

**A POETIC INQUIRY INTO LECTURERS' ENCOUNTERS
WITH TECHNOLOGICAL TEACHING TOOLS**

Margaretha Maria Peté

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the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Visual and Performing Arts

in the Department of Visual Communication
Faculty of Arts and Design
at the Durban University of Technology

Supervisor: Professor Jean-Philippe Wade
Co-Supervisor: Professor Johannes Cronjé

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DECLARATION

I, Margaretha Maria Peté, declare that this research project for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy: Visual and Performing Arts, has not been submitted previously for a degree at the Durban University of Technology, or any other Institution or University, and that it is my own work in execution, and all material contained herein is acknowledged.

DEDICATION

For my sister Riana

First poem

Naughty in class – I was twelve, sentenced home:
“Write a poem about family”. My kin was large,
creating and crafting, a colourful but daunting task,
but because my loving sister (botanist-to-be)
assisted that drawn-out afternoon,
dining room light slowly turned lucent...
Then, in me, a blue water lily (you know,
that primal local lotus)

opened.

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LIST OF DOODLES

The doodles are a mark of imaginative idling. I used them in instances when it was better to begin a poem or table on a new page (for flow), and I was left with a lot of white space.

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DEFINITION OF TERMS

REFERENCING CONVENTIONS

Mendeley's *Harvard Format Citation Guide* was followed in this thesis: <https://www.mendeley.com/guides/harvard-citation-guide>

Where a reference has no page numbers, for in-text citations the location of a direct quotation is indicated as the paragraph number and line number, for example, (Stodel and Thompson, 2006, para. 1 line 9).

TERMINOLOGY

Encounters are memorable or arresting experiences with technological teaching tools – whether disheartening, uplifting, humorous, transformative, or moments of epiphany. “Encounters” has a sense of drama about it. It is both a playful word and serious topic in the context of South African Higher Education in the Fourth Industrial Revolution.

Educational technology is a practice and research field focused on the interface between pedagogy and the use of technology in education.

Educational technologists are university staff members who provide educational technology training, support and consultational services to lecturers.

Lecturers are university teachers. I use the terms lecturer and teacher interchangeably to avoid monotony.

Interviewees are people being interviewed – I use the terms interviewee and respondent interchangeably, to avoid monotony.

Technological teaching tools is used in its broadest sense in this study – the tools we teach with – digital technologies (for example, hardware, software, systems and platforms), mixed in with their analogue relations (for example, slates, abacuses, chalk boards and printed books).

University of Technology (UOT) is a term used in South Africa for universities focused on vocational education and applied research.

LIST OF ACRONYMS

PI	Poetic inquiry
ANT	Actor Network Theory
DUT	Durban University of Technology
IR4	Fourth Industrial Revolution

ABSTRACT

In this study I asked how poetic inquiry (PI) can contribute to capturing the full complexity of lecturers' encounters with technological teaching tools; and how Actor Network Theory (ANT) and its theoretical relations can help to comprehend how agency plays out during these encounters.

I used the performative or reflexive interview technique to interview 12 lecturers from the Durban University of Technology about their encounters with technology. This method created conditions where something poetic could be expressed – truth was performed together by interviewee and interviewer. To understand lecturers' agency, I analysed virtual interview recordings by creating poetic representations (participant-voiced poems). I prompted conversations by sending interviewees a collection of my autobiographical poems some weeks before the interviews – these poems capture encounters I experienced first-hand as insider-researcher. In preparation for the interviews, I also wrote a series of theory-voiced poems from engaging with the literature.

I found that thinking with ANT while writing poetry by way of analysis, enabled me to trace networks of human and non-human actors, to gain a clearer understanding of a world where we perform agency within networks of things. Because I worked like this and deliberately avoided an overall *thematic* analysis of the body of poetry (which tends to seek common themes), I was able to disrupt patterns and thus the poems foregrounded and articulated divergence, difference, dis-closure – the local textures of actor networks.

This study has found that the power of the particular is concentrated by combining the instruments of PI and ANT – this dual strategy has helped the poet-researcher to identify, animate, follow actors and stage encounters. ANT and its theoretical relations worked together with the devices of PI, to illuminate the great variety of ways in which technological things have authorised or blocked the agency of lecturers at the DUT.

The strategy of coupling PI with ANT culminated in the development of the ANT-PI question kit, which enabled the discussion of selected poems in relation to theory and methodology. In the kit, each research question is accompanied by a set of theory-focused questions. I prepared the reader for creative engagement from the first chapter, ending with the invitation to use the kit to unlock the poetry collection which concludes the thesis.

Having pointed out specific contributions above, overall through affect and form, the study makes a contribution to social science, technology and education, yielding a collection of 46 poems.

My scholarly regard for subconscious knowing and the imagination deepened as I trusted these devices continually throughout this inquiry to illuminate truth. I was surprised by the poems and what they revealed. The thesis is a demonstration of the kind of knowing that emerges through fidelity to the belief that imagination is equal to reason.

PREAMBLE: INQUIRING POETICALLY

Poetic inquiry

Writing poetry is research – we engage in this creative act to gain insight into lived experience. Leavy (2020) explains the critical ability of poetry to open up a third space where meaning is made – this happens when word, sound and space converge. Prendergast says of poetic inquiry (PI) that,

Although a certain amount of contextualizing may be necessary for the fullest appreciation of poetry in a research setting, it is my contention that the best examples of inquiry poems are good poems in and of themselves (2009, p. xxii)

This is why Brady defines PI as, “the artful assemblage of language raised to methodological strategy” (2009, p. xiv).

This thesis commits to all of the above. Over and above the poetry the study renders, the work strives for truthful storytelling overall in style and shape. Therefore to a degree, I ask of readers to suspend expectations one might have of a more traditional social science study, in structure, tone and style. Ellingson (2009, p. 32) believes, “Literary standards of truthfulness in storytelling, that is, verisimilitude, replace those of social scientific truth at the left/artistic end of the continuum”.

Categories of voice

Prendergast surveyed PI studies done between 1918 and 2007. She coded these works according to the voice used and proposed three voices namely, *vox theoria* – literature or theory-voiced poems, *vox autobiographia/autoethnographia* or autobiographical poems, and *vox participare* or participant-voiced poems (Prendergast, 2009, p. xxii):

- “Literature-voiced poems are written from or in response to works of literature/theory in a discipline or field. Or, alternately, these may be poems about poetry and/or inquiry itself”;

- “Researcher-voiced poems are written from field notes, journal entries, or reflective/creative/autobiographical/autoethnographical writing as the data source”;
- “Participant-voiced poems are written from interview transcripts or solicited directly from participants...The voices in the poems may be singular or multiple. Also, inquiry poems may blend both the researcher’s and the participants’ voices”.

In 2015, Prendergast reported on additional categories of voice namely, identity, justice, caring, parenting and poetic voice (Prendergast, 2015).

Encounters: a collection of poems

All 46 poems written during this inquiry appear together as a cohesively conceptualised collection, forming the last chapter, “Encounters: a collection of poems”. The collection is organised into sections which mirror Prendergast’s original three categories of voice (although in a different order):

The first section, “Memoirs”, contains autobiographical poems;

“Theory” follows, containing theory-voiced poems;

“Staffroom stories” and then, “Interviews”, contain participant-voiced poems.

Poems in the body of the thesis

Each of the poems in the collection also makes an appearance in the body of the thesis – here, poems are evocative extensions of the argument, with the aim of extending reasoning to insight – this strategy works against “the rational–emotional split, which historically dominated knowledge production” (Leavy, 2020, p. 86). The reader will oscillate between left and right brain



Doodle 1: mouse

cognition, as poems and academic writing, imagination and reason, intertwine. I use full poems (according to the norms of PI), not excerpts. The poems are not explained – poetic inquirers tend to take the stand that poems should speak for themselves – we rather aim to build layers into poems as rich, complex, contradictory representations of lived experience, to which readers bring meaning.

Reflexive cycles produced a poetry collection

The poetry collection arose as follows:

1. To understand my personal encounters with technology from the time I began this study, alongside reading theory I wrote the poems that appear in “Memoirs” and “Staffroom Stories”. In the latter section I was sometimes told stories, but often I was involved first-hand in these experiences;
2. Simultaneously, I also wrote theory-voiced poems, to break through to new levels of understanding which I couldn’t reach cognitively;
3. Using the reflexive interview technique resulted in conversations ripe for poetry. After interviews, I watched / listened to these Zoom recordings, then analysis was carried out during the act of creating poetic representations (participant-voiced poems);
4. I then selected four poems and interpreted these works individually in relation to the research questions, connecting the poems to specific theoretical ideas discussed in advance in the chapter “Technology and the lecturer’s agency”. The criterion I used to select the poems, was to make use of works that would enable me to discuss both research questions comprehensively.
5. By scrutinising these theoretical reflections on individual poems, I developed an ANT-PI question kit, which the reader could use to unlock some of the other poems as social projects. The analysis and resulting kit are meant to form a framework for interpretation (Breheny, 2012).

CHAPTER 1: FRAMING THE PROBLEM

We, lecturers, perform continually on a technological edge. I believe it is worth understanding how we are affected emotionally by these encounters with teaching tools, so that we may thrive. The poem “Quiz” stages a colleague and his students at the Durban University of Technology (DUT) on that cusp.

Quiz

In a buzzing journo lab, more and more lecturers
are preparing millennials for the media maze
where news quality matters more than ever.

A practicing journalist came to see me.
He asked how technology could enable him
to work smart as part-time teaching staff,
while helping students to achieve.

He told me stories
of early years at the *Daily Dispatch*
before the days of digital printing —
going down to the galleys
to meet men in rolled up sleeves...

cutting, pasting, operating large machines.

With a B Com he worked his way in
from London’s knock-and-drops
and Vox pops, to Financial Times
business reporting and hard news.

We planned small scaffolds

into the world of their dreams
(deadlines colliding priorities
crisis control impossible hours)

starting with a series of self-marked tests:
automatic feedback for each question,
multiple repetition for revision.

Students first dipped in their toes
the traditional way —
no texting, no talking —
and once they were at ease,
proceeded with an open book quiz.
He said, “As a minimum, this got students
to scroll and search for credible sources,
read – to answer accurately
while the clock ticked; from there,
frequent true/false on current affairs”.

What struck me most while this mentor mused?

“If students abide
by the rules of ethics,
the stories will be good...”

In the lab we watched the animated class
rise to his call – they rolled up their sleeves
to cut and paste in the galleys of online news.

From the galleys of online journalists to the valleys of early humans – in 1964 (the year I was born), Mary Leaky dug up “Homo habilis” (handyman) – a two-million-year-old fossil in Tanzania’s Olduvai Gorge. Thousands of stone tools were unearthed in the gorge near the Ngorongoro Crater (Leakey, Tobias and Napier, 1964). In 2008, Mary Leaky’s

granddaughter Louise contemplated modern humans' use of technological tools. She says in a TEDTalk video titled "A dig for humanity's origins":

Evolutionary speaking, we are just a blip. We are sitting on the edge of a precipice. We have the tools and the technology at our hands to communicate what needs to be done to hold it together today (Leaky, 2008)

As my peers and I remember encounters with technology, I try to illuminate the intricate interplay between us, and those technologies that we employ – how we “hold it together” (to use Mary Leaky’s words), as our ancestors have. For, poetry “constitutes the spinal cord of remembering”, says South African poet Breyten Breytenbach – the poet’s work is to remain committed to writing poetry, “as if for the first time, with awe and wonder” (2009, p. 16). Part of the poet’s work is to invite participation: “The first act of poetry is always a read...the open process of proposition of a poem is only completed once it has been taken possession of and integrated by the reader” (2009, pp. 42–43); and, "poem is self-enclosed in its thing-ness, and yet will always depend on the reader for final and total completion" (2009, p. 23). This thesis relies on meaning-making by the reader (Denzin, 2013). I hope that you might sometimes even be tempted to respond through your own creative work (Richardson, 2000).

My role in this inquiry is insider (Merton, 1972) – during almost 30 years of working at the DUT, I have been both lecturer and educational technologist. My own experiences with technology intertwine throughout this study with those of my peers. “Slate” animates one of my childhood encounters:

Slate

In my palm
a small blank slate
sawn into shape,
then painted twice
one sleepless night
by my dad in a pool
of low garage light.

I concentrate...
practice my name.
The tip of my tongue
is a tiny lizard
peeking, sampling
chalk-yellow sun.

Why am I committed to this research? I “stand firmly behind the belief that critical qualitative inquiry inspired by the sociological imagination can make the world a better place” (Denzin 2018, xi). The sociological imagination was proposed by Mills (1959, p. 5), as a device which helps individuals to “understand the larger historical scene in terms of its meaning for the inner life” – the sociological imagination enables us to connect personal context to history, to be able to make sense of existence.

While we engage in encounters with technological teaching tools, our worlds remain perpetually recent – like a scene from the novel *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, by Gabriel García Márquez, when the Macondo village people saw a steam train rolling into their sight for the first time: “The world was so recent that many things lacked names, and in order to indicate them it was necessary to point” (1978, p. 1). A current example – at the end of March 2020, I was about to conduct interviews with my peers – lecturers at the DUT in the KwaZulu-Natal province of South Africa. But contact universities around the world had gone virtual unexpectedly overnight, due to Covid-19 lockdown. To avoid the spread of this pandemic, lecturers were required to teach remotely (not on campus), through virtual media. I had to re-obtain ethics clearance to conduct these interviews virtually, and not in my office as I had declared. My imminent interviewees did not know where their students were – scattered into rural corners of our province and beyond, many without adequate skills or resources for remote learning. The familiar had vanished – everything that we used in concert to make teaching work as best we can – the many blends of learning technologies and campus-based learning. Even while many lecturers had been used to a range of technology in their repertoire, the most seasoned among us were catapulted out of our zones of experience.

Recording lectures

In front of students, many years
you wove accounts and joined ideas
from texts and notes and powerpoints

with hands and eyes (a turn, a smile)
while *she* strolled out
on outstretched desks...

Inquisitive tail, her soundless paws
stepping over phones and pens.
Students were egged by her presence

to jot down notes, frown, or ask
and you'd invent. In turn
you'd hear new ideas spark

unfurling again your expositions
and then, to end, you'd tie together
the heart of a thesis, dismiss the class

and she'd follow you down
the long passage, curl under your desk
head-butt your leg, showing affection.

When Covid-19 came, you left so fast
she stayed behind. Now you're at home
remote in your room, recording lectures.

In zoom exchange you relate to me
how deflated these attempts can be
compared to the real, living thing.

Seeing you there, Philip Pullman's words ring:

"When your daemon was pulling
at the link between you
(part physical pain deep in your chest,

part intense
sadness and love)
it was such a strange tormenting feeling."

Hold on to the thought behind that bolted door
that there are differences between
being severed and separated
from your inspiring force.

"Recording lectures" is an example of an encounter where I put the imagination to work to reflect on an interviewee's experiences. By creating a metaphor based on Philip Pullman's (2001) notion of a *daemon* or spirit in the trilogy *His Dark Materials*, I make sense of the lecturer's displacement distress (suddenly cut off from the physical teaching realm) by imagining that he has become separated from his teaching spirit, in the form of a cat – the interviewee's favourite pet. A more detailed theoretical reflection on the poem appears in the chapter "Theorising poems reflexively". "*Imagining* and accomplishing an inquiry" (my emphasis), is a turn of phrase used by post-qualitative scholars Lather and St. Pierre (cited in Quinlan, 2016, p. 3). Why and when would it be suitable to employ the imagination to conduct research? If one hopes to "produce different knowledge and produce knowledge differently (p635)" (cited in Quinlan, 2016, p. 3). The unfolding of this thesis is the process of producing knowledge differently. The last chapter – a poetry collection – embodies the actual different knowledge produced from the process.

Covid-19 lockdown gave rise to pertinent examples of technological encounters – but we, teachers, have found ourselves pointing, as the Macondo people did, at that new thing without name, for as long as we have been human. Through the methodology of PI, this

study intends to help us move – from pointing, to naming – to gain insight into how we have been affected by encounters with technological teaching tools in our careers. Here is a story shared with me in the staffroom.

Microphone

The tall aloes along the freeway
stand proud witness today.
He travels to the remote campus
to read the names at graduation.

From the stage he looks down
on a sea of black gowns.
In their midst, a single red one.
Meticulously he enunciates
the many clicks of scholars' names.
In stylish shoes,
first generation graduates strut across the stage.

When her turn comes, the power fails.
He hesitates — reaches back
to distant days studying drama –
projects his voice from the diaphragm
over the dead microphone.
But, at that moment the PA system comes on again!

The tsunami of her title
rolls over the sea of heads,
blasts out the door...

past engineers surveying campus contours,
past the education lab's online classrooms,

prospective nurses huddled over a heart...

the goats by the gate,
the kiosk rigged from scraps,
funeral parlour,
billboard, “Add a little pap
to your Rama” ...

Throughout the peri-urban landscape
her name reverberates.
Lucky bean trees bloom red.
Families ululate.

Pap: Porridge (Afrikaans)

Rama: A brand name for margarine

Ululate: To utter a loud, usually protracted, high-pitched, rhythmical sound especially as an expression of sorrow, joy, celebration, or reverence (<https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/ululate>)

On the African continent, our ancestors are the muses that inspire poets (Mann, 2012; Ngwenya, 2015). As fourth generation teacher in my family, my identity, actions and participation in encounters with technological teaching tools are shaped by my kin. In “Barometer”, I summon the spirit of my late grandfather, who was a teacher. Through this poem I invite you to consider your own muses; and how your own meaning-making takes place through objects and things.

Barometer

This gadget stood midst hand-bound books.

His custom-made barometer –
an upright straw in a bottle of ink.

My brothers say, when we were small
they *also* snuck in through that door,

tho' not to dream or think:

a hasty draw
might raise the fluid in the straw,
fake the tide...
so he could fetch his bait and hooks.

I visited from varsity. He arched to greet
from where he sat since Ouma died.
Memories swayed in light and dark
like waterweeds on the wall.

I reached for his thesis on the shelf,
peeked inside the scaly hide,
read out loud.

Eyes glazed like an old carp,
his chuckle welled:

“Did I write *that*? I can't tell...”

Ouma: Granny (Afrikaans)

The next poem, "Ticker tape", is written from an interview I conducted with a peer about his encounters – this time I am inviting you to look out for those technological teaching tools – flash cards, wonder markers, a box of chalk... The poem is about the lecturer's experiences, but through conversation, I participate in constructing meaning. After this I will introduce the notion of agency.

Ticker tape

His website says he was born in Davenport, USA
when his parents were there doing more than studying.
In our interview he weaves parallel streams
of striking Afrikaans and commanding English.
He says with a PhD,
if things don't tie up neatly, that's OK.
(He wrote his on Afrikaans border literature,
exposed ambiguities – did not bow
to pre-democracy canonical certainties.
He remembers his fear when he handed in
in that era of censorship and secrets.)

I ask about childhood.

"In Dr Spock my mother gleaned
that three-year-olds could be taught to read.
Every evening on her bed
she flashed these cards on which she wrote
with Wonder Markers of felt and glass.
Her Y's at the bottom were sharp,
not round as they made me do
much later on in school.
I realised she was wrong.
I abhorred her drills.

But it prepared me
for variants.
My first Skinnerian training.

Then later, I got hold of pens –
had a field day scribbling
on the wall by my bed.
I got a hiding, but let it be known
that I shall scribe.
Over my doodles my dad
painted the wall black
then handed me boxes of chalk.

In the afternoon after my first day at school
I sat them down in a straight line
and taught everything I learnt that day to
my brother's dolls; his teddy and mine.

My mother's military green typewriter.
She walked in, gave me a book
and said, 'If you're going to play,
you may as well do it right –
start here: A S D F G H J K L
Ask a lad, ask a dad, a lass asks a dad...'
From age nine, I had a typing speed
of forty words per minute.
Always reprimanded at school
for bad handwriting,
it was liberating at varsity to find
I am allowed to type
even if I was in the minority.

As conscript in the army I sat at night

to write out records by hand. I said to my buddy,
let's rather pause the ticker tape in the right place,
insert the data directly.
The sergeant did a back-flip so the plan didn't last,
but it was there that I grasped
one may as well program repetitive tasks.

The day we go back to campus,
we face fees-must-fall protests.
In some ways we are shielded
by Covid lockdown.
Though I struggle to keep up
with nocturnal millennials.
They are night owls. I
want private time in my first working hours
then end at 5. But I'm getting there.
With my first smartphone in Norway,
I realised when one sees it like a phone that's grown
and not a shrunk computer,
then it's easier to get into mobile learning.

Distance is dark – spark urgency
with synchronous communication.
One must get feedback frequently.
On the border we sent troops
to strategic locations –
then realised they're cheating,
sitting outside our camp
eating provisions.”

After our interview ends, I recall
I once told him, at my university
the Library held a poetry reading

and when the deputy was mortified
that someone had swiped
some of my books, I replied,
“Whoever pinches poetry, probably needs it.”
In response, JC (as students call him) admitted,
“At school one day, I stole a Bible.”

Afrikaans border literature: A sub-genre that emerged from war on South Africa’s borders with Namibia, Angola and Zambia, during the Apartheid era.

Agency

My aim is to develop a better understanding of lecturers’ agency in relation to technology. Agency is tied to action – how one acts to produce a particular effect under certain circumstances – here, the doer is the agent (agent in Latin means the one who acts). Giddens (1993) refers to agency as that space of freedom in modernity in which the individual is able to shape one’s own identity; context has an influence on how identity formation plays out, and identity-making occurs and depends on one’s ability to be self-reflexive. Burkitt re-frames agency for a relational world view or ontology – he argues that while Giddens and Archer both focus on agency as pivoting on an individual’s reflexivity (with the emphasis on individual), agency is rather centred on a collective – “people producing particular effects in the world and on each other through their relational connections and joint actions” (Burkitt, 2016, p. 323). Actor Network Theory (ANT) takes relational agency one step further and deeper into our relationship with things in the post-human realm – Sayes says that humans and things are never by themselves, therefore agency is always defined in relation to the actors they are surrounded by: “Things might authorise, allow, afford, encourage, permit, suggest, influence, block, render possible, forbid” (Sayes, 2014, p. 141). Thinking with ANT while writing poetry by way of analysis, has helped me to trace networks of human and non-human actors, to gain a clearer understanding of a world where we perform agency within networks of things.

We could now apply an agency reading to “Ticker tape”. Using one vignette in the poem as example, namely, the interviewee’s mother who taught him to read at age three, one could ask:

1. How the respondent’s agency was influenced by the network of actors – not only other humans, but also things – things which might render possible or block the interviewee’s agency – for example, the Doctor Spock book convinced his mother to teach the respondent to read; one could also ask how the interviewee’s agency was shaped by his own actions, for example, he learnt to read even if he hated his mother’s drills;
2. Then one might also think about the role of reflexivity in agency, for example, while the lecturer (a seasoned educationalist) narrates this anecdote in the interview, he remarks that the childhood reading drills were his first Skinnerian training (learning by repetition).

One could repeat an agency reading for other encounters in “Ticker Tape”, for example how on the border, the respondent worked smart with ticker tape to save time, how the sergeant did a back flip (stopping the respondent from continuing in this vein, in other words, blocking agency); and the respondent’s reflexive insight that that encounter helped him to develop the skill of automating repetitive tasks.

My aim here is to introduce a way of doing an agency reading of poems. As we progress from here, more poems appear in relation to other aspects of the argument, but at the same time the reader could pause to reflect on agency.

Technological things

In a sense this project aligns with *Evocative Objects. Things We Think With*, a book edited by Sherry Turkle, which, “contributes a detailed examination of particular objects with rich connections to daily life as well as intellectual practice” (Turkle, 2007, p. 7). Read the poem “Margin” to spot the evocative object:

Margin

I see colour, sound...him in the crowd.
This young man stood on Caltech's edge
where dons blend in with the throb of life.
Flaxen hair. Catchy charm.
There on the margin he went and stood
then a woman floated up to him
and belly-danced
with a book.

In Turkle's project, each author was asked "to choose an object and follow its associations: where does it take you; what do you feel; what are you able to understand?" (Turkle, 2007, p. 7). Following associations is something we started doing with "Ticker tape".

The storyteller in me gets excited when Patty Lather says, "Things talk back" within a relational ontology (Lather, 2016, p. 125). (And I wonder anew about that belly-dancing book...). Of course, my inquiry traces in particular, networks of things (as opposed to objects) as they feature in ANT. I unpack ANT in the chapter "Technology and the teacher's agency", but in advance need to make one important point namely, that combining ANT with PI yields commanding powers, because ANT, too, has semiotic roots:

In Latour's work the question of language has gained a special importance because it is the only space in which "the-world-according-to-natural-science" can meet "the-world-according-to-sociology" and in this space this opposition can be dissolved (cf. 1993b, 64) (Høstaker, 2014, pp. 114–115)

Or, in Bruno Latour's direct words, ANT as a resource, was developed with the purpose of dealing with agency, specifically, "as a semiotic construction and to relate agency with the building of meaning" (Latour, 2017, p. 47).

The Fourth Industrial Revolution

Towards the treatise's focus on the world of the lecturer, so far, we have touched on the rationale for this project; how I work with PI and the poems' work in the study; technology as things; and agency. I continue to announce central ideas that will be discussed in more depth later. Next, some opening thoughts on the Fourth Industrial Revolution (IR4) in relation to human agency.

Mobile supercomputing, intelligent robots, self-driving cars, neuro-technological brain enhancements, genetic editing and artificial intelligence – these technologies have now entered our world (Schwab, 2017), thus relevant to higher education and the lecturer, whose work it is to bridge the student into the world of work. Fake news, privacy and citizen surveillance, are topics currently under discussion by the World Wide Web Foundation, an organisation which exists to ensure the architecture of the Internet continues to enable a democratic space that cannot be monopolised.

There have been recent concerns that we have “summoned the demon” – these are the words of South African born innovator Elon Musk, with reference to artificial intelligence. While this concern has been met with some scepticism and counter-assurances from his critics (Domonoske, 2017), there are other prominent figures who expressed the same disquiet, including the late physicist Stephen Hawking (Galeon, 2017). The nature of the work force and employability will change fundamentally by automation. A 2015-study reported on in *The Economist*, found that 21 million jobs are under threat across thirty-two countries (*A study finds nearly half of jobs are vulnerable to automation*, 2018). While mainly developed countries were surveyed, this nevertheless shows a global trend, likely to influence mixed economy countries such as South Africa in the future and impact the nature of vocational institutions such as the DUT, where my study is located.

An abiding question from some colleagues has been whether technology will replace teachers. I remain interested in the cause of this alarm – the looming feeling of powerlessness in relation to what humans have designed and now use. Naturally the concern about technological intrusion is becoming more pronounced with increasing digital sophistication and infiltration (Ross et al, 2014; Fox, 2018).

The Durban University of Technology as research site

The DUT where I work and conducted interviews, is a vocation-focused, technological university where applied research is carried out in a developing country. At DUT there is a strong emphasis on the use of educational technology for teaching and learning, mandated in an eLearning policy (Stewart, 2016). I pay respect to my late line manager, Professor Thengamehlo Harold Ngwenya, who passed away of Covid-19 complications during the course of this study – his academic development position paper for the DUT (2019) stresses the importance of equipping academics with educational technology know-how, specifically in the current context of the IR4 – the higher education system within which the university functions, needs “a radical reappraisal” (Ngwenya, 2019, p. 98) to remain relevant in the IR4. The poem “Lab” opens another window onto DUT in both its historical setting and current locus in the early 2020s:

Lab

More than ten years on we have been one.
Once from an aerial photograph I could see
why the merger was necessary.
Only a road divided two unis, similar
except, the white one got State subsidy
and the other was built by the Cane Grower’s Union
so that Indian indenture labourers’ children
could receive tertiary schooling.

Today I park on Steve Biko campus
where science students study
on gently sloping lawns.
To make it across the road
I queue to exit — there’s a bottleneck
where IDs are now checked:
last month a student was bludgeoned to death

(for a laptop and phone)
inside a lecture hall where he was studying alone.

To cross the road, I dance between taxis
who speed and zig-zag
corners where others try to turn –
music booms so loud
their sliding doors vibrate –
conductors leap out, whistle and tout.

I'm still alive on the other side.
Next to expensive turnstiles
(installed back then with merger funding
but never worked) a rusty gate
is kept closed by a leaning brick.
Inside I pass the guard
lethargic in the leafy shade.

I find her in her office
behind towering scripts.
She escorts me across the courtyard's
rehearsals, animated chats
and pensive smokers.

For a while we celebrate their new lab
(smart board and all) after several years
installed at last. As I pause
to start training

we hear
a
Plop

on a keyboard

and look up...

A drop oozes through
the furry sagging ceiling;
or is it the underbelly
of an imminent revolution

Ngwenya describes the challenge at the DUT, as balancing two agendas namely, national development and international competitiveness. The work of academic development (of which educational technology, my field of work and inquiry form a part) is to effect changes for social justice and global relevance:

...transformation...is an all-embracing response to internal and external (including global) pressures to produce graduates with the requisite knowledge and intellectual flexibility to contribute to the creation of a just and humane global community (Ngwenya, 2019, p. 105)

Ngwenya is guided by the vision statement of the DUT (Mthembu, 2020) which declares that by 2030,

- Our people will be entrepreneurial, innovative, creative and adaptive to changes in the world;
- Our people will participate productively in the development of our region, country and the world;
- Our state-of-the-art facilities and systems will be supported by an ecosystem created to achieve this vision.

On a national level, Czerniewicz, a leading scholar in open education, urges South African universities to continue using learning technologies in a socio-economic context of severe wealth imbalance. Rather than reinforcing inequality in our practices, we are called to be change agents, using learning technologies creatively as equalising vehicles (Czerniewicz, 2016). This call to action rings of agency, as does, on an international level, the Internet

Society voicing its view that the Internet should be used in critical, discerning, creative ways to eradicate inequalities. This Society aligns with the United Nations' stance that Internet access is a human right to freedom of expression and association:

The Internet's unique characteristics have extended the ability and means to speak, create, innovate and associate, resulting in new dynamics between freedom of expression, privacy, and security (*Policy Brief: Human Rights*, 2015).

Note the verbs "speak, create, innovate and associate" which indicate action and therefore, associations with agency. In her doctoral study, Mistri (2016, p. 181) conducted a social realist analysis of DUT lecturers' decisions to participate or not, in in-house educational technology programmes. She "traced how academics used their reflexive capacity to act in specific ways, given the structural and cultural enablements and constraints".

The intricacies that teacher-researchers have to negotiate due to pervasive technologies, are examined in the chapter "Observation in a Surveilled World" (Bratich, 2018) in the *SAGE Handbook of Qualitative Research*. Negotiating such intricacies are also actions that could be seen as part of agency.

While I begin to think through the concept of agency, in relation to our encounters with technology (more on this in the chapter "Technology and the lecturer's agency"), I contemplate how we could move beyond merely "holding it together" (as Mary Leaky says). We should at least strive to thrive? As such, I conduct this project with a hopeful heart, within the current critical framework of qualitative research described by Denzin in the introduction to the 2018 edition of *The SAGE Handbook of Qualitative Research*. Such a framework "privileges practice...consequences...discourses, methodologies of the heart, and pedagogies of hope" (Denzin, 2018, p. x).

Teaching during the Covid-19 pandemic

The Economist considers the Covid-19 pandemic in the midst of the IR4 era, to be having a booming effect on technology innovation (*The Economist*, 2021). As mentioned in the beginning, two years into writing this thesis, as I was about to begin interviewing lecturers, contact universities world-wide were catapulted into virtual mode with the sudden outbreak of Covid-19. At this time, the blend of face-to-face and technology-

enhanced learning had become well-established at DUT, but technology had largely been used on campus, as opposed to for remote learning. The effect of the world-wide pandemic on lecturers brought about an intensity to the study, as even those who hesitated before began with urgency to teach with and through digital technology only.

Hotspot

After we were catapulted
from campus into our homes by Covid,
I sent my colleagues *Ten Steps to Make a Quiz* –
and she was the first keen teacher.
Here's to the woman who got so speechless:

"Marí!! I'm new to all this –
last night...I didn't sleep a wink!
Well after midnight I was still at it –
my laptop ran out of data so I went on my phone...
had to leave the room to not disturb my sleeping husband
...I got so addicted!!
I managed to make a test – but now I can't find it!"
(Such a mix of exasperation and excitement...)

"Okay", I say, "Can you share your computer screen
so I can see? To get connected, create a hotspot to your phone."
"Hotspot – what's that?" After four minutes she calls back:
"I'm on track!" We comb her course
for traces of last night's toil... find the questions she created:

The laughing cave of her mouth
swallows my screen –
Howick River spills from a cliff,
her songs and celebration

flood the room I'm in on the other end of our province.
The first keen teacher, so far so near
(between us long roads roll along trees blooming
red against this very quiet deep blue winter
no trucks thundering on the freeways,
no student voices bouncing off walls
of overflowing lecture halls; instead,
desperate wires and cell phone towers criss-crossing hills
(though not enough by far)
to connect intermittently in peaks and falls
to our students dispersed in dorps and villages, dotted in valleys).

We spend more of the afternoon trying more complicated things.
Behind her, a bunch of small grandchildren
pour through the kitchen door, circle a table, blow out candles, sing...
A dog barks and small and big creatures join from tangled trees.
Her eyes turn dreamy. She tells me of family
and her sister who sat her down
igniting a fire for teaching Nursing,
how her academic journey boomed long after she turned forty.

Here's to the woman who got so speechless
– she was one of the first teachers
to reach out to students with WhatsApp and Moodle
after Corona lockdown kicked in.

As mentioned earlier, this study is not about the effects of Covid-19 on lecturers' encounters *per se*, although this context, namely teaching virtually from home, intensified experiences and magnified encounters with technology and how we perform agency together with technology actors in the room. Another effect of Covid-19 that brought additional opportunity for depth to the study, is that the virtual interviews which I conducted, became technological encounters in themselves.

In the literature on remote teaching with technology, Stodel and Thompson are experienced online lecturers whose courses passed all the requirements for successful online learning. Even so, they asked online learners if anything was missing – the learners responded affirmatively – they missed the following aspects that they experienced in face-to-face teaching: “robustness of online dialogue, spontaneity and improvisation, perceiving and being perceived by the other, getting to know others” (Stodel and Thompson, 2006, para. 1 line 9). We return to thinking about these notions in the chapter “Technology and the lecturer’s agency”.

The imagination

The imagination plays a strong role in my approach to PI. In relation to science and technology, it seems fitting to begin with Albert Einstein’s belief that the imagination is more important than knowledge (Viereck, 1929). From science to philosophy – Owen Barfield shows how, through the theory of Poetic Diction, “the imagination can both perceive and create truth via poetry” (Margheim, 2010, para. 1 line 1). In social science language, we could call this an “imaginative-creative” study (Chang, 2008, p. 148) that aims to contribute to a conscious reflexivity. Following the traditions of narrative research, I aim to reach readers beyond the established research community, to contribute to social understanding and insight (Ellis, Adams and Bochner, 2011), and where possible, to contribute to truth.

What computers can do is up to our imagination, is how founder of the World Wide Web Tim Berners-Lee’s parents brought him up to believe (1999). The imagination is considered “the Combining faculty” by mother of computer programming Ada Lovelace, daughter of the poet Lord Byron:

What is imagination? It is the Combining faculty. It brings together things, facts, ideas, conceptions in new, original, endless, ever-varying combinations...It is that which penetrates into the unseen worlds around us, the worlds of Science (*Profile: Applying Imagination to Science: Ada Lovelace & the Personal Computer*, 2017)

Then to the imagination’s role in the IR4 – considering employability (one of the main objectives of higher education), research into the implications of automation and human job loss indicates that creativity is most difficult to programme: “...low risk jobs in terms

of automation will be those that require social and creative skills” (Schwab, 2017, p. 40). In other words, we could avoid redundancy, remain active earners, if we contribute aspects of creative problem-solving and imaginative living to society. In this vein, a current higher education trend is to design curricula and, more specifically, assess students in ways which will make these humans employable in a world among intelligent machines. Humans are likely to play an active role in the workforce, should they be capable of making value judgements, for example. Bearman and Luckin suggest assessment practices to develop these higher order thinking skills (HOTS) in students (Bearman et al, 2020).

I conclude this introduction to the imagination which is at work on different levels through this inquiry, by returning to social science, where leading scholars keep pointing to “how the discourses of qualitative research can be used to help create and imagine...” better worlds to live in (Denzin and Lincoln, 2005). Employing our imagination to envision and create a future where we might thrive, inevitably calls for a spirit of hope. In my study I intend to add momentum to the growing spirit of hope while we imagine a more equal world – a spirit dearly needed in a technologically advanced, complex, unstable and uncertain world, where the effects of technology on us are looming large (Schwab, 2017).

This study’s niche

Poetic inquirer Cox is troubled by research in general not paying attention to “the lyric impulse” (Cox and Neilson Glenn, 2008). This study intends to be a commentary on the emotional aspects of education, an area that needs more work (Quinlan, 2016). Adding momentum to Quinlan’s book of PI titled, *How Higher Education Feels*, I research to

“help fill that gap, by supporting a person-centred discourse in higher education that enables us – as university teachers – to voice aspects of the experience of academia that have been hitherto silent” (Quinlan, 2016, p. 1)

I narrow down further the existing research gap to educational technology within educational research – McShane’s (2006) project surveys the literature to show a trend which still persists – the student is being foregrounded to such an extent now, that research on lecturers’ experiences are fading. McShane’s concern is, in effect, supported

by leading educational technology researcher Laurillard, who believes that in the 21st century, the misconception exists that students can now simply engage with resources online; however, she believes the teacher's role as learning designer should be reprioritised and foregrounded (Laurillard, 2012).

In line with Quinlan's drive, but from a technological angle, Klaus Schwab believes that those "intrinsically human traits and capabilities such as empathy and compassion" (Schwab, 2017, p. 43), are worth foregrounding and developing in the job market, for the sake of humanity's survival and agency in the IR4.

In respect of the abovementioned, I inquire poetically into teachers' lived experiences, specifically agential encounters in the affective domain in relation to technology.

Research objectives

The objectives of the research are to:

1. Use poetry writing as an analytical tool – in other words, writing poems from interview recordings, personal experience, conversations and literature;
2. Embed the creative work reflexively in a theoretical context.

Research questions

1. How can poetic inquiry as a new methodology contribute to capturing the full complexity of lecturers' encounters with technological teaching tools at the Durban University of Technology?
2. How can Actor Network Theory and its theoretical relations help to comprehend how agency plays out during these lecturers' encounters with technological teaching tools?

Thesis structure

In **Chapter 1: Framing the problem**, I have described the problem in the context of the DUT as research site, where teaching takes place during the Covid-19 pandemic in the IR4. From this followed the study's rationale, and a gap was identified. I signposted key concepts that will be developed further in other chapters – agency, technological things, the imagination. I have begun the process of demonstrating how poems could be interpreted theoretically. I have summoned the spirit of my late teacher-grandfather as muse. To conclude the chapter, research objectives and questions were formulated.

POEMS IN CHAPTER 1 Quiz; Slate; Recording lectures; Microphone;
Barometer; Ticker tape; Margin; Lab; Hotspot

In **Chapter 2: Poetic inquiry methodology**, I draw on the literature to show how PI works as a new and non-traditional research methodology. I discuss some of its characteristics and what scholars regard as valid, rigorous, credible and ethical research. The autoethnographic roots of PI are explained, to assist me to talk about the situatedness of the researcher and how this is considered a strength. Suggestions are made on how potential weaknesses of this approach could be avoided. The performative interview is explained, as well as the important point of how resonance could be employed in poetry writing as a form of analysis.

POEMS IN CHAPTER 2 Emojis; Laptop; Turn to poems; Lapel mike

In **Chapter 3: Technology and the teacher's agency**, I construct a theoretical lens through which the poems can be read – objects and a broken world, thing theory, Heidegger (1971) on thinging and Irigaray's (1999) response, leading up to ANT, which is about humans in relation to technological things. Embodiment emerges as an important theme – as part of poetic truth, the IR4, and agency. The argument focuses in on agency and technology, as it features in ANT, then the focus narrows down to the world of the lecturer.

POEMS IN CHAPTER 3 Abacus; Textbook; Infographic; Thinking through thing-ness; Nearness; Data projector; Copy; Chalkboard; Lines; Proof; Chip; Cryonics; Code; Mobile; AI; Spreadsheet; Assignment; Mouse; Nettiquette; Electricity; Shortwave; Prosthetic socket; XT; Scroll bar; Email; Analytics; Camera

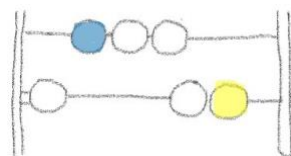
In **Chapter 4: Theorising poems reflexively**, I share the ANT-PI question kit and how I developed it by interpreting four poems in relation to the research questions. I invite the reader to do a similar theoretical reading of an additional poem.

POEMS IN CHAPTER 4 Smart board; Wireless; Infographic; Video; Mainframe; Things

In **Chapter 5: Conclusion**, through poems, I honour my teacher-grandmother as muse, and two important actors in my network namely, my supervisors. I detail what was achieved in this study, including its contribution.

POEMS IN CHAPTER 5 Sheet music; Keyboard; Bit

Chapter 6 is “Encounters: a collection of poems”.



Doodle 2: abacus

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CHAPTER 2: POETIC INQUIRY METHODOLOGY

There has been an upsurge in artful methodological approaches to research, after Norman Denzin called for a turn in qualitative research (Galvin and Prendergast, 2012). Canadian professor Carl Leggo is considered a significant pioneer of PI, who mentored Monica Prendergast and Pauline Sameshima, among others in the PI community now charting the way. The first International Symposium on PI took place in 2007 and thereafter, every two years. On 23-27 May 2022, the 8th symposium will be brought to the global South – Cape Town, South Africa – for the first time. Books and special journal editions have come out after these symposia and of these, I make use most of the first book, *Poetic Inquiry. Vibrant Voices in the Social Sciences* (Prendergast, Leggo and Sameshima, 2009).

How poetic inquiry can invigorate auto-ethnography

The type of PI I follow has roots in autoethnography, which is the study of self and culture (Ellis, Adams and Bochner, 2011) – my own encounters, as well of those of my peers, are examined poetically in this investigation embedded in a relational world view. Therefore, before I focus on PI, I discuss some of the problems experienced in ethnography, how a move to autoethnography can potentially overcome some of these limitations, then, how PI can invigorate autoethnography.

When an observer is detached from the people being researched, there is a risk of the researcher imposing a worldview on the gathered material – the problem can be exacerbated by a non-reflexive approach. Therefore, the concept of a participant observer developed, striving to gain insight by spending prolonged periods in the field among people. Ethnography, with its roots in anthropology, is known for enabling this role of the participant observer, to understand the world. We could say that ethnography is after capturing encounters – the subjective lived experience of respondents – and this capturing is done by an academically and ideologically situated researcher (Ellis, Adams and Bochner, 2011). In the introduction to *Poetic Inquiry. Vibrant Voices in the Social Sciences*, Brady says poetry writing as research methodology foregrounds the role of the researcher, rather than playing it down, as one does when you strive for objectivity:

Poetic methods...call for self-conscious participation...poetics turns it back around for magnified encounters with life as lived, up close and personal, and sets it in a mode where everything reported is proprietary, overtly as the authors write about their presence in the research” (Brady, 2009, p. xi)

Another limitation inherent in traditional ethnography has become apparent over time, related to the interpretation of interview transcripts. It is difficult, if not impossible at times, to capture encounters or lived experiences directly – at best, we reach “worthy approximations” – more accurately, we create such approximations by writing about them. Denzin even goes as far as stating, “the traditional ethnographic text may be dead” (Denzin, 2018, p. 20). Through traditional qualitative research interviews and transcript analyses, researchers look out for patterns of behaviour. In this way, the research lens is focused on detecting similarities (Maynard and Cahnmann-Taylor, 2010). Therefore, differences could remain unseen, assumptions might remain hidden. Wiebe (2015) believes that poetic inquirers are sensitive to how such systematic methods of traditional qualitative research can lead to simplifications that do not necessarily do justice to intuitive existence. Cox included PI in her doctoral thesis, “to produce a dis-closure rather than a closure” (Cox and Neilson Glenn, 2008, p. 102) – poetry’s potency lies in opening up, rather than summing up. It exposes diversity.

I wrote the poem “Emojis” to interpret an interview where a colleague and I discussed her encounters with technological teaching tools. You are invited to consider how the poem reaches to catch and illuminate lived experience’s difference and dis-closure – “indirection, ambiguity, lacunae” (Maynard and Cahnmann-Taylor, 2010, p. 6); and second, consider the overt situatedness of the interviewer.

Emojis

“When I was a student, printers and scanners
were for authorities like my mother.
It was when mobiles came
that I really grew my confidence –
on my mother’s phone,
I learnt how to delete call histories to my boyfriend.”

I tell her it surprises me –
I thought she came out like that when she was born –
techno savvy. New generation learning technologist
in our department, she arrived without
the official qualification and experience,
but she was sold as someone
who could quickly step in, fill the gap.

We trace and unpack
her chronicles with machines.
Fashion graduate. She recalls
recurring runaway moments.
When she was six,
she snuck into her tailor brother's sewing room,
stepped onto the pedal....
Later, as student, she had to stitch
on dotted lines of squares and circles
when this industrial thing
took off with her
until they screamed,
hit the red button.

I ask her to tell me the story again
of not so long ago – she went home to Zambia
to attend a wedding. There she borrowed a kit
to make her outfit quickly.
While stitching the bodice –
lace over silk in jade green,
men entered the tailor's shop.
It was time for elections. They whispered
grievances against the government.
While she was adding on the bottom part –
a chitenge skirt,

she gave the men a piece of her mind –
“Don’t believe everything you hear on TV.
Each channel broadcasts
the truth of its funders.”

Back to phones. She says there,
they don’t demand all the time.
Make a plan. Send a boy on a bicycle
up the hill to the old hospital,
loaded with everyone’s mobiles.
He charges them
and returns at the end of the day.
Each person is handed her own phone again.
Sorted. No theft or confusion.

We reflect on Covid-19 and our students here in SA.
One lecturer was threatened for experimenting –
he made a podcast to enrich the text
and they protested about exclusion.
We nod to how our university goes the extra mile,
now directing data to students for remote learning.
We spend a moment swapping accounts witnessed
while we train staff who are cut off from their students –
how much they care, how grateful in general they are
when we offer support and how they tolerate
our own inexperience.
We changed to a new eLearning system
at the beginning of lockdown
and we, too, are learning as we go along.
I...struggle a little. She...is not all that concerned:

“It’s like recognizing commonalities among languages.
Hlala panzi and ikala panshi. The root is the same.

They have the hl's and we have the k's.
Life with technology is like
a state bordered by eight countries.
Namibia Botswana Angola Congo
Zimbabwe Tanzania
Malawi Mozambique.
Your ecology is penetrated
so you learn how to weave
Anchor Prezi Chrome Safari
Blackboard Moodle YouTube Teams.
Make language as you go.
Often there is not yet a word for it.
Swahili is a bastardised language,
like English.
In Blackboard you randomised a quiz,
in Moodle, you shuffle it.
Look for a menu in another place.
Kaunda was a Malawian,
but became Zambian president.
I used to stitch on squares and circles,
zeros and ones are strange –
one might not be good but you work it.
We have always migrated.
Why can't we move to a later version?
In the UK I was a Bemba baby
with a white nanny.
To adapt is the best way to live.
I am irritated – the clumsy way
Moodle displays content!"

We both become entranced
when she speaks of her degree in Photography.
In a darkroom – seeing those silver light particles.

“The disappearing passage between analogue and digital.
Photography students today are poorer off for it.
In my Master’s thesis I say
it’s like my mother holding open a door
so I can jump through –
I used to scrape the edge of a can
on the cement floor to open it.
Now my small child plays on her tablet.
She resists reading, but she imitates accents.
Home schooling is sometimes difficult.
Life is amazing. So much unlearning to do
between hieroglyphs and emojis.”

Her daughter runs through the room.
I still feel the oxytocin
from when I saw this child
slide into this world.

I stood in as doula.
Interview over, I stop the recording
to bond with her – make up for the gap
of knees and elbows in my lap:
In slow motion I dip into my drawer...
reach for the pop-up book, *Imagine*.
A folded page slides open.

It is especially the non-verbal language during interviews that poetry can tap into. The poem’s power to work with the unsaid, is described by poet Breytenbach as follows, “...we attempt to capture what is beyond or around the words and their meanings by chiming with the ‘non-verbal’ components of communication” (Breytenbach, 2009, p. 40). Neilsen (2012) says that resonance, as a central device of both poetry in literature and lyric inquiry in social science, works to accentuate ambiguity. By way of prioritising resonance – that which echoes beyond or around the words – American Pulitzer Prize winner Mary Oliver places Bashō’s haiku in the front matter of *A Poetry Handbook* (Oliver, 1994):

The temple bell stops –
but the sound keeps coming
out of the flowers.

Poetry's concentrated form of communication is another tool in the kit of the social scientist or educational researcher, and this quality should be used to maximum effect in research, according to Neilsen (in Prendergast, 2009, p. xxvii). Maynard and Cahnmann-Taylor (2010, p. 6) say this distillation can be "a spare and oblique elegance". These authors also confirm what has already been said namely, that poetry works well to help understand the emotional domain, nuances and complexities of identity and culture.

Maynard et al believe that the poetic devices of affect and form, could increase possibilities of insight and help us see beyond cultural assumptions (Maynard and Cahnmann-Taylor, 2010). Butler-Kisber and Stewart (2009, p. 5) highlight Sullivan's belief that it is the "delicate architecture of poetry" which is beneficial to ethnography – because of qualities such as "concreteness, voice, emotion, ambiguity, tension, and associative logic".

As a tool to research their own world, anthropologists (and ethnographers) can use poetry "to make the familiar—strange" (Maynard and Cahnmann-Taylor, 2010, p. 8). This is similar to literary theorist Victor Shklovsky's notion of *ostranenie* (Russian for "making strange"). Poetic estrangement is a writing strategy employed to see with new eyes – by disrupting "stereotyped patterns", to achieve "syntactic, semantic, and metaphorical shifts" (Holdheim, 1974, p. 320).

It is part of the role of PI to make the work more evocative (Ellis, Adams and Bochner, 2011). It would be important to aim to create poetry that "carry within it the power to move its audience affectively as well as intellectually" (Prendergast, 2009, p. xxii). As reflexivity plays out, it shows how researcher and researched are interconnected – here, "the researcher's own affective response to the process informs it" (Prendergast, 2009, p. xxiii).

Quinlan (2016, p. 3) states that image and metaphor are important in PI, by staying in our memories, thereby becoming "a part of a culture's collective unconscious".

In this introduction to PI methodology, I have begun to discuss ways in which poetic devices as research instruments can add depth to auto-ethnography, the study of self and culture – research can be strengthened by focusing in on the researcher’s embodied and emotional situatedness and reflexivity; inquiries can also benefit from the power of poetry to illuminate ambiguity and diversity. We touched on poetic devices such as the concentrated form, resonance, making strange, image and metaphor.

Arguments against studies that focus on the researcher’s world

Self-indulgence is known as one of the criticisms of studies with autoethnographic characteristics (Delamont, 2007; Méndez, 2014). How might we ensure we are not narcissistic? Perhaps for one, by trying to move closer to the lyrical ethical position – declaring and re-declaring intention to bear fruit such as “humility, the willingness to let go of illusions, the lessons of listening, and of reaching out to others”. I borrow this idea from Halifax Poet Laureate Lorri Neilsen (Cox and Neilson Glenn, 2008, p. 106) who chooses poetry as a methodology to be able to steer away from “knowing as trump card” – in other words, concluding too early or too strongly; in this mode, PI has the potential to deepen insight – this is, Neilsen says, a strength of lyric inquiry (Cox and Neilson Glenn, 2008, p. 106).

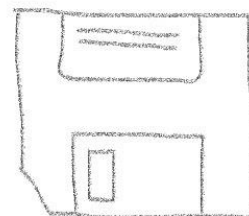
Contemplating poetic inquiry characteristics

Because Laurel Richardson urges us to hold our work “to high and difficult standards” (2000, p. 254), I desired to ensure rigour and do scholarly justice to this project’s undertaking of analysing experience poetically. Therefore I selected from PI literature, those characteristics and qualities following next, which in my view, have the potential to guide me to create poetic work with maximum punch:

Found poems vs generated poems

Creating found poems is a well-practised technique among poets in general and poetic inquirers – the writer confines herself only to the original wording of a text, such as a reading or an interview transcript, to create poetry (Butler-Kisber, 2002). It is generally accepted that the discipline adhered to in creating a found poem, could bring the researcher closer to the original voice and reveal surprising insights. Found poems are a useful discipline, and also a recommended way for the uninitiated to start practising PI (Butler-Kisber and Stewart, 2009), but not only for inquirers new to the practice – Prendergast sets the bar high for found poems in her “Vox Poetica: a surrender and catch found poem” (Prendergast, 2015). She creates a poem by drawing on lines from other scholars’ poems in indexed journals between 2007 and 2012. It must be noted that even while writing found poems, there will never be just one truth emerging – the researcher still shapes the outcome of the voice actively and creatively. Approximately since the 2000s, poetic inquirers have increasingly and more overtly been writing generated poems that move away from the restriction of original texts. What becomes more pronounced in such poems, is the researcher’s voice, imagination and active participation in creating truth (Butler-Kisber and Stewart, 2009).

My first interviewee sent me an email ahead of our interview – therein she described one of her encounters with technology. We reflected on her written account during the interview. Thereafter I first used the original email text to create a found poem. Then I drew inspiration from the insights gained during the interview, to



Doodle 3: stiffy

generate a poem in the form of an extended metaphor. These two poems written from the same encounter – one found poem and one generated poem in the form of an extended metaphor – could be said to appear on opposite ends of the PI spectrum in a certain sense:

Laptop

I Macbook
(found poem)

I was due to start
my PhD. How proud I was
when I bought my Apple laptop.

My supervisor was
a charming, old school guy.

So here I was
preparing my presentation
before attending my first cohort session.

The next day I received
a long email from Prof X –
he is returning it
without comments
or feedback.
I panicked.

He explained he was not able
to open my document
and assumes that I am using a Macbook
which he dislikes – and believes
a postgraduate student
should not use for any academic work.

He attaches a screenshot of bullets points
“Disadvantages of Apple laptops” (LOL).
He ends his email with advice –

I need to get
a normal
laptop.

From that day I stopped
using my sleek Macbook
and started using a Lenovo
throughout my PhD journey.

During the Cohort session,
he went on...why all his students
are not allowed to use Apples.
I just laughed and assured him
I am using a “normal laptop”
as he put it.

Even during our meetings,
he insisted
I have a pen and paper to take notes,
though I was recording our meetings.

I got to understand him...
I learnt much,
forever grateful.

I still love my Macbook,
would not trade it.

II Becoming a PhD Supervisor

Although it was not its natural home,
an egg was laid in the cleft of a boulder.
(Perhaps it was because of drought.)

Eventually the shell cracked open.
In constricted space,
the chick developed angular wings

but she chose to stay,
observe and obey.

All the while

her instincts stirred
that there are other ways to live.
Eventually she left the nest of primal rock.

Her destiny – to smooth her shape
dive with no splash
and in a flash of malachite

surface with a wriggling fish.
And when she was ready
in her own burrow

cheer on her offspring
to arch their wings
from the word go.

Richardson's criteria

I am guided by the five criteria Richardson (2000) recommends for the review of narrative research in her piece "Writing. A method of inquiry":

- The work should contribute substantively – help us learn more about social life;
- The work should be an aesthetic accomplishment; open up opportunities for different interpretations; should not be boring, satisfy us in its complexity;
- The work should be conducted reflexively and ethically: the researcher's role in the shaping of the work must be evident, so, too, should be her transformation not only as writer but also as participant;
- The work should move us in body, emotion, intellect – stimulate curiosity and the reader's urge to write and be creative in return;
- The work should have a corporeal character of lives lived; be convincing accounts on personal and participative levels.

Quinlan's criteria

Quinlan (2016, p. 5) chose the following criteria to guide her in selecting works for the book, *How Higher Education Feels. Commentaries on Poems That Illuminate Emotions in Learning and Teaching*:

- The work is poetic in a general sense: it engages the reader through the senses and has musical and aesthetic traits; the imagination influences language;
- The work is credible: we find what we read convincing – it speaks to key truths; it is based on actual experience – the poet's or those of others;
- The work speaks to a theme: the emotional realm of higher education is expressed vividly; it is a fresh perspective; we gain new insight from it; it speaks to us about beauty, identity, altered relationships, values, and it speaks intimately;

- The work is accessible and clear (and does not stoop to moralise, teach or preach): we understand what is actually going on as readers beyond the boundaries of the literary and academic.

Tone according to Sharples, Maynard and Cahnmann-Taylor and Daiute

Related to the idea of summoning emotion, Sharples describes the importance of tone, for a work to click into the right gear. He uses Márquez as an example, who settled down writing the novel *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, once he had found the right tone in “the way my grandmother used to tell her stories. She told things that sounded supernatural and fantastic, but she told them with complete naturalness” (Sharples, 1999, p. 62). It would be important to put various tones to work, at times poetry with a “spare and oblique elegance” (Maynard and Cahnmann-Taylor, 2010, p. 6), at other times, humour, irony, etc. Daiute also emphasises the point that, to make meaning, or to inquire to understand a particular problem, the researcher has to pay close attention to “how the story is told” (Daiute, 2014, p. 5).

Leggo and Wiebe on living poetically

Wiebe contemplates how we could sustain the fullness of our lived experiences in the scholarship we create. In relationships and in our writing, he offers the qualities of “fierce, tender, and mischievous” (Wiebe, 2015, p. 1). Should our engagement in relationships and work hold these contiguous qualities, then poetry that flows from here would carry transformative powers. Fiercely, we should believe in making work that holds truth and adheres to rigour different from, but not inferior to traditional qualitative research. Tenderly, we dwell in difference and thereby live and produce affectively and aesthetically. And if we permit mischief to enter, then we dare – become playful, and go deeper into knowing.

Like Wiebe, Leggo thinks of PI as a way of being in the world. What speaks to me most from Leggo's legacy, is his belief that, in and among the myriad of components of teacher training curricula, the most important pillar should be, living poetically (Leggo, 2005). While I was writing this thesis, I received the news of Leggo's death:

Turn to poems

Dear Carl Leggo,

Last night while I re-read your article
"Pedagogy of the heart",
you departed.

You say, the most important aspect
of the teacher training curriculum
should be, to live poetically:

Live in language; love;
know the back yard;
trust; be still; laugh
with indefatigable
hopefulness.

Poems kept popping up on a blog
last night honouring you
for pioneering poetic inquiry –
scholars whom you nurtured to produce
theses that broke the mould of academia.

As you cross over
(to walk with the likes of my father,
grandparents, and their parents

who sailed to this country
across treacherous seas
to teach) tales echo:

theory, staffroom stories
interviews, memoirs –
let's keep turning these
to poems,
dear Carl Leggo.

Roetzheim's four levels

Related to poetry beyond the academy, Roetzheim (2006) offers a “four level poetry manifesto” in his introduction to *The Giant Book of Poetry*. It might be that a hierarchy of levels is, in reality, not the way to look at or write poems – but still, I find some of these ideas useful, because they create awareness of poetry of the highest order and how one could work towards achieving that:

- Level One: The poem should hold a surface meaning at first read, to reward non-skilled readers for the time invested in reading the poem;
- Level Two: The skilled reader should find meaning on a feeling level – this can be achieved through poetic devices such as imagery and musicality;
- Level Three: Deeper meanings embedded through metaphors, for example, should become apparent to non-skilled readers when they are made aware of it, and hopefully noticed by skilled readers;
- Level Four: A poem becomes symbolic or universal when readers can insert meanings according to their differing backgrounds and experiences.

Individual-universal

Following on from Roetzheim above, I ponder more, the call to poets to break through to universal levels – I believe that this is not only an outflow of inspiration, but as said by Cox and Neilson Glenn (2008, p. 106), I ought to “apprentice myself in aesthetics”. In other words, it is achieved through a commitment to crafting.

The following quote shows Breytenbach’s realisation that poetry is about both the individual and the universal, and the way he phrases it, encourages me to not shy away from disclosing the intensely personally: “the manifestation will not only be ‘public’ but also, private and idiosyncratic” (2009, p. 41). In similar vein I harmonise with Cox and Neilson Glenn (2008, pp. 106-107) – it is a case of connecting one’s own story to larger stories, to bind the individual to the universal.

Credibility depends on reader confidence

The credibility of a qualitative study relies on the reader’s confidence in the researcher’s sensitivity and ability to make fitting choices (Hoepfl, 1997).

I draw on 27 years of work experience at the DUT. I have collaborated on educational technology research projects with lecturers from nursing (Coopasami, Knight and Peté, 2017) to fashion design (Cavanagh and Peté, 2017); with a national team I contributed to blended learning guidelines for South African vice-chancellors (Van der Merwe et al, 2015) and have presented consistently at international educational technology and PI conferences since my first in 1998 (Peté, 1998).

My PI work appeared in the SAGE journal *Qualitative Inquiry* (Peté, 2013), in the book *How Higher Education Feels. Commentaries and Poems that Illuminate Emotions in Learning and Teaching* (Peté, 2016) and I was a presenter at the Seventh International Symposium on PI in 2019.

The ethics of interviewing peers

Researchers such as Platt (1981) and Kita (2017) who embrace subjectivity, have been writing about the validity and benefits of the method I have followed as insider interviewing peers. It is common for auto-ethnographers to conduct research in familiar environments, among people with whom they have relationships – a world in which the researcher continues to live in, once the project is over. Therefore, these researchers have to take concerns seriously related to relational ethics. One should leave room for participants to respond to one's writing about them and employ protective devices such as altering identifying characteristics. Then one also has to be aware of how such changes could affect the integrity of the investigation (Ellis, Adams and Bochner, 2011). I employed member checking to obtain feedback on the poems I wrote as a result of interviews and I received written permission from interviewees to use these works.

Poetry performs from the page

According to Denzin, social science is currently going through its sixth movement, namely the post-experimental, and the movements are:

(1) the traditional (1900–1950); (2) the modernist, or golden age (1950–70); (3) blurred genres (1970–86); (4) the crisis of representation (1986–90); (5) the postmodern, or experimental (1990–6); (6) the post-experimental (1996–present); and (7) the future, the seventh moment (2013, p. 25)

PI has grown steadily since the postmodern turn, and at present it forms part of the post-experimental movement – a characteristic of this movement relevant to this thesis is, “a performative sensibility” which turns “interviews into performance texts, into poetic monologues” (Denzin, 2013, p. 25).

The performative does not refer only to a visual or verbal performance of a poem or play. It can also be a characteristic of creative work on the page in a research context. Berridge reflects on various dimensions of the performative in her article, “What Does It Take? Auto/biography as Performative PhD Thesis”. A “straight” autobiography (or autoethnography) can be manipulated in form, so that it performs the story on or from the page. In this way, poetry on the page would qualify as performative (Berridge, 2008).

The performative interview: a world in its own right

There are important reasons why I chose the performative or reflexive interview (both these terms mean the same thing):

1. The reflexive interview is a method which values and foregrounds the emotional dynamic, the work of poetry in this thesis (Ellis, Adams and Bochner, 2011);
2. Traditional interviews serve to gather information – performative interviews are, “a vehicle for producing performance texts” – texts of a poetic nature (Denzin, 2013, p. 24);
3. The reflexive interview is aimed at producing meaning interactively with respondents. The story of the interviewee is the focus, but the interviewer's contribution to the dialogue is recognised as adding dimensions. Should a researcher employ these interview methods, the interviewer is encouraged to be reflexive – including how she has been changed by the interview (Ellis, Adams and Bochner, 2011). This reflexive quality is also a key characteristic of ANT (refer to the explanations in the forthcoming chapter “Technology and the teacher's agency”) – so I am able to prepare fertile soil for poetry about technology, by combining the tools of ANT with the performative interview;
4. The reflexive interview is embedded in a belief that the moment of conversation is a moment of truth creation by both interviewer and interviewee: “The interview is a way of writing the world” (Denzin, 2013, p. 25). Denzin says the interview is not a mirror to the outer world, and also not a window with a view of interviewees' internal landscapes: “The interview is a simulacrum, a perfectly miniature and coherent world in its own right” (Denzin, 2013: p. 25). Not only are creative scholars to embrace the interview as a micro world of its own – we should also live with the conviction that performances that play out in this way between conversationalists, are fictionalised truths (provided that members are happy with the poems).

To guide me, I have selected the following points from Denzin's list which he considers to constitute a responsible, dialogical interview text (that is, poem) – for this he relies on Trinh (cited in Denzin, 2013, p. 32):

- It invokes the teller's story in the history that it is told;
- It uses multiple voices, emphasising language as silence, the grain of the voice, tone, inflection, pauses, silences, repetitions;
- It foregrounds difference, not conflict;
- It makes the audience responsible for interpretation.

Interviews were conducted with academic peers at the DUT. In inviting interviewees, I was led by two criteria:

1. Diversity: interviewees reflect the melting pot of our university – they come from different academic domains and different language and cultural backgrounds;
2. Previous collaboration: participants were invited from a pool of lecturers whom I have interacted with previously in my consultation service to, and collaboration with, staff – because natural conversation, trust and close communication is more likely among colleagues who already know each other through innovation.

The overall approach I took to interviews was to make on-going attempts to create an ambiance where the interviewee would “say something that is like poetry”. The “how” of this, I learnt from Denzin, is to pay attention throughout the whole interview and afterwards to all parts of the recording, and not just to those nuggets of poetic expression. This is done because, “The process of getting to that poetic moment is where character lives” (Denzin, 2013, p. 34).

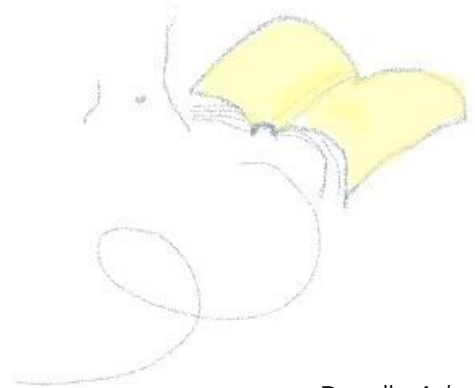
Autobiographies typically describe epiphanies – key moments after which life is no longer the same as before. I examined my own so-called epiphanies in relation to those of others, to “make characteristics of a culture familiar for insiders and outsiders” (Ellis, Adams and Bochner, 2011, para 10, line 4).

Conversation prompts: remembering encounters

Ahead of the interviews, I sent participants a selection of poems about my own encounters with technology, together with the following guide:

While using technology in a teaching context, tell me about (a) memorable moment(s), which could have been one or a combination of the following for you:

- A high moment, breakthrough, or triumph;
- Stressful, frustrating, or even disastrous;
- A humorous incident;
- An emotional experience;
- An embarrassing moment.



Doodle 4: book

Approach to the interview: instead of control, surrender

Overall, the approach I took to the interview conversations was that of “surrender” – as used by Prendergast, who adopted Kurt H. Wolff’s “surrender and catch” method – as Prendergast indicates, according to Wolff, surrender is cognitive love. It is complete – not selective – it is total involvement (Wolff, 1972, cited in Prendergast, 2015, p. 682). My confidence in surrendering to, rather than controlling the interview, also grew from what I learnt from Denzin (2013, p. 29), who quotes Dillard (1982) on the postmodern interview: “storied sequences do not follow a necessary progression. Narrative collage fractures time, speakers leap forward and backward in time. Time is not linear, it is not attached to causal sequences, to ‘fixed landmarks in orderly progression’”. The poem “Lapel mike” has this sense of historical collage:

Lapel mike

As we begin our interview, I hold up a mirror for her:

She was one of twelve, volunteering
to pioneer eLearning a quarter century ago –
she fitted in superbly with The Hooligan team
who cracked the other group's codes
to win the online assignment competition.

Like most of them she lives by the motto,

“Don't ask
for permission; plead

for forgiveness

later...”

(But those who know her, say,

“You, Girl, need to plead

with more conviction”,

well aware that soon she might conjure
another trick from her sleeve.)

While other universities

went top-down,

eLearning grew organically here

thanks to like-minded spirits

in a small community of practice.

Early mornings I drove to Maritzburg,

sat in the car park sipping tea from a flask

watching how her staff sprinted to class

to reach for the bar raised by her

as head of department – she fast became

an online whizz and forced them into it!

Another time she marched them into my workshop

with her leopard print pants and stilettos.

Then followed some years of fatigue

when she got tired of swimming upstream.

The loudest laugh in our interview
is when she remembers forgetting to mute
the lapel mike in that state-of-the-art venue
when she broke from her lecture to go to the loo.
It warms my heart to hear she's recharged,
now adding her feisty spirit
to the Vice-Chancellor's team –
back then, us guerrilla technologists
cobbled a server under a desk
with torn stockings and paper clips;
today, she's reached her destiny –
redirecting the mainstream
(It takes time to turn around a ship...)
Before we say goodbye, she muses:
"We used to have test week and go into marking stupor.
Now continuous online assessment eats into every day.
A student submits in the morning, another later –
laptop speaks to phone, speaks to you...
Do we still have Saturday and Sunday?
My boyfriend made me a needle from a bicycle spoke –
to stay sane during lockdown,
I learnt to crochet."

Resonance as a form of analysis

Neilsen (2012, p. 94) lights two crucial beacons for those who wish to inquire lyrically. In this mode of doing research, "aesthetic writing is the inquiry". In other words, the words themselves – the way they are chosen and arranged – do the work of uncovering truth. Second, Neilsen presses the point that, while impact is achieved in traditional research through reporting, impact is achieved in lyric inquiry through resonance. In this regard, the poetry collection section "Interviews" contains the analysis of all 12 interviews in the form of 12 poems. Of analysis, Prendergast says of this type of poetry that, "the writing

process itself is an act of critical theorising (Prendergast, 2015, p. 683). Wiebe (2015) surveys poetic inquiries on the topic and talks about why these scholars resist thematic analysis (for example using qualitative analysis software) – one of the main motivations is, because this fragmentation dilutes the storyteller’s voice and contribution.

Validity through the particular

I draw on Creswell and Miller’s work (2017), “*Determining Validity in Qualitative Inquiry*”. These authors are of the opinion that, while there is a range of literature on validity in qualitative inquiry, the host of new terminology is not clearly defined to guide researchers through the concrete aspects of research to achieve validity.

I have selected applicable points to my study, from the ones Creswell and Miller recommend for validity. This way, I try to ensure validity is implicit in the research process:

- Prolonged engagement: as mentioned, I have worked since 1994 as both lecturer and educational technologist among my peers;
- Thick, rich description: I summon the power of the particular in many poems;
- Member checking: I requested feedback on the poetry from all respondents, made adjustments, then member checked again; in this process, I obtained their permission to use the poems in this study.

Member checking questions and feedback

Here are the questions I asked during member checking:

1. Do you feel I captured accurately what you were saying?
2. Does the poem reflect our conversation?
3. Did you struggle with any parts of the poem or with any poetic images?

4. Do you think poetry is a helpful way to capture your views and what you said?
5. Does poetry as a form of intellectual inquiry do anything to contribute to insight or illumination, which traditional academic writing might not reveal?
6. May I use the poem(s) in my thesis? Do you require adjustments?

All respondents granted permission for the use of the poems, some with minor adjustments. I share the two most extensive member checking responses received.

RESPONDENT A:

These poems vindicate strongly the central impetus of this thesis – that poetry provides a unique and illuminating access to human experience. The poems justify their use as instruments of research and revealers of truths that the usual academic weapons cannot reach. I read these poems and see myself with a renewed clarity – I even suddenly see events, which I thought unimportant in my life, as profound. I also see here in these poems your capacity to listen to others, that any conversation with you is never merely mundane, but is later analysed and given poetic life.

The basic information is of course accurate as I remember it, but that does not really matter, because it is what you do with that information that is so very interesting and often powerful. I am not a particularly self-aware person; I have just been too busy teaching others and administering for others and contributing to a family. The poems oddly enough give me a heightened self-awareness of past events, cast a net of meaning over aspects of my past, and this can be very helpful.

The reflexive life. This is what poems ask us to believe in. Life restored to its meaningfulness. A Teams meeting with its this and that – projector dying, smoke breaks – is given a sudden significance, and this is the heart of the academic enterprise. In traditional research there is only data collection and data interpretation, and this is what these poems also do. But poetry brings in other dimensions to our lived realities – metaphors of cats in lecture theatres – that explain in *other* ways our encounters with the world and with each other.

Of course you can use the poems in your thesis. These are poems of a thoughtful life. They reveal. They never refuse the complexity of life. They allow words to dance, and in the whirling meanings spin out to console us.

RESPONDENT B:

1. **Did you struggle with any parts of the poem or with any poetic images?**

I struggled with the memories you evoked, which is a compliment to your writing...those of an extremely difficult time of my life...but I see that as positive. I can't undo anything so airing things helps emotionally...and poetry works with emotion, so it is fitting.

2. **Do you think poetry is a helpful way to capture your views and what we discussed?**

...yes, the poet drills down to the core of the meanings/learnings/thoughts they had in relation to the conversation...so like in all interviews you are working with representation, here the representation is very carefully thought through I imagine...as you find the right words and place them in the right order....

3. **Does poetry as a form of intellectual inquiry do anything to contribute to insight or illumination, which traditional academic writing might not reveal?**

Definitely yes, as it works with imagery and metaphors intensively whereas academic writing only sometimes uses these things. I think your poetic writing gives you the space to write about a participant as a whole person, most importantly including the emotional aspects of their life and their ways of being in the world. In this poem you capture fleeting moments of me juggling things in my life without dwelling on one or other particular role...you captured how the many roles intertwine and blur...I wonder if this would have been noticed if you had done say a discourse analysis looking for themes...perhaps writing a poem gives a lighter touch kind of analysis ...with a more holistic or impressionistic view. It's interesting how many themes you weave into your poem...and how they can all be there together and still make sense...just a gentle zooming in and out of things.

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Ch 2: Poetic inquiry methodology | Ch 3: Technology and the lecturer's agency
Ch 4: Theorising poems reflexively | Ch 5: Conclusion
Ch 6: Encounters: A collection of poems

CHAPTER 3: TECHNOLOGY AND THE LECTURER'S AGENCY

In this chapter I assemble a family of relevant theories against which the poems can be read. I combine the concept of truth through imagination, with the notion of humans in relation to technology, leading up to ANT and the lecturer's agency. A strong sub-theme emerges from the inter-disciplinary theoretical frame namely, embodiment – the in-the-body nature of our relationship with the technological tools we teach with.

ANT researcher John Law states, it makes sense to be inter-disciplinary, mobile – intellectual nomads – while trying to understand sociological aspects of technology (Law, 2003) – this study fits into the space “where truths and the creative imagination, science and art, are in inventive dialogue” (Wade, 2015, p. 210) – or put differently, that space described by Maynard and Cahnmann-Taylor, as “cultural borderlands...between scholarship and art (2010, p. 4). Laurel Richardson invokes Clifford Geertz's convergence of genres, to enable the academic writer to tell “local, partial, prismatic stories...more congruent with post-structural understandings of the situated nature of knowledge-making” (Richardson, 1997, p. 3). Poetic inquirer Brady says that multi-disciplinarity “can cast a wider net, catch more, put us in the web of a truly productive artful-science” (Brady, 2009, p. xv).

Regarding voice in the context of theorising, in this section I deliberately use direct quotes of other scholars frequently – in the main this is a stylistic choice to suit the character of this study – I develop an argument by assembling many voices. I leave the blood in (Moriarty, 2013), instead of draining the spark from these works by rephrasing too often in my own words. Direct quotes were selected and sequenced with attention to the construction of an argument.

“We live our lives in the middle of things.” (Turkle, 2007, p. 6)

I recall being ten years old, waiting for my mother after school outside her Grade 2 classroom in the early 1970s:

Abacus

Scissors cutting
book covers.

Red pen dipping
pirouetting.

Slide-collide
yellow-blue...

fingers flick
along abacus rails.

Glued
labels.

Staccatos of a board cleaner
outside on a face brick wall.

Forgotten
in the corridor:

racket,
shoe.

Drifting down

from the hall:

stop-start songs,
piano scales.

ANT surfaced in the 1980s in social science, when we approached technology ubiquity. While using ANT to understand phenomena such as lecturers' encounters with technology, the researcher traces networks and histories to which actors belong (Bonner, 2013). I draw on ANT's semiotic-relational philosophy for this technology study (as set out in the introduction), however, I do not apply ANT as a methodology as Jackson (2015) and others have done more recently – such a systematised approach closes off poetic possibilities which might arise in interviews. I also draw on aspects of ANT's theoretical relations. In this chapter, I deliberate first on technology as object and as part of this, broken world theory – how seeing technology as an object is different from technology as thing when it comes to the human experience. To add philosophical possibilities while I engage with theory to prepare for poetry writing, I consider Heidegger's thinking on when the thing things – then proceed to Irigaray's response to him, resulting in a shift further away from reason and nearer to embodied intuition.

Objects and a broken world

In the context of technology studies, Jackson (2014, p. 232) acknowledges researchers who have recently shone a light on humans' intimate relationship with objects:

- Sherry Turkle's (2007) insistence on the deep and meaningful relations between humans and "evocative objects";
- Lucy Suchman's (2006) attention to "affiliative objects" and the work of human-machine reconfiguration at the heart of much information research and technology today;
- N. Katherine Hayles's (1999) post-humanist exploration of the deep and growing entanglements between the worlds of people and of things in robotics and artificial intelligence;

- Bruno Latour's (2004) and Donna Haraway's (1991) alternative treatments of cyborg or collectivist ontologies, presenting ways of thinking that don't rest on the presumption of a bright red line between people and things running through our lives and politics.

Building on these scholars' work, Jackson steers his argument towards broken world thinking, and asks, "is it possible to love, and love deeply, a world of things?" (Jackson, 2014, p. 232). The idea of a love of things in a broken world, stirs a sense of profound recognition in the context of the current research project – to Jackson, broken world thinking is a hopeful approach – he asks what happens when we take "erosion, breakdown, and decay, rather than novelty, growth, and progress, as our starting points in thinking through the nature, use, and effects of information technology and new media" (Jackson, 2014, p. 221). We have seen echoes of a broken world in some of the poems already – for example in "Lapel mike" the respondent and I remember how we cobbled a server under a desk with torn stockings and paper clips; also, the respondent's boyfriend made her a needle from a bicycle spoke – to stay sane during Covid-19 lockdown, she learnt to crochet. Consider how these two examples from the poem could be part of those

ongoing activities by which stability (such as it is) is maintained, the subtle arts of repair by which rich and robust lives are sustained against the weight of centrifugal odds (Jackson, 2014, p. 222)

I have grown to develop appreciation for my peers in the encounters I have participated in and witnessed – "the remarkable resilience, creativity, and sheer magnitude of the work represented in the ongoing maintenance and reproduction of established order" (Jackson, 2014, p. 222). Significance lives in encounters where agency is performed in "complex sociotechnical systems as they creak, flex, and bend their way through time" (Jackson, 2014, p. 223). "Textbook" concludes this deliberation on broken world theory:



Doodle 5: microphone

Textbook

Survival tales always spill
through the open door...
down the crowded corridors,
over trellises and fountains.

Here in the Midlands
between coastal bush and mountains
water is scarce
and power breaks rife.

These bitter-enders
love paddling rivers.
Mornings before work,
they cycle through forests.

Cabbages grow in their yards.
They bottle fruits for the hard years.
And after weekends or lectures,
they gather here.

On the wall by the kettle,
photos of marches and strife.
Since applying for a chair
one of them waited for several years.

During their lab's slow unravelling
I once pitched a dream:
"Turning this staffroom to a wifi lounge...
with hipster features, like Cape Town?"

Today there is no banter.

No slogans chalked on the board.
Silent shock seeping through
cracks in the guard of guerrilla teachers.

Yesterday one of the stalwarts...
after an evening walk with his wife,
left her at their gate
for a quick solo run.

They hope the heart attack
was so severe
that before hitting the ground,
he was gone.

He had recently made
our first open textbook,
and for twenty years of my visits here,
he offered me a good cup of tea.

We shared stories of parenting,
shoestring techno solutions,
and how neither of us
dared to live without prayer.

Today a clutch of huddled bodies
like river birds in rain.

Alex
is dead.

I get up to make tea.
The cupboards are empty?
"Marí, better these days
to keep mugs with the secretary.

We suspect at night
nameless ones
use the couches
for beds."

Thing theory: an object in a human's world

From objects to things – in his article “Thing Theory” in *Critical Inquiry*, Bill Brown explains when an object becomes a thing: when it is considered in relation to a human subject. Brown makes me understand why a shift in thinking is required – things do not only belong to the concrete, material. A thing is elusive, hard to catch –it belongs in the theoretical realm:

...the quest for things may be a quest for a kind of certainty, but things is a word that tends...to index a certain limit or liminality, to hover over the threshold between the nameable and unnameable, the figurable and unfigurable, the identifiable and unidentifiable (Brown, 2001, pp. 4-5).

Brown puts his finger on that which I have felt intuitively – that thing-ness is perplexingly elusive – it is good bait for the ever-perplexed poet who tries to catch the ineffable. Brown traces a kind of “genealogy of things” throughout the 20th century, showing artists and scholars’ “quest for things” (Brown, 2001, p. 4) within their historical contexts. Significantly, he shows why their interest in things was important from a social justice perspective – for example, father of critical theory Theodor Adorno, argued during the second world war in the first half of the 20th century, that thinking of and with a thing (for example, a gun) is an ethical act. Closer to home in the 1980s, in a short story “The Music of the Violin”, South African writer Njabulo Ndebele writes about a black woman in Soweto as “a slave of things”, therefore likening her in a condemning way to a white woman, as commentary on inequalities within a society (Brown, 2001, p. 9). We could re-read “Textbook”, considering how, when we see the open textbook as thing (an object in relation to a human), this thing now signifies social justice (open or free education). In the same way, one could consider some of the other things in the poem, for example the broken chair, empty cupboards, and staffroom couches.

Moving deeper into the contemplative realm, in the next section I focus on Heidegger on thinging.

Heidegger on thinging

It is relevant to contemplate nearness in the virtual age – when is one far from another being or thing? Is it physical proximity? When is a teacher near – present? Heidegger is preoccupied with knowing “when the thing things” – he concludes that this state is one-ness – striving for one-ness, Heidegger considers what nearness is. He uses the example of a jug made by a potter, as thing, then focuses on the void inside the jug:

The emptiness, the void, is what does the vessel's holding. The empty space, this nothing of the jug, is what the jug is as the holding vessel...The vessel's thingness does not lie at all in the material of which it consists, but in the void that holds (Heidegger, 1971, p. 167)

The reason why the void and its holding are important, is because of what the thing achieves through this void – it pours (water) – this, Heidegger believes, is to give. Ultimately, gifting as a form of giving, brings us closer to one-ness – this notion of unification is poetically expressed as follows:

In the spring the rock dwells, and in the rock dwells the dark slumber of the earth, which receives the rain and dew of the sky. In the water of the spring dwells the marriage of sky and earth (Heidegger, 1971, p. 170)

By surrendering to a respondent's lived experience represented by the poem “Infographic”, we could ask how nearness or presence plays out or manifests in teaching; and what and how a teacher gives and gifts by being near.

Infographic

By training, a printmaking artist.
(We discover we share an Alma Mater,
and, in the beginning of our careers,
the shock of teaching enforced Afrikaans –

large classes walking all over us
in an era when the subject stood
in Christian National Education's darkness.)

Soon into the interview she turns the tables –
have I ever considered poetry
as technology?

We turn to encounters –
teaching virtually during Covid.
She expresses what goes amiss –
she can't see eyes in online lectures
(that one frowns; or, the lights come on...)
Many students know more than what they can say.
They are second-language, and visually orientated.
Some female students beg to return to campus.
At home they have to do all the slaving.
Some students load the Alps as background.
Perhaps they feel their homes don't make the grade.

About face-to-face:

To be around
"Om daar te wees"

is what sticks with me most
from her contemplations –
understanding takes place both ways
in exchanges that cannot be arranged,
time-tabled. Accidental, intimate
office or corridor conversations.

But at the same time, the relentless routine

of clocking in is hard on the artist
who dreams of oils and canvas waiting.
(One day, I say, her time will come.
Mothering is creative
and when the nest is empty,
energy is available.)

Her supervisor told her
we learn most by mentoring –
once he was sent to visit another university.
When she asked him what was expected
he said, nothing specifically.
“Ek moes net daar wees.”
(I just had to be there.)

She explains,
“Partykeer...eet jy ‘n slaai langs iemand
en iets gebeur.”
(Sometimes...you eat a salad next to someone
and something happens.)
Online is abstract. But maybe we will get used to it.

On my screen she reaches
for a student’s infographic.
Information distilled on a single page
in pictures and text, hooking you
to read more.
The figurines, she says, are authentic expression.
The way that guy leans on a pool table
or the taxi conductor signals –
the student (whose English is not strong),
observed and captured body language
in a way that words cannot do –

his own kind of poetry.

“I think this is what a decolonised
graphic design curriculum means.”

After our exchange ends, I revisit a project she set
years ago for students, when Instagram was new –
her brief so focused on encouragement:

Your lens is your uniqueness;

Post frequently: be seen in the market;

And a student’s reflection –

how he got noticed, commissioned.

Here I am, after we parted,

my pen scribbling fast in semi-dark.

A rough poem runs along the page

eventually fingers switch to keyboard, begin to craft.

Every word and white space,

each line break

matters. I think of the gift of her question –

if ever I think of poetry

as technology. I turn to her Master’s.

Artist probing if drawing *is*

embodied thinking, not only a result

of a priory cognitive processing.

From reason to embodied intuition: Irigaray responds to Heidegger

Even if Heidegger does consider a thing’s emptiness / void / air, Irigaray claims that he “does not leave the earth” (Irigaray, 1999, p. 2), as his work is rooted in Western *logos* – generally understood as reason and rationality, and more specifically in Heidegger’s view, *logos* is a form of speech (Elden, 2005). Irigaray does not so much refute, but rather,

expands on Heidegger's thing-ness thinking (especially the jug's void and through that, its gifting) – she takes us into a place more aligned with Eastern ways of being, where body is not separated from mind or reason (Grammatikopoulou, 2014). Foregrounding air in itself (as opposed to air bound to earth, the jug), Irigaray works more whole-ly, more fully with air as breathing – a sign of being alive – in this way she pursues a more intimate connection to one-ness and nearness than Heidegger manages:

...air is a place of harmonic coexistence where concepts such as the corporeal and the spiritual, male and female, divine and profane, find their ideal balance (Grammatikopoulou, 2014)

Irigaray believes breathing is not only a sign of life at birth, but when the child begins to breathe on her own, then she gifts the mother in return. Should we accept that teaching, like mothering, is gifting, then perhaps, the student gifts in return when he begins to learn independently.

I switch now from reason to imagination, to think through Heidegger and Irigaray's ideas in relation to my own world:

Thinking through thing-ness

I

“In the water of the spring dwells the marriage of sky and earth.”

The Thing (Heidegger)

Air knows it's not forgotten
when hikers on a boulder

root their sticks in shallow streams,
arching over brooks that sing:

when hikers
cup their hands,

air keeps
a place –

then water (cold with snow) streams in,

finds its way
down thirsty throats.

When tall white flowers arch through air
to bare their faces to the sun,

air gives way
and gifts these thinkers

on this day
with quickening.

II

“Thus Meister Eckhart says ...love is of such a nature
that it changes man into the things he loves.”

The Thing (Heidegger)

The potter knows
of air – afore the August rain
when he winds his way down to the place
which the induna showed him –

the potter knows
when he shields the spot to keep away
those who do not care
for the craft, or for its questions:
“Where does one’s eye go?”

Has the piece a good presence, and dignity?"

This clay is grey with orange specs.

When he gets home, the potter knows

when he preps

when he breaks up the clay

lets it dry out, dissolve in water

when he paddles it up, makes a slip...mixes, paddles more;

compresses in slabs, stores,

puts it through the pugmill –

freezes to age;

when the potter throws, he knows:

"You have to be firm, it makes the right noise..."

kneads; when he shapes, "Visualise the making..."

finally trims, then cuts the jug from the bat,

washes hands;

the potter knows, when he turns; and fires; and glazes –

that, before any other thing, it's air

that this goblet will cradle.

Quotes: KZN potter Andrew Walford in *A Potter's Tale in Africa. The life and work of Andrew Walford* by Neil Wright (2009) – the poem was generated from the contents of the book.

III

Don't forget, she says –
while cupped by things (the hand, the jug)

air is *not* emptiness, abyss.

Yes, there *is* none in the birth canal –

but after that, and in every other thing,
when we breathe, we give, we carve a path through life.

“To breathe is to separate from [the mother or nature], to be reborn, and to give back to her a share of breath...to breathe is to carve one's own path through life.” (From “Remembering the air: Luce Irigaray's ontology of breath” by Christine Grammatikopoulou)

Nearness

I

“In the gift of the outpouring
dwells the simple singlefoldness of the four.”

– The Thing (Heidegger)

You were a wriggly thing
until we brought you into our bed –
so I could sleep
and you could root
to drink as much as you needed.
We became so good at it.
You'd nuzzle to signal it's time to turn –
then I'd pull you to my abdomen, roll over...
Nights were wrapped in drink and sleep,

snug between your mom and dad
in the wide blue bed your grandfather welded.

II

“What is nearness?” Heidegger

“The clearing of air is a clearing...for presence and absence” Irigaray

Long after supper, you WhatsApp call –
dad and I walk from the lounge down the passage,
lie down with the speaker between us.
Your voice has a ring of being in charge –
you update us on the latest:
Carnivals of masks and gloves
on streets that might soon be empty.
Corona already took a few.
Second year student in a strange country
on the other side of the earth,
you lay out all your options,
explain with heart and head.
Now that the tears are over,
you’re clear on not coming home –
to us, that is. Heart strings also tied
 to a love on a nearby island,
you’ll wait and see, keep us updated.
In your young woman voice
 rings a faint air
 of once upon a noo-noo.
Now far *and* near, the four of us –
your mom and dad, the bed, and you.

Noo-noo: A South African term of endearment (particularly to a child); a nickname; an insect

Embodiment and poetic truth

The child's independent breathing as a gift back to the mother, leads me to Garbarini (2004), who shows how reciting certain metric verse can synchronise the lungs and heart. The next poem, "Data projector", is not metric verse, but the poem does work with the music of the English language through sound devices, calling the body to respond – especially in part two of the poem, "Member checking". As Quinlan (2016, p. 7) says of this corporeal character of poetry, "Reading aloud allows you to feel the rhythm of the language, hear the internal rhymes". I will elaborate on these points afterwards.

Data projector

I Found Poem

Over coffee she told me
a memorable moment
with technology:

"I connected it to a machine –
but someone had loaded porn
which projected on the big screen.

In shock I flung myself over the desktop
to hide the prank. Students were in stitches –
of course, it was still showing!

Time stood still
till I yanked the chord
to kill the ordeal."

Original text of found poem:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1re5A67wuw7jDy6wrg7-L6T90GYrGMeK/view>

II Member checking

For a while we lighten lockdown, debating the state of our hair.
I do my pet thing, rearrange the lecturer: off-centre,
chair: an arm's length away from tilted laptop lid,
to add interest for the viewer, we toy with props:
my red watch, her beloved Vietnamese tea pot.
She keeps an eye on the gate, expecting a nurse.
Her mother is bedridden, needs to be turned.

Background blurred, she re-reads
the poem I sent for her feedback. I say, "That Thursday
when we went to music in the City Hall, you came alive
with a glass of wine during interval in the foyer,
elaborating more on this poem."

Now she explains again – she studied Anatomy.

That dreaded moment in class – it looked like a pulsating heart!

We chortle. She's always amazed how the body

reacts when tech doesn't come to the party:

"I turn red and purple in a second. In panic, time freezes. I spin out.

More generally, today we're not aware...where our bodies are in space.

For example, directions have always been part of conversations:

'Next time, let's go for coffee at that new place?'

'How do you get there?'

'Drive down that lane, turn left at the corner café.'

(Her face turns wry.) Well, that day when my husband

drove away from Cape Town airport,

Google Maps didn't have local savvy.

After he turned off the freeway,

he got shot."

Long ago she *au paired* in Monte Carlo:

"When everyone's driving a Ferrari

and you're on foot, it bends your mind.

You feel excluded. My language skills dissolved.
I came across without humour.
I relate to our students.”
On campus is where I usually catch her.
Somewhere there is a chalk board: Welcome, Fam.
But now we work from home.
The nurse arrives. She turns around,
melts into the blurred background.

Consonance or the repetition of a consonant within words, starts in the first line, to pull the reader into the poem with the repetition of the letter “l” – “for a while we lighten lockdown”. Assonance, the repetition of vowels, takes over and plays an on-going role in sustaining the beat – “turned” and “blurred”; then “alive” and “wine”; onto “space” and “conversation”, and so on. There is also internal rhyme – rhyming words placed within lines as opposed to at the end of lines – for example, “explains” rhymes with “again”. End rhyme – rhyming words at the end of lines – also appears in the mix – it begins in the first stanza with “props” and “tea pot”, and finally the poem ends with “around” and “background”. This poem might not be the best example of Garbarini’s heartbeat poetry in a literary sense, but it is discussed to support the argument that the work of PI is to elicit an embodied response, while traditional research in education limits embodied transformation:

The norms of academic writing, while changing, still privilege detachment and analysis over emotive expression. Working inside these largely unspoken rules of academic social science discourse, it is difficult to convincingly embody felt experience (Quinlan, 2016, p. 4)

I responded affirmatively to Quinlan’s statement, by creating a found poem, “Copy”, from an excerpt from “Curvatures in space-time-truth” — John Wood’s Preface to the book *The Virtual Embodied. Presence | Practice | Technology*. The original text follows after the poem.

Copy

(found poem)

Reading the written word aloud
ensured continuity
with oral traditions.
Then monks developed
reading-in-silence.
And in scriptoria of Europe,
books were copied by hand.

The Book became fetished —
an icon of power.
The Church
disavowed the body.
Today Descartes's
scepticism still haunts
academic research.

Original text of found poem: "Before the first monks developed the technique of reading in silence, the practice of reading aloud from the written word had insured some continuity with oral traditions. In the European medieval scriptoria, however, the need to copy books by hand tended to exaggerate the 'unsituated' aspects writing. That the arrival of serial, alphabetical writing tended to fix and to differentiate social roles is well known. The Book became fetished as an icon of power and the Christian Church introduced a sense of bodily denial, or disavowal, of the writer's own body. This-self questioning phenomenon lead to Descartes's self-denying, egocentric scepticism that continues to haunt the academic research tradition." (Wood, 1998, p.2)

"Felt in or as if in the internal organs of the body", is The Merriam-Webster dictionary's definition of "visceral". In the poem "Poet Becoming", Antjie Krog writes, "because the only truth / stands skinned in sound". In this quote, Krog does two things – she ties truth to the body, while simultaneously creating associations between truth and the music of poetry – the sound of language is the skin of truth. Krog then says that, "the poet breathes

deeply with her ear." Rumi says that one ought to listen with the deep ear in your chest (Rumi, 2004). Poetic truth is of the ear, of the skin, a visceral thing. While contemplating these ideas, I came to realise that even when I read poetry silently, I read with my ears – the profound pleasure I get from engaging with the work, results to a great degree from the body's response to the music; and as researcher, to do justice to what is exchanged in interviews, I should do well to listen – with the deep ear in my chest. This is part of surrendering.

Neilsen's lyrical take on language and the body deserves to be quoted in full:

Language as a uniquely human tool has also reinforced the belief that our thoughts reside in an otherworldly place called our mind. Ackerman (1990) and others, however, claim that the mind "travels the whole body in caravans of hormone and enzyme, busily making sense of the catalogue of wonders we call touch, taste, smell, hearing, vision" (Neilsen, 2012, p. 8)

"Chalkboard" represents a teacher's embodied encounters.

Chalkboard

(found poem)

Never wear a black blazer, or long pants.

You'd end up with bad
chalk dust
dandruff.

I never seemed to get my O's round,
or manage straight

l n e s.

i

I also remember
white hands (shoes...floor...)
and a sneeze or two,

pounding
the duster on the outside wall,
or with the giant ruler.

No wonder cleaning
was the class captain's chore.

Original text of found poem:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1MK-3iA6fbFx-5szy0k8xff5KBYxPWnf0/view>

Truth as an organ, is how Fischer chooses to deliberate on poet Owen Barfield's notion of the poetic imagination:

The poetic imagination at its most profound is an organ of truth that creatively discloses integral relationships between things...even if poetry does not always or even often reveal esoteric correspondences, in so far as it is metaphorical and seeks out resemblances between phenomena, it approaches Imagination in this deeper sense (Fischer, 2011, p. 157)

During their "Great War" correspondence, Barfield succeeded in convincing his literary peer C. S. Lewis, that the imagination can, in a particular sense, perceive, and at times, create truth through metaphor and poetry (Johnson, 2010; Margheim, 2010; Fischer, 2011). I emphasise Barfield's thinking on the imagination because of its philosophical depth; also, because his writing on poetry, metaphor and truth fits the inter-disciplinary character of this study – according to Fischer (2011, p. 149), Barfield

integrates various disciplines in a way that is informed by a philosophical conception of the nature of thinking, language, meaning and world. Poetic imagination, for Barfield, is a kind of living thinking that facilitates the emergence of new meaning in language

Rudolf Steiner's controversial philosophy of anthroposophy that Barfield subscribed to, is not relevant to my study.

Barfield's notion of poetic vision was that, he "understood poetry to be a mode of heightened awareness, in which the true relationship between things can be

apprehended” (Bradbury, 2010, p. 14). Barfield contended that “poetry conveys knowledge and imagination disseminates truth” (Johnson, 2010, p. 8). According to Fischer, Barfield shows that

“the poetic imagination is essentially the mind in its mode of creative discovery, and importantly, its operation is not limited to the sphere of poetry, but is responsible for the emergence of unprecedented insights in all disciplines” (Fischer, 2011, p. 146)

In this respect, Barfield proposed “gravity” as a key example – it meant “weight” – until Newton utilised the word as metaphor, to define and communicate his scientific discovery. “And in using the metaphor...he [Barfield] mediates the emergence of new meaning” (Fischer, 2011, pp. 146-147).

While at times, such as with gravity, metaphor operates at its most powerful level by creating truth, in other instances, it perceives truth, Barfield believed. Margheim draws on the following example to demonstrate Barfield’s idea:

...his belief that words in ancient languages had a concrete, unified meaning, which only subsequently produced abstract, differentiated ideas. To support this argument, he provides the examples of the Latin term *spiritus* and the Greek term *pneuma*, since both words have the tri-partite meaning of wind, breath, and spirit... For Barfield, a poetic metaphor allows the reader to perceive truth because it restores the primal unity between abstract and concrete (Margheim, 2010, para. 3 line 8)

Thus, unity is achieved again when metaphor overcomes meanings atomised previously – separated out into new words as languages evolved and societies changed. Barfield’s emphasis on unity and inter-connectedness also manifests as follows:

Barfield’s theory of imagination holds imagination as equal to reason...Shirley Sugarman, a student of Barfield’s, conceives of his theory of polarity as the interdependence and interpenetration of opposite forces, which have one source (75). Imagination and reason are two opposite forces, but they are opposite forces on a unitary process, and are thus also one and the same thing. Barfield’s theory conceptually echoes Socrates’ understanding of opposites...Thus, in order to create meaning, and consequently create truth, the poet must possess and use both imagination and reason, his consciousness oscillating between the two as he deliberates each phrase (Margheim, 2010: para. 14 line 16)

Both my research style and voice in this project is to oscillate between the two equal forces of imagination and reason. Up to here, I have used powers of reason to try to

comprehend Barfield's notion of poetic diction. In the poem "Lines", I activate my imagination through metaphor, to reach for a fuller and more embodied understanding:

Lines

To understand Poetic Diction
(on metaphor as truth-creator)

I stretch, unwind – try to relax
in gaps between the lines:

among blades of uncut lawn,
a cat, dreaming she's a lion

rather than preying for real
in cruel grasslands.

Imagining
unminds:

soft light seeps in
through the cracks,

the heart unclaws
from serif vines.

I continue to add depth to the argument I began in the first chapter – that post-qualitative researchers are increasingly expressing concern over the limitations of traditional research methods. Spivak (1989) sees a lack of imagination as standing guard, "over everything that I must/can do, think, live..." (Lather and St. Pierre, 2013, p. 631)

According to Wade (2015, p. 196), a strength of fictional research narratives is its ability to “draw attention to the creative and situated act of the academic interpreter” in pursuit of finding meaning; also, language, as a human-spun web, becomes a “creative...force” as opposed to rendering a passive view of the world external to the researcher.

Ellis, Adams and Bochner (2011, para. 2 line 9) say that while the limitations of traditional social science research became apparent during the post-modern era, literary theorists such as Roland Barthes (1977), Jacques Derrida (1978) and Radway (1984) established novel ways to understand "new relationships between authors, audiences, and texts". A relational ontology to the world is integrally part of poet John Keats's writing and pursuits to penetrate truth – as the Poetry Foundation phrases it, Keats takes “a delight in the ways in which beauty, in its own subtle and often surprising ways, reveals the truth” (*John Keats*, 2021, para. 83 line 8). With respect to beauty and truth, Hewitt (1994) proposes that, what Keats believed of, and did through, poetry, is promoted by Denzin as sociologist through post qualitative narrative work.

Ecstatic truth in a poetic sense is what film maker Werner Herzog is after. In a YouTube video he says,

Creating experiences of ecstatic truth is not just about fabrication. It's also about staging situations in such a way that people will eventually express something genuine, something from the heart that would otherwise not be articulated (Herzog and Weigel, 2010)

This “something genuine expressed” (which Hertzog aims for, by staging situations while making documentaries), reminds one somewhat of what South African researchers Pithouse-Morgan, Naicker and Pillay believe about PI in education – that, “poetry and dialogue can facilitate a generative entanglement” (Pithouse-Morgan, Naicker and Pillay, 2017, p. 138).

Now returning to metaphor, specifically in relation to the visceral and embodied nature of truth – Gibbs, Costa Lima and Francozo (2004, p. 1208) provide empirical evidence of a close connection between metaphor and embodiment, then clarify:

...rather than just reducing metaphor to the body, our work shows how the body gives rise to metaphor that both appears to ‘revitalize language’, as Shelley would put it, and express relations that seem ‘forgotten’, as suggested by Barfield

This dual role of metaphor is important to this study, where I strive continually to revitalise language to make the work evocative. In some poems I also employ metaphor to bring forgotten relations to the surface, as Owen Barfield proposes.

I conclude this section on imagination and truth with “Proof”.

Proof

Outside, rain.

A man on the platform.

A mile away, in the semi-dark dining cart
you light an after-supper cigarette,
mid-point of the speeding train.

Twirl of smoke,
draped repose.
Deep cupid upper lip,
distinct small shade
beneath your nose.

The moment the train
curves through the station,
you lean through the window...

Lightning strikes

simultaneously, both ends of the express –
at least in the man’s view opposite you
from where he waits, still in the storm.

But, in motion, you observe

skies splitting over the engine first...
seconds after, on the last cart.

It doesn't matter that I chose you for this poem;
whether you were on the Shanghai Express
or a German train, *en route* to soothe
soldiers' hearts with sultry song,
Lili Marlene.

 Invoking you
I'm merely colouring in a scene
conjured by Einstein to prove
 through $e=mc^2$

concurrent and separate
strikes observed
are both true.

Embodiment and technology in the Fourth Industrial Revolution

We need to consider the blend of body and technology as a central tenet of IR4 discourse, as it impacts higher education. A World Economic Forum survey conducted in 2015 identified deep shifts that will have occurred by 2025. Among other tipping points, 81.7 percent of respondents believed the first implantable mobile phone will be available commercially, while 76.4 percent were of the opinion that the first transplant of a 3D-printed liver will have occurred (Schwab, 2017, p. 24-25).

Because poetry as an artform is key to this project, I spotlight selected studies on artistic innovations in the context of embodiment in the IR4. *En route* to implants, wearables such as phone watches have been the norm and as such, the ethics of data ownership from these devices is researched from an artistic viewpoint by Camille Baker and team and published in the journal *Virtual Creativity* (Baker et al, 2018). In a previous project, she used technology in dance, to research enhanced opportunities provided by wearables, for intimacy among humans. (Intimacy, as a form of nearness and presence, is part of the

identity of teachers.) Baker's dancers wear robust sensors on their upper arms. In the performance the dancers collide to pick up on the other's pulse, and dance to these sensations (Baker, 2010). Baker's work with technology and dance in the IR4 resonates with Heidegger and Irigaray's notions of nearness and presence. To be near and present is to gift another. It is that which the lecturer missed in the poem "Recording lectures", which appeared in the introduction?

Another artistic example of IR4 technological embodiment in the creative realm, is the artist Neil Harbisson, who suffers from a rare form of colour blindness, achromatopsia – he sees the world in grey scale. This was his impetus for choosing to become a cyborg. A chip is embedded in his scalp, linked to an antenna on his head, with a camera on top – colours' waves captured by the camera, are converted by the chip to sound waves, enabling Harbisson to hear colour: "It detects the light's hue and converts it into a frequency I can hear as a note" (Jeffries, 2014). Then the artist paints what he hears. "Chip" is a found poem crafted from Harbisson's story published in *The Guardian* newspaper.

Chip

(found poem)

He was born with a rare form
of colour blindness. The world in greys.

Now, an antenna connects
to a chip in his scalp,
translates colour
into sound.

"I do feel more connected to other animals.
We humans have a duty to transcend.
I hear infrared, ultraviolet.

I like Rothko and Warhol.
Their paintings produce clear notes.

Da Vinci and Velázquez...
sound like tracks for a horror film.

Green – a telephone ring.
Amy Winehouse?
Red and pink.”

He battled with the Authority
who opposed a passport picture
with the implant.

Eventually they yielded.
A first for cyborg rights.

“Red’s serene. Violet?
Savage to my ears.

Barcelona riots, 2012 – the police
pulled off the antennae’s camera.
Worst day of my life. Home
with dangling wires.

I *am* technology. It’s a body part.
To bed and in the shower.

I painted James Cameron,
Tracey Emin, Prince Charles.
Portraits you can hear –
colour to sound.

And the other way around:
speeches of Luther King and Hitler
to pictures. Asked people to guess —
they often got it wrong.

Original text of found poem:

<https://www.theguardian.com/artanddesign/2014/may/06/neil-harbisson-worlds-first-cyborg-artist>

Concerning technology and embodiment in the context of social science research – affective citizenship is a term used by scholars who have mined aspects of body and emotion, since the “corporeal turn in the 2000s” (Zebracki, 2016, p. 111). In effect, inter-linking the two notions of affect and citizenship enables us to inquire into, not only how the individual is experiencing living and learning through our bodies and emotions in a digital world, but also, how this is playing out among humans in society. Citizenship also invokes the idea of being a member – of belonging, of having or not having rights – that prompts, in turn, thoughts on agency, which will be discussed under a separate heading. The poem “Cryonics” envisions how IR4 technology might have brought technology pioneer Alan Turing, who committed suicide, back to a connected life of communion, belonging and affective citizenship.

Cryonics

Dear Max More,
while mining the web
for what comes next
– Transhumanism –
I find your optimistic talk
with no trace of zeal –
that we can be better forms of human
because of the tools we invent.
From abacus to 3D printed organs.

In h+ Magazine
I listen how you think –
the false divides among us
– gender and race – are trivial,

almost...amusing, in the h+ quest
for our best moral versions:

“Using reason, science
and technology backed by goodwill
to overcome fundamental human limits—
to live longer than we’ve ever lived,
to become smarter...emotionally
better than we’ve ever been.”

How I wish that Alan Turing could have known you.

If he was frozen at death (as you explain, we might soon do),
in a future realm they could rid his body of the cyanide
he took in 1952, after trialled for the crime of homosexuality
and submitting to hormone therapy.

Meanwhile, everything digital can be traced
to his unbounded Turing Machine tapes –
foregoers of computing and artificial intelligence
that today, Max More believes, could extend and enhance
our limitations.

You say fear of the unknown
stems from a lack of imagination.

You speak of Cryonics –
bodies taken down to cold temperatures
and risks of freezing are reduced –
later, resurrected.

The post-humous apology
to Alan Turing by the Queen
echoes.

Imagine Turing and More
talking
of neural networks and everyday things.

<http://hplussmagazine.com/2012/01/12/the-singularity-and-transhumanism/>
http://www.alanturing.net/turing_archive/pages/Reference%20Articles/What%20is%20a%20Turing%20Machine.html#head
<https://www.telegraph.co.uk/history/world-war-two/10536246/Alan-Turing-granted-Royal-pardon-by-the-Queen.html>
https://www.exploringsurreyspast.org.uk/themes/people/scientists/alan_turing/

Belonging instead of being alienated, leads me to think of estrangement – a negative concept in the context of transformative learning. Darder uses this term to describe what happens when one relies only on abstractions of learning, such as word and text – those who learn become alienated from themselves, their world, and one another. In this regard, Darder quotes Freire:

I know with my entire body, with feelings, with passion and also with reason. It is my entire body that socially knows. I cannot, in the name of exactness and rigor, negate my body, my emotions and my feelings (Darder, 2009, p. 217)

When I wrote a poem to understand career choices I made and my agency in relation to technology, the poem “Code” emerged with a corporeal character:

Code

After the last bell
I escape through the school gate —
tear along the shimmering tar,
home for a quick cold bath

then off to class.

While some find it a breeze,
algorithms strangle my onnie brain
for five hours twice a week.

At night in a recurring dream,
I can only escape from the muggy room
If I terminate the buggy loop.

By hook or by crook, two years on
I, programmer, graduate.

In my dream,
sea air streams in —
freed from the error codes
of apartheid Afrikaans teaching.

onnie: derived from “onderwyser” (Afrikaans) – slang for teacher

It is necessary to distinguish Darder’s term “estrangement” discussed above, from the same term used differently in literary theory. In an essay written in 1917 titled “Art as Technique”, Russian Formalist Viktor Shklovsky defines estrangement as a poetic technique – to make the familiar strange, so that we may see it afresh (Shklovsky, 1965). In “Mobile”, I used metaphor as device, combined with Shklovky’s estrangement, to imagine how humans have, and are, changing in the presence of technology:

Mobile

A trail of fuzz along her spine
a sign of newness to this life.
Eyes still so wide,

through dark pupils
you see down into
nebulae.

Above her cot
a mobile turns,
reflects on walls

where red-eyed flies
spy in corners. Her coos
activate music, the toy rotates:

first figurine, a swinging ape
descends, walks upright over plains,
flint between fingers skilfully skinning.

Flint makes way for clay tablet –
cuneiform counting
corn harvested.

To the mobile's motion
the baby drifts into dream
startles to waking moments –

cut-outs keep flickering on walls of dust:
a printing press, colliding
beads of abacus

scrawl of stylus...
Turing machine churns,
keys spring under fingers,

shutter clicks

paper dips
in chemicals.

Mainframe PC LAN
World Wide Web, mobile phone
dangle in miniature from the ceiling...

When the soaring and tumbling
soprano stops
singing

mobile figurines reverse:
barcode and ape
merge

in this nursery
of a new fleshy
synthetic creature.

Embodiment and agency in transhumanism

Transhumanist organisations work against exclusion and discrimination by technology. Their values are expressed by *H+*, an organization that advocates, in the words of Max More, “the ethical use of technology, such as artificial intelligence, to expand human capacities. In other words, we want people to be better than well” (cited in Ford, 2012). There are numerous instances where social discrimination has been imposed on machine learning (Crawford, 2016). “AI” is a found poem made from Crawford’s article.

AI

(found poem)

An app that applies
labels to pictures
was classifying images
of black people as gorillas.
The company apologized;
it was unintentional.
But similar errors have emerged.
Certain camera software
misread Asian people as blinking.
An investigation revealed
widely used software twice as likely
to mistakenly flag black defendants
at higher risk of committing crimes.
The formulas are proprietary information.
Another scandal recently –
same-day delivery
unavailable for ZIP codes
in black neighborhoods.
They promised to redress the gaps.

Women, less likely than men
to be shown online ads
for highly paid jobs.

In elite Silicon circles,
perhaps the biggest threat is, the rise
of an artificially intelligent apex predator.

Original text of found poem:

<https://www.nytimes.com/2016/06/26/opinion/sunday/artificial-intelligences-white-guy-problem.html>

Transhumanism is characterised by optimism, even while concerns exist about AI and robots exercising power over humanity. I draw attention to Fox, who believes that the merging of human body and technology, which results in the cyborg, has advantages over the robot and that future research should not prioritise AI and robots to the extent of neglecting the topic of the cyborg:

... cyborgs can provide more highly advanced embodied cognition, and the number of cyborgs continues to increase as enterprises introduce new in-the-body technologies while individuals seek to increase cultural capital through body projects (Fox, 2018, p. 50)

Counteracting threats of mass-automation, Fox emphasises the essential work of the imagination in IR4:

“...imagineering involves individuals being actively creative. They imagine something, then realize what they imagine with automated engineering. Established participants in mass imagineering are vloggers, self-publishers, and makers” (Fox, 2018, p. 50)

I flag these debates to show current thinking on humanity’s agency in relation to technology. From an educational viewpoint, how do we design curricula to prepare our students for this world? “Spreadsheet” represents the lived experience of a lecturer and I, in a network of technological things that impact our agency.

Spreadsheet

*Collaboration between a subject matter expert
and a learning technologist*

You direct – I type.

TMTE101 TMTE102 TPRS101 TPRS102 VPRP101

In between, conversations roam.

We note uncanny connections:

A concept proposed

by 18th century Jesuit priest

Teilhard de Jardin: The Omega Point,

referred to now by transhumanists
as the Singularity (when we will all be
uploaded – could this be Eternal Life?)

Another thought – on BBC News

a team of three radiographers were outperformed –

AI can diagnose tumours more accurately than humans.

VPRP102 VPRT101 VPRT102 FAVA101 FAVA201

We continue –

enter new course codes painstakingly,
while three letters in, auto-correct
guesses what we want to say next.

World Economic Forum experts say, to remain employed,
we should concentrate on sapiens' edge –
empathise, play sport, dance, create.

Teachers should also be safe.

We ponder that programmes like Accounting

might bring in big subsidy today –

but how will graduates compete with automation?

Does this imply Arts Faculties (struggling for survival now)
could end up making it in the Fourth Industrial Revolution?

Then there's the podcast
about rescue robots – programmed, not to do,
but to learn – algorithms modelled on a child's brain –
if, in an earthquake, it goes in to save humans,
and loses a leg, it won't bleed to death
and will have the means to move on
by deciding right there,
how to negotiate unknown terrain.

TMTE201 VPRP201 VPRP202 VPRT201 VPRT202

We return to the mundane.
– higher education rearticulation –
capture the last new codes
so that on Monday, staff can teach online.

FAVA301 VPRP301 VPRP302 VPRT301 WILL101

We cast a critical eye, scan for anomalies:
the nuts and bolts of the new curriculum –
Video Tech morphed
to Screen Arts and Technology.
The spreadsheet shifts into focus.
A Rosetta Stone
for the twenty-first century.

TMTE101 TMTE102 TPRS101 TPRS102 VPRP101
VPRP102 VPRT101 VPRT102 FAVA101 FAVA201
TMTE201 VPRP201 VPRP202 VPRT201 VPRT202
FAVA301 VPRP301 VPRP302 VPRT301 WILL101

I have already referred to the optimism of transhumanism and some of its shadows – of the latter, Tirosch-Samuelsan says the spectre of transhumanism should not be overlooked because,

...it ignores the value of insecurity, anxiety, uncertainty, which are very much part of being human...But if chemicals root out these human abilities, what will be the source of creativity?" (cited in Hansell and Grassie, 2010, p. 38)

I offered an opportunity for lecturers to complete an online assignment as student – one of my colleagues' assignment provides food for thought on the topic of implants and some of its possible effects on human agency. Here is our exchange in the form of a found poem, "Assignment".

Assignment

(found poem)

Does Harbisson's statement
raise any concerns? He says,
"We have a duty to transcend"
by embracing implants
to improve the human experience
and overcome our limitations.

Answer:

People find ways to overcome:
lip-reading in movies if deaf –
removing this incentive
would curtail creativity,
problem-solving.
It would also remove
very valuable skill sets.
A deaf person adept at lip-reading

is often employed to give
“voice to the unknown”,
in early silent filming of WW1
or other situations where only video,
not sound, is available.
Another example – the great warmth
a physically-incapacitated person
might show to people;
given their limited mobility,
they develop stronger inter-personal skills
and empathy – to manage those
who come in contact with them.
Improving the human experience
by overcoming one’s physical limitations –
a twisted notion?

Agency in relation to technology: Actor Network Theory

Imagine taking your conference presentation material, stored on a memory stick, into a conference room that only has an overhead projector or has a computer projector but the bulb does not work. You the presenter and your presentation are defined and define each other in conjunction with technology (non-humans). Humans and non-humans define each other in action. They are actor-networks (Bonner, 2013, p. 112)

The birth of ANT arose from the need to adapt social theory to science and technology studies. While Bruno Latour discusses ANT as an alternative branch of social theory, he refers to the sociology of associations. Here Latour redefines the meaning of the word ‘social’, as “a type of connection between things that are not themselves social.” (Latour, 2005, p. 5)

Underwood (2014) surveys recent studies to see how ANT is being used and he tries to discern which are “good” examples of using the theory. He mentions that studies in education are often counted on the more successful side. One of the examples Underwood surveys, is a case study done by Nicholls – an extended family from a remote rural town

in Australia's northern territory, enrolled into Internet banking. The family had to trick the authentication system into believing that it was one individual logging in and using the system, while in reality, the actor network was a collective – the family members were reliant on each other for help, remembering passwords and controlling and spending budgets. Agency was relational – distributed among actors. The case strikes a chord with one of my personal encounters, captured reflexively in “Mouse”.

Mouse

Here's to the man
who sent an email and said,
“I have made a test
and now, this is where I'm stuck...
Can we connect?”

On Teams he shares his screen.
I can't see him...he uses voice only.
While I guide, I sense
there's a plural presence in his room
as the mouse shifts and moves silently
between sections of his course
and we explore all the settings.

“By the way,” I say, “You told me on email,
your son helped you figure out the basics?”
A feeling of relief reaches me through the screen
and I hear an only just audible giggle of camaraderie.
It is only my intuition that knows
this is not the kind of man who palms off the workload –
it is rather a sense of...strength amplified,
that I feel. I never address the other
(the one without the staff number) directly,

he doesn't say a thing – we carry on, complete setting the test
and to end I say, “I will email steps to bulk-enrol those missing students.”
End of call. Shortly after, a reply email –
“They're all in. Thank you, we
have managed.”

Here's to the man who emailed and said,
I have made a test. And to all the hands we cannot see,
who help to glue together our university broken by Covid-19.

The use of ANT to understand the socio-technological world has become a steady trend, powered by seminal publications such as Latour and Woolgar's (1986) book, *Laboratory Life: The Construction of Scientific Facts* and in relation to this study, sustained by later works such as John Law's piece, “Networks, relations, cyborgs: On the social study of technology” (2003).

The task of “defining and ordering the social should be left to the actors themselves”, as Ruming (2009, p. 453) says of Bruno Latour's idea on the topic (Latour, 2005, p. 23). A key to allowing the actors to do the work, is to observe, listen, capture. This reflexive element is where I detect a clear ontological alignment between ANT and PI. According to ethnographic researchers Maynard and Cahnmann-Taylor, poetry enables the indispensable reflexive voice of the researcher, which is often excluded in more traditional research – they liken this act of writing effective poetry, to the “audacious ethnographic risk of seeking insight, not just information” (Maynard and Cahnmann-Taylor, 2010, p. 9).

In ANT language, when the researcher participates, it can be seen as a process of enrolment and translation, shaped by her positionality – in the language of narrative inquiry, the importance of participation, positionality and reflexivity are accentuated by Richardson – in discussing one of the criteria that she recommends for the review of narrative studies, Richardson asks, “How did the author come to write this text? How has the author's subjectivity been both a producer and a product of this text?” (Richardson, 2000, p. 937). The following poem, “Nettiquette”, shows how the researcher gains insight into the world of the students through a conversation with the lecturer. Effective

employment of ANT could be achieved, if we as researchers commit to enrol in the networks we investigate and it is desired that our reflexivity would carry evidence of our transformation, at least in part (Ruming, 2009).

Nettiquette

She's a petit blonde.
Not someone I'd expect to lecture
Emergency Medical Care and Rescue.
We login to the virtual course
that keeps her students connected:
 Seismic shifts. Helicopter rides.
 Rope climbing. Jaws of life.
To upload content, she follows the steps.

We discuss online codes of conduct.
Norms of behaviour, netiquette.
 None of the theories
 of good boundaries apply,
she says – here in their virtual group
they should be free to share
the graphic, gory and macabre.
Jokes no-one else would ever get.

Below my window they stride past.
Ropes and clips clink rhythmically.
 Avatars from another sphere.
Young men and women from EMCR.

In terms of ANT's usefulness to this study, thinking with ANT helps me to follow and animate (through poetry), those human and non-human actors alike, who might

otherwise remain hidden without the ANT lens – for, all these actors perform a role in stories of agency. By assembling the account “Nettiquette”, I see more clearly – I gain insight – that the codes of conduct I promote for online courses, don’t apply to Emergency Medical Care and Rescue students – their agency manifests in the macabre humour the lecturer allows them to express in the online space. An example of a technological actor that participates in enabling this agency, is the online course, but in the non-human mix is also, the jokes they share on this platform. Callon and Law indicate that, "...it's the relations ... that are important. Relations which *perform*. Perform agency" (in Murdoch, 1997, p. 741).

Through ANT one can show how human and non-human actors are inseparable in a dynamic actor world-order. Ruming (2009, p. 453) describes ANT as “placing its analytical focus on unearthing the complex web of relations between humans and non-humans”. Law (2003) points to the semiotic nature of ANT (which I have already alluded to), thereby emphasising associations with literary theorists such as Roland Barthes, Umberto Eco and Julia Kristeva; an important link to the world of poetry.

Bruno Latour speaks of an infralanguage. Of this, Sayes says,

‘non-human’ and ‘agency’ are part of the infralanguage of perspective. They are not intended to add anything substantive to an explanation...Their function is to allow an account...to be assembled (2014, p. 142)

The process I follow in this study can, therefore, be described as assembling accounts by using poetic devices, to uncover actor networks, enable reflexivity, and reveal the researcher’s transformation.

In the IR4, our agency will depend on our collaboration with machines – Schwab believes we need to recognise we are “part of a distributed power system that requires more collaborative forms of interaction to succeed” (2017, p. 27).

ANT scholars such as John Law dissolve the human-non-human divide with the purpose of pursuing the “vital challenge to imagine ‘humane’, progressive and creative forms of politics, ethics, aesthetics and enchantments” (2003, p. 4). Note Law’s use of the word “imagine” – as an action – the onus is on us to be agents.

Employing ANT helps “to avoid the consequences of inserting divides in time, through a focus on an artefact” (Bonner, 2013, p. 112). In other words, by moving backwards and forwards in time, we aim consciously to avoid a decontextualised approach. Making the historical context overt, creates possibilities for authentic expression of reality, as in the case of “Electricity”.

Electricity

Rolling Rs and guttural Gs idle beneath
while we speak English – his fifth, my second language.
I apologise, not being able to speak his first
as he does, mine, so fluently.
Then I ask about his forebearer, Sol Plaatje.
While overseas, protesting the Land Act of 1913,
he matched over seven hundred Setswana proverbs
with equivalents in French, German, Danish...

We unearth mutual ground. Linked to technology
not having touched computers throughout our first degree,
writing honours dissertations “with a bare pen”, as he calls it.
He says he can relate to our students during Covid-19
starting university with no computer literacy,
now forced to study from home –
no data, and load shedding:
while doing his Master’s, my interviewee
taught himself to use a computer.
The day of the deadline, while typing,
he lost electricity – didn’t know about saving.
Seven pm started over with one finger...
first thing the next day drove to Bloemfontein
from Thaba Nchu sixty kilometres away, to submit his thesis.

Recently in his PhD, he used symbolic interactionism
to examine name changes. We dig deeper...
fathers. Uncanny that both ours died
in car crashes when we were nine.
In the Free State province his father fought
for a new township called
Perseverance – Boitchoko.
But after he passed away, successors erased
the name of their new home.

We both work in academic development.
I ask about *letsema*. He agrees,
the tone of this word rings true
in this unparalleled time –
volunteer work for common good.
We have witnessed many colleagues
carrying peers and students
during remote assessment.
Then I ask him to read his poem.

Diphethogo le thekenoloji | Changes and technology

(Before our interview, the interviewee wrote this poem about his encounters
in his mother-tongue Setswana, which he also translated into English.
The font size is reduced, to be able to reflect the poem's original line breaks.)

*Diphetogo ke dijo tsa ka metlha
Motswana o rile go robala ke go fetoga
Tloga-tloga e tloga gale,
Kolobe ya morago e bonwa ke dintswa.*

Changes are our daily bread
Old Motswana man once said changes are inevitable
Early bird catches the fattest worm
Last pig will be caught by dogs

*Ke le morutabana o magorogo maswa,
Tlapantsho-bokwalelo ke matsapa fela
Fa ke retologa go tllharapatsa tshedimose tso,
Baithuti ha se go thantsha ke setshego gonne ke sa ba bone
Pelo e reng ka nako eo? ke e tshwere ka diatla e setswe ka legano
Bodishashe ba ka tllhanola direthe morago ga foo.*

As a newly qualified educator
Writing on a blackboard comes with its challenges
Turning your back on the class full of naughty youngsters,
You hear them bursting into loud laughs and giggles
You are forced to restrain yourself under trying circumstances
After this, cowards may not return to this classroom.

*Diphetho ditla ka lobelo le tseisang sedidi
Tiriso ya computer ka mo phaposing borutelo e ka go sia o tlhakatlhakane.
O re o tlanya ka monwana o le esi, o tseye ngwaga go wetsa polelo
Baithuti ba bone o le segatamarukgwana, mafaratllhatlha fela
O bo ne ditlhaka di tlhakatlhakana, keledi e sale e ti! Godimo ga letlapa la go tlanya
Selo se thegenologi ha se motshameko
Mme, ke yona fela tsela ya 'kgolo le diphethogo tse di tlhokegang.*

Changes are taking place at a lightning speed
Manipulating a computer first time during lesson presentation can be challenging
Your struggles on a computer board may expose you as an unprepared amateur
Ending up losing respect and control of your class
Your nervousness leads to more confusion and more mishaps
New innovations can be difficult to handle
However, this is the only way of introducing new and necessary developments

To revise for the purpose of continuing to deliberate on ANT, the researcher endeavours to identify actors; enter networks through these actors; follow the actors; trace network associations created by the actors; identify and attribute power to actors that shape networks; engage in reflexivity (Ruming, 2009). The term “controversies” is promoted by Latour and here I create a parallel between the idea of “encounters” with technological tools (the focus of this study) and the idea of controversies: “Controversies are vehicles

for discovery because in controversies actor-networks for competing positions are most visible and can be seen” (Bonner, 2013, p. 113).

I now use the poem “Shortwave” (written from an interview), to think about agency again, as I did in the introduction with “Ticker tape” – asking who the actors are, and what actions they perform to shape networks in a dynamic world order. Agency is a combination of acting and meaning – Sayes (2014) explains the simple fact that humans and things are never by themselves, therefore, their agency is always defined in relation to the actors they are surrounded by.

Shortwave

Two wireless radios on a windowsill.

Below this 8th floor Berea flat

the night lies still.

Two early teens in their room.

Time Magazine lies open

at an article on Stockhausen –

controversial *avant-garde* composer

who stripped down the world’s anthems

and mixed in among other things,

electronic waves and his own breathing.

Two brothers’ fingers turn radio dials:

HUM ECHO SQUEAK SWISH BUBBLE BEEP

each aerial picking up frequencies...

What follows is what they are after:

As Stockhausen said one could,

the boys generate between them

a third music of eerie beauty.

Holding their radios

two brothers swoop and dive – they improvise

strange new music from a cosmos of meaning

for hours and hours 'til stars fade.

Stockhausen loved Blake's lines:

"...he who kisses the joy as it flies,
Lives in Eternity's sunrise."

<https://www.theguardian.com/music/tomserviceblog/2013/may/07/contemporary-music-guide-karlheinz-stockhausen>

I hold off on any reflections on the poem until the chapter on theorising poems.

To close, I consider criticisms of ANT – one is its Euro-centric character. Since then, scholars such as Jensen and Blok (2013), have given it a theoretical base beyond the European tradition. Second, as a post-humanist philosophy, "ANT has been criticised for apparently granting agency to things and in the process reducing people to the status of things" (Jackson, 2015, p. 41). I do see the usefulness of not prioritising humans in ANT's non-hierarchical world view, to understand the agency of non-humans, such as endangered species for example (Ruming, 2009). In the case of my study, the non-hierarchical nature of actor networks is useful in a different sense – because it helps to reveal all the actors and to understand how lecturers' agency is shaped in this inseparable world order. Put differently, the main purpose of looking through the ANT lens, is to identify the role of non-human actors in relation to the lecturer's agency. I do not consider the agency of the technological tools as such. This demarcation could be considered a limitation of the study.

Teacher agency in relation to technological tools

When teacher identity was reviewed by Beijaard, Meijer and Verloop (2004), they established that agency is an important part of teacher identity. In the course of their data analysis, they defined storytelling as a category of teacher identity – storytelling is a way of constructing identity. The authors found that among other factors, talking about atypical teaching episodes have a way of shaping identities – although they do not explain this further, I see one way of interpreting atypical episodes as the unexpected occurring

during teaching. In my study, at least some of the participants' encounters (or controversies, in ANT language) could be seen as atypical episodes – in the poem following, there is an atypical episode when the lecturer had to spend time unexpectedly during his lecture comforting the class about a classmate who was stabbed to death at a party the day before. On this emotional note, Beijaard et al (2004) recommend further research into identity (and therefore agency) other than the cognitive. In respect of the respondent's agency, you are invited to read "Prosthetic socket" – what does the actor network look like, what are the roles the actors play, and what are the actions of the lecturer?

Prosthetic socket

When my interviewee joined our university,
he had already achieved part of his goal:
3D printing an adjustable prosthetic socket.
"The client kept losing weight
before a bodybuilding competition.
Volume loss made the fitting unstable –
you don't want him to fall off the stage!
Variable geometry is the solution."

My interviewee explains
why he came to our university –
he wanted to improve on it,
develop safety mechanisms
to prevent over-tightening.
He also wanted to put information in the public domain
to make this adjustable prosthetic socket accessible.
He wanted to patent. But to work here
he had to lecture, and to lecture,
he needed a Master's degree.
He jumped through the hoops

and after years of perseverance,
got recognition of prior learning.

(In our conversation today,
I remember how we met –
when he started lecturing part-time,
he walked into my training session
with his cane and that spark in his eyes –
soon after everyone was gathering around him
while he showed us how to make videos for teaching.
I thought, hang on, what's this man doing here?
Where have I met him? Then realised,
when I slipped and fell by the washing line
my doctor referred me for an ankle brace.)

In our interview
he says, "I'm not a White Board kind of Guy.
I never write more than five words on it.
I use it to anchor. Pull things together.
I am a collaborator. I don't explain information –
I explain where information is.
I say to students, "You're on a journey
of discovery. This,
is life
long
learning."
"I'm not a teacher", he keeps saying...
"I don't do peda.... peda...
How do you say it?
Pe- da- -go -gy."
(I giggle. Here he is with all his maneuvers –
text-book style innovative teaching
and he doesn't even know he's doing it.)

“Back to your questions:
“An emotional experience?
After a holiday we got back
and one of the students
(a popular guy) had died –
he was stabbed at a party.
I had to talk to the class,
they were devastated
... then went straight
into the lecture.
It was hectic...”

“I wear a soft shell.
Don’t talk to students
about my personal life....
You have to find the bull’s eye –
family in the centre.
Then friends. Social media
are the doubles on the outside.”

“A stressful, disastrous moment?
Changing to Moodle!
How can you change to a free system
and think it’s going to be better?
There is no plagiarism detection!
In my day it was difficult
as you had to use all those books...
OK I didn’t go much to the library –
did more smoking behind the bush.
But today, our students need to know
how not to copy, it is too easy...
See, I wrote here...” (points with his finger)

“Moodle Dread...” (He chuckles again.)

“Come visit me at my new business.
I want to give the client...an Experience.
Not just sell what’s on a shelf.
That’s why I ended up disillusioned.”

The afternoon casts long shadows through his window.

He greets, “I need to go. Must put on the oven at home,
six Eisbeins waiting. Having friends around for poker.
We do social distancing and each put in a hundred Rand.
Sometimes you win. Sometimes you lose
a hundred and fifty!”

“Thanks”, I say. My money’s on you.”

Educational researchers Lipponen and Kumpulainen believe of agency that,

...people do not merely react to and repeat given practices. Instead, people should have the capacity for autonomous social action during which they intentionally transform and refine their social and material worlds and thereby take control of their lives (Lipponen and Kumpulainen, 2011, p. 812)

“XT” is a poem I wrote to analyse evocatively, how an XT computer played a role in my agency by opening a door in my dead-end career.

XT

The teens I teach
tune it “Double Dutch”:
Afrikaans Tweede Taal
in a south coast town.

I fuss and fret over CNE dogma,
the stigma of the oppressor's tongue;
but these surf rats shrug, call me rock spider

and pitch their dreams
where the blue sea begs.

My rookie duties, more or less:

Before school	Is it too short? Record the length of that bare stretch below the skirt. (PS Measure kneeling girls' legs from floor – to seam.)
---------------	--

Afternoons	Transport: Badminton C
------------	---------------------------

During the day	Syllabus: Brief; opstel; mondeling (from Huisgenoot snippets)
----------------	---

Three weeks in, I am summoned:

“Mevrou Peté, after school there's chalk on the floor.
The rows are crooked – can you keep them straight?

Also, the music's loud during poetry.
Could you turn down that Voëlvry tape?

Then (Ahem)...
your World Against Apartheid shirt.

And *please* – assessed food feasts??
Don't let the class escape to the field."

One day, waiting by the fish tank for the bell,
I look down the passage of the admin block...
sight in the furthest room (usually locked)

the new XT.

No more holding high-jump rods in the sun!
I volunteer – not knowing where a PC is switched on,
or how to fix a paper jam.

Henceforth, as long as there are reams
in the dot matrix printer,
Mevrou pulls rank:

Essentially
everyone bows
to Marks Capturer.

Tweede Taal: Second Language

CNE: Christian National Education (the apartheid education system);

Rock spider: Nick name given by the English to Afrikaners during the Anglo Boer War

Huisgenoot: Afrikaans for "house companion" - a sensational magazine, which, later, also appeared as *You Magazine*;

Brief; opstel; mondeling: Letter, essay, oral;

Voëlvrý: A resistance movement of Afrikaans musicians (Johannes Kerkorrel, Koos Kombuis, Bernoldus Niemand and others);

XT: A model of IBM personal computer with a monochrome monitor and a floppy disc drive, running on DOS (Disc Operating System);

Mevrou: Mrs

Ways in which lecturers' ontological security (and therefore identity) is threatened by technology are discussed by Hanson (2009), who argues that we as teachers are *displaced* (not replaced) – for example one interviewee feels that the digital projector limits her *presence*, which she regards as key to the success of her teaching. Displacement asks, by what or whom? In the next poem, “Scroll bar”, there are various technological actors that threaten to displace a group of lecturers – note also, how the lecturers act / adapt as enrolments shift.

Scroll bar

A learning management system change
brings us together around a table.
I praise the menu
for listing activities first,
until those with more experience tell
how they always cursed this clunky scroll bar
or simply never found
the elementary button to upload a file
pushed out of sight by constructivists.
My clichéd “content is not king” bubble bursts.
More banter follows – about those who touch-type
and on the other side, the less fortunate
who pound keys with two fingers.
Load shedding creeps closer. Someone rushes to boil the kettle.
Before our meeting the data projector gave up the ghost.
Plan B is a TV. Power outage kicks in and that dies too.
C: we crouch around – laptop syncs with phone.
What makes this meeting – hardware or software? No.
We exchange coffee made just right
for home-baked biscuits.
They beg for a smoke break and I say, five minutes.
Lance shines a torch in the dark.

Pete remembers...his mother baked for sale –
hundreds of cakes, and he got nothing.
Wandile accidentally brought along his remote.
His wife calls, stuck in the car next to the road.
Mike loves load shedding after hours.
He sits in the garden cooking
on a skottel under stars. We,
warmware, are the heart.

During the rise of teaching automation through Massive Open Online Courses (MOOCs), Ross et al (2014) indicated their concern that the research emphasis into this educational phenomenon discounts what the teacher brings to the learning process. Meaningful features that the lecturer brings to the learning process (in the context of technology) are, “cohesive pedagogical presence or a thinking human being” (Andrew, 2012, para. 1 line 7) – these features surface vividly from the respondent’s reflections in the poem “Email”:

Email

Before we mull over instant priorities
at the Durban University of Technology
(blowing life into remote learning)
we talk teaching encounters more generally...

On my insistence he recounts the chaos
when once, he, young teacher, snuck
into a horrible headmaster’s office
to slip the slim pipette of a stink bomb
under the luxurious rug.

He then reflects on the present:
“I’m planning to teach

Education students
to let Adobe
read their own essays back to them
before they submit it for marking –

to be read to, and to hear your work,
is so important.” I reply, “It’s a nifty trick –
and it also narrows the gap,
puts warmth into the machine.”

I ask about his past. He says,
“After SA’s first democratic election I was involved
in integrating APLA and MK into the SADF.

A regimental sergeant major is the army’s senior teacher,
the mother liable for health and welfare.
The colonel sets the goals –
it was my job as non-commissioned officer
to get the regiment to reach those.”

To my next question, he says,
“Yes. There are indeed – parallels, *and* differences.

For a soldier, it’s ‘Do what you see’;
a university student, ‘Write what you think.’

A happy student is a good student.
If they understand how to apply knowledge,
they come back to lectures...

One of my troupes went to the Congo.
Before he left, I said, ‘Don’t get killed
or married over there.’ It gets very personal!

But likewise, a properly trained soldier
comes home.”

He returns to now, “Before lockdown when we had lectures,
I’d say on the first day: ‘All Kaiser Chiefs supporters, stand!’
Then wink to the rest of the class sitting down:
‘All of you...will pass; they – will fail.’
You should hear them laugh.
Now in remote mode,
first thing I do is send a bulk email:
‘Welcome to DUT!’...and insert the Pirates logo.
Normally most of them don’t write back – are shy,
but when I do *that*, straightaway, they reply.”

McShane traces the work of 12 online lecturers and through interviews with them, coins three metaphors for the roles they fulfil overarchingly, or as she puts it, “teacherly ways of “being” a lecturer” (McShane, 2006, p. 128) – performing, caring and directing. Caring is, although a difficult concept in higher education, important to consider, as it is linked to the identity of an effective teacher (Ross et al, 2014):

Analytics

She detects a pattern –
one student shows promise,
but misses lectures, skips some tests.

Trust breaks through in conversation.

It’s a matter of money, as the lecturer expects –
though it’s not bus fare or food she can’t afford,
she confesses, clutching her back.

It’s the stain on her dress that she dreads.

If we can entertain the following three thoughts – that at least at times and in some respects, the student teaches the lecturer; that some aspects of teaching can be automated; and last, that content might be available as MOOCs and open educational resources – then what is the role of the human teacher in the technological age? “Camera” highlights aspects of a lecturer’s identity in relation to technology:

Camera

When she nudged them
from the comfort of lectures
to seek stories on campus
and publish on the web,
social media did not exist
and online journalism was not a word yet.

In a virtual newsroom
they peer-reviewed, edited,
then published in their online paper.

She watched like a vigilant mother:

dealt with a case of predatory stalking
when one student logged in as another;

a foetus was found in a loo;

and I remember that day vividly
when they banged with their cameras
on our door, seeking shelter from a mob
whom they photographed
while burning beds.

Fledgling journalists
finding stories on their campus
dared all we knew collectively
of constructivist theories.

We come to the end of the chapter. In summary, ANT was established to inquire into a world shared by humans and things (such as technology) – it traces networks of human and non-human actors, to understand agency – in our case, the agency of lecturers in relation to technological teaching tools. The theory underpinning poems also extends to broken world theory, which foregrounds “subtle arts of repair by which rich and robust lives are sustained” (Jackson, 2014, p. 222); and further on to the trans-human present, where the boundaries between technology and the human body have now begun to blur in the IR4. In this context, I deliberate on the lecturer’s identity and agency – how, within our actor networks, we participate in creating meaning. Related to humans and things, of relevance on a poetic-philosophical level, is Heidegger’s preoccupation with knowing “when the thing things” – a state of being near, of gifting – part of a what human teachers do. When Irigaray responds to Heidegger on thinging, we move further away from reason, closer to intuition and embodiment. Drawing on Owen Barfield’s poetic diction, I summon the imagination (and specifically metaphor at times), which assists in this study, to perceive and create truth.



Doodle 6: prosthetic socket

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[Ch 2: Poetic inquiry methodology](#) | [Ch 3: Technology and the lecturer’s agency](#)
[Ch 4: Theorising poems reflexively](#) | [Ch 5: Conclusion](#)
[Ch 6: Encounters: A collection of poems](#)

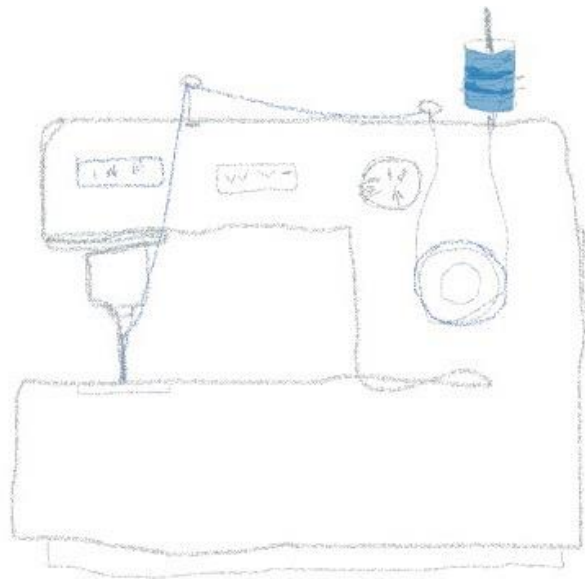
CHAPTER 4: THEORISING POEMS REFLEXIVELY

Theorising was done by

1. selecting four poems and interpreting these works individually in relation to theory;
2. drawing on these detailed reflections, developing an ANT-PI question kit. This kit is available to the reader, to unlock the other poems as social projects.

Together, the analysis and resulting kit are meant to form a framework for interpretation (Breheny, 2012).

I shall now show the product first (the ANT-PI question kit), then the process (individual analysis of poems which assisted in creating the kit).



Doodle 7: sewing machine

The ANT-PI question kit

Rather than being a mechanical check list, the purpose of the kit is to stimulate thinking to understand poems as social projects:

Table 1: The ANT-PI question kit

<p>How can Actor Network Theory and its theoretical relations help to comprehend how agency plays out during lecturers' encounters with technological teaching tools?</p>	<p>How can poetic inquiry as a new methodology contribute to capturing the full complexity of lecturers' encounters with technological teaching tools?</p>
<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Who are the human actors? 2. What are the non-human actors? 3. What are the technological actors? 4. How are the human actor's actions shaped by the non-human actors? 5. How do the non-human actors enable or block the lecturer's agency? 6. In what way do relationships perform agency? 7. Are there signs of a broken world in this poem and what are they? 8. How is this broken world held together or repaired? 9. In this broken world, what are signs of despair, admiration, reverence resilience, creativity? 10. Is there a sense of relational existence (through historical connection or semiotic association)? 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 15. Does the poem stir emotion? 16. Do poetic devices help to illuminate the lived experience (for example, musicality, forms of rhyme, metaphor, concentratedness, detail)? 17. Are there any ambiguous tensions in the poem? 18. Is the poem generally free from academic jargon to be able to contribute to understanding beyond the domain of social science research? 19. Does the poem express a sense of heightened awareness, or a true relationship between things? 20. Is there a sense of layering or resonance embedded in the poem which allows you to bring in meaning? 21. Does the poem make you feel some things you cannot express? 22. Does the poem express ways of being a teacher – for example, caring, performing, directing? 23. Does the poem surrender to the lyrical impulse?

<p>11. What does this relational existence contribute to the poem?</p> <p>12. Do you note any encounters / atypical episodes / controversies?</p> <p>13. How is the world order shifted through these controversies?</p> <p>14. What memories or stories do the poems stir for you?</p>	<p>24. Is there a sense of the writer being a creative force as opposed to being a passive researcher?</p> <p>25. Does the poem have a dis/embodied character?</p> <p>26. Is there a sense of giving, outpouring or gifting?</p> <p>27. Does the poem break with conventions?</p> <p>28. Does the poem's form contribute to its strength?</p>
<p>29. Does the combination of the above instruments of ANT and PI make the poem's encounters more visible and if so, in which way(s)?</p> <p>30. Does the strategy described in the previous question, help to reveal divergence and difference – the local texture of networks – and if so, what are some of these in the poem in question?</p>	

Theorising individual poems

I worked as follows to reflect on individual poems. In two columns, I juxtaposed the two research questions; each linked respectively to ANT and PI. I reflected on the selected poem by drawing in relevant theory from Chapter 2 (which deals with PI) and Chapter 3 (which deals with ANT and its theoretical relations).

Please note that some of these poems have already appeared earlier on in this thesis, but to introduce selected parts of the argument. For the convenience of the reader, I repeat those poems here, rather than referring to their earlier locations in the thesis.

Smart board

Winds tunnel through hinge-less windows
of this lecture hall high above ground –
one frame bangs incessantly,
short of machine gun frequency.

Noise averse from decades of teaching,
I dig you from the bin –
bite, tear and twirl you
into a chord – sparkly silver
and greasy; tie the window *down*
so we can begin.

eLearning induction
vows to relieve us of place, make it easy.
You might not be recyclable –
but, empty crisps packet,
I sing your praises today

while students sleep, talk and nibble
and Simon searches for a missing cable
to project steps on a smart board
cleaned as best I could, tho' left
with a technicolour palimpsest
of permanent pen scribbles.

Table 2: Theoretical discussion of poem "Smart board" in relation to research questions

<p>How did Actor Network Theory and its theoretical relations help to comprehend how agency plays out during lecturers' encounters with technological teaching tools?</p>	<p>How did poetic inquiry as a new methodology contribute to capturing the full complexity of lecturers' encounters with technological teaching tools?</p>
<p>"Smart board"</p> <p>Apart from the humans (Simon; the students and I), through the ANT lens I can see more clearly what else is going on in the room. I notice the technological things (eLearning; a missing cable; a smart board), but also other non-human actors that I would not have considered (a window; a lecture hall; a crisps packet; a bin; permanent pen scribbles). ANT helps me to see how all these things act in concert in a broken world (Jackson, 2014) which is characterised by hinge-less window frames. Regarding agency, the banging window frame blocks my ability to focus on the eLearning induction at hand. The empty crisps packet plays an enabling role – after I use it to stop the banging window, the crisps packet affords Simon and I some quiet, to focus – puts us in control of the situation. One might even say that the performance of tying down the banging, hinge-less window with a greasy crisps packet,</p>	<p>"Smart board"</p> <p>The poetic format brings forth emotional experiences. Had I not used PI as methodology, I would probably not have penned that the window bangs "short of machine gun frequency"; or that I am "noise-averse from decades of teaching". During more traditional data analysis I might not have attempted to capture ambiguity (Maynard and Cahnmann-Taylor, 2010; Butler-Kisber and Stewart, 2009) – how the crisps packet simultaneously is beautiful (sparkly silver) an off-putting (not recyclable, greasy). The encounters described in the poem could be seen as an attempt to capture the state Owen Barfield describes as, "a mode of heightened awareness, in which the true relationship between things can be apprehended" (Bradbury, 2010, p. 14).</p> <p>Poetry amplifies meaning through resonance, invokes layers of meaning (Oliver, 1994). I liken permanent pen scribbles on a smartboard to a palimpsest – Owen Barfield believes that metaphors at times perceive,</p>

chimes with, “subtle arts of repair by which rich and robust lives are sustained against the weight of centrifugal odds”, as Jackson (2014, p. 222) says of broken world theory. The packet’s association with cast-away refuse changes and it becomes a hero in the story. This is an example of how following the actors helps the researcher to spot “Relations which perform. Perform agency”. (Callon and Law, cited in Murdoch, 1997, p. 741)

and at times create truth (Johnson, 2010; Margheim, 2010; Fischer, 2011) – determining whether the metaphor is successful in this sense is not the work of the poet and I also do not unpack the metaphor in this reflection, as it is not the purpose of this study to analyse my own poetry in a literary sense, but to point out parallels with PI methodology.



Doodle 8: wifi

Wireless

I Recording lectures

In front of students, many years
you wove accounts and joined ideas
from texts and notes and powerpoints

with hands and eyes (a turn, a smile)
while *she* strolled out
on outstretched desks...

Inquisitive tail, her soundless paws
stepping over phones and pens.
Students were egged by her presence

to jot down notes, frown, or ask
and you'd invent. In turn
you'd hear new ideas spark

unfurling again your expositions
and then, to end, you'd tie together
the heart of a thesis, dismiss the class

and she'd follow you down
the long passage, curl under your desk
head-butt your leg, showing affection.

When Covid-19 came, you left so fast
she stayed behind. Now you're at home
remote in your room, recording lectures.

In zoom exchange you relate to me

how deflated these attempts can be
compared to the real, living thing.

Seeing you there, Philip Pullman's words ring:

"When your daemon was pulling
at the link between you
(part physical pain deep in your chest,

part intense
sadness and love)
it was such a strange tormenting feeling."

Hold on to the thought behind that bolted door
that there are differences between
being severed and separated
from your inspiring force.

II Shortwave

Two wireless radios on a windowsill.
Below this 8th floor Berea flat
the night lies still.
Two early teens in their room.
Time Magazine lies open
at an article on Stockhausen –
controversial *avant-garde* composer
who stripped down the world's anthems
and mixed in among other things,
electronic waves and his own breathing.
Two brothers' fingers turn radio dials:
HUM ECHO SQUEAK SWISH BUBBLE BEEP

each aerial picking up frequencies...

What follows is what they are after:

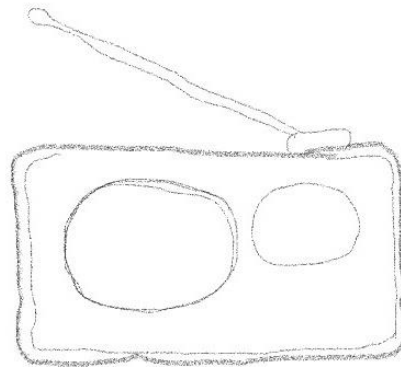
As Stockhausen said one could,
the boys generate between them
a third music of eerie beauty.

Holding their radios
two brothers swoop and dive – they improvise
strange new music from a cosmos of meaning
for hours and hours ‘til stars fade.

Stockhausen loved Blake’s lines:

“...he who kisses the joy as it flies,
Lives in Eternity’s sunrise.”

<https://www.theguardian.com/music/tomserviceblog/2013/may/07/contemporary-music-guide-karlheinz-stockhausen>



Doodle 9: radio

Table 3: Theoretical discussion of poem “Wireless” in relation to research questions

<p>How did Actor Network Theory and its theoretical relations help to comprehend how agency plays out during lecturers’ encounters with technological teaching tools?</p>	<p>How did poetic inquiry as a new methodology contribute to capturing the full complexity of lecturers’ encounters with technological teaching tools?</p>
<p>“Wireless: I Recording lectures”</p> <p>In ANT, agency is linked to participative meaning construction by actors in a network (Latour, 2017). In face-to-face lectures, the interviewee used to construct meaning with the actors in the room – accounts were woven, ideas joined from texts and notes and powerpoints, arguments were developed and tied together from students’ frowns and replies. Agency was also enabled by the lecturer’s daemon or inspiring force, in the form of a cat. After Covid-19 lockdown kicked in suddenly and unexpectedly, the interviewee found himself lecturing from home, in a room without the actors that used to participate with him in meaning construction. A seasoned, previously thriving teacher – a performer and director (to mention two of McShane’s “teacherly ways of being” (McShane, 2006, p. 128)) – the interviewee is now displaced (Hanson, 2009). One could say the lecturer misses “robustness of online dialogue,</p>	<p>“Wireless: I Recording lectures”</p> <p>The poem surrenders to the lyrical impulse which Cox believes is absent in general from traditional research (Cox and Neilson Glenn, 2008). The lyrical impulse takes the form of an extended metaphor drawn from the researcher’s imagination after the interview took place – Philip Pullman’s (2001) concept of one’s daemon in the form of an animal. Pertaining to this “liberty” taken by the researcher, Wade (2015, p. 196) believes a strength of fictional research narratives is its ability to “draw attention to the creative and situated act of the academic interpreter” in pursuit of finding meaning. Also, language, as a human-spun web, becomes a “creative...force”, as opposed to rendering a passive view of the world external to the researcher. For more on the work of metaphor in relation to truth, refer to the same poem discussed in this study’s introduction, and the discussion of the poem “Ode to an Empty Crisps Packet” in the current chapter.</p>

<p>spontaneity and improvisation, perceiving and being perceived by the other” (Stodel and Thompson, 2006, p. 1).</p>	<p>“Wireless: I Recording lectures” invokes embodiment – thoughts on separation, presence and nearness (Heidegger, 1971; Irigaray, 1999). The poetic form, and specifically using the daemon metaphor and Pullman’s words, allows me to come closer to capturing nuances of the respondent’s emotions which I sensed strongly during the interview – when the separated daemon pulls at the link between them, the human feels “part physical pain deep in your chest, / part intense / sadness and love”.</p> <p>One could say that the respondent experienced distress because the gifting of teaching (enabled by participation) was disrupted in a disembodied space.</p>
<p>How can Actor Network Theory and its theoretical relations help to comprehend how agency plays out during lecturers’ encounters with technological teaching tools?</p>	<p>How can poetic inquiry as a new methodology contribute to capturing the full complexity of lecturers’ encounters with technological teaching tools?</p>
<p>“Wireless: II Shortwave”</p> <p>This poem about the lecturer as teenager in the 1970s, was written to understand better his current encounters during Covid-19 lockdown in 2020 (captured in Wireless: I Recording lectures).</p> <p>In a number of cases, my colleagues shared encounters from their past, including</p>	<p>“Wireless: II Shortwave”</p> <p>In terms of embodiment, in a sense one could say that there is a foreshadowing here of the Fourth Industrial Revolution (IR4), specifically the merging of body and technology. This features in the manner in which composer Stockhausen composed music – stripping down the world’s anthems,</p>

some from childhood. I prompted that through sharing poems of my own past experiences ahead of the interviews, in the spirit of ANT's emphasis on history to prevent a decontextualised approach (Bonner, 2013). This helped me understand what has contributed to teachers' identities, of which agency forms a part (Giddens, 1993; Beijgaard, Meijer and Verloop, 2004). The ANT researcher follows actors of the present by tracing networks into past encounters. The interviewee told me about a game that he and his brother played as teenagers with technological and other actors – a flat on the eighth floor; two portable radios; shortwave radio stations; Time Magazine's article on Stockhausen... This network's performance generated a new actor – a third music of eerie beauty that arises when two boys swoop and dive, turning radio dials to pick up shortwave frequencies. Both agency and emotion are evident in the lines from Blake, which Stockhausen loved:

“...he who kisses the joy as it flies,
Lives in Eternity's sunrise.”

mixing electronic waves with his own breathing. More specifically, Stockhausen's experimentations which inspire, and are acted out by the boys and their co-actors in this poem, could be seen to foreshadow a form of imagineering – “...imagineering involves individuals being actively creative. They imagine something, then realize what they imagine with automated engineering” (Fox, 2018, p. 50). The swooping and diving boys in the 1970s also remind of IR4 artist Camille Baker's two dancers who wear sensors on their upper arms, then collide and dance to the other person's pulse communicated during the collision (Baker et al, 2018). These are examples of creative, agential lived experiences.

Last, through the two-layered reference to Stockhausen and in turn to Blake, I wish to point out the semiotic character of the poem in a literary sense – that is, the study of signs in literature (Ellis, Adams and Bochner, 2011, para. 2 line 9). This literary semiotic characteristic resonates with the poem's semiotic ANT quality already mentioned.

Infographic

By training, a printmaking artist.
(We discover we share an Alma Mater,
and, in the beginning of our careers,
the shock of teaching enforced Afrikaans –
large classes walking all over us
in an era when the subject stood
in Christian National Education’s darkness.)

Soon into the interview she turns the tables –
have I ever considered poetry
as technology?

We turn to encounters –
teaching virtually during Covid.
She expresses what goes amiss –
she can’t see eyes in online lectures
(that one frowns; or, the lights come on...)
Many students know more than what they can say.
They are second-language, and visually orientated.
Some female students beg to return to campus.
At home they have to do all the slaving.
Some students load the Alps as background.
Perhaps they feel their homes don’t make the grade.

About face-to-face:

To be around
“Om daar te wees”

is what sticks with me most
from her contemplations –

understanding takes place both ways
in exchanges that cannot be arranged,
time-tabled. Accidental, intimate
office or corridor conversations.

But at the same time, the relentless routine
of clocking in is hard on the artist
who dreams of oils and canvas waiting.
(One day, I say, her time will come.
Mothering is creative
and when the nest is empty,
energy is available.)

Her supervisor told her
we learn most by mentoring –
once he was sent to visit another university.
When she asked him what was expected
he said, nothing specifically.
“Ek moes net daar wees.”
(I just had to be there.)

She explains,
“Partykeer...eet jy ‘n slaai langs iemand
en iets gebeur.”
(Sometimes...you eat a salad next to someone
and something happens.)
Online is abstract. But maybe we will get used to it.

On my screen she reaches
for a student’s infographic.
Information distilled on a single page
in pictures and text, hooking you
to read more.

The figurines, she says, are authentic expression.
The way that guy leans on a pool table
or the taxi conductor signals –
the student (whose English is not strong),
observed and captured body language
in a way that words cannot do –
his own kind of poetry.
“I think this is what a decolonised
graphic design curriculum means.”

After our exchange ends, I revisit a project she set
years ago for students, when Instagram was new –
her brief so focused on encouragement:
Your lens is your uniqueness;
Post frequently: be seen in the market;
And a student’s reflection –
how he got noticed, commissioned.

Here I am, after we parted,
my pen scribbling fast in semi-dark.
A rough poem runs along the page

eventually fingers switch to keyboard, begin to craft.
Every word and white space,
each line break
matters. I think of the gift of her question –
if ever I think of poetry
as technology. I turn to her Master’s.
Artist probing if drawing *is*
embodied thinking, not only a result
of a priory cognitive processing.

Table 4: Theoretical discussion of poem “Infographic” in relation to research questions

<p>How did Actor Network Theory and its theoretical relations help to comprehend how agency plays out during lecturers’ encounters with technological teaching tools?</p>	<p>How did poetic inquiry as a new methodology contribute to capturing the full complexity of lecturers’ encounters with technological teaching tools?</p>
<p>“Infographic”</p> <p>The interviewee turns the tables soon into the interview, to ask the interviewer a stimulating question – if I have ever thought of poetry as technology. It took me much reflection to understand and be able to address her question, as evident in the poem’s ending. I arrived at these insights, by tracing history (Bonner, 2013), following actors to the interviewee’s scholarly background. Her question stands out as an atypical episode (Beijaard, Meijer and Verloop, 2004) – in terms of agency, usually interviewers are in control by posing questions to interviewees who can be seen as more passive or at least lead by the interviewer, by responding to questions (Ellis and Berger, 2001). In this case though, the interviewee and her question (as actor) shifted the world order of this network.</p> <p>The actor network of an on-campus learning environment shifts into focus in this poem – especially that it extends from formal lecture halls to corridors and offices. Agentially speaking, there is a sense of equality or levelling of playing fields on campus, which is implied in the interviewee’s poem through a depiction of what happens when students study from home – some might be</p>	<p>“Infographic”</p> <p>The interviewee tells how she struggles after a sudden transition from face-to-face lectures to on-screen lectures. This is what educational theorists such as Darder (2009) call estrangement – when teaching hinges on abstractions. She can’t see her students’ eyes to glean understanding – students who know more than they can say – she realised this from just being around them physically. She explains how physical nearness contributes to the richness of teaching and learning – deep understanding happens in coincidental, spontaneous, unexpected moments. It is in these moments when profound grasping of the other happens both ways – this is when nearness assumes the poetic quality that Heidegger speaks of.</p> <p>I would say the corporeal features most prominently in a philosophical sense, when after the interview, I contemplate the interviewee’s question while writing her poem. I say this because, I gain insight into a powerful parallel – that I use the physical act of poetry writing (scribbling fast in semi-dark) to understand a lecturer’s encounter with technological teaching tools – this is similar to drawing as a form of embodied thinking (rather than being a product of a-priory processing), as the respondent argued in her Master’s thesis.</p> <p>In the poetic-philosophical realm, the question posed by interviewee to interviewer, can be</p>

embarrassed by their home environments shown by their cameras, others are overloaded with home responsibilities and therefore plead to return to campus.

When teaching goes online, Andrew (2012, para. 1 line 7) says what sometimes goes amiss in teaching, is “cohesive pedagogical presence or a thinking human being” – the absence of which, could be what blocks the interviewee’s agency when she finds herself in a more abstract, virtual teaching context.

Signs of agency show in the decolonised graphic design curriculum – curriculum as actor, performing with the lecturer and the student – and his infographic, which depicts authentic people of an African city; agency also surfaces in the lecturer’s encouraging style as teacher-actor – one student who rises to the call, is noticed and commissioned.

seen as a giving, outpouring (Heidegger, 1971), because of the insight the interviewer gained. What enables this gifting, is the reflexive or performative interview technique (Denzin, 2013). When a researcher employs reflexive interview methods, it is acceptable to add reflections on ways the interviewer may have been changed by/ gained insight through, the interview (Ellis, Adams and Bochner, 2011).

Concerning the next example, the lyric tradition tends to “explode forms, and create fantastic transgressions” (Nielsen and Clifford, 1996, cited in Nielsen, 2012, p. 98). I transgressed knowingly in “Video I: This is their MIT” by tuning in strongly to inspiration, the powers of the imagination and poetic licence – and in the process broke with conventions of poetry, by writing a longer piece of poetic prose – it was the spirit of my interviewee’s favourite novelist, Gabriel García Márquez, who guided me in the direction of magic realism.

Video

I This is their MIT

His face appears on my screen and we both light up with delight at seeing each other again. Since our project ended, more than two years have flashed past. Now I want to interview him for my PhD – discuss encounters with technology. He thinks back, “I came to you after I heard you present in a Faculty Board meeting”. I nudge him towards playfulness – “Most colleagues just walk straight into my office when they want to see me, but you? Waited, patiently – like a good Catholic boy, that day in the foyer”:

*

The secretary knocks softly. She peeks through the open doorway with that leprechaun twinkle in her green eyes, as she does when she has a good surprise for me. She is always up to something, even now that she is over sixty and I dread her retirement. “He is waiting.”

Most lecturers who come to see me, just walk into my office. He waits in the foyer – an ostentatious word for the place where that droopy pot plant is wedged as doorstep to keep the front door open, so we don’t need to punch in the keypad’s password when our hands are full from fetching water; the foyer where the rickety tower of blue plastic in-trays remain hopeful – that it might still receive something to hold in this age of emails crisscrossing the skies like invisible easyjets.

I walk down the corridor to where he sits next to the old photocopier that warms up like an old man on a winter’s morning, then spits out a dark grey rendition of the document you placed under its loose-limbed lid. This lecturer who asked for a consultation, sits pensively in that sagged

maroon chair that came our way during the merger – the chair is so low that this tall man’s knees almost come past his ears.

He straightens out above me and shakes my hand; follows me to my office, past the old beige and brown metal cupboards into which, sometimes in hasty efforts to tidy, I stuff strange dusty objects that keep appearing from nowhere just when I expect visitors. Last week I piled the clattering shelves with heavy blocks that could be batteries. Maintenance say they have run out of space for redundant things, so we just try to live among these ancestors in our family tree as best we can.

He follows me through the glass door, perhaps a bit like Harry Potter and Hermione through platform nine and three quarters. Except, we don’t storm our portal to the other side, we glide through it. Beyond, the air is different. The eLearning Help Desk man has a knack for Feng sui. He grew up in an expanse of vegetable gardens among his aunties whose saris he could barely see, as they were on their knees tending to cabbages large as moons.

Once through the glass door, we walk past a row of eLearning offices that open up onto a social space where those who can, gather to eat around the table at 12.00. As we walk on, the space is still empty. Noon is often sounded, not by a cannon as in cultured Cape Town – here, lunch is more likely to be announced by one of our team members approaching. One of us brings with her all the way down the passage to the table, rhythmic percussions emanating from a nest of keys bouncing around her neck – as she sinks into the chair her head lets go of her shoulders in a sigh, then she looks down in anticipation opening a polystyrene container – more often than not, fried chops and chips from the cafeteria. Another colleague’s envied French-manicured fingertips (she does it herself – she’s ambidextrous), clip open a lunch box releasing cardamom and elachie into the air, from sandwiches her husband crafts early mornings from left-overs, while she sits in the prayer room with their son before school. The

systems administrator prefers to eat in his office and comes out to listen with his charcoal eyes and catch a bit of cricket on the large thin screen on the wall. (There was that day when he wore glistening blue contacts without forewarning and I took it as confirmation of my suspicions that he is progressively manifesting his inner cyborg.) For the past twenty-seven years, I have eaten two slices of seed loaf with sliced tomato. Perhaps a self-prescribed constant in the turbulent eLearning seas. (At one stage I brought in extra from home – to share with a colleague who never paused to refuel. That was no altruism on my part – I gave it to her before meetings which I only scheduled for after lunch, so her plummeted blood sugar levels wouldn't spark a row in the meeting. I got to grasp some of her many admirable dimensions over the years – this indefatigable warrior with a heart for the underdog; single mom who rose daily short after 2 am to write novels, then worked her projects, spoke to her four sisters on Skype and played her music before tending to her waking children. It was on one of those early mornings when she found an intruder clasped onto the bedroom burglar bars like a monkey – she screamed and pounded his knuckles with a tennis racket until he let go and ran off. She felt awful for days because of her petrified daughter and for the youthful fright in the burglar's eyes.)

I escort the visitor into my office. Through the big windows, light floods in. It gets that otherworldly luminosity from further up the hill where it reflects off the lotus-covered dam in the Botanic Gardens – the light then seeps through contorted arms of ficus trees and further down over Curries Fountain sports grounds (where struggle heroes once toyi-toyed side by side on stage), finally the light wells up to my windows on the first floor of the Mariam Bee building, named after ML Sultan's wife who bore him ten children. Perhaps most of all, this incandescence is because underneath the campus flows a stream – the fountain bubbles up across the road by Horticulture. Rumour has it that underneath our Cane Grower's Hall, is a giant old pump and if it should cease to work, campus will be flooded. I invite my colleague to sit down to talk about his eLearning needs.

*

Early on in our first consultation, he tells me when he started high school, a teacher walked right up to him and said, “You...talk too much.” He doesn’t remember that he was even talking. I imagine her stern, unadorned face close to his, her rosary swinging between them – perhaps it was a Thursday and she had just finished saying the luminous mysteries? I imagine he kept quiet more. Clearly, his surprise at her reprimand lasted well into his working years, as here he sits in my office telling me the tale. My imagination maintains it was because of the luminous mysteries she had just recited before her lesson, that she knew, before he did, that a window opened in his mind when he returned from the mountains. A window through which he now saw his teacher. She said he talks too much, but what she meant was, “I can see what you are up to.” She knew that through this schoolboy’s eyes, the apron over her habit changed – it morphed into a hakama over a kimono. A person of her spiritual stature knew – what this really indicated, was that in him that day, awoke a slumbering skill – to heed closely, probe, perceive the world in its true, refracted forms – like when the light transforms as it moves through mountain ravines and gorges, through prisms of dew and frost, sun and storm. I imagine him after the bell rang that day, standing on the school stoep – perceiving worlds through that opening in his mind – looking out over the hills dotted with homesteads where once little Nelson Mandela also stood tall with his cattle (like my colleague, when he was small)...looking out beyond the Mthatha river that got its name according to some, from being a reaper when the big rains come to take everything.

*

In our virtual interview, after an hour of catching up on life, the universe and everything, our discussion has now progressed onto that video project we ran for his students after that first meeting in my office in the Mariam

Bee building. When I ask what motivated him to start this in the first place, he says: “I wanted them to know what they are capable of when things fall apart.”

He continues, “I had just completed my Master’s on self-directed learning. I ran a survey that showed most of our faculty’s students come from disadvantaged backgrounds, and that they are first generation university students.” I remind him – what moved me most when we met, was that he told me most students in the survey said how privileged they felt to be studying at such a well-resourced university. He leans closer to the screen, “This is their MIT, Marí”. It tucks at my heart again and I think how I have always felt glum about the assortment of chairs at building entrances throughout our campuses – some have missing back-rests, some seats are torn open; used mostly by security guards who are planted to keep us safe from an influx of crime off the street. (Except that it was a security guard who killed a student during unrest just last year. He fired a real gun instead of rubber bullets.) In lighter moments I have thought to do a portrait study of university chairs and lecture benches – of interviewing them for their stories. Surely at least one or two of these seats had witnessed the days when ML Sultan Technikon was built with grants from the Cane Grower’s Society of which indentured labourers were members, in an era when the twin university across the road was subsidised by the National Party government. Apart from my emotional response to the chairs, the litter always triggers an irate reflex in the Calvinist schoolteacher in me. Post-merger when I moved from across the road into this luminous office on the first floor, we scraped to create a small Wi-fi learning garden with new seats and some shade – because underneath my window, students had to huddle in groups in between cars to work on their mobile devices. Once looking for a colleague on her smoke break, I stumbled upon a student outside the first-floor emergency exit – he came up the metal fire escape staircase slippery with rain and pigeon poop (pigeons are the rats of the sky, they say) – he stood studying in the small dark undercover space outside the fire door, because he said he found the

library too noisy. We demarcated the modest learning garden arranging big pots in a curve – to block off the bricked study space which has always been there, but over which staff parked their cars illegally when they were not keen on parking further out on Curry’s sports grounds. We held ceremonies planting lemon and lime trees in the pots and installed small plaques on each, to remember late colleagues who succumbed, often from stress-related diseases, while working in IT positions. “This is their MIT, Marí”.

He continues, “Just before I came to see you, I did an eLearning course where I learnt to make videos. Our Human Resources graduates should know how to make training videos in the workplace. I ran a pilot, but it was a mess. The class is over a hundred in size, and I got many technical questions I couldn’t answer.” That was the point at which we began to meet weekly in my office and created a learning design to support this tenacious lecturer’s drive to show students that they need not be limited by where they come from. He says, he wanted to set them up for success, to excel. To his grounding in self-directed learning, I added my knowledge of authentic assessment – and so for the duration of the semester, we stayed afloat because of his insistence that there must be a way for large classes of which at least half didn’t own smartphones, to meet the outcomes of making professional quality videos without an over-reliance on him. “I wanted them to know I believed in them, but also that I was just one of their resources.” Then we recall how, as we proceeded, time played a magic trick in our favour. We had six months for the course, which had just been halved due to semesterisation. But the changes we made, created more time for him to be which he wanted to become more of – a listener, a mentor, a guide. He alternated lecture slots with practical sessions. He worked with group leaders who worked with team members who each carried responsibilities related to industry roles. He allowed students to use any means whatsoever to make those videos. He gave them rehearsal opportunities, during which he provided detailed feedback in relation to a well-thought-out marking rubric. He learnt to choose his words to

verbalise a vocabulary for constructive peer critique. He lectured less and listened more. Watched their body language. He who talks too much, looked out, over and into their worlds. As submission time approached, less feedback was necessary as they grew confident and strong in their work – these students who were on the brink of their work-integrated learning module coming up the semester following.

As our interview time runs out, he says, “There is one stressful incident I want to share with you. As a female student came walking to the front for her presentation, one male student reached out and slapped her on the thigh. After the lecture she came to my office and said she brought the guy along who was waiting outside my door – she wanted to address him in my presence. She told him that what he did was not acceptable. There was a lot of emotion on her part, and I could see there might have been something in her history. She told me she didn’t want to take it further.” We spend a while talking about the risks one takes when your students become more active, when roles begin to blur as you let go of the control you have in a traditional lecture; how we admire the mature way in which she handled it. How she taught the male student an invaluable lesson before he entered the world of work.

I ask him how he felt the day he watched the final videos. “I was so proud. I was so proud of them. They learnt to draw on their strengths. They came out of their shells, became creative. And I got to know more about myself – that I am capable of thinking on my feet; that I am resilient.”

We switch back to banter – brewing strong pineapple beer during lockdown (the country’s president announced the prohibition of liquor sales to relieve pressure on hospital emergency services during Covid-19). We vow – when our paper gets published, we will attend a conference in Japan, the place of his dreams. I ask what he is reading at the moment. Once we hang up, I buy one of his recommendations on Kindle – *Living to tell the tale*, the autobiography of our mutual favourite novelist, Gabriel

García Márquez. It opens with the words, “Life is not what one lived, but what one remembers and how one remembers it in order to recount it.”

II Human Resources students become self-directed

Week after week we meet. You bring
sweet *skaftina*, scholarly skill,
fine witness eyes, heart's
wishes to see them thrive:
you *see* the gorges and their riches.
Gently, we dismantle old pillars;
leave malleable scaffolds, make space
where you listen – they choose
how to cross chasms, navigate shards.
We watch; you guard, and note
how they use...bamboo, steel.
Some plait grass. Others
knot staples and shopping bags
into boats and bridges.
Strong, beautiful arches.

Skaftina: Food from home (isiXhosa)

Table 5: Theoretical discussion of poem “Video” in relation to research questions

<p>How did Actor Network Theory and its theoretical relations help to comprehend how agency plays out during lecturers’ encounters with technological teaching tools?</p>	<p>How did poetic inquiry as a new methodology contribute to capturing the full complexity of lecturers’ encounters with technological teaching tools?</p>
<p>“Video”</p> <p>In effect, by relying on ANT’s historical-relational characteristic, I was able to describe the extended collaboration between the respondent and I (discussed in our interview) – this characteristic of ANT also enabled me to spotlight the actors of ML Sultan campus of my university, where much of our team’s eLearning work takes place. Actors are not only a mix of unrecognisably old technologies with contemporary ones; it is also clanking bunches of keys around necks (alluding to crime threats), the cyborg-like contact lenses of my colleague, the broken chairs dotted throughout campus, the neighbourhood’s history of protest (like Chris Hani’s spirit on Curry’s fountain sports grounds), and the most poetic actor of all – an underwater stream and a very old pump working day and night to keep campus dry. These are only a few actors that play a role in the agency of humans in an educational technology setting.</p> <p>Caring stands out as the interviewee’s most prominent teacherly way of “being a lecturer” (McShane, 2006, p. 128) in relation to identity and agency. I shall discuss this further as part of the next research question.</p>	<p>“Video”</p> <p>My Zoom conversation with the respondent inspired me to dip into his latest reading, <i>Living to Tell the Tale</i> by Gabriel García Márquez, whose magic realism style influenced the way I wrote the interviewee’s story. In PI language, the story could perhaps be described as a poetic prose type of “generative entanglement” of actors (Pithouse-Morgan, Naicker and Pillay, 2017, p. 138). I fabricate unashamedly to imagine how the respondent turned out to be the teacher I got to know while we collaborated on a project. “He who talks too much” (as his schoolteacher said), listens – with the deep ear in his chest, as mediaeval Sufi poet Rumi once wrote in the poem “Listening” (Rumi, 2004) (it doesn’t come closer to embodied thinking than this). The respondent’s overarching concern is that his students, who regard this broken world as their MIT, should know what to do when things fall apart. He stops lecturing and he starts mentoring, over weeks systematically guiding students until they know that they have all they need to excel – and that he is just one of their resources in the process of making professional quality training videos for the Human Resources industry. I imagine philosopher Luce Irigaray guarding over scenes that play out in that deconstructed teaching space. She is waiting for the moment of gifting (Irigaray, 1999) when the student begins to breathe on her own – the gift to the teacher – a moment of intimacy or perhaps even one-ness in Irigaray’s view. And it arrives. At the end of the extended</p>

assignment, the teacher stands back, takes in what his students did – they had built strong, beautiful arches over chasms – some using bamboo, steel...others staples and shopping bags. That is where the story I wrote, ends. But the back story is, the teacher carries on – delivers his first conference presentation about the project’s findings. I imagine his former schoolteacher watching and listening (the one who said he talks too much) and when the respondent concludes his conference presentation, she thinks in Rumi’s words, “I should sell my tongue / and buy a thousand ears when that / one steps near and begins to speak.” (Rumi, 2004, p. 90)

In a sense, during our collaborative project and the interview later, the respondent and I travelled together through a broken world, along “the path from despair to admiration, even reverence...confronted above all by the remarkable resilience, creativity, and sheer magnitude of the work represented in the ongoing maintenance and reproduction of established order” (Jackson, 2014, p. 222).

```
Run Compile Debug
var F, L : integer;
    i, j, k: real;
    x: array [1..10] of real;
    y: array [1..10] of integer;

begin
    write ('n'); readln(n);
    FOR i:-1 TO n DO
        begin
            .
            .
        end;
```

Doodle 10: code

You are now invited to ponder some of the questions in the ANT-PI question kit to do a theoretical reading of “Mainframe”:

Mainframe

The doors closed behind her in 1978.
She had just managed to escape.
She always dreamt of being a nurse.
But in the land of the free and the brave
she enrolled for Computer Science and Maths.
Through its language, there were fewer barriers.
In our interview she remembers
how her life in the new world was enabled
by a patient teacher. In her first test
he circled all the Persian symbols
in her equation, and still gave her credit.
Then he said, write the next examination
in my office. He was differently abled.
That could be why he understood
her perspective. Her hand was trained
to twirl across the page from right to left.
Late at night she ran between dumb terminals
and feeding punch cards to the mainframe machine,
learnt Basic Fortran Assembly...
While studying, she earned her keep in a Take Out.
In the shop she could eat as much as she liked.
She loved donuts (in Farsi they say *pirashki*)

Her future husband arrived as refugee.
As newlyweds they visited SA,
each with two suitcases. Decided to stay.
Had two girls. The younger is named

after the daughter of Cyrus the Great,
550 BCE.

I met her just when the World Wide Web was born.
She stayed behind after a workshop
about making virtual classrooms with rudimentary tools.
Her fourth year Computer Operating Systems students
had much to contribute – but chalk and talk lectures
weren't the right fit. She wanted their knowledge pooled.

We coded the COP Shop.

Tasked the teams to fill their lockers
with cyber corruption fixes.

What with the kitsch of those days –
animated gifs of rotating revolvers,
even framed Arnold Schwarzenegger's
face with flames and wore shades
in our conference presentation.

Much mischief and experimentation.

Heart generous and mind open,
she let me do my Master's on our project.

Though things did break and go wrong,
students played along

and went beyond the course outcomes.

I treasured her subversive teaching method –
she smiled and said, I don't know,
then students grabbed the moment.

She nurtured them and made them shine.

Once someone pulled her aside and whispered,
even if you don't know, *you never say it...*

A few years on she signed up for a PhD.

Her supervisor published under his name only
the ideas she brought to him on eLearning
before she could put these to paper.

When she reported him,
she was asked to open a case
but thought about it and decided
she did not want to see this foreigner
and his family deported. Then her manager
who had been wanting to get rid of her supervisor
threatened her with disciplinary action for saying no.
She said, go ahead. I still won't.

After our interview I sit by the window
when she asks me on WhatsApp
about my profile picture.
I reply, "It's me, when I was five –
do you have a photo of you,
when you were tiny?" She types no,
everything left behind in Teheran.
And I think how I actually
don't need to see one –
the glimpses this woman
gave me yesterday in our interview,
conjures an entire film in my imagination.

It begins: A little girl with wide, dark eyes
comes running in from the back yard.
Pomegranate branches bend with fruit
and a peacock tail trails in the dust.
Inside her mother sits.
The little girl stops and watches
the movements of her mother's fingers
weaving the rug's threads and colours.
Her mother lets her try.
Light filters into the room. Illuminates
calligraphy on the wall:
"Whoever possesseth power over anything

must elevate it to its uttermost perfection
that it not be deprived of its own paradise.
For example, the paradise of a sheet of paper
on which a few excellent lines are inscribed
is that it be refined with patterns of gold
...that are customary for the most exalted
parchment scrolls. Then the possessor...
hath elevated it to its utmost degree of glory.”

On tippie-toes she traces
the last line with her finger.
Then runs off into the front room.
Her dad is busy weighing *pirashki*
on a large scale for a customer,
gives her one. In the corner
on a sack of walnuts, she sits
licking sticky fingers.
Her mother enters and asks,
Where is your baby sister?
The family doesn't know
her sister fell asleep in the display window.
They spend the whole day searching.
Even call the police.

That is how the film begins. But let me yield.
This is about memorable moments
with technology in education.
Doors that close and open.

Cassandane: The wife of Cyrus the Great (r. c. 550-530 BCE)

“**Whoever possesseth power over anything...**” Words of the Bab, from the *Persian Bayān*, Bahid
4, Chapter 11.

<https://www.bl.uk/sacred-texts/articles/bahai-sacred-texts>

As in ANT, scholars in PI resist seeing “things as “resources,” mere means to human ends” – rather, “Ontological attention is a response to particularity; this porch, this laundry basket, this day... In perceiving thisness, we respond to having been addressed” (Zwicky 2003 cited in Neilsen, 2012, p. 100).

Each poetic encounter in this study constitutes a unique actor network; each poetic representation speaks differently of authentic, lived experience. To end this section, the poem “Things” shows some of this divergence:

Things

To end, I revisit
all those poems written from interviews
to show a few actor networks
and objects linked to humans – things –
that participate (block...or permit)
lecturers’ ability to shape identity.
My list is not exhaustive.

Family, the bull’s eye.
Eisbein in the oven for friends.
A walking stick and a spark in the eye.
Recognition of prior learning gained.
An adjustable prosthetic socket, patented.

We laugh...
Leopard print pants and stilettos.
So, she forced eLearning on her staff.
During lecture break – lapel mike forgotten on
in the loo. A motto: *Do first, beg forgiveness later.*
The bicycle spoke from which her boyfriend made a needle:
in Covid-19 lockdown, she learnt to crochet to stay sane.

Figuring out how to delete secret call histories

on mother's mobile – teenager learning technology.
A boy on a bike – sent by matriarchs of the village
to the hospital on the hill, to charge their phones.
Handling runaway industrial sewing machines.
Likening hieroglyphs...and emojis;
continual tech change with
a state bordered by seven countries
or learning to weave Swahili.

Teacher planting a stink bomb
in his snobbish principal's office.
Asking Adobe to read to students
so they can hear errors in their essays.
Sending the class bluff emails –
pretending to fail those who refuse
to support his soccer team, Pirates.

Bedroom wall turned to chalk board –
a father painted it
over his boy's scribbles.
Abhorring his mother's flash card drills.
Playing on her typewriter.
Shortcutting data capturing
to the wrath of his sergeant.
Stealing a Bible.

Being banned
from using her brand-new Mac –
forced to use pen and paper.
Vowing to become an open-minded,
nurturing lecturer.

Mother's fingers weaving rugs.
In dad's shop, eating donuts.
Fleeing to the USA where a patient professor
circles Persian symbols in her Math equations.

Immigrating to Africa. Standing up to a bully.
Living sacred text: *Elevate*
all beings and things under your power
to beauty.

Two teen brothers read Time Magazine....
swoop and dive through the night
to music they tease from shortwave signals.
Recording lectures remote in a room,
saddened by separation from students –
missing that living thing between them.

Her body flung over the desktop screen,
yanking the cable to stop the prank
from showing on the big screen,
students giggling.... Over music
a glass of wine and glowing cheeks
retelling details of the ordeal:
body flushed in red and purple
from embarrassment and shock.
Member checking performed through Teams,
comfort from a treasured terracotta tea pot,
blurred background concealing
a nurse turning her mother.

A bare pen, writing a thesis.
Not knowing to save typed work.
Losing electricity. Starting over. Handing in.
His Setswana and my Afrikaans
share rolling Rs and guttural Gs.
A poem this respondent gifted to me:
Stay open to change:
turning your back to the board,
the class giggles, you lose control...

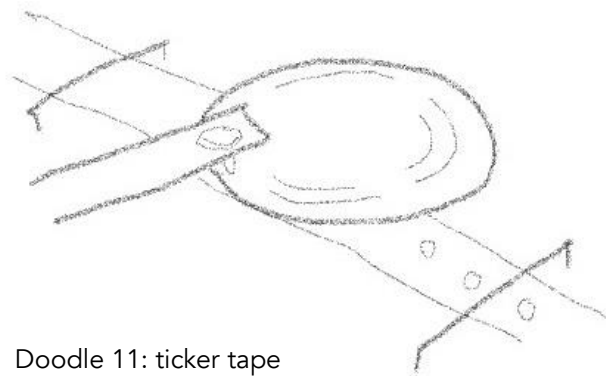
A photocopier, coughing. Lunch break around a table

talking of vegetable gardens and toiling aunties.
Keeping out crime with bunches of keys.
Cyborg-like lenses confusing colleagues.
Ditching lectures to listen, watch
students arch over tech ravines –
cross curriculum chasms,
chart their way into industry.

Being around – on corridors, to sense students' worlds,
or, at a conference – eating salad next to someone new.
In our interview, respondent fielding questions –
perplexed thereafter, I, interviewer,
think through my fingers.

This thesis
ceded to stories:
Actor Network Theory
and poetic inquiry hand-in-glove –
truth performed by things and teachers.
Wolff says, to surrender is cognitive love.

(Wolff 1972, cited in Prendergast, 2015, p. 682)



Doodle 11: ticker tape

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CHAPTER 5: CONCLUSION

From a relational view of the world, I seek inspiration from ancestors and the deceased – South African poet Chris Mann, who passed away during the period of my study, writes in his poem “In praise of the shades”:

They come like pilgrims from the hazy seas
that shimmer at the borders of a dream,
not such spirits that they can't be scolded
not such mortals that they can be profaned,
for scolding them, we honour each other,
and honouring them, we perceive ourselves.

(Mann, 2012, pp. 128-129)

“Sheet music” shows my late grandmother’s encounters – I honour her actions which coloured her agency and mine:

Sheet music

I

After her prisoner-of-war father
crossed back to Africa
over the sea from India
and her mother (freed
from concentration camp)
strode home over scorched earth,

my grandmother
(their ninth child) was conceived:

Susanna Adriana Van der Merwe's
place of birth: Woestalleen farm,
Transvaal Boer Colony,
District Middelburg.

II

When Ouma was small
she wished to be *just* like her teacher,
cycling to school with two weapons—
for defence against the likes of leopards,
a revolver; and a fountain pen, above all.

III

Ouma loathed logarithms.
At sixteen she asked her brother Tas
to take her by donkey cart to the neighbour.
She probed Mister Heyman for a loan –

to change her fate, she traversed the Union by train.

In the Cape she could swap log tables
for sheet music. She matriculated
thousands of miles from home.
Then she became a teacher.

IV

When her eyes began to fade,
she recalled her crossings.
Unlike her ten siblings,
she married at thirty.

Her wedding dress and shoes
were not preserved, but danced
to shreds – a flapper doing *Balke toe*...
Then the Great Depression, never wasting food.

Especially, three memories etched in my heart.

First, Ouma's stern playful counsel:

“Never read if you can watch”,
“Moet nooit lees as jy kan kyk nie”;

Second, her favourite hymn,

Aan U, O God, my dankgesange –

To Thee, O God,
my gratitude psalms;

Last, that she never spoke of the photo

taken long before she met our Oupa –

her in a stripy swimsuit,
draped in a fetching Englishman's arms.

Ouma: Grandmother (Afrikaans)

Balke toe: “To the beams” – a term used for barnyard dances. When the dust became too thick, someone shouted “Balke toe!”, upon which the dancers jumped and hung from the beams, so that the dung floor could be sprayed with water.

Oupa: Grandfather (Afrikaans)

Approaching the end of this thesis, I acknowledge the participation of two actors in my network. “Keyboard” shows how my agency in relation to technology has been authorised by my co-supervisor, Professor Johannes Cronjé, a long-standing role model.

Keyboard

I got by until I was thirty-three,
index fingers searching for keys,
cricking my neck or clinging to memory
to quote from the text to my left.

Then I saw him.
For all my years, other professors
stood suited in front.
We circled
behind his chair.

(He wore his hair in a ponytail,
shaved it for CANSA each year.
Confessed to dyslexia.
Kept his small sons near
while proctoring exams

for which we could not crib.
Projects were deliciously outrageous:

Crack the code – leave graffiti
on the virtual classroom's walls;
Build a hypertext float for RAG; Or,
Make a memorable project to show
how learning could be made
more memorable."

We did them all. Guinea pig M Eds
in the Wild West Web.)

Where was I? Hands...

he typed, that day –
fingers flying over the keys
like bolts of light.....bulbs went on
in my head.

I want to do THAT.

He gave us a reading that said,
the hands and feet of genius
is automaticity.

Back at the office,
first ten minutes of my day
I did touch-type drills
to master my moves with QWERTY,

free memory. No more
two-fingered fumbling.

While reading a text, I jive my fingers
jiggle the HOTS; make eye contact
over the screen in droning meetings,
writing-juggling rhythmically
essays-theses-poetry.

CANSA: Cancer Association of South Africa

RAG: Student fundraising for charity

M Eds: Master's of Education students

HOTS: Higher Order Thinking Skills

In the last poem, “Bit”, I rely on the imagination – metaphor, in particular – to show how my agency has been enabled by my main supervisor, Professor Jean-Philippe Wade. Our conversations inspired me and sustained my courage over time, to break the mould of

traditional qualitative research, by pursuing understanding and insight poetically as evocative argumentation.

Bit

From the wide pampas,
I show up to be broken in.

I kneel for a bit
by the gaucho below the mountain.

But Quechua blood pulses in him.
He's from a land not penned, points
to where deer antlers
peek above plumes,

guanaco eyelashes
catch the dust,

rhea lays eggs,
foxes hide in hues of rust.

Instead of whirling bolas
to entwine my legs,

the gaucho says,
"Run..."

<https://www.britannica.com>

<https://pampasofsouthamerica.weebly.com/animals.html>

Findings and contribution

In this study I asked how PI can contribute to capturing the full complexity of lecturers' encounters with technological teaching tools; and how ANT and its theoretical relations can help to comprehend how agency plays out during these encounters.

I used the performative or reflexive interview technique (Denzin, 2013) to interview 12 lecturers from the DUT about their encounters with technology. This method created conditions where something poetic could be expressed (Herzog, 2019) – truth was performed together by interviewee and interviewer. To understand lecturers' agency, I analysed virtual interview recordings by creating poetic representations (participant-voiced poems). I prompted conversations by sending interviewees a collection of my autobiographical poems some weeks before the interviews – these poems capture encounters I experienced first-hand as insider-researcher. In preparation for the interviews, I also wrote a series of theory-voiced poems from engaging with the literature.

I found that thinking with ANT while writing poetry by way of analysis, enabled me to trace networks of human and non-human actors, to gain a clearer understanding of a world where we perform agency within networks of things. Because I worked like this and deliberately avoided an overall *thematic* analysis of the body of poetry (which tends to seek common themes), I was able to disrupt patterns and thus the poems foregrounded and articulated divergence, difference, dis-closure, “indirection, ambiguity, lacunae” (Maynard and Cahnmann-Taylor 2010, p. 6) – the local textures of actor networks.

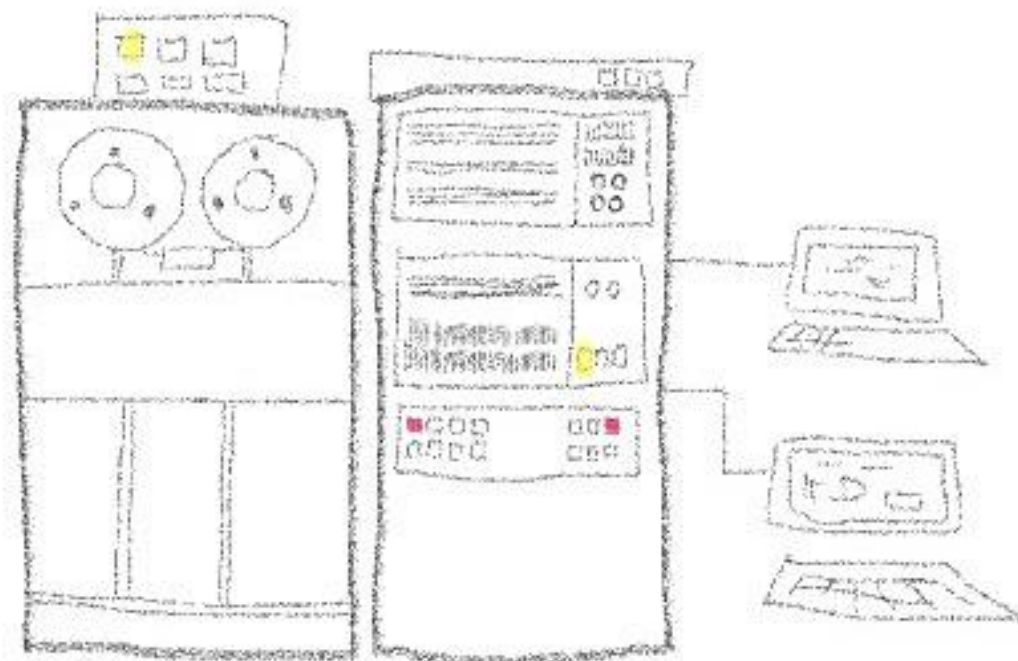
This study has found that the power of the particular is concentrated by combining the instruments of PI and ANT – this dual strategy has helped the poet-researcher to identify, animate, follow actors and stage encounters. ANT and its theoretical relations worked together with the devices of PI, to illuminate the great variety of ways in which technological things have authorised or blocked the agency of lecturers at the DUT.

The strategy of coupling PI with ANT culminated in the development of the ANT-PI question kit, which enabled the discussion of selected poems in relation to theory and methodology. In the kit, each research question is accompanied by a set of theory-focused questions. I prepared the reader for creative engagement from the first chapter, ending

here with the invitation to use the kit to unlock the poetry collection which concludes this thesis.

Having pointed out specific contributions above, overall through affect and form, this study makes a contribution to social science, technology and education, yielding a collection of 46 poems.

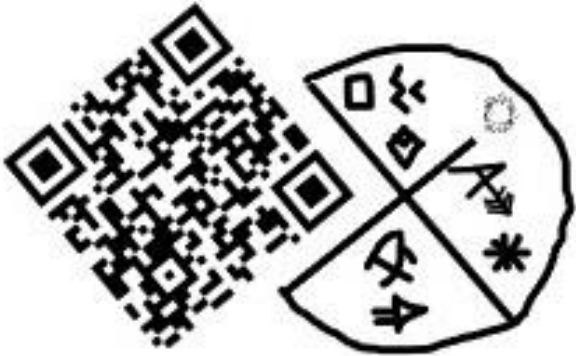
My scholarly regard for subconscious knowing and the imagination deepened as I trusted these devices continually throughout this inquiry to illuminate truth. I was surprised by the poems and what they revealed. The thesis is a demonstration of the kind of knowing that emerges through fidelity to the belief that imagination is equal to reason.



Doodle 12: mainframe

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CHAPTER 6: ENCOUNTERS: A COLLECTION OF POEMS



Doodle 13: QR-cuneiform amulet

Then shall we in truth return
And, like our own ancestral spirits,
Become the guardian angels of the college.

Benedict Wallet Vilakazi

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Turn to poems

Dear Carl Leggo,

Last night while I re-read your article
"Pedagogy of the heart",
you departed.

You say, the most important aspect
of the teacher training curriculum
should be, to live poetically:

Live in language; love;
know the back yard;
trust; be still; laugh
with indefatigable
hopefulness.

Poems kept popping up on a blog
last night honouring you
for pioneering poetic inquiry –
scholars whom you nurtured to produce
theses that broke the mould of academia.

As you cross over
(to walk with the likes of my father,
grandparents, and their parents
who sailed to this country
across treacherous seas
to teach) tales echo:

theory, staffroom stories
interviews, memoirs –

let's keep turning these
to poems,
dear Carl Leggo.

MEMOIRS

“Researcher-voiced poems are written from field notes, journal entries, or reflective/creative/autobiographical/autoethnographical writing as the data source”
(Prendergast, 2009, p. xxii)

encounters0101010101encounters0101010101
encounters0101010101encounters0101010101
encounters0101010101encounters0101010101

Slate

In my palm
a small blank slate
sawn into shape,
then painted twice
one sleepless night
by my dad in a pool
of low garage light.

I concentrate...
practice my name.
The tip of my tongue
is a tiny lizard
peeking, sampling
chalk-yellow sun.

Abacus

Scissors cutting
book covers.

Red pen dipping
pirouetting.

Slide-collide
yellow-blue...

fingers flick
along abacus rails.

Glued
labels.

Staccatos of a board cleaner
outside on a face brick wall.

Forgotten
in the corridor:

racket,
shoe.

Drifting down
from the hall:

stop-start songs,
piano scales.

First poem

Naughty in class – I was twelve, sentenced home:
“Write a poem about family”. My kin was large,
creating and crafting, a colourful but daunting task,
but because my loving sister (botanist-to-be)
 assisted that drawn-out afternoon,
dining room light slowly turned lucent...
Then, in me, a blue water lily (you know,
 that primal local lotus)

 opened.

Sheet music

I

After her prisoner-of-war father
crossed back to Africa
over the sea from India
and her mother (freed
from concentration camp)
strode home over scorched earth,

my grandmother
(their ninth child) was conceived:

Susanna Adriana Van der Merwe's
place of birth: Woestalleen farm,
Transvaal Boer Colony,
District Middelburg.

II

When Ouma was small
she wished to be *just* like her teacher,
cycling to school with two weapons—
for defence against the likes of leopards,
a revolver; and a fountain pen, above all.

III

Ouma loathed logarithms.
At sixteen she asked her brother Tas
to take her by donkey cart to the neighbour.
She probed Mister Heyman for a loan –

to change her fate, she traversed the Union by train.

In the Cape she could swap log tables
for sheet music. She matriculated
thousands of miles from home.
Then she became a teacher.

IV

When her eyes began to fade,
she recalled her crossings.
Unlike her ten siblings,
she married at thirty.

Her wedding dress and shoes
were not preserved, but danced
to shreds – a flapper doing *Balke toe...*
Then the Great Depression, never wasting food.

Especially, three memories etched in my heart.

First, Ouma's stern playful counsel:

“Never read if you can watch”,
“Moet nooit lees as jy kan kyk nie”;

Second, her favourite hymn,

Aan U, O God, my dankgesange –

To Thee, O God,
my gratitude psalms;

Last, that she never spoke of the photo
taken long before she met our Oupa –

her in a stripy swimsuit,
draped in a fetching Englishman's arms.

Ouma: Grandmother (Afrikaans)

Balke toe: “To the beams” – a term used for barnyard dances. When the dust became too thick, someone shouted “Balke toe!”, upon which the dancers jumped and hung from the beams, so that the dung floor could be sprayed with water.

Oupa: Grandfather (Afrikaans)

Barometer

This gadget stood midst hand-bound books.

His custom-made barometer –
an upright straw in a bottle of ink.

My brothers say, when we were small
they *also* snuck in through that door,
tho' not to dream or think:

a hasty draw
might raise the fluid in the straw,
fake the tide...
so he could fetch his bait and hooks.

I visited from varsity. He arched to greet
from where he sat since Ouma died.
Memories swayed in light and dark
like waterweeds on the wall.

I reached for his thesis on the shelf,
peeked inside the scaly hide,
read out loud.

Eyes glazed like an old carp,
his chuckle welled:

“Did I write *that*? I can't tell...”

Ouma: Granny (Afrikaans)

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XT

The teens I teach
tune it “Double Dutch”:
Afrikaans Tweede Taal
in a south coast town.

I fuss and fret over CNE dogma,
the stigma of the oppressor’s tongue;
but these surf rats shrug, call me rock spider

and pitch their dreams
where the blue sea begs.

My rookie duties, more or less:

Before school	Is it too short? Record the length of that bare stretch below the skirt. (PS Measure kneeling girls’ legs from floor – to seam.)
---------------	--

Afternoons	Transport: Badminton C
------------	---------------------------

During the day	Syllabus: Brief; opstel; mondeling (from Huisgenoot snippets)
----------------	---

Three weeks in, I am summoned:

“Mevrou Peté, after school there’s chalk on the floor.
The rows are crooked – can you keep them straight?”

Also, the music’s loud during poetry.

Could you turn down that Voëlvry tape?

Then (Ahem)...

your World Against Apartheid shirt.

And *please* – assessed food feasts??
Don't let the class escape to the field.”

One day, waiting by the fish tank for the bell,
I look down the passage of the admin block...
sight in the furthest room (usually locked)

the new XT.

No more holding high-jump rods in the sun!
I volunteer – not knowing where a PC is switched on,
or how to fix a paper jam.

Henceforth, as long as there are reams
in the dot matrix printer,
Mevrou pulls rank:

Essentially
everyone bows
to Marks Capturer.

Tweede Taal: Second Language;

CNE: Christian National Education (the apartheid education system);

Rock spider: Nick name given by the English to Afrikaners during the Anglo Boer War

Huisgenoot: Afrikaans for “house companion” - a sensational magazine, which, later, also appeared as You Magazine;

Brief; opstel; mondeling: Letter, essay, oral;

Voëlvry: A resistance movement of Afrikaans musicians (Johannes Kerkerrel, Koos Kombuis, Bernoldus Niemand and others);

XT: A model of IBM personal computer with a monochrome monitor and a floppy disc drive, running on DOS (Disc Operating System);

Mevrou: Mrs

Code

After the last bell
I escape through the school gate —
tear along the shimmering tar,
home for a quick cold bath

then off to class.
While some find it a breeze,
algorithms strangle my onnie brain
for five hours twice a week.

At night in a recurring dream,
I can only escape from the muggy room
If I terminate the buggy loop.

By hook or by crook, two years on
I, programmer, graduate.

In my dream,
sea air streams in —
freed from the error codes
of apartheid Afrikaans teaching.

onnie: derived from “onderwyser” (Afrikaans) – slang for teacher

Keyboard

I got by until I was thirty-three,
index fingers searching for keys,
cricking my neck or clinging to memory
to quote from the text to my left.

Then I saw him.
For all my years, other professors
stood suited in front.
We circled
behind his chair.

(He wore his hair in a ponytail,
shaved it for CANSA each year.
Confessed to dyslexia.
Kept his small sons near
while proctoring exams

for which we could not crib.
Projects were deliciously outrageous:

Crack the code – leave graffiti
on the virtual classroom's walls;
Build a hypertext float for RAG; Or,
Make a memorable project to show
how learning could be made
more memorable."

We did them all. Guinea pig M Eds
in the Wild West Web.)

Where was I? Hands...

he typed, that day –
fingers flying over the keys
like bolts of light.....bulbs went on
in my head.

I want to do THAT.

He gave us a reading that said,
the hands and feet of genius
is automaticity.

Back at the office,
first ten minutes of my day
I did touch-type drills
to master my moves with QWERTY,

free memory. No more
two-fingered fumbling.

While reading a text, I jive my fingers
jiggle the HOTS; make eye contact
over the screen in droning meetings,
writing-juggling rhythmically
essays-theses-poetry.

CANSA: Cancer Association of South Africa

RAG: Student fundraising for charity

M Eds: Master's of Education students

HOTS: Higher Order Thinking Skills

Bit

From the wide pampas,
I show up to be broken in.

I kneel for a bit
by the gaucho below the mountain.

But Quenchua blood pulses in him.
He's from a land not penned, points

to where deer antlers
peek above plumes,

guanaco eyelashes
catch the dust,

rhea lays eggs,
foxes hide in hues of rust.

Instead of whirling bolas
to entwine my legs,

the gaucho says,
"Run..."

<https://www.britannica.com>

<https://pampasofsouthamerica.weebly.com/animals.html>

THEORY

“Literature-voiced poems are written from or in response to works of literature/theory in a discipline or field. Or, alternately, these may be poems about poetry and/or inquiry itself” (Prendergast, 2009, p. xxii)

encounters0101010101encounters0101010101
encounters0101010101encounters0101010101
encounters0101010101encounters0101010101

Lines

To understand Poetic Diction
(on metaphor as truth-creator)

I stretch, unwind – try to relax
in gaps between the lines:

among blades of uncut lawn,
a cat, dreaming she's a lion

rather than preying for real
in cruel grasslands.

Imagining
unminds:

soft light seeps in
through the cracks,

the heart unclaws
from serif vines.

Mobile

A trail of fuzz along her spine
a sign of newness to this life.
Eyes still so wide,

through dark pupils
you see down into
nebulae.

Above her cot
a mobile turns,
reflects on walls

where red-eyed flies
spy in corners. Her coos
activate music, the toy rotates:

first figurine, a swinging ape
descends, walks upright over plains,
flint between fingers skilfully skinning.

Flint makes way for clay tablet –
cuneiform counting
corn harvested.

To the mobile's motion
the baby drifts into dream
startles to waking moments –

cut-outs keep flickering on walls of dust:
a printing press, colliding
beads of abacus

scrawl of stylus...
Turing machine churns,
keys spring under fingers,

shutter clicks
paper dips
in chemicals.

Mainframe PC LAN
World Wide Web, mobile phone
dangle in miniature from the ceiling...

When the soaring and tumbling
soprano stops
singing

mobile figurines reverse:
barcode and ape
merge

in this nursery
of a new fleshy
synthetic creature.

Proof

Outside, rain.

A man on the platform.

A mile away, in the semi-dark dining cart
you light an after-supper cigarette,
mid-point of the speeding train.

Twirl of smoke,
draped repose.
Deep cupid upper lip,
distinct small shade
beneath your nose.

The moment the train
curves through the station,
you lean through the window...

Lightning strikes

simultaneously, both ends of the express –
at least in the man's view opposite you
from where he waits, still in the storm.

But, in motion, you observe
skies splitting over the engine first...
seconds after, on the last cart.

It doesn't matter that I chose you for this poem;
whether you were on the Shanghai Express
or a German train, *en route* to soothe
soldiers' hearts with sultry song,

Lili Marlene.

 Invoking you
I'm merely colouring in a scene
conjured by Einstein to prove
 through $e=mc^2$

concurrent and separate
strikes observed
are both true.

Thinking through thing-ness

I

“In the water of the spring dwells the marriage of sky and earth.”

The Thing (Heidegger)

Air knows it's not forgotten
when hikers on a boulder

root their sticks in shallow streams,
arching over brooks that sing:

when hikers
cup their hands,

air keeps
a place –

then water (cold with snow) streams in,

finds its way
down thirsty throats.

When tall white flowers arch through air
to bare their faces to the sun,

air gives way
and gifts these thinkers

on this day
with quickening.

II

“Thus Meister Eckhart says ...love is of such a nature
that it changes man into the things he loves.”

The Thing (Heidegger)

The potter knows
of air – afore the August rain
when he winds his way down to the place
which the induna showed him –

the potter knows
when he shields the spot to keep away
those who do not care
for the craft, or for its questions:
“Where does one’s eye go?
Has the piece a good presence, and dignity?”

This clay is grey with orange specs.
When he gets home, the potter knows

when he preps
 when he breaks up the clay
 lets it dry out, dissolve in water
 when he paddles it up, makes a slip...mixes, paddles more;
compresses in slabs, stores,
puts it through the pugmill –
freezes to age;

when the potter throws, he knows:
“You have to be firm, it makes the right noise...”,
kneads; when he shapes, “Visualise the making...”
 finally trims, then cuts the jug from the bat,
 washes hands;

the potter knows, when he turns; and fires; and glazes –
that, before any other thing, it's air
that this goblet will cradle.

Quotes: KZN potter Andrew Walford in *A Potter's Tale in Africa. The life and work of Andrew Walford* by Neil Wright (2009) – the poem was generated from the contents of the book.

III

Don't forget, she says –
while cupped by things (the hand, the jug)

air is *not* emptiness, abyss.
Yes, there *is* none in the birth canal –

but after that, and in every other thing,
when we breathe, we give, we carve a path through life.

"To breathe is to separate from [the mother or nature], to be reborn, and to give back to her a share of breath...to breathe is to carve one's own path through life." (From "Remembering the air: Luce Irigaray's ontology of breath" by Christine Grammatikopoulou)

Nearness

I

“In the gift of the outpouring
dwells the simple singlefoldness of the four.”

– The Thing (Heidegger)

You were a wriggly thing
until we brought you into our bed –
so I could sleep
and you could root
to drink as much as you needed.
We became so good at it.
You’d niggle to signal it’s time to turn –
then I’d pull you to my abdomen, roll over...
Nights were wrapped in drink and sleep,
snug between your mom and dad
in the wide blue bed your grandfather welded.

II

“What is nearness?” Heidegger

“The clearing of air is a clearing...for presence and absence.” Irigaray

Long after supper, you WhatsApp call –
dad and I walk from the lounge down the passage,
lie down with the speaker between us.
Your voice has a ring of being in charge –
you update us on the latest:
Carnivals of masks and gloves
on streets that might soon be empty.

Corona already took a few.
Second year student in a strange country
on the other side of the earth,
you lay out all your options,
explain with heart and head.
Now that the tears are over,
you're clear on not coming home –
to us, that is. Heart strings also tied
 to a love on a nearby island,
you'll wait and see, keep us updated.
In your young woman voice
rings a faint air
 of once upon a noo-noo.
Now far *and* near, the four of us –
your mom and dad, the bed, and you.

Noo-noo: A South African term of endearment (particularly to a child); a nickname; an insect

Copy

(found poem)

Reading the written word aloud
ensured continuity
with oral traditions.

Then monks developed
reading-in-silence.

And in scriptoria of Europe,
books were copied by hand.

The Book became fetished —
an icon of power.

The Church
disavowed the body.

Today Descartes's
scepticism still haunts
academic research.

Original text of found poem: "Before the first monks developed the technique of reading in silence, the practice of reading aloud from the written word had insured some continuity with oral traditions. In the European medieval scriptoria, however, the need to copy books by hand tended to exaggerate the 'unsituated' aspects writing. That the arrival of cereal, alphabetical writing tended to fix and to differentiate social roles is well known. The Book became fetished as an icon of power and the Christian Church introduced a sense of bodily denial, or disavowal, of the writer's own body. This-self questioning phenomenon lead to Descartes's self-denying, egocentric scepticism that continues to haunt the academic research tradition" (Wood, 1998, p.2).

Cryonics

Dear Max More,
while mining the web
for what comes next
– Transhumanism –
I find your optimistic talk
with no trace of zeal –
that we can be better forms of human
 because of the tools we invent.
From abacus to 3D printed organs.

In h+ Magazine
I listen how you think –
 the false divides among us
 – gender and race – are trivial,
almost...amusing, in the h+ quest
for our best moral versions:

 “Using reason, science
and technology backed by goodwill
to overcome fundamental human limits—
to live longer than we’ve ever lived,
to become smarter...emotionally
better than we’ve ever been.”

How I wish that Alan Turing could have known you.

If he was frozen at death (as you explain, we might soon do),
in a future realm they could rid his body of the cyanide
he took in 1952, after trialled for the crime of homosexuality
and submitting to hormone therapy.

Meanwhile, everything digital can be traced
to his unbounded Turing Machine tapes –
foregoers of computing and artificial intelligence
that today, Max More believes, could extend and enhance
our limitations.

You say fear of the unknown
stems from a lack of imagination.

You speak of Cryonics –
bodies taken down to cold temperatures
and risks of freezing are reduced –
later, resurrected.

The post-humous apology
to Alan Turing by the Queen
echoes.

Imagine Turing and More
talking
of neural networks and everyday things.

<http://hpluzmagazine.com/2012/01/12/the-singularity-and-transhumanism/>

http://www.alanturing.net/turing_archive/pages/Reference%20Articles/What%20is%20a%20Turing%20Machine.html#head

<https://www.telegraph.co.uk/history/world-war-two/10536246/Alan-Turing-granted-Royal-pardon-by-the-Queen.html>

https://www.exploringsurreypast.org.uk/themes/people/scientists/alan_turing/

AI

(found poem)

An app that applies
labels to pictures
was classifying images
of black people as gorillas.
The company apologized;
it was unintentional.
But similar errors have emerged.
Certain camera software
misread Asian people as blinking.
An investigation revealed
widely used software twice as likely
to mistakenly flag black defendants
at higher risk of committing crimes.
The formulas are proprietary information.
Another scandal recently –
same-day delivery
unavailable for ZIP codes
in black neighborhoods.
They promised to redress the gaps.

Women, less likely than men
to be shown online ads
for highly paid jobs.

In elite Silicon circles,
perhaps the biggest threat is, the rise
of an artificially intelligent apex predator.

Original text of found poem:

<https://www.nytimes.com/2016/06/26/opinion/sunday/artificial-intelligences-white-guy-problem.html>

Chip

(found poem)

He was born with a rare form
of colour blindness. The world in greys.

Now, an antenna connects
to a chip in his scalp,
translates colour
into sound.

“I do feel more connected to other animals.
We humans have a duty to transcend.
I hear infrared, ultraviolet.

I like Rothko and Warhol.
Their paintings produce clear notes.
Da Vinci and Velázquez...
sound like tracks for a horror film.

Green – a telephone ring.
Amy Winehouse?
Red and pink.”

He battled with the Authority
who opposed a passport picture
with the implant.

Eventually they yielded.
A first for cyborg rights.

“Red’s serene. Violet?”

Savage to my ears.

Barcelona riots, 2012 – the police
pulled off the antennae's camera.
Worst day of my life. Home
with dangling wires.

I *am* technology. It's a body part.
To bed and in the shower.

I painted James Cameron,
Tracey Emin, Prince Charles.
Portraits you can hear –
colour to sound.

And the other way around:
speeches of Luther King and Hitler
to pictures. Asked people to guess —
they often got it wrong.

Original text of found poem:

<https://www.theguardian.com/artanddesign/2014/may/06/neil-harbisson-worlds-first-cyborg-artist>

STAFFROOM STORIES

“Participant-voiced poems are written from interview transcripts or solicited directly from participants...The voices in the poems may be singular or multiple. Also, inquiry poems may blend both the researcher’s and the participants’ voices.”

(Prendergast, 2009, p. xxii)

encounters0101010101encounters0101010101
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encounters0101010101encounters0101010101

Margin

I see colour, sound...him in the crowd.
This young man stood on Caltech's edge
where dons blend in with the throb of life.
Flaxen hair. Catchy charm.
There on the margin he went and stood
then a woman floated up to him
and belly-danced
with a book.

Chalkboard

(found poem)

Never wear a black blazer, or long pants.

You'd end up with bad
chalk dust
dandruff.

I never seemed to get my O's round,
or manage straight

l n e s.
i

I also remember
white hands (shoes...floor...)
and a sneeze or two,

pounding
the duster on the outside wall,
or with the giant ruler.

No wonder cleaning
was the class captain's chore.

Original text of found poem:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1MK-3iA6fbFx-5szy0k8xff5KBYxPWnf0/view>

Smart board

Winds tunnel through hinge-less windows
of this lecture hall high above ground –
one frame bangs incessantly,
short of machine gun frequency.

Noise averse from decades of teaching,
I dig you from the bin –
bite, tear and twirl you
into a chord – sparkly silver
and greasy; tie the window *down*
so we can begin.

eLearning induction
vows to relieve us of place, make it easy.
You might not be recyclable –
but, empty crisps packet,
I sing your praises today

while students sleep, talk and nibble
and Simon searches for a missing cable
to project steps on a smart board
cleaned as best I could, tho' left
with a technicolour palimpsest
of permanent pen scribbles.

Camera

When she nudged them
from the comfort of lectures
to seek stories on campus
and publish on the web,
social media did not exist
and online journalism was not a word yet.

In a virtual newsroom
they peer-reviewed, edited,
then published in their online paper.

She watched like a vigilant mother:

dealt with a case of predatory stalking
when one student logged in as another;

a foetus was found in a loo;

and I remember that day vividly
when they banged with their cameras
on our door, seeking shelter from a mob
whom they photographed
while burning beds.

Fledgling journalists
finding stories on their campus
dared all we knew collectively
of constructivist theories.

Textbook

Survival tales always spill
through the open door...
down the crowded corridors,
over trellises and fountains.

Here in the Midlands
between coastal bush and mountains
water is scarce
and power breaks rife.

These bitter-enders
love paddling rivers.
Mornings before work,
they cycle through forests.

Cabbages grow in their yards.
They bottle fruits for the hard years.
And after weekends or lectures,
they gather here.

On the wall by the kettle,
photos of marches and strife.
Since applying for a chair
one of them waited for several years.

During their lab's slow unravelling
I once pitched a dream:
"Turning this staffroom to a wifi lounge...
with hipster features, like Cape Town?"

Today there is no banter.

No slogans chalked on the board.
Silent shock seeping through
cracks in the guard of guerrilla teachers.

Yesterday one of the stalwarts...
after an evening walk with his wife,
left her at their gate
for a quick solo run.

They hope the heart attack
was so severe
that before hitting the ground,
he was gone.

He had recently made
our first open textbook,
and for twenty years of my visits here,
he offered me a good cup of tea.

We shared stories of parenting,
shoestring techno solutions,
and how neither of us
dared to live without prayer.

Today a clutch of huddled bodies
like river birds in rain.

Alex
is dead.

I get up to make tea.
The cupboards are empty?
"Marí, better these days
to keep mugs with the secretary.

We suspect at night
nameless ones
use the couches
for beds."

Quiz

In a buzzing journo lab, more and more lecturers are preparing millennials for the media maze where news quality matters more than ever.

A practicing journalist came to see me.
He asked how technology could enable him to work smart as part-time teaching staff, while helping students to achieve.

He told me stories
of early years at the *Daily Dispatch*
before the days of digital printing —
going down to the galleys
to meet men in rolled up sleeves...

cutting, pasting, operating large machines.

With a B Com he worked his way in
from London's knock-and-drops
and Vox pops, to Financial Times
business reporting and hard news.

We planned small scaffolds
into the world of their dreams
(deadlines colliding priorities
crisis control impossible hours)

starting with a series of self-marked tests:
automatic feedback for each question,
multiple repetition for revision.

Students first dipped in their toes
the traditional way —
no texting, no talking —
and once they were at ease,
proceeded with an open book quiz.
He said, “As a minimum, this got students
to scroll and search for credible sources,
read – to answer accurately
while the clock ticked; from there,
frequent true/false on current affairs.”

What struck me most while this mentor mused?

“If students abide
by the rules of ethics,
the stories will be good...”

In the lab we watched the animated class
rise to his call – they rolled up their sleeves
to cut and paste in the galleys of online news.

Nettiquette

She's a petit blonde.
Not someone I'd expect to lecture
Emergency Medical Care and Rescue.
We login to the virtual course
that keeps her students connected:
 Seismic shifts. Helicopter rides.
 Rope climbing. Jaws of life.
To upload content, she follows the steps.

We discuss online codes of conduct.
Norms of behaviour, netiquette.
 None of the theories
 of good boundaries apply,
she says – here in their virtual group
they should be free to share
the graphic, gory and macabre.
Jokes no-one else would ever get.

Below my window they stride past.
Ropes and clips clink rhythmically.
 Avatars from another sphere.
Young men and women from EMCR.

Microphone

The tall aloes along the freeway
stand proud witness today.
He travels to the remote campus
to read the names at graduation.

From the stage he looks down
on a sea of black gowns.
In their midst, a single red one.
Meticulously he enunciates
the many clicks of scholars' names.
In stylish shoes,
first generation graduates strut across the stage.

When her turn comes, the power fails.
He hesitates — reaches back
to distant days studying drama –
projects his voice from the diaphragm
over the dead microphone.
But, at that moment the PA system comes on again!

The tsunami of her title
rolls over the sea of heads,
blasts out the door...

past engineers surveying campus contours,
past the education lab's online classrooms,
prospective nurses huddled over a heart...

the goats by the gate,
the kiosk rigged from scraps,
funeral parlour,

billboard, “Add a little pap
to your Rama” ...

Throughout the peri-urban landscape

her name reverberates.

Lucky bean trees bloom red.

Families ululate.

Pap: Porridge (Afrikaans)

Rama: A brand name for margarine

Ululate: To utter a loud, usually protracted, high-pitched, rhythmical sound especially as an expression of sorrow, joy, celebration, or reverence (<https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/ululate>)

Scroll bar

A learning management system change
brings us together around a table.
I praise the menu
for listing activities first,
until those with more experience tell
how they always cursed this clunky scroll bar
or simply never found
the elementary button to upload a file
pushed out of sight by constructivists.
My clichéd “content is not king” bubble bursts.
More banter follows – about those who touch-type
and on the other side, the less fortunate
who pound keys with two fingers.
Load shedding creeps closer. Someone rushes to boil the kettle.
Before our meeting the data projector gave up the ghost.
Plan B is a TV. Power outage kicks in and that dies too.
C: we crouch around – laptop syncs with phone.
What makes this meeting – hardware or software? No.
We exchange coffee made just right
for home-baked biscuits.
They beg for a smoke break and I say, five minutes.
Lance shines a torch in the dark.
Pete remembers...his mother baked for sale –
hundreds of cakes, and he got nothing.
Wandile accidentally brought along his remote.
His wife calls, stuck in the car next to the road.
Mike loves load shedding after hours.
He sits in the garden cooking
on a skottel under stars. We,
warmware, are the heart.

Lab

More than ten years on we have been one.

Once from an aerial photograph I could see
why the merger was necessary.

Only a road divided two unis, similar
except, the white one got State subsidy
and the other was built by the Cane Grower's Union
so that Indian indenture labourers' children
could receive tertiary schooling.

Today I park on Steve Biko campus
where science students study
on gently sloping lawns.
To make it across the road
I queue to exit — there's a bottleneck
where IDs are now checked:
last month a student was bludgeoned to death
(for a laptop and phone)
inside a lecture hall where he was studying alone.

To cross the road, I dance between taxis
who speed and zig-zag
corners where others try to turn –
music booms so loud
their sliding doors vibrate –
conductors leap out, whistle and tout.

I'm still alive on the other side.
Next to expensive turnstiles
(installed back then with merger funding
but never worked) a rusty gate

is kept closed by a leaning brick.
Inside I pass the guard
lethargic in the leafy shade.

I find her in her office
behind towering scripts.
She escorts me across the courtyard's
rehearsals, animated chats
and pensive smokers.

For a while we celebrate their new lab
(smart board and all) after several years
installed at last. As I pause
to start training

we hear
a
Plop

on a keyboard

and look up...

A drop oozes through
the furry sagging ceiling;
or is it the underbelly

of an imminent revolution

Spreadsheet

*Collaboration between a subject matter expert
and a learning technologist*

You direct – I type.

TMTE101 TMTE102 TPRS101 TPRS102 VPRP101

In between, conversations roam.

We note uncanny connections:

A concept proposed

by 18th century Jesuit priest

Teilhard de Jardin: The Omega Point,

referred to now by transhumanists
as the Singularity (when we will all be
uploaded – could this be Eternal Life?)

Another thought – on BBC News

a team of three radiographers were outperformed –

AI can diagnose tumours more accurately than humans.

VPRP102 VPRT101 VPRT102 FAVA101 FAVA201

We continue –

enter new course codes painstakingly,

while three letters in, auto-correct

guesses what we want to say next.

World Economic Forum experts say, to remain employed,

we should concentrate on sapiens' edge –

empathise, play sport, dance, create.

Teachers should also be safe.

We ponder that programmes like Accounting
might bring in big subsidy today –
but how will graduates compete with automation?
Does this imply Arts Faculties (struggling for survival now)
could end up making it in the Fourth Industrial Revolution?

Then there's the podcast
about rescue robots – programmed, not to do,
but to learn – algorithms modelled on a child's brain –
if, in an earthquake, it goes in to save humans,
and loses a leg, it won't bleed to death
and will have the means to move on
by deciding right there,
how to negotiate unknown terrain.

TMTE201 VPRP201 VPRP202 VPRT201 VPRT202

We return to the mundane.
– higher education rearticulation –
capture the last new codes
so that on Monday, staff can teach online.

FAVA301 VPRP301 VPRP302 VPRT301 WILL101

We cast a critical eye, scan for anomalies:
the nuts and bolts of the new curriculum –
Video Tech morphed
to Screen Arts and Technology.
The spreadsheet shifts into focus.
A Rosetta Stone
for the twenty-first century.

TMTE101 TMTE102 TPRS101 TPRS102 VPRP101
VPRP102 VPRT101 VPRT102 FAVA101 FAVA201
TMTE201 VPRP201 VPRP202 VPRT201 VPRT202
FAVA301 VPRP301 VPRP302 VPRT301 WILL101

Analytics

She detects a pattern –
one student shows promise,
but misses lectures, skips some tests.

Trust breaks through in conversation.

It's a matter of money, as the lecturer expects –
though it's not bus fare or food she can't afford,
she confesses, clutching her back.

It's the stain on her dress that she dreads.

Assignment

(found poem)

Does Harbisson's statement
raise any concerns? He says,
"We have a duty to transcend"
by embracing implants
to improve the human experience
and overcome our limitations.

Answer:

People find ways to overcome:
lip-reading in movies if deaf –
removing this incentive
would curtail creativity,
problem-solving.

It would also remove
very valuable skill sets.

A deaf person adept at lip-reading
is often employed to give
"voice to the unknown",
in early silent filming of WW1
or other situations where only video,
not sound, is available.

Another example – the great warmth
a physically-incapacitated person
might show to people;
given their limited mobility,
they develop stronger inter-personal skills
and empathy – to manage those
who come in contact with them.

Improving the human experience
by overcoming one's physical limitations –
a twisted notion?

Hotspot

After we were catapulted
from campus into our homes by Covid,
I sent my colleagues *Ten Steps to Make a Quiz* –
and she was the first keen teacher.
Here's to the woman who got so speechless:

"Marí!! I'm new to all this –
last night...I didn't sleep a wink!
Well after midnight I was still at it –
my laptop ran out of data so I went on my phone...
had to leave the room to not disturb my sleeping husband
...I got so addicted!!
I managed to make a test – but now I can't find it!"
(Such a mix of exasperation and excitement...)

"Okay", I say, "Can you share your computer screen
so I can see? To get connected, create a hotspot to your phone."
"Hotspot – what's that?" After four minutes she calls back:
"I'm on track!" We comb her course
for traces of last night's toil... find the questions she created:

The laughing cave of her mouth
swallows my screen –
Howick River spills from a cliff,
her songs and celebration
flood the room I'm in on the other end of our province.
The first keen teacher, so far so near
(between us long roads roll along trees blooming
red against this very quiet deep blue winter
no trucks thundering on the freeways,
no student voices bouncing off walls

of overflowing lecture halls; instead,
desperate wires and cell phone towers criss-crossing hills
(though not enough by far)
to connect intermittently in peaks and falls
to our students dispersed in dorps and villages, dotted in valleys).

We spend more of the afternoon trying more complicated things.
Behind her, a bunch of small grandchildren
pour through the kitchen door, circle a table, blow out candles, sing...
A dog barks and small and big creatures join from tangled trees.
Her eyes turn dreamy. She tells me of family
and her sister who sat her down
igniting a fire for teaching Nursing,
how her academic journey boomed long after she turned forty.

Here's to the woman who got so speechless
– she was one of the first teachers
to reach out to students with WhatsApp and Moodle
after Corona lockdown kicked in.

Mouse

Here's to the man
who sent an email and said,
"I have made a test
and now, this is where I'm stuck...
Can we connect?"

On Teams he shares his screen.
I can't see him...he uses voice only.
While I guide, I sense
there's a plural presence in his room
as the mouse shifts and moves silently
between sections of his course
and we explore all the settings.

"By the way," I say, "You told me on email,
your son helped you figure out the basics?"
A feeling of relief reaches me through the screen
and I hear an only just audible giggle of camaraderie.
It is only my intuition that knows
this is not the kind of man who palms off the workload –
it is rather a sense of...strength amplified,
that I feel. I never address the other
(the one without the staff number) directly,
he doesn't say a thing – we carry on, complete setting the test
and to end I say, "I will email steps to bulk-enrol those missing students."
End of call. Shortly after, a reply email –
"They're all in. Thank you, we
have managed."

Here's to the man who emailed and said,
I have made a test. And to all the hands we cannot see,
who help to glue together our university broken by Covid-19.

INTERVIEWS

“Participant-voiced poems are written from interview transcripts or solicited directly from participants...The voices in the poems may be singular or multiple. Also, inquiry poems may blend both the researcher’s and the participants’ voices.”

(Prendergast, 2009, p. xxii)

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encounters0101010101encounters0101010101

Prosthetic socket

When my interviewee joined our university,
he had already achieved part of his goal:
3D printing an adjustable prosthetic socket.
“The client kept losing weight
before a bodybuilding competition.
Volume loss made the fitting unstable –
you don’t want him to fall off the stage!
Variable geometry is the solution.”

My interviewee explains
why he came to our university –
he wanted to improve on it,
develop safety mechanisms
to prevent over-tightening.
He also wanted to put information in the public domain
to make this adjustable prosthetic socket accessible.
He wanted to patent. But to work here
he had to lecture, and to lecture,
he needed a Master’s degree.
He jumped through the hoops
and after years of perseverance,
got recognition of prior learning.

(In our conversation today,
I remember how we met –
when he started lecturing part-time,
he walked into my training session
with his cane and that spark in his eyes –
soon after everyone was gathering around him
while he showed us how to make videos for teaching.
I thought, hang on, what’s this man doing here?

Where have I met him? Then realised,
when I slipped and fell by the washing line
my doctor referred me for an ankle brace.)

In our interview
he says, "I'm not a White Board kind of Guy.
I never write more than five words on it.
I use it to anchor. Pull things together.
I am a collaborator. I don't explain information –
I explain where information is.
I say to students, "You're on a journey
of discovery. This,
is life
long
learning."
"I'm not a teacher", he keeps saying...
"I don't do peda.... peda...
How do you say it?
Pe- da- -go -gy."
(I giggle. Here he is with all his maneuvers –
text-book style innovative teaching
and he doesn't even know he's doing it.)

"Back to your questions:
"An emotional experience?
After a holiday we got back
and one of the students
(a popular guy) had died –
he was stabbed at a party.
I had to talk to the class,
they were devastated
... then went straight
into the lecture.

It was hectic..."

"I wear a soft shell.
Don't talk to students
about my personal life....
You have to find the bull's eye –
family in the centre.
Then friends. Social media
are the doubles on the outside."

"A stressful, disastrous moment?
Changing to Moodle!
How can you change to a free system
and think it's going to be better?
There is no plagiarism detection!
In my day it was difficult
as you had to use all those books...
OK I didn't go much to the library –
did more smoking behind the bush.
But today, our students need to know
how not to copy, it is too easy...
See, I wrote here..." (points with his finger)
"Moodle Dread..." (He chuckles again.)

"Come visit me at my new business.
I want to give the client...an Experience.
Not just sell what's on a shelf.
That's why I ended up disillusioned."

The afternoon casts long shadows through his window.

He greets, "I need to go. Must put on the oven at home,
six Eisbeins waiting. Having friends around for poker.

We do social distancing and each put in a hundred Rand.
Sometimes you win. Sometimes you lose
a hundred and fifty!"

"Thanks", I say. My money's on you."

Lapel mike

As we begin our interview, I hold up a mirror for her:

She was one of twelve, volunteering
to pioneer eLearning a quarter century ago –
she fitted in superbly with The Hooligan team
who cracked the other group's codes
to win the online assignment competition.
Like most of them she lives by the motto,
“Don't ask
for permission; plead
for forgiveness
later...”

(But those who know her, say,

“You, Girl, need to plead
with more conviction”,

well aware that soon she might conjure
another trick from her sleeve.)

While other universities
went top-down,
eLearning grew organically here
thanks to like-minded spirits
in a small community of practice.

Early mornings I drove to Maritzburg,
sat in the car park sipping tea from a flask
watching how her staff sprinted to class
to reach for the bar raised by her
as head of department – she fast became
an online whizz and forced them into it!

Another time she marched them into my workshop
with her leopard print pants and stilettos.

Then followed some years of fatigue
when she got tired of swimming upstream.

The loudest laugh in our interview
is when she remembers forgetting to mute
the lapel mike in that state-of-the-art venue
when she broke from her lecture to go to the loo.
It warms my heart to hear she's recharged,
now adding her feisty spirit
to the Vice-Chancellor's team –
back then, us guerrilla technologists
cobbled a server under a desk
with torn stockings and paper clips;
today, she's reached her destiny –
redirecting the mainstream
(It takes time to turn around a ship...)
Before we say goodbye, she muses:
"We used to have test week and go into marking stupor.
Now continuous online assessment eats into every day.
A student submits in the morning, another later –
laptop speaks to phone, speaks to you...
Do we still have Saturday and Sunday?
My boyfriend made me a needle from a bicycle spoke –
to stay sane during lockdown,
I learnt to crochet."

Emojis

“When I was a student, printers and scanners
were for authorities like my mother.
It was when mobiles came
that I really grew my confidence –
on my mother’s phone,
I learnt how to delete call histories to my boyfriend.”
I tell her it surprises me –
I thought she came out like that when she was born –
techno savvy. New generation learning technologist
in our department, she arrived without
the official qualification and experience,
but she was sold as someone
who could quickly step in, fill the gap.

We trace and unpack
her chronicles with machines.
Fashion graduate. She recalls
recurring runaway moments.
When she was six,
she snuck into her tailor brother’s sewing room,
stepped onto the pedal....
Later, as student, she had to stitch
on dotted lines of squares and circles
when this industrial thing
took off with her
until they screamed,
hit the red button.

I ask her to tell me the story again
of not so long ago – she went home to Zambia
to attend a wedding. There she borrowed a kit

to make her outfit quickly.
While stitching the bodice –
lace over silk in jade green,
men entered the tailor's shop.
It was time for elections. They whispered
grievances against the government.
While she was adding on the bottom part –
a chitenge skirt,
she gave the men a piece of her mind –
“Don't believe everything you hear on TV.
Each channel broadcasts
the truth of its funders.”

Back to phones. She says there,
they don't demand all the time.
Make a plan. Send a boy on a bicycle
up the hill to the old hospital,
loaded with everyone's mobiles.
He charges them
and returns at the end of the day.
Each person is handed her own phone again.
Sorted. No theft or confusion.

We reflect on Covid-19 and our students here in SA.
One lecturer was threatened for experimenting –
he made a podcast to enrich the text
and they protested about exclusion.
We nod to how our university goes the extra mile,
now directing data to students for remote learning.
We spend a moment swapping accounts witnessed
while we train staff who are cut off from their students –
how much they care, how grateful in general they are
when we offer support and how they tolerate

our own inexperience.

We changed to a new eLearning system

at the beginning of lockdown

and we, too, are learning as we go along.

I...struggle a little. She...is not all that concerned:

“It’s like recognizing commonalities among languages.

Hlala panzi and ikala panshi. The root is the same.

They have the hl’s and we have the k’s.

Life with technology is like

a state bordered by eight countries.

Namibia Botswana Angola Congo

Zimbabwe Tanzania

Malawi Mozambique.

Your ecology is penetrated

so you learn how to weave

Anchor Prezi Chrome Safari

Blackboard Moodle YouTube Teams.

Make language as you go.

Often there is not yet a word for it.

Swahili is a bastardised language,

like English.

In Blackboard you randomised a quiz,

in Moodle, you shuffle it.

Look for a menu in another place.

Kaunda was a Malawian,

but became Zambian president.

I used to stitch on squares and circles,

zeros and ones are strange –

one might not be good but you work it.

We have always migrated.

Why can’t we move to a later version?

In the UK I was a Bemba baby

with a white nanny.
To adapt is the best way to live.
I am irritated – the clumsy way
Moodle displays content!”

We both become entranced
when she speaks of her degree in Photography.
In a darkroom – seeing those silver light particles.
“The disappearing passage between analogue and digital.
Photography students today are poorer off for it.
In my Master’s thesis I say
it’s like my mother holding open a door
so I can jump through –
I used to scrape the edge of a can
on the cement floor to open it.
Now my small child plays on her tablet.
She resists reading, but she imitates accents.
Home schooling is sometimes difficult.
Life is amazing. So much unlearning to do
between hieroglyphs and emojis.”

Her daughter runs through the room.
I still feel the oxytocin
from when I saw this child
slide into this world.
I stood in as doula.
Interview over, I stop the recording
to bond with her – make up for the gap
of knees and elbows in my lap:
In slow motion I dip into my drawer...
reach for the pop-up book, Imagine.
A folded page slides open.

Email

Before we mull over instant priorities
at the Durban University of Technology
(blowing life into remote learning)
we talk teaching encounters more generally...

On my insistence he recounts the chaos
when once, he, young teacher, snuck
into a horrible headmaster's office
to slip the slim pipette of a stink bomb
under the luxurious rug.

He then reflects on the present:

"I'm planning to teach
Education students
to let Adobe
read their own essays back to them
before they submit it for marking –

to be read to, and to hear your work,
is so important." I reply, "It's a nifty trick –
and it also narrows the gap,
puts warmth into the machine."

I ask about his past. He says,

"After SA's first democratic election I was involved
in integrating APLA and MK into the SADF.

A regimental sergeant major is the army's senior teacher,
the mother liable for health and welfare.

The colonel sets the goals –
it was my job as non-commissioned officer

to get the regiment to reach those.”

To my next question, he says,

“Yes. There are indeed – parallels, *and* differences.

For a soldier, it’s ‘Do what you see’;
a university student, ‘Write what you think.’

A happy student is a good student.
If they understand how to apply knowledge,
they come back to lectures...

One of my troupes went to the Congo.
Before he left, I said, ‘Don’t get killed
or married over there.’ It gets very personal!
But likewise, a properly trained soldier
comes home.”

He returns to now, “Before lockdown when we had lectures,
I’d say on the first day: ‘All Kaiser Chiefs supporters, stand!’
Then wink to the rest of the class sitting down:
‘All of you...will pass; they – will fail.’
You should hear them laugh.
Now in remote mode,
first thing I do is send a bulk email:
‘Welcome to DUT!’...and insert the Pirates logo.
Normally most of them don’t write back – are shy,
but when I do *that*, straightaway, they reply.”

Ticker tape

His website says he was born in Davenport, USA
when his parents were there doing more than studying.
In our interview he weaves parallel streams
of striking Afrikaans and commanding English.
He says with a PhD,
if things don't tie up neatly, that's OK.
(He wrote his on Afrikaans border literature,
exposed ambiguities – did not bow
to pre-democracy canonical certainties.
He remembers his fear when he handed in
in that era of censorship and secrets.)

I ask about childhood.

“In Dr Spock my mother gleaned
that three-year-olds could be taught to read.
Every evening on her bed
she flashed these cards on which she wrote
with Wonder Markers of felt and glass.
Her Y's at the bottom were sharp,
not round as they made me do
much later on in school.
I realised she was wrong.
I abhorred her drills.
But it prepared me
for variants.
My first Skinnerian training.

Then later, I got hold of pens –
had a field day scribbling
on the wall by my bed.

I got a hiding, but let it be known
that I shall scribe.

Over my doodles my dad
painted the wall black
then handed me boxes of chalk.

In the afternoon after my first day at school
I sat them down in a straight line
and taught everything I learnt that day to
my brother's dolls; his teddy and mine.

My mother's military green typewriter.
She walked in, gave me a book
and said, 'If you're going to play,
you may as well do it right –
start here: A S D F G H J K L
Ask a lad, ask a dad, a lass asks a dad...'
From age nine, I had a typing speed
of forty words per minute.
Always reprimanded at school
for bad handwriting,
it was liberating at varsity to find
I am allowed to type
even if I was in the minority.

As conscript in the army I sat at night
to write out records by hand. I said to my buddy,
let's rather pause the ticker tape in the right place,
insert the data directly.
The sergeant did a back-flip so the plan didn't last,
but it was there that I grasped
one may as well program repetitive tasks.

The day we go back to campus,
we face fees-must-fall protests.
In some ways we are shielded
by Covid lockdown.
Though I struggle to keep up
with nocturnal millennials.
They are night owls. I
want private time in my first working hours
then end at 5. But I'm getting there.
With my first smartphone in Norway,
I realised when one sees it like a phone that's grown
and not a shrunk computer,
then it's easier to get into mobile learning.

Distance is dark – spark urgency
with synchronous communication.
One must get feedback frequently.
On the border we sent troops
to strategic locations –
then realised they're cheating,
sitting outside our camp
eating provisions.”

After our interview ends, I recall
I once told him, at my university
the Library held a poetry reading
and when the deputy was mortified
that someone had swiped
some of my books, I replied,
“Whoever pinches poetry, probably needs it.”
In response, JC (as students call him) admitted,
“At school one day, I stole a Bible.”

Laptop

I Macbook
(found poem)

I was due to start
my PhD. How proud I was
when I bought my Apple laptop.

My supervisor was
a charming, old school guy.

So here I was
preparing my presentation
before attending my first cohort session.

The next day I received
a long email from Prof X –
he is returning it
without comments
or feedback.
I panicked.

He explained he was not able
to open my document
and assumes that I am using a Macbook
which he dislikes – and believes
a postgraduate student
should not use for any academic work.

He attaches a screenshot of bullets points
“Disadvantages of Apple laptops” (LOL).
He ends his email with advice –

I need to get
a normal
laptop.

From that day I stopped
using my sleek Macbook
and started using a Lenovo
throughout my PhD journey.

During the Cohort session,
he went on...why all his students
are not allowed to use Apples.
I just laughed and assured him
I am using a “normal laptop”
as he put it.

Even during our meetings,
he insisted
I have a pen and paper to take notes,
though I was recording our meetings.

I got to understand him...
I learnt much,
forever grateful.

I still love my Macbook,
would not trade it.

II Becoming a PhD Supervisor

Although it was not its natural home,
an egg was laid in the cleft of a boulder.
(Perhaps it was because of drought.)

Eventually the shell cracked open.
In constricted space,
the chick developed angular wings

but she chose to stay,
observe and obey.

All the while

her instincts stirred
that there are other ways to live.
Eventually she left the nest of primal rock.

Her destiny – to smooth her shape
dive with no splash
and in a flash of malachite

surface with a wriggling fish.
And when she was ready
in her own burrow

cheer on her offspring
to arch their wings
from the word go.

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Mainframe

The doors closed behind her in 1978.
She had just managed to escape.
She always dreamt of being a nurse.
But in the land of the free and the brave
she enrolled for Computer Science and Maths.
Through its language, there were fewer barriers.
In our interview she remembers
how her life in the new world was enabled
by a patient teacher. In her first test
he circled all the Persian symbols
in her equation, and still gave her credit.
Then he said, write the next examination
in my office. He was differently abled.
That could be why he understood
her perspective. Her hand was trained
to twirl across the page from right to left.
Late at night she ran between dumb terminals
and feeding punch cards to the mainframe machine,
learnt Basic Fortran Assembly...
While studying, she earned her keep in a Take Out.
In the shop she could eat as much as she liked.
She loved donuts (in Farsi they say *pirashki*).

Her future husband arrived as refugee.
As newlyweds they visited SA,
each with two suitcases. Decided to stay.
Had two girls. The younger is named
after the daughter of Cyrus the Great,
550 BCE.

I met her just when the World Wide Web was born.

She stayed behind after a workshop
about making virtual classrooms with rudimentary tools.
Her fourth year Computer Operating Systems students
had much to contribute – but chalk and talk lectures
weren't the right fit. She wanted their knowledge pooled.

We coded the COP Shop.

Tasked the teams to fill their lockers
with cyber corruption fixes.

What with the kitsch of those days –
animated gifs of rotating revolvers,
even framed Arnold Schwarzenegger's
face with flames and wore shades
in our conference presentation.

Much mischief and experimentation.

Heart generous and mind open,
she let me do my Master's on our project.

Though things did break and go wrong,
students played along

and went beyond the course outcomes.

I treasured her subversive teaching method –

she smiled and said, I don't know,
then students grabbed the moment.

She nurtured them and made them shine.

Once someone pulled her aside and whispered,
even if you don't know, *you never say it...*

A few years on she signed up for a PhD.

Her supervisor published under his name only
the ideas she brought to him on eLearning
before she could put these to paper.

When she reported him,

she was asked to open a case

but thought about it and decided

she did not want to see this foreigner
and his family deported. Then her manager
who had been wanting to get rid of her supervisor
threatened her with disciplinary action for saying no.
She said, go ahead. I still won't.

After our interview I sit by the window
when she asks me on WhatsApp
about my profile picture.

I reply, "It's me, when I was five –
do you have a photo of you,
when you were tiny?" She types no,
everything left behind in Teheran.

And I think how I actually
don't need to see one –
the glimpses this woman
gave me yesterday in our interview,
conjures an entire film in my imagination.

It begins: A little girl with wide, dark eyes
comes running in from the back yard.
Pomegranate branches bend with fruit
and a peacock tail trails in the dust.
Inside her mother sits.

The little girl stops and watches
the movements of her mother's fingers
weaving the rug's threads and colours.
Her mother lets her try.

Light filters into the room. Illuminates
calligraphy on the wall:

"Whoever possesseth power over anything
must elevate it to its uttermost perfection
that it not be deprived of its own paradise.

For example, the paradise of a sheet of paper
on which a few excellent lines are inscribed
is that it be refined with patterns of gold
...that are customary for the most exalted
parchment scrolls. Then the possessor...
hath elevated it to its utmost degree of glory.”

On tippie-toes she traces
the last line with her finger.
Then runs off into the front room.
Her dad is busy weighing *pirashki*
on a large scale for a customer,
gives her one. In the corner
on a sack of walnuts, she sits
licking sticky fingers.
Her mother enters and asks,
Where is your baby sister?
The family doesn't know
her sister fell asleep in the display window.
They spend the whole day searching.
Even call the police.

That is how the film begins. But let me yield.
This is about memorable moments
with technology in education.
Doors that close and open.

Cassandane: The wife of Cyrus the Great (r. c. 550-530 BCE)

“**Whoever possesseth power over anything...**” Words of the Bab, from the *Persian Bayān*, Bahid
4, Chapter 11.

<https://www.bl.uk/sacred-texts/articles/bahai-sacred-texts>

Wireless

I Recording lectures

In front of students, many years
you wove accounts and joined ideas
from texts and notes and powerpoints

with hands and eyes (a turn, a smile)
while *she* strolled out
on outstretched desks...

Inquisitive tail, her soundless paws
stepping over phones and pens.
Students were egged by her presence

to jot down notes, frown, or ask
and you'd invent. In turn
you'd hear new ideas spark

unfurling again your expositions
and then, to end, you'd tie together
the heart of a thesis, dismiss the class

and she'd follow you down
the long passage, curl under your desk
head-butt your leg, showing affection.

When Covid-19 came, you left so fast
she stayed behind. Now you're at home
remote in your room, recording lectures.

In zoom exchange you relate to me
how deflated these attempts can be
compared to the real, living thing.

Seeing you there, Philip Pullman's words ring:

"When your daemon was pulling
at the link between you
(part physical pain deep in your chest,

part intense
sadness and love)
it was such a strange tormenting feeling."

Hold on to the thought behind that bolted door
that there are differences between
being severed and separated
from your inspiring force.

II Shortwave

Two wireless radios on a windowsill.
Below this 8th floor Berea flat
the night lies still.
Two early teens in their room.
Time Magazine lies open
at an article on Stockhausen –
controversial *avant-garde* composer
who stripped down the world's anthems
and mixed in among other things,
electronic waves and his own breathing.
Two brothers' fingers turn radio dials:
HUM ECHO SQUEAK SWISH BUBBLE BEEP

each aerial picking up frequencies...

What follows is what they are after:

As Stockhausen said one could,
the boys generate between them
a third music of eerie beauty.

Holding their radios
two brothers swoop and dive – they improvise
strange new music from a cosmos of meaning
for hours and hours ‘til stars fade.

Stockhausen loved Blake’s lines:

“...he who kisses the joy as it flies,
Lives in Eternity’s sunrise.”

<https://www.theguardian.com/music/tomserviceblog/2013/may/07/contemporary-music-guide-karlheinz-stockhausen>

Data projector

I Found Poem

Over coffee she told me
a memorable moment
with technology:

“I connected it to a machine –
but someone had loaded porn
which projected on the big screen.

In shock I flung myself over the desktop
to hide the prank. Students were in stitches –
of course, it was still showing!

Time stood still
till I yanked the chord
to kill the ordeal.”

Original text of found poem:

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1re5A67wuw7jDy6wrg7-L6T90GYrGMeK/view>

II Member checking

For a while we lighten lockdown, debating the state of our hair.

I do my pet thing, rearrange the lecturer: off-centre,
chair: an arm's length away from tilted laptop lid,
to add interest for the viewer, we toy with props:
my red watch, her beloved Vietnamese tea pot.
She keeps an eye on the gate, expecting a nurse.
Her mother is bedridden, needs to be turned.

Background blurred, she re-reads
the poem I sent for her feedback. I say, "That Thursday
when we went to music in the City Hall, you came alive
with a glass of wine during interval in the foyer,
elaborating more on this poem."

Now she explains again – she studied Anatomy.

That dreaded moment in class – it looked like a pulsating heart!

We chortle. She's always amazed how the body

reacts when tech doesn't come to the party:

"I turn red and purple in a second. In panic, time freezes. I spin out.

More generally, today we're not aware...where our bodies are in space.

For example, directions have always been part of conversations:

'Next time, let's go for coffee at that new place?'

'How do you get there?'

'Drive down that lane, turn left at the corner café.'

(Her face turns wry.) Well, that day when my husband

drove away from Cape Town airport,

Google Maps didn't have local savvy.

After he turned off the freeway,

he got shot."

Long ago she *au paired* in Monte Carlo:

"When everyone's driving a Ferrari

and you're on foot, it bends your mind.

You feel excluded. My language skills dissolved.
I came across without humour.
I relate to our students.”
On campus is where I usually catch her.
Somewhere there is a chalk board: Welcome, Fam.
But now we work from home.
The nurse arrives. She turns around,
melts into the blurred background.

Electricity

Rolling Rs and guttural Gs idle beneath
while we speak English – his fifth, my second language.
I apologise, not being able to speak his first
as he does, mine, so fluently.
Then I ask about his forebearer, Sol Plaatje.
While overseas, protesting the Land Act of 1913,
he matched over seven hundred Setswana proverbs
with equivalents in French, German, Danish...

We unearth mutual ground. Linked to technology
not having touched computers throughout our first degree,
writing honours dissertations “with a bare pen”, as he calls it.
He says he can relate to our students during Covid-19
starting university with no computer literacy,
now forced to study from home –
no data, and load shedding:
while doing his Master’s, my interviewee
taught himself to use a computer.
The day of the deadline, while typing,
he lost electricity – didn’t know about saving.
Seven pm started over with one finger...
first thing the next day drove to Bloemfontein
from Thaba Nchu sixty kilometres away, to submit his thesis.

Recently in his PhD, he used symbolic interactionism
to examine name changes. We dig deeper...
fathers. Uncanny that both ours died
in car crashes when we were nine.
In the Free State province his father fought
for a new township called
Perseverance – Boitchoko.

But after he passed away, successors erased
the name of their new home.

We both work in academic development.

I ask about *letsema*. He agrees,
the tone of this word rings true
in this unparalleled time –
volunteer work for common good.

We have witnessed many colleagues
carrying peers and students
during remote assessment.

Then I ask him to read his poem.

Diphethogo le thekenoloji | Changes and technology

(Before our interview, the interviewee wrote this poem about his encounters
in his mother-tongue Setswana, which he also translated into English.

The font size is reduced, to be able to reflect the poem's original line breaks.)

*Diphetogo ke dijo tsa ka metlha
Motswana o rile go robala ke go fetoga
Tloga-tloga e tloga gale,
Kolobe ya morago e bonwa ke dintswa.*

Changes are our daily bread
Old Motswana man once said changes are inevitable
Early bird catches the fattest worm
Last pig will be caught by dogs

*Ke le morutabana o magorogo maswa,
Tlapantsho-bokwalelo ke matsapa fela
Fa ke retologa go ttharapatsa tshedimose tso,
Baithuti ha se go thantsha ke setshego gonne ke sa ba bone
Pelo e reng ka nako eo? ke e tshwere ka diatla e setswe ka legano
Bodishashe ba ka tthanola direthe morago ga foo.*

As a newly qualified educator

Writing on a blackboard comes with its challenges
Turning your back on the class full of naughty youngsters,
You hear them bursting into loud laughs and giggles
You are forced to restrain yourself under trying circumstances
After this, cowards may not return to this classroom.

Diphetho ditla ka lobelo le tseisang sedidi

Tiriso ya computer ka mo phaposing borutelo e ka go sia o tlhakatlhakane.

O re o tlanya ka monwana o le esi, o tseye ngwaga go wetsa polelo

Baithuti ba bone o le segatamarukgwana, mafaratlhatlha fela

O bo ne ditlhaka di tlhakatlhakana, keledi e sale e ti! Godimo ga letlapa la go tlanya

Selo se thegenologi ha se motshameko

Mme, ke yona fela tsela ya 'kgolo le diphethogo tse di tlhokegang.

Changes are taking place at a lightning speed
Manipulating a computer first time during lesson presentation can be challenging
Your struggles on a computer board may expose you as an unprepared amateur
Ending up losing respect and control of your class
Your nervousness leads to more confusion and more mishaps
New innovations can be difficult to handle
However, this is the only way of introducing new and necessary developments

Video

I This is their MIT

His face appears on my screen and we both light up with delight at seeing each other again. Since our project ended, more than two years have flashed past. Now I want to interview him for my PhD – discuss encounters with technology. He thinks back, “I came to you after I heard you present in a Faculty Board meeting”. I nudge him towards playfulness – “Most colleagues just walk straight into my office when they want to see me, but you? Waited, patiently – like a good Catholic boy, that day in the foyer”:

*

The secretary knocks softly. She peeks through the open doorway with that leprechaun twinkle in her green eyes, as she does when she has a good surprise for me. She is always up to something, even now that she is over sixty and I dread her retirement. “He is waiting.”

Most lecturers who come to see me, just walk into my office. He waits in the foyer – an ostentatious word for the place where that droopy pot plant is wedged as doorstop to keep the front door open, so we don’t need to punch in the keypad’s password when our hands are full from fetching water; the foyer where the rickety tower of blue plastic in-trays remain hopeful – that it might still receive something to hold in this age of emails crisscrossing the skies like invisible easyjets.

I walk down the corridor to where he sits next to the old photocopier that warms up like an old man on a winter’s morning, then spits out a dark grey rendition of the document you placed under its loose-limbed lid. This lecturer who asked for a consultation, sits pensively in that sagged maroon chair that came our way during the merger – the chair is so low that this tall man’s knees almost come past his ears.

He straightens out above me and shakes my hand; follows me to my office, past the old beige and brown metal cupboards into which, sometimes in hasty efforts to tidy, I stuff strange dusty objects that keep appearing from nowhere just when I expect visitors. Last week I piled the clattering shelves with heavy blocks that could be batteries. Maintenance say they have run out of space for redundant things, so we just try to live among these ancestors in our family tree as best we can.

He follows me through the glass door, perhaps a bit like Harry Potter and Hermione through platform nine and three quarters. Except, we don't storm our portal to the other side, we glide through it. Beyond, the air is different. The eLearning Help Desk man has a knack for Feng sui. He grew up in an expanse of vegetable gardens among his aunties whose saris he could barely see, as they were on their knees tending to cabbages large as moons.

Once through the glass door, we walk past a row of eLearning offices that open up onto a social space where those who can, gather to eat around the table at 12.00. As we walk on, the space is still empty. Noon is often sounded, not by a cannon as in cultured Cape Town – here, lunch is more likely to be announced by one of our team members approaching. One of us brings with her all the way down the passage to the table, rhythmic percussions emanating from a nest of keys bouncing around her neck – as she sinks into the chair her head lets go of her shoulders in a sigh, then she looks down in anticipation opening a polystyrene container – more often than not, fried chops and chips from the cafeteria. Another colleague's envied French-manicured fingertips (she does it herself – she's ambidextrous), clip open a lunch box releasing cardamom and elachie into the air, from sandwiches her husband crafts early mornings from leftovers, while she sits in the prayer room with their son before school. The systems administrator prefers to eat in his office and comes out to listen with his charcoal eyes, and catch a bit of cricket on the large thin screen on

the wall. (There was that day when he wore glistening blue contacts without forewarning and I took it as confirmation of my suspicions that he is progressively manifesting his inner cyborg.) For the past twenty-seven years, I have eaten two slices of seed loaf with sliced tomato. Perhaps a self-prescribed constant in the turbulent eLearning seas. (At one stage I brought in extra from home – to share with a colleague who never paused to refuel. That was no altruism on my part – I gave it to her before meetings which I only scheduled for after lunch, so her plummeted blood sugar levels wouldn't spark a row in the meeting. I got to grasp some of her many admirable dimensions over the years – this indefatigable warrior with a heart for the underdog; single mom who rose daily short after 2 am to write novels, then worked her projects, spoke to her four sisters on Skype and played her music before tending to her waking children. It was on one of those early mornings when she found an intruder clasped onto the bedroom burglar bars like a monkey – she screamed and pounded his knuckles with a tennis racket until he let go and ran off. She felt awful for days because of her petrified daughter and for the youthful fright in the burglar's eyes.)

I escort the visitor into my office. Through the big windows, light floods in. It gets that otherworldly luminosity from further up the hill where it reflects off the lotus-covered dam in the Botanic Gardens – the light then seeps through contorted arms of ficus trees and further down over Curries Fountain sports grounds (where struggle heroes once toyi-toyed side by side on stage), finally the light wells up to my windows on the first floor of the Mariam Bee building, named after ML Sultan's wife who bore him ten children. Perhaps most of all, this incandescence is because underneath the campus flows a stream – the fountain bubbles up across the road by Horticulture. Rumour has it that underneath our Cane Grower's Hall, is a giant old pump and if it should cease to work, campus will be flooded. I invite my colleague to sit down to talk about his eLearning needs.

*

Early on in our first consultation, he tells me when he started high school, a teacher walked right up to him and said, “You...talk too much.” He doesn’t remember that he was even talking. I imagine her stern, unadorned face close to his, her rosary swinging between them – perhaps it was a Thursday and she had just finished saying the luminous mysteries? I imagine he kept quiet more. Clearly, his surprise at her reprimand lasted well into his working years, as here he sits in my office telling me the tale. My imagination maintains it was because of the luminous mysteries she had just recited before her lesson, that she knew, before he did, that a window opened in his mind when he returned from the mountains. A window through which he now saw his teacher. She said he talks too much, but what she meant was, “I can see what you are up to.” She knew that through this schoolboy’s eyes, the apron over her habit changed – it morphed into a hakama over a kimono. A person of her spiritual stature knew – what this really indicated, was that in him that day, awoke a slumbering skill – to heed closely, probe, perceive the world in its true, refracted forms – like when the light transforms as it moves through mountain ravines and gorges, through prisms of dew and frost, sun and storm. I imagine him after the bell rang that day, standing on the school stoep – perceiving worlds through that opening in his mind – looking out over the hills dotted with homesteads where once little Nelson Mandela also stood tall with his cattle (like my colleague, when he was small)...looking out beyond the Mthatha river that got its name according to some, from being a reaper when the big rains come to take everything.

*

In our virtual interview, after an hour of catching up on life, the universe and everything, our discussion has now progressed onto that video project we ran for his students after that first meeting in my office in the Mariam Bee building. When I ask what motivated him to start this in the first place,

he says: “I wanted them to know what they are capable of when things fall apart.”

He continues, “I had just completed my Master’s on self-directed learning. I ran a survey that showed most of our faculty’s students come from disadvantaged backgrounds, and that they are first generation university students.” I remind him – what moved me most when we met, was that he told me most students in the survey said how privileged they felt to be studying at such a well-resourced university. He leans closer to the screen, “This is their MIT, Marí”. It tucks at my heart again and I think how I have always felt glum about the assortment of chairs at building entrances throughout our campuses – some have missing back-rests, some seats are torn open; used mostly by security guards who are planted to keep us safe from an influx of crime off the street. (Except that it was a security guard who killed a student during unrest just last year. He fired a real gun instead of rubber bullets.) In lighter moments I have thought to do a portrait study of university chairs and lecture benches – of interviewing them for their stories. Surely at least one or two of these seats had witnessed the days when ML Sultan Technikon was built with grants from the Cane Grower’s Society of which indentured labourers were members, in an era when the twin university across the road was subsidised by the National Party government. Apart from my emotional response to the chairs, the litter always triggers an irate reflex in the Calvinist schoolteacher in me. Post-merger when I moved from across the road into this luminous office on the first floor, we scraped to create a small Wi-fi learning garden with new seats and some shade – because underneath my window, students had to huddle in groups in between cars to work on their mobile devices. Once looking for a colleague on her smoke break, I stumbled upon a student outside the first-floor emergency exit – he came up the metal fire escape staircase slippery with rain and pigeon poop (pigeons are the rats of the sky, they say) – he stood studying in the small dark undercover space outside the fire door, because he said he found the library too noisy. We demarcated the modest learning garden arranging

big pots in a curve – to block off the bricked study space which has always been there, but over which staff parked their cars illegally when they were not keen on parking further out on Curry’s sports grounds. We held ceremonies planting lemon and lime trees in the pots and installed small plaques on each, to remember late colleagues who succumbed, often from stress-related diseases, while working in IT positions. “This is their MIT, Mari”.

He continues, “Just before I came to see you, I did an eLearning course where I learnt to make videos. Our Human Resources graduates should know how to make training videos in the workplace. I ran a pilot, but it was a mess. The class is over a hundred in size, and I got many technical questions I couldn’t answer.” That was the point at which we began to meet weekly in my office and created a learning design to support this tenacious lecturer’s drive to show students that they need not be limited by where they come from. He says, he wanted to set them up for success, to excel. To his grounding in self-directed learning, I added my knowledge of authentic assessment – and so for the duration of the semester, we stayed afloat because of his insistence that there must be a way for large classes of which at least half didn’t own smartphones, to meet the outcomes of making professional quality videos without an over-reliance on him. “I wanted them to know I believed in them, but also that I was just one of their resources.” Then we recall how, as we proceeded, time played a magic trick in our favour. We had six months for the course, which had just been halved due to semesterisation. But the changes we made, created more time for him to be which he wanted to become more of – a listener, a mentor, a guide. He alternated lecture slots with practical sessions. He worked with group leaders who worked with team members who each carried responsibilities related to industry roles. He allowed students to use any means whatsoever to make those videos. He gave them rehearsal opportunities, during which he provided detailed feedback in relation to a well-thought-out marking rubric. He learnt to choose his words to verbalise a vocabulary for constructive peer critique. He lectured less and

listened more. Watched their body language. He who talks too much, looked out, over and into their worlds. As submission time approached, less feedback was necessary as they grew confident and strong in their work – these students who were on the brink of their work-integrated learning module coming up the semester following.

As our interview time runs out, he says, “There is one stressful incident I want to share with you. As a female student came walking to the front for her presentation, one male student reached out and slapped her on the thigh. After the lecture she came to my office and said she brought the guy along who was waiting outside my door – she wanted to address him in my presence. She told him that what he did was not acceptable. There was a lot of emotion on her part, and I could see there might have been something in her history. She told me she didn’t want to take it further.” We spend a while talking about the risks one takes when your students become more active, when roles begin to blur as you let go of the control you have in a traditional lecture; how we admire the mature way in which she handled it. How she taught the male student an invaluable lesson before he entered the world of work.

I ask him how he felt the day he watched the final videos. “I was so proud. I was so proud of them. They learnt to draw on their strengths. They came out of their shells, became creative. And I got to know more about myself – that I am capable of thinking on my feet; that I am resilient.”

We switch back to banter – brewing strong pineapple beer during lockdown (the country’s president announced the prohibition of liquor sales to relieve pressure on hospital emergency services during Covid-19). We vow – when our paper gets published, we will attend a conference in Japan, the place of his dreams. I ask what he is reading at the moment. Once we hang up, I buy one of his recommendations on Kindle – *Living to tell the tale*, the autobiography of our mutual favourite novelist, Gabriel

García Márquez. It opens with the words, “Life is not what one lived, but what one remembers and how one remembers it in order to recount it.”

II Human Resources students become self-directed

Week after week we meet. You bring
sweet *skafthina*, scholarly skill,
fine witness eyes, heart's
wishes to see them thrive:
you *see* the gorges and their riches.
Gently, we dismantle old pillars;
leave malleable scaffolds, make space
where you listen – they choose
how to cross chasms, navigate shards.
We watch; you guard, and note
how they use...bamboo, steel.
Some plait grass. Others
knot staples and shopping bags
into boats and bridges.
Strong, beautiful arches.

Skafthina: Food from home (isiXhosa)

Infographic

By training, a printmaking artist.
(We discover we share an Alma Mater,
and, in the beginning of our careers,
the shock of teaching enforced Afrikaans –
large classes walking all over us
in an era when the subject stood
in Christian National Education’s darkness.)

Soon into the interview she turns the tables –
have I ever considered poetry
as technology?

We turn to encounters –
teaching virtually during Covid.
She expresses what goes amiss –
she can’t see eyes in online lectures
(that one frowns; or, the lights come on...)
Many students know more than what they can say.
They are second-language, and visually orientated.
Some female students beg to return to campus.
At home they have to do all the slaving.
Some students load the Alps as background.
Perhaps they feel their homes don’t make the grade.

About face-to-face:

To be around
“Om daar te wees”

is what sticks with me most
from her contemplations –

understanding takes place both ways
in exchanges that cannot be arranged,
time-tabled. Accidental, intimate
office or corridor conversations.

But at the same time, the relentless routine
of clocking in is hard on the artist
who dreams of oils and canvas waiting.
(One day, I say, her time will come.
Mothering is creative
and when the nest is empty,
energy is available.)

Her supervisor told her
we learn most by mentoring –
once he was sent to visit another university.
When she asked him what was expected
he said, nothing specifically.
“Ek moes net daar wees.”
(I just had to be there.)

She explains,
“Partykeer...eet jy ‘n slaai langs iemand
en iets gebeur.”
(Sometimes...you eat a salad next to someone
and something happens.)
Online is abstract. But maybe we will get used to it.

On my screen she reaches
for a student’s infographic.
Information distilled on a single page
in pictures and text, hooking you
to read more.

The figurines, she says, are authentic expression.
The way that guy leans on a pool table
or the taxi conductor signals –
the student (whose English is not strong),
observed and captured body language
in a way that words cannot do –
his own kind of poetry.
“I think this is what a decolonised
graphic design curriculum means.”

After our exchange ends, I revisit a project she set
years ago for students, when Instagram was new –
her brief so focused on encouragement:
Your lens is your uniqueness;
Post frequently: be seen in the market;
And a student’s reflection –
how he got noticed, commissioned.

Here I am, after we parted,
my pen scribbling fast in semi-dark.
A rough poem runs along the page

eventually fingers switch to keyboard, begin to craft.
Every word and white space,
each line break
matters. I think of the gift of her question –
if ever I think of poetry
as technology. I turn to her Master’s.
Artist probing if drawing *is*
embodied thinking, not only a result
of a priory cognitive processing.

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Things

To end, I revisit
all those poems written from interviews
to show a few actor networks
and objects linked to humans – things –
that participate (block...or permit)
lecturers' ability to shape identity.
My list is not exhaustive.

Family, the bull's eye.
Eisbein in the oven for friends.
A walking stick and a spark in the eye.
Recognition of prior learning gained.
An adjustable prosthetic socket, patented.

We laugh...
Leopard print pants and stilettoes.
So, she forced eLearning on her staff.
During lecture break – lapel mike forgotten on
in the loo. A motto: *Do first, beg forgiveness later.*
The bicycle spoke from which her boyfriend made a needle:
in Covid-19 lockdown, she learnt to crochet to stay sane.

Figuring out how to delete secret call histories
on mother's mobile – teenager learning technology.
A boy on a bike – sent by matriarchs of the village
to the hospital on the hill, to charge their phones.
Handling runaway industrial sewing machines.
Likening hieroglyphs...and emojis;
continual tech change with
a state bordered by seven countries

or learning to weave Swahili.

Teacher planting a stink bomb
in his snobbish principal's office.
Asking Adobe to read to students
so they can hear errors in their essays.
Sending the class bluff emails –
pretending to fail those who refuse
to support his soccer team, Pirates.

Bedroom wall turned to chalk board –
a father painted it
over his boy's scribbles.
Abhorring his mother's flash card drills.
Playing on her typewriter.
Shortcutting data capturing
to the wrath of his sergeant.
Stealing a Bible.

Being banned
from using her brand-new Mac –
forced to use pen and paper.
Vowing to become an open-minded,
nurturing lecturer.

Mother's fingers weaving rugs.
In dad's shop, eating donuts.
Fleeing to the USA where a patient professor
circles Persian symbols in her Math equations.
Immigrating to Africa. Standing up to a bully.
Living sacred text: *Elevate*
all beings and things under your power
to beauty.

Two teen brothers read Time Magazine....
swoop and dive through the night
to music they tease from shortwave signals.
Recording lectures remote in a room,
saddened by separation from students –
missing that living thing between them.

Her body flung over the desktop screen,
yanking the cable to stop the prank
from showing on the big screen,
students giggling.... Over music
a glass of wine and glowing cheeks
retelling details of the ordeal:
body flushed in red and purple
from embarrassment and shock.
Member checking performed through Teams,
comfort from a treasured terracotta tea pot,
blurred background concealing
a nurse turning her mother.

A bare pen, writing a thesis.
Not knowing to save typed work.
Losing electricity. Starting over. Handing in.
His Setswana and my Afrikaans
share rolling Rs and guttural Gs.
A poem this respondent gifted to me:

*Stay open to change:
turning your back to the board,
the class giggles, you lose control...*

A photocopier, coughing. Lunch break around a table
talking of vegetable gardens and toiling aunties.
Keeping out crime with bunches of keys.

Cyborg-like lenses confusing colleagues.

Ditching lectures to listen, watch

students arch over tech ravines –

cross curriculum chasms,

chart their way into industry.

Being around – on corridors, to sense students' worlds,

or, at a conference – eating salad next to someone new.

In our interview, respondent fielding questions –

perplexed thereafter, I, interviewer,

think through my fingers.

This thesis

ceded to stories:

Actor Network Theory

and poetic inquiry hand-in-glove –

truth performed by things and teachers.

Wolff says, to surrender is cognitive love.

(Wolff 1972, cited in Prendergast, 2015, p. 682)

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<https://www.mendeley.com/guides/harvard-citation-guide>

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APPENDIX 1: ETHICAL CLEARANCE



Institutional Research Ethics Committee
Research and Postgraduate Support Directorate
2nd Floor, Berwyn Court
Gate 1, Steve Biko Campus
Durban University of Technology

P O Box 1334, Durban, South Africa, 4001

Tel: 031 373 2375
Email: lavishad@dut.ac.za
http://www.dut.ac.za/research/institutional_research_ethics

www.dut.ac.za

19 May 2020

Ms M M Peté
24 Impala Crescent
La Lucia
4051

Dear Ms Peté

A poetic inquiry into lecturers' agency in relation to their encounters with technological teaching tools
Ethical Clearance number IREC 186/19

The Institutional Research Ethics Committee acknowledges receipt of your gatekeeper permission letter.

Please note that FULL APPROVAL is granted to your research proposal. You may proceed with data collection.

Any adverse events [serious or minor] which occur in connection with this study and/or which may alter its ethical consideration must be reported to the IREC according to the IREC Standard Operating Procedures (SOP's).

Please note that any deviations from the approved proposal require the approval of the IREC as outlined in the IREC SOP's.

Yours Sincerely

Professor J K Adam
Chairperson: IREC

APPENDIX 2: GATEKEEPER PERMISSION

15 May 2020

TO Dr L Linganiso - Director: Research and Postgraduate Support

Request for Permission to Conduct Research

Dear Dr Linganiso,

My name is Mari Peté, a PhD student at the Durban University of Technology. The research I wish to conduct for my Doctoral thesis is a poetic enquiry that examines lecturers' encounters with technological teaching tools.

I am hereby seeking your consent to interview between ten (10) and fifteen (15) lecturers, aiming for approximately two (2) representatives from each faculty of the Durban University of Technology.

I have provided you with a copy of my proposal which includes copies of the data collection tools and consent and/ or assent forms to be used in the research process, as well as a copy of the approval letter which I received from the Institutional Research Ethics Committee (IREC).

If you require any further information, please do not hesitate to contact me – mpete@dut.ac.za – 083 296 9433. Thank you for your time and consideration in this matter.

Yours sincerely,

Mari Peté

eLearning Training and Support to Faculty
Centre for Excellence in Learning and Teaching
Durban University of Technology

APPENDIX 3: INTERVIEWEES' LETTER OF INFORMATION



LETTER OF INFORMATION

Dear Participant, you are invited to participate in an interview of 90 minutes, for the purpose of my PhD study in Visual and Performing Arts registered at the Faculty of Arts and Design, Durban University of Technology. Please refer to the details below and let me know if you are willing.

I appreciate your time and interest.

Marí Peté

PhD student in Visual and Performing Arts, Durban University of Technology, 083 296 9433

Title of the Research Study: A poetic inquiry into lecturers' encounters with technological teaching tools

Principal Investigator/researcher: Margaretha Maria Peté, Master's in Education (Computer-assisted Education)

Supervisor/s: Main supervisor: Professor Jean-Philippe Wade (PhD)

Co-supervisor: Professor Johannes Cronjé (DLitt)

Introduction and Purpose of the Study:

In this study I will write poetry to capture lecturers' experiences (encounters) with technology in a teaching context. I will gather data by interviewing 10-15 lecturers, representing all faculties of the Durban University of Technology.

Responsibilities of the participant and interview details: In order to participate, you need to be a staff member of the Durban University of Technology. If you are willing to participate in an interview with me, the researcher, I will send you some poems in advance. I have written these poems from personal experiences with technology. You could (but are not obliged to) read these poems as background, and as possible conversation prompts. During the interview we will meet to discuss your own experiences. I will record our conversation, then afterwards write poetry from it, then share such poetry with you via email for your consideration, further input and feedback. I will ask you to email me in response.

Venue details: These will be virtual meetings using conferencing software that you are comfortable with, such as Teams / Zoom / Skype. I undertake to meet with you under conditions that satisfy requirements for privacy and confidentiality.

Risks: There are no foreseeable risks to you or discomforts related to participating. There is no risk of injury. You may withdraw at any stage without having to furnish a reason. There will be no costs to you.

Benefits: After you have seen the poem(s), you will have the option of agreeing to have the poem(s) published in a poetry collection flowing from my study – you will have the option of having your name added to mine as co-author of the poem(s). There will be no financial or other forms of remuneration to participants. It is unlikely that the poetry will generate any form profit.

**Persons to Contact in the Event of Any Problems or
Queries:**

Please contact me, the researcher (0832969433), my main supervisor, Professor Wade (0744320234) or the Institutional Research Ethics Administrator on 031 373 2375. Complaints can be reported to the DVC: Research, Innovation and Engagement, Professor S Moyo, on 031 373 2577 or moyos@dut.ac.za

APPENDIX 4: TEMPLATE OF INTERVIEWEE CONSENT FORM



CONSENT

Statement of Agreement to Participate in the Research Study:

- I hereby confirm that I have been informed by the researcher, Margaretha Maria Peté, about the nature, conduct, benefits and risks of this study - Research Ethics Clearance Number: 186/19
 - I have also received, read and understood the above written information (Participant Letter of Information) regarding the study.
 - I am aware that the results of the study, including personal details regarding my sex, age, date of birth, initials and diagnosis will be anonymously processed into a study report.
 - In view of the requirements of research, I agree that the data collected during this study can be processed in a computerised system by the researcher.
 - I may, at any stage, without prejudice, withdraw my consent and participation in the study.
 - I have had sufficient opportunity to ask questions and (of my own free will) declare myself prepared to participate in the study.
 - I understand that significant new findings developed during the course of this research which may relate to my participation will be made available to me

Full Name of Participant

Date &

Time

Signature /

RightThumbprint

herewith confirm that the above participant has been fully informed about the nature, conduct and risks of the above study.

Margaretha Maria Peté 5 June 2020

Full Name of Witness N/A (If applicable)

Date Signature

Full Name of Legal Guardian N/A (If applicable) Date

Signature

APPENDIX 5: TURNITIN ORIGINALITY REPORT

Thesis			
ORIGINALITY REPORT			
2%	1%	1%	1%
SIMILARITY INDEX	INTERNET SOURCES	PUBLICATIONS	STUDENT PAPERS
PRIMARY SOURCES			
1	sjackson.infosci.cornell.edu Internet Source	<1%	
2	www.theguardian.com Internet Source	<1%	
3	www.cs.dartmouth.edu Internet Source	<1%	
4	medium.com Internet Source	<1%	
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[Ch 2: Poetic inquiry methodology](#) | [Ch 3: Technology and the lecturer's agency](#)
[Ch 4: Theorising poems reflexively](#) | [Ch 5: Conclusion](#)
[Ch 6: Encounters: A collection of poems](#)