Be(com)ing men in another place: The migrant men of Gandhi Nivas and their violent stories

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Abstract

The social issue of family violence in Aotearoa New Zealand is pervasive, profoundly gendered, and complexified through intersectionalities including poverty, unemployment, and ethnic and racial marginalisation. Speaking truth to power is important for victims of violence. However, men who use violence are often isolated and ignored because of their violence, and their stories are seldom heard. This research brings men who use violence back into our responses by exploring the complexities of their accounts using the conceptual apparatus of Deleuze and Guattari to rupture dominant representations and interpretations.

This study is based at Gandhi Nivas, a community-led early-intervention initiative in South Auckland. It follows a year of interactions with migrant men from India, South East Asia, and the Pacific Islands. All of the men have used violence against women.

Unlike essentialising societal discourses that reductively characterise men who use violence as *perpetrators*, *offenders*, or *deviant* Others, the men's stories are complicated and messy, with descriptions of authoritarian and patriarchal childhood experiences, obstructed agency and exploitation, anti-productive connections, and conflicting desires.

The men's gendered understandings move and their storying is often ambivalent and contradictory. Differences that emerge are not only differences between the men, but also for each man, and reflect movements that they make in their locatedness during their storying. To write these multiplicities and subjectivities into the thesis, I introduce a novel approach—*Rhizography,* or 'writing the rhizome'—to disrupt the normalities of representation, interpretation and subjectivity.

I am guided in this research by an ethic of care that is gendered, performative, and immanent, through which I plug into the research as a special kind of Deleuzo-Guattarian desiring-machine: a nurturing-machine that becomes a site of production to connect with men who use violence and hear their stories. A semi-autobiographical narrative also emerges in which I examine the tensions of simultaneously becoming ethical activist and researcher.

The study contributes to new understandings about violence against women, by enabling movement beyond dominant perspectives of violence against women as pathologised

behaviours to refocus analysis on the encounters between men who use violence and the broader social structures in which violence occurs.

KEYWORDS: Deleuze, Desiring-machine, Family violence, Guattari, Masculinity, Migration, Post-humanism, Rhizography, Violence against women.

Content warning

Because it contains graphic descriptions of violence against women, this thesis on family violence is not a safe space. For some readers, particularly those with personal experience of family violence, these graphic descriptions may elicit strong emotional responses and distress.

Where to get help

Gandhi Nivas – provides early intervention, emergency accommodation, counselling and social services support. Phone 0800 GANDHI (0800 426 344) or email info@gandhinivas.nz

Sahaayta – provides specialist counselling and social services support through holistic and culturally appropriate services. Phone (09) 280 4064 or email info@sahaayta.org.nz

Are You OK? website http://areyouok.org.nz/ – for information about family violence, what it is and where to get help.

Family Violence Information Line (0800 456 450) – provides self-help information and connects people to services as appropriate. The line is available seven days a week, from 9 am to 11 pm, with an after-hours service.

National Network of Stopping Violence—Te Kupenga Whakaoti Mahi Patunga – a network of community organisations working to end men's use of violence against women and children across New Zealand. https://nnsvs.org.nz

Oranga Tamariki—Ministry for Children – provides support if you are concerned about a child or young person. Phone 0508 326 459 or email contact@mvcot.govt.nz

Shine's 'Safe Homes in NZ Everyday' – free helpline 0508 744 633 provides information to targets of family violence and those worried about a friend or family member.

Women's Refuge – provides support for women and children experiencing family violence, including emergency safe-housing and a free national crisis line 24/7. Phone 0800 REFUGE (733 843) or go to www.womensrefuge.org.nz

(All contact details are as at December 2020)

Dedication

I dedicate this thesis to my beloved wife, Denise. Thank you for your unswerving support, your boundless patience, and your belief in the power of positive change. Your presence has always been inspirational.

Acknowledgements

Let gratitude be the pillow upon which you kneel to say your nightly prayer. And let faith be the bridge you build to overcome evil and welcome good.

- Maya Angelou, *Celebrations: Rituals of peace and prayer*

Although my name appears as the author of this project, many people have reached out to me at different times, providing me with inspiration and encouragement, support and sustenance (of mind, body, and faith). The warmth of a comforting touch thaws mind and muscle when all else fails. I acknowledge your gifts that so often have come at just the right moment and affirm my gratitude for the generosity of your support.

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Finally, to each of the men whose stories make up this thesis, you are more than *skin-bags of data* as Leigh regularly reminds me. You are collaborators as well: you own your accounts, you have participated in the creative enterprise that is this project, and you have offered practical understandings and experiences that are critical to collaborative meaning-making. Thank you all for sharing your stories with me.

Contents

Figures

Tables

Engaging with House

Menu

V = vegetarian

(Background image source: Author)

A primer of Deleuzo-Guattarian terms

The conceptual apparatus of this thesis is informed by the works of French philosophers Giles Deleuze and Félix Guattari. The terminology they use is complex because Deleuzo-Guattarian systems are fluid and anti-systematic; hence it is appropriate to provide an early introduction to the language used in this thesis.

In a conversation with Michel Foucault, Deleuze appropriated Foucault's notion that his (Foucault's) texts were toolkits to be used or set aside as needed. Deleuze tells Foucault that "[a] theory is exactly like a box of tools. It has nothing to do with the signifier. It must be useful. It must function. And not for itself." (Foucault & Deleuze, 1977, p. 208). The terms used here are tools in my *toolbox*.

I derive the idea of a *primer* as a tool for reading Deleuze and Guattari from the devotionals and instructional manuals containing essential elements of the Christian faith for church-goers from the 14th century onwards. I also draw inspiration from other meanings of the word primer: as an undercoating of paint, or more broadly, an initial preparation for something that follows; and as a device that is used to detonate an explosive charge. My primer emerges as a toolbox of conceptual terms that may prove useful; however, I use the terms in the context of this thesis, and so this primer is specific to this project.

Affect: our fleeting feelings, the product of contacts between bodies, which can be animate or inanimate. We are the affects of our thoughts and actions, shaped negatively by resentment and hostility, which close down other possibilities, and shaped positively by affirmative thoughts which unfold new possibilities and potentialities. Our affective thresholds individuate us so that we each act and react to particular objects and events in different ways. Affect is not emotion. Emotions follow different logic to striate and stratify and classify (Massumi, 2002; Puar 2012).

Agencement: the French word agencement has a wide range of uses and meanings, including "'arrangement', 'fitting' or 'fixing'" (Phillips, 2006, p. 108). The meanings that Phillips ascribes to the French agencement are meanings that Puar, in turn, describes as "design, layout, organization, arrangement and relations—the focus being not on content but on relationships" (Puar, 2012, p. 57)

And…and…and…: A recurrent refrain of multiplicities and possibilities, borrowed from Deleuze and Guattari, used as reminders of the multiplicities of possibilities that openings signify, anticipating the "and…and…and…" of interbeing (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 25).

Assemblage: a territorial arrangement, a complex aggregation of heterogeneous spaces, bodies, expressions, qualities, modes of operation, times, and…and…and… that fluidly (and often unexpectedly) interconnect in a specific context. Assemblages are simultaneously corporeal (what is done, bodies, actions), and enunciative (what is said: incorporeal transformations, forms of expression, parts of broader subjects that produce text as words, ideas, or specific acts) (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). They are the sources of the properties of machinic processes. See machines and machinism.

Becoming: there is *being*, and then there is *becoming*. Becoming is a state of in-betweenness and a movement through an experience. Becomings emerge when bodies connect with other bodies and begin to move, think, feel, and operate in new ways. Becomings are transformative spaces in which different capacities combine. They are fluid and are laden with movement, in contrast to static *being,* which is habitual, encoded, stabilised, and a limiting alternative (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987).

Coding: coding is a process of ordering matter. When we encode, we produce rigid meanings in specific forms that compose and complete territories; when we decode, we translate meaning and strip away structure to pursue alternative arrangements (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987).

Desire: a founding concept for Deleuze and Guattari's epistemontology. Desire is productive as it supports the notion of life as material fluidity. Desire is also a positive force that augments power and enables new connections to form. Deleuze and Guattari view desire as a social force and a process through which anything becomes possible: "for it is always by rhizome that desire moves and produces" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 4).

Despotic signifier: their practices of over-coding or signification define state-forms (the basis of the state). The despotic signifier is the sovereign, institutional, and regulatory signifier that stands for the whole, while the signified (for there is always an Other) is marginalised and excluded. The despotic signifier is a coloniser, as it deploys its powers to capture and control meanings that constrain other conditions of possibility. The "White-Man face" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 178) is a despotic signifier that leaks into this project.

Deterritorialisation (see also reterritorialisation): a tendency towards change. Deleuze and Guattari (1987) describe deterritorialisation as a disarticulation that expresses fluidity and possibilities of change. A deterritorialising line of flight operates as a moment of escape from an assemblage, and that moment of escape releases ways of thinking and acting from over-coding practices of signification. Relative deterritorialisation always ends in reterritorialisation, whether by modifying the original assemblage or by co-constituting a new assemblage with new connections.

Immanence: Immanence is what *exists* or *stays within* as opposed to transcendence, or that which is *outside* or *beyond*. Deleuze and Guattari write of a plane of immanence that "slices through the chaos" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1994, p. 49), and upon which plane concepts can be inscribed in all their multiplicities. Pure immanence (through absolute deterritorialisation) is a plane of immanence and a completely smooth and infinite space, where immersion is utter and complete.

Intensity: Intensity is a trait of the encounter and a precondition of becoming. When an intensity passes a particular threshold, it triggers deterritorialising lines of flight and metamorphoses (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987).

Line of flight: Deleuze and Guattari privilege the line of flight as a process of transformation. Lines of flight are decoding and deterritorialising lines, and instantiations of desiring forces that break away from an existing structure to move towards another structure. They are molecular rather than molar, and their productive capacity lies in their ability to disrupt the reductive forces of social institutions and signifiers. However, if a line of flight fails to find the necessary conditions to create a new structure, then it becomes a destructive force, a "line of death" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 229).

Machines and machinism: Deleuzo-Guattarian machines are combinations of connections, which are unable to work unless they connect with other machines to produce change. They do this by producing social and political movements, and by transferring flows and intensities (Guattari, 1996, 2011). When desiring-machines connect and form a system, they territorialise; when they unlink from one another and the system they deterritorialise. We are always parts of many different machines that operate simultaneously (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983; Guattari, 1996, 2011).

Majoritarian (see also minoritarian): "majority implies a constant … and homogenous system" (Deleuze and Guattari, 1987, p. 105). The majoritarian is the standard to which everything else is compared and found wanting, a state of power, a source of domination that enables imperial hegemony. The majoritarian is molar.

Migrant (see also Nomad): Deleuze and Guattari distinguish between the nomad and the migrant: where the nomad continuously moves along a trajectory, the migrant's journey has a beginning and an end. Unlike nomads, migrants reterritorialise, and they do so in a geopolitical way (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). However, in this project, the migrant is just as able as the nomad to effect intensive qualitative social movements that become socially constitutive. Migrants do this through becomings that challenge the molar fabric of the host societies: by disrupting sovereignty, national identity, and dominant representations.

Minoritarian: there is no becoming majoritarian, only becoming minoritarian. The minoritarian is continuously variable. The minoritarian is molecular and only exists relative to its individual expression (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987).

Molar and molecular: molar bodies, such as institutional and bureaucratic practices, are massive and well-defined. They capture, aggregate, code, and territorialise by establishing boundaries that divide space into rigidly organised hierarchical segments. Molar processes are hegemonic and majoritarian and impose binary classifications and rigid social and political norms: "functions assigned to a subject" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 275). Molecular bodies are micro-bodies that organise and are organised differently—into fluidic, non-hierarchical segments that teem with micro-perceptions—and that reflect the practices of the Other in society. Molecular bodies are individually responsive and exist in tension with molar masses.

Multiplicities: are manifold entities that belong to the many, but they are not combinations of *the many* and *the one*. Quantitative multiplicities, such as a flock of sheep or a pack of wolves, are actual multiplicities: they are objective and intensive, they occupy space, have individual identities, and all their elements are homogeneous and discontinuous; therefore, they can be counted. Qualitative multiplicities, such mental faculties or moods, are virtual: they are subjective and extensive, they occupy time rather than space, and they are continuous; they cannot be counted, but instead exist as intensities (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). Multiplicities help us to conceive and appreciate more nuanced difference and diversity, and novel conceptual structures.

Nomad (see also migrant): the principle of the nomad is that one never arrives, nomadic movement has no end, the nomad is continuously displaced. Nomadism cannot be assigned to a specific territory, or a sedentary space, but is produced through continual movement across spaces (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). Nomadic organisation is not imposed from outside by the majoritarian or signifier but comes from within through the relationships that compose the nomadic body. Braidotti talks of the nomad's "acute awareness of the nonfixity of boundaries" (Braidotti, 1994, p. 36).

Nurturing machine: a special kind of desiring-machine. An assemblage of machinic and enunciative practices that produces energy from an ethic of care (providing emotional and physical nourishment and care) and converts it into well-being as an outcome of the process of production: "[d]esire is a machine, and the object of desire is another machine connected to it" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983, p. 26).

Reterritorialisation (see also deterritorialisation): a tendency towards stasis, structuring, and resettling. Reterritorialisations operate to stabilise the assemblage and its territory, for example, standardisations and shared habits are reterritorialising (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987).

Rhizography: writing the rhizome, or, writing in a movement that trajects beyond the people to embrace broader notions of asignifying relationships. Rhizography destabilises and ruptures the people-centredness of ethnography and autoethnography through recognising and invoking other-than-human subjectivities.

Rhizome (see also root-tree): a creeping rootstalk system that extends itself outwards to invade new space near the parent plant, after which it sends up new shoots. There is no hierarchical organisation in a rhizome. A piece that is broken off can give rise to a new plant, vegetatively reproducing its parent without connection, and spreading in unexpected directions, sometimes crossing and re-crossing its rootstalk system in all its purposes of storage, supply, movement, and multiplication. Unlike a root-tree, there are no singular/unique locations and no stable standpoints in a rhizome; thus, rhizomatic thinking becomes open-ended and productive, and without hierarchical order (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987).

Root-tree (see also rhizome): root-trees are linear, hierarchical, binary, unidirectional, signifying. All conceptualisations of a tree-structure are consistent with a hierarchical root-trunk-branch-leaf arrangement. Root-trees are stable, self-contained, closed systems. Thinking in root-tree patterns stifles our creativity and blinds us to the messy, fluidic dynamism in lived experience. Root-tree thinking is state-ist thinking, preserving the status quo and dominant discourses from criticism (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987).

Signification: systems of significance determine what is meaningful. Signifiers organise and structure our worlds, imposing structures that are already experienced. When we signify a thing using a specific noun, we construct that thing as a specific object; we also construct all things that are not that specific object. The signified has been established in entirety, but only one signifier has been realised. When we reject the primacy of the signifier, we disrupt processes of signification and subjectification (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987).

Smooth and striated space: "Smooth space and striated space—nomad space and sedentary space—the space in which the war-machine develops, and the space instituted by the State apparatus" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 474). Striated space has characteristics of dimensionality, and surfaces are partitioned and allocated. In contrast, smooth space has characteristics of directionality and intensity, and surfaces unfold as nomads pass through in configuration with the space.

State-ism: an overarching power through which society and the state form an interconnected matrix, in which the continuous production of social cooperation is essential for the continued functioning of the capitalist regime and the continuing creation of surplus value. State-ism is used in this project as a despotic source of collective subjectivity (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987).

Stratification: enables us to reduce diversity and multiplicity to orderly, discreet, and univocalised categories of meaning and organisation. Stratification creates hierarchical bodies; territorialisation organises them in assemblages. Stratification has a double articulation: a process of gathering materialities together (aggregation and sedimentation) precedes a process of ordering (imposing form and substance) (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987).

When you are in the middle of a story it isn't a story at all, but only a confusion; a dark roaring, a blindness, a wreckage of shattered glass and splintered wood; like a house in a whirlwind, or else a boat crushed by the icebergs or swept over the rapids, and all aboard powerless to stop it. It's only afterwards that it becomes anything like a story at all. When you are telling it, to yourself or to someone else.

- Margaret Atwood, *Alias Grace*

Prologue

We are not nouns; we are verbs. I am not a thing—an actor, a writer—I am a person who does things—I write, I act—and I never know what I am going to do next.

- Stephen Fry, *Radio Times interview*

It's 2013, and my world is collapsing around me.

I am working in South Auckland, most of the way through a year-long contract project-managing an upgrade to the most extensive food processing production line of its type in the country. The line is over forty years old and has been modified so many times during its life that it is no longer fit for its original purpose. However, the owners want to turn the clock back on the same worn-out production line, to produce a modern-day, upscale version of an old kiwi classic.

We are rebuilding the line: adding new functions and new technologies and extending its length. The line is a beast, a cranky, bad-tempered old beast, with a mind of its own, I swear. It is like the business, filled with institutional power and office politics, with parts that rub and chafe and wear other parts down incessantly. It resists every effort to achieve smoothly flowing production as if to spite us: "You want to tear me apart, reconstruct me, force me to do things I can't do any more. Think I'll make it easy on you?"

It is early in the morning on this day, and I am walking through the gallery, a zigzagging enclosed and elevated walkway that connects one corner of the main production hall, with the opposing corner of the adjoining packing hall. The gallery is in darkness, illuminated only by the sealed windows looking down over the production floor, and as I round one bend, I find the factory's electrical engineer up a ladder, cursing to himself as he struggles to detach a large light fitting. It has been raining, and the roof leaks directly above the fitting, which has filled with water and shorted the light circuit:

"Hey, Ash. You okay there? Anything I can do to help?"

"Yeah. Fuck off."

Later in the week, I am called to a mediation meeting. Ash has complained to his manager about my offer of help. He is fearful for his job in the company, so fearful he has complained that I am trying to muscle in on his turf and take over his role. Me? I don't know a thing about electrical engineering. I am a project manager. I offered help to a workmate. Nothing more.

In the middle of the week—the week that starts with Ash telling me to fuck off and ends with a mediation meeting where I am under the spotlight—in the middle of that week, my wife of 24 years tells me she does not want to live with me anymore. She has been unwell most of the year, and although her health is improving, she tells me that I stand in the way of her complete recovery:

"What can I do to help resolve this?"

"Fuck off."

She wants out, and there is no project-managing my way through this. It is raw, visceral stuff. It is the stuff that says, "Things are going to change, whether you like it or not."

I am 55 years old, I am emotionally overwhelmed, and my world is collapsing around me. However, to move forward with this story, first I must go backwards.

Despite the support of funded tertiary education in the 1970s, my youthful and indifferent attitude to academic disciple was such that I squandered the opportunities that were handed to me. Orientation week turned into orientation month, then into orientation year. I celebrated wine, women, and song *with gusto and gravy* as my friend Yvonne would say, and campus politics proved a fascinating diversion. As an inevitable result, my academic transcripts were littered with Cs, Fail's, and Did Not Completes, like the troubled leaves that Ungaretti (1918/2015, p. 159) wrote of:[1]

Soldati	Soldier
Si sta come	*Here we are*
d'autunno	*like leaves from trees*
sugli alberi	*in autumn*
le foglie	

It may seem an act of debasement to apply such a reflective melody of loss and sorrow to my mediocre academic performance; nevertheless, the metaphor seems somehow appropriate

[1] One of many who fought in the mountains of Northern Italy in the campaign against Austria-Hungary, Giuseppe Ungaretti (1888-1970) penned these words at the end of the First World War in memory of thousands of men-in-arms who fought and died in that campaign.

within the particularities of my lived-world. It took me five years to (barely) pass two-thirds of the papers required for an undergraduate degree, and, after a merciful but much-delayed realisation that I was never going to become an organic chemist, I dropped out. Thirty-five years later, that offering of filial failure I gifted to my parents remains an uncomfortable topic of conversation between my mother and myself. Wars and fallen leaves can have far-reaching consequences.

That is not to say I abandoned my undergraduate degree. It has been a loose end in my life—an untied shoelace, a source of friction with my mother—which is why I have been studying psychology part-time since 2010—a couple of papers each year—as a personal project that finishes off that particular loose end from my first experience of university. Thirty-five years after beginning my degree, I have only six papers to complete. I am intent on erasing those Cs, Fails, and DNCs, and my world is collapsing around me at work and home.

My counsellor suggests that I take a year off, finish my degree, and use the time to regroup. "There's so much emotional violence in your life, what with home and work," he says, "that you need time to assimilate it. Let it wash out of your system. Do something you enjoy. Take a year off. Go back to university. Finish your degree." I go back to university, and I thrive. And when I complete my undergraduate studies, I am offered a place in Massey University's Graduate Research School, a scholarship, and access to outstanding supervisors.

So, here I am now, doing things, writing, verbing my arse off as Stephen Fry might suggest. Doing, not being. Writing a prologue in a doctoral thesis about violence in relationships—the very stuff that I was trying to wash out of my system. And thus, I begin:

> [t]o realize finally that I do not need to follow slavishly any roles. I can begin with who I am in the specific geographical, ideological, political, spiritual, physical, social, chronological, psychological, emotional, intellectual, psychoanalytical, economic locations where I dwell (Leggo, 2008, p. 20).

Chapter 1: Introduction

Where there is love, there is life; hatred leads to destruction.

- Gandhi, *Mr Gandhi's speech*

There is a dark side to life in Aotearoa New Zealand. It is a violent side to family life that takes place behind closed doors, and that disproportionately targets women.

The social issue of family violence is pervasive. In 2018, the New Zealand Police conducted 133,022 investigations into family violence (New Zealand Police, 2019): one new investigation every four minutes. However, the scale of violence is more pervasive than the number of Police investigations indicate. In the latest New Zealand Crime and Victim Survey, the authors estimate that more than three-quarters of all forms of violence in families is unreported (Ministry of Justice, 2018). In other words, in every minute of every hour, in every day of the year, another *measurable act* of family violence occurs in Aotearoa New Zealand. Since measurable acts of violence cannot account for patterns, or dynamics, or tactics of control involving fear and intimidation, the true scope of family violence is barely imaginable.

Family violence is also profoundly gendered. Despite the work of communities and successive governments over the previous four decades, in 2011 the United Nations Entity for Gender Equality and the Empowerment of Women noted that Aotearoa New Zealand had the highest rate of male violence against women of all OECD countries (UN Women, 2011). More than a third of all women in Aotearoa New Zealand have been physically or sexually abused by an intimate partner, and half of all women in the country have been emotionally or psychologically abused at some time in their life (Fanslow & Robinson, 2011). In terms of murders, between 2009 and 2017, there were 102 intimate partner violence deaths in relationships where there was a recorded history of abuse: 77 offenders were men, 72 victims were women, and for 97 of the women involved in those deaths the predominant aggressor was the man (Family Violence Death Review Committee, 2020). Of the women who have been abused and killed by their male partner, over half were killed in frenzied overkill violence (Family Violence Death Review Committee, 2017).[2] Just as the scope of family violence is barely imaginable, so too is the surge of affective flow that is implied when a murder is characterised as a 'frenzied overkill'.

Kazdin (2011) characterises the issue of interpersonal violence as a *wicked problem*, not in the sense that it is evil, but rather in the sense that it is resistant to resolution. The complexity of the issue and its entanglement with other issues, including other wicked problems such as

[2] Overkill is gratuitous, excessive, and sustained lethal violence that goes far beyond what is necessary to kill another (Brown, Williams, & Dutton, 1999; Juodis, Starzomski, Porter, & Woodworth, 2014).

poverty and delivery of healthcare, suggest that it is a problem that is very difficult to address. Kazdin argues that if one part of the system that responds to a wicked problem is addressed in isolation from other parts, then this may give rise to unintended consequences, which in turn create other problems.

I read a corollary into Kazdin's (2011) proposition. When a part of the wicked-problem system is isolated and *ignored*, then that too may give rise to unintended consequences and other problems. This thesis takes as its starting point the proposition that men who use violence become marginalised, isolated, and ignored because of their violence. When men are essentialised according to their use of measurable acts of violence, or according to patterns of controlling women and children, they become objectified as *perpetrators*, or *offenders* in the criminal justice system. From their essentialised, objectified positions, the differences in their specific concrete experiences, their stories and their individualised lives are marginalised. Instead of including the stories of men who use violent into research on the wicked problem of violence against women, I postulate a dominant discourse that pushes these men to the margins. I read it as an essentialising societal discourse that flattens the bodies of men who use violence into *types* so that men who use violence are characterised as *perpetrators*, *offenders*, and *deviant others*. Instead of speaking *to* and *with* men who use violence, the public learns of violence against women through privileged voices of power such as police statements, court records, and media reporting, that speak *for* and *about* men who use violence. Men's stories are silenced despite the perspective of the *offender* having long been used for research in criminological and psychological literature, continuing through to the present day.[3,4] The idea of asking men who use violence to describe their violence provides an opportunity to explore the re-production of lived experience that contribute to, or for that matter, deter from using violence. It is an exploration that is based on the gender-neutral and humanist idea that we might make sense of men's realities by engaging respectfully with the men and the stories that

[3] For example, see Amir, 1971; Barnum & Solomon, 2019; Clark & Cornish, 1985; Fisher & Beech, 1998; Maxfield & Babbie, 2014; Nugent, Burns, Wilson, & Chappell, 1989; Presser, 2009; Wright & Bennett, 1990.

[4] The flattening term *offender* used by the cited authors reminds me that even in fields of research that privilege men as participants, research still has the power to essentialise men who use violence into monolithic *Others*.

they tell about their use of violence. Tolmie writes that this keeps men "connected and in sight" (Tolmie, 2020, para.12).

By bringing the stories of men who use violence back into our responses using the men's own words, my research-machine finds new spaces in which I critically and creatively explore the complexities of their stories to think about family violence in different ways. These are spaces in which human agency is de-privileged and where focus turns to rupturing the men's stories and engaging with how they affectively produce and are produced by the world, through their interactions with others, social systems, material objects, and abstractions.

The posthumanist conceptual apparatus of Deleuze and Guattari lends itself to my search for new ways of thinking about family violence. The *rhizomatic* relational networks that emerge from the interactions between the men in this study and other entities are fluidic and continually disassemble and reassemble themselves as *assemblages*, in different ways that produce multiple movements and tendencies and intensities (Massumi, 2002), and they are *machinic* in that they are always doing things and producing changes in states and capacities (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983, 1987). In such a paradigm, social production is no longer predictable or linear, and there are no *subjects* and *objects*, only multiplicities and movements. Instead, participants become multiplicities and fluidic subjectivities that are continually changing—becoming different—through their interaction in assemblages with other social, material, and abstract entities (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987).

The writings of Bawaka Country also inform this study. Bawaka Country is in northeast Arnhem Land in the Northern Territory of Australia and is home to the Yolŋu people, the first people of the local area. Bawaka Country is also a co-author of several academic and popular journal articles, in an acknowledgment that Yolŋu ways of knowing are different from ways of knowing in Western cultures. In acknowledging Bawaka Country as a co-author, Suchet-Pearson, Wright, Lloyd, Burarrwanga and their colleagues decentre themselves from their authorial and editorial roles in the writing process and articulate themselves as being "part of country, not separate from it" (Bawaka Country et al., 2013, p. 186). Similarly, this study and all my multiplicities are intertwined and embedded locally. As is the house in which the study takes place; as is the food that I prepare for the men, but more on that later.

Both the 40,000-year-old ontology of the Yolŋu and the more-than-human philosophies of Deleuze and Guattari inspire me to insinuate stories of other social, material, and abstract

entities into this project in their own matrix of intersubjectivity and interdependence, so that I might disrupt an exclusively human focus. I acknowledge the ways that the agency of other-than-human beings shape our encounters, to provoke my own ontogenetic shift in ways of thinking about family violence and to provoke the questions that guide this study:

- *How do migrant men talk about their violence in intimate partner relationships?*
- *What happens with the gendered identities, ideologies, and practices of these men in their journeys, and in particular:*
    - *how do particular identities, ideologies, and practices manifest in stories of family violence? And*
    - *how are border and boundary crossings implicated in the men's stories?*
- *How might a Deleuzo-Guattarian ontological approach to family violence change the way we think about family violence?*
- *How does my movement through the research change the way I think about being a man and about becoming something different?*

In the balance of this chapter, I elaborate on the pervasiveness of the issue of violence against women in Aotearoa New Zealand, and on how the issue is constituted, how the language we use to describe violence is laden with contested meanings, and how the issue is both under-reported and profoundly gendered. I then elaborate on the social issue of violence against women in South Auckland, where my research is located at the epicentre of a community-led collaboration with New Zealand Police: Gandhi Nivas Otāhuhu[5]—a collaborative early-intervention initiative that was set up to address the disproportionately high incidence of deaths among South Asian women living in South Auckland.

In the final section of this chapter, I outline the structure of the thesis, then introduce and briefly explain the various narrative devices that I use in the thesis. The men's stories are rich and messy and complicated, and many of the back-story conversations that I have with the men leak out of the research because other, more significant stories jostle to be told. I have

[5] The location is identified here as Gandhi Nivas - Otāhuhu to distinguish it from two other brown corridor sites of operation that have been opened since the study began. Those sites are Gandhi Nivas - Te Atatu and Gandhi Nivas - Papakura, serving north-western and southernmost sections of the brown corridor respectively. In the balance of this study, I will use Gandhi Nivas to refer to the Otāhuhu site.

inserted small *interstories* in my thesis to return some of the richness of these lost conversations to this research project, as they have helped me find different ways of relating with the research. Finally, I use *acts of personification* to speak for the house that homed the participants in this research, and *authorial asides* to open another more personal field of investigation in which I reflect on the emotional demands of research into violence and my embeddedness in the research.

Literature on family violence has an almost liturgical convention of counting reported acts of violence: studies are prefaced by counting the numbers of women assaulted, the numbers of women killed, incidents of child abuse, of family violence, and other related crime statistics. However, counts and statistics aggregate individual experiences into classifications of the objects we observe. Think about my earlier observations on how family violence is profoundly gendered: the descriptions used to evoke the extent of gendered violence all depend on categorising and measuring violence. As Stark notes: "[t]hroughout the world ... the legal and policy responses to domestic violence are typically built on a violence model that equates partner abuse with discrete assaults or threats" (Stark, 2012, p. 3). When the use of violence is measured this way, it is all too easy to treat violence as a series of discrete acts rather than as the unitary phenomenon that it is (Stark, 2007).

"[O]ne counts in order to occupy striated space" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 477), and striated space is orderly and codified. In this sense, counts and statistical representations of family violence reductively operationalise the particularities of individual cases of violence down to counts, aggregations, and classifications. Such approaches fix social relations and contexts in time and space, for example, to stabilise classifications for analysis and to achieve some degree of replicability for research rigour (Cairns, Wistow, & Bambra, 2017; Morse, 2006; Padgett, 2016). As a result, descriptions of family violence become coarse-grained, losing much of the specificity and detail of the social, cultural, and political contexts in which individual men use violence. For example, data released by New Zealand Police show that 29% of 'perpetrators' and 32% of 'victims' in intimate partner homicides in Aotearoa New Zealand between 2009-2012 were Māori (Family Violence Death Review Committee, 2014).[6]

[6] The Family Violence Death Review distinguishes between perpetrators (abusers who abuse others) and offenders (in the context of its reviews, an offender is a person who causes a family violence death, regardless of whether they are charged or convicted) (Family Violence Death review, 2014). This characterisation can be contrasted with NZ Police use of the term 'offender' to refer to "a person or

Similarly, in the 2020 report, the Committee notes that between 2009 and 2017, 33% of men who used violence as predominant aggressors were classified as Māori while only 15% of the general population identify as Māori (Family Violence Death Review Committee, 2020). While these data point to violence in relationships with Māori men, this does little to highlight the problematic and messy connections between family violence and other markers of systemic inequality and marginalisation that impact Māori (Elizabeth, 2015; Morgan & Coombes, 2013).

Nevertheless, the liturgical conventions of counting violence can play a productive role, in that they help us to: "enunciate, embody and enact a people's most cherished meanings and values" (Mitchell, 1999, p. 8). Used in this sense, the liturgical conventions of counting family violence remind us of the pervasiveness and gravity of the issue of family violence. Accordingly, this thesis begins with its own recital of the violence in our society.

In 1893, New Zealand became the first country in the world to grant all women the political right (equal to the right of men) to vote in parliamentary elections. While the struggle for women's suffrage was marked by militancy and illegal activism in the UK and the east coast of the USA, the movement to suffrage in New Zealand was more peaceful, underpinned as it was by "liberal political ideals, settler egalitarian hopes and a desire for moral reforms" (Curtin, 2019, p. 129). Winning the right to vote marked a significant early movement in New Zealand towards women's rights to enjoy economic, political, and social equality with men (Curtin, 2019; Krook, 2020).

Something went awry in that movement towards women's rights. Despite the efforts of successive governments and local communities in Aotearoa New Zealand to address the issue of violence against women, violence against women continues to be a significant social problem over a century later. In their large-scale population-based study of women in Aotearoa New Zealand, Fanslow and Robinson (2004) found that over 33% of over 2,500 ever-partnered participants reported experiencing at least one act of physical or sexual violence at the hands of a partner during their lifetime. Nearly 40% of the 1,360 ever-partnered participants from the rural region of northern Waikato reported experiences of two

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organisation Police apprehend because Police allege the person or organisation is involved in a criminal incident involving one or more offences" (NZ Police, 2016, p. 7). The problem of definitions is discussed in more depth later in this chapter.

or more forms of violence, including physical, sexual, and psychological and emotional violence.

Aotearoa New Zealand's Family Violence Death Review Committee (FVDRC) subsequently wrote that "[i]n the decade from 2000-2010, New Zealand women experienced the highest rate of IVP [intimate partner violence], and specifically sexual violence from intimate partners, of any women in all Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD) countries reporting" (Family Violence Death Review Committee, 2014, p.19).[7] The FVDRC findings were reflected in the nationwide New Zealand Crime and Safety Survey (Ministry of Justice, 2014) in which it was reported that 26.1% of women had been physically abused by an intimate partner during their lifetime, while 23.8% of women reported experience of one or more incidents of sexual violence during their lifetime. Another study identified that over half of all women in the country had been emotionally or psychologically abused at some time in their life (Fanslow & Robinson, 2011).

To contextualise the scale of violence against women in Aotearoa New Zealand, in 2013, the World Health Organisation (WHO) published findings of a systematic review of the prevalence of the problem, conducted across 79 countries. The WHO review excluded threats of violence other than those involving a weapon, so it applied a narrower definition of what constitutes violence than is typical in Aotearoa New Zealand; however, it applied a broader definition of *intimate partner* by including dating and informal partnerships as well as stable sexual relationships. The WHO reported that worldwide, 30% of women who had been in a relationship had experienced physical or sexual violence (or both) by their intimate partner (World Health Organisation, 2013).

In 2014, NZ Police in Aotearoa New Zealand carried out nearly 102,000 investigations into family violence, taking up over 40% of frontline police time. Over 60% of the investigations linked at least one child under the age of 16 years to the violence (NZFVC, 2017). By 2018, the number of family violence investigations undertaken by Police increased to over 133,000 (New Zealand Police, 2019). Other measures suggest even higher levels of reported violence: The New Zealand Government's Oranga Tamariki Ministry for Children received 158,921 care and protection notifications in 2016/17, or one notification every 4.4 minutes (Gerrard, 2018). However, NZ Police have estimated that only 18-25% of family violence incidents are

[7] See also UN Women (2011); OECD Social Policy Division (2013).

reported to them: the actual incidence of violence in New Zealand homes is some four to five times higher than they have been called to (Family Violence Death Review Committee, 2014). If that is the case, then every minute of every hour, every day of the year, a 'measurable' act of family violence takes place in Aotearoa New Zealand.

While there is ample evidence of high levels of family violence in Aotearoa New Zealand, evidence of the significance of violence, whether physical or psychological, in family relationships is complex because terms are not always consistently defined and data is not always comparable between different sources. For example, comparisons of the prevalence of violence, such as those which identify Aotearoa New Zealand as having the highest rate of intimate partner violence of all OCED countries, are based on reported incidents of sexual and physical violence against women partners. In contrast, organisations such as the United Nations, apply a broader scope of violence in families including emotional, psychological and spiritual harm, patterns of coercive control, child abuse and neglect, child sexual abuse, forced or early marriage, and "killings in the name of honour" (García-Moreno et al., 2015, p. 1686).

Since 1995 legislation in Aotearoa New Zealand has acknowledged some forms of psychological violence, as well as the notion that violence might involve acts that can form a pattern of behaviours "even though some or all of those acts, when viewed in isolation, may appear to be minor or trivial" (Domestic Violence Act 1995, s.3(4)(b)). However, it has only been since 2018, when the Crimes Act 1961 was amended in line with new legislation repealing the Domestic Violence Act 1995, that coerced marriage has been included as a form of family violence. Moreover, the recently introduced Family Violence Act 2018 extends an understanding of violence to include physical, sexual and psychological abuse, coercive control, and dowry related violence (Family Violence (Amendments) Act 2018).

Although there are increasing awareness and understanding of the scope of violence in the home, violence is still primarily understood as physical and sexual assault, while other types of violence, such as economic abuse, remain mostly invisible (Hancock, 2017; Postmus, Hoge, Breckenridge, Sharp-Jeffs, & Chung, 2018). Targets of abuse may also have problematic understandings of what constitutes violence. For example, Hancock found that women in Aotearoa New Zealand who understand their own experiences as experiences in the absence of physical violence talked about sexual violence but still held on to the idea that it is not physical, and that "women's cultural knowledge of normalised behaviour ... assumes sex is a compulsory requirement of 'intimate' relationships" (Hancock, 2017, p. 786).

While the past century has seen progressive social changes in women's rights and legal entitlements, family violence is still a significant and mostly unreported social phenomenon that profoundly affects women across all social, cultural and economic demographics. Work in the field of domestic violence has emerged through the efforts of women to raise awareness of women's experiences of abuse from their partners behind closed doors, in the face of cultural beliefs that violence (and the fault for the violence) was the women's problem (Dobash & Dobash, 1979; Gordon, 1988; Pyles & Postmus, 2004). Family violence continues to be a profoundly gendered phenomenon in which societies around the world develop and mobilise patriarchal practices that maintain women's subordination to men (e.g., Adelman, Haldane, & Wies, 2012; Agarwal, 1990; Almosaed, 2004; Borooah, 2000; Busch, Morgan, & Coombes, 2014; Gulliver & Fanslow, 2012; Gupta et al., 2017; Jensen, 2010; Stark, 2007; Sugarman & Frankel, 1996).

Family violence in Aotearoa New Zealand is similarly gendered. For example, in 2011, UN Women released findings that showed that Aotearoa New Zealand had the highest rate of male violence against women of all OECD countries (UN Women, 2011), and this is resonant of the FVDRC findings above. Similarly, in the investigations of family violence undertaken by NZ Police in 2016, over 90% of all applications for protection orders were made by women, and nearly 90% of the respondents were men (NZFVC, 2016). In light of the gendered character of family violence, the issue of violence against women that is considered in this thesis is particularly problematic in light of the social norms of male domination generally (García-Moreno et al., 2015; Stark, 2007), and male privilege in sexual relations in particular (Fu, 2015; Htun & Weldon, 2012).

Moreover, the issue of family violence is more problematic than just for its pervasive and gendered character. The wicked problem is complicated by how violence (as well as identity) is languaged. The social problem of intimate partner violence against women is complex and engages terms that have multiple and contested meanings. There is ambiguity in what violence means, just as there is also ambiguity in how the term *family* can be conceptualised. Distinctions can be made between different types of violence, yet targets of violence may experience many different types together and in different combinations to different extents at different times. Moreover, legalistic definitions of violence, which characterise them as events or episodic actions, minimise violence to the point of misrepresenting the complex dynamics of day-to-day intimacy in a relationship. Indeed, relationships between aggressors and targets

are fluid and can defy simple classifications, for a participant might be both a person who uses violence and a target of violence at different times, or even at the same time.

The term *violence* is itself commonly associated with physical assault, and there is a common tendency to consider the physicality of violence to be the defining characteristic of oppressive intimate relationships (Elizabeth, 2015; Family Violence Death Review Committee, 2014, 2017; Stark, 2007). Through such associations and the legal response to the use of violence, we are encouraged to view family violence as incident-based episodes of physicality and force, rather than as a malevolent and ongoing course of gendered power and control that manifests in a wide variety of intimidating and coercive abuse (Elizabeth, 2015; Stark, 2007). When violence against women is understood as incident-based episodes of physical abuse, understandings of other dynamics of violence against women—such as the use of coercive control operating through abusive strategies that are tailored by violent intimate partners to the psychology of their targets—become less clear (Family Violence Death Review Committee, 2014, 2017; Stark, 2007).

Family violence is also imbued with different, specific meanings through legislation. The Family Violence Act 2018, s.9.1[8] defines family violence as violence inflicted upon a person by another person in the family relationship. The Act is supported by the Family Violence (Amendments) Act (2018) which inscribes violence with different operational meanings, including physical, sexual, and psychological abuse, coercive control, and dowry-related violence. The legislation includes broad understandings of psychological abuse that cover threats of abuse, intimidation, harassment, damage to property, ill-treatment of pets or other animals, financial or economic abuse, for example, "denying or limiting access to financial resources, or preventing or restricting employment opportunities or access to education" (Family Violence (Amendments) Act 2018, s.11.1.e), and abuse through withholding access to resources that affect the person's quality of life (s.11.1.f).

As with the concept of *violence*, the term *family* can be associated with different meanings. Western cultural norms tend to view families as heterosexual two-parent nuclear kinship units, while, in contrast, many traditional Eastern and Pacific cultures conceptualise families as super-organic kinship networks that include past and future generations, both living and dead

[8] Read in conjunction with the Family Violence (Amendments) Act 2018, which makes changes to various Acts to improve responses to family violence in both the criminal and civil law.

(for further discussion, see Anyan & Pryor, 2002; Cowley, Paterson, & Williams, 2004; Yamashiro & Matsuoka, 1997). In Aotearoa New Zealand, for example, the concept of *family* is understood and practised differently in indigenous Māori communities to how they are understood and practised in the Western cultural norms of the nuclear family. Māori whānau can be conceptualised as an extended family or community of related families, that are embedded in a larger extended kinship clan, the hapū. In turn, different hapū combine in still larger iwi or tribal confederations. Each level in the whānau- hapū-iwi construct relies on a fluid system of alliances, and on the power that is established through *whakapapa* (lines of descent from ancestors through to present day, connecting people to all other living things and the earth) and through *whanaungatanga* (positive and meaningful relationships, values, and responsibilities within and between communities). However, it is relevant to note the erosion of traditional Māori family values and practices of respectful relationships by the oppressive and marginalising impact of Western colonisation (Wilson, 2016).

Although family violence is profoundly gendered, the language of violence in legislation and the criminal justice system is gender-neutral. Stark comments on the neutrality of the conventional definition of family violence that is drawn from systems of criminal justice in general:

> crimes are conceived as discrete acts. The definition also highlights a stated or perceived intention to cause harm ... it is also neutral with respect to sex, age, power, and other sociodemographic or situational factors, and highlights injury, implying that a calculus of harms alone can be used to assess how seriously an incident should be treated (Stark, 2007, pp. 86-87).

Despite overwhelming evidence that women are disproportionately targeted in violence, terms such as *domestic violence* and *family violence* remove gender from the problem-framing process (Berns, 2000; Loseke & Kurz, 2005). Although domesticity is often in the realm of the feminine, the expressions *domestic issues* and *family issues* are not gender-specific—and this can remove violence from its social and structural contexts within a gendered structure of responsibility (Johnson, 2015; Stark 2007).

When a gendered structure of responsibility is not acknowledged, it becomes easier to focus on the accountability of women for the violence that is done to them (Berns, 2000; Johnson, 2015; Towns & Adams, 2016). This shift in focus has been facilitated by the

emergence of a neo-liberal political and economic ideology from the mid-1980s onwards that fosters 'rational' self-interest through minimising state intervention, and privileges free-market initiatives such as privatisation and deregulation (Larner, 1997). There are many threads to neoliberalism; however, three fundamental assumptions prevail: markets are more efficient than the state at allocating and managing resources for production and distribution; competition is the primary driving force of innovation; and societies are made up of autonomous and rational individuals who are primarily motivated by economic considerations (Coburn, 2000). In this context, individuals are valued for their application of effort and their talent, and the poor become marginalised and stigmatised as lazy, lacking both education and motivation. Extrinsic factors such as the absence of equal opportunity, limited access to education, and discrimination, are overlooked or ignored in stereotypic representations of the culpability of the poor for their precarious situations (Coburn, 2000; Larner, 1997).

The 'rational' self-interest dynamic of the neo-liberal ideology is exemplified by the case of former American film producer Harvey Weinstein, who has been accused of sexually assaulting more than 80 women, and who was charged in 2020 with the rape and predatory sexual assault of two women. In his trial, Weinstein's defence attorney, Donna Rotunno, portrayed Weinstein as a victim of an overzealous #MeToo movement that had declared him guilty without questioning the accounts of his accusers. Cauterucci writes that Rotunno's portrayal is consistent with an ideological standpoint that women who take on the status of a victim infantilise themselves, and that women fail to take responsibility for their own sexual choices (Cauterucci, 2020, February 14). Rotunno's is a neoliberalist standpoint that reasserts and perpetuates the long-held cultural rape myth that women are raped because they 'ask for it' through their behaviour (Clark & Evans, 2020; Green & Day, 2020; Worthington, 2020). Indeed, the terms that Rotunno uses—*victims*, *survivors*, and *perpetrators*—are often used to describe people who have experiences of violence, and they serve as external regulators of self-agency and identity to constrain change and development. As Cauterucci suggests, Rotunno resists forms of the meaning of victim that do not take account of victimisation or social injustices. Experiences of violence ought not to define a person and should be considered instead as only part of a much larger self-identity. Similarly, when the language of violence against women is degendered, violence (and the fault for the violence) once again becomes a woman's problem (Berns, 2000; Johnson, 2015; Towns & Adams, 2016).

Despite the complexities that emerge through terms that have multiple and contested meanings, Gulliver and Fanslow (2012) remind us that definitions are "the starting point for all measurement of family violence, so that we can be clear about what we are counting." (p. 8). They argue that if data collection systems are not based on consistent definitions, then trends and inter-study comparisons become meaningless. Accordingly, this study adopts particular meanings of violence by employing elements of the categorising language that is commonly used in work on violence against women, so that the reader is clear about what I am describing.

Fanslow and Robinson (2011) operationalise family violence by explicating specific acts: physical violence, which they exemplify as acts such as slapping with an open fist, hitting with a closed fist, pushing, shoving, hair pulling, kicking, dragging, choking, or using weapons; sexual violence, which they exemplify as forced sexual intercourse, intercourse through fear of consequences of refusing, or forced participation in degrading or humiliating sex acts; and psychological and emotional abuse, in which they include insults, humiliation in front of others, intimidation, or threats of harm.[9]

Fanslow and Robinson add a caveat to their efforts to operationalise family violence when they acknowledge that "exhaustive [definitional] lists are not possible, as victim perception has a role in determining what behaviours are considered abusive" (Fanslow & Robinson, 2011, p. 742). They remind us that family violence has many complexities and takes many different forms that do not always comply with "uniform definitions" as they put it (p. 742). For the most part, I use Fanslow and Robinson's (2011) operationalised language and acknowledge the specific legislative meanings of the language of violence. However, I also employ the phrase *violence against women* in gender-specific recognition that men use violence against women in intimate relationships far more than women use violence against men. We choose whether to turn towards others or to turn against them, and the use of violence is always a turn against another, never a turn towards.

I have written earlier that Kazdin (2011) characterised the complexity of the issue as a wicked problem because of its resistant to resolution. The prevalence of violence, its profound gendering, problems of terminology, contested meanings, its intersectionality with

[9] Note that Fanslow and Robinson (2011) do not mention financial abuse in their inventorying of family violence.

other wicked problems such as the structural violence of intergenerational poverty and the so-called 'rational' self-interest of the neo-liberal ideology that holds individuals responsible for whatever befalls them at the intersections—all are markers of the wicked complexity of this violent problem for family life in Aotearoa New Zealand.

In the next section, I turn from the coarse granularity of national crime statistics to focus in more detail on the complexity of the issue of violence against women in South Auckland, a part of Auckland where physical attacks, sexual assaults, and related police apprehensions, have been disproportionately high amongst Indian men compared with other ethnicities. The South Auckland community has responded to that disproportionality with the Gandhi Nivas initiative, a community response aimed towards reducing violence by supporting men to change their behaviour, and that initiative is the location for this study.

In the sixth report from Aotearoa New Zealand's Family Violence Death Committee, the authors write of 'holding men to account' (2020), but to whom? Accountability is imposed through criminal statutes and justice agencies. However, there are also the rules of personal relationships, in which accountability must be to the whānau, families, and communities that are the targets of violence. There is also a moral responsibility for men who use violence against women *to hold themselves* to account for their actions. As Cooper-White observes, accountability is "more than a tour of excuses" (Cooper-White, 2012, p. 208). The changes men who use violence make must be meaningful and enduring and specifically operationalised for each man, the people he harms, and their communities. That is a central premise to Gandhi Nivas Otāhuhu where this research takes place. Gandhi Nivas is a community-led initiative in collaboration with NZ Police. The initiative offers free counselling and emergency accommodation to men who are involved in Police matters related to family harm. It provides opportunities for respite, access to support services, and early interventions, not just for the men but, for the whole family and, implicitly, wider society. Just like its namesake, Mahatma Gandhi, Gandhi Nivas aspires to the reconstruction of a peaceful society. This research takes place in the first house established by the initiative, located in the South Auckland suburb of Otāhuhu (since the research began, two other houses have been established in Auckland).

Afeaki-Mafile'o locates Otāhuhu at the epicentre of "the long brown tail of Auckland ... a brown corridor" (E. Afeaki-Mafile'o, personal communications, January 16, 2015). Afeaki-Mafile'o's brown corridor is a long narrow belt of socioeconomically disadvantaged communities living in "some of the city's poorest and least health-promoting housing" (Cheer,

Kearns, & Murphy, 2002, [Abstract]). The clusters of fast food, liquor, and gambling outlets along the main street are markers of poor neighbourhoods (Hay, Whigham, Kypri, & Langley, 2009; MacDonald, Olsen, Shortt, & Ellaway, 2018; Pearce, Day, & Witten, 2008; Thornton, Lamb, & Ball, 2016), and they are reminders of the difficulties that the local community faces in dealing with issues of health, violence, alcohol and drug abuse, and gambling addictions (Borell, 2005; Egan-Bitran, 2010). Such reminders are compounded by dominant media representations that depict the area in racially charged, narrow, and harmful stereotypes as a place of crime and violence (Allen & Bruce, 2017; Loto et al., 2006). Otāhuhu is an urban environment whose very name is "synonymous with crime, poverty, danger, delinquency, and negligence ... a place of high need and considerable dependence on government assistance" (Borell, 2005, p. 192).[10]

Initially, the clustering of ethnic minority populations of migrants in Afeaki-Mafile'o's brown corridor was a consequence of chain migration. Once early migrants had established and proven themselves in Aotearoa New Zealand, they were able to secure access for other family members who migrated in their footsteps to join family, friends, and other migrants from similar backgrounds and origins (MacPherson, 2006). In this way, chain migration enables the formation of supportive networks that provide psychological and material assistance to new migrants, and that is an outcome that sustains clusters of migrants from the same kinship networks and villages (Banerjee, 1983; Hudson, Phillips, Ray, & Barnes, 2007; Robinson, & Reeve, 2006).

However, the concentration of migrants in unskilled/semi-skilled work in particular industry sectors (Allpress, 2013), and the low workforce participation rates across all ages and particularly high levels of unemployment for young people (Statistics New Zealand, 2014a, 2014b, 2014c) also resulted in systemic inequalities in income and employment in the ethnic minority populations in the brown corridor. These are systemic inequalities that constrain the socioeconomic mobility of migrants to more affluent suburbs, and mean that migrants have insecure tenure in the high proportion of rental and public sector housing that is prevalent along the corridor running between Henderson and South Auckland—suburbs like Otāhuhu. In this sense, a profoundly problematic consequence of chain migration is its progressive

[10] Given Pākehā dominance of journalism exceeds the proportion of Pākehā in the population as a whole, I read dominant media representations of South Auckland as shorthand for representations that are written by Pākehā for Pākehā consumption (Allen & Bruce, 2017).

development of a stratum of disadvantaged people that are socially excluded from the capitalist system that gave rise to them: a stratum that can be recognised as the *precariat*, or precarious proletariat (Mills, 2004; Munck, 2013). The emergence of the precariat is symptomatic of a movement "from a class society to a risk society" (Mills, 2004, p. 116), a society in which structures of social inequality, including class, gender, and minority status, are compounded by shifting risk to individuals: those who are least able to shape their own lives are the ones most likely to be marginalised.

The Indian ethnic community is a prominent constituent of the long brown corridor. People identifying as Indian numbered 155,178 people or 3.9% of people who indicated their ethnicity in the 2013 census in Aotearoa New Zealand.[11] Over 75% of people identifying as Indian in Aotearoa New Zealand are migrants, and close to 70% of people identifying as Indian live in Auckland (Statistics NZ, 2014b), particularly along the southern end[12] of the belt of impoverished communities. The Indian community makes up almost a half (47%) of the total Asian population of the Counties Manukau District Health Board in South Auckland, compared with 23% in Waitemata District Health Board and 33% in Auckland District Health Board, two neighbouring regions (Counties Manukau Health, 2017).

In one evaluation of the health of different communities in the Auckland region, people identifying as Indian migrants were found to have nearly four times the diagnosis rate for diabetes than New Zealand Europeans and Others.[13] In another health needs assessment, this time focusing on the Auckland Asian population, Mehta (2012) identified diabetes, heart

[11] Another near-liturgical convention occurs when we assemble descriptions of populations in statistical terms. While population statistics fix social relations and contexts in time and space, they also reductively operationalise individuals to ethnicity, religion, and...and...and... and so the story goes.

[12] Local clusters of people identifying as Indian are largest in Papatoetoe, Ormiston and surrounding suburbs, and Mangere South (Counties Manukau Health, 2017). Other large clusters are found in Otāhuhu, New Lynn, Mt Roskill, Sandringham, and Papakura (Mehta, 2012).

[13] Age-standardised prevalence rates of diabetes in the Auckland Region: 10.3% among Māori, 15.8% among Pacific, 24.2% among Indians, and 6.3% among NZ Europeans/Others (Warin, Exeter, Zhao, Kenealy, & Wells, 2016). See also the next footnote.

disease, child asthma, low birth weight deliveries, terminations of pregnancy, and family violence among concerns about the community health of the Indian demographic group.[14]

At the time that the Gandhi Nivas initiative was first conceived, the Indian community also stood out for its high rate of family violence-related assaults: 490 per 100,000 population versus 350 for NZ European/Other and 128 for Chinese and Other Asian communities (Mehta, 2012). Convictions for the crime of *Male Assaults Female*[15] are twice as high (190 per 100,000) for *Indian* men as for *NZ European/Other* (90), and nearly five times higher than *Chinese and Other Asian* men (38). These observations are supported by other (similarly reductive) data, including NZ Police apprehensions of male offenders in Counties Manukau during 2014, which show levels of physical attack, sexual assaults, and related police apprehensions of Indian men that were disproportionately high compared with those of other ethnicities (see Table 1).

	Caucasian	**Maori**	**Pacific**	**Asiatic**	**Indian**
Total Offences	2,808	5958	4209	254	811
Attacks intended to cause injury, sexual assaults, related offences	842	1570	1530	105	380
Percentage of total	30.0%	26.4%	36.4%	41.3%	46.9%

Table 1.

Police apprehensions by ethnicity of male offenders in Counties Manukau during Calendar Year 2014.

Source: NZ.Stat (2019)

[14] Classifications like those used to describe population characteristics—such as Indian, Asian, diabetic, asthmatic—are taxonomic terminologies that are problematic because they impose Eurocentric assumptions on individuals and communities.

[15] Male Assaults Female is a crime under Section 194 of the Crimes Act 1961: "The act of intentionally applying or attempting to apply force to the person of another, directly or indirectly, or threatening by any act or gesture to apply such force to the person of another, by a male on a female" (NZFVC, 2017).

The location of this research is Gandhi Nivas, a community-led initiative in Otāhuhu, at the heart of the brown corridor. Given the prominence of Indian men in family violence data, community leaders and NZ Police in South Auckland were motivated to collaborate in the formation of Gandhi Nivas in December 2014 (Patel, 2016, November 14). The initiative was primarily conceived of as a residential service to Indian men who were referred by NZ Police, and the relationship between the service and NZ Police is a key enabler for the organisation. The primary objective of Gandhi Nivas is to provide early intervention services to men who are involved in police matters related to family harm. Of the men who go through the Gandhi Nivas initiative, 65.6% have been bound by Police Safety Orders (PSOs). Another 15.9% have been admitted to the initiative as a result of a police matter being raised but without a PSO being issued (Morgan, Jennens, Coombes, Connor, & Denne, 2020). Almost half of the intake cases are unemployed, and during the first year of operation, Indian and Fijian Indian men made up 51% of the intake. However, that proportion has reduced recently because the Gandhi Nivas initiative has progressively encompassed a greater diversity of ethnicities in its intakes (Morgan et al., 2020).

Police Safety Orders are issued by police as an interim safety measure when they have reasonable grounds to believe that there is a risk of family violence, or that an incident of family violence has occurred. The purpose of the PSO is to support the general objectives of early intervention and protection for targets of family violence (Mossman, Kingi & Wehipeihana, 2014). Men who are bound by a PSO are not able to return to the residence they are removed from and are not allowed to have any contact with people protected by the PSO (including children) for the period of the order—usually between one and three days, but up to ten days.[16] They are also required to surrender any firearms and firearm license in their possession for the period of the PSO. No criminal convictions arise from the issue of a PSO, and this reduces the potential for longer-term marginalisation of people who use violence against others. Moreover, because there is no criminal process or conviction outcome, it is less likely that the bound person's income is compromised meaning that the financial resources that are available to the family are not compromised.

[16] The duration of PSOs was extended from a maximum of five days to a maximum of 10 days from July 1, 2019 (after fieldwork for this study was largely completed) to meet political commitments from the Government of the day to provide more protection for people who have been targets of family violence.

An early evaluation of PSOs (Mossman, Kingi & Wehipeihana, 2014) found that they operate effectively to de-escalate tension in situations where police are attending a domestic dispute where violence has taken place or where they fear violence might occur. PSOs ensure the immediate safety of targets of violence and their children and provide a safe environment and sufficient time for people at risk to consider and seek the appropriate help for their situations. However, Mossman et al. also identified a need for better support for bound people through temporary housing for men with nowhere to go and referrals to stopping violence intervention programmes and community agencies.

Following talks between Counties Manukau Police and individuals and community groups in South Auckland, the Gandhi Nivas (see Figure 1) initiative was established in 2014 to

Figure 1. Gandhi Nivas - Otāhuhu. (Source: Author)

address the problem of family violence by helping men who use violence to engage in their rehabilitation. Rather than removing targets of violence from their homes, men could be removed, temporarily housed, and given counselling and ongoing support through early intervention.

On arrival at Gandhi Nivas, referred men participate in a counselling case formulation, which is then used to customise early intervention counselling that quickly engages the men and their families with support and timely content-appropriate interventions. If indicated by the case assessment, then other referrals to organisations and support services in the community are provided. These referrals can include facilitated access to social welfare

statutory agencies, medical appointments, budgeting services, legal services, and referrals to refuges when safety plans warrant referrals. These and other services are provided by dedicated staff, with support from sister organisation Sahaayta, the delivery arm of South Asian Trust., whose primary focus is the provision of client-centred, culturally appropriate counselling and social support services to over thirty ethnic communities in South Auckland.

Gandhi Nivas can be translated as Gandhi House and is named for Mohandas Karamchand (Mahatma) Gandhi (1869-1948). Gandhi is widely revered in Indian culture as a father of the nation, and his name is synonymous with the reconstruction of peaceful society (Lal, 1995; Nikam, Ganesh, & Tamizhchelvan, 2004). Over a thousand men have passed through the doors of this house of peace in the first four years of its operation since opening and, consistent with early conceptions of the service, a large proportion of these men have been young migrant men from North India. One of the significances of this 'flattening' statistic of *foot traffic* that is lost when we focus on numbers is that it refers not just to a thousand men passing through the doors, but also to the thousand families of those men. These families have been afforded opportunities to access outreach services that they might not otherwise have access to, including early intervention and respite from violence, anger-management and relationship counselling support, access to refuges, and various life-skills programmes such as budgeting, job-search support, and alcohol and drug treatment programmes.

Most of the men in this study are young North Indian men, but men from other Asian and Pacific communities have contributed as well. Their voices emerge throughout the research, as they narrate their experiences of growing up in their home countries. The men talk of many things: of migrations, of magical encounters with other men who talk about feelings, and of becoming mountains of stillness. The men also talk about their violence against women, and their graphic descriptions of violence and controlling behaviours told at the dinner table as we eat together, have soaked uncomfortably into the pages of this thesis.

Finally, it remains to overview the organisation of this thesis. This chapter—*Chapter 1: Introduction*—has introduced the wicked problem of family violence and presents a brief background of the scale and complexity of violence against women in Aotearoa New Zealand, and more specifically in South Auckland communities. Police Safety Orders are briefly introduced and explained, and the setting and objectives of the study have been raised.

In *Chapter 2: Conceptual apparatus,* I describe the conceptual apparatus of Deleuzo-Guattarian theory that I use in this thesis to produce different ways of thinking about masculine identities, processes of migration, and violence. I also address Connell's conceptualisation of hegemonic masculinity and consider how a Deleuzo-Guattarian alternative might change how we conceive of masculinity. Then I turn to the challenges of representing the other-than-human elements of the research that it plugs into.

In *Chapter 3: Assembling a research-machine*, I introduce the research-machine that I call *Rhizography* in this study. It emerges as a machine that I plug into and become a part. I do this so that, together with other elements of the research assemblage, I can plug into the accounts of migrant men who have been removed from their homes because they have used violence. My research-machine does this to explore what happens with the identities, ideologies, and practices of these men as their stories progress from childhood through migration, and finally to using violence against women. As my research-machine negotiates access to Gandhi Nivas, the men, and the context of the house, it expands and moves to take on new functionalities. The operation of the machine is facilitated by a novel performative research method, which I call *Dinner Table Storytelling*, and everything is energised by an ethic of care in which I cook for the men and interact with them as we eat and converse over the dinner table. The assembly and operations of my research-machine are better demonstrated in the *doing* and not in the *talking about doing,* and so Chapter 3 is only a brief account of assembling the research-machine. It is an account that becomes more textured as the rest of the thesis unfolds.

Following on from Chapter 3*,* this project moves away from the conventions of thesis organisation and structure and takes on some of the *un-conventions* of a rhizome. The sections that follow are no longer *Chapters* in the style of the Deleuzo-Guattarian "root-book" (Deleuze and Guattari, 1987, p. 5), shaped by the signifying totality of the academy, with an orderly progression of introduction, literature review, methodology, data collection, analysis, discussion, and conclusion. Instead, they are presented as *Openings*—because it makes sense to me that we find new understandings of the violence that men use through openings to their experiences and recitals and memories and meanings that inform and entangle with one another. These Openings help me to disrupt my linear ways of thinking, and within each Opening, my writing becomes more segmented and episodic, as I attempt to reproduce the fragmentary ways in which stories emerge—because all our stories are partial, incomplete, still becoming…

The first *Opening: The first group session* tells the story of a collaborative and co-creative group workshop, through which I explore how participants in this study engage in different ways of learning through their relationships with one another. In the second *Opening: Early years*, participants talk about the vulnerabilities of their childhoods and of growing up in their home countries. The third *Opening: Four stories* emerges as four sections, in which I follow the experiences of four men—Parmeet, Ajay, Ronit, and Raghav—in a collection of one-on-one conversations. Each describes different movements in their lives, from their childhoods, through the migratory movements that have brought them to Aotearoa New Zealand, to the violence that has brought them to Gandhi Nivas. The fourth *Opening: Madhu and the goat curry* traces an extended interaction with one participant—Madhu—over six months, as he tries to come to terms with the repercussions of threatening to kill his partner. The fifth and final *Opening: Closing but not a conclusion* draws different strands of the thesis together in a conclusion that considers how things connect and what territories they claim when they connect.

In addition to the emergence of *Openings* in this thesis, I adopt some other un-conventions in the presentation of this thesis, through *interstories, violent vignettes*, *recipes*, the imagined voice of *House*, and intertextual authorial *asides* to the reader. The latter three devices, in particular, inspire creative approaches in which I engage in acts of personification to allow other-than-human voices to emerge—hence the Atwood (1996) epigraph that opens this thesis. Atwood captures the issue of storytelling from a meta-fictional perspective, and it is an issue that assails my thesis-writing-machine repeatedly.

My *interstories* are short anecdotes that acknowledge different spaces in which this project unfolds. For example, the first interstory introduces a *hug of teddy bears* that appeared at Gandhi Nivas through the kindness of a friend. My interstories are reminders to me of the leaky stuff in social research: the messy richness of conversations between men generates many stories, and much of what is said and heard leaks away. My interstories attempt to soak up some of that leakiness because even the leakage helps me find different ways to plug into the research.

Violent vignettes are brief accounts of the moments when the men explicitly describe their use of violence. The vignettes appear as if torn from my field-notes, and I use them as enduring traces of the violent acts to remind myself that possibilities for violence are ever-present.

As the project develops, I prepare and serve many dishes, starting with a rich roasted tomato and red pepper rasam for the first group session, and ending with post-prandial cardamom shortbreads that sustain my thesis-writing-machine. Inclusion of *recipes* for these dishes expresses my ethic of care for the men and fuels the notion of *research-as-a-nurturing-machine,* through which the research process becomes a site of production that connects with the appetites of the men to facilitate our conversations.

Alongside recipes, another other-than-human voice inserts itself. The physical house that is Gandhi Nivas has a structural materiality. However, the bricks-and-mortar also embody a legal response for early intervention in family violence, a social response to concerns about violence, a place of work, a place of respite, and…and…and…. *House* emerges in my thesis as a nurturing-machine that cares for its residents: the people in the house are different for being in the house, and *House* is different for the men being there. I sense, collect, and metamorphose the other-than-human subjectivities of the house into a textual engagement *with* and *through* the imagined voice of *House*. It is a voice that weaves its way through the project, giving me cause to reflect on different possibilities for the nurturing-machine, and it speaks to a relationship between me and the house that is more than just my imagination—rather, my experience of becoming nurturing-machine in the house of peace.

Finally, I acknowledge anthropologist Ruth Behar, a strong advocate for adopting and acknowledging the subjectivity and emotional involvement of the participant-observer. In her book, *The Vulnerable Observer*, Behar (1996) writes that she cannot ever make herself vulnerable enough to those whose stories she witnesses for allowing those stories to enter her life. The stories that the men share with me are told in intimate moments, they are hurtful memories that are laden with violence, and they leave traces on me as well as the original targets of their violence. When I make myself vulnerable in this project and bear witness to my emotional involvement by riddling my thesis with inter-textual authorial *asides*, I do it to acknowledge those traces and the ways they change how I perceive the men's stories. In these reflexive asides, I step back from writing the men's stories to consider my reactions and reflections as a constant reminder of my place in the research and the traces that it leaves on my body.

Chapter 2: Conceptual apparatus

See, people with power understand exactly one thing: violence.

- Noam Chomsky, *Understanding power: The indispensable Chomsky*

Arborescent, or root-tree, systems are linear and hierarchical, and arrange causality along chronological and spatial: "lines or trajectories [that] tend to be subordinated to points: one goes from one point to another" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 478). They use root-tree patterns that are constituted through fixed, over-coded, ordered, and hierarchical organisations of research time and space: "The space [the root-tree] constitutes is one of striation; the countable multiplicity it constitutes remains subordinated to the One in an always superior or supplementary dimension." (p. 505). However, the organising and regulating effects of root-tree patterns obscure the messy, fluidic dynamism in lived experience and this can blind us to the diversity of spaces, bodies, expressions, qualities, modes of operation, times, and other elements, that fluidly (and often unexpectedly) interconnect in different contexts (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). I fear that if I rely on the commonly used approaches to an interpretive inquiry into violence against women, then I risk reproducing root-tree stories of violence against women—the familiar explanations, the dominant discourses, the established truths about family violence, and all the organising forces that constitute form and function, subject and text, with all their liturgical conventions—and the root-tree stories are not what I am trying to reproduce in this research.

Instead of complying with mainstream theories of how we make sense of things, I want to explore the men's stories of violence against women using different ways of thinking about masculine identities, processes of migration, and violence. Looking for the singularities and the differences is at the heart of my movement away from the mainstream apparatus of organisation and representation to think about other possibilities of being a man and becoming something different. Nevertheless, I am conscious that there is a coherent pathway from the mainstream of qualitative research in the social sciences to the conceptual apparatus of Deleuze and Guattari. Accordingly, I begin with a brief discussion of conceptual approaches that have informed the conceptual apparatus mobilised in this project, and explain why I have turned away from these approaches, toward the rhizomatic world of Deleuze and Guattari. Because of the complexity and fluidity of their work, I elaborate on the critical concepts of Deleuze and Guattari that contribute to the conceptual apparatus of this study, so that I can make better sense of the fluidities and the possibilities that their theorising brings to the stories of the men.

Other ontological approaches also inform this thesis. Connell's influential conceptualisation of *hegemonic masculinity* emerged as a movement away from sex-role theory,

and it has dominated studies of men's masculinities ever since. Connell draws on Gramsci's notion of the hegemon, a social order which is maintained by ongoing negotiations of social power relations. Still, negotiations break down when coercive power is embodied in brute force. This thesis allows me to consider what happens to hegemonic masculinity when violence erases hegemonic practices of negotiation, legitimation, and consent. As well, the 40,000-year-old ontology found in the writings of Bawaka Country, the home country of the Yolŋu people, in northeast Arnhem Land in the Northern Territory of Australia, inspires me to personify the unheard voices of other-than-human participants in the research and to use those personifications to rupture the ways that we think about family violence.

The foundation of this project is informed by the words of Friedrich Nietzsche: "[a]gainst that positivism which stops before phenomena, saying 'there are only facts,' I should say: no, it is precisely facts that do not exist, only interpretations" (Nietzsche, 1976, p. 458). Nietzsche points out that positivists interpret observed phenomena as if they are real and independent of us, and not the subjective results of interpretation. Nietzsche instead argues for the dissolution of oppressive structures that construct the self as if it were an observable fact. My approach in this thesis is anti-positivist and focuses on interpretive understandings of how we make sense of interconnections (Lincoln, 1995; Smith, 2007). It is not just that each of us has a different perspective on the world we live in, each of us has multiple perspectives because of the diversity and fluidity of our desires, and these are desires that often contradict one another.

Constructionism and poststructuralism are macro-theoretical approaches to interpretive inquiry that have influenced my experiences as a student and as a researcher. Both approaches reflect a movement in psychological theory away from the individual in isolation towards the view that the ways we make sense of things are somehow connected with the world around us and our lived experience of that world. The influence of constructionism in this study comes from its explicit focus on social processes in the construction of meaning. Knowledge is not placed in, or outside, the individual, but is comprehended in the interactions between people (Gergen, 1994; Smith, 1983, 1984). This approach emphasises the construction, as opposed to the discovery, of individual and social understandings, and acknowledges that realities are "constituted by the linguistic and discursive conventions we appropriate" (Hruby, 2002, p. 140). Gergen (1985) identified four meta-theoretical assumptions in the work of constructionist inquiry: (a) that understandings of the world are not derived from observation,

but are the products of linguistically, socially, and historically located possibilities; (b) understandings are derived from and negotiated through cooperative social enterprise; (c) the extent to which particular understandings are privileged is determined by social processes and not through empirical validity; and (d) negotiated understandings, descriptions and explanations are important elements of social life as they are deeply interconnected with other activities. Such an approach rejects exogenic and endogenic epistemologies alike. Neither an emphasis on the role of the individual mind in the construction of meaning nor an emphasis on the role of external reality can explain how the mind acquires knowledge of an outside world. If what is outside and what is inside the mind are different, then how does what is outside get represented inside the mind? Instead, social constructionism places knowledge, neither within nor outside individual minds, but between participants in social relations (Gergen, 1985; Hruby, 2002; Smith, 1983, 1984).

However, tensions underly the emancipatory potential of social constructionism to enable agentic reconstructions of ourselves to suit better our particularities. Everything is a construct of relationships between participants in social relationships, not only subjective knowledge but the subject and its subjectivities as well. Even the notion of postmodern social constructionism is a social construct (Hruby, 2002). The potentialities and implications of such indiscriminate relativism leave us "with a multiplicity of perspectives which become a bewildering array of... realities in themselves" (Burr, 1998, p. 14). Moreover, the approach privileges an interest in understanding the meanings of human social action, whereas my research interests also lie in the meanings of relationships between the men and the other-than-human.

Constructionism and poststructuralism share some common ground. Both bring language to the fore, both view experience as subjective, and both understand experience to be mediated by language. However, there are also differences. Where constructionism implies a need for opinions to converge on a shared understanding of the meaning of social interaction, at the heart of poststructuralist theories is the argument that we can never conclusively know things-in-themselves because every attempt we make to know things must be articulated using language and other forms of symbolic representations, which are themselves constructed knowledge (Lincoln, 1995). Poststructural approaches beg a more critical and questioning view of language: in which relationships between language and 'reality' can be problematised. Identities, emotions, values, beliefs, experiences, representations, truths—all become

properties of conversations and discursive activities thus acknowledging that common understandings might just as well be reached by manipulating terms as through negotiation (Debrix, 2002; Parker, 2014).

Rather than exploring the meaning of language, poststructural approaches consider instead what function language serves, who gets to speak, and who/what is spoken, and question, challenge, and remove the privileged viewpoints of particular understandings (Parker, 2014). Politics is everywhere. It is not just a system of voting, representation, and governance, but is found in everything we do. The way we form relationships, the way we live our lives, the connections between the human and the other-than-human: everything has a political ontology. It is appropriate, therefore, to question and challenge dominant discourses that shape who gets to speak, and what is said, so that the stories told by men who use violence can be heard more clearly.

A turn to Foucauldian notions of power/knowledge in poststructuralist critiques seems an important movement. If power acts on a subject, then it implies the subject was already there. However, if power produces a subject, then we can interrogate the process of production that power controls to produce the subject. However, the subject also opposes and rejects the way that it is produced by power. Power both attaches us to our own identities and is something that we push back against (Foucault, 1983). Moreover, this raises tensions. If power acts on a subject, but also produces subjects, then where and when does this subject emerge? Is there something missing here in Foucault's imaginings? If the subject resists practices of power, then is it using the same form of power that it was produced from against its source, or is the power somehow transformed or translated in the process of subjectivisation? If so, what does this mean for Foucault's resistance against the concept of individual agency?

Critical theory acknowledges a moral dimension that is congruent with my own ethical and political commitments, insofar as a theory is critical to the extent that it is directed towards human emancipation. Ontologically, critical theory holds that human inequalities are constituted from various structures that have been shaped by social, cultural, racial, economic and other forces, such that dominant and subordinate groups operate in conflict with each other ((John, 1996; Nelson & Prilleltensky, 2010; Rose, 1993; Spivak, 1988). Critical theory assumes that research is value-laden with moral and political positions, and that research findings are mediated by the values of both the researcher and the researched. In every sense, the researcher works in solidarity with the researched to foreground the voices of the

oppressed in the pursuit of liberation and well-being (Nelson & Prilleltensky, 2010). However, values-laden embeddedness can be problematic for a researcher in qualitative inquiry. Spivak (1988) writes of the silenced subaltern subject, marginalised in Western theories by epistemological assumptions that are founded on dominant and fixed positions of power and privilege in the West. Spivak reminds me that the work I do is not an academic assignment, but meaningful work that has potentialities to address problems in terms of the marginalising and oppressive social, cultural, economic, and historical conditions that give rise to them. It is work in which I mobilise an ethic of care with the men and take on accountability to foreground their representations of themselves.

In their turn to post-humanism, Deleuze and Guattari break from conceptions of singular subjects and discrete identities, to find different ways of engaging with thinking about the world. They re-imagine the *subject* as part of an open and fluidic system that is continually *becoming*: "it is only when the multiple is effectively treated as a substantive, 'multiplicity' that it ceases to have any relation to the One as subject" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 8). When they write of human individuals as *multiplicities* and fluidic subjectivities in fluidic *assemblages* with social, material, and abstract entities, they entangle humans with cultural, ecological, and ontological multiplicities, in which the only functional unity is symbiotic co-functioning. They propose *deterritorialisation* as a disarticulation, which expresses fluidity and possibilities of change. Their *deterritorialising line of flight* operates as a moment of escape from an assemblage, and that moment of escape frees ways of thinking and acting from the *striating* constraints of over-coding practices of signification.

So how do Deleuze and Guattari set about creating something new? They open their co-authored work *A Thousand Plateaus* by questioning the very meaning of a book that reproduces what we already know: "[t]he law of the book is the law of reflection ... the most classical and well reflected, oldest, and weariest kind of thought" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 5). The book and the 'law' that organises it are the phenomena of stability and hierarchical structures that reproduce the linear organisation of the tree, and the two believe that similar root-tree organisation can also be observed in Western modes of inquiry, arguing that our narratives of scientific inquiry tell of the accumulation and refinement of scientific knowledge, punctuated by a progression of discoveries that inform subsequent discoveries—in tree-like or arborescent patterns—because the organisation of trees reveals the structures that buttress the organisation of Western knowledge: "the Tree or Root as an image, endlessly develops the law

of the One that becomes two, then of the two that becomes four ... Binary logic is the spiritual reality of the root-tree" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 5).

The seed of a tree embodies a pre-coded genetic destiny that manifests as a specific articulation of tree-ness after germination and growth to maturity. That pre-coded genetic destiny is relayed from one generation to the next, and, just as the arborescent characteristics of trees are determined by the pre-coded genetic destiny contained in the seed, arborescent systems of thinking impose their own predictable, fixed, hierarchical relationships on discrete entities: "[w]e're tired of trees. We should stop believing in trees, roots, and radicles. They've made us suffer too much. All of arborescent culture is founded on them, from biology to linguistics" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 15). Instead, Deleuze and Guattari reason that thought itself: "is not arborescent, and the brain is not as rooted or ramified matter ... The brain itself is much more a grass than a tree." (p. 15). The two set about rupturing the paradigm of representation, proposing the rhizome to contest ordered totality: what might happen if a thing were represented as a rhizome? What might it be capable of doing or becoming?

In its botanical sense, a rhizome is a creeping rootstalk system that extends itself outwards to invade new space where it sends up new shoots. A rhizome has no hierarchical organisation, and a piece that is broken off can give rise to a new plant, vegetatively reproducing its parent without connection, and spreading in unexpected directions, sometimes crossing and re-crossing its rootstalk system in all its purposes of storage, supply, movement, and multiplication. For Deleuze and Guattari (1987), the characteristics of the rhizome lend themselves to ways of thinking that free us from the constraints of Western modes of inquiry. Their rhizomatic approach blurs boundaries between different modes of thinking (ideological, scientific, philosophical), unsettles binaried thinking of either/or, and facilitates ambiguous and dynamic possibilities of both/and…and…and…:

> There are no points or positions in a rhizome, such as those found in a structure, tree, or root. There are only lines ... [and t]hese lines always tie back to one another. That is why one can never posit a dualism or a dichotomy, even in the rudimentary form of the good and the bad (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 8).

Everything is interconnected in the rhizome, every point is an entry-point, and every entry point becomes a weapon against signification (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). The rhizome is a

multiplicity, comprised of many different elements, dimensions, and directions in movement which coexist with one another, and which "ceaselessly establishes connections between semiotic chains, organizations of power, and circumstances relative to the arts, sciences, and social struggles" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 7). Such multiplicities make it impossible for the signifier to impose itself over all possible possibilities. The power of the rhizome empowers this project to do likewise: moving away from binary logic and oppositions, and exploring the connections between "semiotic chains, organizations of power, and circumstances" (p. 7).

Rather than a *metaphor* Deleuze and Guattari regard the rhizome as a *metamorphosis*: "the contrary to metaphor ... It is no longer a question of a resemblance ... Instead, it is now a question of a becoming" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 22). To illustrate, the two (somewhat Eurocentrically) conceptualise language as a rhizome comprised of and connecting dialects, patois, slang, and specialised languages, words and things, powers and desires, geography, and other dimensions of culturally and politically-informed cartography: "language stabilises around a parish, a bishopric, a capital. It forms a bulb. It evolves by subterranean stems and flows along river valleys or train tracks; it spreads like a patch of oil" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 7). Language takes on a fluidic character here: it evolves, flows, spreads, it is continuous, it has no rigid boundaries. Even so, it also tends to stagnate, through the colonising stability of the Eurocentric orientation in their cartography of language, and this highlights another aspect of rhizomatic thinking: tendencies towards both fluidity and stagnancy. Not an essentialised one or the other, not this or that, but and…and…and…

What might happen if a man's violence against a woman were represented through rhizomatic thinking? How might this rupture the predictable, fixed, hierarchical relationships in conventional ways of thinking about family violence? How can it disrupt the binaries that beset the sector's categorisations—of persons, crimes, safety, fear, prevalence—and that also permeate the interventions, understandings, problematics that beset communities collaborating to address gendered violence (in so many forms)? These are all questions that help shape my research.

Deleuze and Guattari resist the colonising powers of Eurocentric knowledge by standing against Platonic principles, in particular the transcendent world of the *Idea*. Plato argues against materialist accounts of a unitary world and demands instead that natural

philosophy take account of teleological or metaphysical explanations in the pursuit of inquiry (Gregory, 2015; Perl, 1999). Although Plato does not use the word transcendence, he argues that *Ideas* such as goodness and beauty make up perfect eternal and absolute realities that transcend the world and are imperfectly represented in our lived world (Gregory, 2015). To Plato, the transcendent world of the *Idea* is the real world, and this world operates in contrast to a lived world that exists only in the sense that it is perceived. Put another way, when I perceive and think about an *other-than-me* real world it is the notion of *me*, the subject, who experiences the real world, and it is the *other than me* that transcends my thought or perception (Colebrook, 2002a, 2002b).

Deleuze and Guattari's philosophy of *immanence*, on the other hand, asserts that ideas such as goodness and beauty are manifested in our lived worlds as properties of the particular, rather than in unitary transcendent forms (Gregory, 2015; Perl, 1999). In an immanent gaze, we turn away from Plato's transcendent world to focus on the world we live in and on our perceptions of the experiences that we have in our lived worlds. Instead of applying our thoughts to represent the world, our thoughts are part and parcel of the fluidity of the world (Colebrook, 2002a). There is no external location or stable standpoint from which to view the world, and no place outside of our thinking (Colebrook, 2002a; Gregory, 2015).

Deleuze and Guattari argue that transcendence is illusory and a "specifically European disease" (1987, p. 18) because of what they viewed as its privileged, Eurocentric focus on the identity and stability and constancy of *what is* and of *being*. Instead, they believed the condition is immanent in the condition, and that our focus ought to be on the creativity and spontaneity of what *might be*, and the potentiality of *becoming*. Instead of the verb *to be*, they turn to the conjunction *and* which they mobilise in the form *and…and…and…* to "place everything in variation" (p. 98). Deleuze and Guattari conceive of immanence as an unbounded and unstructured plane: it is not a surface or volume, it has no beginnings or ends, and has no inside or outside. In short, there is no absolute closure. Instead, their plane has only directions and movements, and forces and relations that happen by chance:

> When immanence is no longer immanent to something other than itself, it is possible to speak of a plane of immanence. Such a plane is, perhaps, a radical empiricism: it does not present a flux of the lived that is immanent to a subject and individualized in that which belongs to a self. It presents only events (Deleuze & Guattari, 1994, 47).

A primary property of a plane of immanence is that it flattens hierarchy into an "equality of being ... [and] the positing of equal Being: not only is being equal in itself, but it is seen to be equally present in all beings" (Deleuze, 1990, p. 173). Because there is no outside or externality to the plane, a Deleuzo-Guattarian plane of immanence exists even before the construction of binary pairs. As Colebrook (2002b) notes: "[i]mmanence is just this commitment to staying at the level of difference, refusing any external explanation of difference" (Colebrook, 2002b, p. 32). This principle of equality of being is an important dimension in the present study as it locates participants and researcher alike on the same plane of immanence.

Related to the notion of immanence is the concept of multiplicity. Like binary pairs, *multiplicities* are inscribed on a plane of immanence. However, instead of producing binary *me/other-than-me* types of pairs, the inscription is affirmed by an ethic of potentialities to produce collections and connections of parts, be they materialities, intensities, habits, or characteristics (Colebrook, 2002b). They are complex heterogeneous systems that do not situate themselves relative to any singular prior unities but as other expressions of perception or becoming (Colebrook, 2002a; Roffe, 2010). Heterogeneity has an important political consequence. Suppose there is no hierarchical structure to privilege the experiences of the human subject over the experiences of the impersonal or non-human/other-than-human. In that case, the notion of experience can unfold beyond the human subject, suggesting a multiplicity of possibilities which include all of the different experiences of connections, corporeal or otherwise (Colebrook, 2002a). This is a bottom-up approach to difference, in which we start with multiplicities of possible variations and combinations—"a thousand tiny sexes" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 213)—as opposed to a top-down approach which begins with notions of ideology which socially encode themselves onto our bodies—"the great binary aggregates, such as ... two sexes" (p. 213). Rather than responding to object worlds, it is possible to turn to selecting and actualising the multiplicities of differences and repetitions that we use to express ourselves through time (Colebrook, 2002a, 2002b). For this thesis, the qualitative differences among the men, including myself, are real and central to what is going on in the events of becoming men together in another place because it is from the fluidity, the immanence, the possibilities of becoming different, that new space is made for the men's experiences to emerge unconstrained by a need to 'fit them in' to what already is.

In a plane of immanence, arrangements of forces and flows matter. The concept of arrangement emerges at first in Guattari's idea of the *machine*, and subsequently through

Deleuze and Guattari's notion of the *assemblage* (Dosse, 2011). Guattari's machine, as he first conceptualised it in the late 1960s, is a conception of the unconscious as a kind of hypersensitive machine that links all sorts of flows and interactions (Guattari, 1996, 2011). However, the notion takes on a more abstracted quality when Guattari uses machinism to rupture the idea of structure, recognising only "relative identities and trajectories ... causalities will no longer function in a single direction" (Guattari, 2011, p. 11). Think of the ever-developing technology of modern machinism that requires workers who use it to continually adapt, master new techniques, and find new approaches. Each new transformation moves subjectivity outside the individual (Antonioli, 2012). Instead of structure, the machine provides the possibility of an escape from the structural thinking that Deleuze and Guattari abhorred (Dosse, 2011).

So, what IS the machine? First, consider what the machine is NOT. It is not a metaphor. Deleuze abhors the structuralist tendencies of metaphors in the conventional semiotic sense. In his opinion, they are repressive signifiers because they operate by restating conceptualisations using other semiotics-based representational forms, rather than by overturning the process of representation itself (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983; Dosse, 2011; Stevenson, 2009). He is determined to move away from the privileging of classifications and representations and to acknowledge, instead, the proliferation of connections between the machine and everything else (Colebrook, 2002a). Recall Deleuze and Guattari's warning against characterising their rhizome as a metaphor and treating it instead as a metamorphosis: "no longer a question of a resemblance ... now a question of a becoming" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 22).

Deleuze and Guattari elaborate machinism in *Anti-Oedipus* (1983) in which they propose that life itself is machinic: a force of expression through which bodies continually engage in active connections with other bodies, and, because machines are always coupling with other machines in assemblages, connecting with fluidities and producing effects, they have no final form and no governing intention. Instead, they are agents of pure production. The body is a machine that only works or only has a particular meaning when it is connected to other machines. Function and meaning are entirely contingent on other bodies that the body connects with (Colebrook, 2002a, 2002b; Lim, 2010; Malins, 2004).

Think of machinism this way: A car has no *a priori* function, no intrinsic purpose of its own, no intention, no functioning. However, once it connects with a human body and the

surface of a roadway and the energy of the fuel in its tank and a desire for movement, the car/driver/roadway/fuel/movement-desiring-machine produces purposeful travel from one place to another: the car becomes a mode of transport, the human body a driver. If the car connects with a museum, then the car/museum/education-machine instead produces automotive history and an aesthete of automotive design. In the hands of a young male car enthusiast, the car/racer/display-of-power-machine produces technologies for constructing masculine identities, and when used in a movie, the car/actor/movie-prop-machine produces a supporting device or prop for a storyline.

To illustrate how machinic assemblages enable the conceptualisation of complex and fluidic heterogeneities, Saldanha (2006) explores how race takes its form through machinic conjunctions of material and nonmaterial forces. He describes the politics of race as an "epistemological problem" (p. 9) that stems from the reductionist tendencies of past materialities—a dualist organisation of stable forms and relations—and argues for an ontological approach that treats phenotype as a proliferation of machinic connections:

> Every time phenotype makes another machinic connection, there is a stutter. Every time bodies are further entrenched in segregation, however brutal, there needs to be an affective investment of some sort. This is the ruptural moment in which to intervene. Race should not be eliminated, but proliferated, its many energies directed at multiplying racial differences so as to render them joyfully cacophonic (Saldanha, 2006, pp. 20-21)

Similarly, Fanghanel (2018) draws on machinism to create new space for a critical examination of how rape cultures might be broken. Fanghanel argues that the apparatus of the State has constructed a pervasive rape-myth that sexual assault is a crime committed by strangers in public spaces: "the sluttily dressed woman-as-likely-prey, the high-heeled girl-as-ideal-victim, the unescorted woman-as-provocative, are ubiquitous images that become synecdoches for sexual assault and rape" (Fanghanel, 2018, p. 421). She deconstructs the production and maintenance of rape myths using the notion of a rape-culture machine that connects, amongst other things, myths, advice on safety, public spaces such as streets and bars, sexual customs and behaviours, and the production of characteristics of 'appropriate femininity', bodies which in turn are constituted by their own machines (Fanghanel, 2018). The constituents of Fanghanel's rape-culture machine have no a priori functions of their own. However, when they connect, they produce particular meanings that facilitate the production

and policing of women's bodies in public spaces. The approach enables Fanghanel to interrogate rape myths at the level of the body, through questions about how knowledge about sexual violence is constructed and how the practices of rape cultures are produced and nurtured as part of the State's apparatus of control.

I also look to Lim (2010), who depicts machines in operation in his conceptualisation of racialising and ethnicising machines and their "eventfulness, their proliferation at a multiplicity of sites" (Lim, 2010, p. 2400), in his study of an encounter on the dance floor in a bar in London between a man and a woman with different racial self-identities. The two bodies are components in their own "dancing-drinking-desiring" machines (p. 2403) as well as in machines that codify race, ethnicity, and gender: "why are you dancing with this black man?" (p. 2402). Lim identifies a territorial machine which operates to designate distances and apportion space: "what are you doing here, dancing and drinking in this bar?" (p. 2402), and locates other forces of attraction and repulsion that operate between the two participants as the different machinic interactions play out in the context of a Friday night at a bar.

Jackson and Mazzei also draw on machinism in their search for different approaches to qualitative research. They engage data and theory in the process of "plugging in" to different machines in their research assemblage as a means of producing and exploring multiplicities of different possible knowledge: "rather than seeking stability within and among the data, we were drawn to that data that seemed to be about difference rather than sameness" (Jackson & Mazzei, 2013, p. 263). The production and exploration of different possibilities for knowledge are important to my project as well, and like their research-machine mine plugs into many different machines as I will explain in Chapter Three, but with one difference: mine does not collect data from the men; it collects stories and conversations with the men.

A key aspect of the Deleuzo-Guattarian machine is the notion of the production of *becomings*, rather than the performance of *be*-ings. The unconscious is conceived of as a factory or machine where desire is produced, and not as a representational theatre where desire is staged (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983; Dosse, 2011). Things are produced in the factory without the imposition of subjectivity or organisation: movement is unleashed from organising forces, and the machine produces whatever it desires for the sake of production (Colebrook, 2002a). Through the notion of machinism, we can think about events: "not located within time ... [but as] the creation of a new line of time" (Colebrook, 2002a, p. 58).

The process of desiring-production—through which desires form and connect with others and objects—is important to the production of *becomings*. When one body connects with another, the connection of bodies produces a flow of desire. Each body in the connection is powered by desire, simply because each body needs to establish relationships with other bodies before production can commence (Lim, 2010). Deleuze and Guattari characterise the arrangement as a *desiring-machine*, and they illustrate the productive character of desire using the connections that form between an infant and its mother's breast. The infant's mouth experiences nourishment from the breast and comes to desire more pleasure from the encounter:

> [s]trictly speaking, it is not true that a baby experiences his mother's breast as a separate part of her body. It exists, rather, as a part of a desiring-machine connected to the baby's mouth, and is experienced as an object providing a nonpersonal flow of milk (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983, p. 47).

The mother's breast has no intrinsic purpose of its own, no intention, no independent functioning, but in connection with the infant's mouth it becomes something more than a body part: it becomes a flow-producing machine: producing desire, nourishment, pleasure, and perhaps eventually the stuff of romance and fantasy.

So how do desiring-machines interact with State-ist apparatus? Deleuze and Guattari regard the State as an institutional regime or a form of mega-machine that stems from, and functions to preserve as best it can, a particular combination of social relations and fixed social forms (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983). The survival of the state-form is reliant on the construction and elevation of express representations that stand for the whole in an overarching totality, and on the subordination and repression of anything that cannot be represented by the regulatory function of the state: a process which Deleuze and Guattari refer to as despotic signification:

> the 'megamachine' of the State ... [is] a functional pyramid that has the despot at its apex, an immobile motor, with the bureaucratic apparatus as its lateral surface and transmission gear, and the villagers at its base, serving as its working parts (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983, p. 194).

Desiring-machines can be enslaved by the regulatory operation of the despotic signifier, particularly when the desiring-machine is defined by the subjectifying actions of the despotic signifier/state apparatus. The racialising and ethnicising machine that functions in Lim's

(2010) bar, for example, is operationalised through the force of State-ist organisation of the races of the man and woman. Lim (2010), like Saldanha (2006), remains accountable to the State-ist categorisation of 'race' to name the function of his desiring-machine.

In state-ist machinic enslavement, the desiring-machine is connected to the state, and functions as a part of the state—melding with the body of the state to become indistinguishable from the state: "'subjectivity' finds itself simultaneously on the side of the subject and on the side of the object" (Lazzarato, 2006, p. 4). When this happens, horizontal connections are destroyed and are replaced by vertical hierarchies. The desiring-machine has been over-coded by the despotic signifier, and the space that it occupies has been territorialised, regulated, and marked out as orderly and organised space, that Deleuze and Guattari (1987) describe as striated and made static by the despotic signifier. Consider imperialist colonisation in which the disparate identities of, and connections between, individual communities of first peoples are subsumed through colonisation. The regulatory function of the colonialist enterprise rearranges and redefines aggregated communities as the 'native' population, inferior in every way to the despotic coloniser, and a reconstituted component in a much larger imperialist machine: a redefined subject linked to a more substantial external object and serving as its working parts in an orderly and stable space.

The alternative to the state is the autonomous war-machine, a machine which operates to break down concentrations of power, particularly political power. The striated space that marks the territory and regulatedness of the signifier is replaced with smooth space left by the war-machine—deterritorialised from regulatory forces, resistant to the subordination of vertical hierarchies, creating space where difference can emerge. The war-machine's "entire dynamic sets it in opposition to the State" (Dosse, 2011, p. 257). However, while war-machines are productive, the expression is misleading: "it is a concept which is betrayed by its name since it has little to do with actual war and only a paradoxical and indirect relation to armed conflict" (Patton, 2000, pp. 109-110). The purpose of the concept is not war but change: "mutations spring from this machine ... the emission of quanta of deterritorialisation, the passage of mutant flows (in this sense all creation is brought about by a war-machine)" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, pp. 229-230). For me, using the expression war-machine with its connotations of brutal and chaotic militarism would be morally repugnant in research on violence against women. My ethic of care is a site of production that connects with other men. The violence of war is contrary to the context of a man-caring-for-other-men ethos, and so

my thesis-writing-machine avoids the terminologies of war. My machines are desiring-machines, nurturing-machines, and thesis-writing-machines, not war-machines.

If the machine was the fundamental concept of the theory of arrangement in Deleuze and Guattari's *Anti-Oedipus* (1983), then the reinterpretation of the notion of the machine as an assemblage is the central organising theme of their 1987 book, *A Thousand Plateaus* (Antonioli, 2012; Dosse, 2011). Dosse suggests that Deleuze and Guattari replaced the one with the other as a means of "exiting the realm of psychoanalysis", with which the notion of the desiring-machine had primarily been associated (Dosse, 2011, p. 251). The movement, in Dosse's view, enabled all forms of connections, human and non-human/other-than-human alike, to be set into relationships where their energies could be released (Dosse, 2011).

Although there is a close relationship between the concepts of the assemblage and the machine, it is possible to distinguish between the two. Where assemblage theory tends to focus on territorial arrangements and complex aggregations of heterogeneous things that enable multiplicities and different configurations of relationships, machinism tends to focus more specifically on the sets of processes that unfold to form connections with other machines, connecting one flow with another. How the connections are formed is what constitutes the machine (Savat & Harper, 2016).

The English word 'assemblage' is not a word that is used by Deleuze and Guattari. Instead, it is an artefact of translation. Consistent with their theory of arrangement, the two used the French word *agencement* from the verb *agencer*, to lay out, to arrange, or piece together (Nail, 2015), or to arrange, to fit, or to fix (Phillips, 2006). Deleuze also used *agencement* in his dialogues with Parnet to signify a co-functioning arrangement with an ability to connect the most diverse phenomena (Dosse, 2011). Thus, the original sense of the ontological framework that Deleuze and Guattari presented used *agencement* to suggest arrangements and layouts of heterogeneous elements: "[a]gencement designates the priority of neither the state of affairs nor the statement but of their connection, which implies the production of a sense that exceeds them and of which, transformed, they now form parts" (Phillips, 2006, p. 108). The meanings that Phillips ascribes to the French *agencement* are meanings that Puar, in turn, describes as "design, layout, organization, arrangement and relations—the focus being not on content but on relationships" (Puar, 2012, p. 57).

Assemblages are territorial arrangements and complex aggregations of heterogeneous things (such as bodies, identities, intensities, powers, and movements) that fluidly and often unexpectedly interconnect with one another. Everything connects, everything interacts, and if we think of each 'heterogeneous thing' in terms of lines of experience, then their entanglement together works to extend the experience of the assemblage (Colebrook, 2002a). However, the logic of the assemblage is not the logic of an organic unity, where every part must work together to maintain the integrity of the whole. Like the machine, the assemblage is neither the parts nor the whole; it is a multiplicity in which elements are only defined through external relations. As a consequence, elements can join or leave the assemblage without ever creating or destroying the whole (Nail, 2015), and that is a tangible factor in this project: as men enter and leave the house, they plug in to become parts of a house-intervention-research assemblage, then unplug again as they move on, but the multiplicity remains, and the research continues.

There is a second consequence in the concept of assemblages. Because there is no unity, no indispensable and unchanging defining features, the assemblage has no essence (Nail, 2015). For this reason, definitional questions about essence are redundant. There is no "What is ...?" Only events matter and only questions of events ought to be asked: how? Where? When? In what context? (Nail, 2015).

The entanglement of lines of experience also works to create the law of the assemblage. Colebrook (2002a) offers the example of a political state: both the state and the laws that organise it are outcomes of an assemblage of bodies. Consider also, the assemblage of a human body, a complex 'living' assemblage formed by the entanglement of lines of experience from molecules, organs, sensations, thoughts, parasites, and viruses. Do not ask what the body means, because all that does is invite centralising and unifying meanings on things that are different and asignifying; ask instead what the different elements of the body interact with and what they co-function with when they expand their connections (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987; Massumi, 2002).

To illustrate how the concept of the assemblage has been used to think about at domestic violence differently, I draw on Puar's (2007, 2012) critiques of Crenshaw's (1989, 1991) theory of intersectionality. In Crenshaw's theory, different social categorisations of intersectionality such as race, gender, and sexuality, are interconnected and overlap in varying degrees to create particular modes of systemic discrimination. Crenshaw proposed the approach to move

beyond what she considered as the "conceptual limitations of ... single-issue analyses" (Crenshaw, 1989, p. 149), centring her discussion on the erasure of women of colour, due to their subordination on the two intersecting categorical axes of gender and race. She argued that women of colour live their identities in the intersections, where they are doubly marginalised.

However, Puar argues that there is an inherent limitation in intersectionality: its "hermeneutic of *positionality* that seeks to account for locality, specificity, placement, junctions" (Puar, 2007, p. 212, emphasis in original). She suggests instead a turn to assemblage theory for an understanding of the complexity of identities that is less reductively prescriptive, and more attuned to the messy fluidity human connectedness with other humans, events, spaces, and corporealities (Puar, 2007, 2012). Puar illustrates her argument through a re-reading of a section in Massumi's *Parables for the Virtual* (2002).

In his discussion on the affectivities of relations, Massumi (2002) draws attention to a correspondence between the televising of American football's Super Bowl and an increase in domestic violence in American homes. He speculates that the intensity of the televised-sports-event space unfolds into the home-space, where it adds a new and unstable affective intensity that first potentiates or charges, then disrupts the equilibrium in the home-space, emerging finally as a discharge of violence which reasserts masculine authority in the household.

Puar (2012) re-reads Massumi's (2002) home-space and the events that occur there as an event-space assemblage in which and through which events intensify and actants deterritorialise. Both she and Massumi turn their focus away from definitional questions about the essence of the violent act that has taken place: away from attributions of cause and blame, and away from explaining how things make sense through causal links or textual analyses. Instead, they turn to the affective conditions, capacities, and tendencies in which domestic violence event-space assemblages emerge (Puar, 2012):

> ... what do we have here? First, an intensification of the body's relation to itself (one definition of affect), produced not only by the significance of the game, Superbowl Sunday, but by the bodily force and energy given over to this significance (notice difference between signification and significance). Second, a focus on the patterns of relations—not the entities themselves, but the patterns within which they are arranged with each other... placements within the space

> itself have not necessarily altered, but the intensified relations have given new capacities to the entities... Third, household bodies: the television as an actor, an actant... as matter with force as determining who moves where and how and when. The television is an affective conductor: "in proximity to the TV, words and gestures take on an unaccustomed intensity." Fourth, "Anything could happen." A becoming. A deterritorialization. Fifth, intersectional identity: the male is always already ideologically coded as more prone to violence—a closing off of becoming. Finally, the strike: the hand against face. Reterritorialization. (Puar, 2012, pp. 60-61)

Assemblage theory has also been used to develop an ontology of gender in which we can re-imagine gendered identity as a constant movement of becoming that is based on connectivity and not hierarchy, and this is an understanding of gender as "immanence, intensity and consistency" (Linstead & Pullen, 2006, p. 1287) in which possibilities for thinking differently about identity emerge through the capability of the assemblage for rearrangement and transformation. Gender becomes a relational identity that involves a "politics of difference ... which evades oppression in avoiding 'being' in any static and essentialist sense" (p. 1295). The notion is appealing in this project because it encourages a movement beyond binary thinking and suggests that the gendered identities of the men in this study might be reconsidered in terms of immanence, intensity, molar mass, and tendencies to de/territorialisation.

While Deleuze and Guattari's *machinism* metamorphoses into the *assemblage*, I use both notions 'somewhat' interchangeably in this thesis, using *assemblages* to focus on the territorial arrangements and complex aggregations, and *machines* to emphasise the connective processes and material relationships that are occurring, or that might occur, in arrangements with other machines.

Until this point, I have focused on the critical concepts of Deleuze and Guattari that inform the conceptual apparatus of this study. However, I am also informed by Bawaka Country, a figure of influence on this thesis because their writing brings the other-than-human/more-than-human to life in ways that are relevant to my research-machine and my thesis-writing-machine. As well as being the home country of the Yolŋu people, Bawaka Country is recognised as a "more-than-human" co-author of several academic and popular

journal articles, in an acknowledgment of the active agency of other-than-humans in Yolŋu ways of knowing (Lloyd, Wright, Suchet-Pearson, Burarrwanga, & Bawaka Country, 2012, p. 1079). Rather than viewing the world as an assortment of diverse objects, the Yolŋu view their world as a unity, or related whole (Hughes, 2000). To the Yolŋu the notion of *Country* includes not only a geographical entity or territory, but its people, its waters (both fresh and salt) and everything that is tangible and intangible in the assemblage that is Bawaka Country (Bawaka Country et al., 2016; Bawaka Country including Suchet-Pearson, Wright, Lloyd, & Burarrwanga, 2013).

In acknowledging Bawaka Country as a co-participant in their research and a co-author of their publications, Suchet-Pearson and her colleagues decentre human agency. They facilitate this by shaping and enabling their research according to their interactions with the land and its animals, insects, plants, and rocks, the rivers that flow through the land and the sea that bounds it, the winds, sounds, the ancestors who preceded the present occupants, and more. Indeed, the human researchers articulate themselves as "part of country, not separate from it" (Bawaka Country et al., 2013, p. 186).

The collaboration between human co-authors and more-than-human Bawaka Country is a response to the positionality of non-indigenous research collaborators that brings with its various ethical obligations including attending and caring for indigenous ontologies in every aspect of their research (Bawaka Country, including Fisher et al., 2015; Bawaka Country, including Suchet-Pearson et al., 2015; Dowling, Lloyd, & Suchet-Pearson, 2017). As Bawaka Country observes: "nonhumans figure deeply in every aspect of every human's everyday world. Registering these interactions is a matter of opening oneself up, of listening, waiting, learning and repeating" (Bawaka Country, including Suchet-Pearson et al., 2015, p. 276).

Co-authorship of research by an other-than-human object becomes a critique of Western ways of knowing and raises the politics of different ontologies. The political event of invoking the situated and particular voices of the countryside pushes and pulls ways of knowing in new directions:

> Like the coming together of different waters and tides, their merging and mixing through garma, ontologies of ŋapaki and Yolŋu may meet and co-become, recognizing their own interaction and intra-actions. ŋapaki may see the lirrwi, may challenge themselves to realize its significance, to listen to the calls of Country,

> attend to the wind and the new season and the messages they bring, to assemble and recognize their more-than-human kin (Bawaka Country et al., 2016, p. 26).[17]

I read a parallel between the indigenous ways of knowing that are expressed here in the writings of Bawaka Country and Deleuze and Guattari's anti-Platonic, anti-Oedipal conceptualising—both operate to decolonise meaning-making in and from different places. The approach that has been taken by more-than-human Bawaka Country and their human co-authors inspires me to write the "voice" of the house at Gandhi Nivas into this project so that like Bawaka et al. I might disrupt the Western ethnocentrism of a purely human focus in the operation of my research- and thesis-writing-machines. As well, the mobilisation of a 40,000-year-old ontology alongside the work of two French philosophers supports the ontological assumption in this project that there are multiple realities and multiple perspectives on those realities. That, in turn, suggests there is a political ontology operating in this project that "seeks to be hospitable to the notion of multiple ontologies" (Blaser, 2014, p. 54).

Finally, this study has also been informed through the theoretical movements in critical studies on masculine subjectivity, mainly through Connell's conceptualisation of *hegemonic masculinity*, which has continued to dominate critical studies on masculine subjectivity in various forms since it was first advanced in the 1980s. The concept of hegemonic masculinity emerges both in a movement away from sex-role theory and as an application of Gramsci's theory of hegemony in his conception of the capitalist state. However, when men use violence, the Gramscian hegemonic practices of negotiation, legitimation, and consent are erased, and I argue that when men use violence against women, this troubles the notion of hegemonic masculinity. Gottzén (2011, 2017a, 2017b) offers a different reading of men and masculinities in which the hegemonic hierarchical structures of patriarchy do not pre-exist, but are, instead, outcomes of assemblages of men in gendered and non-gendered relation with other elements. It is a reading that informs this project because it suggests that the gendered identities of men who use violence are territorialised and configured according to the multiplicities of other elements in the assemblage.

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[17] In the Yolŋu language: *garma* refers to a celebration of the cultural traditions of the Yolŋu people, *ŋapaki* are non- Yolŋu people (non-indigenous), and *lirrwi* is the charcoal from the fires of the Yolŋu both recent and ancient, found in layer after layer and embedded in the land (Bawaka Country et al., 2016a; Bawaka Country et al., 2016b).

Sex-role theory is a framework that theorises masculinity and femininity in terms of the roles that are available to individuals in different social settings. It emerged in academic research through the work of Parsons (1942), who distinguished between *young men* and *the feminine role*. Parsons described a "strong tendency" for the feminine role to adopt a characteristic domestic pattern, while "the *normal* man has a job" (Parsons, 1942, p. 608, emphasis added). The framework came to prominence in the late 1960s and early 1970s, predating the widespread emergence of the Women's Liberation movements.

A fundamental criticism of sex-role theory is that much of the body of research on the theory focused primarily on the role of women in the family setting: femininity was essentially and stereotypically defined by sex-role theory in terms of the family setting, giving an impression that "women *are* their 'sex role'" (Edwards, 1983, p. 386, original emphasis). Yet men were not so reductively described because of their access to more diverse subject positions and the relative autonomy men have, both inside and outside of the family setting. Other criticism raised issues with the binaried conceptualisations of roles based on biologically essentialising assumptions about sex categories, with the fixed/static characteristics and the implied (but false) symmetries between men's and women's roles, with the normalising tendencies that downplay differences between same-gender individuals, and with the fundamental assumption that gender alone determines the sex-role of the individual[18] (see for example Connell, 1979; Edwards, 1983; Messerschmidt, 2008; Messner, 1997).

Carrigan, Connell, and Lee (1985), and subsequently Connell (see, for example, Connell 1985, 1987, 1990a, 1990b, 1995, 2001, 2002; Connell and Messerschmidt, 2005), voice similar misgivings about sex-role theory, observing that the theory is "embedded ... firmly in the context of the family" (Carrigan et al., 1985, p. 554) and offers little or no recognition of power relationships between men and women. Instead, they turn their attention to the place of power in relationships, beginning with the feminist insight that relationships between men and women were fundamentally determined by "domination or oppression" (Carrigan et al., 1985, p. 552). They draw on the notion of patriarchy and Gramsci's theory of hegemony to argue that rather than being a fixed and inherent characteristic of individuals, gender is an output that is socially constructed through interactions with others and that men's bodies

[18] Later in this study, I write about my experience of being feminised by one of the participants. I am socially assigned a feminine 'sex-role' in an experience that illustrates gender alone does not determine one's sex-role. See *Opening—Madhu and the Goat Curry*

become the sites and agents of the practices of power hierarchies between other men and between genders. Those practices promote and maintain a specific form of masculinity in the dominant social standing of a specific group of men in society. It is a form of masculinity that subordinates all women and all men who are not in the group:

> It is ... a fundamental element of modern hegemonic masculinity that one sex (women) exists as potential sexual object, while the other sex (men) is negated as a sexual object. It is women, therefore, who provide heterosexual men with sexual validation, whereas men exist as rivals in both sexual and other spheres of life. (Carrigan, Connell, & Lee, 1985, p. 586).

The hegemonic view of power differentials within sex categories reveals how a hierarchical system of masculinities can be constituted as a political order. Rather than studying men as a homogeneous group, Carrigan et al. (1985) argue that masculinity ought to be thought of as a range of politically and historically-specific constructs, in which dominance is continuously reproduced as sexual power relations are adapted to different social, ideological, and political contexts. In a Deleuzo-Guattarian sense, the affective trajectory of *anything could happen* turns towards reterritorialisation by (and of) the patriarchal social coding of the hegemon. The hegemonic division between dominant men and subordinated masculinities is central to conceptualising and defining how some men accumulate the capacity to impose definitions on other men and all women. The substantial benefits that men, in general, derive from the inequalities of gender orders are what Connell terms the *patriarchical dividend*, whose continuous delivery is sustained by propagating a belief in the normality of structures of hierarchically organised power relationships (Connell, 1995, 2001).

Connell writes of other social practices of masculinity, including the production of an oppositional protest-masculinity which embodied claims to power that are typical of hegemonic masculinity, but without the resources or authority to underpin the claim (Connell, 1991; Connell & Messerschmidt, 2005). Connell and Messerschmidt consider these practices as conditioned responses to their specific locations, an observation supported, for example, by Poynting, Noble, and Tabar's (1998) study of young Arabic-speaking men in Western Sydney: "marginalised in the labour market and [with] experience 'hidden injuries' of racism across the gamut of everyday life" (Poynting, Noble, & Tabar, 1998, p. 76).

Since its emergence, conceptual and empirical uses of hegemonic masculinity have dominated analyses of masculine subjectivity and men's patriarchal relationships (Gottzén, 2011). However, Connell's theory has been subjected to much criticism (e.g., Beasley, 2008; Coston & Kimmel, 2012; Demetriou, 2001; Donaldson, 1993; Hearn, 2004). Demetriou, for example, critiques Connell's narrative of hegemonic masculinity as a "white, Western, rational, calculative, individualist, violent, and heterosexual configuration of practice" (Demetriou, 2001, p. 347), while Beasley (2008) argues that hegemonic masculinity is more appropriately thought of as a political mechanism that embraces conquest and colonisation, empire-building and neo-liberalism taking into account the political functions of discursive power relationships, and comprehending men's bodies as the products of politically charged discourse. Beasley advocates for the potential of multiple hegemonic masculinities at both global and local levels, so that, for example, we might think about what happens when Asian and South American forms of hegemonic masculinity interact, economically, politically, militarily, or socio-culturally.

In contrast, Hearn (2004), uses the notion of hegemonic masculinity as an invitation to rethink the theory of the hegemon. He argues that the notion of hegemonic masculinity legitimises the hierarchical ordering of masculinities by amplifying the subordination of women and non-hegemonic groups of men, and, as a result, fails to adequately acknowledge the complexities of simultaneously being "men as a social category, men as a gender class, specific groups of men, or collections of individuals who are men (Hearn, 2004, p. 49). Hearn proposes a shift from hegemonic masculinity to the h*egemony of men*, to account for the way that men are constructed intersectionally between different power differentials.

Demetriou (2001), Hearn (2004), Beasley (2008), and others, provoke me to think of hegemonic masculinity as capable of more complexity than is suggested by dominant understandings of an oppressive and monolithic system of social control. Nevertheless, these writers still offer their criticisms from within the structured theory space of Connell's hierarchically organised notion of masculinities in a Gramscian hegemon and reproduce the binaried thinking and other hierarchies (Gottzén, 2011). Beasley, for example, conflates masculinities with hierarchical structures, and this encourages thinking about masculinities in terms of the stabilising factors that keep gendered structures in place and operational, rather than more dynamic conceptions of masculinities (Johansson & Ottemo, 2015). Moreover, Hearn's qualified shift from hegemonic masculinity to the hegemony of men also conflates

masculinities with structures, only Hearn's emphasis is on power and the oppressive practices that men engage in to gain power. His concept of gender class renders other forms of inequality "subsidiary to gender identities and gender power" (Ashe, 2007, p. 141). In effect, such critiques reproduce the binaried thinking and hierarchical structures of the theory they are critiquing.

There are other issues with the theory of hegemonic masculinity. By drawing on Gramsci's (1971) notion of the hegemon, Connell gives the notion of patriarchy a more dynamic dimension that is capable of initiating and responding to social change. However, Gramsci's hegemon presumes an underlying transhistorical structure that does not change despite the openness of hegemonic struggles. This is a contradiction that Connell, too, reproduces in her work on masculinity: "[t]he fundamental inconsistency in the term hegemonic masculinity is that, while it attempts to recognise difference and resistance, its primary underpinning is the notion of a fixed (male) structure" (Whitehead, 2002, pp. 93-94).

According to Gramsci, social power cannot easily be reduced to binaried oppositions of bourgeoisie and proletariat, or domination and subordination (Gramsci, 1971). Instead, he re-constructs Marxist understandings of capitalist societies as dominant and subaltern blocs that coexist in a relational network of culture and politics. A dominant bloc governs with consent from subaltern Others, and maintenance of that consent is reliant on a constant repositioning of relationships between dominant leaders and subalterns. This repositioning obliges the network of relationships to be flexible enough to allow the dominant bloc to respond to changing circumstances without losing authority. In response, the dominant bloc is obliged to take on some of the values of the subaltern, and in doing so, reshapes its own values and social imperatives. Thus, power is continually negotiated in "the boundary between the desires of the dominant and the demands of the subjugated" (Jones, 2006, p. 4). Gramsci termed this notion of aspirational consensus *egemonia* (hegemony) from the Greek *hēgeisthai*, 'to be a leader' or 'to be a guide (in opinion)' (Calame, 1995).

The process of negotiation—the consent of the Other to the dominance of the One—is a unifying and regulating force in Gramsci's (1971) explanation for the stability and power of the hegemon. What is relevant to the present research is that masculinities that are construed as hegemonic are not singular arrangements of domination/subordination, but ongoing negotiations of social power relations. Domination (even of an ideal form of masculinity among masculinities) is a product of mobilising those social power relations, particularly for

prestige, position, and function. Sex-difference research reproduces norms through difference—hence our common-sense understandings of roles. Nevertheless, the criticality of hegemonic masculinity in this respect is that it attends to unequal gendered power relations and their legitimation through cultural ascendency: "It is ... a question of how particular groups of men inhabit positions of power and wealth, and how they legitimise and reproduce the social relationships that generate their dominance" (Carrigan et al., 1985, p. 592). This is a consideration of power and control that needs to be coded into my research-machine so that my research is sensitive to gendered power relationships that might emerge in the men's stories. As a result, my research-machine is also sensitised to Gramsci's notion of the negotiated consent that is necessary for a hegemonic structure to operate and endure.

Connell suggests that men use violence against others to exercise their hegemonic masculinity from a position of power, particularly in contexts "where physical aggression is expected or admired among men" (Connell, 2002, p. 93). Nevertheless, her suggestion that this is hegemonic falls short if we argue that men's violence against women is not generally negotiated, in the sense that women do not necessarily consent to men's violence against them willingly There are multiple forms of coercion to accept men's violence against women, even though it would be difficult for many (if not most) Western women to consent willingly to subjugation by the violent operation of a patriarchal structure. Do the men who use violence against women act as if the woman has consented and aligned herself to that end? My research-machine has a hunch that they do not, and this leads me to conclude that hegemonic masculinity is an explanation that has become written for men in the absence of a robust feminist perspective— so that those most likely to be excluded are feminised, whether they are women or not.

From a Gramscian perspective, the relationship between hegemonic masculinity and men who use violence is fraught: the consensual power and transhistorical stability of the hegemon breaks down to be replaced by coercive power embodied in brute force to maintain order. This points to a troubling paradigm in which men become disembodied 'victims' of hegemonic masculinity, and to a construct of men who feel obliged to use violence as they see it as part and parcel of hegemonic masculinity Gottzén (2011). Moreover, violence is dangerous and destabilising and far from the negotiated stability of the hegemon, and this raises various questions for my research-machine. How do women who are subjected to violence align their own good with the good of the hegemonic masculine identity, and help to

maintain the status quo? Do they really consent to violent subjugation? What happens to hegemonic masculinity when feminised others are included in hegemonic practices of negotiation, legitimation and consent? Does men's violence against women erase Gramsci's hegemonic practices of negotiation, legitimation, and consent?

What if we approach the notion of masculinity differently? Instead of the *hierarchical* metaphor that Connell (1995) mobilises, Gottzén (2011, 2017a, 2017b) turns to Deleuze and Guattari (1987) to conceptualise men and masculinities as *assemblages* of diverse "gendered and non-gendered subjectivities positioned in relation to discourses, materiality and nonhumans" (Gottzén, 2011, p. 234). Implicit in Gottzén's conceptualisation is an articulation that performances of masculinity are not the exclusive domain of bodies coded for masculinity: "rather, masculinity could be understood as attempts to stabilize subjectivity into coherent gendered identities" (Gottzén, 2011, p. 234). Gottzén's is a different understanding of power and conflict, one in which the hierarchical structures and agencies of patriarchy—"hierarchy between men and women and hierarchy among men" (Connell, 2002, p. 90)—do not pre-exist, but are, instead, the territorialising outcomes of assemblages of men in gendered and non-gendered relation with others, discourses, and materialities.

Each new assemblage territorialises different configurations of masculinities with other elements in the assemblage and other assemblages in different local settings, and this understanding enables me to think how the body of *the man who uses violence* is assembled differently in different contexts. It leads me to the idea that the deterritorialising lines of flight away from the structuring and reterritorialising tendencies of binarised hierarchical structures are lines of movement and intensity that offer the potential to change how I think about gender identities. In this notion, configurations of masculinities are neither binarised identities nor locations in hierarchies. Instead, they become attempts to stabilise different possibilities into identities and practices that vary according to how power is distributed in the assemblages that men plug into. If I think of configurations of masculinities in terms of the assemblages they are produced by, then I can also think of the complicity of the assemblage in the production of violence against women, and how attempts to stabilise different possibilities are connected into different forms of minoritarian masculinities. Such notions as these help to power and manage the operation of the research-machine that I assemble in the following chapter.

Chapter 3: Assembling a research-machine

Good food ends with good talk.

– Geoffrey Neighbor, *Northern Exposure: Duets*

In the previous chapter I introduced the fundamental concepts of Deleuze and Guattari that contribute to the conceptual apparatus of this study so that I could make better sense of the fluidities and the possibilities of Deleuzo-Guattarian theory. In this chapter, I assemble my methodological approach as a *research-machine* that maps and disrupts and folds/unfolds and tensions the accounts of migrant men who have been removed from their homes because they have been violent. It plugs into the stories the men tell as they narrate events in the social context of their lived experiences, and by exploring what happens with the identities, ideologies, and practices of these men as they move across borders, it elicits expressions of movements in identities, norms, conventions, and intimate partner relationships. Moreover, alongside the men's stories, my research-machine brings forward the voices of other-than-humans. The work I do on assembling my research-machine is informed by Stenliden, Martín-Bylund, and Reimers (2018) who construct a research-machine of their own to explore ways of researching in classrooms while attempting to disengage from dominant approaches and privileged perspectives in classroom studies.

My research-machine begins to emerge when I plug into a larger assemblage. I have access to Gandhi Nivas and its resident men because I am part of an assemblage of researchers from Massey University conducting evaluations of the Gandhi Nivas early intervention programme. Our research-machines use various quantitative and qualitative methods for research, and my work in the Massey research assemblage uses the ethnographic approach extensively, because of its usefulness in voicing participant experiences. However, there are challenges in the ethnographic approach that I elaborate on in the following pages. In response, the organisation of my research-machine—which I call *Rhizography*, or the writing of the rhizome––emerges through a Deleuzo-Guattarian-inspired reworking of ethnographic methodologies to move beyond their conventions.

Machines have to work, and my rhizographic research-machine is no exception. As the research project progresses, the machine plugs into different elements to develop new capabilities. The machine seeks permission to operate at Gandhi Nivas, and when permission is granted, it expands by connecting with staff and the house. A novel performative research method for drawing out the men's stories—*Dinner Table Storytelling*—is plugged in, as are capabilities to record and remember, sensitivities to language, and...and...and...

Gandhi Nivas is another desiring-machine, and it is appropriate to discuss what my rhizographic research-machine is plugging into at the site of the research. I am also motivated

to personify Gandhi Nivas because the house that the men reside in has its own vital presence in this project. Paraphrasing Wright et al. (2012), I intend to tell stories in, through, and with *House*, and I explain how I set about recognising and respecting the knowledge and agency of *House* and its connectedness with my research-machine.

Everything that fuels my research-machine comes from an ethic of care (men caring for other men), including building the capability in my research-machine for participants to articulate their own stories as counter-narratives to objectification. My ethics is complex and woven through humanness and more-than-humanness, but what does that mean for the conceptual apparatus in my Deleuzo-Guattarian toolbox? How can a humanistic ethic of care be reconciled with a post-humanist ontology? What does this imply for my research-machine?

The preparation and consumption of food have a central role in the operation of my research-machine. Food is a performative process in my ethic of care, and as with my storying of *House*, I share stories in, through, and with the food that fuelled this research. And through the various connections of Rhizography, the voice of *House*, Dinner Table Storytelling, an ethic of care, and food, a notion of *research-as-a-nurturing-machine* begins to take shape: generating energy, fuelling sites of production that connect with the appetites of the men to facilitate our conversations; and producing knowledge and well-being as products of the process of production.

Ethnography is a way of coming to grips with what is going on in the perspectives and practices of individuals and cultures, because it attends to making meaning from human interactions and relationships in the contexts of those interactions, on the dispersed rather than the centralised, and the open rather than the closed. (Denzin & Lincoln, 2000; Marcus & Fischer, 1986; Runswick-Cole, 2011). Through the ethnographic approach to research, the strange is rendered familiar, and the familiar strange, as everyday experiences are analysed for different ways of making sense of the taken-for-granted that surrounds us (Denzin & Lincoln, 2000; Runswick-Cole, 2011). Atkinson and Hammersley (1994) talk about specific humanistic and interpretive features of ethnography that set it apart from other qualitative research methodologies. They point to a focus on social experiences; a focus on building an in-depth and detailed body of knowledge of the experiences of the few, rather than collecting less-detailed insights into the experiences of the many; the use of raw 'data'

that has not been coded during its collection; and to the use of interpretive analyses that produce productive qualitative descriptions and explanations.

A key feature that sets ethnography apart from other strategies of inquiry is its facility to produce *thick descriptions* of situations and experiences, a facility that was first introduced by Ryle (2009) and later adopted and championed by Geertz (1973, 1994), who uses it to describe the intellectual effort of ethnographic work in the social sciences. Geertz's thick descriptions are more than phenomenalistic observations. They are hierarchies of meaningful structures, structures of significance, inference, and implication, that are woven together in detailed descriptions of events, and they are arranged by the ethnographer into enduring accounts, commentaries, and interpretations, that present meanings of those moments of individual experience (Geertz, 1994). From these accounts, the ethnographer can make meaning out of the awkwardness and rich messiness of human experience in the context of that experience, under the assumption that what people say and do is (consciously and unconsciously) shaped by their relationships to the different layers of 'othering' in a social hierarchy (Reynold & Mellor, 2013; Runswick-Cole, 2011; van Manen, 2016). As Geertz observes: "the essential task of theory building here is not to codify abstract regularities but to make thick description possible, not to generalize across cases but to generalize within them" (Geertz, 1994, p. 228).

Another critical feature of ethnography is in the relinquishing of one's space as a researcher to the stories of others that insinuate themselves into the ethnographic project (Behar, 2003). 'Traditional' scientific researchers have power and status that help to locate them as experts. They are "people who hold the cultural and social capital to impose and reproduce their authority", who produce, legitimate, and claim knowledge as their domain (Reyes Cruz, 2008, p. 652). This tradition of the researcher-as-expert risks overlooking the situated knowledge of participants and stifles their contribution to meaning-making (Reyes Cruz, 2008). In contrast, the relationships between lived experience, ordinary language, and the ethnographic approach, demands an on-going dialogic interplay between researchers and participants (Giddens, 1982). In this collaborative process, the disparate experiences and understandings of the researcher combine with those of the participant(s) but do not create reality itself. Instead, these are open-ended representations of reality, that help people to establish a better (but not perfect) understanding of what lies beyond their own beliefs and knowledge. Knowledge is co-created in a fusion of horizons: a process in which an individual engages in understanding by becoming responsive to past experiences, beliefs, and ways of thinking, of another individual

(Gadamer, 2013). The approach offers emancipatory possibilities in which participants are not merely *data* nor just *talked about*, but *talked from* (Reyes Cruz, 2008), and fused *with*.

Moreover, ethnographic researchers are embedded in the study, where they work with subjects to make meaning from their experiences and their pre-understandings (Laverty, 2003). Van Manen refers to this as a state of hermeneutic alertness, where the researcher is "a participant and an observer at the same time, ... [maintaining] a certain orientation of reflectivity while guarding against the more manipulative and artificial attitude that a reflective attitude tends to insert in a social situation" (van Manen, 2016, p. 69). This 'hermeneutic alertness' is important to the ethnographic process because it helps the researcher make sense of things in relation to their own lived experience.

In short, the ethnographic approach can yield richly detailed stories of lived experiences that are embedded in social, cultural, economic and historical contexts, and this richness of detail is well suited to exploring social experience. As an element in the broader research assemblage, I have used ethnography extensively to provide Gandhi Nivas stakeholders with understandings of how early intervention works to motivate and sustain change from the perspectives of men who have engaged with the early intervention programme.

However, this project poses some challenges for ethnography. Althusser reminds us that "[t]here is no such thing as an innocent reading, we must ask what reading we are guilty of" (Althusser, 2016), and Trinh warns of problems with textualising readings: "[w]ords empty out with age. Die and rise again, accordingly invested with new meanings, and always equipped with a second-hand memory" (Trinh, 1989, p. 79). In effect, participants in the ethnographic process—be they participants, researchers, or readers of the research findings—become mediated identities, and every retelling is a partial telling that is shaped and constrained by the discourses that precede and indeed dominate the telling and its context. As Britzman observes: "'being there' does not guarantee access to the truth" (Britzman, 1995, p. 232), and again: "'the real' of ethnography is taken as an effect of the discourses of the real; ethnography may *construct the very materiality it attempts to represent*" (p. 230, emphasis added). In effect, the ethnographic process has a vulnerability to ignoring the circumstances and conditions of its own production and this implies that my research-machine must be capable of problematising the means with which it gathers and mediates the men's stories and the stories and movements and connections, and...and...and..., surrounding those stories.

Moreover, the narrative formats of ethnographic studies are by and large intertwined with and mediated by representational practices that conform with academia and publishing institutions, and this constrains possibilities for more fluidic and less mediated forms of understandings to emerge (Seligman & Estes, 2018). Social strategies of narrating experiences ought to promise us texts that embody qualities of storytelling, and that invite readers to step into others world and read cultural knowledge and meaning-making out of human experiences in the context of those experiences and worlds (Behar, 1996, 2013; Britzman, 1995). Ethnography does that and is well suited to the study of stories of lived experiences that are embedded in social, cultural, economic, and historical contexts. However, it does not decentre the anthropocentric gaze of mainstream social science research, nor do its customary practices tolerate the entanglements, complexities, and ambiguities in the voices of authentic subjects (MacLure, 2011, 2013; Stenliden, Martín-Bylund, & Reimers, 2018). My research-machine calls for something more to be able to attend to the movements and fluctuations and the relationships and interactions with and between other-than-humans, as well as with and between humans.

In contrast to thinking about the representativeness and generalisability of things, Deleuze and Guattari are philosophers of difference. They argue that difference is intrinsic to everything, to every moment in time, to every perception and every thought, to every material thing; every aspect of our surroundings is different from every other (e.g., Deleuze & Guattari, 1983, 1987). *The different* is also at the heart of my own research: I am looking for the fluctuations in the field, and the instabilities in what we know and in what can be problematised; and I am trying to resist the re-production of state science with all its tendencies for closure, while continually prodding at the "problematic rather than theorematic" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 362). If my research-machine can find the problematic in the men's accounts, then it has openings to map and disrupt, re-work, establish new connections, construct new structures, and begin again.

The characteristics of the rhizome lend themselves to ways of thinking that free us from the constraints of Western modes of inquiry. There is an absence of hierarchical organisation, a potential to spread in unexpected directions, a focus on the rhizomatic process of *becoming*: "[b]ecomings belong to geography, they are orientations, directions, entries and exits." (Deleuze & Parnet, 1987, p. 2). Becomings are transformative spaces in which different capacities combine with other-than-humans as well as with humans, and acknowledging this, I

provoke a decentring of the *éthnos*, the people-centric orientation of ethnography, by taking ethnography and overlaying it with the conceptual apparatus of the rhizome. I call my research-machine *Rhizography*—a writing of the rhizome, provoked by ethnography as a writing of the people—spelled with a capital R so that my machine has an identity in the singular, assembled for the here-and-now of this project. Rather than centring on the subjectivities of humanistic experience, my rhizographic approach extends ethnographic methodologies by engaging the sort of machinic characteristics that Colebrook suggests are appropriate:

> [it] has no subjectivity or organising centre; it is nothing more than the connections and productions it makes; it is what it does. It therefore has no home or ground; it is a constant process of deterritorialisation or becoming other than itself … A mechanism is a closed machine with a specific function. A machine, however, is nothing more than its connections; it is not made by anything, is not for anything and has no closed identity (Colebrook, 2002a, p. 47).

The connections that my Rhizography research-machine makes are not only with the migrant men, but also with Gandhi Nivas, its staff, lighting in the house, the food that we eat during the research, the wall hangings, the intensities, sensations, affects, me, and more. These are the material valence of bodies/contents (actions and passions) and the discursive valence of expressions (acts and statements) that interconnect at Gandhi Nivas, and by acknowledging their presence, my research-machine can connect with human and other-than-human on the same level, so that it can observe the multiplicities of connections between human and other-than-human.

My Rhizography-machine also considers stasis and change. It explores tendencies to stasis by scanning for the valence of reterritorialisation (a valence which employs stabilising lines of articulation to establish territories and connections), and it explores tendencies to change by scanning for the valence of deterritorialisation (a valence which uses destabilising lines of flight). Rhizography is particularly attuned for deterritorialising tendencies: these signal becomings and enable my research-machine to take a line of flight from the fixity of a particular standpoint to constitute a new territory or space of articulation that acknowledges the fluidity and movement of all things human and other-than-human, material and immaterial.

Just as the river of Heraclitus is always *a* river but never *the same* river, always crossed by *a* man but never the *same* man, nothing changes in respect of my research-machine being *a* research-machine, but everything that interconnects to constitute my research-machine is in a constant process of transformation. Through its assembly and its tetravalence, my Rhizography-machine is more able to connect with other multiplicities of possibilities and to respond/interact with the transformations that emerge, so that possibilities for new ways of understanding intimate partner violence might emerge for people working in the sector and people affected by family violence alike.

Machines have to work, and they do this by plugging in with others to generate outcomes: "[w]hen one writes, the only question is which other machine the literary machine can be plugged into, must be plugged into in order to work" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 4) For my Rhizography-machine to work it needs to plug into other machines in the research project, and this raises challenges: how does my machine observe, and communicate, and take notes, and find other ways of connecting with the different elements at Gandhi Nivas? How does it reproduce the unhearable voice of the house? Or the taste and aroma of the food that we eat? What does it do with the different possibilities of connections that emerge?

I have access to the men because I am part of an assemblage of researchers of the Gandhi Nivas early intervention programme. My emergent Rhizography-machine draws on these connections with the broader research assemblage and Gandhi Nivas to seek permission to spend time with the men at Gandhi Nivas, and the machine expands when permission is given, and connections are made. There is a quid pro quo, a moral obligation to give back to the community, which I meet in part through an ethic of care for the men. My emergent research also feeds back into the larger assemblage of researchers and onto the pages of technical reports that the larger research-machine produces.

When permission is given, the location of the research—the house with its large L-shaped lounge and small, simply-equipped kitchen—plugs into my Rhizography-machine and they become elements in a more-than-human research/house assemblage. My research-machine's researcher-operator (the 'me' component in my Rhizography-machine) also plugs in with staff at Gandhi Nivas who facilitate connections with the men, and so, in turn, staff and men also become elements of the research-machine. Other connections plug in as well—the furnishings

and furniture, the location of the house, the local community, NZ Police, discourses on family violence, supervisors, Massey University's Graduate Research School—all have places in the research-machine.

Lather (1991) argues that theories are fostered by actions, growing through and from practical grounding, and Pickering calls for "a *performative* image of science, in which science is regarded [as] a field of powers, capacities, and performances, situated in machinic captures of material agency" (Pickering, 1995, p. 7, original emphasis). Mandy, too, reminds me during one of our supervision sessions that my methodology is demonstrated in *the doing* and not in the *talking about doing*. My Rhizography-machine acknowledges these calls to action by plugging into the ever-presence of food in my life, and meta-morphing the emergent research-house-food assemblage into a novel performative research method for drawing out the men's stories—*Dinner Table Storytelling*—in which we tell stories and share reflections over the dinner table while we eat together. Just as I call my research-machine Rhizography, Dinner Table Storytelling is assembled for the here-and-now of this project and so has an identity in the singular.

A research-machine needs a capacity to remember—a capacity that more mainstream research often labels *capturing data*, as if listening to stories, finding rhythms, sensing the unvoiced narrative of the house, tasting food, reacting affectively, can be reduced to the notion of *data* which is *captured* (or seized, taken, snared, appropriated, conquered, or otherwise entrapped). My research-machine collects stories and conversations with the men and has a memory that stores records of conversations (using a digital recorder), autoethnographic notes on my responses and reactions to the workings of the research-machine (using a digital recorder and a reflexivity journal), and other sensory information (using field notes, drawings, and photography). This capacity to remember interfaces with word processing software through which I transcribe and store conversations, notes, and other observations and interactions, and that facility enables the research-machine to work backwards and forwards in time. Some of the participants plug into the research-machine repeatedly over several weeks or months, and this affords possibilities to revisit earlier conversations. This capacity is achieved by transcribing conversations, autoethnographic observations, and other sensory information, then reviewing those observations, either by myself or with my supervisors, before each new conversation with the participant. My inter-

textual authorial asides in which I consider my reactions to the men's stories are a by-product of recording, remembering, and reviewing made possible by the machine.

Like the research-machine constructed by Stenliden et al. (2018), there are times when my Rhizography-machine is overwhelmed by language. The only language that I share with the men who participate is English, but English is at most a second language for all the men that talk with me. For some of the men, it is the third or fourth language they have learned, and their speech is sometimes fragmented, sometimes interrupted with pauses and restarts, as they search their first-language memories to construct meanings in English. There is a political act of conversing in English, and my research-machine is sensitised to the political: participants are obliged to use my first language because I cannot speak theirs. To adjust for the power imbalance, I strip the research-machine of jargon and colloquialisms, although it cannot entirely compensate.

Then there are the lexicons that we use to talk. In one conversation a participant tells me that what I call goat meat his mother calls mutton, that mutton can refer to the meat of either goat or sheep, and that a mutton curry is always made using goat meat. I learn that the distinction is common in many countries in Asia, particularly in Bangladesh, Nepal, Sri Lanka, Pakistan and India. His mother's use of the word mutton to connote goat meat reflects her specific local practices; my use of the word mutton for sheep meat reflects my own. It is a conversation that sensitises my Rhizography-machine to the complexities and ambiguities of goat language and other lexicons.

There is yet another challenge of language: how does my research-machine cope with the non-textual—the unvoiced house, eating the food, my thoughts, recipes? Again, my responses to this challenge emerge in *the doing* and not in the *talking about doing*.

Up until now I have focused on the assembly of my research-machine from my perspective as a researcher-operator. The location of the research—Gandhi Nivas—is another space that contributes to the emergence of knowledge, and it is appropriate to discuss what my research-machine is plugging into at Gandhi Nivas. In the sense of residential construction, the house is an inanimate object—which I signify by using a lower-case *h* for the house. It is orderly collection of bricks and tiles, mortar and cement, timber and window glass, wiring and plastic and metal, domestic appliances, soft furnishings and...and...and... However, there is more to the identity of the house. It is a known location. Gandhi Nivas occupies an

identified space in Otāhuhu, with a latitude and a longitude, an elevation, an address, boundaries, a sign. It has familial, historical, and architectural aspects: once a suburban stucco-and-tile family home, the building has undergone successive alterations to serve its changing uses, families have come and gone, offices have come and gone, bound men have come and gone… and come… and go. The house is a visible, tangible expression of a community intention and a repository for the experiences of men who pass through.

The house is located in other spaces as well. It helps this project to emerge, and me to emerge alongside it. It is the site of meetings. It hears the stories and is a writer of accounts: inscribing fears, defeats, anger, anguish hopes and aspirations on the bodies of the men who pass through. Just as the men help shape and constitute Gandhi Nivas, so too does the house help shape and constitute the men. Accordingly, *House* has its own presence, its own singularity, in this project, and its italicisation and upper-case H signify this.

The staff at Gandhi Nivas tell me it is not a 'house'. They call it a home: it is something more than a concrete space for men who use violence. Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, for whom Gandhi Nivas is named, is known as Mahatma, or Great Soul. His political philosophy embraced a belief that society holds a great good for us all, provided we are willing to make individual sacrifices for the common good. Gandhi's philosophy is the praxis of *ahimsa*, or non-violence (Iyer, 2000), and this is a praxis that is evoked through the process of the naming of Gandhi Nivas. The representation of the heart/home/the house of peace is relational rather than factual, and this renders possible other imaginings of the house.

I read *House* as an emergent assemblage, a space at and in and around and near where particular forces plug in together in particular ways. Something is happening, and Gandhi Nivas is materialising at the epicentre of that something: Police in South Auckland are taking an active interest in violence in families, and in violence between intimate couples in particular; women are concerned about the violence, seeing too much of it; migrants continue to enter the locale; alcohol and drugs are readily accessible and often misused. All these and other elements have plugged in with a legal system and have meta-morphed an orderly collection of building materials and land into a destination for men bound by PSOs or because of bail conditions. Lines of flight are emerging—a whole lot of *stuff* is assembling.

Then there are sets of intensities and converging lines of flight where relationships between bodies intensify, affectivities heighten, patterns disrupt, and cultural subjects and objects are

deterritorialised. "[A] collision of knowledges and becomings" takes place (Cull, 2009, p.184). Think of an eddy: its fluidity helps us to understand. In an eddy, different bits of material wash up together. Some are already assembled. Some has been thrown together before and again now in a different configuration: twigs from a tree, leaves, a sand-fly riding a discarded plastic bottle. Move beyond the material: seafoam, a pungent-salt smell, memories of childhoods spent rock-pooling. Add some intensity: swirling currents, turbulent flow regimes, directions, speeds. From the washing together, new patterns emerge. From multiple bodies to a singular becoming, the emerging Gandhi Nivas assemblage has a cohesive identity in which its various constituent parts cannot easily be separated or individually considered. Both *House* and the people in the *House*-human assemblage have their own coded programmes for action, but each has entered the other's programme through their machinic connections. The men in the house are different for being in the house, and the house is different for the men being there.

Just as Bawaka Country is identified as a co-participant and co-author in an acknowledgment of the agentic contributions of other-than-humans in research at the indigenous Bawaka homeland in Arnhem Land (Bawaka Country, including Fisher et al., 2015; Bawaka Country, including Suchet-Pearson et al., 2015; Dowling, Lloyd, & Suchet-Pearson, 2017), so too I want to acknowledge the contribution of *House* to this study. It has its own presence as a house, home, residents, legal response, nurturing-machine, emergent assemblage—but it has no diaphragm, lung tissue, trachea, or pharyngeal or oral cavities. *House* cannot vocalise its story, and so I draw attention to my privileged authorial capabilities by personifying narratives that connect and think with *House* and its more-than-human subjectivities.

Cooking for the men and eating together are performative elements of the research ethic that is at the heart of this study. My research ethic is an ethic of care, a humanistic orientation in which I relate and respond to the needs of others, and in this project, it becomes a source of energy which helps my research-machine plug in with other men. However, it is also a source of tension in my research because I am using an ontological framework that is informed by the posthuman philosophies of Deleuze and Guattari, and theirs is not a humanist agenda. They shun practices of anthropocentricity that privilege human experience and activity above all else, and this is different from the representational practices of the mainstream social sciences. The conventions of ethnography, for example,

privilege the human experience, and the voices and the subjectivities of the experiencing and acting self "refuse positivist and phenomenological assumptions about the nature of lived experience" (Lather & St. Pierre, 2013, p. 630). But:

> If we give up phenomenology, we can no longer privilege the immediacy, the "now," the "being there" of qualitative interviewing and observation that assume both the "presence" of essential voices and the foundational nature of authentic lived experience. Where/how do voices from post-humanist humans fit into the new inquiry? Are they voices after all? (Does that word work?) (Lather & St. Pierre, 2013, p. 630).

In response, Brinkmann (2017) proposes that we can still advocate a humanist agenda whilst working with posthuman and post qualitative ontological frameworks. He argues for a view of the self as a situated communitarian self: "always already socialized and coming to existence only within communities ... a humanism that recognizes the embeddedness of the individual in social and material relations" (Brinkmann, 2017, p. 121). This view acknowledges the social and cultural contingencies of human life as an ontology of flux that is entangled in the material and the semiotic as well as in human experience, yet it also admits a place for a struggle for social justice and the "rights of the individual to determine what one deems to be good and worthwhile" (Brinkmann, 2017, p. 121). This is advocacy for a humanistic orientation as an ideal that ought to be realised in our social practices. Brinkmann raises ethical and humanitarian considerations alongside economic concerns: "[t]o see human beings as ontologically "stuffed full" of culture, history (meaning) and corporeality and animality (matter), and yet—with and within all this stuff—arguing that humanism is worth advocating as an ideal" (Brinkmann, 2017, p. 123). In this respect, humanism after posthumanism is an ethical practice that productively contributes to the posthumanist research paradigm (Gray & Colucci-Gray, 2019).

Brinkmann's (2017) argument is not for the fixed and stable rendering of identities but for an ethic of advocacy for the human condition. It is a pragmatic approach that works from actual practices to synthesise the essential humanism of individuals (and their unique voices and stories) with the post-humanist ontologies of Deleuzo-Guattarian thinking. It is an argument in which I find emancipatory possibilities for my own research because it enables me to cut across dualist divides between human culture and nature, and to focus through a relational ontology on what men who use violence against women *do*, rather than on what they

are, whilst also investing in an ethic of care and support for other men. At the same time, it is a fraught space in which I focus on men who use violence against women, yet acknowledge and support their targets of abuse, the people who hold responsibilities for preventing and dealing with abuse, those who know what is happening and say nothing, and broader communities as they become aware of the abuse.

We are always parts of many different machines that operate simultaneously, and my ethic of advocacy emerges through a special kind of Deleuzo-Guattarian desiring-machine, what I call a *nurturing-machine*.[19] When I invoke myself as a nurturing-machine, my research process becomes a site of production that connects with the appetites of the men to unlock new ways of doing research. Since *House* is always and already (before I arrive) a house of peace, the connections between my own nurturing-machine and its attendant ethic of care and the larger nurturing-machine of Gandhi Nivas are mutually receptive. The two connect readily so that my nurturing-machine becomes a part of the more extensive machinic interactions between Gandhi Nivas and the men.

However, my machine also disrupts other machinic interactions that the men have, in particular, by investing my ethic of care in demonstrations of care and support for other men, and by performing gentler, more caring emotions rather than anger, hostility, or dismissiveness. These connections enable my Rhizography-machine to rupture the researcher-participant binary so that both can plug in as equals on the same, common plane of immanence. It becomes a nurturing-machine that produces energy from a gendered ethic of care (men caring for other men, providing emotional and physical nourishment) and converts it into well-being as an outcome of the process of production: "[d]esire is a machine, and the object of desire is another machine connected to it" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983, p. 26). This is important because this project dispenses with the concept of value-free science. Emancipatory values of collaboration, empowerment, social justice, the celebration of diversity—all work to address unjust social conditions in ways that mainstream social science, with its value-neutrality and emphasis on individual ethics, cannot. Consistent with Brinkmann's (2017) ethic of advocacy, my ethic of care is a communitarian approach which uses ethical research to rupture power inequalities and oppression in social, cultural, and political structures. It

[19] I am also operating as a component in a research-machine and a thesis-writing-machine, as a component of a larger social machine, as a component in a hybrid marriage/family/father-machine, and...and...and...

operationalises me as a nurturing-machine, rather than as part of the oppressive replication of subject/object dualism.

Then, there is food. It plugs into my Rhizography-machine to produce Dinner Table Storytelling, and simultaneously into my nurturing-machine as another performative element of my ethic of care. I have worked in the food industry for most of my life. I have kitchen-handed in restaurants and bistros, filleted fish and shucked oysters for a living, and built food processing factories; and, when I have spare time, I spend it pottering around in the kitchen and the kitchen garden. It seems appropriate to engineer my love of food into the operation of my research-machine. Preparing and eating food is central to this project, and food operates with its own coding and messaging as an ethic-of-care subsystem in the research.

Ethical research in community-based studies is founded on the notions of trust and reciprocity because ongoing processes of exchange help to build equality between the different parties (Maiter, Simich, Jacobson, & Wise, 2008; Nelson & Prilleltensky, 2010) thereby supporting individual and collective emotional wellbeing (Kleinman, 1995). My commitment to reciprocity in feeding the men moves beyond regulatory compliance, to both help define my ethic of care, and enhance the relationships between myself and the men, by drawing us together in communal eating.

Fine and MacPherson mobilised a form of dinner table storytelling in their study of young women and feminism, when they invited participants to "talk together over pizza and soda" (Fine & Macpherson, 1992, p. 221). In doing so, they created conditions for connecting and sharing—"spaces in which we could delight together" (p. 221)—which yielded reflections and new insights into struggles of gender, class, and race in the experiences of adolescent women (Campbell & Wasco, 2000; Fine & MacPherson, 1992).

In Te Ao Māori (the Māori world view) food, or *kai*, is not merely a gratifier of hunger but is complexly intertwined with kōrero (conversing/speaking/talking together) (Durie, 1988). Sharing kai removes the tapu (sacredness) from a situation, and that, in turn, cleanses the spirit and provides a safe platform to kōrero about things that would otherwise be difficult to talk about (Durie, 1988; Richards, 2018). Coombes and Te Hiwi (2007) describe the personal relationships and ethical commitment of sharing kai as part-and-parcel of hanging out with one's community of interest in contemporary ethnography.

Food is also already intertwined in processes of exchange that build equality for some of the men of Gandhi Nivas. The Sikh institution of *Guru-ka-langar* extends an ethical commitment to share food by calling on all Sikhs to feed the needy before they feed themselves. A Guru-ka-langar is a public community kitchen attached to a Sikh temple, feeding all who come, to "remov[e] ... the distinctions of caste and creed" (Kaur, 2016, p. 133). Besides the virtue of equality, the institution of langar also teaches sharing and loving-kindness. In langar all who eat sit shoulder by shoulder in lines in which no distinctions are made between religion, caste, gender, economic status, ethnicity, nor any other marker of individual or social difference, and the same principle is reproduced in the kitchen where there are no distinctions drawn between the volunteers preparing the langar, bringing to life a "vision of casteless society where all could claim equal status" (Kaur, 2016, p. 136). Given the immediate social conditions for the men who participate in the present study—they are constrained in their movements, and separated from family and personal possessions—I draw a parallel with the Sikh institution of *Guru-ka-langar* in which the food I provide to the men at Gandhi Nivas is a tangible part of my own vision of well-being and equal status.

Food has many dimensions—nutritional, material, economic, social, symbolic—and in the act of eating food, the human body continually establishes and ruptures connections with these dimensions. Eating food is a participatory practice that connects human and non-human/other-than-human materialities in different ways (Abbots & Lavis, 2016). With every bite we take, relationships change between people, places, and objects. When we understand that rhizomatic connections are played out between eaters, their movements through the eating experience, the food they eat, and when it is eaten, and through interactions with our mouths and our digestive systems, we can recognise that "eating itself is ... a process in constant movement, always changing its contours and shape as it enfolds, and is folded into, ever-changing actors" (Abbots & Lavis, 2016, p. 3).

In this study, cooking for and with the men, eating together, cleaning up after the meal, and talking as we go, emerge as practices of men caring for other men. My Dinner Table Storytelling seeks new and productive meaning through the food that is eaten and the stories that are told, as well as probing for those stories that are left untold). Each dish we share is plugged into the evening meal to help produce a safe platform through which we constitute our shared and separate humanities. Some of these dishes are reproduced in the writing of this Rhizography, in the form of recipes for the meals that we ate together. They are nurturing-

machine inter-texts. Food is part of this assemblage. It is part of my nurturing-machine and part of the whole ethos of care in the house of peace.[20]

Aside: When I was a kid, I was surrounded by food, as most kids are, but not in the way that most kids are surrounded. When I write that we ate, we really ate. The family get-togethers for Summer picnics on sandy beaches around the Hauraki Gulf always featured great bowls of leafy greens, tomatoes, cucumbers, hard-boiled eggs, potato salads, plate upon plate of cold cuts, bacon and egg pies, smoked fish, crayfish, scallops, the kiwi classics of condensed milk mayonnaise and homemade tomato sauce. Uncles and aunties and their kids would arrive carrying their own offerings: chilly bins laden with more of the same, and we kids would gorge ourselves then bask in the warm shallow water, with the sun beating down and salty waves washing over our distended bellies, while the adults drank beer back up the beach.

At home on the farm, it was much the same. The big Sunday lunch get-togethers, laden tables at birthdays and Christmas. Any excuse.

Mum was always in the kitchen, chopping, dicing, mixing, stirring, smelling, tasting, bottling, baking… When she wasn't feeding us, she was feeding the community: local clubs, weddings, and the like. Lamingtons, cupcakes, eclairs and profiteroles, savoury fish in bread cases, fruit salads, trifles, sponges, chocolate logs, cupcakes, layer cakes, wedding cakes, you name it, she'd make it. Her mum, my grandmother, ran the kitchen at Fiji's Government House between the two world wars and had her own cake shop in Suva, so I guess it was inevitable mum would learn a few tricks.

Mum was born in Fiji. She grew up there, along with her brothers and sister. So, we kids were also served up curries with all the trimmings: sweet coconut cream fish curries, savoury rogan josh, fiery meaty vindaloos and rich vegetable makhanwalas, dhals, and rice, and kachumbers, and raitas, and rotis … Then there were the Pasifika influences: taro and yams and sweet potato, and those gorgeous little parcels of palusami, with their gobbets of canned corned beef mixed with thick coconut cream

[20] There are many *and…and…and…* connections in the research-machine that go unmentioned in projects such as this. An exemplary case of what is tangentially and unmentionably connected with is the connection between this project and Massey University's code of ethical conduct for research, teaching and evaluations involving human participants. Plugging into that highly codified body is a connection of necessity required by the University as part of a commitment to responsible and ethical research, and more details may be found in this thesis in *Appendices A* through *F*.

and onions and salted, all wrapped in taro leaves, then baked in foil, raw fish marinated in lemon juice and mixed with chopped onions, chillies, and yet more coconut cream.

When we moved off the farm in the early 1970s, the food was still there. My parents bought a coffee lounge, then a sandwich bar, and finally a restaurant in the centre of Auckland City. Even now, in her late 80s, my mother's renowned for her pavlovas (keep your mixing bowl and beaters spotlessly clean and free of any grease, thoroughly beat your sugar in but don't over-whip your egg whites, and bake long and low) and her Christmas cakes (make them early and feed them a quarter cup of brandy every few weeks). And so, the menu grows. There's always food.

House welcomes us in:

> *Come on in. Sit down here. Are you warm? Hungry? Would you like a cup of tea?*
>
> *There's no hurry. Calm yourself down. It's okay, you're safe here. The staff are here to help you, not judge you. We're here to support you, to help you find your feet again, to set you back upright.*
>
> *I'm here for you, ready for you. I have a place to shelter, a bed for you with sheets and blankets, clothes for you, towels and soap, personal items for you to call your own. I'm here for you.*
>
> *There are so many memories in these walls, eh. All you men who pass through leave your traces here, you tidy up differently every day, you create new aromas in the kitchen and bring ingredients that appear in the pantry. Then there are the things you leave behind… and the things you take with you. Have you hung your anger on the coat-hook there? That's a good thing to leave behind. What about your fears and self-doubt? Have you washed those away in the shower?*
>
> *Come, it's time to eat eh. Will you join me? What will you cook tonight? Get the pan out, the pots, the cutting board. See, here are some onions, garlic, a ginger root, some ghee. Where are the spices? In the cupboard over the microwave. Be careful. That pan is getting hot. Watch the garlic doesn't burn. Do you cook at home? Maybe you could learn how to...*
>
> *I hope that by inviting you to eat here, to talk with other men, cook for them, you learn what you can from me and the staff, about what it means to live in a world where people care for one another. Come along, watch the step there. Come, learn what it means to think differently about relationships.*
>
> *Come with me. Let's explore different ways of becoming men, shall we?*

Opening: The first group session

Climb the mountains and get their good tidings. Nature's peace will flow into you as sunshine flows into trees. The winds will blow their own freshness into you, and the storms their energy, while cares will drop off like autumn leaves.

- John Muir, *Our National Parks*

In this opening, I set out to understand how the men engage in different ways of learning through their relationships with one another, in the movements of men-in-relation storying together. I can study these dynamics because I have been invited to participate in a collaborative and co-creative group workshop on anger management. All of the participants have agreed that I can collect the diverse threads of their reflections and ways of knowing and meaning-making for my research project, and in return, I have offered to prepare supper for everyone, consistent with the notion of reciprocity (Maiter et al., 2008; Nelson & Prilleltensky, 2010) that I have raised earlier.

I consider the ways that the men learn through moving-in-the-social as they sediment and concretise new ways of becoming. They become sub-assemblages of learning-desire that plug into one another and the broader social assemblage of the *House*/group of men/workshop. Thinking this way enables me to look afresh at the interactions between the men and between the men and *House*. Consistent with Puar, Pitcher, and Gunkel (2008), I do this to focus on the interactions between the men, and their movements, rather than where each man locates himself.

Aside: As I drive from my home to Gandhi Nivas the surroundings change. In little more than half an hour, I am in a place where the cars are older and more damaged. The houses are smaller, some are well maintained, but many are down-at-heel. There is no pretence, no sleek exteriors, and the abundant graffiti amply evidence the micro-aggressions of poverty.

In the space of a few short kilometres, I've taken a line-of-flight out of my comfort zone into a different place altogether: a darker, hungrier place than the one in which I live. My movement is no inconsequential border crossing. I am crossing into a space that I don't know. And here I am, feeling as if I am an alien in the country where I grew up. I don't know how I feel about that… excited, nervous, anxious, wired and tired… I am fully charged with ambiguous affective flows and in the process of deterritorialising.

It's autumn, and the sun is low in the sky. It's a cold Friday, ending a cold week, and I've brought the makings of a restorative roasted tomato soup and a couple of loaves of crackly crusty fresh-baked bread. Bourdain warns the reader preparing tomato soup to "not wander too far from the stuff that comes in a can" (Bourdain & Woolever, 2016, p. 37), but I am a rebellious soul, so I've added roasted red peppers

to my recipe. They go so well with tomatoes, and the roasting helps them caramelise and adds extra layers of flavour. If there were ever a welcome supper for a cold autumn evening, then this needs to be it. My food-cooking, men-feeding nurturing-machine needs to plug into the more substantial social machine of the house and the men who are assembling this evening. Plug in and be made to work. The soup (and I) must produce.

Tonight is my first entanglement in the house-human machinism of Gandhi Nivas. It is my first performance in the kitchen and the first time that my research-machine puts the Dinner Table Storytelling approach to work. A tight knot forms in my stomach as I get closer to my destination. Carefully made food, intended to spark interaction, conversation, discussions between people with few connections between themselves, or with me… what will my nurturing-machine inspire?

With the makings of a meal on my back—ingredients, my knife roll, mixing spoons, a stick blender, a ladle, and…and…and…. I enter Gandhi Nivas, past reception and through to the lounge. It is an awkward L shape with a round dining table and four chairs occupying the smaller arm of the L. Around the rest of the room are a dozen colourful chairs side by side. The longer arm faces north, and both that side of the lounge and the wall by the table are windowed. Roller blinds have been lowered to keep in the warmth. There are a handful of men seated around the room; two are deep in conversation, while others sit by themselves, looking somewhat awkward and uncomfortable. One of the staff, Kapil, greets me warmly. "How are you? Welcome! Come in, come in" and we slip into the kitchen where I unpack my bag. "We'll be starting in 20 minutes," he tells me.

I pull out a large saucepan from the cupboard under the sink. Earlier in the day I had roasted vegetables and measured out ingredients—tonight's performance is not a full-on cooking show for the men, but an abbreviated project of assembly, because I do not distract myself too much from the group activity.

Aside: In this aspiration, I am embodying my desire for connection. I want to be there in the circle of men, to spend as much time as I can listening respectfully to their storying, and to contribute where appropriate from my own lived experiences.

In go the ingredients and onto an element goes the pan where it will sit and gently heat until I am ready to complete the dish and serve. Just before we eat, I will heat the oven to 200°C and put the bread in for a few minutes—I hope the aroma of baking bread will suffuse through *House* and draw the men to the table.

Kapil pops his head round the door: "They're about to start. Are you ready? Come and join them if you can. I have to go, but I'll be back soon."

The lounge is full. Two more men have arrived while I was in the kitchen. There are now nine of us—a counsellor (Colin) who has joined Gandhi Nivas to facilitate this evening's workshop, a social worker who works at the house, myself, and six current or former residents at Gandhi Nivas.

House organises a workshop:

> *So, the police have bound you with one of their PSOs. How long? Oh, three days?*
>
> *That's okay. It will give you time to settle yourself, and time for your partner to settle herself and the children as well.*
>
> *So, tonight we will talk together, you and the staff here. Let's talk about what's going on, eh. And talk about what needs to change, too.*
>
> *And we have an anger-management session here tomorrow night. Come. Join us. You'll get plenty out of the experience.*
>
> *We're two weeks into our workshops but we'll help you catch up. And it would be good for you to meet some of the other men. Most have already been through here and have come back to work on their changes. Some are staying here.*
>
> *Gandhi tells us that where there is love there is life; hatred leads to destruction. So, in our group we'll help you to love yourself and love others.*
>
> *Our groups are little promises that we make to ourselves and each other. They're our gift to you, so treat them with love: that's your responsibility.*

The evening is broken into a sequence of activities: a round of introductions, a meditation exercise, co-creative drawing, and a debrief. Food sits on the stove calling for attention, soon to be joined by the distracting aromas of baking bread, while sirens punctuate the evening from time to time as Police cars race by.

During the first 30 minutes, we introduce ourselves and briefly outline what is on our minds. One of the men, a long-term resident at the house, voices his frustration at having to stay for another month before he can go home (because of bail conditions), and his nervousness about what he will face when he does return home: *I always pray to God to give me more depth and sense in the one month more, then I back home to normal life. Is there still feeling or not? I don't know. It's scary to me. I've lost my total energy.* Another apologetically describes how he is currently living with a friend: *I don't pay for anything, but at the same time he's paying for the rent, and he's got four kids. So, the best thing I can do for now is settle down, eh. Clean up for him.* A third tells how things have improved at home: *I am really happy and my wife's really happy. No arguments. Yeah, and my daughter's really happy too, and I've started giving her time.*

Aside: "The liberal-democratic system strengthens the act of anonymising data: the fetish of individualism creates its ironic counterpoint: the individual as the source of data may not be revealed" (van den Hoonaard, 2003, p. 141).

Initially, I felt uncomfortable when I wrote this opening, but I couldn't put my finger on the reason why. Not at first, anyway. The men were willing, even eager, to share their stories. The evening had gone well, and everyone was forthcoming, giving voice to thoughts and feelings in a noncritical and supportive forum, in ways that surprised them. They wanted to tell their stories … but they didn't want to choose their pseudonyms, "You can." The responsibility of determining names was left to me, but no-one has ever taught me how to name-and-honour the storyteller.

As a profession, psychologists in Aotearoa New Zealand are obliged to "recognise and promote persons' and peoples' right to privacy" (New Zealand Psychological Society, 2002, p. 7). Privacy and confidentiality flow through research-ethics codes as well, and the research-ethics code under which this project takes place requires the person researching to respect the "[p]rivacy and confidentiality of individuals, communities, institutions, ethnic groups and other minorities … No participant can be identified without the consent of that participant" (Massey University, 2015, p. 9). Consistent with these obligations, my Human Ethics Notification for this project noted

that pseudonyms would be used to help eliminate identifying factors: that the research would avoid where possible using specific details from narratives that enable identities to be established, and where visual material was used, faces and other identifying marks would be pixilated.

However, there are also arguments in favour of using orthonyms or real names. Relevant to this project, is the view that participants who are re-presented through pseudonyms are rendered voiceless and anonymous (Lahman et al., 2015; van den Hoonaard, 2003; Weinberg, 2002), and that's contrary to the dignity of the ethical commitment I make through my research to tell the men's stories. In other words, there's a risk that participant identities are appropriated by the person doing the research when pseudonyms are used. Guenther goes further, arguing that the act of assigning pseudonyms is a political act of power: "[b]ecause names are powerful, choosing to use—or to alter—them is also an act of power" (Guenther, 2009, p. 413).

Guenther's argument resonates with me now. The men want to be heard. They want to talk through this research, and my response is to cede the floor to them so that their voices are heard. However, how can I retell their stories without honouring the names of the storytellers? I don't want to be so reductive and disempowering as to reduce the men to letters of the alphabet (Participants A, B, and C), but will a story that is told by pseudonymous Participant C have the same gravitas as if it were attributed to its orthonymic teller, Ashok?[21] There is an imperfect compromise in this project. Pseudonyms have been chosen to protect the men who participate, but they have been chosen using my conscience as a guide, and through being respectful of naming customs in the communities from which these men have come. While these little disguises might not wholly protect identities between the men (who know one another's stories), they provide a reasonable measure of privacy and confidentiality and retain (as best I can) the dignity of the orthonymic originals.

Following our introductions, the group facilitator invites us to draw on practices of meditation as a means of reducing stress and regulating emotions. We are using a guided visualisation exercise—the *mountain meditation* (Kabat-Zinn, 1994)—to evoke the principles of mindfulness—a practice of open and active focus on the present—and as a way of evoking the transience of human experience. Kabat-Zinn's visualisation borrows from the sacred character of mountains: "[m]ountains are sacred places. People have always sought spiritual

[21] Here, too, the orthonymic becomes pseudonymic. Ashok is not the orthonym of this participant.

guidance and renewal in and among them… Mountains were and still are mother, father, guardian, protector, ally." (p. 136). He draws on the elemental character of mountains, their granitic solidity and massive presence: "[m]ountains are quintessentially emblematic of abiding presence and stillness" (p. 136).

We sit cross-legged in a rough circle on the floor, some of us with our backs against chairs. Colin introduces the meditation:

> *This is something that is going to help us to stay us grounded within ourselves because always we are going to have plenty of things happening around us, and those things happening around us can make us shaky and uncomfortable and so when we are not very solid in ourselves, and we are feeling shaky that's the time when we react to people differently. However, when we are feeling good, then we can respond nicely and say 'Yeah, don't worry, eh.'*

For the next fifteen minutes, we listen in silence to a reading of Kabat-Zinn's (1994) mountain meditation. It is a meditative visualisation that is intended to reduce stress and bring insights into mindfulness that focuses on three different aspects: being honest with ourselves, not being judgemental, and living in the moment (rather than dwelling in the past or worrying about the future). Its purpose is to help us to ground ourselves and draw on inner strengths when we are faced with challenges and uncertainties.

In the meditation, we are asked to imagine in vivid detail a mountain that we identify with, one that resonates for us. As the elemental image of a mountain becomes more evident, we bring it inside: we become the mountain, seated in stillness, while day follows night, as the weather changes around us, as the seasons pass by us: "Mountains are quintessentially emblematic of abiding presence and stillness ... By becoming the mountain in our meditation, we can link up with its strength and stability, and adopt them for our own" (Kabat-Zinn, 1994, pp. 136-139).

Recall that in a Platonic world it is the notion of *me*, the subject, who experiences the real world, and it is the *other-than-me* which transcends my thought or perception (Colebrook, 2002a, 2002b). However, Deleuze and Guattari repeatedly argue that the concept of the imagined self-as-entity is a problematic way of thinking about what it is to be human. In *Anti-Oedipus,* they assert: "the self and the non-self, outside and inside, no longer have any meaning whatsoever" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983, p. 9). In their view, there is no external location from which to view the world, no place outside of our thinking, and when we attempt to construct

such a location through imagining the subject-as-entity, we engage processes of categorising differences and fix our perspectives relative to specific standpoints. They maintain that these processes constrain our capacity to find the world in ourselves and others (Deleuze, 1980; Deleuze & Guattari, 1983, 1987).

Aside: Mandy asks how the men in their movement through social relations (of the meditation in the workshop) are able to connect with the capacity of the mountain for stillness and abiding presence.

It is a good question, but it is not the question that I want to ask. Instead of thinking about how the men connect, I want to ask, "What happens when the men connect?"

Instead of using our thoughts to represent the world, Deleuze and Guattari argue that our thoughts are part and parcel of the fluidity of the world. In *A Thousand Plateaus* they write: "[i]n fact, the self is only a threshold, a door, a becoming between two multiplicities" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 249). There is a tension in the argument, between the practices of habit and the spontaneous emergence of something different. Practices of habit require the fixity of categorisation, and categorisation contains and directs lines of force, and provokes us into maintaining compliance with dominant/State-ist discourses (Davies, 2011; Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). If instead, we respond by opening ourselves to the unknown in ourselves and others, we emerge as subjects-as-relations, open to emergent thought that holds the potential for transformation (Davies, 2011, 2012; Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). This is also suggestive of the multiplicities of possible selves that emerge when we work out how to de-individualise or de-personalise ourselves (Davies, 2011).

I cannot speak for the other men yet, but as I draw the image of the mountain closer to ourselves, it becomes more apparent. I become the mountain, the snow, the trees, the elements, the seasons, and as I do so, I begin to dismantle my self-as-entity, becoming a subject-as-relation instead. I am immersed in the moment—part of the country, not separate from it—and I become more aware of and open to the intensities that surge through me. Paraphrasing Davies (2011), I begin to see myself in others, and others in me. There are no *subjects* and *objects*, only multiplicities and movements; no practices of habit, only flows and intensities that enable new connections between man and mountain to emerge.

Aside: In my meditative state, I visualise an iconic conical mountain—perhaps it's Mt Taranaki (see Figure 2)—standing alone in splendid isolation, its lower slopes clad in bush, its snowy peak outlined against a cloudless blue sky. The snow suggests an autumnal or wintery time, which seems apposite as I am well into the Autumn of my own life, yet the brown-green slopes below reassure me there's still potential from growth. The mountain's there, and the sun's there, and inevitably there'll be a raincloud coming. After all, this is Aotearoa New Zealand, the land of the long white cloud. The mountain can't change the clouds or the sun, and although it is blanketed in snow, that will melt when the Spring thaw comes, leaving the mountain unchanged, still immovable, still rock-solid.

The visualisation is immediately provocative and productive. It brings to my mind the events of my father-in-law's death. There were deep, decades-old divisions between siblings and step-siblings, that resurfaced at the time of his death, and I felt angry on behalf of my wife for her loss and the reopening of old wounds. I couldn't change anything, but I became angry anyway, wholly caught up as I was in the emotional drama of her father's death. That was me-as-entity letting my wife's stepsister enter me and influence my responses.

Figure 2. Snowy cap on Mount Taranaki.

As I visualise and become stratovolcanic Taranaki, its layers of lava, tephra, pumice, and ash speak to me of the outpourings of erupted materials and fiery emotions, that

> flowed freely in the past, but are now metamorphed, solidified, concretised, extinguished. I felt/feel great sympathy for my wife and her loss, but the anger has subsided. It's flowed away like the meltwaters that denude Taranaki of its snowy cape each new spring. If I had been the mountain at that time and just sat, those issues would have washed around me, but I would have been left untouched. Not detached. Not passive. Still filled with compassion and understanding that those issues won't last forever. But untouched and uninvaded. My skin tingles with the sun and snow and wind and rain, but I sense an inchoate core inside me, my rudimentary sense of granitic stillness … something different is emerging, becoming …

As Colin brings us back out of the meditation, the group is silent. I sense that each of us is reluctant to let go of the momentary stillness that we have found in ourselves. It is an opportunity to stretch, but none of us moves. There seems something of the stillness of the mountain that has begun to flow through the movements of men-in-relation storying together. That is what happens when the men connect with the capacity of the mountain for stillness and abiding presence: a little of that capacity moves from mountain to man.

The rest of the workshop is spent in a co-creative exercise. Kneeling on the floor with a large art pad of heavy paper and ice cream containers of children's crayons in front of him, Colin begins:

> *Okay, what we're going to do is take a piece of paper each, some crayons, and write our names. Then what we are going to do is to draw something that comes up to us. After a minute and a half, two minutes, we'll pass it on to somebody else, and then pass it on again, and what's going to happen is everyone is going to add to our drawing. So, you draw what you want, what you feel about yourself, and then on to the next person to add to. And if you want to put any words to the person, then write that down too, just a few words.*
> *So, pick up a sheet each. Here are the crayons. It might be easier to get on the floor and draw there… are you good? Okay, so what we are going to do is take two minutes. We're not trying to complete our drawings, just start, because the others will help us complete it. Just draw what you want to draw, whatever comes to mind. Will two minutes be okay?*

Once again, we make ourselves comfortable on the floor, arranged in a loose circle.

And if two minutes is not okay, then we'll just add some more, okay? Now, let's go with a timer, and that can beep at two minutes every time, okay?

Colin sets the timer on his smartphone, and we begin drawing in silence. All too soon the timer goes off: *Is two minutes enough or do we need more time?* There are murmurs of general assent:

No, I am happy
Yeah, we're happy
Colin: More time?
Nah we're good.
C.: Okay. Good. Because what we're going to do is, we're going to add to this picture. Now, we're not trying to finish it. Right? So, I'll pass it on. What we're going to do is we're going to pass it to our right-hand side, and then somebody will take and add to the picture, so just like I will add to yours, [to the person on the left] you will add to mine [to the person on the right]
Parmeet asks: About what we gonna add?
C: Anything. Whatever. You can't go wrong. Whatever you want to add. And see? We draw with crayons. Who can be an artist with crayons? Just let go and don't worry about being an artist.

Each of us passes our incomplete masterpiece to the person sitting on our right, and we begin drawing again, this time adding to the artwork just passed to us. There are a few self-conscious giggles as we peek at what our neighbours are adding to our pictures, and as we labour to emulate artists with talent. The alarm sounds. We change again. And again.

I see a tree before me, and I add nature: birds flying overhead, flowers underneath, a stream. There is a house, somewhere to live, on the next sheet. I add curtains to the windows, a swing in a garden. To a windy sky, I add a kite. We change again. And again. Finally, my artwork is returned to me, having gone around the circle, with additions from each of the men around me. What started as *my* artwork has become a *more-than-my* collaborative effort involving inputs from everyone in our circle, a conscious assemblage of ideas and affects and actions and reactions to what has gone before (see Figure 3, following page).

The crayon art gestures towards us as artists and authors. Each page is an object in space. Each can be read from left to right, right to left, top-down, bottom-up, from the centre. Each can be read at different speeds. Each organises a space in which different possibilities to

emerge. Each is a space in which semiotics are mixed—verbal messages, symbolic significations—and all enable us to speculate about the connections that we form.

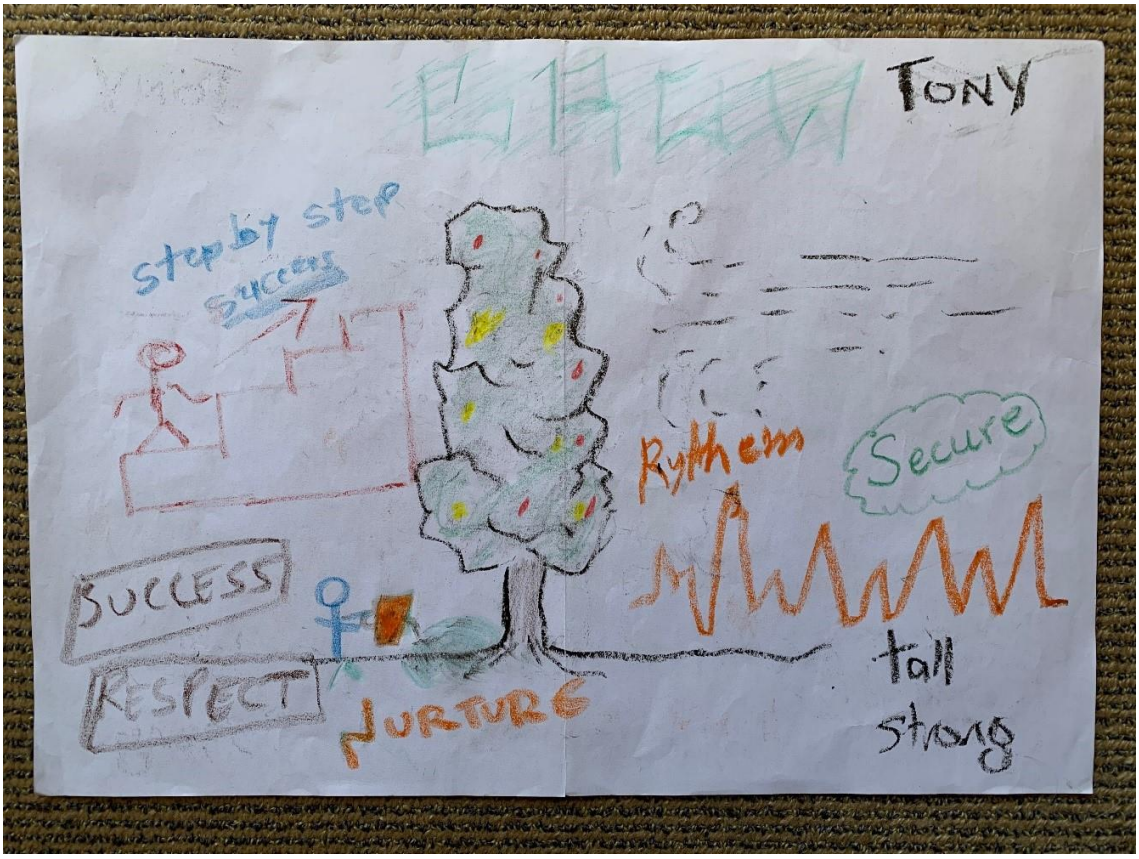

Figure 3. Crayon art. (Source: Author)

Once our artworks have returned to us, Colin begins:

> *So, what we will do now—what has come back to us—what has come back has come back from everyone. So, if there is a lesson in it, then pick up on that. If there is a blessing in it, then pick up on that too. And like the mountain, we accept it. It does not matter what happens all around us. We learn that changes are always going to happen. If you would like to make a comment on your drawing, then we can do it. It would be a nice thing to hear from you what you are seeing, from what you started with to where it is now.*

Jeet:

So, I started off with this pattern. It means something. So, the white. It means good, and the dark ones? Something's going to happening. And the white is good, then the dark, it's like underside. It's always be like something in front of us, good times and bad times. Bing, bing, bing, bing. Good, bad, good, bad.

And the house. Someone drew the house. And then there's a sort of collection, with my family, the house, there's gardens like from my old house, it had some gardens too. Yeah, it means, it means, it looks good.

It means there is a different way of thinking. Take time to be wise. And so that's the past, and this is the future, eh. Helping us grow, eh. Trying. Learning ways. You get wiser as you grow. And someone drew this. It's like some trick. Then someone drew this. This is the sun. It's a bright future.

Harpreet:

This was the family in the house. And there's a new light, a light to the house, like we're happy and stuff. Somebody drew a tree, and there's somebody sitting on a seat there, and a wall, and that's me, my partner and my baby. Like a fairy tale. So that's my house. The peace. Flying above the clouds. The birds. Yeah, so the more we look, the more we will see.

Parmeet:

This is a kind of magic. When my mind is present on my needs, there I see a real picture, whatever you draw, and then I think immediately I give a response to that feeling and I do similar - the situation, either it is positive or negative. Like I take this picture [takes the picture from his neighbour] … *Okay, so he thinks he wants to live this way, and I see that whatever he feels like that, and then happiness. However, it actually comes through from another person. And I draw that sun too. And all grows happily and so bright. I draw sun and rays of light, and this is quite magic for me. Like how they understand my feelings and they give me inspiration. I draw in my picture. I want to live like peacefully and with my wife. Okay, somebody put that, in your life something is needed, so you draw that. Also, you give your time to go through relations. And also, some people are drawing stars and that [indicates zigzags] all that is going up and down so my thinking is that in life everybody facing up and down.*

So, it is quite unusual and quite magic that how people are directly responding to that feeling.

Tariq conjures up Parmeet's reference to magic again later in the evening:

> *Like you said, magic things come out. Even we all different we all thinking about stuff and with the drawing we're adding to each other's stories.*

As does Colin:

> *Well, we all learned from each other. It's the collective wisdom—everybody's wisdom—that collective wisdom that has gone into it. And that's what is the magic. Because we are not alone. We are connected, we actually without realising it, there is a close connection. I think that men are always searching for connections, for a sense of belonging.*

I am intrigued by the references to fairy tales, tricks, and magic. Adorno, Horkheimer, and Noerr begin their *Dialectic of Enlightenment* by defining the objective of the project of the Enlightenment as liberating humanity from magic: "the disenchantment of the world. It wanted to dispel myths, to overthrow fantasy with knowledge" by accounting for objectivity and the validity of reason (Adorno, Horkheimer, & Noerr 2002, p. 1). Theirs is not a comprehensive characterisation of the Enlightenment, but for this project, it is not intended to be. The relevance is in the binary separation of science and the supernatural, or magic (Delpech-Ramey, 2010; Semetsky, 2008, 2009). As Delpech-Ramey observes, the supernatural relies on a rapport between the thinking individual and their surrounding world. Since the relationship is between the individual and their world, the rapport is personal and fluid, and this subverts the imperative of the Enlightenment that truth claims be repeatable and verifiable. In the scientific worldview, instrumentalism and rationality oppose (and indeed 'win out' over) imagination and spirituality. However, for Deleuze, straightforward modes of representation are anathema. What is important are processes of transformation and multiplicities of experiential possibilities in the unfolding of the boundaries between the self-as-entity and everything that is not the self: "if to perceive means to unfold, then I am forever perceiving within the folds" (Deleuze, 2006, p. 107).

In principle, magic relies on suspending disbelief: not merely a willing suspension of belief, but a "belief-discordant" mental association that something impossible is happening (Leddington, 2016, p. 258). In other words, people know that an illusion is taking place before them, and by acknowledging the possibilities of magic, they are signalling their willingness and desire to move beyond the normalities of cause-and-effect (Carney, 2006; Zimmerman, 2015).

Deleuze and Guattari view desire as a social force and a process through which anything becomes possible: "for it is always by rhizome that desire moves and produces" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 4). Consider the desiring-machines that might operate for the men. Our desiring-machines might produce energy from an emergent ethic of intra- and inter-personal mindfulness and convert this energy into well-being and growth as a psychic outcome of the process of productive collaboration. We intra-act within each artist-materials-visualisation assemblage: each of us with our ice cream tub of crayons and sheets of paper, scribbling furiously away. And we inter-act, each a drawing-machine that engages with the material output of the surrounding machines.

When we invoke acts of social magic, we also mobilise a magical rapport that subverts binaried oppositions (Carney, 2006; Delpech-Ramey, 2010; Semetsky, 2008, 2009). It is a way of connecting with different possibilities and multiple creations of our conscious assemblage in the service of becoming different men. The acts of social magic that the men find through their collaborative drawings and interpretations, open new spaces for re-imagining masculinities and the material conditions of life:

> *They understand my feelings, and they give me inspiration ... it is quite unusual and quite magic that how people are directly responding to that feeling.*
>
> *Even we all different we all thinking about stuff and with the drawing we're adding to each other's stories*
>
> *I have to try and understand it a bit more. And that's a lesson to all of us. To keep looking and try to see. So, if we hold on to that part, we can say things happen for a good reason because right now, we've made connections. Isn't that so?*

There are no 'Enlightenment' prescriptions of binaried logic or empirical experimentation in the magical explanations of a collective of men sprawled on the floor. When the men invoke magic, they conjure up different worlds for themselves, in which they can summon new perceptions. Their entanglements with the lines of flight of other men bring to life the "experimental openness" of the magician's world, where all things are possible (Zimmerman, 2015, p. 283). Through their interactions, the men are reshaping themselves to absorb (and emit) new ideas and new ways of thinking and feeling through the norms and idealisations (the

narratives and discourses) of the men in the group, and these norms and idealisations territorialise and striate the space which has emerged up to here.

Aside: I speak of the human component of my own desiring-machine because I cannot know how things make sense to the other men. I can only know how it makes sense to me—and even then, only imperfectly. My own desiring-machine is a nurturing-machine that produces energy from an ethic of care and converts it into well-being. Somewhere in the entanglement, are my active interest in violence in families and my love of cooking. Somewhere in the messy output are my own wellbeing and the wellbeing of others around me.

I also speak of my sensing of the connections between the men this evening. Colin, our workshop leader, becomes an energy-source-machine that stimulates and engages the men-as-artist/materials/visualisations assemblage. He plugs in and produces a flow that the assemblages absorb and convert for their own outputs. The artistic efforts are not merely symbolic, but machinic as well: the desires of the men have been rendered into something constructive.

However, the magic only emerges after the artwork that comes from our activities is completed. We plug into one another and talk together about our artistic efforts; we are no longer crayon artists but viewing bodies. And our outputs are rendered constructive through the magic within ourselves: well-being and growth, the outputs of the micro-state apparatus of this evening's assemblage of desiring-machines.

As the evening draws to a close, we regroup for a short debrief.

Parmeet:

I share my all feelings with each and every one. And also understand better also person same as me. Because you also feel—how to say?—like other person. Because it's personal and you always try to never share with anybody but in a group, you always sharing though and thinking and feelings. It's good to come out. It's like a pressure cooker—all of the energy—and if it's not come out then blast. So, in this group, I learn that, and also for sharing openly my feelings and what I feel and what I want to do and what I need to do in future. So, I am appreciative that all the effort as a group and I am always thanking to all member of the group to being a part. Otherwise, I never shared my feelings to anyone. So, it's good for me. That's it.

Hanif:

> *This was my first time in counselling. It was really great to hear everyone's feelings. It gave me more confidence to speak up. And everyone's going through different directions in life, and all of us are going through some hard stuff in life. It heals, but it does not heal faster because it takes time for me as a young teenage youth it gives me a chance to learn more, to learn and hopefully it will help me as I grow up hopefully become a better person. The peer support, hopefully, it will help for each of us from your support from your knowledge from your dreams. Hopefully, it will help everyone will stabilise our life. Yeah.*

Raghav:

> *First of all, I thank everyone for sharing their wisdom with me and giving me opportunity to pick up my opinion, from my side. So that's how I could believe everything that I can believe. And not only feeling more confident more patient more calm but if I compare to my previous drawings everything I gain from here and everything I plan to do in my life my daily life and getting good results. Yeah, it's really nice and helpful.*

Tariq:

> *The thing that hits me is the way that we all share stories. We all start strangers, but we share our feelings anyway. I remember you saying you want to talk with other men about men's stuff and we're doing that thing. And sharing doing the drawing tonight was… Like you said, magic things come out. Even we all different we all thinking about stuff and with the drawing we're adding to each other's stories.*

The idea of the post-humanist-machine is not based around what it is. It is based around the connections it forms and the ways it forms those connections. Re-reading the men through machinic interactions helps me to deprivilege their corporealities and enables me to prioritise their encounters and their movements, to bring their stories forward. Through their encounter with the group, each has metamorphosed into a learning-machine. Their learning-machines do not operate in the world of *meaning* and *epistemology*. Instead, they operate in an ontological world of *becoming* and *intensities*, and this obliges us to ask what kinds of information the men use, in the throes of their emergence. Rather than asking what their bodies are, ask instead what they/their bodies are capable of doing.

The spatiality of each body is interrupted with the interlayering of the narratives of other men. It is a movement that reflects Puar's characterisation of the "dissolution of self into other/s and other/s into self ... [which] effaces the absolute mark of self and other/s" (Puar, 2007, p. 182). The men are fluidic and porous. Having invoked the magic that subverts binaried oppositions and that pushes back against instrumentalism and rationality, there emerges a capacity to absorb (and emit) new ideas and new ways of thinking and feeling, that each man brings forth by entangling with the group. They have become interlayered with the stories of other men written into their own, and I read the interlayering of the stories as the first articulation in becoming a stratum: there is a process of sedimentation, a laying down of material, establishing substance, and imposing form in the men's stories:

> [T]he first articulation is the process of "sedimentation," which deposits units of cyclic sediment according to a statistical order: flysch, with its succession of sandstone and schist. The second articulation is the "folding" that sets up a stable functional structure and effects the passage from sediment to sedimentary rock (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 41).

In a geological sense, the longer the process of sedimentation, the more sedimentary material that is deposited, and the greater the concretising, the stronger the sedimentary rock becomes. One articulation cannot exist without the other. Without sediment, there is no substance, and there can be no concretising. Without concretising, the sediment is washed away, and there can be no mountain. So too for Parmeet, Hanif, Raghav, and Tariq, who, in their emergence, are becoming men who openly and freely share thoughts and feelings. The first articulation emerges in the sedimentary material of the shared narratives of the men, the substance on which each man imposes form: *always sharing, being a part, sharing wisdom*.

It is the second articulation, in particular, that is important for its production of over-coding phenomena: "phenomena of centering, unification, totalization, integration, hierarchization, and finalization." (Deleuze and Guattari, 1987, p. 41). In this is a production of form and substance (Adkins, 2015). Parmeet's second articulation emerges as an understanding of a need to talk before affective intensities become too much—*understanding better*, *it's good to come out*. For Hanif and Raghav the second articulation helps give them the confidence to speak up and opportunities to learn more about becoming men, and Tariq, who is conscious of the differences between the self and the stranger, becomes aware of ways of inscribing new possibilities into the assemblage of self-and-other.

Aside: The tensions I feel in preparing this section emerge in the spaces between thinking ethnographically and thinking differently through Deleuzo-Guattarian theory. However, the tensions are not oppositional or resistant. It is more complicated than that. Of course. And messier. Of course.

My lizard-brain is reluctant to let go of the ethnographic authority that it derives from the "narrative cohesiveness of experiences and identity, and the researcher's skill of representing the subject" (Britzman, 2000, p. 31) but there are no confirmations that what exists before representation somehow embodies reality, nor any seamless representations. Britzman again: "every telling is constrained, partial, and determined by the discourses and histories that pre-configure, even as they might promise, representation" (p. 32). I draw reassurance from Honan and Bright, who argue that:

> the vehicular language—the language of bureaucratic transmission—is the hegemonic language of the doctoral thesis in qualitative educational research studies, even when the thesis employs poststructural theory or post-qualitative research approaches that destabilise and deterritorialise understandings of the relations between researcher and researched, methods and methodology and writer and researcher. The universalising imperative of scientistic method insists on the use of the vehicular language—the worldwide language of "everywhere"—for the transmission and commercial exchange of a scientistic apoliticism (Honan & Bright, 2016, p. 736).

All I can offer is partial truths and an acknowledgment of the differences within and between the retellings and the tellers. All I can do is interfere with the normativities of academic practice.

Colin wraps up:

> *You know working together… You know it's Friday evening, and I've got something to look forward to. And all of a sudden… And it's the connections that we have made now. We're kind of, like, well we all learned from each other. It's the collective wisdom, everybody's wisdom - that collective wisdom that has gone into it. And that's what is the magic.*

As Colin speaks, I slide into the kitchen. I sprinkle water on the crusts of the loaves and put both into the hot oven. As the loaves reheat, they will absorb some of the moisture

to help reverse the staling process. After baking for six or seven minutes the loaves come out, riding on a wave of hot air, redolent with the aroma of fresh-baked bread (the heavier the bread, the longer the baking time). I leave them to rest for a couple of minutes and take my stick blender to the contents of the pot until the contents are smooth. I check the seasoning—a skoosh more salt, a good grind of black pepper—check again, and it is ready.

Into a serving bowl goes the soup. Onto a board goes the bread, roughly cut into chunks. The crust crackles and crunches as I hack at it. The interior's warm and slightly steamy. Perfect. Sour cream into a bowl, and onto the table. Bowls out, spoons at the ready.

Supper's served! Come and get it.

The men come forward, hesitantly at first, but when one starts ladling soup into the bowls, the others crowd around. Plates clatter, bread scatters, spoons rattle in bowls. For the second time this evening, we men are silent in our work:

That's good. Can I have more?
Of course! There's enough for everyone to have more.

Faces light up. A couple of men return to the table and ladle more into their bowls. Then another, and another. One turns and asks what the soup is - *What's this? Its tomato isn't it?* I tell them the ingredients, and a conversation ensues about the making of the soup. A couple of men approach and sit with me. They ask about my research: what am I doing, why me, why them. As we talk, my qualms about my emergent Dinner Table Storytelling methodology subside. I am unconcerned *how* Dinner Table Storytelling works, only *that* it works in some anti-representational/other-than-representational/more-then-representational way (Braidotti, 2002, 2011, 2014; Dolphijn & van der Tuin, 2012; Fox & Alldred, 2015). My food-cooking, men-feeding nurturing-machine has plugged into the larger social machine of *House* and into the men who have assembled this evening, and its molecular machinic elements—tomatoes, red peppers, paprika, and more; hot crusty bread and more; aromas and textures and mouthfeel and more; warmth, nurturance, satiation, and more—have entangled with the men and *House*, and more. I ask the men whether they would like to return next week to talk some more. I hold out the promise of another supper. Has my nurturing-machine produced desire in the factories constituted by the bodies of the men? We become interconnecting plugs and sockets. Do they desire to connect with me? To be nurtured? *Yeah, sure. Will you cook for us again?*

So, what transpires in the communal eating event-space? There is profound emotional trust and reciprocity in giving and receiving food (Durie, 1988; Lancione, 2013; Richards, 2018), and in this study food is a relational machine that operates with its own encoding and messaging as a distinct social subsystem in the research. I use it to enhance the relationships between myself and the men and to support our individual and collective emotional wellbeing. However, I also use it in a performative sense in demonstrations of care and support for other men: my food-cooking—men-feeding nurturing-machine.

Operating as desiring-machines, the men plug into the food. The nature of desire is in energy, and the energy of desire flows through connections (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983). As appetites sharpen the energy of desire causes a "difference of potential" (Smith, 2012, p. 263) to emerge. The desiring-flows of the men—their sensations of hunger and appetites for food––stimulate the alimentary senses of the eating-machine, but the eating-machine reacts to food. It cannot change what food does to it. It has to change (Buchanan, 1997).

The aroma of baking bread wafting from the kitchen, the clinking of cutlery and china, the tap-tap-tap of a knife cutting ingredients, the sizzle and pop of hot oil meeting the moisture of food: all connect in a chain of associations that are encoded into the functioning of the desiring-eating-machine. All heighten the intensity of the difference of potential between appetite and appeasing hunger. The difference of potential is only (temporarily) nullified once the eating-machine has plugged into the nurturing-machine and food has been eaten to sufficiency. From that point, the eating-machine ceases to operate. It deterritorialises and reconnects with another more complex social system through which it transforms itself into a productive member of the Gandhi Nivas community following the social mores of good manners, gathering together plates and utensils to take to the kitchen where they will be cleaned and put away. The desiring-machines also reconnect with my nurturing-machine. Do they desire to connect with me? *Yeah, sure. Will you cook for us again?*

Tamatar aur laal shimala mirch rasam

Roasted tomato and red pepper soup

Rasam is a rich and colourful South Indian soup that is full of flavour. Roasting the vegetables enhances and intensifies their flavours. The chilli flakes provide a deep warmth and the smoked paprika adds sweet and smoky intensity. The tomato paste adds depth and richness which is sweetened by browning the paste in the pan. See Figure 4.

Serves 10-12

15 minutes preparation time

1hour 30 minutes cooking time

Freezes well

Ingredients:

6 red capsicums

3-4 brown onions, unpeeled & halved

8-10 cloves of garlic, unpeeled

1 kilogramme vine-ripened tomatoes

2 tablespoons butter

¼ cup olive oil

3 sticks celery, diced

¼ cup tomato paste

2 tablespoons tamarind paste

1 litre vegetable stock

1 teaspoon dried chilli powder

2 heaped teaspoons smoked paprika

1 heaped tablespoon cumin powder

Salt & coarsely ground black pepper

To serve

Sour cream or Greek yoghurt, extra virgin olive oil, lemon juice

Torn basil or parsley leaves

Crusty bread

1. Preheat oven grill. Place red peppers under oven grill and grill until blackened, turning regularly (see note below).
2. Remove from oven and reset oven temperature to 180-190°C on a bake setting.
3. Wrap peppers in clingfilm and let cool for 15 minutes. Skins will come away easily. Core and deseed, then set aside.
4. Place onion halves (cut side down) along with tomatoes and garlic cloves on a baking tray, drizzle with olive oil, and bake at top of oven for 30 mins or until vegetables are roasted and tender.
5. Meanwhile heat butter and oil in a large pan over a medium heat and sauté chopped celery for 4-5 mins. Add tomato paste and continue to sauté for a couple more minutes.
6. Add tamarind paste, vegetable stock, chilli powder, paprika, and cumin to pan and remove from heat.
7. When baked vegetables are ready, peel onions & garlic cloves, skin tomatoes, roughly chop and add to pan along with reserved red peppers. Place back on low to medium heat and using a stick blender blend until smooth. Thin with extra stock if needed.
8. Season to taste and gently simmer until at a comfortable edible temperature. Do not let boil.
9. Serve with sour cream or yoghurt, or a drizzle of extra virgin olive oil, or a squeeze of lemon juice, sprinkle with garnish, and serve with plenty of crusty bread.

Note: Red peppers can also be char-grilled over a gas flame or on a hot barbeque.

Figure 6. Tamatar aur laal shimla mirch rasam—roasted tomato and red pepper soup. (Source: Author)

Does the first opening into the men's stories illuminate their violence against women? Does it explain the complexities of the pervasive social issue of family violence? No, and no. However, it does suggest to me that the participants in this study are engaging in different ways of learning by plugging into one another. They are plugging in with one another and with the larger social machine of the *House*/group of men/workshop as a desiring-machine of social change, and it is rupturing the ways the men think. They are no longer self-contained: they are no longer *selves* but are connected and plugged into something bigger, something that cares for them and about them and with them.

In my reading, as the men draw the image of the mountain into themselves, they begin to dismantle the notion of self-as-entity and instead become subjects-as-relations. They become immersed in the moment—they are part of the country, not separate from it—and become more open to the situated awareness of becoming something different. In the moments of stillness after the meditation, the men sit in silence without reaction, as if still immersed in their observations of the intensities that run through themselves, open to emergent thoughts that hold potential for transformation. Similarly, when various men evoke the social magic of shared drawing activities, they are facilitating their access to different possibilities in the service of becoming different men. The acts of social magic that the men find through their collaborative drawings and interpretations emerge as an experimental openness to re-imagining masculinities and the material conditions of life.

The willingness of the men to share their feelings holds possibilities for many different becomings that move away from the violent acts in the men's lives. These possibilities do not legitimise the violence the men have used—as Ringrose notes "violence is the destructive side of the line of flight" (Ringrose, 2011, p. 611)—but the lines of flight the men take suggest they are becoming capable of operating as desiring-machines of more constructive social change.

This opening is an introduction to social movements in the experiences of the men, and there are more, and more disturbing, stories to follow. Stories of celebration and resistance figure in the men's narratives: in the next opening they become stories of children getting things right, of getting things wrong, of challenges and punishments, but first, an inter-story insinuates its way into my writing.

Interstory 1: A hug of teddy bears

Wake in the deepest dark of night
and hear the driving rain.
Reach out a hand and take a paw
and go to sleep again.

- Charlotte Gray

Financial realities being what they are, I supplement my academic scholarship with part-time work in the parish office at my local church. It is a role that brings me into contact with many of the parishioners. They are an inclusive lot and are attentive and curious about my studies. One, whom I call Aunty Helen although she is unrelated and younger than me by at least twenty years, knits teddy bears for children in distressed family relationships. The cute-as-a-button bears go to the local police who hand them out during callouts. Aunty Helen and I talk regularly about social inequality, structural violence, and barriers to wellbeing, and one day she arrives at the door of the office with a bag of teddy bears, each hand-knitted in a different brightly coloured wool, complete with eyes and beribboned necks.[22] Each has its arms stretched wide apart, as of offering a hug to anyone and everyone. "Here. Take these," she says. "They're for you. I made them for the men at your house. You know, that place you talk about. I thought about the men and wondered if they might like company, so I made these last week."

Each bear has a hand-lettered label affixed to it: "Made for you with all my love, from Aunty Helen." (See Figure 5, following page).

I must look perplexed because Helen laughs and tells me that no matter what age or gender, everyone picks up her teddy bears and hugs them. I am overcome. Then she reassures me: "You're doing your research, and I can't help with that. But I can help with these. These bears are my ministry for you and your men."

Kinships develop through this project. I would like to describe them as part of me because they plug into my nurturing-machine and use it as a site of production which connects with myself and the desiring-machines of the other men. However, this is Aunty Helen's nurturing-machine as well, and within a month, a dozen hand-knitted bears appear at Gandhi Nivas where they connect with men, who initially feign embarrassment, but who also harbour covetous glances towards the bears. The bears quietly disappear one by one.

[22] They are compliant with Deleuze's "eternally positive differential; multiplicity" (Deleuze, 1994, p. 288).

Figure 5. Aunty Helen's hug of teddy bears. (Source: Author)

Aside: Grown men with teddy bears? Why not? Have you ever looked a teddy bear in the eyes? They listen to your problems and don't make any judgements. They're always there with open arms, ready for a hug, and never get upset if you ignore them for a long time. The teddy bears are Aunty Helen's ministry; her love for a group of men she's never met.

Opening: Early years

If you really want to make a friend, go to someone's house and eat with him… the people who give you their food give you their heart.

- Cesar Chavez, *Education of the Heart*

In this Opening, migrant men recall their early years in their home countries. They talk about their fathers and grandfathers and grandfather's fathers before them, passing down from generation to generation coded and territorialised systems of patriarchal dominance. They are systems in which fathers have the authority to make decisions and invoke disciplinary practices, while all other family members are obliged to comply. One participant, Jeet, tells of being tied inside a rice sack and then being beaten by his mother for swearing at her. There is an ontology of becoming in his narrative that entangles Jeet, his mother, a rice sack, a rattan cane, and a quantity of salt, and it holds many different possibilities for the connections between Jeet and his mother, and for other connections that Jeet might make. Another, Raghav, describes how his father's face suffuses with blood, evoking hypermasculine affective intensities that generate violence. Shiva hints at his loneliness as a child. Their reflections add messy richness to the lived experiences of the men-as-boys.

Aside: The drive from home to Gandhi Nivas is becoming more familiar to me as the weeks progress. That's a good thing as the days have drawn shorter. We're deep in Winter. It's raining heavily, it's windy, and the roads are slippery. Taillights flare ahead as a driver breaks, and I ease off the accelerator reflexively. Winters get to me. They're like an extra layer under my jacket, but not a warming layer. Winter weighs me down and makes me feel slower, clumsier. I feel more irritable, tired; I dwell on thoughts. Rosenthal et al. (1984) might say that I am experiencing seasonal affective disorder—"a syndrome characterized by recurrent depressions that occur annually at the same time each year" (Rosenthal et al., 1984, Abstr.)—as if putting a name to something legitimises its presence. However, I am reminded that as we move through seasons, we also experience movement. I am not disordered. I am responding to the movement I am experiencing.

I am doing something different tonight. It is a recipe that draws heavily on Yotam Ottolenghi's roasted pumpkin soup with harissa and chickpeas, with a few changes that simplify and take advantage of local ingredients (Ottolenghi, 2015). It is a gorgeous chunky soup and as fiery as you wish with harissa, and that makes winter almost bearable.

In what follows, current and past residents of Gandhi Nivas have come for dinner and to share memories of their early years in their home countries. I spent much of my time

listening, digital voice recorder in hand, to the men describe difficult experiences in authoritarian and patriarchal spaces. The conversations frequently twist and turn away from the topic but then the stories we tell together are always rhizomatic: told from the middle, fluidic, dynamic, contingent upon the moment of telling, and always partial.

Aside: I'd prepared this meal for the men before, and when Madhu finds me in the kitchen and asks what I am cooking, he's quick to remember.

"Roasted pumpkin with harissa and chickpeas."

Madhu's eyes crinkle, and he grins: "Ohhh! My favourite!"

I reply. "Yeah, mine too. I make it at home a lot, and my wife loves it. She asks me to cook it for her all the time, eh."

"She's a very lucky lady… have you got any bread? What sort of bread do you like?"

We discuss bread and the limited range available at the nearby bakery. Then spying one of the Gandhi Nivas counsellors walking toward the house, Madhu and I look at each other, grin together, and yell from the kitchen window in unison: "Kapil! Hey, Kapil! Can you buy us some bread, please? Yes, bread. A loaf of bread for dinner. Come and join us!"

Kapil looks up, smiles, and calls back: "Yeah, sure. What are you cooking for dinner?

"Roasted pumpkin with harissa and chickpeas."

"Ohhh! My favourite!"

Once again, we are seated in a loose circle in the lounge at Gandhi Nivas, some of us on the seats that line the walls of the lounge, others sprawled on the floor, some with cups of tea or coffee, others with water. While the men's stories dominate, other elements in the storying machine make their ways into our shared space. It is raining and gusting heavily outside, and the sounds of rain lashing windows ebb and flow during the evening. So too, the sounds of heavy trucks passing by along the road outside punctuate the men's narratives, as do the occasional sounds of sirens.

Aside: As I listen to recordings of the evening, even the sound of passing traffic seems somehow gendered. While smaller vehicles passing by are feminised/silenced by the wind and rain, the more resonant masculinised sounds of heavy transport and authoritarian institutional sirens intrude and impose on the storying of the men.

Madhu:

> *My father was very strict growing up. His main aim was always to provide for his family. You know, there were times when we were—what's the right word—on the edge. Based on the social, economic, pressures or you know things like that… Yeah. There's a lot of pressure, and people crumble. It's very unwise to say people don't crumble because everyone has a heart. But he always worked towards us, you know like how I always work towards my son.*

Madhu portrays his father as a responsible man, whose commitment to providing for his family involved *a lot of pressure*, a responsibility that I interpret as difficult to meet. The pressures are social and economic, and the means to provide for the family are scarce—*we were on the edge*. Madhu suggests that such pressure can be too much for anyone to bear: people crumble in his understanding of the consequences of the pressures his father experienced, and there is an implication that *crumbling* might lead to violence, although it is not explicit in Madhu's words. He reproduces his father's responsibilities in his own efforts—*he always worked towards us you know like how I always work towards my son*—and recognises that he faces his own challenges—his own *ups and downs*—as a father supporting a family:

> *I am like my father in a way. I am not abusive, not, not abusive, but I lose my temper, but I always believe in keeping my family together.*

Madhu draws a parallel between himself and his father—*I am like my father in a way*—and in his explanation, he differentiates between being abusive and losing his temper, and he qualifies his loss of temper by expressing concern about the unity of his family.

> *I didn't see any domestic violence problems, but my dad was very strict with me, you know sometimes he can be very angry and things like that ... I don't mind dads being tough because as long as he's going to be there, and I think discipline is required you know when you're growing up.*

Madhu's observation—*I didn't see any domestic violence problems*—prefaces his explanation that his father was meeting his responsibilities. Like the fathers of other participants, Madhu's father is *very strict* and capable of great anger *and things like that,* a phrase that suggests he has a wide repertoire of disciplinary measures for those who violate his authority. He justifies his father's disciplinary practices. Madhu does not just accept but expects fathers to be tough; according to his account, as long as fathers take responsibility for authority in the family, then their violence is disciplinary and legitimate, and not a problem of domestic violence.

Kapil:

> *I grew up in a patriarchal system family ... my father was the one who would make the decision we used to for me have to follow him actually if you don't follow him you really got it. ... I really had a very tough time growing up ... I used to get lots of punishment, and my dad would punish me for no reason actually. That was my childhood.*

Kapil is explicit about the patriarchal system in his upbringing. It is one in which his father had the authority to make decisions, and all other family members were obliged to comply. Kapil's reference to *really getting it* suggests a totalising approach to discipline enacted through physical punishment in his family and serves as an explanation for the *tough time* Kapil had as a child. His account evokes a sense of futility and hopelessness for the target of patriarchal discipline—*that was my childhood*—and it seems his father exercised the right to punish as he saw fit, whether the punishment was justified or not.

Raghav:

> *[I was] born in a farming family. With the crops. And my father and my grandfather they raised all our family. My father's grandfathers and generations of their fathers and grandfathers, all were farmers. So, there's a kind of strict environment at my house. From my starting, my father wants me and my siblings to be involved in the farming work. So, we have to always be with them. Whatever they say is like, take, take the things and come with me give me a hand in my work or cut the grass for animals.*

Raghav locates himself as *born into a farming family* and traces himself entirely through the men in his family, through his *father and grandfather* and on through his *father's grandfathers and generations of their fathers and grandfathers*. He refers only to the men that he descends from, reciting his established ancestry of men-in-relation—to one another, and the land. Raghav suggests that survival becomes precarious if boys do not follow their fathers onto the land, and as generation after generation is raised on farms, the importance of men providing for their families reasserts patriarchal authority and responsibility. Raghav's understanding of himself does not include the women in his life—*my father and my grandfather they raised all our family. My father's grandfathers and generations of their fathers and grandfathers*. Raghav's mother, sisters, and grandmothers are not part of his story, suggesting there are ruptures in the ways that he connects with his family: perhaps the presence of women in his early life is taken for granted, perhaps they are deliberately excluded, perhaps both…

He expects to follow the generations of men preceding him into working their farm—*from my starting*. The phrasing has a sense of certainty that Raghav is destined for a life of farming because his father farms: he has no choice but to do as his father wishes—when he will go into the fields, what tasks he is expected to do—even in early childhood. Raghav explicitly describes the environment of his childhood household as *strict*—there are expectations for compliance with the patriarchal authority that governs his home. His father is *really tough* and *strict on everyone* which I understand as him being responsible for creating an authoritarian environment that is enforced through physical punishment, to maintain control over his household.

<u>Ritesh:</u>

> *You have to take care of your family. That's the main thing. You have to drive it. And discipline is a part of everything, in modern life, jobs or whatever it is, even in love also there is a discipline which you have to maintain. So that is the main responsibility of the father, of the man, to carry the family in a better way and a right way. But sometimes they get a little bit angry. I have got beatings with belt and everything. After ten [years old] he [Ritesh's father] never did that, but 'til ten he was always doing that.*

Ritesh begins with the importance of caring for the family: it is *the main thing*. However, when he adds that care involves *driving* and *carrying* the family, with discipline as *part of everything*,

the kind of care he evokes entangles with paternal responsibilities for authority and discipline in the family. They are responsibilities that legitimise his father's disciplinary regime, and, by extension, his father's violence, because when a disciplinary regime is legitimised, so too are the possibilities of corporal punishment and abuse. When he includes *modern life, jobs or whatever it is* Ritesh extends the need for discipline beyond the boundaries of a traditional, patriarchal family to encompass all aspects of life; *even in love* there is discipline—love is not an excuse for indulgence or relaxing the disciplinary regime. Now there is a blurring of disciplinary boundaries between the discipline of life (work) and the discipline of the family (that may involve violence), and this enables possibilities of violence to extend beyond family connections.

Stories of patriarchal responsibilities and family structures were not only told by participants of Indian ethnicities. Although my conversations with Semisi take place months after the group session, he echoes the stories of other men, when he explains that patriarchal responsibilities were also a *Samoan thing*:

> *[The] man is the head of the family, and the mum is the maker of the family. And in Samoa - the Samoa thing, it's a way that their culture, man is the head.*

In the structures and responsibilities that Semisi evokes the father is *the head of the family* and exercises authority and discipline, while the mother, as the *maker of the family,* is left with home-making duties. At least Semisi acknowledges that the mother has a productive role—making the family.

Aside: I am trying to make sense now of what the men are telling me, and the men are trying to make sense now of things that happened when they were children, so I am doubly disarticulated from the original experiences. To try and make sense of this I want to unpack research conducted in the same era as the men's childhoods, alongside more recent research approaches that withstand the earlier normalised representations of violence—an emergent genealogy of Indian patriarchy if you like.

In the men's stories, parents are authoritarian and disciplinarian, fathers in particular exercise authority through violence, and punishments are severe. Parental expectations seem

high, and they are seldom met, with violent consequences. Patriarchal authority is directed towards keeping the family together, and a father's discipline ensures compliance with his authority. Implicit in the stories are understandings that a father's punishment is not abusive if he is meeting his responsibilities for authority and discipline in the family. These broad observations are consistent with findings of other studies into gender, patriarchy, sexuality, and norms in post-colonial India. Everything is infused with hierarchy and patriarchy, and conditions of caste and convention (Kakar, 1978; Puri, 1999; Roopnarine, Lu, & Ahmeduzzaman, 1989), and everything is overlaid with the ongoing effects of colonisation (Spivak, 1988, 1990).

Sharma observes that the figure of the Indian father is "a distant figure for young children. He is detached and shows no emotional overtures toward his children" (Sharma, 1990, p. 71), while Puri describes her early life as a young woman in the suburbs of Bombay:

> we were expected to embody a "modern" India without jeopardizing our "traditional" roles as good mothers, wives, and daughters-in-law. … Our education prepared us to take on challenging professional careers and groomed us for upward mobility through marriage. (Puri, 1999, p. x)

The operations of power that Sharma (1990), Puri (1999), and others observe (see, for example, Datta, 2005; Kakar, 1978; Kalia, 1980; Roopnarine, Lu, & Ahmeduzzaman, 1989; Saraff & Srivastava, 2010; Sriram & Navalkar, 2012) are reinforced continuously at home and through schooling. For example, Puri notes that "in school, in myriad ways, the importance of being feminine, of protecting our reputations and our chastities was consistently emphasized" (Puri, 1999, p. x) while Kalia (1980) describes textbooks used in high schools and higher secondary schools around India as sanctioning the "dominance of males … [they] fortify a sex-based division of labor in which men venture into a bustling world of excitement and decision while women remain in the background providing service and support. … the overall stance of Indian textbooks is decidedly patriarchal and male" (Kalia, 1980, s.223). Although Kalia's research is nearly 40 years old, she is writing about textbooks that were still widely used at the time the participants in this study were in school. As school children, boys are constituted as users and components of the education-machine, and they are defined by the actions that the machine demands of its components and its users: "[t]he compulsory education machine does not communicate information; it imposes upon the child semiotic coordinates" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 6).

Those semiotic coordinates provide agentic power and control over the boys. Kalia's (1980) textbooks impose 'knowledge' of who and how to obey, that is consistent with State-ist ideology and suppresses minority views. The majoritarian State-ist machine is at work in the schoolroom and at home, layering words upon words to erect a system that is oriented to the patriarch. It is a system that organises a body of knowledge that is compliant with the figure of the patriarch, and there are consequences for the body of the potentially revolutionary child who fails to comply with territorialising pressures to connect with a homogeneous structure (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987; Hickey-Moody, 2013).

More recent perspectives on systems of oppression in post-colonial India acknowledge the multiplicities and complexities of different socio-cultural practices. For example, Goswami writes of patriarchy in India, that it is a "complex agency of violence … legitimized, accepted, and enforced repeatedly … overt, subtle, physical, psychological, biological, or existential (Goswami, 2017, p. 81). Goswami traces systemic violence against women in India back to hierarchical constructions of patriarchy and the complexities of post-colonial caste systems. However, he also points to intersectional complications from dowry systems that monetise marriage, and from the systemic poverty in Indian communities (Goswami, 2017).

In her study of domestic violence in Delhi, the *rape capital* of India as she describes it, Bhattacharyya (2015) observes how the geopolitics of space regulates the roles of powers—"domination, authority, seduction, manipulation, coercion and the like" (2015, p. 1334)—while in her more recent study of the changing roles of Assamese women in north-eastern India, Bhattacharyya describes a complex "contemporary sociocultural trajectory of subordination" that continues to oppress women (2019, p. 40). Similarly, Nicholas and Agius (2018) point to a revival in India of masculinist approaches to dealing with sexual violence against women that reproduce the same powers the *muscular state* seeks to overthrow. They point to a heavy reliance on conservative notions of modern womanhood and paternal notions of protection and victimisation (such as calls for castration that locate rape as a sex crime while ignoring other social and power components of violence). Nicholas and Agius (2018) locate these masculinist movements alongside recent revisionings of pre-colonial Indian womanhood, in which Indian women are simultaneously reified as the epitome of womanhood and rendered helpless as subordinated objects by conservative male conceptions of what womanhood invokes.

Deleuze and Guattari urge us to consider the "gaps, detours, subterranean passages, stems, openings, traits, holes, etc." (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 415) that characterise the rhizome, and to look using "visual and sonorous microperception ... [that reveals] spaces and voids, like holes in the molar structure" (p. 227) because in these voids and passageways can be found different possibilities of becoming. In response, I re-read the men's stories through another lens.

The characteristics of men's responsibilities that they learned as children—providing, earning, breadwinning, heading the family, and their aspirations to follow the examples set by their fathers—are repeated again and again across their stories. These are the men's stories of being-child.

In their stories, the men-as-boys are also impossibly tasked with the production of compliant adult men's bodies. They are expected to behave like adults, work like adults, and exhibit the same responsibilities that adult men are expected to assume, becoming boys-as-men. Moreover, the pain of not complying with the expectations of their parents (the dominant striations of adult subjectivity in their lived worlds) is evident in their talk of strictness, discipline, and the punishment that was meted out. Their childhoods have become shaped by the authority and power that their fathers and institutions had over them, and by the punishments for their failures to 'do' and 'be' boys-as-men.[23] The resulting zigzagging across the distributed assemblage, between being-child and becoming boys-as-men, disrupts the whole idea that growing up is a linear trajectory of development and deterritorialises familiar notions and dominant narratives of 'the child': "the only way we can know 'child' is through 'adult' ... Adult sensibilities must then be read as part of the virtual capacities of each child body" (Hickey-Moody, 2013, p. 284). And the child is a risky subject—"an embodied flow of pauses and rushes" as Hickey-Moody (p.278) puts it—that challenges the structures that try to contain its intensities.

However, instead of exploring their capacities for transformation, the young men comply with the structures of the men they have known from childhood. The men constitute themselves as subjects in the figurations of their fathers, and their grandfathers—*my father's grandfathers and generations of their fathers and grandfathers all were farmers. He always worked towards us,*

[23] Paraphrasing Deleuze and Guattari, the punished child is evidently a better child, "there being no childhood flow emanating from it any longer" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 276).

you know, like how I always work towards my son. They are obliged by male-led family structures and complicit communities to become recognisable subjects with specifically located positions—young men, fathers, grandfathers: working parts in the smooth functioning of a patriarchy-machine. It is a space that Deleuze and Guattari might characterise as "a constant and homogeneous system" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 105). It is a space which is focused on fixities and enduring stable states. It is the space of the majoritarian and the despotic signifier.

Aside: I find an inherent threat in the preceding discussion: it's the threat of adopting a reductive account of the men's childhood experiences. Indeed, Deleuze and Guattari (1987) draw our attention to the importance of challenging the fixity of locatedness. In the conversations here, each of the men locates themselves in a particular time-and-space, and each has his intensities and unique lines of flight. It's in the spaces where the father advances hand raised in anger and where the patriarchy acknowledges the son, that each man's gaze is locked-in to those precise positions. The ways each lives their life and the ways they produce truth are intimately linked.

I struggle to distinguish one body from another. Deleuze and Guattari (1987) count wolves in a wolf pack in one of their plateaus. From a Freudian perspective, the number of wolves is critical, but only if the number can be reduced to one. It's not the multiplicity of the pack that interests Freud, but the individual wolf and the "highest degree of singularity"—the Wolf-Man (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 26).

For Deleuze and Guattari, the number of wolves is also critical, however, for the opposite reason: because the wolves cannot be reduced to one: "[i]n becoming-wolf, the important thing is the position of the mass, and above all the position of the subject itself in relation to the pack or wolf-multiplicity: how the subject joins or does not join the pack, how far away it stays, how it does or does not hold to the multiplicity" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 29). From their perspective, the question about the number of wolves is not even the right question. When we reduce the wolves to discrete and countable entities, we impose the construction of a wolf pack, and that pack or set or grouping is also discrete and countable (Adkins, 2015). "In contrast to this, multiplicity is a way of thinking the continuous and uncountable. It is a way of thinking intensities rather than extensities" (Adkins, p. 39). Deleuze and Guattari recapitulate their struggle again and again as they move beyond counting wolves: "There are no individual statements, only statement-producing machinic

assemblages" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 6), and again: "There are no individual statements, there never are. Every statement is the product of a machinic assemblage" (p. 37).

And so, as this project unfolds, my gaze turns again to how the men and I move relative to the man-pack, the patriarchal-multiplicities that we are part of early in life; how far we stray from the man-pack; and how we hold or don't hold to the despotic significations and over-codings of the man-pack.

Jeet:

> *It was hard, eh, because we did get hidings. You know the rice? The massive bags? Well, mum used to put me inside them and beat the bags [with a long cane]. Yeah. Because I used to swear to her. Yeah, just me. And then she'd put some salt on me and make me sit for like an hour. Yeah, it was different, eh.*

Jeet's description of punishment is a rare account of a mother's punishment and acknowledges that women are brought into the disciplinary regime. In Jeet's story, his mother administers discipline as a proxy for an absent father in the household.

The punishment is as wicked and perverse as any story I've heard at Gandhi Nivas. Still, the ontology of becoming that entangles Jeet, his mother, the rice sack, the rattan cane, and the salt holds possibilities that move beyond the disciplinary. When Jeet's mother, another despotic signifier, places her son inside a rice sack then beats the sack, she dehumanises the act of punishment: her son is hidden from her by the rice sack and concealed from view as she beats the sack. As Jeet enters and becomes hidden from sight inside the sack, metamorphoses take place. The personified son is erased and replaced by a dehumanised rice sack; and what was punishment becomes an impersonal task, housekeeping, akin to beating dust from a rug.

Jeet's punishment reminds me of subsistence harvesting, in which dry legume pods are packed into large sacks which are then beaten with heavy flails to release the seeds from the pods (Mthembu, 2013). Beating the sack yields the fruit of the harvest: the seeds are threshed from their pods, and the sin is threshed from Jeet. Perhaps Jeet's mother hopes for a good yield from the threshing she gives her son.

And the salting? Salt has traditionally been used as an antiseptic (Allegranzi et al., 2011; Dunker, 1938), and like alcohol, salt will sting an open wound. Salt is also used for food preservation (Albarracín, Sánchez, Grau, & Barat, 2011). Through these understandings, I reread, once again, the disciplinary intentions of the mother: this time as a perverse effort to heal and purify her son, and to preserve the learnings that have been beaten into him.

Aside: Salted and left for an hour after being beaten in a rice sack? The perversity of corporal punishment takes many forms, but this is a first for me. I am not sure which shocks me more, the concealment of the act beneath a layer of sacking, or the salting afterwards. Then there's my humanistic reaction—I am still not inured to the descriptions of beatings that the men recite, and I recoil in horror when Jeet tells me of his childhood punishment. As Mandy and Leigh say, children don't 'witness' violence. They aren't 'exposed' to it. They experience violence with every sense. I have only experienced it through a second-hand narrative. However, the 'wickedness' of the experience that he has gone through assails my every sense.

Then I pause and think about the dialectic of good and evil that I've mobilised in my reaction to Jeet's story—and the dialectics of right and wrong, subject and object, and…and…and… I know nothing of the circumstances of the beating, or whether it even took place, other than what has been told to me. Who am I to recoil in shock?

Then there is the phrase *recoil in shock*. The phrase is resonant of an affective flow between us; as if Jeet is affirming my shock and re-marking the difference between my reaction and his experience of the shocking beating.

I am plugged into his story, and I am becoming uncertain about the dialectic of my own storying. I have been told something, but what I have been told does not—cannot—produce truth. The event-space of the telling produces something different: an uncertainty within me of the dialectics of right and wrong.

Raghav:

> *I been brought up in same kind of tough environment. So strict. And yeah, my father was really tough man and really strict on everyone. If everything is right, he'll be very good very nice but if something is… [laughs] then yeah, his face is turning red, and his eyes are red [laughs]*

Raghav explicitly describes the whole environment of the household in which he grew up: *some kind of tough environment. So strict*. I read in the movements of men-in-relation storying together that he was raised in a totalising approach to compliance with his father's patriarchal authority. He describes his father as *really tough* and *strict on everyone* in which I read as being responsible for maintaining an authoritarian environment, enforced through discipline, to control his family.

There is a disconnect between trauma and affect in Raghav's story. He recalls painful experiences of punishment with smiles and tight laughter. Perhaps he uses this resilience to express disbelief at the memory he recounts: laughing away the trauma. Perhaps his painful experiences were trivialised by his father when Raghav was a child. Perhaps it was not safe for him to demonstrate anger or sadness. Perhaps he has normalised laughter as a proxy for feelings of trauma: wearing his smile like a mask. I wonder about the outcomes of making new connections with emotional expressions. What happens when we rewire our relationships with sadness or feel anger without violence, or all the other legitimate feelings that trauma evokes?

When something is not *right,* his family's equilibrium is thrown out of balance, and relational patterns are disrupted. There is a rupture, a sudden deterritorialisation, an explosion into a line of flight away from the stability of the home-space—*his [father's] face is turning red, and his eyes are red.* His father's body morphs into something else—a colour (red), an emotion (anger), an action (violence). The intensity of the moment is marked: on the face, in the eyes, all is suffused with heat, fire, and blood. A red-with-anger-machine appears on his father's face, emerging from the suddenly unbalanced event space, signifying that connections have been established and the production of violence is about to commence. Raghav's father embraces the instability of the moment and short-circuits the codes of sociality. Only after the production of violence does his red-with-anger-machine fold back on itself so that equilibrium is re-established and normality re-imposed—*if everything is right, he'll be very good very nice.* It is a description of a recurring cycle of violence in which Raghav's father was really

strict on *everyone*. Massumi writes that "every time an event migrates it is re-conditioned" (2002, p. 81), but there is no sense of migration in Raghav's story: if the event cannot escape the cycle then it cannot be reconditioned.

Shiva:

> *we got buffalos and cows at home, so looking after them and then go and work with my father. So busy and no time to playing with my friends. So, my home was just alone in the farm. Nobody's around, no neighbours, more than three kilometres away from the village. So, yeah, I learned how to be alone from early—kind of being independent—from my childhood*

Things become unstable in isolation. If there is no "determinable constituency" as Massumi puts it (2002, p. 254), then there is nothing to represent and isolation becomes potentially a "tremendous political resource" (p. 254), a resource that can drive us to look outward for qualitatively different ways of doing things.

Nevertheless, isolation can also be problematic. Our modern world has seldom been as isolating as it has been in 2020, during the global coronavirus pandemic. Billions of people have experienced the uncertainties of an unknown infection and the resultant isolation of in-home lockdown. These factors have compromised social wellbeing and have contributed to elevated levels of anxiety and depression, insomnia, post-traumatic stress disorders, and many other factors leading to lower psychological wellbeing (Bannerjee & Rai, 2020; Honorato et al., 2020; Stieger, Lewetz, & Swami, 2020). Bu, Steptoe, and Fancourt (2020) refer to the loneliness of lock-down isolation itself as an epidemic and a significant public health concern.

However, the effects of uncertainty and isolation are just as relevant to a single child living in an isolated space as they are to a global population. Numerous studies recognise loneliness and social isolation as childhood adversities which contribute to adverse physical and mental health outcomes (see, for example, Faisal & Turnip, 2019; Finkelhor et al., 2015; Matthews et al., 2015; Stacciarini et al., 2015; Woodward & Fergusson, 2000), and Shiva's social wellbeing has been impoverished through limited opportunities to engage with others in fulfilling relationships at a time when he was setting out on lifelong identity and socialisation projects *I learned how to be alone from early—kind of being independent —from my childhood.*

Aside: As I work on the recordings of our conversations, my empathy grows for the men. Their memories of broken childhoods profoundly move me: the stories of punishment at the hands of a violent parent, feelings of isolation, stories of the catastrophic outcomes that bring us together at Gandhi Nivas in amidst the movements of men-in-relation storying together.

There are also possibilities for signposting here that I am not sure I can do… or at least, do yet…. The men's stories are laden with the micro-fascisms of the molar patriarchy-machine. Each story has been coded by complex systems of molar thinking, and each man is composed of molar lines that bind their body rigidly into the deeply incised striations of regulatory practices.

The socio-political body of the patriarchy that emerges in the men's stories is a molar machine whose regimes of signification overcode the bodies of the men with meaning. That over-coding is, itself, a form of violence, not the violence of existential crises, but the implicit violence of the everyday normalities of the despotic signifiers. The normative practices of the patriarchy become the gears of the great molar machines that control these men, post-colonial caste systems are fan belts, the perversity of the thrashed rice sacks fuels the machines, the father's red eyes become sparks that fire the fuel…

However, the construction of structure and organisation in a thesis-assemblage artificially creates disconnects that impose on the continuity and flow of their stories, and there are more stories yet to emerge that further complexify the molar machines that overcode these men.

Other disconnects are in operation as well. There are the structural disconnects of the molar machines, the coincidental disconnects of lived experience, and there are the necessary disconnects of writing a thesis-assemblage.

All these disconnects seem significant. However, I have the sense that the partialities and incompletenesses can't be resolved, at least until the rest of the thesis-assemblage unfolds. Perhaps the signposting will emerge elsewhere…

I wrap up the group session and leave the men talking animatedly together to head out into the kitchen. Before the group commenced, I had roasted the pumpkin pieces and cherry tomatoes and had made up a pot of spicy harissa soup. I just need to reheat the soup, add the roasted vegetables and leave everything to come to temperature. While I wait, I also warm up the loaves of crusty bread that Kapil picked up on his way back to *House*.

It is that liminal moment between the cooking and the plating up in which a thousand tiny activities happen simultaneously. Into the soup go the pumpkin and cherry tomatoes, off goes the heat. The loaves come back out with their usual wave of hot air laden with the aroma of fresh-baked bread. Remember to check the seasoning—a good pinch of coarsely-ground black pepper, a dash of salt—check again, and everything is good to go.

The table's laden with food—a great steaming bowl of pumpkin soup with harissa and chickpeas, a platter of warm bread, a bowl of yoghurt, a mound of chopped coriander. While I have been busy with the soup, the men have cleared the table and pulled out plates, cutlery, salt, and pepper. Do you see that, *House*? The men have helped tonight.

Ladles clatter, bowls steam, yoghurt disappears, coriander scatters wildly, spoons rattle, and the men are silent as they fix on the task of demolishing the spread of food. It is cold and windy outside, but inside the nurturing-machine, fuelled with its ethic of care, runs in warmth and silence.

House checks that we are sheltered and getting help:

> *Is it time to eat again? So it is! And time to shelter too - that rain is so heavy! I hope that my gutters cope with all the water. It's cold outside. Are you cooking something to warm the men? They've been waiting all afternoon for you.*
>
> *Oh, you're using the oven tonight? Not many of the men turn that on. They mostly cook using pots and pans on the stove top. Of course, that's when they're not eating take-aways, or eating out at one of the local food bars. Not many know how to cook a meal. Maybe you could show them some recipes.*
>
> *Did you hear the window rattle? The wind's picking up. It's a good time to be inside. Remember to draw the curtains to keep the warmth in. Has anyone else offered to help you clean the kitchen up afterwards? Do the dishes? Wipe the benches? No? Some of the men say that's women's work, but others pitch in. If you start to clean, will they help you?*

Kaddu aur harissa rasam

Roasted pumpkin and harissa soup

The warm autumnal colours and spicy richness of this soup are comforting. Harissa (Arabic: هريسة harīsa, from Maghrebi Arabic) is a hot chilli pepper paste which puts a North African spin on ingredients commonly found in many Indian dishes. Change the quantity of Harissa to moderate the fieriness of the dish. See Figure 6.

Serves 10-12

15 minutes preparation time

1hour cooking time

Freezes well

Ingredients:

1 large pumpkin, cut in half, deseeded, peeled, cut into 2cm cubes

1-2 cups cherry tomatoes as preferred

1/3 cup olive oil

Salt and freshly ground black pepper

2 onions, peeled and finely diced

4 garlic cloves, peeled and thinly sliced

1 heaped tablespoon ground cumin

Seeds from 8-10 green cardamom pods, discard outer husks

1/3 cup of Harissa paste or quantity to taste

2 litres vegetable stock

2 cans chickpeas, drained and rinsed

1/2 cup of dried apricots, thinly sliced

Zest of a lemon

To serve

Indian or Greek yoghurt

Coriander leaves, roughly chopped

Crusty bread

1. Heat oven to 200-220°C.
2. Mix pumpkin and tomatoes with olive oil, keeping 2 tablespoons of oil in reserve. Add salt and plenty of black pepper. Spread out on an oven tray lined with baking paper and roast for 25-30 minutes until pumpkin is golden brown and cooked through. Set aside.
3. Put remaining oil into large sauté pan on medium high heat. Sauté the onions for 7-8 minutes until coloured and soft.
4. Add garlic, cumin, cardamom seeds, salt, and pepper and sauté for a further 2-3 minutes.
5. Add Harissa paste, vegetable stock, chickpeas, and apricots. Bring to the boil, then reduce the heat and simmer for 5 minutes
6. Remove from the heat and stir in the roasted pumpkin and tomatoes, and the lemon zest. Season to taste.
7. Serve with Greek yoghurt, a drizzle of extra virgin olive oil, and a squeeze of lemon juice, sprinkle with coriander, and serve with plenty of crusty bread.

Figure 6. Kaddu aur harissa rasam—roasted pumpkin and harissa soup.

(Source: Author)

As they talk about their early years in their home countries, the men's stories are filled with the normalities of generations of patriarchal family structures and complicit communities. They reproduce these normalities, not only in their storying of the families that they grew up in but in their efforts to be fathers in their own families as well. Being tough is not just acceptable, it is expected, because as long as fathers take their responsibility for authority in the family, then, according to the men, their violence is not problematic, but disciplinary and therefore legitimate, necessary, and morally justifiable for the 'good of the family'. In the recollections of Raghav, Ritesh, and Kapil, this explicitly extends to a totalising right to maintain discipline as the father sees fit: the head of the family is *the man*, and *the man* is the one who provides and decides.

The structures that the men describe are characteristic of Deleuze and Guattari's (1987) despotic signifiers: the male-led family structures and complicit communities, authoritarianism, discipline for failing to meet the expectations of fathers, the tracings of patrilineage—all are signifiers of patriarchal conventions that flatten the men's social interactions so that all their desires circulate relative to the central figure of the patriarchy. The desires of fathers are repeatedly prioritised as a disciplinary regime, while docile bodies are produced for women and children in the family structure (both when women are explicitly mentioned, and in their absences from the men's stories).

Deleuze and Guattari characterise such deeply structured space as a "genetic axis" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983, p. 1) and a "pivotal unity upon which successive stages are organized ... on the basis of an over-coding structure or supporting axis, something that comes ready-made" (p. 12). In the physical sciences, a mole is a large quantity of one kind of molecule (Cohen et al., 2007). It is a form of genetic axis, a pivotal unity, and a signifier upon which scientific clarity and precision can be secured. In the stories of the men, with all their rigid borders and well-defined conventions, the patriarchal regime of power is a social equivalent; it is the despotic signifier that over-codes and territorialises the men and reproduces their subjectivities along the same ancestral axes as those of their fathers and grandfathers before them. Control and domination powers the hegemon of the patriarchy, and the hegemon of the patriarchy fuels the molar machines that produce the authority of male-led family structures. Moreover, while representations of the patriarchy are explicit—you have to provide, make decisions, drive the family, discipline the family, do what the man wants—the affective responses of the individual men are suppressed.

I worry that the brief extracts in this chapter from the men's stories do not do enough to re-present the conversations that we had together during the group. So much is lost in editing, and these excerpts do not do justice to the movements of men-in-relation storying together. They do not convey the animation with which some men spoke, the shyness of others, the smell of food in the background, the rain, the wind, the sirens... Mandy often reminds me that everything is partial and incomplete. This Opening is no exception.

I worry as well about Rhizography, about what the fragments of narrative analysis are doing, about whether my ruptures into other spaces provoked by Deleuze and Guattari are working as well as they could. I worry about what the voice of *House* is doing, and...and...and... St Pierre (2019) writes that the "Deleuzian image of thought calls for experimentation and creation instead of method" (St. Pierre, 2019, p. 8), and the ordinariness of the stories I have told here is deceptive. At times the stories appear conventional, but they provoke me to produce quite diverse and experimental (for me) readings. I am coming to understand that there is more to each story than an exclusively human perspective.

Then I worry about how the men are connecting relative to the man-pack. Their narratives hold close to the despotic significations of patriarchy. I am reminded once again that: "[t]here are no individual statements, there never are. Every statement is the product of a machinic assemblage" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 37).

As its name suggests, the next Opening, *Four Stories*, has four sections, in which I follow the experiences of four men –Parmeet, Ajay, Ronit, and Raghav—in a series of one-on-one conversations. Each tells of different movements in their lives, from their childhoods, through the migratory movements that have brought them to Aotearoa New Zealand, and on to the violence that has brought them to Gandhi Nivas. We struggle to make sense of the violence that is in us and around us, and as Atwood (1996) suggests, only when we emerge from the wreckage of our relationships do we start to make sense of our stories. The rhizomatic worlds that I invoke in these pages are filled with flotsam and jetsam and fluidities and multiplicities, and their subjectivities are precarious and often contradictory. There is only one constant: a constant state of movement of becoming, but first, I attend to another interstory.

Interstory two: Signs

The kitchen isn't just the room in which I cook;
it's the place where I live.

- Nigella Lawson, *Kitchen*

Afi is of Samoan and Chinese descent. He has been in the house only a few hours. The Police brought him in last night—*here's me. Push my wife, hit my wife, I am angry, jealous, yelling, stare at her, mean when I speak to her … My heart is not with her, it's over there, checking her phone for texts*—and his wife has had enough. What was controlled is now released; things are out in the open, and Afi is bound by a 5-day PSO.

He tells me of his sleepless night—*it's three o'clock, and I am still awake*. He rises early, still thinking about the events of the previous day, walks into the lounge at Gandhi Nivas, and sits at the dining table in the corner of the room. Across the room is a piece of motivational wall-art—"Stop wishing, start doing" (see Figure 7, following page)—and Afi's reaction to the wall-art is expressed in a graphic and gesticulating violence of words:

> *It's just a piece of board. It's a wood. That piece of wood. It's like someone put a photograph right in front of my head; it hits me right between the eyes. Boom, hitting.*
>
> *It's this piece of wood. But supposing what's the message from that? I stand there and read and read—stop wishing, start doing—it just wiped me out. It punched me in the mouth. Wake up. Why you here? Why you wake up here? What you doing here? That sort of questions. Then boom! Why you do that? You got to stop wishing, start doing. This place. This place has helped me to wake up.*

The wall-art has had a profound effect on Afi. It is the sort of motivational wall-art that I often see in counselling rooms, gyms, cafés, homeware shops, homes, and other similar spaces. Tay (2017) writes that motivational posters of the type can sometimes be effective in influencing attitudes, rather than merely being well-intentioned but ineffective pop psychology. They are the psychologically-informed tools of the Neoliberal health agenda: *nudges* that are intended to encourage lifestyle changes, commonly around eating, drinking, smoking, and exercising so that health and well-being are enhanced (Lin, Osman, & Ashcroft, 2017). Lin et al. are equivocal on the effectiveness of nudges, arguing that success is predicated by the extent to which a nudge effectively engages with its audience; and that effective engagement, in turn, is governed by how sustained and explicit the link is between situational cues and the behavioural response the nudge is intended to deliver. Afi's reaction to the wall-art at Gandhi Nivas suggests that sometimes even the aphorisms of well-intentioned 'pop' psychology, or the bland activism of a *stop wishing start doing* nudge, can interconnect with intervention.

Figure 7. Stop wishing start doing. (Source: Author)

However, there is something more in Afi's response to the nudge: there is violence at work in his articulation of thoughts and experiences. He uses forceful words to communicate his particular experience: he is *hit between the eyes*, *wiped out*, and *punched in the mouth*. He uses mediated sounds to punctuate the violence: *Boom*! *Boom*! The violence that he uses to describe the impact the wall-art has on him is striking (and here I choose my words provocatively). How do desire and power flow in the violence of Afi's language? How does language work through him? Following Gottzén (2017) and La Caze (2017), I consider the violence in Afi's language to understand what it does in his story.

I read Afi's body as a site that is energised by affective discourses and the operation of power. The patriarchal discourses of childhood signify his male body as a powerful body, and the social forces of institutions such as the Police and Gandhi Nivas signify it as a violent body. It is a site with its own gendered language of masculine power and violence. Moreover, his body is also a site of resistance to power. The mediated image—*stop wishing start doing*—and

his experience of the past 24 hours trigger lines of deterritorialisation and the body also emerges as a site of resistance and rebellion against the confining character of violent language—*You got to stop wishing, start doing. This place. This place has helped me to wake up.*

I also read Afi as a "becoming" violent man. He is a man who is producing violence in response to desire and power. In his story, he tells me he is jealous of another man who befriends his wife. Although he does not describe himself as violent, he is drawn to violence[24] and this ruptures his explanation of being a family man who stays home to care for his children while his wife works. He describes his desire for movement away from understanding himself as a violent man—*You got to stop wishing, start doing. This place. This place has helped me to wake up*—but continually mobilises violence in his languaging. In this sense, he is continually moving between political strategies in which violence and non-violence offer different possibilities to overthrow different molar machines: the first—the strategy of the violent man––overturns the over-coding/law of the state that requires us to be non-violent, while the second—the strategy of non-violence—overturns the over-coding/law of the patriarchy, in which violence is not violent when it is used to produce and maintain the authority of male-led family structures.

Aside: Afi talks in violent ways about the world around him, and how it affects him. It affects me as well. Am I writing an ethnographic story of violence when I write about Afi's reaction? Am I walking alongside Afi as he describes the violence of his encounter with the wall-art? Or am I also experiencing violence in the here-and-now as the intensely affective power of his encounter unfolds around us in his telling?

His PSO binds Afi for the maximum of five days, and we have an opportunity to spend time together over a meal. The more time that I have spent feeding and eating with the men, the more confident I have become in my choice of meal ideas. I want to give the men meals they recognise from their youth, elicit a little nostalgia with tasty home-style foods they know. It is

[24] In a subsequent conversation Afi explained that he had initially wanted to kill the man who had befriended his wife so that she would return to him. It's an admission that I pass on to the staff at Gandhi Nivas, acknowledging an ethical duty to disclose in situations where there is a possibility of harm or injury to another.

another embodiment of men looking after other men, and so, I have started making simple dal meals that I bring in and leave in the fridge. Afi and I eat one together. He has worked in restaurant and canteen kitchens for much of his life. His verdict: "Not too shabby, eh."

We clean up together afterwards. Afi is the first man that I have met at Gandhi Nivas who knows his way around a kitchen, and together we leave the place spotlessly clean. I think little of it at the time because it is what I do when I work in a kitchen, but his efforts keeping the place clean over the next few days are noticed by one of the other residents and emerges through another story in another opening—*Madhu and the goat curry*. More about that later. It will keep.

Chana dal masala
Split-chickpea sauce

Chana dal, or split chickpea, comes from the split kernels of husked black chickpeas. Pulses such as chana dal and moong dal are a mainstay of Indian cooking, and for this dish I've chosen chana dal for its textural quality: its split kernels tend to hold their shape once cooked, producing a less glutinous dish. Figure 8.

Serves 4-6 as a main meal

10 minutes preparation time

1 - 1½ hours total cooking time

Ingredients:

1 cup of chana dal

3 cups of water

2 tablespoons oil

½ brown onion, peeled and finely diced

1 tablespoon freshly grated ginger

2-3 cloves garlic, peeled, minced

2 green chillies, finely chopped

1-2 tomatoes, finely chopped, or 1 cup canned diced tomatoes

1 teaspoon chilli powder

1 teaspoon coriander powder

¼ teaspoon turmeric powder

½ teaspoon garam masala

Pinch asafoetida

2 tablespoons tamarind paste

Salt

2 teaspoons oil

1 teaspoon cumin seeds

5-6 curry leaves

1-2 dried red chillies, roughly torn

1. Wash chana dal, and leave to soak for 30-60 minutes in water, drain, place in saucepan and add 3 cups water.
2. Partly cover, bring to boil, and leave to simmer over low heat until dal softens. Stir and check water periodically, adding more if needed.
3. Once dal is softened, set aside.
4. Heat oil in a large pan in medium heat.
5. Add diced onions and sauté for 8-10 minutes until onion is soft and golden.
6. Add ginger, garlic, and tomatoes and continue to sauté until tomatoes soften.
7. Add ground spices and salt, and continue to sauté gently, stirring regularly, until oil starts to come out.
8. Add in chilli powder, coriander powder, turmeric, garam masala, and asafoetida, stir well and sauté for a minute.
9. Add reserved chana dal and cooking water, bring to a boil, and simmer for five minutes
10. Check for seasonings, adjust the dal with a little water to preferred consistency.

Finish with a simple tadka:

1. Heat oil in small pan on medium heat.
2. Add cumin seeds and let sizzle briefly.
3. Add curry leaves and red chillies.
4. Pour over dal and serve.

Figure 8. Chana dal—split chickpea sauce. (Source: Author)

Opening: Four stories

Be generous, be extravagant. Without generosity, there's no love, and without love, there's no understanding.

- Marco Pierre White, *White heat*

The first two Openings in this thesis centre around group activities and interactions. In the first Opening, each of the men's stories entangles with those of other men, and amidst those entanglements, the men absorb (and emit) new ideas and new ways of thinking and feeling. They unfold some of the situated awareness of becoming something different. Also, in the first Opening, my food-cooking—men-feeding nurturing-machine makes its first tentative connections with the desiring-machines of the men.

In the second Opening, the men turn to stories of children getting things right and getting things wrong, and of challenges and punishments for failing to 'do' and 'be' boys-as-men. They zigzag between *being-child* and *becoming boys-as-men*, in male-led family structures, and complicit communities. References to different despotic signifiers are common—authoritarianism, discipline for failing to meet the expectations of fathers, the tracings of patrilineage—all are signifiers of patriarchal conventions. The expectations of the men ware clear: they have to provide, make decisions, drive the family, discipline the family, do what the man wants, ...

In this Opening, I trace the experiences of Parmeet, Ajay, Ronit, and Raghav through conversations that I have with each of them. Each describes different movements in their lives, from their childhoods, through the migratory movements that have brought them to Aotearoa New Zealand, and on to the violence that has brought them to Gandhi Nivas. However, the men also articulate their experiences in what seems to be an anatomical sense as well: that is, in the sense of locating joints and jointed segments in their stories and this Opening, I use these pivot points to search for different meanings in their narratives.

In their stories, the men move through three great articulations: the relationships the men develop with their partners, the relationships the men have for their home countries, and the spaces in which their families live. On the surface, the men's stories have similar plots and storylines: boy grows into young man, meets young woman, and they bond. They migrate, they fight, he assaults her, and is removed to Gandhi Nivas… which is where I come in. However, there are many more delicate motor movements, as well. The stories are finely grained and nuanced, rich and messy, and each has its own complexities.

Aside: It's an important ministry that I take on here: mediating the power of the men's spoken accounts to construct a representative, albeit partial, account of their experiences. When we speak, we have an array of verbal and nonverbal devices than can be reproduced, albeit imperfectly, in the written word, but I worry that this is reproduced at the expense of textual clarity.

I want these tellings to be accessible without placing demands on the reader to attend to pauses, lexical sounds, intakes of breath, stops and restarts, or misconstrued grammar, for attention to these details serves to dilute the content of the stories and degrade the recollections of the storytellers. At the same time, I want to avoid privileging my translations of the narratives in the rewriting of them. In my encounter with Parmeet, as in every encounter in this project, I've removed some of the disfluencies, to render his remembrances and musings more easily readable, but I've retained as best I can the nuances of his storytelling. As with everything in this project, I am interpolated between the storyteller and the audience as I insinuate my own understandings into the men's narratives.

Story one: Parmeet at the police station

Parmeet is angry and jealous that his wife is showing interest in another man. He finally forces her into their car and takes her to the local police station where he hopes the police will 'instruct' her that such interest is inappropriate:

> I angry and I slap her in the car one time. And I go into the police station, but nobody's there at the counter. Then I again come to the car, and I hold my wife's hands, but she's not wanting to come to the police station. And after again I slap her. Then after she is coming, I give her coat: like she is wearing only nightwear, like shorts and tee shirt. So, I think that she is feeling cool, so I give her my coat.
>
> And we are both going to police station. She is crying and she's moving directly to the counter: "My husband is slap me."

Parmeet is a young Gujarati man, who has been in Aotearoa New Zealand for around six months. For more than half of that time he has been living at Gandhi Nivas under court-imposed bail conditions while he awaits trial for assaulting his wife. He has been charged with *male assaults female*. It is a more serious charge than the basic charge of *common assault*, and if convicted, Parmeet might be imprisoned for up to two years.

He is hesitant to meet with me at first. I sense somehow that he is sizing me up, waiting, holding back until he is reassured as to my intent. However, when he does eventually approach me and asks to participate in my research, he grows more animated: confident and expressive, smiling and laughing at times, and at times angry, sad, nostalgic, regretful.

We have eaten together on several occasions, but always in groups. Tonight is different. We are catching up one-on-one for the first time, and I want Parmeet to feel at home in my company, just as I want to feel at home in his. He was brought up with dishes from Northwest India and is a vegetarian, so I have made something that I hope he likes. A Gujarati *shaak* or *sabzi* includes several different vegetables and my *phūl gobi vatana bateta nu shaak* includes cauliflower, potatoes, and peas in a light onion and tomato gravy.

Parmeet was born and grew up in Gujarat, with an older brother and sister. He locates his family geographically—*I am from ___ City. My father and all my family member, all are living together in that city*—and economically—*we are born in the middle class our family. My father is hard-working on his businesses and some sort of success on that, and they always prefer to study to that children to better future*. The early references to class structure and his father's commitment to work and the next generation make up almost half of his introduction to me. His father's work ethic resonates again and again in Parmeet's story:

> *They giving us pressure to grow. And we grow like other people, like successful people ...*
> *My father is believing that also. If you are not change yourself, then how you change the world? ...*
> *Any type of hard work. We are just pushing ourself. So, this ability comes from my father and still is existing in myself.*

The jobs Parmeet has worked in are indeed hard work. While still at school, he works with his father in textiles, carrying 50-100kg rolls of textiles from one shop to another. After training as a civil engineer, Parmeet works on building sites, then forms a construction company with friends to construct multi-story buildings in their city—*I never give up anyway, and also sometimes I*

am working almost 48 hours certain, like continuous. Nothing sleeping, nothing, only for and situated at that site. His body is disciplined and dominated by hard work. So too is his emotional investment - *it's always fantastic job for me, and I am never bored from that like my daily day routine because I learn daily*. However, he alludes to business set-backs—*some sort of things like the financial crisis in like the city. Like all business are going down—diamond, textile—so it's quite hard to find out the new job and always make challenges and cooperation.*

The tough business environment eventually plays a part in his decision to migrate. However, before that material act of dislocation Parmeet introduces another articulation: the matter of love at first sight:

> *Then I was in first year in the college, almost my 19 age, and she was at the time 15.*
>
> *T: And she caught your eye?*
>
> *[laughs] Yeah, love at first sight. And I see her every day going to school, and so like I think about what's going on with me. And we're just seeing few days. I never tried to. Like here, it's totally different. Never at that time almost in 2006 in India it's hard to talk to girl. It's quite neat to stand together in India. Particularly in my community talking to a girl is really quite interesting: how to start and how to talk. It's really different. And at this time, we are thinking like different sorts of feelings like how to talk with her and how scared I am and all in the mind.*

In her research on Indian migrants, Agarwal writes that "the popular definition of a 'good Indian girl' is one who does not date, is shy and delicate, and marries an Indian man of her parents' choosing" (Agarwal, 1991, p. 52).[25] She believes that migrants adhere to traditional Indian values, gender ideologies, and strongly dichotomised gender roles in their adopted countries of residence. Dasgupta reaffirms similar observations: "[f]rom debates in community newspapers to 'youth sessions' of cultural conferences, dating appears to be the root of a raging intergenerational controversy. This tug-of-war is often coded as the maintenance of 'traditional' Indian values vs. assimilation into 'Western' ones." (Dasgupta, 1998, p. 957). Patel, Power, and Bhavnagri (1996) add that immigrant fathers tend to play a more significant role than mothers in

[25] In this Opening I draw on research from the time the men were growing up as well as more recent studies, in an attempt to contextualise the contemporary understandings of the period during which the men were children.

trying to maintain continuity with traditional Indian culture. In contrast, mothers are more inclined to encourage the assimilation of host country attitudes and beliefs.

> Aside: I read the molar machine of the patriarchy once again, with its rigidified territoriality. It's a great anchor with its normalising structures and hegemonic codes, that enable it to maintain continuity and the status quo. Once the anchor is set, it becomes a reference point that influences all other judgements.

The tug-of-war between holding on to traditional values and adopting modern values is not solely the domain of Indian migrants. Inside contemporary India, right-wing populist discourses of Indian femininity configure women as the "carriers of tradition ... glorified as devoted wives and mothers" (Parameswaran, 2002, p. 833). In such populist rhetoric, Indian women are made chaste and faithful, symbols of an "unpolluted inner life, and hence the ground for establishing difference from Western society" (p. 833). Witness Puri's description of her experience as a young woman in the suburbs of Bombay: "We were expected to embody a "modern" India without jeopardising our "traditional" roles as good mothers, wives, and daughters-in-law." (Puri, 1999, p. X).

Parmeet reproduces similar constructions in his narrative—*like here it's totally different—never at that time almost in 2006 in India it's hard to talk to girl*—and again in a later conversation, where he criticises Western values:

> *Here is that no family... no family values. People are grown up, and after 18 they are finding their own place to live. They're not living with family. If you are giving too much independence, what's going? If your child is taking drugs or alcohol, you don't stop it. Why? If your daughter going with some kid, you don't stop it. What's that?*

Parmeet talks about his love-at-first-sight relationship in a way that reproduces the work of mediators and matchmakers who arrange marriages between families. Arranged marriages are widely prevalent in countries such as India, and the use of extended family, mediators, middle-men, and match-makers to facilitate the relationship is customary (Gupta, 1976; Palriwala & Uberoi, 2008; Seth & Patnayakuni, 2009), and it is a role that one of Parmeet's friends takes up

on Parmeet's behalf—*One day my friend come and take her number, her mobile number, and so it is easy to text her and text my feelings and start our friendship.*

Although progress is slow, eventually there is movement:

> *And we were going to, and going to, and going to, almost six months, and then after I expressed my feelings. At that time, she is almost sixteen years old. So, she accepted my feelings and also, she said that "I am also interested in you."*
>
> *[...]*
>
> *And then my age is going almost 24, and my father is saying that you need to choose one girl and to marry. Like, they are giving me a proposal to marry and find the girl. In India, most of the father and mother have the responsibility to find girl for husband. And also feeling like that it is okay for you find for me a girl from the respected family and particularly cultural fit with me, so it is easy going later in life. But after some time, I tell my father and mother that I loved that one girl. I loved some girl, and I marry her; otherwise, I not marry anyone. So… many days of confusion and conversation.*

Parmeet is amid conflicting desiring-machines: his desire to marry his girlfriend conflicts with the desires of his family, and especially the desires his father holds for an arranged marriage. Indian practices of arranged marriages resemble the kinship structures and practices of pre-capitalist feudal societies, in which strong social codes organise desire so that marriage is a socio-political act (Farrelly, 2011; Mies, 1999; Waters, 1989). Marriages are alliances between bloodlines—they involve unions between two families rather than two individuals—and there are economic considerations, strong codings, and sanctions if the codings are not adhered to (Gupta, 1976; Seth & Patnayakuni, 2009; Singh, 2019). These are collectivist practices, in that concepts of self and family are immanent rather than separate, and operate so that individuals are expected to make personal sacrifices for the greater good of the larger groups that they are part of (Dasgupta, 1998; Farver, Narang, & Bhadha, 2002).

Writing from their Western understandings of marriage as a love union, Deleuze and Guattari observe that marriage is a kind of desire that capitalism feeds on: "making property the basis of the state; [and] negotiating land through warfare, litigation, and marriages" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 19). They note the political and economic power of the alliance:

> Filiation is administrative and hierarchical, but alliance is political and economic, and expresses power insofar as it is not fused with the hierarchy and cannot be deduced from it, and the economy insofar as it is not identical with administration (1983, p. 146)

However, Parmeet's desire for a love-marriage of his choosing is subject to his family's social production. Under capitalist conditions, desire is repressed because it threatens the bounds of the social conditions that shape life. However, this repression is itself a catalyst for transformation, because desire is revolutionary once it is freed of control. As long as desire is repressed and prevented from turning on itself, then it builds potential which infuses into the social field to present as a utopian ideal, which is both wholly deterritorialised and always connected with the present and the forces that are stifled by the present (Hristov, 2016). This dualistic quality is central to capitalism: in the utopian ideal desiring-production is separated into the two elements of desire and abstract labour. Desire is a dream or fantastic vision, while abstract labour is subjected to the circumstances and requirements of real production of the State. Not only does labour produce the state, but it also represses investment in desire because desire represents a threat to the necessity for rationality in systems of social production (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983; Hristov, 2016).

His wish for a girl-boy relationship of his choosing places Parmeet's desires ahead of the class interests of his family and pose a threat to the circumstances and requirements of real production of the State. Parmeet's desires threaten rationality in the interests of the family and ought, therefore, to be repressed. This repression emerges as *many days of confusion and conversation* in the micro-fascist operations of the family as a State-ist machine. However, Parmeet's defiance denies his parents an opportunity to negotiate a marriage on their terms. It is not casual defiance but a revolutionary desire that has the power to release him from the confines of his parent's expectations. Similarly, for his girlfriend: the dynamic between Parmeet and his parents is reproduced in the dynamic between his girlfriend and her parents. Even in relationships that the men describe as love-marriages, their filial duty to their family is privileged.

Many days of confusion and conversation ensue, and an extended process of negotiation takes place:

> *And we are plan how to be married and all that. And we say to my mother and father, and they agree to whatever my choice. Her father was not ready for that. He say he don't know who are these people? Like, in India, always like girl's mother father always thinking about marriage: how much they earning monthly? They always measure before marriage our wealth. How wealthy family? So, my wife crying two days to marry me, two days to convince her father and mother, "I only marry him otherwise don't marry." And they accept.*

Even then, the resolution is not straightforward:

> *We directly not interact with both families. Somebody need to—middle-person—both families the middleman know. But we are like different caste people, so it's hard to manage these. So, we are facing one month in that conversation, and not happen.*

Finally, Parmeet's subversive, revolutionary desiring-machine connects with those of his girlfriend, and the two take matters into their own hands:

> *She tell me, "You come directly my home, to tell my mother and father: 'I love her, and I am the boy, and I am earning this much, and I am the graduate person, and what I am looking,'" you see. So, I go there and so, like the machine is not going? Now is going! When I go directly, I start the machine up again. They think now it is my purpose. We are in mind that both family agree, then we marry. We are not going outside the family to marry. Like that type of thing. We need to take both families together happily. After this thing happened, her father agreed to marry.*

Parmeet specifically understands his engagement as a machinic relation—*the machine is not going,* and when he bypasses the conventions of the middlemen, he *start[s] the machine up again*. He comprehends connections between machines and flows—*they think now it is my purpose*. Everything is organised around despotic power and the imperial rule flowing from the patriarch—*after this thing happened, her father agreed to marry*—and even though the desiring-machines of Parmeet and his girlfriend seem to be productive, the production of their marriage is still dependent on the approval of both sets of parents. However, there is more than a simple economic transaction in the manner that Parmeet lays out his net worth to his potential in-laws in his bid for marriage rights. The transaction also constitutes a form of debt that Parmeet incurs, and it is a debt that is payable on demand:

And our engagement happened. And after... after six months, she told me that she needs to master's degree, and her mother and father have not agreed to that. They are not paying tuition fee for her now, only for the bachelor degree before marriage. If she want to learn, then you pay the money for her. This is the situation, so I agreed that. So, I paid fees two years for her, and also, I buy for her one laptop for study purpose. So, we spend almost seven years before married. Seven great years, going out together. Proper engagement, and never we fight. Never we fight.

Finally, the day comes, and Parmeet is married. However, after marriage, things start to change:

Before marriage, I am person that do anything for her. Every challenge. Anything for her. I never think about this is right or wrong. But after marriage, I have so much burden because my father is retired, and my brother is not there. He's living in USA, so only take responsibility on me to work for the families. So, I only earning money, and also so that time I started my own business.

T: So, you were looking after your wife, your parents, and your business?

Yeah, also my sister. She's living with us because she's divorced. So, all this responsibility there on me.

Parmeet's words echo the words of other men when we talked together about early life. He has become the head of the household, responsible for all those around him, expected to provide for his family, to take care of it, to carry the family. However, he finds the effort overwhelming at times:

You need to focus to find out jobs and all things, and so often this job is not particularly near you. Five kilometres and ten kilometres. You need to go one place, to another place, and almost cycle twenty-five kilometres. And some sites is almost forty kilometres: one side forty and come back forty. So almost my toiling is 80 to 120 kilometres on the bike, not a car. And after marriage, she is changed. My wife has also some responsibility: to make food, to clean house, my mother, father. All these responsibilities… But not hard. Not too much hard. So, I go through that, and I take responsibility so much in business and so much responsibility. And my wife, she thinking I totally changed. I tell lots of time I am not changed, I have some responsibility, to earn money to save for future.

Even our sex life is totally different. I almost working going early and coming home at nine [pm]and no holidays. Nothing. No Sundays. Nothing. I am just a little bit started my business, and I need to give five years, four to five years, and my business is all set, and you take the time. So, my wife thinks that

"He is not loving me, and he's not focused on whatever I need but what do I do," because I am so much tired. She is also human. She also has feelings and all that.

Parmeet's new business and their sexless relationship are not the only stressors in the relationship between him and his wife:

And you know that mother-in-law and fighting, and that small sort of things that always happen? How? Why they happen, I don't know. I think I not support totally her, because I don't know who is wrong and who is right. If I take my mother's side, then she thinks I am going to my mother's right hand. If I go to my wife's side, then my mother thinks… So, I am stuck on that. I am not going to choose. Not going there. Not going to happen.

The formidable reputation of the *saas*—the Indian mother-in-law—is not hyperbolic, but it is literally the stuff of television soap operas (Fazal, 2009; Moorti, 2007). One of the longest-running, most popular serials on Indian TV centred on the conflicts between a mother-in-law and her three daughters-in-law. *Kyunki Saas Bhi Kabhi Bahu Thi* (English: *Because a mother-in-law was once a daughter-in-law too*) premiered on post-liberalisation Indian television in 2000, screened for eight years, and spawned enough imitators to constitute a new genre of Indian soap known as *saas-bahu* or Mother-in-law/Daughter-in-law. The genre accounted for roughly half of the 50 or so Hindi language television soaps running on Indian television in 2013 (The Economist, 2013). In a reflection on the populist representations of women in contemporary Indian television soaps, Fazal observes that such soaps "have disposed [of] the emancipated role models and replaced them with those that focus on the traditional cultural values" (Fazal, 2009, p. 41). The saas-bahu genre is a telling reproduction of the extended-family context in which the men have grown up and can be read as a politicised site where the crises and contradictions of Indian identity are articulated (Moorti, 2007). The figuration of the saas is a static space that holds traditional family values while that of the bahu celebrates complex and volatile global movements:

> [The mother-in-law is] out of date with the times, who finds it difficult to reconcile the competing demands of Indian values and the modern consumer lifestyle, whereas the daughter-in-law is often represented as well-educated ... dynamic and constantly adjusting to the changing conditions arising from globalisation and the influx of the consumer culture (Fazal, 2009, p. 50).

Aside: The Indian news site India Today recently described Kyunki Saas Bhi Kabhi Bahu Thi as "the baap of all saas-bahu shows" (India Today, 2018, emphasis added). The casually patronising and paternalising irony in India Today's description of the show is salient: the father (baap) of all mother-in-law/daughter-in-law shows.

Parmeet identifies his quandary: two women love the same man. If he supports either one, he risks losing the other: *if I take my mother's side, then she thinks I am going to my mother's right hand. If I go to my wife's side, then my mother thinks... So, I am stuck on that. I am not going to choose; not going there; not going to happen.* In his story, Parmeet's wife and his mother express what Deleuze and Guattari describe as a "double bind" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983, p. 78). In Parmeet's story, the desiring-machines of his wife and his mother simultaneously produce a single message that has two distinct and conflicting outcomes: when you support her, you turn away from me. Does either mother or wife really expect him to choose? Or is this something he thinks he is expected to do? Parmeet has no means of escape other than to withdraw to a domain of anti-production––*I am not going to choose. Not going there. Not going to happen.*

However, conflicts between saas and bahu go beyond soap opera dramatisations. Gangoli and Rew (2011) highlight issues of violence in the home space: "notoriously, violence against young married women perpetrated by their mothers-in-law in family violence and dowry-related cases" (Gangoli & Rew, 2011, p. 420). The violence committed by the more senior woman replicates patriarchal power relations by dividing the women and regulating the younger ones. The figure of the mother-in-law as a proxy man of the house is conducive to abuse towards the younger new-comer and illustrates the diverse spaces occupied by women in the various social hierarchies of the household (Anitha, Yalamarty, & Roy, 2018; Fernández, 1997; Gangoli & Rew, 2011).

In Parmeet's home, saas and bahu continue to fight. Things snap. The patterns of relationships established over the seven years preceding the marriage are problematised, and the home space is charged with potential:

> *So, what happened is this going, and going, and going. Then one day is boom! Like she's going to her parents' home and told me, "I am never come again."*

Parmeet's wife returns to her parents, and Parmeet's home event-space returns once again to its pre-marital state with her departure. However, not all is lost. He receives a phone call and proposes another economic transaction with its own problematic quid pro quo—what's mine is yours, so long as you allow me to continue the work that has come between us:

> *Yeah, and after two days, she called me, "You come into the garden, and we want to talk." I talked with her, and I told her that nobody's leaving home. And I say, "All things, whatever I earn, all things is yours and mine. So why you don't giving me a time for that part?"* [his responsibilities to provide]

However, the 'economic transaction" does not endure, and fighting between Parmeet's wife and his mother continues. His wife's desiring-production is a threat to the rationality and circumstances of his mother's systems of social production. Eventually, Parmeet decides that the situation cannot continue, and he casts around for a solution. I ask whether he consults with his wife, but he does not. Instead, he reproduces his responsibilities as the head of the household and all those around him, and once again exerts control over his wife:

> *Finally, I think that if I need to hold my marriage, I need to take some decisions; otherwise, this is going in the down side. So, I think, and I just do it. Like we are going to out from country.*
>
> *Because what happen if I say that we are going to new city in India, then society is telling like that for mother and father you left for her. So, it's quite big issue, and they are like, "Shame on you."*

It is not enough to move to another city in India. He is concerned that such a move would disgrace him and his family. After three and a half years of married life living with his parents, Parmeet tells his parents that he and his wife want to emigrate:

> *My mother and father is angry to my decision, like... going another country. But eventually, my father and mother is giving me lots of support, "If you are happy to separate from us, then you go. We are always blessing you that you live happily, you and your wife." So, they never hold up. They always thoughtful like that.*
>
> *T: so, the reason you came to Aotearoa New Zealand was to...*
>
> *It was to save my married life. Not for the good future, and all that. Already I have a good future and a business and all that, but here I need to start again. I know that when I decided to go. If I want to save*

my marriage, I need to work like a labourer. Start again from the bottom. But I am that type of person. You put me anywhere I start from zero.

Deleuze and Guattari write that "every rhizome contains lines of segmentarity according to which it is stratified, territorialised, organised, signified, attributed, etc., as well as lines of deterritorialisation down which it constantly flees" (1987, p. 9). Parmeet's family inscribes lines of segmentarity upon his marriage. These lines organise him and identify him as the diligent son, newly married, working hard, supporting the household with *a good future and a business and all that* and which organises his wife as diligent housekeeper. However, the intensities of the family space are too great to contain, and migration to another country completely disentangles Parmeet and his wife from the family assemblage so that they can reterritorialise in a new family assemblage in another, different place.

Finally, we got visa. … [my wife] told me that, "If you going before me to another country, I have to wait here two to three months, and it's hard to live without you." So, I say, "Okay, you go first, and then I come."

Parmeet suggests to his wife that she emigrates first so that she can establish herself in her studies at a tertiary institute in South Auckland before he follows. He uses the time to sort out his extended family's financial affairs:

At that time demonetisation in India[26] *when I was there, so I need to sort out all things before I come because my father don't know that banking system, and all that. Tax system and chartered accountant,*

[26] On 8 November 2016, the Government of India announced the demonetisation, also called *notebandi* in Hindi, of all Rupee 500 and Rupee1000 banknotes of the Mahatma Gandhi Series. The government claimed that the action would curtail the shadow economy and crack down on the use of illicit and counterfeit cash to fund illegal activity and terrorism. The sudden nature of the announcement—and the prolonged cash shortages in the weeks that followed—created significant disruption in the Indian economy, threatening economic output and family life alike (Ghosh, Chandrasekhar, & Patnaik, 2017). For people with bank accounts, liquidity restraints were severe. But people with no bank accounts were worse affected. With limited recourse to banking facilities, most were forced to turn to the black market to exchange their old notes at much less attractive exchange rates (Ghosh, Chandrasekhar, & Patnaik, 2017).

and all that. So, before I came, I think that I sort all things, and then I go there. So, it's easy to my father.

In the days immediately before demonetisation, Parmeet has taken out a substantial bank loan to fund the couple's migration:

it's horrible for me. I take a loan for almost [NZ] $40,000, so it's pretty big big decision to take that ... I wind up my business, and I take too much loan, and I think about her. That's why I am coming here.

Parmeet describes his situation as *horrible,* and I hear his distress even now, months later. His migration involves sacrificing his business interests in India and borrowing a significant amount of money which he describes as *too much loan.* It is noticeable that he relates these decisions to thinking *about her*, his wife, for it is on her behalf that he is becoming a migrant. It is also relevant that his thinking about her and acting on her behalf is not negotiated with her—she has no say in what he does 'on her behalf'. Even if I imagine that she is relieved to be relieved of the saas-bahu relationship she's in, she might have had other ideas about how to resolve the tensions in the relationship. I will never know for this is Parmeet's version of events.

Despite the uncertainties of demonetisation and migration, the couple proceeds with their plan. Parmeet's wife goes first, and he follows once his father's finances are sorted out:

So, visa is approved, and she's come here. And after that, I come. Actual problem now started. What happened is my wife is coming here, so that mischief is already in our relationship.

Two months after his wife arrives in Aotearoa New Zealand, Parmeet enters the country. Ten days later, he becomes aware of an exchange of text messages on his wife's phone:

One message is coming from this person side: "I love you." And my wife send "I love you too." And I see on her mobile and that one day I see that. So, she told me that "I have feelings for him." I don't know what should I do. I am so angry at that time.

Just as at the time of their engagement, many days of confusion and conversation ensue, and finally, Parmeet contacts the man his wife has feelings for:

He told like freedom type of voice. Individual freedom. So, my wife feeling independent. And that person putting positivity so much. Like, "Independent positivity." Like, "Your life. Your decision." All these things. "Now you think about your husband, your family" and all that. He always tell my wife that, "You think about yourself. If you are not happy why should you live there?"

Parmeet understands that his wife was *feeling independent* in the sense that she wishes to make decisions for herself. I read his comment about *that person putting positivity*, as both explaining his wife's feelings as having been influenced by someone outside the family and in a country where individual rights are different to what Parmeet is accustomed to. He is also contrasting the positive value of independence that she is encouraged to adopt with having his values troubled by the social expectations available to his wife in Aotearoa New Zealand. His experience speaks to a change in the custom of thinking about family first, and from his perspective, putting herself first is not in keeping with his social expectations of married women. Deleuze and Guattari write that "the migrant leaves behind a milieu that has become amorphous or hostile" (1987, p. 381). However, Parmeet's milieu is not that of his wife's, and in his story, it seems that his wife has come to see Parmeet as part of the amorphous and hostile milieu she wishes to leave behind.

The practices of marriage that Parmeet describes follow the notion of marriage as an alliance between bloodlines, a union of families rather than individuals, and the regime for Parmeet and his wife, as it seems to be for many Indian couples, is strongly coded, and heavily sanctioned if they do not adhere to the codings. To Deleuze and Guattari, marriage is a "great molar power" (1987, p. 233). It is rigid and organised, and it obstructs the free flow of desire and channels it into specific regimes and practices. However, the fascistic codes and practices of any molar power are undermined by becoming molecular (Braidotti & Dolphijn, 2014; Deleuze and Guattari, 1987) and in her new-found experience of independence Parmeet's wife is becoming molecular. She is far from the control of her in-laws, and far from Parmeet's role as head of the house, and with her reterritorialisation in South Auckland, she finds possibilities to actualise different ecologies of being and can desire herself as an outcome of transformation.

While Parmeet also has the potential to actualise different ecologies of being and to desire his self as an outcome of transformation, the starting point of his movement is very different from his wife's. Parmeet deterritorialises away from the molar majority standpoint of traditional Indian notions of hierarchy, patriarchy, and family. For those who deterritorialise away from the

Majority, there is only one possible pathway: through the minority (Braidotti & Dolphijn, 2014). Parmeet leaves behind the great molar mass and majority location of the Indian patriarchal system and becomes minoritarian, a subaltern 'male'[27] on a visitor's visa in Aotearoa New Zealand, unable to work, and reliant on his wife's status as a student for his continued residency. His arrival is partial—migrant arrivals are always partial—and there is a precarity to his presence: he is removed from his home country and on probation, a visitor, and marked as a stranger in the host country, constantly exposed to the threat of deportation.

In contrast, Parmeet's wife starts from the margins of the empirical minority of Indian womanhood, and she has more options. Whilst women still occupy the space of the Minority in Aotearoa New Zealand, the spaces that they occupy are far more liberal than the heavily coded minoritarian spaces of most women in India. Parmeet's wife is studying and can work part-time. She has the potential to move toward a more liberal socio-political location than she has ever experienced before. It is a location in which she is enabled and encouraged to assert herself as a transformative outcome—*think about yourself* and not about your family—or community. When the migrant reterritorialises, it is always as the Minority, nevertheless, the milieu into which Parmeet's wife settles offers sufficient freedom to her that she can (and is being advised to) take on aspects of the masculine figuration that enable her to make decisions for herself—*so my wife feeling independent [...] And that person putting positivity so much. Like, "Independent positivity." Like, "Your life. Your decision." All these things.*

Perez observes that migration is "fundamentally about power relations—between countries, economies, and individuals—and it raises important questions about the character and scope of power hierarchies, including those of race, class, gender, equality and nation" (Perez, 2004, p. 7). In the migrations of Parmeet and his wife, it is evident that there has been a shift in power relations. Parmeet leaves a majoritarian space as a man in India to become minoritarian and marginalised; a man of colour in a white man's country. In contrast, his wife's movement begins in the margins and opens possibilities of spaces that are closer to majoritarian positions through a more liberal social milieu that Aotearoa New Zealand offers to her. However, there are fluidic complexities here as well. Movements are both towards and away. Parmeet retains his attachment to his patriarchal privilege as what he perceives to be his rightful authority over his

[27] In the context of this thesis, the biological term *male* appears little short of offensive for an actual man, however its deliberate use reflects the official language of applications for immigration to Aotearoa New Zealand: classificatory, reductive, and monolithic though it may be.

wife's actions. His wife is promised freedom, but she settles again in the relationship—the promise of autonomy and independence is illusory, and deterritorialisation is only relative. There are noticeable shifts and fluidities here. Both Parmeet and his wife deterritorialise from the despotic over-coding of State-ist patriarchy-machines; and his wife's intensity is heightened with possibilities for complete deterritorialisation, but the molar mass of Parmeet's despotic masculinity exerts an intense gravitational pull, and the line of absolute deterritorialisation for his wife is weak; she reterritorialises back in the relationship.

Parmeet and his wife talk over several days. She tells him that everything is finished between her and the man she has met:

> *So, my wife tells me, "Now it's over. He is going to India. And then he coming and going to a new city Hamilton or Wellington. So, this is end of, okay?"*
>
> *I say, "Okay. No worries. I believe you."*
>
> *And then one month pass. Two month pass. That person is coming back. Not going to another city. Coming back into Auckland. And they started again.*

He describes how he starts calling his wife several times a day—*where are you?*—and follows her—*I find out she's going to meet him in car. She's going to meet in his car, and I call many times, but she not pick my phone*. Then he explains that he has issued instructions to his wife:

> *So, after that, she's coming. After so many messages and all that, she find out that, "We are caught." So, what happen, I make a one plan. Because I already give her instruction, two-three times, "You stop, or not going, right. If you are not holding yourself [back], and you are going with that person, otherwise then stop it from now." And I give three times the chance. Okay?*

Aside: Parmeet 'instructs' his wife on her ability to leave the relationship. Even in talking of her 'freedom' he speaks through power and control and issues a directive that calls for compliance. Or am I reading my understandings into the English he mobilises as his third language?

The plan that Parmeet devises is to take his wife to the local police station where he intends to tell the police that the person his wife is interested in is forcing himself on her. He coaches his wife to back up his story:

> *I [want to] give her like one instruction from the police. Giving her instruction like that if you are meeting that person. And I also convinced to my wife to give the statement like that person is caught you like forcefully. Then it's like tricky. Maybe it's like fear in that person mind. Maybe he leave her! So, I forcefully take my wife to the Police station. I park my car at the Police station. My wife is sitting on the back seat. I told her. "Come out. We are going to Police station."*
>
> *She actually in fear. Like, "What's going on?" She thinking that New Zealand Immigration take her from here and all that. She think they push her. Take her back to India. She don't want to go there because there is no freedom like here. So, it's quite difficult.*
>
> *So, arguing in the car. I told her, "Well, I give you three times chance to express whatever you feel. Why you don't do this? why you not stopping this?" and I angry and I slap her in the car one time. And I go into the Police station, but nobody's there at the counter. Then I again come to the car. And I hold my wife's hands, but she's not wanting to come to the Police station. And after, again I slap her. Then after she is coming, I give her coat. Like she is wearing only nightwear, like shorts and tee shirt. So, I think that she is feeling cool, so I give her my coat.*

Aside: I want to impose my reading … *Parmeet and his wife argue, he forces her, dressed only in her nightwear, into their car, scares the living shit out of her, beats her up in the car park of the local police station, and drags her inside, where he expects the police to support him and lecture her for having feelings about another man.*

Aside to my aside: Can I write that? Can I write that he *scares the living shit out of her*? My academic sensitivities have been over-coded through years of compliance with the expectations of the institute—APA formatting, context-appropriate language, etc.—and I recoil at the crudity of my words, and the reductionism of my reading. My supervisors recoil as well. However, I have interposed myself between Parmeet and the version of events that he recounts to me—and things happen when we mediate the power of the spoken word to construct accounts of someone else's lived world.

I pause again to reflect on my positioning within a culture where the majoritarian notion of 'freedom' recoils too, from the forceful discipline of

women. I have translated "*I slap her… one time… and after, again I slap her*" into "*beats her up*".

When I mediate Parmeet's narrative something happens, and it intersects with the more expansive freedom his wife is reterritorialised from. Once again, my embeddedness in the research interposes itself.

Parmeet's violence provokes another thread, another connection. Through his surveillance of his wife's movements and telephone conversations, Parmeet exerts the structured domination of gendered power and coercive control over his wife's individuation, and when he describes how he is hitting his wife, he adopts the privileged authority of the patriarchy, disciplining a 'deviant' wife in the interest of his harmony and order in the home. He has taken on the colonising figuration of Deleuze and Guattari's despotic signifier, and the family home becomes a fascistic micro-state under his sovereign rule.

He carries through on his plan, but the outcomes are not what he anticipated. Police separate the two and take them to different rooms where they are interviewed. He is arrested and taken to the cells—*My father and grandfather and father and father never going to Police station. I am the only one that's going to Police station… to the jail.* The next morning Parmeet appears in court. He is charged with male assaults female and is released on court-imposed bail conditional on living at Gandhi Nivas until his next court appearance in four months. When I meet with Parmeet, he has a month to go before his appearance in court.

Aside: I read a powerful affective flow in Parmeet's storytelling. I hear his voice crack as he invokes his ancestry, a lineage that he feels he has dishonoured through his actions. Parmeet has been raised from birth in a robust honour-shame paradigm, where the inculcation of shame operates as a feminising mechanism of control: "honor is ultimately seen as being men's responsibility, while shame is viewed as being women's 'burden'" (Shahani, 2013, p. 277). Honour and shame are feelings that reference others: they are fuelled with our perceptions of how others perceive us. In Parmeet's storytelling, his perceptions become an intergenerational, transnational social emotion, and it is an emotion that has the power to feminise him.

The affective flow in Parmeet's storytelling is not just powerful. It's affecting me as well. I've said to Mandy more than once that I want to reach out to hug these men,

> but I want to shake them hard at the same time.[28] Here Parmeet is, at the end of the enactment of a long line of fathers with all their entitlements. He is dislocated from all that genealogical and socio-political heritage, and now lives in a place where patriarchy may still be relevant but manifests in different (Western) ways, and yet here he is, reproducing the same molar discourses of honour and shame that his 'fathers and grandfathers and fathers and fathers' learned from childhood.

Parmeet understands that there has been a power shift:

> *she has the power, she has the power to come at home or not, "My husband can come or not." She has the power ... so something is missing there. They giving so much power to women. Just one statement... you separated. Why you think that woman is always right? If she does not want to live with you, just make a threat and put you as angry man and just call the police and then separated from that. So, actually, power is given to women.*

He stories that shift in power in two ways: firstly, as her power to come and go without seeking his permission—*the power to come at home or not*—and secondly as her power to decide whether she wants her husband there or not—*my husband to come or not*. In effect, she has the power to choose to leave him and the power to ask him to leave, and for Parmeet that is too much power. Something is missing: his authority over his wife to determine who comes and goes in the family household. I read Parmeet's explanation as positioning himself as a victim of the power shift, through which he demonstrates another problematic response to how we define domestic violence:

> *they turn me into a criminal, give a criminal record that stay with me for life because I hit my wife… but my wife giving me emotional pain, psychological pain, mental pain ... the women has so much power eh. So much power over all things. They do whatever they want to and put the advantage on you ... it's 21st century and women are now empowerment. And women also equality, but not like that, not for your benefit.*

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[28] My initial reaction is to *want to hug them and strangle them at the same time*, unintentionally re-invoking the intensity the violence that Parmeet is describing to me, however, Mandy, wise as she always is, encourages me to cast about for less violently affective language.

I decide on 'shaking' in respect of the men not becoming 'babies' in their migrant transformations and therefore the admonishment to 'never shake the baby' doesn't apply. However, in my final round of editing I acknowledge that wanting to lay hands on the men at all—whether shaking or hugging—is a response that is fraught with tension.

In his storying, it was not his fault, but his wife's fault that he hit her in the first place because she would not comply with his direction that she should give up her friendship with another man. As a result, he laments that his wife can give him pain through emotional abuse, but he cannot hit her in response. For Parmeet, this is fundamentally unfair.

I am conscious that the circumstances that Parmeet found himself in on his arrival in Aotearoa New Zealand are difficult for him. He has a hurtful pain of jealousy that has emerged through her relationship with another man. However, there is no parallel between that hurt and physically hitting her because she wants to leave. Parmeet seems reluctant to distinguish between the two hurts and seems unaware that his threats have made his wife fearful of her safety. While he acknowledges movements towards empowerment and equality of women, he resists equality for the benefit of women, and struggles to see fault in his actions:

> *You can't think that why this happen. What is behind this? I am no criminalist. Nothing is there. I am not violent person. I am not angry person. Even if you hold me at Police station, I am still held calmly. I am not angry. So, they never think about that, why the actual reason is. I am not cruel to my wife. Just like that slap ... always the victim is right, and your judgment is on that victim's side or lady's side. What is going on and domestic violence is never reduced ... Listen to one side. Victim side. Why? Why you not able to tell how you are doing this? But no. Your actions are criminal. We are seeing from that. Even not tell her it is right or wrong.*

Parmeet and I have been eating while we talk. Parmeet is not working—how can he when he has only a visitor's visa and is on bail awaiting trial on a charge of violent assault? He spends much of his time at the library reading but has reorganised his day specifically to catch up with me. He was excited about talking with me, and has been looking forward to dinner—*gobi shaak? You make for me? I know this one. Is my favourite at childhood.* His eyes flash, and he smiles—*I don't know how to cook, so I eat only one time in a day. I go to some restaurant eat one time a day. I lost almost 9kg weight from 73-74, now it's 64.*

Aside: We eat in silence for a while. I am contemplating Parmeet's weight loss. When my marriage disintegrated, I dropped from 82kg to only 67kgs, a loss of nearly 20% of my body weight. It took me the better part of a year to build myself up again. It's a

> story I hear again and again from the men—and an unintended outcome that impacts their health. They're not unscathed and carefree. They report significant weight loss, high blood pressure, severe joint pains, blinding headaches, panic attacks, and…and…and…

When we finish, Parmeet helps me to clean the kitchen. There is plenty left over, and he eyes it hungrily. We put it into a container for him to eat the next day, and he thanks me profusely.

Six months after his arrest, Parmeet appears in court for the last time. His lawyer presents evidence that he has participated in anger management and relationship counselling, and he is discharged without conviction. His wife refuses to have him back in the house and files for divorce. Parmeet eventually returns to India and his parents—*this time, they find me a good wife—better marriage.*

Phūl gobi vatana bateta nu shaak

Cauliflower, potato, and pea curry

This recipe combines a simple range of ingredients to transform the vegetables into a mouth-watering vegan curry. There's no need to grind the spices nor to make the marsala/gravy first. Everything comes together in the pan. The dish can be served with soft rotis and a simple raita for an easy midweek meal, or as a vegetable dish in a larger feast. Figure 9.

Serves 3-4 as a main meal

10 minutes preparation time

20-25 minutes cooking time

Ingredients:

2 tablespoons oil

1 teaspoon black mustard seeds

1 teaspoon cumin seeds

Pinch of asafoetida powder

2 onions, peeled and finely diced

1 teaspoon ginger paste

2 cups cauliflower florets (about 1/3 head of cauliflower)

2 cups diced potatoes (2-3cm cubes)

1/2 cup green peas - fresh or frozen

2 medium tomatoes, roughly chopped

1 teaspoon turmeric

1 teaspoon cumin powder

1 teaspoon coriander powder

1 teaspoon red chilli powder or to taste

1 teaspoon sugar - palm sugar or jaggery

Water - as needed

To serve

Coriander leaves, roughly chopped

Raita

Hot rotis or parathas

1. Heat oil in a heavy-bottomed pan. Add mustard seeds. When mustard seeds begin to pop add cumin seeds and asafoetida. Let fry for a few seconds.
2. Add onions and stir while sautéing until onions turn translucent.
3. Add ginger paste and sauté for a couple of minutes more
4. Add tomatoes, turmeric, cumin and coriander powders, red chilli powder, and sugar, and cook until tomatoes soften.
5. Add enough water to loosen gravy, adjust seasoning with salt & pepper,
6. Add vegetables and stir well.
7. Cover and cook gently until potatoes are soft.
8. Plate up and sprinkle with coriander.
9. Accompany with raita and roti, naan, or parathas.

Tips:

A waxy potato will hold its shape better than a floury one and is less prone to falling apart during cooking.

To avoid overcooking the cauliflower cut the florets a little larger than the potato so that they will both cook in roughly the same time.

Figure 9. Phūl gobi vatana bateta nu shaak—cauliflower, potato, and pea curry. (Source: Author)

Story two: Ajay's drunk again & breaches his protection order

Ajay didn't admit to physically hitting his wife and described his issues as alcohol-related, but he also has a history of abusive behaviour and drug use:

> *Thing is, I had too many losses, like first dad, then hard work, and all that I lost too much money here.*
>
> *Sometimes, all of those things come through your mind. So, my drinking habit was bad. So that's why I had some arguments with the wife and she left me last year. She went to Shakti.*
>
> *Then I proved I'm, like, I'm okay. I went through CADS and detox, and all that I've done all the counselling––CADS, AA, NA.*
>
> *She calms down. Me calms down. We come back. But sometimes, we both like a bit tired, and things going to happen. Like then. She came back and I was drinking. I don't know what's wrong with her. She called the police. Yeah, they took me away because she has a protection order, then I came back again, and she again called the police.*

Ajay is in his late twenties and is from a small border town in the northern Indian state of Punjab. He has been bailed to Gandhi Nivas and stays for six weeks. He is happy to talk with me in our initial meeting and seems quite relaxed as we talk together over the following weeks. He has worked as a chef in his past and has owned Indian restaurants, and he shows a keen interest in the meals that I prepare for him.

Aside: Ajay and I have eaten together a couple of times now. I am always a little apprehensive with my cooking and worry that my flavours might be a little off for the men, and with Ajay, I feel as if I need to be on my toes. He said to me early in our relationship, "W*hite boys can't cook Indian, eh*."

I am not sure whether I've internalised an ideological standpoint that all men should compete to be the best, or whether I fear being revealed as an imposter, or perhaps I am rising to a bit of good-natured teasing. And there's also an implied discussion somewhere here about my colonising of another culture's food recipes, and what that implies for my research) along with a gentle reminder that there is no one right way to cook a dish).

Coombes and Te Hiwi (2007) describe the personal relationships and ethical commitment of sharing kai as part-and-parcel of hanging out with one's community of interest in contemporary ethnography. But which recipes for kai do I use? The dominant recipes of the communities in which I grew up? Or do I introduce the problematics of cultural appropriation and annexation of food recipes by imposing my versions of curries on the migrant men?

Each time we meet, we talk about food and serving and eating good food made with love. Ajay likes meat curries, but tonight we are eating some dal makhani that I made the night before. It is a North Indian favourite with influences from the Peshawar Punjabi community. My dal contains red kidney beans, whole black lentils (urad dal), and beautiful chana dal (small split chickpeas that melt away into a rich gravy). Then there is butter and full-fat cream; my makhani is rich and not for every day.

Ajay was born and brought up in Punjab, one of four children: he has a brother and two sisters. The first words of his story are focussed on his father:

> *We were like never poor, but my dad was really hard worker. He was doing agriculture then he started working in a pesticide company. He worked there for around five years but then heart attack. He died in 1993. Yeah, I was around nine years old.*

Sinha et al. (2016) draw attention to the implications of the precarious socioeconomic status of the surviving family when their father-provider dies. They write of fatherless Indian boys being redirected from school into paid labour: "driven by factors such as the perceived comparative cost-effectiveness of work versus education and the need to provide for the household" (Sinha et al., 2016, p. 29). Ajay elaborates on the precarity of his own family life at that time—*from like my dad's side no-one supported us. My mother's side they supported us. Then I grew up from there, I started work from that time... and study, like doing work as well.* Later in our conversation, he spontaneously returns to his father's death. The absence of support from the men in his extended family is important to him:

> *When my dad passed away, like, my father's side, I had four uncles, my grandfather, grandmother. They never support us.*
>
> *T: Never supported you?*
>
> *No! [said emphatically]. When I was success, when I went back, after I get married, then they were happy because I was success. It was good. I make my own way and all that.*
>
> *T: But not after your father died?*
>
> *No, not at that time. When we were saying, "Hey, hello." They were just like, "No." [waves his hands away from himself in a shooing motion].*
>
> *T: How did that make you feel?*
>
> *Very sad.*

Deleuze and Guattari write that:

> short-term memory is of the rhizome or diagram type, and long-term memory is arborescent and centralized (imprint, engram, tracing, or photograph) ... Long-

> term memory (family, race, society, or civilization) traces and translates, but what it translates continues to act in it, from a distance, offbeat, in an "untimely" way, not instantaneously. (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 16)

The long-term memories of the absence of support from father's family continue to trace and translate their paths through Ajay's body, and they continue to act on him from a distance in both time and space.

Aside: I wrote at that time, "Ajay seems as if he harbours great resentment towards his father's family. What slaves we make of ourselves to our memories."

In his account, Ajay associates his father's family with feelings of great sadness. Then he rebounds as if he finds strengths in himself from his father's death. He continues—*but a few things I learned from my dad. Never give up, yeah, and like never give up. Do hard work all the time. Don't care what everyone [says]. Do yourself good and your partner. That was good thing.* Ajay describes his learnings in terms of hard work and perseverance despite whatever criticism might be made. As in the stories of early life told by other participants, Ajay understands that he has responsibility for others, to provide (through hard work) and to support (through doing good for your family). These were lessons Ajay learned early. According to Ajay, it was *not in our culture at that time* for his mother to remarry. The role of his father remained unfilled, and the socioeconomic dynamic of the household changed. Ajay began working, and by his account, he worked hard:

> *Wake up every morning at 4 o'clock to take the milk from the buffaloes, cows. Go to the land. Cut the grass for the cows and buffaloes for feeding them. Come back. Get ready go to the school. Do study 8 to 11:30 then work at the shop. That was like pawn shop. So, working there until 11 o'clock in the night.*

By the time he is 19, Ajay is working in his father's job at the pesticide company. He works there for three years before coming to Aotearoa New Zealand to work in an Indian restaurant––*then I was a one person, so I came to New Zealand in 2006. Started work as a chef but those guys wasn't good.* There is more to his migration than Ajay's initial brevity suggests. He subsequently explains to me that he paid a cousin living in Aotearoa New Zealand 500,000 rupees (roughly NZ$10,000) to offer him work in Aotearoa New Zealand.

What Ajay is describing is an exploitative job-selling scam in which a prospective employer 'sells' an offer of work to a would-be migrant who pays the employer to make the offer. The purchased 'job offer' is then used to validate an application for a work visa through Immigration New Zealand. The Immigration Advisers Complaints and Disciplinary Tribunal write of job-selling that the arrangements are fraught with: "potential tax evasion, immigration fraud, breach of employment laws, and human trafficking issues" (Gill v Singh, 2016).[29] The vulnerability of migrants to the exploitative practices of power in job-selling arrangements is evident in Ajay's story:

> *It wasn't good. When I came here, he paid me like around one month, one and a half months. No. Three months. Then he start cutting from my pay. Like eight hundred per month. Next month a thousand a month. He was paying me 600 a week. Then he stop my pay. So, I had to clean all the house, all the garage, all the garden, all toilet cleaning, all the restaurant cleaning, all the kitchen, then work. They came back. They said, "You owe us money." They are trying like threaten me, threatening me, pushing me. Like, "Motherfucker, blah blah blah." I talk to them, "No, No. No."*
>
> *T: Why were they doing that?*
>
> *Hoping for money. Because I realise like they got a new man who's coming in at 10,000 rupees.[30] Then they were pushing me, swearing me, tell me, "You cannot call the police. They will arrest you. Put you in the jail for life."*
>
> *I said, "You please don't do that." I didn't know that or anything, that time. Pushing me and swearing me. I say, "Please don't swear me." They push at me, and I slap him and threw the chair.*

Ajay describes irregularities in his wages and terms of employment, and his work responsibilities extend beyond his paid employment as a restaurant worker. He has paid a significant amount of money to his employer to secure a job; however, his employment is not secured. Once Ajay is working, he is only paid for the first three months. After that, his employers reduce his wages, paying him less and less each month, until he receives nothing in

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[29] See also Bonnett (2016), Feng v Young (2016), Kilgallon and Fonseka (2018), Lee and Cain (2019), and Morah (2017).

[30] NZ$200 a week, far less than Ajay is being paid, and well below the legal minimum wage of $11.25/hr in 2007 (Minimum Wage Act 1983; Minimum Wage Amendment Act 2007; Minimum Wage Order 2007)

exchange for his labour. I read the situation in which he has surrendered his passport to his employer, who now pressures him for payments and threatens him with criminal prosecution, as one of the most serious situations in which migrants become forced into labouring without pay.

However, while dominant accounts of Ajay's exploitation might comprehend his experience within the frameworks of migration and employment law, at the heart of his experience is a more complex interplay of bodies, material objects, movements, and intensities, all taking place in the social mechanisms of power inequalities that enable Ajay's employers to abuse their relationship with him. Ajay sets out to migrate by entering a job-selling arrangement with his cousin, and potentially knowing that he might not be working legally. Once in Aotearoa New Zealand, he is kept by coercion and against his will, so that his employers can exploit his labour. His employers intimidate him emotionally and physically. He has few protections available and speaks of no community relationships to which he can turn. He is threatened with dire consequences if he approaches the authorities.

On the one hand, his mobility is constrained (his employers hold his passport and remove his financial independence), whilst on the other hand, he is simultaneously mobilised at the desire of his employers according to their needs (to clean garden, garage, toilets, and carry out other household tasks). It is not difficult to read the hallmarks of abusive relationships and structural violence in Ajay's precarity, in which his identity becomes that of a trafficked human.[31,32] However, it is also evident from Ajay's story that he embraces his innocence in the arrangements and disavows any agency to break free of his condition—until he slaps his employer and throws a chair at him, before leaving to take up work at another restaurant:

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[31] These are key elements that satisfy the Palermo Protocol on Human Trafficking. The Palermo protocols are three protocols that were adopted by the United Nations to supplement the *UN Convention against Transnational Organized Crime (UN General Assembly, 2000a)*. The first Palermo Protocol is the *Protocol to Prevent, Suppress and Punish Trafficking in Persons, especially Women and Children* (UN General Assembly, 2000b). See also the *Trafficking in Persons Report, 2019* (US Department of State, 2019).

[32] The protection of temporary migrant workers from exploitation in the workforce is currently the subject of review by the Ministry of Business Innovation and Employment (2020).

So, I left from there. Then, I started work in Mt. Eden; then I did work there as a chef, then I learned everything. Curries as well. Naan bread as well. Tandoor as well. And I learnt the front stuff. Became the manager.

The molar lines of force inscribed by his father on Ajay's body—*but a few things I learned from my dad. Never give up, yeah, and like never give up. Do hard work all the time*—are ordering forces of social control that guide Ajay's body towards particular responses. His father's and his attitudes to work reflect the rigidly striated neoliberal expectations of what constitutes a productive worker's appropriate conduct:

I left from there. Then I started driving taxi, but that wasn't like good period. Then I started work again as a chef and driving milk truck early morning. That was hard for me to do: like two jobs. ... Sometimes I used to work 10 or 12 hours then go for taxi for few 5 or 6 hours. A year I did that work.

Then Ajay goes back to India for two months to attend his cousin's brother's marriage. He discusses his interest in marriage with his mother and her family, and returns to Aotearoa New Zealand as a man engaged to be married:

T: Was that an arranged marriage or a love marriage?

Arranged marriage. My mum's cousin's brother. He was known to, like, them and us. So, he talked my mother and my mum's father and mum, because my dad's side—father and mother, my grandfather and grandmother- they wasn't alive at that time. So, everybody was agreed[33].

T: So, he acted as a middleman for both families.

Yeah, yeah. So, it was arranged, our wedding. We see each other; we talk each other. Yeah, that was good. My father-in-law, when they asked him, "Okay, you want to meet with the boy?"

He said, "No. I know him already." He know me since long time already.

T: So, it was an arranged marriage but to someone you knew already?
Yeah, my father-in-law he already know me. Our family, her family, we already know most of each other.

[33] Note that Ajay includes his grandparents as well as his parents in the negotiations for his marriage.

Two years later Ajay returns to India for his marriage, and two weeks after the marriage, he returns to Aotearoa New Zealand, leaving his new wife behind in India. There are issues with his wife's travel: the embassy in India refuses to issue a visa:

> *They said, "You wasn't living like two years together."*
>
> *I said that's… there was engagement. I gave them proof, like phone calls, letters, text messages, and all that.*
>
> *But they said, "No this is not good. Not allowed. No."*

He explains to the Immigration Assistant at the embassy,

> *"You are in our culture. You can't meet. If we are getting married, you can't meet before our parent's permission."*

Eventually, embassy immigration officials meet with Ajay and his wife in separate meetings. Ajay is determined that the young couple will migrate and wants to reassure the immigration officials that their marriage is genuine, and he resorts to a ruse:

> *They asked same question to her, same question to me, "How do I know what ladies... what her mum give it to my mum? How many dresses? How many bracelets? How many rings?"*
>
> *They asked me same questions, naturally, but clever mind. Like, they emailed me. They had her interview at nine o'clock, my interview at ten o'clock or something. I called her, my wife and my mum, and I said, "When they call her," I said my mum, "give me call."*
>
> *She gives me call. I say to my mum, "Put it on speaker and just leave it there."*
>
> *So, I was writing down whatever they asking questions. Into my interview, they ask me all the same questions, "How many?" 'Two rings, two…, la la la. Yeah, all of them.*
>
> *"How many suits?" All of that.*
>
> *Then they were agreed. After they agreement, after three days, they gave me visa.*

While Ajay's narrative compacts the temporal flow of the marriage arrangements into a few short minutes, I eventually clarify with him that the process took three years from the

engagement through to his wife arriving in Aotearoa New Zealand. The pair are engaged for two years and married for another year, before their first time alone together.

In Ajay's telling, there is another possibility for rupture. The wedding gift or dowry is not usually given to the bride or the newly-married couple, but to the groom's mother—*what her mum give it to my mum*. Dowry-giving is implicated as a key factor in family violence in India (Anitha, Yalamarty, & Roy, 2018), and while it is illegal in India under the Dowry Prohibition Act 1961[34] and the Indian Penal Code 1860[35], dowry giving and taking remains common. Anitha et al. (2018) make clear that while wedding gifts given as *stridhan*[36] are recognised in Hindu law as estates over which women have inalienable rights, in practice the estates are controlled by the groom and his parents and become yet another signifier of the devaluation of women by the patriarchy. By controlling the immigration interview and the dowry, Ajay's mother becomes complicit in a system of abuse over her daughter-in-law.

In the meantime, back in Aotearoa New Zealand, Ajay buys an Indian takeaway in South Auckland. Business is profitable, so Ajay expands his business interests:

> *I was with my business partner. He was, like, good friend from long time. Then he said we can open another restaurant. Then we opened that one as well. But I don't know what was wrong with him. He wasn't good, so my mistake. He put that under his wife's name.*
>
> *So, that was a very hard time for me. I lost lots of money; then I declared my bankruptcy because I had to pay more than one hundred thousand.*

Aside: There is so much in the stories the men tell me. Here is one small reference to bankruptcy in a conversation lasting nearly two hours, yet it opens many possibilities for new understanding: for example, through an affective reading of the impact of financial woes in Ajay's lived world, or perhaps through an in-depth analysis of the structural violences of the exploitations that migrants are vulnerable to.

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[34] The Dowry Prohibition Act 1961 covers all of India except for the autonomous region of Jammu and Kashmir, which has its own Act, The Jammu and Kashmir Dowry Restraint Act 1960. Under both Acts, the giving and receiving of Dowry is punishable by imprisonment and fines.

[35] Sections 304B, introduced in 1986, and 498A, introduced in 1983, Indian Penal Code 1860.

[36] *Stridhan*, or women's estate is property given to a woman, over which she has absolute ownership.

However, these are possibilities for another time. I want to continue towards the desiring-machine that produces Ajay's drinking problems.

Consistent with his understanding that he has responsibility for others, to provide (through hard work) and to support (through doing good for your family), Ajay takes various jobs—security guard, field worker for a potato grower, driving taxis, working in a supermarket—as he works to recover his family's financial stability after the bankruptcy. However, molar lines of force are inscribed as tracings that reproduce and maintain the status quo, and they regulate the possibilities of moving away from current realities (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). The lines of force in Ajay's lived world hold him in a normative space, and it is a molar space for *what is*, rather than a becoming-molecular space for *what might be*. Ajay's subjection to the molar forces in his life constrain his options when things get too much for him:

> *It was very good time, that. Yeah. But thing is I had too many losses, like first dad, then hard work, and all that. I lost too much money here. Sometimes all of those things come through your mind. So, my drinking habit got bad. That time was good, but after that, getting like bad, bad, bad. So that's why I had some arguments with the wife, and she left me last year.*

A particular challenge of conceptualisations of addiction is how to explain the mechanisms of addiction at two different levels: the level of the individual and that of broader society (West, 2001). In a review of literature on addiction theory, West has proposed a simple classification system of five different groups. He identifies theories that attempt to: understand addiction in terms of biological, social, and psychological processes; explain why different stimuli have different potentialities to become a focus for the addict; understand how some people are more susceptible to addictions than others; reveal social conditions that increase or decrease the likelihood of addiction; and, develop theories about recovery and relapse.

Amongst these different approaches to theorising addiction, psychological theories of addiction often focus on addiction as an issue of motivation (Oksanen, 2013; West, 2001). For example, in a structural reading of the forces that act on Ajay's body after he migrates, social, financial, and political forces emerge in his narrative, and these forces emphasise his vulnerability in terms of his employment and finances, and his continued residence in Aotearoa

New Zealand. It is an approach that focuses on human subjectivities of freedom, willpower, and personal choices.

However, when we connect with Deleuze and Guattari, things change. A Deleuzo-Guattarian approach does not compete or contradict other theoretical approaches. What it does instead is to add a new perspective: that considers addictions as fluidic processes that are contextual and interactive, and not just subjective conditions (Oksanen, 2013). For example, Duff (2008, 2012, 2014a, 2014b) emphasises the context of drug use by treating addiction as an assemblage of forces, which enables him to explore the "constitutive role of *spaces, bodies, and affects* in the formation and reformation (territorialisation and deterritorialisation) of the assemblages that express or produce a social context" (Duff, 2014a, p. 128-129, original emphasis). Similarly, Malins (2004, 2007) advances the notion of addiction as a *drug-using body* assemblage: "a machine that exists only in the event; in the moment of connection with a drug and the specific affects it enables" (Malins, 2007, p. 153). Malins argues that the drug-using body folds and unfolds with different spaces which offer the potential for different deterritorialisations and that these foldings and unfoldings help us to understand the intimate relationships between spaces and drug-using bodies, and the flows and intensities of desire that occur when bodies, spaces, and drugs make their connections.

Deleuze and Guattari write that the alcoholic:

> makes a subjective evaluation of how much he or she can tolerate. What can be tolerated is precisely the limit at which, as the alcoholic sees it, he or she will be able to start over again (after a rest, a pause ...). But beyond that limit, there lies a threshold that would cause the alcoholic to change assemblage: it would change either the nature of the drinks or the customary places and hours of the drinking. Or worse yet, the alcoholic would enter a suicidal assemblage, or a medical, hospital assemblage, etc. (Deleuze &Guattari, 1987, p. 438)

When we invoke the figuration of the *addict*, we also invoke its despotic signification. Deleuze and Guattari's words *alcoholic* and *addict* are molar nouns that have particular descriptive significations that preclude other possibilities. And when we use pathologising nouns such as *addict* and *alcoholic,* we reproduce root-tree thinking by reflecting on how institutions such as policing, the law, medicine, and public health, reduce the chaotic diversity of our lived worlds to

orderly and discreet categories of meaning and organisation. The word *addiction*, on the other hand, is an expression of action or of a state of being (Malins, 2007).

The 'limit' that Deleuze and Guattari talk of marks a boundary between constancy and change. If Ajay stops at the limit, then he can stay in the existing assemblage and start again from ground zero the next day. However, if he carries on beyond the limit, then at the crossing comes inevitable change. Beyond the last glass are more glasses, but those glasses are like the final words in a "domestic-squabble assemblage" (p. 438) that Deleuze and Guattari signify as overstepping bounds. Beyond Ajay's last glass of alcohol that he can tolerate are other glasses; glasses that completely destabilise the assemblage and its territory. Boundary-crossings trigger deterritorialisation and Ajay's drinking provokes a new machinic connection with his wife, one that produces violence, separation, and the need for rehabilitation:

> *Then I proved I am, like, I am okay. I went through CADS and detox, and all that. I've done all the counselling—CADS, AA, NA.*[37] *Yeah, then she came back to me, and we were all good.*

However, life is not all good. Ajay relapses, and his relationship with his wife deteriorates:

> *Sometime work is not good—like stressful—and all those things come in my mind and sometimes start drink again. Yeah, that's like our differences, like going more far, more far. Sometimes work isn't good, so if it's not good, then stay home. Then sometimes, start drink, like early. Sometimes, like, three or four o'clock, it was. I know. Like bad, but I wasn't that much drunk. I am a chef. I always make curry before she comes home. But she comes, like... like ladies, "No, no, no why you drinking? You can drink? No. I can work. I earn money. You just sit and drink."*

[37] CADS = Community Alcohol and Drug Services; AA = Alcoholics Anonymous; NA = Narcotics Anonymous.
Something is missing from Ajay's account. He refers to Narcotics Anonymous, but makes no mention of using drugs during our conversations. Narcotics Anonymous makes no distinction between different addictive drugs (including alcohol), so it may be that Ajay has sought their help for his drinking problems. But he also distinguishes between NA and AA, and it may be that an admission of drug use is a more problematic boundary-crossing for Ajay to talk about.

Aside: It seems that in the intensity of his subjection to the molar forces in his life, Ajay has made himself into a body that cannot be populated by anything except alcohol. The context of his drinking is both produced by Ajay's drinking and modulates his drinking.

Thinking of Ajay as *an alcohol-drinking body*, and not as an *addict* or an *alcoholic* provokes an opportunity to think differently about his drinking. He starts each day from ground zero, pouring his first glass, subjectively evaluating where the limit lies today, and which glass will be the penultimate glass, the last glass before chaos ensues. He calculates that having food ready for his wife's return home changes conditions of time and space and enables him to establish limits on his drinking. But no. The penultimate glass is fragile. Ajay's evaluation of the value of the food prepared and its equivalence in alcohol consumed is different from the evaluation his wife makes. In his calculations, he is using a trade-off to determine that if he cooks, then he can drink. Her calculation is a choice between working and drinking, and she does not recognise his cooking as work—*I can work. I earn money,* she says in his narrative. *You just sit and drink.*

For Deleuze and Guattari "[d]rug addicts continually fall back into what they wanted to escape: a segmentarity all the more rigid for being marginal, a territorialisation all the more artificial for being based on chemical substances, hallucinatory forms, and phantasy subjectifications" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 285). Each time the drinker drinks, the alcohol-drinker-socius-space assemblage that he is part of combines spaces, his body (and the bodies of his drinking companions when present), affects, technologies, signs, habits, relationships, and …, and …, and expresses these in the fragmented subjectivities of the event (Duff, 2014a, 2014b; Oksanen, 2013). In his wife's evaluation of the fragmented subjectivities of Ajay's drinking, he crosses a threshold and the assemblage ruptures:

> *She came back. I was drinking. I don't know what's wrong with her. She called the police. Yeah. They took me away because she has a protection order then I came back again, and she again called the police.*[38]

[38] Ajay was bound by a Police Safety Order issued at the time of this first visit by police to his family home. He refers to his PSO as a protection order, although a PSO and a protection order are not the same thing. It is not until later in his story that a protection order is issued against him.

After being issued with a PSO and then breaching it, Ajay stays with a friend for a night, then two nights at a motel:[39]

> *Then on Sunday, she calls me, "Okay, you come home."*
>
> *And I called my friend, and he picked me up. He was my friend. He said, "Well, okay. Let's celebrate."*
>
> *So, we had some few cans of drink, like beers. Then I went back home. She said, "You drink again."*
>
> *Again, I said, "Okay. Sorry."*

I ask Ajay how much he was drinking:

> *Oh. Two bottles of wine. Yeah, sometimes. Sometimes one and a half and sometimes like one and a quarter. That time like I was okay and everything. And sometimes five or six strong beers, five, five strong beers.[40] More I was drinking when we came back from India. I went to India. I was drinking every day. They don't like. Even my family as well. I do that. That's true, yeah, but I don't know why I couldn't stop myself. Every day I was drinking. Hiding, drinking.*

He's mentioned hiding before:

> *Just drink, la, la, la. Sometime I go out sit in the car for like few, few, few minutes come back. She all right. Again, after half an [hour]*
>
> *T: Was that your pressure release? Sit in the car and…*
>
> *Yeah, yeah, yeah. Yeah, calm and calm down. She calms down, me calms down, we come back. ... When I came back, I started drinking harder, same. That's why she left me. She went to this refuge.*
>
> *Then it was like I realise. Then it was like I become like her: sober.*

---

[39] When a PSO is breached, NZ Police can take the bound person into custody and bring them before the court. The Court has various remedies available to it, including extending the current order (if the PSO has not expired), issuing a new order (if the PSO has expired), and considering whether a temporary protection order needs to be issued (New Zealand Police, 2020). In Ajay's case, Police removed him from the family home but did not take him into custody.

[40] Strong beers are typically 6.5% and above alcohol by volume, sold in 500ml cans

But then, no work. Start drinking again.

For Deleuze and Guattari we can only know the body through its connections: "We know nothing about a body until we know what it can do, in other words, what its affects are, how they can or cannot enter into composition with other affects, with the affects of another body" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 257). Ajay's alcohol-drinking body moves through the day, making and breaking different connections. It is not a stable or steady progression, as the intensity of his movement changes in conjunction with the spaces that Ajay moves through. As he moves through the day, Ajay chooses to drink in the spaces that are not visible to his family or his wife—*every day I was drinking. Hiding, drinking—sometime I go out sit in the car for like few, few, few minutes*—avoiding the scrutiny and supervision that comes with drinking openly. I read Ajay's repeated use of his car for drinking as a process of territorialisation, and of sedimentation, in which he produces his car as an unregulated drinking space that folds around him so that he can safely *calm and calm down*.

Ajay's machinic expression of his body-drug-affect assemblage also comes into action when his body is not otherwise working, and, when he is not working, the regulatory practices of the alcohol-using body fail Ajay, and he begins drinking again to excess. He may say he is sorry, but he falls back again into the patterns he apologises for:

> *So, she went to the work on Monday, and she came back. [I had] nothing to do. Started [signals drinking with his right hand] a little bit. Same happened on Tuesday. And I don't know what's wrong with her. She called the police and the landlord. He was also anti with me. I don't know why he was that. He took the trespass order against me! The trespass order!*

Ajay cannot explain what happened, but whatever it is, it is his wife's fault—something is *wrong with her*. His wife is even instrumental in turning their landlord, against him.

The Police take him into custody. He is taken from his home to Papakura Police Station where he spends two nights in the police cells, before appearing in court. He is charged with common assault, breaching his PSO, and property damage, and has the landlord's trespass order served on him, then is released on bail, on condition that he lives at Gandhi Nivas until he can find suitable alternative accommodation. When I talk with him, he has been at Gandhi Nivas for a month. The repercussions have rippled through his family:

My mum. My sisters. They all with her. They not talking to me. They talking to her, not to me. And I call them.

"No. We don't want to talk to you. Blah, blah, blah. This bullshit. You're not good man. Blah, blah."

"Listen to me. Not only is my fault."

"Nah, nah, nah. That's all your fault." Put the phone down. Hang up on me. […]

My sister, she call me around one month ago. I say, "What's up?" She say, "You're dead for us." She hung up. My other sister. Ah... [shrugs his shoulders and turns his mouth down] […]

My mother. She's not talking to me.

It has been several months since my initial conversations with Ajay. He has pled guilty to common assault, breaching his PSO, and property damage, and has been given a six-month suspended sentence, fined, and ordered to pay restitution to his former landlord. He has also been served with a Protection Order taken out against him by his former wife. Their marriage is over, and she has custody of their son. All the women in Ajay's life have disavowed him. And Ajay is drinking again.

He has been looking forward to our meal. Dal makhani was a favourite in his restaurants, and he is keen to see if I measure up. I have brought half a dozen roti I made earlier in the day, so once they are warmed up in the oven, and the dal is reheated, we sit down and begin eating. Ajay's animated. He likes my recipe but thinks something is missing. He tells me that traditionally the dish is cooked overnight over charcoal embers, which gives it the smoky-charcoal-infused flavour that is typical of the roadside restaurant or dhabha cooking in India. I quiz him on how to get that flavour into the dish when I do not have a charcoal cooking hearth. He confesses with a grin that he adds a little barbeque sauce.

Dal makhani
Spicy black lentil curry

Dal makhana is a popular dish of urad lentils and kidney beans from the Punjab region. The word makhan is Hindi for butter, and this dish contains a lot. Then there's the cream.

Soak the dal overnight for the best results, be generous with butter and cream, and occasionally mash the dal with the back of the spoon while cooking.

Serves 3-4 as a main meal or 6 as a side

8 hours or overnight preparation time

3 hours stovetop cooking time

Ingredients:

3/4 cup urad dal (black lentils)

1/4 cup red kidney beans

1/4 cup chana dal (split chickpeas)

1 whole black cardamom

1 short cinnamon stick

2 bay leaves

2 cm fresh ginger, peeled and grated

6-8 garlic cloves, peeled and crushed

1 green chilli, split lengthwise

4 tablespoons butter

1 tablespoon oil

1/2 teaspoon cumin seeds

1 pinch asafoetida powder

2-3 cloves

2-3 whole green cardamom pods

1 medium onion, peeled and finely chopped

1-2 green chillies, split lengthwise

2 large tomatoes, finely chopped

1/2 teaspoon red chilli powder

1 teaspoon garam masala

1/4 cup full cream

1 teaspoon dried fenugreek leaves

Salt to taste

1. Thoroughly wash pulses, leave to soak overnight in water.
2. Rinse, place in pot. Add black cardamom, cinnamon stick, bay leaves, half the ginger, half the garlic, green chilli, and 3-4 cups of water. Bring to boil and simmer on low heat for 2 to 2½ hours until soft and tender, adding more water when needed. Stir occasionally and skim any scum that rises to surface.
3. Once dal is soft, remove black cardamom pod, cinnamon stick, and bay leaves, and set aside.
4. Heat a heavy bottom pot with butter and oil.
5. Add cumin seeds and sauté until seeds start to pop.
6. Add asafoetida, cloves, and green cardamom pods. Sauté 30 seconds until aromatic.
7. Add onion. Sauté until golden.
8. Add balance of ginger and garlic, plus green chillies, and tomatoes. Continue sautéing until tomatoes soften.
9. Add red chilli powder and cooked dal and mix well.
10. Add 2 cups of reserved cooking water, bring to a boil, cover, and simmer on low for 20-25 minutes. Stir regularly, mashing lentils with back of spoon. Add water to loosen if necessary
11. Add garam masala, cream, paprika, and dried fenugreek. Stir well, simmering for a minute.

To garnish: top each bowl with cream and roughly chopped fresh coriander. Best enjoyed with naan, roti bread, or rice.

Tip: use a smoky barbeque sauce to add a smoky charcoal-infused flavour.

Figure 10. Dal makhani—spicy black lentil curry. (Source: Author)

House whispers about its ghosts:

> *I have ghosts living here, do you know? Yes, ghosts. They live in the men's rooms and haunt the hallway. You know about the ghosts: the men who come and leave, but don't engage with anyone. They talk with the counsellors, but that's only because they must.*
>
> *You know the ghosts. You sit in the lounge and sometimes see movements from the corner of your eye, man-shaped ephemera, flickering, fleeting shadows in the hallway, and you turn to look but nothing is there.*
>
> *They arrive at night. They don't talk to the other men. They don't mix. And then they're gone.*
>
> *I worry about what happens to them.*

Aside: Seeing ghosts requires a different kind of seeing. In a spectral sense, we might see a ghost as a representation of something else, such as a manifestation of social fears or taboos (Jackson, 1981; Mighall, 1993), or perhaps as an affective sensation of attachment to a particular place, which might involve emotions such as deep anger, or distress, or remorse, or maybe the loss of a loved one (Gordon, 1997; Holloway & Kneale, 2008). Our memories of homes that no longer exist, or friends who have died, can be similarly haunting and affectively complex, and leave us uncertain about what is happening around us, unsure of how to signify the unsignifiable.

It takes a different kind of seeing to see the hallway ghosts at Gandhi Nivas, too. Lights seem to go on and off on their own, I hear sounds of plates in the kitchen, but no-one is there when I look. I hear disembodied voices whispering indistinctly, conspiratorially. I sense shadows that only move when I am not looking directly into them.

There is more to the hallway ghosts at Gandhi Nivas. They are the men who don't engage with the services at the house, nor join us to eat or to tell their stories. They are the men who slide through the cracks, these hallway ghosts, and, like *House*, I wonder and worry about them, but now is not the time to dwell on them. Have patience. Be still. The ghosts will return.

Story three: Ronit hits out

It's early afternoon on a Friday in November. I'd met Ronit for the first time the night before and he agreed to tell me his story. He describes the night he hit his wife:

> Soon it started building some cracks between ourselves. We didn't talk to each other politely or we didn't show love and respect to each other. Because of these small issues we started just opening up [...]
>
> I started with my drink, and I had two drinks, and I said, "Now I am hungry. Can you kindly make me some food?"
>
> But she was not willing to do so. So again, a quarrel started. Again, a quarrel started. And slowly and surely, I - we started pushing - not pushing - pulling, pulling the plate from each other.
>
> She was pulling it from me. I was pulling it from her, and suddenly she blasted, and she started abusing. And it was the effect of - the effect of the moment when she abused me and my parents. So, I hit her.

Ronit is a Punjabi man in his mid-20s, and when I meet with him, he has been in Aotearoa New Zealand for a little over two months. He was removed from his house the previous evening after his wife called the police. They have bound him by PSO to Gandhi Nivas for two nights for hitting his wife. Unlike many of the men, Ronit is relaxed and open when we first meet. He seems to be somewhat bemused (and amused) by the whole proceedings—*here am I here only two nights for hitting my wife, while he is spending a month in jail without touching his wife*—gesturing to another man in the room who is on bail for a charge of threatening to kill his wife. He also feels a *little pissed off* that he was taken away at his wife's request: *we are on our wife's mercy, according to what women say is right and what women say is wrong. Where is the proof?*

When I first arrive at Gandhi Nivas, I find Ronit with another resident seated together in the lounge discussing psychological violence. It seems that Ronit is being coached:

> *Did she say that to you? As long as you got proof. If you can record her that she told you, "You should go, and bloody earn," and that stuff is there, then you got psychological violence against you.*
>
> *[…]*
>
> *You said you hit her, right? So, police don't have any proof, right? Because, not only you say you are guilty, but the court needs to find you guilty, See. That's the thing.*

I join them at the table, and they continue their lamentations and protestations. First one. Then the other. They are jockeying for positions as victims of gender politics, and both are working to deconstruct the fictions of equality in their narratives, criticising in one breath the laws that classify them monolithically as *violent men*, and discussing in the next breath how they can use the same laws for their own benefits.

Aside: This is the violent man assemblage, striating its spaces and strutting its stuff: men sitting together complaining about the women in their lives and swapping notes on how to work around a system that they think now works against them, oblivious to the privileges they enjoy.

If this is how they talk when I am around, what do they say when I am not here? The men are practising how to locate themselves as victims of their partners. They are fixing their locations, rather than enabling movement, and they are upskilling their

victimhood. I feel a sudden pang of regret for making an effort to cook for the men this evening.

But what's with my regret? Is it fuelled by some urge to chastise the men for positioning themselves as victims? That's not why I am here. I intend to sustain and nurture men as they eliminate violence from their lives, not to judge them, however uncomfortable I am with what I witness.

I shake off the regrets and judgements and start laying out the ingredients for a fish curry. I have a recipe of my mother's that I am preparing. It is laden with some of my favourite spices and gives me an excuse (not that I need excuses!) to use some of the beautiful Kashmiri chillies the local spice merchant stocks. They are relatively mild and add vivid colour and a lovely fruity undertone to the curry sauce. The colour comes out most strongly when they are powdered, so I have roasted mine for a few minutes and blitzed them almost to dust in a spice grinder. *Kanyache human*, or fish curry with rice, is a staple diet in Goa, and coconut and chillies are vital ingredients. Mum's fish curry recipe comes from her early years in Fiji, and it resembles Goan cuisine—hot, sweet with jaggery, sour from tamarind, sharp, fragrant with coconut. With a few tweaks here and there to move the recipe closer to Goa, I make a fish curry that mum is always happy to be served.

Aside: There I go, seeking my mother's approval again. Is that Oedipal? Or an indication of my striated and codified respect for my parents, beaten into me from an early age, both literally and figuratively? Freudian? Deleuzo-Guattarian? I trace both modes of analysis (psycho- and schizo-) back to familial figures and relationships in my early life. However, Freud distorts my reasoning to his own ends by situating me in a father-mother-son triangle to produce a narrative about my relationship with my adult heterosexuality. In contrast, Deleuze and Guattari might describe my early years as a "childhood block, a becoming, the opposite of a childhood memory" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 164), that makes possible lines of flight to different lived actualities. I think I'd rather be a childhood block of becoming than an angle in a love-triangle with my parents.

We begin. Ronit was raised from birth in a patriarchal family structure. That much is established in the opening words of his conversation with me as if it were an integral part of his identity that needs to be established at the beginning of his story:

> *I am from Punjab. In our early days, in our culture, the men are the head of the family. The man. And he earns for the family, and he's the bread earner for the family. Nowadays the time has changed, but when we were growing up, that was the scenario.*

Ronit's experiences of change are intimately woven through the fabric of his understanding of families, in times when men had clear-cut authority. He locates the men in his family in terms of roles, responsibilities, provision of resources, gender, and intergenerational understandings, and he has expectations that men *lead* families. Above all, the head of the family is the *man*, and the man is the *breadwinner*, the one who earns. Sonawat observes: "roles, responsibility, control, and distribution of resources within the family are strictly determined by age, gender and generation" (Sonawat, 2001, p. 180).

Later in our conversation, Ronit elaborates on his own father's roles, responsibilities, and control of resources:

> *He used to bring all the household items from the market, and he used to take us to the school and bring us back from the school every day. He took responsibility for that. And again, all the bills and all, he used to deposit in the particular office. The electricity bill and all. He used to do all the outdoor work, and my mother used to do all the indoor work. Wake us. Groom us. Help us in our studies.*

His father is the axis of decision-making in the family, while his mother's energies are directed towards family-specific skills of household and child care, skills that are less portable and that factor in the ongoing differentials in gender earning power in India (Agarwal, 1990; Borooah, 2000; Gupta et al., 2017; Jensen, 2010). Not only does Ronit's father (implicitly) provide income for the family, but (explicitly) provides provisions from the market. Ronit characterises him as someone adept in worldly matters: capable of navigating the social environments of officialdom and administration, as well as the markets and schools in his community. In contrast, his mother's responsibilities are (explicitly) confined to childcare and (implicitly) to household chores. Home-space and outside-space are clearly defined, and the home-space for women is a site of servitude where cultural norms and values are obeyed and

taught to successive generations. For men, their masculinity exempts them from this servitude (Bhattacharyya, 2013, 2019).

In his storying, I read Ronit's descriptions of his siblings as socialised resources whose benefits are captured by the entire family, and this evokes Folbre's discussion of children as public goods—because childrearing generates possibilities for broad social and economic benefits (Folbre, 1994). Ronit's sister is a qualified health practitioner in Australia, and Ronit has tertiary qualifications in engineering and business studies. Both contribute financially through regular remittances that go to their family in India. Moreover, like other men in this project, Ronit makes early references to class structure and the expectations of his parents and the wider community they are part of:

> *In India at that time, there was a scenario that when a child was born, a lot of pressure was put on him. Because elders already decide that, "Okay, a boy is born. He will be a doctor." "This boy is born. He will be an engineer." And so that was the case.*

I read the same micro-fascist operations of the family as a State-ist machine in Ronit's description of the involvement of an entire community in determining the career of the child, as I read in Parmeet's struggles with his family to enter a love marriage. Objections are precluded because the community has made its decision. Moreover, the career options for the child are professions that require tertiary studies and qualifications. Implicit in the decision of career is that each generation works towards the betterment of the community. However, it is not just a decision on a career; it is a decision made explicitly for a boy child. By implication, the community does not make similar decisions for girl children: the same career options are not available to girls in that community. Ronit's destiny is to enrol at his local university where he completes an undergraduate degree in chemical engineering. His first job is in a distillery in another city in Punjab:

> *It was a day and night shift, twelve hours shift from 8 am to 8 pm, and 8 pm to 8 am, and if next reliever is not available, then we need to continue for 24 hours, 12 hours more, so it was really very hectic.*

However, his health deteriorates because he is not able to look after himself:

I didn't got much things to eat. I didn't knew how to cook, so I was dependent on the food that I got from the market. And, when we had night shift, I was unable to sleep in the day because I was living in the rented flat. I wanted to sleep because I go to work the whole night, but other boys wanted to see the tv. They sleeping whole night so it was really difficult. I didn't get proper sleep. Due to that my health started deteriorating.

Ronit complains to his parents—*I didn't wish to contribute to this job. I am not feeling really satisfied, and I don't like the job, and I think that if I continue, then my health will deteriorate even more*—and they invite him home to recuperate and to discuss other career options. The family agrees that banking offers a suitable alternative and Ronit takes three months off to prepare for banking exams[41]. He passes all eight exams and is promptly offered a job in one of India's 19 nationalised banks:

And it was going really well, but really have some issues. The transfer issues. You need to travel with all your stuff, again from one place to another, all the furniture, all the household items. But still, I always loved to wander round new places and explore new places, so I really loved that job, and I was doing it pretty well.

T: how many times did you get transferred in the bank in India?

it was four times

T: and different states?

Different states. I am from north India. I've seen south India, east India. Only west is left because I never got transferred over there, but most of the states I have seen. But every banker's life in India is like this. They get transferred every two to three years.

I am curious about how he survives these times away from his parents, when, in his previous work in the distillery, he is unable to cope for himself. He explains that each of his rented accommodations includes housekeeping, laundry, a daily meal—*but I too would eat the street food.*

He observes that times are changing, an observation he returns to again and again during our conversations together. Early on, he tells me that *it's a necessity in the coming years that both men and*

[41] India's Institute of Banking Personnel Selection (IBPS) is a public sector banking recruitment body that conducts exams for recruitment to clerical and management positions in the banking sector.

women should be working. That was the main thing that I learnt: that both should be working, and both should be self-independent. He elaborates, explaining that:

> *A single person can't handle all the issues. In most families, that is the case that the man is earning, and the woman is saving. The workload needs to be shared. A single man or a single woman I don't think so can do it properly or manage it properly.*

The sharing of workloads and income-earning that Ronit describes as his ideal are movements that have significant potential to weaken institutionalised male authority in patriarchal/patrilocal Indian families (Ariplackala & George, 2015; Sonawat, 2001; Sooryamoorthy, 2012). However, the movements in gender roles that Ronit describes remain deeply sex-role oriented:

> *Both should be working, and both should be self-independent. In most of the parts in India, women are not self-independent, and they are dependent on the men. So, I think that is really hard for them as some women cannot even go to the market to buy something without their husbands. Okay. That is a problem for the woman, but that is a bigger problem for the man as he's working all day. As he does the household outdoor works, and when he comes back, he needs to go to the market with his wife. Again, that is also really hectic. So, if the woman was self-empowered or self-independent, she would gone herself, and she would have bought all the stuff that she wanted. The exertions of that man could have been saved.*

Ronit meets his future wife while studying for his IELTS[42] exams. He is studying for the exams at the suggestion of his sister, who has encouraged him to move to Aotearoa New Zealand so that he can better himself. His prospective wife:

> *was also doing her IELTS at that particular time. So, we met over there. And she was also quite intelligent, and she was on advanced IELTS. And I... I used to ask her quite a lot of questions that how can I improve particular aspects of my English.*

[42] The International English Language Testing System, or IELTS, is an international standardised test of English language proficiency for non-native English language speakers.

The relationship blossoms:

> *Slowly we started getting mixed up. We shared our family backgrounds and all that. We shared our dreams about... with each other and what we want to be. Why are we here? What we want to do? And after all this, we thought that our dreams are quite similar. We want to be, we are, you know, on the same base. We have the same target, and we are going at serious ... She was also a pretty good-looking girl, and I felt in love with her. And after two months, two and a half months, I told her that, "I love you, and I want to marry you."*

He explains that his parents were happy for him to make his own decision about whom he can marry:

> *From when I was fifteen sixteen, they used to me feel that if you want to marry with your good wish, then you can marry anyone you want. They don't believe in any caste system and any religion. They say if you love anybody, then you can propose and will getting married.*

Even so, there are the wishes of her parents to consider, and a process of negotiation is worked through over the next two months:

> *My parents said these things, but we are not sure about what the girl's parents think. They might believe in the caste system. They might believe in the religion. So, there were problems. All these issues that we need to address. But slow and steady when they saw our behaviour when they saw our love, they... they said, "Okay, we don't want to interfere, and it's okay with us."*

The two marry and spend the early months of their married life living with Ronit's family, but their intentions to migrate to Aotearoa New Zealand remain strong. His wife comes first on a Fee-Paying Student Visa[43] so that she can establish herself in her studies at a tertiary institute in South Auckland. Ronit follows two months later travelling on a visitor's visa:

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[43] A Fee-Paying Student Visa enables the holder to study full-time at the course stated on the visa (including primary, secondary, tertiary, and English language study) and work part-time up to 20 hours a week while studying or full-time in the holidays, depending on the visa conditions.

That was very very difficult phase for us then when she came all alone from India to New Zealand. Straight here all alone in a new country with the new atmosphere and the new people. And after two months I came over here. That was a tough period.

Why was that?

When I got here, I realised that things had, pretty... changed, as she used to study and what, her habits had changed. She was staying all alone then she feels she can eat anything she want ... But when I came here, I was not ready for this environment. I had the same habit of having food three times a day, and it was really tough ten to twelve days in the starting ... she needs to prepare food for me as well. She's here for studies. She's applying for jobs. But now I am here too, she needs to prepare food for me, and she needs to take care of me.

I asked Ronit what else he had noticed was different:

She got the freedom when she came here. She was all free. She could move around eat sleep all she wanted. But when I arrived here then she was also finding it a little bit difficult to adjust because every now and then if she's going out, I am going with her.

As did Parmeet and the other men who have immigrated to Aotearoa New Zealand, Ronit leaves behind the great molar mass of the Indian patriarchal system and becomes minoritarian, a subaltern man on a visitor's visa in Aotearoa New Zealand. Like Parmeet, Ronit's arrival is partial. Like Parmeet's wife, Ronit's wife settles into a new milieu on her arrival in Aotearoa New Zealand. Like Parmeet's wife, Ronit's wife can take on aspects of the masculine figuration that enable her to move independently of her husband, to think independently, and to make decisions for herself. Nevertheless, there are differences between the stories of Parmeet and Ronit.

Ronit tells me that the first few weeks after his arrival were difficult for them both—*I started thinking about it and I came to the decision that I should start helping her*. He decides that he will also learn to cook some basic meals:

So, I went to the kitchen, and I was really, you know, "What is this? What to add where?" And I didn't help much, and she helped me out. Okay. And I learned some dishes, really easy, easy dishes, some like omelette and all that I can cook and eat. ...

If she needs to go to work, I can have my own breakfast. I make my own lunch. But the only thing is that when she comes back, she prepares a curry because I don't know how to cook a curry. She prepares curry and then we have dinner otherwise I just eat bread and eggs the whole day [...]

She is off from the college on summer vacation, and she is working full time, and she used to come home, and she's really tired from the small kids at the early childhood centre, and I will prepare the tea for her, and if she is hungry, I will prepare the menu for her. But, you know, sometimes if I am not ready to make it if I am not willing to make it, so, the small quarrel started and the vice versa also when I am hungry, and she is not willing to make it then again small quarrels will start happening. ...

So soon it started building some cracks between ourselves. We didn't talk to each other politely, or we didn't show love and respect to each other. ...

She came back at five in the evening, and she asked me that, "I am hungry, so can you cook me some noodles?"

I went to the kitchen and prepared the noodles for her, and I gave her to eat. After some time, I just wanted to have a drink. I started with my drink, and I had two drinks, and I said, "Now I am hungry. Can you kindly make me some food?" but she was not willing to do.

So again, a quarrel started. Again, a quarrel started. And slowly and surely, I, we started, you know, we started pushing. Not pushing—pulling—pulling the plate from each other. She was pulling it from me. I was pulling it from her, and suddenly she blasted, and she started abusing. And it was the effect of... the effect of the moment when she abused me and my parents. So, I hit her. So, when I hit her, she called the Police.

Ronit has been in Aotearoa New Zealand for only eight weeks.

Using thematic analyses of the personal experiences of work-family conflicts between dual-earner couples working in IT, public service, and social welfare sectors in India, Kalliath, Kalliath, and Singh (2010) observe that the centrality of the family and institutionalisation of family/gender role structures in Indian culture are central to gender-based social pressures. Dominant expectations are for men to associate with work outside the home, whether on repairs and maintenance on the residential property or at paid work. In contrast, women are

associated with work inside the home and especially with unpaid family work such as household chores and early child-care. As with the expectations that emerge through the men's narratives, so too, there is an expectation that Ronit's mother and his wife direct their energies towards household work and childcare. With family and gender role structures being as heavily codified and striated as they seem to be in Indian culture, it becomes expected that men should prioritise work over family and that women should prioritise the opposite, family before work (Kalliath, Kalliath, & Singh, 2010). Although Kalliath et al., derive their findings from the experiences of dual earners, we find similar expectations in Ronit's account of events. Even though he is not working, not *carrying the family*, not *earning the bread*, even though his wife studies full time and works part-time, he still expects her to prepare food for him.

Aside: I wonder what Ronit's wife would say. Does she ascribe to the same understandings that her work should focus on household and child-care? It seems to me that in the context of Ronit's narrative, she resists the burden of male expectations.

As for Ronit, he embraces and endorses the male gender roles that drive, discipline, and carry families, yet he does not work. In Ronit's way of knowing, he does not work but should, while his wife shouldn't work but does. Remember that Parmeet becomes minoritarian, whereas his wife's movement is towards new possibilities in more liberal spaces. There is a similar double movement here in Ronit's storying. What conflicts does this set up between Ronit and his wife? And between Ronit and his male role stereotype?

He is reluctant to make his wife food after her full day of work at the child-care centre—*you know sometimes if I am not ready to make it, if I am not willing to make it*—and expects that his wife ought to do what he is not willing to do—*and I said, "Now I am hungry. Can you kindly make me some food?" but she was not willing to do*. Ronit makes it clear in his story that when he and his wife are home together, he wants to be fed, indeed expects to be fed regularly, without the reciprocity of treating her as he expects to be treated: the flow is unidirectional. He enjoys the economic benefits of her labour outside the home and the social and personal benefits of her attention to household duties. Still, it seems clear that his welfare comes before his wife's and that he expects his wife to place family before her work. However, he does not reciprocate. According to his account, this is a constant source of friction between the two: most of their

quarrels start because he is unwilling to make food for his wife and because he wants her to make food for him.

Aside: The ways that Ronit projects a benevolent, liberated self-image are many and complex. His expectations for food are 'kindly' declared as if courtesy trumps shared contributions to domestic chores. He allows his wife to work because it is financially advantageous for women to contribute what they can to the task of earning income for the household (and besides it reduces his workload, meagre though it is). He buys himself a car, rationalising that it will free up time in his wife's working day. Free up time to do what? Teach him to cook? To clean? Or free up time to make him curries whenever he's hungry?

Or perhaps, says cynical me, driving her to work is another form of control: knowing where she is and isn't, surveilling her, controlling her movement, imposing order on her, over-coding her.

Aside to my aside: Mandy asks, "Is this a grumpy Tony? Seems like his vain attempts at liberal egalitarianism are not entirely pulling on your heartstrings. Not that they necessarily should."

"No," I confess. "I don't get the vain attempts at liberal egalitarianism, and I know I shouldn't be so reactive and so judgemental."

"What's shouldn't? Shouldn't by whose standards?" Mandy asks.

I don't know. Is it permissible for me to feel angry or frustrated or bemused by some of the men's comments? Are there interspaces in a thesis-assemblage where the authorial voice can break down for a little while?

No, Ronit's attempts at liberal egalitarianism don't tug at my heartstrings. And that's a problem. I want to offer understanding to the men. I try to hear their stories without being judgemental, and yet I feel frustrated at Ronit's reluctance to recognise and step out of the striations of his upbringing. When I hear his observation that his wife should do for him what he's not willing to do for her, I want to reach out and shake him firmly by the shoulders and say to him "For fuck's sake! Get off your arse. Help around the house, learn to cook, let your wife relax when she gets home, ..."

> However, that was how I was brought up: cooking, cleaning, helping others. Those are striations that have shaped my journey, not Ronit's.

Something is awry. On the surface, Ronit displays characteristics of his patriarchal upbringing. However, something is missing. He knows the script, but he is not following it. He is not carrying the family, not earning the bread. He is unable to comply with the patriarchal convention that men should work outside the home and, so, he is not compliant with all the codifications of his upbringing. He is unable to work, and this has negative value in his established order of things, his patriarchal conventions. It is a marginalising outcome for a man who places much importance on supporting his family and on earning the bread. I read in his storying that his reluctance to do housework is a compensating display of protest masculinity (Poynting, Noble, & Tabar, 1998), and that he derives positive value from his patriarchal conventions because he has a normative understanding that as a man, he is exempt from housework and to undertake housework would be feminising.

There is something else happening, as well. Ronit is subordinating his wife to his over-coding tendencies. Things happen when he decides. However, his over-coding tendencies in their relationship produce reciprocal and asymmetrical decoded flows in response from her. The asymmetry between the two constructs an apparatus for resentment, a combative *antagony-machine*, which amplifies the potential for ruptures, and sets up possibilities for Ronit to destroy the relationship if he continues to feed his overcoded expectations into the machine. At the same time, the antagony-machine sets up possibilities for Ronit's wife to recode her body/identity/assemblage in ways that she desires, through liberating herself from Ronit's over-coding, and this, too, sets up possibilities for rupturing the boundaries between home-space and outside-space. If the boundaries are ruptured, then possibilities arise for Ronit's wife to subvert Ronit's traditional norms and establish an identity with equal and non-gendered status outside the home space and in it.

Food itself becomes an aggressive catalyst that organises the bodies of Ronit and his wife around their meals according to the affective intensities involved in the act of feeding another person. The words and movements of each body are intensified by the antagony-machine—*pulling - pulling the plate from each other. She was pulling it from me. I was pulling it from her.* Food is a catalyst for the ensuing violence, but it does not cause violence. Instead, the affective intensity involved in the act of feeding another person constitutes the possibility for violence. Massumi

(2002) would contend that anything can happen as the affective intensity of the moment reaches its height, but Ronit's body is already constituted as a State-ist machine and is overcoded with an inclination to violence through the asymmetry of the power balance between the two.

There are other materialities as well that affect the production of the antagony-machine. Home-space for women is a site of servitude and Ronit employs his understanding of masculinity to avoid servitude and to exempt himself from participation in household chores––*the men are the head of the family. The man. And he earns for the family, and he's the bread earner for the family*. Ronit also talks about drinking alcohol, and he describes his wife's abuse of his parents. All are performative materialities that modify the operation of their antagony-machine. However, the channelling function of each materiality is far from clear or given in Ronit's account.

After the police arrive, they interview Ronit and his wife, and other asymmetries emerge. In his story, Ronit readily admits to the police that he slapped his wife, and she had only used words. Nevertheless, he claims, she was the instigator. She started it. The police issue Ronit with a 48-hour PSO and remove him to Gandhi Nivas, where I meet with him the next day.

As we conclude our meal and Ronit's story, he talks about how much he is looking forward to seeing his wife again—*it is... you can say excitement. It is in my mind that I have not seen my wife for one day—24 hours—and I just want to meet her. I have not even heard her voice for 24 hours.* I wonder if she shares Ronit's eagerness and whether Ronit will continue to feed the antagony-machine that operates in the space between himself and his wife.

Ronit comes back to Gandhi Nivas the next week to talk with me, and we talk about his return home to his wife after the safety order expired:

> *Going back was really nice ... she was really happy, and I was really happy, and as soon as I entered the room, we smiled at each other, and we both knew that we were, you know, we were both wrong at our part. She abused me; she was wrong. I hit her; I was wrong. So, I apologised to her, and we said, okay, whatever has happened has happened. We should have a new beginning so that we can overcome these small problems like it should not be a material issue in the coming days. So also, she agreed. We had this long discussion. I reached home at 11 pm, and we had a long discussion, and it went up to 3:30 in the morning ... we could see with each other's eyes that we were behaved so badly.*

What did Ronit and his wife discuss?

The first and foremost thing: if one person is angry, the other should remain calm. That is the main thing that will not let the situation deteriorate. ... if I am angry on someone and he is smiling, I am saying something, and he is smiling at me, and it will be gone within a few minutes.

The second thing: I told her that one of my friend told me talk early and often. That we need not bind it up in us and burst it in harm. If you don't like anything in me or a thing about what I said you should stop me at that particular moment and say I don't like this particular thing that you said or that you are doing. That too also helps us out.

The third thing: I will learn more things to help you out in the household work. That I will try to now make some curries, I will try to learn it from you. You just help me out with some curries, and as I am on a visitor's visa, I am not working so then I will try to make the curries before you come back home.

For the first time since meeting Ronit, I sense the politics of his home-space has changed. There seems a perceptible movement towards a new kind of family system in which he stays calm, communicates with his wife early and often, and does more around their home. Ronit has not participated in anger management sessions but has had other follow-up counselling with Gandhi Nivas staff during the past week. He and his wife are working to rebuild their relationship. He admits there are times when they are both frustrated, but they make an effort and work the compromises. Deleuze and Guattari (1987) tell me that repetition defines coding and that the power of repetition as indefinite potential can be unleashed as a machinic force without fixed orientation, that leads to metamorphosis, and it seems that the repetition of different ways of interacting with his wife has begun metamorphing Ronit's approach to his relationship. He helps around the house, and his cooking has improved: he has been learning from YouTube videos, and now prepares meals for his wife two and sometimes three days a week. Although they are simple meals, he is proud of his efforts.

I read no grand theory of rehabilitation in Ronit's story, but there is an enunciation of lines of flight that move Ronit away from the ways that he constitutes himself as dependent on others despite his endorsement of liberal egalitarianism. His body has disrupted the striations that organise divisions between men's and women's work and is plugging into different ways of becoming a man. He concludes:

That was the first time I've been in a situation of this type in my life. Not having any contact with her and all. I missed her a lot. That was the case. I understand that anger is not the solution of anything. Not anything. It is not a solution of anything so we should control it.

Kanyache human Goan fish curry

This curry always evokes my childhood, with its wealth of rich, hot, and sour seafood curries prepared from our fishing adventures.

It's best to use a firm-fleshed fish so that it doesn't fall apart during cooking. Like Madhur Jaffrey, I include a star anise as a nod to Goa's trading past: it adds a deep sweet menthol note that works well with both the sweetness of the coconut milk and palm sugar and the sourness of the tamarind paste. Figure 11.

Serves 3-4 as a main meal or 5-6 as an entree

10 minutes preparation time

20-25 minutes cooking time

Ingredients:

2 teaspoons coriander seeds

1 teaspoon cumin seeds

5-6 large dried chillies

1 star anise

½ teaspoon Szechuan pepper

½ teaspoon turmeric powder

1 tablespoon palm sugar

2 garlic cloves, peeled

Knob of fresh ginger, peeled and grated

1 teaspoon salt

3 tablespoons vegetable oil

½ onion, peeled and finely diced

1 tablespoon tomato paste

1-2 tablespoons tamarind paste

400ml tin coconut milk

2-3 fresh green chillies, slit longwise

Salt and pepper to taste

500g fish fillets, pref. a firm white flesh, e.g., snapper, tarakihi, gurnard, hapuku

250g prawn tails, peeled and deveined

(or additional 250g fish)

8-10 fresh curry leaves

1. Gently toast coriander, cumin, chillies, Szechuan pepper, and star anise in a dry pan until fragrant. Grind to a powder in a pestle and mortar or spice grinder, add turmeric, palm sugar, garlic, ginger, and salt and grind to a smooth paste. Add just enough water to mix to a thick paste. Set aside.
2. Heat oil in a large pan over a medium high heat.
3. Add onion and stir while sautéing until soft and golden.
4. Add spice paste and tomato paste. Continue sautéing and stirring for 2-3 minutes.
5. Mix in tamarind paste, coconut milk, and 100ml water, then add fresh green chillies and bring to boil.
6. Turn down and leave to simmer for 10-15 minutes, adjust consistency by adding water, a small amount at a time. Adjust for seasonings.
7. While sauce is simmering, cut fish into 5-8cm pieces. Dust fish and prawns with salt and pepper both sides.
8. Once sauce has reduced and thickened slightly, slip fish and prawns into pan and baste with sauce. Cover and turn heat right down. Cook for 10 minutes or until thickest piece of seafood is just cooked through.
9. Crush curry leaves and add to pan. Gently stir through and serve with rice.

Figure 11. Kanyache human—Goan fish curry. (Source: Author)

Story four: Raghav and his wife

Raghav really wants to tell me his story. We speak for hours. He gives me a rich and detailed account of his childhood in India, his arranged marriage, and migration to Aotearoa New Zealand, then explains:

> She was saying that, "I escaped you from the police because I didn't blame you under - I could charge you under the violence - domestic violence charges. I will complain you. I will complain police about everything you did with me. I escaped you from that. I rescued you, and I AM going to inform the police. I'm going to do this. I'm going to deport you. You're just here for residency."
>
> I said, "Okay. That's enough. I'm not here for residency. I was here for you. Only for you. And if you - you saying I'm here for residency, and you going to deport me... Why you going to deport me? I'm not going to do that."
>
> So, I... I slapped her, and I called the police.
>
> And then I said, "I'm going. You should be happy. You should be very happy. Take care of my daughter. And I'm going from here. Goodbye."

Raghav is a Punjabi man in his early twenties. He has been in Aotearoa New Zealand for nine months and was bound to Gandhi Nivas for three days under a PSO for assaulting his wife, then a few days after going home voluntarily returned for another, more extended stay. He is a regular attendee at anger management sessions. We have met several times informally and have participated in two group discussions together. Raghav has already emerged as a collaborator in this project through his participation in the discussion on growing up in another country.[44] He has returned to Gandhi Nivas this evening and is so eager to recount his story in detail that we talk for three and a half hours.[45]

Aside: Raghav's enjoyed eating the vegetarian foods I've served up to the men, but he's confided in me that his favourite food is chicken. There's a not-so-subtle suggestion in his words, which becomes revelatory. Raghav's suggestion that I might consider cooking him chicken imbues the logic of my ethic of care as a nurturing-machine with a normative expectation that I am here to please him in much the same way that he might expect his wife to cook his favourite meal. Raghav feminises my efforts to construct a closer research relationship through food. It is not the first time one of the men does this, and it won't be the last time (as the next opening reveals). I comply for the time being, as I am curious about where such a border crossing might lead. I comply because I am curious about the subjectification of caring, desire, and nurturing-machines. I am curious about the rationality of the gift of food, and about the social forces that shape Raghav's desires and converge in my cooking. I am curious about the ways that caregiving work can be so casually feminised and the instabilities and the slippages that might occur in my relationship with Raghav.

I comply for the time being by making a chicken dopiaza, a South Asian dish that uses onions two ways: firstly, by being sautéed into the spices and secondly, by being fried separately to be added later in the cooking process.

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[44] I have encountered Raghav earlier in this project, in the group sessions.

[45] I've observed earlier that Raghav locates himself through references to his patrilineage - *[I was] born in a farming family. With the crops. And my father and my grandfather they raised all our family. My father's grandfathers and generations of their fathers and grandfathers, all were farmers.* As I reread through transcripts of our conversations, I notice that in all of the exchanges that we have he refers to his father more than twenty times but doesn't mention his mother once.

Raghav begins his story with his arranged marriage. He is not involved in the early negotiations between the respective families and the marriage intermediary. In his recounting, the process unfolds around him as if he is a spectator. Intimacy and affect do not feature. Instead, he emphasises pragmatic practices of negotiating a union between two families, and a sense that the marriage process is economically driven begins to emerge. Raghav uses the analogy of a job interview when he describes his first appearance before a panel of men from his bride-to-be's family:

> *The first time her family came to see me, there were five people. They were sitting like this [indicates a line of people sitting opposite him] my father was the only one with me, but after a few moments, he just went outside with the person who arranged the meet. So, it was like an interview, actually [laughs] and I cleared. I qualified that interview.*

He sees nothing of his prospective fiancée until meeting her briefly through a Skype video chat late in the negotiations. He is in India; she is in Aotearoa New Zealand. Neither seems to have much say in the choice of spouse, having not participated in the partner selection process, nor a courtship process:

> *they arranged a Skype, so we could talk to each other. We find that it's all good*
>
> *T: so how often did you talk?*
>
> *It was just once. It was just once, to talk, and to make a decision.*

Careful auditing of respective families, property, and extended kinfolk ensues:

> *There is a person who knows us who knows them as well, that arrange the meetings of both families. Then they talk to each other. They know the grounds of each other. They see each other's place. They see the relatives. That kind of things. ... so, we got engaged. It was actually the ring exchange. She wasn't in India. So, we sent my side of things with her parents to her. So, we got engaged.*

Even after the engagement is successfully negotiated and announced, there is no courtship. The two live in different countries and meet face-to-face for the first and only time before marriage a year later, just two weeks before the marriage ceremony. Operationalised inter-relational determinants of marital quality that are familiar to Western contexts, such as

satisfaction, togetherness, and personal compatibility (Allendorf, 2013), are missing from Raghav's story. Instead, the socio-political alliance between two bloodlines dominates, as it did in Parmeet's story of his own arranged marriage, told earlier, and the capitalist conditions of the arranged marriage are explicit in Raghav's interview for the job of husband. His desiring-machine is willingly subordinated to the class interests of both families and poses no threat to the circumstances and requirements of the arranged marriage.

The telecommunications application Skype adds a novel dimension. The software intersects with traditional social understandings of arranged marriage by providing a new virtual and visual dimension to communications between the couple. The flows from this intersection create various ruptures, fragmenting some acts—such as not meeting together to exchange rings—and reinforcing others. The Skype meeting between the couple facilitates the arranged marriage process by bringing remote bodies together in a virtual space, where their separate bodies become a virtual engaged-assemblage.

While Raghav's desiring-machine is subordinated and aligned with the interests of his family, for his wife, the possibilities of the arranged marriage are different. She is to be subordinated to a patriarchal system which expects her to be a good mother, wife, daughter, and daughter-in-law, and, following Rajiva (2014), I read a possibility for the arranged marriage, in which it becomes a traumatic event. The marriage is an arrangement in which Raghav's wife is situated as a compliant body that is moderated within a patriarchal structure. The possibility of violence becomes a normalised aspect of her everyday life. Indeed, patriarchal violence emerges in the days before their marriage, when Raghav describes an argument between his wife and her father, in front of himself:

> *She was saying that to her parents that, "What these guys have? They have no money. They have nothing. They don't even have good character."*
>
> *I said, "What? Shut up! Shut up your mouth now!"*
>
> *And he's... her father asked, asked her, "Do we have money?"*
>
> *She said, "Money is in my face. Money is everywhere. I have money."*
>
> *He slapped her and said, "Look, you have to be live with these guys. We already told that this is the final decision. These guys and this is the place you gonna have to live."*

The uncompliant body is subordinated and forced to comply, reterritorialised by the blunt molar force of her father's hand and the customary authority over young, female bodies that it represents: this is my decision, and you will comply. Then another traumatic event emerges:

> *Just less than one week [after] we were married there was a big drama at my place. She blamed me that I have an affair with my brother's wife. I said, "What? Are you crazy?"*
>
> *I tried to make her listen that this is not good thinking, that you have to change your thinking to be in a good relationship ... and then I told her that this was not true and that's just... the craziness of your mind. The day she—my wife—blamed me that I have an affair, she was totally gone mad.*

Before continuing, note that particular kinds of desiring-machines are at work in Raghav's narrative. They are "dualism-machines" (Deleuze and Guattari, 1987, p. 276) which fabricate binaried relationships and opposable organisms: day-night, man-woman, aggressor-victim, conscious-unconscious. That is what dualism-machines do. The institutionalised dualism-machine of the State binarises Raghav and his wife: the State apparatus of the PSO locates Raghav at the aggressor pole of an aggressor-victim binary. In contrast, it locates his wife at the victim pole. The apparatus of the legal system also appropriates his body, giving negative value to it and enabling it to be regarded, if not as the body of an 'offender',[46] then at least as that of an 'abuser'.

However, dualism-machines do not rely only on the opposing terminologies of the binary. There is a central point of judgement in any binary, a point that Deleuze and Guattari call the "third eye"[47] (1987, p. 292), which organises binary distributions between the poles of the dualism-machine. As Deleuze and Guattari observe, the only means of escape from the machine is "to be in-between, to pass in-between" (p. 277). When one passes in between, one becomes imperceptible and asignifying: "We go from a content that is well defined, localized,

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[46] The term *offender* has a recognised meaning in law: a person who has been charged with an illegal act. A person bound by a PSO is not an offender because there is no charge involved. Despite this legal difference, there is a sense in the stories of the men that they do not distinguish between being bound by a PSO and being labelled as an offender.

[47] Deleuze and Guattari's third eye is not the eye of insight, the gateway to higher consciousness, that occupies the ajna chakra in dharmic spiritual traditions (Sarasawati, 2001; Satyananda, 1972), but an altogether different eye. It is the judgmental eye, the eye of the camera, and the eye of the brain-city that replaces the eyes of nature.

and belongs to the past, to the a priori general form of a nonlocalizable *something* that has happened" (p. 288, original emphasis). However, in his narrative, Raghav does not pass in between or become imperceptible and asignifying. Instead, he mobilises his dualism-machine to counter that of the state apparatus: he assigns negative valence to his wife, portraying her as unstable several times in his narrative—*this is not good thinking ... you have to change your thinking the craziness of your mind ... she was totally gone mad*—and when Raghav locates his wife at the crazy/gone-mad pole of a dualism-machine, he locates himself at the sane/sensible pole where he can assign positive valence to himself. It is a deterritorialising strategy that enables Raghav to mobilise a line of flight away from the violent man assemblage, enabling him to produce himself as non-violent: it is all about the craziness of her mind, not the violence that Raghav uses.

Raghav has a rationale for the portrayal. He tells of another incident only a few days later in which he describes his newly married wife, beating Raghav's niece for jumping on a bed. Raghav calls her parents and asks *what's the problem with her? If she don't trust, then take her and go home*. Her parents reveal that their daughter, his wife, *has some mental health issues. She's on medication, and you guys stopped her medication.* Raghav explains to me that his wife's family gave him medication at the time of their marriage and told him it was prescribed as a treatment for her skin allergy. He googled the medication, became concerned at its side-effects, asked her how her skin was—*yeah, it's all right*—and told her *don't take that medication again*. It emerges that his wife's medication is Citalopram,[48] a drug used to treat major depression. Raghav continues—*so they blamed us that somehow, we... we depress her. We made her depressed. That's why she's on medication.*

Aside: There is a discussion that could be had here about the dangers posed by discontinuing prescription medicines without first consulting the healthcare professional who prescribed the medicines. I resist the temptation that the rhizome

[48] Citalopram is an antidepressant drug of the selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor (SSRI) class (Trivedi et al., 2006). The drug is primarily used to treat depression and is prescribed off-label for other conditions including anxiety and panic disorders, delusional depression, agitation in dementia, alcoholism, fibromyalgia, irritable bowel syndrome, obsessive-compulsive disorder, and pathological gambling (König et al., 2001; Maher et al., 2011; Trivedi et al., 2006; Wittich, Burkle, & Lanier, 2012). Citalopram has been associated with allergic reactions that manifest as skin reactions in some patients treated with the drug (Herstowska et al., 2014), which is contrary to the explanation her parents give Raghav: that it was prescribed as a treatment for skin allergies.

offers: to take a line of flight from Raghav's explanations of his wife's seemingly precarious mental health and pursue that discussion (he uses her mental state throughout our conversations as a rationale for violence). For the present, it is enough to acknowledge that an issue of discontinuing prescribed medicines without medical advice emerges in Raghav's story.

Another discussion could be had about her parents giving their daughter's medication to her husband: perhaps for him to safeguard, or to dispense to his wife each day, or perhaps because she is reluctant to self-medicate. Perhaps there is another reason. Is his possession of his wife's medication part of an assemblage from which Raghav mobilises a nurturing-machine to care for his wife, as a father might care for a child? Or part of an assemblage from which Raghav activates the controlling machinism of the patriarchy to constrain her freedom to use the medication of her own free will? Raghav does not elaborate. Nurturing? Controlling? Both rely on his authority over his wife, whether it is a patronising form of benevolent caring for another's wellbeing, or a more sinister means of control over another's actions.

And what of the apparent deceitfulness of her parents? Concealing the purpose of their daughter's medication from her intended husband? Or protecting the privacy of their daughter? They articulate a mental health issue as a skin condition; such is the shame of mental health issues. Patel, Power, and Bhavnagri repeatedly observe in their clinical work with Indian men and women living with mental health issues that there is a "strong sense of responsibility to protect one's family honour and reputation at any cost" (Patel, Power & Bhavnagri, 2016, p. 69). Help-seeking from professional services potentially jeopardises family honour; thus, mental health issues are often represented as other less stigmatised medical conditions (Patel et al.).

Then there is Raghav's casual way in which he refers to his wife as a chattel—*then take her and go home*.

There is so much to read into the story Raghav recounts, that I am left reeling. Mandy says that there can be a thesis in a single paragraph, so which paragraphs make their ways into this thesis? Which make their way somewhere else?

So many possibilities. Everywhere, there is fluidity and complexity.

After the marriage, Raghav migrates to Aotearoa New Zealand to join his wife.

I came after my marriage. My wife was already here, with her parents from last eight years. So, we got married October and arrived here December. She stayed with me, so we came together. Then we stayed at her parents about for one year.

In migrating Raghav's body undertakes a metamorphosis and is reformed in the formation of the marriage migrant who migrates "within or as a result of marriage" (Palriwala & Uberoi, 2008, p. 23). Marriage migrants are particularly marginalised bodies because their residency status is probationary and subject to continued marriage to a specific individual. Implicit in this is a devaluation of the potential for social and economic contributions by marriage migrants, and an emphasis of their passivity in the marital relationship, and this is evident in Raghav's narrative:

You know it's the worst thing when you live in someone... some other's place. It's the most worstest thing ever. It's really hard.

Raghav repeatedly offers to help his in-laws in their restaurant, but they would rather he stayed at home looking for work.

I offered them twice to go with them, "Can I come with you?"

They say, "No. No. You stay at home. Look for your job.

And after one week, I asked again, "Can I come with you?"

They say again, "No. No. No. We all right. You just stay home."

Two weeks later they complain that he could be helping them but is always at home:

Because you are unemployed and people looking at you and—lazy boy—and not doing anything. Just eating and sleeping and eating and sleeping.

Charsley describes the situation and stereotypic subjectification of the Pakistani migrant husband and house son-in-law: a "generally undesirable position with its connotations of being, like the conventional daughter-in-law, dependent on and subservient to the in-laws" (Charsley, 2005, p. 92). I read into Raghav's body Charsley's figuration of the house son-in-law, a form of masculinity that is profoundly subordinate to the hegemonic masculinity of an

income-earning, property-owning father-in-law. Raghav is no longer a man, but a boy, and a *lazy boy* at that, and, when he does go out, he is chastised:

> *In between that, I started [visiting] my gym here but after a few weeks like... the second week of that, "Oh it's better to stay here and do some work than daily you go to gym and break your muscles and your bones. You can do some work here. We have lot of work here."*

The movement is a substantial shift for Raghav. His resulting dissatisfaction is evident:

> *It's like, I was so frustrated last couple of months last year, I was wanted to move to our own place, but financially I was not capable at that time because my wife got pregnant just three or four months after arriving here.*

Despite his subordinated position, Raghav constructs the powerful persona of the decision-maker—*I wanted to move*—and economic provider—*financially, I was not capable*. His focus turns to himself and his inability to provide—*I wanted ... not capable*—rather than on the marital dyad of self and wife. Raghav is qualified in electronics and communications, and potential employers in Aotearoa New Zealand recognise his qualifications. Nonetheless, the employers want more study, registration, and local work experience before he can work. A quandary confronts him: how do you gain relevant experience or register if nobody hires you because you don't have relevant experience?

> *I started looking for other jobs. And I found a job in a sweetcorn farm in Pukekohe ... I worked there for two months but then season off, like season off starting May. But in between, I applied for a couple more jobs ... most of them replying. "Oh, we have some more good candidates, so we are considering them, not you."*

In the phrase *some more good candidates* hides the unspoken and deflating corollary: *whereas you, on the other hand, are <u>not</u> a good candidate*. Despite the many rebuffs he receives, he is offered a clerical role in a large medical organisation, within a few weeks of his seasonal work finishing on the farm. His acceptance of the offer makes a difference, and the young couple finds a place of their own. Although the relocation provides Raghav with a degree of physical and social distancing from his parents-in-law, the conflict he experiences in his relationship with his wife continues:

So, after coming here [Aotearoa New Zealand] she was saying that she don't like to talk to my family, and she does not want to talk to them.

I said, "Nobody's forcing you. I will talk."

And she was saying, "Why would you talk? When I don't like, why would you talk?"

So literally I didn't talk to my family for one and a half months. But she is keep on saying, "You talking with them. You talking from your workplace."

I said, "No, I am not talking."

"No. I know. I know."

"How come you know? Have you got cameras? You would like cameras on me? How would you know? This is my phone. You checking every day?" She is actually checking my phone every day. She is checking my Facebook. Yeah, she got all my control, and still, she don't believe me. She don't trust me.

It bothers his wife that Raghav is regularly talking with his parents. He responds destructively:

I said, "if you gonna keep on saying that I will definitely gonna talk with them now. I don't care" so I started talking with them again. Whether I am doing it or not doing it, she don't believe me. So, I might as well talk to them and get blamed. I am gonna get blamed anyway.

So yeah. Well, I started talking them without her knowing. I... I was also clever. I talk to them then delete the call history, "Here's the phone. Nothing. Check it. Nothing there."

And so, after that time I told my parents not to call her, not even speak her, not even offer to talk her.

Raghav's responses to his wife's monitoring and his reaction to assuming the figuration of the house son-in-law are evocative of victim-blaming logic and victim-stancing in which people who use violence engage in 'playing the victim' as a mechanism to become self-pitying or turn flows of regret and compassion away from their victim, and as a justification for offending. By exercising his power to designate victimhood, Raghav constructs a social façade of vulnerability which he uses to elicit sympathy for his predicament and behind which he can avoid responsibility for his actions. In his telling, he believes she does not trust him and is monitoring his phone and social media. He plays the victim—*I am gonna get blamed anyway*—and constructs a material reality in which his resilient body continues interacting with his parents.

Like Ajay producing his car as an unregulated drinking space that folds around him, Raghav produces his mobile phone as a communications space which connects him with his family assemblage, and when he deletes all traces of his conversations and coaches his parents to avoid contact with his wife, he disengages his body from his wife's surveillance.

However, the desiring-machine that Raghav mobilises to comprehend himself as the sane/sensible victim also compromises the affective relationships of trust and honesty between him and his wife. His deregulated desiring-machine produces a destructive line of flight that fails to achieve the necessary conditions to create a new assemblage and instead takes him to a dishonest space in which he hides his tracks and lies to his wife.

As his story develops, Raghav and his wife have one argument after another, day after day. In each argument that he uses to illustrate his narrative, he continues to mobilise his dualism-machine, locating his voice as a voice of reason and labelling his wife as erratic[49] and destabilising to their relationship:

> *There was like overtime to do. My boss asked me if you can stay here there's work to do. So, I text her that, "Darling, can I do overtime today?"*
>
> *She replied, "Get lost."*
>
> *[…]*
>
> *I woke up at half-past four. She also. So, while waking up, she said, "I am not cooking anything for you." I said, "Who is asking for cooking?" After that, I just got ready and left for the work. And after like 10, 15 minutes I got a call from her, and she was saying, "Why don't you grab your food?"*
>
> *I said, "You told me you're not cooking anything, so I thought you didn't cook anything, so I left." She said, "Fuck off, and never come back again."*
>
> *[…]*
>
> *I was came home, and in the night time there was keep on arguments, and she slapped me. And I said, "Look, I know this is your place, so I don't want to say anything. But still, I want to say that*

[49] Gaslighting is a specific tactic of psychological abuse that aims to manipulate the target of abuse into questioning their own sanity, through deliberate acts that pathologise and belittle. Raghav's construction of the figuration of the *mad woman* repeatedly suggest that he has entangled a form of gaslighting narrative within his repertoire of stories to deflect responsibility for his own actions.

this is not the way you treating me, and that's not the way of talking. So, you better talk, nicely, or if you actually hurt me, we separate."

Other similar representations appear in Raghav's story, and not all of them feature himself as the protagonist to his wife's antagonism. He also describes arguments between his wife and doctors, a midwife (for by now his wife is pregnant and about to give birth), and various other people she encounters. Nevertheless, he dismisses considerations of what might underlie his wife's apparent distress, for example, after the birth of their daughter:

I thought it was post-natal depression. On top of depression she got already, and something that triggering her. So, I didn't took that seriously.

The arguments continue after their daughter is born and Raghav increasingly responds with violence of his own. In response to a midnight argument, he slaps his wife several times on the face. A day later, he tries to gag her with his hand to stifle her screams. She moves out, seeks respite with her parents for two weeks, returns, and the arguments begin again. Over several days she hits him, he hits her, ornaments are broken, plates are thrown. Each of them storms out of the house at various times. Meantime, their infant daughter is caught up in her parents' turmoil. Eventually, social workers who have become involved in the relationship between the couple call the police asking them to intervene. After police assess the situation, they call his wife's doctor:

The police phoned the doctors, and then doctors told... tell them that he wanted to have a close look from her behaviour and her nature ... so police stay there for about three hours and then doctors came at my place, again. So, after that inspection, they say, "She going to go to rehab. We going to admit her to the hospital."

His wife enters a respite care facility for a week, which extends to a second week, then a third. Her doctor medicates her, doubles the dosage, and doubles it again. She returns home, and the arguments start again. Raghav continues:

I came from the work. And from the time I entered in the house, she keep on throwing the things, and you know...the baby was crying, so I was making baby calm down. She was saying, "Oh, I don't

want to live with you." She was just going that door. Slamming that door. Coming back. Going this door. Slam the door. Coming back

I said, "Go! Go!"

So, she was outside, and suddenly there was raining outside. So, she entered the house and just shouted on me. And baby was just more scared. And she slammed the door very hardly. And the baby was really, like, stressed and crying and shivering. And that just blows my mind open.

I very hardly slapped her[50]*—really hard—because I can't see my daughter shivering and crying. Even if I requested her twice and thrice that, "She is shivering. She is scared. You scaring her. So, this is not okay, and you should not doing that in front of her."*

The assault does not end with Raghav's very hard slap. The argument continues:

And she was saying that "I escaped you from the police because I didn't blame you under... I could charge you under the violence... domestic violence charges. I will complain you. I will complain Police about everything you did with me. I escaped you from that. I rescued you, and I am gonna inform the police. I am gonna do this. I am gonna deport you. I am gonna do that. You're here for residency."

I said, "Okay, that's enough. I am not here for residency. I was here for you. Only for you. And if you saying I am here for residency and you gonna deport me, why you gonna deport me?"

So, I slapped her again, and I called the police. And then I said, "I am going. You should be happy. You should be very happy. Take care of my daughter. And I am going from here. Goodbye."

Although Raghav's vulnerability to deportation is explicitly laid out, I read his wife's threats as a response to his ongoing violence towards her. His wife has already withheld at least one previous complaint to the police—she has *escaped* him from that. When the police arrive, Raghav asks to be arrested:

I was waiting for the police outside the door, and when police arrived, she saw lights from window that police has arrived. It was evening that time. So, she got really, like, "Oh sorry, very sorry, darling. I love you. I really love you. Please don't go anywhere. Don't go. Don't go. Come back home." [laughs and shakes his head].

[50] At times in his story Raghav mixes adverb and adjective forms. Here, he self-corrects *I very hardly slapped her* in the next sentence, meaning to say *really hard*.

She hold me, you know. She hold my jumper, and she was pulling me inside the house, and police were seeing from that, and they just quickly run to help me, and separated us and said, "Hey. What's going on here?" [laughing still].

And then one was took me away and was taking my statement. I said, "Hey, I hit her. Please arrest me. Take me from here and deport me. Please. I don't want to live in New Zealand. Deport me."

So, they said, "We can't arrest you actually. We can't arrest you."

I said, "Hey, I am asking you. I am accepting my crime. I am a criminal. Please arrest me."

The attending police issue a PSO that binds Raghav for three days, and he is removed to Gandhi Nivas. He has presented himself as a desperate man: cornered in his relationship with his wife, he lashes out, reasoning that his violence provides an appropriate motive for the authorities to deport him back to India—*I hit her. I am a criminal. Please arrest me. Deport me*. It is a line of flight that will destroy his relationship, leave him with a police record, and threaten his residency in Aotearoa New Zealand. There is no going back, no retracing the line back to the molar norm of 'happy marriage'.

Lines of flight always flow in "bundles of lines, for each kind is multiple" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 203). Thus it is, for Raghav. Just as an emergent destructively violent line of flight destroys his marriage, leaves him inscribed with interactive legal processes, and threatens his residency, there is another, more productive line of flight that emerges through the ruptures. The affective desires behind that more productive line of flight seek Raghav's liberation from what he describes as an oppressive situation, married to a woman who is not who he thought she was. The value of the line of flight for Raghav is in escaping the apparatus of his marriage assemblage without being drawn back in, an escape that is absolutely deterritorialising.

Raghav returns home after his first three-night stay at Gandhi Nivas, but, he explains, he is greeted with indifference by his wife. Yet another argument erupts, and Raghav's wife picks up a knife:

She took the knife. She was, "You should be behaving properly; otherwise, see this knife?"
I said, "That's enough. Okay?" And she came towards me. And I hand over the baby to her. I said, "Hold the baby for a while," and I took the keys and said goodbye.

He calls Gandhi Nivas and arranges his return to the house—*Okay, I came back here again [and she] still was crying, emotional upset, broken, you know*—and in days his mother-in-law appears at Gandhi Nivas, asking Raghav to return to his wife:

> *She was worried because she got upcoming marriage in November. She was worried how we going to face the public, relatives, that we are in touch with. So, if he gonna be separate how we gonna face them. There was that fear.*

The wellbeing of the relationship between daughter and son-in-law is evidently of less concern than the honourable standing of the family with relatives. A foundational expectation in honour cultures is that men and women adhere to strict gender role expectations (Aslani et al., 2016; Lowe, Khan, Thanzami, Barzi, & Karmaliani, 2018; Ravindra, 2013) and when men and women transgress then guilt, shame, and fear of social censure ensue. Das (1993) writes, for example, that *izzat* (honour, reputation, or prestige) is one of the most highly valued ideals among Punjabis, while Qureshi describes izzat as a "manifestly influential dynamic" in the lives of young Pakistanis and Punjabis (Qureshi, 2004, 'Gendered identities, izzat, gossip and surveillance' section).

The impending wedding moves Raghav's relationship with his wife from the personal domain to a public one, and it provides an opportunity to reify hierarchies, and to cement and enhance the reputations of the respective families. It becomes a social interaction in which social comparisons of relative status abound (Aslani et al., 2016). In such social interactions, a respectable outward image needs to be maintained otherwise one's honour may be diminished or indeed appropriated by others to advance their self-worth (Nisbett & Cohen, 1996; Ravindra, 2013). Consistent with the ideology of honour-based cultures is the pressure that the wider family and community brings to bear on married couples to preserve family honour, and, given the public character of Indian weddings, Raghav is expected to engage and perform with honour and dignity to uphold the honour and dignity of his in-laws. His separation from his wife becomes *be-izzat*—shameful and disrespectful—and his mother-in-law wants an end to it.

Raghav relents and accedes to his mother-in-law's demands for reconciliation so that the extended family presents an honourable face to their guests at the forthcoming wedding. However, he imposes terms of his own:

I said, "Okay. These things have happen heaps of times. How can I trust like she will be changing? And she will be doing the good things this time?" [...] So, we gonna write it. We gonna document it this time. [...] So I prepared that here. [...] it was fifteen points. It was nothing. Just good points that a relationship should be, you know [...] in the manner of a husband-wife relationship.

Raghav prepares his 15-point conception of a harmonious and successful relationship that is free of violence and presents it to his wife and her mother:

1. *Give respect to everyone and take it back as a gift from everyone. Mutual respect will lead our relationship in a positive manner.*
2. *No aggression or argument without any valid reason. If there is something that trying you to be aggressive, please share with me politely.*
3. *There will be No tolerance if you talking or arguing too loud in front of [our daughter]. Zero tolerance...Authorities would be informed about this if happened.*
4. *Make good communication with everyone, i.e., With me, my parents, brother n sisters and relatives. Don't wait for their calls; give them a call if feeling to talk to them.*
5. *Think positive; ignore the negative things, and behave wisely.*
6. *Don't create any kind of drama on "Nazar" (evil's eye). Nothing to be worried about evil's eye.*[51,52,53]
7. *I don't want any interference from families; my issues and problems are my own and personal. I and my family are responsible to solve all kind of problems by our self.*

[51] Rather condescendingly, Booraj and Das write that everything bad that cannot be explained by logic is related to the evil eye (Nazar) "in societies which lack enlightenment" (Boorah & Das, 2019, p. 105).

[52] When he acknowledges the influence of the evil eye, Raghav reveals the unseen, hidden evil of Nazar, considered the most dangerous evil because it is concealed from sight and discussion (Abbasi, 2017).

[53] Indian women are often targeted as scapegoats and wielders of a malignant gaze or evil eye in Indian and Pakistani culture (Abbasi, 2017; Chaudhuri, 2012; Qamar, 2016). Dwyer (2003) attributes much of the power of the evil eye to envy and to inequalities (such as caste and wealth) between the person who casts the evil eye and the person it is cast on, where the person casting the evil eye has a much lower status than its target.

8. *I don't want to listen "Get lost" again. Not even by mistake. Nobody has right to say me 'get lost' or "we will deport you" or "we will send you back" or any kind of statements like this.*
9. *If any of us will be aggressive: throwing things, hitting or shouting, other one can call 111 immediately. So be responsible with your action. I'll be for my action and reaction.*
10. *Don't compare me with someone else. I have my own unique personality; I will be me so accept me as I am in original.*
11. *Try to take initiatives to build and keep the relationship strong so that we can give [our daughter] a healthy and positive environment for her development and growth.*
12. *Make your daily routine of sleeping and waking up time and try to utilise your time wisely. Try to be hard to yourself and soft to everyone.*
13. *Don't share personal matters with anyone until and unless necessary; not even with parents. Our issues are our, mind it.*
14. *Don't affect our relation because of third person.*
15. *Take care of yourself by doing regular exercise and by taking regular medications as doctor's prescriptions.*

Thoughts, words, and deeds feature prominently: *no aggression or argument without any valid reason. If there is something that trying you to be aggressive, please share with me politely* (2), *there will be no tolerance if you talking or arguing too loud in front of [our daughter]* (3), *don't create any kind of drama on "Nazar" (evil's eye)* (6), *I don't want to listen "Get lost" again* (8), *If any of us will be aggressive: throwing things, hitting or shouting, other one can call 111 immediately* (9). As does honour: *I don't want any interference from families; my issues and problems are my own and personal. I and my family are responsible to solve all kind of problems by our self* (7), *don't share personal matters with anyone until and unless necessary; not even with parents. Our issues are our, mind it* (13). And Raghav repeatedly looks to the future potential of their family: *think positive; ignore the negative things* (5), *try to take initiatives to build and keep the relationship strong. So that we can give [our daughter] a healthy and positive environment for her development and growth* (11), *make your daily routine of sleeping and waking up time and try to utilise your time wisely* (12).

The principles that Raghav lays down serve as reminders that there are fundamental characteristics that are shared within harmonious relationships; that we have duties as parents, children, and siblings; and that we have responsibilities as families to the larger societies that

we live in (World Association of Non-Governmental Organizations, 2010). However, what he also does is to reproduce state-ist systems of commerce in his 15-point relationship contract. He shifts the character of the marriage from its socially supported ceremonial status to a contractual arrangement which fixes norms and terms under which the relationship will operate. He signals *what must be done*, and *what must not* so that the relationship can thrive. As Deleuze and Guattari point out, treaties, pacts, and contracts constitute legislative and juridical systems that carry "the sanction of a ground" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 375). Where there is ground, there is a source of gravity, and the agreement has a gravity of its own, gravity that gives it the weight and authority of a system of order and control. In a sense, it serves to over-code the desiring-machines operating in the marriage.

I've written earlier about using food to create conditions for sharing and connecting. Amid our conversation, dinner has come and gone. I had made my dopiaza and rice to accompany earlier in the day, and it was a simple matter to reheat the containers and plate up, while Raghav cleared and set the table. The house has afforded us space to construct our food-sharing ecosystem, and our desiring-machines have coupled with the shared meal: through our mouths and digestive systems, and our conversation across the evening. Affective intensities have waxed and waned as food is savoured and as Raghav's story unfolds. Eating food is becoming a participatory practice where multiplicities of connections between human and non-human/other-than-human materialities unfold. It is becoming an emancipatory practice as well. During the evening, we have laughed, cried, eaten to excess, talked in excess, and sat silently in shared moments.

Raghav has since returned to his wife and extended family and has travelled with them to India to attend the marriage of one of his wife's relatives. When we catch up a month later, he characterises a new, different relationship with his wife:

> *pretty good, no bad words, her mother deals with that [...] she didn't want to talk to my family. Now she the one who talks them all the time. That's good. That's the way it should be. Yeah, I am happy. We out together in weekends. We sharing work. [...] she was that direction, now we in totally other direction.*

He is still uncertain about the future of their relationship—*I am just a little bit uncertain we can last [...] there is a bit unsureness that it's gonna start again*—but he's confident that there is a shared

future, *but we got time for each other, and that's big difference from before [...], and we talk each day about how the day was, "What have you done today?" and, "What was special?"*

Aside: I find myself wondering how the uncompliant body became compliant—reterritorialised by her mother's admonishments against shame? And I'm reminded, once again, that everything is partial and incomplete.

Murgh dopiaza

Chicken & two onions curry

Dopiaza literally means 'two onions' in Hindi: finely diced, minced, or grated onion is used in the masala and larger pieces are fried then added towards the end of cooking.

The result is a rich, mild, and fragrant sweet sauce that clings to the chicken meat and combines beautifully with the distinctive flavours of caramelised onion, and aromatic coriander.

Serves 3-4 as a main meal or 5-6 as an entree

15 minutes preparation time

1 hour cooking time

Ingredients:

3 tablespoons oil

4 small brown onions, peeled and quartered

1-2 bay leaves

Seeds from 5-6 green cardamom pods

3-4 cloves

3-4 dried red chillies, or to taste, roughly chopped

½ teaspoon black peppercorns

5cm stick cinnamon

1 large brown onion, peeled and finely diced

2-3 garlic cloves, peeled and minced

2 centimetres ginger, peeled and grated

1 tablespoon coriander powder

½ tablespoon cumin powder

1 teaspoon turmeric powder

1 teaspoon chilli powder, or to taste

Salt

2 medium tomatoes, coarsely chopped, or 1 heaped tablespoon tomato paste

1 tablespoon dried fenugreek leaves (optional)

500g chicken thighs, skinned and boned, each roughly chopped into 3-4 pieces

½ cup plain yoghurt

½ tablespoon garam masala

Fresh coriander for garnish

1. Heat 2 tablespoons oil in a heavy pan and sauté quartered onions until translucent and deep golden brown. Remove onions from pan and set aside.
2. Add 1 tablespoon oil and gently heat bay leaves, cardamom seeds, cloves, chillies, peppercorns, and cinnamon until seeds start to pop.
3. Add diced onions and sauté for another 7-8 minutes until onion is soft and golden.
4. Add garlic and ginger and continue to sauté for another 2-3 minutes.
5. Add ground spices and salt, and continue to sauté gently, stirring regularly, until oil starts to come out.
6. Add tomatoes, chicken, and dried fenugreek leaves (if using), stir until thoroughly mixed, and bring to simmer.
7. Cover pan and cook on a low heat for 15 minutes.
8. Mix yoghurt and garam masala, add to pan, and stir well.
9. Add reserved fried onions, mix in, partly cover and gently simmer for another 8-10 minutes until chicken is cooked through and sauce has thickened.
10. Check for seasonings, adjust sauce with a little water to preferred consistency, garnish with fresh roughly chopped coriander. Serve hot with naan or rice.

Other meats also work well, such as diced lamb leg steaks - sear meat before adding and cook for longer - around 35-40 minutes.

Figure 14. Murgh dopiaza—chicken & two onions curry. (Source: Author)

In this Opening I traced the experiences of Parmeet, Ajay, Ronit, and Raghav through different movements in their lives: from their childhoods, through the migratory movements that have brought them to Aotearoa New Zealand, and on to the violence that has brought them to Gandhi Nivas. The Opening is complicated and challenging. To begin with, it contains four different stories, told by four different men, about four different lived experiences in four different contexts; and yet there are elements in each story that resemble the stories told by the other men in this project. The stories begin to sound like one another: there are marriages, migration, common cultural understandings of being men and men's responsibilities, and normalities of rights and obligations in families, and all affect the men's experiences of family violence and intervention. Each has been immersed from birth in institutional, cultural, and systemic mechanisms that have enabled them to hold privilege and authority based on their gender. Most have been born into cultural and social norms that enable and sustain gendered power inequalities between men and women, most have been raised to consider masculinity in terms of strongly dichotomised sex-roles, and for most, their entitlement is normalised through systems of family honour and shame, sex-roles, and caste systems that privilege men. They have also experienced harsh discipline, and various quality-of-life issues, including relationship problems with immediate partners and wider families, and for some, substance abuse.

However, the similarities between the men's stories are only skin-deep. By using Deleuze and Guattari's concepts to undo the closures of representation, then each story becomes nuanced and finely grained, with its own immanence and complexities, its richness, and its messiness. The differences that emerge are not merely differences between identities but also differences in themselves: decentred and molecular, and taking place in spaces where machinic operations become at times intensely anti-productive and deeply personal.

Parmeet's story places him amid conflicting desiring-machines: his desire to marry conflicts with the desires of his family, his girlfriend's with her family's, molecular love-marriage with molar arranged-marriage. Later, there are ruptures between the desiring-machines of his wife and his mother, producing the incompatibility of the binary double-bind: when you support her, you turn away from me. Finally, in the face of his wife's desire for independence, he takes on the colonising figuration of Deleuze and Guattari's despotic signifier, through which he resists equality for the benefit of women and lashes out.

In Ajay's story, he is the target of an exploitative job-selling scam forcing him into working without pay, but it is an arrangement that he used to obtain an application for a work visa to migrate to Aotearoa New Zealand. His marriage does not meet visa requirements, and he wants to reassure the immigration officials that their marriage is genuine, so he and his mother conspire to mislead immigration officials. His business partner exploits him, and his drinking habit *got bad*. Ajay's drinking provokes a new machinic connection with his wife: one that crosses a boundary between constancy and change, to produce violence. It is an anti-productive machinic connection that ruptures and deterritorialises the marriage assemblage.

Ronit's story challenged me, not least because I sensed in him a benevolent, liberated self-image—as Mandy puts it: *his vain attempts at liberal egalitarianism*—but saw little effort on his part to live up to that image by cooking or doing housework. I read his reluctance as a normative understanding that as a man, he is exempt from housework and that to undertake housework would be feminising. This particular reading was a source of frustration and exasperation to me. Because I love cooking and like a tidy house, I struggled to contain my thesis-writing-machine's reactions to my interactions with Ronit. His story also contains many performative materialities that affect the production of the desiring-machine that forms the connection between him and his wife. His desiring-machine's conversion to an antagony-machine (through the affective intensity of preparing and eating food, his reluctance to do housework, the drinking, and the abuse of his parents) are provocations that beg for a better understanding. However, as Mandy reminds me, you can write an entire thesis on a single paragraph. For the present, this is not that paragraph.

In Raghav's story, the molar mass of the arranged-marriage-machine re-emerges in the socio-political alliance between two bloodlines. This time, Skype adds a novel dimension in which the process of marriage is facilitated by bringing remote bodies together in a virtual space. Raghav describes his movement through the arranged marriage in the context of his wife's lack of power to manage her medication: her parents have superimposed their own structures of dominance on their daughter, and they pass the structure that organises her medication into Raghav's control upon marriage. In this reading of his story, Raghav uses the diminished and subordinated situation of his wife to construct a social façade of vulnerability for himself, which he uses in his storying to elicit sympathy for his predicament, and behind which he can avoid responsibility for his actions. There is another movement—in the

agreement that he and his wife negotiate, which produces a gravity of its own that gives it weight and authority, and a potential capability to over-code the couple's arranged marriage.

Their stories are joined in the Opening with other evidence of "progress" and movement. There is the progression of the men's stories, through their early years, and on to their various violences; and, in the Opening that follows this, the progression continues with the storying of the aftermath for one participant, as he tries over nearly seven months to come to terms with the repercussions of his violence. Progress is also manifested in the emergent (albeit partial) understandings of the men's stories and the analyses in my rhizographic methodology are beginning to trouble dominant discourses of family violence and masculinity. Moreover, the narrative asides from *House* are tangible expressions of a community intention, and they are beginning to progress through *House*'s own story to remind me that the context of this research operates its own desiring-machine. Even my cooking is progressing.

My obsession with progress is taking shape in my inter-textual authorial asides as I reflect on my embeddedness in the research. I am uncertain that I am giving the reader sufficient or appropriate presence of my body and image—that is still an emergent project in this thesis—however, my asides help me to make sense of my meaning here. I am becoming a nurturing-machine and part of the house, not separate from it.

It is time in this thesis to take another pathway, and in this Opening, I follow an extended interaction in which I talk with Madhu over a nearly eight-month period. He has been bailed to Gandhi Nivas after threatening to kill his partner. I call the Opening *Madhu and the Goat Curry*: my goat curry is a big bolshy Rogan josh curry cooked in the Kashmiri style, and it is a dish that both Madhu and I enjoy immensely, as it takes us both back to our childhoods.

On the surface, the story that Madhu tells me about his early life is similar to the stories told by the other men in this project, and for that reason, I do not devote much space to it in the Opening that follows. Instead, I take advantage of the extended interactions Madhu and I have to focus on the story of what happened when and after he threatened to kill his partner; and because I have eaten with Madhu for several months, his story is a part of my own, and my story is a part of his. If there were any predictabilities about my movement through the research, then this Opening changes that.

I wrote above that there is a progression in the men's stories until now, moving from their early years, through the great pivots of marriage and migration, and on to their various violences. My extended interaction with Madhu enables more progression and another form of storying to emerge because the interaction enables me to move from being an attentive listener to stories to become a participant in Madhu's lived experience. As the months unfold, so too does his court case, and as his court case progresses, we talk about many different things. In the Opening Madhu and the Goat Curry, I follow Madhu's movements through the legal system, his arrest, time in remand facilities, court appearances, and restorative justice meetings. Interwoven throughout are other movements; we have many conversations in which we discuss anger, faciality, resentment, job hunting, loneliness, feminising other men, and more.

Finally, the Opening provides a space for the return of the hallway ghosts. Madhu brings a sense of stability to the house, he is always there, welcoming new men and returnees, and farewelling them; and when he finally leaves, there is no Madhu to draw the ghosts out of the shadows. However, first, there is a final interstory: the story of Arishma Chand's murder.

Interstory three: Arishma's murder

I seek a writing form that enacts a methodology
of the heart, a form that listens to the heart …
In writing from the heart, we learn how to love,
to forgive, to heal, and to move forward.
(Denzin, 2016, p. 209)

Some stories are not included in this project. Missing are the stories told by the targets of violence, and the stories of other family members. The stories whispered by the hallway ghosts do not appear either. However, some stories cannot be left untold. What follows is one of those stories: a story that forces itself into my thesis. It is the story of Arishma's murder by her former partner. It is a story I need to tell about violence against women.

In my reflexivity diary, I write on November 14, 2017, that the threat of tragedy is ever-present at Gandhi Nivas. It is embedded in the issues that the men bring to *House* and in the activities of the counsellors and social workers who work with the men and their families. Nothing brings this out in a more painful way than a violent death in the local community.

I am sitting in the weekly team meeting in the lounge at Gandhi Nivas. As we prepare ourselves to talk about what we are working on, Suchi tells us of her visit yesterday to the childcare centre where slain Auckland mother Arishma Chand worked. Arishma was killed early on Sunday morning, two days ago, and police believe the person responsible for her death was known to her. Suchi and her colleague spent all yesterday counselling and supporting Arishma's co-workers at the childcare centre where she worked.[54]

As Suchi describes their time spent at the centre, I feel myself breaking away from the self that I was when I walked into the meeting. The murder is incomprehensible, tragic, a criminal act, laden with complexity, and it is both distant and immediate: I know Arishma only through media reports of the past two days, and suddenly that changes. She is intimately connected with the people I am working with, and now that connects her with me. She is why we are here. This is no abstracted project or thought experiment that stands dispassionately at arm's length from the dark realities of family violence. There is no preparation for news of the murder. It is real. It confronts. It destroys relationships, families, lives... this mark of Cain.

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[54] There is an opportunity for violent crime to be subject to exploitation by news media which capitalise on the criminal act by invading, rupturing, and appropriating the precarious everyday identities of those who are involved. Names and images of killers, victims, family members, and details of the events are arrogated so that we, the public, can insert ourselves into the event. Following extensive reportage, Arishma's name became publicly associated with her death.

But naming Arishma is important, not just because it is in the public interest. She is named here to prevent the erasure of her identity—because it is difficult to get violence on the table for discussion when the targets of violence are nameless, and because Arishma ought not to be erased for being a victim ... and an early childhood educator, and a daughter, and a mother....

And these beautiful dedicated people around me work with that possibility every day.

November 5, 2018: Arishma's death is again in the news. I am sitting in my study working on my thesis. In nine days, a year will have passed since Rohit Singh struck the back of Arishma's head eight times with a blunt object and stabbed and slashed at her 26 times before leaving her to die in her home. She was stabbed and slashed in her face, thigh, groin, and hands. I know these things because Rohit Singh is on trial this week and representations of his trial dominate local media. I know these things because Singh has been named and pathologised by news and media websites in Aotearoa New Zealand.[55] In reports of Singh's sentencing, he is described as *obsessed* or *obsessive* nine times, *brutal* eight times, *infatuated* three times, *jealous*, *murderous*, *frenzied* (twice), *evil* (twice), *sinister*, *callous*, *calculated*, and *seemingly emotionless*. In barely 1,500 words of reportage in two major media websites, Singh is pathologised 30 times.

Through media representations, I have learned that Rohit was in a particular kind of relationship with Arishma for about six months. During that relationship, Arishma became pregnant to Rohit but terminated her pregnancy and ended her relationship with him. However, Rohit refused to accept the relationship was over, and over the next year he became increasingly infatuated and relentlessly obsessed with Arishma, according to the crown lawyer. He refused to accept that she did not wish to be with him, texting her daily, stalking her, threatening her in the street. He even had a likeness of her face tattooed on his chest. On November 12, 2017, Rohit waited and watched, then around 1 a.m., he entered her house, then her bedroom, and launched his vicious attack. He left her dying in a pool of her blood.

And these beautiful, dedicated people around me work with that possibility every day.

February 14, 2019: Once again, Arishma's death is in the news. Once again, I am sitting in my study working on my thesis. It is now 459 days since Rohit Singh struck the back of Arishma's head eight times with a blunt object and stabbed and slashed her face, thigh, groin, and hands 26 times before leaving her to die in her home.

[55] When combined, the two websites (Stuff.co.nz & NZHerald.co.nz) have averaged 340,000 visits each day over the past six months (similarweb.com, 2019, data as at February 16, 2019).

Aside: The media storying of extreme violence evokes something inside me. I feel compelled to dwell on the representation of the murder, naming the various traumas to heighten my expression of horror at the overwhelming violence of Arishma's death and to portray the destructive power of Rohit Singh as some spectral other-than-human killer-machine operating in compulsive overdrive.

During his trial, Singh maintained his innocence; however, it took the jury less than an hour to find him guilty of murder. Today, Singh reappeared in court and has been sentenced to life imprisonment. He must spend at least 19 years behind bars before being considered eligible for parole.[56]

During his sentencing hearing, a victim advocate read a series of victim impact statements, flanked by members of Arishma's family who stood in tears. Arishma's father, Rakeshwar Singh, wrote that: "[t]he night I held my motionless daughter in a pool of blood turned my world upside down. My heart broke into a million pieces." (Owen, 2019). He went on to say that Arishma's family was no longer comfortable attending social occasions because answering questions about Arishma was too painful:

> *We are too sad in our hearts. I only go out if my granddaughter wants to, and she constantly asks where her mummy is. My heart shatters, we have no answers for her. No easy way to tell her* (Owen, 2019).

[56] Singh has been sentenced under §103 of the Sentencing Act 2002 - Imposition of minimum period of imprisonment or imprisonment without parole. When sentencing an offender convicted of murder, the court must impose a non-parole term of incarceration of not less than 10 years, and may impose a longer non-parole term, considering any or all of four purposes, which are defined by the Act
(a) holding the offender accountable for the harm done to the victim and the community by the offending;
(b) denouncing the conduct in which the offender was involved;
(c) deterring the offender or other persons from committing the same or a similar offence;
(d) protecting the community from the offender.
Note that the reductive character of the languaging reflects the dominant discourse of the legal-judicial industrial complex that operates in Aotearoa New Zealand: people who commit illegal acts are classified as offenders.

Arishma's mother, Aradhana, didn't speak, but wrote that:

> T*his was our worst nightmare that came true ... When we found our eldest daughter lying in a pool of blood in our home … I hate you for your cowardly act. You are a despicable person. You shattered Arishma's dreams and hopes … No parent should have to go through what we've gone through* (Hurley, 2019)

These beautiful, dedicated people around me work with the possibility of Arishma's murder every day. I have become embedded in these relationships as well, as a trusted member of a team, as a consumer of media representations, and...and...and..., and that possibility is one I now work with as well.

Opening: Madhu and the goat curry

I tell them there is no forgiveness, and yet there is always forgiveness.

- Michael Collins

MADHU THREATENS TO KILL HIS PARTNER

Madhu complains that he's done nothing wrong. He claims he's never hit his wife and he considers that verbal abuse is a normal part of the 'give-and-take' of relationships:

> Maybe I swore and things like that. I did. But the thing that I noticed was this fight [...] she normally is also very aggressive, but she wasn't being aggressive in this fight as much as I would expect her to be. So, she was recording me. I didn't know she's recording. I didn't know. And even after I said to her, "You know I will not hurt you. I only say stuff."
>
> And she said, "Yeah, I know you will not hurt me, but you're being psychologically violent."
>
> [...]
>
> I didn't speak much to the police officers, but they saw what she recorded - she showed to them and then they took me away so I spent two nights in the holding cell and then appeared in front of the judge on the Monday
>
> T: What did they charge you with?
>
> M: Threatening to kill.

In the previous Opening I elaborated the experiences of four men through different movements in their lives, from their childhoods, through the migratory movements that have brought them to Aotearoa New Zealand, and on to the violence that has brought them to Gandhi Nivas. In this Opening, I follow an extended interaction with one participant. I spend nearly seven months with Madhu, as he tries to come to terms with the repercussions of threatening to kill his partner.

This Opening emerges differently to the preceding Openings. Where the stories in other Openings are told through only a small number of conversations, Madhu tells his story in many conversations over an extended period of plugging in between the two of us. I spend so much time with Madhu that his storying takes on an episodic character as we move from one week to the next. It is a movement that I attempt to reflect in my writing, and it emerges as a collection of conversations in which Madhu mobilises diverse expressions of masculine entitlement to present himself as a calm, rational, non-violent, sensitive man and a victim of gender politics, to protect the 'legitimacy' of his masculine privilege.

Madhu has been at Gandhi Nivas three days when we first talk together. He is a Gujarati-born Indian who has been in Aotearoa New Zealand for twelve years. He met his partner in this country shortly after he arrived, and they have a two-year-old son. He has been bailed to Gandhi Nivas where he ends up living for over six months as his case works its way through the justice system. In that time, we have shared many meals and conversations. Madhu has already appeared in this thesis, in the *Opening: The early years*, in which he portrays his father as a responsible man, under social and economic pressure and crumbling from time to time.

Before arriving at Gandhi Nivas, Madhu spent four weeks in custody on remand at Mt. Eden Corrections Facility, the main reception facility in the Auckland region for men who are held in custody while they wait for their trial or sentencing. While on remand, he appeared in court several times on procedural matters. At first, he is charged with grievous bodily harm, under s.188 of the Crimes Act 1961, *wounding with intent*, but during his fourth court appearance the judge challenges the charge, and it is dropped and a new charge of *threatening to kill* laid against him, under s.306 of the Crimes Act. The charge is serious: a Category Three offence in the Crimes Act (on a scale of one to four, four being the most serious). Section s.306 reads:

> *(1) Everyone is liable to imprisonment for a term not exceeding 7 years who –*

(a) *threatens to kill or do grievous bodily harm to any person; or*

(b) *sends or causes to be received, knowing the contents thereof, any letter or writing containing any threat to kill or do grievous bodily harm to any person* (Crimes Act 1961, s.306

The consequences are potentially profound, and all the more so because Madhu's partner has recorded his threat on her mobile phone. Proof of the threat, the identity of the target of the threat, and the presence of the threatener are all indisputable, and it is inarguable that he has made a credible threat of death to his partner. Even so, Madhu argues that his intent was never to carry through with his threat. He relates to me how earlier in their argument:

> *I said to her, "You know I will not hurt you. I can only say stuff." [...] You can have an argument every day, but as long as you know to walk away, you're still good. You can have an argument... but when you know, okay, perhaps look like it stop here. Okay, it's enough, and no-one can call it domestic violence because it's not violent. Because people are knowing where their boundaries are, it's not violent.*

I read Madhu's suggestion that *people know where their boundaries are*, as a belief that each of us has a clear boundary where arguments cross over and turn into violence. As he has crossed boundaries and has been arrested, he implies that he no longer knows where his boundaries are.

There are variations between different cultures in understandings of what constitutes family violence and what does not (Sokoloff & Dupont, 2005; Yoshihama, 1999). Sokoloff and Dupont emphasise considering the specific forms of abuse that are particular to the socio-cultural backgrounds of the women who are affected if we wish to form more complete understandings of violence. In their words, "women must be able to voice their concerns about how violated they feel within a cultural framework that is meaningful to them" (Sokoloff & Dupont, 2005, p. 42; see also Fernández, 2006). In this research, the men speak in their own words from their cultural perspectives, and I explore the men's understandings of their actions in cultural frameworks with which they are most familiar. For most of the men, the term 'family violence' is a form of shorthand for physically and intentionally hurting another person, and the men share many stories of physical violence between intimate partners. It is the most apparent form of domestic violence in their narratives even though their slap or punch is described not as an act of violence but one of discipline. I recall an observation Madhu made in our group session—*I didn't see any domestic violence problems*—but he describes family violence in a subsequent

one-on-one conversation: *Many times, he would say stuff to me in anger and things like that … He disciplined us by, say, you know, he can spank. He can spank me. The parents in India? They do discipline, you know.* I read Madhu's comments as justifications for his father's authoritarianism. He has taken responsibility for authority in the family, and the violence is disciplinary and legitimate.

When he describes his violence against his partner Madhu elaborates on his understanding of violence that is informed by a cultural framework that is meaningful to him—*in my case there is no domestic violence, no physical violence, there's nothing, just verbal altercations.* He describes *verbal altercations* as *'nothing'* violent. It is a description that implies only physical abuse is equated with violence, and that separates physical violence into a different space relative to the ongoing patterns and combinations of psychological, physical, and sexual harms that can occur in intimate gendered violence (Morgan, Coombes, Denne, & Rangiwananga, 2019). Physical violence is more morally problematic than non-physical violence, and he creates many different lines of flight that move him from that problematic place. His use of the expression "*verbal altercation*" is the language of degendered 'interpersonal conflict' that eliminates evidence of a primary perpetrator of abuse. The expression lends a quasi-legalistic weight to his assertion that there is nothing violent in his threat to kill. He reprises this in a later conversation: *I was really aware that you shouldn't harm anyone physically. I was very aware of that fact … so I didn't do any of that, but how am I here?* Once again, Madhu equates violence with physical abuse and locates physical violence into a different space to other violence using his own culturally informed understandings of what constitutes violence.

Madhu grew up in a patriarchal North Indian community that embraced various expressions of social judgement, such as family honour and shame, sex-roles, and caste systems. All these expressions, roles, and systems comprise Madhu's cultural framework, and they rely on phenomena of stability and hierarchical structure to maintain the stability of the framework. These phenomena reproduce the arboreal organisation of the tree, and they impose their own predictable, fixed relationships on discrete entities as a pre-coded genetic destiny that is relayed from one generation to the next. In effect, these phenomena reproduce Deleuze and Guattari's molar processes: they are hegemonic and majoritarian and impose binary classifications and rigid social and political norms on those who are subjected to their over-coding, and when Madhu asserts his understanding of family violence, he reproduces the molar mass and the despotic signifiers of the community that raised him.

Aside: I need to be pragmatic here, and momentarily divert my attention to the matter of food. There's work to be done to feed the men, and I need to plan. I've asked each man who talks with me what sorts of food he likes. Is he a vegetarian? Vegan? Does he eat meat? Fish? What are his favourites? Not too hot? Or a heap of attitude with a heap of chillies? My nurturing-machine wants the men to enjoy what I prepare for them, eh.

Most are vegetarian, some vegan, but when I ask Madhu, he tells me he's a carnivore. No beef, but everything else, *"I was born Hindu, but we major meat-eaters, man."* Different men, different realities. Madhu wants meat. I'll give him meat.

There is capacity in my nurturing-machine for something a little more substantial, and after my first conversations with Madhu, I begin to add more meat-based curries to my repertoire.[57]

At one point, early in our conversations, Madhu, with little mindfulness evident in his casual stereotyping, describes himself as:

> *a Guj, not a Punj. No, not a Punj. I think mostly people are here are Punjs—Sikh religion—which is different. They still have a very backward way of thinking. Probably. I don't know. I can't judge them because I am a Guj. I am a Hindu. My religion is basically a very nonviolent religion.*[58]

He explains how he understands the difference between Gujaratis and Punjabis—*Punjs ... they still have a very backward way of thinking.* Then Madhu distances himself from his judgementalism, as if to lend weight to his assertion that people who are different from him are backward—*I can't judge them because I am a Guj.*

Deleuze and Guattari point out that racism operates by determining how different the subjectivised person is to the reference-norm of the "White-Man face … [t]here are only people who should be like us and whose crime it is not to be." (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 178). That which is most distant from the white-man face, against which differences are sorted and judged,

[57] I always include a vegetarian option in my meal planning.

[58] Guj = Gujarati; Punj = Punjabi

is occluded first, through the dominance of representationalism, and it is a subject Madhu and I return to later.

Aside: There's a great binary aggregator in racism: it operates between the white man's face and the faces of people who are not white enough. Deleuze and Guattari (1987) specifically name the white man's face as a reference-norm because of its authoritarian tendencies.

Madhu reminds me that the white man's face does not have a monopoly on the casual subjectification of the racist gaze.

In another of our conversations Madhu complains that women hold too much power:

> *[t]he first thing I would separate. I'll get out of the relationship. I would separate you know from any woman. I would separate. It's not good for men. It's not good for you. The law is against you. It's like living in a... in a... living in times, you know, when every law is for white people, and black people were this? [waves his hand low and close to the floor]. It's like that. So ah, women are the new whites.*

He draws a parallel between domestic violence laws and the racist laws that marginalised and denigrated black people. The argument challenges me because the law changes that have given equal right to people of all colours have been enacted to enhance inclusivity in society.

He recounts a story from his experience of remand:

> *In prison, there was this violent guy, a Russian guy. You know I think they tell the truth. They say things very bluntly. He said in his Russian accent, like, "I tell you guys like you going to get into a relationship with a woman. Instead of that in this country, I say you stay with a man. You don't have to be gay, but you stay with a man. You do as a friend. You guys do everything together. You buy a house together. You guys can go watch a movie together. Do anything you want. That way, you never risk yourself to be in this situation."*

The reactions that are expressed by Madhu and his Russian use avoidance strategies that do not constructively resolve the relationships that the men have with women—*I would separate you know from any woman. I would separate. It's not good for men—stay with a man... That way,*

you never risk yourself to be in this situation. In effect, Madhu and his Russian propose avoiding situations in which they need to take responsibility for changing themselves.

Madhu and his Russian also explicitly vilify women by elevating their estimations of women's privileges, and this, in turn, reduces how they value women's fears about personal safety. They assert that women who raise concerns about their safety put men into situations that are not good to be in, and that laws protect women but not men. Male privilege resonates in the narrative—*I am not violent … the law is against me … never risk yourself to be in this situation … do anything you want.* I read these comments as mimicking two central sentiments of what Kimmel calls *white man's anger*—a strong belief in entitlement, and a sense of victimisation: "that sense that those benefits to which you believed yourself entitled have been snatched away from you by unseen forces larger and more powerful" (Kimmel, 2017, p. x).

Madhu does not wear the White-Man's face outwardly, but I hear reproductions of Kimmel's white man's anger in Madhu's understandings of violence and relationships with women. Once again Madhu reproduces the molar mass and the despotic signifiers of the community that he has been raised in, and the great binary aggregates of gender and privilege emerge in his efforts to understand himself as a victim.

While the men maintain their patterns of gendered thinking and their masculine appropriation of women's spaces, they cannot break with the arborescent schema that fuels their dualism-machine and the dominance of the masculine, for "[b]inary logic is the spiritual reality of the root-tree" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 5). There can be no dislocation of their identities, not because they are men, but because they are oblivious to the binaried processes of production that they use to construct their masculinities. Madhu mobilises diverse expressions of masculine entitlement to present himself as calm, rational, non-violent, sensitive, and a victim of gender politics, and to protect the legitimacy of his masculine privilege. However, it is Madhu who has acted on another person, and his threat to kill his wife is infused with power and injustice. With all the structural advantages that he enjoys, he struggles to accept that his entitlements constitute male privilege and power over women.

Madhu met his Gujarati-born partner when he arrived in Aotearoa New Zealand. The two have lived together for twelve years, in what Madhu describes for the most part as *a peaceful and loving relationship*. They are the doting parents of a two-year-old boy, however, following his birth, the relationship between Madhu and his partner deteriorates:

> *We had a wonderful relationship, to be honest. A wonderful relationship but things got a bit tough when my son was born ... my partner always thought that now that she's got my son that she shouldn't need anyone else ... she even told me that she sees a picture of us, but she don't see me. She only sees herself and my son. That is a very staggering thing to be told. Imagine the psychological impact can be done on you and I ... felt heartbroken.*

Madhu describes arguments that increase in frequency and tension, and, at the height of an argument lasting several hours, he threatens to kill his partner if she does not shut up and leave him alone. The police are called, Madhu is arrested, held in remand for a month, then bailed to Gandhi Nivas.

I ask him about the events leading up to the arrival of the Police. He explains that, unbeknownst to him, his partner was recording him on her phone during their argument—*so she was recording me. I didn't know she's recording. I didn't know. I didn't know she's recording*. It was a verbal argument, and she recorded it, called the Police, and played the recording for them. Madhu believes he has been set up:

> *The thing that I noticed was this fight. She normally is also very aggressive, but she wasn't being aggressive in this fight as much as I would expect her to be ... in hindsight I think there must be something wrong that she wanted me to do or say ... [her] objective is to get me to do something that can put me in jail. That's the objective.*

His repetition—*so she was recording me. I didn't know she's recording. I didn't know. I didn't know she's recording*—intensifies his affective response, but it also intensifies the defensiveness in his story. I ask what was happening, and his first response is that he has been entrapped. Deleuze writes that: "it is not by chance that a poem must be learned by heart. The head is the organ of exchange, but the heart is the amorous organ of repetition" (Deleuze, 1994, pp. 1-2), and here it seems that Madhu talks with a suspicious heart: does he use repetition as a mechanism for inserting his molecular heart into the molar marriage arrangement that his partner is covertly recording? Is he deterritorialising from the marriage?

His story unfolds through the functioning of a machine made to protect and connect its user with outside help. The machine is his partner's mobile phone, a recording app, her control of the phone, advice to record him during an argument, the affective intensity (violence) of the moment, the advice of an external agent of change, and all of the other

connections that emerge. It embodies surveillance within the family that takes into account a narrative of violence in the relationship. Madhu's production of pure intensity—his threat to kill—is collected and replayed to the police who attend his partner's call-out, and it is subsequently used as evidence against Madhu in the court.

His partner's phone and recording—an emerging *surveillance-machine*—connect the couple with the enforcement power of Police/State-ist authority. Paradoxically, the surveillance-machine remains outside the state, as it is the property of Madhu's partner. The connection produces a double bind in the form of two distinct and conflicting forces of authority: separated between the autonomy and patriarchal authority of Madhu, and the enforcement power of Police/State-ist authority.

What has brought Madhu's partner to do this: to record their conversations? The family does not construct its own ruptures: ruptures are not familial, they come from outside. Madhu's anger is not intrinsic to his family. Instead, it connects through his body with the family, and it emerges through the different authoritarian regimes of his experiences which he superimposes on the family assemblage. The collection of evidence—the desiring-production outcome of mobilising his partner's surveillance-machine—suggests to me that Madhu's partner has been the target of his aggression before, has sought help, and has been told to collect evidence of violence. It articulates a narrative that she has been intertwined with both the family and the state for some time and suggests the *verbal altercation ... argument every day* has been going on for longer than *this fight* suggests.

In my reading, Madhu treats the production of the surveillance-machine with suspicion. He does not recognise that something in his connections with his partner is also connecting with the production of her surveillance-machine. He does not recognise this because his desiring-machine is broken, and he is energised by paranoia and his fabrication of victimhood. At this moment he describes the anti-productive resistance of the paranoia-machine he has constructed.

He relates to me how earlier in their argument:

> *I said to her, "You know I will not hurt you. I can only say stuff." And she said, "Yeah, I know you will not hurt me, but you're being psychologically violent."*
>
> *And I said, "Yeah, I know that, and that's why I am telling you to go away. I don't want to."*

His tendency to focus on family violence as an exclusively physical act that is distinct and detached from everyday life enables Madhu to overlook the diversity of abusive conduct that emerges in his narrative as a culturally given gender enactment. Yet he acknowledges instrumentalising violence to regulate his partner:

> *[She says] "You're being psychologically violent."*
>
> *[… and I reply] "Yeah, I know that, and that's why I am telling you to go away."*

Implicit is the threat of more violence if his partner does not comply when he tells her to go away, and more explicitly Madhu presents himself as a reasonable man who is giving fair warning to his partner. As he continues, Madhu invokes other novel elements to distance himself further from the violent-man assemblage. Again, Madhu admits his violence, and again dismisses its seriousness—*it was just a fight, you know. Nothing physical.* He typifies the violence as merely a quarrel or an argument—*just a fight*—and draws other elements into his assemblage—*I was really aware that you shouldn't harm anyone physically. I was very aware of that fact*. Through the production of these novel elements, Madhu is creating lines of flight that produce himself as a non-violent man, moving him away from the violent-man assemblage.

> Aside: I sense an affective urge that is capable of consuming both his partner and himself. I feel something seething below the surface, that, if disturbed, is capable of inflicting great pain. I wonder if he knows that, and whether that's why he tells her to go away. I hear in my head the words that he does not articulate: "Get out of here before I hurt you some more."
>
> And I struggle once again to remove myself from judging his story.

There is something else emerging in Madhu's comments—*she said, "Yeah, I know you will not hurt me, but you're being psychologically violent." And I said, "Yeah, I know that, and that's why I am telling you to go away."* The terms *psychologically abusive* and *psychologically violent* are phrases he uses more than once during our time together, and I read their use as likely being informed by Madhu's encounters with authorities, including counselling staff at Gandhi Nivas and Sahaayta. Formalised phrasing such as *psychologically abusive* and *verbal altercations* bear on the learning that

is taking place at Gandhi Nivas between the counsellors and the men, and in the interactions between the men as they are exposed to that work. It suggests that Madhu is receptive to the talk of others, and this indicates to me that exposure to the stories and excuses of other men creates a risk that his processes of change are vulnerable to disruption by the rationales and minimisations that Madhu hears during his extended stay at Gandhi Nivas.

He struggles to accept that he was psychologically abusive: psychological violence is invisible, and so there is no tangible evidence of violence. The tangible is important to Madhu, but the intangible is problematic. Accordingly, he seeks tangible evidence through an independent evaluation before he is willing to consider the possibility that he is abusive:

> *They say that I am psychologically abusive, but the thing if I am psychologically abusive you should have me do an exam like a psychological exam and things like that. Let me do that, and then you come back to me saying, "Okay, what are the findings, and this is what we decided you do."*

Aside: Madhu proudly shows me photos of him with his son playing in local parks. He's had his photos laminated at the local mall to protect them. In his favourite image, he carries his son on his shoulders in a local park; both he and his son have a broad, unaffected smile. He tells me that he hasn't seen his son in nearly six weeks, and despite their protective coating, the photos are already dog-eared and worn. They appear to be pulled from his wallet frequently.

His small collection of well-thumbed pictures speaks eloquently to me. Madhu has none of his possessions with him, save for the clothes he was wearing and the contents of his pockets, at the time of his arrest. The photos are the closest that he has been able to get to his son over the past six weeks, and they are a tenuous connection. Their tattered and battered appearance speaks to me both of Madhu's love for his son and his precarity.

When Madhu talks about his attachment to his son, his story reminds me of emotions I hold for my son, and of not wanting to lose contact with him even though he lives with his mother, in a space I will not enter.

Like Madhu, I carry photographs of my son with me. My favourite is of the two of us standing with my friend of nearly forty years, Alex. We are at my second wedding, and my son is my Best Man. My photo captures a moment in time as we stand at the church doors awaiting the arrival of the bridal party, an arrival that brings with it

another new beginning for me. My photo tells me that an Other loves me and that the comfort of being held close is important to me. It also tells me that I am conscious of what others think about me. And it tells me that I am surrounded by men who hold space for me.

How does my photo inform my understanding of Madhu? It tells me that although we share the love a father has for his son, we are different people, photographed in different contexts, influenced by different relationships with other men and women. It tells me our lived worlds are different.

However, our storying through photographs also enables us to unfold our experiences and refold them collaboratively, to draw closer to each other. Madhu's experiences transpire, they reverberate with me through our shared photographic intimacies, and through those shared intimacies, new meanings emerge. I am reminded of Gadamer's notion of the fusion of horizons, in which knowledge is co-created in a fusion of horizons (the limited range of vision from a particular standpoint) since people can establish a better (but not perfect) understanding of what lies beyond their situated understandings of their own concrete experiences by trusting others, and by being open to receiving other people's beliefs, and sharing their own (Gadamer, 2013). However, Rhizography comprehends that those situated understandings are not constant or anchored in a single location—they are fluid and move.

Deleuze and Guattari write that "[r]esonance, or the communication occurring between the two independent orders, is what institutes the stratified system" (1987, p. 57). Through our shared reflections and their accompanying photos, Madhu and I unfold and fold our outsides to develop our relationship and accrete our shared stratum. This folding is Deleuze and Guattari's way of connecting what is external with our interiors: when we fold and unfold the outside, we draw what is outside in, and we create interiors that are not autonomous from the outside but are, instead, part of the outside.

I become aware of the criminal charge Madhu faces, of threatening to kill, from my discussions with the social workers and counsellors at Gandhi Nivas who facilitate the initial introductions between Madhu and myself. Initially, he does not tell me directly. Instead, his references are circuitous and oblique, a part of the working-out of whom to tell, I suspect:

I've told all this to my lawyer and everyone that I've spoken to even during when the actual... thing... happened. I was trying to walk away from the situation because I believe that the good thing to do is walk away [...] I was actually trying to say I don't want to continue with the conversation.

Madhu calls his threat to kill an *actual thing,* and its context becomes *the conversation*. These are oblique references and euphemisms that Madhu mobilises again and again in various guises over successive weeks as if they are musical or poetic refrains. In musical and poetry composition, a refrain is a section of the composition that is repeated at regular intervals without a change in melody, rhythm or words. The refrain contains the keywords or themes of the song or the poem in which the refrain appears (Oh, Hahn, & Kim, 2013), and the act of repetition cues us to listen (Madrigal, 2014; von Appen & Frei-Hauenschild, 2015). However, when I listen to Madhu's refrain, the keywords *threatening to kill* are conspicuously absent, and his refrain is repetitious, not of the things that he says, but of the things he leaves unsaid.

In the context of psychological functioning, denial and repression are rooted in Freudian psychotherapy. Both Sigmund and Anna Freud characterised denial as a refusal to accept external realities that are intolerable to think about, while they characterised repression as a refusal to accept the claims of the inner/mental world (Freud, 1934; Freud, 1949). In psychoanalytic theory, denial and repression are used as defence mechanisms that help people ward off excessive negative feelings of anxiety or guilt that might result in loss of self-esteem (Cramer, 2012). Informed by the principles of Freudian psychopathology, I might say that if Madhu says the words *threatened to kill,* then he acknowledges his violence, and when he acknowledges his violence, then its prosecution is righteous. When he mobilises euphemisms in place of his threat, Madhu avoids naming the external reality of his violence, and by rendering his external reality nameless, he privileges his perspective to maintain self-esteem and reduce feelings of anxiety and guilt.

However, the problem with a reading informed by Freudian psychopathology is that it relies on describing defence mechanisms as psychopathological phenomena along with their dimensions of subjective representation, diminishing the production of beliefs "to the condition of a denial that preserves belief without believing in it" (Deleuze and Guattari, 1984, p. 304). Moreover, reading Madhu's *denial* as a psychopathological phenomenon also presupposes that Madhu's psychic reality has some particular form of existence that is somehow different from "the material reality of social production" (p. 30). The inevitable outcome, as Deleuze and Guattari suggest is that: "[t]he whole of desiring-production is

crushed, subjected to the requirements of representation, and to the dreary games of what is representative and represented in representation ... Production is reduced to mere fantasy production, production of expression" (pp. 54-55).

How might Deleuze and Guattari speak of the movements that Madhu mobilise in his euphemisms? Recall the figuration of the addict, who starts each day from ground zero, pouring his first glass, evaluating where the limit lies today, and which is the penultimate glass before chaos ensues. It seems at times that Madhu does likewise as if he is calculating his words to fit his evaluation of responsibility for the fight. Deleuze and Guattari describe having the last word in a:

> "~~domestic squabble~~ [family violence] assemblage. Both partners evaluate from the start the volume or intensity of the last word that would give them the advantage and conclude the discussion … beyond the last (penultimate) word there lie still other words, this time final words that would cause them to enter another assemblage, divorce, for example, because they would have overstepped 'bounds'" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 438).[59]

I read Madhu's reluctance to speak the words *I threatened to kill her* as an enunciatory regime that renders harmless the lethality of his threat, and that keeps Madhu in bounds. If he were to affirm that he threatened to kill his partner in the plain language of his criminal charge, then what Madhu makes peripheral (the lethality of what he threatens) is brought back to the centre, leading him towards the twinned possibilities of a criminal record and separation from his partner.

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[59] The discursive operations we use to describe violence shape our responses to violence, and when Deleuze and Guattari (1987) introduce the phrase *domestic squabble assemblage*, they deploy a naturalised meta-narrative to manage dissent within relationships. The word *squabble* trivialises the significance of family violence, and the imputation is that squabbles (for which I read family violence) are not abnormal, much less criminal. In this respect, Deleuze and Guattari hold a particular understanding of the social and psychological dynamics of family violence that is at odds with my own understanding, and, in response, I invoke Heidegger's strategic philosophical device of sous rature to denounce the language of Deleuze and Guattari's meta-narrative.

Strike-through, or sous rature/under erasure, indicates words are inadequate but no better words can be found. Deleuze and Guattari's word squabble is inaccurate, so it is struck through, while still a part of the quote.

I read another aspect to Madhu's oblique references to his violence: as a kind of out-folding of Deleuze and Guattari's root-tree logic. Root-tree logic is the "logic of tracing and reproduction" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 2). Madhu's euphemisms enable him to retrace the binary classifications and rigid social and political norms that legitimise his authority—*in my case, there is no domestic violence, no physical violence, there's nothing, just verbal altercations*—and when there IS violence it is disciplinary and legitimate, and appropriate for men who have grown up in Madhu's world to use. In effect, Madhu clings to the tracings, going over and over the same dominant cultural forms, connections, and memories that inscribe his over-coded structures, always coming back to the same entryways and endings: *I am like my father in a way. I am not abusive, not... not abusive, but I lose my temper, but I always believe in keeping my family together.*

Rhizomatic thinking is altogether different, not in the sense of either tree or rhizome (because that merely retraces binary classifications) but in the sense that rhizomes are maps, not tracings, and maps are "open and connectable in all of ... [their] dimensions ... detachable, reversible, susceptible to constant modification" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 2). The notion of the map is of creating something always in process, with fluidities and multiplicities and possibilities of openings that might be activated. Madhu traces his father's lines: he is *being* his father—*I am like my father ... not abusive ... but I lose my temper ... keeping my family together*—but if he is to explore the possibilities that the map offers and become something different, then he is no longer focused on his competencies at managing his family, and instead can connect with possibilities to explore different performances. What might happen, for example, if Madhu deterritorialises his body from the competencies of *managing his family* and reterritorialise elsewhere, becoming *caring for his family*? However, Madhu clings to his tracings and is not reading the map.

Madhu has now been at Gandhi Nivas for two months. He has appeared in court twice more, again on procedural matters, and has changed lawyers, following his unhappiness with the legal handling of the initial charge of grievous bodily harm. While he continues to use public defenders, with legal aid helping to pay his bills, he is disillusioned with the support he is getting—*the lawyers they do nothing. They say they do, but they don't do nothing. They get it wrong, and they don't know me.* And once again he articulates a suspicion that his partner is using the law to take revenge against him:

The problem I see is that the law shouldn't help anyone taking revenge just because they don't like that person. You can't use the law to then punish them. You see what I mean? You can't manipulate the law to punish someone you don't like any more or if you feel they are a hassle to my life.

T: Do you think that's happening with you?

Oh yeah! Big time.

He suspects his partner has an ulterior motive—a desire to punish him—and it is a claim that conflates revenge and perceptions of a legal system that is biased in favour of women. I read his rhetoric of feminine revenge as a territorialising representation that he inscribes on his partner's body, positioning her as vengeful and malicious. It is a representation that also enables him to reorganise his own body, in which he perceives that the unfairness of his partner's desire for justice has damaged his social machine, turning it instead into an antagony-machine like that of Ronit's. However, the issue for Madhu is that when he attributes the desire for revenge to the body of his partner, he inscribes a reciprocal desire for his revenge against her upon his own body. This incites him to become resentful—a man of *ressentiment* (Deleuze, 1983; Nietzsche, 1887/1913)—and the desire for revenge is turned against itself to become a standpoint of martyrdom:

> the man of *ressentiment* breaks out in bitter reproaches as soon as his expectations are disappointed. And how could they not be disappointed, since frustration and revenge are the *a-prions of ressentiment*. "It is your fault if no one loves me, it is your fault if I've failed in life and also your fault if you fail in yours, your misfortunes and mine are equally your fault." Here we rediscover the dreadful … power of *ressentiment*: it is not content to denounce crimes and criminals, it wants sinners, people who are responsible. We can guess what the creature of *ressentiment* wants: he wants others to be evil, he needs others to be evil in order to be able to consider himself good. *You are evil, therefore I am good*
>
> (Deleuze, 1983, pp. 118-119, original emphasis).

I read the binaried bitterness of resentment in Madhu's narrative. When he attributes a regime of revenge to his partner, the attribution enables him to signify her actions as wrongdoing: she is manipulating the law and is therefore evil. If she is evil, then he is good and by extension, if he is disappointed, and can blame her, then he is also her victim. His partner is signified as the sinner, filled with an urge to wreak havoc on his life, using the law to

punish him. In contrast, he constitutes a despotic signifying regime of goodness for himself, through the force that he has refrained from using—*I never hit her, you know*.

However, ressentiment is a reactive concept: "the triumph of reactive forces in man and even of the constitution of man by reactive forces: the man-slave" (Deleuze, 1983, p. x). Madhu is under the sway of reactive forces, and when reactive forces separate an active force from what it sets out to do, then they triumph: "they betray it to the will of nothingness, to a becoming-reactive deeper than themselves" (Deleuze, 1983, p. 64). The outcome of becoming-reactive is nihilistic because that's how antagony-machines work: reactive forces prevail because they escape the action of active force, and produce bitterness, animosity, rancour, and resentment which set up possibilities to destabilise assemblages and amplify the destructive potential for catastrophic deterritorialisation.

Aside: When my ex-wife and I separated after 24 years of marriage, my antagony-machine worked overtime, filling me with the bitter fumes of ressentiment. She had told me that I stood in her way and that she did not see me in her future life (something Madhu's partner has said to him). I've been cast aside by businesses in the past, always at pains to assure my colleagues and me that our positions were redundant, not us. We were just incidental roadkill on their drives for greater efficiency. However, I had become the roadkill in my own marriage. Little wonder, then, that I felt bitterness and animosity and rancour and ressentiment.

It took me years of starving my antagony-machine of fuel, to rid my body of the prions of ressentiment, a year to staunch the worst of my bleeding. Even now, six years on, my antagony-machine is not entirely decommissioned. I feel its urges but resist its temptations, and it is no longer a determining value in my life.

Nevertheless, these notions of ressentiment and scapegoating are a little out of place in my thesis, particularly because they psychopathologise the individual, and that is not what I set out to do. Deleuze addresses ressentiment in his *Nietzsche and Philosophy* (1983), one of his earliest books (first published in 1962), and a forerunner of his poststructuralist writings that followed its publication. *Nietzsche and Philosophy* was intended to be an "expedient" movement towards "anti-historicist and anti-subjectivist goals, which could, in turn, be discarded when the intellectual mood began to turn" (Dews, 2007, p. 2). However, I am not entirely convinced that Deleuze's writing here fits well with the rest of this project. To begin with, Deleuze overlooks or elides the challenge in Nietzsche's argument that all ressentiment is

> preceded by the coming into being of bad conscience: "bad conscience has to be *read* as a catastrophe and a fate" (Pearson, 2007, p. 253, original emphasis). In other words, Nietzsche argues that we are not merely reactive animals but that we cannot choose to have or avoid a bad conscience; it is entirely immanent. Moreover, the very notions of bad conscience and ressentiment are products of ego-driven value systems that attack or deny the perceived source of one's frustration: they are phenomena that can be used to pathologise the individualised subject.
>
> Recognising this, I worry that my initial reading of Madhu's ressentiment has been influenced by my own experiences of a profoundly acrimonious separation in which I perceived that my ex-wife held me responsible for every adverse outcome in her life. I need to move beyond my assumptions about culture and identity, and my feelings of resentment, to foster a more nuanced grasp of the subjectivity and agency of the 'Other'.
>
> Accordingly, during editing, I find another reading. It is not that my initial approach is intrinsically wrong, but rather that other possibilities present themselves, possibilities that move beyond the binary to engage with the imaginary, relative to the tensions that I embody.

Madhu's line of flight does not allow him to run away from his partner's account of violence, to escape responsibility by 'blaming' her for the operation of the anti-violence-law enforcement-justice-machine. Madhu constructs this line of flight so that he can produce himself as a non-violent man—it was a quarrel and not a fight, there was nothing physical, he never hit her, she is manipulating the law: everything he says works to devalue and hide his violence. He weaponises his partner's call to the Police for help. Their argument is something that happens between them and only them; it is their intimacy, their secret. How can the Police act against Madhu if they do not know the secret? "You don't make an atomic bomb with a secret" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 405). However, Madhu's partner has revealed the secret and the Police and courts are entirely capable of putting it to use in their anti-violence-law enforcement-justice-machine. She has betrayed Madhu's secret and compromised his privileged status, and in Madhu's story, she is to blame for the consequences.

In his narratives, Madhu consistently assumes responsibility for maintaining the integrity of his family. As he sees it, his function as the head of his family is to impose order on the flows of desire: "to inscribe them, to record them, to see to it that no flow exists that is not properly dammed up, channelled, regulated" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1983, p. 32). However, it is a false

refuge: lines of flight never escape the world; they cause runoffs in all directions, in which new weapons are created to push back against the state (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987). The state has interpolated itself between him and his family, and it uses its over-coding systems to decode and deterritorialise Madhu's flow of desire from the desiring-machine that is the rest of his family. The operation of the anti-violence-law enforcement-justice-machine usurps Madhu's role by assigning guilt to him, and it is no longer he who controls the family but his partner instead.

Madhu's line of flight also re-populates his body with organs. Like a machine, his body produces energy, action, feelings, financial support, and...and...and..., and in his storying, he is an essential part of his family's body for its functioning to continue. However, here is where a problem emerges for Madhu. None of the organs of a body produces anything in its own right: a heart does not produce blood by itself any more than a brain produces thoughts, or a leg produces movement. Instead, the productive body is a collective effort involving the whole body connected with a whole complex of other materialities. Deleuze and Guattari (1987) describe this collective effort as a body without organs: a body that is no longer tethered to the rules that dictate what an organ contributes to the operation of the body, and that teems with multiplicities and is "permeated by unformed, unstable matters, by flows in all directions, by free intensities or nomadic singularities (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 40). In the face of all this fluidity and uncertainty and opportunity, Madhu attempts to restore himself as an organ of production within the family body by blaming his partner. His is a paranoid body and, believing himself to be under attack by external forces, he attacks back. However, it is a nihilistic attack that only works by destroying connections with his partner.

House talks of job-hunting:

It's showering with rain outside. It'll be finished soon. You can shelter for now under the eaves of the roof, or perhaps come back inside. Don't worry, there's always a bed here for you.

What's that you say? You have a job interview later this week? Great! Well done, you!

And now you must explain your situation? That you're dressed casually because you have no access to your clothes, and you have no access to your clothes because, you're on bail, and, have court hearings to attend, and might be sentenced to prison? That complicates things, doesn't it? But remember that the charge against you doesn't mean you can't do the job. You still have skills that this employer values, eh.

Have you asked the counsellors to help you prepare your CV? They can help with that.

What about clothes? You can't wear trackpants and a tee shirt to a job interview, you know. Be good to make a good first impression, eh. Maybe if you ask one of the counsellors to pick some nice clothes up from your home tonight. They can help with that too.

What about getting to your interview? Do you need a ride? The bus station is opposite the end of the road outside if your interview is near a bus route.

A week later, Madhu is talking about work. He tells me that his limited income was always an issue between him and his partner—*my partner always thought that I don't earn as much money as her. I earned good money, but not as much as her, so she would say things like, "You don't contribute enough."*—and I recall the comments he has made about his father—*his main aim was always to provide for his family. He always worked towards us; you know like how I always work towards my son. I am like my father in a way. I always believe in keeping my family together.* Yet here Madhu is—*I don't earn as much money as her. I earned good money but not as much as her*—in a different space to the father he aspires to be. In real terms, he is unable to meet his partner's expectations, a situation in which I might anticipate that his affective state is intensified, and not momentarily but over an extended period. The tension is exacerbated when Madhu is arrested, and his earnings drop to zero:

> *I was a credit account manager, and they kept my job open two weeks after, but couldn't keep it open any longer while I was still in jail. ... Basically, I lose my job, I don't have my house, I lose my son, everything.*

His hunt for a job becomes a recurring topic of conversation between Madhu and me. At one point, we talk about his previous work as the credit account manager. He resorts to grim humour to underscore the change in his attractiveness as a prospective employee:

> *T:* *How did you get your previous job?*
>
> *Madhu:* *Well, I didn't have any charges on me. [laughs]*

He elaborates on how his efforts to find a new job have become more complicated. While doing so, another of his refrains—*was just a fight/nothing physical*—re-appears:

> *[I] had to apply for some, but it was always that I would get more and more jobs. Even now I'd get easily called, but now I have to explain my situation, and there is a possibility they might say no. That's the thing. If you have something on me... what do I... see I didn't do any fraud. I didn't do anything of that sort. It was just a... just a fight, you know. Nothing physical.*

In their exploratory survey on immigrant job hunting, labour market experiences, and feelings about occupational satisfaction in Aotearoa New Zealand, Mace, Atkins, Fletcher, and Carr (2005) observed that immigrants often have lower participation levels in the workforce,

and tend to earn less, than locally born people. They also observe that non-white immigrants are worst affected. Similarly, Maydell and Diego-Mendoza (2014) identify various discriminatory practices that function as barriers to better employment outcomes for immigrants in Aotearoa New Zealand. Migrants who have a foreign accent, overseas qualifications that are not recognised locally, and who lack work experience in Aotearoa New Zealand struggle to access jobs. Wilson and Parker's (2007) findings are consistent with those of Maydell and Diego-Mendoza. Job applicants from ethnic minorities (especially migrants) have "reduced access to the labour market and are less likely to successfully progress through recruitment processes", and they identify "a social categorisation process of stereotyping and stereotype-driven decision-making" (Wilson & Parker, 2007, p.39) as a key driver of the reduced access (see also Daldy, Poot, & Roskruge, 2014).

Through the dominance of representationalism, that which is most distant from the White-Man's face, against which differences are sorted and judged, is the first to be marginalised (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987), and the bodies of migrant men are inscribed with many differences: country of origin, accent, foreign qualifications, minority ethnic status, and...and...and... Such differences marginalise other-than-white migrants outside an organised, normalised, and dominant discipline of whiteness in Aotearoa New Zealand, and the men who go through Gandhi Nivas are familiar with the discriminatory practices of racist structures of signification that operate in this country.

However, other barriers to employment manifest themselves in Madhu's storying as well. He has already spoken of the uncertainty of his future while his case progresses through the court system. Even though he has worked in Aotearoa New Zealand since his arrival, his employability has changed—*now I have to explain my situation, and there is a possibility they might say no*—any job he takes is vulnerable to the disruption of his court case. Other factors play roles as well: *I have none of my belongings with me. How can I go for a job wearing track pants and tee-shirt that Gandhi Nivas has lent me?*

I follow up on this the next time we meet:

T: have you managed to go home and get some clothes yet?

Yeah, yeah. Kapil did that. The police didn't do anything. They said they would. They didn't do anything.[60]

T: Well, that was good of Kapil. At least you've got something to wear to interviews.

Yeah, yeah, if I ever get an interview again. [laughs ironically]

If he cannot find permanent employment, then Madhu risks a new form of social subjectification, becoming what Deleuze and Guattari describe as *extensive labour*: labour "that has become erratic and floating" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 469). Extensive labourers or 'gig workers'—subcontractors, temporary workers, and workers in underground economies—are dehumanised through machinic enslavement: the workers themselves become constituent parts of a more massive machine, composed of workers, and composed by workers, under the control of a higher unity. Such a machine is both a device of enslavement and a device for social subjection. When we are constituted as users of the machine and as constituent parts of the machine, we become defined by the actions that the machine demands its users enact (Lazzarato, 2006). For the gig worker, this shifts the burdens of economic risk onto the worker while at the same time potentially reducing labour protections (recall the exploitative job-selling scam in Ajay's story) and making their working conditions more precarious (Donovan, Bradley, & Shimabukuro, 2016; Friedman, 2014).

Like the compulsory-education-machine that does not communicate information, but instead imposes semiotic coordinates upon the child, the capitalist-machine does not communicate wealth but instead imposes structural and power coordinates on its extensive labour constituency. For Deleuze and Guattari, the capitalist-machine that enslaves extensive labour operates as a formidable "point of subjectivation that constitutes all human beings as subjects; but some, the 'capitalists', are subjects of enunciation […], while others, the 'proletarians', are subjects of the statement, subjected to the technical machines" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 457).

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[60] I have written of Kapil earlier, during a group session. Kapil is a counsellor at the house. He is a young Indian-born man who has been with the organisation since its inception, and he has given of himself in many ways to support the efforts of the organisation. *House*'s questions to the job-seeker remind me of the extent to which staff at Gandhi Nivas go to nurture the men, as does Madhu's appreciation of the efforts of Kapil's to encourage his search for employment.

Madhu's prospects for machinic enslavement by the capitalist process have taken a turn for the worse. If I apply Sonawat's observation of the Indian culture that: "roles, responsibility, control, and distribution of resources within the family are strictly determined by age, gender and generation" (Sonawat, 2001, p. 180), then I read into his story that Madhu is aware he risks losing his place in the order that he has experienced from childhood.

Deleuze and Guattari's (1987) *enslavement of the proletariat* beckons to Madhu, and, given that his earning capacity has long been an issue in the relationship he has with his partner, the matter of his uncertain employment prospects becomes ever more complicated. There are multiple layers of complexity here: behind the violence against his partner, there are infolds of gender, race, ethnicity, class, education, and…and…and… that interweave through the criminal justice system, through social welfare and social work, the neoliberal dictates of capitalist Aotearoa New Zealand, and…and…and… Indeed, Deleuze and Guattari challenge us to consider capitalism as a nihilistic machine (a state-form that subjugates all who stand in its way) and equate the semiotic of capitalism with the semiotic of the White-Man's face: "in which significance and subjectification effectively interpenetrate" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 182).

Jaffrey (2003) describes freshly slaughtered goat as "the meat most commonly eaten throughout India" (p. 36), and it is one of my favourite meats: richly flavoured and lean. Because it is a lean meat, it is best suited to slow cooking at lower temperatures which keep the moisture in and break down the connective tissues in the meat. Those are perfect cooking conditions for a long slow curry (Panjabi, 1995). Goat is also one of the most popular meats in the world, as it is an acceptable meat for Hindus who do not eat beef and Muslims who do not eat pork.

I remember my mother preparing goat curries for us when we were young. My dad was a deer culler in his younger days, and now and then he'd "deterritorialise" a goat, whose body would re-territorialise shortly after as a freshly dressed carcass at our back door. Mum would seize it with enthusiasm and a bloody great meat cleaver. The result would be a vast mound of roughly diced meat from the legs, the ribs, and the neck. Always with the bone. Jaffrey explains that such a combination results in "meat pieces of varying textures and densities with a sauce whose richness and flavour comes from a combination of spices, oozing marrow, natural bone gelatine, and meat juices" (Jaffrey, 2003, p. 36). Moreover, as Jaffrey points out,

the tactility of prising a succulent morsel of flesh from its attendant bone, and consuming said morsel on a piece of flatbread, is immeasurable (Jaffrey, 2003).

Not far from where I live is a halal butchery that sells various cuts of freshly slaughtered goat. For my curry, I use their mixture of coarsely cubed leg, rib, and neck meat, all still on the bone, and liberal quantities of mild but vibrantly coloured Kashmiri chillies. I make my curry the day before it is intended to be eaten so that its flavours intensify and meld overnight. It seems an appropriate dish for meat-loving Madhu.

The recipe I use is based on a Kashmiri Rogan Josh. Panjabi (1995) proposes that r*ogan* means meat fat while *josh* means heat and intensity, while other sources suggest the name derives from either the Urdu word *roghan*, meaning brown or red (Collingham, 2006) or the Kashmiri *roghan* meaning red with the Persian word *gošt* or *gosht/ghosht*, meaning meat or meat-flesh or meat-juice (Chapman, 2009). Regardless of the languaging, there is heat, intensity, colour, bones that accumulate at the side of our plates as the meal progresses, the rich, sweet juices that drip down our fingers and our chins, and…and…and…

A month has passed since Madhu proudly showed me pictures of him with his son playing in local parks. He has not seen his son since his arrest, and he tells me:

> *I was looking at his pictures, but I try not to do it because it then makes me cry, so I don't do it.*

He also tells me that his partner has said that she does not want him to return to their house, not for the present, and maybe never again. Not to live there. She is not sure yet. ~~Sometimes the words in a story do not warrant feedback. Sometimes they just speak for themselves.~~

Aside: I write those final two sentences (now subjected to a regime of sous rature—erased yet necessary for what follows) and Mandy asks why. She encourages me to explore why I want to leave the instant of Madhu's telling to speak for itself, and to explain the affective movement that leaves me silent.

She is right to prod at me because there is an affective flow in his story that moves me with ferocity. Mandy suggests it reaches me as an intensity, but I think ferocity is more evocative of my empathy for Madhu's loneliness. It's how I felt after separation: the painful loneliness of a life that's lived at a distance from a son, the grief of loss.

> Yeah, I recognise that, Mandy. It's how I feel when I am being over-coded by the subjectifying materialities of post-relationship despotic signifiers: mustn't cry—it's not manly, eh—well, that's what we get told when we're boys…
>
> Once again, I reflect on the precarity of my presence as a researcher in this research. Who can fail to be moved by recognising your own pain in someone else's story? However, if I am moved, I change how I construct knowledge from the men's stories, and this reminds me of Althusser's caution that "there is no such thing as an innocent reading, we must ask what reading we are guilty of" (Althusser, 2016, p. 3).
>
> So, here I am, guilty of recognising the rawness of Madhu's experience in the context of my own as I momentarily connect with him in an assemblage of loneliness—powered by the unmet desires of our desiring-machines for the company of our sons—and I want to acknowledge the moment without investing it with new meaning.

Food that is prepared in private households is marked by the logic of the gift, which involves an ethic of care—an orientation "where one is relating and responding to another's needs" (Fürst 1997, p. 444) and where production is geared towards the structuring of healthy social and emotional relations. Fürst's ethic of care feeds the principle of the nurturing-machine that I am consistently trying to evoke in this project. The evening meals that I prepare and share with the men are especially important in this respect, as they are often the only meal of the day that brings the household members together.

According to Schneider (2011), some tasks are important for *doing* gender, for they are imbued with cultural meaning and serve as resources for the construction of femininity for women and as a threat to masculinity for men. Other tasks are more mundane and do not contribute to the same extent to the construction of gender identity. Similarly, Kalliath, Kalliath, and Singh (2010) observe that the centrality of the family and institutionalisation of family/gender role structures in Indian culture are key sources of gender-based social pressures. They observe that the dominant expectations in Indian society are for men to associate with work outside the home, whether on repairs and maintenance on the residential property or at paid-work, while women are associated with work inside the home, especially unpaid family work such as cooking, other household chores, and early child-care. This echoes

Schneider's (2011) argument that cooking in the home is a task that is closely linked to female identity.[61]

Thus, it comes as little surprise to me when, rather than challenging dominant constructions of masculinity, Madhu imposes a molar construction of gender role structures onto the nurturing-machine, through a series of text message interchanges. A screenshot of one conversation we have hints at how he feminises my meal-preparing ethic of care (see Figure 16, following page). Madhu's expectation seems evident to me: not whether I will be cooking, but that I will cook, and I will do so for him. When I reply that I am preparing a vegetable curry, he conveys dismay that I am not producing something more to his taste—*oh no chicken or meat?* I am curious to see where the conversation goes, and I reply, initially with a playful response that acknowledges his feminising movement, then, ever the compliant feminised food-preparer, I suggest a lamb curry. Once again, Madhu's expectations are clear: meat is good, make Madhu what he wants—*yes, yes*.

Later that day, and only a few minutes after my anticipated arrival at Gandhi Nivas (I am running late), Madhu contacts me again—*how far are you? I am hungry*. Not only am I expected to cook for him, but I am expected to cook what he wants when he is hungry. Quickly now.

One can argue that the absence of social niceties (Will you be cooking tonight? Would you maybe consider preparing a meat dish? Please Thank you) are artefacts of a migrant man speaking in a third language. However, Madhu is well-spoken. He has a good grasp of English as a spoken language. He has been in Aotearoa New Zealand for 12 years.

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[61] In contrast to the private space of the home kitchen, in public spaces, cooking becomes the normalised domain of the chef, who doesn't threaten masculinity or perform femininity in the same way, especially as they enjoy the hyper-masculine liberty of controlling their kitchens and all within them during service. Druckman (2010) reminds us of the great divide between chefs and cooks, a divide that objectifies the chef as an authoritarian professional man and the cook as a housewife (see also Allen, 2016; Herkes & Redden, 2017; Koch, 2019).

The 'great divide' is not only a Western perspective. Brown (2017) writes of the traditional patriarchal Japanese sushi chef view that "women are biologically unsuited to be chefs" in restaurant kitchens in Japan (Brown, 2017, p. 8). The public-chef-male/private-cook-female dichotomy inhabits the Indian cultural context of gendered performances as well, as Ajay's storying earlier in this project attests.

No. Madhu's interest is in what is being prepared for him, when it will be ready, and will it satisfy his appetite. He has no cooking skills and no interest in learning. Men's home cooking

Figure 16. Text interchange. (Source: Author)

is a contested site, and in the absence of his ex-partner[62] who would normally cook for him, I am filling her role in the kitchen, doing *the mother's job* as Madhu defines it. The various masculinities that Madhu enacts during his time at Gandhi Nivas are all imbued with

[62] for, by now, she has signalled to Madhu she wants to be ex-him

expressions of his gendered power and status around the home, and notions of hetero-masculine domesticity have no place in his lived world. For him, the kitchen is a space for women's work, and he genders it as a feminised space. We men who work in the home-kitchen are normatively defined in relation to the feminised work environment, and accordingly, we are constructed as feminised workers, performing feminised activities: activities that are done for Madhu, not by Madhu.

Aside: Something is happening to me here, and it relates to my expectations of *social niceties*, the little customs and rituals and taboos that we're expected to observe in social settings. I learned social etiquette from my grandmother in the early 1960s, in an era when *ladies* (there were no *women*) still wore gloves and hats. My grandfather was a senior manager at the National Bank, and I would regularly accompany my grandmother to morning teas with other bankers' wives. For me, a bow tie was de rigueur: my choice, not mum's, nor my grandmother's (Figure 14).

Figure 14. Portrait of the author as a young man. (Source: Author)

My responsibilities were to politely speak only when spoken to and remain silent at all other times, to sit quietly to one side where I was permitted to play with a toy, and to politely accept the offer of a piece of cake and a cordial (if offered) without shedding a crumb, spilling a drop, or asking for more (shades of Oliver Twist!).

The somewhat less rigid social niceties were learned at home from mum—hats off inside, elbows off the table, say please and thank you, eat with your mouth shut ("But how does the food get in?"), cover your mouth when you cough or sneeze, and so on. We all know the drill.

Well, perhaps we would all know the drill if we were all brought up in the early 1960s in a rural-idyll/high-tea-and-best-behaviour/White-Man's-face assemblage.

I feel a little affronted at Madhu's apparent disdain for the conventions I was brought up in, then embarrassed that I would use my background as a measure of Madhu's conventions. Why do I expect the customs that striated my life to have also striated his?

Madhu's propensity to feminise domestic work is reinforced in a conversation that I have with another resident a week or so later. Afi takes me to the kitchen at Gandhi Nivas to proudly show me a spotlessly clean workspace. The entire stovetop is uniformly white for the first time that I can recall, the walls have been washed and the windows polished, even the perennial pile of dishes in the dishrack has been cleared away. I compliment Afi on his work and point out to him that none of the other men I have met at Gandhi Nivas clean a kitchen as thoroughly as he does. He replies:

> *I am a worker, you know, cleaning everywhere. I clean the house: the ceiling, the walls, the floor, all the ovens, [gestures] this is... where I am working. And he [points to Madhu in the adjoining lounge] say to me, "You are very good. You are like a wife. Why are you doing the mother's job?" and I say, "This is not only mother's job. This is everyone's job." It's not only mum's job; it's everyone.*

Madhu's characterisation of domestic work as *the mother's job* is a blunt instrument that obliterates the works of men like Afi and me. In his banter and his teasing, he encodes, and inscribes, and deeply striates domestic housework as the taken-for-granted work of women. I read these inscriptions reinforcing Madhu's construction of masculinity. He seems unable to accept men doing gender in the kitchen, and unable to accept our differences to his conceptualisations of masculinity.

Aside: I don't notice that Madhu feminises me; at least not initially. I derive pleasure out of caring for the men, nurturing them, cooking meals for them. What other men think of my efforts, seems of little importance, and I move on. It's not until I describe Madhu's text messages to Mandy and Leigh, that a small awakening occurs: what I treat as taken-for-granted (preparing food for others—after all, my nurturing-machine is part of my rhizographic strategy) is something that Madhu also treats as taken-for-granted (being fed by others—women's work); but his 'taken-for-granted' is different from mine. Where I consider my kitchen work as a performative element of an ethic of care, Madhu reads it as a feminised activity that he uses to subordinate me, to suborn me into meeting his needs on his terms.

Mandy and I talk at length over the next few days, as I am curious to observe how much more Madhu will do to further my feminisation. However, there is also a part of me that rankles slightly at the implications of Madhu's treatment of me (and his treatment of the other men who clean up after him). And, as with my experience of

Ronit, I have a sense of frustration in our interaction, as if Madhu is using me to satisfy his appetite without expending his own time and effort into preparing food or cleaning the house.

I think here of Madhu's motivations, not as a functionalistic hierarchy of needs (Maslow, 1943) nor as a motivation-hygiene model (Herzberg, 1966), nor a three-dimensional theory of attribution (Weiner, 1972), nor any other functionalistic or apolitical model of motivation, but instead, in terms of Deleuzo-Guattarian desire and the political options that Madhu has. A functional or apolitical notion of motivation implies agency: for example, in management theory, there is an assumption that characteristics of human faculties can be instilled and nourished through practices and procedures such as bonuses, promotions, and recognition (for examples, see Herzberg, 1966; Maslow, 1943; Taylor, 1913; Weiner, 1972). Motivation, therefore, operates as an external mediating variable that explains a relationship between input and output.

However, Deleuze and Guattari (1983, 1987) criticise such transcendentalism. In their view, desire is not a superstructure that sits outside of our relationships with one another. Instead, they describe desire as an immanent principle and an integral part of a process of production that has no connections with the outside, and no references to external agencies. The rhizome "acts on desire by [producing] external, productive outgrowths" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 4), and so, desire becomes a fluidic signifier that can insinuate itself anywhere and anywhen, continually moving from actuality to possibility.

Viewed in this way, my speculations about Madhu's motivations might be better directed towards the relationships between Madhu and the subjects, objects, and artefacts that surround him both now and during other times. Viewed in this way, my speculations about Madhu's feminisation of men doing domestic activities make use of only one of the different indices in Madhu's social arena: sexuality is not the only way one might analyse an investment of desire (Dosse, 2011).

Madhu minimises the violence he directs towards his ex-partner: *this [threat] is out of context ... it was just a fight, you know. Nothing physical ... I am not abusive, not abusive*. However, he also describes a movement in power, which he uses to assert that he is marginalised on multiple levels. Recall his complaint that women hold too much power:

[t]he first thing I would separate. I'll get out of the relationship. I would separate, you know, from any woman. I would separate. It's not good for men. It's not good for you. The law is against you. It's like living in a... in a... living in times, you know when every law is for white people. And black people were this? [waves his hand low and close to the floor]

His next words reprise the privilege and faciality of the White-Man face:

It's like that. So ah, women are the new whites. ... Maybe I should say, moving from here, I should say that I am a victim or something. Then people will come and help me. Ah, there you go.[63]

It is easy for me to read a strong belief in entitlement, and there is a strong sense that the men consider themselves victims of their partners and the White-Man's system into the stories of the migrant men. However, the men of Gandhi Nivas do not wear the White-Man's face.

Deleuze and Guattari do not directly address race often or in great depth in their writings, but when they invoke the White-Man face, they critique the limited perspectives of Western ethnocentricity. In their view, racism has no exterior. Instead, there is only the White-Man's face and the faces of people who are not white enough: "people who should be like us and whose crime it is not to be" ((Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 178). The men of Gandhi Nivas do not wear the White-Man's face. Theirs are different from the face against which differences are ordered, evaluated, and normalised, for: "[r]acism operates by the determination of degrees of deviance in relation to the White-Man face" (p. 178).

It is an argument that is like that made by Said (1977), in his writings on Orientalism. Said's position is that the existence of every culture obliges the existence of another, an Other, an alter ego. A process of establishing Western/Occidental self-identity obliges the construction of a counterbalance, a non-West/Oriental Other: people who ought to be Western and whose failure is that they are not. In constructing this oppositional dichotomy, the West employs a paternalistic and colonising frame of reference to locate itself monolithically as superior to the non-West, and this enables oppression and subjugation of all that is non-West. Through the Saidian mechanism of Orientalism, the Occident constructs and re-presents the Orient, opens

[63] Madhu's construction of his victim-position is passively aggressive, as he exercises powers of subjectivity over his body, then waits for people to notice and help him.

the Orient for exploitation, and denies the Orient any opportunity for self-representation or expression.

In place of the authoritarian subjectifications of Western ethnocentricity, Deleuze and Guattari (1987) argue that race ought to be regarded as immanent, fluidic, and multiple. For them, the face has an intimate relationship with the moment in time and space in which it materialises, it cannot be universally significant, nor a universal signifier. The question they prod at, instead, is how it is that "white man" constitutes the standard against which all else is judged.

Madhu might display a sense of entitlement and victimisation in his storying, but he does not wear the White-Man's face. His anger has a different texture through which he endows women with the faciality and trappings of the privileged White-Man. Nevertheless, even here, there is complexity. Here too, *man* is still the privileged term of the binary that structures gendered life, and the complexities of where to place the *white* (with the *anger*, for which Madhu feels entitlement? Or the *rights*, which are denied to him?) become further entangled. Here too, as he is back in India, Madhu is stretched between different sites of colonisation in different relations to his colour, for both Aotearoa New Zealand and India have histories of oppression under the gaze of the White-Man's face.

Aside: Leigh reads resistance to White-Man's law into Madhu's telling. She argues that the White-Man's face has marginalised women in a way that conflicts with Madhu's perspective. However, as a man of colour, Madhu has also been positioned in the margins by the White-Man's face, and he is also being judged (through many systems) by the White-Man's institutions.

It has been four months since Madhu and I first met, and five months since he threatened to kill his ex-partner. He is still at Gandhi Nivas, and still appearing periodically in court, as the judicial process moves on. Once again, he is considering his options for his legal representation, and is cynical about their motives:

> *I am also trying to see if I can do a private lawyer and have him act on my behalf, because the public defenders, they don't offer much of a service. All they're interested in is win or get you to plead guilty. That's all they're worried about because they've got their share of money.*

He is not at ease this evening. His eyes are liquid with tears. I ask if he is okay, would he like to rain-check until another night? I do not want to distress him further, but he asks me to stay, and we talk for much of the evening. His ex-partner has asked the court if they can participate in a restorative justice process:

> *[She] has given an indication that she wants a discharge for me and everything and then after she told me after the restorative justice that she wanted me actively involved in the child's raising, which is a good thing right? And also, she said, "I want to deal with you outside the court because I don't have money to do everything that I want on unsupervised access."*

The restorative justice process in Aotearoa New Zealand is a mechanism for conflict resolution in which parties to the conflict work together to address the source of conflict, to restore well-being to all who have been harmed by the dispute (Pfander, 2020). Restorative justice prioritises the interests of the people who are most affected by conflict—the victims and offenders, and the communities of care that assemble around them—and enables and empowers them to make decisions for themselves in a non-adversarial setting about how best to deal with the conflict and the harm that it has caused (Daly, 2016; Pfander, 2020; Zehr, 2014). In Madhu's restorative justice conference, Madhu, his ex-partner, and her mother attend, along with their counsellors and a conference facilitator.

Non-adversarial restorative justice offers various benefits to the participants. Targets of offending are more involved in the process of criminal justice and have an opportunity to enhance their healing by telling their stories. People who use violence are brought face to face with the targets of their abuse and have an opportunity to empathise with them, and to take responsibility for their violence. Moreover, the communities of care that assemble around the people who use violence and their targets of abuse are encouraged to speak out about how a healthier and safer community might be achieved (Pfander, 2020; Zehr, 2014).[64] This is a values-oriented approach to therapeutic jurisprudence that considers the consequences of the impact of the judicial and penal systems on social harmony and the well-being of everyone involved in the justice system, including violent people, their targets, communities of care, officers of the law, judicial staff, and others. An important outcome of the approach is the

[64] Zehr (2014) notes that other benefits may also emerge from restorative justice, including forgiveness and reconciliation, but that these are not the primary focus of the model. Any outcome, including a custodial sentence, can be considered restorative if the parties agree that it is appropriate (Zehr, 2014).

decolonising of the judicial system, which is, after all, a social system and a part of society. This occurs because the restorative justice approach encourages the development of multicultural practices that privilege diversity and reflects an ethical obligation to people who use violence as well as society generally (Freiberg, 2011; Pfander, 2020; Zehr, 2014). In this sense, restorative justice can be considered as a counter-hegemonic discourse, and a form of nomadism in which values-oriented systems are neither fixed nor final, but always evolving and open to alternative visions of what communities can become (Woolford & Ratner, 2003).

Restorative justice can be contrasted with the conventional criminal justice system in Aotearoa New Zealand, which prioritises the interests of the state and which treats crime as an offence against the state, even though the state takes only limited responsibility for the actions of the person who uses violence whether in the past or the future (Maxwell, 2010; Pfander, 2020). However, conventional justice systems have little reformative potential and, as Pfander observes, significant downsides, including "high incarceration rates, skyrocketing prison costs, and the disenfranchisement of both victims and offenders" (Pfander, 2020, p. 171). Underscoring the importance of these distinctions between restorative justice and conventional criminal justice systems, Arrigo and Bursot (2016) write that the praxis of restorative justice provides a relational co-productive space that is particularly suited to the radical reformation of the oppressive conditions of conventional criminal justice: it is Deleuze and Guattari's 'transformative subject' which continuously moves beyond the limitations of subjectivity, characterisations, and categorisations, as it flexes to accommodate the situational humanness of the people who participate in restorative justice.

While non-adversarial restorative justice aspires to provide therapeutic jurisprudence, actual delivery can be a different matter. A key concern with the restorative justice approach is that it brings targets of abuse face to face with the people who have used violence against them, and this raises the possibility of psychological harm through replicating abusive dynamics of power imbalances such as showing no empathy or using a particular look or a turn of phrase that has rich meaning but only to the victim (Jülich, 2006). Often participants in restorative justice programmes find it difficult to believe that the process of justice was adequately victim-centred, believing instead that restorative justice programmes provide platforms for the reproduction of 'offender-centred' criminal justice (Gavrielides, 2018; Holt, 2016; Jülich, 2006), and these perceptions are implicit in a "shortage of willing victim participants" for conferencing (Pfander, 2020, p. 180). Moreover, at an institutional level, systemic support for

the restorative justice movement in Aotearoa New Zealand still appears inadequate, even after two decades of operation (Pfander, 2020).

It is helpful to conceptualise the process of restorative justice as "occurring at the moment where systematic oppression is crystallised as it meets an event. Thus, we need both a philosophy of the event and an analysis of patterns of power relations" (Winslade, 2019, p. 282). If I think of power as lines of force that operate on other forces (Deleuze, 1988), then I can trace those lines in Madhu's violence: he has acted on another person, and his threat to kill his wife is infused with power. Flows of intensity criss-cross his violence, and these flows are brought to the table in the restorative justice process. Winslade (2019) suggests that much like the forces of magnetism and gravity, the lines of force in relationships precede the contexts in which individuals act, and they continue long after. Thus, a key challenge for the restorative justice process that Madhu and his ex-partner are participating in is to rupture the lines of force that sustain the unequal power relationship between the two.

In a machinic sense, the restorative justice conference emerges as a nomadic justice-machine. It only knows what its function is and what it connects with, and, as with all machinic interactions, it establishes connections and stabilises the assemblage (territorialising the content and expressions of the meeting), at the same time that it ruptures connections to destabilise established relationships (deterritorialising power inequalities). However, the nomadic justice-machine needs participants who are willing to account for and rupture the lines of force. Madhu is not there yet, as following conversations reveal.

A week later, Madhu's ex-partner calls Gandhi Nivas and speaks with the counsellor who is working with Madhu:

> *Then she called and said, "I want to talk to him for parenting order, and property, and mediation like this."*

and again:

> *After the next week, she called, and she said, she actually said she wanted to talk to me, and Kapil said, "Well, you send an email, and I'll give it to him, or you write a letter."*

Madhu describes to me the contents of the letter that his ex-partner has written to him. He tells me that she wrote about having mixed feelings at seeing him at the conference: fear, anxiety, sadness, anger, and a sense of relief that she can finally move on with her life. He carries on, describing how she writes of immense frustration, disappointment, and regret at what has been lost, and how she offers her and her mother's support for Madhu if he ever needs to talk, needs support, or is in trouble. He concludes by describing how his ex-partner says she wants nothing but peace and happiness for him, and that she affirms her hope that he can find it. Then he returns to his ex-partner's offer of help as if testing the proposition for validity:

> *What I have thought frankly is this: is she giving me a helping hand? Is that what she wants to do? Or not really? Are they just words? It does not look like a huge helping hand. Does not sound like it. She's still blaming me. Yeah, yeah, that's fine, then she's saying if you are in trouble, she will help me out. So, I am in trouble. Help me out.*

Finally, he muses on his now-ex mother-in-law:

> *Her mother tells me she misses me and [Madhu's son] and [Madhu's partner]. She misses the three of us together. I don't know where that comes from ... I feel she has her mother to keep an eye on me to see if I am doing okay or to see how I am doing or things like that, you know.*

The letter in Madhu's hands is confirmation that his ex-partner wants the relationship to end. However, as with his reluctance to say to me that he threatened to kill her, Madhu is reluctant to acknowledge that the relationship is over. Instead, his narrative orbits around the subject:

> *we can probably move forward faster and reach mutual agreement, and we can be happy talking to each other ... but if we go separately and move on because there's a lot we have together. Property is just one thing. We have a son together. We have each other. We stayed with each other for so long ... but you know it's all done and dusted, rather than saying we can, and we don't have to be in a relationship ... we can both move on*

His explanation is partial and incomplete. Contradictions and movements in retellings are not unusual, although, in comparison to his earlier more elaborate storying, the contradictions

here seem more substantial. For in earlier conversations, Madhu contends that *always you will be judged based on whether you have a father or not.* He emphasises the role of the father *to work for the support of his family* and expresses concern about the deleterious effects of separation on children:

> *I don't believe in having a broken family, because there are very far-reaching consequences of that then too, you know. Remember the child coming into this world. This is his first life, and he don't know how the world is. This is his first life and what he sees is no family. There is no concept of family; that's what he sees. See it's our job to show him that there's family.*

However, now all that is turned on its head, and he seems resigned to separation—as he puts it:

> *Every father can be discarded. Well, this is what I feel. The way I am being treated without any physical violence, it feels that a father is no longer needed, but they don't understand that we have a heart too, you know.*

The disconnections between his early affirmations of the central role of the father in family life, and this new space into which he has been cast—*discarded*—are jarring. Madhu tells me that he broke down in tears during the conference, but he does not elaborate.

Aside: I read my own disconnections in Madhu's story, as his words resonate deep inside me. I sense his emotions, and add my own meaning to them, for they are my emotions as well, my tears, and my own sense of being discarded, and of being told that I stand in another person's way.

I was married for 24 years when my wife and I separated. Our teenaged son tried every trick in the book, so it seemed, to keep us together, bless him. However, our separation was inevitable and necessary if we were ever to heal.

Madhu's story helps me to re-read the feelings that I have about my own family. I've always located myself as an integral part of our family: a breadwinner, a home-maker (inside and out, having even built a family home and renovated two others from the ground up), a friend and empathetic ear, a provider of all things to everyone. It has been important to me that I am the one to keep our family together, to be the glue that binds. And in the end, all seems futile; all is lost. Our

> son is of an age where he elects to stay with his mother; our house is sold; my sense of locatedness and stability is shattered. There is no fixed location, no concrete standpoint from which to participate in the world.
>
> Six years later, and newly remarried, my feeling of being discarded still hurts. So many profound and painful affective forces lie beneath our stories! But now, the hurt is not so great, for I have moved on, rediscovering and marrying the love that is my every heartbeat.

In my mind/body involvement with Madhu's story, and my co-becoming-with-Madhu in his separation, I invoke a different reality. There are indisputable splits and tensions in Madhu's relationship with his ex-partner; however, his words are coded with hopes and expectations that even now the relationship can be salvaged—*I am going to keep that door open for her ... she has affection and care for me and if I am not mistaken affection is love, right?* What he discloses and invokes after nearly six months of separation is the possibility of forgiveness and reconciliation; the possibility of a caring family relationship; the possibility of a non-hierarchical relationship. He speaks of possibilities of new beginnings and new becomings—*at least we can save something, right?*

In my mind/body involvement with Madhu's story, I invoke another, altogether separate, reality that moves further from his hopes and expectations. I am conscious of the trust that has been lost between Madhu and his ex-partner, and I recall the bitter words he has spoken of her, his feelings of being discarded, and his descriptions of being figuratively and literally *out of the picture*. With his threat to kill, he oversteps the bounds of his family assemblage. In the terminology of Deleuze and Guattari's (1987) economics of everyday life, the threat that Madhu makes to his ex-partner in their violent assemblage is the last object of value that he gives her from within the family assemblage. The observation of the threshold is merely not a calculation of a purely economic value but also involves the less tangible calculations of the strength and stability of the Madhu-partner assemblage, and, with Madhu's miscalculated threat, he crosses the threshold that marks inevitable change and enters a Gandhi Nivas/separation assemblage. He speaks of possibilities of new beginnings and new becomings, but in Madhu's current reality, there can be no reconciliation with what has passed.

Aside: I no longer countenance the thought of reconciliation with my ex-wife. I have my own new beginnings and my own new becomings and have no desire to recalculate and recalibrate for the possibility of redemptive significance in the last objects of value given to me. Too many thresholds have been crossed.

In his early conceptions of difference, Deleuze uses the geological notion of island formation to dramatise novel ideas and different orders. It's a device that appeals to me as a foreshadowing of his later assemblage theory (I also like it because I spent my teenage years sailing around the islands of the Hauraki Gulf).

Deleuze distinguishes the idea of an island as either an oceanic type, the outcome of an eruption or emergence from the surrounding sea, or as a landmass formed by fracturing and drifting away from a continental body. His island dreamer: "rediscovers this double dynamism because he dreams of becoming infinitely cut off, at the end of a long drift, but also of an absolute beginning by means of a radical foundation" (Deleuze, 1994, p. 219-220). The dominant theme of the island is the myth of the re-creation of the world, a theme that Deleuze expands on in his later writings:

> original creation caught in a re-creation, which is concentrated in a holy land in the middle of the ocean. This second origin of the world is more important than the first: it is a sacred island. Many myths recount that what we find there is an egg, a cosmic egg. Since the island is a second origin, it is entrusted to man and not the gods (Deleuze, 2004, p. 13).

I am too intensely fractured for reconciliation. I've drifted too far away from the continent of my former life. I am emerging from the waters of my own island-sea assemblage, and I erupt with new life.

For me, the meta-geological movements of cutting off and of self-founding are still taking place, and there are eruptions and emergences, fragmentations and drifting still to occur. And what is at stake are the possibilities that my emerging island offers.

When we seek out islands, when we become islands and island dreamers, we separate ourselves from other worlds. Escapism beckons to us. Re-creations summon us.

I have moved. I am no longer me. I am an island dreamer, disarticulated from the old continental mass of my ex-marriage, erupting and emerging in a singular island-ocean assemblage. I am becoming a new place, alive with new possibilities, a

productively political opening to a new ontology of different relationships. So too, is Madhu, whether he understands it or not.

It has now been nearly six months since I first met Madhu. He has appeared in court earlier this week, has pled guilty, and has been discharged without conviction under s.106 of the Sentencing Act 2002. A discharge under that section is considered a proved charge outcome but is treated as an acquittal, meaning Madhu has no criminal record. In exercising the option to discharge without conviction, the court weighs up the principle of offender accountability alongside doing "justice to the individual perpetrator and … [taking] proper account of the views of his or her victim" (Mather, 2014, p. 24). In Madhu's case, this is the first time that he has been charged with an illegal act, and he has professed to remorse in court. It has been helpful, too, that his ex-partner has agreed to a discharge so that Madhu can continue to be involved in their child's upbringing, without the stigma of a conviction. She wants nothing more than that from him.

He has gone from Gandhi Nivas as well. Moved out to rental accommodation. He has been at Gandhi Nivas under court-imposed bail conditions for nearly six months, and is, for the first time since he threatened to kill his partner, free to move about as he chooses. We swap text messages for a couple of weeks, and then he tells me he wants to move on and put things behind him. I cannot say I am surprised.

With Madhu's departure, the house seems empty. Despite his diminutive stature, he could command the room. The staff at Gandhi Nivas called him King Madhu because of his ability to manipulate them to meet his needs. I cannot say that I am surprised about that either.

House notices Madhu's absence:

Do you notice how quiet it is? The king is gone, and there is no-one to replace him.

And do you see that the ghosts are returning? The men who come and leave and who don't engage with one another.

There's no-one to draw them out into the open, not like he could. There's no-one to invite them out for a walk, or show them the neighbourhood, or talk, or watch tv together…

… not like he did.

I hear *House* whispering to me again of the hallway ghosts. They have returned, and I have not devoted enough time to them. Like *House*, I wonder and worry about them. Most of the men who pass through the doors at Gandhi Nivas are there for a short stay. Early intervention provides a cooling down period, and most men are bound for one or two days. Their time at Gandhi Nivas take place in traumatic circumstances, and there is little opportunity to get to know the layout of the home, let alone socialise with other residents. However, a longer-term resident brings a sense of stability to the living area. Madhu has become a part of the house for other men who stay at Gandhi Nivas: he is always there, always in the open, someone who knows the ropes, someone who knows what it is like to be taken away in handcuffs...

He is keen for conversation and company—news of the outside, so to speak—and he draws other men into the living spaces. Despite his acts of resistance and his protestations of innocence, by the end of his stay, he has become well-practised in the discourses of family violence and puts other men at their ease by talking about his own experiences. He helps the new arrivals each day, draws them out of the shadows, engages with them. Now that he has gone, that sense of relative stability has also gone. There are no men in the lounge. They are back in their rooms or haunting the hallway, walking in the shadows, eyes down, hoodies up, silent as they drift past. Engagement is flickering and fleeting.

Campbell, Neill, Jaffe, and Kelly (2010) have studied factors that contribute to help-seeking among men who use violence. They find that men who abuse are "typically embarrassed, humiliated, and ashamed to seek help for their violent behaviors" (2010, p. 417). They suggest that trust plays a key role and that men will not open up to people they do not trust, and they hypothesise that such outlooks may stem from the notion that traditional male attitudes towards normalised gender roles still exist in society. Carlson and Casey (2018) comment similarly, observing that for many men their constructions of traditional masculinity preclude needing or seeking support.

The notion of someone being too ashamed to talk about their violence against women seems immediately plausible and an example of a 'common-sense' approach to understanding barriers to help-seeking and engaging with the services at Gandhi Nivas. However, there is also a significant opportunity that emerges: Deleuze and Guattari (1994) make use of Primo Levi's notion of "the shame of being a man" to comprehend shame as a powerful affective force that is related to both being and becoming. Shame is not reducible to an affective

response to an emergent awareness of complicity in someone else's suffering; it also has a powerful potential for forming new, ethically-informed connections with others: "a sense of power and capacity to work in solidarity" (Zemblyas, 2019, p. 314). Shame is present precisely because of the ethical awareness that emerges within us of our complicity in another's suffering. Shame is present because others matter to us, and so shame holds multiple possibilities of political revolution through building on that ethical awareness.

As always, there is yet another aspect to consider: the words *typically* and *many men* in the work of Campbell, Neill, Jaffe, and Kelly (2010) and Carlson and Casey (2018) are warning signs. When we describe men and our experiences as *typical* or representational of *many men*, we are mobilising totalising, subjectivising approaches which serve little good. The reluctance of some men to engage in this project might simply be because participation in research is not the engagement that those men want. Marginalised communities are vulnerable to research, particularly when research is not shaped around the interests of those communities (Simpson, 2007; Smith, 2008; Smith, 2005; Tuck & Yang, 2014a, 2014b). Moreover, much of the research in the social sciences involves collecting stories of "pain and humiliation in the lives of those being researched" (Tuck & Yang, 2014a, p. 223). In the logic of the colonising researcher: "pain is more compelling than privilege, scars more enthralling than the body unmarked by experience. ... pain is evidence of authenticity, of the verifiability of a lived life" (Tuck & Yang, 2014a, p. 229).

Consider the men in this project. They are hyper-surveilled by the media, by counsellors and lawyers, and by policing and court systems, and they are simultaneously invisibilised by dominant discourses that flatten their bodies into *types*, characterised as *perpetrators*, *offenders*, and *deviant others*. Understandably, some might perceive the colonising, over-coding gaze of the researcher studying their violence to be similarly hyper-surveilling and invisibilising. A refusal to place one's body under the lens of the researcher is not merely a matter of saying 'no' to participation but also tells the voyeuristic researcher that it is time to stop speaking for the subaltern. And so, I will.

Gosht rogan josh

Goat curry

I've prepared rogan josh several times for men at Gandhi Nivas, using goat or lamb. This recipe includes onions, in the Kashmiri Muslim style. For a Hindu-style alternative, leave the onions out and add a generous pinch of asafoetida. Figure 15.

Serves 4-6 as a main meal

10 minutes preparation time

1½ -2 hours total cooking time

Ingredients:

3 tablespoons oil

2 onions, peeled and finely diced

3cm fresh ginger, finely grated

5-6 dried chillies (as preferred), shredded

4-6 whole cloves

2-3 large black cardamom pods

4-6 green cardamom pods

1 cinnamon stick

3 bay leaves

2 teaspoons ground coriander

1 teaspoon ground fennel seeds

½ teaspoon turmeric

1 teaspoon chilli powder (as preferred)

3-4 tablespoons tomato purée

1 kilogram diced red meat, bone-in, or 700g boned red meat, diced (rough dices)

1 teaspoon salt

Water - as needed (roughly 2-3 cups)

½ cup natural yoghurt

To serve

Coriander leaves, roughly chopped
Raita
Rice or naan

1. Heat oil in a heavy-bottomed pan.
2. Add onions and stir while sauté ing until onions turn translucent (around 10-12 minutes)
3. Add ginger and stir for 1 minute.
4. Add chillies, cloves, cardamom pods, cinnamon stick, bay leaves and sauté for 1 minute.
5. Add coriander, fennel, turmeric, and chilli powders, and tomato purée, and sauté for 2-3 minutes while stirring.
6. Add meat and sauté for around 5 minutes, stirring to ensure meat is well coated with the other ingredients
7. Add enough water to loosen gravy, season, stir well, and bring to boil.
8. Cover, lower heat, and cook gently until meat is tender (roughly 1-1½ hours). Stir periodically and add more water if needed.
9. Remove from heat. Remove cinnamon stick, bay leaves, and large black cardamom pods.
10. Mix yoghurt and garam masala then add to rogan josh, mixing in tablespoon by tablespoon.
11. Plate up and sprinkle with coriander.
12. Accompany with raita and rice or naan.

I don't dry-roast the spices because that would drive off their volatile essential oils. I add them 'raw' after the onion has been sautéed: the onions pick up and carry the essential oils through the curry. giving it a more complex flavour.

Figure 15. Gosht rogan josh—goat curry. (Source: Author)

Closing: This is not a conclusion

When has my life been truly mine?
In the home male arrogance
sets my cheek swinging
while in the street caste arrogance
splits the other cheek open.

- Challapalli Swarupa Rani,
Dalit woman's poem

This thesis begins with an epigraph written by Margaret Atwood (1996) in which she suggests that we start to make sense of our stories only when we emerge from the wreckage of our relationships. When we are situated amid events, only affective movement, produced through mechanic and immanent relations, there is no sedimented standpoint or enduring understanding. There is no story at all. The stories only come later, once the confusion, the blindness, and the wreckage have been cleared away. That is when the reckoning comes to pass.

This final chapter ends the thesis, but it is not a conclusion. It is a space in which, once again, I attend to the stories that I have heard, and, once again, try to make sense of them. I have shown how the men's stories are complex and challenging at times to understand. The dominant discourses continue to be explicit—and some insinuate themselves into my writing in this thesis—but they also anchor the process of questioning meanings to particular answers, and throughout the research I have pushed beyond finding the singular 'right' answers, to look instead for different ways of answering.

I am weighed down with pain by the wicked problem of family violence. It is resistant to resolution, and it is heart-breaking to think that men will continue to use violence against women no matter what is done to address the problem. The work that Gandhi Nivas does will continue to be needed; the hurt will continue to be felt; the stories will continue to be told.

No, this chapter is not an ending. It is not even an open-ended ending—a rhizome resists endings, because, unlike root-trees, rhizomes have no closure. Instead, this is one of many possible exit-points; just a place, unfinished and ongoing, in the rhizome where I unplug from the thesis-machine.

Nevertheless, new ways of thinking about the problem—ways such as the approach I have taken in this thesis—offer possibilities for transforming the relations through which the wicked problem is formed and in which it is entrapped.

In the introduction to this study, I wrote that little had been done to make explicit men's part in the cycle of structural inequality and community participation in supporting violence against women. Rather than bringing men back into our responses and holding them to account for their violence against women, we flatten and objectify men who hurt women, as *perpetrators*, *offenders*, *deviant Others*. I argued that when a part of Kasdin's (2011) wicked-

problem system is isolated and ignored, then that too may give rise to unintended consequences and other problems, and proposed that men who use violence become marginalised, isolated, and ignored because of the violence they use, thus placing the subject position of these men under erasure by forces of dominant discourses. My thesis responds to this proposition, by drawing on the stories of men who have used violence against women—troubling the notion that men are perpetrators with no stories of their own—to find answers to questions about the men's use of violence:

- *How do the men talk about their use of violence?*
- *What happens with the gendered identities, ideologies, and practices of these men in their journeys? And in particular:*
    - *How do particular identities, ideologies, and practices manifest themselves in the men's stories? And,*
    - *How are border and boundary crossings implicated in the men's stories?*

I undertook this journey by talking with migrant men, by cooking for them, eating with them, and caring about them and their violent stories. Those stories emerge, partial and incomplete, in Openings throughout the thesis. In the first Opening, I explored what happens when a group of men learn through moving-in-the-social as they plug into one another and the broader social assemblage of the *House*/group of men/workshop, while, in the second Opening, a group of men talked about their early years in their home countries. In the third Opening, four men talked at length one-on-one with me about their childhoods and growing up in their home countries, how they met their partners, their migrations, and how they used violence against women, and in the final Opening, Madhu recounted his stories over several months as he worked through a legal process. The men's stories are the products of my research-machine, and my understandings of the men's stories form the bulk of the rest of his chapter.

During my journey, I also wrote about what happens when other-than-human subjectivities plug into the research-machine. I acknowledged the contribution of *House* to this study and drew attention to my privileged authorial capabilities by personifying narratives that connect and think with *House* and its more-than-human subjectivities. *House* has its presence as a house, home, residents, legal response, nurturing-machine, and emergent assemblage, and I have written earlier that the men in the house are different for being in the house, and the

house is different for the men being there. Similarly, the notion of plugging food into my nurturing-machine became increasingly relevant as the research progressed. It has become part of the thesis, and a performative way of bringing to life an ethic of care involving men caring for other men.

I also considered how my movements through the research—including operating as a researcher and as a man caring for other men—have changed the way that I think about being a man and about becoming something different. In my ethic of care, it is not enough to 'hold men to account', nor that the accounting is heard. The movements of men-in-relation storying together must be meaningful and enduring, and the work of my nurturing-machine became a mechanism for meaningful change in this research: a man caring for other men, supporting them during their accounting in their journeys of change.

In what remains of this thesis, I continue plugging into the research, but not only by drawing on the men's stories. I am inspired by Ceder (2016), who writes his personal memory stories into his work as a tool to amplify connections between the concepts that he writes of and the new beginnings that they provoke. The stories that I write into this chapter are my own selected memory stories. They plug into my conception of the thesis-assemblage to locate me relative to the subject-positions/movements of the men, and they become provocative openings to answering the research questions. In the following section, I discuss how men talk about their use of violence, and how particular gendered identities, ideologies, and practices manifest in their stories of family violence. The men also talk about the violence that was used on them, and I discuss this as well. That said, I begin with, and through, my first selected memory story.

> I was often beaten as a child. I don't recall why I was hit so often, but I read it now as being taught to behave (whatever 'behave' means) out of the fear of more physical punishment—which is different from learning how to respond to life.
>
> Most often, it was a stinging open-handed slap on one of my bare legs. It would leave bright red wheals in the shape of my mum's hand; you could see each finger for a day or more. But sometimes, the beatings were more severe. My mum once broke a wooden spoon over my backside. After it broke, she moved on to the old razor strop. That flexible strip of leather my great-grandfather used to sharpen his straight razor was a formidable instrument for a beating, but at least it was broad—

> 3 inches across—and the injuries it inflicted were more often psychological than physical. Not so the length of supplejack or the alkathene pipe that my father used when he delivered a 'real hiding'. They bruised and cut the skin.
>
> Mum and I talked about the beatings years later, after my father had died. She told me that's how she understood discipline. That's how she was brought up, learning to 'behave' out of the fear of receiving another beating. She told me that's how my father had been brought up as well.
>
> When I was a kid, I thought the beatings were routine. They were part of everyday life. Most of the kids I knew then tell similar stories now.

In the *Opening: Early years*, the men talk about childhoods in their home countries. Some of their stories of birth-rights and responsibilities are articulated through the frameworks of patrilineages that counted fathers, grandfathers, and on into ancestries of men-in-relation.[65] Other recollections are explicit about some of the patriarchal systems that operated in the men's early lives. There is the patriarchal family structure in which Kapil's father has the authority to make all the decisions for his family; the village elders who explicitly decide the careers of boy children born into Ronit's community; and the entanglements that occur for Ritesh when *caring* for a family legitimises paternal responsibilities for authority and discipline that *drive* and *carry* the family. These are responsibilities that the men have been trained in and tasked with from childhood: the production of compliant adult men's bodies, expected to behave and work as if they are adults and take on the same responsibilities that adult men are expected to assume—recognisable subjects with specific positions in their environments.

The production of different structures of patriarchal responsibility, authority, and discipline in the men's stories continues in the *Opening: Four stories*. What can it mean for a man to force his wife, dressed only in her nightwear, to drive with him to a Police Station where he wants the police there to lecture her on relationships? Or when he assaults her because she refuses to leave the car? Even by his account, she is dressed only in nightwear, barefoot, cold, and

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[65] My own ancestry can be articulated in a similar way, 'legitimised' through the Swedish patronymic tradition in which the child's father's first name became the child's last name. That tradition determined the last names in my patrilineage before my great-great-grandfather, Hermann Mattsson, jumped ship in Aotearoa New Zealand in 1871. His father was Matthias Andersson, and his grandfather Anders Toresson, son of Tore Bengtsson, son of Bengt Toresson, son of Tore Bengtsson (1629-1694, of Korsgården, Ödsmål, Bohuslän, Sweden), son of Tore.

terrified of being deported. Even when Parmeet talks about his wife's 'freedom' he speaks from an orientation of power, exerting the structured domination of gendered power and control over his wife's body.

What can it mean for a father to slap his daughter in front of her fiancé? Then hand her medication to her new husband? Or for her newly married husband to take control of its dispensing? It implies that self-care is not an option for the infantilised daughter/wife and that the men's control over her is a matter of convention, initiated and sanctioned by despotic significations and over-codings of the molar man-pack—the massive patriarchal-machine that organises these men. It also implies that the 'benevolent' paternalism of the men is not just limited to the dispensing of medicine but to many more, if not all, aspects of the daughter/wife's life.

And when a man's control over his body-drug-affect assemblage repeatedly ruptures? Ajay cannot explain what happened but whatever, it is his wife's fault he has a protection order taken out against him.

And then, in the *Opening: Madhu and the goat curry*, there is Madhu, who presents himself as a calm, rational, non-violent, sensitive man and a victim of gender politics, living in a world where *women were the new whites*. What can it mean for a man who maintains he is not violent, because he refuses to recognise the violence in verbal abuse, to face a serious criminal charge of threatening to kill his partner? Madhu's standpoint moves according to the different versions of the story I hear. There is the dominant discourse of the legal situation he is in; his 'alternative' view in which he is a victim of both partner and system; becoming a man-in-relation to Gandhi Nivas; and...and...and...

The expectations and responsibilities in the men's storying also entangle in the precarity of participating in patriarchal structures. When the men talk about their experiences of violence, they begin with the violence of their childhoods, in which fathers are responsible men who are committed to providing for their families, but also authoritarian disciplinarians, and in which violence is not violent but is, instead, rationalised as disciplinary. Indeed, in some stories, it was not just accepted but expected that fathers ought to be tough, and it is through the violence of patriarchal state apparatus that the expectation is maintained and reproduced in one generation after another.

> I could rely on my father for a 'real hiding'. He was an outdoorsman—a deer culler, a fisher, a farmer—and a hundred kilos to my twenty-five. He was tough. He loved me and cared about me, but he was tough.

When boys do not follow in the footsteps of their fathers—whether it is to work in a field, or feed a buffalo, or to comply with some demand within the home—then there are ruptures, sudden deterritorialisations, and violent movements into disciplinary lines of flight. As the red-with-anger-machines emerge in the men's stories, the production of violence commences. According to the stories, as long as fathers have authority within the family, then their violence is disciplinary and legitimate, and not a problem of domestic violence. When Ritesh's father cares for his family, it is explained as the paternal responsibilities to provide for his family. These responsibilities, in turn, legitimise a disciplinary regime to drive and carry the family, and, when a disciplinary regime is legitimised, so too are the possibilities of corporal punishment and abuse. The men do not see any domestic violence, but their fathers (mine as well) were very strict and would take totalising approaches to discipline by exercising the right to punish as they saw fit.

I belabour this discussion about the power and control dynamics that the men describe from their childhoods and since because similar dynamics of patriarchal responsibility and authoritarian despotism emerge from their storying about using violence against women. There is a difference: when the men use violence against women, their roles are reversed. Instead of being childhood targets of violence, they are now adult men who target others. Nevertheless, when they elaborate on their understandings of violence, they draw on the cultural frameworks of their childhoods, following and reproducing the rigid organising lines and disciplined molar strategy of the patriarchal structures and apparatuses of control with which they have grown up.

In both the ages of violence—childhood and adult—the men's stories refer me back to the adult man, as arch decision-maker and wielder of power. He is at the centre: in the stories of childhood discipline, in Madhu's complaints about women's rights, in Parmeet's discipline of his deviant wife, in the control that Raghav has over his wife's medication, in her father's *final decision* that she would marry Raghav. Everything circles the adult-man-as-head-of-the-family, and although I write of authoritarian tendencies in the men's stories, the totalising centrality of

this construct implies that the apparatus of the patriarchy is also the signifying-regime of totalitarian despotism. These are totalitarian tendencies, not just authoritarian.

By understanding the strategies and apparatus of patriarchal culture as an intergenerational signifying-regime, I can begin to comprehend how men's bodies are produced, regulated, and disciplined relative to the family space. I can also begin to comprehend the anxiety and complexity of what it means to be a non-compliant body amid a molar man-pack.

> I never really wanted to be an outdoorsman—a deer culler, a fisher, a farmer—not for a living, anyway. I wanted to do other things, be other things. I don't know that he ever understood why. Perhaps that explained the way he constantly infantilised me.
>
> I was 23 when I told him I'd met a woman and was thinking of living with her.
>
> "Your brains are ruled by your balls. You'll never amount to anything."

When Deleuze and Guattari use the terminology of the molar and molecular, they are acknowledging the concurrent operation of two regimes of power. Molar social production is rigid and well-defined. It is the regime of the despot around whom all revolves. It signifies the emergence of large aggregates of desire which produce the masculine power and patriarchy that I find in the men's stories. The despotic molar structure over-codes all social codes and "state overcoding is precisely this structural violence that defines the law, [and] 'police' violence" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 448). At the same time, the rigid and well-defined boundaries of molar structures are continually being tested and crossed by molecular bodies in their deterritorialising flows. Testing helps the individual man find ways of escaping the molar 'ideals' of what men should be and do, and boundary crossings use those ways to become different from the norms.

The molar machines of Deleuze and Guattari are large static ensembles that organise and aggregate into strata or layers of intensities and singularities. Remember that the molar machines of the majority are macro-political instruments that code and claim whatever comes within their reach. Patriarchy and hegemonic masculinity are massive expressions of these molar machines (as are other hierarchical systems such as race and caste), inscribing and territorialising the men's bodies with lines of hierarchically organised power relationships:

'boys don't cry', 'you're not a child any more', 'your role is to lead your family', '…to make money', '… to be a success', … to follow the institutionalised and politicised conventions of *be*-ing a man. The patriarchy-machine produces its energy from its master narrative of entitlement, dominance, and control over women (the essentialised/binarised Other to men's Us) and converts it into a patriarchal dividend for the benefit of all men. In harmony with the patriarchy-machine, the hegemon produces additional energy, from the domination of other men as well, and converts it into intensities and singularities of support for the patriarchy and the great binary machinery of the White-Man face. That which is most distant from the white-man face, against which differences are sorted and judged, is occluded first, through the dominance of representationalism.

However, molar machines leave little room for molecular agency. The only way molecularity flourishes is by breaking away from the great molar masses and despotic signifiers, deterritorialising absolutely from the stratum, and deterritorialisations can be intensely destructive, as Parmeet has found. Recall, too, that the asymmetry between Ronit and his wife constructs an apparatus for resentment, a combative antagony-machine, which amplifies the destructive potential for deterritorialisation and sets up possibilities for Ronit to destroy the relationship. Then there is Raghav's performance of the victim - *I'm gonna get blamed anyway* - another destructive line of flight, which fails to find the necessary conditions to create a new assemblage and instead takes him to a dishonest space in which he hides his telephone conversations with his parents from his wife.

When absolute deterritorialisation is not possible, things reterritorialise. In the violent potential of the affect-laden saas-bahu relationship, the figure of the saas replicates patriarchal power relations by dividing and regulating, controls that are conducive to abuse towards the younger bahu. Parmeet's wife's promised autonomy and independence is illusory until the couple migrate. Similarly, Raghav's role as house son-in-law is regulated by the hegemonic status of his dominant sasur[66], head of the house and despotic signifier of all he surveys.

The signifying-regimes of the molar man-pack and the desiring-machines of the molecular individuals are in constant and fluid tension. However, when the men talk about wanting to be like their authoritarian fathers, and when they distinguish between men's and women's work, they are describing a convergence of molar and molecular regimes. That convergence

[66] Sasur = father-in-law

maintains the apparatus of patriarchal despotism and the production of sexual difference. The production of sexual difference is, of course, overcoded along a binary sexual axis by the signifying-regime of the patriarchy, and that signified-production is what maintains the gender-roles and hierarchical relationships that the men's assemblages of power need in order to form.

However, when the men use violence against women, they come into tension with a different molar structure, the structure of the state regime. The State-machine operates on the men's bodies, and in Aotearoa New Zealand its production occurs through a colonially imposed justice system which has the facility to set and enforce laws. That capacity legitimates its right to "lawful violence" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 448), and the totalising centrality of that lawful violence produces the signifying-regime of the state apparatus in opposition to the molecular bodies of the men. Only the State-machine can signify specific acts as violent acts, operate the apparatus of capture and prosecution, mark bodies as criminal, and incarcerate them. As Parmeet observed—*they turn me into a criminal, give a criminal record that stay with me for life because I hit my wife*. He cannot signify what is violent; only the State-machine can. There is no convergence of molecular and molar regimes—only the surrender of the molecular to the laws of the molar, and the re-coding of the man who uses violence as a violent-man assemblage. Indeed, there is a sense the apparatus of the justice system operates <u>on</u> humans, not <u>for</u> humans, insofar as the State can use violence "against the violent ... in order that peace may reign" (Deleuze & Guattari, 1987, p. 488).

Stories of physical violence between intimate partners are the most evident form of domestic violence in the men's stories even though they talk about their slaps and punches, not as acts of violence, but as regimes of discipline and correction. When the men talk this way, they mobilise physical violence using a different space to the ongoing patterns and combinations of psychological, physical, and sexual harms that can occur in intimate gendered violence. Consistent with Gottzén (2011, 2017a, 2017b), I read the men invoking new elements which they use to construct various lines of flight away from the violent-man assemblage so that they can reproduce themselves as non-violent men in different spaces. They acknowledge violence but devalue the extent and the seriousness—there is no physical violence, just verbal altercations. They point to the agency of other elements in their violent-man assemblages—his wife's friend in Parmeet's story, alcohol and the stress of work in Ajay's, feeding another person in Ronit's, Citalopram in Raghav's. Madhu, in particular,

devalues the seriousness of his threat to kill throughout his narratives—it was a quarrel and not a fight, there was nothing physical, he never hit her, she is manipulating the law—to remove himself from any association with the violent-man assemblage. Not only does he not incorporate an identity as a violent man into his stories, but throughout them, he positions himself as a victim of his partner and erases her experiences of his violence. These are not fixed identities that the men are holding, but are, instead, the significations of the lines of flight the men use in their attempts to escape the violent-man assemblage and the operation of the molar state-machine.

Making the men's stories explicit without objectifying them is complicated and difficult for various reasons. The pervasiveness of caste, patriarchal, and hegemonic practices amongst the men fuels massive molar machines that leave little room for individual agency. There is a political potency about the term 'migrant' that defines the migrant men of Gandhi Nivas as Others to marginalise and oppress them, and just as our objectifying gaze holds these violently offending Others at the margins, we too are held prisoners of our subjectivities.

There are complicated and difficult practicalities as well, to making the men's stories explicit without objectifying them. When family violence goes unreported - as roughly 80% does - we are unable to intervene, and the stories go unheard. When reasons for under-reporting are as diverse as cultural or individual feelings of honour or shame, distrust of authorities, or having the financial resources to be able to deal with violence through private actions rather than through public legal and court systems, then under-reporting will continue. Then there are the resources needed to be able to intervene early and effectively, the pressing need for more men to care about other men, the complexities and intersectionalities of language, culture, employment, and other issues.

The pragmatics of the assemblage remind me that there are many answers, not just one. When I write their stories, I find that the subject positions of the bound men of Gandhi Nivas are open to erasure. The notion that the men are violent is troubled by their affective responses to their actions; by an emergent awareness of the structural violence of systems of gender inequalities, patriarchy, and caste hierarchies; by the scarifying legacies of colonialism; by the precarities of the Others, the migrant men. Through such lenses, the men of Gandhi Nivas are not *violent men*, but instead, become *men using violence*.

Between their recollections of childhood and their stories of using violence against their loved ones, the men narrate a bewildering array of different backstories, each revealing how a man became who he is, and at times, offering teasing insights into why he acts as he does and thinks as he thinks. At the same time, each man has something in common with the others: all of them have migrated to Aotearoa New Zealand. My next selected memory story turns me towards the men's experiences of migration.

> I have always lived in Aotearoa New Zealand. Well, almost always. Back in the 1990s, I lived and worked in Tokyo for four months. It was a daunting corporate assignment from a time when I was a 'corporate man'. I had never been to Japan before and spoke only as much Japanese as I could cram into a few short weeks before I departed. I also knew little about Japanese corporate culture, apart from its fearsome social competences of working overtime and socialising with colleagues and clients.
>
> Fortunately, I was assigned an interpreter from the Tokyo office. She was a woman with a formidable network and customer awareness, plus an encyclopaedic knowledge of Tokyo's Whiskey Bars and Sushi chefs. Without her guidance, I could not have lasted in Tokyo more than a few days. Yuki introduced me to a business world and social milieux that were utterly novel to me.
>
> What can it mean to be in a world but not of that world? It implies that learning is limited to whatever can be assimilated at a distance and through intermediaries—everything is partial, incomplete, and at times incomprehensible.

My time in Japan was not migratory, and it barely touches the complexities of movements between countries. Mine was a privileged journey. Although I was not qualified to work in Japan, I walked into a job and was paid back in Aotearoa New Zealand. I had paid accommodation, a plane ticket out, an employer to pick up the pieces and dust me off, and resources that helped me to find an entranceway into Japanese society.

The term *migrant* is a political classification that constructs specific power relation referents for people (and their baggage, both physical and psychic) who move from one country to resettle in another. The term and its action invoke material practices of power across a raft of institutional and political systems in Aotearoa New Zealand and elsewhere. For example, when a migratory assemblage crosses borders, immigration consultants and government

departments such as Immigration, and Work and Income entangle with the assemblage; artefactual relationships between passports and mobility are tested; legal, social, and economic statuses are evaluated; work permits are sought; and...and...and... Furthermore, the body of the migrant is re-politicised when migrants become aware of the classificatory processes that occur during migration and modify their performativities accordingly (something that I see in Alay's story about duping the immigration officer).

The men of Gandhi Nivas are aware of classificatory processes: recall the ways that castes and regions are talked into the men's stories as privileges of different kinds in their stories. However, when the men migrate to Aotearoa New Zealand, they become the ones who are in "our" world but not of "our" world. They become the *Others*, marked indelibly by skin colour and accent, and invisibly with other stigmata that "our" world uses to discriminate and marginalise. Qualifications are not recognised, or when they are, employers want more study, local trade registrations, and local work experience before employment is possible. The men are vulnerable to exploitative working conditions and unscrupulous others who take advantage of their lack of awareness of local customs, and who threaten to inform on them to the Police for the most spurious reasons.

The molar majority of the host country (the nationalist *We*) also imposes a particularly political classification on migrants, for example, limiting the extent to which migrants can belong to the national community. *We* expect migrants to participate in the workforce, yet do not recognise qualifications and experience. *We* expect migrants to comply with social and legal systems on arrival in the country, even when such systems might be sharply different from their home countries. *We* expect migrants to assimilate, yet *we* simultaneously operate difference-signifying machines fuelled by race, physical appearance, manner of dress, wearing a beard, or refusing to drink alcohol, to exclude particular migrants from broader society. *We* apply a selective Anglocentric conception of kinship that distinguishes between the white British migrant and everyone who is not white and British, and that casually blurs all the racial, ethnic, religious, linguistic and cultural differences amongst people lumped together in the latter. Moreover, as *we* debate questions of inclusion and exclusion, *we* convert the act of border-crossing into a political apparatus of selective subjectification and structural violence for migrants (Higgins & Terruhn, 2020; Spoonley, 2004).

The operation of the political apparatus of subjection is manifestly illustrated in a warning given in 2019 by the former Prime Minister of Great Britain, Tony Blair: "[m]igrant

communities must be compelled to do more to integrate to help combat the rise of 'far-right bigotry'" (Savage, 2019). Blair wrote that migrants have a "duty to integrate … integration is not a choice; it is a necessity" and claimed that an essential role of Government is to enforce that obligation. However, he ignores the fundamental concept that the people who are responsible for the rise of bigotry are the bigots themselves. When he makes migrants responsible for appeasing far-right bigotry, Blair victim-blames and legitimises the ideology of the far-right, an ideology that is rooted in the very denial of diversity in society.

Through Blair's casually subjectifying White-Man's gaze, the violence of far-right bigotry is not the problem of the far-right bigots, but becomes, instead, the fault of immigrants who have somehow failed to integrate themselves sufficiently into his lived-world. There is hope for the figuration of the migrant man whose multiplicities of intersectional subjectivities become technologies for changes that are socially and materially constitutive. However, while the Tony Blairs of the world continue to appropriate spaces where diversity emerges, hope seems forlorn.

The challenges of migration faced by the non-British, non-White migrant men extend into other areas of their lives as well. Parmeet's and Raghav's stories of migration vividly depict the shifts in relationships of power that occur. Parmeet leaves a majoritarian space as a man in India to become minoritarian, marginalised (a man of colour in the country of the White-Man's face), and deeply in debt. Raghav's representations as a marriage migrant and house son-in-law profoundly subordinate him both through his probationary residency status and his subjection by his wife's parents. Ajay, too, experiences the fluidities of power relationships in his description of the job-selling scam, which both enables him to migrate and oppresses him once he arrives. Even so, despite the dominant ideologies of representation in the men's stories and despite the forces that operate to erase them, the men still have stories to tell and opportunities to resist their passive objectification at the behest of the nationalist *We*.

I have written earlier that my Rhizography-machine enables opportunities to plug into other-than-human as well as human subjectivities. It helps me to comprehend the ways that I can plug into other-than-human subjectivities to create and organise knowledge. My next selected-memory story is about a steam iron, but it could equally be about a house, or food, or any of the thousands of materialities and immaterialities that we collect over a lifetime.

> Each night in the week before we separated, I would pack a little more to set myself up with the basics in rented accommodation. Always with her agreement. Each day, after I would leave for work, she would go through what I had packed. She never said, but it was clear what she was doing. She rang me at work one morning, complaining that I had packed a small travelling steam iron:
>
> "But you told me last night I could take it."
>
> "No. I didn't."
>
> "Ummm, actually, yes, you did."
>
> "I don't care what I said last night. You can't have it. And you can't have the spare box of laundry detergent either. Fuck you. If I had my way, you wouldn't leave here with anything."

My Rhizography-machine manifests itself in various ways, particularly in the human and other-than-human polyvocality of the project. The migrant men of Gandhi Nivas bring their own voices, as do I through my interpretations and my reflexive authorial asides. However, the messiness and open-endedness of the men's narratives also emerge in my textual engagement with and through the imagined voice of the other-than-human figuration of *House*.

Each voice in a polyvocal undertaking has a purpose. Each speaks to the relationship between the knower and the known, and so, full of possibilities and the problematic power imbalances of doctoral research, I have engaged in personifying Gandhi Nivas to enable the voice of *House* to emerge. However, the voice of *House* is an act of stagecraft and ventriloquism, through which I change and modulate my voice to create an illusion that it is coming from elsewhere. The voice appears to be that of *House*, but the stagecraft is mine and the textual arrangement a ventriloquist's prop. In this sense, my polyvocality is not heard normally. Instead, it emerges as a textual strategy that plugs in with other voices to shape the emergence of this thesis. No matter how potent the ventriloquism is, it is still an artifice of my authorial voice. That implies I have a sense of how *House* witnesses the lives of the men. The relationship between *House* and me is more than just my imagination; it is my experience of being within a house of peace.

I can say the same about the presence of food in this project. In my research-machine food operates to produce a multiplicity of sites of creative entanglement with the men. The ethico-ontogenic origin of the recipes is the ethic of care for the men that I invoke, but the ethic of care that I invoke, and my technical capabilities of food-preparation have their own ontogeneses. When I cook for the men, I act out practices of men caring for other men, both as an actor in my story-telling practice, and through my ethico-activist support for the work of Gandhi Nivas. However, I also use food to produce spaces where connecting and sharing are enabled in friendly cooperation, and I use recipes that I hope the men are familiar with to provoke conversations between us. I do that because I am also an itinerant doing research while configured as the White-Man face, and I am old enough to be the father of most of these men. It is my way of displaying respect for the men and their familiar foods to break down potential barriers with care.[67]

I bring the food we eat together into this thesis with a recipe for each dish. If I were planning a menu for my Indian restaurant, I would include appetisers and dhaba-style street-food snacks (samosas, bhajis, pakoras, succulent seekh kebak, paper-thin dosa, morsels of tikka, puri). There would be abundant seafood (Malabari & butter prawns, Amritsari fish, mussels in masala sauce, Kerala-style fish in coconut curry), and meat dishes (lamb jalfrezi and shahi korma, fragrant biryanis, Mughlai chicken, a glowing, spicy, tangy, sweet, sour, acid vindaloo). There would be the staples (rice, chapatti, naan, parathas), the accompaniments (chutneys, pickles, raitas, kachumbers), desserts (gulab jamun, kulfi, cardamom rice puddings), and more, always more. However, this is no restaurant, just a small collection of predominantly vegetarian recipes that we ate at Gandhi Nivas. As I write each recipe, I fondly imagine that a reader might read an Opening and prepare the accompanying dish so that they experience another understanding of how food plugs in as a sensory opening to the stories that are told at the dinner table. I hope that you enjoy them as much as we did.

That leads me onward to the practical challenges of cooking for participants in a research project. I began this study with little appreciation for the challenge of cooking and eating every week with the men: not knowing from one week to the next who would be, nor how many would be, at Gandhi Nivas, nor what their dietary preferences might be. I enjoy cooking from scratch and cooking for other people, but I want more than 'enjoyable'. I have been

[67] In my bee-like dance of courtship, cooking and feeding communicate my involvement with the men and my interest in hearing their stories.

determined to make these meals meaningful experiences for the men. They are not grand experiences, because daily meals are ephemeral moments in the totalities of our lived worlds, but I want them to be meaningful ephemera, and I want the men to know that someone cares for them (not for their violent acts, but for them). Planning and flexibility have been essential elements of each meal.

Knowing my way around a kitchen is an outcome of a body of knowledge that I have acquired over decades, and my most unusual childhood—in which I was a curry-consuming-machine in the rural idyll that was 1960s White-Face New Zealand—has made me familiar with ways of cooking dishes the men recognise and enjoy. In a happy coincidence of intersectionality, these capabilities have helped enabled me to produce something of meaning and relevance to the men. To paraphrase food writer Jay Rayner (2018), I am cooking with technique and feeding with love, in the hope that the dishes I prepare become new openings through which the men and I can reconstitute our shared and separate humanities.

Aside: I've baked some shortbread to sustain myself while I finish these words. There's plenty on the kitchen counter if you get hungry.

My mum's mum was born locally to migrant Scottish parents. She could make shortbread in her sleep. Hers was the most straightforward recipe - 1-2-3, one cup of sugar, two of butter, three of plain wheat flour - but her deft touch gave each morsel of rich, sweetened shortcrust dough a certain quality that even now, fifty years later, I struggle to attain (keep things cool, use caster sugar, and pat the biscuits into shape if you can, rather than rolling out the dough, as rolling the dough has a tendency to toughen it).

In keeping with sub-texts of food, families, nurturance, and experimental performance in this thesis-assemblage, I've borrowed from my all-but-Scottish gran, mixed corn-flour in with plain for that feather-soft melt-in-the-mouth sensation, and prodded the recipe out of its comfort zone with ground cardamom, a splash of rosewater, and a pinch of salt to bring the flavours together.

The potentiality of my Rhizographic methodology to transgress the conventions of more traditional methodological approaches also intrudes into the writing process itself. Some conversations and experiences resonate with me. Others have leaked away of necessity (the

despotic signification of the academic word-count constrains how much I can hold close, and much leaks away), but through various writing artifices, much of the flavour of doing research has been kept close. I have come to appreciate the artifice of the autoethnographic aside, through which I speak to the reader without being heard by the participants. It is a productive way of troubling the subjectivities that emerge in my writings, and of breaking the invisible fourth wall that stands between the actants in this thesis-assemblage and its readers. It has also become a psychotherapeutic device that I have used both here, and in the leakage, to reflect on my own experiences and understandings of family violence.

The vocabularies and the conceptual mechanisms of Deleuzo-Guattarian theory also mobilise possibilities to break away from conventional conceptions of singular subjects and discrete identities. To conceive of the possibilities of becoming a man-nurturing-machine through a deterritorialising line of flight away from the heavily striated molar mass of a man-as-breadwinner assemblage would not be possible without the different vocabularies that Deleuze and Guattari give us. Indeed, a Deleuzo-Guattarian philosophy of difference locates difference as intrinsic to everything: to every moment in time, every perception and every thought, and every material thing.

The invention of concepts is yet another manifestation of my Rhizography-machine. Deleuzo-Guattarian concepts are not theoretical frameworks that impose molar systematicity on the raw materials of scholarly research. Instead, my notion of Rhizography enables me to use the raw materials of scholarly research to invent concepts that do things and become things. To respond to the polyvocality of this research, I conceptualise *Rhizography* as something that goes beyond ethnography's writing the people to include other-than-human voices and subjectivities. Conceptualising the emergent conditions of men caring for other men, as a *nurturing-machine* whose parts are me, other men, the materialities and im-materialities of Gandhi Nivas, the food, and…and…and… enables me to construct a site of production which connects with the appetites of the men and unlocks new ways of doing research.

When I talk of the fluidities in the men's narratives, I also talk of the fluidities of their relationships with those around them. That has ramifications for this project because traditional modes of methodological practice would be troubled by the affect-laden, fluidic messiness of the present research context. The men unmoor from their strata, and destructively deterritorialise, laden with affective energies, social and legal interventions, and

subjectivities. Performativities are caught up in chaotic (and essential) change, drawing me towards the living surfaces of each man's world, towards the sensations, the affective conditions, the intensities of their storying, and towards the fluidities and multiplicities and ontological possibilities in their accounts. Everything is up in the air. Nothing is stable anymore. In the following section, I discuss how using a Deleuzo-Guattarian approach to family violence accommodates that fluidity and changed the way I think about family violence.

> Some stories struggle to get told. They are too powerful, or too full of other people's power; they are too painful to tell; they move us closer to violent assemblages and not away; they reveal the *dirty little secrets* and the *weaknesses* in relationships. This is one of those stories.
>
> I was in a relationship with a high-functioning alcoholic for over ten years, but they never admitted it. It was their body, and no-one would tell them what to do with it. Certainly not me. So, I stayed quiet while they drank. And drank.
>
> I stayed in the relationship throughout that time, doing what I could to please and satisfy them, always anxious about our relationship, continually picking up the pieces and trying to glue them together again. I didn't have anything outside the relationship: no friends, no personal life, little that gave me satisfaction and happiness. I learned later that it's called co-dependency.
>
> Then they became sick and had to stop drinking. That's when they told me I was standing in their way, standing between them and the things they always wanted to do. I knew it was coming—not in the form it did; not on the day it did—but I still knew it was coming. Vinegar never turns into wine.

Ethnography's humanistic and interpretative qualities come close to satisfying my desire to produce rich, thick, messy descriptions of the men's use of violence. I want these descriptions to become enduring accounts, commentaries, and interpretations that present meanings of the moments of individual experience that the men narrate. But even ethnography is troubled, through an approach that mediates the narratives and very identities of the participants. As an alternative, I have looked to the writings of Deleuze and Guattari, and to their rhizome with its absence of hierarchical organisation and its potential to spread in unexpected directions: characteristics of the rhizome that provoke a decentring of the *éthnos*. This decentring emerges from its line of flight in my notion of Rhizography, the writing of rhizomes, through which I

decouple the men's storying from the hierarchical thinking that privileges their experiences over those of other-than-human subjects.

Despite my efforts to acknowledge the many different possibilities that exist in the men's stories to examine their experiences of connecting with and through the other-than-human, it is still difficult to escape the compelling humanness of this research activity. Throughout the project, I both operate a research-machine and am operated on by machines, and throughout the project, the men's stories are foregrounded as they are the gateways to understanding their human frailties. Nevertheless, other-than-human voices add to my understandings of those frailties, and to my awareness that we look for meaning in odd places and often find it because human brains have evolved to distinguish patterns. When the men find connections and patterns that they do not fully understand, they attribute the meanings they find to acts of social magic. Through the art of collaboratively drawing with crayons, they perform social magic upon their own bodies. In this project, it is not so important to know why this happens, as it is to understand what the outcomes do, because when the men evoke social magic, they display a potential for transformation. They suspend their disbelief, and they unfold new perceptions and new possibilities for their own becomings. They find out that they are not alone, that other men have similar experiences, and they start to talk: about feelings, shame, hopes, aspirations, love, and loss. This is not masculinity as a macro-state, but as micro-political expressions of molecular masculinity in the experimental openness of a small-group assemblage. And through the micro-state apparatus of men finding magic in the small-group sessions, our outputs are rendered constructive, and thoughts turn to well-being and productive growth.

House periodically reminds me of the practical issues of operating an early-intervention respite house for men who have been violent towards women, and this provides me with a mechanism for imaging the other-than-human connections that House makes. Like House, food also has a voice of its own. The food that has nurtured the men during our interactions also nurtures this thesis and has been written into the thesis-assemblage: as a sequence of recipes, as a political practice, and as an ethic of care. There are other voices as well, and these

speak to me in different ways.[68] The men, House, food, the different voices, and I have all become polyvocal components of a larger emergent voicing-machine assemblage.

My rhizographic approach also manifests in other ways as well, including the emergence of the thesis as a rhizomatic assemblage of disparate affects and textures and scenes from, and in, and through, and after, and away from, the violent stories of the migrant men. I cannot avoid boundary-making practices—such is the power that massive molar machines of subjectification have over me—but through the chaotic, antihierarchical notion of the rhizomatic assemblage, boundaries become more porous and flexible. Things may not be more *knowable*, but they become more *relatable*. Porosity implies interaction, and the emergent assemblage helps me to look beyond the content of the men's stories, to illuminate and explore the political practices and interactions and possibilities for change that permeate their tellings.

Deleuzo-Guattarian conceptual mechanisms have enabled me to change the way I think about violence against women. Family violence is transformed according to the site of operation of each man's storying-machine, and manifests in the various concrete political oppressions of women in intimate and public spaces: in the maintenance of gendered roles and gendered hierarchical relationships, in the maintenance of hetero-patriarchal structures and the molar man-pack, in the lines of flight that men construct to move away from the violent-man assemblage so that they can reproduce themselves as non-violent men in different spaces, and in the multitude of fluidities and movements that emerge through the men's storying. And violence is also transformed amidst the tensions that emerge between men who use violence, the heteropatriarchal structures that violently condition their bodies, and the regime of state violence that operates lawful apparatus of capture and prosecution.

The violence the men use is still violent, and there is still tension between violent regimes of heteropatriarchy and state apparatus of capture and punishment. However, Gandhi Nivas emerges as a different machine with a different operating system which provides a different direction of movement—not towards violence and criminality but anti-violence and peace. Deleuze and Guattari have opened doors that have allowed me to understand this distinction

[68] For example, the intent of the PSO—to support objectives of early intervention and protection for targets of family violence—speaks to our need to address issues of family violence early in the evolution of violence in the relationship, while the work of the staff and volunteers at Gandhi Nivas speaks as well to their own ethics of care and of community commitments to making families safer.

and to turn towards the emergent aspirations of men like Raghav and Ronit to make a difference in their relationships with their wives. Deleuze and Guattari also remind me that processes of meaning-making and learning never end and that I can continually shift and move in relationships to stay alert to the complexities and fluidities of my relationships with other humans and with the 'rest of the world' around me. They remind me that I prefer wine to vinegar.

Ethnographic researchers are located in the study, where they work with subjects to make meaning from their experiences and pre-understandings. As an ethnographer, the researcher also relinquishes their space as a researcher to the stories of others. Much the same happens in this thesis, but my Rhizography-machine recognises no fixed locations and plugs into other-than-human subjectivities. Moreover, my engagement in the research-machine draws my own subjectivities into the research, and complexities emerge when I am simultaneously plugging into research, ethical activism, personal experiences of violence, and...and...and... Following, I contemplate my involvement in the study and how my movements through the research have changed how I think about being a man.

> When my ex-wife and I separated, one of the tasks we faced was dividing up the possessions we had collected over 24 years of our marriage. Much of our marriage was in the pre-digital era, meaning we had several hundred photos to sort through. It took an entire afternoon, sitting uncomfortably together, to go through our memories image by image. It became more uncomfortable when I realised that none of the photos my ex-wife kept included me. Anything with me in it went on her discards pile, and as the afternoon progressed that pile grew higher and higher. She was erasing me from her life, photo by photo, while I sat with her.

When Madhu and I talk together, my memory of the moment returns to me. In his account: *she even told me that she sees a picture of us, but she don't see me. She only sees herself and my son. That is a very staggering thing to be told*. Yes, it is a *very staggering* thing to have happen. My selected memory of sorting photos illustrates that I cannot remain unplugged from the story that Madhu tells about his erasure. The photos—the ones that we have been erased from, and the ones that we pull from our wallets to show each other—have become an intrinsic element in the relationship between us and are difficult to disentangle.

When Madhu and I talk about photographs, each photograph has a story, and each story has its own situated knowledge and constituents, and those stories began long before we talked together about them. Nevertheless, they enable us to plug in as one and entangle our affective responses to our experiences. It is not merely a different way of thinking about similar experiences, but a way of understanding that all experiences exist in a relational world. My story and its entanglement with Madhu's also reaffirms Althusser's (2016) admonition that there is no innocent reading. I do not engage analytically with Madhu's storying of his partner's photo-editing because there is an affective intensity in my own experience that I recognise in his. I colour his affective response with my own, and I cannot easily unplug from that conversation. I am moving deep through the research alongside the men, and my movements are just as subjective and tentative and fragile and fluidic. That becomes evident in the complexities of representing the men's stories and in my various self-representations throughout the project.

I have written of corporal punishment in childhood in which men enact violence as an authoritarian disciplinary measure, a rationalisation that legitimises the use of violence to achieve men's purposes—to provide, make decisions, to drive the family, to discipline the family. I have also written about stories of migration, in which men express resentment at movements in power relationships that push them towards the margins while bringing their female partners closer to the centre. Consider the migrant-husband and house son-in-law, the migrant who is not qualified or experienced enough to get a job, or the migrant on a visitor's permit who is unable to work and relies on his wife's status as a student for his continued residency. Then there are the lines of flight in which men hold women responsible for the violence that was used on them, and the issues of resentment that a partner has possibilities of forming new relationships and producing new ways of living with the world, without a man's permission, and...and...and...

I do not intend my discussions to be considered as explanations or potential justifications for the use of violence. Even though many different molar machines are operating on/through the men's bodies, the notion that we can assign responsibility for violence to them is profoundly reductive. Deleuze and Guattari advocate for a multiplicity of identities that are mobile and fluid, rather than one that is unitary and durable, and I read this fluidity in and into the men's narratives. There are fluid and contradictory complexities in each story. Madhu, for example, is psychologically violent yet still wants to hold his partner and son close.

In his complex movements through his different affective states, he expresses care for his partner and says he does not want to hurt her yet pushes her away and threatens death. Ronit loves his wife and misses her intensely but uses the destructive energy of his antagony-machine to attack his wife when she does not prepare food for him. He enjoys personal, social, and economic benefits of her support but does not reciprocate. Then things change. These, and the other stories the men tell, resonate with the affective intensities of the cracks and little ruptures of molecular becomings. These ruptures go unnoticed under molar modes of attending to our surroundings, as we pathologise and surveil and judge for the dominant figures of the patriarchal villain, the migrant man, and the wife-beater all obscure the complexities and fluidities of masculine identities.

I have also written about the various violence that these men have used against women, and there are times when I have recoiled from hearing the violence in their stories. I understand the temptation to portray men who use violence as monsters, deviants, violent men who masquerade as intimate partners, men whose movements need to be monitored. However, the men do not understand themselves as violent, and they present their violence as disciplinary or even necessary, blaming others and circumstances outside of their control. It has been challenging to represent the complexities of the men's representation in this thesis: to represent each man relative to how they see themselves, while at the same time acknowledging responsibility for their use of violence, and their efforts to avoid accepting those responsibilities.

There are also complexities in my self-representation throughout the project. I position myself as a non-violent man and researcher, and as a nurturing-machine impelled through the research by an ethic of care in which men care about other men. These are multiple subjectivities that become sedimented together as a coherent identity through the workings of the research-machine, and that identity becomes a frame of reference for the Rhizography-machine that plugs in with the men throughout the thesis. My non-violent, researching, nurturing-machine locates me outside the men's experiences, in a privileged location. It is a location from which I comment on the despotic practices that the men mobilise from their standpoints as Others. In that sense, my thesis can be read as no less an oppressive practice than the dominant legal, judicial, media, and other discourses that push men who use violence against women to the margins. Moreover, it is in tension with the principle of equality of being that I have espoused in this study.

Nevertheless, my view has been from the kitchen window, from the dinner table, and from lounging on the floor, at Gandhi Nivas, and my preparation of food for the men places my position as an academic researcher under erasure as well, replacing it with a position as a man caring for other men. If I am to interpret my relationships with the men's storytelling, then my understanding is this: I have not merely reflected their narratives in my movements. Instead, we (the men and I) have co-constructed new conversations in the narratives of violence. They are new conversations that provoke new ways of thinking about men's use of violence against women. They are offered not as explanations of the violence, nor as reproductions of conventional wisdom (although I cannot avoid partially reproducing conventional wisdom because this work locates itself in relation to the molar mass of the research that precedes it).

Despite our different locations, the narratives of the migrant men that are written into this work endorse the men's desires to be heard, violence and all. When I reproduce their stories, I reconstitute the charter between us to open new spaces for their voices. And when I produce my understandings of their subjectivities intermingled with understandings of my own subjectivities, I reconstitute my own movements relative to the men's stories, and the movements of the men within my own stories, and, in doing so, deconstruct the researcher/researched binary. Everything is interconnected, for that is the nature of the rhizome, and the interconnectivity brings me back to the ethic of care that impels me forward. I use the notion of desiring-machines because desire binds us and objects together into productive flows of possibilities. Because I metamorph the work of the research into the figuration of a machine, I no longer feel a need to ask, 'what does it mean?'. Instead, my gaze turns to how it works and what it does.

Deleuzian machines operate by connecting with other machines to generate change. One machine plugs into another. A machine that produces energy connects with another machine that consumes energy. Freed of object and subject, one desires to consume energy, the other to have its energy consumed, and for Deleuze and Guattari, those desires are productive as they disrupt the social fabric and the molar masses of our conventions. Every machine breaks the flow of the machine to which it connects and produces its own flow at the same time.

The nurturing-machine that I invoke in this thesis is a desiring-machine. One element of the machine produces energy from an ethic of care (men caring for other men, providing emotional and physical nourishment) and a second element converts it into well-being as an outcome of the process of production. The men desire to talk with other men and to share

feelings and thoughts rather than keeping them in the pressure-cooker, waiting for the blast. I desire to talk with the men. My cooking is another manifestation of my nurturing-machine ethic of care for the men, and it is a manifestation that feeds their own desiring-machines. When our respective machines interact, the connections that engage between us privilege our shared interactions and disrupt the subjectivities of our masculinities, and as our nurturing-machine plugs together and begins its interactions, it also plugs into and becomes part of a larger nurturing assemblage that includes House, the staff, Police, communities, intervention programmes, and...and...and..., proliferating the fluidities that run through us.

Here I locate my *self* as an itinerant researching through reflections on the transformative potentialities of social justice. The choices I make and the views I adopt will never be free of the social, cultural, and historical baggage I carry in my assumptions and my preconceptions. For me, my field of study advances a coherent and inclusive view of *community* that offers emancipatory alternatives to those located in marginal or minoritised positions by dominant discourses. In this sense, my engagement with the nurturing-machine reproduces my understanding that my work is the work of an ethical activist and an actor in my own storytelling practice. Even as the men leave the small bedrooms of Gandhi Nivas behind them, they carry the output of the nurturing-machines that I co-constitute with them, as blocs of sensation entangled into their own new stories, where it can help them to build new understandings about what it means for men to care for other men.

Aside: My nurturing-machine has helped me to comprehend the movements in how I understand myself. I have derived great personal satisfaction from feeding the men, and from sharing stories in smooth spaces. The results have been more than I anticipated, and quite different from what I envisaged, in both form and function.

However, more than that, I've come to appreciate a nurturing desire that runs deep within me. Nurturance and domesticity do not fit easily with the molar operations of patriarchy and hegemonic masculinity, but I don't care. I've reached an age where I feel comfortable with who I am and what I do, and I've stopped seeking the approval of other men. I have destroyed and re-constructed my sense of *self*, weathered Atwood's (1996) moments of dark roaring and blindness, cleared away the wreckage of shattered glass and splintered wood in my life, and have found my own island

I am untethered from the system and from old continental mass of my ex-marriage and I am becoming a micro-political expression of my own molecular masculinities (and my own island dreams). Everything changes. Nothing stays still. I am no longer the me that I was when I started this story.

Nankhatai

Cardamom and rosewater shortbread

Nankhatai combines the Persian word Nan*, meaning bread, with* Khatai*, which is a type of biscuit in north-east Iran and Afghanistan. Authentic nankhatai are made using besan, or chick-pea flour, but my recipe combines a classic Scottish shortbread, in a hat-tip to my own ancestry, with the subtle flavours of cardamom and rose petals. Figure 16.*

Makes 90 bite-sized portions using a 40-millimetre diameter cookie cutter. Use a larger cutter if preferred.

10 minutes preparation time

20-25 minutes baking time

Ingredients:

½ teaspoon salt

1 tablespoon rosewater

600g all-purpose flour

400g unsalted butter, softened

200g granulated sugar

100g corn-starch

1 heaped tablespoon ground cardamom

1. Preheat the oven to 165°C.
2. Mix salt and rosewater in a small dish until salt dissolves and set aside.
3. Cut butter into pieces. Using a wooden spoon, mix butter and sugar until pale and creamy.
4. Sift flour, corn-starch, and cardamom into bowl of creamed butter and sugar, add salted rosewater, and mix well, continuing to use wooden spoon.
5. Ingredients will begin to come together in a somewhat crumbly dough, but it should very easily clump together gently pinched.
6. Lightly flour a work surface. Place dough on top. Gently roll out dough until it is about ¼-inch thick.
7. Cut the rolled dough using a lightly floured 40-millimetre round cutter.
8. Prick each raw cookie with tines of a fork, and transfer to a parchment-lined baking sheet.
9. Bake in preheated oven for 25 minutes, or until sides and bottoms are lightly browned but top is just set.
10. Let cool on baking sheet for about 5 minutes before transferring to a wire rack to cool completely.

Serve with a chai latte, or a generous glass of malt whisky.

Figure 16. Nankhatai—cardamom and rosewater shortbread. (Source: Author)

House invites us back:

> *Now that you are leaving us, please remember, you don't need to be a stranger.*
>
> *Our door is always open to you. Just call us; you have our contact numbers.*
>
> *We will be in contact with you regularly to check that things are going well, but it's also up to you to call us if you feel that things are getting to much for you.*
>
> *If you need a couple of days for time-out, that's cool. Better to say so early, eh. And if you want to come to one of our group sessions, well that's cool too.*
>
> *Take care, now. You know that we're thinking of you.*

Postscript: Mediated by the 'Rona

Nothing is innocent ... everything is dangerous.

(St. Pierre, 1997, p. 175)

The distinctive image of the plague doctor (see Figure 17) is chilling, with its goggled eyes and its pointed beak, into which herbs were stuffed to protect the wearer from the putrid air that was thought to be the source of illness (Earnest, 2020; Mussap, 2019). However, the modern-day equivalent of the mediaeval Plague Doctor's personal protective equipment—gloves, gown, an N95 mask, face shields—is perhaps just as chilling. Earnest writes of becoming a modern-day equivalent of the mediaeval plague doctor in response to the global coronavirus pandemic of 2019-2020: "We look at each other behind masks and think, consciously or not, of the infectious contrail we each leave behind" (Earnest, 2020, p. 3). Earnest is a doctor in the American health system, and the 'infectious contrail' he leaves behind is a mortal risk to all who encounter it.

Figure 17. The Plague Doctor —glazed stoneware coffee cup, Keyan Sebastian (2020). Source: Author's collection.

It is 2020, and once again, my world is collapsing around me. However, this time I am not alone. Everyone's world is collapsing. My final year of work on this project has been overtaken by the language of social crisis and *The Virus*: it is the '*Rona*, the year of the *Pando*, going into *self-iso* under *lockdown*, avoiding the *covidiots* and their *plandemic* conspiracies, and...and...and... A completely new biomedical discourse—the discourse of the global

coronavirus pandemic—has inscribed itself on our bodies, and so, fuelled by a quarantini[69] and my experience of two lockdowns, I reflect on the SARS-CoV-2 pandemic[70] and its relationships with this project.

I have written earlier that I would not use the term *war-machine* and would default instead to using *desiring-machines* into the writing process. However, while the rhetoric of war is repugnant to me, the terminology of the war-machine enables me to characterise the coronavirus as a political actor that is at war with the rest of the world, and for once the term war-machine is apt and relevant. I read the virus as a political actor specifically because it is nothing by itself and exists entirely in its entanglements with human bodies and society in 2020. Coronavirus is a virussemblage and a relentless war-machine that destabilises and ruptures state formations by appropriating and disrupting the circulatory flows of people. It finally seems appropriate to invoke the terminology of the viral-war-machine: to refer to SARS-CoV-2.

As the coronavirus pandemic spread in the early days of 2020, leaders around the world responded by invoking patriarch/warrior metaphors, images, and language of war. In China, on February 6, President Xi Jinping declared a "people's war" on the coronavirus as he called for the whole of China to respond with all its strength (VOANews, 2020). In France five weeks later, President Emmanuel Macron declared the country at war with an "invisible, elusive" enemy, asserting six times in his speech "we are at war" (Rose & Lough, 2020). The next day Italy's Special Commissioner for the Pandemic, Domenico Arcuri, called for the country to "equip ... [its] economy as in times of war" (Il Fatto Quotidiano, 2020). In the same week, America's President, Donald Trump, declared himself a "wartime president", using the word 'war' seven times in his speech (White House, 2020).

Some commentators were quick to point out that invoking war as an analogy is divisive, stupid, and counter-productive, breeding fear and uncertainty and the possibilities of radical social upheaval (see for example Serhan, 2020; Tisdall, 2020). Other observers pointed to the

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[69] Fill a cocktail shaker with ice. Add five parts gin, one part chilled dry vermouth, and the tiniest pinch of salt. Stir gently for 40 seconds. Strain into a heavily chilled martini glass. Add a twist of lemon peel or two green olives. Drink alone.
Go with the olives and add a small amount of olive brine in place of the salt for a Dirty Quarantini.

[70] The virus is officially designated as *SARS-CoV-2*, or Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome Coronavirus 2 (Dilcher, Werno, & Jennings, 2020). The disease it causes is designated *COVID-19*, from coronavirus disease 2019. Both are commonly referred to as *coronavirus*.

similarities between pandemics and war: in the life-or-death struggle, in the waves of successive assaults as coronavirus is extinguished and flares up again, in the ultimate sacrifices, in the importance of laying aside differences to fight a common enemy (Freedman, 2020). Merrin (2020) even characterises the coronavirus pandemic as the first anthropocenic war: "the first global pandemic requiring a truly global response since our recognition of the Anthropocene" (Merrin, 2020, abstract).

Acellular and devoid of metabolism and reproduction, viruses themselves exist on a boundary between life and chemistry: "[s]ince they are not functionally active outside of their host cells, they lead only a kind of borrowed life" (van Regenmortel, 2000, p. 438). Nevertheless, the nomadic war-machines of the coronavirus are capable of creating and destroying borders without relying on human meaning-making. Their presence in the infected body mobilises bordering practices that control the movements of citizens (du Plessis, 2018, abstract), and when the circulatory flows of people, capital, and commodities are disrupted, so too are the marketplace and economic stability. In the operations of the nomadic war-machine, the ruptures attributable to coronavirus push the flow of people towards the absolute deterritorialisation of state-ist control, enabling the territorialisation of that state-ist space by viral control.[71]

Consider how coronavirus ignores all social and political markers. In the infected body, gender, race, nationality, and national borders are ignored, and the separations between nature and culture become meaningless (du Plessis, 2018).[72] The infected body is reconstructed as a simple physical materiality: a dangerous element in a new and unstable virussemblage that is capable of overthrowing the state. In response, state focus turns to strategies of division and enclosure to control the passage of subjects and objects (Braun, 2007; Opitz, 2016). Effective government responses have focussed on separating, sorting, ordering, and grouping risky

[71] Coincidentally, the word 'corona' means crown, a potent symbol of sovereignty. The Crown provides the legal basis of State action along with "much of the legal and political legitimacy for such action" (Cox, 2002, p. 237).

[72] Coronavirus is blind to social and political markers, but it is not an equal-opportunity killer. While the virus is apolitical, its impact is greatest where there are politicised weaknesses in society: among racial and ethnic minorities, and economically disadvantaged people of any background. Many different underlying factors cause these disparities including "social and structural determinants of health, racism and discrimination, economic and educational disadvantages, health care access and quality, individual behavior, and biology" (Webb Hooper, Nápoles, & Pérez-Stable, 2020, p. 2466).

bodies, where the contaminated bodies of virus carriers signify riskiness, and these strategies of division and enclosure aim to separate virus carriers and non-carrier, whilst work progresses on elimination and the development of vaccines.

However, contaminated bodies are not set free. The coded flows of the viral-war-machine territorialise and striate space, and impose regulatory regimes that did not exist before, so that infected bodies aggregate with other dangerous bodies and plug into dangerous places, the quarantine facilities and hospitals where contaminated bodies are kept at a distance from uncontaminated bodies, and these modern-day lazarets are "guarded by the custodial truths of medicalized science" (Lancione & Simone, 2020, Bioterity section). As a result, the social identities of infected and uninfected bodies alike are subject to erasure, because the eligibility to move around is determined not by our social markers, but by the presence or absence of viral life (Opitz, 2016). Our bodies are reduced to material objects and test results.

Uncontaminated bodies are also subjected to the State-ist strategies of division and enclosure, in which a state of lockdown[73] emerges to simultaneously produce the "safe" spaces of our homes, and a disciplinary regime of house arrest. Not much has changed from Foucault's description of how preparations for the plague as early as the 1600s involved restrictions of movement between and within towns in Europe: "On the appointed day, everyone is ordered to stay indoors... Each individual is fixed in his place. And, if he moves, he does so at the risk of his life, contagion or punishment." (Foucault, 1977, p. 195).

The austerity and precarity of the lockdown space, in turn, produces its own subjectivities (Lancione & Simone, 2020), and locking ourselves away alters our perceptions of time and space as our understandings of personal space and liberty become narrowed and our perceptions of time passing are distorted (Roques, 2020). From my own experiences of lockdown (twice in six months) my deterritorialised social stratum has reterritorialised more or less where it was before lockdown, but it is distorted in many ways: there have been radical

[73] "On 26 March 2020, Aotearoa New Zealand went into Alert Level 4, commonly referred to as 'lockdown'. This required all people to remain in their homes or *bubbles*, with movement outdoor restricted to exercise within ones' suburb and obtaining essentials such as food and health care. All businesses, schools, community venues, public services, local medical centres etc. were shut down, other than 'essential' services. Essential services included health services, pharmacies, agriculture, food manufacturing and distribution, supermarkets, petrol stations, utilities, financial services, women's refuge and other social services deemed essential. All public gatherings were cancelled and public venues closed." (New Zealand Human Rights Commission, 2020, p. 4)

revisions of spaces, and my home space has been appropriated for work; physical contact with others has become virtual; and although domestic routines continue, they take place amidst a completely novel combination of elements and practices: I still clean but the dust and dirt are entirely my own—nothing that is vacuumed up is from the outside world; it takes me minutes to shop online for groceries, but early in lock-down it takes a week for groceries to be delivered; and to reduce the delivery delay by a day or two, I am asked to pathologise my body by declaring details of my *health conditions or disabilities* to the online supermarket operator.

When the lockdowns are lifted, the viral-war-machine produces other novel subjectivities. I am encouraged to download a mobile tracing app so that my daily movements can be tracked and traced by institutional forces. My privacy (and any correlation that it has to my identity) becomes tradeable for safety, and the communities through which I move embrace panoptic surveillance, as whole societies move towards autoregulation under pandemic conditions (Lee & Lee, 2020).

There also emerge inevitable tensions between the social solidarity of locking our country down to eliminate coronavirus and the austerities that are delivered on us by doing so. The sacrifice of spaces, social relationships, personal freedoms, incomes, is not merely for survival, but for the hoped-for eventual restoration of those same arrangements, however, for the present, our illusions of control over our bodies have been ruptured, and the momentum of "everyday" life is shattered.

Moreover, through the viral-war-machine has emerged a pandemic caste system in which the wealthiest can isolate in comfort in holiday homes and aboard superyachts, while the middle class/caste are locked down at home with restless children, homeschooling, and work-from-home arrangements, and the precariat continue to work on the front lines (if work is available to them).

The viral-war-machine ruptures normalities in other ways, because it also operates through gendered forces to affect women in different ways than it affects men. For example, women are more likely than men to contract COVID-19 because they are more likely to be exposed to the virus: up to 70% of healthcare workers around the world are women, and 90% in Hubei Province where the outbreak originated (UN Population Fund, 2020a).

However, gendered forces act in other ways as well, such as in the poor labour market outcomes for women (Adams-Prassl, Boneva, Golin, & Rauh, 2020; Alon, Doepke, Olmstead-Rumsey, & Tertilt, 2020). Social distancing measures and stay-at-home orders have an enormous impact on sectors of the economy that rely on social gatherings, such as restaurants and hospitality, and early education, and aged care facilities, as these are all types of work that cannot be performed from home. Yasenov (2020) notes that workers who are less well educated, younger, and migrant, are also concentrated in occupations that are less likely to be performed from home, and therefore significantly more likely to experience negative consequences. Around the world, these are intersectional characteristics and economic sectors that tend to have higher concentrations of women's employment (Alon et al., 2020). Consequently, the pandemic has had considerable adverse consequences for women's participation in the global workforce (Adams-Prassl et al., 2020; Forsythe, 2020; Yasenov, 2020), and particularly so for non-white women (Modarressy-Tehrani, 2020; Ward & Sonnemaker, 2020). In the wake of the pandemic, job losses have been most significant for women in Aotearoa New Zealand as well. In June Quarter measures of unemployment rates, 11,000 fewer people were in paid employment than in the previous quarter, and of that number 10,000 were women (Stats NZ, 2020).

There is a more concerning issue in the gendered forces operating through the viral-war-machine. Executive Director of UN Women, Phumzile Mlambo-Ngcuka, has warned of a shadow pandemic of family violence as people shelter in lockdown from the global pandemic (UN Women, 2020). The shadow pandemic is an opportunistic infection that is flourishing under lockdown.

There is a State-ist assumption in the lockdown that the home is a safe space, which is reinforced by the radical revision of workspace in which work from home is no longer a privilege—"an enlightened gift of the employer rather than as a right of the employee" (Jenkins, 2020)—but an obligation in which employers requisition the homes of employees for places of work if the employees wish to remain employed. That the home is a safe space is explicit in the employer's requisitioning of that space for work purposes (after all, employers are obliged to provide a safe work environment for their staff, and for the worker to work from home, the home workspace has necessarily been deemed safe)[74]. However, this is the

[74] There are various health and safety requirements for workplaces that all people conducting a business or undertaking must meet. These responsibilities are defined in legislation, specifically by the

same home space that is a primary site of gendered inequality and family violence, and the abuser is confined to this space under lockdown. Gandhi Nivas was unable to operate, and at the start of lockdown, several men who were bound by PSOs were returned by the Police to the homes from which they had previously been removed. As an output of its operations, the viral-war-machine channels the movement of both men who use violent and women who are their targets into a confined space that is ostensibly safe, but dangerous in its reality (Fullagar & Pavlidis, 2020). Moreover, it is a space that is largely invisible to the outside world, making the notion of bringing men who use violent back into our responses so much more challenging to achieve.

As well as channelling the movements of their bodies, the war-machine isolates both men and women from the other people and resources that can help them and reproduces an ideal environment for coercive and violent behaviour: behind closed *and* locked-down doors (Stark, 2007). Exacerbating the early challenges posed by the pandemic, counsellors at Gandhi Nivas were unable to carry out home visits and had to develop different practices to replace their face-to-face services, knowing that there is a balance between providing a service and keeping clients safe. The challenges of maintaining contact, confidentiality, and safe, regular

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Health and Safety at Work Act 2015. The Act requires business operators to manage risks to employee health and safety, including risks in health and psychosocial harm arising from bullying, coercion, harassment, or other violence. Compliance with the Act is monitored and enforced by the crown agency, WorkSafe Mahi Haumaru Aotearoa.

However, there is nothing that explicitly relates to violence in the Health and Safety at Work Act 2015, nor is there any acknowledgement of the possibility of family violence in the home workspace in WorkSafe guidelines about employer responsibilities for the health and safety of working from home under lockdown.

When I approached WorkSafe about this apparent omission, they responded that "the onus is on the employer to have systems and processes in place to protect workers from harm" and that the employee also has responsibilities: "If the requirement to work from home would place the worker in a situation where they may face domestic violence, the employer cannot be expected to know this unless the worker has advised the employer of the situation" (WorkSafe Mahi Haumaru Aotearoa, personal communications, August 31, 2020).

"But what if it's that worker who uses violence against a partner at home? Do you really think they would tell their employer?"

Worksafe didn't reply.

communications are profoundly more complicated when all the parties to violence are confined together.

Inevitably, reports of family violence have increased in countries around the world, and the UNPF estimates that for every three months that lockdowns continue, an additional 15 million cases of gender-based violence will occur worldwide (UN Population Fund, 2020b). However, it is not just the prevalence but the severity of violence that is increasing as well. Australian practitioners in child and family services report increases in frequency and severity of violence against women, in first-time family violence, and the complexity of the needs of women seeking help (Pfitzner, Fitz-Gibbon, & True, 2020).

In Aotearoa New Zealand, the total number of Police investigations of family violence during the first lockdown remained at much the same level as before COVID-19, other than a spike in the first weekend of the lockdown (New Zealand Human Rights Commission, 2020). However, the New Zealand Human Rights Commission (NZHRC) also noted that the usual channels that were available for women to seek help have been significantly limited during the lockdown, and suspect that much family violence has gone unreported. Indeed, NZHRC notes that several regional organisations report significant increases in women reporting psychological distress and mental health challenges, including the challenge of providing support to abusive partners "in the absence of this being provided by service providers which also impacted upon their mental health ... [contributing] to a loss of confidence, feeling of hopeless, feeling lost and a collapse of self-esteem." (New Zealand Human Rights Commission, 2020, p. 6). Staff at Gandhi Nivas told me that they experienced a 23% increase in contacts in the first weeks of lock-down from women seeking help.

If the coronavirus pandemic has highlighted anything in 2020, it has highlighted the existential consequences of the biopolitics of late capitalism at both molar and molecular levels. Whilst the virus itself is a completely apolitical war-machine, it has exposed the extent to which biopolitics has permeated the fabric of societies around the world. The enormity of the pandemic is so great that, as Golikov (2020) puts it, we are faced with a global existential struggle between community and the very structures that shape, maintain, and control society.

Aside: My nurturing-machine is also affected by the operation of the viral-war-machine. How can a nurturing-machine operate when the men it connects with can't be connected with? When my desiring-machine configures my body as a food-cooking—men-feeding nurturing-machine, it connects with other materialities—a house, a kitchen, men. However, it can't connect under lockdown: house, kitchen, and men are not materialities any longer. Not in the ways that they used to be.

My nurturing-machine ruptures and reconfigures. Systems have to be able to do that—reconstitute themselves on their own ruins, to paraphrase Deleuze and Guattari (1983)—so that they can continue to function when circumstances change. Instead of cooking meals and researching, my gaze (and the production of my nurturing-machine) folds inward, and I start documenting the operation of the food-cooking—men-feeding nurturing-machine that operated at the house: feeding my thesis is vital for its survival.

However, there is another, outwardly folded, aspect: nurturing new understandings of men who use violence, through the operation of my Rhizography-machine and the writing that my gaze has turned to. That is a work in progress.

Figure 18. Cooking with technique, feeding with love (Source: Author)

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Appendices

Appendix A: Ethical considerations

Be(com)ing men in another place: The migrant men of Gandhi Nivas and their violent stories

ETHICAL CONSIDERATIONS

The researcher has reviewed the ethical considerations in the project in collaboration with his supervisors. They have worked through the Health and Disability Ethics Committee (HDEC) Risk Assessment checklist and have identified no risks relevant to the HDEC framework. The project has also been peer-reviewed by academic staff members of the Massey Hearth Research Cluster.

The ethical considerations summarised below follow the institutional ethics processes at Massey University, as laid out in the *Code of Ethical Conduct for Research, Teaching and Evaluations involving Human Participants - Revised Code 2017* (Massey University, 2017).

Respect for participants

Participants and other residents and staff at Gandhi Nivas will be treated with respect and dignity, and as autonomous beings with the right to make their own choices and decisions.

Voluntary participation

The potential participants are men placed at Gandhi Nivas in the course of interventions. Participation in the research is voluntary, and there is no obligation to participate. Participants are not in a dependent situation as they are voluntarily in residence at Gandhi Nivas, and free to leave at any time. Participants are not vulnerable in the sense of being open to exploitation by the researcher or the service providers. They are not coerced by the conditions of the Police Safety Order to either reside at Gandhi Nivas or take up the services offered to them. These are opportunities that they have taken up voluntarily.

Informed and voluntary consent

The project is explained verbally and in a plain language information sheet to participants so that they are informed and understand their involvement. Translator support is offered by Gandhi Nivas

counselling staff where appropriate to ensure that language is not a barrier to informed and voluntary consent.

Informed consent is viewed as an ongoing and continually negotiated process across the entire research encounter. Participants may decline to answer any particular question; withdraw from the study up until transcription has been completed; ask any questions about the study at any time during participation; ask for the recorder to be turned off at any time during the interview; provide information on the understanding that their name or other specific identifiers will not be used, and be offered access to a summary of the project findings when it is concluded.

Minimisation of harm - participants

Residents at Gandhi Nivas are in intervention from crisis situations. Participants are working through complex personal situations; however, the research embraces the men's wider lived experiences of migration and masculinity and is conducted in a supportive and respectful environment. The participant interview process facilitates and enables participants to tell their stories and come to terms with the intervention. Moreover, the opportunity to articulate their own stories as counter-narratives to their objectification offers a source of comfort and reassurance to the participants.

Use of research methodologies that are informed by the ethnographic approach enables the men to tell their stories in their own ways, without fear of disrespect, recrimination, or stigmatisation, and each participant has an empowered voice in the meaning-making process.

Participant interviews and discussions are conducted on the premises of Gandhi Nivas, with trained counselling staff in attendance or on hand in an adjoining room.

The project does not involve deception.

Minimisation of harm - researcher

As the research is conducted at an off-campus site (Gandhi Nivas), the researcher messages supervisors on arriving at interviews, and again on leaving/arriving home to ensure that the movements are monitored.

Interviews and discussions with participants occur with trained counselling staff in attendance or on hand in an adjoining room if participants request privacy for their interview.

Reflexivity, and regular debriefing sessions and supervision meetings ensure that the researcher's personal involvement and psychological responses to the research project are well monitored.

Beneficence

The research has the potential to address the significant issue of domestic violence by advancing knowledge of the behaviours of men who commit acts of violence: by contributing to understandings for evaluating the effectiveness of Gandhi Nivas' intervention strategies and engagement with bound men; and by contributing to the international and national literatures on intimate partner violence, masculinities and migration.

There is particular value in working directly with men who have been involved in these processes to deepen our understanding of their experiences.

Confidentiality of identity

Pseudonyms are used to help eliminate identifying factors.

The research avoids using specific details from narratives that enable identities to be established.

Where visual material is used, faces and other identifying marks are pixilated.

The place of research is identified as Gandhi Nivas, a known space in Otahuhu, South Auckland. The identifiability of the research space is potentially beneficial to people seeking intervention support.

Confidentiality of personal information and collected stories and conversations

Privacy of personal information is the right of each participant. Any disclosure of personal information will only be undertaken with the informed consent of the participant upheld.

Participants are advised that personal information may be disclosed to Gandhi Nivas counselling staff if such action is necessary to prevent or lessen a serious and imminent threat to public health or safety, or the life or health of the participant or another individual.

As identities of participants are known to residents of Gandhi Nivas, discussions held in groups are not confidential within the group. However, whenever participants discuss their experiences in group contexts, they are reminded of their obligation to maintain the confidentiality of the divulged stories and experiences of other participants.

All the stories and conversations that were recorded are stored electronically in password-protected files.

Original signed consent forms are securely held in locked storage, in a separate location from interview transcripts and all the stories and conversations that were recorded during the project.

All recordings were destroyed once transcripts were signed off.

Researcher competencies

Massey University academic staff have tutored the researcher in the Code of Ethical Conduct for Research, Teaching and Evaluations Involving Human Participants.

Massey University academic staff have also trained and supervised the researcher in projects involving cross-cultural research.

The researcher has completed Massey University's postgraduate course 175.730 Professional Practice in Psychology: "[t]he course provides an in-depth examination of the professional issues that impact on the practice of psychology. Models of practice, ethics, the statutes that affect practitioners, professional interrelationships and cultural issues are all analysed using a case-based approach" (Massey University, 2020).

The researcher also has prior experience of working and researching with migrant men and has already spent a year working within the community organisation.

Staff at Gandhi Nivas are providing cultural advice to the researcher.

Appendix B: Research information sheet

MASSEY UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF HUMANITIES
AND SOCIAL SCIENCES
TE KURA PŪKENGA TANGATA

Be(com)ing men in another place: The migrant men of Gandhi Nivas and their violent stories

INFORMATION SHEET

My name is Tony Mattson. I am a doctoral researcher from Massey University's School of Psychology, and I am interested in gender studies and masculinity.

For my PhD, I am researching the stories of migrant men who have had experiences of domestic violence in New Zealand. In this project, I want to

- Hear about your experiences as a migrant man in New Zealand
- Hear your stories about migration, your stories about learning what it is to be a man back in your homeland and here in New Zealand, and
- Hear about the issues that have brought you to Gandhi Nivas, and what it has meant to you to be here.

I want to collaborate with you to tell your story in this research project.

I want to begin by talking with you about our backgrounds, about how you go about identifying yourself as a migrant man, and about the experiences that you have had with European men and our expectations of what men ought to be like.

Then I would like to talk with you about what our experiences mean to us. We will retell your experiences so that they tell your story of navigating between your traditional cultural ways of being

men, and the expectations that European men in New Zealand have, in the ways that you would like your story to be told. Also, if you agree, I would like to record our conversations.

Some of our conversations might be in a group, and if you are not comfortable with that, then you do not need to participate. If you do participate in conversations with me in a group, then our discussions will be confidential to the group.

Because these are your stories, you can choose another name to call yourself, so that your stories are heard, but your identity is kept secret. If you do not want to choose for yourself, I will choose one for you.

I will use the information that you share with me to write my thesis for evaluation by the University. Because this material is collected for my PhD, written extracts from our conversations will be seen by my supervisor at Massey University. Some of your stories might be used in articles and presentations that come from my studies, but the stories will only be used with your agreement. No recordings will be shared.

Your information will also contribute to the evaluation of Gandhi Nivas services.

All printed materials, including reports, will be kept in locked storage at Massey University for five years following the study. Any recordings will be destroyed once transcriptions are completed and returned to you for signing off. No identifying information will be used.

Your participation is voluntary. You are under no obligation to accept my invitation to participate. If you decide to participate, you have the right to:

- decline to answer any particular question;
- withdraw from the study up until transcription are returned for you to approve;
- ask any questions about the study at any time during your participation;
- ask for the recorder to be turned off at any time during our conversations;
- provide information on the understanding that your name will not be used and all identifying information will be kept confidential;
- have access to a summary of the project findings when it is concluded.

Please understand that personal information may be disclosed to counselling staff if such action is necessary to prevent or lessen a serious and imminent threat to the life or health of yourself or another individual.

If you have any questions about this research, please

contact my supervisor:

Professor Mandy Morgan, School of Psychology, Massey University,
(06) 356 9099 ext. 85058, C.A.Morgan@massey.ac.nz

Mandy will be happy to discuss any concerns you may have about participation in the project.

This project has been evaluated by peer review and judged to be low risk. Consequently, it has not been reviewed by one of the University's Human Ethics Committees. The researcher(s) named above are responsible for the ethical conduct of this research.

If you have any concerns about the conduct of this research that you wish to raise with someone other than the researcher(s), please contact Dr Brian Finch, Director, Research Ethics, telephone (06) 356 9099 ext. 84459, email humanethics@massey.ac.nz

Thank you in advance for your participation.

Sincerely,

Tony Mattson
Massey University School of Psychology

Appendix C: Research interview plan

Be(com)ing men in another place: The migrant men of Gandhi Nivas and their violent stories

INTERVIEW PLAN

Overview

The primary means for collecting men's stories for this project will be unstructured conversational personal interviews. Questions are open-ended, and the participants lead the conversation, providing the greatest flexibility in moving through the interview.

Interview Schedule

The following questions will be covered in the interview, but participants will be invited to tell their own stories of the events and how they have coped with them in their own way.

The interview is structured around a starter and prompt series of questions. Prompts are only used to ensure that all the stories of interest to the researchers are raised. Interviewers identify appropriate responses within the participant's story as it is told from their own point of view and prompts are not used if the relevant information has been provided spontaneously.

Starter:

Thank you for participating in this research. I am most interested in hearing your stories. I want to

- *Hear about your experiences as a migrant man in New Zealand*
- *Hear your stories about migration, your stories about learning what it is to be a man back in your homeland and here in New Zealand, and*
- *Hear about the issues that have brought you to Gandhi Nivas, and what it has meant to you to be here*

I will start by going through the project information sheet with you so that you understand why the research is being done and what it would involve for you.

Background Prompts:

These background prompts will invite participants to expand on their experiences and talk to the researcher about the whole background to their residence in Gandhi Nivas.

This includes their personal experiences of growing up as a man:

- *Tell me about your early life*
- *What are your memories of growing up as a young man?*
- *What was important to you?*
- *How did you learn what being a man was all about?*
- *What did being a man mean to you before you came to New Zealand?*
- *What do you think is an ideal man in xxxx? What is an ideal man in New Zealand? What do you think about the difference?*
- *What were the differences in men that you noticed when you came to NZ? What was that like for you?*

their personal experiences of migration:

- *Tell me about leaving your home and coming to Aotearoa New Zealand*
- *Why did you decide to come?*
- *How long have you been here?*
- *Did you come here together?*
- *How has life here lived up to your expectations? How hasn't it?*
- *What was it like moving here—into another man's world? What did you feel you wanted to change about how you were a man?*

and their experiences of domestic violence:

- *Why are you here?*
- *What happened? What did you do?*
- *What did others do? How did they react?*
- *Has anything like this happened before?*
- *How do you make sense of what happened?*

Processes Prompts

These prompts invite the participant to talk about the services provided to them by Gandhi Nivas, and provides participants with an opportunity to put Gandhi Nivas into the wider context of their experience of domestic violence.

- *What was it like to be brought here (Gandhi Nivas)?*
- *How did you feel when you were talking with the Police? With the Gandhi Nivas staff? With the counsellors from Sahaayta?*
- *What was it like to talk with the other men here?*

Outcomes Prompts:

These prompts invite the participants to talk to the researcher about their reflections on the whole process of engaging with Gandhi Nivas. They also affirm the value of the participants' contributions to providing feedback to Gandhi Nivas through the research process.

- *How has coming to Gandhi Nivas made a difference for you?*
- *What have you learned in your time at Gandhi Nivas?*
- *How has your life changed as a result of your behaviour? And as a result of coming to Gandhi Nivas?*
- *What might not change?*
- *What would you most like to tell people at Gandhi Nivas?*
- *What advice would you give other men in a situation like yours?*

Appendix D: Research participant consent form

MASSEY UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF HUMANITIES
AND SOCIAL SCIENCES
TE KURA PŪKENGA TANGATA

Be(com)ing men in another place: The migrant men of Gandhi Nivas and their violent stories

PARTICIPANT CONSENT FORM

I have read the information sheet and have had the details of the study explained to me. My questions have been answered to my satisfaction, and I understand that I may ask more questions at any time. I agree to participate in this study under the conditions set out in the Information Sheet.

I:

- agree/do not agree to our discussions being sound recorded
- want/do not want to approve the transcripts of our discussions before they are used in reports or publications
- want/do not want a summary of the project findings
- want/do not want any recordings and/or any photo images returned to me

Signed: _____ Date: _____

Printed name: _____

Appendix E: Research participant confidentiality form

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TE KURA PŪKENGA TANGATA

Be(com)ing men in another place: The migrant men of Gandhi Nivas and their violent stories

PARTICIPANT CONFIDENTIALITY AGREEMENT

I …….. (Full Name - printed)

agree to keep confidential all information concerning the project *Be(com)ing men in another place: The migrant men of Gandhi Nivas and their violent stories* as outlined in the Information Sheet. I understand that this includes any information that is shared by others during group discussions.

I will not retain or copy any information involving the project.

Signature:…… Date: ……..

Appendix F: Counsellor confidentiality form

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Be(com)ing men in another place: The migrant men of Gandhi Nivas and their violent stories

COUNSELLOR CONFIDENTIALITY AGREEMENT

I …….. (Full Name - printed)

agree to keep confidential all information concerning the project *Be(com)ing men in another place: The migrant men of Gandhi Nivas and their violent stories* with the condition that if I become aware of a serious and imminent threat to the life or health of the participant or another individual, I am obliged to disclose that threat to appropriate professionals.

I will not retain or copy any information involving the project.

Signature:…… Date: ……..