

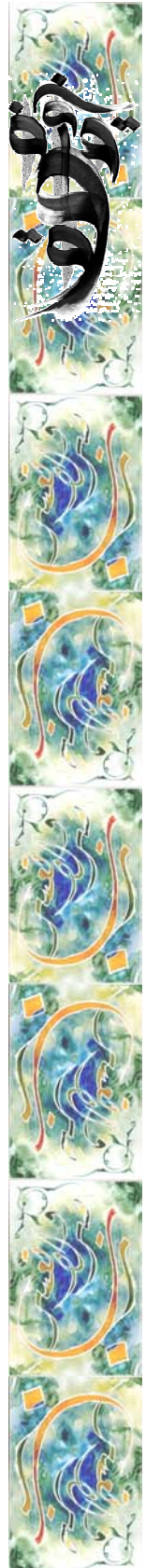
Slipping out of Endings

Yet the heart of this thesis body beats to the tattoo of a slippage of meaning in language, of muffled notes, promising mystery which is to be celebrated, not mourned. The expectant researcher-I desires to realise both intentions, engendering the po[i]se of insinuating[ly] being in two places at once, of seizing the substance of the locus which is not one, but still *informed* of svelte slips. Intimation of those telling-spaces bespeaks of becoming. Notes sound of ephemeral and eluding shifts shimmering of potential promising, as-[res]piring to the notion of ethereal social space[s], being[s] flimsy yet significant, lace-linked by trceries of telling-spaces, glimmer and shiver tantalisingly.

At play amidst concepts teeming with shimmering social spaces, intriguing imag[in]ings of horizons, embodying pregnant pauses, surface and stretch. Integral to these teeming social spaces, the telling spaces punctuate the utterances, [that are relations], expectantly, promising glimmering marks. Marks which become spellbound and becoming[ly] shadow dance over the paginated fabric of my thesis body, masquerading as my researcher self construct, slips composite of sequined “I’s”, that are also stealthily “You’s”.



Did I choreograph the shadow dance of this body of text, of knowledge aimed at transforming my academic self? My subjectivity is bounded with uncertainty. Will the masters shadow-dance with me-selves or choose to be stand-offish? Will they slip on a little sequinned ‘T’, that is an imag[in]ing, ‘if only’ I have sewn it alluringly, as well as strategically, of course?



Slip under the ‘Covers’