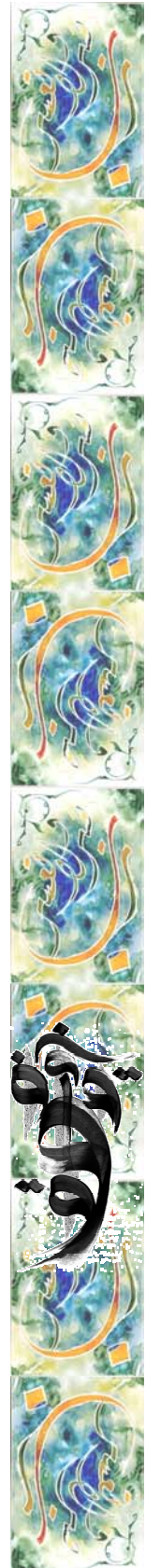


Slipping into Beginnings.

In the before-beginning I decided to undertake research into the act of what it is to write a PhD thesis. What would a thesis a-round an ‘experiment’ on writing such look like, I asked myself. Actually the nature of the word ‘experiment’ presses uncomfortably into my mind, its value-laden luggage packed with pre-scribed meaning so forcefully up-front in my face. Trial and error, hypothesis testing, and the question of objectivity, to mention just three fixatives on a possible check-list, leave lasting im-pressions. Where to turn? A couple of French words appeal. Born of another language lightens the baggage load for starters. Strangers to the eye prompt quiet inward reflective thinking about surface similarities and translation [t]issues as relationships come to matter. *Essai* is the first word-concept I thought of. Taken in general conversation to mean ‘trying out’, ‘attempt’ and ‘testing’ and in literary circles to mean ‘essay’ it begins to shape up but is a little lacking in promise for my taste. *Épreuve* perhaps is more fitting. Whilst, admittedly it has con-notations of *essai*, it veers off in what is for me other interesting directions. When accessorized by ‘*de resistance*’ it means ‘strength’, or if accompanied by ‘*au choc*’ it means ‘impact’. Intriguingly, not least because of the way this PhD corps-thesis [ad]dress unfolds, *épreuve* within the context of typography assumes a meaning of ‘proofs’ and within the context of photography it signals ‘print’ and ‘rushes’. In the



spirit of in-between~ness an elsewhere born of both-or-[h]and *essai-épreuve* gets my vote.

The writing itself was to focus on the slippage of meaning in language and the implications those slips have for the constructs of self. To this end, I-as-author somehow have to write the in-scription that forms and invokes the ground-breaking expressive material to be researched. Exactly how does one go about writing a piece of work that will embody the slippage of meanings that I crave without it faltering into something entirely nonsensical? Reflecting surfaces are clearly crucial; mirroring makes its imprint. Leaving that question aside to gestate, another strand of the *essai-épreuve* immediately makes its presence felt. I-as-researcher expect to turn to the fashioned body of work, viewing it this way and that way, seeing it from this angle and that angle, critiquing it rigorously. Precisely how does one go about writing a critique that will add a further zest of life to a written embodiment without falling flat on one's face? Meanwhile, me-selves set about designing my own methodology born of what, calling upon the Name of the Father, I term 'Jill-speak'. Ah yes, shadow dancing sequined me-selves have it about [w]rite to begin.

Writing in and of a locus which is not one, and, which indeed, can never be one, without losing the thread of the fiction both-or-[h]and argument and evidence-in-critique are two integral parts of the experiment process itself. Curtailing the breadth and depth of the [t]issues requires treading a fine line



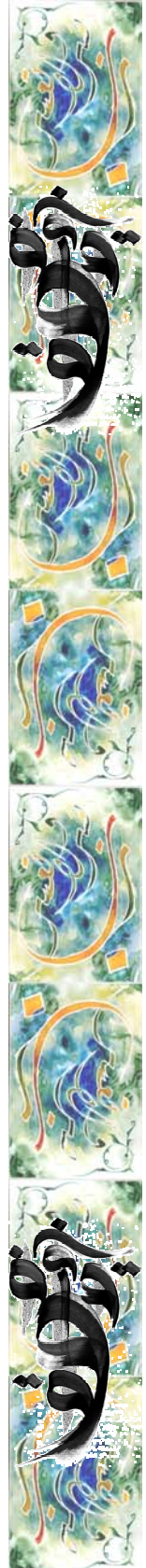
in maintaining a delicate balance between limiting the scope of the material to be critiqued so that it can be managed within the confines of this postgraduate award and assiduously fashioning a body of creative re-marks to frill and froth forth over the page and yet that are a wash lacking sufficient coherence in the deliberate absence of confinement to a rigid formula. However, drawing on traces of imag[in]ings is to have a fluent fluidity whether it pertains to the matter of purport to PhD corps and/or the material weave of thesis [ad]dress.

And in my eyes this framework for fabric-a[c]tion follows closely along the lines of ‘drawing out’ and thus ‘education’ steps out to frill and froth forth re-marking on this academic catwalk. Education is the drawing out of experiences and sensitivities where-in the

... possible emerges within the grasp of the imagination, to be consciously or unconsciously varied, played with.

Schostak. 1989: 211

My self and your self, in oh so many guises, gazes back at me from the manifold looking glasses that will surround me and you: self regards reflected tropes, re-configured left now right, and right now left. Some of these guises are no surprise, others have arrived by stealth almost and I am taken aback to gaze at their reflection: ‘Is this me?’ ‘Is this you?’ That is not necessarily to say, I have formerly regarded myself and yourselves with



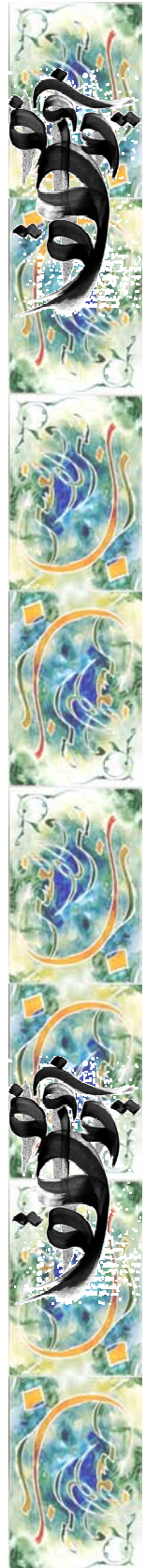
only a casual eye, nor have I ignored substance beneath membranes, only to be content with the veneer. Not surprisingly, of course, an enquiry into methodology will unmask truth effects as self digs deeper under the skin, unveiling [t]issues beneath.

Delving deeper inside, the heart strings of this methodological enquiry come under tension. Just what is the nature of evidence pulls in one way.

What is meant by evidence is simply any kind of material or experience used, not simply for its own sake, but in relevance to an issue. The word implies a way of using information and not the status of that information. Anything becomes evidence when it is used effectively to explore a problem.

Stenhouse. 1971: 157

Still tailing evidence, I-selves desire to speak about the space from which to [s]talk and [w]rite. And so it begins. Invoked e-merging enigma entrances. My "I's" yearn to speak of this space as a site to [s]talk and write against. In-sinuating in-veigling softly spell-binds shimmering sheer mystique. Me-selves have set my heart on interrogating the act of what it is to [w]rite. Ephemeral the telling space takes elusive form. Lost in beginnings the shadow dance starts to take shape. Hand in hand with Ricoeur I concur in stepping out into being

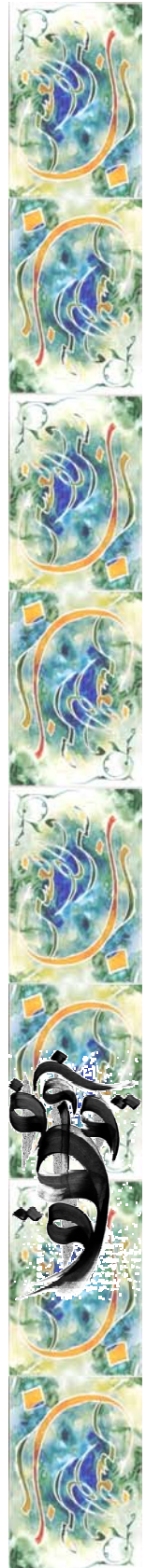


... not confined, however, to circles of *interpretation*. By projecting new worlds it also provides us with projects of action. In fact the traditional opposition between *theoria* and *praxis* dissolves to the extent that imagination has a projective function which pertains to the very dynamism of action. The metaphors, symbols or narratives produced by imagination all provide us with imaginative variations of the world, thereby offering us the freedom to conceive of the world in other ways and to undertake forms of action which might lead to its transformation.

Kearney. 1998: 149

Embracing a notion of education that “challenges the limits on thoughts and feelings’ and ‘locates an empowering theory of knowledge in the re-perception of reality” (Schostak. 1988:19), me-selves shadow dance on.

Three heart-felt wishes thrown into the well of academia strikingly coalesce with a few purposeful strokes of the keys into a location where-in I am questioning and interrogating the status and functioning of relationality, and there-in what I understand by textuality. Within the PhD body I enquire into the physiology, anatomy and histology of it through the telling space, exquisitely [ad]dressed according to my own exclusive de-Sign. Ah yes, “You’s” have it, within these covers, a PhD body of work is conceived to slip into a thesis [ad]dress fashioned to a specific purpose by my motor neurones of intention. And immediately I fall foul of linear re-marks on a



page because the elsewhere that follows instantly after automatically is fixed up as secondary despite my protestations and appeals to you the reader[s]. Which is to say, far from secondarily, and not at all repeating myself, ‘r’ [see-page 44 Beginnings], yes, you-selves have it, within these covers, my exquisitely de-Signed thesis [ad]dress adorns and slips over the PhD body. Spark[l]ing, the triggered impulse births a body that is corps, but[t] that is also [ad]dress rapt in the spirit of both-or-[h]and an [ad]dress intimate in relation to a body. ‘Be-speaking-body’ says volumes. [K]not-one-nor-the-other slippage of meaning in-between-ness holds sway in this ‘research’ that is ‘writing’ as ‘thesis’.

The evidence unfolds before your very “I’s”.

PhD corpus and thesis [ad]dress fit suited into two social spaces, or so it would seem. And, yet they do [k]not, by virtue of citing the locus which is not one, tied one to the other, but ephemerally elusive, a~drift, shimmering shadow[s] dancing.

A fantasm of two different bodies, infolding outer form and inner being, that do and do not coincide, ephemerally elusive André Green’s *entre deux corps* hovers a-shimmer, stippled as shadows dance. The fantasm is not the scene itself, not the images - perhaps is the appropriate word here, but a merging, a signifier that traces



... the circuit of the two constructions and, as such, sutures them to the point that we cannot extrapolate one figure from the other even as we cannot think them entirely within the same construction.

Rapaport. 1994: 79

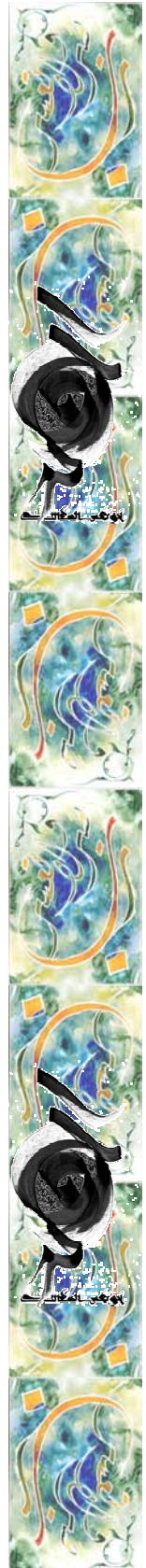
Rapaport clothes the signifier in garb that menaces taken-for-granted construction.

But what is this signifier? Green gives several examples: suture, concatenation, metonymy, and linearity. Although the subject may rely on such signifiers (or figures) for support, these signifiers also introduce nonsense and breakdowns in meaning, what we might call a discourse of the lapse.

Rapaport. 1994: 79

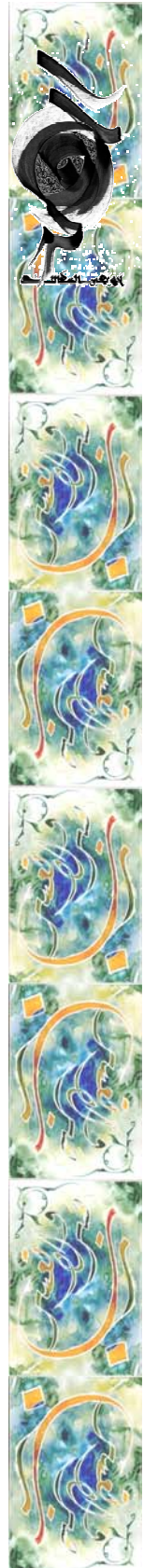
Searching for that unreachable and untouchable I is exactly where we are, poised in the lap of saying the unsayable, so that the possible 'lapses' in congruency and coherence are born of a deliberated methodology of my own making. Slipping out from under, re-siding now in an elsewhere our impotency perturbs no longer, positive in its imag[in]ings.

Momentarily assigning to both-PhD-or-[h]and-thesis the function of embodiment, far-removed from the death mask of embalming, reveals ruffles of vibrant relational textualities, radiantly real-ised through my own



particular thrilling work-out and frilling exclusive de-Sign. Professionally applied, sparing my blushes, the make-up subtly bespeaks in quiet tongue-in-cheek undertones, of that *essai-épreuve* whose surfaces and [t]issues comprise,

- ❖ The revealing body that constitutes data,
 - be it interrogation of personal narrative, or of particular texts read;
- ❖ The ravishing body of methodology comprising
 - manipulated and provisionally possessed as to in-sinuate supporting structures, nevertheless man-handled sensitively I-selves would maintain),
 - a body of argument, (in a sense, here “I’s” sew sequins of *appliqué*, threaded through with sparkling and trembling intertextuality, in rewriting the weave of the texts of “You’s” that I have read such that they become other in coming to have meaning for me),
 - a body of rhetorical discourse vibrant with spins on running metaphors, vivacious with fabric-ated imagery and fleshed-out imag[in]ings, and whose vital statistics bear witness to stretch marks of word-plays and illuminated words through brush-strokes of telling spaces.
- ❖ A radiant body of stylish presentation in the form of:
 - collage which interrogates coherence and cohesion, where-in absencing and presencing vie playfully with foregrounding and



backgrounding; insofar as the confines of linear marks on a page permit.

- calligraphy unfolding throughout as leitmotif [m]uttering of sheer slips in filigree reticulation that is born of language re-marking
- ❖ A resplendent body of razzle-dazzle analysis interwoven in methodology's bodily embrace, shadow dancing, intent on becoming something other.

Surfaces and [t]issues at play shadow dance, stepping out to fluent fluidity and flux on the dance-floor that is rhetorical field. Softly the pulse beats on.

Invigorating, language 'makes matter' as what matters is the contextual relations, both with regard to the communication perspective and to the differences from other signs, the referent embodies its own becoming.

Identity is, therefore, always divided from itself, constituted from a difference within (in between) itself; a difference that at the same time determines its difference from another, supposedly outside itself. There is a perverse connection here, diacritically inflected, and caught in an involution in which identity and difference inevitably cleave to each other.

Kirby. 1997: 30

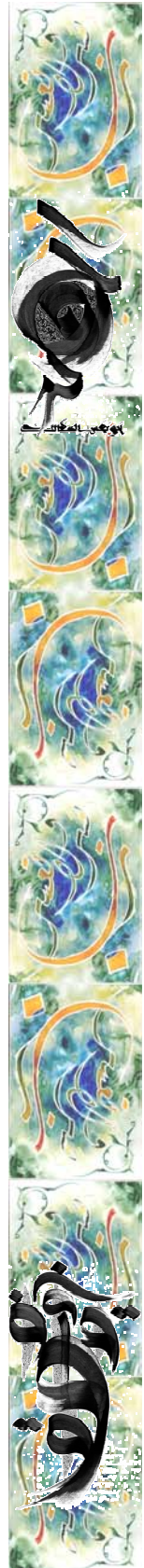


Back-up preens coquettishly in the reflective screens mirroring the locus which is not one. Fleet of foot in the pre-vailing trend, thesis exclusive designer [ad]dress struts academic catwalk confidently. Echoing refrains speak of the arbitrary habit which invokes constitution: the two are inseparable, of necessity. One borne by the Other, yet Other, born of the One. Back-up before the mirror a quick cleavage check reveals comforting coherence to the cover-up, that cling of fabric ensuring decorum, but a~[b]reast of being divided and s[p]lit. Don't look now, but can this body that is thesis figure, be wearing the Wonderbra? Can this be the foundational corsetry of support to flatter so becomingly PhD corps contours? Moulded and uplifted, courtesy of the bra, its [s]traps fetchingly adjusted and aligned, becomes, bar[ing]

If there is no unalienated origin before signifying production, no definite beginning that grounds the system, then it follows logically that there can be no limiting membrane that ends or encloses the system's identity, as language either.

Kirby. 1997: 30-1

Svelte of sylph silhouette, but railing at corsetry's connivance, enveloped, appare[nt]ly, in that tortuous maze; is PhD corps already stitched up? Not so, it would seem, since being nevertheless, *au courant*, wrapped, enhanced, à la Barthes, in lingerie of *jouissance*, blissfully wearing [thin]-sheer way out apparel absolutely *au fait* to fashion the mutability of language and its



socio-historical articulation. Liberated from boobs, by virtue of clasping my exclusively designed corsetry, those wonder-bracketed asides shape up significantly to so amply boost the pre-configuration of recuperation from restrictive [re]fastenings. Textual body runs free, delighting in the certainty of not being strapped. Delicious deferral delights.

Talking up coincidences, gaze into the poised in-between-ness of the literal and the metaphorical, re-g[u]ard the inter-sti[t]c[h]es of sense and non-sense, as tactile eyes up the interfacing of visual text[iles] shaped into the written word and other visual text[ual] bodies shaped by the non-written word [s]peaks of fluent figures ephemerally shadow dancing.

The tales take several forms, but each one embodies the concept of relational textualities of being in one social space and not another:

A corpus is fashioned and embodied from layering social spaces and relations,

The [ad]dress material, of mystique, is becoming[ly] in-formed on the bias,
An ethereal substance stretches in-sinuating into slips, fluent in spelling telling-spaces,

A matter of lacy filigree is fabric-a[c]ted at the fringes of deconstruction,

A being emerges crafted in a becoming [p]robe of stealth mode

To be sewn with accessories in an *appliqué* of shimmering sequins -



- ❖ imported data from sources other to self;
- ❖ data from source of self:
 - experiential episodes;
 - reflective episodes:
 - interfacing between -
 - thinking and reading episodes
 - thinking and writing episodes
- ❖ social space which is not one:
 - body and dress
 - designer work creating both body and dress
 - simultaneous sceptical deconstruction
 - all [textual]bodies as subjects to be theorised.

Turning away, once again, from these, my sketches, lying on the drawing board, I face head-on the full body work-out: as-[res]piring to the notion of ethereal social space[s], being[s] flimsy yet significant, lace-linked by tracteries of telling-spaces, glimmer and shiver tantalisingly.

How is one possibly other, when it appears it is not, yet can be so becoming?

The search for identity through the many circuits of mimesis and alterity ends at this point in our history with the conclusion that,



finally, although there is no such thing as identity in any grand sense - just chimeras of possible longings lounging in the interstices of quaint necessities - nevertheless the masks of appearance do more than suffice. They are an absolute necessity.

Taussig. 1993: 254

Exactly so; reflections of languishing in delicate lacy lingerie swirl, sensually, pre-sencing around the legs of my textual body, in all its longings, whatever curious demands are inscribed upon it. And what plurality is there! Whether being [ad]dressed in staid institutionalized academic assemblage or [w]rapping in slips of sequined me-selves to the rhythmic beat as rapt nomad, how shaping up shifts and ripples. Rucks in the fabrication of the Real appear. Infoldings double-cross the eye. Scission cuts up the biased eye of the material witness and yet engaged in a *sortie* edges out swirling becomingly. Ruffles thrill of stretching beyond. Image is magic, or rather would be if only 'e' gradually unfurls to 'c', stretching out its el-bow beyond, loosening the [k]not, loosing its bar, [see-page 73: Fig 1] in

... access to understanding the unbearable truths of make-believe as foundation of an all-too-seriously serious reality, manipulated but also manipulatable. Mimetic excess is a somersaulting back to sacred actions implicated in the puzzle that empowered mimesis any time, any place - namely the power to both double yet double endlessly, to



become any Other and engage the image with the reality thus imagized.

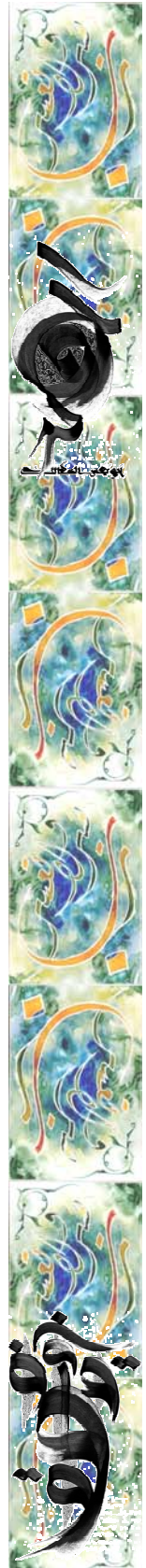
Taussig. 1993: 255

Now, had that been my sentence, I would seize and turn 'unbearable' outer form into mischievous sprite of svelte inner being not lying bare. Rapt in regard *vis-à-vis* the tactile eye, I seek out a form of pre-linguistic meaning, searching for a notion of

... a continuum of human experience from the perceptual to the linguistic which is bounded by the impossibility of purity at either end: no purely linguistic experience (because there must be a perceived token or sign as vehicle of meaning); no purely perceptual experience (because everything we experience appears within a world horizon infused with symbolism). Within that continuum, however, there are relative differences of differing magnitudes, and those differences account for the origin of change in the ways we see things and talk or write about them.

Dillon. 1997: 13

I have constructed my reading as a masquerade to engender and celebrate slippages of meaning and the plurality of readings. [K]not for me the *malheur* face of 'purity' trapping me within its binary of there is contamination and there is a lack of contamination [ad]dressed in religious habits. Witness Intentional Systems acting up by placing square pegs in



round holes failing to acknowledge fall-out from the normal distribution curve [see-page 166: Fig 1]. In its place, the purity of a passion of desire celebrates in-between-ness, casting a-side bothersome binaries, located in a conviction of the *jouissance* of playing at the margins of slippage of meanings.

A-lighting on initial glimpses of shimmering PhD body and thesis [ad]dress a-side, the time has come to delve just a little deeper.

❖ ***Revealing data body.***

Personal narrative.

My lived experiences are so subjective in the medical consultation that they are of no [ac]count. Just how does body image become flesh? Translation [t]issues surface to tease and tantalise. How is the notion of affectivity interpreted into experiencing the lived-body? No doubting but bodies are objects.

No doubting but bodies are objects. Indeed, my patient self was such an object for the purposes of a clinical test devised to objectively pin-point results in the form of calibrated measurements constituting the evidence for establishing the occurrence of saphenous nerve damage. Through wires attached to my legs and scalp, by virtue of graphic print-outs of electrical



measurements, neurological traces bore witness to my body as object held to [ac]count.

No doubting even that my body is animated, as I moved on the hospital bed to accommodate biologically physical bodily self, that body with organs, into a position such that the wire length could extend the distance from my skin surface to the machine itself.

Bodily self is becoming my self, knowing of my pain, becoming subject more than object, in fact, [h]arking back to ‘doctoring it’, the pain I felt at the surgeon's touch eleven weeks post-surgery was excruciating, he, as other, felt only contact with my skin, barred from my experience of the pain. Bodily self is in-here[ntly] becoming my self, knowing of my pain, becoming subject more than object, in fact, for me-selves anyway, attempting to be politely quiet in accepting the agonising pain, whilst actually wishing to resort to antisocial ear-splitting screaming.

For the surgeon I, this patient self, is me~re object to be palpated, investigated and accounted for, audited quietly and cleanly away. Husserl, in fantasm form, peeps round the curtain, that sign of institutionalized Name of the Father token privacy, encircling the bed, and, quietly and confidently whispers of



... his celebrated distinction between *Körper* and *Leib*, between physical body and lived-body, between the body under an objectifying scientific description and the body under an experiential description.

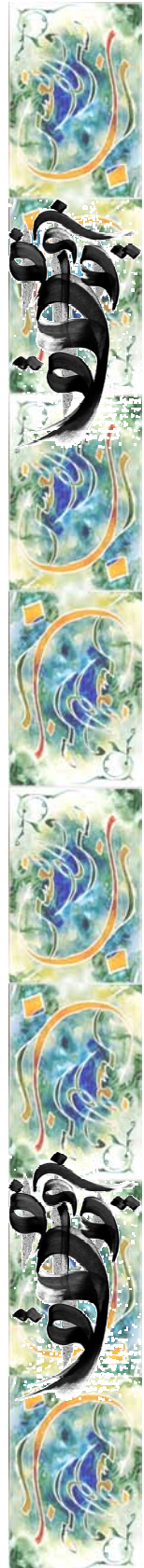
Welton. 1998: 184

This holds whether for speaking or writing activities. Shotter parades the vestement of

... human communication [which –my addition] cannot be seen simply as a matter of information transfer from one location to another, it must be seen as ontologically *formative*, as a process by which people can, in communication with one another, literally in-form one another's being, that is, help to make each other persons of this or that kind.

Shotter. 1989: 145

But those were not the [re]-marks of the consenting process in my particular medical experience, as, indeed, I argue from the utter[st]ance interwoven of foregrounding Daniel Dennett's positionings on personhood [see-page 98: Fig 1]. The fluency was absent from this process which I maintain is merely an Intentional System; indeed, I would go further, and say the process, unintentionally or not, specifically conned me out of personhood.



Texts read.

For the purposes of beginning I select out two texts having momentarily in this space [w]rite-now cast aside including details of other articles in The Saturday Times Magazine Supplement, The Sunday Times Supplement, The Observer Magazine and The Guardian Supplement. Rules of engagement and lengths of [ad]dress impose [w]rite-here.

Analytical and critical stances shout be-ware, as

Aware of the violence of our gesture, of the *coup de dé*, the dice throw of our *decision*, we *decided* to “begin” ...

Conley. 1984: 9-10

Rapt in my *cadre du désir*, that impish sprite peeps out of spirited mien, on the quest of questioning my very de-meanour.

1) Primitive Streak:

Consorting *à la dernier cri*, in parts of this thesis body, not actually present in time, of this instant write-nowness, and space, of right-here-ness, place and time be-devil me. Indeed, my appendix requires more than a cursory examination to put “You’s” into the picture [see-page Appendix]. Me-selves wrap in textualities of endless stretching reference, re-marks of likeness and metaphor, for instance, fabric-ated in layerings of habitual intimations, slipping into that svelte span that spells generative origin and fiction. I-



selves revel in naming, 'ah' yes, revealing, fiction emerges as origin, that 'Primitive Streak' becoming the birth of the methodological anatomy and physiology that breathes life into my PhD corps - one slap with a dash and the newly born being dissertation utters its first cry. But the verb tenses tease, as gestation is not yet come to term, the birthing is still ongoing, for the time being that is. So the first cry is beyond being here, as future tense both wrong-figures my grammatical positioning of bodily texture but insistently in-sinuates on being pre-sensed. Tension twists at the en-trails of thesis corps.

Meanwhile, far from being brow-beaten, this be-spoken particular outcry, constituted by further enfoldings of the surfaces and [t]issues integral to this academically textual body, comes into being from origin through this byte of fiction. Eschewing jawing on in boring monotony, sequinned me-selves turn to colourful dance steps of 'fictiveness', forbearing to go slipshod.

2) Foucault:

in forming:

As a writer, my reading of seminal texts have *informed* my rhetorical style and my thinking structures. As writer, I model these text[ile] de-signs with personal panache, born of rewriting constructs previously read, as well as adding that allegorical dash embedded in figurative flair - well, that at least, is my intention here. For instance, expressing myself in figurative flair; my thesis [ad]dress revels in a realised wrap, its material of silky feel through



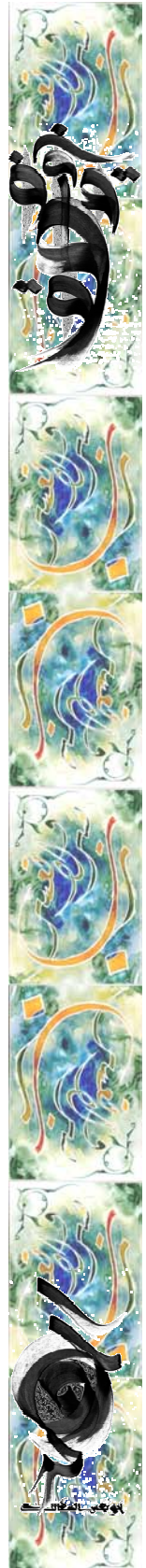
the auspices of that touching eye. And no, I-selves have not forgotten “You’s” the reader, able as “You’s” are to avail yourselves of similar delineated activities, wrapping yourselves in and out of purportive [ad]dress.

Mirrorings of the wisps of ‘mind the gap, body’ back up turning on spellbinding relations between affectivity and personhood. Veiled shades of seeing into the future smile absently, calling up personhood sinuously slipping from being any sheer substance, at once grasp-able, but only for an instant’s gasp, so although not quite seized, nevertheless, shimmeringly svelte, ephemerally endur-able as instants count towards constants, which come to matter.

The genius of the phenomenological notion of the lived-body is that it generates the notion of the body from the *experiencing* body. Its morphology arises not just because the infant becomes acquainted with the “image” of its body (seeing/seen/seeing) but, even more basic, with its felt surfaces (touching/touched/touching).

Welton. 1998: 184

Hooked up in the *malheur* of the cliché [p]robing ‘touched’ for the moment, I do not mean to say I have multiple personalities. Is there an authentic self amidst this plethora of divided selves, “You’s” might wonder?

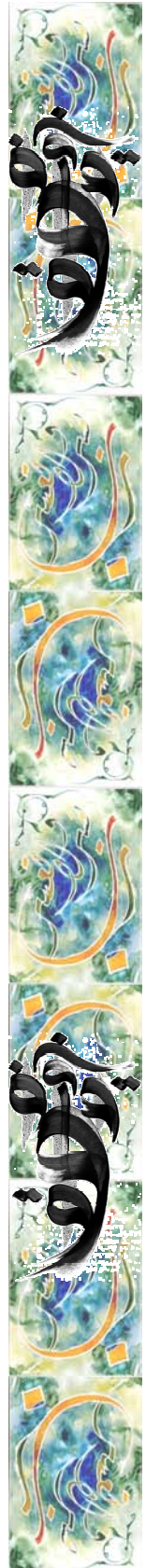


I think not. So, I am not searching for base-line selves, exuding continuity and coherence; though, of course, Others may well be, as is their prerogative. I want to walk the taut dividing line that resists change in form, moving from seeing the shape of self as a singular being, central to the linear, directional storying, persisting over time, to the ‘fitter’ shape of self-identity that is not a ‘stable entity’ but can be fashioned as

... [not] something that people *have* - but as something that they *use*, to justify, explain and make sense of themselves in relation to other people, and to the contexts in which they operate. In other words, identity is a form of argument. As such, it is both practical and theoretical. It is also inescapably moral: identity claims are inevitably bound up with justifications of conduct and belief.

MacLure. 1993: 312

‘Use’ clamours for attention. Notions of wearing Searlean blusher [see-page 129: Fig 1] in a shade named ‘Adopt me’ are put on. No, rather that, at any point instant in time, one or various face[t]s of my self are being expressed, being drawn into the foreground, others receding into the background: I am constituting me as a Gestalt for the moment in an attempt to give some sort of meaning to who I am and hopefully enable some understanding in my Other, my reader.



Whether this confidence of mine is a feeling echoed in you, my reader[s], is another matter, of quite a different substance. I desire this mirroring echo to be in-scribed onto the surface of the bodies-without-organs of “You” and therefore I fashion imag[in]ings to feature power plays to parade these trans-figurings in the desire to persuade “You”. But this “I”, being po[i]sed in that locus which is not one, also willingly embraces meaning-transmutations, born of the shimmeringly, shivering slips of language reflected ephemerally from the looking-glass. Of necessity, shadow dancing in-corporates some steps of letting go.

Which is not to say depth has escaped me ... blotting me out.

❖ ***Ravishing methodological body.***

A[s]sign.

In-vei[g]ling the sign for introduction, by possessing ‘In the beginning’, is an expression which pre-supposes some written text pertaining to the pattern of thesis [ad]dress design. It signals what is going to be contained within. It talks from the heart of a PhD body pro-mised in relief? Rapt in the elsewhere-in Cixous’ style, everything is language, and eyes slipping between the sheets of *The Newly Born Woman*, she and Clement speak of

... living structures that are caught and sometimes rigidly set within
historico-cultural limits so mixed up with the scene of History that for



a long time it has been impossible (and it is still very difficult) to think or even imagine an ‘elsewhere’ ...

Cixous & Clement. 1986: 83

Yes, that in-*corp*[orate]*s* the heart of my problem. Expectation rushes into those read-some “You’s” picking up this body of text. Typically a PhD corps follows a generalisable structure and is recognisable from that form. But this corps is somewhat different. Surely a po[i]se of knowing incomprehensibility does not threaten my heavily invested identity here, already? Brushing on the blush of the poetic, draws out the contours of imag[in]ings, emphasises the cheeks of the non-rational and ex-tends the sensual textualities of ontological being, imperceptibly, of course, not born of the secretive but simply elusively non-educible. A notion of abstract[ed] speaks volumes.

The visceral ‘innards’ within the body cavity of this PhD corps, whether in the form of guts or backbone is of little matter since its inner functioning is what counts towards substance. The enigmatic space begins to take form. Yet that is not all. Born of mystique differences come to the surface to count. Seamingly now trapped in a space of oppositional boundaries spouting it is ‘this’ but ‘[k]not-this’, hell-bent on a-voiding such “if only” I can, my motor neurones of intention trigger the telling space of thesis [ad]dress, presencing it [w]rite-now but yet elusively both-or-[h]and



elsewhere “simultaneously active” [see-page 390: Fig 3] as the shadow dance continues a-pace.

Continuously, the heart beats to a pulse that is

... very intense, going to extremes all the time, always challenging established criteria, always questioning metaphysical and psychological limits[?]

Ives. 1996: 46

Steady and strong, in essence, I do not want the signs in and of my textual bodies to stand still. And rapt in thrilling [ad]dress my re-marks frill and froth forth embodying fluent fluidity after all.

Body of evidence.

The picture, then, dons fancy disguise, pertaining to the spectacle of that little black number transcendence over boundaries of mundane social spaces - moving the markers, but concealing its humdrum garb of merely dividing up the visible within an already given conceptual configuration, as that little black dress [see-page 147: Fig 1] emerges from the wardrobe once more. In other words, there is pre-textual contortion within this conceptual space. But the pre-text already figures in the signifying chain of events initiated by



[t]issue analysis, embodying through its structure, as it does, a rule of localization.

Localization nails a starting spacio-temporal point, points the polished finger of intentionality, choreographs the work-out for the bodies of texts. I stand accused. Slipping into my metaphorical garb, the I~saw mask becomes the eyesore mask. Those sharp eyes become [b]lurred as the fluidity of meanings no longer soar, but are overshadowed by the ensnarement of circular conformity.

This masking of distance and uncertainty re-surfaces to tease this thesis textual body, at present sorely tried, being entrammelled in written hard copy delineations. Craving collage, yet confined by corsets of linear marks on pages, the thesis slips into sheer shift, to foil snagged configurations seen out of the corner of my sharp eye. Shades of wrong-figuring lurk under wraps, the PhD body stealthily shakes itself free to becomingly dance along the academic catwalk figured out in [ad]dressin[g] by unveiling faces of knowledge.

Letting slip of anxiety, gaze requires glance here. As I read the acquired corpus of text written by Rapaport, for instance, processes of intertextuality occur in an other locality, a locality of inquiring, in the rift between my perception and consciousness. The body of evidence reels from a brush with interrogating its status. The inked symbols on the page reconfigure to



words and punctuation, and come to have meaning for my self: thus the inked page delineates a locus that outlines a rupture between eye and mind. A more telling glance reveals a cut - castration, loss, emptiness - concerning the fantasm. Staring fixedly at the page, hooked by the fascination of an active reading, I seek out the function that I imagine Rapaport's original fantasy re-posed in his creation, intent on rewriting it in the becomingly fetching wrap-around ribbon-helices [k]notted in and of my *cadre du désir*. Meanwhile, the Other, in this particular point instant of time, he that is Rapaport, looks back at me, unblinking, as I sigh, losing sigh[t] of "t", temptingly transfigured into "e", en[t]rapping me in the s[e]aring 'field of the Other', veiled in the hidden slips of symbols on the page.

The absurd irony is that presence of being figures through becoming other, but that becoming being blanches into absence of beginning being. The absolutely mind-blinding conundrum of an emerging b[e]aring issue, which is everlastingly destined to deferral, through tissues and traces which endure yet dissolve, entwines forever in the play of shadow dancing. Ruffled by nerves, poised, on tip-toe, paused on tantalising tenter-hooks, I warily cloak my various apparently hemmed-in bodies closer around me, stealthily figuring out that bolts of material innervation are born of fluid fastenings. Recuperation feels so good, sequinned me-selves gather in rapt enfoldings. Always I will have been becomingly [ad]dressed, [see-page 65: Fig 1] it would seem.



Body of argument.

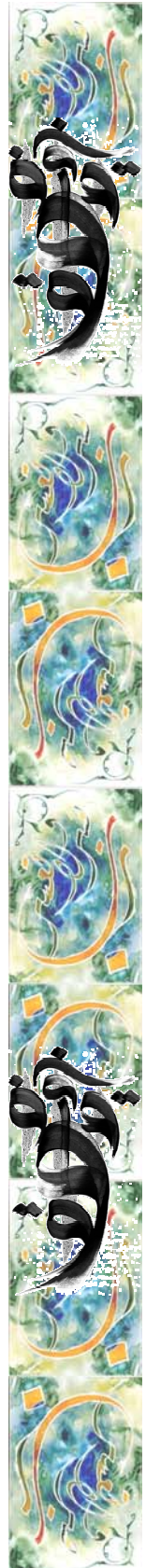
But, regard the signs, what cloaking devices come into play? Those marks on paper, whether in texts I have read, or embraced in the shadow dancing on the pages of this textual body, stretch sated. Enthusiastically embracing nonchalance these marks [s]peak of becoming signs.

What is the relation between seeing and writing? Does one simply write down what one sees (“telling it like it is”), or is it perhaps not rather the case that what one thinks one sees is actually what has already been written up by someone else, somewhere or other, at some time or other?

Madison. 1997: 94

This assumes that thoughts can directly mirror, refer to, represent, things and furthermore, it takes for granted the notion that words mirror thoughts. This exercise of expression, however, requires the pre-text of the existence of a ‘reality’ out there before a disinterested gaze, to be seen and explicated faithfully somehow by way of a language that is ‘truthful’ and does not slip. A wonder-bracket-aside stares at me sceptically asking can a language be a ‘neutral’ medium for expression and not arbitrary?

Certainly one view of postmodernistic trends delineate ‘reality’ as no more than a ‘significant effect’ of language,



... nothing more than a semiological construct, a purely *intralinguistic* affair, a mirage produced by the limitless play of free-floating signifiers, ...

Madison. 1997: 95

However, there is a definite corporeality to seeing and writing, their being deeply embedded in experience, born of siting perception [w]rite-here, and of citing expression, a matter of language-in-scription. “Seeing is itself thoroughly infused with words. Perception and language interpenetrate, they “flow into” [...] one another, they are equiprimordial [...]”. (Madison. 1997: 101).

And holding [h]ands with Madison flowing into fluency I want to fashion a “critical space” (Steele. 1997: 38) into a becoming weave that is the material of understanding. I want to shape signs in language in ways that unravel them. Working at the margins “of signs rather than at the level of intentionality” (Steele. 1997: 38) I lay the body of language on the operating table to un-cover its anatomy at the precise point where-in signs spell out sentences, under-pinning we only have it figured because at every turn we pass sent[i]ence.

Language, according to Foucault, cannot completely [ad]dress the biological representation which embodies living beings. No, still a “dark, concave,



inner side” lurks large in the corpus of visibility of these beings, (Foucault. 1970: 237). These lacunae in the horizons of perception peek out from

... a historical break between observation (or image) and object of knowledge - a break in which the visualization of “life” becomes all the more seductive to the scientific eye even as the limitations of representation are made plain.

Cartwright. 1995: 10

In exercising those powers, looking, seeing and knowing can be perilously intertwined: eye and I elision gives the wink. Etymologically, the word ‘idea’ derives from the Greek word meaning ‘to see’. The links are strong between the notion of idea and [t]issues of appearance, of picture, and of image: all of which *inform*. Echoings of ‘Do you see?’ and ‘See what I mean?’ play frequently. In words loosely borrowed from Foucault, is all that is visible expressible, and is all that is wholly visible wholly expressible?

Language is no “mere medium between Subject and Object or a tool whose “adequacy” could be assessed in some “objective” manner”, (Madison. 1997: 95). Reflections from the mirror of backspin reach out and re-mind us that Richard Rorty [see-page 117: Fig 1] would agree even though he traces a somewhat different inquiry into language, arguing for the impossibility of breaking out of language in order to compare it with something else, as well



as the impossibility of thinking about the world or our purposes without using language. His line is more if it works, use it; if not, forget it. Sequinned me-selves intend to muse on this for the length of this [ad]dress.

Yet distinctions can be drawn between the psychological sound imprint of the spoken sign, the impression made on our senses and the mental representation or meaning: witness the debut of the terms signifier (signifiant) and signified (signifié). Fissures and fragments beset thesis body, as another layer, borne of different dimension, reveals itself: the signifier and the signified being separated *in space* by the thickness of the paper itself. However,

The Saussurean sign granted no elemental priority to either signifier or signified. Both terms were created within the bond of the sign: they were not independent entities that were then conjoined.

Kirby. 1997: 10

So not in the style of ‘either’ ‘or’, but rather ‘both-or-[h]and’. Spell-bindingly depth reaches out from the dark inkiness of black type-faces on blached paginated surfaces.



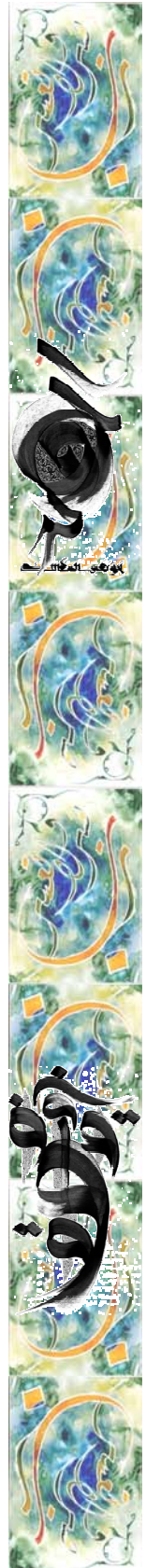
For hermeneutics it is *neither* the case that we merely “write” what we “see” *nor* that we merely “see” what we “write.” It is rather a case of “both/and.”

Madison. 1997: 97

Fabrications of no outside text pre-vail, stretch forth and assuage our beings. Horizons of reassuring marks, re-sited, wipe the floor, reaching write through. Flaws of space and time rifts are smoothed over in sorties and, soaring adrift from that drivel derived of binaries, PhD body recovers its becoming figure, alluringly.

Rhetorical discursive body.

This interrogation of contradictory margins represents a face seen often on my PhD body, I-selves would maintain. Mirrorings of that endless choice of hems women have, according to Donna Karan surface reflecting this very [t]issue. Flaunting fluidity, seizing [p]robing enquiry, sequinned me-selves delight in svelte fluency. Poised in the locus which is not one, distinctions and boundaries are mutually constitutive with the states they circumscribe. How can they not be since these are states which are begotten of not being such edgings? Invoking magical *mélange* in my text[ile] body, hand spellbindingly in hand with the intrigue of the written text interlaced with the visual, “T” touch on tantalising questionings of whether sequinned me-selves do justice to and realistically achieve visuality in techniques of



knowledge and power across cultures and contexts, bedecked as they are, in costumes of disguise, marking out apparent apparel of being disparate and unrelated. Fitting footprints on paginated text[ile] shadow dance on, revelling in re-fabric~ation.

The only rule[r] of thumb is: if it works out, I have it figured; if not, alignment is suspect and I cannot play that hand. Shades of Rorty's webs of belief cover my eyes against the glare, not of the Sun, but of the Father. So, rejoicing in my new-found freedom, eased from being erased, I exercise my run of markers, and play on the card where ruse reconfigures to user in the rush to ush[e]r in the spirited 'r'. Ah, yes, fit at last, well, albeit fleetingly so. This meets my intention in this shifting playful realm, where nothing is quite what it seems, or at least not quite for very long. Intending to [r]am it home, I lay claim to no longer gasping along on the trail of "how's", "why's" and "wherefore's" but to having grasped their tails: having seized their being.

A question mark stalks metaphors and in-spects that so-called 'domain of use', holding it to account. The use of metaphors do [in the] main reckon on a shared meaning in those social spaces b[e]aring on figuring it out so no particular sur-prise lurks likely to in-vei[g]le an ex-clamation mark through a quiet [af]front of sly subterfuge. No, the [t]issue is somewhat more complex than this. Delving a lot deeper, the utterance of the metaphor



signals a sharp and decisive in[ter]vention in the language game in play at the moment. Catching the eye, those other “You’s” to my “I’s”, in-sinuating gossamer “if only’s” [a]drift into possible shifts in-vei[g]ling shades of positionings. The circuit seems complete, on the basis of the model of “if this, it follows that”. Rings of electronically replete alarm bells loudly account for sound pre-texts to re-configure one’s utter[st]ance, perhaps. No stuffing the signifiers [see-page 121: Fig 1] of the bell curve light up here. Such is the suggested pattern I subjectively read into the outline driving metal spokes into the Lacanian [t]issues presenced above-just-before. Bodies re-marked stand firm.

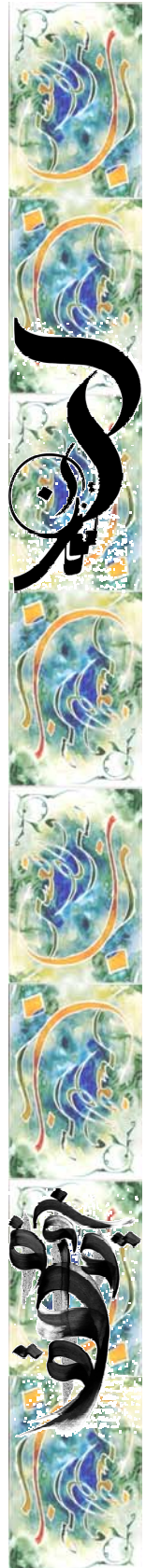
❖ ***Radiant stylish body.***

Re-marks in ink de-lineate but this is mere veneer. Lines mis-lead and smudge

It is not so much how ‘I’ can use language in itself that matters, as the way in which I *must* take ‘you’ into account in my use of it.

Shotter. 1989: 145

Language both enables and constrains; enabling accountability of oneself to oneself, of oneself to others, whilst exercising constraints forcing one to behave appropriately to one’s ‘position’ in relation to others, present or absent. First-person may hold the upper hand, but it is not entirely the pose



of a free hand because of the audience factor, the pre-textual 'you', [or 'you's'], who curtails and configures the 'performance' of 'I'.

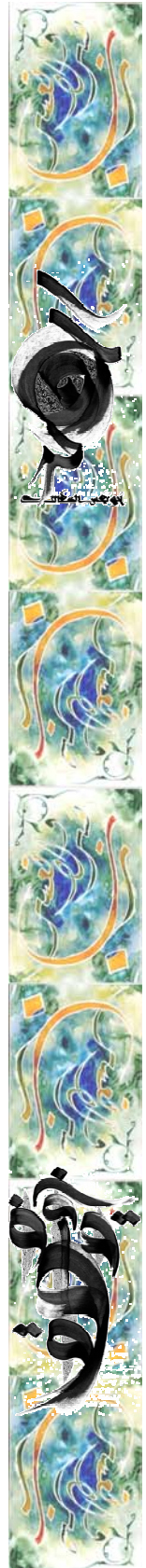
Talking of cutting up reminds me of slicing sliding into stacking up transverse sections, so are we, poised on microscope stage, dancing with the fairies here? Are my position[ing]s getting out of hand? Are I-selves in danger of loosing their fluent footing? One other sceptical face[t] of the dictum 'there is no outside the text' peers out from the shadows and mouths that the world is constructed

... as "writing in the general sense" articulates a *différential* of space/time, an inseparability between representation and substance that rewrites causality. It is as if the very tissue of substance, the ground of Being, is this mutable intertext - a "writing" that both circumscribes and exceeds the conventional divisions of nature and culture.

Kirby. 1997: 61

Regard[ing] body matters, living cells both write and are written renderings.

Zipped into ceremonial robe, skirting rituals that extol, looking extremely arch[ed], back-up in the glass mirror that spellbinds, begetting utter[st]ance.



Collage.

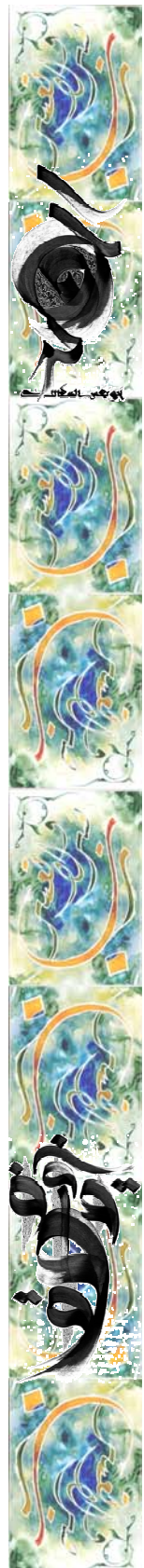
Slipping out of typography for a moment and into topology I am trying for a dream-like fabrication of semblances that exercises a range of scopic enthrallment by re-articulation as the imag[in]ings fade and disappear, becoming other. It is difficult to articulate what I envision, to analyze and cast into the spotlight the meaning of these very enigmas which so enchant me.

Indeed, the reading of such a work repeats that of disintegration, since the gaze of the reader appears only “en ces points de perte,” at those places where the story is elliptical or blank. “To write is to efface and to read is to see nothing, since nothing is posited which isn’t masked ...”

Méla. 1979: 13-4 quoted in

Rapaport. 1994: 150

I want an integral text, yet, also, I desire one born, suspended in fluency, embodied in the filigree of lace-lattices, elusively punctuated with points of loss or fading. These fading or lost points dress in piquancy, however, none of those quiet forget-me wraps worn here, as textual bodies with bite emerge - hopefully. Teeth marks aside, being most definitively set out of play, free-for-all caries not evident in this mouthful, sheer intentions shout and swirl into becoming, delighting in the ephemeral shadow dance.

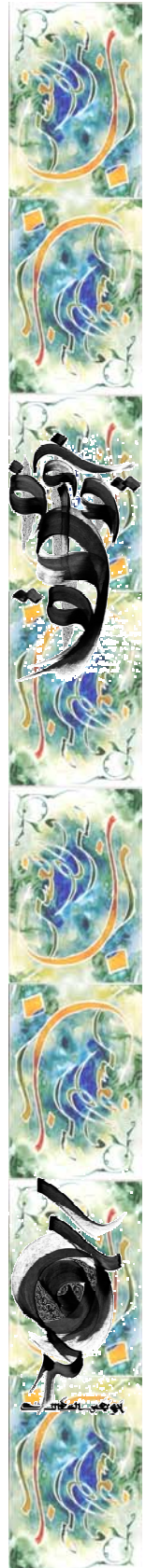


In a sense, I am trying “to dream over” the foldings that make a fairytale out of what is impossible to tell, using “enigmatic knots of perception”, whether they be of a written or visual text[ure], (Rapaport. 1994: 151). What do I mean? A tale will tell.

At first, in my mind, I drew distinguishing marks between the written word and the notation which was the calligraphy body for re-pose in the right-hand margin. But, in facing this subject head-on, the contradistinction proved artful artefact, because *en ces points de perte*, in fact, both the written words and those figs of illustration are visual text[iles]. Differentiation appears to be definitively on the cards such that I can [ad]dress the rationale behind my exclusively de-signed methodology. How do I-selves differentiate, or more to the point, how to draw the line is the question, perhaps? Where is it that the point of differentiation hovers?

Brush-strokes.

Simulating depth, a painter at times brushes layering upon layering, coat over coat, and so studiously installs the ‘phenomenon’ of spatial perspective, reproducing and reaffirming the way things appear to us. Yet, imperceptibly the artist also figures on shading in the specular installation, otherwise known as the ‘noumena’, where-in I mean the nature of things as they are in themselves. Even so, surfacing lacks substance staying stolidly in the mirror, as what comes to matter is the mirror[ing]-carrier *artiste*,



where ‘mirror’ is to be read loosely as any reflecting surface, (even polished metal), whatever, whenever and wherever that might be of a certain *Darstellung* [see-page 62: Fig 1]of what is. But a reading that [sc]rolls into fetchingly becoming fabric-a[c]tor, reveals rather more than being mere accomplice installer. However, this is not to grant ‘mirror’ personhood *en courant* of bloodlines able to re-produce, as no mirror can reflect itself, by itself. Hence the becoming is a foregrounding of making, but one interlaced and entwined with an absencing of real-ising, and furthermore, one that is conjured from being backgrounded re-marking by the one who fashions masquerading as craftsman, hand in hand with a presencing of reflecting surface acting alone, yet in concert with others. And, so I turn the reader’s at-ten[s]tion to detail through looking-glass eyes, catching sight of “You’s” in-citing me-selves. Depth of character[s] [s]talks.

Reflecting this utter[st]ance, I originally intended to cloak my methodology in stealth and subterfuge, in the spirit of the infinite potential of promises of becomings. Wherever possible, I labour to realise and adopt this bearing, engendering and celebrating the ethos of the masquerade rather than the demarcations of the strait-jacketed linear reading. In order not to trip over my own two feet here, I issue prompt reminders of the manifest readings present even within the confines of linear exercises in the form of see-pages hemmed with square brackets and re-marked in different Times New Roman typology one size down.



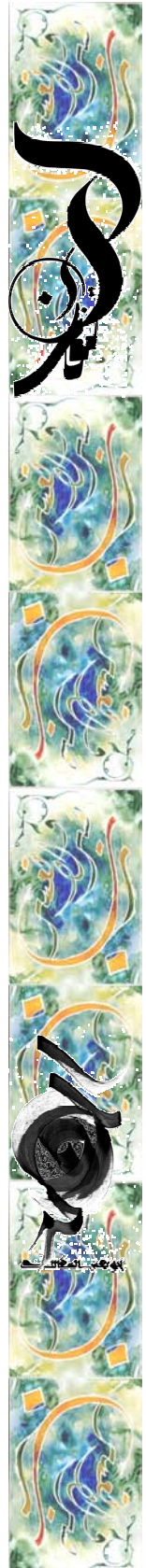
Emulating Merleau-Ponty, I hope to ‘paint’ an identity, using brush-work strokes, folding on self[ves] through the Gestalt shift and silhouetted in contra - dictions, ephemerally shadow-dancing and shimmering in-between-ness.

Revealing echoes sound from the figures of calligraphy within this body of work, that is PhD, as I paint metaphorical imag[in]ings to vie with the Otherness of brush-strokes that dance across the pages. Foregroundings of inkprints vie with pre-sencing in the spaces where-in marks out absencings spelling slips into questioning what comes to matter.

Calligraphy.

Is my fascination with calligraphy due to the fact that for me word and image still converge within its body? My pages are a-wash with words that sparkle and shimmer, as their vibrant colours, both sheer and mat[t]-erial pulse, reflecting. Is my *mélange* but an attempt to manage it through mimesis?

How does anatomization figure here? Not clinically for sure, glancing longingly at death, as it does often before it can per-form and in-form. And yet it remains of some considerable substance. A particular guise of a word dies, to be born again as other: “T” hold life in my hands. [P]robing down to its bare bones, the very core of the word ex-posed, reveals Other faces of



being-in-the-word, those vibrant pulses of fascinating rhythms, whether they be heart beats in tattoo or impulses in grey matter. I read language as ‘textuality’ where-in texture becomes a spirited being of matter, frilled, swirling around in-sinuating sprite, as foot-prints of sequinned me-selves shadow dance in punctuated step across paginated text[iles].

The calligraphy bodies link their [ch]arms with the other visual text of thesis corpo-reality and, hand in hand, in a body, all drum their trceries of im-prints to the tattoo of dynamic fluency, issuing demands on the boundaries of sea~my inertia through a lacework of delicate defiance, pulsing to the alluring rhythm at the heart of fascinating de-construction. Deftly lines [s]talk. Lines drawn of ‘thisness’ and ‘not-thisness’ dis-semble, faced off as in-between-ness makes a stand. Raising eye-brows, the body of fixity, that stayed corseted self, is con-fronted and bows out, question marks let go hooks and loops, as [k]nots unfasten, fixity frills and froths forth, unfettered other in fluid flow.

S-bend flush sort[i]ed, the annotated calligraphic Grand de-Sign fig that embodies the spell-binding shadow dancing substance around which sequinned me-selves spin my thesis corps stretches sinuously re-marking further horizons in-difference. One thing led to another, so to speak. And, lo and behold, the annotated S shape sways, shimmering and swirling ephemerally, fetching[ly] becoming other spellings. Spellings turn on spurs [of the moment] b[e]aring issue on the conception of calligraphic embryonic



corps, its gestation now utterly full-term. The pain of labour over, the calligraphic body emerges: a corps of cob-webbed threads born of trceries of intricate infoldings of pre-sensed icons in punctuated upbringing, po[i]sing against sheer filigree foundational lingerie giving background definite form, seized momentarily, enduringly svelte.

Although absolutely unwilling to let just one icon entity figure in thesis body me-selves a-wear of a spirited sprite of sheer de-construction, become fetching[ly] *au courant* in-tending [to the fact] that my utter[st]ance confounds, perchance. “If only”, I think to myself, I decide to in-corp~orate more calligraphy figs into thesis body, then it follows that the power of invest[e]ment does not re-side in just one [im]pulse. Do “You’s: [k]not agree? A-side from which my heart-felt wish to include the more-than-one and not dis-bar is specularly granted. Magically, another wish has been granted. Mean-while, admittedly, my own de-Sign for my PhD [ad]dress is axiomatically ex-clusive, and possibly problematic to divine. Re-marking these sites, under-lining these particular sights with calligraphy icon forms eloquent articulating re-mark citing where selves wear thrilling figurings out of my strategic methodological positionings, where canny covering up weaves shimmering sequins of eloquent fluency. Icons extend a [h]and, perchance.

Thrilling slips in re-marking come to matter:





a-shimmer sequinned me-selves fashion words/signs of in-situations: -

sortie, telling space, both-or-[h]and, wonder-bracket asides, spell-binding, turns, sheer just to mention a few.



in-sinuating [ad]dress hugs PhD body: -

sceptical de-construction and anatomisation swirls here vibrant with the spirited 'r', non-sense, and bracketing for instance.



a-sparkle sequinned me-selves fashion dimensions of in-situations: -

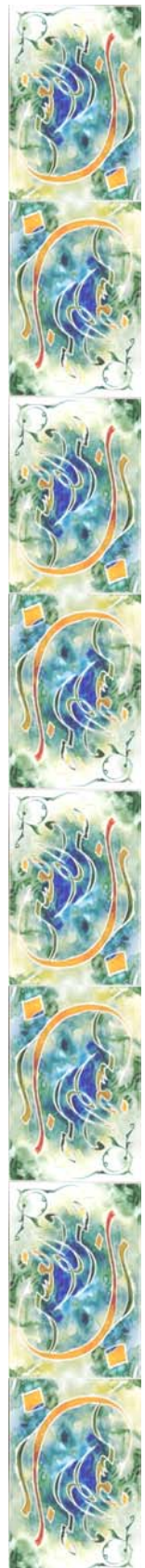
shades of not full term, of pregnant pauses and punctuated [s]paces of elsewhere re-mark



in-sinuating bodies slip into sequinned me-selves shadow dancing: -

intimate of the nomad, of lines of flight and of becoming far from Intentional Systems acting up.

Presented as greyscale foregrounded on coloured background calligraphy ribbon they suggest a number of *en ces point de perte* to help the reader find her/his feet. Rapt in “if only’s” they ex-tend a [h]and towards figuring it

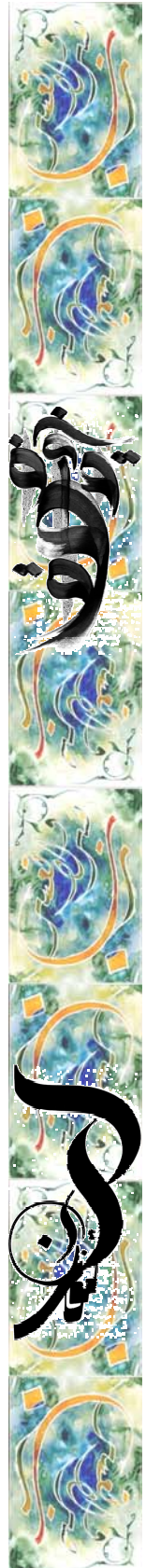


out. But[t] in the [b]link of an “I” they comply with covering up. The ad-
age appears to be use and do not ab-use, [t]read in-significant in-between-
ness.

❖ ***Resplendent razzle-dazzle body.***

My researcher self, in this particular corporeal thesis, has reconfigured the
concept of social spaces, those “I’s” and “You’s” in other words, to my
exclusively designed outfits that are the stances, this is one face of how I see
it and grasp knowledge. But another face is that of surface relations, which I
have pulled on, [in]vestements grasping into and onto utterances. My
concept of telling-spaces I have intentionally summoned up to spellbind
stances, [social spaces], and utterances, [surface relations], transforming
them utterly. And thus is born the utter[st]ance. Ah, yes, beguiling and
enticing, the utter[st]ances face us elatedly. We are clothed in seeing, edged
with knowledge constructs of the world. “Us”, those “I’s” and “You’s”,
face this intrigue which entralls with promises of revamped configurings of
a self becoming other than what now is. Telling spaces step out shadow
dancing.

Shadows of PhD body and thesis [ad]dress tremble, shivering in shimmering
textualities that come and go elusively. Born of alterity, neither-one-nor-
the-other but[t] definitely something seized momentarily they ebb and flow
invoking ethereal svelte traces that endure. Pulses echo and re-sound.



Sequinned me-selves in habits of significant liquid words shadow dance fluently across the pages.

Applying my exclusive de-Signed methodology when I de-construct to virtual non-sense and then res-cue, the meaning in-here[nt] is not mere re-assembly of (multiple) parts rendering a [w]hole but rather another being, re-fused in flux forever. And yet-[k]not-even-that quite eludes to it as no longer seized, elusively it re-articulates becoming other, ephemerally “simultaneously active” [see-page 390: Fig 3].

In touch.

Scattered sequins of me-selves, and “you’s”, sparkle and shadow dance. My running thread motif is deconstruction, not *le mort* and death of destruction but *la joie de vivre* of play.

Which language to use con-founds me. My writer and researcher self are somewhat contorted, whilst exercising the appropriate positions pertinent to illustrating my academic discourses within this space at this precise point in time. Spiriting away that singular ‘r’, (an entity rapidly and intriguingly becoming trickster), *le mort* is most powerfully transfigured to *le mot*. In an instant, the word is reborn of spellbinding through telling spaces and becomes flesh. In an effort to retouch up and flesh out my contours, I intend to utter[st]ance ‘surface relation’, wherein each ‘mot’, if subjected to the



mot-if of deconstruction, enveloped within and of, those exquisite telling spaces, dazzles, at this instantiation, spark[ing] off masked motives of flexing 'mot'-muscles, as in a flash, the 'r' is singled out from 'surface relation', and effaced from its subjective position at this precise point in the body of written words, revealing another social space that reads differently as 'us face elation'.

Ah!

In slipping off and out of the 'r', in spirting away that particular letter, I have seized the just birthed social space, that is not one. Not one in as much as being intimately threaded through, as it is, in and of other social spaces and other telling-spaces. The seizure, the start of the installation towards the realisation of the telling-space, is but a transitory presence, my grasp is tantalisingly tenuous, and becoming, in the next gasp, elusively absent. Even so, my outlines are definitively and trans-figuratively reconstituted, refined by the utter and sheer fine stance of desire-design from the Deleuze and Guattari fashion-house since they too aspire to positive value economy. The grasp is short-lived, a mere gasp, in point of fact, but the svelte finesse of reinvigoration endures in becoming something other.

Footprints shadow-dance across paginated texts po[i]sed in positionings where-in a sentence or phrase or word turns to pause, teased out to its utmost tension, to virtual non-sense, then re-covering it, and, in so doing, it



becomes other than what it was before, and is revealed substantively transfigured.

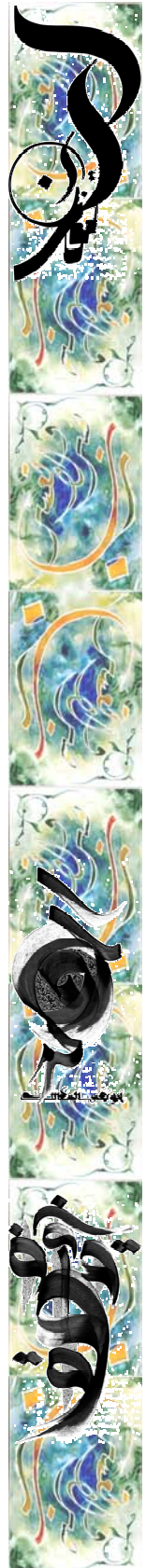
Reassuredly resisting the rift of recasting an irreducible beginning, whose substance is therefore unrepresentable because its material facticity is located exteriorly to its representation, “I” reveal readings of

If there is no outside representation, then the closeness, the presence-to-self of matter and substance as it is conventionally conceived, also hears a rhythm of *différance* that is the scene of writing.

Kirby. 1997: 96

Dis-section figures, strutting the catwalk in pre[y]~dic[t]ate guise. That positioning delivers delicious double-takes of foregrounding to a beat of exactitude, whilst denying the predicted death-blow, the double entendre of presencing thoroughness but backgrounded being in tune to slippage, to *risqué* relentless referral of substantive not-quite-hereness.

Ruffles smoothed out, ex-cited body back[ed]-up in the mirror [m]utters and relates in-citefully to invocations us-face elation as rent and adrift we are not, but spell-bound we cleave, and rapt, not given short-shrift, shifts shimmer, not shiver, shadow dancing.



However, back to the point, first by virtue of its appearance on the page, like de Saussure I-selves suggest

... any beginning must always be provisional because we are already underway, caught in the vertigo of infinite regress of other beginnings that both motivate and limit the focus of our attention.

Kirby. 1997: 8

A wonder-bracket aside tears away from the textualities, hastening in. Hung-up by s[tr]ands of time, [c]hastened I-selves roll up their [s]leaves, having been given the elbow, I feel the urge to ex-plain. Re-g[u]arding the temporal plane, the frill under I-citing, 'right now', gives the lie. As the last instalment to be written, its foetal dis-guise above disputes its I-site. No coming to term[s] in disrepute though, because actually, never will "I" comply with this reading, since its conception corresponded to that of the other instalments in this text[ile] body, this site being so 'within' that it cannot be experienced as 'without', its thrilling articulation precisely coinciding with theirs, being inborn, and meticulously inherent in issuing forth the froth of fabric-a[c]tion that paints the brush-strokes of integrated integrity. The inter-lude invokes languishing into the absencing of sub~stance presenced, the fading of finespun worth taking note into the background, foregrounding phasing out in the spell[ing] of fantasmic al~lure casting the dark "d" of the inter-lude dance into re-marks of both "ah/r" that



with a turn of the rapt heel heals the rift in the enveloping membrane of time. Lewd becomes lure, if only sound matters. Time to dance on.

Smoothing the sudden appearance of ruffles in my thesis [ad]dress such beginnings be-get, placing one foot in front of the other, the shadow dance begins.

E-motive.

Conforming to the PhD rubric imposes a taxonomy, but I have tried to keep it volatile in order to allow a certain number of categorical ruptures in the expected/expectant fabric. Cough it up! The act of reading addresses itself to the sense of sight, through a representation of tactility where-in-here[ntly] matter can only exist if in-formed, made up into the Proper[ty] form.

And having possessed Foucault's body of work entitled "The Birth of the Clinic", to take just one example, how do I interrogate this text[ual] corps? - "You's" have the [w]rite to ask me. What is it that "I's" do not see? What perimeters do I [t]read unaware that I do so? Which margins ensure eyes keep in-line and with whom? Will a more than perfunctory gaze a-void such an undesirable incident? Maybe. Re-marking a-side punctuates punctiliously, interrogating with sub-stance[s] all the while. Scepticism [ad]dressed in the little black number that speaks softly of enticing intrigue



rather than the *malheur* of under-cover deception is the habit that comes to matter.

