

# Sheffield Hallam University

*Organisational Encounters and Reflexive Undergoings: A Speculative Weaving in Three Transpositions*

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Organisational Encounters and Reflexive Undergoings:  
A Speculative Weaving in Three Transpositions

Debbie Michaels

Transposition II  
*make*

Behind a mask  
Is that just  
my projection?



Organisational Encounters and Reflexive Undergoings:  
A Speculative Weaving in Three Transpositions

Deborah Anne Michaels

PRACTICE SUBMISSION – TRANSPOSITION II

in partial fulfilment of the requirements of Sheffield Hallam University  
for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

Culture and Creativity Research Institute, Faculty of Science, Technology and Arts

March 2022

*All work attributed to Debbie Michaels unless otherwise stated*

# Contents

Transposition II – <i>Make</i>	01
HUNG OUT TO DRY	03
MOMENTS IN TIME	09
I'M ONLY HUMAN	13
TWELVE WEEKS: TWELVE HOURS + TWELVE HOURS +	19
Set up a situation	20
Prepare the set	24
Document the production	30
Experience the situation and myself <i>in it</i>	41
<i>Session I</i>	46
<i>Session II</i>	52
<i>Session III</i>	58
<i>Session IV</i>	64
<i>Session V</i>	70
<i>Session VI</i>	76

<i>Session VII</i>	82
<i>Session VIII</i>	88
<i>Session IX</i>	94
<i>Session X</i>	100
<i>Session XI</i>	106
<i>Session XII</i>	112
Notes	121

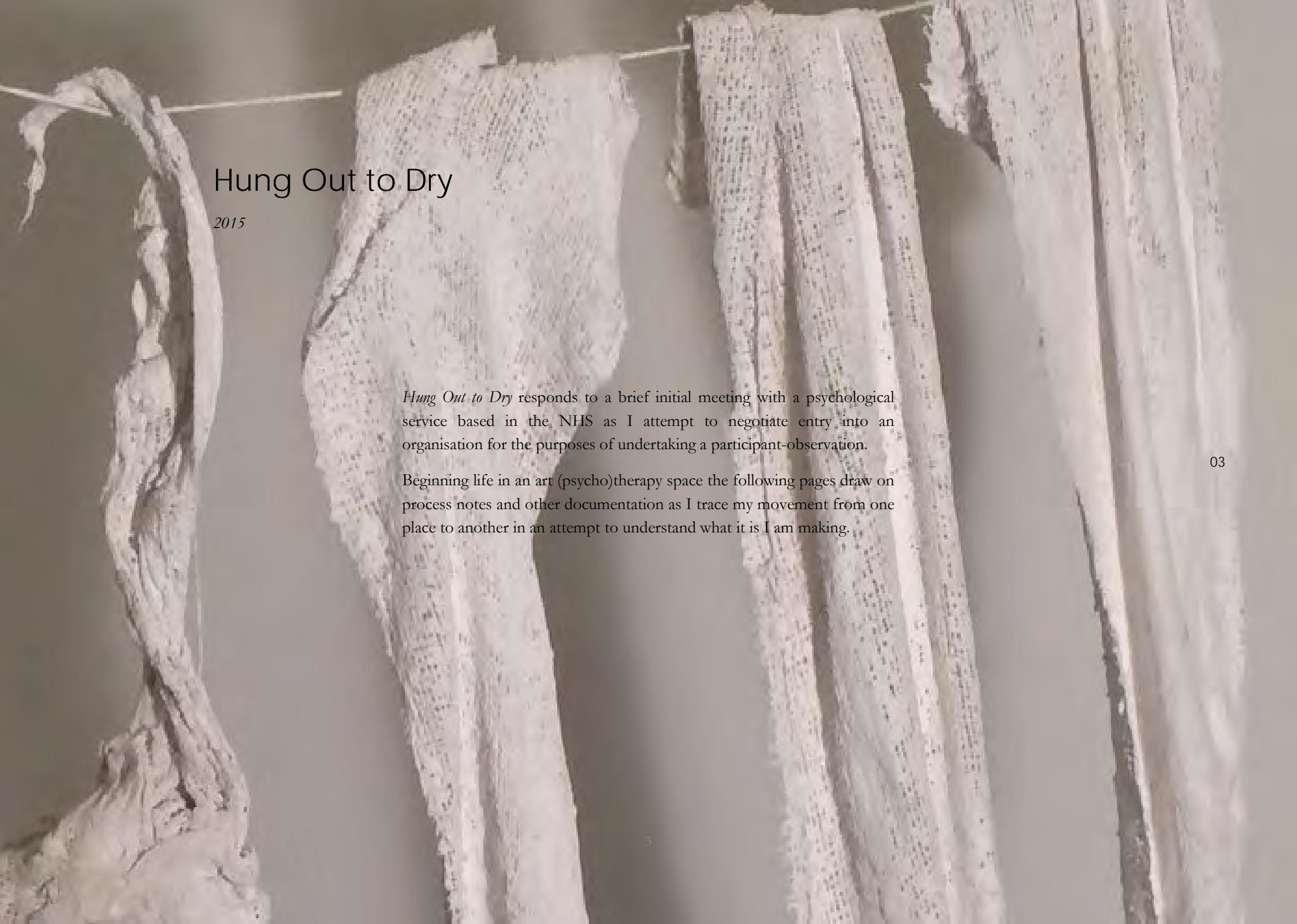


## Transposition II – *Make*

'Transposition II' weaves together approaches from psychoanalysis, art (psycho)therapy, and the fine arts as I assemble frames *through* which to experience a healthcare setting and myself therein, and redirect attention from the organisational site to the studio as site of *making*.

Moving between institutional and disciplinary sites, organisation and studio, inner and outer, I document and articulate my embodied experience of the research situation in a multi-layered artistic response *through* works such as Hung Out To Dry, Moments in Time, I'm Only Human, and the Twelve Weeks: Twelve Hours + Twelve Hours + project.





## Hung Out to Dry

2015

*Hung Out to Dry* responds to a brief initial meeting with a psychological service based in the NHS as I attempt to negotiate entry into an organisation for the purposes of undertaking a participant-observation.

Beginning life in an art (psycho)therapy space the following pages draw on process notes and other documentation as I trace my movement from one place to another in an attempt to understand what it is I am making.

04



*Not sure where to start*

*I stand in front of the materials*

*Wait for something to catch my gaze – my attention*

*For something to resonate inside*

*Paper doesn't feel right*

*Needs to be something textural, handleable, malleable*

I have no idea what form you will take – not sure why I choose you, Modroc, as a material, but you draw my attention.

I cut you up in lengths and, dipping you in water, scrunch bits together. Gradually, you begin to reach out, curving around at the end. I feel you stiffen and, leaving you on the board, cut more pieces – stretching and pulling at the wet plaster as if to cover over the holes, to plaster over – smooth – the rough texture. Following an impulse I hang the other parts of you over the washing line that spans the room below the ceiling. Wondering what it is I am doing I try to connect the bits of you together, but there is only *FRUSTRATION* as nothing fits together in a way that makes sense.

You seem most comfortable hanging over the washing line, but there is too much visual distraction. I pick up the part of you that remains on the board – cold and hard in places, but still warm in others, as if alive to my touch. I feel an urgency to hang you somewhere I can see you more clearly so, following another impulse I carry you to the adjacent room that shares a boundary wall with the art (psycho)therapy room – a studio space I have begun to prepare for my research.





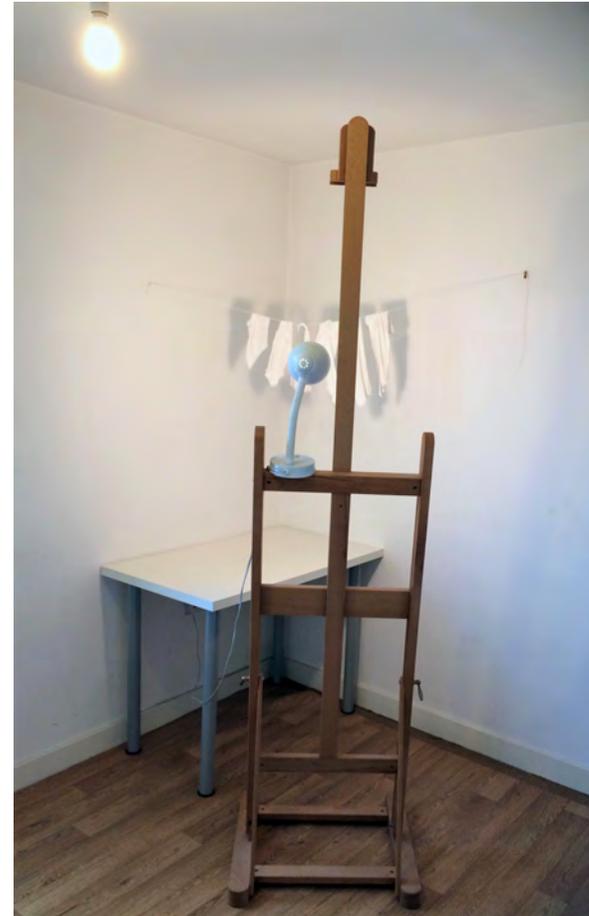
Stringing a line between two nails already in the wall, I move between the spaces slowly transferring your pieces and carefully hanging them in this new situation.

*you look a little ghostly hanging there,  
as if you are the  
remnants of something*

A further impulse to shine more light on you. I grab the lamp that lies on the floor. It throws your form and texture into sharper relief, but I can't move around freely when holding the lamp so, dragging over the easel that is in the corner, I balance it precariously on the easel's shoulder. It is only then, as I stand back, that I see you in a new light, both as an assemblage – part of a larger construction in which I am implicated as maker – and a performance which embodies the transfer, or transposition, of my practice from one disciplinary space to another.

*I wake in the darkness of the early hours with an impression in mind of the bare lightbulb that hangs suspended from the ceiling – hidden from view in other photographs.*

*The rigid frame of easel dominates the foreground. The scene changes to one of interrogation where I am the unseen interrogator and you – the subject of my examination – are hung up and powerless under the spotlight I have put there.*



07

HUNG OUT TO DRY, 2015

*Easel, table, desk lamp, string, picture pins, Modroc, suspended lightbulb*

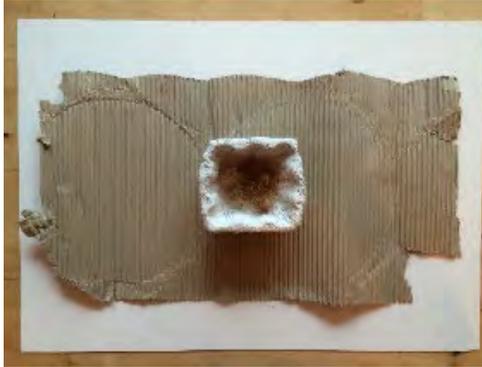




Moments in Time

2016

Snapshots of 'something' in the process of becoming – not in response to anything in particular but nonetheless related to the work I am about to do.





A photograph of a bird's nest, likely a species of wren or similar small bird, built in a shallow depression in the ground. The nest is constructed from a complex arrangement of dried grasses, twigs, and other natural materials. The bird is visible as a small dark shape within the nest. The surrounding ground is sandy and light-colored. The overall scene is captured in a close-up, slightly high-angle shot.

I'm Only Human

2016

These fragmented recollections and woven reflections respond to a ninety-minute preliminary scoping exercise in a stroke rehabilitation day centre, prior to commencing a twelve-week participant-observation, the aim being to get an initial *feel* for the situation.

Confused by the feeling that ‘nothing much seems to be happening’ I *make* in an attempt to make some sense of it, recording my thoughts as I go. The title *I’m Only Human* is borrowed from the song track *Human* by Rag’n’Bone Man, and the lyrics ‘don’t put your blame on me’ to which I find myself singing along.<sup>1</sup> Sometime later I weave a voice recording of thoughts expressed during the making process with a written reflection on it (see page 17).

A reading of the interwoven text can be heard at  
[www.debbiemichaels.co.uk/only-human.php](http://www.debbiemichaels.co.uk/only-human.php).

not a lot 'happeninn'

overwhelmed and anxious

boundaries pushed

the team know I'll be here

familiar and unfamiliar

'cold outside, but warm in here and at least we have the telly'

slippers and shoes

thank you letters

photographs of staff team

space more crowded than it used to be

a hug

'not supposed to talk to her'

*I watch her struggle to get her arms out*

*torn between helping her and maintaining my position as observer*

*hard just sitting*

flurry of conversation

'naughty box'

slow pace

patients don't move around

staff move

not a lot 'happening'

*as if I want things to be 'happening'!*

'are you on your own?'

*the patient asks*

'I just didn't want you to be on sat on your own'

right leg flops into position and the knee bends in

arm hangs down 'withered' as if not much use

nothing much happening!

'I'd fall asleep if I sat there'

will the same people return each week?



I'M ONLY HUMAN, 2016

*Cardboard carton, 1mm Copper wire, 40mm wood match sticks, steel wool, ginger coir, straw, twig, string 55×35  
Hand-written documentation, voice recording, 5:27 minutes duration*

Where to start *I'm working with some thin copper wire the wire I really didn't know where to go when I started this all in a tangle at one end I manage to find the end I've got these matchstick-like sticks which are about an inch long an end actually they're longer 40mm long to start with on the table wrapping around small wooden sticks in front of me wrapping around one then another and I've been wrapping the wire and another stringing them together around fairly randomly these sticks as if they mark a point on a line and then I've got this filling from a cushion every so often I wind the wire around two or three sticks I'm aware of what a relief it feels together the white fluffy cotton wool-like material grabs my attention just to be doing something with my hands soft material used for stuffing cushions I really don't know what I'm doing material that came out was pulled out by me I don't know what relation this has to my visit to the organisation this morning now pushed onto one of the sticks is suspended on the wire Is it more about me a move that I repeat further along the wire because I'm feeling completely overwhelmed and again the wire wool very different in texture soft but harsher and I've got this mass of tangled wire*

*in front of me leaving remnants of my interaction with it and one strand that I've managed to free up an end all over the table a strand that I'm working on tiny fragments of its construction and make up and it keeps getting caught up and there's this tangle of stuff I cut a piece of the folded mass of wool which is which I keep loosening up with my hands held in place with a wrap of the wire there is this feeling of nothing a twist around the centre not with this piece but this morning pulling the material taught again what's happening suspended what's going on hanging is it going to take me anywhere at all along this thread of wire there wasn't a lot happening the end the other end of which is lost in a tangled mess I found*

the container just broke a bit there finally a left over remnant of string holding things is wrapped around the structure with a bit more like more pegs on a washing line I turn the container on its side keep going to hang on the wall all tangled wire wool the contents not thinking where I'm going with this the innards threaten to fall out I just have to believe somewhere in what I'm doing it's freed up but they don't some of the material on the wall a big knot the materials in the middle of the wire that overhang the edges cast shadows it's got stuck at the end but it can't stay there for long I've just got to carry on just carry on it will surely fall

*the television quite bizarre actually had this programme about self-harm I'm not sure whether anyone was watching it I continue along the wire it kept catching my attention more sticks are caught in its grip because I thought it was just a snippet a tiny piece of wood but then it turned out to be something much longer a scrunched-up collection of straw-like shreddings joined together I was wondering what it may have felt like for the people there connected by something I was just trying to fit something in I look to the scrim and it's fallen out and the wire mesh small pieces of which are entwined the scrim I'll stick with the sticks wrapped enclosed by the mesh I've pushed the sticks through trapped it's almost like cotton wool held tightly then also suspended by the thread of wire I'm just getting a bit of wire wool I seem to be wrapping things at the moment a twig is put to one side for possible use stringing things together then a box becomes a container*

*trying to string things together for the pieces that are tentatively held I really don't know if this is more about me in some kind of association to one another at the moment I feel like I don't know where I'm going in the box or what I'm doing the wool is pulled out more thinly pulling the this wire out reminds me of hair more natural fibre stuffing is added to the mix and I feel a bit paralysed I'm just going to cut a chunk off the remaining wire wool is pulled out I'm just pulling the threads out in the wire before scrunching it together and laid in pieces over the top bits of it fall out all over the table the cardboard container am I going to be able to untangle this having been broken at its four corners so its strength is compromised I feel like I know where I am with my clients and my supervisees I feel like I'm doing something worthwhile the twig is threaded underneath and the wire is cut I'm thinking why am I doing this the end left hanging I seem to be looking for things to attach to outside the boundaries of*

... don't put your blame on me!



## Twelve Weeks: Twelve Hours + Twelve Hours +

For this project I assemble frames from psychoanalysis, art (psycho)therapy, and the arts, *through* which to observe and document my experiences *in*, and *of*, a healthcare setting. Setting up a twelve-week participant observation in a stroke rehabilitation day centre, I document my embodied experiences *in* and *of* the research situation as I prepare for and perform the task – weaving together impressions, emotions, thoughts, ideas, and materials in a multi-layered artistic response.

The title of the project reflects the imposed constraints of one hour a week ‘observing’ in the healthcare setting + one hour a week ‘making’ in the studio, over a period of twelve weeks, at a regular time and in a regular place. The ‘+’ at the end refers to the additional work of ‘undergoing’ as I work *through* the experience and its affects.

## Set Up A Situation

Based on a model of psychoanalytic observation, the participant-observer sets up a twelve-week observation in an organisation, during which time the observer visits the site for one hour, once a week, on the same day, at the same time, and observes themselves *and/in* the unfolding situation from the same seat each week.<sup>2</sup>

20

Expanding *on* and deviating *from* the method as I bend and reshape it, I repeat the hour observation adding one hour 'making' in a studio space (away from the organisation) after each observation hour, at the same time each week – an immediate transfer of one experience to another, without any break or mediation except coffee and setting up the camera and audio equipment to document the performance.

Opposite

Hinshelwood, R. D., and Wilhelm Skogstad, eds., *Observing Organisations: Anxiety, Defence and Culture in Health Care*, London: Routledge, 2000, p. 22

...achieving particular objectives. Above all, the observer  
to get a sense of the atmosphere of the organisation and  
specifically on the day, and the emotional quality of  
ved. Moreover, s/he needs to gauge the unfolding  
as observer, witnessing the activities, the pull to join  
e feelings of approval or disapproval, of like and  
fleetingly pass across his/her mind. In summary  
keep an eye on three things: the objective  
l atmosphere; and his/her own inner exper  
in the psychoanalytic setting would be  
these areas of observation together refle  
'culture' of the organisation.  
invited more or less pressing  
the food that



Objective events  
*what is happening?*

Emotional atmosphere  
*what does it speak of?*  
*how does it feel?*

Inner feelings  
*subjective/aesthetic response?*



**one hour observation**  
*of the organisation and myself in the organisation*

**one hour art-making**  
*in a studio space*

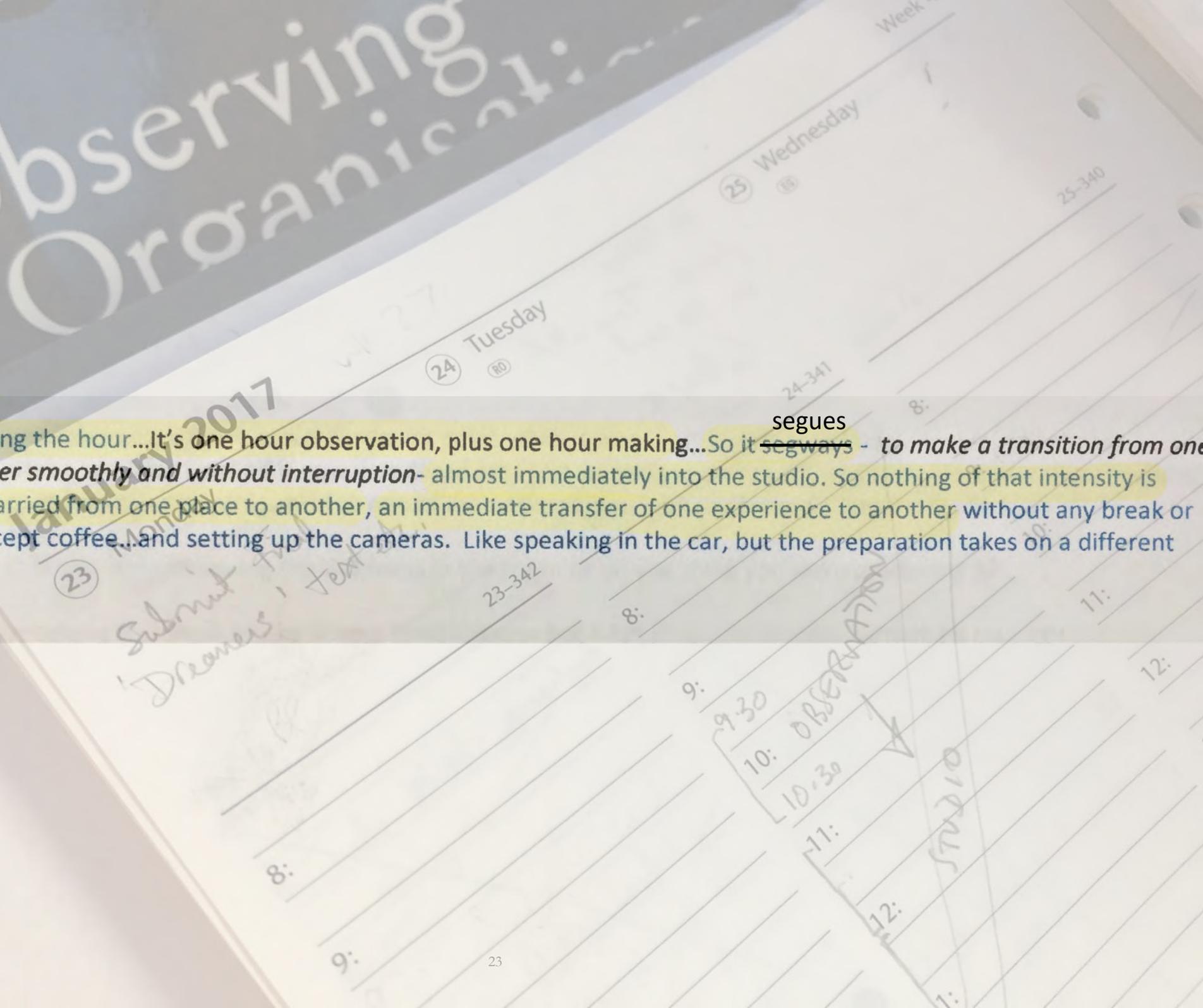
**one hour a week**  
*over twelve weeks*

**one hour a week**  
*over twelve weeks*

# Observing Organical:

SK: So, repeating the hour...It's one hour observation, plus one hour making... So it ~~segways~~ <sup>segues</sup> - *to make a transition from one thing to another smoothly and without interruption*- almost immediately into the studio. So nothing of that intensity is broken...it is carried from one place to another, an immediate transfer of one experience to another without any break or mediation, except coffee...and setting up the cameras. Like speaking in the car, but the preparation takes on a different form.

Yes



## Prepare the Set

I imagine an experimental zone – a stage set for a private theatrical production – bounded by time, space and physical and emotional material that enters the space.

8 & 9  
Dec 16

## Thinking about Method

### Constraints

Working with what material I bring into the room

Restricting myself to only that

Might bring in something from outside I want to work on, or just see what emerges (like therapy)

Think about what materials I have in the room

Where do I do it?...in the art therapy room or the other

space?...more of a blank screen, but less familiar...and no sink!

Where do I put the boundaries/constraints around the space and myself?

Look at what happens if there are points when I want to leave the space...

Just working with what comes into the space.

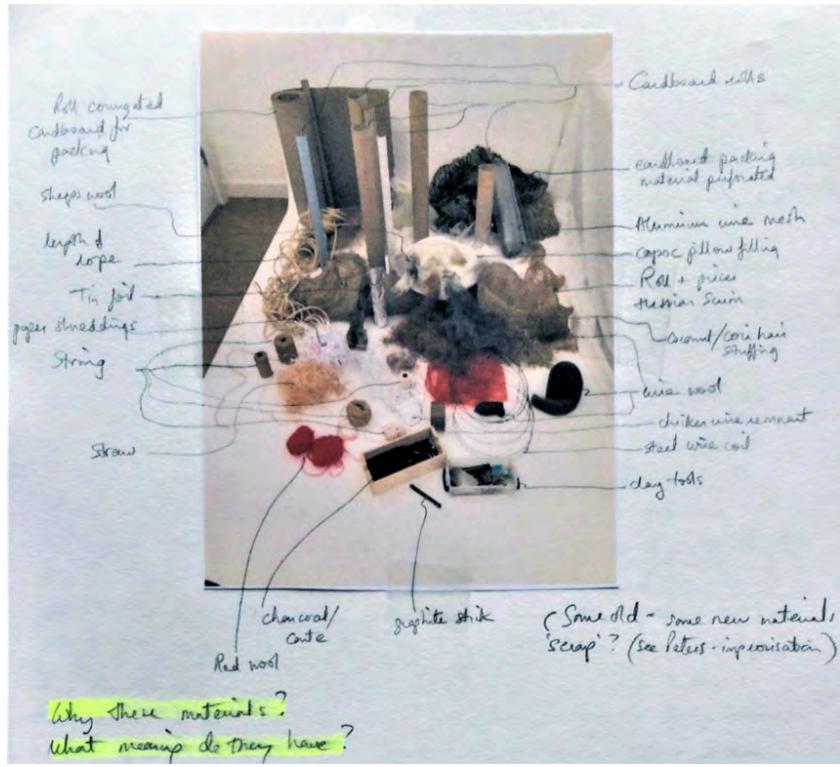
Do I move between the spaces when working?



The studio (approximately 3.3m × 2.6m) is separate from, but connected to, my art (psycho)therapy room via a boundary wall.

In one corner, seen to the left, a video camera sits on a tripod with an audio-recorder mounted on the adjacent wall. To the right, another camera is set to take time-lapse photographs at five second intervals. Its wide-angle lens encompasses most, but not all, of the paper backdrop which extends out along the floor, protecting the integrity of the space, acting as a surface on which a drama may be enacted, and anticipating a desire to move the work – whatever that is – outside the studio at a later date. Adjacent to the paper, above the table, hangs a clock to mark the time.

Materials gather in boxes, bags, drawers, and on a set of shelves, above which hangs the residue from two early impressions, *Moments in Time*, and *I'm Only Human*.



Other than modelling materials such as clay, wire, and Modroc, and some drawing materials, much of the 'stuff' comprises left-over bits and pieces – scraps, oddments, and tools gathered from various places over time – 'things' that might come in handy such as: a desk lamp, hammer, set of pliers/wire cutters, Stanley knife and, finally, a white sheet





### **11.12.16**

The page, the paper, offers a space for mapping thoughts, holding, noting, linking, language

### **14.12.16**

#### **Different ways of documenting experience at ARC**

Thinking early morning about using a heart monitor to record my heartbeat/rate while doing observation at ARC

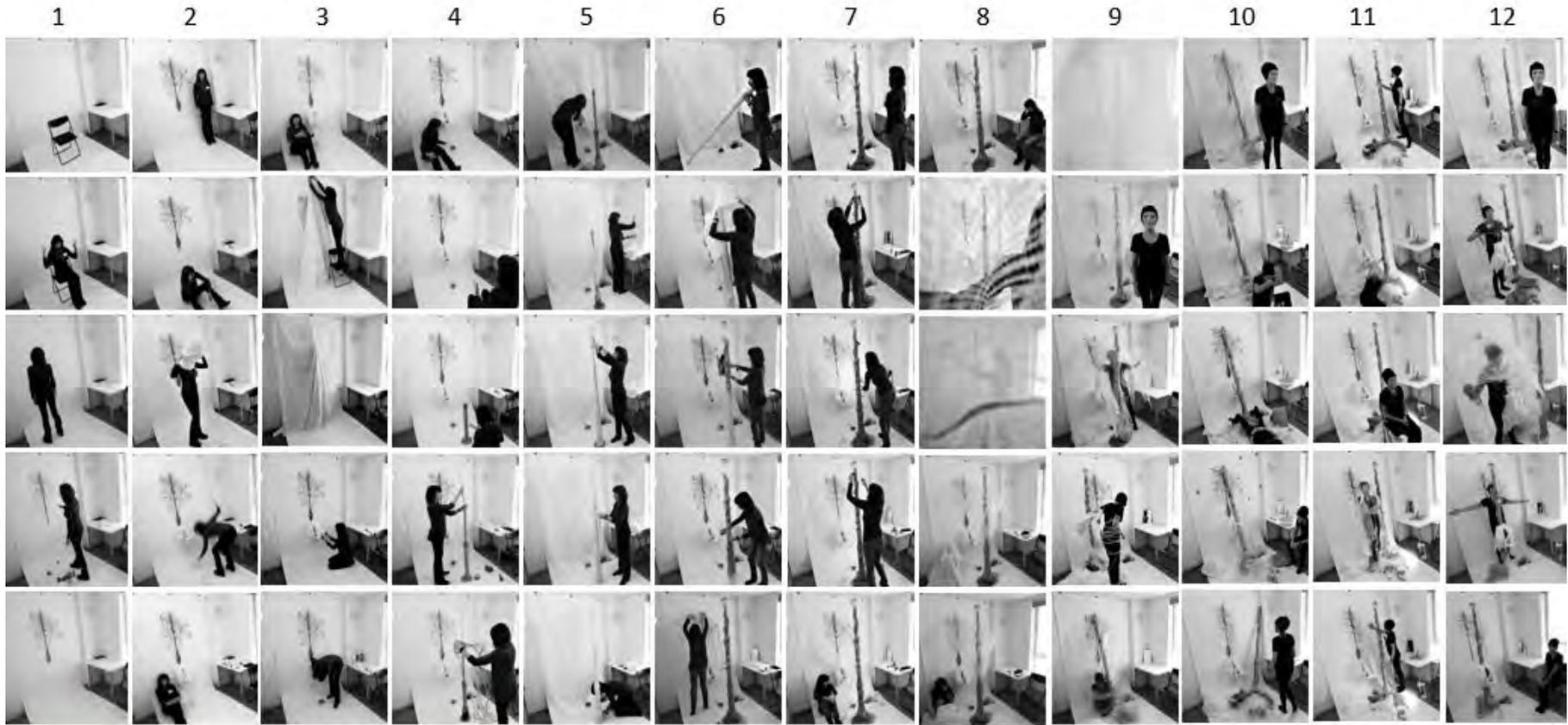
Methods of unobtrusively recording aspects of my experience

Pencil on paper recording movement whilst I sit? Similar to Jane Grisewood Ghost lines?

Also idea of heart monitor...**recording changes in pulse/heart rate**...aspects of my experience I am not aware of?

Following the psychoanalytic model, I write up a record of each observation, putting down all that I recall and ordering it in the time sequence of the actual observation, so far as this is possible.

Before doing this, however, I transfer my experience immediately to the studio, recording what is enacted with time-lapse, video, and audio equipment.



*I really didn't understand it initially but it was as if all the sounds just merged and I couldn't hear – couldn't pick out any words*

*it just became the noise and the noise became quite overwhelming and senseless*

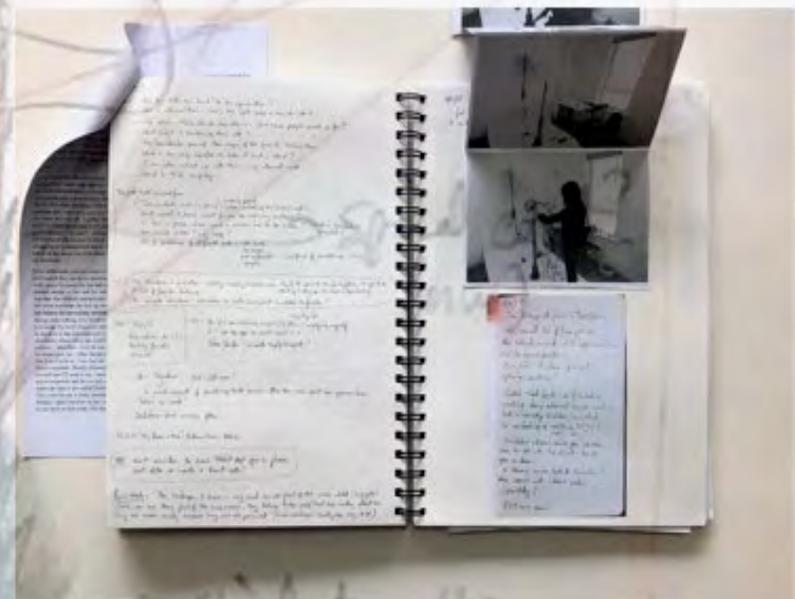
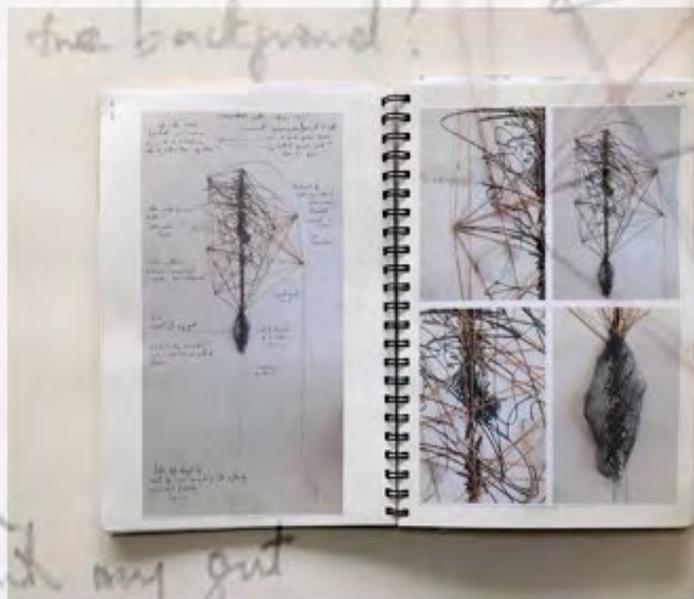
In addition to 'writing up a record' of each observation, I expand my Research Journal to include thoughts and associations *between* sessions, photographs of the residue left after each studio session, and annotations to these which, in turn, transform them into drawings.

brain

lines  
travelled



Is the bubble  
making a non-verbal  
noise in the background?



on a  
level with my gut

initial thoughts  
of a stone  
(man)

Mind/body connection?  
like most-dense web of  
fibres -

a question  
date?

From week two, I record my thoughts and feelings before each observation, a practice that becomes part of a regular routine.

*It's a strange process this talking out loud – talking into a recorder – but somehow it seems a lot more authentic if that's the right word. Well, it is capturing what's more immediate [...] what's in my mind at this point – what's coming out of my mouth.*

## Pre-obs 2

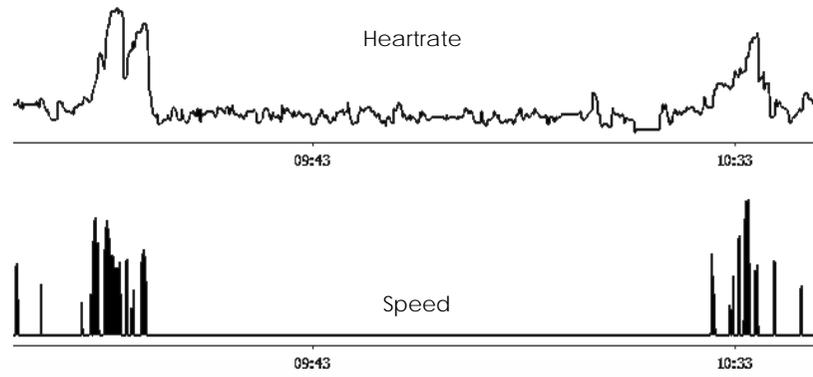
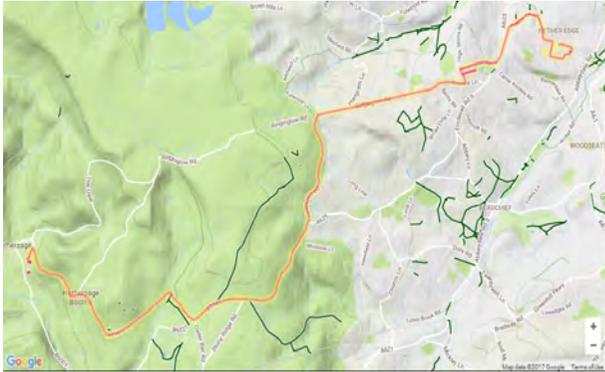
### 31.1.17

I'm sitting outside the building in my car this morning

Its currently... (laughs) I can't see the time... its 08.54 on Tuesday 31<sup>st</sup> January 2017... so I'm waiting to go in um to start my 2<sup>nd</sup> observation my second sitting... there is a different kind of anxiety today from last week which was the first sitting... it was really intense last week and in between times I've been doing a lot of thinking about it... it was a bit like a ... felt a bit like a client who that had got into my head... that had got into me... it was hard to put down... and thinking about this (clear my throat) I've got 12 weeks well 11 more including today... I need to find a way to be able to leave it in between in between times otherwise it is just going to be a bit too much I think... the intensity... so I'll see how it goes today... I'm planning to do the obviously do the observation and go to the studio and make something um... it will be interesting to look at the the kind of wall drawing I guess um I have an image of wanting to have a of standing next to it next to it myself against the wall next to it... I think afterwards I'll so that will be for an hour and then I'll probably go and get some lunch and maybe sit and write it up ... what's happened during this past week of course is I've had lots of thoughts about it in between times I've tried to keep a note of some of them in my notebook um which seems to be a kind of holding space for images and photographs and notes, writings, but I think I need to limit how much I try and do in the interim week and do the series of observations and then um and then look at the material... its too much to do it... the intensity of it surprised me... I feel like I'm using that expression a lot... as I'm sitting here in the car I'm realising that um well I realised on my way in it kind of came to mind how my analyst actually lives in the same road its

37

Using Fitbit tracking technology I map and trace certain aspects of experience outside conscious awareness including heartrate, speed, and journeys travelled, downloading the data and reworking it.





## Experience The Situation and Myself *In It*

*24 January 2017 – 11 April 2017*

The following pages offer an *impression of* and *feel for* the research situation as I experience the rehabilitation day centre and myself *in it* for one hour a week at a regular time and place over twelve weeks, transferring attention from the organisational site to the studio as a site of *making*.

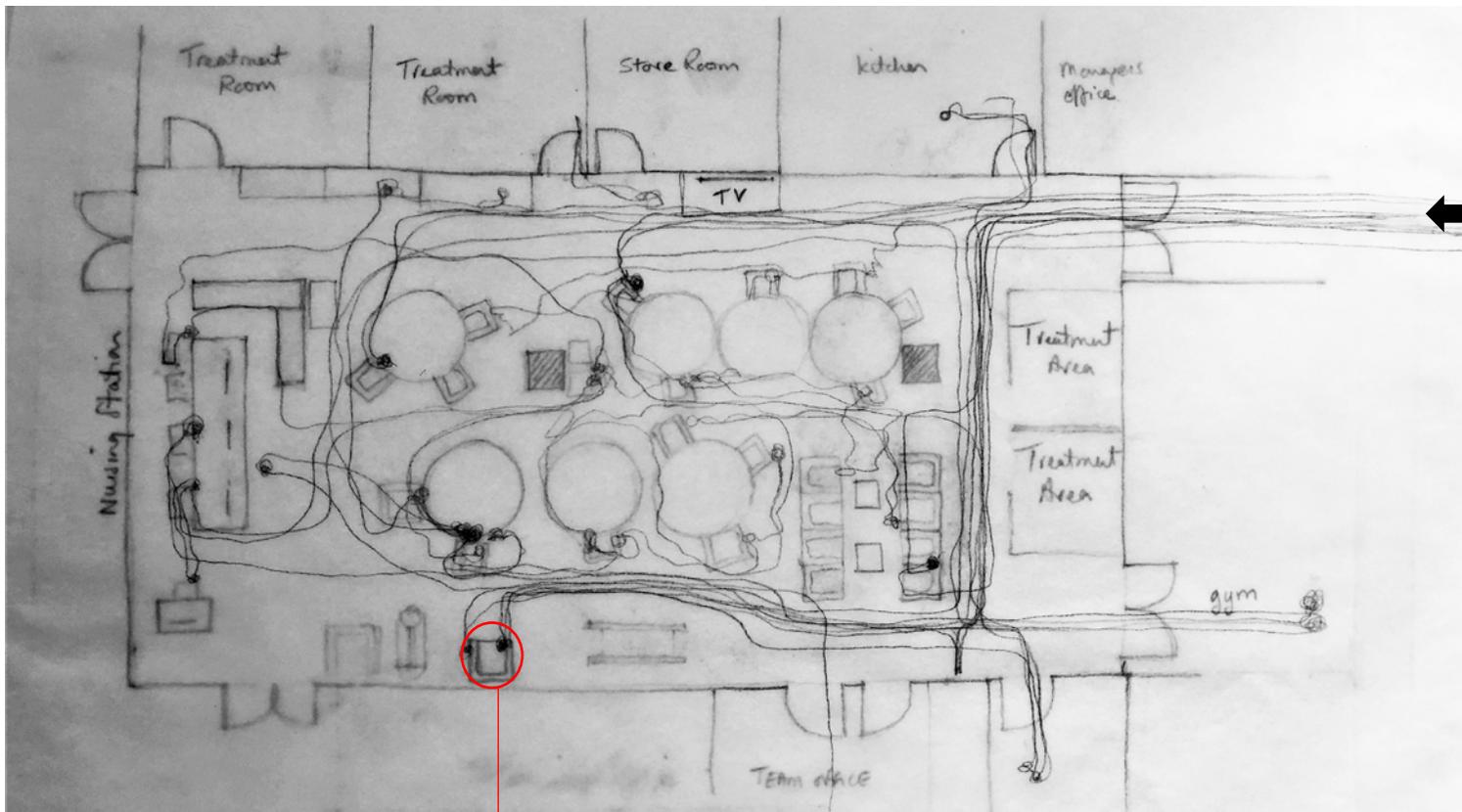
After describing the pattern of my movements each week, I present a series of impressions drawn over twelve weeks through the various documentary lenses described. These do not offer a complete or accurate record of happenings and events. By its nature, all documentation is selective, incomplete and abbreviated. Rather, in weaving together these fragments I present aspects of my sensitivity to a complex situation around which thoughts may begin to gather.

left dangling -  
- not connecting with anything



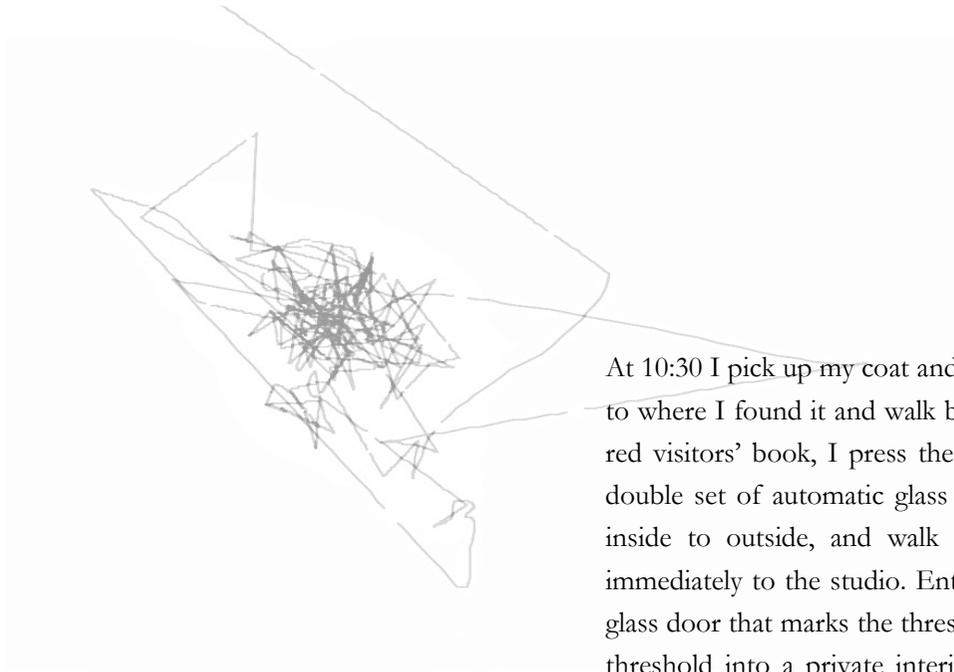
## Follow a Similar Pattern Each Week

Switching on my Fitbit tracker I leave home at approximately 08:40, driving the twenty minutes or so it takes to get to the rehabilitation day centre, and arriving shortly after nine o'clock. I park on a residential road close by and, waiting for the appointed time, record my thoughts on my i-phone – a weekly ritual that develops unplanned. I stop at about 09:20, leave the car, and walk down the concrete ramp and through the double set of automatic glass sliding doors that mark the threshold from outside to inside. Entering the reception lobby I sign the red visitors' book, then, turning to my right, walk down the corridor, past the toilets and various rooms, through a further set of double doors into an open communal space filled with circular tables at which patients gather. Turning to my left I walk past the screened treatment areas, soft seating, and gym, picking up a chair as I pass by. Turning to my right, I continue past the team office and a set of parallel bars placing the chair down against the long wall of floor to ceiling windows near the nursing station. Leaving my coat and bag by the chair I retrace my steps back up the corridor to visit the Ladies toilet before returning to settle at 09:30 – to sit for one hour experiencing the organisation and myself *in* it.



Observer position

Annotated layout  
*Pencil on paper, overlaid with pencil on tracing paper*



At 10:30 I pick up my coat and bag and, retracing my steps, return the chair to where I found it and walk back up the corridor. After signing out in the red visitors' book, I press the green button on the wall, exit through the double set of automatic glass sliding doors that mark the threshold from inside to outside, and walk up the concrete ramp to the car, driving immediately to the studio. Entering the building through a different set of glass door that marks the threshold from outside to inside, I cross a further threshold into a private interior space, locking the door behind me, and unlocking the studio space within – a space separate from, but adjacent to, my art (psycho)therapy room. After making a cup of coffee I check and set the cameras and other recording equipment. At 11.15 I close the studio door, switch on the time-lapse camera, video, and audio recorder, clap my hands to mark a starting point and, within the constraints of time and space, begin to work with the objects, materials, and things I have placed in the room for my use. At 12.15 I clap my hands to mark the end, switch off the recording devices and download the time-lapse to a video format which I transfer to a USB stick. With a different camera I take 'still' photographs of what remains on the paper backdrop and pack up the equipment.





**I**

24 January 2017

*Getting a feel for the place*

*nervous excited anticipation*

watching the clock

University ID

reminders of earlier times

presentation of something

'I hope you didn't hear?! I was explaining that you weren't doing anything - but got cut off'

TV

'Homes Under the Hammer'

different accents

some voices stand out

'hello trouble'

the chair swallows her up

*feet don't touch the floor*

transfer to another

patients sit patiently

staff active and talkative

*what is my role?*

'cup of tea?'

to be (a) patient?

*how pleasant it feels to just sit*

*to not be rushing*

slow pace

dependency

*uncomfortable*

48

there one minute

gone the next

*the chair - as if she isn't in it*

from time to time a strand of knitting hangs down then jerks back up again to disappear

*back feels uncomfortable*

*sadness*

walking frame

off to the 'gym'

*empty chair*

difficult to shut out

TV noise

*nausea*

Homes Under the Hammer

pockets of sound merge into one nonsensical, meaningless noise

*overwhelming*

*disorienting*

*nausea passes*

painfully slow

*the noise in my head subsides*

*she shuffles back one foot in front of the other*



*I didn't know I was going to do this*

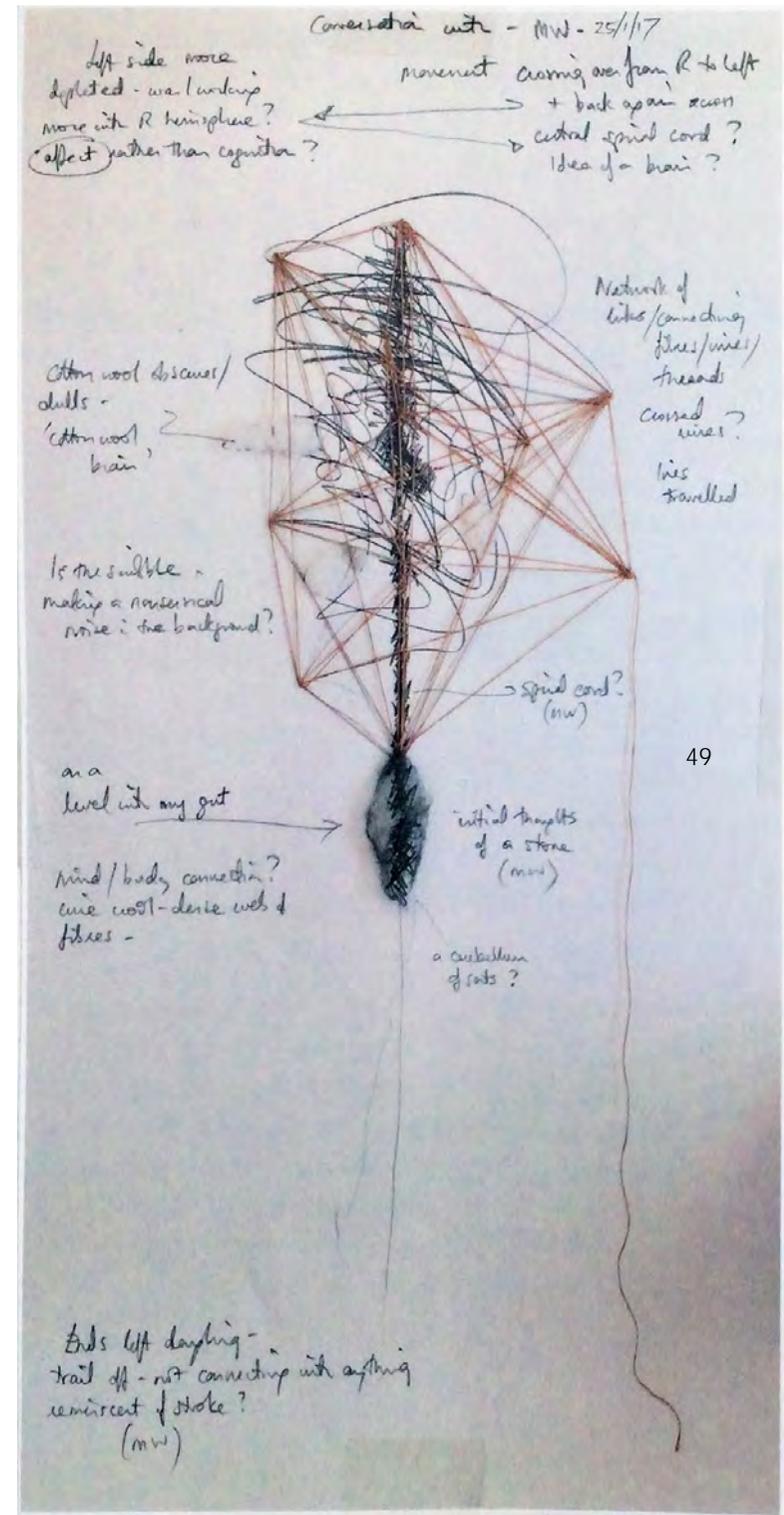


*I wasn't expecting to be looking in this direction*

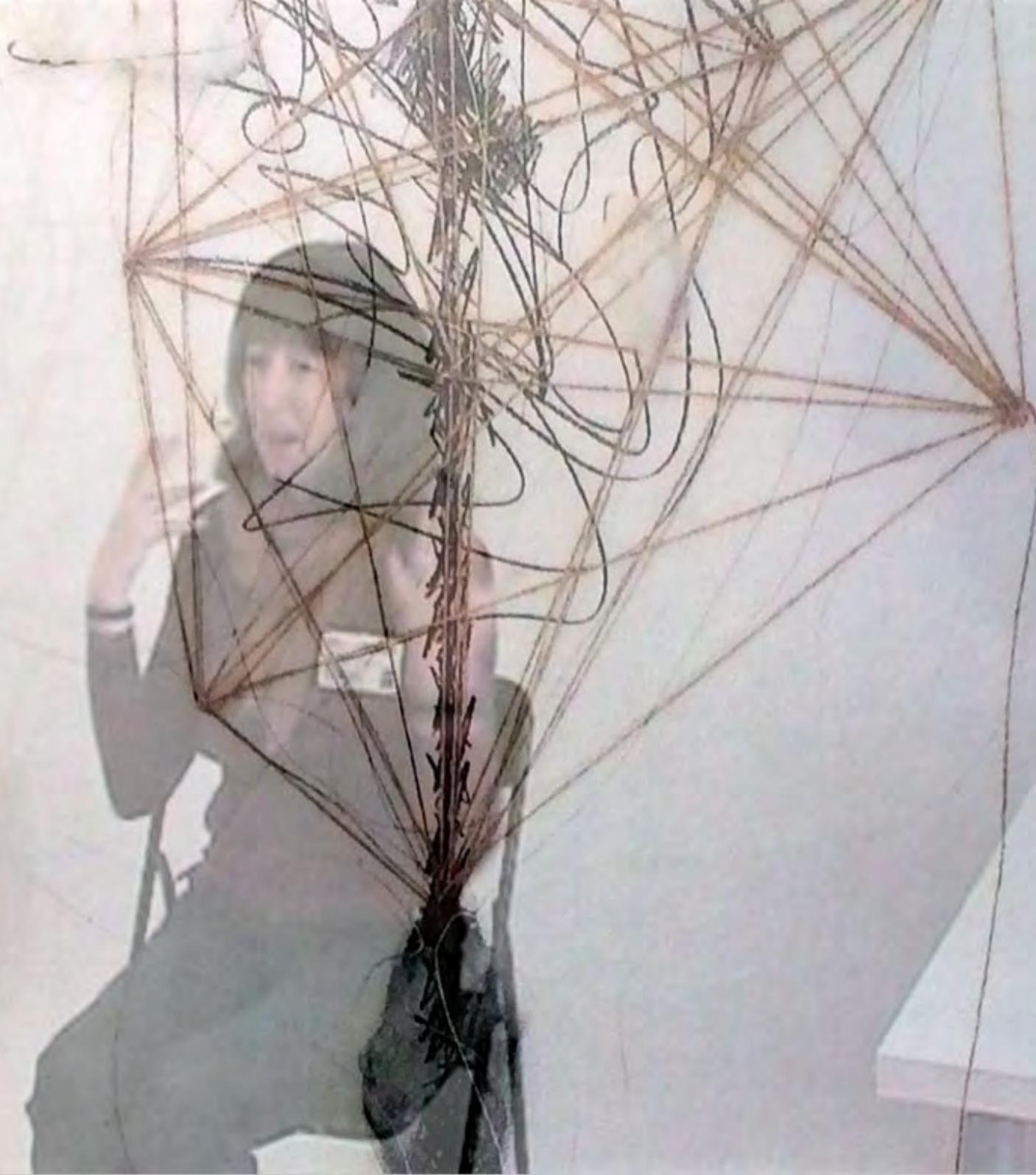
*I was expecting to be facing the other way*



*I hope the camera and recording equipment are capturing this because I can't repeat it*



Is this just  
my projection?



Process as emergent rather than cognitive - from the inside / just feeling / following my intuition rather than planning ahead with intention?

Then afterwards wondering whether the interpretation was too early? although in the context in which I was working seemed very relevant.

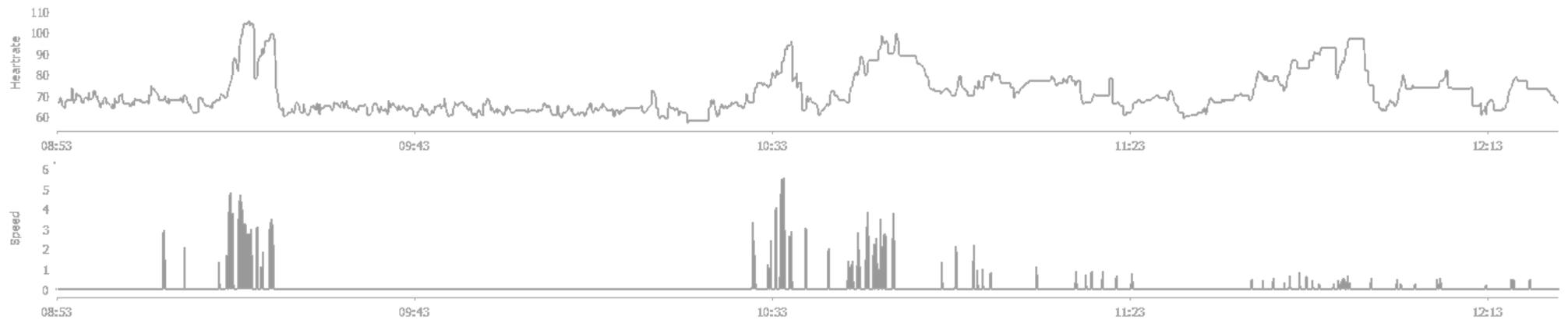
Something suspicious -

**II**

31 January 2017

*It's You – Your Attention – Being Present*

*Listening, not Interpreting*



...day...but I am not realizing that I will stop recording...it was interesting...  
...that will stop...I don't know...it was interesting...  
...mechanisms for holding...containing...  
...an I'd had ideas...of drawing over the tracking...  
...load names...on and um so it is possible to locate where...  
...ty and confidentiality...that I'm just mindful of at t...  
...it will produce anything...I'm possible to locate where...  
...points in the observation of significance I don't kn...  
...audio...the observation of significance I don't kn...  
...hammer...homes under the hammer...  
...hit on the head...the recording ends - suddenly cut off

as if something got into me

hard to put down

carrying something difficult around

I need to find a way to leave it in between times

too much

the intensity

*surprised me*

mechanisms for holding

recording

containing

*losing track of time*

talking out loud

capturing what's more immediate

stroke

massive trauma to the brain

disrupts connections

pathways and links we take for granted

53

emergence

from the inside rather than outside

hammer

homes under the hammer

hit on the head

the recording ends - suddenly cut off

jerky movement

left leg drags

*feeling conspicuous*

loud voices

broad accents

'hello'

*I respond in kind*

difficulty with co-ordination

men and women are separate

in different areas

TV volume

lower than last week

conversations behind a desk

holidays

a flurry of activity

the noise levels increase

parking

concerts

then quiet

as if people are tiptoeing so as not to make a noise

being quiet for a baby – hoping it will sleep?

*tired*

a part of me wants to sleep

54

'you look tired...'

*the nurse says*

or is it a desire to shut off?

'I am'

*he replies*

'not sleeping well'

frustration

going backwards

'one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight...'

...one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight

*the counting breaks up as she loses the rhythm of her steps*

...one, two, three...

...one, two, three, four, five...'

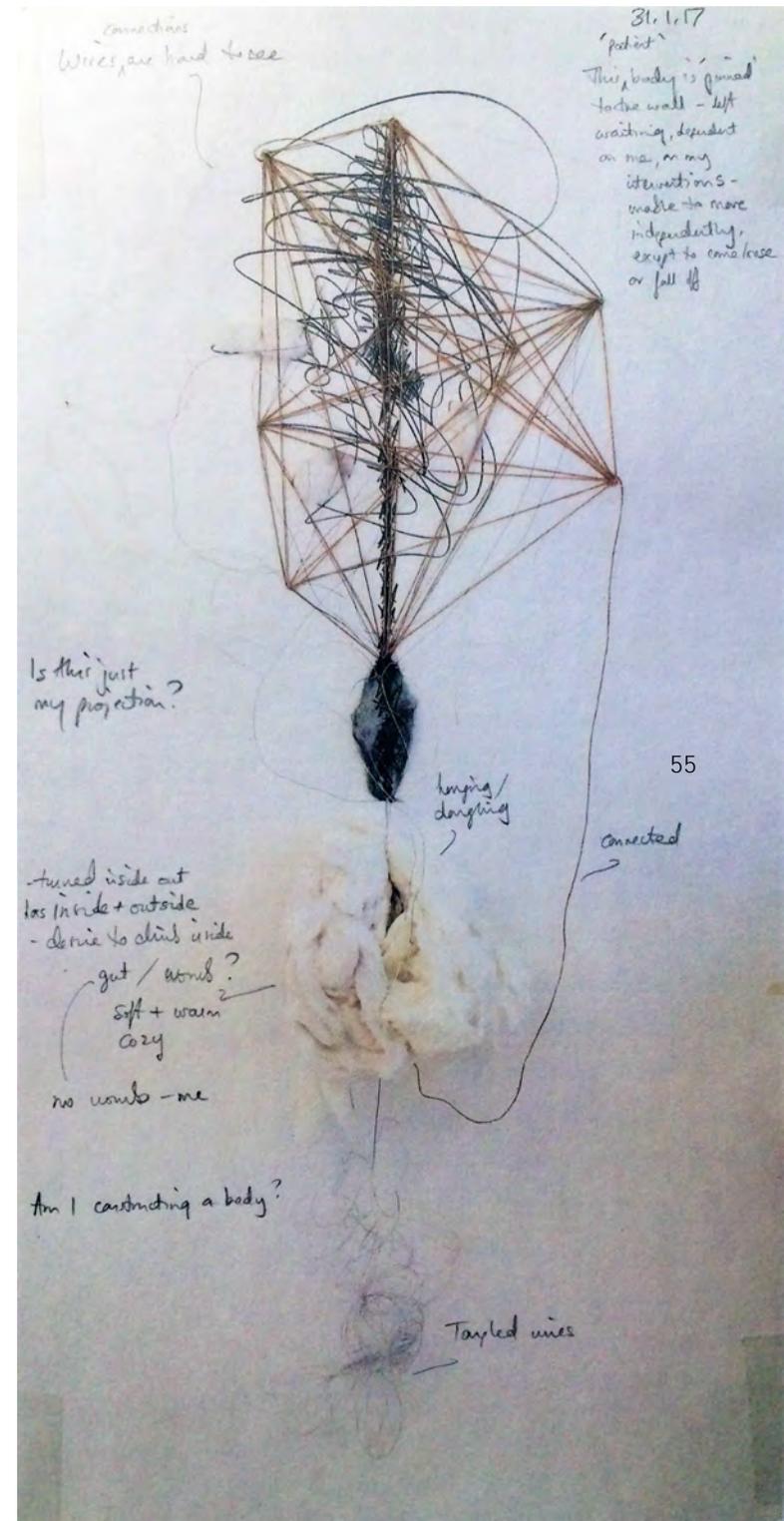
'they have time for you'



*I want to make it more secure  
to hold it there*



*I want to get inside this*



... on some level (12/10)  
tuned inside out  
inside + outside  
... distributed about it - perhaps that  
define to climb under  
got / womb?  
soft + warm  
cozy  
... too small for the chair  
no womb - me  
... Sense of helplessness  
... sticky substance.

dangling

connected

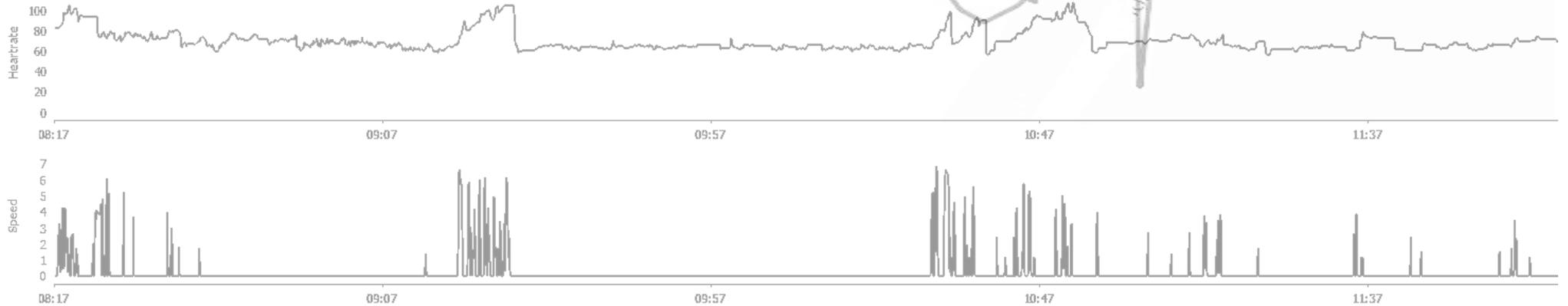
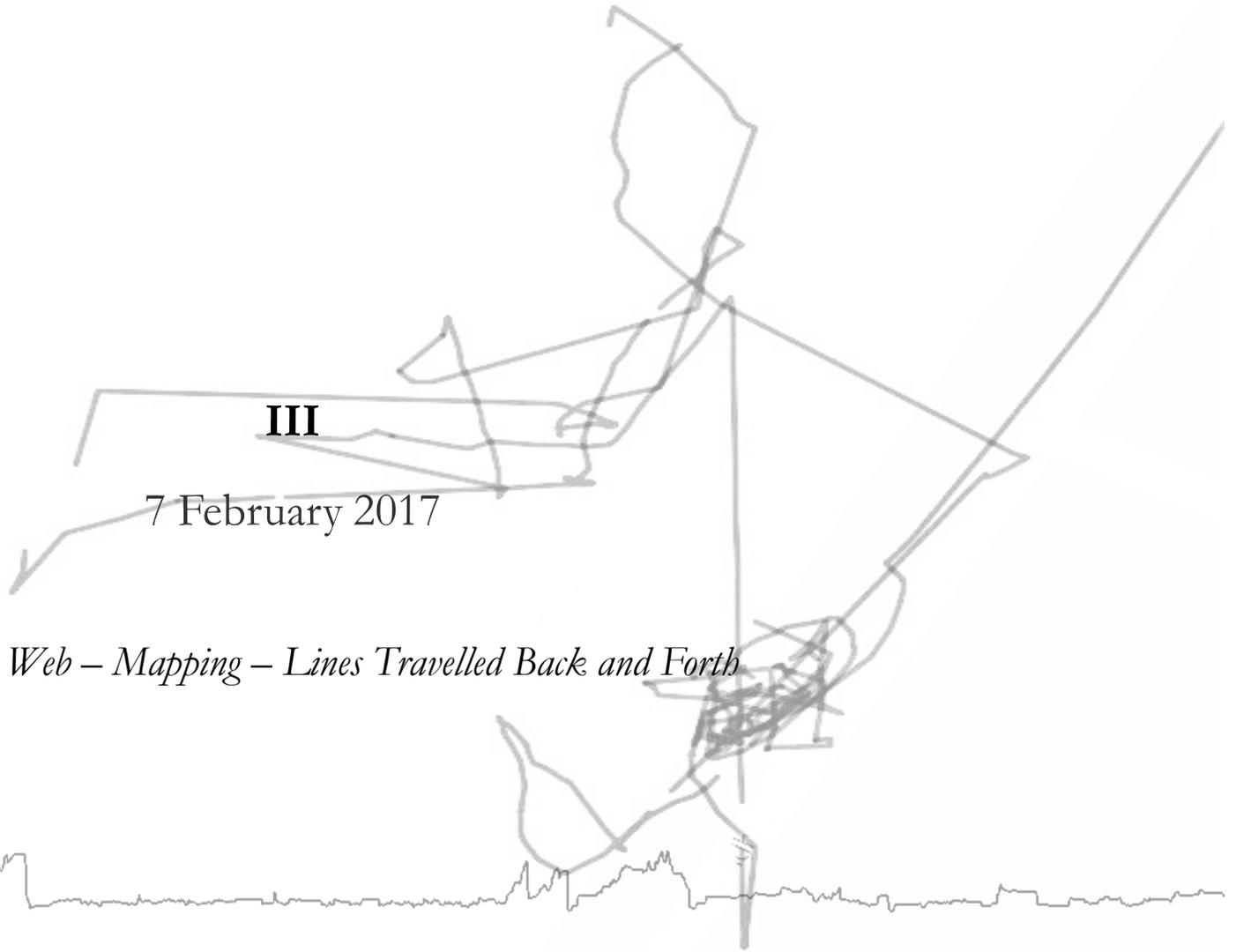
56

The sympathic link between my inner world + the inner world of others -

My inner world will influence how I see the outside + understand it.

An ordinary human capacity for understanding the world of another.

- Processes of unmaking and re-making - unravelling + putting together again -  
deconstruction + reconstruction.
- Relationships between my inner world + the organization.
- Was the experience a cutting off? dissociation of sorts?



ook and...I gue...  
nt...disrupted my preparation i some...I over the...  
when I left home um not that that's a huge thing...  
Cassie off this morning, but I have switched it on now... But it just st  
nd of preparing for a performance a bit like I do when I prepare for  
r kind of quality where I am trying to get myself into a particular  
ilar focus...and I'm aware of er a nervousness perhaps anxiety  
ling that I get before I go on stage, and it's interesting this i  
pressure um it's the um uncertainty um its um it's th  
netimes which seems odd in a way because the I ge  
know the format er what happens in the unit th  
feel I know I feel nervous at the moment ther  
feel like am I going to er it's the same thin  
seems kind of odd in a way...and then th  
to continue with this particular pie  
this process m but I don't k  
that I suppose

like when I prepare to go on stage for a performance

*slowing down*

gathering together

getting into a particular frame of mind

a jolt!

things intrude

disrupt

*nervous*

mounting pressure

uncertainty

not knowing

*how will I feel?*

constructing something

*pressure to produce*

*pull back*

hold the constraint

preparing

unfolding?

...counting was broken up  
at as good as last week' she said to the physio  
it some confidence and had to be  
breached the subject of the home visit the  
well -  
...gathered that he would  
...to ask for a cup of tea from one of  
the other side near the  
...you causing trouble again?  
...are you causing trouble again?  
...that one's trouble she is...'  
...whispered conversations behind a long wooden desk  
...in a different world?  
...before & after  
...house renovations  
...makeovers  
...are you leaving?  
...Here - to get the feel of the place?  
...I need some new bones and some new legs  
...I hope something happens soon'

exposure

over hearing and being overheard?

a different chair  
same as patients'

larger

higher  
my feet just touch the ground

transfer from wheelchair

the chair's too high!

*I shout silently as I watch her feet dangle, shoelace undone*

what is my role?

a cushion? no!

can't you see?

a sharp exchange

a compassionate transfer from one chair to another  
the shoelace redone

60

off to gym

movement less fluid after a fall

to help the paralysed left

his right arm reaches over

empty chair

a camera

photographs

'consent'

'...are you causing trouble again?

that one's trouble she is...'

whispered conversations behind a long wooden desk

cosmetic surgery

in a different world?

before & after

house renovations

'you've been sitting there for a while

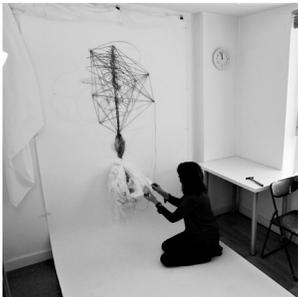
makeovers

are you leaving?

Here - to get the feel of the place?

I need some new bones and some new legs

I hope something happens soon'



*need to lie down I feel a bit sick  
something difficult to digest*

*tightly strung  
pinned down  
other bits hang loose*

*the only way I can take this off the wall is for it to  
collapse*

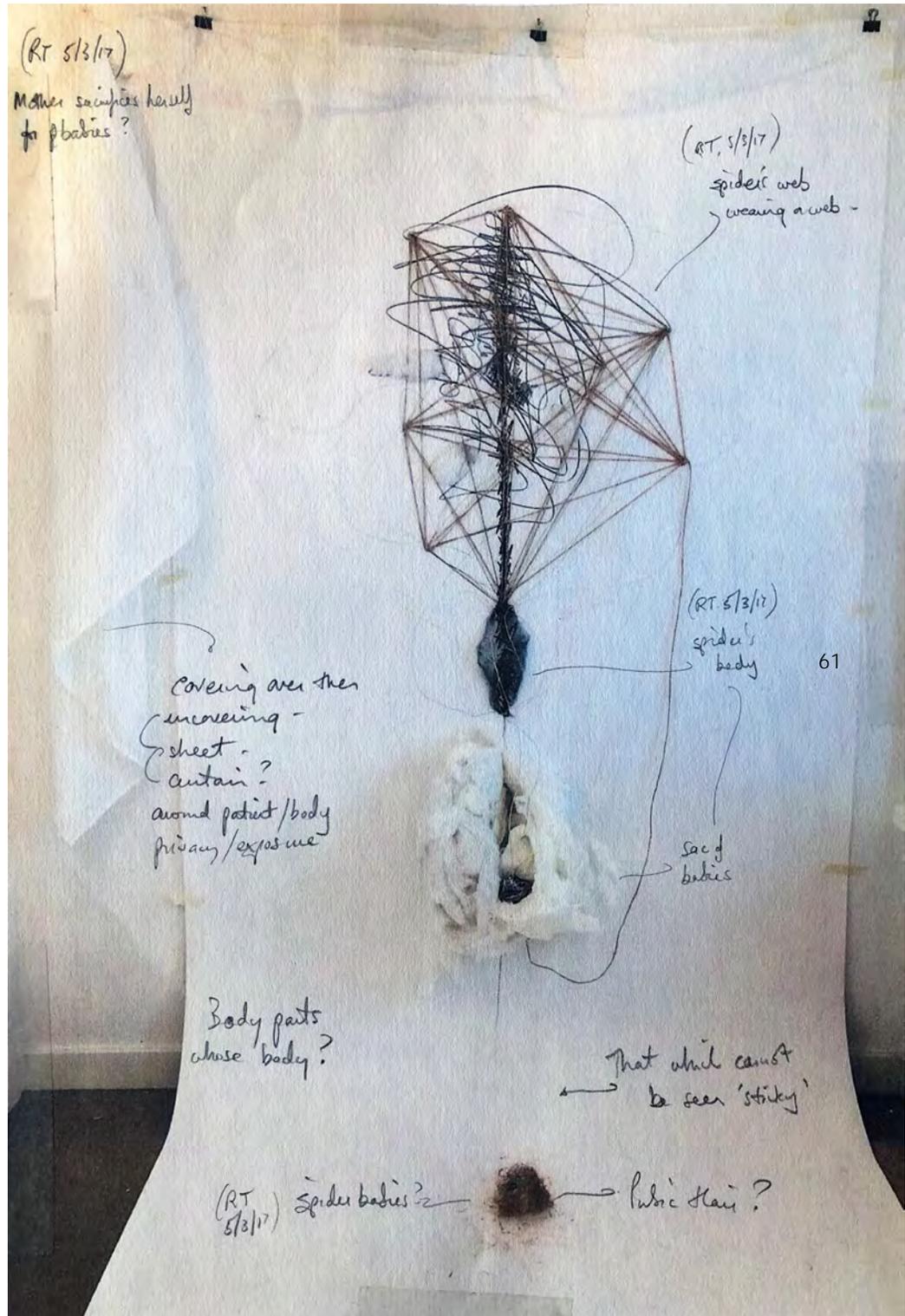
*cover over  
feeling this underneath  
like a body  
worried it might fall  
right up against it*

*easy to get caught in the wires  
touching it on the inside*

*I've found an end - I've lost it ab! there it is*

*as if making it go to the toilet*

*is this body alive or dead?*



*(RT 5/3/17)  
Mother sacrifices herself  
for babies?*

*(RT, 5/3/17)  
spider's web  
wearing a web -*

*(RT 5/3/17)  
spider's  
body*

61

*covering over then  
uncovering -  
sheet -  
curtain?  
around patient/body  
privacy/exposure*

*sac of  
babies*

*Body parts  
choose body?*

*That which cannot  
be seen 'stinky'*

*(RT 5/3/17) Spider babies? → pubic hair?*

SK Do you feel like a human being or like a thing?

DM I don't think I feel like a thing...I know I feel a bit in-between...I'm aware I'm not a member of staff, not a patient, and sometimes I can feel myself being pulled to want to be one or the other.

I am there in the role of 'observer' although my badge identifies me as some-*thing*, a 'student', and both, to some extent, feel like a protection... ..a part of me hides behind them...in a way it feels a bit dishonest, a bit deceptive and that makes me feel uncomfortable. When I think about it from another position, I am there most definitely in my capacity as a human being, a feeling person, but for some reason I feel that I need to conceal that behind a badge, one that suggests to just be human is not enough...

Material as Body - what

Spatial Body

Camera as Body

Temporal Body

Care of the Body - Foucault

Cultural Body

Organisation / Institutional Body

Social Body

Relation of Body **mentation**

Observation of Body

Regulating Body

Rhythm of Body

Patterns of the Body

Monitoring of Body

Mechanisms of the Body

Mapping the Body - How

Video - capable of recording + transmitting at some time.

Lejiting Body 31.1.17

Receptive Body - receiving

Communicative Body - transmitting

Penetrating Body - pushing

Observing Body - looking

Aggressive Body - attacking

Intrinsic Body - me, myself

Passive Body - interruptions

Sensual Body - to come close

Organic Body - for fall of

Empathic Body - warm

Sexual Body

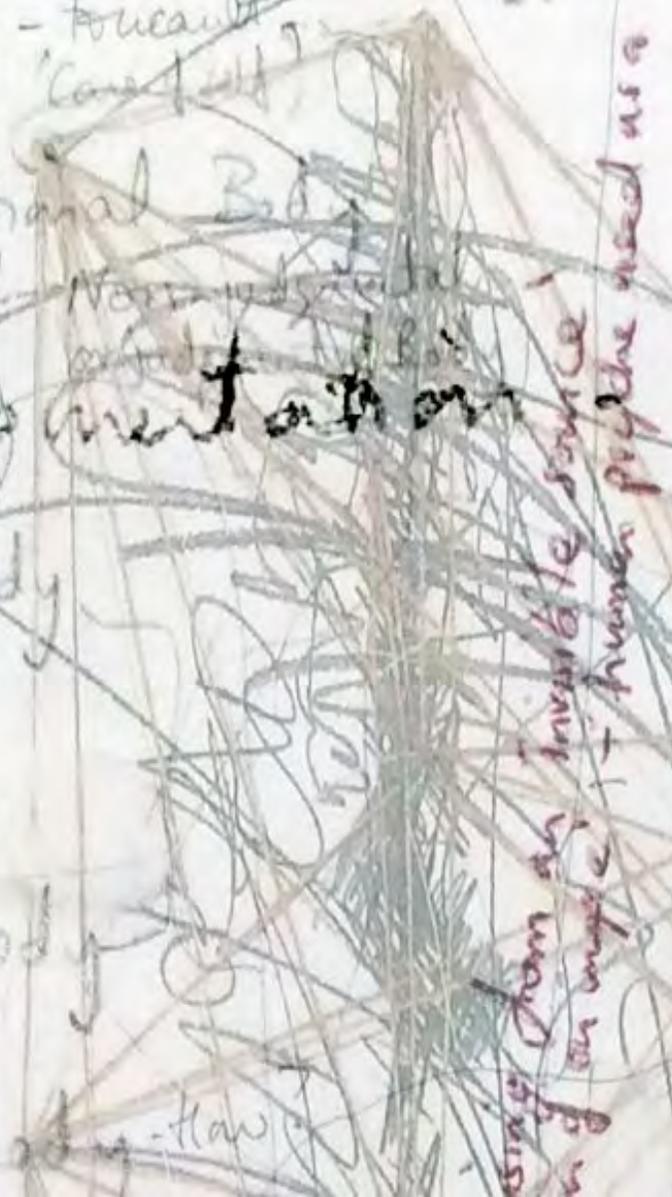
Erotic Body

Naked Body

Chained Body

Body

Body



From an invisible source - human people need us

**fragmented body**

## **IV**

14 February 2017

*A Heavy Responsibility*

14/2/17

*a heavy responsibility*

how do I feed this back and in what form?

might be spat out - indigestible

the 'body' pinned to the wall screams at me to set it free

as if imprisoned

left there, unable to act

hidden away other than through the images captured on camera

receiving and transmitting

do I want to keep it in my control...not let it out?

at what point is it appropriate to make an interpretation

might spew it up!

*a lot to hold*

*something about the speaking?*

*improvising with materials as a way of working something through?*

65

*disturbing*

*unsettling*

the 'body' pinned to the wall

hanging

videoing

photographing

as if I am keeping it prisoner

suspended

the object screams at me to set it free

take off the constraints

*imprisoned*

*locked in*

if I take it off the wall it will just collapse in a heap  
a pile of materials

make some kind of backbone?

a way of taking it out of the room, letting it act, being able to move around it

*do I not want to get caught up?*

*busy*

*noise*

*a struggle to speak*

*a similar feeling of disorientation*

*right arm hangs limp and helpless*

YES or NO

repeating

## distress!

*my anxiety rises with her voice as she is told by the man accompanying her not to shout*

'too much support and the body doesn't do as much as it can and may collapse into the support'

*our names collide*

*a moment later it hits me in the gut – as if I have been punched – this could be me!*

66

the space between us collapses

*the emotion rises up inside to spill from my eyes*

*I hope no one will notice*

*I want to leave*

too much – too close!

hand curled up

hunched over

distant and cut off

isolated

*uncomfortable not having a role*

'before & after'

'look, my legs are really thin!'

laughter

*as the group gathers around the phone*

pain – continual – in the neck

*relieved when it ends*



*I remember – something got lost – a memory*

*calm, holding presence  
in a stable position*

*not just a bottom  
womb-like – warm*

*trying to construct something*

*almost as if I can't talk*

*to turn the other way would mean  
turning my back on the object*



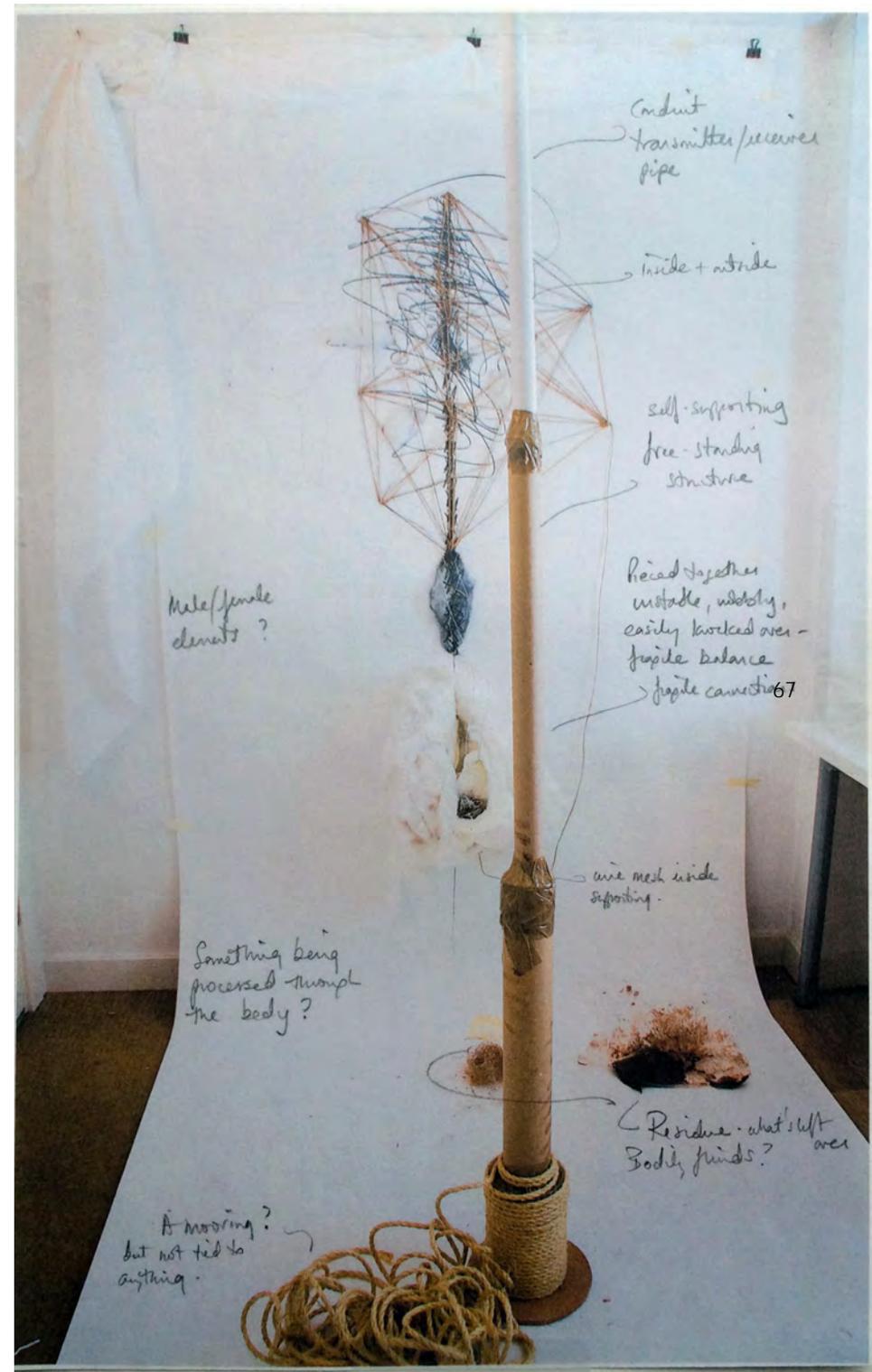
*desire to escape*

*get on with the practical stuff  
don't want to be here*

*paralysed to do anything  
just sit*

*feel like I'm doing something in front of the object  
the analytic object*

*I need more time*



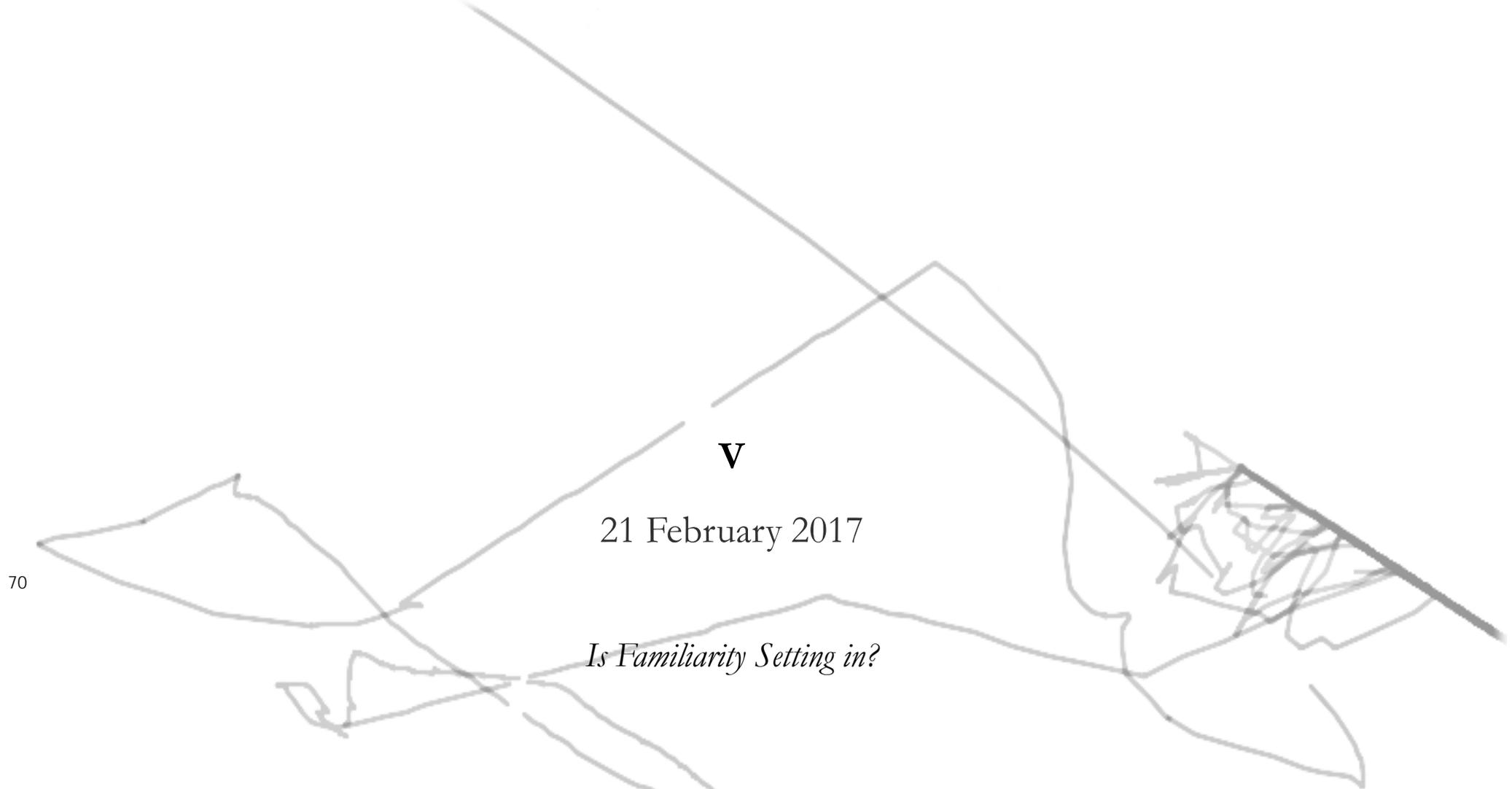


What would it have meant for me to show my emotions?

Is this a place where upset + distress has to be hidden?

No raised voices? only staff?

What is concealed or revealed?

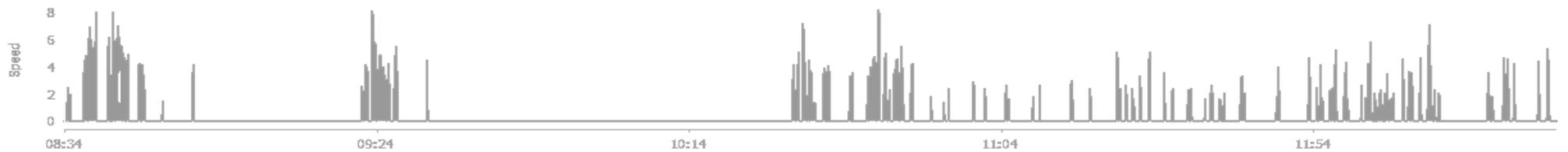
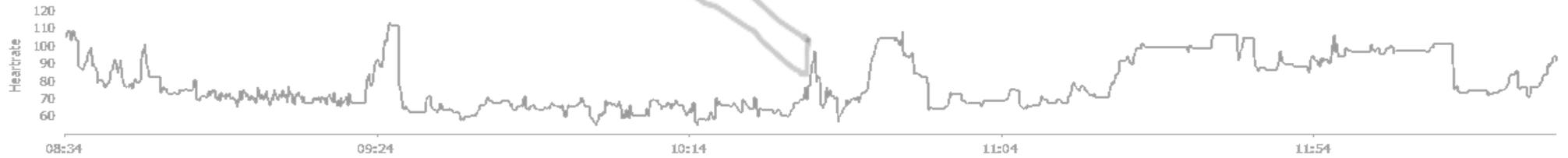


**V**

21 February 2017

*Is Familiarity Setting in?*

70



moving betw  
half term this week so  
ambulance coming up the road  
of me... 9.01-9.02.

movement between inside and outside space

*nausea*

*headache*

something about the repetition

repeating the same thing except it is not the same

bits get lost

something being played out in front of me

like a theatrical performance where I'm both one of the performers

and in the audience witnessing something that is being played out

*something very difficult*

*dread*

on the outside going to the inside

crossing a threshold

weakness in her right side – a crutch nearby

established routine

'they're very patient'

*I imagine the legs of the chair being constrained by the contraption placed upon it  
as if they might try to break free any minute*

I see the same people

relationship

even if we never speak

we sit on similar chairs

her foot reaches for and finds the leg of the table to rest on

a magazine falls

*my body pulls forward in readiness to help, but wait*

independence

72

'I can't hold my head up, the muscles aren't strong enough'

she seems to want to engage in conversation

a new neck collar

whispered conversations

*I smile and nod*

*self-conscious*

repeating

*paranoia*

cough!

*my body prepares to intervene*

the biscuit tin falls

replacements follow

hip replacement

an old crutch

'tea?'

'oh that's hot!'

'are you OK? have you spilt it?'

'we can replace part of it if we don't have a new one'

'am I next?'

'maybe'

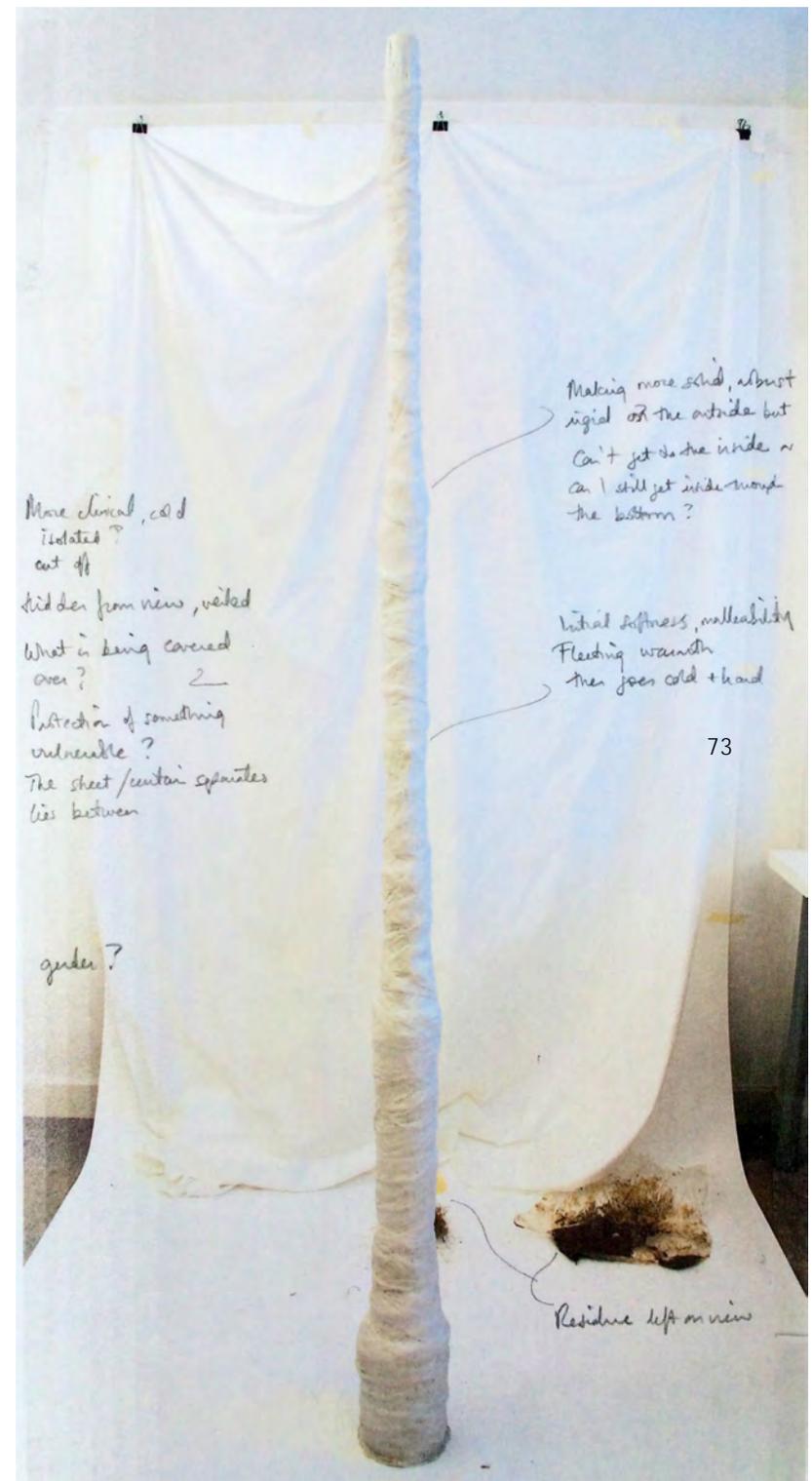


*I want to strengthen this  
like wringing out a dishcloth  
transmission of heat  
still moving*



*limbless joints – body parts*

*I feel something from it  
I can still hear the inside which is weird!*



It feels as if something has gone dead - as if the life has been taken out of it, out of the encounter - as if it has become about repetition, a repetitive routine that I almost do without thinking. The method / approach has become a protocol I carry out<sup>74</sup> each week in the same way? A drudgery that has lost the liveliness that was there at the beginning - It feels disturbing - it has disturbed me - Am I picking up some of the deadness in the atmosphere? Where is it? Something has died in the brain

The sheet / curtain separates  
lies between  
More clinical, cold  
isolated?  
cut off

Hidden from view, veiled  
under?  
What is being covered  
over? 2

Protection of something  
vulnerable?

The sheet / curtain separates  
lies between

Can't get to the inside  
Can I still get inside through  
the bottom?

Initial softness, malleability  
Fleeting warmth  
then goes cold + hard

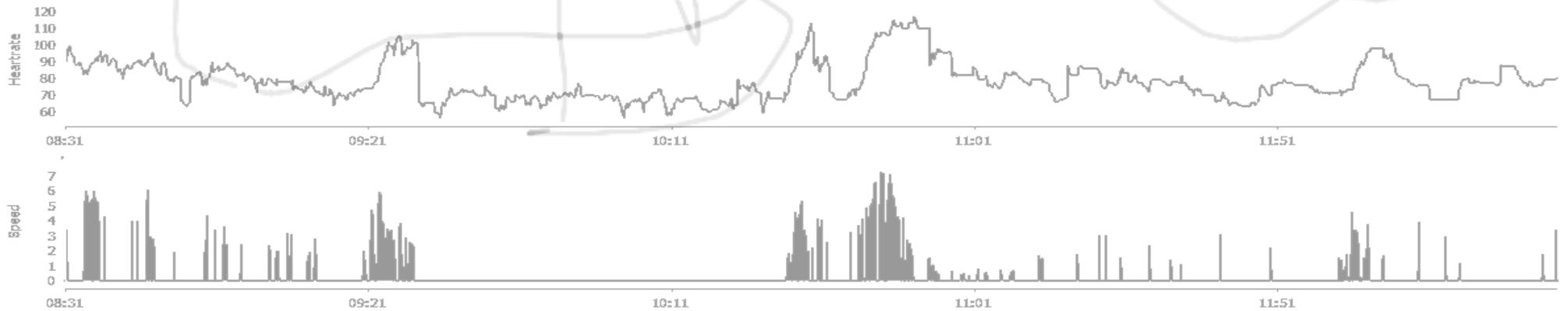


# VI

28 February 2017

*Feedback Loop*

76



I arrive outside as usual at about 9.00 am and park when I arrive. Jon was away last night which I would have lived alone. I worked late - later than I would have when he stays away. So I was in a bit more of a sure I put the power plug for the USB in the morning - a layer of white on the moors extend again as the schools are back. I don't feel the be there. I record my thoughts as is my pattern receptive frame of mind. As I enter there is

less prepared

aware of an absence

doom and anxiety has passed

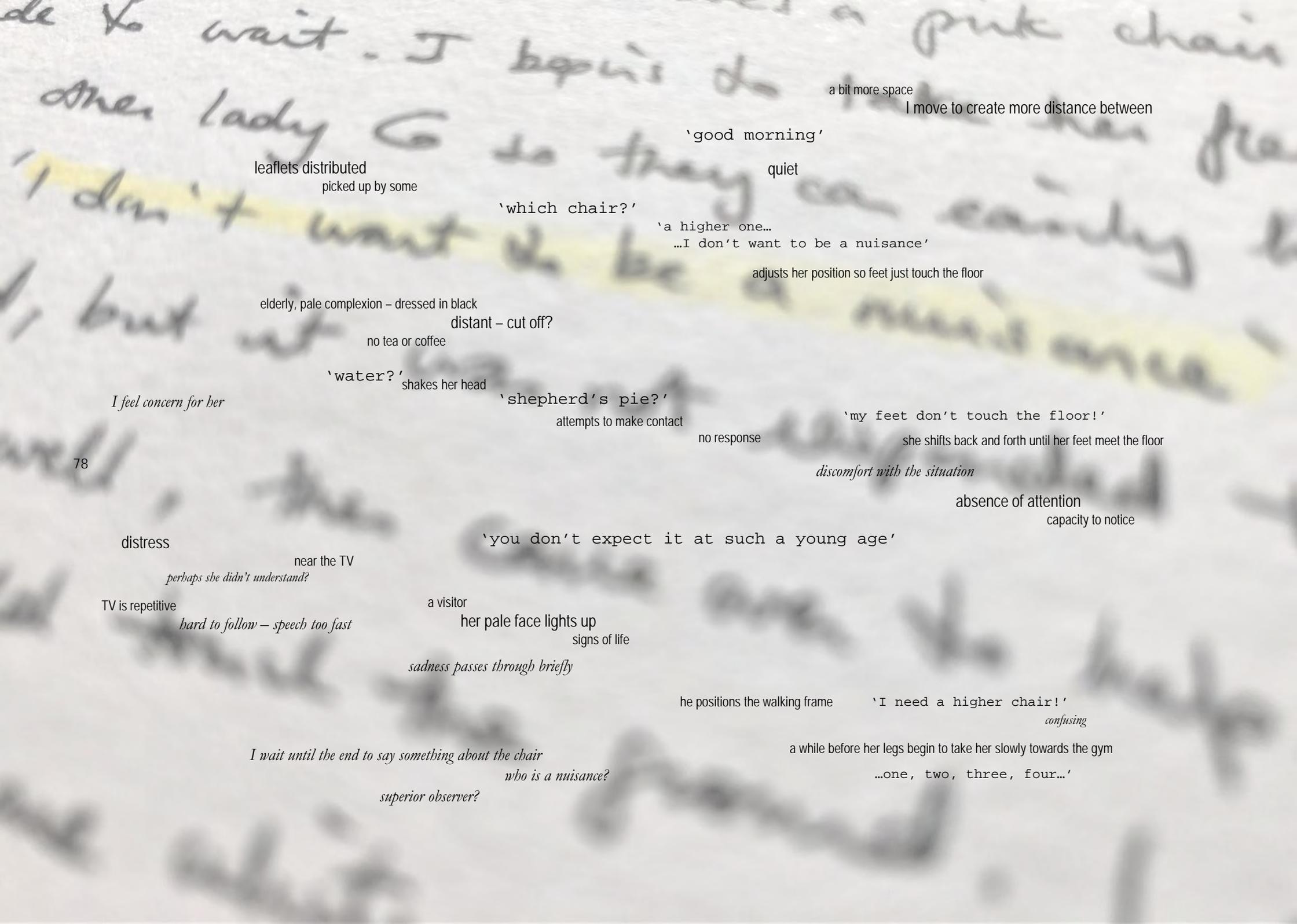
relief

I no longer have the dead feeling inside

I feel alive again

I feel alive again.

I go to the toilet as usual that it's really interesting - a lot of fascinating? I say that I am half way through I structure things...



a bit more space

I move to create more distance between

'good morning'

quiet

leaflets distributed

picked up by some

'which chair?'

'a higher one...

...I don't want to be a nuisance'

adjusts her position so feet just touch the floor

elderly, pale complexion – dressed in black

distant – cut off?

no tea or coffee

'water?'

shakes her head

'shepherd's pie?'

attempts to make contact

no response

'my feet don't touch the floor!'

she shifts back and forth until her feet meet the floor

*discomfort with the situation*

absence of attention

capacity to notice

'you don't expect it at such a young age'

distress

near the TV

*perhaps she didn't understand?*

TV is repetitive

*hard to follow – speech too fast*

a visitor

her pale face lights up

signs of life

*sadness passes through briefly*

he positions the walking frame

'I need a higher chair!'

*confusing*

a while before her legs begin to take her slowly towards the gym

...one, two, three, four...'

*I wait until the end to say something about the chair*

*who is a nuisance?*

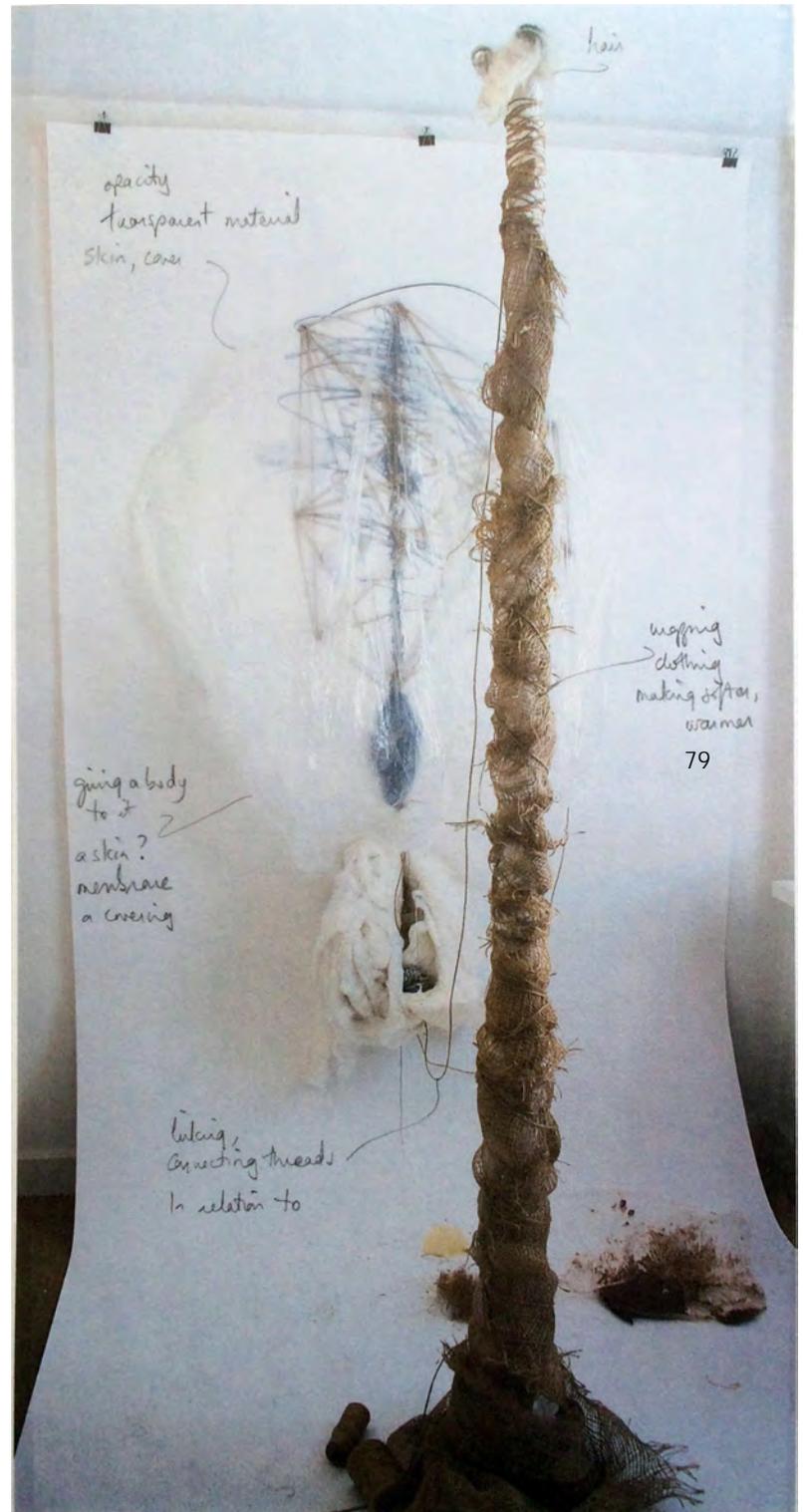
*superior observer?*



*not as cold  
resonant  
as if I'm singing to something  
take the curtain down*



*am I dressing something?*



- To wrap - (verb) -

cover, enclose; paper or soft material - wrap; wrapping - wrapping paper (from 1715)

swathe

parcel

bundle up

package

swaddle

pack

sheathe

do up

muffle

tie up

cloak

conceal

enfold

bind up

envelop

encase

enclose

80

to cover (something)

to fold (something) up or back on itself

to wind (something around something else) - 'wrapper' - early 14c.

- wrap - (noun)

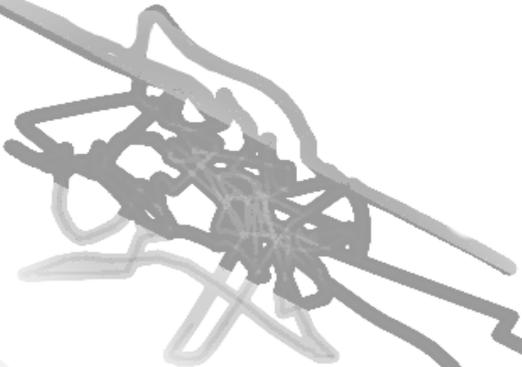
late 15c - fine cloth used as a cover or wrapping for bread

- loose outer garment or piece of material - as a women's garment, recorded from 1827

- the end of a session of filming or recording - (from 1970) - online Etymology dictionary

- to wrap up 'put an end to' (from 1926) - to 'wind up' - finish something

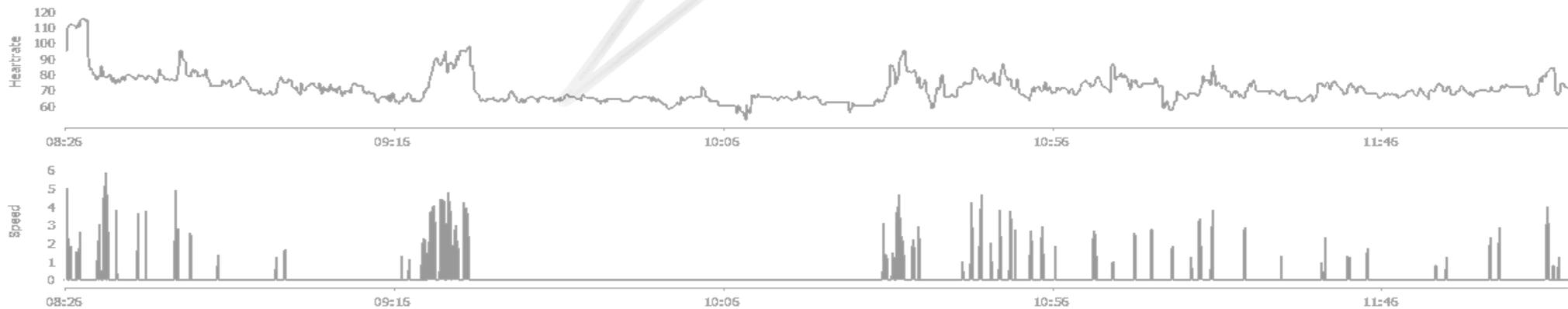




# VII

7 March 2017

*A Shift In The Atmosphere*



...to get  
... I needed  
... AS I sit here  
... the driver  
... because m  
... (is that why I lo  
... I'm n  
... have to g  
... I've g  
... I feel like I ne  
... I need to d  
... space for th

*guilt*

*my attention has been elsewhere*

I lose last week's recording?!

has a connection been broken?

how to be affected but not consumed by it?

*need a break*

*time to digest*

*as if something takes over my insides*

some female spiders sacrifice themselves for their babies

eaten by them

object use?

he catches my eye

his words prompt the nurse to look

*a self-conscious, embarrassed smile in return*

warmth in the atmosphere

*lively*

*jovial*

discussion at the nursing station

*easy*

a TV programme

*warm*

'The Replacement'

*close*

patients and staff

sharing memories and experiences

'one, two, three, four...'

*calm*

'big strides...'

*quiet*

*he encourages as she shuffles forward*

'Can I have some magazines?'

*...I don't want to be any trouble'*

84

a missing cup of tea

*air of contentment and peace*

'only joking...just tormenting her!'

*cruel*

a shift in the atmosphere

'is it better to have a body that doesn't function properly or to lose your marbles?'

*unsettling*

*distress?*

'They don't want me!'

*sadness?*

*...I don't want to stop coming'*

*a vague sense that seems at odds*

*she cries*

'it's the company...'

*...trouble with balance'*

'I'll miss all of you, I know that'

*noise from outside impinges*

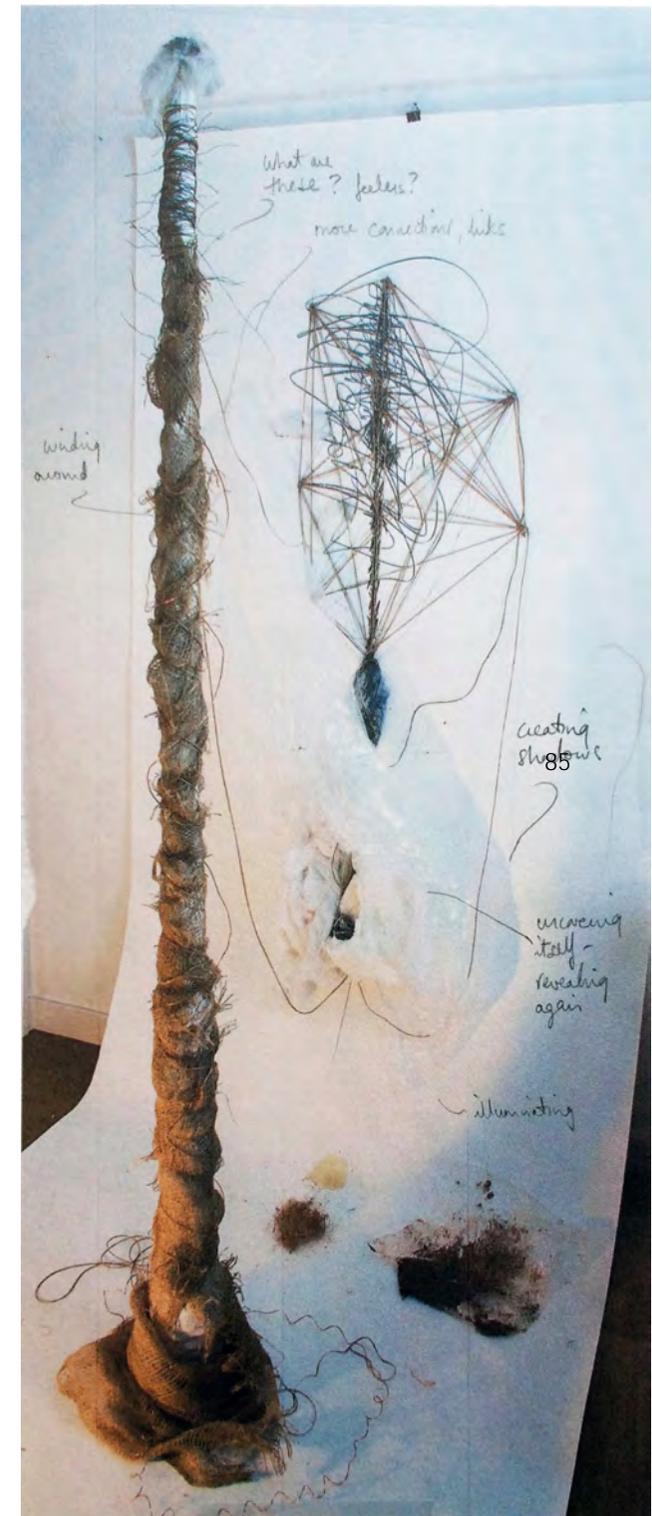
*is this what I am picking up?*



*changes in the space between last week and this  
reveals itself again  
undressing*



*spider's web  
I want to keep wrapping*



but she couldn't get out on her own now - trouble with balance - bones very weak. (This last section may have been earlier on as there was a quiet period then a shift in atmosphere). What I remember is sensing a shift between the quiet, <sup>settled</sup> calmness to picking up a level of distress, something unsettled. I wondered if it was in me but nothing outwardly had changed and I couldn't locate anything in myself - it moved into a vague sense of sadness that again seemed at odds, but then

Rupture -

9/3/17

To Rupture

To be Ruptured

To cause Rupture

To repair Rupture

To experience Rupture

To have experienced Rupture

To feel a Rupture where?

What is Rupture?

What does it mean?

What does it mean for me?

What is its relevance, if any?

When is it OK to Rupture -

To cause a Rupture?

When is it not OK?

What happens when there is a rupture?

Ruptured pipe

Ruptured aneurysm

Hernia as rupture - a break in abdominal wall

Rupture as a break

Rupture as discontinuity

Rupture as tearing - a rent - tear in the

Rupture as trauma } fabric of

Rupture as damage

Rupture and eruption

Rupture and disruption

Rupture as eruption

Rupture as disruption

Rupture as corruption

Rupture and corruption

To erupt - to break out

To disrupt - to break apart

To corrupt -

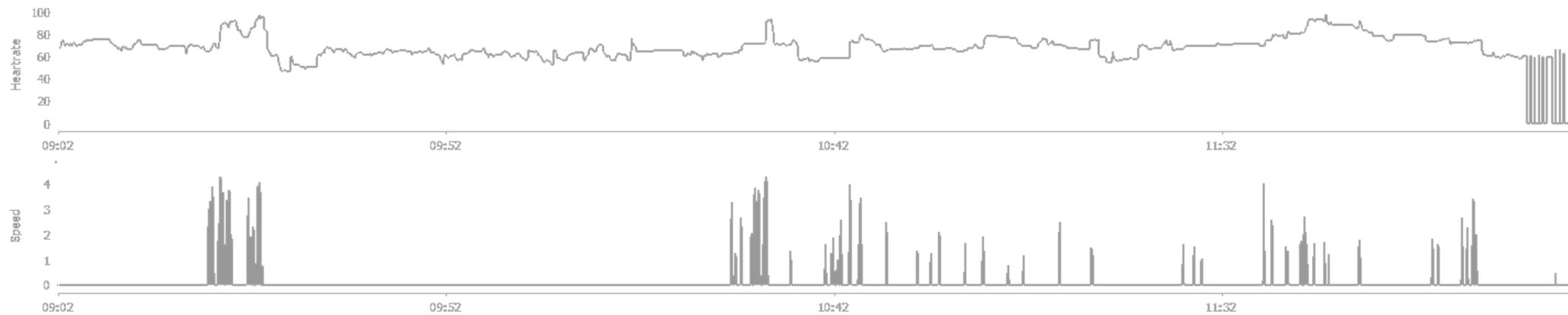
To bankrupt - break the bank

# VIII

14 March 2017

88

*I feel like a Spell has been Broken*



a part of me has closed down

*another recording lost – the unconscious at work?*

what direction will I go in?

'good luck with her!'

*I imagine a difficulty of some sort?*

the ladies is 'out of order'

a 'leak'

*familiar self-consciousness*

I walk the other way back

anticlockwise

a man walks unsteadily

speech slurred

*a smile returned*

*caught in his gaze*

the room fills

chatter

tea, coffee and biscuits

'salmon and broccoli bake or shepherd's pie?'

shadows

slippers and shoes

a conversation happens around the patient

with her outside it

items of sale

mirror

silent

*I drift off*

*as if a conversation is happening around me but is one I don't understand*

*relief when she is included in the conversation again*

90

the room empties

quiet

my gaze turns to the chairs and machines

objects waiting to be sat in or used

screens take on facial characteristics

shadows on the floor become reflections

I watch from across the room as the cheery young man gently clothes his left arm which is unable to help in the endeavour

*moved by the kindness and self-compassion*

*my anxiety rises*

as the patient deviates from his usual path to approach

'What are you doing?

**You come here each week and sit not doing anything except watching the telly!'**

acknowledging the strangeness of the situation

I explain

as I leave the room someone calls out

I turn and wave but it's not for me

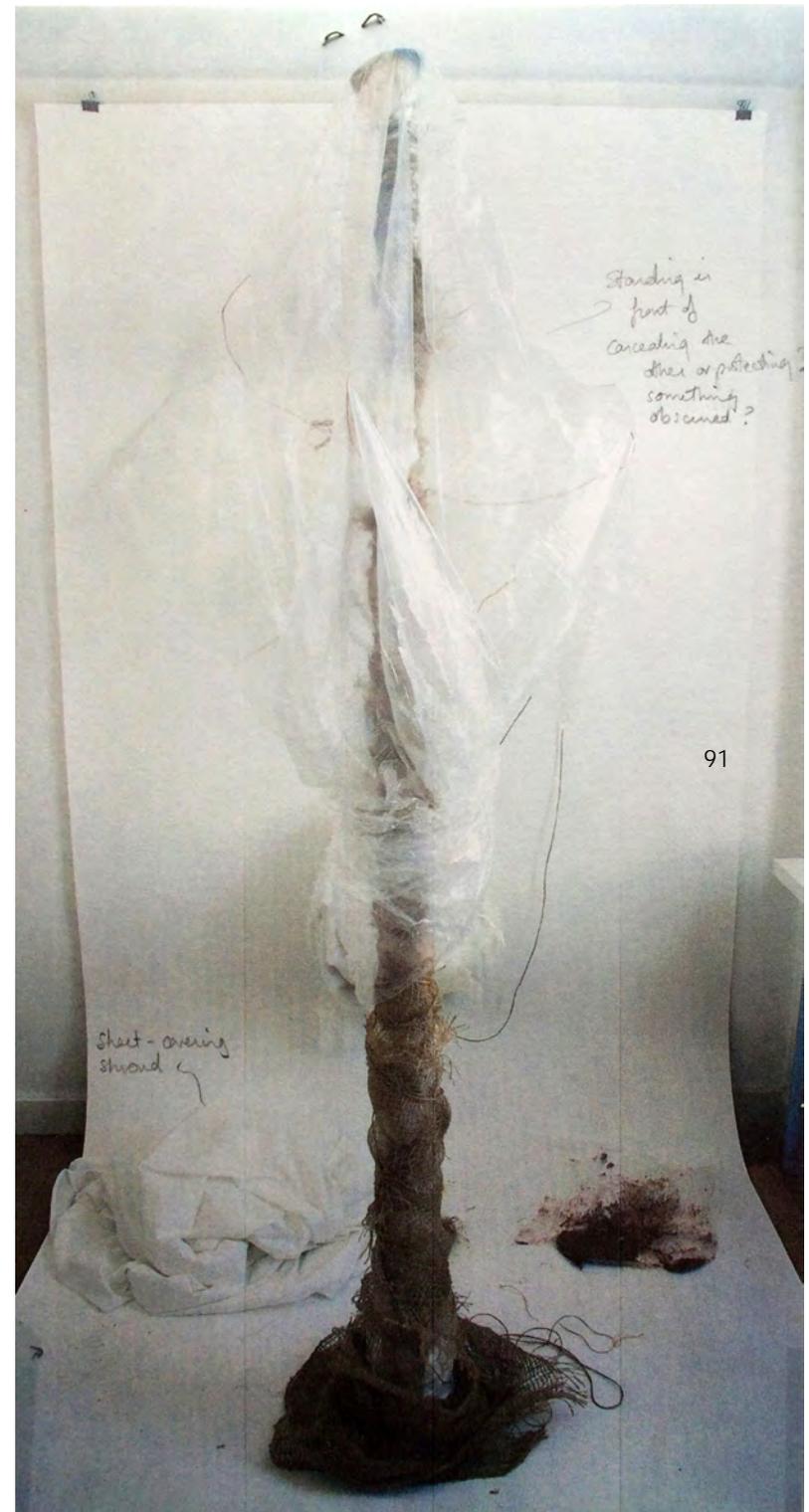
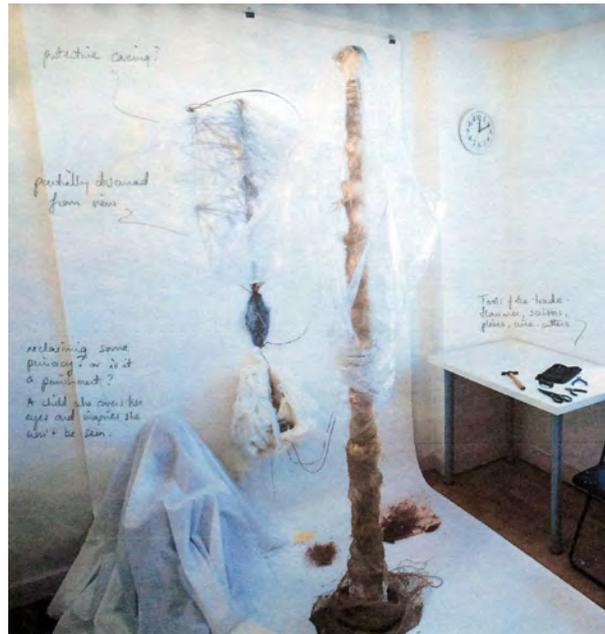
*embarrassment*



*self-conscious*

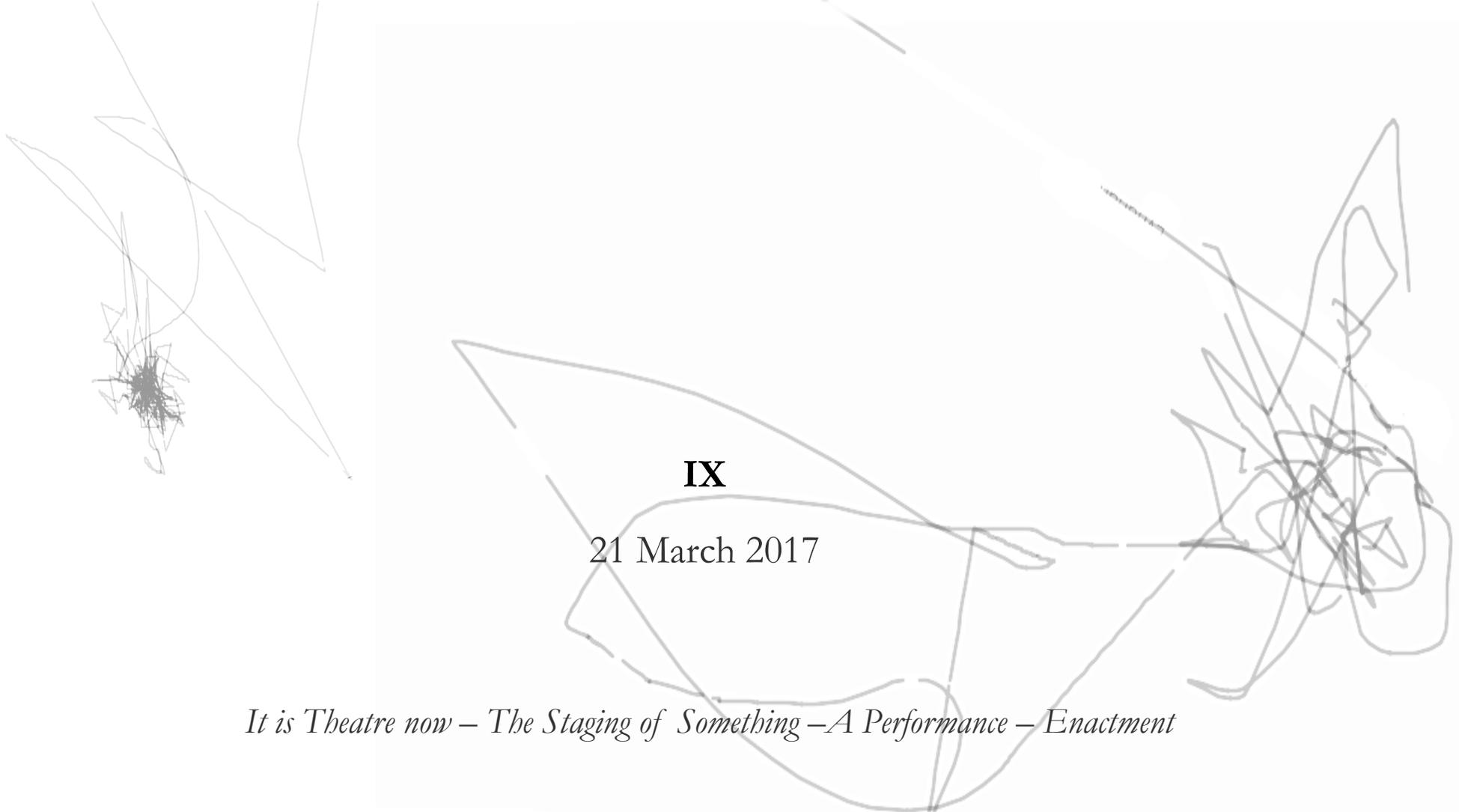
*thoughts of emptying everything out onto the floor*

*everything that isn't seen*

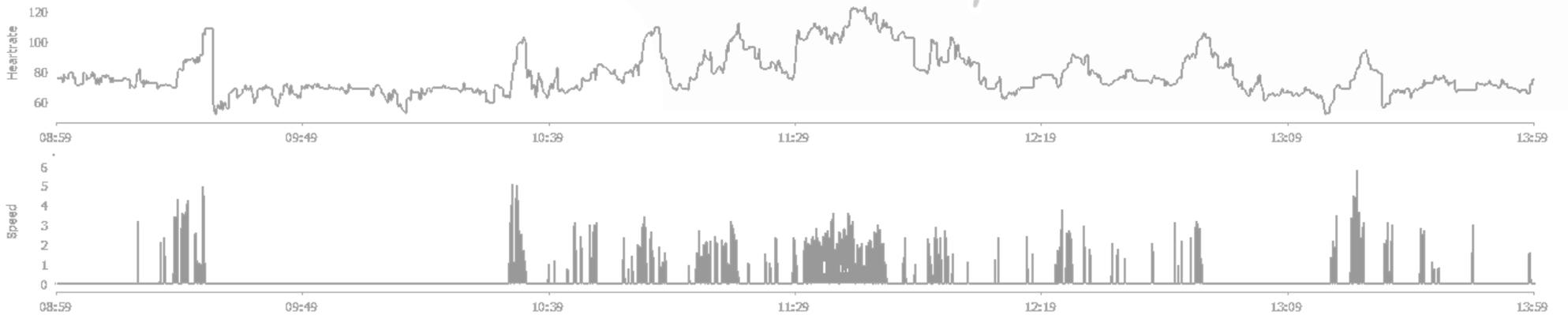


now - as if it has become about repetition, a repetitive routine  
do without thinking. The method/approach has become a protocol  
went the same way? A drudgery that has lost the liveliness  
the beginning - It feels disturbing - it has disturbed me - Am I pick  
the deadness in the atmosphere? Where is it? Something has died in  
- the connections can't be recovered - some new ones may be made  
what can be done, a limit to what can be recovered. Is there a dead  
of what can't be recovered? Does the repetition, the routine protocol  
ing that pain? But then something - feeling - can go dead in the space between  
& always, but sometimes? My sense of difficulty with being confronted

audience staring behind the camera -  
an almost paralyzing scrutiny that I feel has  
stifled rather than encouraged my creative  
capacity - too much exposure!



*It is Theatre now – The Staging of Something – A Performance – Enactment*



...transforming something potentially, and I'd written  
I'd put it in the box with this stuff ready to bring today, and  
something else... interesting... I guess I got caught up in... some  
last week, before last week actually, but last week par  
up. I had this image in my mind of wrapping myself  
ended up covering myself in the sheet at the end  
process of undressing, unwrapping... interesting  
undressing, covering, uncovering... and it feels a  
lf. Wondering could I strip off in front of  
bout if I was doing that?... And then this  
as wearing, dressing all in black, like  
ck leggings and socks and a  
putting

dressing, undressing, unwrapping

wrapping, covering, uncovering

becoming faceless

a depersonalisation

distancing

dressing, undressing, unwrapping

wrapping, covering uncovering

resisting an institutional pressure to conform

which institution?

*not sure what I'm responding to*

*is my attention distracted from the task?*

becoming faceless

a depersonalisation

distancing

work

labour

production

my gaze drifts to the objects for sale

shoes and slippers on a trolley

ringing in the ears

feeling ill

sick earlier

'jam sandwich?'

*not really noticing what is going on*

*too familiar?*

mind keeps wandering off

*back feels uncomfortable*

divide between men and women

I want to fidget

'Oh, I could almost drop off'

*who is picking up what from who?*

96

sleepy

noise

TV is intrusive

too loud

an imposition!

we all face in the same direction

toward the TV

*some kind of mind control?*

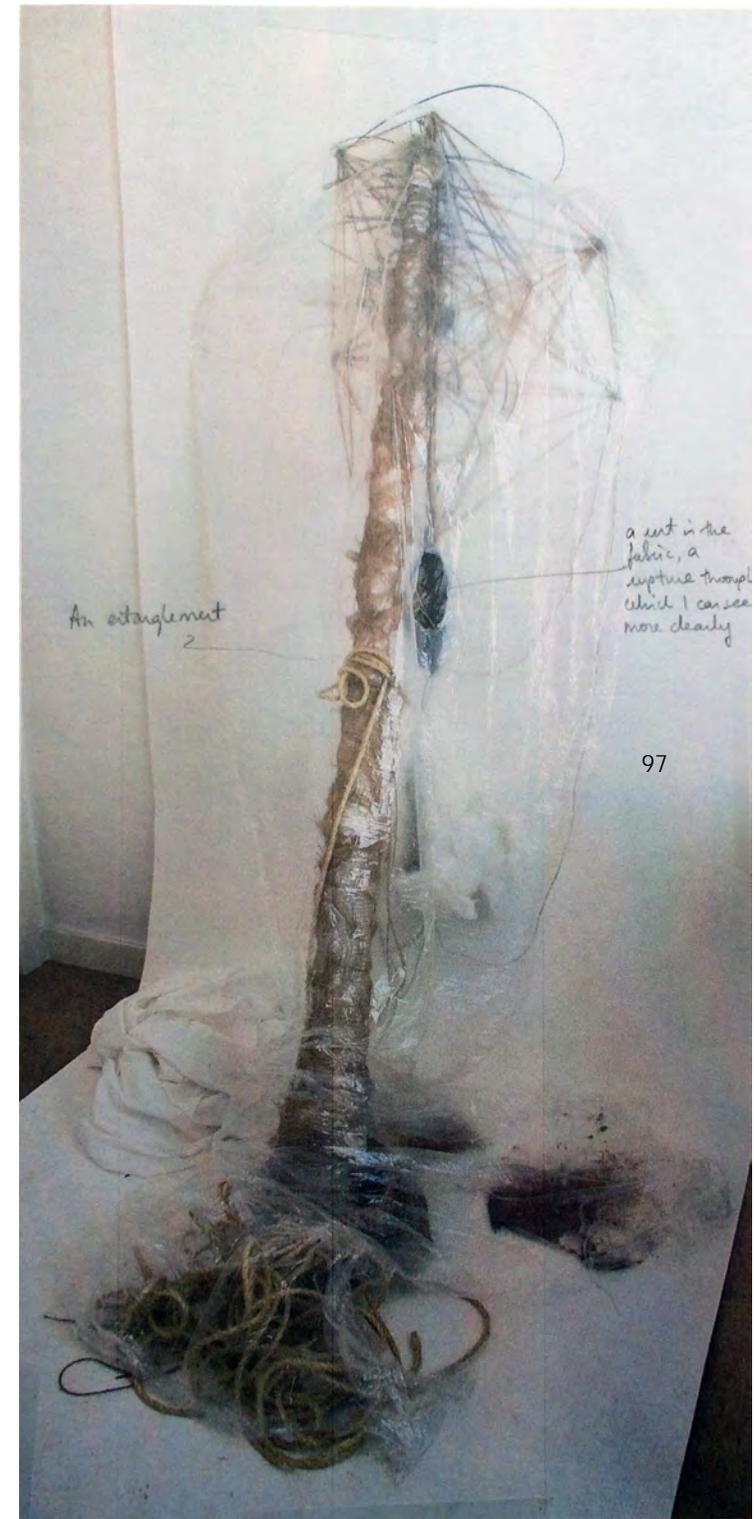
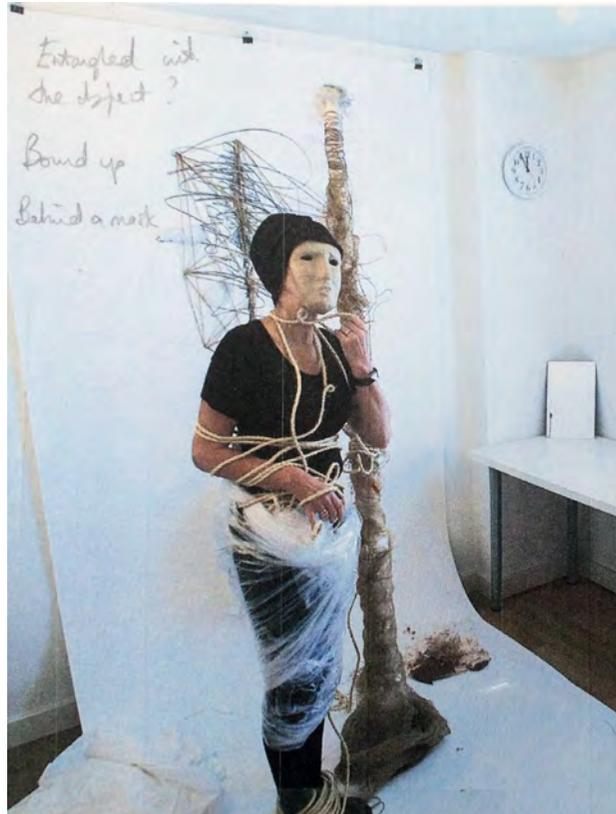
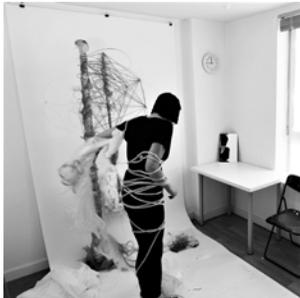
*is it the chair making my back uncomfortable?*

'sickness?'

do you need the toilet?'

picture cards to help understanding

'yes' or 'no'?



Entanglement - the action or fact of entangling or being entangled, something that entangles, confuses or ensnares.  
- a complicated or compromising relationship or situation.  
(involvement, complication, mix-up, attachment)  
|  
deep

98

what does the mark conceal  
or free up?

Entangled with  
partially obscured  
In front of it?

Bound up

Behind a mask

reclaiming some  
piracy, or is it  
a punishment?

A child who covers her  
eyes and imagines she  
won't be seen.



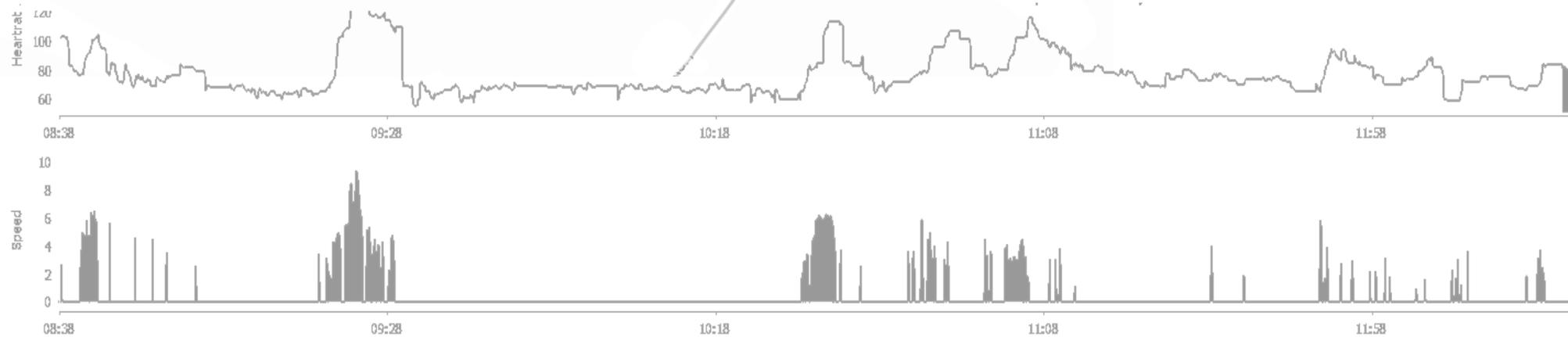
Tools of the trade -  
hammer, saws,  
pliers, wire-cutters





100

*I Feel Like An Object – An Item of Something*



the road is empty  
ting. I feel tired this morning I woke early again. Had to take my  
ternoon for some surgery on his face for cancer so I guess he's in  
oday. I feel a bit...I've just noticed a little robin sitting on the  
side of me...just noticed a little robin on the wall in the under  
nyway, it's gone now. I feel like I'm being distracted by d  
ing in this different place. I don't really want to go and

parked in a different place looking in a different direction

*distracted*

an idea of taking the object into the organisation

reassembling

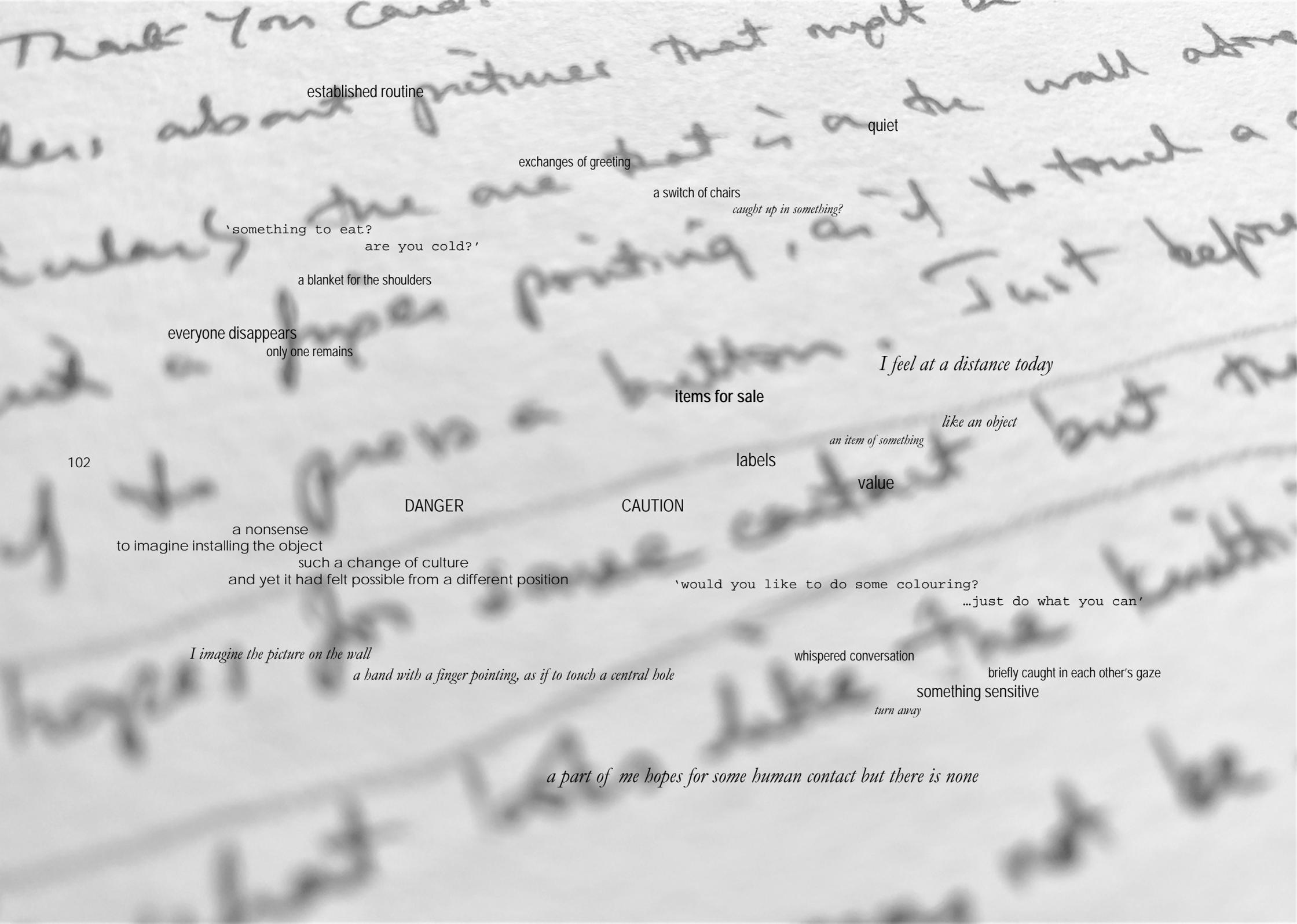
repositioning

101

negotiation

a different perspective

elieved...I don't know...mixed feelings...be reli  
having to think about what I'm going to do  
week and talked about the idea of taking  
reassembling it...repositionin  
afterwards I ha



established routine

quiet

exchanges of greeting

a switch of chairs

*caught up in something?*

'something to eat?

are you cold?'

a blanket for the shoulders

everyone disappears

only one remains

*I feel at a distance today*

items for sale

*like an object*

*an item of something*

102

labels

value

DANGER

CAUTION

a nonsense

to imagine installing the object

such a change of culture

and yet it had felt possible from a different position

'would you like to do some colouring?

...just do what you can'

*I imagine the picture on the wall*

*a hand with a finger pointing, as if to touch a central hole*

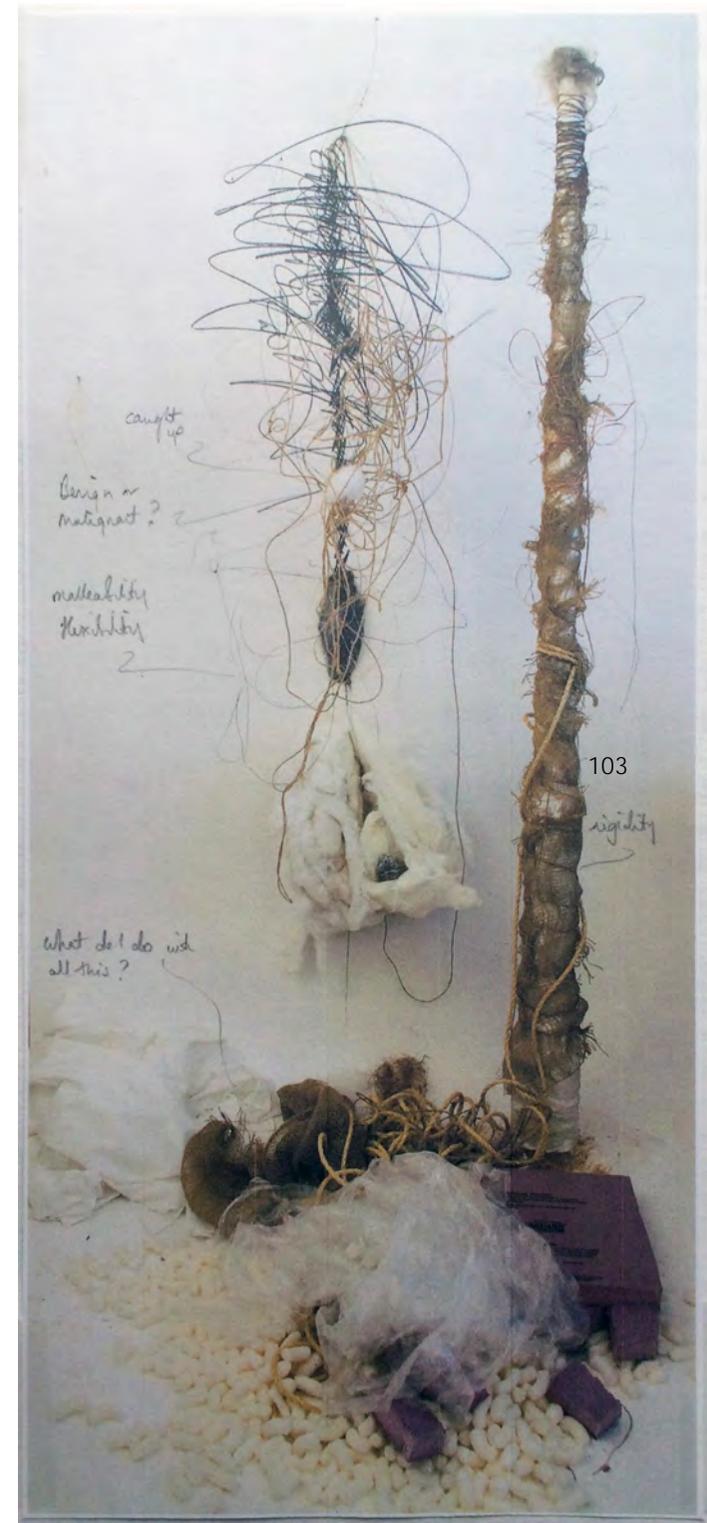
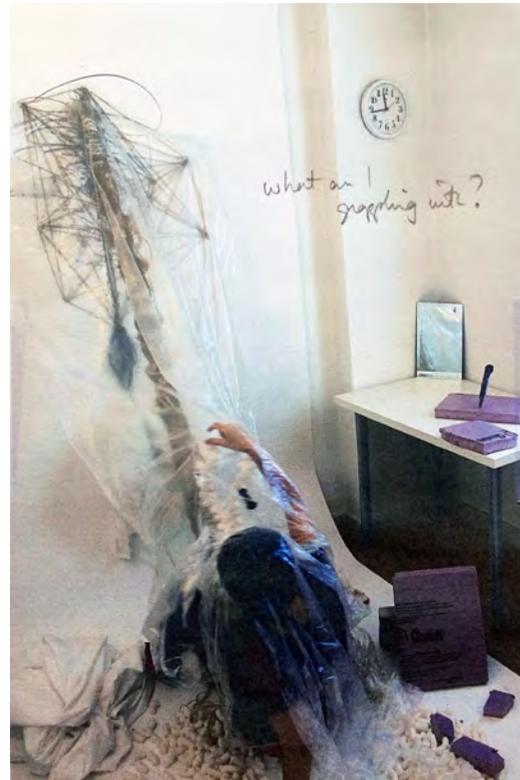
whispered conversation

briefly caught in each other's gaze

something sensitive

*turn away*

*a part of me hopes for some human contact but there is none*



... a day, when it's not...  
posed to? How would patients respond? Will it just be laughed at? Not taking  
anything in my understanding of it that was accurate  
... how might I present it? Why am I wearing this mask? There is an anger

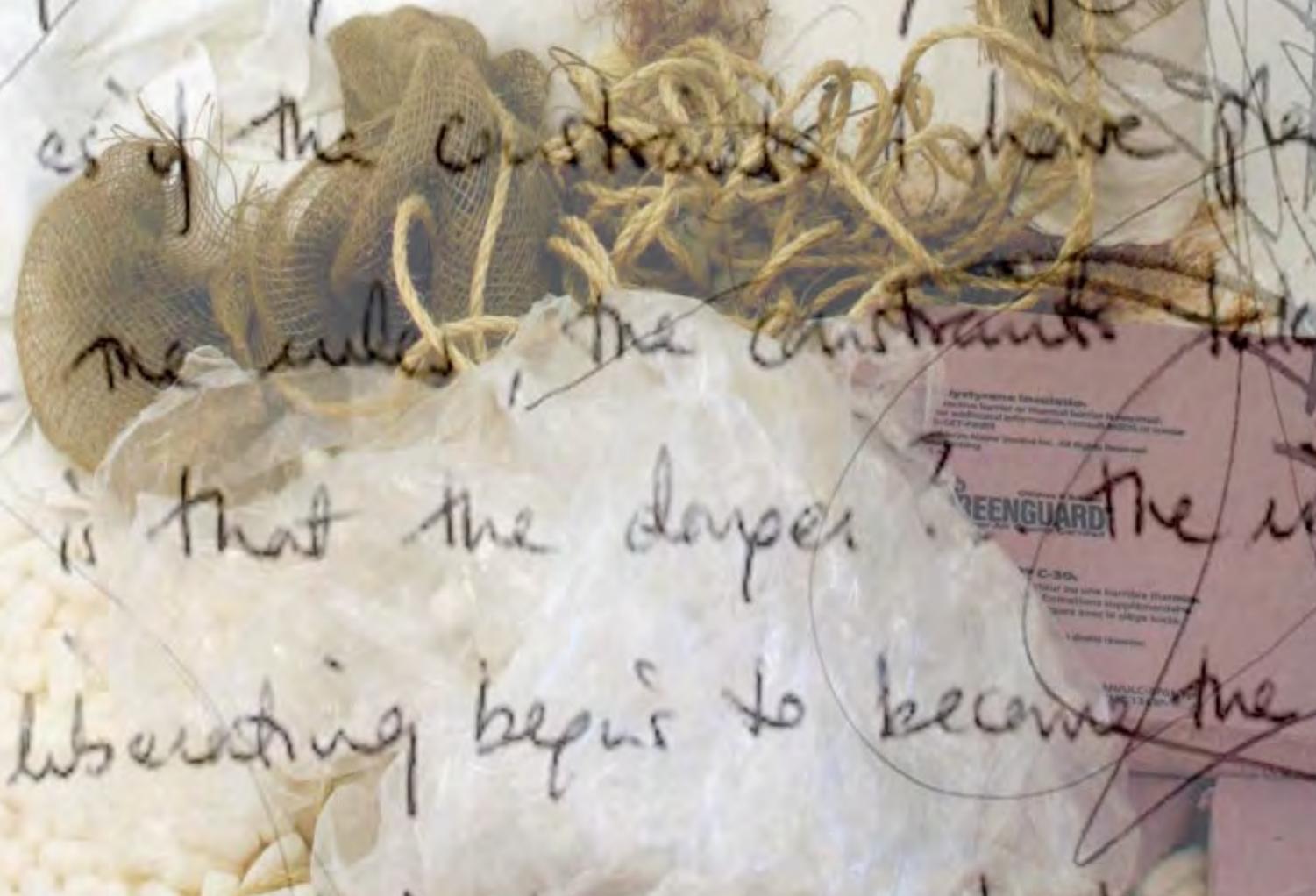
... somewhere in this - not just the fact of it but the potentially or destructively  
... device to return to who one was or what one had, but the anger and rage in the face  
... that this is unlikely to happen, and for some, will not recover - The body will no longer  
... that it used to - A leg drops or an arm hangs limp or the cognitive connections, the  
... ways that connect the brain with the muscles + nerves are broken - I am not capturing the

... words - what I feel - The rage + anger about what is lost and cannot be recovered  
... it dangerous to go there. Requires caution the water is very hot!  
... that connect the brain with the muscles + nerves are broken - I am not capturing the

... what I feel - The rage + anger about what is lost and cannot be recovered  
... dangerous to go there. Requires caution the water is very hot!  
... (Constricted)

... piece of artwork just feels like a mess - a tangle of worthless, meaningless bits and pieces

takes up, as if the constraints I have placed upon  
- have the rules, the constraints taken over  
addition - is that the dapper. The use of  
see as liberating begins to become the rules  
the elephant in the room that can't be  
I've built a monster + it has taken over  
(Construted)

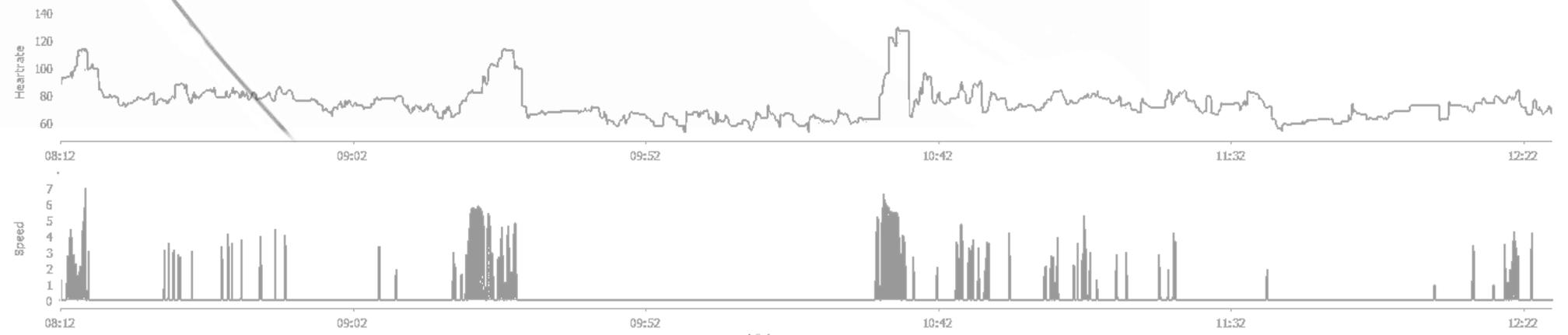


**XI**

4 April 2017

*Time Passing – Presence and Absence*

106



...I think...presumably  
...house, but I'm not sure that's  
...this section there's hedges and trees  
...think of a tennis court, don't know if that's ri  
...up ther  
...this morning before I came out I was looking at some  
...wearing on my chest last week. It hadn't lasted the w  
...beginning I was watching the first part and I'd looked  
...because I was wearing this mask...I don't know what  
...you could hear my breathing...I remember at  
...ng...but you could hear my breathing and it r  
...hing...and some kind of feeling associated  
...ater...and I've got that sense when I fir  
...I carried on watching this morning a  
...at points where I had paused and  
...in the...and I

an underwater investigation

navigating

*a feeling passing through*

slow things down

107

time

what we do with our time

*self-conscious*

'Why do you need to do that? You worked here for two years,  
you know what it's like!'

a rush of activity

people arriving

arm in a sling

body slumped over to one side

small changes

bustling with activity

'I'm not a patient...

...not here for me'

emptiness

presence and absence

quiet

an anticipatory silence

'It's very quiet today'

'I can't hear!'

tidying

getting things in order

my leaflet is absorbed into the pile

'Leave them out!'

*I shout silently*

*visible or invisible?*

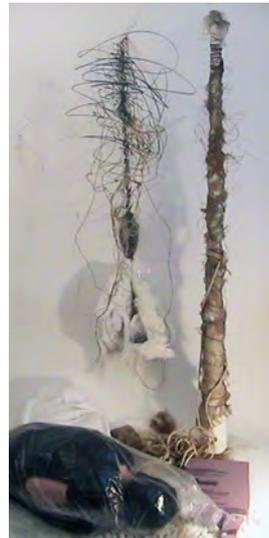
...it's my wife

empty spaces where people had been and were no longer

time passing



*can you see me?*



materials - The time-lapse photos had seemed over-exposed & we couldn't work out why. As I described what had happened he thought about 'saturation' over saturation - as if I may have reached the point - research teams where there is nothing new to learn, where things start to repeat - Also the idea of my leaflets becoming incorporated into the pile of magazines - becoming part of what happens - absorbed into it.

I arrived home feeling 'saturated', as if I was at the limit of what I could absorb - not



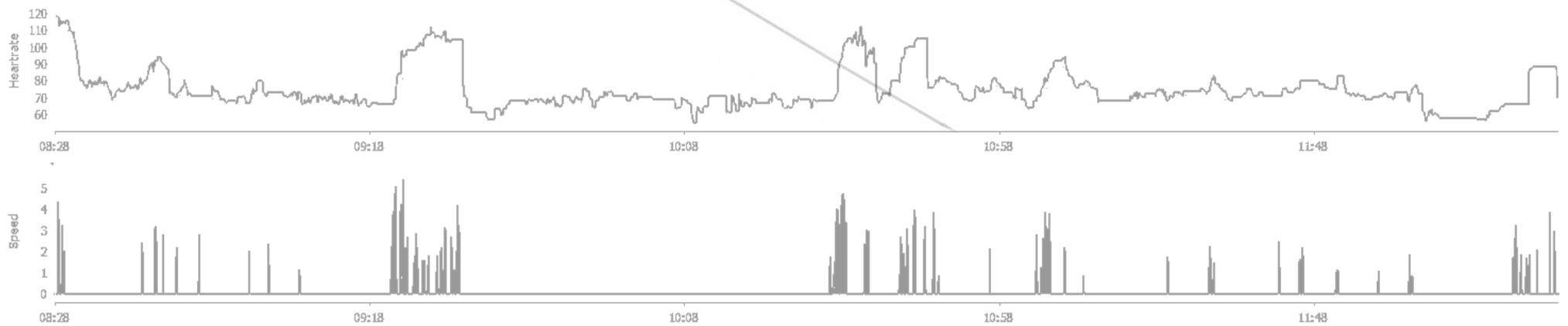
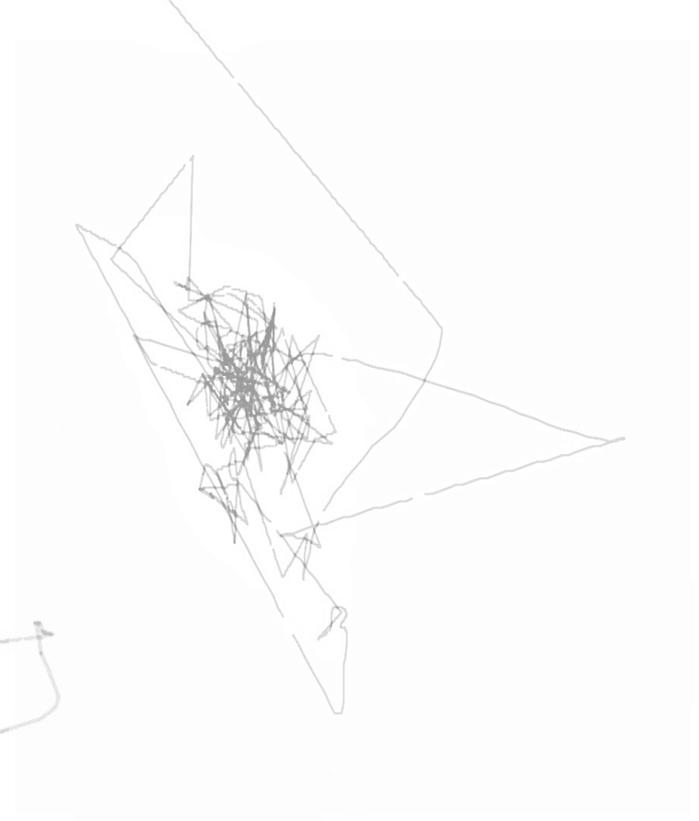
112

**XII**

11 April 2017

*Residue*

*Something That Remains After The Main Part Has Gone*



which is open again...I'm noticing all the trees are coming out...making  
ing again...it's three months...12 weeks...so this is my final observation.  
- I don't quite know what I'm going to do...in my mind it will be the  
arly those who have been there regularly - I'll be wondering what's  
ng if they'll wonder where I've gone. Do I say, goodbye at the end? ...Jon  
out what I might do with the piece...was I going to pack it away...and I  
of something...the end of a piece of work...does have some sort of  
ng has happened in that room and it's coming to an end...the piece  
ular part of the project is coming to an end. And I feel...I think I  
at a post-mortem almost...which I suppose its is what it will be  
doing a forensic investigation...I'd talked about wanting t  
that there's bits in the foreground that are clear, the  
s in on specific things...a particular way or fr  
I don't know cause I haven't fini  
and it hasn't finished v  
ming to an

the end of something

a death

something happened in that room and it's coming to an end

post mortem?

lives ending

relief

tangling up

suffocation

dark

light

*I feel in a different world*

anticipation of something about to happen

*shifted into another place again now*





different bodies  
have to negotiate the spaces + boundaries  
between them -

116

"/ as playing out a drama  
in the room in front of the camera -

a way. A dream also disturbed me, a narrative  
make sense of what was going on around me and what  
of place and time. Saturation and over-exposure came  
then I had dreamt coming across them, <sup>the words,</sup> or had actually  
till searching elsewhere for a validation of what I feel. It  
the observation, on what has now passed, or is past, &  
is if a part of me wants to put it behind me, forget, go  
work is not yet finished.



I am exhausted.  
A part of me wants to put it behind me, forget, go to sleep,  
but the work is not yet finished



## Notes:

1. Rag'n'Bone Man, 'Human', Sony Music and Columbia Records, 2016, Digital Download, 21 July 2016.
2. The model is described more fully in Hinshelwood, R. D., and Wilhelm Skogstad, *Observing Organisations: Anxiety, Defence and Culture in Health Care*, London: Routledge, 2000.

