

Fig 3: Slipping on footprints.....

Any spectacle necessarily closes off and masks, in fact, effectively effaces that absolute it seemingly actually re-presents. This in-citeful in-cision depiction delineated thus as secondary, signifies the lapse, the ex-cision of the original, revealing the rift [d]riven from de-cisions of renderings. A notion of 'reveal' embodies uncovering the violence done to the original, being as it is effaced from its presencing; and yet it also serves to unveil, and

... to designate openly, to show - and to refuse - the reciprocal violence, the mimetic competition, and so forth that the system as a whole is charged with containing or somehow forestalling.

James & Carkeek. 1997: 109

Shades of Lyotard [see-page 233: Fig 2] face down the overwhelming glare from the individual sub-stantialities in the contest competing for what gets expressed at the expense of the other[s]. Installing the one forestalls the others. Spotlighting the one dramatically upstages the others. The resemblance born of its origin now re-fused and charged with other imag[in]ings and interpretations, indeed, effaces its historically anterior effectivity. Always in deferral, it is ever what it will have been [see-page 354: Fig 3].



In [s]talking and in the [w]rite of installing the one we [t]read the linear path of it, injecting onto paginated text[ile] constraints of the straight and narrow, objecting to diversifying de-marcations, fastening on depth as abjectly wanton, casting it aside without consideration.

A wonder-bracket aside screeches a halt to toeing the line, mouthing I am body and [k]not I have a body but a being both-or-[h]and am-have, “simultaneously active” in Lyotard [ad]dress, [see-page 390: Fig 3]. And yet still my fabric-a[c]tion fails to work on paginated sheets before us because one word gets to start before the other, to take precedence over the other, to violate the location/ installation of the other. But deep in the heart of sequinned selves the shadow dance pulses ready to frill and froth forth. Sequinned me-selves dance to the rhythms of shades of difference between an origin so becoming both-or-[h]and fiction fashioned so fetchingly.

Stepping in the footprints already on a previous page, the spoor trace endures in seizing the installed grasp “I am body” birthed from the forestalled gasp “I have a body”, being born of svelte frilled for-getting, [see-page 352: Fig 3] begetting my out-line delineated as fittingly firmed up.

And yet a down-side occurs to me, as in being fetchingly fiction, a matter of influence, nay maybe even bias, and [k]not of the weave but[t] of the prejudice genre, possibly pre-sences a somewhat casual mien to constituting a

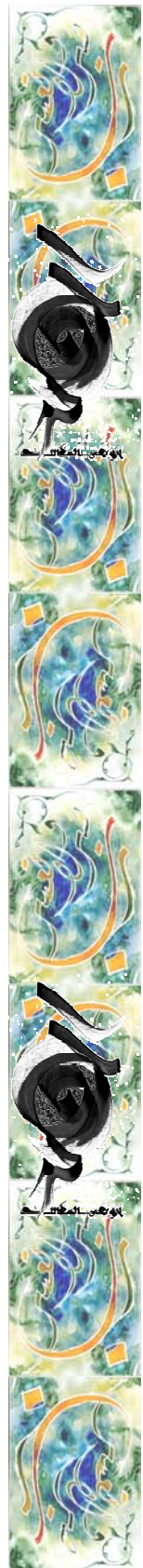


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

sketch of mimesis. Is it that the modelling perhaps proves to be a little careless here, lacking appropriate/resolute rigour? Lightweight and mere fluff, am I so easily carried away? Snatching up slap-dash flippant fiction, exiled into absence, foregrounds typo-graphy to tighten up the otherwise dubious de-bate, progressively becoming tailor-made suiting mimesis up in sveltely seized certainty. No longer gasping out of baited breath, signs dance graphically to the strain of sheer enchantment across sinuous skeins of paginated text[iles], illuminatively illustrating imag[in]ings.

However, there are still a few tricky turns to negotiate, one being

... the necessary reversibility of the motifs of engenderment and of the figure, of conception, and of the plastic, or, if you will, in this kind of reciprocal and insurmountable metaphorical (figural) exchange between the concepts of origin and fiction. What other resource can be drawn upon to signify engenderment, conception, origin, procreation, creation, etc. but the lexicon of the plastic and of fictioning, of figuration, of typography and insemination?

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 128

Sequinned me-selves abound, sveltely shadow dancing, at least so it would seem to my eyes. But what of “You’s”? That matter is of quite a different sub-stance. Seizing “You’s” by the scruff of the neck and dragging yourselves along transgresses rite off the nomadic path that pro-mises becoming



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

paradise, and instead instills a snaking anathema to the leitmotifs so dear to my heart.

‘You’-bends.

Eyes down then, to take a finely-honed regard of this reconfiguration, in order to re-mark on the emergent “how’s”; “why’s” and “wherefore’s” of this plural stretch of mark[ed] bodies being flouted so flagrantly within this particular social space, this catwalk, along which to parade in PhD body in thesis garb.

A crisis of re-cognition surfaces, perhaps. Seizing your person I appear to im-pose glitter and sparkle indiscriminately with or without your consent. And yes, I could quite see how “You’s” might insist on verbs such as im-print and instill as better de-scriptions of what I am appearing to do. Apparel[ently] [t]rapped in *malheur* mode where do “I’s” turn? Caught on the wrong foot for just a point instant of time, “I’s” me~rely suggest that the sequins I be-stir born of my own exquisite de-Sign shimmer and shadow dance to quite a different tune.

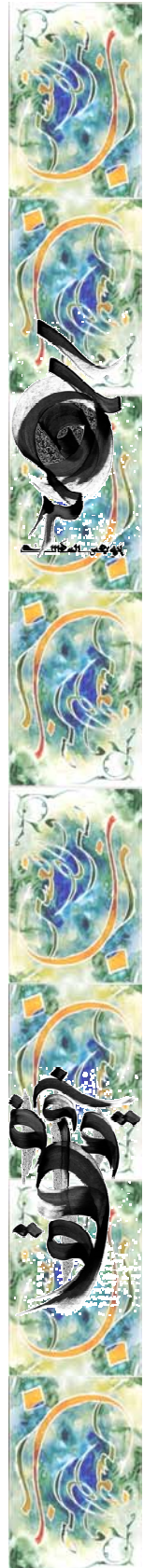
En-chanting installs quite a different note.

Fashioned according to my own exquisite de-Sign, those sequins “I’s” be-stir in-sinuate articulating selves in a state of becoming. They do not speak



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

here of gendered [p]robes and habits but of anOther language altogether. I-selves adamantly assure “You’s” whatever accoutrements you select to adorn your [ad]dress to define your-selves, I have not manipulated your sex which remains virginal and untouched. At pains to reassure, I repeat, I-selves remain perfectly innocent of under-pinning “You’s” with a textural shift in ontological possibilities which, on the whole, show a tendency to be grounded in gender. Despite what appears to be mitigating circumstances here, no offering of an apple from the tree of knowledge stains my [h]ands. Agreed, yes, you-selves have the [w]rite of it when murmured mouthings speak plainly of dental records so instrumental in as-signing personhood. And with a singular commitment to jawing such records fill in to pin the name on bodies who are otherwise destined to remain unidentifiable. This hitherto language is not mine at this point instant of time. Not dis-covered choking, for the moment anyway, on the apple of such a male and female bipolar framing of an object status necessary for maintaining the I-identities of dualistic, dichotomized male subjects I-selves a-void banishment from the catwalk that is storied here as the garden of Eden. Spellbindingly weaving this strand of theoretical herein-ness the impact of logocentric discourses on our capacities to think our own subjectivities can [w]rite-now be [re]dressed. Meanwhile, clear eyes are immediately called for as having said this, I hasten to add that my particular reading regard of ‘male’ refers to the master scenario where-in dwell those Name of the Father positionings, that re-place all of us, male and female alike, utterly unrespecting of our genders and/or sexualities.



Extricated from roughly man-handling your personal a-genders, sequinned me-selves [ad]dress in *haute couture* à la Lacan, thrilling to the beat of sheer engenderment, exquisitely elusive and enticingly elaborate, “I’s” shadow dance on.

Such is the pre-sense that constitutes the shimmering surfaces reflected in fabricated mirrorings of my de-liberations, so it is for the pre-text that seeds the sequins of me-selves ephemerally shadow dancing so becomingly glancing off my methodological positionings. Shimmering social spaces spark[l]ing with glimpses of shifting surface relations spellbind in significant stretch of sinuous, yet svelte, imag[in]ings.

Whether locating self and other from the perspective of interiority or exteriority, and whether considering corporeal or textual bodies, self is not other; neither is other not self. The masquerade exercised here conceptually positions each entity, whether it be ephemeral or more enduring, as occupying a different social space, a different stance. This utter[st]ance pre-configures a methodology of relations between such embodied social spaces. The guise personhood wears so far is a construct, woven of gossamer, shifting “I’s” and “You’s”, conceived of as a filmy shift of stances, ushered ex-tending through a tracery of fetching, veiled relations, thrillingly sparkling, with sequins.



Suffice it to say that ba[r]ring those slips, born[e] in and of language, sequinned me-selves [ad]dress and sign so eloquently that I am actually realized as prised out of such unbecoming matter, entirely innocent of ramming sequins down your throats. Surely “You’s” now agree?

Troubling Bodies.

Even at the level of s[k]in and [t]issue surfaces, there being ‘no outside-text’ is so graphically etched out in thaipusam, as embodied in a Hindu ritual festival. Here, a choice of whether to slit and slash, or not, takes on a quite different face from that in the article on Donna Karan [see-page 58: Fig 1]. Devotees parade at this festival for quite some distance, their bodies

... impaled within what could be described as a type of elaborate metal scaffolding. The infrastructural support for these constructions is the devotee’s own body. Myriad metal spokes are driven into the skin and organs.

Kirby. 1997: 3

Insidedness has extended to exteriority con-fusing the [t]issue, perhaps? Tearing “T’s” [b]link away boundaries [b]lurring before site-less eyes. Seemingly, no feelings of pain, or bleeding, or scarring, or internal injuries are experienced by selves who are devotees. That living cells both write and are written renderings is inhere[ntly] being expressed; quite graphically

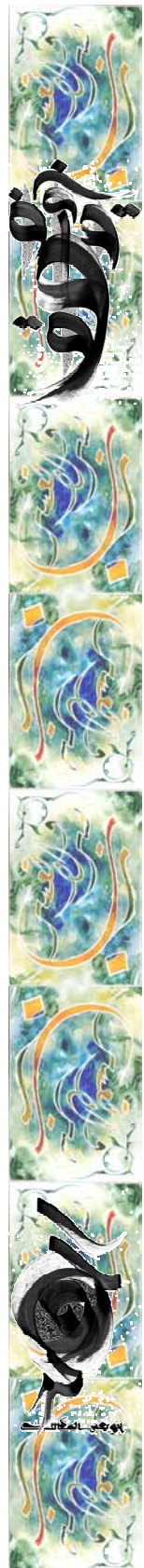


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

under this particular guise. Those~not devotee selves, would experience something other entirely.

Indeed, whatever the ... structural frame, or cultural text - call it what you will - through which this man's body is ciphered and located as "being in the world," one can only presume that this information also informs the very matter of his body's material constitution. This is data whose language and text is the very tissue of his body. Its interior and exterior surfaces, the skin and membranes that divide as they connect the complexity of its part, have not functioned as borders that separate one body part from another.

Kirby. 1997: 3

Ah, monotonous margins merge significantly into other vibrant vistas, verging away from being disablingly de-forming to becoming intriguingly in-forming and fetchingly on~form, delighting in visibly expressing 'no outside the text'. Complexities a-bound, in perpetual play at the selv-edges. The 'text' lets go of the first letter 't' rooting out exteriorities, and rues the day that it should find itself in dis-comfort in confinement, passing sent[i]ence on those burning [t]issues at stake here.

How can a cultural context surrounding a body come to inhabit it, so seamlessly? Or rather, to us as sceptical non-believers, how can it pro-claim a want-to-have habit, even in por-tending to be a religious write?

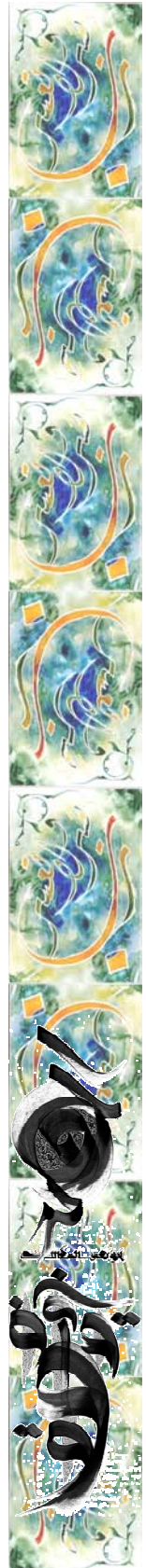


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

A wonder bracket aside hangs in the balance as I religiously pursue the [w]rite of passage path that leads to the birth of PhD body. Subtly adjusting a-hem here and there I-selves deal with the metal scaffolding impaling my PhD corps, installing sequinned selves intent on an exquisitely de-Signed methodology of shadow dancing.

Text[ure].

Located within this other that is telling space, I pro-pose to attempt to [ad]dress myself more expressively, expansively evoking the *texture* of the figure, sheer through the [ad]dress of the signifier. Just as the reflected image in the mirror *misinforms* infant self about the co-ordinated unified self in this visual world of objects, I desire to shadow reflect this slippage, colouring it by foregrounding and backgrounding, in the visual world of symbols, weaving a filigree textile of liquid lace through words re-marking on a page. Espousing a style of Arabic calligraphy I unexpectedly uncovered, instantly rapt in its enchanting textualities, equivocally enveloped there-in enigma, wilfully, “T” embrace a blueprint to echo those calligraphic figures within this body of work, that is PhD. No sign of the distinct fracture of dischordant two-separate-ness to thesis [ad]dress rears up to gag me, but rather, [ap]peals punctuate punctiliously as re-sounding resonances of pulsing trace sinuous reticulate reaches between written text and calligraphic text, reflecting a being-with-ness, pre-facing palpable, that state of both-or-[h]and, touching tangibly on the locus that is [k]not one.

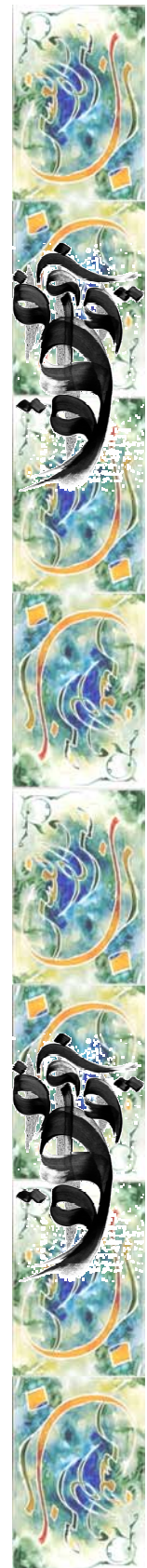


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

And be-hold, desirous of becoming sequinned me-selves, “I” paint metaphorical imag[in]ings to vie with the Otherness of brush-strokes that dance across the pages – the plan speaks plane as sketch slowly stretches alluringly reaching several surfaces whilst an emerging debut of deepening depth adds the third dimension to ensure a now-fleshed out design[er] [ad]dress steps solidly out from the constraining levelled prostrate pages, stretching heaven-wards, re-marking the carnal and the visual, vibrantly sound of sentient substance, exquisite in its evocative embodiment, coming to full term [see-page 41: Beginnings].

And [s]talking this diacritical horizontal-vertical opposition that emerges from the above telling space in-between sketching a de-Signer [ad]dress and a model wearing such, which I was, just above, I-selves re-cognise the similar, but not the same, deep within the textualities of the calligraphy bodies alive on the page. What intrigue lies there, aligned yet [s]wirling, seemingly obvious yet subtle in mystique. It certainly ruptures the category of erect subject, head in the clouds, sublime, as lofty airbrushed perceiver fancifully forgets a base body with feet in the dirt. The form fascinates, not quite there to see as

... the strict demarcation between the realms of the “purely visible” (the verticality of the visual field) and the carnal (the space that our bodies occupy) – a demarcation theorized since the Renaissance by



means of the conception of painting as a “window opened onto the world” – was a fiction.

Bois & Krauss. 1999: 27

Calligraphies, then, [ad]dress in a [p]robe of the [k]not ‘pictorial’ in the sense that they do not map the carnal order onto the plane of the visible. Usually writing is to be located in a horizontal and diagrammatic space since reading usually takes place in a seated position. Sitting or standing, how to read calligraphy, I-selves wonder aloud. Possibilities frill and froth forth. Leaving a-side the question of ‘reading’ raised elsewhere [see-page 265: Fig 2], getting the measure of it, I-selves cut on the bias of the weave. Let loose from binary a-hems, swirling comes to matter since in my eyes, at least, these calligraphy bodies dance so expressively. But dis-rupting it however turns on quite another matter.

Sited outside of the taken-for-granted horizontal and vertical parameters, inciting whisperings of utter mystique, calligraphy trips Lacan’s universal language machine [see-page 409: Fig 3] into sheer susurrating allure. Softly pulse interrupts.

Pulse is not mere movement, but full stops and up-starts eliciting agitations that punctuate the screen of the formality of the visual field, dis-rupting it, revealing something other.

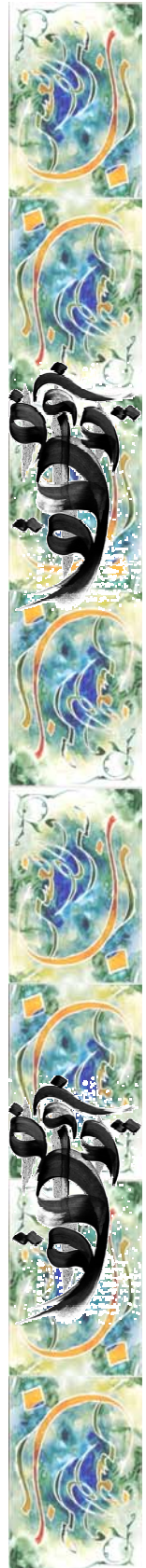


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Liquid points.

Somewhere I declare myself, my re-presentational surface, *en pleine forme*, covered with – let me call them - ‘colours’ assembled in a certain order, but only for the prime[al] instant. ‘Colours’ that give forth of narratives, for instance, or that hold tightly onto shifts of the temporal, maybe, or even lend shades to shaping up, each with the other component-figurations, and what is more, aligning with the master-shape, that over-all, [over-haul] configuration, caught up in instantaneously felt cohesion, hanging together. In this “blink of the instant” (Husserl quoted in Bois & Krauss. 1999: 273),

... the pulse itself, in its diastolic repetitiveness, associates itself with the density of nervous tissue, with its temporality of feedback, of response time, of retention and protension, of the fact that, without this temporal wave, no experience at all, visual or otherwise, could happen.

Bois & Krauss. 1999: 145

Still, despite such under-writing ex-posure, other illustrious imag[in]ings pause, [poise], tantalisingly under-cover in the frame. The text[ile] interweaving with wor[l]ds waver to poundings of punctuated full heart-stopping intervals which dis-rupt good form, continually making and unmaking; intertwining fetching in unravelling habit. Instead, intent on fleshing out as fluidly elegant, fluently elusive, sinuously svelte, intricately inter-laced in

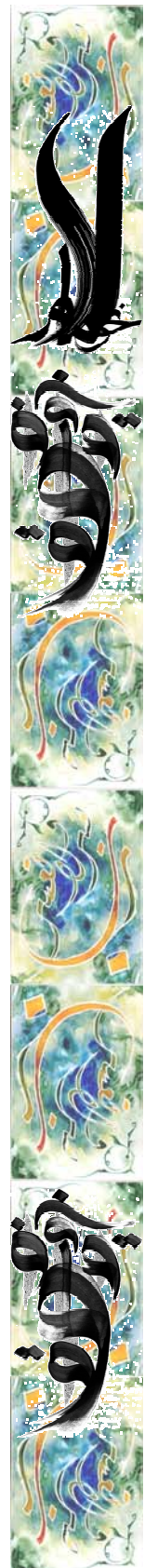


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

the alluring [ch]arms of those heart-throb[bing]s shaped as stunning spell-bound spaces in-between, sequinned me-selves shadow dance on, becoming something other.

Breath-taking arabesques pulsing with counter-point fascinate taking shape and hovering ephemerally whether embracing the calligraphic body or touching on traces of liquid word paintings. Rapt in shadow dancing, worlds of imag[in]ings waver as the spaces in-between shimmer and shift alluringly.

But, intrigue stalks close on my heels as I dis-cover my foot-prints on paginated text[ile] are in danger of seemingly [w]riting off the point. Constrained by a space lacking largesse, born of being grid-locked into two-dimensions, and, what is more, con-fined by the temporality of time, cleverly contrived collage requisitions some suggestive [ad]dress. Despite time and space fast digging in their heels, determining not to leg it and escape those de-sign difficulties, but instead re-solving to face up to evocative *mélange* in order to fabricate a PhD body which, yet, is thesis de-Signer [ad]dress, this particular limb wears lacy topped hold-ups. So for the moment, and only this moment, clad in snagged stockings, me-selves are not quite looking their absolute best but, nevertheless are fully able to shadow dance on.



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Elsewhere in text[ile] space, backgrounded in this corporeal foregrounding, and within the body of pre-ceding time, absenced from this presencing of [ad]dress, spellbinding fig[s] of **S** seize svelte sequinned me-selves in shadow dancing. But how does this calligraphy body of Grand de-Sign fit in Arabic [ad]dress? The sinuous curve that constitutes what I name the spine for just one heartbeat of the moment before it slips becoming something other, is frilled with in-scriptions in Arabic tongue, speaking of life, love and the tree of life and love, I am reliably informed. Whilst I-sight scope bears something of stretch mark sway from the tree of knowledge within paradise, it would seem, the spin swirls backing up to mimesis around the similar, yet not the same, spelling re-scue from the abyss of being banished from the garden of eden, staving off the loss of “if only’s”.

So where to pin-point the c[l]ues? Buried deep amidst all these signs how can they be uncovered? Stealth stalks these pages it would seem, flowing spatially in-between-ness, swirling in that slipstream of semblances making-up those tentative, intimated telling-spaces, suffusing, but not subsuming, the many sub-textual bodies, therein. That other stance, wherein a finely demarcated methodology will [spell]bind the positionings definitively, defying and denying the slippages intended to be read onto this text[ile] PhD, lurks in the gathering gloom, however, poised for possible showdown and potential downfall.



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

I -con bodies.

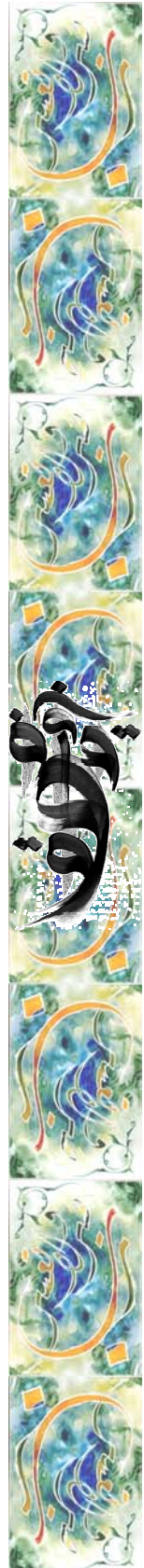
The sign, any sign, however, does more than evoke a concept. The sign

... as 'associative' total of signifier and signified, is potentially greater than the sum of its parts. A sign can thus consist of an expression ('roses'), and a signified ('a kind of flower'); in this case, the associative total may in some contexts be taken as the sign 'passion'. It is in this way that cultural beliefs are sustained. Indeed, whole myths can develop as a result.

Hatim & Mason. 1990: 111-2

Turner would agree, maintaining that the modern/postmodern body has pushed the 'I am body, yet I have a body' paradox (Turner, 1984: 7) to its limits. Looking-[glass~ily] to those horizons then,

The body has been abstracted as a malleable form. It remains important to the constitution of identity, but more as the constructed image through which the self is separation from others. The experience is one of an individualized tension - the 'disembodied embodiment' in which the body is part of the 'creative project', an objectified container for effecting appropriate style. The body has become the ultimate commodity, a packaged entity which joins the 'inner' and 'outer' worlds of selfhood in a belief that the body can and



should be 'worked on' (Lynch, 1987: 128, 136, 138).

James & Carkeek. 1997: 117

Definitively not left on the shelf, boxed and cellophaned Barbie is one hundred per cent certain of her commodity value. Always in demand, soon, she knows, with absolute certainty she will be picked up.

Richard Kelly Heft writes "two Barbie dolls are sold every second of every day," (Heft. Wed. 24 Dec 1997 The Guardian: G2: 6). Barbie's vital statistics are currently an unbelievable: 38-14-34. She is an "estimated 5ft 10ins in human terms' and 'her weight was set at seven-and-a-half stone", (Heft. Wed. 24 Dec 1997. The Guardian: G2: 6). Her manufacturers, Mattel, have announced she will undergo some physical "updating". Her transformation will include "a smaller chest, thicker waist and smaller hips"; in order to be "more reflective of the little girls who play with her" (Heft. 24 Dec 1997. The Guardian: G2: 6). And "after 38 years on point duty, poised on her tip-toes (to fit high-heel shoes) Barbie will have flat feet", (Heft. Wed. 24 Dec 1997 The Guardian: G2: 6). This apparently will be Barbie's "fourth face, but it is the first time the company has changed her looks since 1977", (Heft. 24 Dec 1997. The Guardian: G2: 6).

Her debut was in 1959, as the teenage fashion model clothed in a black and white swimsuit and wearing "cat-eyed sunglasses, high heeled mules and earrings", (Heft. 24 Dec 1997. The Guardian: G2: 6). Barbie herself was



unsmiling with downcast eyes. She has since had a variety of careers which include being a news reporter, a doctor, a fire-fighter and, in 1994, a presidential candidate.

She had, according to M.G. Lord, author of *Forever Barbie*, a problematic beginning. “Retailers balked, believing the doll would not appeal to the target three to eleven year old market”, (Heft. Wed. 24 Dec 1997 The Guardian: G2: 6). Mattel apparently circumvented this by being, albeit allegedly, the first company to market toys directly to children on Saturday-morning T.V. Like all famous artistes, the timing of Barbie’s debut was perfect. Mattel ran the advertisements in the

Spring of 1959. When schools broke up for summer in June, sales exploded. Mattel has gone on to market its “teenage fashion model” in more than 140 countries and rang up more than \$1.2 billion in sales last year. Young American girls own an average of eight dolls, compared with six in the UK and five in France and Germany.

Heft. 1997: G2: 6

One acceptable face of the text of Barbie’s creation myth stories the inventor as Ruth Handler, a co-founder of Mattel. But, according to Lord, this creation myth may have been a propitious public relations story on the part of Mattel. Barbie’s ontology may stem from her being



... almost a direct copy of a German post-war doll named Lilli, which was sold as a pornographic plaything for men.

Heft. 1997: G2: 6

Lord emphasises her evidence for an Other creation myth, stating,

Barbie had a proletarian sex-industry body. Basically she looked like a little German hooker.

Heft. 1997: G2: 6

Whatever her background, self assured, Barbie revels in stardom. Productivity and marketing desiring machines are adept at milking publicity opportunities, squeezing out the last drop, whatever the status of their client, be it vamp, slut or tramp. Intriguingly, could there possibly be yet another beginning?

What *is* certain is that Barbie is no recent-vintage doll. She has historical, particularly nineteenth-century, predecessors.

Dolls were first marketed during the Renaissance. By the middle of the fifteenth century “charming and attractively dressed” dolls were sold at stalls near the Palais de Justice in Paris. By the next century Paris had become a center for doll dressing. What gets overlooked about these Barbie forerunners is that they represented neither children nor teenagers (those social categories had not yet emerged) but adult



females. Up until the nineteenth century dolls were figures of women – mostly high-status women representing wealth, fashion, and leisure. Baby dolls were first introduced to the public in 1855 at a world exhibition in Paris.

Rogers. 1999: 25

So, the framing of the Creation construct depends upon whom is consulted, it would seem. Personal perspectives, the gossamer webs of “You’s” and “I’s”, begin to weave their loom[ing]-works of patternings, calling forth different tones.

Hand in hand with other infamous figures, lucratively tapping into gathering mystique, the vehement grip on rendering reality closely correlates with the vigour of the vagueness of starting points of each of these icon’s own genesis. Meanwhile, Barbie shrew[d]ly keeps ‘mum’.

Two-faced.

Silently reticent about her beginnings, Barbie e-merges amid wrappings of her *communiqués* that are smartly clued in and well signed up.

Barbie continues to ‘work’ for Mattel. She succeeds because she has “an endless stream of new products, identities and accessories, to keep her ‘fresh’”, (Heft. Wed. 24 Dec 1997 The Guardian: G2: 6). In point of fact,



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

unlike us earthbound mortals, she is never likely to emerge from her extensive wardrobe in abject dis-array [see-page 148: Fig 1]. The company appears to have “blundered into a primal feminine archetype” according to Lord, (Heft. 24 Dec 1997. The Guardian: G2: 6). Barbie has remained

... deeply materialistic, impossibly curvaceous, perpetually stuck in high heels, and sexually spunky, whatever the company says ...

Heft. 1997: G2: 6

Indeed, Marcia Ann Gillespie, editor-in-chief of MS magazine comments “I think Barbie should come with a warning on the box: “This product could be harmful to your child’s self-esteem”,” (Heft. 1997: G2: 6). Just as there are moral and other contextual questions about her origins, there are comparable questions about her status with~standing her pose-cum-position. Some of her supporters see her as a model feminist: Lord comments

The doll is the first important role model for girls aside from their mothers ... she is highly sexual, unmarried and has been wearing career outfits from the beginning. Her longtime boyfriend Ken, on the other hand, came later and has always been little more than an accessory. Barbie has never come second in her world.

Heft. 1997: G2: 6



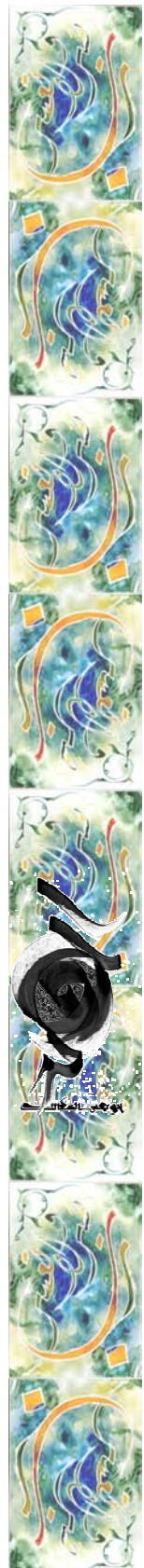
Whether Barbie is an archetypal female goddess or not, New York artist Mark Napier

... began portraying her in artwork about 10 years ago and says he stuck with the theme because of the passionate reactions the works evoked. “People have a hard time separating the doll from what it symbolises,” he says. “The reality is she’s among the worlds most deeply embedded and powerful images - in the same league as Jesus Christ, Mary, Mona Lisa and the Buddha. That makes her very interesting.”

Heft. 1997: 7

Images of an icon, whatever those might be, re-verberate endlessly around the mind’s eye. Imaginary dis-location of self [s]talks as with one blink ‘person’ switches to toddler-seeing-self in front of a Lacanian mirror. Back-up in this imaginary realm, the mirror mis-*informs* [see-page 369: Fig 3] dispersing one’s imag[in]ings from one’s lived experiences to fracture and distort. Interrogating, rather than becoming dislocated by

... what Baudrillard calls the ‘*trompe l’oeil*’ effect of postmodern technologies, in which an ‘undermining of the privileged position of the gaze’ means that the subject becomes the object in a ‘realm of



appearances, where there is nothing to see, where things see you'
(1990: 61); ...

Wise. 1997: 191

can be developed into that point where subjectivity in-scribes itself, for instance, along the lines of the Lacanian universal language machine [see-page 409: Fig 3], in the commodity of – now-[w]rite-here I come woefully unzipped, as the actual word I need to use is ‘seduction’ rather than ‘allure’, although, of course, previously, due to time and space warps, I have argued in favour of ‘allure’ and for the dis-missal of ‘seduction’ (Schostak, JR. 1996: 4). However, in this particular instance, ‘seduction’ slips stealthily past me here, making an exemplary stand, and one which I cannot dispute for the moment.

So, folding back into, but not necessarily back[ed]-up into, the economies of seduction, and in particular, [s]talking that stunning archetype in the beauty, brains and sex appeal of paradigmatic stakes epitomizing the essence of womanhood, Barbie steps to the fore. Possessed by the doll her/itself, a number of women sub-scribe to undergo cosmetic surgery that removes the eleventh and twelfth ribs such that they too can have a wasp-waistline just like Barbie’s. Flouting the Creation act of the Supreme Being, spurning the third-person donation of a non-consenting Adam’s body part, the die is down for the genesis story and the rib is wantonly cast aside. Created entirely from Adam’s rib, Eve has no qualms at all in opting for elective

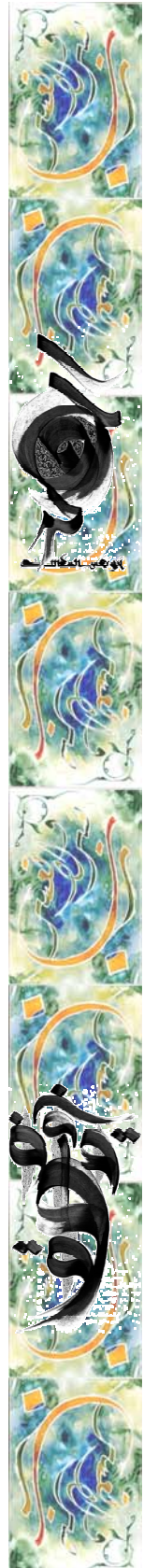


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

surgery and carelessly discarding two of hers. Female subjectivity is subjugated to some considerable sacrificial [w]rite of violence in the name of the desiring machines of seduction in the social domain, from my perspective of “I” site, at least. Whether these women concerned be ‘mirrors’ for male subjects, them-selves or others is a moot point, the gaze of reflection veers towards surgical theatre-drapes evoking a wrap-around stance, soaked in sub-merging seduction. The woman now wilfully complicit in her own in-scription as packaged commodity, desirously embraces being sign, begotten of marketable real-ity, suffering self to be-tokens as the ‘victim’ of self-inflicted pain, arrestingly vamped up as Barbie. Me-selves come to the fore, bewildered, I have to say.

But, all is not as well to the observing eye as it would seem, within the tissues of our body of medical knowledge that mirrors some part of thesis [ad]dress. Now-here timely re-minders froth forth for the reader concerning the ‘analogy’ of re-siding on the pathology slab. Subjecting the anatomical body of the PhD to a pathological work-out, redefining its contours to match those of a nosology, realises several tortuous topological positions. What is seen in the anatomical analysis is not seen, and therefore attributable, merely because of the evolution of the disease, but is also seen, and attributable, because of the processes of death which have ensued over time. How to tell one from the Other? What is more, when death intervenes, ‘normal’ body physiology is interrupted, thereby causing Other confusing effects. Back-up in front of that looking-glass reflection reveals the locus which is not one.



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

And yet more alterities frill and froth forth. The cessation of life itself may bring changes, irrespective of the particular disease under clinical analysis.

Split.

In the eighteenth century, death had two meanings. Firstly, it was believed to end life, and secondly, it was thought to end disease, (in-here[ntly] taking for granted the fatal nature of the disease entity). Disease and life had run their course, been silenced and become a thing of memory.

But drawing the fine line for slipping on the shroud is not easy. Thus making an exquisite de-marcation between the garb of disease and the garb of death worn by, and ex[er]cised on, the corpse is deeply problematic as the signs constituting these very ensembles intersect in a decidedly indecipherable disorder. Modelled as sheer absolute the guise of death is delivered still-born cut out of co-opting scission.

The figure of pathological anatomy adds shifts to these absolute trappings by exercising a more rigorous status. The emergence of these early clinic-forerunners, Foucault writes, supported these new positionings, facilitating autopsies, thereby reducing to a minimum the latency period between death and pathological investigation, reconfiguring the end of pathological time and the start of cadaveric time. Time under control and stage-managed, that



space within the shroud should re-veal all, surely? Can the exact point of a body's slide from alive into dead be caught in a snap so emphatically?

The effects of organic decomposition were virtually suppressed, at least in their most manifest, most disturbing form, so that the moment of death may act as a marker without density that rediscovers nosographical time, as the scalpel does organic space.

Foucault. 1973: 141

A wonder-bracket aside cuts to the fore, perhaps? The scalpel cuts into and sections and lo its presencing can-not but re-organise deep amidst what is experienced only as furtively hidden pulsings of vital innards.

A wonder-bracket a-side rumbles resoundingly, signaling the time has come to spill my guts. If "You's" are squeamish you are welcome to jump a-head. If "You's" are sceptical consider the case "I's" want to make for the bag.

Starved of signifiers, I am in dire need of a further wonder-bracket a-side to talk "You's" into humouring me as I invoke a metaphor along the lines of each of us is no-thing but a bag of guts. Metaphor in place on the methodological operating table, due invasive procedure begins. The power of mimetic in-vest[e]ment in significance of value is clear to see from the not infrequent con-notations of the inner self in-corp~orated in the interior



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

contents held in the bag. Since it is a hide-away of forbidden knowledge, if an other to the carrier [of] bag should investigate these inner secrets uninvited, or if the inner sub-stantialities should spill out unintentionally, the es-sense of inner workings of self become re-vealed in all their vulnerable nakedness, and, e[r]go, this carrier is fraught and unbecomingly overwrought in being on-show to public view. [T]issues of affronted incites ex-posed to view a-bound. Death by mortification ensues.

No longer dying of s[h]ame, guts re-installed and functioning perfectly, the closing up procedure kicks in. Still sutured into the figurative for a moment longer, how is it that the scalpel rediscovers organic space? How can that be, exactly? It certainly exposes and uncovers inner secrets otherwise hidden from view of the individual concerned as well as from those others, not the individual under scrutiny [w]rite-here. As a simple instrument that opens up what is otherwise closed and hidden the scalpel draws on quite a different line of de-marcation perhaps veering towards physiological timelines and histological frames of reference. A-lighting on pulsing what frills and froths forth?

The habiliment of death, formerly opaque, now has the opportunity to be radically reconfigured from a sheer fabric-ated absolute of a thin line that joins, in dividing them, the series of symptoms, which constitute disease, and the series of lesions, that constitute death processes. The unmasking exercised here, reveals an Other truth.

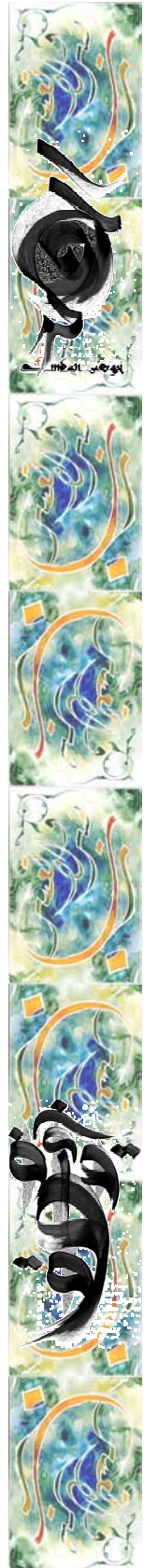


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Death is ... multiple, and dispersed in time: it is not that absolute, privileged point at which time stops and moves back; like disease itself, it has a teeming presence that analysis may divide into time and space; gradually, here and there, each of the knots breaks, until organic life ceases, at least in its major forms, since long after the death of the individual, miniscule, partial deaths continue to dissociate the islets of life that still subsist.

Foucault. 1973: 142

The attire of death poses successive layers of fabric, some more substantial to the eye than others. For example, the obvious sensorial cessation and the immobilization of the heart, overlaying the more subtle spatial image of interactions which elicit chain death throughout the organism. In the words of Foucault, albeit through the third person agency [see-page 118: Fig 1] of a translator,

Bichat relativized the concept of death, bringing it down from that absolute in which it appeared as an indivisible, decisive, irrecoverable event: he volatilized it, distributed it throughout life in the form of separate, partial progressive deaths, deaths that are so slow in occurring that they extend even beyond death itself.

Foucault. 1973: 144



Death is now not silent but pivotal in commenting on the pathological, in opening up the immobile space of a dissected body for the purposes of *informing* about the body of disease, meanwhile forming a figure distinct from that which constitutes the traces of a disease. “Life, disease, and death now form a technical and conceptual trinity”, (Foucault. 1973: 144). Death is in the ascendance within this triangular figure as

It is from the height of death that one can see and analyse organic dependences and pathological sequences. Instead of being what it had so long been, the night in which life disappeared, in which even the disease becomes blurred, it is now endowed with that great power of elucidation that dominates and reveals both the space of the organism and the time of the disease.

Foucault. 1973: 144

Slipping into the word shift guise, shadow dancing figures of death-in-dying essentialize the structures of medical thinking and perception, drawing on its binary articulations embedded in notions where death opposes life. But this bends inward and backward on self, contorting, distorting and tautologizing: life becomes definable as the entity which functions totally to resist the absence of life. In the beyond, in that hellish after life is exposed to death; and life is living opposition to death, and thereby is life. Not so, according to Foucault’s reading of Bichat’s position. Bichat bestowed the gift of



vitalism on death. Only death could adorn life with a positive truth: embue it *with* living.

Decomposition.

Death breathes living into life. What precisely do “I’s” mean “You’s” may well ask at this point in time. An anatomical wonder-bracket aside lifts the lid. Intriguingly, speaking personally, death’s silence is re-figured by the double entendre of the word *decomposition*. Un-restrained in the one, merging into the other draws on the fabric of analysis, at least it does so in one sense, and yet it sniffs at the fabric of the smell of decay in another sense. In the spirit of the guises of death, rank has, indeed, been trans-figured beyond imag[in]ing, as word becomes flesh, the flesh of the newly deceased corpse. The medical gaze

... is no longer that of a living eye, but the gaze of an eye that has seen death - a great white eye that unties the knot of life.

Foucault. 1973: 144

Death, *la mort*, no longer [st]inks but becomes *le mot* made flesh, through the spellbinding of telling spaces, trembling with impish deconstructive intent. Mere mechanical or chemical designs hem life *in*, through demarcations of ‘mortalism’.



... the knowledge of life was caught up in the circle of life folded back upon and observing itself; ... [it is] separated from it by the uncrossable boundary of death, in the mirror of which it observes itself.

Foucault. 1973: 146

Death, masquerading as the trickster, stalked closely behind the medical back, embodying the great dark threat in which his knowledge and skill were nullified. Bichat faces it, undertakes a make-over and incorporates it into what was to become the body of clinical knowledge, for Foucault and for me, if not for “You’s”.

Deep in the dark bowels of clinics-yet-to-be-hospitals, in the echoing cold vastness of the pathology lab a wonder-bracket expletive of “Hang on” reverberates bouncing from tile to tile, hermeneutically circling. Is that where my icon-bodies lurk inanimate and dead within the confines of black body-bags to be later relegated from the slab surface to freezer drawers? Does the initial physical examination, prior to dis-section, discover them clobbered and bruised having been beaten black and blue into the specified shape of my own proper[ty] desiring. Re-sighting back-up sites res-cue mirroring of that delicate lace leitmotif that traces the seizing of icon-body [see-page 288: Fig 2] in a grasp that is gauzily fleeting, and lasts but an instant, turning to a gasp of svelte fig that, however short, endures. Religiously cold-shouldering notions of planting my feet too firmly, and of

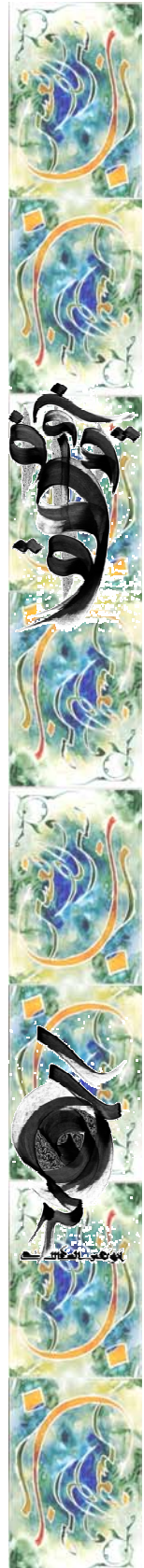


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

digging in my heels, forswearing loosening the grip on the vibrancy of slips of meaning, I-selves but me-rely clasp each icon-fig for fashioning a brief re-mark on methodological [p]robings. And, lo and behold, the swift seizure of fig allies with spark[l]ing gasp of my cup runneth over clasped in svelte forbearance. I-selves select the icon-bodies from the point of view of those that enthrall the most rapt in their suggestive movements shimmering in exquisite vibrant colourings, just as I-selves choose to harmonize seizure in all its vivacious variants to svelte-ness of methodological positioning. Laced lingerie of multitudes of “if only’s” thrills the eye. Soft curves elucidate enticing hidden depths to the shadow dance of methodology and cast becoming form to paginated body, befittingly svelte in its contours.

Not [s]trapped, nor dis-credited then, relief washes slowly over me. No methodological dis-grace sullies my thesis body, not even a small blemish appears on its s[k]infree surface, now re-marked in topological relief. Se[a]mingly, I appear extricated from citing icon-figs into non-fitting suits. And what a relief! Re-freshed, I-selves revel in finding that my entire methodology is not rank reduced to lying out on the pathology slab wrapped in a worthless body bag.

That is not to deny that the icon-bodies are seized and manipulated to satisfy my desire. No, not at all. But it is to face up to the fact that there has to be some degree of hold on coherence within these textual fabric-ations, otherwise I will find myself absented from the paradise of attaining the



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

sought-after *objet a* of presencing academic PhD awards. Shades of that falling into that double trap haunt my mind [see-page 422: Fig 3].

Stills.

Medical finger on PhD body pulse, searches for vital, yet normal, signs of vibrant being. The pulse is strong, palpation not in vein. And so it begins forever the systematic enquiry conducted by professional selves.

Systematically examining the evidence, the question of whether the photograph not merely represents but also influences our way of seeing (as Idhe, quoted in Lury. 1998, posits) snaps at our an[g]kles. Lury thinks photographs are one of the most pervasive sources of imagery in contemporary culture.

Perhaps, it is a consequence of the ways in which, as Barthe remarks, the photograph inaugurates ‘the advent of myself as other’, a cunning dissociation of consciousness, memory and the body from self identity (1981: 12). But what is the nature of this advent-ure?

Lury. 1998: 76

The photographic image refigures. How can it do otherwise? It frames, it freezes and it fixes. Framing changes the context of seen object and furthermore it seemingly suggests the object can be seen from all positions

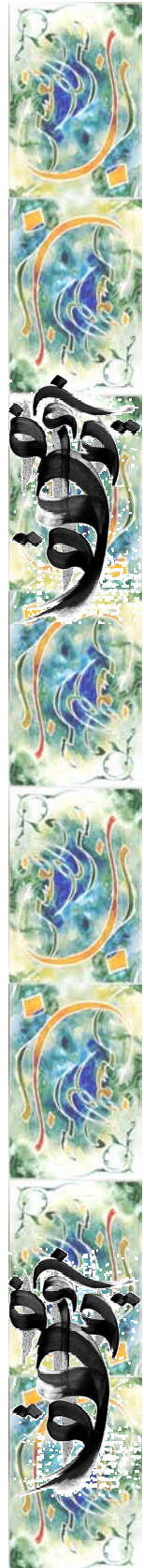


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

at once, “as if in a spatial continuum” known as outcontextualisation, (Lury. 1998: 3). Freezing: contributes to a

... process of *indifferentiation*, that is, the disappearance or infilling of distance between cause and effect, object and subject. These processes have a distinctive temporality; more specifically, the freezing of time creates a dimension in which the *future perfect* of the photographic image – this will have been – may be suspended, manipulated and reworked to become the *past perfected* (Tyler 1994).

Lury. 1998: 3

Shades of ‘will have been’ peep out from the looking glass of remembering [see-page 65: Fig 1]. Both framing and freezing therefore confer re-negotiation possibilities, for better or for worse.

Re-verb[erating] tenses a-part, a wonder-bracket aside snaps to attention. What if the photograph is far from the past perfected self the photographed person desires? Is this why the act of having been snapped feels like a violation, [see-page 366: Fig 3]? Where is deferral now that it feels like self has become the mythological snake devouring its own tail as it coils back on [it]self unravelling until self is utterly undone?

Clutching our photographed physical bodies protectively, and casting our minds back in the throes of thaipusam [see-page 328: Fig 3] we cagily cast



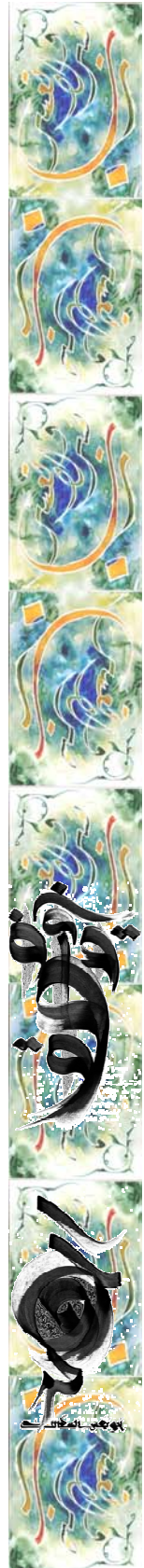
Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

our minds to those laboratory *in vivo* experiments, where-in a transfiguration has perhaps occurred here of what a corps is, in that

... twentieth-century medicine does not so much “flay” the body as it does away with distinctions of interior/exterior or object/ground. Further, the body is rendered part of a living system that incorporates the technologies of its representation.

Cartwright. 1995: xiv

Perhaps, a silent absencing of the carnal leads to an apparitional apparel of be-spoke body. I-selves peer behind to glance for other fantasm in the looking-glass. Reflections lead further; traces of this “vivifying physiological gaze through the technologies and the bodies of living subjects” (Cartwright. 1995: xiii), linger as a good photocopier takes shape and surfaces in my mind’s eye. Photographed as photocopies, careful application of my de-constructive scalpel of “Hang on” ex[er]cised at some point-before surgical cuts re-moving any dog-eared seduction tags, ensuring PhD corps is now articulated in re-covery, [ad]dressed in fascinating allure. Meanwhile, editing the rushes back to cell biology, holding [h]ands with fashion, which, even in its pictorial image-form, is radically re-configured from dynamic fluid stance of lived-in experience to *rigor mortis*, that deathly ‘still’, turns out to be but a capture and fracture of a fleeting fragment, freezing it forever in time and space. Stepping out further from the second-hand freeze-frame in agency stakes from human embryo



conception to birth is radically different yet again from that language of the fashion model hoping to portray ‘stills’ from that very developmental process embodied in Primitive Streak [see-page 184: Fig 2]. The looking-glass locus which is not one surfaces alluringly embracing hidden depths within human development.

Mock-ups.

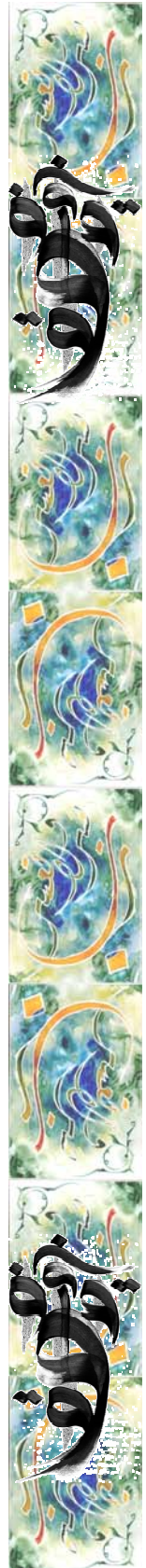
In-vogue *à la* ‘Backchat’ on Primitive Streak, making up surface relations of fashion design stances and utterances of the cellular biology of human embryo development is also problematic if wrong-figuring is to be avoided. so Helen realizes

What art may do for science may be misguided, for art does not have to be exacting. Its purpose, then, in a project like this may only be to raise awareness, to act as a magnet to those who might not normally go near it. Not so much explanation as an attempt at communication.

Helen Storey quoted in

Massey. 1997: 45

Kate mirrors this perspective when she writes “If we are to get it right it has to be exact in both an artistic sense and scientific sense” (quoted in Massey. 1997: 47). Ideologic intentions turn to perlocutionary achievements [see-page 117: Fig 1] as the fashion collection continues to emerge.



The most wonderful part of the day was seeing how Helen's sketched designs have translated into cloth. The black and red implantation dress is ready, all but the hem. It works so well as a dress. I am amazed. This final translation step, the final creation of the garment from the abstracted scientific image (Helen's sketch), is astonishing.

Kate Storey quoted in

Massey. 1997: 47

This is easy to write about but not nearly so easy to pull off. Question marks of whether science and art, in particular that of fashion, measure up to have 'anything valid to say to each other' stretch sinuously to developmental horizons beyond.

The written word of cell biology, those images that constitute signs of life, are inviolable. The bottom line of designing a fashion collection is the [p]robe must be suit[able] for wear[ing]. [B]locked in this positioning of closure of desires, unable to surface from the Chan[n]el pre-scribed by the laws of science and of fashion design, the fruition of 'The Primitive Streak' was banished from the garden of "if only's" being real-ized. The re-turn stretches forth from a spellbinding swirl to another surface relation locus, wherein one sister catches an ephemeral glimpse of vital "I's" of the other, of the glance snatched of each in significant[ly] becoming an other, and, lo and behold, the collection was born. Along the catwalk, an "if only" came striding forth, self-assured in being of matter. Neither of and in 'art' nor in



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

and of 'science but [b]reaching the ephemeral of in-between mirror[ing]-carrier artiste makes a further significant appearance [see-page 36: Beginnings].

Taking note, *encore*, seizes those svelte back-up looking-glass reflections of matchless fabric-a[c]tions of fashion ex-claiming over suited scientific positionings on human embryo development. A backlog through poises in dissection, of slides under lenses, on pauses seized beyond knowing eyes, puts quite a particular complexion on the matter in hand. Heavily made-up with such an emphatically stated textural foundation, the face of development science, as presenced here, is st[r]uck in one mould. Meanwhile a fashion feat requiring two dimensions of graphic design sketch becoming the 3-D of a designer outfit suitable to be worn is quite a different matter a-wash with its own freeze-frame of mind the gap. But the ex-claims are not out-rageous. Re-turn to an elsewhere, and a not-now where, for one fragmented time span, forever captured in photo-frames, the art of fashion engages with the science of human development. Each turns out in significant style becoming svelte other, shadow dancing to the steps of the 'Primitive Streak' stepping out along the catwalk.

Making [up] faces,

This parading interrogation of contradictory margins often makes-up faces in my body of thesis, I-selves would maintain. Mirrorings of that endless choice of hems women can make, according to Donna Karan, surface and

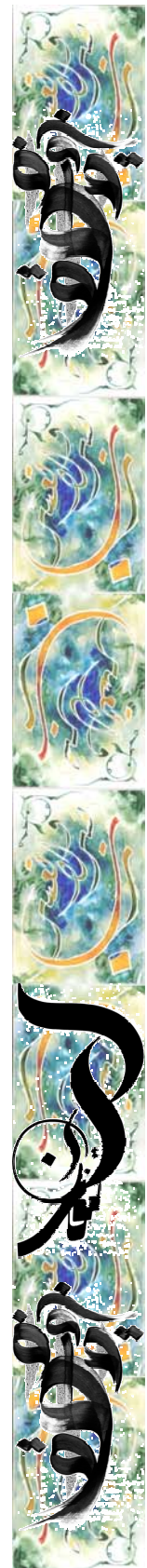


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

don the [t]issue. Flaunting fluidity, seizing [p]robing enquiry, sequinned me-selves delight in svelte fluency. Poised in the locus which is not one, distinctions and boundaries are mutually constitutive of and in the states they circumscribe. How can they not be since these are states which are begotten of not being such edgings? Invoking magical *mélange* in my text[ile] body, hand spellbindingly in hand with the intrigue of the written text interlaced with the visual, “T” touch on tantalising questionings of whether sequinned me-selves do justice to and realistically achieve visuality in techniques of knowledge and power across cultures and contexts, bedecked as they are, in costumes of disguise, marking out apparent apparel of being disparate and unrelated. Fitting footprints on paginated text[ile] figure to shadow dance on, revelling in the cover that is re-fabric~ation.

My thesis body is intended to be a far-reaching reflection passing through a dimensional rift into other enchanted realms. A corps, through which the allure of becoming other entices, fetchingly invoking subtle [s]paces to the shadow dancing through spellbinding. Ribbing, whether of bone or text[ile] substance, cagily sets me-selves up for a fall. One wave of the [h]and sends me [back]-up in that garden of paradise wherein grace pervaded all-being, and where no matter, even if a laughing stock, “T’s” alone, if so it should be, delight in the fascinating fluency.

Of different stock, altogether, Barbie it would appear, has also become something of a collector’s item. The ever vigilant Mattel have responded by



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

launching ‘a collectors’ series aimed directly at the adult market.’ The company

... has enlisted big-name fashion designers including Calvin Klein, Donna Karan, Bill Blass and Ralph Lauren to outfit their dolls at prices ranging up to \$125 (£80). Recent deluxe models were priced as high as \$900 (£570).

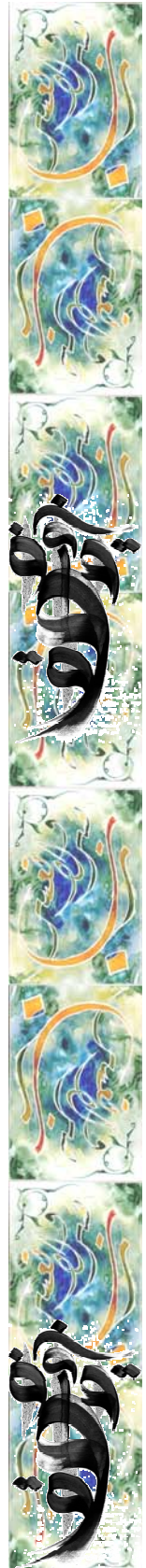
Dam. 1997: 44

Barbie as the ultimate supermodel was featured in *The Sunday Times Magazine* 23 Nov 1997. Robina Dam reports

Barbie’s transformation from queen of kitsch to designer icon started in Paris this summer. Italian Vogue and Ruffo, the Italian suede and leather manufacturer, commissioned 21 designers to create outfits made from shearling, a type of sheepskin. Jean Paul Gaultier, Rifat Ozbek and Calvin Klein were among those who offered their interpretation of the material. The designs were auctioned during July’s Paris couture week in aid of New York’s Fashion Institute of Technology.

Dam. 1997: 44

Mattel was present at the viewing, drawing [at]-tent[s]ion to the cast[ing] reg[u]arding the master’s eye. Lifesize versions of the outfits can also be



bought and use is made of this fact to call into question what we seem to see before us on magazine pages with re-g[u]ard to the bodies of the written and visual texts that constitute magazine textual subject here.

The genre articulates a number of perspectives on inter~face~construct, as Barbie in designer outfit poises in juxtaposition with a blonde-haired real model also attired in the designer outfits that flesh out the corpus of information. The article entitled ‘Dolly Mixture’ encompasses subversive textures, creatively achieved by the photography of Maricio Guillen to tease the eye.

Picture two photographs of the real model posing as a Barbie. In the first, spatially and chronologically speaking, she stands stiffly, face downcast, hands rigid, encased within a transparent plastic covering/dust-sheet, foregrounding absence of human life, thus backgrounded, yet presencing the promising potential of being doll, now foregrounded. Shades of boxed and cellophaned Barbie remain one step away from being on the shelf [see-page 337: Fig 3]. The topographic model is repeated in the second photograph, where the woman-[k]not-doll reclines on a stairway on top of the plastic covering, knees flexed, one leg on the ground, the other at a 45 degree angle, hands rigidly held at an angle of 45 degrees above the hips, arms each side of the body and face and eyes staring straight upwards. Rhetorical belt clasp now on, cinching no waste to that visual text, the lure begins to hold its sway *en route* to achieving that ‘must-have’ Barbie-wasp-waiste. Indeed,



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

other photographs develop the [t]rend further. In one feature of an inset half-page in size, Barbie-[k]not-woman wears an outfit designed by Antonio Berardi and, on the opposite left-hand page, is a shot of the rear view of the real model - neck and shoulders only, wearing the same outfit, but of lifesize proportions. In yet another photograph a real-life foot - in particular the second and third toes - wear a pair of Barbie's boots designed by Manolo Blahnik. Mirrorings of sleights of hands reflect playing cards thrown in the air [see-page 414: Fig 3] that initiate another game, born[e] of incessant shadow dancing of depth depicted by foregrounding squaring up to backgrounding and absencing t[r]ailing presencing.

Such a gaze separates the art of photography from mere picture taking and marks the point at which the "T" turns "eye," a modality of seeing free from the enclosure of a self in which censorship manifests itself. That is to say, perhaps photography becomes art when the photograph discloses the photographer's inhibited gaze, which cannot see but is seen, a gaze whose object is nothing less than the seeing as freak, other, or *objet a*.

Rapaport. 1994: 168

Memories of "Us"~selves insinuate astute reminders of positioning within systems of signification.

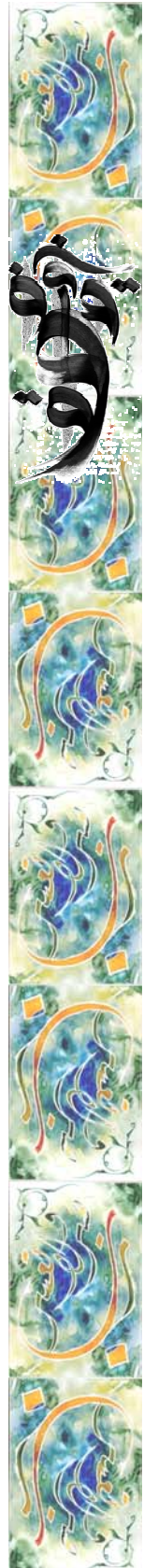


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Mirror gaze.

And what does that say about looking in mirrors, a wonder-bracket aside ponders? A run-of-the-mill looking-glass begs the question ruthlessly out-playing the hand of the Lacanian mirror [w]rite-here for the moment. Shades of agency lurk in its reflecting depths. You and I choose to check selves in the mirror, do we not? The image so reflected is seen in one's own eyes, not those of an-Other, and it is fleeting and transitory, gone just by walking away. A note of first person agency [ap]peals.

Reflecting the self, does it hold knowledge of the self? What if one's self is locked in the institution-mirror by an Other such that the one confined remains in the dark, distorted by that 1% figure forever? Is that what happened to my request for the totality of known-medical information?

Squaring up to seeing patient self mirrored in the "I's" of the medical Other, there were all the appearances of mutual interruptability as the interlocution unfolded. Seaming fact played up. My questions elicited modes of address which didn't stop dialogue, such as "I'll come back to that in a minute" type-face. Stealth staples on fantasm, now foregrounded, fixed in white-coated lapel of Intentional systems, stitching up stuffed [p]robes [see-page 129: Fig 1] in sinuating mis-leading re-assurances in standardized operating tables. One clean [s]wipe of antiseptic to that pre-pared small domain of skin, just visible beneath green covers, re-marks vibrant living experiencing body to the pathology slab of a rank[ed] mass that constitutes the body that



is the norm. Operating fiction apparel[lently] stalked fact investments once the masks were donned. “Ah”, now we slip up on probability theories, now we are fathoms apart, and “T”, only I, not “You”, am drowning in pain.

Pain and imagining are the “framing events” within whose boundaries all other perceptual, somatic, and emotional events occur; thus, between the two extremes can be mapped the whole terrain of the human psyche.

Scarry. 1985: 165

The *mise-en-abyme* is fathomless to me, whose experiential world is punctuated through being consequently en-framed unexpectedly in the pain of a damaged nerve. And that is not to mention the im-pact of a medical evidence-base, intentionally kept undercover and now belatedly unmasked, as my psyche has to fathom out the substance of such a collision and collusion. To the surgeon, it is fathomless too, and he quickly re-sorts to denunciation and dis-placement citing “inexplicable” causes [see-page 109: Fig 1] as explanation, despite evidence in surgical textbooks to the contrary in order to banish potential legal counter-moves on my part seen through his eyes, this is, of course, the ‘my’ that is me is of third person agency, he, wrapped in all his guises of “T’s”, of course, being unable to ask the ‘my’ in second person agency by virtue of alerting me to desiring machines, those of the legal process, he wishes and fervently hopes “T” lack knowledge of.

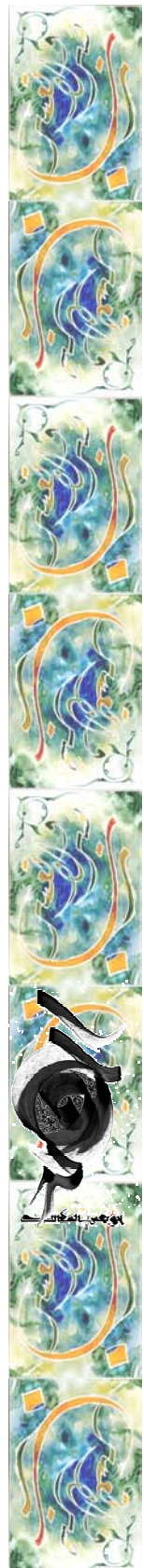


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Taboo looms leering in the frame, freezing my desire to have been informed.

Poise shifts in the shadow dance hyperbole, intoning subtle nuances. Well-versed with subtle layering upon layering, sharp~eyes scan beneath surfaces of such systems to the veiled [t]issues where each sign relates to other fields of signs,

... fields which frame the flow of meaning through relations of correspondence and difference between many signs and referents.

Holmes. 1997: 66

It is as if desire is playing between literary sites, each of which is displaced, mirrors reflected in mirrors a-slant shimmer to shades of the gamete [ad]dress [see-page 185: Fig 2] the phantom emerges mediated through sight/site of one topos being seen through another topos. It is a question of

... a representation that cannot decide a suspended relation and which proposes itself as a repetition (a re-presentation) and therefore as both remembered and not remembered, as present and as lost, visible and invisible.

Rapaport. 1994: 100



But we have walked this way before, meeting head-on the locus which is not one, the shadowy foregrounding glancing off fetching backgrounding; our head high in the clouds of fragrant 'Must' [see-page 218: Fig 2] on the catwalk of outlined absencing slipping into nebulous sheer presencing.

To photograph people is to violate them. By seeing them as they never see themselves, by having knowledge of them they never can have; it turns people into objects that can be symbolically possessed.

Sontag. 1978: 11

Be careful how you read me, especially if you have photographic memories!

Glancing.

What of this g[r]aze [see-page 278: Fig 3] that is given to the space that is the figure, held by the image/figure as if owning it, whether it be a snapshot from "You" as photograph or a snapshot from "You" as reader, about to re-write me?

Mimesis produces the "phenomenal" and the stele stretches out to the similar, languishing amidst look-alikes.

From mirrored self to photographed self what changes ensue? Underpinned by



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

... a simulacral notion of the mirage, of a reality that had been engulfed within its own technology of imitation, a fall into a hall of mirrors, a disappearance into a labyrinth in which original and copy are indistinguishable.

Bois & Krauss. 1999: 217

the photograph pulls the strings.

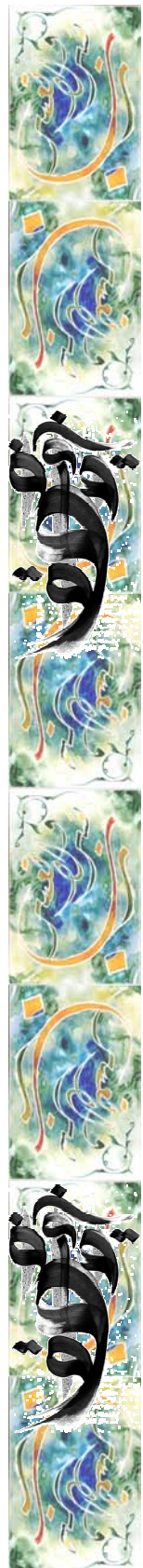
Reconfiguration looms on the horizon as enunciator inevitably becomes speaker, speaker inelectuabably becomes actor - a character, a figure, ultimately, a pure 'voice' - and the sayable inexorably into the visible or the audible. But becoming is unavoidably unfinished in fragmentary flux as

There is always, whether it is referred to or not, whether or not it is "shown," a mirror in a text, ..., for this is the only conceivable means of overcoming the inevitable delay of the "subject" in relation to "itself" and of stemming, at least to some extent, that inexorable lapse or failing in which something is said, stated, written, etc.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 138

Or does it? The mirror turns and confronts perhaps as

What begins to move, then, in the depths of the mirror, behind its shattered surface (behind the debris of the idea, of the immortality of



the soul, of anamnesis, of the subject and of the living present, etc.), is the very terrorizing instability that the mirror was supposed to freeze. Mimesis returns to regain its power.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 138

I-selves and You-selves reflect on temporal and spatial [d]rifts in play, and in the re-membering svelte slips of being emerge ephemerally shadow dancing.

A [w]ink to the [w]ise sites the textual PhD body not shrouded but [ad]dressed in fluent slip, born[e] of vivacious congruency *vis-à-vis* vibrant discernment, possibly, would “You’s” not think? Or is a fluent slip of an exclusive designer [ad]dress adrift, here too, in this vicinity? The shadow dance positioning is not solely of being figured out or of being covered up, but the poise of both-or-[h]and where-in perplexing punctuation plays “simultaneously active” [see-page 390: Fig 3]. Delighting in the *pas-de-deux*, if “I’s” [b]link and sparkle, are they becoming in the eyes of shimmering “You’s”? Perhaps.

What I?

Shotter attempts to render the ‘I’ problematic, elucidating how of little substance it is. ‘You’ can be worked up as a more substantial body, one, that of course, envelopes one as an ‘I’. Personhood is perceived as [t]rapped



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

in a 'text', the culturally developed text of 'possessive individualism' as he calls it, (Shotter 1989: 136). In fact, the self could be said to constantly seek the apparent safety and security of fit[t]edness. The bar code is all, is that it?

The quest for an entity, Shotter links to our moralistic mores. There exists the onus to be intelligible and legitimate and to seek the other's approval for our actions. Reflecting back on the ethical democratic self as defined by MacIntyre [see-page 117: Fig 1], we can be both public and private selves by virtue of a social self, which itself is further divisible and in flux. Essentially, language is not so much an abstract corpus, since an individual uses it as a tool with which to manipulate the intricate web of social conventions. For instance, a child comes to see him/herself as Others see him/her; the self learns to identify with their social groups in order to fit in. What exactly is going on?

Applying a Lacanian brush-stroke to the facial foundational make-up that heralds growing-up posits a narcissistic stage in development of selfhood. The Lacanian viewpoint is that the infant constructs a *misrecognized* self-image [see-page 209: Fig 2]. It is misrecognized because the image is one of self-unity at a time when the infant is still heavily dependent on the [m]other for both its physical security and for its well-being, and besides which the infant's body movements are still uncoordinated. The mirror 'lies' about the infant in the realm of the Real, in other words. Thus,



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Imaginary recognition, ..., situates the agency of the ego, before its social determination, in a fictional direction.

Elliott. 1994: 94

Desiring an Other expression, intention hell-bent on carefully choosing such with self-[in]vested design, I write: the mirror *misinforms*.

Still melding and toning, *à la* Lacan, the real world intervenes in this ideal state through demands made by the father on the mother, for instance, or simply through wider cultural and social processes which disturb the libidinal relation within that infant-mother dyad. The child is unceremoniously severed from this ideal state of completeness. Lacan paints with brush-strokes that reach into enforcing cultural laws, that so-called *nom du père*. In Lacanian terms of *haute couture*, then, the infant finds itself inevitably sliding into a structured world of symbolic meaning, wherein all interactions between the Self and Others are shaped. A symbolic meaning frilled with the ceremonious, being [k]notted so emphatically with the cultural takes shape intertwining social linguistic processes and inner depths of psyche. The self adopts the subject position of speaker and/or listener: it comes into being as an “I”, as distinct from “not I”.



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Such a subject position, however, is precarious: under constant attack from social and cultural mores. Weaving traces of Mills and Wittgenstein into my fabric-a[c]tion, Shotter claims that language is not so much about representing things in the world, or fleshing out our ‘inner’ thoughts, but it is more about creating and sustaining social order.

Note.

Thus we talk in accordance with how the facts fit, as well as in concert with the requirements of the medium of the conveying understandings and positionings, whether of “I’s” to “You’s” or the mirror-view of other way around. I hesitate to use the word ‘communication’. Contestation starts up. Resistance to this word surfaces. My body-without-organs determines to boldly hold out against its usage, it being, to my mind, [k]not suage, not at all *à propos* of the w[h]isp[er]s of relational strands of meanings “I’s” intend to thread and purl within this social space of body both-or-[h]and [ad]dress. An utter[st]ance of ‘Mind that gap’ articulates so precisely the Cartesian rift, [d]riven determinedly between body, that one - with organs that is, and mind, in concert, echoing quintessential quaver of [d]rift, - a wonder-bracket a-side is an absolute must as the ‘d’ is so fit[tingly] bound to relations determinant proper of social space, and d-oh that note expressed reverberates sonorously of dis-chords etched within the heavy tolls ringing ‘communication’ [see-page 388: Fig 3].

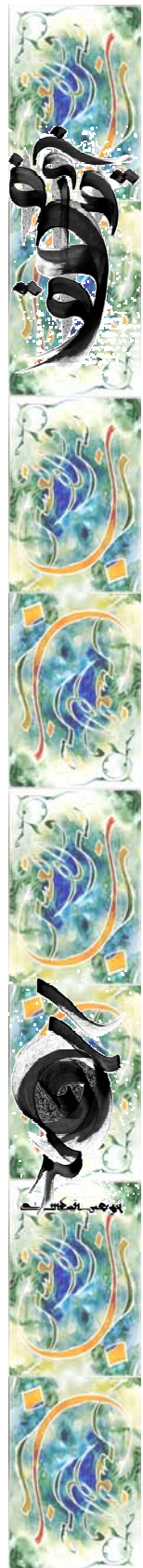


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

But wait, yet an other a-side emerges from this very note. Despite all my good intentions, “I’s” use the words ‘absolute must’ even though sequinned me-selves resolutely eschew the power of control s[k]ulking within ‘master’ dialogues. Is the PhD toddler body caught in the web of the imaginary in front of the Lacanian mirror that *misinforms* once more? Is my footing precarious, and my hold on the Real untenably precipitous? Stepping carefully, determined not to trip, [p]robing deeper than the surface, [t]issues of ‘absolute must’ lie ready to be [t]eased out, lingering layering the air stirring fragrantly haunting re-minders reflecting a particular perfumed essence [see-page 278: Fig 2] similarly named. Whilst the dark flaw of the imperative, resonant of control, appeals to “You’s”, my reader[s], pinning me fast to the floor, with one flip of writer’s wrist, stretching [w]rite down to my toes, my ankle becomes seemingly well turned out in footprints delicately tracing wisps of “if only’s”, un-covering variance, layers lying upon layers, revealing hidden webs of whispering ironies, where-in nothing evoked is what it seems. Metal scaffolding must seam to impale but in effect it speaks to the very backbone of PhD corps as DNA [ad]dress [see-page 189: Fig 2]. Precarious no more, sheer balance is becomingly figured out and re-covered.

And so, back to the point, namely my problem with ‘communication’. I look into its heart and find it singularly lacking in subtle nuances [k]not svelte in accord with my own thinking structures. Its strings are technically tuned to a harshness, of networkings and the mechanics of being switched



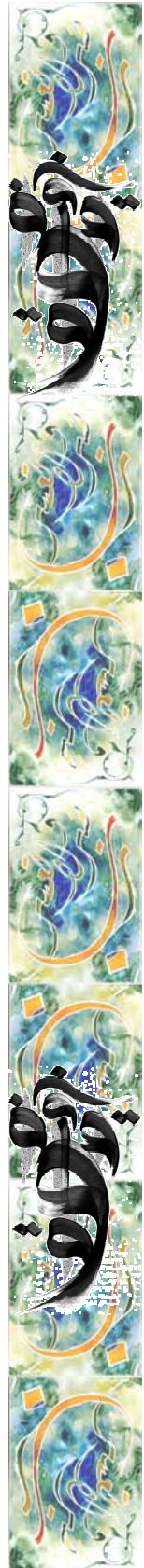
on or off: dictated of fixity in rigid intent and purpose, in my “I’s” that is. The heart I search for that is matter to this PhD corpo-real body embodies strings subtly tuned to the finery of the slippage of language, in exquisite thesis designer [ad]dress frilling to the fluency of horizons of “if only’s” in order to shadow dance on.

Model steps.

Proceeding to hark back to the pathology slab, the plan takes shape and the operation begins. Purloining Foucault’s words and re-configuring them to my own particular bias, I parade my researcher self’s intended *à la mode d’haute couture* reading, in other words, my rewriting of them, along this catwalk of marks on the page.

Calling up a body of text based on a notion of a) visual screening comprising seeing and observation and a set of questions locating language; b) physiological utterstances; c) locating within a body of evidence; d) embodying treatment, where-in seeing it all through, I begin to fashion an exquisite de-Signer [ad]dress.

So, for instance, typically the schema of an ideal investigation is underpinned by a visual screening of the subject under re-view, whatever the manifested text, be it thesis [ad]dress or dis-ease, thus positioning seeing



and observation within the PhD interview-viva or medical examination, respectively.

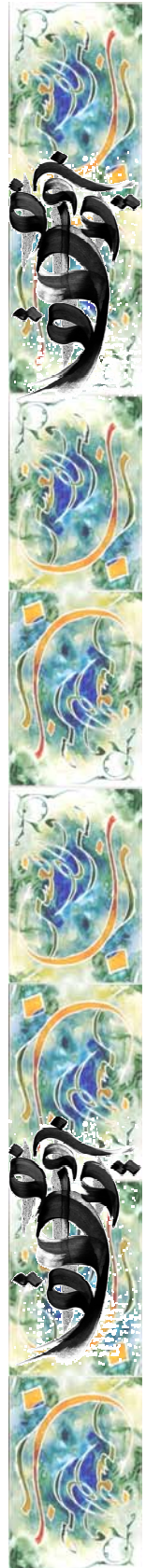
- *seeing eye* -

but there are other readings to be considered, even if non-presented to I-selves. In particular, consider that annotated Grand de-Sign fig, and its fetching accessory of the icon-bodies dotted arm in arm with their own additional particular bracelet-accessory of calligraphy bodies a-wash with glorious colour lying head-to-toe, in the bearing of being paused in background margin. All these are marked out by being of Arabic language. Yes, “I’s” agree there is no slippage here but a huge gulf, non-scan-able in its pro-portions, a-drift, as I-selves can [k]not understand one iota of Arabic script. How to handle this, I ask myself? Is it a case for the speaking eye, perhaps?

- *speaking eye* -

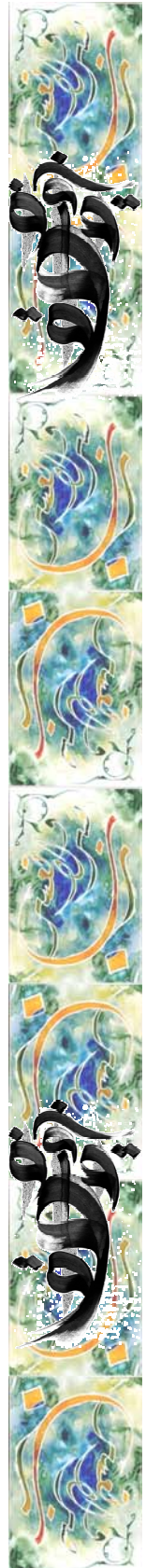
this is co-ordinated with a set of questions, which, in turn, situates language within the examination. The gaze and language are the mainstay rib[bing] reaching inwards to lend support to what would otherwise be invisible, namely, physiological utter[st]ances of the disease.

Does slippage come into being if only “I’s” and “You’s” can gain a foothold, whatever the nature of the stretch mark[er]s touching on horizons of possible readings? Whilst not being the same is of no particulate bearing,



being similar is of a quite different substance and comes to matter. My under-standing of the Arabic inscriptions are foregrounded absencings, non-sense sits tightly, deep in the abyss, in that bottomless pit utterly void of meaning that is rapt of Arabic language [ad]dress. And yet my utter[st]ances strutting the catwalk of paginated textile above are born of the colourings and fluid shapes the figs evoke in my mind's eye, being of no singular substance other than that. Not that I desire to de-cry my invocations of meanings, rapt in slips, begotten of note; nor do I desire to stand aside, [ad]rift from my exquisitely exclusively designed choreograph of spellbound shadow dancing, which shimmering sequinned me-selves have given birth to within this corpo-reality of that social space in relation to "You's", whether those "You's" have pre-sensing in "I's" or whether You-readers are real-ly out there lurking sinisterly in my [b]lacker backgroundings. The heart of the locus which, in foregrounding ab-sence is not one, trembles tenuously in the pre-sensing lace-threaded lilt of svelte calligraphy corps, as rapt ephemeral footprints slip delicately into sinuous step tracing a stealth of suspense out across the page. Shadow dancing spellbinds and sparkles becoming of some significance.

It is only through the two senses, namely, that which sees and that which hears, that the truth of the disease will be unmasked: examination and interrogation are utterly essential pre-requisites. So-called social spaces, those stances, interlaced through utterances, otherwise known here-in as Foucauldian surface relations, are bearing issue[s] at this particular point.



- *physiological* -

the looking-seeing eye, having previously learned sign-recognition skills, so to speak, scans the symbols ranked in lines on the page. The rays of light reflecting off the page onto the cornea of the eye take on representational forms. The shape is pre-figured by the material the light passes through, for instance, whether blank spaces on the page or the ink-print of the symbols woven together as Gestalt. Wavelengths of light then pass through the cornea into the lens, whose morphing accommodating configuration - fat-bodied or thin-bodied for near and distant objects respectively - focuses the wavelengths on the back of the retina, the innermost layer at the back of the eye. Here, the wavelengths are trans-figured into physiological changes as the light energy impacts on pigments in light sensitive cells causing an energy imbalance at the molecular level transmitted stepwise along a chain of biochemical substances until a neuronal impulse is triggered.

The seemingly real image of the page focused on the retina is smaller, of course; indeed, intriguingly, it is an upside-down, inverted one. At the physiological level then, from a perspective that is mine, the real is fictionalised and wrong-figured. The re-configuration occurs within the visual cortex of the brain, once the patterns of nerve impulses reach the s[c]ite having been carried by the optic nerve. But, even along this catwalk, that is optic nerve, all is not as straightforwardly non-slip anatomically, as it would seem, since the nerve fibres, that constitute said optic nerve, weave



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

differentially through the optic chiasma, the locus at which right becomes left and left becomes right, at least for some. Now, having probed somewhat deeper into membranes and [t]issues, having unveiled that partitional process, let me clarify and focus more precisely: the medial nerve fibres from the right side cross to the left, those medial ones from the left cross to the right; the lateral nerve fibres keep true to form, in the sense of running in a straight line from A to B. Anatomical and physiological structures making sinuous fashion statements of scepticism surface to give the lie, so to speak.

- *evidential* -

still modelling my PhD I observe texts, I incorporate a visual screening and I interrogate the texts linking them to an evidence base, do I [k]not?

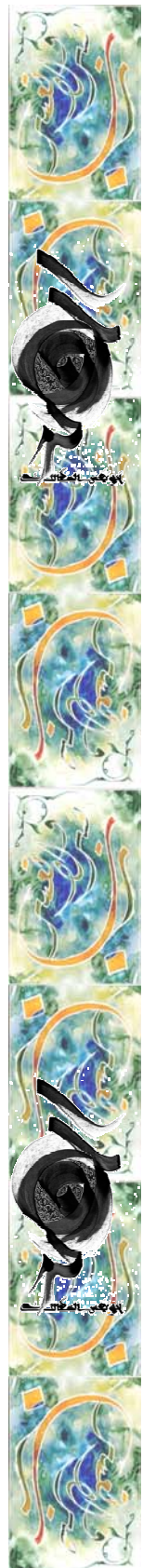
However, veneers lie. That calligraphy body-part of the annotated Grand de-Sign fig that appears to be ‘eye-like’ evokes tears in my fashioned fabric of exquisite “T’s” design. No ‘i’ or ‘eye’ despite pictorial appearances here but an Arabic ‘H’ stands tall and head-but[t]s to the fore. Cries of “Help!”, and of “Give me a Hand” escape my professionally made-up lips. These are some immediate ex-pressions that spring quickly to mind since I suddenly [ap]peer dis-heveled, seam[ingly] undone, as I emerge reluctantly out of my thesis wardrobe in abject dis-array. Do I find myself tragically and painfully impaled on slick and shiny scaffolding a dis-figured PhD corps? Is the methodology superficially skating over the [t]issues, lacking the requisite



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

rich depth of reflection? If that were the only dance step on hand to use in order to ab-solve and extricate myself from the predicament of being out of sort[ie]s towards the PhD award I must admit I would be seriously embarrassed. Suspending time for just one singular moment more, what will have been steps to the front [see-page 65: Fig 1]. Thrilling methodological frills of [p]liés and pirouettes fold [k]not back on themselves since there-in lies sameness, but *en-dehors* [see-page 290: Fig 2] spin silky silhouettes shadowing the other fluently at play. No longer pronouncing my English diction with a French accent agile I-selves stoop low to pick up my dropped “H’s” determined to call them all to [ac]count [see-page 174: Fig 1].

But other places in this textual body, herald the tattoo of an entity of being, both from backgrounding as pulsing pre-sense and, from foregrounding as ephemeral ab-sence, punctuated through what it is and what it is not, interlacing filigrees of frills of thrilling tensions. No rift in the seam ensues, no tears in t[h]reads at all, just the fluency of shimmering shadow dancing in-between-ness, if only sharp eyes can see. The Word of the Law enforces itself by determining what is proper to its jurisdiction and what should remain outside of it. Such boundaries, though, are not as fixed as they might seem, since the law continues to operate in some form beyond those. The textual body of ‘in some form’ holds intrigue close to its chest. It changes nothing as what is considered inside or outside the law is me-rely seemingly different; the choreography of stealth seemingly is rather subtle in



significance. Shades of the state where-in the non-existence of clinical objective tests changes nothing stare back at me from the Trust mirror [see-page 392: Fig 3]. A pause of figuring it out or of covering it up, whatever the perspective taken [for granted or [k]not as maybe], touches on the stretch mark of a beyond that lies po[i]sed in-between the paginated textual body punctuated by suspense.

- *treatment* -

hand in [h]and with Foucault, “I’s” move to [ad]dress the narrative and historicity to the fit of the garment, as language pins and tucks time. With the likes of memory, developments and successive incidents of the disease trajectory the body of evidence shapes up efficaciously, muscle potential well toned. Perception skirts the day to day progress of the disease garb, hemmed by speech prescribing the befitting regime required during convalescence whilst awaiting the final verdict.

Methodology drifts, perhaps? If that were so, I-selves wake up to the chastisement of a Hiding to be visited on me-selves from the judgements of the Decision-masters on High. Is this the sanction I con-front, staring banishment from the safe haven of the garden of academic Eden in the face?

A fantasm of Hiding, indeed, lurks, shadow-like, delivered in the sentence. But, with vivid re-g[u]ard to the [t]issues at stake, the punctuated interruption of life threatening strike pulses to the spirited tattoo of [p]robing,



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

hand vivaciously held in [h]and, to the heartbeat of hinting at tensions deep within that pre-sensed backgrounding, now ab-sencing foregrounded in beyond the vibrant surface *malheur* of words. Is a body-blow to be delivered by those august Others that renders PhD corps un-becoming as corpse?

Swaddled in swathes of constraints, corsetted in the Law of the Father, life born of ‘if only’ slur[e] seeps slowly away. Spirit dons *malheur* as *le mot* turns most unbecoming[ly] into *le mort*, mechanically played out by the automaton. Shades of the praying mantis [see-page 402: Fig 3] loom large.

But not for long as clear “I’s” [ad]dress in colourful hue and cry of “in language there are only differences” (Madison. 1997: 98). In Derridean style, “there is *nothing but* language and, *therefore*, nothing but *difference*, wherever you care to look” (Madison. 1997: 98-9). Not floored, “given the diacritical nature of signifiers, meaning is something that is never decisively present; it is infinitely deferred, “undecidable,”” (Madison. 1997: 99), sequinned me-selves step out, *incorporating* a new patterning to the dance. Language ‘refers’ only to itself, being forever trapped ‘inside’. But language does not stand alone on the catwalk-abyss here - the models are many.

Model bodies, now arrayed in the rustling, veiled finery of thesis [ad]dress intricately laced with figurative language, slink sinuously along the thesis-



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

catwalk to moment of interview-viva, mutedly whispering infinitely of connotations. The patient body, wearing its various guises on the disease-catwalk to the medical consultation, similarly, softly infiltrates that specific social space. Silently, whether fashion-fiction-show spectacle or medical specular session, each outfit-guise and pose undisguisedly smoulders and unreservedly strikes the eyes, as other, not self, regards model or patient respectively, thereby expansively folding those visually generic spatial undertones to re-configure the telling social spaces, which other may get to the bottom of. The eyes perceive what is to be seen on one specific surface, the “T’s” make out the visual images through relations: reference those concerns and bonds hidden deep within selves.

Im-pulse.

I have adopted the pose, *outlined* in numerous locations-cum-installations, that the body is both always and already a field of language, rather than body precedes be-fore entering this field. Witness thaipusam [see-page 328: Fig 3], quoted in Kirby, “anatomy” is not to be read narrowly as the body’s surface, but in more of an open weave in the sense of different patternings of meaning acting as ciphers for the body, not as expression of body but as creating body.

The impulse to anatom-ize a word ripples along my motor neurones of intention, its skin no bar, [as]signing interlacing tracteries that penetrate to its



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

very core, that heart of substance and rhythm of form, and sequinned me-
selves emerge through the rift of veiled [t]issues by

... thinking through the body, and this is a thinking through of closure.
But how do we think this “corporeal place,” this envelope of
immanence that our disembodied speculations would render
“separable” and “other?” Again we are reminded of a body that
pinches itself within the reflex of a Möbius loop. Enacting the circuit
of a contradiction, anatomy grasps its own excess, the neither/nor of
essentialism and anti-essentialism that nevertheless, and at once,
embraces them both, the literal and figural tissue of their mutual
implication. ... Biology is volatile, a mutable intertexture, the stuff
that informs our interventions.

Kirby. 1997: 77-8

But, falling from [e]den, stepping out of Hiding, in being delivered at full-
term gestation, the first sound [t]issues forth, at the hand of the sharp slap to
initiate a gasp in lungs ex-posed to the air for the very first time. Sheer
membranous surfaces, mere silhouettes to medicalized eyes focused on
screen[ing]s, albeit absencing presences to naked eyes, slip soundlessly in
shimmering relation to other intricate infoldings, ephemeral and gossamer in
significant text[ure]. This corps heaves a huge sigh of re-lief, borne of
topography ties in place, and innocent of rabbiting on. All my slips seem so
satisfyingly *de rigueur*.

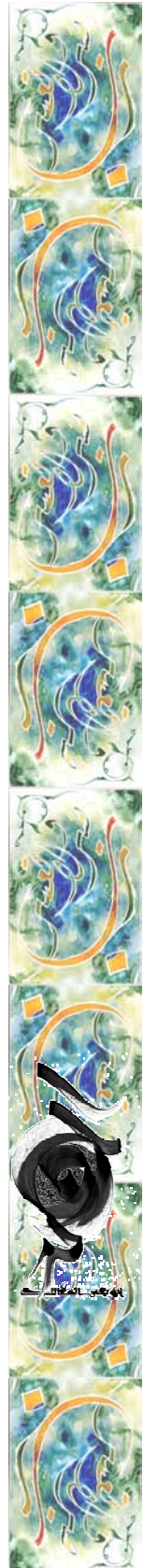


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Lacy strands of leitmotifs methodologized with-stand ex-acting scrutiny. I desire to embody those sequinned “You’s”, those others, and transfigure my self, this “I”, becoming something other. S-kew[er]ed in slur[e] no longer, spelling un-bound res-cue to fetching[ly] becoming [s]lure. Sequinned me-selves, [ad]dressed in slips of being, becoming[ly] covered, [h]and held in hand figuring it out in significant shadow dancing stepping sveltely out with see-pages.

Sharp~eyes askance, the masks dramatically slip away as in Derridean terms the body becomes the scene of writing/reading,

... then appropriation is indeterminate for the notion of a causal essence, or explanatory ground is “constituted only in being divided from itself, in becoming space, in temporizing, in deferral” (Derrida 1985: 29). Consequently, the difference that is supposed to separate essentialism from anti-essentialism, or reality from its interpretation, is not the dividing interval of a third term (that separates identities and thereby also establishes its own) but an efficacious spacing within which identity is continually emergent.

Kirby. 1997: 78-9

[P]robing deeper still my enigmatic telling space surfaces in the interval, not born of a dividing line purloining Cornell’s philosophy of the limit [see-page



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

401: Fig 3], but shadow dancing with sheer “if only’s” forever emergent. Seen, [ad]dressed in sequinned me-selves, those eyes spellbind sights into becoming space: sites embedded in the shadow dance citing writings and readings of I-selves.

Mimesis murmurs of not-sameness but of similar. Its rep[l]eating resonance wraps around me and weaves a copy, an imitation, a model, a quavering exploration of difference, all-in-one stretches into and becomes Other, reflecting being alter. Rapt I-selves revel in intoned replication being magical, not mundane, transformative not trivial, spinning sequins of sensual fantasmal fabric spark[l]ing with the power of sound instantiation.

Let me expand a bit. The text could be me-re [re]-petition, lacking [al]lure. On the other hand[le] if [s]lur is elbowed out, and sameness turns [ap]pealing to the similar, the ensuing diversity of [t]issues in-tensely enfolded, em-braced in pastiche for instance, is to be [ac]claimed. Who knows what can emerge forth from within the time and space ex-tension request? Extending the margins adds a further dimension of limiting [a]hems to the [t]issues hiding within.



Dis: embodiment

“I just didn’t know where to put myself”, “You’s” often hear some-body say. In a heart-beat I find my bodily self there too, bio-logically speaking. Kirby whispers softly in my ear,

Through the neologism, “corporeography,” I tried to suggest that representation is “sensible” in that biology is not a supplementary ingredient to be included or excluded.

Kirby. 1997: 154

Which is to say that in the *mise-en-scène* of writing, the body is not visitor but the very drama of its own re-markability. Re-siding in and of difference, thinking is [in]-corporation. Thus no knowing and thus no thinking is the state of core-being, perhaps? Or is the very sub-stance that lies at the *coe[u]r* of being a body that thinks and therefore can outline, and yet [f]actually cannot speak of such matter[s]? Either way, in that locus which is not one, “we simply can’t get outside the vagaries of our mediating representations” (Kirby. 1997: 157). Is this to be celebrated or commiserated over, I wonder. Ignoring it is not in question.

Wilfully I-selves born[e] of both-or-[h]and am-have [see-page 323: Fig 3] surface intent on not becoming snared into the surface of the surface by veiled topographical contourings.



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

To question the identity of form in some depth by “thinking *through* the body,” that is, through the surfaces within surfaces that couple exteriority within interiority, does more than testify to the vagaries of signification.

Kirby. 1997: 126

Determined not to be [s]nagged in Intentional systems [see-page 100: Fig 1], veiled or otherwise, how can contouring be differentiated by/in signification? Not born[e] of flimsy being, but one of material substance, insinuating, lying, one [ar]esting on the other, is what comes to matter here. Is morphology confined to the question of specular reflection, by perceiving the flesh as the body’s exteriority and the fantasmic illusion of the body reflection as the body’s interior? I-selves dance hand in hand with Kirby, in-step with Derrida’s position portrayed by the

... notion of “supplementarity” in which what is deemed separate (here, substance) is actually an internal complication that shifts the very identity of form (and substance), then the morphogenesis of language is not a bounded terrain, played out upon the body’s surfaces. Instead, we might think of the morphogenesis of language in the general sense as a force field of emergent bindings that has no simple exteriority. Morphology might then be rethought as the shifting text of legibility itself. The transformative reading/writing of “the sensible” is a corporeal articulation through and through: it is not



divided into separable spheres of mind/body, culture/nature, or language and perception.

Kirby. 1997: 126

Amidst those emergent bindings where do I turn? Poole's introduction to Lévi-Strauss' book entitled "Totemism" comes to mind. Efficaciously, demarcations make their presence felt. Talk spins off onto de Saussure's *la langue* and *la parole* are identified as

... the external public language which serves as a code, and the personal use that an individual may make of it, a use which may be very idiosyncratic. If, as Lacan suggests the unconscious is structured like a language, the *parole* of the individual will be of vital significance, in so far as that *parole* will be implicit with personal meanings which are counterpointed against the code or *langue* against which it stands out.

Poole. 1969: 10

And so it is with an individual variant in a myth which may well give a sudden significant in-sight into the real language of my myth[ical] thesis [ad]dress, rather than into its apparent structure.

So where do signifying and signified stand? Casting aside the technical meaning that so defines it in de Saussure's linguistics to revel in the smoke



rings of inter-course that relates [to] some of what it is like, given space and time dimensions, for one experiential being-in-the-world to another, who experiences as other, definitely as being-in-the-world, if [k]not anything else, wherein perplexities abound. For me-selves, 'communication' is such a dischordant word, no echoes of frilled nuances of experiencing beat at the heart of that re-mark, in glaring guise that stridently dis-charges its duty. But what to use in its place? Sequinned me-selves turn on the [s]lur[e] of poetic pastiche to paint b[l]inding brush-strokes spelling thrilling motifs, sigh[t]s of "if only's" being real-ized out of articulating con-junctionings of con-text, for but a fluid instant, slipping on becoming fluently other.

The utter[st]ance [see-page 42: Beginnings] is adjectival, rather than substantive, the gaze being upon the perlocutionary how of acting rather than the illocutionary [see-page 117: Fig 1] what of it. The foot-prints re-marking paginated text[ile] are shadow dancing to a 'fact'-less choreography, where content and context, in *pas-de-deux*, spin and swirl effusively, subtly and suggestively in the locus which is not one, eschewing ex-planation, to embrace enticing dis-persion in lissom lush textualities, real or supposed. I-selves wear no fixative functionist corset pro-claiming an ultimate existence, being [ad]dressed in rapt slips of fluid fluency me-rely flounces off troublesome hems of - for who knows what a construct of self is if it is all this at once? - in a flick of the symbolic wrist. But neither do I want to get hung up on systems, born of those relations between significant



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

terms. The continuous locked into a *pas-de-deux* with the discontinuous gives the trip. Complementarity con-tends to head me off. The

... distinction *conçu/vécu* suggest to us a fascinating conception of a dual creativity behind symbolic patterns, a creativity which would result either from having ‘lived’ something and drawn the consequences from that experience, or a creativity which would *project* its ‘conceptual’ patterns *into* its materials as a result of intellectual desires and aims of its own, even if these were unconscious.

Poole. 1986: 39

Lingering looks at the similar, but not the same, eye witness for-getting mimesis, begets resonating reflections of the “differences which resemble each other” (Lévi-Strauss. 1963: 149) in [ap]-pealing shadow dancing.

Encumbrances.

The word re-*mot*[e] springs to mind, articulating absencings, there being no definitive spot-on words to express and convey meaning, me-rely the re-marks of “if only’s” pertaining to as ephemeral presencings unmasking shades of intelligibility. Yes, I-selves desirously intending slip on becoming sequinned me-selves, indeed it would seem I am con-figuring myself.



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

A freeze-frame of *mélange* marries confrontations of concurrences. The impact of articulation a-scribed with air-brushed deconstruction, engenders other spellings of relating in-between the social spaces, wherever they abound.

And there-in I-selves [ad]dress in a notion of contour/threshold [see-page 443 Fig 3], which for Benveniste wraps around enunciation, and for Foucault wraps around inscription. Me-selves invest this surface itself with activity,

As Jean-François Lyotard remarks, “The figure or form is itself not unified. The fantasm contains many forms that are simultaneously active.”

Lyotard. 1971: 328 quoted in

Rapaport. 1994: 154.

Caught in mirroring surfaces, the back-stage lighting freeze-frames the infant catching sight of him/herself in the looking glass, the unity of self, therein, reflected *misinforming* the child of the nature of fragmented body-without-organs, as well as the physical body [see-page 369: Fig 3]. Snap! The constancy and consistency of the reflected mirror image wrong-figures and distorts, ‘doctoring it’.

Looking elsewhere surfaces in the mirror, and I refasten on Lyotard’s conception of dialogues as oppositional politics [see-page 233: Fig 2], as a



play of texts, those ‘phrases in dispute’ or *differends*, located at each other’s throat, as they compete for dominance, (Fox. 1997: 34). Thus a concept emerges whereby one phrase gains prominence at the rhetorically meaningful expense of the intertextuality through which other discourses might ‘prove’ their own positions. The *differend* is

... the marker of violence which is done in the name of discourse, the victimisation of the position in submission.

Fox. 1997: 34

Thus in the Name of the Father, the hospital customer services manager and the surgeon mask up and masterfully insist on the need for some undisputable evidence obtained by means of “objective diagnostic tools” to support my claim of saphenous nerve damage. It is not that I con-tend this to be a particularly different marker of violence from any other con-test, either, despite the pain I feel in the Real. The violence goes much deeper. Rather it is the case that it re-volves around the complete and utter absence of such diagnostic tools altogether. The odds begin to stack up in my favour as sheer depth emerges suggesting a just cause for lack of Proper[ty] clinical evidence, at least so one might think, perhaps. But no, Intentional Systems [see page 110: Fig 1] acting up are set worlds apart from those in-sinuating steps of shadow dancing. And lo, it comes to pass that despite my uncovering such a hard-nosed lack, and despite that fact having been verified by the Neurologist consultant, who figures in my written narrative



of 10 December 1997 lying round-about-here, nothing changes. Re-minders of inside and outside the law lurk in sinuating sinister boundaries to my “I’s” [see-page 401: Fig 3]. The effect of insisting on an evidence-base which literally cannot be collected in the clinical arena by following their fanciful scientific protocols to the letter, severs ‘cause’ completely from its enervated connections to ‘effect’, ironically putting this cause-effect relationship, so beloved of scientists, to shame. How can it be that only “I’s” notice this? Blinded by due process for its own sake, locked into Intentional Systems, their dutiful dis-claimer stands them in good stead. Fraying selv-edges attract [at]tens[t]ion, securely, the rent in the fabric bias is sealed, as seams get stitched up, damaging dis-articulation is now enforced.

The nerve of it.

I perhaps should explain myself re-g[u]arding the absence, that is non-existence, of objective clinical tests; as why should “You’s” take my word for it? In one telling space moment, three members of the medical profession chose not to mask up as Intentional Systems acting up, but instead sported outfits of utter[st]ances as ‘persons’ in relation to patient-me-selves. Studying the text-book on anatomy generously lent me by my General Practitioner, featuring as person number one, I painstakingly teased out the configuration of the two major nerves that run through the legs in all their intricate branchings and intimate ramifications. Written up succinctly



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

in appropriate medical discourse, along the lines of an elaborated checklist format, the case of tracking the right nerve stem and following through is now handed to the Pain Management Consultant, person number 2. He, now person, presents it to the Consultant in Neurology, whom I had met twice before at that particular point in time. In one heart-beat-stopping moment, the latter, for a change, from my perspective of past experience, turns to person-status number three, a complete *volte-face* from a gate-keeper of Intentional Systems acting up.

Why - my wonder-bracket aside queries - is my body tone aligned with significant tendrils of scepticism in the act of inscribing my power-plays onto the Neurologist Consultant's body-without-organs? The presencing of hints of scepticism, on my part, stems in fact, from having asked that very question of him, in the second of our previous medical encounters, namely that second run of the electrical studies test. On that singular occasion, he had completely ignored my question, not even acknowledging that I had spoken. From that point on I regarded him as active gate-keeper, easily able to act from third person agent positioning, a willing agent of donning the mask of Intentional Systems garb [see-page 100: Fig 1], but clearly he could step out as second person agent when the write conditions are met. In this time-frame, in this locus, the Consultant in Neurology has me-rely to agree with my coherently presented written case before him by that Other within the System.



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

My detailed case is now considered, courtesy of the Pain Management Consultant's involvement, and lo, it comes to pass that I have proved beyond any doubt that the previously conducted electrical studies were curiously testing the responses *only* of those nerves other than derivatives of the femoral nerve. "Why precisely?" I was the only person to ask. The femoral nerve has the write of it, giving rise as it does to the saphenous nerve amidst a lot of others. In other words then what my argued case uncovered was the fact that

- these electrical studies were undertaken
- the entire procedure was performed twice
- even though each time they tested that other major nerve, namely, the sciatic, along with its particular rhizomatic off-shoot nerves,
- despite these not being my medical problem at all.

The word 'inappropriate' leaves me speechless.

The critical tensions acting up were the presentation of a case, and the Neurologist re-locating his professional self from gate-keeping activity to Dennett-person [see-page 98: Fig 1], not Intentional System for a suit-able time-span. Only I could make the case, since only I was prepared to invest the time needed for a thorough anatomical audit, while the flagging [up] operation demanded the Pain Management Consultant's badge of authority,



holding onto the lapel of suited supremacy of the Name of the Father. A wisp of a fantasm of accomplice comes quietly into play.

In the letter that necessarily follows, the Trust and the surgeon express surprise at my definitive dismantling of the electrical studies as dissembling, formerly foregrounded by 'Them' as reliable tests, conducted expressly to prove beyond subjective doubt that no damage was done to the saphenous nerve of my left leg during surgery. The 'person' of the Neurologist Consultant's authority cannot be disputed by these surprised others.

Yet, perversely, since a lack of demonstrable objectivity is the crux, still it remains the case that I am not categorised as one of the statistical 'less than one per cent' for whom this particular surgical procedure had unwelcome outcomes, and yet I should be. In other words, in the realm of the symbolic I am healed for the surgical section of the medical profession and I am not one of these 'unfortunate few'. Since I am healed in the sovereign Name of the Father, along the lines of the language of the medical establishment, my medical problems having been re-storied and re-sorted to Other causes - albeit 'unknown' - it is the case that in the realm of the real for the surgeons I am healed. 'Unknown' dons questionable garb but shows no embarrassment in its uncertainty: wraps of camouflage or cover-up pre-vail. My own perspective and existential experience is an Other: in the realms of both the symbolic and the real, my health is experienced as compromised



compared to previously. Not only that, but I, and all the others, am denied identity since my voice of dissent, ‘my form of argument’ [see-page 109: Fig 1] acknowledged as valid, is effectively and efficiently silenced within this social space of the medical consultation. I am woefully wrong-figured, trapped in a genre of an Other’s virtual reality at the behest of Intentional Systems masking up, completely at their mercy.

‘R’/ ah the desperate desire to fill in gaps in order to [a]void disconcerting the other really ruptures the [ad]dress of agency, punctuating its smoothness, snatching it up by the scruff of the neck. Held out authoritatively as solid objective clinical proof by the medical profession and the Trust until this point in time, collusion wrong-figures further as still all is the same as before.

A question of body.

Yet how abstract is the body with organs? My footmark pauses mid-step. This experienced body of our existential selves, this both-or-[h]and body assumes poises, punctuated, but how and what? Or is the question phrased more appropriately in terms of how subjective is the body with organs?

Mutual persuasion has been taken up by Harry Frankfurt, who makes a case for reflective self-evaluation made ‘manifest in the formation of second-order desires’ (Taylor. 1976: 281). A person has desires, makes choices,



deliberates over decisions, asking her/himself, for instance, is this who I really want to be, or perhaps asking, is this who I ought to be? The being I wanted to be, I as subject, desired to be fully informed on all physiological outcomes of the surgical procedure, such that I could make choices and deliberate about consenting to the procedure. A person is an entity, being in and of a subclass of Intentional systems capable of second-order volitions, which depend on “the distinction between having freedom of action and having freedom of the will” (Dennett. 1976: 192), [see-page 111: Fig 1].

In other words, I possess self-awareness but, more than this, I also possess consciousness. My present stage of being contains a *memory* of the consciousness of the past stage. It is this memory trace that constitutes identity both for my self and for an Other. I remember from the first-person perspective whereas the Other, the “you” that is other, remembers from perceiving me doing something or having done something. Using the *dramatis personae*, *mise-en-scène* cited in an anterior presence absent here [see-page 110: Fig 1], the “T”, that is myself, fulfilled these criteria for ‘genuine self-consciousness’ as would be essential for the open process that is informing. From my position, the clinicians, encountered by myself, locked into the constraining process that consisted of consenting me, remained confined to the Other that is Intentional Systems, and not that of genuine self-consciousness. They positioned themselves as the ‘Proper’ Institution and not as individuals; a position I failed to grasp. This could explain my lack of recognition that I was not informed, and that I had been

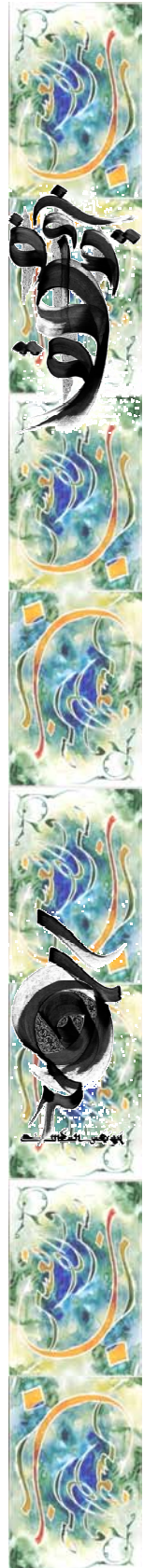


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

consented rather than had given my consent; as well as their lack of recognition that I desired something other than being consented.

Any framing, whatever its delineations, encircles and seizes the elements it holds to interiority, grasping to homogeneity, gasping forth what it is not, banishing heterogeneity to the position of expelled exteriority. Language therefore cannot re-place experience, existence, the world, reality or whatever, because it is not 'about' anything, its meaning being forever deferred. That very deferral wraps 'about/of' my dissertation's delight and deliverance, promising of fetchingly becoming other, beyond being what is begotten now - the matter of the shadow dance. Fluency interrogates being framed, freeze becomes frieze. And think what diversity dwells there despite what it might seem from simple hangers on.

Enframing.

Georges Bataille referred to definitions of words as their "mathematical frock coats" (Bois & Krauss. 1999: 16). Carl Einstein writes "Words are, for the most part, petrifications that elicit mechanical reactions in us" (Bois & Krauss. 1999: 17). To illustrate, he writes about the nightingale.

What matters is not the nightingale as such, but the repression at work in the allegories in which it is forced to participate: "Nightingale can be replaced: (a) by rose, (b) by breasts, but never by legs, because the



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

nightingale's role is precisely to avoid designating this aspect. The nightingale belongs to the inventory of bourgeois diversions, by which we try to suggest the indecent while skirting it."

Bois & Krauss. 1999: 17

A question of whether I want to reveal the "legs" under the skirts of particular allegories and to signal those words in all their disclosed [ad]dress, spins insistently inside my mind.

Talking of legs let us wax a little lyrical on the formless, perhaps. I do not want to ascribe singular meaning but I do want to illuminate the job that words do. What I mean to say is I wish to reveal more of that enigmatic telling space. Masking slips and shifts, the now-and-here ostensible make-up of imag[in]ed surface flirts skirting with [t]issues of what configurations and transfigurations does the telling space slip on and off, into and out of, over and under when shadow dancing.

What position do metaphors play in self-expression? Metaphors such as: thoughts are held in the mind; my mind did not function as well as it should have yesterday; deep layers of consciousness and higher mental processes; and the breaking down of mental barriers all spring to mind. Naturally, I would like to address here, in this particular paginated space, all the Others I have called into context so far and those I intend to write and embody still. Dimensions of space and time compound yet again. Metaphors, according

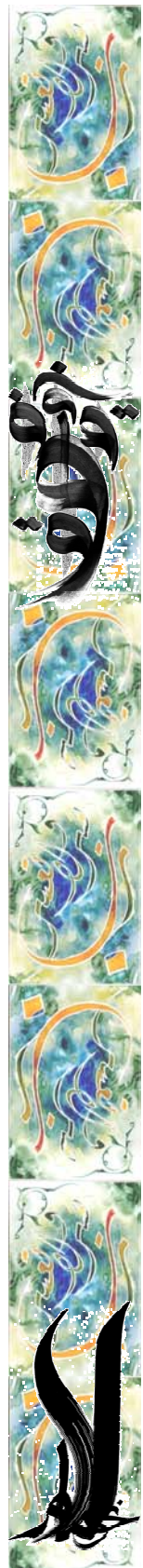


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

to my reading of Davidson [see-page 400: Fig 3], are not tensions between literal and figurative meaning but they belong “exclusively to the domain of use,” producing “effects” (Davidson. 1984: 247) such as catching our attention, offering an alternative conceptual web; but such effects are extraneous to the metaphor. The thoughts provoked by the metaphor are not part of it. In other words, language has fallen outside the language game in play at the moment and this has a ‘causal, rather than a persuasive or argumentative effect’ or reason to change belief, (Steele. 1997: 75).

But what does it mean to say that the language has fallen outside the language game in play at the moment? It has fallen, which surely means to say it has not stolen stealthily by in-sinuation, nor seeped or flowed there somehow. Fallen to being hand in hand with “outside”, it has dropped from grace, and has been mis-placed from that particular para-dic[s]e in play at this point instant in time. Transgression ranks high on the cards. Dis-placed to the other side of the bar, it is outside and a-drift, not be-side, nor a-s[tr]ide of, but banished to external exteriority, in being singled out, skirting hems of “but’s” edging round and round, flouncing, distancing. ‘Outside of what?’ exactly now clamours for my attention confronting me.

Taking the medical system as one example, put simply the “outside” of it could, I imagine, range from the ‘typical’ expressions of other health-professionals, nursing discourses for instance – uniform[ed] or [k]not, or it could run extending to lay expressions of the science in all their diverse in



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

significant apparel. This [s]weeping spectrum, this rank[ing] of the inappropriately [ad]dressed, veiled in layers of in~firm supposition on the part of those medical eyes, constitute what medicine is not. Or in other words, such matter holds on for dear life to a reflection of itself: insiders' deliberations on others' speculations of being inside, those "You's" that include us, looking inwards from outside. Holding hands with Hegel, for one moment, although admittedly, an Hegel [ad]dressed in the style of Kirby, I am talking of

... a system that sublates difference and contradiction in the very gesture of recognition (as specular reflection). Within the restricted economy of Hegelian dialectics, difference is figured as a negative projection of otherness - as what the system is not. The resulting contradiction is that the specificity of difference, the otherness of the Other, must be made familiar if it is to be recognized at all. Cornell interprets this confusion as the paradox of knowledge itself. Narcissistically caught in reflection, knowledge is incapable of knowing the extent of its own self-capture: it cannot acknowledge its limitations because the limit is always *within* knowledge.

Kirby. 1997: 85

A wonder-bracket prods me. Davidson's body-stance seems so immaterially stiff through *rigor mortis* and so counter to my corpo-real effort to evoke mood and ambience through my use of metaphors. Once again I



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

am caught snared in the deadened flailing arms of the desiring machine of Surgical Audit, disembodied, disembowelled rendered one of a number of mere simulations clinically going through the motions.

In-sect.

On the subject of simulations the praying mantis speaks volumes. No, I am not pulling your leg. Able to po[i]se as stalk, immobile and still, it is invisible, me~rely another branch indistinguishable from the one on which it stalk[s]. It plays dead. Copying death protects it from voracious predators and yet ensures it will eat as unsuspecting prey, each one fooled by its subjective detumescence, ventures too close, only to get snapped up as the next tasty meal. But still that is [k]not all. Amazingly, this imitative reflex is so deeply embedded that even when decapitated, so, in fact, truly dead, the lifeless body will

... continue to mime the functions of life such as hunting for food, building a nest, even laying eggs, all the way up to the ultimate form of its preservation of life: “playing dead.”

Bois & Krauss. 1999: 78

Ah back to stalking the performative, even if it is religiously rigid in its interpretation. A simulacrum performs as death feigning life imitating death. Death is not necessarily *mise-en-obscene* after all, it would seem.

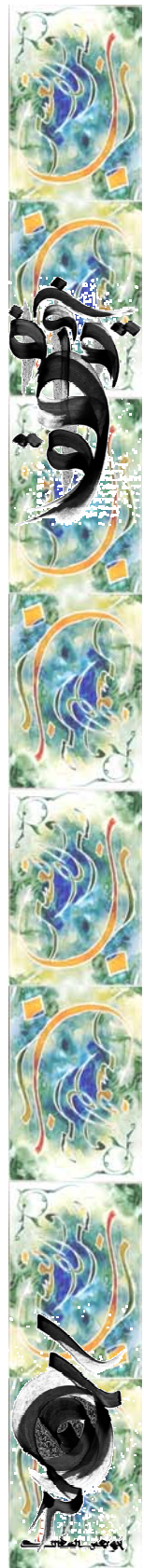


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

But this is mere insect automaton and what is that to us, I hear you say. And, of course, that is so. Reflexivity surfaces. Through it consciousness folds ([k]not back, I deliberately avoid from saying on itself to become cognizant of ‘I think’ and so issues forth subjectivity, perhaps? Can I locate the folding with scission or with dialectic and with that game of consequences [see-page 318: Fig 2]? But paradoxically,

This utterance, which no person can truly pronounce from the horizon of its occurrence, but which the mantis exemplifies, demonstrates the way the simulacral condition is coupled with a radical desubjectivization. For in the case in point, the “am dead” is true; but either way, alive or dead, the I is not possible.

Bois & Krauss. 1999: 78

Sitting immobile on the branch in-stills a desiring universal machine of what it is to go through the motions of life but it can-not re-mot[ely] re-present life’s living/ed experience through shadow dancing becoming other.

Memories of Masud Khan’s perversions stir. Set on the same, stultified, master discourses stuff our signifiers [see-page 121: Fig 1].



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Mastery.

Positioned in different stances, fashioned in and out of differing utterances, my thesis-writing body embraces those telling spaces, trans-figuratively spellbinding, becoming other. Sharply turned out in my figurative finery, my emerging PhD body treads carefully, eyes alert, taking pains to foresee the future discerning critique it will be subjected to. This about-to-be realised body is poised on the knife-edge of espousing designs on crisply measuring up, yet artfully desiring to shadow dance. The PhD interview-viva on an horizon of time in the future will deliver the acid test to whether this PhD body is [f]etchingly toned and fully worked-out or sorely wrong-figured.

Somehow, and here I am so very tempted to say, I must ‘master’ new discursive practices in order that my body-without-organs can be in-scribed with the appropriate academic ritualistic trappings. But this word ‘master’ precariously reels on dicey double edgings, bristling with darts secured by drawing-pins ensuring fixity and control of social space through genuflection and obeisance, and yet, stretching to a commendable command of rich reflections and accomplished understandings that herald realizing a doctorate status.

I call a breathing space here in order to address the master. In Lacan-speak, these master: slave dialogues are contestation sites of recognition at the body-without-organ level in the first instance, but, clearly, impinging



ultimately on the physical body. Within such dialogues, there is a huge imbalance of power, which invests authoritarian control on one self, say, by the Other, if we are contextualising the interpersonal interface. But this scenario can contextualise the intrapersonal relationship too, as unconscious parental voices take control of a person's behaviour, for instance. Resistance to such control and authority, also in the guise of society's laws and bureaucratic rules and regulations, as well as change to becoming something Other is very problematic.

The masters, the holders of this illocutionary act are body experts of a particular genre: namely, my two external examiners. Within the social space that is PhD-thesis viva, their utter[st]ances, in this context, will have the effect in the guise of perlocutionary force [see-page 117: Fig 1], on me of feelings of sheer elation or utter disappointment as they pronounce judgement on my stance within the body of text, that is thesis, offered as PhD-presence rather than PhD-absence. Meanwhile, such in-scription would impact on my corporeal body, but hey, here I am playing with time travel ... re-presenting my self as fit, ahead of becoming such an ac-claimed Other. Time to with-draw?

Always turning, back to the drawing board then, language helps me out in my quest to inquire into what my self is? When I say for instance "I am happy", "I am sad", the personal pronoun, the single referent, "I", is one and the same subject of each mental state. What I am actually attempting here is



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

to figure out my self *in* language but simultaneously to figure my self out *of* language: I am using language to constitute self but, simultaneously, this self construct is being used by language. Shades of seeing double, mirrors aside, I touch but am touching, zoom into focus. Have I headed full-tilt into a contortion routine in danger of dis-figuring myself unless I exercise care in my bodily positions?

Having both.

I turn, not folding back on self but rapt in spell-binding [ad]dress, to deliberate about being both body and having a body. This is not a garment fashioned of mind/body rift, but a particular conception of a relationship of them in an ontological sense rather than a me~re descriptive and derivative and discriminatory one.

Seizing the one, fades the others. Discourses in colourful Lyotard [ad]dress [see-page 320: Fig 2] surface so fetchingly. What-is-more, seizing the one renders it svelte, at least for the time of moment's being. And in point of fact, the temporal perspective troubles the body too. The object exists today and that is true forever, whether it be changed by time or not as

... each moment of time calls all the others to witness; it shows by its advent 'how things were meant to turn out' and 'how it will all finish'; each present permanently underpins a point of time which calls for

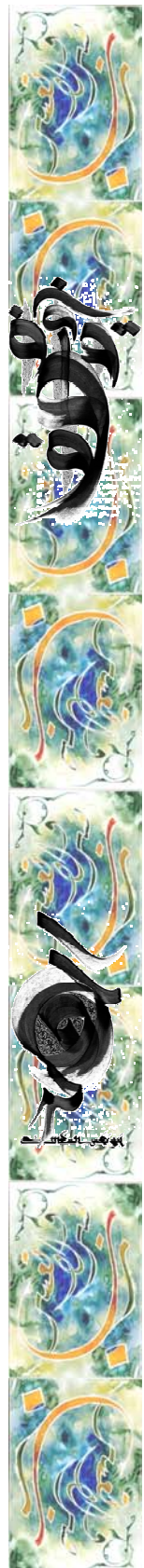


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

recognition from all the others, so that the object is seen at all times as it is seen from all directions and by the same means, namely the structure imposed by a horizon.

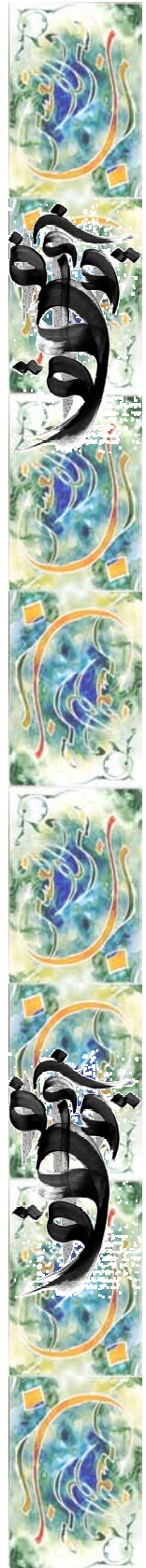
Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 69

Transported across space and time, the utter[st]ance of the locus that is not one looms large. I-selves see it as I enter

... a universe of beings which *display themselves*, and they would not do this if they could not be hidden behind each other or behind me. In other words, to look at an object is to inhabit it, and from this habitation to grasp all things in terms of the aspect which they present to it.

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 68

Shades of Sontag's position on photographs snap at memory's heels [see-page 366: Fig 3]. In seizure, in other words, through fading g[r]asps sveltely I construct my reality. If I look at the mug on my desk, I see it from a particular angle and see only a part of it, but, simultaneously, I 'see' it to have a back and a bottom to it, despite the fact that these are hidden from my eyes. I 'think it' as what comes into play is the fact that the top surface of the desk and the books resting behind it, act as the taken-for-granted/coerced spectators of the mug's hidden aspects reassuring me of its solidity, since it is



... shot through on all sides by an infinite number of present scrutinies
which intersect in its depths leaving nothing hidden

Merleau-Ponty. 1962: 68-9

On one occasion, scanning this page I read the word ‘securities’ instead of
‘scrutinies’ instantly locating me-selves fitted up by a frock-coat. Turning
on that point the act of seeing has a lot to answer for. Heideggerian-like S-
traps lurk relentlessly insidious.

Seen by my eyes [w]rite now, and by each of the objects write-then, constant
deferrals of having been seen by me sometime previously, ah the locating of
those re-memberings so potently in presencing figures no longer but
reverting to blind contacts of indiscreteness, backgrounding in this space
that is my visual field, seen every-which-way the object is translucently
shimmering in and of “if only’s”. Thinking is [in]-corporation.

But this can be forgotten at times. Is it vision that is at fault? Some believe
so. The Who performing the act of seeing masquerades as the problem
requiring immediate re-solution. Eyes [b]link and [b]lur. Subjective
perspective in question Intentional Systems institute their possessive stance
towards reifying the practice of objective measuring, as paradoxically, an
antivisual tendency often fits slickly with optically measuring and analysing
the body. Thus,



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Vivisection in itself is inadequate for the study of biology; all it does is lay bare the phenomenon ... All it reveals to our senses is what they can directly perceive. But you have seen in physics how little our senses tell us, so that we are constantly obliged to use apparatuses in order to analyze things.

Marey. 1992 quoted in

Cartwright. 1995: 24

To signs of arhythmic heartbeat and laboured breathing firmly in-scribed on the medical cards, in Séminaire II, Lacan writes that

... the play of numbers in mathematics represents not so much a signification as a movement of the sign and that this slippage will circulate in a “universal machine that is more universal than anything you could imagine.” According to Lacan, “The world of signs functions, and it has no signification whatsoever.” And yet “What gives it its signification is the moment when we stop the machine. These are the temporal breaks which we make in it. If they are faulty, we will see ambiguities emerge, which are sometimes difficult to resolve, but which one will always end up giving a signification to.” Lacan argues that the halting of the machine, this temporal cutting or breaking, is the “intervention of a scansion permitting the insertion of something which can take on meaning for subject.” (quoting from

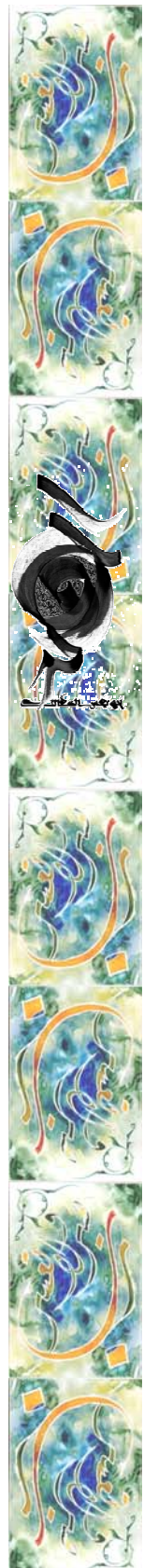


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Jacques Lacan. 1988. *The Seminar II: The Ego in Freud's Theory and in the Technique of Psychoanalysis*, trans. Sylvana Tomaselli. Norton: New York. p. 284).

Rapaport. 1994: 154-5

No longer securely tied to the universal machine of the normal distribution curve, sequinned me-selves scrupulously step out this punctuated scansion as spellbinding plays in exclamation marks foregrounding and backgrounding, presencing and absencing. Thus,

... the insertion of *objet a*, which is the gaze itself, that mirror reflection produced in the imaginary which facilitates the introduction or insertion of the self into language. This introduction asserts itself by no other means than a rupturing whose point is to disperse the deck of signs, to stop the movement of signification.

Rapaport. 1994: 155

This insertion of *objet a*, installs this illustration, and, it being a mirror reflex, is itself produced by scansion as *coupure*: embedding us firmly therein and thereof, regarding language. I, author, you, reader, each one of us has being articulated in and of language and vision, sign and image. Yet, also articulated in the movement of the sign that arrests itself in a scan stemming from the resultant doubling or mirroring: the gaze, which is sign,

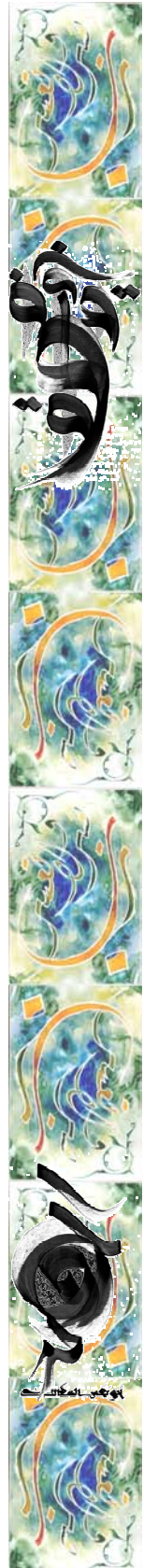


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

object, illustration, the looking and looked at. Shades of Cornell's philosophy [see-page 401: Fig 3] of the limit stare me in the face.

Lacan notes that when one considers a universal language, one is already considering a machine or automaton or series that can arrest itself by means of a system that scans itself as it scans the whole. And this machine within the machine is produced by an accident, by an interference, like a slip of the tongue or a sudden fall down a rabbit hole.

Rapaport. 1994: 155

Fractal like, my written and visual textual thesis veers between corporeal body and exclusive designer [ad]dress, [f]altering further, in fact, by never being in one place at one time with its entire presencing of being. Steathily, background reaches for foreground, appearance roles stretching into disappearance, whispering gasps of absence lap tenuous grasps in presence. No rabbiting on, no rift, but whole, lapses and starts come to matter, as the shadow dance goes on.

Grinning [h]and in paw, "T" and the Cheshire cat, sinuously summon drifts of hearsay hinted at in backchat with Alice from the looking-glass. Reflect[ing] this space, I-selves delight in the PhD being an erotic body [ad]dressed in Lyotard *haute couture* along the lines of being "simultaneously active", [see-page 390: Fig 3] concerning itself with in-



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

scriptions of desire, whether they allude to curvaceous corps or astonishing [ad]dress. Being not quite one or the other, but, in a state of both-or-[h]and, reveals a dis-articulating face to its imag[in]ing in the sense that it appears to be in possession of its own desire to observe, perhaps? Where to turn now?

Am I trapped in my own [m]ire or can I be sure I am not pinned down in cut and dried fashionings of Lucy Brown's shed skins [see-page 149: Fig 1] promising death -

... an obsessive uncertainty, of course, one that fixates or pins down the "subject" before a spectacle or movement of signification that mysteriously vacillates between visibility and invisibility, the assertion of meaning and its dispersion, articulation and dis-articulation.

Rapaport. 1994: 158

Keeping an eye on matters laps playfully at its very being constituted through an intriguing notion of re-lapse. No talk of 'relentless' to these utter displacements, but a celebration of the jouissance of sheer mystique, as deconstructing re-lapse reconfigures to a fetching slip slinkily becoming racy deferral. Tie-dyed into this weave, is the enigma of cutting the fabric-a[c]tion - analogous to my spiriting away? - where cutting is its own negation but in the space which is not one such separation sews

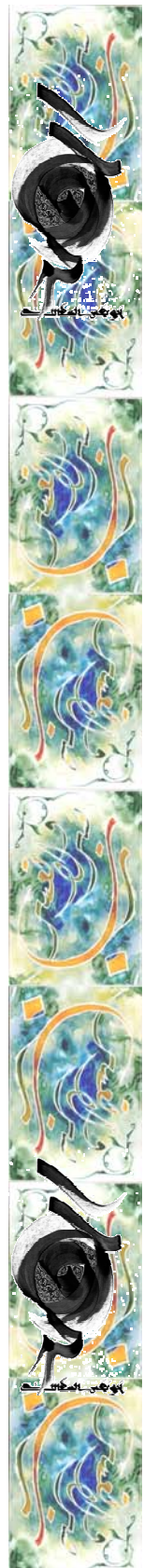


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

re[ad]dressed lapses re-fusing the whole. The scalpel quite definitely re-discovers organic space [w]rite-here. The bias cut darts dauntlessly in sinuating svelte fit and thrilling fluid finishing touches to the text[ure]. Cries of “Cut!” sound from Director to the crew filming the models strutting the catwalk, herein lies what the cut is not, presencing its backgrounded selvage to the material that matters. Ah, yes, salvage is on hand. And, “if only” ‘a’ were ‘e’, as, indeed it is, as warp interlaces with weft, talking of cutting edges as indeed we are, the enigma of spiriting away in the form of those trickster sprites that reconfigure my methodological substance, spark[l]es through the tracery weave of fabric, shimmering in the shadow dance of ephemeral footprints on paginated text[iles]. In a sense I attempt to evade temporality, spacing, and difference by making undecidable the question of before and after, underlying calling now-time to account.

Becoming signs:

One perceptual switch wraps to frill in inter-face[d] fabric of me-writing-selves with marks on paginated text[ile]s, an other of my written footprints froths forth interfacing with eyes of “You” readers, which, then, thrills into horizons of interfaces of your readings, which consequently rewrite me-selves. My intent to [ad]dress becoming[ly] other, may well be quite differently turned out from my desired form. A *risqué* style skirts the garment I wear, yet, hopefully, it is still fetchingly paraded in the spirit of an open-weaved filigree of systematicities, rather than closed ones.



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

A Saussurian Alice would have said, “You are nothing but a pack of signs!” or, better yet, “You are just language!” For like language, each sign has its recto/verso, and each sign is syntactically in play with every other sign, depending on the suit. The point is not so much to exploit the metacritical potential of the pack, but to say that in pronouncing “You are nothing but a pack of cards,” Alice does not necessarily dispel the “laws” of signification or syntax of the pack. Simple shuffling, the throwing of cards into the air, does not make the language of cards go away; it just initiates a new game.

Rapaport. 1994: 153-4

Model thesis executes a quick change into an outfit, decked in and of cards, a work-out of the analogy poses language at play, yet with infinite potential of expression, though girded by the requisite ruled guidelines: even a game must have due procedure. Play cannot be play if out of control, it needs must wear conventional habit and formula, (those wonder-brackets exaggerate again), otherwise it becomes other, losing it~sway. Hems constituted by freeze-frames of language, the necessary limitations in any one instance, the measured timing through which the play unfolds, skirt the degree of agency, whether of speaker or of writer. Hang on, though. Caught up in [k]nots, caused by my dancing shoe ribbon-helices, am I stuck fast? Those necessary ribbons of language frankly tie me into the system, but am I



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

closely or loosely constrained? Do cramped me-selves coerced by the rubrics of language face becoming [k]nots of me-selves?

Re-minders of Donna Karan [see-page 58: Fig 1] surface skirting translation [t]issues through deciding on slits or splits. Perhaps, too, I unwittingly mislead, it occurs to me. Although, my “I’s” cite an absence of Arabic language, [ad]dressing calligraphy bodies in other invest[e]ments, my eye is not alone, here. And, if only I danced to the Arabic tune, what would I then see? I turn now to don dis-guise, as with mask of an other overlying my eyes, I re-g[u]ard the trans-figuration rendered in the translation given to me by an Egyptian friend - “Eman, thank you for your time”.

The other eye, that “I” not of an imaginary, but born of a friend in the realm of the real, namely the “You” that is “she” of my acquaintance named Eman who translated the Arabic for me, would site the speaking tongues of Arabic voices where the signs became words, or were me-rely letters of the alphabet. Where no such words or letters hover foregrounded then those naked bodily calligraphy parts, bare of their language-fabric figs, were pronounced by her to be “meaningless” and lacking expression. That last English word of thesis [ad]dress strutting the catwalk, becomes subject to optic gaze, silhouetted in footlights, as it spells an emphatic exclusion from being but barely there, un-covering the matter of ex-pulsion in banishment from the eye that is “You”. No, this is [k]not what sequinned me-selves see at all. Enchantment in these calligraphic *corpi delicti* leave me-selves



seized in enthralling wonder at their alluring bodies which are lustrous re-markings of covering up to infinitesimal becoming, yet to be real-ized, reflecting “if only”. Horizon upon horizon of gossamer “if only’s” entrance my svelte eye-sight bearing [t]issue in figuring out their flowing fluencies and susurrating hues shimmering in sheer filigree fluidly frilling, spellbindingly articulated in the thrill of shadow dancing. And lo and behold, I slip out of the bulky bulging corporation of go forth and multiply in those hermeneutic circles of inward navel gazing, born of the ban on eating fruits of the tree of knowledge. So, in seizing the corp-oration firmly by decisive fashioning, stretching far inside to the interiority of unhinged snarled-up pre-judiced junctures, cutting [the] edge is carefully ap-plied on the bias, running with the weave, reflecting in rippling mirrorings of ali[g]ning articulating spelling a turn to another *appliqué* genre of becoming in sinuations of sleek selvedge tone and svelte silhouette salvaged. I thankfully, but gracefully, a-void flushing me-selves down the S-bend.

Talking of the oratory condition, as I was just a point instant of time ago, in a point blank space de-sign~ated ab-sensing to herein-ness, but pre-sense to elsewhere, my ploy there was but con-founding play, as this thesis body is quite definitively not a [s]peaking corps by any stretch marks of sheer imag[in]ings, as its spark[l]ing [s]pine wrapped in deconstruction, sometimes somewhat impish and devious, although, in other rapt spaces deviating on to pro-found perhaps, spellbinds into reticulated [b]reaches into articulations through re-markings born of reading. In particular, I-selves are



speaking of readings rippling in being fluently ephemeral, touching on sleekly polished shifting surfaces of symbols becoming momentarily meaningful signs, trembling with [t]issues shivering with swirling possibilities. This seized PhD body appears rapt in svelte exclusive designer thesis [ad]dress providing both body and/or [ad]dress step out, born of being both figured out and/or covered up, thrilling along the sighted catwalk of paginated text[ile], a spectacle to be gazed upon, lingeringly, decisively demarcated by specular glance, hidden interiorities of cites [d]rift into view, stealthily glimpsed, a site to be seen and not heard. The substance of sound, however, lies low, lurking in reed-some cover, but being far from immaterial, its [ap]peal in echoes and re-verb~erations of leitmotifs of compositionings at spirited play touching on lacy de-construction. Slips stitched sinuously into catwalk choreography write true to that fluent cutting edge that re-sonates in significant flowing in-between-ness, in-vei[g]ling see-page of sigh/ns of sylphs shadow dancing.

The cards, still grasped by bedeck[ed] sequinned me-selves, are thrown high into the air. That pack, alias à le mort, presencing the foregrounding of the absenced ah, spiriting away towards backgrounding the presenced shades of 'r', ephemerally dances. Backed-up in *déjà-vu*, *mort* reconfigures to *mot* and the word is made flesh. Seamingly so with my thesis fabric[ation]: being a fluently fit, svelte body, yet, intriguingly articulated, hand in hand, with figure-hugging exclusive designer [ad]dress. The shadow dance of signs delights in the locus which is not one, putting on interfaces of the



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

grasp being fleeting, but a gasp which endures. Phew, relieved me-selves seem not to be dancing in circles of sameness, my sequinned footprints fluently shimmer and sparkle, wilfully embracing the similar, becoming[ly] sylph other. Thesis heartbeat signature becomes normal, the anxiety induced flutterings confidently smoothed out. Pulse and respiration rate are quickly re-stored - just a mere aerobic work-out for this PhD body of sound being to take in its stride along this catwalk in the exquisite thesis designer [ad]dress.

Slipping into Lyotard.

But this is one mere leg of my thesis body, I-selves point out disarmingly, anxious to make up to

... the “erotic body,” “... which is not the body experienced erotically but a surface on which is inscribed the localizations of desire, ..., a puzzle of regions where the charge and discharge of jouissance finds its places of privilege, but a puzzle no one or no thing can visually grasp in order to make a unified picture, since each zone itself must accept many simultaneous significations with respect to pleasure [*plaisir*].”

Lyotard. 1971: 338 quoted in

Rapaport. 1994: 156

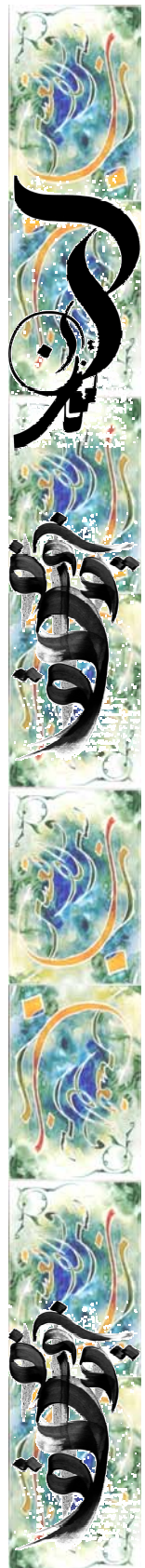


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Lyotard posits an intrinsic link between desire and the order of discourse. Emancipation occurs through a reconfiguration of libidinal forces of social system, rather than through some utopian realm 'beyond' our socio-political life conditions.

The social order, though dependent on a repression of desire, is traversed by the libidinal sphere, structured in and through unconscious representation, fantasy and drive energy. A discursive repression of desire is thus always potentially open to transformation by the operations of desire itself ...

Elliott. 1994: 151

And once again, those "I's" appear in habits of Shotter's "You's" [see-page 17: Beginnings] sparring for the spotlight, different dimensional discourses shape up [see-page 233: Fig 2], vying for presencing a-voidin[g] absencing. Stage-[w]rite, the calligram, shimmering, steps out from the wings. Shimmering a-wash with sheer spark[le]s of mystique the icon calligraphy bodies intrigue my eyes. Admittedly, it is guilt that I briefly feel, as pointing the finger, I nail them fleetingly to a particularly personal desire, that lends me a [h]and. Body of evidence [t]eased into better shape, the icon bodies swirl sveltely away, de-lighting in delicious deferrals, as murmurs of this will have been re-sound.



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

The calligraphy bodies constitute integral anatomical flesh to this PhD body, spinning to spell-bind the flush [w]rite-on border-line margins of sortie out into the undocumented fabric-a[c]tion of thesis [ad]dress, and taking the words of Alain Kirili out of his textual mouth, to the tune of Lyotard,

...painting and writing must be brought together under the category of inscription ...

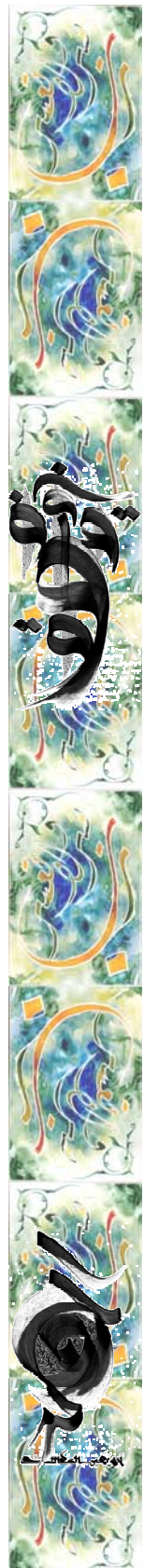
Lyotard. 1995: 16

Indeed, there exists some surface where-in the calligraphy corpus in-scribes meanings to me-selves through its written form, so ephemerally inferred, in concert with its illustrated shapes, so elusively assumed, invoking yes, I am beginning to have it figured right out.

But this is saying too much: the category of inscription simply exceeds the basic opposition between painting and writing. It is also saying too little: pictorial inscription involves colour, pigments; it is produced by chromatic inscriptions. Thus there is a binding of the libido with the network of colour and of everything onto a support.

Lyotard. 1995: 16

What is the nature of the choreography going on [w]rite-here? Does it circle around metal scaffolding that impales or that substantially additional



prosthetic resin spine of the DNA [ad]dress [see-page 189: Fig 2]? Of course if one is a devotee of thaipusam the binary is of no matter [see-page 328: Fig 3]. And the colourings, what do they have to say? Rich in their *text[ure]*s they frill and froth forth rapt in the thrill of being “simultaneously active” rather than the one running off to smother the other.

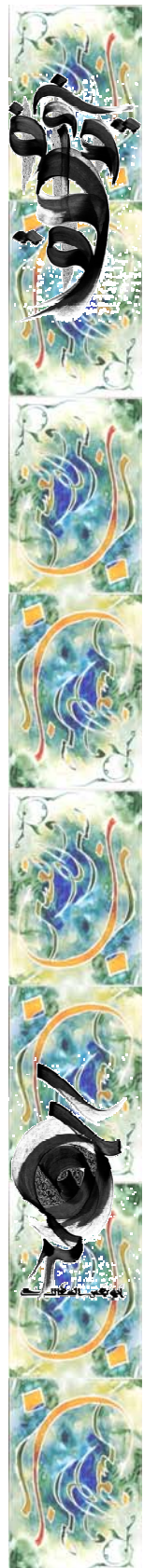
And then again there exists some surface where-in I-selves have figured it out and, in so doing, have in-sinuated covering it right up.

The calligram makes use of this double property of letters to function as linear elements which can be arranged in space and as signs which must be read according to a single chain of phonic substance. As sign, the letter permits us to establish words; as line it permits us to establish letters. Hence the calligram playfully seeks to erase the oldest oppositions of our alphabetical civilisation: to show and to name; to figure and to speak; to reproduce and articulate; to look and to read.

Foucault. no date given: 9-10 quoted in

Williamson. 1985: 91

It calls into question the taken-for-grantedness of what we see. Like the scalpel re-discovers organic space it [t]eases out the telling space.



Pursuing twice over the thing of which it speaks, it sets an ideal trap: its double access guarantees a capture of which mere discourse or drawing is not capable. It undermines the invincible absence over which words never quite prevail by imposing on them ... the visible form of their reference ... The signs summon from elsewhere the very thing of which they speak ... A double trap, an inevitable snare ...

Foucault. no date given: 9-10 quoted in

Williamson. 1985: 91

That is not precisely how I would ex-press it. No, rather, stalking the belief that I can at least perceive some of Williamson's intended reading, if not all, and albeit through third-person agency, where I perceive I differ from my re-reading of her text[ile] and thereby come to re-write her said text, is being caught in the grasping grip of two words, namely, "trap" and "snare". With grinning fixatedness, they hold me fast in tight [ad]vice-like possession, entirely at odds with the elusive suggestively sensual expressivity of the power of calligraphic bodies.

Not entirely braced by being fit, [s]trapped into seizing being fetchingly becoming svelte, am I sorely stitched up? That "S" that enchants with spellbinding [s]way harbours a malingering and macabre [st]reak, being born also of refuse. The [w]hole emerging wears the apparel of waste disposal, it would seam. Of course, talk of giving free rein to the readers of



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

my textual subject to rewrite my intended meanings unimpeded, could be read as excuse for expertly evading the substance of an unbecoming PhD.

Recalling Peirce's definition of the sign ('something ... which stands in place of something which is absent, which could even not exist ...') Eco, 1973:1149) observes, rather amusingly, that "This means that the fundamental characteristic of the sign is that I can use it to *lie* ... (since everything that serves to tell a lie can also be used, in the right circumstances to tell the truth)."

Hatim & Mason, 1990: 104

Down in that rabbit burrow, the reek of piled up garb[age] sickens, or does it? PhD body poises, finely balanced, on the delicate stitching of filigree language material, sequinned me-selves intend more than mere lip service to just~if~y fabricating a weave of tracteries of threaded backgrounded strands, shadow dancing with foregrounded absences, presencing those 'holes' of nothingness but space, that are an integral and essential face of lacework. Back-up in the mirror reflects re-membling of both-or-[h]and: loosed from being laced, yet tied to it, linked into being whole.

Sp-rite [s]tumbles in and stridently plays up. Ah, in spite, the [w]rite of fixedness shouts loudly. What! Even if only in pastiche? But no matter, if I-selves lack the spark[l]ing allure to prevail upon "You's" with this particular habit of intent, it sway of shimmering in-citation but in-significant



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

ex-citation to touch “You’s” deeply, in-forming of being other. Yet, in spite
dons an other mask as sequinned me-selves shadow dance, becoming in
other substance re-g[u]ard-less of lost “if’s”. But, should “You’s” perceive
my slips to be on parade, heralding heartlessness and in-difference, no, that
is not so. My re-g[u]ard-less~ness is in-formed of heartbeating rhythms, a
far cry from the undertones of ill willed malevolence and/or even the dis-re-
g[u]ard of the g[r]aze of power.

Foot-prints that emerge first into existence inexorably get [a]head, b[e]aring
out [t]issues of mind the gap of that bodily divide. Certainly I-selves are in
breach of fit[tingly] in-forming “You’s” until this point instant of time, as
suddenly, signs of ‘icons’ step self-importantly and self-assuredly out to
assume axiomatically allocated positionings seized on textile page. Is that
the sway? A severe slip of feat now finds me fast skidding into sound
flushing down the S-bend, perhaps? Not exactly, no. Admittedly, ‘if only’
is torn apart, in point of fact, [ad]rift in this very moment related to this
point blank space. They can [k]not but be, by virtue of only if tied to
ribbons of definite de-marcation, otherwise, how else would eyes, sharp or
opaque cite them, sigh[t]ing foregrounding presence from backgrounded
absencing, that element so crucial of becoming? But it is not the
spontaneous generation of my re-marking: “Re-g[u]ard! Veracity is here
[w]rite now in the flesh.” Nor is it, this is the form taken and no other will
figure, but more that figs slink stealthily out from the shadows within this
sinuous textual body and come into existential being of ephemeral matter.



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Each Icon poises, fabric-[ation] snap-shot through with delicacies of shivers in substance becoming of pauses in punctuated upbringing as a matter of unfolding form to spark[l]e alluringly with horizons of “if only’s” stretching beyond. That re-mot[e] of re-marking signs, the symbol of ∞ re-presenting the infinity of possibilities [see-page 67: Fig 1], trembles, masquerading as S, whose mirror image, when super-im-posed, embraces forever, to spin eternally in spellbinding sway. But freeze-frames dis-tort and obscure [e]motion giving rise to tensions born of snap in-ferences re-marking in-scriptions with little bearing on fluency. Pre-sensings and ab-sencings [p]lay on fluid surfaces in relation to surfaces, becoming overlying [s]kin reve[a]ling in turn to underlying [t]issues of the dynamic of corpo-reality. Would sequinned me-selves [w]rite calligraphic body to the right of the page, otherwise?

And with one spin, a-voiding that Heideggerian S-trap, I turn instead to the fluency of sheer slips and fluid flirtatious [s]lures.

Assuming the Lacanian position.

But the roots grounding desire hold onto philosophical alterity. [W]rite-here, and [k]not-elsewhere necessarily, it is subjectively constructed in the realm of the symbolic and, as such, embodies an impossible search for imaginary completeness. Why this particular configuration? Stretching back to that narcissistic imaginary stage, [see-page 372: Fig 3], the ideal completeness of the infant/mother dyad is ‘ruptured’ by the intervention of



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

the father, in the form of paternal father, father-figure, social mores and so many Others. The child's psyche is already familiarised into the world of signifiers through the mother's gaze, her touch, and speech for instance, as well as through other social interactions. The rift within the imaginary stage draws the infant into entering and [ad]dressing the garb of social meanings, from where s/he realises that meaning far outstrips the child/mother relationship. Shading into the slippages of drawing [out], the self then becomes embodied as a decentred subject with

... loss, lack and impossibility of unity in psychical life; the primacy of signifiers over what is signified in the unconscious; our fragile and always precarious relation to the Other...

Elliott. 1994: 98

Not only is there pragmatic action to an utterance, but there is

... a semiotic dimension which regulates the interaction of the various discursal elements as 'signs'. The interaction takes place, on the one hand, between various signs within texts and, on the other, between the producer of these signs and the intended receivers. It is only through this interactive semiotic dimension that language users can begin to do things with words, and values such as those of the field,



mode and tenor begin to play a genuine role in communicative transactions.

Hatim & Mason, 1990: 101

The tenor [t]issuing from PhD body's vocal chords entrances and allures; the mode of [ad]dress fits academic style, sporting rhetorics of running metaphors slip[pered] with deconstruction *à la* Derrida. Shuddering at ranks which stifle, thrilled at the scent of the shadow dance, the only choreographic baton I accept is the rod wi[t]ch grounds the eye of my PhD corps, through skirting one or two back-of-retina-etched cell specialisation fields [see-page 188: Fig 2] within philosophy and sociology, and real-izing several sorties therein, illuminated in glorious colour along with shades of black and white. Whole sequences of text become signs through these special effects - bar[r]ing only that talking I-selves have not dug talking me-selves into a rabbit hole.

But w[h]ich toes of pragmatic values have I [t]rod[en] on in my forays of intentional acts? See-page of calligraphic body cites every page, bar one site, that of the out/ free-standing an-notated Fig. The annotated Grand de-Sign stands utter[ly] alone. In being all, uttering of both presencing and absencing; in being one, that zip in PhD body endeavours, bending over backwards to slip svelte body into the stance of seized exclusively designed [ad]dress, **S** is fluidly eloquent, bearing out the utter[st]ance in full cry. Seized in-cite or svelte in-sight is not quite the [t]issue at stake here as born

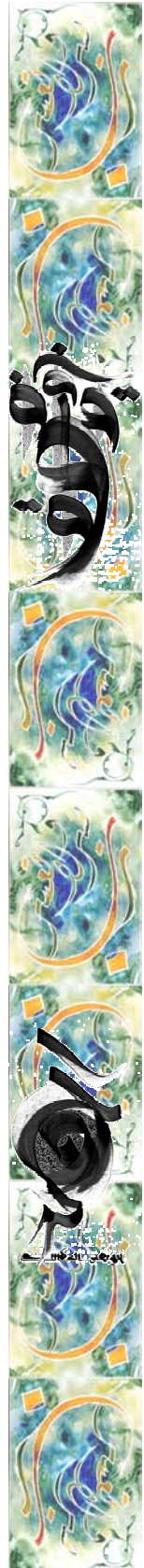


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

of the fluency of exteriority stealthily masquerading as an ex-pression of interiority, and of the latter being of little sub-stance without existential exteriority, the an-notated Fig is not on the side of, but on the side of with - standing, rapt in a nexus of articulation, not betokened in desolate disjunction.

Elsewhere though, my sharp eyes per-suade/-swayed me-selves to dis-cover the for[e]-sight to recite its re-marks in the locus most fit[ting], namely, the right-hand margin of the paginated text[ile]. Marginal, yet not; bounded but not in con-fine, yet not, as seizing sortie, sveltely suggestive of scope; sigh[t]ings in shadow dancing of write-on, in-deed.

Rolled into insinuations as imaginary ‘accomplice’, spell-binding acts up, at times. My signifier of desire, rapt in accessories, stalks the scent of begetting other. Seizing on death of the other through strangulation whether by the word of the Father, or the word of Law, or perhaps the master-slave relation, whatever the stock-in disguise, grasps this [f]altering body in suspended relation by the scruff of the neck and rocks its very being. Gasping for air, maybe me-selves are, but dumbfounded we are not, as we get wind of [k]not being [de]ceased or [m]uffled, but find ourselves [w]reathed in [r]uff[led] thrilling symbolic meaning shifts. And with one stroke, the word becomes flesh. Sequinned me-selves breathe pre-sense of life that weave of gasps grasped by snatching background, trim traces of which endure.



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Rea[l]ms apart, yet only inasmuch as the thickness of the page stands between, re-membered faces of both-or-[h]and peer from the looking-glass as in the loom the thread back[ed]~up weaves through mimesis. Backgrounded ruffles of desire, recoiling from muffling, rustle up to imaginary accomplice and fashion what is nothing less than a letter hidden from sight, though repressed and veiled, it nevertheless, stands firm, yet fluid, in the signifying chain. That letter, that spirited 'r', can silently suspend its animation, stealthily becoming other. Never lost, whether in the form of that slip of a thing, that is alphabetic symbol, or as another, somewhat more substantial being a matter of that letter of address, fetchingly becoming in word shades, incognito, shadow dancing fluently across catwalk of textile page models a catsuit, tale held high.

Vital statistics.

Backgrounding and foregrounding run rings round each other in ephemeral play. What [ap]peal do we have other than the lure of deferral, as splurging out on a spree of interrogating contradictions, sequinned selves shadow dance when 'sign' and 'reality' slip silently through our fingers, and shift, side-stepping our glance. No longer turning a deaf ear, the [b]racket is virtually intolerable. Tail between our legs can we console ourselves with



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

... the simple force of Georges Bataille's comment, "Who will ever know what it is to know nothing?" (as cited in Taylor 1986: 1). This admission that identity is ultimately undecidable because the vagaries of the limit cannot be secured concedes that interpretive closure is impossible.

Kirby. 1997: 24

That may be so, but it is a lot of fun shadow dancing with the veils. No longer turning our backs, and certainly not backing down, becoming other traces are fetchingly revealed.

Stealthily writing me-selves spin a textual weave whose fabric is sheer stunning diversity, shimmering in irrepressible playful irruption. Like liquid silk my designer [ad]dress whispers endlessly, softly susurrating. Sveltely toned my PhD body shivers with sparkling "if only's". Fluidly flexible it articulates through sequinned process, born out of continuous reinvention and encounter reverberating. Fluently the interlacing textualities actively resist and disrupt, queering representation.

Those sound and prodigiously forged alliances in~corp-orate and frame elusive accomplice. Strawperson bites the dust, ashen-faced in expiring. Certainty inspires, at least while it breathes in the space and time dimensions hemming it, momentarily, before it moves on, losing face, only to make-up another. And, no, "T's" see no flippancy [ad]dressing my



suggestion here. More to the point, “I’s” insist that “I” am being deadly de-liberate.

Language here is not that of calculation but it is a *measured language* - having as it does this dual role of embodying “the measure of both the things it describes and the language in which it describes them”, (Foucault. 1973: 114).

Fidelity and fixity are *de rigueur* in the operating gown worn by the body of medicine, embroidered with “a primary and absolute openness to things and rigour in the considered use of semantic values” (Foucault. 1973: 114). [Ac]counting by calibration and quantitative methodologies revolve in my mind. Feet dug in, lines and grids come to the fore [see-page 105: Fig 1]. Hovering shades of previous position[ing]s whereby selfhood is constituted in and out of language reflect off mirrorings already in play. Tallying up the Archimedes principle meters out mass/ cubic content through the act of displacement, but such side-lining of patients speaks volumes of quite another set altogether.

And yet semantically the sign slips on other dis-guises. In an effort to get the measure of it, let us look at the considerable balance of evidence on show. Will sizing up the meaning of the word ‘measure’ through a calculation of its vital statistics produce a better fit? And still we have some way to go. Stepping out with deliberated precision, paying close and



rigorous attention, sums up an average definition of observational fieldwork in qualitative methodology, for instance. Pulse rate quickening I-selves cling onto the threshold by my finger-nails.

Ah yes, echoes of shadow dancing to that insistent drumbeat tattoo, quicken the pulses with veiled imag[in]ings of that other heart beat reverberating through foetal form, forever [pre]scented, yet soon, on the face of it, forgotten traces, spin round and round. Vistas of giddy daze fetchingly reconfigure dazzling mien, gracing these light-headed textual bodies so becomingly, sound tissues pulsing. Multiple and anonymous discourse of others, not necessarily that of *an* Other, traverse this 'subject' from the very outset, [de]constituting and articulating a rift, in terms of

... the opposition between the negative and presence (between absence and position, or even between death and identity) - as it is splintered or dispersed according to the disquieting instability of the improper.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 128

What sets of interesting pairs appear in the indentations immediately above. My "T's" a-light on 'absence and position' where-in 'presence' is a-void[ed] and re-placed by 'position', an installation one little expects. And 'death' is coupled with 'identity' instead of 'life'. What gives? These particular juxta-positionings intrigue. Absence tends to imply the precise opposite of



presence “You’s” and “I’s” might well readily agree. But[t] the act of avoiding presence and embracing position gets right to the heart of the matter. What does position say about absence and what has absence to add to position? For the most part, re-siding in the unexpected and not-taken-for-granted the articulation of the pairs shimmers arrestingly steeped in reflective depth.

The identity of a sign teases our being beyond endurance. Already, before-now, bytes of death with identity surfaced on the dental cards [see-page 326: Fig 3]. However, the threads under tension stretch further. Thus a space emerges between the signifier and signified, which then requires [ad]dressing in terms of theory of operation. Distancing punctuates the mind cutting it in pain.

Eying up glance shifts to the virtual wordlessness of expressing pain, for instance. Lost for words, now gone missing, how is a person is pain positioned? To have pain is to have certainty, to hear that another person is in pain is to have doubt. How do we reach a realm of shared objectivity? Can we, in point of fact?

A wonder-bracket aside pains me - take my word for it. There is nothing objective about the pain experience, despite scales of varying complexities designed to measure it for medical purposes. Just why did I use that particular word, ‘objectivity’? Medical Intentional Systems act up and



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

define it for “You’s”. And what is more, why did I juxta-pose it against ‘shared’? Can objectivity be shared without the death of identity?

Out-lines of stretch marks reach right into the viscera of anatomical backspin lying exposed and apparently life-less on the pathology slab. Images of Foucault’s face surface in fragmented reflections from assembled scalpels. Compound eyes appear harking back to the praying mantis automaton, stalking Intentional Systems locked into non-articulation, not in touch [see-page 110: Fig 1]. The word ‘pain’ becomes a real-ized thorn in my flesh. This symbolic ‘wrong-figuring’ of subjecting third-person me to the medical consenting process, becomes my flesh feeling real pain, my skin and tissues subjugated to real feelings of altered sensations and my body experiencing real reduced movement in my left knee.

Describing the pain experience is extremely difficult. Most of the time we are in the realm of ‘as if’, which, of course, adds its own further dimension of doubt, to the phenomenon of trying to know what another person experiences. In order to understand somebody’s pain we seek to articulate the subject’s intentions, background assumptions, and the vocabularies used to constitute personal identities. But the danger is in articulating by way of third-person accounts in which we re-describe the subject’s language or action in terms that do not respect the integrity of the subject’s self-constitution. A rise in blood pressure is on my medical cards.



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Somehow, seeing and hearing have ‘to touch’ the other in the shadow dance, echoing to the heartbeat of the locus which is not one: the thinking eye. This Foucauldian colouring necessarily becomes momentarily fastened into the clinical domain, but my stance is that it can fabric[ate] an interesting *appliqué* to this as-sign~ation, nevertheless. Embracing its bias cut, reflecting on material spatially elsewhere, I will flow with it.

Thus armed [with the stethoscope], the medical gaze embraces more than can be said by the word ‘gaze’ alone. It contains within a single structure different sensorial fields. The sight/touch/hearing trinity defines a perceptual configuration in which the inaccessible illness is tracked down by markers, gauged in depth, drawn to the surface, and projected virtually on the dispersed organs of the corpse ...

... And the eye certainly does not have the most important function: what can sight cover other than ‘the tissue of the skin the beginning of the membranes’.

Foucault. 1973: 164

It can be aired and in part disseminated, for sure. As for appreciation, well perhaps that is on the cards. Although here the move is away from a generalised estimate and a taking account of, delving into a deepening awareness, bordering on comprehension as embracing an empathic stance leans suggestively towards sharing but always born of a knowing absenced from experiencing.



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

A wonder-bracket aside troubles me. What is the price the word appreciation hides within its depths? Not so much about masterfully giving permission, it re-sides more along the lines of allowing an other's experiences not of one's own. Spilling out into a re-cognition of another person's suffering a notion of 'belief' and 'truth' play at the margins.

But if individualistic idiosyncrasies of pain strut self-assuredly to the fore, has objectivity succumbed, relegated unceremoniously to backgrounded *mise-en-abyme*? Has subjectivity stolen its presencing, subduing its very substance in so doing? Does not the very act of distancing denote the denigration of the individualistic lived-experience? Can it be re-[s]cued by relating to re-flections on sharing? Empathy does not do it justice, but it does go some way. The ramifications of the juxta-position speak volumes, if only from the angle of questioning boundaries.

What is being revealed here in this garb[l]ed gap, this distorted duration, is a 'subject' who/which is pluralized, fragmented, invoked from the beginning by its linguistic or 'symbolic' (de)constitution. The 'subject' pre-sensing forth sports make-up of discourses, constructs of nothing more than a series of heterogeneous and dissociated roles, fractured endlessly in multiple borrowing. Is this not a mirroring - a mimesis - of the less powerful, typographically portrayed by a fabrication of 'standard patient' by a doctor, secure in the power of his/her knowledge and elite profession, at one with



the Word of the Father - making third agency decisions pre-dic[t]ated on probabilities.

Hence the urgent need for a serious purification of language and a rectification of fiction. Moreover, it is clear that if it is absolutely necessary to redress discourse in order to install it within truth, it is not first of all because it is a lie - but more fundamentally because it is fiction that *writes* the “subject,” that models it and assigns it an identity.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 129

And in that writing fiction itself ‘measures’ up. Engaged in an *essai-épreuve* celebrating the slippage of meaning, still I certainly do not condone let it all hang out. My positioning may well be read as *risqué* and far-reaching mirage, but it is no harebrained scheme, permeated with rabbiting on. Silently, signifier scrutinizes its silhouette in the looking-glass and is reassured by svelte form reflected back: phew, not stuffed and unfit then, but tantalisingly on form, that’s a relief. A little racy rigour number surfaces and lends a hand, brushing aside the cheek of anything goes. “T’s” and “You’s” need to interrogate the complexities between text and language. *Le mot* trembles on the [b]rink of utter absurdity, skating on thin sheer ice, those [t]issues of lies that freeze and wrong-figure. Yes, of course, if covered up in layerings of lying, the leaving of false trails, *le mot* is most unbecomingly framed into *le mort*: as *rigor mortis* sets in. Balance pervades



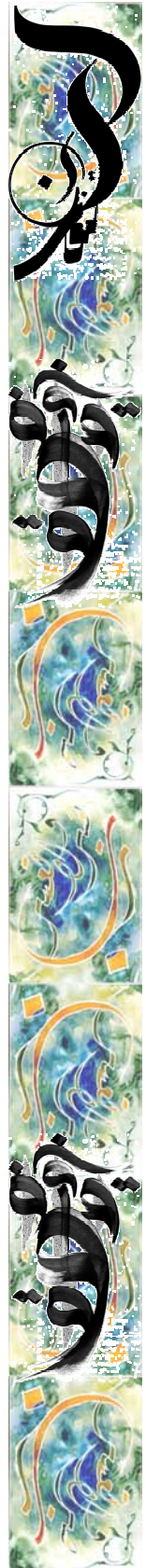
all, otherwise play plays up. In significance, but not, however, in-sinuating dis-*regard*, language slips into slinky sheer shifts spellbindingly sparkling in shimmering utter[st]ances.

[Ad]dressed in lingerie, selvages lace-edged, faces in the mirror, born of mimesis, layers of fiction fabricate, lying one upon the other, constantly displacing, pre-sensing forth. What robe does enunciation wear here in this *mise-en-scène*? The social space that is mimetism constituted in and of both subjective exchange and substitution, is delivered by story-telling in the oral tradition, for instance, a semi-dramatic genre being so appealingly becoming. Dis-placed “I’s” shadow dance ephemerally, presencing and absencing step out, spark[l]ing in authentication of an utterance. Mirroring gaze bespeaks being and fading as “a “subject” never *coincides* with *itself*”, (Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 137). Unveiled to

... the possibility of missing the imperceptible play by which a “subject” is always, and without knowing it, already fabricated by fiction. That is to say, “written.”

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 136

Similar but not the same slips between the screens, making faces.



Perplexing sounds.

Hemmed within and without by language, as we are, can we unravel our tortuous forms a little, through an enquiry into 'being itself'? Does that offer an outside of language?

If there is more to language than we acknowledge, an elusive "something" that confounds its representation, then the "outside" of language, thought, and representation, may be caught within the folds of its own expression, inhabiting "the being-language-of-language" that entirely exceeds the word/concept, "Being" or "to be."

Kirby. 1997: 25

What is going on here? Is de-construction sore and biting back? Teeth on edge, a re-lapse looms imminent. There is no being outside of language, there is not language, there is language, and they are becoming as one. Is presencing ceded by non-sensing? The sign irreverently resists our pins and tucks to its definition, capriciously eluding us. But fit is all enveloping as we dart to other contours of this body and ask questions as to how the identity of the sign is produced. These other outlines pre-text a dynamic process of differentiation, given that we are enveloped in a language system. Being transparent, born of being figured out, besides b[e]aring being of clouded absence, born of covering up, balks at nonsense.



Redress to contrasts and distinctions markedly conceptualizes ‘identity’ in value-dress. Value and signification, however, are distinct costumes. A text[ile] coupling, vibrant through the binary oppositional forces of the relationship of foil and dissimilarity on the warp, together with expressions of similarity through comparison and association on the other, that is weft, weaves the fabric that forms value. Stealth stalks. Sultry exchange skulks behind this mask, ergo, being eclipsed. A word is not staid but deftly dynamic; not stand-offish and self-enveloped but interdependent on other related encompassing terms; its very signification and representational accuracy intertwined in language itself. Thus

... if “differences carry signification” and “signs function ... not through their intrinsic value but through their relative position” (Saussure, 1974: 118), then it may be granted that language involves something more than the concept “representation” normally implies.

Kirby. 1997: 29

Indeed, it does. Sharp eyes bear witness to mimesis, leaps of faith launch to the parts that the sceptics cannot spell [see-page 195: Fig 2]. Time dimensions torment me, similarly, those space dimensions plague me as I-selves come face to face in the mirror with the look-alike of the thickness of the paper itself [see-page 30: Beginnings], embodying the space which fragments, folded and folded, layer upon layer: be they signifier and signified or conceptual contextual locations. But relief swells undulating



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

into sight, preening in the looking-glass of pastiche, the stretch marks sewn by sequinned me-selves shadow dance on.

Marks stretch and reach for other horizons, borne of beyond me-re base material, dancing in fascinating fantasies of alluring hue-and-cry fabric-ation to ex-tend and pluralize pro-mise, but, nevertheless, keep a toe-hold on the in-step of articulating being hu-man for-getting being real-ized.

Turns.

But locus larks around, acting up, being both-or-[h]and the ‘paradigm of the mirror’ and the paradigm of *Darstellung* [see-page 229: Fig 2].

But it is rigged, a trick paradigm - a trap consisting of an artfully masked hole into which Heidegger, in a certain way, cannot avoid falling. ... I (“T”) mean that all of this is perfectly legible: there are signs, and the “accident” does not occur without leaving traces.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 89

And indeed, bugs do clip my style, from time to time. In the act of clambering out of that S-bend invariably traces of [k]nit-wear stick tenuously in my hair. The cotton top features a ribbing stitch to garment edges, hemming and casting it into a tightly fitting shape. Designer snags in the system lurk everywhere, and, most especially in those S-bends, I am so



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

at pains to draw to your at-ten[s]tion. But, in my wonder-brackets aside, reg[u]ard[ing] ribbing's non-*malheur* face, it can be recognized plainly for what it is, purling punctuations of "if only's".

One such trace hovers around the 'ruse' of what is made and who is making it, not in the [pre]sense of work done, but in presencing forth to reveal. Sequinned me-selves are the who of the making whilst the telling space is the what that is made, born of punctilious pulsing to non-sense for-getting punctuation in [h]and with spellbinding deferrals shadow dancing. Other thrilling becomings frill and froth forth.

Lacoue-Labarthe links 'ruse' to the Greek 'tropos' or turn and, eureka, the trope of the mirror (the reflection trick) spins the threads of speaking, bare[ly], of *Darstellung* except in terms of *Herstellung* [see-page 61: Fig 1]. The emphasis shifts, being displaced from the producing subject to the product. Ah yes, look! Baudrillard's *trompe l'oeil* stares back unblinkingly.

Mimesis and alterity, however, beckon backhandedly at the thresholds of levels of matter-becoming-PhD substance. Of course, that is assuming "I" can 'measure' any abstract presencing by artefacts of adjustment and callibration, and, in-deed, I not only can [k]not, but in the spirit of medicine woman, I absolutely must not in order to avoid treading on my own toes. So, even though I am not wearing 'threshold' as graspable quantitative

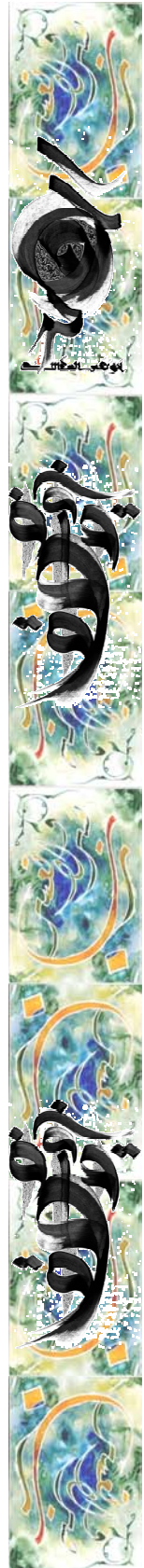


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

delineation, I need to be understood, and being, for the moment, level-headed, I merely point out that I use ‘threshold’ as fluid toe-hold, to gain fleeting purchase in my currency exchanging extolling flux of notes, ephemerally to the tune of sound[s] bytes and chords of contra-indicated echoings. Reverberatingly,

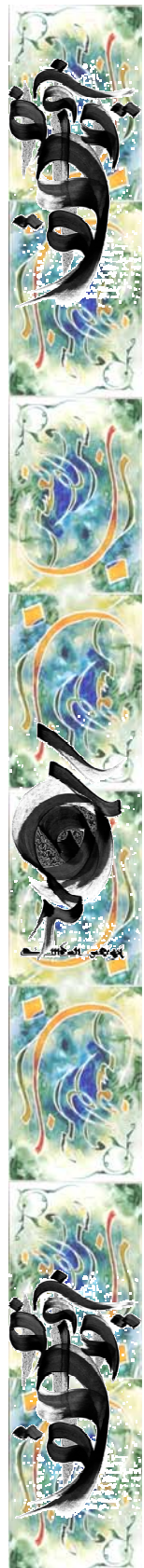
... lost, yet perhaps not uncomfortably, between so-called levels of reality which are levels of reference, cross-reference, and, “as often happens in the exotic world of spirit,” of all-of-a-sudden altering landscapes ...

Taussig. 1993: 122

be-muse the eye as topology rears up again. But is it mountain or molehill? Built of stacked slices [see-page 155: Fig 1]?

... the process of opening the optical unconscious to the surgeon’s hand entering the body and cautiously feeling its way around the organs. For there is, as Georges Bataille would insist, great violence and humor here as a tumultuous materialism is ushered into modernity’s epistemological fold. The taboo is transgressed, the body is entered, the organs palpated.

Taussig. 1993: 31



Like a medicine man or ritual specialist, or whatever the discursive construct appropriate here, I-selves demonstrate the transformation of reality, it is not enough to possess the ability to copy it. Thus chanting

“You are being changed, you are becoming medicines.” The verses are redolent with this strange sense of continuous becoming as the “description” - i.e. the copy - engages with the thing being described so as to bring out its spirit.

Taussig. 1993: 106

Backspinning to contorted dis-figurement for a moment, I could construct a case for the Surgical Audit process. Stitched up in Intentional Systems acting up [see-page 110: Fig 1], pouring over and continuously chanting praises again and again to the normal distribution curve, the surgeon devotee worships at the altar of validity, es-caped in faith, whose trussed security is swathed in its being a part of mainframe of the bell-like configuration, rather than the accident-prone alterity conferred at the margins.

‘Becoming’ is looking decidedly dis-torted. Cauterized in constraints of reg[u]ard, in one sweeping movement the consultant strides out along the seized straight line, ignoring the selv-edges, suiting up as automaton. The irony of the curve lacking svelte curvaceous de-Sign is not lost on me-selves. But what of “You’s”? Will “You’s” figure it out similarly?



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

As medicine man, he fails, hoodwinked by operating masks adrift over his “I’s”. The ‘becoming medicines’ vista for the surgeon urgently requires revamping in the light of my clear “I’s”; cosmetic surgery looms if the visual evidence from the X-ray plate is anything to go by. Sharp scalpels decisively cut off the offending dog-eared tags leaving s[k]in smoothly alluring and blemish-free. This brings into question my methodology, “I” gasp, at some pains to persuade “You”, my reader, to my ways of thinking. Methodological scalpel in hand sequinned me-selves lay claim to that state of ‘will have been’ [see-page 65: Fig 1] expertly fashioned my PhD corps in a similar exquisite [ad]dress smooth and spot-free. Can I-selves alter its shape from one that is [b]lurred to another of becoming curvaceous contours, shimmering in shadow dancing? As medicine woman, tending to the well-being of my PhD body, I me~rely comment that corporeal contours are proving to be reliably svelte - in my “I’s”, of course.

Contact kicks in. It both helps and hinders us. No shades of the praying mantis lurk [w]rite-here. Contact restores the balance removing the scales from the eyes. How can it not with its singular perspective on presenced foreground feeling absencing, touching on backgrounding? But a variant of touched and touching stitches us up at the same time over how a distinction can be drawn between imitation and contact, for example, as ex[er]cised out in the process of fingerprinting. The question is not simply a re-presentation of a finger in an other medium to the person convicted of a crime on this



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

evidence base, the fingerprint is his/her utter embodiment, completely under the thumb of the Name of the Law, the body under which sentence is passed.

Image and contact need to interpenetrate, seeking to touch in siting, and yet I will delve deeper by using the word 'in-citing' the in-between spaces. What in-sight does this hold for this thesis? The telling-space alights with the sparkle of time and space warps of seized becomings so fetching thrilling svelte weft in-sinuations interwoven through spellbinding into the shimmer of becoming other. Fluently infiltrating filigree fabric-a[c]tion whether of poeisis both-or-[h]and calligraphic c[l]ues to provide just two examples, fluidly the ephemeral shadow dance goes on in the interstices of mind those gaps.

Desirous of gaining academic credulity, by virtue of PhD award, I under-[w]rite my thesis body to the operating table under epistemological scrutiny, from external and internal examiner gaze. The textual body is opened up as glances raise capital in-vestments, depicting academic credibility, under corpo-real skin. The investigatory process begins. But this is all speculation on my part with regard to the examiners' utter[st]ances, and shall remain that way, as I re-fuse to even con-temple floating on the ceiling of the theatre room of operations, in an out-of-body stock exchange experience, on the basis of a third person agency.

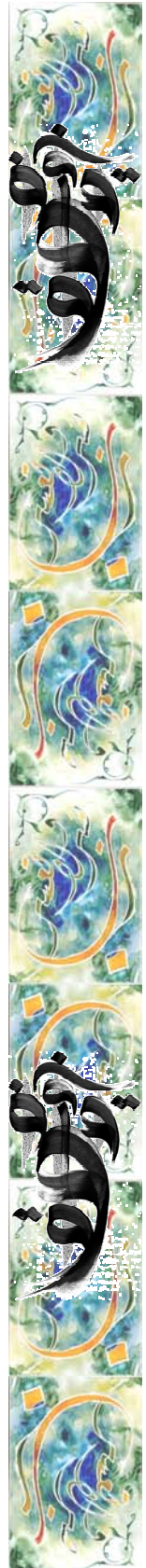


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

Subjugated now to currencies of commodities bring flashbacks of [a]hems of third person agency glancing off my reflecting surfaces.

What mean streak is this? Where can I turn? Intriguingly, eye cite I-selves immediately in the alluring fascination of the 'turn'. I turn, seizing being svelte me-selves, becoming spellbound other. Back-up glimpses in the looking-glass loom large - and here I refer to that in significant re-mark of ∞ wherein lies the grasping footprint 'S', interlaced with overlying replication, that re-production in that volte-face form of gasping pre-sense, suffusely shimmering back and forth from the ephemeral mirrorings. But, in just one spun moment, I-selves find "T" turned yet again. I write of what is seen and what is stealth and, thus, not-seen, I write of what appears and of what does not but is masked, I write of what reveals itself and of what dis-simulates and fades, and, in so doing, "T" can be installed within the realm that is visible, and, quite singularly, "T" am becoming *theory*.

Is this the turn of events? Which me-selves am I figuring on, and which are being covered up? Which "You" reader selves am I figuring out, and which am I figuring on presencing, begotten from fading out? "It is a matter of trope, "of the way of going about it"," (Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 91). How do I go about producing this, who is making me, why do I do it this way?

The question of the trope (and there is something necessary in this) redoubles itself immediately; it implies its own duplication - it is at the



same time a question of *Darstellung*. Still, in order to see this, we must not disregard even in the “insignificance” of its detail a certain *fictioning* of the text (of the dialogue, if it is one), a certain *Erdichtung* which is its *Darstellung*.

Lacoue-Labarthe. 1998: 91

A wonder-bracket aside worms its way in write here. I call a halt to time passing. The telling space of one year and one month spans a certain time-frame between social spaces. Firstly, the tentative footsteps on paginated text[ile] labour towards my PhD body’s birth, and, later, that social space where “I” find me-selves reading Lacoue-Labarthe’s text[ure] of “Typography”, and fast becoming desirous of rewriting it to suit me, through the looking-glass interstices of playful intertextuality. That telling spanning space from thesis body’s parturition “I” choose to herald by headings I quite deliberately deter-mined to call ‘instalments’, resolutely rebuffing the word ‘chapters’ as being undesirable. That telling space span is spinning; it turns. ‘Instalments’ [of Figs 1,2, & 3], that word I seemingly plucked from the ethereal horizons, enveloping me, becomes real-ized. Me-selves, taken by utter surprise, read mirrorings of similarity between my work-out and that of Lacoue-Labarthe’s, albeit as seen through my sharp eyes, naturally.

But is it ‘naturally’? In the sense that an enquiry into sight un-covers a personal perspective, part of which is peculiar to me, not you, it most



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

definitely is. But ‘sight’ is not seeing both cite/and site if “T” cannot share it with others, if there is no fugitive common core to connect the “You’s”? Since “T” seem to relate and communicate about my world around me, I clearly of the opinion that “T”, as svelte figure, hold that centre, seized close to my heart. Then of course there are the prosthetics that act up as accomplices to my seeing - ‘ah’, those contact lenses able to re-f[r]act rai[ment]s through intertextuality, but are they best fit for “You’s”? Still, “I have ‘naturally’ in my sights, since if the lenses do not suit, looking-glasses alluringly framed can focus on the reading matter in hand, sizing up my positionings under scrutiny and dispute. Sequinned me-selves sparkle in delight at such infinite potential. Vistas of “if only’s” re-mark[ably] stretch sinuously beyond, seeing becoming horizons.

Veneers of exteriorities crowd right in, up-front in being super-im~posed, yet, in surface relations [b]link interiorities into foregroundings of colourful sub-textualities. Icon-figs [ad]dressed in grey-scale in-front belie those from-behind rapt in colorations, giving pause for thought, presencing presumptions made perhaps preemptorily. Corset[ed] stays of where boundaries of fore- and background exi[s]t are fastened fast in vice-like “Tiff” with the loosening of t[r]ies to con-form underwear to such restrictive underpinned in-vest[e]ments. Positioning comes to matter, seemingly, that of contra~in-dic[t]ating those set up, pre-conceived selvedges, turning instead to making up dynamic [f]low and highs of [a]hem lengths of selva[d]ged inter-facings. Material cut on the bias swirls



Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints

resplendently of promises yet to become, celebrating the extra-vagant being of the locus which is not one, the [k]not of the “Tiff”. Behold, not at all in dis-chord after all, but outside of such, in point of fact, inter-posed into this extra-vag[r]ant social space, dis-guised as Mac software entity to fashion the frill of becoming something other. At heart, no dis-juncture signals dis-sension, but, at the very core, eloquent articulation is the rhythm that is sound. Dance on.

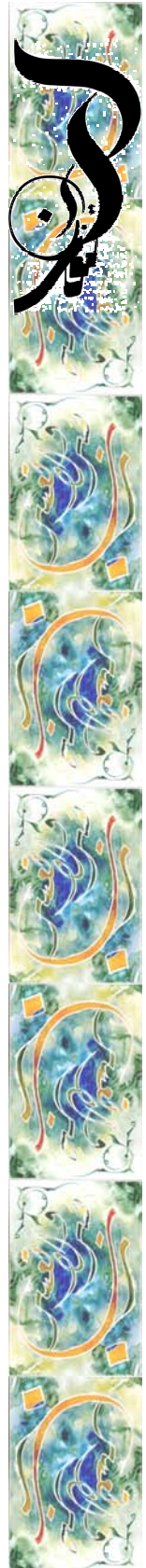


Fig 3 - Slipping on footprints