



Me/my research/avatar

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ARTICLE INFO

Article history:

Received 1 June 2010
Received in revised form 1 August 2010
Accepted 1 November 2010
Available online 21 March 2011

Keywords:

Introspection
Ethnography
Reflexivity
Burning Man
Alterity
Going Native
Objectivity

ABSTRACT

This introspective poem seeks to capture the innermost enlightening and conflict-ridden intellectual and emotional experiences of the consumer research ethnographer. Through an implicit historical overview of the author's consumer research, the poem considers classic anthropological topics such as alterity, entrée, going native, subjectivity versus objectivity, and crises of representation in the light enabled by the synthesis of introspection and poetic rhetoric. Suggesting that much remains hidden about the process and content of ethnography, the poem accretes around 'real' consumer research data: a field note excerpt, a poem, and, mainly, a progressive series of unpublished reflexive field notes and quotations of self-revealing researcher questions from interviews. The poem speaks with a disconcerting multitude of inner voices, contrasting the performance of consumer ethnography depicted enthusiastically as a mystical and spiritual journey with a cynical critical view of it as a tenuous, deceptive, energizing-yet-draining psychological balancing act.

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Seemingly real at
first contact Dark
Freddy stutters:
"I-I-I"
and, buttery slathering, lays it on, baby... "Welcome

[my avatar me
avatar we con
joined at the
lip paying lip
service to the role
call me any
face you'd like to
place your
self within]

Aboard"
to this shimmering and self-defeating,
self-deprecatory awareness i have co-structured
for my

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self. out of depths
half-hidden between voices
between scattered selves, con

stru(fra)ct(ur)ed
out of
shat
ter-

red screens that cascade, careen and
scream like doubling buck shot soap bubbles bursting towards a consumption of presents.
a consuming presence. a consuming of presence in the dark gloom of consumer
envy. the sound of the WAV-form said
“Welcome
Aboard” in
Partrick Stewart's Picard voice. that voice, somehow more authoritative
and more authorial than the
Kirk Off, my friend Barry said yesterday
to which I replied
McCoysturbate. Universals,
like rubbing your

Spock.”

in the ur-interview, the interviewer
Under undue self
influence, reveals (his): “i

mean, yeah.
you know, Mister
Spock.
Science. & the
the whole research project
the whole show
it's really become
a part
of who
i
ya”

Seemingly real
Dark Freddy slurs his words:
“I-ya-I”
and continues
swallowing down deeply inscribed reflux, delicious
ly post-delusional, my reflex
is to chock it up
to miracles:

“people talking
about my re
search as i pass
them at random, it is weird,
and important, this re
searching activity of mine.
My influence feels so ancient and synchro
N(arciss)istically Jung like a nonrandom drawing
Out and In
of these powerful togetherness
Revolutionary Impulses to Love.”

I can't help
it in the in
terview
to connect in
to that im
pulse and state i am
an activist, flip that
card face up and confess

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