

A sketchbook on seduction, or the urging into the Indefatigable Unknown

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Abstract

This paper presents a sketchbook on the concept of seduction. A sketchbook is a collection of episodic moments of musings through a particular philosophical concept. It operates between the notion of philosophy as method and issues related to the articulation of qualitative inquiry. In this instance, seduction is seen as the urging into the indefatigable unknown of the initial moments preceding inquiry. This paper proposes shifting perspective from research design to an attunement into immanence.

Keywords: Philosophy as method, post-qualitative inquiry, Narrative, Sketching, Seduction

1.

I want you to know one thing (Pablo Neruda, *If you Forget Me*).

2.

She reminds me of my friends. I wonder where they have gone and begin to cry when I see them again. Uncle Walt, John Milton, and my dear, dear friend Percy. I was asked to "do something" about



3.

We arrived in the early morning to a remote part of Mexico. Right in the middle of a valley of beautiful mountains where wild horses welcome us and gallop along the plush, green terrain. The fog lightly brushes against our faces and greets the breath with a sweet, wet kiss. The air smells fresh, pure, siphoned and sanitized by the trees. The coldness of the fresh air compels our bodies to move in unison, to stretch from head to toe, to extend our legs and arms in orchestrated alacrity. The road ahead remains barely visible. Memory and mind flounder in this moment as this endeavor can only be done with the body. My body suddenly becomes tense, nervous, unsure. Diffidence takes over and I quickly become philosophical, inquisitive, ontological. Questions *flutter* [I hate this word here] I regress into a little child when asked to wash dishes and I manufacture resistances and defenses as we prepare for this test strategizing situations and generating various plans of action to save myself. Can this really be happening again? What happens if I get lost? What about the horses? What other animals loom around? *"Treinte y Cinco minutos a fuera, treinte y cinco minutos atras. ¡Andale!"* And, off we were into the indefatigable unknown. We faced the wide road ahead with resolve and grit, but the uncertainty of the trail remained daunting. What lied ahead? What other animals lurked around? Would I survive this journey? Could I do it? My body pre-accelerated as I felt the machines begin to fire in the crisp, cool air the engulfed me, covered me, quilted me. Although many experiences before had prevailed, each one presented itself as a fresh provocation. We began together, laughing, chatting about this and that, but it quickly flipped into a mobilization into the self, into the body, concentration, isolation, a sudden snap into the enunciations of the body. A hush could be heard as each of us attuned to the requites of the corporal. The forest, its trees, its restless growth and vegetation dominated our senses. I could hear the panting breath and jolting gallops as we progresses towards our first obstacle--it suddenly crept up on us and it look like a jaunt into the abyss as we couldn't see beyond its outer edges but with an unknown faith we moved towards it

into the seemingly sunrising sky. Not knowing what was above it or beyond it, we move with alacrity and fortitude to conquer it, indeed to move beyond it, to exceed it. We push ourselves greater than the obstacle--to push it beyond itself. The body attains this, not the mind, not faith, not reason. My mind acts in contradiction to the body, desiring only to survive and prevent sudden death, it screams like a spoiled child for creature comforts looking for exits at every turn, demanding to return home, to polish off some tacos al pastor, chocolate cake, and a latte from *Joselo's* cafe; but the body modifies and goes--it moves at all cost because it knows what the mind doesn't, which is there's no going back, or the only road back is forward. There is no rescue around, no *deus ex machina*; no, the body remains the best source, the most efficient fuel, this is it! To relax and enjoy it or fight it were the choices--and my body already made the decision for me. The denouement of this story would be dispatched somewhere, in a breath, in a fight, in a smile, in my knees. Suddenly, a whiff of the sweet woodland vegetation traverses by and it softens my load. I see mi amor ahead of me, he effortless bolts striding out of my grasps through the distant haze. My desire to devour him remains palpable, but he remains out of reach. We move forward--all of us--now in a single line traveling this path as individuals hoping that we all return to the basecamp. I stop to relieve myself knowing that doing so puts me way behind the pack with several hills ahead. My body continues to make demands of my that frustrate and irritate the mind; but it keeps moving urging itself through this indefatigable unknown. I face it--walk through it, suffer through it and begin to feel my body totally energized by it--the return path becomes a crisp reality as I embrace the strange and furtive road ahead. The road ahead contains magical powers. I surrender to my body knowing its ability to adapt and soak up the all that is more than me, the individuations, to let the forest, the vegetation, the damaged terrain, the historical trees that engulf me, the compadres with me, to process through this inevitable test. As I return to basecamp, my legs take off, they leave my body jet-fueled by redemption and profound unfamiliarity with the indefatigable unknown that confronts me--and still does. I'm reminded of it, it's magical powers; the seduction of which is unforgettable.

4.



You know how this is:

if I look

at the crystal moon, at the red branch
of the slow autumn at my window,

if I touch

near the fire

the impalpable ash

or the wrinkled body of the log,

everything carries me to you,

as if everything that exists,

aromas, light, metals,

were little boats that sail

towards those isles of yours that wait for me (Pablo Neruda, *If you Forget Me*).

5.

She reminds me of my friends. ~~I wonder where they have gone and begin to cry when I see them again. Uncle Walt, John Milton, and my dear, dear friend Percy.....~~ Can Shelly be any further from me now than he was in 1994? *Mont Blanc* comes to mind, the everlasting beauty of things



6.

Suddenly,

Suddenly, death--it arrives.

His dear roommate, suddenly

blot clot

so young.

He loved pop music

Ballet

margaritas,

and his boyfriend of 15 years.

Boys from the Subways

Boys from LA

Working

his way around

my body

Satisfying and exhausting

School year

Ringling phone I drop my bag, try to put the keys into the apartment door

"Hello."

"David, I need you to come to Washington." I replied, "Yes, of course grandpa, why do you need me to come to Washington?" He replied, "Because I'm dying. I've got pancreatic cancer."

Parkinson Disease

Heart Attack

Cancer, again—suddenly

it's everywhere

God, I need to get out of this small town.



7.

*He stood there looking at me like he
had been doing so for all of my life, he stood across the way
from me as the
water dripped
down my back.
Is this really
gonna happen,
right here
at the gym?*

8.

The light disappeared and the night hovered pitched black. This was her sign to get up and get ready. The hut was quiet as the sleeping dogs, jittery chickens meander outside lesson, and the children dream. She grabs her dungarees from the chair near her bed, puts her hair back into a ponytail, quickly she adorns a camiseta. She feels the frigid air and searches for her coat as a long walk awaits her in the unseen of the night. The coat she locates and immediately feels warm. The lantern, don't forget the lantern. She fires up the lantern and moves towards the door when the loudest hen greets her at the front door. She walks towards the dirt path, wet from a rain early in

the evening. As she walks, she hears sheep off into the distance and smells cow manure around her. She thinks of her late husband, the grit on his hands, and the odor of his skin. She ponders the freak accident on a spring day that forced his body to melt into the ground. His laugh interrupts the silence of the night. The sweetness of the wet grass and the dustiness of the dirt suddenly welcome her and lets her know that she has arrived at the path she will need to follow for at least an hour. She begins her nightly journey along the rocky main road, she hopes the wild dogs remain asleep and the coyotes satisfied. The path is rocky,



dirty, ghostly, and green. Again, the smell of manure creeps into her face, hits the back of her mouth and she coughs. The country is quiet and eerie, it dominates. The lantern offers very little, only the most immediate, and is no match to the darkness. Half way into her walk, the sniff of cardamom and mint overtakes her. It reminds her of her mother breath. She keeps walking in the still of the night

9.

Is this really going to happen here!
Underneath a flight of steps
At a bar
on the upper-westside?

10.

This paper operates between three intersecting lines within the field of post-qualitative research in the broader field of qualitative inquiry. This paper, first, thinks with the process of philosophy as method. In this line of inquiry, I'm thinking with Tesar's (2020) most recent article on the subject. In this article, he argues that philosophy as method operates in the liminal spaces betwixt philosophical concepts and methods. Similarly, it considers the recent concern regarding issues related to articulation of post-qualitative research. Along these lines, it tries to present research in a different modality than say propositional or argumentative modes of writing/articulation (Author, 2020). The sketchbook is an episodic collection of approaches or thinking through concepts. It assumes that research does not have to be polemical or pushing the field to think a certain way or act in certain ways, but is a cacophonous approach--one that fosters a sense of dwelling as an intense attunement to matters. Volume, density, and textures are its guide rather than triangulation, propositional language, and clarity. Articulation is not prescriptive but is unpolished, fragmented, casual. It takes seriously the ontology of immanence in that it inspects,

invites, and even searches for the polymorphous time/space matters that hover with and through anarchic time travel and spatial arrangements. Articulations remains grey, nonrepresentational, and probationary. Finally, articulation isn't experimental per se, to be so would imply that representation and clarity remain privileged. Instead, it takes seriously the notion that the unknown remains the always-already and as such research must consider this indefatigable unknown in its research practices. Language proves to be the best advocate against conventional humanist qualitative research and for the playful purposes of language. If so, then articulation of research must act as a searching with and a playing with the logics of qualitative inquiry. Language is more than just porous. To make such a claim is to focus merely on meaning-making and cognition, and thus relies on the cogito dismissing other onto-epistemologies. Language is mercurial, dismissive, elusive, and offers a dissemination of differences. Which might explain why research has tried for so long to try to whip language into shape, to discipline it, to straighten it out. So much of the scholarship in the field of post-qualitative inquiry while advocating for close reading of post-structuralism, is constructed like structuralism with its deference to propositional language, argumentation, and didacticism. Articulation remains skeptical of these modalities of composition and language defies such approaches. It reveals the behind-the-scenes theatre of doubt, apprehension, and knots of research creation in motion. Seduction is the urging into the indefatigable unknown that is the mercuriality of language and succumbing to its whims, its discordant harmony, and its penchant for the suddenness of life in motion. It demands that research remains supple, pliant and whimsical. It shifts the focus of research from an investigation into truth to a commentary on lines, shapes, densities and volumes in continual motion. To not just thought and/or bodies in motion but the grounding, forces, and such differences urging, compelling and restricting relationality.

10.

Well, now,
if little by little you stop loving me
I shall stop loving you little by little

If suddenly
you forget me
do not look for me,
for I shall already have forgotten you (Pablo Neruda, *If you Forget Me*).

11.

She appeared in my life when I just couldn't bear to see another one. It's true the amount of effort they take can seem so simultaneously exhilarating and exhausting. But, there she was, quiet, humble, and strikingly brilliant. We speak. She reminds me of an old friend. A friend who initiated a tectonic shift in the very fabric of my being--years ago. Why the reminder now? Are we really going to revisit this guru now? Is this going to happen here, right now? So, we go! And I read him with renewed spirit as if visiting a long lost simpatico. I imagine that he's been traveling, detached

from the world around, but she assures me that he's intricately connected to the here-and-now. In fact, she's seen him, talked to him, spoken to others about him, and lived with him. She becomes my guide, my urging, my push into his world. We commence and his words refresh, perplex, and stimulate. We begin to dialogue about the implications of his ideas on contemporary educational research practices. "Life," he says, "is like the ocean. The ocean is not just what you see on the surface is it? It is tremendously deep, it has enormous currents and is teeming with all kinds of life, with many varieties of fish, the big living on the small (p. 188)." Simple enough it seems--life is layered, complex, more than visible, more than thought itself, which is limited in its capacities--its logics restrict possibilities- confine shapes--refigure them. He continues, "All that is the sea; and so, it is with life, in which there all kinds of enjoyments, pleasure, pains, extraordinary inventions, innumerable systems of meditation, and the mass search for happiness. The whole of that is life, but you are not prepared for it" (p. 188). Am I prepared for it--all of life--the great varieties--I don't think so--I doubt it--can I garner enough perspective to understand, to even comprehend at a visceral level what's being offered here--in this moment that I read this book. I remember now how he seduced me so many years ago--and perhaps the profound heaviness of his life--and why I left him--abandoned him so quickly, suddenly for French sentimentality. He compels me to continue to read him, but simultaneously confront him. He writes, "Human beings accumulate and worship knowledge, not only scientific but so-called spiritual knowledge of what has happened, and of what is going to happen. This whole process of accumulating information, worshipping knowledge--does it not arise from the background of fear? We are afraid that without knowledge we would be lost, we would not know how to conduct ourselves" (p. 113). Isn't that the point--to be lost--to keep at being lost--knowledge, or the accumulation of knowledge is of no use--the mind--memory belies such accumulation. Composing and thinking remain a practice--a spiritual practice that gets corded and tuned with the body. I don't know--I'm not sure--can we ever conquer the self-fragmentation as he suggests, I'm not so sure. Derrida comes to mind here. "Thought," he proposes, "is measure" (p. 323), which implies limitation, constriction of spaces, demarcation of the possible. He continues, "The whole machinery of thinking is responsible for the present condition of the world; there is no denying that. We think that thought can change not only the outward events and happenings--the pollution, the violence and all the rest of it--but that also by careful and skillful usage it can transform human conditioning, the human way of action and our mode of thinking" (p. 323). Isn't this the case? Can thinking via measure do these things? Can't we think our way out of mess? What else is left? Thought can't handle complexities--in fact it strives to minimize immanence and sketches--to seeks as much focus and clarity as possible--it seeks a normal heart rate--*templado*--good orderly direction. But Whitman here--right here--

Writing and talk do not prove me,
I carry the plenum of proof and everything else in my face,
With the hush of my lips I confound the topmost skeptic.

I think I will do nothing for a long time but listen,

An accrue what I hear into myself...and let sounds contribute toward me (p. 53).

If writing doesn't prove me than what does? Writing here seems to be more than just putting marks on the paper, again Derrida hovers like a ghost, it means putting things together, arranging, moving things around, relating--"The plenum of proof" is such an interesting line. Plenum defined as 1. the state or a space in which a gas, usually air, is contained at the pressure greater than atmospheric pressure. 2. A full assembly, as a joint legislative assembly. 3. a space, usually above a ceiling or below a floor, that can serve as a receiving chamber for air that has been heated or cooled to be distributed to inhabited areas. 4. the whole of space regarded as being filled with matter (opposed to vacuum). Matter exists greater than its surrounding atmosphere because of density? If so, then the density in the poet's face contains immanence, history, personal experience is more than the context. So then, Shelley's lines "The everlasting universe of things flows through the mind..." seem false here. They don't flow through the mind; they flow through the body--with density--textures.

12.

If you think it long and mad,
the wind of banners
that passes through my life,
and you decide
to leave me at the shore
of the heart where I have roots,
remember
that on that day,
at that hour,
I shall lift my arms
and my roots will set off
to seek another land (Pablo Neruda, *If you Forget Me*).

13.

the flights of derrida and whitman sing off the page

Un pintor no debe pintar lo que ve, sino lo que se verá

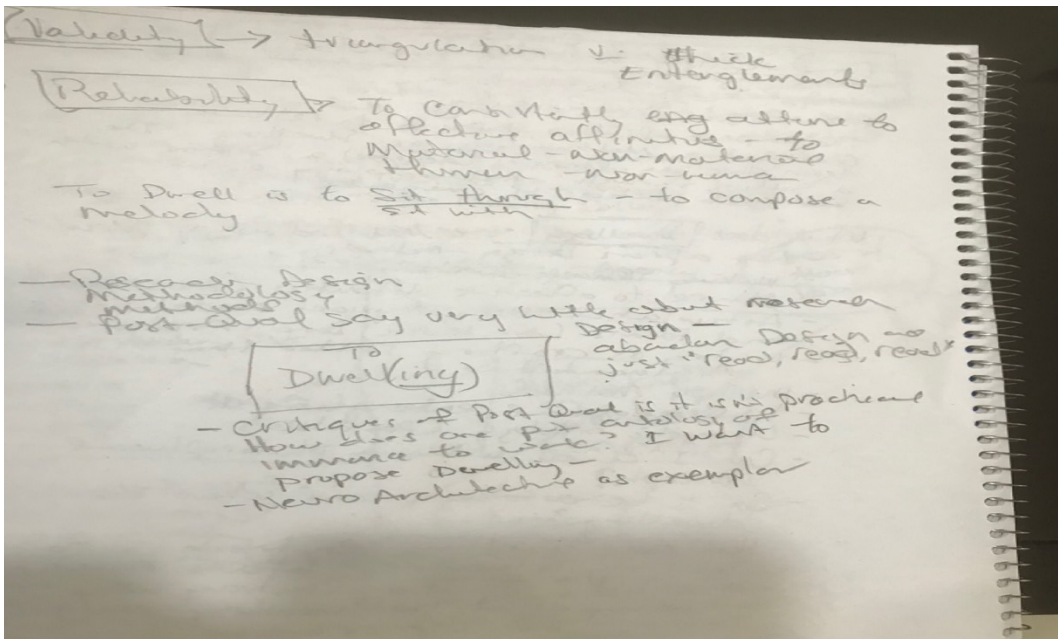
- Paul Klee in Lopez, 2018(trans.)

14.

God, I need to get out of this town.

15.

But
 if each day,
 each hour,
 you feel that you are destined for me
 with implacable sweetness,
 if each day a flower
 climbs up to your lips to seek me,
 ah my love, ah my own,
 in me all that fire is repeated,
 in me nothing is extinguished or forgotten,
 my love feeds on your love, beloved,
 as long as you live it will be in your arms
 without leaving mine (Pablo Neruda, *If you Forget Me*)



The sketchbook is a synecdoche for composing the ontology of immanence, for things and matter in motion for the jaggedness of thought and research creation. It is intended to be a playful space, one to wonder around in, to think with inconsistent even clashing elements. To place discordant elements and see where they go--following seemingly disparate and distant traces--to move along and force discordant lines to collide and interact--to consider the obvious and displace it--bend it--to substitute it with some other intersecting shapes or densities--to reconsider texture--the sketchbook is a philosophical project--to continually investigate how research-creation emerges and dissipates continually. It is a place to compose and create rather than to write and clean-up. It is an invitation into the indefatigable unknown--it is a seductive space. The sketchbook is influenced by the artist Paul Klee, whose *Pedagogical Sketchbook* outlines his philosophical

grounding of his art. This book is used as a stimulant to urge a reconsideration of research approaches, not to imitate but to aggravate and provoke. It takes art and the work of artists as the initiators of research design and rather than using art as a supplement to research design, it switches that process and wonders about what artists can teach researchers about the research process. In this instance, Klee's work is not just a review of his art, but is a philosophical investigation into his understandings of life in motion. Klee's skepticism of naturalism and his critiques of such painters as Picasso and Braque as analytic statements exemplified by static figures compelled me to think that "...figures and forms are not only transparent, as if seen through a fluoroscope; they exist in a magnetic field of cross currents: lines, forms, splotches, arrows, color waves. As if it were a symphonic composition, the main motif moves from variation to variation in its relationship to other objects on the canvas" (Klee, 1972, p. 7). Do I see people or do I listen to the sounds, to the music, to the rhythms of lines, colors, shapes, volume, and densities in duration, in/flux, stirring, tending, orienting, gesturing, oscillating, drifting, fluctuating, never quite achieving balance? What happens when I see beyond the "optical adventures" crafted and designed for the epistemologies of ocularism? And what about weight and plumpness, depth, the rough edges, and energy? "Energy," Moholy-Nagy concludes, "is without termination only in the chromatic and thermo-dynamic field. Motion that may be called infinite in the sense of unending self-transformation, exists only in the activation of color, moving between the fervid contrasts of utter black and utter white (1111.40) with the thermo-dynamic implications of intense heat and extreme cold" (p. 8). What of these elements? Of these sensations? These provocations of the skin, activations of my anatomy? The instigations of the mitochondria?



Dear author(s)

I love sketches--- unfinished and so productive forms of art, expression and thought. I also very much appreciated your sketchbook which I cut and pasted it into google translator. In this way I could taste it in my mother tongue, and I grasped the flavor of something indefinable; the flavor of research as 'mysterious and introverted inquiry that acts through provocation, evocation and juxtaposition' (Benozzo, 2020).

I also tasted strawberries and grass. Honey and paper. Dust and sand. Then I returned to your paper. Have you tasted dust? Any strawberries drizzled with dust?

I could guess the fog that touched the face, the beauty of the mountains, the scent of the air, the smell of manure, the light of the night, the pain of death. It was like I was in a sensual and sensuous magic dream. I enjoyed the reading effects that you were able to create through the pieces of poems, images and visionary pieces of writing. How might one convey various sensual effects and affects without living there and then? Without representation?

I had to move on to translation, to avoid having to search all the time for the meaning of the words and I worked dancing between the translation and the original English text. This is how I was able to appreciate how the paper operates between three intersecting lines. I was able to feel those three intersecting lines! They touched me and affected me. I refer here to the idea that your research operates in the liminal space between philosophical concepts and methods; to the idea that your research is concerned with going beyond propositional and argumentative writing and, finally, to the idea that your research does not favor clarity and representation.



*Re-viewing, #2/too: reverberations, **ghostly resonances**. In what ways might this digital text touch and do **touching**? There are multiple fractures and **refractions** that connect some of the themes reviewed here with those circulating at this moment. As I read this 'blinded' review I can still feel some of the manuscript's force: there is a curiosity for gym encounters; the desire for **outdoor***

stimuli as I return to the UK and am in quarantine from being on **holiday**; the possibilities for (not) seeing, now, those intersecting lines that seek lost-ness, that resist the omnipotence of full sight. Through the blindness that this review process affords, can I join you in also seeking to enjoy the potential of encountering knowledge not previously known, or already carefully mapped and marked. I am already hailed by the seductions of being and becoming **lost** in these times of uncertainty. And, I am touched in and by the text that I cannot see: that imaginary, originary text. Instead, the touch becomes through this review – so that I might re-view through the resonances and reverberations that this review text produces. And in that idea of touch, I am hailed and hollowed by the many Covid-19 constraints and liberations on touch that **teeter** me in isolation/relation. **I am touched** in and by the adherence to deep-clean those surfaces already touched, that I also touch. I am touched in this period of physical isolation/distance by the absences of those physical bodies who I would ordinarily, casually, touch in my everyday encounters – kiss, hug, nudge, hand-hold, **bump** into. I feel the absence of their embodied presences like I do the blind gaze of those already passed: now, only available to the touch of memory. And yet! There are a range of touches and touchings which re/mind and surprise me, and which make me imagine your paper through this review. There are the touching affects that virtual meetings help me to stumble upon in those encounters of learning/teaching and mutual friendship that are no longer so certain in their scripts – a voice broken in the grace of gentle kindnesses; tears welling in the joy of virtual encounter; and the ability to turn off the camera and (re)compose myself from those seductions of anger that would, more readily, take hold in embodied encounters. There is the deep awareness of the repetitions of keyboard, and elbows resting on desk as I rely more heavily, become more **cyborgian**, on the virtual materialities of my engagements with/in the world. These touches and touchings re-focus this body, this leaky, **aging vessel** that is constantly greedy for touch. They are a (more?) constant reminder of the intra-active relationality with mundane materialities that affords this body the legitimacy by which it might address itself as “I” in its making sense of the seductive forces that hail it. And, there are, of course, the continued joys of reading texts that move and re/de-centre this re-acting re-viewer in the everyday. Without being sure, yet, of where such an acknowledgement might be aimed: I appreciate the space of re-view with/in which these inscriptions might act as additional/provisional lines of seductive flight as your paper is touched by review and re-view, and ... If none of this makes sense, then what? If none of this should (not) make sense, then what? **Then what?**

A sentence struck me very much and continues to act in my thought-body-desire: ‘Seduction is the urging into the indefatigable unknown that is the mercuriality of language and succumbing to its whims, its discordant harmony, and its penchant for the suddenness of life in motion’. I want to add that seduction is physical; it takes your breath away. What might you say? What might a cone say? What might a book express?



I agree when you claim that 'seduction is unforgettable', and I wonder why seduction has been so much forgotten, scarcely thematized, removed in qualitative research and in the process of a qualitative inquiry. Perhaps because seduction is 'woman', it is feminine, it is female and we have privileged masculinity, understood as rigor, argumentative logic and justification? It is interesting to note that in the Oxford English Dictionary 'seductor' is an 'obsolete' word and instead 'seductress' (a woman who seduces) still maintains its force. But does my way of thinking repeat and reinforce gender binarisms?

An example of oblivion and of the removal of seduction comes from management studies. Here seduction has been removed. In organization and management studies leadership has been constructed over the opposite concept of seduction. If we search for the etymology of seduction, we learn that it derives from the latin *seducere* = se (apart) + ducere (to lead) = to persuade to disobedience or disloyalty; lead astray; to entice into unchastity; attract. So seduction has a bad reputation because it is leadership gone wrong (Calás, Smircich, 1991). But, because to lead implies also to attract, then leadership includes seduction; to lead is to seduce and to seduce is to mislead. I do not know where I am leading the reader and the author(s) here, but I'm trying to think if these comments say something about the fact that in qualitative research seduction has been removed.

R#2/TOO: ... AND YET! IT IS PRECISELY, EXACTINGLY, THESE KINDS OF ABSENCE/OBLIVION/REMOVAL THAT DEMANDS THE ATTENTIONS OF SEDUCTION SCHOLARSHIP. WE ARE, HERE, HELPING TO RE-POPULATE THOSE ABSENCES/REMOVALS/OBLIVIONS THAT MAINSTREAM MEANING-MAKING AFFORDS AND CONSTRAINS. WE ARE HAILED BY, ECHO AND REVERBERATE THOSE PRECISE ABSENCES/REMOVALS THAT ARE TOO OFTEN SOLIDIFIED AS 'NATURAL', AS TAKEN-FOR-GRANTED, AS 'GOD-GIVEN' IN DISCIPLINED INQUIRY. HAIL UNDISCIPLINED INQUIRY. ROLL ON SEDUCTION SCHOLARSHIP!

Finally, please, can you seduce me a bit more through what happened in the gym. Maybe you have left out something touchy, burning, enigmatic, erotic? Was it homoerotic seduction/desire or

heterosexual seduction/desire? Or it was just flux of sexual desires which circulate within the research process: bodies desiring bodies regardless of gender or sexuality? Am I completely wrong? Why does this matter?

In the end, what I am suggesting is neither minor nor major revisions. What I'm offering here are some comments and I leave the author(s) free to do what they like.

These un-authored blinded lines of writing are still able to impose with their seductive aliveness. The actual events become re-touchable openings, holes, in the otherwise structured article-like paper. The seemingly established ways of writing and reporting col-laborated data and analyses are replaced with what? With sensuous and loose lines (of prose)? These do not allow reviewing, assessing or evaluating, instead, they call for sensing, tasting and entering through. The porous and permeable materiality of these line formations are simultaneously seeping and solid, simulated and concrete. Where are they taking you, what do they ask from you? Do feel you seduced but safe with them to enter the deadly desires and death drives of academia? What happens to the knowledge production? or the authorship? Who is sitting in the driver's seat; the affects, the lines...? Similarly, as we make associations on the nature of the knowledge produced the authors here could ask themselves, where are we heading with this, what is to happen? Is something/someone going to be shaken by these touchy-feely intruding lines? Hopefully.

*He stood there looking at me like he
had been doing so for all of my life, he stood across the way
from me as the
water dripped
down my back.
Is this really
gonna happen,
right here
at the gym?*

*Those eyes, the bare, exposed black body
Can I see it all, can I have it all, can I take it all?
We will see, right here, right now
as water drips down my back--*

The Manure of Magical Dreams

grasped the flavor
Graspable holes
loosening holes
Fluxuating, Circulating gaps
Disobedient Death-drive
Cacophonous astrays disappearing
Reappearing bodies desiring bodies

Teeter, touched, quivering vessels
The manure of magical dreams
The inglorious beauty of inglorious everyday things

THE SENSUAL SEDUCTIVITY OF ABSENCES/REMOVALS/OBLIVIONS

Water dripping, lips sweating, roots drifting, heart pulsating, hands rotating, questions flutter, books sketching, bodies flipping, saliva gushing, blood racing, eyes rotating, unknown persisting

Pulsión de Muerte

El momento de todo es escribir. Ahora, en México está el festival, el día de muertos. Es un evento en invierno por celebrar las vidas de las personas en tu vida quien muertos. Es importante durante este evento para construir una ofrenda para los muertos para recuerda los momentos mágicos cuando fueran vivos. Y también, los muertos ofrecen los vivos muchísimos. Nos recuerdan que a esta hora mañana, habremos salido esta tierra y habremos vivido en nueva manera cuando que morimos. La seducción funciona como un espacio para divertir de la muerte como un estremecimiento como una revitalización de la vida. Similarmente como las calaveras pintadas grandes a lo largo de paseo de Reforma ahora, seducción es una invitación crear otras vidas toda al tiempo. Cada día, tenemos muchas oportunidades para crear en el infatigable desconocido. Hay muchas preguntas permanecen: ¿Que creas, hoy? ¿Cual seducción recibes tú atención? ¿Como pintarás tú calaveras?



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