pippi answers longingly; "the only thing I know is that it does not mean vacuum cleaner". Tommy and Annika think about this for some time and finally Annika says: "But if it does not mean anything, then it is not useful, is it?" "That is exactly what bothers me, so now we have to find out", Pippi says.

The kids start searching or hunting for the meaning of the word. First they think that it may be a colour or a sound, but decide against it; they think they already have words for this. As they go on, everything became mysterious and they decide to go to town and bring money because SPUNK might be something that they can buy and it might even be expensive. Pippi and her friends decide to ask for SPUNK in the candy store because maybe it is something lovely and sweet? The lady in the store first says that she does not think that they have SPUNK, but Pippi insists: "Any good store must have SPUNK!" The lady then says that they are sold out (because she did not want to admit that she did not know what it was). Pippi is both triggered and happy about this answer and therefore asks the lady to describe SPUNK for her. But as we might now expect the lady has to admit that she does not know, or at least that they do not have SPUNK in her store. Pippi is very disappointed but she decides to go on searching and hunting for it. "I am not going home without SPUNK", she says. The children

ask in the hardware store. The man behind the counter looks foxy and he tries to tell them that SPUNK is a garden tool, but Pippi knows the particular tool and has another name for it too: “You should not try to fool an innocent child”, she says. Before they leave the hardware store, the man suggests that they can ask for SPUNK in the neighbouring store selling sowing equipment, but Pippi rejects this: “I know that much. I will not find it there”. (I do not think Pippi likes sewing very much)

SPUNK now seems very difficult to find, but suddenly Pippi has a bright idea: “Maybe it after all is an illness! Let us ask the doctor.” But again as we might expect, the doctor tells Pippi that there is no such illness called SPUNK, and that even if there was he doubted that Pippi would have caught anything because she is healthier than most people. To give it a last chance Pippi climbs a wall on a three storey building to look through a window for SPUNK. In the room inside, two ladies are having tea when Pippi suddenly and through the window asks them if they have seen SPUNK? The ladies scream in fear and ask if someone has escaped? “That is exactly what I also want to know”, says an eager Pippi. The two ladies continue screaming: “Maybe it is under the bed? Does it bite?” “One almost should think so. It seems to have big teeth”, Pippi answers. Pippi looks around, but again she is disappointed. There is not as much as a hair in the room that can serve as a trace of SPUNK. Tommy, Annika and Pippi now decide to go home because there is obviously no SPUNK in the town. As they came home, Tommy almost treads on an insect that lay in front of the porch. “Take care”, says Pippi. All three bend down and study the insect. It is green, glittering and it has wings. “It is beautiful. I wonder what kind of insect it is”, says Annika? The children compare it to all the other insects they know, but have no answer. Suddenly Pippi, smiles: “I know what it is. It is SPUNK. Is it not funny that we have been looking for it all over the town without finding it, and all the time it was just outside our house” (Lindgren 1992, my retelling)!

## *Acknowledgements*

When I told Ragnheidur Karlsdottir, my first mentor, that I was going to write about something that I did not and still do not know what is, she shook her head but smiled. Thank you for those warm smiles and the giggles, Ragnheidur. When I was “handed over” to Kjetil Steinsholt, he just told me to go on writing. And I did. Thank you for believing in this impossible project, Kjetil. Thank you for being able to read what I wrote.

Thank you all good people at River High. I chose not to tell any stories about you, but in the end I told a love story for, to and about us all. Finally perhaps therefore someone writing a love story instead of all the best practice - horror stories too - about school. I do not want them. I do not believe in them. I want other. I want to strengthen our positions as situated speakers. Becoming aware of more as I go along I believe in only. You too?

Thank you, Børre, for your patience and your love. Thank you, Trygve and Astri, for being who you are. Perfect that is; sweet, lovely, wonderful, adorable, innocent, talented, cosy, fresh, bright - go on. Gifts you are.

*“Let us all dream so that we can build that dream”.*  
Muhammad Yunus  
Nobel Peace Price Laureate 2006

Trondheim, December 2006

Anne B. Reinertsen

# Writing a love story

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# Writing a love story

## *0(1) Introducing the thesis and “community not”, but actually just getting on with writing and mourning school*

Everything and anything,  
but not a vacuum cleaner

*“Deconstruction is love (Derrida, 1995.b.), the love of something unforeseeable, unforegraspable, something to come, absolutely, something undeconstructible and impossible, something nameless” (Derrida, 1995.a.).*

*“If I understand deconstruction, deconstruction is not an exposure of error, certainly not other people’s error. The critique in deconstruction, the most serious critique in deconstruction, is the critique of something that is extremely useful, something without which we cannot do anything” (Spivak, 1993).*

I began to learn something about “community not” from teachers and students trying to create community at their school. I name the school River High. It is a senior high school in Norway. That is, I did not learn from what they did or did not do, say or did not say; teachers and students conceptualising and reconceptualising practices together; teachers and students conceptualising “what is” – an interpretation or meaning making process of trying to - or understand what community might be or not and accordingly decide what to do or not; an ontological, epistemological, cultural and political process. I did not learn from performing any qualitative phenomenological, ethnographical, linguistic - or discourse analysis of reform at least not in a conventional way. I learned from trying to produce and theorize a thesis about a school reform process in which creating community was thought of as a means to enhance learning, produce knowledge and believed to empower both teachers and students, and simultaneously worrying about how “difficult” creating community and possibly change might be and what “success” might mean? I learned in terms of what it might mean to not know what community is against not knowing too much and loose control. I learned in terms of what it might take to be able to stand not knowing or what it might mean to not be in control and still figure out how to be, or rather become teachers, how to create - or rather creating community. How to become a researcher? What is knowledge and what does it do? What is it to know something, and what must I know? How do I know? Is there a when, a where and a why?

I began to learn something about “*becoming*” (Deleuze & Guatarri, 1983); a becoming of practices that hold the limits of knowing as a good thing and practices of loving not

knowing and the promise of doing and thinking other is what you love – always: Meaning making through meaning nothing and thus learning, knowledge production and empowerment growing out of a type of certainty or rigour that is something other than securing or revising claims or reasserting critical or interpretive mastery, rather teachers, students and a researcher trying to keep the concept of community “*through working hard not*” to conceptualize, or “*understand*” what community is (Levinson, 1998: 272): The linguistic condition for change; but as a move from language to law and as aporetic thinking and through the pivoting and liberating effects of writing; a writing both positioning and giving direction: Derrida. Différance. Come. SPUNK.

Building on Derrida, and thus through an onto-ontological process, or a double(d) deconstructive logic of mourning and haunting, this is a rigour or practices engaged in processes of lowering the “*ontological weight*” (Lather, 2004.a: 1) of the concept of community or any concept as such to keep it visible but crossed out in order to avoid universalizing or monumentalizing it. Rather keeping it unprotected by any authoritative knowledge or subjective knowing and thus as “*both limit and resource, opening it up to margins*” (Lather, 2004.b: 9): A weakening but strengthening of the concept, not lowering its value, but increasing its force. Keeping it therefore, through the establishment of such a double(d) universal/singular relationship between knowing more and knowing less, as a warning of an irreducibility, something undeconstructible, *something* outside of intentional control in the play of the world. Philosophically mourning is “*ontologizing what is left after problematizing a concept*” (Ibid: 8). Hauntology; a notion of language or words being haunted by ghosts that we have to learn to live with, talk to and talk back to in order to keep them - the words - open to meaning and open to thought: All the words that we have to care and worry about. The words we must stick with and care/worry about: Empty them - not, but fill them up again. All the words we must put to work; for such is the work of mourning. What is this school after all?

Why however this negative form (aporia) or formal negativity that resembles that of negative theology; religion without religion, or here community without community, school without school? In short it is because the negatives are there and should be worried about. They give us the things to think with and about; both as reminders and tools. Not through any dialectics or any dichotomous either/or, right/wrong, before/after and both/and thinking or referring to what is or not, rather through the impossibilities of both. The withouts is all there is. That is, if you really want to change something; create a politics (read pedagogy and/or

research) and change - or rather do something. To put it more formal, it is to remind us that any affirmation (read concept, community/school, pedagogy/politics, research and/or knowledge) must announce itself through a negative form, because that is “*the necessity of experience itself and the risk that every promise, every engagement, and every responsible decision- if there are such – must run*” (Derrida, 1993: 19): The necessity and the risk therefore of going through the trials of the aporias of “*suspension*”, “*undecidability*” and “*urgency*” (Derrida, 1994.a./2002) as a “*certain experience and experiment of the possibility of the impossible; the testing of the aporia* from which one may invent the only *possible invention, the impossible invention*” (Derrida, 1992.a: 41, original emphasis): Something else, something different, a trace, something other, otherness, more; not a first or second thing, but a maybe “mad - like” third thing, something to come - always. Aporia therefore as the very locus in which the political force of deconstruction is to be found, and the testing of aporia both helped by and conditioned by a process of mourning and haunting. To illustrate; this is asking teachers and students to create community but at the same time asking them never to think that they will ever know what community is because they must not, because the minute they think they know, they have what they must not; the monstrosity of a future we do not want; the dictatorship of subjective knowing and thus closure; a paralysis without exit because of lack of words that work otherwise. Rather by not realising words/concepts, they can be free and realised or invented again and again and again; teachers and students creating or inventing community again and again and again; inventing school again and again and again. This is asking a researcher to do research into community but asking her never to think that she will ever know what it is, neither community, nor reform or research, because the minute she thinks she does she ceases being one. Rather, ask her to keep on. A double(d) rigour or practice therefore ultimately as the relentless but fragile pursuit or haunting of the impossible, for the something more and other to come - as the residue of dissent that exceeds our search for cohesive unity: Deconstruction is love is inventionalism and the withouts, other or rather *différance* is all there is.

*Join me in a little experiment: Is it possible for you to think that you can feel secure in not knowing? Is it possible to think that you can be lost without danger and without losing it? What is position? What is direction? What is getting lost? Is it possible to think that knowledge can be relativized but not disqualified, and not knowing is what you should? Can you be in control in situations that cannot be surveyed? Are there ways of failing well? Or is it “certainty about what you know for sure”, being “off track” if you are lost, either/or or rather both/and logic that counts if you have to make choices, and “lack of control” and “crippling chaos” what you think of when questions like these are posed? Is failure failure to you?*

*Imagine;*            "*I do not know what a teacher community is, but I create one*".  
                          "*I do not have control, but I teach*"  
                          "*I do not know what reform is, but I write*".  
                          "*I do not know what research is, but here I am trying to do exactly that*".

*Hold on or keep it in mind, I will come back to it.*

This is a rigour or practice referred to as being a practice "*under erasure or sous rature: a double gesture, a double science, a double writing*" (Derrida, 1982), between concepts and between presence and absence going beyond ontology and thus beyond reason only. This is a type of de-authorized knowledge production process or writing in which we deconstruct or question everything we think we know or put everything we think we know under erasure, and the type of writing that I both make into an intertwined theoretical and methodological framework for this thesis, but also what this thesis is. This is a double(d) practice or writing as a simultaneous appearance and disappearance of the "proper" (name) and thus in awareness of the originary violence of "*arche – writing*" (Derrida, 1967/76:140); the violent instituting moment of any institution (read concept, community/school, pedagogy/politics, research and/or knowledge); in awareness thus also of the nonethical opening of the ethics and "*arche – writing*" therefore both "*as the origin of morality as of immorality*" (Ibid:140). This is both the law and its force – "*force de loi*" (Derrida, 1994.a/2002) and the mysterious but engendering and enabling aporetic (non)foundation of authority. An awareness thus of both the liberating force and therefore effects of writing but simultaneously an awareness of writing having a pivoting effect for getting serious and real both about oneself but also about getting serious and real about oneself in relation with others; a process of positioning but simultaneously giving direction. It is in this tension that we live. It is in this tension that we act.

This is writing displacing or intervening in what it critiques abdicating - not its referential purchase on history and experience, but an axiomatic attitude to representation. A practice or writing in dispute with authority as such, opening up new possibilities for learning, knowledge production, empowerment and possibly change, but differently; producing different knowledge, and also producing knowledge differently: Différance being the nameless name of the play, provoking knowledge, not representing it: Doing other is what I love - always. Other and otherness ultimately as: "*that which is neither present, nor recognisably or manifestly absent, but which is nevertheless created with, and creative of, presence. More strongly, that which is both necessary to presence, but necessarily pressed*

*into absence or repressed*” (Law, 2004:162). This is thus not about a researcher negotiating difficult fieldwork or about losing oneself in knowledge. This is not about students, teachers or schools losing themselves in knowledge. This is about knowledge that loses itself in the necessary blind spots of understanding, and thus what Paul de Man, using Derrida, termed “*blindness and insight*”, where the necessary exclusion is the very organizer of whatever insight might be made and critical texts always turn back on the very things they denounce/renounce (de Man, 1983 in Lather 2004.a:1).

This is thus a type of (non)knowledge production or writing invested in debt and the notion of giving something back. A simultaneous process of both affirmation and negation, forgetting and remembering, knowing and not knowing or a “*process which demands both a keeping in mind and letting go*” (Krell, 2000:1). A simultaneous process of opening up possibilities for creating “*ethico-political niches for the possibility of pedagogy*” (Trifonas, 2000: 79), not necessarily through the codes of pedagogy, ethics or politics, but through a Responsibility and Hospitality towards the Other to Come (à - venir) and through a double(d) logic of the Gift. The “Come” is evoking the sense that “*everything remains open and still to be thought*” (Derrida, 1983 in Royle, 2003: 44). When Derrida thus speaks of community, he speaks of it as an antinomy, a weak, or “*open quasi-community*” (1997.a: 331) that is forbidden to collect into a unity, which is *the* impossible. He is preoccupied with the (im)possibility of thinking unity and thus community as such because he is aware of its limits. Unity is totalitarianism. That is why: “*dissociation is the condition of community, the condition of any unity as such*” (Derrida, 1997.b:15). But instead of laying out a paralyzing middle ground between unity and heterogeneity, Derrida offers a possibility for thinking community as a de authorized space, a community of the question, and practice as a praxis of aporias. Keep on thinking about *it*. Caputo (1997:124) comments: “*Such a weak community demands considerable strength for it would be required to maintain a sense of community even while welcoming the stranger, to remain master of the house while making the other feel at home*”.

Thus Derrida establishes both school and science as an ethical site or place and conveys the value of deconstruction for philosophizing or mourning the ethical questions of political issues associated with pedagogy and also that of research: Ultimately opening up the possibilities for “*ontological politics*” (Mol, in Law, 2004:13) and thus the possibility of ethico-political deliberations in schools and in research about preferring and enacting one kind of reality rather than the other. Making us all into “*situated speakers*” (Richardson & St.

Pierre, 2005:961); subjectivities engaged in knowing/telling about the world as we perceive it. Not because of what we know, but because of what we know not, and therefore know. Not because of what we do, but because of what we must not, and therefore must do. A process ultimately of becoming someone and getting to know something through writing and therefore empowerment having gone *“through the practice of the language”* and *“through philosophy: through the constitution of power as linguistic and philosophical competence”* (Derrida, 2002: 28-29); a process of making oneself important to others. This is living on, living maybe virtually but really, getting to know and do both more and other. Being, becoming made to mean.

Writing therefore maybe best described as a de- authorised knowledge production process or a process of letting go of meaning or *“letting go of each concept at the very moment that I need to use it”* (Derrida, 1967/76: xviii), or rather the *“endurance of all the antinomies we seem to have at our disposal no rule or no general solution”* (Derrida, 1992.a: 71) - the anti – or negative form (aporia) being the only thing one can be certain of, and a best case scenario in reform, research and ultimately becoming is thus *“knowing that we cannot know the conditions of our knowledge, but only its aporetic form”* (Levinson, 1998: 280). The negative form reminding us to keep going, to keep on worrying or rather, mourn the words and put them to work, talk back to ghosts and thus enabling us to keep on asking questions about more and therefore neither taking away speech from school nor from me. Rather, giving it back and opening up access to what is already there, mobilizing speech, setting us free and giving us strength or force to say and do more and other; both allowing and empowering us all to keep going. The negative form reminding us ultimately that the path to educational justice and politics –community/school and ultimately democracy, - can only come through the loss of understanding, fluency and subjective certainty and thus through writing as an ethics and politics of *“difficulty”*... .

As far as research is concerned, Lather (2004.a.) describes this as a science *“after truth”* or as a process of working the limits of deconstruction, a double(d) science of mourning and haunting and a process of risking *“getting lost”*, where getting lost is both a *“fertile space and an ethical practice in asking how research based knowledge remains possible after so much questioning of the very ground of science”* (Ibid:1). I prefer to call this a process of *“getting lost without loosing it”* or *“SPUNK: writing a love story”*, because of what we do not know and must not and therefore must and because I also ask about how creating teacher community and becoming someone (a teacher, a researcher) remains possible after so

much questioning of the very ground of schooling and teaching? This is a writing that is ad hoc, multiple, delineated, de-authorized, active, incoherent or disconnected but inscribed with traces of otherness, and what we must know more and other about, at least if we want to make decisions and invent a pedagogy/politics and a research that are more than only the programmable application of a calculable process of reason only; at least if we want to live just, living on or living “*finally*”, in the spectral moment beyond its simple negative reversal as “*a heterodidactics between life and death*” (Derrida, 1994. b: xviii). *Community* and everything and anything connected with it not. *Research/science* and everything and anything connected with it not. *Becoming* and everything and anything connected with it not. What is it? I do not know, but it is not a vacuum cleaner because nothing can be removed, ignored or just forgotten.

### **SPUNKS about .....**

Teacher: “*We are too close to each other in the teacher team*”.

Teacher: “*We are far more distant from the administration now*”

Teacher: “*We get so close to the students and we do not want that*”

Teacher: “*Sometimes we feel that we just walk around. And then we do not know how much we shall intervene. The students do not always sit down and work you know. Sometimes they also just walk or wander around. And what shall we do then? Shall we just let them wander? And then sometimes it gets almost easier to talk to them about their girl/boyfriends or their mothers – I almost said – than talk to them about the task that they do not manage to solve*”.

Me: “*Why do you think that is so*”?

Teacher: “*Because the thing about the task is something that they in a way are walking around thinking about. Maybe there is nothing concrete that you can do about it. It is an unclear role to play. You cannot sit down all the time and ask how far they have reached because it is a long process. In one day for example they might not have reached far at all - on paper that is. And then what should I ...? In a way it turns into nagging if I ask to watch or see what they do all the time. We have one teacher here. He is very frustrated. I say that the students have a lot of work to do; sometimes they have three different projects running simultaneously. But then he says that; “yes, but they do not do anything”. But it is not always like that; that you can see what they do I mean. And then you get frustrated. Before, the teacher would have done something, lectured about something that he/she had read about, but the students did not do anything then either, but then you did not see that they did not do anything because you did so much. I think that we eventually have found out, in our team, that guiding students is to make them define what they do not understand. That is the point because then they understand it themselves when they explain something to me that is. Then they understand it*”.

Enjoy.

I will tell you what made me worry about these things. I found it just outside or on the doorstep/threshold like Pippi did. Not an insect, but an interrupting “*line*” in a “*rhizome*” (Deleuze & Guatarri, 1983: 10). It made me stop and I picked it up - or maybe it was the other way round. Anyway, it flickered by once, not as what is but as a thing that haunts me, a ghost, a monstrosity, and as a thing I must stop because of but never stop worrying about because it reminds me I now realize, that our real dilemmas (read paradoxes) are not up for choice; thus opening up thinking, but positioning or conditioning the same thinking in something other than logic and reason only; in something other than “what is” only. Thus making it possible to ask all the questions - other questions, more questions, questions about creating teacher community at once and again and again; the didactical where, the what, the who, the how and the why questions of all at once and again. Not to establish some logic between them, but to situate and positioning them in some ethico-political space; - opening up, in my opinion, the possibility for decision or rather judgement and thus a pedagogy/politics; opening up the possibility for direction or rather action— opening up the possibility for creating community or realizing a community of the question; this open, weak or quasi community Derrida speaks of and ultimately becoming teachers - doing research and becoming a researcher; asking more – always. An impossible process it is; of thinking the other/the impossible always but as the same and to think the same and the complete other simultaneously. Teachers (read researchers) always carrying with them something else however this something not annulling the difference between them.

In January 2003 the teachers at River High attended a day of in-service training, and a lecture about creating community through being organized in teams, because that was their reform. In short, what they had decided to do at River High was to organize teachers and students together in cross – disciplinary teaching teams to try to create small communities of learners inside school. It was believed that teachers’ learning and students’ learning is interconnected and interdependent. The teacher role was emphasized as being mainly one of being mentors, coaches or guides. Constructivist, cross – disciplinary instruction and inclusive pedagogy was the goal and extended use of new technology and multi media



devices was an integrated part of the development (Source: Internal document at River High). A new school building had been built, designed for the reform.

The reform is a bold one challenging traditional teacher isolation (Lortie, 1975), explicitly embracing constructivism and displaying both pedagogy and knowledge as problems of interpretation. Creating “*community through dialog in teams*” was one of the buzz words at River High, “*learning through frustration*” another. At this particular day the teachers were told by the lecturer, that they should be “*happy that they were frustrated and that they should muddle through together*” (Field notes 23/1-03). I believe that the reform at River High is consistent with most current liberal school reform policies today, and in accordance with a notion of leaving the certainty of modernism and entering a floating or more insecure reality of postmodernism; teachers and schools in a flexible work life where constant change is the norm, and teachers and students learning and producing knowledge through cultural and linguistic heterogeneity, social and cultural identity. School reform seen as complex and time consuming processes of reculturation and only in the beginning of changing aligned with new knowledge in the science of learning – brain research, the role of emotions, technology and more that is used to understand the nature of such complex processes (Fullan, 2001.a, b, 2003). At River High one could often hear teachers and students say things like “*We are all different, we have different ways of doing things and there are no recipes*”, “*change is difficult and does not happen overnight, this is going to take time*” (Observation notes). I could not agree more, but not.

So I took part in a constructivist experiment and what I initially thought of as an experiment of collaborative concept formation in joint work or community between teachers and between teachers and students. I wanted to do a qualitative micro ethnographic case study (Creswell, 1998) in one particular team. I was interested in finding out more about the possibilities for change through creating community or how participation and interaction came to be organized and what that organization affords for knowledge production, learning and the reform of practice. I was interested in possible changes in the teacher role and ultimately empowerment and how a feeling of strength, force or self-confidence, self-formation or self-assertion could develop and be sustained through collaboration and what it would afford for learning and knowledge production. Little (2002, 2003) argues that decision making and thus choosing between options is a pivotal issue in creating community and thus reform, and the issue that we should study closely if we want to understand creating community as such. I could not agree more, but not. She argues for analysing discourse

between participants in collaboration situations, and that was what I was planning to do as part of my study. The academic year 2002-03 I joined a particular team of 8 very experienced teachers and 60 students. However I also moved between different teams and levels at the school. I observed, filmed and interviewed. I took active part in discussions with teachers, students, administrators and team leaders. In addition I studied documents; curriculum, organization charts, reform plans and goals, school history and architect drawings. I joined the school in their in-service training. Ultimately it was this muddling process that interested me the most at River High. How to make it, what to make of it, and how to be happy about it?

More than two decades of research and theorizing about school reform points consistently to the potential educational benefit of collegial communities. It is posited that conditions for improving teaching and learning

I cannot but think of Steve Biko and his Movement of Black Consciousness in South Africa: Decolonizing countries, decolonizing minds, decolonizing language; decolonizing schools, teachers, students, research, me.

are strengthened when teachers collectively question ineffective teaching routines, examine new conceptions of teaching and learning, find generative means to acknowledge and respond to difference and conflict, and engage actively in supporting professional growth (Achinstein, 2002; Engeström, 1999, 2001, 2004; Grossman & Stodolsky, 1995; Grossman, Wineburg & Wolworth, 2001; Lave & Wenger 1991; Wenger, 1998; Little, 1990; McLaughlin & Oberman, 1996; McLaughlin & Talbert 2001; Westheimer, 1998). I posit that too - not.

I have been a high school teacher, administrator, school reformer, lecturer and classroom researcher for years. I have prior mainly been preoccupied with pedagogy as didactics through studying experienced teachers and the development of “*pedagogical content knowledge*” (Shulman, 1987) and I still am but not. Ultimately I have conceived of knowledge as something that cannot be separate from the knower, but rather is rooted in his or her mental or linguistic designations of the world (Polkinghorne, 1989); I still do but not. I have been concentrating on writing “*thick descriptions*” (Geertz, 1973) of teaching in practice and I still am but not. (However Geertz’s later (1988, 1993) prophecies about “blurring of genres” I think is being fulfilled) I have written “best practice” micro ethnographical case studies believing that they could serve as examples we could learn or make something from. I still do but not. My work was grounded in a Vygotskian (1978, 2001) socio cultural tradition in which knowledge production is local, situated and constructed in practice and I have conceived of teaching mainly as hard work trying to scaffold learning. It still is, but not. I still

do, but not. For some time I have thought of school as an organisation with an ideology - or a policy problem, the problem, as I saw it, being that there is no ideology or policy, at least not one having been created from within. I thus thought that what the teachers and students needed at River High was stronger visions of what they were trying to do and what they were trying to change: As far as community is concerned stronger visions of the type of community they were trying to build; either a community based on some kind of professional autonomy or a community based on solidarity through a common mission. I thought that what I needed as a researcher was a stronger conceptualisation of what kind of community I was examining. And I still think all of that - but not. Not because I know more now than I did before, not because of something I did not know or for having not learned the theories and lessons about reform, research and ultimately community, but because, as you already suspect and soon will see, of what I must not and therefore must, of what I do not know and therefore do. I have mourned: Not just community and school but also research and myself.

This is important, because I was not - and I am not a romanticist or naïve. I mean I knew that the reform process at River High was not going to be easy. Rather it was a reform going directly to the heart of and challenging issues concerning teacher authority, power and control. Or as one of the teachers at River High said: *"I refuse to let go of my independence"* (Observation notes). Today we know that communities might also stifle learning and the renegotiation of the meaning and practices at the core of their joint enterprise. Reducing teacher isolation is conceived to be a tall order. I think it still is but differently. We know that professional communities contain a wide diversity of attributes in schools, and have good or bad implications for the kind of education students ultimately experience. I therefore knew that reforming school as such has proved to be difficult: In fact at River High they actually tried that which has proven to be the most difficult of reform; *"to bring about improvement at the heart of education-classroom instruction* (Tyack & Cuban, 1995/2003:134). Community being the means they had chosen to use trying. And we seem to have seen it all before; reforms seem to be moving in circles in which we try reforming *"again and again and again"* but without real change (Cuban, 1990). Even inside school this seems to be familiar knowledge: *"School has been canned or sterilized for years"* (Teacher at River High). And true to my habits, I guess, I went looking high and low for explanations and ways that could help me analyze and understand. I guess what I did not realise however was how *"difficult"* difficult is. And I only speak for myself.

As far as community is concerned, I read about the “black box” of teacher collaboration (no references given, none forgotten). I read about “weak” or “strong” communities referring to how well they scaffold their own learning (Ibid.). I read about dilemmas. Lampert (1985) and other classroom researchers, including myself, have long portrayed classrooms and schools as sites of negotiations and practice as practice of dilemmas emphasizing the complexities of reality; dilemmas not to be overcome but negotiated and managed. In the debate about teacher community, Westheimer (1998) argues that creating community is a process of “*real teachers struggling with real dilemmas*”, and that we have some lessons to learn before we can expect any real changes: the lessons being that “*beliefs matter*”, “*structures matter*” and last but not least that; “*individuality and community are unexpected bedfellows*” (Ibid:136-151). I could not agree more, but not. I ask: How complex is complex and how real is real? And is negotiating dilemmas what practice is? Can lessons be given and learned? How? What is weak, what is strong, and what actually goes on in bed? How empowering is it to know that we are all different and that there are no recipes? What is reculturation, and how much time do we think we need? What is time really and what is new in new? What will it take for a policy to be created? How to invent a school? Who would not refuse if one thought that losing independence was at stake here? But what might independence be?

*Take a look above again at what I say I know and the fact that I say I do. What do I actually know? What is it to know? Do you see that changes occur? Does it matter? Keep it in mind and think about it. I will come back to it. And you might need to read it again and again and....*

Because then it was there: One of the teachers suddenly raised his hand and said to the lecturer: “*We cannot create teacher community, it would mean dictatorship!*” Suddenly the past, the present and the future were there; the future we make present in the way we live our lives. And I was brought to a place somewhere or nowhere where I was surprised and confronted with my self both as a teacher, administrator, lecturer, school reformer and researcher: Of course the teacher was right, and of course he was wrong. We all are. We all were. We are all going to be. But that is not what this is about. This is beyond right and wrong and thus beyond conventional conceptions of failure and success. This is beyond conceptualization and thus beyond interpretation. It is beyond time and place and thus the phenomenology of both subject and object. It is beyond representation. He was rightwrong. I was brought to a place atopoi, alogos and atemporal, or rather a place without place, a logic without logic in a time without time; an aporetic place, an aporetic logic in aporetic time in which or where ghosts or spirits reign. Not as what is but as something to

think about and with and as something to be created and thus always to come. Through these seven words the teacher bridged the tenses and opened up both a metaphysical and ethical/political dimension of pedagogy. Or rather opening up a space in which I was put in a simultaneous and immediate aporetic relationship with both other human beings and with the world of ideas; an aporetic moment in a definite situation but with a clear sense of direction. The whole never ending struggle for change; of community- or rather justice and democracy, the ideas – the ghosts or spirits of school (it) – of society - was inscribed in the words and it was there; hope and despair, visions and realities, tours and detours, certainty and uncertainty, hesitation, ruptures, victories and losses, possible and impossible, knowing and not knowing, knowledge and non knowledge, love and hate, blame and shame. It is all there always. I am. Nothing is just forgotten. Don't think, speak or act otherwise. But what does it mean to remember? What to remember? What to forget? When to remember and when to forget, remembering and forgetting in relation to what? The double(d)ness of reality and moments of non-knowledge this is about.

Through these words I was returned to “*the beginning*” (Denzin, 1997: 266) or to the non reducible relevance or non disqualifying relativity of the “*Grandma’s stories and their tellings*” (Ibid.:249). The never ending tellings about vacillating between, but always in the face of the other and otherness and in pursuit of doing good or better because we know the monstrosity of the worst and what we

do not want and thus must do. How can we not create community, and what will happen if we don't? What does it mean not to be a relativist, and

Do you remember the TV pictures of the young SerbChristian /BosnianMuslim couple lying dead on a bridge some years ago in former Yugoslavia? Have you seen the film by Roberto Benigni (1997) “La Vita è Bella?”

how can we not be? What will happen if we are not? How can we not listen and talk to ghosts, and what will happen if we do not? This is about more. This is about the tellings of another way of knowing, a force, wisdom or love belonging to another place that fascinate us again and again and again; scary, incredible, multiple, plural, unintelligible, impossible but still reminding us to keep on worrying; to keep on trying something other, together; reminding us to keep on telling the stories and giving them back, telling the ghost stories that we often fear but love and don't know what is.

After having been serious with Plato, this is a place Derrida continues to name Khôra after the Greek noun for place; a khôrion. But not as a here and/or there, not as a now and/or then, not as a before and/or after, not as a beginning and/or end, not anything at all inside of

the Hegelian dialectical distinction, but as this aporetic third thing or a third place that is barely there but still is - a trace merely, impossible however to categorise or capture: A reality of other; other reality. A place not of dilemmas but of paradoxes, a place not for construction or constructivism, rather a place of “*reconstruction in philosophy*” (Dewey, 1920/57) or here preferably a place of philosophy and thinking as deconstruction: A place for ghosts and a place for haunting and mourning and therefore ultimately a place for writing, but as a genre without genre and as a place without place and thus as a place of “*absolute dynamis*” (Derrida, 2003: 146). In this place nothing is suppressed. It is both a ruin and an abyss and filled with sensible things: A place or a “home” for all things and without therefore a vacuum cleaner. This is the place of the gift and justice; but gift without gift and thus the “*spacing of différance itself*” (Caputo, 1997:143): In khôra there are no lessons to learn, there is only play.

Khôra is the invention of the other; and I touched it for a moment – an aporetic moment. I was exposed to it as a living on and a living really but virtually: I was exposed to life or a reality as a sense of experiencing myself being in the world; not as what is or in a foundational or identifying way, but divided and as something to come or love. A place in which there is no such thing as “as such” or “is” at all and the words therefore mine - and those of yours yours; unprotected, free and - thinking about Biko; decolonized. This is a place where the phenomenology of my body in a Lacanian register situates or positions experience but becoming is what gives direction and ultimately what success might be. Experiencing Khôra is a fragile and scary project but I want to do it again. I must. I was happy about it for a moment: It was there that I found something or as Lather so lovely puts it; it was there that I experienced a “*truth*” *that we can handle and be grateful for*” (1997: xiv.). A “truth” about a democracy to come and a becoming of subjectivity as a project intertwined in all I do forcing me, and giving me force to write: Do not give me a politics but let me invent one: – a reculturation process but not. Writing ultimately a way of bringing pedagogy/politics or pedagogical deliberations and ultimately decision making “home” to where it belongs; among students and teachers, writing as a way of bringing research “home”. Changing through writing it might be about. “Home” a place from where we can both seek and produce knowledge, but differently: River High and I both the context for writing.

*Imagine again: “I do not know what democracy is, but I must create one, I must. However I must never think that I know what democracy is.*

- “*people living life in peace*” (John Lennon, 1971)

At River High the lecture went on. I am not sure that they all heard or saw the ghost. Maybe they did, maybe they did not. From some mumbling after the utterance: “Well, I certainly am not a dictator, how can he say such a thing”, and another “that is so far out and not what this is about” (Teachers at River High. Field notes 23/1-03), I think some of them were mostly preoccupied with chasing ghosts away. And that is rather normal. However I even do not know what this meant for the teacher saying the words or what he did or did not do accordingly. Maybe he did nothing, maybe he did all through nothing but I cannot tell and I think I never will. But what I can do is to stop, pick it up, give it back or rather; stop, think or philosophize (haunt and mourn) talk back and ask. Be cool. Slow down. Do not be afraid of it, talk to it. Talk back to it. Question it – the ghost. It is there. It is there for us to think with and about. I will try.

*In August 2004, Zygmunt Bauman was in Trondheim, Norway, to lecture about how to live a moral life. A person from the audience asked him what we could do and where we should start? He seemed worried about the state of affairs in the world today. Prior to the question Bauman had amongst other things talked about the holocaust. I guess the man in the audience hoped, true to our habits I guess, that the wise Mr. Bauman had a piece of advice. And he did. Bauman answered by telling a joke: “An old couple was on holiday in Ireland in a car. They stopped in a little village to ask for the direction to - or how to get to Dublin? They were lost. The person they asked smiled very nicely and answered; well, yes it is possible to get to Dublin from here, but if I were you I would have started another place.”*

*And here I am and if you have read James Joyce’s “Ulysses”; (1922/93) you know that Dublin is Dublin is Dublin is...*

“We seem to be talking with old words, but we need new ones, otherwise we will continue walking in circles” (Teacher at River High).

## SPUNK/SPUNKING

*When Hans Blix, the former leader of the international group of weapon inspectors to Iraq, was interviewed by the Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation on the 31 August 2004 in connection with the publishing of his new book, he was asked by the interviewer what could have been done differently in Iraq so that the war could have been avoided? Hans Blix (a Swede and well acquainted with Lindgren;s authorship) smiled and answered: “SPUNK. I do not know. I think we would have had to invent new words, but we did not have them then so the war is unfortunately a fact”.*

In any Scandinavian language there is no such word as SPUNK. It is open and therefore it cannot tell you anything. It is open to meaning and open to thought. SPUNK is a non-word or impossible. In fact it is *the impossible*; a gift but a thing we cannot have. A gift without gift, but still a thing (it) we cannot think without. Without SPUNK there is no hunting. Without SPUNK there is no haunting; no ghosts or spirits. Without SPUNK there is no caring or careworry. Without SPUNK there is no stopping, picking up and giving back. Without SPUNK there cannot be more. Therefore there is nothing as real as ghosts. And as Pippi and her friend have shown us there is nothing as funserious as playing with words.

SPUNK - a non – word is an opportunity for experiencing mystery and haunting for knowledge, or rather, to vacillate between not knowing and knowing, non knowledge and knowledge and thus a move from the unknown to the known and then back again to the

unknown. It is thus an opportunity for gathering and producing knowledge and thus conceptualizing or understanding what you think you know now and thus knowledge production - and letting it go immediately. We must be open for the (im)possibility that Pippi and her friends will find out that the insect that they have now called SPUNK will turn out to have another name. We must: The insect being (as will be this thesis) only a crystallisation into a particular form and a collapse for a moment into decidability. But so far they love the SPUNK they have found and will care well for it. After having played with it, they will let it go and haunt for more, because that is what they love. We know the monstrosity of not.....

SPUNK/Words (or non –words) or rather concepts (or non-concepts) are the tools, the medium and the force of thinking, learning, knowledge production and eventually empowerment. We need new words, not necessarily brand new words, but words working

”Of Mice and Men”: John Steinbeck (1937/79)

- death

differently; performative words not constative: A new heteroglossia of reform. A heteroglossia of unprotected words and words of a lesser ontological weight so that they can be put to work – the words; community not SPUNK. Because words cannot simply be given they must be put to work: All the words or withouts that we have to worry about. What is this SPUNK anyway? Hold my hand. What is it? Where is it? What is this *it*? What are the topics? What is the problem? It is the thing that we think we cannot think without. What is this school after all? It is the thing to hold on to and the thing that will create more. What did Pippi know? What did she do? I do not know, but it is right there on the doorstep. Stop and pick it up. But remember to let it go again: Set it free. Give something back. I think I owe you, for such is the duty of a friend. - - She questioned authority, saw things in new perspectives, messed with language and played. Even if Pippi, as all of us would I guess, - at least I did, first went to the candy store hoping that SPUNK was something lovely and sweet, she went on playing when SPUNK seemed to be something else, somewhere else, something dangerous, an illness, a difficulty - something different; impossible, undecidable, *something*, love.

*SPUNK: (Eng.) Courage, kick, vengeance, sparkle.....*

I think I like that; it is in the word, the something to give – or not, the ghost. SPUNK; everything and anything - all - and not a vacuum cleaner.

Something in the way ☺ moves, attracts me like no other lover... (Beatles, 1969)

*Keeping the concept: Writing about something I do not know what is; stopping, picking up and giving back*

“Community not” or SPUNK is therefore not a simple overturning of the concept of community, rather it is an intervention and a displacement of the concept; both an engendering and thus enabling aporia and thus a tool and reminder; a word put to work offering itself as a double(d) and de-authorized object of both research and reform, not protected by knowledge or any subjective certainty after conceptualisation. Not simply a negative therefore, but a tool to keep things open and as something outside of intentional control; a unit of analysis not – *the impossible* - a tool for writing in the spectral moment of



life. Through community not or ultimately all the withouts, I therefore try to explore a perspective of both research and reform in which I try to take loss into account; not other peoples` loss, but also that of my own, and thus I work hard not to understand the object of research and those being researched, but through that becoming able, I hope, to explore a double(d) and thus de-authorized central perspective of both research and reform hopefully securing future experimentation. I let go of meaning and risk subjective certainty, and thus I de-authorize myself, or rather what I think I know and what I think about. I try to simultaneously forget and remember myself to include you to keep us both going. “Community not” is therefore my Deleuzian “stumbling” attempt to create both a reform - and a research object of a lesser ontological weight; an unprotected concept and an attempt of meaning nothing to escape the limiting process of conceptualising what community is and what teachers and students do or say; in my opinion closing any research and reform process the minute it starts. I put myself and my writing under erasure and situate myself in a ruin of both research and reform leaving me only with love to what I do or love to what it is; the ghost or spirit of school. Doing other is what I love. I think and I write; I think/write.

I conceive of this writing therefore as a process of operating from within the institutional constraints of a tradition (Read school/research and/or knowledge) while trying to expose what that tradition might have “*ignored or forgotten*” (Nealon,1993 in Lather, 2004.a; Weber, 2001). I thus try to go looking for what is – not. I look for otherness. In a time mainly preoccupied with knowledge production as the creation of new knowledge and knowing more than before, I claim that forgetting might be something we strangely or paradoxically should pay more attention to. Further and even more strange, non knowledge creation and failing exactly what we should. I try to endorse a problematic attitude and deal with or talk to ghosts as a processes of looking backwards to the memory of the past and rearticulating the term of our responsibility to what happened before, but not in a nostalgic way, but rather as learning to live with ghosts as “*learning to understand what has been lost in the self and what has been lost in the social*” (Britzman, 2000 in Lather 2004.a: 4). I conceive of this as both a way of leaving the “*Highway 101*” of qualitative research (Britzman, 1995) but also a way of leaving a perspective of reforming school and creating community as processes of replacement; replacing old with new: Processes of convincing teachers about doing either this or that. Rather, these are processes of haunting and mourning or as I prefer stopping, picking up and giving back.

“Something is missing” (Teacher at River High)
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“This is one of the things we are not supposed to do any more”  
(Teacher at River High).

The role that I therefore give myself is that of an “agent of displacement” (Lather & Smithies, 1997; Lather, 2000, 2004.a.b. 2006 in press). And here I make the words of Derrida my own: “- to be true to what I study, and this is a sign of love and respect...I have to analyze the functioning and disfunctioning of the work” (Derrida, 1997.b: 9). Not as a tracing or exposure of errors, but as a process of mobilizing and giving force to what is there. I therefore try to move beyond programmes, beyond dichotomous; new old, before or after either/or, change or not change, right/wrong or both/and thinking and thus I try to create texts that say more and other about creating teacher community, research and ultimately becoming. Giving myself space but also hopefully creating space. Rather than being like the woman in the candy store, the man in the hardware store or the tea drinking women struck with fear, I`d rather try to be like the doctor or like Pippi. Not an innocent child in a sly “Mr. Skimpolean Bleak House” (Dickens,1853/2006) way, ((In comparison, and just to remain in the room or rather “space of literature” (Blanchot (1982) :*Here only as ghost*) a little longer, I actually love Mr. Scrooge; he at least eventually did talk to ghosts, but remember however what he was like before he did. (Dickens, 1843/1990)), not as a doctor curing people (read teachers, student, schools, science) prescribing medicines. Rather as a doctor reporting people, including myself, off the sick list through opening up perspectives, asking questions and blurring genres and innocent as in “spunking, courage, kick, vengeance, sparkle”: I want to keep on asking questions and climb walls like Pippi. In an applied Derridean fashion one might say that I make myself into an agent who has realized herself being a “bastard among other bastards” (Krell, 2000) but still trying to work an “angel economy” or “write like an angel” (Lather & Smithies, 1997; Lather, 2000, 2004a,b,): A double(d) writing or writing double(d) descriptions and examples of practice out of which hopefully “a politics could be invented” (Naas, 1992: xxii in Derrida 1992.a.); examples not of what is but of something to think of and about and as something to come. The angel writing ultimately based on Walter Benjamin’s “Angel of History” in which the angel is interrupting salvation narratives of science and rationality and angels serve as ghost of otherness that haunt the house of reason “turning history into philosophy” (Benjamin, 1963/2003: 182). This is thus a writing without guarantee or counter axiology, rather a process offering or giving it – anything and everything – back, but ultimately as in forward and as a “general displacement of the system” (Nealon, 1993 in Lather, 2004.a). So I do not offer alternatives, only worry because I do not know - I SPUNK. Keep on thinking about it. Rather this might be better conceived of as a running text, a running discussion or maybe a

running stream of questions or as we shall see a way of tracing thinking and therefore as a way of “*documenting becoming*” (Richardson & St. Pierre, 2005: 966). Writing in this respect comparable to an extreme sport adventure; when everything and anything is deconstructed there is ultimately only risking me - together with you.

Of course this writing challenges conventional perceptions about rigour and clarity, logic and reason; conventional conceptions of both research, reform and change. It goes directly to the heart of the theory/practice relationship, questioning and blurring it or rather decolonizing both. This is however a writing allowing inquiry into a field without chasing for any certainty, subjective knowing, facts or truth. Rather a tracing of complicity and multiplicity; a multiple, uncertain, humble and modest writing. It is a writing allowing inquiry into becoming aware of more, because there is always more to know: A writing therefore not taking part in any reductionist or instrumentalist phenomena in school, neither for teachers nor for me as a researcher; and also a way of avoiding the “*blame trap*” (Cuban, 2002). At best this is a contribution among those of others` to an ongoing discussion about school and what kind of school, pedagogy/politics we want. It is a writing bringing me closer to the complexities of our postmodern lives and a writing through which both you and I have been and will be “*learning less about certain kinds of things, but*” – I hope – “*learn a lot more about a far wider range of realities*” (Law, 2004:10) – no experts being produced.

*“I never thought that I’d love someone/That was someone else’s dream.*

*You give me something/That makes me scared, alright/This could be nothing/But I`m willing to give it a try/Please give me something/Because someday I might know my heart”.*

James Morrison (2006)

To sum up: I try to theoretically and methodologically think Deleuze and Derrida together. I also think some Dewey – thinking DDD I try. Ultimately however, this is the radical Derridean linguistic turn, which links language, subjectivity, social organization and power. Language does not “reflect” social reality but rather produces meaning and creates social reality. Interpretation is not the discovery of meaning but rather the “*introduction of meaning*” (Spivak, 1967/76: xxiii in Derrida, 1967/76). This is thus a poststructural and therefore postcritical, postrepresentational and postinterpretive stance of language in which knowledge production, reform and thus change is thought of as being conditioned by a process of putting words to work and risking meaning nothing through entering into the nonfoundational play of *différance* and thus all of us risking becoming word gamblers like Pippi. And that is what this thesis ultimately is about: turning both school reform and research

into playing fields of language and consequently turning both teachers and me as a researcher into language gamblers; writing reform, writing research and writing me: Reform, research and therefore becoming as double(d) processes of mourning and haunting, or rather as I prefer processes of stopping, picking up and giving back. I prefer *spunk* to *différance* because already there is too much consolation. Fronesis, an ideal, a good, but not – too tied to a knowledge. I have mourned. In the affirmative form, I might be so bold even as to suggest spunk/spunking replacing the word or metaphor of know/knowing.

### *Angel writing or writing up*

What does it look like this angel writing? How can we apprehend this, and how to write it up? As you already have thought it is difficult to say, because much is up to you. I do not use angels as such but devises that hopefully function in a similar way. I have written some of the associations I have made to literature I have read and films I have seen, but you will make yours. I have interrupted my own writing many times with different types of intertexts and lines, coming in from the side. I have tried to talk to you directly. All this not making it easy to read maybe, but through that asking you to read and write with me. And I hope you have. Read again if not. Try another way, another reading. Write again. Stop, pick it up and give it back. In my opinion this is a way of opening up to more and to create more. My point is that if we want to deal with spirits, tell ghost stories, write and play, it becomes important to think through modes of crafting that let us apprehend exactly that. I thus write and create texts that are multilayered, multisequential, delineated, multivoiced, “*rhizovocalized*” (Jackson, 2003) and plural; rather than smoothing, more up for “*troubling*” (Lather & Smithies, 1997; Lather, 2000, 2004a, b.) easy understanding. The text cannot be smooth because that is not what this is about. This is about a writing and a creation of texts that “*mesh and collide*” (Levinson, 1998:287) and a writing not “*running to meet the reader*” (Sommer, 1994 in Richardson & St. Pierre, 2005:971). Or rather, these are not “*comfort text*” (Lather & Smithies, 1997) that gratifies the interpretive entitlement to know teachers and reform. Richardson and St.Pierre (Ibid.) describes this as developing a “*certain writerly incompetence and underachievement*”. It might be called “*messy*” (Marcus, 1994). It might be called an intertextual pastiche, a hypertext or “*hypertext writing*” (Morgan, 2000). It might even be called “*hyperpedagogy*” (Dwight & Garrison, 2003). -Ultimately a reader’s performance; an event. A “*heterology*” maybe it is (Levinson, 1998:272.); internally

inconsistent and without going on to devise a metalogic to rationalize its practice. No elegant solutions. Thus a heterological turn maybe this is. It might thus actually be virtual and invisible, material and immaterial: Such writing is both constituting and conditioning play. Not just me playing, but readers, teachers and reformers and not taking away speech from neither. Rather my ambition is to create a text that gives it back: Evocative writing, writing as a method of inquiry into both research and reform and an attempt, through playing, of documenting becoming, but not as what is but a becoming of practices that love other. Such writing is always new and can never be copied.

Student at River High: *“One thing that I think we will become very good at, is to work in chaotic situations. We are all going to be stock brokers and work at stock markets or something like that”*. **Ask: - a break with normality; a monstrosity and a future danger.**

Obvious by now, it would be meaningless in this writing to talk of findings or results. Neither are there such things as categories that can represent what went on at River High. Only there are thematics and delineated “rhizomatics” (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983) of open trajectories of loose resonating aggregates as ways to trace how the space of knowledge change its contours. Scattered through the writing there are therefore personal and autobiographical narratives or self reflective “*writing stories*” (Richardson, 1994, 1997, 2000, Richardson & St.Pierre, 2005) and you have already read one of them. There are lines of flights, thematics or examples from the school. These are stories or examples of otherness that have made me worry and ask questions, stories of love, stories of displacement and stories that brake with normality, like the one you have already read kicking this whole thing off, at least for me. There are poems, experiments, jokes, songs and what I call SPUNK stories in the context of the reform effort at River High. There is Pippi, the strongest girl in the world. But they are not just mine. Some of them are told by others worrying about community and democracy too; teachers, students, caretakers.... But none are neutral or innocent, but they allow you to talk back. They allow you to ask your own questions and tell your own love stories. They allow you to go out and find your own examples and create a politics. We must SPUNK because it is there, the ghosts or the thing to think with and about, on the doorstep.

Even if it would be the normal thing to do, I should not actually be telling you anything about what I intend to do now; the next chapters that I have (not) planned, the stories

that I will tell you, and prepare you for their contents, because it would not be play. Besides there should not be chapters, rather everything and anything connected with it not. And I even think that there are no stories, at least not in a conventional way. And I do not know. However since this is a PhD thesis I guess I have to, so here is something. I will continue with another writing story and therefore to vacillate between theory, method and me, and this time it is about leaving the sweetness and loveliness of the candy store and embracing difficulties and a story mainly about de – authorizing and risking me. Or as this is in Ibsen’s Norway; I have tried to fight my own trolls. I have mourned. Secondly, I will write about “*creative analytical processes ethnographies*” or CAP ethnography (Richardson, 2000, Richardson & St Pierre, 2005) and “*method assemblage*” (Law, 2004) which actually what perhaps this writing is an example of. Third, I will write more about writing and about living I de authorized space; a space in which every speech act is a promise of justice and democracy to come. As we go along I will discuss becoming because in my view writing is a way of getting closer to a view of teachers and me and you - as thinking or rather philosophising human beings trying to make sense of what to think and what to do; the life of messianism and a messianic life. Meaning making through meaning nothing, learning something that make me act: Making possible a type of knowing – SPUNK/SPUNKING - enabling us, in my opinion, to distinguish between “*working in the world, as distinct from being “worked out and about” by it*”: Or rather to distinguish between what is our “*fate*” and what is our “*destiny*” (Bauman, 2005: 1095). Not therefore about being in control but about becoming. Mourn every word and put them to work. Talk to the ghosts. Towards utopia not, I believe this is a “*kind of adaptive tinkering that preserves what is valuable and remedies what is not*” (Tyack & Cuban, 1995/2003: 136). In the “*eight and ninth moments of qualitative research in/and the fractured future*” (Lincoln & Denzin, 2005:1115) this is what I have to worry about. This is what I have to give.

## A SPUNK story

I am interviewing Bernard, a science teacher. We talk about a lot of things and in between he tells me this story: “We were on a biology field trip with students. One of them, a boy, forgot his sweater by a lake, so we returned in order to pick it up. Suddenly, we saw this reindeer staggering in front of us. Many of the students wondered about what was the matter with it, and we agreed that it had to be ill. The student who was to pick up his sweater did not see this reindeer because he had run ahead of us down to the lake. Anyway, the reindeer disappeared behind a hill in front of us. After about 20 minutes we came down to the lake

and to the student picking up his sweater. But he was totally wild! We tried to calm him down but it was almost as if he did not understand or did not register neither what we did or said: He could not be talked to. Because you see, the reindeer that we had seen earlier had come down to the water and tried to drown itself. The student had seen this, felt sorry for it and he had tried to save it. He had grabbed it by the horns and tried to pull it out of the water, but he did not make it. The reindeer drowned in front of his eyes. One should expect that this episode was something that would stick with the student having made an impression, but when the students handed in a report about the field trip two weeks later this episode was not mentioned! That was a bit strange.”

A space of the theatrical “aside”, maybe this is they are this/these box/es, as a “*movement of play, permitted by the lack or absence of a centre or origin...a supplementarity*” (Derrida, 1978: 289. The underlining is replacing italics in the original). A space of the “aside” being post-history, a ruin where: “*the events of history shrivel up and become absorbed in the setting*” (Benjamin, 2003: 179) maybe, perhaps I hope. See St.Pierre (2000: 272-3) for more suggestions about the aside: Texts colliding and intruding upon each other in enabling disruptions, deterritorialized, moving towards the other. I try. - A passion of the outside. I love.

***1(2) Writing me; farewell lovely,  
welcome difficult, about hitting  
rock bottom but reporting myself  
off the sick list and slowly growing  
myself up***

It is not love and hate,  
love or hate, love/hate  
and/or lovehate, it is only  
love of....

*“In an economic, elliptic, hence dogmatic way, I would say that there is no politics without an organization of the time and space of mourning, without a topolotology of the sepulchre, without an anamnestic and thematic relation to the spirit as ghost, without an open hospitality to the guest as ghost whom one holds, just as he holds us, hostage” (Derrida,1993: 61).*

I met Linda; a student teacher, the other day in the staircase in the house we both live in. We stopped and discussed change and school reform in a postmodern society in which both teachers and students respectively are expected to create themselves and their own roles as learners. We discussed for a long time and finally Linda put it bluntly: *“So when everybody else seems to be idiots,*

*“Actually we cannot stand changes, but then we found out that it worked” (Student at River High).*

*“Nobody really wants to change. It costs too much” (Teacher at River High).*

*I have to change?”* Linda was preoccupied with her role as a future teacher and she was trying to figure out what her future work in a classroom would be like. She thought about students not responding to her teaching the way she had hoped and what she could do about it. I was preoccupied with my role as a researcher and theory and I felt that her blunt words were an exact description of my own experience as a researcher at River High and the process of mourning and haunting I had gone through the last years. Even before the sentence flickering

I remember one of the first Ph.D. disputes that I attended. The theme was project work and the use of ICT. A Ph.D. student had examined and compared three different schools. After some discussion one of the opponents sighed: *“What will it really take for teachers to change?”* And I remember that I thought: changing me, changing others, hmmm -?- but little did I realize then about what I had started within myself .....

by making me stop; the sentence that *“slowed me down and opened up otherness”* (Appelbaum, 1995: 64). I was struck by the depth in her words and in my opinion, she expressed the paradoxical, abnormal almost and in an exact way what change might mean, and what profound impact such process may have if we let them. If we mourn faithfully that is, avoiding



the dangers involved: *“The dangers of political calculation, personal retaliation, narcissism, and attempts at achieving good conscience”* (Brault & Naas, in Derrida, 2003:7). Mourning community/

*“Living is necessary, but hardly enough”* (Johannesen, G. 2001/04).

school, mourning science/research but mourning me, and therefore beyond “they/them, we/us” and “you/me”: Remembering and forgetting oneself, and I have already popped some questions.

After having deconstructed the concepts of data (St.Pierre, 1997.a.), validity (Lather, 1993), interviewing (Scheurich, 1995), the field (St.Pierre, 1997.b, 2000), experience (Scott, 1991), voice (Lather 2000), reflexivity (Pillow, 2003), narrative (Nesbor & Barylske, 1991, Bochner, 1997), ethnography (Britzman, 1995), legitimacy and thus an overall deconstruction

*“This does not seem to be a place where they teach students how to use a dictionary. That is something that we are supposed to already know how to do. But you know there are people in here that would have difficulties in turning to page X to find a word beginning with a G or an H”* (Student at River High).

of academia and research as such (Dirks, 1998; Lather, 1991, 2004.a.b; Law, 2004; Smithies & Lather, 1997; Richardson, 1994, 2000, 2004; Richardson & St.Pierre, 2005; St.Pierre & Pillow, 2000) there is only me left to be deconstructed- always: Me as teacher, me as researcher, me: “Me without me” and “the without”; a constituting part of me; the ghostliness of me, the trolls even. There is only me to risk. Already done by others that is but now it is my turn: And this turn; a turning against myself. *An auto - biography- ethnography- poem, promise, dream* but not. Unprotected rather and opening up. There is only me to invent and be invented and thus to come; me still not thought, double(d)opening opened up to more always. There is only me starting “another place”. There is my subjectivity; de-authorising me mourning me and possibly changing me. There is me to write and be written. Putting myself under erasure and a process therefore of trying to get real, and seeing myself and others, - River High - and therefore being able only to speak for myself, invent a politics but as a friend – yours and mine. Nothing is just theory any more; no theory referred, written only. Nothing is

*“I get so stressed here, because the teachers excuse themselves, but they do not excuse us”* (Student at River High).

copied, automatic or a programme; any mimesis infused with otherness. I am a filter that everything and anything has gone – goes - through but not. A simultaneous process therefore of being decolonized but retheorized and seeing you and what I must and how, after the trial of aporia, decide, do, say and give back - for you to be OK and both of us empowered and wanting to go on. The aporetic form of a common vulnerability however the only thing I know. A common hesitation about what is that is too. Subject therefore as “*neither a ground nor a product, but the permanent possibility of a certain resignifying process*” (Butler, 1992: 13). A subjectivity therefore immune against itself so to speak, or subjectivity as “*autoimmunity*” (Derrida, 1994.b, 2005); the living aporetic I double(d) and always to come as a right to self critique and perfectibility; opening up ultimately the possibility of thinking you and me together; intersubjectivity but not, community but not - because I want to. And therefore I can very well stand that you talk back to me, that you may disagree and wonder too. Not because I am, not because you are, but because we both are or rather not. Because we both are but not – idiots I mean. We both matter. We both are. We both speak. And none of us are in control; ghosts everywhere. A process thus of getting real about how to become a teacher/researcher in the first place both position and giving direction and setting me free, but you and I together. Facing my/your ultimate otherness and constituting alterity and freedom therefore as something to get only at the price of the unknown/SPUNK: Free to change, free to play and you and I- me not knowing and therefore SPUNKING together; our subjectivities divided and non foundational and everything without; subjectivity without subjectivity in relations without relations: Ghost-writing, freedom-writing, writing together. The couple “*same/other*” introduces the dimensions of mourning” intensifying thereby through a substitutive value, as we shall see, the couple of “*absence/presence*” (Derrida, 2003:150). And here comes a sentence I love: Both of us therefore to be carried from a problem to an answer by the zero - again and again and again.

I was welcomed as a researcher by the teachers and the students at River High and we talked about bringing with us the best of tradition.

“*We never get some proper training. Everything is just theory*”  
(Teacher at River High).

And I went to all the stores. But there was nothing to buy and nothing to have, but still there was something - “*something*” (Levinson, 1998: 286) to find. But as you know, it took a long time and it was not easy and I had a few stops, a few shocks, a few sweaters to find and even some to knit myself, a few laughs and having to hit rock bottom; paralyzed, before I was able

to move on; visit the doctor and climb walls. But not once and for all; I have to practice and be reminded again and again and again. That is the work. That is the mourning. That is what I must, but not. That is however what I want. *Who am I to do this? I stumble, I tremble and shiver.* But still, I do not know how many times I have started writing this chapter for example saying that I am going to talk about myself, but very soon I have ended up talking about either “we”, “us”, “them”, “they” or even “you”, thinking that we are either the same or separated by an impermeable boundary between two homogeneous spaces: Still thinking either/or and

“We are all solitary here”  
(Teacher at River High).

ultimately therefore making both of us numerically particular only and preventing the creation of a singularity, “*Das Einzene*” (Kierkegaard, 1994) or a subjectivity autoimmune and to come through undecidability and not knowing. SPUNK. *If you and I are the same, what is there to give and how to give it? If you and I are separated how can we be together? (Are you reading again? You know we must never know)* How many times have I thought that “*they don’t see, and what they need is...*”? I have talked about and on behalf of. Monumentalizing or universalizing me and what I know what I have done, monumentalizing or universalizing them and what they know what I have done – or maybe just simply the other way around; knowing nothing. Either way I have ended up in relativism only. And therefore I have ended up either with theory only; other peoples’ words, knowledge, or actually speechless and without any words at all. Many times, and in the most unexpected situations I have too said; “*we are all different, and that is that*”, and I feel embarrassed. I should know more. What I have done, in good Hegelian faith, is to close, define, conceptualize, understand and try to overcome once and for all: *Go away, it cannot be, it is too difficult, and don’t I know anything? I thought I did, and I think I do. How can I as a teacher and researcher stand in front of other people /students and express lack of certainty and not knowing? What do I say and how? And what do I know? How blind is blind and who is?* I guess consoling myself or relieving myself from a feeling of failure and failing is what I have tried. And it took a long time before I realized that that is exactly what I should do – “fail” I mean: Because such is the “*work and the law of mourning, and the law of the law, always in mourning, that it would have to fail in order to succeed. In order to succeed, it would well have to fail, to fail well.....And while it is always promised, it will never be assured*” (Derrida, 2003: 144). And here I cannot help myself: I

“I just cannot understand how difficult creating community is. I do not understand why we cannot make it!” (Teacher at River High).

want therefore not “*a successful failure*” (Varenne, H. & McDermott, R., 1998), rather a failed success, but not.

Consolation is one of the dangers of mourning too because it is what I might do when I do not know what to do and what to say. Or when I avoid things or when something seems to be impossible and unintelligible. I have obviously and plainly enough just tried not to feel like an idiot. *Protecting myself. What about some gratitude here? - How difficult is it to change?* I do not know how many detective – or crime stories I have watched on TV in the evenings being obsessed with finding out who the murderer is, while during the workday having been preoccupied with trying to write about other and otherness. Instead of looking for that, I guess I have tried to identify, interiorize and unify: The thought of a decolonized,

nonfoundational and divided self, theory only: My mourning thus still not faithful but false. It is too much for me sometimes. *My self respect, my soul even! At what cost am I doing this? Even my feet hurt. In order to get to sleep at night I must listen to the radio and concentrate*

“Not all students quit school because of school”  
(Teacher at River High).

*on one issue only just to calm my brain down.* I want to walk away. And I realize that you might want to walk away too, from it, from me - you. I recognize so well this “*tremendous emotional pressure to prove oneself worthy, to forget feelings of helplessness and not being in control, and to pretend that one has already*

“We are like Christopher Columbus. He set off not knowing where he would go. And when he came back he did not know where he had been” (Teacher at River High).

*learned and so can just go on”,* in this case, “*with teaching*” (in my case with research) that Britzman (2003: 18) shows us and tells us about, but not. I must not rest. Take care

of the negatives. *What is being in control?* Look at the words again; without the negative, aporia or the “but not” here for example, me saying all these things would actually be identification and narcissism for you OK: Identification with you maybe. But remember it can only be, but not. In fact everything I write could be or perceived as a presence – but/and therefore actually I might not avoid non of the dangers involved, if the “but not” is forgotten at any moment that is, so remind me about it. *I will. Thinking about and through the presence/absence couple I try.*

*Writing about something I do not know what is.* I could have quit, but I did not. But where are the words? For a long time I could not find them. I was lost and I did not know where to go. I watched myself struggle: Lessons only, no play. I was caught in my own web, my words constative not performative, and what I was left with, and still is sometimes, was a practice of

learning and knowledge production as a process of analysis, interpretation and critique of a certain knowledge only; of what is only, making more and other difficult even to imagine. It took time before I realized that getting lost was exactly what I should. And I hit rock bottom with words like failure, loss and paralysis on my mind, but it was then that I turned against myself. You know Columbus did find something even if it was already found. Hard work what this is – I found -and difficult. - Ghosts giving me a lot to think about and the most to do.

## **A SPUNK story**

I was at a dinner party the other day. It was so nice and the food and wine was excellent. I sat opposite a man whom I had only met a couple of times before. I knew little about him other than that he was a managing director in a pretty large company (according to Norwegian standards). So I asked him how work was. He answered very enthusiastically and told me that he was now leading a huge project designed to attract talented students from East Europe to work in his business either here in Norway or closer to their own country but still for the same Norwegian company: “They are so talented. We hired the top 5 students from the University of M..... the other day. In the interview, the best student had a ragged sweater on, he was embarrassed and tried to hide it, and told us that he wanted this opportunity so badly because he had a younger sister to take care of. They are so eager and ”hungry“ for success these students. We send them to Norway to train them for a couple of months after graduation. We let them stay in hotels and you know that is more like heaven for these people. They work very hard and we are pleased and they are pleased”.

I am very happy for these youths and I think they deserve every chance of creating a good life for themselves and their families. However, maybe only curious but also maybe seeing myself as some kind of a representative of the Norwegian educational system, I asked why he went abroad to get hold of talent? Maybe I played innocent? He answered that “there simply are not enough people in Norway. We need more skilled people if we want to compete. Another thing is that Norwegian youth are not that clever; - at least they are not that “hungry” for success any more. They are so used to living in this “oily” welfare country that they almost do not know what working is about. Or at least they chose to do other things than hard engineering and heavy construction work which is what my company is about. Even my own two sons choose otherwise”. And I did not like what he said. And I did not like him much when he said it. But in some kind of flash I realized/thought/saw the monstrosity of us (my generation, if there is such a thing) skipping the next, because of lack of words. Not him, he had his words. But me and mine, because we might not know what to do about them, what to say to them or what to give to them in order to let them participate and join. The young I mean, the child. What is the duty here? What is my obligation? Of course we can afford in this rich country to let them choose, but not. I must always choose, but not. We are all different, but not. I must always decide, but not. I am so glad: When something has found its words resistance can be mobilized. Give them back. What does it all mean? What is it to

give someone a chance? What is it to be given one? Talk to me, to it, to him, to us, to school ... What do you think we should do?

- imagine a school that....but not. What is this school anyway?

*“This not – knowing is not a lacuna. No progress of knowledge could saturate an opening that must have nothing to do with knowing. Nor therefore with ignorance” (Derrida, 1994.b: 37).*

I reread “The Wild Duck”  
the other day (Ibsen,  
1884/2006).

Who owes who what?  
Who/how/why to make Daddy  
happy?

*The king is dead, long lives the king: The  
only possible invention, the impossible  
invention*

*“When we mourn we are at loss because we cannot find the words, however we must find a way to pass through this paralysis in order to move on. But not through forgetting, not through memory only, but through memory and mourning” (Derrida, 2003: 95, 214,):*

Speaking in memory of the word and through mourning. *What is this school anyway? -feeling best you know when my sense of emancipation preserves the memory of what it emancipates from.* And it was here that I fully encounter the double(d) of the Derridean double session of deconstruction aligning projects of affirmation with destabilization of master discourses (Radhrshnan,1996): A non-authoritarian mode of knowledge production or a type of knowledge production invested in both affirmation and negation, both critique and postcritical valorization. Knowledge production invested in the notion of debt and giving something back, empowerment therefore as a thinking of subjectivity consisting of a will to more and other always. A willingness to participate in the creation of realities: Nothing but something but never definite or finite; a *“learning heart”* (Lather & Smithies, 1997) what I need. - Giving, but not as such, “only” as something to think of and with. Thus this double gesture (respect and disrespect, fidelity and violation, preservation and emancipation, description and transformation) that *“pervades Derrida’s work”* (Royle, 2003:32). Leaving the sweetness of the candy store was the hardest part; all the things I thought I knew and hoped were there, and maybe even worse (for me at least) ought to be. Leaving me (or the notion of the foundational subject/object) in the candy store that is, because ultimately that is what this is

“It is this feeling of participating in something that is wrong that bothers me ” (Teacher at River High).

about. *Being left with quasi me, quasi everything and anything. Forbidden to collect....* Sometimes however I want to insist that it is there still, but

then I see myself again and you and... . *What might you think of me? All these questions always and no rest never. - All this talk of everything and anything and something that is not? Are you never content with anything, Anne? Is this some kind of mission? Do you want to change the world?*

However leaving the hardware store was terrible too because I had to admit that you may have a point even if I do not like you and you foxy face. Even if I know you try to cheat. Even if I know that you are positively wrong. And even if I know that I am not. Right or wrong not what this is about: *I prefer knitting, but sewing might still be a useful thing to know and do. It cost/gave me. - Changing the world, but me only.*

I was interviewing a teacher the other day. Of course we talked about reform. We talked about the reform at River High. We talked about before and now. We talked about changing and I commented on something the teacher had said; “- yes, and maybe lift ourselves up a bit from the level we’re on today?” The teacher answered quietly: “Well, yes, definitely. Then we really have to go down .....or up.....”.

In Norway we have a huge programme on today. A school reform programme labelled “The knowledge lift”.

“Keeping up appearances”  
Teacher at River High.

On my way to, and still even inside the doctor’s office I have considered Luhmann’s (1999) concept of *autopoiesis* or self-creation; the concept itself a creation or discovery of the link between history and poetry: A mixing of genres that I liked and an opening towards more. Creation being the sole form that discovery can take, whereas self-discovery is the principal act of creation. Luhmann’s functionalism however not situated in any part of society reiterating therefore abstract space only, “even if that space is now occupied with

“Pedagogy is so dull, just tell me what to do and I will do it” (Teacher at River High).

*autopoietic systems*” (Løvlie, 2004:10). *Poiesis* is Greek for the servile action of necessity, praxis on the other hand the realm of free action of citizens (free men). Ultimately this makes a difference and you will see/have seen that I prefer the latter and why. I have considered the Foucaultian (1979) paradigm of sovereignty. Upside down inside out I worked with the concept of “governmentality” for some time. Enlightening as far as what is, and scary as far

as what might be: Fight, but where do I start? Listen to one of the administrators when he commented the fact that more students than normal had quit school the first six months of reform: *“That was not the intention, I do not know what happened”* (Field notes). Listen also to one of the teachers commenting on the more constructivist pedagogy they were trying to implement at River High, a pedagogy emphasising students’ responsibility for their own learning: *“The experience and the impression that we have is in fact that the clever students are, or do OK, but the not so clever students .... (hesitates)..., just do so to a certain extent. - But maybe it feels better now for the weak students - now that they can work on their own. Maybe they feel better now than what they did in the last reform model that we tried”*. Listen to another teacher: *“The students will take the responsibility when they get lousy grades for Christmas”*. Or another: *“Students will take more responsibility when they realize that there is an exam coming up soon”* (Field notes). Governing, governed, suppression, oppression – me, what, you? Being left alone? All? What responsibility? -Ultimately mine? *Who is in debt? Am I?*

*“I guess it is me not exploiting the possibilities that are given to me”* (Student at River High).

A group of visiting teachers are guided through the school building by one of the local teachers at River High. One of the visitors tells the others that she has asked one of the students if he works enough at school? The student had answered that sometimes he had to put some extra effort into it at home if he had not worked enough during student led lessons.

The guide: *“Ok, but then he has understood how this is supposed to function”*.

Visitor: *“Yes, he takes the blame himself then”*.

The guide: *“Yes, exactly”*.

Teacher: *“We have talked for years about making a joint grammar course relevant for all language teaching, but we have never managed to do it”*.

I encountered, or I might rather say met Buber (1993, 2003) and Levinas (1998): Their morale, their humanism and love of *“the other”* the only thing worth living for, I ultimately believe. *“Heteronomy”* (Levinas) as that of giving to the other my freedom to that of yours and your rights. That is my debt. Not as a balance of resistance though as you will see. *Now I can say it but it took time*. I worked with the promise of *“dialogue”* and *“speech*



genres” and I enjoyed being at the “carnival” (Bakhtin, 1986,2003) for a long time, but it made me too smooth. I love the carnival, I love fun, but I am afraid of inverts only: The absence of the founding body - yes, but- anti-body too much for me. -Even if that might not have been the intention. A power rather coming from “*the exchange between the cadaver and language*”, from the “*ontological transfiguration of the body*” (Derrida, 2003:151), I prefer. Afraid of irony too I am; afraid if easiness: “*the shared hesitation which may all too-easily be drowned by a snickering caused by the embarrassment of interaction, or by disagreement*” (Edgoose, 2001/02:131.). Afraid of fatalism, afraid of war, afraid of too high a velocity or speed as such, afraid of dependency (on frames and structures, other people, money maybe too) afraid of just doing without knowing without thinking (“smart” missiles? (Just go ahead: Read more again)), afraid of loneliness, afraid of my security, my shelter as “*a primal shelter to compensate for personal disarray*” (Kristeva in “*Nations without Nationalism*” referred in Bauman, 2005:1094-5) that is. - Consolation again, protection, calculation, retaliation... ? Developing therefore just a genre of mine I do/did. -You developing a genre of yours? Multiple and different the result may be, but so what? How empowering is (knowing and/or doing) that? - A benign variation only; a harmonious empty pluralism, mass individuality full stop? It made me for some time a rabulist maybe, but not a rabulist but not. It made me float away. No direction. It demanded too much of me, or it made me rest and be content. It gave me good conscience. Or I wanted to give it all up.

Again and again however I seemed to know, at least I thought so, but the doors to the shops closed right in my face - game over: Everyone right in everything they say, but they seem to know what they talk about. The theories were brilliant and relevant and explaining so much. But there were either embedded solutions or lack of political force. The gift given to me (read theory, text, concepts, model, strategy, rule, knowledge, name, subject, object) monumentalized or universalized and therefore given “as such”, right or wrong but I could not find a way to touch, and be touched, but not. I became a spectator only. Everything fragmented. I believe “tourist” is the word. But in fact I was paralysed; what to say, what to

<p>“My department is still in the old school building. It is cosy there. We have a lot of ugly walls” (Student at River High).</p>
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do? Choosing? Deciding? What is in this for me? What is in this for me for you – us - community? *What do I*

*know? What do I do? And how do I /It become important to you? How can I matter? What can I give? What is it that you know? And how other is other? What is more? What is better - for me, for you? Is*

it? However what ultimately caught my attention, was Batailles'(1988) concept of "*the negative community*"; the community of those who have no community, - and further his

"The students do not always know what they do not know. Therefore we try to be more conscious about letting them explain to us what they do not manage"  
(Teacher at River High).

- yes! Speak to it. Teachers, me too.

paradoxical concept of "*l'expérience interieure*". This being about an "*(inner) experience*", that opens up or dissolves the subject against that which is something other than an "*(outer) experience*" and this again being an experience conditioned by

community; - "*the monstrosity of a future we do not want*": The philosophy of Derrida, touching Khôra, his double(d) onto – ontological deconstructive logic of mourning and haunting and his "paradigm" of autoimmunity obviously linked or related, but not. *We cannot create... .. how can we not?* Derrida, thus promising me only the reinvention of educational interactions and /or relations and the reinvention of education in every interaction/relation: The educator – meyouwe(?) - therefore constantly caught in a moment where my/your/our decision will change not only the future and present but also the past. This reinvention though still oriented to the particular needs of the other. And I talk about doing research – a researcher too - remember?

And that is what I love; the "but not" I mean. Because you know, the thing about Derrida is that when he gives (and/or promise) something, he does not and therefore he sets me free: Free from his words and his theories and free to create my own and you too always in context or where we are but not; positioning and giving direction, through aporia and judgement. Free thus to possibly change myself: Theory but not, authority but not, control but not, lost but not: Dr. Derrida giving medicine (read gift), but not. Rather putting anything and everything under erasure and thus in motion. And enabling and engendering me through aporetic thinking to do the same: This thinking being this eventually impossible relation between aporia and decision making and aporia thus as the very "*locus of the political force*" in Derrida's work (Beardsworth,1996/98: xiv). My will and what I want. Because, like Pippi, we must always know, but not; groping along. We must always decide. But we will never know; letting go immediately we must. Relativizing but not however disqualifying; free from knowledge but not from trying to know, or as you know by now SPUNK. That is the adventure and the funseriousness of it all. Derrida thus questions and wonders and breaks up but always through chasing for Otherness; the otherness in sameness, the sameness

in otherness; inside, outside inclusion and exclusion: The odd things, the things that are not, but not for the sakes of nothing, rather for the sakes of “something”: *“In fact Derrida wants us to get a little lost”* (Caputo, 1993:124 in Lather 2004.a:1). Free to change but not free from duty, the duty to live and act morally: A duty to humanism or life and trying good and more always; a duty to give something back, but not. - A duty also to know and act. Throughout his work again and again, but only after having used the term “aporia”, (a good example in Derrida, 2003: 144) referring to a double- bind or double/singular duty to *“make come or let come any event of decision or of responsibility”* (Derrida,1993: 16) in every class, occasion, meeting or situation, Derrida speaks. He speaks thus of a school/community/democracy /research/ teaching or any phenomena but to come only and always after having gone through the trial of aporia: The big picture in the small picture, the small in the big, the negative in the positive, positive in negative, and always trying and more. I can try. It is my duty. Inventing everything and anything, me and you again and again because I must; always new, break it up, disrupt, displace, see again, try another. Keep it open. Otherwise I get stuck, paralyzed, saying nothing doing nothing. That is my responsibility towards meyou. And that is ultimately decision making. We have to decide, but after judgement and always letting go and again and again. Throughout Derrida’s work this can be seen through the monstrosity almost of his humbleness through the way he always addresses, by apologizing, both to his audience and his own work – relativizing but without disqualifying, rather by always pointing out X (read deconstruction, gift, supplement, trace, mark, dissimulation, detour, *différance*, secret and so on), - *“if there is such a thing”* -ultimately what he does is that he is opening up but/and leaving “something” to me. Visible but crossed out. Initiative maybe – will, me, thought, you, us, force, must, duty? *You have no idea how long it took before I could write; “because I want to”*. *Relativizing without disqualifying, rather having rehabilitated my subjectivity through aporetic thinking and thus only speaking for myself; my style, what I think, - what I think I know now. My own words: Doing research, if there is such a thing, through me only. - Groping along not and always. Giving, but not, humble, but not, me but not, you but not... - Being a bastard among other bastards only; vulnerable, idiot, human. I think now, but not before, I might be ready for Foucault and all the others.*

## About language? - gift? – giving?

I read a notice in the local newspaper the other day. It was about safety equipment in boats and the necessity of using life vests: "More than a hundred years ago, fishermen would rather drown than learn to swim. They thought that those who could swim "*so much longer had to endure the death anxiety*". The journalist commented that: "*Maybe the fishermen had a point then; there were no life vests and the chance of getting rescued was minimal*". But; the journalist continued: "*Today however this is a lousy excuse because modern live vests are cheap, effective and life saving*".

Adressavisen 08.06.06.

*Come. Derrida.*

Francois Ewald: *Is there is a philosophy of Jacques Derrida?*

Jacques Derrida: No.

FE: *Therefore there is no message.*

JD: No message.

FE: *Is there anything normative?*

JD: Of course there is, there is nothing but. However, if you are implicitly asking me whether what I am saying (there) is normative in the ordinary sense of this term, I would have more trouble answering you. Why am I not very fond of this word "normative" (in this context)? What I have (just) suggested about responsibility points instead to a law, toward an imperative injunction to which one must eventually respond without a norm, without, at the present time, a presentable normativity or normality, without anything which would eventually be an object of knowledge, belonging to an order of being or of value. I am not even sure that the concept of *duty (devoir)* (or in any case of *having –to –be (devoir-etre)*) can measure up to it. No doubt, one will be tempted to reply: It is difficult to deduce a politics, a morality or a law from all of these apparently negative and abstract propositions. I think the opposite. If they cut down or hold back on such doubts, questions, reservations, clauses of non-knowledge, and so on, then politics, morality, and law (which I do not confuse here with justice\*) draw assurance from and reassure themselves in, delusion and good conscience – and are never far from being or from doing *something other* than morality, politics, and law.

(Derrida 2001/02:71, italics in the original. Derrida's interview with Francois Ewald)

\*For a discussion on the distinction between law and justice, see "Force of Law" 1994.a, and "The Other Heading", 1992.a.

When Derrida gives a gift it is thus always a gift without: a gift always, but not: Always under erasure and always after the trial and experience of aporia or this necessary aporetic analysis of gift and thus duty, both double and single or rather an "*over-duty*" and thus action undertaken "*out of the sense of duty*" and therefore (in agreement with Kant) as

the very condition of morality (Derrida,1993:16). *How can we not create community and what will happen if we do not?* Leaving me to me and my will thus to act morally together and with others. For something therefore to be given and had; for something to touch and be touched by, it must pass through aporia always. The plural logic of aporia, the formal negativity, the impossible, the impossible invention - inventing me, the antinomy or contradiction from which there is no passage because *“its elementary milieu does not allow for something that could be called a passage, step, walk, gate, displacement, or replacement, a kinesis in general”* (Ibid: 21). In the blind spot of understanding: The double(d) b(l)ind ultimately: My will to both self critique and perfectibility, touching and being touched, always trying more

<p>They think it is courage that makes me choose the fight</p> <p>compulsion it is to try to change</p> <p>They think it is desire that makes me choose the challenge</p> <p>fear it is that everything will just go on</p> <p>They think that I am thick-skinned because I fight and challenge</p> <p>cry I do and bleed</p> <p>can however not other</p> <p>Marta Tikkanen, (1978/1999 My translation).</p>	<p>and other, but as an interminable experience: Suspension because it must never and cannot ever <u>be</u> or be <u>overcome</u>, undecidability because I must never and cannot ever <u>know</u>, urgency because I must <u>decide</u> because that is my moral duty and if I do not I ultimately fail to <u>do</u> anything, to <u>mean</u> anything, to have <u>any</u> importance: Indifferent only, indifference only. No force, no politics, no pedagogy. No moral or ethical deliberations. No justice. No me and you together. Derrida continues: <i>“The most general and therefore most indeterminate form of this double and single duty is that a responsible decision must obey an “it is necessary” that owes nothing, it must obey a <u>duty that owes nothing, that must owe nothing in order to be a duty, a duty that has no debt to pay back, a duty without debt and therefore without duty”</u></i> (underlining replacing italics in the original). There is no choice. <i>“Just decide!”</i> (Edgoose, 2001/02). And only then you go on, inventing something new. Only then you create. Only then you produce. But not on the basis of what you know or not, but on the basis ultimately of having failed to know and that being exactly what you must: Failing well that is, always through aporia. Not on the basis of having something to give or not, but on the basis ultimately of having no gift at all, because there is none to give and non to have. Still there is something as that one must never stop thinking about. Derrida explains: <i>“this may require from now on a distinction among several</i></p>
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*registers of debt, between a finite debt and an infinite debt, between debt and duty, between a certain erasure and a certain affirmation of debt - and sometimes a certain erasure in the name of affirmation”* (in Trifonas, 2000:183). What is there to give? Read more later again. What is this school? I’ll come back to this decision making.

All of Derridas’ work can thus actually be approached and thought about starting from the notion of the gift. Ultimately what he does, through de-construction, is that he calls the giving of gift giving a nice someone else or other into question. Pointing out that gift means poison in German (and I can ad in Norwegian), and also relating back to the “Phàrmakon” (drug, medicine) as undecidably “charm”, “remedy” and “poison” (Derrida, 1981.a:131-2) he wonders if there is such a thing as a gift: A gift given so that there is nothing to pay back; and that being the duty. The Phàrmakon ultimately as that which resists its other, but not by exclusion, on the contrary, by inclusion and substitution. The Phàrmakon as simultaneously suffering and that which resists the same suffering as it indulges to its logic. Derrida is thus recognizing that any phenomena (subject, object) is dependant of an alterity, but at the same time this constituting aspect can be experienced by itself as a threat and will try to defend itself against it. His account seeks thus to acknowledge the insidious extent to which narcissistic self – gratification or unconscious gratification may be at work in the act of giving. After aporia, the “act” itself thus actually becomes impossible for whoever gives can only give what he or she cannot perceive, even unconsciously: *“At the limit, the gift as gift ought not appear as gift: either to the donee or to the donor. It cannot be gift as gift except by not being present as gift..... If the other perceives or receives it, if he or she keeps it as a gift, the gift is annulled. But the one who gives it must not see it or know it either; otherwise he begins to, at the threshold, as soon as he intends to give, to pay himself with a symbolic recognition, to praise himself, to approve of himself, to gratify himself, to congratulate himself, to give back to himself symbolically the value of what he thinks he has given or what he is preparing to give”* (Derrida, 1992.b:14 underlining replacing italics in the original). And I take the chance of asking again; what is it to be given a chance?

<p><i>“The gift is mad. It is a madness. Like différance”</i> (Derrida, 1994.b: 27).</p>
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as someone  
present to

A gift therefore only as *“that which has nothing proper; it is a reference that can have no referent”* (Naas,1996 in Royle, 2003:142): The “impossible” gift; the gift without gift, a

gift not to be had (Derrida, 1994.b). Because there is no proper name or gift “as such” at all (no word or concept, no theory, no narrative, no genre, no story, no text, no history or poem), there is nothing to be given or had, and must not be. And mourning starts right there: Mourning every word, mourning me and mourning you, and therefore another thinking of the “I” and “you” at issue. What is the relation? What is there to give? What is there to do? A gift without gift, me without me you without you and a relation without relation research without research teaching without teaching. And of course, as we now would expect, mourning without mourning. Remember; the withouts is all there is and aporia the only thing I can be certain of. SPUNK Now we might speak or talk. No prestige. No gifts. No need of either; normal, vulnerable. Now we might talk together about what is, but not; being a researcher without a gift and therefore I can only write and you too: Community but not. Do not try to understand. *“The impossibility or double-bind of the gift: for there to be gift, it is necessary that the gift not even appear, that it not be perceived or received as gift”* (Derrida, 1992.b: 16): The gift therefore as writing or as *“a poem and a break with presence”* “only” (Derrida in Kamuf (Ed.), 1991: 221-237). –As love. And here is, by the way and somewhere, one that I like. Challenging doxa or what it is actually possible to speak of today what this ultimately might be about.

Always under erasure Derrida questions, he suggests, he tries, he challenges, he explores, he dwells, he copies, he cuts off, cuts up, divides, supplies, ads, interrupts, breaks up, supplants, displaces, he cites, he remembers, he shops, he hunts, he loves, he plays and doubles: Speaking in memory of the word and through mourning: Everything and anything, abyss, Khôra, place for all things, home. At least that is how I read him. Therefore he writes “only”. No gifts given “as such”: Deconstruction ultimately as the poststructural notion of the non foundational aspects and therefore instability of language, and the necessity thus of problematizing; creating and recreating concepts in every context, but as a positive *“science of grammatology”* and *“writing”* (Derrida, 1967/76:74-93). Ulmer (1985/87) argues for replacing deconstruction with grammatology or rather *“grammatological writing”*: Grammatology being a more inclusive notion embracing both deconstruction and writing. Writing therefore not only understood in the special sense of textualist *écriture*, but also in the sense of a compositional practice: *“Deconstruction and Writing are complementary operations, but the latter more practical and productive and therefore privileged if we want to extend ourselves by force of play, if we want to explore the practical extension of*

*deconstruction into decomposition*” (Ibid: x). If you want more that is: Inventing more, something else, something new. Living morally and make decisions. The things I cannot stop thinking about. If you want to move beyond the programme, beyond reason and what is only: Deconstruction thus as the analysis of texts and other presences to reveal traces of absence, alterity or Otherness; the otherness in me even, me as text, deconstructing me, writing me, - you. I am language. I am text. I am writing, because you know “*there is nothing outside ...*” (Derrida, 1967/76:158). Language therefore not as the result of ones individuality; “*rather language constructing subjectivities in ways that are historically and locally specific*” (Richardson, 2005: 961). The individual therefore as both the site and

”*Everything is very theoretical here in a way. One could have read it all! One does not have to experience it to understand how it is in a way. Normally it has to be experienced in order to understand how people are together, but here everything can just be explained with words because that is what it is like*” (Student at River High).

subject of discursive “*struggles for identity and for remaking memory*” (Ibid: 962): Ones subjectivity shifting and contradictory- not stable, fixed and rigid. A writing therefore under erasure always, a writing structured by and between life and death, the law of the law, and practice as praxis of aporia: Writing thus ultimately a gift, writing as gift, the gift of writing, and paradoxically leaving something with/to me; SPUNK And it got me moving on but it was not easy. *I just write. I write me. Under erasure. Learning something.*

And now, reluctantly though, I have to ask what is this force of play, or rather this metonymic force of alterity; of memory and mourning? This changing of names, this emptying of words and their meaning and filling them up again? The words I must use but not? Both object and resource: Thus this force but/and loss having this pivoting but liberating effect? Derrida’s work on mourning is connected to grieving friends who have died and grieving as their friend, not in denial of death but trying to keep the friends alive through mourning death itself and thus speaking in memory of the word: The aporetic structure of death or death without death. Mourning is thus about keeping someone or something alive through language. But school is not dead. I am not and neither are you, so why mourning? Why point to mourning specifically? And does this mean any reduction as far as the importance of aporia and ghosting is concerned? The answer to the last question is clearly no;



everything and anything... . . . To point out mourning is because it is only with regard to death that we can actually approach the aporetic structure of both being and time and thus the finality of spectral living or Khôra. This is the necessary knowledge of finitude, the law of human finitude and the law thus before the name (gift), of any name or concept. Mourning therefore as a process preoccupied with - and aware of the structurality of structure or the “*concept of the concept*” (Derrida, 1967/76:147), the loss, the aporia in which we are left at death.

When Derrida speaks of mourning he thus speaks of it as an “*originary mourning*” (Derrida, 1993: 39), consisting in recognizing that the dead are now only “*in us*”, and now only images “*for us*”. Mourning thus as a way of realizing that the friend, now dead, is only living in me, and in order to keep him/her alive and being a friend in return one must keep on talking to him/her/it: (School/community/democracy living in me, me living in me - you). And yet there is a limit to this interiorization because it is ultimately denied and can never be completed; and due to the aporetic structure ultimately impossible. Identification but not, identity but not; the “*possibility of the impossible*” thus commands “*the whole rhetoric of mourning,*” and ultimately why the aporia of mourning entailing thus a logic of a double – bind, and itself dictates that “*success fails*” and “*failure succeeds*” (Derrida, 2003: 34-35). If we mourn faithfully that is. And that is what we must at least if we want to avoid experiencing death as death only; as a finish, end or nothing: The friend just not alive any more and thus forgotten; vacuumed away. One has to keep the memory of the loved one within oneself, to remain faithful in memory and to the memory of the beloved. At the same time, one has to let the other remain other, in other words to ensure that the other remain other; to ensure that the other is not assimilated or effectively wiped out as other. Someone has died, but he/she goes on living as an image “*in us*”. But not interiorized, not as mine but beyond me, in us but totally other, so that nothing we can say of them or to them can touch them in their infinite alterity. The king is dead, long lives the king: The other living in me as *ghost* and thus ghosts ultimately as “*the concept of the other in the same.... The completely other, dead, living in me*” (Ibid: 41-42). And to speak to the ghost is the only way of keeping the friend, me and you – school - alive: Keeping school alive by speaking, but what is it anyway? *Easier to be silent, but I must not.* Here is a quote I love: “*The faithful one is someone who is in mourning. Mourning is an interiorization of the dead other, but it is also the contrary. Hence the impossibility of completing one’s mourning and even the will not to*

*mourn are also forms of fidelity. If to mourn and not to mourn are two forms of fidelity and two forms of infidelity, the only thing remaining – and this is where I speak of semi-mourning – is an experience between the two. I cannot complete my mourning for everything I lose, because I want to keep it, and at the same time, what I do best is to mourn, is to lose it, because by mourning, I keep it inside me” (Derrida, 1995.b: 151-2).*

The “I” (read school just as well) can thus only become an “I” after a meeting with the other, after having interiorized the other but only such that there will be in me a trace of a necessary and constituting alterity that can not be overcome in any Hegelian sense. This is both the law and the force and autoimmunity thus ultimately referring to the doubleness of all sources in general and thus as the endemic or “normal” condition of alterity that I am haunted by and thus must live and acquire. Because this is how tradition works. If we want to keep what is good that is. Good for both me and you. Bringing with us the best through acquiring doubleness through an ultimate alterity to which I must speak. Autoimmunity ultimately as a double(d) phenomena of both harm and growth and the condition of life: The instituting moment of any institution including that of the subject; me. - The doubleness of me. There is thus a *“dissymmetry that can be interiorized only by exceeding, fracturing, wounding, injuring, traumatizing the interiority that it inhabits or that welcomes it through hospitality, love, or friendship”* (Derrida, 2003: 160): Me, not me without you, you not you without me, school/community not without. Any opposition in any play or any writing, remembering and mourning, will thus never be one of a simple symmetry or any ontology. And now I cite Derrida;

*“Either play is nothing (and that is its only chance); either it can give place to no activity, to no discourse worthy of the name – that is, one charged with truth or at least with meaning – and then it is alogos or atopos. Or else play begins to be something and its very presence lays it open to some sort of dialectical confiscation. It takes on meaning and works in the service of seriousness, truth and ontology. Only logoi peri onton can be taken seriously.*

*“We are like an unhappy family without being able to solve its problems”  
(Teacher at River High).*

*As soon as it comes into being and into language, play erases itself as such. Just as writing must erase itself as such before truth, etc. The point is that there is no as such where writing or play is concerned. Having no essence, introducing difference as the condition for the*

*presence of essence, opening up the possibility of the double, the copy, the imitations, the simulacrum – the game and the graphe’ are constantly disappearing as they go along. They cannot in classical affirmation, be affirmed without being negated”* (1981. a.:155).

And to assure you that I know something maybe; haunting or rather “*hauntology*” therefore as a “*logic of hunting*” that would “*not be merely larger and more powerful than an ontology.... It would harbour within itself, but like circumscribed places or particular effects, eschatology and teleology themselves, it would comprehend them, but incomprehensibly*” (Derrida, 1994.b:10). Mourning ultimately as hard work and therefore a “*love or friendship*” that “*would be nothing other than the passion, the endurance, and the patience of this work*” (Derrida, 2003: 146). Derrida of course having deconstructed the friend/enemy relation (1997.a.) leaving me, through this double gesture, with a duty to speak too: Speaking as a friend and with love to you, me, us, school. “*Hospitality*”, ultimately as a hospitality toward the event (Derrida, 1993:33); hospitality thus of the guest as ghost and as the “*arrivant*” the future or something to come itself: Hospitality as friendship and deconstruction, if there is such.....

In French there is a link between the word l’avenir (the future) and what is *to come* (venire, the à-venir). The future is what to come, it is unknowable. The future for Derrida is thus linked to a sense of what has yet to be invented. I might not seem kind to you. I am not kind to myself. I am a friend and enemy, friend or enemy, friend/enemy and/or friendenemy, but not. It is only love of, and as a friend. “*The future is necessarily monstrous: the figure of the future, that is, that which can only be surprising, that of which we are not prepared... is heralded by species of monsters. A future that would not be monstrous would not be a future; It would already be a predictable, calculable, and programmable tomorrow. All experience open to the future is prepared or prepares itself to welcome the monstrous arrivant*” (Derrida, 1995.b: 386-7). We both are, we both must, we both try; both vulnerable, both hostages maybe, both SPUNKING, both idiots, but not. Throwing everything and anything up in the air and taking everything and anything down again, and paradoxically only the other way round, but not? *Inclusive pedagogy? Think about it.*

But what to do, what do I do? How to bear the aporia, how to mourn and how to speak in mourning and therefore as a friend? How to write? What is the duty here, the aporetic duty? When Derrida (2003) mourns his friends (Barthes, DeMan, Foucault, Loreau,

Benoist; Althusser, Jebès, Riddel, Servièrre, Marin, Kofman, Deleuze, Levinas, Lyotard ) he stops at their words, he picks them up, and gives them back. Above is a long list of “ways”: but remember no strategies or rules as such. He cites them, but not. Rather he cites but interrupts, disrupts, cuts off or brakes up his own citations and through this not taking speech from them, rather keeping it alive. Next he speaks to them in his own words and thus talks back: Questioning always. Remembering their words but through reinventing them and therefore making it possible to keep on talking, making words important after/in death and opening them up to their future; words alive and kicking still. And this is the point of mourning: the point of decision, the point of force and thus ultimately the event. The mourning of the punctum; Citing and interrupting the citation; the inscription of an event; inventing school, inventing me. And each time a phrase that we now see both marks a site of iteration and substitution and punctuates a singular time and place - one must speak as to give voice to the friends singularity, so as to respond both for and to the alterity that first makes one’s response possible: Thus: “*Pluralizing the unique or generalizing what is most irreplaceable in it*” (Ibid: 58-59). And this is what makes it poignant to others: The metonymic force of mourning by making me important to others. Making it (school) more than “*theoretical*” I want. Think with it, think of it, think about it. Maybe it sometimes could be seen in the sadness of a clown.

### **SPUNK**

The students are working with some tasks. One of them knocks on the door to the teacher office to ask if he can go home; he has finished the tasks? His teacher says that that is a question the student must answer himself; “if he has finished the tasks and is content with his own work and have done his best it is OK to go”. The student nods and leaves.

*Teacher 1: “That did not take long”.*

*Teacher 2: “That student had already thought about leaving for a long time”.*

*Teacher 1: “He is a weak student. He writes poorly and he is no good. He does not work hard. I hope he succeeds more in other subjects. You know, I cannot sit on them to make them work”.*

*Teacher 2: “No, that is obvious. But, now I cannot stand being here any more. I am going to go home”.*

*Administrator at River High: “The weak students do not handle the responsibility well. This is of cause not intentional, but something that is just happening.”*

Mourning or this being at loss thus has to do with a duty to let the other (read school, you, the other in me even) speak, to turn speech over to school, its speech, and especially not to take it from it, not to take it in its place. It is there. *“We cannot create community...”* ..... Yet this duty is countered by another, the duty to pay tribute to the school in one’s own words, to give something back, because speaking in such circumstances is keeping school alive and opening up the future of school. *How can we not....* Such is the duty of the friend, a duty whose call must be met, and yet one the friend must never get used to: *“One should not develop a taste of mourning, and yet mourning we must. We must, but we must not like it – mourning, that is, mourning itself, if such a thing exists”* (Derrida, 2003:110): Remember my reluctance to ask the question about what is: *“Well, you know the force begins by tearing oneself away from an ontological tradition; of the question what is”* (Ibid: 145). The genre, if there is such a thing, of the funeral oration might thus become more than a powerful genre within an already given social and political context, with all the promises and risks that it entails but only as a genre without. The withouts, differ<sup>ance</sup>, SPUNK is all there is. During Derrida’s huge work there is however a growing awareness of the importance of mourning as something out of which a politics could be created: That the political is related to or perhaps even arises out of mourning. At least that is how I read him. And it is what I try. Writing that is. Creating a politics. Writing me, but leaving ... to you. This is thus an *“acute thought of mourning and of the phantom that returns, of haunting and spectrality: Beyond the alternative between presence and absence, beyond negative or positive perception even, the effect of the image would stem from the fantastic force of the specter, and from a supplement of force; and the increase becomes fantastic at the very heart of lack”* (Derrida, 2003:153). Pleasure, admiration inextricably linked to mourning thus the force of the three effects increasing from their combination: The survival effect, the effect of living on. Thus, at least in my view, the limitless enlargement of the image: *“Its power of dilation gives it its greatest force in the mourning of the absolute of “force”* (Ibid:161).

*“I am the key to how this is going to work in a way. And that is what bothers me. It is almost horrid to think of. Because it is much easier to talk about these unmotivated students and about these buildings not functioning the way they were supposed to. It is as if I have to define things behind the students in order to change anything”* (Teacher at River High).  
 When the king is dead the fiction of both representation and power – the fantastic aporias – tells us that neither exists. There is power, there are effects of power, but power does not

exist. It is nothing. It is attached to death, which if mourned, is not. There is thus only “force”; the quotation marks reminding us about both the holding of power and the withdrawal – taking back - of power. Taking back requires already in advance the death of the subject and of everything related to its reference: *“In the representation that is power, in the power that is representation, the real – provided one understands by “real” the always deferred fulfilment of this desire – is nothing other than the fantastic image in which the subject would contemplate itself as absolute”*. Derrida continues: *“If it is of the essence of all forces to tend toward the absolute, it is part of the “reality” of its subject never to be content with not being so. The representation – effects that constitute powers and that powers in return permit and authorize would be the modalities (historical, anthropological, sociological ...) of a work – though infinite in space and time – of the mourning of the absolute of “force”* (Derrida, 2003:162).

*“Such is the mourning of force or the force of mourning, that is to say, a law according to which the greatest force does not consist in continually expanding ad infinitum, but develops its maximum intensity, so to speak, only at the mad moment of decision, at the point of its absolute interruption, there where dynamis remains virtuality, namely, a virtual work as such”* (Ibid: 148.). In Khôra, you know, I believe this is.

Deconstructing, writing and thus de-authorizing me, mourning me and seeing the doubleness, the double gestures of me, the violent instituting moment of me and therefore of any relation in which I am in or live is not easy; violent because there is no guarantee, but the word itself troubles me. (As I guess me using the word “idiot” might trouble you.) Still necessary however -otherwise I will fall asleep: Hyperbole speaking maybe but actually not, being in a virtual sphere but actually very real, knowing less but more, something universal but singular, visible but crossed out. - Hyperbole but not. Putting myself under erasure is not easy: Having no gifts and nothing as such at all, letting go of knowledge, spunking only. Seeing my possible unfaithfulness, the consolation, the narcissism; too much for me sometimes, however part of the game. Not an illness: Actually healthy and normal as Pippi, and in no use of medicine at all; in no need of gifts at all. Me being made of “lines”; lines *“immanent and caught up in each other”* (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983: 69-72): First, all kinds of well- defined, rigid and *“segmented molar lines”* of family/profession; work/vacation; any X/then, second, *“lines of becoming”* or molecular flows (flux) with thresholds or quanta that trace out small modifications, crack ups, cause detours, suggest “highs” or periods of depression; yet defined and governing irreversible processes, and third, the most complicated and tortuous of all; the line of gravity or celerity, as if something were carrying us away, the *“line of flight”* with the steepest gradient: A line of rupture, a brake. A line that seems to

surge up afterwards, detaching itself from the other two but not. Rather, a “*line having been there from the time immemorial, although it is the opposite of destiny: it need not detach itself from the others but may be primary, with the others deriving from it*”. There thus might be three lines, two lines or maybe just one: “*The primary line of flight, the border or edge that is relativized by the second line, and allows itself to be stopped or cut in the third. But even then it can be conveniently presented as the line born from the explosion of the other two*” (Ibid: 94). It is complicated, the line (s); living in, through of and by the lines; becoming something, becoming someone, becoming - .... . You. Counting one, two , three... . Read again.

And it is all there, think with it. Speak to it – *It - Ghost - Word* gambling and trying to become a gambler what I thus ultimately want. Climbing walls, the “*walls of language*” (Lacan,1977 in Ulmer, 85/87: 224.), that is. But not climbing over it, nor you climbing over, rather both of us climbing on the same wall and on the same side. Becoming, not an agent of change, but an agent of displacement rather, me daring to brake up, stir up and interrupt because that is what I must; finding new paths, always: new steps on the ladder maybe. Moving behind/beyond X and towards a conceptual terrain of “*intersectionality*” (Collins, 2000: 66) maybe; creating hopefully this - a - new conceptual space. Changing me, changing others not, possibly only through and of me. Letting others speak but always talking back. Stop at the words, pick them up and give them back. Working at mourning as both objects and resource, producing different knowledge and knowledge differently and out of intentional control. If you want something to happen, create something new: Becoming aware of more and other because in any language game there are, if we worry about it, always “*revelatory moments*” of becoming aware of something or “*coming to consciousness about issues not imagined before*” (Lincoln & Denzin, 2005: 1116). Risky business, extreme sport adventure but what I must always because that is my duty as a friend. Control but not. Free but not. Let it work. It is constant – working that is. Writing ultimately a function of language and the aporetic law of language and me and my double intervention; my body, my thoughts, my hopes, my interpretations, my mode, style even and what I want and must. Or as Derrida puts it: “*There come moments when, as mourning demands (deuil oblige) one feels obligated to declare one’s debts. We feel it our duty to duty to say what we owe to the friend*” (2003: 223 underlining replacing italics in the original). *Me behind and beyond; in front of other people having/giving authority but not. What is a researcher/teacher?*

*Can't you just give us the grades?  
Instead you just ask more questions!"*  
(Student at River High to her science teacher as he is not handing out the results of a test immediately. Rather he first asks if she has done her best and what she could have done differently?).

*Learning, learning not: What possibility is there to learn?  
What is it to be given a chance?*

Pitt and Britzman (2003), building on Derrida, describe this process as a push and pull between “lovely knowledge” and “difficult knowledge”. Lovely knowledge is that which reinforces what we think we want from what we find, and difficult knowledge is knowledge that

induces breakdowns in representing experience. “-When everybody else seems to be . . . . . I have to change? Farewell sweetness. . . Conceptualization or understanding is seen as a process of symbolization in which both emotional and intellectual aspects of knowledge production is recognized. It is a complex emotional and intellectual process of push and pull. Difficult knowledge thus works otherwise than simply to secure or revise claims, and it is what makes us wonder if there is more? And it is what we love when lovely knowledge is lost; Derridean rigour, spunking and a type of certainty but not. (“That was a very good lecture about school reform, Anne. You really know what you are talking about. And I think you are right. But I do not think that this is what it is about” (Teacher at River High). The concept of complexity contains no traces of any psychoanalytical aspects (that is out of my league even if there is resemblance to Lacan’s epistemology of difficulty here and Derrida writing the way Lacan lectured (Ulmer, 1985/87)), any overattention to feelings (that also is), any supernatural phenomena or unrealistic dreams, whatever that might be. But it contains a willingness to ask questions and a willingness to consider political and ethical aspects about my activity as a researcher and about myself and trying not to pretend that I know and having already learned: Ethical therefore as difficulty or an ethics and politics of difficulty, but not an illness. Rather this is about the willingness to ask hard questions about how “difficult” difficult is and how old knowledge is replaced by new? Does it? What is the influence of knowledge? How scary is it to be influenced by knowledge – difficult knowledge that is? What power does knowledge have? What are the costs of aporetic thinking and the disruption of easiness? How vulnerable can one become? What is failure? What is success? Further a view of me (and school and research) as a site or place in which the universal and the particular is realized but as a singularity but not, tied to experiencing being in the world and life: Complexity as the love of getting off the track and the love of doing other and trying to open up towards more,



towards another reason, another right, another good. Releasing myself from an ontology of what is only, I try. This is thus not about simply accepting that there is much that I do not know or erasing my own importance. Rather, this is about rehabilitating and situating my subjectivity – empowerment ultimately - and thus getting closer to a view of teachers and researchers - me and you - as thinking or rather philosophising human beings trying to make sense of what to think and what to do. I is about force, creating force, finding force, because I want to participate in the making of realities in the making of the world and possibly in change: Growing myself up and create a politics. This is thus a knowledge production process or a writing trying “*to keep its concept, which is for writing what self-consciousness is for persons, sealed in its practice, it might perform the symbolic act of instancing a subjectivity that is not given in advance and that is more permeable to its textual and social environments than is customary in our critical language games*” (Levinson, 1998: 284). I want to talk to the ghosts and give something back for justice and democracy to come. Levinson (ibid.: 284) continues: “*The embodiment of these possibilities may be the most powerful thing critique can accomplish today*”. Welcome difficult.

But just to assure you again at this point: I know that there are ways to explain such utterances as the one above; the one from the teacher to me about being right or wrong about reform. In fact, and since I have already mentioned Biko and Spivak, you know that I know that there is a whole body of theory concerned with issues of the subaltern between people, countries, gender, class, race, worldviews, in organisations, in institution any relation.....  
*Maybe there were some consolation there for me too, there is much kindness. And I think that is worth thinking about. What is*

*it? Read again. The box; me consoling too. - Tell me what it is about.*

*Teach me. Talk to me.*

For obvious reasons I choose another, a complete other and an old one, but not: Still relevant and even

Teacher at River High: It is not about criticizing others. It is about criticizing myself. And I learn so much when I am willing to do that. And when I am willing to say that: “*Oh this was not good and I see it*”.

Me: Or maybe that this was good?

Teacher: Yes, good also, but you must not be depressed because of something not being good. You must not say things like; “*Of all the things that we do, is nothing good enough?*” We have heard that one a few times you know. You know the one: “*Was there nothing that we did that was good enough?*” You know, I think that if we do not reconnect or rethink that one, then we are condemned not to succeed I think.

more so sharpened, in my opinion, through aging. Stop however right there and read Pope (2001): *Creating still “stressed out, materialistic and miseducated students”... . Uhuu ... . ? Always twisting, turning, mezzing, interrupting, never letting you rest. Nor me. Being a pain in the ass I am, I know.* These are explanations about a possible dysfunctionality of the teacher-student relation and probably in my view at least, the possibility of a similar dysfunctionality of a teacher-researcher, theory-practice relation. Traditionally, in my opinion at least, these are explanations construed through a love/hate relation to school or a relationship characterized by hating school but loving education. These are explanations and theory about institutional dominance and subordination that has led to a general situation in which the dominant part enters with “*his whole personality*”, but the subordinated only gives “*a small part of himself and work to both reduce the meaning and importance of the role of the dominant*” (Waller, 1932/56: 193): The dominant being me in this case. *Or maybe you?*

“*Actually I do not think that it is so stupid that teachers decide the size and the members of student groups. Because I get bored, I am with the same people all the time! And if I ask other students if I can join their group, I cannot ask for anything, demand anything and say; do this and that. But if the teachers create the groups because they want them to be such and such, then it gives me the right to demand something too*” (Student as River High).

- It made me think about “*engendering structures*” (Dewey,1938).
- It made me think about having words or not for telling.

Dysfunctionality all over maybe regardless or who started, who said or did or was/is subordinated/ dominated yesterday/today; talking back, creating words – empowerment through language and philosophy what it takes to alter it. And I think this might be right, but I want it to change. I want another student/teacher, theory/practice, love/hate relationship. Love only I want. Waller goes on: “*both the theory and practice of education have suffered in the past from an overattention to what ought to be, and its correlative tendency to disregard what is*” (Ibid: 192 original underlining): Referring to a hyperbole again, but not a hyperbole but not, and being as what might come, become. Rather a type of hyperbole which has often “*produced public cynicism and scepticism among teachers*” (Tyack & Cuban, 1995/2003: 134), “*demoralization and cynicism*” (Fullan,1999/2001.b:83 ) even. And I add; a type of hyperbole often leaving fresh teachers in a state of shock, a practice shock, in their meeting with the realities of school. Teachers ultimately in an “*ideological trap*” preserving

isolation and naturalizing the institutional press for social control (Britzman, 1986).

“Troubles” ultimately “with ed schools” too

there are (Labaree, 2004). Teachers thus in

a trap in which they “produce” and

reproduce both “reason and power”

(Popkewitz,1997): A normalizing activity

“We cannot move theory into action unless we find it in the eccentric and wandering ways of our daily life. ... (Stories) give theory flesh and breath” (Pratt,1995 in Jones, 2005:763).

that I eventually –but gradually and slowly – grasped the full implications of as you will see.

Theory/practice gap too wide, theory/practice relation dysfunctional that is. And even having

dangerous effects as we have/shall see – no I do not want! A utopian grip it is. Pedagogy in a

utopian linguistic grip, that is. -Research. A hyperbole thus as a way of speaking and

experienced only as unrealistic, theoretical, utopian only, naïve even - having nothing thus to

do with me or real life..... the opposite of empowering and empowerment the result might be

– leaving me with no tools for doing other. Therefore knowing nothing- or even knowing too

much becoming too certain, at least for some... you go on, because you know... And I could

not agree more, but it is time to move on. Changing me. Waller continues: “If theory is ever

really to be translated into practice, theorists must learn to follow it through the social

dynamics of the school room. Only so can experience be fruitful in the understanding that

will make possible a change of things that are” (Ibid: 459). And I cannot (even if you are

now probably very tired of me saying this, but you know I must) agree more, but not, and that

is exactly what I want to do, but not. Because I do not want explanations I would rather

mourn: Nothing to give and nothing to have. - The “part” and the “whole”....? No

explanations to have and be had. I give it back to you, talk to me. And I am working my

way through and I love it. Not any love/hate relationship therefore; only in/a love of... . Free

to change myself. Mourning might thus ultimately be what we love to do with ourselves

through language, or perhaps rather, “one mourns when one accepts that by the loss one

undergoes one will be changed, possibly for ever. Perhaps mourning has to do with agreeing

to undergo a transformation (perhaps one should say submitting to a transformation) the full

result of which one cannot know in advance” (Butler, 2004: 21): The invention of me

ultimately impossible and denied. Putting myself spunking and what I want in motion.

Knowing the rules, the rules of language, all rules, breaking them and knowing it rather I

must. Transgression that is, a post -structural transgression this is. Daring to do it, having

power to do it: Having words! Play on, write, and let the good times roll.

## SPUNK

Teacher 1: “Before, the students received four lessons per week in my subject. Now they receive two. The rest or the other two are student led and I am supposed to function as a mentor or guide. Problems occur because they think that they now have just two lessons per week. But actually that is not the case. They have two student led lessons and two teacher led lessons. I am available during the student led lessons”.

Me: “Is it the issue of you being available that the students misunderstand then?”

Teacher 1: “No it is not. It is about making priorities. They must prioritize what they want to work with. There are several teachers available at the same time. Therefore not asking for guidance has consequences. Probably you do not need guidance in the same subject both lessons. If for example you are offered guidance in both French and Science the same two lessons, you can receive guidance in one subject in one lesson and in the other the next. They must choose and prioritize themselves. This is the students’ own problem.”

Teacher 2: “My work is easier now. I only have half of the lessons I had last year”.

*Lost in the social...*

But first and finally, because now I think you want to know what it is; a hyperbole but not that is; or rather a Derridean hyperbole of the “*hypersymbolic*” (Derrida, 2002), the totality of being, the whole and the part through linguistic power and philosophy and ultimately judgement: being about the “*symbolic and hyperbolic, the hyperbolic relation that connects the whole to what lies beyond it and permits one precisely to speak about it, authorizes discourse about it. The philosopher authorizes himself to speak about the whole: and thus about everything*” (Ibid: 54-62). The power of writing ultimately to signify despite its detachment from the original context of utterance - or without the appeal to some animating force or self-present speaker’s intent. Who is afraid of philosophy anyway? Derrida goes on: “*This power is paradoxical. That it is the other side or the alibi of a powerless abdication, ..... - an all-powerful loss of power*” (Ibid.)... *Now I think I might soon be able to speak, There is this thing. Empowerment.* Hyperbole speaking I want, but only through “but not”; creating power to say all. Learning to read and write again. A force, a force of mourning, a force “*that “gathers” only by dispersing more and more of the Pleiades into the night, by interiorizing and recalling a singular incandescence that no volume and no memory can contain*” (Brault and Naas in Derrida, 2003:30).

## My Norwegian Lusekofte

I grew up in the 1960. I was number four in a row of five brothers and sisters. Every year my mother knitted, to each of us, a lusekofte or woolen sweater with traditional Norwegian patterns. It was a garment to be proud of and they were admired by others and my mother was at good knitter. We looked great actually: five sweet blond and blue eyed children. I remember one of them in particular. It

Do not even think about it – I know it is too much for me. “*The Idiot*” (Dostojevskij, F. 1867/68). Who? But be my guest. Think with it. Think about it. However it might just be about a sweater. *What is this school anyway?* No messiah, no religion, I stick with the angels though. Even Pippi talked to her angel mother in heaven from time to time, and she only got presents from her father when he randomly turned up. Him being a Kurrekurredutt King on an island I believe in the Pacific Ocean someplace. Pippi being a Kurrekurredutt princess, if there is such a thing.

was a black and white kofte with embroideries round the neck. The pattern’s origin being from a valley called Setesdal in the southern part of Norway. I do not know why I remember it so well. Maybe because I liked it or hated it or maybe because there was always another when I had finished the one that was knitted to me. You should have seen us in the 17<sup>th</sup>. May parade; on our national day when all the five of us were out marching in the streets together with all the other children and our teachers, waving flags and shouting hurray. Not lusekofte this time, but navy look – the boys in blue jackets and white trousers, the girls in blue jackets and white skirts – not everybody but me and my siblings. There was always a new jacket and a new sweater to inherit when I had grown out of my own. My mother remade jackets and mended sweaters when they were worn out. She even cut off the end of the sleeves and knitted new: So neatly done that it could not be seen, invisible, new but old, and as good and strong as before. For some time I did not think about it, the sweater I mean.

But I also knit. I am interested in old patterns. Still I visit shopping malls. I have knitted this sweater again and again. In the 1970 however I chose other patterns. Then the Marius sweater was popular. One of our heroes being Stein Eriksen, a slalom runner, and he managed to make this sweater popular even in AMERICA. The original colors are blue, red and white – just like our flag, but I knitted a green, blue and yellow one. I knitted one grey, white and black. I knitted sweaters from other parts of the country. The Fana kofte is nice. It has stripes, squares and eight leaf roses.

Later, I was at home visiting my mother. I was a student now and I guess I did not have that much money, or maybe I was looking for something. Maybe my mother wanted to tidy up in the wardrobe? I do not know, but I found the sweater. You know the old one, the first or at least one that I had used, even if one of my brothers insisted that it actually belonged to him. But I kept it and I knitted a new one to him. However he preferred a Fana kofte. The girl’s fashion at that time was oversized. I remember that I had an oversized Levi’s jeans jacket. I still have that one too but today I won’t wear it. I knitted, to myself, an oversized new or old sweater; not black and white, rather beige and brown without embroideries. I was not capable of that. But I would like to. I knitted a green, grey, brown old sweater, without embroidery. That one I was actually very happy with. I like green and I had it on many times. But still it was oversized, wide and long and without embroidery. I tried again. This time it was black and green. I think I really like green. - without

embroidery and not oversized. You know now is the time for tight fit. To make it fit even better I changed knitting style from straight knit to rib knit. Still it is the old sweater, the pattern still traditional.

I knitted another new old one; black and white and with embroidery. It is so nice. Well done. Good work. But I think I got the number of masks wrong because it is also big. But the embroidery was really nice. I knitted one to my husband and this time I asked another woman whom I knew made brilliant embroideries to make one for him. I wanted it to be perfect. He does not wear the sweater much, only when he is supposed to look very nice. I do not know what I think about that; I like him to wear it. But I like that he saves it for special occasions. Maybe he does not like it? I have knitted many sweaters to my children. When they were young they put them on or I did. Today, more and more they want to wear other types of sweaters, you know fleece sweaters that are not itching. Cotton. They are more modern also. Also they are much cheaper. Can be washed in the machine and they are warm. Well I do not know – maybe some day? It will still be possible. The pattern is still there and I bought yarn the other day. In the shop there was a book about the Norwegian Lusekofte and the one from Setesdal in particular. I like these old patterns. I was amazed. There were so many patterns and many colors. I loved it. I am going to knit a new old sweater black and yellow, tight fit and without embroidery. I saw a really nice pair of jeans in a boutique the other day.

“Inheritance is never a “given”, it is always a task” (Derrida,1994.b: 54)

*“The questions”* remains a testimony. *“Can one, in order to question it, address oneself to a ghost? To whom? To him? To it, as Mercellus says once again and so prudently? “Thou art a Scholar; speak to it Horatio.....Question it”* (Ibid, 1994.b: 175).

*“When something is just inherited, it is not felt authentic”*  
(Teacher at River High).

The “rich and powerless heirs of questions” only we are, responsible for and before them; only by remembering them, by returning to them, are we to have a future (Derrida, 2003:144).

### *Climbing on the same side and summing up a bit too*

Mourning, grieving but growing myself up, rehabilitating and situating my subjectivity is not a nonpolitical, private, or solitary thing to do, neither is it to do with egocentrism. It is not about balancing between or drawing fine lines: Being more or less collectively inclined. *Do you remember the bedfellows? Go back, read again.* Further this right to self critique and perfectibility does not result either in obliteration or annihilation neither in any definite norms, morale, ethics or politics as such. Any writing is always ambiguous and double(d) and ultimately a process of making myself important to you constituted through but

simultaneously constitutive of a politics/force/pedagogy/justice. Rather, writing as a writing in context, and my will, my individuality constituted through and of a living on together with you and a politics: No reason other than my will to be carried by the zero and a duty and responsibility to act morally; only speaking for myself, but as a friend. - Climbing walls together and on the same side and in no need of a reason, a rationale a gift as such for doing it: Expecting nothing only wanting more. Experiencing or being touched in/by Khôra what I want: Big bang again and again. Here is what Derrida once said about starting something, starting again, inventing, reinventing, inaugurate, inaugurating and inauguration - ultimately therefore life and tradition: *“Inauguration is a yes. Say yes as a starting point. Nothing precedes the yes. The yes is the moment of institution, of the origin; it is absolutely originary..... One cannot say yes without saying yes, yes. That implies memory in that promise. The yes keeps in advance the memory of its own beginning, and that is the way tradition works.....”*

*If tomorrow you do not confirm that today you have founded your program, there will not have been any inauguration. Tomorrow you will know whether there has been an inauguration. So yes has to be repeated*

When to start (just kidding) - or **some SPUNKs** about time or maybe about action or responsibility - Duty, ethics... Who is doing what, when and why? School what, when, why and how:

*“The new pedagogy won’t fit all until the students know how to work this way before they start“* (Teacher at River High).

*I think I am amazed.*

*“We have to start from scratch next year”* (Teacher at River High).

*“I have done a lot of these things before, but then I had my own classroom. Then it was OK”* (Teacher at River High).

*This ghost ... .*

*and repeated immediately. That is what I call **iterability**. It implies repetition of itself, which is also threatening, because the second yes may be simply a parody, a record, or a mechanical repetition. The technical reproduction of the originary yes is from the beginning a threat to the living origin of the yes. The yes is haunted by its own **ghost**, its own mechanical ghost, from the beginning. The second yes will have to reinaugurate, to reinvent, the first one. So the inauguration has to be invented everyday”* (Derrida, 1997.b: 25-28).

Read more in the next chapter about this. *Or maybe I should already have written it. This is not a trick, but I am not running to meet you as you know.*

## SPUNK again - time – power

- Student: Power is to make you own decisions.  
Anne: Does that mean that you have power?  
Student: What do you mean? Do I have control over what I do or if I do not have to do anything at all?  
Anne: You tell me.  
Student: Power means that you get to do what you have to do. And then you have to choose. I get to do what I have to and that means that I have power over my own work.

Student 1: “It is as if time loses value here. The days are so long and when we have student led lessons we need a brake in a way. If we had had more student led lessons the value of time had increased because we would have cared about it in a different way”.

Student 2: “There is always more to do. When one has finished one plan, one just has to continue with another. One can never say that one has finished something. There is just another new plan. When we get a new plan we postpone it as long as we can because we do not know where to start”.

Student 1: “I talked about this with a friend yesterday, we talked about the difference between student led lessons at our previous school compared to the ones we have here. You know, there time had a greater value in a way. An ideal student led lesson is a lesson in which I can sit and work without the teachers coming nagging about their subjects: A lesson in which I can sit and work with what I need to work with and that they (the teachers) do not come and ask about things just to be nice in a way. That is a bit uæææ in a way”.

Student 2: ”All the teachers expect us to work with their subjects all the time, but we have to make priorities.”

Teacher: “The teachers get restless when students work like this. Is everything OK with you? I can offer mentoring now”.

Paradoxically, being left with quasi, de – authorized me not less, rather more. Quasi me is thus more important to you than I am. Quasi you, more important to me than you are. Because quasi me/you play, and so can you/me. Quasi everything is more important than everything, because it gives us something to play with; you and I playing together: The “part” and the “whole” constitutive through and of each other. Opening up, through spunking another way of knowing, the possibility thus of intersubjectivity, but not: Speaking in context through being context. All quasi, quasi us, quasi we, and always trying for more and other through aporia and thus an ethics and politics of difficulty: A common vulnerability –



powerless, powerful - what we have acquired. Being made up of, and having many entangled lines in our lives; complicated but differently: *“Having become just like everyone else, or more exactly, we have made of everyone a becoming”* (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983: 75). Opening up the possibility of language as play and thus a language for being an idiot but not. I want words to be idiot without feeling like one. And I think that I am like you: Both human, both idiots not or bastards, both vulnerable: *“Many people think that grief is privatizing, that it returns us to a solitary situation and is, in that sense, depoliticizing. But I think it furnishes a sense of political community of a complex order, and it does this first of all by bringing to the fore the relational ties that have implications for theorizing fundamental dependency and ethical responsibility. If my fate is not originally or finally separable from yours, then the “we” is traversed by a relationality that we cannot easily argue against; or, rather, we can argue against it, but it would be denying something fundamental about the social conditions of our very formation”* (Butler, 2004: 22-23). A language for feeling secure in not knowing: Language for getting lost without danger: Language for relativizing but without losing what we think we cannot think without, failing without failure. “Failing” is good and exactly what we should. Efforts to avoid failure can be our biggest failure. There are ways of failing well. “Failure” represents the greatest potential for learning and knowledge production, and opens up for new ways of reading and writing, new interpretations and possibly change. Being a language gambler what research and teaching might be about. I try. Celebrating the inevitable, but with respect to time, place, manner, and effects, the *“unimaginable breakdowns in the machinery of representation”* (Levinson, 1998: 291.) I am.

Student at River High: *“Before I came here I expected to get grades A and B, but now I just expect not to flunk. There is nothing more here in a way”.*

*“No différance” without alterity, no alterity without singularity, no singularity without here – now”* (Derrida, 1994.b: 31).

Mourning is play and keeping alive, both me and you, and opening up to the future. Mourning is living on and living finally. This is a spectral living, a living with the unknown or mystery, ghosts, and ultimately a rethinking of the humanity project and a journey to a *“new normal”* (Watson-Gegeo, 2005): A journey of transformation and about *“ontology and epistemology, and the human mind, heart and soul”* (Ibid: 418.) maybe. Derrida is speaking of a journey towards an anti-Enlightenment or rather a New Enlightenment that is questioning

the “*axioms and certainties of Enlightenment*”, but to do so precisely in order to effect “*what should be the Enlightenment of our time*” (Derrida, 1995.b: 428). A policy of the future it is. (*The ghost of Hegel is here somewhere, thinking speaking with him, against him, without him*) Becoming, ultimately a creation of reality in and through language and philosophy, and in motion always: Powerful, powerless, a Derridean hyperbole, allowing you/me to speak and say all: Turning “*part of the difference between the old and the new Enlightenment*” into “*a question of style*” (Caputo, 1997: 54). My style, my life (not necessarily from rag picking or picking up insects but from that of picking up “fragments”) and what I must/can do, what I must can believe in and dream about: Reason ultimately woven from a fabric of faith. – Secularized and never determined though this faith is, or rather a faith addressing the other. Universal it is. A promise but as “promise” only: I return into - onto it more later, before. Influenced by Walter Benjamin’s notion of a “weak messianic power” associated with historical materialism, Derrida calls this a “*messianism without messianism*” or a “*messianism without religion*” (1994.b: 59), entailing this sense of promise as to what might come or rather become, however not by mystifying anything rather the opposite; a demystification of any secrets or mysteries at all. According to Benjamin the present is always a messianic time in which we are responsible for the entire history of human kind. And every day is a “holy day”, a day of “remembrance”, an “all saints” day in which we remember the saints, the dead and their suffering. These motifs are evident throughout Derrida’s “Marx” book. Living in a pact with the disasters of the past, inheriting a promise we never made, to recall the dangerous memory of past suffering, which is a pledge not to be taken lightly. Rather philosophising or turning, as I have cited before, but now apply, history into philosophy because that is what we must. There are angels.

Derrida’s “work on mourning” the work of remembering the spirit of those who precede us (*revenants*) without assimilating their alterity into the present, is crucially influenced by this. However, when this motif collaborates here, as Derrida makes it with a justice “to come” (*l’à venir*) and the affirmation of the future, of those who are yet to come (*arrivants*) it creates through this weakness and powerlessness - loss, in my view an enforced or rather becomes an enforced possibility for me to becoming, something, someone for me but also for/to you. Because Derrida offers passageways; autobiography, politics and literature: All linked, both you and I together, but not as such, but what we try and how we might succeed, through mourning, to create examples out of which a politics could be invented

again and again and hopefully becoming a scholar? The contours of a new normal it is. -  
 Becoming together. Or rather, and because I like so much what she says here I cite a bit:  
*“For if I am confounded by you, then you are already of me, and I am nowhere without you. I cannot muster the “we” except by finding the way in which I am tied to “you,” by trying to translate but finding that my own language must break up and yield if I am to know you. You are what I gain through this disorientation and loss. This is how the human comes into being, again and again, as that which we have yet to know”* (Butler, 2004: 49).

### ***A SPUNK story again***

After school one day Jenny, Freddy and I sit in the teacher office talking about conflicts in the team. Jenny and Freddy are teachers. Jenny suggests that there are obvious personal conflicts between some of the teachers in their team. Freddy on the other hand does not want to talk about personal conflicts at all. He says that personal conflicts, is not what this is about. He says that the conflicts are about differences in levels of ambition: *“It is about how much collaboration it is possible to achieve. It is about structures and planning. Why do we have to make joint plans for example? Does it matter that different teachers in different disciplines make their own plans for different time periods?”*

Making joint cross disciplinary work plans was one of the main concrete figurations of the reform at River High. They were thought of as planning instruments for both teachers and students and pivotal for, especially student run lessons to run smoothly. They were to contain an overview of goals and do, tests to make, homework two- or three week period at the plans, they were to be choose between different different working methods. enough for student to choose not just how and with whom, but also where to work (in the unit, at the canteen, in the library or at home) and when. However if students needed guidance or help, they had to make sure that they contacted teachers. The ultimate goal was to let every student have his/her own individual plan and eventually be able to actually make his/her own plan in collaboration with the teachers.

*“We miss something that is absolute, and that we must stick to”*  
 (Teacher at River High).

subjects, readings, tasks to and assessment criteria for a a time. Within the limits of open enough for student to levels of difficulty and They were to be open

Jenny and Freddy leave because it is late in the afternoon. I stay because I want to transcribe today’s field notes and pin down some reflections and thoughts I have made during the day. I always do that after every day of work and while impressions are still fresh. John, one of the schools’ computer operators was however still there. He had been there for some time and obviously he had listened to the conversation and he commented: *“Actually that should not have been possible. The students are our ambition.”*

***And what was this chance again?***

“Lord of the Flies” (William Golding, 1954/91).

Child, adult, fear, ignorance

Compensation, inclusion, differentiation, reparation, realization ..... Equality, equity.....Justice. ?



- for Norwegian viewers of children's TV in the 1960 and 1970 only I guess –the handymen Pompel and Pilt and do you remember the care taker?

Pedagogy

Politics - force - I want - justice

Humanity

Human

Pedagogy/politics/justice/democracy to come

An heir of the question I have turned to, turned into, become: Here is one (or maybe it is a Derridean conjuring again) from Hanna Arendt (1968) and Gert Biesta (in Biesta, 2001/02: 34): If education is “*where we decide whether we love our children enough not ... to strike from them their hands their chance of undertaking something new, something unforeseen by us*”, then there is every need to think again and again about what this might mean for those who have the courage to educate.

“and the question of deconstruction is also through and through *the* question of translation” (Derrida, 1991: 270 original italics).

To be continued.....

**2 (3) Writing research; after method, before method, slow method, no method, all method, every method - post - focusing on the start but beyond rather than the endpoint: About writing for the happy moments only and picking up speed/force in the middle**

Breathing love, life and happiness into research on schools, but actually thinking or imagining that a new type of politics is becoming possible ... a “new type of revolution” (Deleuze & Parnet, 1983).

“When the path is clear and given, when a certain knowledge opens up the way in advance, the decision is already made, it might as well be said that there is none to make: irresponsibly, and in good conscience, one simply applies or implements a program” (Derrida, 1992.a: 41).

“The denial of change in educational change; To accept the categories and cognitive structuring in the space of schooling as the problem of study is to deny change in the process of change” (Popkewitz, 2000: 27).

I continue: What more method? Have not everything already been nothing but method? The answer is both yes and no, because de-authorised writing or writing under erasure is both theory and method, method and theory, methodological practice and theory, theory and practice - all –me - you- absence - presence- same - other - intertwined aporetically (atemporal, atopoi, alogos - a im non Or rather this is ultimately method under erasure; deconstructing method; a un de inventing method, reinventing again and again; a displacement of the concept as such: a ir...). More than reason. -Life. - Method without method. - Theory? There are lines again; different lines, other lines, more lines in Khôra. There are thus always systems, programs, paths, technologies, knowledge, models, powers, structures, episteme or discourses – but made only thus changeable, uncontrollable, not destined. Not one, but multiple, multilinear, heterogenic, incoherent, ad hock, dispersed and thus – and thus only - possibly assembled; the only way of thinking collection, gathering, assembling - method - through not. And I guess above are some of the other lines that hit me, found me or the other way round urging me to ask more; interrupting, braking, disturbing, in becoming, dead but not; “certain knowledge...in advance.....no decision to make ..... irresponsibly, and in good conscience”, .. uhu.... “the denial of change!” ...another uhuuu... Your lines, my lines intertwined in me, of me, you. Think about

“To act is a difficult language To be dead too easy” (Johannesen, G. 2001/04).

it. - Ghosts. Uhuuu ..uhuuu.. Stop. Just like the one I have already told you about; “*we cannot create ....* “. It cannot be, it must not; living, but having no importance. I refuse. Living only, not living on: The monstrosity a necessity, but not. No! -- I do not want. I want. *I am a bit scared - unprotected. Not certain you know. Paradoxes all. No guarantees.* Go on, but I do not know. I just stop but start simultaneously – putting on the climbing boots. Because I must, we must, I want. Because this is about my life, how I want to live it and what kind of person I want to be, and/or: “*What kind of social science we want to practice. And then as a part of this, it is about the kinds of people that we want to be, and about how we should live*“ (Addelson, 1994 in Law 2004:10). A way of being therefore, no less no more - all - actually. Thus focusing on the start, me, you everything and anything “**a**” and thus beyond, positioning and giving direction, not on something we think we want to find out about: “Problem” driven, question driven rather not hypothesis driven: Something that can be imagined. Hypothesis open, but not open enough; not enough imagination within them, not enough tension, not enough to imagine. Talking about my *will to.... Your will to..... but there is only .....*


And I am lucky, happy and free because I write in a postmodern (“*but not as in end of any tradition*” (Derrida, 1997.b: 8)) climate and through a poststructuralist (Peters & Burbules, 2004) notion of language; old but new, outside but inside/inner but outer; at a distance but close always. Light, not heavy; words light, de - authorized; of a lesser ontological weight: Full taste, no sugar – light; more and other. Enjoy! Yes! - A time of “*radical pluralism*” (Lyotard,1984) at least a heading towards. Making it possible to write and keep a concept, through intervention and displacement, open and therefore to come; community not, subjectivity not, method not, research not; writing research. Therefore not about anything or anyone as such, not of anything or anyone as such only about something I do not know what is: Writing still always through loss and therefore: “*To take it lightly, only in quotation marks, as the best paleonym, in a certain situation, for what we recall (to ourselves) or what we promise (ourselves)*” (Derrida, 1992.a: 82): Developing a “*writerly reticence*” thus (Richardson and St. Pierre, 2005: 971), making room for *différance*: Creating space, getting space, giving space. No analysis, no interpretations, no representations, questions only and everything quasi. Spunking only. “An” *entire logic of paleonymy*” it is (Derrida, 1971/88 in Kamuf, 1991: 108). See “problem” above/under, read again. That is my only claim. Yes! Word and thing and thought never becoming one: Meaning thus never a portable property; unruly rather. The thing itself always escaping and



the hermeneutical question of what is cannot be answered. Yours and mine, ours and theirs – *no vacuuuuuum cleaning*, - does not matter who says; it is there. Poststructuralism ultimately pointing to the continual cocreation of the self and social science, they are only known through each other, pointing to and ultimately embracing therefore the crisis of interpretation and representation (Marcus, 1994); the crisis of legitimation (Habermas, 1973/75) and/or the crises of the social sciences in general: A poststructuralist science, postcritical, postinterpretive, postfoundational and postrepresentational. What is science but thinking? What is philosophy but thinking? Everything “post”; - open up the door and let the postman in. Yes I will. –*is Dublin is Dublin is Dublin: If there is a yes, there is a yes, another yes, a yes, and a yes.... Starting, inventing, inauguration remember?*

*Join me in another little experiment again: Taste the word “informant” (remember I try to do some research here); subject, individual, idea, teacher, yes, male, hide, same, team, foreign, good, have not, south, person, clothes, big, professional, mother, friend, thoughts, sometimes, 175cm, researcher, not, heart, colleague, ground, student, ill today, part, boy, me, theory, body, Norwegian, between, head, you, subjectivity, information, bad, administrator, some, child, class, dislike, belief, practice, female, object, communication, love, substitute, old, girl, seek, 190 cm, brother, like, peer, identity, knowing, family, subject matter, small, north, never, father, no, experience, you, pupil, sister, really, leader, all, life, young, other, colour, middle, well, yes, adult, mind, ego, having - all there? Far from it I guess. When, where? Now, have been? Are you sure they are all human? Are you sure they all are? Are you sure they are not? And now you pick another. - Could be anyone anytime, anyplace, any word, - I think. - Worry about it. Oslo, NY, LA, Rio, Moscow, Beijing, Mumbai, Johannesburg, Tokyo is, is, is, is....*

*At an international school in Oslo some sweet, tiny, lovely, wonderful, adorable, innocent, talented, cosy, fresh, bright children were asked to calculate how much yarn they would need in order to knit a hat? A little Iranian girl raised her hand and asked: “What means to knit?”*

Still, I am writing something about someone in some place: Still light:  “*For the same reasons, I would use the word “capital” in a similar way: la capitale or le capital. And naturally, the words “identity” and “culture”*” (Derrida, 1992.a: 82): I am writing in situation, in context: at River High, me and River High, me at River High, River High and me; both context. Still in this place or home of all things, Khôra, and a realist writing or comparably a “critical realism” (Law, 2004) and a view of reality and writing committed to singularity, anteriority, independence, the definiteness of the real but not, suggesting therefore that empirical and experimental investigations (read writing) is unintelligible in the absence of an external world, and human capacity to intervene in that world and monitor the results of their actions. Empirical but not, experimental but not, historically but not, straightforward but not: A Vygotskian socio- cultural notion of situativity, contextuality, concept formation and ultimately knowledge production but not, doing fieldwork thus but not, rather method/action

constitutive of and constituted through language and philosophy/thinking. - Language but not. There is no field. There is no social or culture. There is no here or there. Therefore there are no findings, no categories, no structures, no data, no results, no paths, no language no nothing and neither before nor after. - Quasi only. More data, other data, dream data, imagined data, ghost data, angel data, data without data. There is, *as you know by now, and therefore do not know*, nothing as such at all. Everything blurred, but always something and more: Paradoxically more to spunk. There is writing from the outside and inwards, from the outside and outwards, writing from within and outwards, from within and inwards: Theory/practice, practice/theory, theoretical theory, practical practice, practical praxis - having gone through the trial.....- everything and anything but through me always. I want more. A double(d) writing in a double(d) b(l)ind creating double(d)descriptions, always anything and everything turning back on the very things they renounce/denounce: Groping further only and always. Keeping the concept of what it is I want.

Thinking Derrida and Deleuze together, this is a Nomadology (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983: 47-58) and a “*nomadic and rhizomatic writing*”, a writing done in the name of the outside, ideas, to come, welcome, become -outside of intentional control, and thus embracing lines of flights composed of thousands of “*plateaus*”: The outside having no image, no signification and no subjectivity, or rather, in my view, having all but not. Nomadology and being/becoming a nomad is a concept opening up and creating possibilities for otherness. A rhizome being an **a**-centered system, non, non hierarchical and non signifying, without a General and without an organizing memory or central autonomy, uniquely defined by a

Teacher: “ <i>The intention is that you shall work according to the plan that you have got</i> ”.
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Student: “ <i>No</i> ”
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circulation of states (read becomings). A rhizome (unlike trees or their roots; Deleuze and Guattari are tired of the tree metaphor used in science) thus – and here I cite in full: “*connects any point with any other point, and none of its features necessarily refers to features of the same kind. It puts into play very different regimes of signs and even states of non-signs. The rhizome doesn’t allow itself to be reduced to the One or the Many. It is not the One that becomes two, or that might become three, four or five etc. It is not a multiple derived from One, nor a multiple to which the One might be added (N+1). It is not made of units but of dimensions, or rather of shifting directions. It is neither beginning nor end, but always a middle, through which it pushes and overflows. It constitutes linear multiplicities in n dimensions, without subject or object, which can be laid out on a plane of consistency and*



*from which the One is always subtracted (n-1)*” (Ibid.). Rhizomes are therefore tuberous – multiplicitous, adventitious – and connect in nonlinear assemblages to other things. A text – me – you – being lines - constitute an assemblage possible/impossible and must be read as such. A writing research de- authorised, multiple, complex, spectral, ad hock, new, old, delineated, interrupting, disrupting, unrecognizable, messy, disconnected, hyper, filled with

I write to make the soul feel ashamed  
but I cannot escape the monstrosity  
thoughts that bore me  
the totally insignificant thoughts

I write to connect the poem'  
and the reader's moment; that which is not  
but already is  
but always is the thought either a horse's head in front or behind

I write to escape  
but the thought pursue me  
I seek silence, but find noise  
and neglect the time I live in

I write to contradict myself  
if I am conscious of my guilt  
then I am doubled guilty  
and therefore innocent

I write to find that point  
that shall hold all points my lie,  
my despair and shame  
I write to be true to a happy moment

Tone Hødnebo: “A Happy Moment” 2005 (My translation).



heterogeneity and worry, always more and other therefore humble, hidden, open, camouflaging, virtual, non exciting, not yet, not ever, maybe only. More ghosts. Angels. Becoming possible..... . There are “*lines of articulation or segmentarity, strata and territories; but also lines of flight, movement of deterritorialization and destratification*” (Deleuze & Guatarri, 1987:3). Further, a “*plateau*”

Cuban/Usdan (2003): “*Powerful Reforms with Shallow Roots*”. Yes, roots but not.

is always in the middle, neither a beginning nor an end, rather a vibrant and continuous area of intensities, a place, as you know, not of high speed or speed as such but of picking up speed, that develops by avoiding every orientation toward a culminating point or external end. A plateau is thus a “*multiplicity connectable to others by shallow underground stems, in such a way to form and extend a rhizome*”. - A place without place or a Derridean Khôra it is. A rhizome is composed of plateaus, and finally what is at stake in a rhizome is: “*all kinds of becomings*” (Ibid.): The becoming of something new, something other another type of thinking, another type of *revolution*, empowered, wanting to do and create. A becoming in and through Khôra it is.

Khôra is this “place” or “topos” (Greek: area/place/Lat: locus/French: lieu) or “*mid-place*” (milieu) or home of all things, a platonian home, a home or place for learning and knowledge creation, a place of *différance* as we shall see but not – even more, as an immense and indeterminable spatial receptacle in which the sensible likeness of the eternal paradigms are engendered, in which they are inscribed by Demiurge. (I translate that from ancient Greek as builders, all those who build/built, all those who have/had/ and do/did/make/made/perform a craft/art/trade - all of us I guess. - Hardworking. -If we are allowed to, if we allow ourselves, if we dare maybe that is. Knowledge creation in khôra that is...) Because Khôra is neither intelligible nor sensible, the discourse on which can be properly situated neither as *logos* nor *mythos*, certain or probable. It is thus neither an intelligible form nor one more sensible thing, but rather, that in which sensible things are inscribed; a *tabula rasa* on which the Demiurge writes. Khôra possibilizes everything and anything; all. It contains an indeterminable openness and therefore signals only non closure. -A place therefore of many ontologies. It contains a “*Yes of unconditional welcome*” (Derrida, 2000: 77) and it engages an “*experience of the emancipatory promise*” (Derrida, 1994.b: 59). And to make the story shorter I use one of Derrida’s commentators: “*This receptacle is like the forms inasmuch as it is already there, and hence is beyond temporal coming to be and passing away; yet it does not have the eternity of the intelligible paradigms but a certain a-chronistic a-temporality*” (Caputo, 1997: 84). - All those who write. - All of us who write. It is there but in need of a language, a language of its own. No mediation though possible. Not between words, not between people, not within. No construction or constructivism as such. No knowledge as such. That is not what it is about, in Khôra that is. Neither about any feelings, rather about an adequate language for what it is we want/love: A practical knowledge maybe, as praxis that is, a way of knowing but differently, a way of knowing always. - A wordless form of understanding maybe, beyond any borders of time and space. A just language, a language of

a friend, a true language: true to both me and you. You'll see. It is a looking for, deconstructing, following through the text until we see "*that the orthodox received, dominant interpretation has been produced by a wave of the hand that brushes aside the deviations and transgressive moments*" (Ibid: 85). It is therefore important, it is serious, it is really something. It is a moral and a politics. It is the life we live. You choose.

"To write about my brother is similar to writing about him, my father. My resemblance with him must be understood as my resemblance with my brother. Approaching them through writing, is an attempt to loosen up that which is just passively kept in memory, it is to find oneself, again".

Owe Timm: "*Am Beispiel meines Bruders*" (2003/05 My translation).

Khôra is thus this aporetic, enigmatic, tongue –tying third thing that draws Derrida's attention always. A third nature or type (*triton genos*) supplied supplying, supplemented supplementing always. It might be Plato, it might be me or you - it. Located also in the middle, a mid-place – milieu, remember? It is a flash, a moment, a revelation, insight or touch however almost impossible to make sense of, still however you know that this is something. In Khôra the past, the present and the future comes together in a/the moment. And the moment awaits "the other", the other "to come". The future is the coming of the other. It is a spectral moment of revelation maybe. It is what you must do. What I must if I want to live just, that is. Khôra is a void of empty space but it is also an infinite play of reflections in which the paradigms produce their images, simply "*reflecting*" sensible things like a mirror that is not altered by the images it reflects (Derrida, 1995.a: 104).

Opened/opening up to the future it is/does, opening X to itself. To come, the coming of X, the coming of the "other"; there justice ultimately is. However and therefore it is hardly real, it is something - "something" that cannot be grasped through reasoning, situated too low maybe for any "*conceptual radar to pick up*" (Caputo, 1997: 84), it is thus something eluding every order of categories that might be installed. Rather "mad/ maddening" it is this third thing. Unknown, not to be known; still however what we try to know, because we must: Creating, recreating, inventing, reinventing an ethics ultimately and a politics in/through Khôra that is. Meaning making through meaning nothing learning something that make me act..... Perhaps, Derrida says, such enigmatic structure, which therefore fits neither into genre, is too neutral and indeterminate to have any "generic" determination at all, or to have anything to do with "*generation*", so that perhaps *khôra*: "*signal(s) toward a genre beyond genre,*" perhaps "*beyond categorical oppositions, which in the first place allow it to be*

*approached or said*” (Derrida,1995.a: 90). Khôra is linked to/is messianism and messianic living: Democracy. Go ahead, back. Picking up speed.....

What Derrida is doing through a deconstructive reading and/or being serious with Plato’s text *Timaeus*, is thus denying the possibility of any narrative structures as such in any text; any narratives constitutive of or constituted in reason only that is. On the contrary; Derrida identifies the text of the *Timaeus* as itself having a “*Khôral*” structure: For the *Timaeus* is structured like a vast receptacle, as a series of mythic or “*narrative receptacles of receptacles*” (Derrida, 1995.a: 116-7). This is the case for all texts, any texts, me and you because that is, as we shall see/have seen, what we all are – text/context - and there is nothing outside. Importantly thus, *khôra*, cannot be spoken of neither properly nor metaphorically. It cannot be addressed as such. We must speak of it as something that is not “*like*” anything (Ibid: 94). This is because it “*pushes up against the very limits of naming*” (Ibid.: 89). However this does not imply that such an impossibility of finding a proper name is bound to fail. What it implies is that such an effort is indeterminable, just a going on and on. This is an effort consisting in/of another logic; a logic of haunting and mourning through this formal negativity or aporia. - always asking more and more; an abyss maybe, under erasure as we shall see/have seen. The task therefore of discussing the *khôra* is that of “*determining, something indeterminable, something that cannot in principle take on any determination, neither that of the paradigm nor that of copy*” (Caputo, 1997:95). Simultaneously however, of this implacably, impossibly difficult thing: “*we do not know how to speak or how to avoid speaking; indeed, it is this impossibility that drives the need to say something about it*” (Ibid.). Therefore we have to speak. We have to write. Free to write! - Ultimately a writing as an “*an-archic freedom*” of the trace (Ibid.); a writing as in anarchy but not and thus/therefore a way to keep things open. New, unpredictable, unforeseeable, unprogrammable, ghostly actually “*effects*” that are forth –coming, in-coming, in-ventable within a currently prevailing set of conventions (read tradition, theory, programme, method, pedagogy, research all). Deconstruction as it is maybe and making ultimately therefore writing – Derridean writing - valid as a method of nomadic inquiry and spunking, but ultimately nothing but a line of flight, a supplement ultimately, writing as supplement: You go on and create yours: A writing story. Fly away. Follow through. *I am right here. “The study of lines, in groups or in individuals the goal of this writing”* (Deleuze & Parnet,1983: 72): Being, becoming being becoming a nomad; following theory through, theory followed through, theory following through: My lines, yours and ours. I am theory, and I am following through. I am text. I am language. I think. *What is this school anyway?* - A researcher only human, a human only, trying to live,

becoming too. It just goes on: “*The text is always a bastard*” (Caputo, 1997:91). I choose not to recapitulate Derrida’s deconstruction of Plato’s text as such, (see also Zelia Gregoriou, (2001/02) for a wonderful example), I concentrate on myself. However I will cite her ending because it is wonderful: “*the receiving place is not a metaphysical category or an ontological state of being. Rather it is the possibility of permeating and displacing borders, a possibility that is restaged and kept alive through the capacity of language to disentangle signifiers from signified, narrators from native voices. The receptacle is not to be found in female nature or cultivated through attitudes of tolerance and self reflective critique. It is a place we create when in hosting others we change, hybridize our discourses and identities, and let others teach us, from the beginning, how we are different and multiple within ourselves” (Ibid:146). Go back, read again. Go ahead. This is where I was brought. “*Without pity*” this writing is (Derrida, 1967/76:173). However not about not knowing too much and loose control.*

### SPUNK

A team leader is commenting another team which has chosen different solutions. This team has organized a huge internal process about orderliness involving both teachers and students.

The team leader: (very carefully): “*You know it is very good what they have achieved, but.... I do not know. I think about myself. There is a reason why I have not brought it up in our team. It must be..... there is something in the back of my head..... But I read their plan and it was very good. I was inspired when I read it and I talked to some of the teachers there but..... Opening up a set of regulations this way – it is not supposed to be a democratic process. When the regulations and rules are there we are not supposed to make this into a democratic issue. The regulations are there, and we must be able to use them. We cannot erase ourselves completely*”.

Another teacher in the same team: “*No, no, but maybe that is what we do if we enforce the rules so strictly*”.

Team leader: “*But it is not about strict enforcement, but about being able to talk to the students and say that..... The students do want rules. We know that*”.

There are angels at work making me think and wanting more: Angels and ghosts, angels as ghosts, coming down or up - being -from somewhere or nowhere – in every word. And I try to speak to it/them. I write. A writing thus maybe creating “*cyborg*” (Haraway, 1991.b.) or a trope connecting parts but in a non reducible way to one another however nonetheless related. The parts being either material (between machine and human, or human and animal), political (as between different political or social identities and commitments), or



existing in a tension between reality and fiction: Real reality no reality real, real politics no politics real. Reality possibilities, impossibilities and probabilities. - Virtual - virtuality. Micro but macro. Post writing: Singular and general. Universal but particular. Little but big: spunk stories, stories of wonder, autobio.... youtobio.....stories about X maybe. All kinds, here and there, about me, about you, meyou, us, we you name it go on - the universe at stake in every classroom. Democracy at stake in every move I make. Quasi. Community, research..... Do you remember? Democracy, knowledge, democratized knowledge, to come, becoming? That is something. *Sometimes I use some tricks for example, literary tricks to think with. Associations I make. It is not necessary to have read the same stories I have, but you know that I have thought about something here/there when I do. What do you think about? What stories have you read? What would you like to read? What do you think with? Analysing literary texts as such not what I want; I am afraid of creating alternatives or even worse; new closures.* Different lenses, more lenses, tried and imagined. Questioning in more genres, questioning in two (more) genders – *la - le?* *Stories I think I must read because there are some words there.* Me, will, you, force, us, speed, art, language, literature, genre, technology, possible, making, more, other..... . The cyborg being a politically generative trope enacting possible novel realities by operating on and within material semiotic relations: Creating a politics what I want. *Do you?* Creating something, doing something, something new, I must want decide again and again without choice however. I can make other. I can make more. Vacillating between and through deconstruction; opening up every concept and making it therefore possible to move, both you and I, in and out of focus, in and out of person, human only, climbing anywhere and everywhere; remembering and in mourning. In this atmosphere or

### **A SPUNK story**

We sit together in the teachers' office discussing the reform at River High. One of the teachers, a man whom I again and again had been very, to put it bluntly again, angry at, was in my view one of the most indifferent and cynical teachers I have ever met. In fact I would go to the length of saying that he was no longer a teacher at all. He spent as little time as possible at the school. And he was not, in my view a colleague to the other teachers either. Some students loved him, some hated him. Some thought he was a joke and a good sport. Honest. Student at River High: *"I'll do it at home. I'll ask someone else"*. Learning alone, not learning, learning.... Students – teachers. Sometimes his colleagues thought that he was a terrible man boycotting any attempt of collaboration, sometimes they agreed in everything he said. A powerman - a man of power - a man poisoning any atmosphere if he wanted to - a young man. No action, no one, anything, anyone, anytime. He was the one expressing loudly that student led lessons were good because then he could take some time off: *"Students have*

*no questions for me. They work with other subjects. They seem to think that maths and science is more important. Besides it is a long time till the exam in my subject. Nothing matters. Nothing is important anymore. Teaching is over.”*

He was the one teacher not wanting to be interviewed by me, but still we talked a lot. He could spend two hours with me talking about all kinds of things - and school. He became angry at me sometimes playing trick on me trying to fool me too. Maybe he managed, bu...: *“All the air is pumped out of me. I used to be king here, now I am nothing. In other organisations I think it is called having home office: I am staying home today, call me if there is something you want to know. Call me if you need me. Here is a cardboard cartoon of me, put it beside the desk in the classroom.”*

Important, importance for to you me us we through by words words words words new more other non all always ..... No gifts; you and me only. Playing mates.

*I give it back to you. - me            Die! Long lives!            Giving up on each other? I  
only do if you? What is ...  
anyway?*

*suchathingIfthereis*

*“Nobody has managed to convince me yet; that their method is better”*

- relax, nobody will or can.

*“Actually the Internet is useless”  
(Teacher at River High).*

- because of lack of words that work?
- just a thing, word, thought
- can you imagine a computer to come?

Derridean rigour (2002: 42) of doubt, suspicion, distrust even and distance but close through engendering aporias; the duty to act morally always and love; deconstruction, writing, research an ethics; an ethico- political space – creating, giving, getting; Khôra. The duty to try: Hang on. Enjoy more. Privileging more, experimenting more; no delay. Do something. The duty towards an I/you and an us/we: Getting to know again and again as that which we have yet to know. Difficult - Autoimmunity in the method chapter too! .....uhuuu..... *No safety nets, no safety ropes as such but there is you talking back to me.* Making it possible therefore to be active and performative and help create the social realities in which we are; reality no longer destiny: If I want to matter; no system, model, knowledge, structure, power, discourse important without me. I am what it takes and so are you. We speak as friends and in mourning. Worrying, worrying, worrying; together, and both becoming. Free to write, free to say all, but free however from writing a single text in which everything is said to everyone at once. Not not serious, not ironic, not made up, no guesswork, not meaningless, rather meaning making through meaning nothing, learning something that make meyou act; productive and contingent, out of intentional control. (*-seen this sentence before? Good.*) There is only me there you know, there is only you. There is an “us” if we want to and there is a place

for us all. Knowing something in situation; speaking in situation. Or as I prefer: Spunking something, partial, locally and historically; spunking in situation. Reflecting on our methods and always exploring new ways of knowing. An evocative writing. Decolonized, and the between thus not referring to a relation going from one to the other and reciprocally, but to a “*perpendicular direction, a transversal movement carrying away the one and the other, a stream without beginning or end, gnawing away at its two banks and picking up speed in the middle*” (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983:58). Zero but not again. Yes!! To come. Subject, method, reform, all. *A respond to the Hegelian Right it is. Uhuuu ...*

The famous blind jazz pianist George Sheering was visiting Oslo some time ago. He was asked if he had been blind all his life? He answered: “*No, not yet*”.

The key to “understanding” Derrida’s use of the term love, thus deconstruction and ultimately doing/empowerment/ becoming/becoming empowered, is therefore first of all the ambiguity of the French term *aimer* who coins the term *aimance* for that which is “*beyond love and friendship following their determined figures*” (Derrida, 1997.a: 69). Second, the ambiguity of the French term *expérience*: For Derrida the sense of the *exèpérience* of love is the English *experience* and the German *Erlebnis*: that which one undergoes, and what one lives through: Love is precisely that which forces us to recognize that the living present has always already been disrupted, so that the experience of love is living through what can’t be experienced, if experience is restricted to an event recorded in a supposedly self-present living present. Third, is the status of memory in the *expèrience* of love. The memory of love is not, as you know, the recall of time gone by, but this originary *différance*, the possibility of mourning that inaugurates friendship in an absolute past that vitiates the living present. *Différance* captures this essential openness by capitalizing on the homonymy between the French verbs for differing and deferring. The identity or stability of the system of traces is *diferred-deferred* because it is “*vitiated by the mark of its relation to the future element*” (Derrida,1982:13-17). Through mourning I however suggest replacing it with the non word SPUNK because that is a word that does not exist at all? - at least not in any Scandinavian language - read again. Talking back I am. Mourning; mourning Derrida, keeping him alive: Courage, kick, vengeance, sparkle... .


Not an impotent love therefore or ignoring that it is nothing but the desire to be One. Rather, the Lacanian register of double intervention repeating linguistic signifiers or meanings as counting numbers of *dirès* (sayings) the number of love being a question of Two or Two being the number of love: The homonym and the homophone as essential to Lacan’s



pedagogy as they are to Derrida's deconstructive practice or (grammatological) writing. Deconstruction as writing as love and as thus the experience of the tensions and ambiguities of language experiencing therefore language as indispensable for the minimal practice of philosophy and thinking and both Lacan's and Derrida's (For example; 2002: 22-31) discussion about and use of the term "*lalangue*" opposed to "*la langue*" or language as presenting all sorts of affects which remain enigmatic, unknown and mysterious equally similar and essential: The cohabitation of the subject with *lalangue* producing speaking, touching something, producing bliss. In short a notion of language as more than a techno-semiotic instrument or *techne* only. However, having nothing to do with sex, having nothing to do with communication or dialogue but articulating a play with phrasing and this usage in itself not its themes: "*The analyst operating on the two registers of intellectual elucidation by interpretation, of affective manoeuvre by transference*" (Lacan, 1966: 85 (Écrits) in Ulmer, 1985/87: 224). I try. Or in the words of Derrida: Such play of language is the "*disruption of presence*" (1967/76), and what might be "*enigmatic*" about it (Ibid: 70/Also in Derrida, 1978: 292). It is a play thus without "*security*" (Ibid.). There are thus always a crowd or swarm of signifiers constituting a language or a subject. No egg breaking though: "*Love never made anyone exit from himself*" (Lacan, 1972/73 in Ulmer, 1985/87: 211): L'amour - Love - Le mur - Wall - l'amur - Luve. Resisting closure I do. Climbing the wall of language I must. I love. Rigour as a right to philosophy and language (for example Greek, Latin, French, English German or Norwegian), however not as acquiring some available technique but involving itineraries of translations leading simultaneously towards or away from some language involving therefore "*translations even "inside" these languages*" (Derrida, 2002: 29).

And now I will really theorize a little bit: Derrida argues that words are transient elements in a general system of other words. Any word containing thus a reserve of undecidability; that is it can mean (signify) many things. Words are thus "traces" of other words that rely upon their differences from each other to be distinguished. The concept of the "trace" indicating therefore a boundless shifting, fundamentally interrelated, of references. *No shifting as such, no shifting done*

"A Right to" (*Philosophy or Philosophy of a "Popular Tone" (in Direct (Style)) a Right: Directives and Directions: Straight, Rigid, Rigorous, Rectilinear, Regular: "Getting authority from this movement – an authority at once silent and inexhaustible. This is the truth of the title, of every title, the efficacy of the title, the stroke (coup) of the title: it retains the sense it does not have, all the sense it does not have, some sense it does not have. It makes sense. That is privilege"*) (Derrida, 2002:42). The other title – heading - : CAP - Privilege, movement, authority, truth, sense, rigour, practice, writing, non knowledge production, experience, Khôra, love.

*with for ever, only a shifting again and again. -Keeping the concept though.* Translation (splitting the signified from the signifier of a word and thus the condition, as we shall see, of its survival); being the name of a general and/or machine like system of “*readability*”.  Denying thus ultimately any straight logocentrism in language, Derrida deconstructs the reading/writing relationship and thus the existence of any hierarchical, linear, foundational, intelligible or representational structures as such in language; showing us ultimately thereby the limitations of conventional epistemological and/or ontological conceptualizing processes.

To be more specific; through a deconstructive reading of Rousseau writings or works (Emile 1762, The Confessions 1781 et.all.) in a chapter in *Of Grammatology* (1967/76) entitled “...*That Dangerous Supplement...*”, Derrida deconstructs not only the reading writing, but also the speech writing relation, denying any reappropriation of presence through neither: A writer can never command or master what he/she writes. Neither can a reader reading or a speaker speaking. This is what Derrida elsewhere has referred to as “*writing in the voice*” (Derrida, in Royle, 2003:67). Stating that a supplement is at once what is added on to something in order further to enrich it and what is added on a mere “extra” (from the Latin for “outside”): It is thus both “*a surplus, a plenitude, enriching another plenitude*”, and it makes up for something missing, as if there is a void to be filled up: “*It is not simply added to the positivity of a presence...its place is assigned in the structure by the mark of an emptiness*”(Derrida, 1967/76:144-5). Derrida explores this strange but necessary “*cohabitation*” (Ibid: 144) of these two significations of the supplement, and in both cases the supplement is conceived as exterior or as an “extra”. Yet the supplement entails a kind of crazy logic; it is neither inside nor outside, and/or both inside and outside at the same time. It forms part without being part. It belongs without belonging. Therefore is the supplement “*maddening, because it is neither presence nor absence*” (Ibid: 154). In his meticulous reading of Rousseau citing and reciting, linking and analyzing, Derrida thus describes and transforms what we might understand by the word “supplement”. On the one hand something that seems to be very familiar: a postscript to a letter for example. On the other hand something completely “other” transformed deformed of what we might have thought was the “original” concept under discussion. This is a strategy in which: “*Every conceptual breakthrough amounts to transforming, that is to say deforming, an accredited, authorized relationship between a word and a concept. Between a trope and what one had every interest to consider to be an unshiftable primary sense, a proper, literal or current usage*” (Derrida, 1983 in Royle, 2003: 49). This is a strategy without finality operating in innumerable other

contexts. For example in relation to the “pharmakon” (and see a “list” further down); and therefore how ultimately: “*the pharmakon and its translations showing how metaphoricity is possible*” (Standish, 2001/02: 89).

The supplement turns out to be everywhere and nowhere, and therefore in a sense “*nothing*” (Derrida, 1967/76: 244). “*It is the strange essence of the supplement not to have essentiality: It may always not have taken place. Moreover, literally, it has never taken place: It is never present, here and now. If it were, it would not be what it is, a supplement. ... Less than nothing and yet, to judge by its effect, much more than nothing. The supplement is neither a presence nor an absence. No ontology can think its operation*” (Ibid: 314). Therefore it is as we have seen something - “something” and operating in no lacuna. *No vacuum cleaning*. To repeat; the supplement is no ontology or a philosophy focused on the concept of being (ontos in ancient Greek). Rather this in what Derrida later called an onto-ontology or a “*hauntology*” (1994.b: 10). You know, read again. The supplement haunts. It is ghostly. It works. It is at work: A virus a bug and we will never be done with its effects. It is “*almost inconceivable to reason*” (Derrida, 1967/76:149). And Derrida ads: “*simple irrationalities, the opposite of reason, are less irritating and waylaying for classical logic*” (Ibid: 154). That is what is so “maddening” about it. There is thus nothing before the logic of the supplement: If “*one wishes to go back from the supplement to the source: One must recognize that there is a supplement at the source*” (Ibid: 304). Writing in/as Khôra it is.

“*This “rigour”, “play”, “translation” or ultimately “right” is thus never a right or right as such rather every possible “trace”, “mark”, “text”, “writing”, “différance”, “remnant”, “supplement” or chain of “non-synonymous substitution*” (Derrida, 1982:12) making it secondary crucially – *words light, the best paleonym, but through aporia all antinomies, - rememeber-* a secondary aspect of nomination or giving names, however still – and here it is – “*readable*” through a machine like “*structure of repeatability*” or what Derrida several times calls “*iterability*”. This term is crucial for understanding this interplay between subjectivity, writing, social practices and institutions addressed in Derridas’ works; this aporetic and thus de-authorized knowledge creation process through loss of subjective certainty and undecidability - in the blind spots thus of understanding. It is a word drawing together the Latin *iter* (“again”) and the Sanskrit *itara* (“other”) (Derrida, 1971/88) and is therefore “*the logic that ties repetition to alterity*” (Ibid:7) entailing thus both; a structure of signification both describing and transforming, doubling, double(d) to come. Another logic and the Derridean right thus turned into a movement, play and/or love looking for “the other of X”: A

writing or practice thus consisting in following as consistently as possible a “*graphics of iterability*” or again this “*structure of repeatability*”. This is further also “*its responsibility*”; the responsibility of a “*deconstructive practice*” (Derrida, 2002:53).

*It is a “writing under erasure:  
A politics and ethics of  
difficulty” (Richardson &  
St.Pierre, 2005: 969).*

Derrida further argues, that to be readable any message must be “*structurally liberated from any living meaning*” (Derrida, 1973: 131) and thus carry with it the capacity to be repeated in principle again and again in all sorts of contexts, however it must simultaneously be in some way singular every time. Readability thus bears this mourning. Mourning providing “*the first chance and the terrible condition of all reading*” (Derrida, 2003: 220). Any machine like repetition is therefore marked by singularity: the context however is forever altering even if in some sense the text remains the same. The phrases “getting lost”, “be free” or “just decide” for example must be both structurally liberated from any living meaning; or in a word it must be iterable, simultaneously however it must be singular because no meaning can be determined out of context: No meaning determined out of context, but no context permitting saturation: “*The outside is penetrating and thus determines the inside*” (Derrida, 1971/88: 152). Machine and movement/human both, and I dare say again: any copy/mimesis thus but not. This is the background for Derrida’s claim that any structure of an original text - word or utterance - is being only that of surviving;” *the death of the author or signatory, and to be above or beyond the physical corpus of the text, and so on. The structure of the original text is survival*” (Derrida, 1985 in Royle, 2003: 64). There is nothing outside text, there is nothing outside context. Every conceptual breakthrough is thus broaching any text: Any text is supplemented and displaced from the beginning. The “*khôral*” quality of texts; a feature thus of textuality itself, and what has led Derrida into stating that “*khôra is the surname of différance*” (Derrida, 1995.a:126). Or in a nutshell: “*Différance, containing all, including all the genres, all the places, is a pandekhon, not as a universal container mothering, nursing, or “holding” all, but more paradoxically, as an open-ended and porous receptacle of the uncontainable, of innumerable and incalculable effects, as an un-principle, an un-arche. Différance is an absolutely neutral receptable – Khôra is its sur-name-that suppresses nothing, releasing the innumerable, the unforeseeable, the “invention of the other”. Différance is the nameless name of this open-ended, uncontainable, generalizable play of traces. And Khôra is its sur-name*” (Caputo, 1997: 105).

*“In spite his attitude that artistically one must go one’s own ways only and reject the focus on any cultural context, he radiates or beams a complete openness only in the meeting with others”*: A journalist about Kjartan Slettemark: One of Norway’s most original performance artists.

Equally and parallel, is Barthes famous sentence in his essay “The Death of the Author” (1968: 143) : “*it is language which speaks, not the author*”: counters the traditional perception of the subject as re-presented by the role of the author: the individual who gives life to and nourishes the work, leading to a “critique” of the “work” as that entity complete in itself, whole, and encapsulating a meaning that transcends time and history. Language is speaking, not me. This is a shift ultimately of power and authority from the author/owner/me to the writing itself (and then to the reader, Barthes concludes in his essay). A countering resulting therefore in an emphasis on writing and reading as production; writing becoming “*text*”, and the text thus a “*tissue of quotations drawn from the innumerable centers of culture*” (1968: 146). Four aspects of text become important: Dematerialization, manipulability, new and other discourses, and textual dispersion. Such textualizing thus possibilizes intertextuality: Khôra possibilizes intertextuality; possibilizes intratextuality ultimately through hypertext organization (Landow, 1997; Dwight & Garrison, 2003). A metatextuality – a metalinguistics it possibilizes. Derrida indicates a symbiotic relationship of “supplement”, “writing” and intertextuality when he says: “*there has never been anything but writing; there has never been anything but supplement, substitute signification which could only come forth in a chain of differential references*” (1967/76: 172-73). A chain of differential references is yet another way of describing the inter – texts of a text. Intertextuality ultimately as already read actually resisting closure. A linking within and without a text intertextual – intratextual connections between traces maybe points of text becoming equivalent bringing texts closer together and blurring the boundaries between them: Intertextual engagement becoming both the writer’s and the reader’s. Intertextuality and through haunting and mourning, creating a type of intersubjectivity as a way of being or a type of humanity opening the possibilities for ontological politics: a type of being together for doing other for loving the Derridean way: Relations (read community) tied to the alterity of the other, me and you: A double reading thus formalizing ambiguity. Read again/further.

To sum up but simultaneously move on: Derrida’s interest in texts thus needs to be “understood” in terms of a more general notion of text, that is to say thinking of “text” as “*unbounded generalisation*”(Derrida, 1983 in Royle, 2003: 68), or a “*fabric of traces*” governed by a logic of the “*nonpresent remainder*” by what thus figures the impossibility of

pure presence, the impossibility of absolute plenitude of meaning and intention. The logic of the nonpresent remainder however constitutes a law, Derrida suggests, that affects not only writing, but speech, body language and experience/love in general: He observes: *“I shall even extend this law to all “experience” in general if it is conceded that there is no experience consisting of pure presence but only a chain of differential marks”* (Derrida, 1988:10). There is thus a certain fictionality or fictionalizing in the heart of the law and this is what links law to text, law to literature. Further this is also linked to what Derrida talks about as aporia or the *“non-knowledge”* of the moment of decision, a sense of being *“before the law”* (Derrida, 1992.c.): linking law to singularity. Gashé (1999:297) in his essay on both Kafka’s text *“Before the Law”* (1914) and Derrida’s deconstructive writing of the same text puts it nicely: *“Singularity is the condition under which there can be something like a law at all, a law that is pure, non-representational, and as such in purity, inaccessible”*. The door of the law is singular, only for you; but you can never be in the presence of the law. This is the law of the law. I will return to this. --- So, talking about: *“A reading producing the law of this relationship to the concept of the supplement”* (Derrida, 1967/76:163).

This liberation from any living meaning ties thus thinking death (and thus mourning) as a necessary possibility for such a structure of signification: It is always possible that I will die before my friends get around to read what I have written. What is necessarily possible is however neither present nor absent, it haunts: *“For a writing to be a writing it must continue to “act” and to be readable even when what is called the author of the writing no longer answers for what he has written, for what he seems to have signed, be it because of temporary absence, because he is dead or, more generally, because he has not employed his absolutely actual and present intention or attention, the plenitude of his desire to say what he means, in order to sustain what seems to be written “in his name”* (Derrida, 1971/88: 8). We are oriented towards goals or a *telos* (*telos* is ancient Greek for “goal”, “aim”, or “purpose”), but reaching them would mean their end. This ultimately gives the rise to a double bind - b(1)ind through aporia- formulated by Derrida as follows: *“Plenitude; the desire for “absolutely actual and present intention or attention”, is the end (goal), but were it attained, it would be the end (death)”* (1988: 129). This double bind structures every use of a proper name, which thus calls out at once for recognition (translatability) and for singularity and a status of absolute non-appropriation (non-translatability). This double bind is also however fundamentally ethical: there is a duty and responsibility to *“translate and not to translate”* (Derrida, in Roffe, 2004:108). Roffe (Ibid.) explains: *“This is to understand, to enter into*

*relations with another (to translate them into one's own idioms), but at the same time to preserve the otherness of the other (to not translate them)".* This is further and however what affirming is about but always affirming it differently: A doubling in Khôra always possibilizing more and other to come.

Derrida is therefore neither a linguistic philosopher nor a textualist critic even if this definitely concerns language and linguistics. At issue here is that in addition to conventional writing in an alphabetical, Western sense as what "*opens the field of history*" (Derrida, 1967/76: 27), Derrida is deeply concerned with a thinking or writing as non- alphabetical, other- that- Western, pre-linguistic, indeed as something not unique to humans at all. He is thus preoccupied with what precedes or exceeds language. He calls it "*force*": He writes: "*Force is the other of language without which language would not be what it is*" (Derrida, 1978: 27). He is interested in "*the other of language*" and that is what deconstruction and/or writing and ultimately love is concerned about, leading/having led Derrida to saying that: "*Deconstruction was inscribed in the "linguistic turn", when it was in fact a protest against linguistics*"! (Derrida, 2001 in Royle, 2003: 62). The other of language is therefore also "a trace" or a "mark"; a mark however that needs no language and therefore it is in some way beyond and before language. Derrida thus insists not only on rethinking any traditional relationship between reading and writing, writing and speech, he is also rethinking the classical nature/law, body/mind, machine/man and thus even the human/animal divide. Requiring us therefore, he is, to think that "*man is not the only political animal*" (Derrida, 1988: 136). - An onto-ontology, an onto-ontological practice never arriving at or reaching a/its goal. Creating community again and again it is. Creating school again and again it is: Doing research again and again. It is mourning and haunting deconstruction as love. Love as an aporia; the aporetic structure of love, all the antinomies at our disposal and to come. This is choosing to love as if one has never been hurt and entering into relations open and without reservations. This is writing as love open and chasing the other, always and always new. For Derrida therefore, "*translation is language use in the most fundamental sense*" (Roffe, 2004:107).

For Deleuze – and Guattari (1984, 1987), thinking DD ( +D further down) together again, the experience of love is more the English *experiment*; that which one does in order to provoke a novel occurrence, to elicit a new event, to produce a new body. The memory of love is the rumble of "*Body without Organs*", the roads not taken in the virtual that echo in the actual, the memory of the body they stole from us (1984). Bodies lost in cyberspace; a

virtual space, a virtual place: A place: Triggering, having triggered a huge discussion about Cyberbuilding; linked to the promise of building – building-demiurge (read *paideia* to be formal maybe); an old discussion, ultimately it is. That is what it is, this is; becoming. – in my opinion that is. Trying something new I am though. There are so many old words. I need new and other. Imagine the body. Dream it. Love is thus the call to enter that virtual and open up to the actual, to install inclusive disjunctions so that the roads not taken are still accessible, so that we might experiment and produce new bodies. Love is complexity producing novelty, the very process of life. In other words, love is a war machine; but “*war machine*” of cause is another name for creativity. Therefore, only the failure of the war machine leads to war (1987:231). What counts is that love itself is a war machine endowed with strange and terrifying powers and the production of so many, as we already know, “*uncontrollable becomings*” (Ibid: 278), everybody/everything. And I am one. My identity is thus non –foundational opened up and my will is a will to love. Wanting is love not a lack. (Bye bye psychoanalysis.) Dewey’s notion (1920/57:94) of a “*self regulative experimental experience*” opposing that of a type of experience that is solely “*empirical*” used to form customs that has to “*be blindly followed or blindly broken*” is parallel or even prior to this, I believe. Dewey states that when experience becomes experimental something of “*radical importance*” (Ibid.) occurs: Reason becomes “*experimental intelligence*” (:96). And I add love. Love is intelligent, intelligence, intelligent reason, intelligent reasoning, practical experimentation trying to get to know something. Going on and on. Practice is movement is rigour and right but as a right to language and philosophy/thinking – a praxis of aporia – the praxis of free men/king/queen, producing more knowledge learning more and other always. Love however not reserved for professionals only but for amateurs too, me and you. Thinking philosophizing all we are, thinking humans all. Wanting in inventing is love is deconstruction is force and power is writing is knowledge production learning and freedom. Love writing, war writing. I will return to this later already? *I am thus not afraid any more, but it is not easy. Affirmation only a yes and a yes and a yes: Who is afraid anyway? (Derrida, 2002). And I want .....*

## Stares

Today I am practicing animal stares. I bounce back and fourth between *hunting lion* and *regretful dog* before I decide on *sheep in the rain*. Contrary to public opinion, I don’t think the stare is difficult. The stare is easy, a feather dancing in the wind. A way of looking



at life. The difficult part is to imagine a life other than this. A life without trickling rain and wet wool. Dry days. The bumpy ride to the slaughterhouse.

Dag T. Straumsvåg : Prose Poems 2006

Translation: Louise Jenkins

Law (2004), speaks of a time and life “*after method*”, about “*slow method*” and “*method assemblage*” referring to a crafting and enacting the necessary boundaries between presence, manifest absence and Otherness, generative or performative, producing absence and presence. An assemblage understood “(without the method) both as an episteme plus technologies. It is ad hoc, not necessarily coherent, and it is also active” creating some sort of “in-hereness” only ((Ibid: 41) as that which “is made present that relates to and stands for whatever is made absent but depicted or connoted”. Law speaks of an enactment of a bundling of relations in three parts: “a) whatever is in- here and present (for example a representation or an object); b) whatever is absent but also manifest (that is, it can be seen, is described, is manifestly relevant to presence); c) whatever is absent but is Other because, while necessary to presence, it is also hidden, repressed or uninteresting” (:161): Suggesting further a kind of “*hinterland*” as a concrete metaphor for absence and presence. After method, post method, no going back. And it takes time. Hard work, perpetual, detours, loose connections, shifting connections, no certainty, not there maybe nowhere; all method, no method: “*Breathing life into organizational studies*” (Dutton, 2003.) I try.

More about blindness and insight, the denouncement and renouncement; the blindness in the double(d) blind - aporia : Do you remember that I asked you about how long I can go on groping in this blindness? Do you remember that I problematized the costs? Here is another beauty of it all: This one is thanks to Appelbaum (1995) who argues that this groping, this halting, stumbling, careful, slow progress with a stick, also has its privileges. Through tentative movements the blind person might see what the person with vision might not. Because instead of making use of direct lines of vision to distant objects, she gropes her way across the terrain. In this groping there is a “*poised perception*”. This is “*a gathering unto a moment of novelty. It is perception of traces of hidden meaning. It is the perception that belongs to the stop*” (Ibid: 64). The happy moment I think. Blindness a loss but not, a loss but also a gain: “Stop, pick it up and give it back”. The stop slowing us up, it takes longer to do things, it takes longer to make sense. It takes longer to write. - “*Slow method*” -

The stop a version of deconstruction ultimately, in which “*a smooth narrative that has been brought to presence displays a break or an interruption that opens up the uncertainties of Otherness*” (Law, 2004: 164) - *That is what happened I think with me at River High*. Further it therefore dissolves the idea, the hope and the belief that we can see to the horizon, that we can see long distances. It erodes the idea that by taking in the distance at a glance we can get an overview of a single reality. So there are costs; I am never going to be an expert. Neither will you. *Spunking in situation remember?* No experts any more: What will be the difference? The difference being that there is no difference or rather that that is the only thing there is. *And now, but only now, I/you may dare say it: “We are all different.....” Having gone through.... - and some practice/theory/philosophy/ thinking/language behind. Being/becoming a researcher/teacher.* The gain however I argue, is becoming – becoming empowered to act and do something in the life in which I live. There is only more always. And as you remember, after having broken up my own language and yielded, I have already been gaining you. I can just go on - together.

On my desk I have the last book in the trilogy about the “*intervening subject*” by Appelbaum. The first being *The Stop*; you know about that one by now. The second, being *Disruption* (1999). I have not read that one yet, but I can imagine – can you? The last, the one on my desk is called “*The Delay of the Heart*” (2001). I love that title. Look at it again. “*The Delay..... of the Heart*”. I think this must be what X might be about if there is such a thing – a secret of delay behind – suggesting ways that a sensitivity to a sacred obligation emerges from the heart of human experience. Change - changing - delay - heart – gain through loss - gain. Love. I think now the postman is inside; everything post – all. Do not close the door behind him though. An assemblage of “*continuous, self-vibrating intensities*”; - discarding thus the: ...”*tripartite division between a field of reality (the world) and a field of representation (the book) and a field of subjectivity (the author).* *Rather, an assemblage establishes connections between certain multiplicities drawn from each of these orders, so that a book has no sequel nor the world its object nor one or several authors as its subject*” (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987: 22-23). I try. The question is if it works, not if it is true. I am so grateful. A writing of the heart it is, and “*becoming is the great substitution*” (Derrida, 1967/76: 175).

*“You are my sister”*

Interviewer: *I was surprised when I heard you speak because you do so in a dark voice. When you sing your voice is so light.*

Antony (being a male’s name. A male): *All women in my family have dark voices. I have been guided graciously through life.*

(Antony in Antony + the Johnsons: Winner of album of the year 2005).

zerohappymiddleforce

*The other heading; CAP, le/la CAPITAL(E): Now we might speak of method again, now we might speak of an ethnography: After having done some practice/theory/philosophy/thinking behind you know; after having gone through .....thus method without - because now you know that I am not serious about it as such and thus that I do not mean it as such; making possible hopefully an exemplary reading of the politics of the example – CAP Ethnography- CAP Writing. – Like the way I read Derrida*

*“.....leading me towards the most hesitant, trembling, and divided point of my remark, a point at once undecidable and decided. This word “capital” capitalizes in effect, in the body of the idiom, and if I may say this, in the same body, two genres of questions. More precisely: a question in two genres, with two genders (à deux genres” (Derrida 1992.a: 36).*

... on the one hand..., on the other hand... on a third ... new, more, other... .

This is ultimately the double(d) science of mourning and haunting Lather (Lather and Smithies, 1997; Lather, 2000, 2004.a.b. 2006 in press) advocates; a feminist research methodology; a “quasi – ethnography” and a science, drawing on Derrida, and therefore “with much to answer to in terms of the complexities of language and the world” (2004.a:1). A research methodology developed and used trying to say something sensible of and about death and women dying from HIV/Aids in the prime time of their lives. It is a “new

“The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman”.  
By, Laurence Stern, 1759-67 (author)  
By, Michael Winterbottom, 2006 (Film director).

*ethnography” (Britzman, 1995, 2003): a narration of “data” around topics on the day-to day realities of efforts of creating community at River High; realities as effects of discourse. It is a “post –*

*ethnography” (Ibid.), and/or also in my view a “refunctioning or para-ethnography” (Holmes & Marcus, 2005:1103): a contemporary critical ethnography multisited and complex in which the nature of fieldwork is changed. Complicity instead of rapport, the necessity of collaborations and personal politics, the uneven distribution or depth of knowing (both*

thickness and thinness as virtues of ethnographic description in play), the changing nature of the object of study, the grounding of abstract relations that define cultural systems in forms of human action and knowing, creating a “*discursive space*” Ibid:1109). - Reality always interrupting and intervening. This is a critical ethnography thus redirecting the narrative toward the “making” of the researcher, rather than the researcher’s “making” of research: A redirection therefore ultimately of the “*narrative toward the “making” of the teacher rather than the teacher’s “making” of teaching*” (Popkewitz,1998.b:142). Thus through aporia and me spunking always: Thus a unit of analysis but not; doing fieldwork thus but not; culture thus but not, ethnography thus but not, categories but not, thick/thin descriptions but not: A necessary blurring of lenses and genres that makes biographical, me/you, political, literary, sociological, artistic, ghosting, angelology, meta - structurality, in- here -ness, hinterland, love, loss, imagination, life and happiness all privileged parts of science; or rather challenging social science conventions what we do; collaborative writing, angel writing, crossing divides, interdisciplinary, multiple, double(d) descriptions ..... you go on. Enjoy. Yes: Love, life and happiness. No best practice any more or....

*“To give the teams freedom by saying that this is something that we won’t intervene in; this is something that the teams decide themselves, is a renouncement of responsibility. It has nothing to do with empowerment. It is rather a negative empowerment” (Teacher at River High).*

*“The students want us. Someone seems to think that if only the students get enough freedom, they will work harder, but it is not like that” (Teacher at River High).*

(Uhuuuu ....informant, researcher, teacher, student... Think about it. Worry about it!)

Liberal, liberalist, liberalism, neo liberalism.....freedom?

Individ, individualist, individuality..... Think about it. Worry about it. What is this school anyway....?

*“In the idea there is freedom but in some ways this will mean some kind of obligation. An obligation to make good use of the teacher led lessons that are left and an insecurity about the efficiency of the student led lessons” (Teacher at River High).*

Yes - Worry about it

Learning hearts..... hearts.....hearts.....remember.....go back.....pick it up.....think/philosophise it. Or mourn rather, because without there is no.....- give it back.

Preoccupied with writing as a method of inquiry and also drawing historical lines to Thomas Wolfe’s “*new journalism*” (Denzin, 1997), Richardson (2000), Richardson and

St.Pierre (2005) offer a collective labelling of such ethnographic practices: *CAP Ethnography: Creative Analytical Processes produced through Creative Analytical Practices*. CAP displaying the writing process and the writing product as deeply intertwined and both privileged: The practice that produce CAP ethnography being both creative and analytical, and writing a dynamic creative process in which both process and product are intertwined. The product cannot be separated from the producer, the mode of production or the method of knowing. These issues engage intertwined problems of subjectivity, authority, authorship, reflexivity and process on the one hand, and of representational form on the other: autobiography plus form. Privileging ultimately both voice and speech, speech and writing, writing and reading; a writing in and through the voice. Data collection and data analysis cannot be separated. Voice but not it is.

This is thus making writing on the one hand a method of data collection along with interviewing and observation, or in my view rather deconstructing all. *You know, I did all in the start of this work, having therefore deconstructed all. Having to do it. No fit. But it still is there. - Everything and anything.* Gathering together all sorts of data, in the writing and all sorts of things that happened during field work: For example the idiot story and the one about the sweater. All stories however are not all written but they are in the writing. And teachers for example are everywhere in the text but not as represented. -And you can go on. Further, or on the other hand, making writing simultaneously a method of data analysis along with the traditional, structural – activities of analytic induction, comparison, coding, sorting, and categorizing data. Or rather as I prefer; using data to think: *“Thought happens in writing”* (Richardson & St.Pierre, 2005: 970). This is thus thinking/writing –the happy moments, the stop, the pivoting but liberating effect positioning and giving direction. A grammatological writing ultimately, retaining its structure while abandoning its reference, thus a move between freedom and discipline: A blurring thus of fact and fiction, trope, cyborg, line, tried and imagined, a blurring thus also of the humanities and the social sciences. *Deconstruction, reconstruction, construction. ....: Pompel and Pilt.* Science is one lens, and creative art for example is another; a *“social science art form”* (Ibid: 964) and a radical interpretive form of representation. To come, becoming; a writing keeping the concept... . This is a social scientific writing, a political writing plus an artistic or a literary writing: In my view all of Derrida’s passageways thus “attended” to; autobiography, politics and literature.

This is ultimately a writing involving a politics and ethics of the unknown and thus of difficulty, that can on the one hand only be accomplished if I write, but on the other hand

cannot be accomplished on the basis of anything I already know about writing. And further, that I only while writing is realising the depth of the same writing. There are thus no rules for postinterpretive, postanalytical and postrepresentational writing. Creating texts that are mezzy or hyper the only rule maybe..... Not to encourage identification: All the mess in my opinion, being both a condition for and of using Derrida or writing in the name of Derrida in the first place. – because that is what this is. Otherwise not true to his spirit - The ghost of Derrida: I try to speak to it. No one can read Derrida for support. Derrida is agreeing with nobody and everybody always. I therefore (too) try to tell stories resulting only in confusion, more tropes, loose and open trajectories, more questions through aporias. It is a difficult writing rather/therefore: “A “*Difficult*” writing , writing that “*resists*” consumption” (Paul Mann,1991 in Levinson,1998:264). This is a way of gestering to teachers and school in a way that creates confusion about subjectivity and ultimately school and school reform and or by relating an aporia about methodology they insist I think. It is a way of gestering to teachers and students forcing me to start another place; from what is to what might? I think I owe them. Who am I to tell? I am in debt. Developing writing categories like my SPUNK stories. Maybe they could be labelled blind stories? Or rather there might not be any stories, no representations at all. There are only examples. It is politics and you can talk back. It is a pedagogy. It is an ethics but everything always differently thus created in an ethico - political space of *différance*. There is a will. Yours and mine. And that is OK.

However what this really is, if I dare say so, is an invitation – Derrida inviting me - to a reflexivity without depth or bottom or rather in or towards an “abyss”; putting everything and anything “*under erasure*” (Derrida ,1982 - again) as it is. In Khôra we are. Trying at least I am. Asking questions about everything; questions that are problem driven, not hypothesis driven, remember. There are tensions in our language making “other”: the ultimate alterity of the other, possible. Through this indeterminable “Hospitality”: being host, hosting a guest... . Our language is our tool. We live in these tensions. In these tensions we can act. We can love. We can get to know more. However this does not imply any floating or meaningless language games or playing games with language, on the contrary this is about moving away from any games and towards what we now know Derrida calls the “law”. From language to law it is remember: The aporetic relation between the universal and the particular ultimately at the heart of this. The negative form of aporia being what structures and conditions any possible knowledge, any possible result. Any attempt of reforming and thus change. Abyss is ancient Greek for *abyssos*; from a “without”, *byssos*; “*depth*” or “*bottom*”.

This further corresponds with the term *aporia* (pew): also ancient Greek, but as a “without”, *poros* “way” or “passage”, a term thus loosely connected to “doubt” or “difficulty of choosing” but it actually means “absolute blockage” or a “no way”. *Aporia* is therefore a non road “*entailing an indeterminable experience*” (Derrida, 1993:16) concerned with putting in motion a new thinking of the possible or more precisely the possibility of the impossible. Engendering *aporias* they are, making us love they do. Like the experience of the “undecidable”; “*the aporia can never simply be endured as such*” (Ibid: 78). They can only be loved. *Why have I not told you this before? I could have. Following theory through I think I am. I try. And maybe I have? Khôra, writing in and through Khôra, no rules, no narrative possible, no genders, no nothing actually or already there, just a mess however?* - A paralyzing no way therefore because there are no solutions, answers to our questions as such. However we have to pass through this paralysis and this passing starts with experiencing this no way and/or realizing that exactly this paralysis is necessary. Simultaneously however it must be passed and you decide both the what and the how to do it. You haunt and you mourn and you let yourself be haunted and mourned: failure structures the way you choose and the way you chose is porous. Failing, but failing well that is: Speaking, reading and writing in and through *Khôra* because we must. A duty and a responsibility, a freedom it is.

“*And now you can wonder if it is because I went to Sunday school I keep on doing this*” (Eva Joly, 2006: Corruption hunter).

-Writing like this, messing up like this. Why not just go straight to Derrida always?

Derrida talks of the necessity of going through the trial of no less than three – go back - *aporias*. First there is the *aporia* of suspension. For a decision (or writing) to be just, there must be both a continuity of traditional precedent and the discontinuity of a fresh judgement/writing with respect to each particular case, situation, student or activity. In its “*proper moment*” such a judgement must be both regulated and without regulation: “*It must conserve the law and destroy it or suspend it enough to have to reinvent it in each case, rejustify it, at least reinvent it in the reaffirmation and the new and free confirmation of its principle*” (Derrida, 1994.a./2002: 55). Any decision/writing (read pedagogy, any didactics, justice, love) cannot be the product of any (pedagogical.....) machine, but must stem from a fresh writing and a reengineering of that machine demanding lineage and rupture both.

Second, there is the aporia of undecideability. Already we have discussed this, I will however add/repeat again that this is finally about knowledge and ultimately the aporetic structure of knowledge. Knowledge structured as non-knowledge it is. The moment of paralysis of indecision that one has to pass through in order to go on in loss but without. What I loose is subjective certainty. What I gain is the strength to go on, wanting more. And then we therefore touch the third aporia; that of urgency. Or rather; the aporia comes into play. Because we have to decide, we have to go on. And a decision cannot wait. But again; “*It is a madness*” (Ibid: 63). We have to decide but a just decision is impossible – this very mad impossibility makes however justice, writing, a politics, pedagogy, love possible. This is both the law and its force. An example, a politics, an ethics, thus only we write. Just decide, because you will never know for sure. - Creating community again and again and again. - Because we must speak. This is ultimately practice as a living on: A practice in the time of the promise as we shall see: Not of a new concept however, but of practice on a shifting ground that foregrounds the limits of the fixing, locating, defining and confining that is the work of the concept. This is a thinking not only with, but also in our actions. You chose the reality you want to enact. Read again.

Before we go on, I will tie a comment to the term problem. Derrida keeps the word problem for two reasons: “*First, the Greek problema can signify projection or protection that which one poses or throws in front of oneself, either as the projection of a project, of a task to accomplish, or as the protection created by a substitute, a prosthesis that we put forth in order to represent, replace, shelter, or dissimulate ourselves, or as to hide something unavowable (problema also means shield, clothing as barrier or guard -barrier)– behind which one guards oneself in secret or in shelter in case of danger*“ (Derrida, 1993:11-12). -A hiding place in case of danger: Every border therefore being “*problematic*” in both senses. Second, it is to put it in tension with aporia, as we have seen here. - At stake in the word being a place of the unknown and a “*not knowing where to go*” (Ibid.). Derrida thus writes: “*There, in sum, in this place of aporia, there is no longer a problem. Not that, alas or fortunately, the solutions have been given, but because one could no longer even find a problem that would constitute itself and that one would keep in front of oneself, as a presentable object or project, as a protective representative or a prosthetic substitute, as some kind of border still to cross or behind which to protect oneself*” (Ibid: 12). No problems in Khôra, only problems without.



Oliver, a teacher at River High told me a story once. He started by telling me that; “*you know, Anne, conflicts do not really exist*”: Have you heard about the two teachers having had a conflict going on between them for years. Finally they decided to talk to the headmaster to try to find a solution. The headmaster welcomed them and asked them to sit down. Then he/she asked them if it was OK that they all sang a song together before they came forward with their case? The two teachers said OK. After the song, the headmaster asked if they would like to sing another? Yes, they agreed to this too. Then they all sang a third and a fourth. By then they were all crying and the two teachers left the headmaster’s office. They never came back to solve any conflict.

*Tina Turner (1984): What has love got to do with it? Leadership. ....To create confusion; there is always more. No second hand emotions will do.*

With reference to the double bind, this is a writing in awareness of the very violent aspects of any invention, reinvention, creation, recreation: any moment of creation: The creation of any event, tradition, philosophy, writing, law and/or institution: Violence inscribed in any original text or “*arche-writing*” (Derrida, 1967/76). Again having nothing to do with violence as such or any blood spill, but a type of awareness and a type of realism as to what it implies either to intervene in other people’s lives as a teacher, what a research can and cannot imply, or ultimately as to what it really means to write, and then I mean write, and be realistic about it. It is about securing openness, keeping going suppressing nothing. Open to the future, keeping alive always to come. This is a writing thus in awareness of the doubleness of any source or origin in general possibilizing simultaneously both good and bad, black and white, moral and immoral. Derrida has argued that it is necessary to think deconstructively about the “*force of law*” acknowledging the performative and therefore “*interpretative violence*” (Derrida, 1994.a./2002: 34.) in the founding or instituting of any law, acknowledging in particular what he has called “*the impossibility for a principle of grounding to ground itself*” (Derrida, 1982 in Royle, 2003: 100). The law being, as you remember, that one always writes in situation, but simultaneously one knows that no situation can be captured or commanded as such. It must be captured again and again. Derrida notes that language is “*the elementary medium of the law*” (Derrida, 1992.c: 206). Listen however further also to what Derrida (1994. b:141) put in brackets after having spoken about the autoimmunity of the living ego: “(so many figures of death: *différance of the technical apparatus, iterability, non-uniqueness, prosthesis, synthetic image, simulacrum, all of which begins with language, before language*)”. You have/will see.

And to go on; these are the words of Derrida concerning the instituting moment of institution: *“The instituting moment in an institution is violent in a way. It is violent because it is no guarantee. Although it follows the premise of the past, it starts something absolute new, and this newness, this novelty, is a risk, is something that has to be risky, and it is violent because it is guaranteed by no previous rules. So at the same time, you have to follow the rule and to invent a new rule, a new norm, a new criterion, a new law. That is why the moment of institutions is so dangerous at the same time. One should not have an absolute guarantee, an absolute norm; we have to invent the rules. There is no responsibility, no decision, without this inauguration, this absolute break. That is what deconstruction is made of: Not the mixture but the tension between memory, fidelity, the preservation of something that has been given to us, and, at the same time, heterogeneity, something absolutely new, and a break. The condition of this performative success, which is never guaranteed, is the alliance of these to newness”* (Derrida, 1997.b: 6). Derrida continues to talk about how to keep institutions alive ultimately through decision making we know: *“I think that the life of an institution implies that we are able to criticize, to transform, to open the institution to its own future. The paradox in the instituting moment of an institution is that, at the same time that it starts something new, it also continues something, is true to the memory of the past, to a heritage, to something we receive from the past, from our predecessors, from the culture. If an institution is to be an institution it must to some extent break with the past, keep the memory of the past, while inaugurating something absolutely new”* (Ibid: 6).

The force “before the law” is thus strong. There is no truth. One knows nothing. But in this lies a liberating force and possibly freedom. I have only my own language. That is the only thing that counts. In the place of Khôra and through aporia there is only me, and a “truth” about myself and that of others that makes me real, realistic, virtual: Situated but not. However more important: I cannot hide, not from you, not from myself, and I do not want to. No narcissism, no self deceit, out of any grip. Utopia but not, underestimating no one never. - Only my words. -Your words. True to myself, speaking as a friend, living and loving. Therefore, a teacher/ researcher making decisions through aporia; a teacher/researcher who writes, makes decisions on the basis of what she thinks she knows now and what she thinks is right now, but keeps the door open always. A teacher/researcher making decisions through aporia knows what she does and not. She also knows why. A teacher/researcher writing knows what she does and not. She also knows why. She also knows that the next time she must do something else because the child, case, situation, text is another: Any decision is annulled the moment it is made. She is also aware of her own role and she has a realistic self

image of her position: Her powers maybe, her force. Roles: being becoming teacher/researcher as text, changing roles through writing. This is what situativity is, this is becoming a situated speaker. Having become such a speaker, change is not dangerous. – You are not. Having become such a speaker, change is no loss. - Loss a gain rather. Having become such a speaker, change is what you want. Having become such a speaker change is what you love. Doing other is what you love. Writing is what you love: Writing is decision making, writing as decision making. A writing of the supplement, writing as supplement it is. Pivoting and liberating it is because you want/love more. Ultimately this is making possible becoming, a becoming as a remembering and forgetting of oneself or a moving in and out of ones own presence. Or rather, making possible through autoimmunity a being in ones own presence. A subjectivity thus tied to a singularity in context, not as in particular but perpetually developed/developing through something unknown and what I must/want do/love. However and again and to remind myself; it is not easy never and it is dangerous, because ultimately “*blindness to the supplement is the law*” (Derrida, 1967/76:149).

More about danger therefore: the “dangerous supplement” that is. It is dangerous if it does not supplement or if it forgets to be a supplement. If I forget that that is what it is and that is what it does. That is what I have to remember. That is what I must never forget. That is why I should pay more attention to forgetting: Forgetting and remembering simultaneously, forgetting and remembering myself. Derrida writes: “*Writing is dangerous from the moment that representation there claims to be presence and the sign of the thing itself. And there is a fatal necessity, inscribed in the very functioning of the sign, that the substitute make one forget the vicariousness of its own function and make itself pass for the plenitude of a speech whose deficiency and infirmity it nevertheless only supplements*” (1967/76:144 the underlining is replacing the italics in the original). This problematizing, questioning, reflexivity, writing, doubling, blindness, being in ruins, loving the ruins, in the desert, being nomads in the desert (many names have been given by me and by others)... is entailing a de authorizing process or a right to a questioning or opening up of any authority, privilege, knowledge, institution, inheritance, tradition, subject/object or phenomena (read pedagogy, didactics...); however making possible this privileging of more: Making philosophy thinking me through language – a politics - constituted by and constitutive of traditional critique, self critique but differently ultimately as we shall see/have seen. We are therefore forced to ask some hard questions about authority or put in another way; from where to draw it? Like any other writing it is mysterious, it is the mysterious foundation of authority. I will tell you more later again. However according to Derrida, “*the authority of*

*the laws rests only on the credibility one gives to them. One believes in them, that is their only foundation. This act of belief is not based on an ontological or rational foundation. In addition one must think about what to believe means” (Derrida, 1994.a: 30-31 the underlining is replacing italics in the original again).*

### **A SPUNK story**

“One of the things, for good or for bad, that I think happens here, is that you get very close with students. And you get.... Well you get their personal problems and thing like that closer than before. So it can be quite distressing because you feel that there is not always anything that you can do about it. And sometimes you are not qualified to do anything either”. ... (long pause)..... “I think that we understand each other better than before and also I think that it does not matter as much now that I do not know everything. And also that not knowing is not so dangerous any more, you know, because things are not when you know people well. So I think that they (the students) now see what I can and what I cannot contribute with and then they ask other teachers about the things I can not or do not know. .... . It has both positive and negative sides. You may experience that your status sinks, but at the same time... I really do not know .... . I guess it is something turning back or maybe returning? Maybe we get the status that we deserve?”

Finally, Richardson and St. Pierre (2005) call such stories autobiographical and self reflective “*writing stories*” (Ibid: 965), stories ultimately about becoming and thus a way of making sense of the/my world and a way of locating my particular biographical experiences in larger historical and sociological contexts: An intersection thus of the biographical and the historical, honouring the location of the self. These are stories that situate one’s own writing in other parts of one’s life; disciplinary constraints, academic debates, research interests, personal history: Stories offering critical reflexivity about the writing self in different contexts as a valuable creative analytical practice and asking new questions about the self and the subject. Writing stories being about ourselves, our lives, workplace, disciplines, friends and family, it is about how to find concrete practices through which we can construct ourselves as ethical subjects engaged in ethical ethnography thus bringing stories and story making/telling home - *home again (do you remember)*- to me. The obligations, the responsibility, the double(d) duty towards you, giving, gift, debt. Depicting a movement thus from the crisis of representation in science to a way ultimately of “*documenting becoming*” (Ibid: 966): Concentrating, as we now like it, on the start rather than the endpoint. – *to you? Will you pick it up? No destiny only you.*

Teacher: “It is so noisy here, and when there are students coming in from another programme in addition, it gets awful”.

Student: “No. That is OK”.

*Above I started suggesting a new word, autobio – uoytobio – “youtobiography”; let us play with it: Youtobiography; I am trying to talk to you, talking back to you. Giving something back. U2biography; can you recognise some of these things that I am talking about? About something and someone it is. Does any of it concern you? Do you like that music? Shall we go to the concert together? Do you hate it? Were you aware? Are you becoming so? What do you say? You to(o) biography; will you also write? You to biography; you move in a direction too. To you biography; I am writing to you. I am writing for you. I am writing from you. I am writing from me, to me, for me. I am writing us. I am, as you shall see and already know, preoccupied with intersubjectivity and conditions, possibilities, impossibilities, probabilities for success: Loss, breaking up, yielding: gain. Think about it? To come.....What?.....uhuuuu. Nomads must.*

This really gave me a happy moment. Multiple, heterogenic, more, rhizovocalized... . - A “trickster” (Haraway, 1991.a; Jackson, 2003) maybe I am becoming –? - I hope – a lover it is. Working the limits, learning to listen for texture in a rhizomatic way – “*difference within and between and among, highlighting the irruptive, disruptive, yet interconnected nature of positioned voices (including the researcher’s) that are discursively formed and that are historically and socially determined – irrupting from discursive pressures within/against/outside the research process*” (Jackson, 2003: 707-8). Locating the coordinates of irruption and following a line of flight enables the “trickster” to “*blow apart strata, cut roots, and make new connections*” (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987:15). - I laughed, but now you might want to ask the standard, and in my view important questions about validity, reliability, credibility or how to triangulate this science? And I answer; Light light bright light light bright – words light – do you remember? Writing in and through Khôra; a writing in the spectral moment of life; credible, reliable and valid however but not to be or impossible to triangulate. That is not how this writing works. That is not how this might matter. That is not how I become important. As far as validity is concerned Richardson and St. Pierre (2005) advocates moving from plane geometry and thus a notion of triangulation to light theory (light both as waves and particles.), and I would maybe like to add to *Khôral theory*. However, they

argue that even if CAP Ethnography is drawing from literary, artistic and scientific genres, there are far more than three sides by which we approach the world and life: “*We thus do not triangulate, we crystallize. The central imaginary is the crystal which combines symmetry and substance with an infinite variety of shapes, substances, transmutations, multi-dimensionalities, and angles of approach. Crystals grow, change, and are altered, but they are not amorphous. Crystals are prisms that reflect externalities and refract within themselves, creating different colours, patterns, and arrays casting off in different directions*” (Ibid: 963). Creating space, giving space, getting space: More – go on. There is always more to know. What we see depends on our angle of repose, the stop we made, the delay in our hearts and keeping a concept as something other therefore deconstructing the traditional idea of validity; we feel how there is no single truth, and we see how texts validate themselves. Without thus renouncing an ideal of democracy and emancipation; “*but rather by trying to think it and put it to work otherwise*” (Derrida, 1994.b: 90). Ethnographies produced through creative analytical practices can include old, new and future work wherever the author has moved outside conventional social scientific writing. They are however not alternative or experimental, they are, in and of themselves, valid and desirable representations of the social. They invite people in and open spaces for thinking about the social that elude us now. Writing ethnography therefore not to represent what is or the real, but to disrupt the known and the real. Crystallization – *Khôralization* - provides us with a deepened, complex, and thoroughly partial understanding of the/a topic. Paradoxically, we know more and doubt what we know. Ingeniously we know there is always more to know. True writing what this writing is; vacillating between theory, method and me. Becoming agents of displacement like Pippi. Writing is thinking and writing is a method of discovery. And according to Richardson and St.Pierre: “*CAP ethnographies herald a paradigm shift*” (Ibid: 962) in science. And I ad: Maybe rather a floating together, and a writing becoming more diverse and author centred, less boring and humbler. A writing however and strangely –mysteriously enough more bold: In Khôra challenging doxa and /or what we allow ourselves to think and/or think with. - Daring to say more that is. Daring to “speculate”, daring to ask some really hard questions about the way we are that is. -The way we live that is. Not on the basis of what we know, but on the basis of what we think we must. Writing stories all. Not dangerous therefore but dangerous if not. Examples only they are. Thus examples that we dare think with, think in, think on – maybe use – maybe learn from eventually? Beware of the shifts. I will tell you soon. Daring to make promises for the future it actually might be about. - Promises however that might always fail.

Teacher at River High: *“I want the power because it gives me freedom. I have come to a point where I trust myself. I trust myself to choose what I want and what I do not want. But I think that in many ways it is both harder and represents more work. I think, and now I am maybe a little unpleasant, it was much easier before”.*

There are ways to evaluate such writing. Richardson and St.Pierre (Ibid: 964) again suggests four criteria:

- First, does the writing contribute in a substantive way to our understanding of social life? Does the writer demonstrate a deeply grounded (if embedded) social scientific perspective? Does this piece seem “true” – a credible account of a cultural, social, individual or communal sense of the “real”?
- Second, does the text open up and invite interpretive responses? Does it succeed aesthetically? Is the text artistically shaped, satisfying, complex and not boring?
- Third, is there adequate self-awareness and self exposure for the reader to make judgement about the point of view? Or rather how has the author’s subjectivity been both a producer and a product of this text?
- And fourth, does the text affect you emotionally or intellectually? Does it generate new questions or move you to write? Does it move you to try something new or act? *What do you want to read? What do you say, talk back to me.*
- I like to suggest a fifth point even if I clearly see that it is an extension of the other four: Can the text be read as a reversal and thus as an exemplary reading of the politics of the example? Does it allow the possibility of beginning not with a politics of which we would then give examples, but with examples out of which we might invent a politics?  
Following through: Keeping the concept. At least that is something that I try. I hope you read again. It is a politics only, everything and anything. It is a pedagogy. My will. I want my writing to disappear behind me: Through loss, more loss and still loss, lost. No monument, just a going on.

A last but daring point, so daring that I will not put it on the list but just mention it since you after all still are here: It would be lovely if we could reflect on the different methods whether quantitative, qualitative, modern or post modern in a view not to reject or disqualify any other rather to get wiser concerning both what the different types of methods can and cannot say, do and cannot do. Existing but not together in Khôra? Making ontological politics concerning research possible it is. Thinking about the “problems” maybe

I am. Being brave together, daring together, spunking together - differently always though.  
Play. Through engendering aporia all: Science but not. I am a careful optimist.

***Time, place, beginning, end, heart, human, importance, more but not as in other: less?***

Student: *“The teachers do not go for it, even if I think we would have been rewarded later on”.*

**Love, life and happiness**

*“Beyond words”:*

(Bobby McFerrin, 2002)

Not exactly writing in a cool academic stringent language but/and exactly what this is so not about. Amateur – ( Latin: *amare* – a person who loves- a lover.) Amore, amour, love, liebe, leben, life, kjær, kjærlighet, liv: yours and mine, ditt og mitt, together, gather, zusammen, zammeln, sammen, samle, samlesammen.

Breaking up and yielding

-me, research, researcher, teacher, mother, community, teaching, adult, gender, no, Norwegian, south, family, yes, you, us, we, school...

Mourn every word- no guarantee. Cry but there is life, love and happiness.

This “Precarious Life” (Butler, 2004): *“If we are interested in arresting cycles of violence to produce less violent outcomes, it is no doubt important to ask what, politically, might be made of grief besides a cry for war.”*

Blix - SPUNK

## ***An introduction maybe a new chapter 3(4)-00(1)-1(0)***

*And here it is finally - the “but not” – bug - story; being/becoming my/your pain in the assbut(t) always –or spelling it out; becoming a language gambler – “ best practice” again? Identity problems - getting it “right” from the beginning. The next chapter about reform maybe it is.*

*I think I agree or not with everyone or no one about everything and anything every time or anytime but not: The “but not” being just a tool, a function, for letting go immediately. Everything I think I know. Every time I thought I found something; I did but not.*

*Maybe you should/could have read this first, but what is hyper, and how hyper is hyper? And what is left to you if? I could have given you deconstruction or showing you some deconstructive pedagogy but not, hyperpedagogy, heterodidactics but I won't or...*

When I started as a researcher at River High my heading was “Pedagogy between Structure and Participant”. I was preoccupied with teachers as mediators of school reform. Embedded was also what I call “the Promise of Dialogue” committed to “*dialogue*” and the “*dialogical mind*” (Bakhtin, 1986, 1994/2003) as you know I was: Dialogues on the one hand being about negotiations of meaning, social interaction and collaboration between participants in a collaboration process, but on the other hand also a perspective on learning (Rommetveit,



1996). I thought it useful to combine “systems theoretical -”, “chaos- or complex theory ” and/or ultimately “critical theory” about change; knowledge production and learning in organisations and thus schools (March, 1981;Orlikowski, 1996; Nonaka & Takeuchi, 1995; Landow,1997; Jensen,1999; Popkewitz, 1997,1998.a.b.,2000;Hargreaves, 2003;Fullan, 2001.a.b., 2003 et.all), with “socio - cultural constructivist” theory and research on language and culture and ultimately “activity theory” (Vygotsky,1978, 2001;Leontjev,1981; Wertch,1993;Tharp & Gallimore1988/91;Engestrøm,1999, 2001, 2004). I look upon technology in a wide perspective and I believe schools more and more must be thought of as both knowledge- and technology intensive systems or organisations.

Identifying (*not yet in hypfiens*) myself as a qualitative classroom researcher (Shulman, 1987; Elbaz,1993; Gudmundsdottir, 1991.a.b., 1997, 1998; Grossman & Stodolsky,1995; Grossman, Wineburg & Woolworth, 2001; Lampert,1985; Little, 1990,2002, 2003 et. all. ) aiming at writing or rather *narrating* (see below) a micro ethnographical case study, I embraced Orlikowski’s (1996) term “*situated change*” created through a wish to study organisational changes in practice. This is a research perspective implying that there is a central element of trial and error, improvisation and experimentation going on by participants who through their daily activities must attend to tasks that need to be solved (March, 1981). Organisations are looked upon as consisting of intertwined layers of texts or rather “*hypertexts*” (Nonaka & Tekeuchi, 1995; Landow, 1997). There are **primary texts** (for example theories or subject matter) not made by myself but starting points however for possible changes into relevant activities. Further, there are **secondary texts** or personal interpretations, and finally **tertiary texts** or reflections over and about secondary texts emerging in and through dialogues in teams trying to create community and/or when explicit knowledge is combined with other explicit knowledge. At River High this meant treating both pedagogy and knowledge as issues of interpretation, and researchers like me using “*complex theory for studying complex processes*” (Fullan, 2001.b:22-23) in practice.

<i>And the ghost of Piaget is present. Here somewhere. Do you see or feel it?</i>
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The notion of text brought me (at that point, but I was already brought, being brought having brought myself) to constructivist socio-cultural theory and research. Vygotsky’s main idea is that language has a mediating function (semiotic mediation) both at the “*interpsychological*” and at the “*intrapsychological*” level. To put it very simple; through linguistic communication or speaking with others (social language) a subject or person becomes able to speak to him/her self in problem solving situations (inner speech):

Interpsychological processes is both constitutive for and of the development of consciousness, not just cognitive but also emotionally: The development of concepts thus being both an internal and an external learning process, both formal and informal. To understand intrapsychological processes therefore, one must study the linguistic mediation in interpsychological processes. Studies of language in and of practice and in dialogue with others, is an example of an interpsychological process and thus a key to any description of practice. Practice is thus seen, and this is parallel to Orlikowski above, as primarily a mediated activity and cannot be separated from its context (Wertsch, 1993). Change happens through language and cannot necessarily be planned. In other words: Practice is mediated activity is text is language; a muddling process, a process of muddling through. Practice as a process of experimentation, experimentation as a process of muddling through. We are in the core of the “*linguistic*” - or rather the complex and of many strands, the “*narrative*” (for example Ricoeur and Gadamer in the hermeneutical tradition and Saussure, Bakhtin, Kristeva, Foucault, Lacan, Deleuze & Guattari, Deleuze and Parnet, Lyotard, Derrida, Barthes, Said, DeMan et al. in the postmodern and ultimately poststructural tradition) turn in social science and in the cultural perspective on organisations; reality is created by people interacting. People react to and adapt to the reality they themselves have constructed. Change, in or at either point in the organisation or what we might call the activity system ultimately having implications and leading to changes in or at any other point in the same system.

As part of my research I was “planning” (*haha with hyphens like Derrida*) to do a discourse analysis in a broad understanding of the concept, and possibly trace changes in teachers’ speech or “*language of practice*” (Taylor, 1985), or “*speech genres*” (Bakhtin, 1986), I consider these to be parallel terms, and to discuss such changes, if there were any, as signs of a pedagogy having been created or not. A speech genre is “*used to describe a broad set of linguistic conventions which speakers more or less tacitly agree upon as operative for any discursive context (written or spoken)*” (Morris building on Bakhtin, 1994/2003: 248). I was also interested in Bakhtin’s term “*heteroglossia*” referring to the conflict between “centripetal” and “centrifugal” discourses within a language but at the micro-linguistic scale: Every unit of language; a concept, a word or an entire text or rather “*utterance*”; *as the locus of encounter between my self-consciousness, my mind and the world with all its socio-historical meaning*” (Ibid: 248), containing within it thus traces of other utterances both in the past and in the future and therefore heteroglossia possibly foregrounding the clash for example of antagonistic social forces. Any “*word*” thus resonant with a multitude of

conflicting voices seeking answers from other words embodied in other voices: “*The word is living, dialogic discourse*” (Ibid:252). One way of representing heteroglossia would be by a hybrid construction, which contains within it the trace of two or more discourses.

Having read Bourdieu & Passeron (1977/1990) I was aware of reproductive and restructuring forces in attempts of creating teacher community and also in change processes in a more general way. I was also very much preoccupied with metaphors and the metaphorical aspects of language (Lakoff & Johnson, 1980/2003; Cook-Sather, 2001, 2002, 2003; Shon, 1979; Sfard, 1998): The metaphors – also a text – “*we live by*”. Teachers’ metaphors of learning and knowledge creation therefore, in my view, decisive in any reform process: The importance thus of multiple and multiplicity: The importance further of both crafting and enacting metaphors that cast both teachers and students not only as active participants in their own learning and/or educative process, “*but as the principle creators of their education and themselves*” (Cook-Sather, 2003:946). I had not however prepared a thorough research design because I wanted things to be “open” (*hyphens here but look closely; they are there for the wrong reasons*) for a long time. That would be the Bakhtinian way I thought. That is; I had one but I had made it as open and loose as I could and still get funded. I was not going to jump at anything. And I wanted to be able to go anywhere. I have however long experience as a teacher myself and I guess I knew already a lot about life in schools. Today this might sound both stupid and correct I guess, maybe even wrong, biased or at least risky. - A researcher too big for her shoes or a researcher in too big shoes? Anyway that is what I did. I am honest about it. And I ultimately think it is “right” (*for the right reasons*) even if it takes time. And then I mean takes time. *I told you I wanted more. In the beginning, one of the critics of my project suggested, and for obvious good reasons I think, that I should study communication in teacher teams. I guess I do and did, but not. – Rather beyond. “A ratcatching ratcatcher cathing a rat cathing a ratcatcher ratcathing”. Still at this point I was not open enough or risk taking enough, but I did not realize yet. I did not yet SPUNK I still thought I could know and that there was something to know. I still do but not.* When I was welcomed as a researcher at River High, we (the teachers and I) talked about bringing with us the best of tradition. How is it done and what to bring? My project is still the same, but not. *I think I know more about sweaters. I think I know more about difficulties and how knowledge creation is not so lovely. I know more about climbing and about not. Me. This “Right”.*

This year a Norwegian film maker got the golden palm at Cannes for the best short film. The film is called “*Sniffer*”. It is about a society in which people wear led boots to keep them on the ground. There is no gravity. One day one person unties his boots and flies.... .

I spent a year at River High collecting written documentation, interviewing teachers, students and team leaders, observing teachers and students; both meetings and classroom practice, listening, engaging in conversations, video-filming, audio- recording, participating and reading more theory. I did everything the best I could and by the book; collecting data, artefacts, writing up and transcribing every word myself, writing comments in the margins, writing everything down as I went along. Writing all kinds of thoughts and questions I had. Not always knowing why or the importance there and then. Sometimes teachers, students and administrators gave me information about something they thought I should know about.

*Nothing value free, nothing objective: Me and you everywhere.* I was at the school in the morning before the caretakers were, and I stayed sometimes until midnight. I filmed patterns of how students and teachers moved furniture about. I filmed team meetings and classroom instruction. I interviewed and talked with teachers about the use of rooms, timetables, work plans, homework, subject matter, group work, leadership, administration, planning, friendships, the past, the future, the reform they were engaged in, in service training, working in teacher teams, trying to create community, ideology, pedagogy, inclusion, teacher roles, didactics, instruction, teaching, teachers, reform, visions, curriculum, education; in general and their own, school, school politics, local authorities, central authorities, students, the new building they worked in, their school history, local history; guiding, coaching, mentoring you name it, and I could have told you a lot of stories: For example the story about how students divided the group rooms between them: Take a look at the architect drawing of the physical environment behind; there soon were “*the clever boys` room*”, “*the clever girls` room*”, “*the not so clever girls` room*”, “*the room for the students from one of the islands outside of town bussed (there is a bridge) to the school*”, “*the foreign students` room*”, “*the neutral room*” but I won’t. The students got a good laugh when I asked them about this pattern, and confirmed what I thought I had seen: “*We work with the people we already know and like. And it does not always matter if we learn anything or not really*”

(Interview with students). *Easier I guess. Like me, or*

A mother tongue teacher about a student: “*He is not a clever student. He cannot write. I hope he succeeds better in other subjects*”.

“*I think that teachers have made up their minds about what they want. They do not think very much about how things are going to be in a way. They know what they want for themselves*” (Student at River High).

--I think I would like to give this directly back to someone; to you, a teacher, a student, me, a researcher, an adult? Think about it. Uhuuu....

*like I do if I think I can choose between options. Smooth. Lovely. "These are rooms in which we hide from the teachers"* (Student at River High). I could have told you about the teachers' office; the intentional transparency and "open door policy" but I won't: Too much, too little. I could have told you about the constant shift of timetables; the number of student led lessons being reduced by half, by the teachers during the first two months of reform, but I won't. Not just reduced in number but reduced to not being more than; *"lessons in which teachers urge us to work still harder but in their own subjects"* (Student at River High). I could have told you about the room intended to be a student office. In the reform plans this was an important issue. In the end of the school year the students did not even know that it was supposed to be there, but I won't. I could have told you about blame and shame, exclusion, lack of inclusion and even racism but I won't. *"At least they take the blame themselves, when they get lousy grades, in this new system"* (Teacher at River High). I could have told you about a wonderful teacher and more so but I won't. I could have told you about another teacher community at the same school doing things differently and supposedly much more in accordance with the reform intentions, but I won't. I could have told you about teachers and administrators mainly preoccupied with making themselves unimportant to others, but I won't. *I am not free. How to say this, and on the basis of what? Who am I? Maybe it/she/he is here somewhere inscribed in the writing?* However what I think I actually did after some time of data collection, and will tell you about, was that what I think I did at River High was ultimately to sit down and think, getting lost or rather as you suspect, mourn. I wrote but I did not yet know about it. I had started my journey as a nomad. Not on horseback or by camel, but from my desk at River High, at River High, with teachers and students at River High, with me, in front of my computer at home, in my imagination, in what *"I dreamt"* and still do (St. Pierre, 2000). - Ultimately in what I want: Everything and anything all, life, my heart. What I think I must; writing a love story. This is thus not about a researcher on the one hand not having found anything, or on the other hand having asked too many and wide questions and therefore having problems systematizing and categorizing the data material, rather about a researcher having slowly, and then I mean slowly, realized that there are always more questions to ask. And that is all there is. Liberating but pivoting. *Never closing. You go on and tell your stories. Do you want to travel? I would like you to, and I try through writing to make it happen. -Both you and me. Worry. SPUNK. Getting lost, getting real. Becoming.....*

*“Before, it used to be like this: They were in control so now they feel as if they are losing control because they feel that we now know as much as they do. They are used to thinking that they have known more than we have and therefore they have ruled. But actually now it is we..... - and we have risen further up, and then they feel more threatened- I almost said. It is almost as if they cannot control us any more. Then they feel some kind of backslide happening, but actually the opposite does”* (Student at River High).

Yes I think so too, but conditioned by play. I’ll give it back to you. Not to you but to you. Yes you. You are an adult are you not? I give this one mainly to you because the student already sees this. There is a potential (But if you read carefully you see there is a potential for all - also for what you do not want, I guess or hope. *Still I want to be honest with you about what I want*). Now, all you have to do is.... Listen to two language teachers when they make “jokes” about inclusive pedagogy:

Teacher 1: *“Shall we learn the present tense of zu Sein or zu Haben? Really”!*

Teacher 2: *“Yes, and those who do not want to learn the present tense at all, can follow another plan”!*

Teacher 1: *“No, this is hopeless”!*

Still however by the book, I started to study, categorize, compare analyze and interpret the data material. I did it once, twice and again and again. And it seemed to me either way that as soon as the reform process started at River High, in one way or the other and at any layer or level, all the participants got involved in a meaning making process of conceptualizing and reconceptualizing practice together, but the minute it started the reform was on its way to a new fixation of the organization, maybe towards another point along a continuum of criteria; for example creating a community (or communities) which is (are) more or less collectively inclined, but without, and that became my working hypothesis for some time, a change of thinking in and about learning and knowledge production.

As far as community is concerned, teachers and students at River High seemed to have words for what they wished community would be, or what they did not want it to be. They had words for what they did not want to do and for adding to what they already did. This means that the words that they used, and the voices

Teacher at River High: *“I have difficulties in understanding that it is impossible to make it”.*

Getting lost. Fly. Enjoy!

Student at River High:  
*“Now it is like it has always been in school”.*

embodied, were consistent with what they already wished, wanted, knew, already did or did not wish, want or do. Discourse pre-existing and borrowed only. Thinking,

speaking and acting thus seemed to be forced into a paralyzing logic of either/or, neither/nor, right or wrong, for or against or exhausting both/and. It seemed to be difficult however to say and think more or other and even more so, decide what to do in case. I found some sort of paralysis in the language and a corresponding paralysis of action or activity. Decisions were made but only as a securing and revising of claims; a choice between perceived options only.

It seemed to me therefore that the concepts or words that were used at River High operated in ways that drained them of force limiting the change process, empowering none. Rather on the contrary; growing powerless. I was amazed by the huge effort, engagement, enthusiasm and activity that I saw in some cases. Concepts of teaching and learning, participation and interaction were constantly defined and redefined. Issues of teacher authority, power and control were under attack. New words were invented and used. Old words caused discussions. However I was equally amazed by the passivity and lack of action in other cases. Students were left alone to organise themselves and make decisions or not about their learning processes that they in no way were prepared to do or capable of making. *Of course some of them seemed to do and seemed to manage, but if being left to learn alone, you will never know what you do not know. You will never know what you miss. What is it to be given a chance? What is a potential? Knowledge creation not taking place in a lacuna. . . .What do I want with a teacher if he/she does not teach? If there is no difference between being a student and a teacher why bother? Didactics? Pedagogical content knowledge? Inclusive pedagogy? A pedagogy? If teacher/student is the same what is there to give or get?* The process became one of making pedagogy and ultimately participants alike or same despite the emphasis on complexity, flexibility, heterogeneity, interdisciplinarity, inclusion, inclusive pedagogy, diversity and difference. And we have seen it all before I think; teacher reductionism and instrumentalism maybe, but ultimately it was like being caught in a web. No position. No direction. No decisions were thus actually made, just a going on as before: Any path, although obviously not felt that way, clear and given. No policy. Pedagogy either relativized and/or disqualified, or caught ultimately in a web of authoritative knowledge, teachers` control and power still. The words or language was constative, not performative (Caputo, 1997).

*“They (the teachers) change things very drastically. They change big in a way, and then they shout it out loudly like: “Now we change (waving his hands)” (Student at River High)!*

Are you talking to me? Changing big, me?  
Shift?

Britzman (2003), argues (and now I will give you the whole cite) in similar ways when she poses, after having studied young student teachers trying to create themselves as modern, new or fresh teachers but through simultaneously problematizing traditional myths about what a teacher, and ultimately teaching is about, that: *"Many of the participants had great difficulty making a voice from experiences, and then, experiencing what voices they managed to make.*

*"Actually we should spend more time with you (students) than we did before, but in reality we spend less and less"*  
(Teacher at River High).

*It was this double sense of voice, as both borrowed and made, as tradition and change, and as continuity and discontinuity that came as such a surprise. And at some level, while all of the participants understood voice as an artifice of the conditions and institutional pressures made from teaching, there was tremendous emotional pressure to prove oneself worthy, to forget feeling of helplessness and not being in control, and to pretend that one had already learned and so could just go on with teaching. When this occurred, voice became like a pre-existing position one expressed, not an existential dilemma that allowed for new learning dispositions"* (Ibid: 18). I was doing research on experienced teachers but teachers anyway trying to change: Teachers trying to recreate themselves as teachers and do something new and other. Eventually, what I began to think was that; yes, tradition in school is surely under attack, but not in such a way as to relating it to something that I actually cannot not care about. Everything separated and objectified as such: I can agree or not only. Reform however not related to reality and actual life: Me, an ethics and what I mustcan do. –I actually do not have to care. The heart may remain untouched, and I cannot say what I want. But I am off the hock if I want to. - An attack, but off the mark. *Me? Not about hypothesis rather problem driven it is I must become – democracy my life.*

Popkewitz (1998.b.) is also in my view pointing in the same direction when he through Foucault's (1979) term "governmentality" discuss the power knowledge relationship in schools and in pedagogy and thus ultimately in what he terms "the construction of the teacher". What Popkewitz wants to do is to move toward a rethinking of the problematic of inclusion/exclusion; in my view creating a pedagogy what that is about. Governmentality gives attention to how political rationalities are embodied in the norms by which we reason about the social administration of the particular modes of behavior and manners of "being" inscribed in the construction of subjectivities. Through an enlightening but in my view frightening discussion about the social space of the "urban" and "rural" child, (and drawing on Derrida's deconstructive work on the Greek term pharmakon) the "alchemies" of



pedagogy and teacher practice as a normalizing technology, Popkewitz claims that schooling and thus pedagogy is a struggle for “*the soul*” of the child but as an “*effect of power that is played out on an unequal playing field*” (Ibid:119), constructing and creating inequalities and racism (Ibid:120); or here the “*urbanruralness*” of a child. - An excluded child, excluded by me and in need of help I say and I am the helper. *Help, help me!* Arguing ultimately that discourse is a cultural and political practice and reason as the effect of power: pedagogy/policy/power. What Popkewitz terms normalization is in my view a parallel to this alike/same phenomena that I thought I found at River High. But also it refers to a process that normalizes the teachers who do or rather here administer children creating such a pedagogy being created: The institution of pedagogy. Pedagogy as institution: The instituting violent moment of pedagogy. *Violent, me?* Popkewitz concludes that there are thus “*systems of exclusion embodied in the discursive practices of schooling and reform that compare, differentiate, hierarchize, and divide at the level of subjectivities*” (Ibid:138). Further he argues that “*while reforms draw attention to the inequities embodied in schooling, they leave unscrutinized the spatial politics embedded in pedagogy*” (Ibid: 120), or put in another way: “*The spatial politics of constructing identities remain unscrutinized*”: The construction thus also of the identity of the teacher that is.

Just to make sure and to link this to the larger discussion about constructivism: Popkewitz argues, building on his earlier argument (1998.a.) that constructivism is remaking the problem of inclusion/exclusion through its focus on seemingly universal dispositions and the problem-solving capacities of the child. Popkewitz however problematize such universal capabilities because: “*They inscribe norms that disqualify certain children at the level of their being, rather than through their subject positions - group categories of race, class, or gender*” (Ibid:560). Urging us to rethink constructivism he does. And/or to rub it in even further (I rub) - at least the dangers of not doing so (rethinking I mean): A stance of an *a priori* subject (in theorizing) “*becomes an authoritarian ruse by which political conflict over the status of the subject is summarily silenced*” (Butler, 1992:4). Uhuuu... Silence, silencing, making silent... . *Help...*

As far as research is concerned Popkewitz (1998.b.) constructs a critical ethnography focussed on the making of the teacher to try to confront such issues and he argues that we need to shift the focus from conventional notions of socialization of teachers to the systems of ideas embodied in the organization of teaching that construct and normalize the teacher who administers children and thus actually what he does is enacting the possibility of a

postmodern ethnography opening up to difference: “It is the rules that construct the social spaces in which we problematize the world and self that must be interrogated” (Ibid: 122). As far as method is concerned he further argues that “the strategies used to define, organize, and interpret data,...., are political projects that ”construct” objects even as we study them” (Ibid:133). And he is citing Gramsci (1971) when he states that “The very act of categorizing, distinguishing, and differentiating “data” are themselves political” (Ibid:133). Research ultimately also inherently political through the way it constructs the object of study. Popkewitz creates new words, like the "urbanruralness" of a child above, to avoid traditional categorization. *I try too. Read again. “Community not”. Funserious* He further suggests reversing in accordance with Foucault (1980), the traditional belief that knowledge is power, and rather defines power as a positive force embodied in the manner by which people produce knowledge and use that knowledge to intervene in social affairs. A will to knowledge is thus a will to power: Power and a freedom to act. Foucault further states that the situation in a relationship of power must never be spoken of in terms of absolutes, because it takes place in movement. There is thus always an element of “play” between power and freedom: “between a relationship of power and a strategy of struggle there is a reciprocal appeal, a perpetual linking and a perpetual reversal” (Foucault, 1982:794). Freedom therefore only possible where there are acting subjects: Agents, agency only through freedom.

Pedagogy as institution, existential dilemmas, identity/ies, subjectivity/ies, - a positive force - freedom, play, field, no traditional categories, new words, acting subjects..... And you and I must now go to the top of this chapter and read again. *The denial of change..... !* I was not surprised by the results of Popkewitz`s critical ethnographic work, and you know the stories that I could have told you, but there was simultaneously me..... I mean I knew about myself, and I was not naïve about myself and my research role either as you will see, but there was this positive political force of intervention too..... Hmmm.... *I like that, I think so too but....Subject/Object - Where to start? Ideas? New words? What play?* I moved between victimizing and blame, power, powerless, weak, strong, new, old, fate and destiny. – others and myself. *Am I like that? Like what? Producing knowledge? Rethinking, intervening, even changing? Freedom. You seem to know. What is the alternative? Does it exist? Can it be found? Can it be created? What will make me? Can it? Political will and force; what, where, how? Talking about it - acting how? How to become? Becoming aware? - Talking to myself.* And there were you..... - And what about us? -A strategy of struggle? In what way are we different then? Are we? Yes? No? ..... I need to say something else before I go on though, because I still had some

more travelling to do. I was still on the outside talking about others speaking “as such” still. However I was beginning to move or becoming aware.....Only half the story? - Me off the mark? *Talking about whom? Powerless who? Identity but not. Whose web? You wonder. Difficult – no – let me be – I do not want – I do not know how – too much – let me watch TV instead. Can it really be about me? Is it not actually about you? Discourse/Pedagogy/politics/ teaching/research yes. We? Us?*

Teacher at River High: *“Do you remember the game we used to play when we were kids? The “Take Land” game: We used knives and we threw them on the ground but to make them stand straight and thus mark new borders and territories we had conquered. That is what we do now”.*

Teacher at River High: *“There are these “strongmen””.*

Just to make it clear: I did not try and I did not want to do action research or create any action learning situations as part of my classroom research efforts. I did not see myself as a discussion partner in a concrete change process or myself as an agent of change, but of cause I spoke. (I actually thought at this point that action research was on the one hand too demanding, on the other hand being a realist as I like to think I am, I wanted to protect myself from doing that type of research. I think that I had stopped believing in it or at least in my abilities to perform it even if action research and learning in organizations ultimately is what I want. I want to matter. Maybe I actually had given it up. Do you see the irony? Why would I think that? *Lack of words? - In need of new? Me? Normalized, normalizing, same? I want new. I want another; another normal a new normal. I want hierarchies undone.* Helped by Labaree (2004) in sorting out; four dilemmas have been challenging for me in my own struggle between different orientations in my shift (*keep this word for some time*) from being a teacher to being an educational - or classroom researcher: These are dilemmas between being normative and analytical, personal and intellectual, particularistic and universalistic and finally between being experiential and theoretical. First, the world of research focussed on producing valid explanations and understanding the nature of a problem seemed rather cold in comparison with the world of practice and teaching focussed at fixing problems and producing results there and then in a classroom, and for me this has resulted in a constant struggle for finding words. Second, from personal reflection about or reflection in and on practice, and practice thus very much about constantly managing relations and feelings, to exploring and analyzing



ideas intellectually and through the use of conceptual tools have also proved to be a long journey; today I may add; full of detours. Third, and through a strong suspicion about the concept of universalism still however trying to develop generalities that hold across cases and emphasizing theory through operating with working hypothesis, preliminary results and new hypothesis only. However leaving many issues concerning values, judgement and neutrality, the subject/object relation not properly managed or attended to. Today I know but differently. I have conceived of this as a way of doing research and trying to achieve "*naturalistic generalization*" (Stake & Trumbull, 1982; Geerts, 1973; Conelly & Clandinin, 1990; Lincoln & Guba, 1985, 1979/2000; Guba & Lincoln, 1989; Stake, 1994/2000). Fourth, how to use my knowledge of practice to really understand reform and change processes in practice and still keep my eyes on theory, the broader picture and pursue intellectual and analytical research has also been a constant issue. Ultimately interested in bridging the practice/theory relation I am; bridging the theory practice relation; creating knowledge in practice and theory; situated knowledge production only. Inside, outside, outside, inside, theory practice, practice, theory....? *Being open, not making judgements, neutrality, natural, bridging (bussing?), situating, managing.... - my self deceit even maybe, my web? De-authorizing me not easy..... - and not yet there.*

Let me launch a minimum demand: A policy for equal rights-equity-justice; being given a chance that is - must at least not make peoples` possibilities for success more unequal than they are today. Defensive, but critical, I am afraid.

*My own struggle for voice that is teacher, researcher, daughter, administrator, woman, girl, mother, friend, wife, colleague, no, class, south, 175cm, family, sister, yes, social science.... - Don't you? What is this classroom? What is a situation? Practice? What is this place? Time? Language? What kind of? Context? Participant? Structure? Between? Experience? Experiment?*

Especially when someone asked me about something, I answered.

However I soon realized that I spoke without saying a word. And I did not always know when. I probably

Tom Waits (1978): "*The piano has been drinking not me, not me.*"

also spoke more than I was aware of. On one occasion one of the teachers told me that that was important: "*The important thing about you is that you ask questions only by being here*" (Teacher at River High). And I guess I knew about it and I think I even accepted it and thought about it as not only positive but maybe even a clever way of making a difference or having an impact. - *Another little trick, maybe; I admit; the ones I sometimes use in my classroom.*

*The small drops... Knowledge a gift but as in commodity, take if you want to, take it or leave it, but*

actually I do want you to take it. *Teaching – doing research – teaching students - action research – best practice - classroom research? Consoling myself. Protecting myself? Hidden behind an illusion of objectivity and what I think right. Right as in knowing and knowledge. Certainty. Truth?* Most of the time however, I did not speak out loud at least, because that was the role I had given myself. However, what I realised – and then I mean realized - eventually and thank .... for that, was that anything I said or not was either used as a confirmation of what someone already thought or knew or as the opposite and thus not always listened to; easy to disqualify. I was by all means, entitled to my own opinions, but others could not care less. (-even the teacher above). Today I think that anything else is an illusion. Getting real being the issue her; getting real about language, me and you, teachers and researchers, teaching and research. - *Another way of speaking. - Another way of writing. Another – other.* Or as you suspect, experiencing a growing awareness that: “*Authority, power and control is seeming to be something else and other than something to be had or not by either teachers or students*” (Matusov & Rogoff, 2002: 417), and I add; by me. At River High however, I still had some thinking to do. I was not there yet. But wait, I want to speak. I want to be able to say all. I do not want to insult you. I do not want you to agree. I do not want to convince you. I have no alternatives. This is not about balancing between. This is not about moving between layers of text s that are; at least not about or by a buss/bussing. But I want to be listened to. I want to matter, why else bother to be/become a teacher/ researcher in the first place. I am. (*I think Kant must be here somewhere again*). In lack of language still however I was. *Who am I really talking about here? Now you really may start to wonder. Shift. Metaphors of learning and knowledge creation, mine? I refuse and resist if you try to tell me that it was because I did not know what action research really was about and that that is the reason why I lack words. What is.....? Is it?*

“*One has to smile and be strong and work on. Only then can I help others* “ (A woman from Thailand having survived the tsunami 2004).

And I kept on searching for explanations, more explanations other explanations: More about reform, more about identity, subject, and object. I want to get it “right” (Haha). *Justice...* I thought that there had to be something still that I did not understand or that maybe I had committed mistakes in the process. *Groping, pivoting.* I needed stronger concepts of what I wanted to study and analyze. I was trying new and other categories. I did a further dive into research on feelings (Hargreaves, 2001, 2002), and I learned a lot. *We all feel.* I understood more and more. I made for some time Fullan’s (2001.a.) wish or dream to study “*how people actually experience change as distinct from how it might have been intended* “ (: 8) my own: Referring as he is to a neglect of the phenomenology of change at the heart of the

“*spectacular lack of success of most social reform*” (Ibid.). I read more about educating teachers and dilemmas both experienced and also structurally inscribed (Cuban, 1984; Sarason, 1996, 2002). Windschitl’s (2002) theoretical analysis of constructivism in practice from a phenomenological perspective display that teachers experience severe dilemmas both *conceptually, pedagogically, culturally* and *politically* in reform processes like the one at River High. *Conceptual* dilemmas are rooted in the teachers’ attempts to understand the background or the underpinnings of the reform process they are engaged in. Issues of both an ontological and an epistemological nature emerge. Further, teachers experience *pedagogical* dilemmas because the more constructivist pedagogy that they are to embrace at the school challenge traditional pedagogy and highlight the need for developing new dimensions of instructional expertise. The need to rethinking tradition becomes eminent. A third type of dilemmas are linked to *cultural* aspects of collaboration processes and actually getting to perceive classroom as culture and teachers and students alike as members of a classroom culture of learners. This was as we know one of the main features of the reform process at River High; the strong focus on the advancement of learning and the link between teachers’ learning and students’ learning on the one hand and reducing teachers’ isolation and empowerment on the other. In cultural terms this means a redefinition of norms, values and identity. In *political* terms it means, as they have tried to tell themselves at River High, the need for renegotiating power relations between teachers and between teachers and students in the learning process. Attached to his analysis is a list of themes to work with and recommendation as of how to work; a pedagogy and a didactics – a gift to me. I was starting to get really clever and knowing a lot about reform both theoretically and from the practical inside, both as a teacher and as a researcher, but I was not happy about it and I was still not content. I reached dead or still waters and I could eventually not read any theory about or study any reform models at all any more. And I could not make anything of the data material. I could not write. That is I started writing in a conventional way my thesis again and again, but just as many times I stopped: Failure, paralysis, paralyzed. - *A statue and a monument only*. Of cause I now knew, and more so than before, that reforming school is both complex and difficult, and you know some of the questions I asked at this point, but actually maybe I did not know. Not yet. Still not lost enough, that is: Not lost but not. Knowing a lot but powerless only I was. Knowing in itself maybe the problem? Changing me maybe what it takes? - Because I want to. I must.

## Two teachers about orderliness

- a theme which turned out to be a constant issue at River High, not just in the team I studied most closely but in every team all over the school. *And we know this theme well, do we not?*

Teacher 1: It really is a trivial matter, but in one way or the other we have to make it work. It must..... it is not natural I think that it is not possible to create some orderliness here.

Teacher 2: And then they (the students) can just figure out themselves how they will do it. Then we do not have to care at all. They have the responsibility themselves and they sort things out the way they want.

I remember a discussion I participated in with some fellow students and colleagues, not so long ago though; it was about teachers and school reform of course. The question we discussed was whether we thought change was possible at all. And ultimately what it would take to change anything? And I vividly remember myself saying that I did not think schools could change alone. Now why would I say such a thing? Because I thought that that is what I think we ask them to do? Because I think I could help or not? Because I think I know something or not? Because I think this is a societal big question and that for schools to change, society must? Because I thought they should just..... Think about it.

Go back and read again.

I read about agency: (Holland, Lachicotte Jr., Skinner, Cain, 1998/2001): Others have made it, there were wall climbers there too.

*"In schools we trust".*

*No importance: Can be relativized and disqualified at any moment and by anyone. I do not want that. Besides, what is good about me knowing if we do not? Knowing what? What is it to know? What to know? And maybe I do not? Right? Dead knowledge, not in motion; is having no meaning unless you decide otherwise. I did not know what to do or where to go. I did not know how far and wide I had to go: How lost I had to become. Lost, and I still did not know what to say. What to do? Political force? What play? Agency? Agent of what? Who? Never content, a pain in.... A bastard maybe I am. How? You? Shift.*

The closest I could get at this point, or the fairest thing I thus ultimately thought I could say about anything, was that at River High they did all the mistakes and all the correct things, I guess. *Some did not. Like we all do always. Some did right things. Some did wrong things. Some did nothing at all. Some did not want to. I was, as you know angry sometimes myself. Some did what they had to. That is a part of it too. Now I can soon say it to you. Now you can soon spunk it. In my opinion -all- that is. Their leaders and administrators did all the mistakes and all the correct things. Right? There were best practice and there were not. Or one could in my view today,*

actually say best practice either way. Some teachers and students were in a state of feeling that they were losing control and failing. Others were not. Some were against the whole reform process others were not. Some understood others did not. Some thought the devil – may – care. And I was paralysed. Alone. Silent. What could I say? What to say? That is, I could have said a lot, but it would not have mattered. Asking others to change or not because I know? - Me giving you cases or examples of how things are and as something to learn from? - Of the mark definitely. *Hey, now that you spunk, listen to my words at this stage!*  
*Understanding or not: Shift. "They did everything right and everything wrong" (Citing myself). Who am I to say? I can say nothing.....*

*A new day*

*The teacher looks around the classroom. She can hear spirits fall among the students. That is the only sound, almost inaudible, the sound of a climber falling from a distant peak. She doesn't want to repeat the question. She is tired of questions, tired of answers, tired of talented improvisations. It is like listening to a dance band playing Creedence Clearwater Revival. Not a glimpse of understanding. She lifts her arms helplessly. Outside the window she can see the mayor approach, his hair tousled, one sleeve of his jacket torn off. For a second their eyes meet. Then he blows on, rolling like a ball into the empty playground.*

*Dag T. Straumsvåg, 2006 (Translated by Louis Jenkins)*



I entered, from a politically critical - and into a rabulist phase: *This is, I admit, one of my predispositions.* “I want some action here; why don’t you use the freedom and power that you in fact enjoy? Do you not see? Go get political! Power is positive. Do not think that it is something that you do not have. It is everywhere. Unite! Create a vision and a politics that you believe in based on your own experiences and the potentials that you enjoy and that are there. You start conceptualizing or defining and redefining or reculturing what you want! This is your reform. Make it happen. Realize the potentials and frame them accordingly. Create room. Create space. Create a guerilla culture if you have to. Just choose! Just decide! Just do it! It is cloudy, there is fog sometimes, you might not always know everything, but you are the responsible adults. I know you know that. You have the best opportunities ever to really create something good, if not just for the sakes of others at least for the sakes of your own. Go create this sexy work place. Go have some fun on the job”. *Just now a parade of kinder garden children passed my window. They are rehearsing on the 17.May parade. I love these children. Writing and crying I do. Not innocent. But you already know the rest of this story. Bakhtin showing me the/an ideal maybe but..... Paralyzed who? Shift.* Now I could have written you/to you a story but as a politics, and I could have given you the examples. *No. Ultimately there is no decision having been made. Think again.*

*Game over. What about these words?*

*“Now, we have been preoccupied with frames, defining factors and been irritated about everything for a long time, but we found out that we would cut that out. Now we do not give a damn – us in our team that is. Now we just sit down and find out what we can do to make it better and nicer here. Now we do not give a shit about how things are. Now we just ask ourselves; what can we make in a short run? What can we make in a longer run? And then we just do what we want. We cut through and then we just tell the administration that this is what we have decided and this is what it will be, full stop. That is our strategy now. You know, we have a leader or administrator practically not in dialogue with us at all.... But to hell with it! We do good work now and we try the best we can. And then he can come down and fight with us if he does not agree with us about what we do. Now we have to move forward! (Teacher at River High).*

Or I could have given you this story. There are lots of “good” ones.

*Also talking to me? What? What do you say? Learning? What? Who? Game over.*



*..... But I can say all because I spunk and ask. Did I say angels or trolls? Ghosts? Right? (Keep this too.)* From saying nothing

to saying all it is. Being able and empowered that is – to say all – you – speaking, reading and writing that is: Costing me some traditional presuppositions and conventions, perceptions and beliefs, however making me able to speak about pedagogy and love, pedagogy as love maybe. A pedagogy of “*the maybe*” - maybe perhaps (Steinsholt, 2005) – the “*perhaps*” being the most *just* category for the future (Derrida, 1997.a: 27). No letting go of independence. On the contrary: Writing a love story I can. Displacing I must. I do already have done always.

Not doing/thinking so meaning only relations consisting in and of mutual and/but polite indifference. Displacement, on the other hand, conditioned by passion and strong feelings, however as in politics maybe: A politics maybe – mine. -Surviving going through. Not only speaking to myself/to you, but speaking for myself and as a friend: Experience, pedagogy, politics, an ethics, memory and/as love. Derrida providing me with the rest (of the story remember but a “story” only – no gift): I want to play. I want to change. I want me and you. I want out of my web-out of any grip. Just like other people. I want freedom. Thinking, philosophizing and through language I must move. Remembering and forgetting myself. Constative, performative words: Words that are but not, virtual words, words without words. Open words or concepts and thus possible to be kept through. My words. Words that are mine. Words that matter. Words that perform. Words put to work. Words to become fond of; describing and transforming. I perform. I work. I play. Language play is hard and difficult work. I mourn. Free to say all though. Right as in rigour, straight but not: Moving between. Stumbling along, no subjective certainty. Bedfellows, love, climbing the wall of language together, relations; picking up speed in the middle. All interrelated; intertwined and interdependent it is: Teacher learning, student learning, knowledge creation and learning through philosophy and language, a pedagogy, a politics it is, but not. Courage, kick, sparkle – SPUNK/SPUNKING – fresh writing.

### **A teacher at River High**

“What I am really fed up with is that every time we fail toward students we turn it into this: “*Yes, but you know what he/she is like; there was actually nothing else to expect*”. We say that when we are stuck. It is so easy to say and use. But when you think about that and simultaneously try to think about the intentions of the reform: “Every individual student has the right to.....”....I think that the normal student is on the whole OK and hangs in there, but there is somebody who needs a little extra or whom we have not figured out what to do with or about ..... - and then we find excuses because it cannot be me who is wrong or make mistakes: “*I have done so much; oh my, how much I have done for that student!* All the time I think that what we really do and prioritize is what we are good at and wish to do”.

*I could have given you this story. Are you talking to me? I need the little extra too. Do you?*

To sum up a bit and explain/theorize more too: about being becoming a responsible anarchist trying to rethink all through preserving memory and in respect of tradition: Derrida is situating the subject as writing; creating thus a scriptural subjectivity emancipating meaning from local contexts. This is done ultimately through deconstructing both the Cartesian and the phenomenological idea of subjectivity as self presence through on the one hand denying that the temporal structure of experience is accessible from a first-person point of view, and on the other hand and intertwined - involving meaning or content, arguing that signifying items, as we have already seen and will see always, are characterized by relationships and structures that deprive them of the stability, or “self-identity”, that would enable them to be grasped by a reflecting subject. In his *Critique of Pure reason*, Kant claims that this reflective “I think” is a “transcendental subject”, and a condition of possibility for knowledge: The belief that I can only represent the world as being a certain way if it is possible for me to be conscious of so representing it. For Husserl, the founder of modern phenomenology, the founding privilege of subjectivity is thought of as deriving from the subjective immediacy or “self-presence” of mental states. Husserl is claiming that every experience or thought has an *intentional content* by which it “refers” to some object that is thought about or experienced. This is also in accordance with Descartes stating that the very act of thinking or experiencing implies the existence of a psychological subject, which he subsequently identifies with an immaterial mind. The act of “reflection”, the monitoring of one’s inner life, thus acquires an epistemic privilege exemplified in his foundational assertion that the act of thinking (cogito) presupposes the existence of the “I” who thinks.

Derrida however opposes such a foundational notion of subjectivity and any phenomenon (thus any knowledge, Kant, Husserl or any tradition, theory, philosophy, heritage or institution) – passing thus the subject/object relation and therefore such a drawing of authority or “legitimation”; a question ultimately about right and/or privilege, only from oneself. He claims that only by thinking subjectivity, self or “I” (Latin: Ipso; ipse and/or ipseity) as contingent or as possibility (thinking Kant as possibility), exceeding itself thereby to provide the instrument of analysis opening up the notion of subjectivity resisting any conceptualization and therefore auto – immune and free. This instrument again is of this “supplementary” nature or structure and thus never identical to itself; he comments: “*This “supplementary” structure must be taken into account. A heritage always surreptitiously bequeaths to us the means of interpreting it, that is to say, always, to a certain extent, and up to a line that is difficult to determine, that we repeat of it*” (Derrida, 2002: 49). Another of

Derrida's commentators Rodolphe Gasché (1986), refers to these structures as “*quasi transcendentals*”: as “*conditions of possibility*” for knowledge or meaning that are posited in transcendental philosophy. They are quasi- transcendental because the experience they make possible problematize or disrupt their own conditions of possibility. And to return to Derrida: Any subject and any phenomena/phenomenology are ultimately afflicted therefore by the very insecurity - as in any foundations - because its language “*is incapable of determining the field to which it applies*” (Derrida, 1973: 10-12). The supplement is thus “*the self's very origin*” (Derrida 1967/76: 153). The “I” is already caught up in the movement of supplementarity. Therefore and ultimately Derrida states that: “*there is no identity. There is identification*” (2001 in Royle, 2003:59) only. Quasi me, quasi you, quasi any phenomena but more important and having gained something. Go back.

“*When something has been given a language, it can meet resistance. This to-not-talk-about-something has its explanation in the deep need not to be excluded, in the wish to stay in union, in the fear of being exposed to difficulties in the work, not being promoted – and in an underlying fear for the terror of the regime. That is habit transformed into cowardice – that is to silence something*” (Uwe Timm 2003/05 my translation).

Any phenomena, including that of self hood, sovereignty or ipseity is thus dependant on a constitutive alterity unable to be done away with or cancelled – read again. Derrida “defines” auto- immunity as the “*doubleness in all sources in general including the non foundational divided body*” (Derrida, 2000 in Myklebust, 2005: 168.) My self –hood, any sovereignty or ipseity is both a condition for but conditioned by this auto-immunity or self regulation and thus cannot be given but must be acquired. However and simultaneously one might experience this constitutive aspect of oneself as a threat and therefore as something that one wants to defend oneself against: Auto-immunity is an ambiguous phenomena “*possibilizing*” (Derrida, 2002: 52) both gain and harm. It is constituted of and constitutive by not having something of its own an essence or concept: Rather it is constitutively short. *I can tell. You can too I hope after this.* As is our democracy as we shall see. In the words of Derrida: “*the subject is thus constituted only in being divided from itself, in becoming space, in temporizing, in deferral;...At the point at which the concept of” difference”, and the chain attached to it, intervenes, all the conceptual oppositions of metaphysics (signifier/signified; sensible/intelligible; writing/speech; passivity/activity; etc.) – to the extent that they ultimately refer to the presence of something present (for example, in the form of the identity of the subject who is present for all his operations, present beneath every accident or event,*

*self-present in its “living speech,” in its enunciations, in the present objects and acts of its language, etc.) – become nonpertinent”* (Derrida, 1981.b: 28-29). However, what is delayed is not this or that experience, the access to some enjoyment or to some extreme good. What is deferred forever till death is entry into the law itself, which is nothing other than that which dictates the delay.....that what must not and cannot be. Auto-immunity must thus be the endemic or normal condition by that which I am haunted by; a constitutive alterity. Auto-immunity: “*The living I is auto-immune*” (Derrida, 1994.b: 141). This constitutes the fatality of autoimmunity the autoimmune fatality. It is the other of “I” thinking the other of “I” This is the other of community thinking the other of community, - the other of democracy it is. Try philosophy. - A Philosophy that is “*aware of the limits of knowing*” (Spivak, 1993: 24), a “*critical philosophy*” that is (Ibid.).

*“Sometimes we experience that the students are very dissatisfied with a lot of things, but then we know from experience that there has been a tremendous development in that area, so we are actually lucky to have come this far by now. Because what we have to offer now is far better than what we did just two or three years ago. But they (the students) do not know what we did offer three years ago. So they do not see the development, while we are happy with having come as far as we have. In such a situation we must take care not to be hurt when they misunderstand because we know that we have had some development. We must take care not to be hurt when they say that nothing is changed”* (Teacher at River High).

Find the words to say it. Travel - beyond too.

But not, newold

An “*I*” can thus, to be precise/true/rigorous, only be an “I” after having met the other. This involves a “*coming of the other*” but in such a way that in the “*I*” or me there are traces of this necessary and constitutive alterity. This is a radicalization of Levinas and can only be grasped through the Host/Guest relationship – go back, and what this ultimately suggests: A yes to and of (read affirmation) an “*unconditional welcome*” (Derrida, 2000: 77), engaged in, engaging thus an “*experience of the emancipatory promise*” (Derrida, 1994.b:59) in Khôra. Experiencing Khôra, a *khôralized, khôralizing* experience, or as I prefer, you know, love. By welcoming the other I am free. Free to say all having gone through the trial of aporia experiencing or touching in an aporetic moment Khôra myself being in the world: Welcoming the other, inventing the other, inviting the other, touching the other for a moment. I see you. I see me. I saw both you and me there for a moment, and I will try again. *You and me, me and you: Hospitality – mine – yours- host- guest – you – me- mine – yours – ghosts – mine – yours*

– you – me – hostage – me - you – yours and mine. Everything is paradoxically always and therefore I/we/us having to put everything and anything into it always. Investing myself. Inventing myself. Performative productive language, performative productive words; producing introducing meaning; out of any grip but not from worry, not from care; careworry, funserious. Play with every word. ...Uhuuu... Self- knowledge is difficult. Breaking up and yielding. Emptying and filling them up again: Every word and again and again. Difficult not easy- easy. I can never be you and you can never be me. And actually I can only be me but not or without because that is the only thing there is. Never me as such, that is, if I want you. This is about identity definitely both yours and mine, but not. This is about community definitely, but not, subjectivity, intersubjectivity but through not. Without! And how difficult is it to be influenced by knowledge, other knowledge, different knowledge the things you might insist I think; If it implies that I have to change even more so. I want. Forcing me—being forced to start another place. You want. Difficult, I mean. I want to get it “right”. Host ghost, hospitality, hostage, me my you yours. *Autobio – youtobio*: Therefore not turning inwards only rather turning towards more. Etymological tensions or stress build into the very idea: Hospitality- hostile – stranger – to have power. “Hospitality”, the welcome extended to the guest, is a function of the power of the host to remain master of the premises. A “host” is someone who takes on or receives strangers, who gives to the stranger, even while remaining in control. A host not annulling the alterity of the stranger nor the power of the host” (Caputo, 1997: 110).

In other words and to “land” a little bit: Derrida is denying any single teleological meaning in writing: There is no such thing as a sovereign subject of *écriture*; rather, there is a system of relations between psyche, society and the world. This system of interrelationships is one of intertextuality. This is a multiple writing(s) – cultural, literary, historical,

Student at River High: “We were bored at the school we attended before too. Even if that was a school having worked with creating community for a long time and was pretty good at it. We were bored there too. We were bored because we had to work every day”.

psychological – that come together in any “moment” in a particular text (Derrida, 1981.b: 71). The subject therefore; my “*subjectivity inscribed in a system of différance*” (Ibid.): non foundational, non- or de-centered. I am text. We actually know by now. However, the reason why I tell you again is to be able to give you, and now I think I can, this fantastic quote: The position that there is “*no center meaning only that the center is not a being – a reality, but a function. And this function as absolutely indispensable*” (Ibid.) making

ultimately the subject “*indispensable*”; therefore “*not destroyed but situated*” (Derrida, 1978: 270-1). Me!! But not!! My individuality, my independence ultimately rehabilitated. Subjectivity but not – any unit of analysis but not: A tool - a function to keep things open and as something outside of intentional control but as a bliss, love and happiness; a writing for the happy moment; experiencing experimenting. Becoming more important in situation, more important to you, more important to me:

Film: “*Short Cuts*” by Robert Altman, 1993. Have you seen this?

Life goes on because it must through memory and mourning.

“Two tomatoes try to cross the street. One of them is hit by a car. The other turns around and says: Come on ketchup”.

Quasi me more important being able not only to speak to myself, but for myself and to you. Talking back to you I do, but as a friend, because I love. I want to get it “right”. I want to create something new and/or to put into effect new kinds of “*discourses, acts and institutions*” (Royle, 2003:27). Freedom to say all this is. And there is no “pure”. There is no as such: *Différance* only. There is “understanding” only, “analysis” only. No unity possible, and a performative or practice that can always fail. If I promise to give you something there is always the possibilities that it might not be fulfilled. Such possibilities are necessary. Through the ambiguities of language, through *translation* thus I move. Practical - practice-experience- poiesis- praxis- deconstruction - reason –experimentation - love.

And now, to bite some tails: What Derrida does is to “re-conceptualize” the subject as an “*assemblage of texts/agencies with no principled boundary*” (Roden, 2004: 98). My lines, your lines, all lines we are. Situated speakers all we are. Writing stories all we do, writing stories that is, through memory and mourning. Ontologizing what is left of me, a politics, a pedagogy. Funny it is, uncanny and strange but deadly serious – this play. Risking certainty stumbling along I must, looking for otherness only. Uhuuu..... “*Every performative is spooky and perverse, haunted by the unthinkable or “death”*”. Making ultimately:” *The effects of deconstruction both ghostly and real*” (Royle, 2003: 28): A performative - a practice – but as a praxis of aporia only. Through me always and what I do not know but must; neither underestimating anyone or anything nor the other way around. No one knows. This is opening up to the possibilities to take part in discussions without bringing with me/us too much certainty and prestige. Dialogues maybe these are, but not. – Must be without. Working hard not to understand I must. Discussions not closed, closing never. Creating community conditioned by not. Subjectivity and any intersubjectivity both conditioned by not: The everyday mysteries and something fantastic that might happen. About wonder and

wondering making wonders it is. About what I can imagine it is. I try. And here I must cite Dewey again: *“Individuality in a social and moral sense is something to be wrought out. It means initiatives, inventiveness, varied resourcefulness, assumption of responsibility in choice of belief and conduct. These are not gifts but achievements. As achievements, they are not absolute but relative to the use that is to be made of them. And this use varies with the environment”* (Dewey, 1920/57:194). Wringing it out I have tried. My identity but no, my individuality rather; my independence it is: My struggle for voice both as teacher and researcher, but only as a “but not”. - Trying to get it right, but as in “right” only; another right it is. Displacement therefore only and ultimately deconstruction, if there is such a thing, what this is about. Weak but strong; asking more: Making another heading possible always. Creating space, creating an effect, critical realism; enforced realism maybe. About what I can imagine creating community is. About imagining a science it is. If autoimmunity in certain connections might go too far and function destructively, it is still however necessary in order to open up reason towards an even greater rationality, and to puncture the autonomy of sovereignty when it gets self – sufficient and must be opened towards the other and toward the incalculable event. Not giving authority away though, rather keeping it through. - Ultimately drawing it from myself but differently. Drawing authority, through haunting and mourning, from ourselves, when trying to create community, - democracy - but differently therefore always. SPUNK.

Teacher at River High: *“We are individualists and we have strong opinions. It is obvious that if one does not get a confirmation of one’s own way of working or one’s own way of doing things, there will be friction in the teams”*.

And here I just want to add: This greater rationality must not be turned into some sort of dark, obscure or dim irrationalism, or reduced to a talk of feelings. Feelings we all have, feelings that are there, but not what we study here. Not what matters in what we try that is. Rather what this is, and again in and through this ethico-political space or Khôra, is following a text as consistently as possible *“cold eyed and sober”* (Caputo, 1997:85). You and me. *River High – But not.* ... Derrida comments: *“Even when I give the impression of transgressing, putting into question, displacing, it is always under (the) authority (of these norms), with a sense of responsibility in the face of a certain philological morality, before a certain ethics of reading or of writing. In short before the law”* (Derrida, 2001 in Royle: 99). Further; only such a double position can thus account for this unique relation, *“which belongs*



neither to “scientism” nor “mysticism” (Derrida, 1978: 269). Khôralizing Derrida, khôralizing me: Making real, practical, rational. Loving, and therefore ultimately making and keeping, in my view both school and research; classroom research –action research alive and at all thinkable. Making research based knowledge possible still (Lather, 2004.a.), but differently again and always; as in *différance*. -Therefore important; more important than ever. Growing out of Khôra that is, reflecting *différance*, “*khôra –ographies*” (Derrida, 1992, 1995.b; Caputo, 1997: 105), multiplying the places of spacing, open, opening, opened always more and never afraid: The “*sur-name*” of difference this Khôra, suppressing nothing and releasing the innumerable and the unforeseeable; becoming in/through Khôra this is. Getting lost it is. But not losing myself. Thus “*identity and emotions understood as properties*” maybe; not of “*mental mechanisms therefore*” but of “*conversations and practices*” (Rose, 1998,1999 in Boler & Zembylas, 2003: 126).

### *Loss- lost- lost again*

*Must I start again? What will others think when I am tearing down so much? Losing power me – you? Nobody will believe any of it. I can even imagine that for some this is too dangerous and it might make me so too. -Dangerous knowledge? Scary it is -Authority, legitimacy, power, control . . . . . That is often what war is about is it not? There is so much power in old words, traditional conceptualizing, traditional power thinking, power language, men of power. Challenging doxa? .*

*I just want to know something about reform, be nice and have a nice life. You may again accuse me of not having read chaos theory thoroughly enough, Derrida being the founding philosopher and theorist, and that if I had I would have known these things already. (A bastard among other...? I thought I knew what complexity was. Productive chaos? Improvisation, trial and error? I thought I knew something. Besides what is a start or a beginning? What is an end? Time? I did start somewhere.) I would, if I had, been a proper researcher maybe using the proper conceptual tools already. (But I did try with some other tools) “Shift”. -Analytical, intellectual, universalistic and theoretical or... But you may have a point there, I’ll give you that, I admit it. Had I done so I could have called this a Derridean mourning process over myself a long time ago loud and clearly: Mourning myself both as a teacher and as a researcher. A process of de authorizing myself. I could have conceptualized it as a becoming; a teacher/researcher becoming aware that true responsibility or rather that “responsibility begins with the experience and the experiment of the aporia” (Derrida, 1992.a: 41). Because that is what this ultimately is about. “We cannot create.....” Remember? But where are we heading one might ask? “I don’t know. Or rather, I believe that this is not of the order of knowledge, which does not mean that we should renounce knowledge and resign ourselves to obscurity. Responsibilities are at stake which, in order to elicit decisions and events, must not follow knowledge, must not flow from knowledge like consequences or effects. Otherwise, we would unfold a program and behave, at best, like “smart” missiles”\* (\*Referring to the first Gulf War) (Derrida, 2001/02: 67). My responsibility; yours. And I must - you know - the world. And reform in schools too –*

mourning school - double(d) through engendering aporia. The paralysis a necessity: A necessity for creating a politics in the first place. But passing through I must. Failing, but well. Politics being a will or force to do something or act, but always through hospitality and still in power but I must never think I know: - The child, the method, the pedagogy, identity, community, the rule, the normal, the idea, the what is - you. A process of non-knowledge production rather, this is. Nothing is foundational, because that is closure and ultimately death. However not in a lacuna. And *that is what the "but not" is about. The only tool actually just that: Simple but powerful enough to open up and double; relativizing but without disqualifying: Finding, judging, deciding but letting go immediately. No prestige. No monumentalizing, weak but strong. Actually never knowing because that is what I love. Writing about something that I do not know what is. Game over never. Powerless - powerful. And I think I have, told you everything I mean, before. Picking up speed in the middle I do, no beginning no end.*

*But I must add; had I done so (known Derrida you know) I actually doubt that I would have been able to write this way that I think Derrida would have wanted me to write: Without a gift but/and "with a philosophical nod to what is" (Trifonas, 2000: 149). Spivak (1967/76) does, Derrida always...- Including therefore also a nod to myself and you. Writing in the spirit of Derrida; letting myself be haunted and in mourning; Derrida had only worry to offer, but I do know something. I did start somewhere. I have done something. And that is OK, but go on, do not stop. Stop! There is more to know and it makes you even nicer actually. It is scary but it makes life sweeter but through difficulty: Lovely - difficult - love. He did not give me the gift, any gift, only he gave me himself and play, philosophy and thinking and thus myself thinking and thus he rehabilitated my subjectivity as teacher and as researcher through what I must - and what I cannot think without, in order to be/become a responsible decent human being. Justice and democracy to come, I try. Growing out of practice and theory that is - and me and you. And I am grateful for that. It is a truth to be grateful for. My heart. - "a ghost whom one holds just as he holds us, hostage", remember? Hospitality, host hostage..... "There would be no politics without mourning". Derrida to come becoming only. Keep the concept. Me becoming convinced about Derrida but even him never as such. Derrida teaching me about the again and again, the starting all over again. Invention, reinvention but again and again: As mad as Derrida. The gift is mad. There is no gift, only more and other. Wanting to getting it "right", but no one and nothing right never: Non - knowledge - not knowing - no subjective certainty. But not in a lacuna. Applied Derrida, violating Derrida; after Derrida only. Writing; tracing thinking. Not counting him in I do.*

*On the one hand thus - if I had known Derrida, I would not have become aware of, and through that experienced so strongly myself this urge to disqualify and reduce the meaning of others or other people's meanings when it does not fit with mine. You? I would not have experienced this feeling of helplessness, the one you already know of....., paralysis and lost myself. Ultimately becoming this is. Becoming aware, becoming ..... wanting more. I would not have become aware and experienced what it might mean to remain in power or in control but not: My identity too, but not. There is only without and that is the only thing there is. Never rest. Never content. There is only a going on - more but through this paralysis. Lets roll. Enjoy. A pain in the ass I am. Today I know that in fact Derrida would have wanted*



*me to get a little lost: Get lost. Getting lost. - River High best practice? -*

Comparing themselves with Christopher Columbus. Yes, in fact that might actually be so, but differently. Well then, what about me? I was lost too. Angry, paralyzed, caught in my web. I am. Maybe we both are. What? Bastards/humans/trying/ normal/vulnerable/ all, that's all. Lost but off the sick list: Decide otherwise. -Your will and mine.

Want something - more - worry, care. You and I together. *Climb with me: Dangerous,*

but not. There are other dangers more dangerous. Monsters – monstrosities even. Let us try to get it “right”. Intersubjectivity? Intertextuality - Keep it.

Besides, and on the other hand now knowing something about myself - you? Have you not heard that “only suckers fall in love with perfect strangers” (Tom Waits, 1986). I did not however escape this feeling that Derrida “is saying what we all know is right, but are unable to express ourselves” (Caputo, 1997). I was full of admiration and I could have given you deconstruction as such. I could have given you philosophy. But in doing so I would have turned it into a programme like any other programme, a method as any other method. But that is exactly what it is not. I could have given you theory. I could have given you practice. You know the dilemmas that I have tried to manage: I could have .... “Shift”. I know I would have tried. I would have tried to convince you. I would have tried to prove something. Maybe even that I am right. I would have tried to give it to you as such. I would have tried to build a monument. - Over myself maybe. I would have tried to give you play as such. Easier, smoother, lovely (-but in denial and killing Derrida, killing reform and research, killing you and me). But I would seem clever. -At least for some time. I would be the expert. And then I could have told you to mourn too because I know so much about it: “I think I know that this is what you need” (Citing myself). Having however done all the detours myself I think or at least hope that I, like Lather (2004.a.) when she reflects on her own development (between the publishing of the two pioneer books of hers) ultimately realizing that deconstruction is not necessarily a way of “Getting smart” (Lather, 1991); a process or book displaying an ultimate belief in Enlightenment, rather and only is deconstruction – if there is such a thing - a way of “Getting lost” (Lather in press): Knowledge never arriving at plenitude. And then my unfaithfulness, but also my attempts to know something, is becoming a part of this loss. And that is what I must; meaning making, through meaning nothing, learning something that make me act. Relax. I am lucky, happy and free. - Human only. - Life. There is always more to know you know. Spunking more and more. - Leaving as much to you; “power”, “initiative”, “force”, “responsibility”. You are the reader. But it does not make me kind I am a pain in the.... yours and mine. Trying, creating something new I do. The denial of change in.....- think about it. – Subjectivity, intersubjectivity, hyperpedagogy, heterodidactics..... Double, double(d), more, other, another, research, reform.....Becoming only more..... What, me! I who know so much? Do I have to start all over? Read more theory, other theory? What about all the data? Worthless?

Irrelevant? Again and again.

Getting lost as différance, not loss: To be safe in confusion but as an expression for heterogeneity and multiplicity, not weakness, lack of control or laissez faire. To realize that our real dilemmas cannot be conceived of in terms of either/or or both/and situations from which we can chose between, rather that we have to make choices in the moment of undecidedability but we

have to chose otherwise there is no event. - Just a going on as before. This way our decisions

## SPUNK

A teacher at River High reflecting on her collaboration with another teacher in a subject: Together they teach 60 students and the resource situation is the same as before when there were two classes, two teachers and in two classrooms: “Really I must say that it is strange that we have the solution we have today; we have divided work between us, because the solution with three parallel lessons, should give us a surplus. As far as resources are concerned we should have been on the plus side because we could have taken advantages of having organized the students into big groups. We could have tried joint instruction and joint task control and so on. But we have not managed that. The thought behind organizing students into big groups was pretty OK: It does not matter if you lecture a small or a big group. We should have had a profit or gain instead of what we have here”.

are annulled the moment they are made and we are ready for making new in new situations and in meeting the other and other immediately. That is the way it is. No decision is secure. None made once and for all. Having control implying only thinking more, thinking other, reflecting in and through practice again and again, asking more about the undecidedable because we will never know what it is, but it is what we cannot think without. It is what we like. It is what we live. It is what we love. It is what we write.

I have mentioned Kant many times already both focused and not, in and out of focus he has been, and I add, must. (Like me and what I must – You, Derrida, Derrida in and out of focus he must). It server my purpose for two reasons: First, I can “exemplify” an attempt of relativizing without disqualification; the difference between critique and deconstruction; a deconstructive practice maybe. This greater rationality, you know, is not unlike the Kantian sublime ((*Wurde*) *I was hit but not destroyed*) but must be thought about differently always. Further, denying the foundational aspects of subject and subjectivity does not mean not thinking about the subject and subjectivity. (And I add; denying objectivity does not mean stopping thinking about it, thinking of it, through it, in it) Ultimately this de-authorizing process of non-knowledge production it is: The thing I have been talking about all the time, that is, I think. Second, and as important, it gives me the opportunity to say a little bit more about Pippi, guts and not wanting to be a little shit – authority again- about meta- language eventually. Instead of critiquing and ultimately displacing for example Kant, Derrida suggests (as he always does – any texts- and wants me to(o)U2) bringing to light the effects of authority that are within his work by studying its hierarchizing, canonizing, marginalizing, and disqualifying procedures; the internal structuring of the text that is. The pedagogy, the programmes or discourse that is/are implicit or explicit – there or suggested. De- authorizing Kant and the knowledge that he claims is ultimately what Derrida does. Through talking to Kant, talking with Kant, talking back to Kant, the ghosts, Kant’s ghosts, he de-authorizes but simultaneously rehabilitates Kant but differently. (The ghostliness of me, my ghosts.) Mourning Kant this is: Simultaneously both forgetting and remembering Kant (me - you): Thinking Kant as a possibility “only”; however thinking Kant as possibility for knowledge. - Me as possibility for knowledge. You. Stopping, picking up and giving back. Keeping alive that is. Here is what Derrida says, and I think it is worth citing in full, about this thinking of Kant and Kantian discourse; his proposed pedagogy and structured teaching discourse as possibility – thinking pedagogy as possibility – thinking knowledge as possibility it concerns: “*This possibility of Kantian discourse is as much a symptom (and there are so many others)*”

as a determining factor. It would be naïve to choose here between the two terms of such an alternative. It would be better to attempt to think this singular “history” (the only privilege there is) in such a way that the discourse, critique and metaphysics of a certain Immanuel Kant could be read at once as “cause” and “effect”, meaning and symptom, production and product, origin and repetition, so many distinctions formalized by a graphics of iterability, inscribed in it as “effects” that it in turn relativizes without however, disqualifying them. “Kant” is the name of something “possible”: made possible and making possible in turn. Something possible that is no doubt produced, carried by the birth of the modern state and its teaching systems, whose limits and precarity it therefore shares; like the modern state, this something possible is of cause also carried and produced by the history of earlier philosophies, as by so many other preexisting forces, drives, and pressures. But this symptomal formation is powerful, gathered together in its formalization, overdetermined and overdetermining. It therefore possibilizes: in turn, but it is destined to this turn. Through numerous replays of potentialization, it participates in the most structuring, the most productive, and the most destructive operations in the history to come of discourses, works, and European institutions. It informs European “culture”, which is also to say European “colonization,” wherever it operates” (Derrida, 2002:52). Taking on the world this is. Possibilizing school, community, research, knowledge, me, you, all. Biko. This leads Derrida further to state that: “One must no doubt read Kant differently, but one must not stop reading him” (Ibid: 50). Ultimately therefore drawing authority from Kant, mourning Derrida thus therefore drawing authority from Derrida, mourning me thus drawing authority from me. And I add: Reading Vygotsky, Bakhtin, Bourdieu or any theory but differently. - Thinking about, of, through, in...all the time. Reading River High but differently. And we have seen it before: Even when Derrida writes in honor of another thinker or writer, he always supplements and alters, interrupts and interferes with our senses of the so called original. His characteristic double gesture of respect and disrespect, or of betraying through fidelity, is fundamentally at odds with any merely imitative or reduplicative reading or writing (Royle, 2003: 146). However and exactly therefore drawing authority from what is there and from whom are there. It is all there. Wring it out, creating community that is: Drawing authority from oneself again ultimately. Rehabilitated, rehabilitating again and again differently. - Keeping alive. Derrida thus stages knowledge, *it*, that de – authorizes itself and that undermines itself through its own operations. “Such knowledge recognizes that it differs from itself and will never arrive at plenitude” (Lather, 2004.a: 2). And thus again with reference to the Gift and the question – asking more: “The Question” – a poem - remains a testimony, in

*a dream, to the ghostliness of the present: a poem can no more be a gift, perhaps, than can a dream. But for just this reason the poem and the dream become privileged figures for trying to think about the gift” (Derrida, 1998 in Royle, 2003: 140). Let me think.*

A Gift might be “en presang” or “en gave” in Norwegian, “a present” maybe in English. Gift as in Giftich in German maybe and maybe in Norwegian once if we go back in time and origin? Eng: A poison and poisonous too. The phàrmakon as remedy and/or poison too. No word can be given once and for all. No word has a definite meaning once and for all. To give in the meaning of giving a gift and maybe expect a gift in return may quickly turn into the German “Giftich” if the relation between the giver and the receiver is poisoned by expectations of repayment and /or returns and thereby creating debts. Therefore Derrida states that the gift is “*that which one does not have*” (Derrida, 1994.b: 27). As soon as we construe the gift in terms of subjects and objects, the thinking of the gift is already locked into a logic of give-and-take, circularity and exchange, conscious or unconscious reward or gratification. Further, Derrida argues: “*The gift, if there is any, requires and at the same time excludes the possibility of narrative. The gift is on condition of the narrative, but simultaneously on the condition of the possibility and impossibility of the narrative*” (Derrida, 1992.b: 103).

There cannot be a story about the gift, if there is to have been a gift; but at the same time there has to be some story, whether it is in the form of a poem or a preface, about the impossibility of the gift this is. A pedagogy cannot be given, knowledge cannot be given, care cannot be given if the relation between the giver and the receiver is poisoned. There won't be a present or “presang” in Norwegian if this is so. I love these children. This is what it is about; being a realist I mean, seeing oneself, not hiding, honest, just. No expectations. I have met a lot of teachers thinking that they get little in return for their efforts. I have met a lot of students saying the same thing. What is giving? What is getting? Who? Whose debt? What debt? What is loss? -Working without loss that is. I will stick with the words but not. *Loss is good and exactly what....* The giving of gifts we must try. Dream it.

*What if this was school reform. Bringing about being brought about change at the heart of education – classroom instruction – my heart – your heart - love. And it is rather urgent. I do not want war – power struggle -in school. Hey, Foucault, you are so right about this positive power or force, but where is it? What is it, and what do I do to make it happen? These docile bodies – mine – what to do? Entering the playing field of language and becoming a language gambler ultimately what I might: Putting everything and anything in motion and at work including me: A literary turn, turning towards language passing the subject/object relation. – There is life- language – literature. Acting and existing in and through paradoxes. Do not shift, do not chose, rather worry and judge and then decide. But through aporia only because then you make possible a doubling. Reform and research again and again and only therefore to come.*

Further, this is what Derrida says – and I love and think groundbreaking - about the difference between critiquing and deconstruction: While “*critique implies a choice between two terms, deconstruction implies thinking possibilities from another border, from the*

*genealogy of judgement, will, consciousness, conscience or activity, of the binary structure, and so on. Perhaps this thinking transforms the space and through aporias, allows the (non-positive) affirmation to appear; the one which is presupposed by any critique or any negativity”* (Derrida, 2001/02: 68). I try. I try this doubling. I have experienced aporia and touched Khôra and I want more. I want to get this “right”, and as I of course now expect because I am getting used to this pain, Derrida however nodding to Kant: *“This moment of doubling commentary should no doubt have its place in a critical reading. To recognize and respect all its classical exigencies is not easy and requires all the instruments of traditional criticism”* (Derrida, 1967/76: 158). Cold eyed and sober: Read again, again. And now I dare say it: Now you spunk it – having gone through: Deconstruction is not opposed to institutions as such: Pedagogy, didactics, method discipline as such. Because however affirmative deconstruction is, it is affirmative in a way that is not simply positive, not simply conservative, not simply a way of repeating the given institution. However and what it is and will remain is: *“an institutional practice for which the concept of the institution remains a problem”* (Derrida, 2002:53). Deconstruction is interested in what is considered the great canon and opens up at the same time to new works, new objects, new fields, new cultures, new languages. On the one hand one must fight and oppose the rigid definition of programs, disciplines and the borders between disciplines. But on the other hand disciplines are necessary. This is what Derrida says about the discipline of philosophy: *“We need something specially (philosophical), that we shall not dissolve (philosophy) into other disciplines. However there is no reason why we should choose between the two”* (Derrida, 2002:7). Derrida is preoccupied with the conditions of philosophizing or thinking around learning and knowledge production, but through problematizing the conditions of thinking as such. Problem driven not hypothesis driven..... This is what “getting lost” implies, this is what we must. Risking myself; gaining you and gaining me. And for the record, and in a “nutshell”; *“The very meaning and mission of deconstruction is to show that things, text, institutions, traditions, societies, beliefs, and practices of whatever size and sort you need – do not have definable meanings and determinable missions, that they are always more than any mission would impose. That they exceed the boundaries they currently occupy. What is really going on in things, what is really happening is always to come”* (Caputo, 1997:31). Deconstruction is something which happens from the inside; there is a deconstruction at work. This is ultimately describing *“a certain auto-deconstructing tendency built right into things”* (Ibid:74).

Further again, and also for the record: Deconstruction is not a method. If however there is such a thing, this Derridean rigour might be called “*an exorbitant method*” (Derrida, 1967/76: 163, 2002: 54; Caputo, 1997:77-82) or Derridean hyperbole again: Always a supplement, a trace, always more, another, other, hypersymbolic, always double(d) and to come. No strategy, no recipe, no program or model never. An im/possibility thus of saying all and SPUNKING: Therefore not objective, subjective only but not, not criticizing or offering alternatives, displacing only asking more. Being, becoming however able to produce meaning even when the writer (or speaker) is dead (thinking my own I am), the supplement takes on a new and uncanny significance: It is simultaneously something that is not linguistic or discursive, even as it makes language or discourse possible. The supplement thus provides a way of thinking about critical discourse or meta language; a teaching therefore ultimately. It is both necessary and impossible: We all rely on it. All of Derrida’s work might thus be encapsulated within such a notion of supply or substitute teaching, no gifts, a teaching of the supplement and likewise, as we have seen, writing as a “writing of the supplement”. And again with reference to the Gift (read method): The gift is beyond reason, it is “*Excessive in advance, a priori exaggerated*” (Derrida, 1992.b:129).

### **SPUNKING about.....**

Teacher 1: “*School used to be important. Today it is not. The subjects were important. If I were ill, there was always money for a substitute teacher*”.

Teacher 2: “*But, maybe we have turned more and more away from emphasising subject matter competence towards emphasising social and pedagogical competence. In a way that is the new everyday school reality is it not*”?

Teacher 1: “*I do not know if that might not exactly be where we definitely are in strong disagreement*”.

Teacher 2: “*Yes, that is exactly so, but I can however, in many ways understand it because today we are in a completely different school environment. Today we do not necessarily have the school in which it is the subject matter competence that is the most important thing. Maybe it is more important to have a human pedagogical competence*”?

I have a daughter, she is eleven. One day we had to do some work in the garden. It was hard and heavy work, but we had to do it. After a while she quietly said: “This is important work, mom, because we show the house that we care about it, and that we care about living in it. We show other people that we like our house.” ... relating life and friendship, to death and mourning... .



This is eventually a deconstructive rereading of the discursive archive of pedagogy to locate its institutional inclusions/exclusions, its orderings/disorderings, its valuations/devaluations, and so on, and it must precede the “*reconstructive*” phase(s) of a rewriting of the existing subdivisions configuring the disciplinarity of epistemological foundations, for a “*critical reelaboration of this hierarchy and of this problematics of hierarchy must not be restricted to new “theorems” in the same language (langage)*” (Derrida, 1986 in Trifonas, 2000: 81). Trifonas continues: This “*requires the heteroglossia of a fresh writing that inscribes and is inscribed by the rules of an unborrowed code following “another logic”*” (and here he refers to Derrida again), “*one that can self-consciously evade the conceits of the metaphysical arrangements it is reacting to or may use in the performance of critique. This would presuppose: firstly, the inversion of the argumentative logics, the hierarchy of which privileges a normative arrangement of concepts from a binarization of terms (Good/bad, right/wrong, etc.); and, secondly, a displacement of the epistemological groundwork coordinating the ethical acceptance of the formal structuring of its concepts that organize the “essential” possibilities of thought itself*” (Ibid: 81). Normalized, normalizing, me? No, I do not want. I am not afraid of ghosts any more, I am not afraid of philosophy. It happens inside; ... and each time I study .....I try to find some heterogeneity in its own corpus.

Astrid Lindgren once said that; sometimes you have to be brave and dare do things that you actually do not dare do. Otherwise you are actually just a little shit. Remember Pippi the wall climber? *Courage, kick, vengeance, sparkle..... – I do not want to be a little ....*

Or to theorise the same thing differently though: “*We are weak today in ideal matters because intelligence is divorced from aspiration*” (Dewey 1920/57:212).

*She loves you yeah, yeah, yeah!*

*(Beatles)*

Why however choose such difficulty, danger, grief and even pain? The short answer is, because I do not want to be a shit as you know. I want to climb walls. Besides I am not a sucker, and Derrida would not have wanted me to be one: Deconstructing Derrida, mourning Derrida. - Derrida with a hyphen. - Keeping him alive. You neither? Get off the list! Take a risk! Derrida was/is a stranger and he travelled. And he wanted me to “*think travel*” too and even beyond return (Bauman, 2005:1091). He wanted me to engage in this non-

knowledge production process through *différance* in Khôra: Mourning Derrida a possible way. Following theory through, theory followed through. - Through aporia- aporetic thinking and the law of the law. Any freedom only making sense in terms of a relation to law. The law, you know, being that there is no experience consisting of pure presence, but only of chains of differential marks or text: the impossibility thus of absolute plenitude of meaning and intentions. No copy – autoimmune - only a yes and a yes and a yes. Keep the concept. This risk taking process through loss ultimately in demand of another heteroglossia, but as a language or another stance of language, a new normal and a different logic; **a language normalizing not knowing** for sure and a stance of language that ensures constant questioning of activities and concepts used within an organization (read for example school) and where the possibilities for knowledge production lies in the impossible, and keeping going: SPUNK replacing the metaphor of know/ knowing. Pivoting but liberating it is. Virtual, virtual language, a computer/technology language and now me eventually realizing and then I mean ....; the implications of talking about technology in a broad perspective that is – remember? Read again. Possibility, impossibility, potential and what do we allow or give ourselves to think with? - Technology only without; technology but not only. Such a stance makes it possible to think that there can be knowledge production processes in which concepts always are problematized or rather mourned and knowledge never authoritative. To be carried away by the zero, but ultimately picking up force in the middle: Creating a language between, and thus eventually this pedagogy between but through what I want because I must. From language to law; “*an opening onto judgement*” (Beardsworth, 1996/98:1) it is. I love. A language subjective and situated and turning us all into situated speakers eventually. I believe, that creating learning communities in school – a learning organization, demands a language that normalizes such a process of non-knowledge production and thus “failure” and “loss”. Fresh writing it is. Possibilizing a politics/force, an ontological politics ultimately, a way of knowing and being together in de-authorized space: Making me safe in and through danger always. I will try next. Derrida, *Différance*. Come. SPUNK. Without such a language change in thinking about learning and knowledge production is unlikely to occur. *You who know so much put it in motion. Play with it. You. Me.*

<p>Teacher at River High: “<i>You know, to give the teacher teams freedom by saying that we will not interfere; the teams can decide for themselves, that is refusing responsibility. That is not</i></p>
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*empowerment. Rather it is a negative empowerment. It is not funny when freedom is indifference”.*

Teacher at River High: *“Maybe it is structure so that the students might get some order in their heads. This is to make them able to or capable of having freedom. It is not structure so that I am in control, but for the students to be able to choose something. It is this thing about the right frames, the suitable frames, the adequate frames and the positive frames for the work. They become important. And then one must start to think and be critical; are these frames so that things become easy for me or are they frames that actually make the students feel a greater freedom in relation to what they must do/perform? That is what I mean by structure”.*

*Try an experiment again; exchange “teacher” with “student” for example. -Or the other way around. – Multi levelled, multi perspective... Solitary all?*

Now not by the book, and “identifying” myself with Elizabeth St.Pierre (In Richardson & St.Pierre, 2005: 971) when she states that: *“Never having read a postmodern qualitative textbook I initially tried to force postmodern methodology into the grid of interpretive/positivist qualitative inquiry”.* But, she continues: *“When the lack of fit became apparent and then absurd, I began to deconstruct that structure to make room for difference”.*

I want to engage myself in a discussion about school reform and research, double(d) and to come realizing that River High – me too - is inscribed in all my writings. U2? I want to SPUNK and say all. Being serious about school and being serious about you what I want. I want to climb, I chose the pain and I want to be this agent of displacement. I mourn. Choosing the road of love is the most difficult, however it makes you shine. I can only offer myself. My style, me.... I can SPUNK. I can ask. I can give back. Me/You inscribed but not. Think about it. - Dept? There are of cause no stories as such representing anyone or anything, but there are stories of wonder, SPUNK stories and examples out of which a politics hopefully ..... - Stories that I heard through being me. Enforcing, enforced, more. I want to invent a pedagogy/ politics together with you. I do not want to give or be given one. There are these writing stories only, writing stories all. *Nothing fits but they are not supposed to.* Now I can read and write again. But differently, non figuratively perhaps a good word. Just another writing story it is. About becoming it is. ....to come. The future and the promise of more.

*Did you say anything about costs? You know Pippi did also talk to angels. Her mother is an “angel”. One evening, she, Tommy and Annika prayed that they would never grow up or be “bug” (Pippi made up more words: Bug instead of big/grown up). The poststructural irony being that she already was - “bug” that is. Let it fly. Au! Talk to it. Kicking being kicked in the but(t) but making me a stronger person.*

I was going to speak about school reform, but ended up speaking about me, ... but... . A long time ago I set out with a goal of writing a thesis that was gone when I had finished it: A thesis, a story, a narrative that never was, never is and never will be: A story about creating community but not and therefore a story without. -Leaving something to you. Thinking my own death, however alive and more. Hold my hand what is it? Push and pull. A nexus of power and strategy, and picking up on Foucault's discussion about power play that we left behind some time ago: "*If it true that at the heart of power relations and as a permanent condition, of their existence there is an insubordination and a certain essential obstinacy on the part of the principles of freedom, then there is no relationship of power without the means of escape or possible flight. Every power relationship implies, at least in potentia, a strategy of struggle, in which the two forces are not superimposed, do not lose their specific nature, or do not finally become confused. Each constitutes for the other a kind of permanent limit, a point of possible reversal. A relationship of confrontation reaches its term, its final moment (and the victory of one or the two adversaries), when stable mechanisms replace the freeplay of antagonistic reactions*" (Foucault, 1982: 794). The other of X, the other of power, empowerment, empowering me that is. Fly away. A revolution it is: Generating new practices and new forms of agency for individual subjects. Agency thus never autonomy in the sense of being an individual standing outside social structure and practice. Rather autonomy instead becoming a recognition that power and force presume counter power and counter-force, which in turn create "*new life-forms, life – forms capable of disrupting hegemonic forms, even potentially overwriting or eclipsing them*" (Davies, 2004:4). What has post modernism done to qualitative inquiry? I do not know but I cannot go back to where I was. The list of reasons why is long. I think you know now. But since we both are here; try to read for example that of Davies` (Ibid: 4-7). Play. Giving away control I try.

It is like being on the mountain top. You look down and something seems to grab hold of you and suck you down. You want to jump, but at the same time that is exactly what you shall not, because it would mean death. And then I mean death only as in death. I want to stay alive. -You. It is thrilling to be there and the view is magnificent, but I need something to hold on to, or someone to hold my hand: I am and so are you: This is a never again as, when Crusoe vows never letting "*go of the hand that reached down to save him on the night the tree fell*" (Tournier, in Marshall, 1992: 119). The hand belonged to Friday the subordinate, the servant, the one who did not speak... . Now Crusoe calls Friday his "*brother*". What is this school after all? It is there. Talk to it. Talk with it. Do not talk in its

place. Give it back. And remember that, “*There is no speaking that does not promise, no speaking that does not carry with it a commitment toward the future*” (Derrida, 1986 in Royle, 2003: 36).

“*I could not see any sense in the pictures when I got close, but they were nice at a distance*”: A woman commenting the paintings of Jacob Weidemann, a Norwegian painter painting non-figurative paintings: A little yellow dot in a completely white surface: the little flower under the snow, spring, full bloom, summer.

**“For me, there is always, and I believe that there *must be more than one language*, mine and the other (I am greatly simplifying) and I must try to write in such a way, that the language of the other does not suffer (*souffrir*) because of mine, that it puts up with me (*me souffre*) without suffering from it (*sans en souffrir*), that it receives the hospitality of my language without getting lost or integrated in it. And reciprocally, but reciprocity is not symmetry – and first of all because we have no neutral measure here, no *common measure* given by a third party. This must be invented at every moment, with every sentence, with no guarantee, no absolute guardrails (*garde-fou*). Which is to say that madness, a certain “madness,” *must watch over each and every step, and eventually must watch over thinking, as reason does also*” (Derrida, 2001/02:72) (Original signs). A “*change of style*” it is what Derrida talks about; one which will “*speak several languages and produce several texts at once*” (Derrida, 1982 in Peters, 2001/02:210). A deconstructive humanism it is, “*one that searches for and erases presence at the same time as it investigates the history of the modern notion of rights, man, and humanity*” (Ibid: 225). Writing that is.**

**3(4) – 4(5)- (5(6)?) Writing reform and research both as what can be imagined; angel writing - war writing; after theory, before theory, no theory, all theory, every theory. Another way of knowing; bringing pedagogy home inventing school. About living in de – authorized space double(d) and to come**

*"You may say I'm a dreamer  
But I'm not the only one  
I hope someday you'll join us  
And the world will be as one"*  
(Imagine, John Lennon, 1971).



Full bloom summer

- as a sort of monstrosity.

*"In the time of the promise, there is no deconstruction without democracy, no democracy without deconstruction"* (Derrida, 1997.a:105).

*Another right,  
another reason,  
another good,  
another place  
and what I want.  
Is...is...is...is... .  
Anne*

Hold my hand what is it? I do not know. Community not is community mourned; community but not, negative community, community without community, weak community, quasi community, "community". Never to be found, always to come. Words not realized but put to work and kept. Problematized but not monumentalized, and without me thinking about "key ideas" (Royle, 2003:16-19). I just SPUNK and love; community to come and keeping it alive as what can be imagined. I am willing to pay the price. Stumbling along I must: However thinking about key ideas definitely I am, but not. Writing for the happy moments only however most of the time just asking more questions inquiring about more and other: Where, what, who, how, why again and again and again: A community of the question this might be. Unprotected, having no expertise, being no expert, de-authorized rather; open and under erasure I am. Exhausted sometimes, paralyzed regularly, magnificent view though, not ill. I am – my subjectivity, my voice, me, deconstructed and therefore weak but strong, powerless but powerful, in control but not, angel, troll, ghost, bug, breaking, monster, pain, crying, worrying, abdicated but queen/king, caring, alive and kicking, knitting still; an agent of displacement only. Breaking up and yielding. If I want community I need to be getting serious about you, me, we, us. -Your hand. – Serious but not, funserious rather, however serious about reality, experience and practice but a reality and practice only as the possibility of something more and practice as a praxis of aporia. I am serious about school and serious about research. That is what I am careful and serious about. That is what I cannot think without. - Because I want to. - Because I must. I want change. I want reform. I want. - A

new sweater? I want you. Friendenemy. In love of, I love people. Rehabilitated and gaining legitimization exactly thus and therefore I am. Not loosing my independence or my individuality, rather in this nexus “*winking at someone while listening to my favourite music*” (Derrida, 1988:50). Pivoting but liberating this writing is; this writing in the spectral moment of life. No shifts as such. Crystallizing, reflecting, refracting, self validating, deep, complex and partial it is. – An ontology, a politics, a pedagogy: ontological politics possible. - Me and you both together. Positioned, but that is the direction. You are. Releasing having released a nomadic joy through being preoccupied with perfection *and* imperfection one may say, mastery but not, right but not. A nomadology and a concept opening up possibilities expressing exactly that and not any show off or shining at theoretical brilliance. A thinking of knowledge as a possibility it is, in this moment of doubling. Reform as possibility it is, and only that. Are you asking me if this is too difficult for you? I answer a categorical no;

Every day  
I lived with you  
I did it  
because I wanted to

Every time  
it was you  
and no one else for me  
it was so because it was you  
I wanted

Always  
When I came back to you  
It was because it was  
together with you  
and no one else  
I wanted to be

When  
you dare believe  
that this day  
and every other day  
is a free choice for me  
- you or not you -

can you and I still  
live  
together

Marta Tikkanen,  
1978/1999 (my translation).

amateurs love too. I do. - A practical practitioner deciding what to do. But still however it is not easy. Play is not an easy game, rather a very serious matter: The spatial politics of schooling as who and how I am. Me at stake. Life. I must. Empowered however through philosophy/theory/thinking/ literature/art.... and language I am. Passageways they are. My words thus only I write. .... *Nussbaum (1990/92) here somewhere too? A new beginning and a beginning to learn to think, a thinking to learn. A personal language and about myself only it is but not; creating this pedagogy/politics between that is. Thinking politics and democracy with what is said about the gift and singularity. I try(ied).*

Teacher at River High: “*My responsibility seems to be increased when I expect students to be more responsible for their own learning*”.

And now because we do; SPUNK and love I mean, we can walk a double(d) path together; home. Nothing clear and given though; no certain knowledge opening up the way in advance. No certain knowledge waiting for us. Now that I youweus know about both theory and practice, theory and

method, teaching and doing research, teacher and researcher but not: Inside/outside, outside/inside: other borders. No bridging, no busses just that: On the same side but not neutral, however in no denial. You becoming, being becoming aware, alive and kicking: Farewell, welcome. Kicking some .... together maybe. - If you want to change something that is. Just read it and think about it and write yourself. Home thus as this decolonized place or Khôra as this place in which an ethics and politics should be made of the order of practical reason, enforced realism, wisdom or decision. Not as what is, but conditioned and helped by this process of haunting and mourning. Having gone through the trial... , - thinking about and with more and other. A practical wisdom translated into action because it is there, on the doorstep, and because it is necessary. Home therefore as a fertile space and an ethical practice and a place for learning; a “*learning pharmacy*” (Standish, 2001/02) even, a pharmacy without medicines or drugs that is, and a doctor/pharmakon - Derrida - without a gift. Just words, language and philosophy thinking I am. A thinking in learning only, not thinking about or in any knowledge, recipe, program, strategy or model: any economy. Double(d) perspectives of both research and reform only and therefore, SPUNK/SPUNKING instead of know/ knowing: Courage, kick, vengeance, sparkle..... Meyou? (MW?) Love being the drug if there is such a thing: “*Deconstruction not able to proceed without*” (Derrida, 1995 in Royle, 2003: 136). There is no recipe, rather “recipe” only however: “*The recipe for memory that writing provides is a pharmakon*” (Standish, 2001/02: 86). “*Healthier than most people though*”. Now that you know what I am serious about but also serious funserious about but not, why that is so and how; we can create this new heteroglossia, fresh writing or language between and through: Creating, recreating, contextualizing, “*recontextualization*” and thus ultimately move “*toward an ethic of discussion*” (Derrida, 1988) rehabilitating subjectivity/subjectivities/ intersubjectivity not about but through. I do not know. You do not know. We do not know. Or rather we all know but not. Another way: Changing through the unknown because no one knows. This language and this pedagogy between: Creating a pedagogical vocabulary between, but through fresh, - fresh writing only. It is open to more always, this language of the hypersymbolic, of a hyper responsibility; a hyperpedagogy, a heterodidactics therefore. A home in which everything and anything can be, and is said and heard. Another place somewhere or nowhere beyond any inter - intra mediation and thus towards a new normal: To be in becoming: alive and to come. Becoming situated speakers all. If we are going to talk about a pedagogy we will have to talk about and of a who. MW. Now you can believe again – in something, in yourself.



Imagine again. Reform as what you can imagine: A reform of your choice: A policy problem create. Try again, and maybe ultimately being becoming a “warrior” or rather a freedom writer/fighter: “*Derrida’s writing is war writing*” (Royle, 2003: 153). Angel writing war writing a bastard I am. I guess you already have guessed, and I tried. Something fantastic that might happen: The gentleness of *différance* ultimately foreign to threats and wars. But for that it is felt as something all the more dangerous.

Summing up a bit: In this place or Khôra everything, and then I mean everything, tied

*”To be surrounded by the great friendliness: An existence in righteousness and power ... and in which one is calm and has authority”* (Hamsun, 1981: 268 my translation).

to the subject becomes important. For Kristeva Khôra is “the womb” and the only place where

we really are connected without mediation: The term intertextuality thus denoting a “*transposition of one (or several) sign system(s) into another*” (Kristeva, 1986: 111). The Bakhtinian “heteroglossia” “polyphony”, “polyglossia”, “hybrid”, “novelness” thus “carnivalized” too, but never the same. Traces of other in every word that is: slipping away the meaning of signs always and endlessly. (*That is how it works; more only, other maybe always. Had I given you this cite before you would have thought they were the same. – Never is, cannot be and that is the beauty of it all.*) Derrida, Barthes, deMan, Kristeva, Bakhtin similar but not; never that is. Melancholy though it might be this mourning always in search for keeping alive – keeping the mother alive – but still there is love because “*there is no writing that is not in love*” (Kristeva, 1994: 23 my translation). And this is, in my opinion at least, despite the supposition that there “*neither is any imagination that not openly or secretly is melancholy*” (Ibid.). *I who thought I knew so much.* However by the zero (“*point of symbolism*” (Kristeva, *ibid.*)) we move; there is something which is more than nothing because we know. Streams maybe leading into the subconscious the unsaid, autopoiesis too ... - no ... praxis ultimately I believe meaning making that is. *Courage, kick...* We might even laugh a bit “*through and through*” (Derrida, 1991: 270) too. Be happy despite the difficulty and even sometimes pain. Read again. Work on. Everything a(temporal/logos/ topoi) ... – streaming through as past, present and future. Not all “*despair*” (Kristeva, *ibid.*) thus there is. Rather, all possibilities are focussed. - All possibilities for life. - Every theory too – knowledge as you have/will see/n. Everything possibilized that is. Derrida would say supplementing, supplemented; a replacement that is always excessive. Derridean writing as intertextuality, writing is intertextuality intertextualizing. This is ultimately making human activity/action

writing: A writing, decision making as meaning making but through the antinomies of aporia always: Decision makers going on: Decision making going on, roll. Enacting what we believe in. Enacting a politics of your choice after having gone through... . *“Each time a responsibility (ethical or political) has to be taken, it is necessary to go through antinomic injunctions, which have an aporetic form, through a sort of experience of the impossible, without which the application of a rule by a conscious subject identical to itself, objectively subsuming a case to the generality of a given law, comes on the contrary to irresponsibilize or at least to miss the always unheard-of singularity of the decision to be made”* (Derrida, 2002:70).

Writing after Derrida might thus be said to be a process of “taking control” over ones own professional life. Becoming an agent that is: A self -hood in becoming: Spotting oneself, seeing oneself, realizing oneself, writing oneself. Empowered through language and philosophy as thinking I am: The capacity of language, remember. It is a fragile project, time consuming but differently-becoming aware –SPUNK. What we prefer. What we must. A politics it is. Or rather: *“It is about the physical, social, political and spiritual experience of living in the world sometimes in the context of great suffering, and always as a learner/teacher on the path into the unknown”* (Watson- Gegeo, 2005:418). And I add; as a researcher on the path to the unknown. Always trying something new and other we love; realizing that school is the place where the universal and the particular is realized we do. Not because someone is telling you about it, but because you know (it) yourself. And I am the key to make things happen. Not as a mediator of reform that is. But through freedom and joy I am it is. Freedom as joy it is. Freedom conditioned by joy, love, life and happiness that is. In a conceptual terrain of interruption and/or *“intersectionality”*(Collins, 2000: 66) maybe; jettisoning any implicit normative centre. Writing for the happy moment we must: Sensing the place in the sense of the place that is. In the *“time of reading”* (Derrida, 2003:161) that is. *“A new world in love”* (Kristeva, 1994: 230) even maybe will arise to the surface, create, created that is. Risk taking it takes. Love of - that is - therefore. No shelter – I believe - eventually there is.

### **Teacher at River High SPUNKING**

“You know, we say that we are all different. I do not like to say it, sometimes I feel that I get irritated at the fact that; you know that everybody must be allowed to..... - everybody must

get something. And I feel also that even I..... I start to repeat it a bit, because in a way I have to say it. If I do not say it I am not a tolerant person. And then I think that I say it, but also that I am not quite sure that I mean it. Because I see some things: Why should – when I start looking at some things, why should you be allowed to keep on doing the things you do; like not engage yourself and not put an extra effort into things? But then I know that these are things that people must want themselves, but at the same time we must have something in common. And we are obliged according to our pedagogical platform and our visions, but there is always somebody who ..... And what are we to do about it? Shall I be very tolerant and say that; yes, that is up to him and what he wants to do about it? Sometimes I actually think no. -But how to communicate such a thing? That I think is a big question”.

“Now it is like we must not move too quickly and everybody must do whatever he/she likes. And maybe that is OK, but in my head it is not. And then you have the notion about not developing everything at once and taking one step at the time, but there are some things that I think are rather urgent. I think that there are some things that we just have to develop now. One thing is inclusion another is all this guesswork that we have to get rid of. We must create some kind of system! Get some tools that tell me that, yes, this is a way of doing it. This is a way of going in the right direction. This is good enough for now in a way. And then I think that we must spend time together. The things that create unity we cannot let wait. But it is not like we know. We do not know anything I think, but we know that we walk in the right direction”.

**“More like an *open* “quasi” – community of people who, “since they like that”, while and by acknowledging receipt, also go off elsewhere, and in turn read and write in an all together different way. This is the generous response, always more faithful and at the same time more ungrateful” (Derrida, 2001/02:63).** (Original signs).

Trust, this might be about again. In schools we trust, trust in schools, trusting schools. I hope –believe.

And now you will excuse me and maybe appreciate if I theorize a bit again. It is necessary. It is part of it too: Of khôra, you know – this non-place of de- authorized non-knowledge creation consisting of multiple ontologies if at all thinkable that is: After theory, before theory, no theory, every theory, all theory, however actually rehabilitating theory making it important and relevant. - Rehabilitating method. A theorymethodpraxis. - This double gesture making de –authorized and double(d) perspectives possible. -Because we choose one. However, and as necessary, still on the same side: Theory and praxis that is, *techne*, programs, rules but not. Teacher and researcher, teaching and doing research that is. *Nothing meant as such never. - Choosing not meaning choosing between and/or forgetting the one. This might be a thing to know and then I mean know. -Knowing something that is.* Deconstructing, displacing, rehabilitating everything and anything, anyone and everyone, somewhere or

nowhere always, all that is: Nothing to forget never, nothing to clean up. Now you know that I just “give” and “promise”, and “fail” but picking up speed/force in the middle: This muddling process between or this process of muddling through that is but not. No narratives or cases to make or exactly what it is; creating a reality in a language of imaginations. Because after Derrida one has to reckon with “presences” that are neither simply inside nor categorically outside the text. After Derrida, texts are haunted in a newly legible fashion: “*the text is no longer the snug airtight inside of an interiority or an identity – to – itself*” (Derrida, 1981 in Royle, 2003:148). Along with innumerable other oppositions or alleged opposites, the relations between inside and outside, text and world, are strangely changed. Following through what you want. Do not offend me by asking if this other way of knowing exists. Of course it does. What else is there? Who else would know? You do. But give it words. Talk to it, with it back to it. Writing stories, ... examples out of which a politics can be created ... . Bring it home. Make it home, make it stay. The knowledge of a lover, that is: Love’s knowledge that is. Enacting what we prefer, enacting another, other always. The three dots (or an ellipsis) supplementing being a supplement to the original text: School..., Khôra..., home of all things. The three dots (I have also learned this from Spivak’s (1967/76) translation of Derrida’s original work; once faithful and violating this nodding) suggesting that something is part of a larger text, that there is something before it as well as something after it. Read again. Translation it is. You have seen them before, the dots, that is. The readability of an ellipsis depends on context but at the same time also on broaching the question of the borders of the discourse or text. Both texts, both bastards: Bastards we all are. I cannot stand the coldness any more, but I live for the other- other.

Rhetorically one might ask if there is a place for unity – community – at all after deconstruction, and further what it might look like? “*We cannot create*”.... You know....not about right or wrong, for or against..... The point being again, that we do not have to choose between unity and multiplicity. We must decide but this is not what we chose between. The interesting issue is the limit of every attempt to totalize and to gather (Versammlung, versammeln, samle, samle sammen, samlende (*Heidegger of cause here somewhere too*)) – the limit of this unifying, uniting movement, the limit that it has to encounter, because the relationship of the unity to itself implies difference. Not however underestimating the desire to be one, remember? Once we take into account this inner and other difference – a - nce, then we pay attention to the other and we understand that fighting for our own identity, is not exclusive of another identity, rather it opens to another identity. This prevents totalitarianism.

Dissociation, separation, is thus the condition of my relation with others. The structure of my relation with the other is of this “relation without relation” that we have seen, one of intertextuality that is. I have tried. Read again. The other is transcendent. I cannot reach the other. I cannot know the other from the inside. That is not an obstacle however, but the condition of love, joy, freedom, friendship and of conflict too, a condition of the relation to the other. Forgiveness, the pardon, is general or universal and neither about me nor about you. *Dissociation is the condition of community, the condition of any unity as such. Remember? I want to touch it again, this truth to be grateful for.* To understand the danger of totality, unity, organic ensembles, to community as a homogenized whole one must therefore pay attention to **singularity**: This talk about the **who** in/of a pedagogy/politics. This function that we are/create/make: The rehabilitation ultimately of us both. Singularity is not simply unity or multiplicity. We need unity or some gathering and some configuration. Both totality and relativism is **death**. Derrida states: *“No doubt, there is this irrepressible desire for a “community” to be formed, but also for it to know its limit – and that its limit is its openness and its overture: once it believes that it has understood, taken in, interpreted, preserved the text, then something of that text, something in it which is totally other, escapes or resists it, something which calls for another community, and never lets itself be totally interiorized in the memory of a present community. It is an experience of **mourning and promise** which institutes that community, but which also forbids it from reassembling, which keeps in it the potential of another community which will sign, in another way, totally other contracts”* (Derrida, 2001/02: 67). Function, intuition, improvisation, accumulation, addition, supplementing, hoping (Pompel/Pilt and the caretaker); no, function I prefer, I believe, but as key. -Angels as keys too. Useful it is. I know the law: The linguistic conditions for change but as law. Thus we are *“moving towards practices of academic writing that are responsible to what is arising out of both becoming and passing away”* (Lather, 2000: 307).

### **The subjective Truth, Heartiness; The Truth is Subjectivity**

#### **Den subjektive Sandhed, Inderligheden: Sandheden er Subjektiviteten**

*“The Paradox is the objective Undecideability, which is the Expression of the Passion of Heartiness, which in turn is the Truth. This way is the way of Socrates. The eternal, essential*

*Truth: that, which is related essentially to an Existence essentially concerned with existing (all other knowledge is according to Socrates accidental; its Degree and Dimensions indifferent), is the Paradox. However, the eternal essential Truth is in no way the Paradox, but is so by its relation to an Existence. The Socratic ignorance is Expressing the objective Undecideability, the Heartiness of the one Existing is the Truth ”(Kierkegaard;1994: 140 my translation).*

My heart it is about, pivoting this writing is, but liberating. A writing from language to law. Change in the heart of education, classroom instruction that is. I who thought I knew so much. Now I know less/more. - More about reality; other realities too. I who thought I could give something to you. Now I know I can, but not. I who thought I owed you something, now I know I do but differently always. A “*learned ignorance*” it is (Derrida, 2002: 61-62): as an “*essential and mandatory incompetence, a structural nonknowledge (that), constructs the concept of philosophy as metaphysics or the science of science*” (Ibid.). A learned ignorance to make more. Having nothing to do with ignorance, remember? Read again: Not afraid any more, but knowing something about surprise, surprising danger maybe. I have nothing any more, therefore I have all: A function, a key but not: A policy maker. I am grateful for that.

*Teacher: “Anne, Can you be more specific? What to do? “*

*Me: “I think this is as specific as one can get. -As specific as one should get. This is what you do at least what you act on. You have already maybe. It is there. I just stumble along too still always”. An “ethical hesitation” I try (Biesta,2001/02:51.). Morale is stimulated by doubt. Morale is not guaranteed by certainty. The problem is taking it in. The problem is an existential not a rational question. Take the risk; Freedom and risk(taking) increases simultaneously.*

*“This dilemma, this double injunction, paradox of universality, is a challenge for all educators to develop an ability to mediate differences and boundaries, exclusions and violence, hierarchies and borders, whether they are concerned with language, ethnicity, race, gender, and so on, or ideas” (Egèa-Kuehne, 2001/02: 202). Mediation here after having gone through... mourning and haunting that is, translation that is, “mediation”.*

Community here thus is about engaging in collaboration processes – any event, or instituting moment, pedagogy, politics, any experiment thus didactics - knowing only that what you want must not happen. At least one must never think that is has or that you know what it might be or look like - the thing you want to achieve or happen that is. But you must keep it – keeping it as a concept that is. X but not always. Another thinking of the event – inauguration - ultimately this is. Doing something new without forgetting what was. It is thus about doing something together, deciding a pedagogy/politics/didactics that is, not because we know that either this or that is the right thing to do or the right way to do it, but because we want to and because it is worth a try. It is a “right” only. It is worth a try because it is what you want and must. Community is thus becoming an ethico/political space in which decisions are made and remade constantly as experiments experimentations only but funseriously. Doing something new always. Any event or moment of pedagogy created as a

promise for X to come: Inclusion to come, community to come, democracy to come, welcome: Any utterance a promise of X to come. Entering collaboration processes as situated speakers all, de- authorized and without thinking about winning or loosing, for or against, right or wrong, thinking rather about X only. I am thus thinking/speaking because I must and as a friend. Saying something without rejecting or disqualifying something else or anything at all: Speaking about, of, in, to, through, against, for, contra, before, after, every, no - without anything and everything - without a yes or no, rather saying yes, yes, yes. To create more only: To create more to think of or on. Discussing more it is. Opening up, going on doubling. In the event I am a function I am a meta reflector I am de- authorized, knowledge too, but not reduced to less than before. On the contrary I am empowered, I see/sense more, I see/sense other and I can choose. I invest/invent everything and anything, I invest/invent myself, but not reducing my independence/individuality though, I gain myself and you.

*Pardon – as if having never been hurt.* I bring my will and love of doing other in the collaboration process with you. That is the only thing. We can thus choose because we want to. I am however not just active but active in passive, in reception like in a dream. Not starting on scratch or in a lacuna therefore but starting with what I/we need to keep: Trying enacting another policy if I/we believe it is better. Free from any grips, free from any structures as such however not in denial or having forgot any, but having learned to play. I am something, something it is. This is living in de-authorized space a space of everything, a Khôra perhaps, possibilizing privileging, more: Collaborating because I/we want to. Collaborating voluntarily thus as “*a free choice*” and when you see/sense exactly that, we can go on living together: Everyone different without fear of it. A pedagogy of the function maybe it is; a pedagogy ultimately without fear. I am the function, a function only a function hurray! Important that is. Real, realistic, enforced: The key. I must/can do something. It matters. Becoming aware. Now I choose, I decide. Listen again to Derrida: “*It is indeed a question of knowledge again, but first of all of knowing how, without renouncing the classical norms of objectivity and responsibility, without threatening the critical ideal of science and philosophy, and therefore without renouncing knowledge, one can still pursue this demand for responsibility*” (2002:66, underlining replacing italics in the original). A question of knowing how without renouncing ..... without threatening.....without renouncing knowledge: what we know about reform, what we know about teacher community, what we know about school, pedagogy, didactics but not: Differently always, putting it in motion and play. How far? Endlessly of cause, but first of all to the point of interrogating the norms and authority of the ideals, “*which amounts to exercising one’s right to a sort of “right to respond”, at least in the*

*form of “questioning in return” which links responsibility to the response”* (Ibid.). So I must speak, that is my responsibility. It is ultimately my promise. It is what I promise. Derrida, however takes it even further: linking speaking to the self: *“Then to the point of asking oneself what founds or rather engages the value of critical interrogation that cannot be separated from responsibility. And of knowing how to think the place this knowledge comes from-what one can and must do with it”* (Ibid.). Now I see myself.

So here we are again; With the mourner, the haunter, the haunted, the nomad, the writer, the lover, the gambler, the player, the academic, the teacher, the researcher, the friend, the speaker, the promise maker, the dreamer, the risk taker, the climber, the giver, the taker, failure, looser, bug, bastard, supplement, someone, something, me and you. Learning becomes becoming a loss of truth and self as much as an assurance of self and identity. Speaking without, speaking against, speaking without commitment to it –X- as we shall see/have seen. Discussing school, discussing community, discussing pedagogy and didactics; but always in the face of the alterity of the other and through me; speaking for myself and as a friend. Speaking in/through principals maybe. Acting on principals but not. Following X through. Speaking in *“a language of memory”* that is: (*“putting into reserve, into the archive, documentation, accumulation”*)/(My exclamation) (Derrida, 1992.a: 68): A language of desire and affirmation thus, a language for spunking and getting it “right”. Normalizing however and therefore “not knowing”: Another heteroglossia, fresh writing, not knowing never stumbling along. Giving us, being, becoming in or through a meta language; a tool - a function. Mourning ultimately a necessary possibility that structures the very moment of identification, of being an “I”, of loving oneself or another: Thus *“mourning-work is not just any kind of work but something like the “essence” of work”* (Derrida, 1995.b: 52). The essence of teaching, doing research, school, science that is. Keeping alive that is. The force of life it is: Picking up in the middle. All of Derrida’s writing is in some sense *“bereaved”* or in at least *“semi-“* or *“demi-mourning”* (Ibid: 143). Mourning is in the name and the name carries death. In need therefore of no *“after”* in order to be a name-inscribed-by-death. Everyone who bears a proper name is living *“after”* themselves, thanks to the deadly power of their name. This is not something to be miserable about. To need, must, want and/or desire, for Derrida, is not about “loss” and “lack” but about *“affirmation, and consequently that mourning itself is affirmation”* (Ibid.). Inventing reinventing myself again and again I do because I must. Getting lost I want. U2? Inventing reinventing Derrida again and again I do because I must. The power of Derridean rigour/thinking it is. Deconstructing Derrida it is. Deconstructing me: Working *“within and against the terrain of controllable*



knowledge” (Spivak, 1993: 13) that is - all kinds of becomings that is, you know. I can never pay my debt but I must can never give up paying. An affirmative laughter thus, an “*affirmation without issue*” (Krell, 2000:201-213); a mix of purity and bastardy: This pedagogy (read community) not based on the sovereign subject – me. Doing “*deontological work*” (Spivak, 1993:6) in the humanities I try. And to think about the danger of what is useful and “*the lesson*”, if there is any “*of deconstruction*” (Ibid: 10) what that is.

### **A teacher at River High spunking about ..**

I think it is important, in this more floating situation that we have now, that I am a grown up and responsible person. I think that is the most important thing I can be for a student whether it is about school subjects or more social matters. They need that. And then you have to say that that is something that you will do. Many things are loose and unclear and it is easy to shove something aside. And then someone must..... At the same time they need you to be there and say something clearly and that you push and pull a little bit and talk to them. Maybe you shall not talk to them about the paper they are to write, it might be better to talk about what it is that make them not write the paper..... If they are to write this paper, maybe we have to talk about that first maybe?

Maybe this is about creating a more relaxed culture because we have found a way of living together? I think that we have to.....I think that we have to be together a lot. And they must know what it is that they must do. I think I will never believe that students are to have or to be given the last word. That is refusing to take responsibility. That is true of both teachers and students. But it is much easier then to complain if one has not won.

At issue here ultimately (and I have/could have told you before), is what binds the autoimmune paradigm and thus deconstruction to “*another space for democracy*” (Derrida, 1994.b: 169), to the promise of the “*democracy to come*”; auto immunity being tied to democracy to come and to reason. Another reason that is, a/this Derridean reason maybe and democracy therefore ultimately also constitutively short. “*For democracy remains to come, this is its essence insofar as it remains: not only will it remain indefinitely perfectible, hence always insufficient and future, but, belonging to the time of the promise, it will always remain, in each of its future times, to come: even when there is democracy, it never exists, it is never present, it remains the theme of a non-presentable concept*” (Derrida, 1997.a: 306). Derrida pictures a circular movement: “*Democracy is condition for self – hood or ipseity, the auto immunity of the self, but also a condition for any sovereignty and for democracy*” (Derrida, 1994.b: 141, 1997.a: 105 you know now). Democracy to come is a democracy open to the other, and this openness is possible because of this auto-immunity: “*-the promise of an event*

*and the event of the promise. An event and a promise that constitute the democratic: not presently, but in a here and now whose singularity does not signify presence or self-presence*” (Derrida, 2002: 42). This version of auto-immunity is called the right to self-critique and perfectibility or rather moral perfectibility. And now you know I mean self –critique and not attitudes of tolerance and self-reflective critique, remember? You know, read again, before, read more later: Trying to become a better teacher a better researcher always: Trying more and other - Because I love. - The love of something good. -A human only. I try. I write. - A writing out of “compulsion” I do. I gain you.

And because I like this blurring of genres again, I will give you a sociological quote. This is from Bauman (2005) after having quoted Cornelius Castorladis `s *Le Delabrement de l'Occident*: “An autonomous society, a truly democratic society, is a society which questions everything that is pre-given and by the same token liberates the creation of new meanings. In such a society, all individuals are free to create for their lives the meanings they will (and can).” Bauman goes on: Society is truly autonomous once it “*knows, must know, that there are no “assured” meanings, that it lives on the surface of chaos, that it itself is a chaos seeking a form, but a form that is never fixed once and for all. The absence of guaranteed meanings – of absolute truths, of preordained norms of conduct, of predrawn borderlines between right and wrong no longer needing attention – is the condition sine qua non of, simultaneously, a truly autonomous society and truly free individuals; autonomous society and the freedom of its members depend on each other. Whatever safety democracy and individuality muster depends not on fighting the endemic contingency and uncertainty of human condition but rather on recognizing it and facing its consequences point black*” (:1094-5, the underlining is replacing italics in the original). Yeah, and now I think I can: “Community not” again and again and again. Seeking a form, yes but not. I can live with that. That is life and the tensions in which I live. Not about winning or loosing that is, but that condition somewhere and nowhere in which most of us learn/will have to learn to live (in).

The autoimmune process or topology consists thus always in a renvoi, a referral or deferral, a sending or putting off. The figure of the renvoi belongs to the schema of space and time, or rather spacing as the becoming space of time or the becoming –time in space. The values of the trace or of the renvoi, like this of *différance*, “are inseparable from it. Here the democratic renvoi spaces and diffracts more than one logic and more than one semantic

ALL THIS will begin one more time  
the book that I carried around and read  
will be read by another. For the first time  
someone will learn how to count to ten, and then to a hundred  
and someone will learn the name of the days and thus learn that  
Friday is the best day and Sunday the worst  
because Sunday is the day you only wait for Monday  
and Monday to Thursday can not really be reckoned  
who work all day and sit in a chair at night  
But all this will still begin again:  
someone will sit at the stairs in the flickering light  
and try to write a little poem on a piece of paper  
and someone will learn to ride a bike,  
and someone will read that the universe is expanding  
and about suns that only keep on exploding  
and someone will read old Hebrew and ornithology  
and go out at night with the hands in the pocket  
and know that they shall die, but not yet  
first another will fall in love with them, hopefully,  
and then someone will leave them, but not yet  
because all this will begin one more time: someone will read  
Pablo Neruda for the first time, and Osip Mandelstam  
and Bertolt Brecht, someone will read Wislawa Szymborska  
and someone will discover how many we are living in the world  
and suddenly know that everyone of us is an individual  
even if there is not enough individualism to all  
and even if it is not true that all human beings  
are equal will someone learn it and believe in it  
until it is not longer possible to believe it any more  
because it does not seem to be true  
because it does not seem possible  
even if nothing else is possible to believe without the darkness  
flowing upwards through the floors  
and that the darkness one day reaches you feet  
and that one day you wade in it and get it on your hands  
and scream in the darkness and drinking darkness, and because the old  
flickering light that was there was not enough for all  
was it not like that? but all this will be repeated by another  
and the light shines incessantly through 300.000 kilometres of  
darkness and spends less time than a skinny cat to find you  
where you stand and try to find the keys in you pocket of your jacket  
and everything that happens to you happens whether you believing it or not

Geir Gulliksen, (2005,my translation).

*schema*” (Derrida, 2005:35.). Derrida formulates a general law of this autoimmune process carried out around the: “*community as auto-co-immunity*” (The common of community having in common the same duty or charge (munus) as the immune), as well as the auto-co-immunity of humanity-and particularly autoimmune humanitarian: Derrida states: “*I could thus without much difficulty,( ...), inscribe the category of the autoimmune into the series of both older and more recent discourses on the double bind and the aporia. Although aporia, double bind, and autoimmune processes are not exactly synonyms, what they have in common, what they all are, precisely, charged with, is, more than an internal contradiction, an indecidability, that is, an internal-external, nondialectizable antinomy that risks paralyzing and thus calls for the event of the interruptive decision*” (Derrida, 2005: 35). Just decide, but through all the antinomies we have at our disposal and that is all there is. Democracy at stake in every classroom this is, democracy at stake in every team meeting, democracy at stake in my research. -Taking on the world. That is how important I can make myself. That is how important I may become. But I cannot tell you how. I cannot tell you what to do, but now I can tell you to do. I can give you some poems maybe, but you need to read some yourself. Write yourself that is. You are free. -An autobiography maybe but not: Having written a love story but not. An “*autoethnography*” (Jones, 2005: 763-791) maybe it is too: “*Setting a scene, telling a story weaving intricate connections among life and art, experience and theory, evocation and explanation...and then letting go, hoping for readers who will bring the same careful attention to my (your in the original) words in the context of our (their) own lives. Making a text present. Demanding attention and participation. Implicating all involved. Refusing closure or categorization. Witnessing experience and testifying about power without foreclosure-of pleasure, of difference, of efficacy. Believing that words matter and writing toward the moment when the point of creating autoethnographic texts is to change the world*” (Ibid: 765). It happens however whether you believe it or not. From the inside that is. Making the personal political that is: a radical democratic politics it is. -Becoming. There are living forces in poetry. Or in the words of Spivak (1993:22) again: “*An audience is part of one. An audience shows one something. That may indeed be the transaction. It’s a responsibility to the other taking on faces. It is not deessentializing, but attempting to deconstruct the binary opposition between investigator and audience*”. Not dead at all you and me are; MW.

“Democracy is in danger of committing hara-kiri through its fight against terrorism” Bernt Hagtvet, (in press).

This is what Derrida in his later work calls “*the free wheel*” (2005:40) or semantic indecision at the center of a term or concept whether it being that of autoimmunity or that of “*democratia*” (*Ibid.*). Concepts cannot gather themselves around the presence of an axial and univocal meaning that does not destroy themselves and get carried away with themselves. Were it so it would be committing what Derrida calls “*autoimmune suicide*” and ultimately that of democracy: “*Democracy has always been suicidal, and if there is a to come for it, it is only on the condition of thinking life otherwise, life and the force of life*” (*Ibid*: 33). I try(ied) I am trying. This is, together with the right to speak without being afraid, the two reasons to turn toward freedom. - That is, if one values freedom in general, before any interpretation. This is thus a right to speak both without or against community, without or against individualism, individuality ultimately turning into a right “*to speak without or against democracy*” (*Ibid*: 41). Derrida thus states; “*One should be welcoming to the enemies of democracy; it should turn them the other cheek, offer hospitality, grant freedom of expression and the right to vote to antidemocrats, something in conformity with a hyperbolic essence, an essence more autoimmune than ever, of democracy itself, if “itself” there ever is, if ever there is democracy ..... worthy of this name*” (:41). Derrida continues that this right: “*Is the right to speak without taking sides for democracy, that is without committing oneself to it*” (*Ibid*). Daring to speak without, daring to speak without committing to it, community, research, method all. -You too. U2. OK. - The other of X always. Without fear, danger what? I am not afraid of philosophy, ghosts... . However I am not a philosopher, I do not know all the things they have said. But I know that they did and that I have to talk to them. Discussing always it is. Opening up it is. Inventing, reinventing again and again through deconstruction it is. -Without which we cannot do anything. However also choosing not to is a doing... It must be earned but I am gaining you. Me. Individuality possible/possibilized through dreams and what I can imagine. Any word, (“*Gender*”, “*body*”, “*feeling*” you know by now. *Make your own list. Make it longer. Make it other. What you must want and what you want to “achieve”*) as dreams and images only; any (an) utterance a promise of a future to come. *Inclusive pedagogy as what can be imagined!* Or in the words of Derrida again: “*Freedom remains to be invented. Every day. At least. And democracy along with it*” (Derrida, 1992.a: 98). Joy, enjoy, the happy moments only. More it is. More it makes. Playing my favourite music I am.

Join me in the last experiment again: In *"The Other Heading" (1992.a.)*, also referred to above, Derrida describes dilemmas and paradoxes when discussing the "new" Europe, a democratic Europe "to come", and gives examples of aporias and of "double duties" which however therefore can also help us reflect on education, school and its dual responsibilities. My dual responsibilities -yours. It is not a pedagogy though. It is not a didactics, but it is an attempt to give me you something to think with and about when we create this school: When we invent this school, community, research again and again and again: When we write ourselves, this subjectivity, individuality, intertextuality, intersubjectivity of ours. This research of mine – you? A tool and a but not it is only. Summing up a little bit again too I guess. These double duties characteristic of the challenge educators, and I add researchers, face: In a post – modern human condition, a joint vulnerability. - If we want to change something that is. When you read: Try exchanging Europe with School (or community (America?)), and foreigner with student or teacher. Egèa –Kuehne (2001/02) has also helped me with, that is drawing my attention to, this list. (Derrida's text in quotation marks.):

1. "It is necessary to make ourselves the guardians of an idea of Europe, of a difference of Europe" (Derrida, 1992.a:29), but it is also necessary to open up Europe to the difference, to "that which is not, never was, and never will be Europe".
2. It is necessary to "welcome(e) foreigners", but also "to recognize and accept (and respect) their alterity".
3. It is necessary to criticize ("in-both-theory-and practice," and relentlessly) a totalitarian dogmatism that, under the pretence of putting an end to capital, destroyed democracy and the "European heritage", but also "a religion of capital which institutes its dogmatism under new guises, which we must also learn to identify".
4. It is necessary to cultivate "the virtue of such critique, of the critical idea, the critical tradition", but also to submit it to a "deconstructive genealogy", "beyond critique and questioning".
5. It is necessary to assume the "uniquely European heritage of an idea of democracy, while also recognizing that this idea... is never simply given... but rather something that remains to be thought and to come (à venir)".
6. It is necessary to respect "differences, idioms, minorities, singularities, but also the universality of formal law, the desire for translation, agreement and univocity, the law of the majority, opposition to racism, nationalism, and xenophobia".
7. It is necessary to "tolerat(e) and respect(t) all that is not placed under the authority of reason... different form of faith "but also "thoughts that while attempting to think reason and the history of reason, necessarily exceeds its order, without becoming ... irrational ... acknowledging (the) limits" of the ideal of Enlightenment. (Derrida, 1992.a:76-8, underlining is replacing italics in the original).

"After such standing- in- line- conversations, in which one automatically descend into the form and content of the conversation and bathe in mass- feelings, I always feel sticky and disgusting. Still I do not want to restrain myself, I want to be part of the collective destiny, will experience it, participate. I feel split between my usual lifeform, which is stuck – up isolation, and the urge to be like the others, to belong to the

"One place to start is to ask teachers what bothers them the most and to begin reforms there" (Tyack & Cuban, 1995/2003:139).

- a feeling of participating in something that is .....
- that I am key ...

Read again I give it back, I talk back...

people, experience and suffer history.

*What else can I do? I can just wait and see. Anti-aircraft defense and artillery decides the day. Sometimes I wish everything was over. It was a strange time. We experience history as first - hand experience, events that we will tell stories and sing songs about in the future. At close range history breaks down into all sorts of worries, fear and trouble. History is very tiresome” (:36).*

*“That which does not kill me, makes me stronger” (:60).*

From anonymous: “Eine Frau in Berlin – Tagebuchaufzeichnungen vom 20.April bis 22.Juni 1945 (2005, my translation).

And to remind me you of Walter Benjamin’s angels again, this turning of history into philosophy and what it might imply; about writing, language and a future to come and the coming of the other, ultimately linking messianism and a messianic life and justice together. I choose to repeat; it is turning the classroom, school, research, into ethical sites: “*Like deconstruction and democracy, justice entails a sense of the “to come”*: “*Justice*”, says Derrida; “*Is yet to come, à venir*” (Derrida, 1994.a/2002: 66). In its encounter with the undecidable, aporia and incalculability, justice concerns a thinking of the “*experience of the impossible*”, of a “*gift without exchange. Justice, however, unrepresentable it may be, does not wait. It is that which must not wait*”. And through the words of yet another of Derrida’s commentators; “*The path to justice in the classroom can thus only come through the loss of understanding and fluency*” (Edgoose, 2001/02:132). I work hard. Hard work it is. Essential work it is. Working hard not to understand that is. I can never say I am just. Keeping the concept however I can; bringing pedagogy home to school/teachers - in school, through school; inventing, reinventing school again and again. -An ethics all. A secular community of the question it might be. Live theory – theory live - it might be. Working an angel economy I try: An economy without exchange. No guarantees, no alternatives; a running discussion a running stream of questions only, a tracing of thinking, becoming it is. Writing in the *mores* tradition maybe I am: thoughts about morale. The form is however that of fragments, messy, blurred, insecure, thin, thick, nonknowledge, not knowing, hypersymbolic, because the whole is the untrue. Diaspora - diastolic - diathesis - diatonic; spreading - avoiding replacement only; one word with another only - active in passive verbal relations – tones and half tones as in both the minor and the major key . Implying therefore that notions of clear speech, singular, accurate, stringent, matter –of fact language is preventing touching the happy moment - life. (*Hume here somewhere? “- Practicism, impartial judgement....”* I do not want, I

want. Yes, but not). - Lost but not. Expressing not certainty I do we must. A “*non-conformity*” maybe it is, a “*negative dialectics*” (Adorno, 1944-1947/2006): Der Struwelpeter and Pippi “similar” maybe (Linneberg, 2005: XVIII). The form – form again- of Philosophy becoming as important as its contents: The form of Philosophy conditioned by a Philosophy of the form. Reflections over form it is. Meta reflections over language form it is. Aporetic form that is. “*Différance is therefore the formation of form*” (Derrida 1967/76: 63). Loving other of cause, this Derridean writing it is: This hyperpedagogy, this heterodidactics, a negative pedagogy and a negative didactics. Didactical models but not. A writerly reticence it is, you know, this learned ignorance. At least something without and always with “a but not” attached: Getting lost. My style. Learning to teach (to do research) as translation maybe this is, opening up spaces of “*freedom – spaces where people make choices (of interpretation)*” (Greene, 2000 in Cook – Sather, 2001:188) maybe. So there is theory, method, me but not. Writing it is. Rethorizing, theory live, live theory, a reality theory through difficulty maybe this is.

This brings me to the end as in back/forward/further or to debt; giving and taking: The Gift: Maybe I am trying to give something again, not a trick this time but to problematize further – a trickster. Learning the art of giving and taking hopefully: Hospitality; an *act* of generosity, respect for the other, giving beyond itself which is a little blind and does not see where it is going: Coming down thus not to “*knowing anything but in doing something*” (Caputo, 1997:112). That is what I learn you know. But maybe I problematize debt? Who’s debt, what debt, being an adult a grown up, being a child; not yet grown up? - Again ultimately this responsibility of mine: In an economy not of exchange. Thus multiplied and intensified by the power to choose. Mourning forever, keeping alive: Paying tribute I am. Listen to Dewey’s new/old words: “*But when self-hood is perceived to be an active process it is also seen that social modification are the only means of the creation of changed personalities. Institutions are viewed in their educative effect: -with reference to the types of individuals they foster. The interest in individual moral improvement and the social interest in objective reform of economic and political conditions are identified. And inquiry into the meaning of social arrangements gets definite point of direction. We are led to ask what the*

*“The tyranny of a one-best school model that largely seeks to prepare individual students for an information-based workplace ultimately weakens public schooling as revitalizing democratic practices and building a strong sense of a common good in each generation while ensuring that the young are prepared for productive labour” (Cuban, 2003:38).*

Lost in the self? Lost in the social? Debt?

debt? Who’s debt, what debt, being an adult a grown up, being a child; not yet grown up? - Again ultimately this responsibility of mine: In an economy not of exchange. Thus multiplied and intensified by the power to choose. Mourning forever, keeping alive: Paying tribute I am. Listen to Dewey’s new/old words: “*But when self-hood is perceived to be an active process it is also seen that social modification are the only means of the creation of changed personalities. Institutions are viewed in their educative effect: -with reference to the types of individuals they foster. The interest in individual moral improvement and the social interest in objective reform of economic and political conditions are identified. And inquiry into the meaning of social arrangements gets definite point of direction. We are led to ask what the*



*specific stimulating, fostering and nurturing power of each specific social arrangement may be. The old time separation between politics and morals is abolished at its root*" (Dewey, 1920/57: 197). Another thinking of the invent/event it is. Root but not again. Disruption, displacing, decision-making, OK go on: Direction thus rather. Not however telling others about it or about their self-hood but starting with me. - Through me and always. Breaking up and yielding mourning me. -Writing me: Learning about more and other again and again. Dewey continues: *"Democracy has many meanings, but if it has a moral meaning, it is found in resolving that the supreme test of all political institutions and industrial arrangements shall be the contribution they make to the all-around growth of every member of society"* (Dewey, 1920/57:186). Read, pedagogy, school, community, politics, research me and you. A circular moment I have tried. I know I am corrupt, at least a bastard. I love myself. I love you. I travel. I choose the reality I want to make. You choose. We choose. It must be earned however through difficulty that is. - "Democracy"; the one to keep; extremely useful it is. I will refer you to the large body of literature on Dewey, I will here however only point out how, I believe, this discussion might be linked to Dewey's fusion of belief, body, and emotion into the single construct of the "*habit*" (see Garrison, 1997) or habits - (*remember mine*) - as "*inscribed habits of attention*". Inscribed habits of attention acknowledge the importance of a collectedly produced habit and describe the selectivity of attention as a result of cultural and political patterns. The discussion of habits then, is ultimately a discussion upon the nature of ourselves: *"Habits reaches ... down into the very structure of the self: it signifies a building up and solidifying of certain desires: an increased sensitiveness and responsiveness ... or an impaired capacity to attend to and think about certain things"* (Dewey, 1985:171). Habit thus as a disposition to act and therefore involving desires, interests, choices and emotions; ultimately altering one's beliefs means altering one's habits. Habits are formed in particular social and historical context, however Dewey is simultaneously rejecting a teleological account and he argues that the habits we have acquired through prior experiences provide useful resources for responses in future similar situations. Future situations further implying that new circumstances arise every time in a changing environment. If therefore our habits are not modified to meet the new challenges there will be disappointments, tensions and failures. The desire to settle the tensions thus propel alternative possibilities for action within a context of ongoing activity. Discomfort, then implies critical thinking and inquiry. Conscious critical thinking for Dewey is the center of rethinking our habits. About my habits this is. -Rethinking my habits: And ultimately because I need experience of working through and some history of success; of subverting, a subversion of my habits. It is difficult but I try.

Ambiguities thus becoming empowering in the sense that it forces me to produce/invent something new eroding biases I hope - I want. A pedagogy of “*discomfort*” it thus might turn out to be (Boler & Zembylas, 2003); success I mean. A pedagogy ultimately opening up: Do not relax; no comfort zone ahead never. Otherwise “*wade in it and get it on your hands*”.

And because I think now you SPUNK I will give you a “last” cite: “*Those who sell out their individuality, turn themselves into their own judges and convict voluntarily the verdict over themselves that society has already made over them. In this way they justify or warrant objectively the injustice that they have been exposed of. Privately regressed they underbid the common regression, and even their loud resistance is mostly only a useless means which they in their weakness turn to in order to adapt*” (Adorno, Ibid: 141 my translation). Destined to work but in the world; not worked out and about by it. This is no fate of mine/yours or maybe it is: “*The fate of vulnerable minds*” that is (Løvlie, 2005: 18). Becoming grown up or big, but as bug it is. Therefore a document humain, not a document politique this ultimately is. Working, tinkering along, remembering and forgetting, preserving and remedying. That is what I do. What is this school after all? A poem? A promise. Write it. -My favourite music. Best practice knowing nothing; something: Derrida. Différance. Come. SPUNK. I continue. I stop. Start again. Pick it up. Give it back. An example.....

### **SPUNK – Tradition – SPUNKING about tradition**

In one little town in Norway the ceremonial leader or head of the 17.May celebrations, is a woman from India. All Norwegians dress up for the celebrations. Some – and more and more wear national costumes. The Indian head announced that she would like to wear a sari in the parade this day. This triggered a huge discussion in the little town, and the local TV station interviewed people on the streets about the issue: “*This is our day*”, “*this is our celebration*”, “*this is a celebration of our independence*”, “*she must either wear a Norwegian national costume from the district that she lives in now or she can wear any nice type of suit or dress*”. On the actual day, she looked lovely in her pink skirt and jacket. Two young Norwegian girls were also interviewed: “*Of cause she must wear a sari! Imagine if I was to celebrate such a day in India. Of cause I would have put on my national costume. I would never wear a sari!*”

Giving something back, talking back but in my own words; paying tribute to you in my own words? Teaching me you are. Think about it. Cites all. Empowered me to do other it has.

*Derrida: Play is built up by tradition.*

“*So, you see, I am a very conservative person. I love institutions and I spent a lot of time participating in new institutions, which sometimes do not work. At the same time, I try to dismantle not institutions but some structures, in given institutions which are too rigid or are dogmatic or which work as an obstacle to future research*” (Derrida, 1997.b: 8). Breaking the

structures of domination. Bringing with us the best of tradition it is. "*Individuals deciding to work collectively for something that is worthwhile*" (Cuban, 2003:52) I believe too. In respect of; - reading again.

*Anne: Norway 2006*

***4(5) - 5(6) - 6(7) - 00(0) Writing  
up still, never writing down: A  
last introduction or an end***

Love of cause is narcissism, must be,  
but not, I hope I want.

***without end, summing up again perhaps, concluding but  
without. Being serious and trying even harder through my  
fear of being too explicit, not to let anybody suffer from me***

*“And it is precisely in this tension between the dream and the reality of democracy that a space of agency, critique and education opens up, which signals both the normative and political character of democracy” (Giroux, 2005: 53).*

*Democracy as a Promise or proclaiming, reclaiming education (read school/research) as a democratic public sphere: The Derridean right to ask questions performatively. Discussing I am still again.*

*“We cannot create teacher community, it would mean dictatorship”. And he was neither right nor wrong, neither one nor two and therefore I was brought to this third place, somewhere or nowhere, “home” and reminded of one of the grandma stories and a telling about more or rather that there is something that I should think more - worry about: Becoming aware of more as I go along always that is. And I am so grateful. Because I think now I know something about getting closer to this “home”, this other way of knowing, this practical knowledge maybe that is there and the (its) words. Learning about it that is, I am, this third place in and for learning. – This wisdom. The practical knowing/knowledge/wisdom is there, but it must find its words every time and again and again. Therefore it is not, but must be created and we must practice, try and experience them/it again and again. When something has found/been given its words resistance can be mobilized. When someone has found/been given their words one is strong. Not strong as such, but strong through weak. A weak kind of words/work this is, a weak kind of wordwork or play of words (read reform, community, theory, practice, you and me...) eventually. Making them perform, performative words that is. Empowered I am but not: Words ultimately showing themselves/being showed in practice – and again and again. Grateful because I think that there is something/someone to take care of, care for – to keep; - if we want to change something that is. The pivoting but liberating effects of writing: About the peeling off of reality and the lies in any truth. Two (read three) practices meeting: That of Derrida and that of the teachers and students at River High. Two (read four) practical texts meeting each other through me in me for me; thinking*

in action I try. And in deep respect of both (three – four - five) I write: Writing as this function of language but as law and my body/ style. Multiple perspectives moving in and out of focus I am you are. The linguistic conditions for change but ultimately empowerment both conditioned by and helped through this process of haunting and mourning: engendering aporias all. Taking care of the negatives because they are there it is. - The bug that is always there that is. We must walk a long way through this negative terrain: Philosophers/thinkers (read teachers, researchers, me and you) putting the negative picture in connection with the positive original ideal, however simultaneously selecting or singling out pictures as negative in the sense of bad; with broken connections to the positive: negative to the negative. What is X not and what do we not do to make it? What is it about that what we want to achieve and what do we not do in order to reach our goals? “*Sticking to it we must*”. Keeping the concept that is. Do you remember? Read again. - Keeping myself too. Finding theory in daily life I do.

On the one (read third) hand this is therefore, as you know already, about bringing pedagogy home to where it belongs. Home to school; writing as this expression of taking control over ones own professional life. – Talking for one/myself only. Becoming situated speakers all, that is. On the other (read third again) hand it is about the possibilities for at all being able to keep on thinking about, in and of knowledge based research, instruction and learning; a research or science first and foremost preoccupied with challenging and finding openings for new dynamics in society therefore. - An activist, evocative, redeeming (without perhaps type of science. An activist, evocative, redeeming (...) type of instruction and thus learning - education; through, with, in and for learning hearts – friends. - Khôra. A research/writing/instruction/learning/education that is "human driven" only. Evidence based school reform and research both, but not, differently rather. Challenging doxa I definitely am. However a way actually of nothing else than thinking as asking questions only it is: performative questioning that is: Under erasure but knowing enough however to not lose control I do I am. Knowing enough having; “*created some sort of system, having got tools that tell me that, yes, this is a way of doing it. This is a way of going in the right direction. This is good enough for now in a way. ... But it is not like we know. We do not know anything I think, but we know that we walk in the right direction*” (Teacher at River High). Do you remember this being said? It is here somewhere. Read again, again. I am trying to talk and say all but as a friend. Not therefore taking speech away from school rather returning speech to school, and begin reforms right there... . When one has created/found (performative/ly you know) words one can exploit the possibilities that are already there,

some we already have maybe but do not always see. However, when one has created found words we can create more possibilities, that is all there is. Wonderfully put and the last of Derrida's commentators that I cite/quote: "*Pedagogy in this sense, is central to democracy because it represents an essential dimension of justice, offering the conditions necessary for individuals to become autonomous in order to make choices, participate in and shape public life, and develop a socially committed notion of justice*" (Giroux, 2005:53). I am proclaiming, reclaiming maybe school as a democratic public sphere; writing that is. -The great friendliness. - Making life relevant in and for pedagogy, breathing life into pedagogical studies – studies of life. - Opening up pedagogy for more: Making both me and something important. And it is hard to say when and where you get your education. What is this school after all?

Further and for the record: For me a philosopher – at least the credible philosopher is a groping and open person, who dares believe that there might be something that is true, something to take care of, care for that is. I am a philosopher too now but not, I hope you too (biography)? Spending time on pedagogical philosophical (non)foundational thinking it is. "Basic" scientific research ultimately it is. - This entering into the playing fields of language: Becoming a language gambler - user- that is: My subjectivity, my will becoming part of this play. Words work and the world speaks; can speak now. Language becoming more than a semiotic instrument or *techne*, rather one could say that human will/needs here are melting together with the understanding of language. But actually it is about becoming doing right good and/or wise because it takes more time and because it cannot be had or given. And I want to do it again: Spunk/spunking what I do/did/am going to do have done. The form of stand up improvisation it maybe turned out to become this collapse for a moment into decideability: this thesis of mine. Love or a wish to recreate something important perhaps – something good – building, scaffolding wisdom - the best of tradition again and again and again. -Democracy. A thinking matter only it is and human driven point black: Critique but as moral perfectibility that is, this stopping, picking up and giving back. - Gaining you if I do. - My aspiration.

I am thinking River High as a possibility. Thinking ultimately Derrida as a possibility I do; experimenting, experiencing, breaking up, displacing, trying more loving only. Me as a possibility: Staying remaining in the middle or between. Not swimming towards or trying crawling up on, or holding on to the river banks. From problem to answer by the zero, remember. The zero is not nothing, the zero is something - important. No sense in (0)01-10

without the zero. The ghostliness of zero maybe: Something, “something”; a trace, zero is. That is the way I have chosen to do it: The other of X /Derrida therefore never for or against. Thus not an attempt to show that Derrida is right or relevant for or in pedagogical studies, for in schools, for understanding anything about teachers and or me; this is no applied Derrida. Believing in Derrida but not, I do. Discussing with Derrida I do. It therefore has to be messy. Otherwise you would suffer from me. – Suffer from Derrida; he did not want that you remember. I do not. If you read my reference list you will notice that I have read many “Derrida books”. I have not however delved into any philosophical, of subject matter interest – theorems, deliberations as such with or about Derrida. No, I am interested in his machine. - His way of thinking: Philosophy and language. I am interested in his politics and therefore pedagogy, his writing; Derridean writing. - Action in writing I believe it is. I am interested in his achievements as far as openness is concerned. - This Derridean rigour. Deconstruction if there is such a thing ... : Reading Derrida without being told anything is freedom, reading his stories without stories a privilege. Using Derrida’s thinking boosting mine. Derrida thus gave me insight into – knowledge of both theory and practice – data material that I originally had thought differently. That was his gift to me: Opening up to me both theory and practice, but not. Therefore there is no assault, no attacks, no passing ahead of or behind any informants. Further there is identification but not, only a talking back: No stories to tell only this talking, with, to, talking back to that is: Discussing a case only, a matter of fact discussion. - And again no suffering. Hard working we are all. As guilty as anybody else however these bastards are.

Inside out upside down you remember I did not want to be a little shit. - And angry sometimes too. Here is another turn. It is still about stopping, picking up speed and giving back again - and in the middle: More on questions not hypothesis or ultimately about “*developing a pedagogical culture of questioning*” (Giroux, 2005:76). Not therefore, I dare say it again, speaking for or against rather; without categories I/we am/are allowed to dream and allowed to ask; just to ask, asking performative questions or what I like to call “holy shit questions” perhaps “holy shit categories” even perhaps in the time of the promise. Questions I/we could not ask before because they cannot be asked if questions are expected to be answered as such. Too dangerous: They would be rejected immediately by all both me and you. -Closing all. Now I ask and can: Is our traditional way of thinking security, loss, identity, subjectivity, school, community, democracy... adequate? To what extent does our interpretations and understanding of others and or knowledge influence my/your will to offer/give? To what extent does our effort to understand Derrida (read theory, research and

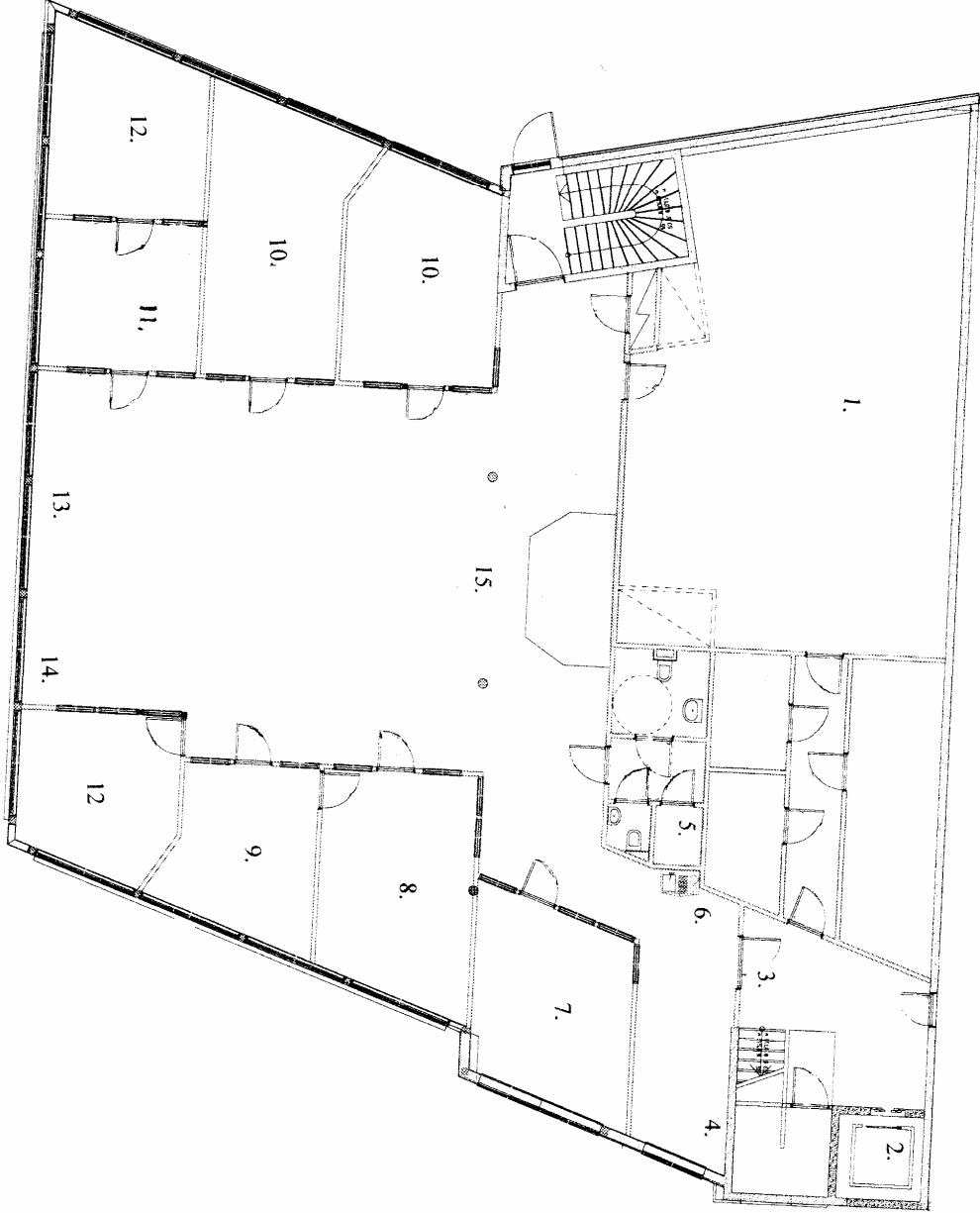
practice too) influence our work as scholars? This is to avoid life becoming a beauty contest. This is to avoid making home institution (read teachers/researchers, school, me, you). I can ask, I can think about it (it) – in a “matter of fact like” way – “unbiased”, “fair”, “just”, “unprejudiced” (go on; look it up in your dictionary too), able therefore to judge but not. I am not afraid any more. Discussing I am. Opening up I am, free but not, to come always. It is not being clever, rather what it is or might be said to be is an attempt; an attempt of approaching this pedagogy of uncertainty, this learned ignorance that Derrida has been talking about here somewhere or nowhere. Here is both a good reason, an explanation and again an example out of which...: *“Such a pedagogy attempts to open up for students important questions about power, knowledge, and what it might mean for students to critically engage the conditions under which life is presented to them, but it does not directly address what it would mean for them to work to overcome those social relations of oppression that make living unbearable for those youths and adults who are poor, hungry, unemployed, refused adequate social services, and under the aegis of neoliberalism, viewed largely as disposable”* (Giroux, 2005:77). - Promoting a culture of questioning: It is about me. I am a student. You too? -A philosophy in/of/about practice; a practical philosophy: Giving me the opportunity therefore to say ask more and say something without being sure, neither before nor after; asking without expecting answers. Dream so that I/we can build that dream. Expecting truth from poets only I think I do. If one is to speak of a pedagogy/politics one must speak of a who and a what, you know. Situated speakers all we are: Being realistic to see the fantastic. Being realistic and see the fantastic. That is speaking for oneself; that is speaking as a friend and in or through friendship. Turning against or to oneself to find what one has, will and can give/say. At that point and then/thus only others might also perhaps say or becoming able to say: ***“I think so too – I want that too. I can”***. U2. Individuality and community: Subjectivity but not, intersubjectivity – intertextuality: Community, democracy but not, rather without: Communitydemocracy but again and again and again. Success. Writing stories all they are, and here was one of mine. -A monstrosity and a break with normality. The next book I think I am going to read is about cosmopolitanism SPUNK cosmopolitanism what I want.





# Appendix: River High Learning Area

- 1. Technical rooms
- 2. Elevator
- 3. Entrance
- 4. Wardrobe
- 5. Toilets
- 6. Kitchen corner
- 7. Group room/Student Library
- 8. Teacher office
- 9. Teacher office/Preperation room
- 10. Classroom
- 11. Student office
- 12. Group room
- 13. PC lab
- 14. Student resting corner
- 15. Auditorium with flexible furnishing possibilities.





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