

What Happened on the Way to Postmodern? Part II¹

David M. Boje*

September 19, 2005; revised February 10, 2006

Published 2006, *Journal of Administrative Theory & Praxis*. Vol. 28

(4): 479-494. It is an adaptation of the paper presented at the Public Administration, Net conference (Olympia, WN).

**New Mexico State University*

ABSTRACT

All postmodern roads lead to Nietzsche. This essay explores his eternal recurrence theory as way to answer the concerns about whatever happened to postmodern, and why are so many moderns still arriving? I am a storyteller so I will make this an epic story, not one of those tidy coherent linear narratives that plot history with beginning, middle, and end. Eternal recurrence is cyclical, not linear. What happened on the way to postmodern is the dark side, the most radical nihilism. I give you two parts: I, the written text I submitted to the PAT-NET conference (Public Administration Theory – Network); II, my story of the space for dialogicality opened to in the session and that day, Feb 10 2006 in Olympia Washington.

PART I – THE TEXT WRITTEN BEFORE PAT-NET

PRE-STORY OF THE HISTORY OF THE FUTURE

1

Modernisms seem to stand victorious in the foreground, with not a postmodern philosopher in sight. Modern philosophers keep promising progress through the empiricism, positivism, rationality, and mechanisicity or organicity of science, technology, in the Empire's unholy marriage of state and global corporation. Yet the consequence of all this is the catastrophe of nihilism. Nihilism is defined by Nietzsche as "radical repudiation of value, meaning and desirability" (WTP, section 1, p. 7).²

2

The supposed dialectic of moderns and postmoderns is what Nietzsche calls "perspectivism," a will to power striving to master space and time; This "will to power can manifest itself only against resistances; therefore it seeks that which resists" by

¹ Boje (2006) is Part I. This was written at the same time, but focused on Nietzsche, and is a completely different take on the genealogy of postmodern.

² WTP is Nietzsche's Will To Power, complete citation is in the references following the essay

dividing into two wills: “appropriation and assimilation” (WTP, section 636: p. 340). The good news is that out of the resistance to global Empire, a worldwide peace movement is being born. Empire is moving toward catastrophe, to its self-destruction. This Empire is what I call the dark side of postmodern. The catastrophe of Empire’s postmodern wars, its global imperialism, is simultaneous to its resistance which spawns the birth of the worldwide peace movement.

3

Eternal recurrence is the idea that “everything becomes and recurs eternally – escape is impossible!” (WTP, section 1958, p. 545). The linear narrative, the mechanistic cause-effect, the organic budding will not be reconciled with eternal recurrence. The narrators read a progressive path to goal into every string of linearly ordered events. I seek to revive Aristotle’s more epic story. Empire will succumb to catastrophe to the decline of US global hegemony, only to be cast up again. As Nietzsche put it, “My consolidation is that everything that has been is eternal: the sea will cast it up again” (WTP, 1065: 548). Napoleon, Hitler, and Bush; the fascist leaders are cast up again to fulfill the desire of the masses. Of all the world hypotheses (WTP, 1066: 549) the organic and the mechanistic (plus Pepper’s, 1945 contextualism & formism) have all been refuted, but keep reappearing. So why should we not expect postmodern philosophies to recur? I will lay out the linear episodic succession narrative in Table 1, though it too has been refuted.

Table 1: Linear Narrative of Genealogy of Premoderns, Moderns, & Postmoderns

ERA	Philosophy	Personages	Features
Classics	Greek	Aristotle 384-322 BCE	Set out epic story, but narratology took off with only dramatic poetics
		Plato 427-347 BCE	Cyclic model of oligarchic, democratic, & tyranny rule
Pre-Moderns	Early	François Rabelais	Carnavalesque novel writer of Renaissance
	Retro	Ivan Illich	Deschooling Society; conviviality
Moderns	Early Systemic	Descartes 1595-1650	Cartesianism
		Locke 1632-1704	Empiricism
		Newton 1642-1727	Mechanistic
		Comte 1798-1857	Eurocentrism
	Critical	Marx 1818-1883	Communist Manifesto, call for revolution
		Benjamin 1892-1840	Phantasmagoria of consumerism
		Horkheimer 1895-1973	Culture industry
		Marcuse 1898-1979	One-dimensional man
	Pro-	Habermas 1929-	Wants to complete the Enlightenment project
	Early Existential	Kierkegaard 1813-1855	Melancholy; angst
		Nietzsche 1844-1900	Critical of Enlightenment modernism
		Heidegger 1889-1976	Critical of systemic modernism
	Late Systemic	Ford 1863-1947	Fordism, then Post-Fordism
		Taylor 1856-1915	Scientific Management
		Bell 1919	Postindustrialism
Post-moderns	Naïve	Bell; Bergquist; Wilber	Bell's postindustrial reinvented as postmodern capitalism; Bergquist one of many seeing complexity & chaos organization as postmodern; Wilber's devotees doing a branding of spirituality-Integral as postmod; all dispense with radical or critical, & do not mention the darkside
	Radical	Baudrillard 1929	Hyperreality; simulacra of culture
		Lyotard 1924-1998	End of grand narratives
		Foucault	Archaeology of knowledge; discipline & punish

		1926-1984	panoptic surveillance; then reverted to modern
	Critical	Jameson 1934-	Cultural logic of late capitalism
		Debord 1931-1994	Situationist International; accumulation of spectacle
		Best & Kellner (1943-)	Postmodern Turn, Theory, & Adventure
		Boje 1947-	Unrepentent critical postmodernist
Post- Post- Moderns	Hybridity	Latour 1947-	Hyper-incommensurability of postmoderns
	Language	Bakhtin 1895-1975	Polyphonic dialogism; stylistic dialogism; chronotopic dialogism; architectonic dialogism
	Dark Side	Hardt (1960-) & Negri (1933-)	WTO, IMF, G8, NAFTA, etc are postmodern networking control of global reterritorialization
		Bush & Neocons	Evangelical capitalism; Postmodern War II (Bush Sr. led 1 st one).
		Rifkin 1945-	Biotechnology Century

I don't buy the linear episodic narrative of pre to mod to postmodern archaeology in Table 1. I agree with Nietzsche's eternal recurrence. Despots and fascists keep recurring, and postmodern wars are endless (Gulf War I with Bush Sr. & Gulf War II with Bush Jr.). There is no end to war on drugs, war on crime, and war on the Axis of Evil.

4

To Nietzsche his Dionysian chaos world is "a monster of energy, without beginning, without end," and boundaries between perspectives are blurry, "a sea of forces flowing and rushing together, eternally changing, eternally flooding back, with tremendous years of recurrence" (WTP, 1067: 550). It's self-creating and self-destroying that is "beyond good and evil' without goal, unless the joy of the circle is itself a goal... *This world is the will to power – and nothing besides!*" (WTP 1967: 550). Empire is not bringing about some fundamentalist moral fulfillment of God's plan on earth; it is just will to power.

5

It is said that we need a post-postmodern philosophy since the postmodern philosophies have been vanquished by the resurgence of the moderns. Silliness. What happened on the way to postmodern? An eternal recurrence in the monster of energy forces of will to power reasserted nihilism, the dominion of Empire, while the many postmoderns self-deconstructed by engaging in hyper-incommensurability until they self-

4

destroyed; their corpses assimilated and appropriated by the mighty and noble moderns. All that is left is the dark side of postmodern dreams. There is also a fair amount of pomophobia: idiots caricature postmodernists as Nazis, as relativists, as monsters. Young scholars are warned against it, “you will never be taken seriously; you will be lighted at” A Ph.D. seeking a job quickly said “hello” to me at Academy meeting, then begged off, saying “I cannot be seen with Boje; I will never get a job if I am seen with you.”

6

Is it time to make a mummy out of the postmoderns? Should we buy Fukuyama’s end of history? Not I! Was the postmodern movement a fiction of our collective imagination? Not to me! The gravediggers are assembled here to bury postmodern philosophies. Yet I do remember leading marches and vigils against the wars of Empire, and getting arrested, handcuffed and leg-shackled by university police. Resistance to nihilism is still active; more people are joining the vigils. Despite the theoretical *nihilism* of the cacophony of postmodernisms; despite what Latour (1994) calls their “hyperincommensurability” there is a burgeoning worldwide resistance to Empire.

7

There are many signs of decline and decadence of Empire. Radical nihilism is *not* the corruption of Enron, Andersen, or WorldCom. The Biotech century of cloning and terminator seeds is not the *cause* of radical nihilism. The depleted uranium of Gulf Wars I and II is not it. I think it’s the lies. Bush’s recent postmodern war is an example of cooking up a story of ‘weapons of mass destruction, then sending in troops to be slaughtered. Bush told history’s all-time whopper; that it is not the US that makes or uses Weapons of Mass Destruction, but some dessert nation. The dark side of postmodern announces itself in a hundred tellings; yet the epic story is distorted in the repeated retellings. One telling, The Empire book (Hardt & Negri, 2000) is an example of (late) modernism appropriating and assimilating postmodern theory, in order to articulate a supposed utopia post-postmodern position.

8

I write the postmodern gospel of the future! (WTP, section 3: p. 3). The dark side of postmodern has found its expression, appropriated and assimilated by Empire. The

positive *necessary* consequence is the birth of the worldwide peace party. Empire promises progress on a global scale, yet behind the façade one sees predatory capitalism's oppression; nothing more than the pain and suffering of Social Darwinism.

9

Evangelical capitalism purports to be God's will for a new global order called Empire. This fundamentalist faith in global capitalism is misplaced. Bush's call to go shopping to save the economy is a sign. Shopping is not a transcendence moral will-to-serve humanity or nature; that is not its guiding logic; the call to shop is just one more recurrence of will-to-power. This is not the fulfillment of Habermas' uncompleted Enlightenment project. The Top Gun landing on U.S.S. Lincoln is another sign. The axis of evil is another slip of the tongue. Empire is not the dialectical synthesis of Hegel's thesis and antithesis, not the triumph of the teleology of some moral God; not the dialectic struggle of good and evil forces. Monsanto and Wal-Mart are not patriotic. Yet, this is the dark side of postmodern, wed to the predatory nature of global capitalism. And the consequence of all this radical nihilism is self-disintegration (WTP, section 5: p. 8).

10

McDonaldization, Wal-Martization, Las Vegasation, and Disneyfication are all a march toward mediocrity. All the management and organization theory of private and public administration of economics and politics can not save this wretchedness. The nihilistic consequences of writing romantically, focusing on the positive, will not change the course of history. Yes, I mean social construction theory (after Berger & Luckmann, 1966) that ignores power, and consultant's 'search for excellence', TQM', and 'appreciative inquiry'; these romanticisms can not stall the forces of radical nihilism. The values will devaluate themselves into meaninglessness (WTP, sections 2 & 3: p. 9). The good news is this meaningless valueness is only a *transitional stage* (WTP, section 7: p. 11).

11

Empire has hostility towards life, it has no “will to life!” (A-C, 18: p. 140).³ The herd defers and submits to the stupidity of Evangelical Capitalism. Wal-Mart has become the kingdom realized on earth and Mr. Sam is now the Holy Ghost. USA is in decline; its rise is over, there is only *d é cadence*. An aristocrat has declared himself king of Empire. His thirst for power knows no bounds. He has made submissiveness and surveillance conditions of US survival. Neo-conservatism mixed with evangelical fundamentalism has become the new “fictitious morality: it is of course only a “*formula for d é cadence*” (A-C, 15: p. 138). The new platform is the same old hatred of nature, hatred of the other; Empire is here.

12

My grandmother’s name is “Wilda” and she was the wild one, could live off the land, learned Native American ways, and became an enchantress. She married Raymond. My grandfather Raymond Eaton was a hermit; he lived in caves, prospecting for gold, herding sheep, steering clear of civilization. During the Great depression he became a bootlegger, hopping the freight trains, selling his hooch. Ray had a glass eye, and when that was out, he would wear a black patch over the hole. My dad (Daniel) became a hermit, after his third marriage self-deconstructed; he reconstructed his being in the wilderness of Oregon; he too avoided civilization. I am about to become a hermit, to escape the *d é cadence*; only as a hermit can I live off the land, relearn the names of animals, trees, and plant, and become a free spirit, no longer slave to the herd.

13

What happened on the way to postmodern? The legions of postmoderns began as the antitheses of systemic modernism. On the way to postmodern, idealism was left behind. Systemic modernism, call it “managerialism,” appropriated the postmodern moves, distilling them into the darkest side of the postmodern, married off to modernity’s Frankenstein bride. On the way to post, the Anti-Christ perfected Aristotle’s catharsis, made spectacles on U.S.S. Abraham Lincoln, and media performances that celebrate the “denial of life” (A-C, 7: p. 130). It is a painful and dreadful spectacle, so it is time to head to the hermit’s cave (A-C, 6: 129). I can see it outside my window, as I write. It is called

³ A-C is abbreviation for Nietzsche’s Anti-Christ; see references for complete citation

“La Cueva” in New Mexico; its in Dripping Springs, New Mexico, on the west side of the Organ Mountain range. In the late 1860's, La Cueva wa home to Giovanni Maria Agostini, know to local folks as "El Ermitano"...the Hermit. Giovanni, a son of Italian nobility, left Italy on a spiritual journey through Central America, Cuba and Canada. He wore a nail-spike corset; and he was found stabbed in the back.

THE END

So ends this chapter of the never-ending postmodern story. It is a never-ending epic story, not some trivial linear narrative of episodic transitions. The hatred of life, the multiplication of postmodern wars, it is a contagious duplicity. The progress promised as inevitable by Globalization is a false idea, a grand narrative fiction. The cacophony of moderns and postmoderns has created nothing but the Labyrinth, and a proper fodder for Empire. Empire needs a philosophy to justify the biotech Century, the largest retailer in the world stocked with sweatshop goods, the largest chain of restaurants advertising its Frankenfoods as nutritious, and Nike telling everyone its sweatshops are transparent to the world. It is time to get reaccustomed to living on mountains, in caves, and let the ephemeral chatter of Neo-Liberalism just fade away. There are no ears to hear about what really happened on the way to postmodern. Still, I keep being tempted to write a new story, a critical postmodern one would route the moderns and the postmodern rivals. I search through my Bakhtin texts for the perfect dialogism, and am reading Kant once again to find out how to make critical postmodern a universalized categorical imperative. Then I awaken from that nightmare, and the cave beckons me.

PART II – THE SPACE FOR DIALOGICALITY AT PAT-NET

Above is the text, some of which I presented verbally at the PAT-NET conference in Olympia, Washington on Feb 10 2006. A space for dialogicality was opened for me to enter by gracious colleagues (in order of meeting): Bob Cunningham, Hugh Miller, Lisa Zinnetti, and many I had not met before, as well as new beings, Ralph Hummel, Kym Thorne, Katherine Horiuchi, Rose-May Guignard, two Danes, and many others who did speak with me, give me invitation to come to their sessions, invited me to experience dialogic-plurality, instead of monolog. I would have left after my session, if I had not been invited to stay, by Lisa, Ralph, and others. My mother is in her 80s, and lives

between Yelm and Rainier, and I want to spend time with her, but I also pursue dialogism when it beckons.

Dialogicality is Bakhtin's word; we call it dialogism now, though Bakhtin did not use this second word. Dialogism is not the same as dialogue. Monologue, as Augusto Boal jokes, is one person talking, and no one listening; dialog is two people talking, and neither is listening (two monologues). Dialogism is several people, each with a fully embodied perspective, or ideology, struggling to voice ideas, to hear ideas different, told by others who fully embody their perspectives. Dialogism, or being dialogic with others is plurality; it is beyond dialog, by which I mean one's monolog being trampled by a more powerful monolog (or vice versa) so that instead of dialogic plurality, some hegemonic consensus results.

The written text submitted, is not the verbal presentation I gave. I began storying about Wilda, my grandmother, my parents (Lorane Eaton and Daniel Boje), by grandfathers (August Boje, on my dad's side; Ray Eaton and step-granddad Percy Brown, on my mom's side); all born in Washington State, where I was born. My sister Karen, my brother Kevin, live in Washington.

Two Danes in the audience, one interrupted (joyously) to tell me, his grandmother (Ona) was a Boje, and I could feel the 'hyggelig' which in Danish, means 'cozy' and 'social warmth. Dialogic is hyggelig; dialog has no cozy social warmth. The Boje's came from Denmark by ship, Catholics refusing to be Lutheran; coming by covered wagon on the Oregon Trail to Spokane, where my dad and I were born.

Wilda, I said "could fell a rabbit or grouse at 50 paces, could bend a piece of wire into a hook and catch a fish. She could live in the wilderness, feed her daughter Lorane, while Ray Eaton, the one-eyed sheep herder, gold and silver prospector did his bootlegging, hoped a freight to sell his hooch, gone for months at a time." I forgot to tell the bit about Wilda being a trick rider in the rodeo, when women just did not do such things. And did not get into her native spirituality, how her brother Gerald married (we think), a native woman named Stella LaClair; they had a daughter name Georgia (or Georgie). And after Gerald was beat to death by the Sheriff and his deputy in Goldendale, Wilda was greatly influenced by Stella and Georgie's spiritual practices. Nor, did I tell that on the Boje side, one Edward Boje, brother to August, was written out of the family

bible, his name forbidden to be spoken, nor that of his native bride, a woman from the Pullalup reservations (just north of Olympia), nor the names of the children this nameless woman and Edward did raise on that reservation, before moving to Wyoming to a Cheyenne reservation, where their children are buried; and no one can tell me the name of Edward's wife. There was no dialogicality then, just monolog between settlers and natives, pretending to be dialog.

In those few seconds when telling about Wilda, I flashed on how Wilda was so alone in the wilderness with Lorane, visited by Stella and Georgie, riding and fishing together... How she did leave Ray Eaton, the one-eyed hermit, who often lived in caves. And took up with Percy Brown, lived common law with him for over 25 years before they married. How Percy had been abandoned by his mother, left at the entrance to the Yakima reservation, went to reservation school, until he could stand civilization no more, and jumped out the school window in the 3rd grade, never to return. No I did not tell this, but it flashed through my mind, as Hugh and Lisa fussed with the computer and projector, bringing them on line.

Ralph Hummel presented before me; he provided a cozy space, a warm welcome by telling stories about a phone call he made to me about numbers I inserted next to lines of the story fragments of my 1991 *Administrative Science Quarterly* article; how I said "its worse than that, that there were once formulas in the article, but the reviewers made Boje remove them." Ralph while giving an overview of the variety of moderns, reached out to me, by actually saying that in many ways Kant was postmodern. More accurately, that Kant's ways of being paradoxical, anticipated postmodern. I was very excited by this, since in reading Kant (1785/1993) *Grounding for the Metaphysics of Morals: On a Supposed Right to Lie*, there is that part about the Kingdom of Ends, where Kant says the instead of a universal foundation, each person tries to make their maxim a universal. In other words, there is a struggle of categorical imperatives that seek to be universal, but remain what Bakhtin would call dialogic to one another. In my opening, while the technology was off line, I reciprocated Ralph's space opening to me, by giving his idea space on stage. Then, the punch line came to me, what more contemporary example of Kant's critique of supposed right to lie than the Bush administration, the whopper of a lie about sightings of weapons of mass destruction in dessert nations.

Suddenly, the picture of the metallic green Harley Chopper appeared on the screen, more accurately just the Duo Glide front end, and me pretending to ride the chopper that had not been built. I asked Lisa to advance through the slides, as I performed in front of the presenter's table. I really loved having Lisa join me on stage, I like her critical theory, I like her critical feminism; I knew I could nuance the presentation, take more license, be more radical, than if only strangers were present. She opened space for me, to be me.

I was standing on Washington ground, in the State Capital; I had never been to the capital before. When I got to the slide that showed the university police officer taking by off in handcuffs, removing me from a peace protest, violating my right to speak, not just my academic freedom, by my voice as human being --- I flashed back on how I had been handcuffed and taken to jail, where I spent my 19th birthday, Christmas, and New Year's, until I was taken in cuffs to my mothers' to say good by to her, two brothers, and my sister; then in cuffs to the airport, where I did sign a paper, that I would fly away to New York, and never ever return to Washington's soil, for the rest of my life. Now here I stood in the State Capital.

Someone from the audience asked me if there was a difference between resistance and transgression. This was a reference to the plenary session speaker's (Howe's) talk. I thought about it, while. I do try to think about how I will be hated and reviled by my family, my community, my State, my country --- when I resist. Yes, I think to resist is to transgress.

I gave me pre-story of the history of the future, my celebration of Nietzsche. I notebook like Nietzsche and Bakhtin; both wrote in those school kid notebooks. I wrote an outline of the presentation in my notebook, so I would know it, and just in case the technology was unavailable. And knowing that speaking stories without technology, without props, is better telling, except people expect to stare at a screen, not at the teller.

This was a presentation I would not be allowed to give at my university. The slide appeared where I say in eternal recurrence, the fascists keep reappearing, and list President Bush with earlier incarnations, Napoleon and Hitler. I go into postmodern wars, the use of virtuality, the digitizing of audiences, the chorography, like dressing the crew in colors to appeal to the audience, selecting the combination of ethnicities to pull the

votes, and dialog-coaches who focus on values that focus groups say will pull more votes than any discussion of issues. Dialog is not the same as dialogic; plurality is rare. This is why, finding it at PAT-NET I stayed awhile.

I decided to go for it, to enliven the performance with jokes, cursing, and face my ghosts. A shared the story of job candidates at the Academy of Management meetings, saying they could not be seen talking to Boje, the postmodernist. I did not realize that PAT-NET, is like sc'MOI (Standing Conference for Management and Organization Inquiry): both are safe spaces for critical theorists, critical postmodernists, critical pedagogists, post colonialists, and other radicals to engage one another dialogically. At the mainstream meetings of our respective academies, we are under surveillance, our roles are policed, and our scripts are disciplined. At our colleges we may be the only radical voice, and we are expected to stay in line, to not speak out. I did divulge that on my web site, the university demanded I put in a disclaimer: the views in these web sites are those of David Boje, private citizen, and not those of the department, college, or university. I am the only faculty in my university that has such a disclaimer; and the only one to be handcuffed and leg shackled! You transgress, you resist the hegemon of the majority, and you pay the price. Across this glorious nation, critters (critical theorists) and postmodern radicals are being tape-recorded, their speech acts transcribed and audited to see if there are any anti-Bush remarks, any communist recipes.

During any presentation there is a lot of stuff swirling in the head, and much of it does not get said. I flashed on my friend Douglas Kellner, and colleague McClaren, how students get a \$100 a tape, paid for by the head of the Alumni association. It was several alumni who threatened to withhold donations from my university unless I pulled references to vegetarian capitalism, and critiques of mascot Pistol Pete from my web site; I hated agreeing to do that. More recently, a Neocon spy had infiltrated the peace@nmsu.edu listserv, and did supplementarity (adding speech onto my speech) giving it to a local AM talk show host who did his round of putting words into my email. Then they did send the conglomerate to the University President, who sent it to University Counsel, and they did demand that me, "trouble maker" be called onto the carpet. The talk show host, did question the employment criteria for professors at this university; its OK to cite Marx and Nietzsche in the classroom, but not OK to call for the

impeachment of the President for lies. I have tenure, but that is not much protection these days. And fortunately, I am skilled enough at intertextual analysis, to show how my ordinary text had been embellished, how a listserv at the university was designated as non-academic discussion, and not scholarly work (you can not express ideas on campus anymore unless they are part of your academic expertise). My dean, the former Republican Governor and my department head, did support my academic freedom, did see the entrapment for what it was; others across the nations are not so lucky. Too complicated to explain in a brief PAT-NET presentation. I moved on.

I told more about Evangelical Capitalism than is part I. How I was beheaded as President of an academic conference (International Academy of Business Disciplines) on pretext that I had dressed as Ronald McDonald, doing an anti-Iraq War play (McDonald's goes to Iraq) at the conference dinner, had put up a slide of President Bush dressed like Ronald the clown, a slide of Ronald on the cross his blood dripping on the thief Hamburglar, and on the fool Grimace; and the coup de grace, an image of the Last Supper with Christ and disciples eating Happy Meals. The board impeached me, after petitions circulated by the Neocons and by Evangelical Fundamentalists, and Clown-haters were circulated (I never saw them). As I said at PAT-NET, "I am still the president!" The subtext is that my removal by the board was orchestrated the year before, after my election was announced, by a faction of power holders who did not want a radical as their leader; I was to be removed for any pretext, if I was not clown, Bush critic, or anti-Fundamentalist culture-jammer, then some other pretext would have served as story told to the public. The good news is that in our exodus, we formed sc'MOI (<http://scmoi.org>).

I think it was at that point that my old body awakened, that I did curse, and did associate Bush with being the anti-Christ, then explained no, that could not be, he was not smart enough. Several times, before, during, and after – I did apologize, and say that my remarks were not suitable for Republicans. Fortunately, no petitions were circulated, at least not to my knowledge. At one point I told how my dad, the hermit in Oregon, had called President Clinton's 800 number every day, advising him how to run the government better. At his funeral, I did not disclose that the priest told me how dad would sometimes come to mass, and did tell him once, maybe he ought to get a new

book! I ended with a picture of the Harley Chopper I built, as an example of being the hermit, and doing postmodern consumption (pictures at <http://peaceaware.com/harley>). “Be a hermit, build your own chopper, and enjoy the ride!”

After the applause, lots of great questions followed. “Was resistance possible?” Yes, but few people attend vigils; more turn out for Martin Luther King Jr. and other holidays, but the millions that turned out to stop the Iraq War have burned out. “Boje, do you really want to cease resistance and be a hermit.” Being a hermit was good enough for Nietzsche, grandpa Ray, and my dad. I burned out in the peace movement; my heart was no longer full of peace, love, and joy. I need my hermit cave to renew my spirit. I need to reconnect to Wilde, to Native American spirituality, to my Danish hyggelig, to return to the wilderness of Washington State. How does building your own chopper help? I am not taking capitalism as received, you are entering the manufacturing process, deciding which after-market parts to substitute, what rake, stretch and rise to give to the frame, how to stylize a unique expression, your own aesthetic signature. It is a way of transforming global capitalism, learning where parts come from, how they are made, who makes them. It is a way, as the song says, to put the world in a love embrace, heavy metal thunder!

My written presentation is not at all like my verbal presentation, and what I write now gives you some insight into my self-reflectivity, stories told in my head that did not make it into the written or verbal presentations, added now Intertextually. And when I got to my mother home, I did show her and my sister Karen the slides, and told them a presentation (without the curse words); my mother would not find cursing amusing. I was hesitant to present before her at all; last time she said she was for the President. I knew my sister would appreciate the references to the spiritual. Turns out my mother has changed her mind, no longer supports the president. We got into to the Wilde stories, and then did some more storytelling. Found out that Wilde died in 1972 in Utah, was cremated; must be records of that somewhere.

Kym Thorne invited me to his session, in the basement of the Radisson. Basement sessions are always the most radical. Katherine stress the stories behind numbers, how identity theft was defined on the Social Security website, the ways in which our identity-chips are going to be used strategically, like in the movie *Minority Report*, to track our

comings and going, eternal surveillance. Kym stressed how scared he was by the business strategy literature. Both Katherine and Kym invited the audience to stay when the session ended, and people rushed off to lunch. I took it as a genuine invitation to be dialogic. So I asked Katherine about Darpa, and she knew that one well, the snooping through our email, tapping our phones, etc. and looking for archetypical story patterns. I asked Kym to tell me more about why strategic management was scary. I know it scared me, and wanted to see if we had the same fears. Gary Hammett's book *Beyond Revolution* was scary because it was another apology for oligopoly. As was Castel's book on switching networks, a defense of more hierarchy. Then there was Fukuyama's latest book, one that cannot imagine any alternative to free market capitalism. Yes, very scary! Kym stressed it was time to peel back the Neo-Liberal fictions, and shared by concern that Hardt and Negri's *Empire* book was the dark side of postmodern, the idea that WTO, IMF, etc. was a way to rein in the excesses of global capitalism. I shared that I saw some Bakhtinian dialogism in questions he asked: for whom is global consummated, by who is consummated, who directs it, who are the bystanders, who benefits? A-B-C-D -- Who are the authors, beholders, characters, and directors? He was focused on my recent strategy writers. I shared how I was looking at Mintzberg and Lempel's (1999) schools of strategy typology. How, for example, Schumpeter (Entrepreneurship School) was a misreading. Schumpeter did not trumpet the heroic CEO, and like the authors that Kym mentioned wrote a defense of oligarchy (& monopoly capitalism), in his section on creative destruction.

Kym invited me to lunch with Phillip Parker. Breaking bread in a cozy restaurant can make dialog transform into dialogic conversation. This happened. First we sat in the sun, against the window, not hyggelig, so we moved to a counter where we sat across from each other. But we were slotted between two lobbyists for the Business Roundtable, and five police color guard. We struck up conversations, since we could not continue our radicalness book-ended by surveillance. Finally, a booth was clear, and we went off to create a safer space to be dialogic. Funny thing is, that unless us radicals can dialog with the conservative worldviews, we will never be dialogic, just more monologs, unattached. Kym, Phillip and I needed a space where we could share about the oppressive life of institutions.

After lunch, we arrived late to the “I am Public Administration; and You?” session. Ironically, it had that same theme, how to find a safe space to be dialogic. And, the irony of being exclusionary to be safe, while cutting oneself off from the other, whose views are different and difficult. Rose-May, Margaret, and others in the panel, invited me to participate, to have a voice. I really could identify with being a Ph.D. student (way back when) and trying to have a voice, realizing I could no longer talk to people outside of academia, socialized in a way of speech, that was alien. Then, trying to find my writerly voice, my speaking voice, when all I had been trained to do was rote back the mainstream journal articles, and fortunately for me, the critical views of my mentoring faculty; how they expected me to continue to be radical in an Academy that was anything but.

You get the point. What happened on the way to postmodern? We fragmented, we tried to be romantic, to rebirth enlightenment, then became dismayed, and went off to our caves. We found it safer to engage in dialogue than to be thoroughly dialogic. It's safe to discourse with other radicals, much tougher to strike up a meaningful conversation with your enemy, or worse, to realize, there are no enemies. In the end all postmodern roads lead back to Nietzsche; Just that monster energy of chaos, the eternal return of the despot, the time to heal in the cave; and a time to stop being the hermit.

PAT-NET is a safe place to be dialogical.

References

- Boje, D. M. 2006. What happened on the way to postmodern? Part 1 Qualitative Research in Organizations and Management: An International Journal (QROM-J). Vol 1 (1); 22-40. Current article is Part II
- Hardt, M., and A. Negri, 2000. Empire. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press
- Kant, Immanuel. 1785/1993. Grounding for the Metaphysics of Morals: On a Supposed Right to Lie because of Philanthropic Concerns. Trans. By J. W. Ellington. Indianapolis/Cambridge: Hackett Publishing Co. First edition 1781; revised 3rd English edition, 1993.
- Fukuyama, F. 1992. The End of History and the Last Man. Boston, MA: The Free Press.

Nietzsche, F. W. 1990/1895. *Twilight of the Idols/The Anti-Christ*. London/NY: Penguin Books. Translated by R. J. Hollingdale. *Anti-Christ* first published 1895.

Nietzsche, F. 1968. *Will to Power*. Translation by Walter Kaufmann (ed), & R. J. Hollingdale. NY: Vintage Books. *WTP* is selection of Nietzsche's notebooks from 1883 through 1888.

Pepper, S/ C. 1942. *World Hypotheses: A Study in Evidence*. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press.

Rabelais, F. 1532/1873. *The works of Rabelais*. Five books, first one published in 1532. Quotes from a translation from the French with Variorum notes, and illustrations by Gustave Dore (1832-83). 1873 is date of Dore's edition, call number is PQ 85 EF D6. Other editions of Dore are published, London: Chatto and Windus.