

Being Quantum

Being Quantum:
Ontological Storytelling
in the Age of Antenarrative

Edited by

David M. Boje and Tonya L. Henderson

**CAMBRIDGE
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P U B L I S H I N G

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PART I:

TIME IN TIMESPACE MATTERING

INTRODUCTION

DAVID M. BOJE AND TONYA L. HENDERSON

In this part of the book, there are many ways of looking at time; each tries to get beyond clock time, that calculated, divisible time of Cartesian duality, and Newtonian physics. Here, we shall continue our relationship to Deleuzian ontology, and to Baradian spacetime-mattering, as a fusion without dashes between the nouns, and converting them to the active verb of *spacingtimingmattering*. We want to ground this in quantum storytelling, and say something about organizational development implications.

Linear Clock Time

Arguments for a Newtonian time construct tend to be grounded in traditional science and supported using the second law of thermodynamics, increasing entropy, as justification. The irreversible nature of some processes seems to suggest a view of time that only moves in one direction, from the past to the present (Mitchell, 2009; Prigogine, 1996). Abbott (1990) uses discrete linear time as an ordering principle as he explores the role of history in influencing future occurrences; he considers sequences to be indications of underlying processes, suggesting three types of sequence questions, all of which pertaining to the existence of patterns, the independent variables shaping them, along with their consequences, and recommends colligation; the development of a theoretical “story” linking each of the events, to confirm the existence of non-recurring sequences. Shelldrake’s (1988) concept of morphic resonance also seems to suggest a linear, causal view of time. Evolutionary theory and related works in complexity again point toward an unfolding, unidirectional arrow of time.

Event-based Time Concepts

Yet not all perspectives of time are consistent with this view. Roy (1959) famously introduced the concept of “Banana time” to explain the punctuation of the work day by specific events that have meaning to

workers. Giuliani (2009) views intellectual capital through a temporal lens wherein time is considered to be a sequence of key events; specifically, as a series of joint venture development phases. Staudenmayer, Tyre, & Perlow (2002) combine three empirical case studies wherein temporal shifts are explained as shared experiences that alter perceptions of time, control over time, and its use. Mandelbrot (2004), in his discourse on the fractal nature of market behaviors, describes financial markets as “operating on their own trading time”, quite distinct from the linear ‘clock time’ in which we normally think” (p. 22). Wiener (1954) indicates, “While the second law of thermodynamics applies to the whole world, it does not do so uniformly, such that “temporary islands of decreasing entropy” exist” (p. 36). Each of these authors suggests an event-based way of viewing time, breaking with the unidirectional, linear perspective.

Multifaceted and Socially Constructed Perspectives

Harvey, Kiessling, and Richey (2008) recommend the adaptation of international marketing processes to accommodate varying cultural time perspectives, arguing that local social time requires changes in marketing practices for multinational companies. Five different aspects of time are identified as affecting global marketing strategies: its nature (real or epiphenomenal), experience (clock or social time), flow (novel, cyclical, or punctuated), structure (discrete, continuous, or epochal), and temporal referent point (past, present, or future); but emphasis is placed on social time, grounded in cultural perspective (Harvey, Kissing, & Richey, 2008, pp. 147-148). Massey and Montoya-Weiss (2006) explore temporal aspects of media use in the Knowledge Conversion (KC) process, whose aim is the transformation or transference of understanding between individuals based on two individual temporal behavior types, monochronic (sequential, linear view of time) and polychronic (relational, intangible view of time). These two temporal behavior types influence the effective selection and use of media (Massey & Montoya-Weiss, 2006). Antonacopoulou, Hardiness, and Tsoukas (2002) advocate subjective, nonlinear time constructs in lieu of clock time. Ancona, Goodman, Lawrence, and Tushman (2001) highlight the need for multiple time perspectives in organizations, including the consideration of ambidextrous organizations. Waistell (2006) suggests that metaphors affect “a transfer from their author’s space and time to that of their readers,” exploring the enduring nature of text. For him, a metaphor’s role is to link the past and future in human perceptions. Purser and Petranker (2005) explore multiple time concepts and suggest knowledge of the future grounded in the present, and a more Bergsonian view. In each

case, we find authors contemplating time as something more than the ticking of a clock in a unidirectional, measured fashion.

We would like to extend and contribute to the existing literature on time with three sorts of time in quantum storytelling. We then turn to OD possibilities.

Three Kinds of Time of Quantum Storytelling

Quantum storytelling interweaves three kinds of time. The narrative time is strategic, a dominating time, surveying the past, planning the future accordingly, capturing by form and classification schemes, leaping over any sort of duration event, transforming all durations into general abstract narrative accounts. The living story, by contrast, is more tactical in its anti-memory; is individualizing, is happening in the middle, forgetting the past, unsettled about endings, heading in all directions by conjunction ('and, ... and, ... and ...') a different ontology of time altogether. The antenarrative sort of time is about making connections between aspects of narrative time and living story time. You could simply say: narrative classifies, living story conjunctures, and antenarratives connect everything differently.

We beg your indulgence as we use this Deleuzian-Peircean theory to say something important about time and its relation to organizational development (OD). We will summarize two triads, their relationship, and then turn to OD. Figure 1 serves as a visual aid in considering the following sections.

First Triad of Time in Quantum Storytelling

Quantum storytelling is a triad of three sorts of time tales. Narrative proceeds by classifying time into segments, from 'beginning, middle, to end,' a multiplicity of straight lines, a linear logic of classification of everything into tree-structures. Living story proceeds from the middle, a duration of time present that is mattering coming and going rather than starting and finishing a matter ('and, ... and ... and ...') conjunctions to other living stories in an ever expanding web. Antenarrative proceeds by connecting this time to that time, in multiplicities that overthrow the narrative time and living story time. Deleuze and Guattari (1987) tell us "the story of multiplicity" as the interplay of territorializing, deterritorializing, and reterritorializing. In this first triadic of quantum storytelling, narrative is territorializing, living story deterritorializes, and antenarrative reterritorializes.

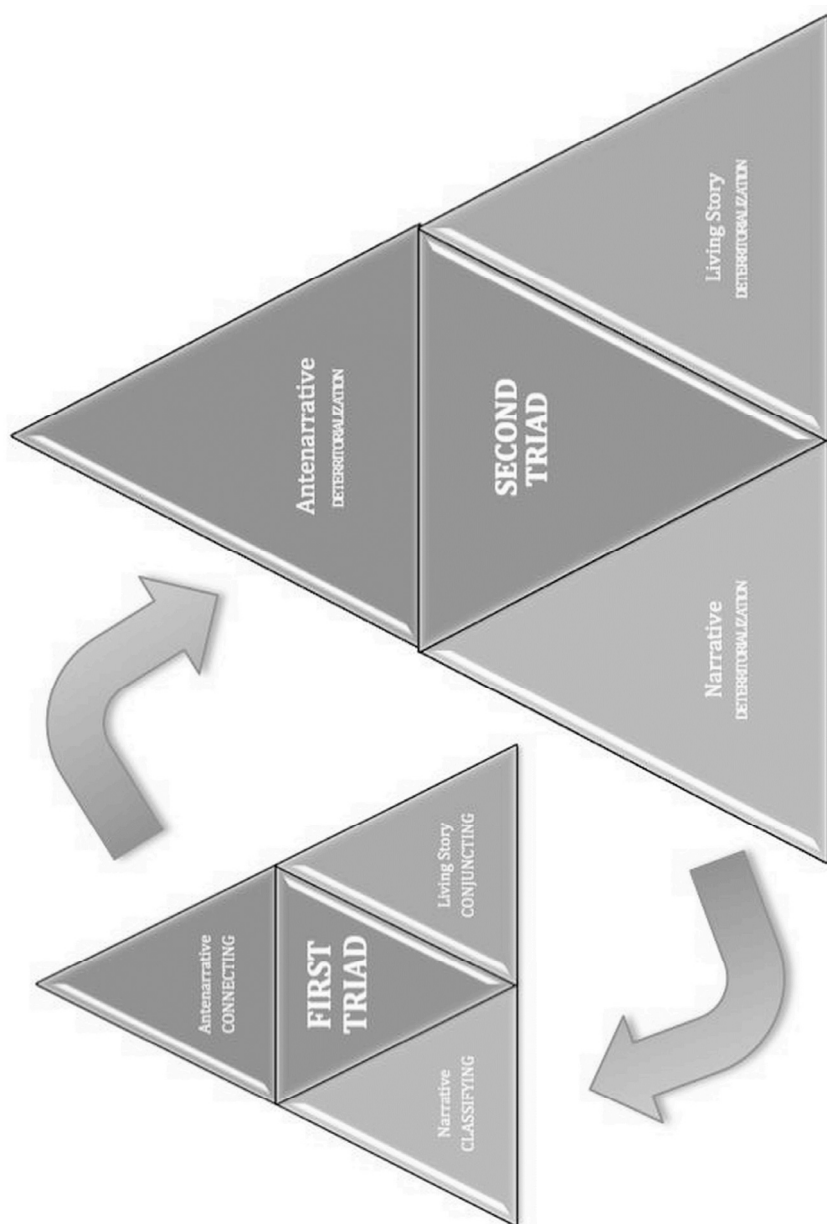


Figure 1: Two Quantum Storytelling Triads

Let's take a closer look at first triad so the three rhizomes of quantum storytelling stand out. In the first triad, narrative is the time-collapsing rhizome of abstract time, the rhizome of the spreading root-tree, converting matter to branches, that linear time progression for calculating abstract clock time with chronology, known as *Chronos*. Living story is the rhizome of 'in-the-middle', middling between things, moving without memory tactically, yet staying in time with seasons, in the primordial lifeworld in that tactical time of 'timing', known as *Kairos*. Living story is a kind of mattering-time in places, what Deleuze and Guattari, (1987: 261) call "the relations of movement and rest between molecules or particles" the in-between of time moving. Antenarrative is a rhizome of making new connections between narrative rhizome and living story rhizome. They call it a time of "emplacements" of individualities, in space of a lattice of longitudes and latitudes, and exclaim "what a story" (ibid, p. 261)!

Now the fun begins, as each sort of telling, enters second triad of quantum storytelling. We are invoking Charles Sanders Peirce, to get at this idea of triads, as fractals from each point of the first triad into this second triad (see Boje, 2013 for the pragmatics of Peircean triads).

Second Triad of Reterritorializing in Quantum Storytelling

Each sort of quantum storytelling of time in spacetimemattering is a very different multiplicity of reterritorializing, which was both territorialized and deterritorialized. Quantum storytelling enters a more dynamic triadic of reterritorializing; in their reterritorializing modality, quantum storytellings look different than in the first triad. Each becomes a new rhizome, different from the rhizomes in first triad. In the second triad, narrative transforms its rhizome from territorializing to deterritorializing. That which narrative had classified by use of abstract Chronos-time, it now reterritorializes, with a striated quantified time that opposes its own smooth units of generalized time. In the second triad, the living story deterritorializes, but is much less powerful; the antenarrative turns fractal, traversing great distances of time, and of space, and ways of mattering, in order to reterritorialize itself. All three have a "taste for matter" (ibid, p. 485), but tastes that are quite different in spacetime.

OD really knows how to practice the first triad pragmatics of time in spacetimemattering. It is not as adept at the dynamic second triad work. Let's try to help.

OD and the Second Triad of Quantum Storytelling

In first triad, OD is part of the capitalist project of producing the universal subject of its narrative of progress, where many substitutions get made: nature for resource, humans for machine power, managerial control for shareholder value, and so forth). This ‘amounts to saying’ OD is complicit in a grand narrative, a rhizome of territorializing everything, and then doing those substitutions. As OD involves its work in the second triad, a “*threshold of deterritorialization*” happens, where it over codes what it territorialized as organizations went multinational, then global. Living story in the first triad was already reterritorializing, and now has to step up its game to keep from being encircled, and swallowed whole by the progress made by the grand narrative of late modern capitalism. The time at work of living labor power becomes a contested terrain, between grand narrative and living story. With its enormous monetary mass, funding OD, the “supranatural power” resists the state (‘shrinks the state’) and the “force of deterritorialization is infinitely suppressing the deterritorialization of the state” (ibid, p. 453). The state is territorial, but the corporation as it goes regional, national, and global is definitely not territorial, it is reterritorializing. The corporate and the State deterritorializations overpower the individuating deterritorializations of living story power. The more powerful deterritorializations turn living storytellers and their living stories into objects, the earth into an object, and create deadness everywhere. The “materialized labor” becomes a “commodity” (ibid, p. 453). Dominant, general narratives of time become the model of realization. Individuated living story deterritorializes by lines of flight. However, the acceleration of the acceleration of time by corporate and state deterritorializations leaves few avenues of escape; living story deterritorialization is overrun by the “materialist” deterritorializations of the modern state and multinational corporations.

Our point is quite simple: employing OD in the first triad is very different from doing so in the second triad. Second triad quantum storytelling calls for a different sort of OD, one aligned with posthumanist ethics. The second triad risks its three deterritorializations, being so far from the equilibrium of complexities that “naked labor,” “community,” Nature, and all three matterings, succumb to the abstract virtual flows of capital. The Cybernetics Age takes this to a whole new threshold of enslavement: “... the naked or the ‘free’ worker of capitalism takes subjection to the most radical expression, since the processes of subjectification no longer even enter into partial conjunctions that interrupt the flow” (ibid, p. 457). It is here that OD can make a difference by

opening up spaces and times for living story conjunctions, along with antenarratives of reterritorializations of the grand narratives of work, progress myths, total quality, reengineering, and so forth.

The Chapters

The chapters in this section contribute much to our understanding of time, drawing on wisdom from lived experience, *temps durée* (Boje, 2011; Letiche, 2000; Purser & Petranker, 2005), and deviation from normal modes of perception, always through story. These authors introduce nonlinear time constructs through poetic accounts of lived experience, atavistically transporting us to adopt ancient Greek modes of understanding, and entreat us to consider Heidegger's (1962) experience of the present as falling toward death, until ultimately we go the transformative way of the alchemist in composited time.

Each author takes us on a journey that makes our old, mechanistic views of temporality harder to swallow. We will offer you a taste herein, just as the candy seller offers a small bite of chocolate with full knowledge that you will buy a whole box as a result. "A Newtonian Cowboy tells you what time zone you are in, and wears a fancy watch to back it up. A Quantum Cowboy leaps across time to prove the everlastingness of his love" (Bonifer, 2014). Mike Bonifer's storytelling gives us a sense of time that is multifaceted and anything but linear. Through this insightful telling, he shows us that "Quantum narratives can be experienced as both local and fractal, as time-and-place sensitive, and as timeless and universal. They can be experienced as particles and in waves. On the local, time-sensitive, particulate level..." (Bonifer, 2014). Thom Pittz turns our attention to sustainability, exploring the idea from a quantum-inspired frame of reference. He discusses the need for a nonlinear view of time in his depiction of New Mexico State University's sustainability efforts as a quantum storytelling spiral. Gerri McCulloh's Kairotic, opportune time can be termed atavistic, as it revives ancient Greek ways of 'knowing' in generative ways. Hers is "a living, emergent time that may be understood through a posthumanist and vital materialist quantum adaptive rhetoric" (McCulloh, 2014). She connects this view of time with vital materialism, taking up the long-disputed argument between Heisenberg and Bohr, calling for an accounting of the apparatuses used to create knowledge, and exploring cellular memory and the configuring of human beings as microbiological collectives in her alternative approach to time, space, and matter. Joseph McCaleb and Thor Gibbons' Good Stories course offers a multi-layered method for storytelling and remixing stories using variations

on archetypal images for deeper understanding. They describe a transformational sort of meaning-making as a phenomenon in the context of story, and invoke Barad's agential cut, illustrating these points with the aid of datable moments in lived experience. They caution the reader about the potential loss of nuance when we focus solely on the reality of any situation, then explore Heideggerian notions of time and of experiencing the present as falling toward death. Hockenberry transports the ancient transformative wisdom of the alchemist into modern entrepreneurial settings; she offers multiple views of temporal and spatial perception to honor discovery, foresight, and the nontraditional paths these two guides may lead us down. To be sure, each offering has spatial, material, and spiritual lessons to impart, but we will first invite you to suspend time with us as you rapidly turn these pages.

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CHAPTER ONE

QUANTUM COWBOY

MIKE BONIFER

Belief, like fear or love, is a force to be understood as we understand the theory of relativity, and principles of uncertainty. Phenomena that determine the course of our lives. Yesterday, my life was headed in one direction. Today, it is headed in another. Yesterday, I believed I would never have done what I did today. These forces that often remake time and space, they can shape and alter who we imagine ourselves to be, begin long before we are born, and continue after we perish. Our lives and our choices, like quantum trajectories, are understood moment to moment. That each point of intersection, each encounter, suggests a new potential direction.

—David Mitchell, *Cloud Atlas*

Introducing Cowboy Bob

My father, Robert “Bob” Bonifer, 1924–2005, worked as a farmer and small businessman, and lived with his wife, Fern, and their six children (of whom I am eldest) on a 189-acre farm located 5 miles southwest of Ireland, Indiana, in the southwestern part of the state. Born in Louisville, Kentucky, Bob spent his formative years growing up in a neighborhood near the horseracing track, Churchill Downs, site of the world-famous Kentucky Derby, where his father would often take him to watch the horses during their morning workouts. He grew up loving horses and idolizing the cowboys he’d see in the movies of his youth.

In 1937, when Bob was 12 years old, his father, Adam, lost a good-paying job as a Cadillac mechanic in Louisville. Adam, his wife, Lena, and their six children, relocated 90 miles to the west of Louisville in rural southern Indiana, where both sides of the family had relatives. Bob’s father opened a garage and gas station in the tiny farming town of Ireland,

Indiana. Over the next few years Bob, the oldest of Adam and Lena's six children, began identifying himself locally as "Cowboy Bob."

As a teenager, he liked to dress up like a cowboy and pose for his parents' camera with a toy six-shooter, a lariat, or a guitar. He kept meticulous albums of movie cowboys and other movie stars. He saved up enough money from working in his father's garage to buy a horse, and learned to hunt rabbits from the back of the horse, which was named Spotty. He was a dreamer, and he knew how to turn those dreams into substance.

A mysterious series of events in World War II, about which he never spoke and rarely even hinted at for the rest of his life, shaped and informed Cowboy Bob's world after the War. He would only refer to his experiences in World War II in oblique ways, never directly. There were rumors, never substantiated. Only after my Cowboy Bob's passing in 2005 did we learn the truth of what he had experienced in the War, and how it had shaped my family's life on our farm.

There came a point in my own life—I was 12 years old, the same age my father had been when his reality had been shredded by the Great Depression—when I decided to be a teller of his story. My experiences, examinations, and explorations of his story are the foundation for my understanding of everything I know about narrative.

I'm still telling his story. Telling it right here. The part I'm telling here is how quantum stories like Cowboy Bob's shape the future by letting the past inform the present in the form of play.

The Aroma of Horses

Robert Lee Bonifer was born in Sts. Mary and Elizabeth Hospital, in Louisville, Kentucky, on October 6, 1924. When asked to explain his lifelong love of horses, my father would say that "On the way home from the hospital after I was born, we drove past [the horse racing track] Churchill Downs. I caught the aroma of horses, and I've loved horses ever since."

As the eldest of six children, I played the role of 'House Skeptic'. I could see my mother roll her eyes when my father made some of his more outlandish claims, like this one. I questioned how he could possibly remember an aroma he claimed to have smelled when he was only days old. That was before I knew anything about storytelling, or the science of memory. Today, it occurs to me that whether it happened is not nearly as relevant as the idea that it could have happened. It was a possibility. His parents did, in fact, live near Churchill Downs, and it is conceivable that

they could have driven past the racetrack on their way home from the hospital with Baby Cowboy Bob. Also, the science of memory tells us that the brain registers everything the senses take in. Thus, if ‘Horse Aroma’ helps to explain my father, then why not?

Furthermore, whether it actually happened in the way he described is small potatoes compared to what I believe my father meant: To be alive, is to smell the horses; and: You can smell a good story; and: The origins of a story are sensual. The believability of a story rests not only on the feasibility and accuracy of its material, but also on what that material means. And by that I mean its relationship to other material.

Let’s connect to the Aroma of Horses...

Anyone who has been around horses for any length of time, especially during his or her early years, and has had good experiences with them, will tell you that the smell of a horse barn—the odors of marvelous large animals and the environment in which one tends to those animals—the hay, the tack, the sawdust, the sweet smelling feeds and rich manures—is one you never forget. “Aroma” in my father’s story equates to a sense of place, and of the denizens of that place—Horse Aroma as a formative and defining fact of life. “Smell that? That’s what I smelled when I was a baby.”

The Quantum Cowboy lives in a place that connects with the senses and transcends time and space. I am in our own barn, with our own horses, and if I close my eyes, I am transported across time, taking a ride home from the hospital with days-old Baby Cowboy Bob. Every racetrack and horse barn, that ever was and will be, connects to that ride home from the hospital, and vice versa. The place-time of the Quantum Cowboy is infinite. Smell the horses. Smell the source. Smell the story. Smell the limitless possibilities.

The Aroma of Horses is not a sense-memory as much as it is a sense-connection. Aroma as history comes to life, aroma as present in the barn, aroma as a pathway into the manifold possibilities contained in the Quantum Cowboy’s narrative.

When my father was around horses, he was a different person from when he was not around them. He inhaled more deeply, his breathing became more audible, like what the yogis call Ojai breath, ocean breath. He was quite literally “at home” when he was around horses.

A Quantum Cowboy transforms. And transformation begins with, and continues through, engagement of the senses.

Cowboy Movie Star

Stashed in my parents' closet at our house when I was growing up, along with other scrapbooks, and my father's memorabilia from World War II, were three albums containing photos of movie stars of the 1930s and '40s.

Two of the albums contained black-and-white studio publicity photos; many autographed personally "To Bob." These were stars from Hollywood's "Golden Era"—Gary Cooper, Robert Taylor, William Powell and Myrna Loy, Veronica Lake and Barbara Stanwyck and dozens of others. The third album contained photos of famous movie cowboys, the occasional cowgirl, and their sidekicks: Roy Rogers, Tom Mix, Gene Autry, Dale Evans, Smiley Burnette, and the like. For me, a youngster of 6 or 7 when I first discovered them, the albums were a fascinating lens through which to look back at an era that included these exotic, colorful characters and, indeed, my father as a boy.

There was one particular photo in the cowboy photo album that held my attention more than the others. It was my father as a young man; he looked to be 15 or 16 years old at the time, dressed up like a cowboy. *Cowboy Bob had his own page in the movie cowboy album, just like Tom Mix, Roy Rogers, and Gene Autry did!*

The most remarkable thing about this photograph, the thing that would cause me to study it, and return to it often to study it some more, was that *it was still true*. My father was still imagining himself as a cowboy!

From as early in my own life as I can remember, the cowboy narrative was still very much alive for my father and my family. My father wore a cowboy hat while working on the farm. We owned three horses and a pony. Like the singing cowboys of movie fame, we sang around bonfires, and while we were on the trail in our stagecoach, a.k.a. on the blacktop in our station wagon. When we got to be old enough to attend school, my parents let my brothers, sisters, and me order new cowboy boots and cowboy hats every year from the Tony Lama Western Wear catalog, and wear them to school. We seemed to be the only children in the realm of our existence who wore cowboy hats or boots. I felt both peculiar and proud about that.

The *peculiar* part, to me, was the local context. By encouraging his progeny to dress as cowboys and cowgirls, and by playing the role of local cowboy himself, my father appeared in our small farm community of Ireland, Indiana, as something of an oddball character, disconnected from the narratives of that time and place.



My father as Cowboy Bob, c. 1940, from his movie cowboy photo album

Figure 1–1: My father as Cowboy Bob, c. 1940, from his movie cowboy photo album

The proud part, to me, was the larger context, the sense that our “cowboyiness” was connected to an ethos deeper and more lasting than a classmate who had, say, a lunch box featuring a popular cartoon character of the period, such as Cecil the Seasick Sea Serpent. Cowboys and horses connected my family to a bigger, more diverse community than the one defined by the boundaries of our farm, my school, Ireland, Indiana, and lunchboxes du jour.

Today, I realize that the friction I experienced between the local community and my sense of something bigger at play was the experience of interacting with a quantum narrative. Quantum narratives can be experienced as both local and fractal, as time-and-place sensitive, and as timeless and universal. They can be experienced as particles and in waves. On the local, time-sensitive, particulate level, Cowboy Bob’s story appeared disruptive, disjointed, chaotic. People, myself included, could not make sense of it. In the larger, more universal sense, however, it felt perfectly attuned to a timeless wave of myth and materiality.

My father’s observation about getting stamped from birth with the Aroma of Horses didn’t “go” anywhere. It did not set up a longer story. It did not pay off with a punch line. He did not say it to conjure an effect. In such terse telling of his story, the Quantum Cowboy liberates himself from the linearity of time and causality. The Aroma of Horses is a sense-

connection to a timeless, multiversal wave of people, places, and events and to multitudes of other stories. Mainly, it is up to the observer/audience, like me in the instance of Cowboy Bob, to discover what those stories are, and what they mean.

(Meanwhile somewhere else, at exactly this same point in time, a future professional animator was staring at his or her Cecil the Seasick Sea Serpent lunchbox and vowing to find out about Cecil's creator, Bob Clampett. Cartoon Bob!)

I believe the value of the Cowboy Bob narrative, like that of any quantum narrative, rests partly in the idiosyncratic relationship between the timing and the timelessness of the various story elements; In essence, between their datability and their durability; between their fixedness and their freeness; between plot and myth; between the aromas of Churchill Downs and those of Every Horse Barn; between the closet where Cowboy Bob's movie photo albums were stashed, and ancient caves where the first stories were animated in light and shadows, dancing on the walls.

Breaking the Time Barrier

One day when I was eight or nine years old, through play, I created an experience on our farm that gave me insight into quantum storytelling by allowing me to confront the concepts of time and timelessness, of place and space, and of my own body's materiality relative to story-as-being. Here's how it happened:

Of our 189-acre farm, 40 of those acres were in Pike County, Indiana, with 149 contiguous acres in Dubois County, Indiana, where our house, barn, and other outbuildings were located. When I was growing up (this is not true in 2013), the county line dividing Pike and Dubois Counties was also the time zone line dividing the Central Time Zone and the Eastern Time Zone of the U.S.

I realized that by stepping back and forth across a fencerow on our farm that marked the County Line, I could literally step back and forth in time. One side of the fence: It's 6 PM. Quitting time. The other side of the fence: 5 PM. There's still work to do. By jumping back and forth between time zones I can liberate myself from the constraints of time. What time is it when I'm in the air? It's jump o'clock! I can age an hour in a second. I can go back in time and re-live an hour of my life over again. When I stand with one foot in the Eastern Time Zone and one foot in the Central Time Zone, what time is it? Ha, ha, ha! Stumped you, didn't I? It is a question with no answer. Like Billy Pilgrim, the central character in Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five*, I was, am, and will be "unstuck in time." All I have to do is jump.

My young mind whirls with possibilities...

We can build a wedding chapel straddling the time zone line so that the bride can stand in one time zone and the groom in the other, and if they get married at midnight, that couple will have two wedding anniversary days instead of one!

We can host parties in the Central Time Zone that will give kids from the Eastern Time Zone an extra hour on their curfews!

A birthing lodge with its delivery table in two time zones could give newborns two birthdays instead of one, and bring twice the birthday presents!

A baby born between midnight and 1 AM Eastern Time Zone on the last day of the calendar year, like I was, could have birthdays in two different years!

I have come to see this jump back and forth between time zones as the essence of what it means to engage with a quantum story. The means of entering and defining this space is play. Dr. Anete Camille Strand, in her doctoral thesis on material storytelling, calls this place “The Between” (Strand, 2012). It is the place where story elements reside in the collective unconscious, and where they reveal themselves as story-as-being. Strand defines The Between in the same way Walt Disney defined Disneyland, as a place where stories that combine history and the future in the present are “always in a state of becoming.” When we play in The Between, we animate intra-actions twixt intention and material. Twixt then and when. Twixt last time and next time. The Between. Strandland. A land of infinitely many possible outcomes. And, one hopes, a sense of wonder and appreciation about what those outcomes will turn out to be.

The agreement we seek in our work with improvisational games is that we play in shared space, in Walt Disney’s concept of Disneyland and in Strand’s concept of The Between. In the sharing and playing, we reveal a new reality that neither of us could have discovered on our own.

I accept your time zone, and you accept mine. I am in one county. You are in another. I travel through time to be with you. Holding hands, we jump through time together. If we jump at the same time, you from your time zone and I from mine, and in the middle of our jump, as our paths cross in mid-air, we kiss...we encounter eternity.

A Newtonian Cowboy tells you what time zone you’re in, and wears a fancy watch to back it up. A Quantum Cowboy leaps across time to prove the everlastingness of his love.

The Objective is Different from the Outcomes

As our family grew, so did our family of horses, until, by the time I was 12 years old, horses (10) out-numbered the humans (8). Our horses were a mix of the good, the bad, and the ugly—often all in the same animal.

I should explain here that my father's income (my mother did not earn an income) came primarily from a series of jobs he held off the farm. Most of these jobs involved selling agribusiness products in the Southern Indiana/ Southern Illinois/Northern Kentucky area. These products, at different times, included: artificial cattle insemination for a company called American Breeders Service; feed grinders called Mix Mills; Brock grain storage bins; and Triple-I feed supplements. All were intended to help family-owned farms become more self-sufficient, better able to time their interactions with the marketplace, and better able to manage costs of feed processing and storage. They provided alternatives to the centralized processing centers (e.g. Farm Bureau Co-Ops) and company-run feed mills owned by, for example, the Ralston Purina Company.

My father would often bring my brothers and me with him on his “business calls” with farmers, and on many occasions during our journeys off the farm we observed him following a path marked by horses. There seemed to be plenty of farmers who'd bought or inherited horses they no longer wanted to keep. I began to see that my father would often connect with prospective customers through their horses. I also began to notice that the sale of a product or service was not his point of focus. Acquiring horses was his focus. My father conducted his business off the farm as a way to earn income. And the way he earned income was by...following the horses. Horses were sometimes part of a transaction: “You throw in that old gray mare of yours and I'll discount my price.”

Today, I label a point of focus as the Objective of a game. Game structure, in the form I have defined as an “ERGO,” for Environment / Roles / Guidelines / Objectives, is a conceptual framework by which quantum narratives can be productively explored, and result in the likelihood of positive economic outcomes.

Note that the objective, as a point of focus is part of a game's structure, and is different from the outcomes of the game. Outcomes are the results of having played the game. The objective of the Quantum Cowboy's game is acquiring horses. Outcomes of the Quantum Cowboy's game are that you buy a Mix Mill from him, save 20% on your feed processing costs, and don't have to worry any longer about what to do with your old gray mare, who, let's face it, ain't what she used to be.

Clover Leaf Park and Riding Stable

Damned horses.

They were damned because if it weren't for my father, many of them would've been sent to the Ralston Purina dog food factory. The old gray mare, which Cowboy Bob named Old Gray, had one lung, and would rasp like a saw going through wood when she ran. Queen either had one leg that was shorter than her other three, or a bad hip. Either way, riding her was like sitting atop an unbalanced washing machine during its Spin cycle. Pokey was a blind burro. Snips had a biting problem and was given a name change by Cowboy Bob, "because we don't want him to hear his old name, he might snap." Duke was a small, quick, half-pony, half Tennessee Walker whose best friend was Tony, a huge, slow-footed, half-Morgan, half-quarter horse. My father's own horse, the great and princely Spotty, the half-Arab, half-Quarter Horse he'd raised and trained from a colt, became part of this spasmodic stable, too. It was another sign of his greatness that Spotty accepted his highly-flawed stable mates as his equals when they clearly were not in his league.

My parents made our misfit rescue horses the heart of a new business on our farm they came to call Clover Leaf Park and Riding Stable. Prior to this, we'd been halfhearted (by comparison to the new venture) dairy farmers. Now, people could pay to ride our rehabbed horses on a bridle path my father had cut through our fields. Cowboy Bob would explain to us why the bridle path was out in the open, in the fields, and did not go into our woods. "The riders waiting to ride can watch the riders riding. When people come out here, they want to see people riding; they don't want them going into the woods, where they can't watch them ride."

Another lesson in quantum storytelling from the Quantum Cowboy: The audience comments as the story is happening. This space for an audience to share observations about an unfolding narrative has been named "Tamaraland" by Boje (2012, 80), after the long-running immersive play, *Tamara*, by John Krizanc, in which audience members would, by design, bump into each other in the hallways of a large mansion in whose rooms the play's scenes were staged. Tamaraland also characterizes certain architectural designs, such as Pixar Studios' headquarters in Richmond, CA, where founder Steve Jobs allowed space for what he called "unplanned collaborations," in the building's design. Spaces such as these are not "used efficiently" in any classical physics sense. It is only when seen through the lens of quantum physics, in which probabilities are continuously nudged in the direction of productive

outcomes, and the value of serendipity gets mined, does the value proposition reveal itself. With the riders at Clover Leaf Park & Riding Stable riding out in the open, Cowboy Bob nudged the probabilities toward more photos getting taken, the audience's attention being more focused, and more stories getting shared at the supper table that night, than if horses and riders had disappeared into the woods.

The riding stable dramatically changed our way of life. For one thing, throughout the summer and into the autumn, our farm was now open to the public. Our hours of operation were vague. People heard about us primarily through word of mouth, with incomplete information, and so we had the riding public showing up at all hours of the day to ride horses, and calling our home phone number randomly to see if we were open. With increasing frequency, cars driven by curious locals would roll slowly, without stopping, down the gravel county road that ran through our farm.

This was not a steady stream of calls and riders, but an intermittent one, which made the intrusions all the more bothersome to me. There was no schedule. Just when it seemed we would not be saddling horses for the day, or that we could unsaddle them at the end of a day, a couple of cars would appear, with people who wanted to ride. Sometimes these people would be drunk. Many had never ridden a horse before. On weekdays, my father would often be away from the farm on business, and in his absence it would be up to my mother, who had to battle a lifelong fear of horses, and the three oldest boys in the family, to manage the riding stable.

A group of drunken auto mechanics showed up late on a Friday afternoon, and took the horses for a joyride, leaving our overwhelmed animals gasping, wet, spent, and my mother in tears. My classmates at school made fun of me and bad-mouthed the free passes to Clover Leaf Park I gave away in the class Christmas gift exchange ("I wanted a manicure kit!" moaned the girl whose name I'd drawn in the gift exchange.) A girl fell from our gentlest horse, Sara Lou, onto her head and had a concussion, and I watched the color drain from my father's face when the girl's father threatened to sue us. These events and others like them piled up the impressions. I began to sense that this riding stable thing was not going to become the "outdoor recreation destination" of my father's dreams.

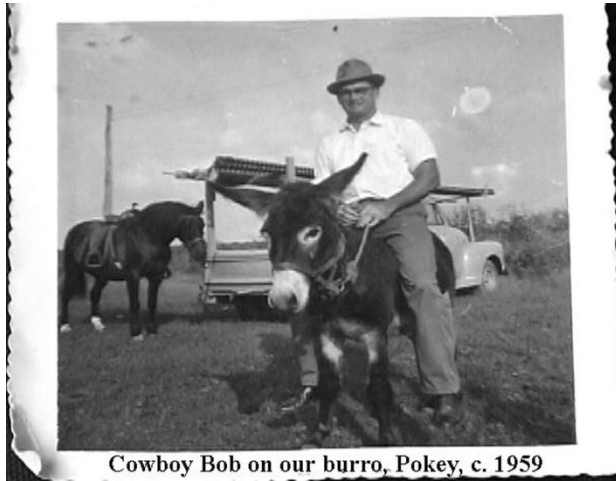


Figure 1–2: Cowboy Bob on our burro, Pokey, c. 1959

This was a lesson, for me, in how our realities are co-created. In this disconnect between what my father wanted our farm to be, and what it became, we can see postmodern notions of storytelling emerge, as actor and audience share the narrative within the context of community. Stories of the local citizens—of farmers and woodworkers and inebriated auto mechanics—diffracted at harsh angles off the locally spaced and timed elements of my father’s intentions. Yet, at the same time, the glare of the locals only served to highlight the longer view, and the quantumness of the Quantum Cowboy’s story. Cowboy Bob himself seemed to understand this, as he remained serenely untroubled by any judgments or opinions offered by locals. What mattered about his narrative was not mattering in local time or space.

Heroic Fool

I understood that what my father was doing was the right thing for him. I was not capable of knowing him any other way than as a man who loved horses unconditionally. All horses. Even the bad ones. And that loving horses was at the heart of his identity. I knew that there was something heroic and wonderful about this. I couldn’t articulate it at the time, but I could feel it.



Figure 1-3: Cloverleaf Stable patrons, c. 1965

Today, I understand the loving of horses as part of his authentic self, what Heidegger calls the ontological self, versus the ontic divide of “theyself.” Loving horses was the mattering from which Cowboy Bob could never be separated. Cowboy was just a name, a cosmetic sobriquet others gave him. He did not care if people thought of him as a cowboy or not. It was fun, and he did not object, but it was not vital. He often wore hats that were not cowboy hats, and boots that were not cowboy boots, and didn’t give a second thought to what “effect” his cowboying might have. What mattered to him, that which constituted what Boje (2011) calls the ‘heart-of-care’, what determined his life path, was loving horses. You could have taken everything from him, and as long as he had the ability to prove his love of horses, he would have remained 100% true to himself, and authentically Cowboy Bob.

At the same time I sensed the heroic authenticity of my father’s heart-of-care, I saw that his dreams of building our seat-of-the-pants park and riding stable operation into some kind of Outdoor Recreation Destination were going to be a big bust. Our horses were defective. Our tack was second rate. Our marketing efforts slim. While my mother and I, and people in our community, seemed to know this, my father did not seem to notice or, if he did, he didn’t care.

How could my father be so heroic, and at the same time such a fool? I spent a lot of time when I was a boy pondering the Father as Hero/Father as Fool duality.

My favorite spot for contemplating such questions was sitting alone in the branches of a maple tree that my brothers and sisters and I would climb for the fun of it. It was part of a cluster of maples near our house that we