

Welcome to the 6th annual CRITICAL AUTOETHNOGRAPHY
2021 Virtual Conference: This BUBBLE Moment



Two bubbles found they had rainbows on their curves.
They flickered out saying:
'It was worth being a bubble,
just to have held that rainbow thirty seconds'.
(*Complete Poems of Carl Sandberg*, 1970, p. 699)

This short evocative piece reminds us that amidst the fragility of life in this moment there is wonder to be held. In the spirit of all manner of shared and individual "bubbles" in our contemporary lives, we ask you, "*What thoughts hold your creative and critical autoethnographic attention in this bubble moment?*" This year's expanded online gathering will address this question creatively, critically, and most importantly – collectively.

Lastly, we invite you to join us (hopefully) in person for the COMPOST CAE (originally scheduled for 2020) in 2022 in Brisbane. Dates forthcoming through our Facebook group Critical Autoethnography, or by emailing: criticalautoethnography@gmail.com

CAE2021 Schedule

DAY ONE (Sept 30 in Melbourne, Australia)				DAY TWO (Oct 1 in Melbourne, Australia)			
SF 3pm: Melb 8am	Conference Opening: Zoom link			SF 3pm: Melb 8am	Paper session 5 (60mins)		
SF 3:30pm: Melb 8:30am	Paper session 1 (90mins)			SF 3pm: Melb 8am	Stream 1: Zoom link	Stream 2: Zoom link	Stream 3: Zoom link
	Stream 1: Zoom link	Stream 2: Zoom link	Stream 3: Zoom link		Peter Joseph Gloviczki (South Carolina)	Craig Gingrich-Philbrook (Illinois)	Marsha Lewis (USF)
	Emily Bascelli & Tricia Kress (NY)	Jennifer L. Erdely (Texas)	Elissa Foster (Illinois)		Sakina Jangbar (NY)	Chris McRae & Aubrey Huber (Florida)	Tabetha Violet (Ohio)
	Mery F. Diaz (NY)	Sandra Faulkner (Ohio)	Jess Gerrior (New England)		Lora Hydrick (Georgia)	Kat Thomas (NZ)	James Salvo & Jasmine Ulmer (Michigan)
	Kate E. O'Hara (NY)	Lindsay Myers (Oklahoma)	Magdalena Ornstein-Sloan (NY)				
	Deborah Green (NZ)	Esther Fitzpatrick & Rebecca Ream (NZ)	Ian Stark (Texas)				
SF 5pm: Melb 10am	Making activity with Denise Chapman: Zoom link			SF 4pm: Melb 9am	Keynote 2 - Liz Mackinlay (AUS): Zoom link		
SF 6pm: Melb 11am	Paper session 2 (90mins)			SF 5pm: Melb 10am	Making activity with Fetaui Iosefo, Joshua Iosefo-Williams & David Fa'avae: Zoom link		
SF 6pm: Melb 11am	Stream 1: Zoom link	Stream 2: Zoom link	Stream 3: Zoom link	SF 6pm: Melb 11am	Paper session 6 (90mins)		
	Julianna Kirschner (California)	Natalia Rodriguez (Arizona)	Sarah Amira de la Garza (Arizona)		Stream 1: Zoom link	Stream 2: Zoom link	Stream 3: Zoom link
	Corinna Peterken, Heather Francis, Kelsey Baile (Utah)	Andrew Sturt (Colorado)	Fetaui Iosefo, Joshua Iosefo, David Fa'avae (NZ)		Amanda Taylor (Ohio)	David Thornton (Oklahoma)	Mackinlay, Green, Madden, & Mickelburgh (QLD)
	Jiyea Park (Georgia)	Cheryl Kennedy (Georgia)	Ann Lawless (Perth)		David Purnell (Washington)	Tami Spry (Michigan)	Mackinlay, Green, Madden, & Mickelburgh (QLD)
	Craig Wood (Brisbane)	Victoria Firth-Smith (Canberra)	Aaron Teo (QLD)		Jesse Reese (Ohio)	Linda Levitt (Texas)	Mackinlay, Green, Madden, & Mickelburgh (QLD)
SF 7:30pm: Melb 12:30pm	In person social activity/meal/break			SF 7:30pm: Melb 12:30pm	In person social activity/meal/break		
SF 8pm: Melb 1pm	In person social activity/meal/break			SF 8pm: Melb 1pm	In person social activity/meal/break		
SF 9pm: Melb 2pm	Break			SF 9pm: Melb 2pm	Break		
SF 10pm: Melb 3pm	Break			SF 10pm: Melb 3pm	Break		
UK 7am: Melb 4pm	Paper session 3 (60mins)			UK 7am: Melb 4pm	Paper session 7 (60mins)		
UK 7am: Melb 4pm	Stream 1: Zoom link	Stream 2: Zoom link	Stream 3: Zoom link	UK 7am: Melb 4pm	Stream 1: Zoom link	Stream 2: Zoom link	Stream 3: Zoom link
	Carey Walden (Melb)	Bozz Connelly (Gubbi Gubbi Country)	Veronica Mitchell (South Africa)		Estella Wong (2pm in Hong Kong)	Phiona Stanley (Edinburgh)	Michelle Walter (Melb)
	Eleanor Ryan (Cambridge)	Dawne Fahey, Alys Mendus & Devina Kirkpatrick (Syd, Melb, Plymouth)	Donna Henson (Gold Coast)		Hilary Tapper (NZ)	Miriam Potts & Geraldine Burke (Melb)	Julie Peters (Melb)
	Marc Nair (Melb)	Karissa Taylor (Melb)	Courtney White (Melb)		Michael Crowhurst (Melb)	Mig Dann (Melb)	Paris Balla (Melb)
UK 8am: Melb 5pm	Making activity with Craig Wood: Zoom link			UK 8am: Melb 5pm	Making activity with Tessa Wyatt: Zoom link		
UK 9am: Melb 6pm	Paper session 4 (60mins)			UK 9am: Melb 6pm	Paper session 8 (60mins)		
UK 9am: Melb 6pm	Stream 1: Zoom link	Stream 2: Zoom link		UK 9am: Melb 6pm	Stream 1: Zoom link	Stream 2: Zoom link	
	Tara McGuinness (Dublin)	Luise Fischer (Edinburgh)			Özge Dolunay (Germany)	Jonathan Wyatt (Edinburgh)	
	Elizabeth Walley (Melb)	Paula Aamli (London)			Peter Cook (Gold Coast)	Christine Hatton (Newcastle)	
	Peta Murray and Stayci Taylor (Melb)	Denise Chapman & Guido O. Andrade de Melo (Melb)			Mark Price (Brighton)	Harris & Holman Jones (Melb)	
UK 10am: Melb 7pm	Keynote 1 - Chris Poulos (US): Zoom link			UK 10am: Melb 7pm	Closing Keynote - Kitrina Douglas & David Carless (UK): Zoom link		

Keynote Address #1:
“Liminal Autoethnography”

Professor Christopher Poulos
Communication Studies, University of North Carolina, Greensboro

Sept 30, 7pm, Melbourne Australia

Sept 30, 10am, UK

Sept 30, 2am, San Francisco

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/84438596901?pwd=WEIXeklXZ3EvSU1YTDhVdHl4Q051Zz09>

Sometimes, I linger in the membrane between worlds. My bubble is permeable; at these times of lingering, I am never fully inside or outside the thin membrane that seems to separate self and other, inner and outer, memory and story, call and response, dreaming and waking, loneliness and connection, the effable and the ineffable. I dwell in the brief pause, the moment between my voice calling out, and your response. And in my memory, and in all our stories, I feel the tremor and the thrill of encounter *arising* during that brief moment of silence between call and response. I want to pause here on the threshold, and savor the moment. I linger...and wonder...what is next, what might “bubble up.”

Lately, I’ve been thinking a lot about the liminal spaces of this life—hanging out in the betwixt and between, on the thresholds, at the edges of the bubble. I’ve been lingering over the moments just before memory emerges into consciousness, or intention morphs into speech, or sound becomes the grist of listening, or call becomes echo, or inspiration spills onto the page. Mostly, I want to linger here, and write about that moment when my fingers hover over my keyboard, and start moving, seemingly of their own accord, writing my next autoethnography. I want to play a little here; I want to play with the bubbling up of writing. In this paper, I work my way through this magical, mysterious, thin membrane, and follow a path toward a deeper, fresher understanding of what I write, and why, of what we write and why and how. I call it “liminal autoethnography.” And then, in a little “workshop” moment, I want you to play with your own thresholds...by writing a little, and maybe sharing some of it with this community.



Christopher N. Poulos is a professor in the Department of Communication Studies at the University of North Carolina—Greensboro. An ethnographer and philosopher of communication, he teaches courses in relational and family communication, autoethnography, dialogue, ethics, and film. He is the author of *Accidental Ethnography: An Inquiry into Family Secrecy* (Left Coast Press/Routledge) and *Essentials of Autoethnography* (APA). His work has appeared in *Qualitative Inquiry*, *Communication Theory*, *Southern Communication Journal*, *International Review of Qualitative Research*, *Qualitative Communication Research*, and in many edited books.

Keynote Address #2:
"A Critical Selection of Vast Bubbles:
Falling Madly, Deeply in Love with Theory, Language, and Words of Feminist Writers"

Associate Professor Elizabeth (Liz) Mackinlay
School of Education, The University of Queensland
October 1, 9am, Brisbane & Melbourne, Australia
Sept 30, 4pm San Francisco
Sept 30, midnight, UK

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/84438596901?pwd=WEIXeklXZ3EvSU1YTDhVdHl4Q051Zz09>

I have been in love with words and writing for as long as I can remember and in this piece I invite you to remember the love you hold too – for theory, language and the words of writers who sit beside you as you write the critical autoethnography you love. In this moment, I share the particular love I hold for feminist thinkers, scholars and writers and the ways their words have wrapped themselves around me with love and set me on a path to love in writing critical autoethnography. The women whose words and work I share in this piece, are all in love with words – the way words are written matters, how words come to matter in writing matters, and what happens when words are “out there” in the world perhaps matters most of all. I hope you will join me, as Virginia Woolf entices, to blow so vast a bubble that our love for words and writing as critical autoethnographers might and set rise in to remember – love.



Elizabeth (Liz) Mackinlay is an Associate Professor in the School of Education at the University of Queensland where she teaches Research Methods, Gender Studies and Arts Education. She loves words and writing and has published widely - *Teaching and learning like a feminist* (2016), *We only talk feminist here* (in sisterhood with Briony Lipton 2017), *Critical writing for embodied approaches* (2019), and *Writing feminist autoethnography* (forthcoming 2022). She runs and reads and ruffles around in a material world with those in her life she loves to remember - love.

Keynote #3 (Performance):
“Surrounded by Ghosts: Reflections on Songwriting and Filmmaking as Autoethnography”

Kitrina Douglas and David Carless
October 1, 7pm Melbourne Australia
October 1, 10am UK
October 1, 2am San Francisco

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/84438596901?pwd=WEIXeklXZ3EvSU1YTDhVdII4Q051Zz09>

Songs and films offer an array of sensory-emotional-aesthetic possibilities which complement and extend textual approaches to autoethnographic inquiry. In this plenary, we share three examples of our songwriting and filmmaking approaches to critical collaborative autoethnography. Interspersing the music and films, we offer some personal reflections on what we have learnt – and what we continue to struggle with – across three decades of practice.



David Carless is a researcher-writer-musician working on interdisciplinary projects across social science, education and health using narrative, songwriting, filmmaking and live performance approaches. His collaborations with Kitrina Douglas are available online and have been published widely as journal articles, books and book chapters. David is currently a Reader in the School of Health and Human Sciences at the University of the West of Scotland and an Honorary Professor in the Centre for Creative Relational Inquiry at the University of Edinburgh.

Kitrina Douglas

I am a video/ethnographer, storyteller, song-writer, performer, researcher and narrative scholar. My research spans the arts, humanities and social sciences and seeks to make research findings more accessible and democratic. With David Carless I produce and edit the online series of programs “Qualitative Conversations” available on YouTube https://www.youtube.com/channel/UckWCTy8bNOY6JlvX_yg-Uig. Together we’ve created around 20 films representing our research, much of which is commissioned for organisations that include the Addiction Recovery Agency, NHS Mental health Care Trusts, UK Sport, Women’s Sport and Fitness Foundation, Department for Health. I am currently Professor of Narrative & Performative Research at the University of West London, Snr Research Fellow at Leeds Beckett University, and a visiting professor at the University of Coimbra in Portugal.



Paper Panel Abstracts

Day 1, Paper Session 1: Stream 1

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/84438596901?pwd=WEIXekIXZ3EvSU1YTDhVdII4Q051Zz09>

Emily Bascelli & Tricia Kress (Molloy College, Rockville Centre, NY)

We are bubbles floating in/on screens, teaching remotely for a year. Our students see us differently as we perform and navigate this amorphous space. We ponder how our teaching philosophies fit into small virtual spaces as our audience grows wider. Bubbles inside bubbles, our colors and reflections on display and no longer really ours. (Were they ever?) We (re)create self and space, bending our bodies and bubbles in response to inside and outside pressures. Power and society: the air we breathe also breathes into us as we float along the space/time of pandemic teaching.

Mery F. Diaz (New York City College of Technology)

The liminal spaces for minoritized, racialized, and marginalized college students are more precarious than ever. At the time of this writing, we've reached the year anniversary of the pandemic. More than half a million lives have been lost in the US. The impact of COVID in New York city has further exacerbated the health, social, and economic inequities for Black, Indigenous, and People of Color BIPOC. BIPOC students in public institutions are essential workers or are the children of essential workers and are on the frontline of the pandemic. As a BIPOC faculty member, I find myself thinking about my role in solidarity with students during this collective crisis.

Kate E. O'Hara (New York Institute of Technology)

Emerging from a national pandemic, I'm struck by the interconnectedness of our shared experiences. My personal, juxtaposed and connected to cultural, political, and social understandings, are now seemingly similar to others—and with that, I find a return to mental and emotional well-being. We speak of a return to normalcy, but is it in our best interest to return to our lives prior to Covid? What did the transcending of socially constructed concepts of space, place, and time do to better our own notion of self? And, how can words and self-created images express these individual and shared experiences?

Deborah Green (Whitecliffe College of Arts and Design, Aotearoa/New Zealand & ANZACTA)

Fourteen years, our bubbles intersect. 'I keep saving you and losing me', I finally say. He kills himself. Bitter bubbles compressed in my chest, these words carried now for twenty years. Finally, I breathe out. Cradle fragile familiar orbs in soft hands. One, the white-privilege-either/or fear of 'losing me'. Another, the me-because-of-we of *ubuntu* and *whanaungatanga*. Might CAE help cultivate a fertilise *ecotone* where self-care and care-for-other overlap?

Day 1, Paper Session 1: Stream 2

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/87507437533?pwd=NHVpL29pYzVqWHIHekE0WUFoSkizUT09>

Jennifer L. Erdely (Prairie View A&M University, Texas)

Bubbles are meant to burst with that sensitive exoskeleton. Bubbles fly so haphazardly! "Watch out, Bubble! You make me so nervous flying about with little regard, little caution." The truth is I needed that bubble to burst. You know I can't live in any bubble. Then I inhaled again and returned to the bubble. I don't know what I was thinking. Well, I guess I was thinking about timing and safety. How can I feel so safe in such an unstable place? Well, I wash my hands a lot. And that produces many destructible bubbles. Bubbles that you just wash away. But maybe I'm afraid of washing this bubble down the drain. Maybe I'm scared of what will go with it. Maybe I'm excited about all the germs being washed down the drain. Bubbles are really pretty on the surface, but that sheen can be so deceiving, so fleeting.

Sandra Faulkner (Media and Communication, Bowling Green State University)

TITLE: Worth a Bubble

Time moves like rainbow bubbles
stuck at the red traffic light of the weekly drudge
immersed up to your neck in stagnant dish water
your hands stained grease orange from Taco Tuesday
 all the ways you try and mark the incessant sameness
your teeth yellow from a pandemic lack of hygiene
as you yearn for the first green buds of spring
the blue notes of your piano keys
play out the question you keep asking:
 Who is worth a bubble?
The house by the shore blows out its own windows
in the crepuscular indigo light
where everything and nothing is as it seems
so you stop and gather the violet shards of hope.
The house by the shore blows out its own windows in an indigo rage
violet

Lindsay Myers (Oklahoma State University)

I reflect beyond my personal bubble, beyond my year of isolation, beyond my year of education, absent physical community. I consider my position within my own bubble, a new bubble, while remembering the summer camp bubble, the bubble of my youth. I belonged there for a time, but I also belong here, expanding my sense of self, understanding myself removed from cultural space. When I return to camp to research, I will be both an insider from the past and an outsider, bringing new experiences and ideas to my return. But will I still belong, or rather, belong again?

Esther Fitzpatrick & Rebecca Ream (University of Auckland)

TITLE: A thickening of s/kin

Covid-19 threw soap
Into our people ponds.
We became bubble people.
With flexible soapy bubble s/kin.
A 'water sandwich', capturing
S/kinship in temporal space.
We added glycerine,
"thickening" connection.
Time, place, futures uncertain.
Fragile bubbles in suspension.
We reached across, within, so
We **all** could breathe,
In out, out in.
Our sense making, *our ongoing dwelling in the flow of life itself*, has been screwed over by C-19. But not totally. We contend our bubble s/kins can be likened to Ingold's meshwork, where a 'temporal stretchedness' enabled the ongoing flow and unfolding of connectedness and s/kinship. Creating a "thickened" enmeshed-ness.

Day 1, Paper Session 1: Stream 3

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/85117805947?pwd=cU5kQndmK0t2MEd5blVrQmdvV2Q0Zz09>

Elissa Foster (DePaul University)

TITLE: The Fish

There was no doubt about it... the fish was dying. Floating vertically near the surface of the water, gills extended, scales like a pinecone, its vibrant reds and blues faded to dull brown and slate grey, she could almost hear it gasping, "I can't breathe." Her efforts to save it had come to nothing—the darkened tank, the water changes, the mad dash to the pet store for medicine—all futile. Preparing another change of water she turned to find the little creature still, seeming to rest on the colored rocks that lined the tank. Her grief was overblown; everyone said so. "It's just a fish." But, of course, her grief wasn't really about the fish.

Jess Gerrior (Environmental Studies, Antioch University New England, USA)

What holds my creative and critical autoethnographic attention in this bubble moment is the imperative to get all these working identities pulling as a team. To grow the food and sustain the systems to survive, we need to build the soil. To build the soil, we need to commit to place. To commit to place, we need to nurture our 'selves' - the gardener, the builder, the knowledge-keeper, the healer, the visionary, the pragmatist. Encourage in each a sense of meaning in the resilience imperative at hand. Draw from each to nourish the possibility of a culture that supports belonging.

Magdalena Ornstein-Sloan (Sarah Lawrence College, New York)

Care, in all its forms- giving and receiving, self and other, self as other/ other as self. Care as orientation and activity. In this moment, it sometimes feels as if care is all we have to hang onto. It fills us up and pushes us to our limits. Care allows the world to function, yet is rendered invisible. It is essential work done by essential workers. As "we fight like hell for the living" (Jones, 1969) care, in all its forms, must be our guiding light. Care holds my autoethnographic attention in this bubble moment.

Ian Stark (Texas Tech University)

TITLE: The Sound of Ticking: Reflections on Overstimulation

It's hard to focus when the air turns against you
When it thickens and becomes difficult to breathe
Piling up heavily like mucus in my lungs
Except this obstruction can't be cleared by coughing.
If I try to purge it, it comes back for vengeance
But if I ignore it, it's content to simmer
Counting down the clock until I make a mistake
And I really can't stand the sound of ticking.

Day 1, Paper Session 2: Stream 1

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/84438596901?pwd=WEIXeklXZ3EvSU1YTDhVdHl4Q051Zz09>

Julianna Kirschner (University of Southern California)

Bubbles remind me of temporality and lost moments. Bubbles also remind me of the limits of my health, and the pace with which my health has declined and then improved in the past. These life pauses of recovery represent the bubble bursting, so a new bubble can form in its place. Sometimes a bubble can last longer than expected. In the bubble that is 2020 (and now 2021), I am thinking of the spaces that seal us off from one another. We have constructed bubbles of separation to support public health measures, to show love, to protect one another.

Corinna Peterken, Heather Francis, Kelsey Baile (Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah)

TITLE: Sensitive learning and teaching with arts and culture

Curriculum connecting through the arts, movement, self space, general space, and relational space with Native American perspectives and input seeks change in the world (Holman Jones, 2016).

Safe in bubbles; bubbles combine, and/or pop!

Separated, safe together apart with technology.

Bubbles touch and open to knowing/connection.

Bubbles rise in easter buns

Living

culture rises

Working together for sensitivity and acknowledgement.

Delicious

Dangerous

connecting our pedagogical community

bubbles shift across

streaming

dark shadows

bubbling away

under ice.

Melting, awash with ideas for appropriate, not appropriated, learning and teaching with arts and culture.

Jiyea Park (University of Georgia)

The poem "Bubbles" has only 4 lines, but it's powerful. After working hard in my Ph.D. journey for three years, I faced burnout. Sadly, I slightly lost my passion and zeal unlike what I had in my 1st year of Ph.D. I was afraid of losing my voice and enthusiasm, but, surprisingly, this short poem brought inspiration. Two Bubbles were like my mom in Korea who pray for me every morning since I moved to Athens, GA. "*Jiyea, appreciate everything.*" The poem made me get back self-esteem and feel precious to everything in my life, even small things.

Craig Wood (Queensland Teachers' Unions of Employees)

I stand adjacent to Maiwar

on traditional lands of the Turrbal peoples.

In this place

bubbles float and flicker;

Exploding experiences

from different times.

And I remember:

Twenty-three years ago

a once-in-a-lifetime event;

But, disturbed ten years ago,

by a once-in-a-hundred-year flood.

And I try to remember:

Tens of thousands of years

of stories I have not right to hear,

Yet I know they too
have been disturbed
by decades of
histories,
hidden by colonizer dominance.

In this pre-recorded presentation, my bubble is place and I look out through a decolonising lens to critically view histories of self and others.

Day 1, Paper Session 2: Stream 2

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/87507437533?pwd=NHVpL29pYzVqWHIHekE0WUFoSkIzUT09>

Natalia Rodriguez (School of Sustainability, Arizona State University)

TITLE: The Yearn to Become Sustainable: An Autoethnography of Challenge

As a sustainability student and scientist, I am often conflicted by my lack of enforcement of sustainability philosophies in my life. And I wonder why I experience this attitude-behavior conflict? Why don't I act as I expect? Attitude-behavior conflicts are well known in the field of behavioral studies. The theory of cognitive dissonance is particularly relevant to understand how/why individuals do not act as they expect. The theory postulates that individuals experience psychological discomfort when their cognitions (e.g., attitudes, beliefs, values, etc.) about themselves are inconsistent with their behavior and their surroundings. In the context of sustainability, studies have found that emotional dissonance associated with sustainability behaviors arises in environmentally conscious individuals as well. To avoid psychological discomfort, research subjects dismissed the information on the negative consequences of their actions and offered a wide range of explanations justifying them. As a member of the sustainability field, I recognize this is a cultural phenomenon that affects individuals in and outside of academia. In light of my conflict, with this research, I aimed to produce a better understanding of the attitude-behavior gap in sustainability by focusing on my own experience through an analytic autoethnographic study. Consequently, I provide an insider's account of the nuances and limitations one experiences while trying to engage in sustainability practices.

Andrew Sturt (Department of Journalism, University of Colorado Boulder)

A wanderlust, who's greatest joy is adventure...

Trapped—inside a bubble—ready to explode...

I live for fresh and rousing experiences...

I envision the excitement forthcoming...

Imprisoned in this COVID graduate school bubble...

Recently, I wrapped up my doctoral comprehensive exams...

Now, my dissertation prospectus...based on my post-pandemic travel...

Now vaccinated, this bubble is ready for its rupture...

Burst my bubble, please...

I have been stuck inside too long...

Nobody has heard my screams...

The world is my bubble, and the road is calling my name...

Where it takes me, I do not know...

Into the wild I shall go...

Cheryl Kennedy (University of Georgia)

I entered my doctoral research on a mission to understand the presence of the impostor phenomenon in a woman's life. What began as a journey of discovery about this phenomenon has become an exploration of self. In this bubble moment, I find myself reflecting on my reactions to the participant experiences and critically examining my growth and development. Drawing on my own feelings of impostorism and exploring how a patriarchal society supports these feelings has made an impact on my self-perception, my understanding of the impostor phenomenon, and the strength with which it takes to persist through impostor feelings.

Victoria Firth-Smith (Monash University/Australian National University)

But, you may say, we asked you to speak about women and fiction—what has that got to do with a room of one's own? – Virginia Woolf, 1929 In the past nine months, I have had three homes, and now I am found forging a new one. Alone. I am making a bubble of one's own. This bubble allows a glimpse of what is above and below, with a sheen of self in the slick surface. Floating skyward, held together, just enough to be seen as a sphere, even from flatland. *Bubble: A Romance of Many Dimensions*, aims to be a critical autoethnography of lesbian dating post covid, post-divorce, post-bubble.

Day 1, Paper Session 2: Stream 3

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/85117805947?pwd=cU5kQndmK0t2MEd5bIVrQmdvV2Q0Zz09>

Sarah Amira de la Garza (Arizona State University)

My idea is to share what I call "Chicanography" as an embodied decolonial form of resistance autoethnography in Chicano/a/x writing. I will share its precursors, historical and cultural context, exemplars, and components/method and praxis.

Fetaui Iosefo (University of Auckland), Josh Iosefo (Auckland University of Technology), David Taufui Mikato Fa'avae (University of Waikato)

TITLE: Vā magic

Vā spirit inspires creative flair

Vā energy holds our heads up high

Amidst the challenges of today

We re-connect amidst fragility

We re-live amidst uncertainties

Like the rainbow curved bubbles

Wondering of the wondrous momentary curiosities

We collectively capture and story the vā magic

Carl Sandburg's poem, of "Bubbles" and its rainbow curves, is an appreciation of the momentary wonders, magic, and curiosity. As Pacific Indigenous settler scholars located in the sacred fonua-fenua (land) of Aotearoa, we story and capture the momentary wonders, magic, and curiosity risen through the vā connections with others, objects, and spirits.

Ann Lawless (Independent Scholar)

Recreating career selves

Seeking new ideas,

New pathways and conduits

Regenerating from old stock

Building new onto old

Zest and rest, time for play

Together, alone, inside and out

Where now, what next?

Aaron Teo (The University of Queensland)

“I hate to burst your bubble, but we’re really not doing enough...”

Aaron was used to his inner monologue being his greatest advocate, and so, was momentarily taken aback by the pointed comment.

His first instinct was to retort, but just as he was about to launch into an indignant defence of all the ‘meaningful’ work he thought he was doing in addressing racial inequity amongst the Asian diaspora in Australian education, he suddenly recalls all the times *his* voice was dismissed and discounted.

Aaron quickly changes tack

“So, Monologue, besides writing, what more *can* we do?”

Day 1, Paper Session 3: Stream 1

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/84438596901?pwd=WEIXeklXZ3EvSU1YTDhVdHl4Q051Zz09>

Carey Walden (RMIT University)

Recently I had a bubble moment, whilst walking in Princes Park (Melbourne). I came across a pretty heart of flowers with a sign from a group who had suffered the loss of a child and wanted to connect with people with the same experience. I reflected on how we create temporary memorials, have conversations, in public, often by people not connected to those who have met violent and unexpected deaths as a way to express support, solidarity, and comfort. In secular Australia, we are creating our own rituals, telling stories (ours and others) to build our emotional resilience amidst the insecure times we live in.

Eleanor Ryan (Faculty of Education, University of Cambridge)

In this bubble moment I’m thinking that some bubbles need bursting! To what extent is the onto-epistemological world I embody as a classical violin pedagogue in Higher Education a sphere of colonial containment? I’ve retraced my professional journey from New Zealand to the UK, to Trinidad, where the white possessive borders of my bubble were revealed, reflecting the narrowness of my conception of the human and the musician (Wynter, 2003). Thinking with Decolonial and Posthumanist theories, I’m seeking out situated, contingent and relational decolonising pedagogies which burst rigid bubbles of classical ontological aesthetics, towards developing pluriversal ecologies of creative practice.

Marc Nair (RMIT University)

When people ask what my PhD is about, I tell them this: When I began my program, I was still going to church and had no trouble calling myself a Christian. I planned to write about ekphrasis and multidisciplinary practice. Along the way, I became an atheist. This radical transformation has occurred through the PhD, which has taken the form of a performance autoethnography. A work that is still very much in process, this creative-critical dissertation is shaped as a satirical liturgy, a service that seeks to explain, through a mix of creative genres, the process of undoing my faith.

Day 1, Paper Session 3: Stream 2

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/87507437533?pwd=NHVpL29pYzVqWHIHekE0WUFoSkizUT09>

Bozz Connelly (Gubbi Gubbi Country, Australia / Antioch University)

TITLE: The Trickster: Bursting bubbles of expectations of and prejudice against people experiencing homelessness

Sleight-of-Hand magic has supported me through challenging times. I wanted to help others through magic, specifically people experiencing homelessness as 2020 put my family and I constantly on the fine line between homed/homeless. Magic is a way of taking people out of themselves, even for a moment. It allows people to step outside their own bubble and experience a moment of wonder. Through magic tricks and stories, this performative autoethnographic presentation shares a critical analysis of part of my life, troubling my own positionality around people experiencing homelessness in SE Queensland, Australia, through the lens of being a magician.

Dawne Fahey (Western Sydney University), Alys Mendus (University of Melbourne) & Devina Kirkpatrick (University of Plymouth)

TITLE: Togetherness: affect, artmaking & autotheory

Three artists, together, yet far apart

troubling the impact of Covid-19

relying on technology

 bubbles have been burst

 innocence lost

 separated from loved ones

Singularly, yet together, sharing, realising

 creativity ensures our survival

 connecting through art beyond words

 incorporating the autotheoretical impulse

 looking, experiencing difference

 mending, making anew, nourishing our souls

Sharing, our artmaking, our words

 filling the page, relieving our heartache

 relying on technology, connecting

 sharing affective tensions, lost dreams

 questioning privilege

 revealing invisibility, social margins

Togetherness, sharing our relationship – becoming present

 on the page

 and through zoom

 questioning, where would we be?

 without art?

 without technology?

Karissa Taylor (Monash University, Melbourne)

I am held, in my millennial mind, by crisis. This is an uncomfortable truth that I have found this difficult to communicate to others, as they too struggle to find the light refracted in their own bubbles edge. In the most unlikely of places, at the edge of my experience, I found deep comfort in my nightmares. Night after night, if sleep comes, I find myself in new worlds confronting impossible antagonists, trying to outsmart exploitative systems and protect other people at all costs. Anxiety and lucid dreams are not new to my repertoire, but these nocturnal rehearsals have strengthened my resolve, and continue to fuel my waking resilience.

Day 1, Paper Session 3: Stream 3

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/85117805947?pwd=cU5kQndmK0t2MEd5bIVrQmdvV2Q0Zz09>

Veronica Mitchell

Bubbles of tension in medical students learning:

it matters which stories are told (Haraway 2016)
their stories become my stories
thinking thoughts bounce with/in and around me
amongst the turbulence and flows connected to
concealed violence in obstetrics.

engaging in the surface tension over the past 12 years
through performances, google drive and conversations
blowing away my breath at times
moving us into unexpected spaces and places
I prick, panic and burst some bubbles
a disruption to enable a flight of activism emerging
from a meaningful curricular event.
What matters in the mattering of student learning we ask?

Donna F. Henson (Bond University, Queensland)

TITLE: Chasing Rainbows: An Autoethnography of the In-Between

This bubbled veil toils and troubles and filters my every day in this space-place-time where this ruminarrative of me – of mine – circles, twists and turns and bubbles up and round and back again, in fragile, tangled threads of ever-now, and ever-more. In this wondering, where I wrangle hope and flirt with gratitude and fight fear in rituals of selfish care and borderline oblivion. Stuck in this savage dialectic of time and the endless in-between, torn by toxic optimism and the lure of sinking, crashing, drowning in the ever-after. Looking for some happier me, happier we. You'll find me chasing rainbows.

Courtney White (RMIT University)

The bubble poem, which I am considering while looking through old photos of my father and I exploring nature together, directs my attention to the fleeting nature of life. Though he isn't with me any longer, the bubbles of joy we shared have shaped my life, my work, my love of animals and nature. I'm also prompted to think about the notion of equal and opposite reactions – to have that deep love and connection you must also feel that deep pain and loss when it is inevitably gone, the bubble popped. My poem would read 'it was worth the deep soul pain of losing you, to have had seen the rainbow you reflected while you were here'.

Day 1, Paper Session 4: Stream 1

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/84438596901?pwd=WEIXeklXZ3EvSU1YTDhVdHl4Q051Zz09>

Tara McGuinness (University College Dublin)

TITLE: Am I a ghost?: Homogeneity and classism

You cannot go further than 2kms from where you live. What is it like to be confined to a radius in which you are not a member of the dominant class in your neighbourhood? Pre-pandemic I did not notice the homogeneity in the neighbourhood I live in. Close to the city centre of Dublin, and home to many of the monolithic buildings of Amazon and Google, footfall disguised this space as heterogeneous. The pandemic stripped the space of its footfall revealing the residing milieu as tightknit and exclusive. Invisible to my neighbours during the pandemic, but stuck in this space, I wondered if I may be a ghost.

Elizabeth Walley (RMIT University)

Cocooned within my covid bubble of family

And Dan

And mask making abandoned before the talents of an artisan Japanese seamstress who delivers beautifully crafted pieces of linen and silk thread in bags of recycled paper complete with a handwritten note of gratitude for my custom

And I wonder at her humility in a world of scavengers and hoarders

And marginalised voices whose cries slice through the noise of privilege received by ears attune to frequencies beyond the range of those whose easy listening captures only the muzak of elevators and middle of the road drive time bubbles of exclusion

And I consider the 'inconvenience' of a pandemic that has devastated the world's poor and whose burden is carried by the labour of women and those who sacrifice personal gain for another

And first nation's people who march because they matter because black lives matter because justice and misogyny and femicide matter because all lives matter equally and climate change is real

And the patriarchy who do not care who will not listen who cannot see that in the act of lifting up not trickling down we heal

And I ponder my bubble and the rainbow's light that floods within and the reverberation of diverse voices that so transform my centre that despite the raging madness my body basks in a certain hope for humanity.

Peta Murray and Stayci Taylor (RMIT University)

TITLE: Beyond the Bubble: On Qubbling with the Jolly Good Fellows

In 2020, *bubbling* allowed one to nominate another to commune with in lockdown *iso-bar*. (Imagine sifting your friendship list weighing up who is going to be most miffed if you don't *bubble* with them? Not to mention the question of who chooses, and who is chosen?) This is less fraught for we Jolly Good Fellows are *qubblers*, meaning our understanding of *quinship* has never been about biological families or amatonormative partnerships (see <https://elizabethbrake.com/amatonormativity/>). In this presentation we ruminate on the utilities and affordances of *qubble* as noun and verb and share innovations in *qullaboration* we deployed through the *anthropocoronascene* and beyond.

Day 1, Paper Session 4: Stream 2

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/87507437533?pwd=NHVpL29pYzVqWHIHekE0WUFoSkizUT09>

Luise Fischer (University of Edinburgh, and Fraunhofer Center in Leipzig, Germany)

I want to dance – with you. I miss dancing, playing and improvising, becoming (me-us) in movement. I miss our embrace, sensing the always “more than” (Manning 2013; Wyatt 2020; Murray 2020), carried away in a sense of wholeness and wonder, grounded in a sense of union. Giving and receiving. Grace and gratefulness. Vulnerability and strength. Feeling alive. Present. Focussed and yet taken away. Now it is the *memory* of becoming in the “making” and the entanglements, the intra-action (Barad 2007). Hold the embrace (in embodied memory) and let it guide you in writing into dancing, I tell myself.

Paula Aamli (Hult Ashridge Executive Education)

TITLE: Lockdown London – Four Tanka

I.

Swathed in bubble-wrap,
She arrives, unexpected –
Young, fat, smiling me.
Portrait stored in the basement –
Too round and too successful.

II.

We walked here to see
Water bubbling under ice
In Trafalgar Square.
A year of footsteps taken
Together, bubbled, in London.

III.

Air-bubbled chocolate,
The post-run treat that always
Destroys my hard work.
I run in daylight, asking,
“How can I be sure I’m safe?”

IV.

Once in a life-time –
Toasting with bubbles and flowers –
Worth celebrating –
How I dragged words to the page,
While hiding from contagion.

Denise Chapman (Faculty of Education, Monash University) & Guido O. Andrade de Melo (College of Arts and Education, Victoria University)

TITLE: Leaky Bubbles and Subtweet Dreams: When Black *Likes* Matter More

From 2020 mid-March to mid-May, Melbournians sat uncomfortably in our first lockdown bubbles. While these circles of safety within our home felt isolating, the cyber circles on social media felt like a lifeline. Social media seemed to soothe or at least appease the uneasiness. However, for two Global Africans from the Americas, the last Monday of May sucked the air from our bubbles as we mourned the life of George Floyd. Black Lives Matter became a global movement, and we began to notice that we were being “collected” on our social media platforms. This critical poetic autoethnography is our story.

[END OF PAPER SESSIONS FOR DAY ONE]

Day 2, Paper Session 5: Stream 1

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/84438596901?pwd=WEIXekIXZ3EvSU1YTDhVdHl4Q051Zz09>

Peter Joseph Gloviczki (Communication, Coker University, South Carolina)

As an autoethnographer, I am always writing in gratitude for the in-between spaces. My gratitude consists of exploring autoethnographically to realize connections, how seemingly disparate things pair well together. When I think things are disconnected or dislocated, autoethnography reminds me of continuous paths. Autoethnography encourages me to build toward continuity. The bubble is, as such, a meaningful space, a place where I discover in-between as a stage on the path to becoming.

Sakina Jangbar (Department of Rhetoric, Communication & Theatre, St. John's University, Queens, New York)

TITLE: Asking for Forgiveness: The Flip Side

Research shows that there many benefits associated with forgiveness; however, it is not clear how one should ask for forgiveness so that it communicates not only sincerity, but also lays the groundwork for forging a new relationship. This paper is an autoethnographic account that depicts how the author, a Pakistani Muslim, asked her friends and family members to forgive her. Through serious and humorous anecdotes, the author lays out three steps: (a) refer to the hurtful incident; (b) ask for forgiveness; and (c) accept the responses of the hurt person. The author was surprised by the mix of responses she received, ranging from joyful to defensive, and she offers this essay as “equipment for living” to those who might be looking for some guidance on how to ask for forgiveness and what to expect in the process.

Lora Hydrick (Georgia Southern University)

Thoughts of my daughter and her leukemia fight hold my attention at this moment. I am a second-year doctoral student using autoethnography as my form of inquiry for dissertation. I have been digging deep into the methodology, reading the works of Ellis and Bochner in particular. My dissertation on *The Curriculum of Care* will reflect on the caregiving work of women, as teachers, wives, and mothers. I want to use my story and autoethnography as the building block to analyze and theorize the culture of caregiving. Hope to join you all!

Day 2, Paper Session 5: Stream 2

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/87507437533?pwd=NHVpL29pYzVqWHIHekE0WUFoSkizUT09>

Craig Gingrich-Philbrook (Communication Studies, Southern Illinois University)

I stand/fall at the intersection of profound uncertainties in nearly every domain of life. Certainly, the pandemic has damaged many of our executive functions (e.g., self-control, self-monitoring, emotional control, flexibility, task initiation, organization, working memory, and planning/time management); these functions are both necessary for critical autoethnography and revelatory of cultural crises when they fail. My writing typically emerges from the cultural debris fields collapsing master narratives leave behind. My contribution would assay the double-binds of functionally writing about—less as a performance of absolute functionality than the mindful labor of refreshing and renewing executive functionality by reflecting directly on its components and their demands—for writers, writing, and what’s written.

Chris McRae & Aubrey Huber (University of South Florida)

TITLE: Catching Bubbles

The preschool teachers tell the kids to “catch a bubble,” and the kids open their mouths wide (like little fish), puff out their cheeks, and then quickly purse their lips closed. Holding in their imagined bubbles, keeping the bubbles (and the talking, laughing, questions, whining) in for just a moment. How can you catch a bubble? How long can you keep a bubble once you catch it? We are catching bubbles (and these fleeting moments of silence), holding their fragile surfaces (and their lessons in listening), savouring the transformations they enable (and their magical creative potential).

ooooowhp

gulp

Kat Thomas (Faculty of Education & Social Work at Auckland University)

TITLE: Scaffolding Revolution: exploring theatre & social change through a "mardographic" lens of the mother, artist, researcher and director

A deep-seeded sense of loss, a misplacement of some hazy fatigue sitting in-between dreams. I am lost in my home. I wander the rooms finding myself looking at objects that have lost sentimentality. A portrait of my two children. A vase. A wheelchair. A pair of shoes. The children have stopped growing. Just their hair stretches. It slips in front of their eyes or is caught in toothbrushes, and is chewed into a spoonful of cake batter as we bake and brush our days away. My thesis is getting smaller with a bubble-like transparency. I wait for it to POP! And then the house tumbles down. Reveals a stage outside, we feel the fresh air on our faces and squint all our six eyes at the sky. Our long hair flickers in the fresh wind as we lick the cake crumbs from our fingers and we feel freedom. This was how the thesis performance came to life.

Day 2, Paper Session 5: Stream 3

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/85117805947?pwd=cU5kQndmK0t2MEd5blVrQmdvV2Q0Zz09>

Marsha T. Henry-Lewis (University of South Florida)

As an immigrant Black woman, a mother, a school administrator, and a doctoral student actively navigating my evolving socio-cultural space during this pandemic, I am grounded by my purpose to champion social justice. When the noise of my duties and expanding 'things to do' list begins to overwhelm me, it's the silence of my critical self-reflections, the difference that I make, and potential impact that I will make in the lives of others that keeps my attention in this bubble moment.

Tabetha Violet (Bowling Green State University)

In this bubble moment we've had an opportunity to examine the invisible walls that hold ideas in and keep ideas out. My critical autoethnographic attention has been focused on the bubble of the university as a site of formal and informal knowledge production where some bodyminds are deemed more valuable. Seemingly a transparent and equitable space for the flow of ideas, universities erect certain barriers marginalizing, and continuing the historical marginalization of particular voices while touting diversity and inclusion. How can we pop the bubble of representation and fight for justice?

James Salvo & Jasmine Ulmer (Wayne State University)

One of us tried to make big bubbles as a child, carefully blowing into the biggest circle wand in the set. For a fleeting moment, it almost worked. But just as the soap would start to round off and separate from the wand, the large, unbroken bubble would cave in on itself, forming two bubbles, instead. This is how we write together. This is also how we can't seem to write together at all, at least not beyond epistolary form, at least not yet. Here, in this generational bubble moment, laughing and otherwise, we'll try again.

Day 2, Paper Session 6: Stream 1

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/84438596901?pwd=WEIXeklXZ3EvSU1YTDhVdHl4Q051Zz09>

Amanda Taylor (Bowling Green State University)

TITLE: Poetry is my Rainbow

Red is for writing
Bleeding words onto a page
Orange pen in hand
Yellow rays of sun
Spill from blue glass to the desk
Paper with green lines
The poetry flows
My feelings are given breath
Violate notebook top
Indigo ink
This is my experience
Written as a poem

David Purnell (Mercer University)

TITLE: Bursting Bubbles

I use the tip of my pen to burst bubbles that represent both beauty and tragedy. Carl Sandburg's "Bubbles" expresses how the bubbles clung to the brief euphoria of being in a state where they reflected a rainbow. I thought that living within the brief beauty that bubbles create protected me. However, these brief moments of perceived security merely allowed others to see a reflection of what they considered to be beauty/beautiful. In actuality, the bubbles were not protecting, but rather they were tragically preventing me from revealing myself not only to others, but even to *myself*.

Jesse Reese (School of Media & Communication, Bowling Green State University)

This extended period of mediated communication during the COVID-19 pandemic has flipped the script on what it means to be "alone together," increasingly isolated from each other physically and geographically, but immersed in virtual social worlds. In quiet homes, people discover their queerness, their values, their value and worth, finding others like themselves through "idle scrolling" while their surroundings have gone quiet. Digital relationships are real, yet in a way that reshapes the reality of our relationships. Algorithms push us together, affinity trumps proximity, drawing out starkly the promises and perils of this virtual "cityscape."

Anne Carson (RMIT University)

The image of two bubbles connecting is a shimmering place of intersection. I know this place as the meeting of artforms (poetry and prose), ideas, fields (politics, form, and driver of creative process) and approaches, (creative and critical). Here the different domains intersect, mingle and connect, while maintaining their individual natures (Deborah Bird Rose). They meet in the middle (Deleuze & Guattari) where they 'push'. I write from this middle, this bubble of connection. In my architectural model of my thesis, I imagine membranes between domains, membranes not dissimilar to the membrane enclosing bubbles – permeable yet intact.

Day 2, Paper Session 6: Stream 2

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/87507437533?pwd=NHVpL29pYzVqWHIHekE0WUFoSkizUT09>

David Thornton (East Central University; Ada, Oklahoma)

Death of a Sandburg Bubble:

Don't judge me from my sudden burst.

I was beautiful,

I was full of spinning rainbows.

I floated on life and desired to reach great heights.

Oh, the bright colors that

Tami Spry (St. Cloud State University)

TITLE: "A Wild Patience": Creative Longevity in the Anthropocene

How and why do we continue to be creative in the face of seemingly insurmountable odds personal, political, financial, and otherwise? Considering the question, "What thoughts hold your creative and critical autoethnographic attention in this bubble moment?" led me to think about the experience of creative longevity and how autoethnography and performance assists in moving through and with these bubble moments. Adrian Rich's words, "A wild patience has taken me thus far" could be the thesis of my life and career with performance. It is a push and pull, a double bind of the aesthetic and epistemic of the practiced and the vulnerable of utopian and oblivion. What are the motivations, the reasons, the achievements and failures that contribute to creative longevity? How does one maintain a creative life as a social justice advocate, as an academic, as a person who believes creativity is the main motivating factor of sociocultural efficacy? Is there something about the study and *doing* of performative autoethnography that makes us want to continue creative work in whatever form that might take? Creative longevity is a yearning manifested in the space between being(s); 30 years of longing and loving and failing and reaching in and with performance has forever located me on the edge of time and space with others, an enchantment manifested in the everydayness of things and in the whoop-ti-do wreckage of existence. I will use Utopia Planitia, a plain on the largest impact basin on Mars as a place from which to speak of ethical wreckages and recuperations involved in a lifetime of creative labor—of "bubble moments"—with others.

Linda Levitt (Stephen F. Austin State University)

Blowing bubbles morphed into blowing smoke rings, a sign of adolescence and a certain skill of lips and tongue. No longer having to prove my maturity, I returned to bubbles, also a skill of the lips. Bubbles, though, had more magnitude, seemingly more weight, although weightless. I am looking for spaces in my world that are like bubbles: whole, round, transparent, shining, and impermanent. My autoethnographic bubble currently holds the convergence of cultural nostalgia and affect. I'm interested in why we yearn for things from the past that are outside of our own experiences. These sensibilities are, like bubbles, fleeting.

Georgina Harriss (Monash University, Creative Writing PhD Program)

Bubbles are microcosms suspended in time and space. We do not always acknowledge that we are inside one until it bursts and our private world is undone. As a writer who is using critical autoethnography to explore why creative practitioners choose to narrativise lived experiences of trauma, much of my work takes place inside a bubble. The moment of sharing is also a moment of bursting — of exposure — of loss. While these two phases can be equally important within the creative process, if the former does not anticipate the latter, it may undermine the creative practitioner's emotional safety.

Day 2, Paper Session 6: Stream 3

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/85117805947?pwd=cU5kQndmK0t2MEd5bVrQmdvV2Q0Zz09>

Elizabeth Mackinlay, Mel Green, Karen Madden, & Renee Mickelburgh (x3)

There are four papers in this presentation. Inspired by *A room of one's own* (1928/2001), Elizabeth's paper shares her bubble moments of living and working as a feminist academic in higher education in a series of autoethnographic letters to Virginia Woolf. These letters are used to creatively and critically braid the four papers together. Mel's paper shares her thinking and wondering in the second paper about Woolfian inspired writing as aesthetic bubbles in conversation with John Dewey to imagine the specks and splatters of a curriculum which privileges reading for enjoyment. In the third paper, Karen takes us into the pedagogical bubble of single-sex girls schooling and uses *Three guineas* (1938) to explore possibilities for disrupting contemporary neo-liberal feminist leadership in these social spaces. Ren's paper invites listeners to join her outside in the affective and material bubbles of online women's garden stories, much like Woolf did in her essay "The moment: Summer's night" (1952), to think of these public digital social spaces as complex locations deep acquaintances might be made when writing from the ground. In performing this work, we share the ways in which Woolf's thinking and wondering about bubbles meeting in social spaces inspires us to depart radically in our academic writing to bring new meaning and understanding about self and other worlds turning as specks and splattering together in words.

Ruth Fogarty, Emilie Collyer, Didem Caia & Clare Carlin (RMIT University)

TITLE: Autoethnographic Conversation Makes Bubbles

Is the creative practice PhD a bubble of nothing, we asked, or really something? Through a virtual collaborative autoethnographic conversation about the *why* and *how* of the creative practice PhD we came to better understand the actualities of the undertaking. The digital dialogue bubbles in our shared document's margin became a method for how we replicated in-person exchanges, and provided openings for creative and intellectual transference: opportunities to positively influence the academic experience. An essay emerged. The idea that autoethnographic conversation makes bubbles holds our attention: its possibilities as peer mentorship model and mode for co-authorship. *Where could it expand to next?*

Day 2, Paper Session 7: Stream 1

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/84438596901?pwd=WEIXekIXZ3EvSU1YTDhVdHl4Q051Zz09>

Estella Wong Yuen Ping (The Hong Kong Academy for Performing Arts)

I remember an old canton pop song (1981) regarding bubbles and the short time they lived. The lyrics says "Love is like soap bubbles, we have to separate soon after encountering...Love is like soap bubbles, seems like colorful but when we burst in the air, there is no trace that we have ever existed in the world." Every time I think of bubbles, this song rings in my ears. "Bubbles" is a popular image or metaphor to be used in numerous creative artworks. For me, the additional layer of meaning associates to it is now deeply planted that it is almost automatic. Interestingly though, I have never employed the image or metaphor of bubbles in my own artwork thus far!

Hilary Tapper (Whitecliffe School of Creative Arts Therapy, Aotearoa New Zealand)

The beholding of the rainbow was only possible by the curving perimeter of the bubbles. Our encountering of Other occurs through the experience of connection in our separateness. My creative and critical autoethnographic journeying is drawn by the meeting point (a rainbow!), of both my personhood and my relationality. Arts-based autoethnography vivifies the personal in connection to Other; just as the bubbles behold the moment of rainbow in their distinct personhood with relationality.

Michael Crowhurst (RMIT School of Education)

TITLE: Painting and Writing and Writing and Painting: On th/is/at-ing (and bubbling away)

I often paint as I write. I often inhabit that space (bubble). What is the place of painting in my written work? I often write as I paint. I often inhabit that space (bubble). What is the place of writing in my painting work? In 'The Hundred's' Lauren Berlant and Kathleen Stewart suggest a strategy of writing in 500 word blocks, and Gehry scribbles towards buildings - this paper will follow their lead. I will write and draw in small bursts and try to say and paint something about how both spaces might function to generate new or hybrid or entangled or complex modes of thinking. I will write and draw towards the production of a new conference paper.

Day 2, Paper Session 7: Stream 2

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/87507437533?pwd=NHVpL29pYzVqWHIHekE0WUFoSkIzUT09>

Phiona Stanley (Edinburgh Napier University, Scotland)

TITLE: A bubble of one: Reflections on witches and spinsterhood in pandemic times

In these pandemic times there are couple-bubbles and household bubbles and social bubbles. And then there is me, uncoupled, unchilded, in a bubble of one. (Four if you count the cats.)

In early modern Scotland, the *Witchcraft Act* (1563) held my type as “rebel wom[e]n who talked back, argued, swore ...a socially dangerous subject”. In contemporary Scotland, social imaginaries of crazy cat ladies work together with the *Coronavirus (Scotland) Act* (2020) to produce similar effects (albeit without the pyres. Or not yet.) “Emotional and material dependence within couples is both accepted and expected...[while] other kinds of relationships of dependence are subject to constant criticism and condescension”. But I am *not* alone. My oddkin *are* my bubble (virtually and illegally). This is my declaration of dependence. I *am* finding ways (although this *turns me into* a rebel woman, by necessity a socially dangerous subject). My contribution to CAE is therefore about labels—spinsters, crazy cat ladies, witches.

It is also about negotiating the social rules and the queer queerness of spinsterhood.

Miriam Potts (independent scholar) & Geraldine Burke (Faculty of Education, Monash University)

When vulnerability and beauty coincide a long whisper develops that defies linear time. Time concepts recently changed and now prompt us to contemplate the circularity and vulnerability of life. For example, when visiting Aged Care facilities was forbidden during Melbourne's lockdown, mother and daughter shared virtual walks along local beaches, rendering *presence* through *absence*; *as together/apart* they shared the allodial edge—and occasional swims. Newly formed connections through moments of interiority, despite external restrictions, formed and changed relations. How can we understand ourselves *in relation to others*—including more-than-humans—as we explore, expand and intersect with others' bubbles across time?

Mig Dann (RMIT University)

The lens, or bubble, through which I am looking is how the relationship with personal trauma can be used as a method to investigate the silence, confinement and isolation that we have been thrust into as a result of the pandemic, and how these parallels can be expressed as a collective tool of mourning.

Day 2, Paper Session 7: Stream 3

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/85117805947?pwd=cU5kQndmK0t2MEd5b1VrQmdvV2Q0Zz09>

Michelle Walter (Melbourne Graduate School of Education, University of Melbourne)

TITLE: Bursting bubbles

As linguistically constituted beings (Butler, 2008; Davies, 2000) language makes our worlds and in reaching for words to hold the moment steady, we find instead the gap between experience and language. In trying to pin down pain, or violence or beauty, we encounter instead the 'world shattering' (Butler, 2008, p. 6) potential of that which stands outside of language. Mental illness shatters worlds, words. It exists within the 'unrepresentability' of an intensity that, once past, becomes impossible to explain. These are 'bubble' moments, made not of words but prickled skin and tight throats, evaporating even as they are spoken into existence.

Julie Peters (Australian Broadcasting Corp)

A critical frame, a bubble in time, space, in a human mind.

A mythical narrative bubble. Tis existentialist ethnographic autoethnographic and bubbly.

My oh-so-special-cuddly meme of power ... story ... identity ... gender ... love. But my meme-bubble bursts and is lost before captured on paper or keystrokes. Surely keystrokes are far more ephemeral than ink on paper ... but keystrokes are surely cached! ... cached in the cloud ... bubbles on a memory chip ... pseudo fixed / indestructible once thought ... continuously renewed, copied. I add more bubble mix, desperate for rainbowy bubbles, excitement, stimulus/i, ideas, memes.

So happy it happens/ed.

Paris Balla (Monash University)

TITLE: A tiny red bubble of utopian possibility: Radical joy, queer clowning and the restorative power of laughter

What I have missed most is laughter.

Laughing so hard that we're crying and our stomachs ache and someone definitely has to urgently run to the toilet. The Fool walks forward smiling, knowing that until the very moment that they die, they are still alive. He sees the cracks in society widening and strives to fill them with laughter. She rejects the present as a state of darkness and in a radical act, flicks the light switch so we may find our path ahead.

Day 2, Paper Session 8: Stream 1

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/84438596901?pwd=WEIXekIXZ3EvSU1YTDhVdHl4Q051Zz09>

Özge Dolunay (University of Bayreuth, Germany)

TITLE: Cyber Rainbow Bubbles

The more the uncertainty of limitations continues, the more we are forced to find a place within ourselves. What kind of an irony it is to experience, to have the ability to form a cyber rainbow bubble while in physicality being alone. Frontiers have disappeared in cyber space slowly for the ones who have the means...Perhaps, this period was only meant to explore our unique color in order to form and to be a cyber rainbow bubble, until the real one which we will form together.

Peter Cook (Southern Cross University)

My creative bubble is shared with those in and of the provocative work. Space and time structure the processes throughout my choreographic practice, employing digital editing techniques to communicate the embodied meaning. When the work is complete, for now, we invite others into our bubble to extend the experience. The original dance work, to be presented, was created for someone on opposite sides of the world and considered intimately shared emotions in/outside our relationship. The digital dance provides insights into one relationship, but the story floats beyond to other bubbles with a myriad of possibilities (in)between.

Mark Price (Univ of Brighton)

'The Dreamer' - an autoethnographical response to becoming during lockdown.

Day 2, Paper Session 8: Stream 2

Zoom link: <https://monash.zoom.us/j/87507437533?pwd=NHVpL29pYzVqWHIHekE0WUFoSkIzUT09>

Jonathan Wyatt (Univ of Edinburgh)

TITLE: Infectious: Writing, the everyday, grief, and the risk/hope of connection

I write into the everyday of living, walking, and writing at this pandemic time, the small and the slow of an Edinburgh lockdown bubbling into writing life while around and beyond there is the multiplicity of the small and fast of a virus. I wonder how the act of writing might make it possible to find creative-relational connections amongst incompatible forces. I inquire into the everyday of how the pandemic is reorienting us to what is and isn't possible, infecting how we imagine, how we hope, how we dream, how we are intimate, how we grieve.

Christine Hatton (University of Newcastle, Australia)

TITLE: Nesting rainbows out of ruins...

This bubble moment finds me nesting, nurturing, mothering and managing, shaping the soft porous arcs of care, huddled safe amongst the rainbows and reflections. I pull you close, protecting and stealing you away from the darkness. Our nest bubble is placenta warm; we huddle close inside, peering out from the soft enclosure of our embrace. I am with you, breathing this shared stale air, holding tight against the destruction, waiting for the 'urge of cosmic confidence' (Bachelard, (1958/1994). "When this is over, we will be alright", I say, with an urgency that unsettles, as if will was all we needed.

Dan Harris & Stacy Holman Jones

TITLE: Bubble Trouble

A cavern. In the middle, a caldron boiling. Thunder.

Enter two witches...and a dog.

Double, double, toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark.

This performance queers *Macbeth*, that old stalwart of ambition bubbling up through kin, and to Birnham wood for the wisdom that humans seem to keep forgetting.

[END OF DAY 2 PAPER PRESENTATIONS]