Taking refuge in the branches of a guava tree: the difficulty of retaining consenting and non-consenting participants’ confidentiality as an indigenous researcher

Dawn Mannay

Abstract

Issues of anonymity of place, participants and visual images are well documented in social science research. However, in this paper, I move beyond issues of the immediate concerns of anonymity to a wider application that encompasses the position of research participants, the researcher, and that of individuals who are unaware that they are a focus of research. The research study focused on the experiences of mothers and daughters residing in a marginalised housing area in urbanised South Wales, United Kingdom. The paper draws specifically on data that presents the darker side of family life; and explores the affective landscapes of trust, confidentiality, silence, and the unintended consequences that encroach upon, and beyond, research relationships in indigenous qualitative inquiry.

Keywords: confidentiality, ethics, experimental writing, familiarity, informed consent
Introduction

Often when we discuss issues of confidentiality we consider the consenting participants in our research study. However, lives are not lived in isolation and participant’s accounts often include a range of characters who are enlisted in the staging of their life story. In the process of data production researches are offered subjective perspectives of these other lives without their ‘owners’ informed consent. This is particularly problematic when stories are troubling, in the form of domestic and familial abuse, and especially so when the researcher is indigenous and may know these ‘unknowing others’.

This paper explores these ethical and affective elements of qualitative research, employing a poetic form to communicate a sense of the emotional cost of maintaining confidentiality, and the disempowering force of surreptitious knowledge. The paper also draws on the analogy of the character Sampath Chawla, from Kiran Desai’s novel ‘Hullabaloo in the Orchard Garden’.

Desai’s (1998) fictional novel ‘Hullabaloo in the Orchard Garden’ is a satire on provincial India featuring the story of Sampath Chawla; a disappointment to his family who looses his job at the local post office and runs away from home to take refuge in the branches of a guava tree. Initial interest from the towns’ residents is in Sampath, the man who has lost his mind and become a hermit.

However, when Sampath, drawing from many idle hours at the post office illicitly reading other people’s letters, reveals intimate secrets to his audience beneath the guava tree their perception is altered; Sampath is transformed into a holy man and a
seer. The writers of the letters are oblivious to his intrusion and the individuals discussed by the letter writers perhaps completely unaware that their personal lives were ever the subject of a letter; and I recognised an uneasy parallel between Sampath’s misdemeanour and the data produced in my qualitative research.

The data presented was drawn from a wider research project that employed visual and narrative methods of data production to explore the experiences of mothers and daughters, residing in a marginalised housing area in urban South Wales, United Kingdom. The research focussed on the ways in which the boundaries of the immediate culture and memories of the past mediate participants’ educational and employment histories and futures.

_Taking refuge in the branches of a guava tree_

Insider and outsider dichotomies are perhaps no longer valid

But I know I am ‘researcher near’

For I once lived here

This intensifies the need to ‘make the familiar strange again’

To find strategies to guard against familiarity

I attend to this, visually

Collages, photographs, maps and narratives creating and reflecting the everyday lives of mothers and their daughters, women and girls

They share their worlds
Art may open up experiences, offer new ways of knowing, make the familiar strange
But talk, their stories around the images, auteur theory, brings more
Lives not spoken of before

I listen to the experiences in the stories and learn of lives through many characters
Sisters, brothers, fathers, mothers, lovers, enemies and friends
The cast never ends
Unintended consequences encroach upon me the researcher, these other characters
Unaware that I am now privy to these recollections, I am characterised
I am Sampath Chawla

‘Hullabaloo in the Orchard Garden’ a beautifully crafted satire on provincial India
Sampath looses his job at the local post office and runs away from home, free
Takes refuge in a guava tree

At first Sampath, the man who has lost his mind and becomes a hermit, ridiculed
Then Sampath is transformed, magically, into a holy man and a seer
An oracle to revere

Drawing from many idle hours gleaning information by reading other peoples letters
At the post office, he reveals intimate secrets to his audience beneath the guava tree
Holy man and seer

Writers of letters are oblivious to Sampath’s intrusion and the individuals discussed
Perhaps completely unaware that their personal lives were ever subject to this link

Permanence of paper and ink

Letter writers are my participants and they control of the stories they choose to share
But every story involves a cast who are not privy and thus not giving consent
Which I can’t prevent

Reflections on childhood experience confront us with the past self, often painfully
Futures haunted by phantoms of the past, will impact on the present
Pandora’s box

My questions were never quite prepared for the answers, for stories elicited, shared
‘Villains’ appear in stories, the violent, cruel abuser, sacrifice, survival and such
I know too much

‘Suffered at my father’s hands’, ‘all of ‘em booting me in the head’, ‘frightened’
‘The abused poor battered child’, ‘beatings every day’, ‘love and hate him’, ‘helpless’
I know too much

Participants detail traumatic memoirs of domestic violence, child abuse and neglect
I have no recourse to confront the characters from the retrospective accounts
Unlike Sampath

Unlike Sampath I can not hide in the guava tree and will meet storied individuals
They will not be aware I have been exploring the consequences of their past actions
But I will know

So unlike Sampath I will carry my knowledge silently and when I meet someone
Who I now feel differently about, I will smile widely, as though nothing has changed
My face rearranged

Responding differently in my interactions with the ‘villains’ will not be an option
That may entail some sort of explanation, an explanation that would betray the trust
Of those who trusted

This is difficult, it involves an element of pretence, a false veneer, ugly in its deceit
But also necessary, unavoidable, inside I am quelling the flames of new knowledge
Outside, serene

In this way all that I learnt has acted to compromise my relationships with others
In ways that I did not envisage at the beginning, knowledge is power, but
Also disempowering
Inquiry is, at all times, ‘political and moral’
Lives are never lived in isolation, for we are linked in a complex web of connections
We ask our consenting participants about their own lives but learn about
Non-consenting others
We carry this knowledge
They are unaware
Unchallenged
Irresolvable
Painful
Ethical?

We can not take refuge in the branches of a guava tree

Unfortunately

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References


Name: Dawn Mannay

Affiliation/Publication Details: Cardiff University, Cardiff School of Social Sciences, Glamorgan Building, King Edward VII Avenue, Cardiff, CF10 3WT, Wales, UK

Contact Affiliation/Publication email: MannayDI@cardiff.ac.uk

Biographical Note: Dawn Mannay is a doctoral student in her last year of an ESRC funded position at Cardiff University’s School of Social Sciences, Wales, UK. Dawn completed her MSc in Social Science Research and her BA in Education at Cardiff University. Her research interests revolve around class, education, gender, geography, inequality and visual research methods; and her current research explores the gendered and classed processes of social and cultural reproduction, relationship cultures and identity formation, through a focus on mothers and daughters in working-class families resident in a marginalised, urban housing area.