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Tapestry of Tears: An Autoethnography of Leadership, Personal Transformation, and Music Therapy in Humanitarian Aid in Bosnia Herzegovina

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TAPESTRY OF TEARS: AN AUTOETHNOGRAPHY OF LEADERSHIP, PERSONAL
TRANSFORMATION, AND MUSIC THERAPY IN HUMANITARIAN AID IN BOSNIA
HERZEGOVINA

ALPHA M. WOODWARD

A DISSERTATION

Submitted to the Ph.D. in Leadership and Change Program
of Antioch University
in partial fulfillment
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Doctor of Philosophy

November, 2014

This is to certify that the Dissertation entitled:

TAPESTRY OF TEARS: AN AUTOETHNOGRAPHY OF LEADERSHIP, PERSONAL
TRANSFORMATION, AND MUSIC THERAPY IN HUMANITARIAN AID IN BOSNIA
HERZEGOVINA

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I have many to thank for my six year saga in this work. I cherished the kind words of support from close friends, colleagues, and family who reminded me that what I do matters to them. So in the solipsistic process of writing an autoethnography, their support and patience has helped me to stay on track and aim for the finish line. In particular, I wish to thank Carolyn Kenny, who has been my advisor, friend, mentor, and coach throughout my various transformations and transitions. Carolyn has witnessed the dark and the light side of my journey but somehow she knew I would find my own way. An intrepid and wise old soul, she held the gate open while I wandered, and struggled with the challenges of repatriation, job changes, and other existential life issues. A gentle master, and a natural and gifted healer in whose presence I always feel replenished and hopeful, I am honored to be a friend and ever so grateful to have been her student.

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Abstract

In the fall of 2003 I was invited to lead a team of music therapists in Bosnia and Herzegovina (BiH), a country that had been recently savaged by two brutal inter-ethnic wars. The program operated out of the Pavarotti Music Centre on the East side of Mostar, a divided city in the southwest region of BiH. My journey over the next four years was epically challenged by my immersion into the complexities of post-conflict recovery, and the cultural confusion that followed the atrocities of those wars. Transformation and change not only characterized the world in which I worked, but also paralleled internal processes proceeding silently within me. As a music therapist I have always worked within a framework of cultural constancy. In post-conflict societies, we become involved in a colossal moving fray of change. This dissertation is an autoethnography that uses heartfelt, reflective writing with the purpose of gaining a deeper understanding of my identity as a leader, as a music therapist, and as a cultural being in these sometimes difficult, but life-enhancing, four years. Together with academic perspectives and performative writing techniques, it explores a trail of thematic material that emerged during a confusing, ambiguous repatriation period in the years following my time in Bosnia. The autoethnography, an evocative expression of phenomenological research, is a conversation with "self" and with distant others who inhabit a time frame in the past, and thus informs an emergent narrative that carves its own path throughout the eight chapters. Ultimately, the dissertation aims toward a deeper understanding of my own culpability as a leader of a small multi-ethnic team in Mostar, BiH, and the implications this may have for arts-based fieldwork practice in post conflict regions. This dissertation is accompanied by seven supplemental files: 1 Mp4 video and 6 blog post pdf files. The electronic version of this Dissertation is at Ohiolink ETD Center, <http://etd.ohiolink.edu> and AURA <http://aura.antioch.edu/>

And all the while, as it has done for eons, high up in the mountains of Bosnia and Herzegovina, an emerald green river emerges into life from higher up in the limestone hills and gathers momentum as it narrowly carves its way through a short steep canyon. Its behaviour is erratic in a feminine mystique kind of way—sometimes serene and peaceful—and at other times it is raging, relentless, and vindictive. It is in this “mood” that it wildly races south and westward through Mostar, slicing the city decisively into two parts. It gives no peace until it widens and glides past Opesun, a small fishing village 30 km away, in what is now Croatia. Gliding serenely past this town, the river becomes a peaceful respite for a weary wanderer—or at least it feels so. (personal journal, 2007)

Table of Contents	
Acknowledgements.....	i
Abstract.....	iv
Table of Contents.....	vi
List of Figures.....	xi
List of Supplemental Files.....	xii
In the Beginning There Was Heart.....	1
Moving to Bosnia and Herzegovina.....	1
Background.....	3
A Rationale for Research.....	4
Introduction.....	6
Format.....	7
The Pavarotti Music Centre.....	7
Research Focus and Data.....	11
Methodology.....	12
Entering the narrative.....	15
Positionality.....	17
Literature.....	20
Structure of the Dissertation.....	22
Limitations.....	23
A Method That Mends the Heart.....	28
The Roots of Autoethnography in Phenomenology.....	29
The Role of Consciousness.....	30

Transformational Phenomenology.....	32
Roots of Critical Social Theory.....	33
Autoethnographic Writing.....	35
Who Owns the Story?.....	42
Discussion.....	45
How Does the Methodology Serve the Goals of This Research?.....	48
The Trouble With Humanitarian Aid.....	50
It's All About Change!.....	50
Introduction to the Trouble With Humanitarian Aid.....	51
Humanitarian Aid Organizations.....	52
Recruitment and Retention.....	54
Traumatized Cultures.....	61
Compassion Fatigue.....	63
Altruism and Leadership.....	67
Cultural Confusion and Mislplaced Altruism.....	69
Literature on Arts-Based Projects in Regions Impacted by War.....	72
Considering Approaches for Leadership.....	73
Transformational Frameworks.....	74
Mythology and Deep Psychology.....	76
The Way Forward to River of Tears: Encounters With the Self.....	78
River of Tears: Encounters With the Self.....	79
Prologue.....	79
Overview.....	84

Part I: Managing the Resources	86
Journal Logs.....	86
Dream Logs.....	87
Transpersonal Imagery in Guided Imagery and Music.....	90
Runes: A Resource for Spiritual Meaning.....	92
Interpreting the Data	93
Foreshadowing found in the data.....	94
Part II: Encounters With the Self.....	95
Stage I: Contact.....	95
Stage II: Disintegration.....	103
Stage III: Re-Integration.....	113
Epilogue	123
Transiting Through the Eye of the Needle.....	124
Bringing Lessons Into the Light: Integration.....	126
Not the Usual Team Meeting.....	126
The Little Prince: An Allegoric Mystery.....	136
Self as a Relational, Altruistic Being.....	142
The Aesthetic, Another Culture, Another Time.....	150
Challenges to Altruism	150
Humanitarian Imperialism	152
A Fieldwork Perspective.....	156
Altruism and Resilience.....	157
Altruistic Solidarity.....	158

Ethnographic Research and Cultural Factors.....	160
Culpability of Humanitarian Aid	163
Altruism in Social Theories	166
The Role of the Aesthetic in Altruism and Leadership.....	168
Epilogue	170
Alchemy, Ambiguity, and the Aesthetic.....	172
The Artist as Leader.....	172
Implications for Practice.....	176
Developing a Fieldwork Attitude.....	176
As Allied Support in the Field	179
Needs Assessment: Professional Scope of Practice.....	180
Collaboration.....	182
Lessons Learned: Authenticity, Altruism, and Mindful Leadership.....	185
Leading the Way.....	187
Altruism Through the Eyes of Freire (1998)	188
Final Connections. Myth Metaphor and Allegory	191
Myth, Metaphor, and Allegory	191
Personal Narrative Through Allegory.....	192
Metaphor and Transitions	193
Evolving Leadership	194
Relational Leadership	195
Leadership Muse: The Chair.....	196
Is the Narrative Complete?	197

Reviewing My Interface With the Collective Culture	197
Repatriating to My Home Culture	198
Ecology of the Soul in a Borrowed Culture.....	199
The Journey Continues	205
Summation	205
Appendix.....	209
Appendix A.....	210
Appendix B	213
Appendix C.....	243
Appendix D.....	246
Appendix E	249
Appendix F.....	255
Appendix G.....	262
Appendix H.....	263
References.....	265

List of Figures

Figure 1.1 Representation of Osborne’s Vision for Music Programs at the PMC.....	10
Figure 4.1 Neretva River.....	79
Figure 4.2 Mostar Bridge Under Construction in 2004.....	98
Figure 4.3 Reconstructed Bridge.....	99
Figure 4.4 Hosting the Royal Visit to the PMC in 2004.....	102
Figure 4.5 Dream Journal, February 1, 2005.....	105
Figure 5.1 Ruins in Mostar, BiH, 2007.....	124
Figure 5.2 Preparing for Our Workshop.....	136
Figure 5.3 Rehearsing Dyad.....	138
Figure 5.4 Dyads Work on Their Part of the Puzzle.....	139
Figure 5.5 Enacting the Mystery.....	139
Figure 5.6 Conceptualizing a Collaborative Arts-Based Model for NGOs.....	144
Figure 7.1 Vedran Smailovic, The Cellist of Sarajevo.....	179

List of Supplemental Files

Files are available as stand-alone files.

File Name	Type	Size	Time
Tapestry_of_Tears	Mp4	54.479 MB	3 min 21 sec
Blog post_1 Emerging_from_the_Chrysalis_of_Winter	PDF	692 KB	
Blog post_2 Alpha_By_The_River	PDF	415 KB	
Blog post_3 Mystical_Landscapes	PDF	197 KB	
Blog Post_4The_Brevity_of_our_time_on_earth	PDF	1,241 KB	
Blog post_5 The_Dragon_sleeps_forever	PDF	648 KB	
Blog post_6 Tapestry	PDF	768 KB	

In the Beginning There Was Heart

Please see video file Tapestry_of_Tears

No camera can capture the spell that Bosnia and Herzegovina casts—particularly the landscape in the north eastern region. It wraps around you like a magical cloak—verdant greens, fields of corn, rolling hills that intrude into the sky and cow bells ringing as the cows make their way home for milking...the pastures that are carved from the deep green forests...and it all feels so primal, ancient and personal—like it touches you—and you touch it, and you know [you belong to it]. You don't just see it—it seeps into the centre of your being. The ultimate paradox is that you can't belong to it—not really. This region, whose cemeteries have been filled with familial names for centuries, is inscrutably connected to ancient narratives and mysterious forces that feel like consciousness itself. These forces, I know, are within me—but there is something much deeper going on between the landscape and the culture, and “the foreigner” just doesn't get it.
(Blog post_2 Alpha_By_The_River)

Moving to Bosnia and Herzegovina

“Here you are.” Terra eases my Ford truck into the parking lane for the “Departures” area and stops close to the curb. I suddenly feel anxious. I slip out of the passenger door, not aware that it might be a very long time before I do this again. The last 4 weeks have been a blur of focused preparation to leave my job, my clients, and my home affairs in some array of order. I haven't had time to think about how I feel. Reality hits me like a rock. Terra helps me wrangle two very large suitcases out of the back and onto the curb. It's strange what you notice in such moments. My green neck-cushion—the ragged companion to my ex's red one—for the long flight ahead, is flopped over the handle. Comfort. After a full week of intense orientation, both Terra and I are mentally exhausted. I can feel her distraction. She gives me a quick hug and breezes back into the driver's seat of my truck and pulls away from the curb. I am suddenly alone. Terra is going to be “me” in my work, as the professional practice leader at the hospital complex, for the next few months. She is also living in my home, watering the plants and taking care of my cat. She, too, is living two lives. But as I push my way through the departure gate, I swallow back bone-deep sadness that feels like homesickness. Where am I going? Why did I get myself into this? Who do I think I am to tackle the emotional and mental wounds that haunt war-traumatized children in Bosnia? My recently collapsed relationship and the death of my mother left me empty—an abandoned persona non grata—and now swept forward by a bold decision I made two months ago, there is no looking back.
(recollected memory of January 19, 2004)

The writing of this dissertation is much like the journey I embarked upon nine years ago at the start of winter in 2004. Like a single note lends itself to a melody, one word leads to

another until a phrase, a paragraph, and, finally, a whole symphony, a complex matrix of many narratives, emerges. I wonder how others in these narratives may have changed, or if the work in Bosnia would have lasted beyond the six-months death sentence it was given, if I had hailed a cab and scurried home to my familiar things—my impervious cat and my predictable career. What if I had not stepped through the departure gate that evening, lost, but heading for all I'm worth through the confines of security controls to another life, a new culture consisting of a foreign language and professional challenges I was not certain I could manage? Would future others make different decisions, have different insights, if my story had not intertwined with theirs? Would life have been any different for them if I had changed my mind? And where in these shared future narratives, did things begin to go terribly wrong? If I had not been in the narrative, would the story have ended sooner, or differently? Where in the music, did the notes become dissonant, cacophonous? Has the story continued in some invisible way? And what lessons are here in this narrative for me that are worthy of a dissertation? What might reveal itself to me in revisiting (as present-me) the interface of distant-me with distant-others within the historically specific social, political, and professional life in Bosnia seven, eight, or nine years ago?

I am not the first to wonder such things, or to question personal agency, social responsibility, and accountability within a larger, complex inter-relational narrative, but there is a more important question hovering in the background like a mystery waiting to be discovered. It is a “why” kind of question that is shaped around a developing consciousness of the complex interplay of multiple realities in humanitarian aid work. The ultimate question may be more disingenuous about something outside of myself—as though an external phenomenon needed examination without any direct relationship to my culpability or accountability as a leader,

clinician, or supervisor. It might be easier and more comfortable to examine the events, style, circumstances, relatedness, and effectiveness of leaders other than myself. The real question may not emerge until the phenomenon of a failed program, the complexities of enculturation, and attendant accountability of leadership, is thoroughly studied.

Background

Those looking for the essence of culture and language” Sells writes, “in ethnic, racial or religious purity will find Bosnia incomprehensible. On the other hand, those who see culture as a creative process that by its very nature involves intermingling and creative tension among different elements will treasure Bosnia-Herzegovina. (Mujanovic, 2011, para.13)

Between the years 1991 and 1995, Bosnia and Herzegovina (BiH) was in the grip of two distinct horrendous wars that killed or wounded 900,000 people, imploded the entire infrastructure, and displaced 1.5 million citizens, one half of its entire population. The remaining survivors were left to recover from their personal losses, the heavy artillery damage, and the changed cultural and political landscape. Fifteen years after the atrocities ended, the economy in BiH remains shattered, the politics stubbornly complex, the education curriculum pluralized and the social climate tense and self-consciously segregated. Communities, such as the city of Mostar with a post war population of 110,000, have become more fragmented as the three ethnicities become increasingly enmeshed in, dependent on, and defined by their nationalism. There are no government psychosocial support systems in post conflict BiH, especially Mostar, which relies heavily on foreign and local non governmental organizations (NGOs) to deal with the massive social and health issues that plague the citizens today as well as the psychosocial issues related to the enforced disintegration of the society into three distinct ethnicities.

Societal coherence, along with one’s individual and cultural identity, all but disappeared in the post-conflict years, resulting in an overlay of prolonged secondary chronic culture shock.

A control study conducted by Tomic and Galic (2005) shows an increase of 14% in post conflict premorbid premature births which was determined to be related to the (lack of) organization in health care and excessive stress levels in the environment. A Canadian study (Hodgetts, Broers, Godwin, Bowering, & Hasanovic, 2003) found that 18% of family physicians in BiH met the criteria for PTSD, suggesting a high likelihood of an inability to accurately diagnose and treat families for depression, anxiety, and PTSD. Although many mental health issues are readily observable in the street and in psychiatric institutions in BiH, the World Health Organization (WHO) has not updated their records since 2005. Most research has been left for international organizations and local NGOs who work in the region, so there is no systematic collection of data. Since the prewar census in 1991, there has been no reliable data on the demographic distribution of civilians, and the recent census of October 2013 has not yet been made public.

A Rationale for Research

My doctoral research study is contained by, and emerges from my fieldwork experiences in the war-affected country of Bosnia and Herzegovina where I was the senior music therapist in the Pavarotti Music Centre (PMC) in Mostar. My role as a clinical practitioner was to work with children and youth suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), but as I was also the team leader, I was accountable for program outreach strategies, fundraising, budget constraints and long-term sustainability in a country where hundreds of NGOs had descended to stake a claim for inter-ethnic conflict resolution. Shortly after I had arrived, and after six years of administrative dependence on foreign charities, the program had lost its funding source, and it became urgently clear the project needed to transform itself into an independent entity and change its relationship to the PMC in order to attract direct funds from international funding institutions. Over a six-month period this was accomplished. Thereafter the program and the

team members were faced with new responsibilities and new skill sets as we struggled to keep the program going from one funding period to another, and through several rotations of music therapists over the three and a half year period. Because the situation ended abruptly and with hostility, I have been motivated to seek answers, to learn more about leadership theories, and to more deeply understand my culpability as a leader over the period I led this small music therapy team in Mostar. However, I have learned it is not just about leadership or clinical supervision skills. It is about my own transformation processes as well.

Over this period of time, both while I lived in BiH and after returning to my home culture in Canada, I believed I had changed, but I was not certain how to identify these changes. I felt expanded in my capacity to stand steady in the face of complex challenges and in how I identified myself as a multinational person, but I also felt relationally diminished by the bitterness that was becoming an unwelcome and more familiar sensation in my emotional reflections. So what did happen to me?

Being here has changed me in profound ways. It will take a long time to process the effect Mostar and its people have had on me. But I know that I see the world differently now. It's not possible to look into the face of mass grief and not be affected at deep levels. (personal interview, April 7, 2007)

What remained with me after repatriating back into my home country, were questions about my capacity and abilities as a leader, and how the collective trauma and dysfunction in the community may have impacted my own perspective, judgment, and decision-making while serving the needs of others. My dissertation is a multi-layered study that explores deeply some of the more salient connections and disconnections of my experiences over a four-year period in a culture that was, initially, foreign to my own. The research is bounded by my time in BiH, but as the research evolved, it also became relevant in the sense that life did not start in 2004. My personal history had a role to play.

Introduction

The purpose of this chapter is to introduce the main idea and the architecture of the dissertation. It provides background information and key elements and characters that appear here and in later chapters. Foundational structures, intra-institutional relationships, a timeline, concepts, and characters are established. A list of terms is provided in the appendices for reference, and all names, except those who are internationally recognized visionaries, professional colleagues, funders or supervisors, have been changed. The study makes use of autoethnography to engage with—through the reflexive process of writing—three years of journal posts, dream material, blog posts, and guided music and imagery sessions, along with theories of transformation and leadership that revealed clues about the relationship between my transitional experiences and my leadership in this fieldwork mission. In general, I have taken creative liberty in my use of autoethnography throughout the chapters in order to weave an essence of the culture as much as is possible within a formal doctoral dissertation. This essence lives within me still, and grounds me in its authentic presence in the writing. I believe the reader will understand many of the minor metaphoric streams in the prose without the need to rationalize or to explain each. These metaphors emerged into clear focus while writing the fourth and fifth chapters, and serve as a map and a muse for maintaining my research intention. This role is made clear in the last chapter, Final Connections.

Although the writing process was creative and emergent, nothing is accidental in the writing of this dissertation. The element of mystery brings the reader into the shared experience of the learning process, and the use of it is an exercise in intentional, heartfelt, scholarship. This chapter introduces the protagonist for research—a vignette from my final day at work, and if the reader asks, "What is this all about?" then the vignette has achieved its purpose. It is this

question that provides the underbelly of all questions, and motivates me to devote six years to doctoral study, write 12 major papers, and craft together eight dissertation chapters. Other vignettes in this chapter introduce a sense of what it is like to be outside of one's culture—sometimes humorous and sometimes more conflictual. And, finally, the dissertation provides an opportunity to venture into the dimensions of creative, heartfelt writing—a worthy, phenomenological region to inhabit while reflecting on the original experiences themselves.

Format. I have reversed the order of the second and third chapters because I wanted the foundational themes that are introduced in the literature review closer to the narrative. The themes and topics then move more seamlessly into the more complicated layers of narrative in the fourth chapter. The methodology, therefore, appears in the second chapter. For less confusion in reading through the prose, narratives, and dialogues, I draw upon the creative ethos of autoethnography and have kept all of my own prose, dialogues and journal posts in indented paragraphs, most of which are single spaced in regular font. However, aesthetic prose is, at times an affective experience, and I have, in some cases, italicized and double spaced the text to reflect the mood or to influence an intended reading affect. For example, in the fourth chapter I use italicized double-spaced text to depict a friend's internal conflict that I believed needed the space to read (apart from the rush of text and words around it), to feel the poignancy of emotional contradiction.

The Pavarotti Music Centre.

In the final years of the Bosnian wars (1991-1995), a lone figure with a guitar on his back, crept crab-like between the shadows and the dripping, dark bunker-ruins. Between bomb blasts, sniper fire and the real danger of being shot or captured, Nigel Osborne, from Edinburgh, brought music to small clusters of children who were isolated, wet, hungry and frightened. Those dramatic moments softened by his natural ability with children and his mastery of the local music, made a difference and a long lasting impression. His music, and his presence, reminded the people there was hope and a life beyond the miserable, makeshift

bunkers, hunger and fearful line-ups for water in the market areas. (Woodward, 2012a, p. 4)

The Pavarotti Music Centre (PMC), located in the heart of the eastside of Mostar, Bosnia and Herzegovina, opened its doors in 1998 (See Time Line, Appendix H) while the country was mired in the process of reconstruction. It was the brainchild of the cofounders of Warchild UK, David Wilson and Bill Leeson, who had hired Nigel Osborne to design the software for the building with the purpose of bringing music to the children and youth to begin the healing process. Through Osborne's vision, and the pragmatic foresight of Ian Ritchie, the project manager, the PMC offered both music therapy and music training workshops to local schools and became a symbol of hope in the community (and beyond) for renewed peace and for healing the trauma of war. The south-east wing was purpose-built for music therapy and we occupied two fully-equipped, sound-proof studios, a transition room and two offices. As well as this we enjoyed an atrium with a full-size grand piano, and a private garden area that provided a sense of peace and calm.

The PMC was designated as a cultural center, and was under the governance of Warchild UK (49%) and the City of Mostar (51%), with a signed agreement that Warchild UK would be directly responsible for the operations for a five-year period. However, two years after its construction, Warchild became mired in a dispute and a scandal when it was discovered that the funds that had been raised through a DVD by Pavarotti, Brian Eno, and David Bowie had been badly mishandled. Fortunately for us, and for the children with whom we worked, the PMC, and its music programs, were rescued by Warchild NL, an offshoot charity from the original one. For the next three years the programs were administrated out of The Netherlands. Warchild NL thereafter became a dominant charity in regions affected by war and expanded its work into many other countries. When I arrived in 2004, I learned that the music therapy program would

no longer be funded and its funding would end in six months time. The program had been the flagship for both Warchild UK, and Warchild NL, and had attracted large donations based on its unique approach in dealing with trauma through an arts-based psychosocial perspective. The irony that Warchild NL had developed its policies based on this approach and was now a very large charity in the Netherlands was not lost on us.

According to Osborne (Golden, 2010; Woodward, 2012a), the music programs centralized around the purpose of bringing music to the children and youth, and featured a three-pronged program comprised of: clinical music therapy, the Schools Team, and the Blind School's Team. The three prongs were independent from each other, but related through their relationship to Nigel Osborne, who had envisioned a pyramidal construct to help restore well-being in the community through music-based programs (see Figure 1.1). In different contexts and locations, Osborne has conveyed his construction as follows:

We saw the work in the shape of a pyramid. At the top of the pyramid was clinical music therapy. Beneath was something equally important, starting at the base of the pyramid—spreading out very wide—was a general outreach work to children in the region. We were training local young people to do the work. What we were looking for was the maximum benefit we could bring to children through artistic activities in terms of a distraction in the difficulties around them, in terms of joy, self-fulfillment, self-confidence, creativity, a sense of community, a sense of identity. (Golden, 2010)



Figure 1.1. Representation of Osborne's vision for music programs at the PMC.

For those of us horrified by the accounts we had heard about the wars, the building of this cultural center in the heart of the *east* side seemed to be the epitome of humankind's highest aspirations; either a paradox to—or a metaphor of—the phoenix and the ashes of destruction from which it rose. The notion behind this extraordinary placement of art in the middle of a maelstrom formed an impression, an illusionary ideal of heroic proportions, that magnetized me to the project. When I was offered a position as senior music therapist at the PMC in 2003, I thus left my position as professional practice leader in a hospital in Vancouver to be part of this vision. It is understandable that the vision and the values that raised the PMC from the rubble of war also magnetized other music therapists and musicians from across the globe to be part of the

music therapy project. I was one of many who were inspired by the vision. My narrative of this experience begins six years after its genesis in January of 2004.

Research Focus and Data

My research is bounded by the timeframe that I was in Mostar, BiH, and explores my own extra-cultural experiences as a guest-resident, as a leader, and as a clinical music therapist in the context of the political, economic, and sociocultural dimensions of humanitarian fieldwork in a foreign culture. Adler (1975) refers to these experiences as belonging to progressive stages of culture shock—whereby we have a profound encounter with the self. Mezirow (1985) considers such experiences to be a disorienting dilemma for adults who are confronted by previously constructed unconscious personality schema that operates over their life span. For Mezirow, this confrontation is a key feature of his Transformative Theory in adult learning models.

To capture these complex, dynamic, and illusive shifts, I used Adler's (1975) Transitional Experiences model as a helpful structure within which to catalogue and interpret the data which was a compilation of personal journals, dream logs, records of guided imagery sessions and blog posts. This is detailed further in *Transiting Through the Eye of the Needle*. Please refer to Appendix B for the data itself. While working reflexively with the material, I also used Mezirow's (1985) Transformation Theory for theoretical insight into the psychological mechanisms of transformation.

The research focus then, is to understand, or gain further insight into (a) how my experiences may have heralded internal transitions of culture shock and (b) how these transitions may have collided with my effectiveness in leading a team through sociocultural and economic realities in the culture.

The use of autoethnography, which is based in a phenomenological framework, appeared to be the ideal methodology to work mindfully and creatively with the material to reach further insights. To this point, a further question emerged in the writing process as to how the sum total of my experiences might also be interpreted as possible burnout. It was interesting to me that I did not want to name my experiences as burnout in the dissertation, since that seemed reductionist in view of the complex nature of the whole experience. Burnout is mentioned in my own journal posts, connected to dreams about death, but I chose not to bring this into focus. Although I felt, at times, overwhelmed, I did not lose interest in the work, nor was I purged of energy or short on attention span that are purported to be major symptoms of burnout (Appendix B). A third, important question is not asked, but it is an important one that lies beyond the scope of this research. How might transitional experiences also be applied to the repatriation period?

Methodology

These efforts...call to mind Hemingway's advice to his friend Fitzgerald: "We are all bitched from the start and you especially have to be hurt like hell before you can write seriously. But when you get the damned hurt use it—don't cheat with it. Be faithful to it." (Richardson, 2002, p. 309)

I have chosen to work with autoethnographic performative writing techniques as a method of inquiry to illuminate themes through an aesthetic, reflexive process—a process in which I, as a music therapist, am comfortable. For the purposes of this dissertation, writing becomes the primary artistic, sensory, and ethical form for my inquiry. With the ultimate goal to inform practice through the lessons learned in living, and in doing leadership in an arts-based NGO in a post-conflict society, my own learning is achieved through creating a contemplative dialogue in descriptive, reflexive writing processes. I have never considered myself a gifted writer; mainly because the writing of text usually evolves amid tortuous revisions of academic rhetoric. Further to this, writing an autoethnography is often a messy solipsistic process, but I

have learned that messiness often precedes order and clarity. Like improvised music, one moves between dissonance and resolution, randomness and organization, and dissatisfaction and fulfillment while finding the “right” phrase, chord, rhythm, or harmony that completes the quest, or feels “complete enough,” or—as a sensory image—scratches the unreachable itch. But I have also learned that writing becomes imperative when there is a compelling emotional component to that about which I write. Throughout the past six years, I have been faithful to this.

Autoethnographic methodology falls into a continuum of ethnographic research approaches that serve to describe, interpret, analyze, and illuminate phenomena in fieldwork studies, geocultural landscapes, and bounded case study frameworks. But this methodology departs from, and challenges, traditional ethnographic research because (a) the researcher’s intrapersonal perspective is the focus of the research, (b) it evolves through a reflexive process that occurs through creative writing and other arts-based techniques, and (c) it maintains that transformation occurs through active engagement with the material, rather than from generating external discussions and generalizations in a broader context. The researcher is immersed in the reflexive process as well as positioned as a scholar-practitioner, and the required agility for such effort may also facilitate the ability to straddle different cultural realities simultaneously.

There are two schools of thought regarding autoethnographical research. Evocative autoethnography follows a more constructivist interpretation of symbolic interactionism and makes use of performative writing, arts-based processes and materials, and an epistemological understanding that sensorial data may inform the research process. This branch of autoethnography is represented by symbolic interactionists such as Ellis and Bochner (2006), Denzin and Lincoln (2002), and Richardson (2002), who write from the standpoint that story is a transformative tool and that the author is conceptually positioned at the center. They hold that

story contains the essential discursive elements for embodied transformative learning through carefully constructed writing techniques.

But Anderson (2006) and other analytical autoethnographers caution us to avoid self-absorption in what Geertz (1973) has disparagingly referred to as author-saturated texts. Anderson has the view that evocative autoethnography does not lift itself out of the narrative enough to analyze the data objectively or to generalize to other situations. He believes that analytical rigor and a more pragmatic framework are needed for autoethnography to qualify as a credible sociological research technique.

Both schools agree that the researcher cannot disengage him or herself as a member of the group while reporting about the group, and as a matter of reflexivity, it seems apparent (to me) that neither can he or she disengage from the reciprocal impact the group has upon him or her as an author-researcher. It is at this meeting-point of reflexive, reciprocity that autoethnography can illuminate the transformative power of the methodology, whether using evocative writing techniques to make the point, or by externalizing the points outside of the story to invite a broader discussion. In both schools of thought, making meaning of personal experiences through reflection of reflexive processes that place emphasis on cultural influences is central.

As a music therapist who understands the transformative power of music and sound, I believe there is no need to analyze the *felt* experience of the narrative and its potential to engage the reader with deeper existential matters. It is more a matter of personal context and how we comfortably, and authentically, express ourselves in our multi-dimensional experience of the world.

The autoethnographer works through a complex library of personal experiences and memories. Although the emergent narrative may be one of many possible narratives, it is the one that we do not waste or cheat with—the one to whose source we are faithful. And in using autoethnographic writing as a reflexive map through memories, journals, dialogues, and scholarly texts, my personal insights and reflections are aerated in the text. This process may give rise to illuminations, or new questions, that are founded on an evolving landscape where some features become more dominant while others become less important over time. Pelias (2005) reminds me that performative writing is much more selective than rambling rhetoric:

Performative writing does not indiscriminately record experience; it does not simply duplicate a cinema verite experiment. Instead, performative writing is a highly selective camera, aimed carefully to capture the most arresting angles. Each frame is studied and felt; each shot is significant. Much is left on the editing floor. Everyday experience, then, is not scholarship, but the shaping of everyday experience into telling and moving tales, can be. (p. 416)

Entering the narrative. *“Please go home now.”* In the early days, I lived in a bubble of wonder as I soaked in the fairytale-like Balkan culture that revealed an echo of ancient kingdoms through the ruined castles that dotted the landscape throughout BiH. I was charmed by the warm and joyful hospitality with which the locals greeted me. In those early months I was under the impression that foreigners were welcomed, trusted, and appreciated for the sense of normalcy they brought with them; however, I vividly remember when I became conscious there were other ways in which foreign presence was perceived. The veil that hid the belly of conflict (for me) in this culture was slipping.

It was 4 months after my arrival in Mostar in 2004 that I finally found a sports shop that sold running shoes on the west side of the divided city. There were no gyms or fitness classes in Mostar, and with the change in diet, and underfunded, unstable health services, I was determined to stay fit. I was served by a tall, serious young man, whose English was slow and thickly accented. I was often mistaken to be from Northern Europe, and I was used to being asked where I was from. But his response to my answer, “Canada” surprised me. “When do you go

home?” Disconcerted, I stammered a vague “I don’t know for sure.” His emotionally flat response was curious. “You must go home”. But what was this about? After I paid for my new shoes, he decisively and soberly finalized our brief connection, “Please, go home now.” (recollected memory, April, 2004)

Clearly the young man had a position about foreigners, and I was confused. I did not know what meaning to assign to his words. He could not know why I was in his city—but he had an opinion about foreign presence. I did not know from where his perspective emerged. I brought with me my own invisible cultural assumptions—and not all of these were a comfortable fit for me in this new situation, nor did they come up with appropriate answers to puzzling new circumstances. However, some cultural missteps were less intimidating, but resulted in more immediate consequences as this following dialogue shows.

Moments before Don and Amir were to pick me up for dinner, I texted Don on my mobile, “*Is tonight’s dress for our dinner event fairly casual?*” Don speaks many languages fluently—but not English.

Don T’s reply a few moments later: “*No.*”

Me—quick wriggle out of my jeans and tank top into a flashy, flowing top, matching pants and killer heels—2 minutes flat! Pleased with my quick change, I dash out the door to meet them 2 blocks away. I arrive at the car breathless—but dressed to kill.

Don, aghast, “*Why are you dressed like that?!?*” (zašto si tako obučen!?)

While I tried not to sulk in the back seat, I discovered that ‘*fair*’ is not a concept in the local language, and after a quick conferral in the car (“What does ‘fair’ mean?”) they decided to say “no” to my question. So the evening passed quietly with me in heels and flowing elegance in a quaint, previously bombed-out eatery somewhere on the edge of town. (recollected memory, October, 2004)

There were many layers of experience where cultural impasses, misunderstandings, and assumptions had unconsciously directed the way the “play” evolved. Sometimes it was humorous.

Positionality

I am a practitioner and a scholar. In practice I am a trained, accredited music therapist with 15 years of clinical experience in both governmental and non-governmental organizations. My post-graduate research was transformational, not only in how I now approach my work as a practitioner, but also in how I continue to view and experience life. As a scholarly practitioner, I developed my practice through a phenomenological hermeneutic exploration of institutional sound environments using Field Theory and General Systems Theory frameworks (Woodward, 1998). What has impacted me profoundly in my life and work has been perceiving the relational way in which the multidimensional sound environment was a participant, ally, and client in music therapy treatment planning; one that could be influenced toward more aesthetic organization through the reflexive use of music and sound (Woodward, 2009). And with this and other life experiences behind me, I arrived in Bosnia and Herzegovina, confident in my ability to meet new challenges from the environment that might emerge.

My everyday conscious observation of social events is contextually constructed through the notion that what is visible is only a partial representation of a multi-dimensional reality that would be difficult, if not impossible, to study apart from the relational structures with which it is connected. And through more than a decade of training and personal work in the Bonny Method of Guided Imagery and Music (Bonny, 1978; Bruscia, 2002; Grocke & Wigram, 2007),¹ I embrace the notion that transformation (of self) is possible through the process of becoming aware of the inner landscape that supports one's unconscious construction of reality.

Since this is an autoethnography that explores my thoughts and actions as a music therapist, as a temporary resident in BiH, and as a team leader, some disclosure at this point is

¹ See also: <http://ami-bonnymethod.org/>

critical because it provides the authentic underbelly of the dissertation. I had no previous experience in humanitarian aid work, or in working within a war-traumatized population. Although many competent internationals were involved in our work over the nine-year period, no one involved in the PMC project had arrived with specific experience in these areas. I adopted the culture of work that was there before me, which described our working model as a “clinical improvisational approach.” Since all interactive approaches use clinical improvisation, and there were no particular models for traumatized populations at the time, it provided a pragmatic framework for a rotating staff of international professionals who may have been working in any one of a wide range of clinical models or theoretical approaches.

I had believed my contribution to this fieldwork project was my tolerance for the ambiguous nature of change, competence in program development, and a propensity to mobilize others through my own involvement, vision, and dedication. I was 56 at the time, and therefore older than any other team leader before me. But the community, I learned, was not only patriarchal, but also ageist, and my age provided room for transference and countertransference issues from within the staff—some of whom were working out issues with parents. In time, however, difficult team dynamics and potential burn out blurred my vision and advocacy for music therapy as a sustainable project and culminated in a terminal confrontation with my local staff.

It had started off as a good day. I had dressed up for our meeting, and instead of my usual early morning walk, I drove to work with the idea that the staff and I would travel to Sarajevo in my car. I had arranged a meeting with a legal advisor as an opportunity for them to ask questions and to discuss their rights—and to help us understand what our duties and responsibilities were if we had to close our doors after funding ran out. I noted that the staff had uncharacteristically arrived before me, even though I was early. Like a lamb to the slaughter I greeted them with a friendly ‘dobro jutro’ smile and walked happily across the PMC courtyard toward the music therapy wing. (recollected memory of July 17, 2007)

It is interesting how the mind can recall vividly a sequence of events prior to a crisis, or traumatic event. Small anomalies come sharply into focus. Something was not quite right today. The gregarious socializer, Damir, got up too quickly from his coffee and quick-marched business-like to the office, getting there ahead of me. But I was absorbed in my anticipation that the trip would be productive and informative for all of us. “Are you ready for our trip to Sarajevo?” I ask. Everything after that went strange.

“You—Sit down!” (Damir, stabbing his finger to a chair.) *“We are not going to Sarajevo. I have spoken to the police and they said to get rid of you”* (I am given a paper). The Board voted unanimously yesterday, and you no longer work for Musers². The paper is badly translated into English. What is happening here? Nothing is making sense. Almira and Ciet are solemn, watchful. I am in a surreal shock—numb—aware only that my mind is still functioning. Feelings are shut-down. Damir stops saying strange things, and I hear myself requesting to erase my personal communications from the laptop. Almira and Ciet hover closely over my shoulder—too close. Primal instincts want to fight this, but I don’t. Somehow I find a box and gather my belongings—followed closely by Almira. Almira and Ciet escort me out of the office. By my own request, I leave through the back door. I am numb. (recollected memory)

This event changed the course of my life for the next five years. And it shifted my doctoral research from a clinical project on inter-ethnic conflict, to one that was philosophically oriented to leadership theory and cross-cultural experiences in a post-conflict region. In the difficult repatriation period following my overseas work, I joined the Antioch University Leadership and Change doctoral program to examine and to challenge my personal and professional assumptions, my cultural beliefs, and my interpretations about my effectiveness as a leader and as a practitioner during the time I served in BiH.

I have been impacted by a complicated and unpredictable lifestyle over the past five years that has been part of the repatriation process. Either because of this, or in spite of it, I have found it deeply affirming to sustain my doctoral focus through many different life

² Musers was the name of our NGO: Music Therapy for Education and Research Society.

situations, five major moves across the country, serious financial stresses, two different work positions, and a complicated personal relationship. In this final stretch of the dissertation, I am still in transition and consciously aware that some of these present narratives are toxic, but nevertheless are an existential part of who I am, and who I am becoming as I continue to work through the past and present culture of me.

Literature

In general the literature will support those theoretical frameworks that I have determined are congruent with my experiences and observations as a guest-resident, as a professional music therapist, and as a team leader of the music therapy program at the Pavarotti Music Centre in Mostar, BiH. These key areas are more deeply reviewed through the literature in the chapter *River of Tears: Encounters with the Self*.

The literature review for my research topic is extensive and is culled from philosophical frameworks in transformation theory, autoethnographic research, empirical arts-based studies, leadership theories, and my own master's thesis and doctoral manuscripts. The literature I include will develop a conceptual background for alchemic forces in humanitarian aid, anchor personal experiences, vignettes, and narratives in an autoethnographic framework, and help to generalize the discussion of transformational experiences to a broader audience.

Freire (1998) and Ibbotson (2008) spoke of transformation from different perspectives. Freire emphasized character development through compassion and willful participation in life and conceptualized transformation as conscientization—a human imperative for our species. In order to evolve we must first be conscious of ourselves as incomplete. Ibbotson, on the other hand, refers to lions (who influence jungle behavior even when they are absent), and the unlikely giraffe to make his point that *all* life is incomplete and on its way to becoming something else

whether conscious of it or not. We are actors who are privy only to our own time frame. Giraffes may not have any control over how giraffes will look or behave in 2000 years, but humans do leave a legacy for generations to come and have a responsibility to behave compassionately in the service of humankind. The aesthetic aspect of my self requires the creative perspective these authors bring to my study.

Mezirow's (1994) transformation theory and Habermas' (1990) communication theory collude to provide an important working framework to stretch, clarify, anchor, and validate my thoughts and perspectives. According to these theories the process of dialogue—ergo, competent communication with peers—is the only way to validate our thoughts and assertions. Whereas I agree that collegiate verbal interchange stretches, clarifies, and anchors the thought processes, having a relationship with one's text through reflexive writing processes (as in autoethnography) is, arguably, also transformative.

Relational cultural theory is included in a philosophical discussion of leadership through the works of Uhl-Bien (2006) and Menon, Sim, Fu, Chiu, and Hong (2010), who expose our assumptions about effective leadership as variant to the many ways in which it is understood in other cultures. This is an important discussion for contemplating the paradoxical expectations of leadership in Bosnia and Herzegovina—of which I was aware, but for which I could find no easy solution. Aesthetic leadership (Hansen, Ropo, & Sauer, 2007) is included in this discussion, along with specific character traits such as altruism and ambiguity that are often implied in fieldwork leadership.

I have drawn on my critical literature review of 27 peer-reviewed, empirical studies on arts-based projects in regions affected by war (Woodward, 2012b), because it offers a wider appreciation of how the creative arts therapies have been working in humanitarian efforts. This

review uncovered four major themes that not only affirmed the arts (drama, music, art) as a primal survival tool in desperate human experiences as well as in peace-building activities, but also triggered curiosity about the mechanism of humanitarian aid and compassion fatigue. Interestingly, the arts are not present in the larger humanitarian organization reports or research; however, the arts are used to exploit human compassion to donate funds to these organizations (Woodward, 2012b).

Literature from my own profession of music therapy will be particularly relevant, especially the works of Ruud (1998, 2010), Stige (2000, 2001, 2002), and Bonde (2011) that contextualize music therapy through the broader lens of community and culture. Kenny's (1989) understanding of mutual transformation through a shared musical field is a nonverbal theoretical framework that offers another form of dialogue; one that complements Mezirow's (1985, 1989, 1994) and Habermas' (1990) concept of learning and change through meaningful verbal interaction between peers.

Structure of the Dissertation

The first three chapters, *In the Beginning*, *It's All About Change*, and *Methodology of the Heart*, provide the background, the methodology, and a review of the literature. The information in these chapters provides the reader with a frame of reference for the following chapters. *River of Tears* and *Transiting Through the Eye of a Needle* develop a narrative from the raw data following Adler's (1975) transitional stages model. The next chapter provides a detailed description of the data, how it was treated, interpreted and used. Material that was selected from the array of possibilities was carefully considered for its literary fit and its typicality of an Adler stage. The fifth chapter focuses on Adler's last two stages. The title was chosen from one of my log posts that revealed I felt like I was being squeezed through the eye of

a needle—half of me on each side. *The Aesthetic, Another Culture, Another Time*, steps away from the narrative to offer two different perspectives—the giver and the recipient—of humanitarian aid. *Alchemy, Ambiguity and the Aesthetic* reflects on the implications for practice and for leadership. The final chapter, *Final Connections: Myth, Metaphor and Allegory*, brings the thematic threads together through the metaphors that have been traveling throughout the narrative.

Limitations

What needs to be asked now is “Does this still matter?” Will my dissertation still be relevant six years, and more, after my departure from this country? Will it serve humanitarian workers, music therapists, or policy makers in the future? I am no longer the same person as I was when I left BiH in the fall of 2007. Likewise, the situation in BiH today is considerably different from when I left.³ Today, quiet but determined street protests are becoming more frequent. While more newsworthy events are happening in the Middle East, the shifting situation in BiH is largely unreported. But people are no longer subdued by corrupt politicians, and are more empowered and willing to voice their views in public places.⁴ No longer do they tolerate their situation as they once did. “It’s not in my hands, so what can I do?” was a common attitude in the four years I lived and worked in this troubled region. Today children are raised in a much quieter environment. They have never heard a bomb explode, had to hide in a cold, damp bunker, or heard the terrifying sounds of armed combat, or had to listen to the grief-stricken families around them. My research topic is time-bound and may not fit in today’s Bosnia and

³ <http://politicsrespun.org/2011/07/3307/>

⁴ http://academia.edu/4005919/Institutionalizing_Crisis_The_Case_of_Dayton_Bosnia-Herzegovina

Herzegovina. But my experiences may be generalizable to fieldwork missions, or for those who choose to work in difficult environments.

Bosnia today has been described as a failed country. It has been 15 years since the end of the war and yet it is economically no further ahead and “the *ethnicisation* of society continues apace; leading many to describe today’s divisions as being as wide as at any point since the 1995 genocide” (Kosic, 2013, para. 1). Many people point fingers at the limitations imposed by the Dayton Accord, suggesting it feeds an untenable, dysfunctional political system. Part of the problem lies in the vast number of NGOs that are not sustainable, and that have been managing some important infrastructure systems. Miralem Tursinovic, the Director of the Youth Resource Centre (YRC) is quoted as saying,

[the] non-government sector in BiH is in many ways the mirror-image of its social picture: on the one end, there are a few well-established organizations which dominate the scene and absorb the bulk of international support, and on the other end, there is a number of small grass-root organizations scattered around BiH whose functioning is enabled thanks to small grants. As a result, in the past 3-4 years almost 30-40% organizations either closed down or are now dormant. (Kosic, 2013, para. 5)

I witnessed changes in the period of time that I was there, but they were cosmetic. Most of what appears to be symbols of recovery, such as glamorous street bars, large product-filled malls, and Internet cafes are hiding the true economy that lies hidden behind their version of what the middle class should appear to be. I knew very well from accounts of my local friends, that most people would eat less in order to have the latest in fashion to just appear normal in public places.

December 2006–Today–on a mission to find traditional food for the Christmas dinner I am hosting. My small shopping cart was loaded to the brim. But as I stood waiting in the checkout, I saw a young boy of about 6 silently, broodingly eyeing my cart. He seemed transfixed by it—sadly so. Then I noticed—he was with his mom and the small cart he was pushing had a few bare necessities in it. There was an unfathomable distance between his reality and mine—and his face told that story. This was part of the underbelly of Mostar—the unseen narrative of poverty. Mom was focused on choosing something, with great care, on a nearby shelf. I was suddenly very sad—and very ashamed of my bulging-over cart. (recollection, December, 2006)

I am limited by my inability to access the stories of former staff and peers who have taken a particular stance against me. Their narratives will not be heard, but I hope to represent these perspectives in a way that at least bears some resemblance to the essence of them. This may place a credibility gap in the story that is at the heart of the inquiry. Unfortunately, there are some boundaries that cannot be crossed and it ironically parallels the distrust and betrayal that exists between the ethnicities.

My work in BiH was intense and profoundly transformative. What brought me to do Ph.D. studies was my need to unwrap and process complex internalized issues—those that crossed professional and personal boundaries—through writing and academic research. Throughout my studies I explored the relationship of emergent themes within disparate concepts as they bubbled into my awareness, such as the alchemy of ambiguity and altruism in leadership, the revolutionary visionary, arts-based practices in regions of war, leadership in post-conflict cultures, and aesthetic cohesion. It was in these explorations of my personal, embodied transformation that I hoped to find insight into the processes that forever shifted my worldview and way of being in the world.

In the dissertation I aimed to assuage a deep sense of disappointment and incompleteness in my mission; especially what I perceive to be lost potential for the project, the profession of music therapy, and for myself as a leader. I hoped for enlightened understanding and acceptance of my culpability as a team leader in the complicated dynamics of a small idealistic international team, and to recreate a different “textbook” ending to my story. It has been an enduring study in that it has unraveled in its own time. I entered the doctoral program as I began my repatriation process—allowing me to re-enter my home country with a purpose—a way to *conscientize*

(Freire, 1998) my inner transformation and journey, and perhaps to leave a literary legacy of the vision and of the work.

A Method That Mends the Heart

Eventually you find yourself at the edge of what you have mastered; at the boundary of what comes easily, and yet your imagination has offered you a glimpse of another possibility. This other possibility will be rooted in what you know and what has been done elsewhere and it will be fragmentary: a misty vision, not clear, not complete. The gap between where you are and what is known, and what you can glimpse, in moments, in your imagination, becomes more and more difficult to endure. When this tension begins to be felt, you are usually heading in the right direction to be creative and original. (Ibbotson, 2008, p. 5)

I had made a commitment that in the pages between the first and the last chapter of this dissertation, I would have found more insight, wisdom, and guidance about my own leadership in a post conflict, arts-based humanitarian project. It was a leap of faith in the method, the research done so far, and my abilities to think creatively, abstractly, and critically. I hoped, as Ibbotson (2008) says of creative direction, I would find myself “along the margins . . . where theory meets fact” (p. 5). In the sometimes messy process of writing, words that unravel the narrative as though it were a grand mystery, would appear on these pages. That was precisely my intention.

for identification: real lives that shake the imagination
 connecting us to subjects that truly matter,
 connecting us to each other
 shall we have
 it. In the meantime, if you demand on the one hand,
 the raw data of life in
 all its rawness and
 that which is on the other hand

genuine, then you are interested in
performative writing. (Pelias, 2005, p. 416)

This chapter reveals how autoethnography, as a form of inquiry—especially one that explores connectivity between the self and a culture—allows for knowledge to emerge through performative writing. To understand the guiding structures of autoethnography better, we must dig around its roots to determine what values and perspectives lay behind the method, to understand its limitations, and, just as importantly, to confront unspoken assumptions, if any, that may inhabit the methodological framework.

The Roots of Autoethnography in Phenomenology

Autoethnography is a precise, but richly endowed, character of inquiry with roots firmly embedded in the philosophical, and mindfulness framework of phenomenology. Mindful inquiry is generic to all good research, but it is specifically attributable to phenomenological studies where one's consciousness is used both as an empathetic tool and as an analytical tool with the goal to understand the reality of a phenomenon in question through scrutiny of its intentional construction of that reality (Bentz & Shapiro, 1998). Phenomenology emerged in the early part of the 20th century, challenging modern natural science and scientific analysis as the only valid epistemological view of reality, and criticizing it as distancing itself from everyday life.

Phenomenology examines lived experience and requires the researcher to behold the phenomenon being studied through one's own mental impression of it—a process that involves conscious abstraction of its essence, or *Wesensschau* (Alvesson & Skoldberg, 2000; Bentz & Shapiro, 1998). Alvesson and Skoldberg pointed to Husserl, who pursued to a new level of investigation into how we construct our lifeworld through transcendental reduction of universals, generalities, invariances—essences, a conscious construction of our lifeworld by examining how

we assign properties, with “historical dimensions going backwards in time and with allusions to the future” (p. 38). Phenomenology seeks to determine how we construct reality from essence. The phenomenologist’s primary tool is conscious awareness (Benz & Shapiro, 1998) that requires the researcher to become empathetically close to things “prior to constructs, ideologies, and myths that we make about them” (p. 97), and to understand how the mind understands them (constructs reality) the way it does. This leads me to understand autoethnography as a reconstructive process that requires me to track thoughts, feelings, memories, and assumptions that may collide with one another, or, at the very least, provoke uncomfortable questions.

So it is important to explore the philosophical family of the autoethnographic method, which brings us to study its phenomenological parentage. Benz and Shapiro (1998) viewed phenomenology as a meta-culture of inquiry, which, like hermeneutics and critical theory, “transcends all other cultures of inquiry” (p. 171). Grounding oneself in the phenomenological landscape and understanding the relationship of a methodology to its home culture of philosophical thought contributes to the overall coherence, consistency, validity, and authenticity in the research design.

The role of consciousness. There are two particular features in qualitative research processes that warrant mentioning—mindfulness and reflexivity—because they imply conscious involvement of what is commonly known as the researcher’s lifeworld, or *Lebenswelt*. Benz and Shapiro (1998) believe that the researcher cannot be positioned outside of the center of the process of inquiry and that good research—that in which we weave our awareness and reflections of our *lifeworld*—contributes to our own intellectual development: “Our whole concept of mindful inquiry is based on the idea that your research is—or should be—intimately linked with your awareness of yourself and your world” (p. 5). Phenomenology, a methodology

that understands the mind as the ultimate research tool, focuses on the process of conscious inquiry. But how the mind perceives the nature of reality is debated by different schools of thought.

Regardless of which school of thought the research is based on, the researcher must be mindful of his or her values, acquired assumptions and beliefs as a basis for coherence, validity and competency with ideas, decisions, data, methodologies, and techniques along the entire spectrum of inquiry. It then becomes evident that reflective and interpretative processes in mindful research may well transform one's self-identity along with how one views a phenomenon. Indeed, my own research (Woodward, 1998) using hermeneutics and theoretical constructs of the phenomenon of institutional sound involved interactive musical loops that resulted in radical, concrete changes in the sound environment as well as my attitude and approach to distressing sounds. "There is no one-way street between the researcher and the object of study; rather, the two affect each other mutually and continually in the course of the research process" (Alvesson & Skoldberg, 2000, p. 39).

Alvesson and Skoldberg (2000) have given the reflexive feature of qualitative methods different weight depending upon the research question and the knowledge area of interest. Reflexive, qualitative research requires a meticulous conscious effort to maintain an overview of the bigger picture as well as the elements of leadership within that view. "What primarily determines its [qualitative research] value is the awareness of the various interpretive dimensions at several different levels, and the ability to handle these reflexively" (Alvesson & Skoldberg, 2000, p. 288).

I am a creative arts therapist, and as such, I am creatively open to consider commonalities or connections between widely disparate phenomena. Phenomenological thinking suspends

prejudgment and allows the intention for conscious connections and disconnections to become apparent over time. As a researcher who is ultimately relational and who makes space for potential systemic connections of events, intentions, and actions, my study must proceed without brackets, boundaries, or an expectation to remain distant around causal or related influences. The research design must also allow lived experiences to inform future practice and requires a meticulous conscious effort in maintaining an overview of the bigger picture as well as the elements of leadership within that view.

Transformational Phenomenology

Some social science researchers describe phenomenology as a way of being, as much as a way of thinking. “Phenomenology is not simply learning a research method, it is truly a ‘way of being’, a philosophy of life” (Simpson, 2008, p. 52). Simpson goes on to describe that hermeneutical phenomenology requires the researcher to be open and willing to “trust that understanding will come” (p. 52). What is implicit in Simpson’s chapter, and in other phenomenological research, is the researcher’s specific attitude and willingness to be in a conscious, mindful state of trust in oneself within the research process. In phenomenology, the process of discovery is as much about the researcher, as it is about the phenomenon being studied. In the end each may emerge from the process transformed, but in unpredictable ways.

Despite this, different philosophical stances contributed to the evolution of the phenomenological landscape that afforded important, critical questions to be asked of social phenomena. Pragmatic philosophical views were held by Hegel, and others, who understood social phenomena from a more concrete, contextual perspective (Bentz & Shapiro, 1998). From Hegel onward, important philosophical questions regarding the study of social constructions evolved to become critical social theory, which was concerned not only with how to study and

analyze such structures, but also how analytical intellectual discourse might contribute to concrete societal change.

Roots of critical social theory. Critical social theory, as an intellectual meta-theoretical approach, emerged through the Frankfurt School with contributions from Horkheimer, Adorno, Marcuse, and Lowenthal (Alvesson & Skoldberg, 2000; Bentz & Shapiro, 1998). A slightly pessimistic meta-theoretical approach, critical social theory studies the political and social realities of society as abstract, collective constructions that must be observed, analyzed, and questioned with the view that resultant dialectic, intellectual discourse may contribute to social change (Alvesson & Skoldberg, 2000; Bentz & Shapiro, 1998). Influenced by Hegel who viewed all social phenomena as connected through concrete structures, many early theorists studied social constructs for their relevance, internal integrity, historical specificity, and coherence to external reality. Social Critical Theory was further developed through Habermas whose mindful, phenomenological approach beholds a social phenomenon as a whole—a complete form that exists apart from its contextual structures. Hegel held the view that a phenomenon must be analyzed as a contextual system that contained inherent contradictions and antagonisms in a time and place of historic relevance (Benz & Shapiro, 1998). But Habermas pointedly refuted this, and considers the focus of analysis to be one’s perceptions of the phenomenon, apart from its contextual placement. Hegel believed this kind of abstraction carried a “risk that related contextual structures will either resist change or restore the phenomenon to its prior state after it has been changed” (Bentz & Shapiro, 1998, p.147). Hegel and Habermas’ diverse dialectic philosophic stances have contributed to an expansive phenomenological landscape that affords the researcher to ask widely different questions of the phenomenon in question. But as Simpson (2008) pointed out, the study of social phenomena, especially with a

view to one's conscious construction of the phenomenon, necessarily changes the observer and hence, the observed.

I have become a systems thinker, in that my everyday conscious observation of social events is contextually constructed through the notion that what is visible is only a partial representation of a multi-dimensional reality that would be difficult, if not impossible, to abstract from the structures that support it. My personal life path that has included the logistical and aesthetic pursuits of computer systems programming and music performance has led me to fields and experiences that have profoundly influenced how I abstract, interpret, construct, and interact with, the world around me. And through a decade of training and personal work in the Bonny Method of Guided Imagery and Music (Bruscia, 2002; Grocke & Wigram, 2007), I embrace the school of thought that transformation (of self) is possible through the process of becoming aware of the inner landscape of one's unconscious construction of reality. "The phenomenological looking glass also reflects the *lifeworld* behind the image, revealing structures that we had not seen before, and pathways to new destinations" (Simpson, 2008, p. 4).

Although the traditional goal of phenomenology is to comprehensively understand phenomena through a more or less solipsistic process that scrutinizes one's own consciousness, some phenomenologists believe that deeper knowledge and understanding inevitably leads to personal transformation. In this particular reflexive specification of transformative phenomenology, autoethnographers address a gap that ethnographers miss, namely, that "ethnomethodologists stand apart from their work (and) do not address how inquiry transforms the researcher" (Rehorick & Bentz, 2008, p. 7). Reflexive phenomenological inquiry may have led to today's populist notion that "all one can change is oneself," but included in this shift is one's entire lifeworld. In spite of this, it is possible to approach the salient strengths of

ethnography and autoethnography without an “either-or” stance. For example, Burnier (2006), a political scientist, found a way to write both evocatively and analytically about gender roles in her profession. “It is autoethnography’s ‘both...and’ features that make it so appealing to me as a scholar. Authoethnographic writing is both personal and scholarly, both evocative and analytical, and it is both descriptive and theoretical when it is well done” (p. 415).

So I had come to hold the view that social critical theory and transformational phenomenology might offer my research a broad enough philosophical container to explore my personal culpability in leadership issues. There were phases in which the exploration became more refined, because the emphasis was on the journey of discovery, rather than on the outcome. Through interrogation of conscious and unconscious material, with the caveat that my narrative was one of many that coexisted in a time and place (Hegel’s historical specificity, Bentz & Shapiro, 1998), I expected to thread my way through a matrix of actors, events, and other phenomena that impacted upon my successes and my failures in Bosnia and Herzegovina. This required considerable discipline and focus in transiting through a conscious phenomenological examination of personal data that includes journals, emails, forms, memories, and composite representational narratives that explicated and connected the essence of my everyday experiences between January 2004 and October 2007.

Autoethnographic Writing

Yet notions of self-indulgence, narcissism, self-serving, and therapeutic do seem to disturb, to rub against what scholars hope their research might achieve. For such scholarship is not just about the self, although the self can never be left behind. Such scholarship, even when based on the self, points outward. Its aim is to tell about human experience. It is for this reason that identification, that space of recognition and resonance, is often an essential aspect of performative writing. (Pelias, 2005, p. 219)

Intentional, mindful writing, as a form in inquiry, is given impetus and credibility from autoethnographic researcher/writers such as Adams and Ellis (2012), Anderson (2006), Banks (2008), Pelias (2005), Richardson (2002), and St. Pierre (2002). Autoethnography is dependent upon writing as a constructive, reflexive, hermeneutic circle of self-discovery achieved through various writing techniques. The researcher usually works within a writing style that portrays his or her authentic voice. Using the dialogic technique that Ellis favors, I wrote the following script that was based upon a composite character called Brenda about the real experience of receiving accolades (about my work in BiH) that I felt were not deserved. I then used this writing sample to demonstrate how the autoethnographic form of inquiry works to my son, Jeremy, who is a microbiologist.

Minutes before Tia De Nora's composite lecture on her recently published paper "Historical Perspectives of Music Sociology" (2004), Brenda, a guest visitor to the music therapy doctoral program at Aalborg University, leaned over and whispered, "You are doing such amazing work in Bosnia. I really admire what you are doing there!" I didn't know Brenda very well, and I toyed with the temptation to ask "What do you imagine I am doing there?" while being acutely aware that no one ever asks me, "What is it like there? How are you managing?" Instead, I gave her what I hoped was a gracious smile, and murmured, "Thanks, I appreciate that." It was not really the time to share the paradoxical despair and euphoria of my experiences in that complex culture. How do I explain that I am receiving far more than I am giving? How do I explain how inadequate I feel? But I intuited that behind Brenda's comment was her empathetic understanding of the profound therapeutic relationship that develops between therapist and client, and the need for self-care when working in traumatized populations. So her honest admiration sent me in a short reverie about the nature of the paradox I lived in that ethnically conflicted community. (constructed dialogue from composite experiences)

I developed the thread of this vignette to include Tia De Nora's research on *Music in Everyday Life* (2000) where she provides empirical evidence that individuals mobilize aesthetic reflexive music practices in specific, intentional ways—for aesthetic agency in coping with life

experiences. When I then presented this to my son, I was curious to know if he would grasp the concept of qualitative research inquiry, but I did not anticipate his response.

“Mom”, Jeremy says thoughtfully and tactfully, “I don’t know what you mean by cultural assumptions. Do you have it defined anywhere? And how can you justify all the topics you cover in two pages, from a single comment made by Brenda? How does all of this relate to her comment”? I knew, as a scientist, he was trying hard to be open to my autoethnographic writing efforts. He had earnestly reread the two-page narrative several times, but his frustration was clear. I was stunned. He had a point. My hidden assumptions about the potency of story as a research tool did not take into account that not all readers will have the same foundational basis to understand the embedded references, terminology, and systems of knowledge. I sputtered out a verisimilitude for cultural assumption, but it wasn’t convincing enough for his analytical mind. I later found Mezirow’s (1985) more precise definition.

Cultural assumptions are frequently structured by paradigmatic belief systems, uncritically assimilated in childhood, which have become seen as reified—immutable or God...As such they are falsely perceived ideologies...[that] may be sexual, racial, religious, economic, political, occupational, psychological, or technological. As such...they become institutionalized...and “become manifest in a constellation of specific meaning schemes involving rules, roles, relationships, and social expectations which govern the way we see, feel, think and act”. (written record of dialogue, spring, 2013)

In spite of my regret over having to unwrap and translate the words and phrases into compatible forms for him, the exercise was valuable. His questions starkly rattled my vulnerability about my writing abilities and my naïve assumptions about my facility with the method and the background and qualifications of the reader, the limitations of autoethnographic techniques, and the generalizability of this method. Of all of these, the toughest to acknowledge was that I might be operating in an epistemological bubble of my own making. I reflected,

Okay, son, I appreciate your feedback. But I’m not prepared to unwrap all the discipline-specific terminology and break up the narrative “flow” to explain each item. My point in using autoethnography is to present the empirical data in a way that is palatable, readable and meaningful to the reader. I guess that means I have to think about for whom I am writing, and the relationship he or she might, or might not have, with the conceptual material. (paraphrase of actual dialogue, spring, 2013)

He responded, “Argh...! But that doesn’t make any sense either!” He was clearly frustrated. “How can you research anything without your own hypothesis?” I sighed inwardly. This was harder than I thought it would be. Is there a conceptual equivalent of hypothesis in autoethnography I wondered? If autoethnography is supposed to bring method and story seamlessly together, why was my position so vulnerable to scrutiny? What were my assumptions about autoethnography—about my own writing? My inner dialogue was conflicted. On the one hand it was an opportunity to exercise my rationale for using autoethnographic research and narrative writing techniques as a way to access different layers of truth about my dissertation topic. On the other hand I was dejected by his reductionist approach and having to translate so much of my unpronounceable world into his. I suddenly felt inadequate to explain qualitative social science research methods and decided to quote the experts, Adams and Ellis (2012) who are pioneers in the method. “It isn’t about speculating about the specific outcome. Autoethnography is simultaneously a product and a process where ‘writing is as important as findings’ and the researcher uses his or her academic training to interrogate the meaning of an experience” (p. 200). My vignette was only part of the “whole narrative,” which is unfolding in time. Time is a significant factor in my study because I am reviewing past experiences through the lens of my current conscious abstraction of them. By translating these abstractions through writing, I constructed something—forwarding these abstractions into the future, and not unlike a laboratory experiment, I knew specifically what I was researching, but not what I was learning in the process.

Where I had hoped to build a bridge, I instead saw an epistemological gulf between positivistic thinking and constructionist approaches to research. But I think it gave each of us a window into how the other might translate and make sense of the world in which we live, and

this was enormously helpful in how I framed the context and the boundaries of my research as I worked with this method.

Adler and Adler (1987) pointed out that we communicate different realities to different groups, and that we reserve insider knowledge for our membership group. They further added that existentialist methodology asserts that the “only way to penetrate people’s individual and group fronts is to become an insider, thereby gaining deep and direct personal experience in their worlds” (p. 18). Society is a complex and dynamic construct forged by multiple narratives. Meaning, as a critical element of social construction, cannot be assigned from outside the membership.

I agree with Richardson (2002) who, in the face of academic skepticism, asserted that writing is a method of inquiry. Like weaving a melodic tapestry, the researcher invokes evocative, artful text such as storytelling, poetry, dialogue, character, scene, and plot development to bring the reader into the lived experience. In some ways the reader is both an observer and a participant because the method is inherently performative. But unlike other research methods, the consciousness of the author is part of the phenomena under scrutiny while analyzing the interface between the self and one’s cultural landscape. Although this may seem narcissistic, autoethnography makes room for co-constructed narratives that demonstrate how people collaboratively cope with the ambiguities, uncertainties, and contradictions of being friends, family, or intimate partners. “I wonder sometimes whether I am writing my way into a catastrophe. How can I presume to interpret and represent the lives of these women? Who am I to do this work?” (St. Pierre, 2002, p. 4).

This method of inquiry views personal narratives and co-constructed narratives as jointly authored, incomplete, and historically situated affairs (Adams & Ellis, 2012, pp. 200–201). The

narratives are incomplete because each engenders further narratives, deeper understandings, different contextual frameworks, and partial viewpoints. The story moves forward and sideways, but we can only capture and analyze that part of the story in which we are embedded. Some authors, like St. Pierre (2002), consciously deconstruct their perspectives through the use of figurations in order to get outside of one's cultural and personal constructions of reality (pp. 5–7). This process assists the author in honoring other realities and narratives that intersect with her own.

Ethics of the analytical process. Autoethnographic methodology falls into a continuum of ethnographic research approaches that serve to describe, interpret, analyze, and illuminate phenomena in fieldwork studies, geo-cultural landscapes, and bounded case study frameworks. But it departs from, and challenges, traditional ethnographic research because (a) the researcher's intrapersonal perspective is the focus of the research, (b) it evolves through a reflexive process that occurs through creative writing and other arts-based techniques, and (c) maintains that transformation occurs through active engagement with the material, rather than from generating external discussions and generalizations in a broader context. Because this approach requires the researcher to be immersed in a reflexive, self-reflective process while retaining his or her position as a skilled scholar-practitioner, the researcher must consciously straddle different cultural realities simultaneously.

A more serious criticism concerns ethical boundaries of acceptable representation of the narratives of others. Tolich (2010) points out that it is an operational challenge to attain consent retrospectively from those whom we include within our narrative. In some cases, the request for consent may be unethical in that there may be a conflict of interest between the researcher and the participants.

The emergence of reflexive ethnography (autoethnography) as a creative analytical research practice that includes poetry, drama, and dialogue (for instance), has triggered a vibrant, critical discourse among social science researchers that has polarized into two positions, especially around issues of ethics and research validity. Anderson (2006) defined himself as an analytic autoethnographer, and is concerned that sociological research practices are breached because the descriptive literary approach of evocative autoethnography lacks generalizability to a broader context, transparency as a complete member researcher, and a commitment to theoretical analysis. But evocative autoethnographers retaliate that writing is a (complete) form of inquiry (Richardson, 2002), and a way of knowing (St. Pierre, 2002). This reminds me of the ongoing debate in my professional music therapy community postulating that the experiencing of music is the mode of therapeutic process whereas analyzing or externalizing the experience through other modalities makes redundant the therapeutic benefits of music. In the end, ethnographic research is a coherent way of going about answering a question or finding meaning, and may resemble a guideline more than a recipe. This viewpoint is nicely summed up by often-quoted Arendt (1973) that storytelling is an activity “which reveals meaning without committing the error of defining it” (p. 107).

Anderson (2006) and Chang (2008) criticize the ambiguity of ethical guidelines for informed consent, confidentiality, and protection for those whose narratives appear in our research papers, and maintain that issues involving human subjects apply as much to autoethnography as they do in any other research design. “Whichever format you may take, you still need to keep in mind that other people are always present in self-narratives, either as active participants in the story or as associates in the background” (Chang, 2008, p. 68). Denzin and Lincoln (2002) say it another way, “Writing is not an innocent practice” (p.4). Anderson

supported his criticism by citing several works where consent was received retroactively after publication, or where protection of identity was not made explicit. Tolich's (2010) ten foundational protocols for ethical research practices in autoethnographic research ascribed responsibility not only with the author, but also with the professional journals that are called upon to adopt more stringent checklists for participant consent. Autoethnographers debate on several points: that realist ethnography is unethical because it reports on a culture from a false membership position (Adler & Adler 1987; Anderson, 2006), while realist ethnographers argue that autoethnography is not useful because it is not generalizable.

Both autoethnographic viewpoints have been informed by symbolic interactionism, which is a way of thinking (Blumer, 1986)—or seeing social interactivity—rather than being a falsifiable, theoretical foundation upon which to debate one's research. Basically, it proposes that society is a construct of shared meanings brought about by human interconnectivity, mainly through dialogue. Perhaps because it is connected to the ambiguity of symbolic interactionism that cannot provide clearly defined concepts or a theoretical foundation against which one can evaluate social conceptualizations, autoethnography has been heavily criticized for relying too much on impressions, not being falsifiable and for being vague when it comes to evaluating empirical data.

Who owns the story?

How is it, Geertz wants to know, that anthropologists (a handful of them, anyway) transfigure their observations of other people and places into such persuasive rhetoric that afterward those people and places are unimaginable except through the texts of their authors? (Behar, 1996, p. 7)

There has been a repositioning within the ranks of anthropology that has heretofore been inseparable from ethnographic methodology, but that now heralds a move toward autoethnographic writing. In her book of essays, *The Vulnerable Observer*, Behar (1996), an

anthropologist, examines and contests the “bizarre, disturbing, and necessary form of witnessing” (p. 5) upon which anthropology has built its own *Wesensschau*. Within the pages, the reader travels through the historicity of time and place as she unravels distant memories of a former self—a self that was immersed in those places and events, but could not yet know of their import, or their meaning that would wait for her later self to discover. Behar’s rich, compelling text which also transports us to faraway places to far away people, never claims to be an autoethnography, but it most certainly is. It is a stunning example of a break with traditional anthropology in what she describes as being “vexed about the question of vulnerability” (p. 5).

Behar brings us to the ironic discovery that through being vulnerable, we learn as much about ourselves as we do about those who we observe. This reverses the direction the camera is pointed, and the effect is potent. Behar creates a powerful synergy in her words and we feel we know there is another story, even if we have not experienced it. Behar’s vulnerability in the text brings us close to what it might be.

In 2005, I welcomed a researcher, a doctoral student who was conducting a complex comparative study of the music programs in Mostar, to observe a few select music therapy programs, and to offer administrative assistance in distributing her questionnaire/surveys to our clientele. I had read her proposal and had concerns about her understanding of music therapy and the different roles of the two programs she was researching. Nigel Osborne introduced her as one of his students, so we offered her support and assistance through our connection in the community and in distant cities where we conducted outreach programs.

The first session S. C. attended was a group therapy session with adult residential psychiatric patients.⁵ I had been working with them since the previous fall and they had become accustomed to experiencing respect and humor in our weekly sessions. But my

⁵ Permission was granted by the facility and the social worker who normally led this group. We ensured the participants were aware and accepting of having a visitor join us.

request that S. C. put her notebook away and join in as a participant member, was not followed, and her retreat to the back of the circle was disturbing for the more sensitive of the group members. I saw Milana look uncertainly in her direction several times. From my perspective as the group facilitator, her note-taking, and closed body-language was out of place and inappropriate. It created a wall and a sense of unease in the group where we had been working towards an inclusive climate of trust and mutuality. (recollected memory)

I am not certain how vulnerable the researcher allowed herself to be in this situation. The environment was fraught with distracting outside noises, an unpleasant stench that pervaded the whole facility, bawdy and unfiltered remarks from patients, the uncomfortable cold, cramped, and grimy room in which we met and the downtrodden appearance of the hapless group of individuals with whom we were working. “What happens within the observer must be made known, Devereux insisted, if the nature of what has been observed is to be understood” (Behar, 1996, p. 6). But I do not know if the doctoral student shared Devereux’s viewpoint that her presence in the group impacted how the group responded, how this affected what she observed, and ultimately, how she interpreted what she believed was happening. “The observer *never* observes the behavioral event which ‘would have taken place’ in his absence, nor hears an account identical with that which the same narrator would give to another person” (Behar, 1996, p. 6).

Ethnographers can only to a comparatively minor extent pretend that adherence to particular procedural methods guarantees scientific credibility although they often try to...not even procedure-steered qualitative (or quantitative) research (‘mushroom picking research’) can avoid letting value judgments, interpretations and a whole host of—often subconscious or non-reflected—choices as regards language, perspective, metaphors, focus, representation and so on pervade the whole research process. (Alvesson & Skoldberg, 2000, p. 168)

The student’s study took place over a 13-month period with five fieldwork trips that lasted from nine days to three weeks. The premise of her focus was based upon a gap in research from an outsiders perspective, and which she felt to be of value to the music therapy literature.

From my own bias as a researcher who believes that inquiry emerges from practice and is evaluated in its integrity to practice, this particular research evaluated the music programs based on the unknown standards, assumptions, and values of an outsider. That is to say, there was an ontological gap between what the researcher believed she knew about the work she was observing, and the conclusions she drew about what she observed. Her final interpretive narrative (Kochenderfer, 2006) included some affirming observations, but did little (in my opinion) to add to our body of knowledge, or to change how we view our work. The exercise of critiquing her dissertation, however, gave me the impetus to provide another story—my own, and one that emerges from within the fieldwork experience, rather than from outside of it.

I am mindful that my observations, and what I make of them, also have potential to do harm. Tolich (2010) was particularly critical of the potential for autoethnography to trespass on the rights of others when the “starting point of research is one’s own sociological imagination and is likely to involve others” (p. 1599). Under the headings of consent, consultation, and vulnerability, Tolich listed ten concrete guidelines for ethical research to proceed in autoethnography. Although his critique is specifically aimed at research that falls into the category of evocative autoethnography, the ethical implications apply to ethnographers as well.

Discussion

The debate that concerns the ethics of autoethnographic research is interesting and vigorous between different authors and each side of the debate has a particular bias. But the issues that are raised in the debate warrant careful consideration. As an authentic research approach, it cannot discard its responsibility to the participants who appear in the author’s narratives. There are explicit ways in which an ethnographic study can do harm. For example, after Kochenderfer’s (2006) dissertation was published, I requested the author to black out a

statement that was related to the mental health of members of the team. Our team was small, and although we had all been given pseudonyms, we were easily identifiable. It was a comment I had made when I was speaking of the vulnerabilities of our staff in our work and I was not aware I was on record while socializing over dinner. This was a lesson for me about my own vulnerability around the isolation I faced, and in needing to find appropriate avenues for my own frustrations and concerns in working with a small, dynamic team in a post-conflict environment.

One of Tolich's (2010) ten guidelines for autoethnographers that I followed throughout my dissertation was his caution to not "publish anything they would not show to the other persons mentioned in the text" (p.1605). Whenever I was in doubt, I considered this guideline. But Tolich himself was not reticent in naming those whose publications he found offensive, or who abused what he considered ethical treatment of their participants. I believe it one important role of scholarship is to find a respectful way to voice difference of opinion in refereed and published research. In that regard, I was mindful that my published words might do harm if written outside the framework of critical scholarship. My narrative has stayed within the margins of my professional and personal perspective, and I believe, finds a way to be scholarly, ethical, and authentic.

Anderson (2006) and Chang (2008) would argue that having identifiable, involuntary participants—those that have not been informed of the research—presents an ethical issue. Tolich (2010) raised questions around consent, consultation, and vulnerability for both the participants and the researcher when the author plays a multi-faceted role of author, researcher, and informant. His article provokes thoughts regarding my own vulnerabilities as an observed participant in Kochenderfer's (2006) ethnographic study. In a retroactive autoethnography, such as my own, there is no ethical protocol in attaining "consent" for emergent narratives that may

or may not include others. But it would be hypocritical of me to criticize this study on the basis of feeling victimized without also examining my research design for similar transgressions.

It is with this in mind that the research process attempted to include safety parameters in expressing or using material that might “do harm”—an ethical tenet within my own professional practice. Clandinin and Connelly (2000) asked “Who owns the story?” and do we own the story because we tell it? Some authors (Medford, 2006) caution against saying anything that could not be shown to the participant in the text. St. Pierre (2002) stated, “qualitative researchers are haunted by ethical issues because it is difficult for them to escape their work and to get free of those other lives, and they often live uneasily with dilemmas that will not go away” (p. 4). Tolich (2010) cautioned autoethnographers—and all qualitative researchers—to consider ethical issues before embarking on their research. “If autoethnography were truly the author’s story, its ethical considerations would be simple” (p. 1603).

I wondered how much participant sensitivities should guide, or impact upon, or limit, the research process. Anderson (2006), Chang (2008), and Tolich (2010), who are chief critics of the quasi-ethical standards of autoethnography and the journals that publish this research, have observed that there are no protocol standards that offer concrete guidelines for ethical research. Each of these authors has outlined their perspectives on ethical cautionary steps that, in my opinion, can remove the meaning, authenticity, and, therefore, the embodied learning potential from an autoethnographic inquiry. So there are contradictory concerns between achieving ownership and credibility of the research, and in maintaining the rights of those who appear in the text. I aspire to reach, as Behar does, the ability to make evident possible other stories, while writing about my own.

St. Pierre (2002) offers some relief from circular ethical self-persecution by illuminating the urgency to get free of oneself—to deconstruct what one knows. She credited this revelation to Foucault who said: “There are times in life when the question of knowing if one can think differently than one thinks, and perceive differently than one sees, is absolutely necessary if one is to go on looking and reflecting at all” (p. 8).

How Does the Methodology Serve the Goals of This Research?

As this chapter demonstrates, autoethnographic performative writing techniques constitute a method of inquiry that illuminates material that may only be articulated through an aesthetic process—a process in which I, as a creative arts therapist, am comfortable. For the purposes of this paper, writing was the primary artistic and ethical form for my inquiry. The ultimate goal was to inform practice through the lessons learned in living, and in doing leadership in an arts-based NGO in a post-conflict society.

In summary, the research design is an autoethnographic study within the meta-culture of phenomenology. An interpretative phenomenological analysis was used to catalogue my past posts and journal entries into a chronological matrix (See Appendices B-F). This is described more fully in *Transiting Through the Eye of the Needle*. I have employed writing techniques and devices that evoke cultural flavors and nuances of my research topic, as well as provided a reflexive process in which to engage with the data and the literature. In order to think creatively and to work expressively with the data, I followed the evocative branch of autoethnography with the caveat that the study relates to a larger picture of leadership in foreign cultures, and/or other endemic issues that may emerge in the course of the study. But as a reminder of how we proceed from here, I end with a quote from Behar (1996), one that is a surprising parallel to my writing process, if not the final outcome. “I’m the sort of person who gets lost just going around the

corner. I think I got through school because they stopped teaching geography in American universities. If you don't mind going places without a map, follow me" (p. 33).

The Trouble With Humanitarian Aid

For social systems to learn, old patterns of relationship—balances of power, customary operating procedures, distributions of wealth—may be threatened... Old skills may be rendered useless. Beliefs, identity, and orienting values—images of justice, community, and responsibility—may be called into question. Humans can learn and cultures can change, but how much and how fast? (Heifetz, 1994, p. 30)

It's All About Change!

“The one thing we can be certain of is change!” I declared so positively and confidently after learning about our imminent closure. I was rewarded with blank stares from the local staff. It was the end of my third week in Mostar in January 2004, when it became clear to me that there were no funding plans or strategies in place beyond June. Being comfortable with change and the certainty of my own viability in the world, I was insensitive to how the word *change* might be terrifying for those who lived in a culture that had been violently blasted into unrecognizable fragments. Nor did it occur to me that, as a newly arrived foreigner, I might have been viewed as naïve, arrogant and presumptuous. But with only a six-month contract, I had very little time to get up to speed with learning about the culture, language, communication styles, team dynamics, and how the program operated in the community. I could not make any sense to my being there at all if I did not also involve myself in strategies for program continuance.

In recalling my initial feelings, I felt confident that my timing was right and that with creative thinking, I could shepherd the program through the months ahead. But I was also non-committal in those days in terms of whether or not the program would survive. I was safe and, fresh from a large North American hospital environment, shamefully removed and objective in my professional perspective. But two years later in 2006, I wrote the following journal entry,

In my first year I felt refreshed, renewed and empowered and felt I had been transported into a magical life. I have, since then, gained a meta-perspective of my personal circumstances while quietly creating a relationship—where I fit—with my current surroundings. Who am I now?

This dissertation is about change—my own change—in the midst of complex moving, cultural systems. In the early stages of my time in BiH, I envisioned myself well-placed as a change agent at all levels of our service, which included: providing clinical music therapy to children and youth, helping to usher the program through strategic changes in its service outreach work, and shifting from dependence to independence, away from its reliance on foreign administration. I was not anticipating the personal changes—the intense encounters with the self—that would accompany these processes. My hubris about change was challenged—especially my unconscious delusion that I would not also be a participant in the change processes I helped to mobilize.

One late afternoon in January of 2004, Boris, the current head of the department (HOD), loomed his great height over my desk and said, “It’s time to fill you in on the background of the program.” There were no sessions scheduled so, typical of music therapy colleagues, we draped ourselves over the massive cushions in the soundproof studio room adjacent to our office, and Boris proceeded to provide an oral history of the Department. I felt as though I was receiving a sacred narrative that was being handed to me in the oral tradition similar to the tribal First Nations people in North America. His narrative wove a thick web of information about the politics of the team, the developing dynamic between the music programs, the legendary status of the founder Nigel Osborne and the historic evolution of the music therapy program’s relationship to Warchild UK and Warchild NL. There was also a controversy about our role in assisting three local interns who had been trained under a full scholarship program by SIDA at the Swedish Academy of Music in Sweden. When we finally got to the current funding issues, and the date of his departure as HOD, we realized we had not discussed the transition of leadership, or the upcoming closure of the department. (We eventually settled on co-leadership roles after he found sponsorship from SIDA to extend his work on the team) Although I knew a new vision was needed to guide us through the next months, it was time to let the current narrative settle itself in my thoughts. It wasn’t until much later that I appreciated Boris’ gift—this ritualistic passage of the program narrative, and the role he played in introducing me to into the script. (recollected memory)

Introduction to the Trouble With Humanitarian Aid

This chapter provides an overview of four areas of importance in this dissertation: arts-based projects in war-affected regions; the global operation of humanitarian aid; leadership

in humanitarian aid projects, and transformation theories. Nested within each area are relevant topics for review such as compassion fatigue, altruism, resilience, and leadership challenges. Each of the main areas is a very large topic, and will be revisited in later chapters, but it is important to examine some of the complex factors that impact upon humanitarian foreign aid work, those who avail themselves to do this work at the front line, and the resilience required to work in such areas. The discussion on the literature in these areas can only provide a broad context for the emergent narrative on transitional experiences that weaves its way through chapters four and five.

Humanitarian Aid Organizations

Much of the accessible literature on humanitarian aid is related to global organizations such as CARE International, Catholic Relief Services, International Rescue Committee, Oxfam, Save the Children, and Medicins sans Frontieres (MSF) that have distinct departments devoted to fund raising, human resources, training and program development (Korff, Balbo, Mills, Heyse, & Wittek, n.d.; Loquercio, Hammersley, & Emmens, 2006). These reports and published articles provide an overview from the perspective of large corporate-style organizations as well as comprehensive investigation of all facets of the organizations. Although the information fits within a larger context, the reports revealed (to me) there are common features whereby all fieldworkers can experience similar issues of isolation, repatriation, moral stress, compassion fatigue and local leadership issues, regardless of who is funding the project. Relevant to this, our program was administrated by Warchild UK and, as such, we were subject to the same administrative protocols as other fieldwork projects governed by larger humanitarian organizations.

Humanitarian aid has become a global industry since its genesis in 1864. The evolution of compassion as a working principle for fieldwork in war zones can be attributed to Dunant (Taithe, 2007), who in 1862 wrote his account about the horrific and grisly scene he witnessed after the battle of Solferino of 1859. Dunant's distress and despair over witnessing extreme suffering at a massive scale were a catalyst to change the way organizations saw war efforts. His publication on the experience of temporary insanity, where "these soldiers feels sick with emotion, and our other volunteer nurses withdraw one after the other, they are incapable of withstanding the sight of so much suffering that they can help so little" (Taithe, 2007, p. 134), eventually led to the creation of the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) and policies to protect the neutrality of agencies rendering aid to war victims. His advocacy made way for the Geneva Convention of 1864 that drew up humane rules of war. By 1949 the regulations and framework for rules of war were further articulated and ratified by 194 countries in the Fourth Geneva Convention to designate policies and protocols for humanitarian workers and medical aid, as well as to thwart undue excessive cruelty to prisoners of war and to non-combatant civilians.

Today, more than a century later, the not-for-profit sector has grown to meet the demand for compassionate support for populations affected by war and natural disasters. Numerous organizations, large and small, mobilize volunteers and expert personnel to areas of disaster and human suffering. The manner in which organizations recruit and deploy their personnel is only beginning to be studied, but the variations in contracts, disaster situations, and expertise of fieldwork personnel is a challenging landscape over which to study any of the complex factors that may impact the mental health and the effectiveness of humanitarian workers. Further, in an industry that has become a *modus operandi* in areas of conflict, lack of measureable data on the

human cost of humanitarian aid may impact the ability for non governmental organizations (NGOs) to knowledgeably and responsibly set standards of operation to recruit, train, orient, and support their personnel across all stages of their assignment.

Under the broad umbrella of humanitarian aid, fieldworkers can be deployed in emergency response teams to areas of extensive damage caused by natural disasters such as hurricanes, tsunamis, and earthquakes. It is unknown how many humanitarian employees are working in disaster zones worldwide because there are no standards for reporting protocols amongst the various humanitarian agencies. As of 2011 there were 37 concurrent armed conflicts. Six were considered to be at the level of war with over 1000 deaths, and the rest were defined as armed disputes due to incompatibility between the state and its citizens. In this period the United Nations Humanitarian Commission on Refugees (2011) *Global Report*, indicated the organization had deployed 248 qualified, trained staff to 37 countries affected by emergencies, with the largest concentration of need being in Africa (45%).

Recruitment and retention. Since the early 1990s humanitarian aid work has undergone large-scale transformation in terms of the amount of funds being channeled and the way in which aid is deployed and administered. The massive growth in the humanitarian nongovernmental organization (NGO) sector has also increased demands for stringent accountability and the promotion of best practices by donors; however, some agencies have identified staffing issues as a major constraint in their ability to respond to emergency crises. A comprehensive qualitative research report on turnover and retention by Loquercio et al. (2006) was based on research in seven international humanitarian member organizations (CARE International, Catholic Relief Services, International Rescue Committee, Mercy Corps, Oxfam GB, Save the Children and World Vision International) using interviews of senior managers in the human resource

departments and 111 emergency managers. Reasons for leaving the work were clustered around leadership and cultural factors (40%), better pay elsewhere (50%), lack of career opportunities and growth (38%), and burnout, disillusionment, and/or frustration (29%) (p. 9).

Loquercio et al. (2006) analyzed over 200 aid workers in humanitarian organizations, think tanks, and donor agencies, and found that terminology around staff turnover was not consistent, and could also refer to *staff rotation* where staff is moved from one contract to another. In the case of international NGOs, (INGOs), a high turnover through short or long-term contracts is not seen to be a problem by some because it enables flexibility in human resources for various missions. But according to this report, it is generally acknowledged that this practice has serious implications and limitations for effective groundwork at the point of care, and senior management must “invest time, support and funding in understanding the causes and developing solutions and implementing them” (Loquercio et al., 2006, p. 1). Organizations that have a *swinging door* roster as part of their recruitment strategy may not capture the data.

Clearly, the issues around retention and turnover are critical for humanitarian aid and warrant a deeper investigation into the differing fieldwork realities experienced across the INGO landscape. In general, organizational logistics require recruitment strategies designed to maximize flexibility in deployment of staff as well as the need to satisfy demands by donors to keep overhead costs at a minimum.

Loquercio et al. (2006) suggest that international organizations that cite the positive perspective of having a high turnover rate are leveraging the higher cost of recruiting and orienting new recruits against the loss of continuity and field expertise. Their study identified organizational culture, management style, and operational objectives as the most stressful precursors for staff turnover. Specifically, 40% of the respondents identified leadership and

cultural issues as a reason for leaving, and 29% cited burnout, frustration, and disillusionment, which may or may not also have been related to cultural challenges and poor leadership.

Interestingly, in another situation, the research of Korff et al. (n.d.) on MSF found that altruism was a base indicator for recruitment, but lack of career opportunities and growth were motivating factors for staff to leave humanitarian work altogether. Although these studies call for major organizational restructuring to address these issues, the ameliorating effect of adequate exit procedures, support protocols, and field supervision on organizational stress, retention, and compassion fatigue has, so far, not been researched. I considered this in the following journal entry from August 16, 2007:

Turnover and recruitment were issues for our work in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Our program had become a maverick NGO—an offshoot from Warchild’s new mission, and as such, recruitment and retention were done on site. It was not difficult finding suitable candidates to fill the junior position, and in each case these individuals committed to, and completed, their 6-month contract and always opted to stay for the full year. However, it was more challenging to recruit for the senior clinical position. Suitable accredited applicants usually have more entanglements and professional obligations to consider. Given that there were many periods where our funding situation was tenuous, I was never certain there would be funds for a new senior therapist to complete her or his rotation.

Recruitment and deployment processes in humanitarian aid bring enormous responsibility and consideration for screening, safety, mental and physical health, visas, travel, orientation, and team fit. In many countries, the health system is rudimentary, and these are risks that incoming aid workers need to be aware of and to account for in their home country if it is not taken on by the humanitarian organization.

Indeed, the prolific growth in INGOs that work in the humanitarian aid sector covers a wide swath of human suffering, from emergency interventions for natural disasters to the chronic stressors of poverty, HIV, political suppression, wars, terrorist attacks, and genocide. Thus, it would be illogical to assume that the culture of leadership and worker retention is the same from

one organization to another. For instance, local aid workers in Darfur (Musa & Hamid, 2008) are mobilized under different protocols and environmental and political structures than those who work in hurricane emergency relief (Naturale, 2007), or presumably, an HIV-stricken community in Africa. *Humanitarian aid* is a generic term that we understand in its totality, but in reality, it is a confusing amalgamation of hundreds of organizational structures and missions.

Ranging from the huge, well-oiled humanitarian operations run by the ICRC in the sandy deserts and rocky wastes of the Horn of Africa and by the United Nations High Commission for Refugees (UNHCR) beyond the Sahara, to a one-man aid mission on the backfiring moped in Rwanda, and from the rapid frontline interventions by Oxfam International in the craggy mountains of Afghanistan or by Medecins sans Frontieres in Ethiopia to the floating clinics of the Mercy Ships from Texas that drop anchor on the shores of West African civil wars in the name of the Redeemer, a caravansary of humanitarian aid organizations treks, apparently by common agreement, from one humanitarian territory to the next. (Polman, 2010, p. 11)

The UNHCR report (2011) gives attention to the assessment and amelioration of high-risk environments and purports to ensure security for workers assigned to these regions; however, the main focus is on emergency response and deployment capacity and not on accountability for overall employee well-being. While it describes the high security measures that are continually monitored, developed, and implemented to minimize risk of death and disease to deployed employees and volunteers, it does not mention mental health and psychological support. Considering the exposure to high risks, this may seem to be a deterrent for recruitment, but there is a measure of excitement and adventure that may become addictive to some humanitarian workers (McCormack, Joseph, & Hagger, 2009), who find new meaning and purpose for their life work and a satisfying bond with other humanitarians that overrides their attachment to family and friends in the home culture. But prolonged involvement in difficult environments can lead to burnout, cynicism, and paranoia within the whole organization and

alienation and damaged personal relationships at homecoming without adaptive self-care and awareness.

The literature on compassion fatigue revealed other issues and themes. In the following sections I review the role of the media, compassion fatigue, altruism, repatriation, and team dynamics as significant issues that impacted directly or indirectly on our work in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The themes presented here were either directly experienced by me, or reflected my worldview, and thus may show a bias over other significant themes and issues in humanitarian aid that are not mentioned here.

Humanitarianism, the media, and donors—“Who’s story is it?” Hoijer (2004) cited the media as playing a significant role in creating global compassion; a moral sensibility that calls us to care for distant people in far away places. According to Hoijer, public compassion is situated in the intersection of politics, humanitarian organizations, and the audience. At this intersection there is a complex interplay between domestic politics, geopolitical interests, and foreign policy (Nilsson, Sjöberg, Kallenberg, & Larsson, 2011) driving media coverage that ironically and reflexively influences public emotions and opinion, donor activity, political decision-making, and not-for-profit social activism.

Accountability to donors, governance, decision-making processes, and allocation of resources places constraints in the system that invariably impact fieldwork operations. Added to these factors is the role of the media in mobilizing the public to respond to human suffering in distant places. It is not a focus of this paper to analyze the coordination efforts or complexities of humanitarian aid operations, but an understanding of factors that impact decision-making at all levels of this sector may have implications for leadership and ultimately the safety and well-being of the care-worker and his/her effectiveness in the field. Many of the issues that

impact on retention, sustainability, and service outcomes are tied up in a complex web of interconnectivity between the media, politics, and the public audience—the donors.

During the Bosnian wars in the early 1990s, independent NGOs and INGOs sprung into action and flooded the country with foreign aid. Duplication and redundancy were a large part of the mix as individuals on personal missions and larger *bona fide* organizations swept into the country with generous donor funding to support their activities. To the beleaguered citizens, there appeared to be little in the way of coordination, supervision, or accountability between the organizations, and although much of the local infrastructure was rebuilt thanks to international aid, millions of euros were also squandered in the hype of post-conflict hubris.⁶ Today, there is more transparency and communication between the larger INGOs, but ubiquitous issues continue to plague charitable missions. Most of the non-religious organizations have little control over how donor funds are spent. Donors are influenced by media coverage that capitalizes on the currency of the latest disaster that Huber, Van Boven, McGraw, and Johnson-Graham (2011) suggested produces immediacy bias. Media hubris connects the currency of the latest disaster to the public conscience and influences donors to earmark their donations in specific ways (Hoijer, 2004). This can impact long-term commitments and program planning for capacity building by development aid organizations in communities destroyed by armed conflict or natural forces.

Using a descriptive, correlational research design, Huber et al. (2011) found that out of a series of three emotional film clips, participants would ultimately choose to donate their token money to the last clip they watched. They refer to this phenomenon as immediacy bias. The study revealed that the audience does not retain older emotional content when reviewing fresh

⁶ See also <http://www.guardian.co.uk/uk/2001/jan/10/davidhencke1>

emotional content. Therefore, generosity in donating funds appears to be related to the order in which one is exposed to emotional material as well as to the accumulative emotional impact of the film clips. On the other hand, too much media focus on images, stories, and news coverage leads to saturation and donor fatigue (Hoijer, 2004). There is a limit to how much the public can tolerate before switching off. So a balance is to be made, but in this complicated co-dependent system of many players, who will regulate this? It seems that there is a complex alchemy of social agency behind the whole narrative of human-made disasters, while the media are the spark—the global storytellers who narrate the stoic deeds in an ever-changing web of human despair.

Given the urgent need to raise funds and the significant role these external forces have in generating funds, there is a potential conflict of interest between donor wishes, public opinion, and the flexibility and ability of humanitarian organizations to make pragmatic decisions as needed to carry out their mission. During a conversation with a Warchild employee (May 8, 2010), it was revealed that Warchild UK reported a very successful and robust funding base due to successful media campaign and music events, but most of the funds were earmarked for specific activities or projects, and this had implications for program and human resource management.

In 2005, the new program director announced a new project for the team to initiate and implement in Mostar that was designed to fit into the demands of the National Lottery competition. In my opinion, it was not appropriate to assign ourselves a leadership role in a local educational reform issue. WC strategized our project to be central to the reform movement in order to look good in the grant proposal. The political climate in Mostar was excessively complex and the concept created in Warchild's office in London was operationally vague. They were unaware of the resentment between different school boards and the structures in place that provided endless conflict. Warchild was not in touch with the issues and not sensitive to their outsider position. (Woodward, 2013, p.17)

A dilemma where “the appropriate action is known, but cannot be taken because of institutional obstacles” fosters what Nilsson et al. (2011) referred to as moral stress (p. 49).

Traumatized Cultures

By 2006 I suspected that I was experiencing burn out with vague symptoms of vicarious trauma. Although I still felt engaged and visionary in the potential of the work we were doing, and was identifying myself more as a resident of the regional culture than as a foreigner, I realized my thought patterns were becoming more blaming in projecting my own system of beliefs onto others. Whether I was at work, or interacting socially in the community there was an unexplained paradox, as is evident in my blog post in March 2006:

It feels like massive denial, a collective grief that pervades everything. You can feel the heaviness, and yet, in a moment of strange spontaneity, there is suddenly music, laughter and all the clouds simply vanish. I love this combustible, uncomplicated joy that bubbles ever ready beneath the surface. (See supplemental Post_1, para 7)

I found this spontaneous connection to be more consistent on the east side (Muslim) of the city, than on the west side (Catholic). There was a collective character that dominated each of these polities, but I would not, then, have named it ethnic in nature with any surety. Even so, those with whom I socialized in the community often referred to people on the other side of the river as “them” or “those people” regardless of the location of the conversation.

Historically, the former Yugoslavia was comprised of Slavic peoples who drifted into the region over centuries, eventually choosing one religion over another, often for political convenience. Intermarriages, and social intermingling between these religions was a common, natural occurrence until the wars of 1991 and 1992. After the wars, positions were taken, school curriculums were divided, students segregated, and two municipalities were established to administrate each side of the city. Even the Pavarotti Music Centre, an internationally funded

cultural center with the vision to heal the wounds of war, was an institution that belonged to “them” because it was situated in the heart of the east side of the city. “We don’t have anything like that over here.” Nor did I feel that all persons were traumatized, or carrying the weight of terrible loss. The night belonged to the youth and the candy-colored neon lounge bars that pulsed with turbo-folk music that was popular with young people (and loathed by traditionalists). War wounds lay hidden for the most part, but erupted in the rise in alcoholism, suicides, systemic diseases, drug-related crime and the 20% increase in congenital birth defects immediately after the war. These are the lost children—the ones hidden through the stigma of their disability or their inappropriate public behavior. These are the children we worked with in our clinical sessions.

Morrissey’s (2013) dissertation linked cultural trauma to postmodern literature. He made an interesting correlation between mass melancholy to the epic poem, *Beowulf*, which was believed to have been written in the 7th century. To corroborate a historic link to narrative art forms, he first journeys into historical accounts of wound treatments to reveal evidence of violent aggression, and the possible psychological affect of this within the population. The literature shows numerous Herbarium concoctions that are prescribed for cracked skulls, disembowelment, stab wounds, blows from an iron or wooden stake, and psychological stress such as “demonic possession,” nightmares, or an evil condition.

It seems that C-PTSD [complex post traumatic stress disorder] may have been a pervasive and self-perpetuating phenomenon in Anglo-Saxon England. That is, the extreme violence that was commonplace during the period, especially as it was inflicted on the young, may have generated even more extreme violence and revenge in a continuous cycle throughout the so-called Dark Ages. Indeed advances in neuropsychology are shedding new light on the period. (Morrissey, 2013, p. 107)

His hypothesis suggests that storytelling emerges from cultural trauma in postmodern literature and, therefore, must also appear at turbulent points in history. He believes that for

three centuries Anglo Saxon culture was a zeitgeist of trauma and that Beowulf reflects a postmodern narrative style associated with the traumatized voice, which can be expressed through (for instance) poetry, fictional prose, ethnographic writing, music, and so on. Although this topic is discussed further in a later chapter, it is relevant here to set the framework for the historic legacy of chronic cultural trauma, its pervasive presence in post war regions and populations, and its link to the expressive arts. What is relevant for now is how the infective qualities of mass grief can pervade all human systems, including those that come to offer assistance.

In my critical review of 27 peer-reviewed articles (Woodward, 2012b), I revealed the exceptional ability of the arts to enhance resilience during horrific experiences and to help assist in deep healing and social reintegration processes in regions of conflict and in migrant refugees around the world (Woodward, 2012b, p. 9). It also revealed the less obvious theme of vicarious trauma that may be an inherent issue with arts-based therapists whose use of empathy and aesthetic sensibilities leave them vulnerable to compassion fatigue in traumatized populations. Kalmanowitz and Lloyd (1999) describe the confusion and disarray they felt while working with a very needy refugee population in Croatia, “We were afraid we would be drawn into the apathy and were in danger of imposing yet another unwanted structure” (Woodward, 2012b, p. 35).

Compassion fatigue.

Aid workers, basically have a pretty shrewd idea of what they are getting into when they enter this career, and dirty clothes, gun shots at night and lack of electricity do not surprise them. Inter and intra-agency politics, inconsistent management styles, lack of team work and unclear or conflicting organizational objectives, however, combine to create a background of chronic stress and pressure that over time wears people down and can lead to burnout or even physical collapse. (Loquercio et al., 2006, p .5)

The term *compassion fatigue* has been used interchangeably with secondary traumatic stress disorder (STS), vicarious traumatization (VT), and burnout (Jordan, 2010) to refer to

cognitive shifts, behavioral changes, and relational disturbances that may occur as a result of intense interactions with seriously traumatized people (Collins & Long, 2003). Although this may cause some confusion, these terms are considered to be inter-related constructs that are used to “convey the impact of empathic immersion in another human being’s suffering” (Tyson, 2007, p. 184). While some authors make specific symptomatic and epidemiological distinctions between these terms (Collins & Long, 2003; Jordan, 2010; Stewart, 2009), others refer to one or the other as belonging to a cluster of related disorders that are the result of being overwhelmed by traumatic imagery and empathetic connection to traumatized clients (Bride, Radey, & Figley, 2007; Tyson, 2007).

Compassion fatigue can occur wherever human intervention attempts to alleviate despair and suffering from trauma related to combat, natural disasters, living in refugee camps, or acts of genocide. Regardless of the particular setting in which the clinician is placed, it is generally agreed that compassion fatigue involves profound transformation and alteration of self-identity, cognitive schemas, and worldview, thereby impacting significantly on interpersonal relationships, behavior patterns, and physical and mental health (Figley & Bride, 2007; Tyson, 2007). The need to make meaning of psychological and moral positions in the face of repeated exposure to combat-related trauma can challenge a clinician’s moral attitudes about aggression and killing. For the combat survivor, *meaning making* may need to be suspended somewhere “between the worlds of war morality and societal morality” (Tyson, 2007, p. 185). Sadly the universe may be viewed as meaningless after experiencing the complete annihilation of assumptions about oneself and the world.

My first sight of the abandoned, blown-up buildings in the middle of town hit me like a sledgehammer—a visceral response I will never forget. But in spite of violent explosions that had blown the buildings apart, and thousands of citizens who had been killed by snipers on all sides of the battleground, resilience and the ability to find joy in the midst

of madness emerged in the population in spontaneous moments of music. Always, there was music. In that bizarre and spontaneous way, my resilient nature was able to prevail as well. (Journal entry, July, 2008)

From the massive amount of literature on the subject that has emerged over the past 10 years—mostly through the professions of social work (Berzoff & Kita, 2010; Bride et al., 2007; Huss, Sarid, & Cwikel, 2010; Natural, 2007; Radey & Figley, 2007; Tyson, 2007) and nursing (Collins & Long, 2003; Stewart, 2009), compassion fatigue is now acknowledged as a high-risk phenomenon for caregivers who work with traumatized populations and especially so when doubly exposed to risks while working in dangerous areas (Baum, 2012; Mendenhall, 2006) or in field operations away from one's home culture. Nature (2007), speaking of natural disasters in the U.S.A., points out that social workers are often called upon as first responders to natural disasters, and calls for specific training, field support and guidelines for deployed workers to these areas. It is the practice of INGOs to recruit local personnel for relief operations in areas of poverty, HIV, and armed conflict, but in all these instances, humanitarian aid organizations also recruit specialist aid workers from other parts of the world. Regardless of where aid workers are deployed, the literature clearly shows that local personnel are as vulnerable to compassion fatigue as are foreign aid workers (Musa & Hamid, 2008; Shah, Garland, & Katz, 2007).

Figley's meta-analysis of the literature (1995) found that long working hours, large caseloads, and prolonged contact with clients could lead to compassion fatigue regardless of age, gender, or level of training. Further to this, Figley (1995), Stewart (2009), and Tyson (2007) found that behavior changes such as withdrawal, avoidance from intimate relationships, decreased empathy, heightened irritability, sleep disturbances, and difficulty making decisions are potentially long-lasting features of compassion fatigue if not treated. It is important to understand the entirety of the phenomena because it has implications for the mental health of the

traumatized individual and the internal dynamics of the organization, and may also have long-term consequences for the therapist if left untreated.

On November 7, 2009, Major Hasan, a military psychiatrist, went on a killing rampage at a large military deployment center in Texas and randomly killed 13 people. A few days later, three journalists from the *New York Times* (Carey, Cave, & Alvarez, 2009) interviewed Dr. Moore, a former long-term army psychologist at another military deployment base. In that interview Dr. Moore observes,

You become detached. You start to feel like you can't connect with your patients. You run out of empathy. And the last thing you want to do is talk about it with someone else. It really puts a wedge between you and loved ones.

Loquercio's et al. (2006) report on staff retention in 15 humanitarian organizations made specific recommendations to change and/or to provide appropriate screening and exit protocols, structures for mentoring, training, and supervision of employees, skill development, and provisions to recognize and treat compassion fatigue with appropriate interventions for the health of both the client and the health caregiver. There is substantial empirical evidence from the field to support this recommendation. In McCormack et al.'s (2009) case study, Vincent observed that people who are attracted to the adrenalin of high danger work can burn out, become cynical and paranoid, and can become a threat to team cohesion and the mission itself (p. 113).

Organizational structures are not a specific focus for leadership to address in this dissertation, but they cannot be left out of the narrative because they have been named as the most significant influence in designing and implementing safety measures for the physical and mental health of deployed staff into difficult environments (Loquercio et al., 2009). Without oversimplifying the issue, compassion fatigue and burnout experienced at the front-line of care can be linked either directly or indirectly to those structures, or lack thereof, and to leadership

functions throughout all levels of the organization. Given the great number of stressors that inhabit the culture of humanitarian aid and may affect mission effectiveness, it is important to grasp not only how leadership at all levels of the organization can increase resilience in teams, but also identify and ameliorate those factors that impact on leadership in humanitarian situations.

Altruism and leadership. Altruism, as a socially constructed concept, is broadly understood to be intentional behavior that benefits others with no expectation of reciprocity. Korff et al.'s (n.d.) research revealed that altruism is a characteristic feature of fieldworkers who are attracted to work in humanitarian aid. While most humanitarian organizations harbor altruism as a core value for missionary work, some humanitarian NGOs and aid workers have entered into the business of aid for motives other than altruism (Polman, 2010). No credentials are needed to prove competency or legitimacy when entering a country and claiming to be a humanitarian aid organization, and because there is no operational way to assess the gray area between altruism and self-interest (O'Shea, 2004),⁷ some NGOs may be operating opportunistically. In many cases, however, there is mutual altruism that combines a concern for others as well as a concern for self.

While scholars may debate theoretically about the motives and meaning behind altruistic actions, there are many humanitarian aid workers and agencies that believe that their project contributes in some way to those they are there to help. McCormack et al.'s (2009) case study on Vincent, a 35-year veteran of fieldwork, studied his experiences and posited that an altruistic identity is formed over time through meaning-making while working in difficult environments.

⁷ See also

<http://go.galegroup.com.proxy.antioch.edu/ps/i.do?action=interpret&id=GALE%7CCX3452500022&v=2.1&u=antioch&it=r&p=GURL&sw=w&authCount=1>

Others (Loquercio et al., 2006) have posited that altruism attracts people to humanitarian aid work in the first place. While that may be true, aid workers are greatly impacted when contradictory forces in the environment challenge natural or acquired human proclivities such as compassion and altruism. McCormack et al. (2009) found that the most salient features for healthy longevity in aid work are resilience, finding meaning, and maintaining a positive altruistic identity through periods of self-blame and the “eroding and corroding” of moral values (p. 112).

Altruistic identity in leadership behavior is a complex area for study on its own, but the complexity emerges from a blend of many influences. Where one situation brings out the noble in humankind, the same situation can also bring out the ignoble. Freire (1998) believed humankind is struggling with an ethical imperative and that it is not possible to “humanly exist” (i.e., to be humane) without being conscious of our incompleteness and involving ourselves in the struggle toward a decent, ethical society.

I have a right to be angry...just as I have a right to love and to express my love to the world and to use it as a motivational foundation for my struggle because I live in a history at a time of possibility and not of determinism. (Freire, 1998, p. 71)

What lies behind Freire’s conviction, or the social activism of Osborne, who says that it is impossible for him to stand by and do nothing in the face of injustice (Woodward, 2012a), is the stronger character of altruism we find in humanitarian aid. Altruism brought Osborne repeatedly into the sights of snipers during the Balkan war when he crept through blown-up buildings and dank, dark meeting places to bring music to children. And the currency of his courage was forwarded through the years, leading to the building of a music therapy center from the rubble of a blown-up elementary school, the establishment of a youth group who still bring

music to large gatherings of children in BiH, and the seeding of community music projects in many other post-conflict regions.

We do not always know where our altruistic attitude and behaviors may land to seed enough hope to carry on the good fight, or to continue the struggle elsewhere, but we must do what we think is the right thing at the time. Altruistic practices in leadership are considered to be more effective in extracting similar behavior from employees. Choi and Mai-Dalton (1998) and Singh and Krishnan (2008) contend that a self-sacrificing leader is a role model for similar behavior that leads to creating a culture of reciprocity and, therefore, a better overall performance throughout the organization.

Cultural confusion and misplaced altruism.

Cultural assumptions are frequently structured by paradigmatic belief systems, uncritically assimilated in childhood, which have become seen as reified—immutable or God-given and beyond human control... These distorting ideologies may be sexual, racial, religious, economic, political, occupational, psychological, or technological... and “become manifest in a constellation of specific meaning schemes involving rules, roles, relationships, and social expectations which govern the way we see, feel, think and act.” (Mezirow, 1985, pp.144–145)

Hartog (1999) pointed out that leadership behaviors are evaluated and interpreted differently in different cultures and that a culture that endorses an authoritarian style may require decisive action, so “leader sensitivity might be interpreted as weak, whereas in cultures endorsing a more nurturing style, the same sensitivity is likely to prove essential for effective leadership” (p. 7). For me, facilitating change through consensus did not fit the post-communist culture, and being directive, which was not authentic for me, was seen as a form of foreign imperialism and entitlement.

Tenhio (2008), a graduate music student from the Sibelius Academy, shadowed our team for three weeks in 2006 as an ethnographic study. Her research uncovered cultural and

communication themes that she perceived created conflict for interpersonal dynamics within the Music Therapy team. “As long as the general negative/suspicious attitude towards internationals remains in Bosnia and Herzegovina, no foreigner can fully adapt into the Bosnian society (p. 76).” To me, it was disappointingly ironic that our international presence created a further fragmentation beyond the inter-ethnic tensions we had come to alleviate. Kochenderfer (2006) echoes Tenhio’s findings in her ethnographic dissertation that compared the three music programs in Mostar:

Some of the tension between internationals and local staff of Program B in particular appears to arise from a suspicion on the part of local staff that internationals use the programmes for personal financial gain and to build their professional reputations rather than supporting programmes for ideological reasons. Almost all come here just to rebuild their career. (p. 203)

However, as pointed out by Ian Ritchie, one of the co-founders of the music therapy program, and the (now) Director of the London Festival, commented that “the country (BiH) and individuals (he) met there . . . some at a very high level . . . had no idea of the expertise that was there at their feet—mentoring, teaching, coaching and willing them to succeed” (Interview transcript, 2009, London UK).

The distortion and suspicion of foreigners’ altruistic intentions and their agenda was palpable to me. At times it was explicit, and at other times it hung over the team like a dark cloud that would not go away. Considering the unconscionable way in which Warchild (UK) funds (as one example) had been lost on allegedly high profile social activities at the start of the international presence in BiH, it is not surprising that local citizens would be disillusioned and skeptical about the true agenda of foreigners. At a 40% unemployment rate, most locals became disempowered observers of foreign activities in their own country. The constant turnover of professional music therapists made it appear as though it was a career stopover. What many

local staff did not understand was the serious career sacrifice that senior music therapists made in order to be there for a year rotation. Nigel Osborne was the acknowledged (and beloved) founder of the program, whose broad repertoire of the local folk music and knowledge of the culture, language, and the people earned him great respect among the local people. But Kochenderfer (2006) observed that the school's music team, which was his flagship group that he cultivated and mentored, also blamed him as their foreign mentor:

Staff of program B justified their break from their primary international mentor by saying that they felt that this mentor used the program for his own interests and projects, without thinking about the way in which his actions affected local staff. (p. 203)

Although I had been there long enough to be accepted as a local, I depended upon friends to interpret the nuances of their culture. So as a highly visible foreign member of the community, I experienced a surreal kind of social/work life from both sides of the goldfish bowl. Others, for different reasons, experienced this double identity as well. Tenhio (2008) was exceptionally fluent in the language and yet she still found it “liberating to forget the post-war zone for a moment, to forget the confusing mixture of depression and weak hope” (p. 46) surrounding her when she occasionally socialized with other internationals.

As the team dynamics became tense and the functionality began to suffer, I—like Ruth Waterman (2008)—became more frustrated with the cultural gulf that undermined my best intentions. It seemed impossible to achieve buy-in from the team and our expectations for what was possible seemed to be ever widening. I was no longer considered an uninvolved outsider, so I was seen as part of the problem, rather than part of the solution. We needed remedial mediation...but who could do this? While living among real and metaphoric minefields (Mostar, BiH), I wondered how to create safety in a time of uncertainty, how to buoy hope without surpassing reality, how to engage buy-in for collaborative approaches without intensifying a

protectionist stance, and how to foster empowerment in a community with an abhorrence for elitism. I believe it is because I am used to accepting paradox through my encounters in music and the arts, that I was able to maintain some steadiness as we moved through ambiguous times, but it still felt like I was on a rudderless ship on a huge ocean. The arts, as a mediating tool in disparate realities, is touched upon later in this, and other chapters.

Literature on Arts-Based Projects in Regions Impacted by War

There is a gap in the literature on leadership, or sustainability issues facing smaller, independent arts-based humanitarian Non Governmental Organizations (NGOs)—especially those operating in war-affected regions. While there is evidence there is a wide array of arts-based projects operating in community building projects and humanitarian-related issues (UNHCR, 2011) around the world, there is little empirical research about these projects, or those that operate in war-affected areas. Many of the projects that are researched are short-term projects with no view for sustainable, ongoing work. In a critical review of the literature (Woodward, 2012b), I analyzed what arts-based projects had been done, which populations were targeted, where they were based, and to what purpose they were used—specifically in music therapy, but also in the creative arts therapies (CATs).

According to my subjective interpretation of these studies, 15 out of 27 ethnographic accounts of arts-based projects in post war environments dealt with peace building (Baker, 2006; Darwin, 2009), social reconstruction (Bingley, 2011; Blotner, 2004; Golub, 1989; Harris, 2009) healing (Bensimon, Amir, & Wolf, 2008; Byers, 1996; Koch & Weidinger-von, 2009; Pavlicevic, 2002), and conflict transformation (Fouche & Torrance, 2011; Kirby & Shu, 2010; Robertson, 2010; Sliep, Weingarten, & Gilbert. 2004). Each of these studies was implicitly concerned with empowerment and social transformation in their target populations, but did not

explicitly illuminate leadership, nor did they have an explicit goal to instill leadership competencies in the population they had targeted.

For the most part, the arts-based projects appeared to imbue empowerment, first, as a tool for the self, rather than to consider it as tool for leadership. As an example of how leadership can be enhanced in arts-based missions, the exemplary study by Kirby and Shu (2010) used culture-drama to mediate an ongoing inter-ethnic conflict of missionaries (teachers) from different ethnic groups in Ghana. Through role reversal techniques and exercises in staged scenarios, the Konkombas and Dagombas learned the intricacies of the “other” through understanding their own deeply embedded cultural assumptions. These lessons would then be forwarded and taught by the missionaries into their respective communities.

Considering Approaches for Leadership

Much of the literature around transformational leadership models such as shared leadership (Chaleff, 2003), servant leadership (Greenleaf, 1970), embodied leadership (Ladkin & Taylor, 2010), and aesthetic leadership (Hansen et al., 2007) implicitly involve aesthetic judgment, altruism, self-sacrifice, or empowerment as active, alchemic qualities for effective leadership practice. Transformational leadership models have traditionally called upon the higher moral values of followers to enact social change. When the values of a vision are in line with those of the followers, it is easier to accept and internalize the vision provided by the leader (Singh & Krishnan, 2008). Moreover, when a leader incurs personal costs to serve the mission of the group, there is a higher likelihood of gaining cooperation within the group, a willingness to exert extra effort, and a sense of collective identity. Gardner (2008) proposes a mindful, disciplined approach to leadership through building our intellectual and social capacities to move humanity forward. His book *5 Minds for the Future* presents a theoretical framework for

transformational leadership that requires us to expand the capacity of our minds through three major cognitive forms, discipline, synthesis, and creativity, and two relations-oriented practices, respect and ethics, all of which are life-long learning achievements that must be supported through education and community systems.

The challenge in leading in a foreign culture, especially one that has been severely damaged, is that culturally embedded assumptions may lead one to interpret the narrative differently. That being said, the salient point to connect this to arts-based leadership and transformation is that discipline, creativity, and synthesis are well-developed cognitive forms in trained arts practitioners to make sense out of disparate narratives. If we revisit altruism as an embedded feature of the creative art therapies (CATs) and other forms of arts-based practices, an arts-based leader may have a well-developed capacity for Gardner's theoretical construction of beneficent transformational leadership. And further to this, the views of Knippenberg (2011), Mohr (2011), and Gardner (2008) offer a coherent framework for leadership in that they each implicitly, or explicitly, have acknowledged that creativity, reflexivity and embodied aesthetic intelligence are essential ingredients for transformational leadership. I develop this thread further in the chapter *Alchemy, Ambiguity and the Aesthetic*.

Transformational Frameworks

Mezirow (1989), an adult learning theorist, asserted that disorienting dilemmas serve to mobilize the individual to make sense of changes in his or her environment, thus having to discard former ways of knowing or relating to adapt to the new situation. According to Mezirow we make sense of our past experience by selecting "a set of symbolic models and images . . . and project [these images] onto sensory stimuli, frequently via metaphors to enable us to give coherence to experience" (p. 223). We get into trouble perhaps when the current reality is mired

in internal conflict of past traumas or beliefs, or in what Mezirow refers to as “false consciousness” (p. 145). He proposed that critical reflection of past “meaning structures” that we have assimilated over the lifetime may lead to transformation. Underlying this theory is that we have an “urgent need to understand the meaning of our experience” (p. 223) and therefore, strive to acquire a more functional viewpoint. With this in mind, Mezirow’s transformation theory provides a possible perspective with which to view a culture and its membership in transition—one that has undergone a collective disorienting dilemma.

Critical reflection and rational discourse are processes of adult learning emphasized by those cultures experiencing rapid social change in which old traditional authority structures have been weakened, and in which individuals must be prepared to make many diverse decisions on their own. Learning is defined as the social process of construing and appropriating a new or revised interpretation of the meaning of one’s experience as a guide to action. (Mezirow, 1994, p. 222)

Antonovsky (1993) offered a relational psychosocial model of health in the context of an individual within a community. He stated that comprehensibility, manageability, and meaningfulness are three key components to health. Depending upon the severity, a disorienting dilemma destabilizes the coherence of these components, and the individual moves through a chaotic period while reconstructing new ways to be, to understand, and to behave in the new reality. Ruud (1998), a musicologist and a music therapist, explored Antonovsky’s model and the extent to which music as an active agent of culture plays a role in health. He suggests that personal and cultural identity is inextricably bound together and that we seek to “belong” as much as we seek meaning (coherence), personal agency, and emotional vitality. His work in general, and his “four pillars of health” in particular, have broadened the borders of music therapy to contextualize the client as a cultural being where music participation plays a role in identity development that (simultaneously) provides the individual with coherent referents for agency, vitality, meaning-making, and cultural membership. In this study, transformational

theory is considered through my lens as a leader and a resident in a foreign culture. I am both the observer and the observed in a community in transition. I view transformation theory as a reflective and a reflexive process between one's personal experience and the collective consequence.

Adler's (1975) framework for culture shock, "Transitional Experiences," suggests that transformational processes in different cultural experiences follow a predictable path through five progressive stages. Each stage, from stage one, a euphoric encounter with a new culture, through more challenging periods to a transcendent stage of mastery and flexibility, is a profound encounter with the self—and an intense period of activity within the inner environment. Adler's transitional model provides a useful structure in which to frame perplexing, uncharacteristic behaviors that can appear when immersed for prolonged periods in a foreign culture. His model is revisited in more depth in the next chapter.

Mythology and Deep Psychology

Transition and transformation have been mythologized through extraordinary human feats, extreme moral character, or fantastic heroic adventures over the span of recorded human history. Levine's *Trauma, Tragedy, Therapy: The Arts and Human Suffering* (2009) reminds me of the relevance of art in classical Greek culture and the purifying, cathartic effect of *poiesis*—particularly in *conscientizing* myth through music and drama. The theater of Dionysus held 17,000 spectators, and Greek tragedies could last up to 24 hours. In Aristotle's version of Oedipus the king, the mythical Oedipus saves Thebes through his intellectual powers and rules the city through his iron will, but he inevitably faces ruin—not by predetermined fate, but by the very qualities that made him a hero. In the end he is escorted out of the city, powerless, blind,

and helpless. But the experience for the ancient audience of this tragedy was one where the profane—pity, fear, and terror—was transformed into compassion and awe.

The experience of tragedy makes us realize our fellow-feeling with the one who suffers and leaves us with a sense of the magnificence of the power that rules our lives...It is only at the end of life, that a hero's resting place can be declared sacred by the gods and be of benefit to humankind. (Levine, 2009, p. 49)

Joseph Campbell (1968), who studied rituals and the metaphor of myths of primitive and classical civilizations in his seminal book, *A Hero with a Thousand Faces*, stated,

It becomes apparent that the purpose and actual effect of these [rites of passage] was to conduct people across those difficult thresholds of transformation that demand a change in the patterns not only of conscious but also of unconscious life...distinguished by very severe exercises of severance. (p. 10)

Adler's transitional framework suggests kinship to Campbell's (1968) mythical hero, who leaves comfort and predictability behind to enter the desert where protagonists, metaphoric demons of the self, are encountered, fought, and defeated. The hero answers the *call to adventure*, *crosses the threshold*, conquers the unknown, integrates the experiences, and eventually returns with a *boon*—something to share with the community he left behind. Interestingly, Adler's (1975) five-stage framework of transitional experiences could be interpreted to represent the metaphoric challenges facing Campbell's (1968) *Hero*, following a similar pathway to personal victory. Adler's (1975) stages, however, are grounded in the theoretical framework of developmental psychology and do not infer that personal change takes its meaning beyond the individual, whereas Campbell's *The Hero's Journey* (1968) is based upon explorations of the unconscious in the theoretical framework of deep psychology. Campbell's extensive exploration of universal mythological constructions does project that the mythical hero's challenges and victories function as a social construct for societal change.

The Way Forward to River of Tears: Encounters With the Self

The next two chapters involved an emergent writing process and evolved through the reflection and review of personal journal notes, blogs, and recollections of events of my experiences in Bosnia and Herzegovina. I still do not know if my work, or the 9-year project, left any legacy, or passed on goodness, longevity, hope, or inspiration for future programs. However, this dissertation, which relies on Adler's framework in which to explore my own personal stages of change in a foreign culture, also follows Campbell's interpretation on the metaphoric function of myth, to add to a deeper understanding of fieldwork challenges in difficult environments, to bring intrinsic knowledge to the discourse on music therapy practices in foreign cultures, and to highlight the importance of the arts in leadership perspectives. Ibbotson's (2008) *Illusion of Leadership* offers the paradox of practicing restraint of leadership while setting limits for the creative process to develop in deeper, more meaningful ways. There is an alchemic stirring in these offerings. As Ibbotson (2008) points out, it is important to remember,

Nothing comes from nothing. We are always starting from somewhere, the stuff in our heads, the existing marketplace; the history we all remember, the materials in front of us. There are no blank spaces in our heads and even the blank paper in front of us is a certain size and texture and absorbency that will limit what we can do with it. There are always initial conditions. (p. 5)

River of Tears: Encounters With the Self



Figure 4.1. Neretva River. Photo image personal archive of Alpha Woodward.

And it always comes back to the Neretva. I go there often. It has something to say. I listen but I still don't understand the language. (Journal note, summer 2007)

Prologue

We walked, as we often did, in an intentional way.

Don always had a quiet, introspective energy when we walked.

In those early days, I learned to trust, to put one step in front of the other -- to be aware in the moment—to walk in silence with no expectation. It was like that with Don. He consciously improvised each moment. On this one day, he brought me to a ledge—a flat slab of rock that hung over the turbulent waters below. Without speaking I knew this was the private place he had once spoken of. During the war, he would often come to this place to find himself—or maybe it was to lose himself.

During those mad times, one was the same as the other.

But something happened on this day.

I, too, was falling into an intimacy with the river. The sound of the water speeding over the rocks a metre below us touched something primal and subterranean inside of me—and a yearning vacancy held captive for decades spilled out as wet as the water below and ran down my face.

I had not cried since I was 17— told I had turned hard – ordered to leave the house—clothes torn off their hangers and onto the floor. Innocence died then – not as my mother had thought—in reckless abandon in a car somewhere. She knew all about those ‘things.’ It was midnight. I cried all that night and into the dawn, and never again—until now.

Don was silent. He turned his gaze away.

He knew the power of this place.

Bosnia and Herzegovina is an enigma—full of secrets and mysteries. Some mysteries defy definition. They exist for a purpose. I believe that the true merit of a mystery is faith beyond the illusion of reality, that answers are not as important as the question. It was my eventual acceptance of this that I came to adjust to my new reality in BiH. And it was the romance of this that captured me—that enigma that both satisfied and intensified a deeply felt need to connect with some profound truth about myself, deeper than I had yet known. The quest to solve a mystery was embedded in the experience—not a philosophical exercise—and one that stayed with me long after I left this enigmatic landscape. But it was odd to move to a war-affected, ethnically fragmented region only to find an unexpected lost part of myself—another mysterious paradox of life.

It is the aliveness I feel—even when I am alone—that is addictive. It is rare to find individuals who are fully conscious – but many people here are. Perhaps it is the war that

instilled mental vigilance – or maybe people are just born with it, but you cannot live here without noticing your own connection to consciousness – yours and the BIG consciousness. And in a place where the intimacy of silence is avoided, this is a mysterious paradox. Mostar is a Paradox... a beautiful mystery; and living here does not reveal the secret of that mystery. (See supplemental file, Post_2, para. 8)

Adler (1975), long ago, defined culture shock to be a profound encounter with the self; a cluster of one's emotional responses to new circumstances. Although we have come to view culture shock as a massive confrontation between familiar and unfamiliar societal norms, Adler was one of the first to propose that even a shift in well-established life span norms might elicit responses from mild to severe. In essence, culture shock is one's particular response to a perpetual loss of reinforcements from familiar cultural experiences. Regardless of the circumstance, or the severity, Adler views major transitional experiences, such as the phenomenon of culture shock, as serving a necessary function in triggering personal insight, growth, and transformation. He theorizes that these experiences are psychological movements into new dimensions of perception that tend to produce personality disintegration, or disorientation. That is to say that culture shock is, first, a profound encounter with the self. Adler did not go on to develop his theoretical framework on these stages, but his precise model provides a framework for me to view the shifts I felt as I came into contact with uncomfortable layers of myself over the course of my four years in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

In my opinion, other perspectives did not describe this phenomenon as succinctly and comprehensively as Adler. In his working definition for culture shock, Garza-Guerrero (1974), writing from a psychodynamic framework, contends that, as newcomers into a foreign culture we are challenged in our ability to function while dealing with our grief over the loss of our home culture and the loss of our sense of identity. In another study (David, 1971), culture shock was not seen as a process of varied experiences, but as an event marked by behavioral disorders,

neurotic symptoms or melancholy. However, Anderson's (1971) empirical study on dream material suggests that experiences in a different culture place our own cultural frame of reference in stasis, and that dreams serve to bridge the disparity between the two. Guerrero categorizes culture shock as either complicated, due to massive social upheaval, or uncomplicated where an individual makes a choice to change his or her lifestyle dramatically. Either way, culture shock evolves through three phases: disorganization; reorganization; and new identity.

As many do, I arrived in my new culture uncertain, but feeling ready to experience it, and myself, differently. I could not prepare myself for the particular adjustments I would eventually have to make as I grappled with being a foreigner, a friend, a music therapist, and a team leader—the last of which was the most challenging of all.

Adler's Transitional Experience Model

Adler (1975) suggests that transformation of the inner environment (for the foreigner) progresses along a path that begins with stage 1, contact, where everything about the culture may appear enchanting. The individual is impressionable and finds the differences in the culture stimulating. Stage 2 is a period of disintegration, loss, and possible withdrawal where cultural differences begin to intrude upon one's known reality. Here one can experience isolation and loneliness, a feeling of inadequacy. Stage 3 is reintegration; a complete rejection of the new culture where judgments are actively expressed and where anger or anxiety may result in hostility or suspicion of others. Adler considers this negativity as having positive potential in the development of self-assertion. Stage 4 is about autonomy. The individual is culturally and linguistically capable, more self-assured in his or her ability to negotiate the new situation, and accepting of the differences. And, finally, in stage 5, one enters a period of independence where he or she appreciates the value of similarities and differences, regains previous abilities to

express a range of emotions, and is able to “create meaning for situation” (Adler, 1975, pp. 16-19).

Developmental Psychology and the metaphors we find in myth share common ground. Campbell’s metaphorical *Hero With a Thousand Faces* (1968) is not unlike Adler’s *Transitional Experiences*, where the Hero answers the call, leaves the comfort of the known, and is provided with some wisdom and accompanying knowledge before crossing the threshold into uncharted territory. The Hero enters a region where terrible protagonists are encountered, fought, and defeated. Through the trials in the desert the Hero becomes imbued with more wisdom and experience and brings these new attributes back to the community. But both Campbell and Adler stand on the shoulders of Jung, who intentionally entered into the dark mythopoeic psyche, where he spent three difficult years grappling with the demons and surreal imagery of his dream-life, to understand better what was happening in the unconscious parts of himself.

Adler’s (1975) five stages of the transitional experience describes a pathway of transformation that occurs when one enters a foreign culture (crossing the threshold), struggles with difference (tests, allies, and enemies), acquiesces to disintegration of the self (the ordeal), accepts difference, and integrates experiences into new forms of thinking and acting (the resurrection/sacrificing). Whereas we come to understand that *The Hero’s Journey* is based on Campbell’s deep exploration of universal mythological constructions (Campbell, 1968) that represent metaphorical features of the “self” that the Hero must conquer, subdue, and accept, Adler’s five stages of transitional experience (1975) uses the principles and theoretical framework of developmental psychology, which may well be informed by such constructions. The model also relies heavily on our modern concept of societal norms and generally accepted sociological assumptions that (a) consider all individuals to be experienced in synthesizing

disparate, discontinuous experiences throughout their lifespan; (b) understand culture to be an “environment of experience” where a composite of individuals share and accept similar perceptions and frames of reference’ (c) perceive most individuals to be largely unaware of their home culture, values or beliefs’ and (d) “understand psychological movements into new environments of experience tend to produce forms of personality disintegration” (p. 14).

Overview

This chapter presents a montage of my experiences in Bosnia and Herzegovina (BiH) over a four-year period through Adler’s (1975) model for transitional stages. Structurally, it is composed of three distinct sections. The Prologue provides the ethos for the chapter, and introduces Adler’s (1975) model for transitional experiences. Part I concretizes my data resources and introduces some key myths and metaphors that are woven throughout this chapter, and subsequent chapters. Part II is a narrative of my experiences and follows a timeline that is guided by Adler’s framework. It covers my experiences in the period between 2004 and 2005 and weaves the data that are dreams, journal notes, and memories of my experiences in Bosnia together with myth and metaphor. The reader is immersed in the components and representations of these experiences as best they can be ascribed to the first three stages of Adler’s framework. But life rarely fits neatly into a theoretical framework, and so, in Part II I made an academic pact to follow lived reality in the first place, and to stay as close to my mental and emotional picture of events and time lines as possible from a retrospective position. Adler’s framework provided an organizing principle, and an interesting one in which to frame and to perceive my experiences.

As to the autoethnographic writing to explore and illuminate these experiences, I have used literary license, at times, to recreate some instances from my memory of lived experience to

capture an essence. Part II carries the responsibility for *une raison d'être* for the dissertation. In this part of the chapter a narrative emerges—one that is constructed through an accumulation of posts, blogs, dreams, and images—and that teaches me as I write it—seeking a mystery behind an inevitable conclusion. When beginning this chapter my fear was that there was no mystery—nothing to learn from my past experiences—or that it was so elusive, I would not find it. But the learning then, was in the tears. I did not know this—even while choosing the title of the dissertation—that the tears were real—not essences, or a metaphor for grief—but wet offerings from the soul on a ledge above the Neretva River in 2004. I had forgotten those tears. And then, it wasn't about tears after all—but about relationship. And so it unfolds, thus.

But the purpose of this pivotal chapter is to uncover, through autoethnographic writing, lessons for leadership, and I have therefore stayed true to this over the temptation to explore other interesting threads. While maintaining this intention, I allowed the resources to co-lead the direction of my writing. We oftentimes miss the immediate significance of an experience when we are living it, so there may be times in Part II when the reader is confronted with a mystery, which is literary intention on my part to encourage the reader's imagination to follow the richness of metaphor, and to stay true to my own opaque understanding of a situation or event for the time it represents. The reader may find the mystery confusing or disorienting—as life often is—but the writing attempts to reenact the sequence of illumination buffered and enlightened by academic investigation. And so the lessons do not appear as a grocery list at the end. Rather, they emerge in their own time, and in their own place throughout the chapter, and in those chapters that follow.

Part I: Managing the Resources

To manage and work with the large amount of text, I used an emergent form of interpretive phenomenological analysis. After reading my journals twice, I highlighted what appeared to be important text and transcribed these into a matrix (Appendix B). From this, I was able to discern essences, or emotional tones, for each post, and cluster them into thematic categories that were chronicled and linked to Adler's transitional stages (Appendices B-F). It was my intention to establish an impressionistic representation of my experiences rather than to deeply analyze the content. I was writing a story, one that held together like a Monet painting; a slightly blurred montage of memories, dreams, journals and parallel mythic constructs.

Journal logs. Five years' worth of journal logs, 34 blog posts, personal memories, anecdotal comments, emails, and material from nine guided imagery and music (Bonny Method) reports provide resources for this part of the dissertation. My journals were a repository for my reflections and feelings over the four years, but there is a sense of voyeurism as I read through the details of my encounters, my expressions of hurt, anger and fear, and some circumstances that were truly difficult at the time they had been written.

The logs were my personal sanity, my companion—my notes to myself. But it was to my surprise that my journals reveal themes around negativity, ambiguity, insecurity, and a sense of helplessness, while my public blog posts show revelations of optimism, gratitude, confidence, vision, and hope. Both are truthful representations of my experiences. In those days, I loved the creativity of the visible posts—combining images with words to share with faraway friends. But I turned to the privacy of my journal to express the raw, uncensored feelings, recriminations, and doubts of my daily challenges. My journal was my therapist. It was needed. In one supervisory session with my external clinical supervisor, I lamented my lack of professionalism when I felt

badgered by staff—shouting my indignation at the humiliating questions. He compassionately replied, “poison-in needs to be let out.” Better that the poison be put on a page in a journal, than inside where it would fester.

But elemental truth was stuck behind my cultural bankruptcy, and festered like a canker throughout my time in BiH, and my journal was a place where I could record dreams, doubts, imaginings, and frustrations without censorship or guilt. Echoes of the emotional undercurrent of each record were still detectable in those pages, but the surreal dream material brought back memories, as though those ghostly visitations from my unconscious actually happened. And it was odd to read my life again—a *future self* who was peering back to a *past self*, page by page. The pages represent my mood at the time of writing—a time when I was in a conversation with myself. When I write, I am never alone.

Dream logs. There is an authentic basis for my use of dream material in this dissertation. Dreams have been informative and transformative in my life. It has been my practice since the beginning of my training in music therapy to journal my dreams in as much detail as possible. Dreams are rich in metaphor. Bonde (2004) refers to metaphor as a cognitive device that we use to translate and verbalize difficult or new experiences. At times the details seem random and meaningless, but always they carry seeds of different realities for me, the awakened dreamer, to reflect upon, to write about. In any case, imagery from dreams can be transformative even when they are not analyzed (Watkins, 1976).

Research in the role of imagery (Samuels & Samuels, 1975), regardless of the triggering event or circumstances, reveals that auditory and visual sensory experiences are stored in the temporal lobe where the mechanisms of memory and dreams are located. In relaxed states of awareness, the imager/dreamer is drawn outside of him or her self and experiences images

beyond categories, cultural biases, time-frames, learned habits or attachments. The image is a pure experience of psychic awareness and the imager may receive new information that seems to come from outside of the self (like dreams or visions) and it may have a unifying quality.

According to Samuels and Samuels both the autonomic and parasympathetic systems respond to internal imaging the same way they would to external image experiences, making this information transformative for the entire human system.

I was then, and still am, impressed by the intensity and quantity of my dreams while I was in BiH. In re-reading through each journal, my dreams are pulling together the deeper, unconnected threads of my waking life. Each dream has its own meaning, but reframing them in the context of Adler's model (1975) of *transitional experience*, provides me (now) insight into how metaphorical material in my dreams reveals inner psychological disorientation and adjustment. There was a thematic thread of helplessness whether it was my role as a music therapist working with children and youth, or in complex relationships with local friends and staff. Immersing myself in a new culture had the effect of intensifying old themes with new landscapes, providing me with a new framework from which to learn lessons that followed me everywhere. As many writers since Adler have pointed out, a sense of helplessness and impotence is often prevalent in humanitarian aid workers who work with those who have experienced traumatic events (Kjellenberg, Daukantaite & Cardena, 2013). I was in the middle of it. There was no escaping the lessons. Dreams offered no respite.

had returned from Bosnia, feeling suddenly without purpose—wanting to go back, but not allowed to...It was fall in Canada and I was in a place I did not know. Maple leaves were scarlet and brilliant orange with huge leaves. So I was in this house telling my mother how sad I was about not having any purpose there. I had no job, nothing to define my life anymore. I started exploring the house and realized that it had a lot of storage space. (Dream, July 10, 2005)

Anderson (2004), an anthropologist on a cultural change field assignment in India, attributed the act of dreaming as an adaptive mechanism that cushions the effect of culture shock. Over a three-month period she recorded the dreams of her 15 colleagues and found that the nature and features of their dreams followed similar patterns and phases. Anderson, like myself, had noticed how definitions of words, familiar names, or common knowledge became difficult to retrieve consciously—but rather, recovered through indirect, referential means—in the first phase of her field trip assignment. This phenomenon may be because the home culture and all its associations is not functional in the new culture, and is masked in our awake state but continues to operate while we dream.

Dreams, she believes, provide cultural refuge from the new and unfamiliar demands placed upon us in the new culture. In reviewing my journals, I am struck by the quantity, depth and clarity of my dreams—almost as though I were in an altered state of waking awareness every night. Like Anderson's team, many of my dreams were intricate and complex, and involved people from my distant past and in places I had not been for decades.

On a rickety old Spartan train—I was missing something important. The only way to get it was to get on this train. My childhood girlfriend was on it. I had not seen her for years. We were passing through very bleak landscape. I got off first—did my errand—and back on quickly—but then had to wait for her part of the train to return. I found her way at the back after winding my way through many derelict sections. Like a mother, she was sitting protectively beside a young child showing him her own music composition. I thought that curious. E. hated taking music lessons as a youth. The car was very old, bleak and the lighting poor. I did not like this train at all. But we were thankfully on our way back. (Dream, April 8, 2006)

In 1998 my master's thesis (Woodward, 1998) about environmental sound systems was based upon, and informed by, "The Informant Dream" and the internal validity of the study was continually measured by its relationship to this dream I had experienced at the beginning of my

thesis. In a very satisfactory conclusion, an unforeseen element of the dream was illuminated in the fifth chapter, *The Final Connection: The Informant Dream and the Emergent Voice* (p. 107).

In *Memories, Dreams, Reflections* (1989), Jung recounts the years he spent exploring his psyche through the dark labyrinth of his dreams, when he meticulously and scientifically documented his dreams and associations through writing and mandalas. In these difficult years when he was assailed by dream demons, he recalls struggling with how to make sense of it in his waking reality. “When I was writing down these fantasies, I once asked myself, ‘what am I really doing? Certainly this has nothing to do with science. But then what is it?’” Whereupon a voice within me said, “it is art.” Jung went on to describe his rejection of the notion that his torment had artistic value. His breakthrough came when he understood that his sketches of mandalas were cryptograms of his inner life. As a creative art therapist myself, I believe that what Jung was missing in this new struggle between scientific process and art, was that art was not the answer or the product, but offered a way for the psyche to reveal itself. It was through art that he could make sense of his own conversation. But Jung’s intrepid personal work exploring his own psyche has been foundational in influencing Adler’s notion of the transitional experience and Campbell’s understanding of the hero’s battle with archetypes from mythical lore.

Transpersonal imagery in guided imagery and music. I have used guided imagery and music, known as the Bonny Method of Guided Imagery and Music (BMGIM) (see appendix A), extensively for my personal therapy, but as I was trained to Level III in this method, I also conducted several sessions—both individual and group—while I was in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The BMGIM model can be defined as a receptive “music-centered exploration of consciousness, leading towards integration and wholeness” (Clark, 2002). I will refer to this method as GIM. Abrams’ (2002) study, which focused on the boundary between transpersonal

and non-transpersonal experiences in this method, defined 10 unique properties of transpersonal GIM imagery that are potentially psychotherapeutic and transformative. Transpersonal experiences involve many components (Abrams, 2002) that can be luminous, mystical, religious, or sacred (for instance), and which transcend the limits of time, space, and of normal, waking human awareness (p. 104). In my own GIM experience this has often been a profound encounter with facets of my undeveloped potential, or a mystically spiritual affirmation of difficult life transitions. A GIM session is not unlike having a vivid dream, only it occurs in a relaxed waking state of awareness that utilizes specifically chosen classical music, involves intervening guidance from a trained practitioner in the method, and requires the imager to be reflexively oriented between waking reality and the symbolic, metaphoric content of the imagery. Transpersonal imagery from three of my nine GIM experiences (see Appendix G) appears in the following chapters as metaphoric muse, as a mystery unfolding in time, or as reflections of transitional experiences and therapeutic healing.

How metaphor became a muse for leadership.

Van Gogh's chair stared at me through the window of a cluttered gift shop in Budapest. It was in a small innocuous picture frame—and almost lost in the friendly debris around it. I wondered how the chair ended up here, in this small shop—and why now—this revered focus of a mad artist? Its simplicity—its one humble function—I recognize—not as a Van Gogh painting, but as an essence of my own constructed image from a GIM session two years ago in another life—another place. I sputter my astonishment that the chair has appeared miraculously—out-of-the-blue—here in Budapest, but my companion wandered off, clearly unimpressed with my peculiar interest in a picture of a chair. But to me, its appearance, in this moment, was an existential gift—and a metaphoric mystery.

The experience of metaphor and symbols can be powerful. The chair could not be fully understood in its own time but was “configured into narratives in a dynamic process” (Bonde, 2004, p. 48) that became “synthesized in a plot pointing towards the future” (p. 48). Using Ricoeur’s theory, Bonde thoroughly examined the therapeutic merit of metaphor toward an understanding of its potential in the Bonny Method of guided imagery and music. Contextualizing it this way, the chair moved from being an extraordinary GIM encounter, to a transportable metaphor in those years following its first appearance as an image in 2003. Other symbols of leadership appeared in monarchial forms (Appendix G) and marked much of my imagery while I was in BiH. But these were symbolic representations that could be attributed to my underlying fears, feelings, and attitudes about leadership at that time. The chair, although significantly related to leadership in some way, offered no context by which it could be analyzed or described.

So the use of muse assists me in representing the enigma of the chair and thus avoids reduction into parsimonious interpretations or applications. I prefer to accept the transpersonal experience of this singular image without an analysis of it, and leave its significance to my narrative as an unfolding hermeneutic mystery—as it was in its time.

Runes: A resource for spiritual meaning. In reading through my journals I am struck by how frequently I used Runes to seek wisdom and guidance to feel that part of me belonged to a bigger picture, and that somewhere, something made more sense than it did in the here and now. Adler (1975) points out that “transitional experiences can be the source of higher levels of personality development” (p. 14), and he sees the experiencing of a “broad spectrum of intense emotions” (p. 41) as positive potential for personal growth. The Runes were a way to connect to meaning of a higher order, and to receive guidance in an ancient spiritual context to which I had

trust. It was a way to connect with a framework of thinking that had a bigger context than the issues on which I was focused. My journal entries are full of the symbols that attached meaning and instruction for personal relationships and decision-making. To whom—or what—could I turn in this lonely position for guidance or hope? I was conscious of being ready, if not yearning, for a deep change at a fundamental level within myself.

Journal entries that involve specific, detailed use of Runes are not included, except to make note of their remarkable thematic presence for self-care and assistance in an otherwise lonely situation. The Rune answers are, now, not important to my story, so much as the questions I asked along the way.

Interpreting the Data

Memory doesn't work in a linear way...instead, thoughts and feelings circle around us; flash back, then forward; the topical is interwoven with the chronological; thoughts and feelings merge, drop from our grasp, then reappear in another context. In real life, we don't always know when we know something. (Ellis, 1999, p. 675)

While compiling and reading my resources for thematic clues, I was hoping to find a clear narrative. But it became complicated. Clusters of thematic material began to trend toward a chronological path in a confusing labyrinth of multidimensional experiences and emotional layers—complicated further by my perspective as a future self and as a time-traveling interlocutor. A single story line eluded me. In an effort to organize the overwhelming details and accounts of past experiences, I compiled my resources into several matrices (Appendices B-F).

I first read through my journals without expectations, and highlighted posts that stood out for me in any way. A second reading provided me with more detail and a better idea of the relevance of the material. On my third reading I transcribed the chosen posts into a chronological master matrix (Appendix B) whereupon I reflected on each post for its emotional

essence. I repeatedly referred back to the original journal to find clues in the appearance of my handwriting, or to check what may have preceded an entry. My posts were not regular, and oftentimes my memory would intercede with the gaps.

Themes that were culled from all of the resources suggest I was dealing with inner conflict and growth in my gradual acclimatization to the culture of post-conflict Bosnia and Herzegovina. What was evident then, but even more clear now, is that the culture itself was in disarray but with some firmly held threads in place from which the citizens navigated through their everyday lives. Old relationships may have been sundered, but new ones were being formed on a different basis. Cultural biases were drawn between resident and foreigner, urbanite and peasant, war-experienced citizens and those who fled the country. And all of these new attitudes seemed to be more prevalent in the culture I experienced, than the inter-ethnic conflict that started the war. Perhaps culture trumped conflict in the post-conflict period. Even so, residents knew exactly who was responsible for war-related atrocities in their city, where they lived, and how they profited by the war. When I arrived 10 years after the war, residents still did not feel safe speaking their own truth. There was still a residual fear of being disappeared. So there were many stories, and complexities, surrounding my own story, each of them worthy of a dissertation.

Foreshadowing found in the data. All just words—now highlighted yellow in my journal or underlined in a methodological manner of meaning-making. And while writing this chapter, intent on following Adler's stages and organizing the data, I revisited the Neretva, a friendship, a chair, and an eagle—symbols and metaphors that were part of my lived mystery. But at the bottom, or perhaps the top of everything lies a symbolic representation for leadership/stewardship that I carried with me throughout my lived narrative in BiH—the chair—

a significant transpersonal image from a guided imagery and music session (Appendix G)—one that exists beyond my verbal ability to transfix, or to assign meaning. But it travelled with me then, and it travels with me now, as a literary presence, untouchable and exquisitely significant as an unlikely muse in this narrative. This and other metaphoric imagery (which will be explored) from my dreams and from my imagery invites me to construct meaning within my own leadership experiences. The narrative unfolds, thus.

Part II: Encounters With the Self

“What makes the desert beautiful,” said the little prince, “is that somewhere it hides a well” (Sainte-Exupery, 1943, p. 75). In the Balkans there is always a story. You don’t know what the story is—you just know you are not in it.

Stage I: Contact.

Mostar is a Paradox... a beautiful mystery; and living here does not reveal the secret of that mystery. I have learned that I have a lot to learn about myself that I could not (or would not) learn at home. I also learned that: I have a lot to offer here – it is a place that I can be useful; everything I have done in my life is working here. But I know at some point I must move on and provoke myself again. (See supplemental file, Post_2, para. 7)

In 2004 my life was charmed by the landscape, the people, the new sounds, and the complex language that I was determined to learn. The lack of comforts and usual amenities was balanced by the charm, and by an imagination that was sparked by storybook archetypes and mythical adventures into ancient kingdoms, bold, defiant marauders, dragons, and mysterious sacred practices (See supplemental files Blog post_3 Mystical_Landscapes; Blog Post_4 The_Brevity_of_our_time_on_earth; Blog post_5 The_Dragon_sleeps_forever).

The deeply etched landscape, the steeped mosques, and ancient masonry cling to the banks of the river, as it has done for centuries, encourages the imagination to cultivate such notions. There is a romance here—living in this fairytale setting with its mysterious

narrow lanes and dark grottos that have not changed since the 1500s when Turkish sultans ruled the Balkan peoples.

There was more than enough romance to counteract the mental horror of living amongst bombed out buildings left gaping and soulless along the former frontline, or the sadness of those craggy hills with their crystal clear water, left silent from any human footstep. So for one year, in spite of the remains of destruction that carved its way through the middle of the city and for which no side claimed responsibility, I was in what Adler (1975) defines as first contact where everything in the new culture is refreshing, charming, and intriguing.

My memories of 2004 in BiH are starkly punctuated with adventures into its mountains and along its rivers, or following ancient pathways to castles and roman ruins that lay unmarked and numerous throughout the countryside. There was a tremendous extension of myself in this period—framed by a stimulating network of friends and professional colleagues, a creative adventure into writing, directing, and editing a video to fundraise for our team, and, the most magical of all—an embodied immersion into the myth and local lore of Bosnia and Herzegovina. I felt at the top of my potential, and very much needed in time and place. I felt called—a bit of heroic hubris superimposed upon my normally introverted personality.

There was something vital in being both intrinsically introspective and extrinsically stimulated at the same time. But I, and many other foreigners, could not put our finger on what it was that made this region so romantically mysterious. For a full year, I experienced my new home as an enigmatic blessing.

Mostarians often ask what I like about Mostar. I think they desire to know if we foreigners have discovered the enigma of their town—the sweet mystery of this amazing place. I have come to know it better over the past year and still have trouble identifying what holds me here. I do not know this enigma by name. But neither do they. (para 1. See supplemental file, Post_2)

While work consumed most of my attention and concern—we passed through 2004 on sheer optimism, not knowing whether or not the story would end six months, eight months, or ten months after I arrived. Each week was a gift. But we carried on as though it was going to last forever. Closure was a concept, not a lived reality.

Cultural impressions and initiations. In 2004, postwar self-fashioned experts, or *maestros*, came in all variants of expertise and experience. It was typical to find odd arrangements of education and training reshuffled in a seemingly random manner in all sectors of the economy. A good example of this was that of the director of the PMC, who was an airplane mechanic in the aeronautics plant in Mostar in prewar BiH. The fact that everything got shuffled after the war did not perturb the residents. People were only too happy to have work and so I was often taken to someone's house, or backyard, or a coffee place to have something fixed, have clothes tailored, look for a hubcap, or to buy a car. Ironically, the only role designations that continued on as they had prior to the war were the artists and artisans.

Our first meeting to discuss our NGO status had been set up in a parking lot with a legal expert who we were told could fast track our application.

Jelena, a matter-of-fact person, held a pen in one hand and a cigarette in the other while she instructed us where to sign the documents that were spread out on the trunk of someone's car. *"I know the judge. This won't take any time at all."* It seemed there were always two ways to get things done: the long way through the judicial system, or in the parking lot. Our meeting lasted the length of two cigarettes smoked in rapid succession. My carefully crafted statute of objectives and activities were translated by the legal expert, but it later became clear she never bothered with details. *"Don't worry"*, my staff hurriedly assured me. *"It can be changed later."* (recollected memory)

Two years later, in the irony of my dismissal on the grounds that I contravened an article in the statute, it is unclear as to how the mission of the statute resembled our operation, which, according to the records, was "teaching competitive music" to children in classroom settings.

Change was a part of the recovery process in BiH. Both visible and invisible changes were occurring throughout the communities in the four years I was there. 2004 marked the 10th anniversary of the end of the war and there was a heightened excitement around the reopening of the famous bridge Stari Most whose graceful arch had spanned the banks of the Neretva for 430 years.



Figure 4.2. Photo image. Mostar bridge under construction in 2004. Copyright Alpha Woodward.

I really could care less

It's not my bridge

The young woman said

It's theirs.

But when the bands played, and the lights shone a million colours on its underbelly—

and the tension grew as the divers perched ready on its rim

I saw her push her way to the front of the cheering crowd—tears glistening on her face.

You could not drag her away.



Figure 4.3. Photo image. Reconstructed bridge. Copyright Alpha Woodward

Mostar has been defined by its beautiful bridge that had joined the east bank to the west bank since it was opened in 1566 after 10 years of construction. In November 1994, it finally acquiesced to the final grenade—the 65th—the local people say, and crumbled into the river. “The soul of Mostar is dead,” they cried. Indeed, the pathos, that followed was deep. But in 2001, the international community began reconstruction to the exact measurements and design of the original Turkish bridge builder Hayruddin. It was the hubris around this and other events on July 26, 2004 that launched a new phase for development in Mostar, the energy for which was alive and very exciting in that first year of my time in BiH. I, too, walked over that bridge with my friends—knowing full well that there was something intrinsically more sacred in the way they tested each footstep. I instinctively fell back and allowed them to cross with their own thoughts. Of my friends, I was the only one who could say “this is not my bridge”—at least not in the same sense that it was “theirs.”

On this hot day – with one foot dangling in the cold Neretva and a cooling breeze ruffling through the cloth of my blouse, I fit in with the scene—people seeking relief from the burning sun. Between writing in my journal, I follow the sounds around me and my gaze falls on novi Stari Most—the beautifully reconstructed Turkish bridge from 1566...Just as the young men have done for centuries, there is a jumper waiting to be offered money from the cue of curious onlookers before he plunges 70 feet down to the river. Across the river to my right there is a sheer

cliff of about 50 feet where youth are practicing the famous jump technique—or resting in the shade of an overhang. (See supplemental file, Post_2, para. 5)

The inner world of change. Our outer world is visible, concrete and verifiable, but our inner life is a more abstract, complex systemic order of intricate, inter-relating functions, hormones, and communication pathways. For me, my inner life becomes verifiable when given form through the expressive arts, such as writing or playing music. My journal entries are messy word sketches, sometimes embarrassing to read—offering no real content or context with matters of the day, or external events. Instead of concrete information, I find pages littered with scribbling about inner turmoil, or insecurities expressed through a stream of half-conceived ideas and feelings. But it was from these notes that I was able to interpret what may have been happening in my inner life in those moments. For my blog posts, those moments were whitewashed through a meta-screen for public viewing.

I felt refreshed, renewed and empowered and felt I was leading a magical life with opportunities I would not have had in my home culture... I had the opportunity to reflect upon a meta-perspective of my own life, one that was reflexive with my current surroundings with expanded possible meanings and actions, rather than confinement of old rituals, patterns and behaviours. (Journal log, 2006)

But the following encounter with my musical self indicates subtle shifts occurring beneath my notice, and within my internal framework of cultural understanding.

I stare at the keys.

I feel no music.

In my lap my hands wait. Nothing—

Is this permanent? Now I panic.

I sigh—OK—6 notes—that's all I need.

The leitmotif of Beethoven's 9th was only 6 notes!

Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star—

...*Slowly*—

Half-heartedly, I pick out a variation—then random order—switch hands

I feel better—

It's a start, but it feels like cultural rehab!

Anderson (1971), while conducting research in India, recalled how forgetting the English word for grapefruit was a peculiar experience. She suggests that our social and personal references become suspended because different systems are called upon for survival and attention in drastically different cultural situations. In my case, my frame of reference with classical Western music through the piano was not lost, but lay dormant because it in its “dominant place it was inappropriate to most challenges” (p. 1123). Eight months later I was able to resurrect a Brahms Intermezzo that provided a truly nourishing connection to what I recall as mastery in my own musical frame of reference.

Other shifts were enticing me to engage more in spontaneous social events and gatherings. I normally eschew planned group social events, but it was impossible to avoid being in a group of merry-makers. Food, people, guitars and, if lucky, a violin and an accordion would offer hours of sharing through the moods of Sevdalinka, the lyrics of which, everyone knew. Struggling with the language, I didn't need interpretation for the melancholic melodies, or the exciting rhythms that were left mainly to the guitarist to handle. For now, and forever more, a door had been opened for spontaneous abandonment to the moment. Spontaneity also meant sudden changes in plans, both endearing and frustrating.

In her introduction to Campbell's commemorative edition (2004) of *Hero with a Thousand Faces*, Estes points out that (like Campbell, Freud and Jung have done) “by entering and transforming the personal psyche, the surrounding culture, the life of the family, one's

relational work, and other matters of life can be transformed too” (Campbell, 2004, p. xxvii). Once I stepped through the departure gates in Vancouver in January, all events became transformative experiences, part of a new narrative, for me and for others whom I met along the way. In the first year, these experiences were welcomed as positive launch pads for personal development. Transformative processes were encouraged by simply opening the door to new experiences—a readiness to engage with change at a deep level.

Immersion into the new culture—commitment. The ethos of Mostar had crept into my being. I felt more-than-me, and I liked it. I was becoming addicted to the ethos of this place. I no longer felt as though I was sleepwalking my way through life. I felt that I was receiving far more than I was giving, in both my professional role, and in my social community of friends. I had hosted His Royal Highness Prince Charles and had met celebrities I had only read about. Working for a good cause had put me in a visibly honorable role.



Figure 4.4. Hosting the royal visit to the PMC in 2004. Copyright Alpha Woodward.

By October 2004 we had officially become an independent NGO and Warchild UK waited until December to announce that they would fund our program for a year and support us in finding more sustainable funding. It was a stand-off. I would stay if they supported the program. I would leave and the program would close. Based mostly on my commitment to the program, I agreed to stay in Bosnia and Herzegovina. I had not had such energy or vitality for a

long time, and that made the decision an easy one. I went back to Canada to resign my full-time position as Professional Practice Leader of Music Therapy in the hospital complex where I had worked for 10 years.

The end of a most amazing year in Bosnia.

It was a crispy clear night. Walking carefully over the slippery ramparts of the old bridge, we had abruptly come to the junction where we would part—he to turn west to the Croatian part of town, and me to wind my way southward into Mahala, the deeply, insular Bosniak area. I shiver slightly. It is time to say goodbye. After our usual talkative evening, we have both become quiet. Don turns to face me... "I don't know what to say," he says, looking at me directly. I notice a flicker of something—a welling truth in his eyes—clear in the light from the bridge. "I'll be back." I say... I can't trust myself to say anything more. The honesty was unbearable. I am more confident than he that nothing will change.

Stage II: Disintegration.

Helplessness revealed in the dream world. Everything did change. My re-entry into Mostar in 2005 heralded a new phase in my relationships, higher demands in my work, and a new way of being in, and viewing this culture that was markedly different from my first year. In my early posts in 2005 I was noticing the difference—something was shifting. There was a clash of my expectation for things to carry on as usual— with my close circle of friends who had closed the gap while I was away in Canada for six weeks. Life went on for them and my space in the circle had been filled. My dream world became darker and as the year progressed, my journal posts showed themes of uncertainty, helplessness, guilt, grief, negativity, and, most of all, a lack of structural support or meaningful guidance from the charity that administrated our

funding. The person who had advocated for our inclusion into Warchild UK left for her own fieldwork in the DRC, and our program was handed over to someone not familiar with program coordination. It was the beginning of a challenging phase in both work and personal life.

Adler (1975) defines the second stage of transitional experience as disintegration—a deconstructive period after the charm of the first stage has worn off. In my case I was no longer seen as special or unique, and the expectation of the surrounding milieu placed more demands upon my competency in communication and knowing the system well enough to navigate it independently.

A sense of helplessness was the dominant theme in journals, dreams, and GIM sessions that year (Appendix B and G). The theme of helplessness coincided with dreams (see Appendix E) about children who were vulnerable or in some perceived need of help. In each of these dreams I thought that I was competent to assist, but in the end it seemed my intervention was ineffective, or inappropriate. I was out of phase with the reality of the situation—in the dream world and in life. The sense that I could do nothing in dream situations that initially seemed harmless—but turned lethal—was powerful. I did not consider at the time that I may have been over-reacting to situations that did not warrant the concern. And if I had realized this, I may have ordered my responses differently.

We seemed to be somewhere inside a beautiful lodge by a lake, when my dear friend, Don T. began eating something. He became clogged with a green ‘plug’ in his throat and was in trouble. He indicated he wanted help. I began pummeling him on his back – but I wasn’t strong enough to get through his strong muscles. It felt like a solid, immovable barrier. I stood on something high (others lifted me up) and karate-kicked him in the back. But I felt so weak in comparison to the grip of this plug. I simply could not put enough strength into the kick. Then I became frantic. He seemed to leave it to me to do it—but I

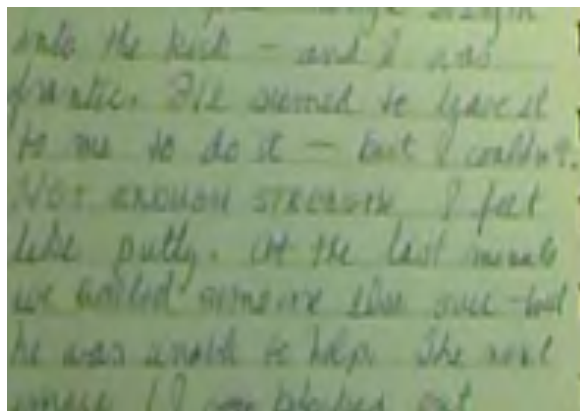


Figure 4.5. Dream Journal, February 1, 2005. Copyright Alpha Woodward.

couldn't. NOT ENOUGH STRENGTH. I felt like putty. At the last minute we called someone else over—but he was unable to help. The next scene was solemn and ritualistic. A woman presented me with a neatly folded pile of Don's clothes—his green uniform shirt and a hat from when he was a soldier. He was gone. (Dream Log, February 1, 2005)

This dream speaks to the sense of feeling impotent to help in this community, but it also had a connection to Don's own story of helplessness—and to the general ethos of helplessness in the community itself. On June 4, 1993, after being captured by the Croat army, Don was forced to put on his uniform and, at gunpoint was marched across the front-line toward the “enemy” guns. He had been considered a Bosniak-lover and traitor to his Croat nationality because he had, as a journalist, publically scorned the Croats for turning against the Bosniaks. For this courageous stand, he was in mortal danger and had to flee the west side of the city—but the Muslims had adopted him and given him shelter on the east side of the river. So when he was captured and forced to cross the battle front-line that day, it seemed obvious to him that he would be killed by those who considered him an ally. Don survived due to a miraculous miscalculation of the Bosniak guard's gun sites. The miscalculated gunfire gave him enough time to dive for cover from both sides. I had never seen the uniform, but its symbolic appearance in my dream was telling me something important at many levels of awareness.

Helplessness revealed in journal posts—stage II. The feeling of helplessness is very strong in this dream. I reflected then, that I must “not set myself up to be the whole answer,” and to know “when to step out of the way.” I could offer no effective intervention to help Don in his own culture. Reflecting afterward, I felt that his faith that I could help when I could not, was a mishap of reality that was dawning on both of us. Something was shifting in my awareness about my social environment. I believe now that I was entering Adler’s (1975) Stage II which is characterized by feelings of vulnerability, helplessness, and disorientation. For me, it was a very difficult, uncomfortable period with strong feelings of bewilderment and frustration. I did not know how to interpret the emotional experiences I was having. In the journal notes I am becoming aware of the import of my decision to quit my job in Vancouver to embrace the unknown situation in Bosnia.

It is wintertime—a particularly cold and bitter January wind blows incessantly, and Mostar becomes buried by uncharacteristic snow dunes. Something is different in the way my friend communicates—a barrier is present, and I feel as though an icy wind has blown a wall between us. Locals have a built in resilience—their own sense of history and solidarity—that unwittingly leaves foreigners on the outside. There is a symbolic precision in the hierarchy assigned to this particular membership. You knew when you had been repositioned to an outer ring away from the inner circle. (Journal log, January, 2005)

For the first time I questioned the nature of my decision to stay in BiH. What were my unconscious assumptions? I wondered if it was the work that drew me back, the community of friends, or the high adventure of rewriting my life story. My time here was unknown, but finite. I tried to convince myself that it was not only the charm of this new life in Bosnia, but it was also the “call” to do something very significant with my profession, that made me see my former work situation in a hospital setting as a lifeless prison in comparison. Nigel Osborne, who founded the music programs at the PMC, also questioned his motivation for being present in Bosnia.

I wondered if I was fulfilling a need of my own – a selfish motivation – was I giving meaning to my own life, or was I making a difference when I see an injustice? But it hit me that I had found a purpose in being able to do something in an area I had expertise and experience in. (Woodward, 2012a, para. 20)

Isolation in the dreamworld. Dreams were thematically frenetic throughout the year, involving motion and movement through driving cars, or traveling on trains, planes, or buses. Dream imagery revealed disempowerment, disconnection, and a sense of being lost as though I was rudderless and without a strong sense of who I was or where I was (see Appendix B and D).

Who is driving the bus?

I come to consciousness—
 on a bus somewhere in England—
 I must have been daydreaming, and missed my stop.
 A bus driver, helpfully, asks me “where are you going?
 I don’t know. Why am I on this bus?
 No landmark—no sign—nothing is familiar.
 The passengers seem carnivalesque—

Two older ladies swish around in century-old clothes.
 An older gentleman in the row ahead of me speaks to me in English
 but I can’t understand any of his words.
 I answer him—but I am speaking a foreign language.
 We all seem caught in each other’s dream.

I spot a map in the front panel
 I ask the gentleman to give it to me.
 He cheerfully gives me an old telephone.
 “It won’t work,” I say.
 He puts the phone back, and everything spills off the panel.
 He hands me a pack of rune cards. They scatter around me.

We are approaching a town centre mall
 And—suddenly inside it--our bus becomes a slow roofless vehicle.
 It snakes its way around the large open space.

I decide to get out to get the map at the front,
 But the cart is moving faster than I thought.
 I panic—the ‘bus’ is my only hope—the only thing I know.
 I jump back in on the other side, but—!
 None of the passengers are the same.
 These people are elderly—nothing to relate to—they are lost too.

I am confused...I am in despair.
 I get off—feeling very alone
 No money, no ID, no nothing.
 I can't communicate.
 I am helpless...I am lost
 I am no one. (Dream log March 10, 2005)

In my reflection the next morning, I wrote,

These dreams come from subterranean depth inside me—and mean something powerful. I found [them] disturbing. Do I need to have more clarity on where I am going... pay attention to where I am, OR is it about trust? I didn't have any control in the bus—couldn't even problem solve—the map wasn't being given to me. When I tried to get it myself, the situation changed. My comfort level was really challenged in this dream!" Someone else is driving this bus, and I hope they know what they are doing!

My future/present self reflects back to my moment on the ledge with Don a year before this dream, and remembers that it was trusting each step along the way that found the tears—a part of myself long hidden. It may be compassion for others, but it may be that compassion for myself and honoring each step in the process was the way to contact my inner life, and to be useful to others. I was forgetting this. I had nothing to give those poor needy souls on the second bus while I was trapped with the turbulence in my own existential matters.

Deep psychology, dreams, and myth. Carl Jung (1989) spent agonizing years trying to understand what his dreams were telling him. Having encouraged his patients to recount their dream experiences and to derive their own meaning from them, he felt he must undergo the process of dealing with the disturbing material in his own dreams. In this period, he found that while this inner world was going about the business of transformation he must acquiesce to the subordinate position of the ego in this matter. "I was being compelled to go through this process of the unconscious. I had to let myself be carried along by the current, without a notion of where it would lead me" (p. 196).

While Jung engaged with dream material to understand what was transpiring in his inner life, Campbell (1968) looked at dreams as a two-way avenue by which we connect to a shared myth. Comparing the deep, psychoanalytical perspective of dream work done by Freud, Jung, and Nietzsche, Campbell points out that the “dream is the personalized myth; myth the depersonalized dream...but in the dream the forms are quirked by the peculiar troubles of the dreamer, whereas in myth the problems and solutions shown are directly valid for all mankind” (Campbell, 1968, p. 18). Although I never embarked on a rigorous analysis of my dreams as Jung did, in many ways my imagery compelled me to follow my path one step at a time—to feel my way, rather than to “think” my way. In a similar manner this story is evolving—not as I had imagined it—but as an unfolding, as though the story develops an organic pathway as I move through the material. In a GIM session in June 2005—a year of disintegrating experiences—I spoke the following...

I am a half-bug with a crusty body—soft in the middle—walking upside down on the surface of the cave with big hands and feet. The wire web is complex, and tangled, like art. I can feel the wires...I am enjoying feeling my way along these intricate wires with my hands and feet. (GIM session notes, June 2005)

Influences in the environment: Regaining perspective through imagery. Looking closely at my journals, there were posts that marked a transition from helplessness and vulnerability to active searching for a solid foothold with an objective perspective. By the fall of 2005, the whole team was moving through a transitional period as we struggled with the new roles and legal responsibilities of an NGO operation. Along with the sense of freedom from being a department in the PMC, we were now accountable to do our own bookkeeping, to having an understanding of the legal obligations, and to fundraising and self-promotion in the international community. In the meantime, Warchild in London had backed off active support and guidance. Our program had been handed to various junior staff members as an extra to their

work. With no intent to suggest incompetence, I felt, with this line of reporting, I had no direct influence or ability to lobby for our work and it was clear we were on our own until the funding ran out.

Apathy and acceptance in imagery. The contrasting metaphors in this GIM session in October 2005 showed my struggle over apathy, despair, and impotence. I am in transition from helplessness to strength through an existential showdown between survival and giving up.

The two cymbals face each other—one is on fire—the other is not...a sword appears in my left hand—too heavy to carry, but I test its sharpness on my flesh. First my arm, then my shoulder—no feeling here—just cutting. As I pause at my own neck, my right hand takes charge and grabs the sword. The sword becomes a cane... Then the eagle came. He placed his right talon over my left hand—protective—a special moment. I allowed him to take charge. And then we flew... (GIM session notes, Denmark, October, 2005)

Although I was successful in lobbying for higher wages for the local staff in the fall of 2005, Warchild UK had changed their fieldwork and funding strategies, and I no longer felt we were part of their vision. (This was born out in later conversations with John McAusland, who agreed their focus had shifted to different programs at that time.) At some point in the year, we were silently removed from their radar as they changed their focus to children at risk in current war zones. It was a personal war zone for me, however. In the fall of 2005, my friendship with Don had crumbled, I had received very negative feedback from my GIM supervisor in Canada, and I was told I could not put my GIM training on hold while I focused on my mission in BiH. I had to surrender my three years of training and the 10 years of practice before that. It felt like I had been put on a raft and pushed out to sea. All of these were in my own focus for my personal GIM session that “longed for support” (Appendix G).

And the eagle took me to high places,

We soared in the sun—he and I—

We dipped and dove

And I rode on his magnificent back for a long, long time.

It was enough for me—to be together in this time.

(GIM session notes, October, 2005)

The above imagery reveals a higher perspective from the eagle's back, than the one later explored in the deep forest, which was also an important perspective—at least as I perceived and accepted it to be. I am comfortable exploring natural landscapes, so the metaphor was not terrifying. The eagle seemed to be a higher order of being—an impartial guide—above all expressions of reality.

But as we flew low over a cliff above the dark forest, I knew it was time for us to part. My reality shifted as I climbed down the ladder to the damp forest floor where brown, sucking mud slowed my progress, and gnarled tree roots loomed over my head. I knew this was my place, but missed my eagle terribly. I caught sight of him through the canopy of trees—profiled against the brilliant sun. We were a universe apart now, and I wondered if my time with the eagle just made it ok to be here in the dark.

But I needed to be back in the thick of things to deal with what was in my environment. I no longer felt helpless, and in this embodied transpersonal experience, I learned I had what it takes.

It helps, now, to understand my responses as natural in the context of my relationship to the complex social environment around me. I was not then—and am still not—without compassion for the situation of the local team members, and my sense of responsibility for their

welfare as well as that of the program. In October of that year I successfully lobbied for an increase in their salary. In those days, I believed I had compassion for what may have been driving their motivation to manipulate situations to their advantage. All residents of BiH were captive to the political and economical vagaries of a post conflict society. What confounded equality in relationships was that I (as all international aid workers) did not share the consequences of their reality, and I was seen to have privileges and access to possibilities they did not have. I needed to understand their reality and mine without judging either, but it was hard not to feel a little ashamed and guilty of my privilege. Added to this, the ultimate legal responsibility of the NGO lay in the local staff's hands. If something untoward happened, they would bear the brunt of any legal action. Although I felt this was an unfair situation, there was little I could do in the circumstances other than to seek the counsel of legal authorities in the region. That was not that easy to do. It seemed the law was very much an interpretation, itself. At the same time, whatever I did never seemed to be enough for the staff. "Today I had feelings of bitterness for the first time. I don't recall feeling bitter like this. By the latter part of the day my feelings mellowed quite a bit to a tolerable level" (Journal post, December, 2005).

But in November 2005, and unbeknownst to me, a philanthropist in London had taken an interest in our work and had volunteered his time to manage our project in the Warchild offices. He was an expert in governance issues, already volunteering at Warchild, and had noticed we seemed to be on the periphery of their support network. As a director of administration at the National Art Gallery in London, he was influential in his own right, and instrumental in having Warchild take our work a bit more seriously. Consequently, this had a bearing on my willingness to stay another year in BiH. Their decision to be more interactive with us felt karmic in many ways, since our project was the original Warchild flagship that launched it into being the mega

charity it is today. I had met John when he accompanied his wife's choir, which was performing at the concert hall of the PMC in the late summer. It was this encounter that inspired him to volunteer some time at Warchild. Although I had considered the incident a pleasant interchange, our conversation must have struck a resonant chord that later motivated him to offer his expertise at Warchild.

Sometime in the fall of 2005, I was turning around my grief, vulnerability, and sadness, into renewed strength, and conviction. I cannot say for sure if either the GIM session or the renewed attention from Warchild helped me through this next phase, but existential forces were rising to help me stay the course, and Adler's transitional framework provides a pathway from which to examine these experiences retrospectively.

Stage III: Re-Integration.

It is such a mysterious place, the land of tears. (Sainte-Exupery, 1943, p. 28)

The last thing I want to do is make myself cry...the hurt is so deep that I can't cry. This is a period of contradictions and confusion—but I am in a land where Lassie never comes home. I live with people who have made some kind of peace with hopelessness. (Journal log, January 26, 2006)

Adler's (1975) model rests upon an assumption that the new culture exhibits a degree of cohesion—that it is just different, not damaged—and which offers recognizable coherence in cultural norms, beliefs, attitudes and values (p. 18). “Every culture provides the individual with some sense of identity, some regulation of behavior, and some sense of personal place in the scheme of things” (p. 20). However, in post conflict societies, the whole business of reconstructing culture around the humanity that remains is complex and terrifying. There are no norms except for those that exist in memory. As a helper I was mindful that my friends in the community were not there to help me adjust—and often what they were able to show me, was what used-to-be in their own memory. So I feel that humanitarians, both official and unofficial,

that flood in to the area to help, may be in danger of losing themselves in the transitional forces occurring around them.

I am not who I thought I was –I am petty, inconsistent, unfocused, fearful, jealous, uncharitable, ungracious and at times greedy. I have ignored these lower elements of myself but they are crowding up on me now, because I haven't acknowledged their presence before. (Journal post, November, 2006)

Having some insight into this, but needing to find my own support resources, the period between January 2006 and June 2006 was the darkest, most challenging period in Bosnia and Herzegovina (see Appendices B and E). I dreamt of death, lost my temper and began to recognize the seeds of destructive darkness in myself (See Appendix B and D). During this period, my leadership failed to navigate through complex team dynamics, and at the same time this was mirrored in my personal friendship that had also become dismantled through cultural misunderstandings and my own needs for equal participation in close relationships. Posts from my journals and GIM sessions revealed a general shift away from helplessness to what Adler refers to as rejection of the new culture. However, it was not that straightforward, nor was it a linear progression. But this period was all about relationships—both professional and personal.

Posttraumatic stress and team dynamics. Mendenhall (2006) exposes the challenge of interpersonal boundaries in dual relationships when team members work together in disaster relief assignments. Cultural competence, professional scope of practice, dual relationships, and interpersonal boundaries are added into the long hours and intensity of the work. Although Mendenhall refers specifically to emergency response teams in natural and man-made disasters, these factors are also relevant for specialized teams who work with chronic trauma in post-conflict regions.

Our team was comprised of both local and international staff working in clinical dyads in sessions with children and youth. Dual roles were inadvertently imposed upon the local staff by

virtue of their cultural heritage, which also fostered dependence upon their particular views of the culture and their interpretation of events in the environment. Dual roles for the interpreters/assistants crossed administrative, clinical and social operations within the staff and beyond the work in the community.

The possibility of complications from PTSD added complexity in our team dynamic. I could not know to what extent this shaped intrapersonal configurations, attitudes, and emotional patterns or the interpersonal relationships on the team. Vague psychosomatic symptoms plagued staff members, often resulting in sick leave—especially in stressful times. Shlesinger (2005) studied the affects of vicarious traumatization with interpreters who are also involved in the recovery process of torture victims. His study suggested that past trauma, lack of supervision, lack of therapy, and a heavy caseload could lead to burnout. Interpreters are also vulnerable from constant information overload and the stress of being exposed to traumatic material without the benefit of formal supervision or therapeutic resources to cope with the material expressed in the sessions. Our interpreters were also engaged as assistants in maintaining schedules, liaising in the community, and brokering ways for us to connect to various agencies. Each of them genuinely cared about the children we were treating, and at random times, were subject to ethnic hatred projected through the innocence of children not yet old enough to discern, or understand the bias they were projecting. Further to this, the international staff was dependent upon the interpersonal skills of the assistants—to help us make connections in the community—in particular Damir who showed a superior adeptness in this.

The darkest hours. This period felt as though I was on a runaway locomotive that could not stop as it rampaged through sensitive areas and danger zones. The themes in the period from January 2006 to July 2006 show anger, bitterness, feeling misunderstood, and suspiciousness

(see Appendices B and D). The team dynamics and the power balance became very difficult. Explosive behaviors began to emerge in team meetings and there was a raised level of tension at all times. Suspicious motives were projected onto my activities, and I was feeling the slow creep of bitterness, paranoia, and suspicion with every new rule with which I was told our NGO had to comply—particularly when it usually meant an increase in salary, time off, or new benefits. I wondered at the time if I was taking on too much of the traumatized culture and if my perspective was skewed. I wondered if it was time to leave.

According to McCormack et al. (2009) negative reactions are cumulative, and the fieldworker can lose sight of his or her own “normality” over time. Their case study of Vincent, a 35-year veteran in humanitarian aid, showed that prolonged involvement in difficult environments could lead to burnout, cynicism, and paranoia within the whole organization, without adaptive self-care and awareness.

This period was further challenged by the addition of two new staff members, one of whom I had not vetted properly. Knowing both individuals as personal friends, and assuming I was familiar with their abilities, I believed their strengths would add energy and productivity to our work. Warchild agreed to support a temporary contract for each, and they were hired to free my time from fundraising and office administration so that I could develop our community clinical work. But an unfortunate misconception of role functions quickly led to an immediate power dynamic and a divisive fragmentation of the team. There were a number of management issues and mistakes, but the biggest failure in leadership may have been my lack of willingness to walk into the mire and meet things head on. I chose instead to stand down and wait it out.

Big troubles at work over communication. For the first time I feel badgered to death. I don't have any strength to fight anymore. (Journal log, March 22, 2006)

Am I making things tougher than they need to be? I have lost authority with this team member...For the first time since I came here, I hate going into work.
(Journal log, April 12, 2006)

In contrast to the rest of the team, I am between 20–30 years older, a foreigner, and require time to reflect on most matters, especially in the local language of which I had only a basic comprehension. Social Identity theory (Knippenberg, 2011) suggests that the more prototypical a leader is perceived to be, the more trust he or she has in representing the interests of the group and therefore being effective in initiating organizational change. At the age of only 24, Het was an idyllic leadership figure. Our new fundraiser was exceptionally bright, precisely articulate in both English and the local languages, and was politically well informed. I liked Het as a person and as a friendly ally in my personal life. She also had an impressive academic background and a strong work ethic, so I overlooked the fact she had very little experience in the area of fundraising for a charity, program development, or managing a team. Along with the positive organizational contribution Het brought to our work, there was also unfettered critical thinking that revealed itself in vitriolic, hit-the-jugular-criticism against incompetence and badges of authority. From my perspective—and to her credit—she was an outspoken, active champion of the oppressed. But the local team, seemingly feeling blocked from developing their own potential, gravitated to this ideology. It was like an instant magnetic lightning storm in the gravitational pull of this pool of unmet needs. While I write this, I am mindful this period of time would be experienced differently by the team members, and I take responsibility for my own perspective, as others will have experienced this period differently.

I cannot include all the factors that developed into an acidic interpersonal environment and maintain a coherent narrative. But the elements for disruption were already present in the team, not the least of which was my burnout and fatigue, so identifying any one protagonist is

not only unfair, it is also inaccurate. While our team had a public identity through its high-profile service of music therapy in the community, we were viewed from the outside, at least, in a positive light. But points of conflict and confusion constantly arose around local expectations on entitlements, perceived motives of the leader, judgments of leader competence based upon the former cultural norms of a Yugoslav communist regime, and the manipulative style of exchange that had become a common practice in the community.

While the unraveling of the team was, for me, the lowest period of these four years, it was also a period of personal stretching and transformation. Adler (1975) defines this period of integration as a “basis for new intuitive, emotional, and cognitive experiences. The reintegration phase of the transition may be a point of existential choice for the individual experiencing a broad spectrum of intense emotions” (p. 17). These posts precede the entry of the two employees and refer to both my personal friendships outside of the work environment and my own intersubjective world ethos that is not a new issue. And I have since learned that this is the crux of transformational opportunities where early maps of beliefs and ways of being are confronted in disorienting dilemmas (Mezirow, 1985).

This fluctuating sense of power to impotence is a daily theme. Yesterday felt empowered—but then the impotence returned. I must focus on where I feel potent—where I can be effective and make a difference. (Journal log, January 18, 2006)

Notice the vulnerability again – but not so unmanageable. Decisions are mine for me to decide, not based on someone else’s approval. (Journal log, January 19, 2006)

But the reality for me was that the team was galvanized into a frenzy of excitement, not the least of which was about having a new flag to fly under and gaining personal authority in the situation while the old authority was undermined. Up until now, program development and our outreach work took most of my attention. So when Het correctly identified several administrative areas that needed strengthening and set to work, the team was ecstatic. I was

relieved with mixed emotions because this was not what Het was hired to do and role-boundaries were crossed constantly in the interpersonal dynamics. Things were moving too quickly for me. Fundraising was largely sidelined, and everything seemed out of control as Het took charge of our team meetings and changed decision-making into a democracy model—from which I was not allowed to vote. Nobody noticed the irony of this.

Such glory all around me ...

The throne was gold and dressed in red—not fancy—

A woman’s voice—singing...’entreated me to receive my rightful duty’.

So I followed the path before me...but only stood before it.

‘Sit!’, they implored...

It is your duty—your right—the voice reminded me.

Still—I could not sit. It was not for me, this throne.

Then I heaved it up onto my shoulders—

On my shoulders it was light—a normal chair.

Ibbotson (2008) says of leadership, “The director is not one who hires you or rewards you in financial terms. The director is the one who holds the narrative—who makes sense of what you do”(p. 11). When the programs were first set up in 1998, the vision and planning for sustainability was removed by the then director of the PMC at the last minute. Henceforth the program existed from year to year on its good work in the community, but with no provision for eventual local control. No one held the whole narrative—save for a partial legacy handed aurally from one leader to another at handover time. It was my hope to retrieve this part of the original vision and build a sustainable, coherent program. The formation of Musers was the first step in this, but it forced us all to look at our roles and responsibilities differently while simultaneously

fundraising. Het's energetic entry into our small work community was like bringing in the whole train to travel a few blocks. Instead of creating a map, it ran amuck through the middle of town. I had lost myself and it did not occur to me to take a stronger mentorship role to help order the forces. At the time I was not functioning from a healthy perspective.

I became very saturated and had to leave work...Feel boundaries have been crushed, and feel harm is, or has been, done...depression creeping in. (Journal log April 14, 2006)

Losing the narrative. By April 2006, I was losing my perspective and my grip on the bigger picture for the program. And the forces that got us to this place seemed to be my responsibility. For the next few weeks, I had several ominous dreams about water, danger, children, and my protective role around them. While reviewing this, I came to consider that the children represented our work—the program—to which I had put ahead of everything else.

We were on a mobile platform in the water.
 The boat was going too fast—the boy was agile enough
 but I held him in my arms—in a motherly way for his protection and safety and
 comfort, but we were going too fast—couldn't hang on! We had to let go—
 tumble off. In the water—but the child was OK
 I was not concerned. I was sure everything would be OK, and the people on the
 boat would notice we had fallen and return for us.
 But they didn't.
 I called them. They thought we had chosen to fall into the water
 and didn't bother to check on us.
 Kind of blamed us for our own stupidity. (Dream log, April 10, 2006)

Although there is no blame or personal recriminations intended, there are many indications that what was happening was an office rebellion. At the time, I tried to keep my emotional ground and a sense of the bigger picture, while the earth tilted on its axis overnight. Everything became very messy. Sabotage, ambushes, intrigues, and cross-power relations came to a head in May 2006 when the team ambushed me with a staff meeting the day I returned from a music therapy conference in Canada.

A bad case of jetlag, and didn't know the meeting was about *me*. We placed ourselves—8 of us—around the meeting desk while I was told that Het would record everything that was said. Grim and serious, Damir took charge of the meeting and gave me a sheet with 20 questions on it. I cried out in disbelief. The questions were juvenile, personal and, I thought, an intrusion, “This is a joke?” “What is this about?” It was not a joke. They were deadly serious. Boundaries were crossed as the team felt entitled to demand personal information. My jetlag did not help my perspective, but it was clear that I was under suspicion, and this “meeting” was an interrogation. That poisonous infection had crept out of its dark corner and now lay bold and bare in each of these questions the team had prepared the day before. I was gripped with indignation at the kangaroo court, the out of control power, the assumptions of guilt, blame—and a private pain that still remembers the disbelieving teacher, a mother with too much time to think, the sobs that fell on unhearing ears—and now a team caught up in its own accusatory projections. I lost my temper. The meeting became a shouting match. The CD that recorded everything I said with judicious accuracy, was preserved, and later given to my supervisor in London, members of the Board of Musers, and was shared with every new junior music therapist that joined the team thereafter. The humiliation left a damning legacy. (Journal log, May 12, 2006)

Reflections about re-integration. Out of respect for those whose stories intersect with mine, it is more ethical and relevant to redirect the focus to my culpability as a leader. We would not have gotten to this point, had I stepped in to face the situation, and acknowledge the areas of neglect. I was encumbered at that time by my own behavioral patterns and perspectives. Also, I was not certain which route to take when I saw the events and dynamics unraveling, and there seemed to be no role for me except to consciously get out of the way and maintain as benign a stance as possible. I had no confidence that I would be effective if I challenged the situation, or tried to rebalance the power. It felt like I was facing a speeding freight train, so I remained quiet, vigilant, and created clear boundaries for the ground over which I still had domain. The area where we could all maintain decorous behavior was in our clinical program and our session work with the children. In this aspect the assistants were confident, empowered and experienced. This was what they knew and did well. Membership is a strong elixir, and the clinical strategy meetings was where I drew the boundary on who attended, and who did not.

This was never necessary in the past, but it was clearly required now. Our work in the community went on as usual.

Had I not put my personal friendship and genuine admiration for Het ahead of any analysis of our situation, I would have reconsidered the introduction of such a strong personality on our small team. At the very least, I would have created clear boundaries at the beginning and included the local staff in designing the structure, so that they were co-creators of how the program developed. With what I know now about myself, I could have been an effective mentor, rather than another protagonist by virtue of creating defenses, not bridges. Het's contract terminated in June and I did not renew it. This was a budget decision, but it was also needed to regain our clinical perspective and team coherence. Het was hurt and confused by this decision and I believe that she was, herself, a victim of what lurked beneath the surface, and that the forces that were unknowingly unleashed within the team were already there. Unwittingly, she, and each member of the team, became a pawn of these forces, but the period of crossfire, backstabbing, judging, and blaming, I hoped, was finished.

The red carpet became a concrete walkway—also ordinary.

*And I followed it for a while—the chair resting on my shoulders,
coming soon to an entrance to a massively impressive cavern.*

The magnificent Golden Lady was singing—singing magnificently for this occasion.

Suddenly, beyond majestic—the chair transformed again.

Appearing high across the unreachable chasm.

I had been but a handmaiden for it.

The golden lady sang— “you did well.”

humble pride to be acknowledge so.

Over time, the process of change for me was profound. Something about this culture touched me deeply, and if I was looking for a life-changing experience, I found it in the Balkans. I had colluded with the culture in a way that ensured I would grow from this experience. “Self-transformation is effortful, ongoing [reflexive] work” (Binns, 2008, p. 616). What I did not bargain for was how difficult the passage would be. Wisdom doesn’t come with age, it comes with experience, and Adler’s model (1975) provided me with a way to review my journals and revisit the experiences with my future eyes, mind, and heart. I must be less harsh with my past self, in the same way that I am not harsh about others, and remember the circumstances in which these difficult events unraveled. Sometimes all one can do is hold the ship steady, turn it into the storm and ride out what comes at you. It is only when the weather stabilizes, that repairs to the ship can be done.

Epilogue

My life may seem charmed—but it goes on everyday—like yours. I work, have small crises, small and big challenges, emotional pettiness. Changing my location did not let me off the hook from life and what I must learn. But I like to think that I was given an opportunity to enter another level of learning—but always it comes back to facing who I am. If I can’t do that, I can’t move on anything. Living here has helped me live in vibrancy—a higher frequency ...that which happens for all of us when our perspective expands. The horizon expands and we see more—life is larger. I have finally had to face myself. It doesn’t feel good—in fact quite painful. But I am learning in the pain. I am trying to stay with the pain, not try to avoid it...just notice it and allow it to be there...Charmed? Yes I am by life—and I am still grateful to the angels who brought me here. I learn, I dream, I learn. (Journal log, June 19, 2005)

Transiting Through the Eye of the Needle



Figure 5.1. Ruins in Mostar, BiH, 2007. Copyright Alpha Woodward, 2007.

The years when I was pursuing my inner images were the most important in my life—in them everything essential was decided. It all began then; the later details are only supplements and clarifications of the material that burst forth from the unconscious, and at first swamped me. It was the *prima material* for a lifetime's work. (Jung, 1989, p. 199)

Transformation, communication, and relational theories form the basis of this chapter while also furthering the investigation of my journals through Adler's (1975) last two stages of transitional experiences. The investigation of these stages occurs through a created constructed discourse ("Not the Usual Team Meeting") with the team that is based in authentic encounters, and a team-building experience that occurred in the spring of 2007. The theoretical relevance of transformational experiences in these last two stages makes their appearance in Alchemy, Ambiguity, and the Aesthetic congruent and practical with an aesthetic sense of synchronicity.

Adler's (1975) stage 4 experiences are typified by a sense of autonomy, personal agency, and a level of competency in the new culture. Although I continue to follow Adler's stages in framing the progression of my experiences into transitional stages 4 and 5, I also utilize the concepts of Mezirow's (1985, 1994) transformation theory, Habermas' communication theory (1990), and the relational theories as interpreted through Binns (2008), Uhl-Bien (2006), and Fletcher (2001) to further explore the nature of transformative phenomena in general. In this

chapter I introduce Sainte-Exupery's (1943) *Little Prince* as an allegorical tale that not only metaphorically characterized this part of my own journey, but which also provided insight for the whole team at our team building day in the spring of 2007.

Two central features of Mezirow's (1985) transformation theory for adult learning, are reflective practice and the specific application of Habermas' (1990) concept of communication competence. Deep, unconscious psychological structures, which Mezirow refers to as "meaning perspectives" (p. 223), may trigger reflection if confronted with a disorienting dilemma. He believes we have a strong need to understand the meaning of our experience and reflection provides a means to critically examine assumptions and ways of thinking that may no longer be functional. While self-reflection helps bring to consciousness the contradictions and internal conflicts around the dilemma, communicative learning seeks to validate problematic beliefs or assumptions through rational discourse. My journal posts and my writing provided reflective practice, but there was no opportunity to engage in communicative dialogue while working in the field. Acquiring communicative competence is a process that involves moral decisions, conceptual thinking, values, and feelings, and transpires—through participatory discourse—ultimately to understand what someone means. Through rational discourse, "We learn to become self-directed in our ability to spell out the specifics of our experience" (Mezirow, 1985, p. 142), and where what is spoken is understood through the assurance of being comprehensible, true, appropriate, and sincere (Habermas, 1990). Communicative competence develops over time through discourse outside of daily conversations and in a reflexive environment that provides "reciprocity in the roles assumed by participants in the discourse" towards an intersubjective reciprocal understanding" (Mezirow, 1985, p. 144).

The reality for most humanitarian aid projects and missions is that the fieldworker may be operating alone, or on a small multi-cultural team where some participants may not have the same motivation, or reflective insight, or there may be cultural boundary issues that make this kind of discourse inappropriate. What many fieldworkers struggle with is a lack of immediate environmental resources that provide opportunities for reflexive exploration of what may be disorienting or debilitating in their experiences or observations.

Bringing Lessons Into the Light: Integration

Dialogue seeks to have people learn how to think together—not just in the sense of analyzing a shared problem, but in the sense of surfacing fundamental assumptions and gaining insight into why they arise. Dialogue can thus produce an environment where people are consciously participating in the creation of shared meaning. Through this they begin to discern their relationship to a larger pattern of collective experience. Only then can the shared meaning lead to new and aligned action. (Isaacs, 1993, pp. 26–27)

Not the usual team meeting. This week, in late February 2007, it was my turn to facilitate our weekly team meeting. Just as we rotated staff members to take charge of this meeting each week, we also never knew the topic, or what the format might be, ahead of time. Sometimes the facilitator would suggest an improvisation, an experiential activity, a debate on a controversial topic, or listening to music. Today, I chose to work with the white elephant in the room and talk about “power.” Our team had been through a difficult year in the previous spring, when we had almost completely deconstructed, and I was still confused as to how to “be” a leader. Since the fall, everyone had retreated behind a wall and carried on as though nothing had ever happened. Joining us this season were two new junior music therapists and a music therapy student from Denmark—none of whom had been on the team last spring. We are now operating to full capacity for the first time since I had arrived, but this year we once again face closure. Our funds will last until September and the local staff is very stressed. We hired a local

interpreter assistant to help with our increased client load, but this time I enabled the local staff to make the final decision as to who was hired.

As I glanced around the studio with our staff relaxed and comfortably draped over the huge cushions, I noticed Damir and Almira were guarded; not the playful spirits they often were in past sessions. I had to remind myself this was not a workshop or a pep talk for our work, and that it could backfire if the local staff took the stand that I was being manipulative. So after introducing the plan for the hour, I looked at the elephant square in the eye, took a deep breath, and began. *“This next hour is a conversation with one word for a topic. Power. It seems to me there are all kinds of power. Is there a word or an image that comes to mind when you hear/see the word ‘power’?”* Almira looked skeptical and cautious, while Damir looked nervous, but interested. Almira always takes her time, speaks last on any topic, and usually has a grasp of the pros and cons of the whole issue. It was usually Almira that brought in the common sense approach, while Damir considered options and creative solutions. A quick round of responses came up with the words strong, rigid, influential, respect, forceful, boss, and challenging (from a music therapist). Then there was silence. So I offer ... *“Those are all very robust words. They seem to convey the idea of more than one person involved.”* I pause. *“Yes, so?”* Damir interjects. *“Maybe if we put it in a sentence, it will help give us a direction. I read this in an article recently. ‘Power is a social process.’ What say you?”* I felt for my facilitator hat to remind myself not to bring self-interest into this discussion, and to not allow it to wander in too many different directions. *“Well, no—because when you’re the boss...”* Damir began, *“you’re in charge, have rights, respect, and people listen to you. It’s easy.”* Damir had a rare wit, but he was also an official member of the Communist Party, so I wasn’t sure if he would make a wise-crack joke, or take off on a political tangent. I also know Damir is ambitious, very

intelligent, and had no interest in routine office work—and so he and Almira had fashioned a kind of solidarity in role definition between their different interests.

So I jumped right in with the white elephant striding around in the middle of the room. *“That’s a great start. Do you think that because people have to listen, that they always agree with what is being said?”* (The white elephant snorted at me). Almira looked at Damir meaningfully. Damir shrugged, *“It doesn’t matter if you agree or not. No one cares. You just do your job.”* I invite the others to join in, but was met with silence. I try again, *“Well if that form of power is in a leadership role, it is all one-way. Or is it? I mean, how does – or should, leadership use that kind of power?”* (I have to remind myself to veer away from philosophical directions.) *“For the benefit of everyone!”* Damir answers quickly. *“How does a leader come to know what will benefit everyone?”* I am pushing now. (I am certain I see the elephant turn a dark shade of pink). Damir now punctuates his political views to demonstrate his point. *“Under Tito, everyone was provided with a home, a decent income and a job. Tito was a courageous, benevolent leader and Yugoslavians were respected everywhere. Our passports were recognized and valid anywhere in the world. And Tito was a brilliant military commander. Did you know how he defeated the German army in Jablanica? By sheer cunning! He was a hero that held off Stalin from imposing Russian communism on us. Under Tito, everyone benefited. Everyone had an apartment, a car and a job. No one suffered. Everywhere I went, everyone knew I was Lenko’s son! My dad, he was a well-known journalist. We knew our place.”* Damir is getting warmed up, but before he could go any further with his political perspective, I jump in, *“Do you mind if I go back to a word you mentioned? I heard you say respect!”* (I had to bypass what he had said about “knowing our place”). *“It seems people felt proud of being Yugoslavian under Tito’s powerful reign”* (I am aware that the Balkan peoples feel the sting of embarrassment at

their position in the world now). *“I wonder how respect, pride and power might be related? Are they different things, or are they connected somehow?”* Sensing Almira’s resistance to abstract concepts, I reformed my words while trying to veer away from Tito, *“I mean to say, power, like respect, doesn’t occur alone. They are relational. Even Tito’s form of power required a system of relationships. I notice how relational people in BiH are today—how small connections are an important way that things happen here. Cars are fixed, deals are made.”* Almira finishes the sentence laughing, *“Yeah, and the wine for your party was bought!”* We all laugh remembering the last-minute run to find 5 litres of wine at 9pm when everything was closed. *“Exactly, Almira!”* pleased that she is engaged in the conversation. *I am wondering if power and a sense of feeling empowered can exist at the same time in the same place? Does it matter if everyone is happy and they know it?* Damir laughs suddenly and starts to sing the song we always sing with the children. The interlude is welcome—Almira giggles—and we all laugh.

Sobering a little, Damir adds, *“That’s the way it is now. We all have to find something we can do—it’s like exchanging gifts. And the more people you know, the more power you have to make things happen for others.* Remembering my gratitude when he found a car for me (and probably made several hundred marks in the deal), I asked. *“So would you say that power and respect are mutually exchanged in these cases?”* Damir looks at me as though I had grown two heads, *“Of course!”* I take the final plunge and the elephant leaves the room. *“I find this mutuality—like everyone has a currency of some kind to offer—fascinating! No one is in charge, but there is a mutual benefit in the exchange.”* I don’t know how close I was coming to my point about power dynamics, and felt a bit uncomfortable that this might be manipulative on my part. *“You’re just learning this now?”* Almira gaped at me wide-eyed, exaggerating her astonishment. *“Well, truthfully, yes I noticed. But it seems different when thinking about it as a*

lot of interconnecting relationships... (I pause to gather my thoughts)... and how this builds a community of trust. At least how I see it, because this isn't so where I come from. But it is invisible, seems to exist outside of the visible social and political rules." Damir didn't need any further prompting; *"No. This is a carry-over from communism when we knew where everyone was in the hierarchy—when there were entitlements, agreements, that came with our level in the community. We had one of the best health care systems in the world and our education system was the highest. Things were so much better back then, but now we have so much unemployment (40%), suicides—I have lost 2 family members this past month to mental illness, alcoholism, and drugs, and systemic diseases that our old health care system can't help."*

Damir is close to launching into another issue, but I sense his emotions underneath the statistics—and I recall two years ago when Damir rushed me to the head of a room full of patients. At the time I was extremely embarrassed for the preferential treatment, but he showed no remorse for his referent status through his mother. The sad and terrible conditions of the waiting room where the forlorn huddle of people were waiting appalled me, and I was ashamed to be moving ahead them. It turned out that I did have a very serious infection and urgent aggressive care was needed. As hypocritical as it may be, I was grateful for Damir's connection and assertive action. The surgery room was cluttered and without any illusion of privacy—not much better than the dark, unclean waiting room on the other side of the door—so Damir's observation that things were not as good as they once were, was probably accurate. I don't know how they could be worse. I shake off this reverie. I am losing the connection of today's discussion of relational power, and how this relates to Tito's era of dictatorship.

Milton, our student, saves the day, "Damir, I see your point. But don't you think things will eventually get better, maybe not in the same way it was under Tito?" Under Tito, power had

legitimacy through the visible position people held in the community. Today, with such a high unemployment rate, goods and services find alternate routes to avoid the very high tax rate (70%). Power is referent, where the actors make agreements on assumed shared values, and carry out complementary roles through reciprocal arrangements. People use a variety of ways to survive in difficult times, and it often required a special kind of savvy, knowing your way around the labyrinth and dark passages that get things done. *“Good point Milton.”* The status quo will keep changing until something more stable emerges. *“Hmmm—and it brings me back to some of the qualifiers that were mentioned. I remember a few words like ‘influential’ and ‘rigid’. What other kinds of power or systems of power can be associated with this word?”*

“Power bar!” Almira teases, desperately wanting to lighten the conversation. *“Thanks, Almira—that is a great image. ‘Connectivity’ is a basic requirement for power to function. I mean that power only occurs in a one kind of relational connection or another. We have 15 minutes left, so maybe this is a good focus to finish with today.”* We had barely scratched the surface, but it was a beginning—and I liked how both Damir and Almira were engaged. The tension had relaxed a little bit.

I wondered how to pull the random threads together. There was much more to the topic of relational power structures and leadership, but I knew the assistants would walk out the door the moment the big hand rested on the 4 and the little hand moved to the 12. *“What other descriptors can we attach to the word power now that we have talked a little bit about it?”*

“Legitimate!!” offers, Damir. I enjoy Damir’s bravado. He is transparent that way.

“Relational,” Annamieke, our therapist-come-feminist from Germany, speaks up. Milton throws in *“Currency.”* Almira waits for a pause, *“Knowledge...?”* *“Brilliant—all of these!”* Until now *knowledge* had not been mentioned, and because it is an important facet of power, I validate its

appearance. “*Almira—where do you notice knowledge having, or being, power?*” She responds, “*It is obvious. In the work that we do. The teachers and families respect us for what we know and the expertise we have. People smile whenever we come to work with the children. No one questions our methods, or our agenda. We are above suspicion.*” As usual Almira sees the obvious the rest of us miss. I am pleased that she also offers a good segue to closure. “*So true! We almost didn’t include this important theme—and this is what we do—who we are in the community! And it brings us back to respect. Can we finish with the thought that genuine respect is as powerful as legitimate positional power, and perhaps more effective?*” “No.” Damir challenges me. “*Authority can open doors much more quickly.*” “But”, interjects Milton, “*if you have the knowledge, is that not also a badge of authority? Does that not offer us currency to open doors?*” I am glad Milton cleared that up. Currency could waver on the manipulative pole of power. So I offer an alternative reference in this multi-lingual group, “*Milton, would you consider that influence and respect are byproducts of knowledge and operate the same way?*” Here in BiH, positions of authority are coveted for that very reason. Personal power is a grand thing—but expertise is respected, and no one questions this kind of authority. Damir, conceding that point, nods and smiles in a good-natured way. But I can see he likes the word currency. No one needs to mention that his knowledge and street-savvy network-building opens doors too. I wrap up the points, and mention that I am reminded of Sutherland (2012) who wrote that we live in a complex world and that personal power lies in our ability to access our own sources of knowledge to reflexively engage with the powers and forces around us. I thank everyone for the conversation before they file out through the door. We are all tired, and I hope we have developed a positive, relational connection through this discourse to set the foundation for future

ways to communicate—no matter what the topic—and especially, to further our learning in alternate ways to reflect and to learn.

Lessons learned from writing. Had this conversation happened in reality, I would have reflected on how I might have better understood the complex dynamics that destroyed trust within the team the previous year, and nearly destroyed the functioning of the program. In retrospect having this conversation may have been enough to begin what Habermas (1990) refers to as building communication competence through discourse where the team members have: access to accurate information (their history and their present circumstances); the ability to reason argumentatively and reflectively, and freedom from inhibitions and self-deception (Mezirow, 1985). Although the participants were not on the same footing of life experiences, eventually a dialogue of shared terms and understandings might emerge. I may, then, have created a more positive pathway to recover and rebuild connectivity in the department through the intervention of discourse. But in my final year in BiH, I became so involved with the strategies to save the program in the systemic picture, that I neglected the very fabric that held the program together—its relationships and connectedness through communication. I was of the mind in those days, that we were all burnt out, and that a complete shake-up in structure and personnel might ultimately be good for all of us. Cynical as this may have been, I believed it to be true at that time.

Uhl-Bien (2006) presents relational leadership theory as following either of two traditional pathways—entity or relational. Entity-based relational leadership, is an approach that has a “subject-object understanding of relationships” (p. 655), and could be seen as Damir’s view of Tito, or those individuals whose position of power begins with an internalized certainty about world order. This is an individualized perspective of leadership where one’s relationships are a

means to have influence over others. That is to say that entity-based leaders present a coherent ideology that then moves outward to influence external relationships and systems. The relational perspective, however, views leadership as emergent through continual dynamic social interchanges where there is an “ongoing process of meaning making—an actively relational process of constructing (common) understandings on the basis of language” (p. 655), and limited only by socio-cultural contexts. Attributes of individuals are not the focus so much as the social construction process by which leadership emerges. In 2006, I had neglected to keep the conversation going.

My conversation with the team, although imagined and constructed, nevertheless illuminated the reality of an invisible, but highly functioning economy that relied on a continually evolving network of relationships that may fit into Uhl-Bien’s (2006) categorization of relational theories of leadership. But the local team—as represented by Damir—also acknowledged their common understanding of power to be seated in one individual (entity-based relational leadership), where charisma, competence, and personal ideology were imposed upon the followers. They remember the era of Tito’s dictatorship as uncomplicated and straightforward, where everyone knew their place. This could also be the reason why the charismatic leadership of Het was a seductive force for the team. But in our conversation there was some confusion between an idyllic past collective identity under the leadership of a benevolent dictator, and the current acceptable economic activities that benefit relationally competent individuals who govern themselves according to their personal values, beliefs and attitudes, in a transactional climate of mutual benefit. It appeared to me, even then, that this new system of self-governance was part of an anarchical recovery period where different systems for survival appear with the breakdown of the old order. Although in a different context, Fletcher

(2001) alludes to herself as being a “known commodity” in her own relational way of leading (p. 37). It was a time of anarchy in many ways. In post war BiH, there were other systems operating in a highly organized manner, such as the intrusion of drug cartels and indentured prostitution that had arrived shortly after the peacekeeping troops were in place. Being a “known commodity” might be the means to individual survival in these different systems, but it also came with negative implications on the collective society.

But I feel the function of relational traits required for a transactional economy is a superficial cover for what Binns (2008) and Fletcher (2001) refer to as “heroic leadership,” a term to describe predominantly male dominated behaviors where the *I* is seen as a means to get what one wants. Binns suggests that management (of others) is a matter of ethics that requires leaders to behave ethically through the practice of self, which involves the reflexive process of being informed through connectivity and mutuality. In post-war environments, mutuality in the work place is a challenge. Often one half of the team or partnership is suffering from PTSD. Nevertheless, both of these scholars bring feminist perspectives to the discourse on leadership and hold that relational leading “Is achieved through an always unfinished process of critical self-appraisal and self-transformation” (Binns, 2008, p. 609).

Interestingly, I have a felt experience of BiH as a patriarchal society that is palpable in the public mannerisms, behaviors, language, speech, and style of dress. This is present also in the way women walk, talk and dress. Whatever the competing sociological influences now present in BiH, there is a raw masculinity in the climate that is noticeable. It could also be a resonance that I associate with the roughness of living conditions and the unaesthetic communistic buildings, many of which are still in a deplorable state, leaving nothing to imagine, but rats and dankness. So the leadership characteristics of connectedness, empathy, emotional

sensitivity, and vulnerability that characterize Relational Theory (Fletcher, 2001), and that are oriented to feminist viewpoints, are not strong features in working teams in BiH.

The little prince: An allegoric mystery.

“People where you live,” the little prince said, “raise five thousand roses in one garden... and they do not find in it what they're looking for.” (Antoine de Sainte-Exupery, 1943, p. 79)



Figure 5.2. Preparing for our workshop. Copyright Alpha Woodward.

Mezirow (1994) acknowledges that adult learning takes place outside of the institutional frameworks and without the necessity of an overt critique of society, especially when addressing “psychological or epistemic codes” (p. 228). As a music therapist I practice and experience intersubjective, reflexive communication through improvised dialogic music-making as a “miniature social system” (Ruud, 1998, p. 149).

Ruud (1998), a music therapist and musicologist, examines communication in music through sociological frameworks. In referring to a dialogical mind, he points to the relational immediacy of communication that infants learn to apply in regulating their behavior to another, and which “appears to be a prerequisite basis for communication in general” (p. 150). And thus, a template for communication competence emerges prior to verbal development. Music therapy,

and the other creative arts therapies, share similar theoretical professional frameworks with overlapping features of performing and educational roles, specifically the import of nonverbal symbolic representation in the therapeutic process. Kenny's (1989) "music space" provides a shared musical environment for dialogic, intersubjective transformative engagement of both therapist and client. And music therapist, McMaster (1995), poetically captures the essence of dialogic transformation through listening deeply.

"It is a sense of our inviolate core;
a sense of the consummate importance of honoring the integrity
of each part of every interaction, ourselves included;
and a sense of our capacity to survive and be expanded by
tremendous surges of sensation, however excruciating
or ecstatic (p. 73).

The nonverbal feature of the creative arts therapies fits well within adult learning theories that propose a reconciliation or confrontation with unconscious belief systems and meaning perspectives through individual reflection and intersubjective communication. "Aesthetic reflexivity is self-work in which individuals mobilize the aesthetics of experience to develop self-knowledge—who they see themselves as being, becoming and how they act in relation to more pervasive social contexts" (Sutherland, 2012, p. 33).

The team retreat.



Figure 5.3. Rehearsing dyad. Copyright Alpha Woodward.

For our annual team-building retreat at *The Land of Friendship and Peace* (Zemlja Prijateljstva i Mira) at Rakovica, near Sarajevo, we usually participated in a combination of de-routinized workshops and lectures. For example, in 2005 the team was split into working dyads and each dyad designed its own presentation for the rest of the team. However, in light of the difficult dynamics and unresolved events of the previous spring, I engaged an outside drama pedagogue to facilitate the workshop this year. Not only had she taught drama techniques in the local United World College in Mostar, but she and her husband—also an actor in the community—offered interactive socially relevant workshops with children and youth in schools in many regions of Bosnia and Herzegovina. I felt their vision of transformation through the arts was resonant for the needs our team. After a discussion, she suggested we work with Saint-Exupéry's (1943) *The Little Prince*. We discussed the structural outline that would best support team trust, and we agreed this could offer a premise for cooperation, insight, and creativity. After the foundational discussion, I felt it wise to leave it in her hands, so that I, too, could participate with the rest of my team.

At this time, in the spring of 2007, our staff was comprised of three international music therapists, one local music therapist, one international music therapy student, and three local

music therapy assistants. The workshop began with a warm-up followed by random assignment to four groups of two, gradually increasing to two groups of four at the end, and finishing without own reflection about *The Little Prince*.



Figure 5.4. Dyads work on their part of the puzzle. Copyright Alpha Woodward.

There were four mysteries to move through in the course of the day in a progressive movement through the story. Groups reformed into different configurations for each mystery, and each group was assigned a role to enact their part of the puzzle for the rest of the team. Highly conceptual and abstract for many participants who were not used to such allegorical formulations of reality, or with symbolic representation, it still sparked and engaged every team member in their role playing and aesthetic representation of their part of the story.



Figure 5.5. Enacting parts of the mystery. Copyright Alpha Woodward.

Sainte-Exupery's (1943) *Little Prince* is an allegory of the forever-present human question about the meaning of life. The story ends with the disappearance of the little prince, the

mystery of which is left to the reader to imagine what it was all about. But the import of the day was not to consider the larger allegoric question, but to bring the team together to create solutions to puzzles about everyday life through dramatic representation. There was some resonance for all of us in the story because of the poetic essence of alienation, loyalty, responsibility, and solidarity with an implication of survival in difficult times. Most of all the retreat was about the experience of working together in a different way, not about a conclusion or an outcome, or a lesson to be learned in the narrative. The remote, peaceful environment in the hills behind Sarajevo provided a sanctuary for reflection and opportunities for the staff to find other recreational activities, such as horseback riding, or walking.

At the end of the day we were asked to write a letter to the little prince, the loss of whom seemed to me to bring a sobering mood within the group. The team had been skeptical and suspicious of the whole idea of acting prior to arriving. I was, therefore, touched by the way all of us allowed the child within to come out and play. We had accepted the allegory and I was moved by the way in which all members had opened themselves to this experience as they read out their question. The following are the eight verbatim responses from within the team.

1. *What should my message be? Rose? Music? What is my little prince like? Not worrying? Playfulness ... Bring your rose to those other four groups!*
2. *Dear Little Prince – Thank you for the message you sent us. We all need to be occasionally reminded to look for the child in our self. So thank you once more for coming and reminding us.*
3. *Little Prince – never, never give up showing people another side of life, another way of living and understanding other possibilities. Show them the bright side of life.*
4. *Even if you will never again return to your asteroid, your rose is with you. Now you are an adult, your beloved (...) will soon become parents. When you will plant flowers with your child for the first time, pass on to him or her your story. If your child will not believe you, the story (rose?) will stay with him or her forever. And the rose will stay alive in this way after you die.*

5. *Keep travelling as your heart says, stop when it feels right and let things come as they may...as long as you are true and honest to yourself.*
6. *I'm so glad that I met you. Your existence gave me hope in people. I will continue looking for you in others.*
7. *Dear Little Prince: For the brief time you revealed yourself on our planet, you made a big difference to everything and everyone you came in contact with. I am glad you escaped the traps and travails most of us have here on earth. I am glad you knew what you wanted and I am glad that everyone and everything you met taught you something. I am glad the snake bit you—if it was the only way you could find your way back to what you really wanted—what gave you happiness. And I am glad that I am sad and in pain—it keeps you alive for me. Don't ever come back unless you have travelled to planets Zk1 and Xy4 first—because then and only then will you bring back something new for you and for us. Your journey is not finished—it has only begun. Enjoy your rose—and never, never forget!*
8. *Just give it up man !*

What moved me about these responses as we read the anonymous script of others on the team, was the authentic, sacred space—the mood of the group as we finished this final passage. Many of us did not know the allegory and so the disappearance of the little prince at the end, was sobering. It was enlightening for me to hear the insightful letters, as I had come to objectify my team members, and had not witnessed their vulnerability in this way. This moved me very much. Sutherland (2014) considers aesthetic practice to be self-work and attributes the transformative value of aesthetic practices to the development of self-knowledge and providing more ways to act in pervasive social contexts. But just as importantly, it is the authenticity of aesthetic practice that makes way for trust and transformative moments to occur.

Binns (2008) emphasizes that effective leadership is an ongoing transforming process that evolves through the effort of self-reflection and reflexive practice “in this always unfinished process of becoming; a process that plays out through the tensions and contradictions inherent in the gendering of subjectivities.” (p. 616). Relational theories are characterized by the

emancipatory notion of evolving, or becoming in the desire to transform oneself through self-reflection.

Self as a Relational, Altruistic Being

In this chapter I became more aware of the key feature of relational patterns—both personal and professional—and communication as a deliberating dilemma in itself, not just in the context of my time in Bosnia and Herzegovina (BiH), but also as a distinct life pattern. There was no place to hide from the problematic schema within myself that did not fit into the situation in BiH. I can never say, now, that it was all about the difficult dynamics a post war culture poses to all humanitarian aid workers. It is also about what I brought into the situation—my beliefs about myself as a leader, a change agent, a competent music therapist, and the rational, altruistic, relational being I thought I was. Relational skills can also be a trap for the naïve humanitarian worker because what we bring with us naturally in the form of empathy and emotional authenticity is not enough in difficult environments, and can lead to compassion fatigue, or at the very least, be counterproductive. In McCormack et al.'s (2009) case study of Vincent, a 35 year veteran in humanitarian aid, they observe that “feelings of self-doubt and guilt contribute to a sense of helplessness in horrific situations, risking psychological vulnerability” (p.113).

In this personal review of my logs, dreams and GIM sessions, I could see that the soul searching and confusion in my posts was a search for the intrinsic meaning behind what was happening in my social and working environment. Relationships became increasingly important in my ability to withstand negative circumstances, and possibly why the lack of support by both the organization that administrated our work, as well as from local friendships, dovetailed to increase my isolation in my second year. My sense of identity grew, however. I recall now that I became aware of the freedom from an

imposed over-identification with my work. I was no longer only ‘the music lady’, or ‘the music therapist’, a mother, or a neighbour. My sense of self had become liberated from what I did—to who I was and what I represented—namely my whole country. But the most difficult projection to deal with was the negative one that affronted my altruistic identity. I believed I was there for the greater good, but to many locals, I represented imperialistic foreign ownership (see sixth chapter). I had to face the possible truth of this, even with myself. In the beginning I did not see how foreign presence trying its best to help a nation recover, could be so disempowering for the local people.

So part of this difficult transition was about reclaiming a bigger part of myself—perhaps one that I had lost touch with. Ironically, working with clients who have a diminished view of themselves is at the heart of the transitional nature of my work—particularly poignant in an area suffering massively with PTSD and the invisible, fragmented features of this condition.

I (now) see that my pattern of communication that worked in specific ways, under specific assumptions of shared beliefs in my own culture, was flawed and lacking in BiH. In many ways, these patterns formed my identity—who I was in another, unrelated, distant culture. Although these may seem obvious revelations, knowing there is confusion and knowing what to do about it are quite different things. In the moment, the only way through, it seems, is to turn the ship into the wind, knowing that eventually the weather will change, but in the meantime, your expertise, attitudes, beliefs and instincts are called upon to survive the storm.

The Unfinished Story

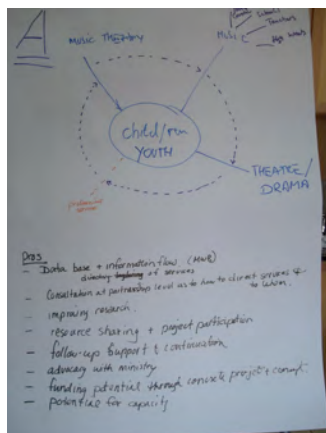


Figure 5.6. Conceptualizing a collaborative arts-based model for NGOs. Copyright Alpha Woodward

Seeds of hope in the final days. Closure was inevitable. Inspired by the resilience of three locally led, arts-based NGOs in the region, I approached Warchild UK about connecting these groups together in a collaborative framework. Each of us faced continual funding challenges—especially now that the cameras were looking in a different direction. The premise was based on my conviction that collaboration was not only a more effective approach in dealing with difficult social issues, it was also more robust for funding opportunities and offered a pool of expertise for knowledge exchange. I initiated talks with a local theatre company who were already doing social activism through drama workshops in the local schools. I also approached Musicians Without Borders (headquarters in The Netherlands) who had come to us earlier in the year about joining our work together, and a small NGO that was running successful training workshops with carers [*sic*] for children with special needs. This NGO was very open to using arts-based interventions and offered a bibliotherapy program to some of the schools in the region. The creative energy and the cautious, but hopeful buy-in from all the participants brought grace and flow to this collaboration, indicating this was the right direction to take.

The initial format of these talks could be described as typical western democratic workshop process. We needed to create a concrete, doable mission statement from the vision of bringing an arts-based collective to the community. At stake was a very large grant from the National Lottery in the amount of 500,000 BP, for which Warchild agreed to help us apply. My upline manager flew in to offer support and guidance in these initial steps. Together we agreed that as representatives for our respective groups we also had the capacity to make decisions on behalf of that group. I believed I did. And this was supported by John MacAusland, my upline manager who was present in the initial meetings. After several scheduled meetings between the groups who represented two cities, progress was made in identifying social issues that would formulate the next steps forward. Warchild organized a professional grant writer to fly in and help us with the next step.

The seeds of revolt: March 2007.

It is mid-March, 2007. What should have been greeted with a sigh of relief in the team was met with resistance. I had been reporting back to them, but what I see and feel is tense resistance. In retrospect, it was at this point the seeds of revolt were sewn. By now I didn't much care, because the potential for longevity of the program seemed achievable, and perhaps I was riding on a new collective energy that I believed would take us to another level of operating. I carried on with the project, failing to heed the quiet, uncharacteristic reserve of the team as a warning sign. I intuit now, that their concern was that they were being left out and lost in the shuffle. But there were two other possible reasons. I learned through the grapevine that Damir had been turned down for a position with one of these NGOs the previous year, and may have been harboring a grudge. It is also possible that, by now, they just didn't trust my motives as being in their best interest. I had not intended to leave them out of the process but I didn't

believe we had time to negotiate their self-interest in these initial visualizing, conceptual meetings.

My own experience navigating through several institutional changes and program cuts in my work in large institutions should have alerted me to the stress this project caused amongst my staff. But I forged ahead knowing there was some resistance, but believing it was our only chance with the possibility of attaining a sustainable, secure future for years to come. I had not factored in continuing my own role—except perhaps as a researcher.

Unbeknownst to the team, Warchild had been pressuring us to seek shelter in one of these NGOs to ensure our survival. That is to say, operate as a department under their administration. I resisted this, based on ideological differences that might inhibit our ability to follow our professional standards of practice and code of ethics, and also feeling that this would be an unfair exploitation of our knowledge base. This would have caused a rebellion on our team as well. Whilst I had dampened this idea behind closed door meetings with Warchild, I assured the team that no merger was planned in this collaboration, and that we would operate autonomously in an equal partnership with other NGOs. The idea of possibilities for professional development within a more complex infrastructure, fell on ears that had stopped listening.

The unrest goes underground: April.

“Careful, you guys, she understands more than she lets on.” Almira jokingly threw the comment over her shoulder back to Ciet and Damir who are talking together in the local language. This was not the first time Almira had said this. I believed it to be a compliment to my slow progress with Serbo-Croatian. In fact the office and our clinical work was busier than we had been in the whole time I was in BiH. We were operating to full capacity at 85 children per week, provided several skill-building and team-building workshops in the community, and

had extended our work to Sarajevo. It was a robust period. But Damir was absent from the office regularly during the spring and summer, and when he was there, he was often somewhere else in our courtyard, developing his own business on his mobile phone. For most of our workshops in the community, when we needed him most, he was on sick leave. There was always a sense of restrained energy about Damir, but his stress level was becoming visible. Warchild was still not providing information on how much funding was left to work with. I was frustrated with the way in which they didn't understand how damaging and disempowering this was for the team. It seemed as though the team believed I knew, but that I was keeping something from them.

Friday, July 13, 2007.

"I'm posting my questions for the lawyer up here. It would be great if you could write down yours for our trip to his office in Sarajevo on Tuesday." The office felt strange. Damir was not around very much, and it was having an effect on our operations. I had postponed an important staff meeting all week—hoping that he would return from sick leave to participate, but I could wait no longer. I caught Ciet raise an eyebrow at Almira, but Almira spoke, *"Wait, let's hear what she has to say."* I was pleased she said it in English. I explained the reason for the meeting and how important it was for us to ask as many questions as we could. Almira seemed open, but there was something I was missing here. I mention my regret that Damir is not present. *"You will call Damir and let him know?"* It is also Annamieke's last day. It's hard to believe the time has gone by so quickly—a bit sad really, because normally there is a farewell party with the whole team; but not this time. (reflective reconstruction of Friday, July 13, 2007)

July 16.

I was in Dubrovnik, having taken the day off. Damir, in the meantime, took his grievances about me to the police and asked for their advice. They advised him to get rid of me. Damir, President of the Board, called an emergency Board meeting and brought up charges that I had violated Musers Statute, and that the police recommended Musers ‘gets rid of me’. The Board, with one abstain, voted in favour of the recommendations presented to them. Damir immediately assumed the role of Team Leader and sent the Board’s decision to Warchild. Two Board members were close friends of mine.

July 17.

It had started off as a good day. I had dressed up for our meeting, and instead of my usual early morning walk, I drove to work with the idea that the staff and I would travel to Sarajevo in my car...I noted that the staff had uncharacteristically arrived before me, even though I was early. Like a lamb to the slaughter I waved and greeted them with a friendly ‘dobro jutro’ and walked happily across the PMC courtyard toward the music therapy wing (see also, *In the Beginning There Was Heart*, p. 35).

The shock of this day was profound. In the midst of this surreal scene, I thought “*This is a coup*”—and in the bizarre way of psychic survival, bemusedly thought—“*How stupid is this—I am being deposed as a dictator*”. The slow motion I experienced was like a split in consciousness. I was experiencing two different time lines simultaneously. Later, the other music therapist, Annamieke and her husband sat patiently through the whole day listening to me relive the scene, go over the steps, wonder how my actions could be misperceived as villainous, or contrary to the Statute I, myself, had written. Strangely, I did not blame the staff. I understood immediately, their situation. Two days later, a local friend—half-jokingly—called to see if I was alright. They had heard on the news that a Canadian woman had tried to jump off one of the bridges and, although they did not say, I knew they were not so sure it was *not* me. I loved them for their concern. It was one of Mostar’s famous black rumors, only this one made

the news. The projected over-dramatization—making its rounds in the community—made me laugh. Just as I knew the event would eventually be forgotten, I knew I would be fine.

The Aesthetic⁸, Another Culture, Another Time

“Excuse me mama”, said the young man as he stopped and settled his bike in the middle of the dirt road. I had not noticed the elderly, statesman-like gentleman standing by the edge. My guide spoke to him in Malayalam, and put a coin in his hand. The old man’s stature in the community seemed to be one that reaped respect. “You see, mama. He is blind and old. We in the village must make sure he stays well. Now he can enjoy a coffee with his meal.” It was the end of an extraordinary day, privileged with cycling and walking—and everywhere we went in Kerala, I saw such dignity. (India, September 2007).

Challenges to Altruism

If ‘all roads lead to Rome’, perhaps there is also a common denominator in the internal machinations of humanitarian aid that triggers desirable outcomes. I would like to think it is altruism, but there are many faces to altruism and if we scratch beneath the surface, we may find there is a level of self-interest in each case.

Beyond the complex challenges of restarting the economy and reshaping the politics, the other face of post-conflict recovery deals with shifting demographics, inter-ethnic hatred and the cankerous hold of posttraumatic stress disorder that ferments beneath the everyday lives of everyday people. Arts-based leadership in such environments balances itself on a rocky, ambiguous path as it navigates the minefields—both real and metaphoric—in recovering post-conflict societies. International non-governmental organizations (INGOs), leaders and fieldworkers may escape the blame and mistrust that local people bestow upon each other, but they are vulnerable prey to everything else that goes wrong after the war is over. This chapter explores challenges on both sides of humanitarian aid, and discusses some of the cultural stressors that confound altruism in fieldwork experiences.

⁸ Greek: “aesthesis” refers to any sensory experience regardless of whether it is sensuous or artistic.

When I first arrived in the post-conflict region of Mostar, BiH in January of 2004, to work at the Pavarotti Music Centre (PMC), as a music therapist, I had little knowledge of the vast industry of Humanitarian Aid, and had even less information about the particular political and economic challenges the Balkan regions faced. I was an international ‘expert’ helper, a seasoned music therapist, and I really had no idea what I was getting into beyond my professional concerns about the complex needs of my clients. Although it seems ludicrous—even to me—that I could arrive without contextual information on the situation at hand, the brutal, interethnic wars between 1992–1995 left a chaotic aftermath in the economic, political and socio-cultural structures that was beyond comprehension through scholarly journals or the media. And even within my professional expertise, I felt unprepared to deal with the operational challenges of working with a foreign language, the potential severity of post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), or the musical culture of Balkan folk music with which I was unfamiliar. But the dysfunctional infrastructure that could not, or would not support its citizens, except within nationalistic interests, inevitably defined the lived reality of each and every individual under our care, created invisible borders that we could not cross, and set up an impregnable wall for sustainable growth in our program.

But what brought me to Mostar, BiH, in the beginning was an incredulous flame of alchemic hope and realization that music therapy, a reconciliatory and metaphoric bridge-builder, might, after all, be a model for transformation and peace in this area. The reality of the program was quite different from the online website depiction and the issues outlined to me during my interview. I had not been fully informed about the deep trouble the program was in, or that I would have executive administrative and financial responsibilities as well as clinical supervision of the international staff, and an a priori accountability for the mental health of each

member of the team. And I soon learned that survival of the whole project depended upon my staying much longer than the six months to which I had been contracted. I had no idea of the past politics, team dynamics or the way the program was perceived in the community, but soon after arriving I had to make clear choices, commitments and personal sacrifices in order to stay the course. It was only much later that I was able to appreciate that my tolerance for ambiguity and uncertainty was both a strength and a liability in leadership in this country that was transiting through its own recovery process at all levels of its sociopolitical identity. Not having an insight into sociological frameworks, it was a challenge to navigate through the deep scars the war had left at both the individual and the community level.

Humanitarian Imperialism

Fernando (2010) cynically hypothesizes that the ultimate purpose for western developed countries to intervene between a sovereign state and its beleaguered, often brutalized citizens, is to advance and impose their own ideology, i.e. to bring a liberal form of peace. He carves a large swath with his skeptical critique on humanitarianism, and in so doing, blurs the everyday altruism of humanitarian aid organizations with the political policies of western governmental structures. Although, his point is valid from the view that an invisible a priori that mobilizes the agenda of humanitarian missions within the borders of sovereign entities can cause tension, confusion and resentment in local populations, he may be going too far in drawing the conclusion that universal peace is jeopardized by *humanitarian imperialism*, except, perhaps, in the matter of military involvement. More specifically he argues that humanitarian intervention may serve as an instrument of power, or, “as an instrument to export Northern values...to bring a liberal peace” (Fernando, 2010, p. 28). He weighs in on the realist view (of altruism) that humanitarianism hides behind its moral and ethical justifications to impose the ideology of

transnational elites within developed countries, thus eroding the secular concept of sovereignty through its interventions. Fernando may be including military intervention on behalf of humanitarianism ideals, but even so, foreign aid units in combat zones are perceived to be linked to political ideology and have also become targets for retaliatory actions.

There is no room for naivety when working in a field assignment in a post armed-conflict community—especially when the conflict is divided along ethnic lines. And the random rush of independent humanitarian organizations into the area to offer relief may complicate the recovery process, more than they help it. Many humanitarian aid organizations and international charities pay lip service to building sustainable practices, but there is very little evidence that this happens. An extraordinary example of this is that, although 120 million euros were sent to Srebrenica by the Dutch government to help rebuild and restore the infrastructure (Kurpershoek, 2013), the community today (only) sustains around 2000 people while an estimated 10,000, who are unable or unmotivated to return, remain displaced in other parts of BiH. Most locals resent the corruption and complicity that has benefited local brokers who front for foreign agencies in the way donations are spent or deflected into personal bank accounts (anecdotal field experiences). In the recent words of the present day Mayor, Camil Durakovic, “Go home. No more charity. We don’t need that.” Durakovic⁹ says, “Everyone is corrupt here, including— whoever—international community, NGOs, government—because people see things, you know. We are a small community” (Kurpershoek, 2013). How clearly he echoes the words I heard from the shoe salesman in 2004 (see first chapter). Durakovic is frustrated at the wasted resources that could have rebuilt the community several times over.

⁹ *De ereschuld*. (5:20 minute mark)

http://brandpunt.kro.nl/seizoenen/2013/afleveringen/07-07-2013/fragmenten/de_ereschuld

While it is disheartening to see the facts and accounts of misspent funds in Srebrenica and elsewhere in BiH, it was, and still is, a complex and systemic occurrence throughout the country since the war. Corrupt politicians are blamed for distracting the reconstruction of BiH to divisive nationalistic agendas. The entire socio-economic environment is rife for capitalistic opportunism when the political infrastructure cannot support the needs of its citizens. Unfortunately, many NGOs have unwittingly leapt in to fill the void in a chaotic, random manner only to be exploited by both the politicians and the people in the process—a very complicated web, and, I believe that no one can claim innocence in these matters.

The sheer volume of humanitarian aid and funds commissioned to Bosnia after the war was overwhelming. Shortly following the Bosnian wars in the early 1990s, duplication and redundancy were a large part of the mix as individuals on personal missions and larger humanitarian organizations swept into the country with generous donor funding to support their activities. The Music Therapy project in the Pavarotti Music Centre was nearly thwarted in its first two years by incompetent leadership, over-zealous euphoric hubris and misappropriation of millions of euros by the co-founders of Warchild (anecdotal evidence in the field; interview transcripts, Osborne, 2009). With funds seemingly mismanaged by the humanitarians themselves, and those that were appropriated by corrupt local politicians or opportunistic locals, it is no wonder the population quickly tired of the presence of international aid organizations. I begin to understand the skeptical young man in the sporting goods store who told me to ‘go home’.

It is naïve to think that all humanitarian missions operate as highly moral, altruistic crusades. It is clear that some NGOs and aid workers are motivated to enter into the business of foreign aid for principles other than altruism. Polman (2010), a Dutch journalist who researched

the field activities of humanitarian aid organizations, takes a first-hand, cynical view of overnight caravanesque NGOs that are low on the competencies required to deal with the horrors of war, but who are focused on the sensationalism and adrenalin-rush of the drama while portraying an honourable image to donors at home. She makes the point that no credentials are needed to prove competency or legitimacy when entering a country and claiming to be a humanitarian aid organization. Although Polman does not make explicit the obvious exploitation of altruism as the perceived noble motivator for such activities, it is implied.

Miralem Tursinovic, the Director of the Youth Resources Centre in Tuzla, has strong opinions about the presence of NGOs and their interference with state sovereignty (Kosic, 2013).

[The NGO sector in BiH] has no common vision nor perceived common interest: it is therefore extremely difficult to achieve consensus on pertinent issues and simply work for the benefit of all citizens, regardless of their ethnic, religious or national background. (Kosic, 2013 interview with Miralem Tursinovic)

To the beleaguered citizens, there appears to be little in the way of coordination, supervision, or accountability between the organizations, and although much of the local infrastructure was rebuilt thanks to international aid, millions of euros were also squandered in the hype of post-conflict hubris¹⁰ and laissez-faire management of funds (Kurpershoek, 2013). To make matters worse, the political factions of the newly formed country of Bosnia and Herzegovina seemed more concerned with dividing the population into nationalistic entities, than they were in rebuilding the infrastructure or in mobilizing the economy. International NGOs, with their own missionary zeal, helped relieve them of this responsibility. One pauses here with a rhetorical question, ‘Who are the humanitarians?’ This dissertation cannot answer that, but it may unwrap some of the confusing features of humanitarian fieldwork.

¹⁰ See also <http://www.guardian.co.uk/uk/2001/jan/10/davidhencke1>

A Fieldwork Perspective

Only in retrospect can a fieldworker reflect upon, or rhetorically ask how their altruism did or did not survive the projected bitterness of a culture that has inflicted deep wounds upon its own soul so deeply. In the field it is important to think about self-preservation and how one avoids the eroding and corroding of personal values that can lead to compassion fatigue and burnout (McCormack et al., 2009). While living among real and metaphoric minefields (Mostar, BiH), I wondered how to create safety in a time of uncertainty, how to buoy hope without surpassing reality, how to engage buy-in for collaborative approaches without intensifying a nationalistic stance, and how to foster empowerment in a community with an abhorrence for elitism.

There are complex, contradictory and paradoxical forces in post-conflict regions and I observed dozens of small operations that were focused on religious missions, community-based activities, educational reform, new-age practices, or peace-building agendas. Many of these organizations recruited their volunteers from within their own membership in the home country. As well, there was a constant parade of independent artists, writers, musicians, filmmakers, philosophers, and researchers looking for inspiration to further their work, or to complete doctoral dissertations. Some stayed for a few weeks, while others moved into the community and stayed for two years or more. Meanwhile, the local population was either pushed aside, or it learned to work with, or to manipulate, the new systems surging into their communities.

Regardless of the program or vision an NGO brings into the country, I have discerned that there is a great deal of justified frustration for both the local recipients of foreign aid, and the foreign aid workers themselves. Humanitarian fieldworkers are greatly impacted when contradictory forces in the environment challenge their compassion and altruism.

Altruism and Resilience

In 1992 while many of us in North America went about our own business, Serbian snipers opened fire in the market place in Sarajevo, Bosnia Herzegovina, killing 22 people who were waiting in line for their rationing of water. A few days later a solitary figure dressed in a tuxedo and carrying a cello, sat down in the middle of the nearby shattered, bombed-out National Library and played Albinoni's riveting and soulful Adagio in G. He played while sharp shooting Serbian snipers terrifyingly and methodically shot at anything and everything around him. But he came back each day for 22 days—one for each of his 22 friends and neighbors who had died in the market that day. People gathered in the safe shadows to watch and listen. The Serbs listened too—and so did the world. Vedran Smailovic, by himself, struck a universal chord for sanity and inspiration while the rest of us watched—impotent—helpless—against the unconscionable madness.

The traumatic blast of this act of genocide, and other armed conflicts since that time, echoed through the following decades in the form of mass culture shock, trauma, shifting populations, loss of cultural identity, increases in marital breakdown, suicides, congenital birth defects, dissociative disorders, mental health issues, and nationalistic positioning. Is there any hope for change when only the battered survivors bear the burden of such societal breakdown? Is there hope for societal cohesion when the mixed ethnic populations are held in conflict by the devastating psychological impact of the armed aggression, frozen along nationalistic lines by complex formatting of the 1995 Dayton Peace Accord, and faced with a transition into democracy after a long immersion in a communist political structure? And yet in one moment in 1992 a lone cellist offered hope for humanity's noble nature and did what many could not do. His conduit—the cello—told the world there was courage, dignity, and moral fiber in the artist

soul—as much as there was defiance and despair. The cellist came from the fringe and played in the heap of rubble—the fallen walls of Sarajevo’s treasured National Library and Art Gallery. For no other reason than to express his grief and outrage, Vedran played for humanity, and the world listened.

Ten years after the war ended, I walked through that market place—transformed now by more aesthetic activities; the relentless machinations of local artisans selling their wares, textiles, crafts, copper-work, and assorted vases and keychain memorabilia reshaped from spent artillery remains. The performing arts were tentatively beginning to appear, but without the help of international organizations or their own government. Ironically, I am there as a music therapist—one of many piecemeal engineers to help heal the scars left behind by these events, and, like the cellist, I am from the fringe – a single voice in a milieu of international aid.

The landscape is harsh with the hulking remains of war but the people are receptive to music and seem to understand, at a soul level, that—of course—music is therapeutic. But change—where profound and prolonged shock has betrayed and fragmented one’s internal geography—does not come easily. Freire (1998) says that if we wish something to be something else, then our humanity compels us to be involved—to struggle. Conflict and diversity will be part of the struggle, but we can’t not do anything.

Altruistic solidarity.

I have a right to be angry, to show it and to use it as a love and to express my love to the world and to use it as a motivational foundation for my struggle because I live in history at a time of possibility and not of determinism. (Freire, 1998, p. 71)

During an interview for my case study (Woodward, 2012a), Nigel Osborne, a Scottish composer and activist, who frequently entered Bosnia and Herzegovina throughout the wars to bring music to traumatized and frightened children, echoed Freire’s words in saying that when

things are so terribly wrong, he can not stand by and do nothing. His deeply embedded sense of moral right shifted his focus to where he could make a direct difference to people in the war. So he dodged bullets and shuffled, crab-like through bunkered shadows to enliven trapped, frightened children with song. In so doing, he left his political activities behind, and continues, to this day, to avoid political institutions in his missionary work, unless it is to be on the street with the protestors who oppose them.

Altruism, as any other human characteristic, emerges from a blend of many influences and can manifest itself in unpredictable ways. Where one situation brings out the noble in humankind, the same situation can also bring out the ignoble. Freire states it better: “Human existence is... a radical and profound tension between good and evil, between dignity and indignity, between decency and indecency, between the beauty and the indecency, between the beauty and the ugliness of the world” (Freire, 1998, p. 53). For Freire, it is not possible to humanly exist without involving ourselves in the struggle toward a decent, ethical society.

Altruism is broadly understood to be intentional behavior that benefits others with no expectation of reciprocity. While most humanitarian organizations harbor altruism as a core value for missionary work, there is no operational way to assess the grey area between altruism and self-interest (O’Shea, 2004, p. 29). In many cases, there is mutual altruism that combines a concern for others as well as a concern for self. Baggini (2002) talks about weak and strong altruism, where weak altruism is

Characterized by a person who is naturally inclined to care about the interests of others. Strong altruism is marked by a person who recognizes and cares about the interests of others as a valid reason for acting *even in in cases where he has no such inclination to act.* (p. 448)

That is to say that true altruism happens when there is no hidden agenda behind the altruistic action, and for some international relationship scholars, this form of altruistic solidarity is the only moral ground for foreign intervention in sovereign states.

While scholars may debate theoretically about the motives and meaning behind altruistic actions, there are many humanitarian aid workers and agencies that believe that their project contributes in some way to those they are there to help. McCormack et al.'s (2009) case study on Vincent, a 35-year veteran of fieldwork, studied his experiences and posit that an altruistic identity is formed over time through meaning-making while working in difficult environments. Others (Loquercio et al., 2006) posit that altruism attracts people to humanitarian aid work in the first place. While that may be true, aid workers are greatly impacted when contradictory forces in the environment challenge natural or acquired human proclivities such as compassion and altruism. McCormack et al. (2009) found that the most salient features for healthy longevity in aid work are resilience, finding meaning, and maintaining a positive altruistic identity through periods of self-blame and the “eroding and corroding” of moral values (p. 112).

Ethnographic Research and Cultural Factors

It was my experience, in this post-communist society, that democracy was still an external ideal, not an embodied reality, and so the transition from communism to democracy was an ambiguous period where a confusing conceptual blend of the rights of each political framework could appear out of the blue in our team protocols. For example, Damir was a proud, self-declared communist, but spent many working hours developing capitalistic ventures. Also, my leadership style of consensus and my humanistic approach in the clinical context was viewed as weakness in a country used to an authoritarian approach, and this often created confusing team dynamics and ineffective implementation of team strategies. Hartog (1999) points out that

leadership behaviors are evaluated and interpreted differently in different cultures and that a culture that endorses an authoritarian style may require decisive action, and so “leader sensitivity might be interpreted as weak, whereas in cultures endorsing a more nurturing style, the same sensitivity is likely to prove essential for effective leadership” (p. 7). But Hartog goes on to say that transformational leadership is more effective than transactional leadership in getting positive responses from the team, but in my leadership position I felt that the team was not interested in buying into a vision, or following a role model, so much as they were in negotiating their compliance in accordance with provisions they might receive. When I did try to change my leadership style to a more directive approach to meet what I perceived were the needs of the team, the relationships changed, the communication was erratic, and the systems broke down. I believe it was because this was not an authentic or instinctive way I relate to others.

Tenhio (2006), a graduate music student from the Sibelius Academy, uncovered cultural and communication themes that she perceived created conflict for interpersonal dynamics within the music therapy team. “As long as the general negative/suspicious attitude towards internationals remains in Bosnia and Herzegovina, no foreigner can fully adapt into the Bosnian society” (p. 76). Her study revealed the irony that our international presence created a further fragmentation beyond the inter-ethnic tensions we had come to alleviate. Kochenderfer (2006) echoes Tenhio’s findings in her ethnographic dissertation that compared the three music programs in Mostar:

Some of the tension between internationals and local staff of Program B in particular appears to arise from a suspicion on the part of local staff that internationals use the programmes [sic] for personal financial gain and to build their professional reputations rather than supporting ‘programmes’ for ideological reasons: Almost all come here just to rebuild their career. (p. 203)

As mentioned above, Ian Ritchie, one of the co-founders of the music therapy program, and the (now) director of the London Festival, had commented that “the country (BiH) and individuals I met there . . . some at a very high level . . . had no idea of the expertise that was there at their feet—mentoring, teaching, coaching and willing them to succeed” (Woodward, 2011, p. 24).

The distortion and suspicion of foreigners’ intentions and their agenda was palpable to me. At times it was explicit, and at other times it hung over the team like a dark cloud that would not go away. Considering the unconscionable way in which Warchild (UK) funds (as one example) had been lost on allegedly high profile social activities at the start of the international presence in BiH, it is not surprising that local citizens would be disillusioned and skeptical about the true agenda of foreigners. At a 40% unemployment rate, most locals became disempowered observers of foreign activities in their own country. The necessary annual turnover of professional music therapists made it appear as though it was a career stopover. What many local staff did not understand was the serious career sacrifice that senior music therapists made in order to be there for a year rotation. Nigel Osborne—the charismatic and beloved founder of the program, and whose broad repertoire of the local folk music had earned him a place of honour amongst the local people—had also been disenfranchised by the local group of young musicians that he formed. But Kochenderfer (2006) observed that the schools music team, which was his flagship group that he cultivated and mentored, also blamed him as their foreign mentor:

Staff of program B justified their break from their primary international mentor by saying that they felt that this mentor used the program for his own interests and projects, without thinking about the way in which his actions affected local staff . (p. 203)

Although I had been there long enough to be accepted as a local, I depended upon friends to interpret the nuances of their culture. So as a highly visible foreign member of the

community, I experienced a surreal kind of social/work life from both sides of the goldfish bowl. Others, for different reasons, experienced this double identity as well. Tenhio (2008) was exceptionally fluent in the language and yet she still found it “liberating to forget the post-war zone for a moment, to forget the confusing mixture of depression and weak hope” (p. 46) surrounding her when she occasionally socialized with other internationals. And Waterman (2008), a concert violinist and frequent guest conductor of the Mostar Sinfonietta, lamented:

It’s all so incomprehensible. It’s the first time I’ve been angry in Bosnia, but I’m tired of things going wrong at the drop of a hat, with no explanation and no apology. I’m tired of not understanding, and not being understood, tired of the volatility of this place, of the lack of co-operation and communication and empathy and respect, of the waste, the absurdity.... Between me and Bosnia is a cultural chasm, and I’ve lost patience with it. (p. 139)

Ritchie, (personal interview, September 9, 2009) an expert in program design, donated many hours of his time and expertise to developing and sustaining the *sinfonietta*, felt in the end that he was appreciated only for the funds he brought with him. “Where is the money?” was often the first question he was asked when he arrived in BiH.

Culpability of Humanitarian Aid

At my exit interview, the program director in the London head office confided that 40% of returning fieldworkers exhibit some form of mental illness. But the only psychological support WarChild offered their fieldworkers was the option of having two counseling sessions through the National Health Association. While in the office I could not help but notice a young man angrily filling out his exit papers. I was told he had just served six months in Uganda, and his unapproachable, tense body language communicated a great deal about his emotional state.

The counselor who saw me had no experience with PTSD or compassion fatigue and could only offer a cheerful, but stereotypical British characterization of therapy. “You’re home now. Buck up and get on with it” might have worked if I were a British citizen.

But I don't know. I should ask the young man from Uganda what his thoughts were. (journal post, August 2007)

In the four years that I had been in BiH, WarChild UK had taken the Congo incident seriously and had introduced an intense three-week boot-camp training program for personnel safety in combat zones, but they had done nothing to address the mental health and psychological well-being of aid workers in the field. To be fair, I believe that Warchild operates as ethically and as responsibly as the industry understands its obligation to do so. There is much to be done, however. At the end of my fieldwork, I felt that I had gone through a complete deconstruction and was not certain to whom, or to what I could relate anymore. The person who left for BiH in early 2004 was only a shadow of the present "me." But as I began the confusing, ambiguous state of repatriation, I no longer had a way to define myself—no country or state to which I felt I belonged. My value, the contributions I made, the meaning of my work, and how I was to go forward seemed lost and indefinable.

Amila confirmed tonight that this job has changed me. She remembers how I used to be...so do I. I think she meant, that I have become more serious—not laugh so much. Amila is the epitome of resilience. She kept her hope and positive view of humanity in spite of what she went through in the war, and in the difficult transition after. But now I struggle with optimism—what I had always believed was my resilience-card. So how is it that I am absorbing the paranoia and mistrust in this place—now a part of me too? Why—when I know I have a choice? (Journal log November 1-5, 2006)

Humanitarian aid is a generic term that we understand in its totality, but in reality, it is a confusing amalgamation of hundreds of organizational structures and missions. It is part of the global economy in that it magnetizes and discharges billions of dollars in donations to thousands of charities every year. Human suffering is a media message seared into our hearts to encourage us to donate more to help those in distant places, and politicians, charities, and media work together to ensure that the audience gets the right message to keep the funds flowing (Hojjer, 2004). We are, in many ways, knowingly manipulated for our humanity—our compassionate,

altruistic sensibilities —because, like Nigel Osborne, the visionary who engendered the music programs in Mostar, BiH, and Vedran Smailovic, we feel we must do the “right thing” when there is nothing else we can do to help, or to make things better in desperate situations. But are we doing the right thing? Avolio and Locke (2002) argue that all actions are motivated by something, but it is hard to pinpoint the critical principle upon which individuals are motivated to act altruistically (p. 170).

We may believe that what lies behind Freire’s (1998) conviction, or the social activism of Osborne who cannot stand by and do nothing in the face of injustice (Woodward, 2012a), is the same altruism we assign to charitable organizations, humanitarian relief, or what brings so many of us to donate funds to local charities. What part, or form, of altruism brought Osborne from the comfort of his home in Edinburgh to put himself repeatedly into the sights of snipers during the Balkan wars when he crept through blown-up buildings and dank, dark meeting places to bring music to children? Was it a combination of moral outrage, courage, and personal need? Even Osborne questions his motives. “I wondered if I was fulfilling a need of my own—a selfish motivation—in trying to make a difference here in Bosnia” (personal interview, September, 2009). But the currency of his courageous actions echoed through the following years, leading to the building of a music therapy centre in 1997 from the rubble of a blown-up elementary school—a centre devoted to music that spawned new hope in a bewildered and beleaguered population. Avolio and Locke (2002) pit altruism against egoism and take the cynical view that complete selfless giving in the service of others is not productive or realistic—especially for leadership. Although I disagree with the direction Avolio and Locke take their argument, it seems likely that honest reflection will reveal that an element of self-interest or reciprocal benefit is involved (O’Shea, 2004) in acts of altruism.

Altruism may represent the best of humanity within us, and when we encounter acts of courage on behalf of those less fortunate, the best in us is also triggered. Ian Ritchie was the director of the London Festival when I interviewed him for my case study (September, 2009). He had been invited by Osborne to oversee the building of the Pavarotti Music Centre, and commented that it was Osborne's altruistic credibility earned over those years of the war that convinced him to be involved in the project (personal interview, September, 2009). Osborne's courage and vision has continued to inspire others and a small grassroots group of student musicians from Scotland continue to fundraise every year to bring hope and music to special needs populations in Mostar, BiH to this day.

Altruism in Social Theories

We do not always know where or how our altruistic actions may land to seed enough hope to carry on the good fight, or to continue the struggle elsewhere, but we must do what we think is the right thing at the time. In Social Identity Theory (Knippenberg, 2011) leaders are considered members of the group they lead, and insofar as they may be in the most influential position to mobilize change processes, their effectiveness is a benchmark of how they are perceived as prototypical of group norms. Altruistic practices in leadership are considered to be more effective in extracting similar behavior from employees. A self-sacrificing leader is a role model for similar behavior and leads to better overall performance throughout the organization (Singh & Krishnan, 2008), thereby creating a culture of reciprocity in the team. This may be so in the assumed home culture, but in foreign cultures the leader may not be privy to the cultural norms of the group. The more prototypical a leader is perceived to be, the more trust he or she has in representing the interests of the group and therefore being effective in initiating organizational change.

I have no way of knowing if my work, or the nine-year project, left any legacy, or passed on goodness, longevity, hope, or inspiration for future selves. My presence in BiH was construed by some to be one of self-interest, and so what I perceived to be self-sacrifice on my part, was not perceived as such by the team. I believe they, as well as many in the community, were fed up with a foreign imperialistic presence that usurped their right of self-governance. And with the anticipated end to funding and ultimate closure of the program, the team was vulnerable to an approaching fate over which they hitherto, had no control. After six years of foreign leadership and funding support, they became members of the board, took complete charge of the NGO, and fired me. My employer, WarChild UK, was notified that I was acting illegally in pursuing collaboration with other NGOs. In the first weeks of their self-congratulatory bravado, they had counted on continued support from our international network. It did not roll out in the way they had hoped. As for me, the finite way in which I parted from the organization has not given me a way to return, to research, to correct, to evaluate, or to plant new seeds from lessons learned.

Although my contact with my former staff is severed and I have no access to documents or even my own clinical notes, I am still exploring the complexities of the remembered nexus of our narratives, and my own culpability in the events that unfolded. In the meantime, altruism in the global picture of humanitarian aid has much to answer for—in terms of effective, humane humanitarian missions, and in leadership competency in foreign cultures. While intellectuals debate the agenda behind humanitarian presence in sovereign states, there is a human cost on both sides of the endeavor—much of which is rooted in a lack of trust and a sense of betrayal. What is left now, is to contemplate the meaning of this period in my own narrative, and to play it

forward into a future that may benefit in some small way, other humanitarian fieldworkers or non governmental operations working in difficult regions.

The Role of the Aesthetic in Altruism and Leadership

I had constructed a poetical myth about my altruistic agenda. It comes with the caveat that my altruistic identity sits in the shadows until it is called upon to interact, in some way, with events in the external environment. In my defense, it is authentic, as it comes through a personal aesthetic—the way in which I experience and find meaning in the world. It is wrapped in, and sustained through, aesthetic experiences and interpretations that provide me with optimism and hope—perhaps another facet of the indignant idealism that inspires Osborne or Freire. I would not have considered naming it *per se*, if it were not for piecing together my multicultural experiences throughout my doctoral papers. For me to stay the course through difficult times, I must also be able to connect to the situation through my own poetry and aesthetic grace that transforms the situation into a manageable framework. Although this could have me construed as an artistic zealot, lost in my own myth or allegory, and may seem untenable in the reality of disastrous events, it is the aesthetic of who I am in my social and physical environment that gives me strength, insight and tenacity to not only endure the situation, but also to create solutions. I believe this is so for humankind in general.

But being informed through aesthetic experience does not require me to ignore cognitive understandings any more than Descartes detached intellectual epistemology requires one to “ditch the body” (Hansen et al., 2007, p. 546). Through the literature (McCormack et al., 2009) and my own observations, it is sensible to say that altruistic identity is sustained through meaning-making in violent or difficult actions—whatever form that may take for each

individual. Our personal aesthetic, whether highly logical, or highly poetic, is our source of meaning-making (Woodward, 1998).

The question for the arts in the domain of humanitarian leadership may not be to ask if the arts-based leader is better equipped to manage the stressful work environment, but rather to ask how the arts can support leadership in accepting and managing paradox in complex, changing environments. When one is both a leader and a practitioner in a foreign culture, the boundaries of practice and leadership become blurred, and ethical behavior becomes a struggle between ideological realities, professional standards and personal/social challenges. Freire (1998) asserts that it is an inherently human imperative to intervene creatively in our world, but in that intervention we are obliged to meet divisions and obstacles (p. 55). Although there is solace in this, responsible authentic leadership also needs effective strategies in place to counteract the personal toll while getting the job done. Being awake and aware to know that life is different, that belief systems are not the same, and that different cultural histories carry alien ontological realities does not always help when there are no organizational support structures, or aesthetic relevance, to support one's changing epistemological views.

And in the process of writing sections of this dissertation, I became depressed and felt I had lost my way in the morass of complex cultural issues and personal journals. My compass was not pointing to true north. Something fundamental was missing. And it wasn't until I stumbled upon my narrative on India, and my embodied memory of that experience, that I felt I could bring meaning—the aesthetic—to this chapter. I trust my connection to reality through my personal aesthetic which in turn gives me balance, grace and courage.

It is October, 2007. I am in Kerala, India—dodging and bumping through people-choked streets—passing masses of orderly white-capped pilgrims walking along the side of the road; caravans jostling higgledy-piggledy along beside – while hundreds of others, armed with green garbage bags contentedly pick up litter from the boulevards. There is an air of

something...buoyant—pleasant. My guide tells me it is Mahatma Gandhi's birthday – a day for peaceful civic action. And this the same day, thousands of Christians, heads protected from the sun, were quietly on a foot-pilgrimage to the sacred basilica of St. Thomas. I sunk into the back seat of the car and soaked in the collective grace I felt around me as we traveled the road together. I breathed in this aesthetic cohesion, and let it be a welcome massage to my battered, burned-out spirit. (journal log, September, 2007).

It is through the process of writing this particular topic that I reaffirmed and claimed my bias to interpret everyday lived experience through an aesthetic lens—a meaning-making lens that accepts ambiguity and paradox in difficult environments.

Epilogue

Two years after my trip to India, I traveled back to Bosnia to interview three former colleagues for my case study, and to consciously and mindfully retrace the well-worn steps in the city that had changed my life at profound levels. It was a mix of feelings. It felt as though I was returning home, but to a home where the family had moved on and filled in the gap I had left behind. I was happy that my reappearance was “common place,” that I was remembered, but sad that I no longer had a reason to be here “at home.” Through the interviews and the benefit of reflective insight, I was hoping to find clarity and some closure; that all the unknowns and fuzzy bits would snap into place; that the work did matter and that we left a legacy for new beginnings for some unknown future time. But I learned that the important lessons were embedded already, that it was now time to reflect upon them, leave the past where it belonged, and to allow whatever seeds we left behind, to grow. There was, at that time, no certainty what those “seeds” were, or meant, to those who picked up the watering can and gave them some nourishment, but they must have had meaning. There must have been something of value. What is more salient, perhaps, is that it was never about me. It was about the program and where I placed the chair. It

is about what I can learn from these experiences, and what is salvageable from the ignominy of defeat.

Ian Ritchie told me—back in 2007—that my work in BiH would likely continue, but take a different form. Certain experiences belong to a “time” in our life and no matter how deeply significant those experiences are, there is a finite end point where new energies and perspectives shift old events into a new reality. It is not only what we do, but also how we reflect on what we do that can change lives (Binns, 2008). Altruism can exist in many forms and we can influence, or mobilize others to act through reflective leadership, scholarship and aesthetic coherence. Perhaps through these forms of altruism we can be a shepherd in distant pastures.

Alchemy, Ambiguity, and the Aesthetic

The Artist as Leader

Creativity and imagination are at the heart of the arts, and Kets de Vries (2009) suggests that the circular, unconventional, intuitive thought patterns of “creative right-brain people may be a pain in the neck” (p. 227) to logical, analytical linear-thinking co-workers, but that these erratic, zigzag creative processes and conceptual fluency are necessary for organizational progress. Interestingly, Vincent (as cited in McCormack et al., 2009) identifies the need to have “both extremes . . . highly practical people and process oriented people . . . the danger with that sort of divide is that—um—it can actually block the organization” (p. 114). Understandably, each position can be annoying to the other. It is up to leadership to create and manage an environment where these two extremes can effectively work together for the greater good, rather than a territorial battleground for personal gain or ideology. The ability to manage such an environment also requires trust in the creative process, tolerance for the discomfort of a certain level of ambiguity, and the ability to sustain a vision for a common goal over time.

From reviewing the accounts of my logs, and recalling the transitory map of our program through different leaders and rotations of clinical therapists, I fit my leadership behavior somewhere in the divide between pragmatism and artistic ambiguity—the ability to sit in an unknowing state of mind while different parts of the process emerge, or become more clear. And while this might be confusing and frustrating for staff members who need clear direction and practical structures to operationalize the service, it does serve the program in the bigger picture to have a gate-keeper that can hold the vision together while tempestuous forces assault it from within and without its own framework. In the case of our program, I arrived at a crossroad in the

program's timeline that had need of my particular expertise and skills and my ability to hold steady when funding had been withdrawn, staffing was decreased, and there was no clear future beyond one year. Recruitment in those circumstances was challenging, and for my position, impossible. And so the ability to hold steady in uncertain times was critical. I owe this to my artistic, aesthetic self that understands that not all possibilities will be evident at will, and that most of life is experienced through lived processes. Ibbotson's (2008) theatrical view of leadership, is not only artistic, but also pragmatic, "The leader is the one who holds the whole narrative" (p.11).

Humanitarian aid groups, especially, require their leaders and actors to make decisions in ambiguous, complex, stressful, and ever-changing environments. In short, the ability to improvise strategies that meet ambiguous shifting realities on the ground while maintaining the overall direction is not unlike directing a theatrical play (Ibbotson, 2008; Mohr, 2011). Mohr points out that truly creative people have a high tolerance for suspense and can leave questions "temporarily unsolved" (p. 229) rather than enforcing a premature closure. The question for the arts in the domain of humanitarian leadership may not be to ask if the arts-based leader is better equipped to manage the stressful work environment but rather to ask, "What kind of leadership qualities do arts-based leaders bring to humanitarian aid projects"? When one is both a leader and a practitioner in a foreign culture, the boundaries of practice and leadership become blurred, and ethical behavior becomes a struggle between ideological realities as well as personal obstacles. Freire (1998) asserts that it is an inherently human imperative to intervene creatively in our world, but in that intervention we are obliged to meet divisions and obstacles. Although there is solace in this, responsible authentic leadership also needs effective strategies in place to counteract the personal toll while getting the job done. Being awake and aware to know that life

is different, that belief systems are not the same, and that different cultural histories carry alien ontological realities does not always help when there are no organizational support structures to support one's changing epistemological views. In the spring of 2007 I initiated a consortium of local arts-based NGOs to form a collaborative partnership that, together, created a more effective and powerful force for change than we could effectively tackle working alone. The realistic potential for a creative arts therapy collaborative to be an effective change agent in humanitarian aid is clear, and it will require intelligent, aesthetic stewardship to ensure that all participants are aware and engaged.

From a theoretical position, aesthetic intelligence affords leadership to understand change through the embodied experience of being a member of the group (Knippenberg, 2011). Our sensory apparatus allows for the full spectrum of experience, and our judgment and feelings about those experiences is a matter of other principles, values, cultural tastes, and so forth. Ladkin and Taylor (2010) suggest that these are useful resources during change processes. "People bring their minds and bodies to work; their emotions, feelings, and personal experiences that cannot be represented in any rational models" (p. 549). Aesthetically informed leadership understands that knowledge of the immediate world we inhabit is acquired through direct sensory experiences and filtered through cognitive processes, and it focuses on the felt meaning and the emotions that are "integral to leader-follower" relationships (p. 533). An aesthetically informed leader will respect the felt experience of the group and provide resources for open communication, ongoing team building and creative engagement (Hansen et al., 2007). The integration of art and leadership takes a circuitous and spiral path rather than a linear one because the very nature of artistry transcends much of the myopic, one best-way approach that characterizes much of conventional management-leadership approaches.

Dissanayake (1995) theorizes that aesthetic sensibilities and the behavior of art are universal and essential. She asserts that these are biologically hard-wired into a genetic code and that group cooperation, cohesion, synchronized movement, sharing and self-transcendent, ecstatic emotions are products of selective behaviors that enhance a group's ability to survive—as much as aggression and strength are so often acknowledged as traits necessary for the “fittest” to prevail over the weakest. My interest in Dissanayake's work comes from a systems perspective that considers the rich potential for sharing humankind's multiple skills, aesthetic sensibilities, and diverse perspectives to work together in synergy to not only survive, but also to survive better. I am also persuaded by Ruud (1998), a music therapist and musicologist who writes about (the role of music in) the “improvising individual” as one

Who not only can readjust herself to a changeable world but whose verbal descriptions of reality are extensively based on bodily reactions, their psychic rewriting, and an understanding of the cultural processes and their interaction with her society's political and economical structures. (p. 28)

Ruud beautifully articulates the ideal healthy, reciprocal relationship between an empowered, improvising individual and an ever-changing reflexive sociopolitical environment. This applies especially to leadership in difficult environments.

To that point, Mohr (2011) uses the analogy of the theater to suggest that today's leaders must make it up as they go along and that their core values, beliefs, and sense of the world come into play in situational decision-making. He believes that improvisational theater provides clues as to how leaders can tap into the “creative, emotional, intellectual, physical and spiritual centre to become better decision makers” (p. 53). But Ibbotson (2008), also a theater director, takes it a step further and argues that artistic creativity and problem solving is only possible if there are rules governing the process. The illusion of leadership lies in the paradox of the liminal space and the simultaneous containment of the creative imperative. In other words the director

provides the illusion that he/she holds a complete picture in which the direction of the play is headed, but concurrently recreates and shifts the whole from the emerging picture as the actors create an inter-subjective reality within the boundaries they were given. The director offers only the rules and the limitations—a container in which the actors can freely and creatively engage in the material.

Antiquity provides yet another example of how this extraordinary balance in art allows for flow—an easement from being trapped in the usual dichotomies of Cartesian thinking. To this point, in his book review of Monthoux, Gustafsson and Sjostrand’s *Aesthetic Leadership: Managing Fields of Flow in Art and Business*, Bathurst (2007) eloquently quotes from Linqvist while commenting on the origins of aesthetics:

For her, Apollo represents a moderating influence that provides clarity to creative impulses, while ardour and freedom are found in the figure of Eros. As elegant as the dance itself, Linqvist describes the relationship between the two as being neither too restrictive to stifle the generative urge, nor too loose that creativity flounders. The mythological dance of these ‘ideal types of drives or logics’ (Linqvist, 2007, p. 207) offers exemplars for leaders desiring to achieve flow. (Bathurst, 2007, p. 172)

It is the reciprocal feature of art that transforms reality, transcending ordinary perspective to a nobler state. Sometimes it provides structure, and sometimes it dismantles structure. That is the point. It is through the arts that there is some guidance and freedom to examine how irony, core values, spirituality, and wisdom have become key elements in my expression of leadership (Woodward, 2009).

Implications for Practice

Developing a fieldwork attitude. Robertson (2010), who studied the use of music in conflict transformation in BiH, criticizes the romantic notion of authors and music-based NGOs who use music as though it has the “power to heal with little or no grounded evidence to support

these claims” (p. 41). It was also my experience to work with other NGOs who claimed this as a tag on all their flyers, websites, and posts. It is doubtful that large, well-publicized musical events that pour into a community after a major armed conflict have a long-lasting effect on the population they attempt to support. No doubt it brings much-needed funding, without lasting opportunity for sustainable cultural reconstruction. While it was my hope to work collaboratively and relationally with other arts-based practices in the community, I found it ideologically and ethically aggravating to work with agencies that provided no empirical foundation, or professional expertise for their well-publicized claims to heal the wounds of war with music.

Bergh and Sloboda (2010) are also cautionary about the misuse of the arts in areas of ethnic conflict in answer to the myths and rhetoric around music as a universal elixir that heals the wounds of war, disperses conflict, and begins the work of peace. The following excerpt from Hesser and Heinemann (2010) is but one example of how rhetoric can run away with this notion:

During war, Music brings serenity, happiness and hope. After war it brings dynamism and energy for reconstruction, galvanizes juvenile minds for action and makes happiness an object of desire. During peace, it brings comfort of mind, awareness on love and motivation for the future. In front of different cultures or ideologies it brings cooperativeness, understanding and create unperceived ties among people. Even in front of different languages, songs become understandable for everyone and appreciated when your mind is touched. (Lima, 2010, p. III)

It is this rhetoric that opens wallets and brings charity to those NGOs that fly this flag high and wide. But dependence upon charitable donations may also have impeded the arts from becoming a sustainable resource in community building, and kept them marginalized by the nature of the short-term projects available to them. Bergh and Sloboda (2010) make the claim that music can make its “own contribution in shaping health discourses, framing policy issues and dealing with problems of disease burden” (p. 60). Although I agree that the body of

knowledge and expertise our profession contains is capable of such claims, I am skeptical of professional posturing having done enough of it myself—to no effect. I believe we need a collaborative approach. So it is important to review the empirical literature to understand, and to build an epistemology around art as a cohesive element in society, where the skillful, intentional, and respectful use of the arts in damaged culture, can help rebuild communities and give individuals back their sense of “self.”

On this point, Bonde (2011) developed a helpful and elegant diagrammatic model that is inclusive of the diverse practices of music in the community. It aligns these practices, referred to as “musicing,” into categorical quadrants within the vertical axis, which represents the polarized “mind -body” music experiences, and the horizontal axis that represents the polarized “individual-social” music experiences. The act of musicing, therefore, becomes function specific to each quadrant that lies between any two of the polarized axes. From my perspective and experience in the Balkans, this addresses the dilemma of boundary confusion between the programs, while offering a more global perspective to all music-based programs that work intentionally within the psychosocial realm of musicing. The model is a kind of logic board—and overview—for coherence in the community, and thus provides an attitude of acceptance. So before a pattern of conflict arises between worthy arts projects that do not have empirical research—and the experts who have conducted studies, it is important to understand ourselves as colleagues working in different and difficult circumstances and that our best way forward is to collaborate in a supportive framework that builds a viable and sustainable arts-based network.

Transforming the environment. The following quote from Kalmanowitz and Lloyd (1999, p. 16) coincides with the image of Vedran Smailovic (Figure 7.1) playing his cello in the middle of the blown up rubble of the National Theatre in Sarajevo, BiH. Kalmanowitz and

Lloyd, both art therapists, used the environment as a kind of “portable” studio for art to emerge in a natural relationship to the surroundings.

What we aimed to create was what we called a portable studio. This is based on the premise that the internal structure we carried with us as art therapists could allow for work to physically take place inside and outside: in the bedroom, in the dining room, on the hill, in the town dump.” (p. 23)



Figure 7.1. Vedran Smailovic, *The Cellist of Sarajevo*. Mikhail Evstafiev photograph, 1992.

This beautifully illustrates how a conceptual, but concrete, convergence of the arts and the environment could provide a working framework for all of the creative arts modalities and the populations to which they serve. That is to say, that perhaps the “inner wound” heals in direct relationship to the ability of the surrounding human environment to support that process. This is not a vision for the future, so much as it is a reminder that we are, by nature, aesthetic, and that this aesthetic is a resource to build coherence, meaning, and agency within ourselves and our community.

As allied support in the field. Humanitarian aid presents an opportunity for confrontations and encounters with the self. In the media we learn of explosive events and psychological dilemmas where returning combat soldiers face re-entry into a society that has not experienced the shock and consequences of aggressive armed combat. In the field, the foreign aid-worker is often working in a continually shifting sociopolitical landscape, and often at great risk to themselves. Disorienting dilemmas are fed to us through the media, but nothing really

prepares one for the devastation of war. Along with this, a long-term field assignment may have an accumulative, deleterious effect on an individual's ability to stabilize their perspective, to find meaning in their work and to avoid burnout (McCormack et al., 2009). This is further compounded by re-entry into the home culture where the fieldworker, once again, faces another disorienting dilemma.

Humanitarian aid projects would benefit by factoring in personal coaching or peer programs to assist fieldworkers to process their experiences and cultural inconsistencies in the field. The external benefit for this is in the overall mental health of fieldworkers, more productivity in the field, role modeling that radiates outward, and in retention of services. There is room for the creative art therapies to provide inter-subjective workshops for larger NGOs where many front-line and support staff are engaged. As much as I am opposed to adding to the consequential industry after the horrors of war, it is helpful to consider the creative arts therapies as contributing to an evolving healthy and ethical humanity in obscuring the potential for further harm.

Needs assessment: Professional scope of practice. Until I arrived in 2004, the music therapy program in BiH never stood back from itself and asked if it needed to be doing something different in the community—or, if it did, it may not have felt empowered to change the framework. Backed by funders in a distant community, it was limited in its ability to move into other sectors of the community where, in my opinion, support structures were needed. Born from the vision of Osborne who assigned clinical music therapy to the population of special needs children, the music therapy program eventually lost funding because it was operating only in that sector. Ironically, the other two programs, not being oriented to clinical approaches, were assigned to residential psychiatric facilities that housed the more challenging behaviors of youth

who were deemed to be suffering from post traumatic stress disorder. According to John MacAuslan, (personal interview, September, 2009), Warchild UK was responding to changing interests in donor behavior. Incoming funds were specifically earmarked for areas of recent conflict, and in their opinion, our work with special needs children was not a priority. For these two reasons, the charity made the decision to discontinue its support for the Music Therapy program in BiH. “Warchild did not see themselves at the time so much involved with... those who were severely handicapped with special needs of some kind or another, who were always going to need attention and were unlikely to become as self-reliant” (personal interview, September 6, 2009).

Western music therapy has excelled in the adaptive, therapeutic application of music within the theoretical frameworks of the social sciences and also the hard science of neurobiology.¹¹ Music therapy understands itself to have a wide application across many different populations, but it has not included training for some of the vast potential it claims to have. For instance, most western music therapy trainings do not have courses on multicultural competence, interventions for acute and chronic trauma, or conflict resolution. With the emergence of “music in the community” programs, and the growth of community music therapy theoretical models of practice, there is a likelihood of perceived competition, confusion in the environment, and tension between the programs because the domain of music therapy is challenged by music programs that look to the broader community/societal picture, and because music therapy needs to stretch its clinical competencies to fit broader sociological frameworks.

Music therapy literature is developing its own discourse on the effect of music on identity formation and cultural frameworks (Ruud, 1998), and community building (Ansdell, 2002;

¹¹ One could argue that physics is irrefutably entwined with music therapy, particularly those practices that involve vibroacoustics.

Pavlicevic, 2002; Stige, 2002). But literature that is specific to leadership is just beginning to emerge (Summers, 2014; Vaillancourt, 2009), which is surprising considering that leadership skills are a basic requirement in our profession.

Collaboration. Osborne's vision of a triadic force in a post-conflict period that combined a music therapy program with a community outreach program was intuitively brilliant, and has contributed to my own experiences and vision for arts-based sustainability. However, I feel his concept was unfinished, and visionary leadership over both programs was never included to develop a model of collaboration between the two. This could have enhanced mutual growth, collaboration, and enlivened the community in which they worked. So music therapists need to ask, in such post-conflict situations, "How is music therapy relevant and effective in this community and how does it align itself with other music, or arts-based groups as a congruent, cooperative community builder? And finally, the question for leadership is, under what form of leadership is this relationship mediated?" Given my experiences in program development, my understanding of Mezirow's (1985, 1994) adult learning theory, and the difficulties of being an "expert" foreigner, part of the answer to this lies in the art of dialogue with a view toward collaborative relationships and mutual empowerment between local groups and foreign groups in the shaping of a robust arts-based program—or creative arts therapies—in post conflict regions. The other more challenging part requires music therapy training programs to include social activism, collaborative mentorship, and cultural competencies as an additional way to increase possibilities to act (Ruud, 1998). This may only be possible as specific specialist training in social justice models, but requires a synthesis of everything we know with the addition of cultural sensibilities that enable us to work effectively with refugee populations, different cultural contexts, and also in difficult, emotionally-charged post conflict environments.

In the context of humanitarian work, it is important to understand that we are professional colleagues working in different and difficult circumstances and that our best way forward is to collaborate in a supportive framework that builds a viable and sustainable arts-based network. We need to do what we do best. But with lessons learned in fieldwork issues, we may be able to initiate incentives with sustainable features and an eye to the long-term establishment of arts-based networks in the region in which we are situated. The vision should be fantastic enough to raise hope and realistic enough to be actualized. Fieldworkers must be oriented as to what to expect, be supported while they are in the field, and have access to appropriate interventions as needed. And, finally, we need to continue our advocacy at all levels of international peacekeeping efforts for long-term interventions in communities in recovery after armed conflict has ended. The United States Institute for Peace (Barsalou, 2005) issued a report saying that while much has been written about PTSD, little is known as to what role trauma plays on the broader societal level. “Countries emerging from long-term conflict are troubled societies that may develop destructive social and political patterns. In such cases, fundamental psychological adjustments in individual and group identity—aided by reconstruction processes—are essential to reconciliation” (p. 4).

A working platform. In a doctoral case study (Woodward, 2011), I examined the clash of the two PMC music programs that competed for clients and funding because Warchild NL had changed the priorities of the surviving program. It was frustrating to experience the competition for clients in the community when collaboration between the two could have provided a more effective strategy for community arts programs to work together. As well as this, the provision for sustainability through local training programs was thwarted at the last moment. One of the most disappointing and frustrating features of the music therapy program in BiH was its inability

to replicate the service through locally trained personnel, and with an unemployment rate of 40%, we appeared guilty of exploiting the marginalized and vulnerable populations for our own employment. And, finally, because leadership was inconsistent, absent, and ambiguous between local ownership and foreign idealism, I suggest four sustainable governance statements to avoid confusion in the field. Leadership in arts-based community building projects, or projects that coordinate such activities, should acknowledge the following:

- 1) Reflexive forms of leadership need to be present and participate in any systemic or collaborative model using the arts for community rebuilding (See also Figure 1).
- 2) A shared understanding that all of the arts and community systems have both a specific and shared role to play in engendering empowerment within the individual and within the connective mosaic of his or her community.
- 3) The inseminating vision for this must be transparent, meaningful, and reflexively present to changing needs within the community in which it is spawned.
- 4) Mission statements, goals, and objectives support the vision and follow the framework of best practices and solid research. (Woodward, 2011, p. 29)

To operationalize this, we need to establish clinical centers with flexibility for structure and portability, to create egalitarian partnerships with local and international universities for research, to link international networks with local academic centers for professional training, to network with other arts-based programs in the community, to build credibility in the community through best practices, and, finally, to link these systems to the necessary national and federal ministries that govern culture and education. The original vision for sustainability was lost.

Empirical research in the creative art therapies is growing in the area of community restoration (Baker, 2006; Bingley, 2011; Darvin, 2009), cultural identity (Blotner, 2004; Softic, 2011), and inter-ethnic conflict transformation (Fouche & Torrence, 2011; Kirby & Shu, 2010; Robertson, 2010; Sliep et al., 2004). It is a good start, but we need to move from piecemeal measures to long-term sustainable programs in the communities in which we work.

By all accounts, the arts seem to be a wild card in society – both an ally and a renegade. And perhaps that diabolical tension is healthful in keeping a balance between freedom of expression and disciplined structure. As ‘renegade’, the creative art therapies move along a continuum of ‘shadows and light’ – a flexibility that serves the needs of our clients with PTSD so effectively. And diametrically, as ‘ally’, it is the inherent structure of wide-open accessibility that provides a safe container for a dynamic community to hear, to see, and to accept its privileged diversity. (Woodward, 2012b, p. 41)

Lessons Learned: Authenticity, Altruism, and Mindful Leadership

While living among real and metaphoric minefields (Mostar, BiH), I wondered how to create safety in a time of uncertainty, how to buoy hope without surpassing reality, how to engage buy-in for collaborative approaches without intensifying a protectionist stance, and how to foster empowerment in a community with an abhorrence for elitism. As well as this, parallel processes of cultural transition for both the community and the foreign fieldworkers and NGOs operating there, fostered misunderstandings, confusion, and antagonistic projection toward the “other.”

This may be a common experience facing humanitarian workers deployed to areas where the culture has been impacted by powerful forces of nature or by human armed conflict. The parallel experiences of culture shock and collective, cultural, psychosocial trauma is a multi-dimensional phenomenon that embraces the victims of disaster as well as its rescuers—thereby crossing multidisciplinary disciplinary fields of study. So there is no effective, singular approach to alleviating culture shock, compassion fatigue or burnout in post conflict regions—or other regions affected by a traumatic event.

Although I have illuminated some of the issues by revisiting my own experiences through the developmental psychology of Adler (1975), there is room to understand these experiences through other psychological frameworks, such that of Jung (1989) and Campbell (1968), known as deep psychology or transpersonal psychology. The aesthetic muse is given more room to

breathe in these frameworks, and it is for this reason I believe humanitarian aid needs to understand itself as having a higher, deeper and broader scope in its mission, vision and approach in disaster-impacted regions. Cultural gaps and collaborative frameworks notwithstanding, the creative arts therapies and other arts-based practices such as community music, and ethnomusicology, are well-poised and well-resourced to be involved in such missions.

Adler believed his 5-stage model might provide a realistic framework for training, orientation, or for intervention workshops toward cultural competence. At the very least, my own experiences—although experienced over a prolonged timeline—appear to give credibility to his theory. His model was a useful guideline for me to re-visit my own experiences in the field. I was able to rationalize these experiences as understandable responses to a complex, changing environment, so there is some merit in his proposition to use it in cultural competence training. Humanitarian fieldworkers are often given combat and physical fitness training before they enter dangerous areas, but psychological assault, or cultural disorientation is not given the same weight. Disintegration within deep psychological frameworks is also not a condition one can easily prepare for. However, had I known more about cross-cultural disorientation, I may have been less vulnerable to the complex social forces I encountered. And yet, to remain aloof to these forces would have meant adopting an imperialistic attitude and forfeiting the satisfaction of personal contribution. Authenticity and altruism then, requires a certain amount of fieldwork vulnerability to the disorienting experiences of cultural immersion. To do this, without getting lost in the crossfire of human desperation, however, requires a pragmatic approach to psychosocial support for fieldworkers. There is a balance to be made between empathetic altruism and sensible self care. I believe the most effective use of psychosocial support for the

humanitarian fieldworker, is during their assignment, preferably in the field where they are stationed. It is also critical for humanitarian aid organizations to develop protocols that address exit-anxiety, more deeply, with trained personnel when the assignment is finished.

As mentioned in the second chapter, organizational structures are not a specific focus to address in this dissertation, but they have been named as the most significant influence in designing and implementing safety measures for the physical and mental health of deployed staff into difficult environments (Locquercio et al., 2009). Compassion fatigue and burnout experienced at the front-line of care can be linked either directly or indirectly to those structures and to leadership functions throughout all levels of the organization. Given the great number of stressors that inhabit the culture of humanitarian aid and which may affect mission effectiveness, it is important to grasp how effective leadership at all levels of the organization can increase resilience in teams.

Leading the Way

Although it requires a societal will to develop, Gardner (2008) proposes a mindful, disciplined approach to leadership through building our intellectual and social capacities to move humanity forward. His book *5 Minds for the Future* proposes a theoretical framework for transformational leadership that requires us to expand the capacity of our minds through three major cognitive forms: discipline, synthesis, and creativity, and two relations-oriented practices: respect and ethics—all of which are life-long learning achievements that must be supported through education and community systems.

The transformational leader creates a compelling narrative about the mission of her organization or polity; embodies that narrative in her own life; and is able, through persuasion and personal example, to change the thoughts, feelings, and behaviours of those whom she seeks to lead. (Gardner, 2008, p. 7)

Gardner's (2008) conceptual framework calls upon us to educate and develop skills and abilities in these five areas to build capacity within our institutional structures and our community and family life through respectful, ethical relationships in a diverse and multi-cultural world. This proposes a major shift in thinking and a complex challenge for educational systems, however, because it is a value-based construct that may ironically engage conflicting viewpoints, rather than eliminate conflict through debate and respectful dialogue. And it may usher in a paradigmatic dissonance with traditional thinking in the educational framework. But Gardner's model speaks to the potential to evolve into a respectful society where ethics, skill, intelligence, creativity, and respect are a standard expectation, not only for leadership, but also for a mode of constructive societal conduct. The salient point to connect Gardner's approach to arts-based leadership and transformation in humanitarian efforts, is that discipline, creativity, and synthesis are well-developed cognitive forms in arts-based practices. If we revisit altruism as an embedded feature of humanity—in particular the creative arts therapists and other arts-based practices such as ethnomusicology and community-trained musicians, for instance, an arts-based leader may have a well-developed capacity for Gardner's theoretical construction of beneficent transformational leadership. And further to this, the views of Knippenberg (2011), Mohr (2011), and Gardner (2008) offer a coherent framework for leadership in that they each implicitly, or explicitly, have acknowledged that creativity, reflexivity, and embodied aesthetic intelligence are essential ingredients for transformational leadership.

Altruism Through the Eyes of Freire (1998)

There was much to celebrate in my immersion into another culture as much as there was that confounded and challenged me. Freire (1998) sums this up with the sentiment that one's belongingness to the world and with others in the world is a constituent element of who one is.

“It’s the position of one who struggles to become the subject and maker of history and not simply a passive, disconnected object” (p. 55). It is impossible to be passive in fieldwork, whether it is seen as detrimental to the environment or seen as a contribution. Fieldwork is active, and Freire believes in the fundamental notion that we have a profound etiological impact on the immediate environment and upon our own destiny.

The further I contemplate the nature of leadership, the more I consider the nature of its authentic, seminal relationship to change. From my own experience, leadership is like a musical improvisation. Freire (1998) adds to the point that the basis for skilled leadership rests upon tacit knowledge, and learning through doing—as much as it rests upon the application of approaches and theories. His concept of *conscientization* is the critical awareness necessary to deepen our knowledge and “capacity for epistemological curiosity” in the world (p. 55). And since art is an aesthetic expression of—and mirror for—the internal environment of personal feelings, core values and beliefs, perspectives and inspiration, it is also an avenue for awareness, the unfolding self (Freire, 1998), and change. In many ways, just as we are all artists, we are also (all) teachers, leaders, and change agents. Perhaps, exploring the nature of the relationship of change to leadership is akin to exploring whether the chicken came before the egg. Whichever way we proceed, the arts have been used as tools for leaders and followers who have availed themselves as catalysts, healing agents, provocateurs, inspirational motivators, or as an everyday boost for validation and affirmation through difficult life transitions.

Much of my own experience and concern around ethical and altruistic leadership behavior is how professional and administrative loneliness impeded my perspective on personal and professional boundaries and the need for collegiate support in the field. As stated in the prologue, to lead authentically and ethically in these difficult periods is often messy and

uncomfortable. Leadership, especially in a foreign culture, is a lonely post. So if those of us who inspire others also need, by natural law, to be inspired, where do we turn to fill our own cup, and how do we sustain civic, moral courage in these messy times? As a leader what resources can we find within ourselves to carry us through very difficult and challenging periods?

What resources we call upon when unexpected circumstances or cultural influences confound our interpretation of events and therefore potentially sweep the carpet out from under our feet depends upon what we learned while walking through the gauntlet, the values that sustained us and others in that process, and how closely aligned our intentions are to a collective understanding of what is needed. And, finally, new approaches and theories in the discourse on leadership show that we are moving through a new age of understanding in the reciprocal act of leading. We have a fresh appreciation for sharing responsibility, inviting creativity and empowering followers. Leadership may be messy as we move through transition—ours, and theirs—but it does not need to be a lonely post.

Final Connections: Myth Metaphor and Allegory

We but mirror the world. All the tendencies present in the outer world are to be found in the world of our body. If we could change ourselves, the tendencies in the world would also change. As a man changes his own nature, so does the attitude of the world change towards him. This is the divine mystery supreme. A wonderful thing it is and the source of our happiness. We need not wait to see what others do. (Gandhi, 1958, p. 241)

Myth, Metaphor, and Allegory

Myth, metaphor, and allegory have been used extensively in the previous chapters as meaningful and accessible referents within which to explore meaning in my experiences. I have relied heavily on the import of symbolism in these frameworks to consider a broader perspective to the solipsistic process of writing a personal narrative. On this point Campbell (1968) offers this, “In the dream the forms are quirked by the peculiar troubles of the dreamer, whereas in myth the problems and solutions shown are directly valid for all mankind” (p. 19). Campbell’s extensive exploration of the mythic hero helps us to understand the purpose of myth in elevating the common experience to the noble, and in shifting the objective world to one which appears transformed.

The use of the symbolism in metaphor as a personal resource is found in the epistemology of Depth Psychology. According to Chalquist (n.d.),¹² Depth Psychology explores the relationship between the conscious and the unconscious and considers that all psychological activity “arises from a base of fantasy or image” (see footnote 12, para. 4). It assigns the interplay of the dynamic forces between mind and matter to the psyche, which is an active participant in both generating and responding to mytho-poetic symbolism. In this way then, myth, metaphor and allegoric tales offer the “richness and wonder of humanity played out in symbolic, thematic and patterned storytelling.” (see footnote 12, para. 4). Stephen Aizenstat

¹² <http://www.pacifica.edu/unique-to-pacifica/ma-phd-depth-psychology-gainful-employment>

(2010),¹³ the founding President of Pacifica Graduate Institute, an academic center for postgraduate studies in mythology, explains the ethos of depth psychology this way:

[it is] the activation of the human imagination; the place in which stories come from which inspiration arises, the place of mythology, the place of the great works in literature, that which comes forward in culture, so depth psychology takes as its second move, the exploration and the encouragement of the imagination. . . . Depth Psychology is relevant to today's world in that we are all asked to see the social, political and economic realities that face us in our daily life and certainly in societal affairs. We are asked to look at those with a perceptive eye towards what lives behind, what motivates our actions and our behavior. [It] is a way of seeing, a way of being as much as it is an academic discipline. . . . [of] that which lives beneath the institutions, the structures and the behavior from which we are all a part of and which we all grow out of.

Personal Narrative Through Allegory

It is generally believed that Antoine Sainte-Exupery (1943) created the allegory of *The Little Prince* through his own frustration of not being understood or valued as a child. But the little prince may have succeeded in transforming his world, and the worlds of others, simply by asking the questions, by being present, by shifting the way others saw themselves—or by being a friend. The allegory illustrates transitional experiences, not only for the little prince, but also for those with whom he connected. “He was only a fox like a hundred thousand other foxes. But I have made a friend, and now he’s unique in all the world” (p. 70). Subjecting himself to the lethal poison, although odd, seemed like the ultimate surrender to an inevitable conclusion. Leaving the desert made his time there—the lessons—special. They would be remembered, not nullified in ubiquitous mediocrity. His own transformation would not be complete until he returned to his own planet—his own rose. And so it was for me. In the spring of 2007, when I wrote my letter to the little prince (see *Alchemy, Ambiguity, and the Aesthetic*), I was

¹³ <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-gSBZoCO8dA> (43 second mark to 1:50)

unconsciously preparing to leave BiH and determined that my experiences would carry meaning beyond my own memory of them.

Metaphor and Transitions

The problem of giraffeness—Giraffes look odd because they are odd—they are on their way somewhere else. They are not finished. (Ibbotson, 2008, p. 130)

Although it was not made explicit, the notion of incompleteness and being unfinished was a pervasive theme that followed me through the writing of this dissertation. The work of Freire (1998) and that of Ibbotson (2008) has contributed to the emergence of this theme, as they each perceive humanity as being incomplete—in motion somewhere along an evolutionary path. In his *Illusion of Leadership*, Ibbotson (2008) uses the ungainliness of giraffes to point out that, much like their unlikely form, we must also be travelling along an evolutionary continuum of creative emergence. Through metaphor, Ibbotson obliquely refers to the irrepressible creativity that is part of our developmental journey. Freire (1998), on the other hand, refers to an ethical process of human kind—one that involves a struggle between opposite ends of the ethical and, sometimes, emotional pole as we strive toward creating a decent, moral society. “It is unknown for lions to cowardly murder lions...and afterwards to visit the families to offer them their condolences” (Freire, 1998, p. 53). Beyond this, he makes the point that, unlike the animal world, human existence is all about the awareness of, and acting upon, the human capacity to make (the world) either beautiful or ugly. Here, he speaks of our ethical character and the nature of hope and that, while things may be terrible, we can intervene to make them better.

For Freire (1998), ethical behaviour is part of our unfinished process, one that may inherit bias, and must be consciously engaged in the struggle as we strive toward creating a decent, ethical society. It is an inherently human imperative to intervene creatively in our world, but in that intervention, we are obliged to meet divisions and obstacles, calling forth a need for

conscientization, an essential, but natural state for humanity to understand its unfinishedness. The process of reaching the profound understanding that one is unfinished implicates an emotional engagement and maturation with one's environment and an immutable membership to a larger framework of humankind's evolutionary processes. Freire demands an active, conscious humanity to see itself as an evolving entity—one that must be engaged in the compassionate development of its own membership. Although Freire may despair at careless, self-serving interests, there is nowhere to observe the application of human engagement so readily than in the comprehensive area of humanitarian aid work. Ironically, humanitarian aid work is necessary to offset the brutal impact of armed conflict—the antithesis of all that Freire stands for.

Evolving Leadership

In the same manner, but on an individual level, Binns (2008) makes explicit the notion of becoming in leadership. Freire (1998) conceptualizes the individual in the context of society at large where the prime directive is to become a conscious and intentional, ethical specie. And Ibbotson (2008) looks at the creative imperative in individuals within an improvisational collective that implies we are slowly enacting different ways to be in our unfinishedness.) Transformational leadership theories therefore infer an active state of motion that is present also within the embodied transformational inner work of leaders. It is not a description about a discreet event that happens in a particular framework of time. It is an ongoing process within each individual. The process of interpreting my log journals, dreams, and GIM sessions within Adler's transitional experiences model revealed a progression of thinking and being that was, and is, unfinished.

Relational Leadership

Binns (2008) uses the term “embodied reflexivity” to “describe this ongoing project of self-knowledge and self-transformation underpinning relational leading” (p. 601). Because relationships can be happenstance and occur throughout the lifespan in short- and long-term encounters, one can take them for granted, as a *fait accomplis*—a normal condition of life. I learned that being relational was basic to robust mental and emotional health, and also to getting things done. I learned that it is often messy and not pleasant because the existential forces of relational encounters can be confrontations with core beliefs about the self. And, I have begun to understand, now, how feminists have debated the devaluing of feminine characteristics that are overlooked when considering transformation without an appreciative assessment for the glue that holds an organization together—that is, through the meaning perspectives of its employees and their relational abilities in working together.

Binn (2008) echoes my sentiments in my own journey, that leading is an “ambiguous and unfinished” process (p. 601). The relational nature of therapy work, brought me to consider how music therapy, in its cultural framework, can be the glue that connects different ways of musicing in a community rebuilding itself—reconnecting in new ways of being and relating. In this instance I am projecting what Ruud (1998) has referred to as “rewiring” of the individual (p. 28) to a more complex “rewiring” of an entire community. Music alone cannot do this but I still believe it should be part of the cultural glue in the rebuilding process.

In *Alchemy, Ambiguity, and the Aesthetic*, I revealed the working plans of a consortium of four independent arts-based NGOs with whom I was working toward a collaborative community-outreach model in BiH. The model formed the framework of a feasibility study I conducted in 2010 in BiH, but which I chose not to include in the dissertation because of its

complexity, and its focus on empowerment through action research. The impetus, however, to envision a collaborative model evolved from the disappointing disconnection between the two distinct music programs that were envisioned as a symbiotic model by Osborne at the genesis of the Pavarotti Music Centre (PMC), but operationalized as two separate entities with no guiding framework in place.

Leadership Muse: The Chair

Although life is lived concretely, the meaning of it, for me, is better expressed through myth and metaphor. Metaphors have travelled with me throughout the dissertation. The meaning of my potent encounter with the chair in 2003 during a guided imagery and music session was immediately and existentially significant. But in concrete terms it may have been showing me how my over-identification with my work as a music therapist needed to be reframed. My role, then, consumed my identity to the extent that the mere mention of music therapy was like calling my name over a loud speaker. The chair's explicit meaning eludes concretization, but I have come to consider it to be the work that yet needs to be done—far more than I, alone, can do. While in Bosnia and Herzegovina, the survival and stability of the program superseded my self-interest and my position, and it was—and still is, a freeing perspective. However unusual it might be to use a chair as my personal metaphor, it is a useful and healthy place, to reframe my work.

It illuminates the (now) essence of my leadership as well. It is not my prerogative to impose my view, or to accept the accolades that accompany a leadership role, but to ensure the service has authenticity, is warranted, and is sustainable. Where the image fails to assist me, is in defining the critical role relationship plays in the delivery of services. But in itself, the import of the image provides a direction. As mentioned previously, I have learned that my relational

style is thematic in both my personal and my professional life. However, the image reveals me rejecting the expectations of others to ensure the chair takes its rightful place in the order of things. In determining my own role—that which was not expected by others—the evolving imagery recognized my decision to hoist the chair on my back, as the only right action to take.

Is the Narrative Complete?

The methodology of autoethnography, itself requires some commentary because, like impressionistic art, the narrative feels unfinished. It was my intent to allow the cultural and environmental tones to provide a background landscape while unravelling the converging involvement of internal and external “voices” in the music therapy program in the Balkans—in particular its silent, but salient, struggle with sustainability as revealed through the reflections and memories of Osborne, Ritchie (personal interviews, September 7–9, 2009), and myself. The evolving narrative illuminated other elements, such as role confusion of the different programs, and foreign/local conflicts that contributed to rebellion in the teams, that need to be addressed if future missions should take place. The cultural mosaic and its relationship to the ecology of the area, is so much part of the whole, that it was necessary to have this essence present in this study. I had to choose which events and posts to illuminate in the fourth chapter, and in choosing one over the other, the flavor colored the next step and so there were many possible narratives, but the essence of my experiences as a journey through a particular period in time, remained intact.

Reviewing My Interface With the Collective Culture

Being here has changed me in profound ways. It will take a long time to process the effect Mostar and its people have had on me. But I know that I see the world differently now. It's not possible to look into the face of mass grief and not be affected at deep levels. (interview, May 10, 2007)

In the years since Adler (1975) constructed his precise view of the stages of inner transformation, the benign concept of culture shock has become buried beneath the more tragic

events of the last four decades and the collective perception about trauma on individuals, communities, and society in general. In my view, the psychological pain of trauma quite rapidly replaced how we perceived culture shock as a way of thinking about challenging events that happen along the lifespan of an individual, or a collective social group. Collective culture shock and collective trauma have been referenced interchangeably in the literature, but may be experienced by individuals within a social group in different ways, depending upon the social context. I have come to view culture shock as a disturbing chronic condition resulting from a post-conflict society in transition from one political and economic reality to another, and which contains a severe permanent loss of shared contextual frameworks that inform cultural identity. Individuals in this collective maintain the shock through a shared memory of the events and a coercive attitude in keeping that memory alive. Collective chronic trauma, however, describes different intrasubjective events within the same social collective that are the consequences of severe tragedies of war, and also has no means to recover from the deep psychological wounds that were inflicted upon its membership. From my perspective and my personal contact from within its boundaries, this society was transiting through both collective chronic culture shock and collective chronic trauma. It is in this nexus of transitional forces that humanitarian fieldworkers may be in danger of losing themselves.

Repatriating to My Home Culture

As a foreigner, I could not avoid taking on some of the projection, and being an object upon which blame and suspicion was cast. In my first GIM session that followed my return to my home culture in early 2008, the imagery found the poison.

The huge army boot plods upriver in the mud—becomes a slithering amphibian/snake that slithers up onto a rock...becomes a ghostly flower. Black and white flowers appear

and open one at a time. Can't touch with human hands. Human lips singing—open like the flowers were. Blowing smoke—gushing out with force—becomes part of the clouds...grieving, accepting woman's voice conveys 'that's the way it is'. Woman is strong, sad and passionate. Smoke keeps flowing out of mouth —streaming out. Some images of stone house are not real—don't tell story. Stuff still coming out of woman's mouth. Face turns into skull with mouth-teeth wide open. Smoke and stuff still pouring out. (GIM session notes, February, 2008)

The appearance of the snake and the symbolism of the stream of smoke coming out of the mouth seemed self-evident at that time, in spite of the fact the smoke had no immediate emotional trigger or attachment to my reality in Canada. But I believed, like Jung, that the image had symbolic meaning that lived in a different part of my knowing self. As I had mentioned in the fourth chapter, I was advised by my clinical supervisor that poison in, needs to come out. Over time I had become aware that there was an accumulative effect of my prolonged involvement in this complex culture as I was beginning to experience a degree of bitterness, paranoia and burnout (McCormack et al., 2009). But after this session, I was no longer plagued by disruptive dreams, and subsequent GIM sessions showed imagery that was life-giving and hopeful.

Ecology of the Soul in a Borrowed Culture

The movements of earth, its slow wayward behaviour, ramble with a unique grace that would take lifetimes for our frantic human lives to experience. But to enter into it is the task, to understand something of its weight and gravity—that it is dynamic, imaginative, shifting as we speak—that within its sheerness our body might realize...a fathomless immanence, a quality of character, a surrounding presence that is creature earth. (Cochrane, 2014, p.189)

*And all the while, as it has done for eons, high up in the mountains
beyond Mostar an emerald green river emerges into life from higher up in the*

limestone hills and gathers momentum as it narrowly carves its way through a short steep canyon. Its behaviour is erratic in a feminine mystique kind of way—sometimes serene and peaceful—and at other times it is raging, relentless and vindictive. It is in this “mood” that it wildly races through Mostar, slicing the city decisively into two ethnic halves. It gives no peace until it widens and glides past Opesun, a small fishing village 30 km away, in what is now Croatia.

Gliding serenely past this town, the river becomes a peaceful respite for a weary wanderer—or at least it feels so.

In winter the Bura¹⁴ changes direction, gathers strength and sweeps into the Neretva valley from the north with a speeding freight train force that keeps small children indoors, and a bitter intense cold that bites through stone walls, leaving few places to find warmth or comfort. In summer the intensity shifts to a breezeless, blistering heat that dries up the skin, sucks the moisture out of the air and drives citizens to the coast for respite in the cool Adriatic Sea.

The river has stayed true to its course since the first Slavic settlers moved into this valley some 700 years ago—and the Illyrians and Romans a millennium before that. Controlled now by dams further upstream, its erratic path through the valley has no consistency as it slices through the craggy limestone mountain passes, creating deep pools and eddies for the local youth to jump into and swim during the teeming hot summer days.

The river currents and the wind were not to blame for the two horrific wars of 91 and 92—but they give voice to the rumbling, relentless and intense nature of the culture

¹⁴ The local name for the fierce winter wind.

that resides along its banks in the middle of a wind tunnel that channels the cold northern air down through the mountain valleys. One wonders if the river influences the behavior of the peoples who live in this place; disturbing the psyche like a subterranean preconscious archetype. The palpable undercurrent of interethnic tension, coupled with charming, light-hearted spontaneity and peaceful interludes, does seem to have a restless existence as a “whole” energy system in itself—perhaps conceived through the centuries and generations of invading cultures and political/religious shifts rather than the geophysical vagaries of the land and climate. Perhaps they are related. Like people everywhere, we are of the land in which we live. If the land does not sustain us, we move—as our nomadic forefathers did, or we acquiesce to its vagaries and, like heather in the high craggy altitudes, Eskimos in a sea of ice, or nomads in the desert, we survive.

It is no surprise to me that the connective, unifying thread, that gave me strength, patience and perspective, was the landscape of Bosnia and Herzegovina. In almost every corner of this country, I found similarities to my home province of British Columbia, a rich and diverse environment of mountains, deserts, canyons, and seaside. In my postgraduate thesis (Woodward, 1998), founded in the principles of general systems theory, I state that all things are always in relationship, all events—large and small, known and unknown—impact on the environment, and that it is a physiological fact that we are vibrational beings in a vibrating universe. This is an embodied truth by which I experience my world. And although this dissertation did not emphasize this particular thread, it is present in many of the chapters, and it is present in how I interpret events, circumstances, and human behavior. It is also not a surprise that much of my work has evolved in sympathetic synchronicity with the work of Kenny (1989, 2003), who frequently speaks of nature as present and resonant in each of us. In this Kenny’s mentorship of

my doctoral process also resonates within a mutually shared kinship to the environment—
however we may define that in our personal framework.

The forest represents my journey through life. It is my life. I walk through the forest and I can feel the soft ground under my feet. I can hear the birds, other creatures. I'm not alone. I can touch the rich moss, reminding me that life can sustain itself. The triangle is the soft rain which replenishes me constantly. (Kenny, 2003, para. 40)

It is Kenny's relationship to nature that informs and guides her in all things, and therefore is intrinsic and inspirationally grounding in her mentorship. An ecological approach to life requires the individual to behold life—to bear witness and to participate in that witnessing.

Ecological thinking is a way of being. My particular relational way of being, of feeling, thinking, and acting, is connected in many different fields and practices, and qualified me as a systems thinker before I knew there was a term for it. And this is possibly why I perceive potential links in disparate realities that escape those of my colleagues and of my staff who are focused in the “here-and-now” of their lives and routine. It sometimes means that I am paradoxically alone in a web of connections that I sense is not so disparate at all. It takes time and patience to make these connections visible and possible for others to perceive. Perhaps this is the mania behind most artists—those that have a well-developed imagination, and little use for convention.

Most of all—above my own identification with the landscape of BiH—I felt the reflexive connection of the people to their land. This indescribable link seemed embedded and beneath the indignity of naming it. Ancestry of almost everyone who lived here could be traced back for centuries. Political territories that were parsed in the Dayton Accord in 1995 did not seem to affect the existential connection to the spirit of the land as much as the terror of landmines may have. So the land itself, and the music, seemed embedded in the essence of my experience in BiH—where I, too, felt involved in an ancient continuity that had a mythology of its own. And I

wondered, as I explored the mountains and valleys in different areas of BiH, how it was that the local people did not also come out to celebrate this natural legacy. But for me, it was this area of land on the planet that connected me to a more integral, familiar perspective—one that involves deep listening.

Ecopsychology is a phenomenological branch of Depth Psychology and it explores, elucidates, and describes our relationship to nature. Cochran (2014) writes about geological forces that impact on human consciousness as a dynamic way of being and of seeing the changing, breathing, straining, loosening of a scale of earth-movement that is beyond “our fearful confinement of the human ego” (p. 177). He refers to earth as a creature that inhabits the underworld of our conscious perception and one that our embodied wisdom seeks to be in tune with as a geologic force in and of itself.

My graduate thesis (Woodward, 1998) acknowledged our integral connection to our immediate environment, and that in institutional care facilities, there is little aesthetic meaning in the sound that is recognizable as a natural human habitat. There is little reason for our clients to come out of their inner environment to engage with their external environment. In a hermeneutic exploration of my own sound experience, I developed the “aesthetic continuum,” a diagrammatic continuum of our client’s reflexive, aesthetic engagement to the environment through sound. Without meaningful engagement with the external environment, we become disembodied and isolated—disconnected from our own life force.

I walk, as though a ghost, along the narrow cobbled streets in old town. I can feel the bulging curve of the polished cobbles under my sandals. (“These are far more sensible for this street than those silly pointed high heels the local women wear,” I think to myself) I walk slowly, carefully, over the slippery stones and climb up the ramp of

starimost, the reconstructed old bridge, and see the usual group of young men preparing to jump into the swift, cold current 65 feet below us. You can feel the excitement building as one flexes his muscles and stretches his arms out—focused--poised to leap—a tease routine for the tourists—cameras at the ready. As the crowd stirs in anticipation, I feel the hot sun boring through my cotton blouse on this windless day. I am aware that it is not completely opaque. (The men here do love to watch women. I have learned not to mind the swift, practiced appraisals in this patriarchal culture, but I have also learned to take more pride in my appearance) Ah, as expected, the guy standing on the ledge getting the crowd warmed-up, steps away. He is now being replaced by the one who will take the leap. The one who waited in the shadows—watching. I know the routine—enough money has been collected to proceed. I move on past the perplexed people. They will soon see what they came for.

Over the course of my journals, and in my doctoral dissertation, my writing evolved from the enthusiastic optimism of an observer to a more embodied presence in the community. From the buoyed and enthusiastic openness of my first journals and blog posts to deeper, more thoughtful reflections at home in Canada, I have noticed the developing insider view of events in my borrowed culture. Mostar lives on in my visceral memory. I can feel the dry air, smell the daily freshly baked *kruh* in the local *pekara*, see the young male divers preen for the crowds, and I can hear the muezzin call for prayers whenever I think of it. But I end with a post that was to begin this chapter. Endings precede a new beginning—and that was never so apparent as in this posting from October 2007.

The Journey Continues

It is October 2007—and I am on a train from London to Somerset. I love these monsters that speed across the landscape —and as the landscape keeps shifting, a silent movie screen glides past my window. Like my dreams and memories of the past four years, the images fade into a mirage of scenery and vague impressions. In retrospect the jumbled images of my dreams now make more sense—but still they come, like left-over clutter from the dream dust of almost forgotten images from another life. Another reality. I am hurtling through space on a train in the middle of here—not here. It feels like nowhere. I have no map and I don't know where I am going. But I feel free. Just a few months ago, the nine-year legacy of clinical music therapy in BiH ended. The last British pound of funding was gone. I am still numb from the echo of that day—the degrading, untrue accusation—the ultimate humiliation of being escorted through the back door with my personal objects in a box. Documentation, reports, and vulnerable clients left without closure—all became immediate history. It is too soon to speak of this out loud for the shame of it. But one day I will find the words...

Ambiguity, doubt and movement continued to follow me throughout the next six years of my doctoral journey. Unknown events and further personal circumstances slowed my doctoral progress. I learned that BiH made me less resilient and more vulnerable to being traumatized by other circumstances while I slowly repatriated back into my home country—not certain where my geological soul belonged. But to quote Maya Angelou (1993) who said, “Wouldn't take nothing for my journey now”—I could not agree more.

Summation

Many of us do not know of what we are capable until we find ourselves in a tempest, and

in that turmoil, the best and the worst of our nature are in contest. That is to say, the extreme corners of our leadership potential may lie dormant until tested in unusual circumstances. Stable, personal resources are needed when unexpected circumstances, cultural influences, or hidden shadows in our own psyche confound our interpretation and challenge the vision, mission, and direction we thought we were headed. From my own experience, the ship's journey was halted, and never completed its mission. So whether we are energized to lead through an inspired vision from within, or navigating our way through chaotic forces and unexpected circumstances, we are challenged by the environment, the culture, and the intergroup dynamics as well as our own emotional triggers and ethical struggles that inform our progress along the way.

Ibbotson (2008) states that “nothing comes from nothing” (p. 5), inferring that creative manifestations involve shape-shifting, borrowing or hammering something together from something else. Ibbotson provides an evolutionary perspective of creativity that involves making choices to suspend the process in certain ways, or to develop it, or to be absent at points along the way. He points out that sleeping lions influence animal behaviour around them when they are asleep, as much as they do when they are hunting. Either way, a choice is made, and no “thing” is isolate. Active or inactive; there, or not there, the “thing” has an affect on the space around it and “the nature of something else” behaves differently because of it.

From this I infer that concepts are possible realities that are fashioned together in our imagination from bits and pieces of our experiences, core values, concrete and tacit knowledge, and belief systems. As Ibbotson implies, a conceptual vision does not emerge from nothing and does not remain in a stagnate state. It not only evolves and behaves in certain ways because of specific actions or circumstances; it also evolves when there is an absence of action or circumstances, albeit in a different manner. Giving life and form to a concept requires a specific

kind of charismatic, alchemic energy and from my own observation, a creative visionary often leaves the scene after its fiery birth to move onto other conceptual landscapes. Absent or present, there is an echo of the vision left behind—something has been changed, and life moves on in new forms of systemic development. And so, sleeping lions are always present in the ecosystem and impact on it by the presence of their activity, or lack of it. Some animal or another might live another day, give birth, or become another's meal because of it. Life in the jungle has a rhythm and it moves on. A sniper turns to pick up his canteen and have a cigarette, and so the silent and stealthy victim he was waiting to catch, crosses the street and slips safely into the shadows once again. I believe something significant changed because of my presence, and also because of my absence. Only in returning might I find clues as to how each was beneficial, or not. A former client, and the actress/facilitator of our professional development day with *The Little Prince* (Sainte-Exupery, 1943), posted this on her own Facebook page:

Alpha, have no fear! Your teachings of how to fight stress and the fear of attempting change and taking risks through Guided Imagery with Music were one of my means of surviving and finding ways to move on—and not hate! Combination of GIM and Forum Theatre has brought me a long way! You are a muse of internal harmony and perseverance, a good fairy-god mother to me! take care of yourself wherever you are! (H. Mouratidou, July 19, 2014)

Like the little prince, I travelled far, asked many questions, took many chances, and felt the metaphoric bite of poison, but as important as any of these, I also made a friend.

The canvas was not empty when we came as “helpers” into this deeply complicated country. So the most engaging of all is the backdrop of the culture within which this historical/ethnographic portrait reveals and indulges itself in its multi-textual mosaic of idealism and the unfinished destiny of a music therapy project. The paradox of an unfulfilled legacy is that it leaves behind a bitter hope that—like a willful river—the journey will continue on its own adventure, fuelled by the same faith and values that spawned the original vision, but perhaps on

different roads and rivers and with different passengers aboard. How do we, as a group of professionals, view this turbulent journey that inspired so many of us who travelled along its path? For some it was a small period of their time—no more no less. For others it was a transformational watermark in their personal and professional lives as music therapists and social activists. Is the journey of music therapy in BiH unfinished—waiting like a sleeping lion for the sun to rise and a new day to give it life and a fresh start—or did it come to its natural ending back in 2007? Can we pass forward the lessons this journey taught us?

Appendix

Appendix A

List of Definitions

The Balkan Wars	Two violent separate armed conflicts were triggered when the constituent republics splintered into separate countries. Every township in B
BMGIM	Bonny Method of Guided Imagery and Music. A specific psychotherapeutic approach that conducts music-centred therapy with clients who are in a relaxed state of awareness.
Bosnia and Herzegovina (BiH)	In 1991 The Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina (BiH) became a country. It splintering off from the former Yugoslavia was one of the factors that contributed to the Balkan wars of 1991 and 1992.
Creative Arts Therapies	(CATs) A family of therapeutic modalities that share similar objectives and understandings of the import of nonverbal symbolic representation in the therapeutic process.
Data	Personal Material:
Blog Posts	A public web page where pictures were uploaded and reflections posted beside the pictures. This was a creative process and each blog post had its own name and theme.
Constructed Dialogue	A dialogue that is based on a topic that has been discussed in similar dialogues, or one that is constructed based on known characteristics, behaviours of the participants.
Constructed Experience	Creative reconstruction of an experience built on the recollection of several similar experiences, not just one particular one.
Dream material	Dreams that were intense and remembered were logged with as much detail as possible.
Journal Posts	Diary entries of thoughts, feelings about anything that might happen in a day. There were 3 log books over a 2 year period. Log books and professional notes were not available.
BMGIM or GIM	Recorded sessions and personal reflections of imagery that was experienced during a GIM sessions. Referred to as the Bonny Method of Guided Imagery and Music; a particular psychotherapeutic method of accessing inner (or subconscious) material using music and imagery.
Recollections	Some vignettes are written from a conscious memory of a particular event, situation, or exchange.
Don Tezzi (pseudonym)	A complex, charismatic and popular local journalist, known for his intelligence, multilingual fluency, incorruptible courage, and striking wit.

Ian Ritchie	Was a colleague and friend of Nigel Osborne who was instrumental in coordinating the design and building of the PMC. It was he, who ensured the plans for a purpose built wing for music therapy were carried out. Over the years he made several trips to Mostar to assist with, and to help fund, various music projects in the area.
John McAusland	Was a part-time volunteer for Warchild, but also an Administrative Director from the National Art Gallery who kindly offered his philanthropic support and assistance to the music therapy program in Mostar, BiH. It was because of his volunteerism on behalf of our program, that we received consistent attention from Warchild UK. Without this, the program would likely have failed.
Mahala	A district in Mostar that occupies a long and narrow strip along the west bank of the Neretva River on the west side of the river. People who live in this area of the city are affectionately referred to as Mahalusa – which categorizes their tendency to gossip. Since I lived in this district, my friends teased me by calling me Mahalusa.
Mostar	A geographically divided community of about 110,000 citizens. It is known for its famous 450 year old bridge that was built by the Turks in 1566. The citizens are comprised mainly of Croats (Catholic) who tend to live on the west side of the river, and Bozniaks (Muslim) peoples who live on the east side. Prior to the war there were 10 bridges that spanned the Neretva River—all of which were destroyed during the war. It is in this city that the Pavarotti Music Centre was founded at the end of the wars in 1998.
Musers	Music Therapy Education and Research Society. This was our official name after we achieved NGO status in 2005.
Nigel Osborne	A brilliant composer and beloved teacher at the University of Edinburgh. Considered by locals to be the founder of music therapy in BiH. He was responsible for gathering a team of experts to design and implement the music programs at the PMC. He established and mentored a community music team made up of local young people, and made provision for a music therapy department which was to be run by international professional music therapists.

NGO	A nongovernmental organization. There were several operating in BiH. These organizations, were not governed or coordinated by outside structures.
PMC	The Pavarotti Music Centre built in 1998 by Warchild (WC) founders, David Wilson and Bill Leeson, who had been in the area operating a bread-baking delivery during the war. Funds were proceeds from a DVD made by Pavarotti, Eno and David Bowie, they were able to build a state of the art recording and music centre in the heart of Mostar. It opened with Pavarotti, himself, present. Warchild owned 49% of the PMC and the other 51% was owned by the City of Mostar.
The 'Team'	The music therapy team was comprised of three international music therapists and three local assistants who were also interpreters in the music therapy sessions. In 2005, two local music therapy interns who had trained in Stockholm, Sweden, joined the team.
Team Assistants	Functioned as interpreters in most clinical sessions. They coordinated the complex schedule with the schools and agencies in the community and liaised with the appropriate personnel in those communities. When we were interviewed on local TV or radio, provided workshops in the community, or set up meetings with local government officials, the assistants would also interpret these events.
Team Leader	My function as Team Leader was to oversee the daily running of the office and team. I was in charge of budgets, clinical outreach strategies and the program's positioning in the community.
Warchild NL (WCnl)	A Charity based in the Netherlands. This entity sends humanitarian fieldworkers to challenging areas to defend the rights of children and youth in high risk situations. Warchild NL took over the music programs of the PMC two years after its opening.
Warchild UK (WCuk)	Founded the PMC in Mostar with funds raised from a DVD made by Pavarotti, Brian Eno, David Bowie and friends. After two years in BiH, it was discovered the funds had been gravely mishandled and Warchild had to withdraw from BiH and reconstruct its funding base. If Warchild NL had not intervened, the PMC would have had to close. Over the years it stretched its operations into several other countries, sending fieldworkers into difficult and dangerous regions.

Appendix B

Matrix of Personal Journal Posts

Outline Title of Dream/Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
GIM	2003	GIM imagery described in document 'GIM' in dropbox – eschewing the title of 'king'.		King/Honor/Duty	
	2004	Journal is missing.	1	Honor/Duty Feeling special	Year 1 -
Dream	Feb 1, 2005	Strong dream – Don, Amir and I – long and complicated dream. Don choked on food and couldn't dislodge it – pummelled him on the back – karate kicked him on the back – but I felt weak. I could not put enough strength into the kick. Got frantic. I didn't have enough strength – then an image of someone folding his army uniform.	2	Helplessness	Had just come back from Vancouver – beginning of 2 nd year.
	Feb 28, 2005	I am a bit confused. This year is not the same as last year, but I knew that I came into this year with my eyes wide open. But I had not anticipated not having access to the friends I had last year.	2	Confused	Still integrating into the community
	March 4, 2005	"A day where everything was frustrating around communication and getting things done. Pouring with rain – incessant all day. Went to Trebinje only to find one client. Computer broke down.	2		
	March 10	Stayed home from work today - exceptionally lethargic. Headache – left work early last night. Slept most of day. Feel depressed – but its about the changes lately – moving was more of a shake-up than I thought it would be. I feel really displaced maybe that is why I am sick – or have this lethargy. Been expending a lot of energy in places I don't get any return – meaning – people.			
Who Is Driving The Bus	March 10, 2005	Long dream – see journal book entry. Riding a bus with strangers, confusion, helplessness, vulnerability, needing others. Loss of identity and the familiar. Uncertainty about direction/purpose.	2	Helplessness, vulnerability	Feeling a distancing in personal friendships. Shifts and adjustments.
Dream (moonscap	June 14/15	"on the back of an amazing animal that is a cross between a wallaby and a gazelle. It was like being on a springboard bounding gracefully over the terrain which was moon-like – was a moon		Movement - Travel – foreign landscape -	Conference in Sweden – travelling through

Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
e)		somewhere else. It was moon-time...no sun..everything was different shades of grey and charcoal. No plants or vegetation, nothing. Prior to this I imagined a huge cruise boat and an ad stating a special ticket price of 200km to Australia” (so a dream influencing another dream?)			Amsterdam – to BiH. Disappointed in change of plans with friend.
Journal Note	June 15, 2005	Work – 3 people meet with me to air their concerns about B.— some serious things happen while I am away. Mixing her work with the school, with ours. Attitude problem (hers or theirs?) Gets a mention, because it reflects on my effectiveness as a leader. Also they want me to be more authoritative with her. I can get this way—but it takes my focus to things I don’t want to expend energy on. But- will have to begin keeping everyone’s tasks in my head and nagging.		Leadership effectiveness Team dynamics Jealousy – solidifying lines between local staff and local professionals.	
Journal Note	June 19, 2005	“My life may seem charmed—but it goes on everyday—like yours. I work, have small crisis, small and big challenges, emotional learnings and pettiness...”	3	Acceptance	
Dream (exploring house)	July 10, 2005	“...had returned from Bosnia, feeling suddenly without purpose – wanting to go back, but not allowed to...It was fall in Canada and I was in a place I did not know. Maple leaves were scarlet and brilliant orange with huge leaves. So I was in this house telling my mother how sad I was about not having any purpose there. I had not job, nothing to define my life anymore. I started exploring the house and realized that it had a lot of storage space.		Grief – Mystery, finding resources, identity – coming to terms	More here than I thought.
Journal Note	Oct 11, 2005	“I have come down with a cold—a heavy chest cold on the day I leave—and indication of stress having reached my limit of endurance here. The job stress, personal stress has all taken a slice of me and I am depleted. I hope I find some vitality while I am away.”	3	Reaching limits	
Journal Note	Sept 29, 2005	(After a concert at the PMC) “Dozed off - thought... ‘This is a job’. I have been treating myself as though I were a missionary. Treat this as though it was an assignment—a job and it helps to de-personalize what is happening. A coping mechanism—but it	3	Acceptance. Reality.	

Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
		provides some distancing perspective. I am not abandoned to this place—a stranger amongst. I am here by choice—a job to do. Depersonalize it.”			
Dream (Storm damage)	Sept 30, 2005	Dreamt about a flood – strong damage. Inability to get to a home. I was moving out of a suite to a place of less value. Wrong decision and then I tried to get out of it. Many people advising me to not move from my suite which was bigger and better.		Travel , being stuck	
Journal Note	Sept 30-Oct 1, 2005	Beginning to notice my health is impacted. Mentioned there were not so many “smiley times” in my log book. But September was full of negative feedback. L. was very disappointed in my GIM tapes and work. I am still in the program at this point. G. did not have a positive thing to say in her exit statement.	3	Helplessness ‘No smiley times	
Journal Note	Nov 26, 2005	“All in all I am trying to focus—know I have to have a strong sense of self these days.”	4	Identity - Finding inner strength	
Journal Note	Nov 27, 2005	“...I need to discern right action and thoughts at all times—no exceptions.”		Leadership – related to duty and values. Finding inner strength	
	Oct 15, 2005	Aalborg – instead of a GIM session with E., we go “looking for eagles in Jutland” I feel more optimism in attending the PhD seminar and connecting with interesting minds. “Another adventure—maybe there IS more.”		Identity - Awareness	
Poem	Oct 15, 2005	Draft of Poem “Just for once my heart does not beat for you...” http://alphawoodward.blogspot.ie/2006/05/poetry-selection-	3	Grief – expressing autonomy	Turmoil occurring in friendship.

Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
		from-darkness-of.html			
Dream (Behind the Looking Glass)	March 12, 2006	<i>Excerpt:</i> We ventured out by this time and found some steps that were wooden. There was a riddle as we went down them – aware we were getting close to the water-quay area. But as we got closer to the bottom, the steps were all different and you couldn't find the next step. I was first, and I grabbed something to hold on to as I stepped into a space that didn't seem to have any next step. Once I swung clear, I could see it – and the next one – also a BIG rise difference. The others behind me were able to make it down once they knew the way – and then we were in the store."		Leadership	I ventured first into strange territory – not knowing where my next step would find footing
Journal Note	March 17	<i>(By this time I am beginning to feel like I have been pulled through the eye of a needle. Although I am emerging on the other side, part of me is still squeezing through and not quite caught up)</i> "How does one reconcile growing awareness of significant deep strata changes in oneself with the looming 'threat' of having to go back to a place that no longer matches those shifts? The former self was OK in 'that' place – but the newer emerging self doesn't recognize it as resonant." I don't fit anymore.	4	Consciousness raising. Identity – who am I now?	
Journal Note	March 22, 2006	Big troubles at work over communication. For the first time I felt badgered to death. I don't have any strength to fight anymore. My style of communication sucks when our newer staff member is around.	3	Leadership – difficulties angry	
Dream (Train in a Bleak Landscape)	April 8, 2006	On a rickety old Spartan train –I was missing something important. The only way to get it was to get on this train. My childhood girlfriend was on it. I had not seen her for years. We were passing through very bleak landscape. I got off first – and back on quickly (My apartment was right at the stop) – but then had to wait for Ellen's part of the train to return. I found her way at the back after winding my way through many derelict sections.	3	Travel - Bleakness – caring for child.	

Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
		She was sitting with a child with her music composition. The car was very old, bleak and the lighting poor. I did not like this train at all. But we were thankfully on our way back.			
Dream (Water-child)	April 9, 2006	Was wading into water and watched a child approach the water. The child was naked (like a dough-boy_ and walked right into the water. I could see it was not going to stop, but did nothing to stop him. I was concerned but somehow had no way of warning him verbally. I was sure he would be ok as there were enough of us around to save him. Suddenly I was in deeper water and the child had unbelievably kept walking and was way under me and standing on the bottom. I kept trying to dive under (now I was panicked) to get to him but could not pierce through the buoyancy of the water. I was frantic – trying again and again. Finally I took my glasses off (after first resisting this because it did not make sense) – then I was able to dive directly down. Something told me that even though I could not see the child, I would go right to him by feel. I did and – and brought him up. But he was like a doll – no life – just a thing really, a representation maybe. But I retrieved felt ominous as well – there was an ominous feel to this sequence.	3	Children – Protection Helplessness Protection – intuition – misinterpretation of the safety net. Needing to rely on instinct.	
Dream (Water-dough-boy)	April 10, 2006	After visiting with an American friend in Sarajevo, I dreamt was with friends at the water-slide being towed on a large platform behind a very fast boat. There were two events that were similar – the boat turned a corner and I fell off. The second time I was with a child of about 11. the boat was going way too fast – the boy was agile enough but I held him in my arms – in a motherly way – protection and safety and comfort, but we couldn't hang on easily. It seemed easier to tumble off. It was too hard to hang on and stressful. In the water with the child – he was ok on his own. But again I anticipated that everything would be OK and the people on the platform and the boat would notice we had fallen return for us – but they didn't. Later they (by phone) appeared to think we chosen to fall into the water and didn't' bother to check on us.	3	Children – protection Having expectations / being let down Disillusionment	

Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
Journal post	May 12, 2006	Kind of blamed us for our own stupidity. <i>(what is this saying about this period – that I was feeling left to my own devices and let – down by those who had the ability to help?)</i> A very strange day. The team called a meeting—and I was accused of many things. I couldn't believe the list of things people accused me of. Some of it was my personal business, but they felt entitled to know. I was properly chastised by everyone—close to tears of frustration and hurt. Luckily I did not break down. Daniel yelled at me—and I yelled back. He held his ground with the team supporting him. Everyone—especially B challenged everything I did. I know I have been forgetting stuff—but I do not deserve this. I did a lot of yelling—still on jet lag from trip to Canada. H. typing everything I said and analyzed everything as I said it. At times she halted everything, analyzed her typing - and cross-examined me if she thought I contradicted myself. I was a sitting duck. 7 of them. The team have been brewing this – so it should not be a surprise that the pot boiled over. M. refuses to listen to me – and seems to be charged with the zeal of an appointed leader. No one considered my boundaries. Can't believe things can get this bad. Is this ALL me?? What do I have to do?	3	Hostile confrontation with whole staff. Refusal to accept staff projection Shock	
Journal Post	August 2006	Returned to Canada for the month of August. At Hollyhock retreat on Cortez Island in B.C. “For now I sit on a rock on a beach listening to the water lap gently on the shore. Another vision to note—we took a nature walk around a pond—a pond that could be a focus for a fairytale, or mythological setting. We stood around it where we could see each other and toned...awesome. But the visual spectacle of each of us looking like leprechauns in the forest- innocent-open---neat... fetching.” Days later, Rupert Sheldrake was speaking on morphic resonance...I read his book years ago. Amazing and special to meet him in person.			A much needed rest at home-base.
Journal Post	August 2006	My feelings about going back. Glad on one level- psyched up for it – and panicking on another level. Really dig my toes in this time.		Vulnerability	

Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
		Think the leave tomorrow will be difficult. About being 'humiliated' – a big fear in BiH – and which I now have experienced. "If what is exposed about you is the 'truth' – then maybe it is easier to deal with – or in another way – if what humiliated you reveals what you know is truth about yourself, or how you feel – well – so be it! So what.			
Journal Note	Sept 17, 2006	Bosnian beginning- Bosnian ending. My trek across town to get our car from Damir's parking lot ended in frustration. My keys did not unlock the security lock and Darkowas brel-creaming his hair – had grease all over his fingers. This annoyed him. But he called back with a plan. He called his mother who looked for keys in his room, found them and threw them down to me in the parking lot. At this moment the clouds descended on Mostar and opened up their water troughs. It was pouring. I tried to catch the keys while holding an umbrella that fruitlessly kept the rain off me. The drive to Dubrovnik was cloud burst after cloud burst. Picked up J, T, K and F in Dubrovnik and drove back to Mostar.		Leadership – helplessness (team dynamics) Staff frustrations Team Dynamics	I was to pick up the Warchild team from the airport in Dubrovnik. Darko had not given me the keys to the car.
Journal Note	Sept 18, 2006	Difficult day – keys – problems – couldn't unlock door, dropped them very clumsy day – rain – umbrellas – hands full – car seat soaked – garbage in car – puddles – awkward communication – migraine – confusion – struggle with body energy, rhythms, hungry at the wrong times!	3	Frustration and Helplessness	
Journal Note	Sept 23	The day was a trial because Darko slept in and I didn't leave Mostar until 10:15 – making my 11:00 date with Agnes for GIM impossible. Also missed the evening presentation. I don't think this impressed the students. But my resources were very low – and I needed to pull back. Now I have a cold or something. Gave Agnes a GIM session today. I think she received it well.	3	expectations not being met. frustrated/annoyed	
Journal Note	Sept 25	Have a bad cold and wonder what the heck I am still doing here. The new junior Mth arrives in 5 days and I am not ready for her.		Stress – can't meet expectations	

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Journal Note		Don't have the referrals done/collected – no starting point, no plan. Cold will take 2-3 days to simmer down. I won't go to work until Thursday and then I go to Sarajevo Friday – My staff will crucify me for this.	3	team dynamics	
	Oct 9, 2006	What a sucky year this has been – I have stepped backward in my own development – lost myself in a mist of reality – stayed inside afraid to go out. Felt that professionally I am stuck – never did any clinical work and now have a lot of fears about going back to it. I seem to live this job 24 hours now – and there is no respite, no joy – no real joy and I wonder if I will find it again. <i>I am too tired to contemplate a full client load. I am too tired to contemplate anything. ☹ Too tired.</i>	3	Helplessness, Stress, negativity, compassion fatigue? Seeing reality – many thresholds being crossed here.	
	Oct 11, 2006	Was a year full of challenges for me—and maybe I am different now—I don't feel the same. My leadership was challenged—and also my integrity in my personal life. I am hoping that I gain strength from this—I know that I have not betrayed my closest friend here—and so it matters not what he thinks—I have simply not betrayed anyone—so I am not guilty of wrong doing.	4	Solidarity, integrity, facing challenges, internal assessment	
	Oct 12	What a day! It sucks being the leader. I don't like it, actually. There are no benefits. No one really allows you to be human. I guess that is the nature of the job—but when you are a therapist, it's difficult to both empathize and rule(old fashioned way). <u>I am sick of being here truly</u> , but I need to stick it through for a while longer—until next June. Funny-I envisioned leaving last June but it didn't happen.	3	Grief – Finding inner strength Loneliness conflict with internal values	
Journal Note	Oct 12	Told Amina that the two assistants in my office are talking about suspending her from Directorship. I maybe should not have told her—as this may cause a fatality in career, but once I started down the path, it was hard not to say the whole thing. (Assistants were	3	Solidarity – Beginning to see myself	

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		building a case against Amina and their solidarity was a reason I ended up telling her)		manipulated by staff.	
Dream Children	Oct 22/23, 2006	<u>Several dreams</u> – but one in particular about children. They came to me in a bus from a school. They came for music therapy – were clearly special needs kids. Alan was with them. I was not prepared and even had to leave them at one point. Alan had offered to help, but I said ‘no’ for some reason – pride? I was called away and when I came back, I was more prepared – but they were leaving because they had to go. (note – another dream where I waited around before joining in on a walk with Jeremy/Don, left me out on the cold when they decided to go ahead – what are these telling me about being prepared to step up to the plate?)	?	Children – Not feeling competent or ready.	Dreams while I was in Hvar with friends – celebrating my birthday.
Dream Horse	Oct 22/23, 2006	Came around corner and saw 2 colts. One was larger than the other. One had just been born and was very shaky. They were left alone and I wondered about ‘mother’ because the new colt needed its mother. Mother was in trouble – very much trouble. She was very mottled, long shaggy hair, but a beautiful chestnut colour. She was distressed and frothing at the mouth, running in a circle. I was concerned about her coat – had not been cared for and seemed very wild in this small fenced pen. The pen disappeared later and the enclosure was natural – lush green. On closer look she was pregnant. She stopped with her back to me and I realized she was about to give birth. The ‘thing’ came shooting out – a Buddha torso on a very rotund oval-egg-shaped body. <i>The Buddha face was white and impassive – no legs or ability to move.</i>	3- 4	Change – birth <i>Maybe about my step into a new phase?</i>	On the isle of Hvar.

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Dreams: Journal Note	Oct 24	Reflection on dreams that heal my friendship with Don	4	Connectivity	My social life was becoming more active again, and I was able to put my personal relationships with locals into more perspective
Journal Note	Oct 2, 2006	<u>"I am so friggin sick of attitude!!!"</u> The attitude at work is basically "I'm going to do what I want to do." I am really fed up with it."	3	Team dynamics	
	Oct 28, 2006	"also tired of not living my own truth."		Insight about self – change.	
	Oct 28	'the plan is to stay focused on the path ahead, don't deny my feelings – they are real – let time and the natural order of things heal that. I have done all that I can...I don't need to hide the truth or be ashamed...as long as I am truthful.		acceptance	
Journal Note	Nov 1, 2006	I woke up today thinking I am not who I thought I was. I am petty inconsistent, unfocused, fearful, jealous, uncharitable, ungracious and at times, greedy. I have ignored these lower elements of myself, but they are there and seem to be crowding up on me because I haven't acknowledged their presence before (perhaps). Maybe I have been without joy for too long, or maybe I am absorbing the paranoia and mistrust in this place, but they all belong to me and I am getting to familiar with them. (thoughts about leaving Mostar) Having the choice, gives hope. Reached despair – getting old – not older. Don't have the energy to go on – to get the smallest thing done—like getting the air condition going. I have buffers between me and life.. Need exercise, losing grace – emotions need a wider range than stress, despair, loneliness, jealous, fear grief and anger. Time to move into the sunlight and laugh! Ok 0 need a joke! Need an angel! Need a nice man! ☺	4	Awareness of needing more positivity	

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Journal Notes - finding the tears again...	Nov 5, 2006	Went to P. and A.'s to drop off my book before ascending the mountain with the cross. Stayed too long and decided to walk north to the train bridge for exercise. The sun was setting but I found the same ledge that Don took me to 2 years ago. Where I sat on the rock's and found myself on the verge of tears – unmasked at last. The veneer holding them was not needed here.	3/4		
Journal Note	Nov 13, 2006	"I can't do anything right in this country. Amina said she thought that this job has changed me. She remembers how I used to be...so do I. [<i>but I can't remember now what she meant</i>] I think she meant, I changed to being more serious – not laugh so much. I did want to be touched deeply by this experience here –but I did not want to lose my joy of life. I struggle with optimism but as soon as I hit a wall with Almira, I just want to run away screaming.	3/4		Used in the dissertation
Journal Post	Nov 15 2006	Health exam. Woke up before alarm. Noticed how angry I am. I am angry at Almira for not being cooperative and at Damir for getting us into this situation.	3		This is new territory to me to own my anger and not feel guilty for it.
Journal Note	Nov 24, 2006	Nice to organize something – made soup out of hamburger and vegetables. Will give Irene a GIM – must stay disciplined in keeping order in my life because it helps keep the brain and emotional clutter clear. Much happening at work, but things aren't so bad as last spring. Some emotional echos are pinging still – in our work environment.	4	Creative	Journal notes begin to reflect positive events
Journal Note	Dec 8	"an amazing day." – see full note	4	- no theme	Meeting with MwB and supervision with Nermina

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	Dec 10, 2006	“a calmer day.” – no dips into depression or emotional pain in my mood. Spent the day writing my proposal.	4		
	Dec 16 2006	P. for dinner – spoke of things we had in common. He was from England and responsible for running the new IWC in Mostar. He talked about a local woman who had undermined his authority - mindful of Monsterrat who had similar behaviour	4		
Dream	Dec 17 2006	Dream of being married to a man who had a very interesting/old wealth kind of family. The love attachment was nice. Somehow an invisible crown seemed to adorn him – but this was not visible.		Marriage - Kingship – of partner.	Need for connection
Journal Note	Dec 21	Today was a <u>low energy day</u> and more productive. Feeling overwhelmed by the notion of fund raising. Can't do it in the formal sense.	3/4		Burnout
	Dec 22, 2006	Met with SOS people for potential collaboration – important meeting. Everyone was very positive – everyone would benefit. Everyone responds to my invitation to Christmas dinner – 12!	4	Creative – development of program	Networking with other agencies for sustainability.
	January 18, 2007	Whole week was emotional and sensitive. I flew off the handle at Almira (we had words) who wanted the phone calls to go direct through her mobile, rather than to the office (where she should be in the morning) “I have really had it with trying to work with Almira! And I don't know if we are both pulling control/power positions. She won't give up – there is no discussion here. I finally lost it and got angry from being pissed off at her – and the slow work-ethic in the office – and her continually saying ‘no’ to everything. A build up of lots of issues between us. But when I	3-4	rejecting the office culture.	

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		lose it, she is in charge.”			
	Jan 24, 2006	Could not be bothered to express what was happening – didn’t feel like writing for a long time. <u>Generally I have felt depressed and old – trying to accept stuff that’s hard to accept.</u> ...I rely on Tarot, my crystal to get me through each day—my only companions—unseen and untouchable. There are no dreams and no real reason to live. Last night I dreamt about death—a burial plot for me and my ‘family’ circle. It was somewhat comforting because the thought of having a ‘circle’ of people to whom I care and feel something for was nice. I don’t feel I have that deep connection to anyone. ... My life feels wasted. I think for me being in a relationship is basic to life, and I have squandered all my significant relationships...”a branch of my own history has been altered. That is to say – my own future history. What I am left with is a bleak desert. (refer to journal book for complete entry)	2	Depression – hopelessness. Existential - Looking for meaning.	
<i>Dream</i> <i>Death</i>	Jan 24, 2007	I dreamt about death – a burial plot for me and my ‘family’ circle. But that was somewhat comforting because the thought of having a ‘circle’ of people to whom I care and feel something for was nice. I don’t feel I have that deep a connection to anyone (except my kids). <u>Tired</u>	3-4	<i>Death - Despair – Depression.</i> Beginning to think about what I need to do.	Change - Burnout?
<i>Journal Entry</i>	““	Same day entry – sent Ivica a lengthy email offering feedback and support for his existential situation (needing to get out of Mostar). I fretted over this – wondering if I had overstepped boundaries. “I am so confused about this now, and realize I need counseling!” I am very confused right now and worried about my behavior. Maybe it is just the day – or my research project. Last night I felt the theory of my work too far removed from reality, and that I was just writing bullshit to get a research grant. I don’t have the courage or the resources to face anyone with honesty, or by speaking my heart. I feel that life right now is a let-down and I am letting my self down by not ‘rising to the occasion” and demanding a confrontation with ANYONE – WORK, D---, MYSELF. I	3	Despair, negative thinking pattern	Burnout?

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		cannot at this moment. And when I do feel confident, I imagine that the confidence is ‘made-up’ – not true. It seems I am operating in an imaginary world and that others do not share the same fears as I do. If this is a test, I don’t have the resources to face it.			
Journal Entry	Feb 7, 2007	Have been to London and back since last entry. Feeling even less optimistic than before. Finding myself dwelling on my age more lately. Luckily my health is good, but my attitude has gone south. I find it harder to smile and <u>feel a deep depression</u> that resides beside my growing loneliness. I wish I were somewhere else – but at the moment I have no options. My research proposal sucks. Don’t see a future, but know in some ways I have been defeated and in other ways may have learned something. <i>But what have I learned? “Some things I can’t fix or change – no matter how much I want to.”</i>	2	Lessons learned – Depression, loss of optimism, acceptance – sense of a life lesson.	Burnout?
	Same day	Flying home from London, I once again felt the comfort of flying into Dubrovnik on a fantastic beautiful day. My car was waiting for me and I drove home. Very tired. Feel the end is coming here. Time in London was very focused and intense. The concert with Ruth Waterman was wonderful (I gave a speech longer than the 5 minutes that Ruth assigned to me – she was not pleased). Responded positively to John’s emails today – but am really concerned about my trend to negativity, innuendo, paranoia, etc.	4	Being able to inspire others through speaking about the work	
Journal Note	Thursday	Thursday – felt hatred and dislike energy today when I woke up – because of the energy I created before I went to bed(??) I lit candles and hope that I can dispel the cloud of dislike that I sense being projected my way. Could be my imagination – something I created. (this is all a bit mad)			
	Friday	Saturday entry – difficult day yesterday. Outreach to Sarajevo. Darko and I fought – argued – in the car all the way to Sarajevo. We gave two difficult groups and ‘find’ my purse missing. The whole staff are embarrassed and conducted a school-wide search. It was later found in the arms of a cleaning lady who had already removed the money. I held no animosity – but felt guilty in having	3 - 5	Team dynamics – frustration – revisiting old dynamics – traveling.	

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		<p>more to lose in being robbed - than this poor woman who may have been fired as a result. She was known for this behavior, they tell me.</p> <p>My GIM client mentioned suicidal thoughts. I told her I would have to seek professional advice. I called my friend who is also a medical doctor. He said hospitalization was the only appropriate protocol. I do not want this for my client as it would accomplish the opposite -completely disempower her. I will meet with her today.</p>		Honoring value systems in both cultures	
Dream Child	Saturday	Me with small innocent child at a restaurant – Don is a father figure in this sequence. The child accidentally drops his “beetle” with a loud crash – on the floor and Don admonishes him by quietly taking the beetle away – authoritative, but not with malice or harshness. A lot of travelling in this dream.		Travelling, travelling, travelling. Connection with close friend (estranged) – through parenting role. Child – having help with	<i>This dream with a child is different – there is the welcome relief of having a male parent assist in teaching life lessons to this child.</i>
Journal Note	Sunday	Need another day off – trip was very hectic, but nice to get away. Always in motion though		Traveling – in real time	
Journal Note	Feb 13	What a day! Meeting with Caritas for 2 day workshop. <u>Tired.</u> Positive feedback and suggestions from Monika for my PhD proposal. Will deal with the suggestions and send it in.	5	Feeling some autonomy and recovery of my previous skills.	
Journal Note	Feb 22, 2007	Heard that my proposal is much closer now. – <i>generally a positive entry.</i>	4-5	Gaining momentum - mastery	
Dream Death - cemetery	Feb 24, 2007	With Amir and others – in my house that had a staircase – an unusual design. And there was a cemetery near the top of the stairs. Amir noticed someone’s headstone that he did not know had died – he was very sobered by this. Many layers to this. I had to leave to go somewhere – difficult finding my way, not knowing where I was going – and when I eventually returned I reflected on	4-5	<i>Death – a metaphor?</i>	Feels transitional in getting my bearings

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Journal Entry		the goulshness of having a cemetery in my bedroom. As I climbed the stairs I wondered at why I was not very fearful – but considering it – when I got there, I stepped over some tombs wondering if they were Amir’s friend, to the window and looked over to the road which was level almost to my window and down to the ground which was several stories down. The house was built on sloping ground. My thoughts dealt with orienting myself to the road, sloping ground and how the house was situated.			
	Same entry	The week was a stressful one – following a full weekend of work last weekend – and an emotional meeting with Darko – and a resolution meeting with Jasna who was upset with my having submitted a proposal for funding – that named them as a partner. She (perhaps rightly) was not impressed that I had not asked her permission to be named in the proposal – even though they would have been recipients of the funds.	4	Utilizing common sense – found lacking	
	Feb 27	Supervision felt helpful. I was able to get clearer with my GIM client. Last night I discovered what I suspected for the last while My staff had told me it was a government holiday, so I had no choice but to comply and go along with it. I declared the day off, but later learned it was not a government holiday. No one else had the day off. So I recalled it. Told the staff it is a working day. They were angry, but they knew they couldn’t argue. I suspect there will be a backlash as everyone will accuse me of changing my mind. We had a lot of work to do. What bothers me is the idea of mistrust—it is very pervasive and I don’t like conveying that I mistrust people. I was in conflict over my growing frustration with all the national holidays that were being claimed—and the honest wish to do the right thing. In the end, I was being lied to and manipulated. <i>The staff were all pissed off – everyone sulked all day. I know they were not impressed by having to work. But the schools were not closed. Everyone else was working.</i>	3-4	Setting my own rules but honoring local custom	
March 1	Drove to Opuzen seeking a calm space – more sky. Mostar sits beneath the shadow of several mountains and after a while you feel				

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Dream		<p>it. “sigh – it is quite nice in this lovely spot—sun shining – peaceful. People working because it is not a holiday. I need to reflect on why I feel there is nothing positive about me. Just feel negative about myself. I think the only thing positive about me was that I was a source of inspiration for others (not that it was earned) –helping people motivate themselves – but that seems silly and egotistical. I see I might be a channel for reused inspiration.</p> <p>My thoughts turn to Almira who tends to see me as having airs and makes every attempt to bring me down to size. At times does not bother to hide her contempt. She does not realize that if she is inspired, it is not a sign of being weaker. It gets wearisome when she fights everything I say – but maybe I need to exercise more patience.</p> <p><u>In writing I am trying to contact myself—find myself but I am not found in these pages.</u> The (me) is just not reflected in the words. I escape me in the writing – but maybe it is just a process. Will stop – I am scaring myself in the writing! ☺</p>	5	reflective	I am in Opuzen to have a reflective day...
	Mar 5, 2007	<p>Don, Irene and I sitting at a table somewhere on the east side – conversation was somewhat cautious but friendly, Could not tell what Don was thinking, but apparently he and Irene have a friendly wager arrangement between them. They bet for money on things – but it was not revealed what they bet on specifically. I made a few comments about betting that was not totally positive (but meaning no harm). Don defended it a bit <u>and then I agreed that between friends, wagers could be fun.</u></p>			
Journal entry	Mar 6, 2007	<p>Reflections on my long term emotional attachment to Don – and my connection to Irene – a close friend of Don’s, but also a friend of mine. I realize that Irene has some sensitivity about things that she never talks about. For the first time we had a frank discussion about her frustrations with Don, and the waste of his abilities and his inability to compromise “you just can’t go through life like that.”. this was a relief because I had always tip-toed around my</p>	4	Acceptance of limitations in friends	

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		extreme agitation with Don – with her. She too, wishes he would move forward.			
	March 8	Day of the Woman – took the staff out and included Mira as well, since he would have been left in the office alone. Went to the Vagina Monologues – no energy to go out, but felt I should make myself. Erin cancelled her GIM because she had wanted to go out for dinner with Tara, so eventually I ended up at the Abresovic Youth Arts Club – supposedly to be part of a dance before the play. I decided it was my last chance to make a fool of myself in public—or that I was picking my opportunities more carefully. So I ‘danced’ with Vega and Ashley, who are both very expressive dancers. Well, this morning I woke up with very clear thoughts that my expressive exposure had set me into a different class in Don’s eyes – why is that?? Irrational thought!!! Really – was he even there!?	5	Letting my expressive self come out and play – in public	
	Mar 17, 2007	Feeling very down today and unmotivated. I want not to be wandering in the realm of conjecture, fantasy, and guesswork anymore. I want to know what is going on and I want to talk to Don – or listen to what he might say. Went to Opera last night and enjoyed the music of Donizetti with Marieke, Kevin and Mira.	4	Wanting to step up to the plate – tired of not having control	
	March 18	Received confirmation that my PhD proposal was received – that felt good. Better mood today.			
	Mar 21, 2007	Spent the whole weekend working – and not feeling like I am grounded in the material Really stupid. Too much going on!			
	May 28, 2007	Thoughts – I am getting bitter, jaded and mean. Not classy etc. I must get out of Mostar.	3		
	Mar 25, 2007	Monsterrat called. flabbergasted—still crossing boundaries! <i>Reflected on how super paranoid I was getting -</i>			

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	April 5	Last few days in Sarajevo getting partnership contracts sorted out. It was very fruitful and energizing (also exhausting). Very weary when I drove home from Sarajevo. John has been a jewel in all of this – a real trouper for me and Musers. But I could not go forward without him. After the meetings I could not move, I was that tired. The workshops for Caritas went exceedingly well. I am very pleased with our team... <i>(a side note that Darko was sick and did not make this weekend – I am getting increasingly frustrated by his absence in the office and for important events)</i>	5		Delivered a 2—day workshop for Caritas. Caregivers came from all over BiH. It went very well! Also the consortium with 3 other NGOs was developing beautifully.
	April 7	I love this drive to Orebic. I love Korcula even more. What an amazing island! Peaceful =, garden of eden. Olive trees all over the place and lemon trees too. “sitting in the lazy afternoon sun—wind has come up but the sultry, slow feeling of mid-afternoon has crept in. I went skinny dipping in the Adriatic this morning with 2 crazy Finnish ladies who are used to swimming with icebergs in the winter. I went in alone for a very short paddle—the tingling sensation on my skin afterwards was a great reward. While I was in the water, a man came down the path – and we panicked a bit – but he waved his hand ‘nista’ and left us alone. Went over to some rocks and sat with his back to us. It was a lovely spot and very much would have liked to stay there, but we had no food or water. It was new for me to be naked in the presence of a stranger, but I really felt safe anyway.	5	Stepping out of my routine. Willing to try new things. Seeking places that support inner peace.	
	April 12, 2007	Spoke to president of the college where I graduated from in MTh training. They selected me to be their Distinguished alumni – which is very cool. They want me to come back to Vancouver for the ceremony and will pay. All very exciting!- having trouble focusing. But today was a bit depressing – found myself falling asleep in the office.	5		I had been awarded the distinguished alumni award. I was thrilled, but not happy to leave BiH to receive it.
Dream	April	Went back to Rossland on a motorcycle. It was very big and heavy.			

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	17	<p>Went straight to my old home and though I would find the place vacant. My parents gone somewhere, but they were there. I saw a light on upstairs – and so when I went to the door I saw it was open – a light on in the kitchen. My mother – older, said “What are you doing here!” They were not expecting me and in the dream I thought “what a shame I did not prepare them for my arrival. They were welcoming and we hugged each other – both of the very frail. Neither of them seemed to really belong there – but it was so great to see them in this home. Like they are still keeping a sense of ‘home’. I had forgotten what ‘home’ was like. They were concerned about granddad next door. Had not seen him for days, so I looked through the kitchen window. It did not look promising as it was dark and no movement. But I looked again and could see a bed, he was under the covers and there was distinct movement – breathing – but face was covered. I felt he was not easily accessible – no clear way to get to him, so I assured my parents he was OK. My brother Bill said, if I had a helmet with a microphone, he would be happy for me to take him on a ride on the motorcycle. There was a precocious toddler in the dream as well – probably mine. I picked him up and we walked a bit. He let me do this. He was lovely, and I wondered at how it was my parents could not look after him.</p>		Again – in dreams children turn up.	
	April 17	<p>Dream #2 – swimming into the middle of a large body of water – stretching into the strokes. Then I realized how far from shore I was =, I turned back, and then suddenly faced with a large boat full of people on a tour. I saw Liz in the boat and waved. She eventually saw me and I climbed into the boat I was going to put a question – the answer was queen. When I told her this plan, Liz said the word was queen – and I couldn’t figure how she had figured it out. They all said I had embedded it in the speech and it was obvious.</p>			
	April 17	<p>Interesting dream sequences though – and around my returning for the award. It does not feel so positive now. The award itself is not as important as my relationships and those who helped me get</p>	5	Recognition of others	

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		there! <i>(Truthfully, I was embarrassed to receive this honor, because it did not include the people on the team that I depended upon. On my own, this award would not have happened – so I felt guilty and embarrassed.</i>		contributions. Can't do it alone.	
	April 25	Sent my application off for full-time study.			
Dream	April 26, 2007	I was on a beach and I overheard someone say 'warchild' and I realized it was a beautiful young 'actress' princess and her mother. I excused myself from the group and went over to introduce myself. They did not reject my intrusion, as I thought they might, and soon I was chatting with them about the work. I seem to be more narcissistic and a meglomaniac in not being so interested in what others are doing. Funny – when I got close to her, her face was blotchy and she was not so perfect and beautiful.	5	Confident in self – in dream.	
	May 4	In Sarajevo in a hotel. Feeling off-tracked and depressed. Not very grounded in my life. Too much bravado and glamour attached to the award. I have to be real about it and (see the bigger perspective). Feeling ambiguous about everything. Cant get excited by the idea of doing the PhD research –(spoken too much about it?) I am forgetting how to listen to others and relate to what others are going through. Nothing here at this hotel. Is anything worthwhile? I don't want to hang out with just anyone – want to be choosy – but don't always have a choice. Quite sad, really. I really need to emotionally connect with someone. Overheard a conversation in old town while I had my soup. Two American women talking about their personal lives. One was clearly a lonely woman who felt she had never been understood or seen. (a bit of a reflection of me?)	4	Realistic, wanting to make inspired, informed choices.	
	May 9, 2007	In Denmark for the PhD seminar. (Dorit presented on notation). Tony's party. Talked to Jakko and Niels and Sanne. Micahel called – commented on the UN, maybe something cooking there – propsects improving.	4		
GIM	May	<i>With Ellen – full details in my journal: Extraordinary imagery – child –</i>			

Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
session Suspended over massive yawning 'no scape'	12, 2007	complex dance – floating suspended in ambiguous 'matter' - green luminescence over a massive 'no-scape' – vulnerable. I watch meher – give support from underneath. Her small gossamer wings are not enough. A broom appears and becomes the vehicle for transport. – swooping and diving with grace – I am a good witch – but then go very fast. Hang in vertical position attached – not in flow anymore – out of sync..go backwards again – and falling – have to change my position and how I grip the broom. Use it like a snowboard – gain control – still graceful. Broom is important but don't know why. Become very expressive with it. Broom sprouts arms – an attractive persona without facial features – and we dance. Suddenly I am wearing a white wedding dress, waking in a lush green meadow – with someone – warm resonance beside me. He has a strong, large hand that has my hand in his – we are a couple. I like this very much. I feel taken care of but not controlled. I feel the man cares for me and is strong enough for me to relax and be myself. I can let the gentle part of me emerge – the feminine side. We are then struggling through snow together and he turns to face me and takes my other hand – his whole self is then revealed to me. <i>(the rest is in the journal)</i>	4	Ambiguity – Finding my own resources and solutions in moments of incongruity - when nothing makes sense.	In Denmark – the end of my time in Mostar is coming to a close and I am preparing to do a Phd, but have little else in terms of concrete steps.
	May 14, 2007	"I needed this journey to share in the celebration with my peers and in the recognition of a colleague who has had a long, difficult but fruitful journey. I know more than ever that I want my next step to be free to research. This step will challenge me to grow and deepen my work. It will require me to learn new perspectives and techniques, while building on my experience. There is much to do here."	4-5	Inspired certainty	Connected to Denmark, but I can't remember who was being honored that had a long hard journey.
Dream	May 14, 2007	Sleeping on beach curled up in a blanket (blue –important) Friend or relative with me – younger than me with curly blond hair. We were headed somewhere and I think I was leading the way. There were stops in stores as we went. I fell asleep in the late evening but the light was different – again a kind of dark royal blue ue – not the inky dark black of night. We were in an enclave or rocks or barrier	5	Seemed tune into	

Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
		<p>(logs/) that circled in a semi circle in front of us. I woke up – curled up and cozy, wrapped in 2 blankets. My companion gone. I folded the blankets thinking I needed to show some decorum in this very primitive situation. Young people were singing something religious and I wondered if it were Sunday – an tried to go back to sleep. I wandered away with my blankets into a shop where I found Claire (psychic). She took my keys and began a reading (with door open). She said the project would go beyond me, but I didn't catch all her words. She spoke of the very needy people she was taking care of – her life was full of these kindnesses. We went outside and she remarked on the 'award' which had become something else. She didn't know if she could make it, but we told her that the British Ambassador was coming. I later found my companion back – and we were working together in a pharmacy – she was a very competent assistant to the managers. I was proud of her. We found ourselves again headed for a church – but this time with a baby in a carriage and the church was visible up on a hill with some navigating necessary to get to it. The carriage making it more interesting. Others we knew were with us. <i>Later this dream stayed with me all day – kept coming back at times that seemed to trigger the 'feeling' or scene. Also wondered if my companion was 'Sherry'.</i></p>		<p>the future when the program would close (keys)</p> <p>did the baby have significance?</p>	
	May 17	<p>"why in my GIM session am I going backwards so much? Is this representational of my resistance? Was the imagery circular? Did I come back to the beginning? Companionship – me as a companion – and me having a companion.</p>			
Dream – Nurse and little girl.		<p>"Where do dreams come from?" sometimes it is obvious because of the material. It can be related to an event or a way of thinking. Other times it/they seem representational – entirely disconnected from metaphor or conscious reality.</p> <p>Last night I dreamt about a little girl who was being cared for very gently by a kind and caring woman, who may have been a nurse, but that was not clear. Her role was interesting (in retrospect). She had an impact on me as someone who knew what was going on</p>		<p>Child – death as a protected process.</p> <p>Reflections</p>	

Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
		with the little girl and who was looking out for her to ensure she 'died' /passed over as was expected. The little girl was not well, but awake and aware – about 2 /12 years old. There was nothing I could do and I think the nurse was there to protect the process. Dark curly hair –big brown eyes and wearing a very nice dress. There was also a door (now that I remember) made of glass and a stairway behind it. The nurse had appeared from here, it seems. The little girl was supposed to have been 'special needs' but in the arms of this woman, she appeared to be a beautiful child – looking a little tired and flushed. <i>It occurred to me in my waking state to wonder about my role – and who I came to be a witness to this?</i>			
Journal Entry	May 23, 2007	A strange unproductive day. My sessions did not go well – bad judgment in drinking a half a litre of wine with Patricia – many stories – lack of support.			
Journal Entry	May 17 – 23 rd ? 2007	It occurred to me today that these past 3 years may fade away forgotten after I leave this place. These emotional intense years will pass away as though it never happened perhaps? Right now I am still overwhelmed by the enormous picture – and having difficulty focusing on what needs to be done. I really need this weekend to get things done – think I am losing a lot of ground. (<i>see July 19th entry</i>)	5	Meaning – purpose in being there.	
	May 25, 2007	Angry – can't sleep. Saw N. last evening. Feel betrayed and let down by his project with MwB. But I had a lovely evening with Irene – nice dinner at Meggis			
	May 26, 2007	Not angry anymore – feel actually energetic and mentally alert around N. – however a little more wary of what realities we all face. Spent some time with Amir today – in the end he annoyed me – but maybe I just don't get it – don't get his perspective at all.	4	Beginning to believe in my own perspective	
Dream		Dreamt I was amidst a number of people and were seeking, moving through – ...? Irene was part of this. I played some music and this seemed to stop her from jumping off the roof. (I was	4	Music – saving the day.	

Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
Journal Entry		behind the wall playing this music – and she was outside). Amir and I were heaving a suitcase back and forth. He was staring like a zombie straight at me and Not looking at the suitcase (with his big buggy eyes) kind of accusingly – or challenging? All the while zipping the suitcase zipper open and shut very fast before heaving it at me. I would throw it back – and he would zip and unzip it several times – and throw it back to me again. It seemed more about the zipping it open and closed than anything else. <i>It seemed that if he were accusing me of something – I wasn't accepting it.</i>		Relationships in the community – guilt Referential imagery to travel and movement	
	May 27-28	N. met with Geert and Ingrid (Norway) and Amir. I was very proud of N. in 'getting' the project and aiming his role in it very precisely for the project managers. I had said that we would be the local NGO for their 3 year project which was to bring kids together from across all the ethnicities to perform in public – only if we could include special needs children in the project. This made sense because that was who we worked with and it would be illogical to support a project that did not include them.	5	Regeneration of vision and faith	
		Tutti and Opera circus here. Practicing my speech for the 9 th anniversary of Musers. The last anniversary		Advocacy for inclusion of special needs children	
	June 20, 2007	Reflections on the week - gratitude for the support and concrete assistance I had. I was acknowledged for my accomplishments by my peers – very honored. I noted everyone who went to the awards – and who helped me. I noted the drama that was going on with Sandy in Abu Dhabi and the psychics advice I had sought around his journey.	5		
June 27 th ?	Amazing period of time – with N. and group – touring with his Sevdah Opera – doing a workshop in Banya Luka with Nermina. Last day for Tara at Musers. Met with Seida from Zena za Zena and am inspired to do some work with them. We speak the 'same' language. I will follow this up with her soon. (I did – but she was too busy to connect with – we never connected). I realize that people like Tina are the ones who get through – people recognize	5	Identifying what is important to me for my time here. Aware that I have		

Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
		<p>how important she is. It is an attitude that she projects – one of privilege. People like me are less noticed) N.'s Opera taking most of my notice though - I sobbed like a baby when I saw it in its final incarnation. Noticed that most of the audience were extremely moved – a very powerful opera. I became a fan – if I had not been one before.</p> <p>Met Erica a musicologist from the states doing her PhD – interviewed me. What I want is to be useful, helpful and to leave something substantial – or at least – meaningful. Here comes the train now – screeching its way home. ☺</p>		<p>internalized much of the culture and identify myself as a resident – some kind of transitional stature.</p>	
	<p>June 30, 2007</p>	<p>Picked N., Ronny and 2 students up from train station and drove to Zenica. Dinner afterward at the Dubrovnick with whole cast – music afterwards – wonderful. But we were told to stop'. Later back at Fonatan Hotel we sat outside and talked. I find an interesting connection with N. developing – but not sure what to do with it. He complimented me on my 'shape' which was nice – don't think that is a normal topic of conversation – so hence the resemblance of a connection. N. is a generalist- in belonging to his students – the world etc. But it was nice ☺ Spent one hour finding our way out of Sarajevo and then a lot of time finding our way in Zenica – kept asking for directions. Made the day full of character ☺. The clarinetist had swollen glands. She didn't think she could play – I gave her Reike. She appeared to relax and calm down which is what she needed. She got through the performance! She said it made a difference – could remember things, people when I shifted my hands to different places on the body.</p>			
<p>Journal Entry</p>	<p>July 1, 2007</p>	<p>Drove down from Zenica today very hot, but had the company of Carlo and Alan. Alan reminisced a lot about the grief he collected while he was here – especially taking on the issues and dynamics of one group. He said he took on their problems and this burned him out. When I dropped him off, Alan said very pointedly “Watch your back, Alpha.” I thought that odd – but Alan's network is impressive. Tara's farewell party that night. Reflections on how unhappy I made myself – that I created a different reality that had</p>			

Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
		<p>nothing to do with what was actually happening. July 2 – just wanting to connect with something – hence the writing – feeling a need to connect with my own soul – get the energy flowing again!</p>			
	July 3 rd , 2007	<p>A typical Bosnian thing – Tara’s leaving – starting with driving into the bus station and the bank – running into the usual delays and difficulties – mythical bus schedules and the piece de resistance. Mira driving away with Tara’s luggage in the back of the car. It would have been OK, but he turned off his mobile and went to sleep.</p>			
	July 6, 2007	<p>To Srebrenica and back in 2 days. What an extraordinary landscape! It had a very profound affect on me – because it was close and personal as much as it was beautiful. Srebrenica – a town of woes. For our performance with children between 10-12, I saw an audience of sad faces – very sad faces. Drove N. and his son R. back to Mostar. Nice to have the company. The trip served many purposes – a chance to see Srebrenica, the music bus and meet with Ben for future stuff. – For N.’s work, and he is becoming easier to be around – maybe because he is not drinking?</p> <p>Heard from MB – amazing to hear from him after all this time. It was a good conversation this time – not so full of business stuff I can’t understand. He seems poised to go to Nigeria. He keeps dropping suggestions – but then backs off. Nice to have the company once in a while.</p>			
	July 7, 2007 (07-07-07)	<p>Spent the afternoon and evening with N. and his son. Took them to Kravica falls – great on a hot day. R. and I climbed up and around the rocks – it was kind of fun! Felt like I could have been monopolizing N.’s time, but I think he enjoyed this very relaxing time when he did not have to be ‘on’. He treated me to dinner and seemed in no hurry to leave to go back to Mostar – so that was very nice – dinner beside the ruins...chatting...chatting and Ronny busy with his game boy. I think N. needed the time to</p>			

Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
		stretch out a bit.			
Entry	July 8, 2007	My supervisor is very much for handing over Musers to MwB – keeps it in the dialogue while seeming to accept my viewpoint. It is actually a rather charming way to not let his perspective get lost. I felt he may have been too quick to sell the baby in order to find any kind of roof for it to survive under. It feels like professional suicide to do so. Maybe it is a matter of too much pride.			Warchild is wanting Musers to be handed over to MwB. This is not my wish. The ideology is too disparate. Funding is running out.
Entry	July 18, 2007	<i>I made an entry about being fired from Musers – it is lengthy enough.</i>		reality	I was accused of 'illegal liaisons with other NGOs – without Board approval.
Dream	July 29, 2004	I am exploring something of interest with a group of music therapists including Denise G– some famous M Therapists and N. and E. For some reason this 'tour' is down around the water. There are rocks, old structure etc., but the scene is peaceful. There is a vague sense of other rooms...but I am included because of my 'wounds' from the recent past. E. keeps making the point that I am riding for 'free' – he is not impressed that the MTh have given me this. I claim I did not ask for this – but it doesn't matter. N. turns up and we greet each other warmly. We are around a table and I hear myself saying 'Yes – I am fond of N., but I don't always appear where he is going to be". (or something like that) N. smiles in pleasure. It was an affectionate tease about my affections bringing me always to N. – from E.. Or there was a public 'acknowledgement' to the group about N. and I always being together – so part of this dream was about N. being here in the group and showing attentiveness – listening to my playing the guitar and suggesting a different chord than the one I was playing – kindly. E. again mentioned the 'free' ride – and after that I did not see N. again – but don't know if it was related to E.'s comment or not. I found myself outside of the group (not outcast) because of		Making sense, healing – healing – water – inclusion/ acceptance with professional group. Rejection by foreign culture (E. complaining I had a free ride)	This dream seemed to present a 'swinging door' or bridge between what music therapists do and what N. offers. I seemed to be welcome in both areas.

Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
		<p>different needs. I could not explore the water area with them (this part I can't remember) so they went without me. I took a quick tour a little later. I had to buy bread and things. I was then <u>firmly</u> invited to be present at the MTH gathering which was in a room <i>with swinging doors from outside to an (open to anyone)</i>. I asked 'what for?' – and she said "You can count (music term), or whatever, but stay. Very firm. She was singing soon and when she began I could see that N. returned but he was in another room across a stairwell and behind the doors. She was singing in the stairwell – not the large concert room which would have been better. Acoustics? No choice? The audience was in the concert hall behind the doors and she was in the stairwell with another crowd of us in there with her.</p> <p>There was a sense of motion and movement – a tour with a mission with the MTHs and myself. But we changed scenes from being together to me being apart from them and in different rooms – being outside and with N. warmly welcomed as someone important, but also part of the group. I seemed to have some kind of protection from the group and a sense of inclusion as a member but not seemed to be apart from the a lot.</p>			
Entry + dream	August 5, 2007	<p><i>Reflection on my time in BiH (I am in London) for a brief period. Don't know what direction I will be heading but trying for the PhD. Beginning to know I do not want to do my research in BiH! I reflect on the consortium idea – and if N. really intends to do it this time.</i></p> <p>I dreamt that we were all having a meeting here in London (<i>this actually came to pass while I was in India – and the consortium was rejected by MwB</i>) – nothing stands out for me as to what was discussed – but it was the situation.</p>		Finding peace – making meaning.	
Entry	Aug 8, 2007	<p><i>Feeling panic when thinking about the next steps and how I will speak of these last 3 years. Do I have a void I my life now – like it never happened? No connection of it in the future?</i></p>		Meaning – what was it all about? Wondering what place these past 3	


Outline Title of Dream/ Imagery	Date	Dream Essence/Journal reflections	Adler	Theme	Comments
Entry	Aug 9, 2007	<i>Struggle with keeping my perspective and not laying blame. Feel some jealousy and resentment that the WC staff now have alliances with the local staff in Mostar – and I am out of the loop. I am not included because they perhaps are trying to protect me – but also trying to keep the boundaries clean. My feelings of 'fairness' are challenged.</i>		years will occupy	
Feedback Facebook posting of friend and former GIM recipient	July 19, 2014	Alpha, have no fear! Your teachings of how to fight stress and the fear of attempting change and taking risks through Guided Imagery with Music were one of my means of surviving and finding ways to move on - and not hate! Combination of GIM and Forum Theatre has brought me a long way ! You are a muse of internal harmony and perseverance, a good fairy-god mother to me! take care of yourself wherever you are!			Used in the dissertation

Appendix C

Stage I. Contact: January 2004 – January 2005

STAGE ONE Contact January 2004 – January 2005

Journal posts are not available for Stage One.

Significant Features	Memories / images	Dreams	GIM Sessions
Stimulated Empowered Feeling Useful New Experiences	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Ventured into unfamiliar clinical territory and engaged with new population; • New Friendships and connections • New Creative resources emerge • Meet famous people – a badge of office • Stewarded (enabled) the music therapy program to become an independent NGO • Exploring BiH – walking, hiking 		Wore kingly symbols. Removed them – became a Prince, but very competent and in the grace of flow
Transitional Shift in Behaviour / feelings	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Bouyancy and spontaneity. • Feeling safe and deeply connected to part of myself that had been dead for a long time. • Become comfortable as a visible minority. • Appreciative • New friendships and connections are deeply felt. • Felt special, novel to the community. 	Dream material missing 	Protective webbing around heart indicated I may have found a way to protect my heart – needing to look straight ahead. Feel competent and adept as I cross the Pavarotti Music Centre courtyard in my guise as a Prince.
Consciousness	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Aware I was responding to my immersion into the cultural. • Noticed – loss of interest in playing the piano. • Grateful, feel this is consciousness- 		A half-bug upside down on the surface of a massive cavern. There is a complicated metal webbing to feel my way. Can't get clarity in the session. A gauze blocks my vision.

raising

The blog posts accompany this dissertation as pdf files in the supplemental file page. They appear here in a chronological format.

Date	Blog Posts	Features
2007	Mystical Landscapes http://alphawoodward.blogspot.ie/2007/06/mystical-landscapes-inspire-notions-of.html	I am enjoying a serene day with my friend and colleague Nigel Osborne and his son. Nigel’s opera “Differences in Demolition” has just finished its Balkan tour and to make use of the day, and where he could spend quality time with his son, we travelled to Kravica, well known for its spectacular waterfalls. The day was magical in many ways – not the least of which it was 07/07/07.
2006	The Brevity of Our Time on Earth: http://alphawoodward.blogspot.ie/2006/05/the-brevity-of-our-time-on-earth.html	A reflective mosaic of my experiences in the Balkans. The pictures cover the period 2004-2006. <i>“For some strange quirk of fate or destiny, we get to visit earth for a brief while, and it seems a pity that we are here for such a short time, while all the interesting bits carry on, evolve and change on before and after our tour. But in the Balkans, one become aware of time in a different way—as a manufactured measurement that means nothing. All is possible in any moment.”</i>
2005	Tapestry http://alphawoodward.blogspot.ie/2006/06/tapestry-2005-mostar.html	My return to Mostar after a break in Canada (winter to summer). Tapestry refers to the textures I am experiencing in the culture. Beginning to notice a change in how I need to belong, fit in, but can’t.
2004	Welcome To Another World http://alphawoodward.blogspot.ie/2006/03/welcome-to-another-world-best-of-2004.html	More depth and passion. Images from the 10 th anniversary. The results of war – my responses to this.
2004	Exploring Another World http://alphawoodward.blogspot.ie/2006_03_01_archive.html	Getting closer to how local people live.

2004	One Day In The Summer http://alphawoodward.blogspot.ie/2006/04/one-day-in-summer-of-2004-chapter-3.html	First posted in 2004 at the end of the summer—stepping out and discovering more on my own—and with friends.
2004	I Wish I Had A River http://alphawoodward.blogspot.ie/2005/09/i-wish-i-had-river-so-long-i-would.html	First blog post –a reflective writing one hot summer day. Everything positive that charms me about this culture - has captivated me beyond my home culture.

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Appendix D

Disintegration

Stage 2: February 2005 – January 2006

Themes: Uncertainty, sadness, isolation, helpless, without support

Date	Journals	Dreams	GIM	Blog Posts	Characteristic
January 2005 In Canada – resigned my permanent position.			Imagery – King/Prince competent, agile in courtyard at PMC in BIH. Heart in protective webbing and acts like an ‘eye’.		Serene, in the flow, at peace confident in abilities. Imagery for heart was a surprise to me.
February	Notice things are not the same as in 2004. The circle has closed and I feel distanced	Powerful dream - friend is choking – am helpless to save him. *			Helpless – out of place - not sure where I fit – isolated.
March	Note lethargy, sleeping all day - depressed – feel displaced. “Been expending a lot of energy in places I don’t get any return...”	“Who is Driving the Bus?” – don’t know where I am or where I am going in dream *			Depressed. Confused and rudderless. Friends are self- absorbed.
June	Pressure from team to discipline a local MTh – feelings of jealousy/team dynamics		‘Feeling my way’ across a labyrinth of webbing, as a half-bug in a huge cavern.		Team dynamics are getting complex. Local staff gang up on local MTh
June	“My life may seem * charmed, but...”				Accepting reality
July		Dreamt I was in Canada in an unfamiliar place – no purpose no job, nothing to define my life.			Grief

Date	Journals	Dreams	GIM	Blog Posts	Characteristic
September 29	Dose of reality –This is a job. I am not abandoned to this place – I am here by choice.			“I wish I had me a river...a reflective look back on my past year in BiH. *	Reflecting on the <u>positive</u> things I loved about BiH – recalling my attachment to the enigma and the people.
Sept 30	Notice my health is impacted. My GIM supervisor is disappointed in GIM tapes. I am too directive. I feel this is because of the culture I am now in. Junior MTh did not have positive feedback about the program.				Lose confidence, and felt misunderstood by my peers - in my new context of BiH.
October 15	Heavy chest cold, job and personal stress. Feel depleted		Denmark GIM session – Royal symbols – Sword heavy - have to use both hands. Use sword to cut myself. I don't care. Eagle accompanies me on a journey to the sun – then drops me in a deeply tangled forest. We both knew I belonged there.		Pushed through the developing cold. Flew to Denmark then Canada. GIM session about reality. Something sublime was aware of me while I mucked my way through the dark forest bed.
November	Drafted Poem “Just for Once” Must develop strong sense of self; discern right action				Grief. Expression through poetry. Finding personal resources to deal with issues and isolation.
December 7	Feeling bitterness for the first time *				Transitioning into new phase – ‘biting back?’

Date	Journals	Dreams	GIM	Blog Posts	Characteristic
Dec 10	Tears – called estranged friend. (relationships were teaching me something) *				Took courage to call. It didn't feel great – but it felt right. Transition to stage 3 – stepping up to plate

Appendix E

Reintegration

Stage 3: Jan 2006 – September 2006

Themes: anger, bitterness, misunderstood, disempowered, side-lined, badgered, expressive outlets in music/poetry

Date	Journals	Dreams	GIM	Blog Posts	Characteristic
Jan 18, 2006	Fluctuating sense of power to impotence is a daily theme. Focus on where I feel powerful = where I am most effective and make the most difference.				I am in transition here. On the brink of another personal shift. Shift from conviction to uncertainty.
Jan 19	Notice the vulnerability again – but more manageable.				
Jan 26	Memoires show me clearly that I was living an illusion in 2004 and had unrealistic expectations. “The last thing I want to do is make myself cry...I live with people who have made some kind of peace with hopelessness.” *				Shifted perspective on my past experiences. Understanding my past self's limitations. Tears – deep resonance with the pathos of culture shock. Expressed in poetry, dreams and journals.
Jan 28	Feeling calm and at peace – remember my GIM experience a year before.				
Feb 1-28	A ‘shadowy’ silhouette passes in the night *	Epic dreams			Strange cross-over in time. Wrote prose on this recently – not

Date	Journals	Dreams	GIM	Blog Posts	Characteristic
March 1, 2006	Felt buoyed by the feel of spring in air. Went for walk – reflections brought on tears of remorse.				consciously recalling this incident. Feeling guilty that I may have been self-serving and manipulative.
Mar 12, 2006		Long dream sequences – complicated with hidden meaning. “I was first and I grabbed something to hold on to as I stepped into a space that didn’t seem to have any next step. <i>Once I swung clear, I could see it – and the next one...</i> ”*			Willingness to keep going in uncertainty. Others follow me once I find the way.
Mar 17, 2006	I am feeling like I have been pulled through the eye of a needle. Part of me is still squeezing through and not quite caught up.				Awareness of subterranean shifts This is my darkest period.
Mar 22, 2006	“The first time I feel badgered to death. I don’t have any strength to fight anymore.” *				Power relations heating up with two new staff members. My role as a leader is diminished.

Date	Journals	Dreams	GIM	Blog Posts	Characteristic
Apr 8, 2006		On rickety old train with childhood friend. Very bleak landscape – train former communist. Get on/off/on and find my friend reading a music book with a young child at the back of the train.			One of many dreams about protecting children. Bleakness was interesting. (Am I being reminded to protect the program?)
Apr 9, 2006		Child walks under water. I dive frantically trying to find him. When I take off my glasses, I go straight to him.			Use my instincts and <u>inner resources</u> to guide me. Protection and concern for child. Use of self.
Apr 10, 2006		Child I am protecting and I are thrown off a platform towed by a boat. Child is OK, but people driving boat don't come back for us. I assumed we would be rescued, but they didn't bother – they thought we had another way back.			Expectations let down. No basis for assumptions. Dismissed – What I tried to protect didn't need me. Child was fine. Was I making too much of my role?
Apr 12, 2006	“For the first time since I came (to BiH) I hate going into work.” A tough day.				Het's attitude and behavior pushes many buttons. She seems to be at the helm of a rebellion. I feel a storm brewing in the team. I can't put my finger on what it is driving this.
Apr 14, 2006	Had to leave work to				This is the dark

Date	Journals	Dreams	GIM	Blog Posts	Characteristic
May 5, 2006	<p>preserve dignity. Everything is topsy turvy. Het asserts control – assuming the upper moral position. I am dismissed at the meeting - told I don't get a vote. Boundaries have been breached – there is harm done here.</p> <p>CAMT conference in Canada. Co-present our work with Boris, former head of department. Burnout, beaten down, questioning self. I left Mostar with a clean-up project to be guided by Het. Emails from Het showed dissatisfaction with some of the team's performance.</p>		<p>Music euphoric and tense. There is something for me to see in a deep pool with a lily flower floating on top – I can't grasp what it is about. I develop a leathery support structure that changes form until I feel comfortable with how it fits inside me. It needed to be flexible and strong.**</p>		<p>period of my time in BiH. I am out of my depth. Things have gone wrong quickly. What is happening? Where am I in this new 'order'?</p> <p>I had reached a breaking point with the tension in the team dynamic. My interpretation was that the leathery inner girdle was a creation I needed to withstand the assault. (See GIM session in Feb 2008 where it turns up again)</p>
May 12 (full moon)	<p>The fateful meeting. The poison surfaces in a grim and horrific meeting where the staff ambush me the day I get back from Canada - with 20 compiled questions. It felt like a Spanish inquisition. Everything I said was recorded and</p>				<p>Betrayed!! Staff paranoia gets out of hand. – I am stunned by the breadth of their suspicion! Clearly ambushed - lacking objectivity in jet lag mode, I fought back – rather than try to be reasonable.</p>

Date	Journals	Dreams	GIM	Blog Posts	Characteristic
May 13	interrogated by Het. Nigel Osborne called—how did he know? Long conversation of support. He sends a letter to the team Monday morning.				Rationality left me. Nigel's letter is read, but not taken seriously. Clinical supervisor – “Poison in has to come out.” – reassuring – just what I needed.
June 7	Team meeting – Het did 2 astounding things: 1) handed the whole team her outline of the chapters for her proposed book on MTh at the PMC. 2) produced a complete budget and a staffing plan with shifts in the balance of foreign expertise. I am very angry, and perplexed at the audacity. I feel some of this is to embarrass me as my salary is clearly a problem in the funding crisis. I had been designing alternative programs as well.				I didn't know what to do with H's mental hyperactivity – a lot of tension and anger for me around role confusion and assumptions that I was using the team for my own gain. I begin to see the depth of victimization cast by these senseless wars, and the disorderly psychological messiness of recovery. I believe the team dynamic is carrying these invisible wounds, but I have no idea how much – or what to do about it. I am in the middle of the dysfunction myself.
June 7	Staff retreat for business plan paid for by WC. Retreat in Sarajevo to create 3 year business plan. Local staff got right				Somehow I get through these work days. I continue to design programs that don't involve an onsite international

Date	Journals	Dreams	GIM	Blog Posts	Characteristic
Summer 2006	<p>into it. Yay – Damir, and a mutual friend of MTh, and I reunited MTh with the 85,000 BP in the Pavarotti Trust Fund!! We are saved in the nick of time. Another year ahead! (But no time to replace me)</p> <p>After conducting week-long team building workshops for another NGO, I fly back to Canada and sign myself up for a singing retreat on a remote island in B.C.</p>				<p>MTh. This exercise is depressing, but after several weeks of this, I had a viable plan that I passed on to Warchild.</p> <p>Summer holiday. I leave on quiet terms with the team. But the dynamic and wounds were not resolved. While conducting team-building workshops with other teams, I see the devastating affect of PTSD, and the effectiveness in music and the arts to begin a dialogue. There is a huge ironic lesson here.</p>

Appendix F

BMGIM

TITLE	Date	Description	Theme elements	Context/Reflection
<i>The Chair</i>	Fall 2003 Pre-BiH	I logged the experience for future reference. However, as the image developed I found myself walking up a carpeted walkway lined by the waiting people toward an empty chair that was clearly magisterial. The beautiful high soprano voice – inviting - and commanding - me to sit in the chair because it was my fate and my responsibility - belonged to a very large, inhumanly tall woman adorned in a large, flowing golden dress. She implored me to sit in the chair – it was my duty. As compelling and convincing her voice was, I could not comply. I resisted sitting in the chair – because there was too much attention on it by so many people – and it didn't feel like it was my duty to 'sit' in it. I also felt – in spite of the voice telling me otherwise – that I did not deserve servitude – or reverence from the people. Instead I picked up the chair on my back and I carried it down the walkway and into some passage that opened into an enormous cavern. It was so deep, wide and high that I – standing on a large ledge - was a miniscule ant in comparison. Somehow the chair I carried suddenly appeared on the far side of the cavern – special and regal in its lonely, unreachable place. The chair was not for mortal governance. It had its own meaning above and beyond human understanding. The golden lady – singing on a far ledge - commended me – blessed me - for doing the right thing. Although I could not make any sense of the whole process, it was apparent that my role was that of the good shepherd – not king.	King, magisterial, duty, humbleness, magnificent accomplishment Deep cavern	In retrospect the experience of finding my way through a deep forest to an area where multitudes waited for me in respect and deference may have been a precursor of my work in Bosnia and Herzegovina a year later – and of which I could not possibly have known.

TITLE	Date	Description	Theme elements	Context/Reflection
GIM <i>The King is in His Court</i>	Jan 14, 2005	Brilliant induction “Allow my breath to bring me what I need.” Swan weighed down by my heart. Doves carrying it over the grey clouds. Heart a mechanistic grey mass – unrecognizable as a heart – “just a dead thing”. But their wings beat mercifully and gently over the clouds – a gentle pulse. Then I saw it being squeezed between two flat presses that were upright. The presses became more golden and had webbing or wire grid on them – then they began to curve and they began to curve and bend around the heart, providing it shelter – a warm casing that also formed a slight tunnel making the heart look straight ahead and not to the side (a similarity to an ‘eye’. The heart was also an ‘eye’. I felt the image was telling me that my heart was safe this way – light can cone in, but to look forward and not sideways – sideways is not always safe for the heart. KING – walking through the PMC courtyard – sceptre and crown – walking in very comfortable leather padded shoes – like slippers – feel very comfortable here but crown -- heavy, stylistic – historical – too much. I took it off and instantly transformed to a prince/king (young/king?) then agile, competent and primed for anything. Serene is the best way to describe this feeling—no restlessness and no fatigue. My body felt very, very good with this image—and I believe my heart was taken care of. “	King/Duty Ease, grace Heart – protection	Back in Vancouver for Christmas after a full year away. I had decided to leave my position at St. Vincent’s Hospital to stay in BiH. This session had a lasting impression on how I wanted to ‘be’ when I returned to Mostar. <i>The Prince image—especially the feeling—is one I want to recall or integrate into my life and I believe my heart must be protected in order to do this and do my work.”</i>
GIM <i>Feeling My Way</i> <i>Wanting grace and clarity.</i>	June 2005	Induction – ‘let the music stay with you, guide you on your way towards clarity, friendship in the right place.’ Huge dome – cave warms up. One foot is in the water and the other on a rock. Water caresses my legs. I find a column – tough like a spine. I climb it. I become a bug walking upside down on the surface of the cave with big hands and feet. I am half a bug – stiff in the middle, but flexible elsewhere. Wire web – like art. I want to move more freely – sensual experience feeling my way along this web. I am outside – see a couple on a platform getting married. Water wheel – I want to be in the cave – need to be in contact with water – so important - and dance. Feeling the joy – see my friend dance – love seeing him happy. See through white curtain – something very big is moving past – through the clouds. Feel the fun – walk along like a ballet dancer – golden road ahead.	Huge dome. Transformation into bug. Desire to feel my way. Need water – very important. Joy – something big passing by.	A lot of hard, isolated work in previous sessions – holding/feeling/focusing on the solid surface,, towards a much more adapted and complex ground – a wire web of (relationships)? Moved from isolated place in cave to a playground outside. (not either / or – but both. Need time to play with inner sources in spite of much

TITLE	Date	Description	Theme elements	Context/Reflection
GIM <i>Longing for support</i> <i>Guide: E. in Denmark.</i>	Oct 2005	<p>Pleasant physical body sensations were felt before imagery clicked in. Heart was spicy-cold feeling. Then – two large cymbals facing each other – one was on fire; the other was normal.</p> <p>Images – Crown with embossed designs on a cross. This then became a sword which I was holding in my left hand while walking up an aisle. It was very heavy but after a few tries I was able to hold it straight skyward – like a victory sign. I laid it on my won shoulder and wanted to test the blade – roll it on its side and feel its sharpness. I don’t know why, but it was so. I cut myself a few times, but felt no pain from the cuts – then paused to consider cutting into my neck – to keep going. Decided that cutting my own head off was not what I wanted to do. My R Hand took charge of the sword – played with it, balanced it, used it as a cane.</p> <p>Eagle appeared – put its talons (left foot) over my hand – protective and in charge. I decided to trust it and give it control. Then his talons covered both hands. This was special—this touch was very important to me—and my allowing it to take charge. We then flew together—I am on its back and it takes me for a long, long ride. It has a purpose, but it does not know what to do with me. It’s purpose is to support me – and we fly very fast in many directions – soaring way, way up and spiral down. Later we come to a floating rest, where there is no purpose but to be together for a bit. I feel I need to let the eagle go—and then it drops me—but circles around, and around me. I lost track at this point...sunk into the music? When I came back to awareness, I am climbing down a steep rocky cliff—down into the darkness—I can’t see ahead, but must focus on each step. Here I am feeling my way over tree trunks in a dark and gloomy forest. I can see the eagle flying toward a glowing sun. It is golden and I miss being with it. But I know I must be here. Did the eagle abandon me—or did he spend time with me so that I could be in this place?</p> <p>I don’t know Am I once again not appreciating what I had with the eagle and blessing it on its way – knowing I need to be in this place—and it needs to be in the sun?</p>	<p>Cold/ spicy hot.</p> <p>Crown Regal symbols</p> <p>Deadness of feelings - no pain.</p> <p>Decision to not deconstruct myself.</p> <p>Eagle – taking charge of me.</p> <p>Companionship – seeing/feeling the bigger picture.</p> <p>Abandoned to do my work as I must do.</p> <p>Miss the eagle.</p> <p>Dark, tangled forest – but could see the sunshine in the field beyond..</p>	<p>professional work to do.</p> <p>The program – as did I – needed structural support in terms of accountability, a framework within which to work and a vision for forward movement.</p> <p>We were operating alone – as an adjunct program to WCs other programs and I felt alone and without a connection to any framework.</p> <p>This period felt dark and ambiguous. My personal relationships had failed and we were starting with another new music therapist.</p> <p>Personally felt isolated from professional ties and personal ones. The eagle was like a companion – showing me where I needed to be, but giving me respite and a look at the bigger picture. Accept task to be done.</p>
GIM Burnout, vulnerable,	May 5, 2006	<p>Burnout, vulnerable, questioning self: Near Adriatic sea. Mountains – hair-pinning road – road goes to plateau, a quiet place. Tightness in shoulders ... charmed by the</p>	<p>Leathery support structure</p>	<p>Facing burnout on the team – power struggle</p>

TITLE	Date	Description	Theme elements	Context/Reflection
<p>Questioning self.</p> <p><i>Guide – L: GIM student at CAMT conference</i></p>		<p>music...euphoric and tense. A dress billowing in the wind; white dress – no person...lily pond – calm – green floating = very deep – special – something that matters there, something meaningful – calm water, something to be known. Tension gone – body unified, tingly – nice sensation, texture – life energy – enjoying the sensation like a ‘cactus-body’ – hard shell around me; flesh is like cactus shell; need the shell; prickles have gone, smooth body landscape – shell is part of me. – attached to me – soft inside; shell flexible folds self in half – but restricted to this leathery – stupid not functional – feel is good, strong leather, like a tree but only leather but life going on underneath. Flow of life – aliveness. It should be a part of me – let it sink in – hides everything – not sure what’s the right thing. Has to be inside. Feels better on the inside, more supple. Helps me stand up straight. Important to be able to bend, turn – like I better. Energy becomes focused in hands.</p>	<p>becomes part of me – allowing me to be both flexible and strong.</p> <p>Something (elusive) important I need to see in the lily pond.</p> <p>Support /structure</p>	<p>nearing its full tension at the peak. I feel ostracized. I don’t know what to do, or how to handle this. Decide to be quiet until I do.</p> <p>see GIM Feb 2008 – ‘interesting’ leather object hanging on wall outside!)</p>
<p>GIM Ambiguity and uncertainty about future,</p> <p><i>Guide: E. in Denmark</i></p>	<p>May 12, 2007</p>	<p><i>GIM with E. – full details in my journal: Extraordinary imagery – child – complex dance – floating suspended in ambiguous ‘matter’ - green luminescence over a massive ‘no-scape’ – vulnerable. I watch me-her – give support from underneath. Her small gossamer wings are not enough. I am there for her transition across this yawning gap. A broom appears and becomes the vehicle for transport. – swooping and diving with grace – I am a good witch – but then go very fast. Hang in vertical position attached – not in flow anymore – out of sync. Go backwards again – and falling – have to change my position and how I grip the broom. Use it like a snowboard – gain control – still graceful. Broom is important but don’t know why. Become very expressive with it. Broom sprouts arms – an attractive persona without facial features – and we dance. (the rest is in the journal)</i></p>	<p>Ambiguity –</p> <p>Finding my own resources and solutions in moments of incongruity - when nothing makes sense.</p> <p>Inner support in ambiguous times</p>	<p>In Aalborg for a PhD seminar</p>
<p>GIM Wish to have the fire back</p> <p><i>Guide: E. in Denmark</i></p>	<p>Nov 3, 2007</p>	<p>Transitions: Beautiful eye – keeps changing – purple translucent colour – shade over it – kind knowing eye – sad – difficult expressions. Have not seen this eye before. What could the eye see? Too elusive for now.</p>	<p>Beautiful eye – elusive can’t see what’s there.</p> <p>Grieving</p> <p>Cartoon hands – clumsy.</p> <p>Candle with sceptre – I hold up – sign of</p>	<p>Staying in London for the fall. Anxious about where I am going next – and wondering what I had done wrong. Feel I have lost the ‘fire’ inside of me.</p> <p>Reflect on past elements</p>

TITLE	Date	Description	Theme elements	Context/Reflection
			victory/hope. Strength - emptiness	from GIM sessions.
GIM <i>Guide: M. in Bellingham</i>	Feb 2008	Beginning imagery – beside a river sitting on a slab. Fantasy ship rises above the water – messy – ridged like a shoe. It becomes a huge army boot (ominous) – sinking down – walks downstream and goes up on a rock – becomes a slithering amphibian/snake. Lost it’s form – becomes a ghostly flower. Black and white flowers appear and open one at a time. Not touchable. Human lips singing – open like the flowers were. Blowing smoke – something is shining out –becomes part of the clouds. Voice is grieving/accepting – conveys “that’s the way it is”. Woman is strong, sad and passionate. Smoke flows out of mouth – a lot streaming out. Some images of stone houses are charming, but are not real – don’t tell story. (next piece) Stuff still coming out of woman’s mouth. But odd, leather object – straps dangling, chains and braided – interesting, tingling, pleasant feeling in body. Now a skeleton’s mouth-teeth wide open. Stuff coming out. (next piece) White rocks leading to the top of a mountain. Walking – hear crunch, feel rocks as I remember then. Guide ahead points his staff down in the tall grass. He lost his son on this mountain – sad. Coming around in circle – and onto another level. Something buried – dusty – a cat-like animal. Now a bird. I have lost the purpose – sense the mountain – love the mountain. Gnarly thick trees don’t belong here. Parts are sawed off. Most imagery was grey, but finishes with young happy woman in colour.	<i>Smoke blowing out of mouth</i> Leather object – important, but not useful. Dead things turning up – lost purpose (as to why I was on the mountain?)– but loved the mountain.	Back in Canada for about 6 weeks. Started working on GIM sessions to finish my training. Slab – where I shed tears? Searching for meaning – needing to connect to my inner world for understanding.
GIM <i>I liked being taken care of (by music) – Follow sounds like soaring bird. Just the music and me.</i> <i>Guide: M in</i>	April 2008	Cello resonates inside – nice to just listen. Wants to be satisfying – it doesn’t quite fill me up (yet) but it is possible. Deep need to feel vibrancy – music feels lonely. Finding its fullness now. Why does it need to be apart from itself? Going deeper now. A little shift down spine. Most vital part, but not everything. Focus on throat and head. Voice takes turn with spine – Voice – I’m going to tell you – freedom to speak. Spine to Voice “I’m not you,” More satisfaction with the voice-power, passion. She’s getting through to spine – spine is soothed by voice. Voice speaking for spine – allowance acceptance, sharing. More playful. Last note was voice alone. Sense the music like a skeleton. (boat/fetus) – Like a container – ribs reach up like arms. The holding is special – great love – something being taken care of. Wood feels rough	Voice – spine conversation. Voice soothes spine – integration. Openness – acceptance Giving/receiving love	GIM <i>I liked being taken care of (by music) – Follow sounds like soaring bird. Just the music and me.</i> Program: Recollections

TITLE	Date	Description	Theme elements	Context/Reflection
<i>Bellingham</i>		– like real wood...(other material)...Now I am singing – expressing the same love – feels so good. Can't go too far or it feels empty...Become the man - dancing with the woman - who I was. Now we float up waterfall and slide down. I'm a woman again. (music ends) I need to let the waterfall soak me—coming back feel really normal but soaked. Post session—want to remember to stay open—contemplation. Allowing accepting/ flow of love.		

Thematic Insights

Eye –

- The heart was my eye in January 2005 – looking straight ahead.
- Beautiful eye appears in 2007 after I leave BiH – but it isn't clear what it sees – too elusive.

Eagle –

- Appeared in pre-BiH GIM imagery – picked me up in disgust and took me to a place where the leaf transformed into a pen. I knew I was supposed to write – but didn't know what.
- Eagle takes me on a soaring epic ride in the sky – enjoying the companionship and the respite of being in the clear open sky. But he drops me into a jungle of tortured tree trunks and a forest canopy that blocks out most of the sun. The eagle needs to soar high – and I need to find my way through this place. It feels okay to be here – this is my job. The eagle seemed to know this, and was now onto his other adventures.

Feeling my way

- As in the imagery above, I needed to scramble over very large tree trunks and ground – very small in comparison to the trees around me.
- As a bug – feeling my way along an elaborate, artful network of wire on the surface of a very large cave.

Water

- Transformative – turned me into a bug
- Waterfall – transformative – moving from the front to the back and to the front again – each time something different. Water soaked me – and brought me from a romantic interlude to reality.
- Watermill – idyllic

Leather –

- Embodied as part of me. Became a protective, supportive infrastructure that allowed me to be flexible while being protected as well. (April 2006) – just prior to my return to Mostar and my team's suspicious inquiry into my activities. I could feel the tension mounting in the team – and within myself.
- Leather item – transformed – outside of self - appeared as an object of great interest – but outside with no personal meaning. Multi-textured, a warm amber-brown layered item that was very important but was clearly not useful. Interesting to look at and to have – but not needed.
 - *Now that I see this may have been transformed from being inside of me – to something important and interesting, but no longer needed.*

Elusiveness

- Ambiguity and elusiveness in the form of trying to see into the lily pond – something important there (2006). Big eye at the end of the GIM sessions – is looking but can't see for the elusiveness (2007).

Caverns – vastness

- Huge underground caverns – seem to represent my inner world. There doesn't seem to be any answers in these cavernous spaces, but how I move through it seems important. “feeling my way” – or supporting myself as I am suspended in an infinite vastness of luminescent green. The answers seem elusive, regardless of where, or how I am searching for them.

Smoke Streaming out of Mouth

- The smoke/steam streaming out of the mouth was sustained for 2.5 of the pieces in the session. Reminds me of Lars Ole telling me poison must come out.

Appendix G

Permissions Page

Permissions

Music (p.1)

Anathema composed by Aleksandar Sanja Illic and performed by the group Sanja Illic & Balkanika.

Aleksandar Sanja Illic, composer, has kindly given me permission to use his compelling song, *Anathema* in my slide show presentation, “Leading Through The Tears”. (Sasa Stamenkovic, Production and Management, April 15, 2014)

Photo Images in Slide Show

Tapestry of Tears – Slide Show (p.1)

All but four of the photographic images that occur in this dissertation are from my personal archives, and have been photographed by me. I have the kind permission of Brian Harris to use three specific images that he shared with me in 2004, and these appear in the introductory slide show. The image of Vedran Smailovic that appears on page 177 is cited as a publically shared image that was downloaded from the internet. All images are respectfully acknowledged for their specificity to time and place.

Photo Images in Alchemy, Ambiguity, and the Aesthetic (pp.153-156)

Antonietta Mongillo-Desiderei and Mathius Granthum have both kindly given permission to use images of them in Alchemy, Ambiguity, and the Aesthetic.

Names of Individuals

Except for public figures, family members and where professional identity is relevant, all other individuals are characterized through a pseudonym to respect their anonymity. My friend and respected colleague, Terra Merrill, has kindly given me permission to use her first name in the opening vignette on page 1.

Appendix H

Time Line for Program

1998 - 2007

Date	Who	Event	Comments
1998	Warchild UK	Opening of Pavarotti Music Centre (PMC)	Agreement with City of Mostar that Warchild UK will administrate the PMC for 5 years and then hand cultural centre over to City
2001-	Warchild UK	Warchild UK loses funds. Withdraws	Funding scandal. Warchild UK facing legal charges. Programs are on verge of collapse.
2001-2004	Warchild NL	Warchild NL takes over the music programs	Warchild UK completely withdrawn, but still owns 49% of PMC
Jan 2004	Warchild NL	I join the music therapy department at the PMC	There are 6 months left of funding. No marketing or profiling had been done by the department. I write the script for a video to help with fundraising efforts.
June 2004	Warchild NL International Community of Donors and Reconstruction Groups	Music Therapy loses funding	Former HoD and myself strategize ways to keep the program going. We sell one of the cars, a local choir puts on a benefit concert – pays for local staff salaries. We contact Warchild UK which is under new management. European/International partners prepare to leave BiH. European Union opens the reconstructed Old Bridge in Mostar. Prince of Wales visits the music therapy program.
Aug - Sep 2004	Private Donors	Personal networking attracts 15000 BP George Michael donates 17000	Saved weeks before we close permanently. We have enough to get us through the fall to December. Former HoD leaves BiH.
Jan 2005	Warchild UK	Warchild UK support begins	Program now under Warchild UK. I agree to stay and quit my position in Vancouver.

Date	Who	Event	Comments
Nov 2005	Philanthropist joins Warchild UK	Volunteer for Warchild UK advocates for our program	This is a turning point for me. John MacAusland takes on the program and changes our relationship to Warchild for the better. We are supported through mentorship. I decide to stay.
May 2006	Pavarotti Trust Fund	R-secured funds that were held in trust for music therapy.	Connect to Pavarotti Trust who then released the funds held in trust for music therapy, and allowed Warchild UK to administrate this. Local connections open these doors!
Jan 2007	Musers	We expand our team to 3 music international MTs, and 1 local. A student joins us part-time	This is the richest time for music therapy. Because of Trust funds, we have a full team and are productive and very active in the community.
Mar-May	Musers	Difficulties in team dynamics	The team is in disarray over leadership. The team gets behind the new temporary employee.
Mar 31 2007	Musers	Two day workshop at Caritas	Caregivers from all over BiH come to take our 2-day workshop. Each music therapist creates their own presentation/s on a relevant topic. Damir is sick. We need to find an interpreter in the community to help.
Mar 2007	Musers	I begin collaboration with 3 other NGOs for major funding from National Lottery	We met four times to outline our plan and our commitment.
June 2007	Musers and Kinderdorff	Team building with staff at Kinderdorff	This was an enlivening and enriching experience for me as a facilitator and for the staff at Kinderdorff who, over the period of a week of intensive encounters, experienced a new way to be, and to be with each other. A follow-up session at the end of the summer showed it had a lasting affect. Junior Music Therapists wrap up their sessions and prepare to leave Mostar

Date	Who	Event	Comments
Jul 16-17 2007	Musers	Team meets with Board and vote to fire me from Musers	Damir becomes Team Leader, other staff are appointed to the Board.
Oct 07 – Apr 08	Musers/ Warchild	Junior MT is re-hired and external supervisor provides supervision	Musers continues on remaining Pavarotti Trust funds administrated by Warchild UK –
2008-	Musers ?	Damir remains. Status of Musers is unknown.	After funds run out, Damir continues to provide music to local special needs school – funded by a private donor in the UK. Refers to himself as a music therapist.

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