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Being There and Becoming-Unfaithful^{1 2}

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Abstract

Invoking the work of Gilles Deleuze, Félix Guattari, and Liselott Mariett Olsson, the author of this short essay puts forth the concept of *becoming-unfaithful* as a way to rethink the relational and ethical complexities of being there with children through research. Re-encountering his own participatory movements while engaged in the drawing performances of a young boy, the author explores the unfaithful occasions in and through which his being *near* there is revealed and his being there, incessantly constructed.

¹ The concept of becoming-unfaithful was initially developed in my (2012) doctoral dissertation *Being there and becoming-unfaithful with children through art: Deleuzoguattarian embodiment, subjectivity and the production of difference*.

² A previous version of this paper appears in a co-authored chapter of the (forthcoming) *Handbook of research methods in early childhood education*.

Being there and Becoming-Unfaithful

[Becoming] is to extract particles between which one establishes the relations of movement and rest, speed and slowness that are closest to what one is becoming, and through which one becomes. This is the sense in which becoming is the process of desire

(Deleuze & Guattari, 1980/2007, p. 272)

We give birth to unfaithful children. They are not ours, not even from the beginning

(Olsson, 2009, p. 146)

Being There

In her (2006) essay *Being there: Developing understanding through participant observation*, Corrine Glesne introduces the idea of being there in relation to the qualitative processes of participant observation. For Glesne being there has to do with the manner in which the researcher is able to experience, explore, and to some degree achieve “the status of trusted person” (p. 49). But what does it mean to be trusted? Or rather, what does it mean to achieve the “status” of trusted person? More importantly, how does one achieve such a status, if this is in fact something that one achieves at all? I find these questions to be both troubling yet necessary to confront, for trust—as status or otherwise—is not only an integral part of researching the experiences of children, it is an essential and open network that conditions and reconditions the connective engagements that we both pursue and perform through our research *with* children.

It has been my experience as a researcher that trust exists and operates as an indeterminate ethic, an ethic that is, as Levi R. Bryant (2011) notes, a moment of “uncertain” (p. 26) possibility, which is to say that it *is*, as a moment, provisional and incomplete, unstable and multiple. This ethical-processual temporality invites both children and adults to participate differently: to contribute, to consider and contest, and to intervene in the snarled relations that are created both for and by one’s participatory other(s). In other words, it is through the momentary occasions of ethicality—those junctures of uncertainty—that children and adults are not only invited to participate, but also *dared* to create difference through this participation. However, not every child or adult *dares* to enter into, to move, to live, or to think in moments of uncertainty with the inventive conviction that the moment itself spurs. This is not to say that the child or adult is not partaking in a creative act. On the contrary, it might be that the most radical act of creation is the act in which the child or the adult constructs a line of escape. The intensity by which these moments are enacted—be it through coercive and/or convivial methods—produces occasions for children and adults to “opt out as well as into the research process” (Edmond, 2005, p. 136). In other words, it is through the

intensity of a particular moment (i.e., the relations of a moment, the specificity of its given qualities and correspondences), and the purpose with which this *way of being there* is composed, and thus compelled into action that both children and adults are permitted greater participatory latitude.

One does not merely participate in order to acquire the status of trusted person, but rather one participates and increases this participation through the “joyful encounters” (O’Sullivan, 2006, p. 41) of research. As such, the researcher and the processes of research “must be ready (flexible enough, desiring enough) to reshape their/its practices in response to whatever the latest directive is” (Davies, 2009, p. 4). These directives “express our state at a given moment in time... they are a slice of our duration” (Deleuze, 1997, p. 139), a sliver of our becoming-inquisitive. Further, these directives give rise to a passage, a becoming-affective through which we participate, creatively circumnavigating the complex relations of research: its processes and practices; its qualities, powers, and dramas; its maxims and shadows; its invitations and incitements, and the crescendos and lulls of its many adventures.

However, there are moments when the researcher, for whatever reason, remains steadfast in his or her hesitancy to embrace or enact such flexibility, unwilling to desire joyfully (openly, actively, productively), or perhaps desiring too much in a specific direction or in a particular way (anticipatively, predictably, assumedly). It is in these moments that the researcher exercises a mode of flexibility that moves and desires like a trickster: *saying one thing yet always doing another*. Trickster-desire, as enacted by the researcher, says, “Look at how thoughtful and attentive I am!” “Look at how assured and objective I am being.” Yet, at the very same time trickster-desire searches for confirmation, strategically scouring the participatory terrains for those trace elements that will, of course, remind it of itself. In moments such as these the researcher *is* in fact ready (*flexible enough, desiring enough*), however this readiness actualizes only to reshape and redirect the directive itself, providing it with the *appeal* that it needs to be doubled (duplicated, reinforced, or simply to appear as it is being desired, again). But even the most inflexible and unyielding expressions of desire undergo a process of becoming, a process of the joy-increasing type, a process that undergirds this assumed doubleness with an enduring and tacit flux of alterity.

Research is caught in this flux, fixed in the joyful strains of its *actual* and *as if-ness*, yet all at once becoming something other than it once was. Here and somewhere over there, research is invested and investing in the productive tensions of an always-afflicted journey with others, objects and events. It is through the disarticulating tug and pull of this becoming-other that one’s participatory engagements are put on display, performed, dismantled, reconfigured, and practiced anew. Here, the researcher and the child enter and re-enter into an enduring state of affectivity, an emergent and negotiated space-time through which the researcher and the child

“passage from one state of affection to another” (Deleuze, 1988, p. 49) making sense of, consuming, testing, and producing differently the ethical and political parameters, pitfalls, and provocations that have and continue to condition their respective modes of involvement, and the intellectual matters that they produce together.

For Deleuze and Guattari, whose ethical constructions proliferate in relation to the affective networks of Baruch Spinoza, to joyfully encounter through research is to embody and exercise an ethic of immanence. An ethic of immanence does not simply appeal to transcendence, or to universals (Smith, 2011, p. 123), nor does it utilize practice (artistic, pedagogical, inquisitive, or otherwise) to merely discredit or affirm thought, it utilizes these practices to intensify thought (Foucault, 1977/2009, p. xiv), or rather to intensify the movement-feeling of thought. It is through the indeterminate yet immanent ethics/affects of research that children and adults increase their capacity to act, to think, and desire in the world. To participate joyfully then is to be involved in such a way that one’s modes of being there are practices through which the world is continuously yet joyfully organized, appropriated, constructed, and set into an unsettled motion.

Being there is not—simply put—a matter of obtaining or reaching toward a particular outcome, a technocratic methodological means (procedure) to a systematic and highly coordinated end (product). My sense is that one does not simply engage in the process of being there for the sake of finding, nor does one merely listen in order to hear. Rather, it is through being there that one is always looking and listening as a way of getting lost. Lost, because being there through research is in part a practice of straying afield; to take pleasure in one’s digressions, to leave one’s fixities through the curiosities of an astute inattention, and to harbor a love for what is unexpected and yes, unnerving. Being there with children through research is exactly that, a process of being there *with* children, a process of relations—a process of joyful yet unsettling reciprocity that is undeniably temporal and forever incomplete. Early childhood art educator and researcher, Christine Marmé Thompson (2009) understands this well—writing her way into and through the inquisitive ebbs and flows of being there:

Just as looking and listening are things that research requires and children demand, it is necessary to take the time to linger, to live within the situation, in order to see those things that begin to occur or perhaps are noticed only when given enough time to become evident. (p. 27)

What Thompson confronts here is in part the degree to which participatory observation, in its more normalized manifestations, tends to rely upon, enact, and reinforce a *researcher-participant* relationship that excuses the researcher from becoming invested in any *real* way.

It does this first and foremost through its name, signaling the separation of the researcher from the process of participation itself, and enacting within and through this hierarchical separation an assumptive fantasy of agreeableness and compliance on behalf of the child. I use the word *real* when discussing the investment of the researcher because what the researcher embodies through this particular participatory formulation is a way of being there that in actuality only requires them to be *near* there, to inquire from a distance, even when the proximities that are shared are mutual and cramped.

For me, to be invested in ways that are *real* requires that I continually labor to *live within* the event of young children's experiences, to *linger* in the particularities of a given moment, and to occupy the immediate yet incipient relations of its social, cultural, aesthetic, and political vitality. But living within does not occur effortlessly, nor does it generate with ease; it is an ongoing struggle—a negotiation of negotiations that must continually be reconciled in relation to one's participatory obstinacies. The question is whether or not we are aware of our own timidity when involved in such struggles, and to what degree can we work to dismantle that which we *think* and *believe* we are doing? Can we actively idle within these moments of mutuality—these shared passages—sifting through and disarticulating the provocations that we create and those that are created for us? Can we linger more *affectively*? Furthermore, *how* do we linger (or not) in these distinctive yet non-particular materializations, and for how long?

It is when we as researchers live and linger within the event of children's experiences that our inquiry can then unsettle the many closures and consistencies that it is and has become accustomed to producing, those that it relies upon to move, and that it too often longs to create. It is also in our lingering that our inquiry questions itself, breaking down and then breaking through the wrinkles of its anticipations. As such, inquiry no longer proceeds—at least exclusively—through the affirmative relations of here, there, this or that, but is instead held captive within a process that is always “coming and going” (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 25), opening, unfolding, and differentiating (i.e., intensifying)—even when it appears to be sputtering in place. Here, children's experiences collide with the event of research, offsetting our participatory rhythms, disassembling our assumptions, and falling away in to new territories of invention and investigation (or so we hope). These nuances demand of us—as participants—to enter, explore, and experiment with research differently, to stumble awkwardly through our beliefs and the *indecisions* that we make about what matters. After all, research is always a:

process of making choices, including the often difficult choice of what to document among the many events occurring at every moment in a lively classroom. These choices reveal our values, what we deem important to notice about children, even when (and perhaps especially when) we fail to notice the selective nature of our

attention. If we are attentive enough, these choices may also reveal the insistences of children themselves, the things that they call to our attention over and over, the things that they do not want us to miss, the things that are punctuated. (Thompson, 2009, p. 33)

Recently I have been lingering in my own choice-making processes; confronting my own beliefs, decisions and desires, and the degree to which I have failed to notice the selective nature of my own attentions. I continue to wonder if I can ever really be curious enough to get out of my own way? In other words, I continue to contemplate whether or not I can be curious in such a way that I not only aspire to affirm the merit of my own suspicions, but that I am able to redirect the inquisitive madness of my own desire, turning it—with a revolutionary force—back on itself? Can my own confirmatory yearnings be derailed, or at least exercised in such a way that what *is* confirmed is curiosity itself? My lingering and living within these matters has led me to think about research not simply as a process of being there, but rather being there as a process of becoming-unfaithful. It is with this in mind that I invite you to linger with me, to joyfully yet unfaithfully encounter a moment that has already passed, but that is once again open to passage and thus, inquisitive and creative transformation.

Being *near* There

My interest in Carter's drawing practice was initially centered on his profound use of verbalization as a socio-visual-cultural material, and the dynamism with which he used this material to negotiate and rearrange the complex worlds that he moved through and those that he aspired to create. I had been working closely with Carter for the better part of the fall semester, talking about his art making processes, discussing at length the characters and events that he made, and laboring to be mindful of the intensive theories that connected these elements to the imaginative settings that he had already developed and those which he continued to fashion. Usually our conversations occurred in the preschool classroom at Penn State's Saturday Art School, but there were often instances when our work together demanded additional frequencies and spaces of collaboration and inquiry, an affordance that Saturday School could provide only on a limited basis. I tell you this only to bring you into a relation of familiarity with the work that occurred between us, and to better situate you within the contextual realms that our collaborative ventures (typically) emerged from. Further, I tell you this in order to tell you something else, a short story—a story about *being near there*.

Driving along on a cold and dreary December afternoon, my eyes squinted through the intermittent swipes of the windshield wiper, its machinic armatures sweeping the icy rain out of view. A few weeks prior Carter and I had agreed that we would get together to work through series of drawings, a project that had occupied much of our time in the months before, and that still required our attentions today. I must admit however that when I pulled into the

driveway of Carter's house on this particular evening, I had a very specific idea of what I wanted to accomplish. I was hoping to draw *with* Carter, or rather to create what Brent and Marjorie Wilson (2009) call a "graphic dialogue", a practice of drawing that enacts and is enacted through the conversational yet contentious logic, "You draw, then I draw (p. 149).

My motivation for doing so was in actuality an attempt to elicit what I understood and hoped to be an ongoing graphic narrative—a mutual telling of a story through the practices and performativity of drawing. In preparation for this endeavor I had selected materials that I thought would be helpful in achieving this goal. I had in tow a large scroll of drawing paper, as well as a variety of drawing implements that Carter had expressed an interest in, but also other materials that he had used in his previous excursions—graphic and otherwise. As my pace quickened in pursuit of the porch of the large brick house, Carter appeared hazily through the frost of the front door. After swinging the door open and removing my shoes we quickly made our way through the foyer, crossing through the family room and eventually settling into the kitchen, a space—that for one reason or another—had come to function as our drawing laboratory. Amidst the rhythms of our collaborative stride, Carter queried, "What is that big roll of paper for?" "Oh this, it is for a *big story*." Releasing the contents of our travels on the surface of the kitchen table, we then began to position our materials in ways that were both accessible yet amenable to the work that we assumed—respectively, of course—would occur in the moments that followed. When our gear had been sufficiently placed, the only other legitimate matter that remained was to ensure that we had each consumed a substantial allotment of apple juice; something that our experiences had taught us was a necessity for drawing events such as these.

Sipping away, I grew somewhat frantic as we settled into our seats, each of us preparing—in many ways—for what promised to be an intensive encounter. As I sat there with my camera in one hand, a drink box in the other, I scurried to think about how to best propose the idea of a graphic dialogue. But, it was in this moment that Carter began talking, carefully debriefing me on the many probes that he had constructed in my absence. After being informed of what appeared to be an entire civilization of probe creatures, I became increasingly curious as to where these creatures lived, or rather, interested in what worlds they had come to occupy. But despite my interest in the misadventures of Carters' probe creatures and the passionate play of their planetary conquests, I found myself wondering if this newly founded probe-world could enter into and inhabit the jurisdictions of a different universe: *the "story" that I so desperately desired to make "with" Carter.*

Sitting next to Carter, I asked, "Where do these probes live? Where are they? Where can we find them?" While listening to and considering my questions, Carter scrolled slowly through the pages of his sketchbook, flipping with but a subtle flick of his finger from one leaflet to

another. He did not immediately respond to my questions—something that he is typically quick to do—but instead he seemed to be taking his time, patiently weighing the question of how to carry on. After a few moments of silence had passed us by, Carter says (while still looking at his sketchbook), “Umm well... They’re just kind of like, *story probes*.” With the affordances of time, I have come to discover and appreciate the profound hesitance of Carter’s tone when adding *story* to what I can only assume was intended to only be *probes*. It was as if Carter knew that my questions were a front, constructing the image of interest yet ultimately working to goad and guide him toward the objective of *story*. Had my earlier admission—though brief—revealed my plans? Were my inquisitive desires made clear, revealing to Carter the subtle yet forceful expectations that accompanied my body on this day? Almost immediately following his response, Carter turned his head towards me with a punctuating look, a look—I might add—that not so subtly affirmed the delimiting status of my questions, or at the very least how unappreciative he was of the implied tone and directives that these questions carried with them.

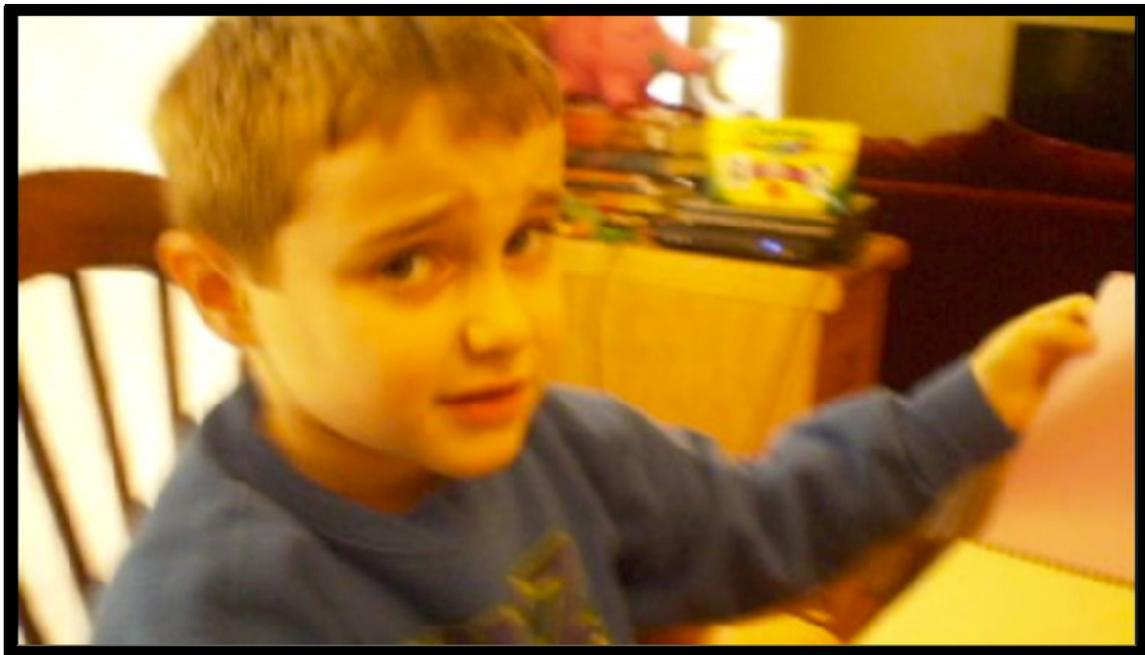


Figure 1. Carter reacting to the delimiting status of my query.

**View the video:* <http://www.ijea.org/v14si1/v14si1-5.mov>

Carter had become accustomed to a different kind of questioning, a mode of inquiry that beset his theories (graphic and otherwise), transfixed the functional prowess of his creatures, and that often threatened to alter the integrity of his worldly constellations. He had become accustomed to the type of questions that in turn offered me—as a researcher, pedagogue, and interested adult—a similar smattering of unsettlements. Moreover, he had become accustomed

to the type of questions that permitted him the occasion to beset and de-mobilize my theories about his work, our work, and what mattered. But the investigatory differences of my most recent inquisitive maneuver did not evade Carter's sensibilities, and he relayed this awareness with every movement and tic of his body. Everything that he did in this brief moment declared his dissatisfaction with the tactics that I was using. Unfortunately, everything that I did reaffirmed the distant nearness of my being there, thus emboldening his many discontents. Everything that I did in this brief moment declared my own desire to see his work in ways particular to my own. Carter was perceptive to this underlying force, knowing full well that these questions contained an undisclosed intent—an unidentified curriculum—that speaks, acts, listens, and understands *with* him, but selectively.

Ignoring the obvious, I continue to press Carter for information about the story probes, steadfast in my fixation with the grand elements of *story*. "Story probes," I say. "What do you mean by that?" Turning away from me in frustration, Carter stares straight ahead, thumbing once again through the pages of his sketchbook. There is clearly a tension playing out between us, a relational tautness that in this particular moment I am somehow unaware of, or determined to un-sense. Eventually, Carter asserts, "It's like a story... That is going on with the drawings." Carter's explanation of the story as that which occurs in and through drawing piques my curiosity. Subsequently, this incitement also forms a resonance with my own inquisitive and theoretical desire to create a graphic dialogue. Beginning to elaborate once again, Carter continues, but unfortunately my mounting excitement for the story-probe connection is far too great to temper. After abruptly cutting Carter off, something that has unfortunately become an all-too-familiar pattern on this day, I ask, "Could we make our own story?"

As my question wafts about, swirling through the air that surrounds the kitchen table, Carter leans back even further in his chair, his head tilting downward and chin tucked tightly against his chest.

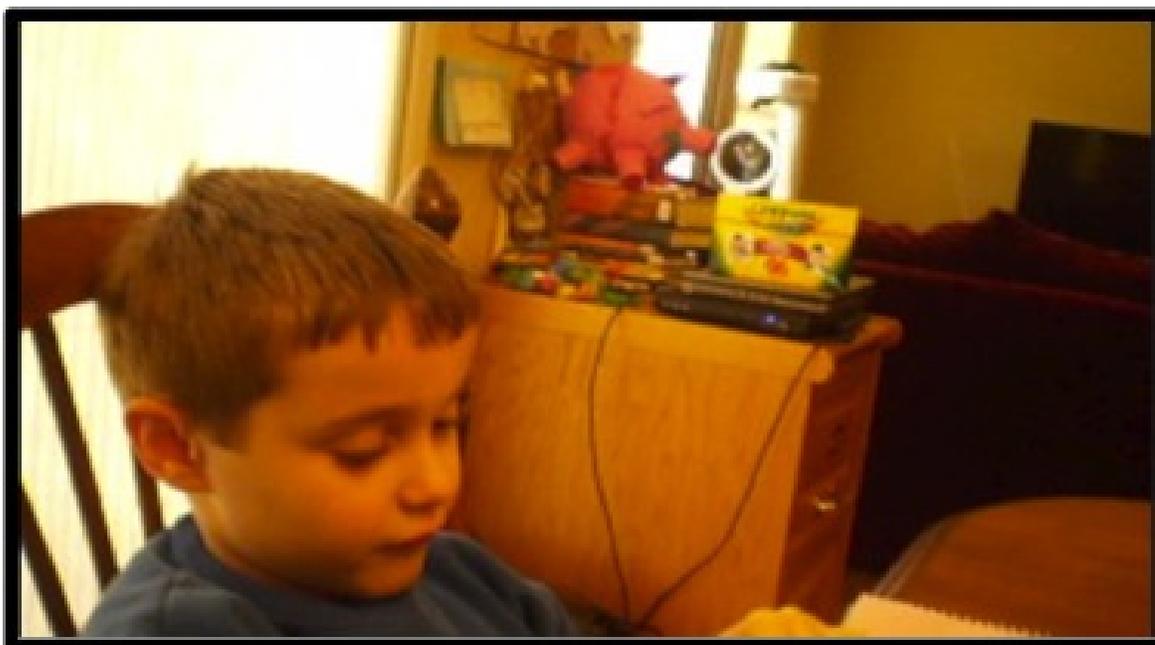


Figure 2. Carter contemplating his next move.

His fingers wander curiously across the pages of his sketchbook, gliding over its surface and the many graphic elements that adorn them. With a subdued yet posed confidence he murmurs a low key, “Yeah.” However, his voice quickens and the tone with which he speaks elevates rapidly. “That’s pretty much what I am doing,” he asserts, renewing his once fledgling sense of purpose and injecting into the conversation a new dimension of agency. Somehow I managed to avoid the explanation that he had just provided, an explanation that undoubtedly warrants an extended conversation yet fails to be granted such a courtesy. Instead, I interject once more, slicing through his every word with an evasive and self-gratifying scalpel. “Right,” I say. It is a response that is blatantly tinged by an unspoken yet unavoidable, ‘But’ and then immediately redirected as yet another dismissive provocation. “...[*But*]... I am wondering if we might make a bigger story?”

Flipping his sketchbook to a new page, Carter runs his finger over the smooth plane of the cream colored paper, gently rubbing the graphic configurations now composing his most recent probe creature. Biding his time, Carter continues to journey through the contents of his sketchbook. “Well,” Carter says indignantly, cutting through the resistive silence between us. Without hesitation I cinch his attempt to offer elaboration, quickly offering a repetitive retort, “Yes... But I am wondering if we might make a bigger story... And taking some of the probes that you have here?” Carter has had enough; he immediately sits up and cuts me off, his shoulders squared and his eyes now carefully fixed on mine. “I’m expanding... Well, by

Foucault (1985) says, “There are times in life when the question of knowing if one can think differently than one thinks, and perceive differently than one sees, is absolutely necessary if one is to go on looking and reflecting at all” (p. 8). Questioning whether or not we can ever really manage to think and perceive differently requires that we learn to value letting go of “the allegiances and attachments that prevent us from seeing alternatives” (Colebrook; cited by Pearce, 2010, p. 902). I argue that we must always be in a process of becoming-unfaithful to ourselves, struggling to shake loose the many allegiances and attachments that we cling to, and laboring in such a way that our desires scramble and our anticipations lose their memory. We must learn to listen to and linger through a self that is, as Deleuze would say, becoming-imperceptible—a self that brings its every action, theory, and ethical articulation into a field of critical yet creative disequilibrium. As such becoming-unfaithful requires, as Gerald Raunig (2010) suggests, that we learn to “flee” (p. 43). In its everyday hetero-normative applications fleeing constitutes a hallmark for cowardly behavior, a form of betrayal, a truly escapist maneuver. But I argue—like Raunig—that fleeing and becoming-unfaithful must be understood instead as a creative act, as an inventive and liberating mode of engagement. Becoming-unfaithful must be “imagined and actualized as a tendency of disappearance, as a movement that constantly has to be instituted, which again and again starts anew and thwarts” (p. 46) the prevailing forms, languages and practices that typify our ways of being there with children through research.

Being there and becoming-unfaithful with children through research is a wildly inconsistent yet indispensable pursuit. I have always tried to be aware of my own tendency to privilege one thing over another, to listen to this and evade that, and to be mindful of the degree to which my own interests prevail when matters of co-exploration are on the move. I have always prided myself on being mindful of these particular issues and whether or not I can effectively recognize their presence in the work that I share with others. I tell you this because I spent the better part of two years believing that my inquiry not only embodied this notion of being there, but that the participatory relationship that existed between Carter and myself was conditioned by the very elements that articulate these processes. It was not until the fall of 2011 that I discovered how truly inconsistent and misguided my (understandings of these) engagements with Carter had become. I was a master of *being near there: saying one thing and doing another*. And, to some extent I always will be.

When Liselott Mariett Olsson (2009) expressed that we give birth to unfaithful children, that they are never really ours, not even from the beginning, she was/is attesting to the tenacity by which children flee, and the zest by which they connect and reconnect themselves to others, objects and events. Although this treatment of unfaithfulness seems to be credited most directly to the ontological movements of the child, the adult should not be permitted to escape Olsson’s provocation either, at least not with such ease. In many ways, to understand and

value the child as one who is unfaithful (i.e., mobilized, multiple, and efficacious) the adult must be continually implicated in these unfaithful becomings as well, fleeing in and through his or her most immediate thoughts and actions, and especially those encounters that s/he shares with the child. This is especially true of the researcher, whose investment and involvedness in the lives of young people is not only substantial and laborious, but also unavoidably subjective and relational. As such, we might consider the following: *research is never really ours, not even from the beginning*. It took me the better part of three years to come to terms with this reality, an actualization that continues to be pivotal in the inquisitive constructions that I am privileged to take up with young people.

Becoming-Unfaithful

Exhausted, I sat at the desk in our apartment, the subtle glow of a lamp dawdling just beyond the edge of my computer. It was cold and had just started to snow again, a sight that immediately took me back to the bus I had been a passenger on earlier in the day. I had selected a window seat towards the back where I watched lovingly as the snow fell softly upon the edges and lines of life as it moved just beyond the glass. I peered into the outside, wishing that my words would emerge like the snow: graceful, swift, and transformative. Typing away, the methodological world that I had once imagined and so tediously worked to construct, word-by-word, started to materialize. My fingers scampered from key to key; I was nearly there. But something happened on this evening and in this particular moment that not only changed the trajectory of the chapter, it injected into my dissertation and the work that I continue to carry out, an unexpected and unfaithful turn.

I have a tendency when writing to *command +S* (i.e., save my progress) with each and every sentence or fragment that I conjure up. It is a habit that comes from a place of concern but when neglected or inattentively enacted, this habit holds the potential to yield the most unfortunate of circumstances. En route to save my progress I somehow managed to (1) *command +A* (i.e., select all) and (2) delete. I had deleted the chapter, but what is worse is that I carried on, unaware of the negating action that I had just precipitated. And, in this continued state of ambivalence I confirmed my previous maneuvers by immediately punching the keys, *command + S* (i.e., save).

My well-intended yet unavoidable misstep had now been locked in. I had lost it all, and every attempt at recovery was quickly hallowed. I tried everything. Believe me, I tried everything. Having come to terms with the loss of the chapter, I returned once again to my desk. I sat there for a moment, completely still, pondering what to do next. Somewhere in the chaos of working to will my chapter back into existence, having a panic attack, calling friends, and throwing a major tantrum, I had opened a folder containing photographs and video documentations (data) that I had collected during the fall of 2009. I was about three-quarters

of the way through a rather long piece of video documentation when I re-encountered an experience, the very experience that was attended to in this paper. I sat there leaning uncomfortably against the edge of the desk, my eyes now intently focused on the screen before me. I sat there truly horrified and utterly embarrassed as my own *being near there* played out in dramatic fashion. I sat there learning a rather painful lesson about the processes of becoming-unfaithful, and the degree to which these unfaithful encounters must remain indispensable to the work that I—and perhaps all of us—carry out with young people.

I share this with you because what I realized in this moment of self-reckoning terror is that to flee one must have something to flee from. For me, it was necessary to not only flee from myself, but to flee from my relations to methodology. The negating actions that I took (i.e., deleting and then saving my deletions) created a line of possibility—an occasion—for me to become unfaithful to the methodological assumptions that I had and the distinct privileges that I continued to give them through writing. The exhaustion that I was feeling gave way to inattention, which in this case provided occasions to unfaithfully passage (again and again) through an event that once was quite certain. It was in this moment and through these *renewed* encounters that Carter revealed through his own practice of *being there*, how I was caught up in the narcissistic and trickster-like striations of being *near* there. You see, being there and becoming-unfaithful requires that we live within and linger in the complex and ethical moments that we share with young people. Sometimes we must linger for years.³

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³ Dear Carter, I am mindful of the many “silences that will be returned to you, silences created by my focus on one thing you say and not another... I am aware of the things that might be left out” (Gale & Wyatt, 2010, p. 796). Thank you for putting them/me back on the map. Sincerely, Mr. Chris

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