

PART ONE: THEORY

CHAPTER FOUR

INCLUSIONAL METHODOLOGY

This chapter shows how I developed my methodology, and how I came to define it as 'inclusional'. I have referenced my writing in italics in order to demonstrate how I came to my conclusions. In doing this I rely on some of the theory in Chapter Two and the action research models in Chapter Three.

My method combines spiritual practice and action research first person practice. I use my journalled account of action to re-immense myself in my practice, and this is followed by reflections on my practice. These reflections incorporate daily spiritual practice, which includes two periods of meditation and a period of silence on a daily basis and the regular practice of yoga stretching. I use my reflective writing and the ordering principles of language to surface my underlying meaning.

It is this a slow, emergent, reflexive form that enables me to uncover the hermeneutical aspects of my inquiry methodology, articulate the tools that I use to progress my inquiry, and set criteria with which to judge my actions.

ACTION ACCOUNT

I write with a purpose, deliberately highlighting my feeling nature. I write semiotically. My purpose is to discover my research method and decide how to judge the worth of my inquiry. I begin by writing an account of what I did. The account shows me the way that my feeling initiates action, and that I process this in relational ways, talking to Mad, Jack, my sister, a friend and my neighbour, thinking about other PhD theses. I am immersed in feeling, trying to create a shared context, still holding my purpose (to define my methodology from a hermeneutical perspective, and decide how I might judge what I do) as a part of myself.

It has happened again, the effect of duplicity; the guilty avoidance of responsibility and the passivity of the underlying anger got to me. I became

subsumed into this black hole of avoidance with no energy to escape. My capacity to notice this happening acts as a weapon turned against myself; I become low in spirit, depressed, and heavy, without hope. *Tamsic* is the Hindu term for this moody state.

I try shifting my frame by moving into presentational knowing.

I get a drawing out of the cupboard that I made 2 years ago, in preparation for bringing my thesis to a close. I do not feel good. I write about my response to the drawing, thinking that perhaps facing up to it, to whatever the completion of this writing might mean, will show me what these feelings are telling me, what I need to do. It doesn't seem to do the trick.

This is a place where I have been before, and one that is frightening to return to. I am alone, isolated, feeling the weight in my heart, seeing the bright blue sky above but not seeing it, feeling like this when I wake in the morning, it is always there. Connection with others does not seem possible, words are useless, I cannot feel love or joy, and heavy chains tie down my thoughts.

I start cutting and pasting bits of my thesis and feel bad again. Is it the family dynamics; is it the judging that I am doing to myself? I really cannot bear it, I feel annihilated, that I am being attacked. I telephone Mad (Madeline Church) who isn't there, then I leave a message and burst into tears, walk around the garden sobbing. Then I go up to my room and sit on my meditation cushion, 'What IS this about?' I want to write, so fetch my notebook and sit, and then write, then sit...and so on. Then I email Jack (Whitehead).

Subject: Hurting and weeping

I don't want to be judged by any standards other than my own. My standards are not cognitively expressed. I have been living up to other people's expectations, which are socially constructed, so that the setting of my own social constructed standards feels abusive, feels like the rape of the soul.

What do I really care about the superficiality of life? Only what I need to use to feel part of, to share and to give, as universal fundamental aspects of being human. I have been setting my standards of what I feel it is to be a living sentient being. And I feel very unformed and undeveloped in that respect. As if I am missing the point of it all and keep chasing after something that is already behind me. By cutting and pasting I am turning back on

myself, stabbing the dagger into my heart.

Standards for consciousness, standards for loving, standards for connection, standards for learning. It is nonsense.

How are we to judge critically something that is constructed by us, how can we judge the soul or the ground of being critically? We live it...

How can we judge inclusionality? Surely that is a similar question?

I do not know how to continue this cutting and pasting. Do I do it anyway (very good at that ignoring the pain). Do I do it softly; can I do it with love? Why am I doing this - so I can be judged more easily by someone else?(private email communication, Feb 2004)

I say to my sister, 'I feel awful'. She says, 'You did well looking after our Mother.' I don't believe her, my sister is better at loving than me, she is a nicer person, I am her opposite. Later, my sister phones for some support, I feel a bit better.

A friend phones and I say 'I don't feel good, in fact I feel bad.' 'Hurrah', my friend says, 'a wonderful opportunity to get rid of your blocks.' I am doubtful, but go and have a couple of bashes at a pillow, just to see if that is what is needed. I don't feel very angry just vulnerable, with a good dash of self-pity thrown in.

My sister phones again and we agree that I will take my Mother home by car next Monday. I think this is a good move.

Mad returns my call, and I wail, 'I am depressed, it's all my Mother's and sister's fault'. She says, 'I thought it was your thesis you were depressed about.' I say 'Yes, it's all about comparisons and judgement.' She says, 'I just think you need to wait till it leaves you, you don't need to do anything special.' I feel lighter after that conversation because we go on to talk about Mad's way of negotiating writing her report for some work she is doing. Yes, there is an interesting world out there, and I can be a part of it.

I wake the next morning feeling heavy lidded again. I am refusing to meditate properly, it is a ritual not a heartfelt commitment, and the time goes slowly and I get impatient. I take myself off on my weekly five-mile cycle ride; I hate it, feel bilious, very cold and have to get off and walk the last long hill. When I get back

home my neighbour is in his garden. I tell him I feel like 'shit'. He says I should go in and have a coffee with Jay – his wife – 'she'll sort you out' he says. No, not this time, I have to sort out without demonstrating over-board with the neediness. Some self-reliance is required.

I return to the collage, the results of the cutting and pasting, trying to tease the words out that might describe the essence of my embodied learning and knowing from previous writing. Not an exhilarating experience, but the Rachmaninov piano concerto played loudly made up for some of my lack of vitality. I do not like the shortened version of this collage; it does not remind me of myself. I take photos of my drawings in the garden; my neighbour helps me out with the angles of sunlight. I show a photo of the knitting and explain one of the diagrams, he laughs and says, 'I think you're spending too much time on your own, you're sure you're not losing it?' He is a policeman and doesn't understand, but I might be too much on my own.

I decide the task for the next day is to type out the written responses to my Chapters. I was bowled over by my son Daniel's comments, so insightful, an act of love. Lynn's was SO Lynn, all rational and logical, and friendly.

Well, a good job done, now where does it leave me? I had decided the day before that I would walk over to the tennis courts to see this ball machine that the neighbours were using to practice their tennis, and then walk on to the stables. I wanted to know what the sign 'free manure' actually meant, to speak to the owners about how 'free manure' worked. Another lovely day for a couple of miles stroll.

At home again, hungry because I was dieting, I still was demanding food for myself. The walk did nothing to divert my attention from my stomach. After lunch I typed out the diet sheet for Mad's mother – just so I could stay in touch with food in some form or another.

Sat staring at the computer screen thinking, 'I'm seeing Jack tomorrow, must get on with writing the introduction...' Nothing happened, except my stomach hurt, I am fighting with my demands for food, fighting to feel brighter, fighting to get on with the writing. My stomach REALLY hurts. I take an IBS tablet in an attempt to fart or burp, to release the wind. I am saying to myself, 'You can't feel the

supreme loving presence within like Joan, the exquisite connectivity like Jacquie Scholes-Rhodes, you are pretending all of this stuff, nothing belongs to you.'

'Enough is enough Eleanor, go and sit on your meditation cushion.' Upstairs I go; it feels more like being sent to bed in the middle of the day for being naughty. But this is serious, and I take it seriously. I sit, then get my notebook, then sit and write and sit and write... I remember the lotus mandala, how could I have forgotten? I had failed to remember that I am an extrovert, that I contextualise then act, that I see love outside, that it is easier for me to recognise mandalic energy outside.

I am complete, I know what I must do, and I write for 4 hours. What comes is an analysis of the themes and the Chapters. I do not read, cut or paste, just remember, feeling my way through which ideas remain most important to me, that resonate with me, that make me feel connected.

I feel stronger, better, lighter, I am smiling and I have come home to myself again.

THE FIRST ITERATION: REFLECTION

Now I begin to write reflectively. Holding my purpose as a part of myself I respond to the dynamic of feeling / thinking / relating that I can discern in my action account. As I do this I am thinking about how I enjoy this ebb and flow, action / reflection / reaction and how this connects with Foucault's ideas. At the end of this first iteration I begin to refer to 'boundaries' and 'edges' (Bernstein, 2000) and discovering new contexts by blurring edges.

Developing a sense of the aesthetic, the ordering principles, of my existence

I read about pleasure, and Foucault's (Foucault, 1984a) ideas of how desire forms its representations through an accumulation of actions. My stories show where my desire leads me and how I live my learning through an accumulation of apparently unrelated activity, in a practical, smelly, unsanitised way.

In times of trouble there is chaos and I even begin to type the letters in the words in the wrong order. It is possible for me to act 'normally' when I am in the grip of troubled chaos, because provided nothing unexpected happens I know the rules of the games, the rules for being a Director, for being a Board member, for being a friend, a Mother.

Before I received the gift of divine love, I was not willing to conform and learn the rules; instead I would rely on my passion to guide me. I would respond with righteousness or pull myself out of the persecuted position to become a missionary with a vision to change the world, to use the touch of the keys on the piano to make a beautiful sound. But real life isn't like that; real life is being able to enter into a dynamic mutuality with others, even others with whom I disagree. Being effective means being able to hold my own opinions quietly whilst listening to the desires expressed by others, letting the multiplicity of viewpoints open new vistas, wash over me or through me.

In troubled times I won't let go of an obsessive desire to have my version of life recognised as superior to others. And then I must be obedient to the rules. I know this and I act on it, and I hope that it shows in the stories at the beginning of Chapter Five, in the way that I question my responses and am accountable to

myself. I have learned how important it is to continue to practice, to continue obeying the rules and carrying on with spiritual practise and inquiring even when I resist and feel discomfort.

I begin to think here about how I work through distress.

And by recalling that in even the smallest action I have made an ethical decision in continuing to inquire, I recognise a process that helps me to know that even though I am temporarily blinded I can feel my way out of the dark into the light. And this is the loving thread that runs through the dynamic of my living contradiction, living connectedness and living love forms my aesthetics of existence.

I create more 'data', try something different, change my standpoint, and reflect on the increased options this data throws up.

Commitment to spiritual practice and inquiry runs through my physical body, through my emotions, through my thinking. If I can't think then I exercise. If I feel over emotional then I exercise. Once I am calmer then I read and talk, reflect on what has been going on; think about what comes next. Try something different, do some cooking, meditate, put events, responses, and actions into a new context, see what happens next, and so on. There are lots of choices and different combinations and it creates lots of data.

By not making judgements, the boundaries between feeling, thought and action become confused. I use my embodied responses to my language to indicate the direction I should take.

This whole thesis is predicated on this inclusive way of working, gathering data that calls me whether it is incongruent or not, my being ready to let the writing show me its meaning. Holding true to an inarticulatable sense of what feels right whilst in the middle of contradictory evidence, feeling uncomfortable and being confused. It needs time, but this has worked out in the end.

Often there is too much data and I get confused. I need to get out of the mess, get to the edge, go back to the source, have a look and see how this fits (or not) with my intentions. Is there useful feedback from others? This is my time for analysis, but not for dissection. One of my rules (that I am gradually learning) is not to analyse what is 'me', because the 'me' is a changing part of an inclusional

dynamic. I cannot apply objective analysis to myself; instead I vary the practice and prepare for the inevitable alteration of my thinking.

The categories of thought and action are reconfigured, and I begin to see how the material that has been generated 'fit' in a wider context.

Then there comes a sense of what is happening, I get a sense of the mandala, of something coming together. That used to happen to me when thinking strategically as a Director and it happens to me now writing this thesis. It is the way that I design my garden. I let self-seeded plants grow, and then later decide where they look best and move them if necessary; making a beautiful planting plan from the resources available that will grow alongside the other plants planned and bought from the garden centre.

My inquiry method mirrors my leadership practice

I carry a sense of 'boundary' and 'edge' as being important in my sense making. I check my reflection on how I carry out my inquiry against what I know of my practice. I do not lose sight of my ultimate aim, to bring what I know into my actions at work. Is there congruence here that indicates that I am on the 'right' track?

I know that the principles of 'waiting until I can get back to the edge, of 'allowing things to emerge' which underlies my methodology are 'true' because there are echoes of this in my leadership practice. (I describe this process in Chapter Seven.) By successfully developing and introducing software in a small way in one department, I show how I went on to apply the expertise gained in new scenarios. None of the detailed logistics were planned in advance, it was messy and unclear, and staff asked for detailed directions and guidelines. But keeping the main aim in mind, and trusting the process allowed implementation to gain its own momentum. It meant that we developed a bespoke system that worked for us, that we did not need to buy in standard software.

My methodology surfaces contradiction

I move from thinking about congruence to a consideration of dissonance and contradiction. I hold an embodied sense of love in my mind, as I think about how I address (or not) apparent inconsistencies in my writing. I decide that I am following love's logic, not my own.

I write about living 'in a world where emotions were often dishonestly ascribed (and) where I created coherence by looking for the gap between word and feeling' in Chapter Five. But in Chapter Eight I show that 'human beings have the capacity to act with joy, even when we do not feel like it.' And later I write about, 'giving up of my will to the will of another' and surrender. So now I suspend my earlier statement about gauging authenticity through an inner sounding board whilst continuing to pursue the unfamiliar logic of love. By doing this I come to understand the paradoxical nature of eros and agape, and in Chapter Nine, I 'resolve' this contradiction by theorising a pedagogy of presence.

In the process of 'writing my truth' regardless of its paradoxical nature, I am able to recognise, and point to, the 'aesthetics of my existence'.

THE SECOND ITERATION: REFLECTION

My Inclusional Methodology

In this second iteration I begin to play with the concepts of boundary, edge and gap in Bernstein's (2000) theories. I look for congruence between these ideas and connect them with my thesis as a whole. I build on my earlier glimpses of the dynamical relation of feeling, action and dialogue, and incorporate Rayner's (2004) ideas of dynamic, fluid boundaries. I find that I have 'absorbed' Foucault's (1984a) concept of 'ordering principles' and realise that I reflect on the underlying grammars of language to make meaning.

'There is always a boundary. It may vary in its explicitness, its visibility, its potential and in the manner of its transmission and acquisition.... Is the boundary a prison of the past...or is it a tension point which condenses the past yet opens up the possibility of futures?' (Bernstein 2001 p. 206).

I write on the edge of the social world, discovering meanings below the surface of appearance.

In general terms, my methodology is about feeling the qualities of the boundary between one relation and another, sensing the meaning of the difference and the direction in which this difference leads. Where there is no difference there is a collapse of meaning and no guidance to action, and habitus (Bourdieu, 1977) takes over. It takes a great deal of practice and discipline for me to see the boundaries and the invitation to action that they offer, and then to neither rush to fill that gap nor rush away from it. That is what meditation techniques teach me: how to experience silently with no action in the midst of action.

I consider the place of extended epistemology in my inquiry method, and evaluate the 'truth' of my reflection against the Heron's theory of 'Bi-polar congruence' (Heron, 1996)

In writing about my methodology my inquiry practice becomes an abstraction, propositional knowledge. As I follow the logic of my method I realise its truth in my drawings, the presentational knowledge shown in Chapter One.

Journalling my practice and writing accounts of conversation, helps me to place events in a broader context, to see what went well, and what could have been better. Reflecting on these events brings a new perspective. I rely upon my tacit, experiential knowing, those disciplines that enable me to respond on a feeling, intuitive level. My propositional knowledge develops in the gaps between accounts of my practice and my lived experience of practice.

I begin to reflect on the significance of my embodied knowing and its relation to my propositional knowing.

I aim to become an instrument of love, without thinking about it or deciding beforehand what this means. I think that the way to know what love means is to live it, which means that I must let go of those mindsets and mental frames that automatically direct my actions.

My purpose is to move the boundary of my skin, to become bigger than the 'I', to lose the sense of separation between inner and outer, that which defines subject and object. This lack of differentiation does not signal a collapse of awareness, but an expansion of awareness, becoming bigger than the 'I'. My inquiry seeks to develop mindful knowledge, seeks out differences with the aim of dissolving these sensory, affective and cognitive boundaries.

I bring in Bernstein's ideas to include inward, experiential knowing, contrasting this with practical knowing.

The skin forms a boundary between the outer and inner worlds. From Bernstein's perspective boundaries are formed by the degree of insulation between categories or classifications of knowledge (Bernstein, 2000 p. 6). Here he says, that insulation faces outwards to the social order and also faces inwards to order within the individual, and it forms a system of psychic defences that maintain integrity.

I trace the changing nature of that insulation between the inner and outer self in this thesis. In Part Two the 'I' is constructed through the experience of love (developing a thicker skin), and then in the later chapters in Part Three, the permeability of that boundary (I develop a thinner skin) increases as my understanding of love develops.

The discursive gap

I start to reflect on the relation of inward and outward knowledge, asking how do I learn? As I do this I compare the post-structural view of power in the social world with the boundary between the inner and outer world.

Knowing that I learn in a responsive relation, I find my voice in an inward reflective arc, I follow the differences between my felt experience and my social experience.

The outer layers of the social order, of working in organisations, of developing strategies and implementing policies, all this is the familiar territory, this is all about technical competence, and this is not what I am inquiring into. In attempting to surface the themes in my texts there are no rules, there is no map, the territory is unknown.

I refer to my action account at the beginning of this Chapter, going back to the question about dissonance and confusion, still holding the question 'How do I learn?' in my mind. I find that I learn in the 'gap', and that it is the transformatory nature of love that enables me to look into the gap and learn from the dissonance.

I stare into the gap between the known and the unknown and start responding furiously. This 'method' is in the place where the unknown becomes the known; it is a place of feeling, thinking and doing that occurs in messy combinations. Here are the conversations, the weeping and gnashing of teeth, the failures, inquiry practices, and the discipline of spiritual practice. It is easy to see now how reflection must also be a critical component of my professional practice.

Not every learning point is as painful as the action account at the beginning of this chapter, but nevertheless in difficult times when I stare into this discursive gap I forget what I know, and must find it again.

What I show in Part Two and Part Three is, that as my inquiry continues, my trust in my methodology processes increases, and instead of seeing nothing when I stand on the edge of the unknown, I see the potential presence of love.

THE THIRD ITERATION: REFLECTION

By the third iteration I have crystallised my method, describing it as inclusional because I realise that I make meaning by collapsing boundaries and moving across gaps in such a way that the 'I' that is me is reconfigured as I let my psychic defences down. I realise that when I do this I clarify and change the meanings of love, that this process provides me with the potential for becoming an instrument of love.

And so I return to the second question that I held at the beginning of this process, 'how may I judge the worth of my inquiry?' and I take my lead from Foucault (1984a) thinking about aesthetics and ordering principles. I notice that Judi Marshall uses a list of principles as part of her process of articulating her concept of Living Systemic Thinking (Marshall, 2004).

The inclusional space and ordering principles

As I reflect on the dynamics of my methodology I incorporate my reflections on the dynamics of power in organisation and 'know' that the way I experience the world is also structured by organisational practices. As I remember the erotic pleasure of this dynamic I bring together my understanding of how language can carry power and meaning, and my understanding of how I learn through spiritual practice, letting the action 'teach' me, I realise that I when use language reflectively, I am asking it to reveal new meaning to me. I contemplate how I learn in meditation, and realise that I do not understand the process, but that there is a re-ordering of knowledge that occurs in spiritual practice.

In this way, reflexively holding this sense of pleasure as a part of myself, I come to name these processes the 'ordering principles of language', and the 'ordering principle of silence', and identify them as 'tools' in my inquiry process.

I am influenced by my sensed memory of love, and that embodiment influences my reflections. The scanning and tracking of the inner and outer arcs of attention¹ show me the interplay, the dynamic weaving of changes in being and

¹ I use this term following Judi Marshall, where she says describes the inner arc of attention as an unbounded scanning and tracking process, and the outer arc of attention as, 'reaching outside of myself in some way.' (Marshall, 2001, pp. 433-434).

doing, of one influencing the other. The 'aesthetics of my existence' now become a pleasurable experience as I become part of a dynamic inclusional flow.

In inclusional space there are no objective standards, but I track the themes arising from the process, and watch the process of inquiry, asking is this moving in the direction of love?

And I take with me into this process my knowledge of how power disciplines through social practice, how language constructs my reality, how I respond relationally and how I bring my embodied knowledge into practice.

- My methodology is developed from a sense of wholeness (or discomfort) in the interplay of feeling, thinking and doing. Much of my pleasure in inquiry is derived from this dynamism.
- There is the issue of responsibility and accountability. I am part of the reproduction of power relations within organisation, and I seek to influence this from within, as a leader. I seek to influence the politics of power in a different way.
- I recognise that I use the socially-scripted language of leaders and organisations, and I seek to alter my thinking, language and voice, to be 'heard' in the same arena but in a new way. I do this by reflecting on my accounts of practice using language, both an indicator of consciousness and as a structuring of consciousness. In this way, language re-orders my inquiry process.
- In dialogic encounter (as a reader, or in conversation) I work from felt experience, I do not 'critique' an issue, I research the ideas that support particular points of view, and come to an opinion on the basis of embodied resonances. Because I work in this way, 'silence' influences the patterns of my thinking and decision-making, and becomes an ordering principle.

Ordering principles and standards of judgement

I still have not found criteria for judging the worth of my inquiry. I am now engaged in an intuitive process, informed indirectly by theory and by my practical knowing, but directly reliant upon aligning myself with my embodied sense of love. The process is enacted in front of my computer. There is a part of me that is silent, concentrating, cultivating a felt sense of divine love. In my head I ask the question, 'How will I be judged?' I write something into the computer. I read it, asking 'What is this language telling me?' This process goes on until I have three criteria and feel a sense of completion and satisfaction.

From the underlying grammars of language, in the spaces between what I know and do not yet know, I sense the transformative presence of love. My daily spiritual practice brings silence, a lack of movement, into my (o)ntology. My experience is that this silence re-orders my thoughts and my feelings. I do not know how this happens, and I do not inquire into this. All I know is that by watching in this silence, I can discriminate between thinking, feeling and the divine influences. This process is 'the ordering principle of silence'.

How is it possible to bring this individual experience into the social?

Is it possible to set criteria for judging the truth of a living theory that arises from the gaps between accounts and practice, criteria that could be applied by me in a personal assessment of how my practice feels as I am immersed in it, and applied in a more objective manner by my readers and by the academy?

I sit and stare at what I have written. I pause and wait for a felt sense of direction. I ask myself, 'What do I care about in the work that I do?' I am thinking about work scenarios, sitting in meetings, talking with people. I am feeling those idealistic drives to do good work. I am remembering the pleasure of working as part of a team.

I trust loving presence to work in this gap between what I know and what is yet to be known. From these thoughts, memories and feelings, the standards against which I measure the worth of my work emerges:

- I aim to recontextualise (reframe) what I am, or we are doing now; so that our joint work can become easier and more pleasurable.

- I want my professional practice to inspire and support relational based strategies and inclusive decision-making within organisations
- I aim to bring a resonance, a flavour of harmony linking the practical and invisible spaces in which we participate.

These three standards flow. The first standard arises from the ordering principles of language, the second recognises the responsibility that I have for the reproduction power in organisations, and the third standard relates to the ordering principle of silence.

These three standards are criteria against which I will judge my (o)ntology, and my professional practice.

Summary

In this Chapter I show how my methodology emerges out of action research methods and combines with the ideas of others. I show how I use the ordering principles of language in my reflective writing, from which arises new propositional knowledge.

I use the phrase 'ordering principle of silence' to describe the effect of spiritual practice on my (o)ntological experience. In Chapter Two I show how the qualities of being can be influenced by religious perceptions of the divine from which spiritual practice derives. I maintain that this has specific effects on my way of seeing the world, and that I seek to realise knowledge through disclosure rather than interpret knowledge through analysis. This reasoning legitimises my decision to immerse myself in felt experience rather than bracket my experience in an attempt to be an observer of myself in action.

I go on to show how this immersion has led me to discriminate between knowledge derived from action accounts using the ordering principles of language, and knowledge derived from spiritual practice using the ordering principle of silence.

I show how I am able to set criteria with which to judge both my action and my 'beingness' by applying these principles.

In the chapters that follow in Part Two and Part Three I apply my methodology more freely, and in so doing I generate the data from which my findings emerge. Only in Part Four do I return to a more traditional approach as I evaluate my claims and consider their social relevance.