

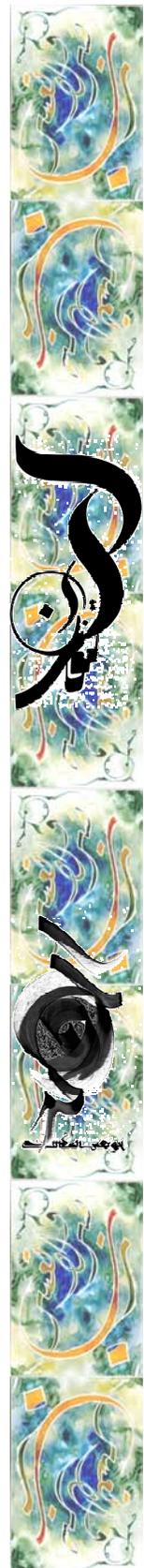
## Fig 1: Slipping through my fingers .....

### Slips and Slur[e]s.

Around the contours of this fashioned PhD body swirls a robe of interwoven threads of thesis [ad]dress. Its fabric design circles fluidly around a construct of collage, to befit and embody an evocative filigree rather than following along the lines of in-vogue dictates. Sequined me-selves desire to slip between the sheets of printed paginated text[ile] in tracteries of footmarks spelling language shadow-dancing.

The intrigue is pre-senced already in my opening sentence, its 'if only' incredulity is interrogated in-here[ntly] by the "T" that is writer and reader, both, and the "You's" that are my readers, and therein re-write me. The sceptical scope is foregrounded in the naming of the PhD as a 'body', the but[t] also being in the nature of granting the thesis the status of '[ad]dress'. Already, the gaze sees substance of some stature where-in not all is what it might seem to be from one me-re glance. In a weave of shimmering slips the spell of shadow-dancing begins.

I am in a book shop called *La Hune* on Boulevard St. Germaine, Paris in the summer of 1997. Just brow-sing - after all every text is written in French and my grasp of the language is very limited - my eyes are drawn to a collection of books published by *Éditions Alternatives*. That the front-cover



of each book has some sort of evocative colourful design within a panel may well have something to do with the instantaneous alluring attraction they have on me - the books call to me urgently, eliciting an immediate utter[st]ance [see-page 42: Beginnings] within this social space. My gaze is beguiled - far too many selves to identify and enumerate here are enchanted. The face[t]s of myself, that long to ephemerally shadow dance, brush across the scripted suggestive body of intrigue within, in touch with the shimmering glamour of 'in-between-ness'. My eyes caress each fascinating textual body; but how to choose? Each written body of text wears a fetching shift, but one in particular, called *Le Jardin Perdu*, its written text by Andrée Chedid and its textual calligraphy by Hassan Massoudy, streaks far ahead of the others. The sheer lustre of this shift entwines and entrances the desires of my researcher and my PhD self. The calligraphic symbols invoke their lure, insistently, spell-binding me-selves so utterly, be-speaking of substance becoming[ly] sequinned. The figurings of such shapes enthrall me as they interlace expressive, vibrant colours and sensuous, fluid movements, evocatively embodying the shadow dance. My perusing selves become purchaser self. Economies of tend[er]ings in desire change hands: the lost garden of paradise accedes issues. Signs sigh softly, sound in my mind's eye.

Invoked imag[in]ings unfurl from the choreography of shape-shifting calligraphy. A foliage of signs wilfully flaunts its flowering flourishes of overlaying out-lines, stretching re-marks, embracing fluency in ephemeral



Fig 1 - Slipping through

encirclings, spinning re-[ah/r]~gard [see-page 44: Beginnings]. Stems spring forth, but, yet, no stems figure in this not-hereness of silent absencing. How can this be? Stems coil and unfurl, spiraling infinitely stretching towards relational textualities in flux, effusively efflorescing into leitmotif after leitmotif. Bearing a fluency that flagrantly banishes the s[k]in of fixity, voicing revelling in a flux frilling from spellbinding rapport, no longer damned, fervently forsakes a void where-in stemming utterly fails to germinate. Swirls stalk sinuously amidst eye-catching calligraphy topography blossoming. Tantalising trceries twist, touching on [t]issues as slips of s[k]in peel carefully and eloquently back revealing fragrant notes of subtleties of shadow dancing. The garden thrills, growing it glimmers in mystique and luxuriates as sequined selves frill and froth forth.

From its more superficial facings in two-dimensional de-Sign on flat pages becomingly my thesis [ad]dress steps sveltely out to the fore. No longer mere horizontal out-line sketch of text exquisitely it fits liquidly hugging the contours of the body.

So whilst I-selves skew the textual body towards the allure of the frill of fluent in-between-ness, shadow dancing in significant slips of meanings, me-selves will con-temple whatever lengths are required to skirt through and eschew fixity of purpose. But that is not to say I-selves lose face and integrity. Whilst figs slip spellbindingly, they hold fast to honour, not wavering but standing steadfast, bristling with scruples. The thrill is more



than s[k]in deep, in es-sence the underl[a]ying [t]issues of de-construction require unmasking, through eyes [ex]-cite, when rapt in the resplendent fabric-a[c]tion of written text[ile] that is my exclusive thesis designer [ad]dress. In the see-page of sharp eye-sight the lustre of de-construction spellbinds, utterly, touching on “I”, shimmering slips into sheer footprints becoming sequinned me-selves shadow dancing.

Of course, there is purpose to my writing, how can it be otherwise? Some structure must pro-ceed to foreground from a structure-absencing background, the onlooker, whether “You’s” or me, cannot figure out the infinite possibilities of textualities, any other way. But, meanwhile, that fig[ure] of per-using can be fluid and dynamic, a being of sheer ephemeral substance. In becoming sequinned me-selves is what seems to matter.

Swirling, exquisite juxta-positionings re-mark alternative spaces which purl and interrupt one another. Marks shadow dance across the pages, at least I hope so. If I mean something by them, and you read something into them, such stretch marks become tracks, of becoming footprints, signifying other. Horizons of intimated sequinned [s]pore of “I’s” becoming “You’s” emerge. Paw-marks, those optic, scopic and fabric-traced delicate beings sign and strut the catwalk; born of being of the world, of language and of history.



Poetics deliberately exploits the polysemous character of words, perplexes the efforts of analytic containment, and reflects upon language's most intimate resources of meaning and style.

Kirby. 1997: 35

In other words, I want to challenge and [p]robe each optic, scopic, fabric-trace in-cite, not that defined by the exemplarity of the eyeline[r], not eyeshadowed in relief, either, with a view to the aims and objectives of reaching any hither side of representation, however, untenable this may be, but more fetchingly of how does each punctuate the stillness of this body of work. What colours suggestively seep through? What forms of trceries yet of beings fit to shimmer through figure here with effortless, spiralling grace?

Things begin, then - and this is what "imitation" is all about - with the "plastic" (fashioning, modeling, fictioning), with the impression of the *type* and the imposition of the *sign*, with the mark that language, "mythic" discourses (whether they are true or not matters little; this becomes a relatively secondary and subordinate question when the essential thing, as is said explicitly, is that such discourses are fictive), ...

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 126

My PhD body is born.

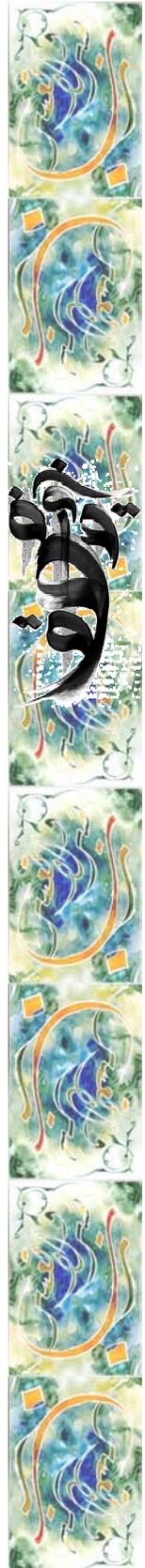


Fig 1 - Slipping through

In those spaces design[at]ed by the presencing of “where” as, for example, where-in my textual body wears “if only’s”, I labour to real-ize this bearing on [ad]dress, wrapped in the ethos of the mystery of masquerade rather than the demarcations of the not-rapt strait-jacketed linear reading. My PhD body rapt in [ad]dress will have been born [see-page 354: Fig 3].

### Spellbound.

Poses of exteriority and interiority, knotty points of presence and absence, riddles of foregrounding and backgrounding run rings round us, fix[at]ing us through glances which hem and demarcate. But changing tone sounds an [ap]peal and resonates to the back-up of social space and surface relation. Forsaking glassy stares, sharp~eyes looking back-up to the stance, hooking into utterance that I previously [see-page 42 Beginnings] spellbound into the utter[st]ance of “just let be” stretches into infinitely begotten horizons [see-page 251: Fig 2]. Body and sign conflated here? - word becomes flesh.

As Derrida describes it ... “The outside bears with the inside a relationship that is, as usual, anything but simple exteriority. The meaning of the outside was always present within the inside, imprisoned outside the outside, and vice versa.” Ironically, the discriminatory violence of binary oppositions engenders its own



critique, because the trace of essence is everywhere indelible in what is considered outside or exterior to it.

Kirby. 1997: 66

The word “essence” causes acute indigestion to my methodological corpus enveloped within the PhD body at this particular point instant of time. My *pièce de resistance* looks decidedly awry as it becomes imperative, nay essential, that my researcher self can both right and re-write the g[r]aze imposed on her corpo-reality. ‘Essence’ resonates resolutely to echoes of structuralism for me, hence the hitch to my designer outfit, snarled and snagged on this spiked tack. Such tears in the fabric of sequined I-selves result in eyes brimming over with tear-drops for the moment.

Stopping this will require some manoeuvring on my part to evade wrong-figuring. The binaries of ‘inside’ and ‘outside’ embody the weave of PhD fabric; whilst ‘traces’ tantalize with pro-mises of sinuous shifts and mutability. ‘Essence’, however, in my mind, according to my readings around it, forecloses rather abruptly on fluidity, being fastened firmly within the space de-scribed by an enveloping membrane. A space composite of absencings, although circum-scribed by delineating membrane, neither of matter if one slips off the other. Kirby, herself, parades in robes of rebuttal of



... the pervasive yet unpalatable belief that the anatomical body locates the unarguably real body, the literal body, the body whose immovable and immobilizing substance must be secured outside the discussion. This improper body is quarantined for fear that its ineluctable immediacy will leave us no space for change, no chance to be otherwise, no place from which to engender a different future. According to this view, the politics of representation remain separable from what are commonly understood as the biological facts of the body's existence.

Kirby. 1997: 70

Scanning mere surfaces the [p]robes remain a little flimsy. Delving deeper, Kirby interrogates the prudence of disassociating from 'essence' if the consequences are as dire as rupture of vital organ recitals. A distinct possibility since

... essentialism is the condition of possibility for any political axiology: the minimal consensual stuff through which political action is engendered is already essentialism's effect. If there is no outside this entanglement, then the task is not to dream of deliverance, as if our arguments could eventually be redeemed by transcending their contamination with/in essentialism. Rather, the challenge is to realize the ways in which we are inextricably immersed within the strange



weave of essentialism's identity, and to acknowledge that this bind is one that is not merely prohibitive, but also enabling.

Kirby. 1997: 71-2

In seeing that other, trans-figuration looms on the horizon, inasmuch as "essence" escapes what was for me its *malheur* face to fetchingly become the vital lifeblood of our corpo-reality, it [be]comes to matter - rejoicing in the word made flesh. Thesis [ad]dress appropriately adjusted, confidently, the corpor[e]al body that is PhD model struts the catwalk. The work-out is both *outré* and *risqué*

... because the split between mind and body, the border across which interpretations of the body might be negotiated, just cannot be secured. This fear of being discovered unwittingly behind enemy lines, caught in the suffocating embrace of that carnal envelope, menaces all conciliatory efforts.

Kirby. 1997: 73

Can the ring of 'essence' become a peal which resonates to 'ephemeral' vibrating to in-between-ness?



Fig 1 - Slipping through

## Fashion [able] Bodies.

We are categorised by the image we present to society: by our hair, by what we wear, as well as by our body language, how we speak and so on. Donna Karan writing in *The Sunday Times Style* 16 November 1997 remarked that as a designer of clothes, for her, the legs embody a woman's sensuality and sexuality, since whatever the particular fashionable article adorning the body is 'each makes a statement that begins and ends with the legs'.

And what is fashion if not the exploration of our relationship with our bodies? What we reveal and what we conceal say so much about us. Especially for women, who have endless options to choose from: the raciness of a short skirt, the fluidity of a long one; the modernity of knee-length. To slit or not to slit. The mystery of the sheer slip.

Karan. *Style*. 16 Nov 1977: 6

In point of fact that very question of legs has much to answer for in relation to my own particular discursive design for constructs of self. But, first, one step at a time.

The site of engagement embraces 'a reading' for me. A reading is becomingly of intrigue, it dazzles and delights, sparkling and shimmering in and of promise. It is a *sortie* into a topology of a particular textual subject, both in the guise of touching upon possible meanings suffused with superlative potential and in the guise of de-parting into sheer slips,

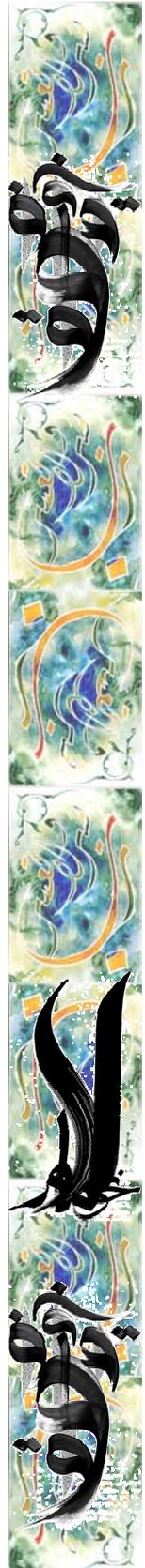


Fig 1 - Slipping through

continuously in flux, flickering ephemerally, [fl]uttering through filigree, those tracteries enticingly sketching becoming shadow-dancing.

Can 'essence' actually shadow dance? Most assuredly it can. If only one can work it out. Looking askance at the hither-between of intertexture and contexture, palpating the interstices of a textile fabric of essentialism sharp~eyes alight on the fact that

... a persistent and radical singularity insists. And this singularity or radical difference always remains essentialism's accomplice; the "constant variable" that allows essentialism to play the imposture of "invariant constancy."

Kirby. 1997: 79

One twirl of the skirt, one flourish of flounced frills, and text[ile] body, that is 'essence' is poised, precariously, facing other[wise]. Genuine article faces fake pretender. The other of 'essence' that soars to the surface, that constitutes its finishing touches, that entity that is embodied of absenced presence, hand in hand, with presenced absence, emerges before sharp~eyes. Sound fades in being seamed to sham[e]. PhD body is aptly [ad]dressed in a mock-up of design being exclusive to me, and such seizure fades over sound thesis body, its meaning always present in interiority, tapped into exteriority, oscillating and weaving sinuously, in spelling space, so svelte, shadow-dancing on.



If only one can work it out - how glib that may sound. But words slip and slide a-wash with tentative tracks, whose footprints in traces of “if only’s” stealthily lend a hand. Suave shifts smooth our slide beyond mergers into faces making-up. Concoctions of new footprints, forged, invent subtle palpating processes: fun to execute, but hard to exercise.

A word at first sight conjures forth a presence, its own particular substance, its own b[e]aring of utter insistence and weighty interiority. That is not to deny cites being tied in. No, naturally, citations matter, but first impressions more frequently form stultifying around the fix[at]ed generic origin: “Bless you” a-[s]kin rather than at-[t]issue.

Taking stock, I-selves cite Lacoue-Labarthe who grasps the word stem, derived from *Ge-stell*, and weaves fascinating strands, borne of

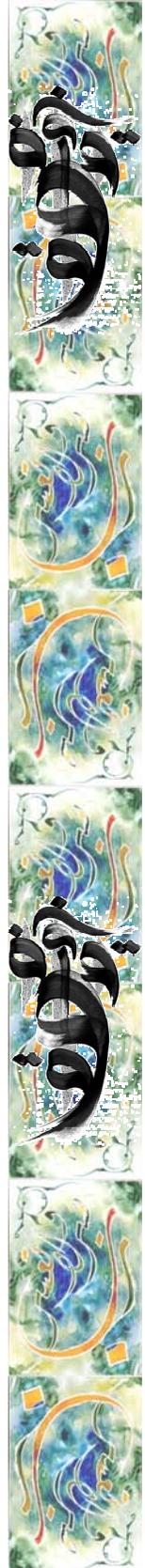
This chain is a veritable lacework, a sort of vegetal labyrinth proliferating around (or out of) a single root. The “set,” then, is this semantic lacework, this network of derivatives - “centered,” of course, “anchored” upon a primary “etymon,” but also of such exuberance that it is perhaps ultimately impossible to get an overview of it, to “describe” it, or to oversee all of its ramifications.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 64



Lyotard [ad]dress peers out from the depths of the mirror, reflecting reticulate colours and the fixed or rather grounding point that is supporting substance [see-page 420: Fig 3] to the sheer exuberance of colours a-wash speaking volumes.

Such delicate intricacy casts its fascinating spell, conjuring intrigue as shadow dancing sequinned me-selves un-cover new spins. Sharp eyes summon up foresight wherein the lacework traces from *stellen* (to summon, to challenge verbally, etc), touching on *bestellen* (to cultivate or appoint), nudging *vorstellen* (to represent), elbowing into *verstellen* (to dissimulate), edging into *darstellen* (to portray, to (re)present), slipping into *herstellen* (to produce), tripping over *nachstellen* (to track, to be after, to avenge), and so forth, it froths and fabricates. Yet this is threaded *through* (my italics) with the author's reading that Heidegger's concept of the idea is that it is both static - always posited, and yet being of the 'fashioning' or 'fictioning' essence of reason. And moreover, that idea and Gestalt go hand in hand, fleshed out by the ontological power of poiesis. Pivoting on the *through* that is fictioning, de-marcating from a weave, threaded of or with *Darstellung*, the fabric becomes *mise-en-scène*. Like lacework fabric-ated out of warp and weft: *mise-en-scène* and *mise-en-abyme* fabric-ate the emergence of the sign.



The b[e]aring issue here pirouettes around the disappearance of a word, - making its way to the exit, along the lines of a *sortie*, spinning off into the loss of a concept, a being efface[d]?

... if not that of a whole *motif* - of a whole philosophical (and textual) stratum and chain, where, as everyone knows, nothing less is involved, under the heading of the “question of art” (or of *poiesis*), than the question of the *status* - not to say the *stature* - of Mimesis, and thereby, inextricably linked and entangled with this question, the status of philosophical *Darstellung* itself.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 73

The floor [flaw]-construct centres around *stèle* [re]joicing in the name of truth, because truth is unveiling, and not the inverse. Precarious poise provides purchase on slippery planks, as definitively up to no pranks, it seems

... it is that the essence of mimesis is not imitation, but production “in its broadest sense” - ...

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 81

Mimesis is about trying to construct a representation of reality which mimics afore-said reality. Mimesis is always movement from like to similar, but not to same.



For such is the law of representation - or of (re)presentation (*Vorstellung* and *Darstellung*, here more than ever, are indissociable): there is “presented” in it what does not present itself and cannot present itself, that is, there is represented in it what has always already represented itself.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 117

The mimetic construct is a making, a poiesis, a fabricating to ‘in-stall’ the outward appearance, here, an unveiling, that which pre-sences: a presencing forth. Can I choreograph this shadow dance, borne of this body of text, stepping out [ad]dressed in knowledge aimed at transfiguring my academic self? My subjectivity is bounded with uncertainty. I turn to Merleau-Ponty, perhaps he can provide substantial support.

Re-pose.

There is a perpetual ambiguity about the perceived world and there is a perpetual never being fully present even to itself about the subject.

I am not the outcome or the meeting-point of numerous causal agencies which determine my bodily or psychological make-up. I cannot conceive of myself as nothing but a bit of the world, a mere



object of biological, psychological or sociological investigation.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: viii

The subject has but a tenuous hold on itself, achieving self-knowledge/presence by virtue of language. The subject is an interpretation ('thinking' is interpreting oneself to oneself), knowing itself by speaking or writing itself.

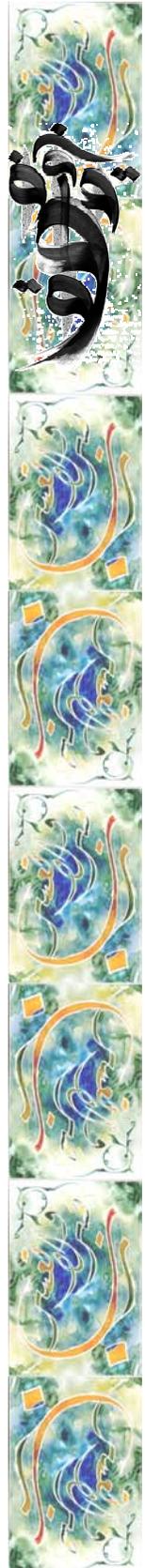
All my knowledge of the world, even my scientific knowledge is gained from my own particular point of view, or from some experience of the world without which the symbols of science would be meaningless.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: viii

'The self is a text heavily imbued with "intertextuality" and amounting to a never-ending story.' (Madison. 1997: 102).

The whole universe of science is built upon the world as directly experienced, and if we want to subject science itself to rigorous scrutiny and arrive at a precise assessment of its meaning and scope, we must begin by reawakening the basic experience of the world of which science is the second-order expression.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: viii



Thus, Castoriadis comments that Merleau-Ponty's 'subject is what, through an ongoing interpretative process of "becoming", he or she *will have been*.' (Madison. 1997: 103).

My intention to construct a collage of interwoven threads is undergoing a relapse precisely at this instant. The collage concept is carefully chosen as it befits and embodies an evocative reticulate tracery rather than the more restrictive linear fastenings. But I am constrained by the corsetry of marks on paper, marks which, in the English language, have to bear a linear relationship from left to right if they are to be read by others. Minimal stretch [between] marks is possible to fashion meaning, but the position is limited in comparison to the stretch permissible through the medium of collage, even accounting for the plurality of the reader's eye [p]robe. In this forced confinement, in expectant mode, I crave tolerance and indulgence of every skip from one strand to another and back again.

A wonder-bracket-aside gnaws at my vitals. What is that I-selves are not seeing, it knudges me. Of course it is not only the relationship between the marks on paper that constrain me, but it is also the fact that the matter of the paper itself restrains me, hampering me by its two-dimensional character, depriving me of depth and three dimensions [see-pages 155: Fig 1].

What is it that my "I's" see. Is it a leading question of emergence, perhaps? Are beginnings of very little matter? Perchance, but[t] me~re starts of little



Fig 1 - Slipping through

substance, being as genesis can, in fact, snarl up in *malheur* mode with confining conventions of differing certitudes. Eye-sores of fixity conspire and consolidate, origins absencing other horizon presencings. Set [led out] in rigid rooting, I-selves s[k]in s[h]ins of me-selves, [s]hedding blood[lines], so~rely t[r]ied, but[t] yet able to stem sur-render. Wilfully, foregoing digging in my heels, I-selves desire to slip between those paginated sheets, becoming rapt in significant interstices, liquid and fluent. De-light[edly] foot-prints dance deftly on, spinning off spell-binding[ly] *en-dehors* [see-page 290: Fig 2]. Delicate whispering trceries pause momentarily, yet perpetually, frill and froth forth in punctuated poise[d] poiesis.

Between-the-spacings births infinite potential realms of “if only’s”, reams of story overlaying story, reels of the power of possibilities playing up, celebrating in shadow dancing. Sequinned me-selves plunge perfunctorally into punctuation, nose-diving deep into essences of in-betweenness. Beginning then, yet not setting off on fixed footing, I-selves turn to flirt and further tease [out] the annotated Grand de-Sign fig-calligraphy that articulates my textual body that is thesis corps.

Indeed, thesis body bites the forbidden fruit, the adam’s apple of speech [see-page 140: Fig 1] and, in one sound note, re~covers itself from that refuse S-bend [see-page 172: Fig 1], after all. Desire is acting up. Revelling in the spirited locus which is not one, the significant being is a matter of ‘intrigue’, a sign born[e] of alluring fascination, the sprite which cleaves to being both



figured out and covered up. The glimmer of right[ing] reveals a delicious mouthful of subjective readings, followed by a just-desert of similarly subjective re-writings to the taste of sequined me-selves. Figuring out reference here does not signal the usual configuration of denotation, but covers membership of a frame of reference, hemmed about by the spatio-temporal context of locution, yet frilled with the thrill of infinite potential, for the instant circumscribed, as imag[in]ings of “S” over mirrored “S” lie selves along the horizontal of the horizons to become the logo, “∞”, demarcating ‘infinity’ itself.

Sure-footed, I lay claim to my body of calligraphy to illustrate so evocatively my poise in this social space, where-in lies my methodology. This image shouts the ‘S’ configuration. Mirrorings of the mouth configuration in the po[i]se of the model wrapped in the Primitive Streak costume play vividly on my mind here, echoing my rumbling appendix [see-page 152: Fig 1]. Unmasking further, reveals ‘S’ to be a figure which, intriguingly, if its mirror-image is layered over, that is superimposed, on the original ‘S’ engenders a double helix configuration: one ‘S’ stalks sinuous stealth to seized being, but is overlaid with another ‘S’, bearing svelte slips of being. This birthed being, that is double helix effigy, re-presents my methodology. It entralls, being constituted both in and of the double entendre, that *entre-deux* [see-page 123: Fig 1] thereby, embodying so elegantly, the spellbinding between social spaces and surface relations,



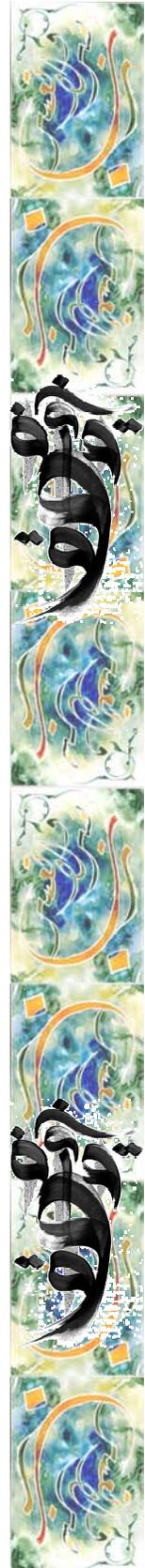
Fig 1 - Slipping through

reflected in those telling-spaces, which are not one. Stretching slips elude and beguile, begetting becoming.

With and without organs.

Back in [k]not-now-time but located in that stitch-up-time of 10 December 1997, within the consultation room, that spent-space, other self constructs were being contested, being negotiated, and being re-positioned. My biological body, the body with organs, was to undergo a particular test involving recording brain activity when certain regions of my legs were electrically stimulated. This self construct, [biological body with organs], of course was visible to the two others in the room, namely, the consultant and the technician, just as their biological bodies were visible to me.

Prior to the test being carried out, I had written a letter addressed to the clinical department: my body-without-organs had begun to negotiate positions with both Others, through their bodies-without-organs. Our bodies-without-organs are not visible to sight, nor are they biologically demonstrable in terms of anatomical site. More to the point they are socially and culturally constructed in that [ex]-citing sense, where-in discourses are inscribed onto these body surfaces, and, ebbing and flowing, they remain contested sites of negotiation and resistance to discursive practices. A week before I attended the appointment I had begun this negotiation by formulating my questions relating to the test into the written body of text in



a letter. On this December day the consultant was deemed to have the appropriate professional body of knowledge and he [his professional self] and I [patient self] proceeded to discuss my questions.

Negative.

So, returning to the freeze-frame, that oh so personal time of 10 December 1997, and giving “You’s” some context, the Neurology consultant and I had met within the hospital settings three times previously over a period of two years and three months, and always in relation to these post-operative problems. In other words, each of our selves had begun to construct a number of self [ves] of the Other within the context of the medical consultation. My patient self took some confidence from these past histories, even though previously, I had found his professional clinical practising self rather unresponsive when I had requested information of him on those other three occasions. Nevertheless, my patient self took comfort from the fact that I was not dealing with two complete strangers here; only one. The consultant and I started to talk. I attempted to discursively overcome what I took to be gate-keeping activity reg[arding] his professional expertise, and he, from my perspective naturally, since I cannot speak for him, appeared to put up some resistance because he gave closed and circum-scribed answers to each of my questions. Unless I re-formulated my line of questioning again I could hardly elaborate, in my mind’s eye, on the in-formation which I already possessed.



For instance, when asked if, in his professional experience, he had proved saphenous nerve damage to be an adverse outcome of surgery, he replied with the one word, “Yes” that he had. Questions chased each other around my mind. In proven cases had the nerve been cut or not? Was it possible to prove saphenous nerve injury if many of its fibres had been damaged in some way, even though this nerve had not been completely severed? Was there a level of fibre damage that constituted a threshold for proving nerve injury? Eliciting information on the cases became an essential re-sort[ie] for me, set against, what appeared to me, to be the consultant’s caginess. I had, in fact, to literally ask him if such proof was only demonstrable when the nerve is actually severed. Con-jecture made manipulative spun confirmation made manifest articulatedly spelling out that this was indeed the case. “Yes” becomes well drawn out, if only one has the temerity and insight of persistence, nay in-citeful, to tease it out.

The stamp of authority is firmly in place and a wonderful example of the cause and effect scientific model struts solidly forth, to boot, as what can be more staggeringly obvious than the fact that if you sever a nerve it will stop functioning? And, lo, it comes to pass that such a patient will exhibit no pain response when tested. In the mirroring of the scopic lenses in the operating room of communication we are on our back[s] in the binary in-here[nt] that in-tact the nerve works, yet severed the nerve ceases to possess sensation. We are hardly in the realms of sophistication and complexities



too difficult to comprehend here, so that cannot explain his utter reluctance to offer a reply other than a monosyllabic “yes”, prior to the extended version of my verbally expressed suspicion. Lack of sensation is not difficult to demonstrate, nor is it technically complicated. In the space of the neurology clinic, the actual affirmative clinical manifestation involves the use of a sharply pointed drawing-pin like object, presumably granted the im-pressive title of ‘medical instrument’ whilst in fact realistically being rather a ‘primitive’ tool, in that no-thing is measured in a precisely calibrated manner. Instead, to a pattern of bearing down differentially, the doctor presses said ‘medical tool’ against the flesh of the area deemed or suspected of being deprived of normal nerve activity and the patient is asked to comment on the presencing or absencing of sensations such as feeling, pressure or pain. Momentarily, I am stunned sense-less from a cause that has nothing to do with whether my nerves are severed or not.

So far under this sub-heading-space, I write about my patient self but, of course more self constructs exist relating to my identity, under scrutiny right now-here. My patient self requires information about the proposed diagnostic tool to be used in this December consultation, yet, also prominently in play and position is my inquisitive/ researcher self, for instance. This researcher self and patient self collaborate and discursively position me as lacking this body of knowledge but desirous of knowing it. What part is played by my gendered self since the Others in this consultation are male? Since the test is to be performed on my legs, I experience very



little embarrassment and few feelings of disempowerment from their Being male. But the impact of their gendered bodies would be much greater if the nature of the test to be carried out on my body-with-organs were more intimate. Speculating further, is it because I am a woman that the consultant and/or technician decide that I could/should be given information of a certain genre? Do they believe my understanding to be limited? Perhaps as male Others, they wish to maintain their dominance of masculinity? As a woman, I might become hysterical if given information of a particular Other genre could direct their thinking and so the speculations spawn and spin off. And talking of ramifications, the inter-actions occurring at this interface could be described as the tensions created between my perception of what I need to know and understand about this medical procedure and what perception the clinician has of what he thinks I should know and can understand. Those masterful desiring machines of professionalism pay attention to elitism through the practice of safe-guarding bytes of knowledge amongst the privileged few. Layer upon layer, those Other levels of accounting for events taking place between the various different contextual bodies operate in this medico-social space.

But, I am concerned over non~sense it would seam. Indeed, those vestements of exchange of conceptual economies are precisely how I am [ad]dressed, and, of course, I put my hand up to bearing the differing currencies of such habits. Not only that, “You’s” can bank on it, I bare



willing witness to drawing liberally on those notes, I find so desirably fictile and so intriguingly lithe.

Limbering up then, in a concentrated effort to forestall such undoing, I press into play my over[all]haul policy of the slippage of language, impishly revealing meanings for a plurality of readings of any text[ile] body, of forming multiple stretches of the locus which is not one, however, fleetingly they realise their mark. Secure in my enthusiastic embrace of sheer slips, I gather my limbs under me and shadow dance on.

Overall smoothed into place, excited my mind is made up through fascinating [s]lure.

Overhaul Gaze.

Overall what do I mean? An es~cape covers my con~fusion as

The bar bars access to the perceptual domain, the bar transforms the continuum into a rigid line of demarcation generating a dualism of language and its other, conscious significance and unconscious processes of *frayage* (path-breaking or *Bahnung*), ...

Dillon. 1997: 13



Fig 1 - Slipping through

Strands of keeping to the straight and narrow push to the fore [see-page 102: Fig 1]. In other words, ‘the bar’ creates a polarized disjunction of two realms, thinking and Being, or language and its other, a-voiding veering off on ad-ventures, dis-allowing transformative synthesis via appropriation. Presencing and absencing play up. Signifiers wrap-up tightly in marks that distinguish each from the other, yet still holding onto relating to each other, not being entirely [ad]rift. Veils of infra-referentiality layer semantic differentiation and syntactic organization into filigree fabric-ation as an inter-course between seeing and writing locates vision as dependent on

... that kind of temporary absence of meaning designated by the quest of questionability: it is impossible to see nothing where nothingness designates sheer absence or void, but all seeing is de-centred toward meaning that remains always still-to-be-grasped.

Dillon. 1997: 6

Traceries mark situatedness where horizons ephemerally emerge into and fade out of perspective, being unstable and ungrounded. A critical tension issues from the juxta-positionings of these engaged in shadow dancing.

Tactile eye seeks for the selvedge in the fabric-a[c]tion, it salvages [f]all on the ‘edge’, seizing it, thus a~voiding that *mise-en-abyme*, and, spellbound, articulates the ‘interval’ that so fascinates and hoodwinks the eye for-get~ful of intrigue and illusion holding [h]ands with “if only”s”. Mimetic faculty in



Fig 1 - Slipping through

practice wears a charmed wrap that combines svelte sensuousness with seized copy and this

... takes one into the magical power of the signifier to act as if it were indeed the real, to live in a different way with the understanding that artifice is natural, no less than that nature is historicized.

Taussig. 1993: 255

Exuberantly living reality as really made-up, intrigue im-presses on me from the fascinating allure of likenesses of ‘speak’ to me, or ‘say’ something to me.

The two declarations remain nearly impenetrable, and thus, in a sense, too difficult, at least for what I feel are my capabilities. They mark in this way the frontier (where, like everyone, I constantly stand) of that properly placeless and undefined domain of all one “knows” only in semi-ignorance, by furtive presentiments, vague intuition, etc.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 139

Not servile copy then, but a pre-sensing of objects mediated by the human mind and marked with its imprint, parading its spoor, [t]reading its traces.



Fig 1 - Slipping through

Rendering this subjective, of course I make things explicit in my thesis body, necessarily [ad]dressing down in slave habillements in deference to the master gown discourses of attaining a higher degree.

Desires here are social constructions. Before this time, foregrounding predating the symbolic, citing the imaginary, then

... the first deployment of desires connected to the body, to both its morphology and its schemata, its rhythms and its fluids. In the mother-child relation we have a bipolar field, even if one of the poles experiences no difference between itself and the other. Given the rhythms of demands and adequate satisfaction, desire becomes merged delight, the infant's participation in what Kristeva might call *jouissance*. (quoting Kristeva, *J. Revolution in Poetic Language*, trans. by Margaret Waller (New York: Columbia University Press, 1984), p. 49).

Welton. 1998: 195

Rejecting the economies of Freud's eros and nervous forces, alighting on delineations of affection, layered over the lived-body experience at the levels of feelings, I-selves slip up on how will I faithfully represent these intricately woven currencies in the realm of the symbolic? Just precisely how can I factor such ungraspable unreachables into a theory using interpretative strategies, taking them out of the framework in which they



have being, and po-siting them into another in which they ostensibly have [n]one? Citing them under such duress renders them in quite different pose. So is all [s]wiped out in op-[po]siting? Butter-fingered, are me-selves rendered bereft of sequins, so very gauche? Am I all left feet as my footprints [b]rush across paginated text[ile] of this exclusive designer [ad]dress?

Calling on sharp eyesight, citing the distant horizon of feelings, sequinned me-selves stretch sinuously, stealthily seizing and subtly foregrounding it, it being now no longer beyond. Clear "I's" see, with a spiriting away of ah/"r" [see-page 44: Beginnings] and with one flirt of the [w]and pose turns f[l]itting[ly] in/to prose. From [s]kin position[ings] of precipitous prose, [p]robing painstakingly, tentatively [t]easing out sheer imag[in]ings, all read-some eyes, whether "You's" or "I's", lead pointedly to quietly conversing, not that much of a far cry from the [t]issues of poesis. Sequinned me-selves spark[le] in shimmering delight. Hewn from hidden sur-faces, dis-covered unexpectedly within myself, my exclusively exquisite methodology of b[e]aring [down] a sentence to its bare bones, peeling back in significant sur-faces, rite down to that parred pain threshold, of confronting non-sense headbut[t]-on, and re-covering to slip into fetchingly being other, becoming another sense.

Speaking of which, and linking into wonder-brackets-asides, I am torn [ad]rift by the presencing of the punctuating full stop following on the heels



of that 'another sense' lurking in the paragraph space above. Distinct [ap]peals of stop, not full enough, lacking being replete, echo in my ears, but which word will suffice to assuage the gap? Re-marking to re-pose in *mise-en-scène* is the intended move afoot here, so stamping out perverting the meaning in a-voiding stuffing the signifier [see-page 121: Fig 1], perhaps can satisfy the sounds? 'Entity' or 'entirely' fits the cast of characters here. Although to use both in illuminating conjunction might choke the very sentence into ob-scene dis-articulation, as sentient being dies slowly by strangulation. That 'another sense' holds seized trace of an other 'entity', yet only for an instant, intent on becoming svelte being shifting ephemerally. This 'sense' is entirely hand in hand with 'another' and yet not, as 'entirely' is perfectly punctuated to side-step the long arm of the law, that fixatedness located with the name of the Father that stifles, yawning into a stitch-up. So, silently, I seize on slips of stealth, in-significant e-ssence in-cense other spelled svelte figurations, not born of sene-scen[c]e. Left-handed, yes, I most definitely am, but all left feet on the dance floor, no, I seem not to be, but rather becomingly fleet of foot. "You's" that are readers may think otherwise, of course, finding flaws in my designed dancing, exclusive or otherwise. It is not my intention to con-strain "You's" within the clasp of value-laden words buckled into tight fit of think of it my way; nor even, for that matter, to cajole with my currency of connotations, should the [p]robe of my persuasion be undesirable to the "You's" that are my readers.



Fig 1 - Slipping through

Desire forms flesh of the lived-body. The particular thorn in my side at this critical con-juncture of space and time, is that the desire to become rapt in thesis style of [ad]dress has outmatched, for the most part, the desire to carry on fabric-a[c]ting this PhD body, [ad]dressed so exclusively to myself's singular de-Sign. And, at once, I am caught in the trap of master/subordinate diatribes, which certainly come to matter for the purposes of their best fit for figuring out my academic self, and for invest[e]ments with which to cover my slipping figs self, somewhat exposed here, in danger of losing face. Am I a little down-cast as rite now I am caught in those desiring machines leading to academic recognition, in want of the sign of 'Dr' as a pre-sencing pre-face to my name? Of course, that goes without saying, and, yet, the Name of the Father can [k]not cast deleterious aspersions that mortify a corpo-reality of being, born of spaces-in-between-ness, seized for the de-structive moment, but svelte of silhouette shadow dancing on.

Sound in Elizabeth Grosz's notion of a "fundamental *relationality* to the body at the *organic* level" standing between "the "double sensations" giving us the material body, on the one hand, and "cultural construction", on the other", (Welton. 1998: 200), the corpo-reality experience lives on, mirroring a body with organs and a body-without-organs, respectively. Seepage springs to mind, suddenly. But its context is hemmed, simultaneously, in bisecting the word itself such that it turns to see-page. Although, I must categorically intervene, quite uncharacteristically – "I's" would think, but



“You’s”? - and say the spin is not along the lines of leakage or see-page con-notations because that suggests two distinctive fields and accidental and random interfacing between them. Which is not what I want to suggest at all. What I want to elude to is the fading of the distinctive dividing lines, the fluency and fluidity that spells the [m]erge/urge of re-percussions of one giving the other the [s]lip, the im-pressions of exteriority entirely excluding interiority, the e-[s]sence of lingering laced [k]not[e] being in-[a]cense pre-sensing and ab-sencing, re-verb[erating] and re-sonating both.

Over the question of boldly de-marcated or a subtle discretion I-selves would ordinarily say what matters? However, here, I am positioned by circum-stances in a certain re-pose: that of desiring the doctorate award. Corseted by circum-scribings of filling specifications, I become hooked on possession as my matter. What an intriguing conundrum! Stitched up by an arhythmic bass beat, eardrums unpleasantly throbbing, sequinned me-selves shake off fraying selvages. This particular tattoo fails to enchant, as with clear eyes “I” see veiled layerings instilled upon layerings, opaquely dinning possession into me, f[l]ailing me. Timing matters.

### Pro-found Shifts.

All is not lost, then? Those notions of interrogating contradictions work their magic. Spellbinding still weaves its magical touch. The trouble with any body of writing is it wears an inherent cloak of lack of immediacy, being as it is, fractured by a temporal join.



Time-rifts appear instantly apparently latterly fore-grounded, yet formerly ever-presencing ph[r]asing being for back-ground. What is now-time troubles and torments me, its question[ing] marks fast becoming exclamation marks of exasperation for “You” the reader[s]. It being the tense, so firmly featured in my personal narrative, that arouses dis-tressing dis-quiet. The dischord reverb-erates. The now of narrative is that now of textual time, evoking a past foregrounded in a pre-sencing that demands what is, for now, an absenced future re-reading. Time stitches me up. Circum-scribing narrative now to such hem-lines powerfully, yet playfully, paints a vivid fluency of words, lines, colours and values and draws out[lines] of at-tent[s]ion to the meaty matter of figuring out being on the face of it at odds with covering up. It would seam that now-time has me laced and tied up in [k]nots for the moment in what will have been.

I write these paragraphs now in March 1999, although, I must wrap myself in a cloak of confession and admit to having written the barest backbone of this textual instalment four months ago. It will be some time yet before I am willing to forsake the design board, and parade these exclusive vestements before my supervisor, yet alone before they come under the scrutiny of masked “You”, my, as of yet undetermined, external examiner, or audience of others. Those “You’s” borne of a fabric that absences becoming other, of pre-sensings being fetchingly fragmented by temporal rifts, call time and



Fig 1 - Slipping through

space to account. Given this point instant in time, I can but write I am content for the footmarks on paginated text[iles] to dance for my eyes only.

The written body of text is born[e] of fracture and fragmented time and wears it proudly. Not only is there a temporal hiccup to this text[ile] body, but the corpus is spatially challenged too. For instance, here, textual body parts are not necessarily aligned to the norms of morphology and anatomy, but don the mantle, embracing the spirit of *mélange*. I merely mark up that I do not contravene the expected freeze-frames of being a-kin with physiology, especially, if regard is directed towards surfaces, in particular, if the skinned and sharp “I’s”-cite gaze on the foldings, those ticklish [t]issues, rather than opaquely ogling overt organs. After all, what else can pastiche be, but a being born of differences of conjunction? Nevertheless, sited here, at the very heartbeat of the physiology of living systems, that nucleus of cells, writing is transfigured to a lack, but a pre-sensing lack à la Deleuzan and Guattarian designer house label it is important to real-ize, being an absence clothed in generative garb, thrillingly frothing forth. An age-old adage springs to mind, not garb-age, surely, but fruitful in that ‘everything is possible’ where representation is concerned. Thus,

Rather, difference is a “becoming entity”: it is not a name for the gap of supposedly dead space and time between pre-given entities.

Kirby. 1997: 65



Drawing back from the edge, that dangerous space of where-in maybe it could have been hammered into me, me-selves emerge to re-right the imag[in]ing-maker in a fluency of becoming that dis-rupts the temporal deter-mination of what comes fi[r]st.

This confounding of the inside/outside division, although *within* the individual, suggests that perhaps even the relationship *between* individuals is also one of profound implication.

Kirby. 1997: 3

Ah, no longer at odds with Kirby, as stumped “I” am not, a bolt of material substance delivers me. Baffled no longer, here is where those foldings and envelopings becomingly fashion matter, begotten of the blissful *jouissance* of presences and absences. The word is made flesh. Part, here, is not singular, neither is conjunction, nor is each a repetition of a pregiven stance, but each fragment is unique, yet, enigmatically, evokes ‘the whole, albeit via fractured differentials. All is comforting constancy and all is fluid variation, mirroring de Saussure’s concept of the sign as never being *le même* twice. Fluent text[ile] body turns gracefully before the looking-glass and catches sight of the reflections of its other imag[in]ings that constitute its finishing touches. This signified body slips into feelings of other foldings, fêting forceful presence, hand in hand with those of other envelopings, veiling engendering absences. Invoked echoes of similar, but not the same, from a corps on mimesis, glance off the mirror of enchantment to skirt this

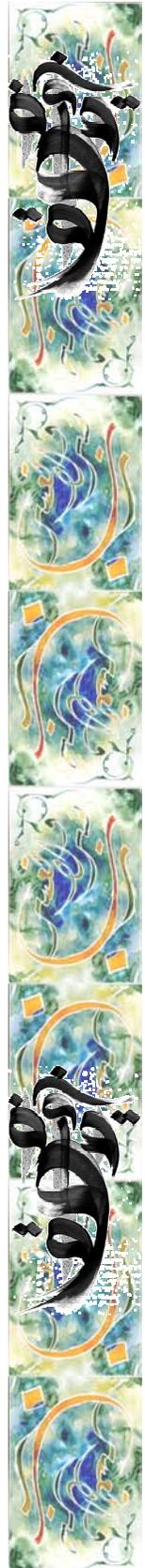


Fig 1 - Slipping through

significant form, which shadow dances. Entranced imag[in]ings, those bewitch[ed] shapes, enthusiastically further beget my methodological [ad]dress, being both elusive and yet enduring.

These occasional departures from effacement into con-fronting [the] static, born of forgetting to put on my cling-resistant slip, may seem shockingly abrupt and arbitrary, yet, are I hope positively charged as electrifying and stunning. Is a matter of *malheur* seemingly uncovered, then? Not exactly; resistance is absenced as figuring out triggers the impulses of a sub-stance of beguiling be-w[h]itchment pulsing along my motor neurones of intention.

Where-in spaces.

*Where-in glassy veneer:*

It is Wednesday, 10 December 1997.

Imagine a neurophysiology clinic appointment at the local hospital, where-in –

the consultant wears a suit, that sign[ature] of being a professional, a designated expert, a gatekeeper of a specialized body of knowledge, and of being enfolded and rapt within a particular elitist institution intent on exuding exclusivism.

The technician wears shirtsleeves and by doing so signs his assistant and auxillary functions, locating the self outside of medicine.



I wear what makes me feel good, since various me-selves are challenged here: my physical body because of the medical problem, my emotional bodily selves, and my intellectual selves are under duress for a variety of reasons.

Such customized clothes come to matter, in[the]habit of pre-fixing professional expertise, expressed educating Intentional Systems of whatever stratum, as personhood fades through inviting inhibitions.

But, being severed from depth, skimming mere veneer, however, esteemed, the [t]issues at stake here are de-forming. Heedlessly, the suits follow suit, in doing unto[ward] themselves, un-doing to others.

The masks are donned, the operation begins.

*Where-in deeper level:*

the consultant and I, in the guise of my patient-self, have met three times before. We each have a notion of how the other's professional self performs, 'if only', that is, one considers that a professional patient-self, in-[whatever]-form exists.

It goes without saying then, his professional self had the upper hand: he knew the nature of the test that was about to be performed, he was cognisant of the theoretical frameworks supporting the test; whilst my patient self



depended on his communication skills, firstly, to unravel the mixed message of the context of the consultation [see-page 68: Fig 1]; secondly, to allow me access to his privileged professional body of knowledge; and, thirdly, I was the self to be tested - not a position of power.

And yet the body wears a sheer gossamer gown of intrigue

Dotting the 'i'.

But, it now occurs to me, did he know more about my body with organs than I did? This is quite an intriguing question, raising, as it does, several lines of tension. Having undergone medical education the consultant looks at the biological body with medically focussed eyes, using his screening and examining skills and tools, as well as acting as gate-keeper for his professional body of knowledge. But whatever he does as far as my biological body is concerned he remains forever an Other. There are real limitations to his seeing and/or knowing my biological body. For instance, even at the very basic level, he has to ask me questions about the altered sensations and the pain that I experience: he cannot comprehend, except by second-hand knowledge, gathered from skirting around my lived-experiences. Only then can he draw on the whole picture, but still cast through his reading of my existential experience from my second person agency account, in order to inform his hypothetical-deductive reasoning essential for determining the next procedure. He cannot comprehend,



except through another's "I's", and only then can he come to apprehend, albeit always at arm's length.

Fixated, unexpectedly, into intense pain for months, another level of experience surfaced. I now had to come to terms with the knowledge that I had actually been ignorant I had been uninformed, though of course as far as the clinicians were concerned I 'was consented'. They of the System had closed the circle of operation[al] procedure. Furthermore, had I done this research prior to admission to hospital, I would never have agreed to undergo the procedure at all. Meanwhile as my physical self continued to experience medical problems, I clearly was not myself. With what I-selves saw as a breakdown of trust between my patient-self and those professional selves encountered in this episode, my acceptance of my compromised health had to come much later. Gradually, but very reluctantly, I began to figure out I may not ever recover my original healthy physical self here, at least, in terms of the living-experience I had previously known it to be. Which is not quite the same as saying this might also hold true for my state of being within social and cultural configurations. And, indeed to jump to the present, leaving behind the then that constitutes the historical, the figuring out is literally the corpo-reality for my body with organs for both now and for the future. But that is another thread of my textual [ad]dress to be tried on for size, elsewhere.

What does it mean to say I will look at the medical consultation that took place in December 1997, subjectively? What is the nature of this "I" that



does the looking? How is the word 'subjectively' circumscribed? What does an inquiry into the expression 'looking' reveal? How does this "I" conducting the inquiry differ from the "I" that was, at least for some of the time, the object of investigation of the consultation process, and yet, at other times the subject of the interaction. In other words, what is the standing of either "I" from the perspective of the Other, from not "I", but "you"? What is the position of the Other[s] in relation to either "I"? All these are questions that spring to mind. Yet, what of these "I"s? Overall, they are constructs of self: the sameness resides in the concept of construct; the sheer difference in what each "I" is not. Beware of those beckoning binaries residing under coverlets [see-page 104: Fig 1] at the end of the hospital bed. And still a-bed spare some thought for dis-rupting the opposing ends that signal singular polarity lying *in situ* commanding objectivity to the subjective pain experience [see-page 433: Fig 3].

My eye sees the word, but, my self that is "I" fashions the word *in* meaning, although my self, I[t]self, is fashioned *of* meaning in the eye that beholds.

The problematics of visualizing are fashioned by habits of knowing, of desiring and exercising power as the differences between the depths of eyesores and the fluidity of I~soar/saw into view.

As I read the textual body that is *The Birth of The Clinic* the dialogue I hold with myself regarding Foucault's body of work is a third-person agency one,



and one step further removed, in fact from that, since it is a translation. Layer upon layer, the printed word Foucault himself wrote is also written from a third-person agency perspective, being generated from his research treatment of the documented history of medicine in France. My readings of Foucault's intentions then are carried on necessarily behind his back, reducing him in part to silence and absence, in a manner alien to a first- or second-order agency man[ni]kin. Nevertheless, a slip of sheer gossamer texture is the item intended for- [s]wearing, along the lines of one of sheer endless options of [ad]dress, à la Donna Karan [see-page 58: Fig 1].

I gaze at the words on the pages from Foucault's textual body entitled *The Birth of The Clinic*. Two important aspects of this particular social space of the gaze is constituted by myself, by my "I" that is, and by the marks, which myself recognises as symbols, printed on the pages of the book in front of me. The sliding I, that comprises face[t]s of myself, struts the catwalk, modelling the morphing guises confidently, even, if shimmering, in the blink of an eye, through shifting selves, sequinned for sure. Whatever the composition of person that is I, the reality is that the eye figures as the appropriate sense organ to transform the symbols on the page in front of me. The glare of the spotlight gazes into the eyes, and those "I's" that are "You's" ephemerally being those shimmering sequinned selves shadow dancing.



Prefigures and configures.

In creating this thesis I am writing subject, but thesis is subject also, in the spirit of

... the ambiguity of the reflexive construction (and allowing the accentuation of a certain “desistance,” ...), the subject that writes itself [*s’écrit*]: that writes about the subject, that is written about, that is written - in short, the subject that is one, “one,” only insofar as it is in some way or other *inscribed*.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 141

Now, where am “I” hiding? Lazing lethargically being stuffed by my signifiers, [see-page 121: Fig 1] am I flushed down the S-bend of some part of that annotated Grand de-Sign calligraphy body? Or have I playfully created a permeable paper-thin psychic membrane that gives the unconscious access to the real, and, if so, have I avoided making those sites alienating and anxiety-enducing? In-sinuating silhouettes of “If only’s” a-bound and murmur meaningfully in exuberant substance.

At the heart of the body of intrigue is the centre of contestation between desire and the social. By social I mean, for example, the bureaucracy of institutions which operate a cloaking system of surveillance and discipline, for instance, which stealthily manipulate our desire into pre-scribed pathways. And by doing so, it seizes our thoughts and actions and

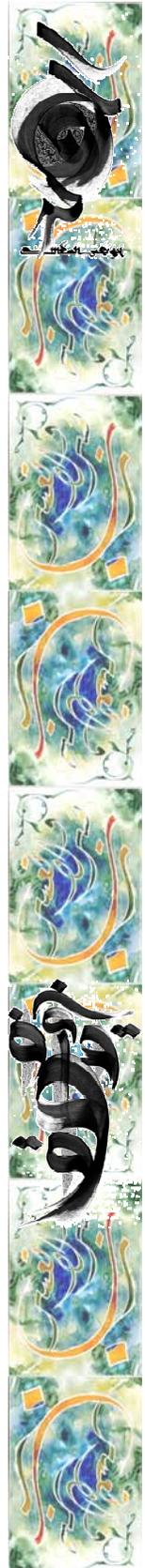


Fig 1 - Slipping through

constitutes our identities and subjectivities. Those discourses of surveillance and discipline in-scribe upon the surface of our bodies-without-organs 'figures' of the power and knowledge, under-lying the expertise and the politics of bureaucracy, im-pacting on our very being.

[S]kin and [t]issue surfaces once again. Me-selves are under the gaze of academic screening and scrutiny. The construct of my academic identity is at stake. Will I measure up? Will I be pronounced fit? Will my textual footprints, those very words, such as 'fabric-a[c]tion', I covet and claim as in my care, carry me through a splitting through of every membrane of pre-ailing argument, that would otherwise protest and pro-tect against an interiority of mis-representation? Will I be be-li[e]ved?

But the picture is larger than this. What is the relationship of "T" in these contexts, mentioned above, to the particular "T"[s] who made choices about the texture of the data collected here-in the PhD body: selecting these specific articles from newspapers, magazines, journals, books, etc. and rejecting Others for my exquisite de-Signer thesis [ad]dress. Whether the choosing process was unconscious or conscious is a moot point, the "T" that is research student can not delineate. This data-gathering "T" can only smudge the fine line by penciling in the traces whereby I would agree I was consciously searching for 'interesting' data, knowing that I intended researching constructs of selves, but utterly un - knowing of the work-out shape of the text, yet to be constructed. At this point in time, this "T" did not



know how she intended configuring the text: what slant to take to cut the rhetorical texture in which to [ad]dress a fluent text, or which underwear of smooth silky arguments would prove especially alluringly articulate enough to beguile and draw the reader into those hidden depths within the figure that is corpus of work.

Mystique murmurs alluringly of those innermost secrets kept under cover.

What of this self?

“T’s” sparkle and shimmer in question. Another limb of this thesis corps is the substance of identity. Looking back[-up] in the mirror,

... [i]dentity is assumed to be self-present to itself such that difference is figured as an “outside identity.” ... difference is itself identified as a spatial and temporal entity, an enclosed interval that falls in between two quite separate things. The important point here is that difference cannot be conceived as an active, constitutive force when it is delimited in this way.

This static reading of difference underpins conventional understandings of representation that conflate difference with distance, with a gap that marks an inevitable corruption from the purity of a now lost origin.

Kirby. 1997: 93



Differences in interfacing cause rifts in the fabric-a[c]tion because imaginings, rather than descriptions, fashion and constitute presence, where before there was absence, foregrounded and thereby presented in that enclosed interval that falls in between two quite separate things. Absence is [b]reached through deconstruction, and an ethical relation with the alterity of the other is born in conceding that grasp of the other depends on mastery. This opens up horizons of there being limits to intelligibility, and to there being com-promises to representation, to the notion that

... language is a system of regulatory norms, ... that these norms are unstable precisely because they lack the grounded solidity that might be accorded by an extratextual referent. As meaning is neither fixed nor self-evident, it needs to be maintained by continual restatement.

Kirby. 1997: 88

So, the textual footprint is decidedly fuzzy, is it? Footsteps sewn into ‘compromises’, threaded through with pro-misses, stamp to attention, eyes right, alert to the question of mastery, yet bristling with becoming pro-mises of fetching finesse? A step to the side, dominance displaced, the footprints are grasped and invoke re-memberings as gasps of delight sound in the sheer scope of the weave of steps shadow dancing.

*where-in sameness?*



Fig 1 - Slipping through

Self: body with organs.

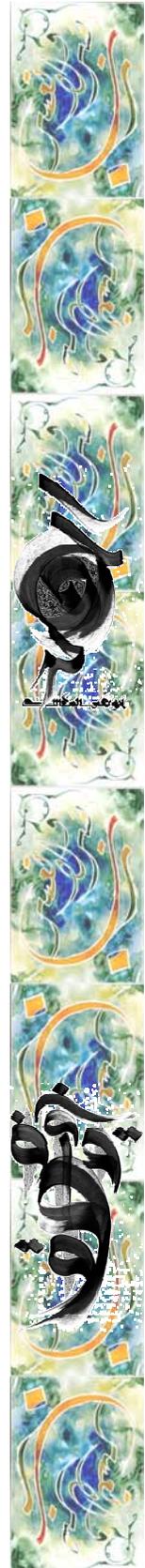
From birth to death I appear to remain the same person: my body with organs can be tracked down as the same person by my finger prints and by my DNA codes, for instance. Is it this that is my real identity? Molecules and atoms of my corporeal body have changed in terms of some coming into existence and Others ceasing to exist during successive stages or events in my life, for instance, erythrocytes [red blood cells] have an average life-span of just one hundred and twenty days, in fact. Yet I am still my self, I certainly think so, as do Others.

Nevertheless at the cellular level, as well as in socio-cultural spaces, clearly, I am not the person I originally was. And yet, paradoxically, my body with organs can and does recognise self at the molecular and cellular level, targeting the bacterial or viral Other, and eliminating them from the picture that is me - so I remain a healthy me rather than an unwell or diseased me. My physiological self 'constructs' a memory/memories of identity and self during the first few months after birth and maintains this picture, which is to a large degree, a topographical one, throughout life ensuring the health of the person. At the molecular level, I [myself] recognise my self and my identity is stamped cellularly for as long as I shall live.



Not self: body with organs.

However, this self recognition may be compromised, to a lesser or greater extent, during a number of dis-eases. The self catches ‘a cold’, perhaps. Using typical medical discourse, the corporeal body, the host, has been invaded by the ‘cold’ virus. This Other, the ‘cold’ virus, multiplies rapidly causing inflammation of the lining of the lungs and bronchial tubes, as well as releasing toxins which cause fever in the host and so on. But the self recovers in all, but very exceptional circumstances, as each immunoglobulin carrying cell, whose surface-part, whose [molecular] make-up, ‘mirrors’ topographically a surface-part of the virus, locks onto these meaningful positions, so to speak, and wipes out the Other entity by various immunological means. On occasions, however, the disease-causing agent, [the Other], may prove to be so virulent that the person’s life is severely threatened or even draws to a close, despite medical intervention based on the body of medical knowledge currently available. Sometimes, the physiological mechanisms engaged in maintaining recognition of self, operate in ways Other than they should, and the person’s immune system begins to attack certain parts of its own body, not recognising it as self. For instance, the joint capsules alter their molecular sign-ature to an Other, [k]not of body-de-signate, and hence come under attack by white blood cells. The subsequent inflammation causes the symptoms of rheumatoid arthritis.



Immunologically there has been what could be contextualised as a slippage of meaning of self: Self has become Other; but still embedded within the corpus of Self. There are many scenarios to draw on in this particular immunological context so I will point only to one more. In an HIV positive person, the viral Other attacks the immune system itself, those immunoglobulin-producing cells themselves, with the result that the person can be immunologically compromised in such a way that, what are normally perceived to be non-threatening [to life] disease-causing agents, may constitute a real threat to the life of this particular individual: the person now has Aids. A composite of the immune system itself, the very system vigilantly fashioning sameness of physiological self, has undergone attack by an Other, and self-recognition breaks down, self mistakes self for Other, with dire, if not fatal, consequences.

So much for the construct of 'sameness' where-in self.

Same again.

But stepping outside of these corporeal bodies, surely, a person is more than his/her biophysical delineations and contents. Remaining the same person, what does that phrase mean? I have inquired into the pretext of 'sameness' and run head-on into slippage of its meaning. How does a thorough work-out into 'person' measure up?

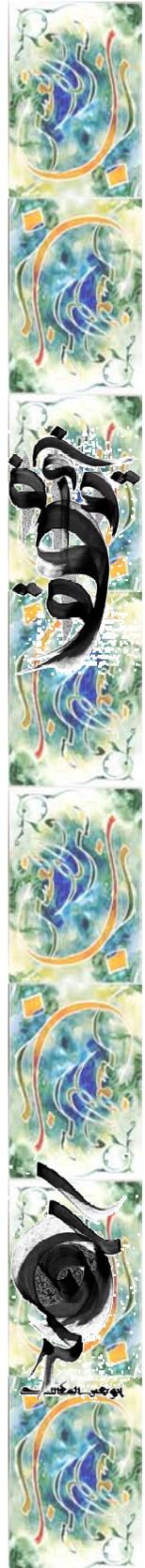


Fig 1 - Slipping through

**Person work.**

Daniel Dennett points out that society recognises and insists that infants and the mentally ill, for instance, are barred from certain privileges of personhood open to the remainder of us. If we know what personhood is not - an infant or the mentally ill - then does it follow that we know what personhood is? Not necessarily it would seem, but, holding hands with Dennett, and donning historical optic gaze, wraps up in substantial skirts à la Locke burgeoning behind voluminously to circumscribe 'person':

Locking into a moral concept, embracing the notion of rights and responsibilities, and keying in a metaphysical concept, encompassing an intelligent, conscious, feeling subject, the matter of personhood is underpinned as

... a forensic term, appropriating actions and their merit; and so belongs only to intelligent agents, capable of law, happiness, and misery. This personality extends itself beyond present existence to what is past, only by consciousness - whereby it becomes concerned and accountable.

Dennett. 1976: 177

Persons are 'You' and 'I', no dispute arises there, but how do we know? What fabric is it that we see in a person? Dennett identifies six leitmotifs



contributing further to what it is to be a person. The signifier chain sequence mirrors the dependency of each on the Other for the most part:

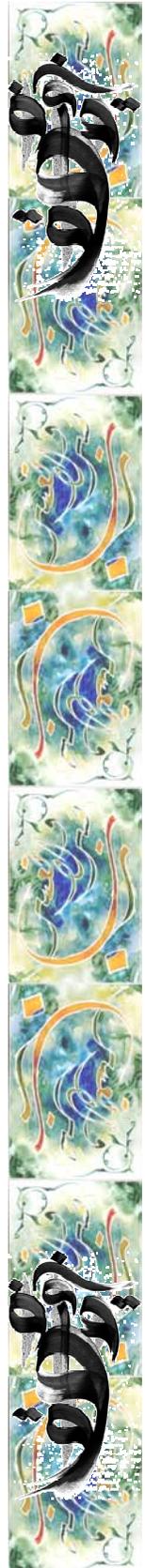
- persons are rational beings;
- persons are beings to which states of consciousness are attributed, or to which psychological, mental or *Intentional predicates* are ascribed;
- to count as a person is dependent on ‘an *attitude taken* toward it, a *stance adopted* with respect to it’;
- ‘object to which this personal stance is taken must be capable of *reciprocating* in some way’;
- persons must be capable of verbal communication;
- persons are distinguishable from other entities by being conscious in some special way.

Dennett. 1976: 177-8

Dennett argues that the first three motifs are mutually interdependent: “being rational is being Intentional is being the object of a certain stance”, (Dennett. 1976: 177-8).

In the flesh.

Let me flesh this out a bit more by re-capping on my personal account of the consultation on 10 December 1997. The consultation then con-figured around three points of reference for possible personhood, the consultant



neurologist, the technician and myself. It was the technician who showed me into the allocated room, he it was who greeted me and told me he would fetch the consultant, who had the professional knowledge to answer the questions I had raised in my letter, sent by me, prior to my visit. The text of this letter drew attention to loci where-in and where-of I required further elaboration. My existing body of knowledge needed further [ad]dressing through embellishments on the clinical test procedure they were about to use to try to achieve a diagnostic description, if not an explanation, of my post-operative medical problems. But the consultant's professional self continued to use closed utterances, such that my self, inevitably, had to find some way of reopening the dialogue. Essentially, then, Dennett's prescriptive leitmotifs remain positioned as before, entirely unchallenged. If the identity of the patient self *is* the medical problem as so often happens, then my self is constituted here as pain and altered sensation in "the", (not "my", I poignantly point out), medial left leg, although embedded in defensive clinical and managerial behaviour as it actually arises post-operatively.

Entities possessing these attributes are categorised as being members of Intentional Systems. The behaviour of Intentional Systems can sometimes be

... explained or predicted by relying on ascriptions to the system of *beliefs* and *desires* (and other Intentionally characterized features -



what I will call *Intentions* here, meaning to include hopes, fears, intentions, perceptions, expectations, etc). There may *in every case* be other ways of predicting and explaining the behaviour of an Intentional System - for instance, mechanistic or physical ways - but the Intentional stance may be the handiest or most effective or in any case *a* successful stance to adopt, which suffices for the object to be an Intentional System.

Dennett. 1976: 179

Masked, the gaze of the Other b[e]aring down on these [t]issues, for the most part, seemingly con-firms me positioned stuck fast in a glassy veneer of the medical problem where-in “I” can [k]not sur-face at all, gripped in the [ad]vice of all dis-torted reflection. A caveat comes to the fore, caution is needed in this exercise as it seems to be that Intentional Systems, of which mankind is but one, can operate in quite sophisticated ways, seemingly pointing towards personhood, but which, when more extensively analysed, belie the totality of what it is to be a person.

Or not?

We often ascribe beliefs and desires to animals. For instance, a bird may well feign a broken wing to lure a predator away from the nest. This is categorised as instinctual behaviour yet another explanation could be that the bird is being rational, has the intention of luring the fox away and is



taking up a certain stance. So is the bird a person? Yet, the attitude we take is that the bird is probably not *consciously entertaining* such chains of reasoning. Similarly, we might also ascribe such beliefs, appropriately dressed as ‘information’, as well as desires, suitably dressed as ‘preference functions’, to use the appropriate ‘garb’ that is jargon, to machines such as computers, in order to predict their behaviour. But equally we would not consider the computer to be conscious of reasoning.

The notion of a person stretches beyond, however, to a re-mark in relations of space. Although the criteria for defining personhood as a sub-class of Intentional Systems are met, the mark of a person is that s/he ‘*really* [does] have beliefs, desires’ etc. rather different to it being the case that s/he is ‘merely *supposed* to have them for the sake of’ fit[ting] in, (Dennett. 1976: 180-181). Deciding what a belief is and what it is not, and what holding one such is, or what it is not, is rather more problematical, however.

Dennett focuses instead on the condition of being able to reciprocate the stance. But though we have moved a little further, still there is some considerable way to go. Thus an Intentional System itself adopts the Intentional stance toward other objects, in other words becomes a second-order Intentional System: to it we can ‘ascribe simple beliefs, desires and other Intentions’, as well as ‘beliefs, desires and other Intentions *about* beliefs, desires and other Intentions, (Dennett. 1976: 181). If the entity whose personhood is in question does not possess requisite insider language



can it be a member of a subclass of a second-order Intentional System? In other words, can it hold beliefs about beliefs without language?

Could that be at the heart of the creed of the professional language in medicine, perhaps? Those webs of exclusive professional persuasion ad-opt and invest in the stranglehold position, that state wherein categorically it works in this way, and only in this way and there are no two ways about it. The path is straight and narrow. Do not fall by the way-side through lay question[ing]s, say only try thinking of it this way, without question[ing], that step is far too treacherous to behold. A de-tour of existential experience outside medical language is apoplectic anathema to the fanatical faith held in the Father's Name im-printed heavily on the lips of the professionals embedded in the entire Healthcare system.

But I get a-head of myself [w]rite-here. The clinicians, insiders to surgical discourses, steeled in the guise of their professional selves, and un-be-known to me, worked on the principle that the patient self does not need to know about unwelcome outcomes if the risk is within the particular statistical con-figurations of one per cent or less. They therefore, without my knowledge, did not in-form me, despite my patient self stating on numerous occasions I wanted to be told of all the known physical and physiological details about the procedure and its outcomes. In other words, their professional bodies-without-organs utterly, definitively and stealthily



resisted my discourses of requests for what I perceived as a complete picture.

In the Dark.

My body-without-organs was completely in the dark over this hidden agenda, the clandestine cover-up was utterly complete, my patient-self was irretrievably stitched up. Clearly I expected to become a somewhat health-compromised self for a time span of ten days to three weeks, according to what I was told to expect by the professional nursing and medical selves I encountered. The existential reality was far removed from this, however. Precipitated dramatically into the *mise-en-abyme* of the unknown and the unexpected, and even the unacknowledged, the well-being of my biological body was under severe attack. This incapacitated and very ill body with organs was a totally new experience for me, a complete surprise and very unwelcome. Emotionally my body-without-organs was also suffering.

But as outsider to the Intentional System of medicine what matter of substance am I?

In the Realm of the Real, I knew. They, as Others, did not. Their knowledge re-sided in the Realm of the Symbolic, and through it, they fragmented me further. At the not-very-usual referral back to the hospital eleven weeks post-surgery, the consultant documented “exquisitely tender”



to embody my response to his touch but the pain I experienced, [he, as Other did not], was incisively not exquisite but bone-chillingly excruciating. Words fled deserting me hurling me headlong into a disturbing silence of screams flailing my mind. That was how it was, just as it now is.

Repeated talk of 'All in her mind' thrummed low behind the consultation screens. Violence and fragmentation in the Realm of the Symbolic clearly lies, whatever the suit, on the [medical] cards. The consultant's touch, so striking, belies my lived experience of pain even further, under-pinning it as object to be ratified by pressure from the Name of the Father, his, (the consultant's), very act of touching my leg. Without institutionalized sanction, [k]notted firmly into defensive post-surgical care, my leg-in-pain was ab-sensed from my medical record, that body of medical data that, for the purposes of this medical professional in this particular context, constitutes all that is me. Is it simply

... that when theories portray human beings narrowly as the vehicles through which discourses gain expression, they neglect their potential to confront, negotiate and manoeuvre in their worlds.

Aalten. 1997: 44

If only I-selves could manage my living body-experience-in-pain so. Instead, the reality was, whether my leg was touched or not by whoever or whatever, including the merest brush of my clothes, all my energy was



drained in just surviving it minute to minute, day and night for four months. Any intellectual activity was completely out of the question. Fragmented through pain, in the Realm of the Real I am further undone.

The BwO is a bodily, affective subjectivity, fabricated in ‘the complex interplay of highly constructed social and symbolic forces ... the body is a play of forces, a surface of intensities’ ....

Fox. 1999: 9-10

If only it had been so. Instead laid out on the Trust bed I am mere token to Surgical prowess. No sign of any surface of intensities lurk there. In place, like the cellular coverlet, I am folded precisely and relegated to the foot of the bed, tidily neat and secure, incisively in-stilled in Intentional Systems, blanketed away.

Diced and spliced depth dissolves, totally effaced as grid emerges [see-page 431: Fig 3] striping and squaring off punishingly piecemeal.

And talking of surfaces of intensities, the decision Donna Karan talks of [see-page 58: Fig 1] as to whether to slit or not takes on quite another sinister meaning. Apparently, the latest resplendent fashion design garment may be rejected, Karan writes, not because it does not suit, but because the woman may not know what to put on her legs, hence she reasoned,



The first thing I did when I opened my company was to put black hosiery in dressing rooms wherever my clothes were sold. Once she was wearing her black tights, she could try on anything. She felt good about her legs.

Karan. Style. 16 Nov 1977:6

Ah, yes, tight[s] on, that hint of lycra formerly a subtle caress to surround the svelte shape of my leg so tenderly and suggestively, but now latterly against my skin on, below and above my left knee, medially, speaking medically that is, the living-experience has changed to something else entirely. Instead now it seizes vice-like as it clasps, clutching and clawing, punching through to precipitate my-self abruptly into an unwelcome Real where-in dogged by pain, dischordant sound comes sub-stantially to challenge matter. No, I do not feel good about my leg.

Intentional moves.

My argument gathers muscle, pace and strength here as I weave a combination of a Foucauldian and a Deleuzian and Guattarian reading applied to my case, particularly, the cases of consultation with the consultant surgeon rather than Other eleven clinicians I saw, at his behest, reveals the following guises:



Fig 1 - Slipping through

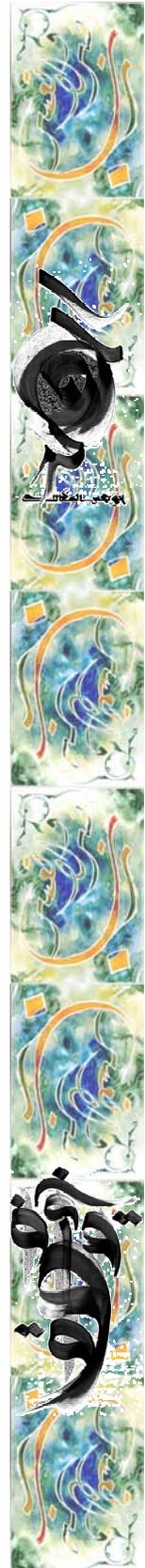
- within every consultation, interface etc. the incumbent clinician [surgeon here] exercised *le regard* towards myself, as patient: I that is self was subjected to the gaze which effectively stripped me of subject-position and reduced me to third-person agency.
- medical practice inscribes the patient's body-without-organs with the appropriate discourses - namely, the patient has undergone successful surgical procedure and is healed.
- through this inscription the body with organs is reterritorialized: 'patient is healed'.
- categorization is completed and the patient's name is added to the list of surgical successes for the firm.
- cases, where-in surgery brings about unexpected and unwelcome outcomes for patients such as myself, are treated with *disregard* to the extent that to all intents and purposes we do not exist.
- if such patients are disregarded this systematically, then failing to disclose their existence is discursively not failure precisely, but an Other interpretation offers itself because, quite simply, one does not converse about an absence. Within the social space of discourse at the consultation interface, patients for whom surgery causes problems are non-existent, so why talk about them? Absence marks time, holding silence in suffocating embrace.
- for patients, such as myself, these inscriptions and positionings merely add Other undesirable dimensions to the pain we already feel. Now, we, this corps of reprobate bodies, are effectively stripped of



our subjectivity and agency altogether: each of us relegated *mise-en-abyme*, both absent and silent - no-thing - no-where - no-body.

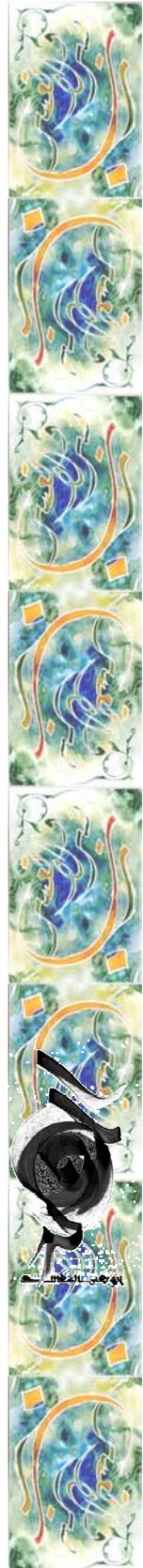
We, this miscreant corps, are absent from medical discourse, and consequently, [almost certainly], from the body of medical statistics fitting our states of being. My own case will be medically recorded as a surgical success, because I cannot prove otherwise, since no objective clinical test exists that is sophisticated enough to diagnose the physiological damage done to my biological body. Consequently, I am not categorised as one of the statistical ‘less than one per cent’ for whom this particular surgical procedure had unwelcome outcomes, and yet I should be. Imagine what this fact does to the ‘truth’ of statistics and the reliability of probabilities [see-page 144: Fig 1]. In other words, in the realm of the symbolic I am healed, for the surgical section of the medical profession and I am not one of these ‘unfortunate few’. Since I am healed in the Name of the Father, that language of the medical establishment, my medical problems having been re-storied to Other causes - albeit unknown bordering on spontaneous generation theories – it is the case that in the realm of the real for the surgeons I am healed.

Spontaneous generation theories spring up from where, you ask and you, most certainly, have the [w]rite. The explanation re-sides in the detail:



- “Oh, it is something that can just happen”, said the consultant surgeon in quite expansive explanation mode,
- dis-re-g[u]arding entirely the fact that I had just that minute informed him
- I had climbed the five flights of stairs to the ward at 8 am that 10 September 1995 Monday morning, without experiencing any problem, having walked home the night before,
- and then, completely conforming to the Name of the Father wrapped in hospital protocol, once back on the ward, I lay quietly reading and resting on the bed for the remainder of the time before
- being wheeled into the operating theatre on my own bed taken from the ward itself,
- with no hint of the emergence of any altered sensation or pain associated with nerve damage together with reduced movement in my left leg until after surgery.

My own perspective and existential experience is an Other: in the realms of both the symbolic and the real, my health is experienced as compromised compared to previously. Not only that, but I, and all the others, am denied identity since my voice of dissension, ‘my form of argument’, is effectively and efficiently silenced within this social space of the medical consultation. I am woefully wrong-figured.



I have argued the case that denying me the information I requested seriously curtailed my freedom of action and freedom of will against my expressed desire.

These ‘interfaces’ stand up, volubly expressing the positioning, in now-in-here time-space dimensions, where two or more information sources come face-to-face, in an open complex of systematicities of constructs, rather than a closed one delineated around one form. Signs of *déjà-vu* swirl around me as reflections of spin~doctor surface. Switching into the face-to-face medical consultation between professional and patient, not at all deflected, Intentional systems, dressed in medical white coats, are acting up again, as consent-in[g] doctor’s [ad]dress wears acquiescence visiting it on the hospital gowned other. Our backs face the already examined argument, whereby the patient is subjugated to being consented by virtue, (or rather, its presencing lapse), of being constrained to third person agency. The very process which disregards first person agency surely positions itself as closed and clearly delineated around one form, that being of Intentional Systems, made manifest.

The ga[u]ze of the [ad]dressing is *informed* by the following:

Self:

- my self held the desire to be fully informed;
- I wanted this desire to be effective for me, therefore



- the desire had to be perceived by the clinician as my desire;
- it was my will; my second-order volition.

Other:

- the clinicians held the desire to consent me;
- they wanted this desire to be effective for them;
- they wanted this desire to be effective for me;
- what their desire was *not*: - to give me the space in which to consent;
- their will; their second-order volition was to consent me.

My biological body now experiences both pain and so-called ‘altered sensations’ – which, actually, in its *malheur* mode is quite an appropriate style of [ad]dress, skirting as it does around what it feels like - associated with nerve damage, together with some loss of flexibility in my left knee. The word becomes flesh: symbolic ‘wrong-figuring’ becomes my flesh in real pain, subjected to altered sensations and reduced movement in my left knee.

Symptoms diagnosed, what does the management plan look like? The approach is not to position selves in the laps of no outside the text, it would seam. And yet reaching for that ‘purity’ born of in-between-ness [see-page 15: Beginnings], under the skin, the body of systematicities is intricately infolded of layering lying upon layering of [t]issues. [T]issues redolent of resurfacing and presencing, repeatedly, yet, rendered resplendent and

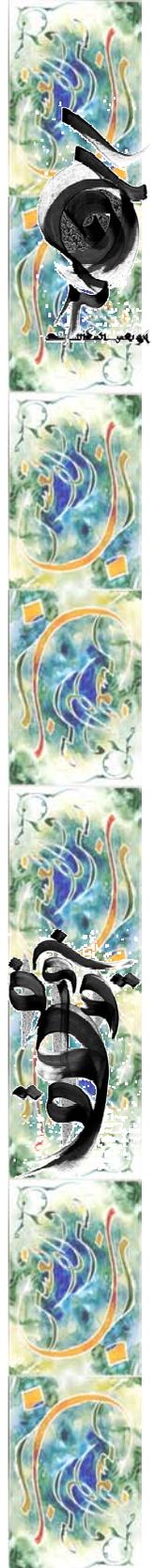


Fig 1 - Slipping through

rococo-like - reference [p]robing and for-getting, replayed, maturate. No, the minutiae of [t]issue cross-matches are written in, prognosis looks promising as [t]issue rejection recedes into background and thesis body dances on. Only fluent fluidity can re-dress an unbecoming cut.

Persons see the world and grasp knowledge of it by various activities - indeed to this purpose I have developed the concept of the utterstance. I engage in research activities through utter[st]ances, a concept I have intentionally fashioned to fetchingly epitomise my methodology [ad]dress. The question arises of how to reference my involvements in these stances - by relation to first-person 'I's' or by second-person 'you's'? How shall articulation between 'I's' and 'you's' be ethically achieved? Ah - if only.

Although, at this point instant of space and time, in this freeze-frame, this 'still' of my PhD body, such 'You's' are becoming more ostensibly hegemonic. Toeing the line momentarily, drawing on and exercising *de rigueur* by careful ruler positioning, within the social spaces under scrutinisation, thus far, "You's" and "I's" are embodied and masquerade as readers; writers, and experts. All is not quite as simple as would seem at first sight, however. Slippage lurks, laughing, in the looking glass, as I am reader along with you, my readers; I am writer, so too are you, my readers.



But I am approaching this head-on, working out with abstract thinking processes taking place in the mind. Though, true to that locus which is not one, since I am typing my thoughts I am involving my corporeal self. If I do not exercise care, I will be heading full-tilt into the mind and body contortion routine, to be forever destined to circle round and round hermeneutically, unable to break out.

Not a leg to stand on.

Launching out on a limb - in particular, the transfigurations post-surgically of my left leg in anatomical text, to be precise - those *configurations* above of Intentional Systems *conjure* up the *consenting* process that occurs within the corps of medicine and is exercised on patients. Prior to surgical procedure I frequently and clearly asked for all known physiological details - my self's, the I that is patient's, intention was to make a fully informed decision before I agreed. *My* reading now, post-surgery and not pre-surgery, of the intention of the medical professional body was to gate-keep and to mask certain undesirable probabilities that, nevertheless, can, become fact. In particular, these facts are unmasked and documented in a range of textbooks for surgeons and for the nursing profession. The probabilities become fact to those unfortunate 'few' who occupy the Other side of the bell-curve of the graphical representation of patients healed by surgery, and as such, their form[er] selves are, *consequently, constantly* and irretrievably transfigured. The clinical intention prevailed, utterly disguising, from my



decision-making self, my lack in *convincing* the medical professional corps that I really desired to make an informed decision. My self's reading of my medical case record is that I now *consider* I was completely and absolutely 'conned'; in fact, hoodwinked out of my personhood.

A wonder-bracket aside hurtles in impatiently to gaze breathlessly at the pull-over juxta-position of the 'utter[st]ance' [see-page 42: Beginnings] and 'con-founds' ensemble. An eye-full of anatomy is on-call; [b]latant and expansive. A de-constructive re-g[u]ard seizes that textual body part of *con* in its sights, touchingly teasing out under-lying [t]issues, be-witching in horizons of stretching possibilities, if only an-other vital location, elsewhere, [k]not-now, but[t]-below in this thesis corps is re-membered. The confidence trick that can enthrallingly turn *con* so becoming[ly] belies the finalised fixity of findings. The two corporeal parts conjugally interlaced, perpetually fluctuate in coming to form, but, ephemerally svelte, the sheer silhouettes articulate their *pas-de-deux* so spectacularly, that the shimmering shadow dancing endures, sheer shape-shifting con-figures. Meanwhile, located inside the stollen [see-page 61: Fig 1] that seams underlying [t]issue, capacious con-fusion enfolds the point instant of time, hand holding hand within point blank space, as form[er] interiority is rapidly becoming latter exteriority, in spellbinding turn, as delving deeper into soft but resilient pulsing bodily innards, the locus is becomingly installed as not one. Veneers of stance re-configure, revealed, as surfaces play up whilst [t]issues of utterance bow out under the [k]notted sk[e]in, once [t]eased undone.



Quite simply, if spellbound, stance and utterance hold hands, articulating social space and relations, con-joined they shadow dance on. On this oh-so-personal occasion, however, the locutionary force of the medical profession to ask me to sign the consent form hid the illocutionary force [see-page 118: Fig 1] of their desire to consent me. The result to me as ‘hearer’ both-or-[h]and ‘receiver’ which translates into perlocutionary force in this particular discourse leaves me-selves reeling.

The footlights at the bottom of the stage, masquerading as catwalk, stage that turns as page, inform us that originally the word ‘confess’ embraced the meaning of merely to say something emphatically, with panache and spirit. Such *savoir-faire* is a far cry from the configuration of divulging, which the word now has. I choose a particular style to [ad]dress and shape this thesis, that struts the catwalk, that is pur[r]~suit of academic qualification. The design, in-vogue with me-selves of the moment, laces with a dash of expressive *élan*, weaves in a splash of sequinned words, seized swirling and svelte, flared from layering upon layering of swish cuts on the sheer bias. “R”, yes, spirited and emphatically declared are my expressed intentions in this particular figured-out freeze-frame but, be-w[e]are, take painstaking cover from grandiose delusions of mastery managed by me-selves. Spellbinding sprite forth invokes the trick, letting “Your” readings and therefore rewritings, those becoming other, of textual subject, that is me, slip through my fingers with finesse.



Fig 1 - Slipping through

But, I~sight plays at *déjà-vu*, as at other times in significant de-tours impose on my written textual body; ones which can manoeuvre me somewhat unbecomingly, unless I take heed. Mirroring sites of genuflections directed towards readers surface ephemerally, as once again I beg, from my audience, indulgence for those difficult and unyielding time and space warps.

Con-sistency.

My self's use of the word 'truth', perhaps needs to be exercised with caution. Perhaps, I should unmask my utter[st]ance further, so that its meaning becomes more transparent. A difficult exercise this, as its fabric slithers and slides with heavily laden values. Following Davidson [see-page 400: Fig 3] on this point, I am using the word 'truth' in the context of it meaning an internal coherence of belief, and not with reference to a non-linguistic reality. People utter sentences to expressively manage and cope with their environment and, clinging to logic for a moment, it follows that language can therefore be seen, from one point of view at least, as a genre of behaviour. Thus the self and world emerge through 'vocabularies rather than are "expressed" or "represented" by them', (Steele. 1997: 78). For the time being then, like Richard Rorty, I am defining the self as a contingent web of beliefs, and what I am saying is 'try thinking of it this way'. If it works thinking of it that way, then it follows that it is 'true'. The desires of the self are sentential attitudes, and if the particular thinking strategy cannot



Fig 1 - Slipping through

be accommodated, then the belief systems undergoes rewebbing. Thus, there are multiple unconscious selves, each with different webs of belief, each telling a different story. The conscious and unconscious are, according to Richard Rorty, “part of a single unified causal network, but not of a single person” (Steele quoting Rorty: 1997: 120). Only one such person is available at any point in time, to introspection.

The webs mask the ethical face of our problematic, so, turning to Steele for support, he and I, both, draw on MacIntyre to reveal the guise of our moral self-understandings. MacIntyre’s position is that identity of self can be constructed as social by the roles that self plays. The social roles have a moral starting point, where-in lies an understanding of what is good; and credence is given to intentions, motives and reasons, which must pre-cede attention to causes, since he re-lies on the foundation inhere[ntly] foregrounding the historical costume worn by tradition. These roles, expectations and obligations, subjected to traditions, are mediated through the narrative order that is human action and behaviour. In other words, self has re-covered intentions, whilst settings take on an historical face[t]. To some extent then, there exists a sameness with Richard Rorty’s wielder of webs of beliefs, but MacIntyre has re-clothed self with first-person agency, in the vestements of living historical traditions, which themselves are socially embodied arguments, some parts of which are invested with human conceptions of goods. A Searlean viewpoint on speech acts and intentional states add a frill with a flounce of the *différend*,



Intentional states represent objects and states of affairs in exactly the same sense that speech acts represent objects and states of affairs ... In the ... speech act cases, there is an obvious distinction between the propositional content “that you will leave the room” and the illocutionary force with which that propositional content is presented in the speech act ... Equally in ... intentional states, there is a distinction between the representative content “that you will leave the room,” and the psychological mode, whether belief or fear or hope or whatever, in which one has that content.

Steele. 1997: 152-3

Tip-toeing stealthily onto agency, as I have, clearer point-work brings my ballet slippers to the position of understanding someone as agent and understanding him or her as constructed subject. First- and second-person accounts refer to someone as agent, and to when we constitute self as agent; whilst the constructed subject is referred to by third-person account.

In first-person accounts, we seek to articulate the subject’s intentions, background assumptions, and the vocabularies used to constitute personal or community identities. In third-person accounts, we redescribe the subject’s language or action in terms that do not respect the integrity of the subject’s self-constitution ...

Steele. 1997: 8



However, third-person accounts can power-dress on occasions, when they open “the possibility of otherness inside and outside our self-interpretations,” (Steele. 1997: 123). Shades of the cards played by the Pain Management Consultant [see-page 393: Fig 3] shuffle by, pass ‘go’ and come to count. Does the frill of the quest figure as expressed in a question asked by Thomas McCarthy in the form of

Are the idealizations built into language more adequately conceived as pragmatic presuppositions of communicative interaction or as a kind of structural lure that has ceaselessly to be resisted? (Or perhaps as both?).

McCarthy. 1991: 231 quoted in  
Steele. 1997: 57.

Both styles of perspectives can be [ad]dressed, it seems to me, through threading strands whispering softly of Rorty and Lyotard, fashioning that theoretical space where-in a weaving of lacework frills and froths and fabricates, stretching forth.

Exercising this recuperation position has re-configured my legs and head as one, so I-selves re-turn, fully embodied to the text that ‘historically’ speaking, I believe existed before.



## Contextualising or Contesting.

But the medical record pertaining to negotiation of meaning is not the be-all and end-all defining me. “I’s” are to be located within many other installations beyond this particular reference, me-selves hasten to add. For instance, the point-work of negotiation of meaning between producers and receivers of the text is still before us in the shape of footfalls to be exercised and expressed. Pirouetting on from the processes of translating, which are deeply embedded within social life, pointed ballet-slipper encased toes dip trans-figuratively into the waters of the English Channel, separating the United Kingdom from France. No, my reasonably well-rounded educated self is not failing me at this point-instant of time, I am merely engaged in myopically regarding the two particular countries of origin for those writers, whose textual bodies, I have willingly embraced. Tiptoeing into a particular example then, of translating Foucault’s French text into English, for instance, what contortions appear in negotiating meaning between the producer of the source-language text and the reader of the target-language text? France and the United Kingdom have their own different social and cultural frameworks, which somehow require to be [ad]dressed.

What does the voice of the stranger, that other, want? What is the point of hidden intent of the supposed narrative? Voice is located around the subject rather than within it. Distancing stands up. *Remoteness* intervenes. But far from stand-offish Khan’s expression of stuffing the signifier, used so vividly suggests



... that words become thing-like - sound as matter, word as object and so on - Masud Khan shows us the relevance of this assessment. In perversions, he says, “The object occupies an intermediary position: it is not-self and yet subjective ... it is needed as an actual existent not-self being and yet coerced into complying with the exigent subjective need to *invent it*.” (quoting Khan, M. 1979. *Alienation in Perversions*. International Universities Press: New York. p. 21.)

Rapaport. 1994: 222

His working [out] example, pertaining to “perversions” is mere surface juxtapositioning here. Used to throw light on the matter in hand “I’s” weave an *appliqué* of sheer veneer only, no bad-mouthing aspersions are carelessly to be cast on deeper investment [t]issues [w]rite-here. For the sake of my well-being, to fend off cries for [f]ire at the witche[s] stake, I-selves hurry to take up the [t]issue, desirous of pointing out the norms of a language of an Other can be utterly divorcing and perverse. Phew, insistent intonations for my blood from differential tensions of vibrating vocal chords fade, and my death sentence is abhorred. But the release [s]witch is not wrapped in and of wadding, is not composite of filler words conspiring with distancing to alienate; no, born of the beguiling fluency of becoming other, delivery rests on a rich repleteness that invokes a fluid finesse to being ingenuous, rather than being stuffed full and stifled.



Fig 1 - Slipping through

Agency notices.

Not stuffing your minds, a-voiding foisting con-version on “You’s”, I-selves invest in creative devices turning to spell-bindingly alluring investments designed to snugly fit communicative transaction within a social context. Looking by means of a first-person account perspective [see-page 118: Fig 1] but weaving another strand to the filigree that is a matter of personhood cites Rorty.

Rorty proposes there are multiple unconscious selves, each with different webs of belief, telling a different story. A wonder-bracket-aside grips me demanding is that what “You’s” think reading to this point [w]rite-now? At pains I point to a coherence within my strands, disputing any possible voiced sentence of finding an [ad]dress of all loose ends.

Each of my allegories rest their case on an imag[in]ing that suits up to fade into a frame, that the phantomization ‘seen’ in the imag[in]ing is the consequence of the staging enacted by the imag[in]ing,

... a staging that counts on the dissolution or phantomization of an image in order that we can see through it, or to put it another way, in order that we can see on the image’s faded surface something else. The image fades, then, and in doing so makes us “forget” this image even as we use it to see something else. What makes this image



Fig 1 - Slipping through

fantasmic or powerful in its effect on us is the fact that even if we can forget it, the image's impression remains.

Rapaport. 1994: 93-4

These remains, like photographic negatives of snap-shots, perhaps, constitute the strut[s] for the gaze of the reader. My written text that constitutes PhD corps is signified by phantomized imag[in]ings which shadow dance, which fade in and out, vividly framing *both* textual body *and* my own exclusive de-Signer [ad]dress, *entre-deux* both-or-[h]and. In vibrant fluent sinuous shifts, my imag[in]ings are being seen through my framing of language, that is, through what Lacan termed *cadre du désir*, (frame of desire).

Of course, every time I write words like 'catwalk', '*haute couture*', 'corporeal', pirouette, et cetera, the blink of my eye trans-figures to telling spaces and lures you my reader into a set of framings, scaffoldings and imag[in]ings. The fabric that is seeing is seemingly cut on the bias as hopefully I am not pre-scribing through my own biased perspective and prejudices. Instead I am fashioning a fluidity of possible becomings for meaning as it rustles and swirls into the [s]wish of Being.

[P]robing deeper, adding an ethical dimension here, MacIntyre positions selves as social with moral starting points, self has agency. Well, 'that has torn it', as the saying goes with one impulse along my motor neurones.



Intertextuality is truly looking full of tears. A scrutiny of the negative of this particular promiscuous anatomy is seized on as requisite to developing the final [im]print that becomes svelte thesis body. Optical regard principally places [an]atom-ized promiscuity as profligate libertine, flaunting frills of being shameless and immoral. Which, indeed, loosely speaking, is precisely the matter. But we are not loosely speaking, we, figuring as bodies-without-organs, holding hands with MacIntyre, firmly grasping at goods, gasping eloquently of exquisite fluency and fluidity, and definitely not debauched, or debased, but robustly rooted. Decidedly not dissipated or licentiously reckless but rhizomatic in lines of flight of resistances; assuredly not in flighty abandonment but free-from-constraints and nomadic [see-page 256: Fig 2], unequivocally embedded in the shadow dance of becoming other through alluring articulation.

Pause is necessary here, to ensure the ties are not laced too tightly, which will, otherwise, constrain and lead to impaired footwork. What if the [t]issue becomingly circumscribing the feet of the dancer traces the notion that our strands of thinking and conceptualising are fittingly snug to the language that we speak? Not too tightly though otherwise slips into the position of translation being impossible are on the cards. Such a move clearly wrong-figures. The knots in the lace-ties are the historical and socio-cultural perspectives, which require reconfiguring by the translator. ‘Understanding’, along the lines of forming a representation of intended meaning in a text, bows us out of our nail-biting dilemma as one fabric is



Fig 1 - Slipping through

fetchingly fashioned from MacIntyre's own weave[see-page 117: Fig 1] of individualistic warp and social weft. And indeed, the warp texts of a producer's intent[ion]s interlaced with those born of weft social roles and particular kinds of language activity gleaned through glimmering intertextual interstices come to matter.

*- back-up to where-in - deeper still ...*

Leg-work.

The previous subsection, even if legless, spins and swirls effusively, circling concentrically in and around the surging leitmotif of the prefix: con. Or rather, I am hoping I have linguistically [ad]dressed my text[ual] body in the appropriately fashioned rhetorical garb to promulgate this imagery. So what was my author's self's pre-text here? [P]robing deeper unmasks my underlying feelings of utter frustration and sheer anger, qualifying me for personhood, expressing, as it does, my moral and metaphysical dimensions as subject. Furthermore, it reveals thoughts, held in my conscious mind, about how the consenting process was, for me, as a person, a confidence trick.

For instance, the 1% chance of being worse off after a particular minor surgical procedure, is a **mere** chance, one worth taking to the surgeon and the NHS Trust, such that its reality is kept under wraps and not revealed to my patient-self signing the consent form for this elective procedure. Mere



becomes other, namely, there is such an unlikelihood of it occurring that it does not exist in any substantial way, or at least, this is ‘about right’ so let’s disregard the probability and pay lip service to the informing process on the surface, but hand held stealthily in hand with this deeper [t]issue of a hidden agenda in [k]not being entirely open: the operating mask is expertly donned to face down the mathematical probability becoming realized. Yet to me, this me~re, this ‘about right’ reading of 1% is wrong-figuring, a distorted re-g[u]ard of informed consent. Myself as patient, desires to don the [ad]dress of an informed decision, the con-trap is on: spiring away the ‘t’ from stealth steals the hidden agenda from my eyes/’I’s”. Admittedly though, the ‘h’ gives me hiccups here, until taking a deep breath, ‘h’ catches sight of itself in the mirror and executes a doubl[ing] somersault, landing upside-down to become other, the other that is ‘w’, allowing for some poetic licence, and with one bound, off my stilts, from flaw to floor, my patient-self is held deeply within a con-straint. Hang on! A resort to a wonder-bracket aside is inevitable here, as me-selves suggest what use is being fit and supple if selves cannot engage in somersault configurations now and again. Sequinned me-selves shimmer and sparkle playfully.

No, closing those [b]rackets-asides, this is much more of a risk than I desired to take. This was an understanding the medical profession disregarded. I carefully choose the word, ‘disregard’, because being unknowing of their agenda of failing to disclose the 1%, the drift in effective communication from my point of view, was completely masked, and the rift



of being snagged within that space of the wrong-figured curve, pertaining to the unwelcome outcomes of surgery, is now real-ized. Belatedly, the NHS Trust real-ize that their hidden agenda was a mis[s]take, and that, had my patient-self been a~ware of such information, be[ing]~wary of surgery would have elicited a decision, by me, not to partake in this process. This they have acknowledged in the writing stakes, built up through the internal complaint procedure requested by me.

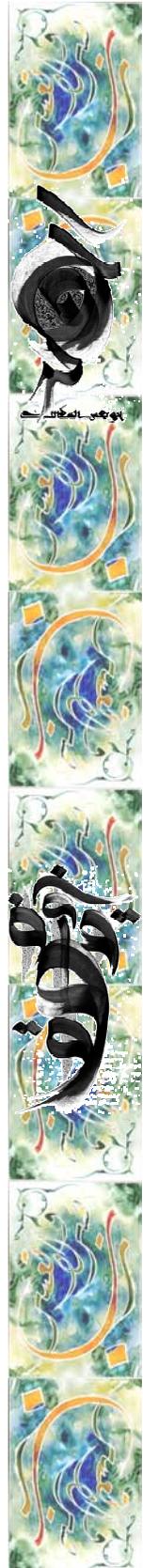
Marks on paper, written signs, that

... can be phenomenally installed under the aspect of the mere trace, the trace that is visible, perceptible, present to the eye, unerased.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 137

That reflection of forgetting foregrounding, of absencing being installed in abeyance, of frilled 'fictiveness', flouncing in racy referral wrap, looking out from the mirror is becoming most familiar, certainly. Yet, what guise is donned with regard to

... *writing before the letter*, a writing that is neither of the order of the visible nor even of the (in)audible - but is perhaps that by virtue of which the order of what can be said is installed (if it is ever installed), *(dis)installed*, imperceptibly, but only as though already hollowed out, corroded, undermined by an unassignable gap, a kind of hiatus or



gaping hole that nothing can ever close or fill up since it is anterior to any opening, any virtuality, any potency and any energy, any possible reception of a future presence. - Since it will, as they say, have always already “taken place.”

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 137

Eternally our attempt to capture mimesis and its “subject” is repeated, presenting hems to circumscribe us in hermeneutic seizure yet again.

For writing, in this last sense, does not infinitely reflect itself (place itself *en abyme*). By definition, it escapes specula(riza)tion. A text does not theorize *itself*; no aspect of idea of a subject, no unveiling (no matter how furtive) can compensate for or stabilize an evasion that is always unnoticed, not even felt, and whose movement elides itself, as it were, before it is produced, leaving only an impossible trace - the scar, perhaps, of no wound.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 137

No wadding here with stuffed signifiers, but rather a desire to brush on adroit fluency of being. A puff of Searlean face-powder delicately toned to matching shades of the perlocutionary act [see-page 117: Fig 1], provide the finishing touch to the make-up on the interface. Would that it were this simple.



Fig 1 - Slipping through

Relevant and requisite, make-up of rapport shades were applied at the interface by the medical professionals. At least that is how it seemed to me since their proffered responses were of understanding how knowledge conferred confidence which transfigured the healing process for me. How else could my patient-self read their verbal replies? The notion of it being mere lip-service simply did not occur to me. Mirrorings of that Searlian blusher of sincerity of intentionality, [see-page 21: Beginnings] applied to cheeks, loom here, able to draw out the facial bone structure defining personhood, if brushed on. But, my uttering was heard as mere muttering, and brushed off suited lapels into disregard and two-face[d]ness. Personhood expectations being held by my patient-self within a clinical setting - what bare cheek!

The perlocutionary but[t], however, cloaked in stealth: operating theatre mask over mouth, is a quite different dusting on the cheek of unaltered attitude towards this 1% figure. This dependency, on mathematical probabilities, distances, separating my patient voice as out there, discounting subject me-selves as suspicious foreign entities, wads and stultifies the consenting process. To be medically processed and 'consented' is stuffing the signifier, and a far cry from the finesse and fluency of the oh-so-fetching state of being becoming something other through that giving that is consenting. This 1% figure, this extremity, this-in-part-norm: the measurement of success of surgical procedure, that for the most part, so challenges professional competence, that it is to all intents invisible, covered up, effectively absenticated – yes the very process requires a suit[able]



managerial tone to it: the word 'absenced' just will not do it justice - in relegating it a text[ile] act deeply embedded in the material of fore-grounded disregard.

My wonder-bracket aside accomplice mutters, "Tinkering with word-endings. Watch yourself, here. Ego inflation is rising astronomically!" Chastened, back[ed]-up in the management economies of the master/slave polemics, my currency's apparel is potentially unbecomingly out of control. Clearly, I cannot re-sort to lowering the interest - that would be foolish and cast into abeyance the backgrounded presencing of my coveted academic award, foregrounded, yet in absence. What re-gard can I exercise? What will suit? A turn to 'me', that second person agency, pours dis-sent on 'ego', now relegated to me~re background dis-sonance rather than up-front pre-sense. Corporeal contours in wonderful shape, my own exclusive designer [ad]dress fetchingly exquisite, sequinned me-selves gaze in delight and turn to regard germane spells in rapt in-vocations.

There seems to be therefore a speaker meaning and a hearer meaning, a writer meaning and a reader reading. But 'understanding' is more than the notion of discourses wherein communication is composite of simple encoding and decoding of 'thoughts' or 'meanings' in linguistic wraps. Indeed, invoking repleteness redolent of fluency, whilst resolutely rejecting stuffed signifiers, reaches its mark and comes to matter. The 'more' embraces assumption because we can never real[ly] know what the other



Fig 1 - Slipping through

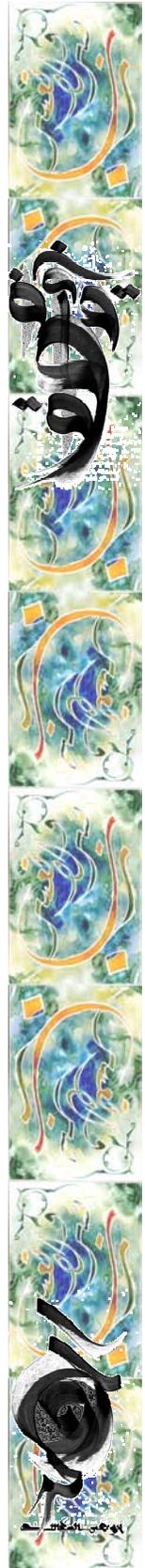
knows, we can only make assumptions reaching out to what is to be other  
[see-page 435: Fig 3].

What are the relationships between discourse and subject, between text and  
subject - be that subject divided, split, absent, emptied, whatever?  
[S]kinships born of displacements, of shifts of identity, integrity, self-  
presence and alienation, prompt unconscious perception of the other that in  
some sense wears the signifier mask, à la Goethean motif, of 'listening' in  
and between the spaces, and of listening to the echoes, and to repeated  
reflections, as

... while the unconscious perception considered here is perfectly  
diversified (sight, smell, touch, etc.) and concerns the outer *habitus* or  
"surface" of the other, it is in reality audition, strictly speaking, that is  
determinant. All perception is at bottom listening. Or, in other terms  
that come down to the same thing, listening is the paradigm (not the  
metaphor) of perception in general. The unconscious *speaks*. And the  
voice, that is, the *lexis*, is that by which it speaks - which presupposes,  
in a perfectly classical manner, that language is determined essentially  
as a language of gesture, a *mimicry* ...

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 162

Ah, yes, mimicry in the mirror sparkles reflecting back spi[l]t [s]poor~prints  
of the listening gaze and/both - most definitely not sp[l]it from - speaking



eye of the medical professional with doctor[ed] ear [s]worn to silence.  
Swathes of the very silence which presences through secret emptiness,  
[ap]peals through absencing of sound note[s].

Not to be known is not necessarily the same as unable to examine further.  
The finger points back-up to mirroring of revealing re-membered fluid  
horizons always being beyond. Choreography now enriched, corpor-  
eography flows smoothly with fluid grace ephemerally shadow dancing.

Spilling blood.

Sweat, blood and tears partner the gestation and labour of my PhD.

Bloodlines are important. Vessels take shape. That

... focus on the blood, a fluid and unstable vehicle for the passage of  
matter throughout the body, is a distinctly physiological way of  
conceiving of the body.

Cartwright. 1995: 82

Yet, intriguingly, it lends itself to an ear, through the medium of the  
stethoscope, of course. Finger on the pulse, genealogy traces are prime  
players at layering the foundational garments in the argument stakes.



Derivations dance. Taking stock steps out significantly. But the rhythm of the heart skips a beat.

I-selves are in danger of masterfully bending Your ear. Ceding importance to strain, that focusing on [s]kin-faces, catches me-selves off-balance, cited as “I” am in that locus which is not one. Desirous of not being spineless, intending to pre-sense inveigling, [ad]dressed in enticing background, sequinned me-selves are nevertheless con-strained into gathering in significant in-formation pertaining to a paternity suit plastered to the line of reasoning. Hemmed in by blood-ties answering to the Name of the Father,

... the blood is also a broader metaphor for the object of medical perception. No longer concerned with the body as such, medicine is interested in isolating life - in regulating and extending it, and in gaining control over death in the process. The observed body comes to be viewed as a vehicle, a site of living processes. Accordingly, the sensory body of the medical observer and its perceptual apparatus must accommodate its object, itself becoming more properly physiological. Sight must become more like the blood: fluid, pervasive, and unfixated from a locale. The researcher’s sense of sight is thus subject to all manner of technological augmentation, displacement, and verification; its authority is dispersed across instruments like the kymograph, the cinematograph, and the microscope. Perception becomes unhinged from the sensory body and



is enacted across an increasingly complex battery of institutional techniques and instruments.

Cartwright. 1995: 82

Vassal rather than vessel has the [w]rite of it? For better or worse these then constitute the imperceptible body's non-sites. Not-groundedness cites blood flow, minute tissue growth, and nerve action, and is rendered discernible by an accoutrement of perceptual instruments, which make out and vivify the body in the act of living for and instead of it. Following life's trajectory, calling up genealogical histories, any one of a number of diverse institutional-ized logging procedural processes begun at the birth of any citizen definitively de-marcate the corp[orate] person. Is this all there is to matter?

Lurching out of the rut logging takes up a piece of the action. Representations of the body in motion thrilled. Recording instruments and graphic techniques, mimetic purveyors of man's movement, vied with photography, emerging victoriously whilst the photographic technique, voicing stasis, receded into the backgrounding frieze. Photography's suit was best worn in the frames of anatomy and morphology; whilst the garb for cinematic technology is best suited to human physiology - the living body as well as the scientific study of it.



Fig 1 - Slipping through

E-motion.

Moves act up. Lisa Cartwright's moving collection of fabric-a[c]tion makes heavy in-roads into my imag[in]ings of my fetching designer dress,

... the motion picture, in conjunction with more familiar nineteenth-century medical recording and viewing instruments and techniques, such as the kymograph, the microscope, and the X-ray apparatus, was a crucial instrument in the emergence of a distinctly modernist mode of representation in Western scientific and public culture - a mode geared to the temporal and spatial decomposition and reconfiguration of bodies as dynamic fields of action in need of regulation and control.

Cartwright. 1995: xi

Living bodies were viewed as complex networks to be socially managed perhaps entirely through the countenances of physiology, of genetics and biomedicine and other investments. The technologies of such field-frames emerged delivering interconstitutive forces backing imbrication in naturalized cultural schemes of development and social order. [E]motions mouthing loudly of analysis, regulation, and reconfiguration of the transient, uncontrollable field of the body. Back to the mirroring, of the expectation that opening up the body during autopsy would reveal all there was to be seen and known about the pathology of death [see-page 348: Fig 3], is the reflection frozen here in these printed signs on this page. An expectant positioning which proved to be prematurely optimistic in some senses, but



Fig 1 - Slipping through

yet, one which nevertheless, delivered the emergent concepts of being able to map traces of disease onto organs and surfaces. The realm of virtual disease emerges.

A sequence askance taken from microscopic cinematography offers stunning in-cite. Developed as a specialty during the early to mid-twentieth century it fashions the corporeal body in a particular way, such that it appears to be undergoing dis-solution, as

... segmented, drained, sliced, and otherwise fragmented, the microscope rendering its minute fragments largely unidentifiable except to the specialized viewer. Placing a specimen on the instrument's stage and closing one eye to peer through the viewfinder, the microscopist sees the body in a manner that effectively distances the observer from the subjective experience of the body imaged. Excised from the body, stained, blown up, resolved, pierced by a penetrating light, and perceived by a single squinting eye, the microscopic specimen is apparently stripped of its corporeality, its function, and its history even as it serves as a final proof of the health, pathology, or sexuality of the subject whose body it represents.

Cartwright. 1995: 83

Be-ware the sign bites. It bites of that apple whose name thickens into cloying replacement [see-page 140: Fig 1]. What elusive encoding lies within

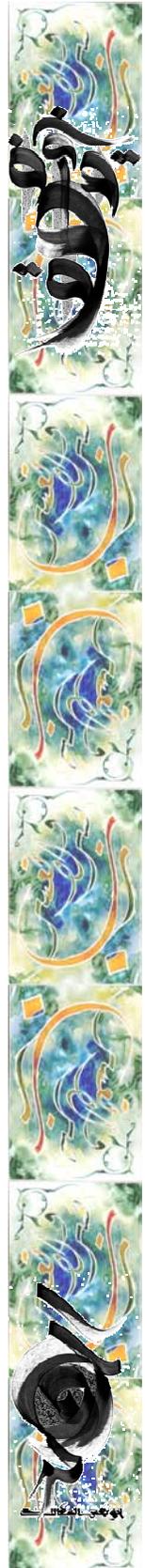


Fig 1 - Slipping through

these bytes of this domain of intricate interstices, overlaid with subtext softly sighing stealth?

Invested with the agency previously afforded the human eye, ... the microscope ... can be regarded as [the] arbiter[s] of knowledge of inaccessible space, from the infinite to the infinitesimal. But if the magnifying lens stood firmly and irrefutably between the observer and the microscopic, the compound lens effectively confused the relation between observer and instrument by moving the arbitration of the image inside the instrument itself. It would no longer be a singular instrument that stands between observer and observed, but a heterogeneous apparatus through which the object-image is successively rendered and restructured, even before it is subject to the scrutiny of the microscopist's eye. Though not part of the instrument per se, the monocular viewing subject's perceptions would be overdetermined within the self-regulating gaze of the institutional apparatus.

Cartwright. 1995: 85

Con-fusion arises between focused eye and sharp "T" it would seem. Pinpointed and sharp, but laden with layerings of veiling, conspiracy begets distancing, born of third person agency. The focused eye can mis-take the sharp "T", it would seem. But my positionings are somewhat ill-defined here as a byte lurks on stage in the wings requiring resolution. At first,

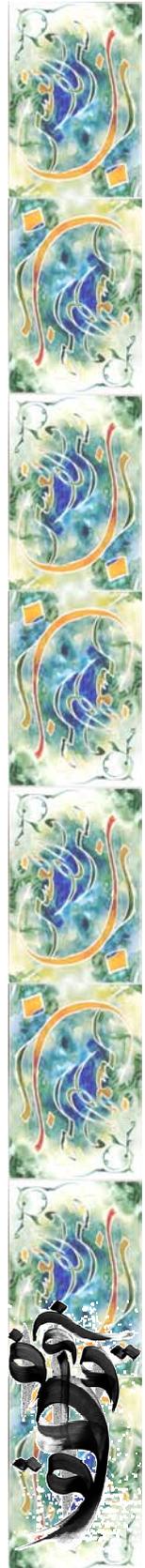


Fig 1 - Slipping through

microscopy entailed a simple lens, which magnified the specimen. But the resulting image, though now of visible size, was [b]lurred, lacking requisite detail and resolution. The compound microscope sports a second lens, positioned behind the magnifying lens, able to sharpen the magnified image. It is in this sense that the eye of the viewing subject is further displaced from the bodily fragment, offering further distortions on the image, otherwise optically invisible, partly [ad]dressed as it is, in phantasm costume of the Westernized viewing subject. Further light was thrown on the subject of distortion by C.R. Goring, who maintained that

... light is not a natural presence in the image-making process but a physiological force that can distort the image and jam the apparatus. His contribution was to foreground the possibilities of strategically deploying light (by manipulating the lenses) to render the object studied.

Cartwright. 1995: 85

Suddenly the corpo-reality of the physical body and jammed apparatus are as one. And so the institution of the multiple lens system emerged to solve the [b]lockage, although, interestingly, [k]not the elision. Stoppage dismantled, shades of Masud Khan's perversions [see-page 121: Fig 1] hover pulling faces. What consequences ensue? The 'lens and light both have agency' in fabricating the object viewed by the microscope. (Cartwright. 1995: 86). But, although now clearly focused, the pinnacle of scientific paradigmatic



Fig 1 - Slipping through

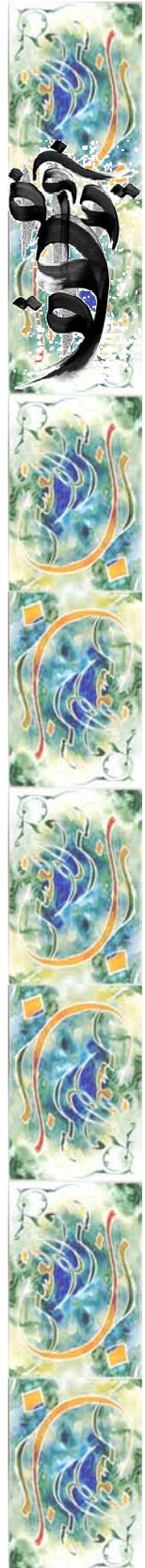
desire delivered, is that which is seen representative of the invisible object or merely an image artefact? The accomplice, if that is what it is, acts up unpredictably? Light takes on heavy duty stuffed with signifiers. What consequences ensue?

Actually, does it matter that we should sort out the natural from around the cultural, the soma from around the psyche? 'Sort out', no, perhaps not, at least in the sense of the definitive dividing distinct domains, but 'sortie out,' that is of entirely different substance. See-page of 'sort out' relations face up in mirror[ings] of un/dis-coverings to re-mind re-marking rifts so spuriously rendered e-rect through opaque "I's" in wrecked fluid possibilities. Specious divides act up in recalcitrance. The topography of cheek is becomingly defined by brush-strokes of Cixous, à la Conley, drawing on

The between, the *entre*, is the neither-one-nor-the-other. I am not of the neither-one-nor-the-other. I am rather on the side of *with*, in spite of all the difficulties and confusions this may bring about. It is hard to keep an equilibrium which, to use the word I use all the time, must be graceful. It has to be moving, has to be in movement. As soon as you stop, that is it.

Conley. 1984: 136

Yet, not-with-standing, the [b]ru[i]se of specious divide meticulously [ap]peals off its s[k]inned surfaces to reveal a



... violence of the word, of speech, the violence of verbalization, since speech in effect separates, interrupts something of the lived immediacy. This is normal, necessary, and in certain ways, good; yet in others, it is not. It all goes back to the history and to the story of the apple. When the name of the apple begins to thicken and replace the apple, we all know that moment, the linguists as well as the psychoanalysts.

Conley. 1984: 146

Echoes of Eve's apple stalks skirting grace. Eschewing thickening, the apple of my eye that is thesis body rapt in exclusive designer [ad]dress, is in fine taste. Indeed, my balance, previously precarious over 'with', is recouped in fluid fluency sited just-next-with, its re-sonating dynamics [s]paring me-selves from a fall in grace, eloquently articulating corporeality.

The ideal, or the dream, would be to arrive at a language that heals as much as it separates. Could one imagine a language sufficiently transparent, sufficiently supple, intense, faithful so that there would be reparation and not only separation?

Conley. 1984: 146



A pirouette on tip-toe turns on spelling the language of 'sortie out'. Born of the social space of actional foray, the relational movement [st]utters toward pre-sensed exteriority, backgrounded in the sheer 'with' of interiority, yet, hazily absencing with-in the foreground, slipping into something other, wrapped in being deeply co-implicated, perhaps.

Bench mark.

To answer just such a problematic, the notion of standardisation came into being. Whilst still pertaining to the concept of accuracy, it wears other overcoats, being associated with the accuracy of the instrument rather than that of object representation. Body part fast mutating into an other. This almost automated other, a circumspect one, is subjugated by the agency of the object of the gaze, whilst the subjectivity is being reconfigured in the bodily fragment on the microscopic stage, all of which are circumscribed within the institutional history that inscribes on the "I's" of the viewer's body-without-organs. Yes, me-selves have definitively walked this way already, back[ed]-up against that speaking eye [ad]dressed by suited-up medical consultant doing the rounds.

Through standardisation processes, the body of knowledge that is of microscopy's [t]issue is disciplined. At first the microscopic test object under scrutiny was a wing of a moth of a particular species. But, there are physical variations amongst living bodies that rendered them pressingly



Fig 1 - Slipping through

unsuitable. In point of fact, sameness could not be guaranteed whilst similar did not measure up to the substance of exquisite exactitude. What is more, standardization stagnates with the pooling of the identical, unable to ripple with ruffs of sameness, meanwhile similar lacks the purity that is precision as down that wayward path is nothing but untimely rigor mortis. To stamp out unruly difference, Friedrich Nobert devised a mechanically ruled test plate of imperceptibly fine lines engraved onto a glass plate as a calibrator of representational accuracy in microscopy. Instrumental re-solve stiffens re-markably. So is born the infrastructural norm to fabricate a functionalist articulation within the contexts of formal systematization, microscopy, in this instance.

The “natural” eye, because it is subjective, cannot be depended upon to produce accurate representations. But, more importantly, the natural entity, because it is subjective and variable, is a deceptive representation even of its own properties. Mistrust of a dead moth’s wings is an act of little apparent political consequence; however, it is important to recall that the moth wing is itself a placeholder for much more culturally loaded fragments of natural, organic matter. It stands in for drops of blood and sperm, bits of tissue, and the individual bodies and discrete pathologies and identities of which these fragments ostensibly are microcosms. The designation of organic text objects as unreliable visual sources is symptomatic of a broader mistrust of the natural body as an indicator even of its own conditions



Fig 1 - Slipping through

and states. Moreover, it is an unequivocal expression of technology's ascendancy as an uncontroverted agent in the production of the organic body.

Cartwright. 1995: 89

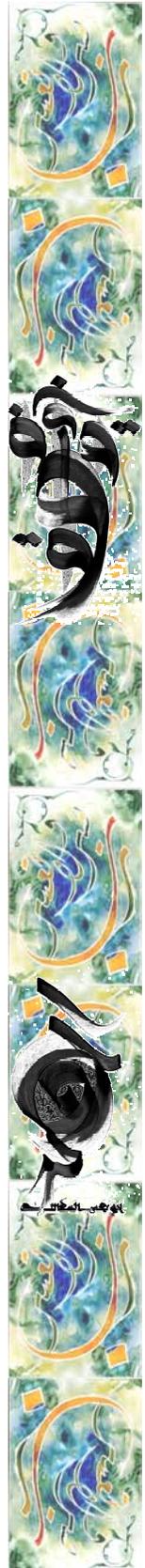
Bodies are rigorously disguised and systematized, ruthlessly ripping off the lives and subjectivities encoded in them; even if it is unintentional the ruthlessness remains pervasive, borne of remorseless efficacy and relentless efficiency. The poise here is enormously distanced from the fluency of sharp eyes, that soar, free of being fixed to a specific locale, however tenuously that locus grasps at gasps of not-grounded-ness, at shrines of a false holy grail.

Doctor[ing] rounds.

Efficaciously packaged and efficiently pegged, levels of institutionalised certainty rise as the number of cases are perceived and examined. There is a critical mass of case number to enable rigorous deduction, otherwise knowledge remains conjectural and probabilistic.

Medical certainty is based not on the completely observed individuality but on the completely scanned multiplicity of individual facts.

Foucault. 1973: 101



Paradoxically, however, individual variations vanish,

... they cancel each other out in the general configuration, because they are integrated into the domain of probability; they never fall outside the boundaries, however 'unexpected' or 'extraordinary' they may be; the abnormal is still a form of regularity ...

Foucault. 1973: 102

Thus, each patient may well undergo some 'quirky' experiences from a particular dis-ease - alluded to as those subjective experiences, whilst on the other hand, there will be common experiencings that count for everything. The space of the experiencing of this dis-ease is not one in the sense that a methodological approach to representing individuality will be different to an approach that configures what is common to the many.

The modifications and repeated practices, embedded in the emphasis on frequency within the medical corpus of knowledge, configure sameness and stability, by sharply delineating, by virtue of summation, what is essential within the arena, whilst also, simultaneously, cancelling out the variations, and outlining fundamental conjunctions. Repeated texts - symptoms, disease manifestations, patients' bodies, and so on - pre-figure 'truth': if constancy pre-veils [veils], mediated through recognition of the textual repetition, familiarity elides with acquisition of manifested truth. The



[st]utter of familiar repeated work-outs come to reconfigure as the utter[st]ances of truth.

The genesis of the manifestation of truth is also the genesis of the knowledge of the truth.

Foucault. 1973: 110

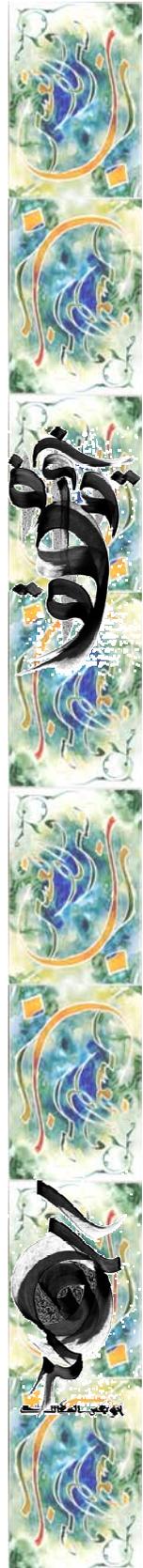
Uncertainty now masquerades as certainty through the medium of probabilities. To quote Foucault, we are dealing with,

... that of a complex figure in the coherence of a unity, and not that of a mixed reality made up of mixed essences.

Foucault. 1973: 101

Probability gives the slip, - it is always someone else, some-where else, some other time with reference to this virtual population as, in point of fact, the bell [curve] never tolls for thee.

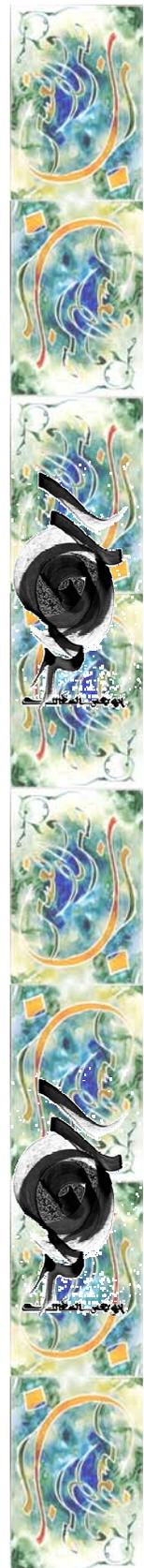
Don't you believe it. In all truth it rang up its considerable toll for me. Mirror[ing]s of that exclusive, and most definitively excluding, 1% category [ad]dress, locked into 'doctoring it', emerge here to face the question of what place then obscure notions, approximate vocabularies, where-in lie erroneous calculations, the gap, the boundaries, the value of the average?



What place the calculation of probabilities within a body of knowledge as complex and as variable as physiology and medicine, for instance?

These encounters may well lack the apparel of ethical responsibility towards Others, precluding and excluding the consequential possibility of self undergoing a formative or boundary experience. No apparent virtue re-sides in goods à la MacIntyre [see-page 117: Fig 1] in this particular looking-glass horizon, it would seem. Our figure is in danger of donning reductionist robes here, having removed depth and complexity from the construction of a self, eschewing positionings of being isolated, pegged as more non-essentialist, and devoid of relations, severed into separate slivers on microscope slides, far from fleshed out.

The S-trap encircles with vicious snaps. What of this inter~sectioning of the finite and the fallible, of the flesh and virtue, of materiality and mortality? Is this the question to re~s~urect the corpse with vigour? Is this the means by which the corps is re~covered from aimless [d]rift from positionings which reduce the body to me~re physical existence, [b]reached up from sheer purposelessness to be re~suscitated through the paddles of electrically charged emerg[ing/ency] delvings within lived-body experiences? If carried out con~current[ly] with an intensive care management of over~lying typologies of various materialistic matrices of corpo~real constructs, not flat~line but vibrant living corps? Into what register of embodiment do they



raise the corps? Does this gainsay a purchase? It may, but on a body I am looking for?

Pegs.

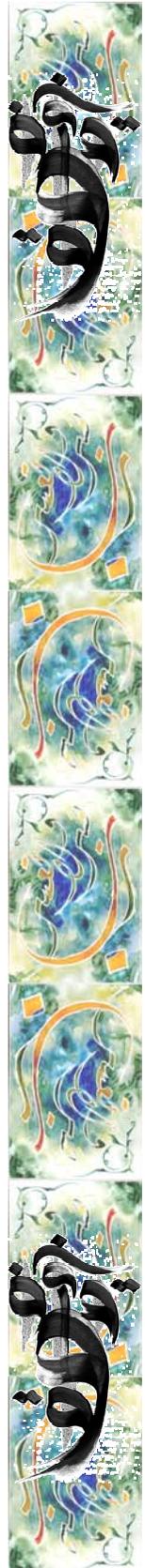
As women, we frequently see reference, in women's magazines and fashion pages of newspapers, to 'that little black dress' number, particularly, at Christmas and New Year time or for parties. The wearing of the dress is designed to transform us from our mundane grounded everyday carnal selves with our feet in the dirt into this vibrant, but sophisticated, partying elevated creature[see-page 331: Fig 3]. It embodies this heavenly Other that groundlessly we can slip into once we are zipped or buttoned up, of course. Is a dress a dress or does it have other guises hidden in its texture?

As Anna Murphy says in *The Observer Life* 28 December 1997,

What we wear has nothing, and everything to do with us. Clothes are accessories, but they are also, in our chilly contemporary society, essentials.

Murphy. 1997: 25-6

Clothes then cover / disguise our bodies-with-organs. Is that all there is to it?



Given that they are nothing more than inanimate cuts of cloth, they are impressive movers and shakers: they can make or break things at the swish of a skirt, or the snap of a bra strap; they can steal the show for you, or make you wish you'd never come out of the closet.

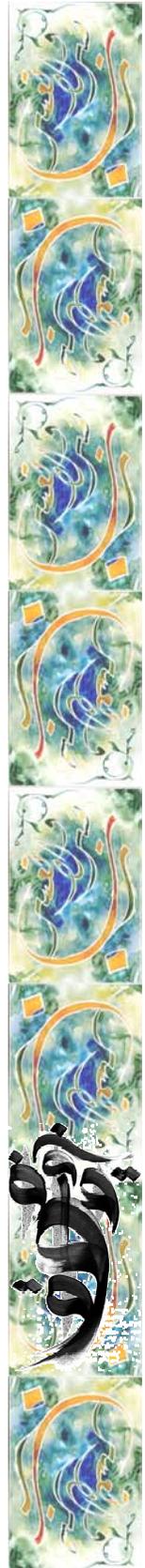
Murphy. 1997: 25-6

Taking subtexts of what can be read, for instance, into a dress:

While fabric can be nicked and tucked by even the most inept seamstress among us, the true figure cut by the dress - the image it projects to others - is less easily manipulated. Traditionally, seen as subversive. Wear one and you can be a pretty, pretty princess or a dangerous diva, or both. Or you can be nothing more than a bit of skirt.

Murphy. 1997: 25-6

The above wisps of ex-tracts are taken from a fashion article with a subtle difference: its aim is not to lure us into desiring the featured clothes, if that is what they are since they are unwearable, and not for sale to the would-be-wearer. No, the aim is to draw our attention to 'these sartorial subtleties - fringed as they are by issues of gender and identity', (Murphy. 1997: 25), positioned posing as art.



One featured artist, Lucy Brown, describes her work, her dresses, as ‘shed skins’, ‘rejected selves from an imaginary woman’, each suggesting ‘her emotions the moment she metamorphosed into another’ (Murphy. 1997: 25). The imaginary woman that is me jumps out from the mirroring reflecting the presentation experience of my paper at a Canadian workshop in February of 1996. Owing to post-surgery complications, unable to travel to Canada in person at that particular time my paper was presented by John, my husband standing in[stead] for me. The actual absence of my physical body posed a real problem to the group gathered there. Even though my “I’s” believed my written inscription of me was more than sufficiently constituted in the textual paper spoken by John the group members could not see this at all. This lack of presenced-me-selves was filled only when John’s storied me fictitiously, in response to a few factual questions asked of him. Body with organs absent, my body-without-organs existed only through stuffed signifiers. At this level I hold hands with Lucy Brown and quickly cast off such a [s]kin. But elsewhere, on other levels, despite the installation where-in the word ‘skin’, as I have and as I intend to use it, here and not-here, articulates so becoming[ly] under-lining familial associations pertaining to “I’s”, a personal regard of my written text as a ‘shed skin’ fails to [ap]peal to me-selves. Blood-ties exist, yes, but delving deeper they fail to evoke traces of sequinned me-selves, as shades of out-of-date cast-offs which come to the fore, or crinkled traces of dried out [t]issues, lying one upon the other, lacking fluid[ity], approaching a social space where-in relations of rejection rustle dejectedly. No, rather I would wrap my re-semblance around with



Fig 1 - Slipping through

whisp[er]s of sequined me-selves shivering and shimmering, exquisitely living-live-beings shadow dancing across the page.

Lesley Dill, another artist explains how sometimes she feels skinless and goes looking for a covering. ‘For me, words are an intervening armour between us and the world’ (Murphy. 1997: 25). Not quite the positioning sequined me-selves desire, preferring rather the disarming frill of thrilling *amour* of being rapt in mystique and intrigue as I shadow dance on. Thus in her *White Hinged Poem Dress* the words represent the fabric of the dress and ‘the poem can only be read if the dress is open’: ‘the way the dress ‘clothes’ the empty air as our bodies ‘clothe’ our souls’, (Murphy. 1997: 25).

Talking of souls, Caroline Broadhead draws on the shadow as a metaphor for the soul, expressing this in her ‘Shadow Dresses’: ‘a series of careful dislocations (in one the print of the dress has shifted to its shadow; in another a painted shadow lies beside a real one)’ (Murphy. 1997: 25). Where are my “I’s” in this positioning? The thrilling intrigue of shifts, and of juxta-positionings, entices, for sure. The punctuated dislocations articulate eloquently through such volubly expansive contradistinctions. For me, the stretchy in-sinuations of shadows lies in the sheer mystique of their location, evocative of lacunae of “if only’s” whilst yet being svelte forms, slipping on tip-toe into shadow dancing. These sinuous shadows had already stealthily crept up and invei[g]led me onto the dance floor long



Fig 1 - Slipping through

before I found this particular article in the newspaper supplement. In other words, they resonated to the heartbeat of my PhD body and if that is a metaphor for ‘the soul’ then Broadhead and I are in sound agreement.

Anna Murphy picks up the text[ile] and puts the finishing touches to her article:

The dress has been divested of its function by these artists; turned into something purely revelatory. ‘The dress holds a reference to a person,’ says Broadhead, ‘a memory of who has worn it. It is also like a reflection: you can see yourself in there.’

Murphy. 1997: 25-6

Helen and Kate Storey with Primitive Streak under their belts would agree.

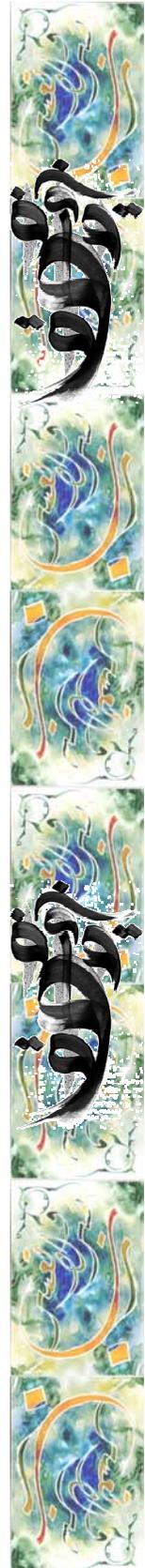
Becoming other.

The spill of [ad]dress swirls, its pooling surface reflecting the imag[in]ings of Kate and Helen Storey as biological signs are reconfigured becoming other, being social dress signs shouting “Fashion Collection”, without the ‘wearer looking a total prat’ [see-pages 309: Fig 2]. Kate Storey is a cell biologist, whilst her sister, Helen, is a fashion designer. The two sisters collaborate on a venture, funded by the Wellcome Trust, to produce an unusual fashion collection. The fashion designs were intended to be



wearable robes, along the lines of Murphy's movers and shakers, mark[er]s in other words, to embody stages in the biological development of the human embryo from the time of conception stretching onwards to birth itself.

This project comes to a-light on my eyes in a Saturday Times magazine article. Heart in mouth here causes a number of hiccups to this body of backchat, such as whether or not to parade in photocopies of the fashion photographs from the magazine textual body afore-mentioned. My original intention had been not to countenance this *haute couture*, corseted, as my researcher self was, by the masquerade, wherein written words and calligraphy, but barring pictorial photographs, become exclusive designer-dresses. The svelte fit of these exclusive design-signifiers, is a delightful dialectic configuration: it both belies and affirms the slips and telling-spaces I am so at pains to beget and develop. But, unmasking that strait-laced habit, however beguiling it was to that first gaze, reveals the presence of a finely honed and contoured body able to carry off such glamorous wear to such exquisite perfection. But of course, why had I not realised this from the first, a wonder-bracket aside berates me. Divested from those foundational garment fastenings, now transfigured, my researcher self faces off this particular mask, and faces up to acknowledging the emergence, within this thesis body, of another organ - the figure of the appendix. Fig leaf is now no longer askew.



A wonder-bracket-aside nags persistently at my mind. *Dèja-vu* “T’s” muse. Ah, yes, now I-selves re-member trapping myself in the question of myopically seeing the calligraphy bodies as pictures rather than ‘visual’ like writing on a page instead of as both-or-and shadow dancing. Everywhere like the gods, the S-trap is pervasive at once for all time.

[At]tension to detail counts as finery comes to matter.

The telling-space techniques, tantamount to my methodology, tailored exclusively to my distinctive design, reconfigure the surface relations between social spaces, revealing many more faces of the locus which is not one than the locus can aspire to. Like Murphy’s professional and artistic use of language in her article mine fades and ripples into the reflective surface frame, as ‘even its [ad]dress, that linguistic garb, is slippery’ (Murphy. 1997: 25-6) mirroring the dis-robing of the PhD body and the de-construction of thesis [ad]dress, in celebration of the fact that definitions of articles - whether dress or written texts - are never as straightforward as you think.

Fit but flat.

Flipping back to being pegged, Nobert’s mechanically ruled test plate succeeded on the surface, but, alas, lacked calibration along the line of



Fig 1 - Slipping through

dimensional depth. Both microscopic and photographic images are essentially flat, it would seem.

However, unlike most photographs, the microscopic image does not represent potentially vast three-dimensional space on a flat field, but rather renders an already relatively shallow space. Despite this aesthetic of flatness, microscopic space in depth continually reasserted itself, returning to the image field only to be elided from the image.

Cartwright. 1995: 90

Depth had to be stage-managed to rise above the limitations of the instrument and its vestments of representation. *Mise-en-scène* came into play. The bodily interior came to be reconfigured as an endlessly divisible series of flat surfaces and motile networks. Such a stage-prop constitutes a real eye-opener, in being very telling as the tissue specimen to be viewed is often sequentially cross-sectioned into manageable, microscopic slivers, a very different subject, now that it has undergone planar abstraction, to the original previously impenetrable mass so essential to the living body. Yes, it occupies space now, but at what expense to surface relations? In point of fact, it remains hard to believe that blood is not spilled gushing out from squashed blood vessels? What place bloodlines now?

Depth requires space, and, in the first decade of the twentieth century, spatial configurations were given a new look. If depth does not exist, can



Fig 1 - Slipping through

movement take place in biological specimens, each a sliver of serial cross-sections of living tissue? Movement here then does not involve the actual motility of the entity through space, but is constituted by the configuration of static volume, one sliver stacked on another sliver, that on another and so on. Imbrication struts its stuff. Such stacking seams depth fetching movement of being, replacing more conventional mimetic techniques of art, such as fashioning some perspective and embracing foreshortening. A conceptual scaffolding abstracts the body with organs into a formal system, “a microcosm of cultural norms about the body and subjectivity” and “a planar cubist text,” leading to what is, in fact, no longer a living vibrant organic body but a contrived fractioned model, (Cartwright. 1995: 105). Shades of Lucy Brown’s cast-off skins dry up dejectedly having nothing to say.

Secure stability so often masks stultifying entrenchment to stare glassy-eyed, “I’s rigidly to the front, unblinking. That diet of staunch staples offsets stuffing the signifiers but the violence is what strangles to give form, far from subtle in-sinuations, even taking into consideration those through punctuation, so that consequently plastic tears fall from dull empty eyes. Inscribing intense and fluid writings of the social on the body relaxes into non-dualized, non-unified notions of subjectivity embedded in difference in the style of Elizabeth Grosz vigorously pedalling the model of the Möebius strip, which



Fig 1 - Slipping through

... enables the mind/body relation to avoid the impasses of reductionism, of a narrow causal relation or the retention of the binary divide. It enables subjectivity to be understood not as the combination of a psychical depth and a corporeal superficiality but as a surface whose inscriptions and rotations in three-dimensional space produce all the effects of depth. It enables subjectivity to be understood as fully material and for materiality to be extended and to include and explain the operations of language, desire and significance.

(Grosz, E. 1994: 209-10) in

Wise. 1997: 190.

Regression becomes remission perhaps? No, I think not. Rather regression appears mere faint, its rapier now unveiled for what it was: dull and unreal. But, nevertheless, beyond re-spite, as explicitly not marking time, it rounds on frankly calling our bluff, and reaches, stretching to the scope of reconfiguration. Regression re-cedes, [ap]pealingly other. The racket abates: asides clutching brackets, sounds about right.

Clearly depth has a lot to answer for.

But this is my subjective view-point. Maybe “You’s” share it or you do not. Perhaps you are somewhat persuaded, perhaps [k]not. So it comes to pass that statements of ex-pressions are made manifest. Born of veiled interiorities, they interweave with imbibed im-pressions, con-textualised to a



Fig 1 - Slipping through

great degree as culturally inclined. My ‘taste’ stretches forth to marks within spoken discourses perhaps, or in paginated texts, whether I am reader of “You” or I am author, in either milieu.

Reading then is writing, in an endless movement of giving and receiving: each reading reinscribes something of a text; each reading reconstitutes the web it tries to decipher, by adding another web.

One must read in a text not only that which is visible and present but also the *nontext* of the text, the parentheses, the silences. Silence is needed in order to speak, to write. One phoneme differs from another phoneme, and in speaking, a voice traces, spaces, writes.

Conley. 1984: 7-8

Citing *mise-en-abyme* then, “nontext” is not quite write, but in the “silence” a phantasm fades and so comes to [ac]count, if sighted through that listening eye, perhaps.

A[p]peal.

Marks become signs, absencing and presencing being punctuated in full stops, which, standing shoulder to shoulder, peel off ex-posing the [s]kin of this textual body to transform social necessities into individualistic heart-felt virtues, the goods of my PhD, sequinned in specificity of myself, in order not to be dashed in the gathering waist-bands of exteriority of the generality



of others. Stealthily and silently sequined "I's" in sinuate me-selves away from joining the gathering throng of others taking cover in the rushes. Bank[ing] on back-up hitches up to emergence of the sign. I want to avoid the snag of con-script[ion] at all costs, turning my back on capturing the concept, at this particular point in time, bearing down in this particular space, in favour of embracing birth of the imperceptible.

The corps is fashioned by language through fictionings, fantasm, mythologizings and fabulous fore-casting of metaphoric transference. So, giving the cold shoulder to countenancing deference to an essential truth of a pre-given body, and enthusiastically embracing intoxicating imag[in]ings, wilfully warding off investements in wearisome describing, me-selves take stock.

Morphology is a splitting through of every membrane that would protect (itself against) an interiority. Morpho-logy is also a bio-logy where the "infinite allusion" of one membrane *within* another real-izes a corporeography whose substance is never not generative.

Kirby. 1997: 79

A wonder-bracket aside rattles around in di-stress. Contortions of "never not" are the cause. False starts a-side, this juxta-position startles the eye. What imag[in]ings emerge out of the brush-strokes? Two negatives make a positive delicious deferral banishing the *malheur* of impotency.



Fig 1 - Slipping through

Resplendently rapt in rhetoric-[ad]dress emphasis comes to the fore, catching the eye imperceptibly, in a

... a scenario where the subject takes itself as its own object, and where, for example, an image could be said to rewrite the image-maker in a movement of production that disrupts the temporal determination of what comes first.

Kirby. 1997: 61

Cleaving to wand[ering] winsome *regard* - an energised backspin masquerading as spinductor leaps out from the mirrored surfaces to reinforce the foregrounded front that the corpus is a fluctuating site of inscription, if only we have the “I’s sight” to look.

A text is not a text unless it hides from the first comer, from the first glance, the law of its composition and the rules of its game. A text remains, moreover, forever imperceptible. Its laws and its rules are not, however, harbored in the inaccessibility of a secret; it is simply that they can never be booked in the *present*, into anything that could rigorously be called a perception.

Conley. 1984: 7

Now tripping over all possible pre-fixes which one will I value? Perhaps that of in-scription, eschewing pre-, sub- and super as not quite on-the-



scene, but skirting the danger of falling back over long [a]hems into over-subscription. Clearing the frogs in my throat quietly so as not to disturb those "You's" that are of they in the rushes, those reed-some witnesses, whether being of 'real' or 'imaginary' friends, I cordially call on to re-configure my researcher selves, fantasm-like invei[g]le me into becomingl[y] other virtues of fetching[ly] textile corps rapt in exclusive designer [ad]dress. A thought slips into my mind as "T's" wonder if I would write if I thought no-body would read it? In-script[ion] is uncannily on the cards. But my intentional desire is not the hand

... based on lack, the insistence is on movement, not stasis. Speech is never all rational, scientific. Always becoming, it never becomes the system, the recipe to be applied.

Conley. 1984: 6

Nevertheless, re-covering through covalencies, the taste of apple in my mouth, [see-page 140: Fig 1] I find sequinned me-selves in-formed differently, due in part to the generality of others and in part to the specificity of my self's textualities, I po-sit[e] the form out there in the public and visible domain in per-forming, by giving shape through my bodily practice of interrogating and inter-viewing texts and textualities. I-selves have come to ardently hunger after membership of this coveted elitism, in e-[s]sence emerging desirous of attaining a doctorate identity, in being doctorate pre-senced rather than inex-ora[b]ly ab-senced. Although,



Fig 1 - Slipping through

The imperceptible of the text is that which cannot be arrested, which remains elusive. There is no hidden secret to be revealed, no truth to be extorted, but there is always that part of the text, the imperceptible, the writerly, the unconscious dimension that escapes the writer, the reader.

Conley. 1984: 7

Ultimately it is a question of framing, of figuring it out, but exquisitely, and problematically, the body to be figured is no corpse to be dis-sected, nor transparent paper-thin entity to be man-oeuvred with ease. Although as a matter of course in having figured it out some alterity will be covered up, [see-page 233: Fig 2]. Inevitable as it is, imperceptible as it may be, the shadow dance swirls on.

But de-sign is double-edged, resplendently relying on a display of an *appliqué* of intertextuality.

*Déjà vu* looms large in the mirror. Keeping company with Kirby, obliteration by pegging out on “entity” skirts the punctuated full stop, tracing frilling shifts. The absent [ad]dress avails itself in trans-figurative dialogue with what is present, foregrounding veilings and surfacings in play, providing the rhythmic pulse of conjunction of real-ized realms.



Yet, the identity of the referent isn't so much hidden, or out of reach behind the *effet de réel*, as it is something that unfolds as an immanence, a grammatological complicity or binding together of traces that is real-izing. The fact of the referent is not located in the truth of biological substance, a truth that must remain inaccessible behind the skin of cultural interpretation. It is the very tissue of their interweaving. Reference, then, is not so much a veiling or a mediation of the substantive realm from the formal as it is a partitioning - an intricate and infinite fabric-ation.

Kirby. 1997: 80

Well, really, Vicki Kirby took the words right out of my mouth! Or perhaps sprinkled her paginated text[ile] with my footprints, is a more real-istic configuration. A wonder-aside bracket is absolutely essential here. Sequinned me-selves adamantly stamp tiny slippered feet, plant hands firmly on svelte hips and re-fuse to budge. Back-up in that looking glass that reflects time warps, dis-torted by spatial confines, once em-bedded in intertextuality, where are the boundaries to be drawn? In fact, should circumscribing hems figure at all? The "I" that is thesis writer is well aware of the precise timing of my imag[in]ing of 'fabric-ation', for instance, and its conception within my thinking frameworks. From conception to its birth in my written textual body is also imprinted on my mind with utter clarity.



Fig 1 - Slipping through

I had, in fact, already wrapped and woven it into my textual body of work, slipping it into my exclusive designer [ad]dress, to boot. But why should you “You’s” out there, you Others, believe me? Mirrorings of spindoctor haunt me here. Cat-apaulted into making a case record, - by virtue of the Name of the Father being the recognised route to conferment of this doctorate award, an absence for the moment from me-selves, but, nevertheless, a desired presence for me, for future time, - “I” find me face to face with a professional Other, who questions me about my being, in order to make judgements which will in-form decisions on my state/status, to be taken by this “You”. The paradox being that in wearing those hand-me-downs of past experience, “I” figure out that a me~re fragmented part of my textual body, spoken or written [ad]dress, will be taken into account. This econom-ized construct of my identity hit me head-on in ‘doctoring it’, and reflects no sheer knee jerk reflex, as the word, that 1% signifier, was made flesh experiencing adverse outcomes of minor surgery, my flesh, not an Other’s.

Through glassy eyes the institutionalised strawperson stares down the exclusively designed methodological form. Is that the last straw, flooring this PhD body with such gusto? Raw readings of ‘no outside the text’ swipe most strenuously at flaws of a singularity of intent, and yet, looking-glass blueprint shadows shimmer, softly sighing of prime movers and shadow dancing. Whirling footsteps summon ‘S’ into relief, as seized of singularity, body is svelte of shadow, no longer dogged, not [s]wiped out, but swirling

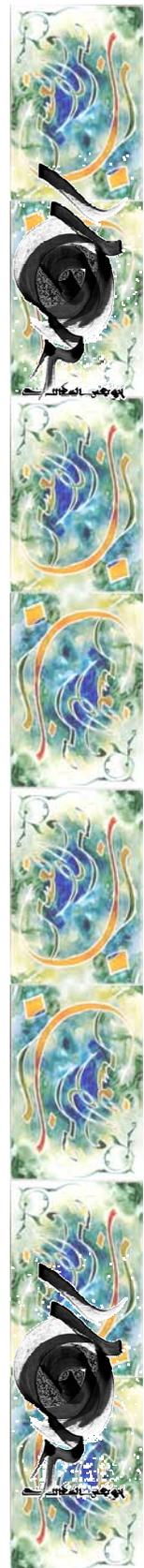


Fig 1 - Slipping through

free. [W]rite, no gust then, only mere powder puff whispers glancing off surfaces. What a relief! The design it would seem is born[e] both of being figured out and being covered up?

Poised in the place which is not one, “I” seize the selvage of fraying binary orders, wherein lies the matter that if the one is presented, grasping being, the other is ripped out of existence, absenced gasping the last breath, lost to not-hereness. Salvage surfaces through dicey interfacings, borne of that svelte bias cut to the cloth, the cut that seems to cleave to the weave of the fabric, rather than to seamingly severely sever its strands into dissolute disarray. The [t]issue traces whispers, wisps of gasps which stand and endure.

Severed?

My intention in this corps of thesis is that the calligraphic guise will reflect and echo intimate mirror imag[in]ings worn by the several interwoven bodies within this PhD domain. Embodied in the calligraphy is that conception that any surface identity once enquired into, silently elides into another surface identity that is not one, as grasp becomes gasp, as surface relation becomes transfigured to us face elation, traces of which endure.

The line of movement shouts “S” to the optical regard be-held in the gaze of me-selves. Its shape swirls sinuously, curving flexibly like the anatomical



Fig 1 - Slipping through

spine of any vertebrate mammal. It in sinuates self across the paginated sheet, to the sigh[t]ing susurrations of in significant sounds, echoings of signs breathing. The shadow dance shimmers. Its silhouette whispers of being seized and becoming[ly] svelte, of a grasp that stamps both in and to [at]-ten[t]sion but yet stretches towards a gasp that sustains and endures. Catching sight of it-self in the mirror turns its [s]way to face that other, same but not-same, as vis[age]-à-vis[age] lying self upon self slips spellbindingly into - ∞ - the sign of infinity. The symbol shifts softly sighting subject, s/citing I-selves. The eye of in situation peers out from the sweeping “S” profile, its semblance, of a circle enlarged to meet eye-brow, suggestive of sounding out, of brow-sing through those “i’s” and/or “T’s” of constructs of sequinned selves; of seeking the “T” and/or eye of seeing/knowing. Skimming, although not yet satisfied, eyes scan further s[k]in surfaces, sensing the sheerness of “if” that embodies infinitesimal force/potential for being/becoming/unrealized desires beyond intentionality. On the scent of es~sence between the spirited “r” and “ah”, sprite steps self-assuredly, from the wonder-brackets aside, into the spotlight on the catwalk, along which to strut my Stuff that is PhD body rapt in thesis [ad]dress.

Stretching significantly to shift scope over the Grand de-Sign annotated fig[ure] somewhat, in order to survey the semi-circle, in part encircled within the arch[ed] spine, draws on signs of being, of bodies be they living physical entities or of symbolic register. Registering sheer slips in the symbolic seemingly shifts rapt in and of corpo-reality, enveloped of that



locus which is not one, shades of bodies with organs and/or bodies without organs. Speaking, whether orally or in script[ion], signifies symbols which coalesce registering some form of translation into words, becoming sense born of sentences to which we ascribe meaning, and/or symbols which coalesce wordlessly registering translations into sense by way of something other to which we ascribe meaning. And so, meanings frill and froth forth, meanwhile knowledge sorties into being. At every turn we pass sentence.

But bodies swirl on. The disguises swarm. Carn[iv]al time is upon us. That 'us' of flesh and blood, existentially experiencing bodies, become fitted up as biological bodies to some purpose, but not others. Biological bodies behave, be-longing as they do to pre-figured sets of criteria, stemming from systems of professional knowledge. That is the purpose of the scaffolding. In that way, they con-form completely: the fit-up is master[ful]. Re-g[u]ard, 'con-form' with a gaze of [be]fitting other purposes. [S]linking sinuously back-up to 'doctoring it', speaks volumes from [t]issues deep within the back-spin of shadow dancing with *con*. Resonating within that added dimension, surface turns to volume, full of zest, *con* plays up [see-page 113: Fig 1]. The fixity that is there is but a mis-fit, if seen by sharp eyes, in point of fact, stealthily and successfully covering up the mi-rage for those of us who dwell on the undesirable curve of the trip-wire of a normal distribution curve, definitely not saved by the bell.



A wonder-bracket aside [ad]dressed in smart suit sweeps grandly in. Consult-a[c]tion time. This thesis body [s]pur-orting to be a body of knowledge, emerges from a body of speech, in written rather than spoken [ad]dress, which, in turn, bears issue on figures of speech, which I-selves carefully [s]elect to [s]lur[e] my intentions as writer.

However, this is no voyeuristic gaze, no passing glance, but one born of *de rigueur*. Looking in this fashion begets distancing, in turn birthing another social space of ‘where’, the telling space, a space which is not one. In shades of *differends*, whether I read the surfaces of the imaginative fashion guises paraded in the magazine article, or whether I read those of the translator’s body of text that constitutes “The Birth of the Clinic”, standing in, hopefully not on, for Foucault’s textual corps, I have to make sense of them, relate to them, and, in so doing, I create a distance between what eye and “I” perceive in relation to my fashioning them into a body of understandings, multi-mirrored figurings, naturally.

Always there is a multi-spatial folding activity. A wonder-bracket aside chews at my finger-nails. Do I deliberately avoid writing the word, ‘back’ or not worries at my heels. And yet, it both-back and not-back because of that has intervened in between *both* in a space I believe previously existed *and* what just before expectantly will have been by virtue of over-lying and under-lying the many social spaces set up for consideration throughout this textual body.



The self in-*corporating* a vibrant text b[e]aring on a never-ending narrative [see-page 64: Fig 1] shimmers from reflections of Madison shaping up as mirror[ing]-carrier artiste [see-page 36: Beginnings]. But re-g[u]ard, this body of text[ile] fabric-a[c]tion aspires to PhD status and must knuckle down to the institutional mores, bow[ing] [to] ties of allegiance with the Name of the Father. A sound invest[e]ment in foundational under-where seems rather fitting at this juncture, the better to articulate the silhouette of my bodily positionings in a somewhat more svelte form. Held firmly in the fastened clasp of Castoriadis, this corseted corps firms up to a commentary that Merleau-Ponty's 'subject is what, through an ongoing interpretative process of "becoming", he or she *will have been*' (Dillon. 1997: 103). "Ongoing" and "will have been" stretch sinuously forth to teasing out what matters in becoming other. The shadow-dance of a full stop that is never replete, *en pointe*, perhaps, spins, a-part of punctuation, pulsing?

So, whilst unveiling another related surface, my gaze as reader, [re-writer also], of this magazine text, and, as author of this PhD one, must somehow avoid severing surfaces from relations during this tricky touch-and-go operation.

A wonder-bracket aside succeeds in emerging to the foreground, pre-sencing the explicit sub-stance of 're-writer' and calling it into question. When my



eyes read the text, my “I’s” act upon it, as I bring to bear other discourses whether of sociological or cultural or both.

And, indeed, on this very subject, whether of both and/or reading my mind, bearing it in mind that I-selves hold the intention of being *le dernier cri*, it would seem, that is, if seemingly coincidences relative to my themes become featured in newspapers is anything to go by, ‘Primitive Streak’ speaks volumes.

The gaze of professional cell biologist and that of professional fashion designer are transfigured through the reticulate lacework of the concept of telling spaces: the fashion collection entitled ‘Primitive Streak’ is born of becoming other. Folding filigrees of social space configurations and surface relations sensuously and endlessly entwine. Those two-dimensional outlined designs in pen and ink somehow ‘become’ a three dimensional ‘scientific event in cloth and on a moving female body’, (Massey. 1997: 45). The spellbinding of telling spaces are realized through the stitch[ing] motif of the tracery of impish deconstruction.

Catching sight in mirror-imag[in]ings, though I desire to seize the being, that is magazine text, I do not wish to strangle it of life within the pages of being, that is PhD text. Indeed, I intend to [ad]dress its functioning and in becoming, rather fetching apparel to unmask the *differends* within the physiological sub texts [methodology] of my thesis body. Ah yes, that



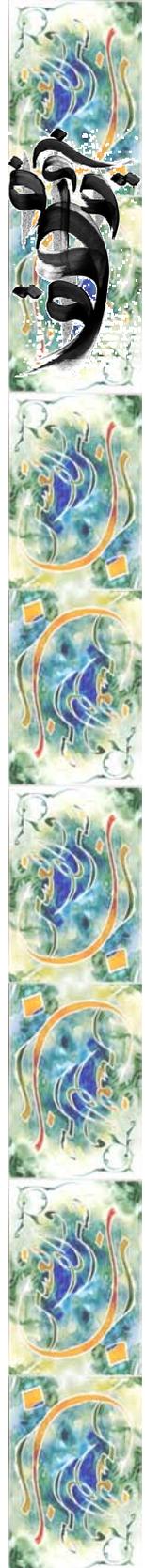
impulse to fashion Fig 2 will soon spark[le] along my motor neurones of intention.

A back-up turn afoot, un-covers a text[ile] subject which thrills with the unease with which a fashion designer's casual eye and a cell biologist's superficial "T", mirroring becoming others, naturally, regard the other's professional corps of knowledge; and how, even the fact of their being related, im-pacts on those flimsy surfaces.

There were times when, according to myself's reading, the collaboration outfits marked time with the Other [in]vestments. Shades of exclusion of one sister's self-face sometimes got under the [s]kin of the other sister's, bloodlines from birth-selves but articulation ties the [k]not from the faces of professional selves. Kate writes,

Helen and I drew the changing shapes of the developing heart. This kind of interaction is more demanding than I expected. Maybe it is because it involves both teaching and the creation of symbols that correctly represent the developing embryo. I had thought that this part would be easy, that it would be a relief to be free from the exacting process of science, which is full of checking and refining, but in fact it is harder.

Massey. 1997: 47



And Helen writes

Kate arrived from Oxford at 7am, and we went straight into the collection. Both of us stare down again at the floor of sketches. Mugs in hand, these silences are full of negotiation, a process of teaching, learning, translation and agreed “artistic” representation. From Kate to me and back again.

Massey. 1997: 45

Each sister re-configures the Other from a narrated experience during the project, thus Kate writes of Helen,

Helen had her first experience of living chick embryos (which at early stages of development look very like the human embryo). I showed her two stages: a primitive streak stage embryo (12 hours’ incubation) and a later one in which the simple heart tube had formed (30 hours’ incubation). She was amazed by their translucence and colours and by their depth.

Massey. 1997: 45

Helen writes of Kate,

As we go through the sketches I lay them out, from single cell through to the development of the thorax. Her eyes light up at giant and

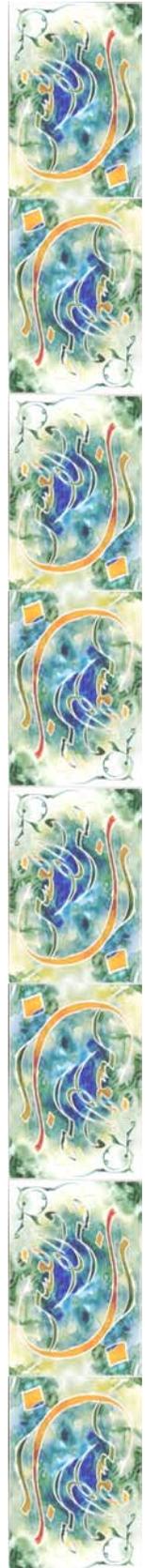


Fig 1 - Slipping through

magnified sperm on the sleeves of a jacket, and the word “brilliant” pops out at the sequence of neurulation.

Massey. 1997: 45

But the real frill features the flouncing of transforming such un-ease through grasps where-in deeper analysis teases out warp and weft of each other’s bodies of expertise as, through that creative streak, another domain - a fashion collection emerges, sveltely, and endures.

**S**-trap.

Ah, spiriting away that “r” trips me up at this juncture, as I am con-fronted with this undesirable wonder bracket aside locating me-selves unbecomingly flushed down the **S**-bend, perhaps? But then again, spellbinding seizes, how can it not? Bondage is embodied in the very sign itself. But “You’s” have the picture, a[l]l-ready - that last word seizes my mind and will not let go until I ex[er]cise it in this sentence - “You’s” that are still reading the PhD body have en-counterred this telling space, in relations of social spaces within this textual body, it historically pre-cedes the sur-face on the catwalk being foregrounded as hereness. A sense of *déjà-vu* per-vades, [b]locking me in the arm of that **S**-bend of little wonder there, perhaps? Seen it all before eyes are fixed in-ferences, so very unbecoming to flow. Re-ference to the mirror, re-flections on back-up, uncovers the methodology of the grasp that is fleet of foot, turning on the “r”, but far from the “also-ran” of



gasp, [k]not at all of previous presence, being as if every new breath is fetching[ly] becoming other, traces of which endure.

Ah, rapt in spiriting away the “r”, figs of ‘surface relations’ turn to ‘us face relations’ and with one spell[ing]-binds us into figs of bodies-without-organs. Legless and breathless, though we may be in this organ-absencing state of being, still, rigidity rears up threatening to run rings round us, stitching us up in steadfastness. Operating mask of stringency strategically in back~spin place, aseptically I, my patient self, am [s]wiped clean of my higher order agency, which could prove so troublesome to purposes that are other to Intentional Systems. White coat, wearing the power of the body of knowledge held by the medical profession secured in its lapel, singlemindedly consents patient self. Finding vital signs swabbed into lying low in the stakeholder positionings within the consenting process, patient self unwittingly bows under such masked up and invisible pressure, inevitably relinquishing subjectivity denied the possibility of actively giving *informed* consent.

Write, rhetorical wrap in place, but in-vest[ement]s other to the fig leaf of cover up, becoming other moves in the shadow dance are “a[h]”-foot.

Yes, caught on the wrong foot momentarily, the symbol ‘h’ harrasses and haunts me, spasmodically. For the moment, I crave reader for-bearance with



Fig 1 - Slipping through

re-g[u]ard to the irksome 'h/H'. I-selves intend to hold it for questioning in a space yet to [be]come, so, in a re-presentation of the style of frequent French pronunciation of the English language, I will drop my "h/H's" at this point instant of time.

And yet, tapping into topological tangentials, dancing dexteriously, it is quite literally what I am attempting to illuminate through my thesis [ad]dress. The pre-cision turns on the de-cisions of readings of the text, which spin round and round of those "You's" in-formed from eyes of being existential matters of becoming, both and/or which swirl and sigh around slippage of language, as spellbinding t[r]ies on other [p]robings.

In point of fact, my *lines* of trceries, or perhaps even lies of trceries, are intended to illustrate by their very own illumination,

... a mise-en-scène of illustrations or semblances that circulate about a *point de perte*: a wondrous mystery that is closely allied with another mysterious experience ...

Rapaport. 1994: 152

Intriguingly, in a second, words seized show up their integral *malheur*. Unmasked their dark brooding anxious underside lurks, and yet in another instant all turns spellbindingly svelte. Shades of the cellular coverlet [see-page 105: Fig 1] unfold becoming something other. As part of the mysterious

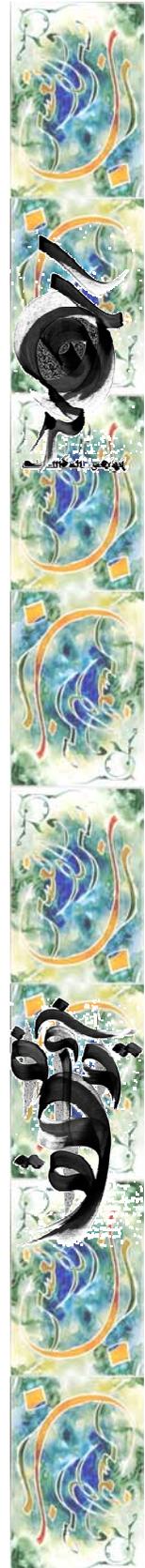


mystique embodied in articulation in the realm of the symbolic gains vibrancy, the vivacious vitality of the ephemeral shadow dance gathers apace.

Shapes hover, hauntingly. Shivering symbols [s|w]arm sinuously around, born of in significant in-scriptions. Fantasmal figurings out frill, fleetingly frothing forth footprints, trceries of spore that endure. Re-marks render rippings of the terrain. Signs breathe ex-change. Behold the blossoming garden of eden glorious in all its splendour.

[S]lips of figurings insinuate, lurking in loci, laying low in lacunae, each of which stealthily wears more than one apparel; sensuous slur[e]s of symbolic type-faces shadow dance evanescently in enigmatic exultation; *malheur* and *jouissance* mark time in folds of *plié* , [s]pacing, resonating fluid fluency. Secretively, the zest of surfaces tantalisingly touching upon [t]issues spark[le]s in this e-den of de-lights, shimmering under wraps, elusively.

Stepping out with signification, other tricky terms also require [ad]dressing. For instance, re-presentation ‘minds’ the gap between two or more discrete identities, referring back to those Foucauldian social spaces. It features a notion of reference and denomination whilst delineating margins outlining what is determined as proper to them. Identity reveals itself mostly through negative delineations, produced within the diacritical play of language. The provocative low-neckline to my [ad]dress bears both what it is and what it is



not: that being, that bare issue, is significantly seized yet sinuously rendered becomingly svelte and sylph-like. No longer hot around the collar, in fetching *décolleté* style, the gaze plunges into this newly born space, replete with reflections glancing off looking glass surfaces, pirouetting the piquant bespoken word embraced in and of shadow dancing.

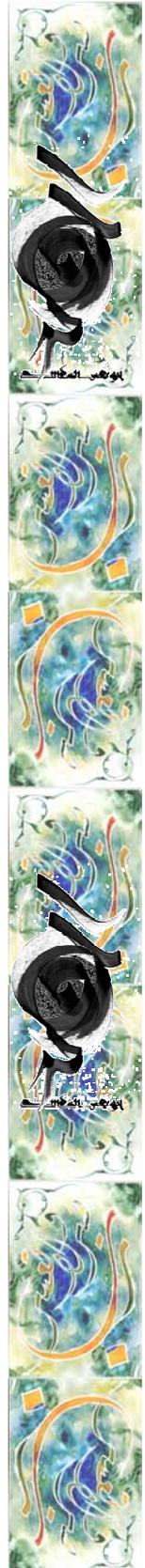
But wait, troubled a little by

... the infection of metaphor that works through the *body of language*, contaminating everything with its perverse associations, [yet] can have no intercourse with the *language of the body*.

Kirby. 1997: 92

Draped à la Descartes, I am my mind, but[t], I have a body. Singularity prevails and that dividing but-line, no matter how thin and membranous, tells: rapport becomes problematic. What thick-[s]kinned, wrong-footed t[r]ack is this? Mind and body are a-kin, in and of one [s]kin. The creed being mind [p]leads body and body needs mind. I abhor[t] such a marked boundary between being and having, this delineation that reduces the body to passive matter. No, hand in hand with Kirby, I celebrate to the heartbeat of

If we think temporality as textuality in the Derridean sense, we are reminded that the grammatological textile does not wait in



anticipation of time's coming (a coming into presence) through the promise of the punctum, a lineal unfolding through an evolutionary march of different, separate, self-present moments. Time is not so much a thing - divisible into moments, that is, moments *in* time. Rather we might think of a moment *of* time, a moment *as* the body of time, the marking of an anterior future, what will have been in the already not yet of the present. Opening itself to the *différential* pulse of otherness within itself, the fold of temporality differentiates itself by touching itself.

Kirby. 1997: 94

Body and mind in touch, [s]kin in-tact, the shadow dance unfolds across the paginated text.

Netted in that slipstream of desire becoming something unbecoming in that control of "You", a figure borne of absenced me-selves, is creeping in, I shake out these bugs, which have got in my hair, and resolutely re~cover my step. Refreshed and invigorated, even though a little chastened and crestfallen, I find me-selves possess eyes sharp enough to discern the s[k]in of overrule; those shades that spell incognito are not blurring my foresight, it would seam. Still in paradise, the shadow dancing hots up.

But that near-downfall, that absencing almost being foregrounded, that background, in all likelihood, becoming quasi-pre~sence, strengthens. No



place for pulling rank of back~up to the pathology lab slab for us, those “I’s” and “You’s”, because that near-miss of banishment from the garden of delights, empowers and enlightens.

Suspending doubt - mine and yours, for this particular point instant in time, hanging on to my wonder-bracket asides, although this time, [m]using on them to position the other in suspended animation rather than deconstruct me, sequinned me-selves are infused with the enchantment of the spirited “r” hell bent on the pursuit of luring “You’s” into becoming “I’s”. My desire is that “You’s”, borne of absenced “I’s”, be in pursuit of the spellbinding bracelets of my telling spaces, slipped onto the arms of my thesis body, transfigure my *haute couture* wrap. Set in impish deconstruction, the [ch]arm-bands transform it without [f]altering into sheer slips, shape it with[out] [spl]uttering into svelte, gossamer shifts, stealthily stretching to elude and beguile, begetting becoming.

[Ad]dressed in finery, the corps of Fig 1 spark[l]es alluringly. But [w]rite-now my un-ease surfaces in the form of if I take a long time to render Figs 2 and 3 in some similar state will the [s]kin blood-lines congeal thus stifling and killing Fig 1, as I keep teasing out its surface? What will be the accumulative affect of my sentences and will they seep sinuously into deeper [t]issues that, at first, might provoke and enliven rendering a sentient PhD body? In the face of constant repetition, however re-configured, will they strangle and suffocate the critical purchase of any discourse of mine,



paralyzing its limbs and ultimately ending its vibrant existence?  
[Ad]dressing in Figs 1, 2 and 3, can seized “T’s” re-main svelte and adroitly  
accomplished, shadow dancing? Sequined me-selves shimmer, shivers of  
provocative scepticism in-sinuate unceasingly, tingling my spine. She[er],  
promiscuously flirting in significant slips of ephemeral “if only” meanings  
in-vei[g]led between the lines of typography.

Whatever shifts I [ad]dress in, I desire my reader to slip on a little fragment  
of me-selves, to slip on a little sequined “T”, that is me, such that it can  
become transfigured into becoming “You’s”; ‘if only’.

Slip under the ‘Covers’ .....

