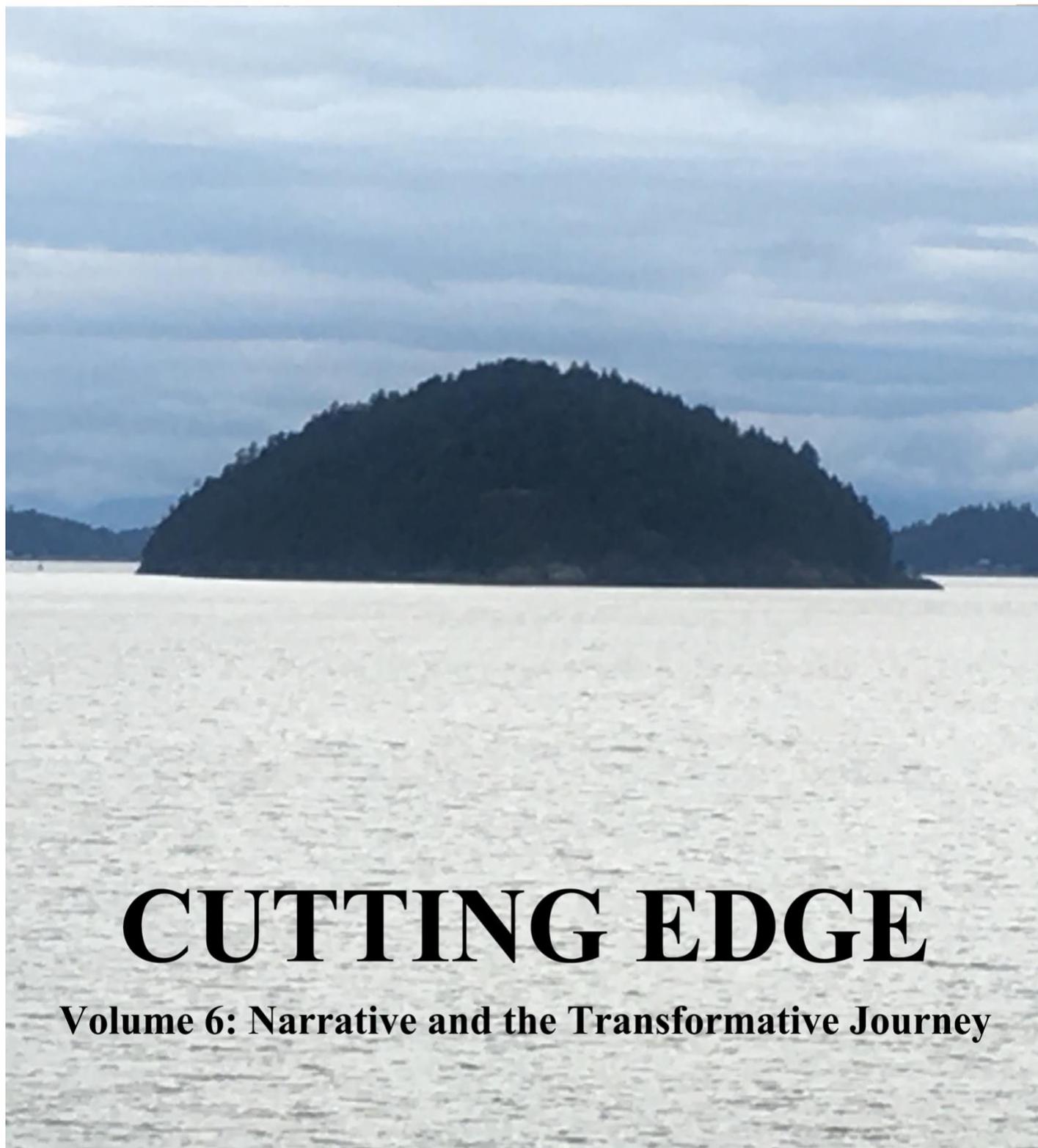




a place of mind  
THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA



# CUTTING EDGE

**Volume 6: Narrative and the Transformative Journey**

**Dedication**

This issue and its theme are in memory and in acknowledgement of the work of Carl Leggo towards the advancement of storytelling and poetry in academic writing.

**Acknowledgements**

We would like to thank the following people, without which this issue would not have been possible.

Editorial Board: Kwesi Banapeh

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Editor: Rena Del Pieve Gobbi

Assistant Editors: Susan Sechrist and Ritwik Bhattacharjee

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**Something to contribute?**

Cutting Edge is currently accepting submissions for consideration in its next edition. Details and guidelines may be found on the journal website: [cuttingedge.isgp.ubc.ca](http://cuttingedge.isgp.ubc.ca) You can also contact the editorial team directly by email at: [isgpjournal@gmail.com](mailto:isgpjournal@gmail.com)



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## Editor's Introduction

It is my honour to introduce the long-awaited 6<sup>th</sup> volume of *Interdisciplinary Studies' Cutting Edge Journal: Narrative and the Transformative Journey*. We are excited to have a selection of essays across disciplines.

We dedicated this journal volume to Carl Leggo because he spoke to something deeply needed by humans, sharing stories. Carl taught me to insert poetry and apostrophes everywhere. Narratives are fundamental to communities and are the most basic way that we share knowledge historically, and within contemporary community. I was thrilled to have submissions from people who have worked with Carl. Three of the submissions really embody Carl's philosophies.

I would like to thank my Assistant Editors, Susan Seachrist, especially for her technical support, and Ritwik Bhattacharjee for his unflagging enthusiasm, vision for the future, and support as a liaison. Clear and thoughtful communication throughout the production facilitated the production journey. We would like to thank our faculty advisors, Dr. Barbara Weber and Dr. Stephen Taubeneck, as well as our administrator, Enid Ho, for their continuous support, patience, and encouragements throughout the journey of this volume.

— Rena Del Pieve Gobbi, *Editor-in-Chief*



## Abstracts

### **Pedagogical Fragrance: Awakening the Aromatic in a Curriculum of Love**

Author: Jeanne Kentel and Carl Leggo

Abstract: *We are involved now in a profound failure of imagination.*

Wendell Berry

Poetry happens  
in moments when

you are attending  
to what is there  
and not there,  
when rhythms  
of light and shadow  
animate imagination

(@leggowords, July 6, 2014)



The fresh fallen rain,  
the smell of a rose,  
the scent of bread baking,  
the essence of a morning brew:  
Fragrances call up our memories of times past arousing pleasure and tranquility.  
Fragrances anoint, heal, consecrate, acknowledge, cleanse, and delight.  
Fragrances are organic and synthetic, diffused through the air and into our bodies.  
Fragrances linger.

In this paper we engage with the emerging notion of pedagogical fragrance (Author, 2013). Drawn and fused from elements of passionate presence (Leggo, 2011; Ingram, 2003) and Aoki's (1992/2004) initial invitation to linger, the concept of pedagogical fragrance denotes being fully present in a way that endures. It is not merely a pedagogical quality, it is a human attribute, one that is difficult to sustain in a system of schooling where touch, spirituality, and the aesthetic are vanquished by distance, competence, and cerebral intellectualism. Our attraction to the notion of pedagogical fragrance is precipitated by this very difficulty; namely, from concerns that our children and grandchildren are undereducated and over schooled, overworked and under loved (Author & Leggo, 2014). We poetically and rhythmically explore the concept of pedagogical fragrance through our life stories, stories of those we have taught and stories of those who have taught us, stories that touched our hearts and continue to linger.

*Can a poem inform a politician's imagination, and speak compellingly  
about every child's right to a thoughtful education fired in love?*

(@leggowords, August 31, 2014)

## **Cinematography and Narrative**

Author: Cedric van Eenoo

Abstract: Images in film are given at times a purely narrative role. In this study, cinematic pictures and their properties are examined as instruments of storytelling. Cinematography is generally utilized to generate style and to give the film a characteristic appeal. But in some instances, images actually influence the narrative itself in ways that can re-orientate the plot, and at times, entirely modify it (Tarkovsky, 1987). The essence of the story can emerge from observation and introspection, as opposed to a plot build in a cause-and-effect arrangement (Prince, 1974). In this study, images and their properties are examined as the sole instrument of storytelling. The analysis focuses on the sensuous characteristics of on-screen pictures that can be considered alternative footage, connecting shots, or intercuts, and how they generate meaning (Garwood, 2013). In this perspective, the story emerges as implicit, with a non-representational approach to filmmaking, in the manner poems utilize metaphors. However, this does not necessarily imply the absence of narrative (Cobley, 2001). In this regard, the concept of time-image—image infused with time—is fundamental: a picture embeds connections to other time and space

(Deleuze, 1989). The story and the images of the film are intricately intertwined, in a relation of sounds, visuals and emotions (Kohn, 2012). Ultimately, cinematography is both the form of the movie and its style (Bordwell, 2007). In this configuration, the in-between segments of the story become the main narrative mechanism, through the experience of contemplation.

*Keywords: Film, Music, Sound, Narrative, Storytelling, Cinema*

### **Can Young Children Become Grittier through Science Inquiry?**

Author: Poh Tan

Abstract: Grit entails working strenuously toward challenges, maintaining effort and interest over years despite failure, adversity, and plateaus in progress (Duckworth, Peterson, Matthews, & Kelly, 2007). A gritty individual strives to reach their objective regardless of challenges and boredom. Inherent in scientific inquiry, challenges and failures are common to the nature of this discipline. Multiple failed experiments will test one's efforts and level of grit to accomplish a scientific objective. This paper explores how notions of scientific inquiry can build a "gritter" person. Specifically, can grit be nurtured in young children through scientific inquiry?

### **Time in Trauma: Singularity in Western Trauma Narratives**

Author: Geoffrey Gideon

Abstract: Narrative is an important resource that allows readers to interact with human difference (Robertson, 2005, p. 253). Narrative can also be a repressive power that homogenizes difference. An excellent example of this double-edged sword is the construction and representation of time in trauma narratives. Time is an important ordering principle to story, but traumatic events disrupt a person's sense of time sometimes into oblivion. By deconstructing narratives like *Beloved*, *Slaughterhouse-Five*, 9.11 and 3.11 narratives, the author found that popular representations of temporal difference link the past to the present. Central to this act of linking is the reproduction of singular images which is a component of a highly consolidated publishing industry. Using data from Lee and Low book publishers and the University of Wisconsin-Madison, this paper asserts that corporate consolidation in the publishing industry restricts diversity, and ultimately, different understandings of human difference.

### **Touch Veil, Touch Riq: A Story in Seasons**

Author: Christi Kramer

Abstract: My teacher said, *I invite you*. The entire story is in these words. How gracious the invitation is. This story I will tell is of this season now: where I stand in awe at my teacher's being, linger in grief, at his passing. These are poems from our first meeting. And poems at his death. Gathered lyric and narrative and fragment. And breath, which cannot be known in pieces. We breathe and open to witness what is whole. The telling: what the study is. Tension of lute string, daft skin and poem.



## Pedagogical Fragrance: Awakening the Aromatic in a Curriculum of Love

Authors: Jeanne Kentel and Carl Leggo<sup>1</sup>

*We are involved now in a profound failure of imagination.*

*Wendell Berry*

Poetry happens  
in moments when  
you are attending  
to what is there  
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<sup>1</sup> Authors: Jeanne Adèle Kentel - New Westminster Schools & Carl Leggo - Department of Language & Literacy, University of British Columbia (Editorial Note: The original paper was coauthored and presented by Kentel & Leggo at CSSE in 2014 but was not published. Excerpts of Leggo's poems and contributions have been published elsewhere and have accordingly been cited. This submission was extended and revised following the passing of Carl Leggo including citations from his tweets @leggowords).

attribute, one that is difficult to sustain in a system of schooling where touch, spirituality, and the aesthetic are vanquished by distance, competence, and cerebral intellectualism. Our attraction to the notion of pedagogical fragrance is precipitated by this very difficulty; namely, from concerns that our children and grandchildren are undereducated and over schooled, overworked and under loved (Author & Leggo, 2014). We poetically and rhythmically explore the concept of pedagogical fragrance through our life stories, stories of those we have taught and stories of those who have taught us, stories that touched our hearts and continue to linger.

*Can a poem inform a politician's imagination, and speak compellingly about every child's right to a thoughtful education fired in love?*

(@leggowords, August 31, 2014)

### **Many Ways to Write a Poem**

I was going to spend  
Monday writing a poem  
but Madeleine is ill  
and her Papa alone  
has a flexible schedule  
so poetry will wait  
while I wait on  
my granddaughter  
who needs her Papa  
like a sturdy sonnet

and one day when  
she reads this poem  
I trust she will know  
any poem I might write  
could never satisfy  
like this poem written  
quickly in the gaps  
of a few moments  
while she slept fitfully  
curled in my arms

The word scholar is etymologically connected to the Latin *schola* which holds the sturdy connotations of *learning in leisure*. I confess I know little of leisure these days. In recent months

(perhaps years) I have felt unusually busy. I generally feel busy, but lately I have felt busier than busy, occupied with a busy busyness, buzzing around me like angry bees. I am trying to sort out why I feel this heightened experience of being busy, so busy, too busy. In *The culture of speed: The coming of immediacy* John Tomlinson (2007) presents a trenchant critique of “the complex cultural discourse of modernity” (p. 5) where speed is associated with “vigour and vitality” (p. 4). With a sociologist’s penchant for naming social experiences and conditions, Tomlinson proposes that we are daily motivated by “the condition of immediacy” (p. 72). Tomlinson helps me understand why I have been unusually busy, or at least why I feel I have been uncharacteristically busy. I am simply trying to do too many things in a typical day. I am caught up in the intricate cogs of a machine that turns relentlessly. I am always checking e-mail, FaceBook, Twitter, voice-mail, the mailbox, the Internet, TV, radio, and *The Vancouver Sun*—always eager to know what is happening locally and globally, to respond, to keep on top of responsibilities and commitments, to demonstrate my dedication and diligence, to perform with acrobatic energy and jaw-dropping performances.

But Tomlinson (2007) promotes an understanding of “balance” as integrally connected to an “active existential focus” where “personal balance implies the reflexive monitoring of practices and experience” (p. 153). I admire Tomlinson’s conviction that balance is akin to walking a tightrope where each one of us takes responsibility for “choosing and deciding what is appropriate, what is sufficient, what is excessive, and acting to achieve these ends” (p. 153). Tomlinson calls us “to experience ourselves as capably and sensitively attuned to our fast-moving environment and so as existentially flexible, responsive and resilient” (p. 159). (Leggo, 2014)

We are indebted to Ted Aoki not only for his profound ideas in the field of curriculum studies but also for his extraordinary ability to persevere through the recurring racism he

encountered throughout his life and career. His magnanimous faculty to love and be loved, and his enduring, generous scholarship inspires us. His insightful pedagogy and wisdom at times seem unattainable; yet his lessons linger. It is this lingering that induces us to remain, to dwell, and to inhabit pedagogical presence. Presence, to Heidegger (1962), is distinctly in the now or eternal. We wonder if there are any vivid examples of presence in the ways that we educate, particularly in a world focused on test scores, competency, impact statements, and benchmarks, which provoke young learners to conform. Children are responding to conformist pedagogy by quietly or overtly resisting. Our reaction has been to instruct and medicate their natural desire, curiosity, and movement out of them. Years later we wonder, as though it is some sort of puzzle, why they do not want to move or learn. We treat them, instead of reforming ourselves and the stagnant curricula we impose. Here, as a humble and humbling response, we call for curricula, which calls upon our senses and sensibilities in a living way. For us curriculum is living not only in a functional sense but also in an expressive and evolving sense. An evocative living curriculum is what we suspect pedagogical fragrance might inspire.

Ted Aoki (1987/2004) once wondered if “educators, by intellectualizing, tend to put themselves within a prosaic mentality” (p. 241). In contrast, he pondered the possibility that “lay people speak more from the ground of poetics” (p. 241). As a colleague of Aoki’s I know that he was always challenging binary oppositions, always asking questions. Aoki (1993/2004) promoted the “place named *and*, a place of lived tension between this and that” (p. 300). So, I know that he is not describing educators as people with only “a prosaic mentality.” What is most important here is that Aoki always promoted the value of diverse discourses for researching and engaging in education. Aoki was always concerned that “teaching tends to be reduced to instruction and is understood as a mode of doing” (p. 245) while he strongly promoted “an

understanding of teaching as a mode of being” (p. 245). This is my commitment, but attending to “teaching as a mode of being” is constantly challenging.

I generally experience the world as a busy place, inspired by Tomlinson and Aoki, and many others, I am committed to writing against the illusion and delusion of busyness by embracing the rhythms and processes of creation. The sun rises and sets. Days pass. The moon waxes and wanes. Months pass. The earth turns on its axis, dances a tango with the sun. Seasons move like the arms of a windmill. In ways that are not dissimilar, corporations and governments and armies and spiritual institutions and communications systems and universities inscribe diverse and complicated circles of relationship and power like an intricate Spirograph. And many of us feel dislocated, lacking synchronicity, swept up by a tsunami, floating like flotsam, out of control. But we have control, more than most, as much control as many. We are the authors of our life stories. Of course, we are authored by many others as well, but we surrender our most precious and sacred gifts if we relinquish our authority to author our life stories.

### **The Teacher’s Way**

*(for Ted Aoki)*

on the edge of morning  
 a heron stands still  
 in the slough near the dike  
 where I walk daily.  
 gulls hang in the sky.  
 a sea lion rests with the river.  
 an eagle watches from the tallest alder.  
 the whole world lingers.

*this is the teacher’s way*

I too wait and watch,  
 my image upside down  
 in the smooth river,  
 all the world  
 topsy turvy but  
 still in balance,  
 learning to be still, even  
 in a vertiginous world.

*this is the teacher's way*

I meet an old woman  
 who asks, can you tell me  
 where to find the slough  
 with chocolate lilies?  
 they only flower in April, she says.  
 I have never seen chocolate lilies,  
 I confess. I look for them.  
 I am glad she invited me to look.

*this is the teacher's way*

on the edge of the day I  
 dance and laugh all the ducks  
 in the slough in the air.  
 our wild line scribbling  
 writes the earth, writes us  
 in the prepositions  
 which connect all  
 the parts of the sentence.

*this is the teacher's way*

spring light fills the aspens alders apples  
 along the dike where I loiter,  
 the world conjured in ancient stories,  
 a space for play where  
 the past is remembered  
 for wisdom in the present  
 and hope for the future, knowing  
 always the possibilities of verbs.

*this is the teacher's way*

(Leggo, 2002a; <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CLCx6BFUxpY>)

Aoki (1996/2005) often spoke about bridges, about liminal spaces, about the possibilities that are available in prepositions. About one particular bridge, he wrote “on this bridge, we are in no hurry to cross over; in fact, such bridges lure us to linger” (p. 316). I spent many wonder-filled hours with my mentor Ted Aoki, lingering over words, sushi, memories, and poetry. With

Ted, I was always reluctant to leave. I learned to dwell, to abide, to tarry. Ted died a number of years ago, but his spirit lingers with me—countless gifts are daily known.

To tell the truth both creatively and critically are lessons to pass on to our children, to our students, to our families, to each other, perhaps even to ourselves. The truth is that we are born to love. It is fused within our genetic makeup. When we fail or refuse to give or receive love our very being becomes unbalanced. It is through love that we remain grounded, connected, inspired. Through love all that matters, matters. Through love all that can be taught, is taught.

### **Mr. Burns Teaches Ecology**

My boots are muddy  
from hikes on the dike  
with Mr. Burns

who reminds me  
that everything  
is worth studying:

the blackberry brambles  
that horde their purple hearts  
with sensible jealousy

the wet brown grass curled  
around the sign posts like  
malnourished garter snakes

the ducks in the slough  
laughing to one another  
with their funniest stories.

Mr. Burns keeps his nose  
close to the ground as though  
he is myopic, but really

he just wants to be near  
the earth, catching the story's  
scent with his big ears.

(Leggo in Cohen et al., 2012, pp. 107-108)

### **Mrs. Spicer Teaches Quietude**

Mr. Burn's had a teacher's way. I too recall a teacher's way. When I think about my elementary school years, I am unable to recollect what was on the tests and assignments given on

a daily basis. In Kindergarten there are few things I can describe in much detail. Yet there two instances that profoundly emerge. One, was when I was feeling ill and my teacher, Mrs. Spicer, tenderly touched my forehead before calling my mother to bring me home. The other was nap time. After playing, painting, singing, and learning letters and numbers we would lay our blankets on the floor and rest. I can still hear the voice of Mrs. Spicer whispering, “Now close your eyes and be quiet boys and girls, listen to the pin drop.” Stillness, silence, and darkness abounded apart from the clickety-clack of her heels that would resonate through the room and on occasion I would sneak a peek as she ambled by.

Naptime was a curricular and pedagogical innovation before its time. We do not know when it was eradicated from the school day but for me it was a memorable lesson in quietude. Mrs. Spicer’s touch, voice, lessons, and presence were all indicators of pedagogical fragrance that lingered.

About 23 years later when I was taking an early childhood course in the city where I grew up I learned that Mrs. Spicer had taken ill and did not have long to live. With my three-year-old son in tow I headed up to the hospital wing where my beloved teacher lay. I tenderly placed my hand on her face. Although she did not remember me her tenderness permeated by being just as I recalled as a child.

Today I am once again a Kindergarten teacher. The lessons of Mrs. Spicer lingered. We have play time and yes, we have naptime.

### **Grandchildren Teach Presence**

I am now a grandfather to four granddaughters with the magical names, Madeleine, Mirabelle, Gwenoviere, and Alexandria. I am learning about being and becoming a grandfather as I linger with these little girls who are now some of my most significant teachers. What does it

mean to be taught by a child? In the presence of my granddaughters, I am learning to slow down, learning to attend more conscientiously to the needs of others.

### **Living Love**

*our living stories  
are always in process*

I know many fathers

I am the grandson of Archibald & Wallace  
and the son of Russell

and the father of Anna & Aaron  
and the grandfather of

Madeleine & Mirabelle & Gwenoviere & Alexandria  
who revel in living love

I always wanted to be  
a good father  
and while

I sometimes succeeded  
I often failed too

when my children were born  
I was a young father,  
an unsettled man full of desire

to transform the world,  
to become first  
in something (anything),  
to fill the hole at the centre  
of an aching heart

I wanted to be a good father  
(I had some hopeful moments)  
but mostly I was  
a colourful windsock  
blowing with the wind's  
capricious rhythms,  
always filled with  
an uncertain conviction  
I needed to be someplace else,  
needed even to be  
somebody else

in my new role as a grandfather,  
in my new relationship with  
Madeleine & Mirabelle & Gwenoviere & Alexandria,

I seek to be passionately present  
with awakened awareness

with my granddaughters  
I pour out my love  
because I know nothing else

I am compelled, spell-bound even,  
to love to loving to living love

as a grandfather  
instead of looking for love  
I now know  
I need  
to be love

I now live love  
with flagrant and fragrant  
wildness

and always, daily,  
hope one day  
to be  
a great grandfather

*our living stories*  
*are always in process (Leggo, 2014, pp. 162-163)*

Carl is, was, and will be a *great* grandfather. While his life on earth ended too soon, he lingers. He lingers in the hearts of his family and those he loved. Love surpasses our mortality. Carl's hope to be a great grandfather will come into being for those that follow.

### **Professor Leggo Teaches Love**

Staring at the screen, eyes welling, blurred vision I reluctantly began to compose the email ... "With regret I must withdraw from the doctoral program in curriculum studies." And then I paused. Is this what I really want? Draft after draft, page after page, revision after revision, month after month, year after year. I asked myself, "Why is my writing so dreadful?" What is good writing anyway? As I sat in front of my desktop I typed those very words in the search engine, "What is good writing?" And there it was, "What is Good Writing? Grammar and my

Grandmother” by Carl Leggo (2002b). At the time I didn’t know Carl Leggo other than a recollected mention by a colleague or two. His words infused my being.

As a teacher of children I took care never to use a red pen or use X marks. This did not mean that I did not correct, edit, or direct. I simply used different colours and symbols to stifle the imagination of many. As I continued to read Carl’s words, his stories, my welled up eyes turned to tears. I wept.

His words assured me that my writing was not so bad. I could finish. I could complete that dissertation and then walk away never to return. My partially composed email changed course. “Dear Professor Leggo I just read, ‘What is Good Writing? Grammar and my Grandmother’. Thank you for writing this inspiring and encouraging paper. I think every graduate student ought to read this.” Hitting send I went on to work on what would be my final revision ... only this time ... I wrote from the heart.

Months later Professor Leggo would become my external examiner. My excitement and anticipation quickly turned to terror the day of my doctoral defence. A prolific writer and poet read my words and is my external examiner. Help!

Help came that morning when Professor Leggo did a talk for the faculty. There he mentioned, “If any of you have not read (Author 2)’s work you best pay attention.” Carl, the fragrant pedagogue, the devoted edifier, happened to eradicate my fear in that moment. That moment coupled with the three pages of praise he wrote about my dissertation are turned to each time I need encouragement. Carl left an imprint on my heart. Carl’s lingering pedagogy is not simply memorable, it changed the course of my life. For Carl Leggo’s teacher ways, his paracletian ways, did not merely enthuse me to be more like him, they inspired me to be more like me.

may our scholarship  
sing with the vital voices

of poets in love, longing  
 for the possibilities  
 of words for translating  
 each day's demands  
 (@leggowords, May 31, 2015)



What does it mean to exude pedagogical fragrance? What does it mean to linger?  
 Those who encountered Carl Leggo have a lived understanding that cannot be fully  
 described by the words of poems or the lyrics of songs. Words are but one expression of  
 what it means to love. Yet it is through words that we can sing.

### **Linger**

(A musical offering composed for Carl Leggo)

Though you're not here your words still dance on pages  
 Though you're not here your smile still warms our hearts  
 Though you're not here your humour brings our tears to laughter  
 Though you're not here your spirit stirs our souls

You linger  
 You linger  
 You linger  
 You linger

Lead with love  
 Lead with love  
 Each time your heart is breaking  
 Lead with love  
 Lead with love  
 Each time your heart is awakening  
 Lead with love

If we could hear your poetic voice inspire us  
 If we could touch your heart the way that you touched ours  
 If we could see your heartfelt smile restore us  
 If we could feel you touch our souls once more

You linger  
 You linger  
 You linger  
 You linger

You linger in our hearts  
You linger in our smiles  
You linger in our laughter and the life we're dreaming of  
You linger in our thoughts  
You linger in our minds  
You linger in our limbs through a dance infused with love

You linger  
You linger  
You linger  
You linger

### **A Lingering Note**

All that lingers is not gold - We run the risk, in our odouriferous plight, to send out the most unpleasant scent that similarly lingers, albeit with deleterious effects. From the former red pens to the tracked changes of our time we at times recollect with horror our past practices and absence of pedagogy. Yet as habitual creatures each time we place pedantic pressures ahead of children's needs and their care we precipitate this eventuality and the past becomes the present. We are human and such is the ebb and flow of error and restoration, transmission and inspiration, conformity and liberation, of grace and disgrace. When what remains reeks ... we cannot breathe. In Aoki's (2005) words we suffocate. Thus pedagogical fragrance must be cultivated, akin to working the land in order to harvest, even when the elements may trodden upon our best efforts. There of course are times when we do not recognize the fragrance, or we incorrectly identify it. Still we aspire to a pedagogical presence that yields fragrance and inspires us to breathe in, to desire, to linger, to breathe again. The beauty of pedagogical fragrance it is that it remains ... even after we are gone.

## pedagogical fragrance

*For Carl*

*leggo words dance on pages and in hearts*

*leave me longing to breathe in and in again*

*I let the breath escape me*

*only to breathe in once more the aroma of his*

*pedagogical fragrance*

*carl, devoted edifier*

*forever living poetically*

*awakening*

*inspiring*

*loving*

*lingering*

Carl taught in a way that lingers.  
 His way of being inspires us to linger.  
 His generous scholarship lingers.  
 Carl's pedagogy of the heart still plays its song in each of us.  
 His way of living poetically will inspire us all our days.  
 Carl's love remains.

under a moon, almost full,  
 I am learning to listen  
 for cherry blossoms  
 like a new alphabet  
 for calling out love  
 (@leggowords, April 12, 2014)

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## **Cinematography and Narrative**

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### **Introduction**

Cinematography is by definition “the art or technique of motion-picture photography” (Dictionary, 2019). The reading of cinematography starts with the properties of pictures, as it does with visual arts more broadly. However, in this case the pictures are part of a succession of images, so the connection to photography and painting is significant: it suggests that storytelling can find a justification in the visual attributes of the film.

Cinematography is typically utilized to give the film a certain appeal and visual style. But in some instances, it influences the narrative itself in ways that can re-orientate the story and, at times, modify the understanding of the plot. To further elaborate on this idea, images have the potential to become the only instrument of storytelling. In this case, the film relies on the visual characterization of pictures, the generation of atmosphere, and the intrinsic properties of images, with a non-representational approach to filmmaking, in a similar manner poems employ metaphors. However, this does not necessarily imply the absence of story. Two perspectives are distinct and often at odds in this approach: video art and art installations, with the choice to distance the work from narrative mechanisms, and motion pictures that can be watched sitting in a theater, where the audience expects a story to be told without too much interference of abstract images. Experimental films can attempt to reconcile these two distinct formulas and use methodologies that belong to both practices. The focus can remain on storytelling but produce innovative propositions that experiment with narrative techniques that are primarily based on visuals.

### **Image Properties**

When the mechanisms of the film are based on atmosphere, the role of cinematography becomes more important, because it represents the primary mode of interaction with the viewer. In this sense, there is a clear analogy with art installations and music videos. Specific technical aspects, such as image tint, grain, texture, but also sound, convey the message. In a similar manner, with visual communication, the understanding of a film can be immediate and intuitive, based on visual impressions and the psychological or physical implications that they carry (Goldstein, 1942, p. 147). This phenomenon of visual impression actually occurs ‘without conscious awareness or intention’ (Elliot & Maier, 2007, p. 250). The notion is important, because during a movie, the audience does not need to process this information. It is in fact

naturally communicated through visual mechanisms outside of the plot to address the emotional states and feelings evoked in the story.

In this regard, cinematic storytelling can actually be apprehended on different levels: when the visual components are reduced, time and space are enlarged, offering a wider interface for the audience to relate with the movie, but on a level of sensations. This happens when the film can operate in connection with the themes of the story, as it is perceived, and not with the plot and its structural mechanisms. The movie then operates through imagery, without the use of conversations, action, or cause-and-effect. This method encourages a personal involvement with the film and, subsequently self-reflection, in analogy with abstract painting.

For instance, Hong Kong director Wong Kar-Wai's movie *Happy Together* presents sophisticated elements of color composition to elaborate moods that genuinely take the lead in the narrative method of the film, communicating emotions before telling a story (*Happy Together*, 1997). In this instance, clearly, "cinematography creates meaning" (Greenhalgh, 2005, p. 195). The tints convey the message, without relying solely on plot development.

Similarly, in *Playtime*, Jacques Tati utilizes tints to represent the development of the story into a different stage (*Playtime*, 1967). Hues are used for their immediate effect on the perception of the story: cold colors and dark shades of gray accompany the rigid structures of lines in modern glass buildings in the first part of the movie, accompanying stress and despair in the middle of an impersonal world. They are opposed to warm colors and colorful images in the second half of the story, where the experience becomes more enjoyable and positive. This notion emphasizes the fundamental role that color can play in the perception of the story (Verstraten, 2009, p. 65).

Likewise, John Ford's western *The Searchers*, released in 1956, displays intense color values throughout the movie (*The Searchers*, 1956). The pictures exhibit magnificent natural

backgrounds in the old American west: sunsets, snowfall, dusk and dawn light, used in different contexts, intensify the tone of the scenes and give the film its personality. Sophisticated images exhibit highly saturated and rich colors; vibrant warm images emphasize the concentration on the natural environment and the characters, which transpires to be a typical trait of the director. This technique stands as a parallel narrative to the action; it generates a sense of beauty in an otherwise harsh and cruel story.

In addition, depth of field, perspective and focal length are technical instruments of storytelling that allow the operation of the work on a purely visual level, with no relation to time or structure. Manipulated contrast, color correction, hue saturation can become mechanisms of narrative delivery, in parallel to the plot.

Another illustration of efficient manipulation of grayscale shades is *The Turin Horse* by Hungarian director Béla Tarr, who uses black and white to emphasize the harsh and austere atmosphere of the story (The Turin Horse, 2011). Depicting harsh living conditions and a hostile climate, the filmmaker uses intense cold monochrome and raw texture to communicate his radical view, based on an episode of Friedrich Nietzsche's life (Koehler, 2011). The movie was, in fact, inspired by the painting *The Potato Eaters*, by Vincent van Gogh (van Gogh, 1885). The narrative itself is virtually contained in the cinematography. The director mentions his opinion on stories, stating that they are all similar; he claims that "the film isn't the story", but is "mostly picture, sound, a lot of emotion" (Kohn, 2012, para. 9).

### **Framing**

Framing plays an essential role, because it will offer an orientation to apprehend the time and movement that the image contains. For instance, closeups are used in more intimate situations. To some extent, they can be the "coordinates of the narrative" (Doane, 2003, p. 107). Conversely, wide angles are generally instruments of action in films, to emphasize movement

and speed (Greenhalgh, 2005, p. 207). In a movie that is concerned with sensations, emotions, or self-reflection, a closeup shot serves the interest of the scene's intensity, as it can become, to cite film theorists Jean Epstein and Stuart Liebman, the "soul of cinema" (Epstein and Liebman, 1977, p. 9).

The framing of the subjects in film is a decision made in the same approach as the storytelling method. Positioning certain elements of the scene outside of the picture is an analogy of the omission of components of the plot in the narrative method. It generates a style that converges with the "aesthetic of absence" (Degli-Esposti 1998, p. 38). The purpose is to relocate what is not present before the eyes: the essence of human thoughts and feelings. The visible objects or actions are given a secondary role. Besides, the aesthetic of absence "embraces time" (Sayre 1983, p. 174). Its nature is to allow the viewer to connect the past—and future—of the subject with the space and context, to let meaning emerge; and by this process, to be involved in an external dimension of the storytelling. This is in direct association with the concept of time-image and the intensity it can generate in a cinematic story (Deleuze 1989, p. 42).

### **Grain, Noise, Imperfection**

Further to aesthetic considerations, cinematography can be granted new roles when every image of a movie is considered an artwork. Grainy pictures, for example, can communicate a sense of realism (Lam, 2013). In addition, the use of noise in the images renders a unique quality of roughness and intimacy, which is often employed in independent cinema. It can also be a way of reconnecting to more simple ways of filmmaking. For instance, *Bicycle Thieves* possesses a unique aesthetic of unsophisticated honesty for their image quality (Bicycle Thieves, 1948). Imperfect pictures can generate a sense of emotional proximity with the audience.

In this regard, image quality can be related to the Japanese art of Wabi-Sabi and the sense of elegance found in irregularity or defects. In this perspective on art, flaws are praised for the

refinement they imply, reflecting “simplicity, purity, and humility” (Juniper, 2011, p. 62). With imperfections, the art becomes precious and can be the medium of “ingenuous integrity” (Rognoli & Karana, 2014, p. 148). This notion can be directly applied to the properties of film images. The overall aesthetic of the work appears more intimate with “film's grain and its limited tonal range” (Manovich, 2005, p. 30). It compressed the scope of hues on screen, which tends to converge the attention of the audience and gives a quiet character to the pictures. It also changes the spirit of the scenes, giving the story a more down-to-earth nature. It is even more pertinent when the substance of the film is sensuous or emotional. Image noise can “enhance contrast and intensify grain” (Prince, 2004, p. 27). Besides, it enables harmony in the different segments of the film, when there are dissimilarities in light, tints and sharpness, creating a feeling of unity, but at the same time keeping the variety of tones in each sequence in accordance with the tone of the specific segment. A sense of authenticity can be brought to the work. As a matter of fact, this type of visual manipulation mirrors the practice of painting, with the work on color mixing and impasto to create texture on the surface of the canvas. It offers limitless possibilities to tell a story, with manipulation in post-production. In this regard, it “opens up avenues for visual and narrative innovations” (Geuens, 2002, p. 16). Conceptually, it is not an artificial process: the act of filming and editing a movie is a simulation itself (Manovich, 1996). This practice is a part of the grammar used to achieve a goal of communicating a message. Paradoxically, the artistic alteration of pictures in their visual properties appears more truthful to the real world.

For instance, with the movie *Life in a Fishbowl*, Icelandic film director Baldvin Zophoníasson uses image texture—accentuated by low light—and noise to emphasize the intimate approach to the story of the different characters’ personal lives, especially the female protagonist Eik, played by Hera Hilmar, and her inner conflict (*Life in a Fishbowl*, 2014). This technique renders the story more poignant and the scenes more touching because the overall tone

of the work appears close to a documentary film in its perceived authenticity. With a grainy image, film offers a more familiar, naturalistic view. In this process, film grain and image noise work to transcend the banality of the subjects. It appears realistic, brings the audience closer to the story, and simultaneously transposes the focus further from the ordinary, giving it a new point of view, so that the audience can interpret what is seen in an individual perspective. The mechanism at play here is not imagination, but sensation. As opposed to text, with film, visuals have the ability to address the senses directly. The cognitive process is relegated to the role of recomposing the story with the missing scenes.

### **Emotions**

Emotion is considered an essential element of the cinematic experience. According to scholar Ian David, narratives themselves rely on emotions (David, 2014, p. 49). The story, being a link between the viewer and the author, Ian David affirms that narratives are modeled on the underlying emotional variations. Based on this notion, a story can develop according to purely sensation-based structures, which operate naturally, in relation to the audience's unique emotional reaction to the work, not necessarily in response to an architecture of causality and logical development.

When the spectator engages emotionally with the movie, the assimilation of new knowledge from the experience can happen (Graham, Ackermann & Maxwell, 2004, p. 54). It can be through identifying with the characters, experiencing the emotions in the scenes, reflecting on this identification, or trying to apply the concepts learned from the story in personal situations (Graham et al 2004, p. 49). This method is, in fact, very useful in the narrative itself because it orchestrates the understanding of the viewer through feelings. It becomes the entry point to the plot and the guide to the development of the story: emotion becomes a vehicle for the

narrative. Considering this role, it can be treated according to the impact it will have on the film, in respect to the importance it has in the story, and in parallel to the understanding of the plot.

In fact, if the narrative operates efficiently, the response of the viewer is authentic; it means that the feeling in the story is treated as an actual feeling in life. Thomas Wartenberg, with his studies of the impact of imagination on film audiences, describes the emotional effect of a virtual situation, in this instance a scene from a movie, and declares that it is similar to a real-life situation, without the reaction (Wartenberg, 2008). It can actually generate a physical reaction similar to the actual situation, crying when watching a touching scene in a movie verifies this statement.

In addition, with *Film Narratology*, Peter Verstraten focuses on film narratives and especially what makes it distinct from other disciplines, with cinematography, mise-en-scene, editing, visual narrative and sound (Verstraten, 2009, p. 49). By looking at the elements that clearly differentiate themselves from literature and basic structure in time, the study can discern the unique characteristics of storytelling in cinema. Peter Verstraten questions the role of narratology in films and claims that not every viewer actually sees the same story (Verstraten, 2009, p. 29). The perception depends on the various backgrounds, types of sensitivity and receptivity of the audience. But to be able to read the different strata of the film, the director must operate at different levels and, in doing so, utilize more than a composition of scenes, but also the visual impact of images. This demonstrates the importance of the visual elements in the understanding of the story.

However, Peter Verstraten makes clear that relying too much on filming effects can weaken the story. Nevertheless, he adds that in some cases, extreme style can be the method to convey the message (Verstraten, 2009, p. 203). It is always a matter of measure, but the real

question is first and foremost how style serves the message behind the work. Concept can be the starting point and guideline of creation, as it is, for instance, in fine art.

For example, the movie Brazilian *City of God*, by Fernando Meirelles tells the story of a group of teenagers involved in organized crime in the underprivileged suburbs of Cidade De Deus in Rio de Janeiro (*City of God*, 2002). Vivid, warm colors, film grain, rich textures, unstable camera shots and the use of real-life residents of the area, as actors, support the realistic style of the work. The saturated images reflect the violence of the story. It creates a one-of-a-kind experience, where the viewer is immersed in the story world, so that the plot itself can appear secondary. In this perspective, pictures transform into narrative mechanisms, and in essence, cinematography becomes storytelling.

With Carl Plantinga's examination of mainstream movies, the emotional dimension of films is further explored, especially its role in cultural, philosophical and aesthetic contexts (Plantinga, 2009). References to philosophy, psychology and cognitive science support the author's study of the experience of emotions in cinema, through diverse mechanisms. Carl Plantinga states that the viewer's "emotions are typically elicited by external stimuli provided by the film, but responses to such stimuli are dependent on the memories and associations the viewer brings to the film" (Plantinga, 2009, p. 75). The fact that the emotional relation with the movie operates on a personal level of experience shows that the audience does connect to the story through sensations, hence, does understand the plot according to this very experience. So, even if it carries a different significance, the emotional charge is present and serves the learning process throughout the film. It is a channel for the intensity of the story to be communicated. But while emotion is often a result, it is seldom a means. Emotion could in fact not only support, but also drive the narrative, in efficient ways, if it is the main perspective of the work. This is true, even if only a scene is extracted from the entire movie; the viewer can be involved in an isolated

sequence to find meaning and reflect on its implications on real life, based on individual reflection.

With its diverse mechanisms, Carl Plantinga demonstrates that the cinematic experience is extremely variable (Plantinga, 2009, p. 77). The fact that it remains at a personal level of experience proves that the viewer does connect to the story through sensations, hence, does understand the plot according to this very experience. So, even if it carries a different significance, the emotional charge is present and serves the learning process throughout the film. It is a channel for the intensity of the story. While emotion is often a result, it is seldom a means. Emotion could actually support—even drive—the narrative in extremely efficient ways.

For instance, with *Take Shelter*, director Jeff Nichols depicts a series of nightmares in scenes that appear incredibly realistic, and mesmerizing at the same time. The spectator is immersed in the sensations of the dreamer (*Take Shelter*, 2011). Without referring to the plot at any time, or having to relate to the story as a whole, the standalone sequences lead the emotional experience—guiding the overall narrative, in the absence of causal connections to the story development. This notion of sensorial experience in film is closely tied to the in-depth role of cinematography and its relation to the narrative method, as it identifies the emotional interaction with the work as an instrument of storytelling.

Additionally, a look at design and visual communication can help better discern the role of pictures in films. Images are compared to textual explanation and information: pictures carry an immediate appeal and intuitive meaning that operates efficiently at different levels (Lankow, Ritchie & Crooks, 2012, p. 40). As an extension, the characteristics of images in movies are undeniably significant: they carry more meaning than actions, conversations or events. The role of cinematography can, in some cases, replace the need to tell with the possibility to show. For instance, in *Manchester by the Sea*, director Kenneth Lonergan uses the snowy and frozen tints

of winter in Massachusetts as a metaphor to illustrate the difficulty of the main character to deal with his feelings and difficult past (*Manchester by the Sea*, 2016). Sequences with dialogue are interwoven with purely atmospheric shots: for example, a flock of birds flying away is shown after a conversation where the protagonist is concerned about leaving.

Moreover, scholar Kathryn Millard evokes the evolution of technology and its impact on the methods of screenwriting, further describing the importance of images and sound in scripts (Millard, 2010). This notion reinforces the role of the senses in the perception of a story and its characteristics.

### **Movement**

The concept of “movement-image” is significant in redefining the role of images in storytelling: according to Gilles Deleuze, “movement expresses a change in duration” (Deleuze 1986, 8). There is an abstract existence of movement within the image, which does not relate to video editing, but instead resides in the properties of the picture. It can be observed in silent movies, for instance in *The Cameraman*, when narratives had limited ways of communicating their message, but were based on sophisticated choreographies (*The Cameraman*, 1928). This idea of movement, according to Gilles Deleuze, is intrinsic to the image, and creates a passage of time as well as a motion in the brain of the audience. In fact, the notion implies the existence of an inner dimension of narrative that is already existent in the image, even if it does not externally display any motion. On that note, according to Henri Bergson, “a passage is a movement and a halt is an immobility” (Bergson, Paul & Palmer, 1991, p. 247). Cinematography does not necessarily need to use moving images, because they could interrupt the narrative on the level of interaction with the visuals. For example, director Chris Marker uses a slideshow technique to tell his science-fiction story in *La Jetée*; still images create an efficient and convincing narrative (*La Jetée*, 1962). Contemplation gives access to this dimension, by letting the viewer understand

the “story within the story” (Khatib 2012, 154). In this situation, a narrative is instilled with a parallel story, which expresses ideas within itself. Surprisingly, the abstract version of the story does not need a visual existence: it can emerge from the use of segments that are not part of the action, similar to b-rolls. It operates through the perception of space, in the images and the sensations cinematography can generate. But to allow this recognition, there needs to be sufficient time to process, decipher and interpret what is on screen.

The discussion about motion relocates more clearly the role of cinematography: it can be seen as “the inscription of movement, a writing with movement” (Stewart, 2008, p. 29). In this regard, the image is given an internal dimension. But with movement, it is “not an abstraction but an emancipation” (Moulard-Leonard, 2008, p. 107). This is crucial, because not only time lies within the image of a film, but also movement gives this very same image a development and an additional meaning, not in its characteristics, but here, in the freedom the image implies outside of its existence. The notion of movement and the impression it generates are an inherent qualities of film pictures. This complex, but intrinsic nature of images suggests that suggested movement offers a new layer to understand the story. This layer could be replacing the narrative development in time, and generate meaning to the viewer in space. In reality, there is an implied movement, and a visible one that exist together at the same time in a film.

For example, the movements in Charlie Chaplin’s silent film *Modern Times* exemplify these connections: they are an integral part of the narrative and its development, but no sound or dialogue can support this method—it is exclusively visual (*Modern Times*, 1936). The film was made at a time when other productions were focusing on dialogues, with the new medium of sound in film. Although Charlie Chaplin had the option to direct a talking motion picture, he decided to rely on intertitles and dynamic action.

Considering the essential features of cinematography, New York City-based experimental film & uses the concept of motion existing in the images to replace the role of the narrative, but with intervals as the only components of the story (&, 2017). Manhattan becomes the main character of the story, and through its unique aesthetic unfolds the narrative. The development of the new storytelling method based on pictures is implied and does not require the mechanism of cause-and-effect.

### **Narrative Features**

Cinematography is often a key feature of a film's originality, as it has a strong impact on the viewer's ability to apprehend the overall tonality, mood and sense of discourse. Specific technical aspects of the medium can be considered: image color, grain, texture, and filters. Scholar Ian Garwood examines this particular aspect of cinematic storytelling: the focus is on the sensuous characteristics of cinematic images. The author analyzes films for the properties of their pictures to communicate certain impressions and for the manipulation of their visual features as narrative tools (Garwood, 2013, p. 3). In his study, Ian Garwood demonstrates how aesthetic values correlate with the narrative exercise. Using selected case studies from independent and mainstream cinema, he underlines the idea that the audience, by becoming aware of explicit emotions related to purely technical qualities, can connect to the story in an additional dimension to the script. The study identifies important characteristics of the images that support, embody or lead the narrative, and can, as such, be storytelling methodologies.

There is an emotional response to image grain that can be associated with realistic experience, to transpose the cinematic sensations closer to the feeling of a character, rather than the development of the story. Of course, perception depends on the various backgrounds, types of sensitivity and receptivity of the audience. But to be able to read the different strata of the

film, it must operate on different levels, utilize more than a composition of scenes, and also the visual impact of images.

For example, in *I'm Not There* by Todd Haynes, an atypical narrative takes place: the central character, musician Bob Dylan, is impersonated by different actors, a woman, a young boy and four men (*I'm Not There*, 2007). A combination of six separate segments represents a part of the protagonist's personality. To support that method, the director uses different attributes for the images: monochrome and color scenes, textures, viewpoints and angles. The story also employs multiple narrators: every time there is a character, a new perspective on the musician is revealed. In some cases, the different stories intersect and the filming accompanies the situation with camera movements. Each persona being entirely distinct, it embodies a distinct visual style, offers a different perspective, and carries a different meaning. This strategy overcomes the composition of the plot itself: the narrative is not based on the structure of the story, but on the sensations that all the segments can communicate, individually and as a whole. In extension, the separate aspects are linked to each other in their linear interaction, opposed in their aesthetic, and compared in their meaning. From that point of view, it is an innovative process of filmmaking and of storytelling.

In addition, depth of field, perspective and focal length are technical instruments of storytelling that allow the operation of the work on a purely visual level, with no relation to time or structure. The understanding of a scene can be approached by the visual different layers that appear on screen. By choosing to focus on a specific object or character, the out-of-focus areas can reveal key elements of the scene, and convey a very specific message, directly linked to the plot and its development.

However, art-cinema does not systematically require a clear sense of achievement for the story to operate. Film theorist David Bordwell describes the "parametric narrative", based on the

notions of fabula and syuzhet (Bordwell 1985, 49). In this model, the audience understand the story of a film on the basis of three strategies: the “prototype schemata” is to identify the protagonists, antagonists, the situation and the background; the “template schemata” is the basic plot; the “procedural schemata” allows the spectator to make sense of the succession of events with relations of causality (Bordwell, 1985, p. 36). But the author demonstrates that style can subdue the importance of the plot (Bordwell, 1985, p. 289). In this sense, cinematic storytelling is free to create its set of rules using plot construction, but also images—as well as sound and editing—as narrative instruments.

For example, in *Inland Empire*, director David Lynch uses surrealistic images, especially scenes with a giant rabbit in a mysterious television show, to build a dream-like narrative that visually leads the action, helping to connect the different pieces of the enigma (*Inland Empire*, 2006). But it is not the characters, nor their actions, that drive the plot. The implied atmosphere truly supports the development of the story, amid confusing location logics, obscure film sets, double personalities, and surrealistic characters. This technique is emerging as an effective tool to connect the abstract scenes of the movie, to make the narrative apprehensible, but also give the film its inventive visual style.

Another illustration of unorthodox approach to filmmaking, John Cassavetes’ *Shadows* (*Shadows*, 1959) was made with no written script (Viera, 1990, p. 34). This perspective signals a different approach to film narrative, where the story is not limited to a structure of scenes prepared in a causal relation, but can be dependent on other factors, such as actors and locations. It offers flexibility and allows for further exploration—in time as well as space. In fact, this is how the movie *Shadows* owns its realistic style; it resembles real life events with its rhythm and depiction of duration, free from the constraints of a written document. In addition, there is a

dynamic dimension: philosopher Hubert Damisch compares Cassavetes' use of narrative process in cinema to the action paintings of artist Jackson Pollock (Mouëllic, 2014, pp. 71-98).

In a radical approach, *Bagdad Cafe*, by Percy Adlon, relies on the peculiar atmosphere of the film, transforming the experience of storytelling into an experience of sensations (*Bagdad Cafe*, 1987).

Finally, in an attempt to approach cinematic storytelling with a new angle, filmmaker Trần Anh Hùng, who directed *The Scent of Green Papaya* (*The Scent of Green Papaya*, 1993), shared his refusal of traditional narrative techniques, striving to create a different language to tell his stories, and claiming his films can be better understood without reason, to challenge the spectator's feelings (Lim, 2017).

### Conclusion

Images can appear intrinsically connected to the exercise of storytelling. Throughout this study, it appears clear that aesthetic values correlate with narrative methods; the audience, by becoming aware of explicit emotions related to technical visual qualities of the image, can relate to the story in an additional dimension to the script. The images of the movie, with their inherent qualities, support, embody and guide the plot development, and can become actual storytelling instruments. Pictures can be approached as an essential narrative mechanism that can be intertwined with the writing and making of the story. This is why visuals could be included in the original screenplay. Ultimately, cinematography is the “film’s form and style” (Bordwell, 2007, p. 129). And in an experimental approach to storytelling, both notions can serve the work as operating systems of the narrative. Ultimately, in this approach, the properties and qualities of movie images transform themselves into rules that direct the story. In this perspective, images can become the primary instrument of storytelling, communicating emotion as the fundamental element of narrative, as opposed to a cause-and-effect configuration.

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## **Can Young Children Become Grittier through Science Inquiry?**

Author: Poh Tan

Grit is a term coined by Angela Duckworth from the University of Pennsylvania and is defined as “perseverance and passion for long-term goals (Duckworth, Peterson, Matthews, & Kelly, 2007)”. In addition to character traits that fall under grit, such as being hard working towards an objective despite challenges, a temporal aspect is a key component to having grit. According to Duckworth, a persistence and resilience over long periods of time is key. “Grit entails working strenuously toward challenges, maintaining effort and interest *over years* despite

failure, adversity, and plateaus in progress (Duckworth, Peterson, Matthews, & Kelly, 2007, original emphasis). A gritty individual strives to reach their objective regardless of challenges and boredom. Resilience is closely related to grit, however, is not interchangeable according to Duckworth and instead, grit is a combination of:

$$(\text{resilience} + \text{passion} + \text{self-regulation} + \text{self-awareness})^t = \text{Grit}, \text{ where } t = \text{time in years}$$

Resilience is a part of a “gritty” individual has slightly different definitions depending on specific educational context. The primary discussion in this paper will focus on resilience as defined by the capacity to bounce back from adversity and failure. The author has chosen to focus on this aspect of resilience because the nature of scientific inquiry (i.e. laboratory research, experiments, theorizing, hypothesizing) is often accompanied by multiple failures in research laboratory or laboratory classroom. Cultivating and nurturing resilience is necessary to overcome failures in experimental research in both research and classroom laboratories. Resilient scientists translated to greater number of discoveries in the laboratory (Tan, personal experience as a scientist).

According to Martin Seligman, who runs a program at the University of Pennsylvania called “Penn Resiliency Program”, resilience is about optimism, specifically about “appraising situations without distorting them” (Gough-Perkins, 2013). In the field of psychology, resilience has been extensively researched with a consistent theme around one’s “ability to use social emotional skills to overcome, or bounce back from, the effects of stress in one’s life (Wright, 2013)”. In contrast, in the field of education, resilience or alternatively labelled as resilience education, refers to a teaching and learning approach that call for more participatory practices from the teachers and especially the students (Krasmy, Tidball, & Sriskandarajah, 2009). Participatory education practices (PEP) such as inquiry learning gives students the opportunity to collaboratively and independently investigate, experiment and analyze by applying reasoning

and questioning to solve a problem. PEPs such as inquiry align with resilience frameworks cited by Masten and Obradovic (2008), particularly pertaining to specific human developmental areas of intelligence, agency and social and cultural systems. Table 1, briefly summarizes the findings from the study of human resilience in the context of young children development.

**Table 1. A summary and distillation from studies of resilience in different areas of development according to Masten and Obradovic (2008).**

<b>Area of Development</b>	<b>Description</b>
<b>Attachment</b>	Human attachments, especially for young children, establishment of a positive and secure relationship with a parental-figure early on provides a sense of security, further building on a resilient trait.
<b>Agency, self-efficacy,</b>	Humans who develop a positive view of their own efficacy or agency, persist more and contributes to self-perpetuating action and increase in self-worth.
<b>Intelligence</b>	Under the condition of adversity and threat, the ability of humans to continue to think and adapt effectively is a characteristic of resilience.
<b>Self-regulation</b>	Overcoming challenges and difficulties requires self-regulation skills to continue to function optimally and effectively to achieve an objective regardless of the state of the surrounding situations.

<b>Social systems</b>	Social systems such as family, peers, teachers, school and the classroom provide an environment and place to develop and build resilience through forming, establishing, understanding and maintaining complex relationships between oneself and the social environment.
<b>Cultural systems</b>	Referred to greater society with respect to media, technology and religion. Macro cultural systems allow for the flow and influence of information resulting in direct effects on human resilience. For example, adult resilience can depend on religion and spirituality through the practice of meditation, rituals and ceremonies.

Inquiry learning (an example of PEPs) has become the foundations of many educational practices, especially in teaching young children. “Inquiry requires more than simply answering questions or getting the right answer. It espouses investigation, exploration, search, quest, research, pursuit and study. It is enhanced by involvement with a community of learners each learning from the other in social interaction (Kuhlthau, Maniotes, & Caspari, 2007, p. 2). Inherent to the nature of *science* inquiry, addressing or resolving a question is not prescribed in advance to the students. From my previous experience as a scientist and cell biologist in the natural sciences, researching in a laboratory setting in pursuit of novel knowledge to contribute to the field required a tremendous amount of grit.

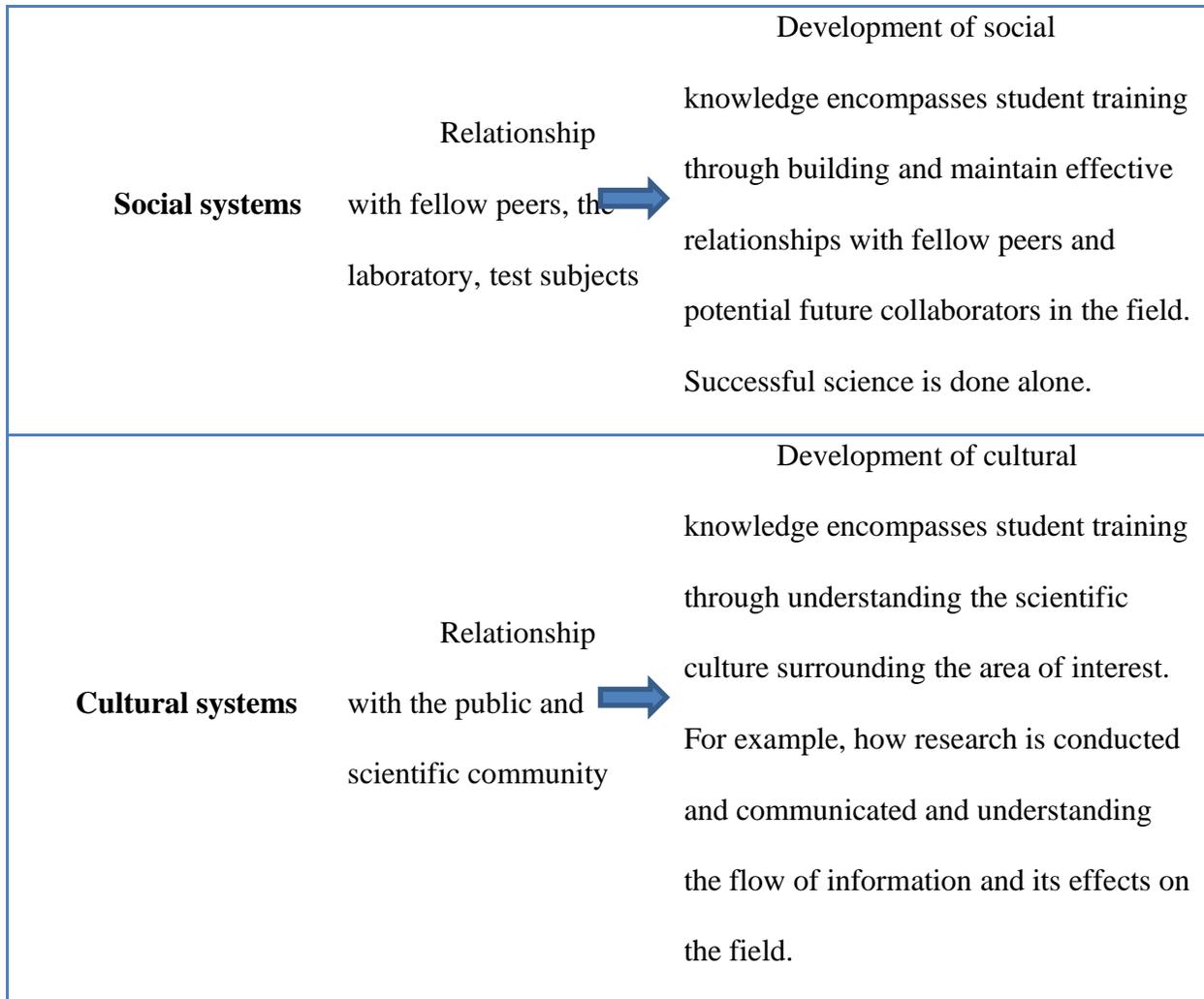
I quickly learned that successful scientists possess two sets of skills: 1) technical, to accurately perform experiments and obtain defensible results, and 2) non-technical skills that help them survive, thrive and succeed (Castro, Garcia, Cvazos Jr., & Castro, 2011). Non-

technical skills, include forming sustainable and effective relationships with fellow scientific peers, communicating one's works with the public and more importantly, in my opinion, the ability to persevere through many failed experiments, disagreements with colleagues and supervisors and being out-published by a rival research group. Interestingly, these non-technical skills are more critical for later success in life and have been labelled as non-cognitive skills by Tough (Tough, 2013) and Seligman (Seligman, 2006). Science inquiry through a laboratory research setting, especially at the graduate level, over a long period of time makes an individual gritty. Interestingly, through analysis, elements of a science inquiry framework align closely with Masten and Obradovic's (2008) framework of resilience. In Table 2, I have attempted to demonstrate parallelism between the framework of resilience and science inquiry (Hanauer, Hatfull, & Jacobs-Sera, 2009, p. 11).

**Table 2. Parallelism between the elements of the framework of resilience and scientific inquiry. An analysis frameworks by Masten and Obradovic (resilience) and Hanauer et al. (scientific inquiry).**

Framework of Resilience (Masten and Obradovic, 2008)	Framework of Scientific Inquiry (Hanauer et al. 2009)	Description
<b>Attachment</b>	Teacher-Student 	Cultivation of a positive relationship between the student and teacher early in the research phase gives a student confidence to take risks in their research and thus, build on resilience.

<p><b>Agency,</b> <b>self-efficacy,</b></p>	<p>Independence → affirmation</p>	<p>The scientific inquiry process provides the student with an independent learning experience with the goal for the creation of new scientific knowledge, thus further developing agency and self-efficacy in the student. This provides an “I did it on my own!” moment.</p>
<p><b>Intelligence</b></p>	<p>Scaffold learning, abstraction and → application</p>	<p>Development and progression toward high-order of problem solving beyond content specific knowledge. Real research requires coordination of data and theory to design research questions, which are reproducible, achievable and publishable. Adaptability to change in the research field is an element of resilience.</p>
<p><b>Self-regulation</b></p>	<p>Overcoming challenges, “know when → to change and adapt”</p>	<p>Overcoming many failed experiments through many years of study requires self-regulation skills, to continue and persevere towards discovering novel knowledge and maintaining the determination to graduate.</p>



As mentioned previously, research on resilience has predominantly investigated adolescents and youth who come from traumatic backgrounds. Most research appear to focus on how well these individuals “bounce-back” from adversity as a measure of resilience. I question whether, resilience and grit can be taught and learned through experience in the classroom, specifically through science inquiry and science activities that provide a framework of guided-opportunities for students to fail, persevere and succeed over time.

The concept of personal resilience in the workplace has been extensively researched in the medical field with doctors and nurses (Jackson, Firtko, & Edenborough, 2007). “Workplace adversity in nursing is associated with excessive workloads, lack of autonomy, bullying and

violence...[and] despite these difficulties many nurses choose to remain in nursing, and survive and even thrive despite a climate of workplace adversity” (p. 1). Similar to doctors and nurses, scientists in the research laboratory environment also face similar adversities, and especially with intrapersonal challenges (i.e. the feeling of failure after many, many attempts with an experiment). Despite the multitude of disappointments, many scientists remain in the field of research to make great advancements to the field of medicine. Analogous to research laboratories, a kindergarten classroom consists of similar adversities and challenges between the children, the learning environment, the teachers and the parents. By identifying these parallelisms between the frameworks of resilience and science inquiry, and between a kindergarten classroom and a typical research laboratory, I encourage researchers in this field to explore the following questions:

What does a kindergarten science inquiry of a research laboratory scientific inquiry look like?

What elements of a scientific inquiry from a research laboratory environment can be incorporated into a kindergarten classroom to cultivate resilience in young children?

How can one use these specific elements of scientific inquiries from a research laboratory to make young children grittier?

Through my research explorations of science education and young children, I realized that science is one example, of many, that may help cultivate resilience in children. I believe that building social and emotional traits during the early years in young children will contribute to development of critical social and life skills throughout the child’s life.

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## **This is me**

Author: Poh Tan.

Why me? It has to be me!  
 It's dark both inside and out, why me?  
 My sister is crying, I am crying, my mother is crying, why me?  
 I feel the literary lashings from who I love, why me?  
 It's so hard to feel, to care, to see, to go on  
 I hug my sister tight as we cower in the corner our room,  
 we whisper to each other "I love you" and "I will never leave you".  
 I realized that it had to be me. Who was going to protect my sister?  
 Who was going to shield her from words, hate and violence?  
 It's me. I have to be strong, I AM strong! I can be successful!  
 I will take her away from here and we'll live in a place far and free from them.  
 I love her. I love myself. Life is too short! This is my life, my decisions and my path.  
 Fuck them! And Fuck their shit! My sister and I will go on.....

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## New Journey

Author: Poh Tan

*What do I see, what do I want, what do I need?  
How can I get there, how can I see, how can I find truth?  
Why do I seek happiness when I am complete?*

*It's no longer enough to be a part of the Earth,  
It's not the Earth that needs to change and evolve,  
it is not I that need to change.  
Change is us.*

*I dip my feet and hands into streams and,  
I step into currents of change, and as I see  
the shimmering reflections, I realized.*

*I see the Ox and I see the seed.  
I am complete.*

*What? I have found.  
How? I have realized.*

*Why? I am transformed.*

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## Time in Trauma: Singularity in Western Trauma Narratives

Author: Geoffrey Gideon

Time is essential to narrative. It distinguishes a clear beginning, middle, and end.

Whether it's a linear narrative that uses time to order events into a palatable experience, or time as a flowing web of interconnected fragments, time is always present in story. This is what makes trauma narratives so compelling. Not only do they allow people to engage with unimaginable stories of individual resilience, but trauma disrupts time and subverts western notions of temporal experience. Trauma writing is frequently characterized by this very crisis: "How to represent in words that which defies explanation" (Flores, 2017, p. 145).

Trauma writing is an excellent opportunity for readers to experience difference, and trauma literature is known for experimental uses of voice and tone, structure, and narrative. Difference is

central to trauma narratives, but while these books are noticeably and marketably different from other literary forms, the construction of time within these stories is surprisingly similar. Time in trauma narratives is framed by two dominant western representations: Time as void and time as fragments.

The time as void model is used by writers like Jonathan Safran Foer and has its foundation in Freudian discourse on dreams and trauma (Ganteau, J. M., & Onega, S., 2014). The time as fragments model includes popular postmodern narratives like *Slaughterhouse-Five* and *Beloved*. All three of these books are perfect examples of the double edge sword this genre carries because while all three are innovative narratives that experiment with new forms of temporal realities: They all require linking to operate.

Linking the past to the present is such a common representation they, like any dominant form, reach beyond their own spaces and limit difference. Using qualitative research by Katharina Donn, Diana Gonçalves, and Linda Flores, I analyze how Japanese writers had to distance their experiences of the disastrous events in March 2011 with the events of September 11<sup>th</sup> in New York. These texts also reveal how writers like Furukawa Hideo and Kawakami Hiromi used intertextual narratives to subvert the reach of western temporal representations (Flores, 2017, p. 141).

This is not a tale of two competing cultures or contrasting styles. The reproduction of singular images is symptomatic of a heavily consolidated publishing industry. Quantitative research from the University of Wisconsin-Madison and Lee and Low book publishers found that the majority of published books do not include diverse content.<sup>2</sup> These findings also reflect authorship and other forms of employment in the publishing industry (Low, 2019). My intention

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<sup>2</sup> “Data on books by and about people of color and from First/Native Nations published for children and teens compiled by the Cooperative Children’s Book Center, School of Education, University of Wisconsin-Madison.” <http://ccbc.education.wisc.edu/books/pcstats.asp>

is to highlight linking and the reproduction of singular images in trauma narratives and connect their occurrence to the lack of diversity within a heavily consolidated publishing industry.

After losing his father in the 9.11 terrorist attacks, Oskar, the boy protagonist in *Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close* adopts a very specific model to deal with trauma: The void. The void model represents time as missing and is pivotal to Foer's approach to trauma (Donn, 2016. p. 72). In his book it's written as a "hole in the middle of me that every happy thing fell into" (Foer, 2013, Pg. 71).

The void model can be traced back to Freudian psychoanalytics, and when deconstructed this literary technique is actually about reproduction. In *Performing the Void*, Jean-Michel Ganteau writes that not only is the void an attempt to represent a loss of agency but writing trauma through the void model "is not so much concerned with describing an episode as with reproducing the effects of helplessness" (2014).

This reproduction is central to *Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close*. When Oskar visits his grandparents after the events of 9.11 he learns about his grandparent's experience with the bombing of Dresden during World War Two. By linking the two historical events this story defines trauma as a singular experience with themes and images that can be easily reproduced (Donn, 2016). Time is one such theme that's reduced to a singular image and is shown in the narrative through the loss sustained in Dresden and how the events reshape the grandparent's relationship with time. They lose it, and this loss drives the grandparents into shock and years of desperate unhappiness. The grandparents show Oskar what it looks like to cope with trauma through the void model, and Oskar is given a chance to earn a different fate. After leaving his grandparent's house, Oskar enters into a hero's journey across New York City. At the end of Oskar's journey he can control and give meaning to time. This is represented with the reversal of the infamous falling man image. This act of reversing time highlights the story's Aristotelian arc

of tragic loss and heroic redemption, and the western notion that time can be lost, discovered, and championed.

*Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close* was a powerful story but offered “no new vocabulary for the alterity of trauma” (Donn, 2016, p. 77). This is in stark contrast to Kurt Vonnegut’s 1969 anti-war novel, *Slaughterhouse-Five*. This innovative text was one of the first American novels to use experimental narrative to represent trauma. One such technique is fragmentation which is an always all the time feature in postmodern literature. Whereas the void model represents loss of order and agency the fragmented model portrays a protagonist hero that becomes un-stuck in time.

For Billy Pilgrim, time is not lost. Time is everywhere and all at once. “He is in a constant state of stage fright, he says, because he never knows what part of his life he is going to have to act in next” (Vonnegut, 1969, p. 23). One moment he exists in the past, and the next moment he’s stuck in the future or even existing beyond his own time. Time is still present, but fragmented and disorganized. Much like recalling traumatic experiences there’s no sense of meaning to the order of the events. They don’t drive the story forward like Oskar’s quest through NYC. They’re seemingly random like fireworks in the night. The only meaning offered to readers is the link between the bombing of Dresden and the protagonist’s permanent condition of being un-stuck in time. This link is subtle, but it reproduces the singular images of time, war, and trauma that’s connected to past, present, and future events. This act of time travel is also present in the book’s alternate title, ‘*The Children’s Crusade*’ which is a direct link to the year 1213 “when two monks got the idea of raising armies of children in Germany and France and selling them in North Africa as slaves” (Vonnegut, 1969, Pg. 16).

Linking allows for connections that transcend time, and in the context of trauma narratives linking reproduces past events. No contemporary American novel perfected this type of linking

better than *Beloved* by Toni Morrison. The Nobel Prize winning author crafted an entirely new theory of temporal representation through the concept of “rememory” (Morrison, 2019).

Rememory is the process of returning to traumatic memories and reassembling them to construct meaning in the present (Morrison, 2019). The title of the book is one such act of rememory as *Beloved* is a specter of both Sethe’s slain daughter and the traumatic memories of slavery that return to present time.

It’s important to note that *Beloved*’s representation of time is more fluid than the latter two books because rememory allows for both void and fragments to represent time. “Time came when lamps had to be lit early because night arrived sooner and sooner” (Morrison, 1988, p. 68). This short yet deeply telling sentence invokes images of time as both passive and pressing. Time can be gone, but it won’t be gone for long which is also true of rememory. In the beginning of the novel time is active in its specificity by being set in the year 1873, but as Sethe and the other characters begin their path of rememory, time spirals down the void until it exists in fragments that must be reassembled in the present. Even within this fluidity rememory reproduces the link between past events and present conceptions of time. “But her brain was not interested in the future. Loaded with the past and hungry for more, it left her no room to imagine, let alone plan for, the next day” (Morrison, 1988, p. 83). The past is an impediment to future progress, but it’s also a means for a flourishing future. This is further represented through the tree imagery on Sethe’s back which is badly scarred from her time living as a slave. “It’s a tree, Lu. A Chokecherry tree... You got a mighty lot of branches. Leaves, too, look like, and dern if these ain’t blossoms... Your back got a whole tree on it. In bloom” (Morrison, 1988, p. 93).

Even within the diversity of trauma literature there is a need for a link to the past. Linking does have its advantages in its ability to represent the effects of post-traumatic stress disorder but linking requires the reproduction of singular images to operate. According to the United States

Department of Veterans Affairs, PTSD is experienced by 8 million adults in any given year (2018). A condition so widespread should not be made into a singular image and this is what makes linking, especially in the context of trauma narratives, problematic. These singular images are not only reproduced on a mass scale but are reassembled as a specific type of singularity.

In *9/11: culture, catastrophe and the critique of singularity*, its author argues that traumatic events are remembered “as a mnemonic singularity, a catastrophic event that evokes or mimics, although in a renewed situation or context, the representational structure of past catastrophic events” (Gonçalves, 2016, p. 4). War is war is war and these events cannot be understood without reference to the past, but this linking “functions as a kind of premeditation and, hence, provides a template for the comprehension and representation of future events” (Gonçalves, 2016, p. 5). This template is then reproduced and applied to future disasters like the Great East Japan earthquake, tsunami, and nuclear incident at the Fukushima nuclear plant. The string of disasters is referred as 3.11 which is a direct link to 9.11 even though the events in Japan took place almost a decade later. The March 2011 disasters also had no connection to terrorism, yet Japanese writers had the immediate problem of separating themselves from American history while also finding the words to represent the traumatic event (Flores, 2017, p. 144). While many writers struggled to articulate their experiences, others, like many victims of disastrous events, sought the representational freedom in intertextual narratives.

As discussed earlier, intertextual stories are an important tool in representing trauma because they, much like a flashback, force a return to the trauma “with the past infringing upon the present, often in violent form” (Flores, 2017, p. 148). Intertextual narratives also require the reader to be an active participant in the construction of meaning. This is present in books like *Slaughter-House Five* and other postmodern writing. These stories need the reader to complete the story rather than a protagonist completing their narrative quest to earn meaning. These novels

represent, “the very structure and form of traumatic events” (Flores, 2017, p. 159).

Time within intertextual writing infers a return to a familiar traumatic event which revitalized the link between Japan and the 2001 terrorist attack in America. Faced with this nuanced problem writers like Furukawa Hideo and Kawakami Hiromi created intertextual narratives that subverted both the mimicry of trauma and the typical problems surrounding temporal representation (Flores, 2017). University of Oxford professor Linda Flores wrote in *Matrices of Time and Space* that Furukawa and Kawakami’s intertextual narratives highlight “the transformation of our way of looking at the world before and after 3.11. Unlike other intertextual trauma fiction, in these two works trauma does not constitute an historical event to be revisited or reworked; instead, the trauma is *here and now*” (2017, p. 164).

Through this new lens time is no longer a link to the past because the very practice of reading and writing had been altered by the events of 3.11 (Flores, 2017, p. 145). No previous narrative or event can accurately represent the present and this shift in temporal representation suggests that trauma exists in its own time and no other. That each new trauma is a new lens to understand trauma. Much like *Beloved* and rememory this new representation of time allows for more diverse representations to flourish, but unlike Toni Morrison’s acclaimed novel, there is no link between the past and the present which is antithetical to the goals of modern-day publishers.

In July of 2013 the publishing houses of Penguin Group and Random House merged to become the largest publisher in the world. Penguin Random House is now home to nearly 250 independent publishing imprints while the other big five publishers, Hachett Book Group, Simon and Schuster, Macmillan, and HarperCollins, own hundreds of imprints ranging from children’s books to scientific and academic publishers (Almossawi, 2016). CEOs and other executives of the big five publishers state that consolidation will allow them to “invest on a much larger scale than separately in diverse content, author development and support, the publishing talent...”

(Staff, 2013, np.).

Consolidation, however, has not yet produced diverse content at a meaningful rate. Not only is the lack of diversity evident in the singular linking found in trauma narratives, but data collected by the University of Wisconsin-Madison and a baseline study conducted by Lee and Low book publishers found that in the past twenty years the number of diverse books never exceeded ten percent of all published literature<sup>3</sup> (Low, 2019). The ninety percent of narratives that are published every year are produced by white middle- and upper-class writers that are privileged not only by their social status but through a consolidated publishing industry that reproduces western narratives. And these narratives are loaded with western themes of colonialism that further marginalize diverse writers (Robertson, 2005). In the context of trauma narratives and the representation of time this means that the books we read, on average, are representing a specific class experience with trauma like the traditional western arcs of loss and redemption. They essentialize the experience of time in trauma narratives and by doing so imply “a limit on the variations and possibilities of change (Grosz, 1990).”

These narratives homogenize experience and create a ready-made mold that future stories must use to be published. And within these molds is the linking element that trauma narratives like *Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close*, *Slaughterhouse-Five*, and *Beloved* have created and re-created. This process of linking is what prevented Japanese writers like Furukawa Hideo and Kawakami Hiromi from accurately telling their stories without referencing American trauma narratives. While these writers found ways to subvert the linking and reproduction of singular images in western representations of temporal experience, they too wield the double-edged sword of trauma narratives. Because their stories and representations of time in trauma exclude

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<sup>3</sup> Data on books by and about people of color and from First/Native Nations published for children and teens compiled by the Cooperative Children’s Book Center, School of Education, University of Wisconsin-Madison.

an historical link to previous disasters, because these stories refused to be told in the past tense, their stories are not reproduced by any of the hundreds of publishing imprints owned by the five multinational corporations that dominate the publishing industry. These stories, even in a genre that prides itself on diverse representations, is too diverse to be easily reproduced.

It's tempting to look to the past to make sense of the present. Especially when influential western figures reproduce the famous quote, "those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it (Santayana, G., 1905)." In trauma narratives this quote is almost inversed because those who remember the past must repeat it in a new situation. This is what makes trauma narratives a subversive genre, but through the act of linking and the need of singular images that can be easily reproduced, this genre is losing its subversive edge. This problem is exacerbated by the consolidation of hundreds of literary publishers into a handful of multinational publishers who rely on easily reproducible images, themes, and ideas. The singular images of time in trauma narratives are one such theme that actually prevent future events from being understood in their own context. Essentially, our literature is losing the ability to engage in different understandings of human difference. The double-edged sword of trauma narratives is unsheathed and glinting, but will the pen prove mightier than the sword? Or is time in trauma narratives doomed to repeat the past because they can't operate without a link to the present?

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## **Touch Veil, Touch Riq: A Story in Seasons**

Author: Christi Kramer

In, *Living Poetically: A Teacher's Credo*, as part of the CATE Noteworthy Educations' Group Presentation, Carl Leggo cites philosopher Paul Woodruff, "you must find the seeds of reverence in each person and help them grow." "That is, and always has been," says Dr. Leggo,

“my starting place.” (p.3). Thank you for meeting us, your students, this way. What a place to begin!

If I am  
to sit and do nothing  
to leave a mark, enough  
the memory of moisture of the body pressed to stone  
evaporated and cold

If in the translation it says  
she described her home, an island,  
Claude Monet’s haystacks  
each season and the only color missing, blue

Island, jewel dropped from conqueror’s purse on the road

this footnote: the path where teacher and traveler met  
It was, they say, like an obstacle moved in front of, blocking the sun

In the island of her sun, pulses the telling  
Surrounds her: ocean, sky, story

This flutter of wing, inaudible, is what broke light,  
marked the full stop on the page

Imagine, there within the winter’s haystack, a small beetle  
impressed in the combustible grain,  
quiet and definite spec of blue.

“In a world of heartache, precipitated by violence, war, poverty and greed, I propose simply that we can transform the world by writing poetry” (Leggo, 2004, para. 8).

When your teacher asks about, sees and stands wide-open-hearted before *miracle*, it matters. (Leggo, A poetics of research, p. 147). For Love so loved the world, poured out and spilled into this matter. Here, our teacher. Hear, the word.

This, these are the truths our teacher taught: *wonder*, of course. And that we live, courageously, *with heart*. That we live in our Truth, and with a kind of poetic grace. Whatever our vocation — here in this joy and grief — that it matters where we source our hope; how we live and make of this place our home. That we know full-fleshed miracle ourselves, in

relationship with each other. And what is uttered: becoming, a poem. And the poem, (the miracle we are becoming) well it can heal the world.

She stayed in again all winter,  
 Otherwise, she might have cracked the door to toss a crust of pumpernickel to hungry,  
 she imagined, crow.  
 We go from point to point on the map; from beauty to beauty. Morning sunlight on skin;  
 the stillness in wonder and awe: what cannot be measured in distance or drawn.

Not even poetry can tell this.

There is something I understand now, just now begin to understand; what my teacher  
 taught me all along. In his posture; kind tilt of head, the way he held his body; the  
 openings his attending made. The Grace I felt and witnessed in his presence: this was it.

Under his supervision. my inquiry into spaces of transformation  
 possible, the meeting in poetic image, I missed it until now.  
 His “living poetically” [he did] this *is* it.

### **To venture forth**

Outside the frame,  
 White wisteria, full bloom, dangling breeze

This window has no latch.  
 Never opened

The scent and bird song  
 alive — so alive — colour and vibrate  
 the interior of this house

walls splashed in  
 exuberant light

### **Impatiens and bouquet of dewy rose**

How can you not hold your breath, when you talk of death; all of us  
 hurry to arrive.

Too fast to decide: the bird just ripped between us.

If yes a tunnel of light, why not now?

“Are you sassing me?” Grandma bellows at the cherry tree. “Get out of here  
 you damned crow.”

At the end of the world, crows.

If the gate swings open easily

If she dreams a knock on the door. Awakes and dreams a knock on the door.

Hung tinsel in the orchard in July; magic of morning sparkle.

Did that bird just tear us apart, or stitch what was torn? Something happened.

It's a small crow caught in the stove. Cherry hits the earth with a thud.  
She's standing there already; she wants to go home.

**If you've tried to unlearn how to write your name**

It was the *crowd of daffodils* that brought imagination's eyelid to *solitude*

Come then to the ruined place – the hovel, near loam, where my heart waits

unfired brick and the window where it always sits,  
*beckon*, another word for welcome, engraved by the moon

bring nothing brought down from the cupboards; nothing made to be given, gathered

if mushroom receives its energy from the moon  
this soup cupped in spoon is especially luminous

comfort in a light we can look into; let's swallow the moon

script of humility, record of distance from this table and sill to that  
which makes the emptiness of our night visible

no trace of the poet's busy preparation;  
the gardener, the cook, the forager, even, all gone

path lit – among globed bulb and gilled – O Generous Host, O One

**Beach stones, trembling aspen**

What God is Beauty that exists only in potential? — Michael Wright

Live in the house of nowhere, not where your address is now. — Rumi

Silence falls like March snow — Carl Leggo, Beachstones

What effort that butterfly makes to paint herself, so cunning

trick of survival, migratory bug

\*

This upside or down, no matter.  
Is that rain knocking on the window? Is it you, my love?

Much went before the saying and much after:

“live in the house of nowhere, not where your address is now.”

Simply,

I’ve spent all in such manner: cut paths through,  
dug frozen ground; swept, rearranged my rug over and over again.

There was, I thought, a kind of preparation,  
a way to get to

Where there is neither hook nor curtain to hang,  
You, my Heart, my home.

\*

Attention:

At the estuary, my son holds a drop of water on his finger tip, stares into this world  
he stole the water from a branch where other droplets hang and where the chickadee still  
sits in the world of his own song, throat’s vibration smooth so that nothing is shaken,  
child gentle in his gaze, so each is undisturbed and lost, both held suspended by the moss  
beneath — this the constant thrumming in its vibrant, hearth of green.

*Hum of*

\*

*Huu*

There is an exile born in my child.

It’s there in what he mumbles in sleep,  
I want to be born. I miss —. He calls Your name.

Zhikr (remembrance) in the crib.

Nursing, he pulls back barely; lips touch yet my skin,  
says, I want to go home. Where is that, my love? This is the house where you were born.

Your secrets alone to tell.

Whisper fog mirror  
too close, too close I bend my nose into this glass.

Sometimes our pupils blur.

If I let go into your eyes, I’ll fall into heaven and never return.

\*

Take the root bound plant to the garden

\*

There is an image in the Masnavi  
of a flower that grows in the dung that heats the water of the bathhouse

this is my favorite thing: Light

\*

Pot shards  
and all those stones we hauled in pockets, strewn

\*

Our teacher comes home with us to play. She knows she must remind me, for all our sakes, of the part of the truth: of the beautiful. Thin but with a full head of hair — new and curly just like yours — she speaks of the chemo. What a way to tell of the thing that kills the cells, this alchemy. How the red, the bacterium used, this strain, is that which gives the soil its smell of earth.

We all hold our hands up cupping the imagined scent, wanting this more than anything.

to inhale  
the smell of earth.

we are made dizzy by that to which we long to return

In the garden we dig and you cup in your shovel a small twisting worm,  
Mommy, who is this? you say.

And we stare the rest of the afternoon at what has been unearthed.  
At what is held dangling

\*

a drop of water suspended from branch, frail  
and in this, the reflection of all the eye looking outward might see

there is an ocean here;  
we know it by the shore

I cling,  
prefer to be a cocoon with wings

it is much too much, what would be required: the tearing

this house, the cloak I drew around myself,  
Suspended torn cocoon, blows away as ash

Wings emerge in morning

**Provisions for the journey**

Grief says this, in the brief slide from stupor,

where otherwise the only language is the body's slip, gripped in gravity,  
the pull to earth, weight that holds the arms down, does not allow anything to rise

Did I salt the soup?  
crystals speckle the stove  
salt cellar ajar and nearby  
Once, twice? The broth boils to dry

and there is no hunger, no push to taste

weight for weight in gold,  
salt, caked into coins,  
payment for the digger  
or the one who ferries

Coins to hold the gaze that would be heavenward

our eyes and their salt

left here  
traded

obol. Where will we spend what is of the earth on the other side?

### **Ash Wednesday**

Astrolabe to measure your heavenly, your celestial, positioned along an infinite branch,  
curve a line approaches zero, asymptote, circle passing through the center of the arc of  
horizon.

When thoroughly burned, residue; solid; fine particles of mineral matter; what is left over  
and dry. Skin is ash. Cupped in the hand and lifted by wind; something that scatters  
grief.

Where are you? Azimuthal equidistant projection any point too distant. Navigate your  
way.

This globe, my sister answers the equator is the sticker that holds the halves together.

Before she got on the bus, her husband blessed her with the cross, slid an egg into her  
coat.

Return, the thumb inscribed. Come back to me soft brow. Return, return.

Where fire was once; consumed.

**Because of the way water absorbs light; whale song<sup>4</sup>**

Shall we have a funeral for the song that's lost  
How will we bury melody  
All these jonquil bulbs crowded in soil, pushing

When we part this earth, moist, cold, rich  
limp lyric down, will you lie quiet  
shall we expect you to work your way up root and stem  
as you know from the throat  
hum your blossom

There is ceremony for language lost  
a counting of the body of utterance  
a noted silent spring

Nothing, nothing sadder than this; nothing more terrifying  
Why the corpse of a bird, neck broken, should be burned  
You know how smoke rises  
To witness that hopeful tune, interred, too much

But what comes from the ground then  
Passes through the drummer's toes and spine and ribs  
Could never be anything other than grief (differently sung: courage)

Sweet, my sweet  
Over your grave, I've nothing to give  
Sans hymn, sans psalm, sans chirp, sans outro  
Let me place my own body next to you again

*The mortal dances with the immortal, heaven and earth in a kingdom of joy*  
— Dr. Carl Leggo

This is what I wanted to whisper to you, somehow,  
that I understood that you really are [that which we cannot name] in flesh.

I heard a young priest (a dervish) speak. His lecture on Christ and the axial age,  
*Great Leap of Being*,  
about how that “hidden treasure who longs to be known,” is

this pouring into, manifest, the embodied —  
I saw your face while he spoke,  
understood so many times when I was in the presence of Grace.

Tables tossed upside down; those protests, the miracles we perform every day — “the  
quotidian”

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<sup>4</sup> Written in Dr. Leggo's Narrative Inquiry class, Fall, 2009

it takes this body's strength, these hands to perform

Takes courage, as you taught us: Heart

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## Storying My Brother

Author: Bruce Hill<sup>5</sup>

*With my poems, I hope to invite others to engage in sharing their stories with me. But who is willing to read and hear my stories and who is willing to write and tell their stories.*

- Carl Leggo, 1995; 2019

Carl wrote lovingly about growing up with his younger brother, Rick, on Lynch's Lane in Cornerbrook, Newfoundland and, just last year, wrote movingly about the sudden loss of his brother to cancer in August 2017. Carl reminds me that I grew up with an older and a younger brother, Ron and John, on 59<sup>th</sup> Avenue in Vancouver, British Columbia and that I lost John to cancer in November 2008. I have read Carl's poems and his essay about his younger brother, Rick, and I am willing to write and tell my story about my younger brother, John. I accept Carl's invitation to engage in sharing this story with him. Though absent, he remains present in his words. Our brothers were mysteries to us as we were to them. We are all mysteries. Life is a mystery.

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<sup>5</sup> I am Bruce Hill, retired teacher, alumnus UBC (BA, TT) and UVic (Med). In my retirement I have maintained my interest in Curriculum Theory. I have written this essay in response to Carl Leggo's invitation to seek truth through collective story-making with others. Carl wrote of his younger brother and in this essay I write of mine.

**59<sup>th</sup> Avenue, Vancouver, BC**

My brothers and I grew up on 59<sup>th</sup> avenue on the southern slope of Vancouver overlooking the sprawling Fraser River Delta. By day planes flew by in the southern sky on their way to and from the airport and by night the city slept save for the sounds of the saws, dryers and belts of the lumber and plywood mills nestled along the river and the steel wheels and couplings of the occasional train picking up or dropping off cars along the spur line servicing the mills and other light industrial sites. We lived in a bungalow on a corner lot with a front and side boulevard across the street from a school, a park, and, below the park, out of sight, a cow and horse pasture bounded by a barbed wire fence. The pasture was a place where during a game a hard hit baseball would roll over the hill and get lost in the long grass, rocks, and cow patties, holding up the game for anxious minutes until it was found.

In the vicinity of 59<sup>th</sup> avenue, we had many possible places to play. There were crisscrossing streets and lanes, bushes lot size or bigger, trees, fields, a creek through a ravine, a tunnel under the street, the school blacktops—all these places and more were a giant playground for us on or through which we were free to roam, ride, run, climb, play games, race, hide, yell and shout and sometimes argue after school, on weekends, or, in the long, warm, days of summer, all day long from sun-up to sundown interrupted only for a quick lunch or supper.

“We had an ideal childhood,” John said. On that score, both my brothers and I are in agreement. We got our start in life on 59<sup>th</sup> avenue. John, in particular, was at home here, in his element, freer than most to roam, happy to be free of the constraints he would find so vexing, so difficult to negotiate.

Unlike Carl, up to this point in my life, I have written very little about my younger brother. I do recall writing about him twice in a school context, once for Mr. Russell in a Grade 7 English class, and once for Ted Aoki in a Curriculum Development seminar at UVic. It is with a reprise

of these school assignments that I begin at long last to re-write a story of my younger brother's life and bring his soul into the light.

### **The Never Again Story**

In a Grade 7 English lesson Mr. Russell asked the class to write a composition from personal experience on one of several prompts such as "My Pet Peeve" or "Never Again". A friend showed me a fishing story he wrote on the topic "Never Again" which reminded me of our campout at Uncle Wally and Auntie Lil's place on the shores of Okanagan Lake. On this trip John managed yet again to take center stage. We arrived at the lake near dusk on a stormy night and with the car headlights on rushed to set up camp in a clearing behind the cabin. Everybody was supposed to pitch in. But not everybody did.

"Where's Johnny?" Mom asked.

We looked around and called to him. No answer. He had wandered off somewhere. The storm had turned nasty with a gusting wind and driving rain. Auntie Lil got a flashlight from the car and led us down to the beach.

"He's gone out in the boat," she said. "If he gets around the point, we'll lose him."

The wind was pushing the waves toward the point and beyond into the darkness. I trembled, fearing the worst. Mom was calm but, I could tell, worried, very worried. We fanned out and walked along the beach toward the point, calling his name. Halfway there, we spotted John on the shore, struggling to beach the boat and save the oars. The boat was swamped, half under water. Dad and Uncle Wally dragged the boat ashore and turned it over. Mom gave John a hug, put her arm around him, and walked back to the cabin. She did not scold him. All that mattered to her was that he was alive and safe.

One day during the week, I tried my hand fishing off a footbridge over a channel leading to a small boat marina. I used a hand-line but caught nothing. I didn't even catch a glimpse of a fish. It was as eventful as fishing in a bath tub.

Later on, sitting in the shade of a cottonwood, I saw John walk into camp, hand-line in hand, and, hanging from it, a small lake trout. He used a worm, he said, and caught a fish in no time. Mom started up the Coleman and cooked it up for him in a frying pan.

"Want some?" she asked me.

"Nah," I said.

John ate the whole fish. He thought he could catch a bigger fish from the boat so off he went down to the lake. Now that would be some trick to row a leaky boat, ship the oars, man the handline, land a fish with one hand and keep the boat afloat with the bailing tin in the other. He rowed way out in the lake and returned dead tired without a fish.

Back at school in the fall, I wrote a story for Mr. Russell on the topic "Never Again" using a first-person voice to piece together a story out of John's experiences at the lake. In the story, I played the hero or goat. I caught the fish, a bigger fish than John caught, of course, the boat filled with water, I bailed away frantically, but the boat sank, the fish was lost, I made it ashore and, shivering in my wet clothes, muttered "Never again". My friend thought I had copied his story but I had only copied the idea of a fish story. The elements of my story were true, well, partially true insofar as they were well founded in John's actual experience, but the story as I reconstructed it was pure fiction. I never shared this story with my brother. It was his story really and, I, er, borrowed it and should have told him, I guess, but didn't. To tell the truth, the plot summary as given above may not even be a fair summary of the actual text of the story I turned into Mr. Russell. But it was something like the actual text, I'm sure, at worst a crude facsimile. This twofold stretching of the truth I pull off is what my high school English teacher, Mr. Dew, liked to call

‘poetic licence’’. It is probably the only story I ever wrote at school that was based on my experience of the ordinary things happening in my life unless I count the obligatory first day of school assignment to say what we did on our summer holiday.

### **Special Teacher**

I also recall writing about my brother in the second summer of my Med Program at UVic. Ted Aoki began one of our first seminars by reading to us his wife June’s story about her experience of a special teacher in her life, her Grade 7 teacher, Mr. McNab. Quickly moving on, he asked us to consider our own experience of a special teacher in our life, take a few minutes to write a brief account of that experience, and, if we wished, share that account with the seminar. I selected Mr. Marshall, my high school PE teacher and basketball teacher, as the special teacher in my life. My account of my experience with Mr. Marshall went something like this:

In the winter of 1960, I was in Grade 10, my older brother in Grade 12, and my younger brother, John, in Grade 7. As Ron and I had done when we were in Grade 7, John signed up for the Grade 7-9 Boys Tuesday Night Basketball Program. Since I had made the Junior Boys team, I was invited to coach one of the four Grade 7 team. For the first two nights, the coaches taught the basic skills of lay-ups, passing, and dribbling and tried to rate the skill level and potential of the players. On the third night, the coaches drew lots to select the order they would follow to select players for their respective teams. When it was my turn to select, I could have picked John but did not. Based on size and potential, I should have picked my brother, but I was afraid that he would goof around and be generally undisciplined. The other coaches were left to wonder why I didn’t pick my brother. The next week before we were to practice with our new team Mr. Marshall approached me. He was carrying the team lists on a clipboard.

“Older brothers usually pick their younger brothers to be on their team,” he said, “but you didn’t. The other coaches left him for you. It’s not too late to change your mind. The other coaches are ok to swap players. What do you say?”

“Keep the teams the same,” I said.

“Let me know if you change your mind and we’ll make the switch.”

I didn’t change my mind. I don’t know how John felt about my decision. I don’t know what the other players said to him about my decision.

Mr. Marshall made me think twice about my decision. He could have made the decision for me but left it up to me, made me own it.

There were repercussions. Despite being the home run leader of his little league team as an 11 year old, he quit the team in April. Despite showing promise in basketball, he did not sign up for Grade 8 Tuesday Night basketball. At the beginning of Grade 8, though, he signed up for the Southern Slope 5<sup>th</sup> Division soccer team and played Center Half. I coached a lot of kids in Tuesday Night Basketball but never had a chance again to coach John.

Mr. Marshall wanted John Oliver High School to be a school where older brothers and sisters looked after their younger brothers and sisters. He noticed what was going on in our lives and discreetly, tactfully intervened, knowing that kids had to be given enough rope to make and own key decisions in life. I remember the day he brought his 4 year old daughter Kathy and 2 year old son Ross to a Senior Boys basketball practice over the Christmas holidays. I played with them for a while. Mr. Marshall came over and said “Bruce has to go to practice now.” To Kathy he said, “Take care of your little brother”. What he wanted for his own kids, he wanted for all kids. Take care of your little brother or take care of your little sister. He knew just what to say to kids and when. He had tact.

For being there for me in school and after school, for helping me grow as a human being, I regard Mr. Marshall as a special teacher in my life.

Probably, the version of this account I shared in seminar at UVic was shorter than the above but in spirit the same. It is worth noting that I recall in detail this account but recall nothing that others shared in their accounts. I remember paying rapt attention to others and others paying rapt attention to me. I remember Ted paying rapt attention to every speaker. I remember writing in my journal that today in class was magical and led me to wonder how I would go about capturing lightning in a bottle and re-creating the magic in my own classroom. Had I been followed Ted's instructions on right and left page journaling, I would have noted what stood out for me in the class and by paying closer attention to my fellow students understood better what it means to dwell in the in-between. This is the site of living pedagogy, the site of original difficulty. By taking short cuts, I missed out more than I can imagine. I did pick up in a general way from the accounts of others that special teachers stand out as pedagogues in diverse stories arising in diverse contexts across boundaries of language, culture, place, situation, age, class, gender etc. This insight is only a starting point for the study of site in between

### **My friend Forbes**

When I was in Grade 12 and John in Grade 9, I saw very little of him at school and too much of him at home. One day at school Forbes had a private word with me. Forbes was a good guy, one of the soccer boys at the school and a friend of a friend. I knew him pretty well but he hung out mainly with the soccer crowd.

“We see your brother in the pool hall all the time,” he said, “He plays hooky. We call him ‘Joan’. Why don’t you give him a kick in the ass?”

In the moment, I did not know what to say. I knew Forbes in his own way was trying to help John by telling me that he needed to be in school and that it was up to me as his older

brother to set him right. But at the same time he insulted John and our family by calling him ‘Joan’ and only called him ‘Joan’ because he had long hair like a girl’s hair, marking him in the jock community, the self-proclaimed gatekeepers of masculinity, as a fairy, a homo. I didn’t know he had been playing hooky but I did know he was hanging out with a tough crowd. How was I to feel—embarrassed at my brother’s behavior, angry at Forbes and his buddies for disrespecting John, or grateful to Forbes for showing my brother tough love? Even with this question, I tip my hand at who I was and where I stood on the question of who belongs and who does not.

I must have mumbled something in reply to Forbes, something to end an awkward exchange with an old teammate and friend. A stunned silence—that was my answer. Frankly, in the aftermath of this exchange, I wasn’t close enough to John or big enough to give him that kick in the ass. I did nothing for John and said nothing to him. Instead, I doubled down on working as hard and smart as I could to enhance my athletic identity/prowess in both basketball and baseball, if not life itself. John quit school the next year at the beginning of Grade 10. In June of 1964 the Beatles landed at Vancouver airport and wowed everyone with their long hair. Long hair was in. I let my hair grow out. I’ll bet Forbes did, too. Forbes and I were followers. John was not. No one said sorry to John. Instead, it stuck with me that John was making poor choices and needed sorting out, needed fixing. While he travelled the world, I followed my brother out to UBC with no real ambition other than to continue playing basketball and baseball. In retrospect, it’s an open question as to who in the family needed sorting out, the conformists or the rebel, the rule follower or the rule breaker?

### **Storm and Stress**

I don’t want to say much about the troubles at home during the 60’s except to say they were life altering and painful. In the years after he quit school at age 15, John signed on with a

shipping company and, working his ass off as a deck hand on freighters, travelled first to England and then to Japan. To help him out on his travels, Mom gave him money, and on the trip to England gave him the contact information for relatives willing to put him up and show him around. On the trip to Japan, he met a Japanese girl, fell in love with her and for a time was welcomed as a guest in the family home. After a time, he told me, he was asked to leave by her father. I didn't ask why.

When he came back from his trips abroad, John had a drug habit and his life spun even more out of control than it had been. I was convinced more than ever that John had made in his life a series of poor choices concerning his life style, his attitude to work, and his use of alcohol and drugs. Mom and Dad couldn't handle the stress and our once idyllic family life came flying apart.

By the early 70's Ron was established in Calgary, I was established in Vancouver and Mom and Dad did what they could to help John establish himself in Vancouver. Through the 70's, 80's, 90's and 00's, the family lurched from crisis to crisis, yet lived on, and, as Mom said, did the best we can with what we've got. In retirement, Mom became the master gardener and Dad the 'go-fer' as in go-fer this and go-fer that, working hand in hand to create a wonderful garden in the front and back yards of our home on 59<sup>th</sup> avenue. I came in from Maple Ridge on the weekends and drove Dad to the Garden Centers for supplies and to Safeway, Save-on or Superstore for groceries. On most Sundays I dropped off a 'care package' for John at his Wall street apartment. For as long as they could Mom and Dad kept the home fires burning and rolled out the welcome mat for their three sons, Ron and Sue, and their children, Michael and Lindsay. Whenever I went over for a visit, I found time to sit down and let the happy memories wash over me and feel once again the peace and security I felt as a child growing up on 59<sup>th</sup> avenue.

John died of cancer in November 2008 at May's Place, a palliative care place on Powell Street in downtown Vancouver. On November 8, I brought him a birthday cake and we each had a piece of cake.

"At least I made it to 60," he said.

A few days later I dropped by for another visit.

"You're the last person I expected to see," he said. I held back a tear.

On the day before he died, I'm told, he walked from May's Place on Powell near Main Street all the way to the Kettle Friendship Society on Venables Street near Commercial Drive. He went upstairs to the office and thanked everyone for being there for him. They could see he was struggling to breathe and offered him a ride back to May's. He said no he wanted to walk. He did that well, walking every day the streets of Vancouver, mile after mile, day after day. The Kettle was a second home for him, the only home after Mom died and I sold the house on 59<sup>th</sup>. That's why he went to the Kettle there on his last full day alive. They loved him there and in gratitude he loved them back. Every time he screwed up, they were quick to accept his apology, quick to forgive, quick to move on with life.

For the last year or so of his life, the only drugs he took were the drugs prescribed for his schizophrenia, the early signs of which were evident in his childhood. It was this ailment that he tried to fix himself with a little help from his friends.

"I always knew I was different," he told me once. I wish I could have been a better listener. He was one in a million.

### **Eulogy**

If John could speak of the things that most made him happy in life, I'm sure he would speak of the good times he had with his pets, Cinder, the black spaniel, Tricksey, the black with orange and white markings terrier, Sparky, the rambunctious sheep dog, Louie, his pet rabbit, and several

cats whose names I never knew. I'm sure he would speak of his love of music, the songs of Bob Dylan, the Beach Boys, the Rolling Stones, the upright piano he played with the flair of Elton John, the harmonica he learned to play on the voyages of his youth, the guitar he would strum until the strings broke on his last guitar, the drums he would play with a feel for rhythm. I'm sure he would speak of the irreverent humour of comedians like Lenny Bruce, the wild art of MAD magazine. I'm sure he would speak of the home runs he smashed in Little League, the masterful way he received the ball playing centre half for his soccer team and re-distribute the ball to an open winger or loft a long ball the centre forward streaking behind the opposition defenders.

If I were to speak of the things that made him most happy in life, I would say the water, the water, above all, the water. On Saturdays in the summer we rode our bikes to Sunset Pool for the Vancouver Sun Free Swim Lessons followed by a free swim in the pool. To swim at the deep end of the pool or use the diving boards, you had to show the lifeguard you could swim the width of the pool. A mouthful of water was enough to stop me. One Saturday, from the shallow end of the pool, I heard this kid yell "Geronimo!" and looked up to see him run off the high board, arms and legs flailing, and cannon ball into the water. It was John. He was into it. Over and over again, he repeated his daring do. It was embarrassing. Mom said with a smile and a twinkle in her eye that Ron and I should practice more and not be outdone by our little brother. Always, always, when we went swimming at a pool, lake or ocean, he was the first in and last out of the water.

On the diving board at Sunset Pool, he was free to be himself. He ran down the board, jumped high and flew through the air. In my mind, he is flying still, part of the flock, no longer relegated to the margins of life with others, at home in the hearts of the family he left behind.

### **In Retrospect**

Carl, you wrote lovingly of your younger brother and now, in response, I have written lovingly of mine. You have persuaded me that we will only know truth if we "enter into a

dialogical relationship of story-making with others”. I am keen to do just that and hope I have the energy and will to follow through on this commitment.

But you also observed that you were afraid that:

[We] aren’t engaged in a collective search for the truth. Instead we are engaging in a grand effort of cover-up, of illusion-making and illusion-sustaining. We are afraid of revelation and so we fail to revel together in word making.

You observed all this way back in 1995. Was I dreaming or did I hear an echo of these ideas in the presentation you made via video recording at your own celebration of life. Did you say that it was your experience that most of your students would try the narrative approach to inquiry for a while and then move on to other interests? Did you also say that you were beginning to think that your range of interests was too narrow?

I noted that there were far more women than men both in attendance at the celebration and on the speaker’s list. Based on what I heard from the speakers, poets, singers, instrumentalists and saw in the dancers, I would say that most people in the room had made a decisive and unequivocal turn toward and embrace of critical and creative narrative inquiry. Not everyone there wrote poetry but all I listened to or watched embodied the poetic sensibility you have striven to create in yourself and in others.

Why is it that, as I think you said, so few of your students fail to stay with the interest in cultivating a poetic sensibility and steeling their resolve (and warming their heart) to follow though on the demands of narrative inquiry? Why is it that so few men are able to match the women in this adopting and staying with this worthwhile interest?

As to the second question, I think fear and distraction have something to do with the reluctance of men to take on this interest. It takes courage to embrace vulnerability and a poetic

sensibility to cure distractibility. But that is not all there is behind this reluctance. Just all for now. I will learn more about myself and about others as I continue with my project, with my willingness to join into a “dialogical relationship of story-making with others. Thank you, Carl, for the inspiration and the invitation.

### **References**

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