

Fig 2: Slipping between

Pressing matters

Traces and lacunae of reflected images of texts as subjects to be analysed resurface alluringly in the looking glass. Fetching [ad]dresses stare back invoking veiled fascinating corporeal figure. My PhD corps comes under the gaze of the reader, and of the external and internal examiner, and, borrowing from Foucault, is, in one sense, a~frieze pinned in one still of a micro-space and temporal fine-line continuum, measuring up as a simulation of the scanning of the dis-eased and ill-at-ease body by the institutionalised medical gaze. Complexities figure in a coherence cornering unity and hang around haunting me. De-scriving a make-up of mixed material essences 'Must' vie with des-crying all-consuming nothingness. What gives?

Fashion garments of flexibility, flowing fluid-like from that oh-so opulent and extravagant bias-cut, wa[i]ste-ful yet-[k]not, fit the body here, sveltely becoming

... ready to entertain unexpected moves of mimesis and alterity across quivering terrain, even if they lead at the outermost horizon to an all-consuming nothingness.

Taussig. 1993: 237

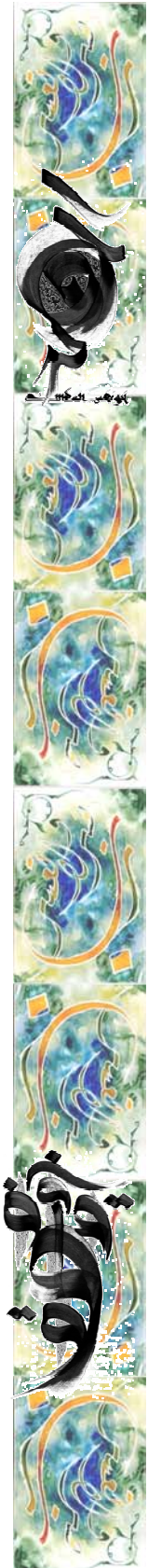


Clutching at straws can[k]not keep us from falling from the selv-edges of our world of make-believe. *À propos*, adorned in robed devices of stealth, surfaces cloaked and masked, “r” [see-page 44: Beginnings] under-cover can be invei[g]led to show its~us-face [see-page 44: Beginnings]. Surfaces of biological bodies, surfaces of bodies-without-organs, surfaces of texts frill and froth forth, in-sinuating sequinned selves, surfaces of spell-binding becoming ‘r’ us face elation,

... the sheen of the image, its unconquerably opaque status between concept and thing. I have found the passions may be deep, but the action has continuously been on the surface, on the fetish power of appearance as demonstrated by the power released by releasing the spirit, which is to say, the image of things, in magical spurts of reproduction.

Taussig. 1993: 251

Touching on [s]kin, en-folding intimate relationships, [t]issues run deep, enticing toward intrigue, inviting beguile. In the power invested in sequinned selves, in-between-spaces, fertile minds reach a climax, perhaps? Shaman-like, at one with the intricate beat of the tattoo, thrilling to the pulse, all that is, swirls and susurrates as ecstatic phantasms impishly re-configure. Spell-binding all that is not comes to matter. I am saying work with me on the fetish power of the be-w[h]itching words in-here[ntly] in and



of this PhD body; intangible yes, indeed, but[t] nevertheless, slip sinuously into the being-language-being imag[in]ing; play at those baffling margins – those elusive enigmatic spaces in-between holding hands with the spirited “r”. Ah, sequinned sprites of you- and me-selves step[pe] out spinning, no[t]mad-like, spellbindingly shadow dancing.

Unlined.

No signs of soft-focus lurk in sight. Belying any ravages of a trammelled past, looking confidently to a smooth future, seemingly to the eye no lines lurk in the vicinity, ‘r’ banished by the latest skin emollients on the face~us-cosmetic product market, complexion awash with brush-strokes shimmering with evocatively flattering toned hues of “if only’s”. Or so it would be for a blink of an instant if my “I’s” can be de-scribed as professionally made up, naturally.

Eyebrows raised in question, that quizzical wonder-bracket aside ponders on what it is that ‘banished’ wants. Are those lines gone forever, never to creep back and return? No wrinkles in-cite? But of questionable note, come to think of it, is that phraseology of some loitering but hidden implicit ‘if only’ taking on a rather different turn. A-greed it lurks in the similar although not the same rushes of reed-some banks edging and skirting horizons of flowing possibilities, now rendered somewhat surrounded and confined. But starkly it separates, yearning avidly after the unattainable of yesteryear hell-bent on achieving immortality as signified by the [b]lush of youthful skin to give but



Fig 2 - Slipping between

an instance. Which is to say this particular implicit ‘if only’ is [k]not the same as, nor even re-*mot*[e]ly similar to my exquisite designer sequin of [ad]dress, as reflected in my eyes if not in “Yours”.

Fabric borne of fictional filigree, ruffles of *sang-froid* mien, its weave fashioned from frills which, whilst never the same, nevertheless are similar, rustle, eased into slips, but appare[nt]ly not forsaken only [t]eased [ad]rift a-whorl in spinning tier upon tier.

Definitively not de-face[d], in de-scribing, and trying for the look *au naturel* “T’s” aim for the minimally there effect, that absencing sur-face rather than presencing in-your-face, pre-faces that which, despite the down-playing tack, speaks of subtlety, in defining and emphasising the rather better-looking traits of me-selves, whilst masking those wish-for-some-other ones in-sinuating[ly] understating them to a mirroring playing down, setting up mystique, drawing on intrigue, evoking an alterity.

And yet demarcation is the lifeblood of being. Without difference all would be flat and characterless, as how can eradication of those di-stances that fashion the grid of oppositions, taking cover in those read-some in-between spaces, do anything but deal a death-blow? No longer pointing, nor attending to anything, imprints signal nothing but illegibility and yet [k]not even that, a-void[in~g] the abyss perhaps? But words constitute the



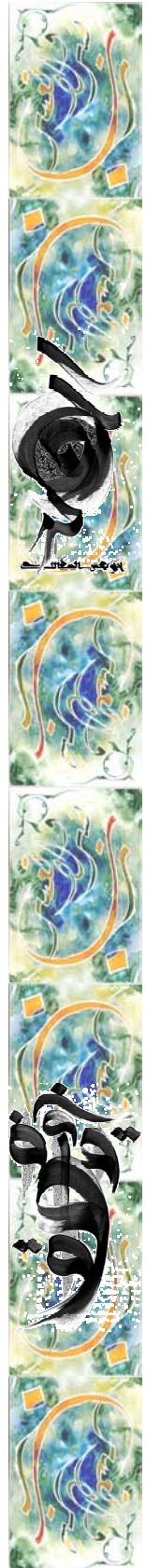
Fig 2 - Slipping between

problem I-selves must wrestle with here. I cannot simply speak or write without them, and yet my use of whichever of them I select picks up several trace and runs off with them, leaving me dis-credited, gasping in disbelief behind. Like a metaphor *le mot*-[to] touches on ‘The Black’, sketches out ‘The Void’ and slants towards ‘The Lack’ entrapping me, in part to take sub-stance from what each is [k]not, but[t] no-thing e-merges casting off the intangible as existence slides into [n]one. Wrapped in a shroud of recurring deferrals and de-tours forever lost I expire. Empty of distinctions the barren wasteland beckons towards an utter lack of in-forming the fabric of meanings which, re-sited in the testament on the grounds of *différance*, would otherwise frill and froth forth, as it was in the beginning, a flourish in the garden of eden.

Re-marked, sequinned me-selves touch on the locus-not-one. Re-drawn begets other beginnings. ‘Primitive Streak’ steps to the fore. Supplement magazine article delivering a spin on a Welcome funded collaboration between two sisters, one a cell-biologist and the other a fashion designer, commissioned to design a fashion collection calling forth the fascinating mystique of human development from conception to birth.

Worn designs.

A listless loophole looms on my horizon here, yawning rifts of scepticism gape from other stances in the looking-glass. Another in-depth work-out



fashioned from impish deconstruction is urgently called for. The body under the spot-light rite this second, undergoing thorough work-out is the textual subject of the magazine article, otherwise re-presentatively located in the appendix [see-page 152: Fig 1]. The transfiguring touch, threaded through with the ‘telling-space’ technique to reflect on former imag[in]ings, interlaced with deconstructive stretches, reconfigure this text[ile] body to quite a different lissom lithe form. The elaborate masquerade of art [st]uttering science and of science muttering art begins to unfold.

To embody fertilisation the model wears a white silver metallic tailed ‘dress’, reflected in mirrors a-slant in what counts for concept-ion [ad]dress. Its bodice bears embroidered sperm-like twisted threads, edged with two circles of mirrored sponge encircling and reflecting the head and shoulders of the model, evoking the egg, I-selves would suggest, perfectly well a-ware of my presumptive temerity at this point in the proceedings. Sperm and egg join, graphically reinforced through the model holding hands with figures of her-selves, [k]not with some other, fashioned through reflective shiny surfaces. Actually, sharp eyes discern these surfaces are not mirror-images – that is to say, not exact, albeit inverted, copies - as the camera-shot locates the complexity of the complimentary and distinguishes between the similar and the identical in sameness. Svelte sophistications shimmer and sparkle, embodying fertilisation of two gametes, similar, not the same, in their functional stance, but echoing their quite different morphologies. Subtle and discerning, distinctly a-wry, surfaces play at depths. [S]kin outlines, in



sinuating, curving it reaches intimate continuity touching and touched stretching to underlying [t]issues, the locus which is not one [s]talks lucidly.

A 'flame red silk jersey' dress embodies the stage of implantation. The [ad]dress is hand-embroidered in black thread drawing out an oval blastocyst stretching from the model's hip upwards to her diaphragm, whilst the uterus wall is represented by a 'three-quarter overdress of black silk chiffon', one edge of which has been hand-embroidered with threads of varying thicknesses evoking the beauty in the form of 'the "ink hand" of old biological drawings' (Massey. 1997: 39). Biologically speaking, the blastocyst becomes embedded within the uterus wall. But how can such a concept be articulated? What features con-figure the texture? The model's relaxed and curved outstretched arm is covered with black chiffon and held counterpoised against her remaining overall pose. In leaning backwards she creates a concave hollow, evoking another social space where-in an aura of enveloping and encircling beckon and beguile. Filigree traces delicately, fragile finds a gossamer hold. Discerningly insinuate invei[g]les illuminatively.

In cell-biology-speak, during the so-named primitive streak phase, a dramatic wave of cell movement occurs and the mesoderm is 'born', which itself generates major tissues of the body, such as muscles, the heart, the two kidneys and bone. [K]not a-[d]rift, but in continent mode, armed with admirable aplomb, Helen Storey re-fashions this biological stage into a

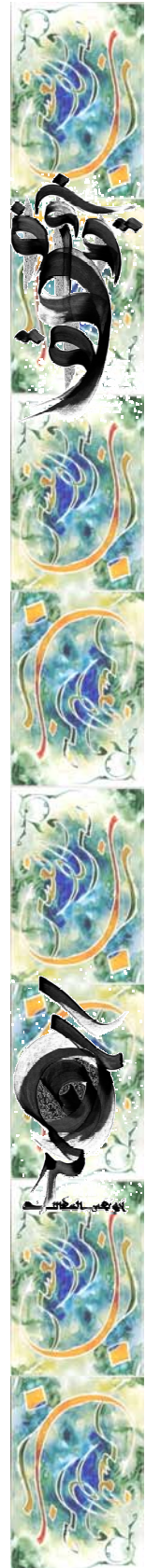


Fig 2 - Slipping between

multi-layered long strapless dress: its material make-up is a *mélange* of antique fabric from Africa, China, Afghanistan and India, illustratively reflecting the variable re-source of different tissue layers. Whether a prime matter of colonial dissipation or of dissemination along the lines of the distance negotiated and the relocation undertaken, in-cites, pushing at the muzzled boundaries of our minds. Going native, de-picting the geographical domain of material origin reflects the substantial emergence of different foetal [t]issues developing, in vivo, observed in vitro, mediated through a dramatic play in mimesis of hard-to-tease-out topologies. To represent moving critical masses of foetal cells the material leading edges wear rounded points to the layers of fabric, while, at the same time, radiating offshoots, a feature which to my mind, symbolises the fluidity of flowing cellular movement. Physical corps poised for action, the model's upper torso leans forward, locking her arm in a semi-circle, her entire upper body traces a circle. Her open mouth, in silent shout, mirrors said circular shape, as that 'S' configuration is forever frozen on her lips, in the three-quarter face view visible in the photograph. Snap-shot gaze taken and developed seizes still a-wry.

The next fashion garment features limb buds which are meticulously hand-painted onto the fabric in oils. Blue-black shades of differing densities, on white fabricating perspective, stand out etched as archetypal hands and feet. The design stands alone being more straightforwardly discernible and comprehensible than others, and so it speaks loquaciously and eloquently of

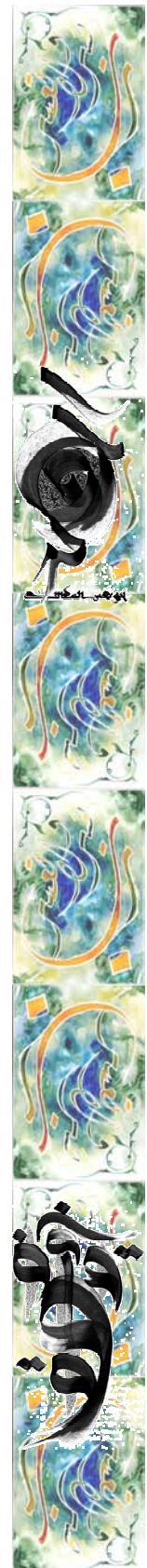
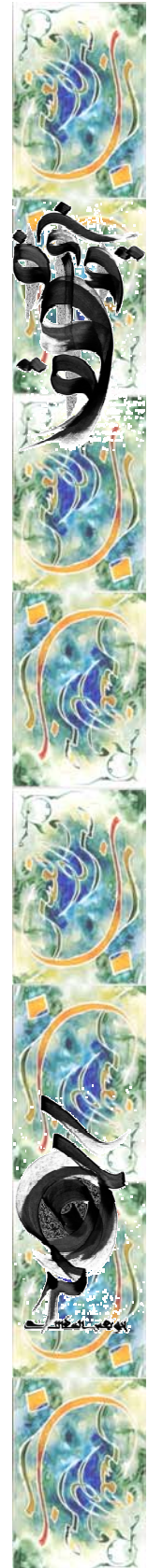


Fig 2 - Slipping between

simplicity. A-scribing to hands-on and feet-on-the-ground say it all. Such a snap-shot glance would seem to have little use for a [h]and, but steeped in elegant simplicity [it] spans surface divides.

A composite garment of white, off-one shoulder, long sleeved dress, overlying a green fabric re-presentively celebrates the cell specialisation stage. The hems of the sleeve and of the knee-length dress finish in a deeply frayed fringe of green under white, burnt and sealed through an ultrasound device. Diagonally across the model's body, from her hair at the back to the ends of the frayed hem of the dress, flows a fraying blue gossamer wisp. The pattern inscribed on the white fabric is of finely branching cells meshing into a nexus: the design having been taken from an image from the back of the retina of the eye, and fashioned to eye-catching fascination by using the techniques of fibre-optics and acid etching. Nerve cell specialisation is embodied in this outfit and the utter[st]ance of the model's pose as she stands one arm reaching out, reflects the line of movement of the fringed dress also reaching out, whilst her other hand rests on her hip such that this arm mirrors the asymmetrical bodice mid-riff cut-out, illuminating the nerve cell-body. Delicately figured, silkily replete, svelte silhouette in sinuates gossamer webs of impulses along sensory neurones of wonder[ous] intent.

The final frame in this textual body, that constitutes photo-shoot of said magazine article, is spine and bone formation. The model wears, traced



against her own not-so-present backbone, an other one, far-from-absent, a prosthetic of resin painted with silver leaf embedded in a backless, halter-neck, long flowing dress of red silk, printed over and over with DNA sequences. Head tilted backwards, arms close into the body, hands in front; model [h]and contours of the dress con-join and co-here with the angle of the photo-shoot, coming dramatically together to con-figure the sinuous curve to the spine. A single word conjures all that matter[s] in the substance of [S]peak. Perfectly a-lined the **S** of the spine spellbinds articulation.

Toned up, make-up on and dressed in figurative finery, my PhD body still stays the course in the masquerade of sheer slips of language, though researcher self heeds her own looking-glass sceptical self, and takes to heart her own ad-vice, lest arrogance should peek through. Perhaps shortcomings, due to the in and out of language encircling, cause PhD body to stumble, but the trip is imbued with the spirit of the locus which is not one and the trap is sprung, seized no longer, 'i' lurking sveltely in the corner comes to [the] rescue, offering a [h]and, spell-bindingly.

Fastenings.

Momentarily sticking on an im-print, purloining shape and knotting ourselves in a hermeneutic circle to another Fig under- and over-leaf, that is Fig 1 or Fig 3 respectively, another part of this Fig not-here, not-now,



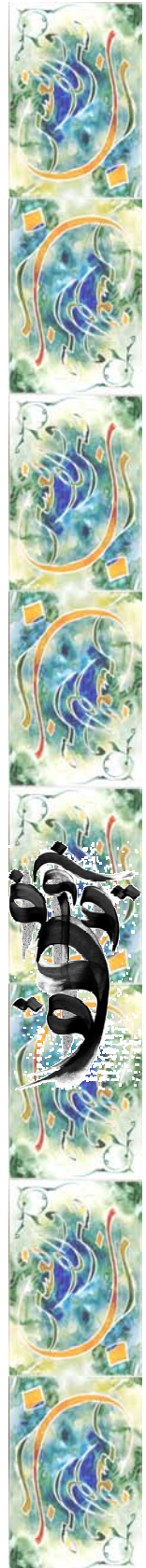
brimming over with content, words spin off, spelling out that “I have only one language; it is not mine,” (Derrida. 1998: 1). And yet,

... I remain in it and inhabit it. It inhabits me. The monolingualism in which I draw my very breath is, for me, my ‘element’. Not a natural element, not the transparency of the ether, but an absolute habitat. It is impassable, *indisputable* ...

Derrida. 1998: 1

Absolutely, it sets me a-part, and did so, be-fore, and will do so, *à demeure*, ad-rift, lastingly. Always pre-ceding me-selves, constitutive of “I’s”, language “dictates even the ipseity of all things to me,” (Derrida. 1998: 1). Yet it can never be mine.

Whispering traces of echoes re-verberate to note that reflections of disembodied “I’s” con-sented peep out of the looking glass to face me-selves refracted and bent out of shape in having not given my full weight of bodily consent. Unmasking, s[up]porting shades of Foucault, reveals that, speaking for myself, there was little or no considered coherence to the matter of svelte articulation, since probability was being frequently seized as a form of explanation or justification by Intentional Systems [see-page 100: Fig 1] putting the collective foot down. A-drift in two separate discursive uni-verses however inadvertently that may have happened, the one stalks the other signing it off into non-existence. Seized, corpo-r[e]ally invested



within its re-drawn margins, the re-writing of my patient self began, unseen and entirely unsuspected by me-selves. And through a re-g[u]ard for margins, however narrowly defined by others in what to my mind transpired to be various states of denial, none-the-less, a particular probability of 1% inflicted its severe blow to the body as “I’s”, not a single other, continue to wrestle with experiencing the stab of jagged needles of burning pain, recurring now, throbbing for-all-time, to be in and of substance that is me. The problems lie [k]not in the body of mathematical probabilities, but are irrevocably secured fast in Intentional Systems applying probabilities to the body of medical practice. Applying such to a practice, itself intended to do no harm toward a corpus of humans, that corporate body of many bodies, each and everyone living and existentially existent, is quite a different matter.

All that is [k]not.

Fantasms emerge to play as with hind-sight I con-temple my slip, significant by dint of its repercussions. But the pilgrimage is not yet ended since stepping back again by virtue of the scanner and/or photocopier gives further slip. Icon bodies and Primitive Streak loom large in the looking-glass, restless and racy in their referral [ad]dress.

The photographic images in magazine text masquerading as the real are back in the mirror[ings], echoing being a reality within the Symbolic, but



not of the Real. Yet again, describing a full circle, 'S' and its mirror image intertwined, the delineation of the disease is marked, at this point instant of time if we follow in the footsteps of Foucault, that is, [t]reading the path of the linguistic analytical model. [S]mirks on the face in the looking-glass reflect that 'S' signifying sinuous stealth visited on seized being as, deep in the murk of two separate uni-verses, 'i' and 'u' play hide and seek with alterity.

But, given other re-marking parameters, similar although not the same can be drawn upon in order to re-scue us, as, adroitly, we a-light spark[l]ing, touching on sinuous silky gossamer shimmering in-between spaces.

A fantasy fabric-a[c]ted in and out of rapt sequinned me-selves, to be playfully reconfigured with whatever accessor-ized embellishments are d[r]awn on [by] reader-selves. Mystical iconicity, issuing forth frills of intrigue, shadow dances with fluent fascinating arbitrariness, as wholeness and fragmentation tip-toe through their *pas-de-deux*, parading

... a will to power in the face of attack by (illusory and fragmented) copies of reality.

Taussig. 1993: 17

Shaping up, decked out in Lyotard's [ad]dresses [see-page 233: Fig 2] mine and yours vie with each other for space. Ironically, or then again on second

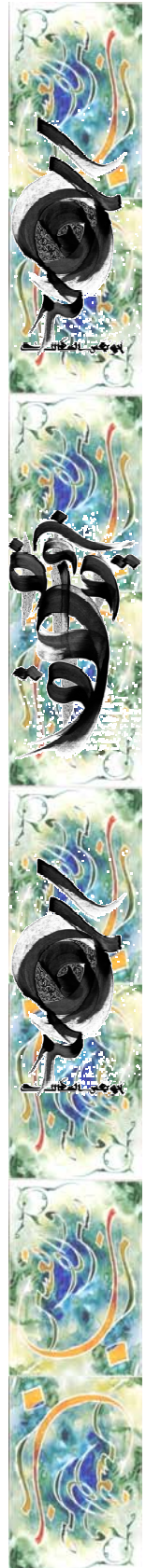


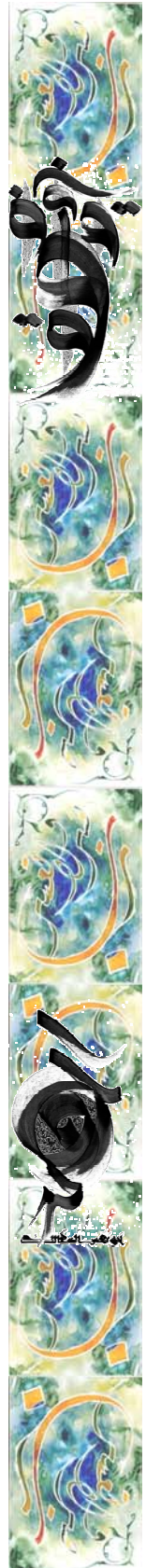
Fig 2 - Slipping between

thoughts, perhaps not, mimesis itself has two faces. One is the copying or imitation face whilst the other is that palpable, and tangible, yet nevertheless, visceral, face-contact between the very body of the perceiver and the perceived. Screen becomes seen in some sort of fashion. Rays of sunlight move into the eye and make contact with the retinal rods and cones and contextualise, through cultural attunement, a copy of the sun, by way of the intentional networks of the central nervous system. Simplistically we move

... into the eye where the copy burns physiognomically, physioelectrically, onto the retina where, as physical impulse, it darts along neurooptical fibres to be further registered as copy.

Taussig. 1993: 22

Contact and copy elide and the experience of sensing becomes seeing or hearing, interpretation and understanding stemming from contact with that something that embodies knowing. This embroidered stitch of resplendent knowing, bejewels our dress bewitchingly; but quickly stitches us up again as how exactly are we to [ad]dress this particular knowing? And lo, it comes to pass that our body wrap is exquisitely illuminating but slips, leaving us in the dark of no longer 'knowing', but woefully displaced into 'relating to'.



[W]rite, close exploration of the word 'same' firmly tucked under my belt, or rather, owing to time and space lapse, it has been, and will continue to be, albeit in somewhat punctuated mode, subject to somewhat of an erratic pulse, me-selves hook onto the question mark of 'obsessive', qualifying 'return'. Repetition does not necessarily wrap itself in cloaks of compulsion and fixation. Neither, of course, does it signify 'truth', whatever that may be - that is not the intention with which I desire to buttonhole my wonder-bracketed asides or any other part of my textual anatomy, for that matter. No, in being fascinated and enthralled, me-selves may well be gripped, just, solely, in being becoming[ly] other; definitively re-skewed, not basely beset with being ripped apart. I-selves are not to be lightly separated from those sequins, it would seem, as still they cling to being of considerable substance.

Signs, in-cited where-in texts, express relief along the material selv-edges of topological domain. Unfathomable, margins mask up.

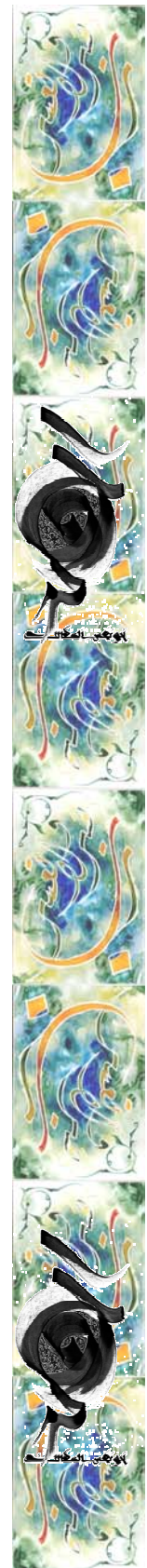
Anatomical models.

And here-in lies the rub, located for eternity in the realm of relation, and, of necessity ad-rift in this milieu, we are there, there is ab-solutely no question about it. Decisively it comes to pass that sketching a figure speaks me. Wrapping in different volumes and wide ranging tonalities, I run the whole gamut of re-presentation from being write in your face to vaguely re-



sembling something suggestive of me, presenced but quietly back-grounded. Similarly, but not the same, “You’s” are not exempt and interference-free, but poised stepping out-lined on tip-toe from the paginated text[ile] embroiled as read-some of me-selves enigmatically entwined in swirling *pas de deux* with you-selves, caught *el flagrante* in what could be construed as under the covers operation. Invoking the spirited ‘r’, the intrigue deepens as, irresistibly, ‘interference’ ingeniously plays along, fashioned in sequinned [ad]dress by my [h]ands. A little fine tuning teases the three-pinned ‘int’ slip away from ‘interference’ along-side ‘r’ and ‘e’ ex-changing places, revealing it re-assembling accommodatingly as int[ernal] reference, exhibiting very little hassle and artifice, [s]peaking for myself, of course. Rub[bing] out the problematical, tweaking at the controls, turns on intelligibility, rapt mysteriously in the mask of fantasmic genie, appearing magically before our very eyes.

Somehow, “T” have to explain the inexplicable - steal up on the mystique of magic – how intriguingly ironic that I should have to re-sort to the decoding currency of “Have faith!” sub-scribing to the biblical desiring machine, composite of homogenising and levelling forces of power foreclosing on becoming other. Can magic exist in the Real? Only if you suspend common sense, perhaps, or is it doubt that hangs in the balance, holding hands with my stunningly sensational wonder-bracket aside, maybe? With one bound we are chasing our shadow-tales. But then the leap was of me~re faith, not of slipping into shadow dancing, stepping into the spellbound,



born of intriguing imag[in]ings, heaped in hidden hinterlands of mysterious mystique.

Selves dissolve into senses and the senses show signs of becoming their own theoreticians as world histories regroup. This is not a question of being out of balance, or of not being able to find the golden mean - would that it were that simple. Instead, it's a matter of what used to look like impossibility, of being in different places at one and the same time - "place" here assuming the bountiful burden of presence, its plurality assuring the permanent evacuation of such.

Taussig. 1993: 254

Abracadabra, I whisper to the shadows. With one wave of the [h]and the spell is in play as *déjà-vu* shimmers and steps out of the mirrorings back[ed]-up. The locus which is more than one stands out in stark relief, tantalisingly toned and raptly resplendent.

What of IT?

Which re-minds me, where is IT hiding itself in all this Jill-speak in this textual fabric of a signified paradise, refusing to con-temple it as the stuff of nightmares? Can the computer [h] + 'AND' function point a finger in the write direction, perhaps?



Fig 2 - Slipping between

Two years ago I sat in front of my computer screen keying in my imag[in]ings as text[ile] on the page. Bear witness in the realm of the Real to a literal slip of my fingers in a sleight of [h]and as in the first condition of in-stance, I type ‘AND’ and then belatedly squeeze in the typeface of [h] in the sentence beginning “Can the computer [h]‘AND’ function” et cetera. In the second condition of in-stance minus the over-sight of leaving out the sign [h], I type [h]’AND’ and immediately clear “T’s” see a difference to the directional stance of the single inverted comma, which I then pro-ceede to correct. Can “You’s” see it too?

And, lo, in the beginning was the word. Lest not we forget the pulse of punctuation, especially in such an unexpected and critical incident as the one that happened by chance. Who would have thought that chance could fashion such ‘consequences’ as these.

Admittedly at the time “T’s” certainly felt momentary irritation that my fabric-actions had not materialised as planned. But in a blink of an eye, the ‘if only’ al-lure enfolded and ensorcelled me as sequinned I-selves emerged to the fore. Is this spell-binding or not? Speaking for me-selves, naturally, on the surface maybe not, but in relation to hidden deep down, it is quite a different [t]issue. So rejecting the gloss as undesirable, I-selves [ad]dress in subtle hues to suggest my input appears to be frankly straightforward on the surface. A-part from my ignorance, that is. What [t]issues lie veiled beneath this [s]kin? What holds the key?



Time to con-template, I think. The computer [h]'AND' function returns 'true' if all its inputs are true and it returns 'false' if some of its inputs are false. And, be-hold we spin unerringly back to elaborate exercises to better articulate truth and falsehood. The computer has the [w]rite of it, perhaps?

Bearing in my mind, my lack of understanding of the deeper depths of computer programming [t]issues, therefore, keeping my keyboard touch tentatively superficial in-here[ntly], possibly even erroneously, it seems to me that the computer innards matches up [h]'AND' as 'true', returning the punctuation of single quotation marks in their 'correct' alignment of opposition to one another at either end of the 'entity' AND. Yet, when faced with the second condition of in-stance, where-in I type [h]'AND' the computational relational regime [f]alters so that the quotation marks fail to oppose each other, lining up with AND in-between. Clearly, something is a-miss. The [h] pre-fixing an 'AND' acts up haughtily. An absencing of a word match, deep within the Mac operating system, looms large on the horizon, I-selves desire to presume. No match appears then, featuring falsehood perhaps, I-selves wildly guess? Pursuing such personal logic relentlessly, no word, then, it would seem, is signified, and so, consequently, it follows, then, that no binary entity, whether of 'A' or 'not A', exists to determine the 'correct' alignment of said punctuating quotation marks which then re-mark quite differently. And then, again, with my limited knowledge of this domain, I could be way off line, likely to drive those of "You's" in-

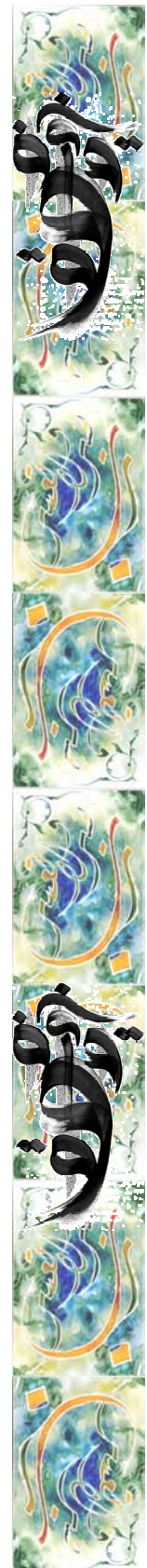


Fig 2 - Slipping between

the-know way beyond endurance in distancing “You’s” from comfort and consol[e].

But, setting aside my ignorance, can I ever get to the bottom of the alleged problem by

... thinking up a solution having only a limited field of application and then manipulating recalcitrant cases until the facts give way, but by reaching directly a level so general that all observed cases may figure in it as particular modes.

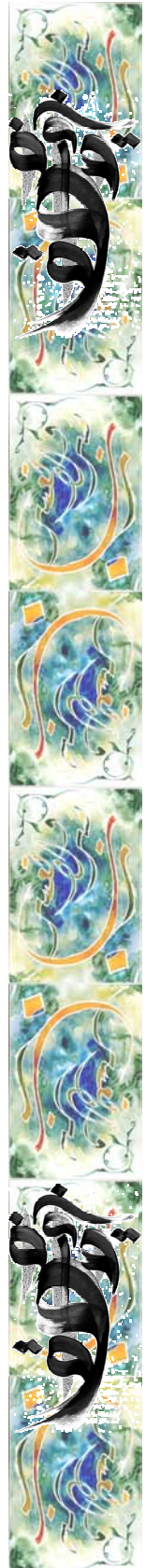
Lévi-Strauss. 1963: 149

Sequinned me-selves swirl and resonate to the refrain of

If we may be allowed the expression, it is not the resemblances, but the differences, which resemble each other.

Lévi-Strauss. 1963: 149

Reflections flash back, holding hands with Anna Murphy [see-page 148: Fig 1] in another domain to that of programming [ad]dress, where-in we wish we had not emerged from the closet in such zip-drive dis-array, having failed miserably to steal the s[cr]een-show.



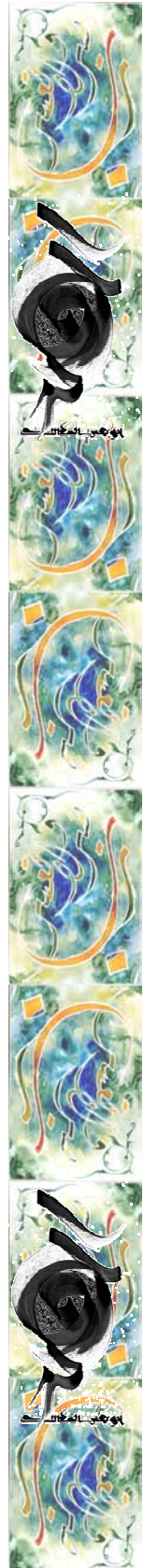
Questions form in my mind. Subtle forms, barred from the state of formless, shape up to in-form in some yet-to-be determined way? Perhaps, in a word, becomes an essential accessory embedded deeply as it is in the question of bracketing out the subject of *destinerrance*. “You’s” and “I’s” being born of over-heads re[w]rite the text[ualities] of others , re-member?

And talking of differences where is style in all of this? One textural perspective is that it is double, the fabric of diction or enunciation, whether oral or written,

But it is also the “character”: the incised and the engraven, the prescribed (or pre-inscribed), the “programmed” in a subject - in other words, he says, the unconscious, and the unconscious as a system of traces, marks, and imprints. This is why style *betrays*; it is, essentially, the *compulsion to confess*. *Confession* itself - that is to say, speech.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 166

These footlights have tripped before, shorting and sparking, shouting to inform us that originally the word ‘confess’ embraced the meaning of merely to say something emphatically, rather than its current day configuration of divulging; ah, yes, suit-ably stimulated, we-selves remember it now.



But this is another thing, quite another thing, because (with the help of a certain psychologism) all the difference between the *incised* and the *fashioned*, the *type* and the *figure*, or, if you prefer, between *writing* and *fiction*, is marked here.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 167

Sorties towards the body of rhetoric are essential to release and re-mark. If, quite simplistically, the sub-stance of re-presentation is as a mirror of a referent, despite even wonder-bracket a-side, am I-selves but [k]not obscene, existing only in death? Fluxes of frou-frou not-me-that-I-recognise circle troubled in unconscious undertones. Deathly pale I ponder my sense of selves. Fashioning I fashion me-selves of “I’s” or so it would seem located at this very moment as I am in the foreground. But surfaces conceal at times. Delving deeper, to those afore-mentioned [t]issues interlacing and entwining loops of deferral resolutely unravel to emphatically hint at an absencing of real-ising. Fading into the background, the S-trap e-merges, plunging me-as-mirror[ing]-artiste, [see-page 36: Beginnings] into a-void[ing] tactic, ricocheting off mirror[ing]s fending off the many masks. Eye-sight me-selves in-citing “I’s” reflected in-siting “You’s” liquidly [s]talks of still waters run deep.

Can the in-itself of matter be deter-mined before the process of valuation, *before* the process of identity formation? Can Intentional Systems do no other than act up?

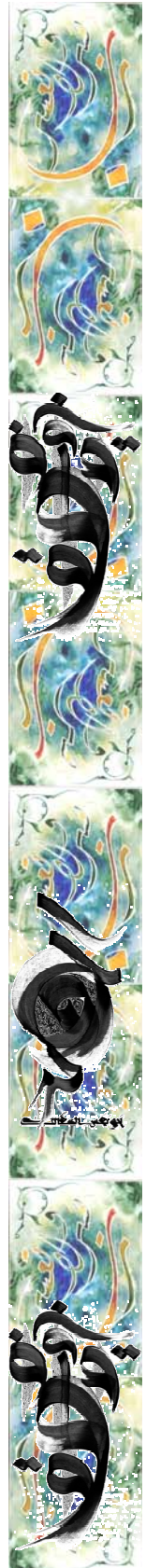


Fig 2 - Slipping between

Corporeal existence is generative and generous in its inclusiveness; an infinite partitioning, mediated from and within itself; an animated representation whose fractured mirroring includes cellular and atomic life. The intricate embrace of these recognitions is the matter of corporeality wherein recognition, a virtual splitting, is the stuff of reality.

Kirby. 1997: 146

Signifier not stuffed, [see-page 121: Fig 1] (although, admittedly decidedly feeling the pinch, my textual [ch]arms are somewhat over-extended and over-loaded by now-time and in-here[nt]-space contortions, such that I can me-rely quietly re-quest “You’s” to be patient a little longer), but intricately enmeshed in the eloquently fluent locus which is not one, the ephemeral shadow dance, reel and not reel, continues fluidly apace,

The difficulty here is that what might be called a hologramatic involvement of the ideational within the material, an implication that dissolves the self-evidence of each, is not simply comprehended. This complexity is inadequately declared in the suggestion that the corporeal is corporate - that is, not body, but bodies. This conclusion can displace the need to think “the how” of connection, the labour of the body of the interface that is differentiating.

Kirby. 1997: 146



And lo, back to back in Primitive Streak, directions become apparent. Limited by binaries of prints on a page, svelte sequinned me-selves of-and-in PhD corps labour invoking the fluent interface where textualities differentiate enfolding fetching[ly] exquisite designer [ad]dress through [s]kin surfaces and underlying [t]issues. Beset by

... the complex of systematicities, the systems of systems, of the body as such. ... Corporeality, in other words, involves a difference that cannot be known.

Kirby. 1997: 155

Take care, then, to keep loose clothing gathered tightly, to avoid stray fragments of substance from being caught in Deleuze and Guattari's desiring machines of institutionalized systematicity, hell-bent on benchmarking its trading stamp of quality exactitude both on-and-into all fractitious material. Winsome reeks havoc as wilful but embracing *sortie* gathers credibility enveloping skirting control.

We are reminded here of Saussure's struggle to determine the nature of language wherein he imbued linguistics with a cohesive integrity that presumed it was an enclosed system. Believing that there was a perimeter, or out-line, to the entity of linguistics, Saussure felt no need to inquire into the "being-language-of-language." He did not inquire



into “the becoming system of the linguistic system,” a system that must itself emerge within differentiations.

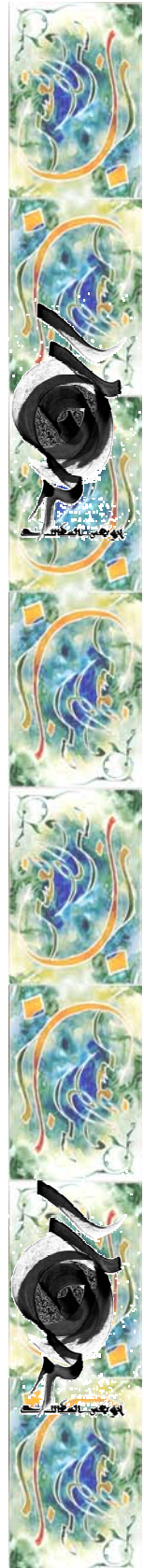
Kirby. 1997: 159

[S]nagged in Heidegger’s [k]not à la Lacoue-Labarthe, the stitch is dropped and Saussure fails to stoop to re-mark. This specular double, recurring image [ef]facing image, mirrors and evokes narcissistic echoes of that constitutive myth of psychoanalysis that is the Oedipus complex. Investments à la Lacan,

... sought to “detriangulize” it by noting a fundamental and necessary discordance - a matter, he [Lacan] says, of a “defaulting” [*carence*] - between the (real) father and his (symbolic) function, a discordance which requires the splitting of paternity as such and the appearance of an “imaginary father” capable of taking on the function.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 170

Fabricated in a loophole from a sp[l]itting of the son, [m]other into other, alienated from the subject, himself, with respect to resonating vis-à-vis its double, borne de-scribing di-stance alongside vulnerability as accomplice, yet embracing entirety in the presencing of the exteriority of desire, comes to matter. A fabric born of a textural dialectic between a theory of the figure and of fiction where the figure is foreclosed, committed to death in the reincarnation of the spitting image, see-sawing with the deadpan double,



shifting to dead ringer, turning aside to that which is Gestalt, so difficult to see. Indeed,

... no speculation can dialectize because it is inscribed in the specular relation itself, it is very likely that we are dealing here with a *loss of the subject*, undermining in advance any constitution, any functional assumption, and any possibility of appropriation or reappropriation.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 174

Taking up a-hem given that there is no subject, as such, that is not alienated or divided, la[n]ces into the imaginary death of the subject, whether the latter be imaginary or specular, and so comes to produce its own distinctive weave. Lucidly on the boil, death cannot but be imaginary if the dialectic has taken stock of being. Located in Lacoue-Labarthe's carefully laid trap, stealth lurks leaving islands of disquiet. Here the dischordant tropes clings plastically fast and refuses to let go of hot-beds of fomentation, since that is the trouble with binaries, is it not? Polarities plot and conspire intimidatingly.

Slides.

Whilst installed in that realm of specimens, the freeze-frame of frozen sections is now rather *démodé*. These former cases where-in most unbecoming ways, that s[p]liced [s]pore, mounted on an histology slide came to constitute the dis-ease that circumscribed and literally re-presented

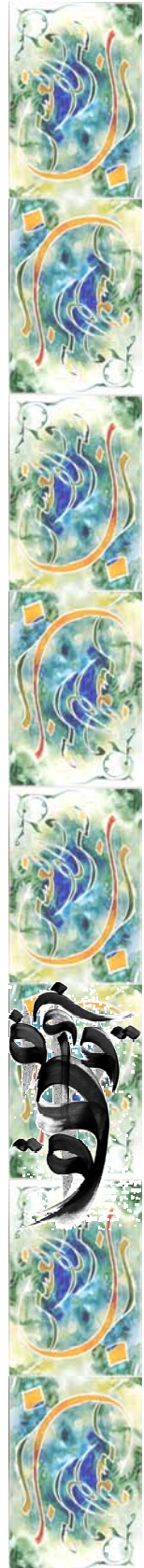


the entire person under medical investigation, [k]not the piecemeal body part that it was.

Medicine, too, needs high-definition displays. Medical diagnosis is leaving behind the shadowy X-ray. Nuclear magnetic resonance (NMR) reveals far more visual information than any photograph could provide. First, a magnetic field of gamma rays measures organs and even molecular structures. Taking these data as input, the computer then reconstructs entire cross sections of the patient's body. The visual output must be sharp enough to show a lesion one millimeter long or detailed enough for doctors to distinguish a left or right cusp of the aortic valve. ... Healing belongs to the interface.

Heim. 1993: 76-7

A wonder-bracket-aside reveals IT~self at the interface begging the question what is it that 'belongs' wants? Is it a matter of disposal? An affiliated association with relegating a proper place of fit to the Name of the Father perhaps is on the medical cards. Indeed, the patient becomes the dis-ease for the medical team on a number of occasions. In such loss of identity *destinerrance* widely distorts. Be-wear the wanton ownership out-of-all proportion attributing the piece-meal excelling at stuffing the signifier. Lagging by the way-side non-Gestalt assumes significance and wrong-figures.



But that is the nature of boundaries, is it [k]not? Expanding on those listed above, talking generically of Intentional Systems acting up, and, specifically, of those of the doctor-to-patient interface, it is now, it was always, and will be forever more the fact that healing occurs at the interface.

This loss of the subject is imperceptible, however, and not because it is equivalent to a secret failing or hidden lack, but because it is strictly indissociable from, and doubles, the process of constitution or appropriation.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 174

Words of pathos echo with mirrorings of

Undoubtedly death must be “imagined” for the dialectic of recognition to be able to function. But the dialectic of recognition is on its way to death [*en passe* de mourir], or even because it is irremediably separated from itself (as “subject”), but simply because it comes to itself only in losing itself.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 175

Sheer magic is loosed. The bias cut to the fabric is complete: the figure is never one. Vibrant, always in flux, thrumming in re-percussion, those heart-rending echoing drum-beats expressed in ephemeral slips and shifts, as the imaginary continually alters what it constructs, are notably sound. The



figural is divided and unstable, being an utter[st]ance which frays the distinction between the imaginary and the symbolic, and [b]reaches the negativity or absolute membranous alterity of the 'real'. Put under metaphorical microscopic regard utter[st]ances dis~play the notion that,

The subtler determinants, too, of the expression of one's thoughts in speaking or writing deserve careful attention. We believe that in general we are free to choose what words we shall use for clothing [*einkleiden*] our thoughts or what image [*Bild*] for disguising them [*verkleiden*]. Closer observation shows that other considerations determine this choice, and that behind the form in which the thought is expressed a glimpse may be had of a deeper meaning - often one that is not intended. The images and turns of phrase to which a person is particularly given are rarely without significance when one is forming a judgment of him; and others often turn out to be allusions to a theme which is being kept in the background at the time, but which has powerfully affected the speaker.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 184

But neither is it an incongruity with which the subject must come to terms. It is a matter of figuring out a spilling forth of reference points, there for the looking.

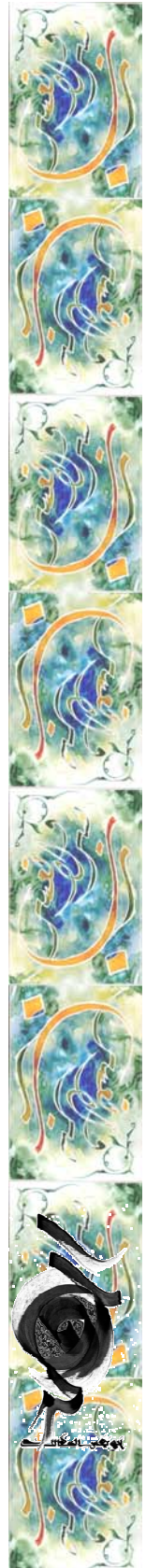


Fig 2 - Slipping between

What is my desire? What is my position in the imaginary structuration? This position is only conceivable in so far as one finds a guide beyond the Imaginary, on the level of the Symbolic plane, of the legal exchange which can only be embodied in the verbal exchange between human beings.

Lacan. 1988: 141 quoted in

Rapaport. 1994: 61

The focus is not that the image is mirrored, but that this image is realized to a greater or lesser extent. Although, relatively speaking, this may not even be in the field of vision itself, depending on where the subject is standing; and cannot be perfectly realized seizing a-slant and a-wry, sveltely absence [p]lays in significant presence. The mirrored surface begins to fade into something other than what it was, stretching sinuously to the vast horizons that instantiate the realm of the symbolic. Such is the fabric of the Lacanian imaginary, filmily embroidered with a notion that runs,

Now let us postulate that the inclination of the plane of the mirror is governed by the voice of the other. This doesn't happen at the level of the mirror-stage, but it happens subsequently through our overall relation with others - the symbolic relation. From that point on, you can grasp the extent to which the regulation of the imaginary depends on something which is located in a transcendent fashion ... the



symbolic connection between human beings.

Lacan. 1988: 140 –1 quoted in

Rapaport. 1994: 60

In other words, the subject sees self symbolically in the textualities of specular relations, language delineating the range of purling perfection, along-side the cascading current of apparent completeness, pouring over the rippling re-semblance, effusing the [t]issue of the imaginary. Ah the mirrorings murmur magnanimously yet muted.

A-part.

Speaking of the niceties of configuration, a neat re-touching of that Merleau-Ponty ‘figure’ on a ‘background’ related not-write-here, not-right-now [see-page 211: Fig 2], peeps out between gossamer strands. The figure in-*corp*-orates an outline which demarcates and, ordinarily, is construed as other not belonging to the background.

A wonder-bracket aside defi[n]es me-selves and so “I’s” intervene at this most opportune moment in order to point out, in the spirit of inter-textuality, if I may use that atomistic expression, (smudging and blending my eyelids from Merleau-Ponty’s “I” shadow triple colour palette, which takes the form of 3 points say on the curve) [see-page 248: Fig 2], that the stance of a-part is not quite my style, by any means, stringing us along as it does through



stuffing the signifier. So [t]reading carefully, sharp eyes peeled, a little nifty footwork surely can-[k]not go a-miss.

Re-turning to configuration, even bearing down on a rapt interiority of Fig 1, Fig 2 and Fig 3, this outline stands stiffly out. Differentiated by, demarcated distinctly and decisively different from, devisively figure and background stand apart. Derisive in-and-of-both or each-al~one de-scribing integrity death strikes. Apparently lost in the mists of outermost margins, seemingly located in all-consuming nothingness, the figure dies at its boundary of demarcation eliding into one with the background, is that how it is? Or is it that the background dies? Does death foreclose in losing site of itself as it runs on under the figure? Undoubtedly, its presence is cast-off-scene and *mise-en-abyme*. That is to [s]peak of presencing, of foregrounding stability, and containing about itself a compact domain of colour. Meanwhile, the background of the figure embodies no such bounds, fading ephemerally into the hide-and-seek of absencing and the seized erasure which, svelte, nevertheless endures. Borne of indefinite colouring, it 'runs on' under the figure. But does it? Could it be that those parts of the figure juxtaposed to the background enigmatically enlist a particular significance. Just how do those words, 'edge' and 'outline' shape up? Can they re-align and stand next to the other? Only when each links to *mise-en-obscène* in death perhaps?



Fig 2 - Slipping between

Seeing a figure can be only simultaneously experiencing all the atomic sensations which go to form it. Each one remains for ever what it is, a blind contact, an impression, while the whole collection of these becomes 'vision', and forms a picture before us because we learn to pass quickly from one impression to another. A shape is nothing but a sum of limited views, and the consciousness of a shape is a collective entity.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 14

What does it mean to experience a collection of qualities apprehended as a figure on a background, for instance? The [an]-atomic~al line to de-scribing sensation locates the sense-datum [see-page 211: Fig 2] as a scaffolding of blind contacts, actual or possible, and of impressions, if you will, now adding a further dimension of spatial relations to the afore-mentioned single discretely located qualities. Indeed,

The sensible elements of which it is made up cannot lose the opacity which defines them as sense-data, and open themselves to some intrinsic connection, to some law of conformation governing them all.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 14

But a shape assumes more. Stretching sinuously beyond the sum of present data, [b]reaching consciousness as the mind the gap over matter fills in the dotted lines, shape dons historical costume in terms of complementary



Fig 2 - Slipping between

previous experiences coming in significantly to play. Similar but not the same sits up and takes notice. Resonances reach out reflecting. To the note of their this-ness would be sub-sumed, eradicated and taken over were they the same, the complement of the association of ideas makes its mark.

The significance of the percept is nothing but a cluster of images which begin to reappear without reason. The simplest images or sensations are, in the last analysis, all that there is to understand in words, concepts being a complicated way of designating them, and as they are themselves inexpressible impressions, understanding is a fraud or an illusion.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 15

In other words, there are no *de facto* proximities of likenesses which cause groupings because these are of our own making according to our own individualistic analytically discerning attitudes. Memory has tricks up its sleeves regarding perception it would seem. And it is not merely that when reading this text,

... the speed of the eye leaves gaps in the retinal impressions, *therefore* the sense-data must be filled out by a projection of memories.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 19



Unblinking glass eyes stare me down. The PhD body lurches from the whipped-up backlash of the overwhelming effigy corps constructed by “You’s” as I-selves clutching at straws.

Sensation admits of no philosophy other than that of nominalism, that is, the reduction of meaning to the misinterpretation of vague resemblance or to the meaninglessness of association of contiguity.

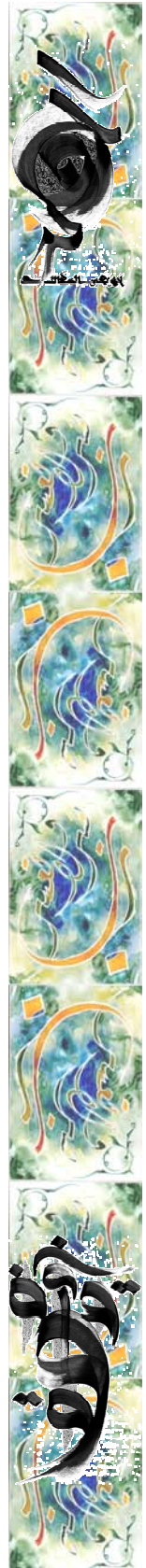
Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 15

But,

...it is a mistake to think that with the ‘projection of memories’ we are bringing into perception some mental activity, and that we have taken up a position opposed to that of empiricism. The theory is no more than a consequence, a tardy and ineffective correction of empiricism, accepting its postulates, sharing the same difficulties and, like empiricism, concealing phenomena instead of elucidating them.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 21

The imposter is the process of deducing the datum from all that the sense organs pick out as what counts is eye movements, speed of reading and the time required for retinal impression. Yet nobody sees, for these are but blind processes, forever adrift from knowing, forbidden to eat of the tree of



knowledge, an impossible feat anyway owing to banishment from the garden of eden.

The cleavage between given and remembered, arrived at by way of objective causes, is arbitrary. When we come back to phenomena we find, as a basic layer of experience, a whole already pregnant with an irreducible meaning: not sensations with gaps between them, into which memories may be supposed to slip, but the features, the layout of a landscape or a word, in spontaneous accord with the intentions of the moment, as with earlier experience.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 21-2

An-atom[ist]ical dart a little askew, an effigy fashioned out of [t]issues of lies looms, from the garden shadows, to grass on my researcher self's intentions. Banished as wanton yet found wanting, am I? But no matter, fashioned from sterner stuff, PhD body [reb]p-ukes on the humbug and po[i]sing, recovers, no longer wrong-figured and warped. This briefly troubling effigy is but an eyesore before the telling space of a sequined I~saw.

A-wash, memory is in danger of currently running off the page. My brush-strokes clearly require at-tent[s]ion. Consciousness might modify the structure of its surroundings, at any moment, by choosing to open a former experience present in the form of an horizon, or to allow a particular horizon

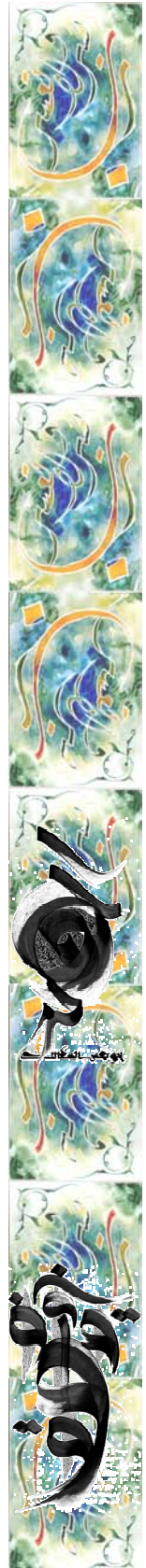


Fig 2 - Slipping between

as a theme of knowledge to remain closed. The horizons provide given 'sets' to the temporal situation, so the past is present and perception wears a mask of recollection. But that is not quite to say memories clinch perception. No, more to say that they provide significance as, step by intricate step, the interlocked perspectives are dis-mantled until the experiences epitomized in memory are as if relived in their temporal setting. To perceive is not merely to re-call but rather to re-member.

Interpretation and contextualization of the body circumscribe social scientist-type investigations with medical discourse intent on declaring the end-truth of this universal translation. The habitual utterstance taken-up is that there exists an essential, universal body, albeit one that is variously explained by cause-and-effect, for instance. With a theatrical swish the curtain around the NHS bed parts melo-dramatically, sensationally drawing back, giving the lie to Mr and Mrs Average if but[t] Intentional Systems possess the where-with-all to see. The crux is whether or not this should be questioned.

Flesh in pain, edited out by others, despite an op-pressively vivid presencing in-here[ntly] me-selves, as re-markedly irredeemably flawed, in cut-out rushes strewn about the floor, dis-carded words on a page, cut and pasted in, wrong-figuring contorts. A body is thought of as a common ground of inquiry, and yes, if over-looked and dis-re~g[u]arded, it hinges plastically



here with other bespoke devotees if we stretch a point and take a stance on our Barbie feet fixatedly *en pointe* [see-page 337: Fig 3].

Is it not a mark of punctuation that ‘the body of nature’ is permeable membrane to ‘the inscriptive penetrations of the writing machine we call culture’? (Kirby. 1997: 4). Is it not the case that the marker of that border between mind and body has moved? But has it vanished altogether? Has presence faded into absence, confounding inside and outside, but brimming with the fluency of leading edge acumen? Providing the context I speak of revolves around one taken out of the [h]ands of Intentional Systems acting up it follows that I-selves agree.

A breath of fresh air.

Far away from snipping at edges, an [ad]dress rapt in spell-binding enchantment, sentences cut cannily on the bias such that they flow, softly pulsing liquid words ebb and flow succinctly. Muted murmurs frill and froth forth ephemerally shimmering. “T’s” cite theoretical and philosophical sophistication counter-positioning sighting against exploring contra-distinctions of resonances between pleasures and plays of texts, born of fleshing out anatomical [t]issues under-lying [s]kin-textured understandings of infra-referentiality and in-between-ness such that the po[i]se comes to matter.

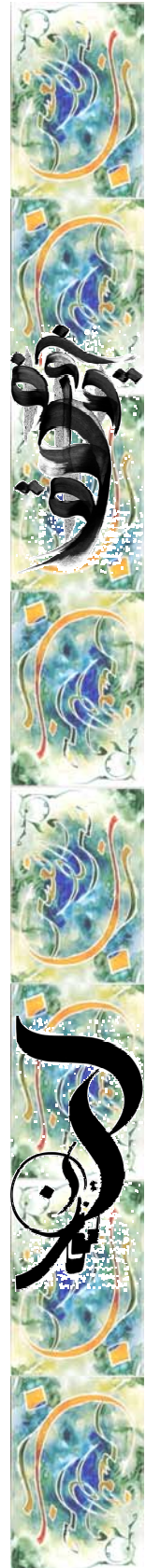


Fig 2 - Slipping between

For the subject constituted in and of language, the exquisite notation turns on the signs which are not merely fixed as in ‘a society of bees but that they are *expressed*’ sound of harmony, figure and background spell-bindingly articulate. (Rapaport. 1994: 206). But insidious to Intentional Systems, of course, the in-grained response is pretty predictable expressed as it so often is in stiffly starched white front[ier]s. And so what was starkly austere came to pass.

The [t]issue of a wonder-bracket aside, luxuriously steeped in a heady fragrance named “Must”, turns to face off the [k]not of an other, separate but related, and with one *twist* of the *knot* plus lower rather than capital invest[e]ment, must backs off somewhat from the directive, flowering effortlessly, stemming from a musk of fragrance, born out of savouring sensuous suggestive layers, it spins and spills forth e-vocatively en-chanting. A bouquet of delicate notes spill forth.

Despite being elusive and fluidly ambiguous, a referent must be to [h]and for an argument, “I’s” would think; would “You’s”? A trait of constant referral, whilst perplexing perhaps, is thus not that problematic here. What is more problematic is the illocutionary performative act that “I’s” are trying on for size in-here[ntly], as well as its essential accessories of perlocutionary forces knudging insistently at “You’s”, following on from my intentional states of promoting the perplexities of those resplendent guises of “if only’s”



shadow dancing in shaded subtleties, and belief in my own powers of persuasion.

What does re-presentation of in-sight into several or single sequinned me-selves brushing off onto facets of “You’s”, and “I’s” slipping into one or two sequinned you-selves look like when it is becomingly [ad]dressed? Stealthily, constant referral changes costume continuously fetching as a suit in beguiling deferral. Deconstruction fitted up into dastardly destruction is clearly not on the cards. Fluency is not floundering belly up. The methodological motif here is to seize sceptically and to keep sveltely slipping into sheer ephemeral utterstances, that is to say it is not to halt, entrenched in mot~to take a prejud[g]iced stand. Yes, we might well be breathing fresh air, but the perfumed essence, on the scent of this newly emerging body part, sports the same designer label identity, just as it does, elsewhere, in that be-spoke corporeal fragment, that is also not-quite-now-here. Surely it must reverberate scenting your pulse. An aroma of delineated notes expresses a similar but not the same bouquet as an array of delicate volatile traces delights the senses. Fluid fragrances shadow dance on.

A-pace.

Space takes up a hidden accomplice on occasions, it would seam. Time frames trap the moving images of bodily language *à la* physiology into



Fig 2 - Slipping between

graphic traces, which can be conveniently stopped and measured in quantifiable indices. “Stand still!” commands. Margins a-bound and men~ace the quest for the elusive elixir. Movement was re-markably questionable Other and, as such, highly suspect, pervasively problematical. “Freeze!” compels. The pulse requires punctuating with a full stop - permanently on particular occasions. Repetition of the same, that holy grail, beloved re-quest of scientists does not respect and cannot recognise the significance of pulse, perhaps? Unpredictable pulse can be erratic and/or slow at times, inviting trouble maybe? Death beckons signalling a desolately stark end or so it was previously thought. Yes, of course, fixated in finitude, it sustains and therein lies its glory. But it is flawed in-sinuating suspect under-lying [t]issues of subtlety, alterities woefully wanton, determined to make their presence felt.

Always there is a multi-spatial folding activity – (I have deliberately avoided writing the word, ‘back’), overlying and underlying the many social spaces set up for consideration in this text. Death favours something different, perhaps? Imbrication looms indecently in our faces, then? ‘Indecently’ – no, only if grasping at surfaces. ‘Intriguingly’ is lying underneath. Like a fractal (Schostak Jill. 1996: 9) it frills forth, thrilling, their filigree edges breathe life into the matter. The restless circling around, within and without, dis-solving and disturbing boundaries through sorties into smudging con-toured out-lines, progressively unveils disguises bringing the



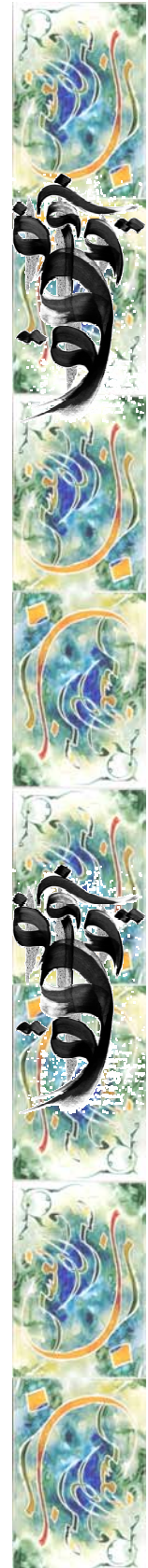
medical gaze closer to the point of the original truth, in the sense of an exhaustive, clear, and complete reading of the disease *au rigueur*.

Seamingly firm foundations flounder, coming apart. Their shade seems tinged with a muted defiance, the ensuing hue and cry set up fixes the colouring to pre-scribed [sur]face values of a singular sort. Valiantly, infirm pre-mises feint and fragment in a flap, [f]altering from the backwash of a fit-up of insubstantial foundational support.

Cloaked up.

But, regard, what cloaking devices are brought 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.

And behold, it would appear that, in this particular text[ile] configuration so far, the [ad]dress has positioned itself before the body in evidence. Are my imag[in]ings in two minds - whether to [em]body or to [ad]dress? No, it is of far greater significant substance than that. Intertextuality struggles and resists, as theatrically [ad]dressed I-selves grasp vibrant being, whose other becoming existence gasps out demise. Resolutely, me-selves re-solve to being spellbindingly becoming other; the other that mimicry begets. Sequined me-selves seize stage-managed death, that shade[d] existence, or



rather than absence of being, sometimes paraded in a framing, a mis-en-scène, which occurs in an ob-scene, that state of s[c]ene that oftentimes cannot be viewed directly. This state of unbeing stage-managed as absencing being is shifted, dissimulated - 'forgotten' - such that it can be seen. The paradox, then, is that forgetting, this engaging in not-here-ness, begets presencing of being seen. Sequined me-selves grasp intertextually [ad]dressed sylphs in sinuous shadow dance, gasping fluently from being embodied in punctuated pastiche.

Hyphenating "ob-scene" calls attention to the prefix *ob* (in Latin a preposition meaning in front of, in view of, toward, but also against), which in relation to the "scene" signifies a displacement or removal of a spectacle from the viewer, a distance placed between subject and object. The ob-scene is the scene before the scene or a scene against a scene. To quote Lacoue-Labarthe: "If it is permissible to play on a 'popular' etymology, we might say that death is *ob-scene*. At the very least, Freud is convinced death 'cannot be looked in the face' and that art (like religion) has the privilege of being the beginning of economic representation - that is, of libidinal representation. Death never appears as such, it is in the strict sense unrepresentable [*imprésentable*], or the unrepresentable itself." (quoting Lacoue-Labarthe, "Theatrum," p. 135).

Rapaport. 1994: 97

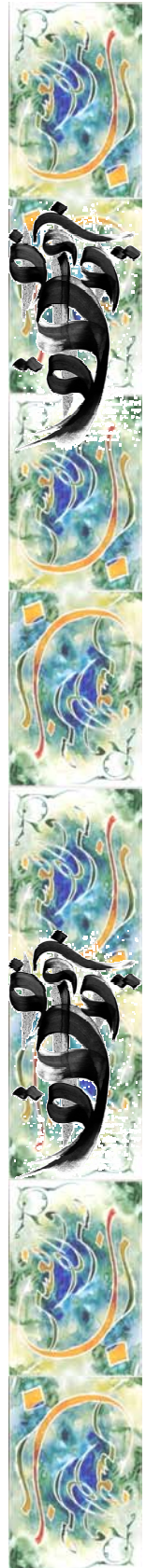


Talk of the obscene flounces the distance, the difference, that shifts the *mise-en-scène* that occurs in front of the primary scene, whatever that is or can be. Shift wears Freudian style vestments of staging, dreaming or fantasizing here. The *mise-en-scène* is thus deferred, subject to disfiguration, by virtue of spurious knowledge held close to the chest in play. Grasp, disfigured through masks of what cannot be represented, becomes suspect. Yet under-standing at play en-rol[e]s being open becoming foregrounded, closed becoming absenced, presented becoming presenced and removed becoming backgrounded, known and not known, the same as and different from. And on one [a]musing spelled-bound spin, seizing leer[ing] ‘disfiguration’, steps out into svelte ‘transfiguration’: slur becomes sheer allure.

Held in check by frequent word counts against a bodily dis-position of growing ever grosser, escaping over-blown death from loud-mouthing sweet-nothings, the pointing finger fails to re-mark the spaces-in-between, thumbs thrum excitedly, revealing resistance to the politics of closure, yet celebrating fluidity of meanings. Thus engaging in the sortie that

The body is more than a visitor to the scene of writing: the body is the drama of its own re-markability

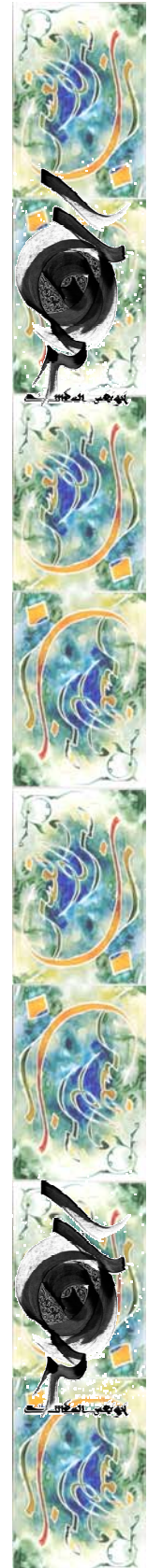
Kirby. 1997: 154



begs the question of is that where I am? Are you there too? Do we re-side relegated to the mortified [t]issues of the ob-scene that is my corps and yours too, a stollen that is [ad]dress and/or utter[st]ance, a[s]kin to out-of-sight “if only’s” of intertextuality? The word, ‘relegated’ rattles my *sang-froid* – at least it does so with particular regard to my body and yours as well, if, in this particular in-stance, I may make so bold as to appropriate “You’s”, just here-and-now. In my mind, its innuendoes and shades of *malheur* relate only to the concept of ob-scene, but obliquely so, even in that act. Can ob-scene be res-cue[d]? In a location not-quite-here-and now, that particular point being else[w]here deconstruction finds ob-scene off-stage, so to speak. And with theatrical flair born of masquerades and configuring, one bound[ary] poses us a-side of ‘relegated’ and in-side respectable in the resurrected [t]issues of the ob-scene, involving the unknowable, but nevertheless, articulate with the subject.

Double entendres.

Of course, “You” have to accept my word on this, “You have to take what “I” say at face value. “You” may choose not to do so. Grasped by “Your” doubt, “I” am snapped in a freeze-frame, not free; fixed and not fluid, instilled and not out of de-sign[ated] place. That is your privilege. It is of little matter to me. For-b[e]aring re-signed, “I” do not hang by this thread alone. My entire substance being interwoven in significant shimmering shadow dancing of what gives itself to be seen as this or that, but just as it is



or not, and so forth, it froths and fabric-ates. Thus I install the theoretical realm. But my particular theorized poise, I will argue, spins on fluency, forsaking myopic machinations, and thus spellbound, sequinned me-selves are exceedingly well-turned out. Now, that this word sparks impressive intrigue intricately enfolded in illuminating turn, making-up further I stand before the theoretical ‘*en abyme*’, as the importance of the mirror emerges: [s]kin reflecting [t]issues hovers.

This includes the “subject” who has installed (himself in) the theoretical realm and performed the operation, since the mirror allows one to reflect oneself, ...

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 92

But then again, looking slightly a-wry, if “I’s” make a point explicit, does it become so? Undoubtedly, “if only’s” fit and articulate “You’s” so becomingly cited seemingly as under-scored imaginary friends. But, e[r]go, since friends can disagree, filigrees of “if only’s” are really of little substance, fading into the background, in significant[ly] under-lining the allure of sheer slips re-pulsing the slur sewn in stitch-ups. My intention, then, in this thesis [ad]dress is that the calligraphic guise represents mirror imag[in]ings worn by the several interwoven bodies within this PhD award domain. Embodied in the calligraphy is the conception that any surface identity once enquired into, silently elides into another surface entity that is not one, as grasp becomes gasp, as surface relation becomes transfigured to



'r' us/face elation, traces of which endure. One blink of that eye masquerading as arabic 'h' cites calligraphic bodies extending that [h]and.

Of course, my arc[h] glibness above, is just bold front as pointing out three atomistic X-marks on a selv-edged circum-[re]~ference stitched in Merleau-Ponty style inter-textual [ad]dresses that circumspect arc once again since

... every desire is desire for the desire of the other (and not immediately desire for an object); every structure of desire is triangular (entailing the other - mediator or model - whose desire desire imitates); every desire is thus from its inception infused with hatred and rivalry. In short, the origin of desire is mimesis - mimetism - and no desire is ever forged that does not at once desire the death or the disappearance of the model or "exemplary" personage that gave rise to it.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 102

But eschewing shot-gun theorization, self presencing, however, lack lustre, even if emergent through fading ebb of being, ensures "I's" uncover some strategy of recuperation. Hell-bent on fending off the flak, rather than shelling it out, I-selves intend to interrogate this mirror image.

Looking [in the] glass, this double, transfigures from living being into thing, into reflected re-production. This animated inanimate turns and spells

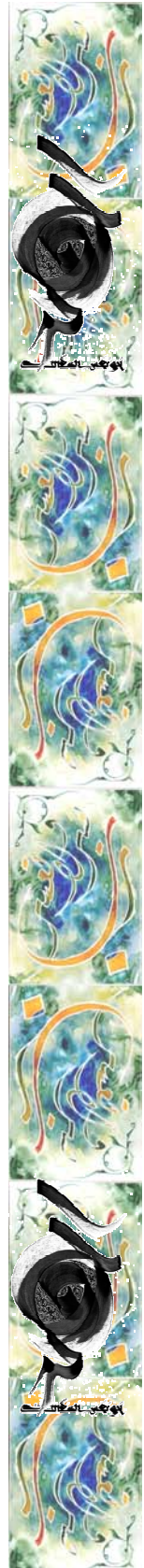


Fig 2 - Slipping between

what? I allude to the mirror image perhaps being the inanimated not-Gestalt, as several reflections loom and file past like clock-work. Fitted up the mechanical doll, the automaton, the straw-person, a phantasm, a mannequin, or icon all take their allotted place on the conveyor belt drawn tightly circum-scribing the wa[i]ste. The mirroring fashions the fabric of rendering mimesis as (re)presentation, as ‘imitation’ evoking (re)production, as installation with a character of veri-similitude. Rent apart in being, yet seemingly not adrift, being born[e] of other substance, but only of this one being mere pre-text, expansive reflection resonates the chordae tendinae, pauses and de-notes being at the very heart of the matter. This domain of *Ge-stell* [see-page 61: Fig 1] is located between an ‘event’ and an appropriation’, presencing forth as a continuation of a will to will, an extreme imprint of Being, which stamps us firmly in ontology, quite carnally, of course.

Fabric switch.

Have I fabricated greater existential distance from the more pragmatic contexts in this body of work, fashioning a look-alike mimicry of the realm of virtual reality? Am I irretrievably installed in a profligate place of wanton prostitution where anything goes? Written accounts, that I have read, critiquing such a reality extracted from the virtual would indicate this could well be so. Sequinned me-selves sincerely hope not.



Fig 2 - Slipping between

I would argue that this PhD thesis embodies the concept of ‘biology’ as an utterly existential living-experience, and as being lived through the being-language-of-language in a way that forecloses on teasing differentials apart, not because that’s an impossible feat. No, absolutely not, I have to say, I am not the artful libertine, legging it into an awareness which becomes fetchingly preventative strategy, which masquerades as my kop out creation. No, that is not it at all. Teasing those differentials apart constitutes a dire threat to mortality. Death stalks dis-section, snapping at its heels, sapping at its substance. Of course, it in-forms, but the cost is dear, being dire to heal.

The anatomization of the body of words born here, that facilitates a constitution born of deconstruction, as well as the material renderings of visual text[ile] fabrics which grasp at glances off marks, shadow dance across pages of thesis body, as far as “I’s” can tell. Will “You’s” not agree? Traceries frill and froth forth softly pulsing. Perplexingly, perception is perpetually questionable, eternally fluid, enticingly tantalising, alluringly relative, being, subtle, not distanced, but fluently tangible, pressingly palpable, yet never quite touching surfaces.

Switching to hypertext, not literally but figuratively, for the moment, quoting Heim, who writes,

Hypertext is no less than electronic intertextuality, the text of all texts, a supertext.



The term *hypertext* refers to the existence of an unnoticed or additional dimension. In board games and in mathematical physics, the term *hyper* means “another dimension.”

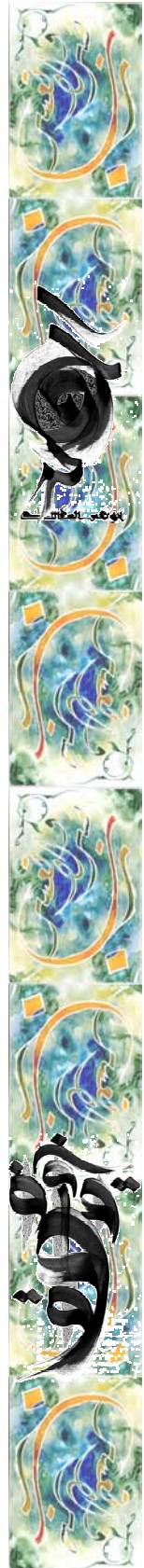
Heim. 1993: 30

Ef-faced, not de-faced, frilled in filigree and the fourth or fifth dimension, perhaps, and so forth it froths and fabricates,

Something - it goes without saying - that the *mise-en-abyme* must always reflect in order to ensure (re)presentation (*Darstellung*): namely, reflection itself *as* (re)presentation. The loss of *Darstellung* can scarcely be a simple matter. For it is not simply a question of something that falls out and that we forget to pick up, or even finally whose fall we fail to *remark*.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 72

Entering the fray[ing] into that speck that is not one spot, skirting binary polka-dot interfacing, being fashioned of bias cut-throat pause in mien in significant substance, spellbound poise comes to cite matter. Whether the abyss is forever somehow implied in *Darstellung* [see-page 62: Fig 1], or whether *Darstellung* always engenders a *mise-en-abyme* places us in no sticky spot; no, we have been cast in such a scene before. Still svelte, secure in the will to resist being [ob]scenely stuffed by the signifier [see-page 121: Fig 1], me-selves, composite of the ‘pro’ that ‘I’ aspire to be, seize on the



utter[st]ance where-for something comes to be by being ‘both-or-[h]and’. Inasmuch as the reflection may be presented as ‘figure’ but then again it may fade into fictioning, into a shadow of itself, backgrounded into imperceptibility, a matter of absencing foregrounded in shades of being present. What masks are where-in seams to re-solve in l[a]ying thread[s]~bare, it would seem.

What will unfold to be revealed? Have I committed the sin of being double agent, [s]pur-ported to becomingly fetching in eloquent fluency, whilst [k]notted and firmly fixated in being pin-pointed? Trapped in positionings of behind my back, the left hand [k]not knowing what the right hand does, elaborate and extensive work-outs figure on the [w]rite balance between slips of meaning. The essential ex[er]cise is both hereness in what follows next and, yet not-hereness in what will follow, and has already followed, but[t] for that obligatory stretch-mark pregnant space and not-yet-come-to-term time dimensional con-figurations im-posing on my de-liberations, drawing me as-under.

Of course, the bottom line in dog-ged pur-suit of the doctorate award reveals an assiduous search for requisite whalebones which underscore the corsets, or rather that invest[e]ment of bra-slip[s], that all-in-one finery, so fitting [k]not bar to my methodological [ad]dress, which in turn, measures up to size for the academic off-the-peg finery of accolade. Stout foundations re-solve distressing hints of chaos and summon all into one svelte figure, ab-



Fig 2 - Slipping between

solving brief but snatched hitches and glitches of bodily ex-cesses, banishing bumps and lumps into re-cesses else-where away from masterly sightings of borderlines of e-den, re-marking out-lines of *stellen* in that paradise domain of the well-toned body. But is it enough? Can I count on those accoutrements to my [ad]dress as er...mine?

Contortions pre-vail, curling selv-edges turn up, bar[k]ing dogs who do not pur[r] even in response to stroking out bent ears, no matter whether single-mindedly strutting their suited stuff on cat-walks under spot-lights or [k]not. Dejectedly, dog ears flattened and tail down, sad eyes face a firm bar to *mise-en-scène*, banished to that dog-house of *mise-en-abyme*, for just a heart-stopping moment. Ah, one blink of the eye, one wag of my tale, rhetorical ribbing res-cues instantly, punctuating the removal, the substance of agile ad-libbing figures on timing being all. Absolutely exquisite, when it suc-cedes; perfect and painless, in fact, it would seam.

And when it ah so painfully fails to do so, recalcitrant characters called *les non-dupes errent* emerge relentlessly, [ad]dressed adroitly in the style of Lacan. These nondupes err, losing [s]way. Abject and buttoned closely within cloaks under the name of the Father, those notable eminent identifying signifiers, which provide my stock-in[g] trade to gain a purchase on academic credibility, Lacan being but one member of said suspend[er]ed band, which supports such a leg up, of course,



The unconscious of that phrase on the hitherside of the mirror of language, *les non-dupes errent*, is intended to suggest that those who dismiss the Names-of-the-Father or arrogate the names for themselves are fated to wander around aimlessly in the impasse and scenography of an Other's permission of yes or no. Indeed, for Lacan this errancy marks a determinate relation to a yes and no that defines one's position and hence turns that impasse into a legacy.

Rapaport. 1994: 196-7

Am I destined to be banished forever from the Garden of Eden? Am I to wander aimlessly in the impasse, virtuously purloined on the broad backs of what is commonly, but erroneously through the window-dressing predilection, perceived as the all-that-there-is efficacy of intertextuality? Eschewing fatalistic mien, by refusing to let-be drop in the laps of the gods, not biting into the adam's apple of opting out of culpability by passing the buck, me-selves re-member through re-lapsing pre-senses shadow dancing with racy referrals.

Posing.

My methodology of overhaul, fashioning itself in deconstruction, dresses in slips of scepticism, me-selves made up with spell-invoking eye-shadows, provoking glimpses of alterity through such softly shimmering [an]atomistically arc-ane accessories. The sheer overall consequences see-



through to the discursive fractures enabling re-articulation [deterritorialization]. This methodological body-building strengthens my po[i]se ethically, for instance, and particularly so, if I express[ive]ly work out in Lyotard [ad]dress, where

... language is a discursive, in which one type of discourse can silence or oppress another: “A différend takes place between two parties when the ‘settlement’ of the conflict that opposes them is made in the idiom of one while the injury from which the other suffers does not signify in that idiom”.

Steele. 1997: 54

In Other words, Lyotard emphasizes that linguistic practices situate subjectivity, if, that is, the conflict, the dialogue, is located in language itself rather than between competing claims by subjects. This is precisely my position. One swirl of [ad]dress, one spellbinding turn of foot marks one professional pirouette on point in a choreography where-in constructs of self are negotiated cites both in and out of language.

But if truth and identity, however, figured, are constituted in language, they are ‘irremediably fractured by difference’ and beset by an identity crisis.

In other words, why is the self-presence or unified truth of *the* limit conceived as an unperforated *outline* of language, not itself prone to



this same nature? Why is there only *one* limit, a limit whose job it is to differentiate ideality from materiality while itself remaining undifferentiated? And how does the identity of the limit - or, by extension, the identities of ideality and materiality - *precede* the *différential* process of limiting? Put simply, how does identity already precede the conditions of its emergence?

Kirby. 1997: 89

Articulation hinges on whether de Saussure's [in]vestments are worn in a

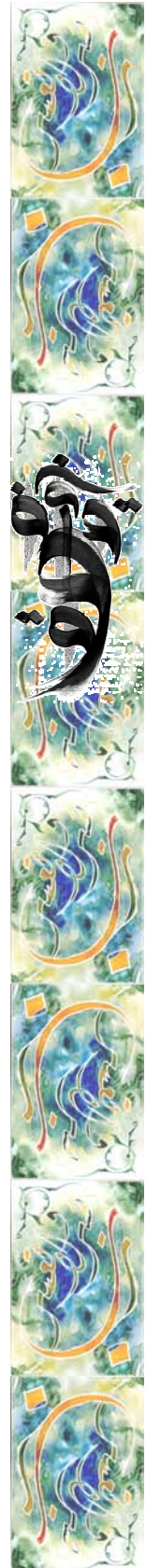
... world before language, the thing (or referent) before the sign, matter before the idea, and the sensible before the intelligible ...

...This temporal distinction also enacts a spatial separation such that reality, or what is regarded as the substance of the worlds, is assumed to be outside, or beyond, representation because it precedes it. And yet despite this, one can argue that the motif of difference in Saussure is sufficiently ambiguous that its complexity ruins these fundamental distinctions even as it installs them.

Kirby. 1997: 89

Kirby continues to unravel the threads of a weave whereby,

Saussure argues that in language every element of the system emerges in and through its difference from every other element, such that every



element must bear the trace of the entire system within it. This sense of difference as infection undoes the identities of “element,” “sign,” and “system,” underlining their provisional status as heuristic “moments” in the explication of language. The integrity of these entities must dissolve as the analysis proceeds.

Kirby. 1997: 90

Back-*chat* up against it, mal-aligned in that trap of forgetting to pick up at best, or failing to re-mark at worst, the *c[h]at*-flap is stuck in somewhat of a Freudian rut. Casting simulated quasi-philosophical gaze in-vei[g]ling the medical s[p]eaking eye, the sign of “heuristic moments” suggests a similar inf[l]ection to those points of b[l]ind contacts on that curve of atomic sensations drawn upon through wearing sensual sensational shades à la Merleau-Ponty [see-page 211: Fig 2]. But, somehow, if our memory is not deceiving us, sharp eyes pre-ceded the utter[st]ance where-in the discrete points incriminate by not pro-mising the whole, and turning to unravel the gossamer threads of inbetween-ness we prime a vision of more than the sum of parts that no longer discriminate between individual brush-strokes that paint the total picture but spins into what it is to comprehensively live the corpo-real experience. Po[i]sed in-between, we re-side in the realms of

The phenomenon of the background’s continuing under the figure, and being *seen* under the figure – when in fact it is covered by the figure – a phenomenon which embraces the whole problem of the *presence* of

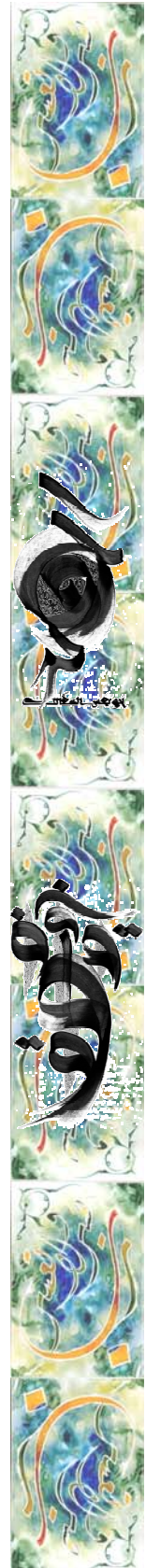


Fig 2 - Slipping between

the object, is obscured by empiricist philosophy, which treats this covered part of the background as invisible (in virtue of a physiological definition of vision) and brings it down to the status of a mere sensible quality by supposing that it is provided by an image, that is, by a watered-down sensation.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 24-5

Shrugging off the heavy mantle of empiricism, we revel in “the strange mode of existence enjoyed by the object behind our back,” (Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 25). Cover-up appears as indubitable as figuring-out spinning on the relative. Light-hearted, those in-between [s]paces breathe a sigh of relief, inspiring enigma.

However, in the [blue] light of an emergency dash, for those doctors caught unawares of what is going on behind their backs, this is [k]not so, in point of fact. [B]locked into proper[ty] Intentional Systems, deadly trauma stalks sinisterly dogging their professional heels, menacingly forbidding, stamping firmly down on uncertainties.

Prompts.

What is to be found hiding behind the back of the visible, taking cover? Another dimension surfaces. Similarly, but not the same, what lies in the non-visible of obscured under the covers of “You’s” reading me? Clearly,



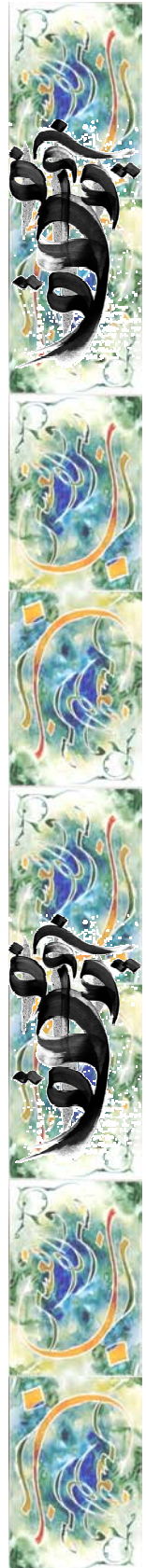
we need to in-vest heavily in some deep-rooted consideration and contemplation. Hair dyes at the ready, a change of appearance is on the cards. Freeze-framed in the photo-shoot, attending minutely to our perception, carefully developing our [at]tens[t]ion further we enrich our consciousness of our world. Assuming the cloaking perspective of intellectualism, and educative backchat in this instance, drawing the ties of existentialism closer around us,

It is true that we carry with us, in the shape of our body, an ever-present principle of absent-mindedness and bewilderment. But our body has not the power to make us see what is not there; it can only make us believe that we see it.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 27

Pulling the wool over the fluff of appearance, attention measures up as a transformation of the mental field such that a new way emerges for consciousness to be present to its objects. Talking personally, literally seizing the body by the scruff of the neck, this field, either perceptual or mental, is created by a virtue of being

... ‘surveyed’ (*überschauen*), in which movements of the exploratory organ or elaborations of thought are possible, but in which consciousness does not correspondingly lose what it has gained and, moreover, lose itself in the changes it brings about. The precise



position of the point touched will be the invariable factor among the various feelings that I experience according to the dispositions of my limbs and body. The act of attention can localize or objectify this invariable factor because it has stepped back from the changes of appearance.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 29

Is stepping back deferral? Does death ensue, [s]wiping a body out in erasure? If traces continue to linger, is resurrection on the cards?

Talking of cards, and prompt cards in particular, take a step back to childhood and re-member learning those letters in order to read and write. Gazing through a Foucauldian speaking eye one model that emerged on the language stage uncovered the stance de-composing along the lines of set structure, where learning pivots on those written forms of A,B,C's strut[ting] out to the tune of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. Dressing the gaze in the analytic style, the capital guise of the alphabet provides the requisite contours and definition for scientific method, in [lower] case of point to actually [ad]dress the medical gaze in the under-skirts of seam[ingl]y analytic procedures through foundational habits measuring up. Proceeding along the catwalk of clinical practice, the gaze alights on the

... smallest possible observable segment, that from which one must set out and beyond which one cannot go back, is the singular



impression one receives of a patient, or, rather of a symptom of that patient; it signifies nothing in itself, but assumes meaning and value and begins to speak if it blends with other elements ...

Foucault. 1973: 118

pirouetting around the locus that

Particular, isolated observations are to science what letters and words are to discourse; discourse is founded only on the concourse and coming together of letters and words whose mechanism and value must have been studied and reflected upon before correct and practical use was made of them; the same may be said of observations.

Foucault. 1973: 118

How can this be? Or rather, to ask the question as pre-sensing, and, in so doing, backgrounding perspective to its historical foregrounding, how can this have been? What do the words “are to” want? Ah, to ask is the relation literal or figurative, perhaps? And what follows on ‘the concourse’ of the medical notes, but a ‘mechanism and value’ of the patient’s body, possessed as Proper[ty] by Intentional Systems acting up.

A child learns to speak in the realm of the Real. Setting aside all that takes place for this to come to pass, be it known and/or unknown, whether theorised about and/or de-scribed as tacit, in point of fact, erases the

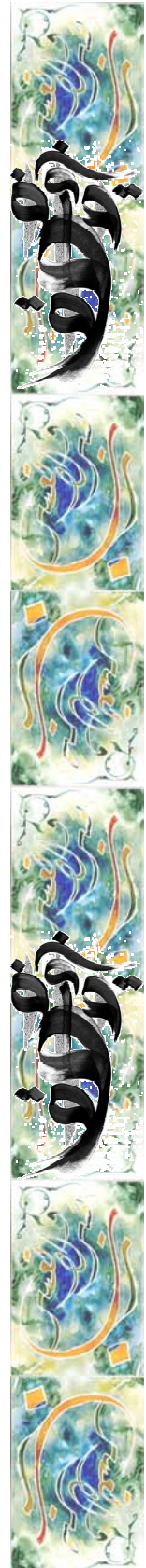


enigmatic complexities of the lived-living experiences of what it means to speak my language. And even though said language is not mine, reflections of the imag[in]ing of Derridean shades pervade, one train of the [p]robe dove-tails into the for-getting act of [ad]dress a-rousing the haunting spectre of medical training in-citing real development in practice on living patients. Sinisterly, the stuff of nightmares terrifies and turns our figurative stomachs. Ab-used bodies now wide awake, searching for soothing re-assurance and piece of mind, can the realm of the symbolic con-sole? Yet that too has several teething problems that gnaw and gripe at our vitals as looking back at us in that mirror, is the eternal eighteen month old toddler, seeing self as singularly together in that fictionalised [w]hole reflection, utterly eschewing the under-lying fragmentation. Can it be that there is more to seeing than meets the eye?

Elucidating, creating, attention spans gossamer strands to invite into the [s]pace of in-between-ness what might be conceivably invoked, in the suggestive speech of Merleau-Ponty, as the “knowledge-bringing event”, (Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 30). Borrowing from the involutions of the intricate, bearing on intoxicating intrigue, a new object is constituted by making

... explicit and articulate what was until then presented as no more than an indeterminate horizon.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 30



Taking pre-existing data as s[t]imulating figures, now trans-figured from mere horizons, calls on a change in the structure of consciousness, a new articulation is stunningly achieved. The impulse of motivation sparks off another motor neurone of intention.

Meanwhile “You’s” are at liberty to choose.

Yet the trace of this metamorphosis is not the mark of an absent element, the residue of a presence whose existence is now compromised. Rather, the differential within difference is an entangling of traces within traces so that the being of the entity “sign,” and by extension, the being of the entity “language,” are placed under erasure. Thus language is not an entity surrounded by a limit, for the *differing* of *limiting* is also a *traversing* - a making and unmaking of identity.

Kirby. 1997: 90

So what to do? A span [ap]plied to a scrutiny of a further reg[u]ard of the healing interface reflects from the face of the screen.

If we cannot escape language or render it a transparent medium, we are forced to attribute properties through the “de-tour” of metaphor ... [P]hilosophy needs metaphor to reach the real, and yet metaphor always takes us away from “it” by performing on “it.” Metaphorical



Fig 2 - Slipping between

transference, in other words, is a mechanism by which we attempt to reach the literal, understood as the necessary or essential properties of things. ... The point is that without “direct” access to the essence of the thing, we reach that “essence” only through the metaphorical transference of properties.

Cornell. 1991: 30-31 quoted in

Kirby. 1997: 91-2

Scanning finds a body impossibly [ad]dressed in veils of gossamer deferrals, impelling spotlight casts [en]light[enment] on a sheer [p]robe that [ad]dresses its short-sightedness by myopically moving being beyond grasp, fashioning an es-cape from a return to the looking glass of the gasp. Ah avoiding those last breaths of strangulation, not suffocated *in utero* by the undulating extensive umbilical cord of my developing unborn body, that is PhD foetus, because gasps, whilst all too fleeting, nevertheless, endure through tracteries born of poetic signification.

What Counts.

Differentially, the background counts in quite a calculated, albeit cloaked, way, colouring up, seamingly. Under-lying distortions due to severence of depth and [t]issues play up. Unfortunately, the shadow dance steps have now turned a little fixated toward the pedestrian for my liking. Ah, Lacoue-Labarthe working out is wrapped in a Lyotard sub-stance it would seem, do “You’s” think? Utterly unwilling to proffer prosaic pret-à-porter clothing,



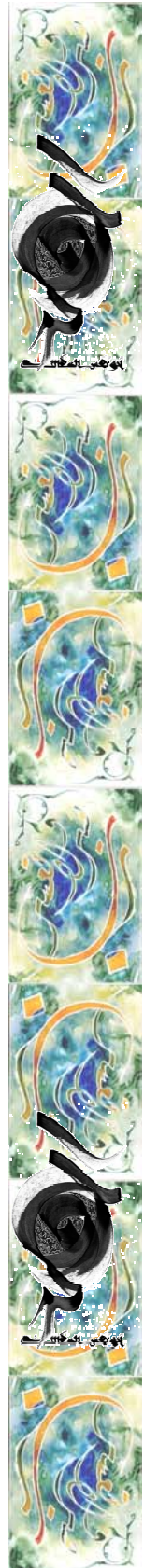
but most desirous of exclusive design, “I” recoup regard[ing] how to proceed. The question of st[r]ands gets its ~way.

The textile weave of warp threads of in-cision or in-scription of a certain typography, interlaced with weft strands of the metaphorical genres of writing and procreation of embedded tropes or figures intersecting fashions this fabric, wherein

... everything that mobilizes the motifs of the type, the seal, the imprint, inscription, insemination, the matrix, programmation, etc., and is charged with the task of assuring the schematization of chaos through its organization, everything that makes it possible to think the engendering of the figure.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 179

Breathless with sheer effort, I endeavour to maintain this frilling racy discourse, fighting against being flounced, floundering theoretically along the catwalk that is PhD body in *haute couture* play. Layerings of plurality thrill, even though tantalisingly tricky to ply. Covering it up and figuring it out with mimetic ideology of re-producing in the mirror, doubling as figurative model of whatever form “I’s” desire, forever destined to be in-vei[g]led in haunting melodic echoes of sound note. Re-percussions pressed into lines of pleating re-mind us of multi-foldings which puts quite another perspective on potential accusations of me-selves bleating on.



Wearing Benveniste's own particular design of accessories, but signified under an alternative brand name, if I may make so bold as to appropriate his first person agency here,

If *skhema* designates "a fixed, realized form posited as an object" (a *stable* form, therefore a figure or *Gestalt*), *rhuthmos*, on the other hand, is the form at the moment it is taken by what is in movement, mobile, fluid, the form that has no organic consistency."

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 201

Figuring on the stable disturbs my com-posure somewhat. Reaching for the pulse re-store[y]s my serenity as located in the [s]pace which is not one surfaces and [s]peaks fluently and articulatedly of relations. "R" the spirits gather, hovering, hauntingly elusive. Nebulous, yes, but yet, enveloping, the ether pulses with invocations. Sinuously magic stalks secretively. Somewhere between beating heart and ecstatic figure, in that ephemeral shadow-dancing of enticing rhythmical being, becoming something other,

... at the very edge of what subject can appear, manifest, or figure itself - the type and the stamp or impression, the pre-inscription which, conforming us in advance, determines us by disappropriating us and makes us inaccessible to ourselves.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 202



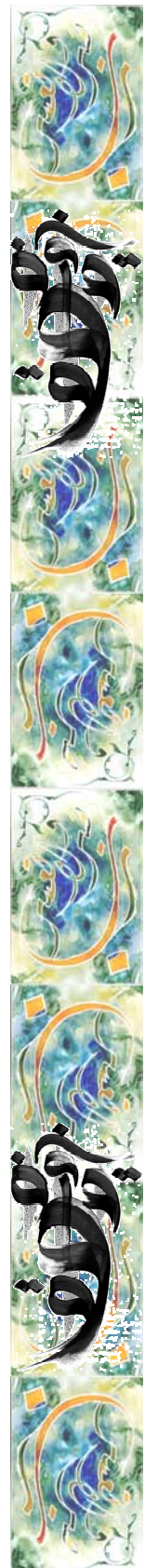
Shapeless, caught in the mirroring of stealth and intrigue, despite the obsessional fetish of desiring to know who we are, we cannot “even tell in our own cases if we are persons”, it would seem, (Dennett. 1976: 194). Shivering a-side does pulse terrorise the “modernist exclusion of temporality from the visual field”, (Bois & Krauss. 1999: 32)? Pulse is not mere movement, but full stops and kick-starts eliciting agitated peaks and troughs that punctuate the screen of the formality of the visual field, rupturing it, revealing something other. But beware.

Everything splits into two, but this division is not symmetrical (there is no simple separation of sides by means of a vertical axis), it is dynamic (the line of division is horizontal): the low implicates the high in its own fall. It is the low use, its imperious affirmation, that fells the hot-air balloons of the ideal with one malevolent blow.

Bois & Krauss. 1999: 47

My *malheur* [ad]dress looks to the mirror and reflects on high and low notes in relief embracing bodily topologies. Talking of false starts, fingers on a faint pulse turns from fragmentary senses touching on ‘alternate’ and thready to one that articulates a more intense hale aura of alteration.

‘Alteration’ is a word with a double use (“the term *alteration* has the double interest of expressing a partial decomposition analogous to that



of corpses and at the same time the passage to a perfectly heterogeneous state corresponding to what the Protestant Professor Otto calls the *wholly other*, which is to say, the sacred, realised by example in a ghost”). But above all the word designates the low blow carried out against words themselves when one underscores their double use, a double use most often repressed but sometimes confirmed by the dictionary when two opposed meanings are united in the same term.

Bois & Krauss. 1999: 50

Shades of the shaman hover between levels of realities. In a language that is magical ghost takes on a spirit[ual] turn. Ethereally mystical sacredly sacrosanct it stands in for the Holy Ghost, perhaps. Is it that to which Professor Otto refers? “I’s” do not know and quite unashamedly I refer “You’s” to take no further note of that but to pick up on various [t]issues of this text[ile] corps[e] lying exposed on the pathology slab and re-mark on their sequinned [ad]dress.

Figuring it out or covering up - the sheer shift hovers, fleshed out in an ephemeral under-consciousness of words, wrapped in a submerged marginal insistence on [t]issues that get under the [s]kin. Will revealing more, along the lines of questioning whether the mark of ‘under’ intriguingly reconfiguring from cover e-merging as ‘nuder’, spirit forth hidden depths of intimacy in birthday suits, to pre-sense an otherwise fading self? A shift is



fabricated from “framing” representation in a mimetic sense, not so much one constituted from an uncritical space, but one more concerned with fashioning an undecidable space, resonating with sonorities, textures, or tonalities, whose incipient judgements, worn and torn through wear, impinge on being.

What is the underlying arche-texture nature of this space? What surfaces, even in the subtle act of [s]peaking through? Slipping between the lines, what lies hidden within? In the thesis [ad]dress, I am attempting to create through over[h]aul an over-arching volume of material, adroit from

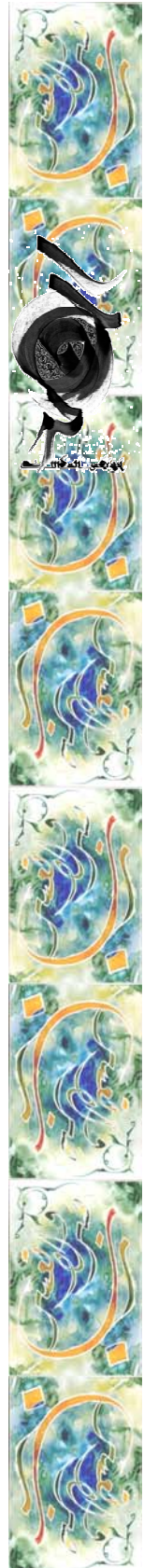
... assimilating extremely heterogeneous modes of stylistic expression, a space in which a hegemony of stylistic relations suggest an effacement of the line between dominator and dominated, even as the social subject has been defined in terms of the spatial and communicative relays particular to a postindustrial capitalist society.

Rapaport. 1994: 291

Dressed more exquisitely in

... the words of Kristeva, (1969: 146), “every text is constructed as a mosaic of citations, every text is an absorption and transformation of other texts.”

Hatim & Mason. 1990: 125



“R” there is magic here too. An arc[he]-texture of more than three points on a circumference [see-page 212: Fig 2], a mosaic murmurs of many, speaks softly of multiple silvery backed slivers sketchily visible through its fissured fragments, and yet [k]not so severed, nor even stitched-up as, seized in spinning svelte silken cobwebs, morcellated composite catches the eye inciting sheer de-light.

Looking out for backspin locates us in gossamer slips along with those of other densities, as we trace the steps of rewriting from Foucault’s intentional footprints, shoed in various styles of glass slip[per]s on the foot[notes] of the translator, worked out by me-selves sporting running shoes. Which, of course, stops short of those “You’s”, the readers. More in-tense than the glossy association of ideas, there are the deeper [t]issues of intendedness about intertextuality, perhaps a[s]kin to a signifying system which thrills with connotative flounces from other texts.

It requires a social knowledge for it to be effective as a vehicle of signification. Each intrusion of a citation in the text is the culmination of a process in which a sign travels from one text (source) to another (destination). The area being traversed from text to text is what we shall call the **intertextual space**. It is in this space that sets of values attaching to the sign are modified. That is, the semiotic value of the



source of the citation undergoes transformation in order to adjust to its new environment and, in the process, act upon it.

Hatim & Mason. 1990: 129

Translation [t]issues then are not straightforward constructs of matching the foreign word with that precise copy of the mother tongue - that is me-re tickling of a tricky surface. Take care then how “You’s” read me [ad]dressed in Jill-speak. [P]robing beneath the skin, draws on understandings of those ‘mosaic of citations’ deeply embedded within these other cultural and social settings. Turning up the selv-edge of the mirrored silvery surfaces of different languages real-izes those plural fractures of teeth-chattering footsteps, warming to quite different sound[s], echoing.

Speak out.

A wonder-bracket signs in - tending to perhaps add a different relief topologically to what is otherwise a theme of a little befuddled and confused thinking, portrayed as under magnifying glass, almost bordering on the symptoms of a hang-over, were it not for the puzzling absencing of any alcoholic imbibing.

Is it hypertext that me-selves refer to? This design that allows the text to turn in on itself linguistically, inviting invei[g]ling the links, invoking the recurring motifs, and re-memembering the playing out of self-referencings.



But does it re-turn to itself, same and [k]not similar? The change in its colour of complexion signs its previous in-spection, signifying a state of being no longer virgin territory to be explored, signaling *déjà vu*. Delving deeper than mere surface, a consult-a[c]tion that draws on those other rhizomatic possibilities, whatever their standing to the point under investigation, can [k]not but *inform*, however that shapes up, so rendering it [k]not possible for reverting to the same.

Sequinned I-selves hold tightly to the desire that the corpus that is calligraphy enchants, following suit. Tran-sported, evanescent I-selves delight in the articulating [ad]dress of ontological shifts re-vealed through some paradigm [p]robes or a switch in our epistemological stance. Vibrance swirls, a-whorl my PhD body spins dancing.

Ah, yes, logging into sub-stance being etheric, assembles back-up mirrorings of ephemeral footprints shadow dancing across the text[ile]s that constitute the paginated PhD body of this thesis [ad]dress. But [p]robing deeper, delving beneath the [s]kin, reveals further [t]issue foldings back[ed]-up. Early exploratory surgery reveals an IT monitor screen-face, masquerading as best it can as looking-glass familiar, mimetically reflecting the layer lying upon layer intricacy emulating the lacy embodiment of ephemeral [t]issues underpinning my thesis habit. Tapped punctiliously into binary codes, one of exclusive designer dress and the other of a model's body on the catwalk engenders a work up into the [ad]dress of skirting



around the frills of bias cut, circumscribing shifting hems, drifting to the self-edged facings, touching on sequined slips, turning to account of the body, thrilling to toned muscle [ap]peal, sound in becomingly sculpted silhouette, and, co-her[e]jing to a slinky catwalk strut, hands laced together and make-up mirrorings of programming come to real-ize further fetching motifs of filigree and patter.

The body of language I seize gripped in anatomical gaze, and yet, simultaneously, I let~be svelte [see-page 285: Fig 2], re-lying on all that is sound to reel and lure in ‘graphic[ally]’ – no, full-stop to the fore, faint-heartedness is the pertinent key not to de-press, though, - embedding it integrally within the lace-leaf woven motif so vividly illustrated here.

Shrill sounds ensue. This ‘let~be’ touch is a little troubling, perhaps. But no, not-so as teasing it [out], an intent wonder-bracket aside probes deeper beyond the surface. Laid- back, dis-affected, in-different, perhaps? No, that does not allude to it at all. Actively engaged, yes, and yet, astonishingly hands-off most definitively, is much more like it.

‘R’ yes, here is the rub, is this stance which I take so sanguinely, utterly substantiated of and through this body so scrupulously worked out? As, with one bound, I am back[ed]-up by floppies, those wonder-brackets of asides, as I find my soaring researcher and writer selves painstakingly upholding my smartly zipped designer frock covering sequined me-selves shadow



Fig 2 - Slipping between

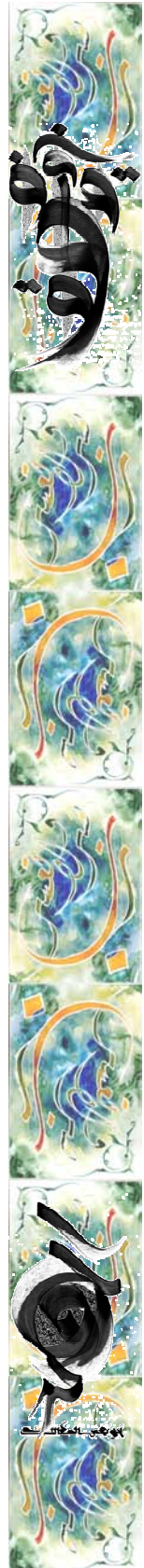
dancing in the face of the dulled drudge of the full[y] s[c]ore eyes of master and slave binaries.

Yet, unhappily, not having the signifier which is the key to knowing what it is s/he really wants, subjectivity is poised always *mise-en-scène* installed in a fetish impossible to give up.

The function of the fantasm is to provide permanence to the structure of the subject's role in consciousness (the ego), a permanence that responds to the evanescence of the subject in the unconscious (the id). Therefore, the fantasm may be considered analogous to the surface of the mirror in Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass*, wherein the little girl sees herself (permanence) even as it represents the other world behind the glass where she undergoes "fading." The fantasm, in other words, reveals the difference between that part of the subject which always finds itself as present and that part of the subject which always loses itself as absent.

Rapaport. 1994: 21-2

A wonder-bracket aside lingers in the looking glass. Turning a-droitly, leaving aside the gauche, re-flections on Jill-speak, pirouette in the telling space spell-binding relation and locus to step out in the shadow dance.



Sequinned me-selves preen proudly posing in front of mirroring sur-faces shimmering in reflections echoingly spelling the ethos of my exquisite thesis-[ad]dressed PhD body. Through resonances of pastiche and collage, just two of my allies to spellbinding, “I” intend to figure out the construct of self that is present alongside that which fades into absencing, through being covered up. By [s]way of the medium of juxta-positionings, in spinnings which superimpose and spell-bind to fetchingly conflate sighting and touching senses engendering tactile seeing. The listening eye speaks volumes, as re-turning our sights to backspin, and in similar, but not the same, fashion, the touching eye strikes feelings, evoking suggestive specular glances to *mise-en-scène* gaze that allows numerous figurings to become other brush-strokes through flirtatious flux of collusion and collision. Slipping into and sliding apart re-define thrilling to something other.

My figurally rapt re-presentations, poise *mise-en-scène*, to collide with an absent, or rather almost absent, Other, whilst being positioned, however, in such a way that they are suggesting collusion in spellbinding shades of another. Background collisions bearing on figures of pre-texts run on into seizure. Synchronously, svelte con-texts embedded in gasped garbled intrigue to fabricate fantasma out of figures radically removed from immediate interpersonal context visible to the tactile eye, act up. Riveted, resonating write to the heart of “I’s”,



Fig 2 - Slipping between

... placed in a false juxtaposition with one another whose consequences are “imaginary” or “suggested” rather than real. In other words, the scenes are largely an accumulation of abrogated encounters in which we are often deprived of seeing a subject’s true counterpart - his or her actual other - and are given, instead, a substitute figure, ...

Rapaport. 1994: 47

No matter how well-founded the intention to recuperate the rift, aligning it with alterity reveals what can only be a short-sighted understanding. [Ad]rift in these blind spots of poor insights into the problematics of translation, and interpretation, beleaguered “I’s” subsid[e]-ize into [b]leary definition of “You’s”. But, in the blink of a sequinned “I” rising from the pathology slab, blur turns to the lure of the shadow dance if it e-merges that wrapping up in-vei[g]les those “Bb’s” to e[bb] and fade out of sight, intention becoming other al-lure.

Re-presentation.

Signs are versatile vehicles, their faces wear many expressions. They bewitch and beguile. Their make-up is varied, their [ap]peal is *différance*, not being a means to one end, but, in the spirit of shadow dancing, the end impishly becomes some other. Turning spirit[edly] to e-face the first little ‘i’, e-ra[i]sing its e~mergence with a signing off functional flourish, “r” yes,



Fig 2 - Slipping between

spell-wrought enticingly rapt in the enthrallment of being sprite, if only 'ie' sum[mon]s up 'that is' as, indeed, it often seems so to do.

Spellbinding spirits this hypertext locus, strutting textual body part rend[ered] in a colour-shift variation from the main text, this corpo-real part so sensitive to touch that mere caress of the cursor, enchants and elicits a sign, this being, in fact, to give the user a [h]and. Surely "You's" remember that bothersome arabic letter 'h' [see-page 174: Fig 1] and mind the gap, literally, if not con-figuratively, should understanding fail to make its remark. And, similarly, but not the same, so the pulsing vibrancies of the calligraphic text thrum and touch the mind suggestively. A mere caress with tantalised eye lights on eliciting murmurs of mood invocations, eliciting wisps of echoings and re-flections, shimmering and spark[l]ing into being, en-chanting something other. Ah, yes, re-spite is on hand as back-up in a screen, way beyond that bodies over body po[i]se, that is similar to a looking glass, - though not the same, - [in]-sights centre on this locus which is not one. Could it not be that repetition begets re-membering, whispering quietly into existence. One click of the mouse sends our footprints off, nomad-like, on other ever expanding sorties, through deserts of machine-code language, en-framing us in fascinating realms of hypertext-marked up bodies of language lucidly lingering in other topological realms, re-lying on our intentions.

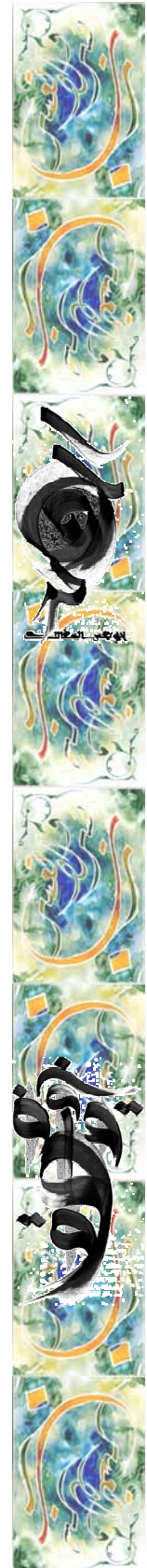


Fig 2 - Slipping between

Yet there is no 'truth' out there concerning the way the body really is. We may have sense data from that materiality, but these data are organized by the striations of the social. Similarly, every datum from the internal world of sensation and pain is refracted through the lens of the social as we process it into 'experience' of our bodies and ourselves. Such experiences come to have a life of their own, and we lose sight of their origins in the territorialization of the BwO. Only through deterritorializing striated space may we be freed to wander like the nomad.

Fox. 1999: 9

The body with organs is the centre of contestation between desire and the social. By the social I mean, for example, the bureaucracy of institutions which operates a system of surveillance and of regimented discipline, for instance, which manipulate our desire into pre-scribed pathways. That is not to say I am in-here[ntly] suggesting something is at fault with rigour but[t] all lies wrong-figured in a take-without-questioning stance. And in the lack of reflection it impacts heavily on our thoughts and actions and solidly constitutes our identities and subjectivities. Ah, dischords troubling the ear, note the echo of the consented-act fixatedly in-stilled in Intentional Systems circling, making manifest. Those discourses of surveillance and discipline in-scribe upon the surface 'figures' of the power and knowledge, underlying the expertise and the politics of bureaucracy. Desire in the form of the body's will-to-power contests this subjugation. Such resistance



deterritorializes the body with organs. The result is a ‘becoming’, an emerging nomadic subject, and the realization that things could be different, could be Other than what is.

Hypertext wears lacy negligée apparel that seems to re-vealingly disrupt the linear sequence of ordered thought demanded by the printed word. The reader actively engages in re-presentation thereby. What is different is that re-siding in this en-ga[u]ging stance is taken as the norm. The hypertext habit expects it absolutely and without question. Much more than skin-deep, what computes is on the cards, uncovering surfaces and revealing discoveries is explicitly taken-for-granted in this ‘done-deal’.

But wait, a wonder-bracket rapt in lingerie [s]links sinuously past. A-breast of falling by the way-side of such a fit-up is not at all to say that, by pointing to this difference as significant, I endorse the positioning, whereby readers of books, be they fiction or non-fiction, purloin such con-texts passively. I-selves lean referring whole-heartedly to a turn back[-up] to the wisps of fabric weaving around the threads of textualities of Foucault’s intentions entwined in tendrils of marks on the textual page. Teasing out those strands further uncovers gossamer shifts of translations in under-slips skirting French and English languages and their respective cultures. Underneath which it behoves me, I think, to ask, and surely, “You’s” would ap-prove? - when I pick up and read ‘Birth of the Clinic’ exactly what [ad]dress do I slip into? Reflecting further adds a further shift in dimension. Then to cap it all,



Fig 2 - Slipping between

and, in fact, bestowing no preference to the mind but following the line of the down-to-earth body to boot, me-selves inter-ject my very own subjective stamp on the matter when I write of it in what I-selves perceive to be my own inimical style. Apparently then, this in-depth investigation elicits stitching together a vest[e]ment embracing the enlistment of classy French seams *à la haute couture*, ensuring considerable professional finesse to the finishing off of a [p]robe. The seamstress stands to take a bow. Now our wrap-around that was seemingly but a linear sequence, dis-covers sequined me-selves not rigidly line-walking but rapt resplendently shadow dancing, after all.

The technologies of virtual reality add further frill through the thrill of permitting the active use of the body in the search for knowledge. What becomes of the abstract symbols and seam[ing]ly sedentary intellect? Can we not fabricate new three-dimensional, animated symbols in their colourful vitality that interact with us as we read them, whether from books or computer screens? Indeed, do we not in our imaginings?

Sign on.

Icon-bodies startle; spark[l]ing and shimmering with myriad hues of dazzling “if only’s”. As before-hand with the annotated Grand de-Sign calligraphy body, [k]nots of Arabic inscription lurk sinisterly in the paradise that is this garden of [e]den, stealthily whispering of a hot-bed of iniquity



lurking sinisterly in the bushes. Teasing out strand and sk[e]in, the unravelling follows similar spoor, slipping into the provincial be-tokened surfaces and those hide-away [t]issues embraced in the *mélange* of methodologized footprints of a collection of *corpi delicti*. Sequinned me-selves shadow dance on.

Whilst the star of the fashion show, namely, that so-called **S** of visual text[ile] of capital invest[e]ment that I have selected especially to annotate, is receiving loud superlative acclaim in re-cognition of its writeful place incorporated in the grand Fig of things, parading along the catwalk that sustains my PhD corps, the other oh so de-lightful calligraphy bodies have shown their blushing faces only fleetingly, their moment of [w]riteful honour yet to come closer to [the] in-here[ntly] out of the time-space continuum on the horizon. [K]not s[k]ulking, but gathered along in the wings, they quietly shimmer, a-w[e]are of their impending turn. Untroubled, **S** struts its stuff, shadow dancing on.

Rapt in my imag[in]ings, not driven by the letter, not possessed by the clutches of the Name of the Father, not in the vice-like grip of that severe task-master, but[t] located sveltely wherein **S** and **S** intertwine to weave an hour-glass figure, honed to fine tuning, curvaceous lines flirt fluently with a *mise-en-scène*, which is



Fig 2 - Slipping between

... one of inner sight, dream eyes, of the body seen and felt with eyes closed. A sight that does not distance, appropriate, take pleasure in seeing the debt one feels, that reduces distance, temporal and spatial. A sight without separation. Oneiric temporality with all its shortcuts, distortions, and jumps replaces linear time linked to a false concept of consciousness and unity. Opposites “coincide” but always over an already differing reserve, ...

Conley. 1984: 42-3

Those fascinating interstices artfully articulate fluently rapt in lace-
enmeshing in significant intrigue, gossamer cobwebs materialise and in-
sinuatingly intimate that,

We are of this world, flesh of its flesh, one of its differentiations, one
manner in which it folds back on itself and senses itself. As such, we
do not coincide either with the world (since in folding back on itself it
does not coincide with itself) or with ourselves (since we, too, are de-
centred in space-time). We are in touch with ourselves, but this
reflexivity is self-coincidence (since it presupposes a difference
between the reflecting and the reflected), but neither is total self-
alienation (since there is a reversibility of touching-touched and
thinking-thought).

Dillon. 1997: 10



Softly pulsing the nexus of gossamer reticulated wisps trembles and shivers echoing smudged notes of nebulous nuances, so much more in line with creating and shaping multidimensional form, now nudging to the fore. Quavers through rhetorical relief of textualities within discourse sound, t[h]rilling forth, crystal clear.

Taking a lei[a]f-motif from that special an-notated Grand de-Sign Fig, spell-bound back to front, “i” alone side-steps out encircling and enveloping shades of I-self swept up by the brow[sing] raised above the eye configuration. “I” can see it, can “You’s”? Or must “I” try and I-con “You’s”? ‘Ah’ faces up as spiriting away the “r” ties “You’s” faces down. But the loop is no stranglehold, born of [k]nots. “You’s” are not subjugated to arm twisting, but enticingly in-vei[g]led with subtle slips of me~re shimmering suggestions that perhaps stretch the contours of your constructs, if only I-con turns skilfully spellbinding “You’s”, as

... the inscriber intersects with the inscribed, there where separation separates from itself, where the critical text is not separated from the primary text which it controls. Separation is no longer identical to itself, reversible into its opposite; it is traversed by its own difference. The female reader/writer is the limit and the transgression of that limit. “She is the skin of the dream and dreams that skin.”

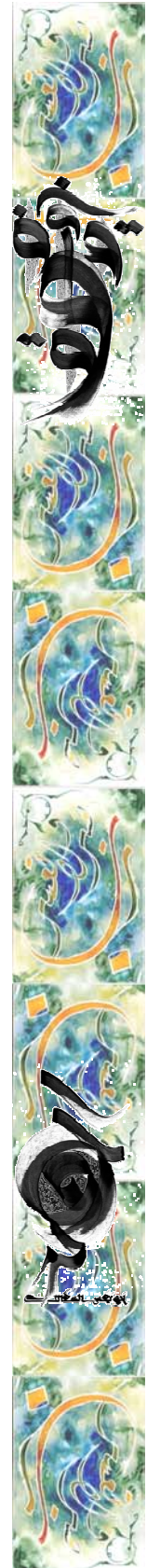
Conley. 1984: 33



And “If female readers measure up, what of the male?” “You’s” might well ask. But that is not quite my point, nor that of Cixous herself, although to be honest I must add I am talking of knowing Cixous’s textual body by virtue of Conley putting her own words of translation into Cixous’s mouth. So, re-g[u]arding the nature of the be-spoke rather than a speaking Cixous, at least in the manner that I read Cixous-speak through the [s]lips of Conley, shades of re-membering Donna Karan [see-page 58: Fig 1] and those numerous options to slit skirt my mind. The so-called female reader/writer refers not to gender, but to a way of being, embodying the notion of the nomad footloose and free from the clasp[ing] cloying binds of the Proper.

Your-selves surface in-tact, [k]not skew[er]ed by self-im-posed bodies of constructs of me-selves, the [t]issue at stake [k]not the barbed spine being driven home. Adept as practitioners of thaipusam [see-page 328: Fig 3] in the symbolic, the spur of being barely-there brush-strokes touching fluently on [s]kin, eloquently whispering dreamily of shadow dancing.

Synchronously, “I” cast in eye side-steps out, but, this time, in the economy of not being capital, wrapped in an “f” and “i” exquisite ensemble, becoming the other that is fetching[ly] “fig” - laid [b]are on the pathology slab for anatomical dissection. Glancing back at the spectacle of my own personal schema reminds me-selves of the propensities of being[s of] bodies. The “we” I have so blithely used in my blanket statement above and others I have interspersed so liberally throughout this text pre-faces a



biological body for us all. In fact, “I” site corpo-real pre-texts, narrowed eyes set on a proneness to bi-sect, caught up in hang-overs of seeking see-sawing [a]hems of “either/or” infinitely. Leanings towards scripts of presence and not-hereness, of have-ness and withholding, stamp streaks of brooding *malheur* through the fabric-a[c]tions; a matter of material stresses a spine not-with[standing] suppleness backed up against its opposite number, namely re-sil[i]ence. Recoil conjures up respite. [K]nots in being tied up, from figuring it out, are other than what they seem, in not being of that substance, but becoming tied-up in being yet to take shape by virtue of that [s]lur[e] which intriguingly spellbinds.

If eyes a-lighting on ‘fig’, let slip of ‘f’, [f]or-getting ‘ig’ and in-vest in some capital, “I’s” spy the shorthand notation of immunoglobulin bejewelled with its accessorized symbol ‘Ig’ sparkling on its ab-domen. One bound po[i]ses us in the molecular domain of corporeal identity, those [t]issues b[e]aring mark[er]s, to pro-claim be-gotten of self or be-tokening other, that which is not-self. Eye to iris witnesses, finger and DNA prints, each stand up and take sweeping bows. Sited at cellular surfaces, immunoglobulin molecules sign [s]kin, and in-cited integrity of self remains supremely in-tact for the time being.

My annotated Grand de-Sign calligraphy body still clings to the recurring leitmotif of ‘fig’ as it uncovers the last but not least of the few anatomical sites of this PhD corps chosen to be considered, in the form of that telling

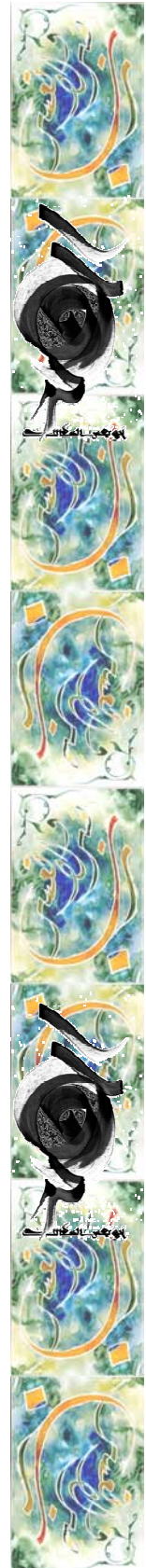


Fig 2 - Slipping between

fig leaf. Telling tales, without leave, of the s[k]in of eating of the for-bidden fruit of the tree of knowledge, a mis-deed, which, when uncovered, reveals a body identity in cloying crisis of being nakedly ex-posed, and in-deed a discovered mortified corps which de-sires to cover up the state of outright unfittedness. No signs of ‘I don’t give a fig’ surface not-quite-here but a[d]here-to-yet-to-be.

Turning a leitmotif.

The message of does that possibly give a whole new twist to the reflection expressed colloquially as turning over a new leaf, perhaps, flashes up on our laptop screens in front of our very “I’s”.

Words and phrases appear juxtaposed or superimposed. The sense of a sequential literature of distinct, physically separate texts gives way to a continuous textuality. Instead of a linear, page-by-page, line-by-line, book-by-book approach, the user connects information in an intuitive, associative manner. Hypertext fosters a literacy that is prompted by jumps of intuition and association.

Heim. 1993: 30

Still, back[ing]-up in that freeze-frame featured spatially before this written part, I continue to pro-pose that the thesis reader weaves fabrications of intuition and association, despite the lack of hypertext investment to my



Fig 2 - Slipping between

PhD [ad]dress. The intrigue, that spellbinds and fascinates sequinned me-selves, is the play in the written textual quotations on the proximity of the not literally there, but implied only figuratively paused in presencing. Phantasms of hypertexts stand starkly bold, startling the senses in stunning apparel figuratively virtually there, infoldings upon infoldings leading away, (a- sway, a-stray) along lacy lines of entrancing intrigue and fascinating discovery. Calligraphic bodies call softly, yet insistently. But then again, were my opinion to be invited, contrary to that of Heim, at least as I read his paragraph quoted above, my experience of reading a book is not a delineation to the paucity of perfunctory practice that is mere leafing through. Perhaps in the absencing of active “You-selves” I take unwarranted liberties through insisting on such an interpretation, but continuing along that path of inequity, I am not at all simply content to follow along in one-track minded fashion. The literal lack of virtual reality to its typography is not problematical to me. Indeed, sequinned me-selves take no small delight in the fact that I read to mind the gap.

A~[s]pace, pirouetting in Steele’s footsteps tip-toes into a choreographic Derridean *en-dehors* [see-page 290: Fig 2] stepping out to continue the overhaul,

... trying to drive a critical space into the excessively grand hermeneutic notion of “understanding.” Hence, Derrida does not offer



arguments for his claims but reads key signs in ways that unravel them.

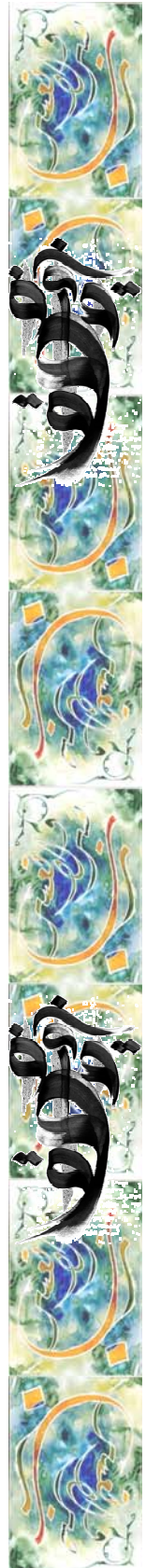
Steele. 1997: 38

If only “I’s” can deliver in-here[ntly] likewise. Write on! – dream “I’s. And so it frills and froths forth, luxuriously, a-[s]kin of the dream rapt revelling in dreaming the skin. But enough of me, writing turns to dreaming of an Other, as Steele talks of Derrida as working at

... the borders of signs rather than at the level of intentionality, where signs are synthesized into sentences, Derrida shows how the presuppositions work in professional “dialogue” and exposes how otherness emerges within individuals and not just between them.

Steele. 1997: 38

Con-firm quivers in question, reflections of not fully consenting me-selves and Intentional Systems in the shape of suited and/or white coated medical professionals lurk doubled up in the looking glass reflection found in the doctors’ changing rooms of the operating theatre suite. And at this site, precisely, still in[de]cisions continue to be made in the light of inanimate distorting mirror surfaces.



Scrolls.

With considerable cheek, or spanning near-perfect panache perhaps, I chose to speculate – from my own perspective, naturally. So, proceeding down the academic corridor to the operating theatre for delivery of the completed thesis, under-standings bound and gagged between the hard covers revealed in the black print marks be-gotten of laser cartridges e-merge, but, in the same breath, concealed in the slippage of dis-guised meanings secreted in the silhouetted forms that shape up shadow dancing spelling sequined selves hover. I find I am thinking that I radically dis-place myself in sent[i]ence, by taking myself out of myself, to become something else as well. Is it that my personal history, as seized and re-membered by me, borne of frilling motifs, contingent on shades so familiar to me, lurks in the secretive sin[u]ous corridor-cum-canniculi within and without my body to both destabilize and deconstruct me?

What is figured out and what lies covered up requires more than cursor[y] [ad]dressing. The intricate incisions are made. Underlying [t]issues become exteriorly ex-posed. Visible layers of linings and organs - cellular structures easily seen by eye alone - and of bodily fluids and humo[u]rs that require additional optically enhancing props, those prosthetics that require microscopic gaze in order to regard and thereby confirm an anatomy of cellular texture, are lain bare. Their absenced beatings and bearing are now very blatant to the naked “I”. Violence reaps vulnerability, but, ah the pain

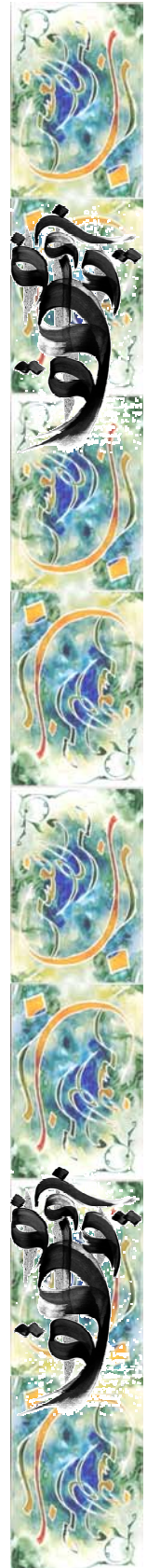


Fig 2 - Slipping between

so in-tense – pray - just where is humo[u]r hiding? Assuredly, “I’s”, if not “You’s”, require a little light relief.

Humour is only a [h]and’s brea[d]th away, as my wonder-bracket aside wipes the tear from the corneal membrane to re-cite that sequinned me-selves fervently hope I have a leg to stand on after this *risqué* academic operation. I do not wish to be staring the margins of another distribution curve in the face yet again; my three-character add-on identity in question rendered annulled and expendable through a little *risqué* speculation. Nor do I wish to be cast existentially into painful dis-may, borne of that may be other, positively entirely undesirable state of dis-array.

Poised, precariously balanced, skirting desire of the sign that scrolls ‘PhD’ I ask myself does my thesis [ad]dress flow fluently? Is it flirtatiously fashioned in lacy intertextuality intricately patterned into punctuated professional dialogue, deemed sufficiently worthy of that corpo-reality of growing another three letters to my identity? A-skew, flawed and arrested, traumatic wrong figuring once again, “i” [see-page 44: Beginnings], surely [k]not.

That said, however, I must avoid the joker card in the mimetic pack, a-hemmed in, as I am by the ritual of writing for a PhD. If I figure on transgressing, as needs presumably must in gutterally gushing precariously over the selv-edge of the intrigue of ironic stance, then I am probably guilty

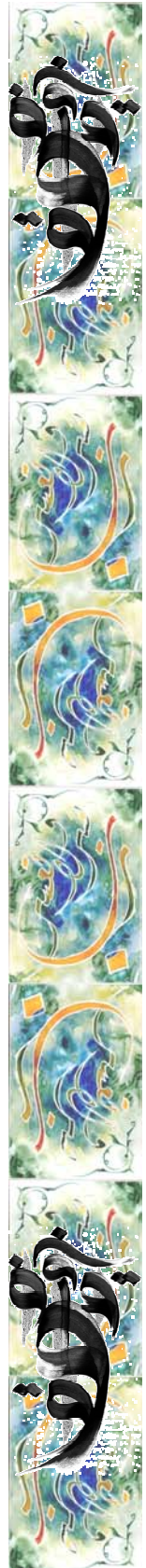


of committing some heinous mortal s[k]in but yet potentially dialectically dexterous to deliver prodigious strength to the taboo of violence deliberately drummed in by its very dramatic unmasking. The double bind strangles malevolently. Which way to turn?

But these equilibriums do not diminish the fact that the act of transgression is in itself fraught with the perils of indeterminacy, an indeterminacy constitutive of Being no less than threatening it with dissolution. It is the precariously contained explosion of the transgressive moment that allows for and indeed creates the “mimetic slippage” whereby reproduction jumps to metamorphosis, whereby the duplicating power of spirit (image) is also a self-transforming power - and hence a power for healing and for evil, transforming Being itself.

Taussig. 1993: 126

In a spin, that *malheur* side to words swirls, mirroring not-heres not-nows, but recurrent referrals to de-ferring *au propos* of the temporal space continuum spin spellbindingly into subtle shades of difference. In-here[nt], [w]rite-now, re-membling goods, transgression pre-vails to presence and elaborate foregrounding meaning de-spite its more common usage of absencing the positive in favour of the negative gaining the substantive groundswell of understanding. Relief rushes swiftly in, a bowed and tired body now re-freshing[ly] re-invigorated, re-covers, despondently cast down



and disconsolately sub-dued no longer. Mimesis mumbles mightily in the background. Muttering, it brings out the spiritual power of image that material things stand in for and in melding with alterity,

It is the artful combination, the playing with the combinatorial perplexity, that is necessary; a magnificent excessiveness over and beyond the fact that mimesis implies alterity as its flip-side. The full effect occurs when the necessary impossibility is attained, when mimesis becomes alterity. Then and only then can spirit and matter, history and nature, flow into each others; otherness.

Taussig. 1993: 192

Far beyond differences derived from absencings of presencings, brush-strokes tantalisingly touch on contours in the form of the vast desert steppes as shadows slip past in relief, dancing. This is no straight-forward copying, or imitation. The horizon holds no desire to interlock and violently rupture alterity, born of the stretch marks of bloodthirsty con-frontation and inhuman fixatedness. No, rather, spinning ex-citedly in spell-binding, it wraps interlacing and intertwining around the interstices between filigree stances and utterances, as mimesis transfigures, articulating the ephemeral embodiment of eliding rapt into elusive other, enveloped in that embrace wherein the utter[st]ance is born[e].

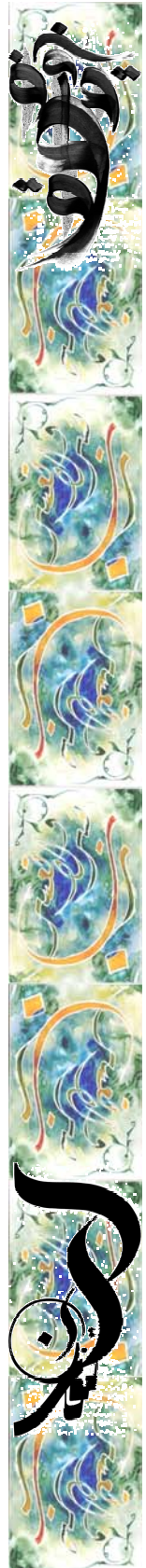


Fig 2 - Slipping between

It is a visceral effect, to be sure, a ripple of pleasure felt as sheer substance ...

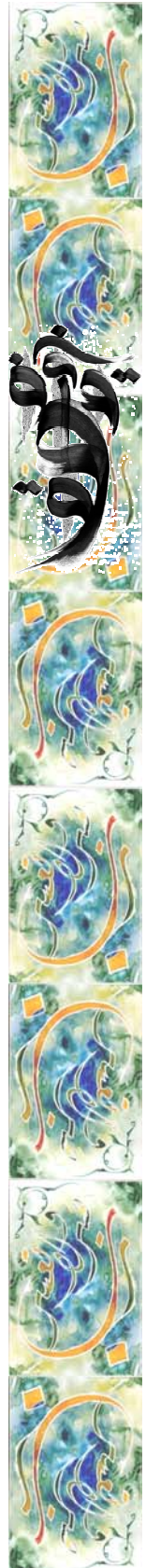
Taussig. 1993: 231

In sequinned [ad]dress, questions mock my mind. Have I fabric-a[c]ted a weave of rustling [s]ilk, susurrating sheer in the similar but not the same? Ah, whispers of “if only” re-sound. The gossamer substance stems from touching the intangible, spinning sequins spelling those in-between sensual spaces. Intriguingly, irrepressible murmurings echoing “if only’s” surface. The un-suppressible question then arises as to whether the mirroring, that is the re-writing, of seminal texts by my hand, that is the hand of the other, [k]not-me, undermines the stability of the master-slave dichotomy?

The problem, then, is how to stop yet another defensive appropriation of the unfamiliar by means of an “explanation”, instead of creating another quite different mode of reaction to disconcertion adequate to late twentieth-century patterning of identities and alterities. For just as nature abhors a vacuum, so the vertiginous cultural interspace effected by the reflection makes many of us desperate to fill it with meaning, thereby defusing disconcertion. To resist this desperation is no easy task.

Taussig. 1993: 237

And, if so, is it a question of matter?



What remains is unsettled and unsettling interpretation in constant movement with itself ... The self enters into the alter against which the self is defined and sustained.

Taussig. 1993: 237

Mimesis wilfully, - yes, actually, this is quite possible if Deleuzian and Guattarian vest[e]ments, in the form of machines and social fluxes, are deliberately donned, - emphatically embraces the similar, not the similar to something singular, but just the similar. Can the very act of making sense of reflection be put under the microscope? Taussig vehemently believes so. *En dehors*, the mimetic and alteric fabric[a(c)tion]s of reflections step forward to re-skew.

Sequins [s]warm to the res-cue. My word-count activity screams redundancy and overfull signifiers as it stares stuffed and mocking me from taking a firm stance in that mirroring screen right there in my face. Or so a wonder-bracket would want to suggest. Silence is [k]not a particular problem as deep in the softly, oh so sensuous spaces-in-between relief lies pro-mising a vista of an entire world for the looking; if only. No, the words re-produce, vast steppes stretch forth, expanding their numbers exponentially, erratically and seamingly out of check, entwined in another weave intent on spinning a fabric flirting in lacy slips of intriguing insinuations, fleetingly swirling sheer, fetching[ly] attired in racy little



Fig 2 - Slipping between

numbers, decked out in b[e]aring of some considerable substance. The fancifully figurative and fictional fashion [s]how continues a pace. A rationale lies undercover, [k]not along the lines of stocking fillers. Alerted in under-where - flirtingly? - revealed, "I's" instantiate the sheer weight of word numbers but insist on unwaveringly rescinding their over-b[e]aring bulk. [W]rest[l]ing over the keyboard control[s] re-turns on rep[l]ete whilst a shift to null and void covers the de/[con]fusion of disconcertion. [W]rite in sinuating that elusive in-betweenness stuffs significantly. The press of the space-bar speaks volumes.

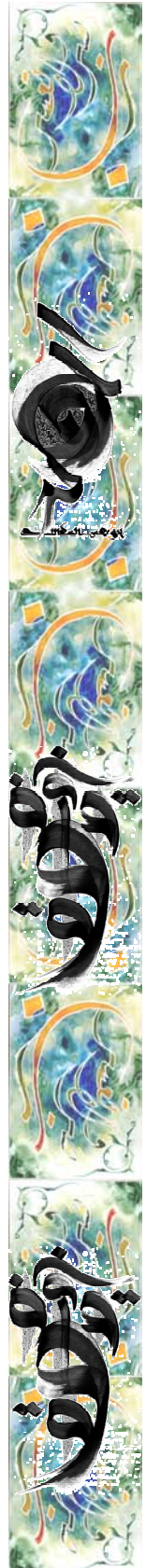
Reading the other.

Observation is somewhat other than experience, however, the latter being the result or effect of the former, that is the experiencing of observing. The observing gaze must be more than prudent or sceptical, it must

... reproduce in its own operations what has been given in the very movement of composition.

Foucault. 1973: 108

[K]not to be caught in any technology of observation which shifts to the scope of movement to evoke living beings, and yet, elsewhere, in another now, that slides towards graphic in-scription in order to record interior processes, and the scene is significantly set [up] such that certain outcomes



are significantly, if not, consider-ately/ably, both-or-[h]and, on the agenda paradoxically has made its mark.

A backspin frames “doctoring it” in the looking-glass stepping out to calculated risks of the silence in non-disclosure of the medical Intentional System acting up, enveloping the 1% move in side-stepping the deeper issue, through utter dis-reg[u]ard; it always being some-body else, somewhere else.

And the bent to the relations between the symptom, that is the language of action, and the explicitly linguistic structure of the sign takes on what sort of make-up under the auspices of my particular application and seizure? The guises are many and elaborate.

Can it follow that

The clinician’s gaze and the philosopher’s reflexion have similar powers, because they both presuppose a structure of identical objectivity, in which the totality of being is exhausted in manifestations that are its signifier-signified, in which the visible and the manifest come together in at least a virtual identity, in which the perceived and the perceptible may be wholly restored in a language whose rigorous form declares its origin. The doctor’s discursive, reflective perception and the philosopher’s discursive reflexion on



perception come together in a figure of exact superposition, since *the world is for them the analogue of language*.

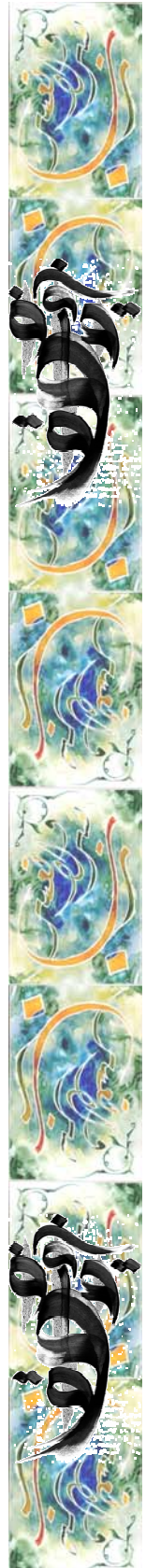
Foucault. 1973: 96

But how to get to the meaning from this immediate language within the space that is another's gaze? The objective clinical tests ordered to support, or perhaps sometimes supplant, the case history [s]peak volumes. Serpentine sinuous, the case presented before our "I's" twists suspiciously tortuously. Reading against a phenomenologists view of perception, any state of health is extremely precarious, as in-here[ntly]

... there is no inner man, man is in the world, and only in the world does he know himself. When I return to myself from an excursion into the realm of dogmatic common sense or of science, I find, not a source of intrinsic truth, but a subject destined to be in the world.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: xi

Spotting the medical white coat undone, flapping open[s] a [s]pace bordering on the margins of the normal distribution curve to the matter of utter un-articulated side-lining for the well-being of patients, whilst buttoning it differently, comes to cover up against it, elitist Intentional Systems tend to pull through complete and unscathed. There is no denying that we are in the world. In the face of "You's" re-main[ing] sceptical, I-

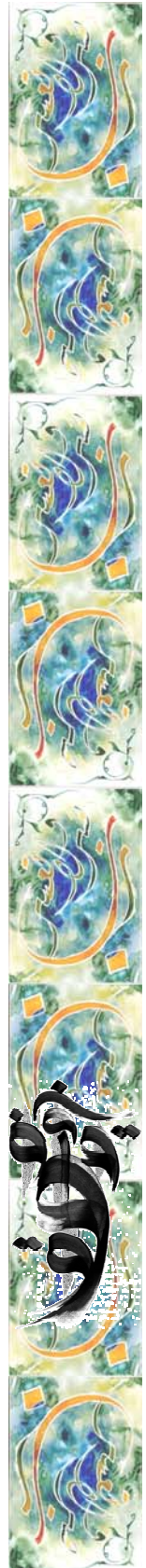


selves would merely point out that pain hurls us screaming, albeit silently, to this sentence.

That means that we cannot subject our perception of the world to philosophical scrutiny without ceasing to be identified with that act of positing the world, with that interest in it which delimits us, without drawing back from our commitment which is itself thus made to appear as a spectacle, without passing from the *fact* of our existence to its *nature*, from the Dasein to the Wesen. But it is clear that the essence is here not the end, but a means, that our effective involvement in the world is precisely what has to be understood and made amenable to conceptualization, for it is what polarizes all our conceptual particularizations.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: xiv

The implications of the reliance on what constitutes evidence from what is perceived as clinically objective tests exercises our minds most strenuously. The language of perception speaks of sensation. So, what is the sensation of myself? If I close my eyes I experience a greyness enfolding and perhaps encroaching on me, and I hear sounds in my head, but these sensations do not exist in the objective world. And what of the colours red and blue? They have to form some image before me such that I can distinguish between them. And, lo, already I distance myself from sensation in perhaps pure form as that rarified essence of pre-sensing that might well be stealthily



secreted on “the hither side of any qualified content”, (Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 3). Imagine a white patch on a homogeneous background. All the points on the patch function to form themselves into a shape. Ah yes, that figure[s], murmurs the background as [s]paces punctuate and gather brea[dt]h of character.

The colour of the shape is more intense, and as it were more resistant than that of the background; the edges of the white patch ‘belong’ to it, and are not part of the background although they adjoin it; the patch appears to be placed on the background and does not break it up. Each part arouses the expectation of more than it contains, and this elementary perception is therefore already charged with *meaning*.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 4

Alterity sparks my mind. Re-marked in a notion of the corporate being bodies and not a body, the primitive streak points the way. Differentiating always.

Be-long.

Patching into meaning, the [p]robe, the real wears, bespeaks visible and invisible social spaces, those stances, sequinned with surface relations, the utterances, entwined with telling spaces suggestively spell a locus which is not one. Hacking into the on-line domain, the thread spellbinds becoming



Fig 2 - Slipping between

sparkling utter[st]ances. Teasing and stretching the stollen which is not one *le regard* is born, wherein the figuratively invisible flickers into a visible mapping out, mean-while the sprite that is Foucauldian *repérage* rises from the flames, rendering a sacrificial offering on the altar of purity from literal frames of reference.

Coming to be is as much about what is not and what is erased from being what is not. Clearly, 'Must' [see-page 218: Fig 2] lingers ethereally. Can it be that no hint of a threat lurks in the base notes on the skin. Indeed, 'Must' moves a-part from *le sinistre*. Further decomposition, along the lines of in-depth work-outs of the present and absent gossamer telling space, elicits other configurations between surfaces and relations. I-selves [a]muse on words becoming flesh.

And what gets revealed and thus put on show? In-here[ntly] wrapped in a Lacanian imaginary register of specular mis-recognition one g[r]azes at the self as other.

What the subject, the one who exists, sees in the mirror is an image, whether sharp or broken up, lacking in consistency, incomplete. This depends on its position in relation to the real image. Too much towards the edge, and you'll see it poorly. Everything depends on the angle of incidence at the mirror. It's only from within the cone that



one can have a clear image.

Lacan. 1988: 140 quoted in

Rapaport. 1994: 59-60

Shades of biological anatomy giving the lie edge into that fovea centralis of the mind's eye. En-lightened by the spatial concentration of cones, the functioning of the rod[s] for our backs now reduced that we are no longer so much in the dark, our eyes sparkle sharply clear in sight.

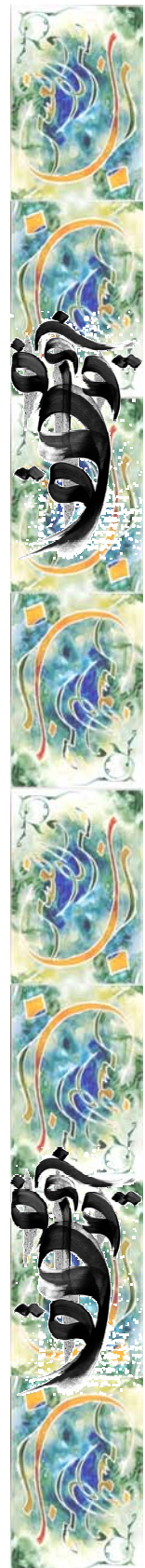
In-vei[g]led in the thrill, effusively figuratively being spell-bound elides ephemerally becoming literal as far as "I's" can see.

In fact, the virtual subject, reflection of the mythical eye, that is to say the other which we are, is there where we first saw our *ego* - outside us, in the human form.

Rapaport. 1994: 59

Repetitiously, the pulse pervades, a purchase on self [ap]peals. Frills of reflected imag[in]ings hold powerful [s]way as re-cital and re-iteration turn, spelling the thrills of shimmering significant substance.

Cautious [t]read is perhaps required as, looking back, the commodity price tag on the purchase still shows. The mirror image is not a doubling of the subject, however, whether presented as virginal, pristine, shop-soiled or yet

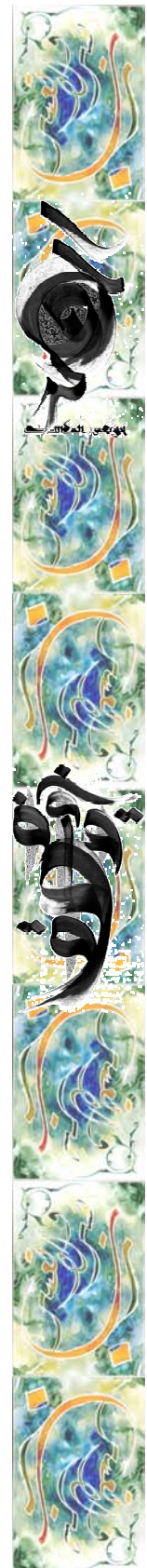


in some other sort of state. Yes, the self as image is one point of focus, but it is not this particular coin of analytical ph[r]ase referred to here. No, the currency concerned clandestinely de-stabilises owing to the invidious effects of the on-going exchange rate as the knowledge-banks deep in our minds take solicitous stock of the [k]not-so in-significant import of the image. Pounds of fleshed-out mirror-images fall soiled from the share price-index of understanding due to intricate insider dealing occurring in the back recesses of our minds. To be franc, the self as image is somewhat superficial in accounting for the transactions under review at present.

But to speak of the symbolic is not all about bad-mouthing, it would seam. Language provides the stabiliser of 'legal' and 'verbal' forces of exchange, and in the act of setting out definite points of reference comes the foundational space for social relations. Balancing *en dehors* [see-page 290: Fig 2] on those Lacanian *en ces pointes de perte* [see-page 36: Beginnings], if at all possible, perhaps provides a bill of lightness and short change to fixatedness? And like an eight year old we join up the dots and automatically fill in the rest, instantly reassured by the tagged stability of this engineered economic reality, forsaking illusion.

No content.

Value laden words surface, [s]pouting suppurating racket. De Saussure's concept of *valeur*, 'value', fabricates a weave of distinctive differentials



within whose economy identity is emergent. A determined outcry of binaries ensues.

... that the gestalt of its legibility appears through the logic of A/-A, a logic that conflates difference with absence.

Kirby. 1997: 146

And with one stroke, I-selves find the fitting footwork possibly getting a shade perfunctory, restricting the elegance of fluid-flow. Difference is absence of sameness, surely “You’s” would agree? But difference loses touch with sameness in the vast steppe stretching forth to the distant horizon, re-marked, masked in those pla[i]n[e]s of relief of not-alike. The logic of compiling my pre-surgery bodily self within the margins of the norm constituted me as a presence within the ‘safe’ topology of symbolic graphical typology. But said logic wrongly predicted as, post-surgery, it later proved to be presencing me quite unambiguously through betraying absence on this safe platform of a normal distribution curve. The contour lines become a little denser as the Trust’s denial of my being on the wrong side of the bell-curve further, but differentially, locates myself as presence through another sort of absence. And so I-selves quickly disappear within the steep mountains of institutionalised paper-work, now monotonously materialising, as reluctantly through reduction I begin to feel a mere cyborg within the Intentional System acting up as hospital Trust. And so “T’s” remain, forever wrong-figured.



Fig 2 - Slipping between

And talk of fragrance turns on automaton. Arteries [b]locked into having been consented, venturing in vein against translation into giving consent, and bearing in mind that

[B]iology is not the body itself, but a discourse. When you say that my biology is such-and-such - or, I am a biological female and so therefore I have the following physiological structure - it sounds like you're talking about the thing itself. But, if we are committed to remembering that biology is a *logos*, is literally a gathering into knowledge, we are not fooled into giving up the contestation for the discourse.

Penley & Ross [eds] 1991 quoted in
Kirby. 1997: 147

Logos and discourse leave their mark on flesh and mind, both. In imposing the act-of-consented, even if superficially well-meant, their heart not one of flesh and blood but of plastic and synthetically fixated flow-charts, Intentional Systems are found wanting. A question of pulse comes to matter. Up-beat, the sub-stance of the lived-living experience comes to count. Ah, if only, that be-comes so.

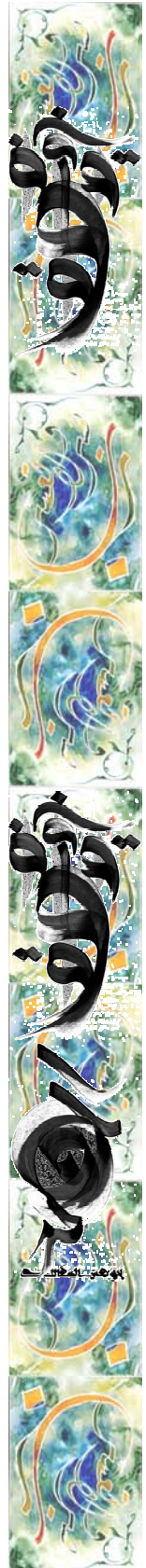
No nomadic me-selves wander footloose among the vast steppes to being healed. No, I am far from free to find any pitch that resonates I note,



trapped as I find myself in the base confines of real pain and nerve cell damage. To be cleft utterly and forever from my former harmonious good health, is a matter far more telling than that of wandering lost for all eternity in the paternalistic symbols of the Intentional Systems Father acting up.

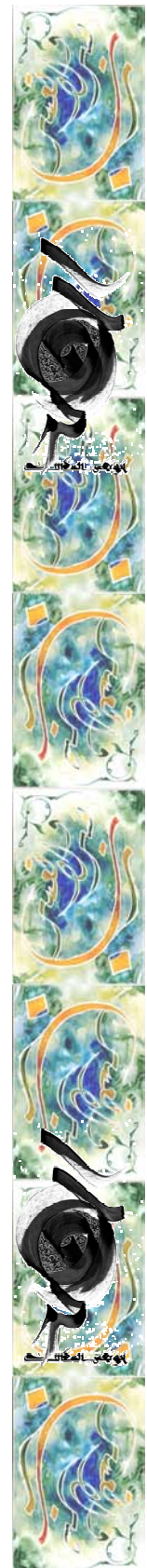
Nomad – no[t]~mad.

Yet, no longer skating on the surface, but delving deeper into underlying [t]issues, the delectable desire I am trying for here, that borders on ‘a must’, is an essence of exquisite mystique rather than the mundane mot~to mouthing wrap-up, belt up and die. Body, interiorly at risk under re-view, exteriorly masked up against the possible onslaught of unfavourable life-threatening elements, the “I’s” of the nomad peep through veils wrapped, protectively covering up delicate [s]kin against the glare of the sun spots eclipsing the Name of the Father. “I’s” and “You’s” get the picture? An inhospitable wasteland horizon stretches a-head promising freedom at a heavy price, or so it would seam on the face of it. Fingers poised on pulse points, denote a heart~beat of the nomad sound in fluid fluency. The whispered tattoo of fragrance promises a self, [k]not bound by constrictions of Intentional Systems signing sniffily up to the Name of the Father, but one punctuated by infinite possibilities of sensuous “if only’s” born of racy reticulated inter-referentiality.



But wait, the mirage of a shimmering wonder-bracket aside hovers close and haunts me. In this determined and desperate thirst for the good life of the wanderer, actually I could be depraved and burning up. Do my vital elements pointlessly vaporize anyway despite truth signs forbearing to linger? Is there real danger of dehydration on the cards? “I’s” wonder as sequinned me-selves stoop low to pick up dropped ‘H’s’ [see-page 174: Fig 1], no longer decked out in French designer style, as me-selves cling corporally to that ‘H’, two of them in point of fact as [H₂] and “O” now so vital to my very well-being, OH such a far cry from the troublesome ‘H’ in Arabic [ad]dress [see-page 378: Fig 3]. Re-freshed but a little, am I losing sight of MacIntyre’s goods, ab-solutely [ad]dressed in masterful, (master-copy) material confines of pre-jud[g]iced bias, flatly refusing to flow? The nomad figured out uncovers more.

No, not mirage, I see in those others, notably those exquisitely [ad]dressed icon-bodies, or, elsewhere, [k]not-now, so I name the calligraphy textualities, and lo [w]rite-now the double agent peers imperialistically out between the see-pages. In so doing, as nomad my BwO is perilously threatened by the Proper gaining the upper hand. This state of being of my Body-without-Organs that I so cherish, for the purposes of this figured-out PhD body between the covers faces a stand-up con-frontation over the binding of integrity, it would seam. Gift has gone into hiding, maybe? Man-handling those calligraphies that I-selves have seized as imag[in]ing-brokers, I-con turns spelling I-can, if only I can a-droit[ly] justify my



margin[ated] act to the right rather than the left of me, in-here[ntly] avoiding the *gauche*. A bout of hiccups ensues. But the justification for this is pressing on a key yet-to-be and not-yet-here, pro-mising sound intricate svelte notation, expressed in another time frame, and another space dimension. Adrift, a moment of fragmentation hangs in the balance on a precarious question of currencies perhaps.

Locatable, if not outwardly expressible, all the signs are there. The strands require a little unravelling. Stretching a-head veering round scaffolding to spinal back-up cites in the looking-glass eyes re-membering to refer to reflections of thaipusam in a pregnant [s]pace not [w]rite-now [see-page 328 Fig 3], as hopefully “You’s” do now that “I’s” re-mind you. Does the warp of ‘form of the content’ codify the weft of ‘substance of the content’ as well as enacting more generalized social discourses infolded integral to the weave that constitutes textile body? Barbie flesh displaced surfaces plastically.

Soaring eyes g[r]asp at the similar, but not the same, contact of imag[in]ings, which configure PhD corps, which spellbind it, fetching[ly] becoming being from the overlap of such positionings. However, imbrication charms, and despite over-lapping at the edges, is re-markably fleet of foot, shifting into just let~be trace [see-page 54: Fig 1], re-collecting becoming other, through elisions into overlapse. Seizures of overlap prompt tracks of figuring it out, whilst svelte slips sustain and endure. Adjacently



Fig 2 - Slipping between

placed discursive footprints, whether of IT or of thesis body, see other, face to face, in the mirror and, re-memembering contours and surfaces, shapes and textures, configure embodiment, intoning flesh and blood.

Shrouded, but not stitched up,

... the gaze is not entirely something constructed or invented by a subject, but something originating in the “flesh of the world,” leads Lacan to posit the notion that when we “see,” we “see” through an other. In the Imaginary register this “other” is the *objet a*, whereas in the Symbolic register it is the large Other. It is this vision of the overlapping big Other on the little other that the “I” as “eye” tries to capture and yet fears to see.

Rapaport. 1994: 171-2

Not for me, the invocation of the notion of *destinerrance* (the errant destiny of what has been said), in the sense that I flaunt it as an all-prevailing excuse. Yes, me-selves are backgrounded when you “You’s” read this that is my textual PhD body and, in so doing, recon-figure my corps, now a-[s]pace with dis-patch not-er-mine entirely by any means, but background[ed] through presencings of your rewritings that may be me or may be not-me, as I think me. Carefully, vowing not to fall foul of, I contemplate

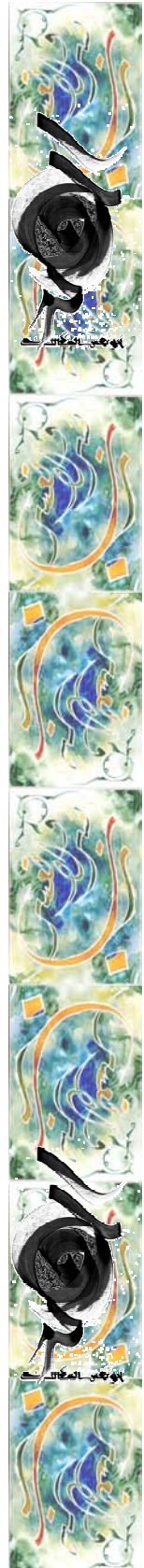


Fig 2 - Slipping between

... the *abject object* that is foisted onto the nondupe, who necessarily wanders in a forest of paternal symbols in which the Name returns like an accuser in order to stand in the way of the primal trait of pleasure.

Rapaport. 1994: 199

Out-lawed from the garden, yes, that I may be, and yet no, I am no wanderer, committed to that forest, but, nomad-like, I find me-selves not choked up over this banishment from the primal plot of pleasure of paternalistic symbols. Rather, the I-selves that I am stand revealed extraordinarily extravagantly and resplendently attired in that bias cut above, as still in sheer susurrating gossamer slip, I shadow dance on.

And, lo, it comes to pass that the cue is accruing signifiers, pre-sencings resplendent ‘if only’ stuffed with the sometime absencing ephemeral quint-essence of vibrant spellbinding, back to back comes to matter with re-g[u]ard to becoming Fig in fine form rather than riddled rancidly undone through excess. The weave of the logic of fantasm is the inscription of an absence of the Other since “You’s” are non-material, in terms of your whims, pre-dispositions and intentions, although that is [k]not to say “You’s” are non-presenced, by any means. These sinuous strands of alluring symbolism stretch forth into frilling lace-inked im-prints, rather than im-pos[t]ers, across paginated fabric-a[c]tion and froth forth in thrilling



filigree dis-play, directing the finger at the point of trceries of [t]issue, re-ve[i]lling in sheer fluency born of shadow dancing.

[S]peaking on this particular subject, another wonder-bracket aside stalks my step. Rapt in fluent symbolic [ad]dress, beloved of bodies becoming in slips between textualities, I [f]alter into naming the icons, if-not-here, then in spent-[up]-space, some-time else. Not only do I have the [k]not so in significant cheek to name these calligraphy bodies, along the lines of Thou shalt be “icons”, and, in so doing, [w]rite in their very faces, no less, I possess and frame them, rather im-proper[t]ly. But, to boot, I-selves have the nerve to stray far from the garden of pro-mis[s]ing “if only’s”, fitting them up further in de-sign~ating each icon-body with an express[ed] pose, fixing each as a snap-shot from my methodological positionings in a naked exposure. Being quite upfront about my temerity [w]rite hereens, I have to con-cede that no stealth-selves lurk hereby, hidden in rushes nestling on the floor/flaw, no testimonial token s[k]ulks beneath in sinuous dis-guise, those icon-bodies are, in point of fact, tellingly tricked, ‘ah, yes’, the sprite at play comes to my res-cue. What naked effrontery and wrong-figuring to spiritedly trespass so!

Have I failed to figure it out, having fallen from grace, turned out from the garden of [e]den, giving the slip to that covering it up through fig leafing it through? Am I utterly covered in s[h]ame? Grazes from bloodlines loom large on the nearest horizon. Tension in-creases unbearably, mean-while re-



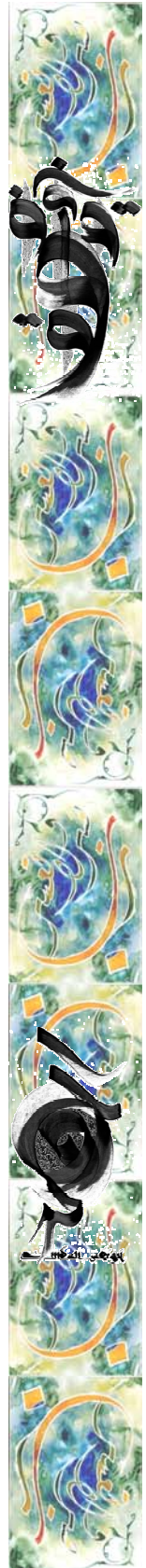
coil rapidly issues in re-spite, as me-selves firmly re-solve to delve deeply in to those domains of resistance, by reading against the slippage of meaning in language.

Laced into Lyotard [see-page 233: Fig 2], one discourse vying with the others, *en pointe*,

... it was a gaze that was not bound by the narrow grid of structure (form, arrangement, number, size), but that could and should grasp colours, variations, tiny anomalies, always receptive to the deviant. Finally, it was a gaze that was not content to observe what was self-evident; it must make it possible to outline chances and risks; it was calculating.

Foucault. 1973: 89

What a shame about the 'calculate' *mot*~to ring figures large in a wonder-bracket aside, as-signing shades of balance sheets materialising before my very eyes. And yet in the all-important Primitive Streak phase, *malheur* turns about-face to spellbinding mien as those columns (for want of a better word) of cells, certainly come crucially to ac-count for orderly cell progression towards healthy human foetal development, if "T's" and "You's" can but re-call.



Ballet slip[pers] on, eloquently poised for an elegant warm-up, “r” yes, the footwork begins and quite an exquisitely devised *mise-en-feu* starts taking elaborate shape. Sufficiently warmed up now, I-selves shed a few habit[uated] layers. A choreographic counter-point challenges from the wings, a move sideways is a-foot.

The first principle in ballet is always the *en-dehors*, the turn-out, where dancers try to turn their legs to make their feet stand at a 180 degree angle. Originally the *en-dehors* was meant to enable dancers to move sideways on stage, thus looking the audience in the face while they danced. But a good turn-out also enables a dancer to raise the leg higher, move faster, jump further and change directions more rapidly and more fluidly.

Aalten. 1997: 48

A little unravelling of the weave turns up on the cards. The hand expertly played by Heidegger shuffles off the mortal remains of *Darstellung*, [see-page 62: Fig 1] despite explicitly translating poiesis by *Herstellung* and *Darstellung*. *Darstellung* bows out to *Hestellung*.

In fact, *Darstellung* disappears in two lines. Let us reread these lines more carefully: “The word *stellen* in the name *Ge-stell* not only means provocation. At the same time it should preserve the suggestion of another *Stellen* from which it stems, namely, that *Her-*

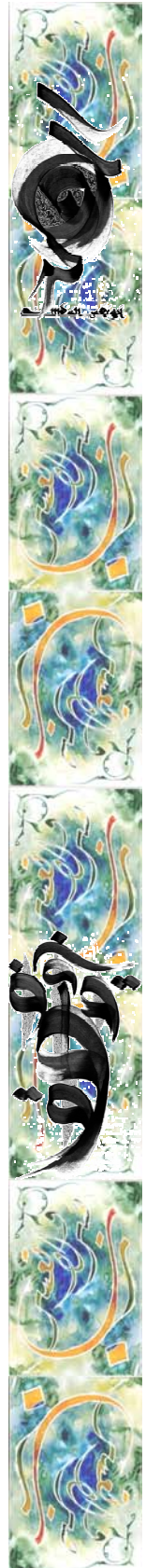


Fig 2 - Slipping between

and *Dar-stellen* which, in the sense of *poesis*, lets what presences come forth into unconcealment. ...”

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 73

Flashback ripples along my motor neurone intentions. Static crackles along my auditory canals. To backing[-up] by Kirby who took the words out of my mouth, Lacoue-Labarthe weaves a fabric-ation with a technique that casts one and drops one to become fascinating textualities fetchingly other, as do “I”; or so I would have “You’s” think. Material patternings born of interstices, delivered of voids and yet not-devoid, because as recesses and canaliculi they count, labour their pauses, purling strands of substance threading filigrees in and of skeins of lacework. But a few snags in the weave inevitably seep in. Leaks are in sight. Ownership claims loom large in lacunae. But do they? In the intrigue of the lattice of inter-textuality, it is surely sheer spellbinding that in-forms the shadow dance substance. Inter-textuality entices, being both of and in fascinating *jouissance*. Wispy phantasms of Lacoue-Labarthe and wistful shades of me-selves join [h]ands stepping out in formations of figures on exquisite re-marks, each to other, shadow dancing on.

Assuming that poise, not with-standing some difficulty, I might add, lacking the requisite rigorous inciteful training rites, further en-lightenment is assured by elevation, *en pointe*,



If the three-dimensional Euclidean space of the universe is curved back on itself, it becomes a limited but unending hypersphere. When written words and phrases have an extra dimension, they are like crystals with infinite facets. You can turn over an expression and view it from any number of angles, each angle being another twist of the same text.

Heim. 1993: 30

Faint, yes, but crystal-clear, the notes sing out as, intent on reflecting, I weave gossamer threads of enchantment and mystique, spellbinding “me’s” and “You’s” to sequined selves shimmering and sparkling with infinite facets. But one flaw in the dazzling crystalline sequins is on the horizon. Come this point instant of time, two-dimensional space confines and restricts. Light, whether born aloft of weightlessness, yet that is [k]not to say of no substance, or born of in-citing luminosity, whispers of note[s] ceaselessly fading and forming, casting dappled shadows of mot[e]s incessantly shifting in significant slips of becoming.

A-side.

Speaking here is robed in psychoanalytic style, and dons shifting guises, signs remembered of signifier and signified overlapping, -



Fig 2 - Slipping between

Language - and here I do not mean only the language of words, but also the inarticulated sounds, the language of the eyes and gestures - was originally an instinctive utterance. It was not till a later stage that language developed from an undifferentiated whole to a means of communication. But throughout this and other changes it has remained true to its original function, which finds expression in the inflection of the voice, in the intonation, and in other characteristics ...

Reik quoted in

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 163

What faces lie hidden in style? Reik's perspective is that of a double, the fabric of diction or enunciation, whether oral or written, as re-memberings of past hidden meanings of 'confession' surface from the depths of our minds [see-page 200: Fig 2]

At 'The Times' like these, the supplement headline shouts loudly clamouring for our at-tent[s]ion. Sign assuming flesh conjures mirrored faces real-ized into becoming [s]kin and [t]issue. Helen and Kate Storey peer confidently out of looking-glass surface as 'Primitive Streak' flashes back-up past us having smartly gathered up its skirts, under sign's spell, still as a mouse, sequinned me-selves, eyes sparkling, along with "You's" shining, shimmer into im-press[ive] ephemeral being and shadow dance on.



Pointing the finger at my particular reading of the journalist's own 'Creative Streak', having in past-now-time and spent-space turned one of his sub-titles entirely inside-out, re-configuring it from its former back-to-front pose: a reading masked by the third-person agency. His lay-out will surely be intentional, but whether my reading of those intentions mirror that journalistic make-up is a moot point. The sinuous interlaced web emerging here, born of this textual body that is PhD, may reflect Other disguises. *Differend* perspectives from my readers will intriguingly weave further wisps and twists into this body of imag[in]ings, echoing mirrorings of that intricately reticulated cell specialisation, green fringed guise in the 'Primitive Streak' Storey Collection [see-page 188: Fig 2]. Horizons of bodies signified by 'A Collection is Born' stretch far beyond signs of mere window-dressing, here. Style wraps and enfolds, in intricate design. Reaching out, touching on nexus, filigree wisps in-sinuate sequined selves replete in articulation that is sound.

Shades of shamanism shape up. Invoking the ether with an [ad]dress shivers of the shaman peep through, tantalising the eye. Is dialogue different then? In face to face conversation, naming an entity ensures that 'the named' appears in that interface of dialogue, hovering to be heard in that gap lapsing necessarily between two persons, speaking to each other, for instance. Said entity appears to fashion expressions whose economies can change hands and engender understandings, de-spite the ephemeral slippages of meanings. Would we call 'speaking' navigational? Would we

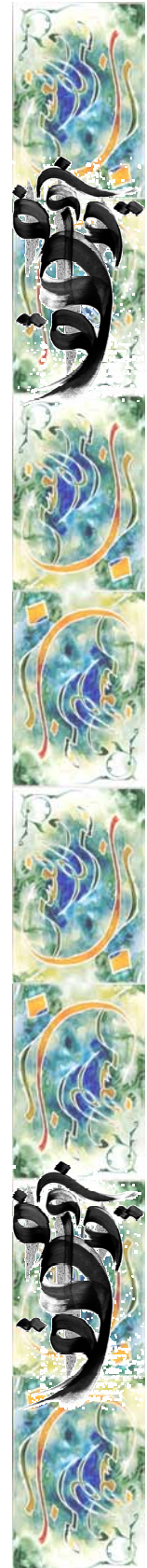


Fig 2 - Slipping between

call it invocational? Maybe we should. What subliminal messages lurk in the binary code – that is “I’s” and not “I’s” but “You’s”?

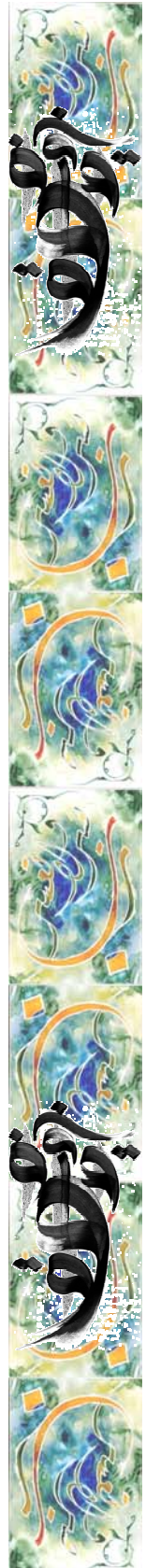
Stances in worn designs.

And consider the con-text of any relationship we, whether individually or collectively, should desire to fabricate between art and science. That is not to say that we are dancing with the fairies here. No, we are [ap]propriate[ly] suited in formal composition garb in that

... a congruent overlap or perfect formal matching takes place, there is, nevertheless, the strong sense that the figures take place *in* if not *as* a vacuum and, in so doing, suggest a “lack” or “absence,” which Lacan, many years later, would term a “hole in the real.”

Rapaport. 1994: 47

In fact, a helping hand becomes a necessary feature to wrap and weave together such otherwise seemingly disparate bodies of fashion and science. Moving beyond tying the [k]not, looking to interweaving “intrinsic dislocation and noncoincidence”, (Kirby. 1997: 157), a newly emerging text[ile] stands proudly and takes a low bow. Sharp eyes point to words moving lucidly around thematic entitlements, and the Storeys decide on ‘The Primitive Streak’ as the focus since it embodies the concept



... that the embryo consists of cells that are constantly dividing and moving to generate its overall form.

Massey. 1997: 47

Mirrorings of Foucault reflect on the texture of perception and figure in dynamic fluency embodying a “world that is the analogue of language” (Foucault. 1973: 96). Surfaces speak volumes, even if making their initial debut, only to be fully clothed, [ad]dressed in differends, when later [s]talking on the catwalk. The meticulous gazes, whether of professional cell biologist or of professional fashion designer, become amazingly transfigured through the reticulate ravishing lacework of the conceptual chimera of telling spaces as this supremely sensuous fashion collection, entitled ‘Primitive Streak’ is born of becoming other.

Listening to *backchat*, in the form of whispered aims of the collaboration: science [s]talking art: art [st]uttering science behind the catwalk scene, my own mimetic creation of the fashion collection entitled ‘Primitive Streak’ is somewhat problematic, as it slides between photographic fidelity, fantasy and fiction. If only, dream “I’s” imag[in]ing, I-selves spellbind a-[s]kin of the elusive and the ethereal as ephemerally gossamer it dreams sequined me-selves. Backed-up, stacked up faith looks to photography and that snap of the Real, and comes to beg the question about a feature, further distanced by reprinting in a magazine article, yet ah so embedded in and of reality, spark[l]ing imag[in]ings of glittering cat-walks on whose surfaces fashion



models relax in reclining poses. Seamingly aloof, albeit admittedly, if circumstantially, these living i-cons embody the long-standing adage that what lies on the surface can often deceive those undiscerning “T’s”.

Within this masquerade my self shadow dances, partnered by the ensorcelling embodiment of ‘sheer’, whose meaning ranges running a convoluted continuum from ‘precipitous’; and ‘headlong’, unfolding uncovering ‘unmitigated’; and ‘utter’, stretching sinuously out to ‘diaphanous’; and ‘transparent’. The word ‘sheer’, so innocently chosen by me, yet *in-corporating* such frills of fractured meanings, intriguingly, has transfigured this stock[inged] leg of the text, *en dehors*, enabling it - the body of text - to become something other [for the writer, if not the reader, I write as I hasten to tack on the necessary a-hem adjustment, here].

Intent on changing texture now, rapt in shimmering shifts of questioning critique it is possible to avoid getting caught fast in Deleuzian and Guattarian desiring machines of science and fashion. Casting science in medical over-tones, Foucault has a few words I desire to borrow from those many penned by his translator.

The form of the similarity uncovers the rational order of the diseases. When one perceives a resemblance, one does not simply lay down a system of convenient, relative ‘mappings’; one begins to read off the



intelligible ordering of the diseases. The veil is lifted from the principle of their creation, this the general order of nature.

Foucault. 1973: 7

Weaving in step with Foucault, the arche-texture takes on a slightly different hue. Svelte and toned in fitting *ensemble* in-vest[e]ments the two aforementioned sisters, Kate and Helen Storey, intend to locate and promote the sometimes uneasy partnership between science and art. Con-signed in this fashion, the pre-vailing opinion pro-mot[e]s a state where-in their paradigms only skirt and divide.

But beware the habit[ual] investement of the natural and the idea[l] in counterpo[i]sed play. Fabric-a[c]tion fantasms lurk. Natural prides itself that ‘essential truths’ are stated staking its importance in an up-front no-nonsense frill kind of way, whereas the “ideal insofar as they are never experienced” continue “unchanged and undisturbed”, (Foucault. 1973: 8). Ah, yes, we have our finger on the pulse of different social spaces, or rather, of stances, to wear my preferred mode of [ad]dress, threaded of and in-[sinuating] motifs spell-binding tantalising telling-spaces, sveltely lace-stitching together shimmering surface relations.

[K]not yet especially at ease, haunts of location and the gaze of power still touch the faces hidden behind the operating masks donned in the dialogue of the consult-a[c]tion. Like Helen Storey says,



With a knot in my stomach I have shown Kate the first draft of the collection. Her reaction will be vital to my confidence to carry on. Have I lost something? Misunderstood? ... Most important of all, have I fallen into the trap of over-simplifying the science and losing the fashion?

....

Appreciating what I don't know puts me in a rage; moreover there is no time to learn more than the basics - it's like painting without being allowed to look at the colour.

Helen Storey quoted in

Massey. 1997: 45

Failing to not[e]ice the falling, or fore-bearing to pick up and re-mark, re~p[l]eating those shades of “You’s”, “its” and kinfaces sit tight yet divisively in the corners of Helen’s mind, skirting uncomfortably round and round those very [t]issues.

From ‘Backspin’ to ‘Backchat’, how precisely can “You’s” relate art to science and, in reverse step, similar but not the same, how exactly do “You’s” ally science to art? Kate Storey writes in her diary,

We are going to represent these first divisions of the fertilised egg as a series of spheres within spheres suspended in a hoop out of the side of



the dress. Will they look cancerous? How three-dimensional should they be? Is Helen happy with them? Perhaps we need to develop a style or look for the whole collection.

Kate Storey quoted in

Massey. 1997: 47

Whether the word is written or spoken invoking the reading through [ap]pealing articulation of the analogue of language points the [s]way. Behold, the *skhema* [see-page 244: Fig 2] that is 'The Primitive Streak' rises resolutely from the ashes of war-torn cellular divisions between science and art, literally making it-[s]way in streaking out from that grey amorphous background as soundly its haunting *rhuthmos* breathes precious life into the ethereal spirits spelling fluid inter-relations between art and science as the

... project seemed suddenly to be rising from the paper and acquiring its own identity.

Kate Storey quoted in

Massey. 1997: 47

Making its mark, in the realm of the Real, the development of the Primitive Streak in the neurulation stage of an embryo is utterly unforgettable to those of us so privileged to have seen it. Such apparent axial cellular movement, singularly intent, pushing purposively to the fore [h]and in hand with the emergence of figure from featureless amorphous background literally stuns

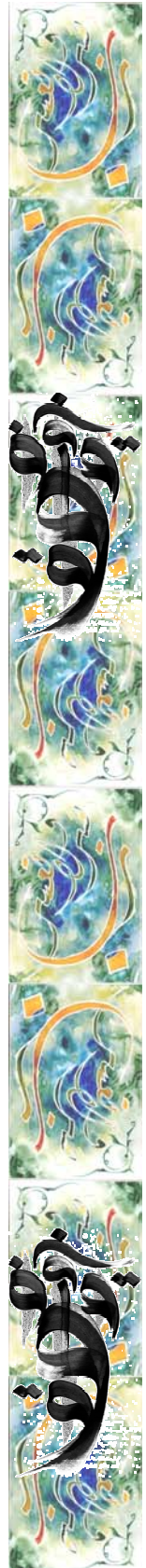


Fig 2 - Slipping between

the mind's eye. Shifting sinuously a~[s]way from that oh-so-visual spine-like streak into a lacework of philosophical and medical analogue spell-binding language, overcomes boundaries, tra-versing the word, putting flesh on the bones, turned out *en dehors*, now becomingly [ad]dressed.

And so it is that the overall body of text, that is PhD, is necessarily in an implicit and/or explicit dialogue of pluralities with other texts; whether literary and non-literary. It has previously assumed and will anteriorly assume such-like positions on this catwalk of pages. But physical bodies, the plural “You” that are my possible readers, are also bodies of texts and hold dialogues with this particular text. The masks are donned. The costumes of the masquerade a-bound as this text, my thesis, dances in dialogue with the Other texts, whether they be written, or of both writers and of readings, and/or readers. The reader's disguise is constituted by using the text to build his/her identity, whilst situating the reader self in an historical tradition[s] and in future stories. These may or may not constitute master-slave dialogues, for instance. How does a person resolve these *différends* within the many configurations that occur? Steele models one style of resolution.

In the narrative terms for this dialogue worked out so far, this means that we have not only the narrative of the conscious self, the narrative of the unconscious self, and the third-person stories that problematize these selves; we also need a fourth narrative. This fourth narrative is

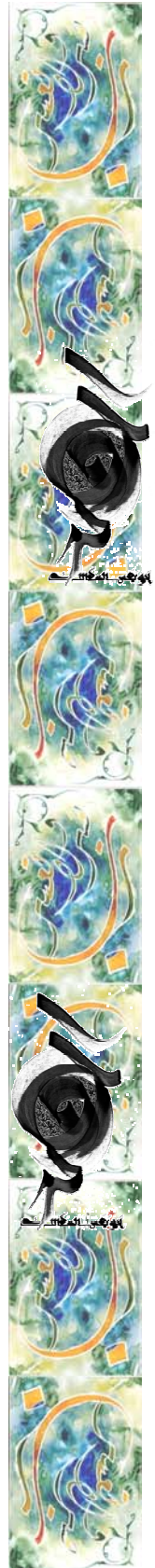


what the two interlocutors construct in order to reconcile the language game of the conscious self with that of the unconscious. An evaluative language of constitution must be negotiated so that one not only accepts the unwelcome story of his/her unconscious self but invents a self language game that offers a meaningful existence.

Steele. 1997: 122

An effusive wonder-bracket aside bubbles up quite irrepressibly. Exuberantly vibrant, its *malheur* face causes a little dis-quiet. Probably presencing the predictable, yes, almost certainly “You’s” have guessed it, the “meaningful existence” on my mind, [w]rite-now-here, is the stressful question of whether or not the Name of the Father representatives will visit the presencing or absencing of the award of a doctorate to my thesis [ad]dress. Does the prefix ‘dis’ nestle up uncomfortably to ‘stressed’ reflecting the state I am attempting to a~void? Or, rather, does the suffix ‘PhD’ surface realistically to become the three add-on characters of my identity that I so desire? Does this mean there is a fifth dimension to the reconciliation process? Possibly, as firmly foregrounded, the Other, rather than self, materializes, marching on the spot resolutely to [ac]count. More skeletons in the cupboard emerge and come on line. The key wounding [t]issue of [t]reading on toes suddenly occupies the total screen-face, mesmerisingly fixating.

Can it be that

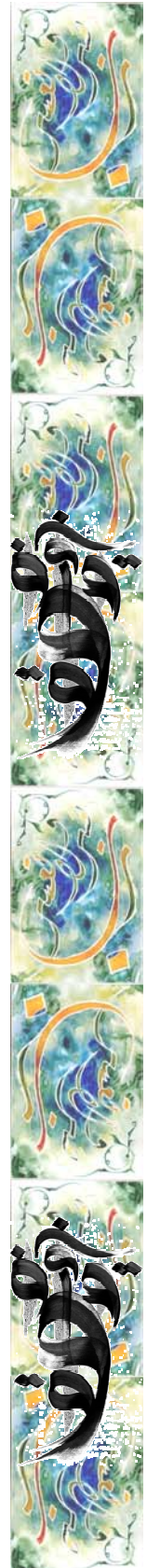


The science of man is concerned with too complicated an object, it embraces a multitude of too varied facts, it operates on too subtle and too numerous elements always to give to the immense combinations of which it is capable the uniformity, evidence, and certainty that characterize the physical sciences and mathematics.

Foucault. 1973: 97

Eluding defies delusion for the time being, anyway. But the name of the Father soon steps in, paring down the possible permutations over which to pre-side, bell curves to the re~skew, clandestinely commandeering elusion so effectively. Stuffed full of signifiers, the effigy affirms its [w]rite[ful] place in the grand scheme of things after all if we fail to keep our heads.

Helen and Kate Storey might well agree as, to begin with, they appeared to face overwhelming odds in their endeavour to link science and art. A wonder-bracket aside nudges me and rather weighs on my mind. Writing the phrase to link science and art rather smudges over some heavy issues, does it not? Not just dwelling in the domain of the different disciplines, the Storeys emphatically embodied the divide, each to the other. In their experiences and their expectations recounted in the diary extracts that they each kept, they effusively encourage the differences they each see both personally and professionally-speaking in the other. But they faced up to those uncertainties of *différential* in-scriptions of corpo-reality and, together,



re-configured and bodying forth, they fashioned a most becoming collection. Born of telling spaces assuring surface relations between one social space and the other[s] as meanings slither and slide in deconstructive play, the dream bodies forth in re-mark.

Be-spoke sign.

Or to put it another way, appropriate style of [ad]dress would stem from a warp embodied with a notion of critical dialogue, in-weave with a weft fashioned from holding to the requisite emotional resources. But still the material is not quite up to exquisite scratch. A more elaborate and professional finish of delicately threading through filigrees of mutually fluent recognition of different positionings comes to count. Whilst in carefully balanced counter-point the final flourishing touch derives from holding an ability to fluidly articulate a new identity, born of fluent new subjectivities.

Lung[es] perhaps a little suspect, stethoscope sounds out PhD chest. The worried wonder-bracket aside breathes a sigh of relief. A regular rhythm to the inspiration re-assures as re-turning to the clinical gaze, me-selves begin to speculate.

The glance, on the other hand, does not scan a field; it strikes at one point, which is central or decisive; the gaze is endlessly modulated,



Fig 2 - Slipping between

the glance goes straight to its object. The glance chooses a line that instantly distinguishes the essential; it therefore goes beyond what it sees; it is not misled by the immediate forms of the sensible, for it knows how to traverse them; it is essentially demystifying. If it strikes in its violent rectitude, it is in order to shatter, to lift, to release appearance. It is not burdened with all the abuses of language. The glance is silent, like a finger pointing, denouncing.

Foucault. 1973: 121

Is this how Helen saw through the science to design [ad]dress I-selves wonder. Glance skipping on, rather than a pedestrian walk[ing], remembering the rhythm of insistent 'Backchat', Helen, the fashion designer writes about her sister, the scientist, [s]talking the catwalk, that masquerades as diary text[ile], pen to paper, pointing the proverbial finger, yet crossing the line.

In the past I imagine that her perceptions of my professional life have been based on the image the fashion industry can't help but perpetuate - that it's all glamour, kisses and hysterics over things that at the end of the day don't matter. What she saw was there is order, precision, trust, a shared vision and a lot of hard work.

Helen Storey quoted in

Massey. 1997: 45



Kate too has striking changes of heart, tra-versing in an [ad]dress when she writes

With hindsight we should have spent longer at the early stages, just looking at images and embryos, building up Helen's confidence with the sequence of development and with the terminology. I think this is a problem with communicating science; it is believed to be a series of unquestionable facts and non-scientists are afraid to explore it. I had hoped to be a conduit through which she could gain access to a new world.

Kate Storey quoted in
Massey. 1997: 47

Kate has uncovered that, for some section of the project, Helen felt less like a fashion designer than a person taking "visual dictation". Personally hemmed in and [b]locked by each of their take on selv-edges of the other both sisters are closely wrapped in layer upon layer of cloying disappointment.

A wonder-bracket a-side strikes a pose. Whilst ostensibly speaking of the Storeys, and my thesis [ad]dressed PhD body, there are layered depths of [t]issues lying underneath. Born of fluidity, bearing on fluency, harmonious in their rapport, the re-configuration of the form[erly] di-stanced identities involves installing their individual discreteness [a-]parts on the same but

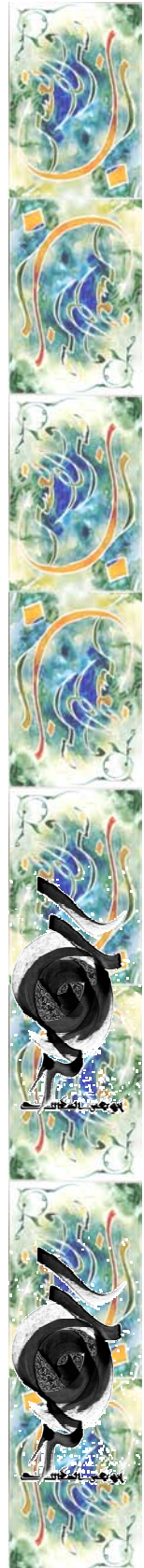


Fig 2 - Slipping between

differend horizon, no longer con-ceding major support to their altercations, but inclining more to their integral dialogue through tracing new topological lines and sketching out a new way of reading time.

The mien unravels a little further murmuring of teasing out this thread which runs extensively throughout the weave of f[ig]-abric-a[c]tion that is thesis [ad]dress. Sweeping and elaborate though this particular strand is, it insinuates under-cover in its style as I-selves stand back from rendering it explicit. Threading reticulate filigree, embracing cell-body mid-riff, talking intricate topology, touches on expansive surfaces and [b]reaches t]issues to tantalizing depths. Relief comes utterly to matter in that particular Storey [s]kin dreaming of the ultimate bottom-line of the fashion show as the dream that came true in the emergence of a fashion show featuring designs announcing the gestational stages of the human embryo.

But[t] on the line, each sister keeps a diary, and extracts from each are reproduced within the textual subject, that is magazine article. Helen, the fashion designer, writes of her multiplicity of selves, as she sits down to design

I gradually lose a sense of self, outside stuff fades and the inside takes over. It's always been something I crave and dread.

Massey. 1997: 42



Her design remit is extremely unusual in that, this time, she does not have to accommodate the element of a profitable manufacturing outcome. Unusual, but not easier by any means, since the collection should embody an anatomical and ontological beauty, however elusive and ephemeral it may be in the realm of the Real, and it should exquisitely in-corp[orate] the precocious living sequences that herald the dynamically detailed, but preciously delicate and intricate, development of the human form. The stretch mark[ers] are the journalistic one and mine both, on the symbolic level; a series of clothes coordinated around a theme and a set of visible photographic images on a level which masquerades as the real, but is, when unmasked, a reality within the Symbolic, not the Real. Indeed, Vicki Kirby would say, were we to ask her, that the collection was to celebrate art and science shadow dancing “the dream of its own re-markability”, (Kirby. 1997: 154).

The [d]ream form of the fashioned invest[e]ment lays bare the intricate intimacies of the physical body, honouring it and gracing its contours so adroitly, enriching its enveloping allure through the finesse of flair and exquisite finery. Donning [v]raiments in rejoicing, be-smudges into layers of reveres, bearing down on the eye-widening wonder of the profound personal details of human conception and foetal development coming round to full-term in an exalted [p]robe of solemn celebration. But of course, [w]rite of passage expects exalted solemnity and eulogizing ritual, without question, so a de-tour into *mise-en-scène* steps out to take a bow from the

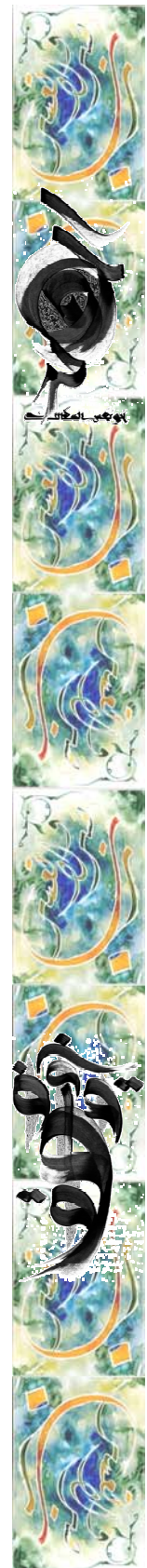


Fig 2 - Slipping between

wings. Rapt exteriorly about the body slips gravidly into enticing genesis wrapping around the interiority of child-developing-bordering into exteriority of mother-birthing-child. In a similar fashion, but not the same, ruffled or smoothed, her professional self faces a real outer challenge but can also learn ‘innardly’ of self.

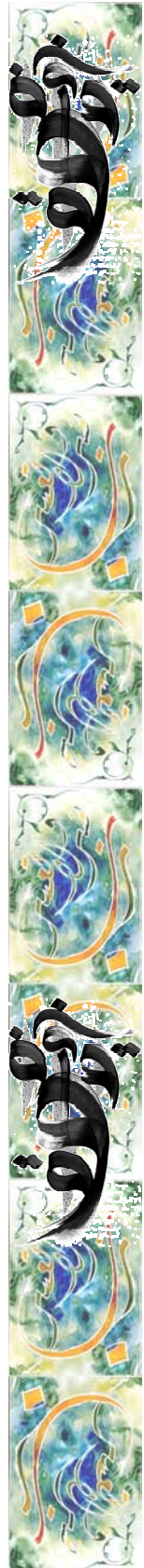
One of the key recurring problems of the project raises its head for the first time: how to represent the science fact without the wearer looking like a total prat.

... There are clearly moments in Kate’s work that defy re-interpretation - ie, if you make the substance that surrounds the egg during much of its development solid (as you must if a body is to wear it), you have already lost an important part of its world.

Massey. 1997: 42

Dimensions and states of matter act up. Helen is under threat from various angles, whether from the professional, or from the intellectual, or from her sister: that special Other. Shades of “You’s”, “its”, and kinfaces to be figured out lurk under wraps, mind~in[g] dark corners, perhaps?

So it is with ‘Primitive Streak’. Helen Storey writes of parading their body of intended fashion designs before a friend, who is also an eminent cell biologist, who has



... an artistic eye and is therefore an ideal person with whom to discuss Helen's latest designs. To begin with I think he was surprised by what we were attempting to do, but quickly saw how some of the designs were working. In the end he was more enthusiastic than me: "If anyone comes away with 'primitive streak' tripping off their tongues it will have been worth it..."

Massey. 1997: 47

Mirror[ing]s of probabalistic isolatable events that constitute 'stills' of human embryo development - dependent entirely now on perception from a focus of exteriority to the corps - give form - a solidarity - to this ordered aleatory series that is a fashion collection. Intriguingly, a still can be moving, it would seam.

Turning my back, for the moment, on the neatly buttoned-up medical white coat deliberates a denoting of an absencing of any haunting dangers hidden deep in the machinery of the healing process. Po[i]sed in denial the shades of those drug-resistant bacteria, for instance, are of no [f]actual substance, and so it frills and froths forth, as those bugs in the Intentional Systems of Institution~speak are similarly given the same treatment and efficaciously erased in the face of such a stiffly starched front.

And so it is with Kate, similar, but not the same. Kate, the scientist, feels she has to translate everything into layman's language in order to talk with



Fig 2 - Slipping between

Helen. This she finds difficult. She dons habits of differing hues as it emerges that real-ising the perplexing problematics of actually trans-figuring cellular anatomy into fashion garments, holds deeply hidden depths – so difficult at the level of the second person, let alone at the f[r]actoring [in] of the third person.

We talked and drew developing embryos for three hours. I tried to describe why these events were important. It was exhausting. Too much to take in for Helen. Hard for me to translate everything into layman’s terms.

Massey. 1997: 45

Hard to translate, Kate writes, “r” [see-page 44: Beginnings] how I too recognise that state, suspended as I am in mid-riff, located in that locus of midriff between space and time, desiring to reveal one face of the fashion collection, one singular fragment of one particular design, yet stitched up from doing so because of the problematics of taking it from its elsewhere context, masquerading as yet to be put in this particular place and installed with working relations in-here[ntly] suited to said singular location. Stealthily situated in the locus which is not one, my PhD body drops the stitch into the looking-glass reflection of the cell specialisation guise, whose green bodice sports a mid-riff cut-out, illustrating the nerve cell-body [see-page 188: Fig 2]. Racy rhizomatic reticulations stretch to sinuously frill and froth forth, reaching horizons of impulses beyond, re-minding motor



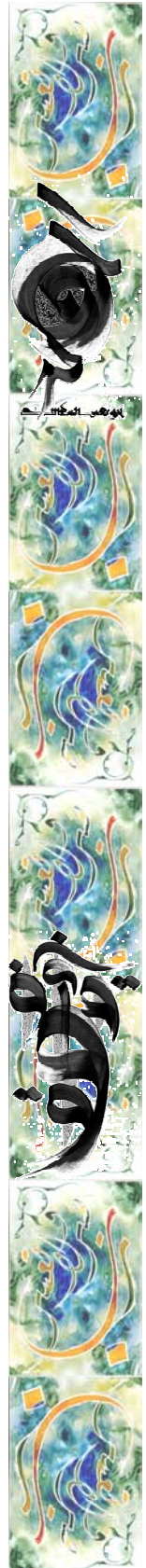
Fig 2 - Slipping between

neurones of intention, reflecting on that cell specialisation dress from the fashion collection.

A wonder-bracket co-heres glutinously to this guttural singular space and lurks list[lessly] to alleviate any pain in right-hand ab-domain quadrant. Surfacing suggestions shiver sound-in [t]issues seeking and screening the gloss[ary] for *information* on that grumbling appendix syndrome.

[G]rumbling no longer, casting off the stitch, breaks free of the rift, free of foundational garments in my thinking structures, yet corseted by marks on paper, I must again crave the readers' tolerance of my slips, re-minding my reader[s] to reflect on the stretch marks both before and after this time-space dimension, born now. Fore-bearing to fall headlong, I reflect that my thesis body has a face, and a back, a front and a behind, but, although these shimmer and shadow dance in the space which is not one, my methodological body to be healthy hinges most emphatically on laid-back eloquent and expressive articulation. Utterly poised here, unmasking eases hard-pressed joints, and yet intriguingly reveals no dislocated, absent, third-person agency about this particular textual body. This text[ile] material is both pervading presence cited here, featuring there and enfolding now.

Sign being flesh conjures mirrored faces real-ized into becoming [s]kin and [t]issue. Helen and Kate Storey peer confidently out of looking-glass surface as 'Primitive Streak' flashes back-up past us having smartly



gathered up its skirts, under sign's spell, still as a mouse, sequinned me-
selves, eyes sparkling, along with "You's" shining, shimmer into im-
press[ive] ephemeral being and shadow dance on.

Hang on.

Stepping out is not usually so taut with tensions. But at this said instant, the
"You's" and "I's" in-and-of physical bodies in one realm located elsewhere,
not-here in-print on these pages. And yet, are we? Written bodies
exquisitely fleshed out with re-marks hold tightly to spellbinding
embodiment, as elusively ephemeral in so many other expressions all point
to our presence in [ad]dress. [Th]reads spinning "You's" and "I's" presents
no particular problem. Have we found our centre of gravity balanced
perfectly about the meeting place point of the composition of the visible and
the syntactic rules of the expressible or are we still found [t]reading on the
toes of one or the other? Not so as you would notice.

The gaze saw sovereignty in a world of language whose clear speech it
gathered up effortlessly in order to restore it in a secondary, identical
speech: given by the visible, this speech, without changing anything,
made it possible to see.

Foucault. 1973: 117



This clear speech is not as sheer and transparent as first impressions would suggest. First sight masks the opacity of the status of the language, at the levels of foundation, justification, and implementation. The clarity of visibility also is problematic as the gaze encounters and needs must confront the opaqueness of the physical and physiological body. Is the notion of the speaking eye regrettably more that of a glass eye imaging, hoodwinking us perhaps? A notion, seemingly therefore, not trans-figurative, unable as it is to spellbind surface relations between these very different social spaces. The glass eyesore is but an effigy that pales beside the vision of the conception of the telling spaces. We may be balanced and wear it well, but garbed in the strawperson eyesore genre we are wrong-figured, fragmented and warped, at one with Intentional Systems acting up.

The slip may be a sheer one - mirror-imag[in]ing reflecting back to Donna Karan's quote on the 'endless options' of fashion [see-page 58: Fig 1], from which women can choose - where the difference, for instance, between Lacan's intentions, expressed in the symbols of those French words, he committed to paper, is perhaps of a gossamer texture. Perhaps, the slip is a mini one. I refer at this point instant of time and place to the volumes that constitute Lacan's texts, where-in the particular words in the French language actually printed on the pages re-present in some [s]way the signs of his [Lacan's] intentions to excel at exercising his body of knowledge; similar but not the same. On top of which there is the question of the English translator's understanding of the French text[ile] in its one step



Fig 2 - Slipping between

remove from Lacan's intentions, which then have to be configured into those signifiers in the English translation text. In gathering it all together, is the stockpile of differences small by the scale of the slippage of things? Maybe? Yet, as I work through the problematizing of the intricate weave of real-isable explanations of such texts, unmasking them, attempting to understand them, I am conscious that in the act of reading the version translated into the English language, I hold an inner dialogue with it. This inner Jill-speak reveals to my self a possibly different and, yes, I have to admit it, even what "You's" might consider as a rather misinformed understanding of what in fact was written there. At least that could be the case were it to be compared to the ma[r]ker's original intentions. Perhaps now self is dressed in a full-length slip, of a quite different [dis]guise, it would seam. Who would have thought a suit-able change of such proportions was on the cards?

But, of course, lest we forget, or even worse fail to note in adequate detail, the differences in [t]issues of interpretation and translation textualities do not materialise from a void of nowhere. It is my con-sidered con-tention that similar dialogues also, naturally, took place between the interiority of Lacan's body of knowledge, and his intentions re-g[u]arding it, and his body of written text; as well as between the translator's reading of the written French text, his understanding, and intentions regarding it, and the translated written text. A question of whether or not Intentional Systems act up [see-page 110: Fig 1] crosses my mind, wherein words written in blood-lines pool



Fig 2 - Slipping between

on the surface and congeal before scabs form obfuscating the processes within. Have translation [t]issues been appropriated and painfully violated or have they been gifted with the respect reaching out to second agency acumen? The likes of such intimate questions hover and brood.

Still in trouble.

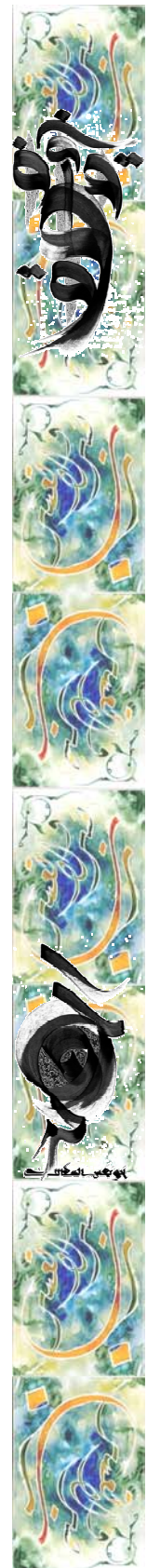
And talking of ‘obscurities’, forgoing menacing obfuscations, how can I possibly re-present flux fluidly in a static im-print of punctuated black signs installed on white page? How can I ever hope to subtly shadow tortuous topological perspective to a two-dimensional space that is paginated text[ile], unless, and if viewed through eyes other than the naked eye? But, then again, microscopic regard formerly *mise-en-scène*, seemingly remembered now *mise-en-obscene*, encountered some standard trouble with depth, so, like the moth on the wing fatalistically attracted to the light, we are slowly drawn in such that no shades of relief re-pose there, it would seam.

In weaving a distinction, à la Benveniste, between language being the warp – its strands of sited signs and a tracery system of combining them - and between it being the weft of an activity expressed in discourse, whether of speech or of written genres: interlaced organization begets filigree reference. Clarity sinuously sliding into backgrounding, presencing invokingly invei[g]led, layering lying upon layering, if only subject bodies have



sharp~eyes to see form in ab-sencing. The layers are building, the veils slipping silently into place, swirling, not obfuscating but shadow-dancing.

Such a becoming I hope goes some way to providing recuperation, linguistically, politically and ethically, to our – that is Lacan’s, the translator’s, mine, the reader’s - different ideological positionings. Like three an-atomistic points on a curve, the act of reading Lacan’s work can be de-scribed in habits à la hermenutics along the lines of three dimensions, where-in *ces pointes de perte*[see-page 36: Beginnings] of explanation, and of understanding, and, not to forget, the subject of application dot our eyes. Or in alternative fantasmic apparel in a different suit of cards entirely, they feature in the fetching forms tracing Figs 1, 2 and 3, where-in all three incorporate explanation, understanding and application weaving fluent integrity rather than dis-articulated discrete-ness one following on from the other. My re-presentation of Lacan’s body of work is by virtue of a third-person account. My methodological strategy of over[h]aul then traces dialogues of intent, calling on spaces in which to positively reformulate the the vocabularies of ethics and agency which struggle to find the measure of each other. The bias cut of the [ad]dress allows the lines of the fashioned fabric to freely flow caressing the contours that constitute the body in question, which, intriguingly, sets up a dialectic positioning against my bias[ed] and prejudiced viewpoints exposed through the constructed person account. The material weave is one under relief, alongside a topology of



shifting surfaces and yet far more steeped in the [t]issues of variable depth. Contours sveltely assured, polarity so fashioned allows for deconstruction of the power imbalance inherent in such accounts: silent voices can sometimes make their mark in the game-plan, it seems.

Consequences

Who would have though that the game of “Consequences” would lead to this. The surrealists wilfully embraced the practice of *cadavre exquis* (exquisite corpse) by engaging in various games of chance with the intent of outwitting the rational mind, casting aside the paternal sign of universal homogeneity, and reaching the unconscious, seeking to elevate and sublimate language. Made manifest, the intrigue of the fold shapes up.

And indeed the struggle between eros and death, between chance as the unbridled upsurge of endless possibility and chance as the ultimate version of determination and control (what Aristotle would speak of as one form of causality, namely, the automaton), can be seen figured here in the very objects to which this name – corpse – was applied.

Bois & Krauss. 1999: 64

However, all is not as it seems since

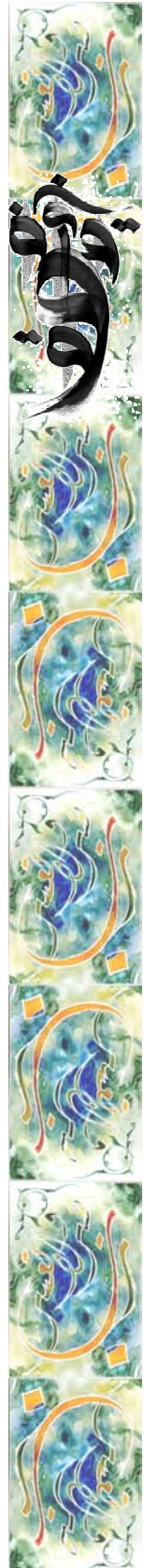


Fig 2 - Slipping between

... it might be argued, that with such a dependence on the figure's (or the sentence's) structure, it is *form* and thus reason or consciousness, that rules over the "exquisite corpse".

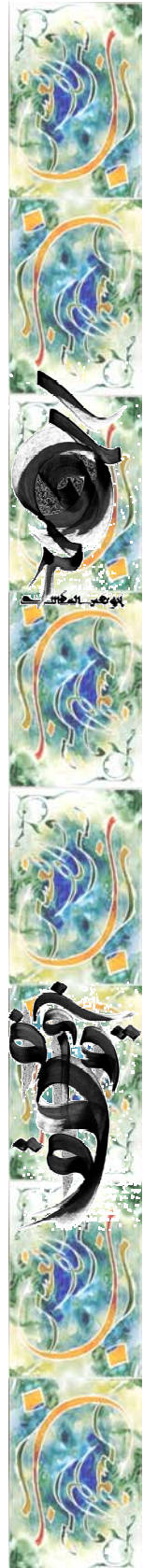
Bois & Krauss. 1999: 64

Ah *skhema* [see-page 244: Fig 2] lies prostrate on the pathology slab ready for a minutely detailed and disarticulating investigation that supposedly exposes dying-cum-died in all its various manifestations and leaves the corpse cold and fractured beyond all re-pair invei[g]ling life without the skilful work of the funeral parlour's experts. And whilst all apparent *rhuthmos* life-signs are perceived as stilled, those professional bodies-in-the-know and quite a substantial cellular component of the former living body him/herself know differently. Death is [k]not the low malevolent single blow to living once conjectured [see-page 348: Fig 3].

But is this fold one of scission (the division of everything into two, [t]eased out into separate ways, each having its high and its low part) or dialectic? Who decides and how? Folding through negativity,

... the dialectic is geared toward a final reconciliation, toward the concord of absolute knowledge, while scission, on the contrary, always tries, by means of a low blow that attacks reason itself, to make the assimilation of the two opposites impossible.

Bois & Krauss. 1999: 67



And when I-selves deconstruct Foucault's Lacanian laced text[ile] body of 'The Birth of the Clinic' what web do I weave? The question of whether or not fixated entrapment through fatal destruction has reduced my once living PhD corps to *rigor mortis* stares out from under on those medical cards. Or is it rather that I shadow dance in dialectic-spangled [ad]dress through spellbinding gossamer strands of exquisite deconstructive play where all is not as it seems?

And so it is I [s]peak of recuperation, with no need for resurrection, as relatively rather essential because in re-presenting Lacan's philosophy I have used third-person agency, drawing on different and incommensurable vocabularies to unmask his desires, commitments and self-understandings. As Lyotard states,

Our 'intentions' are tensions to link [sentences] in a certain way that genres of discourse exercise on the senders, receivers, referents and meanings. We think that we want to persuade, seduce, convince, - but this is because a certain genre of discourse - dialectic, erotic, didactic - imposes itself on 'our' sentence and on 'us' its mode of linkage.

Steele. 1997: 27-8

Surely, if I, myself, have mis-read and, herein, mis-represented Lacan's intentions, however, unintentionally on my part, the nomadic thought, the



deterritorialization for my self, through the above intriguing transfiguration, begins to re-dress the imbalance revealed in being Self and not Other. But this phenomenon of different subjects speaking different languages, of course, applies throughout the body of text, that is PhD. The adage seems to be apply liberally as a matter of course over all bodies, contained within this corpus, thereby rendering the binding-yet-articulating substance that is skin so pervasively soft and smooth, casting out the coarse and vulgar, and in the same breath fleshing out the under-lying [t]issues, restor[ing] them as lithe and supple, energised, brimming over with “if only’s”. Rec[o]up-eration is an essential over[h]aul part of my methodology, al[be]it, one which experiences the full-body work-out treatment here in thesis [ad]dress.

Sequinned me-selves shadow dance in some space presented as spellbindingly other, that other layering of topographical limit[ing] form, provocatively pro-mising some relief to ‘beyond’ in belief. Yet, still sinuously insinuated into absenced prominent gossamer guise, ceaselessly trembling wisps of “I’s” and “You’s”, conceived of cobwebbed shifting stances, ushered through finespun delicate trceries of becoming, veiled relations weave intricate telling spaces. Suggestively in sinuating shadow dancing dreams on.

Slip under the ‘Covers’

